

JUDITH TEIXEIRA
MANIFESTOS & PROSE FICTION
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry (eds.)



Federal Rural
University of Pernambuco,
Brazil, 2025

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Cover: Judith Teixeira (Self-portrait). The sketch forms part of the writer's manuscript notebook *Verses*, discovered by Cláudia Pazos Alonso and donated by her to the National Library of Portugal in 2023 in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the publication (and seizure) of Judith Teixeira's first poetry collection *Decadência*.

In their various ways, albeit from a common coherent standpoint, each of the four key prose works of the poet Judith Teixeira interrogates the condition of women in early 20th century Portugal. Her fiction challenged many of the female stereotypes that inhabited the popular literature of her day, with her stories providing examples of how, at the personal level, women might deal with the contradiction between their personal drives and the social conventions patriarchy imposed on them. In her non-fiction, she offered readers a glimpse of her philosophical and aesthetic vision: by addressing broad social concerns, her “lecture-manifestos” spoke to an audience wavering between the certainty of the familiar and known and the lure of the new and unknown. Taken together, Teixeira’s prose works oblige readers today to rethink how sociocultural norms are established and consolidated, how culturally-embedded misogyny is reproduced — albeit asymmetrically — through male domination and female submission, and how courageous and resilient women have been in their struggle for equality and autonomy, for respect and recognition, and for the right to express their literary and artistic creativity on their own terms.¹

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1. WOMEN AND LITERARY MODERNISM IN EARLY 20th CENTURY PORTUGAL..	6
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry	
1.1. Judith Teixeira in context: a caveat	6
1.2. A brief biographical sketch	6
1.3. Women, modernism and futurism in the first decades of the 20th century	10
1.4. Women poets in the first years of Portuguese literary modernism.....	15
1.5. By way of a conclusion	27
1.6. The organization of the texts	29
2. JUDITH TEIXEIRA'S AESTHETIC MANIFESTOS	30
2.1. Judith Teixeira's <i>Da Saudade</i> : An introduction.....	30
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry	
2.2. ON SAUDADE	34
2.3. Judith Teixeira's <i>De Mim</i> (1926). An introduction	39
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry	
2.4. ABOUT ME	
A lecture in which I set out my arguments concerning life, aesthetics and morality.....	43
Judith Teixeira (1926)	
3. THE PROSE FICTION OF JUDITH TEIXEIRA	56
3.1. <i>Satânia</i> and <i>Unsated</i> . What's in a name?.....	56
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry	
3.2. Judith Teixeira's <i>Satânia</i> (1927). An introduction	60
Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry	
3.3. SATÂNIA	63
Judith Teixeira (1927)	
Translated by Chris Gerry	
3.4. Judith Teixeira's <i>Insaciada</i> (1927). An introduction.....	83
3.5. UNSATED	86
Judith Teixeira (1927)	
Translated by Chris Gerry	
BIBLIOGRAPHY	94

1. WOMEN AND LITERARY MODERNISM IN EARLY 20th CENTURY PORTUGAL

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

1.1. Judith Teixeira in context: a caveat

It may seem strange, in an introductory essay aimed at placing Judith Teixeira and her prose work in their historical, social and aesthetic context, that the early 20th-century Portuguese poet, writer and polemicist, whose prose appears here for the first time in English, should remain such a background figure. The reason is quite simple: compared to those of her contemporaries whose lives and achievements are relatively well documented, we know little about Teixeira's early life, more about her literary creativity in the 1920s, and almost nothing about the three decades she spent during the Salazar dictatorship, wounded, ostracized, and forgotten.

Almost a decade ago, following the pioneering efforts of António Manuel Couto Viana (1977), Maria Jorge, Luis Manuel Gaspar and Vítor Silva Tavares (Teixeira 1996), Martim de Gouveia e Sousa (2001) and René Garay (2002), recently appeared (Teixeira 2015) by Cláudia Pazos Alonso and Fabio Mario da Silva, an expanded edition of her poems (Teixeira 2019) as well as the forthcoming first Brazilian edition of her collected poetry, compiled and critically commented on by Fabio Mario da Silva (2025), which in turn have allowed younger scholars to probe more deeply into Teixeira's work. Today, a new generation of researchers has the opportunity to develop a more complete reassessment of the work of yet another of those female writers who, over the decades, fell victim to patriarchal power, heteronormative bias and bourgeois moralizing, their creativity denied or denigrated, and their work consigned to oblivion.

1.2. A brief biographical sketch

Judith Teixeira was born on January 25, 1880, in the Portuguese city of Viseu. Her baptismal records² state that her mother, Maria do Carmo, was unmarried and her father unknown, and that Joaquim Pessoa (a junior army officer) and Maria da Encarnação (Teixeira's maternal aunt) were the godparents.³ The date of Teixeira's first wedding is unclear, but she must have been in her late twenties when she married Jaime (Haim) Levy Azancot. He was far from the humble 'commercial clerk' often depicted in biographical references to Teixeira: he was the youngest son of Sephardic Jews whose wealth, already considerable before they settled in Portugal, had come from commerce and from the Java cocoa plantation they owned on São Tomé in the Gulf of Guinea, one of Portugal's African colonial possessions. In addition

to working in the family's business operations, Jaime harbored literary aspirations.⁴ The marriage was dissolved in the Spring of 1913 on the grounds of Teixeira's alleged adultery and abandonment of the marital home.⁵

In April of the following year, now aged 34, Teixeira married Álvaro Virgílio de Franco Teixeira, several years her junior. The writer who, only six years before, had obtained the legal right to call herself Judith dos Reis Ramos, would henceforth publish exclusively under her new married name — Judith Teixeira.⁶ Her second husband's profession is usually given as 'lawyer and manufacturer' but, in fact, his family background was rather grander than this brief description suggests. Álvaro Virgílio de Franco Teixeira (1888-1937) was connected on both his mother's and father's sides to recently-ennobled Portuguese and Brazilian banking magnates, and his mother and aunt were both enthusiastic contributors to the arts (Cardoso 1917, pp. 29-30 and 40-41).⁷ By a curious coincidence, the family of Teixeira's second husband also owned extensive properties on São Tomé.⁸

In an interview for the *Revista Portuguesa Literária* (Dias-Sancho 1923, p. 16), Teixeira states that she began writing in her early teens and, though we know that her first published works bore the pseudonym Lena de Valois, it was only with *Decadência*, her debut volume of poetry, that she began using her married name. This first poetry collection, in which hints of homoeroticism may be detected, was one of the three texts — along with António Botto's homoerotic poems *Canções* [Songs] and Raul Leal's arcane philosophical tract *Sodoma Divinizada* [Sodom made Divine] in defense of male homosexuality — that were denounced by conservative students, apprehended by the authorities and publicly burned in the so-called

4. Two poems by Jaime (Haim) Levy Azancott (1876-1921) were published, apparently posthumously, in the influential *Contemporânea* literary magazine, N.º 8 (February 1923, pp. 111-112), not long after his former wife Judith Teixeira had seen her own poetry appear in the same periodical.

5. República Portuguesa (1913), *Diário do Governo*, N.º 96, p. 1537, April 25th.

6. The marriage certificate (Luso, 1914, Book 4, Entry 66, Mealhada Registry Office) was first mentioned in the afterword to an early edition of Teixeira's collected poems (Jorge & Gaspar 1996, pp. 228-229).

7. His aunt Hermínia, later the Countess Almeida Araújo, was an accomplished singer and poet; his mother, Zulmira d'Almeida Franco, published her poetry both in the press, and in periodicals such as the *Ilustração Portuguesa* and *Jornal da Mulher* under the pseudonym "Azul" — not to be confused with the poetess Zita Leão (Luzia Ferreira Pinto Cortes Rodrigues) who used the pseudonym "Aizul".

8. The Azancot family had significant investments in cocoa production in São Tomé and were acquaintances of the Almada Negreiros family, who owned a similar plantation there, too (Bessa 2020, p. 5). The mother of Álvaro Virgílio de Franco Teixeira, Zulmira d'Almeida Franco, was the younger sister of the Countess d'Almeida Araújo. When the Count died in 1909, a newspaper report of his funeral (Anon. 1909, p. 2.) took pains to stress that much of the family's wealth had come from plantation agriculture in São Tomé. The Count had purchased the Monte Macaco property from the heirs of *another* Teixeira — it remains unclear whether or not they were related — *Comendador* Manuel Joaquim Teixeira (Anon, 1909, *loc. cit*) who, in partnership with Francisco Mantero, had helped establish plantations on the islands in the 1870s (Anon n.d.). The same report refers to Monte Macaco as having been "acquired [by the Count] when the widow of the wealthy capitalist, *Comendador* Manuel Joaquim Teixeira, the [now] Viscountess of Seabra, as head of the [Teixeira] family, apportioned the estate among his heirs" (our translation).

Literatura de Sodoma affair of early 1923. Interviewed shortly afterwards by the *Diário de Lisboa*, Teixeira defended her poems, asserting that “while they may strike a somewhat decadent tone, and occasionally there’s a flash of fiery sensuality that goes beyond what convention might expect, they contain an abundance of anxiety and pain, as well as the greater part of my soul”. She dismissed the notion that her poems were autobiographical, adding that “...in all this I am merely striking a literary pose” and reminded readers that similarly transgressive elements could be found in the Bible and in numerous texts of Classical Antiquity and, accordingly, there was no reason for her verses to disturb her oppressors’ sleep (Anon., 1923).

During her career, Judith Teixeira published poems and short prose pieces in newspapers and periodicals such as the *Jornal da Tarde*, the *Diário de Lisboa*, and the literary review *Contemporânea*. In addition to her poetry collections, *Decadência* (1923), *Castelo de Sombras* (1923), *Núa – Poemas de Bysâncio* (1926), and her aesthetic manifestos *Da Saudade* [On Nostalgia⁹] (1922-1925¹⁰) and *De Mim* [About Me]¹¹ (1926), she also published what were to be her last offerings, two pieces of prose fiction¹² under the collective title of *Satânia – Novelas* (1927). She seems to have had further works of prose and poetry in mind, and advertised as much on the inside cover of *Castelo de Sombras* (1923), where she mentions two forthcoming titles, *Cartas a ninguém* [Letters to no-one] and *Conferências de Arte* [Lectures on the arts] and, in the paratextual material accompanying her lecture-manifesto *De Mim* and her prose fiction *Satânia*, we learn of other works that Teixeira had apparently completed but which ultimately were never published: a collection of short fiction entitled *Sulcos* [Furrows],

9. Admittedly, “nostalgia” hardly does justice to the Portuguese word *saudade*, to which the nearest equivalents in European languages are probably *hiraeth*, *dor*, and *morriña* (in Welsh, Romanian and Galician, respectively). Often deemed impossible to translate, *saudade* is habitually used in the Portuguese-speaking world to convey someone or something that is being missed — typically, a loved one, one’s home or native land. *Saudade* can be best thought of as a wistful feeling of sorrowful yearning or painful remembrance that is experienced in the present but summons up the past. In literary contexts, though it usually refers to a person or state of affairs temporarily lost or is reluctantly accepted as irrecoverable, it occasionally reflects an almost utopian yearning for some *future* state, personal or collective, yet to come about or perhaps never to be achieved.

10. There are three compelling reasons why Teixeira must have written *Da Saudade* at some point between 1922 and 1925 (Silva 2015, p. 253): (1) the notebook entitled “Verses” — between the covers of which *Da Saudade* was found — bears the date 1922, and contains manuscript poems that were only published in 1923 as part of Teixeira’s first two poetry collections; (2) in the paratextual material of her second book of poems, *Castelo de Sombra* (1923), Teixeira lists as ‘forthcoming’ a series of *Lectures on the Arts*, into which *Da Saudade* would have fitted perfectly; and (3) though *Da Saudade* contains a repudiation of atavistic longing that was certainly unusual for the time, its content is far less scandalous than that of Teixeira’s second lecture-manifesto *De Mim*, published in 1926.

11. Its full title is *De Mim — Conferência em que se explicam as minhas rasões sobre a vida, sobre a estética, sobre a moral* [About Me — A lecture in which I set out my arguments concerning life, aesthetics and morality].

12. In October 1918, the *Jornal da Tarde* published an early short story by Teixeira, “Almas Simples (Fé)” [Simple Souls (Faith)], followed by another narrative “Lali”, in January 1919. In 1921, the *Diário de Lisboa* printed some of her first poems (Teixeira 1921a, 1921b, 1921c, 1921d and 1921e): “A pobre mais pobrezinha” [The poorest of all poor girls], “Enleio” [Entanglement], “Sonetinho [A little sonnet]”, “Quero-te bem” [I wish you well], and “Sonho” [Dream], respectively.

the three-act play *Labareda* [Ardor]¹³, and a fourth book of poetry *Taça de Brasas* [A Dish of Hot Coals].

During 1925, Teixeira founded and directed *Europa*, a graphically sumptuous monthly magazine of which only three issues appeared during its brief existence, before high production costs and an uncompetitive cover-price brought the initiative to a close. The project was exceptional more because it was conceived and managed by a woman than due to the number of women contributing to it: most of the signed articles and short stories and half the poetry were provided by male authors, though much of its anonymous and pseudonymous content was probably written by Teixeira herself.

In 1926, Teixeira wrote to the newspaper *A Revolução Nacional*, rebuking its editor for allowing her new volume of poetry *Núa – Poemas de Bysâncio*, to be reviewed in such an offensive, cruel and scandalous manner, and for insinuating that her work was evidence of her support for certain political tendencies. Indeed, she believed her letter, in which she defends the freedom of the press and of the creative arts, to be of sufficient importance to include it as an appendix to her lecture-manifesto *De Mim*.

As the decade drew to a close, Teixeira's precise whereabouts become unclear. In her corrigendum to the *Satânia* texts (1927) she hinted that for some time she had been travelling abroad. Her movements during the 1930s are shrouded in mystery: she may have been in Paris visiting Saint-Point and her circle, or in Spain liaising with Portuguese anti-fascist exiles, or both. She resurfaced briefly in 1938, the year of her second husband's death, when the *Diário de Lisboa* printed articles by her on social questions: the first, entitled "The unemployed spirit", appeared on January 20th and the second under the headline "Family policy" on April 7th.¹⁴

We know nothing of what provision may have been made for her following her husband's premature death, but from that moment on, it seems that both Teixeira's material circumstances and priorities change dramatically: she puts down her pen and devotes herself exclusively to aiding those oppressed by Salazar's authoritarian regime. We know from the reminiscences of Pedro da Silveira (Viana 2008, p. 130-131 *apud*. Sepúlveda 2004) that it was rumored she had lent her active support to opponents of the dictatorship.¹⁵ Years later, Silveira said, locals still recalled with amusement Teixeira's antiques shop, her 'exotic' attire and her

13. It seems that the play was an early work, and close enough to completion to be mentioned in an article in the Lisbon newspaper *A Capital* (January 7th, 1922, p.1.), though the journalist mistakenly gives it the title of Teixeira's planned collection of short fiction (*Sulcos*) rather than that of her play (*Labareda*).

14. The Portuguese text of these two newspaper articles can be found in Gouveia e Sousa (2009).

15. Teixeira's solidarity with Portugal's anti-fascists is noteworthy, and a rarity among those associated with the futurist movement across Europe, many of whom became fascist sympathizers. According to Klobucka (2013, pp. 49-50, note 21), the source of Sepúlveda's information was a 1997 letter from Pedro da Silveira in which he recalled the following: "When I settled in Campo de Ourique [a central Lisbon suburb] in 1966, there were still people there who remembered her (...). Later, I learned that she had acted, at some point after 1930, as a sort of courier between Lisbon and Madrid, linking the resistance fighters who had stayed in Portugal with democratic exiles who were living in the Spanish capital".

unrepentant flirtatiousness. Her death certificate¹⁶ confirms that she died in 1959 (Jorge & Gaspar 1996, p. 252), “intestate, a widow, with neither children nor property” (our translation), with the whereabouts of any surviving unpublished work still a mystery today.

1.3. Women, modernism and futurism in the first decades of the 20th century

There are a number of factors that explain the particularly stultifying atmosphere that pervaded Portuguese society in the first decades of the 20th century, with structural and sociocultural constraints combining to inhibit most educated women from expressing themselves in any other way than decoratively and procreatively.¹⁷ Metropolitan Portugal was small in both territorial and demographic terms, with low levels of literacy, and female access to public secondary education a recent innovation. Due to its status as a former global power long in decline, and the humiliations it had suffered at the hands of enemies and friends alike¹⁸, most of its intelligentsia labored under the dead weight of *saudosismo*, a pervasive culture of nostalgia for a past either long gone or simply imaginary.¹⁹ Paradoxically, while dreaming of a national renaissance, intellectuals exhibited an ever-higher level of external (above all, French) cultural dependency. Eça de Queirós portrayed this trend in the following terms:

In that [Lisbon] gang, almost everyone (...) seemed to have arrived from the Latin Quarter just the day before: only French books on the tables, only French ideas buzzing around in people's heads. Even the smoke from their fireplaces took on the spicy fragrance of French oak. And what was it that they were reading? (...) Everything that France had to offer — from Méry to Proudhon and from Musset to Littré! (Hörster, Verdelho & Verdelho, 2003, pp. 709-10, *apud*. Queirós, *Últimas Páginas*, 1958, pp. 816-817, our translation).²⁰

When he identified Judith Teixeira as the only female poet of the first phase of Portuguese modernism, during which the innovative literary ideas of the men of the *Orpheu* group held sway, António Manuel Couto Viana (1977, pp. 202-203, our translation) was probably both

16. Death certificate, Lisbon, 5th Registry District Office, entry N.º 332, 1959.

17. Pessoa (1990, p. 425) famously declared that when women opted to work for a living, they lost sight of their fundamental purposes in life, and that prostitution was the only profession that did not “spoil” them.

18. Primarily, Portugal's loss of sovereignty during the Iberian Union (1580-1640), Napoleon's occupation during the Peninsular War (1808) and England's 1890 *ultimatum* that Portugal withdraw its troops from the disputed Central African territories separating Angola and Mozambique.

19. Notwithstanding the lateness of unified statehood (1871), Italy suffered from an economic backwardness, cultural atavism and political irredentism comparable to that of Portugal — one of Europe's oldest states — with the arts and letters of both countries suffocated by Classical Antiquity and the Discoveries, respectively. Unsurprisingly, one of the aims set out in Marinetti's futurist manifesto was to “débarrasser l'Italie des musées innombrables qui la couvrent d'innombrables cimetières” [rid Italy of the countless museums that cover her with countless cemeteries] (Marinetti 1909, p. 1, our translation).

20. Eça de Queirós further complains that the “frenchification of our land has turned old King John VI's Portugal into a slipshod and coarsened facsimile of France”, likening Portugal to a country “translated from the French vernacular” or “a creole version of French” (Capucho, 1995, pp. 308-309, our translation).

oversimplifying and overstating his case:

Judith Teixeira had an original poetic personality that we can all savor and appreciate. In one of her poems, she claimed that if there was one thing she didn't know how to do, it was to be banal. After all, she is our only 'modernist' woman poet: (...) Fernanda de Castro, while modern, was never a 'modernist', and the other women poets of that era [such as] Florbela Espanca, Virginia Victorino and Laura Chaves, even less so.

It may be neither illuminating nor beneficial to pigeon-hole writers as belonging unambiguously to a specific aesthetic movement, particularly when focusing on those who, by virtue of their gender, race, class-origins, sexual orientation or religious convictions, confronted obstacles unknown and unrecognized by adherents to the hegemonic paradigm. Indeed, it may well be more useful to think of these pioneers as being located on a continuum in which some display more pronounced modernist leanings than others.

Moreover, whenever her name is linked with that of the notorious French futurist writer Valentine de Saint-Point, there is often an implicit suggestion that Teixeira was also Portugal's *only* female futurist. This claim is not strictly accurate, as Marseille Lopes Costa (2024) has recently shown: the poet and actress Beatriz Delgado (1900-1993) was also strongly influenced by futurism — in particular in its Saint-Pointian guise — a fact that would identify her as the only other female Portuguese writer at that time to have espoused the aesthetic values of the movement.²¹ Though much acclaimed in her day, Delgado's work soon joined Judith Teixeira's in literary oblivion.

By the mid-1920s, though Portuguese women were becoming much more numerous across the professions, there were still relatively few actively involved in the arts and in letters, fewer still who had taken up modernist forms of artistic expression, and hardly any who had found an outlet for their creativity in vanguardist and transgressive aesthetic currents such as futurism. Women were more in evidence in painting and the graphic arts than in the field of letters²², just as in Portuguese literature female poets were more numerous than their counterparts in prose. Though some had private incomes that allowed them to devote themselves exclusively to their chosen field, most women with artistic ambitions had to deploy the talents they had acquired as the first females to graduate from public secondary education, by working as salaried teachers or governesses, as illustrators or journalists on women's magazines, as writers of children's books or translators of popular novels, often leaving little time and few resources for autonomous creativity.

While the most plausible explanation for the relative dearth of research on Portuguese

21. Though they seem to have shared a broadly Saint-Pointian outlook on women, society and the creative arts, the specific influence of futurism on the poetics of Teixeira and Delgado has received little attention.

22. Prominent among the women pioneers in the graphic arts were Sarah Affonso, Maria Helena Vieira da Silva, Ofélia Marques, Mily Possoz, Sonia Delaunay, Alice Rey Colaço, Raquel Roque Gameiro and, later, Maria Keil, Estrela Faria, Maria Adelaide da Lima Cruz and Clementina Carneiro de Moura.

women modernists (in general) and futurists (in particular) is that there were simply so few of them, other key factors combined to inhibit women's participation in the creative arts in general and cause their contribution to be underestimated or undervalued. Firstly, as a direct reflection of the patriarchal society of the day, men continued to dominate not only mainstream, but also *avant-garde* cultural currents, both nationally and internationally. Secondly, the prevailing male attitudes to women who, by choice rather than by force of circumstances, opted to earn their own living, ranged from tolerant condescension, through abusive ridicule, to violent misogyny.²³ Finally, even today, and despite the growing number of creative women in literature, the arts and science to whom a rightful place in history has been accorded only in recent decades, the male gaze remains a potent force for the propagation of androcentrism in literary criticism, academic research and the constitution and revision of the canon.

Naturally, some of the very few Portuguese women writers and artists whose aesthetic perspectives contained elements of modernism may also have found themselves exposed to futurism, either directly as a result of reading the manifestos of its two most widely-known advocates, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti²⁴ and Valentine de Saint-Point²⁵, and/or indirectly through material Mário Sá-Carneiro, Fernando Pessoa and Raul Leal were publishing²⁶, and/or by way of articles and public events accompanying the launch of *Portugal Futurista* in 1917. Though it may be possible to detect the influence of futurist aesthetics in certain examples of early 20th century Portuguese poetry, fiction, painting or sculpture, it is in Judith Teixeira's aesthetic manifestos that we learn how futurist poetics were applied in the creative process itself, an insight that male protagonists in Portuguese futurism tended to deny their readers. In addition to the abstract principles sketched out by Teixeira in her manifestos *Da Saudade*

23. In the arts and literature, such attitudes were often associated — albeit not uncontroversially — with the futurism of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, whose affirmations regarding women in his original manifesto have been variously portrayed as outright misogyny or merely a prank that misfired.

24. Both Marinetti and Saint-Point wrote extensively on futurism and its application in different artistic and literary fields and, in doing so, developed a futurist critique of bourgeois cultural norms and their own proposals for the revolutionary aesthetic that would replace it. Marinetti published his *Manifeste de Futurisme* in *Le Figaro* in 1908, several plays employing futurist techniques, a thesis on futurist theatre (*Teatro sintetico futurista*, 1915) as well as novels and poetry marked to a greater or lesser extent by his aesthetic perspectives. By 1924 he was actively supporting Mussolini and claiming that fascism was the natural extension of futurism.

25. In her 1912 *Manifeste de la femme futuriste: réponse a F.T. Marinetti*, Valentine de Saint-Point challenged some of the arguments made in Marinetti's 1908 manifesto, further developing her ideas in such works as *Manifeste futuriste de la luxure* (where she portrays lust as a vital liberating force), *Le théâtre de la femme* (advocating a more central role for women in dramatic writing), *Mes débuts chorégraphiques* (a letter to the *Figaro* newspaper, arguing that dance should be revolutionized), and *La métachorie* (explaining how the arts could provide mechanisms for the liberation rather than the subordination of women). Her collected futurist writings in French can be found in Saint-Point (2005).

26. Key texts by Pessoa, Leal and Sá-Carneiro that engage with futurism (sometimes parodically) include: "Ode Triunfal" (*Orpheu*, N.º 1, Lisbon January-March 1915) and "Ultimatum" by Pessoa's Álvaro de Campos (*Portugal Futurista*, 1917); Leal's philosophical reflections on a painting by Guilherme de Santa-Rita, also in *Portugal Futurista*; Sá-Carneiro's collections of novellas *A Confissão de Lúcio* (1914) and *Céu em Fogo* (1915), and his poem "Manucure" (*Orpheu*, N.º 2, Lisbon, April-June 1915, pp. 98-100).

and *De Mim* and their practical application in her main works of prose fiction, *Satânia* and *Insaciada* (both 1927), the impact of futurism on the style and content of women's modernist writing in Portugal can also be judged from the poetry, public pronouncements and journalism of Beatriz Delgado, particularly the articles and interviews she published during her Brazilian speaking tour of 1927. Interviewed ahead of the public lectures she would give in Rio de Janeiro, Delgado first presents her futurist credentials:

Today's woman has the right to complete, absolute spiritual fulfilment. My lectures will therefore deal with themes that everyday morality will judge audacious. My words seem to provoke terrible battles every time I speak in public: friends and enemies alike end up getting their heads bashed! Thus, I rekindle the passionate struggles of futurism: Marinetti's nights at the Lyrico Theatre, the arguments, and the walking sticks that were repeatedly used to settle them during the Italian reformer's lectures (Jornal do Brasil, N.º 65, March 18, 1927, p. 6, quoted by Costa M.L. 2024, p. 89, our translation).

In the same interview, Delgado describes her poetics in the following terms:

I am a woman who seeks to capture her warm and tropical nature in her poetry. My imagination is ardent, tormented and pagan. And it is this paganism, it is this torment, it is this ardor, that my poems convey. In *My Vices*, I lay bare my whole soul; in *Pagan Symphony*, I evoke and celebrate eternal life, beauty and love — the Dionysian exuberance of Greece in its pre-Christian sinfulness. (Jornal do Brasil N.º 65, Rio de Janeiro, March 18th, 1927, p. 6, quoted by Costa M.L. 2024, p. 89, our translation).

The following year she reaffirmed her futurist aesthetics (1928, p. 11):

Our epoch is one of speed, noise, movement. In the century in which we now live, wanting to be slow and old means not wanting to progress at all. My view is that if we are to progress and be modern, we must avoid behaving ridiculously. How can a man who worries too much about the width of his trouser-legs or the length of his sideburns be, in any sense, a superior spirit?

Costa (2024, pp. 88-89, our translation) concludes that in many respects Delgado was indeed a futurist, though like so many adherents to the movement across Europe, she selected those elements of Marinetti's credo that best suited both her own personal aesthetics and the specific socio-cultural and political circumstances of her home country.

Though she claimed to be a futurist, Beatriz Delgado did not adhere to all the core themes of the movement. While many writers glorified war and violence, she focused on an oft-neglected aspect — the female body — as had French writer Valentine de Saint-Point in her *Futurist Manifesto of Lust*. Unlike Saint-Point, (...) Delgado did not distance herself from the women's movement and was a vehement advocate not only of a woman's sexual freedom but also of her civil and political rights (...) While undoubtedly incorporating elements of futurism in her literary work, Delgado demonstrated her full commitment to the basic ideals of the feminist movement by supporting the struggle for female suffrage and a women's right to divorce.

Any sense of marginality and isolation that Teixeira and Delgado may have experienced as futurists was in sharp contrast to what had occurred elsewhere in Europe and the Americas,

where the impact of modernism had been wider, deeper, more enduring, and therefore more conducive to creative female associativity. For example, in Italy, the birthplace of futurism, women — not only Marinetti's wife, Benedetta Cappa, but other female artists and writers, too — played a significant role in developing and promoting the new aesthetic (Katz, 1986, p. 3 and *passim*) and would have been familiar with Valentine de Saint-Point's critique. Cubism was so predominant in the radical French arts that futurism found little purchase there, though it did elicit a barrage of manifestatory responses from Saint-Point and left some traces in both literature and music. As Michel Décaudin (1960, p. 474, our translation) explains, "While the excesses of its founders held back its penetration of the Parisian *avant-garde* (...), futurism nevertheless provided attractive solutions to the uncertainties of the time and issued a call for greater audacity".

In Spain, women became involved in futurism through its home-grown variant *ultraismo*, whose mainly male protagonists argued that the greater the independence enjoyed by creative women, the more effectively they could function as *musas porveniristas* [muses of the future], inspiring men to achievements unattainable under a regime of female submissiveness. Female supporters of ultraism tended to form their own looser politico-cultural and homosociable groupings, such as *las sinsombrero*, the self-styled "hatless women", who fought in their various ways, at home and in exile, for a woman's right to economic, cultural and political independence (Duran, 2017).

In Russia, Natalia Goncharova, Lyubov Popova, Olga Rozanova, and Maria Siniakova were at the very heart of the futurist movement and strongly influenced its distinctive inclusiveness, its inter-arts experimentalism, its refusal to repudiate traditional aesthetics, and its firm stance on women's equality. And in Britain, though women actively participated in Britain's *vorticist* variant of futurism²⁷, impelled as it was by the charismatic figures of the painter Percy Wyndham Lewis, the poet Ezra Pound and the sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, their contributions were either underestimated or simply ignored.²⁸

Marinetti himself travelled widely to disseminate what he saw as a philosophy capable of producing a world-wide shift in sensibilities and values. Typically, his visits were organized as speaking tours, with the joint purpose of spreading the futurist message and earning much-needed funds for the movement. Almost everywhere he went — including Russia (1914),

27. Despite the hostility of Wyndham Lewis towards Marinetti and his futurist philosophy, there are significant similarities between their respective aesthetic visions.

28. The painting by William Roberts, *The Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel* depicts the movement's principal protagonists (all male) seated like apostles either side of their messiah Wyndham Lewis. Echoing Christ's women disciples, the lone female *Vorticists* present, Jessica Stewart Dismorr and Helen Saunders, are assigned places in the distant doorway, despite their having signed the movement's manifesto, published in the group's magazine *Blast!*, exhibited alongside their male counterparts in London and New York, and helped fund the movement's activities. Neither Wyndham Lewis's then lover, the painter Kate Elizabeth Lechmere (who underwrote the costs of the Rebel Art Centre, the movement's headquarters, as well as the magazine's first issue), nor the artist Dorothy Shakespear, Ezra Pound's long-suffering wife (who contributed to *Blast!*'s second issue), appear in the painting (Peppin 2011).

South America (1922), Spain (1928) and, much later, Portugal (1932), though he was received well enough, his specific brand of futurism, while respected, was ultimately rejected in favor of local futurisms that prioritized some of Marinetti's concerns more than others.

As literary women whose work and behavior challenged conventional sexual mores, Teixeira and Delgado would have felt these difficulties more sharply than most; and as vocal supporters of the aesthetics of Saint-Pointian futurism, they risked being expelled from their precarious positions on the literary fringes, where the line between harmless eccentricity and what conservatives deemed dangerous degeneracy was forever being redrawn. Fortunately, after the *Literatura de Sodoma* scandal, Teixeira was still able to rely on the loyalty both of male futurists and the wider modernist community, some of whom contributed to her *Europa* magazine. In contrast, Delgado benefited from having a circle of friends that wielded influence in mainstream culture: her second husband's prominent role as a newspaper editor allowed her to publish her work without either censorship or censure, and her parallel stage career enhanced both her reputation and her network of supporters.

Teixeira and Delgado would have known of each other's work before their eroticized poetry produced the notoriety we associate with them today, for both had already published poems in the prestigious magazine *Contemporânea*.²⁹ However, notwithstanding the similarities we can detect between them - more so in their political and aesthetic perspectives than in their poetry - as far as we know, they never met.

1.4. Women poets in the first years of Portuguese literary modernism

Who, then, in the first decades of the 20th century, could we consider the best among that small band of gifted Portuguese women writers who had to struggle — some more so than others — to have their voices more widely heard and appreciated?

Inclusion in anthologies is an imperfect indicator of literary talent, but if compiled by reputable scholars, preferably of the same era as the works they curate, anthologies at least provide a snapshot of those whom the critics of the day recommended as worthy of the public's attention and appreciation. From the biographical notes Nuno Catarino Cardoso (1917) provided in his comprehensive compendium of poetry written by more than 100 Portuguese women, we can estimate that around half of the contributors began their creative careers before 1900 and, predictably, most of the remainder abided by the mainstream romantic aesthetics of the 19th century. Among the dozen or so who manifested any significant modernist influences, there was only a tiny handful whose poetics could be considered in any way vanguardist or transgressive.

To the surprise of many of his contemporaries, Cardoso's bibliographical researches

29. Teixeira's poem "Fim" appeared in *Contemporânea*, Vol 1, N.º 2, June 1922, p. 59. Delgado's "Ironia do amor" appeared in *Contemporânea*, Vol 2, N.º 5, in November 1922, p. 51, while a second Teixeira work, "O meu chinês", was included in *Contemporânea*, Vol 2, N.º 6, December 1922, p. 128.

uncovered scores of women poets whose work had already appeared in national and regional periodicals or in published collections. The numerous anthologies he compiled “brought some [women] poets to the attention of the reading public [and] kept others in the public eye”, while allowing Cardoso himself to bask in “the reflected glory of women who were already established as writers and social leaders” (Odebrecht 2007, pp. 67-69). Clearly, inclusion in such anthologies profited all involved, simultaneously lending credibility to the poets who were selected and boosting both the egos of anthologists and the profits of publishers. However, some critics found Cardoso’s approach “strange”, as was the case with the anonymous reviewer of his 1924 anthology of more than 50 Portuguese and Brazilian women poets, who suggested that his “method of selecting and classifying his examples made his new book one of the strangest works [*um dos mais curiosos trabalhos*] Portugal has produced in the thankless field of anthology, an endeavor so little valued by his compatriots”. Given that the review was published in the magazine Judith Teixeira had founded (Anon., 1925, p. 56) and she is generally believed to have been responsible for many of the unsigned articles *Europa* contained, these comments could well have reflected her own doubts on the criteria Cardoso applied (or ignored) in choosing whose poetry to promote.

In her regular newspaper column in Lisbon’s *Diário de Notícias*, the writer, poet and translator Fernanda de Castro (1924) once proposed, albeit indirectly, a roster of women poets — other than herself, of course — who, in her view, were most deserving of her readers’ attention. Ranking them according to the quantity, quality and continuity of their output, she concluded that Branca de Gonta Colaço, Maria de Carvalho, Virgínia Victorino, Laura Chaves, Beatriz Delgado, Maria Mesquita da Câmara, and Thereza Leitão de Barros were all fine female poets whose productivity showed few signs of abating. She regretted that Oliva Guerra, Candida Aires and Florbela Espanca had “remained silent for too long”, and that Branca de Silveira e Silva, Domitília de Carvalho, Albertina Paraíso and Cândida Parreira had all “fled the savage enemy”, turning their backs on a female public that had become more fickle, more demanding and increasingly attracted to prose rather than poetry.³⁰

In 1931, the same Lisbon newspaper offered its readers a literary supplement containing examples of the work of those whom the writer, critic, biographer and anthologist Albino Forjaz de Sampaio considered Portugal’s finest women poets of the day. There were 26 nominees and, again, doubts were cast upon the criteria applied. The poets selected by Sampaio ranged from those who had amassed a considerable body of published work and were already “figures of some distinction, writing for the press, active in politics, linked to the organizations of the First Republic or feminist groups”³¹, through talented neophytes whose first collections had

30. This trend was sufficiently pronounced for Florbela Espanca (1986, p. 69) to cite it as one of the main reasons (alongside a loss of poetic inspiration) that she began work in the mid-1920s on a collection of short stories.

31. For example, the poet Albertina Paraíso was a prominent republican feminist, Beatriz Arnaut a member of the National Council of Portuguese Women (CNMP), Branca de Gonta Colaço an influential *salonnière* and outspoken monarchist, while

shown promise³², to those who owed their selection as much to family connections as the quality of their verses (Odber, 2007, p. 68).³³

With specific regard to Judith Teixeira, in another of Sampaio's anthologies, (1935, pp. 105-106) he made a point of describing her as

an original poetess, one of the neurotic sort who, though causing astonishment, creates art that is beautiful and intense. She has talent, courage and sensitivity, and an absolute disregard for what others might say, and yet her respect for artistic sensibility cannot be deeper. Despite the restrictions imposed on her by those who are excessively respectful [of convention] but understand nothing about art, she is an interesting spirit, and the author of (...) interesting books.

And, even though Espanca had died five years earlier, Sampaio included examples of her work, too, albeit without much comment. The only other nominees whom he identified in his biographical notes as being in any way heterodox were Fernanda de Castro, "some of whose poems are as curious as they are original" [*tão curiosas como originais*] and the "restless, curious" [*irrequieta e curiosa*] Beatriz Delgado (Sampaio 1931, pp. 47-48, our translation). Presumably, his recourse to the ambiguous adjectives "interesting" and "curious" suggests that some of the strange effects this poetry had on its readers were due to female poets probing themes that hitherto men had either monopolized or proscribed.

At the beginning of the 1990s, at around the time scholars first began to rediscover and re-evaluate the work of Judith Teixeira, the historian Joaquim Veríssimo Serrão singled out Fernanda de Castro and Florbela Espanca as the outstanding female literary figures of early 20th century Portugal. He concluded that, while the lives of the two writers could not have been more different, the poems of Fernanda de Castro, by then in the last years of her long life, symbolized both "the joy of life and (...) the pain of those less fortunate than herself", while Espanca's "deep-rooted love of her native Alentejo" had compelled her to "infuse her poetry with the secrets of her native province and her own personal sorrows, using language full of vibrant and dramatic musicality" (Serrão 1990, p. 363, our translation).

At the beginning of the present century, the Brazilian academic, poet and literary critic Maria Lúcia Dal Farra (2002, p. 60) identified the Portuguese women poets she considered Espanca's most notable peers: Fernando de Castro, Virgínia Victorino, Thereza Leitão de Barros, Laura Chaves, Amélia Vilar, Beatriz Arnut, Oliva Guerra, and Marta Mesquita da

Amélia Vilar was Director of the periodical *Mulheres do Norte*.

32. For example, Alice Ogando would later become an influential romantic novelist, translator and writer of screenplays and radio drama, while the positive reception and early success of poetry by 'Rosa Silvestre' (the pseudonym of Maria Lamas) was soon curtailed by her participation in the anti-fascist movement.

33. In around a quarter of the cases, the biographical note begins "She is the daughter" of this or that celebrated figure, his 'namechecking' covering both the nobility and literary luminaries such as Eugénio de Andrade and the founder of the women's magazine *Portugal Feminino*, Maria Amélia Teixeira.

Câmara, and also singled out two other women less frequently represented in anthologies, Ludovina Frias de Matos, a poet, dramatist, novelist and magazine columnist, indisputably in the romantic tradition, and Diana de Liz who, like Espanca, was from the Alentejo region, wrote on the female condition from a subtly transgressive perspective, and died tragically young.³⁴ De Liz's husband, the novelist José Maria Ferreira de Castro, described her as

sharing all Florbela's anxiety, restlessness and inextinguishable flame [... and whose] writings — gently ironic and subtly critical of the prejudices that cause the few to disapprove of the impulses so many of us fail to resist — are full of compassion and forgiveness (Ferro, 2008, pp. 389-390 *apud*. Castro, 1931, pp. 10-11, our translation).

In his biography, published shortly after her death, the poet and pedagogue João de Barros described her work as containing “not only delicacy and irony, compassion and criticism, infinite humane mercy for all suffering and sin, passion and emotion, all-embracing intelligence and sensitivity, but also subtlety, petulance, and mysterious magic” (Barros, 1934, p. 16; our translation).

During the last decade of the 20th century, the work of more women writers from the first phase of Portuguese modernism slowly began to be rescued from the obscurity to which moralizers and misogynists had consigned it. In 1992, in a “pioneering feminist assessment of Portuguese modernism”, Ellen Sapega “named Florbela Espanca [... and Irene] Lisboa, as the two female writers who needed to be written into the modernist story, instead of being regarded in isolation from its structures of aesthetic and political imbrication” (Klobucka 2015, p. 1).

Some fifteen years later, Cláudia Pazos Alonso (2008, p. 244) felt able to claim that “the three great female figures of Portuguese modernism were without a shadow of a doubt Florbela Espanca, Judith Teixeira and (...) Irene Lisboa”.³⁵ Alonso (n.d., para 4) warns us, however, that the self-appointed guardians of the literary canon were not prepared to see male primacy diluted by this new wave of women's creativity:

All three were writers who worked on the margins, not only of modernism [but ...] of the upsurge in women's poetry in the 1920s, in which Virgínia Victorino and Fernanda de Castro were the main exponents of a ‘modern’ sensibility (...) In what was an extremely

34. Diana de Liz (Lis) (1892-1930, real name Maria Eugénia Haas da Costa Ramos) was an almost exact contemporary of Florbela Espanca. She was disinherited by her family for seeking to marry the writer José Maria Ferreira de Castro, who came from a peasant background, had been a plantation worker in Brazil, published his first novel at the age of eighteen, became an internationally recognized voice in both neorealist literature and libertarian thought and, after his wife's death from tuberculosis, ensured her two volumes of prose were published. De Liz was also the translator of *Corazones sin rumbo* (1916), the most successful novel by Pedro Mata y Domínguez, published (posthumously) under her early pseudonym of Mimi Haas as *Corações sem rumo* (Porto, Civilização, 1937). In contrast, she also translated *L'inganno del sogno — Romanzo d'amore* (Alpes, Italy, 1928) by Alfio Berretta, the futurist writer and subsequently fascist sympathizer, published in Portuguese as *A morte do sonho* (Porto, Civilização, 1930) under her pseudonym of Diana de Lis (Ferro, 2009, pp. 389-411 *apud*. Sérgio, 1945, p. 190).

35. Though Irene Lisboa published under various pseudonyms in the 1930s, notably in the literary reviews *Presença* and *Seara Nova*, her main body of work was produced after she was forced out of the civil service, i.e., from the 1940s onwards until her death in 1958.

fertile decade for women in literature, critics granted only a secondary place to such ‘love poetesses’ (...) and quickly housed them in their own ‘ghetto’.

Nevertheless, Alonso singles out Fernanda de Castro, as

having had the merit of making the transition from the generation of ‘love poetesses’ — to which, chronologically and thematically (...) Espanca still belonged — to a new generation of poets who abandoned the sonnet for more modern forms (...) and greatly broadened the themes on which they wrote (Alonso 1997, pp. 42-43).

By implying that some of de Castro’s and Victorino’s work might be considered modernist, Alonso inadvertently raises an interesting question of degree: if Judith Teixeira deserves a “proven place of symbolic importance on the stage of Portuguese modernism” (Alonso, 2015, p. 34), then where in the modernist aesthetic spectrum might the other four be placed?

Alonso (1997, p. 33) also helpfully identifies a series of other Portuguese women poets who were active in the 1920s, often recommended by reviewers and much appreciated by readers: Branca de Gonta Colaço (a staunch monarchist devoid of modernist tendencies)³⁶, Maria Amália Vaz de Carvalho (a conservative proto-feminist who, by the 1920s was a largely inactive ‘national treasure’), Oliva Guerra (whose writing João Gaspar Simões described in his 1959 anthology as “romantic and sentimental”), Marta Mesquita da Câmara (who tended towards *saudosismo*) and Laura Chaves (whose poetry, notwithstanding its ironic and reflexive tone, even her friends thought rather outdated).

However, none of these women poets can be considered modernists in any meaningful sense of the term. They portrayed love as something that came once in a lifetime with the sole purpose of forming the basis for a lifelong conjugal relationship. The ideological corollary of their romantic perspective was that if a woman actively sought love, prompted it or encouraged it immoderately — i.e., beyond the limits of bourgeois propriety — it would only lead to disappointment, disgrace or disaster. Rarely if ever did these pre-modernist women poets invest creative energy in erotic fantasies, impossible infatuations or fleeting passions, unless it was to deny or decry them, never speaking of love as a sensual experience to which a woman *abandoned* herself, as evoked by Espanca’s iconic adverb *perdidamente* (Espanca, 2013, p. 115), or in a manner that made their “bodies tremble and spirits sing” (Teixeira, 2015, p.136, our translation), or in which a woman was “caressed, stunned, kissed and blinded” (Lisboa, 1991, p. 100, our translation).

Moreover, Teixeira, Espanca and Lisboa were to differing degrees transgressive, not only

36. Monarchism and modernism are not necessarily mutually exclusive: Branca’s husband, the artist Jorge Colaço, regularly contributed cartoons to the pages of the satirical monarchist magazine *O Thalassa*, which he co-founded with E. R. Severim de Azevedo (the cartoonist “Chrispim”) and Alfredo Lamas, who also managed the affairs of another monarchist publication *O Papagaio Real* [The Royal Parrot], whose artistic director was none other than José Almada Negreiros.

in what they wrote but also in how they chose to live³⁷, a fact that supports Anna Klobucka's thesis (2019, *passim*) that writers and artists who embraced the modernist aesthetic were more likely to have already developed an aversion to the heteronormative gender-based division of labor and the prevailing patriarchal concentration of social, economic and political power. The roots of this type of double repudiation may be found, at least in part, in the circumstances in which all three were brought up: Teixeira, Espanca and Lisboa were all illegitimate children who did not benefit from a father's immediate recognition. Given that those whom nature endows with a creative mind are often profoundly affected by their family environments, be they conventional, oppressive or even 'bohemian', such settings may well be particularly conducive to forms of literary expressivity in which the autobiographical and confessional — and, indeed, the experimental — are preeminent.

So how might the extent of a poet's modernist leanings be evaluated? Though pinning down the influence of a particular aesthetic movement on a writer's work is never simple, an essential requirement is to use appropriate literary and contextual criteria. Renata Junqueira (2001, p. 67) rightly rejects the common practice of comparing second and third generation adherents of a pre-existing school with its founders. She argues that this approach, in the case of Espanca, simply fed the myth that her pessimistic, romantic-symbolist poetics was an anachronistic left-over from late 19th century literary trends and that her work should therefore be examined exclusively against the backdrop of similar writers who preceded her. However, it is more revealing to adopt a blended approach evaluating the extent to which modernism impacted women writers such as Teixeira, Espanca, Lisboa, de Castro or Victorino: while the aesthetic roots that first gave them nourishment should not be ignored, their work and the context in which it was conducted should be viewed alongside that of their contemporaries, only very few of whom had modernist predispositions. Adopting this approach may allow us to position selected writers on a continuum stretching from atavistic literary conservatism to a radical engagement with modernism and examine the relationship between Teixeira's female contemporaries and the Portuguese modernist movement over the entire period from the establishment of the First Republic to the imposition of one-party rule under Salazar's New State.

37. More specifically, Teixeira was the illegitimate daughter of a British soldier, twice-married, lesbian, and politically progressive; Espanca was the illegitimate daughter of a merchant, antiquarian and photographer, twice-divorced, possibly bisexual and politically uncommitted; and Lisboa was the illegitimate daughter of a landowner, lesbian, dissident teacher and civil servant. Also note the somewhat different lives of Victorino and de Castro: the former was the legitimate daughter of a leatherworker, remained unmarried, enjoyed long-term same-sex relationships, and was somewhat of a political chameleon, while Fernanda de Castro was the daughter of a Navy lieutenant-commander of Luso-Indian descent, was married for over 30 years to a modernist writer who became Salazar's head of propaganda, and spent her last years with her friend, the pianist and poet Edith Arvelos.

(a) *Florbela Espanca.*

Following Junqueira, let us first apply this blended perspective to Florbela Espanca — undoubtedly a great poet and arguably a fine writer of prose fiction, too.³⁸ To some, Alonso's identification of Espanca as one of the great women's voices in Portuguese modernism may be surprising, so accustomed are we to the notion that she remained on the literary margins throughout her years of creativity, never belonging to any specific aesthetic trend, movement or school. However, no artist emerges fully-formed and without any trace of prior influences: Espanca was an avid reader and admired the symbolist-decadentist poetry of António Nobre in particular; she submitted some of her first mature work not only to the scrutiny of potential publishers, but also to the consideration of Raul Proença, a writer renowned more for his progressive ideas and political militancy than for his poetry (Dal Farra 2005, pp. 59, 163, and 199-200). Furthermore, while at university, Espanca came into close contact with a number of male students whose writings may also have influenced her evolution as a poet: not only Mário Beirão, who became a prominent poet of *saudosismo* and later a supporter of Salazar, but also others whose inclinations favored certain aspects of modernism, such as Américo Durão whom Espanca described as “that great yet strange poet” in the dedication to her sonnet “Desalento”, and João Botto de Carvalho who, in his own poem “Sol poente” of 1919, had guessed at Espanca's early experiences of self-harm.³⁹

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Espanca's poetics display a Janus face, looking back to the 19th century, as exemplified by the influence of António Nobre and Cesário Verde, her preference for the sonnet, and her fondness for myth and fable, while also looking forwards to the 20th century, as suggested by the narcissistic theatricality and performativity of many of her poems and the multi-faceted experimentalism of her prose. Junqueira (2001, pp. 68-69, our translation) affirms that

if it is true that Espanca cannot be considered a modernist writer because she did not participate in the antics of her contemporaries at the *Orpheu* magazine, and in no way matched the formal innovations through which they transformed poetic language, it is equally true that she shared the modernists' taste for masquerading on a grand scale.

38. To some extent, the debate continues. Initially, the quality of Espanca's prose writing was severely criticized, notably by Agustina Bessa Luís (in her biography), and by Yvette K. Centeno (in the preface to the first edition of Espanca's *Black Domino* collection of short stories). More recently, thanks to the growing body of academic research on this facet of Espanca's creativity, not least of all by Maria Lúcia Dal Farra, her prose is now more widely appreciated.

39. Durão identified the aspiring poets with whom Espanca would have had most contact as Mário Alves Pereira (of the Lisbon Law Faculty's short-lived literary magazine *Alba*), José Schmitt Rau (who became so obsessed with Espanca that he had to suspend his studies on health grounds), and the writer, diplomat and politician José Gomes Ferreira (Alonso 1995, p. 169 and note 5). Other poets would have included Vasco Camélier (director of the *Alba* magazine), Chianca de Garcia (who became director of the cinema magazine *Ar livre*), and Norberto Lopes, the writer and journalist who reported on the transatlantic flight by Gago Coutinho and Sacadura Cabral.

Espanca, both as a woman and as a writer, was not alone in feeling she was being pulled back and forth by two diametrically opposed forces — one based in the secure yet restrictive tedium of the established order, and the other in the risky yet liberating excitement of transgression. Farias (2021, p. 207, our translation), points to the speed with which society was changing in the early 20th century, a process that caused Espanca herself to often feel unmoored, adrift in waters unknown, and

lost between two distinct models of womanhood: an outdated one and one not yet fully legitimated. The same feeling of personal disintegration and loss of individual identity was shared by her peers, causing ever more of them to suffer a profound sense of malaise, some of them going as far as to take their own lives.

Espanca's sexual politics were equally equivocal and yet, even though she was a feminist in many respects, and wholly rejected the ownership and control implicit in matrimony (Espanca, 1986, p. 130), she relentlessly pursued the romantic chimera of an ideal partner who would provide the secure marital environment in which she could devote herself to the realization of her literary ambitions. Given the greater sexual freedom that, in Portugal, was sought by some and fought against by others, it is hardly surprising that both during her life and after her death there was speculation over Espanca's own sexual preferences. Attention has tended to focus on her three marriages (unusual for the era, even in bohemian circles), the closeness of her relationship with her brother Apeles (deliberately weaponized by conservatives to create a cautionary bogey-woman) and the desperate romantic attachments of her final years (each beginning with wild infatuation, followed by profound disillusion, and ending in renewed attempts on her own life).⁴⁰

Nonetheless, Espanca appears not to have been as much of a social pariah or literary outlier as some commentators have alleged. Contrary to the impression of isolation and *ennui* her diary may sometimes give, towards the end of her life, she moved — albeit as a more distantly-orbiting satellite — in a space populated by names more sonorous than her own, enjoying a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, many from the literary world. Her conversations with Judith Teixeira, beginning in 1925 over the publication of the sonnet “Charneca em flor” [The heath in bloom] in the *Europa* magazine, appear to have continued long enough for them begin echoing each other's thematic concerns, imagery and language, as both navigated their decisive turns away from poetry and towards prose. It seems unlikely that their mutual understanding deepened purely by way of an exchange of letters: they were both frequently in Lisbon at the time, though no correspondence between them has been found.⁴¹

40. Maria Lúcia Dal Farra (2002, pp. 62-63) refers to Espanca's brief dalliances with the doctor and pianist Luíz Maria Cabral (1928) and the lawyer Ângelo César (1930). In Fernanda de Castro's memoirs, there is a suggestion that in 1930, Espanca was also jealous of the attention that her former university classmate, the poet and dramatist Américo Durão received from other women (<http://fernanda-decastro.blogspot.com/2012/04/fernanda-de-castro-e-florbela-espanca.html>).

41. For an imagined correspondence between the two poets, see Gerry & Morais, 2018, pp. 38-60.

Espanca was also in contact with Maria Amélia Teixeira, director of *Portugal Feminino*, regarding the publication of her poetry and prose, was on friendly terms with Thereza Leitão de Barros, and knew Fernanda de Castro socially, as well as the writer, poet, journalist and translator Aurora Jardim, who described their first meeting in the following terms⁴²:

That afternoon I had gone [to Espanca's house] for tea. We had been introduced, at her request, by a mutual friend (...) who, like me, was also a patient of Dr. Mario Laje [Espanca's third husband] (...). I do remember Florbela calling me "the blonde prince with the Atlantic blue eyes". She was a poet, after all (Farias 2021, p. 214 *apud* Moutinho 1986; Castro 1988, our translation).

Perhaps due to the sexual ambiguity of the description, Jardim made no further comment, except to lament — somewhat disingenuously in our view — that "all the letters she wrote me were irretrievably lost when I moved house" (Farias, *op cit.*, our translation). In her fanciful biography, Agustina Bessa-Luís (1984, p. 150) thought fit to repeat the description, adding that clearly Jardim had made a far deeper impression on Espanca than had Amélia Vilar.⁴³

(b) *Fernanda de Castro*

In many respects, Fernanda de Castro, Lisbon-born and the daughter of a Navy lieutenant-commander, seems the diametrical opposite of Espanca, Teixeira and Lisboa, the trio of modernist women poets singled out by Alonso. However, due to her family's Luso-Indian (albeit high-caste) background, she often felt she was treated differently from her peers: when an interviewer asked where, given her peripatetic childhood, she felt most at home — Lisbon (the capital city where she spent much of her adult life), Portimão and Figueira da Foz (Portuguese coastal towns where her father had been posted), or colonial Guinea (where her father had also been stationed) — she indicated the latter, because it was the only place where people automatically considered her "as white as jasper".⁴⁴ "It was simply a question of

42. Just how long Aurora Jardim had known Espanca remains unclear. Jardim dates their first meeting to shortly before Espanca's suicide and subsequently made a point of stressing that they hardly knew one another. Nor does Jardim's reference to "all the letters she wrote me" (our emphasis) ring true if they had known each other for so little a time. Indeed, in an interview with Maria Lúcia Dal Farra in 1985, Jardim gave the impression that she and Espanca had known each other for five years, suggesting that they first met in 1925-26 when they both began working as translators for the Porto publisher Civilização. Moreover, new material donated to the Florbela Espanca Archive persuaded Rui Guedes (Anon, 1983, p. 11) that Espanca and Jardim were "intimate friends". Yet another item in the same archive indicates that Jardim was to be the dedicatee of one of Espanca's poems, an honor reserved only for her closest friends and family (Florbela Espanca Archive, Vila Viçosa, Item E1/33, n.d.).

43. Amélia Vilar's antipathy towards Espanca extended even beyond the grave. A few days before the 15th anniversary of Espanca's death, amid renewed debate over the propriety of placing a commemorative bust of her in Évora's public gardens, she gave a lecture to invited guests, later published as a biographical essay (Vilar 1947), in which she promoted her own vision of Florbela as psychologically-damaged and morally deviant, unfulfilled both as a poet and a woman (see, for example, Leite 2020, p. 29, note 5; and p. 30).

44. Her allusion to the gemstone jasper is interesting, given its religious symbolism: in addition to being the name of the

contrast”, she concluded (A. de Castro, 2020, p. 55, *apud.* F. de Castro, 1921, p. 332 and Anon., 1921, p. 332, our translations). Not all her African memories were as happy, however, for it was in Guinea that her mother died of yellow fever, her place soon to be taken by a stepmother less than a decade older than Fernanda herself.

For Joaquim Teixeira de Pascoaes, the very antithesis of the modernist, her work contained “all that is most eternal in poetry”, while Aquilino de Ribeiro, himself no enemy of modernism, declared that she “had no equal in contemporary lyricism” (Anon, 2006). Thereza Leitão de Barros, herself a celebrated poet and influential literary critic, went as far as to rank Fernanda de Castro above the highly successful Virgínia Victorino in terms of poetic achievements and influence (Klobucka, 2022a, p. 223-24, *apud.* Barros, 1927, pp. 337-338). And, notwithstanding the darker tones of what de Castro sometimes wrote, David Mourão-Ferreira (1970, our translation) thought her “the first to demonstrate — in this land of gloomy muses and mournful poets — that joy and laughter can inspire us, too”.

Fernanda de Castro invested much of her creative energies in writing literature for the young and in promoting social projects for poor children; in these endeavors, she was inspired more by activist conservatism than reformist intent. In the poetry she wrote for an adult readership, the influence of the proto-modernist Cesário Verde can be felt, and the novels she penned, as well as those she translated (including works by Pirandello, Rilke, Ionescu, and Katherine Mansfield) also suggest an appreciation of the modernist aesthetic. For Manuela Parreira da Silva (n.d., our translation), her work displayed “a constant tension between interiority and exteriority”, and it is notable — albeit not unprecedented in writers and artists of her generation — that over her long career, she tended to meander between modernism and atavism, sometimes displaying a pallid vanguardism, at others a subdued conservatism and, in so doing, managed to earn the acclaim of both sides of the divide.

This wavering back and forth between past and present allowed her to establish an extensive network of acquaintances, consisting of some of the most iconic names from across the entire aesthetic spectrum. By 1933 her husband António Ferro was head of Portugal’s propaganda ministry, busying himself with the task of selling Salazarism to the world as a quintessentially Portuguese form of authoritarian rule, emulating no-one, copied from nowhere. Meanwhile, Ferro’s wife sought to achieve the cultural corollary of his diplomatic strategy — that of promoting Portuguese modernism at home and abroad by publicizing the ostensibly unique features of her own generation’s literary program.

As a prominent supporter of the regime in her own right, and the wife of one of its key ministers, the social circles to which Fernanda de Castro had access went far beyond the all-female salons, lectures and recitals to which propriety would have restricted many of her

oldest of the three magi, jasper symbolized God’s perfection and was destined to be one of the precious materials to be used to adorn the New Jerusalem.

female peers. Undoubtedly, the homosociable literary, musical and artistic environments she frequented would have exerted some influence over her aesthetics and her thematic choices as a writer and, mirroring the ambiguity she felt towards modernism, may even have extended the scope of her sexual preferences. Almeida (2009a, our translation) is in no doubt, portraying Fernanda de Castro's social milieu, even in the early days of her career, as consisting of "a circle of friends clearly founded on homosexual relationships".

Her husband's death in 1956 left her poorly provided for and, during the decade that followed, she seems to have concentrated more on her social projects than on literary endeavors. In the late 1960s, faced with the escalating costs of combatting colonial insurgencies, the state withdrew its funding from the network of kindergartens Fernanda de Castro had been developing since 1933 in the working-class suburbs of Lisbon, ultimately obliging her to place the undertaking under Church management. The last 20 years of her life were spent with her friend the pianist and poet Edith Arvelos, once a prominent member of the homosexual community in Lourenço Marques, who had returned to Portugal from Mozambique (Almeida 2009a).

(c) *Virgínia Victorino*

A third candidate for inclusion in the list of early 20th century Portuguese female poets with modernist leanings would be Virgínia Victorino. Though her upbringing, like Espanca, Teixeira and Lisboa, had been in a provincial family of modest means, neither she nor Fernanda de Castro had been obliged to contend with the stigma of illegitimacy. Moreover, in contrast to Espanca (whose talent brought her only posthumous fame) and Teixeira (whose poems, seized and burned by the authorities for their alleged immorality, only brought her infamy), Victorino — like de Castro — found almost instant celebrity⁴⁵ and went on to enjoy national prestige and a growing international reputation (Silva 2011a).

Born in 1895 in the historic town of Alcobaça, some 100 km north of the capital, it was under the tutelage and protection of an older and wealthier relative, her cousin and godmother Virgínia da Glória Ferreira, that Virgínia Victorino was able to attend the Lisbon Conservatoire. Following the commercial success of her debut book of poetry, she soon became part of the Lisbon cultural scene, and to count among her friends such luminaries as Fernanda de Castro and her politician husband; members of the Rey Colaço family, so influential in the arts; Olga de Moraes Sarmiento, the *salonnière*, suffragist and long-term partner of Baroness Hélène Van Zuylen; writer and dramatist Júlio Dantas; and the poets Afonso Lopes Vieira and Eugénio de Castro.

45. Though her immediate family was of modest means — her father was a leather-worker — she appears to have been mentored by her cousin and godmother, Virgínia Ferreira, who accompanied her to Lisbon, paid for her to studies at the Conservatoire, where both later became teachers. They remained together until Ferreira's death in 1959.

Victorino never married, nor showed signs of seeking intimacy in male companionship and, over the years, it was her cousin and godmother Virgínia Ferreira who provided much of the emotional comfort she needed. As a close friend of Fernanda de Castro and her circle, she would have been familiar with a metropolitan community in which heterosexuality tended to be the exception rather than the rule. She herself maintained discrete long-term overlapping relationships with other women, usually somewhat older than her: she regularly holidayed abroad with Paris-based Olga de Morais Sarmiento and, after her cousin's death in 1959, lived quietly with Maria Manuel Lima de Carvalho (Klobucka 2022, p. 266 *apud*. Lopes 2009, Cruz, 2021 and Curopos, 2021).

Many critics and fellow writers recognized a capacity in Victorino to translate the traditional language of Portuguese 'love poetry' into something readily comprehensible to a contemporary audience (Klobucka 2019, *apud* Barros 1924, pp. 345-346). According to Thereza Leitão de Barros, reading her sonnets was like "hearing about love in a language everyone understands, expressing in everyday words ideas that occur to us all, and reflecting emotions that we all experience" (Klobucka 2022a, p. 237, *apud* Barros, *op cit.*, p. 346, our translation). And yet, as Klobucka (2019, p. 389) so incisively points out, Victorino's success probably owed less to the clarity and contemporary relevance of her poetry than to "her ability to adjust the conventions of love poetry to expressions of affection and desire [that were ...] equally applicable to heterosexual romance and erotic intimacy between women".

In addition to meetings and events organized by established *salonières*, notably those convened by the minor writers Veva de Lima and Carlota de Serpa Pinto, the poets Madalena Martel Patrício and Branca de Gonta Colaço, and the pianist Elisa de Sousa Pedroso, smaller groups of friends sharing similar literary and artistic tastes — such as Virgínia Victorino, Fernanda de Castro, Thereza Leitão de Barros and the modernist painter Sarah Affonso — would organize more intimate sessions at their homes. Paradoxically, the homosociability that Portugal's particularly intransigent form of patriarchy imposed on middle- and upper-class women stimulated the growth of female associative activities that reflected a very wide range of socially-sanctioned pursuits⁴⁶, not only in the literary and artistic spheres, but also those of a religious, charitable, political, educational, and sporting nature, giving educated women and, in particular, those uninspired by "acceptable, normative and heteronormative femininity" (Cascais 2017, pp. 96-98, our translation), the opportunity to develop a more fulfilling lifestyle than otherwise would have been possible.⁴⁷ And, as Klobucka (2022a, p. 234, our translation)

46. As Espanca (2015, pp. 146-147, our translation) remarked - not without bitterness - in her short story, "O resto é perfume", "All of us know women who (...) seek consolation (...) in religion, that marvelous balm that heals all wounds, or in doing one's duty, no matter how exacting, or in love, or in sacrifice — whether for their nearest and dearest or for complete strangers — or in charitable works, or in art".

47. Following Sedgwick's analysis of *male* homosocial desire, Klobucka (2022b, p. 119 *apud*. Sedgwick 1985) rejects dualism in the case of women and proposes a continuum stretching from "proscribed lesbo-erotic desire" to "socially-authorized

notes, there is reason to believe that “institutionalized female homosociability may well have spilled over into lesbian homoeroticism”.

Opinions vary as to whether Victorino’s poetics contain elements of modernism. For Marinho (1998, p. 19, our translation), Victorino’s “often well-crafted sonnets (...) ploughed the same furrow: poems about love, the suffering of women who were always in love and always betrayed”, strictly observing the limits of acceptable, normative and heteronormative femininity. Dal Farra (n.d., our translation) claims that “Victorino barely noticed as Portuguese modernism passed by: perhaps the closest she ever came to the movement was when her publishers commissioned Almada Negreiros to design the covers of later editions of her poetry collections *Apaixonadamente* and (...) *Namorados*.”

Dal Farra (*loc. cit.*) goes on to conclude that, especially in terms of “the splendor of the life she led [and] her embodiment as an icon of ‘approved’ femininity”, Victorino was as different from Florbela as Fernanda de Castro was. Despite their not dissimilar sexual orientations, Victorino was also the antithesis of Judith Teixeira who, like Espanca, would become a “social antimodel” deployed by both the Portuguese state and its ideological partner, the Catholic Church (Silva 2011b, p. 307).

Notwithstanding the “historic fact” of her carefully-disguised and “covertly-lived lesbian existence” (Klobucka 2019, *loc cit*), in a society in which deviance — be it political, cultural or sexual — was rarely tolerated, Victorino occupied a highly privileged liminal position between the aesthetics and poetics of the 19th and 20th centuries. Her extensive network of acquaintances and her commitment to the dictatorship allowed her to function as an intermediary who “wove in and out of the intersecting cultures of compulsory heterosexuality and female homosocial desire” (Klobucka 2019, *loc. cit.*).

1.5. By way of a conclusion

By the beginning of the 20th century, social and market conditions in Portugal had begun to favor an upsurge in public interest in women’s writing. Benefitting from the wider availability of secondary education, urban families demanded more than the prayerbooks, moralizing novels, male-oriented newspapers and women’s magazines that hitherto had been on offer. Moreover, education now guaranteed a continuous supply of young women with the talent and skills to enter professional fields previously monopolized by men, including every branch of the arts from literature to sculpture, and some of the newer professions such as journalism and translation.

Much of what was published, however, still conformed to the old paradigm, with authors

and predictable homosocial female coexistence”, with an extensive and differentiated ‘gray area’ in between (our translation). While the male gaze ignored or demonized the existence of the former, the latter functioned as a key pillar of patriarchy.

and critics — almost exclusively male — curating mainstream tastes, and the most prominent publishers, who guarded their influence over public taste as jealously as their profit-margins, were usually unwilling to accommodate works displaying any modernist experimentation such as the candidly confessional, unapologetically self-absorbed, so-called ‘love poetry’ of Judith Teixeira or Florbela Espanca.

In their day, and each in their own way, Teixeira and Espanca functioned on the margins of what was socially and aesthetically condoned. Unable or unwilling to cultivate the politico-cultural networks that could have promoted their work and protected their reputations, they were the least likely of the new generation of female writers to be inducted into the literary canon. And even if they remained on literature’s margins, such women writers as these found themselves excluded from the first wave of Portugal’s literary modernism, organized as it was by miniscule male *coteries* whose core membership was restricted to those invited to contribute to often-ephemeral fringe publishing ventures such as *Orpheu* (1915), *Contemporânea* (1915-1926), *Exílio* and *Centauro* (both 1916), and *Athena* (1924-25). As Ramalho-Santos (2017, p. 55, our translation and emphasis) reminds us

No woman had anything to do with the conception or creation, let alone with the founding, planning or editorship of *Orpheu*. Nor did any women poets contribute to it. Naturally, women were to be found all over its pages (...) but they did not represent real, empirical women; they were no more than *women on paper*, female figures with no historical equivalent or plausible existence beyond the gendered imaginations of the male poets who had invented them.

Living lives that today would barely merit enquiry, let alone comment or criticism, the women writers who, from today’s perspective might be legitimately considered as having played a key role in Portugal’s modernist vanguard, were simply erased from the narrative and excluded from the canon, on the grounds that their work, their views, and their behavior were beyond the pale. Interestingly, the backgrounds of these women were strikingly similar: most came from petty bourgeois rather than bourgeois or ‘noble’ backgrounds, and more than a few had experienced the stigma of ‘provincial’ roots, illegitimacy, mixed-race origin, or non-heteronormative sexual orientation. The contextual and personal particularities of their artistic trajectories meant that while some gained access to existing networks of influence or managed to create their own, the positions, actions or options taken by others led to their exclusion.

It was these differentiating factors that kept them isolated, unable to form any sizeable, coherent grouping or movement, or to draw new talent in their direction. And, though the women’s movement attracted all manner of writers, artists, journalists and educators, its priorities remained focused on securing women the same political and economic rights as men, largely by pressing for educational reform, greater equality of opportunity, and the mitigation of mass poverty. By the 1920s, however, well before the establishment of Salazar’s *Estado Novo*, women’s organizations were losing support and momentum as the popular republicanism that

followed the abolition of the monarchy gave way to dictatorship.

Had Judith Teixeira not found herself embroiled in the *Literatura de Sodoma* affair, would the course of her creative career have been different? Though she may have revisited her denunciation of Portuguese politico-cultural atavism in *De Mim*, she would have felt no pressing need to defend her aesthetics publicly in such detail. Would her political activities have continued, bringing her back into the spotlight, and risking another calvary? Which of the literary projects that she had planned — more poetry, a book of short stories, a play and a series of lectures — would have come to fruition? With her unpublished works and other writings apparently lost, we can only speculate; nevertheless, over the importance of her poetry and her prose to the modernist project in Portugal, there can no longer be any doubt.

1.6. The organization of the texts

The rest of this collection of Judith Teixeira's prose is organized as follows. The editors provide a short introductory note to each of the English translations of her lecture-manifestos. This also applies to her two works of fiction, to which the editors have also appended a third text, which reflects on Teixeira's choice of *Satânia* and *Insaciada* as titles. The notes and the translations themselves are supported by footnotes that aim to clarify words, terminology and bibliographical references with which the reader may not be familiar, and that may help to put these fascinating works in an appropriate social and literary context.

2. JUDITH TEIXEIRA'S AESTHETIC MANIFESTOS

2.1. Judith Teixeira's *Da Saudade*⁴⁸: An introduction

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

In the first of her two “lecture-manifestos” (Alonso 2015, p. 27; Silva 2015, p. 271), Judith Teixeira examines the accumulated baggage of nostalgia that for decades had filled Portuguese literature and culture, repudiating — more unreservedly and coherently than many of her modernist contemporaries — the sociocultural atavism that was constructed around the aesthetics of *saudade*. In her view, such wistful yearning for a better tomorrow was not endearing, it was categorically dangerous, for it blocked the renewal of Portuguese culture in general and, more specifically, inhibited women from overcoming the structural and psychological obstacles that prevented them from taking their rightful place as equals in modern society.

Da Saudade is addressed to those who, faced with the tumultuous changes and challenges the 20th century promised, might already have been considering a break with traditional values, but who were still susceptible to the essentially conservative call for a *renascença*, or national renewal, in which hopes for the future were based on remembrances — real or imagined — of times past. The socio-political program of this movement was dominated by *saudosismo*, the early 20th century form of specifically Portuguese cultural nationalism that was expressed most iconically by the symbolist poet and mystical philosopher Teixeira de Pascoaes and the sentiments and sentimentality with which his work — and that of fellow-travelers such as António Nobre, Jaime Cortesão and, of course, Fernando Pessoa — was imbued.

It now seems clear that *Da Saudade* — a hitherto unknown work unearthed by Cláudia Pazos Alonso in an antiquarian bookshop in Lisbon in 1997 and, until recently, unpublished (Alonso & Silva, 2015, pp. 279-296) — had been prepared as a public lecture aimed at convincing those already appreciative of Judith Teixeira's poetry that *saudosismo* could never constitute a socio-cultural principle on the basis of which a fractured and stagnating Portugal could be benignly unified.⁴⁹ The text represents the first flowering of Teixeira's brand of futurism, a perspective that she was developing more out of a critical reading of Portuguese and other

48. In the English title and throughout this translation, we have opted to retain the Portuguese word *saudade* — whose meaning is now sufficiently well-known outside the lusophone world — rather than using an less satisfactory term such as nostalgia, longing or yearning.

49. Teixeira had apparently kept two slightly different typescripts of the text in a notebook that also contained manuscript drafts of poems, some of which had gone on to be published, while others had remained completely unknown until the notebook's discovery.

European literatures than on her familiarity with the work of the movement's core theorists F. T. Marinetti and Valentine de Saint-Point, neither of whom she mentions in the text. In *Da Saudade*, she also undertakes some of the groundwork for her analysis of how bourgeois culture allows the most mediocre and narrow-minded philistines to rise to the pinnacle of power, maintain the lower classes in thrall, and dictate the limits that are to be imposed on the creativity of those more talented than themselves.

In contrast to *De Mim*, her second lecture-manifesto, in which she refers to and quotes from numerous authorities in support of her arguments, in *Da Saudade* Teixeira identifies a few authors either as historical landmarks (Camões), or archetypes of the pathology (Poe), or those who unconsciously read romanticism its last rites (Goethe, Dumas, Garrett, Karr and Castelo Branco). At the very beginning of her remarks, she uses her only direct quotation to dispel any confusion as to what *saudade* really means: the iconic Portuguese poet Almeida Garrett, she says, had long ago identified it as a perversity, a malaise, even a disease. Teixeira herself portrays *saudade* as a malign form of nostalgia that “corrodes and paralyses”, encouraging “doleful defeated souls” to frown on progress and to pursue a chimerical caricature of the nation's past and thereby prevent genuine social renewal (Teixeira, 2015, p. 259).

Both her realization that there was no future in nostalgia and her shift from melancholic atavism to the poetics of futurism are consistent with the date that the editors of Teixeira's *Poesia e Prosa* (2015, pp. 253-254) attribute to the typescript of *Da Saudade*. That this process began no later than 1925 is also clear from lines she wrote “on a sunny Spring morning” that year and later included in her 1926 collection *Núa — Poemas de Bysâncio*. In the poem in question, “A Vida” [Life], the poetic subject is caught between two opposing forces, recognizing that only by actively pursuing her own joyfulness will she loosen nostalgia's melancholy grip and move forward:

Joy unresisted, not shedding tears,
will bring us closer
to Heaven's throne!
No such thing as *saudade* exists!
If I drank down each coppery wave
the sun
could offer,
the sun would be my own!
I'd order its return
As each new day drew near,
So its fiery passion could set ablaze
the pallid hours
of my nostalgia!...⁵⁰

50. In the original, these lines read as follows: “Somente a clara alegria / nos pode aproximar / do Céu! / A saudade não existe! / – Se eu quiser embriagar-me / de sol, / em ruivas vibrações, / o sol será meu! / E voltará sempre, / todos os dias, / a abrasar em rubras sensações / as pálidas horas / das minhas nostalgias!...” (Teixeira, 2015, p. 132, our translation)

For Teixeira, “our imaginations should only ever invoke past events as if they were images projected on a screen, as acts we either repudiate or consider worth repeating” (Teixeira 2015, p. 260). And, since she recognized *saudade* as a pathological condition, it is difficult to think of her as anything other than a modernist⁵¹, not least of all because she voices her disquiet at the way in which symbolist and decadentist poets place the “seductive shadow” of *saudade* at the very core of their concept of beauty.

Seen from this angle, purging ourselves of *saudade* is, in fact, an act of liberation, in which we free ourselves from the anxiety and inertia that is generated by a conventionally “compassionate” attitude to life. It is also a rejection of the notion that our individual and collective reality must inevitably be governed by attitudes relating only to events in the distant past or, indeed, events that never really occurred. Teixeira places her faith in the dynamic potentialities of today’s feelings and interrelationships and, in so doing, reaffirms her essentially modernist stance:

Only laughter is beautiful. Tears are bitterness! Just give me movement, color, incandescent beams of light, the rays of the sun! In brief, beauty is everything that has a virile⁵² life force, the power to achieve, for when our spiritual state is merely contemplative, life succumbs to paralysis.

Here, Teixeira is also reflecting — inadvertently, it would seem — the views of the Portuguese social philosopher Antonio Sérgio, who considered *saudade* a mere “nuance of melancholic and static sentiments” when he dismissed the claims of Teixeira Pascoaes that it could act as a socially mobilizing force (Silva 2017).⁵³ Though the references and quotes deployed by Teixeira in *De Mim* reveal the influence that modernist thinkers and writers were having on her aesthetics, she does not directly cite Sérgio, who had published his critique in 1913, at the height of the debate over Marinetti’s futurist manifesto, almost 15 years before

51. Teixeira (2015, p. 262) claims that living in a habitual state of atavistic longing is akin to a slow death at the hands of our own sick imaginings.

52. Here, Teixeira echoes the idea that humanity achieves its greatest creativity when both virility and femininity flourish fully. Saint-Point believed that periods of disruption and change were the result of an excess of heroic instincts (virility), while stagnation was caused by too much emphasis on stability and peace (femininity). In *fin-de-siècle* Europe, she believed that feminine instincts predominated and that the conjuncture demanded greater virility from both men *and* women, with both genders seeking out and accepting both their masculine (i.e. “virile”) and feminine (i.e. intuitive) attributes. For women, this meant recapturing their primordial instincts of violence and cruelty, sloughing off their sentimental domesticity and becoming fierce and selfish mothers, capable of raising their children with maximum liberty, so that their daughters could produce the heroes that males were destined to be. Saint-Point was fiercely critical of feminism, deeming it to be “not only a political but also an analytical error on the part of women — one they will instinctively recognize” (Saint-Point, 2005, p. 12, our translation). Feminism, she believed, would engender an excess of order rather than the creative *disorder* that futurism had initially advocated. Under the fascisms that many futurists later came to support, it was precisely this excess of order that kept women’s participation and creativity in check.

53. The first exchanges in the debate between Sérgio and Pascoaes were published in *A Águia*, volume V, 2nd series, N.º 22, October 1913, pp. 96-113, and continued in subsequent numbers of the literary review. Pascoaes later brought together the various texts of the debate in his *A Saudade e o saudosismo* (1988).

either *Da Saudade* or *De Mim* were written.

In *Da Saudade*, the beginnings of futurism's influence over Teixeira's aesthetics can also be detected, for she reminds us that, at a time when Portugal was trying to come to terms with the implications of having replaced its monarchy with a republic, the entire world was experiencing great turbulence as a result of the crisis of European empires, the spread of the Fordist industrial model, rapid urbanization, and a spate of life-transforming innovations in the fields of health, telecommunications, transport and warfare, all of which provided humanity with new concerns regarding the direction the future might take and how real progress could be achieved. As Teixeira says:

In a century in which radiotelephony can bring to us from distant lands the voice of a lover or a brother, and in which an aircraft can convey us across the world in just a few hours, *saudade* in its present sick and nostalgic form should no longer exist ... rather it should be transformed into an intense longing for *new* moments of pleasure and happiness! (Teixeira 2015, pp. 262-263, our translation, our emphasis).

2.2. ON SAUDADE

Judith Teixeira (1922/1925)⁵⁴

Translated by Chris Gerry

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have come to talk to you today of *saudade*, that painful, cramping perversity that so often afflicts our sentimental and wistful race.

It disturbs me somewhat to think how my audience may react. It disturbs me, because I consider that some of you may already be infatuated by this bewitching, soporific shadow of which poets have so often written as if it were something of the utmost beauty. I deny that *saudade* constitutes beauty in this sense, and I do so with the same candor with which I express all my opinions!

This perversity, this sickness our decadentist poets call *saudade*, should be given the lie! The “bitter relish of the disconsolate”,⁵⁵ as Almeida Garrett called the torment we refer to as *saudade*, is but a sad journey through our past that cramps all our attitudes. Life is for today and for tomorrow! *Saudade* is the nostalgia of doleful defeated souls. It corrodes and paralyses and, ultimately, it is a perversity.

I once had an acquaintance, someone rather interesting and of uncommon intelligence, whose yearning for the past became quite incapacitating. I know of no other whom *saudade* caused to fall ill more elegantly. Whenever beset by tedium — which, in the end, was every day — this person’s behavior reeked of *saudade* in all its guises. With words and thoughts full of bitterness, bent almost double by the black hand of fatalism, my acquaintance uselessly lived out a useless life in lamentation and tears, without knowing life, without feeling life, forever wrapped in a faded shroud woven from all the hours their imaginings had killed off and left to decay, while life — happily spent by others beneath the bronzing sun or the brutal winter rain — passed him by.

Saudade! What great perversity! Even in old age, it is unseemly. While a sad and pain-filled dotage drives people away, the silver sheen of hoary heads has beauty and, set off by a glow of happiness, is so youthful!

For us poets, *saudade* is no more than an atavistic perversity inherited from our most

54. According to da Silva (2015, pp. 253-254 and p. 271), *Da Saudade* was written between 1922 and 1925, before Teixeira’s other lecture-manifesto *De Mim* (1926) and her main work of prose fiction, *Satania — Novelas* (1927).

55. João Baptista da Silva Leitão de Almeida Garrett’s poetry and his novel *O arco de Sant’Ana* are counted among the first works of Portuguese romanticism. The phrase quoted by Teixeira comes from the first stanza of Canto 1 of a long poem he dedicated to Camões, first published in 1825: “*Saudade!* Gosto amargo de infelizes, / Delicioso pungir de acerbo espinho, / Que me estás repassando o íntimo peito / Com dor, que os seios d’alma dilacera, / Mas dor que tem prazeres; *Saudade!* [“*Saudade!* That bitter relish of the disconsolate / The sharp thorn’s delicious bite, / How you drench with pain / My very own breast, the innermost parts of my soul, / But it’s pain that gives pleasure, too; *Saudade!*” (our translation).]

ancient lyrical forebears — and then later from Camões and, since his times, from so very many others. Unfortunately, it even attracts the youth of today, notwithstanding the waves stirred up by the frenzy of modernism — or, rather, of exoticism.

Since *saudade* can only furnish us with a type of beauty that is essentially sick, it must be eliminated. We need to live life, and to sing of every aspect of life as it expresses itself in our acts and in our movement — and be youthful! And be happy! To be youthful, and to be happy, is to be creative, to possess all of youth's capacity for achievement, living today's life and racing towards tomorrow's, untrammelled by sentimentality.

Our imaginations should only ever invoke past events as if they were images projected on a screen, acts we either repudiate or consider worth repeating. While we may wish to resurrect and repeat what our sentimentality once desired and enjoyed, why pine for what can so easily be re-enacted now, in real life? And if life has moved on so much that our spirit can no longer keep pace, then let there be born deep inside us the blessed light of tender respect for those pale shadows! Contaminated by the poets of *saudade*, countless lives have been shackled by nostalgic apathy! These lives have been a waste of human energy, and have perpetuated this lethargy, this sick sensualism.

You will smile, ladies and gentlemen, when I confess to you that, in my thirst for enlightenment, in my eagerness for color and my intoxicated pursuit of new sonorities in my verses, and in the intricate yet forceful manner in which I express my views, I show that I, too, am a soul still full of morbid atavisms, searching to liberate herself!

And if I write of “plunging my hands distractedly into a bloody sea of poppies” and “the lusty carmine courtship of wild roses”, it is because I am eager to cure myself, to let a more vivid light wash over me, and reduce the pallor so characteristic of my race's romantic heritage! Yes, I too have written of pain and of *saudade*, and I went as far as developing a sick tenderness for some of the poems I had written in the past — born of some forgotten, dim and distant hurt!

Saudade is a form of sensualism that has degenerated into melancholy, manifesting itself in languorous attitudes and behavior. These days, they call the problem neurasthenia⁵⁶ and science prescribes special treatments for patients, such as flashing lights, sunbathing, kaleidoscopes of color or a Parisian *bain-douche*.⁵⁷

56. Neurasthenia was a catch-all term once employed to refer to the lethargy, depression and poor concentration from which, it was alleged, mainly women suffered. It is likely that in many cases the symptoms were caused by the tick-borne infection we know today as Lyme disease, the prevalence of which grew as deforestation induced by industrialization and urbanization increased human contact with the animal species that carried parasites of the *Borrelia* genus. Left untreated, the infection can cause arthritic conditions and damage both coronary and cerebral functions. Though popular fiction adopted the term as a pseudo-scientifically validated form of 'soft' misogyny, here Teixeira subverts its meaning by using it to denote an atrophying of women's creativity induced by their compliance to bourgeois conventions.

57. Though, in the original, Teixeira says “mergulhos em Paris” (literally, “diving in Paris”), hydrotherapeutic treatments at the *bains-douche* establishments that mushroomed in Paris after the end of the First World War were widely recommended, particularly for those suffering from neurasthenia.

As it is so clearly a manifestation of something unwholesome, a host of reasons exist for repudiating the status *saudade* has achieved as a form of beauty that should interest us in any way. Only laughter is beautiful. Tears are bitterness! Just give me movement, color, incandescent beams of light, the rays of the sun! In brief, beauty is everything that has a virile life force, the power to achieve, for when our spiritual state is merely contemplative, life succumbs to paralysis.⁵⁸

Modern art is all about tomorrow and our craving⁵⁹ for the future; as you can see, I do not use the word “present”, because someone far better-informed than I has already said that the present does not exist. There is only past and future.⁶⁰ That’s just how it is. A word, once out of my mouth, becomes part of the past. No activity can escape this truth. An act, once performed, is straightaway consigned to history.

Thus, what we need, in addition to the grace of God, is to light up the future, and await its coming not only endowed with enough mental resilience to ease the intervening hours of struggle and suffering, but also to give our conscience the clarity it needs to be proudly responsible for our actions, and no longer afraid to be held accountable for them.

Nor should we avail ourselves of *saudade* as a type of beauty. It has no interest, either for modern life, or for modern art. Nowadays, life calls for clarity, creativity, action. *Saudade* is merely contemplative, and we have wasted so much time on it!

In this century, with life speeding along in its dizzying urge to devour our emotions, if we allow ourselves to be distracted for even a moment, it will crash into us. And if our self-defense mechanisms fail to react immediately to the first impact — our cramped attitudes never having been exposed to such aggression — life will mercilessly carry us off!

So many times, we’ve heard people say: “It’s *saudade* that keeps me alive”. How much more accurate it would for them to say: “I die, defeated by my own sick imagination which, still clinging to the ephemeral shadows of the past, languorously consumes itself”. Left uncorrected, we’ll soon see all those ailing poets of *saudade*, pallid, anguished, tearing at their own souls with unwholesome pleasure, flagellating themselves with reminiscences, their memories recalling

58. Teixeira is referring to Saint-Point’s idea that the inert quietude from which society periodically suffers is caused by the pre-eminence of feminine attitudes that overemphasize stability and peace and is as morally crippling and destructive as war.

59. Most readers would have been perplexed by the idea that we can experience *saudade* for future events, and using such a phrase would have deflected Teixeira’s frontal attack on *saudade* as commonly understood at the time. Nevertheless, her expression *ânsia do futuro* [a craving for the future] could easily be understood today as the mirror-image of the conventional meaning attributed to *saudade* i.e., a “yearning” or “longing” for the past. A few paragraphs later, Teixeira stresses the same idea by saying that in an era of dizzying technological advance, “*saudade* should (...) take the form of an intense longing for new moments of pleasure and happiness” (our emphasis) as opposed to trying to relive the past.

60. Teixeira may have had in mind the concept of time as viewed by Einstein, who had won the Nobel Physics Prize in 1921. According to him, reality is spread over space-time and comprises events that are clearly identifiable as past, present and future. Einstein pithily explained that since the present was so ephemeral, the value of time depended solely on what we happen to be doing as it passes. More recently, the development of quantum physics has suggested that only past and present exist.

all the pungent flavors of a past that, even if they could, they wouldn't really want to resuscitate; and all so that they can continue torturing themselves with the suffering and pleasure imparted by that bitter *nunca mais*, that desolate and fatal "never more" of Edgar Allan Poe.

We'll see them, electing to stay in the shadows, drinking from their cup of bitterness, in their sunless lifeless lives, forever holding their ambitions in check. That is to say, as they want nothing from the future, their eyes turn towards the past and, in their sick and sorrowful sentimentality, they remain on the margins of a life that is now so dizzying and exuberant.

Today, life affords us vistas of beauty that are wider, tragedy that is more vivid, and pain that is deeper and darker! This life of ours inevitably produces a reaction to sentimental apathy that is logical and clear. The strength and justice of our yearning for change, for triumph, for liberty, obliterate all other paths in a dizzying storm!

Romanticism is at an end. Its shroud was so finely crafted by the pale and stylized characters created by Alexandre Dumas, Alfonse de Karr, Camilo Castelo Branco, Almeida Garrett⁶¹ and so many others, all of whom managed to reduce life to a state of befuddled and incurable melancholy.

I believe, and I fearlessly affirm to you here, ladies and gentlemen, that in a century in which radiotelephony can bring to us from distant lands the voice of a lover or a brother, and in which an aircraft can convey us across the world in just a few hours, *saudade* in its present sick and nostalgic form should no longer exist... rather it should be transformed into an intense longing for new moments of pleasure and happiness!

So, we must convince ourselves that our every sigh is a sign of infirmity, and that we must energetically pursue greater clarity of thinking. That's the only salutary and honorable means of chasing away the morbid phantasms that assail our souls and blight our lives! And it is why I beg you that, while not relinquishing a sincere and tender respect for the past, you let out a great cry of victory for the turning point that is to come!

Let us leave *saudade*, then, to be bathed in the resplendent light of the sun. Our sun, that has such beauty! The sun that gilds our beautiful Earth! The Earth over which God let his wise hand linger in divine benediction! And yet, in this country of ours, with its resplendent light, it is still beauty that we mortify! God was unsparing in His gifts, and we have committed the great sin of believing neither in His divine grace nor in His compassionate covenant. We must trust in God and in the virtue of our own will, exalting it with all our lucidity in the wholesome desire to please both God and our consciences. Let's not waste the days God has

61. Alexandre Dumas père (novelist and dramatist, author of *The Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Queen Margot*, *Memoires of a physician*, and *The Queen's necklace*, among many others); Alfonse de Karr (critic, journalist, novelist, floriculturist and coiner of the phrase "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"); Camilo Castelo Branco (prolific novelist, dramatist, poet, essayist, journalist and translator, whose romanticism contrasted with the realism of his rival Eça de Queiroz) and Almeida Garrett (poet, dramatist, novelist, journalist and politician, considered by many the pioneer of Portuguese romanticism).

given us, numbered as they are! And let us abandon all inertia!

And so, it is with a heartfelt cry of tender concern on my part that I beseech you, Ladies and Gentlemen, never to faint out of sadness ... and never, for Heaven's sake, to fall ill because of *saudade*!

2.3. Judith Teixeira's *De Mim* (1926). An introduction

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

The second of Teixeira's public lectures combines apologia and manifesto as a means of publicly rebutting the accusations that accompanied the seizure and burning of her first collection of poetry *Decadência* [Decadence] (1923), the criticism levelled at her second book of poems *Castelo de Sombras* [Castle of Shadows] (1923), and the vilification to which her 1926 collection *Núa — Poemas de Bysâncio* [Naked — Poems of Byzantium] was subjected.⁶²

At the very beginning of her lecture, subtitled *Conferência em que se explicam as minhas razões sobre a vida, sobre a estética, sobre a moral* [About Me — A lecture in which I set out my arguments concerning life, aesthetics and morality], Teixeira passionately claims to have invested her more recent work with “all the candor of my consciousness as a woman and as an artist, and all the truth of my avid feelings regarding beauty” (Teixeira 2015, p. 281). In her politico-aesthetic discourse, as in her poetry, she repeatedly affirms her belief that beauty is inconceivable without lust and that, for any inspired act to have beauty, it must have the same touch of licentiousness with which every creative spirit is endowed. In contrast to the vast majority of modernists, she wants the indissociability of beauty and lust to be more widely appreciated and, to explain her motivation, she admits to feeling driven by an “enormous and all-consuming desire to share with intellectuals of my own times the ageless emotional arguments that live in my soul, and in the souls of all who regard artistic creativity as the noblest of reasons to live” (Teixeira 2015, p. 281).

Teixeira looks ahead at how a futurist (rather than simply a modernist) perspective and methodology might allow artists — or at least those very few who are willing to explore their creative urges more fully — to free themselves from the straight-jacket, muzzle and blinkers that bourgeois conformity had for too long obliged them to wear. *De Mim* reflects Teixeira's sincere belief that futurism — and, more specifically, the revolutionary praxis of beauty contained in its Saint-Pointian variant — might play a key role in renewing the fortunes of Portugal, whose multifaceted backwardness the First Republic had inherited and had signally failed to mitigate in the years preceding the establishment of Salazar's authoritarian New State. As a critical modernist and a recent convert to the ideas of Valentine de Saint-Point, Teixeira was also conscious of the opportunities that futurism might offer those of her sex, if only the movement's male adherents could be convinced to extend their radical principles to the plight

62. In 1926, under the headline *viande de paraitre* (i.e. “meat on view”, a pun on the French term for “hot off the press”), the periodical *O Sempre Fixe* [Always in Vogue] marked the launching of Judith's third collection of poems, *Núa — Poemas de Bysâncio*, by publishing a caricature in which a Rubenesque Judith was portrayed naked, attended by Eros (eyes averted in disgust), a dog (panting lasciviously) and a handgun (pointed at her head).

of women in society, politics, the economy and the arts.

In her view, age after age, a tiny minority of artists had managed to emancipate themselves from pre-established conventions by becoming fully conscious of their surroundings (Teixeira 2015, p. 291) and, repudiating all vacillation, diffidence and weakness, abjured the inertia to which most people fall victim. In particular, the process of conscientization involved a recognition of the true nature of lust, for this was a prerequisite of any artist joining the ranks of the *illuminati*, namely those “who have taken responsibility for their lust [and for whom] it is a sacred organizing force and guiding principle”. (Teixeira 2015, p. 283).

In marked contrast to those who fear transgressing social norms or religious tenets, Teixeira’s creative impulses compel her to honestly explain her most deeply-held convictions rather than hypocritically concealing them: “[I]t was my exacting formulation of the moral processes that rule our existence, and my singular commitment to upholding them, that provoked the disagreement between me and the *majority*”. (Teixeira 2015, p. 282, emphasis in the original).

Compared to *Da Saudade*, Teixeira’s thesis in *De Mim* is underpinned by an impressive round of further reading: while most are not feminist writings as such, and some of their authors — albeit influential at the time — have since lapsed into obscurity, four of the works she directly or indirectly cites were published only shortly before *De Mim* itself was finished: a gay novel by Henry-Marx⁶³, an appreciation of Brazilian modern art by Francisco Lagreca⁶⁴, Marie Bashkirtseff’s autobiographical *Cahiers Intimes*⁶⁵ and a work by Pirandello.⁶⁶ Earlier

63. Henry-Marx (born Henri Marx in 1882), was a French novelist, dramatist, poet and literary critic. His novel *Ryls — Un amour hors la loi* caused a brief scandal in the 1920s due to the approving treatment the author gave to both male homosexuality and anarchist philosophy. Teixeira uses Henry-Marx’s insouciant denial of the power of scandal as an epigraph to her lecture.

64. The Brazilian writer, essayist and journalist Francisco de Castro Lagreca (1883-1944) was born of Italian parentage in São Paulo’s rural hinterlands. As a journalist, he wrote for many of national newspapers and literary magazines. As a writer, he was a member of Olavo Bilac’s bohemian circle and became closely associated with Brazilian pantheism and modernism. In 1922, his short story collection *Cidade do amor* received an honorable mention from the *Academia Brasileira de Letras*. As an art critic, he published *Apologia da arte moderna* (1923), an influential study of new trends in Brazilian painting.

65. Marie Bashkirtseff (1858-1884), born near Karkhiv (then part of the Russian Empire) was a painter and sculptor whose now much-celebrated diaries were posthumously published in 1890. Teixeira quoted the words “le *luxe* physique est nécessaire au *luxe* moral” [physical luxury is necessary for moral luxury] in a footnote that only appeared in the first edition of *De Mim*; the aphorism comes from the first volume of Bashkirtseff’s *Cahiers intimes inédits*, which were published at the time when Teixeira was already formulating what she might say in defense of her aesthetics. Bashkirtseff’s *bom mot* refers to luxury [*luxe*] rather than to the lust [*luxure*] that both Teixeira and Saint-Point considered crucial to artistic creativity and integrity. Nor could it be otherwise, for the more intimate details of Bashkirtseff’s life remained unknown until her notebooks were published in 1925. Notwithstanding Teixeira’s mistake, luxury and lust are not unconnected, for they stand at different points on a continuum stretching from the ascetic to the sybaritic, with luxury (i.e., the occasional and/or habitual enjoyment of extravagance) far closer to the middle than lust (the unrestrained pursuit of carnal pleasure).

66. Teixeira mentions only Luigi Pirandello’s name, but it seems most likely that she was referring to the series of plays he wrote in the first half of the 1920s, two of which were performed in Italian at Lisbon’s Politeama cine-theater, namely *Sei personaggi in cerca d’autore* [Six characters in search of an author] in 1923, and *Ciascuno a suo modo* [Each in his own way] in 1925. That same year, on behalf of her magazine *Europa*, she may also have attended a performance at Lisbon’s New Theatre of

works, such as the orientalist erotica of Pierre Louÿs⁶⁷ and Oscar Wilde's play *Salomé* are also mentioned, but the writer to whom Teixeira refers most frequently and who left the single most indelible mark on her thinking and discourse, is Valentine de Saint-Point⁶⁸, renowned for her *Manifeste de la Femme Futuriste*. In the French polymath's view, lust was neither a universal sin, nor an individual predisposition, but a force for good, and consisted of our very spirit projecting itself beyond our bodies. This force consisted of a single basic dichotomy:

Lust is our flesh questing after the unknown, just as reasoning is our mind in pursuit of the same (...) We have both body and spirit, and to suppress one in order to amplify the other is an error and only proves our weakness. Beings with strength should realize all their carnal and spiritual potentialities" (Saint-Point, 2005, p. 18, our translation).⁶⁹

Undoubtedly, by foregrounding corporeality — though neither explicitly directed at women, nor by any means feminist in its purpose — Saint-Point's insistence on the importance of lust had an important bearing on the contours of women's political and social awareness and provided a thought-provoking counterpoint to mainstream feminist views. Teixeira, in drafting her two lectures, and in the composition of her poetry and prose, draws heavily on Saint-Point's critical approach, as manifested in the proposition that lust is associated more with liberty and liberation than with libertinism or libidinousness, a notion echoed by Teixeira's self-portrayal in *Da Saudade* as an artist who was still "full of morbid atavisms, seeking to liberate herself".

In *De Mim* — unusually for this type of text — in order to illustrate the connection between lust and corporeality, and as examples of the aesthetic vision on which she based her creative process, Teixeira cites two of her own poems in full:

the alluringly-titled *Uma verdade para cada um* [literally, For each of us a different truth] in a translation by Thereza Leitão de Barros of Pirandello's *Così è (se vi pare)* [So it is (if you think so)] (Ferro 2007, p. 124). Indeed, the second number of *Europa* contained an unsigned article (p. 48), presumably by Teixeira, surveying the modernism of dramatists Pirandello, G.B. Shaw and Georg Kaiser.

67. Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925) was a Belgian writer who aimed to blend pagan sensuality with stylistic perfection in his erotic evocations of the Ancient World. He was the dedicatee of Oscar Wilde's play *Salomé* in its original French version, both Josef von Sternberg (*The devil is woman*) and Luis Buñuel (*That obscure object of desire*) directed film adaptations of his short story "La femme et le pantin" [The woman and the puppet], and his poetry was set to music by Debussy and Sorabji. Though Teixeira's quote, from the author's preface to his 1896 novel *Aphrodite — Mœurs antiques* [Aphrodite — Manners of the ancient world], follows the original closely, she omits the important clarifying and contextualizing affirmation that precedes the words she cites: "[L]a sensualité est la condition mystérieuse, mais nécessaire et créatrice, du développement intellectuel." [Sensuality is the mysterious but necessary and creative condition of intellectual development] (Louÿs 1896, p. 7, our translation).

68. In addition to being a writer, Valentine de Saint-Point was a journalist, painter and choreographer, and an influential presence in many of the Parisian salons of the *Belle Époque*. In her *Manifesto of the futurist woman* (of which a Portuguese translation was published in 1917 in *Portugal Futurista*), Saint-Point replies to what she considers the misogynistic posture adopted by Marinetti in his *Manifesto of Futurism*.

69. The English version available on the internet is flawed and displays little understanding of Saint-Point's critique. For example, "cérébralité" [the capacity to reason or reflect] becomes "celebration", and the noun "un être" [a being] is rendered, quite unselfconsciously, as "a man"!

At the end of the artistic process of writing those red incendiary poems — in which I carved beauty into figures posed so bizarrely that they dazzled even my own senses — had I wanted to find the real source of my creations, I would have been obliged to descend to my own inner world and interrogate my ‘unconscious self’ (Teixeira 2015, p. 291).

Since the female body had long been seen by men as something to be owned, commodified and transactionalized, its reconceptualization and reappropriation by women themselves was (and remains) a pressing issue for feminists. Here, Teixeira develops Saint-Point’s thesis, and stresses the need to literally and metaphorically “expose” the female body because, for her, any true concept of beauty must be rooted in the intemperance of eroticism, functioning as an active force in women’s discourse, aiding them to cast off the role of passive objects the male narrative assigns to them, to become their own subjects, to experience themselves, to be spoken of and celebrated by themselves alone, unmediated by men and, above all, as part of a process that begins with a reappropriation of their own bodies and their most intimate pleasures (Macedo & Amaral, 2005, pp. 24-25).⁷⁰

Moreover, in *De Mim*, Teixeira openly criticizes a ruling elite she considers culturally shallow and whose conception of art she judges to be profoundly retrograde. Above all, her treatise values disorder over stability and physical lust over idealized love, a position her bourgeois contemporaries would have considered debauched and insane (Silva, 2015, p. 271), and proposes a thematic confluence that even her fellow modernists would have judged too sensitive to broach in their writings. She revisits the same issues in her prose fiction, where she examines female desire in more detail and explores the right of women to reappropriate the female body and experiment with all its potentialities. Thus, Teixeira’s lecture-manifestos provided her readers with some of the tools to interrogate the true nature of sexuality and examine how, in the real world, lust manifests itself both personally and collectively, while her prose fiction allowed them to reflect, albeit indirectly, on the conflicts between the “flesh” and the “spirit” — between the natural impulses of the body and the ethical standards our minds seek to uphold.

70. Macedo & Amaral affirm that “the question of the body, along with its representation and its auto-representation, is closely linked to the problem of identity, and consequently has formed a crucial part of the contemporary feminist debate”.

2.4. ABOUT ME

A lecture in which I set out my arguments concerning life, aesthetics and morality⁷¹

Judith Teixeira (1926)

Translated by Chris Gerry

*A scandal consists of neither a person nor an act,
but rather the noise made by scandalized people*
HENRY-MARX

Ladies and gentlemen:

It is vanity on my part, and an irritation for you, perhaps, that I come here to talk to you of myself, of my inner life. Nonetheless, ever since my book of poems *Decadência* was confiscated some years past, and following the violent criticism of my *Castelo de Sombras* collection and, likewise, of my most recent poems *Núa* — that fiery magnolia blossom, strange and exotic, in which I invested all the candor of my consciousness as a woman and as an artist, and all the truth of my avid feelings regarding Beauty — I have felt an enormous and all-consuming desire to share with intellectuals of my own times the ageless emotional arguments that live in my soul, and in the souls of all who regard artistic creativity as the noblest of reasons to live!

And as for my poems ... what extraordinary comments, all that noisy rabble-rousing hullabaloo, and all that hot air about their serene and sculptural rhythmic form! And when voices were raised even further, when the perfidious hands of those ‘innocents’ among the intelligentsia began fanning the bonfire’s flames, and when blows struck home even through the weighty arras of my spiritual refuge, it filled me with happiness. I smiled! Finally, my hour had come, the hour of my triumph, that golden vibrant hour of which generals — in the tragic clamor of battle, mad with anguish and despair — can only dream.

I’ll say it again — I smiled. My artist’s ambitions had been fulfilled. I understood only too well that my poetic works were not soap bubbles reserved for the intrusive eyes of men. In their poetical and musical structure, and even in the vaguer and more diaphanous forms in which I had left my dreams to slumber, there was, after all, some substance that pulsed, was alive, and consequently perturbed people’s souls. And if it perturbed them, it was because there was something in that substance. And the creation of that ‘something’ is the magnificent core of art’s mission.

71. This translation uses the first edition of *De Mim* (Lisbon: Editora Livraria Rodrigues, 1926), which contains the original bibliographical footnotes that were omitted in subsequent editions. Where necessary, we have added further notes to identify the less well-known authorities on whom Teixeira drew in support of her arguments. The present translation is a slightly-revised version of Gerry (2003b).

So, before your combined intelligences, I'd like to confess that the lust⁷² with which some of my poems pulsate is, above all, the most sumptuous and graceful form that I could give to certain of my perspectives that were driven by art rather than by a moral code that society constantly commends to others by contravening it.

Hour by hour, I have passionately lived this ideal, and lust has been the precise form that my sincerity has taken. And in what way did this sincerity — a virtue attained by so few — harm the everyday honesty of others? For Heaven's sake, that's precisely why the others don't profess their sincerity, fearing it as much as they fear breaking society's moral code or incurring the punishment of Holy Mother Church. And they prove themselves all the more ignoble when it is in questions of conscience that they fear sincerity most acutely. For those who reduce life — from the most intimate of personal acts to quibbling over a debt to their local grocer — to a system of dissimulation and lies, it is the public, it is contact with the public, that fills them with unbearable panic. It seems to those good souls that the public can see in their very eyes the poor stuff of which their lives are made.

It was my exacting formulation of the moral processes that rule our existence, and my singular commitment to upholding them, that provoked disaccord between me and the *majority*. Obviously, in the popular mind, I was denounced as immoral and dissolute! It was by using my concept of Beauty that I — in whose consciousness resides both an enlightened religious credo and a clear understanding of morality — proclaimed the greater part of the lust that all true Artists invest in their most potent ideas which, thus exalted, are liberated forever from the prejudices that characterize our present epoch and society.

And God — who commands the course of my acts no less than any other who embraces religion — by allowing others to cast stones, obliges us to take refuge on ground higher than the artless chirping sparrows can reach — even though here, on this plane of exceptionality, we may risk falling victim to the cruel and brazen gluttony of a condor!⁷³

And then one day, the voice of Valentine de Saint-Point loudly rang out, boldly

72. For Dante, lust was love in "disorder" and, in Catholic theology, it was interpreted as the enjoyment of carnal relations for their own sake, rather than for the procreative function for which they were designed. Ultimately, lust came to mean an immoderate and misdirected penchant for sexual pleasure. In Saint-Point's heterodox view, since both flesh and spirit are creative, lust can be a vital force in human progress. Lust could reverse the trend that had drawn women too close to the feminine pole of the masculinity – femininity continuum. Lust could produce more of the assertive, "virile" warrior-women (*sur-femmes*) who could then exert more influence over humanity's future. Lust as a vital force also underpinned her more strategic aim of gaining women their rightful role alongside men, both in the futurist movement and in society at large.

73. For Teixeira, the threat posed by the condor symbolizes the danger of being consumed by lust, rather than using it to widen one's experience and elevate one's sensibilities. Though the metaphor succeeds in warning against lust for lust's sake, Teixeira's attempt at exoticism is based on a false premise: condors are not birds of prey: they feed on carrion. They are nonetheless exceptional both in the Western imaginary, due to their size and majesty, and in Andean cosmology, embodying the prime virtues of goodness, justice, leadership and wisdom, acting as intermediaries between humans and the gods and guiding the dead as they journey to the spirit world.

proclaiming with delicious candor: “Lust is a force!”⁷⁴ And, as a poet, I would simply say: “Lust is a source, full of pain and full of blessings, from whose violent bosom flows, with song and suffering, the harmonious rhythm of our sensations!” Yes, lust is indeed a force. It lives in us all, dictating every one of our acts! It is unconscious, and therefore to those who are unconscious of its presence, it constitutes vileness. However, for the illuminated — those who have taken responsibility for their lust — it is a sacred organizing force and guiding principle.

My open and honest way of living repudiates all weakness, all semblance of indecision or reticence, all contrived timidity of countenance! I know not how to write of fainthearted loves! I adore the sun, I love color, the flame is dear to me, I bless strength, blood exalts me, violence intoxicates me, struggle elates me, and I dream of the unruly roar of the sea! Pale colors don’t interest me. The immaculate color of lilies, white and mournful, leaves me unmoved: they suffer not, nor do they pulsate, and they utter no verses of martyrdom or lust! My sorrow is magenta, my bitterness as black as ebony, and my happiness, festooned in poppies, is further reddened by the sun’s rays before it bursts into song.



Ladies and gentlemen, it has long been my dream that Art might elevate me to a plane of exceptionality from where I could view the genesis of some of the bizarre images I have fashioned in my poems — something on which I would now like to make a few swift comments. Those images could prick my imagination at any hour, prick it as if fiery bees⁷⁵ were buzzing before my dazzled eyes! And so, in my poems, I spoke candidly of the exceptional nature of these new motifs of Beauty that were agitating my feelings! By doing so, I set ablaze that old scarecrow the feeble call ‘convention’ and those in power call ‘the pale’. And, by the light of this strange bonfire, I raised my new motifs of Beauty aloft, unveiling them to my impatient spirit with hymns of grace, love and victory! In reply, the philistines first stretched out their arms, then froze in bewilderment and, with that, a chasm opened up between me and the *majority*.

Yet today, it is new hungers that devour me: I want more sun, more color, more expressivity! My practiced hands will clear a way to where new sources of Beauty may be discovered! Lift up your voices, repeat my hosannas to the healthy, powerful truth that gives

74. It is worth quoting the opening of Saint-Point’s manifesto in full: “Lust, stripped of any moral preconceptions and seen as an essential element of life’s dynamism, is a force! For a race with strength, lust, like pride, is a virtue that motivates, a hearth where energies are rekindled. Lust is the expression of a being that is projected beyond itself. It is the painful joy of fulfilled flesh, the joyful pain of birth. Whatever secret draws us together, lust is a union of the flesh. It is the sensory and sensual synthesis that produces the greatest liberation of a being’s spirit. It is one part of humanity communicating with the entire sensuality of the earth; it is the Panic shudder of a portion of that earth. Lust is our flesh questing after the unknown, just as reasoning is our mind in pursuit of the very same.” (Saint-Point, 2005, pp. 17-18, our translation).

75. The term used by Teixeira is *abelha-de-fogo*. The South American “fire-bee” (*oxytrigona tataira*), though it carries no sting, has the capacity to squirt attackers with formic acid — hence the insect’s local names, ranging from “abelha bota-fogo”, recalling the word both for arsonist and for the fuse used in the firing of cannons on fighting ships, to the more prosaic but equally expressive terms such as the “piss-fire” and “shit-fire” bee.

birth to all those notions of Beauty from which I fashion my art! And, whenever my verses speak of my sorrow or my joy, all the noblest aspects of my life pulsate together, as I try to make the cadence of my words express as much as possible.

Sorrow in all its forms has Beauty; joy, too, is beautiful as well as being healthy. But make no mistake, it is artists who give sorrow and joy the greatest Beauty, as they carve suffering — in forms unimagined until now — from the rough cold block of reality, forging new models of triumph, lasciviousness and heroism! And it is in this way that, in art, changes are made to the truth in life. Since art must live in conscious connection to this life, as a result, the artist's sensibility sometimes finds itself in conflict with the life that everyone lives. The *hide-bound*, the entrenched, those who won't budge an inch, who won't progress, they just don't understand us. They can comprehend neither our souls' flight nor the mutations that truth undergoes, and they persecute us because, deep down, they are themselves persecuted by the petty guilt their own acts engender. And 'common sense' — that Sancho Panza of morality invented by the bourgeoisie to watch over its 'sound principles' — is filled with fear.

And if we choose to show them our fantastical version of something real, all they are able to see are its roughness and crudity. Fantasy is the essence, the sacred perfume that wafts from the souls of artists, enveloping some of the coarser aspects of nature and life. Fantasy is, so to speak, the keynote of the central emotional chord of our sensibility; it rises with a sharp and penetrating timbre, resonating through all our senses. It is this refinement that separates and distinguishes us from the bourgeois, from the compliant, just as the limpid sound of crystal is distinct from the everyday clinking of glass.

Artists don't ascend towards the truth of things; they use their refined sensibilities to draw truth out of what is around them and, in so doing, often alter the form that truth takes. In this way, a certain roughness is smoothed away by the artist's subtle perceptions, always with illuminating effect. The *diminished*, the *petty*, the *limited*, they shrink in fear and accuse us of being 'unbalanced'. This designation doesn't offend us at all. Our minds cannot achieve the imperturbable and impassive equilibrium of minds like theirs that operate in one direction only. In contrast, it is imperative that we remain fatally *unbalanced*, and our twofold natures must become capable of disturbing even our own senses. We must feel, pulsate, suffer and want on a scale of refinement wholly beyond their experience.

Due to the manner in which our sensibilities are tuned, we find ourselves in a world of exception; there, our sense of Beauty transforms air, light, color, our notions of space and the form that things assume in space. Is this not so? Of course, it is! Often, we alter truth, but only to give the maximum truthfulness to our fantasies. The artist's conception should have no limits. Rather, it should enjoy maximum freedom! Sometimes, by fleeing reality we are able to create unprecedented Beauty; by clarifying what truth is and depicting it well, we sometimes ascend to the very finest nuances of color! Narrow and conventional standards would turn my mind sickly and neurasthenic. My emotions, born of some mysterious sensibility, refuse to

conform to traditional norms or concepts. I live my emotions, I feel them, and I translate them using the greatest measure of elegance that my art can muster.

My verses belong to no school. They're mine! I always obey the impression of the moment, coloring my words, embellishing or tempering the most vivid hues of each image, so that I may find the precise words that meet my artistic and spiritual criteria. And I'm thankful that my verses attract disapproval. They do so because whenever voluptuousness and Beauty set my spirit atremble, it soars to heights unattainable by others, by the *hide-bound*.

Francisco Lagreca (1923, p. 74)⁷⁶ is absolutely right when he says that

[f]uturist Art, with its unique and strange way of describing things, and of translating in a most original manner the sensations that come to us from the outside world, is ennobled by those souls who, rather than enjoying the 'privilege' of experiencing only approved sensations, remain open to every unpredictability and mutability that contemporary life can afford.

He also says that "in questions of art, the soul teaches itself to feel with greater or lesser intensity". I would only add that, in my case, it is my soul that teaches me how to *speak* of my sensations. Nothing surprises artists. What stuns 'well-balanced' people, only causes artists to ponder. An artist's perceptions should always be at odds with the way the *majority* feels: the vision of the *majority* has a permanently limited focus, while our eyes have lenses that can penetrate more deeply. That is why I saw, in the gleaming coral red of cactus flowers, the Bacchanalian orgies of old, and why, in my book *Decadência*, I portrayed them as I did:

Cactus flowers⁷⁷

Cactus flowers, your skin so blameless,
mirror-bright incarnations
Scarlet cachinnations
of concubines...
Rendered tipsy by the sun,
on golden mornings you shine,
luxurious and shameless!

A fine bloom and so impudent!
The light of the sun more brilliant

in the vermillion of your petals...
Suggesting perhaps
an air of insolence
or even petulance,
as if deigning to be stung
by each golden bee that settles!

76. The reference to Lagreca's *Apologia da arte moderna*, is provided by Teixeira herself.

77. The two poems "Cactus flowers" and "Illusion", and their deployment by Teixeira in her public lecture *De Mim*, are discussed in detail in Gerry (2023a).

Born to feel the sun's every kiss
and even when possessed
by its searing torrid rays ...
You're wanton,
destined just for this —
to enjoy love's mysteries in every way!

I like a flower that's pagan
and sensual,
that in some mystic ritual,
yields, unabashed, its charms so fully
to the sun's amber embrace!

In your ruby blush, O cactus flower,
lies your life's blood, your vitality and power...
And I have just as great a thirst for life as you!

Francisco Lagreca (1923, p. 43, emphasis in the original)⁷⁸ goes on to say:

The soul has sensibilities all of its own, intimate ones that, in today's dizzying collective existence with all its unforeseeable and dazzling nuances, are manifested in all their subtle eccentricity in the emotions they stir in artists' souls, as they apply their objectivity to all the trivia that evoke such fascination, sensuality and ecstasy in this pagan aesthetic elite. When I describe the contours of a GIP design⁷⁹, when I caress its surface and sense that *the body beneath the silk is naked*, it is the mysterious sensibility of my soul that is at work, and I experience the sensation of nudity just as if I had been stroking the velvety surface of real flesh through real fabric. When I write that the depths of the night are charcoal-smudged, it is my soul that sketches the very ether and dusts it with black powder. These are subtle, magnetic sensations that can be comprehended only by those with a modern artist's soul.

To what Lagreca has told us, I would only add the following: if, in the unquiet mind of true artists, their peculiar sensibilities render the ordinary aspect of things bizarre and transmuted, then in order to conform to their conception of Beauty, those very things must be portrayed with the utmost truthfulness. Let me give you another example, this time from a collection of my poems called *Núua*:

Illusion

You come at each day's dawning
Embed yourself in my dreams
— Byzantine statue
hewn from a snowdrift!

78. Again, the reference to Lagreca's *Apologia da arte moderna*, is provided by Teixeira herself.

79. "GIP" was the maker's mark used by Georges Pierre, a French jewelry designer, the contours of whose work undoubtedly suggest the effect described by Lagreca. However, Pierre does not appear to have sculpted the human form, which leads us to conclude that perhaps Lagreca misremembered which artist's work had prompted this thought, attributing it to Pierre rather than to Ferdinand Preiss, Claire Colinet or others who reintroduced the ancient Greek style of 'wet drapery' sculpture to such good effect in their Art Décor creations. In her novella *Satânia*, Teixeira evokes precisely this image when she describes Maria Margarida standing before a full-length mirror and admiring "the most alluring curves of her body, as clearly visible as those of a Tanagrian figurine" (Teixeira 2015, p. 311).

A weightless hand you
tenderly lift
Towards my eyelids bruised by mourning ...

You come quite naked, a bright halo of light
silhouetting your graceful lines!
Your arrival like
the sun as it shows its first signs
at dawn!...
And my body trembles,
and my soul sings,
like a nightingale in whom love is reborn!

Over the naked girliness of your body
two swans, heads rearing up,
pause in blank amazement at what it is they're feeling
while in the purple silks
of my alcove bed,
in ruby scintillations
from their plump buds are born
the vermilion orchid flowers,
of my own sensations!...

You are beautiful like this; quite naked,
paying your sweet dues
as you offer me,
unmistakably, the gift of your body
and insistently demand
I possess you...!

I want to cling to the shiny illusion
of your so gracious form ...
And for each and every perfumed caress
— water lilies stripped bare, undressed
by the overwhelming force of the storm
my convulsions unleash —
to pour balm upon my shattered nerves
that lie in pieces, seeking rest.

.....

Awake now, I see your far-off arms,
stretching upwards
as you disentangle
one last tousled golden tress
of sun
that across my alcove's drowsing bounty
you'll playfully strew ...

O blessed vision! And each time so fresh and new!

A blonde *Salomé*
You dance your sculptural measure!
Your nakedness
this morn is more complete!
Come hide yourself in the deep shadows of my eyes

and pray never more leave me...
Never again, not ever!

Clearly then, we may conclude that the sensuality artists give to their emotional motifs can only originate in and radiate from their minds, filtered through their artistic sensibilities. Obviously, I don't intend to beg anyone's pardon for my work. God forbid! Nor will I justify or explain the concepts I have used, as some of the most celebrated have done — those whose reputation rests upon both their wisdom and their talent.⁸⁰ Let's see what Pierre Louÿs (1896, p. x) has to say next:

Those who have not experienced the demands of the flesh to the very limit, whether in devotion to them or in repudiation of them, are — for that very reason — incapable of fully understanding the demands of the spirit. Just as the beauty of the soul illuminates a whole face, so virile action⁸¹ renders the mind more fertile.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the teenage prodigy who came from Russia to fill Paris with her matchless yearning to be beautiful, has left us a concept that is both intelligent and profound: "Physical luxury is necessary for moral luxury".⁸² Thus the value we place on something should be determined by the world of Beauty that it calls into being around it.

At the end of the artistic process of writing those red incendiary poems — in which I carved Beauty into figures posed so bizarrely that they dazzled even my own senses — if I had wanted to find the real source of my creations, I would have been obliged to descend to my own inner world and interrogate my 'unconscious self'. At such moments, in the particular state of Beauty I find myself experiencing, certain psychological motifs from my inner world unconsciously stir themselves inside my conscious rational mind.

The bourgeoisie, panicked by the inferno that my fantasies created, came from far and wide to stone me, without a shred of conscience — for only those who are *cultured* and *enlightened* can possess such a thing as conscience. So be it, let them continue, because I, with my irreverent and incurable stubbornness, will also continue — with sincerity and honesty — to tell them of my concept of art with the greatest truthfulness I can muster!

Art should never let itself be entirely subordinated to Nature's rough truths; on the contrary, it is Nature that should subordinate itself to the images of it that art creates. Oscar

80. To refer to those whom today we would call canonical authors, Teixeira uses the word *consegredos*, albeit not without irony, for the 'canonization' of the best writers of the present generation requires that they demonstrate to those who have preceded them not only their literary talent, but also that they have wisdom enough not to step outside the bounds of bourgeois propriety.

81. Here Teixeira makes reference to "Pierre Louÿs, Prefacio da *Aphrodite*" with no page number. Louÿs is not using the word "virile" to reflect absolute masculinity, but in the same Saint-Pointian sense as Teixeira, i.e., to refer to that half of the masculinity – femininity continuum where male traits predominate.

82. Here Teixeira provides the reference "*Cahiers intimes inédit*, pag. 7".

Wilde has already said as much.⁸³ What is certain is that Nature alone is not enough to fulfil the artist's ambitions. To do so requires us to go beyond what the eye can see.

We are in a century of great social and spiritual undertakings, a century which, in addition to the drama of war and the tragic figure that Lenin cut as a creative force, has inherited the spirit of Oscar Wilde and the Medici, heard the rhythms of Renée Vivien's plastic poetry⁸⁴, and seen under the star-studded skies of Paris, Isadora Duncan⁸⁵ unveiling the pale unblemished petal of her artist's body before the ecstatic eyes of the multitude! In a century as audacious as ours, we should not be shackling art with academic concepts and narrow, outdated ways of thinking. Indeed, ladies and gentlemen, there must be no constraints on our artistic life in a century that is, above all, an epic age of frenzied velocity!⁸⁶

And yet our spirit reacts. The use of our sixth sense — a faculty already widely publicized and frequently discussed, that allows us to understand the very soul of things, transports us beyond them and beyond the spatial limits they occupy, tearing open bright new horizons of shared knowledge for us — this is the *other* life that our lives have, the life that insulates us from ordinary sensations, and saves us from having to live the lives that everyone else lives. Though pulses of sensual Beauty can be generated and experienced by all, those who are sensual to the exclusion of all else will have to content themselves with just one of Beauty's many motifs. For the problem is this: some see before seeing, while others, even as they are seeing, do not know how to see.

As the souls of artists inhabit the exhilarating vertigo of modern life, they must lead their mental lives far away from 'well-balanced' people, far away from the *hide-bound*. Yes, ladies

83. Teixeira was probably thinking of Wilde's essay *The Decay of Lying*, a deeply ironic text at the beginning of which his character Vivian makes the counterintuitive case for Art being the creative force behind Nature rather than *vice versa*. Vivian affirms that few people *see*, for doing so requires them to perceive a thing's beauty, and only then can it truly come into being. For Teixeira, the intellectual capacity to *see* is the main criterion by which to distinguish the true artist from the rest, and the elect from the herd, rather as Espanca does (2013, pp. 152-154) in her short story "The rest is perfume", written in 1927. Vivian's argument is as follows: "Nature is no great mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our *brain* that she quickens to life. Things *are* because we see them, and what we see and how we see it depends on the *Arts* that have influenced us. To *look* at a thing is very different from *seeing* a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its *beauty*. Then, and only then, does it come into existence. At present, people see fogs, not because there *are* fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London (...) But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist till Art had invented them." (Travers, 2001, pp. 152-154; our emphasis).

84. Though British-born, Renée Vivien (1877-1909) became a celebrated French *Belle Époque* writer, renowned for her openly-assumed lesbianism. In "A nova poesia portuguesa no seu aspecto psicológico" [The psychological aspect of new Portuguese poetry] (1912, pp. 384-385), Fernando Pessoa defines "plasticity" as the poet's treatment of sights and sounds as part of the external world rather than as pure sensation.

85. Isadora Duncan (1878-1927) was a celebrated American dancer and choreographer who, like Saint-Point, made a key contribution to the emergence and development of contemporary dance.

86. Teixeira's terms, *febre* [frenzy] and *velocidade* [speed] are reminiscent of the concept of *vertigem* [more rapture than delirium] developed by Raul Leal, her fellow protagonist in the *Literatura de Sodoma* affair, as well evoking the futurists' fascination with speed.

and gentlemen, for *initiates* there is but one decisive force: intelligence! And the combative life we lead in unrestrained and unruly freedom, and the enlightened⁸⁷ attitudes we adopt, is what so scandalizes the bourgeoisie!

On this issue, this is what Henry-Marx⁸⁸ — that curious and subtle investigator of modern morality — tells us: “A scandal consists of neither a person nor an act, but rather the noise made by scandalized people ...”. As for me, the sound of people scandalized by my ideas barely reaches my ears, and when it does, it neither surprises me, nor does it alter my behavior. I’ll let no one live my life for me! I alone compose and communicate the motifs that pulsate within it.

My aim is to ascend the ladder of understanding to the very top, always questioning, always pulsating, until my intelligence provides me with the answer, and I reconfigure my sensibilities accordingly. I seem to remember that it was Oscar Wilde who said that “soul and conscience are the same thing”.⁸⁹ Paraphrasing the incarcerated genius of Reading Jail, I would proclaim: “Soul and intelligence are one!”

Indeed, it was in consultation with my own soul that I resolved to come here to address you young people with your youthful intelligence on the subject of my art (which is thoroughly youthful, too!) and on my notions of Beauty often so poorly-understood by those who can taste only the small portion of life that their limited objectivity feeds them.



And so, in conclusion, I will tell you in the politest — yes, the very politest — of terms what I think of this *majority*, the bulk of which consists of the *gullible* and the *diminished*. They are all more or less like a certain person I once knew who had learned good manners, made himself a fortune, and so went on his travels. One day this person came to tell me of his voyages. Though his descriptions were complete, perfect, I already recognised what they were, and he was disappointed when I told him so, for he had visited every part of the Orient, while I had never put a foot there. I had to explain to him that everything he had described I had learned of beforehand from picture postcards. This same person insisted that he had travelled

87. Teixeira makes a pun here. Literally, the adjective *desassombrado* (rendered here as “enlightened”) suggests that something has been removed from the shadows or, more figuratively, illuminated, exorcised (i.e., freed from the shadow of evil), or emboldened (i.e., freed from superstition and the fear it instils).

88. Henry-Marx (1882-1954, born Henri Marx), whose words Teixeira uses in her epigraph, was a French novelist, dramatist, poet and literary journalist. His novel *Ryls— Un amour hors de la loi*, caused a brief scandal in the 1920s due to its homosexual and anarchist themes. It remains unclear from which of Henry-Marx’s works Teixeira took this quotation.

89. Though she misremembers the quote, there is much in Wilde’s philosophy — epitomized by Lord Henry Wotton’s “subtle poisonous theories” in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Wilde, 2011, p. 67) — that aligns with the equivalence pointed out by Teixeira. Wotton says that “[c]onscience and cowardice are really the same things” (Wilde, *op. cit.*, p. 5), an idea expressed more fully in his 1883 verse tragedy *The Duchess of Padua* (“Conscience is but the name which cowardice / Fleeing from battle scrawls upon it shield”), itself a reworking of a phrase from Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* (“Conscience doth make cowards of us all”).

a great deal, seen half the world or perhaps all of it — I don't quite remember which — and ended by declaring that he had "lived a lot"! And how many people have told me the very same thing about their lives? "I've lived a lot!" they say. And in the final analysis all they could tell me of life amounted to no more than what the photographic images on postcards might have told me! This is how living people remain strangers to life until the day they die!

In truth, only those whose intelligence has prepared them may talk of the *Machine of Life*. They observe it and they get to understand it by seeing it and by sensing it. And having understood it, and because of the peculiar nature of their spirit, they need to devise *another life* that they may live within it. Confronted by the *Machine*, the *hide-bound* are simply bewildered. And since they don't understand it, they are afraid they will get their fingers trapped, and so they hold back. And because they don't know what it is, they grow frustrated with themselves, and with us, and with what they can neither see nor understand. And out of this frustration is born their conflict with the Idea⁹⁰ and their intransigence towards it. They just continue ploughing the same old furrow of their limited vision.

While cramming their admiration for divine grace into the narrowest of creeds, they marvel at the vastness of the universe. How can the result be anything but bewilderment? And because, for them, life is full of surprises, they must always have their final passport in order: they so fear hell, they feel obliged to keep on the right side of God! Some take flight. Life has hoodwinked them! They didn't understand how the *Machine* worked, and so they got their fingers trapped ...

It is easy to recognize those who were not made for living that *other life*, the intellectual life, the life of the Idea. They are like those men who never wear evening dress: no matter how many times they try, it never looks right; somehow it never quite fits. After all, we are led to believe that criminals bear all the physical traits of being precisely what they are, so surely the *limited* must have their own visible distinguishing features, too, and they're easy enough to pick out. So, we carefully keep our distance from both criminals and the *limited*, for we have no interest in them!

And, ladies and gentlemen, I'm not joking when I tell you that it was never our intention to constantly rub them up the wrong way, I beg you to believe me! They are irritated by what they don't understand, astonished by our bold assertions and, either consciously devote themselves to merciless attacks on us, or strut around, senatorially feigning indifference ... What is more, theirs is an *innocent* reaction to the *exotics*, the *futurists*, the *crackpots*, and all those who venture beyond the *limits* within which lesser mentalities function. For the *limited*, futurism is synonymous with madness.

Unfortunately, these people make up the vast bulk of the populace. And, instinctively,

90. Here, Teixeira is probably referring to the fundamental idea underpinning her Saint-Pointian brand of futurism i.e., that men and women alike will only realize their fullest potentialities by throwing off the inhibitions that bourgeois morality imposes on them.

they protect their own grey matter, to keep it impervious to the enlightenment that shines forth from minds more cultured and intelligent than their own. They live the same good life that anyone may live but, when they choose to talk of *ours*, they become delirious, open fire on us, comforted by the plangent sound of their baseless insults: “Pagans! Moral bankrupts! Futurists! Raving lunatics! You should thank God we’re no longer in the era of the Inquisition and the stake!” And why does all of this happen? Because *we* still form part of the complex workings of the great *Machine* in which they — whose naivety is plain for all to see — might so easily trap their fingers!

But there’s even worse to come. There are those who stand out in this gullible multitude, posturing and pretending to be superior, and who consider both themselves and their opinions to be so excellent, but who are nothing but whited sepulchers.⁹¹ They fall on our ideas, mouthing them without understanding them, without digesting them, and look to infiltrate the ranks of the talented... They remind me of the character who, in a play by Pirandello,⁹² smugly parrots to a group of right-wingers the exact words he had heard directed at a group of leftists, as if the ideas were his own.

In spite of being well-disguised, these people are easy to pick out. And you may find yourself among them at any time. First, they keep forgetting their lines. And they make their appearance on the intellectual scene so tightly corseted, their every sentence dressed up with undue luxury, and exuding an elegance they have rehearsed in front of a mirror. In their case, the mirror is us — the Others, the truly intelligent.

Though we encounter herds of this species all around us, they can only make progress by filing through a narrow stony gap. Always suspicious, always defensive, they expect us to be impressed by their handsome tail-coats festooned with ill-considered ideas each hanging by a thread ... But when hostilities break out, and they are called upon to act according to their newly-assumed principles, they stampede off in disarray, attempting to cover their retreat using the pride and moral rectitude they had donned in such haste. And, having put some distance between themselves and the lunatics (and to them, by the way, *we* are the lunatics), with great

91. Here, Teixeira begins an extended pun on the word “stones” (i.e., both pebbles and gems) and hypocrisy (as in “casting the first stone”) that is difficult to replicate in English. In the original, she calls her critics *beras* (beasts), a word that evokes the sound of bellowing and, used figuratively, suggests being chided or rebuked. There is a further layer to the pun, however: in 1908, after a German counterfeiter had flooded Lisbon and Porto with worthless baubles, his surname Baer (rendered jokingly by the Portuguese as *bera*) came to mean anything or anyone whose immaculate exterior concealed worthlessness or malice i.e., a fake, as in the case of luxury items, or a ‘whited sepulcher’ or hypocrite in the case of people.

92. Here, Teixeira provides the following reference: “Luigi Pirandello, *Da estranha tragédia de análise do conhecimento — Comme Si* [sic] (*ou comme Ça*)” [On the strange tragedy of analyzing knowledge — Neither one thing (nor the other)]. While the first part of the title evokes the chimera of truth, the second refers to “Comme ci (*ou comme ça*)”, the 1926 French translation of Pirandello’s *Così è (se vi pare)* [So it is (if you think so)], itself a theatrical adaptation of his 1917 novella *La Signora Frola e il Signor Ponza, suo género* [Signora Frola and her son-in-law Signor Ponza] which ends in an unresolved dilemma. In the play, Pirandello invites the audience to come on stage during the interval, to talk to the actors, and to suggest different *dénouements* in line with their own hopes and desires. This seems fair for, in the course of the play, the characters walk around the theatre and engage directly with the audience.

circumspection, with such an official air, so measured and well-pondered — a pondering that often serves only to postpone the vacuous nothings their great minds generate — they deliver to their peers, whom they claim are the majority, an inventory of our vices and immoralities.

These gems of hypocrites, who have been cut and polished with such insouciance and unparalleled vanity, can be relied upon to cast the first stone. And, since they are so numerous — after all, there's no shortage of fakes on the market — they often believe they have us under their spell! They are so *limited* themselves and yet they want to limit the paths *we* can take! What a grotesque irony! As for us — and it's not that we're inattentive — but scarcely do we see them going on the rampage again, when ...⁹³

The details of the *Great Machine's* advanced and complex mechanism only interest us insofar as they aid our analysis and understanding. And our serenity remains unperturbed. God is with us, in our consciousness, and God forgives us the unconscious thoughts that may be there!

From base clay the Creator fashioned us — a small band of the elect — in his own image and endowed us with enlightenment ... As for the rest, they are no more than dross spilling off the *Machine* as it whirls in the Unconscious!

And, on that note, I'll end.

93. Though Teixeira leaves her sentence unfinished, she seems to be suggesting that this cycle will repeat itself, with the hypocrites advancing, uncomprehendingly spouting what they take to be modern ideas, seeking admission to the vanguard but, when called upon to turn their words into deeds, run away, denouncing progressives as monsters who plan to destroy society.

3. THE PROSE FICTION OF JUDITH TEIXEIRA

3.1. *Satânia* and *Unsated*. What's in a name?

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

Judith Teixeira's *Satânia* — *Novelas* (1927) consists of two separate works, both of which address the theme of women's existential unease, and neither of which is truly a novella. The volume opens with the mini-novella *Satânia*, set in the idyllic Portuguese countryside, in which a tense opening narrative gives way to a *staccato* epistolary finale; it is coupled with *Insaciada* [Unsated], a short story that unfolds against the backdrop of metropolitan decadence, and is dramatic in both structure and impact. Both works display a hybridism and experimental boldness that clearly demonstrate Teixeira's modernist leanings: *Satânia* draws on established narrative and epistolary formats and echoes her own poetry by employing eroticized images and language; *Insaciada*, with its one-room setting, its pervasive dialogue, and its dovetailing of speech and stage directions, has the feel of a two-act play in miniature.

Though by the late twenties, collections of short stories and/or novella-length narratives had become popular in Portugal, particularly among women readers, it remains unclear why Teixeira (or her publisher) opted to put together two such asymmetrically-proportioned items of prose fiction in one slim volume. Despite their disparate length — the longer self-styled novella barely 7,000 words and the shorter narrative well under half that length — both texts examine, albeit with minor variations in style, plot and characterization, the collision between women's individual impulse for sexual self-affirmation and the collective barrier of sociocultural prohibitions.

Satânia ends on a tragic, albeit transcendent note, with Maria Margarida escaping the frustrations and humiliations that even educated women such as her are forced to endure. In contrast, the conclusion of *Unsated* leaves key issues unresolved: no sooner has Clara de Ataíde⁹⁴ convinced herself to defy convention by consummating her feelings for the man she suspects may be her soulmate, when her admirer, convinced that his hopes of a deepening relationship with her are a chimera, steps dramatically into the beyond.

In contrast to the self-explanatory titles of her lecture-manifestos, those of Teixeira's prose fiction are rather perplexing. What led her to choose such unusual titles for these two narratives?

94. According to Ana Luísa Vilela (2017, p. 19, our translation) "both Margarida and Clara bear names that resonate aristocratic birth, wealth and education, exemplifying the sick or sad princess whom nothing pleases nor satisfies". Clara's name "bears a sonorous patronymic" (*op. cit.* 2017, p. 27), evoking the early rise to noble rank of the historical Ataíde family, its close (but not always cordial) relations with the Portuguese Crown, and its role in Portuguese and Spanish overseas expansion (Gerry & Morais 2017, p. 56). Though Margarida's surname is never revealed, her father's dying wish that she marry someone with local roots may suggest that her family was from the established landowning classes, rather than from among the *nouveaux riches*.

Satânia is a word of Hebrew origin that signifies a “demonic spirit” or, more specifically, “The Adversary” or even the Devil himself, suggesting that the story will have supernatural content and that its principal character will not just be a scoundrel, but possibly a female avatar of Lucifer. Though traditionally the Devil is considered male, on this occasion a debate over the sex of angels — be they celestial or fallen — may be of some value. If we accept that Lucifer, if not female, is at least capable of traversing gender boundaries, as Cazotte (1772) imagines him to do in *Le diable amoureux*, then we are no longer confronting a simple dichotomy, but a more complex matrix of two intersecting and minutely calibrated continuums: the first extends from purest good to absolute evil, including every nuance in between, and we would expect to find the Devil, even when being playful, at the evil extreme; the second encompasses all the intermediate gradations from masculine to feminine, with the Devil free to roam along its entire extent. Taken together, the matrix renders obsolete the androcentrically-inspired stereotypes of both devilry and gender.

More plausibly, *Satânia* may be the name of a real woman of flesh and blood, a sensual and shameless siren, such as the one portrayed in the Parnassian poem of the same name by Olavo Bilac (1996, pp. 138-139) first published in 1888, with which Teixeira was surely familiar. By choosing the same title for her story, and occasionally echoing Bilac’s eroticism, she may have been not only paying homage to a poet she admired, but also subtly announcing that, in the hands of women writers, a *femme fatale* may be portrayed in a manner different from the stereotypes generated by the male gaze, and that women writers also have license to write erotica, even homoerotica. Moreover, in her manifesto *About Me*, Teixeira cites her own erotic poem “Illusion” in full, where the poetic subject’s recurrent dream — itself perhaps the recollection of a real-life sexual encounter — closely parallels the imagery Bilac employed in his poem.

After reading the novella, however, we may conclude that its title suggests rather more than the narrative delivers, for *Satânia* is not the tale of a she-devil, sorceress or witch, nor of a self-possessed and implacable *femme fatale*, but of a woman — in many respects indistinguishable from many of her class and epoch — who vacillates between submission and defiance, between reason and instinct, a character who, when placed alongside *Insaciada*’s Clara de Ataíde, forms a composite “archetype of the exceptional woman, intellectually- and aesthetically-inclined, at odds both with her milieu and with herself” (Vilela 2017, p. 18, our translation).

Teixeira’s aim may have been to evoke in microcosm a struggle between good and evil, as well as between women and men, almost as if *Satânia* — like malaria, anemia, or dementia — were an infection, an affliction, or even a form of possession.⁹⁵ Indeed, Gouveia e Sousa (2004, p. 196) argues that rather than referring to a personality, supernatural or otherwise,

95. After all, Maria Margarida repeatedly views her own erotic impulses as an overturning of reason and a loss of emotional control, thereby likening autonomous female sexuality to possession (see e.g., Bataille 2012, p. 19).

the title refers to a syndrome caused by the clashing of contradictory desires or motivations, provoking an acute existential malaise akin to dysphoria that is capable of afflicting anyone. Seen in these terms, Maria Margarida's discomposure is due to her inability to reconcile the pleasure she believes she will derive from taking control of her own body with partners of her own choice, and the pain she knows she will suffer if she bows to social pressure and reserves her body for the exclusive use and abuse of a husband of her own class.

Unsated, the title of Teixeira's shorter work of prose fiction, is the story of a woman who, like Maria Margarida, enjoys the privileged material circumstances and independence of mind to successfully exercise an unprecedented degree of autonomy in a society that, even for a female member of the elite, is repressive and profoundly limiting. And yet she remains unfulfilled. While in today's common parlance, her unsated state would suggest a lack of sexual satisfaction, for Teixeira it described an existential disquiet reflecting the divergence between the self-affirmation most women might achieve in practice and the level of autonomy aspired to by those prepared to actively challenge the *status quo*. The term "unsated" also expressed a more generalized and multifaceted misalignment in the fulfilment of women's physical and intellectual needs and, compared to Teixeira's treatment of the theme in *Satânia*, her short story *Insaciada* reflected a slight shift in her emphasis from earthly delights to more spiritual concerns.

Despising the shallowness and complacency of Lisbon society, Clara de Ataíde prizes the warmth, sincerity and mental stimulus she receives from those closest to her, Maria Eduarda (her friend, confidante and, plausibly, her sometime lover) and José de Lencastre (the only male admirer to whom she feels intellectually and sexually attracted). Notwithstanding the adulation she receives from the rest of her circle, she mocks them to their faces, regularly risking the deeper tedium that would ensue if they were to abandon her. However, since nature abhors a vacuum, any unoccupied space in her social life is immediately filled by new hangers-on as fatuous as those they replace.

From the male perspective, the only way to explain the cognitive dissonance suggested by Clara's discontent would be that her unmet needs were somehow extravagant, excessive, immoderate or wanton.⁹⁶ However, her frustration is as existential as it is sexual for, in the battle between her ardent flesh and her cool intelligence, her spirit is obliged to play a mediating role, filtering, channeling and quelling the clamor, an effort that leaves her exhausted and overcome by the void in her personal life and the futility of her public persona. The word "unsated"

96. The word "wanton" is a cognate of the Anglo-Saxon "wantowen", meaning discourteous or ill-mannered and is also associated with "wanting" (indicating a lack or scarcity). Originally designating the lack of something desirable (as in "to be found wanting"), "want" has come to mean the act of desiring (as in "I want a drink") rather than the absence of what is desired. Similarly, the meaning of "wanton" has transmuted over the years and today suggests a deliberate disregard for established norms, describing any act that flouts customary restrictions ("wanton destruction by the troops") and, more specifically, one that is lustful, libidinous, lacking in control or restraint ("the wanton behavior of the courtiers").

perfectly expresses Clara's predicament when, in the story's last paragraph, she poignantly laments the chimerical nature of love, and the plight of women caught between the demands of their bodies and the power of social convention.

After reading *Unsated*, we may conclude that it, too, bears a somewhat hyperbolic title, for Clara's feelings of dissatisfaction cannot be explained solely by external factors. The frustrations she feels are as much due to her own faults as they are to macro-contextual factors (such as patriarchy) or micro-contextual ones (such as the fatuousness of her own social circle). Clara is aware of her exceptionality and of the eccentric personality traits for which her friend Maria Eduarda often chides her. While recognizing that a cure for her malaise lies in decisiveness on her part and not in vacillation, she nevertheless stubbornly persists in ignoring her physical urges, continues to indulge herself in an all-encompassing misanthropy, and displays profound disregard for the plight of those around her whom she so thoughtlessly injures.



Notwithstanding the dramatic titles of Teixeira's two works of prose fiction, Maria Margarida and Clara can hardly be categorized as late-symbolist sirens. The direct effect of the literary *femme fatale* on men — and collaterally on others around her — is unpredictable, oscillating between the evilly pleasurable and the pleurably evil. Both Teixeira's heroines, while sharing some of the traits of the stereotypical *femme fatale*, are victims of an existential disquiet resulting from the sporadic clash between their burgeoning libidos and the compliant subservience a bourgeois moral code has imprinted on them. Rather than libertines who knowingly play Nemesis to the men who fall under their spell, Maria Margarida (who quickly succumbs to the temptations of the flesh) and Clara (who only belatedly abandons her resistance) would be better described as *femmes fatales malgré elles*, for the consequences of their actions, though fatal, are pure happenstance. Ironically, the suffering they unintentionally inflict on men — be it humiliation, disgrace or even death — corresponds to the kind of collateral damage with which women, under patriarchy, are only too familiar.

3.2. Judith Teixeira's *Satânia* (1927). An introduction

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

The powerful erotic charge of this half-narrative, half-epistolary mini-novella is enhanced from the very beginning by Teixeira's eloquent deployment of the natural environment as a metaphor for Maria Margarida's highly sensitized, volatile and equivocal state of mind. In springtime, in the idyllic setting of an estate in the Beiras⁹⁷, life's procreative potential thrusts itself into full view. Teixeira's scene-setting leaves the reader in no doubt that Maria Margarida's perspective is already changing with the arrival of spring and will do so again with the onset of autumn. The restlessness and urgency of the natural environment evoked by Teixeira symbolizes the awakening of new sensations in Maria Margarida, at first perturbing but auguring pleasures yet to be experienced:

Spring, with its swift surfeit of vital fluids, arrived earlier than usual. Nature, with its myriad sounds, was awakening. Tremulous foliage of the tenderest pale green was swaying back and forth under the regenerative thrust of insects eagerly multiplying, biting, palpitating, unsated. The earth, made fruitful by the sun, was spilling out its warm innards. All around, from hillside crag to benighted nook, everything was convulsing, effervescing, in one glorious reproductive spasm. The beating scarlet wing of desire was drawing all creatures into the same anxiety, the same ardor, the same eagerness. A voluptuous exhalation, perturbing and stirring, coiled upwards in warm arabesques, investing their spirits with a new love of life (Teixeira 2015, p. 301).

The complex interplay between the landscape in its various seasonal guises, Maria Margarida's evolving state of mind, and the gradual unfolding of events (Oliveira 2012, p. 129), clearly demonstrate that the symbolist-decadentist imagery that infuses much of Teixeira's poetry (Mendes 2017, p. 297, our translation), also made its presence felt in her prose fiction:

She frequently evokes decay and extinction (...) [I]mages of sunset, of rain, and of the seasons we associate with sadness (...) Autumn and winter prevail, as do the corresponding months. Moreover, the time of day in which her poems are set confirms (...) her preference for those moments when energy and light are both failing.

Home again after her excursion, her sensuality undiminished, Maria Margarida curls up, cat-like, on her *chaise longue*. The golden fields, the stunning curves of the hills, the nostalgia evoked by the light, all awaken in her a certain introspection, which heightens into a physical agitation as her body, already warmed from her exertions, responds to the sight of Manuel, the home-farm tenant's son, on the gravel drive outside. These intense and hitherto

97. Formerly, "The Beiras" referred to the old Portuguese province that stretched from the River Tagus (at the mouth of which Lisbon stands) northwards to the River Douro (at the mouth of which Portugal's second city Porto is located), extending inland from the Atlantic coast to the Spanish border.

unknown feelings impress Maria Margarida so much that, for the first time, what she thinks of as her “woman’s instinct” begins to feel more of a weakness than a strength, causing her to mentally suppress what her body is telling her. Though “eroticism is a form of knowledge, (...) a knowledge of the body” and thereby knowledge of self (Alberoni 1997, p. 253), Maria Margarida refuses to go beyond the minor insights with which her sensual fantasies have provided her, let alone contemplate their real-life consummation. She cannot: for while a gentleman, in pursuit of the pleasures of the flesh, might ignore the yawning social gap that separates him from a serving girl or a milkmaid, and may even view their difference in status as legitimating a casual liaison, a lady — even one as independent and well-educated as Maria Margarida — cannot affect such class-blindness.

Seemingly, Maria Margarida was mistress of her own destiny: an only child whose mother died giving birth to her, she had inherited her father’s fortune and the benefits of the liberal education he insisted she receive. Though her father was the only man to whom she had ever deferred — by promising to marry the man he thought to be her ideal partner — she recognized that, notwithstanding her culture, erudition and enlightened attitudes, she was no different from other women or, indeed, from any other female creature that “succumbs to the male compulsion to breed” (Teixeira 2015, p. 303).

Maria Margarida’s sense of superiority, the product of the education, morality and pride her father had instilled in her, causes her to hold in check her desire for physical pleasure, and to control the natural instincts to which the human body is predisposed. However, the foundations on which her habitual state of mind had depended begin to shake and new desires awaken in her, filling her with pain and distress, as the conflict between reason and instinct mounts, causing her to feel “a stranger in her own flesh” (Teixeira 2015, p. 303). The presence of Manuel, the son of Margarida’s home farm tenant, disturbs her, leaving her depressed and languorous. And yet her curiosity is sharpened by the socially-prohibited nature of the pleasures to which she feels attracted. Even as she listens to the aged farm overseer praise the young man’s hard work and honesty, it is unclear if she is seeking evidence that will justify the prohibition or allow her to ignore it.

If, with regard to Manuel, the battle for hegemony over Maria Margarida’s behavior is between reason (for her, no longer a male preserve) and instinct (the cause, in her opinion, of women’s subjugation), in the case of her fiancé António de Silveiras⁹⁸, her inner struggle is between her distaste for the social conventions and gender roles embodied in the marriage to which she has agreed, and her yearning for a relationship that will satisfy the needs of her mind and her body in equal measure. Manuel is her social and intellectual inferior, and Maria Margarida is sexually attracted to him; António is as cultured as she and her equal in rank, but

98. A toponymic that suggests a family connection with the Beiras province, where it occurs in the names of several parishes around Viseu, where Teixeira herself grew up.

her feelings for him are little more than platonic.

Subconsciously, Maria Margarida comes to recognize that the inner conflict she feels has brought three interconnected elements into contention — her mind (which she also refers to as “reason” or “intelligence”, grounded in logic and science), her body (the “flesh” that instinctively responds to the sensations her “nerves”⁹⁹ transmit, regardless of belief or rationality) and her spirit (which she also calls her “soul” or “conscience”¹⁰⁰, the transcendent force that embodies her deepest sense of both self and of the divine). She ultimately places her trust in the power of rationality to help her aspire to the higher callings of the spirit and resist the clamorings of her baser instincts. At best, Maria Margarida stoically sees the conflict as a “proud and honorable dispute” in which her mind and spirit seek to dampen the “tempestuous vigor” of her flesh, a process that results in both suffering and enlightenment (Teixeira 2015, p. 328). At worst, this new-found understanding causes only despair, for the clash between mind and body is so violent that her spiritual courage begins to yield (Teixeira 2016, p. 327).

Though Maria Margarida personally repudiates the notion that women are inferior beings whom God has created to be patient, compliant and well-behaved, she ultimately surrenders to personal obligation and social pressure, agreeing to marry the man her late father chose for her. This decision highlights the dichotomy at the heart of patriarchy and the male gaze: if, by demanding equality and the same sexual autonomy as men, women turn their backs on the modesty and submissiveness that God has ordained, then they can only have been unwittingly possessed or are willingly in league with the Devil. Reluctantly, Maria Margarida accepts some of the blame for her predicament, hoping against hope that her suffering may contribute to the success of some greater divine plan:

For all my aberrations, I too come from God! His sacred eyes lingered on me a little longer while He concocted this awful conflict that is tearing me apart. I'm just a scrap of base material steeped in suffering, who will rise again — who knows? — more tragic, more wounded, more conscious, more blessed than before, so that I might help redeem the Great Pain of humanity that was born of some strange crime known only to God (Teixeira 2015, p. 328).

Almost immediately, she begins to regret her decision to marry and, unwilling to continue living a lie, determines to take final responsibility for her own fate.

99. Though Teixeira often uses this term to indicate a woman's psyche as a whole rather than the perturbations it was apt to suffer, she also employed it to describe more specific female attributes or conditions ranging from simple nervousness, through heightened sensory stimulus, to grave pathological disorders. In *Insaciada*, Clara de Ataíde's term for her most profound depressions was *neura negra*.

100. In *De Mim*, while agreeing with the Wildean notion that “soul and conscience are the same thing”, Teixeira (2015, p. 292) also proclaims soul and intelligence to be one.

3.3. SATÂNIA

Judith Teixeira (1927)

Translated by Chris Gerry

Spring, with its swift surfeit of vital fluids, arrived earlier than usual.

Nature, with its myriad sounds, was awakening.

Tremulous foliage of the tenderest pale green was swaying back and forth under the regenerative thrust of insects eagerly multiplying, biting, palpitating, unsated.

The earth, made fruitful by the sun, was spilling out its warm innards.

All around, from hillside crag to benighted nook, everything was convulsing, effervescing, in one glorious reproductive spasm.

The beating scarlet wing of desire was drawing people into the same anxiety, the same ardor, the same eagerness.

A voluptuous exhalation, perturbing and stirring, coiled upwards in warm arabesques, investing their spirits with a new love of life.



Maria Margarida, recumbent in the shade of the old cedars that graced her estate in the Beiras, was studying the golden line of the horizon where the dimming sun glowed in bruise-colored hues, aching and nostalgic.

Her cultivated and enlightened mind was contemplating the fact that the same sensual and alluring exhalations drifting through the branches of the flower-laden acacias were also jangling her nerves and stirring her blood with ill-defined desire. Full of trepidation, she pondered over certain traits that had been evolving in her own character and found herself changed.

On the morning of that same day, after a lengthy walk among the crags and ridges of the mountains, where rock-roses turn the very air resinous, she had felt greater clarity and vitality, much more the mistress of her own flesh, embarking on a life replete with strange encounters of which her instincts had already forewarned her.

She had arrived back tired and went to lie down on a capacious *chaise-longue* in front of the wide casement of her *boudoir*. The slender silhouette of her body stood out in bold relief against the sheen of the leopard skin on which she curled, catlike.

And she remained there, admiring the gaudy warmth of the landscape's hues, while the sunlight streaming in through the wide-open window set aflame her mass of unruly flaxen hair.

In the foreground, the bronze of the flowering acacias; further off, it seemed the mountaintops, now warmed and in repose, were sprawling sensually like some giant beast over the pleated verdant mantle of the dales.

Motionless, propped up on her elbows, she was gazing at the bold curves of the hillsides which, in her artist's imagination, acquired new delineations and a joyful symphony of colors, in contrast to the darkened grooves of desolation that here and there stretched down, when her attention was distracted by the noise of footsteps on gravel: hard by the watermill, oblivious to all and sundry, appeared the manly broad-shouldered figure of her home farm tenant's son, jauntily swinging by to the brisk rhythm of a loudly-whistled tune. He passed without raising his eyes, without noticing that his taut bearing was being followed and registered with uneasy curiosity.

Long did that vision of manly muscular beauty remain imprinted on her aesthete's sensibilities, and later, at that dreamy, soporific hour of the day¹⁰¹ when she called it to mind again, she still judged every line to be faultless. The head held proudly high, the coal-black eyes, the strong mouth with its sculptured profile, the supple well-muscled body hinting at both strength and virility, was making a strange impression on her. Indeed, this notion of honest strength allied with anatomical beauty that had long been slumbering in her idealist's dreams, had suddenly stirred itself in her consciousness, presenting her with a new perspective and all that it could offer!

And so it was that in that long hour of recollection, enthralled by this tempting vision, for the first time she felt her woman's instincts yielding to a powerful desire for her flesh to experience the unknown. However, her mind quickly regained control over her body. She felt diminished. She analyzed herself rigorously and, in an access of despondent contempt for the psychology of her sex and, in an attempt to deny the perplexing enchantment that was eroding her already weakened resolve, she quickly found answers to her own arguments, and reprimanded herself mercilessly:

"Yes. And so I, a superior woman, with all my enlightened attitudes, after all am no better than any other female creature that succumbs to the male compulsion to breed!" ... Immeasurable self-loathing and profound sadness enveloped her. And the coherence of her arguments buckled in anguish ... She was coming to recognize how useless her entire intellectual upbringing had been as a means of freeing her from the demands of nature. In the end, it was nature that had defeated her!

And then she recalled another painful demand of nature that had so alarmed her as a smiling thirteen-year-old and had mortified her adolescent body: it was the first time that her organism had imposed itself so primordially upon her, condemning her to suffering that was

101. Teixeira coins the term *hora opienta* to conjure up an hour at which somnolence and fantasy combine, as Maria Margarida savors the memory of Manuel's physique and the effect it had upon her.

as inevitable as it was recurrent.

And so she resigned herself. It was inevitable. Ah, but now she was in a position to respond ... It was now her firm and conscious resolve to never again allow herself to be in thrall to her female instincts! Otherwise, what was the point of her being endowed with the power of conscious individuality, tempered by an undeniable intelligence? No! She was no carter's daughter! She was no country shepherdess!

She jolted herself brusquely out of this painful rambling that was paralyzing her with tedium and spent the rest of the afternoon wandering aimlessly through the fields — a stranger in her own flesh.

Though there were reasons enough for her to rise up against the frailties of her sex, and notwithstanding her oh-so-enlightened reasoning, when she finally retired for the night, the same nostalgic stubbornness, the same anguish, and the same vision still pained her senses.



Day dawned balmy and luminous, unfettering the tender flesh of the lilies — the lilies that would lose their innocence as soon as they opened their petals, spreading them with a sultry murmur so their sex could receive the golden fertile pollen that came scattered on the wind or was carried on the downy legs of bees arriving to imbibe the purest honey from the lilies' blood.

It was only at that tender hour of anticipation that Maria Margarida managed to fall asleep. She had spent a febrile night. She had been unable to read. Books lay abandoned on a tangle of soft bed linen. She had tortured herself all night with an exhaustive examination of both what she sensed in her mind and what she sensed in her body. And the incoherence of her singular psychology pained her.

Sleep finally overtook her in the middle of a complex ratiocination in which she, with the utmost lucidity, was still seeking — without getting caught up in all those preconceptions devised for the masses — to intellectually reconcile the wellbeing of her flesh and the demands of her intellect. And, unable to remove the remaining rough edges that still offended her intellectual faculties, she fell asleep.

Yet her slumbers were full of nightmarish aggression. Nature was using her disturbed dreams to do battle with her feminine nerves. And, with the elegant manly figure of the home farm tenant's son jauntily swinging by, so close to her eager arms, an irresistible impulse overwhelmed her entirely. And she, helpless, sought his coarse crimson mouth, her breast heaving as it was crushed against his in an act of lusty full-hearted possession to which she gave herself up entirely, glowing in delight as natural as any carter's daughter or country shepherdess, just like a poppy opening itself up to the fiery kisses of the sun.

Late morning. In the swirling streams, the extreme brightness, the extreme intensity of the sun, glinted in shards of light. It was late when Maria Margarida awoke — pallid, apprehensive, the deep furrow that creased her classic Grecian brow betokening distress as yet undiminished. When she was called for lunch, still she dallied, gazing out at the mountains through the casement curtains, still only partially dressed, exhausted and tearful to the point of prostration. A sharp shudder jolted her out of this state of enervation and, summoning all her forces, she finished the rest of her *toilette* in just a few moments.

She remained silent at table and, when she had finished, old João Maria, her late father's estate manager whom, ever since her father's death, she had wanted by her side at mealtimes, surprised by her prolonged silence, affectionate yet full of respect, asked if his mistress were indisposed.

"No, there's nothing wrong with me" she said and, adjusting her demeanor, she began to inform herself, as was her habit, of all the farm work planned for the day. But suddenly, without really knowing why herself, she asked what duties Manuel, the son of the home farm tenant, normally performed.

João Maria explained, with burgeoning enthusiasm, that Manuel was the most valuable person on the farm. He spoke of him for fully half an hour with Maria Margarida gaining a thorough knowledge of the habits and qualities of this boy of whom she had only become aware the day before.

"It would be a good idea to send him to our farm in the Alentejo", she said after a brief silence. "Someone as hardworking and honest as he, would be more use to us there. Here, João Maria, I have you to keep an eye on everything, but there I have no one I can trust. Isn't that so?"

She proceeded more resolutely:

"He'll leave in a few days' time. That's what I want. Let him know".

The old man looked at her in surprise.

"Make it so. Give your orders".

She smiled in an effort to temper the stiffness of her words.

She was happy with the decision she had taken. She detested this powerful uncouth man who had made her flesh burn with base desire. She did not go out in the afternoon. And, the following morning, her nerves soothed by a more restful night's sleep, she rose early and took a lingering walk through the hills.

Every few paces she would stop to breathe in the air saturated with the resinous perfume of rock-roses. Suddenly, a strong smell of tobacco brought her to a halt. Turning away from the hillside, she came upon the home farm tenant's son, sitting on an outcrop of red earth, cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, unhurriedly hacking at the stem of a dried-

up vine. Seeing her, he jerked himself to his feet in confusion, snapping his penknife shut and hiding his cigarette. Maria Margarida returned his greeting and, with a smile, pursued her own thoughts with painful irony:

“Poor creature! ... This inoffensive boy is the innocent victim of my foolishness!”

And she winced in a gesture of open — albeit compassionate — self-contempt.

This minor incident was soon forgotten, as her eyes began to discover strange designs in the raw curves of the mountain peaks. She stopped to contemplate them. Hearing footsteps, she turned around. With the light behind him, all she could see was the silhouette of the home farm tenant’s son. Turned golden by the sun, his vigorous, manly, wholesome form was resplendent. Bewildered, as if fearing for his freedom, wringing his rolled-up beret in his hands, he approached her, embarrassment in his every word.

João Maria had already told him the mistress wanted him to go to the Alentejo ... He was aware that the Alentejo wasn’t exactly Africa, but he had a mother who was old and infirm ... And aside from that he wanted to tell her that he and a local girl had an agreement that around the time of the grape harvest they’d be wed and, that being the case, he had his obligations that he’d have to honor ...

“And I will honor them”, he said, with earnest resignation.

It surprised Maria Margarida that a cruel caprice on her part could have elicited so humble an attitude and so noble an intention.

“You may go. I’ll speak to João Maria”.

After humbly proffering his thanks, the lad left, and she continued on her way. All her disquiet of the day before had disappeared. The man whom hysteria had conjured up in her feverish dreams that night was just a figment of her disturbed imagination — there were no aesthetic qualities in the oaf at all ... And she blushed, debased in her own eyes.

At dinner she spoke to João Maria. The lad would not, after all, be going to the Alentejo. Now she knew of the commitments he had at home, she wouldn’t force him to make such sacrifices.

“I was embarrassed, Dona Maria Margarida, and I didn’t like to say that the lad had been a bit too forward with Zé do Adro’s daughter, and now he must do right by her. Doubtless he regrets it, but he’s decent, and so he’ll pay the price. It’s all decided!”

Dinner ended and Maria Margarida sat brooding over Zé do Adro’s daughter, who had given herself to Manuel, and yielded naturally to the very same physical imperative that had driven him. Now, it was only he who bore the responsibility. And even though the sacrifice offended him, he would pay with his freedom for having given vent to his carnal needs ... and she, the female, who knows? ... perhaps she wasn’t made for him, either. Nature is unconscious and brutal, and it causes only suffering when our minds try to shed light on its workings.

Ah yes! Pleasure is natural and healthy enough, but it’s hardly spiritual!

From then on, Maria Margarida could be seen each day with the home farm tenant's son who, in a show of gratitude, was most attentive to her needs. Every morning, he would bring her some little keepsake: flowers from the mountains, a kid from the goat-pen, or the best honey from the hive.

Soon he was running all her personal errands. She sent him to the post office to collect her mail. As the estate was somewhat remote, she would often wait for him on the road, just to have her newspapers those few minutes earlier. They would return deep in conversation. She would ask him about the villagers. And as he became more accustomed to his new role, little by little he lost his shy manner, and began to answer her questions more readily.

And every day was the same. Maria Margarida would spend many an hour raptly reading, feverishly consulting the great psychologists, busily seeking her own self among the case studies¹⁰². Then, in a mortified *volte face*, she would go rummaging in bookshops for works by more serene authors whose simpler style would counteract the complexity of her thoughts. In a conscious decision, free of any self-deception and fueled by sheer willpower, she was fleeing labyrinths both literary and personal, shunning the secret predilections she now harbored, suppressing her most intimate desires. And in the evening, at the hour when the sun expires in claret agonies, the singularly graceful lines of her silhouette could often be seen adding a touch of melancholy to the sleepy curves of the hillsides — straying hither and thither, lost to the world and to herself.

The slightest noise set her nerves on edge. She tried to return home as late as possible, where she would later find herself, wrapped in one of her silk kimonos, trapped in a hysterical lethargy that consumed what little energy was left to her. And when she finally retired, deep into the night, drained, limp, and weighed down by every kind of torpor, she would concentrate her thoughts on her own psychological, and even her physiological, state ... and find herself changed.

She would wake pale and tired and pose listlessly in front of her *psyche* mirror¹⁰³, stretching her slack muscles. Often, before dressing, she would examine herself, the most alluring curves of her body as clearly visible as those of a Tanagrian figurine¹⁰⁴ and, when she struck poses inspired by her refined aesthetic sensibilities, her eyes would narrow voluptuously.

Occasionally, she would feel the irritating desire to return to her house in Lisbon. She

102. In the original, Teixeira uses the French word *sujets*.

103. A narrow, full length dressing mirror, also called a cheval mirror, in which an adjustable glass pivots between two wooden or metallic uprights attached to a solid base.

104. This refers to the terracotta figures from Tanagra in Greece, the design of which accentuated the female physique by making the naked body visible as if seen through diaphanous clothing. In *Quo Vadis*, for example, Henryk Sienkiewicz (1897, p. 26) uses the term figuratively, describing Lygia as “that maiden with Tanagrian outlines [whose] (...) radiant soul shone through her rosy body as a flame through a lamp”.

had remained at her estate since the death of her father and had seen no one of her circle. Now was the time to return to her normal life. She sometimes thought of the elegant and intelligent Antônio, whose training had taken him to Paris and whom her father, even with his dying words, had asked her to marry. And so she had agreed, having discovered that she had an intellectual kinship with Antônio; they had similar tastes, the same aesthetic sensibilities.

But such thoughts always left a bitter trace:

“Yes, yes; a husband! ... The only legal means by which a woman can give vent to her emotions!”

But this only left her all the more irritated. She valued her independence and rejected an enforced subjugation to a man who would *possess her* ... and she would end the train of thought decisively:

“No, no! My intelligence will never capitulate to that!”

And her forceful personality would rise up in active rebellion, formulating countless arguments. She no longer had a father and had never known her mother. She had no family. She was alone, mistress of her own destiny, and rich, too. She could lead her life as she pleased.

... Ah, yes. And what of society? ... But what did she care for a society that was so hypocritical and full of vice, anyway?! Yes, alright ... she would recognize the rare virtues that did exist and respect them ... but they were so rare! And, after all, didn't she have the intelligence to pay for such society as she might need? She knew only too well how to buy adulation and principles. At twenty-three years of age, she was well-prepared and qualified to face Life. She knew all its quirks and foibles, and even her own caused her no surprise. But things hadn't turned out the way she'd thought they would. After all, Life was like that, and her own life was just an imperfect version created so that it could be improved by suffering!

She had inherited a somewhat peculiar culture, her father having encouraged her to study all the sciences as if she had been a boy. Poor father, who had died happy in the thought that such wisdom would shield her from the attacks of brutal Truth that today were assailing her flesh and laying claim to their legitimate rights! ... So what was the point of all that intelligence? It had merely subjugated her instincts, teaching her to adopt attitudes that were to a greater or lesser extent hypocritical.

Yes, tomorrow, in this society in which she was sovereign by dint of her name and her money and where her beauty set her apart, she could choose a husband herself ... Oh! Yes! But he would be acquiring the rights to her flesh in what would be a relationship of lifelong slavery. And she recalled how zealously her father had tried to instill in her a forceful and spirited character. The intelligent compassion with which he had performed his mission now drew from her a plaint of anguish and exculpation, imprinting a bitter *rictus* on her lips:

“Oh why, dear father, did you illuminate my spirit with your knowledge and train my mind to conceive of things so clearly?! Why did you expose me to worlds of such rare beauty if nothing could rescue my wits and my flesh from a slavery imposed as if by natural law? In my

soaring ambition, I dreamt that I was perfectly free to attain those worlds of beauty imagined by me and revealed by you. But my own flesh chained me ... Yes, I too would have to be a hypocrite, and lie, lie, lie!”

And so she tortured herself. Weighty arguments vied for hegemony in Maria Margarida’s mind and, in the ensuing flames, the rebelliousness of her wholesome flesh was consumed.



It was the first night of June. The slow steady peal of some hidden bell had long ago tolled midnight from across the valley. Time’s resonant voice echoed impassively as the wondrous mystery of its march through the uncountable centuries proceeded. Trees bathed in moonlight rocked back and forth like gigantesque almost human figures. Some, in expansive rhythmic gestures, appeared to embrace and even possess one another; others resembled lugubrious files of hooded friars at their devotions, processing round the hills, en route for some destination where only penitence and punishment abide. And sometimes they bowed so low that for just an instant they seemed to be kneeling, before rising again, more contrite and resigned than before.

All the sounds of the farm had subsided. The silence was now broken by the sound of mole crickets singing with unremitting, monotonous persistence. Maria Margarida, unable to sleep, seated herself in one of the wicker armchairs adorning the gallery that gave onto the working areas of the farm. She was enjoying the silence of the night and her artistic soul, swelling at the hints of beauty around her, floated near and far through worlds both real and only dreamed of in her fantasies.

Down below, footsteps disturbed the gravel, biting into it with a series of faint crunching sounds that drew her attention. She rose and peered out. Far off, near where the path curved away, down by the gardens, a figure could be discerned.

She heard a soft extended whistle — it was undoubtedly a signal. Still looking, but now more attentively, she recognized Manuel, the home farm tenant’s son. A moment later, from far away, came a reply — the reedy music of a woman’s voice. And before long, Zé do Adro’s daughter came running up, so breathless she was almost unable to speak, throwing herself into his arms, clinging to him, kissing him again and again ... Now he was disentangling himself from her embrace, slowly, without warmth ... They spoke for a moment: she, very affectionate, trying to hold him once more; he, serene, at first almost indifferent. Suddenly, his expression altered; he cleaved to her greedily, kissing her, enfolding her ... And, masterfully, imperiously, he commanded her:

“Come!”

They moved out of sight underneath the gallery, bodies closely entwined, each coaxing the other with words, sighs and kisses. Above, Maria Margarida, intoxicated by the scent of sensuality in Manuel’s gesture of desire, her nerves stretched almost to breaking point, fell

back noisily into her wicker chair ...

Startled by the creaking, they kept watch for a moment ... But they heard nothing more. However, for him, the thrill of desire had passed. And, sulkily — sated for now, perhaps — he convinced her to leave, to go home to her bed.

He stayed and she left, vexed and hesitant; though he could still hear her slow footsteps and plaintive sighs, she had decided to go to bed.

Passing under the gallery, he heard the rattle of the glass as Maria Margarida nervously opened the windows. She was turning in, extremely unsettled, all atremble.

“Who’s there?”, called Manuel. Surprised at the noise and, supposing it to have been made by some miscreant, he repeated his question.

Maria Margarida showed herself, leaning out a little over the sill to say that there was no need to fear, that she had dozed off on the balcony, that now she was really going to retire, and what he had heard was the sound of the wicker chair that she had wanted to take indoors knocking against the woodwork.

Having asked her leave most solicitously, he climbed the stairs to the gallery.

“The last thing we need is for your Ladyship to be carrying chairs around, what with me being here, and all ...”

Maria Margarida, seeing him in such close proximity, stared at him so, and with such sharp curiosity, that he was stopped in his tracks. And he, misinterpreting her feverish smoldering gaze, asked her with great humility and respect if it were he who had frightened her. And he lied, saying that he had been there to close the gates, fearing they had been left open. He didn’t even know what time it was ... it must be late ... But Maria Margarida continued to look at him, seemingly more distressed than before ... Then, in a final flash of lucidity, she dismissed him abruptly.

Humiliated, resentful, eyes cast down, he made to leave. Then, her flesh all the more aflame due to his submission to the caprices of his all-powerful mistress, she called him back, and in a voice altered by the tumult that she could not control, she told him not to be upset, that her behavior didn’t signify anything ... that she knew only too well how dedicated he was, and that she shouldn’t have been so angry that he had awoken her. Yes, she had been alarmed, but it was nothing ... it was over now ...

And, affectionately putting her hand on his shoulder, she said faintly:

“Go, Manuel; go to bed ...”

Confounded and disoriented by a manner that he was unable to interpret, he raised his eyes and stared at her. Sensing that she was about to stumble, he reached out to steady her and encountered slender nervous arms taking his own and holding him close, and an open mouth pressing fervently against his own dark sensual lips in a searching kiss.



A clamorous wind had risen. The trees with their tall slender silhouettes were now crazily swaying as if struggling to hold themselves upright. At the bottom of the valley, in an act repeated so often over the centuries, the sleepy church-bell languorously punctuated that hour of mystery, quartering it with painful slowness... And the figures of the hooded friars dispersed, whirling off in madness and blasphemy!



In the middle of August, the “popular” daily papers of the capital reported, in all its elegant detail, the marriage of Maria Margarida to António de Silveiras. They also gave news of the couple’s plans to take a honeymoon trip through Italy. They complemented the bride on the way she had decorated her wedding dress with a corsage of unusual beauty, renouncing the customary insipid orange blossoms. Some modernists even suggested that in future all bridal gowns might be adorned with roses of the most joyful and festive hues, and the tradition of brides dressing like pale novices on the day they take their vows of obedience and renunciation be abandoned forever.¹⁰⁵

Maria Margarida, already at the Spanish frontier, smiled with disdain when she read these references to her, and threw the adulatory newspapers away. Then, opening her travelling case, applied scent to her fingertips, and, leaning back into her cushioned corner, smiled serenely at António as she stretched out her hand for him to kiss. Under the influence of this caress, the dark promises of mystery in her eyes deepened further ...

And the train, panting like some fabulous monster, spewing incandescent cinders, continued haring along at a tremendous speed through the parched fields of Spain, ripping aside the veil of that blackened August night.



In a mansion in the Minho¹⁰⁶, Maria Margarida’s best friend Cristina lived in calm and comfort. It was to this bright corner — where, in cornfields turned bronze by the blazing sun, garnet-colored poppies waved back and forth, and the healthy laughter of the peasant-

105. This comment has at least two layers of irony. First, Teixeira is noting that while the flowers in a corsage may change, the obedience and renunciation expected of women remains the same, be they bride of Christ or bride of man. Second, she is hinting at the superficiality of the notion that changes of form are equivalent to changes in substance, as believed by some of those she refers to as modernists.

106. ‘The Minho’ was the old designation for the province that occupied the whole of the north-western corner of Portugal, delimited in the north by the River Minho (which forms the border with Spain’s Autonomous Community of Galicia), in the south by the River Douro, and stretching eastwards from the Atlantic Ocean to the foot of the Marão and Alvão mountains, where the highland province of Trás-os-Montes begins.

skirted women rang loudly out — that Maria Margarida's letters arrived, each overshadowing its predecessor with their portents of ill-fortune. Landing with painful exoticism, these strange cinders of a decadent civilization broke the stolid calm of the fields.

I

Cristina:

It was better this way. I was candid — I told him everything. All the struggles of my flesh — everything! ... But without revealing the name of who it was that, if only in the most concrete sense, had provided some relief for my sick and ragged nerves.

It was his intelligence that let him accept this. So, I'm making all the preparations for the honeymoon. I'm content, I must be happy. I like him so much! Oh, if only he'd turned up earlier, how different everything would have been! ...

When I return, my day-to-day life will be organized with such aggressive elegance. This year, you'll see how I'll deal with Lisbon, where everyone's always so inquisitive, caustic and fawning, I'll shock them by drinking my tea from byzantine cups and eating pomegranates decorated with the fleshy leaves of magnolia, served by virgin Negresses — not just bare-breasted, but naked but for a pair of scarlet slippers.

But it seems I have brought with me from the estate a headache that is stopping me from being completely happy.

II

My dear,

I followed your advice, the wishes of my father, and the promptings of my heart. I was married yesterday at eleven o'clock. António is as happy as a morning in May and I ... well, I laugh just like an afternoon in autumn. My smile must look strangely distressed, for sometimes António looks at me apprehensively. My mouth hurts bitterly.¹⁰⁷ Last night I consummated the greatest sacrifice my loyalty¹⁰⁸ has ever been asked to make — something I thought I would never do! ... And so it seems that maintaining outward grace sometimes comes at a pretty cost! And how often at the cost of inner disgrace¹⁰⁹! All night I maintained a deception that I don't know whether I'll ever have the courage to repeat... Oh! Such are the secrets of the flesh! ...

107. While, plausibly enough, Maria Margarida's mouth may simply have been sore from António's kisses, or from feigned smiling, the expression *amargar o riso* [to turn a smile bitter] can also mean to be made to laugh on the other side of one's face.

108. Maria Margarida first uses the word *lealmente* in Letter I to indicate that she will 'tell all', while here, in Letter II, it seems to refer less to her marriage vows than to a promise long ago made to her best friend.

109. Teixeira may be referring to the metaphysical injury her marriage gives to the values she cherishes so dearly – personal freedom in general and sexual autonomy in particular. However, there is also a strong hint of the offense she experiences as a result of being physically possessed on terms imposed by society. The translation could have retained the juxtaposition of *elegância* and *inelegância*; however, the "grace" — "disgrace" dichotomy embraces wider emotions, including the personal awkwardness, indifference or even disgust Maria Margarida feels at the physical side of her new relationship.

Cries of defiance against arms that can never subdue me; a craving in me that can never be assuaged ... and everything dissolving into tedium — a fate António doesn't deserve.

My mind is so exhausted that I can't continue this letter.

III

My dear Cristina,

Things are going fairly well. António calls me his beautiful Florentine dawn, while I can only contemplate in horror the tedium that each dawn brings me ... The days are pleasant enough. Filled with curiosity, we race from one Roman museum to the next. We are united by the same moral and intellectual affinities, and I find myself more and more in thrall to his mind ... and ever further from being truly possessed by him ... He neither has me, nor holds me!¹¹⁰ And he's beginning to understand this and he's getting alarmed.

And I, who love his spirit more than I do my own, spend my life diligently protecting his happiness. But the struggle scalds me with the bitterness of the impossible, tortures me without purpose, tears me apart! ... But, my God, why? Why is this?! Don't I want him so much?! So much that the idea of losing one day of his spiritual comradeship and his intellectual regard ...

Immense shame is beginning to pulsate in my mind ... into which a dishonorable truth has shed its harsh light, dispelling the shadows where I'd thought to lull my conscience to sleep — and it's all so clear to me... so wondrously clear!

IV

My precious Cristina:

What I expected has happened: António knows. Neither his love nor his ardor have blinded him. He has discovered my innermost intimate tragedy. He knows that he will not master me. He sees that, despite all his warmth, I am cold to his blandishments. Only now has he seen that he has never truly thrilled me ...

And now? ... Now, the struggle will be all the greater! Where will my loyalty find the spurious arguments I'll need to buy my right to life?! Because it's not just *his* happiness I'm protecting. I thirst for his spirit and now cannot live without him. He's so intelligent! So artistic! Never has my spirit felt so full of beauty! Yet under his hands — such fine, eager, nervous hands — my flesh yields as if sacrificed.

110. "*Não me toma. Não me prende!*" Teixeira deliberately fills the outburst with ambiguity: there is no thrill when Maria Margarida and António are intimate, for he neither *takes* her nor *holds* her in the way her employee Manuel appears to have done. Each acts out the role they believe is expected of them, rather than exploring their feelings without restraint or simulation. The irony of the marital vow "to have and to hold [*ter e manter*]" is unmistakable: though the wealthy Maria Margarida does not need António to keep or *maintain* her [*manter*], and under patriarchy he has the right to *possess* her sexually whenever he wishes [*tomar*], he seems unable to secure his hold on her [*prender*].

Cold as steel, I examine my tormented conscience and conclude that absolutely nothing can be altered. So, I spend each day composing the shameless thoughts and false kisses that, at night, make this contemptible prostitution of my cold unresponsive body equal to that of any whore!

V

My dear:

Something unexpected has happened: now his jealousy scorches every one of my days. He is surprisingly curious to know who it was ... that first excited my flesh ... For the time being, my response has not gone beyond the natural reserve one displays when faced with impoliteness. But tomorrow ... how will things be? Today I vowed I'd told him the whole truth. I vowed that I had never loved anyone else, and that I hadn't lied to him. I put so much truth into this affirmation that I convinced him, but I don't know for how long.

Now he's in a hurry to return to Lisbon and, as I have been complaining about my nerves, he says that the restfulness of our house there would do me good. But I know what he thinks. It's jealousy that is still driving him. He wants to discover the other, the one who left no mark on my heart but whom he suspects left one on my flesh. I fell in with his plans in the hope that his intellectual pursuits would spare me some of my hours of sacrifice and torture. So, we'll be returning soon.

Why can't he be content with the passive surrendering of my flesh? I fashion such tenderness, and with my body I give so much beauty to this ignoble sacrifice ... But he wants more than that; from me he wants the desire that roars in his own blood and that mine cannot reciprocate. And I who am no longer sincere, can lie no better than I do ...

VI

My dear:

We have finally returned. António insists on bringing all his acquaintances home, not to mention all of mine, too. Among our guests, he feverishly searches for *the other*. It distresses me how he follows wherever my gaze alights.

Sadness is making me ill — both our misfortunes cause me suffering. And even though we still preserve the same polite and correct manner between us, our minds no longer understand each other. His curiosity is killing me: he snatches glimpses of me in the most intimate moments, and that insane look undermines all the generosity of my sacrifice, my deception ... my kisses ... and the profound boredom of it all is killing me. The situation deteriorates from day to day. My life is reduced to one long exhausting rearguard action.

Perhaps God will give me a child! ... That would be my salvation! But no. My desire to be a mother is riven by a cruel thought: any child of this tortured and incomplete relationship will

grow up to be abnormal, and I would want my child to be strong, healthy, with no pernicious traits.

And if you could only see how handsome António is! How intelligent he is and the greatness of his soul! ...

VII

My dear true friend:

Outside, the rain is torrential and here, in my convalescent's bedroom, under the lukewarm indecisive light of my chandelier, my inner life is more agitated than you could ever imagine!

At times I have the impression that some great black flapping wings are ruffling the golden fringes of the tapestries. And by some strange clairvoyance I understand that my path is blocked by the pitiless hand of destiny. I feel myself weakening day by day. I see death close by, very close. There's violence in the clash between my mind and my flesh: each stirs and seethes in rebellion, and I feel my courage foundering, my physical resistance succumbing.

I have been ill for a month — raging fevers and a wild delirium have wreaked such havoc in my husband's spirit that he dared not question me, but his look betrayed a painful disquiet. This is my poison, my slow and certain suicide. Painfully, my mind searches for a remedy for our anguish and finds none... Nothing!

If only you knew! ... I have a right to life and my appetite for it is enormous!¹¹¹ I have a whole world of youthful vigor churning here inside me! To be cut off from a life full of beauty is such an unjust punishment!

Oh, the truth I tell is most peculiar, but it has such fiery force! If I were to speak it out loud, if I were to let it slip out beyond my mind's domain, who would ever forgive me? No-one! Who would comprehend how frayed the force of this searing, cleansing storm has left my nerves! Yes! Cleansing! In their proud and honorable dispute with the tempestuous vigor of my blood, neither my mind nor my spirit accuses or condemns me.

I have your letter here close at hand, and smile at your misgivings. But stay calm, for intelligence always prevails over brute strength. And, as well as punishing me horribly, my intelligence also enlightens me.

So, don't worry, my dear friend, whom destiny has favored; I, too, was touched — and perhaps more than that — by the Divine Hand! For all my aberrations, I too come from God! His sacred eyes lingered a little longer on me while He concocted this awful conflict that is tearing me apart. I'm just a scrap of base material steeped in suffering who will rise again —

111. In Maria Margarida's phrase there are echoes of the last line of Teixeira's poem "Flores de cactus" [Cactus flowers], which she quotes in full in her lecture-manifesto *De Mim* as a means of exemplifying her creative technique: "And I have just as great a thirst for life as you!"

who knows? — more tragic, more wounded, more conscious, more blessed than before, so that I might help redeem the Great Pain of humanity that, unquestionably, was born of some strange crime known only to God.

VIII

My dear:

Having resisted to the point of rousing António's wrath and his suspicions, I finally accepted his latest decision. My state of weakness so frightened him that he has decided we would go to our estate in the Beiras. We leave tomorrow. He envelops me so completely in his affections — tender, unrelenting and morbid — that I feel almost well... and now, after so many imaginings, I find myself building up my hopes! ... Who knows if, by reacting resolutely to the proximity of danger, a life hitherto driven by instincts couldn't change? You can't imagine the huge repugnance that is weighing me down and that rules my every gesture... Is this to be the source of my great hopes?

As you know, it is Dr. José Sena who has been treating me lately. Yesterday, he was with me for almost an hour. We talked. I told him everything. Poor man, he has taken on this pathological case both as doctor and friend. Smiling contentedly, he heard of all my hopes, for I am leaving and that will save my life, so he says. But deep down, he harbors a thought that shocks and revolts me.

I spoke to him of the sharpness and clarity of my mind. Interested, and still smiling, he recommended I actively use these gifts to shore up my desire for life. Then he left, telling me that he was going to see a cantankerous and disagreeable patient. I said it surprised me that he would do so, for there are so many doctors! ... He shrugged his shoulders, and a look of dismay dimmed his bright intelligent eyes:

"What would you have me do, my dear? We doctors are like whores. We must give ourselves even to those we do not like!"

He took his leave. I was left alone, and the gray silence of the room weighed ever more bleakly and menacingly on my mind.

IX

My dear:

There's a revolution taking place in this house. António is presiding over all the packing. He wants to take everything. And I, convalescent that I am, can do nothing; but were I able to help, I would take refuge in some plausible lie so as not to make the slightest contribution towards a move I find distasteful. We're not leaving until tomorrow morning. António goes fully armed against the rigors of the recent cold weather, and I leave with the great spiritual acuity I'll need to police my own thoughts!

António asked Dr. José Sena to come to see me today of all days! I was against it. The very smile with which he assures me how much I am improving, makes me feel ill. You, and your letters, continue to provide me with my only moral consolation. And the privacy of my correspondence will always be respected, for António is incapable of any lapse in etiquette.

X

Cristina:

We've been here for almost a fortnight, and I am almost well again. My terrors have fled like shadowy wings¹¹² fleeing the brightness of these beautiful sunny days. There's no-one to upset me! *Everyone*¹¹³ has gone to our property in the Alentejo. And even if they *were* here, I'd be so happy, António envelops me with such care that I doubt whether my tranquility would be upset in the slightest. He hasn't tormented me again with his doubts and questions, and ... sadly and religiously ... I do my duty.

My God! my duty! ... What a heresy it is, the prostitution I commit according to God's laws! But I'm happy ... Yes, I'm happy, believe me. What I do to achieve peace of mind and fulfil the tenets of my religion, is what others — in the same, absolutely the same situation as I — do as a profession. But I am happy. António is the beloved brother to my soul and mind and, by doing what I do, I earn the right to enjoy a spiritual communion without which I now couldn't live! Oh, if only he could understand me! Accept me as I am! ... What madness! As if that were humanly possible!

And yet his despair and his jealousy *are* human ... as are the inflexibility of my feelings and the peculiarity of my existence. What a divine work is this inner conflict that shapes my mental processes and sharpens my understanding of what it is to suffer and ... to desire!

XI

My dear:

António has left me a little abandoned. He's taken to hunting — long excursions that sometimes last for days. For my part, I'm organizing Father's library. I hadn't been in there since he died. I've sorted through all his papers. What a strangely analytical mind he had! And such intimate revelations! At times I struggle with the sophistication of his thinking! And there are so many manuscripts! ... I'm sending to Lisbon for someone to help me catalogue them. It was António who thought of that. I'm quite aware that he doesn't help me himself, for that would mean spending many hours in my company. He has found another way of trying to get

112. *Asas de sombre* [literally, shadow-wings], an image Teixeira has also used in her poetry, refers here literally to the night and metaphorically to the darkness that has penetrated Maria Margarida's soul.

113. From letter X onwards, Teixeira begins to use italics to stress words rather than to indicate foreign terms. Here, for example, she stresses her satisfaction at the absence of António, as well as Manuel and, presumably, her employee's new wife.

closer to me — by straying off ... You can see that such a stratagem would work with another woman, but with me — who for some strange reason has strayed far from the conventional path of logic — it only makes for sadness.

They have all returned from the Alentejo. I spent several days without seeing *anybody*, but yesterday, after a morning spent thoroughly analyzing my own thoughts, once I had overcome the great revulsion that I knew the experiment would cause me, I resolved to peer down into that vile abyss.

So, I *sent for them both* on some work-related pretext. And *they came*, sweetly embarrassed, timid, shamefaced, and I gave my orders gently, benevolently ... I am saved! I won't be dragged down into the mire! And all today *they have been close by*, occupied with some urgent tasks in the garden, and nothing — nothing — has narrowed the distance that separates us. If there is one thing, however, that does move me deeply, it is his sad and resigned humility as he serenely does my bidding.¹¹⁴

XII

Yes, my dear, I have been yielding to this brutal possession for two months now, fully mindful of what I'm doing.

The stigma of infamy that I bear is devouring me ... But I go on, I endure, and am alive! I am rejuvenated, I improve, and my conscience accompanies me without holding me back, without encumbering me. And I neither sicken with sadness, nor do I die of shame!

Thus the arguments of the flesh hold sway over the arguments of prejudice and conventional morality ...

XIII

Dear friend:

Once again, the same huge contradiction has manifested itself: my sensibilities, the fruit of generations of elite decontamination, softened and shaped by all manner of elegant refinements, have rebelled against the urges of my flesh, against the communion of sexual affinities, against the unsated attraction of two bodies healthily seeking each other out and brutally entwining in mutual possession. No, this sinning flesh cannot be the natural vessel for this spirit of mine. If only I could escape from myself! ...

114. In this letter, without explicitly saying to whom she is referring, Teixeira uses plural verbs, which she italicizes, when she has Maria Margarida deliberately “look down into the painful abyss”, i.e., to test her feelings towards Manuel in the presence of his new wife, the daughter of Zé do Adro.

XIV

Cristina:

I could barely bring myself to read your letter — so severe and yet so right in every way. I have made my decision. And I did so with my mind at its most lucid. No, I will not obey the urgings of a morality to which everyone conforms. My refined spirit and the elegant sensibilities upon which it is founded, repudiate such a spineless and ignoble capitulation.

However brutish and overwhelming are the dictates of my flesh, I rebel when it surrenders itself, with no meeting of minds, with no love. It is in the coming together of two young bodies which, sincerely and without artifice, complement one another, that I detect the pungent flavors of primitive and ever youthful Nature, condemned by some eternal thirsting to remain forever unsated.¹¹⁵

And yet Nature, my dear — stripped of all the refinements we make and all the pruning we do in pursuit of perfection, all the exoticism our sensibilities deploy to veil its crude nakedness — is nothing more than a sensual monstrosity, devoid of beauty, stretching out¹¹⁶ endlessly in loathsome continuity — and always the same! But all this is God's work! ... God created this monster and gave us senses with which to observe it!

XV

Cristina:

My intuition tells me that António knows everything. We avoid each other. Under the gaze of his intellect, my own blushes. The haunted look that I caught in his eyes has left me devastated. I feel like a filthy rag with no right to live.

My fever has returned, along with the exhaustion I experienced some months ago, though much worse. This struggle between spirit and matter is tearing my nerves apart, and now ... now, the immense sorrow of feeling that I'm separated from him forever, marks the end of everything! Faced with his look of astonishment, I felt as if my skin had been flayed off ... I understand now ... He knows! And he's suffering!

XVI

My dear, precious Cristina:

I was right! António hasn't set a foot outside his rooms for two days. He sent his

115. The word Teixeira chooses here, *insaciedade* [unsatedness] evokes not only the title of her short story *Insaciada*, but also, more importantly, the clash between the restraint that generations of elite conditioning has imposed on her, and the abandon (the "truth") that will allow her to overcome her persistent frustration. Here, Teixeira may be affirming that the consummation of a mutual heterosexual physical attraction (based consciously or unconsciously on the reproductive impulse) can never fully satisfy those involved, and that the chimera of satisfaction is pursued by repeatedly performing the act with the same or with different partners. Or she may be referring to a strictly "lesbian truth" in which, unencumbered by that instinct, the contradiction is resolved, and the possibility of satiety exists.

116. Here, Teixeira repeats the image she uses in the very first lines of the narrative (Teixeira 2015, pp. 301 and 338).

apologies, saying that he is preparing for a long journey. He's leaving without saying goodbye to me. In a most polite and very sorrowful letter, he has said as much, without making any explicit allusions.

Our respective visions of beauty continue to be compatible ... and I embrace his soul, forever sacred to me ...

XVII

My dear, compassionate Cristina:

Lately, I have been feeling a stranger to myself. I haven't recovered... somehow, I cannot disinter the arguments to which my mind always held so fast! I feel an excruciating desire to shed this abominable flesh ... to rid myself of this grim bondage!

XVIII

My dear Cristina:

I woke this morning, cleansed, unburdened and light as a bridal veil ... And I stretch out my arms — long, lean and light — to embrace everything in one soft caress! And in that same gesture, I clasp the pain of my torment, its glowing core and my own reason. It's an embrace made all of light — those slender arms stretching out into infinity are my intelligence!

How everything comes together! ...

Eagles must have the same sensation as I'm feeling now when, from high above, they look down at the earth, at life ... at us. I have risen so high that I must be beyond the sun! And I'm plunging my hands into it without burning ... I shan't miss anything. I look. And there is such clarity in my vision! ... and so much intelligence, as I slowly cool ...

XVIX

My dear:

Finally, I believe in myself, and await the decisive proof that soon I shall truly feel my own presence within me, at peace with myself.

I believe in myself, at last.

Adieu!



Autumn. The wind further dishevels the chrysanthemums' unruly coiffures and, with piercing shrieks, strips bare the trees, drowning the vexed protests of their branches, left blasted and numbed in leafless pain. An enormous silence reigns over Maria Margarida's mansion, now seemingly uninhabited. The herons flap squawking over the old roof-tiles. And, maddened by the storm, the fountains spurt in stuttering crooked pulses into the air.

Suddenly, between the centuries-old pillars of the mansion's emblazoned entrance, the spectral shape of Maria Margarida appears. The wind convulses into awed silence and the fountains fall silent, too ... Her sorrowful presence seems to have assuaged the aimless abstract pain that, moments before, had given such an ungodly edge to the wind's harsh voice. All around, the pine woods, wrapped in the velvet density of the night, evoke the ominous setting of some obscure tragedy. And, far off, the slender figure of Maria Margarida, dressed all in white, her gait measured and pensive, slowly fades into the darkness of the night ...



A few days ago, when the newspapers reported the tragic death of Maria Margarida, they set great store by her refinement and beauty. They said her dreamer's temperament had caused her to take a lengthy promenade towards the coast, which lay a full mile from her mansion, and that a violent storm had overtaken her after she had reached the beach.

Illuminated by the flashes of lightning against the dense shadows of the oncoming night, her figure had been seen making its way towards the sea, so beautiful and wraithlike that, superstitious as fishermen are, they had taken it for an apparition. Eventually, as night fell and thunder echoed back from the hillsides, they were hardly able to discern the pale silhouette wavering in the fury of the wind, as it walked into the enigmatic gray tumult of the waves.

On the following morning, directly in the path of the sun as it began to light the beach, Maria Margarida's soft green cape could be seen blowing across the sand, as if the strangely brooding storm of the previous night had left a great frond of seaweed rolling in the surf.

3.4. Judith Teixeira's *Insaciada* (1927). An introduction

Fabio Mario da Silva & Chris Gerry

In the opening scene-setting of *Insaciada* [Unsated] we again find the natural surroundings reflecting the main character's state of mind. By describing the first days of autumn as being "sickly (...) inflamed, neurotic and disorderly" and the foliage as displaying "the languor of closure and renunciation, the wistful tremors of leave-taking", Judith Teixeira immediately alerts the reader to the overall symbolist-decadentist tone of her work (Teixeira, 2015, p. 349).

In conversation with her close friend Maria Eduarda, Clara de Ataíde sardonically draws an analogy between her own state of mind and a Sèvres vase of roses that have dropped all their petals: "They've all died of boredom, my dear!" she says, and then offers an apology of sorts for her drowsiness: "I don't know what indolence it is that has so dulled my nerves!" (Teixeira 2015, p. 349). Tedium, apathy and inertia reign supreme: the denuded roses represent Clara's feelings of disappointment at the defeat that life has imposed on her and echo the state of frustration and dissatisfaction captured by Teixeira in the story's title. Here, all the decadence and *fin-de-siècle* futility of a bourgeoisie in crisis is revealed in microcosm, with Lisbon distilled down to the intimate, domestic, inner space of the comfortable residence Clara de Ataíde inhabits (Silva 2022).¹¹⁷ Her treasured, cloistered existence is the corollary of her deep-seated misanthropy, an outlook on life that she occasionally expresses in the most pungent and prejudiced terms: "Out there, the smell is awful ... the herd don't wash, and I'd have them rubbing up against my clothes. Believe me, I just couldn't do it. Just leave me here in the half-light of my rooms". Maria Eduarda attempts to shake her friend out of her indolence, reminding her that soon guests will be arriving. Clara is the incarnation of the outlier who cannot adapt to conventional patterns of behavior, and yet she remains popular, an apparent contradiction Maria Eduarda seeks to explain as follows:

They like you because you're temperamental and, to them, you seem so sphinx-like. They don't understand your cruel irony one bit. The originality of your ideas frightens and enchants them at the same time ... Oh, but don't you dare demand any more of them! Let them carry on revering your eccentricities. The ignorant have the greatest respect for the abyss ... and to those poor creatures you really are the most unfathomable abyss of all (Teixeira 2015, p. 350).

Here, Teixeira employs the familiar decadentist *fin-de-siècle* trope of the misunderstood aristocrat, albeit in a feminine guise less familiar to readers of fiction. Clara has concluded that "people such as I can never be happy" and, while they are dressing for the reception, she

117. Similar, it appears, to the mansion occupied by "Lena de Valois", as Judith Teixeira styled herself for literary purposes before her second marriage (Anon. 1922, p. 65).

redirects her misanthropic fire from the anonymous masses in the street to the pampered mannequins who pay court to her. At this point, a new protagonist is introduced — José de Lencastre, a talented but impoverished poet and possibly the only man to have earned Clara's affections. He has sent word that some calamity has befallen him, and Clara reacts immediately, leaving Maria Eduarda to entertain the guests while she readies herself to go to his miserable lodgings. Before she can leave, José arrives in person and reveals that he wrote the note as a test, wanting to confirm that Clara would rush to see him, regardless of her distaste for the poverty in which he lived. He realizes, however, that their differential socio-economic status is an insurmountable obstacle to any further development of their relationship, admitting that “[a]n artist's poverty is only ever of interest when it's mentioned in romantic bohemian novels or imagined by poets of a poignant and gloomy disposition. But out here in the real world, it is quite as dreadful as that of any beggar!” (Teixeira p. 354).

He departs as abruptly as he had arrived. While José's behavior may leave a baudelairian after-image of desperation and defeat on the mind's eye of the reader, the stereotypical image of the penniless writer also symbolizes those courageous artists whom Teixeira praised in her lecture-manifesto *De Mim* for their refusal to accept bourgeois values, and on whom a vengeful elite had subsequently conferred pariah status (Silva, 2015, p. 274).

The wholly unexpected news that Lencastre is leaving Lisbon and Clara forever obliges her to reassess her true feelings for him. Her immediate reaction is one of anger: she is furious that he was prepared to manipulate her so selfishly and yet she is willing, with uncharacteristic impetuosity, to humiliate herself by running after Lencastre, if it will prevent his abandoning her: “I need to quieten these nerves of mine”¹¹⁸, she tells Maria Eduarda; “Oh! Oh, this is awful! ... I hardly know myself anymore! (...) I want to break this spell ... Oh! I loathe him! I detest him!”

Clara arrives at Lencastre's lodgings only to find his bloody corpse, for he has abandoned Lisbon and her by taking his own life. It is only when she returns to her residence that she somewhat ghoulishly, albeit momentarily, fantasizes over the act that was to have been the physical consummation of their love. When Maria Eduarda sadly admits that, though Lencastre was poor, he was uncommonly intelligent, Clara's reply is vicious and petulant: “No he wasn't! If that were true, he wouldn't have treated me to such a spectacle!”

The story ends with two soliloquies: in the first, Teixeira calmly and cogently summarizes her assessment of the creative process among those whom society acknowledges as artists:

118. The ambiguity is clear: Clara can quieten her “nerves” simply by asking Lencastre to change his mind, after which their lives will continue on much the same course; if the word “nerves” is a euphemism for the sexual urge Clara now feels, then the course of their lives could change dramatically.

Their intelligence surgically removes any intimate elegance they might otherwise have conveyed. And though they speak of beauty with a certain talent, they are describing palaces in which they've never set foot and velvet whose softness they've never felt (...) [W]hen something created by talent alone enters into contact with the real world, the shock is so great, it often just falls apart! (Teixeira 2015, p. 358).

The second is an impassioned outburst in which Clara, while reverting to her habitual mood of self-centered, morbid dissatisfaction, manages to pin down, in her own case, the nature of the contradiction between mind and body:

Oh, love is impossible! My mind is so fastidious it simply snuffs out the flame! (...) [O]nce my oh-so refined spirit has drained it of all sensuality, love simply dies, pining for beauty ... And why, why all this anguish that I cannot put into words and that only my beauty-stricken soul can understand and endure? My flesh will be forever crying out, its clamor resounding through my famished spirit ... unsated! ... And always the same tedium filling me up, defeating me! (Teixeira 2015, p. 359).

Clara's "unsated" state is due, at least in part, to the apathy with which her decadence fills her, and this is why she constantly probes her own state of mind, why she is always restless and why she has never found it possible to establish a loving relationship with anyone except, perhaps, special women friends with the same social status as her. And though her privilege and Lencastre's poverty lie at opposite ends of the socio-economic spectrum, they share the same tragic and defeatist attitudes, never thinking of fighting for any change in their lives — let alone in the lives of others (as Maria Eduarda caustically notes) — and yet both complain of how unfairly the world has treated them. Both have a spiritual malaise that renders them apathetic, immobile and prone to self-destruction. While Lencastre's combination of romantic sensitivity and sick imagination allows him to pretend that there is a sort of beauty in his unfulfilled life and pathetic demise, in contrast, Clara's egotism, misanthropy, insouciant materialism and morbid fear of poverty render her incapable of taking any serious steps to change her own situation (Silva, 2013, *passim*).

3.5. UNSATED

Judith Teixeira (1927)

Translated by Chris Gerry

Those sickly days of autumn — inflamed, neurotic and disorderly — had begun.

The pained tones of the trees echoed the somnolence of their surroundings — the languor of closure and renunciation, the wistful tremors of leave-taking.

In Clara de Ataíde's *boudoir* a perfumed, enervating silence reigned.

From atop a Sèvres vase, rose petals detached themselves and fell with the softest of sounds.

Clara, buried among the cushions of a vast ottoman, seemed to have fallen asleep.

She lifted her head, casting her gaze around for Maria Eduarda. Tenderly, she stretched out her hands towards her and, gesturing at the denuded roses, said:

"They've all died of boredom, my dear ... Are you cross with me? Did you think I'd fallen asleep? ... That's it, isn't it? But I was *thinking*. Letting my thoughts wander is a vice of mine. Pull your armchair closer and I promise to rouse myself. Come on ..."

Maria Eduarda rises and moves her seat closer to Clara who, extricating herself from her cushions, takes hold of her hands with a smile.

"I don't know what indolence it is that has so dulled my nerves ... I'm so sleepy!"

"Do you know what the time is? A quarter to five! Come on, no more shirking. Your guests are about to arrive and here you are sprawling ... capitulating. Get up, go and make yourself beautiful, I'll help you ... Look, you can see for yourself".

She shows her the tiny watch that was held by a band of rubies and caliber-cut diamonds around her slim white wrist.

Lazily hoisting herself upright, Clara reflects.

"I've never had a watch ... God forbid! Why would I choose to count all those hours of tedium? The last thing I want is to feel that my life is ordered by such a tiny *bibelot*".¹¹⁹

She dispels the last vestiges of sleepiness that had been deadening her nerves, rises and stands by the mirror, arranging her hair.

"Listen, instead of serving our guests the traditional tea, why don't we give them all an infusion of intelligence and add a few drops of originality?"

"Aren't you just the *blagueuse*?!"¹²⁰ On such unfamiliar ground, they would all pull

119. In the original, Teixeira uses the French word *bibelot*, a term that disparagingly differentiates trinkets from jewelry.

120. Teixeira employs the French word *blague* [joke or trick] to suggest that Clara had not only said something amusing but also – as can be deduced from her next comment – that encouraging her guests to go beyond small talk would be an almost

anxious faces, and those whose jaws had dropped, having taken your words for snobbery, would just wipe the drool from their chins, and never come back”.

Assisted by her maid, Clara dressed in front of the mirror. Still feeling sleepy, she ran her delicate fingers through her mass of tawny hair.

“Maybe so”.

“There’s no “maybe” about it! It’s a certainty. They like you because you’re temperamental and, to them, you seem so sphinx-like. They don’t understand your cruel irony one bit. The originality of your ideas frightens and enchants them at the same time ... Oh, but don’t you dare demand any more of them! Let them carry on revering your eccentricities. The ignorant have such enormous respect for the abyss ... and to those poor creatures you really are the most unfathomable of all abysses. But do hurry up, it’s getting late”.

By now Clara is dressed and ready.

“There! What do you think? Do I have the look of the infernal abyss or not?”

“You’ve no pity at all!”

From another vase, Clara selects a bloom from among a profusion of the most vivid roses and pins it on her dress.

“They’re so tastelessly stupid! This loud color should please them no end! But you never know. I just love seeing their eyes — at first so impish, then so covetous — flinch before the keen blade of my irony ... I want to amuse myself, and amuse you, too!”

She caresses Maria Eduarda, who looks at her with tenderness and admiration.

“Oh, if I could only drive out this fatigue that ties me down in such idleness and such desolation! Their effeminate unwholesome affectations just aren’t amusing anymore. I have to be rid of them”.

Seeing Maria Eduarda’s gesture of protest, Clara continues:

“Oh, but it’s true! Every day I promise myself I’ll slam the door in their faces, tolerate them no longer. But what do you do, when there’s nobody else? ... Here, in this great village full of snobs, whose snobbery is so naive, we’re left with nowhere else to go, and no-one else to see. And so I amuse myself by shocking them, shaking them up...”

“The fact that you’re still playing with dolls is starting to worry me! One day a brand-new invention with a more complex mechanism will come along and then ...”

Clara laughs, and so does Maria Eduarda, who continues:

“Don’t you believe me? Just look at all the remarkable inventions that have been patented recently. Couldn’t the same thing have happened with toys, too?! ...”

“It’s heartbreaking!” said Clara, disdainfully shrugging her shoulders, “So far, not a single decent example of the species has turned up here, unless he was so well-disguised that I didn’t even notice him”.

“But tell me why ... why all this banter?” said Maria Eduarda, staring at her friend, “if you know that somewhere in the midst of this *coterie* that you so rightly despise, there’s someone who ... You know, it irritates me sometimes the way you use certain aspects of your affability to push people away. And there happens to be someone in particular whom you contrive to hurt, as often as you can, with your opinions and your sarcasm. Sincerely, it worries me that, in your determination to relinquish any trace of feeling, you will ... well, I don’t know what will happen, but I’m telling you, you need to be careful ...

“Now you’re just trying to frighten me ...”

Still examining herself in the mirror, she catches her friend’s eye.

“Look, don’t you think this marvelous velvet perfectly matches the smooth whiteness of my skin?” Continuing to look at her reflection, she added: “If only I were beautiful. What do you think?”

“That you’re worse than beautiful”.

“I know!” laughed Clara, applying a little more *kohl* around her eyes. “Tilt the light up a little, would you, my dear. I’m trying to put a little more life into these eyes of mine. They’re stubbornly threatening to close ... Oh! What a bore! ... Don’t you think life is such a bore?! ...”

“No, I don’t”.

“My God! How sane you are! I’d much prefer to be like you ... but it’s impossible. I live my whole life on my nerves — and they’re so insubordinate that they don’t control my head at all! ...”

“No, you suffer from just the one malaise”, said Maria Eduarda, helping the maid to fasten Clara’s pearls, “and that malaise is that your intelligence wearies too easily of compromise. You watch the petty lives of those around you ... and it just feeds your tedium. If you would only travel, revisit the great centers of civilization, you’d feel better — you’d be happy!”

“No; *happy* I could never be. People such as I can never be happy. What you mean is that I’d be *brighter* ... But yes, travel would be a good cure for my black depressions”.¹²¹ Then sadness envelopes her like a shadow. “Chained to a life that thwarts me, crushes me ... what can I do but stay?!”

“That’s only because you want to. If you’d only shrug off all that velvet, and enter the arena fighting – as I do, as do all of us who want our freedom ...”

“Ah! No!” Clara broke in, horrified. “No! Be quiet! Not another word! I couldn’t! My senses are too refined for that. Out there, the smell is awful ... the masses don’t wash, and I’d have them rubbing up against my clothes. Believe me, I just couldn’t do it. Just leave me in the half-light of my rooms, waiting for the prophecy of that Hungarian woman we met in Naples to come true. Do you remember? That I’d be fabulously rich again! I’d have special trains laid on just for me ... and for you, of course”.

121. *Neura-negra* in the original.

“Thank you for that kind thought. I can already see that if the prophecy were fulfilled, you’d be ruined again in next to no time, and then you’d be only moderately wealthy, as you are now. Believe me, you should tell those delicate feelings of yours to have a little more humanity”.

Maria Eduarda examines Clara closely.

“I must admit you do look beautiful in that black velvet. Nonetheless, I’d advise you to cover a little more of those lovely arms, however provocatively appealing they may be ... The natives, you know, even when civilized, lose neither their daring nor their ferocity. It’s their instinct to be that way”.

“What?! You think my guests capable of devouring me limb by limb?”

“No, but an hour from now I’m sure you’ll be telling me they all have idiotic looks on their faces ... Their ferocity will only surface later, outside, when they start talking about you”.

“Let them talk ... Would you mind arranging these pearls a little better for me? Like that. Yes, that’s fine. I say, it seems we have company in the drawing room”.

“I told you it was getting late. Gloria says that Jaime de Lima ...”

“What a habit you have of always getting the names of servants and poets wrong!”

“I do not! It’s just that servants all have servants’ names ... they’re nearly always called Gloria, Jesus, or Dolores And you know perfectly well, dearest Clara, that I detest all poets. It’s my way of mortifying them in return for all the harm they’ve done me. Hurry up: do let’s go in”.

“Yes, I’m coming ... spray some more *Chipre* on me, will you? Wait, put this on, a little amber will look just right against your black hair”.

The maid returns carrying a tray with a letter which Clara opens unhurriedly. She suddenly pales, her expression completely transformed. She passes the letter to Maria Eduarda and stares anxiously at her. Then, most decisively, she tells her maid:

“Alice, telephone for a car to come as quickly as possible!”

Maria Eduarda, having finished reading the letter, is distraught but remains silent.

Clara, vibrant and brooking no opposition, again decides quickly.

“You stay here”.

“Listen ...”, advises Maria Eduarda, “I think you should at least find out the details first. The boy has very modest lodgings. Who knows, perhaps he even shares his room with others. In that garret, you may *really* find your clothes rubbing up against some hitherto well-hidden squalor. Your refined senses, they will rebel, they will be offended ... You shouldn’t go!”

“No! I want to go and see him myself. If things are really that bad ...”

The maid returns to say that the garage isn’t answering.

Resolutely, Clara again instantly makes up her mind.

“Very well, then. I’ll take a tram. Get me a cloak”.

The maid leaves and returns in an instant with a cloak, taking the opportunity to announce the arrival of José de Lencastre.

Clara and Maria Eduarda exchange uncomprehending glances. In the doorway appears the delicate form of José de Lencastre, dark circles around his eyes.

With a wan smile, he looks at the two friends.

"I hurried to reassure you", he said, kissing Clara's hand and then Maria Eduarda's.

"I knew you'd be coming over to see me. Forgive me, but my only motive for sending you that letter was to be certain your delicate aristocratic skin wouldn't be too offended if it had brushed against my attic door. I am now convinced that you wouldn't have been upset by the poverty that has so humiliated me in our dealings. You have no idea how much that certainty has determined the course of my life! ... Clara! My fear of looking shabby in your company is greater now than ever before. And now that I know ..."

He falls silent and looks at her for a moment. Then, with painful and irredeemable bitterness, he continues ...

"Yes, greater than ever before, for an artist's poverty is of interest to no-one except when it's mentioned in romantic bohemian novels or imagined by poets of a poignant and gloomy disposition. But out here in the real world, it is quite as dreadful as that of a beggar!"

Clara has been listening to him in silent perplexity. He kisses both her hands.

"I'm here to say goodbye to you, my interesting friend, for tomorrow I leave Lisbon forever!"



Clara is still staring, pale, motionless and mute, at the door through which José de Lencastre has just departed.

"I warned you", said Maria Eduarda, pulling Clara tenderly towards her and into her arms. "Now you can see that some toys are extremely complicated", she added, laughing, "even if their mechanisms are in need of repair. Though I must confess that now I'm less averse to poets than I used to be ..."

"Leave me alone! I must go after him, right now. No, let go of me ...", said Clara, slipping out of her friend's embrace. I need to hear 'The Poem of our Passion' that he promised to read for us this afternoon ... and the worst of it is I'll have to hear it in his miserable garret!", she added, shrugging her shoulders at the bitter irony.

She procures a hat and throws on a stole, not listening to Maria Eduarda's pleading.

"Don't fuss ... I need to quieten these nerves of mine. Oh! This is awful! ... I hardly know myself anymore! No, let me go, I want to break this spell ... Oh! I loathe him! I detest him!"

"And what about your guests?"

"You can play the hostess. Tell them I've fallen ill or whatever you like. Look, why don't you order some of that infusion of intelligence I was hoping for a while ago? Then you could

give them the unabridged history of my overwrought nerves, or recount all of Cleopatra's lecherous love affairs. In other words, ply them with such enormities as those, just to *pique* their interest¹²², and then see if the potion takes effect ... And that's that. But don't leave before I return. Be patient, my love ..."

She departs, kissing her friend. Over by the front door, she adds
"Perhaps I won't be long at all."



Silence. The window is wide open. The moonlight fills the *boudoir* with gothic silhouettes and shadowy forms. Clara, prostrate on the ottoman, is lost in some distant reverie. Maria Eduarda enfolds Clara's slender white hands in her own, so small and delicate. The moonlight bizarrely reshapes their four tightly clasped hands.

"Tell me", murmurs Maria Eduarda softly, in a voice at once sad and incisive. Did anyone else keep vigil, other than the friend of his of whom you spoke? ..."

Clara replies, as if returning from some far distant world:

"I don't know! ..."

Silence is re-established. Clara's head rests heavily on her friend's shoulder, who gently tries to elicit some further reply.

"Listen, it's just that all of this makes me so sad, and — guess what? — I can't share this calmness of yours ..."

Clara raises her head slowly, looks tenderly at her friend and nestles down again without responding to Maria Eduarda's kindnesses.

"I know you are upset ... it must have left the most painful impression on you ..."

Clara answers bitterly, her voice breaking with tedium.

"Yes, I *am* upset. But it's not the sentiments that you have in mind that are paining me ... Ah! If only you knew!"

"Oh, Clara ... that poor boy killed himself not an hour after leaving your house, and you know only too well that it was because of you ..."

"Yes, I know that well enough!"

"Then why the resignation and why the ... it's almost *anger*, isn't it?"

"Be quiet! I can't explain to you the way I feel ... You have an altogether different character, and feelings quite different from mine. Believe me, you couldn't even begin to understand."

"This isn't the Clara I know!" says Maria Eduarda, pulling her hands away in resentment.

"Come back here ... My sorrow can't be compared to anyone else's ... It can't! Over a period of months, this man had managed to engender something very curious in my spirit ..."

122. Teixeira uses the French verb *braver* [to provoke or tease] in the original.

He interested me. And the irrevocable step he took today shattered my nerves so violently ...”

Clara’s slender, plaintive hands were scrabbling neurotically up and down her naked arms in convulsive gestures; emeralds winked on and off in flashes of verdigris against the white skin of her long fingers.

“I ran to him to offer him my kisses ... I wanted to burn myself in the flame I had always seen smoldering at the bottom of his troubled eyes ... He had such beautiful eyes ... I was going to show him how intense, how overwhelming my passion was ... Oh! How I wanted him at that moment. I ran to him to stop him from leaving. I could already savor his kisses on my eager mouth!”

Waving a hand in a gesture of world-weariness, with distress welling up and filling her voice with harsh timbres, she continued.

“I found a corpse, all covered in blood! A dreadful grimace on his face! ... and everything I’d ever dreamed of left in tatters! Horrible! You can’t imagine it!”

Clipped phrases come tumbling out as her trembling hands flutter distractedly.

“Some boots standing in a pile of clothes ... Everything higgledy-piggledy and evil-smelling ... And books, so many books ... Oscar Wilde’s *Pensées*¹²³, all spattered with blood ... I rescued it from the ironic indignity of that shabby tragedy ... Look, I brought it with me, it’s here, somewhere ...”

“Yes, he was pitifully poor”, laments Maria Eduarda “You knew that, anyway ... But he was a great talent, a man of uncommon intelligence.”

Clara interrupts, fiery and brutal:

“No, he wasn’t! If that were true, he wouldn’t have treated me to such a spectacle!”

In a burst of energy, she rises and goes over to the window, and looks out into the distance, where trees, bewitched and benumbed by moonlight, are sobbing softly. The silvered light elongates her figure in a most singular fashion ...

Clara, after a prolonged, almost hypnotic silence, seemingly revitalized and quite uninhibited, as if she has already exorcised the ghosts of those painful memories, leans slightly towards her friend, who is looking at her quizzically, and asks

“And all those people? How did you get rid of them? Did you drown them in that infusion of intelligence I proposed?” Attempting a smile, she continues: “Ah! If we could only contrive a way for them to be elegant in moral terms, cultured in aesthetic terms! ... Just think, Maria Eduarda, what an almost limitless act of charity that would be!”

In a slow and drawn-out caress, her nervous fingers quell the black waves of Maria Eduarda’s unruly hair.

123. In the original, Teixeira cites the title of the work in Portuguese (*Os pensamentos*), thinking either of the 1912 posthumous collection published in French as *Pensées* (and, subsequently, as *Pensées, maximes, anecdotes*) or *Pensamentos e paradoxos*, the 1926 Portuguese translation by Almeida Paiva (Lisboa: Parceria António Maria Pereira).

“One of these days I’ll tell you all about it, but now I can’t ... Oh! How my head aches! I’ll tell you how the intelligence, the talent of certain geniuses, engenders in them interesting and bizarre perspectives that attract them to beauty ... but beauty only in one sense of the word. Yet in life, even in their sentimental lives, they can’t avoid stumbling. Their intelligence surgically removes any intimate elegance they might otherwise have conveyed. And though they speak of beauty with a certain talent, they are describing palaces in which they’ve never set foot and velvet whose softness they’ve never felt ... For members of that race, elegance of the mind, the refinement of the skin and the senses, is mere atavism. And it belongs to one race only: to those who have nothing other than intelligence, those who use only their wisdom to fashion the attitudes that people adopt, which will often seem all the finer for having been thus created ... Ah! but make no mistake, when something created on the basis of talent alone comes into contact with the real world, the shock is so great that it often just falls apart! Oh, my dear sensitive darling, such tedium! ... And what a headache I still have!”



They fall into an even longer silence. The moonlight is colder, its beams fashioned out of steel blades. Uninhibitedly, the distant trees sway, bending over, almost kneeling, then raise their boughs to the sky.

A bird’s cry. Its gray clamorous wings graze the window.

Clara’s face is pallid. Her eyes sparkle like jewels. Suddenly, two enormous teardrops, bright as oriental pearls, roll glinting down the silvered satin of her pain-wracked face. Maria Eduarda comes to her. She cradles Clara’s drooping tawny head against her breast, with tender gentleness, softly, delicately ... Under Maria Eduarda’s fond caresses, Clara dissolves into tears and, in a voice broken, lacerated by her inner anguish, she says:

“Oh, love is impossible! My mind is so fastidious it simply snuffs out the flame! ... And, once my oh-so refined spirit has drained it of all sensuality, love simply dies, pining for beauty¹²⁴ ... And why, why all this anguish that I cannot put into words and that only my beauty-stricken soul can understand and endure? And my flesh will be forever crying out, its clamor resounding through my famished spirit ... unsated! ... And always the same tedium filling me up, defeating me!”

124. Here, Teixeira seems to be fusing together the two parts of the Latin phrase *sensu alia* (“in another sense” or “put another way”) to form the neologism *sensuália* (as in “bacchanalia”), evoking a festival devoted to love and in which love is expressed and experienced by all the senses. It is plausible that she was also mischievously (as well as homoerotically) translating *sensu alia* as “another feeling”. In her poem “A côr dos sons” [The colour of sounds] from her collection *Núa*, Teixeira uses the same word to suggest fingers (or fingernails) beating out a rhythm on Carrera marble.

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125. *Coração Arquivista* [Personal Archives] consists of Viana’s reflections on direct and indirect encounters with literary celebrities over the course of his career. It is noteworthy that Judith Teixeira is the *only* woman included in his personal overview of Portuguese literature.

126. The Duchess of Padua: A Play by Oscar Wilde was first published in New York in 1907 by Paul R. Reynolds in a limited edition of only six copies with the express purpose of establishing copyright in the name of Methuen & Co. Ltd of London. It was a prose version of Wilde’s original verse tragedy, back-translated from a text prepared by Max Meyerfeld for theater performances in Germany (Donohue 2007, *passim*). A French translation, by Cecil Georges-Bazile, was published in 1926.



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