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***Perspectives on the Self in the Novels of
Camilo Castelo Branco (1850-1870)***

by

David Gibson Frier

Thesis for the Degree of Ph.D.

Prepared at

The University of Glasgow

in

The Department of Hispanic Studies.

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To my parents

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Summary

The aim of this study is to illustrate a thematic inter-dependence between Camilo's life and work, and to establish, upon this basis, the theory that his professional devotion to literature (an idea which is already long established) is based upon an almost total inability to distinguish between real life and the exceptionally vivid world of his own imagination.

Accordingly, the Introduction charts the main events of the author's life. These are then supplemented by a brief analysis of the author's character: this reveals a man over-sensitive to offence, self-centred, and obsessed by inadequacy, both his own and that of the world in which he lived. This leads, amongst other things, to a quite unfounded preoccupation with his own nobility typical of his insecurity and urgent need to prove his own worth.

In Chapter One, attention is turned to the author's relationships with the mother whom he lost at an early age. Precisely because of this uncertainty surrounding her, she becomes a dominant figure, stimulating at different times nostalgia, bitterness, and fear. Always, however, her image is present: the need for a protection sought in vain in childhood survives into adult life in an infantile dependence on mother-figures co-existing with outbursts of fury at a protectiveness which only impedes the development of the individual.

This predicament affects Camilo's ability to relate maturely to women in general. In particular, he displays a fear of the sexual act itself, and tends to view the opposite sex as representing either base sexuality or idealised virtue. In the fiction, although occasional attempts are made to synthesise these two visions, the ideal sought is usually one of love untainted by sexual passion and therefore, apparently, based on

virtue. In reality, however, this is merely an attempt to avoid the challenges of adult relationships.

In Chapter Two, this simplistic mentality is fitted into the more general context of temperamental solipsism. This differs from its philosophical counterpart in that it is not a mere matter of theory, but a genuine doubt as to the reliability of sensory perception, and, with that, of the object of perception itself. This leads to an all-pervading irony which leaves no certainties, even within the self; the attempt to escape from within the self, therefore, leads only back inwards to a heightened self-doubt.

Chapter Three illustrates the functioning of the solipsistic novel itself. The escape into fiction is intended by the novelist as an attempt to overcome his self-doubts and awareness of approaching death. In the process of placing his visions into a "reality" like that of the real world, however, he binds them to laws similar to those of real life. The result of this is that the escape is futile: the passing of time, feared as a threat to the only reality which the solipsist can know (that of the self), becomes not less, but more insistent.

In externalising his inner world, the author attaches it to the only external reality known to him; hence Camilo's categorisation as a regionalist writer, although the North which is seen in the novels is, in reality, a world of the imagination superimposed upon a reassuringly familiar physical context. This is only one aspect of a more general tendency in Camilo: to create confidence in the narrative, for himself as much as for his reader, by an almost sensory attachment to it.

In forging this bond, however, the author re-creates for himself the same doubts as are felt in dealing with external reality: the use of framing narratives and the apparent denial of authorial omniscience express an awareness of the uncertainties involved in making any kind of assertion about the world. Even the reader is drawn into this process: Camilo attempts to find some comfort from his doubt in the almost unique

mental contact which can be provided by literature.

One possible solution to this situation is explored in Chapter Four: religion. Camilo's extreme solipsism, however, leads him to conceive of God as existing only to serve his personal interests. His conception of the nature of Christianity in general is equally self-centred. The same shallow idealism which attempts to deny the body completely in love leads also to a misconceived "spirituality" whereby the morality of the world shared with others is abolished when it is seen to conflict with individual development.

The central Christian doctrine of repentance is sentimentalised and becomes a self-congratulatory exercise in asceticism, leading to a conceited identification of the self with Christ. This also slips into a cynical and hypocritical "virtue" which is used to justify self-advantage and the satisfaction of personal grievances against those who are viewed by the author as lacking a spiritual dimension.

True Christian love is entirely absent here, and the attempt to dictate to God the kind of world in which the individual would like to live not only displays a lack of humility; it also avoids the avowed goal of the religious quest. For the Divinity is the one reliable source of reassurance for Camilo's kind of doubt, but it is rejected when it is found not to be in accordance with that personal vision of reality which was the original problem, and to which Camilo then returns in frustration.

This refusal to relate to the real world becomes merely an addiction to an alternative version of it: the spirituality which has frequently been identified in Camilo is, in reality, only the manifestation of a creative imagination of above-average power. A world imagined in this way is no more secure than that of normal life.

What Camilo seeks is a perfect security which would allow him to evade the obligation to give as well as to receive in his dealings with the world. He is not prepared to make sacrifices in his search for happiness: his novels, first conceived as an attempt

to relate to others, fail to do so because, by basing the search for otherness exclusively upon the self, Camilo ensures that this self is the only reality which he can ever find.

Preface

1990 will mark the centenary of the death of one of the most original and idiosyncratic writers in the Portuguese language, Camilo Castelo Branco. It might, therefore, appear surprising that Camilo not only is not well known outside Portugal, but has indeed never been translated into English, nor has his work been subjected to in-depth study in the English-speaking world.

He has, however, achieved some recognition in other cultures: his most successful novel, *Amor de Perdição*, has been translated into languages as diverse as Swedish, Japanese, Italian ¹, and Galego ². As recently as 1984, in fact, a French translation of the work figured prominently on the best-sellers' list in that country ³.

His popularity in Spain was such that Unamuno was to make repeated reference to him in his work, describing his masterpiece on one occasion as the "novela de pasión amorosa más intensa y más profunda que se haya escrito en la Península" ⁴, while, during his lifetime, in 1865, the novelist was made an "académico de la clase de letras" of the "Real Academia Sevillana de Buenas Letras", and, four years later, he was given the honour of "Comendador Ordinario de la Distinguida Orden Española de Carlos III", in a scroll on display in the Casa-Museu in Ceide ⁵.

On the other hand, even in Portugal, it has been only in relatively recent years that the study of Camilo has been undertaken thoroughly. This is despite the continuing popularity of his novels, which are read in schools as one of the essential elements of Portuguese literature, and despite the almost legendary aura which still surrounds his name.

In fact, it is almost certainly precisely this sense of Camilo as a national institution

which has tended to obstruct the understanding of his work. His favoured form of writing, the somewhat antiquated sentimental novel, tends to survive in our day only in so-called "women's fiction", which the modern reader finds it difficult to accept as literature in any serious use of the term.

Yet, in previous ages, this genre was more than a tired cliché of "boy meets girl"; it was used by writers of the stature of Bernardim Ribeiro, Cervantes, and, more recently, Jane Austen, each with his or her individual (and serious) perspective upon life. By the time of Camilo's literary activity, however, this formula already seemed old-fashioned - it was, for example, to be ridiculed by Eça and Ramalho Ortigão in *As Farpas*⁶ -, and, to the modern reader, it may often seem that works of this kind have little to offer.

Nevertheless, this was the kind of novel which Camilo wrote with greatest success, not for the sake of increased sales (although he may legitimately be said to be the first truly professional writer in Portuguese literature), but because it was what was most suited to his needs: the regret expressed in the preface to the fifth edition of *Amor de Perdição* at having to abandon this course is too obvious to be anything but genuine:

"Se, por virtude da metempsicose, eu reaparecer na sociedade do século XXI, talvez me regozije de ver outra vez as lágrimas em moda nos braços da retórica, e esta quinta edição do *Amor de Perdição* quase esgotada."⁷

Camilo, then, breaks the golden rules of the modern taste in serious literature: he is sentimental; and, while he shares with many of the greatest figures of modern literature an obsessive concern with the self, he does not do so in a way in which modern man can easily recognise his own predicament. The intense internal focalisation which characterises Joyce, Mann, Kafka, Camus, and other acknowledged giants of the twentieth century, is entirely absent in Camilo, who, in his novels, prefers simply to tell a story.

This fact may be contrary to modern taste, but there is nothing wrong with this as a priority; and the sheer vivacity and spontaneity of the author's narrative more than make up for what is lacking in analytic depth, while his individual preoccupations and thoughts on life do frequently make their presence felt, to universalise the predicaments of protagonists who are obliged to confront, not merely frustration in love, but a universe which no longer seems to make sense to them. For these reasons it would be foolish to trivialise Camilo's relevance to the modern world, just because we may not like his kind of writing.

Unfortunately, this is what has happened all too frequently: those who dislike Camilo pick upon his Romantic excesses (as Araújo Correia and Bigotte Chorão point out, there seems to be an unwritten law that critics should not like both Eça and Camilo! ⁸). Meanwhile, those who have been attracted to his work have often tended to sing the praises of his literary style, or of his observation of the customs of the Minho, while ignoring the substance of his novels.

The numerous myths which have grown up around his biography have further served to romanticise his image, while obscuring the real man. A figure so controversial in real life, but whose novels command enormous affection in Portugal, is guaranteed to produce an enthusiastic response from his public. Nor can it be suggested that the basic facts about Camilo are unknown to the Portuguese public: various short and reliable works, such as Bigotte Chorão's *Camilo: a Obra e o Homem* are available, and serve a useful purpose by stimulating interest in a figure who has tended to be treated less seriously than he deserves.

Yet, precisely because his novels are so popular, they can all too easily be read as sentimental romance, with little or no consideration of them as the products of a highly cultured mind with its own vision of life. Thus the potential subtleties of a work such as *Amor de Perdição*, which is familiar in all of its deceptive simplicity to every

Portuguese schoolchild, are all too often ignored. This fact has had an unfortunate effect on criticism of Camilo.

At the level of factual research, Camilo's life, times and work are perhaps excessively documented. Even during his own lifetime, biographies appeared⁹. His most famous biography, however, remains Pimentel's *Romance do Romancista*, which is full of interesting personal reminiscences, but, in spite of subsequent research which has shown it to be unreliable, the authority which has been accorded to this work is such that it has continued to be used with little selectivity, although it was first published almost one hundred years ago, only a few months after Camilo's death.

The main fault of this study is the very strength which its author sees in it, namely his readiness to take as his main authority Camilo's declarations regarding his own life. These, apart from being self-contradictory at times, are, at others, likely to be motivated by self-interest or distorted by the novelist's apparent inability to distinguish between fact and fiction¹⁰. On several occasions, in fact, Camilo openly admits the unreliability of his own version of events in his life, as in the following extract from a letter to Freitas Fortuna, written in 1889:

"Eu tinha nove anos quando meu pai morreu. Nessa idade vim para Vila Real para a companhia de uma tia. O meu amigo conta um facto que eu devo reconstruir por não ser bem exacta a história dele como eu a contei humoristicamente."¹¹

Sadly, it was not until Aquilino's *Romance de Camilo* appeared in 1961 that a healthily sceptical account of Camilo's life was available. Alexandre Cabral has pointed out that, as an author of fiction himself, Aquilino saw the importance of the concept of "verdade literária", in other words of fitting the implied author and his life into the context of a particular literary work¹². While we may accept that the narrator of a work of fiction will often be closely associated with the real-life author (and, in Camilo's case,

there can be little doubt that this is how the author viewed his own narrators), this narrator must still remain a part of his own fictional creation and may be embellished or altered in the same way as any other character based more or less faithfully on real-life acquaintances. In order to appreciate *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, for example, the reader is surely not required to believe as factual event the opening sentence of the Introduction to the novel:

“Na primavera de 1859, comprei, na estação de Santa Apolónia, um bilhete de via-férrea para a Ponte da Asseca.”¹³

Why, therefore, should he be required to place implicit belief in lengthier recollections taken from works such as *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, often cited as an authority on Camilo's past, which are perhaps based on fact but which are intended to stimulate certain moods and feelings within the reader in the same way as a work of more conventional fiction? Unfortunately, however, the same passages are cited time after time as “proof” of dubious recollections, sometimes ignoring statements to the contrary elsewhere in Camilo's writings, and often blindly reproducing “truths” accepted on the basis of naïve critical judgement similar to Pimentel's. Of the older biographies, Meneses' *Camilo: Documentos e Factos Novos* is probably the most reliable. Though he, too, is guilty of over-literal biographical inference from passages in the fiction, Meneses points the way to greater accuracy by relying principally on independent documentary evidence regarding both Camilo and his family.

The other danger inherent in the biographical approach to a figure such as Camilo is that other writers will see in him a convenient vehicle for the expression of their own ideas, and will produce, accordingly, works which perhaps contain many facts, but within a perspective of subjective self-expression rather than of objective search for the truth. As with so many other matters in which he displayed an interest, Unamuno was guilty of this in his vision of Camilo, which does, nonetheless, provide some valuable insights. More significant, however, is Pascoais' *O Penitente*, which lays great stress

upon the expiatory aspect of Camilo's life and works, without, however, passing comment on the possible significance of this phenomenon in relation to a broader vision of the fiction. At times, Aquilino, too, seems to sacrifice academic rigour to the requirements of a semi-fictional form.

The most reliable biographical work in recent years has been the untiring research of Alexandre Cabral, whose painstaking perusal of letters, newspapers, and documents of all kinds, allied to a considerable capacity for historical reconstruction and intelligent guesswork as to the motivation behind various events in Camilo's life, has given him a knowledge of the author's biography which is surely unmatched. This has, in turn, produced an astounding stream of articles and books, proving beyond doubt the emptiness of many of the beliefs which have been passed down from generation to generation.

It seems to be more or less generally accepted now, for example, that we should not speak of Ana Plácido as Camilo's "mulher fatal", but rather of Camilo as her "homem fatal"; this long overdue reassessment is mainly attributable to Cabral's *A Via Dolorosa*. Reliable as his work is, we must still approach his statements with caution, however; while he may well be correct in attributing the paternity of Manuel Plácido to Camilo, for example, this reader, for one, is reluctant to state this as categorically as Cabral does¹⁴, and the concept of Camilo as a "profissional das letras", to which he subordinates all other facts of his biography, merely requires the question to be taken one step further: *why* was Camilo such an obsessive writer?

By building upon the work of such previous sources as Marques and Osório, Cabral has also provided reliable facts and figures on Camilo's literary production, and performed invaluable work in setting the personal background to his writing in all genres¹⁵. Among his most recent works are the valuable annotated collections of the texts of Camilo's polemics and of his most important correspondence - an area of study previously given its due only by very few figures such as the equally meticulous Júlio

Dias da Costa.

Nevertheless, as a critic, Cabral seems to do little more than scratch the surface. For a specifically literary perspective, the reader is best advised to turn to Jacinto do Prado Coelho's *Introdução ao Estudo da Novela Camiliana*. Although - as the title would suggest - this work is limited in the depth which it can afford to devote to any particular aspect of the subject, it ranges broadly over the whole scope of literature in nineteenth-century Portugal, Camilo's personal influences, and the nature of his fiction.

The value of Prado Coelho's contribution may be judged by the fact that, until about the time of the first appearance of his work in 1946, studies of Camilo had fallen into one of three categories. In the first, there was a tendency to concentrate on obscure matters of little relevance to the central issues of overall interpretation¹⁶; one could place in this group many of the biographical studies with only a tenuous link to the author himself, which occasionally prove to be of some value to modern research in terms of the facts which they uncover, but are in themselves of interest only to the obsessive "Camilianista".

Alternatively, public awareness of Camilo has often been used as a springboard for what are really studies of different matters altogether. Thus, one finds works such as Pimentel Jr.'s *Nosografia de Camilo*, which is probably of greater relevance to students of medicine than to literary scholars.

Works of the third category are restricted by and large to general assessments of Camilo's writing and of his life, and these are often repetitive or attempt to trace one particular aspect of his character to the exclusion of all others: all too often, however, these are based on lengthy and uncritical quotation from his work - thus we have Gracias' *Camilo Suicida*, Gonçalves de Andrade's *Camilo Místico*, and Lacape's *Camilo Castelo Branco: L'homme, L'historien, L'artiste*, whose main strength lies in documenting the unpredictability and instability of Camilo's character, but whose author's

talents seem to have been scientific rather than interpretative.

The implicit assumption of this tendency is surely that Camilo's work serves only to confirm what is already understood regarding his character. As Damas Cabral's article on Proust and Camilo points out ¹⁷, biography, to the literary critic, should be a means, not an end - it is legitimate to refine the interpretation of a text by reference to the life of its author, but to allow this factor to dominate is to belittle the potential of fiction.

In more recent years, however, Alexandre Cabral's efforts to dispel many of the biographical myths have been matched by a noticeable increase in detailed research on Camilo's work. Amongst the most notable contributions in this area have been studies of Camilo's narrative technique by Pinto de Castro, of Romantic irony in Camilo and Garrett by Ferraz, and of the specifically Portuguese aspects of Camilo's novels by Régio. There have also been important contributions to the appreciation of individual novels, such as Lawton's article on *Amor de Perdição*, and Ramires Ferro's book on *A Queda dum Anjo*.

At last it would appear that Camilo is being accorded the serious study due to a figure whose profound influence on Portuguese prose is felt well into the twentieth century. To this day, however, few have attempted to account in the same terms for both the fictional production and the actions of the man, both of which are products of the same pressures and desires.

Perhaps only Gondin da Fonseca has attempted this, but his work - rightly criticised at the time of its publication for its sensationalism and over-dogmatic dependence on Freud, and the quite appalling intellectual arrogance of its author ¹⁸ - has been largely ignored, in spite of its occasional valuable insights. However, at least Fonseca realises the importance of research not merely into what *sort* of person Camilo was, but also *why* he was that sort of person, and how being that sort of person influenced the nature of his fictional creation. These are the questions, above all others, which still remain to be

answered.

It is to be hoped that this work will contribute something to filling the gap left between Camilo's well-documented life and his prodigious literary output. The intention here is to attempt an assessment of Camilo of the kind envisaged by Fonseca, without, however, becoming enslaved either to theoretical dogma, whether literary or psychological, or to the received "truths" surrounding the figure of the author. This will be done by assessing the rationale of the novels in various respects and drawing parallels between this evidence and such biographical evidence as is available. I have not attempted to reveal any new material in the course of this study, although one or two such pieces have been incorporated in the course of the argument, as well as some facts whose significance has been ignored in previous studies. The main intention, however, has been to provide a fresh assessment of what is already known.

The range of this work is the novels written by Camilo between 1850 and 1870, that is from *Anátema* to *A Mulher Fatal*. Reference has, however, been made both to works other than novels dating from this period and, occasionally, to later novels. Use has also been made of letters and other personal documents written in later life; to a great extent this has been forced upon me, because little material of this kind survives from the period under consideration, and, provided that reasonable caution is exercised in their use, these sources may provide useful supporting evidence for the claims to be advanced.

To some, the choice of 1870 as a limit for the study may seem unnatural. Thus, Alexandre Cabral divides the author's career into four periods:

"1.º - 1845 a 1850;

2.º - 1851 a 1859;

3.º - 1861 a 1875;

4.º - 1879 a 1890." ¹⁹

This is not an unreasonable division, although, as with all such categorisations, it should be regarded as a rule of thumb rather than as an infallible guide. In the first period Camilo's prose consists of sketches which are often melodramatic and always lack the maturity of the full-length novels which were to come; his best work of this period is in drama and in poetry.

I would take issue with Cabral regarding the point of division between the second and third periods, although the division itself is fully justified: there is a world of difference between the novels of the 1850's and the most familiar Camilo novel, that of the formula employed by *Amor de Perdição*. Nevertheless, *Carlota Ângela* (1858) must surely be placed in the latter category, so that I would make the division in that year (as, indeed, Jacinto do Prado Coelho also chooses to do ²⁰).

One might suggest a further division around 1856 between the rambling "Gothic" novel (*Anátema*, *Mistérios de Lisboa* and *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*) and the two "Guilherme do Amaral" novels of that year. This might, however, lead ultimately to excessive categorisation of the author's work, and it is perhaps fairest to regard this decade as a whole as the period when Camilo, having made his big literary breakthrough, was searching for the right formula, which was eventually found in *Carlota Ângela*.

The novels of the 1860's mark the author's mature style: witty, ironic, and with a gift for moving the reader profoundly. By the beginning of the next decade, however, this style had become somewhat repetitious and it was only after a few years' further experimentation in the early 1870's that a new style matured, which was to achieve considerable success in the *Novelas do Minho* of 1875-7. By then, however, as Lopes points out, the spontaneity of youth had deserted the novelist:

"A edição crítica das *Novelas do Minho*, assente em

manuscritos da Biblioteca Municipal de Sintra, revela que, pelo menos durante a sua fase de adestramento na redacção sôbriamente realista, Camilo está muito longe da sua tão apregoada espontaneidade.”²¹

The fourth period, that of the the supposedly Realist works, such as *Eusébio Macário*, completes the process as the older man, facing up to the frustration of earlier ambitions, is forced into a reluctant acceptance that human life^{was}, after all, something which was almost entirely beyond his control.

This is, however, of little significance here. This study has stopped at 1870, because there is a clear decline in the novelist's powers from around that date. It is not the intention here to dispute the qualities of the *Novelas do Minho* or of other later works, but they are works of a completely different kind from *A Queda dum Anjo*, *O Romance de um Homem Rico* or *Amor de Salvação*. The irony of the later works tends more towards satire and bitterness, and, as the lively act of narration disappears, so, with it, one loses the sense of being guided by the novelist through the work as if by some convivial host. To this critic, at least, the later novels must always be inferior.

My interpretation has been based mainly on nine novels of the period: *Anátema*, *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, *Um Homem de Brios*, *Carlota Ângela*, *Amor de Perdição*, *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, *Amor de Salvação*, *A Queda dum Anjo* and *O Retrato de Ricardina*. This seemed to be wiser than to attempt the impossible in surveying an enormous corpus, much of which would add little to what may be gleaned from these works. These include two of the author's own favourites (*O Romance de um Homem Rico* and *Amor de Salvação*²²), his most successful novel (*Amor de Perdição*), the two novels which established his early success (*Anátema* and *Onde Está a Felicidade?*), and his greatest comic novel (*A Queda dum Anjo*). The other three have been studied in depth purely because, by their nature, they are best suited to illustrate certain tendencies in the author's work.

Occasional reference has, however, been made to other works, whether other novels of the period or later, or writings in different genres, where this has been considered appropriate to illustrate certain points.

A Note on Orthography

Camilo's work was written according to the spelling conventions of the nineteenth century ("Camillo" for "Camilo", "Thereza" for "Teresa", etc.); it has been my aim to replace these forms by modern spellings when quoting both from the novels and from critical works written before later reforms. I have, however, respected Brazilian spelling variations in the case of works published in that country.

Notes on the Preface

1. For discussion of these translations, see Pérez, *passim*.
2. Camilo Castelo Branco: *Amor de Perdição* (Translation by Xela Arias, Vigo, Edicións Xerais de Galicia, 1986). This translation is reviewed by Simões in *Boletim da Casa de Camilo* (Third Series, No. 8, Vila Nova de Famalicão, December 1986), pp. 92-3.
3. Camilo Castelo Branco: *Amour de Perdition*. The translation is reviewed by Simões in *Boletim da Casa de Camilo* (Third Series, No. 4, Vila Nova de Famalicão, December 1984), pp. 84-5. The preface to the translation is reviewed, also by Simões, in "Camilo a Voo de Pássaro".
4. Miguel de Unamuno: *Por terras de Portugal y de España*, (Buenos Aires, Colección Austral, Editora Espasa-Calpe, Third Edition, 1946), p. 19.
5. All of these distinctions are mentioned by Salema Garção in his chronological account of Camilo's life, where the pages unfortunately are not numbered.
6. Ortigão e Queiroz, Vol. I, p. 30.
7. O. C., Vol. III, p. 382.
8. See Araújo Correia, pp. 87-89, and Bigotte Chorão, "Camilo e a Tradição Narrativa Camiliana", p. 112.
9. José Cardoso Vieira de Castro: *Camilo Castelo Branco: Notícia de Sua Vida e de Suas Obras* (Oporto, Tipografia António José da Silva Teixeira, 1862).

10. This matter of theory is discussed in Alexandre Cabral's preface to the second edition of Pimentel's *Romance*.
11. Dias da Costa, *Dois Anos*, p. 117. This passage was originally quoted in illustration of this point by Alexandre Cabral, in his preface to Pimentel's *Romance*, p. 37.
12. See Alexandre Cabral's preface to Pimentel, *Romance*, p. 22. His reference to Aquilino is presumably to *O Romance*, Vol. I, p. 8.
13. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 5.
14. See Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 26-31.
15. See the series "Obras de Alexandre Cabral", published by Livros Horizonte, Lisbon, from 1979 onwards.
16. Jacinto do Prado Coelho identifies many of these areas which had still to be investigated, in his *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 13-14.
17. Damas Cabral, p. 77.
18. For discussion of the merits of Gondin da Fonseca's work, see the debate between Aquilino and Fonseca, as well as Araújo de Correia, pp. 46-47; Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 11; and "Literatura e Psicanálise (A Propósito de Camilo)", by the same author.
19. Alexandre Cabral, *Estudos*, p. 16.

20. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 393-430.
21. Lopes, p. 163.
22. Azevedo e Meneses notes Camilo's reputed comment that *Amor de Salvação*: "Não é inferior ao *Amor de Perdição*." (p. XXXVI).

Introduction

A. Biography.

It would be futile in this context to attempt to give an exhaustive account of Camilo's life, interesting as this type of work might be. As has already been suggested in the Preface above, the significance of his detailed biography has surely been overemphasised. Enormous attention has been paid to the most trivial episodes of his life, and to the lives of persons related to him. Yet what made him famous was his work, and this, by comparison, has been dealt with only skimpily and patchily. Nevertheless, a certain amount must be said concerning his life in order to clear the ground for a comprehensive study of Camilo, man and author.

Despite the unreliability of previous work, the principal facts are beyond dispute. Camilo Castelo Branco was born in Lisbon on 16th March 1825, the illegitimate son of a well-off father, Manuel Correia Botelho de Castelo Branco, and a humble mother, probably Jacinta Rosa do Espírito Santo, his servant, a fact which appears to have caused the father some embarrassment. She was to die before her son reached the age of two, and his father followed her in 1835, during a cholera epidemic in Lisbon, although Camilo was later to suggest that he may have died insane¹. What is certain is that the child was brought face-to-face with the stark realities of human mortality at an early age.

After his father's death, Camilo and his elder sister, Carolina, were sent to an aunt in Vila Real, the Rita Emília mentioned in *Amor de Perdição*. They reached their destination after an arduous journey by sea, in which the boat from Lisbon to Oporto had to be re-routed to Vigo, owing to bad weather; this was the only time in his life that Camilo left Portugal. Apart from this, his travels and outlook were always to be restricted

not merely to his own country, but almost exclusively to certain areas in the North of it.

Once in Vila Real, the two children found little true affection, as the family there appear to have been less interested in the youngsters themselves than in the inheritance left to them by their father ². Both children married at an early age; when Carolina married Francisco José de Azevedo, Camilo left his aunt and came under the tutelage of Carolina's brother-in-law, Father António de Azevedo in Vilarinho de Samardã, a few miles north of Vila Real. This man, fondly remembered in later years, above all in the dedication of *O Bem e o Mal*, appears to have been the model for the figure of Álvaro as an idealised priest in *O Romance de um Homem Rico* ³. He exercised a significant influence over the future writer's intellectual background, giving him a knowledge of Portuguese literature, Latin, French, rhetoric, and Christian doctrine. Much of Camilo's time at this stage of his life, however, was spent in escaping lessons and roaming the hillsides in lonely communion with nature ⁴.

In 1841, Camilo married Joaquina Pereira de França and lived with her family in the small village of Friúme, near Ribeira da Pena. This union, however, did not last long: by the time of the birth of their daughter, Rosa, in 1843, Camilo had already left the area, claiming that his life was under threat for a libellous poem posted on a church door. Whatever the reasons for this flight, it seems to have been a case of "out of sight, out of mind", for both mother and child were soon to die in poverty, forgotten by the future novelist.

Pimentel attempts to justify Camilo's actions here, by stressing the threat to his safety ⁵, but, as Alexandre Cabral points out, we have only Camilo's word for that, and it was a cry which was to be repeated during his involvements with both Patrícia Emília and Ana ⁶. One cannot, however, accept Cabral's case any more readily, that devotion to his writing was more important to Camilo than family ties. Dória is right to dismiss this view on the grounds that this was long before any success had been obtained in this

field; his explanation is probably the correct one:

“A sua impulsividade natural e a sensualidade que o ia consumindo faziam-no lançar-se irreflectidamente nas aventuras sentimentais, em cujas consequências nem sequer pensava... senão após do acto e consequente fastio.” ⁷

Camilo was, of course, only sixteen at this time, and, while one cannot condone his actions regarding his first wife, few would be emotionally prepared for fatherhood at that age. It would not be improbable to suggest that he deliberately courted trouble in order to avoid the ties and responsibilities of fatherhood, a pattern which was to be repeated in later life.

There followed unsettled years in which Camilo moved from place to place, involved in various relationships - one of which, with Patrícia Emília de Barros, gave him a daughter, Bernardina Amélia, of whom he was always to remain very fond - and probably dabbling in studies, notably in theology and medicine, although opinions differ as to where he was enrolled at this time ⁸. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that he at least moved in intellectual circles, although the patchy nature of his erudition and the occasional alarming gaps in his knowledge suggest that, if he was, indeed, enrolled in some institution of higher education, then his level of application to his studies was less than total. A superficial acquaintance with medical knowledge is often displayed for humorous effect in his novels, as in *Um Homem de Brios*:

“O Coração! Pois é crível a existência de coração no peito deste homem?!”

É; eu creio que é. Desgraçadamente estudei quatro linhas de anatomia, outras tantas de fisiologia, e não posso duvidar da existência de um músculo oco, órgão central da circulação, muito

*forte, de forma cônica em geral... situado na cavidade torácica obliquamente de cima para baixo, e da direita para a esquerda, dentro do pericárdio. Esta estranha chama-se CORAÇÃO.”*⁹

It was also during these years that Camilo embarked upon his literary career in earnest. His first major novel, *Anátema*, had already met with some success in its serialised form in the journal *A Semana* in 1850 (without, however, being completed in that version), before appearing in full in the following year to a mixed reception from contemporary opinion. What is clear in retrospect is the promise shown by the work; it was a commercial success, but it would seem that this was in spite of its prolixity and structural defects¹⁰. Four further novels followed before the appearance in 1856 of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, which led Herculano to acknowledge the new leading light of Portuguese letters:

“Nestes quinze ou vinte anos criou-se uma literatura, e pode dizer-se que não há ano que não lhe traga um progresso. Desde as *Lendas e Narrativas* até o livro *Onde Está a Felicidade?* que vasto espaço transposto!”¹¹

By this time, Camilo had begun the sort of prodigious literary output which prompted Augusto Soromenho's comment, made specifically about *Anátema*, but which could apply equally to Camilo's work in general:

“É uma facilidade incrível - jamais lhe vi emendar uma palavra ou substituí-la; nunca inutilizar uma página ou um período! Escrevendo à noite para ser publicado de manhã; as mais das vezes terminando um capítulo sem haver pensado o como escrevesse o seguinte; a pena parece correr-lhe mais rápida que a imaginação!”¹²

Success and notoriety followed in a steady stream, as Camilo turned this incredible ease of writing to use in a variety of contexts, ranging from novels to bitter polemics, and maintained his place in the public eye by a succession of scandals guaranteed to provoke indignant reaction from "respectable" society: "amours", disputes, and faked duels.

Then, in 1859, the city of Oporto was shaken by an event which put a brief halt to Camilo's prodigious output. Everybody, it seemed, was aware that he had been conducting an affair with Ana Plácido, wife by an arranged marriage of the wealthy merchant, Pinheiro Alves; but now the jealous husband was to prosecute the couple for adultery. The penalty for this offence was exile to Africa ¹³; and Camilo, not for the first time, responded to difficulty by a futile attempt at escape: he simply ran away. He was to recall his aimless wanderings during this period in the "Discurso Preliminar" of *Memórias do Cárcere* ¹⁴. After several months, he realised that this course of action was pointless and decided to join Ana in prison.

Accordingly, on 1st October 1860, he gave himself up at the Relação do Porto, where he was to spend over a year of his life, fearing the possible outcome of the trial, but also working on some of the finest examples of his art, including *Amor de Perdição* and *O Romance de um Homem Rico*. Throughout the 1860's, in fact, he was to produce a constant stream of those novels which are normally considered to be most typical of him: fast-moving plots leading to tragic climaxes; hastily-sketched, but nonetheless convincing, characters; and extraordinarily original and varied narrative commentary spiced with good humour. This was undoubtedly the period when he was at the height of his powers ¹⁵.

For conviction on the charge faced by the couple, the law required either absolute proof of adulterous behaviour or written confession of the act, and, so, as no such evidence was available, they were absolved, although nobody was in any doubt as to their guilt ¹⁶. Camilo and Ana then spent some time apart, before finally joining their lives

together. In 1863, two events occurred which were to make this union even more inseparable: the birth of their first child, Jorge, and the death of Pinheiro Alves, whose estate at São Miguel de Ceide, near Vila Nova de Famalicão, passed into Ana's hands in her capacity as guardian of Manuel, her legitimate son.

The estate at Ceide was to provide a base and some sort of material security for the rest of Camilo's life. Ana, likewise, effectively became his long-suffering housekeeper and nurse. Her letters during the last years of Camilo's life complain constantly of being obliged to succumb to his whims and endure his continual complaints, and it says much for the strength of her character and her love for him that she endured this treatment to the end ¹⁷.

Camilo, however, was not completely satisfied with these domestic arrangements. He was never to feel any more at home in Ceide than anywhere else - his wanderings around the North in search of some elusive peace of mind never ceased, even in his final years; and on various occasions, he was openly suspicious of Ana's loyalty to him, doubts which had existed as early as 4th July 1859, when he had written to the Barão de Paço Vieira, asking him to spy on Ana and, in particular, on her relations with D. Manuel de Noronha e Melo Portugal ¹⁸. Such fears are reflected as virtual certainties in the less than flattering presentation of the characters representative of Ana in both *O Romance de um Homem Rico* and *Amor de Salvação*, where Palmira is involved in an affair with a character significantly named as D. José de Noronha ¹⁹.

As time passed, and the crises of the early years with Ana faded into memory, so the author's work changed in character from the intensely passionate outpourings of the 1860's to the more reflective works of the following decade. Now that these uncertainties were past, and the rest of his life stood clearly marked out before him, the obsessive urge to write novels reflecting his own experiences eased, and Camilo's rate of production slowed down.

Other matters, too, were beginning to intrude upon his time: this was the period of his active campaigning for elevation to the nobility. This dream had existed since at least 1858, when Camilo wrote the following to Luís Barbosa from Oporto on 16th June:

“Vou tratar de começar a imprimir por minha conta. Verei se em três ou quatro anos económicos posso comprar um prelo, e mais tarde... um título. Nem um hábito de Cristo ainda tenho! Isto é incrível, meu caro Luís!”²⁰

This matter, will, however, be discussed more fully in Section D below. Much more significant in the curtailment of his literary activity in these years was the alarming decline of his health in general and of his eyesight in particular, although, again, this decline had been observed since at least the 1850's:

“Sofro há quatro meses uma diplopia (vista dupla). É horrível para quem não tem outra distracção além da leitura. Tarde será o meu restabelecimento; mas, valham-me as esperanças de não cegar, porque isto importava um inevitável suicídio.”²¹

The recipient of this letter was, once again, Luís Barbosa, the date, 28th April 1856, and the complaints of ill-health were to become a constant in his letters from that time onwards.

These preoccupations with health in his later years were compounded by two family problems: the mental instability of one son, Jorge, and the anti-social behaviour of the other, Nuno, both of which must have preyed considerably upon his mind²².

In 1885, Camilo was finally made Visconde de Correia Botelho; in 1888, he married Ana Plácido; and, on 1st June, 1890, convinced that total blindness was now inevitable, he shot himself in the head. He took almost two hours to die; three days later he was

buried in the Cemitério da Lapa, in Oporto, where his grave remains to the present day.

B. Camilo: The Man.

Camilo Castelo Branco cannot have been an easy person to live with. Childhood experiences seem to have resulted in a rather complex and, at times, objectionable adult, although various commentators are at pains to stress the better side of his nature. These are usually critics who knew Camilo personally, and while that clearly afforded them a perspective impossible to the modern reader, the very fact that they trouble to take such pains suggests that they were consciously engaged in a defensive action²³.

Perhaps the most salient feature of Camilo's character is his dreadful insecurity. Throughout his life this led him to wander from place to place, in a vain pursuit of a contentment which he could never find. In his later years, as this movement increased in his search for health, his letters are filled with instructions on where to send replies, while Ana's bemoan the continual upheavals, against which she dared not protest:

“Camilo mandou, e eu, como sempre, obedeco, com imensas saudades da minha solidão de Ceide, de meu pobre doidinho, que há tanto tempo não vejo, e da minha pobre choupana em que por tantos anos achei a alegria do descanso.”²⁴

As far as Camilo is concerned, this nomadic existence was probably a case of a longing which could not be satisfied, because the object of nostalgia was not a place, nor an object, but a state of mind, long lost and incapable of being found, or perhaps one that was never really experienced at all. Camilo himself prompts such thoughts in a letter to Castilho on 6th September 1864:

“Tenho horas muito tristes e outras muito resignadas. A

felicidade é que eu não achei aqui, nem em parte alguma.”²⁵

This notion may also be found at least half-perceived in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, as the narrator and Álvaro discuss the subject on the train from Lisbon to Santarém, the shrine of Portuguese Romantic “saudade”:

“A saudade do objecto, existente a distância, converte-a em delícias a aproximação; porém, quando a saudade de um sítio é a dor repercutida de vidas que lá viveram, e não podem reviver com a nossa, essa não tem alívio.”²⁶

Significantly, in the case of the novel, the narrator does not even reach Santarém, preferring to leave the train along with Álvaro at Olivais.

However, even if Camilo was aware of the futility of searching in space for something to fill a spiritual need, he clearly still felt impelled to continue his search, almost until his death.

This sense of insecurity both drove him towards Ana and distanced him from her. Letters to the Barbosa brothers reveal this repeatedly:

“A ideia fundamental da cataplasma era que a mulher nunca me amara... fiquei de lá ir pagar o dia de amanhã para rubricar com o selo das armas este novo contracto de nos amarmos eternamente mais quinze dias... eu não creio nesta mulher... Daqui a dias hei de vê-la com o tédio do cansaço. Vou procurar outra mulher. O pelo do mesmo cão... Às nove horas e meia estou nos braços da mulher, em quem não creio, e a quem direi coisas divinas.”²⁷

There is, of course, a note of obsession in the above. To Camilo, nothing could be relied upon, and certainly not Ana's love, although she demonstrated it time after time. Still, however, he continued to doubt, and this led him to act quite disgracefully towards her, repeatedly presenting her as some kind of slut:

"A desonra só é para quem a pratica. D. Ana Plácido não poderia negar-se a homem nenhum: o Sr. Gustavo Duarte não fez proeza de que deve gloriar-se. Foi um infame entre muitos, e mais nada."²⁸

Little evidence has been found to support these and other allegations, and Marco's arrangement of this letter together with those exchanged around the same time by the alleged lovers suggests that, far from deceiving Camilo, they were both very genuinely concerned for his health²⁹.

Certainly, there is no reason to suppose that Ana was the easy conquest implied by Camilo above; and common sense dictates that, if she had been inclined towards infidelity (for which one could feel some degree of sympathy!), there was nothing to prevent her simply leaving Camilo, whose apparent affection for her often serves only as a thin disguise for a deeper selfishness, as, for example, in his explanation to Tomás Ribeiro of his reluctance to marry her, in a letter of 19th July 1885:

"Não cheguei a casar com ela. Parecia-me que não devia em artigo de morte conceder a esta senhora o que os celibatários concedem às criadas com quem casam quando vão morrer. Foi minha amante querida vinte e sete anos. Isso será até o fim."³⁰

Pimentel points out another, perhaps more convincing, reason why Camilo might have been reluctant to marry Ana:

“Até à morte do filho de Pinheiro Alves, em 1877, ainda se percebia porque D. Ana e Camilo não tivessem casado, porque, segundo o Código Civil, a viúva que passasse a segundas núpcias perdia o usufruto dos bens dos filhos menores.”³¹

This explanation only holds until 1877, however; but, if we return to Camilo's letter, the use of words such as “conceder”, the implicit comparison of Ana to a servant (a role which she did, in fact, fulfil to many practical purposes), and the irrelevance of the question of Camilo's imminent death (he had, after all, already had twenty-two years since Pinheiro Alves' death to marry her), all lead one to suspect a motive other than the proclaimed one of respect, namely that of a love which takes its object for granted.

Camilo appears to have been excessively obsessed with Ana's fidelity - Aquilino lists various men with whom Camilo appears to have suspected her of conducting an affair, including even Vieira de Castro, to whom Camilo himself was so close³². This jealous suspicion may have been prompted in part by the fact that they themselves were living in an irregular situation upon which Camilo was materially dependent; as the years advanced - a fact of which Camilo was painfully aware - and his already limited powers of attraction to the opposite sex declined, he seems to have become increasingly concerned by the threat posed to him by any contact between Ana and other men.

This continual need to assert his rights and to reassure himself of his position, is a recurrent feature of Camilo's character - in 1847, for example, he is believed to have attempted to commit suicide with borrowed money on display so that nobody should think that he was poor³³, a blatant cry for attention. Unfortunately, too many of his biographers have failed to see beyond his continual protestations of misfortune and poor health. Camilo was, indeed, unfortunate in many respects, but at times he positively exulted in the glory attached to being a victim of fate, as in this letter to José Barbosa, written on 14th July 1857:

“Tenho sofrido constantemente, mais da alma que do corpo, e muito da alma por que a minha vida é um tecido de contrariedades que me fazem a mim mesmo pasmar. Sou sem questão o homem que a desfortuna mais persegue neste mundo.”³⁴

Such lamentations were poured forth to most of his correspondents. Castilho, who, of course, was himself blind, was not deceived by the complaints of a man who, in that respect at least, was more fortunate than he. On 22nd July 1868 he wrote to Camilo, encouraging him to break out of his depression:

“A sua saúde física podia ser melhor; não nego. A ventura terrestre havia de tratá-lo com menos sequidão; mas em desconto repare para o que realmente possui. Tem uma senhora de altos espíritos, que o adora; vê crescer entretanto, com vigor e boas esperanças, descendência, que provavelmente lhe há-de continuar a fama. Se tem (e cada vez há-de ter mais) invejosos, tem, não menos, amigos que se honram com a sua glória. Sabe o que lhe falta para afortunado? É, como Virgílio dizia dos lavradores, conhecer os seus próprios bens.”³⁵

Camilo did not enjoy good health, and there can be no doubt that failing eyesight, a considerable blow to anybody, must have been doubly frustrating to such an obsessive writer and voracious reader. But his continual protests of persecution by fate wear thin in the long term, and his health was surely more of a mental than a physical obstacle. Even in his last years, Ana claims to have been assured by his doctors:

“É tão grande a vitalidade deste organismo que, se se alimentasse, ainda podia viver muito.”³⁶

Similarly, suggestions that Camilo had financial problems are difficult to justify, certainly from the time of the occupancy of the estate at Ceide onwards, despite Bigotte Chorão's attempt to present it as a modest dwelling³⁷. Continual travels around the North, with hotel bills and the costs of medical treatment in addition, must have made a considerable drain upon the author's resources, but there is no sign that he was ever faced with genuine poverty; what difficulties he may have had were surely caused by the pressures of keeping up a particular life-style rather than by need. Manuela de Azevedo recalls a conversation with Camilo's daughter-in-law, who is reported to have informed her that:

“Naquela casa deitava-se muito dinheiro pela janela fora. Mas pela porta entrava muito mais! Traziam-no os caseiros, os editores e, sobretudo, as heranças de Manuel Pinheiro Alves e da primeira mulher de Nuno. O sr. Camilo é que tinha aquela grande mania de que era pobre.”³⁸

Similarly, his letters to Eduardo da Costa Santos display not only considerable arrogance in his treatment of his correspondent as some kind of unpaid odd-job man whom he employed on his behalf in the city, but also considerable affluence - there are orders for books, cigars, and even for a billiard-table and a piano!³⁹

Alexandre Cabral's oft-repeated assertion of Camilo's “profissionalismo das letras”, therefore, should not be understood in terms of making a living but rather as a *way* of living, as he himself does, indeed, imply in his interpretation of Camilo's suicide as desperation at the prospect of life without the ability to write⁴⁰.

What lay behind much of this was a dangerously over-active mind, which continually feared the worst; and there is, accordingly, a recurrent note in Camilo of nostalgia for the lower level of awareness of lesser mortals. On 1st October 1879, he wrote to Adelino das Neves e Melo:

“Bestifiquemo-nos nas nossas aldeias: procuremos a felicidade onde Sófocles disse que ela estava: a vida mais estupidamente vivida é a mais ditosa.”⁴¹

Such thoughts are frequent in many texts by Camilo and are, for example, implicit in a comment written by him in the margin of Pierre Larrousse's *Flore Latine*, at a passage concerning the Tree of Knowledge in Genesis:

“Defeito, a ciência mata a alma. A felicidade é a estupidez.”⁴²

Similarly, he was to recall his period as a student with some regret. To Rebelo da Silva he wrote:

“Frequentei não sei que anos de ciências médico-cirúrgicas e fui para Coimbra estudar direito, que nunca estudei, honra me seja feita! Um ano depois... voltei-me para Deus, com quem me relacionei por meio da teologia, trago substancioso de que alcancei uma indigestão de cepticismo que ainda hoje me incomoda.”⁴³

A sensitivity so refined as to regret its own subtlety is not unique to Camilo; it recurs in such giants of modern literature as Thomas Mann, and may be traced back as far as the Book of Ecclesiastes. With Camilo, however, this seems to have been allied to extreme touchiness, and certainly he would not permit others to question his intellectual pre-eminence, at which (whatever he may have said), he certainly felt some pride. He would react vitriolically to the slightest hint of criticism, as was illustrated in his petulant letter to Forjaz de Sampaio of 19th March 1862, in protest at the latter's (quite legitimate, even if perhaps misguided) decision to vote against the proposal for Camilo's membership of the “Instituto de Coimbra”:

“Quedei-me a pensar uma noite, sempre com a fava negra de V. Ex.* a pesar-me primeiro no coração, depois no diafragma, depois nos intestinos subjacentes por sua ordem descendente, até que a digestão da afronta se consumou.”⁴⁴

As a polemicist he was a redoubtable opponent and, although his arguments are frequently characterised by hysteria matched against rational debate - the classic example being perhaps that of the polemic “Racionalismo e Fe” conducted with Amorim de Viana in 1852⁴⁵ -, he always carried the day, even if, at times, he had to resort to somewhat unscrupulous means to do so. Thus, in the debate with José Maria Rodrigues, he had access to his opponent’s pamphlets at the proof stage, which enabled his replies to appear more quickly and, therefore, more convincingly⁴⁶. Camilo Castelo Branco might lose the argument in rational terms, but he could not allow himself to be *seen* to lose.

On one occasion, recalling a past dispute with Silva Pinto, Camilo comments on his own style of polemic in the following terms:

“Sempre que um dos novos me agride, há quem me aconselhe... a não fazer caso. Foi assim quando V. me provocou... Eu vi o pobre Castilho e o pobre Herculano saírem desta vida com muitas nódoas negras no corpo... Mas pela minha parte resolvi não me deixar contundir sem usar de represálias. Os rapazes dão-me; mas eu reajo como se vê.”⁴⁷

Such single-mindedness was often allied to vicious spite; Silva Pinto was one of very few adversaries with whom Camilo made his peace. Others, such as the Princess Rattazzi, who had made a critically naive assessment of Camilo’s fiction in her *Portugal à vol d’oiseau*, were subjected to quite appalling personal abuse:

“Cito quatro novelas, e por casualidade nenhuma delas tem ‘brasileiro’; porém, quanto a namorados, são tantos que nem a senhora princesa é capaz de ter tido mais.”⁴⁸

All of these facts point to one common factor underlying all others: a desperate self-consciousness regarding the image projected to the outside world, in short the cry for attention of the orphan who has never grown up, as Camilo himself comes close to admitting in a letter to Vieira de Castro, in whom he seems to have seen a reflection of himself:

“Tu precisaste sempre ser amado como uma criança. A solidade de alguns anos, no Ermo, e as asperezas que te irritaram a mocidade, carecida do amor de família, não te deixaram sentir bem a fundo a iniciação para homem... Se Deus me não houvesse matado a mim o contentamento desde a infância, o teu infortúnio bastaria para me enegrecer as horas todas.”⁴⁹

There is, indeed, a childish note in many of Camilo’s more lyrical or sentimental moments, as perhaps in the poem “A Ana Augusta”, written in S. Miguel de Ceide on 11th December 1863:

“Ao voltarem de abril as rosas lindas,
E as árvores vestirem suas galas,
De mim te lembrarás.
Que tu bem sabes, filha, quanto eu era
Amante dos festins da primavera,
Das rosas e lilás.

Depois irão teus olhos divagando
No doce azul dos céus, e talvez, triste,
À terra os voltará...
E vendo em derredor a soledade,
Bem pode ser que digas com saudade:
'Camilo! aonde estás?' " 50

Although this poem is indisputably a touchingly beautiful love-lyric, which could easily have come from the pen of a Bécquer, the attention is caught equally by the cheap attempt at self-publicity in the final stanza. It is the beloved who is seen longing for the poet, rather than vice versa, which points to a state of mind where love is seen not in terms of give-and-take, but as a search for a security not available within the self. Love, it seems, is a gift expected, as a matter of course and without obligation, from beyond the self. However much he may have loved Ana, Camilo was not prepared to sacrifice much for her sake; she it was who always bowed to his will, as noted at p. 33 above.

It is interesting in this context to note Camilo's fondness for dogs, mentioned by Barbosa:

"É geralmente sabida a predilecção que Camilo tinha pelos cães; e, de feito, nunca ele deixava de possuir algum destes *leais companheiros, que por toda a parte o seguia humilde e dedicado, correspondendo às carícias do dono com a mais calurosa afeição.*" 51 (my italics).

What is significant here is that, in a relationship with a woman, man is dealing with another human being who has emotional sensitivities which require constant attention, an attention which Camilo, it would appear, bestowed only rarely on Ana. With dogs, however, the relationship operates at a lower level, whereby the master supplies food and the dog supplies simply physical company; it is therefore a far easier relationship

to control, and, while its pleasures may be less than those of human company, so are its pains. As Aquilino comments:

“Só por este afecto aos bichos se denunciava o desconfiado
ou o misantropo.”⁵²

António Cabral even chronicles a rather bizarre experiment conducted by Camilo to test the faithfulness of one of his dogs: observing its affection for him, he deliberately paid it no attention whatsoever, to see how it would react to this apparent indifference. When the dog continued to behave towards him exactly as before, Camilo is reported to have felt satisfied and flattered by this undemanding and undeserved devotion⁵³.

This relationship sums up the sort of light in which he regarded all of his dealings with the outside world, as one of taking without giving, of love as a passive rather than as a reciprocal relationship. One suspects that this is also how he would have liked his relationship with other humans, and with Ana in particular, to have been. It is when this was not the case, when he had to give in to the wishes of others or when others projected a less than flattering image of him to the public, that he found cause for complaint; and, when there was no image projected at all, he had to create one - hence the continual bewailing of ill fortune, and the creation of disputes for no apparent reason. At a deep-lying level, this misconception and this cry for attention lie also at the heart of his fictional universe.

C. Camilo: Between Realism and Romanticism.

Camilo belongs to the second generation of Portuguese Romanticism which co-existed with the growth of Realist currents of thought under a French cultural influence increasingly powerful in the cosmopolitan Liberal society of nineteenth-century Lisbon and Oporto. Indeed, he is the only major figure of this second generation, and, while his

temperament and the general flavour of his work are indisputably Romantic, he stands at times upon the border-line of Realism. Certainly, although there seems to be a tradition of opposition between his work and Eça's, it would be hard to imagine the production of novels such as *Os Maias* without the enormous progress made first by Camilo in introducing a prose-fiction that was Portuguese, contemporary, and set in a realistically recognisable society.

His early work, such as the short story *Maria! Não me mates, que sou tua mãe!* of 1848, tends to be sensationalist in tone, involving intense passions, macabre events and an unabashedly direct appeal to the reader's emotions. By the time of the first major novels (*Anátema* in 1851, *Mistérios de Lisboa* in 1854, and its sequel *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis* in 1855), these ultra-Romantic tendencies survive in a quasi-Gothic complexity of plot, but otherwise are given expression only with considerable ironic discussion of the merits of a literary taste created by French Romantic prose. The following passage from *Anátema*, where the lovers Inês da Veiga and Manuel de Távora find themselves alone together at last, is typical of the growing self-consciousness of an author writing in a tradition which he knows to be already out of date:

“Depois que o conde de S. Vicente entrou no quarto de D. Inês da Veiga, o público espera um fervoroso diálogo, em que de parte a parte se digam coisas de amor fortes e incendiárias. E desta vez as exigências do público autorizam-se na prática de todos os romances! Onde é que Eugénio Sue, ou Dumas prepararam o conflito de dois amantes sozinhos no mesmo quarto, que os não fizessem dizer quatro páginas de nervosas exclamações, afora uma de reticências?”⁵⁴

This capacity for self-irony was to become not only a tool which Camilo would use frequently to gain particular effects in certain contexts of his novels but also, and much more significantly, an integral part of his vision of life. Significantly, also, the figure of

the reader begins to appear in this work as a technical device, shaping the anticipated responses to the events narrated, allowing the author to indulge in long digressions about literature, philosophy or contemporary society without apparent irrelevance, and providing a constant reminder to the reader that what he is reading is not reality, but a continually sustained *illusion* of reality ⁵⁵.

By this time, however, various themes familiar in Camilo's work as a whole had already become apparent: the inevitability of death, the impossibility of lasting happiness on this earth, and the vision of life as suffering and expiation. From *Onde Está a Felicidade?* onwards, these ideas were to become obsessive to him, and, almost without exception, his classic novel of the 1860's is built around plots of frustrated lovers searching without finding, or finding one another only after many trials and tribulations, or late in life ⁵⁶.

Sentimental romance this is, and Romantic it may be, but this is not progressive and Liberal as was the first generation of Portuguese Romanticism; indeed, Camilo's hostility to many aspects of Liberal society is well documented, and, in keeping with his cynical stance concerning the value of the intellect (see pp. 38-39), he was noticeably reluctant in his letters to Castilho to be dragged into the poet's crusade for wider popular literacy ⁵⁷.

Camilo's Romanticism is not a conscious Romanticism shaped by a literary school - he was always too independent for that. Nor is he a dogmatic Realist in the sense that the term is used of such as Eça; but, throughout his fiction, he maintains a constant commitment to reproducing the world without the distortions of consciously idealised models. His realism is, rather, *the realistic vision of the world as it is seen through the eyes of a writer whose experiences of life are Romantic*.

Ramalho Ortigão documents the world of idealised sentiment in which Camilo's generation lived in mid-nineteenth century Oporto:

“Para todos estes homens, moços, aparentemente fortes, aparentemente despreocupados, violentos, desabridos, uma só coisa grave, irredutível, sagrada, parecia existir na vida. Era o amor. De tudo mais zombavam. Havia um desprezo convicto e geral pela fortuna, pelo dinheiro, pela consideração social, pelo próprio trabalho, e até pela saúde. A mulher, porém, a mulher sensível, a mulher amante e amada, a simples mulher romanesca, era um ídolo para cada imaginação.”⁵⁸

This is not a Romantic writing; this is Ramalho, who, along with Eça, in the *Farpas*, had cruelly savaged this kind of mentality. Clearly, however difficult it may be for the hard-nosed twentieth century to accept, the mentality of the Romantic dandy, under the influence of Wertherism, was a very real phenomenon in mid-nineteenth century Portugal: Camilo's own extravagant lifestyle bears testimony to that.

The implications of this fact are considerable. For, if this was what the author's vision of reality was, any writings which reflect that vision, no matter how out of touch with reality they may seem to the modern reader, must be realistic, at least in conception. Hence, when Camilo steadfastly refuses to give unlikely names to his lovers and repeatedly shows them going about such prosaic business as worrying about money (as Simão Botelho does, in *Amor de Perdição*), he is, in his own way, writing realistic fiction. The attitudes which that fiction represents may be distorted, but that is quite another matter - that is a question, not of reflection, but of vision itself.

Camilo's stance towards Realism as a movement was, at best, one of reluctant acceptance that time had brought a new style which made his efforts seem archaic by comparison, as he writes in the preface to the fifth edition of *Amor de Perdição* in 1879:

“Se comparo o *Amor de Perdição*, cuja quinta edição me

parece um êxito fenomenal e extralusitano, com *O Crime do Padre Amaro* e *O Primo Basílio*, confesso, voluntariamente resignado, que para o esplendor destes dois livros foi preciso que a arte se ataviasse dos primores lavrados no transcurso de dezasseis anos. *O Amor de Perdição*, visto à luz da crítica moderna, é um romance romântico, declamatório, com bastantes aleijões líricos, e umas ideias celeradas que chegam a tocar no desaforo do sentimentalismo. Eu não cessarei de dizer mal desta novela, que tem a boçal inocência de não devassar alcovas, a fim de que as senhoras a possam ler nas salas, em presença de suas filhas ou de suas mães, e não precisem de esconder-se com o livro no seu quarto de banho. Dizem, porém, que o *Amor de Perdição* fez chorar. Mau foi isso. Mas agora, como indemnização, faz rir..."⁵⁹

This whole passage, like almost all others where Camilo discusses the school of Realism, is marked by an ironic balance between critical admiration and aesthetic distaste bordering on a sense of innate moral superiority. Camilo does not say that Realism cannot offer a valid perspective upon life: he simply expresses a dislike for it; and his own practice reveals a profound preoccupation with realism as a virtue, rather than as a dogma. We might choose to quote here from the novel *Carlota Ângela* of 1858:

"VERDADE, NATURALIDADE, E FIDELIDADE

é a minha divisa, e sê-lo-á enquanto este globo se não reconstruir à feição do disparate com que uns o alindam e outros o desfeiam."⁶⁰

His realism is not Eça's, not that of city society, of a recognisably modern world, where the individual is seen to be shaped by many influences beyond his control. His

realism reflects the timeless life and practices of a rural society where “brasileiros”, “morgados”, tyrannical fathers, and flights from convents were all still very real to those around him, a world where the individual could at least still *feel* as if he somehow had control over his own life.

In later life, Camilo was, of course, to turn to the Realist novel himself. This was partly a recognition of a fact implicit in the passage quoted above from the preface to *Amor de Perdição* which he was to express in a slightly different way in the preface to *Eusébio Macário*, writing that “hoje em dia, novela escrita de outro feitio, não vinga”. However, even then Camilo maintains a rather simplistic hostility for many of the characteristics of the new style, which was best summed up for him by a member of his own family:

“É a tua velha escola com uma adjectivação de casta estrangeira, e uma profusão de ciência compreendida na *Introdução aos Três Retnos.*”⁶¹

Realism, then, held nothing new for Camilo, as he was to suggest in his preface to Silva Pinto's *Combates e Críticas* of 1882, referring to the Oedipus myth:

“Todos estes parricídios, filiocídios e incestos se faziam com o mais puro coração e a mais tranquila consciência. Era o destino decretado pelos deuses. Nós temos a raça, a transmissão hereditária, a nutrição, o solo, o meio, os fenómenos naturais, as influências indeclináveis que correspondem à fatalidade antiga.”⁶²

This was to become clear in the writings of his later years, as he admitted defeat to a life which had proved too strong for him to overcome in adversity. This same sense that his life was beyond his own control may, however, be traced in his work long before the 1880's, in the form of a half-formed suspicion rather than as the reluctant

acceptance of an undeniable truth.

For now it is enough to note that Camilo's apparently transparent novels lend a deceptively superficial appearance to what are often conflicts between the forces which man has traditionally seen as being influential in his life: good and evil, love and money, reason and passion, body and spirit. Only when we perceive that Camilo's novels explore his own life and the powers which made him the person he was, do we begin to realize that, more modern though Eça may often seem to us, Camilo's more personal love-stories may also have their relevance to modern man.

D. Camilo the Noble.

One of the aspects of Camilo's life which has most puzzled commentators is that of his aspiration to noble status, which seems to be at odds with his supposedly non-materialist outlook upon life. This apparent paradox is reflected in the cynical reaction to the author's new-found status of Viscount in a contemporary cartoon by Rafael Bordalo Pinheiro. This depicted a grotesquely pot-bellied Viscount ordering the expulsion of his old self from his house:

"Francisco! Põe-me com dono esse pintalegrete desse
escrebinhador! Eu sou bisconde e num me entendo com os
astrólogos da letra redonda!"⁶³

The author's obsession with his own nobility became greater as he grew older, and Alexandre Cabral documents three unsuccessful attempts which were certainly made to achieve this end⁶⁴. In September 1870, Camilo made enquiries of the Bishop of Viseu regarding his possibilities of elevation, only to be informed that this was unlikely to be granted in view of his sinful domestic arrangements with Ana; he made further approaches in 1871, through Castilho and Rodrigues Sampaio, and in 1873, through Tomás Ribeiro, but both times with the same result. Cabral also suggests a fourth

attempt (which, in reality, would be the first one, since it is dated to the summer of 1870); however, the important matter here is that the ambition for ennoblement was an insistent one, and clearly, therefore, deeply felt ⁶⁵.

Finally, in 1885, in spite of still obstinately refusing to marry Ana, he was granted the title of “Visconde de Correia Botelho”, free of all the duties which normally required to be paid to the state for such honours. However, the idea of himself as a member of the nobility had clearly crossed the author’s mind long before this, as a letter to Barbosa (already quoted at p. 32 above) makes clear. When the award was finally made, Ana is said to have reacted by exclaiming:

“Até que enfim está visconde!” ⁶⁶

Further evidence for earlier preoccupation with noble status lies in the fiction. Thus, *Amor de Perdição* opens with the statement:

“Domingos José Correia Botelho de Mesquita e Meneses, fidalgo de linhagem, e um dos mais antigos solarengos de Vila Real de Trás-os-Montes, era, em 1779, juiz de fora de Cascais, e nesse mesmo ano casara com uma dama do Paço, D. Rita Teresa Margarida Preciosa da Veiga Caldeirão Castelo Branco, filha dum capitão de cavalos, e neta de outro, António de Azevedo Castelo Branco Pereira da Silva, tão notável por sua jerarquia, como por um, naquele tempo, precioso livro acerca da Arte da Guerra.” ⁶⁷

As in other works, the mere length of the protagonist’s full names is an indication of nobility; the difference from works such as *A Queda dum Anjo* in this respect is that there is no element of ridicule involved here. One should also take note of the significance attached to the erudition of the author’s great-grandfather; it is as if this mental

distinction adds something to the honour inherent in the person, an idea which is connected to Camilo's notion of the "almas eleitas" (see Chapter Four, Section D).

Within the fictional context, it suits the author's favour for the lovers to present Simão as being of noble background. This fact has also prompted speculation that, as much as any other factor, it is class differences which keep Simão and Teresa apart ⁶⁸. Given Camilo's obsession with victimisation at a personal rather than a social level, however, and the fact that no such factor obstructs the hero's relationship with Mariana, the explanation most obviously put forward by the narrative - that of a family feud - seems much more convincing. It should not be forgotten that one of the rules of Classical Tragedy was that the heroes should not be ordinary people, but figures such as princes and demi-gods; in setting the background to his story, Camilo could be said to be merely compromising these rules with an attempt at a convincing, nearly contemporary, setting. However, this is not a fictional family, nor is it a real family which has been picked at random which is described in these "Memórias de uma Família". These are his own ancestors, as he is at some pains to point out at the end of the novel:

"Da família de Simão Botelho vive ainda, em Vila Real de Trás-os-Montes, a Senhora D. Rita Emília da Veiga Castelo Branco, a irmã predilecta dele. A última pessoa falecida, há vinte e seis anos, foi Manuel Botelho, pai do autor deste livro." ⁶⁹

In view of the author's later more explicit concern for his own status and his extreme self-consciousness in all aspects of his life, it is perhaps not unreasonable to suspect an element of self-publicity here, alongside any purely literary considerations.

Meneses' work points out the fragility of Camilo's claims in this work, suggesting that, while his account is not entirely untrue, it is at least very misleading ⁷⁰. He traces some distinguished ancestors in Camilo's past, but these were notable by actions and

not by blood, and the novelist does not appear to have been interested in them. Domingos, the author's grandfather was neither as "alcançadíssimo de inteligência" ⁷¹ as the novel claims, nor was he the unbending guardian of moral principles suggested by the narrative. His life, in fact, appears to have been one of continuous scandal. Lawton concludes that, even in the fiction, paternal love in any significant sense is totally lacking in Domingos' feelings for his son and is replaced by moral blindness; the critic also makes similar suggestions about Manuel, who was the author's father and Simão's brother ⁷².

As far as the nobility of the author's father is concerned, he is known to have been comfortably off in later life, but his early adult years were spent as a postal official in Vila Real ⁷³. This suggests neither nobility in the present, nor the sense of superiority towards such menial tasks which often accompanies nobility fallen on hard times, and which Camilo, in his delusions of grandeur, certainly does appear to have felt, repeatedly shying away from possibilities of regular jobs when they were offered, as Alexandre Cabral notes ⁷⁴.

Later, in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, Camilo was to present the heroine as being of the line of King Ordoño I of Asturias ⁷⁵; Camilo's extravagant claims regarding his own genealogy, of course, linked him ultimately to King Fruela, Ordoño's great-grandfather ⁷⁶. Clearly, the author is not to be identified with Ricardina. She is, rather, the ideal which Bernardo follows through life; however, it is as if, by association with the hero, Camilo is laying claim not only to the heroine, but to her past as well.

It is not unusual for characters to reappear in stories in the guise of nobles: in *Coisas Espantosas*, it is implicitly suggested to the reader that he should not trust the appearance of Dom Álvaro Barradas, a "fidalgo português oriundo de uma das principais estirpes godas":

"Devemos acreditar o que este homem diz em Paris da sua

genealogia. Se duvidamos dela, por ser ele que a diz, teremos de duvidar de muitas, cujo grau de probabilidade é o mesmo. A gente não pode andar com os tratadistas genealógicos debaixo do braço para averiguar os costados de todos os Barradas, que por aí nos saem, como rãs de terra algadiça em tarde de trovoadas.”⁷⁷

When Dom Álvaro then turns out to be Manuel de Castro, the man who attempted to kill Augusto's father and steal his fortune, one is led to believe that the rank of nobility, as it is recognised by the world, is not worth very much. Similarly, the whole plot of *Vingança* revolves around the fact that Constantino's estate has been usurped by the *visc* / *arriv* / Visconde de Vila Seca. The implication is, of course, that those who are not recognised as noble may have as much claim to nobility as those who are.

In *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, Sebastião de Brito, Leonor's father, recommends her to Miguel de Sotto-Maior on the basis of the royal blood in the family's veins. Admittedly, this fact is viewed ironically and humorously by Camilo; but Manuel Teixeira, Álvaro's father, is the illegitimate brother of Sebastião de Brito. Leonor is therefore Álvaro's cousin, although his moral nobility, which is illustrated throughout the book, is not therefore matched by nobility as it would be recognised by society, because of the circumstances of Manuel's birth. These are mentioned twice: once, for emphasis, at the very start of the narrative proper:

“Álvaro Teixeira de Macedo nasceu, em Lisboa, no ano de 1813. Foi seu pai um comerciante rico, bastardo de um fidalgo da corte.”⁷⁸

Then, just in case the reader had not taken in this piece of information, which is clearly of some significance to the author, it is repeated:

“... hospedaram-se em casa de Manuel Teixeira, irmão natural, como se disse, daquele fidalgo de antiga linhagem.”⁷⁹

To add extra emphasis here, Camilo makes it explicit that this fact has already been revealed. Clearly, therefore, the reader is expected to note that Álvaro has been cheated out of nobility through no fault of his own. Once again, one notes the reference to his “antiga linhagem”.

Álvaro's family circumstances are very similar to Camilo's own, of course; and it is interesting to note that an article in the *Diário de Notícias* records the author as having claimed noble status on his mother's side as well as his father's⁸⁰. This claim seems to have little foundation, but, if Camilo believed that it was true, then one can see how his father's disowning of his mother would lead the son to feel cheated.

Even as early as *Anátema* one may trace an implicit concern with nobility, principally in the confusing web of inter-relationships involved in the plot. The outermost layer of fiction in the work has the cobbler, João Cambado, and his wife, Jacinta Rosa, living in the attic of Pedro da Veiga's house. Jacinta Rosa's sister, Micaela, is Pedro's housekeeper; but, because nobody is aware of Timóteo's real identity, it is not realised that the fact that she is the mother of Timóteo's child links her and the cobblers dynastically to Pedro himself.

If one studies the way in which the family trees would inter-relate, assuming that all the sexual unions involved had been marital rather than pre- or extra-marital, it emerges that, if Cristóvão had kept his word to Antónia Bacelar, then Carlos, instead of being an embittered and warped commoner, would have been the legitimate heir to the title and property of the Veiga family. Pedro and Inês, if they had ever been born at all, would have been the bastard children left to make their own way in the world.

If Inês and the Count had been able to marry, then Timóteo would have been heir to

the title and property of the Conde de S. Vicente, and would not have become a priest; in which case, his union with Micaela would have been perfectly legitimate, and their child, who is, in fact, left to make his own way in a hostile world like Timóteo and Carlos before him, would have been the next in line to the Count's title.

In other words, one possible outcome of the saga would have been not, as actually happens, Pedro as Lord of the Manor, with Micaela as his serving-maid and João and Jacinta Rosa in the attic, working desperately to try to make ends meet; but Micaela and Timóteo as the representatives of the nobility, with Jacinta Rosa (as Micaela's sister) and João raised to the life of ease, and Pedro, if he existed at all, as the simple worker.

There are clues early in the text which suggest that the family situation of the Veigas is more complex than one might at first believe. For example, Pedro's son, Manuelzinho, is an obnoxiously arrogant child who causes Jacinta Rosa to exclaim:

“Muito malcriado é este fedelho!... Se é rico, que coma duas vezes... Nem parece fidalgo!...”⁸¹

What she actually suggests here is the equality of rich and poor, noble and commoner, in the light of morality, and the right of the underdog to be treated at least with human dignity. What she does not realise, however, and what the reader, without the benefit of hindsight, could very easily fail to detect, is the truth hidden in her seemingly trivial comment that Manuelzinho does not behave like a member of the nobility.

Similarly, the heading to Chapter XIII encourages the reader to contemplate the possibility of a reversal of roles between commoners and nobles:

“Vê-se o que é um fidalgo, se lhe tocam na família, e o que seria dele, se por grande viltá nascesse plebeu.”⁸²

Again, when mention is first made of the unusual arrangement of the cobbler, João Cambado, and his wife living in the attic of the Veigas' noble house, the idea is casually thrown out that this may be due to some "segredo doméstico" ⁸³. Now, it must be conceded that there is a cobbler (Mestre António) in residence there even at the earliest point of time covered by the narrative, so that if this domestic arrangement is due to some skeleton in the cupboard, then it must be a different one from the one which is revealed in the course of the book. It is interesting to note, however, the terms in which reference is made to António:

"Mestre António, o sapateiro, essa individualidade de eterna
representação nos sótãos dos Veigas..." ⁸⁴

It is almost as if the commoner is lurking not only in the attic of the Veigas' house, but also in the depths of their souls.

The other skeletons suggested above are, in fact, alluded to as actually existing ⁸⁵; and in any case, the important point to be taken into consideration here is that the *possibility* of the existence of such skeletons is raised in the reader's mind. Furthermore, but for past political disputes, the Bacelars would have occupied the land and held the status actually under the dominion of the Veigas ⁸⁶.

This makes it clear not only that the Bacelars have at least as much noble blood in their family as the Veigas, but that in material terms, if not in those of social status, the Veigas are vulgar opportunists, the type of acquisitive figures whom Camilo detested so much throughout his career. The terms in which Rita's journal presents the Veiga family provide a vision of them which is far from objective. Clearly, the reader is encouraged to see Antónia's line as the legitimate succession in moral, if not in legal, terms. If only Cristóvão had kept his word to Antónia, all would have been different.

This alternative social hierarchy has its relevance to the question of the author's own nobility. This is not only a matter of the rather unoriginal moral which might be drawn: that nobility of blood means nothing beside the kind of nobility of character shown by Antónia Bacelar, who still shows forgiveness to her seducer on her death-bed. There is a consistent undercurrent in the work which suggests that the curse (implicit in the title) which strikes the Veiga family is a punishment not merely for wrongdoing in a moral sense, but, equally importantly, for usurping a social position which, by right, belongs to those whom they have oppressed on the way.

Nor is this the only work where the lines of descent of nobles and commoners become confused. The pattern applies also to the *Mistérios de Lisboa*, where Pedro da Silva, the initial narrator of the work, spends endless hours of his youth puzzling over the identity of his parents, whose history has never been revealed to him. Indeed, the dominant thought in the early pages of this novel is precisely the need to know one's origins, a need which was clearly also felt insistently by Pedro's creator. By the time the story has been pieced together at the end of the work, it becomes apparent that the simple background in which Pedro has been brought up disguises the fact that he is the grandson on his father's side of the Conde de Alvações, and on his mother's side of the Marquês de Montezelos. Pedro's father himself suffers from a sense of exclusion from the nobility:

“O que me fazia dobradamente feliz junto dela era a esperança de alcançar um dia em Portugal uma posição que me desse em nobreza *real* o que me sobrava em nobreza *imaginária*. O filho segundo do Conde de Alvações valia menos que o filho do merceeiro, que entra em casa de fidalgo, dota-lhe uma filha para que lhe dê a outra, e edifica um palácio, onde amanhã mandará insculpir um brasão de armas, se essa loucura lhe apetecer.”⁸⁷

In this passage one detects in common with the author himself not only a sense of grievance for a nobility which, although his by right, has been denied him, but also the predictable dog-in-the-manger attitude towards those who have improved their lot in life by virtue of hard work - the same virtue which Camilo would not recognise amongst the "brasileiros". Upward mobility, by implication, is not for those who work for it, but for those who intrinsically deserve it.

There is a sense in which all of Camilo's fiction is an attempt to find a place for oneself in the world. His passionate intellectual interest in genealogy, reflected in the large numbers of works on the subject to be found in catalogues of his library, is surely born of a similar need, a need to know where he fits in⁸⁸. Chaves hints at this idea:

"Como Renan dizia dos seus antepassados - gente humilde, de marinheiros bretões - «Je sens que je pense pour eux et qu'ils vivent en moi», Camilo sentia a sua gente obscura tentar nele e por ele, elevar-se a um estádio social superior, a essa nobreza em que mercê de uma árvore genealógica devaneadoramente complicada, os quisera, de boa fé, colocar."⁸⁹

Someone as sensitive as Camilo was to the enormity of time and his own insignificance within it (see Chapter Three, Section A) must have felt the same sort of existential imperative as Pedro da Silva, to discover one's true niche and then fit into it. For Camilo, though, the true niche which he was convinced was his was one in the upper sections of society, a place to which, in his letter congratulating Castilho on his elevation to the nobility in 1871, he implies that his talent too gives him a right:

"É bom que o vulgacho se espante de ver que à inteligência também quadram as regalias dos argentários."⁹⁰

The fact that the author's early work had been signed by the rather pompous name

of Camilo Ferreira Botelho Castelo Branco further indicates a sense of superiority to his fellow-men; and the choice of title (“Visconde de Correia Botelho”) when the honour was finally granted surely suggests an attempt to prove that his background was noble. Pimentel recalls suggesting to Camilo that he should have incorporated his well-known literary name into his title, only to be met with a very cold response, that the names Correia Botelho “são apelidos nobres da minha família”⁹¹.

The novelist’s letter of thanks to King Luís for the honour is best defined in these terms only for convenience; what shines through is not gratitude, but a sense of grievance and conceit mixed with grudging satisfaction that at last a Royal omission has been made good:

“Meu Senhor,

Se eu tivesse a consciência das minhas últimas horas de vida, sentiria mágoa acerba de morrer sem que Vossa Magestade houvesse concedido uma prova de estima à minha longa e despremiada tarefa literária de 40 anos.

Eu morreria queixoso de V. M., se nos paroxismos da morte ainda cabem vaidades e ressentimentos. Morreria queixoso porque V. M. é um Rei ilustrado, é um erudito, é um escritor; e se um soberano em condições quase excepcionais não tinha visto em mim um relevo que me enaltescesse dentre o vulgo dos fanqueiros da pena, ser-me-ia forçoso duvidar do meu merecimento por não poder duvidar da compreensão illustre e da crítica luminosa de V. M.”⁹²

The final lines of this extract read like conventional flattery, but the earlier syntax and the conviction of superiority over “o vulgo dos fanqueiros da pena” are more

revealing. It is impossible to overlook the bitterness, which has been given the thinnest of disguises, and the assumption of an intrinsic merit which only required Royal recognition to satisfy the author's sense of self-importance completely.

Different commentators have offered different explanations for Camilo's obsession with the idea of his own nobility. For Aquilino, the reason was snobbery⁹³; for Pimentel, it was megalomania⁹⁴; and for Chaves, it was the material interests of his children⁹⁵. For Cabral, it was partly the prospect of a pension which would allow this "profissional das letras" to retire with dignity, and partly a game of keeping up with Garrett and Castilho (both of whom had received similar honours); but it was mainly what the author regarded as his due reward for years of service to his country, as he wrote to Tomás Ribeiro on 16th December 1873:

"Vexa-me não poder dizer que esta terra, onde escrevo há trinta anos, sem a envergonhar, nada me deu, nem das mercês que se compram, nem dos talheres do orçamento que se pagam."⁹⁶

All of these factors undoubtedly played some part in his interest. However, there is an inherent contradiction in the notion of achieving noble status; the sale of "hidalguia" in Renaissance Spain led only to ridiculously hollow pretension of the type mocked in the "escudero" of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, while, in Portugal itself, Gil Vicente's social satires are filled with similar characters. Once nobility becomes available to all (in theory at least), it ceases to be nobility in any significant sense.

In Camilo's case, he did not have to buy the title, of course, and the prospect of increased material security for his family no doubt played a part in the uncharacteristic determination which he displayed in his quest for a title; but the fact that, as early as the late 1850's, he assumed the right to a title suggests a deeper conviction of suitability. The practice of acquiring nobility can surely seem attractive only to a person who is

already convinced of his own superiority to the masses, or to somebody who, through personal insecurity or other reasons, at least wishes to convince others of such superiority. Either (or both) of these possibilities would be entirely in keeping with Camilo's character.

Cabral probably comes closest to the truth; and yet the search cannot be seen merely as a quest for reward for services rendered. Although, by the 1880's, Camilo himself may have been thinking in those terms, the matter was clearly of some significance to him long before then. For the same reason, family material interests cannot fully explain the fact; and, while Aquilino's explanation has its validity, it really concerns not the assumption of nobility itself, but the way in which this manifested itself once this assumption was made. Neither this theory nor Pimentel's reaches the heart of the matter; Camilo's main concern is surely to establish his superiority over other human beings.

Camilo could never allow himself to be merely part of the crowd, he perpetually felt obliged to stand out and be noticed, in the same way as his poem to Ana Augusta quoted at pp. 41-2 above is not really concerned with her at all, but rather reflects back upon the author himself. Similarly, one suspects that his refusal to marry Ana (purportedly based on moral considerations of debatable validity in a letter already quoted at p. 35 above) may not have been due to any such reason, but, at least in part, to a headstrong, irrational desire to snub a society which regarded his domestic arrangements as sinful. Once his title had been obtained, he did, in fact, marry Ana.

Camilo's temperament simply refused to conform to laws laid down by others, as he considered himself to be above these restrictions created for ordinary mortals. This point will become clearer in Section D of Chapter Four; the important point here is that his claims for elevation to the nobility may have been made late in life, when he could point to his literary achievements as a justification for this status, but this appears to have been merely a rationalisation for the benefit of others of an indignant pride which

had existed long before this time. This pride, born of a sense of grievance felt at the circumstances of his upbringing, was to be a constant in his life and in his works.

Notes on the Introduction.

1. See Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 9.
2. See Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. III, p. 81.
3. Camilo himself suggests this, in *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 74.
4. See Teófilo Braga, *Esboço*, p. 11.
5. For Pimentel's account, see his *Romance*, pp. 50-59.
6. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p. 62. For the threat of attack at the time of Camilo's involvement with Ana, see the letter to Luís de Serra Pinto of 20th February 1859, reproduced in Cardoso Marta, Vol. II, p. 155.
7. *Dória*, p. 102.
8. See Pimentel, *Romance* (Second Edition), p. 177.
9. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 427. The anatomical quotation is ascribed by Camilo to Soares Franco's *Elementos de Anatomia*, Vol. II, p. 251.
10. For a detailed assessment of both *Anátema* itself and of contemporary reaction to it, see Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 263-285, at the section specifically devoted to the novel.
11. Alexandre Herculano, "Advertência da Segunda Edição", in *Lendas e Narrativas* (Vol. I, Livraria Bertrand, Amadora, 1974), p. 8.

12. This passage is quoted in Alexandre Cabral, *Rotetro*, p. 111.
13. For details of the legal aspects of the case, see Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 357.
14. These travels are further documented by Alexandre Cabral in *A Via*, *passim*.
15. Camilo's literary production during the early 1860's is impressive not just in quantity, but also in quality, as many of his finest and most famous works date from this period. See Appendices A and B.
16. See Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 357.
17. See in particular Dias da Costa, *Dois Anos*, *passim*; for a particularly clear illustration of this point, see Ana's letter to Freitas Fortuna of 10th October 1890 (pp. 155-6).
18. Paço-Vieira; the letter is printed at p. 10 and the identification of Ana's supposed lover is made at p. 37.
19. *O. C.*, Vol. IV, pp. 733-737.
20. This letter is manuscript no. 42 in the Sintra collection.
21. Barbosa, pp. 121-2.
22. For further details of these matters, see any of Camilo's major biographies, and also Alexandre Cabral, "Haverá relação directa entre os desvarios de Nuno e o suicidio de seu pai, Camilo Castelo Branco?".

23. See, for example, Pimentel, *Romance*, and Freitas.
24. Dias da Costa, *Dois Anos*, Letter 35, 25th November 1888, p. 44.
25. João Costa, p. 5.
26. O. C., Vol. III, p. 7.
27. Undated letter in the Sintra "Camilliana". This was probably written around 1862 at the latest, as this is the date when correspondence with the Barbosas appears to have petered out; it is certainly the year of the last letters reproduced in Barbosa, and those in Sintra which have dates are all of the 1850's.
28. This letter is quoted by Marco, p. 138, and is dated by him to November 1863.
29. Marco, pp. 138 ff.
30. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 112-113.
31. Quoted by Alexandre Cabral from Pimentel's *Memórias do Tempo de Camilo* (Oporto, Magalhães & Moniz, Lda., 1915), p. 225, in *A Via*, p. 113.
32. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. III, pp. 85 ff.
33. Pimentel, *Amores*, pp. 165-167.
34. Barbosa, letter of 14th July 1857, reproduced at p. 56.
35. João Costa, p. 226.

36. Dias da Costa, *Dois Anos*, Letter 143, 15th January 1890, reproduced at p. 156.
37. Bigotte Chorão, *Camilo*, p. 37.
38. Manuela de Azevedo, "Alguns passos da vida de Camilo e Herculano", p. 26.
39. See Brandão, in particular at the section comprising undated letters. For the most extravagant demands, see p. 145.
40. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p. 223.
41. Teixeira de Carvalho, p. 98.
42. Moreira das Neves, p. 12.
43. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 80.
44. Cardoso Marta, Vol. II, p. 10.
45. Alexandre Cabral, *Polémicas*, Vol. II, pp. 113 ff.
46. See António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, pp. 201-3.
47. António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, pp. 193-194. Cabral claims to have found this article in the Oporto journal, *A Voz Pública*, of 21st June 1902.
48. Alexandre Cabral, *Polémicas*, Vol. VII, p. 134.
49. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 18.

50. Poem in manuscript in the collection of the Casa-Museu de Camilo in S. Miguel de Ceide.
51. Barbosa, p. 42.
52. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. III, p. 255.
53. António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, pp. 45-47.
54. O. C., Vol. I, p. 67.
55. For further discussion of these matters, see Pinto de Castro, *Narrador, Tempo e Leitor na Novela Camiliana*, Chapter Four, *passim*.
56. See Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 221.
57. See, for example, the first two letters in João Costa (pp. 1-4), where, firstly, Castilho enthusiastically encourages Camilo's participation in the movement for widespread literacy, and, in reply, the novelist provides only unconvincing excuses for his unwillingness to oblige the poet.
58. Ortigão, "Camilo Castelo Branco", p. XXXVII.
59. O. C., Vol. III, p. 381.
60. O. C., Vol. II, p. 916.
61. This comment and the preceding one are taken from the preface to the second edition of *Eusébio Macário* (O. E., Vol. XXII), pp. 25-26.

62. Silva Pinto, *Combates e Críticas*, Vol. I, pp. XX-XXI.
63. This cartoon originally appeared in the journal *Pontos nos 't'*, of 2nd July 1885, and is reproduced in Campos e Sousa, facing p. 166, as well as in various other works.
64. See Alexandre Cabral, *Estudos*, at the chapter "O Significado da Luta pelo Viscondado em Camilo", pp. 107-142.
65. For details of Camilo's fourth, less publicised campaign, see Alexandre Cabral, "O Projecto de Nobilitação em Camilo", p. 22.
66. Alexandre Cabral, *Estudos*, p. 111.
67. O. C., Vol. III, p. 389.
68. Chaves, "A Ideia da Nobreza em Camilo", p. 11.
69. O. C., Vol. III, p. 539.
70. Meneses, Parte Segunda, pp. 148 -152.
71. O. C., Vol. III, p. 389.
72. Lawton, "Technique", pp. 97-101.
73. Meneses, Parte Primeira, Período Primeiro, pp. 148-152.
74. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, pp. 175-6.

75. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 705.
76. Campos e Sousa, p. 25.
77. O. C., Vol. III, p. 617.
78. O. C., Vol. III, p. 35.
79. O. C., Vol. III, p. 62.
80. See the article by "A. A.", in *Diário de Notícias*, 9th November 1920.
81. O. C., Vol. I, p. 20.
82. O. C., Vol. I, p. 95.
83. O. C., Vol. I, p. 17.
84. O. C., Vol. I, p. 62.
85. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 92-93.
86. O. C., Vol. I, p. 180.
87. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 373-374.
88. For example, the catalogue of Camilo's library issued when he put his books up for sale by auction in 1883 includes several obscure works on genealogy, at the section headed "Manuscritos" (pp. 352-360). This document is reproduced in Azevedo e Meneses' *Camilo Homenageado*, pp. 271-360.

89. Chaves, "A Ideia da Nobreza em Camilo", pp. 10-11.
90. Quoted by Alexandre Cabral in *Estudos*, p. 141.
91. Pimentel, *Amores*, p. 391.
92. Quoted in Campos e Sousa, p. 163.
93. See Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. III, p. 200.
94. Pimentel, *Amores*, p. 391.
95. Chaves, "A Ideia da Nobreza em Camilo", pp. 15-16.
96. Gonta Colaço, p. 29.

Chapter One: Mothers and Lovers

A. The Mother Figure.

To most people, relationships with the opposite sex are amongst the most important and influential areas of their lives. One would expect no less of Camilo, especially in view of his rôle as perhaps the greatest representative of Portuguese Romanticism and his predilection for plots of frustrated love. Indeed, women did play a major part in his life, and Pimentel's *Os Amores de Camilo* centres specifically upon this area of the novelist's biography.

However, while many other writers of fiction have produced works of considerable pessimism in this respect, few have produced anything comparable to the "lágrimas de fuego, que escaldan" ¹, of which Unamuno wrote when referring to *Amor de Perdição*, a work whose sincerity of emotion cannot be doubted: it was, after all, written in prison while Camilo was waiting for trial in 1861. The composition of this novel seems to have been somewhat traumatic for the author, judging by what he has to say of it in *Memórias do Cárcere*:

"Escrevi o romance em quinze dias, os mais atormentados da minha vida. Tão horrorizada tenho deles a memória, que nunca mais abrirei o *Amor de Perdição*..." ²

Camilo's love-life was dogged by an extraordinary sequence of catastrophes, a fact which, along with misfortunes in other respects, led him to look back upon his life in the following way in the letter which is normally taken to express his definitive decision to commit suicide (although it was written on 22nd November 1886, almost four years before his death):

“Antecipo-me à hora final. Quem puder ter a intuição das minhas dores não me lastime. A minha vida foi tão extraordinariamente infeliz que não podia acabar como a da maioria dos desgraçados.”³

When a person seems to suffer such frequent disasters in so many areas of his life, there comes a point where one must surely question the assumption of ill-luck and inquire where he or she has gone wrong. This question need not be approached judgmentally (although there would be considerable grounds for doing so in Camilo's case), but neither should one go to the opposite extreme adopted in many studies of Camilo which have tried to account for his apparent incompatibility with normal human society as an indictment of an imperfect world, and not as something which was wrong with the author himself. This assumption lies, for example, at the heart of Gonçalves de Andrade's *Camilo Místico*, and is implicit in the subtitle of Azevedo e Meneses' *Camilo Homenageado*, which is “O Escritor da Graça e Beleza”. The significance of this misconception, which has persisted through generations of studies of Camilo, is almost beyond measure.

Whatever may have lain behind this incompatibility, however, in love it was to take the form of a futile search for the ideal woman, as is suggested by this letter to Luís Barbosa which is undated, but which Alexandre Cabral dates to the second half of September 1863, because of references earlier in it to Ana's alleged affair with Ferreira Quiques of that year:

“De mim não tenho escândalos que te conte, meu Barbosa, senão dizia-tos. Não amo alguém, não desejo alguém, vivo com os meus amigos livros, e envelheço a dez anos por dia. Sinto a necessidade de uma mulher, mas não sei onde ela está fora da minha imaginação.”⁴

One should be wary of reading too much into this letter, as Camilo and Ana were clearly on bad terms at this particular juncture. However, it is precisely the ease with which this kind of disillusionment could be provoked in Camilo which leads one to suspect that there was something seriously amiss with his expectations of Ana and of women in general. The origins of this must surely lie in his continual nostalgia for his dead mother, who becomes one of the most important figures in his fictional universe.

Numerous critics note the importance of the mother as a figure in the author's work, often quoting long lists of supporting passages from his novels and poetry. Yet even such distinguished commentators as Jacinto do Prado Coelho fail to provide any real analysis of this phenomenon or its implications for the author's work ⁵. In general, they tend to attribute it - quite correctly - to Camilo's early experience of orphanhood: however, few attempt to explain the various lights in which the mother is seen, or her relation to the overall effect of the different works in which she appears.

Certainly, the image of the mother springs readily to Camilo's mind. Often it does so, if not gratuitously, then at least with an emphasis which surprises the reader, as in the following extract from the Preface to *Amor de Perdição*, where every last drop of pathos is squeezed, unashamedly, out of Simão Botelho's sad fate:

"Dezoito anos! O amor daquela idade! A passagem do seio da família, dos braços de mãe, dos beijos das irmãs para as carícias mais doces da virgem..." ⁶

Or again, there is the following extract from *No Bom Jesus do Monte*:

"Que tem de inverosímil a diversidade da origem dos prantos? As lágrimas da mãe, que aperta ao seio a frialdade dum filhinho morto, correm da mesma glândula que as dá na raiva do orgulho ferido dessa mulher?" ⁷

This concern with the mother is also translated into a frequent reflection on the experience of being orphaned, another aspect of studies of Camilo which is raised frequently, but has still to be explored in its due depth, although Meneses does point out that:

“Deste seu infortúnio de orfandade, que desabara sobre ele com a sua amargura, com o peso imenso de uma montanha, veio-lhe a doentia sensibilidade afectiva, de que se registam as mais inequívocas provas nos seus vários escritos.”⁸

There can be no doubt that Camilo suffered an extremely disturbing childhood. To lose both one's parents at an early age creates more than material difficulties, as the author himself openly acknowledged when writing to Vieira de Castro about his similar misfortunes:

“Das tuas infelicidades a causa é uma e simplicíssima: perdeste o pai quando eras menino, e já não tinhas mãe quando o perdeste.”⁹

In the case of Camilo, two further factors appear to have channelled this insecurity into rebellion and irresponsibility: first, the uncaring attitudes of his relatives in Vila Real¹⁰, and second, the apparent emotional distance of his father during his life as the surviving parent.

It is, indeed, only very occasionally that we find anything more than a factual mention of Camilo's father in his work; and in the most familiar passage referring to him, the real centre of interest is surely the author himself and his own fears:

“Devo ajuizar da minha precoce sensibilidade, recordando

que, dois meses antes, entrei, por noite alta, na sala onde meu pai estava amortalhado, sem mais companhia que quatro círios de chama azulada. Ajoelhei, sem orar. Afastei da frente do cadáver o capuz do hábito, e beijei-lha. Pus também a boca nas mãos glaciais; senti um frio de que ainda o coração me guarda a memória: o frio do ambiente dos mortos. Ao meu lado, ninguém. A irmã que eu tinha, alguns anos mais velha, encerrara-se com a sua dor e com o seu terror de cadáveres. E eu estava ali, destemoroso das sombras que desciam dos ângulos do tecto à penumbra do clarão oscilatório das tochas. Largo espaço contemplei a face de meu pai, aformoseado pelo resplendor da aurora do dia eterno; e assim ponderarei as últimas palavras que lhe ouvira, confiadas ao frívolo espírito dos meus nove anos: «Que será de ti, meu filho, sem ninguém que te ame!...»¹¹

Here, there is little significance to be found in the fact that it is the father who has died; what matters is the author's memory of an early encounter with death, as well as that of being tossed into a hostile world as a mere child. The dead man is regarded as being more important than an aunt or a family friend only in his rôle as supplier of the child's needs: he appears to have little emotional significance in his own right.

There is, indeed, a tendency for Camilo to view males in general, but particularly fathers, as hard and forbidding, in contrast to the softer and gentler qualities of his female characters, especially mothers. Camilo expresses this contrast in theoretical terms in his *Horas de Paz*:

“O amor de mãe é o raio mais ardente que se irradia daquele foco de amor de família. Ao seu calor levedam-se no coração do filho sentimentos brandos, que não soubera a meiguice dum pai

lá germiná-los. As lágrimas são raras no homem, e essas poucas estimuladas pelos afectos do coração, e pelas paixões violentas da alma, não seriam bom exemplo para filhos.”¹²

Similarly, in several novels where the familiar narrative pattern appears of parents opposed to the loves of their children, it is the father who maintains a steadfast refusal to contemplate the matter, while the mother, even if she does not approve, is at least more sympathetic to the lovers' feelings. This is the case, for example, in *Amor de Perdição*, *Carlota Ângela* and *O Retrato de Ricardina*. In the last of these cases, in fact, the severity of the father's attitude is presented in a more negative light than usual in view of the sinfulness of his own domestic arrangements, for he is an abbot.

At times, indeed, it is as if the woman were regarded as the gentle Virgin, pleading on man's behalf to the unforgiving inflexibility of God the Father. This role of the female is made explicit in the early part of *Vinte Horas de Liteira*, where the narrator tells António Joaquim:

“Foi uma mulher que te salvou, meu caro António Joaquim; mas mulher-mãe, intercessora, cujos requerimentos justos nunca descem indeferidos do tribunal divino.”¹³

Indeed, in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, perhaps the novel where the Marian symbolism is most evident (see section D below), a vital element in the structuring of the plot is the incident recounted in Chapter II, where Ricardina uses a white lie to protect Norberto, her father's servant, after he has stolen money from him. The passage which closes the chapter has very strong religious overtones:

“... Norberto ajoelhou diante de Ricardina, e quis beijar-lhe os pés.

Desde aquele dia, se há sentimento mais entranhado que o da idolatria, era o que Norberto Calvo consagrava a sua ama, ao anjo salvador da sua fidelidade, manchada pelo irreflectido amor de filho.”¹⁴

The woman is frequently portrayed as being wronged by her husband; thus, in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, Maria da Glória is wrongly suspected of infidelity by her husband and banished to the convent at Vairão, where she preserves admirable spiritual nobility, wishing only for a chance to be reunited with her son Álvaro, a wish repeatedly thwarted by her stern husband. *Mistérios de Lisboa* opens with the young Pedro da Silva speculating as to his parentage; once again, he and his mother have been forcibly and unnaturally separated at the insistence of his father. In *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, Ângela could very well be accused of a lack of foresight and tact in her decision to sell Hermenegildo's jewels for the sake of her former lover, Francisco, but we are always led to believe in her innocence (which is finally proved), and the moral stance recommended is the same as in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*: once again the wife and mother is the loving parent, in contrast to the sordid worldliness of the male.

It must surely also be something in the nature of this contrast which attracted Camilo to the anonymous *Les Amoureuses Cloîtrées*, which he translated into Portuguese as *A Freira no Subterrâneo* in 1872. In this work - which is too sensationalist and openly anti-clerical to have been written by Camilo at this stage of his life, as Alexandre Cabral now accepts¹⁵ - Barbara Ubryk, thwarted in love, is imprisoned in the underground cellar of a convent for twenty years by corrupt and hypocritical male-dominated ecclesiastical authorities.

There is no evidence to suggest any such cruelty on the part of Manuel Botelho towards Jacinta Rosa; however, the over-active imagination of an orphaned child might easily have invented such scenarios if he, too, did not know the true reason for a mother's absence. Biographical material on Camilo's parents is too scarce and

unreliable to permit dogmatic assertions regarding the nature of their relationship to each other or towards their children, to say nothing of the thorny business of relating these real-life relationships to Camilo's imaginative universe. It would surely be critically naïve to draw a one-to-one parallel between *Coisas Espantosas* and the author's own childhood, by then thirty years in the past, as Meneses does ¹⁶; however, it is legitimate to draw conclusions from frequently repeated situations and sentiments within Camilo's literary production.

There can be little doubt that, rather than for his father, it was for the mother of whom he was almost completely deprived, and whose exact identity he may never even have known, that Camilo yearned. A child will usually be closer to its mother than to its father because of the intimate physical contact shared in infancy; but what is perhaps more significant in this case is simply the fact that the need for a mother was left unfilled.

Such a psychological development would certainly also be a possible outcome of situations such as that where Manuel Botelho was sufficiently embarrassed about his involvement with Jacinta Rosa to attempt to hide it. Nevertheless, while it is impossible to do more than speculate on the reasons for Camilo's lukewarm affection for his father, all the evidence available suggests that this was the case. There certainly is an almost total indifference displayed in all references to this figure in *Amor de Perdição*, and even the one occasion in that work (quoted at p. 51 above) where the relationship between father and son is mentioned explicitly is significant more as a means of relating the author to the text than as a reference to the father as such (see Chapter Three, Section D).

Jacinto do Prado Coelho provides factual justification for the importance of the mother in two different contexts, first referring to the novels:

"Uma das cenas predilectas de Camilo é o encontro de mãe

e filho, após longos anos de apartamento: aí põe em jogo os sentimentos do amor, da alegria e da ternura..."¹⁷,

a comment justified by the almost prophetically reverential tones in which the reunion of Álvaro and Maria da Glória is presented in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*:

"Estas foram as palavras de Soror Joana das Cinco Chagas do Senhor:

- A mãe será restituída ao filho, e a esposa ao coração de seu marido, e aos respeitos do mundo."¹⁸

Certainly, by the time of the *Novelas do Minho* in the mid 1870's, this pattern of separation and joyful reunion has become frequent. There is, of course, a parallel here with works such as *O Retrato de Ricardina* where it is lovers who are separated from one another and then reunited. The specific case of this novel will be discussed more fully in section D below, but the important conclusion which can be drawn from the existence of this parallel sense of deprivation of love, both maternal and sexual, is surely that neither mother nor lover is loved as such, but is, rather, needed as a support for the self.

It is specifically in this light, of the personal gain to be had from love, that Prado Coelho refers to the importance of the mother in Camilo's poetry:

"Alguns dos mais comovidos versos de Camilo evocam a imagem dolorosa da mãe, apenas pressentida, e choram a falta do calor materno, a mágoa duma infância frustrada."¹⁹

In the following verses, taken from *Um Livro*, the mother is invoked like a memory of some Paradise Lost:

"Mãe, eu era inda criança,
já te não vi: morta eras!
buscou-te amor, e esperança,
e o coração que me deras.
Com que fé eu te pedia
um carinho maternal,
pois, na terra, eu não sabia
quanto um doce afago val!"²⁰

Similar examples of nostalgia for the mother whom he never knew could be culled directly from explicit comments by the author. However, there is a certain tension within this extract between this nostalgia and a sense of resentment - resentment towards a mother who never gave her son the love and attention that he would have wished. The fact that this supposed neglect was involuntary and due to death is essentially irrelevant in this context; we are dealing here with the unconscious grievance of a child left dissatisfied in the years before he possessed full awareness of his relationship to those around him.

Such sentiments may also lie behind the opening passage of *O Judeu*:

"Há um fenómeno moral, muitas vezes repetido, e todavia inexplicável: é a esquivança desamorosa de mãe a um filho excluído da ternura com que estremece os outros, filhos todos do mesmo abençoado amor e do mesmo pai, que ela, em todo o tempo, amara com igual veemência. Tristíssima verdade, exemplificada como o principal dos absurdos e lamentáveis enigmas da condição humana!"²¹

There can be no doubt as to the misfortune suffered here, but surely few, other than those who have suffered a problematic upbringing, would go out of their way to suggest

lack of maternal affection in the exaggerated terms used. One might be tempted to suggest that it is this maternal neglect which is more of a curse in the author's eyes than the Jewish ancestry which is the explicit catalyst of the plot of the novel.

Surely, also, only somebody who had experienced orphanhood at first hand could write passages such as the following one, placed in the mouth of the narrator of *Mistérios de Lisboa*, Pedro da Silva, newly reunited with his long-lost mother:

“Com os olhos fixos no regaço de minha mãe, e com uma espécie de ressentimento, que o meu silêncio simulava, dir-se-ia que era um filho repreendendo o desamor dessa mãe que o abandonara criancinha, e viera procurá-lo adulto para lhe dizer: «Tenho direito ao teu amor, aos teus carinhos, e ao teu respeito porque te dei a existência.»”²²

The reaction which a normal person would imagine to be appropriate in a son who has just discovered his real mother would be one of unadulterated joy; Camilo, however, preoccupied by the problem as he is, sees it in a more ambivalent light, with much the same mixed feelings of tenderness and fear as were to be felt for Ana in later life.

Although he draws rather drastic conclusions from the fact, Gondin da Fonseca is right to see this ambivalence reflected, for example, in the bizarre parody of the Madonna and Child in *Anátoma* where the mother, perhaps significantly named Jacinta Rosa, is said to be “seca de peito como um bacalhau”²³, an expression whose implicit reference to inadequate breast-feeding, might well reflect feelings of maternal neglect on Camilo's part²⁴.

There is, indeed, a similar passage in the later *Coisas Espantosas*, which is not noted by Fonseca but which significantly centres the pathetic aspect of a particular dramatic moment on the child in a way which is quite unnecessary to the continuation of the

narrative:

“Carolina recebeu a nova, quando estava aleitando uma filha de ano e meio. Os peitos da atribulada mãe secaram naquele instante. A criança retirou os lábios, e chorou. A mãe, desmaiada e caída em braços de suas cunhadas, já lhe não ouviu os gritos.”²⁵

Similarly, in *O Judeu*, when an attempt is made to arouse the reader’s sympathy for the plight of the Jews under the Inquisition, the example cited is interesting in this context:

“A mãe há-de arrancar o peito da boca da criança para seguir o enviado do Santo Ofício; a criança, agonizando de fome, não terá seio de cristã que se lhe abra!”²⁶

It would be impossible to make such claims, of course, without reference to Freudian psychology. Freud himself regarded the male child’s early libido as being principally centred on the mother’s breasts:

“As regards the child of the male sex... from an early stage, the child concentrates its libido on the mother, and this concentration has as its point of origin the mother’s breast, thus representing a typical case of choice of object by intimate contact.”²⁷

Fonseca sees this, but becomes entirely dependent upon Freud for the theoretical back-up for his analysis. One can see why it would be tempting to do this in Camilo’s case: the problematic relationship with the mother has obvious relevance to Freud, while, in one novel, *Coisas Espantosas*, Augusto falls in love with his father’s former

mistress, and it is only at the very end of the work that the couple decide not to settle down together. Clearly, such narrative patterns would provide much material for a study such as Fonseca's.

What Fonseca finds in Freud, however, forces him into an interpretation as misguided as that of many of the more romanticised visions of Camilo. Freud is, of course, a figure whose importance to modern psychology lies more in his enormous contribution to the development of the subject than in his conclusions, which have been superseded by subsequent work. It would, therefore, be foolish to follow Fonseca's more outrageous claims regarding Camilo's sexuality in general, and, in particular, the possibility of a sexually-motivated relationship with his mother ²⁸. This is not only because of the speculative and unconvincing nature of much of the critic's evidence; caution is equally advisable here on theoretical grounds.

Freud's use of sexual terminology in such contexts is perhaps unfortunate; certainly the psychologist himself recognised the difference in practice between adult sexuality and the child's libido ²⁹. His concept of pansexuality, of some sort of sexual motivation lying behind all forms of love, is based on an inability to locate with precision where it is that the fundamental difference lies between "eros" and other forms of love ³⁰. His consequent refusal to make a distinction in kind is, therefore, bad scientific method, for it fails to take into account the completely different manifestations of love in these various guises.

It is not, at any rate, necessary to accept the child's relation to the mother as being sexual in the normal sense of the word. What is undeniable is that this relation *shares* with adult sexuality the quality of having its emotional aspect dependent to some extent upon the physical. It is the subsequent confusion of similarity with identity here which leads Freud to his notion of the Oedipus complex and the rivalry of the child with its father.

This notion is also a tempting one to apply in Camilo's case, since, as has already been noted, his relations with his father do not appear to have been close. This, however, is surely a result of his father's emotional distance rather than a sign of real hostility; it must be remembered once more that Manuel Botelho does not appear to have wanted to have much to do with the mother of his children. The grounds for any rivalry between father and son of the type postulated by Freud, therefore, simply did not exist in Camilo's case.

An infant will be resentful of any person or thing which distracts the mother from the only relationship in her life which the child sees as of importance, that is, her relationship to him, her role as supplier of his needs, not only physically, but also emotionally. Indeed, Freud himself implicitly recognises this as a possibility in *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis*:

"A child's first erotic object is the mother's breast that feeds him, and love in its beginnings attaches itself to the satisfaction of the need for food. To start with, the child certainly makes no distinction between the breast and his own body; when the breast has to be separated from his body and shifted to the 'outside', because he so often finds it absent, it carries with it, now that it is an *'object'*, part of the original narcissistic cathexis... By her (the mother's) care of the child's body, she becomes his first seducer."³¹

If the sexual terminology of this passage is removed, what is left is a proposition of emotional dependence in the child on its mother which is beyond dispute, and, indeed, almost self-evident. The implication to be taken from this fact, in Camilo's case, has little relevance to his father as such; the moral surely is, rather, that, if the mother is taken away before rivalry for her affections develops in any form, then a substitute mother, a substitute provider and protector, must be found.

To Camilo, almost all of the women with whom he was to become romantically involved were expected to adopt this role. The fact that he never had a younger brother or sister to supplant him in his mother's affections suggests that he never learnt a vital lesson which becomes more difficult to learn as the individual grows older, namely that the world (of which the mother is, to the infant, a microcosm), does not exist purely and simply for his benefit.

One may, therefore, accept Freud's notion of the Oedipus complex as valid, if - at least in Camilo's case - the terms are reversed, that is, if adult sexuality is subordinated in part to child-like emotional need, rather than by subordinating such insecurity to sexuality. Consider the following extract from *Mistérios de Lisboa*, where Pedro da Silva reflects upon his sudden reunion with his mother:

“Este idealismo converteu-se em amor profundo. Senti que era filho daquela mulher, porque mo dizia a voz profética da alma, a convicção íntima de uma faculdade que tem o coração, e que não carece dos sentidos externos para funcionar.

E a não ser filho, eu deveria deste ideal passar à violenta paixão de amante. A não poder chamar-lhe «mãe», deveria chamar-lhe «esposa».”³²

At first sight, this passage would appear to be an open-and-shut case for a Freudian analyst. However, the significant fact here is that it is not the love of a child for its mother which is subordinated to sexual love, but sexual love which the author regards as a particular form of a more general phenomenon.

If this fact sets up a parallel between adult male sexuality and infant psychology, then, here at least, the origins of this parallel surely lie not in any sexual motivation on the part of the child, but rather in the search for a replacement mother which is a

frequent phenomenon in man's desire for woman. It is jealousy of an emotional kind which may be at work both in the adult and in the child; specifically sexual possessiveness surely comes only later. It would be beyond the competence of the current study to attempt to extrapolate any general tendency from this particular case, but this certainly seems to be more appropriate in Camilo's case than any strict Freudian analysis.

It is interesting, however, to note the importance seen by Freud in the mother's breast, the symbol of dependence and inability to face up to the world by oneself. The passages taken from *Coisas Espantosas* and *O Judeu* above were written, of course, not by a child, but by an adult attempting to find pathos in the plight of children. The fact that Camilo should do so specifically in these terms suggests that great importance is still accorded by him to the mother's protection; if this leads to ideas of a connection between infant deprivation and adult sexuality, these should surely, therefore, place emphasis on his adult life as a continuation of his childhood, rather than on his infancy as an anticipation of his later years.

This breast-fixation may well be largely symbolic, and it need not refer in all cases specifically to an actual mother: it may equally give expression to insecurity at the prospect of any kind of upheaval from what one might regard as sheltered and familiar, whether it be parents, home or country. This is reflected, in Camilo's case, in his regionalist outlook which, at times, threatens to become xenophobia. A person who has not achieved emotional independence from his background, whether domestic or local, will, as a result, have unreasonable expectations of those whom he still expects to shelter him.

There is a revealing passage in the manuscript of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, where, after Álvaro has returned to Lisbon from his first journey to visit his mother in Vairão, the first words spoken to him by João de Matos are not, as in the published text, "Sua mãe fez-lhe muitos carinhos?", but "Sua mãe lhe *devia* muitos carinhos?" (my

italics) ³³. By this alteration Camilo has suppressed the thought which flowed from his normally spontaneous creative faculty and replaced it by the conscious observation of the most *likely* question which would spring to mind in such a situation. He has, in other words, replaced the question which he would have *liked* to have been asked in Álvaro's position by the question which he believes *would* have been asked by a person who does not have a problematic relationship with the mother.

Such passages would appear to justify Fonseca's assertion of an ambivalent and occasionally resentful attitude towards the mother, although we need not follow him in seeing great significance in the occasional tendency in some of Camilo's earlier works to concentrate on the crime of matricide. In *Maria, não me mates que sou tua mãe* ³⁴, for example, this fact could be explained as easily by reference to the young author's taste for the sensational.

The sense of resentment outlined above is counterbalanced at times by a sense of guilt on Camilo's part for the mother's absence. This guilt is, of course every bit as absurd and illogical as resentment, but, once again, it is a very real psychological phenomenon, resulting from the same sense of uncertainty, as the orphan goes over all the possible reasons for his mother's absence. It is given fictional form, for example, in *Amor de Salvação*, where Afonso's involvement with Palmira is seen as an offence against both his parents. After D. Eulália's death, the thoughts which Palmira's words of comfort prompt in him are both extreme and deeply uncharitable to his lover:

"Estas palavras alancearam mais a alma do meu amigo. Pareceram-lhe um sacrilégio, uma injúria à memória da mulher, cuja vida fora uma enchente de virtudes. 'O coração da adúltera a dar abrigo à dor de um filho!' Era a consciência que assim lhe gritava, não era ainda o tédio. Era, talvez, a repugnância de se encostar ao seio da mulher por amor de quem deixara morrer sua mãe, esquecida, desprezada mesmo,

lembrada algumas vezes como senhora meeira da casa, cujo herdeiro ele era." ³⁵

It need not be suggested that Camilo ever felt precisely these sentiments. Obviously, he could not have felt anything of the kind at the time of losing either of his parents. The feelings evoked are exaggerated, and *Amor de Salvação* is a work of some considerable irony, in which Afonso's salvation from Palmira's clutches is presented in simplistic moral shades of black and white within the encapsulated narrative, only to be counterbalanced to some extent by the attitudes of the narrator of the framing chapters.

Yet the ironic effect of the encapsulated structure of this novel is not such as to deny the experiences recounted. The effect, rather, is one of contrast between Afonso's obvious contentment at finally finding his pure Mafalda and the narrator's inability to find the same simple solution to his similar spiritual vacuum. It is the simplicity of solution which is the real object of the irony, and, while the equally stark moral contrasts between the two women in the protagonist's life are presented as inadequate (even in the last lines of the passage quoted), the experience itself of blaming a supposedly "loose" woman for one's own faults is one which was very real to the novelist, as Ana was to discover. Indeed, the very essence of the novel is surely precisely the author's realisation that a realistic perspective upon such situations must deny him the judgemental righteousness claimed from within such positions.

For Afonso's revulsion for Palmira here is merely an external projection of his own moral doubts about the relationship, and originates more in moral shame at his own act of adultery than in a real sense of genuine loss. By the stage in the novel where this passage appears, Afonso already has serious doubts about his relationship with Palmira, and, to a certain extent at least, uses this incident, as he uses her affairs with others, as a justification for ending a relationship to which he has never been fully committed, and in the course of which his lover uses up almost all of his fortune.

In the course of this extravagance, he and Palmira travel to Spain. It is while they are there that Mafalda attempts in vain to contact him about his mother's illness, and it is this unavailability at the time of his mother's death which sparks off his guilt, which he, in turn, projects on to Palmira. Yet this is totally unjustified: it has nothing to do with Palmira, and Afonso's ignorance of his bereavement is merely a sad illustration of life's uncertainties.

This is, indeed, not the only context in Camilo in which love is seen to act as a disruption of the sacred mother-son relationship; the following extract from *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, placed emphatically at the end of Chapter XI and with the rhetorical weight of authorial judgement behind it, expresses forcibly the sanctity of the relationship with the mother:

"Venceste, Leonor, venceste!... Uma vitória só te falta: olha se rebelas o filho submisso contra a vontade da mãe; espedaça os liames, que prendem essas duas almas; e então levarás a rojo da tua astúcia os mais sagrados deveres do coração." ³⁶

It is to this novel, first published in 1861, that we may most usefully turn to see illustrated the exaggerated devotion in which the mother-figure is viewed by Camilo. Written in prison, this is said by the author himself to have been his favourite amongst all of his own works ³⁷. Like *Amor de Perdição*, which was written at the same time of intense introspection, it is certainly one of his finest; the reader is moved by Álvaro's resigned charity and ultimate devotion to God. Yet this effect is achieved without the sugary sweetness which detracts somewhat from the concluding chapters of such works as *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*.

The parallels with Camilo's own experiences are not hard to find in this work. Camilo must have spent many childhood hours speculating in similar fashion to Álvaro as to the nature and perhaps even the very name of his mother (Aquilino, for one, comments

on Camilo's coyness regarding this fact, although he attributes this to shame at her probably humble origins ³⁸). Camilo, of course, was never to be reunited with his mother, as Álvaro is; but the core of the novel is precisely the consideration of what might have happened if he had been.

The figure of Leonor (the "mulher fatal" from whose grasp Álvaro is ultimately saved, thanks in no small measure to the intercession of his mother) was identified by Camilo himself as being based on that of Ana Plácido ³⁹. In the move from real-life experience to fictional presentation, however, Camilo speculates as to what might have been under different circumstances, a function which Aquilino sees as being central to all of the author's writings, whether fictional or supposedly factual:

"Aconteceu... que ele próprio turvasse a água dos acontecimentos de que foi protagonista para que se não visse a areia do leito em que deslizou o rio da sua vida. Porquê?... A meu ver porque, insatisfeito sob certos aspectos do que ela lhe era e fora, gostaria que fosse como concebia que devia ter sido. Era essa perspectiva que lhe estava continuamente nos olhos, e deformou o painel natural. Deste modo... alterou, corrigiu, subverteu." ⁴⁰

Maria da Glória, Álvaro's long-lost mother whom he rediscovers in what Aquilino would call the "corrected" version of the author's life, is a morally protective figure. At the start of the hero's involvement with Leonor, she warns him of the dangers of this relationship:

"Aquela menina tem condão fatal. Os instintos seriam bons; mas a educação degenerou-lhos... é certo que em volta do homem que tu hás-de ser, se ajuntam os tesouros mais raros, e tu escolherás então o mais primoroso. Esquece Leonor, filho.

Faz de conta que viste uma víbora enroscada entre as flores, que amavas desde a infância. Um dia verás secas as flores, e a víbora em toda a sua peçonha. Perguntarás então à imagem de tua mãe que voz do Céu lhe disse à alma a profécia, que te faço hoje.”⁴¹

The major difference between fact and fiction is that, in the novel, Maria da Glória's sole purpose in life appears to be that of guiding her son through the evils of this world on his path to the next. Her name is clearly symbolic of this role, which exists for real-life mothers only in their traditional capacity as bearers of religious experience within the family. Camilo, however, both in this novel and elsewhere, would appear to regard this role as a moral *duty* of the mother towards her children:

“Nela se me iria a alma, em anseios de saudade, procurar meu pai, que ao sair do mundo, nem sequer me deixara mãe, que me ensinasse a orar por ele”⁴²,

he was to write in *No Bom Jesus do Monte*. In *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, meanwhile, Maria's influence on Álvaro's developing virtue is implied by his own words:

“Não tenho a religião que ora, tenho a que perdoa, e se amiserava de amigos e inimigos. Minha virtuosa mãe tem esta, e a da oração. Deus me será bom e piedoso pelos merecimentos de minha mãe...”⁴³

It is interesting to note that Camilo himself, in his *Divindade de Jesus*, suggests somewhat speculatively that his supposed mystical period of the 1850's may have been inspired by just such an influence exerted by the memory of his mother:

“Não sei se foi algum ingente infortúnio que me fez ir aliviar o peso da minha cruz ao pé da cruz do Homem-Deus: devia ser.

Umás quase delidas reminescências do coração daquela idade me dizem que foi. O aperto da dor despertou-me na memória as orações da infância. A mãe, que eu não conhecera, devia falar-me nessa hora.”⁴⁴

The obverse of this idea, of course, is that any mother who fails in this function, for whatever reason, has failed her son. This becomes too convenient an excuse: there must come a point where individual responsibility takes over.

The implications of Camilo’s vision of the mother’s role are duly borne out within the fiction, as Álvaro’s virtue and Christian resignation grow. This notion of transference of merit by tears and prayers, particularly from the female to the male, is frequent in the novels; it is, for example, the judgement on how such as Afonso de Teive might be redeemed in the final lines of *Amor de Salvação*:

“Mafalda abaixou levemente a cabeça com gracioso acanhamento, e disse:

- Não sou eu sozinha a felicitar meu primo: são as orações de nossas mães, e o amor angélico dos nossos filhinhos”⁴⁵,

and it also figures strongly in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*.

In real life, of course, Camilo was not to escape from the clutches of Ana, the woman who, as will become apparent, played the rôle of Leonor in his life. *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, therefore, sets out the path not taken, that of resigned virtue, rather than that of worldly passion. This role is taken over within the fiction by the poet, Miguel de Sotto-Maior, the character who embodies Álvaro’s other, more worldly, side; Miguel’s sensuality eventually leads to his own death and - through remorse at her part in his downfall - to Leonor’s turn towards virtue.

Álvaro is a rich man in more ways than one: he is literally wealthy, but what is more important is that he is spiritually generous, showing love above and beyond the call of duty, both to the woman who could have caused his moral perdition and to the blood-relations whom he has acquired through his father's extra-marital affair following the separation from Maria. When he eventually becomes a priest, this is merely the culmination of a development from the material to the spiritual, prompted by his mother and completed, appropriately enough, immediately prior to her death.

Such narrative patterns are common in Camilo, particularly in the 1860's, following the traumas of the early years with Ana. We might usefully compare and contrast the above with the similar narrative of Afonso de Teive in *Amor de Salvação*, where his mother's warnings about the diabolical Teodora are ignored in her lifetime, and it is only her memory and the love of the angelic Mafalda which lead the hero back from the brink of disaster.

In this work in particular, however, one must question the ideal embodied by the mother. Again, as in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, she it is who attempts to dissuade the protagonist from engaging in a relationship with someone whom she regards as untrustworthy. Under this influence, for some time Afonso succeeds in avoiding Palmira's indisputable seductive temptations. However, Eulália's morality surely smacks somewhat of reaction:

"A palavra 'adultério', no espirito de D. Eulália, tinha uma significação de horror, como se o crime não tivesse exemplo na humanidade, nem remorso que o contrapesasse na balança da misericórdia divina."⁴⁶

She goes on to tell Afonso:

“Não voltes para mim sem me poderes jurar pelas cinzas de teu pai que a lembrança pecaminosa de Teodora morreu em teu coração... Se poderes, sê forte, sê homem. Se a última fraqueza te levar ao último crime, guarda ao menos uma parte da alma para a contrição no remate da vida.”⁴⁷

Adultery is not a matter to be contemplated lightly, but neither, surely, is it the ultimate crime. This is more than just the guidance offered by someone more experienced in the world; this is not mothering love, this is smothering love, which will not permit the son to make his own mistakes, the most valuable experience available to any individual. When Eulália tells her son to be a man, she means that he should display strength of character by resisting temptation. In one respect, this is true, if temptation is resisted because it is rejected for the greater attraction of the good. However, in this case, the nature of their relationship makes it impossible for her son to be truly a man, and Afonso would achieve this end more in giving in to temptation than in resisting it solely to please his mother.

However, Camilo is not so stupid, nor is *Amor de Salvação* so simplistic a work that this fact is not taken into account. On the contrary, this is precisely where the subtlety of the novel lies. The framework-structure undermines the black-and-white reading of the embedded narrative which sees Palmira as all bad, and Eulália's ideals of virtually total chastity as all good. The narrator even suggests in the passage quoted at note 46 above that, as long as a character such as Afonso de Teive feels constrained by conventional morality, he can never be his own master. Where the vision of the novel is flawed, however, is in the move from the shadow of Eulália to the protection of Mafalda. That kind of love allows no room for growth as an individual, for it is really only exchanging one mother for another.

This vision of love between the sexes involves the confusion of the same two types of love as is made by Freud, except that the latter bundles them together as “eros”, and

Camilo as family love. For this reason, any relationship having this as its basis is doomed to failure.

Camilo knows that this is not what real people are like; what the novel reflects, however, is a tension between this awareness and an ability to put the lesson into practice when within a real-life situation. Always he seems to feel the weight of an idealised mother opposing his liaisons with other women - as would the mother imagined in Pedro da Silva's worst dreams in *Mistérios de Lisboa* -, when, in fact, a real mother might feel no such thing. The important point, however, is that, in any situation of questionable morality, he feels constrained by the scruples of the moral and religious ideals which are conventionally handed down by the mother; by feeling the lack of her guidance, he has also sacrificed his own ability and responsibility to make choices.

The real source of horror imagined by Camilo here is not adultery, but sex itself. Within *Amor de Salvação*, as in the real-life involvement with Ana, the situation is adulterous; but, in the novel, this situation is created to set into relief the purity of the love of Mafalda. With Palmira, there are no explicit references to sex, but the erotic aura which surrounds her every appearance places her amongst the most powerfully sexual women in all of the author's fiction: repeatedly, symbolic associations are made between her and animals, particularly galloping horses, and, on at least one occasion, she is referred to as an "amazona" ⁴⁸.

Mafalda, on the other hand, has children, but these are not seen to have been conceived in sexual intercourse; they are simply present in the framing narrative. Jacinto do Prado Coelho has an interesting contribution to make here:

"O novelista exalta quase sempre o casamento e as virtudes familiares; a novela camiliana é honesta, recatada, conforme, quase sempre, à moral católica. Mas, às vezes, Camilo transpõe as barreiras desta moral, considera a união livre «santificada»

pela existência de um filho.”⁴⁹

The important distinction here is surely not the one which Prado Coelho makes between married and unmarried relationships, but between settled domesticity, whether married or not, which may produce children, and mere surrender to sexual instinct, which will not do so, or at least not by intention. The latter, by implication, is inherently wrong by being merely sexual, while the former is viewed as being washed clean of this taint.

In *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, meanwhile, Leonor is unmarried, but the distaste felt for her is the same as for Palmira. The novels are a search for the sort of cosy contentment found by Álvaro and Maria da Glória, or by Afonso and Mafalda, but without having to go through with the more distasteful, bodily part of the proceedings. The absence of Maria da Glória for so many years permits her to come back into Álvaro's life as somebody who, in his knowledge of her, has never indulged in the sexual pleasures which would lower her in his esteem.

The hero needs a mother-figure, then, to give him spiritual and moral guidance in the dangerous waters of society (an image frequently used by Camilo himself, for example in the “Observação” which precedes *Amor de Salvação*). The protagonists of many of Camilo's novels are presented, accordingly, as being exceptionally delicate and vulnerable. Consider, for example, the following passage from *Coisas Espantosas*, where Augusto, the character with whom the author identifies most closely, has just been obliged to begin work in a strange and unpleasant environment:

“Logo pela manhã almoçavam os meninos o seu café com leite, e Augusto ia à cozinha com o caixeiro almoçar caldo verde migado com pão centeio. Nos primeiros dias, o menino vomitava as couves e o unto do caldo, logo que o comia, e desistiu de almoçar.”⁵⁰

Or, similarly, and perhaps more significantly, since in this case the mother is directly involved, there is the following extract from *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, where Maria de Glória comments on Leonor's wish to marry her son:

"Estas palavras são uma hipocrisia, e o beijo dessa menina é... É uma liberdade que deve magoar um coração delicado como o teu." ⁵¹

Figures such as Augusto and Álvaro are emotionally still at the early stages of childhood where they were left at the time of separation from their mothers. A child whose mother is snatched away from him at an early age will never become truly independent of her; both Jungian and Freudian psychology see a need to exorcise the dominant influence of the mother. Freud does so in terms of resolving the Oedipus complex, as Isbister writes:

"Maturity and growth were conceived by Freud in terms of the successful resolution of these complexes. When an individual developed normally he was able to transcend these early, infantile sexual feelings and eventually after puberty to transfer them to other more appropriate women." ⁵²

Significantly, Freud points out that "a todo o ser humano é imposto a tarefa de vencer o *Complexo de Édipo*; se falhar, será um nevropata" ⁵³. This quotation is rendered in Portuguese, because words such as "nevropata" have been used so frequently of Camilo as to become almost a commonplace ⁵⁴. Jung's school, while using the archetypal "hero" myth to express the idea in non-sexual terms, still makes the same fundamental point as Freudian psychology:

"Theseus represented the young patriarchal spirit of Athens

who had to brave the terrors of the Cretan labyrinth with its monstrous inmate, the Minotaur, which perhaps symbolised the unhealthy decadence of matriarchal Crete... Having overcome this danger, Theseus rescued Ariadne, a maiden in distress.

This rescue symbolises the liberation of the anima figure from the devouring aspect of the mother image. Not until this is accomplished can a man achieve his first true capacity for relatedness to women.”⁵⁵

Furthermore, an over-dependent child will never learn to view his or her mother objectively as a human being like any other; she will always remain the perfect, selfless provider, to whom little or nothing has to be given in return. Such over-idealisation of the mother is frequent in Camilo, as in *Memórias do Cárcere*, where he recalls meeting António José Coutinho, who claims that his imprisonment was caused by his saintly mother, to which the author claims to have reacted in the following way:

“ - A santa que o perdeu? - atalhei, a primeira vez que ele me apresentou ideias tão discordes. - Mãe e santa pode perder um filho?!”⁵⁶

This story, according to Camilo, was later to become the basis for *O Romance de um Homem Rico*⁵⁷. The saintly vision of the mother described above is preserved in the fiction, where Maria da Glória is viewed in the following terms:

“...não peças perdão para Maria da Glória, que não tem culpas... é pura aos olhos do Senhor”.⁵⁸

These lines are written by the saintly Sister Joana, and therefore possess the

privilege of being very close to authorial judgement. The kind of idealisation of the mother expressed here is dangerous, because it renders the child reluctant to face up to the responsibilities of coping for himself as an individual in the world, the fundamental problem which afflicts such Romantic heroes as Werther, the character who prompted Camilo to place Goethe in the "catálogo dos meu santos" ⁵⁹.

The ironic epigraph to Chapter XII of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, is, in fact, taken from the German classic, and would appear to indicate an awareness in Camilo's mind that Álvaro may be lacking in maturity and independence:

"Como se é criança!... Como se é criança!" ⁶⁰

One symptom of this dependence is a womb-fixation, a wish to return to the shelter of the all-protective mother, as Freud states:

"We shall be justified in saying that there arises at birth an instinct to return to the intra-uterine life that has been abandoned - an instinct to sleep." ⁶¹

This kind of retreat is precisely what one would expect as a result of the over-protective kind of love offered by D. Eulália to Afonso de Teive in *Amor de Salvação* and to Álvaro by Maria da Glória in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*: Jungian psychology would also be in broad agreement with Freud's fundamental point here, seeing Camilo's characters as cases of "anima possession", as von Franz suggests in her reference to visions of the anima which symbolise:

"...an unreal dream of love, happiness and maternal warmth... - a dream that lures men away from reality." ⁶²

It is anonymity and avoidance of pain which are treasured in such situations, and

this is precisely what Álvaro seems to be searching for as he sums up his vision of the Christian life:

“Esta é a altíssima rocha que vê em baixo as tormentas a fremir-lhe na base. Este é o berço providencial do menino, lançado às ondas, e mandado buscar por Deus, para contar ao mundo os seus primeiros dias.”⁶³

Álvaro himself continually retreats as if to the womb, firstly, when, as a child, he is reunited with his mother and refuses her suggestion that he should broaden his education by travelling abroad, saying that:

“Não se é feliz em parte alguma, quando se não pode ser entre as relíquias da infância, e os braços de uma mãe como a minha”⁶⁴,

and secondly in living out his last twenty years amidst his memories in the Olivais, where the dramas of his life took place, and where, at last, he finds peace. His need to be protected extends to his death; as with the heroes of other novels (Bernardo, who has Norberto in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, or Augusto who has Gregório in *Coisas Espantosas*), he has a life-long servant of unflinching loyalty in his childhood nurse, Eufémia. As he arranges Leonor's retreat to the convent, he caters for all her needs, but makes one significant provision for himself:

“ - Irás para um convento, deixando-me sem condições a licença de regular a tua casa. As criadas de minha mãe irão contigo, menos Eufémia, que me embalou o berço, e me há-de fechar o caixão.”⁶⁵

This pattern of protagonists avoiding the chance to exercise control over their own lives is frequent in Camilo: Gondin da Fonseca sees Simão's burial at sea in *Amor de Perdição* as a return to the womb ⁶⁶; Pascoais sees Baltasar Pereira's retreat to the penitent life of the hermit in *O Santo da Montanha* in a similar light ⁶⁷; and, in *A Queda dum Anjo* the rural simplicity of Caçarelhos, where Calisto Elói lives out his ludicrously platonic marriage with Teodora, is like a sheltered womb in comparison to the cut-throat society of Lisbon, where, at last, he falls for the sins of the flesh.

In *Boémia do Espírito*, Camilo speculates that, when he travelled north to Vila Real after his father's death, God might have been kinder in allowing him to drown "amortalhado em uma das suas ondas", than in permitting him to survive to face up to his unhappy life. He goes on to recall his visit to the Bom Jesus do Monte in Braga on the journey from Vigo in the following terms:

"Talvez no transcurso de um século nenhuma outra criança de dez anos repetisse diante desta sagrada imagem as palavras de Job: *Quare de vulva eduxiste me? Porque me deste o nascimento?*" ⁶⁸,

It is noticeable here that Camilo relates life in general specifically to the moment of extraction from the mother's body, as he also does in this extract from *Horas de Luta*:

"Se a alma do suicida pudesse subir à presença de Deus, a divina Magestade esconderia a face envergonhada, ou condoída da sua obra, porque o suicida lhe diria como Job: *Porque me tiraste do ventre materno?*" ⁶⁹

It is perhaps interesting to note the difference in the translation of the same verse of the Book of Job between the two passages quoted here. Camilo was a scholar of no mean erudition and the fact that he translates the biblical text correctly in the second of these

passages can leave no doubt that he knew exactly what it meant. However, it is as if, in the first extract, Camilo found the full physical significance of the Latin version to be uncomfortably close to his own preoccupations. Certainly, the passage itself was of some considerable importance to him; it is also alluded to, for example, in *Mistérios de Lisboa*⁷⁰.

It would be misleading, of course, to suggest that works such as those examined here are best explained as dogmatic statements of what Camilo's life would have been like, if his family background and experiences had only been different, or that this is the only element in such novels. Nevertheless, there is no doubting the keen sense of loss felt at the lack of maternal love, in particular, and it is not unreasonable to concur with Camilo's own view, as it shines through his works, that many of the moral and practical uncertainties which he experienced in life would have been alleviated by a more settled family background. This lack, however, became an obstacle not only in that respect, but also in the sense that, thereafter, every other woman with whom he became intimate had to fulfil simultaneously the incompatible roles of lover, mother, and mother's rival.

B. Virgins and Prostitutes.

Camilo's view of women is, at first sight, much less consistent than his handling of other contrasts; his vision of the town versus country debate, for example, remains more or less constant throughout the 1850's and 1860's, but, when considering his female characters in general, one is faced with a large array of seemingly contradictory material.

There are, it is true, the long-established and clear-cut categories of "mulher-anjo" (such as Mariana in *Amor de Perdição* or Mafalda in *Amor de Salvação*), and "mulher fatal", the woman who dominates a character's every thought and deed (Cassilda Harcourt in *A Mulher Fatal*, Palmira in *Amor de Salvação*, or Teresa in *Amor de Perdição* would be fine examples). However, although these two extremes are constant in

themselves, the light in which they are seen varies greatly from one novel to the next.

In *A Queda dum Anjo*, for example, Calisto Elói's surrender to his "mulher fatal", Ifigênia, is seen indulgently. Ideal solutions, one is led to believe, are more than can be expected of mere fallen human beings. In *Amor de Salvação*, however, the corresponding figure, Palmira, is closely linked not only to sin but to powers which are positively diabolical. Meanwhile, in *Amor de Perdição*, the "mulher fatal" is Teresa, who, although she leads Simão to his doom, is seen to have an ennobling influence upon him through love. Ricardina Pimentel, in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, is a difficult example in that she straddles these two categories of "mulher-anjo" and "mulher fatal"; she will be discussed more fully later in this chapter.

It is similar with the figure of the "mulher-anjo". In *A Queda dum Anjo*, Calisto's intolerably idealistic moral stance is closely associated with his ideally virtuous wife, Teodora, whose periodical reappearances in the text after his departure for the corrupting city of Lisbon, whether in person or by letter, are like an embodiment of Calisto's bad conscience, reminding him of his earlier attitudes and opinions, as in this letter:

"Já com esta são três que te escrevo, e ó por hora nem uma nem duas da tua parte. Marido!, que fazes tu, que não respondes?..."

O primo Afonso de Gamboa esteve cá há dias, e a modo de caçoada foi-me dizendo que lá na capital as mulheres enguiçam os homens e fazem deles gato sapato. Eu fiquei sem pinga de sangue, meu Calisto! Mal fiz eu em te deixar ir às Cortes. Bem tolo é quem está bem na sua casa, e se mete nestas coisas dos governos, que só servem para quem não tem que perder, como diz o primo Afonso."⁷¹

This Teodora, though, is an illusory ideal, just as Don Quijote's Dulcinea is illusory and just as Calisto's own virtue is fragile below the dogmatic surface. Teodora's eventual surrender to the persuasions of her cousin and her extra-marital relationship with him do not just reflect the way in which her husband has lost his idealistic vision of life; they actually symbolise it. For, just as his marriage to her is perfect only in that it is sheltered and untested, so his very ideals are untested outside his mind and his books. She is the epitome of sheltered rural piety but so unimaginative as to render this apparent virtue meaningless.

And yet, is she morally any different from the simple and virtuous Mafalda, who sits waiting in Ruivães for Afonso to realise the error of his ways? To a certain extent she is, in that the reader is given no indication that the "mulher-anjo" of *Amor de Salvação* is likely to sin, while the Dulcinea who meets the eye in the Teodora of *A Queda dum Anjo* turns out to be merely a disguise for a sordid Sancho Panza whose ideals are as hollow and materialistic as those of Calisto himself. Nonetheless, the reason why this element is not seen in Mafalda is that, in the vision of that work, her kind of passionless love is seen as an ideal, whereas, in *A Queda dum Anjo*, it is seen as being too unoriginal to be morally pure. The difference is simply that the one case is seen positively, the other neutrally.

The success of *Amor de Perdição*, meanwhile, rests, to a considerable extent, upon the issues raised by the introduction of Mariana. Simão, unlike Francisco in *Carlota Ângela*, has a clear alternative to Teresa, but it is an alternative which he chooses not to take - instead he chooses a course which creates two martyrs to his love.

Mariana is a portrait of true selflessness, as she helps Simão in his search for a union with Teresa which would destroy all her own dreams. This conduct is seen as beautiful and touching, but as totally insignificant beside the all-devouring passions of Simão and Teresa. All that Mariana can do in the light of the main characters' sad end is to throw

herself into the sea after Simão's corpse. Even her name is significant - Mariana, like the Virgin Mary, the woman whose purity offers, not passion, but true love to Simão, love in a lower emotional key than Teresa could. As António do Prado Coelho points out, the repeated "leitmotif" of Mariana's apron and the fact that she is significantly older than Simão point to a maternal love which gives without limit ⁷². Simão finds this fact flattering (and, in this, one can perhaps detect a trace of vanity on the part of the author himself), but, unlike Afonso de Teive, Simão remains faithful to his woman of passion, without, however, refusing the devotion of Mariana, who is treated in a similar way to the dog which Camilo so callously exploited, as discussed at p. 43 above.

Teresa, meanwhile, is not a "mulher fatal", in the same way as Palmira in *Amor de Salvação*, as she is not presented as being in any way morally deficient. She does, nonetheless, manage to bring about Simão's downfall. Because the suggestion of evil is lacking here, we see her in a very different light from Palmira. Whatever the *results* of his love with Teresa, we are encouraged to see it as potentially ennobling in their dreams of a simple, idyllic life together and in their visions of their relationship as a meaningful alternative to conventional existence. Simão suggests this when he writes to her:

"Tu deras-me com o amor a religião, Teresa. Ainda creio; não se apaga a luz que é tua; mas a providência divina desamparou-me." ⁷³

His love for his "mulher fatal" is seen as something beautiful, as the only source of meaning in life, even if this love can destroy that life. It is not the length of life that matters so much as its intensity or quality; Simão could, if he wanted, choose to live a socially acceptable, but unadventurous married life with the virtuous Mariana, but instead he chooses Teresa, a love which causes his death but which means much more to him than that life.

Virtue has been sacrificed to passion in the recommended reading of the work, but this reading sees a possibility of salvation only through Mariana's kind of love; there is a way in which happiness can also be reached through the Teresa-figure, although the author's polarity of vision appears to have prevented him from perceiving it. This path is best illustrated by reference to what may be regarded as the other side of the coin, *Amor de Salvação*.

Here, too, Afonso de Teive searches for a woman who will give meaning to his life. He, too, has two alternatives: Palmira ("o demónio", as she is referred to in the text, both explicitly and by means of certain recurrent images) and Mafalda ("o anjo"). The greater part of the novel recounts the irresistible urge which he feels towards Palmira; looking back upon this period, however, the mature protagonist values this relationship only as the discovery of the emptiness of the sinful love of the flesh in sophisticated society, and, by the time of narration, he is enjoying his simpler and purer life with Mafalda.

Afonso's disillusionment with Palmira begins when he discovers what life with her entails - a continual drain upon his finances, and, because they are not married but merely living together, a continual threat to his domestic stability, which is ultimately realised when the man who is supposedly his best friend, D. José de Noronha, is found to be conducting an affair with Palmira. This brings home to him the futility of his life in Lisbon, but he has not yet rediscovered the taste for his simpler origins in the conservative backwaters of Ruivães, and he travels instead to Paris, where he stagnates in poverty and misery until Mafalda brings him home to the simple, wholesome and more rewarding life of the Minho, where he remains, presumably until the end of his days.

The reader is encouraged to see Afonso discovering the tedium of Palmira's continuous round of social activities and the vanity of all love inspired by bodily passion, the same lesson as is learnt by so many of Camilo's heroes, including Guilherme do Amaral (although he discovers this only after this extract):

“Não sabia ele que além da perfeição está o fastio; não lera esta verdade eterna proferida por uma mulher: «O amor só vive pelo sofrimento; cessa com a felicidade; porque o amor feliz é a perfeição dos mais belos sonhos, e tudo que é perfeito ou aperfeiçoado, toca o seu fim.»”⁷⁴

It is the “amor-amizade” of Mafalda which leads Afonso from the clutches of the wily and seductive Palmira (who, through a sustained use of imagery relating to horses and snakes, is presented as the embodiment of animal passion) into a better world of settled domesticity and simple devotion to God. It is perhaps significant that it is suggested that Afonso’s conquest of Palmira might more appropriately be referred to as a “derrota”⁷⁵; certainly it is Palmira’s persistence which conquers Afonso’s earlier faithfulness to his mother’s way of life.

One could, however, have envisaged Palmira as being more sinned against than sinner. The treatment which she receives from Afonso is not totally dissimilar to that meted out to Amélia by Eça’s Father Amaro: she is taken up by Afonso when it suits him, rejected when he has had enough of her, and then crushed with little concern. Although Afonso’s dominant mother and Palmira’s parents originally arrange for the two to marry, when the girl is left an orphan, her guardian decides that she should marry Eleutério; unlike Teresa in *Amor de Perdição*, she agrees to this undesired union, but one feels a certain amount of understanding for this course of action:

“Não amava, disse-o ela, e eu juro nas palavras de Teodora.

O que ela amava era a liberdade.”⁷⁶

She may marry Eleutério but it is Afonso whom she still loves, and she continues to try to win his favour, until eventually he gives in, and, like Calisto Elói and his paramour in *A Queda dum Anjo*, they set up a luxurious household in the liberal capital. She is

prepared to sacrifice her worldly honour to her love for Afonso, despite his repeatedly cold responses to her advances:

“Não respondas. A vil, a abjecta, a desgraçada é generosa”,

she writes to him and goes on:

“Abandonada por ti, enganada, não sei por que nem com que fim por tua mãe... Perdi-me para a vida da alma; mas encontrei a vida dos olhos e dos ouvidos, e do seio, onde me roía a serpente da soledade e do desabrigo.”⁷⁷

One can imagine what Eça might have made of such a character as Palmira: forced into an undesired marriage to escape the restrictive atmosphere of the convent, she later falls into the arms of her teenage sweetheart, who first accepts her, then rejects her under the influence of his idealistic mother's instinctive, almost neurotic, revulsion for the very fact of adultery. A social outcast in conservative society and too trapped in the pleasures of the flesh to seek out another life, she is gradually dragged down into the mire of total corruption, ultimately through no real fault of her own. Of course, her actions are not totally irreproachable; but neither are they indicative of a character as base as that which is presented to the reader.

It is clear from the above that Camilo's selective and inconsistent manner of presentation of character, whereby Palmira is presented as only too well able to shape her own destiny (and Afonso's), while he is presented as a helpless victim, is a sign not only of Romantic subjectivity, but, much more significantly, of downright self-deceit: for Afonso's misfortune is the result, in part, of a lack of moral fibre in his own character.

And yet, one perhaps should not condemn Camilo too readily: there are also psychological factors at play here which help to shape his attitudes, and, certainly, the

traditional popularity of his novels amongst female readers appears to contradict the impression created by much of the comment made above. Thus, at the beginning of her collection of Camilo's correspondence with her father, Tomás Ribeiro, Branca de Gonta Colaço writes that, in spite of the instinctive mistrust which she always felt for him on a personal basis, as an author she always reacted favourably to him:

"Como mulheres, devemos ser-lhe gratas. Se, para o forte claro-escuro dos seus entrecos lhe foi preciso apoucar alguns caracteres femeninos, a verdade é que ele nunca deprimiu a mulher, antes, em toda a sua obra, poetizando-a através do amor e do sacrificio, procurou sempre dignificá-la e elevá-la." ⁷⁸

Aquilino makes a similar point in a rather different way:

"Camilo em todos os romances professou sobre o amor uma doutrina muito restrita, todo medievo-cristã." ⁷⁹

Both of these comments contain a degree of truth. Certainly Camilo, unlike Eça, is the sort of novelist who could have been read by respectable young ladies of the nineteenth century without any concern being expressed for their morals, and Gonta Colaço is right to stress that, while there are a few female characters who are viewed in a less than favourable light, women as a whole occupy a place of exaltation in the novels. To illustrate this point, she might have chosen to make reference to *Anátoma*, where the young Camilo waxes lyrical in this vein:

"Todo o homem é poeta.

A religião e a mulher são duas colunas de fogo, cujas centelhas luminosas, cintilando por todos os corações, despertam este anelante sentir, esta vida espiritual, esta

harmoniosa ingênita na humanidade, a que o acórdão universal de todas as inteligências chama: *poesia*.”⁸⁰

There is another case in point earlier in the novel:

“A mulher não tem valor determinado como uma pérola. Abstracta como os espíritos, espiritual como os anjos, não há teólogo, nem matemático, que a defina pelo dogma, ou a calcule pelas operações infalíveis. Sabe-se que vale muito; mas não é ela que o sabe. Sabem-no aqueles que sofreram por ela...

Mas a mulher, embaciada no seu verniz ideal, desenfeitada desses adereços, cujo cofre de misteriosas chaves era o coração do homem, a mulher, sem poesia, é um barro mais quebradiço que a tradicional costela do homem.”⁸¹

Both of these extracts continue at tiresome length; in the last paragraph of the second passage, however, what has hitherto been merely lyrical effusion begins to make sense. The explanation for this peculiar perspective upon the opposite sex, in fact, also explains the apparent paradox of a writer who is immensely popular with the female reading public in spite of writing books which are as firmly centred upon male interests as are *Amor de Perdição* and *Amor de Salvação*. The exaltation of women which Gonta Colaço finds so flattering is, in fact, an attempt to hold women down to a role in life where they serve men (and, in particular, Camilo), not so much in the traditional domestic sense - although Ana did fulfil that role for him in Ceide - as in the convenient slot which they filled in Camilo's understanding of the world which he inhabited.

There is a tendency in male psychology to view women as representing the pinnacle of moral perfection; such is one of the major elements of the Courtly Love phenomenon alluded to above by Aquilino. This fact is probably due to various factors: moral

categories being unconsciously associated with ideas of physical beauty; the religious cult of the Blessed Virgin; and the comparatively restricted opportunities for women to fall short of moral ideals in a patriarchal society.

All of this amounts to a symbolic projection, however, and does not correspond to reality: women are inherently no more and no less perfect than men. Camilo himself expresses an ironic awareness of this fact, not only in later years but even in this same work:

“A menina apoiou os pés, necessariamente lindos, sobre o ombro do conde”⁸²,

and, earlier, as though in anticipation of the events of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*:

“E assim começam todos os amores: assim vai até ao altar a menina que se casa; acompanham-na até lá quiméricas legiões de espíritos lúcidos, cujas asas se enlaçam, para a embalarem num coxim ideal de aspirações e santos desejos. E, depois, é muito triste vê-la, passados dois meses, a fazer um rol de roupa suja...”⁸³

These comments are humorous, of course, and indicate an awareness on the author's part that love is not all idyllic raptures, as Simão Botelho seems to think that it ought to be. Certainly the author's vision of life takes the reader a step nearer to reality than might be the case with many Romantics, and, throughout his career, he laughs at literary convention in this, as in other areas of life. This extract from *Onde Está a Felicidade?* is a fine example of this tendency:

“Nesse dia escreveu dez páginas de um álbum, uma longa *Meditação*, que naturalmente fez adormecer a dona do dito

álbum, que esperava uma qualquer coisa em linhas com letras maiúsculas no princípio, dedicada a ela, formosa senhora, a ser verdade o dito dos poetas seus conhecidos, com lábios de rubim, dentes de marfim, mãos de ágata, e pescoço de alabastro. Toda ela, pelos modos, era um mosaico.”⁸⁴

This same note of ridicule runs throughout such works as *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago*, *A Queda dum Anjo* and *A Mulher Fatal*, where the respective protagonists all have to endure lessons in the harsh realities of life in order to survive. Both Silvestre da Silva and Calisto Elói are cowed into submission by life's challenges; in the third of these works, however, Carlos Pereira, having learnt these lessons, chooses to reject them in favour of remaining within his idealised world of love. Nonetheless, although the terms of expression employed in the love-ethos of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are ridiculed, to Camilo the essential vision remains the same. Like Carlos Pereira, he is not *unaware* of a reality of greater complexity; rather, he *chooses* to remain within a more simplistic vision which may not be objectively true, but which is more convenient to male psychology, in the same way as the implications of Realist theory were avoided by Camilo rather than rejected. The preservation of this image is, indeed, implied by the epigraph to *Amor de Salvação* taken from Hugo's *Les Misérables*:

“L'amour n'a point de moyen terme: ou il perd, ou il sauve.”⁸⁵

This theme was common to much of European Romanticism: Goethe's *Faust* closes with the statement of faith in human nature that it is the eternally feminine in man which will save him⁸⁶. Camilo presents this, however, not in terms of traditionally feminine *qualities*, but, more literally, in terms of woman; it is interesting to note the terms in which the author later recalls his first meeting with Ana, in a poem dedicated to 'Raquel' (a name frequently used for fictional depictions of Ana) in the *Óbolo às Crianças*:

“Quando eu te vi num baile, ó flor aberta às auras,
qual donzel medieval, pudibundo corei.
Eu, vago sonhador das legendárias Lauras,
erguer a ti o olhar só mal e a furto ousei.”⁸⁷

The references to the visions of love of a bygone age are in part ironic, but the irony is directed at what the self has been, in this case a “vago sonhador” looking for exactly the kind of Laura ridiculed in the passage quoted above from *Onde Está a Felicidade?*.

The essence of Courtly Love was that the love of the lady had as its aim the arousal of virtuous desires in the suitor through his suffering: there is a clear parallel here with the vision of life and love identified in Camilo by many critics, which is presumably what Aquilino intended by his comparison. Yet this vision contains an inherent paradox: any sign of favour from the lady instantly lowers her from her pedestal of the ideal. Nevertheless, if there is no sign of such favour, she is viewed as a “Belle Dame sans Merci”.

As the woman of courtly romance was a symbolic, rather than a literal figure, this paradox became a powerful means of expressing the moral divide which separated man from God. If the ideas used were to be understood as an interpretation of real women, however, frustration would inevitably follow. For man would then seek in woman both personal favour and an unattainability which are mutually exclusive.

The consequences of this idealisation, if applied to real women, are that, when they fail to live up to these ideals (which Camilo openly concedes in the second passage quoted from *Anátema* above to be artificially imposed), the instinctive tendency is to see these fallen idols as the most despicable of creatures. On the other hand, it also means that any woman in whom an ideal is detected must be not accepted, but pushed away from the self in order to preserve that ideal. This leads to the simplistic polarity perceived in Camilo by Pascoais:

“Viverá sempre entre a fêmea e a donzela, desgostoso daquela e longe desta, desprezando a possuída, e tornando a mais amada intangível.”⁸⁸

This is the reason for Simão's killing of Baltasar Coutinho in *Amor de Perdição*: if Teresa were to become anything more to the hero than an idealised dream, she would lose her purity in his eyes. Unable to bear this prospect, he ensures that he can never possess her by killing his rival. This rejection of the bearer of ideal values for the sake of the ideal itself contains its own refutation, however. For, if Teresa is rejected, it is not in order to preserve her ideal status (which does not really exist), but to avoid the *discovery* that this ideal is illusory. Man can easily find an inferior ideal which satisfies him so long as he is not directly *confronted* with its inferiority.

It is this tendency in Camilo's thought to over-idealise which lay behind the novelist's amorous crisis of the 1840's, when he could not choose between Patrícia Emília and Maria Browne. This dilemma prompts Pimentel to comment that Camilo was more attracted to the woman who was more difficult to obtain (in this case, Maria Browne)⁸⁹. Gondin da Fonseca clearly also thinks along these lines when he suggests that Camilo continually alternated between moving towards Ana and retreating from her⁹⁰. Certainly, it was this line of thought which made Camilo act at times with such heartless cruelty towards Ana: even without the insecurities created by the nature of their relationship, his mentality was not of the type which could easily forgive others (and least of all women) the sin of being less than perfect.

C. Camilo and Real-life Women.

One wonders what Ana would have thought upon reading *Amor de Salvação*. This is the work where the parallels with her real-life adventures with Camilo are both most obvious and viewed in the most negative light. However, it is by no means the only such

work - Camilo himself identified her with the Leonor of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, as has been noted above, and, while Teresa de Albuquerque is at least not viewed as immoral, her rôle in her lover's downfall suggests that Camilo's feelings for the woman who was languishing in gaol with him were ambivalent, despite all the mythologising which has surrounded this period of his life.

His female characters are very idealised, "idealised" in the sense of being seen in simplistic shades of black and white. The Teodora of *A Queda dum Anjo* is too good to be true; meanwhile, the Palmira of *Amor de Salvação* is too evil to be true. When his (generally more credible) male heroes try to win the hands of their loved ones, they follow up their vision of what is most important in life, for the female characters almost always seem to embody particular approaches to life.

Camilo's women do not, then, contribute only to the formulation of his view of love, but they are integrally incorporated into the narrative structure of each book in such a way as to contribute to its individual perspective upon life in general. The Palmira of *Amor de Salvação* may correspond in category to the Teresa of *Amor de Perdição* and to the Ifigénia of *A Queda dum Anjo*, but in each case the figure is presented in a different way, the characterisation helping to mould the overall world vision of the book. The simplistic core of *Amor de Salvação* would not be possible without the black-hearted Palmira; and the air of tragic nobility surrounding *Amor de Perdição* would be shattered if Teresa and Mariana were to be seen in terms other than those of self-sacrificing love. Meanwhile, the emphasis on Ifigénia's seductive beauty enables us to forgive Calisto Elói his sins the more easily.

Maria de Abreu argues that, when Camilo follows Garrett in depicting life in contemporary Portugal as a struggle between Don Quijote and Sancho Panza (as he does, most notably, in *No Bom Jesus do Monte*), he does not so much jokingly imitate an ideal as act it out seriously, associating directly with Palmeirim and Amadis along with Cervantes' hero, although he laughs at himself for his unconventionality in doing

so.

The joke is not, therefore, on the protagonist; it is really on his pretensions. He lives in the world of base matter, but he feels himself to be a crusader for the world of the spirit, even if he knows that this is, literally, a somewhat quixotic ideal. We have, indeed, already seen something of the kind in Camilo's understanding of *Werther*: while he knows that his vision of life ties him to a childish sentimentality, he still remains true to it. This bizarre idealism is consistent with the medieval vision of woman suggested by Aquilino above and confirmed by the continuation of a passage already quoted from *Anátema*:

“Faça-se justiça ao homem. Não foi ele o depressor da mulher. É ela que pediu o seu quinhão à mesa dos ambições... Fez-se carnal em todas as suas potências. Calculou com as lágrimas e com os risos... Constituída mercância, esta engenhosa feitura de Deus, tornou-se um objecto de permutação, uma compra de contento, uma coisa de fastio como o casaco usado, as pantalonas velhas e o chapéu do ano passado.

É mentira! A mulher não pode e não tem direito de se baratear. Não é fadada pelos homens; representa uma lei imutável do Eterno...”⁹¹

It must be conceded that these rather adolescent thoughts on female psychology were written somewhat tongue-in-cheek by a young man whose only dealings with women until then had been, at the best, experimental. Nonetheless, one of the most important features of *Anátema* for the critic is precisely its youthful lack of self-discipline, which fills this unmanageably rambling novel with explicit digressions of a sort which would have been removed by the more mature author.

The passage quoted above is an illustration of precisely the sort of attitudes which lie at the heart of Camilo's conception of works such as *Amor de Salvação*: it is one thing for Afonso to indulge in pre-marital sex; Palmira, however, is dismissed as the serpent sent to tempt him. It is interesting to note how frequently this particular image recurs: in *Anátema*, Jacinta Rosa is described as the "serpente matrimonial de João Rodrigues Cambado"⁹²; and, in the much later *Anos de Prosa*, the following passage shows no more faith in female virtue:

"A mulher, por via de regra, é de seu natural tão boa, sensível e generosa, que chega a recompensar a pertinácia do homem que, primeiro, a nauseou: o segredo deste paradoxo está na influência contagiosa da tolice. A mulher que fez chorar o tolo, e viu rebentar lágrimas de uma cabeça de granito, cuida que fez o milagre de Moisés na rocha de Horeb. Aliciada pela serpente da vaidade, sucumbe como Eva."⁹³

Even in 1868, in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, the association still persists

"O abade de Espinho... pecara na mocidade...

A serpe tentadora fizera-lhe o salto do pescoço de uma bela mulher..."⁹⁴

Clearly, such statements are intended to be partly humorous; and man's moral downfall may legitimately be said to stem from woman in the sense that women are the bearers of sexual temptation for men. However, the same could be said of men for women; and the parallels between Camilo's vision of fictional heroines and real women such as Ana suggests that, in practice, he took this idea almost literally, even if he did accept its artificiality in theory.

To Camilo, woman saves man or sends him to his perdition; the mothering love of a Mafalda, of a Maria da Glória or of a Mariana has the potential to save even one sunk in sin, as is Afonso de Teive. These figures are, as has already been noted, all maternal by nature; and Camilo certainly bears all the signs of longing for the guiding hand of his parents which was absent in his childhood. One can sense the author claiming that, with a normal upbringing, he would have been a more responsible person; and no doubt there is some truth in this.

However, he also shelters behind this lack, attempting to avoid responsibility. For, if woman can save, as Mafalda does, then she can also fail to save, or even condemn, as Palmira could easily have done in *Amor de Salvação*, and, when this happens, woman will be expected to shoulder all the responsibility for her failure to save man. The author himself notes in the "Observação" which precedes this work:

"O leitor folheia duzentas páginas deste livro, e o amor de felicidade e bom exemplo não se lhe depara, ou vagamente lhe preluz. Três partes do romance narram desventuras do amor de desgraça e mau exemplo." ⁹⁵

He goes on to justify this apparent imbalance by stressing that Afonso reaches salvation by taking the road to perdition, and discovering its dangers in time.

Yet, the objection which Camilo has foreseen is a perfectly legitimate one. Given the title of the work, one might reasonably expect a depiction of the joys of Afonso's life of conjugal bliss. This is, however, provided only briefly and somewhat unconvincingly at the beginning and end of the book, and is further undermined by the final paragraph of the "Observação":

"Para o amor maldito, duzentas páginas; para o amor de

salvação, as poucas restantes do livro. Volume que descrevesse um amor de bem-aventuranças terrenas seria uma fábula.”⁹⁶

One cannot help feeling that a vision of how life *ought* to be is being wrapped around the embedded narrative of how life actually is, as França suggests:

“Um final feliz, em Camilo, resulta sempre da sobreposição dum esquema moralizador ao verdadeiro sentido interior da aventura vivida.”⁹⁷

Certainly the fact that Camilo had only recently moved to Ceide with Ana at the time of writing gives support to this view. There is a general air of resentment in Camilo’s references to life with Ana in his writings of the mid-1860’s. In *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, at the section recalling the year 1858, various factual allusions make it clear that the author is thinking of Ana, whom he sees in a dream in the following way:

“E ela repelia-me, dizendo:

- Tenho direitos à luz dos teus olhos, ao sangue das tuas artérias, e ao ar dos teus pulmões. Trabalha, escravo!”⁹⁸

This vision of a vicious, mauling Ana is the physical equivalent of the emotional and financial mauling which is given to Afonso by Palmira and which Álvaro, under the guidance of his mother, manages to escape at the hands of Leonor in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*. It is also interesting to note the clear similarities, in both sense and syntax, between this passage and one already taken from *Mistérios de Lisboa* at p. 81 above where the mother is seen to be similarly demanding:

“Tenho direito ao teu amor, aos teus carinhos, e ao teu respeito, porque te dei a existência.”⁹⁹

Camilo liked to receive love without limit. Giving it to others at a cost to the self was, however, a different matter, and the magic of the relationship with Ana clearly did not last long for him. Certainly, one could imagine that he would not be above remaining faithful to Ana merely for the material security available in Ceide. His pride was such that he may well have regarded this as his due, and, while one should not read too much into the detail of fictional representations of real life, Ana must have found it somewhat ironic that one of Afonso's principal grievances against Palmira in *Amor de Salvação* was the drain which she proved to be upon *his* estate!

It is certainly hard to believe that Ana was the monster portrayed either in *No Bom Jesus do Monte* or in the guise of the fictional Palmira. The devotion which she displayed throughout Camilo's last years, after years of frustration and bullying from him, shines clearly through Dias da Costa's *Dois Anos de Agonia*. This extract from a letter from her to Freitas Fortuna of 3rd October 1889 mentions that she had to read for Camilo, whose blindness prevented him from doing this for himself:

"... de dia Camilo não me dá sequer cinco minutos de folga e não me deixa ocupar senão com ele.

Leio todo o dia, às vezes crônicas enfadonhas e chego à noite sem vista, os pulmões cansados, e roucal...

Já me deu vontade de fugir daqui para me ver livre destes atritos." ¹⁰⁰

And yet, faithful she remained until the end; so why did Camilo apparently fear her?

The answer is perhaps to be found in Ana's own writings, in a translation of Achard's *Marcelle* of 1874:

"O que, porém, nem todos sabem *é que o amante não é melhor que o marido*, e que esses protestos e juramentos são ainda mais quebradiços que os laços sagrados do matrimônio. Corrida a impetuosidade da juventude, o marido vai muitas vezes procurar na esposa, que, como o anjo da abnegação, se limitou a penar e a padecer, a companhia sublime da sua vida, recompensando-se com a mais acrisolada estima das dores excruciantes do passado. Pelo contrário, a amante a *quem uma mulher sacrificou nome, posição e futuro*, é quase sempre o *algoz mais desapiadado da desgraçada*. Para ele, toda a mulher que peca, é perdida! Cada hora que passa aumenta o tédio e o peso destes amores a que jurava em tempo ser eternamente fiel! O que procura com mais afinco é ver-se desoprimido, seja de que modo for, do encargo, do fingimento e da saciedade." ¹⁰¹

(Pimentel's italics)

This is, of course, only a translation, but how well it fits Ana! There is a ring of sincerity throughout this passage; one reads in it Palmira's reply to the accusations levelled at her by Afonso de Teive, accusing him, in turn, of lack of commitment, and, above all, of the lack of interest shown by someone who has seen his idols become merely human. It is perhaps not insignificant that Ana made the Portuguese title of her translation longer and more specific than the original - *Como as Mulheres se Perdem*. Similarly, when she translated Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe* in the following year, the title of that work was to become *Aprender na Desgraça Alheia*. Ana discovered too late that the price which often has to be paid for freedom in love is the loss of emotional security: the dangers which Camilo feared from her were, in fact, only the normal demands which she, as his wife in all senses but the legal one, might make of him.

The responses of the two lovers to their prosecution in 1860-1 provide an interesting

contrast: Ana remained in Oporto to face up to whatever might happen. Camilo, however, spent several months in futile flight from one place to another throughout the North, before finally accepting the inevitable and giving himself up to the authorities in Oporto on 1st October 1860.

The telegrams exchanged by the couple during this period were couched in careful language, as one slip could have led to conviction. Nevertheless, particularly during the months of Camilo's wanderings, the emotional strain began to tell and the lovers would occasionally betray something of their deeper feelings. It was Ana who proved, once again, to be the more committed of the two; for, while Camilo's telegrams are restricted very much to practical considerations, hers are full of words of encouragement and affection, as in this communication of 5th May:

"Alenta-te com a minha coragem; e com a esperança que não nos mente." ¹⁰²

Camilo himself confesses his dependence on Ana in this respect:

"Vivo da tua coragem e esperança" ¹⁰³ (9th August).

Ana sent the following telegram on 18th May:

"...eu já não posso mais. Fala-me de ti. Diz-me quando vens?" ¹⁰⁴

This plea was made fully four-and-a-half months before Camilo responded to her appeal for support; for the meantime he appears to have been more interested in remaining on the run himself. Ana's words of encouragement became all the more insistent:

“Estou melhor, filho, e agora alegre. Vive para a tua esposa e o teu Manuel.” ¹⁰⁵ (30th July),

and desperate:

“Já me não ouves? Coragem peço-te eu, filho. Sofre os teus com resignação, que eu perdoo-lhe o que me chega deles a mim. Vou chamar o Matos. Tenho esperança, pelo que lhe ouvi. Não sucumbas, que eu estou aqui para amparar-te.” ¹⁰⁶ (3rd August),

as her doubts as to Camilo's sincerity grew:

“Estou melhor. Sofro hoje por ti, filho. Veremos o que há de bom na tua resolução.” ¹⁰⁷ (5th August);

the decision referred to is Camilo's indication in a telegram earlier that day that he was at last prepared to face up to the case in court. All the time, though, the deep commitment never left her:

“Se é verdade o que sempre me afirmas, filho, absolvo-te, com o coração que é tão teu” ¹⁰⁸ (20th August).

Clearly, however much Camilo may have desired Ana physically, his enthusiasm for her in any more general sense was, at best, lukewarm during this period.

The Romantic myth of Camilo, built up through generations of studies dependent upon one another, has his first encounter with Ana dated to a ball in 1850. This may or may not be true; it is possibly also true that, if they did meet on this occasion, there was a mutual attraction. However, the very earliest date which has been suggested for

the commencement of a serious involvement between them is 1856¹⁰⁹, and, in the period between the ball and the commencement of the affair, there was certainly at least one other significant love in Camilo's life (Fanny Owen), as well as the unconfirmed liaisons with the poetess, Maria Browne and with the nun, Isabel Cândida.

Ana may, therefore, have been in Camilo's thoughts throughout the 1850's as at least a potential lover, but she certainly did not dominate his life as Teresa dominates Simão's. The main evidence which has been put forward to support the traditional view of Ana as Camilo's "mulher fatal" rests, in fact, upon his own words, which are, of course, not always to be trusted. Osório mentions two important passages where Camilo writes of his first meeting with Ana; one is in *Cenas Inocentes da Comédia Humana*, where he recalls three beautiful women whom he met at a ball:

"Da que primeira vi, mal me recordo. Se a procurar hoje,
depois de doze anos, para acordar as reminiscências de então,
não a encontro, que morreu...

Morreu também essa...

A terceira eras tu." ¹¹⁰

The second passage is the poem (from *Duas Épocas da Vida*) which is frequently quoted in this context:

"Era num baile. Ondulava
de ouro e sedas o salão.
O ar que ali se aspirava
escaldava o coração...
Que linda noite, que vida
no salão se não viveu!

Que existência tão florida
nessa quadra rescendeu!"¹¹¹

There is also a third passage recalling this occasion, in *Anos de Prosa*:

"Quando Raquel está num baile... Num baile foi que eu a vi a primeira vez. Era ela solteira, e teria quinze anos. Isto já lá vai há quinze. Se eu me não lembrar do que ela era então, melhor será despedir de mim esta bruta alma que nem para a saudade já serve. As minhas reminiscências dão-me Raquel vestida de branco. Não lhe hei-de aqui chamar anjo porque não foi essa a impressão."¹¹²

The element which is consistent in these extracts is the setting in a ball; that is therefore quite probably true. However, all three passages show clear signs of conscious artistic shaping. The first, in best anecdotal style, deliberately sets the explicit centre of attention (Ana) in relief against two less important women, who may even have been invented specially for this purpose. This passage is, in fact, taken from a chapter entitled "O Tormento da Memória", which suggests that its significance lies more in the author's sense of nostalgia than in the woman who is remembered.

The poem, meanwhile, seeks to stimulate an air of erotic tension through atmospheric suggestion. The third passage is particularly interesting, as it uses nostalgia for something external to the self, but only in order to express a more self-centred nostalgia for a time which has been lost. This phenomenon will, however, be discussed more fully in Chapters Two and Three.

It is this element of nostalgia which is vital here: all three passages are written years after the event (thirteen in the case of the two extracts of prose - in spite of Camilo's figures of twelve and fifteen respectively - and only four in the case of the poem). The

author, therefore, is projecting emotional significance in the present on to his memory of an event which may or may not have stimulated that experience at the time. It is, therefore, dangerous to use these passages to prove a serious emotional involvement stretching back to 1850: it suited Camilo's purposes in later life to present Ana as his "mulher fatal", but his behaviour towards her in the 1850's does not do much to support suggestions of such total devotion. His memories of his first encounter with her cannot be taken as reliable, nor necessarily even sincere in error.

Certainly, it was with Ana that Camilo settled into a domestic routine after their acquittal. The telegrams quoted above suggest that this was more to Ana's credit than to his; but the couple were also in a position where they had little alternative. Ana's name was dishonoured already, and, if she had felt inclined to leave Camilo, she would probably have been seen by society in an even worse light than she already was. For Camilo, the material securities of Ceide were available to him only through Ana; by the time of the move to the estate, he was already in his late thirties and must have known that his possibilities of making another such profitable conquest were limited; and, of course, having pled justification of his well-publicised offences on the grounds of overwhelming passion, he could not then easily leave Ana. He was, therefore, in his own vision of the situation, trapped in a liaison which had become much more serious than he had probably originally intended. The distant and virtuous courtly lady had come down to earth and become a real (and imperfect) woman whose very proximity implied demands upon Camilo's freedom. Certainly the poem "Saldo", from *Ao Anotecer da Vida* (published in 1874), supports such a view:

"Posso ver-te qual tu foste,
mas qual és eu te aborreço.
Rebaixaste o alto apreço
em que tive o teu amor.
Posso ver-te qual tu foste;
mas qual és, quando te vejo,

sinto dor, e sinto pejo,
pois vergonha é sentir dor.”¹¹³

Once again, Ana can only have felt insulted by comments such as these. It is lack of genuine commitment on Camilo's part that appears to have cast a shadow over their life together; significantly, in *Amor de Salvação*, Palmira's infidelities to Afonso begin only as his financial support for her becomes increasingly reluctant. Within the fiction, this is presented as being quite justified because of the woman's extravagance and immoral sexuality. In real life, however, there is no reason to suspect Ana of being prodigal with Camilo's property. He was, in fact, to a great extent, materially dependent upon her, and the man to whom she was, strictly speaking, unfaithful (if she did, indeed, conduct other affairs) was not Camilo, but Pinheiro Alves.

What Afonso cannot accept in the novel is the fact that Teodora makes demands of him; he has no legal obligations towards her, and chooses to leave her. For practical reasons, Camilo could not afford to leave Ana, but almost every amorous relationship in which he is known to have been involved was marked by an unwillingness to accept the responsibilities which such liaisons demanded: the mothers of his first two children, Joaquina Pereira, and Patrícia Emília, were both abandoned when pregnant; Isabel Cândida was a nun, and therefore had the double attraction of the forbidden fruit and the impossibility of her making serious demands; Maria Browne was old enough to be Camilo's mother, a fact which would have made it easier to abdicate to her those responsibilities which are more traditionally assigned to the male. Finally, the story of Maria do Adro, whose body Camilo claims to have disinterred, bears the hallmarks both, as Meneses suggests, of being a "Margarida Gautier a portuguesa" (in other words, a typical example of the novelist's penchant for cheap publicity stunts)¹¹⁴, and, as Gondim da Fonseca suggests, of being an account in physical terms of a mental exhumation of yet another potential lover with whom he had, in this case literally, failed to come to grips¹¹⁵.

To Alexandre Cabral, who sees through the veil of Romantic posturing which deceived many previous biographers, this continual rejection of the responsibilities of love had as its intention:

“...defender a todo o transe a liberdade e independência que lhe permitissem continuar a longa e penosa caminhada de «grilheta» das letras.”¹¹⁶

This view is rightly rejected by Dória¹¹⁷, as has already been stated at pp. 27-8 above. Camilo's motivation had nothing to do with devotion to literature, nor was there any other external interest in his life which came before his women - the only thing to which he was devoted was himself, and it is not so much the case that he existed for his novels, as that they existed for him, as a continual form of self-expression. The reason for his frequently irresponsible behaviour has nothing to do with his writing; he was, simply, totally unwilling to assume the responsibilities placed upon him by his relationships with others.

Yet the most interesting case of all is that of Fanny Owen, the daughter of a wealthy Welsh father and a Portuguese mother; this tale is recounted in *No Bom Jesus do Monte*¹¹⁸. In 1853, Camilo and a friend, José Augusto Pinto de Magalhães, spent some time at the Owens' estate, where they became intimately acquainted with Fanny and her sister Maria, José Augusto falling in love with Maria, and Camilo with Fanny. Suddenly, however, José Augusto diverted his attentions to Fanny, at which point Camilo claims to have withdrawn from the contest altogether.

José Augusto and Fanny eloped, and, shortly afterwards, José Augusto received some letters previously sent by Fanny to a Spaniard called Fuentes, the contents of which cast considerable doubt upon her devotion to her current beloved. He immediately imposed a life of almost monastic solitude and simplicity upon both himself and Fanny. She and José Augusto were both, meanwhile, suffering from serious illness,

and both were to die before long.

It is not known whether Camilo's account of the story is true; this question, however, is not of great importance. What is much more significant is the author's reaction to it. Amongst other memories of the episode, Camilo confesses to having asked a servant for details of the couple's domestic routine ¹¹⁹, and, after Fanny's death, he claims to have asked the doctor who examined her body at the post-mortem whether she had died a virgin, and was informed, that she was a:

"Virgem, como se nunca sáisse do regaço de sua mãe!" ¹²⁰

At the time of José Augusto's elopement with Fanny, Camilo further claims to have warned him:

"Não a tires da casa, que a deslustras aos teus próprios olhos... O anjo que foge do seio da sua família, deixa lá dentro as asas, e fora da porta é mulher." ¹²¹

It has been claimed that it was Camilo himself who arranged for Fuentes' letters to reach José Augusto's hands ¹²². If this is true, it was certainly one of the most disgraceful acts which he ever committed; but Xavier is right to suggest that he should be considered innocent until proved guilty. Camilo admits openly to having given the letters to Marcelino de Matos, who then passed them on to the ultimate recipient ¹²³, a confession which he would hardly have made if the whole course of events had been deliberately planned. In any case, he cannot be held responsible for the couple's illness and death.

What is much more interesting is the blatant impertinence of his interest in the most intimate details of the couple's lives. His advice to José Augusto not to attempt elopement would appear to be based less on concern for his friend's image of Fanny than

for his own; it is surely to Camilo himself that her virtuous aura would have been destroyed by elopement. The author may not have consciously planned the destruction of the couple's bliss; yet one cannot help feeling that the outcome suited him so well that, even if he did not tell Matos to pass the letters on, he would not complain if, in fact, he did. Certainly, elsewhere he himself was to write of José Augusto:

"Já lestes *Manon de l'Escaut* (sic)? Sabeis como era *Tilberge*
(sic)? Assim era esse homem... que perdi.

Eu fui-lhe um ingrato sem infâmias!" ¹²⁴

The novelist's obsession with the fact of Fanny's virginity seems to indicate a childish wish that, if he was not to have her, then nobody else should either, which might well also provide the motivation for an act such as the provision of the letters. He seems to have been quite content to see his image preserved, at whatever cost to the real person to whom this image had been artificially attached.

It is here that the solution to the dilemma between the figures of the "mulher-anjo" and the "mulher fatal" surely lies. Woman is neither all sexual, as the Palmira of *Amor de Salvação* might suggest; nor can she, in reality, be all mothering care, as Mariana and Mafalda appear to be. Nor, indeed, can she be the sole bearer of value in life, as Simão perceives Teresa. All of these views of woman are at best one-sided, and, at worst, whatever Gonta Colaço might suggest, insulting.

The real woman with whom a positive relationship can be formed is all of these things, but only an imperfect version of each. Camilo appears to have felt a life-long need for the sort of mothering care which was denied to him in infancy; certainly such is his vision of the perfect contentment offered by figures such as Mariana and Mafalda. To some extent, everybody searches for this in relationships with the opposite sex - for the security implied by a settled domestic life is, in a way, a retreat from the world.

The essential difference between the mother-infant relationship and the conjugal one, however, is that the latter is based on a reciprocal relationship of give-and-take, while the former exists as a one-way dependence. Any adult relationship viewed in these terms is, therefore, almost certain to be problematic.

The mother-infant relationship, when broken off at the stage at which it was in Camilo's case, never passes this point of changing from a one-way relationship to a reciprocal one. Because he had never learnt this lesson in childhood, it appears that he never truly learned to give as well as to take in the relationship of equals which is an essential feature of adult life. This fact then becomes one of the major problems which prevented him from ever achieving the sort of fulfilment in love which he sought.

One cannot blame others for being reluctant to give of themselves to someone who was not prepared to give anything in return; one can only express astonishment at the willingness of Ana, in particular, to tolerate this peculiar character. Nevertheless, it appears that, the more Ana gave, the more Camilo took her for granted, as in his contradictory attitudes towards marrying her. The shallowness of the "morality" which made him reluctant to take this step has already been noted at p. 35 above. However, even when he did express a willingness to legitimise her position, it was with little respect for her, as in this letter to Joaquim Ferreira Moutinho of July 1887, where he first declares his plans as definite and then adds:

"Ana Plácido ignora esta resolução; mas tenho por evidente
que a não contraria." ¹²⁵

There can be little doubt that Ana wanted to regularise her position with the man with whom she had lived for so long; she might, however, have liked some consultation upon the matter.

There is, furthermore, the problem of sex; for, whatever Freudian psychology might suggest, the mother-child relationship cannot be regarded as sexual in the same way as the relationship of two adults. At some time, everybody has to face up to the reality that adult relationships with the opposite sex are partly sexual, a fact from which it is often found tempting to shy away, given the significance of the sexual act. Camilo's involvements before Ana could fairly be described as adolescent experimentation; his relationship with Ana, however, certainly passed this level in the sense that, presumably, a regular adult sex-life was built up once they were settled in Ceide.

Nevertheless, there are indications that full acceptance of sexuality was never achieved. Camilo never seems to have got over the idea that sex was, inherently, a dirty thing. This is reflected in various ways: Prado Coelho points out that sex is ignored to a great extent in the novels, and only hinted at by references such as this one in *Anátoma*, where Carlos takes Inês and the Count to his house:

"A casa tinha duas câmaras, e uma era do reverendo abade...

Aqui perdoe-me o fazedor do manuscrito, mas em vez dos seus alambicados rodeios, vão por conta da sã moral e decoro literário estas duas linhas de panaceia universal." ¹²⁶

There then follow two lines of asterisks; the point has been made clear, but Camilo is shy of stating that the couple make love.

It will be objected that, in this case, the author was setting out on his literary career and could not afford to alienate the respectable reading public, and, secondly, that it is wrong to judge his degree of honesty about sex by the standards of the late twentieth century.

As far as the first point is concerned, this shyness on sexual matters was to remain with Camilo for the rest of his life. This is clearly repression: Prado Coelho quotes a

passage from *A Neta do Arcediogo* which is extraordinarily explicit for Camilo, culminating in the sentence:

“Seguíram-se suspiros convulsivos, monossílabos exaustos no sorvo de um beijo, ao mesmo tempo que as pulsações aceleradas de dous selos se encontram, ajustando-se em contornos que o prazer inventa.”¹²⁷

One notices here that, as the excitement of the moment increases, there is a switch within this sentence from the past to the present tense, as if the author himself were reliving such an experience. Prado Coelho goes on to comment:

“O mais curioso é que o mecanismo repressivo provavelmente não deixou de se exercer: o último período só aparece na 1.ª edição.”¹²⁸

The second edition, in which the passage alluded to was first omitted, was published in 1860, when the author was well established, and no longer had to worry about whether or not his books would sell. Prado Coelho's final judgement on the matter is that, even during Camilo's period of experimentation with Realist method in the 1880's:

“Bem; uma coisa não mudou: a óptica maniqueísta de quem vê no erotismo o repulsivo, o baixo, o abjecto, incerto mesmo sobre se o amor resgata o vício do prazer carnal.”¹²⁹

Yet there can be no doubting Camilo's genuine delight in the pleasures of the flesh. Thus, in a letter to José Barbosa, he writes with unaccustomed frankness:

“Bem sabes que amo aquela mulher. *Amo!* Eu não sei se a amo, mas antes quero apertá-la na cama em prosaica e carnal

realidade, que sonhá-la em visões *lamartinianas*.”¹³⁰ (Camilo's italics)

The collector of the Sintra collection suggests that this letter concerns Ana Plácido; this seems unlikely in view of the date (19th April 1853). The important point, however, is not the identity of the lover; what matters is that Camilo was certainly not a man of abnormally low sexual urges. One might also suggest that the flower-reference in the following extract from the Preface to *Amor de Perdição* contains a sexual allusion which is so clear as to be almost obscene:

“A passagem do seio da família, dos braços de mãe, dos beijos das irmãs para as carícias mais doces da virgem, que se lhe abre ao lado como flor da mesma sazão e dos mesmos aromas...”¹³¹

The lack of open expression given to sex in the novels betrays not a mentality that is above sex, but a mentality that feels that it *ought* to be above sex. It is interesting that Prado Coelho should bring the question of Realist practice into discussion here, for, basically, Camilo's attitudes towards both the more sordid aspects of this literary movement and the personal question of sex are similar - he treats both phenomena as if they did not exist, because he is not comfortable in dealing with them.

In this sense, Camilo's attitude towards sex never seems to have passed beyond the adolescent's thrill of tasting the forbidden fruit. It would not have been impossible for Camilo to have been more daring in his novels; *Eça* aroused considerable controversy with his works (which would seem tame to the modern reader in terms of explicit sexuality), yet he did not suffer any great persecution as a result.

The real reason why Camilo's novels do not mention sex is because the author never achieved truly mature sexual attitudes. This is why Fanny's virginity is prized, while Ana was often seen as a slut - she was guilty of performing “dirty” acts with Camilo which

he felt should not be performed, a sensation which was perhaps exaggerated by a vision in Ana of the mother whom he sought from cradle to grave, in other words the figure in connection with whom the sexual taboo was strongest. What is certain is that, as a sexually active woman, Ana represented to Camilo the embodiment of all that was basest in his own life. Once more, the female is regarded merely as the screen on to which male obsessions are projected.

The true road to happiness in love is not the one which Camilo appears to have taken, that is of seeing love as having to be *either* spiritual or sexual. True human love requires expression in both of these ways. It is not in accepting passion blindly (as Simão Botelho does), nor in rejecting it utterly (as Afonso de Teive does), that success in love lies, but in accepting bodily passion as part and parcel of man's life on earth, and then building on to that the humdrum normalities which are embodied by Mariana and Mafalda.

The pessimism of the passage reproduced from *Onde Está a Felicidade?* at p. 107 above, claiming that love cannot last because it is the only thing which is perfect in an imperfect world, is the ultimate exposure of the falsity of Camilo's vision of love. For this comment, intended as an authorial warning of imminent problems for Guilherme and Augusta, rests on the assumption that love can be love only if it is perfect. This suggests a considerable degree of ignorance of the potential of that imperfect human love which can, nevertheless, be strengthened through qualities such as commitment of the sort which Camilo appears to have been reluctant to display to Ana, and the willingness to overcome the difficulties which inevitably arise in human relationships.

Such false idealism immediately destroys all possibility of ever achieving emotional fulfilment: perfect love may not last in this world, but an imperfect human love which approximates to the ideal is, in fact, possible. Goethe's vision of man being saved by his very imperfections is acknowledged by Camilo in his summing-up of *Amor de Salvação*. However, in reality, what saves Afonso is not his imperfection, but Mafalda's implied perfection. So long as man himself fails to make a genuine attempt to face up to his

imperfections, such happy endings will remain unlikely and unconvincing. Camilo, however, prefers to alternate between an unrepentant worldliness and a spirituality which has more in common with a neurotic fear of being seen to fall short in the slightest degree of absolute standards than it does with a sincerely-held morality.

D. Two Special Cases: "Onde Está a Felicidade?" and "O Retrato de Ricardina".

This alternation between the poles of sensuality and spirituality in love continues throughout the period under consideration. In some cases, as in *A Queda dum Anjo* or *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago*, this vision is subjected to considerable irony, as the author faces up to the fact that woman is, in fact, no better and no worse than man, and is, therefore, incapable of working any real transformation upon a man who sees in her only a reflection of his own internal tensions. Nonetheless, the incessant recurrence of the alternation indicates that, in the depths of his soul, Camilo was unable to shake off this simplistic vision which allowed him to conceive of women according as it suited him, but which prevented him from establishing truly healthy relationships.

There are, however, two novels which make some sort of attempt to synthesise the "mulher fatal" and the "mulher-anjo". The first of these is *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, where Guilherme essentially attempts to make a "mulher fatal" out of a "mulher-anjo", and the second is *O Retrato de Ricardina*, where Bernardo, in perhaps the happiest ending of any of Camilo's major novels, succeeds, on this occasion, in turning his "mulher fatal" into a "mulher-anjo".

The early chapters of *Onde Está a Felicidade?* show Guilherme's attempts to find his ideal woman in the high society of Oporto:

"Sonho uma imagem: não a encontrarei na face da terra".

he says of his futile search, which serves only to confirm his preconceived notion that women are merely:

“mentira, matéria, venalidade, corrupção.”¹³²

This search comes close to that for the “matrimonio deductivo” humorously suggested by Unamuno in *Amor y pedagogia*, that is, the love which knows what it seeks and merely requires an object in the outside world to which it can be applied. This is, of course, a love which, in its purest form, is doomed to failure. “Matrimonio inductivo”, as the final goal of that love which is spontaneously prompted by its object, has much more potential for reward. Real human love, of course, is usually a combination of the two¹³³.

Guilherme’s basic fault is that of taking “deductive love” to its logical conclusion, that of trying to adopt the role of a Pygmalion, shaping a Galatea whom he may love, a practice which is seen to produce very dangerous results. This whole question is, in fact, discussed explicitly in *Um Homem de Brios* in terms similar to those used by Unamuno:

“Amor há só um. A repetição deste sentimento não é amor, é paixão. Desta àquela vai a diferença da alma livre nos seus anelos à alma presa nos sentidos.

Amar é sentir de dentro para fora; apaixonar-se é sentir de fora para dentro.

A coisa assim dita é clara como água. E mais clara ainda: amar é uma operação da alma sem dependência do corpo; apaixonar-se é uma operação do corpo sem dependência da alma.”¹³⁴

While this work is nominally a sequel to *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, in fact it serves as a kind of retraction of it. This aspect of *Um Homem de Brios* will be dealt with in Chapter Four below (see pp. 326-331); for now, it is enough to note that this passage seeks to explore love in the author's familiar terms of body versus soul, which instinctively lead the reader to side with "amor" and "alma", against "paixão" and "corpo". Yet, here the poles have been reversed in comparison with the earlier novel. Guilherme's "deductive love" is now praised as love, while the more responsive form of "inductive love" is dismissed as mere passion. The distinction made in the last paragraph quoted between body and soul is totally misleading; the distinction which has real relevance here is that between the possessive love which merely takes from the world by imposing value upon it ("sentir de dentro para fora"), and that which adapts the self to the world ("sentir de fora para dentro").

Throughout the two novels, Guilherme's feelings for Augusta are only "deductive love"; between the original idyll with her and his return in *Um Homem de Brios* there lies the "inductive love" with Leonor, which leaves him with his fingers burnt and unwilling to face up to the need for the continuation of this path. The contrast between the two works, then, lies in the fact that, in the later one, Guilherme's feelings for Augusta are seen without judgement as "amor", whereas, in the earlier one, they are seen with genuine regret as "amor-vaidade, o único que é possível em ti" ¹³⁵, as the poet tells the hero.

Guilherme, having failed to find the woman whom he seeks in respectable society, takes Augusta away from her familiar background of simple poverty when she is in a state of emotional vulnerability. Then, having seduced this innocent by their idyllic lifestyle and his sophistication, he tries to make her into the sort of woman whom he believes a man of his worth ought to be able to display to the world - a sophisticated, intelligent and cultured lady who is worth several of the richer society flirts. His ideas of love, shaped by his reading (he is introduced to the reader as a "vítima dos romances"¹³⁶), lead him into dangerous attitudes which only just hide his real

ambitions, as in this declaration to the anonymous poet:

“Vinte anos, a virgindade da alma, a beleza, um terreno
inculto com os embriões de todas as flores no seio... a minha
linda cativa!”¹³⁷

The idealised vision of his simple beloved has been turned through poetic metaphor into a gross sexual allusion, which leads to her becoming regarded as his property, although this idea is expressed in terms reminiscent of Renaissance love poetry. The reversal of roles in comparison with this literary model, with the woman as the man's captive, instead of vice-versa, draws the reader's attention to the fact that this is to become not a metaphorical truth, but a literal one.

He then corrects her speech and educates her, with the following aim in mind:

“ - É que eu quero fazer de ti a primeira entre todas. Hás-de
sê-la. O último amor que desampara o homem é o amor
combinado com o orgulho. Quero estar prevenido para me
alimentar desse, quando os outros me faltarem...”¹³⁸

Obsessed with what he calls his “obra”, he loses sight of the fact that it is another human being with whom he is dealing, treating her, rather, like a fictional character, shaping her into the woman whom he wants her to be for his benefit, only to find that, by doing this, he is destroying the woman whom he loves:

“Amaral revia-se na *sua obra*, com orgulho de artista, e
ternura de amante.”¹³⁹ (Camilo's italics)

Before long, he has to face up to the girl's quite legitimate desire for marriage, and, at once, his enthusiasm turns to his cousin Leonor, who is already the full society

woman. This is his downfall, for Guilherme receives the same treatment from her as he has dealt out to Augusta - that is, seduction and abandonment - before he returns from abroad, a sadder, but not necessarily a wiser man.

The theme of literary parody which runs right through the novel, from Guilherme's initial assumptions about love to his final penitence by translation (where he works off his feelings of guilt by producing a Portuguese version of Espronceda's *A Teresa*, which recounts a situation similar to his own), reflects his vision of Augusta as a creature purely of his own creation. To a degree, this is merely another reflection of the solipsistic doubt to be discussed in Chapters Two and Three below, in that any individual's perception of reality is creative since it cannot correspond exactly to that reality. Nevertheless, there is more significance to be found in this fact than that - there is also a more practical element here.

For Guilherme's vision of Augusta hides her real potential from him, and, instead of accepting her as she is, he attempts to turn her into an impossible ideal, a rôle which she cannot hope to fulfil. This novel is a penitential work, and, as such, it contains a degree of intellectual honesty which is refreshing in Camilo. Because of this fact, the vision of love here is more sincere than in *Um Homem de Brios*. Camilo confesses not only his own wrongs, but also those inadequacies of his which should not be judged too harshly in moral terms, but which can, nonetheless, lead to moral failures. The literary parody gives effective expression to the dangers of a simplistic outlook upon others, but, more than that, it illustrates the futility of trying to reconcile the two poles perceived in the female sex by altering their balance.

Augusta tends towards the pole of the "mulher-anjo" and only can be such. If she is to be accepted at all, it can only be as what she is, not as what Guilherme would like her to be. This Augusta points the path to a more realistic portrayal of the female sex; however, this path is not taken any further, and the Augusta of *Um Homem de Brios* has already become the classic heroine of Camilo's fiction - weak, passive, and entirely

dependent upon the male for whatever status she may possess in the world.

The basic situation of *O Retrato de Ricardina* which nearly leads to a tragic outcome similar to that of *Amor de Perdição* is the following: Bernardo Moniz and Ricardina Pimentel elope together, in spite of opposition to their love by their two families, and they have just been given a licence to get married, when this seemingly happy solution is spoilt. Because of Bernardo's earlier oath of loyalty to a revolutionary group (in which he has lost all interest since falling in love with Ricardina), he is ordered on pain of death himself to take part in an assassination plot. Due to an unfortunate misunderstanding after the killing has taken place, both he and Ricardina believe that the other is dead, and he goes into exile abroad.

When he returns to Portugal years later, a rather unlikely sequence of chance events leads to an encounter with his son Alexandre (conceived by Ricardina before they were separated so many years before) who recognises the portrait of Ricardina on the medallion which Bernardo wears, and it is this which eventually leads to their reunion. Bernardo has worn this medallion close to his heart constantly, even through his long years of exile abroad, and on one occasion, in the uproar resulting from the assassination, it saves his life by stopping a bullet.

There is considerable symbolism in this work: while Bernardo's idealism is reflected in the fact that he is an artist, a person who responds sensitively to beauty in all of its forms, Ricardina is constantly associated with the ideal itself. For example, she is seen to be a source of inspiration for art. This is how she is first introduced to the reader:

"Carlos pedia a segunda, que era alva, olhos cismadores e estáticos, compleição linfática, estatura mediana, ar melancólico e pudico, um certo quebranto que a poetisa daria mais inspirações que a outra." ¹⁴⁰

Similarly, we are told that Ricardina's "feições angélicas" are an obsessive element in Bernardo's paintings ¹⁴¹.

She is both beautiful and virtuous. Her principles are too strong and her love for Bernardo too loyal to allow her to enter into the lucrative marriage which her materialist father tries to arrange for her; she is "a mais doce alma que os anjos compuseram da graça e formosura do Céu" ¹⁴². Later she is described as "a mulher mais formosa do mundo" ¹⁴³.

She inspires Bernardo to a realisation of the futility of worldly matters, just as Teresa inspires Simão in *Amor de Perdição*. This attitude is seen most clearly in the following two passages (on both occasions it is Bernardo himself who is speaking):

"O que eu quero é amar livremente. Achei a felicidade.
Acabaram-se as minhas pendências com o mundo" ¹⁴⁴,

and:

"Lá vou expiar a leviandade de me intrometer na política, já
quando tinha toda a minha inteligência e afectos empregados
no santo amor daquele anjo." ¹⁴⁵

It is Bernardo's involvement in politics which brings about the potential for tragedy here. Despite his idealism, the nature of the world in which he lives and his own past are such that now he cannot escape from the situation which he has, in part, created for himself.

Ricardina's full significance becomes apparent in her associations with the divine. She saves Norberto Calvo, a servant, from the wrath of her father (who is presented as a stern figure, perhaps comparable to the angry and forbidding face of God), and

thereafter Norberto sees her as the "anjo salvador da sua fidelidade" ¹⁴⁶, and as his "adorada salvadora" ¹⁴⁷. This is, of course, not dissimilar to the role of the Virgin Mary in Roman Catholic theology; her father is like the vengeful aspects of God, she is like the loving and inspirational Lady who assuages this anger. Here, however, this symbolism seems rather to suggest that she serves to assuage not an angry God, but an unpleasant earthly reality - Bernardo's exile is now complete, and the sin is merely symbolic of the imperfection of the world.

Ricardina, then, is closely associated with the Ideal, whether it be aesthetic or religious. The question which must be answered now is the following: is Ricardina intended to be suggestive of the Ideal, or are these allusions to the Ideal merely intended as part of the presentation of Ricardina?

To a certain extent, both these theories are true; certainly the novel could be read not only as a story of two ideal lovers conquering the obstacles set in their paths, but as that of Bernardo's search for Ricardina as the embodiment of his vision of life.

Ricardina teaches Bernardo a contempt for the worldly and mundane. He is no longer concerned with the ideal of material progress embodied by his revolutionary society; instead he spends years in the wilderness, as it were (his years of exile outside Portugal) until his tentative link, his tenuous hold upon his ideal (his medallion of Ricardina which has already saved his life) leads him to that ideal. There is a reward in the end for his faithfulness to his ideal, to his vision of something higher in life than the sordid and futile materialist obsessions of the family into which Ricardina's father wants her to marry.

Bernardo's idealism is an idealism which has been tested through years of suffering and has survived; it is therefore of quite a different nature from the shallow idealism of such as Calisto Elói or Bernardo's own son, Alexandre, whose naïve, academically-based morality is closer to a forbidding intolerance than to anything positive. Similarly,

Bernardo's own earlier faith in politics seems superficial beside the beauty of this love for Ricardina.

Ricardina, then, represents more than just herself; she becomes a symbol for a whole way of life which forms a meaningful alternative to the futility of ~~society~~. The Marian symbolism is perhaps significant in that the Virgin retains her integrity (idealism, associated with virginity) while still being fruitful (in the birth of a son). Likewise, Ricardina symbolises the way in which Bernardo's ideals have now been reconciled with the practicalities of life. Simões suggests that the God needed by Camilo must be a personal one, and that he can make his relationship to God only through woman:

"Adorar-te é crer em Deus" ¹⁴⁸,

he quotes Camilo as writing in the poem "Adoração" of 1857.

There is a sense in which this vision is understandable, in that both human love and religion are attempts to relate to a reality beyond the self, and, that, when love reaches the point of eroticism, this can involve facing up to the mortality of the self. However, this equation is misleading, as, if love is frustrated, it leads illogically to the kind of rejection of God for reasons of personal circumstance which runs through the closing chapters of *Carlota Ângela* and which is also to be found in one passage of *O Retrato de Ricardina*:

"Se houvesse Deus, ela não tinha morrido assim... Isto de religião é uma história, Senhor Doutor. Eu, se soubesse ler - acrescentou ele com blasfema raiva - havia de escrever, que não há Deus, nem Céu, nem Inferno..." ¹⁴⁹

This novel could be interpreted as man expiating his guilt in the wilderness and being rewarded by the recovery of his ideal status which has been lost by sin: there are clear

parallels to this effect between Ricardina and ideals, moral, spiritual and aesthetic. However, while the main narrative closes with the "happy-ever-after" reunion of the couple, the "Conclusão" which follows brings the characters back down to earth:

"E, com estas recordações, ali à beira de Norberto morto, as lágrimas eram tantas que Bernardo Moniz perguntava à esposa:

- Quando deixaremos de chorar, Ricardina?

- Só não choram os que morrem... - respondeu ela." ¹⁵⁰

The characters are still trapped in this vale of tears; the ideal which has been recovered is not one which is truly ideal, but the one which was as an ideal to Camilo - the recovery of the loving security which he believed that he had never had. In other words, Ricardina is not really an attempt at all to find the ideal *through* woman; it is rather an attempt to find an ideal *in* woman herself, an aim which is incapable of fulfilment, given human nature. Simões has the poles of Camilo's thought reversed: Paradise is not perceived through an earthly reality; what is an earthly reality for most people was perceived by Camilo as Paradise, because this normal experience had been denied to him.

Ricardina is the most convincing and satisfactory union which Camilo forms between his two basic visions of woman: unlike the dream-like *Amor de Salvação*, this work is set in a world of realistically recognisable characters. The initially sinful love (symbolised by Bernardo's involvement in temporal affairs) is purified in the years of exile into a love which becomes as that of the "mulher-anjo", but, as this woman still retains something of her enticing charm, the tedium experienced by Guilherme with Augusta is absent. What Bernardo and Ricardina come to share is a love purified of earthly passion but which still retains its ideal object: this, however, is once again an evasion of the true challenge of making love work in the world - it is recognising the

dangerous potential of human passion, but allowing circumstances to work out a satisfactory ending, rather than attempting to create one for oneself.

This vision was to become increasingly common in the *Novelas do Minho* of the next decade: there lost unity is regained on a regular basis. By this time Camilo was in his early fifties and had been living a settled domestic life with Ana for several years, away from the temptations of the flesh which had led to his original affair with her. Certainly, by this period, the excesses of spiritual pretension which mark many works of the 1860's were a thing of the past.

The problem here is that this new vision still indicates no understanding of love; what it points to is the settled routine of a regular "modus vivendi" with the woman for whom he no longer felt any passion and who was to become little more to him than a housekeeper. With middle-age the amorous crisis may have passed, but Camilo's vision of love, as Prado Coelho points out - and as the real-life escapade involving Nuno and Isabel da Costa Macedo in 1881 was to indicate -, would never undergo any significant change.

Notes on Chapter One.

1. Miguel de Unamuno: *Por terras de Portugal y de España*, (Buenos Aires, Colección Austral, Editora Espasa-Calpe, Third Edition, 1946), p. 99.
2. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 75.
3. Quoted by Bigotte Chorão in *Camilo*, p. 41. The letter is wrongly dated to 1866 there, presumably owing to a misprint. The letter is also reproduced in Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, pp. 19-22.
4. Alexandre Cabral, *Correspondência*, Vol. II, p. 122.
5. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 40-43.
6. *O. C.*, Vol. III, pp. 383-4.
7. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 190.
8. Meneses, Parte Primeira, Período Primeiro, p. 99.
9. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 21.
10. Meneses, Parte Primeira, Período Segundo, Chapter Two, *passim*, but see especially p. 58; pp. 59-75 and p. 77.
11. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, pp. 14-15.
12. *Horas de Paz*, Vol. I, p. 196.

13. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 1003.
14. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 713.
15. See Alexandre Cabral, *Polêmicas*, Vol. IX, p. 83.
16. Meneses, Parte Primeira, Período Segundo, p. 80.
17. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, p. 42.
18. O. C., Vol. III, p. 50.
19. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 12.
20. *Um Livro*, p. 59.
21. O. C., Vol. V, p. 369.
22. O. C., Vol. I, p. 319.
23. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 17-18.
24. Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. I, pp. 80-81.
25. O. C., Vol. III, p. 661.
26. O. C., Vol. V, p. 557.
27. Quoted in Pesch, p. 169, although the quotation is attributed there only to Freud's

Five Lectures on Psycho-Analysis, without further detail. The translation is mine.

28. See Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. I, p. 90, and, in the "Estudo Preliminar" by Lourdes Leduc, at Vol. I, p. 45.
29. Freud, *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis*, pp. 10-11; and Freud, *Five Lectures on Psycho-Analysis*, pp. 76-77.
30. See Pesch, p. 61.
31. Freud, *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis*, p. 56.
32. O. C., Vol. I, p. 323.
33. O. C., Vol. III, p. 65, and Manuscript, sheet 117.
34. Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. I, pp. 81-2.
35. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 724.
36. O. C., Vol. III, p. 113.
37. This is stated both in the preface to the second edition of the novel itself (O. C., Vol. III, p. 3), and in *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 74.
38. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. I, p. 33.
39. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 74.
40. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. I, p. 8.

41. O. C., Vol. III, p. 99.
42. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 14.
43. O. C., Vol. III, p. 143.
44. *Divindade de Jesus*, p. 37.
45. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 769.
46. O. C., Vol. IV, pp. 693-4.
47. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 694.
48. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 628.
49. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 188.
50. O. C., Vol. III, p. 589.
51. O. C., Vol. III, p. 115.
52. Isbister, p. 86.
53. Quoted in Pesch, p. 58. In English, the quotation reads: "Every new arrival on this planet is faced by the task of mastering the Oedipus complex; anyone who fails to do so falls a victim to the neurosis." (Freud, *On Sexuality*, p.226, note.)
54. See, for example, Lemos p. 325, or any of the "Nosografias de Camilo" (Pimentel

Jr., the chapter of this title in Osório, etc.).

55. Henderson, in Jung, p. 117.
56. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 63.
57. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 62.
58. O. C., Vol. III, p. 71.
59. Barbosa, Letter XVIII, of 5th January 1857, reproduced at p. 48.
60. O. C., Vol. III, p. 114.
61. Freud, *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis*, p. 27.
62. von Franz, in Jung, p. 190; see also Glover, in Jung, pp. 64-5.
63. O. C., Vol. III, p. 28.
64. O. C., Vol. III, p. 134.
65. O. C., Vol. III, p. 170.
66. Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. II, p. 25.
67. Pascoais, pp. 45-46.
68. *Boémia do Espírito*, p. 429.

69. *Horas de Luta*, p. 32.
70. O. C., Vol. I, p. 327.
71. O. C., Vol. V, pp. 944-5.
72. António do Prado Coelho, p. 93.
73. O. C., Vol. III, p. 463.
74. O. C., Vol. II, p. 276.
75. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 629.
76. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 660. At first, this character is known as "Teodora"; later, however, she changes her name to "Palmira". It is by this name that reference to her will be made, in order to avoid confusion with the very different Teodora of *A Queda dum Anjo*.
77. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 683. Palmira's comment about being deceived by Afonso's mother refers to the way in which D. Eulália earlier misinterprets Palmira's decision to marry Eleutério as indicating a lack of love for her son, and then presents it to him in this light. It should also be noted from this passage that even Palmira uses the serpent imagery in connection with herself.
78. Gonta Colaço, p. 23.
79. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 154.
80. O. C., Vol. I, p. 67.

81. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 45-6.
82. O. C., Vol. I, p. 256.
83. O. C., Vol. I, p. 56.
84. O. C., Vol. II, p. 351.
85. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 617.
86. Goethe, *Faust*, Part II, Lines 12110-1, taken from the edition by Erich Trunz (Munich, Verlag, C. H. Beck, 1986), p. 365.
87. *Óbolo às Crianças*, p. 97.
88. *Pascoais*, p. 39.
89. *Pimentel, Amores*, p. 166.
90. *Gondin da Fonseca*, Vol. II, p. 67 and p. 105.
91. O. C., Vol. I, p. 46.
92. O. C., Vol. I, p. 24.
93. O. C., Vol. III, p. 1033.
94. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 703.

95. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 621.
96. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 621.
97. França, Vol. III, p. 678.
98. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 177.
99. O. C., Vol. I, p. 319.
100. Júlio Dias da Costa, *Dois Anos*, pp. 132-3.
101. Quoted in Pimentel, *Amores*, pp. 344-5. Ana's translation was published under the pseudonym of Lopo de Sousa. It has proved impossible to find further details of this work.
102. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 127.
103. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 143.
104. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 131.
105. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 135.
106. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 139.
107. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 140.
108. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, p. 147.

109. For discussion of this matter, see Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 31-37.
110. Both this passage and the next are quoted in Osório, at p. 135 and pp. 137-8 respectively. This passage is taken from *Cenas Inocentes da Comédia Humana*, p. 188.
111. *Dois Épocas da Vida*, p. 27.
112. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 1142. The name "Raquel" or "Rachel", as it is used obsessively in *Ao Anotecer da Vida*, was often used in connection with Ana, although if the ball did take place in 1850, as is generally accepted, the correct lapse between narrated and narrative times would have been thirteen years, and Ana would have been eighteen or nineteen. However, one need not expect fictional reproduction of actual experience to follow detail slavishly: here the facts may have been altered deliberately in order to increase the aura of virginal innocence surrounding Ana/Raquel. What is certainly remarkable is that, shortly before this passage, the woman is said to have been twenty-four at the time of writing, whereas, according to the extract reproduced, she would have to have been thirty. Camilo was, however, weak on even the simplest arithmetic, and attached little importance to detail.
113. Quoted in Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 142; this poem is taken from *Ao Anotecer da Vida*, p. 11.
114. Meneses, *Período Primeiro, Parte Segunda*, p. 225. Camilo's account of the exhumation of Maria do Adro is given in *Dois Horas de Leitura*, at the section entitled "Impressão Indelével", (pp. 58-59).
115. Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. I, pp. 138-9.

116. Alexandre Cabral, *Rotetro*, pp. 66-7.
117. Dória, p. 102.
118. See *No Bom Jesus do Monte* at the section headed "1854".
119. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 129.
120. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 142.
121. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 115.
122. See Xavier, *Camilo e Outras Figuras*, pp. 35-41; António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, pp. 110-111, and Gondin da Fonseca, Vol. I, pp. 183-184.
123. António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, p. 109.
124. Quoted in António Cabral, *Camilo de Perfil*, p. 109.
125. Quoted in António Cabral, *Camilo e Eça*, pp. 148.
126. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 257.
127. If the passage quoted had not been cut in all editions subsequent to the first, it would have appeared at *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 11.
128. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 195.
129. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 198.

130. Alexandre Cabral, *Correspondência*, Vol. I, p. 61.

131. O. C., Vol. III, p. 384.

132. O. C., Vol. II, p. 205.

133. Unamuno's distinction is as follows:

“Porque es de saber, antes de proseguir nuestro relato, que los matrimonios pueden ser inductivos o deductivos. Ocurre, en efecto, con harta frecuencia, que rodando por el mundo se encuentra el hombre con un gentil cuerpecito femenino que con sus aires y andares le hiere las cuerdas del meollo del espinazo, con unos ojos y una boca que se le meten al corazón, se enamora, pierde pie, y una vez en la resaca no halla mejor medio de salir a flote que no sea haciendo suyo el garboso cuerpecito con el contenido espiritual que tenga, si es que le tiene. He aquí un matrimonio inductivo. En otros casos acontece que al llegar a cierta edad experimenta el hombre un inexplicable vacío, que algo le falta, y sintiendo que no está bien que esté el hombre solo, se echa a buscar viviente vaso en que verter aquella redundancia de vida que por sensación de carencia se le revela. Busca mujer entonces y con ella se casa en matrimonio deductivo. Todo lo cual equivale a decir que, o ya precede la novia a la idea de casarse, conduciéndonos aquélla a ésta, o ya el propósito del casorio nos lleva a la novia.”

The passage is quoted from *Amor y pedagogía* (Madrid, Editorial Magisterio Español, 1967), pp. 52-3.

134. O. C., Vol. II, p. 455.

135. O. C., Vol. II, p. 308.
136. O. C., Vol. II, p. 204.
137. O. C., Vol. II, p. 255.
138. O. C., Vol. II, p. 278.
139. O. C., Vol. II, p. 283.
140. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 706.
141. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 721.
142. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 711.
143. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 844.
144. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 758.
145. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 762.
146. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 713.
147. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 714.
148. Simões, "A Poesia", p. 68.
149. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 855.
150. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 870.

Chapter Two: Solipsism

A. Theoretical Considerations.

In the previous chapter, much comment has been made upon Camilo's idealised perception of the opposite sex. This is partly the result of his solitary nature and upbringing; it is, in part, also the result of influences which extend across the whole of Western culture.

Until relatively recently, literature and art in all of its forms were an almost exclusively male preserve. Women, for sociological reasons, were unable to break out of the sort of stereotyped categories into which they were placed by visions of the world such as those outlined in Chapter One. Accordingly, this vision became ever more unshakeable, and, in turn, woman became, to the predominantly male vision, a useful means of expressing ideals in many respects: religious, moral, physical and aesthetic.

There is probably nothing wrong with this, provided that, when this is done, it is remembered that these images of women are symbolic, and are no more representative of real women than they are of real men. It is when they are taken literally that they become problematic. Most men succeed in divorcing the image from the real woman for normal practical purposes; almost all men, however, find it impossible to make a complete break in this respect, and some few seem to be incapable of separating the two at all. On the evidence of Chapter One, it would appear that Camilo falls into this small group whose vision remains almost exclusively idealised.

Frequently, therefore, woman has been used as a symbol for the vision of perfection sought by the poet. There is little new in that; however, there is an intimate connection between this sort of vision of the ideal and the self-imposed isolation of the poet in the pursuit of that ideal which is familiar to readers of Thomas Mann or Oscar Wilde¹. It

has become almost a commonplace that, in order to preserve the purity of his perception, the poet must isolate himself from the society of men, and live in a solitary world, far from the distractions of that ordinary life which deals with base matter. It is hardly to be found surprising, therefore, that, in many cases, simplistic notions about the opposite sex not only survive in the artistically gifted, but are actually reinforced.

In Camilo's case, there can be no doubt about the extreme sense of isolation felt. The following note, hastily scribbled to Ana, is a fine example:

"Na estação.

Minha querida filha,

Eu levo uma sinistra saudade de ti. Vou doente e triste como nunca. O coração pede-me a gritos que volte daqui para casa, mas sei que te vou afligir. Devo sacrificar-me...

Adeus, minha filha. Manda-me ir para casa logo que possas sofrer-me....

Teu Camilo." ²

This letter is undated, and it is not known under what circumstances it was written; its extreme tones might simply indicate an attempt to patch up a quarrel. However, regardless of the exact situation, the use of the verb "voltar" and the fact that the station remains unspecified (thus suggesting that it is the station at Famalicão) lead to the conclusion that Camilo had only just left Ana at home when he wrote this note. The frequency with which Camilo would alternate between this kind of self-abasement and extreme arrogance in his treatment of Ana suggests that what is experienced here is not the sort of loneliness which afflicts all normal people periodically; this is, rather, an

extreme example of a more general sense of being set apart from normal society.

Such extreme reactions are evident also in the author's fiction, few examples being more striking than the opening section of *Amor de Salvação*, where the narrator, who may legitimately be identified with the author (various factual references make this clear), bewails his lot with similar self-pity:

“Eu, homem sem família, sem mão amiga neste mundo, há trinta anos sozinho, sem reminiscências de carícias maternas, benquistado apenas de uns cães, que pareciam amar-me com a cláusula de eu os agasalhar; eu, que, naquele tão festivo dia de nossa terra, não tinha colmado onde me esperasse um amigo para me dar entre os seus um lugar no escabelo, nem parente abastado, que de mim se lembrasse à hora de brindes com generosos vinhos em lúcidos cristais, eu vendo-me com lágrimas em minha sombra, assim me fora a contemplar a felicidade alheia pelas chãs e outeiros do devoto Minho.”³

This passage is clearly exaggerated for effect; however its tone conveys an unmistakable sense of spiritual isolation. When passages such as this are found framing a tale like *Amor de Salvação*, which concerns the lonely prodigal Afonso de Teive, then it becomes clear that this aspect of the relationship between the self and the outside world is one which greatly preoccupied Camilo.

Yet, in many ways, Camilo had no reason to feel lonely: he was a revered literary master who conducted lively correspondence with almost all the main intellectual and cultural figures of nineteenth-century Portugal; and he was served hand and foot for almost half of his life by a woman who accepted all of his eccentricities and failings. Nor, indeed, was he a lonely artist of quite the same kind as Thomas Mann, who sacrificed himself totally to his art. One feels with Camilo that it is art which serves him, and not

vice-versa. Nonetheless, he does appear to have been prone to something not unlike the artist's isolation, as the note reproduced above makes all too plain.

Insecurity and loneliness to this degree are not caused by external circumstance; this surely only acts as a catalyst to such feelings where they already exist. The effect of the first chapter of *Amor de Salvação* as an evocation of loneliness is achieved in part through the suggestion of physical solitude; but, at the same time, we may perhaps read into this image of personal isolation a difficulty in achieving an adequate response to the world surrounding the self. Camilo appears to have felt some kind of fundamental barrier cutting him off from normal life.

This obstacle is perhaps best explained by reference to the philosophical concept of solipsism. This belief, that only the self has any real existence, and that all other objects of knowledge exist only in relation to the self, may seem ludicrous at first, but it is merely the experience of isolation taken to its logical conclusion.

The dawn of the modern era brought with it an atmosphere of philosophical enquiry which was no longer content with the safe certainties of medieval scholasticism. As the printing-press and the popularising, anti-authoritarian spirit of the Reformation spread knowledge more widely, old assumptions about God were called into question. As new scientific modes of thought gradually made discoveries about the world, men came to question what had previously been the generally accepted structure of the universe. Eventually, this was to lead to the modern world, where, for many people, reality can be explained without a divinity to justify it.

Solipsism as an intellectual phenomenon had its origins in the speculations of Descartes, Locke, Berkeley and Hume, in their attempts to explore the epistemological problems related to the status of the world in which they lived: in what way, they asked, can man lay claim to a firm basis for any knowledge, and what can justify his assumptions of causality as an operational principle in the universe?

Thinkers such as Locke provided the intellectual stimulus for such reasoning by introducing a strong empirical content into philosophical thought. Man could rely on what he could measure and quantify; and, on this basis, Locke set up his primary qualities of solidity, extension, figure, motion or rest, and number. Secondary qualities such as colour, sound, taste and smell were, however, dependent in his view upon the percipient, and were, therefore, illusory.

Berkeley and Hume both saw the flaws in Locke's theory. They realised that all human contact with the material world is indirect and mediated only through the senses, which provide information not so much illusory as unreliable and incapable of confirmation. Sight and touch are, logically, no more reliable than taste and smell (faculties, incidentally, which advances in modern science would no longer permit Locke to dispose of so easily). How, therefore, could man find a firm basis for the knowledge which he claims, whether in everyday life or in scientific investigation?

In his exploration of the problem, Berkeley, for the sake of argument, began by taking nothing for granted, not even the very existence of external "reality". He therefore came to the pessimistic conclusion that an object can be said to exist only in so far as it either perceives or is perceived. To illustrate this notion, he remarked that a particular tree in the quadrangle of Trinity College, Dublin, could be proved to exist only at times when there was somebody there to see it; if it was there at all times, this could be proved only by reference to a universal guarantor of perception, which has to be God. Berkeley's intention was to demonstrate the inadequacy of Locke's empirically based philosophy and its failure to take account of those "facts" which are incapable of material verification but upon which common sense, nonetheless, insists. He did not intend thereby to further undermine human belief in God; this is, however, one consequence of his line of thought.

What he was attempting to achieve was a more secure basis for knowledge than that

provided by man's own perceptions. As a man of the Church, he himself could turn to God as an absolute guarantor of truth when he could not find anything else to convince him of the reality of his tree. He did not need, as Descartes did, to try to prove the existence of God by means of pseudo-scientific demonstrations, which began ultimately, of course, from Descartes' own mind. For Berkeley, God was the origin of all things, and all things had their being in relationship to this assumed absolute. To insist on empirical proof, as Locke did, was ridiculous to Berkeley, and it is *this* which is his real point: that empiricism can *prove* nothing.

However, by retaining only God as a guarantor of truth, and removing all other bases for the evaluation of human experience, Berkeley effectively took away from under man's feet the only ground which he had left to stand on, that is, human experience of what is normally understood to be the "real" world. For God is no more a guarantee of truth in logical terms than anything else. Just like the tree in the quadrangle, He is, to some extent anyway, a projection of man's own mind, a perception *by* man himself. If God can be "known" to exist at all, it can only be in a very different sense of the word from that used in everyday speech: it can only be through faith, and not through rational proof, that any such "knowledge" is gained. It follows, therefore, that God cannot be expected to support any *logical* order.

So man is thrown back upon himself once again, just as Descartes was, in order to justify his perceptions as an individual. However, if the guarantee within the self (that is, the reliability of individual sensory perceptions) is now also removed, then what is left? Man is, in fact, left with very little other than what Hume found, that:

"I can never catch *myself* without a perception, and never
can observe anything but the perception." ⁴

As human perception had, by this point, been proved to be thoroughly unreliable, this judgement was hardly reassuring. Hume's difficulties in identifying the self lead

ultimately to many of the doubts experienced by both solipsists and twentieth-century existentialists.

When taken to its logical conclusion, in fact, this train of thought leads to a position comparable to that of Alice in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass*, where she is faced by the sight of the sleeping Red King, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee challenge her to prove that she is more than "a sort of thing in his dream". This she tries to do by common sense, using an argument which proves to be totally inadmissible:

"Well, it's no use *your* talking about waking him,' said Tweedledum, 'when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.'

'I *am* real!' said Alice, and began to cry.

'You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying,' Tweedledee remarked: 'there's nothing to cry about.'

'If I wasn't real', Alice said - half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous - 'I shouldn't be able to cry.'

'I hope you don't suppose those are *real* tears?' Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt."⁵

Of course, as it turns out, the Red King, Tweedledum and Tweedledee are all really part of Alice's dream, which is, in its turn, only a part of Lewis Carroll's dream. What this illustrates is that everyone is both perceiver and perceived, subject and object of the creative process which is an inevitable part of any sensory response to the world. But the mind, once aware of its own separation from physical reality and thus thrown back upon its own devices, will tend to become aware of the particular physical being

which it serves as being a part of that very reality from which the mental self is now abstracted. An almost inevitable result of this awareness (unless the individual can make the transition to unproblematic faith in something like Berkeley's universal percipient) is the sort of agonising and continual peeling away of layers engaged in so frequently by modern intellectuals in the search for the existential security which has been lost in this process. Modern man is left, like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, with nothing in the centre of the onion.

Man's attempt to justify himself in terms of his own world has failed to recognise that the search for a reliable context for the self must have one of two conclusions. Either it must lead to some sort of absolute reality (such as that which underlies Platonic philosophy or Berkeley's kind of religious belief), or, if pursued exhaustively without Alice's common sense, it must issue in total existential insecurity. Nuttall sees an intimate relationship between this inability to conceive of the self as both subject and object, and the suicidal tendencies of many Romantics (amongst whom Camilo himself must be included):

"...Wordsworth is interested in what it must be like to *be* a pure object, undistracted by the non-stop spectacle which Sensibility provides. The reaction is indeed extreme. Wordsworth's mind is not content to plead, 'Let me be assured that the tree I contemplate is real and substantial'; instead it cries, 'Let me *become* a tree!' The alienation of the subject can be ended only by suicide. This is the death-wish of Romanticism."⁶

The grounds upon which most people would abandon this sort of speculation are its futility. The precise definition of reality is of little consequence to the man in the street, who merely wishes to be allowed to continue to live within that reality, whatever it may be. Common sense saves what human logic has destroyed, and, no doubt,

Berkeley would be content with that. His problem of the tree in the quadrangle is serious only in that it illustrates the inadequacy of man's mental faculties for making complete sense of his world. One may assume that, when Berkeley was actually walking across the quadrangle, he did not attempt to pass through the tree, but went round it in common with lesser mortals; in everyday life he took his own conclusions no more seriously than anybody else.

Similarly, when Hume points out that it is illegitimate to suggest, just because the sun has always risen in the East in the morning, that it will do so again tomorrow, he uses this example only in order to make a point: that the notion of causality is a mental construct imposed upon the universe by man and is as incapable of satisfactory proof as the existence of the material was to Berkeley. Experience (allied to the scientific investigation of relevant data) tells us that the regular rotation of the Earth in relation to the sun "causes" it to appear in the sky in a predictable fashion. But the "knowledge" which is gained from this fact is merely an inference, which is highly probable, but which is incapable of absolute confirmation. Hume, however, would surely have been as surprised as anyone else if the sun had not risen as usual.

So, if the notion of philosophical solipsism is not to be taken seriously - and was not, even by Berkeley or Hume themselves, who were so instrumental in formulating it - why is it that such ideas have survived as anything more than the basis for the kind of intellectual games played out in Borges' *Ficciones*?

Solipsism is the extreme of subjectivity. Romanticism is essentially a movement of the subjective "I"; it is associated with freedom, individuality, spirituality, and a lack of moral and artistic restraint. It is clearly a broad church which can range from the decadence of Byron to the lyricism of Bécquer; and it is this very breadth which has made it a cultural force whose influence is still at the basis of much modern culture and thought.

Nevertheless, valuable as the watchword of freedom has been to Western society since the French Revolution, there has been a price to pay. That price is the loss of the cohesiveness, the solidarity and the unified sense of purpose of a culture which knew exactly what it valued. When this was lost, the cult of the individual also began to eat away at the psychological assumptions which form the basis of human interdependence. Solipsism may make no sense to the rational mind; but there can be little doubt that modern man has become an increasingly insecure creature during the course of the last two hundred years, to the point where what seems most obvious to the ordinary man becomes the subject of questioning by intellectuals, as, for example, Sartre's Roquentin is overwhelmed by his inability to come fully to grips with the inexhaustible reality of such an everyday object as the root of a tree ⁷.

It is surely important, therefore, to distinguish here between intellectual belief and psychological state. We may believe (as, surely, we all do) that the things which we perceive outside the self are, in some way, real, but it does not necessarily follow from this that the individual will *feel* more secure because of this. If one turns to one of the most dogmatically subjective representatives of modern culture, Unamuno, his lifetime of political involvement makes it obvious that, whatever his agonising over his own mortality and that of man in general, he saw some value in involvement in the world, in accepting its existence *de facto*. But there is no hiding the thread of existential anguish which can be traced throughout his work. This is, in part at least, a psychological awareness that the only reality which can possibly ever have true significance for man is the reality of the self. Man is irredeemably trapped within his individual self; unaware of the workings of the minds of others, he receives signals from the outside world only through the medium of his individual perceptions. What figures such as Unamuno suffer, then, is an acute awareness that, for the individual, the universe exists only through the self, and that, if the self is removed, reality itself is lost. Hence, the "yo" lay necessarily at the centre of Unamuno's metaphysics, and Unamuno, in this sense, was a solipsist of a kind, although his intense determination to overcome his isolation enabled him to avoid the extreme pessimism which often accompanies it.

Both Nuttall and Rogers see solipsism as existing in two forms: the latter critic sees these as "philosophical" and "literary" in nature ⁸, while Nuttall's distinction (which is, broadly speaking, the same in implication, although not applied so specifically to literary manifestations) is between "rational" and "temperamental solipsism":

"Rational solipsism is a God's eye statement about the universe as a whole; temperamental solipsism has the universe as a context and tells only what it has seen." ⁹

Rogers makes the point that, for his literary solipsist, there may be no intellectual doubt as to the nature of reality, but that the experience of *feeling* that what is around one is not quite real precipitates a nagging doubt which can prove very difficult to resolve:

"But supposing there were a person (and I think Storm is a case in point) to whom the solipsistic doubt is not just a logician's game, but a way in which all life is seen and felt? For such a person the appeal to 'experience' would be ineffectual; he would reply: 'But *my* experience is otherwise; it is in the living of my life, not in my idler thoughts about life, that I am brought face to face with this uncertainty, this shaking of reality and this imprisonment within the self. I honestly *don't* know whether that friend really exists now to whom I said goodbye last week; and the friend I am talking to now, how real is he and his mind?"¹⁰

The intellectual solipsist can forget his doubts as soon as he returns to normal life; the temperamental solipsist can do so only by continual reassurance of the type invoked by Dr. Johnson when he is reported to have kicked a stone, proclaiming "Thus do I refute

Bishop Berkeley!", that is, by feeling an external force resisting the self. In doing so, Johnson, like Alice, was merely resorting to desperate measures to defeat an argument which he knew to be absurd; in the case of Camilo, however, the search for the stone was frighteningly serious and insistent.

B. Externalisation.

There can be no doubt that Camilo was the sort of person who might be expected to have had a solipsistic experience of life of the kind suggested by Rogers. As an infant, he lacked the regular physical contact with his mother which is a vital part of building up a sense of belonging in the world. As an adolescent, he roamed the hillsides of Trás-os-Montes, more interested in nature than in the society of humans, who had, almost without exception, rejected him. As an adult, he hid in his rural retreat at São Miguel de Ceide, writing as if possessed. Throughout his life he seems to have displayed greater interest in the thoughts in his head than in the physical world about him.

The creation of fiction requires some degree of self-abstraction from life in order to find a credible and coherent world within the self. The essence of Nuttall's notion of temperamental solipsism is not that it requires a lack of *intellectual* assent to the idea that there is a material world beyond the self (any person who seriously believed that would surely be insane), but that it postulates an inner world which is *felt* more deeply than the outer one. Freud sees this as a possible source of creativity of the literary type:

"Anything arising from within (apart from feelings) that seeks to become conscious must try to transform itself into external perceptions."¹¹

In other words, the literary author, struggling to come to terms with his deepest thoughts about life, must project them on to a postulated outer world which he can view as if the characters and events portrayed were genuinely external to him (as, indeed,

they tend to become in the process of creation).

This phenomenon, which may exercise influence on various aspects of novelistic technique, might therefore be labelled 'externalisation'. It is essentially centred upon the self, and it should, ultimately, be possible to account for almost every aspect of the temperamental solipsist's literary output in terms of an obsession with the self. For the moment, however, it will suffice to quote from the preface to the second edition of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, where Camilo by implication, seems to place himself in Nuttall's category of the temperamental solipsist:

"Viveram no meu ergástulo da Relação do Porto, comigo, noite e dia, o padre Álvaro deste romance, a Maria da Glória e Leonor, e a santa de Vairão; e Teresa, e Mariana e meu tio desterrado do outro livro chamado *Amor de Perdição*. Viveram comigo aqueles outros pares que eu casei, e o público hospedou alegremente, com o livro *Doze Casamentos Felizes*.

E eu tenho saudades deles e das noites em que os via, sentados em volta do meu leito. Cá fora, à luz em cheio do sol, não os encontro." ¹²

The comment about his reading public shows that Camilo was not by any means unaware of the world around him; however, it is not awareness which matters here, but the way in which the author *experiences* the act of literary creativity. This is, in fact, by no means the only passage where Camilo writes in this vein. On one occasion he expresses these thoughts to Vieira de Castro:

"É pena, meu amigo, que não tenhas bem pronunciada vocação para a fertilidade dos romances. Tu verás como é bom criar gente que nos fala, que nos colhe as lágrimas do coração

e as faz filtrar ao livro. Ai! que saudades me chamam ao tempo em que eu amava as figuras da minha fantasia, e visitava os locais onde as tinha feito viver!”¹³

Again, in the preamble to *Noites de Insônia* of 1874, he writes:

“Vou ao jazigo das minhas ilusões, exumo os esqueletos, visto-os de truões, de príncipes, de desembargadores, de meninas poéticas à semelhança das que vi quando a poesia era o aroma dos seus altares. Visto-me também eu das cores prismáticas dos vinte anos, aperto a alma com as garras da saudade até que ela chore abraçada ao que foi. E, depois, neste festim de mortos conversamos todos; e eu, no alto silêncio da noite, escrevo as nossas palavras... E quando a aurora reponta, a luz espanca as imagens cujo meio de vida é a treva e o silêncio. Venho então sentar-me a esta banca, dou formas dramáticas ao diálogo dos meus fantasmas e convenço-me de que pertenço bem aos vivos.”¹⁴

In these comments Camilo concentrates on the act of visualising characters and events, but he also registers a more general spontaneity of writing consistent with an experience of the kind outlined above. He saw little purpose in proof-reading, as he made clear to his editor Matos Moreira in a letter probably dating from September 1873:

“Hoje remeto as provas. Peço a V. Sa. que as reveja novamente, por que eu sou mau revisor.”¹⁵

In his manuscripts, there are entire pages without alteration. Erudite references or quotations, recalled only hazily during the process of composition, are filled in more precisely in revision. As Alexandre Cabral suggests, a more detailed study of the novels,

even in their final form, reveals considerable inconsistencies, suggesting that the detail is provided merely for the sake of verisimilitude ¹⁶. All of this surely betrays a mind concentrated upon the continuing and obsessive task of writing, an urgent need to record images welling up irresistibly inside.

Related to this is Camilo's deliberate play upon the sometimes hazy boundary between fact and fiction. This is manifested in various ways. Often the fictional narrator is explicitly identified with the real-life author; such is the case, for example, of *Amor de Perdição*, *Amor de Salvação* and *O Romance de um Homem Rico*. Occasionally, also, Camilo refers to his own books within other works: thus, in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, Álvaro already knows of Camilo from his polemic of 1850, *O Clero e o Senhor A. Herculano* ¹⁷; in *A Queda dum Arjo*, the author's bad usage of Portuguese is said to have been the cause of great disappointment to the purist Calisto Elói ¹⁸; and, in *Vingança*, Camilo not only reintroduces the mysterious figure of the poet from *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, he also presents another character in the same passage as:

“...a nossa conhecida Margarida da Carvalhosa, pessoa de que eu não posso prescindir em todas as cenas cómicas dos meus futuros romances.” ¹⁹

Sometimes Camilo makes reference to real places, people or events, such as the murder of two lecturers from Coimbra University, a historical event which caused some scandal in 1828 and which is central to the development of both *O Retrato de Ricardina* and *A Viúva do Enforcado*, one of the *Novelas do Minho*. In the opening chapter of *A Mulher Fatal*, the narrator is introduced to the hero, Carlos Pereira, by a former friend and correspondent of the author in real life, José Barbosa e Silva ²⁰.

The novels consciously straddle the divide between life and literature. The fact that literature forms the basis of the only reality which Calisto Elói knows before he sets off on his quixotic mission to Lisbon is merely a reflection of the author's own mind. For

Camilo himself, as has been noted in the Introduction, seems to have been incapable of switching off his inward creative impulses even in supposedly factual statement.

In the examples already listed, the confusion of literature and life is deliberate, designed in part to achieve greater verisimilitude. On other occasions, however, it appears in a more spontaneous form. Consider, for example, the opening lines of the Prologue to *Onde Está a Felicidade?*:

“Aos vinte e um de Março do corrente ano de mil oitocentos e cinquenta e seis, pelas onze horas e meia da noite, fez justamente quarenta e sete anos que o Snr. João Antunes da Mota, morador na Rua dos Arménios, desta sempre leal cidade do Porto, estava em sua casa. Até aqui não há nada extraordinário. O Snr. João Antunes podia estar onde quisesse”²¹,

and then the opening lines of a letter to Adrião Forjaz de Sampaio, written on 19th March 1862:

“Há coisa de seis dias que eu pernoitei na estalagem do Lopes, em Coimbra... Neste ponto, sacode V. Exa. os óculos na base do seu nariz sempre apontado à inspiração, e diz: «A mim que me importa que este homem pernoitasse na estalagem do Lopes ou na do Carolo?!» Não importa nada; mas eu é que obedeço à costumeira de começar as histórias pelo princípio.”²²

This humorous opening then remarkably becomes the prelude to a vicious attack upon the integrity of the recipient for a presumed slight to Camilo's reputation.

The handling of these two passages is remarkably similar; the former, which is

fiction, is made to seem like real life by the precision in specifying time and place and the literary joke concerning João's free will; the latter, which is (presumably) fact, is made to seem like fiction by Camilo's reference to it as a story and by the speculative image of the recipient's reaction to the letter. The two extracts, in fact, not only share a similar (if rather trivial) narrative substance for their first few lines, but treat João Antunes and Forjaz de Sampaio as figures who stand in the same relationship to the author, in a no-man's-land between reality and illusion, where Camilo may do with them as he will. The only difference is that the fictional character's fictional status is played down, while the real person is given fictionalised form. Both, however, are treated equally as being merely "a sort of thing in Camilo's dream".

Camilo seems to have found it extremely difficult to make the basic distinction between literature and life which seems so obvious to the average person. For most people, there may be a blurring of this distinction in certain cases, especially when an author attempts to create confusion by deliberate tricks such as some of those employed by Camilo; but, for all normal purposes, fiction remains clearly fiction, just as fact remains fact.

Frequently, however, the creative writer is unable to see things so clearly. Kermode points out that it is misleading to regard the worlds of reality and the imagination as being polar opposites in all cases²³. Coleridge, for example, claims that his "Kubla Khan" was composed in:

"...a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things* with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort."²⁴

The account used here, of images taking on almost physical reality within the writer's mind, and of words flowing from those images rather than from conscious artistry, is remarkably similar to Camilo's comments in *Noites de Insônia* above. It is as if, to the creative artist, all were equally fact and all were equally fiction; this implication could also be taken, for example, from Camilo's statement in *Vingança* that:

"Eu não tenho imaginação, tenho memória, memória do que vi, do que senti, do que experimentei." ²⁵

This comment not only suggests once again the reality of fiction for its author; it also explicitly suggests a constant awareness that the perception of both worlds, the fictional and the real, is sensory. Both are a spectacle, an illusion existing only in the mind, and may therefore be changed almost at will. Nor, indeed, is this the only context in which Camilo writes in this way; later in the same novel, we find the following passage:

"Não me dispensam do retrato de Isaura? Violentam-me.

Se eu a não tivesse visto, imaginava-a. Fácil me seria decompor uma dúzia de formosas caras que conheço, coligr a feição primorosa de cada uma e recompôr de todo uma perfeição de que o leitor não ficaria fazendo ideia, que o mesmo me acontece a mim quando os outros pintam da fantasia." ²⁶

Once again, the author insists upon his right and his ability to juggle real-life experience and imaginative visions based upon that experience exactly as he sees fit.

If all things are experienced as an illusion, then virtues such as truthfulness can no longer possess any force, because dream and reality have been merged into one. This is why Camilo is such an unreliable source of information about his own life. As Aquilino

puts it:

“Não se importava muito de desvirtuar os factos e até inventar textos. Para ele só havia um ponto de vista respeitável, a sua verdade. Dentro desta ética era invencível...”²⁷

Truth, to Camilo, is a relative concept, an idea upon which he makes considerable play in the Prologue to *O Retrato de Ricardina*:

“Esta novela parece querer demonstrar que sucedem casos incríveis.

O autor conheceu alguns personagens e soube como passaram as cousas aqui referidas.

Pois, assim mesmo, tão incongruentes lhe pareceram que ficou longo tempo indeciso se lhe seria melhor inventá-las para saírem mais verosímeis do que as verdadeiras.

A consciência gritou-lhe quando o romance estava já urdido e enredado com outro feitio.

Venceu a verdade, onde já agora, e tão-somente, lhe é permitido vencer: - nas novelas.”²⁸

As the author himself admits, the plot of the novel stretches the reader's belief to the limits. The final sentence, however, would destroy any pretensions to truth in the normal sense of the word: this is, rather, truth in the sense of the higher truth which lies within everyday reality and which the isolated artist often believes may be perceived only by such as himself. This is, in fact, the same ideal as that which is enshrined in

Camilo's vision of Ricardina, a "truth" in a sense which is closer to the Biblical one of "the way, and the truth, and the life" than it is to the literal meaning of the word "verdadeiro".

C. The Growth of the Ironic Perspective.

Camilo was noted throughout his career as a master of irony: his polemics are marked by a bitter sarcasm which respected nothing and nobody, when necessary to make a point. Sarcasm, however, is only one, very specialised form of irony, and is usually directed with unequivocal condemnation at something or somebody beyond the self.

There are times in everyone's life, however, when criticism is directed at the self. When this happens, it is much more difficult to be genuinely objective about oneself than it is to judge others; as a result, criticism of the self will tend, very often, to be either excessively scathing or too easily dismissed. If a person is utterly absorbed in the self and his or her past behaviour, then this tendency to self-examination will, almost inevitably, result in a considerable degree of uncertainty and perplexity in understanding the world in general. This is clearly relevant to the development of the instinctive solipsist doubt, but a second result of this is the growth of irony, not simply as a means of expressing a particular vision of the world, but as a form of vision in its own right.

Camilo's unsettled family background, the lack of concern for his physical or moral welfare shown by his guardians in Vila Real, and his early desire for independence and solitude in the hills around Samardã, suggest a person who has never learnt at the age before self-consciousness the boundaries between what is and what is not reasonable behaviour towards others. If this process of learning is not completed by adult life, a conscious effort of will is required to face up to the need for learning these lessons, which become major emotional ordeals. Without them, however, the individual will find it impossible to adopt adult roles in this world, but, once again, Camilo avoided this

challenge, and remained as uncommitted to any particular set of beliefs as he did to the people around him, choosing instead to search for the truth inside himself, where, in fact, he could never find it.

Spurred on perhaps by his sister's early marriage (in 1839 at the age of eighteen), his own marriage two years later (when only sixteen) was possibly a further attempt to establish independence from his family. Instead, it demanded both dependence of a different kind and greater responsibilities, from which he simply fled. The fact that he was never to receive any punishment for this episode made it all the easier for him to continue to avoid such responsibility for the rest of his life, and repeatedly he was to resent attempts to hold him to anything or anybody. Instead, he retreated into the world of reading and creative fiction, a world where he could not, however, achieve total escape from a reality which always nagged at him, requiring a solution to its problems.

Camilo appears, very often, simply not to have known what was expected of him, what others would or would not tolerate - hence the alternation between the extremes of insincere virtue of the early Calisto Elói and the arrogance of Guilherme do Amaral or, in real life, between the extremes of Catholic orthodoxy manifested on occasions such as the polemic with Amorim de Viana ²⁹ and his immoral stance on the case of Vieira de Castro. Hence also the intense narcissism of the novels, where the narrators are almost always explicitly identified with the author, but whose heroes are equally invariably projections of the self, perhaps viewed with some irony and criticism (*Onde Está a Felicidade?* or *A Queda dum Arjo*), but more often with a dangerous amorality (*Amor de Perdição*, *O Santo da Montanha* or *Um Homem de Brios*). These matters (and the peculiar case of Vieira de Castro) will, however, be discussed more fully in Chapter Four (see pp. 335-8 and pp. 345-349).

For now, however, it is enough to note the intense absorption in the author's own biography which is obsessive in his work. There can be no doubting the tendency to reconsider the same issues in novel after novel. This sort of questioning of the self can

lead to irony in two different ways (one of which, ultimately, is dependent upon the other).

Firstly, even if the continual exposure of the self to examination by means of literary creativity (in other words the process of externalisation postulated by Freud) is undertaken solely for the sake of the self, the act of committing this self-analysis to writing bares the soul to others as well. Logically, a solipsist should not be worried about this; but, of course, the crux of the argument is that Camilo's problem is one of temperament rather than of thought. It is precisely his extreme self-awareness which insists that an ironic shield should be raised against the prying eyes of the reader.

But, by raising this shield, certainty has not been achieved, even for oneself. Hence, a continual questioning of the self by a self-observer who cannot be objective about himself and who has never had enough contact with others to learn the rules of the game of life in practice will lead, in turn, to an ironic vision of the world and the self which can find no certainties, not even *within* the self. The author, therefore, seems reluctant to commit himself to any categorical statement, continually creating an ironic distance between himself and his own vision, and alternating between opposites (passion and affection, virgins and prostitutes, materialism and spirituality, sentiment and brute force, religious orthodoxy and atheism, Realism and Romanticism, indeed even ironic humility and extreme arrogance). His life and work are both attempts to find a "modus vivendi" and a place for himself in the world, but the irony is based on such a total uncertainty that the vision of the world never transcends artificial categories such as those outlined in connection with women in Chapter One.

As this tendency towards introspection became habitual, a real mental barrier seems to have arisen between the self and the world beyond the self, so that "reality", in the normal sense of the word, came to be perceived only with a perpetual nagging doubt as to its reliability. Doubts led to perpetual speculation as to what might be happening inside the minds of others, or even in the physical world beyond his own

limited perception. This doubt became a frightening awareness of the insignificance of the individual, and, clearly, many of the doubts of Ana's faithfulness to him were prompted by the fact that, whatever the couple may have felt for one another, when she was out of his sight at any time, in particular if she was in the company of some person such as Ferreira Quiques (with whom she is believed to have already had an affair before her involvement with Camilo), she might very well be conducting another affair with him.

The following letter, sent to Nogueira Soares in September 1863, alleges such an affair with Quiques as being virtual fact:

"Tive o dissabor de surpreendê-los, e deixei-os ambos dignos um do outro. A pobre mulher está de todo perdida." ³⁰

Yet Alexandre Cabral, with his usual thoroughness, finds it difficult to conceive where and when such an involvement could have happened ³¹. Here one must ask: in precisely what situation did Camilo surprise them? It would surely not be inconceivable that what he regarded as incontrovertible evidence was something as trivial as the two "lovers" sitting next to one another. Certainly, his dispute with Ana over this matter did not last long, which suggests that she was able to overcome the worst of his fears.

Novels such as *Amor de Salvação* (which provides a fictional representation of such an incident) involve an attempt to reconcile a total lack of trust in external reality (which obviously includes other people) with the knowledge that the Ana who appeared periodically in the waking dream which was the author's perception of reality was faithful, as far as could be seen. Uncertainty such as this indicates a total incapacity for making sense of the world; and this is where irony takes over.

The irony of this work is not the simple irony of a Gil Vicente who allows his characters to say one thing while he, implicitly, pokes fun at them and criticises their

moral assumptions: this is, instead, an irony which leaves the reader wondering whether Afonso is right to leave Teodora for Mafalda, and, even if he is, whether such abandonment of passion is, in reality, possible. Certainly another heavily ironic work, *A Queda dum Arjo*, would suggest that it is not: the early Calisto Elói is ridiculed, not for what he believes, ridiculously idealistic though it may seem, but for the fact that it is the fallible Calisto who believes it. One closes this book wondering not only what is right, but whether this concept can really be said to exist for fallen man at all.

The irony which recurs throughout Camilo's novels is, therefore, not something which merely casts doubt upon the presentation of certain aspects of the novel. It is an integral part of the author's fictional universe, which is not merely consistent with the solipsistic doubt, but is, in fact, an essential part of the expression of it: Romantic irony stands to a general vision of life in the same relationship as the solipsistic doubt stands to individual detail. This point, will, however, become clearer as we continue to explore the ways in which the solipsistic doubt exerts its influence upon the character of the novels.

Notes on Chapter Two

1. For further discussion of this matter, see Kermode, *Romantic Image*, especially pp. 13-14.
2. Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, p. 128.
3. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 624.
4. Quoted in Russell, p. 636.
5. *The Penguin Complete Lewis Carroll* (Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1982), p. 174.
6. Nuttall, p. 144.
7. Jean-Paul Sartre: *La Nausée* (Saint-Armand, Éditions Gallimard, 1972), pp. 178-190.
8. Rogers, p. 139.
9. Nuttall, p. 247.
10. Rogers, p. 138.
11. Freud, *The Ego and the Id*, translated by Joan Rivière, (London, 1928), p. 21.
Quoted in Browning, pp. 385-6.
12. O. C., Vol. III, p. 4.

13. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, pp. 141-2.
14. *Noites de Insônia*, Vol. I, pp. 8-9.
15. Júlio Dias da Costa, *Cartas de Camilo ao Editor Matos Moreira*, p. 23.
16. Alexandre Cabral, *Subsídio*, p. 201. For a detailed account of some of Camilo's more spectacular slips in detail, and their significance, see Chapter V of this work, which deals explicitly with this matter (pp. 181-205).
17. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 9.
18. *O. C.*, Vol. V, p. 884.
19. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 1144.
20. *O. C.*, Vol. VI, p. 1065.
21. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 179.
22. Quoted in Alexandre Cabral, *Polémicas*, Vol. IV, p. 110.
23. Kermode, *Romantic Image*, pp. 15-16.
24. Quoted in *The English Parnassus* (Edited with Introduction and Notes by W. Macneille Dixon and H. J. C. Grierson, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1911), p. 359.
25. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 1112.

26. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1123.
27. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. III, p. 276.
28. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 701.
29. For details of the polemic with Amorim de Viana, see Alexandre Cabral, *Polémicas*, Vol. II, pp. 113-188.
30. Marco, p. 72.
31. For details of the possible affair between Ana and Ferreira Quiques, see Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 45-52.

Chapter Three: The Solipsistic Novel

A. Time and Nostalgia.

The passing of time is intimately connected with the question of solipsism. Linear time is another of the mental constructs which man imposes upon the universe in order to make it comprehensible; yet, in a way, in doing so, he only sentences himself to death, as time creeps on towards man's last breath.

Of course, nobody is quite as much in control of this, or any other, aspect of his own life as he would ideally like to be. To most people, this is just an unfortunate fact of life. The literary solipsist, however, has what at first appears to be an obvious source of relief from the approaching threat of death in that alternative reality into which he may plunge, almost at will, and which, in theory, he may control with total independence. However, practice generally imposes limitations upon the degree to which he may exercise this freedom, if the alternative reality thus created is to be meaningful, whether to the author himself or to others. The ultimate result of this is a frustration which is even greater than that of the ordinary man whose hopes have not been built up in this way, only to be dashed once more.

However, the literary solipsist may, at least, make the attempt to avoid the shadow of death by living in a world where he is as God, and can "postpone" death at will. This is one possible significance which may be read into works such as the *Arabian Nights*. Any such ambition is, of course, doomed to failure; sooner or later, even the most obsessive of authors must return to the "real" world and face up, once more, to his own mortality. As a result, even within the world to which he escapes, that of his own creation, it should not be found surprising that man's mortality still looms large.

The implications of the framing technique for the vision of time in the novels are

important here. The fictional frame, which frequently hurtles the reader back into the past, creates an awareness of fleeting time and a sense of the futility of any attempt to hold on to the material, as even solipsists will be tempted to do. A fine example of this is *Anátema*, where this effect is more pronounced than usual, since there are several time-scales wrapped around the central narrative. Thus, while the reader is moved by the journal of the tormented Antónia Bacelar, the embedded status of this history ensures that he knows, even as he reads it, that these are the long-forgotten woes of a woman long dead.

Anátema is, in fact, merely the most extreme instance of a tendency which is frequent in Camilo: the projection of the temporal reference of fiction far beyond the bounds of the narrative. This also occurs in the Prologue to *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, for example, where the materialist João Antunes loses his life to his own greed, as will be discussed more fully at pp. 199-201 below. Both there and in the author's first novel, however, this requires the reader to be aware of the main narrative (whether it is contemporary or merely set in the more recent past) as being dependent upon events in the past.

However, in *Anátema* this tendency is carried to almost ridiculous extremes. Even if we were to consider only the time-scale covered by direct narration in the novel, that is long enough in itself, since it covers the half-century between the love of Inês da Veiga and Manuel de Távora in 1701 and the marriage of Pedro and Custódia in 1750. However, there are various extensions which must be added to these limits. First, there is the tale of Antónia Bacelar, narrated by Carlos da Silva. This takes us back to about 1673 (although Camilo is inconsistent on this point of detail ¹). This, however, is still not the end of the matter. There is a feud between the Veigas and the Bacelars long before Cristóvão deceives Antónia to continue the sequence of human suffering which is central to the conception of the novel (see pp. 313-4); and perhaps there is more than merely humorous exaggeration in the introduction of Pedro da Veiga and D. Custódia Osório in Chapter I:

“Aquele senhora era de uma linhagem que, por muito brilhante, se perdia nas trevas fabulosas da mitologia!

O cavalheiro encontrava tiaras e coroas em quantas gerações derivavam do paraíso terreal até ele. Chegando ao requinte genealógico de Adão e Eva, Pedro da Veiga chorava, como Alexandre, por não achar mais avós que conquistar para a sua genealogia.

A vergôntea, que brotasse deste enxerto, tinha na *Odisseia* a prosápia gentílica de sua mãe, e no *Gênesis* a árvore patriarcal de seu pai. Representaria Aquiles e Abraão, Sara e Calipso, Neptuno e Noé.”²

This is not simply a fine example of Camilo’s gift for humorous irony, ridiculing as it does the vanity of human pretensions, (especially since it turns out in the course of the novel that the Veigas are not as noble as they would like to think). It also raises, on the very first page of the narrative proper, the themes of man’s fall from Grace (see pp. 310-318 below) and the enormity of time, against which the individual is totally powerless.

Again, in Chapter II, there is a similar temporal projection, as if to remind the reader of the existential equality between commoner and noble:

“Desde a fundação, talvez, de uma das sobrelojas da casa apalaçada de Pedro da Veiga, morava aí uma linhagem de sapateiros... representados em 1750 por João Rodrigues... e sua mulher Jacinta Rosa.”³

The peculiar notion of a “linhagem de sapateiros” combines an ironic reference to

social status with a reminder of human insecurity in the context of ongoing time.

However, it is not only into the past that the story is projected. In the final chapter, as so often, the author feels obliged to bring the tale up to date. He does so here, not only by accounting for the subsequent histories of the major characters (which are complete by about 1750), but by referring to incidents subsequent to Pedro's marriage which are totally irrelevant to the requirements of the work as pure narrative. There are hints of Custódia's infidelity, the killing of Manuelzinho, Pedro's death, and his wife's subsequent relationship with another man⁴. There are even references to events which could take place after the time of writing, a full century after the story is complete in its essentials:

"Os netos do sapateiro são actualmente barões, e esperam sair viscondes na primeira fornada. Tudo isto é verdade."⁵

Aquilino comments on Camilo's perspective on time in the following terms:

"Quando olha para trás - condoído sobre si - o passado, segundo as impressões que exterioriza, recua incomensuravelmente para mais longe e mais depressa do que sucede com o geral dos mortais. Vê o mundo passar a galope. Cada dia é um golfo."⁶

This assertion is, in fact, borne out by the exaggerated terms in which Camilo writes to Castilho on 9th September 1871:

"A pedra lá está vestida de era e denegrada. Parece que o atrito do tempo a envelhece há cem anos."⁷

This was merely five years after the visit to Ceide by Castilho, in whose honour the

stone was raised. This stone became the object of considerable nostalgia for Camilo, perhaps as the reminder of a friendship which, for him, was unusually intimate and untroubled.

Again, there are the closing lines of an undated letter to Ana, probably of the 1880's:

“Eu sinto-me numa dissolução de cadáver que se expõe ao ar depois de incinerado (*sic*) por três séculos... Por aqui fico hoje sentado numa causeuse velha que parece um esquife quebrado.

Adeus, Aninhas, adeus.”⁸

Comment on the relativity of temporal perspective is especially appropriate to *Anátema*. In the course of the work several characters (Carlos, Timóteo, Pedro, and Micaela) are seen as both young and old. Indeed, given the embedded narrative form of the novel, the gap in narrated time is often seen to fly past in a very short period of narrative time*. This, allied to the frequent comments emphasising the passing of time, makes it clear that, even in his mid-twenties, the matter was of some concern to the author⁹.

Projection of this sort is not restricted to *Anátema*, however. There are also interesting examples of projection into the past or the future in various other works. Thus, towards the end of *Vingança* the reader finds the following comment:

* By “narrated time”, I mean the time occupied by the events of the narrative within the time structure of its fictional world. The term “narrative time” refers to the time taken to read a passage within the novel, in other words, narrative as it exists in time in the world of real life. For obvious reasons, this latter category is, in fact, more easily measured in terms of pages or words than in strict terms of time.

“É, por isso, que me não sei bem decidir se o contar aqui a parte cômica, ao menos, da nossa última revolução regeneratriz, seria legado que o século XXI me tomaria em desconto de muita frívola miuçalha do mundo-patarata, deixadas aí para atestar a passagem dum homem, que teve o infortúnio de nascer cem anos antes.”¹⁰

Other examples could be quoted. The preface to the fifth edition of *Amor de Perdição* follows up an ironic lamentation of the sentimentality of the work with this hope:

“Se, por virtude da metempsicose, eu reaparecer na sociedade do século XXI, talvez me regozije de ver outra vez as lágrimas em moda, e esta quinta edição do *Amor de Perdição* quase esgotada.”¹¹

In *Vinte Horas de Liteira*, the projection is made, with some degree of self-consciousness, into the past:

“Antes do nascimento de Cristo, 226 anos... - Vejam onde eu vou! Pouca gente começa de tão longe nestes tempos em que o progresso nos está empurrando a todos para diante!”¹²,

as, indeed, it is with equal self-consciousness in another passage of *Anátema*, where the projection is made by recourse to one of the author’s most memorable images:

“Se está decidido que os caranguejos não andam para diante, nem são estacionários, este romance é um espécie de caranguejo literário: recua, pelo menos, vinte anos em cada capítulo!”¹³

One of the dominant themes of *No Bom Jesus do Monte* is regret at the developing shift in priorities in contemporary Portugal away from spirituality and towards material progress. Towards the end of the work, Camilo looks forward one hundred years to 1964, and expresses fears that by then industrialists from England (the country which symbolises the materially progressive society which he detested) will have demolished the beautiful Hermitage and built a cotton-mill in its place¹⁴. Such concern for spiritual values is perhaps laudable, but, within the context of Camilo's unhealthy obsession with the passing of time, this kind of projection of specific emotions so far into the future surely says more about Camilo than it does about the explicit object of discussion.

It is, in part, however, a search for a context for the self, part of the same obsessive quest which lay behind Camilo's passion for genealogy and his conviction of his own nobility. In projecting time, he attempts to feel more at home in the century in which he happens to have been born: for the insecure literary solipsist, this practice helps to create a context into which the self can be set. There is a hint at this in *Anátema*, when comment is passed on Frei Amaro's erudition:

“Aquele frade sabia mais que três ou quatro como eu,
exceptuando os meus conhecimentos sobre macadame,
falanstério e gás.”¹⁵

As the passage is set in the mid-eighteenth century, this piece of information could surely have been taken for granted. Nevertheless, it is as if the author were desperately trying to find some method of placing himself in relation to this past, as, indeed, he also does in the precision with which he fixes his stories in time. This tendency has already been noted in the Prologue to *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, but it is very frequent, and, in fact, *Anátema* opens similarly:

“Este (romance) começa por onde acabam os outros.

Pedro da Veiga e D. Custódia Osório de Mesquita casaram com todas as cerimónias do santo sacramento, aos dezessete dias de Janeiro de 1750, pelas duas horas da tarde, na matriz de S. Pedro, em Vila Real, província de Trás-os-Montes.”¹⁶

Most authors would probably have opened with a statement such as: “In 1750 Pedro da Veiga married D. Custódia Osório”; Camilo, however, goes to extremes and specifies the exact time and place, even as far as the name of the church and the hour of the day, details which are of no real consequence to the subsequent functioning of the novel, even with its confusing layering of time. Camilo, however, must have everything in its proper place, including - and especially - himself.

Going hand in hand with this hyper-awareness of the passing of time, as it is reflected in the novels, is that inability to distinguish fact from fiction which has already been discussed. This, in its turn, helps to explain the nostalgia for fictional characters which Camilo claims to feel in the Preface to the second edition of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, and which is certainly present in *A Mulher Fatal*, which opens with a lyrical evocation of the atmosphere of the well-known Oporto “Hospedaria Francesa” as it was in 1849, an impression which is then broken by the following catalogue of death and destruction:

“Vinte anos depois, os olhos da minha saudade vão à Rua da Fábrica, e procuram o hotel francês.

Era um palácio que ardeu há quinze anos. No sítio dele está uma casa de azulejo, onde mora um tabelião, uma filarmónica, uma taverna, um carpinteiro e um bazar.

O dono do hotel morreu.

Mademoiselle Marie afogou-se voluntariamente.

Mademoiselle Pauline mendiga nas ruas do Porto.

José Barbosa e Silva morreu há três anos.

Evaristo Basto morreu há quatro.

José Maria Gonçalves morreu doido, há dez.

A doce alma que colhia as flores já não vê reflorir primaveras os bolbos que ela semeou. Há sete anos que, ao cair da folhagem das suas acácias, por uma tarde fria de Novembro, foi aquecer-se ao calor do Céu, e não voltou.

Carlos Pereira morto é também.

Que admira! Foi há vinte anos! Que longo espaço! Em vinte anos enfolha, enflora, fruteia e fenece uma geração.

Mas é pena! que todos contavam com tanta vida!

E alguns tinham pavor da velhice dos quarenta anos!"¹⁷

To feel nostalgia for real people and places is natural, even if Camilo perhaps took this tendency to morbid extremes in real life. Here, Barbosa e Silva was a real person, and some of the other characters may well have been based on other acquaintances, while Carlos Pereira is a reflection of the author himself, so that the fiction has, at least, a factual basis. Nonetheless, to feel such strong nostalgia for characters who have been shaped into fictional form is surely extraordinary.

Indeed, in the Conclusion to *O Bem e o Mal*, we find the following passage:

“Ainda que o contrário se afigure a pessoas, que têm a boa sorte de não escrever romances, a conclusão dum livro desta espécie é dolorosa de fazer-se, quer os personagens tenham existido, quer vivessem, como quimeras queridas, na fantasia do escritor.

É doloroso, digo, porque há aí um facto formidável e horrendo, que tanto vinga nos personagens verdadeiros como nos imaginados: é a morte. O romancista histórico tem de matá-los em nome da história: o romancista inventor tem de matá-los em nome da verosimilhança.”¹⁸

Yet this final statement is completely invalid. The reader of the Old Testament will clearly be sceptical when told that Methuselah “lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and then he died”¹⁹. However, that is, to a great extent, because this statement purports to be historical.

The reader of a fairy-tale will normally accept the no less implausible “happy-ever-after” type of ending as plausible in a fictional context, because what happens to the characters after the end of the story is irrelevant to the pattern which has been made of their lives. This is, perhaps, comparable to the frame at the edge of a painting: the viewer is not aware of the frame surrounding the “Mona Lisa”, because the picture is complete within its own terms. Consideration of what might be visible beyond the scene depicted is only relevant in cases such as Velázquez’ “Las Meninas”, where the eye is deliberately pulled away from the nominal centre of attention, the young princesses.

So it is also in fiction: under certain circumstances the reader of novels will accept a character who has lived as long as Methuselah, if this is appropriate (such circum-

stances might be a work of science-fiction or a novel by García Márquez, for example). Certainly, much fiction which makes more modest "alterations" to reality than these extreme cases is perfectly acceptable. It would surely be an odd reader who found *O Crime do Padre Amaro* unconvincing, for example, simply because Eça does not explicitly mention the protagonist's death. Provided that he remains consistent to his own conceptions of life, it is astounding what patent impossibilities the author of literary fiction will be permitted. The important point, however, is that Camilo does not *have* to see his fictional world as being governed by laws similar to those which operate in the real world; but he insists upon doing so.

And, indeed, he does not do so in half-measures. In *O Cego de Landim*, he himself writes "A história dos homens descomunais deve escrever-se à lâmpada do seu túmulo"²⁰, but, in fact, in his work, not only these, but even quite minor characters tend not to disappear from the reader's ken as they do in real life. The author has a predilection for bringing the story up to date, by using the technique which Henry James contemptuously dismissed as:

"...a distribution at the last of prizes, pensions, husbands, wives, babies, millions, appended paragraphs, and cheerful remarks."²¹

Nor is this practice restricted to fiction: there is a parallel obsession with seeing the lives of real people in the light of death. Thus, Dias da Costa records that, in the margin of his copy of Philarète Charles' *Études sur W. Shakespeare - Marie Stuart et l'Arétin*, Camilo added the following marginal note, which is of no relevance to the book whatsoever:

"Ph. Charles morreu em 1874 em Veneza com mais de 70 anos de idade."²²

Indeed, similar comments have been recorded on many other works possessed by Camilo.

Within its fictional context, however, the reader may find this practice unobtrusive and appropriate. Thus, extra pathos is injected into the already tragic tale of *Amor de Perdição* by illustrating the futility of Simão's defiance of convention in the face of death, which thus re-emphasises man's insignificance when set against eternity. At other times, however, such rounding off of the story seems irrelevant and disruptive. Thus, in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, for example, when the novel is essentially already complete, there still remain a chapter entitled "Finalmente", a Conclusion and an Epilogue! This final section is particularly gratuitous, since it serves merely to bring the reader up to date with three characters whose original function in the narrative was simply to permit Hermenegildo to speak his mind about his wife's apparent infidelity.

Such concern for concluding details adds little to the novels. In part its purpose would appear to be that of fulfilling an obligation felt by Camilo to make his imaginative world conform to the laws of reality: if the author knows intellectually that he and other humans must die, then so must the beings of his mind, who to him are equally real, even if, logically, there is no reason why this should be the case.

Yet there is possibly a further significance to be found in this. Camilo's fiction is end-dominated; it is spurred on, amongst other creative impulses, by a search for a pattern and a meaning in life which is only rarely apparent to those who find themselves to be merely participating in a very unspectacular way in the course of a society which will not miss them when they are dead. Man's isolation within himself prompts him to search for some kind of finality in his own existence, for reassurance that his passing as an individual is, nonetheless, a moment of significance. As modern society has lost the general assumption that man lives in a meaningful universe, so he has had to impose this meaning on it for himself.

This he can do, amongst other means, through the creation of fiction. And yet, the setting of fiction within something resembling external reality requires subjection to laws which in some way resemble those of external reality, including those of linear time, which bring with them death. Accordingly, there is a tendency in some authors, in Kermodé's view, to attempt a challenge to this unpalatable fact of life by presenting what he refers to as the "apocalyptic" in the death of the individual ²³.

It is not necessary to accept this argument in all its details which are, perhaps, occasionally somewhat speculative. Nonetheless, the implications of Kermodé's line of argument are useful in Camilo's case. For, essentially, when the tale of the principal character has come to an end - and he, in the case of Camilo's novels, is almost invariably a representative of the author himself -, so does that of the world around him. In other words, while literary creativity may not overcome the fear of death itself for the writer of fiction, it may, at least, allow him to feel, not only that he has some significance in the world, but that, in fact, the rest of the world exists only as a support to his own leading role.

Certainly, the following passage from *A Mulher Fatal* suggests that the author found some sort of cathartic effect in presenting these preoccupations in fictional form:

"Esta derradeira carta incluía um retrato de Carlos Pereira, já mui diferente do homem que eu vira no teatro. As sombras das saliências ósseas deformavam-lhe o rosto. As órbitas eram uns grandes anéis negros, como de cadáver ao qual regaçassem as pálpebras. Fez-me compaixão e terror." ²⁴

"Compaixão e terror": these are the very concepts used by Aristotle to describe the function of tragedy:

"A Tragedy is, then, the portrayal of an imaginary chapter of

heroic life, complete and of some length... indirectly through pity and terror righting mental disorders of this type." ²⁵

A scholar of Camilo's stature surely cannot have written the words quoted above without being aware of their significance in cultural tradition.

However, while this catharsis may function in the short term, the author must always return to reality, where solutions such as this will not work, since the existence of the individual displays no signs of possessing the significance which man would like to impose upon it. In other words, the search for meaning in life, when pursued through literary creativity, finds as a solution only that which is precisely the problem of the author's personality in real life: the solipsistic doubt.

It is, indeed, a matter of continual regret (and sometimes of abject panic) to Camilo that man survives no longer than he does; it is, too, a cause of continual wonder to him that, while inanimate objects also pass, they survive as long as they do. There is, therefore, in Camilo's regret at the passing of time not simply a nostalgia for the object but also a similar nostalgia for the subject, as, indeed, he himself implies in the extract from *Noites de Insónia* quoted at p. 172 above ("...e convenço-me de que pertenço bem aos vivos"). He is agonisingly aware that matter continues to exist, but that, within the flux of time, man is set a definite limit.

The Prologue to *Onde Está a Felicidade?* is an interesting illustration of this. In terms of the novel as a whole, it seems at first to be an unwarranted and lengthy irrelevance. It tells of the attempts of the miserly João Antunes to extract the maximum personal profit from the French siege of Oporto in 1809. These sordid adventures ultimately bring about his own downfall; and, years later, his fortune, hidden under the floor of his home, becomes the financial salvation of Augusta and Francisco in the novel proper.

Without this story, the later discovery of the money would strike the reader as a

gratuitous “Deus ex machina”, inserted to ensure a happy ending which, until then, had seemed extremely unlikely. However, it surely cannot have been structural principles which prompted Camilo to present the reader with this Prologue, or to give it such remarkable prominence: it occupies no less than a tenth of the whole work and could easily survive as a short story in its own right.

The fact that Camilo chooses instead to include it as a major part of his novel is of particular interest in the present context. The insertion of the Prologue adds a hint of fear at the passing of time to what might otherwise seem simply to be a work of penitential soul-searching. It has already been noted how the Prologue opens (as many of Camilo’s novels do) by specifying the exact time and place of the action, but in this case this is done in relation to the present, a time as incapable of being held fast as the past to which the text then refers:

“Aos vinte e um de Março do corrente ano de mil oitocentos e cinquenta e seis, pelas onze horas e meia da noite, fez justamente quarenta e sete anos que o Sr. João Antunes... estava em sua casa.”²⁶

We then flash back further, to the character’s childhood, where we are presented with him as a vulnerable orphan, viewed with tenderness by a narrator who will spare no bitter sarcasm in discussing the adult a few pages further on.

In its context, the first reaction prompted by this Prologue is one of regret that a life of some promise should have been so wasted and ultimately destroyed, as João’s eventually is, by his search for material wealth. But the link between this episode and the main narrative adds an extra dimension to the novel: from the moment in Chapter V when it is first discovered that Augusta lives in the same street as João did, the reader suspects that, while João (man) may be dead, his money (matter) still survives, and will surely reappear before the novel is complete. The observation is, perhaps, merely an

incidental one in this particular case, but at times such considerations prompt the most morbid thoughts in the author.

A large section of the "Preâmbulo" to *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago* discusses the fate of the protagonist of the novel as matter, now that he is dead:

"O nosso amigo, Silvestre da Silva, a esta hora anda repartido em partículas. Aqui faz parte da garganta dum rouxinol; além, é pétala duma tília; acolá está consubstanciado num olho de alface; pode ser até que eu o esteja bebendo neste copo de água que tenho à minha beira, e que tu o encontres nos sertões da América, alguma vez transfigurado em cobra cascável, disposto a comer-te, meu Faustino." ²⁷

It would be tempting to explain this fact away by the ghoulish obsessions of "cemetery Romanticism", in Portugal and elsewhere. Indeed, it is probably true that, without these literary examples, Camilo would not have dared to use some of the language which he did. This does not, however, explain the matter completely, and one is led to assume that there was also a strong element of personal obsession at play here, for Camilo would frequently use the same images in his private correspondence, as, for example, in the following extract from an undated letter to Castilho, probably of late 1873:

"Espero o cair da folha. Depois veremos. Pode ser que na primavera de 74 eu já por cá esteja a reflorescer nalguma couve lombarda." ²⁸

We may find traces of this obsession with death as a source of physical horror as early as *Anátema*, written in the author's mid-twenties:

“Hoje é que eu compreendo o coração de Antónia Bacelar, depois que os vermes do sepulcro lho corroeram... depois que um punhado de pó não pode reviver... suspirar...”²⁹

It is noticeable that, in this extract, the heart is first suggested in metaphor as a source of emotion and then reduced merely to its literal status of matter, subject to decay. It is this gradual physical change which is the real source of Camilo's panic at the march of time and the approach of death. Such images recur frequently; in *Amor de Perdição*, Simão writes to Teresa:

“E, se não, morre, Teresa, que a felicidade é a morte, é o desfazerem-se em pó as fibras laceradas pela dor”³⁰,

while, in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, the author seems to almost relish the gore of the murder scene:

“Detonou a descarga de cinco arcabuzes. Os crânios dos dois lentos, Mateus e Figueiredo, abriram largas fendas por onde esvurmava o cérebro sanguento.”³¹

It is not death itself which Camilo dreads, then. Death, as imagined and feared by most people, is a matter of consciousness and spirit. Man tends to wonder, “What is going to happen to that part of me which I regard as being non-material, once my material body has passed?”

On the other hand, Camilo, who - in common with many other intellectuals - regarded his sensitivity and awareness as a curse rather than a blessing, did not seem to care about this aspect of the question. It was, rather, the awful thought of the decomposition of the body which preoccupied him, inspiring him to write comments such as those quoted above, or this, rather nauseating one, made in a letter to Ferreira

Moutinho of 27th February 1886:

“Debaixo da lápide em que V. Ex.^a depôs as suas rosas estão uns pequeninos ossos a esfarelar-se. Não vejo lá mais nada. As flores que o meu amigo levou à sua memória, murchas a esta hora, estão bem sobre a cobertura dessa massa húmida e esquálida que foi a minha neta. São a imagem dela.”³²

Camilo, in short, clung desperately to matter, seeking in it some sort of reassurance of the type suggested by Johnson in his act of kicking the stone. The problem with this habit of clinging to the material, however, is that, although memories of the past may relieve a present pain, man must always return to that present, which is only rendered more painful by this process. It is interesting here to note the terms which Camilo employs to translate a passage of Sénancour's *Rêveries*. In French, it reads:

“La jeunesse a des espérances parce qu'elle a peu de souvenirs”.

while Camilo's version is:

“Alma onde as recordações são muitas, esperanças já não há nenhuma.”³³

The emphasis has been altered completely here: Camilo's own intense attachment to the past will not allow him to translate the double-edged vision of the French into anything but an unequivocal statement of the dangers of excessive nostalgia. The escape into the past is a relief while it lasts, but one can become addicted to it as if it were a spiritual narcotic. Thus, while Castilho's stone was dear to Camilo, he could also write of it in these terms to Vieira de Castro (whose name was also inscribed on it):

“Ainda te lembras desta aldeia? Estive há pouco ao pé daquela pedra *monumental* onde está teu nome. As árvores que então se plantaram abraçaram-se, e afogaram a pedra num escuro que faz lembrar um túmulo. Túmulo das nossas alegrias se me figura aquilo. Eu era ainda o rapaz de trinta e sete anos, e tu uma quase criança.”³⁴

He felt similar attachments to other objects and places, too; one of these was the Bom Jesus do Monte outside Braga, for which he expressed such extreme fears in the book named after it. In *Memórias do Cárcere*, he even regards the trees there as his friends:

“Àquelas florestas sinto eu atado ainda o coração por muitas tragadoras lembranças. Em diversas estações da minha vida lá fui a conversar com o passado que aí me florira, ou a inflorar esperanças que reverdejavam do pó de outras desfetas”³⁵,

as, indeed, he again does in a letter to Silva Pinto of 19th July 1880:

“Parece-me que vou amanhã para o Bom Jesus do Monte, com o Jorge. Tenho precisão de ir aí despedir-me das árvores que me viram criança.”³⁶

The trees are, indeed, still on the Bom Jesus to this day; Camilo, however, could not escape from the realisation that he would not survive as long. The result is that not only his fiction, but his whole life, was end-dominated, to the point where he could not escape from his fears long enough to enjoy the life which he did have. This hyper-sensitivity to man's condition of living in a material world, and therefore of being ephemeral, recurs constantly in the author's fiction, as well as in his more explicit writing. His letters never cease to foresee death and observe the gradual decline of his bodily health, even as early as the 1850's.

At times the novels display similar obsessions explicitly in connection with the author himself. Here is the dedication to Camilo's former tutor, Padre Antônio de Azevedo, of *O Bem e o Mal* :

“Lembra-se daquele incorrigível rapaz de catorze anos, que ia à venda da Serra do Mezio jogar a bisca com os carvoeiros, e a bordoadada, muitas vezes?

Esse rapaz sou eu; é este velho, que lhe escreve aqui do cubículo de um hospital, muito vizinho do Cemitério dos Prazeres.”³⁷

This passage was written in 1863, when Camilo was thirty-eight (and, in fact, thought that he was only thirty-seven, as he believed that he had been born in 1826). But already he is hinting at imminent death and talking of himself as an old man. One is tempted to speculate as to how the much older priest felt on reading this dedication, which was supposedly written to him, but which, in fact, is concentrated principally upon the boy that the author had been.

Similarly, in *Memórias do Cárcere*, the author recalls seeing portraits of Fanny Owen and José Augusto, several years after their deaths:

“Vi agora os retratos de ambos. Sempre que os contemplo, creio que me falam, e dizem: «E tu vives ainda!»”³⁸

In a different context, he recalls seeing a former beloved in Samardã after many years' separation:

“Eu vi-te, Elmena, eu vi-te e, ao ver-te, súbito
senti amargo fel junto à doçura!...
Talvez te lembres de que viste, um dia,
numa romagem incógnito mancebo
que, constante, fitou teu rosto belo.”³⁹

Once again, what begins as a passage concentrated upon an external object of nostalgia changes its focus to the writer himself. Interestingly, in the preface to *A Lira Meridional*, Camilo recalls another visit to Samardã in 1881, decades after he had last lived there. He claims to have been so shocked when nobody remembered him that he left on the same night as he arrived⁴⁰.

Yet the way in which Camilo’s awareness of his own mortality works is perhaps illustrated most clearly in another re-encounter with a past lover. This time he did not recognise her until his nephew muttered to him the first few lines of a poem which he had written about her. There then, apparently, followed this exchange:

“Encarei sorrindo tristemente em meu sobrinho, e ele disse-me:

- Não a vê?
- Luísa?
- Sim. Aquela que tem os braços cruzados.
- Contemplei-a e vi uma velha.
- Aquela que me está olhando?! - repliquei.

- A mesma Luísa de há quinze anos.

E eu disse comigo: «Estará ela dizendo às outras: - Ele é aquele velho?!»⁴¹

Whether or not this incident really took place is of no great importance. What matters is that, on this occasion, as in his memory of Elmena, he remembers the girl whom he used to know, but, on both occasions, the centre of attention becomes not so much the beloved as Camilo, whose preoccupations are thus turned back upon himself. In other words, what began as the intangibility and the impermanence of the external has become the narcissistic search for the permanence of the self. Nostalgia for the object has served only to stimulate nostalgia for the subject.

There are numerous examples of this tendency: on José Barbosa's death in the autumn of 1865, Camilo wrote to the brother of the deceased:

“Quando aqui passou pela derradeira vez, escreveu ao Ramalho Ortigão, e dizia-lhe: «dê um abraço no Camilo». Lembrou-se do mais infeliz homem que ele tenha conhecido.”⁴²

In *Serões de São Miguel de Ceide*, written in 1885, Camilo was to look back once more upon his youth in Oporto, and, in recalling various erstwhile comrades in the escapades which made them notorious, he wrote:

“Guedes Infante é cônsul na Galiza. Quando nos encontrámos, com interpostas ausências de anos, conversámos de uns sujeitos que tiveram o nosso nome”⁴³,

in tones similar to those of the letter sent in desperation to the ophthalmologist Edmundo

de Magalhães Machado in May 1890, which begins:

“Il.^{mo} e Ex.^{mo} Sr.:

Sou o cadáver representante de um nome que teve alguma
reputação gloriosa neste país, durante 40 anos de trabalho.

Chamo-me Camilo Castelo Branco e estou cego.”⁴⁴

The nostalgia for what he had been ultimately became so strong that he could hardly bring himself even to regard himself as the same person who had enjoyed his youth and achieved fame and fortune. The decay of his physical being has left him, like Hume in his theorising, or like Peer Gynt in his symbolic introspection, with nothing at the centre of his life which he can label “myself”.

One of the most interesting documents in this respect is a letter written to Maria José Furtado de Mendonça, probably in 1886. It may appear peculiar at first, until the author is placed in this context of his own solipsistic doubt:

“Creio que actualmente finjo que vivo, e consigo enganar
tanta gente que até V. Ex.^a é enganada, felicitando-me como se
eu vivesse.”⁴⁵

The sentiments expressed here are bizarre, but, taken in the context of many of the author’s other comments, their morbid irony does nothing to dispel their literal sense. It tends, rather, to reinforce the impression of a self-awareness which is so intense that not even the most apparent certainties, such as Descartes’ “cogito, ergo sum”, can survive.

On 29th January 1868, Camilo wrote to Castilho:

“Deixei dois (cartões) para herança dos meus pequenos. Quando eles forem homens, não-de apreciá-los. Os nossos nomes tão desfeitos como os ossos não-de talvez então espertar-lhes uma saudade mais gloriosa para nos que a imortalidade que pode dar um livro. Eu por mim antes quero a saudade de um filho de que a certeza de que os netos da viúva Moré publicaram a duodécima edição de um livro que a sua avó me comprou por seis vintens e meio.”⁴⁶

Here, as in the verses inspired by the sight of Elmena, Camilo sees other people as important, not in their own terms, but rather as people who will remember him, who will perceive him, and thus, as Berkeley would have held, offer him some sort of guarantee of continued existence. Such subjugation of object to subject is clear in the novels in certain individual scenes, as outlined above. Nevertheless, it is also present in the general conception of the fiction, although less obviously apparent.

This section of our study has noted certain tendencies in Camilo's writings which are consistent with the solipsistic doubt in its external symptoms. The next stage will be to diagnose in the novels the kind of uncertainty which is so all-encompassing that it can only be that of the solipsist. Accordingly, attention must be turned to the author's perception of his own creation, and, in particular, the relationships which it permits him to build with the world around him.

B. The Author's Relationship to his Fiction.

As well as being designed to extend the scope of the novels' temporal reference, Camilo's frame-stories often have a bearing on the themes of their embedded narratives. Such is the case, for example, in *Amor de Salvação* and *O Romance de um Homem Rico*: in both of these works, the narrators of the framing stories have to confront similar problems in their own lives to those overcome in the embedded narratives by Afonso de

Teive and Álvaro Teixeira respectively. However, even when there is no such obvious link, embedding is more than just a habitual mode of writing: it lends the text a greater conviction, and allows its author a more intimate relationship both with his work and with his readers.

Sometimes the central narrative is represented as having been copied from an already existing manuscript, so that the narrator can claim to be merely scribe rather than author. This is the case, for example, in *Anátema*. This is partly a literary tradition, a technique used by major influences on the Portuguese nineteenth century such as Cervantes and Scott. However, it is surely much more than simply a convention. The written word is semi-permanent, and, by virtue of this fact, often (wrongly) regarded as being the most valid and reliable form of communication. The invention of written sources, therefore, recognises the semi-objective nature of what Coleridge sees as images deriving from the unconscious, and, in this way, authority is added to the text*.

However, even this is not the full story. In *O Romance de um Homem Rico* there is a written account of the narrative, a narrator who is directly acquainted with the protagonist, and a fictional frame set at the scene of the action of the embedded narrative. Surely it is not necessary to have all of this for the sake of verisimilitude?

What becomes apparent on a closer examination of Camilo's framing techniques is that, almost without exception, they create a relationship not merely between the reader and the text, but also between the *author* and the text. For example, the fictions are frequently triggered off by material objects surviving from the time of the events recounted in the embedded narrative. An example would be the *História de uma Porta* in *Noites de Lamego*, where the narrator is astonished to find a peasant living in a simple

* The term semi-objective is used here in the sense of "unwilled by the conscious mind, although arising from within the self".

house with a lavishly ornate door. This door then becomes the pretext for recounting the human tale which lies behind this incongruous building.

In some cases, the narrative may not be obviously centred round the material object, but its surviving physical presence is still noted, and still creates a link between narrated time and narrative time. Thus, there is the “Torre de D. Chama”, mentioned in passing in Chapter V of *Anátema* ⁴⁷, but which eventually proves to be central to the plot of the novel, or, more trivially, this humorous comment in *O Santo da Montanha*:

“Baltasar um só coração de amigo conhecia. Foi bater à portaria do convento de Vila Real. Abriram-lhe, porque no frontal da porta daquela casa estava *e está* uma letra que diz: «Batei e abrir-se-vos-á.» (my italics) ⁴⁸

The joke would have been complete with the use of the imperfect tense “estava” on its own; indeed, it loses some of its spontaneous wit by the inclusion of the present “está”. In this case, Camilo’s sense of humour has taken second place behind his need to forge a personal bond with his tale.

In similar fashion, *Amor de Salvação* is introduced by a long and rambling pastoral interlude set in “aquela corda de chãs e outeiros, que abrangem quatro léguas entre Santo Tirso, Famelicão e Guimarães” ⁴⁹ which was so familiar to Camilo, just as, in Chapter IV of that book, he describes the scene around his house in Ceide ⁵⁰.

Coisas Espantosas has no formal frame; nonetheless, the work closes with the information that the narrator heard the tale direct from Augusto, the hero ⁵¹. *Um Homem de Brios* repeats this pattern, with the poet also leaving the narrator a bundle of papers which are said to form the basis of both that novel and *Onde Está a Felicidade?* ⁵²; there is also in this work another personal reminiscence of the “Hospedaria Francesa” in Oporto, which we have already seen as the cause of considerable nostalgia in *A Mulher*

*Fatal*⁵³. Meanwhile, in the Conclusion to *Carlota Ângela*, the narrator claims to have seen Francisco Salter's gravestone "com os meus próprios olhos"⁵⁴.

Indeed, even when there is no outer fictional frame, the geographical setting of the novel may be relevant. *Carlota Ângela*, written in 1858, while the author was working for the *Aurora do Lima* newspaper in Viana do Castelo, is set principally in that city. As the author grows older, so his stories, set at first in Trás-os-Montes, move to Oporto for the two "Guilherme do Amaral" novels of 1856, and then become increasingly concentrated on the Minho, paralleling Camilo's own transition from "transmontano" to "minhoto", via "portuense". Indeed, the fiction becomes increasingly concentrated on places within a short distance of the author's own base in Ceide, as some of the titles of works written while living there illustrate: *A Bruxa de Monte Córdova*, *O Cego de Landim*, and *O Senhor do Paço de Ninães*.

What places Camilo's novels firmly in the North, however, is his attention to the familiar northern figures such as the "morgado" and the "brasileiro" and his representations of local customs and behaviour. His reproduction of the life and speech of his adopted home has often been praised; yet, on the whole, there is little of the landscape of the North in his work, certainly before the *Novelas do Minho* of the 1870's.

Frequently, when landscape is evoked, it is done so expressionistically. The narrator reproduces a scene imbued with spiritual values or emotions which are perceived by him, and which are not inherent in the scene itself. Thus, when Guilherme and Augusta move to their Eden in the Candal in *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, it is not the countryside, but a whole mood which is evoked by the following pseudo-description:

"Sabem onde é o Candal?"

É essa pitoresca colina, que se levanta por detrás das ruínas dum castelo... Fugamos daqui para o alto. Lá, sim. De cada copa

de madressilva julgáis ver, rociada de orvalho, surgir uma driade, encostada à urna das águas, que rumorejam entre os silvados. O poeta sobe de lá nos êxtases do idílio a todos os céus da imaginação rejuvenescida. Os cânticos de Sintra, cantados cá, parecem seus. Os amores famosos de dois poetas, que além choraram, Bernardim e Camões, concebem-se aqui, explicam-se, entram no espírito como um quinhão de dor suave, e da saudade lúcida dos amores de outro tempo. Não sabéis o que é o Candal, se o não vedes assim.”⁵⁵

It will be noted here that, for physical description, the reader is turned back upon himself: “Sabem onde é o Candal?... É essa pitoresca colina...”. The use of the demonstrative presupposes familiarity on the part of the reader, thus avoiding the need for real description. Camilo launches instead into one of his lyrical digressions in order to evoke the happiness which the couple briefly enjoy. But he does so by continual reference to a world which has at least as much reality for him as the real one - that of literature - making reference to dryads, to the “cânticos de Sintra”, and the poetry of Bernardim Ribeiro and Camões.

This is a very different perspective upon landscape from that provided by another nineteenth-century writer of the North, Júlio Dinis. Consider, for example, the opening scene of his *A Morgadinha dos Canaviais*:

“Ao cair de uma tarde de Dezembro, de sincero e genuíno Dezembro, chuvoso, frio, açoutado do sul e sem contrafeitos sorrisos de primavera, subiam dois viandantes a encosta de um monte por a estreita e sinuosa vereda, que pretensiosamente gozava das honras de estrada, à falta de competidora, em que melhor coubessem.

Era nos extremos do Minho e onde esta risonha e feracíssima provincia começa já a ressentir-se, senão ainda nos vales e planuras, nos visos dos outeiros pelo menos, da vizinhança de sua irmã, a alpestre e severa Trás-os-Montes.”⁵⁶

Júlio Dinis could not be described as a pure Realist, but there is no doubting that this passage tells the reader much more about what his scene actually looks like than Camilo’s “description” of the Candal. Camilo shares the hyper-sensitivity to nature of such noted Romantics as Wordsworth. However, what he describes is almost invariably an imagined landscape of spiritual qualities which is superimposed on a real scene. Thus, in *Memórias do Cárcere*, the wild scenery of the Serra do Marão is recalled in the following terms:

“Passei a serra do Marão sob a tempestade famosa do dia 2 de Julho de 1860... Ao dobrar a serra tremi de ver cruzarem-se os coriscos, e perto de mim caiu um raio, cuja fenda na rocha eu fui examinar, e da rocha lascada colhi uma urze queimada, que ainda tenho. No coberto da capelinha da aldeia encravada no sopé da serra, vi o cadáver fulminado de uma pastorinha, e mulheres em volta dela, amarelas de terror... O que eu vira na serra valia bem o medo pela sublimidade terrível. Que espectáculo! Que vermezinhos somos em presença daquilo. Como Deus é grande nas tempestades do Marão, e como o homem ali se envergonha das tempestades de suas paixões!”⁵⁷

Here, it is not the terrifying power of the storm which is communicated. It is, rather, firstly, its awful results, visible and tangible after the temporary weather conditions have passed, and, secondly, the thoughts provoked in the author by the storm regarding his emotional state (at the time of the storm he was attempting to avoid prosecution for his affair with Ana).

Again, in *Amor de Salvação*, he writes of the “pinhais gementes”⁵⁸ of Ceide as a “voz de além-mundo” speaking to him the “linguagem da noite” - possibly a reference to the continual presence around him of Pinheiro Alves, the former and legal possessor of both his house and the woman with whom he lived. Although referring to a different place, he was to write to Castilho on 28th September 1872 in similar tones:

“Vamos viver... com o cemitério da Lapa à porta. Boa vizinhança para noites de Janeiro. Ouvirei a orquestra dos ciprestes e o assobio das corujas. Se morrer, o transporte há-de custar pouco.”⁵⁹

Indeed, this principle does not apply only to landscapes. Jacinto do Prado Coelho notes repeatedly that physical description is at a minimum in the novels, whether it be of landscapes⁶⁰, or of indoor scenes⁶¹.

In this case, however, that of descriptions of internal scenes, Prado Coelho does single out one exception to the author’s general tendencies in this respect: the scene where Simão’s prison cell is described in *Amor de Perdição*:

“Está Simão num quarto de malta das cadeias da Relação. Um catre de tábuas, um colchão de embarque, uma banca e cadeira de pinho, e um pequeno pacote de roupa, colocado no lugar do travesseiro, são a sua mobília. Sobre a mesa tem um caixote de pau-preto, que contém as cartas de Teresa, ramilhetes secos, os seus manuscritos do cárcere de Viseu, e um avental de Mariana, o último com que ela, no dia do julgamento, enxugara as lágrimas e arrancara de si no primeiro instante de demência.”⁶²

The critic goes on to comment:

“Trata-se, como se vê, dum caso especial: a descrição tem por fim realçar a situação dramática de Simão, mostrar a que estava reduzida a sua vida, através dum punhado de recordações sentimentais.”⁶³

This comment is justified as far as it goes. Prado Coelho misses out on the most important point, however: that the passage in question was composed in a cell exactly like Simão's in the very same prison in which the fictional hero had been held. All that is described (save, perhaps, the apron, for which any object sentimentally associated with Ana could be substituted) could have been in front of the author's very eyes as he wrote these words. Indeed, one is tempted to wonder why an impetuous type such as Simão Botelho should have manuscripts with him in prison - *unless, that is, it was really his more intellectual creator* who had manuscripts with him. Perhaps, indeed, these might have been the earlier parts of *Amor de Perdição* itself, although that is clearly a speculative suggestion.

In general, however, the practice has been the same: whether or not the scene itself is likely to be familiar to the reader, what makes it work is not really description, but evocation of mood. This Camilo suggests through the physical environment which was most familiar to him - that of the North, which he knew intimately enough to be able to use it as a means to communicate, not physical setting, but whatever was contained within his own mind. Detailed description, however, is entirely dependent upon literal vision of the type which probably lay behind the description of Simão's cell.

It is noticeable that places or events outside the author's personal experience of the world are marked by a total lack of conviction - the scenes in Madrid in *Anátema* or in Switzerland in *Coisas Espantosas*, despite a few place names, might as well be set in Portugal. Since Camilo only once in his life left his native land (travelling no farther afield

than Vigo), and that purely by accident when still a child, this is perhaps not too surprising. What is surely more significant is that in the early chapters of the *Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*, for example, there is an Italian woman who is said successively to be a native of Sicily, Naples and Rome ⁶⁴; indeed, the first two times that she is mentioned are separated by only seven lines of the text.

One cannot even say of Camilo that he lapses into superficial clichés when his stories wander beyond the geographical limits of his own knowledge of the world: the local colour which fascinated other Romantics such as Mérimée and which Camilo himself displays in portrayal of the North is totally lacking when he deals with unfamiliar or exotic places, just as it has been noted that his historical novels might as well be set in his own century as in the past ⁶⁵. Indeed, within Portugal, even Lisbon seems to come to mind only vaguely, and the South is hardly mentioned. It is as if it were all the same to the author when it is not part of his personal experience, as if, indeed, the outside world hardly existed at all.

At this point the argument is led back to Nuttall's definition of temperamental solipsism:

"Rational solipsism is a God's eye statement about the universe as a whole; temperamental solipsism has the universe as a context and *tells only what it has seen.*" ⁶⁶ (my italics)

Camilo's fictional universe, as he himself implies in a passage from *Virgança* already quoted above, is based exclusively on his own memory; he tells only what he has seen. Unlike the widely travelled Garrett and the cosmopolitan Eça, all that he knew was his own corner of his native land, and this appears to have been all that interested him:

"Afinal, e muito a tempo, desertei às bandeiras dos mestres franceses, e entendi no melhor modo de descrever os usos e

costumes da minha terra, os sentimentos bons e maus como por cá os tenho visto, as paixões como elas são cá, e como creio que elas são em toda a parte, tirante as composturas, artificios e maravilhas de linguagem, com que, para maior glória do génio pestilencial, corruptor das almas, os pintores da sociedade adulteram a verdade das cousas e pessoas.”⁶⁷

In this passage (from *A Filha do Doutor Negro*), the author pays lip-service to a wider awareness, but still insists on seeing the universal through the particular, basing his judgement of general human nature on a very limited experience of the world. In a letter of 14th August 1868, Castilho pointed out Camilo’s limited horizons to him and tried to persuade him to travel more widely, but, as usually happened with his positive suggestions, this appears to have been ignored⁶⁸.

The almost neurotic suspicion of innovation and foreign influence evident in his reactions to Realism, coupled with the extremely hazy (and, indeed, sometimes negative) fictional presentation of foreign countries of which he had no direct experience, lead the reader to suspect not only that he was parochial, but, moreover, that he had no interest in emerging from this parochialism⁶⁹. Camilo may have believed that he knew what he liked; in fact, he only liked what he knew. Familiarity is reassuring; and, to some limited extent, a parochial outlook permits a feeling of purpose for the self which it is more difficult for an excessively self-aware person such as Camilo to maintain within any wider context.

Camilo’s attachment to the North is not a matter of taste, however, although his regionalism itself could be described in these terms. At first, this appears paradoxical, but it is not, however, meaningless: it is similar to the case of a man who may reject almost the entire substance and doctrine of the religious tradition within which he was brought up, but who will continue to attend church services on a regular basis for the feelings of belonging which they inspire in him. It is the sense of attachment to a region

which matters, not the region itself, which might as easily be in Mexico as in the Minho.

Lourenço maintains that Camilo's attachment to the old-fashioned, if not moribund, but certainly parochial world of "morgados" and convents is the product not of sympathy, but of familiarity:

"Antes de tudo... é mais um memorialista do génio... do que um romancista no sentido em que Balzac, Stendhal ou Dickens o eram já na Europa." ⁷⁰

It was chance that led him to live in Ceide, not choice. Indeed, he repeatedly expressed a dislike of the Minho and its inhabitants. Shortly after moving to Ceide, he wrote:

"Esta ralé do Minho, a mais bestial raça que estancia na Europa..." ⁷¹

Such, indeed, seems to have been his practice everywhere that he went; his fictional presentation of Oporto society in works such as *Onde Está a Felicidade?* and *Que é o Porto?* can have won him little favour at the time of his trial in 1861, and, in a letter to Castilho of 21st July 1868, he writes contemptuously of the city:

"O Porto está abominável. Aqui a estupidez chegou a ser uma profissão, um magistério; o mais estúpido julga-se e julgam-no invejável, como se eles aqui não fossem todos mais burros." ⁷²

He was also to make a similar judgement of Coimbra in a letter to the Visconde de Ouguela:

"Cá estou na estúpida Coimbra e na mais estúpida das ruas
- a Larga. A terra fede; é o aroma desta ciência daqui." ⁷³

Camilo was a man of considerable erudition who willingly shut himself off from human society in order to be with the books which he considered as friends ⁷⁴. He would have had little in common with either the rural community or the wealthy "brasileiros" and businessmen of the Minho for whom he felt little but contempt. His regionalism is not due to any inherent fascination with the North; it is, rather, another example of his reluctance to emerge from the womb, although this time in a slightly different guise.

It would be equally wrong to suggest that this, or any of the other techniques employed to create a context for the narrative, exists in order to achieve greater conviction for the reader. What really matters is that they also achieve conviction for the writer. It appears that, to convert the skeletons with which he claims to converse in *Noites de Insônia* into flesh and blood, Camilo needs to set them into a familiar context. He needs to create some kind of firmer bond between himself and his visions in order to make them meaningful once they are extracted from their source in the author's head and placed in a world which is essentially foreign to them and to him, that is the world of external reality.

The relationship forged may be by blood-tie, as in *Amor de Perdição*. It may involve direct contact between the narrator and the protagonist, as in *Amor de Salvação*. It may stem from familiarity of setting, as in the overtly regionalist *Novelas do Minho*. It may involve a physical reminder of the story, as in *Anátema*; but the author needed to have some kind of personal contact with the story in order first to relate to it, and subsequently to relate it. In Camilo, the two functions are difficult to separate.

C. The Author's Vision of his Narrative.

The framing narrative has further implications. It turns the embedded narrative into pure object, into matter for contemplation by the subject. This, in very simplified terms, is how the nostalgia for the subject is expressed in the novels; a protagonist with whom the narrator identifies but who is, nonetheless, *not* the narrator may be viewed from a God's-eye perspective without the pain felt in viewing the self as a mortal being. This enables the author to take a fresh look at the events of his life in a transformed reality, and thus to reconsider them. This is why many novels (such as *Amor de Perdição*, *Amor de Salvação*, *O Romance de um Homem Rico* and *O Judeu*) reveal the end of the central story before the narrative proper begins. In this way, attention is focused not on *what* happens, but on *how* it happens.

The framework allows subjective expression of a type frowned on by writers of "direct" fiction, such as Eça. The reader is thus reminded that all truth is relative and incapable of confirmation. The lack of an openly omniscient narrator allows Camilo a presentation of events which is subjective and credible, because it is openly individual. Yet he may still make use of the outer framework to add ironic perspectives to the internal vision of the embedded narrative. Such is the case, for example, of *Amor de Salvação*, whose characters are shaped for the reader entirely in accordance with the way in which they affect the life of Afonso de Teive, as has already been seen in Chapter One above.

The reader is constantly made aware that he is experiencing not events themselves, but a perception of events. The narrator is, in theory, no more omniscient than the reader and equally fallible. Hence, in *Um Homem de Brios*, he knows as much of the development of the story as would any real-life bystander:

"Eu não pude ouvir a continuação do conto. O literato desceu
uma oitava o som da voz" ⁷⁵.

a practice which is also employed in *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*:

“Quem tivesse a incivil curiosidade de fitar o ouvido a curta distância, ouviria este final do diálogo:...”⁷⁶,

and in *Anátema*:

“E escutaram, mas não ouviram mais que o somido represado de vozes. Era ainda o diálogo, que nós poderemos ouvir se o travesso do Veiga nos não puser fora do quarto.”⁷⁷

In reality, of course, the narrator knows all that he wants to know. On the rare occasions when Camilo does attempt a genuinely restricted authorial viewpoint, as in the early stages of *Mistérios de Lisboa*, for example, where the narrator is identified with Pedro da Silva, he runs into continual difficulties, which force him either into phrasing his inside information in unnecessarily speculative terms:

“D. Antónia, que eu deixei ajoelhada no oratório, seria a única que ouviu os passos cautelosos do padre”⁷⁸,

or into blatant transgression of his powers as a mere character in the fiction, as in the scene of Padre Dinis' interview with the Conde de Santa Bárbara, in Chapters XIV to XVI of the first book, where the narrator sees all in spite of openly stating that he was not present at the scene⁷⁹. In the end, as Camilo finds it almost impossible to control his impulse to comment on all aspects of the work, he returns to his normal practice at the end of the third book, providing an explanation typical of the author in its attention to possible objections:

“No segundo volume, do quarto ou quinto capítulo em

diante, já não é autor o filho da condessa de Santa Bárbara. O maço que o nosso amigo nos enviou do Brasil continha, além do primeiro volume organizado, poucos capítulos do segundo, e o resto eram apontamentos de que nos servimos, como genuínos, porque não podemos duvidar dos esclarecimentos que os documentavam. Enganar o público, isso é que de modo nenhum.”⁸⁰

In reality, however, this is merely a recognition of inconsistencies realised subsequent to composition. Rather than rewrite large sections of the work, therefore, Camilo tries - rather unconvincingly - to account for the work as it stands. In fact, however, the inconsistencies are apparent even in the first volume, where, for example, the mother of the “narrator” is referred to, on at least one occasion, by her title of Condessa de Santa Bárbara, in other words as she would be known, not to a son, but to a casual third-person narrator⁸¹.

In *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago*, Camilo was to make a second experiment at writing with a first-person narrator, attempting to overcome the problem of restricted point of view by adopting the role of editor of Silvestre da Silva’s memoirs. Here, once again, Camilo proves incapable of keeping to this plan, and it is Silvestre himself, for example, who describes the scene where Paula receives the presents sent to her by him⁸². This experiment in narrative technique was not followed up.

Authorial omniscience is inevitable. Nevertheless, the examples of these two works illustrate a problem which could exist only for an author such as Camilo. For, although he knows everything necessary for the expression of those images welling up inside him, the process of externalisation involves a division of the self into subject and object of perception, which, in turn, permits easier exploration of that self. Yet, in making this division, Camilo endows his newly-created objects of perception with an independence which, if they were to exist in what is normally considered to be the real world, would

render them impenetrable to him. In the process of externalisation of the images within, therefore, the author loses his sense of control of them to the extent that, in order to tell his story, he is obliged to presume precisely those powers of knowledge which the temperamental solipsist does not fully trust in everyday life. The result of this is that, even in the fiction, everything emerges as perception, rather than as reality.

Thus, in the Prologue of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, when João Antunes is killed, the circumstances (the historical disaster of the “Ponte das Barcas”) would have made it impossible for any real-life observer to swear to his death, to say nothing of perceiving it. Yet Camilo, keen to prove a point about this character whom he does not like, is determined that the reader will be certain of João’s downfall. Interestingly, he tries to endow this impossible knowledge with the authority of actual perception:

“A enxurrada chegara à ponte. Todos sabem como aí se fizeram três mil cadáveres. Os alçapões estavam abertos, por descuido ou traição. A multidão entulhou as barcas: o peso quebrou as antenas estrondosamente; as fauces do abismo engoliram massas compactas, jorros de centenas de corpos, famílias vinculadas no derradeiro abraço.

Se da aglomeração de gritos pôde ouvir-se distinto um rugido inimitável, esse rugido foi de João Antunes da Mota.

Morrera um grande maroto; mas a espécie não se perdeu.”⁸³

The element of subjectivity exemplified here is part of the significance of the authorial comments and digressions in Camilo’s work which make it explicit that the text is a consistently sustained illusion. The author seems to be incapable of viewing anything without the awareness of possible subjective distortion on his own part. Jacinto do Prado Coelho hints at this without, however, taking the idea any further:

“Como espectador (Camilo) ‘contempla’ quadros e lances, comunga, efusivamente, nas experiências morais dos protagonistas... dir-se-ia ecoar na novela camiliana o coro da tragédia grega.”⁸⁴

However, perhaps the most important implication of solipsism as a creative impulse lies in the perspectives which it creates for the author’s vision of character and event. Thus, the narrator uses three pages of the text of *Vingança* in an attempt to avoid describing Isaura. This section of the novel is presented in the form of a conversation with a friend, whom the narrator deliberately frustrates by repeating the same Romanticised clichés, until the friend and the reader (whom the friend embodies) give up, and allow the story simply to continue⁸⁵. By these means Camilo imposes his will upon the novel and asserts his right not to describe Isaura physically if he does not see fit. The world in which Isaura lives is his world, to which others may have access only as he permits.

In general, Camilo’s books depend more upon action than upon psychological depth. His characters are often representative types made to fill preconceived slots rather than the rounded personalities of Eça, as has already been seen with reference to *Amor de Salvação*. This applies also, for example, to the presentation of José Francisco Andraens in *Anos de Prosa*:

“Tentemos um debuxo de José Francisco. Deve estar entre cinquenta a cinquenta e cinco anos, estatura menos de meã, com três barrigas, das quais a primeira, começando pela parte mais nobre do sujeito, principia onde o vulgar da gente tem os joelhos, e, depois, duma arremetida adiposa, retrai-se na linha imaginária da cintura, e estreita-se em forma de cabeça...”⁸⁶

This passage is intended to hoodwink the reader completely. It begins like a conventional description, and then gradually becomes increasingly grotesque, until the point is reached where the reader realises that this is intended not so much as a physical description of the man, but rather as a presentation of the mentality of the vulgar materialist. It is, in short, equivalent to the pseudo-landscape of the Candal offered in *Onde Está a Felicidade?*.

There is, furthermore, little tendency towards interpretation of character or event. When this does happen, however, it may take one of several forms. It may be tentative; such would be the case of the following extract from *Amor de Perdição*:

“Pois eu já lhes fiz saber, leitores, pela boca de mestre João, que o filho do corregedor não tinha dinheiro. *Agora lhes digo* que era em dinheiro que ele cismava, quando Mariana lhe trouxe o caldo rejeitado.

Ao meu ver, deviam atribulá-lo estes pensamentos:

«Como pagaria a hospitalidade de João da Cruz?»

«Com que agradeceria os desvelos de Mariana?»

«Se Teresa fugisse, com que recursos proveria à subsistência de ambos?»⁸⁷

(In this and subsequent examples of this phenomenon, the italics are mine).

This extract does not offer the kind of categorical statement which one would expect from an author looking into the mind of one of his creations. No less than three times the reader is reminded that this is only what the narrator *thinks* that Simão is thinking.

He is reluctant to be assertive; he makes his point, which the reader still takes, for lack of an alternative viewpoint. But there is no attempt to lay claim to a knowledge which could not be possessed in reality.

Similar examples are plentiful. In *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, Guilherme writes to the poet to announce his imminent return to Portugal, and the poet's reaction to the letter is described in the following terms:

“A julgar do semblante do poeta, esta carta parecia causar-lhe um extraordinário prazer! Deixou numa conjugação suspenso um período arrepiador do drama que escrevia. Saltou para o meio do quarto, e executou quatro piruetas, rindo-se para a carta com os mais seguros sintomas de idiota feliz.”⁸⁸

The poet's behaviour makes his emotional reaction to the letter obvious to any interpretation based on common sense. Yet Camilo, who - of all people - should know this to be absolute fact, and who does not even need the behavioural evidence which the reader would invoke for his interpretation, cannot take his “knowledge” for granted, and, once more, reservations are expressed no less than three times.

Again, as she takes her preliminary vows as a novice, Carlota Ângela is seen in the following way:

“Carlota, durante este acto, parecia não sentir, não perceber a profunda e doloríssima significação que ele deve ter para a mulher expulsa dos prazeres do mundo...”⁸⁹,

while, in *Anátema*, the following scene is depicted:

“Um homem atravessa a ponte do Prado. Vai só com os seus

pensamentos: *devem de ser tristes*"⁹⁰,

and, later in the same work, the reader is shown:

"O padre, que, *pelo que se vê*, não era já um homem sinistro para D. Inês..."⁹¹

The way in which Leonor reacts to the death of her husband in *O Romance de um Homem Rico* is equally interesting here:

"Em que pensava Leonor, naquela sua rápida mudança de vida? *Parecia* não pensar. Decorridos seis meses, saiu a pagar visitas em Lisboa, menos a de Maria da Glória, que lhe não dera a isso azo"⁹²,

while the scene at the death-bed of Inácio Botelho which opens *Coisas Espantosas* has the dying man as:

"um homem que *representava* quarenta anos",

and continues as follows:

"No rosto da criança *via-se* o pavor, o espasmo, e não sei que de suprema angústia... No semblante da mulher, *revelava-se* a impassibilidade de mera enfermeira..."⁹³

A rather different example of this phenomenon would be the following passage from *Um Homem de Brios*, where Guilherme is told that Augusta has had a mysterious visitor:

" - Era ele - murmurou Guilherme, afastando-se da

interlocutora.

Este 'ele' era *decerto* o poeta, e o leitor também não sabia que o poeta viera à Rua dos Arménios. Vai sabê-lo, porque Amaral, apenas encontrou o poeta... interrogou-o:

- Que foste tu fazer à casa de Augusta depois que ela saiu do Porto?"⁹⁴

Once again, the narrator is reluctant to commit himself to his explanation ("Este 'ele' era decerto o poeta"). But here he goes on to back up his thesis with evidence which is externally perceptible (Guilherme's question). This is the second type of interpretation which Camilo permits himself. Another instance of this comes early in *O Romance de um Homem Rico* when the narrator first meets Álvaro:

"Cortejei o padre. Parece-me que ainda não disse que era padre o meu companheiro. Dava-se logo a conhecer por tal naquele apostólico semblante, *se o não dissesse a volta e a sotaina, e o sapato de fivela de aço reluzente.*"⁹⁵

Here, the reader is first given a genuinely interpretative judgement ("Dava-se logo a conhecer por tal.."), only to find that this needs confirmation from the priest's clothes.

In *Anátema* such perceptible evidence is sought once more, although this time without success:

"E aqui não sabemos que palavras a senhora Anastácia disse a meia voz a seu marido... Ou fossem confidências matrimoniais, ou alguma insignificante reflexão - respeitemos estes segredos de casados, *visto que não podemos deduzir nada*

da fisionomia do artista, depois que o segredo lhe foi comunicado..."⁹⁶

Both this type of insight and the first kind avoid real interpretation, because this would imply privileged powers of insight which are denied to characters existing on the same plane of reality. Camilo, therefore, hesitates long and hard before committing himself to such psychological depths. He is, indeed, very conscious of what such insight implies, as is suggested by the following passage of *O Judeu*:

"Mistério é este vedado às dilucidações filosóficas; e, portanto, mais defeso ainda às superficiais averiguações dum romancista, que, muito pela rama apenas e imperfeitamente, pode desenhar o exterior dos factos, *abstendo-se* de esmerilhar causas incógnitas ao comum dos homens"⁹⁷,

or, indeed, in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, as an attempt is made to elicit Hermenegildo's thoughts:

"Sondemos o que se passa *dentro daquele corpo*..."⁹⁸

Camilo is painfully aware of the limitations of his powers of knowledge and understanding, which the process of externalisation - as a necessary part of the creation of fiction - requires to be applied as much to his own literary world as to external reality; and he acknowledges the fact readily:

"Isso é que eu submeto à decisão do leitor inteligente. Factos e não teses é que eu trago para aqui. O pintor retrata uns olhos, e não explica as funções ópticas do aparelho visual"⁹⁹

he writes in *Amor de Perdição*. Lopes goes part of the way towards this view, pointing

out (although he refers specifically only to the *Novelas do Minho*):

“Em suma: o autor reconhece a maioridade judicativa ao leitor, e, em vez de interpretações, quantas vezes redundantes, oferece-lhe a simples organização narrativa ou descritiva com dados concretos à vista.”¹⁰⁰

This is as far, however, as this particular observation goes. What Lopes does not point out is that this tendency has nothing to do with polite recognition of the reader's intelligence; it has more to do with the author's reluctance to make categorical statement.

This is typical of the “Boulenophobia”, or unwillingness to commit oneself to anything, which Osório sees as characteristic of Camilo¹⁰¹, and which also lies at the heart of his evasion of taking on roles of responsibility within personal relationships. It is a caution so extreme that it precludes the making of any kind of decision; tying oneself to anything in the world outside the self, even knowledge, is seen to be fraught with dangers. Irony and doubt are much safer tools for the solipsist than certainty; indeed, this is typical of the Romantic movement in general. Nuttall cites Wordsworth's love of alternatives¹⁰²; and Werther and Hamlet, to name only two of the great symbolic figures of the movement, are marked by extreme indecision.

Indeed, this indecision is so extreme at times that, for example, twice in the same novel, *O Olho de Vidro*, Camilo not only presents his explanation of events with some timidity, but even offers alternatives from which the reader may choose:

“O prior ia ciciando quaisquer palavras, que deviam de ser as suas orações de manhã, ou rogava ao Senhor dos aflitos que esteasse o ânimo daquela mulher singularmente desgraçada”¹⁰³,

and, only a few pages further on:

“Contemplou-as com olhar embaciado de lágrimas, e na boca um sorriso triste, que poderia ser qualquer coisa do usual sorrir dos santos, e *também* poderia ser a expressão vulgar da insânia.”¹⁰⁴

There are occasions, however, where Camilo does examine his characters internally. One such is in *Anátema*, where, briefly, some humanity is found in the otherwise cold presentation of Carlos da Silva:

“Este homem, só no mundo, farto de lamentar-se na insolação de filho sem pais, quando lhe disseram «mataram tua mãe com o punhal da traição» o seu primeiro grito foi pedir o nome do assassino. Assassino era seu pai, que o arremessara para os abismos do mundo, onde cairia se não o amparasse na queda a mão carinhosa de um estranho. A dorida paixão com que aquele diário fora escrito, irritou a vingança irada do sacerdote, que morreria amargurado e só no mundo, mas talvez generoso e bom, se lhe não pedissem lágrimas para a mãe no túmulo. Pedir lágrimas àqueles olhos que não as tinham, àquele coração que se devorava na impotência de as poder verter no regaço de mãe ... era pedir-lhe sangue... Esse, sim, dera-o ele todo pelo instante da sua vingança!... salpicara com ele o altar de Deus, se fosse preciso ir ali enterrar o punhal no seio do matador da sua mãe!”¹⁰⁵

This is one of the most sustained passages of direct psychological insight in Camilo. The mood is built up carefully from a basis of legitimate frustration and anger to the sort of manic lust for revenge which ultimately traps Inês and Manuel in Carlos' schemes.

For a moment or two, the reader, moved by the priest's predicament, is even tempted to share in his vindictiveness.

However, this passage looks into the mind of a man whose experiences of life are remarkably similar to the author's own (not only was Camilo an orphan and illegitimate, he was also, at that time, dabbling in theological studies, with the possibility of taking full orders). It would not appear unreasonable to suggest that here it is his own feelings which are being poured forth, and not those of Carlos. Certainly, it is an unambiguously evil priest which is required by the plot of *Anátema*, and not one who is viewed with this kind of ambivalence, so that one must suspect a subconscious motive for this surprising sympathy with a character who is otherwise cast as the villain of the piece.

The most common form of psychological insight found in the novels, however, tends to follow the lines of the following extract from *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, which explores Guilherme's mind shortly before he leaves Augusta:

"Qual era a culpa de Amaral? Amar uma mulher, que lhe desfazia a cristalização de outra.

Moralistas, dai-nos uma figa de azeviche para afugentar o demónio da tentação: trazê-la-emos devotamente sobre o espírito fraco, o espírito maleável, que se presta a todas as formas, este camaleão íntimo, que varia de cor a cada novo raio de luz dos últimos olhos, que o fixam. Corrigi os defeitos do sistema de Guilherme..."¹⁰⁶

This passage *reads* like insight, and it does shape the reader's interpretation of the events recounted, but it is, in reality, merely rhetoric based on guesswork, rather than unequivocal statement of the hero's mental processes. A similar passage is to be found in *A Queda dum Anjo*, as the protagonist faces up to real temptation for the first time

in his life:

“Ó mal-sorteado Calisto! Que auréola de patriarca te resplendia em volta de teu chapéu de merino e aço, quando entraste em Lisboa! Que anjo eras, entrajado na tua casaca de saragoça sem nódoas!...

Que te valeram as máximas de boa vida colhidas a centenares nos teus clássicos...?

Cairias tu nas ploses desta princesa dos mares, desta Lisboa que filtra aos nervos dos seus habitantes o fogo que lhe estua nas entranhas?

Cairias tu, anjo?”¹⁰⁷

One would, of course, also have to include in this category the pseudo-description of José Francisco Andraens in *Anos de Prosa* reproduced at p. 225 above, since what it actually achieves is a portrait of his vulgar and materialist mentality.

There are further means used to achieve “impossible” insight: many works, including notably *Amor de Perdição*, *Amor de Salvação*, *A Queda dum Anjo*, and *A Mulher Fatal*, display a remarkable ability to convey mental state through the exchange of letters between different characters. Similarly, various other novels supply characters whose function it is to allow the more important figures to speak their minds. Such is the case, for example, of Hermenegildo Fialho’s three friends in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro* and of the enigmatic poet of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, while Amaro de Oliveira suggests that the original purpose of Mariana in *Amor de Perdição* was to permit the reader to see Simão in separation from Teresa¹⁰⁸. Certainly, this is an area where this novel is undoubtedly superior to the otherwise similar *Carlota Ângela*.

In general, however, Camilo displays a marked tendency to retreat from looking into the minds of his characters. In his own conception of them, they are as independent beings to him once they have been externalised, even though, in fact, he does exercise some degree of control over them. This reluctance to interpret is remarkably similar to Hume's refusal to accept the logic of causality and connection. The narrator (as opposed to the author *) knows only what an observer could know, and the rest is admitted as guesswork.

Everyone "knows" that the sun rises in the East every morning because of the motion of the Earth in relation to it. What Hume declares, however, is that this cannot be *known* as a fact, but only proposed as opinion. Similarly, to take one example from Camilo which has already been quoted at p. 227 above, the poet's eccentric reaction on receipt of Guilherme's letter makes it obvious (in normal terms) that his reaction is one of joy. The reader "knows" this because that is the only situation in which he would behave like this, but, to Camilo, this seems to prove nothing. Certainly, also, there is no reason why an author should be in any doubt regarding the age of his characters, as Camilo is, with both Inácio Botelho in *Coisas Espantosas* and José Francisco Andraens in *Anos de Prosa* ("*Deve estar entre cinquenta a cinquenta e cinco anos*"). The author is in a position to know whatever he wants or needs to know about his text, but Camilo, very much aware of the limitations of his knowledge in real life, shies away from claiming such omniscience.

While keeping up this pretence of being merely an observer, however, Camilo does, in fact, pull all the strings. He relishes maintaining a delicate balance between

* Here I follow a distinction which has become standard in literary theory between the author, as the real-life writer of fiction, and the narrator, as the author's representative upon the same plane of reality as the fictional characters, and therefore as a character within the fiction in parallel with them, who should not be automatically identified with the author, but who could still, conceivably, possess his omniscience.

sustaining the reader's conviction and blatantly displaying the illusory nature of the text. Thus, in *A Queda dum Anjo*, when the previously virtuous Calisto falls in love with Adelaide, this astounding development in the plot is candidly conceded to be unlikely in the extreme:

“Eis que, a súbitas, do coração de Calisto ressalta a primeira
faisca de amor!

Conheço que este desastre não se devia contar sem grandes
prólogos. Sei que o leitor ficou passado com esta notícia. Grita
que a inverosimilhança é flagrante. Não pode de boa mente
consentir que se lhe desfigure a sisuda fisionomia moral do
marido de D. Teodora Figueiroa. Quer que se limpe da fronte
deste homem o estigma de um pensamento adúltero.
Honrados desejos!

Mas eu não posso! Queria e não posso! Tenho aqui à minha
beira o demónio da verdade, inseparável do historiador sincero,
o demónio da verdade que não consentiu ao Sr. Alexandre
Herculano dizer que Afonso Henriques viu coisas
extraordinárias no céu do campo de Ourique, e a mim me não
deixa dizer que Calisto Elói não adulterou em pensamento!”¹⁰⁹

In this passage the author is playing two games simultaneously. On the one hand, he sets up a parallel with the contentious debate over the historical facts of the supposed miracle of Ourique and suggests that his own role is that of chronicler rather than inventor. On the other hand, however, the very act of invoking the reader's judgement on the verisimilitude of the episode serves only to alert attention to the fact that it is all an illusion.

Normally the framework structure allows the author to give a convincing impression of non-omniscience, while still remaining omniscient in fact. By having the narrator talk to the protagonist of a work or read his diary, it is made to seem only natural that this narrator (who thus, in terms of his relationship to the fiction, appears to become something like a reader himself) should know the things which he does. Occasionally, however, even these precautions are not enough; thus, at the end of Chapter XIII of *Amor de Salvação* where Afonso de Teive burns a letter as soon as he has read it, we find the following note:

“Este capítulo não dispensa uma nota ilustrativa, respondendo temporariamente à crítica ilustrada que me perguntar como pude eu pôr em traslado uma carta queimada à luz do castiçal, minutos depois que Afonso a lera. É porque o rascunho desta carta, escrita com entrelinhas, emendas e borrões, escrita por Teodora, estava ainda em poder de Afonso de Teive em Dezembro do ano próximo passado. Oportunamente se dirá como Afonso de Teive se apossou do rascunho. Então a crítica verá que poucas coisas sucedem na vida tão naturalmente.

Relevem-me estas demasias de escrúpulo: que eu difficilmente consentirei que a má-fé me apanhe em flagrante inverosimilhança.”¹¹⁰

Camilo, as has already been observed, seems incapable of believing that his readers will accept his characters if they are not killed off. Similarly, here he is unable to accept the plausible impossibility of authorial omniscience which the reader would probably not even pause to question if the issue had not been raised explicitly. What makes this passage doubly interesting is that, having solved his first pseudo-problem, Camilo is then faced with a second one: how to account for Afonso's possession of the original

manuscript. This problem he chooses to postpone, but, in due course, he does, indeed, go out of his way to account for the fact ¹¹¹. Camilo is aware that, within the fictional context, he is equivalent to God. But, being obsessively aware of the limitations of human knowledge, this is a role which he does not think that the reader will allow him to adopt.

This is the most spectacular example of a tendency which is, however, frequent in Camilo's novels: his sensitivity to the possibility of his knowledge being challenged. In its essence, this is what obliges him to change his narratorial stance midway through *Mistérios de Lisboa*. There are, however, many further examples. This is the final paragraph of the narrative proper of *Amor de Perdição*, after Mariana throws herself into the sea in tragic affirmation of her love for the dead Simão:

"Viram-na um momento, bracejar, não para resistir à morte, mas para abraçar-se ao cadáver de Simão, que uma onda lhe atirou aos braços. O comandante olhou para o sítio donde Mariana se atirara, e viu, enleado no cordame, o avental, e à flor da água um rolo de papéis, que os marujos recolheram na lancha. Eram, como sabem, a correspondência de Teresa e Simão." ¹¹²

This ending is appropriate to the tone of the work: the letters floating on the waves alongside Mariana's apron form a touching and tragic reminder that nothing is now left of Simão's overwhelming passion or of Mariana's selfless and unrequited devotion to him. One must wonder, however, why the sailors should bother to collect a bundle of papers from the sea. The real reason, of course, has no connection with the story itself, but with Camilo's ability to tell it: the novel depends so heavily on the couple's correspondence that the author simply cannot permit it to be lost at sea. Once again, he feels obliged to be able to defend his right to tell the story; and, once again, he seems to anticipate criticisms which would probably never be made.

The third example of this kind of self-defence is taken from *Carlota Ângela*:

“A freira pediu ao capelão do mosteiro que lhe acompanhasse sua sobrinha; e teve com ela o seguinte diálogo, quase textual dos apontamentos de Carlota Ângela, que devemos à confiança de uma sua amiga, de quem logo falaremos...”¹¹³

The conversation which follows is of some importance to the heroine, but it surely stretches the reader's credulity somewhat to suggest that she should actually choose to record it for posterity. As with the letter in *Amor de Salvação*, this explanation only postpones the problem, in fact, because Camilo then has to explain how he came to possess Carlota's papers.

It would be foolish, of course, to claim that Camilo never uses genuine interpretation; for at times he does. The important point, however, is the remarkable frequency with which he declines or hesitates to do so. The author is aware that, within the fictional context, he is equivalent to God. But, being obsessively aware of the limitations set to human knowledge, this is a role which he does not believe that the reader will allow him to adopt. Indeed, there are moments when he even goes so far as to invoke God in terms reminiscent of His role as Berkeley's universal percipient, as in this statement in *O Judeu*:

“Levantaram-se: Deus viu-os levantar-se, e separarem-se.

Viu-os, porque Deus está em tudo e vê tudo”¹¹⁴,

or, with some irony, in this passage of *Coisas Espantosas*:

“Só duas testemunhas viram isto: Deus e a consciência dele.

Se o leitor me perguntar de quem pude eu saber o facto, se da inspiração divina, se da consciência dele, mais tarde verão que a gente pode saber muitas coisas sem conversar com o Espírito Santo, nem com a consciência dos criminosos, nem com a polícia, que sabe muito menos que os romancistas.”¹¹⁵

Here, Camilo plays openly upon his simultaneous roles of quasi-divine creator in one context (that of fiction) and ordinary mortal in another (real life). This paradox can stimulate a heady sense of power in the man who is as acutely aware of his own inessentiality as Camilo was. This power is therefore exploited to the full: thus characters' existences frequently continue only when their “God” (Camilo) is watching them. It is almost as if the author were gloating over creations whose life and death are dependent upon his whim. Narrative time may continue while narrated time is left at a standstill, as if the very act of narration did something to convince the narrator of his immunity to death.

In *Don Quixote*, there is an incident where the knight challenges a coachman to single combat, which seems set to end in the knight's death¹¹⁶. All the while, however, Cervantes is merely building up tension in the reader; for the narrative is interrupted at its most dramatic moment, in order to engage in a lengthy explanation of how Cervantes eventually found the very conclusion to the tale which the reader awaits so impatiently. When the account of the duel is finally resumed, it peters out to a very prosaic conclusion, and the reader is left completely frustrated.

This passage is paralleled perfectly in Chapter IX of *Anátema*, which opens as follows:

“Depois que o conde de S. Vicente entrou no quarto de D. Inês da Veiga, o público espera um fervoroso diálogo, em que de

parte a parte se digam cousas de amor fortes e incendiárias. E desta vez as exigências do público autorizam-se na prática de todos os romances! Onde é que Eugénio Sue, ou Dumas, prepararam o conflito de dois amantes sozinhos no mesmo quarto, que os não fizessem dizer quatro páginas de nervosas exclamações, afora uma de reticências?" 117

There then follows a long, rambling digression which adds little to the novel, and only infuriates the reader, who is disappointed to discover - when the narration finally resumes - that, just like the duel in Cervantes' work, the lovers' rendezvous is not worth waiting for:

"Uma conversa assim tépida e familiar não interessa ao leitor, nem lisonjeia a minha fidelidade de copista. Não obstante o manuscrito reza mais algumas perguntas e respostas, constantemente alusivas ao frio, à chuva e ao vento do quintal. Não protrairemos este colóquio..." 118

Camilo and Cervantes are both considering the same point here, namely the power which they possess to stop and start the events of their fiction as they see fit, to push "human beings" around like pawns, in short, to enjoy precisely those powers which they feel pushing them around in real life. Literary creativity affords them the opportunity to give characters a stop-start existence where they exist only as long as they are perceived by their "God", the author. In other words, we have returned to Berkeley and his tree.

This, however, is not really the power of God, for this, is, in effect, a return to the solipsistic doubt, which cannot, by definition, be felt by a being possessing absolute reality, who not only *can* but *does* perceive everything all the time. God (at least in His traditional conception) would never feel a need to engage in this game; it is only for

humans playing at being God.

Here, therefore, is the problem: for even the most obsessive of writers must ultimately return to reality, and, just like the character in Borges' *Las ruinas circulares* whose hybris consists in adopting powers of creation which are only for the gods, he must, ultimately, discover that he, too, is a pawn. The sense of power is exhilarating, but the fall back to earth is all the harder because of that.

There is, furthermore, the sense of bewilderment that the author should have such differing status in relation to two different universes, both of which possess reality of different kinds but of approximately equal degrees to him. One result of this is the reluctance to accept the gift of omniscience; whatever Camilo might choose to say upon the matter, he can and does know all that he wants to with regard to the narrative.

The use of time is different, however. There is no pretence at normal powerlessness here, as the author makes deliberate play upon the concepts of narrated and narrative time. Practices of this kind are repeated frequently, although they are rarely as blatant as in the section of *Anátoma* discussed above. However, a similar effect can be achieved, if necessary, merely by the use of the present tense, as in this passage from *Um Homem de Brios* which follows a brief interlude used to fill in a gap in the reader's knowledge:

“Estas poucas linhas bastam para esboçar o carácter da mulher que tem a face encostada ao travesseiro da baronesa de Amares”¹¹⁹,

or in this one, from *Coisas Espantosas*:

“Corte-se, por curto espaço de tempo, a narração seguida, como os leitores o querem, para se dar uma página ao bosquejo moral deste criado, digno dela...”¹²⁰,

The two most interesting examples, however, both appear at points where a large section of narrated time is omitted in narrative time. The first example comes from *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*:

“Agora, leitor, sejamos mais velozes que o tempo. Vamos procurando esta família através de doze anos” ¹²¹,

while the second closes Chapter XVI of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*:

“Agora, leitora, ponha o livro sobre a sua mesa de estudo, sobre o livro ponha o cotovelo, à palma da mão direita encoste a sua face formosa, e adormeça, cinco anos, sobre os acontecimentos que viu desenvolvidos com uma fidelidade digna de melhor emprego. Passados cinco anos, acorde, e leia o capítulo seguinte.” ¹²²

Thus, while the role of God to the fiction is not adopted overtly with regard to perception, it is accepted readily when the gains to be had are those of a sense of power, of being essential to the reality postulated. This exploitation of quasi-divine authority is close to the heart of the argument presented by Ferraz, who quotes a passage from *A Mulher Fatal*:

“Virgínia... vive na sua quinta das Açudes... Veio para ali; mas não se sabe donde. *Eu sei. Depois direi donde e como foi.* O que lá consta é que...” (Ferraz’ italics) ¹²³

and then comments:

“O que acontece é que a referência a essa condição

preparatória estabelece a ironia sobre a relação realidade/ficção: chama a atenção para o papel duplo do narrador e modifica as frases que contextualmente lhe estão subordinadas. Efectivamente, o narrador/autor pode jogar com o seu duplo estatuto, desempenhando ambos os papéis ao mesmo tempo ou um de cada vez; como narrador - personagem - , elemento da história, até certo ponto, pode ou não saber tudo o que diz respeito à mesma história; como autor que conta a história por ele inventada, sabe certamente tudo... A mudança de estatuto e de técnica narrativa ajuda o funcionamento efectivo da ironia: o falante é narrador nos sumários que antecedem os comentários; chegado à pausa, passa a ser autor, fundamentalmente. O paradoxo resultante deste jogo de dupla «autoria» revela afinal o que é a realidade da ficção - o narrador/autor pode ignorar na ficção o que sabe na realidade: a realidade da ficção é ficção na realidade.”¹²⁴

The concluding formula here (“a realidade da ficção é a ficção na realidade”) is intended as a comment upon the ironic vision of the novel; however, it would also bear out a suggestion of literary solipsism: Camilo’s vision of his fiction does not permit him to see it as mere fiction: he cannot quite understand how it is that he can play God in one world, while still being mere man in another, both of which have equal status to him. An element of this bewilderment is thus transmitted to the reader by the recurring pretence at uncertainty even within the area where the author should (and, indeed, does) possess absolute certainty, that of his own novels.

What this amounts to is the recognition that Camilo’s game of being both man and God simultaneously is doomed to failure, and must always lead back to that Romantic irony which is the very essence of the solipsistic doubt, the irony which becomes an all-pervading uncertainty.

It is noticeable, however, that, in many of the examples chosen to illustrate the functioning and implications of the solipsistic doubt, the figure of the reader has been evoked in order to exercise the sense of power felt as an author (consider, for example, the careful rhetoric of the passage reproduced above from the end of Chapter XVI of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*). It will be necessary at this stage, therefore, to consider exactly where the reader fits into the author's conception of his fiction.

D. The Author in Confrontation with the Reader.

It has already been noted that Camilo's writing essentially fulfils a personal function. Nevertheless, all writing postulates a reader, even that of the solipsist, who doubts that such a reader can be said to exist in reality. A truly convinced rational solipsist would probably see no point in writing; to a temperamental solipsist such as Camilo, however, writing may prove a valuable means of reassurance.

In the course of the nineteenth century explicit reference to the figure of the reader was generally suppressed from novels. In his preface to Bernardo de Pindela's *Azulejos*, Eça relates this to an increasing mass readership, in which it was difficult to conceive of the "amigo leitor" in the way that Voltaire had done ¹²⁵. This may have been one of the causes of the Realist revolution in literature; but the immediate reason for the elimination of the reader as a figure of rhetorical effect was surely that Eça's brand of Realism required the "slice of life" illusion of reality. Objectivity was the supreme, even if impossible, ideal; the reader, who had hitherto always been aware that he was seeing through the eyes of another, was now expected to believe that he was seeing instead through a camera. A camera, however, is only as objective as its operator; if taken too seriously, then, the illusion of Realism becomes merely the *delusion* of Realism.

Few novelists attempted to carry out this programme in its ideal form; certainly it would have been impossible to achieve. Nonetheless, overt subjectivity such as that

evinced by the direct evocation of the reader became taboo. Camilo, therefore, must have been one of the last major writers in any Western European culture to cling to this practice, which tends to be associated with the eighteenth century rather than with the later decades of the nineteenth.

To Camilo, however, this appears to have been a matter of more than rhetoric. He displays a tendency towards hyper-sensitivity to the existence of an audience for his work. *Anátema*, where this tendency is most marked, perhaps because this was the author's first major work, supplies two fine examples. The first explains for the benefit of a sceptical public the unexpected appearance on the scene of Carlos da Silva:

“Pela terceira vez este ente misterioso, carácter surpreendente, capaz de preencher as funções de quatro dramas no género campanudo, viera perturbar o entrecho desta emaranhada história. Verdade é que todos explicamos as idas e vindas do padre sem recorrer às reticências, nem à magia; mas era talvez mais grato às inteligências pacatas que o irrequieto sacerdote se tivesse sentado numa cadeira de sola cravejada de botões amarelos, e falasse de lá quando lhe pertencesse a palavra.

Pois não pode ser assim, sem menoscabo do manuscrito, cuja contextura respeito.”¹²⁶

This is a master-stroke of pseudo-documentation typical of Camilo at his best. As in the passage already quoted from *A Queda dum Anjo*, he makes a humorous appeal to the authority of truth in order to reassert obliquely his mastery of the fiction. He lays claim only to the knowledge and power of a normal observer, while continuing to pull all the strings. Equally interesting is the following extract from Chapter XIII of the novel:

“...os três lacaios do conde, por não poderem transpor a torrente, ficaram da parte de cá, ou de lá, segundo a linha em que o leitor estiver colocado.”¹²⁷

All that Camilo does here in using the phrase “da parte de cá” is to make quite legitimate use of the omniscient narrator’s tool of internal focalisation; he then seems to realise the inherent illogicality of this device which postulates a ubiquity possible to narrators of fiction but not to real people. He therefore makes a humorous withdrawal from the scene, but not without reminding the reader once more of the absurdity of fiction.

There are, of course, purely technical advantages to be gained from the explicit presence of the implied reader in the text*. At times, this allows the author to tie together the threads of a complicated narrative or to maintain his control over a story which he fears may be flagging, as in *Um Homem de Brios*:

“E, passeando na sala menos concorrida, continuaram

* I use the term “implied reader” in the sense developed by Iser, who makes a distinction between the actual reader of a work of literature and the implied reader, that is, the figure of the reader used as a rhetorical device within the text. This figure is to the real-life reader as the narrator is to the author; and, while a real-life reader may, indeed, react in the same way as this implicit reader, the latter is often exploited for purely rhetorical purposes, and no such reaction is expected. An example of this would be the passage quoted at note 129, which appears to allow the reader to ignore Chapters IX and X of *Um Homem de Brios*, but which is designed, in fact, to whet his appetite for them. The distinction perhaps becomes clearer if one considers the (admittedly improbable) possibility of a work which frequently makes use of the figure of the reader, but which is never read by any real-life reader; in such a case, the implied reader could still be said to exist.

assim o diálogo, que eu, no uso dos meus direitos, repito, e o leitor no uso dos seus, pode não ler, se quiser.”¹²⁸

Here, the humorous reminder to the reader of his rights adds life to a lengthy dialogue and thus ensures that he *will* continue to read a work whose weaknesses of plot are held together, to a great extent, by the exuberance of the act of narration. Chapter IX of the same work opens in similar style, in fact:

“Previno o leitor de que este capítulo e o que vem são a revista do baile do barão de Bouças. Vão metidos à força na contextura do romance, e o leitor, desde já prevenido, se o enfadarem episódios, não leia. O capítulo XI há-de dizer bonitas coisas, e é lá que eu espero triunfar da sua atenção rebelde.”¹²⁹

In *Anátema*, Camilo first encourages patience with a story which is proving to be rather long-winded:

“ - Então onde fica a história? - pergunta o leitor, arrependido de gastar o seu dinheiro em um livro, que nem ao menos é uma sincera novela!”¹³⁰

and then, as events finally accelerate, reassures his readers:

“Leitores! O romance perdeu o seu mau sestro de estopador. Exultai! Agradecei ao manuscrito, que, chegando a estas alturas, já não é manuscrito, é um carril de factos que roda acelerado num caminho-de-ferro, que outra cousa não pode chamar-se à impaciência veloz com que o colector destas cousas se arremessou ao final delas.”¹³¹

The implied reader may also be used for rhetorical purposes. In the following passage of *A Queda dum Anjo* he is deliberately drawn into Calisto's position in order to encourage his sympathy rather than his condemnation for the angel fallen from moral perfection:

"Se o leitor mais perseguido da fortuna esquerda nunca passou por lances análogos, não se tenha em conta de desgraçado." ¹³²

The presence of the implied reader also permits the author to indulge in rambling digressions, sometimes on specifically literary matters. One example among many is the passage in Chapter IX of *Anátema* (already analysed at pp. 240-1 above) which constitutes a rejection of the Romantic excesses which would have tempted many an author when Manuel and Inês are finally left alone together.

Frequently the implied reader is drawn into the creative process by an identification with the narrator implicit in the suggestion of a scene being observed by both. One example of this has already been cited: the passage evoking the Candal in *Onde Está a Felicidade?* ("Fujamos daqui para o alto. Lá, sim" ¹³³). Another example of this sort of physical association is to be found in *Anátema*:

"Deixemos a senhora Benta confessar-se de algum pecado tremendamente misterioso, na certeza que o padre Carlos não é homem que o cale, se for cousa de interesse romântico." ¹³⁴

Here, it is almost as if Camilo were ushering the reader away from the scene, while gesturing to him to keep silence. Sometimes, however, the identification is a matter of mental attitude, as in this example from the same novel:

"Já agora, condenado o manuscrito de insuficiente, e salva

a minha reputação literária pelo muito que isto me pesa, sigamos resignadamente a história até onde, mais vizinha da actualidade, e independente do gelado formulário do viver no século XVII - possa ela desafrontadamente barafustar por palácios e lupanares, cárceres e cadafalsos, tudo com uma linguagem que nos fale ao coração, e faça verter lágrimas de edificante moral aos nossos pequenos." 135

Indeed, throughout this novel, changes of scene are indicated by an exhortation to the reader to follow the author on an almost physical journey:

"Tornemos à residência de Santa Senhorinha de Vila Marim" 136,

we read in Chapter XXI, for example, or, more amusingly, in Chapter II:

"Deixemo-lo ir e volvamos a casa do sapateiro, se é que não está aí leitora de olfacto tão susceptível como o de Manuelzinho." 137

The reference to the reader's sense of smell (particularly in a passage carefully targeted at the supposedly more sensitive sex) is deliberately intended to affect the reader in ways not normally open to a novelist. There is a passage in *Carlota Ângela* which functions in a similar manner, although in this case the extra sense of involvement is created by a taste of daring:

"Se entendem que não é impertinência descritiva debuxar à pressa os pormenores da profissão de uma religiosa beneditina, acompanharemos Carlota Ângela..." 138

Sometimes the reader is invited to take a journey in time, as in this case in *Mistérios de Lisboa*:

“Estámos em 28 de Agosto de 1833.

Alberto de Magalhães vive em Sintra com sua esposa”¹³⁹,

or in this extract from *Coisas Espantosas*:

“Tenha o leitor a condescendência de ir comigo a uma época, trinta anos anterior àquela em que deixamos os viajantes em Genebra.”¹⁴⁰

Alternatively, the implied reader may be evoked simply to change the subject. This example is from *Mistérios de Lisboa*:

“É tempo de procurarmos novas do filho da condessa de Santa Bárbara”¹⁴¹,

while *Vingança* includes the following passage:

“O barão ergueu-se, saiu fora ao corredor a escutar, cerrou a porta da extremidade do corredor, fechou a do seu quarto, e parece que todas estas precauções ele tomou para que nós o não ouvíssemos, leitores.

Não importa. Vamos presenciar outro diálogo, sequência do mistério daquele, e, se formos espertos, lograremos as cautelas do barão.”¹⁴²

In one passage of *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis* the implied reader is exploited in order to create a particular atmosphere:

“Digamos um adeus a Paris.

Eu, que vos denuncio uma grande desgraça, e vós, leitores, que a viestes adivinhando a cada linha que vos deu o prólogo do lance capital do LIVRO NEGRO, paremos em frente desse palácio, onde trinta e oito anos depois encontrastes D. Pedro da Silva, e a lastimável amante de Alberto de Magalhães”¹⁴³,

while another example of this usage comes in *Carlota Ângela*:

“Deixá-la chorar, que o seio de Carlota parece alargar-se ao pulsar veemente do coração...”¹⁴⁴

The implied reader may be mentioned merely in order to convey information. Two examples of this have already been mentioned, one in *Um Homem de Brios* (“Este ‘ele’ era decerto o poeta, e o leitor também não sabia que o poeta viera...”) and one in *Amor de Perdição* (“Eram, como sabem, a correspondência de Teresa e Simão”). There is, however, another in *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*:

“O leitor devia saber tudo isto. Decerto, não supunha que a desprezada amante do nosso patricio era neta da princesa Serbelloni.”¹⁴⁵

and there are further examples in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*:

“...logo entraram três Senhoras de mui gentil presença, e entre estas uma ainda menina de treze anos, que o leitor já viu

e reconhece agora por aquela Leonor dos Olivais, sobrinha de Manuel Teixeira.”¹⁴⁶

and *Coisas Espantosas*:

“Dizer ao leitor que os habitantes das margens do lago eram Manuel de Castro, sua mulher e filhos, seria duvidar da sua penetração”¹⁴⁷,

and, again from the same novel:

“Ja o leitor sabe que o ricoço Pinto é o pai de Carlota, reclusa no mosteiro de Évora.”¹⁴⁸

Sometimes the involvement of the implied reader in the narrative becomes so insistent as to be tiresome. The following extract is from *Vingança*:

“O mesmo se dá connosco, leitores. Mudemos, também. Vamos ao solar de Bernardo da Veiga, onde nos espera o barão da Penha, que tomou do charão uma chávena de chá para oferecer à que o velho fidalgo chamava a sua Providência.

Não indaguemos o que se disse até à nossa chegada. Seria precisamente o trivial de todas as apresentações. Contentemo-nos com o decurso de uma conversação que parece animada por parte do velho fidalgo.”¹⁴⁹

There are, however, two particularly interesting passages where the implied reader is exploited at length. The first is in *Anátema*, and is used partly in order to create a suitable ending to the first chapter of a work where the author's lack of experience is

at times painfully visible, and partly to ridicule the sort of melodramatic Romanticism in which Camilo claimed to feel little interest:

“Vamos fechar este capítulo.

- Com que lance dramático? - pergunta o leitor.

- Nenhum! - respondo eu.

E vai ele replica:

- Porque não inventaste um encapotado, que viesse perturbar este festim, como o *Mane Tacel Phares* de Baltasar?

- Era uma invenção lorpa - respondo eu.

- Pois não houve mais nada!? - torna o importuno.

Houve o seguinte:

O menino que fazia anos, meteu-se na capoeira das galinhas e degolou-as todas!

Acaba melhor do que eu imaginara.”¹⁵⁰

This passage implicitly pokes fun at one of the greatest works of Portuguese Romanticism, that is Garrett's *Frei Luís de Sousa*, which reaches its moment of greatest tension when the mysterious Romeiro appears on stage shrouded in a hood, and identifies himself dramatically as “Ninguém!”. The anti-climax of the beheading of the chickens makes it clear to any reader who may have been expecting such a work that he will find

no such events here; the important point in the current context, however, is that it is the implied reader who is exploited in order to drive this point home.

The second passage is to be found towards the end of *Coisas Espantosas* as Augusto falls in love with his father's former lover, Carlota. It is added, almost as a footnote, at the end of Chapter XXIII:

"Conversemos, leitor.

- Que lhe parece isto a Vossa Excelência!

- Parece-me um escândalo inaudito! Eu tenho lido todos os romances de mais nomeada pela extravagância, e nunca vi uma coisa assim! Tenho desculpado todos os amores extravagantes; mas à minha bondade repugna escusar que estas duas personas se amem, embora a razão aceite a possibilidade de se amarem." ¹⁵¹

This concession proves to be fatal to this reader's case as the argument proceeds for a full page of the text, and it enables Camilo to justify the turn taken by his novel; although it must be said that the real reader is obliged to make no concession such as the one inserted by Camilo, who deliberately seeks to create an artificial weakness in his imagined opponent's argument. The passage continues at length, with accusations of the novelist's bad taste, a claim which is dismissed on the grounds of truth. It is all an exercise in demonstrating that the novel is written, not for the world, but for the author himself.

Nevertheless, there is something more at stake here. For all of these different uses of the figure of the implied reader have one common effect: they help to establish an informal, conversational atmosphere in which the act of narration may take place. For

it is not the narrative itself, but the act of narration which is most important to Camilo. Life and literature are both illusions to the author, but at least the internal illusion of fiction can be controlled to some extent; the narrator feels a sense of power denied to him in the external life from which he is seeking to escape. Furthermore, literature supplies a mental contact impossible in real life. Iser makes the theoretical point in these terms:

"If reading removes the subject-object division that constitutes all perception, it follows that the reader will be 'occupied' by the thoughts of the author, and these in their turn will cause the drawing of new 'boundaries'. Text and reader no longer confront each other as object and subject, but instead the 'division' takes place within the reader himself. In thinking the thoughts of another, his own individuality temporarily recedes into the background, since it is supplanted by these alien thoughts, which now become the theme on which his attention is focused."¹⁵²

These comments are concerned primarily with the reader; however, they also have their implications for the solipsistic author. By maintaining this sort of dialogue with the reader through the text, he can aspire to a mental union with an external reality impossible under normal circumstances. The reader shares his illusions, which thus take on a peculiar sense of reality, both for the reader - the fact upon which Camilo consciously plays in his delicate balance between illusion and blatant artificiality - and for the author, who finds an 'echo' beyond himself.

Ferraz comes to similar conclusions with more specific regard to Camilo:

"O leitor/narratário é, deste modo, o *outro* cuja existência se torna necessária para que o *eu* se reconheça como tal - como

sujeito - numa mescla de mistificação e autenticidade cuja co-existência paradoxal só a ironia pode expressar; ironia da própria literatura, que vive precisamente daquilo que não é - a vida." 153

The act of narration, the creation of a successful illusion, of which the reader is constantly made aware as he reads Camilo, is more than a pastime, or a profession. It is a genuinely creative act, which allows the author to declare in *Noites de Insónia* "que pertenço bem aos vivos." Ferraz makes this somewhat clearer:

"Daí que o autor/narrador, exímio equilibrista de um «diálogo» (que não chega a sê-lo), simule constantemente no texto a figura de um leitor actual - um narratário -, a quem desafia para que se torne o receptor «ideal», um outro eu do seu génio criador, aquele que o libertará da sua situação de «ilha»; «companheiro» com o qual realizaria o sonho de uma «comunhão» total, glorificação de um amor englobante?..." 154

It is not, then, merely an urge to tell; telling in itself becomes a reminder that the self is alive. The implied reader has a vital role to play in this process: by leading him through the text, by chatting to him like a friend, by bullying him to produce the desired response to the text, and by answering his imagined objections to the turns which the novel takes, the author turns him into a cavern where his own innermost thoughts and preoccupations may be re-echoed. For the solipsistic author, the implied reader adopts the role of Alice's tears, which may not exist in terms of Tweedledum's logic, but which are, nonetheless, obstinately *there*. The reader, in short, becomes the literary equivalent of the stone which Johnson kicked to "prove" Berkeley wrong: the external object of resistance which reassures him not only that there exists an "other", but, much more importantly, that it can really be said that there exists a self.

Camilo himself implies this function of writing in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, where the narrator reads the following epigraph to Álvaro's memoirs (wrongly attributed by Camilo to Psalm 117):

"Non moriar, sed vivam, et narrabo opera Domini",

which Camilo translates as follows:

"Não morrerei; terei vida *para* narrar as obras do Senhor." ¹⁵⁵

(my italics)

The error in translation suggests that Camilo perceived an intimate relationship between life itself and the narrative act, such as that suggested here: writing sustains life, and life itself is, for Camilo, an obligation to tell, if not the works of the Lord, then at least what is within himself.

At the same time, however, this act of telling is a constant reminder of the problem. For authors such as Camilo writing is not just an act of expressing the anguish of the soul which feels its own isolation. The activity of writing which Camilo, in the Conclusion to *O Bem e o Mal*, seems to regard as a burden ("...pessoas, que têm a boa sorte de não escrever romances" ¹⁵⁶), is, to some extent anyway, the illness itself, in the same way as he regards literacy in general in this light. Ideas such as that of Rousseau's noble savage are closely related to this question. The less the subject is aware of its imperfection, the less it will miss the perfection which it does not possess. If man could just be like other objects of perception and not be self-aware, then his emotional and intellectual problems would be solved; and perhaps this is where the "nostalgia for the object" is strongest, in that man does not simply want to be able to *hold* an object securely, but to be *as* it, to be one with it, in an undifferentiated world of being, where he may exist without actively (or at least, consciously) enduring the burden of perception, which, in the artistic personality, reaches almost intolerable heights of sensitivity.

Camilo's whole work involves a search for some kind of security within the physical world. The normal processes of adaptation to this reality had, of course, been denied him by his problematic upbringing, so that this search had to be conducted in later life, and it is a search which is begun afresh with each new book. It is this fact which leads to the reciprocity between nostalgia for subject and object already outlined above.

E. Camilo, "Profissional das Letras".

Nostalgia is surely more than just the memory of happy times past, more than just the wish that a girl's beauty had remained intact. The word expresses a frustrated desire for a power which man can never have: that of controlling his own life and his own world so that he is secure within himself. Man is bound to think of time as being like a succession of self-contained points on a line, each one of them a "present". But this is surely only a technique for making sense of what is, in fact, a continuum. A true point has no dimensions whatsoever; the "present" is similarly incapable of identification.

The material objects to which feelings of nostalgia are attached are, of course, restricted as much within time as they are within space: all things change, and all things decay. Nevertheless man's vision of them, which sees them within the unidentifiable present as if they were unchanging objects of perceptions, brings with it a tendency to think of objects as having some sort of absolute existence which man can control. This, however, is as illusory as the "present" within which these objects exist.

When one then remembers that nostalgia is not only a matter of preserving the object of perception, but also the subject of the perceptive act - for it, too, is an object of perception, for itself and for other selves - then the implications of Nuttall's "nostalgia for the object" become clearer¹⁵⁷. It is an attempt, as it were, to drink an elixir of immortality which will justify the sense of being essential which is implicit, for example, in Umamuno's postulate, that man cannot even conceive of the self as not existing¹⁵⁸.

Hence, the gruesome scene in *A Mulher Fatal* of the initials inscribed upon the tree-trunk:

“O muro da pequena cerca tecia-se de sebe de piteiras, arbustos áridos e tristes, em que li entalhadas algumas iniciais e datas. Eu nunca vejo estas memórias, talvez abertas alegremente, que não fique a cismar na mão que as abriu, já agora convulsa de velhice ou esbrugada de vermes.”¹⁵⁹

There can be no doubt that the hand of which Camilo was thinking here was his own: this motif recurs, with considerable emotional importance invested in it, in various other novels (*O Romance de um Homem Rico*, *Amor de Salvação* and *O Santo da Montanha*), as well as in the more autobiographical *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, where the nostalgia is felt explicitly for the self¹⁶⁰.

The nostalgia for the object, then, does not really long for the object of nostalgia. It longs instead for something much deeper, a possibility which was at least envisaged by Camilo himself, when he put these words into the mouth of Ângela in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*:

“ - Amava a saudade; não era a mulher; amava o passado e o que lá se perdeu.”¹⁶¹

C. S. Lewis makes a similar point with reference to Wordsworth:

“But all this is a cheat. If Wordsworth had gone back to those moments in the past, he would not have found the thing itself, but only the reminder of it; what he remembered would turn out to be itself a remembering. The books or the music in which we thought the beauty was located will betray us if we

trust to them; it was not *in* them, it only came *through* them, and what came through them was longing." ¹⁶²

This extract from Lewis is taken from an essay which seeks to see nostalgia of Wordsworth's type as being essentially a religious longing for a sense of essentiality lying behind not only the object longed for, but also behind the experience of longing itself: Lewis' beliefs as a committed and orthodox Christian force him to present this idea in terms of Berkeley's kind of vision of the universe, rather than in the more uncertain, self-centred kind of vision which might have been favoured by Camilo or Unamuno if they had been making the same point. Nevertheless, there is clearly a point in common here between Lewis' understanding of nostalgia and Camilo's: the difference is due only to the fact that a committed Christian can find value in something beyond the object, whereas Camilo is still at a more primitive stage of nostalgia, that of seeking value in the object itself. What is common to both cases is that, whether or not any one individual can give Lewis' kind of assent to the idea of God in the conventional sense, His existence becomes essential to the temperamental solipsist. For he sees the need for God to provide the sense of security which he does not feel within himself. This aspect of the problem will, however, be dealt with more fully in Chapter Four at Section B.

Similarly, the temperamental solipsist will often be concerned with Love. Love, like religion, is an attempt to overcome man's loneliness as an individual in the world. Schopenhauer saw man's urge to mix with others as merely a response to his inability "to endure loneliness, and, within that loneliness, himself" ¹⁶³. Love is the ultimate form of attempting to relate to what is 'other', as Unamuno realised:

"La vanidad del mundo y el cómo pasa, y el amor son las dos notas radicales y entrañadas de la verdadera poesía. Y son dos notas que no puede sonar la una sin que la otra a la vez resuene. El sentimiento de la vanidad del mundo pasajero nos mete el amor, único en que se vence lo vano y transitorio, único que

rellena y eterniza la vida." 164

Love sees other people as bearers of certain qualities which the individual values in life; and, in these values, he finds the true significance of his own life 165. So far, this is in complete harmony with the more traditional interpretations of *Amor de Perdição*, before the attempts of Sérgio and Lawton to detach the work from its essentially Romantic conception.

However, love, as defined above, also becomes an obvious escape route from any instinctive solipsism. This would explain Camilo's emphatic preference for the novel of frustrated love, shedding a totally new light on the significance of the vision of life and love contained in his work. The figure of the woman, which has already been seen to exist only within the pre-formed categories of the author, exists for him not only in that way, but also as an object which provides for him, consoles him, and, most importantly, reassures him of his own validity. The lover is, in fact, yet another reincarnation of Johnson's stone.

Occasionally, Camilo speaks the language of solipsism himself, as in the following letter of 21st February 1885, where he writes to Manuel Negrão about the death of Patrícia Emília, the mother of his daughter Amélia, seeing life as some spectacle designed for his benefit:

"É um aviso. As personagens da minha comédia vão assim
caíndo no palco em que eu já mal posso andar." 166

It is equally interesting that several critics have written of Camilo in a way which suggests the possibility of seeing him as a solipsist, without actually going so far as to make the assertion explicit. Pascoais, for example, writes as follows of Camilo's abandonment of his first wife:

“...despede-se, e parte, contente, sem a menor ideia de que é marido... Ele, marido? Que absurdo! A primeira curva do caminho esconde-lhe a casa de Friúme e o tálamo nupcial que será, em breve, mortuário, e um berço que vai ser um pequeno esquife... O ingrato vai esquecê-la, por completo. Mas o ingrato considera o que se lhe dá como devido. Recebe a oferta como restituição. Não é ele o único proprietário deste mundo?”¹⁶⁷

It is interesting to note Pascoais' suggestion that Camilo took a lot for granted in Friúme. When he recalled this incident in later life, Camilo's comments were not concerned with the abandoned wife and child, but with the community in general, which he called a “terra ingrata”¹⁶⁸. One is tempted to wonder what Friúme had to be grateful to Camilo for.

Ricardo Jorge, sceptical about Camilo's so-called “mystical phase” of the early 1850's, writes:

“Céptico é ele até à medula espinhal e ósea, congenitalmente céptico, céptico de tudo quanto pode crer-se ou ter-se a ilusão de crer neste mundo, céptico até de si próprio - e desse cepticismo imprimiu-se a fundo na sua individualidade mental e literária.”¹⁶⁹

In connection with Camilo's efforts to establish his relationship with Ana, Aquilino alleges that he used José Barbosa e Silva like a chess-piece and comments:

“Este nabobo do entendimento, este desperdiçador de emoções, no fundo tinha o culto exagerado da sua pessoa... O seu umbigo é o centro do Universo, e tudo o mais, coisas e homens avantajados ou inferiores quanto ao azimute social, são

seus asteróides.”¹⁷⁰

In connection with the Fanny Owen affair, the same critic writes:

“Amava-se a si e, se deu provas de amar os filhos com amor desorbitado, é porque eram obra sua.”¹⁷¹

To illustrate this point, Aquilino could have referred to such incidents as Camilo's scandalous involvement in Nuno's elopement with Isabel da Costa Macedo in 1881, in which all morality was sacrificed in order to gain his son a lucrative, but unhappy and short-lived marriage. The following extract from a letter to Ana written on 23rd April 1879 might also have been cited to good effect at this point:

“Agarra-te à vida que é a táboa salvadora deste filho... Fica neste mundo por alguns anos como quem se sacrifica ao pai na pessoa dos filhos.”¹⁷²

Camilo, fearing imminent death as usual, here sees value in Ana only as a guardian of his children and, in turn, sees them only as a continuation of his own life.

Comments such as those of Pascoais above are perhaps harshly expressed, but fundamentally justified. Camilo was self-centred to an extraordinary degree, and the critic is right to relate this fact to Camilo's postulated vision of the world as an illusion for his own benefit. There is undeniably an unwarranted sense of self-importance in his form of solipsistic doubt. When one thinks at all seriously about the implications of such a doubt, it rapidly becomes apparent that these are far more incredible than the reality to which Berkeley felt unable to give full belief. Nevertheless, Camilo does appear to regard all other phenomena as being valid only in so far as they affect him.

It has already been noted that the framing narrative frequently distances the author

from his material sufficiently to view himself as object, while still remaining subject, with no obligation to take an active part in the story recounted. Jungian psychology sees a similar function in dreams, as Jacobi points out with reference to a patient's dreams of a theatrical performance:

“After a short walk, a halt is called, and Henry can return to a state of passivity. This also belongs to his nature. The point is underlined by the ‘theatricals.’ Attending the theatre (which is an imitation of real life) is a popular way of evading an active part in life's drama. The spectator can identify with the play, yet continue to pander to his fantasies. This kind of identification permitted the Greeks to experience catharsis, much as the psycho-drama initiated by the American psychiatrist J. L. Moreno is now used as a therapeutic aid.”¹⁷³

It has already been noted how *O Romance de um Homem Rico* presents an alternative vision of how the author's life ought to have been. This is precisely what Jacobi means when she writes of the spectator identifying with the play, yet continuing to pander to his fantasies. And what is literary solipsism, if it is not a “way of evading an active part in life's drama”?

When real life does not prove satisfactory, it is surely not surprising that in certain cases normal desires are channeled into the creation of an alternative universe which can be controlled. Camilo himself is moved to comment in *Estrelas Funestas* on this aspect of literary creativity:

“Eu sei como a vida podia ter lances de contentar a fantasia. Quantas vezes, em histórias imaginadas, eu levo posto o fito numa caverna onde os meus personagens vão cair; e já perto,

já com eles à borda do despenhadeiro, sustenho-me, chamo-os, acaricio-os, salvo-os e dou-lhes a glória, em vez do inferno que lhes fora talhado! Como eu fico então contente de mim, e o leitor deles! Só nestes conflitos é que eu avalio os tesouros da imaginação, e o segundo *fiat* de mundos morais que a magnanimidade divina concede aos romancistas.

Nesta história queria, e não posso. Estou coacto, e manietado às gramalheiras da notícia, que me foi ministrada por pessoa, que me obrigou a juramento de não falsear a verdade.”¹⁷⁴

In the second paragraph of this extract, Camilo plays his familiar trick of non-omniscience and non-responsibility. What this covers up, however, is that he does have the power to save his characters, but his vision of life does not move him to do so.

Literary creativity offers man an opportunity to create a world where the author is master, where all creatures have purely objective status, and where time can be recycled at will. Furthermore, if the individual can never have any satisfactory demonstration of the meaningful existence of external reality, why should it have any greater significance for the literary author than that alternative distilled vision of reality which is inside his own mind?

Camilo was ever ready to retreat into the world of his own mind, away from the real world where he was incapable of responding fully and responsibly to people and events around him. This is implicit in a letter to Castilho of 9th September 1871:

“A leitura propriamente não me entretém nem aproveita. Mudo de terra para terra, precedido sempre do meu tédio que lá me vai esperar. Afinal onde me sinto menos inquieto e

melancólico é na solidão do meu gabinete de trabalho.”¹⁷⁵

This is surely the reason for the “profissionalismo das letras” which Alexandre Cabral continually ascribes to Camilo. It is not a matter of devotion to writing as such. Indeed, Camilo repeatedly expresses regret at his own literacy and erudition. In his letters, as well as in the opening of Chapter II of *Amor de Salvação*, the author belittles the significance of his efforts and doubts whether they are of benefit to anybody but himself¹⁷⁶. So, indeed, Cabral himself implicitly concedes when he cites the mercenary writings of the author’s youth, upon which Camilo himself commented in a letter to Faria Regras:

“Eu posso escrever romances jesuítas, romances franciscanos, romances carmelitas, romances jansenistas, romances despóticos, monárquico-representativos, carlistas e até romances regeneradores: o que eu quiser, e para onde me dar a veneta.”¹⁷⁷

To suggest, as Cabral does, that this constitutes devotion to writing as such is surely wrong. Such a notion postulates some source of value in writing to be found in the world beyond the self. Rather there is a deeper urge here, a need to communicate something of the self. This implies, instead, that writing is something whose value lies not in *itself*, but in *the self*. Camilo’s novels are intended to serve himself, and, although Cabral is right to be sceptical at suggestions that it was blindness as such that led Camilo to commit suicide, his own interpretation is no more satisfactory:

“A SUA VIDA LHE ERA INÚTIL PARA A CONTINUAÇÃO DA
SUA OBRA.”¹⁷⁸ (Cabral’s capitals)

This statement begs the question. It fails to account for the obsession with writing, which served more than merely practical purposes, as Cabral himself constantly

implies. Camilo did not have to write to make a living, but repeatedly he shied away from any other work or any commitment of any kind which would require him to give up his refuge in his own imaginative world. When Camilo became convinced that he was incurably blind, he had, as Cabral rightly states, to face up to life without work. But this work was not so much the purpose of his life as an escape from it, into a world which had its value only within the self. When this escape route was lost, only one other remained - death.

Notes on Chapter Three

1. Camilo is inconsistent in detail upon this point. In Chapter XV, we read that “O padre Carlos era homem de vinte e seis anos” (*O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 128). This is in February of 1701, so that he could have been born, at the very earliest, at a later date in February of 1674. However, in Chapter XX there is a letter written by Padre António dos Anjos on 2nd January 1674, which makes reference to the young son of Cristóvão da Veiga and Antónia Bacelar; this makes it probable that Carlos was born late in 1673. However, the important point here is not factual consistency, but the broadening of the time-scale of the novel by the insertion of Antónia’s journal.
2. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 13.
3. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 17.
4. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 281.
5. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 281.
6. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. I, p. 167.
7. Trancoso, p. 12.
8. Júlio Dias da Costa, *Escritos de Camilo*, p. 71.
9. See, for example, *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 25:

“Que importava a improvisa transição de uma frescura gentil e graciosa para as rugas da velhice? É o rápido embranquecer

de uma trança ondulante de cabelos negros? A rosa solitária e abandonada em chão agreste, quem vai carpi-la esfolhada, se o vento lhe o sacudiu a corola mal aberta, na primeira manhã da vida?"

10. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1194. As in many other cases, Camilo's weakness at simple arithmetic is illustrated by his suggestion that he lived one hundred years before the twenty-first century.
11. O. C., Vol. III, p. 382.
12. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 1069.
13. O. C., Vol. I, p. 37.
14. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, pp. 199-201.
15. O. C., Vol. I, p. 15.
16. O. C., Vol. I, p. 13.
17. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 1066.
18. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 171.
19. Genesis, Chapter 5, Verse 27.
20. O. E., Vol. XX, p. 113.
21. Quoted in Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending*, p. 22, although he does not attribute

the quotation.

22. Júlio Dias da Costa, *Escritos*, p. 216.
23. This is one of the essential points of Kermode's *The Sense of an Ending*. See this work, *passim*.
24. O. C., Vol. VI, pp. 1172-3.
25. Aristotle, p. 154.
26. O. C., Vol. II, p. 179.
27. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 729-30.
28. Trancoso, p. 74.
29. O. C., Vol. I, p. 196.
30. O. C., Vol. III, p. 525.
31. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 769.
32. Quoted in António Cabral, *Camilo e Eça de Queiroz*, p. 114.
33. Faria, p. 1058.
34. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, pp. 130-1.
35. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 44.

36. Silva Pinto, *Cartas de Camilo*, p. 46.

37. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 7.

38. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 40.

39. *Horas de Luta*, pp. 18-19.

40. *A Lira Meridional*, pp. 32-34.

41. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 39.

42. Barbosa, p. 84.

43. Quoted in Osório, p. 132.

44. Quoted by Lemos, p. 371.

45. Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, pp. 76-7.

46. João Costa, pp. 215-216.

47. O. C., Vol. I, p. 38.

48. O. C., Vol. V, p. 1138.

49. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 624.

50. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 643.

51. O. C., Vol. III, p. 712.
52. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 595-603.
53. O. C., Vol. II, p. 465.
54. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1059.
55. O. C., Vol. II, p. 274.
56. Júlio Dinis: *A Morgadinha dos Canaviais* (Barcelos, Livraria Figueirinhas, 1979),
p. 5.
57. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 38.
58. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 643.
59. Trancoso, p. 43.
60. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 245.
61. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 251.
62. O. C., Vol. III, p. 497.
63. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, pp. 251-2.
64. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1196 and p. 1210.

65. As a professional historian, Camilo had both strengths and weaknesses. His command of the most obscure points of detail, especially on genealogical matters (on which he was frequently consulted as an expert), is astounding. Yet, as a writer of history, he was poor; Osório, in particular, comments on his inability to deal with the general picture, while Lacape comments on his tendency to see history as a procession of powerful actors rather than as a chain of events which are, at times, beyond human control. He sees this tendency, for example, as being at the root of Camilo's vicious treatment of the Marquês de Pombal (see Lacape, p. 222).

The contrast with his creative fiction, then, is remarkable. There it is generality which counts and detail which is forgotten. Here, on the other hand, Camilo manages the details admirably, but the picture as a whole escapes him.

His historical novels lack the flavour of the past which permeates Herculano and Scott; they are often merely projections into the past of the same kind of plot and character familiar to the reader from the contemporary novels. Such is certainly the case of works such as *O Judeu* and *O Santo da Montanha*. *Luta de Gigantes* was dismissed as history in the following terms by António Vasconcelos:

“Tudo isto é parto fantástico da fecundíssima imaginação de Camilo, que, diga-se de passagem, jamais teve a pretensão de o inculcar e fazer passar por história.”

(Quoted by Júlio Dias da Costa in *Palestras Camilianas*, pp. 193-4).

Camilo was too much a man of his own context in time and space to fully transcend its boundaries, as Pinheiro Chagas sees:

“A faculdade que, no espírito de Camilo Castelo Branco,

sobreleva a todas as outras, é decididamente a da observação. A imaginação vem depois. Camilo reproduz admiravelmente o que vê, mas não adivinha com idêntica facilidade... Debaixo deste ponto de vista o romance histórico estava defeso a Camilo Castelo Branco. A sua pena é muito impaciente, a sua imaginação não tem a força necessária para completar este trabalho preparatório." (pp. 43-4).

To Camilo, then, it would appear that history, once turned into fictional form, becomes of a piece with the fictions generated by the author's own mind. On the other hand, however, history *per se* is a purely intellectual exercise, which - because it requires restraint of the creative faculty - was beyond Camilo's powers. History required him to think imaginatively with material other than that generated from within, and, because of his temperament, such a task was always beyond his powers. When the picture had been painted by somebody else, Camilo had no feel for it; when it was painted by himself, he merely pretended to understand it in the capacity of an ordinary observer, thus shying away from overt interpretation, while still preserving his own eminently subjective point of view.

66. Nuttall, p. 247.

67. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 796.

68. João Costa, p. 232.

69. Camilo's sense of attachment to the geographically familiar is such that, at times, he might almost be accused of xenophobia. Certainly, on the rare occasions when the plot of a novel does remove the protagonist from the North, either to Lisbon or abroad, this departure is often associated with wrongdoing. It is in Lisbon, for example, that Calisto Elói falls from grace. In *O Romance de um Homem Rico*,

Álvaro's father abandons the virtuous Maria da Glória to live with another woman in Italy. In *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, the cosmopolitan and flighty Leonor, who exploits Guilherme's inexperience in order to marry her lover, has travelled through France, Belgium and England. It is in Paris that Afonso de Teive comes close to suicide in *Amor de Salvação*, before he finds a more wholesome life in rural Ruivães. And in *Amor de Perdição*, Manuel Botelho (the author's real-life father) runs off to Spain with another man's wife (*O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 504).

The example of *Amor de Salvação* is interesting because there the exotic location is Paris, for long the centre of sophistication and progress for Portuguese intellectuals, and a city where many nineteenth-century figures found refuge from political threats. Yet Camilo's presentation of the city is far from positive: we see nothing of its fascinating glamour, only the protagonist's despair. Clearly, the development of the novel requires this; however, the author's hostility to French influence in Portuguese life and literature is well-documented, one example being his dismissive comments on Realist practice in the "Advertência" to *Os Críticos do Cancioneiro* (pp. vi-vii):

"Que eu saíra a insultar a Ideia Nova no verso e no romance, porque a minha ignorância me vedava as fronteiras que separam o velho romantismo da elaboração dos processos que fotografam a vida a um raio luminoso da ciência - Ignorância de que? Das misérias indeclináveis que eles chamam as podridões? Das lágrimas a que eles dão como lenitivo a gargalhada do velho e safado diabo das lendas? Eu conhecia tudo isto sem expositores franceses."

Jacinto do Prado Coelho (*Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 185-6), Lacape (pp. 210-216) and Machado also comment on Camilo's hostility for the French. Machado remarks (*O "Francesismo" na Literatura Portuguesa*, p. 55):

“Em suma, pode dizer-se que em geral a atitude de Camilo perante o ‘francesismo’ é de recusa total: a todo o modelo francês, o romancista opõe um inconsútil casticismo português, a todo o apelo cosmopolita responde com a atribilária exaltação moral dos valores regionalistas. Em nada, nem sequer ao nível das ideias literárias (e muito menos ao nível das ideias filosóficas ou religiosas, como prova, por exemplo, a feroz oposição a Renan no seu livro *Divindade de Jesus e Tradição Apostólica*) o seu livro é ‘francesista’.”

What this points to is surely not only nationalism, but, more influentially, a deep-rooted suspicion of the unfamiliar; it is not by chance that the fossilised conservatism which Camilo mocks in himself in the figure of Calisto Elói is allied to a deeply-rooted sense of national values harking back to the legendary “Cortes de Lamego” (O. C., Vol. V, p. 841).

70. Lourenço, in *Jornal de Letras*, p. 3.
71. Quoted by Aquilino in *O Romance*, Vol. III, p. 175.
72. João Costa, p. 225.
73. Quoted in António Cabral, *Camilo Desconhecido*, p. 195.
74. See Aquilino, *Camões*, p. 190.
75. O. C., Vol. II, p. 484.
76. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1456.

77. O. C., Vol. I, p. 166.
78. O. C., Vol. I, p. 459.
79. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 413 ff.
80. O. C., Vol. I, p. 681.
81. O. C., Vol. I, p. 495.
82. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 763-4.
83. O. C., Vol. II, p. 202.
84. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, O. S., pp. 49-50.
85. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 1123-6.
86. O. C., Vol. III, p. 1092. The incorrect usage of the preposition "a" in the second sentence is Camilo's mistake.
87. O. C., Vol. III, p. 449.
88. O. C., Vol. II, p. 386.
89. O. C., Vol. II, p. 990.
90. O. C., Vol. I, p. 58.

91. O. C., Vol. I, p. 171.
92. O. C., Vol. III, p. 142.
93. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 551-2.
94. O. C., Vol. II, p. 473.
95. O. C., Vol. III, p. 6.
96. O. C., Vol. I, p. 32.
97. O. C., Vol. V, p. 369.
98. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 885.
99. O. C., Vol. III, p. 522.
100. Lopes, p. 164.
101. Osório, p. 156 and p. 158.
102. Nuttall, p. 126.
103. O. C., Vol. V, p. 788.
104. O. C., Vol. V, p. 798.
105. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 261-2.

106. O. C., Vol. II, p. 320.
107. O. C., Vol. V, p. 931-2.
108. Amaro de Oliveira, p. 229.
109. O. C., Vol. V, p. 901.
110. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 704.
111. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 744.
112. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 538-9.
113. O. C., Vol. II, p. 946.
114. O. C., Vol. V, p. 642.
115. O. C., Vol. III, p. 567.
116. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: *Don Quijote de la Mancha* (Barcelona, Editorial Juventud, 1955), Vol. I, pp. 89-95.
117. O. C., Vol. I, p. 67.
118. O. C., Vol. I, p. 71.
119. O. C., Vol. II, p. 573.
120. O. C., Vol. III, p. 557.

121. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1231.

122. O. C., Vol. II, p. 383.

123. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 1092.

124. Ferraz, *A Ironia Romântica*, p. 164. If one were to accept, in its fullest implications, Ferraz' theory that, while the narrator is fallible as a character within the fiction, Camilo not only remains omniscient as author, but also *displays* this omniscience, the current argument would be rendered futile. However, her argument is based on only three novels (including *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago* where the dual "authorship" of Silvestre and Camilo requires the novelist to play according to these rules) and her conclusions certainly do not take account of control of incident, such as that of the possession of Teodora's letter in *Amor de Salvação* or the recovery of the correspondence between the lovers in *Amor de Perdição*. Such elements of the text are determined by the real-life author alone, and Camilo's need for these "safety-nets" to justify his knowledge of the narrative surely points to an uncertainty somewhat deeper than that postulated by Ferraz.

125. See Alexandre Cabral, *Polêmicas*, Vol. IX, p. 137.

126. O. C., Vol. I, p. 175.

127. O. C., Vol. I, p. 105.

128. O. C., Vol. II, p. 504.

129. O. C., Vol. II, p. 480.

130. O. C., Vol. I, p. 170.

131. O. C., Vol. I, p. 261.

132. O. C., Vol. V, p. 927.

133. O. C., Vol. II, p. 274.

134. O. C., Vol. I, p. 169.

135. O. C., Vol. I, p. 111.

136. O. C., Vol. I, p. 248.

137. O. C., Vol. I, p. 20.

138. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1032.

139. O. C., Vol. I, p. 673.

140. O. C., Vol. III, p. 659.

141. O. C., Vol. I, p. 767.

142. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 1150-1.

143. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1319.

144. O. C., Vol. II, p. 927.

145. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1222.
146. O. C., Vol. III, p. 79.
147. O. C., Vol. III, p. 641.
148. O. C., Vol. III, p. 662.
149. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1126.
150. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 15-16.
151. O. C., Vol. III, p. 698.
152. Iser, p. 293.
153. Ferraz, *A Ironía Romántica*, p. 152.
154. Ferraz, *A Ironía Romántica*, p. 186.
155. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 26-7. Camilo is mistaken regarding the source of the Biblical quotation, which is, in fact, taken from Psalm 118, Verse 17.
156. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 171.
157. Nuttall, p. 144.
158. Unamuno, p. 54.
159. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 1119.

160. O. C., Vol. III, p. 119; Vol. IV, p. 665; Vol. V, p. 1139; *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 175 and pp. 190-1.
161. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 999.
162. C. S. Lewis, *Screwtape Proposes a Toast* (Glasgow, Wm. Collins and Sons, 1976), pp. 97-98.
163. Schopenhauer, *Parerga und Paralipomena*, (Second Edition, Edited by Julius Frauenstädt, Leipzig, 1877), Vol. V., p. 449, quoted in Wedberg, p. 16. The translation is mine.
164. Unamuno, p. 56.
165. Wedberg has the following comments to make on this point:

“Love, as Eduard Spranger pointed out, essentially sees other people as possible carriers of value and finds in such a view the ultimate value of its own existence. It is particularly characteristic of the fundamental masculine constitution, according to Spranger, that the need to be loved is stronger than the capacity to love. Because of this one-sided development, his innermost desire seeks to be led back to the individual source of life by a feminine love. It is this role of love, as a compensatory factor for Storm’s experience of loneliness, with which this study needs to concern itself particularly.” (p. 38.)

The references to Spranger are made to his *Lebensformen* (Halle, 1927), pp. 170 ff.. In its fundamentals, Wedberg’s comment on Storm here could be applied

equally to Camilo.

166. Quoted in Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 129.

167. Pascoais, p. 49.

168. *Ao Proteger da Vida*, p. XX. This work was not published until 1874, but was actually written in 1862. The whole passage in which Camilo recalls these events is, in fact, characterised by an alarming tone of self-satisfaction.

169. Quoted by Dória (p. 126), from Ricardo Jorge: *Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Oficina Gráfica do Editorial Minerva, date of publication not supplied), p.163.

170. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 288.

171. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, pp. 154-5.

172. Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, pp. 122-3.

173. Jacobi, in Jung, p. 334.

174. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 979.

175. Trancoso, pp. 11-12.

176. *O. C.*, Vol. IV, pp. 633-4.

177. Quoted in Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p. 50.

178. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p.223.

Chapter Four: The Fragmented Vision of Religion

A. The Problem of Religious Belief.

Questions of the type raised by any human religion are of fundamental importance to all people. Religion, as the realm of the relationship between, on the one hand, man as an imperfect mortal, and the infinite and eternal on the other, explores the ultimate issues of life, death and man's status within the familiar material world. Despite the negative nature of his response, even the atheist or the agnostic lives his life as he does by responding in a particular way to the wider questions posed by the facts of human life. Man cannot escape the need to speculate upon these matters; and, in the case of those people who make some kind of genuine religious commitment, the answer which is found develops into an urge towards a perceived ideal. Not everybody who wishes to reach this stage succeeds in this aim, however. For many people, while the questions posed may still require an answer, there is no guarantee that a satisfactory answer will be found. The result of this failure is the desperate pessimism which often accompanies atheism.

The solipsist is in a peculiar position here. We are all solipsists, in the sense that no individual relates perfectly to the outside world, and that, by virtue of the physical separation of any one self from all others, we must all view reality from an isolated stance within ourselves. Nevertheless, the normal person is not so obsessively aware of this fact as is the true solipsist. For him, God is needed more urgently than for the person who is at home in everyday reality, because, for him, God is needed, not only as a guarantor of a life to come, but also as a guarantor of the more familiar life on earth.

The temperamental solipsist will, therefore, be more emphatic in his desire for God than the average person, and correspondingly more embittered if he cannot find Him.

It is interesting, therefore, that Bigotte Chorão should sum up Camilo's outlook upon these matters in the following light:

"Existia Deus, não existia? O coração pedia-lho, a razão - e, sobretudo, a exasperação provocada pelos seus infortúnios - negava-lho, e então aquela alma agônica, olhando o céu vazio e tanto sofrimento inútil, achava a vida incompreensível como uma história sem sentido." ¹

The same critic concludes that the novelist's vision is that of an "...ateísmo trágico que, na violência da negação, traduz um grande desejo de acreditar." ²

An alternative way of expressing the same idea would, in fact, be to say that the need for a solution is felt so strongly that it can easily become confused with the genuine urge to the infinite which is the hallmark of a religious belief which is already secure. This confusion, which is understandable in the peculiar case of the solipsist, lies behind much of the debate on Camilo's attitudes towards religion: the intensity of feeling which is evident may indicate either strong belief or a refusal to accept an equally strong lack of belief.

Many critics, usually finding it difficult to reconcile Camilo's avowedly spiritual sentiments with his extraordinary insensitivity towards others in practice (Aquilino ³, Dória ⁴, and Agostinho ⁵), have scoffed at suggestions that the author can be labelled a Christian. Others, such as Jacinto do Prado Coelho ⁶, António do Prado Coelho ⁷, Andrade ⁸, and Freitas ⁹, concentrate on the spiritual penitent whom they see revealed in the novels, and detect a profoundly Christian metaphysic. Others attempt to find some middle ground: Simões identifies Camilo's stance as that of the non-orthodox Christian ¹⁰; and others still, amongst them Mário Braga and Lacape ¹¹, believe that Camilo alternated continually between belief and disbelief.

One of the major problems in any such discussion is that of categories of belief. The nature of Western religious tradition creates a dangerous temptation to set up a simplistic distinction between those who are "saved" and those who are not; and an orthodox Christian would argue that these categories do, indeed, exist, although he would not claim the right to judge into which of these categories any individual might fall. However, if man does attempt to make these judgements, a power which is conventionally ascribed only to God Himself, the dangers are not only moral but also epistemological.

For man does not possess a God's eye perspective, and the issues are therefore more complex. Not only is man able to see into the hearts and minds of others only by very indirect means; but no individual is himself an impartial observer. Nevertheless, as Camilo himself invites consideration of himself as a Christian, and any such categorisation has considerable implications for his understanding of life, an evaluation of the nature and force of his religious outlook is a task which must be undertaken, in spite of all intellectual and moral reservations.

It would be temptingly easy to take quotations at will from Camilo's works or refer to anecdotes regarding his life in order to prove an already assumed point of view. Certainly Freitas (himself a priest and a personal friend of the novelist) and Andrade slip all too easily into these faults. Braga, although his observation is clearly inadequate as an interpretation of the problem, at least notes the author's oscillation between the poles of faith and atheism. Merely resorting to unrepresentative textual reference is therefore unlikely to provide a reliable answer.

This leads to the thorny matter of what is meant by the convenient label "faith". In a discussion of similar problems in connection with Unamuno, Round points out that, while certain believers may insist that, unless faith is total, it is worthless, they cannot deny the possibility of intermediate points between the poles of belief and disbelief¹². For academic purposes, the question of ultimate salvation is irrelevant here.

It is, furthermore, extremely difficult to pass judgement upon a whole life. One can speak of another person as a believer or a non-believer at any chosen time; one can even use similar language with reference to those who have constantly maintained a similar position. However, in the case of a man who expressed thoughts on the matter ranging across the entire spectrum of faith in a life of sixty-five years, it is not easy to see where the truth lies. Are the pious sentiments expressed during Camilo's so-called mystical phase of his mid-twenties to be given greater weight than those of the old man? Or should greater importance be attached to the extra experience of life after years of affliction by bad health which leads Camilo to deny repeatedly that there can be a God?

The balance here is not clear, and must be further clouded by two considerations: the availability of data, and the weight which may be attached to those data. In the first place, the most intimate sources of knowledge regarding Camilo's thoughts are difficult to trace in full, due to the scant regard given to his correspondence by himself and by others, especially before the move to Ceide in 1863, and also due to the sale in 1883 of his library, containing many books annotated by him. Material taken from these sources is therefore incomplete and at times badly edited.

As regards the weight which may be attached to such material as is available, our sources are unrepresentative, in that the surviving letters of the young man are small in number compared to those of the older man. This is to say nothing of the problem of assessing assertions made within the fiction, where context, irony, perspective, rhetoric, and numerous other factors may contribute to alter the full significance of what appears to be the simplest statement.

It would be equally tempting to attempt judgement of an individual's religious state by reference to his morality. This is a common ground for criticism of Christianity: that its representatives fail to live up to the standards which they claim to espouse. Certainly, if one were to apply such tests to Camilo, then his first marriage, his attitudes towards

Ana, and his relationships with other people in general would weigh heavily in the balance against him.

Yet, such standards of judgement are tempting merely because of their ease of application. It is easy to dismiss the claims to Christianity of a man who has repeatedly been found guilty of murder. Yet, from the point of view of Christian absolutes, nobody else stands in any lesser need of redemption. It is all too easy to dismiss the countless influences which can lead a man to act wrongly in a society as complex as that of the modern world. Camilo's own *A Queda dum Anjo* is a recognition of the inadequacy of moral absolutes in the real world; and, without the recognition that man is, indeed, fallen and will, therefore, inevitably fail to live up to Christian standards, Christianity itself is a worthless thing.

Morality is not the same thing as religion; and we should avoid the tendency to confuse the two. An atheist may conform to the strictest moral code; and almost every form of organised religion has provoked great wrongs at some time. Nonetheless, there is a connection between them; for both, when viewed in their most genuine form, deal with man's relationship to a reality beyond the self. In moral terms, this reality applies to this world; in religious terms, it is of another which underlies man's more familiar context. Hence, although religion will rarely spring from what is purely moral, morality will usually arise from religious belief.

In a Christian context, this implies that, for example, adherence to the Ten Commandments is expected, but is not an absolute *sine qua non* for salvation; if they are not observed, but the spirit is nevertheless reconciled with God, even in the last moments of earthly life, then redemption is achieved. The moral aspect is therefore not an essential. This is, however, a quite different thing from saying that it is totally irrelevant. The question of Camilo's morality, both practical and theoretical, will be examined more fully in Section D of this Chapter.

It is apparent, then, that the standards by which we are most tempted to judge the spiritual situations of our fellow-men and the behavioural record of deeds done and words spoken or written are not adequate for the task. Yet here we face a dilemma; ultimately, all evidence which may be invoked is unreliable - it is, by definition, merely what is evident. What may be legitimately done, however, is to look at various different aspects of an author's life, works and personality; and, if these all point in a similar direction, if repeated narrative patterns in the novels (as opposed to quotations out of context) appear to be confirmed by attitudes expressed regularly in his explicit writing or evident in his behaviour towards others, then one may lay claim, if not to absolute certainty, at least to the most reliable judgements which man can hope to achieve.

What is certainly undeniable is the importance of the role which the *concept* of religion plays in Camilo's life and works, whether it is viewed positively or negatively, and whether or not the reader regards any beliefs which may be put forward as sincere. The frequency of reference to religious terminology in the fiction and in the author's correspondence makes it clear that, however far from the goal Camilo may have been, the religious quest itself was a matter of considerable importance to him.

B. The Christian Solipsist: a Confrontation with God's Creation.

The distinction between belief that God exists (as an opinion) and belief *in* God (as a being in whom trust may be placed) is an important one in discussing these matters. In theory, the most evil person on earth could believe in God's existence more sincerely than any Christian, without attaching any value to the fact. This is, then, the essential distinction between belief and faith ¹³.

It is a distinction which is easy to miss, however, and, while it is vital to distinguish the two concepts, they are, to some extent at least, interdependent. Clearly, if there is no God, there is little point in putting any faith in Him. Similarly, however, if one cannot

or will not put faith in God, who cannot be said to exist visibly and tangibly in the same way as human beings do, then His very existence will, rightly or wrongly, be called into question.

This question is intimately connected with the problem of pain, which is a very real obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity as a valid instrument for the understanding of human life: it is not easy, amidst great personal difficulties, to accept that there can be a God of infinite love, who is omniscient and omnipotent, but who will, nonetheless, allow His creatures to suffer in His creation. One can understand why, at this point, belief might rebel along with faith.

Certainly, in his later years, Camilo found it difficult to maintain any sort of belief in a God who would permit him to suffer as he undoubtedly did. At times this would lead him to deny that he had ever had any real belief in God, as in a letter to Alberto Pimentel of 28th September 1884:

“Encaro a morte como uma redenção; e morria ateu, se o não fosse desde que sei discorrer.”¹⁴

This letter is written in embittered old age, but, even so, Camilo seems to have visualised an unbridgeable gap between himself and his religious ideals, even in his supposedly Christian youth, as is indicated by this extract from a letter to José Barbosa e Silva of 3rd February 1857:

“Havemos de ir ao nosso templo das Carmelitas ouvir os himnos da Paixão. Que saudades, e que poesia me faz a esperança!... Sou no íntimo da alma religioso; mas de cabeça como homem do mundo e do século.”¹⁵

Many critics, however, have failed to distinguish properly amongst faith, belief and

mere desire; this failure has led to considerable confusion in assessment of the author's work and personality. Freitas, for example, states that Camilo certainly believed in God up to about the age of forty, and that, when faith lasts as long as that, it can never disappear completely ¹⁶. However, if that "faith" were really only the expression of an urgent need for God (as the letter to Barbosa e Silva would suggest), then there could be no such certainty.

Freitas goes on to argue that we should disregard Camilo's expressions of atheism, as these were produced only at times of great stress ¹⁷. This, however, is where one must question Freitas' definition of a Christian. Times of stress are as much a part of Camilo's real life as periods of ease and contentment, and it is surely under more difficult circumstances that the true extent of faith may be measured. Freitas seems reluctant to accept the notion that these tribulations (which lasted for at least the last decade of the author's life) should have led a man who was avowedly his friend into an atheism from which he was never to emerge, atheism being a belief which Freitas dismisses somewhat scornfully ¹⁸.

Even Jacinto do Prado Coelho fails to accord this distinction its due importance, considering its implications worthy only of a minor qualification to his basic vision of Camilo as indisputably Christian:

"Camilo é então um ressentido de Deus; ao negar a Providência, afirma ainda a sua necessidade de crer." ¹⁹

Other critics have dodged around the issue in similar fashion. Thus, Vila-Moura writes:

"Convenho em que desejasse crer, mas não podia; não pôde. As suas obras religiosas são tentativas de fé. A razão ao serviço do desejo: mais nada" ²⁰,

while both Pascoais and Xavier put Camilo's religious sense down more to "horror ao nada" than to anything else ²¹. It is surely also such a sentiment which leads Camilo to express these words through Padre Dinis' pen as he writes in his journal:

"O desesperado, que não tem nada na terra, quer por força que exista um Deus." ²²

Yet, this is not religious sentiment as such; it is merely fear expressed in an extreme form. Aquilino, therefore, perhaps has good reason to be cynical in seeing the author's interest in religion in the early 1850's as being in part a career move. He suggests that religious journals were amongst the publications where popular publicity was most easily achieved, and that Camilo's apparent spirituality was partly sour grapes as a result of sexual frustration:

"À semelhança dos insectos estridulantes que tanto mais cantam quanto mais vêem diferida a hora nupcial, assim o seu desespero se traduzia em alta espiritualidade." ²³

It is at this point that it perhaps becomes relevant to examine what it is that the author seeks in his religious beliefs. He frequently describes life as a shipwreck, as in the preliminary "Observação" to *Amor de Salvação*:

"Amor de salvação, em muitos casos obscuros, é o amor que excrucias e desonra. Então é que o senso íntimo mostra ao coração a sua ignomínia e miséria. A consciência regenera-se, e o coração, reabilitado, avigora-se para o amor impoluto e honroso. Assim é que as enseadas serenas estão para além das vagas montuosas, que lá cospem o naufrago aferrado à sua tábua. Sem o impulso da tormenta, o naufrago pereceria no mar

alto. Foi a tempestade que o salvou." ²⁴

This is really a restatement in its purest form of the idea of salvation by suffering and expiation; it is the notion common to the Romantic period that man can be saved by his very imperfection. Similarly, in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, Álvaro, with his privileged insight, declares that:

"Deus não é somente puro amor, é pura razão também. E, se não, veja que os bem-aventurados neste naufrágio da vida são aqueles que, rebatidos duma vaga contra a outra, emergem à flor de cada escarcéu, abraçados à razão, tábua de infalível salvamento." ²⁵

Carlota Ângela goes to the convent:

"...com quanto júbilo podia caber-lhe no âmbito da alma. Considerando a grandeza das penas que a flagelavam, só à religião deve conceder-se o místico poder de alívios e alegrias para a pobre, que tão infeliz era, e mais infeliz seria, se não tivesse a tábua da religião em naufrágio tão proceloso." ²⁶

This form of religion is surely becoming rather negative. In fact, Camilo consistently sees religion as something which guarantees a lack of pain, rather than as anything inherently positive. It is probably significant, then, that, when he collected his writings on religion in one volume, he should have entitled them *Horas de Paz*, rather than anything which might suggest the discovery of life in a realm of greater worth than that of the purely material. This inference may also be drawn from a passage in the Prologue to that work, where the author recalls the time allegedly spent at the seminary in 1851-2:

"Verdadeira, deleitosíssima para nunca mais esquecer foi a paz daquele ano, em que eu, refugiado do mundo para as alegrias duma solidão e duns livros, que todos me narravam maravilhas do Altíssimo, escrevia essas páginas, que me ainda são refrigério nesta mais que cruelíssima provação em que me corre a vida..."²⁷

There is no talk here of an after-life, only of relief at the escape from pain; but this escape, significantly, was made, not into the world of the spirit, but into the world of books, the paradise of the literary solipsist.

It has already been noted at p. 202 above that Camilo feared the loss of his mental and spiritual faculties less than the loss of his material being; for his consciousness reminded him only of the horror of ever-approaching death. It is, therefore, significant that, on at least two occasions, he should have written of Christ specifically in terms of His Incarnation. Thus, he writes to Eugénio de Castro on 6th April 1884, referring to Christ as the "Homem-Deus"²⁸, and, in the framing narrative of *Amor de Salvação*, he writes of Christmas celebrations "alusivas ao nascimento do Deus Menino"²⁹. Similarly, in the opening lines of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, whilst pondering the relationship between body and soul, he refers to his material self as follows:

"Vejam a egoista e brutal natureza do homem-corpo!"³⁰

The contrast is between man as sordid matter and Christ as matter sublimated into spiritual perfection; Christ seems to be important to Camilo as a bridge between the familiar material world, which (in its temporal form) is transitory, and the perfect security of unchanging being. This is implicit in orthodox Christian terms, although it is only one strand of thought in an area of considerable theological complexity. To Camilo, however, this seems to be Christ's greatest significance. Camilo, in short, tries to cling desperately to both matter and spirit. Any valid form of religion, of course,

involves such a search for reassurance in the beyond which cannot be found in the here-and-now. Here, however, what one senses is only the search - there is surely a desperate pessimism in any such vision of life. Camilo's search for religious salvation as an equitable return for suffering on Earth, expressed in terms of a "tábua de salvamento", is just that - clutching at straws.

Camilo, then, engages in literature and religion for much the same reasons - as attempts to escape from a reality which was found to be unpleasant. Nevertheless, in religion as in literature, he found that the problems which he sought to escape would not go away: the God whom he sought as a Redeemer was the same God who had made the problematic world which he found unattractive in the first place. The solution which he found for this problem was simple: just as it proved easiest to divide women into the physical (all bad) and the ideal (all good), so he attempted to visualise a divided God who would be all love for his creatures, while the more authoritarian side of the divinity is forgotten, as Jacinto do Prado Coelho suggests:

"Deus, para Camilo, é uma íntima necessidade, um postulado da consciência. Não tanto o Deus criador como o Deus responsável pelas criaturas, companheiro e juiz, mantenedor da ordem moral; o Deus-Providência, que preside atento ao desenrolar das nossas vidas." ³¹

Camilo's conception of God becomes an answer, then, not to the question "Why?", but rather to the question "What for?". The God sought by Camilo is a God in the mould of protector and friend, in short yet another replacement mother, who will carry him through life to the sort of successful conclusion found by Álvaro under the guidance of Maria da Glória in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*. It is easy to see how this idea can be fitted into the Judeo-Christian notion of the personal God; the danger, however, is that the personal God who watches over man's long-term spiritual interests comes to be confused with a God who will satisfy short-term desires. In other words, Christianity

may easily be reduced from a set of beliefs which are intrinsically compelling to a set of beliefs which are merely advantageous.

Camilo's whole vision of God's existence is centred upon the self, and it is a God of convenience who is sought in various works, most notably in *Carlota Ângela*. In the closing chapters of this work, the possibility of the existence of God is raised frequently in specific connection with the lovers' situation, firstly by the frustrated lover, Francisco:

"Se o Sr. Norberto e seu cunhado julgaram que uma intriga basta para aniquilar um amor de dois anos, uma união de toda a vida já abençoada por Deus, que vê a pureza das minhas ambições, enganaram-se!"³²

Sister Rufina expresses a similar optimism:

"- Quando assim se amam duas criaturas, a vontade de Deus está nesse amor: tudo que os homens fizerem contra ele é um sacrilégio, é um atentado contra os desígnios do Altíssimo"³³,

and goes on to reassure Carlota that all will turn out for the best:

"Tudo o que se pede ao Senhor, com humildade e justiça, consegue-se."³⁴

This, however, is surely a perversion of the notion of the personal God in exactly the way described above, based on the scriptural text:

"Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you"³⁵,

which is intended as a promise of salvation, but which, when removed from its context and used in a more general sense, can become the key to a cheapened and convenient vision of God.

But life is just not like that. The personal God of Judeo-Christian tradition is intended to be conceived as a guardian of long-term spiritual interests, and not as a divine penny-in-the-slot machine which dispenses earthly happiness in return for a few prayers. Sister Rufina's addition of the phrase "com humildade e justiça" to this simplistic notion serves only to make it inapplicable to the obviously unjust desire, and therefore morally more palatable. In its fundamental vision of God, however, it remains selfish and dangerously misleading.

Being aware that, however much the individual might wish this vision to be true, experience does not bear out such "faith", Camilo sounds occasional warnings of the ending that is to come:

"Ora, Carlota Ângela, melhor ou pior avisada, entendia que Deus, na máxima parte dos actos humanos, e nomeadamente nos casamentos, não punha nem dispunha" ³⁶,

and opens Chapter VIII with the following epigraph taken from Metastasio's *Didone*:

"Che Dei? Son nomí vani,
Son chimere sognatte, ó ingiusti son." ³⁷

When Sister Rufina's imagined God fails to supply what is requested of Him, then it is not surprising that man should turn against Him in terms such as those quoted from Metastasio. If we return to the analogy of the penny-in-the-slot machine, railing against God's failure to satisfy individual desires becomes the equivalent of the futile kick administered to a machine which is known to be faulty.

However, it is after disaster has struck that this theme becomes insistent, as Carlota blasphemes repeatedly:

“ - Não me fale em Deus! - repetiu Carlota... Não há Deus, nem justiça, nem misericórdia. Há Inferno neste mundo para os inocentes, para os que, fugindo ao ódio humano, se acolhem ao amparo divino”³⁸,

and again, a little later:

“Não há Deus, não há nada a que uma desgraçada, como eu, possa recorrer! Deus não consentiria que houvesse um perverso tal como esse homem, nem uma miserável como eu...”³⁹

Nor does Francisco resign himself to his fate easily, swearing:

“Nunca tive tanta confiança na misericórdia divina. É impossível que Deus veja com indiferença o terrível resultado da profissão. Eu vou arrancá-la do altar, vou disputá-la a Deus, vou amaldiçoar a religião cruenta que receber uma mulher que me pertence por um juramento mais sagrado que todos os votos do claustro”⁴⁰,

while Carlota continues to deny the God to whom she has just devoted her life:

“Onde está Deus, que me não amparou antes deste desgraçado passo que dei hoje, e me não mata agora, se não posso remediá-lo?”⁴¹

Finally, in a letter to his beloved, Francisco is forced to reach the following conclusions:

“Se há Deus, a sua inércia, à vista das atrocidades que sofremos, é igual à indiferença, à impotência, ao nada. Nas minhas e nas tuas dores, a justiça eterna permaneceu insensível, como se temesse ou aprovasse a infâmia dos homens.”⁴²

Similar attitudes are also struck in *Amor de Perdição*, where Teresa writes to Simão:

“Que mal fariam a Deus os nossos inocentes desejos!”⁴³

The author himself asks the same question more subtly by his reduction of the field of vision from the happy, normal people going about their daily business to the sight of Simão, sad and lonely:

“Dia de amor e de esperanças era aquele que o Senhor mandava à choça encravada na garganta da serra, ao palácio esplendoroso que reverberava ao sol os seus espiráculos, ao opulento que passeava as suas moles equipagens, bafejado pelo respiro acre das sarças, e ao mendigo que desentorpecia os membros encostados às colunas dos templos.

E Simão Botelho, fugindo a claridade da luz, e o voejar das aves, meditando, chorava e escrevia assim as suas meditações.”⁴⁴

Again, towards the end of *O Retrato de Ricardina*, Norberto Calvo, believing that the heroine is dead, says:

“Se houvesse Deus, ela não tinha morrido assim... Isto de religião é uma história, Sr. Doutor. Eu, se soubesse ler - acrescentou ele com blasfema raiva -, havia de escrever que não há Deus, nem Céu, nem Inferno...”⁴⁵

This kind of reasoning is understandable. On the other hand, however, if taken to extremes, it can amount to man challenging God to provide continual proof of His existence by favouring the personal interests of the individual. This is, in fact, a modern version of doubting Thomas: unless God is capable of immediate verification, man will not put faith in Him. This is such a close parallel to the solipsistic vision of everyday reality that this must, almost inevitably, be the only kind of God in which a solipsist such as Camilo can believe, that is, the God who fits neatly into the space left for him in the individual's own imagination. When God lets man down by refusing to grant him his will, belief is withdrawn; and God, therefore, takes on the same kind of jerky, stop-start existence as Berkeley's tree: He is there when He is seen, but there is no element of faith left for a God who is not constantly experienced.

Real life, however, does not co-operate in this exercise of seeking something equivalent to sensory proof of the Divinity; when this proof is not found, it is God who is blamed. Thus, in *Anátoma*, such thoughts are found twice in Rita's diary⁴⁶; while, in the *Mistérios de Lisboa*, Alberto reaches the same conclusion as Francisco in *Carlota Ângela*:

“Nós não sabemos nada. Vivemos e morremos materialmente. É necessário que apareçam estes meteoros de deslumbrante clarão, para desviarmos os olhos das mesquinhas que nos rodeiam, e acreditarmos que há grandes segredos, acima do entendimento do homem ordinário, como eu.”⁴⁷

What all of these extracts are based on is the understandable desire of the individual for a personal God who will watch over his interests; the conclusions which figures such as Alberto and Francisco are ultimately forced to reach, however, are close to those of Spinoza, that, if there is a God, it can only be one who remains totally aloof from human affairs.

In two passages of the *Libro Negro de Padre Dinis*, this Spinozan formulation becomes explicit:

“Depois fecharam-se as barreiras da cidade, sobre a qual o Senhor voltara a face, por não dizer que o Senhor não desce a intervir nas misérias do homem, formado de lodo e sangue...”⁴⁸,

and later the narrator comments:

“Não lhe responderemos como o camponês, apontando o céu, enquanto o LIVRO NEGRO nos elucidar cousas cá da terra, em que Deus, por honra sua, não se intromete.”⁴⁹

Yet, Spinoza was not to Camilo's liking. In his Portuguese translation of Roselly de Lorgues' *Le Christ Devant le Siècle*, Camilo criticises Spinoza for wrongly taking God to be the sum of all matter, and for suggesting that spirit and matter are in reality of the same essence⁵⁰. He also criticises him for denying freedom of will while maintaining the concept of morality, and for campaigning for freedom of political and religious conscience, while his political organisation could only survive in something like Hobbes' state of coercion. Martins suggests that, while Camilo perhaps misses some of Spinoza's subtleties in this analysis, he was right to point out the dangers of such theories, which ultimately helped shape much materialist philosophy⁵¹.

The attention which Camilo devotes to this matter is, however, quite disproportionate, as he spends thirteen pages refuting Spinoza who is only given a passing mention in the original. Clearly, this was a matter about which the novelist felt strongly; and yet, does he not, in fact, stray into the opposite inconsistency himself - that of wishing to retain his own importance as an individual while receiving all his desires delivered by a benevolent God?

Jacinto do Prado Coelho explains Camilo's religious ideas along similar lines:

“Julgando-se vítima de «fatalidades decretadas do céu», não tendo consciência nítida da responsabilidade de muitos dos seus erros, não compreendendo que possa haver bons perseguidos pela adversidade e maus repletos de benesses, é levado muitas vezes a pensar que Deus, se existe, não interfere nas coisas deste mundo. Outras vezes, porém, vendo dentro e fora de si uma luta constante entre o bem e o mal, recorre à ideia de Deus para explicar essa luta.”⁵²

Here, however, there is a second possibility suggested, that the author saw a continual struggle in the world between Good and Evil. This is, in fact, implicit in Álvaro's struggles in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, where this idea is found in the epigraph to the Introduction, taken from P. M. Bernardes' *Silva de Vários Ditames Espirituais*:

“As tribulações dos santos são enigma: uma cousa parecem, e outra são e significam: parecem misérias da fortuna, e são conselhos da Providência Divina, e sinais da felicidade eterna”⁵³,

while Álvaro's privileged point of view is similar:

“O bem-viver, meu amigo, é tão rigorosa consequência do bem-fazer, como a luz o é daquele astro, que ali está no Céu, protestando contra a sua teoria dos acasos. O homem não acha em si os alívios da razão, quando os vícios lha degeneraram.”⁵⁴

What the second of Prado Coelho's theories amounts to is that, in the struggle to achieve perfection, man comes to realise the sinfulness of all his own ambitions. In either of these two cases, therefore, Camilo's idea is the reluctant acceptance that, until such time as man will sit back and accept the misfortune which life in this world brings upon him, he will never achieve true peace of mind.

Whether or not man's desires are legitimate, and whether or not God cares for his interests, Camilo's ideal, enshrined by figures such as Father Dinis and Álvaro, is to be able to look with resignation upon the nature of the world, accepting it as the cross which man has to bear in this life in preparation for the next. There is, however, something rather self-indulgent in this welcoming of martyrdom, which accepts reality no more than Francisco does in his anger at the God who denies him Carlota Ângela.

Camilo was never really prepared to accept this idea, and it is Francisco's cries against the injustice of Providence which are reflected both in many of the novels, and in almost all of the author's explicit comments on the subject, as in this letter to Vieira de Castro:

“Eu nestas coisas de actos religiosos estou bonito. Cada dia, filho, me sinto mais escurecido, mais ateu. A razão, a experiência, o mundo de baixo, não ensinam mais nada.”⁵⁵

The poles between which his vision of God sways, are, in fact, rather like the extreme emotions felt towards his other creator, his mother. Thus, while the ideal of devotion

perceived in Álvaro, and Francisco and the Baltasar of *O Santo da Montanha* in their transformed states as ascetic hermits, is one of utter submission to God's will, the more familiar reaction in real life is one of bitterness that desires which have been felt to be legitimate have been left unsatisfied. Thus, he writes to Vieira de Castro in the following terms:

"Deus me dê vida. Deus! Porque não? Esta porcaria requer Criador divino que o explique" ⁵⁶,

while on other occasions, he offers direct rebukes to God, as in *Cenas da Hora Final*, where he comments on the early death of Manuel Plácido:

"Se Deus te pedisse contas da tua vida, dir-lhe-ias: 'Eu tinha dezanove anos!' Se fosses condenado e repulso da presença do teu criador, as lágrimas que te choram aqui moveriam o juiz das acções da tua infância a uma piedade que, para ser misericordiosa, não precisaria ser divina." ⁵⁷

The hidden implication of this comment is surely that man has a greater capacity for compassion than God, who permitted this death. A similar interpretation could also be placed on the following comment taken from a letter to Castilho of 5th January 1866:

"Este mundo seria suportável, visto que Deus nos dá as criancinhas, se não viesse com elas a necessidade de as ver ir ou de as deixar." ⁵⁸

Here, what he begins by accepting in an orthodox way as a divine blessing becomes merely the ground for a greater grudge. Clearly, Camilo felt that he had not received what was due to him from God. He therefore reverses the roles of authority and takes his

superior to task. Jacinto do Prado Coelho reduces such ideas to their deepest assumptions in discussing Camilo's comment, "Se Deus não existe, a crença dos homens fará tremer o nada", writing that this is an:

"... afirmação do valor imensurável de cada alma e quase intimação a Deus para sair do nada a pagar aos homens a sua dívida." ⁵⁹

This doctrine of divine callousness contains an inherent self-contradiction, however: the notion of an omnipotent God who lies behind all human suffering presupposes a perfection which excludes the possibility of such evil. God, as total awareness of the entire universe, as all-encompassing reality, as the "I AM" of the Old Testament, can exist only if He is the peak of moral as well as hierarchical perfection. Even if He were omnipotent and evil in the terms by which man judges good and bad in the universe as it is, the moral categories which we, as beings of merely relative authority, would bring to bear upon Him would still have to be derived from Him. Thus we would still have to conceive of Him - contradictorily - as being all good. The notion of a perfect God is inseparable from that of the Good.

The notion of a morally unacceptable God, while it may be sincerely held, can also be misappropriated in order to justify actions which are known or suspected to be wrong, or as an excuse for avoiding the demands made by a God from whom one still expects to receive a reward. One suspects that here we may be coming closer to the truth in Camilo's case. Certainly, he was not one to count his blessings, as Castilho pointed out to him on more than one occasion, including this letter of 14th August 1868:

"Diga energicamente a si próprio:

•Quero e preciso viver para uma mulher a quem adoro, para os amigos (que os tenho de certo em grande número), para as

Letras, a quem não dei tudo quanto podia, e para mim próprio, que em tão poucos anos não posso ainda ter preenchido a minha conta.»

Martele isto a todas as horas, com fé, e verá como se lhe dissipa a tormenta da alma, e pode ser que a do corpo também.”⁶⁰

Castilho refers here to Camilo's negative outlook upon daily life. But, in reality, much the same could be said of the novelist's attitudes towards God, whom he expects to achieve the impossible by keeping all of the people happy all of the time. The very nature of a world of independent beings makes such a requirement a logical contradiction which even a Divinity cannot overcome.

What Camilo would seek, therefore, if we were to take his reasoning to its logical conclusion, would be a God who would suspend the laws of His universe whenever anything unpleasant was about to happen to any of His creatures. This wish would be reasonable enough, if it were not for the fact that, as such a God would require to intervene constantly in men's affairs, man would be left with none of the freedom which Camilo insists upon in his self-assertion. Camilo cannot have this both ways: either he must accept man's independence, with the seemingly limitless unpleasant consequences which follow from the existence of a multiplicity of human beings, each with his individual free will; or he must sacrifice that freedom and relinquish the right to any sort of meaningful existence as an individual. The very concept of individual ambition precludes the possibility of the complete fulfilment of such desires as this ambition may generate. The reality which Camilo was, fundamentally, not prepared to confront, is the fact that he shared the world with other people and things who, by their nature as alien to him, obstructed the complete fulfilment of his individual aims⁶¹.

One cannot doubt Camilo's wish to be reconciled with God, which shines through

the novels in the despair of characters who see the inadequacy of what they have in the world, and which is also reflected in the cries for attention which constitute the author's letters. However, there is still something wrong here: Camilo's search for God begins, not with any search for the Good, or for a sense of purpose in life, but rather with the single-minded aim of subordinating all other people and objects to the self. In trying to justify God in relation to himself, rather than the other way round, his search is doomed to failure, because the whole purpose of the search excludes the possibility of the mortal, fallible self being found to be a satisfactory starting-point.

When man looks for God the Redeemer (as Camilo ostensibly does), he can find Him only if he is prepared to admit God the Creator also. But it is God the Creator who has the authority to make demands of man. Therefore it is tempting to exclude this aspect of the Divinity. But, if this is done, what is left is a comfortable god who would be prepared to offer infinite forgiveness, if only he had not been emasculated by the destruction of his power. When this god then fails to deliver what is sought according to the sort of mentality embodied by Sister Rufina in *Carlota Ângela*, man is left with only one alternative, that of futile protest against an apparently uncaring god who maliciously permits man to suffer in this life.

In rejecting this reality for another inside his own mind, Camilo is, in fact, rejecting what he believed that he was seeking - the chance to achieve personal reassurance for his solipsistic doubt. The real world is, like Johnson's stone, an object of external resistance to the self, which provides reassurance by refusing to conform to the control of the individual's mind and will. When Camilo found that this was so, however, rather than enjoy the security to be derived from this fact, he chose to avoid the challenge of kicking a painful stone, and retreated, instead, into an embittered, private world where his own personal frustrations could be worked out at will.

C. Existential Guilt.

While Camilo frequently reacts to the frustrations of human life by turning angrily upon the God who appeared to have failed him, there is also another side of the coin. Just as he resorts illogically to both rebuking his mother for abandoning him and expressing a sense of guilt at his own imagined part in her loss, so it is also in relation to God: Camilo alternates between anger at the Divinity and submission to Him. This submissive aspect in his attitudes has led to occasional false identification of what is in reality a weakness in Camilo's personality with a reflection of the Christian doctrine of Original Sin.

This doctrine is the specifically Christian expression of what is one of the central tenets of any human religion, that of man's imperfection which requires him to seek divine assistance in his plight. To the Christian, man's fallen nature means that he cannot help but offend God. Even the most devout believer is in need of continual repentance and continual self-improvement, processes which, nonetheless, cannot redeem him without the intervention of Jesus Christ.

It is not surprising that such doctrines should, in some cases, lead to considerable despair. For, while ultimate redemption is promised, this redemption often seems hopelessly distant to sinners who, in spite of their best efforts, continue to sin time and again. Camilo was certainly well aware of the reception which his actions might earn for him from the Almighty on any Day of Judgement, as is indicated by a letter to José Barbosa of 11th September 1856, shortly after what appears to have been a rather despicable abandonment of the nun Isabel Cândida, with whom Camilo is believed to have been conducting a scandalous affair:

"Aqui tens uma situação bem especial - uma das minhas diabólicas situações, em que o coração revive em toda a

compaixão com que as minhas próprias desgraças não têm podido desvanecer para com os outros. Isto é uma fatalidade de que não há partido a tirar. É-me impossível, já agora, *ser meu*. Há-de haver sempre em mim um pensamento bom que me escravize ao mal. Sou como aquele que mede a profundidade do abismo, e não tem a resolução de recuar.”⁶² (Camilo's italics)

This experience is one which is surely familiar to everyone. Nonetheless, the language which Camilo uses to describe it is perhaps significant in its emphasis upon the self. For the meantime, however, it is sufficient to note the author's awareness of his own inadequacies.

Such inadequacies are, however, merely an inescapable fact of life. While the Christian feels called upon to reduce to the minimum the occasions when he feels such remorse, he knows that he will never be perfect and will continue to experience such feelings until death. Many others, who feel little or no religious dimension within their own lives, will experience similar feelings upon a purely moral plane; while others will not even stop to think of the wrong that they may be doing. Almost all, however, accept in one way or another what the Christian regards as sinfulness as being merely an unfortunate fact of life.

To some, however, the fact of being a fallen human is a source of lifelong torment. In Calderón's *La vida es sueño*, Segismundo declares:

“Pues el delito mayor
del hombre es haber nacido.”⁶³

There is perhaps something obsessive when the question of sin is taken as seriously as this, and certainly, at this stage of the play, Segismundo still has a great deal to learn. His point of view, however, (which was not unique to Calderón in the Spanish Golden

Age) is merely the doctrine of Original Sin stretched to its logical conclusion.

Camilo appears to have shared this hyper-sensitivity to this aspect of his own imperfection. Thus, even in *A Queda dum Anjo*, the work where Camilo comes closest to accepting that man simply is what he is in this world, the portrait of Calisto Elói which is built up over the course of the novel is completed not by reference to human standards (as in Eça's *O Crime do Padre Amaro*), but by a reminder of the divine standards against which the author seems to have continually felt obliged to measure all of humanity:

“Deixá-lo ser feliz: deixá-lo. Calisto Elói, aquele santo homem lá das serras, o anjo do fragmento paradisíaco do Portugal velho, caiu.

Caiu o anjo, e ficou simplesmente o homem, homem como quase todos os outros, e com mais algumas vantagens que o comum dos homens...

Na qualidade de anjo, Calisto, sem dúvida, seria mais feliz; mas, na qualidade de homem a que o reduziram as paixões, lá se vai concertando menos mal com a sua vida.

Eu, como romancista, lamento que ele não viva muitíssimo apouquentado, para poder tirar a limpo a sã moralidade deste conto.”⁶⁴

The whole essence of this novel is an ironic perspective upon the question of man's fallen nature. In the early, idealistic Calisto, Camilo pokes fun at the practical dangers inherent in setting up unrealistic moral standards which prove to be as unreliable as the antiquated guide-book to Lisbon which assures Calisto of the city's pure air in spite of the evidence of his senses⁶⁵.

Yet these standards are never dismissed as being the wrong ones for man to hold; they are, rather, dismissed as impractical, and, with an indulgent smile, Camilo bids the reader to allow the fallen angel to proceed with his flawed existence. The standards may have been suspended by Camilo, but it has not been forgotten that they may still be applied by God.

One of the most telling pieces of evidence which might be adduced in support of a vision of Original Sin in Camilo's works would be *Anátema*. There, as has already been seen, the complex network of narratives and time-scales can be justified in terms of the author's obsession with the passing of time. They are, however, also a reflection of an awareness that man cannot escape from sin, his own or that of others.

The prime example of this is Carlos da Silva, the scheming priest who brings about the central tragedy of the novel. He is the illegitimate son of Antónia Bacelar, who was seduced and abandoned by the haughty Cristóvão da Veiga. Having inherited his mother's journal which recounts the sorry tale, Carlos swears revenge upon the Veiga family, and takes this vengeance not only upon Inês da Veiga, Cristóvão's innocent daughter, but also upon Manuel de Távora, her beloved, and upon the son whom she already bears, Timóteo de Oliveira, who, in his turn, goes on to cause Micaela's unwanted pregnancy. This is as far as the narrative goes, but the pattern is already clear. Carlos' personal drive to revenge is understandable in a person conceived in sin in a sense more literal than that usually intended by the phrase. Yet it leads only to the continuation of a chain of misery and suffering which broadens in range with each generation. Thus, Carlos' final vow of vengeance against the entire human race, does, indeed, encompass not only all those whom he has known, but all who have ever lived and will ever live ⁶⁶.

To interpret *Anátema* specifically as a novel concerned with sin is, however, to miss the point. For its pathos is concentrated upon the effects of the action upon the

characters in this life. What the work really expresses is a sense of inability to avoid the misfortunes of living in this world: the very title of the novel suggests sin less as something of man's creation than as a curse imposed upon him by some malevolent power.

It would be relatively easy to argue that in real life, Camilo felt the great burden of sin weighing down directly upon his own shoulders. His biography is not short of incidents worthy of regret, and this may have contributed to some sense of moral imperfection. Nonetheless, there is surely something unusual and unhealthy in the attitudes of a man who can see the misfortunes of his children as being a punishment for his own misdeeds, as he does in a letter to Eugénio de Castro of September 1884, in which he refers to the death of his grand-daughter:

“A minha vida era já tão pouco que cabia nas pequeninas mãos da criança que Deus levou *para me convencer* de que tem força e faz o que quer com a sua divina vontade.”⁶⁷ (my italics)

Misfortune can prove a salutary lesson for the individual, and there is often an illogical tendency to relate mishaps such as this to oneself. Nonetheless, to go so far as to suggest that God sends misfortune upon one human being for the education of another is a notion which is difficult to reconcile with either a God as conceived in Christian tradition or with genuine remorse for past mistakes. What this expresses, rather, is a sense of unjust victimisation typical of Camilo: in his self-centredness, he confuses consequence and purpose. Similarly, on another occasion, he wrote to Vieira de Castro:

“Às vezes cuido que doutro mundo se contempla a continuação ou o efeito das más obras que se cá deixaram a frutificar. Os filhos expiando a culpa dos pais seria estúpida crueldade, se os pais, com o inferno na alma, os não vissem

doutro ponto.”⁶⁸

Once again, Camilo can see others' lives only in relation to his own, and the vision of divine justice to which lip-service is paid serves, in fact, only to disguise a rebuke to a sadistic God, who is seen to exact his tribute from man after death rather than before it. It is not, however, really a sense of guilt which is expressed here: it is only reluctant submission to a feared and infinitely powerful tyrant.

This is a point which has, once again, caused some misunderstanding of Camilo's novels. A sense of existential guilt is, indeed, obvious in many of his earlier works. This should not, however, be identified automatically with the doctrine of Original Sin, for, in Camilo's case, it is not really a sense of sin which is present, but rather a sense of *doom*, a sense that some punishment is imminent, even if it is not necessarily merited. The misfortunes which strike many of Camilo's characters seem, in fact, to be almost purely arbitrary. Thus, in *Mistérios de Lisboa*, Alberto and Eugénia have only just achieved happiness together, when she sees it coming to an end:

“Sei que somos muito infelizes. Assim devia ser. Era impossível que isto durasse muito. No mundo não há felicidade.”⁶⁹

Her fears are, indeed, proved to be justified before long, as the couple lose their lives in a shipwreck. This is, in fact, to become an unchanging law of Camilo's vision of human love, that, once found, it cannot be kept. Whenever couples seem to have achieved settled happiness, some disturbance arises to spoil it: Augusta's idyllic Eden in the Candal in *Onde Está a Felicidade?* is doomed to failure from the day when Guilherme returns to society. It is the innocent trust of António José that no-one will wish to spoil his domestic bliss which brings about his doom in *O Judeu*. The only characters in his work who can be said to be truly happy are those such as Bernardo and Ricardina in *O Retrato de Ricardina*, and Afonso de Teive and Mafalda in *Amor de Salvação*, who find

love without passion late in life.

In the *Mistérios* and its sequel, *O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis*, Father Dinis, whose adult life is spent in expiation of the early murder of his wife, comes to be seen as the instrument of a divine providence which is at best bungling, and at worst malicious towards man. Thus, Alberto describes him in the following terms in the earlier work:

“...e onde estão os amigos de Sebastião de Melo? São seis mortalias... É nosso amigo, eu sei que o é; mas padre Dinis é o instrumento cego de Deus; dá um ósculo de amor, e traz o veneno da morte nos lábios; prepara para os seus amigos um leito de flores, e a sepultura está debaixo delas.”⁷⁰

In the later work, the narrator himself comments on the curse which seems to follow his hero everywhere:

“A não ter existido Sebastião... Seriam, portanto, mais felizes todos; e, sobre todos, feliz aquele que não tivesse nascido. Sebastião, se adormecesse no sono eterno, a par com sua mãe no esquife, seria um anjo na coroa de uma mártir, sacrificada pela paixão.”⁷¹

It is surely also something of this nature which lies behind Camilo's interest in Judaism in the historical novels of the mid-1860's. *O Judeu* does, it is true, contain a considerable number of references to Jewish practices and beliefs; but these are incidental to the real issue, the fate of Antônio José da Silva and his family. There is here no real taste for the exotic flavour of an unfamiliar milieu as there might be with many other Romantics; here the interest is centred on human beings in their suffering. The protagonists are led to what we have known from the dedication of the novel onwards to be an inevitable fate - death at the hands of the Inquisition, thanks to their innocent

but misplaced trust in Duarte, whose scheming and avaricious nature conforms precisely to the traditional image of the very Jews whom he persecutes.

However, the essential point is that no nation on earth has a more tragic history than the Jews; and Camilo would appear to have invested much of his own sense of exclusion into their history. Thus, in *O Judeu*, António José's protest against persecution becomes an expression of a sense of having no place in the world:

“Que se não casem homem e mulher em cuja fronte a sociedade abriu a ferro o estigma da maldição! Dous malditos que se reproduzem em filhinhos amaldiçoados do mundo! A mãe há-de arrancar o peito da boca da criança para seguir o enviado do Santo Ofício; a criança, agonizado de fome, não terá seio de cristã que se lhe abra! Tu não vês uns meninos esfarrapados, que se aconchegam uns dos outros no coberto de S. Domingos? São os filhos dos hebreus que já morreram queimados, e doutros cujos gemidos eles poderiam ouvir, se colassem os ouvidos às paredes negras da Casa Santa, e se os guardas dos calabouços não cortassem com um tagante as carnes dos que gemem. Aqueles meninos não deviam ter nascido! Foram gerados na maldição. Foi perversidade dos pais darem a este mundo aqueles padecentes, que vão ali estender as mãozinhas descarnadas...”⁷²

This notion of the Jews as a race excluded is equally explicit in *O Olho de Vidro*, where Francisco Luís arranges for António's escape to Holland and gives him the following advice:

“...fazes-te mercador, ganhas dinheiro, esqueces a pátria, como se nunca a tivesses, como em verdade não temos...”⁷³

Significantly, in this novel, it turns out that Brás has been unwittingly guilty of incest; the discovery of this fact leads to his permanent separation from Josefa, the “anjo bendito de toda a minha vida”⁷⁴, and requires him to spend the rest of his days in penitent contemplation.

During the period when these novels were produced, the history of Portuguese Jews was a matter of considerable interest to Camilo both as an object of intellectual study and as a subject for fiction: his letters and the books in his library testify to that. In the event, it seems to have been merely a passing interest. Yet the intensity with which it was felt while it lasted indicates that, for him, it carried a significance greater than that which meets the eye.

The sense of exclusion outlined above is not restricted to these novels. Both before the Jewish theme appears and after it disappears, Camilo's novels have exclusion, banishment, separation and exile as frequent motifs. Separation and ultimate reunion form the core of works such as *O Retrato de Ricardina* and many of the *Novelas do Minho*. It is as if man were seen to have been expelled, almost literally, from an earthly Eden, but this expulsion is seen less as a punishment to man than as an offence against him. Even in his guilt, Camilo's attitudes are, at heart, self-centred and conceited.

The notion of Original Sin, as Camilo's existential guilt has been wrongly diagnosed by many critics, leads directly into the supposedly expiatory aspect of the novels which has formed the basis of criticism of Camilo by, amongst others, Pascoais and Jacinto do Prado Coelho, who writes as follows:

“Propenso a uma concepção religiosa da vida, porque lho pedia a sensibilidade, oscilava entre a ideia da expiação a que Deus o condenara pelos seus erros e a negação do próprio Deus, ou pelo menos da interferência de Deus na sorte dos homens.”⁷⁵

Once again, this is the obvious line of approach, as it is invited by Camilo himself, who, in *Cenas Contemporâneas*, was to take up the theme in a way familiar to the reader of *Anátema*:

“Opera-se uma contínua redenção do gênero humano. O homem é, desde o seu princípio, a vítima da culpa com o lábio colocado no cálix da agonia.

A vida sobre a terra é uma interminável expiação. Eu pago pelos crimes de meu pai, meus filhos expiarão os meus crimes e o último ser vivo da animalidade inteligente será o holocausto do primeiro homem criminoso.”⁷⁶

Lourenço sees the following significance for students of Camilo in the influential French work, *Lettres d'une Religieuse Portugaise*:

“Ele instituiu a verdadeira topografia do nosso imaginário prisioneiro do céu, transferindo o seu excesso de romanesco nesse grito sem verdadeiro objecto, desse amor-adoração - sofrimento que se tornará amor-culpabilizado e amor-expiação quando Cristo se retirará da cena erótica da alma portuguesa para dar lugar à criatura mortal, violenta, cruel, contraditória, dos múltiplos heróis e heroínas dos romances e novelas de Camilo.”⁷⁷

It will be noted, however, that this critic sees expiation as being linked not so much to the after-life as to this one. Régio's argument leads in the same direction, although he perhaps does not intend this himself:

“O remorso, a penitência, a expiação, trituram muitos dos seus delinquentes num purgatório que, porém, os fará dignos da Vida.

Na realidade, não serão a penitência e a expiação um meio de conciliar a sedução do mal com a atracção pelo bem?... O pecador ou criminoso que de qualquer modo expia... por assim dizer satisfaz às duas tendências: Pratica o mal e reconhece o bem...”⁷⁸

This line of thought is plausible, but contains a considerable moral danger, that of slipping into the mentality of doing what is attractive in the present and relying on repentance later. If this happens, the “expiation” referred to becomes merely a perverse, but convenient, excuse for further indulgence in sin. In this way, the whole notion of expiation may be cheapened, and thus devalued completely.

Nevertheless, whatever one thinks of this angle on the novels, there is no doubt that there is a degree of intended expiation and self-torment in them. Works such as *Amor de Salvação*, *A Queda dum Anjo* and *O Romance de um Homem Rico* go over the same moral ground so obsessively and from so many different angles, that, even if one questions the form of expiation which is adopted, there can be no doubt that the author was aware of his own sinfulness, and at least *believed* that he was seeking some way of improving himself.

Such attitudes were not uncommon in nineteenth-century literature. Jacinto do Prado Coelho makes comparisons of this aspect of Camilo with figures such as Victor Hugo and Dostoyevsky, while even the first part of Goethe’s *Faust* (written late in the previous century, but still very influential in Camilo’s time) shares a considerable degree of this moral self-doubt⁷⁹. In Portugal, the incest of Madalena and Manuel in Garrett’s *Frei Luís de Sousa* provides another anticipation of this theme. It is, however, not the

sense of expiation itself which Camilo inherits from Hugo; it is merely the urge to be *seen* to be repentant.

Lourenço is not the only critic to cast doubt upon the metaphysical significance of the form of expiation which is to be found in Camilo. Thus, Alexandre Cabral suggests that the punishment for the offences of Camilo's heroes and heroines is found on earth:

"Aceita o romancista as aventuras do amor que a moral e a sociedade condenam, mas quem tem a coragem de se rebelar contra o que está tradicionalmente instituído terá de se sujeitar a terríveis consequências. Acha bem que os amantes se amem, mas acha talvez melhor que eles sofram." ⁸⁰

This notion is the basis of the idea of salvation by suffering, but, in fact, by the time of the most famous novels of the 1860's, such as *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, Camilo's sense of the need for expiation has become so self-centred that, according to him, man can save himself by his own penitence alone. God, therefore, becomes merely incidental to the conception of salvation presented.

Paradoxically, therefore, what appears to be consciously thought of as a spiritual activity may often be no more than another form of human vanity. As the notion of expiation is perceived as a process which brings its own rewards, so the active element in human repentance seems to be channeled less into performing real good and instead becomes concentrated on a narcissistic contemplation of one's own virtue.

Pascoais (perhaps unintentionally) gives grounds for these conclusions:

"... é o remorso que o impele - o seu mais vivo sentimento. Cultiva-o. Peca para aumentar essa angústia, como num ataque perpétuo de masiquismo transcendente... É um sensual

da dor... um místico libidinoso...

Transformar o prazer em sofrimento, a sensualidade em misticismo, eis o carácter de Camilo e a actividade do seu génio.”⁸¹

This, however, has surely become ridiculous self-indulgence. To sin in order to be able to repent is the most perverted form of moral arrogance; for the unspoken assumption of such an attitude is that, if it were not for this indulgence in wrong, one would be perfect anyway. It is subordinating God's power to man's desires. However, the discussion of this matter is best left to an analysis of the novels themselves.

In the companion works *Mistérios de Lisboa* and *O Livro Negro do Padre Dinis*, the story begins with the account of an act of expiation, that of the initial narrator, Pedro da Silva, who travels to Brazil to die in lonely contemplation, and ends with an account of the change made in Sebastião de Melo by his attempts to atone for his earlier sins:

“Sebastião de Melo vaga sozinho na face do mundo.

A expiação principia.”

We then read the opening passage of his diary, which includes the following lines:

“Eu vivo ainda! Diante dos meus olhos é tudo negro. A palavra «esperança» é um insulto à minha agonia. Perdi o ser moral. Não tenho contacto nenhum com a humanidade... e vivo! e ouço uma voz que me diz: «Não morrerás, não morrerás!»”⁸²

The whole tone of these extracts is reminiscent of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. At this stage, the guilt felt is reasonable enough. Sebastião de Melo, inflamed by jealousy, has

murdered his wife, and then spends the rest of his life trying to bring love and reconciliation into the lives of others:

“Para quase todos que o conheceram, Sebastião de Melo
tinha morrido.

Naquele semblante, nem um contorno do antigo homem!

O mundo transfigura-se diante da sua transfiguração.

D. Pedro da Silva, a condessa de Santa Bárbara, Anacleta
dos Remédios são as consolações que Deus lhe manda.

A sua expiação será um longo prazo. Morrerá vinte e dous
anos depois. O mundo verá um santo. A expiação dar-lhe-á um
altar, a lei ter-lhe-ia dado um cadafalso.”⁸³

This authorial comment, which closes the work, sets the seal of approval on a life redeemed by the awareness of one's own imperfection. Nevertheless, there is a note of arrogance in the certainties implied by the use of future tenses here and a moral danger inherent in the leap from one extreme to its opposite in the last sentence. Camilo tended to see many issues in terms of polar opposites, and to suggest that responding to his past in the way that Sebastião does is wholly sufficient for the redemption of the self is dangerous. This applies less to this case, in which the hero welcomes his earthly sufferings as his just deserts, while attempting to do something for others, than for the notion that suffering *per se* is the route to salvation, which was to become a recurrent idea in later novels.

The “Guilherme do Amaral” cycle consists of three novels: *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, *Um Homem de Brios* and *Memórias de Guilherme do Amaral*. Only the first of these can

really be classed as a work of significance; the latter two works seem rather to have been attempts to keep creativity flowing, and are generally passed over in criticism. The third work, in fact, was written several years after the first two, and is by far the weakest of the three. Discussion therefore will be restricted to the first two novels.

These deal with the amorous adventures of the sensitive Guilherme do Amaral, firstly in the world of high society which is alien to him, and then in his dealings with the innocent young seamstress, Augusta. He takes her from her long-standing suitor, Francisco, at a time when she is emotionally vulnerable and then abandons her, unmarried and dishonoured when she is already expecting his child, in order to pursue the love of his flighty cousin, Leonor. The first novel stops at the point where a disillusioned Guilherme returns to Oporto to be told by his friend, the unnamed poet, that Augusta was left destitute and died as an obscure prostitute. In fact, her story has been the opposite: she discovered the money lost by João Antunes in the Prologue, married her previous suitor, and is now the respected Baronesa de Amares.

This novel may be regarded as a work of genuine expiation. Pimentel and António Cabral both mention a romance which the author conducted with a seamstress in Oporto shortly before the writing of the novel⁸⁴. There is no known evidence for such a liaison, which barely merits a mention elsewhere and which even Pimentel discusses only very vaguely; it certainly does not appear to have been a major involvement. What is known is the author's less than honourable conduct towards various girls of such humble background, so that it is not necessary to set up a precise parallel between biography and fiction. Whatever the truth may have been regarding this point of detail, what really matters is not factual correspondence, but the reflection of experience. Earlier in the century there had been a certain literary vogue in France for describing idyllic relationships with seamstresses (for example in the novels of Paul de Kock, or in Hugo's *Les Misérables*), so that it is perfectly possible that Camilo was merely continuing this practice.

The alternative endings given to the story are vital; for, if Guilherme were to return to Oporto to find Augusta as she in fact is, then he would feel no guilt whatsoever at his previous actions. The poet's lie is intended to make him face up to what the results of his past actions could have been; and he feels obliged to work out his emotions by translating Canto II of Espronceda's *El diablo mundo*, the section entitled "A Teresa, Descansa en Paz", which expresses remorse for similar actions.

Nonetheless, this remorse is far from convincing, for, once Guilherme has performed his task, he seems rather unconcerned:

"Tudo isto vem a talho para dizer que o nosso herói depois da meia-noite, abriu a boca, espreguiçou-se, estendeu-se o mais comodamente que pôde sobre o leito... de folhelho, e adormeceu.

Não sabemos de boa fonte os sonhos que teve: está, porém, averiguado que não viu o fantasma da costureira, nem incomodou os outros hóspedes, pedindo socorro, durante a noite." ⁸⁵

Yet it is precisely this lack of remorse on Guilherme's part which makes *Onde Está a Felicidade?* a novel of genuine expiation. The figure of the poet serves two purposes, firstly as a means of allowing the hero to speak his mind, and secondly to act as Guilherme's conscience, as Alexandre Cabral suggests:

" Nesta trilogia, na verdade, o escritor reparte-se por duas personagens complementares: Guilherme do Amaral que actua, e o jornalista que lhe serve de contraponto, que representa a sua própria consciência em estado de vigília." ⁸⁶

The reader thus experiences both the protagonist's feelings and an externalised vision of his moral shortcomings. The fact that Guilherme's "alter ego" remains in Oporto while he himself is abroad allows a sustained vision of Augusta, abandoned, lonely and dishonoured, while the hero, unconcerned by all of this, follows his cousin around Europe, only to be deceived and return home disillusioned to "discover" the sad fate of the seamstress, and react with a very shallow remorse which is intellectualised and disposed of with as little concern as Espronceda's fictional Teresa. Never again was Camilo to pour so much active emotion and pathos into one of his heroines. The female is normally used in the 1860's as a convenient hook on to which male emotion is hung; but here it is Augusta who wins the reader's heart.

It is this fact which really draws the reader's condemnation of Guilherme, and it is this frank look at the kind of person who abandoned Joaquina Pereira and Patrícia Emília de Barros which makes the novel feel like a real exploration of the self. In this work there is a genuine division between the thinking and the acting selves, a genuine enquiry into how one can perform such acts under the blindness of passion, as Jacinto do Prado Coelho suggests:

"Podemos supor o seguinte: depois de abandonar as suas vítimas, Camilo idealizava-as; a piedade por elas e o remorso ficavam-lhe a germinar no subconsciente; a maneira de alijar esse peso era refugiar-se na ficção, reparando, pela ficção literária, a falta cometida." ⁸⁷

Um Homem de Brios, however, is a different kind of work. It continues to explore other possible outcomes of the same story, as Guilherme attempts to recreate the lost idyll with Augusta, but, from an artistic point of view, it is a far less satisfying work than the first, as Prado Coelho also points out:

"Se Camilo exagerou nos *Mistérios de Lisboa* embrulhando

a intriga até ao absurdo, n'*Um Homem de Bríos* caiu no excesso contrário: a novela enfastia porque não tem acção, e Camilo - era ele o primeiro a pressenti-lo - soçobrava no romance de análise, substituindo a observação psicológica por expansões e debates sentimentais." ⁸⁸

It will soon become apparent that what there is of psychological observation is, in fact, of a rather peculiar kind. Nevertheless, this is, in its own way, a work of remarkable virtuosity; other than the death of Augusta and Guilherme's final madness, it adds nothing to the plot of the first novel; yet it contrives to hold the reader for some two hundred pages, always just avoiding the total frustration of his patience. What, in fact, holds this work together is Guilherme's desperation to win Augusta back, a task which is socially impossible due to her sense of honour, but which needs no accomplishing in her heart, as she has always remained true to him.

It is with this twist to the plot that psychological realism begins to break down, and, with it, the expiation which characterises the first novel, for, whereas *Onde Está a Felicidade?* leaves the reader with a rather unpleasant picture of Guilherme, in *Um Homem de Bríos* it is the author himself who should attract criticism for his extreme vanity.

The novel proper opens, not with the Guilherme who shrugged off Augusta's false fate and then reproached the poet for his deception after discovering the truth, but with a different Guilherme, left sleepless by the turn of events ⁸⁹. The whole work then becomes a fantasy not of repentance, but of self-gratification in the thought that such a past victim might still love her seducer. When told that Guilherme did not marry his cousin after all, Augusta's thoughts are spelt out:

"Guilherme não casou; teve saudades de mim, e o remorso venceu a alucinação. Viria talvez chorar comigo, quando soube

que eu casei. Ficou cinco anos para esquecer-se, e eu que nunca
o esqueci... não ousarei chorar com ele? Se eu estivesse livre
poderia ainda ser feliz?”⁹⁰

She goes on to make it clear that she has no hard feelings for Guilherme⁹¹; and it becomes increasingly obvious that, although she has married Francisco, her feelings for him are purely friendly. When Augusta pulls out of her drawer a photograph of Guilherme, she looks at it with tears in her eyes, and the narrator asks:

“Quem lhe atirá a primeira pedra?”⁹²

This line, which is given extra emphasis by its position at the very end of Chapter III of the novel, is a masterpiece of cynical ambivalence, for it could refer to Guilherme as easily as to Augusta. Nevertheless, the principal criticism which one could make here would be based not on morality, but on aesthetics. This “psychology” is merely wishful thinking of the cheapest kind. Perhaps sensing such criticism, the author spends a large section of the following chapter proving that “Há um só amor para cada coração”, and that all subsequent loves are merely passion⁹³. Augusta’s true love, the reader is meant to understand, is Guilherme, no matter what he may have done.

Some sort of grip on common sense is maintained by the poet’s repeated recommendations to Guilherme to leave Augusta in peace and let her get on with her life without him, advice which he ignores, thus ultimately bringing a tragic end upon both himself and Augusta.

In the original work, Francisco spoils the lovers’ idyll by attempting suicide outside their house on the Candal⁹⁴. Here, the roles are reversed, as Guilherme is attacked in the street and taken to the house of Augusta and Francisco to be tended, which affords the couple the opportunity to reflect on the consequences of their actions, as Francisco does here:

“O barão retirou-se desanimado. Quis procurar sua mulher; porém era triste a notícia que lhe levava. Recolheu-se ao seu quarto, e disse no silêncio da sua nobre alma: - Se eu não tivesse casado com minha desgraçada prima, este acontecimento não teria lugar.”⁹⁵

Under such circumstances, people do probe their own actions and often blame themselves unnecessarily for the way that events turn out, as Francisco does here. Nonetheless, he has not done anything wrong, and Camilo is indulging by proxy in a fantasy of misfortune intended to make others feel guilty for usurping Guilherme’s place as Augusta’s “rightful” lover. Once again, Camilo opens the following chapter by a lengthy justification of such reactions in Augusta’s husband, culminating in the apparently generous exhortation to his readers:

“Respeitem esse homem, que é um desgraçado. Não o capitulem de estúpido, por ser bom.”⁹⁶

Nevertheless, what this generosity really amounts to is the wish that, in a similar situation, Camilo might take a man’s wife from him with his blessing; and, indeed, it will become apparent that there were good reasons why Camilo should feel like this at the time. Camilo’s generosity towards Francisco may be reduced to the wish that Guilherme might be allowed to move on and enjoy Leonor while the clock stands still for Augusta, so that he can come back to her as she was.

As we approach the end of the book, the events of the plot are reviewed in the following way:

“Viram-no (Guilherme) também com os olhos fitos na casa onde morou Augusta na Rua dos Arménios; e os moradores da

casa do Candal disseram que um homem triste, vestido de preto, pedira licença para que o deixassem visitá-la por alguns minutos. Acrescentaram que saía tão sufocado, que mal se lhe entenderam as palavras de agradecimento.

Estas dores são das que se não descrevem. Os que tiverem experimentado tais agonias, privilégio amargo dos corações distintos pelo sentimento da saudade, escusam que se lhes descreva Amaral nesses momentos.

Ora, os que não experimentaram, esses não me entenderiam." ⁹⁷

Sympathy is aroused for Guilherme here by encouraging in the reader an exclusive sentimental snobbery; the reader is expected to feel pity for Guilherme rather than scorn. Just to complete the picture, in the Conclusion, we read Augusta's tearful letter of farewell to Guilherme, written on her death-bed ⁹⁸; and, of course, the continual good impression which he makes on women of all types in both novels does nothing to reduce the element of self-flattery in them.

It would be foolish to pretend that the picture is as simple as it has been painted here: the poet continues to give Guilherme good advice in this work, as in *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, which Guilherme continues to ignore, as in the first novel; and, the final comment quoted above concentrates more than anything else on the hero's awareness of his own foolishness. Yet, this is precisely the most important point here: where *Onde Está a Felicidade?* closes by viewing Guilherme from the outside with a degree of criticism, *Um Homem de Brios* closes with a sympathy for him which strays dangerously close to justification on the grounds of passion. It is clear throughout that Guilherme does not serve his own best interests. What is lost in the second novel, however, is the element of guilt, which has been replaced by a complacent fantasy of the importance

which the author would like to possess. The expiatory element which Alexandre Cabral claims to find in *Um Homem de Brtos*, is, in fact, merely an ostentatious sham ⁹⁹.

One wonders why there should there be such a major change of heart between the first novel and its sequel. *Um Homem de Brtos* was first published late in 1856. Alexandre Cabral argues that, by this very time, Camilo was actively seeking to begin an affair with Ana, and that this affair was certainly in progress in 1857 ¹⁰⁰. If this assertion is correct (and the point is argued with the critic's usual meticulous attention to biographical detail), then the reason is clear: Augusta is no longer the fictional version of the seamstress suggested by Pimentel and António Cabral. She is, instead, now representative of Ana. The qualitative change between the two novels is, then, hardly surprising: the author is no longer going over the ground of some past affair to trace where and how he might have gone wrong; he is, rather, immersed in a current passion and declaring why he feels himself justified in it.

There is no expiatory element in this novel. *Onde Está a Felicidade?* expresses true remorse on the part of the author. *Um Homem de Brtos*, however, is like a retraction of that confession, but, as there is not really a great deal to be said in defence of Guilherme, other than that he has been stupid, the defence remains unimpressive. Through the sorrow one cannot help sensing a note of self-congratulation on the part of the author as he considers his own intrinsic worth.

In the next major novel, *Carlota Ângela*, the lovers' separation is ended only after Carlota has taken her full vows in the convent. Upon her death of a broken heart, Francisco remains in the Monastery of Tibães under the name of Frei Francisco da Soledade "para purificar-se e fazer-se digno da esposa que o esperava no Céu." His expiation consists of forgiving Carlota's parents who manufactured the situation which caused her death, and, once they are dead, he dies having nobody more to forgive "em nome de Carlota Ângela". The work then concludes:

"Vede-me do Céu a mim, e a todos os infelizes, almas bem-aventuradas!

Não foi a minha imaginação que vos criou! Logo que eu me senti sofrer em vós, a vossa passagem na terra deixou vestígios." ¹⁰¹

This comment implies a degree of identification on the part of the author with his martyred lovers. How therefore should one regard the events of this book? On the one hand, Francisco's expiation of his sins is ascetic in the extreme; and yet, if this is expiation, it is expiation of a very peculiar sort. For Francisco's sin is only that of loving Carlota, a love which is forbidden not by God, but by man. The lovers' real offence then, here as elsewhere, is the one pointed out by Alexandre Cabral, that they have disturbed the social order, which does not find their love convenient. In the novelist's deepest conception of the work, therefore, they have nothing to expiate, as is implied by the comment of Sister Rufina:

" - Quando assim se amam duas criaturas, a vontade de Deus está nesse amor: tudo o que os homens fizerem contra ele é um sacrilégio, é um atentado contra os desígnios do Altíssimo." ¹⁰²

In other words, what Francisco expiates is not what he has done wrong (for the whole tone of the work is such as to suggest that he has done nothing wrong), but what he has done right which the world has not been able to accept. His expiation, therefore, is really a devious and self-righteous rebuke to man and God. The expiation of *Onde Está a Felicidade?* has, therefore, progressed by way of the vanity of *Um Homem de Brios* to the self-indulgent "virtue" of *Carlota Ângela*.

In *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, the desire for suffering is explicitly stated to be the road

to salvation:

“Ao meu lado, à cabeceira do meu leito de enfermo, com o cotovelo apoiado ao travesseiro húmido de minhas lágrimas, estava uma visão maldita do Senhor, o ministro da flagelação expiatória dos erros da minha vida. A sua boca extravasava de sarcasmos; dos olhos coruscavam-lhe as faúlas, que ressaltavam do coração feito braza infernal; o bafo rescaldava, como língua de fogo.

Era assim a visão maldita do Senhor.

E eu, com o peito arquejante de ânsias, punha aos lábios o travor daquele cálix, e dizia: *Amplius, amplius, Domine!*...

E o Senhor, depois que eu chorei muito, mostrou à minha escuridade um como lampejo de gládio na mão de um arcanjo de semblante formidável de pavor.

Estremeci até à médula dos meus ossos, e ouvi:

- EXPÍIA!

E, desde aquela hora, as minhas agonias têm a doçura do escravo, que conta os dias do captivério remissível.”¹⁰³

This passage is remarkably similar to another one from the same work, already reproduced at p. 119 above, referring indirectly to Ana:

“E ela repelia-me, dizendo:

- Tenho direitos à luz dos teus olhos, ao sangue das tuas artérias, e ao ar dos teus pulmões. Trabalha, escravo!" 104,

and to another, also reproduced in the same context, this time taken from *Mistérios de Lisboa* and referring to the mother of Pedro da Silva:

"... dir-se-ia que era um filho repreendendo o desamor dessa mãe que o abandonara criancinha, e viera procurá-lo adulto para lhe dizer: «Tenho direito ao teu amor, aos teus carinhos, e ao teu respeito porque te dei a existência.»" 105

What lies behind the superficial sense of submission in all of these passages is an abject terror which gives to others only what they can force from him. Camilo's feelings for God are exactly the same as those explored earlier in relation to both Ana and his mother - he wants to gain as much as he can from them at the minimum cost to himself. In the particular case of the passage relating to God, the masochistic yearning for expiation is matched in ferocity only by the sadistic vision of an angry Divinity. One suspects that the extremes of expiation displayed in the novels are based purely and simply on this fear of a God who will never be satisfied: certainly there is little sincere morality here. Such a God is, indeed, the only one who could possibly be seen to have authority by a creature of Camilo's self-importance, an authority based not on moral superiority, but only on greater power.

Osório gives biographical evidence for such extreme fear of being found doing wrong. He tells that in 1851, during his supposedly "mystical" and ascetic phase, Camilo was embarrassed at being discovered in the theatre by Guilhermino de Barros (as Calisto is in *A Queda dum Anjo*), and justified himself by saying that he had come to hear a piece called "*Moisés, que é uma ópera de assunto bíblico*" 106.

This kind of bizarre and unconvincing "spirituality" is a constant of Camilo's work of the 1860's. There is an interesting example of this in *O Santo da Montanha*, where supposedly spiritual values come into conflict with normal morality in a way which smacks of the sort of self-indulgence in sin of which Pascoais writes and which has nothing to do with Christianity and plenty to do with personal vanity. In this novel Frei Baltasar, after some internal debate, borrows a musket (ostensibly to shoot a bird), kills Mécia, and then pretends to be unaware that his shot has "missed" the bird and killed his past beloved whom he cannot bear to see happy with another man:

"Frei Baltasar foi em direção à cela. Caminhava tranquilo como na noite em que vira cair D. José de Noronha.

E Mécia caíra também? Morta, fulminada, com um dos quartos no centro da testa." ¹⁰⁷

In this case, Baltasar is at least portrayed as still having some way to go before he becomes the idealised penitent:

"É necessário crê-lo, ainda que o juiz comissário o não diz: o frade tinha lá dentro nas cavernas do peito uma serpe que o deleitava, despedaçando-o. Dava-lhe látidos de júbilo o coração! Era um apunhalar-se delicioso!..." ¹⁰⁸

However, Baltasar's actions are questioned only in so far as they affect his own spiritual development. Once again, therefore, we have the solipsist's vision that it is only the self which matters. The killing of Mécia is seen as a sin like any other, which, in terms of ultimate Christian salvation, of course, it is; in more immediate moral terms, however, it is much more serious than that. Yet the focus on the situation continues to be internal:

"Era embriaguez de sangue; era a demência dos pecitos, em

cuja razão já se apagou o derradeiro lampejo de esperança em remédio, em reabilitação! Tudo péssimo naquele homem, tudo assombroso de perversidade!" 109

Amor de Perdição is, of course, generally regarded as Camilo's masterpiece. It is certainly his most intensely passionate novel, and its sustained success during the century and a quarter since its first publication testifies to its inherent appeal. However, there is an incident in it similar to the killing of Mécia; while, in more general discussion, much the same criticisms could be levelled at it as at *Carlota Ângela*.

Amor de Perdição suffers from a serious flaw in its conception, first suggested by Sérgio and subsequently followed up by Lawton, namely that the author has not given full and proper consideration to the internal logic of his protagonist. The novel has been defended against these charges by Jacinto do Prado Coelho ¹¹⁰ on the grounds that Sérgio has in turn judged the work purely by the standards of Realist practice which are totally alien to its conception.

This point is certainly valid: Portuguese literature would have been greatly impoverished if *Amor de Perdição* had been written in any way other than it was; and it is wrong to expect Camilo to produce a *Padre Amaro*, for the simple reason that he was not Eça and produced only what his own creative talents inspired in him. *Amor de Perdição* is one of the most moving works of European Romanticism and should be enjoyed within its own ethos.

Nevertheless, this does not mean that one cannot question the vision of life reflected in the novel, and this is perhaps where Lawton's article shows greater insight than Sérgio's. The earlier critic is no doubt wrong in suggesting that the figure of Simão Botelho does not make sense; the important point is that he makes more sense than Camilo would surely have wanted him to.

To illustrate this, let us first examine the central event of the novel, the murder of Baltasar Coutinho by Simão, which is followed by an expiation on earth which begins as soon as the hero has killed his rival. Simão gives himself up to the authorities with remarkable nonchalance:

" - Prendam-no, prendam-no, que é um matador! - exclamou

Tadeu de Albuquerque.

- Qual? - perguntou o meirinho-geral.

- Sou eu - respondeu o filho do corregedor.

- Vossa Senhoria! - disse o meirinho espantado; e, aproximando-se, acrescentou a meia voz: - Venha, que eu deixo-o fugir.

- Eu não fujo - tornou Simão. - Estou preso. Aqui tem as minhas armas.

E entregou as pistolas." ¹¹¹

The astonishment of the bailiff at the identity of the killer, Simão's refusal to flee when offered the chance and his candid admission of his act are clearly intended to make the reader see his inherent nobility. Yet, an alternative reading, which all this strategy cannot abolish, would view Simão's conduct merely as callous self-importance. For there is no note of authorial disapproval for the murder in itself. To Camilo, morality simply does not matter - everything, including human life, may be legitimately sacrificed to the inner development of the individual.

Simão does, indeed, as Lawton suggests, bring many of his troubles down upon his

own head. It is precisely the murder of Baltasar Coutinho which leads to the separation of the lovers. It is not fate which creates the tragedy; the tragic flaw lies in the nature of the protagonist himself, who would rather enjoy the glory of martyrdom than the joys of love:

“Sofra com resignação, da qual eu lhe estou dando um exemplo. Leve a sua cruz, sem amaldiçoar a violência, e bem pode ser que, a meio caminho do seu calvário, a misericórdia divina lhe redobre as forças.”¹¹²

Simão says this to Teresa immediately *before* he kills his rival; the example of resignation which he gives is therefore surely a rather peculiar one. What his resignation amounts to, rather, is surely an avoidance of responsibility:

“O destino há-de cumprir-se... Seja o que o Céu quiser...”¹¹³

The sense of fatalism which Prado Coelho declares governs the novel is, indeed, present in Simão's mind, as in that of the author¹¹⁴. Lawton's point, however, could be refined to take account of this factor, by adding that it is precisely this *attitude* of fatalism, rather than any external influence, which prevents the union of the lovers.

This sense of “fate” is then combined with a childish grievance which Simão tries to disguise as personal honour:

“Poderia viver com a paixão infeliz; mas este rancor sem vingança é um inferno”¹¹⁵

He would rather be thought of in heroic terms while absent than be present to enjoy his love in humdrum normality. Thus, he tells his jailor:

"Eu não tenho família. Não quero absolutamente nada de casa de meus pais. Diz a minha mãe que eu estou sossegado, bem alojado, e feliz, e orgulhoso da minha sorte." ¹¹⁶

Later, when Mariana visits him in prison, he thinks of her:

"Por momentos se lhe esvaiu do coração a imagem de Teresa, se é possível assim pensá-lo. Vê-la-ia porventura como um anjo redimido em serena contemplação do seu Criador; e veria Mariana como o símbolo da tortura, morrer a pedaços, sem instantes de amor remunerado que lhe dessem a glória do martírio." ¹¹⁷

It is interesting to note what he thinks that her love for him lacks - "a glória do martírio"; she is, in fact, the real martyr and the most tragic figure of all in the work, precisely because she has no control over events.

To a degree, Simão's responsibility is diminished: Lawton rightly points out the lack of moral guidance from a family who consistently show no concern for him ¹¹⁸. Certainly, also, the feud between the Albuquerque and the Botelhos is a futile obstacle to place in the way of love. Furthermore, frustrated lovers will rarely be as rational in their reactions as one might wish them to be; and there is a limit to the affronts to pride which one can reasonably ask an individual to accept. Nonetheless, it is as much Simão's own blindness as victimisation by others which causes his downfall.

Prado Coelho's reply to Lawton's criticism of the novel points out that the French critic fails to distinguish between two different types of honour, the empty pride in lineage displayed by society and Simão's personal honour, and that this leads Lawton to be unduly harsh in his judgement of Simão's failure in love. This distinction, however, is completely irrelevant here. The point is that, whatever kind of honour is at stake, all

hope of union with Teresa, which is supposedly Simão's highest aim in life, is lost at the moment when the hero shoots Baltasar, in the full knowledge of what this implies:

"Poderia viver com a paixão infeliz; mas este rancor sem vingança é um inferno. Não hei-de dar barata a vida, não. Ficarás sem mim, Teresa; mas não haverá aí um infame que te persiga depois da minha morte... Hás-de pensar com muita saudade no teu esposo do Céu, e nunca tirarás de mim os olhos da tua alma para veres ao pé de ti o miserável que nos matou a realidade de tantas esperanças formosas." 119

What Simão's honour amounts to, in the light of this passage, is a determination that Baltasar must not have Teresa, even if this means that he cannot have her either. The exhortation to his beloved to remember him is surely based on a particular form of the solipsistic doubt, the distrustful insecurity that she might turn instead to the man whom he describes contemptuously as "o miserável". He cannot face such an affront to his vanity, and therefore makes the cold-blooded decision to kill this rival, even though at this point Baltasar has not killed anybody's hopes, and Teresa has shown not the slightest inclination towards him. Just as Camilo was totally unscrupulous in the conduct of his polemics because he could not bear to lose, Simão would rather throw Teresa away himself than face up to the remotest prospect of losing her in a fair contest with Baltasar.

At one point, Simão advises Mariana's father:

"Vá consolar essa criatura, que nasceu debaixo da minha má estrela... Salve-a, para que neste mundo fiquem duas irmãs que me chorem." 120

What he is really concerned about is not what happens to her as such, but that

somebody should be left to remember him after he has gone. This is essentially the same insecurity as leads Camilo himself to repeatedly look at the world through the horseshoe-shaped telescope of the solipsist in his poetry: all attempts at relating to the world lead back only into the self.

The expiation which the lovers endure is not the tragic result of being human. This expiation is, rather, an unwillingness to enter into fruitful communion with the world in just the same way as the author attempted to evade the responsibilities of having a wife and family in his first marriage, and postponed marrying Ana as long as was humanly possible. Simão evades the demands of love by becoming a martyr to love. The dreams which he and Teresa have of an idyllic "casinha... defronte de Coimbra, cercada de árvores, flores e aves" never become reality¹²¹, and if they did, might well end up like Guilherme do Amaral's idyll on the Candal in *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, as a bitter memory of love that has died.

Love, for Camilo, is worthwhile only as long as it is not satisfied. Making something out of love requires a devotion to others which this essentially self-centred person was not prepared to offer. The opportunities to wallow in martyrdom, self-pity, and self-imposed isolation possess their own childish attractions, especially to an individual of Camilo's capacity for over-idealised self-delusion. The "Amor de Perdição" of the title might be translated into English either as "love which leads to perdition" or as "love of perdition". Camilo would probably have chosen the former version; but the latter, nonetheless, is, in many respects, more appropriate.

D. The “*Almas Eleitas*”.

Camilo's reaction to the problem of human suffering is essentially individualistic, and therefore of the kind which one would expect of a person of solipsistic tendencies. Works such as *Carlota Ângela* give vent to a sense of frustration that a world originally visualised as having been created by God and therefore expected to be perfect does not, after all, satisfy the desires of the individual. Yet, there is in this wish a logical difficulty of which the author himself was well aware.

The plot of this novel revolves around the conflict of wills between Carlota and Francisco on the one hand, and Carlota's family on the other, so that one party or the other must, inevitably, be disappointed with what God is presumed to have decreed. The logical response to this dilemma would be to re-examine one's premises and revise the naïve notion of a God whose job it is to grant the wishes of his creatures in their earthly conflicts. However, Camilo's conception of the personal God is a superficially attractive one, and if this idea is once accepted, there is only one possible way out of this dilemma: God must be presumed to prefer one person's wishes to those of another.

This is, in fact, the solution adopted. Amidst the growing tragedy of *Carlota Ângela*, a note of light relief is added when Norberto de Meireles, Carlota's father, rails at God in the same way as Francisco:

“Teimoso e cabeçudo como um filósofo, argumentava contra a religião, alegando em favor da sua herética parvidade que se houvesse Céu e Inferno não estava ele arroteiro sem o seu pecúlio, porque tinha sido sempre bom cristão, e fora roubado por hereges.”¹²²

The reason for the irony in this context is that the father's preoccupation is with

material loss which the author regards as insignificant beside the lovers' tragedy, which, in fact, Norberto himself has helped to bring about. Accordingly, Camilo shows no sympathy to this man, treating him rather with a vicious irony.

While Norberto is stupid and cruel, his actions are certainly no more morally reprehensible than those of Simão Botelho, for example. The difference is, quite simply, that the author prefers one character to another. No criticism can be made of this fact in itself. What is unacceptable, however, is that, on this basis, Camilo should divide humanity (both in real life and in fiction) into two groups: those whose ambitions and feelings are worthy of almost infinite consideration, and those, such as Carlota's father, who are accorded no sympathy whatsoever.

Such selectivity of vision lies at the heart of the notion stressed by Alexandre Cabral of the "almas eleitas". This is merely a variation upon a Romantic commonplace. Goethe's *Werther* and Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, two of the most influential works of European Romanticism in general, and both well known to Camilo, were perceived as exalting the refined sensitivity of the subjective soul. Certainly in the case of the German work, many of the subtleties were lost, both in translation and in the movement from one cultural context to another. However, it is the reception accorded to the work which is of importance. This stimulated a glorification of the overwhelming passions both of Werther himself and of those people who, unlike the normal, thicker-skinned members of the population, were sufficiently sensitive to shed tears with him.

This notion of the sensitive soul, "de choro fácil", which was so beloved of the Wertherian brand of Romanticism, has its origins in aesthetic, not in moral categories. There will always be personalities who are prone to particularly strong emotional response; and the world of artistic creativity would be all the poorer without them. Camilo's mistake is to elevate this sentimental tendency to a moral category which he believes places him beyond the law.

Alexandre Cabral points towards the danger here, that the notion of the “alma eleita” allows Camilo to be righteous in theory and irresponsible in practice, as is the fictional Calisto Elói:

“Não admira, portanto, que os «eleitos» architectassem e se atormentassem com idílios *impossíveis* (quando a amada era comprometida ou a diferença de fortunas e de nascimento implicava com os sentimentos), nos quais os delírios da libido se metamorfoseavam em tristezas, provavelmente sentidas, de imagináveis tragédias...

Achavam eles que constituíam um grémio de *fidalgos*, a seu modo, em que o gênio, ou simplesmente o talento, representava pergaminhos de nobreza mais honrosos que os títulos comprados à Coroa a peso de ouro (entretanto, em ocasião oportuna, não lhes repugnava requerer e aceitar também esses galardões), e lhes dava carta branca na loucura frenética dos prazeres mundanos.”¹²³ (Cabral's italics)

In his critique of Camilo's type of writing in *As Farpas*, Eça also detected this kind of moral snobbery which he saw as operating to the detriment of those more prosaic characters who lead normal working lives rather than inhabiting an idealised world of sentiment:

“Júlia pálida, casada com António gordo, atira com as algemas conjugais à cabeça do esposo, e desmaia liricamente nos braços de Artur, desgrenhado e macilento. Para maior comoção do leitor sensível e para desculpa da esposa infiel, António trabalha, o que é uma vergonha burguesa, e Artur é vadio, o que é uma glória romântica.”¹²⁴

Eça was, in fact, to repeat the same charges in slightly different form in 1886 in his preface to Luis de Magalhães' *O Brasileiro Soares* ¹²⁵. The extract above is, admittedly, aimed at a whole range of writers of Camilo's kind, who were, for the most part, vastly inferior to him and who are now mainly forgotten. One should also bear in mind the fine balance which Camilo always sought to draw between the ideal world which his characters inhabit in their minds and the more prosaic context into which they are placed physically.

Nevertheless, is this not - possibly in rather exaggerated terms - a fair summing-up of Camilo's attitudes? In *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, Hermenegildo can hardly be blamed for wondering why his wife has sold the jewellery which he gave her. Yet he is presented as vulgar and materialistic for doing so. Similarly, as Sérgio argues, it is hard to criticise Tadeu de Albuquerque for refusing his daughter to an idealistic trouble-maker such as Simão Botelho ¹²⁶; and much the same could be said of Leonardo's refusal to allow his daughter to marry the dreamy Bernardo Moniz in *O Retrato de Ricardina*. Camilo himself, furthermore, repeatedly shied away from any regular job which would have threatened his ability to remain within his own mental world ¹²⁷. To Camilo, to be normal was a sign of inferiority; he had to prove his own exceptional nature in all areas of life, and his fictional heroes are regularly permitted similarly special consideration.

Nevertheless, neither Cabral's criticisms nor Eça's go far enough. If Camilo's assumptions had implications only for individual emotional development, then the worst criticism which could be made of them would be that, if carried to extremes, they were ridiculous. However, they permit Camilo to go further than that; they permit him to indulge in the most bizarre perversions of spirituality, both in his fiction and in real life.

There is, for example, the remarkable double-think involved in his attitudes towards Vieira de Castro, the friend whom he saw as being in many ways like himself and who, most significantly, had written a spirited defence of Camilo's life and personality at the

time of his trial. Vieira de Castro was someone, therefore, to whom Camilo was well-disposed; and gratitude for such favours is by no means an unworthy sentiment.

However, Vieira de Castro, having killed his wife on the discovery of her adultery, was thereafter convicted of murder and sent into exile in Africa, where he died. There can be little doubt that the deceived husband suffered considerable agonies; there may even have been considerable mitigating circumstances for his actions, to which he openly confessed. Clearly, there were some grounds for sympathy with him in his shame, so that there is nothing wrong in Camilo's offer of emotional support to a friend undergoing trial for a criminal offence. This, however, is a quite different thing from justifying criminal actions themselves.

Yet this is precisely what Camilo attempts to do. Vieira de Castro's contribution to Camilo's *Correspondência Epistolar* reveals a man of an over-refined sentimentality similar to Camilo's, a man who talks of the attractions of suicide, nostalgia for the past, and his gratitude to the author for his efforts on his behalf. He is, in other words, another of Camilo's "almas eleitas". It is not surprising, therefore, that Vieira de Castro should have chosen to defend his crime on the grounds of overwhelming passion:

"O meu crime defende-se pelos dois motivos que o inspiraram: o amor apunhalado em mim, e o respeito último por mim prestado à mão homicida desse amor. Esta é que é a base! Em mim; porque em mim esta é que é a verdade! Eu defenderia o marido que matasse, se esse marido tivesse morto: por ter amado; e por haver salvado o único respeito compatível com a memória da metade do seu nome!

Esta a base da defesa.

Agora, como provar?

Com a premeditação.

A premeditação é a eloquência, é a dignidade, é a santificação destes crimes!”¹²⁸

The murderer actually admits to the crime being premeditated, and expects this hopelessly self-centred defence to be accepted in a court of law. Needless to say, the jury took a more cynical view, and Vieira de Castro lost the case. The remarkable fact in this context, though, is that Camilo accepted the defence without question. His preface to the *Correspondência Epistolar* opens by suggesting that, in killing his wife, Vieira de Castro gave her the glory of martyrdom instead of the abuse to which she would have been subjected by society as an adulteress¹²⁹.

Nor is this merely rhetoric designed to encourage a friend in need; Camilo really seems to have believed in this warped morality. Girodon notes that in a very private source, a marginal note made on Renan's *Les Apôtres* at the lines:

“Tuer l'apostat, le blasphémateur, frapper le corps pour sauver l'âme, devait paraître tout légitime” (with underlining by Camilo),

Camilo has added the comment:

“Tese sustentada por V. de C. quando matou a mulher: que lhe matava o corpo para a tornar simpática ao mundo pelo martírio e digna do céu pela expiação do adultério.”¹³⁰

Camilo takes Vieira de Castro's side, because he is a friend and a fellow member of his sensitive élite, without seeming to realise that, by the same reasoning, Pinheiro

Alves would have been perfectly justified in killing Ana.

In his letters to the murderer, Camilo consoles him by saying that he had done only what honour required:

“Amaste-a. Eu sei que sim, porque sei como a tua alma é feita. Cegou-te a desonra. Não pudeste com o opróbrio recebido, e com o que havia de seguir-se no decurso da vida de ambos... um homem, levemente ofendido por um amigo indiscreto, vai ao campo da honra, e mata-o.”¹³¹

Then, perhaps seeing the practical risks of a defence based on premeditation, in a later letter he seeks to present the same idea in a slightly different light:

“As horas que decorreram desde a infiltração do veneno que te assaltou o coração até à explosão terrível, não devem chamar-se *premeditação*. Esse período foi o elógio da tua índole. Deram-te a punhalada: a chaga cancerou-se, a gangrena generalizou-se. Era preciso o decurso de horas e dias.”¹³²

Vieira de Castro is, in short, visualised as being so sensitive and in such need of emotional protection that the affront to his dignity caused by his wife's infidelity excuses his every reaction to it. Before judgement was passed, Camilo wrote to him:

“O meu convencimento, mais do que vaticínio, é que serás absolvido. Se o não fosses, todo homem de honra e pejo deveria vestir luto. A tua condenação será um marco da franca estrada da corrupção.”¹³³

Yet, here, as in the fictional killings of Baltasar Coutinho and D. Mécia, we must

remember that this is a case of murder with which we are dealing. Camilo has perhaps conducted a good public relations exercise on behalf of his friend, but what of the adulterous wife? The impression which is left of her is that she was wholly promiscuous, and, further, that she deserved all that she got. In actual fact, Vieira de Castro's wife was simply a woman who, like Camilo's own Ana, had sexual relations with a man other than her husband. Such an act, no doubt, falls short of moral ideals, but it is not to be placed in the same category as premeditated killing. Typically of the solipsist, however, Camilo regards his friend's protestations of a deeply felt inner love for his wife as a "carte blanche" for any actions in the physical world which will preserve this image in his own mind. There is here a clear parallel with Camilo's advice to José Augusto years earlier not to attempt an elopement with Fanny Owen:

"O anjo que foge do seio da sua família, deixa lá dentro as
asas, e fora da porta é mulher." ¹³⁴

In other words, in Camilo's vision of the case, Vieira de Castro was justified in killing his wife because he could not cope with the more unpleasant aspects of real life. When his wife failed to live up to his idealised expectations of her virtue, he killed her in order to preserve his fictitious image of her, just as, in *Amor de Perdição*, Simão Botelho kills Baltasar Coutinho in order to avoid the challenge of building relationships with real people. The sympathy shown to Vieira de Castro by Camilo goes far beyond that due to him: it becomes a dangerously sentimental forgiveness similar to the licence shown to Guilherme do Amaral in *Um Homem de Brios*.

This misapplication of the idea of the soul of superior sensitivity as being simply superior has enormous dangers, especially when it is combined with an equally dubious version of Christianity. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted... Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely", says Christ ¹³⁵. These two extracts from the Beatitudes, if taken out of context, could be used to suggest a sentimental religion which rewards

the unfortunate in a sugary-sweet Heaven for the mere fact of suffering on Earth.

And, indeed, critics have not been slow to point out the novelist's capacity for sympathy with the downtrodden and unfortunate. Thus, Jacinto do Prado Coelho points out that the ideology of the age led to an easy pity for criminals, amongst other marginalised groups in society:

“O egotismo romântico, em que se integram o sonho delirante, a confiança sentimental, a idealização do passado e a sátira filha do despeito, torna impossível, à primeira vista, qualquer interesse positivo pelo bem comum. Mas se a hipersensibilidade leva o homem a fechar-se ciosamente no seu mundo íntimo, afastando-se dos outros homens, leva-o também, por vezes, a comungar mais intensamente na dor alheia, a interessar-se por tudo que possa melhorar a mesquinhez da nossa condição.”¹³⁶

Perhaps it could be argued, then, that, even if Camilo occasionally allows too much licence for wrongdoing, this is merely because some instinctive sense of love for all of humanity blinds him to these potential dangers, and leads him to forgive his fellow man once too often rather than to risk condemning him precipitately. One can, in short, see how it could be said that Camilo's faults are not inconsistent with Christian ethics, but actually illustrate the incompatibility of these ethics with an apparently irredeemably fallen world. It is this idea which, ultimately, underlies Prado Coelho's argument.

Yet, there is another possibility here: if Camilo had some strong personal reason for this indulgence towards wrong, it could not be attributed merely to a misguided excess of love. It would, rather, soon become apparent that his defence of the interests of others was, in reality, nothing more nor less than cynical self-seeking. There are, indeed, considerable grounds for believing that such may have been the case; first, however, it

is necessary to explore some further cases of Camilo's alleged sympathy for the outcast.

Doubts as to the sincerity and depth of Camilo's alleged compassion must be raised initially when it is realised that this supposed sensitivity is partly literary in its origins, following in the tradition of French authors such as Victor Hugo and George Sand; Camilo, who lived as much in the world of fiction as in that of real life, could be merely indulging here in a literary fashion. However, even without any such considerations, the works themselves do little to bear out any sign of sincere charity. The most obvious example of the supposed pity for the unfortunate in Camilo is *Memórias do Cárcere*. Chapter XII of this work opens:

"Darei o que posso aos meus amigos: um capítulo no livro que relembra uma época de provação de amigos.

Entreí na cadeia, suspeito de que tinha poucos; e saí obrigado a muitos. Os poucos, em que eu fiava, na minha boa-fé e supina ignorância da humanidade, era uma gente com quem me tinha aliado em dias bafejados da fortuna. Destes, raros vi na cadeia, e mais raros ainda ficaram estranhos ao bando dos meus inimigos...

Amigos verdadeiros são os que nos acodem inopinados com valedora mão nas tormentas desfeitas. Esses vêm de Deus, e cumprem a mensagem divina de dizer ao infeliz que o Criador, formando o homem, não estava caprichando no requintar a sua onnipotência em abortos de ferocidade e velhacaria." ¹³⁷

The work is then filled with recollections of criminals whom Camilo met in prison, many with disturbing personal histories of misfortune which led them into crime, but who, nonetheless, were, according to him, often worthy people. The following passage,

where the author records a dream which he had of the miseries of prison life, is typical of the work:

“Pus os olhos fitos nas chagas de Jesus, e disse:

«Ó Cristo! O teu código tem mil e oitocentos e sessenta anos!
A justiça dos homens é haurida dos teus divinos preceitos!
Contempla da tua cruz, ó filho de Deus, esses homens que te
maldizem, porque ninguém lhes ensina que a justiça, que assim
os mata, não é obra tua, Senhor Deus de Tiberíades, do Cedron,
do publicano, da adúltera, de Dimas, e de Madalena!»¹³⁸

It is noticeable here that Camilo has chosen to link Christ directly with well-known forgiven sinners, and that, by an allusion to the wounds in Christ's side, he tries to present the criminal as sharing in His Passion. Yet, here one should be wary of over-sentimentalising and over-romanticising the criminal. Poverty and misery do, indeed, drive some people into crime; others, however, commit offences in the full knowledge of what they do and therefore deserve punishment. In the case of this second kind of criminal, it is surely nothing short of blasphemy for a supposed Christian to identify suffering under these circumstances with that of Christ.

Camilo's earlier distinction between true and false friends is perfectly valid; and true friends can no doubt be made in prison, as elsewhere. However, it is over-simplistic to suggest, as Camilo appears to do here, that true Christianity cannot be found in normal society. There is surely an element of wish-fulfilment in this: respectable society had put Camilo into prison for his offence against its moral code, so Camilo inverts the moral hierarchy of that society which is judging him. His experiences in prison simply supply him with the material to do so.

Even so, if this sympathy, whatever its origins, were to lead to some greater good,

it could still be said to be beneficial, if not actually virtuous. Life in prison was a matter of considerable humanitarian concern in contemporary Portugal: Lopes de Mendonça wrote upon the subject in his *Cenas da Vida Contemporânea*; while Camilo's arch-enemy, the Liberal Aires de Gouveia, published a work entitled *A Reforma das Cadetas em Portugal*. Interestingly, this work is attacked by Camilo in the final chapter of *Memórias do Cárcere*, where he rejects the author's suggestions that the prison environment is an essentially brutalising one. Camilo, instead, prefers his own vision of prison life as the source of much human goodness:

“Os presos são tão humildes, que se perfilam em alas à chegada de um estranho. Entrei diversas vezes nos salões, e admirei a compostura e seriedade de centenaes de homens, que por mim só tinham a deferência de quem se compadece dos nossos infortúnios.”¹³⁹

Camilo's fame, however, ensured him privileged treatment during his time in prison, and he did not have to endure the indisputable difficulties of attempting survival alongside men who, in some cases, had committed crimes of violence, or who had become so accustomed to the criminal life-style that they could hardly conceive of an alternative way of life.

One should not discount the element of personal grievance here. If this book had been written by anyone other than Aires de Gouveia, Camilo might well have ignored it. However, if he had been as genuinely concerned as he claimed for the welfare of convicts, he would surely have seen the need for some attempt at rehabilitation of people who had strayed into crime through personal misfortune of the kind which he himself emphasised so strongly. Fundamentally, however, what he sought to refute in Aires de Gouveia's work was the notion of any form of humanitarian sympathy based upon a recognition of evil in criminal society; for this would have required the abandonment of his complacency regarding his own moral situation.

The paradox which Prado Coelho finds in Camilo's sympathy for the unfortunate is, therefore, illusory: Camilo's supposed concern for others is once more shown to be merely self-indulgent sentimentality. Any genuine attempt to improve the lot of prisoners would remove the objects of his sympathy, who are more important to him in this role than in that of human beings in their own right. Once more the solipsist sees others cast only as supporting actors to his own leading part.

Coração, Cabeça e Estômago provides another case in point in the contrast between Marcolina, "A mulher que o mundo despreza" and Paula, "A mulher que o mundo respeita". The latter, who is ~~worthy~~, plays with men's feelings and leads a generally dissolute life; the former, forced by poverty into prostitution, acts with genuine concern for those to whom she is close. This inversion of moral expectations is perfectly legitimate, although hardly original.

However, the ironic reflection contained in the titles to the sections of the work referring to the two women is invalid. The implication is that Paula's case is typical of the generality of respectable society, and that conventional morality is therefore totally worthless. This, however, is quite a different matter from the judgement of extreme cases such as those of Marcolina and Paula: some prostitutes are indubitably evil, some rich women are virtuous, and vice-versa. Camilo's implied generalisation is made within the context of certain personal circumstances which colour it with a jaundiced subjectivity.

This is essentially the same complacent arrogance as that which leads Vieira de Castro to base his defence in part on the notion that he was to be judged by "respectable" society, that is, by people whose own standards he regarded as unworthy of such a rôle:

"Refiro-me a degredos, e às penas, maiores ou menores, que possam vir-me das sentenças de homens que eu nem posso odiar pelo imenso que os desprezo." ¹⁴⁰

It is all very well to say that the *practice* of conventional morality was hypocritical: no doubt it was. This, however, is quite different from saying that the morality involved is itself invalid; it is of the essence of Christian ethics that they will always be, in a sense, "hypocritical", in so far as no man can live up to such ideals. But to declare oneself above the law on such flimsy grounds as Vieira de Castro did is an extremely dangerous act, and for the law to accept the principle of killing for love would have been an equally dangerous precedent. Camilo himself, in *O Judeu*, was to portray the abuses to which such misplaced idealism could lead with reference to the Inquisition, as is made explicit in one heavily ironic passage of the novel:

"A Inquisição, por facilitar o caminho do Céu aos judeus, aliviava-os do peso dos bens terrestres, e convertia estes bens em regalias dos fiéis." ¹⁴¹

Camilo seems to have sensed no inconsistency between this passage and his application of moral categories to his own life. The decisive factor in shaping the vision of *O Judeu* is that the author identified with the Jews rather than with their persecutors, and, characteristically, adopted the moral stance found most convenient to the party which he favoured .

It is more usual, however, to find Camilo's heroes setting themselves up with attitudes towards established morality which closely parallel those of Vieira de Castro. Thus, in *A Filha do Arcediago*, Rosa Guilhermina writes to Paulo:

"Já não sou de mim própria quando cometo a estranha temeridade de escrever-lhe. Separo-me das leis do meu sexo, e declaro-me muito forte na minha fraqueza para abandonar loucamente à vontade caprichosa dum sentimento, que pode desonrar-me, mas que me absolve na consciência." ¹⁴²

It is precisely this insistence on the maintenance of personal independence at all costs which frequently leads Camilo's characters (Simão Botelho, Carlota Ângela, Bernardo Moniz, and Maria da Glória, to name only four) into conflict with society, a conflict in which they must inevitably be defeated. It is unlikely, however, that Camilo ever paused to consider the dangers and inconsistencies of his world-vision: the whole basis of his work is a spontaneous sympathy for certain people in certain situations. He was not the type of writer who consciously thought out the construction or the implications of his work.

What Camilo asks for on Vieira de Castro's behalf when he says that he must be acquitted is not Christian forgiveness (which requires remorse on the part of the guilty party), but forgiveness without any strings attached. Once again, Camilo asks - if not, this time, on his own behalf, then on behalf of someone in whom he saw himself reflected - the right to take infinitely without giving anything in return.

An interesting distortion of a Biblical text in *O Judeu* is relevant here. Francisca, concerned at the love of the Jewess, Maria, for her son, Jorge, expresses her worries to her father, whose venerable wisdom and gentle tolerance clearly imply the author's approval of his thoughts on the matter:

"...Seria o sangue do coração, que lhe subiu ao rosto a pedir-te misericórdia.

- E hei-de eu tê-la?

- Porque não, se Jesus Cristo a teve com mulheres criminosas?!... Maria é uma daquelas a quem Jesus diria: «Vai em paz, que não pecaste.»¹⁴³

In fact, Jesus Christ never said anything of the kind. The incident to which Camilo seems to be alluding is that of the woman caught in adultery, whom Christ saved from the punishment of men and admonished in the following terms:

"And Jesus said unto her, 'Neither do I condemn thee: go,
and sin no more.' " 144

There is a world of difference between forgiving and condoning; Jesus does not condemn the woman, but neither does he question her guilt. The passage in *O Judeu* suggests that Camilo either did not, or would not, take note of this distinction.

The true character of the Sermon on the Mount is not as simple as Camilo seems to have thought. It is a message of consolation for those who are troubled in this life, but no guarantees are offered, and there is a sting in the tail:

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after
righteousness... Blessed are the merciful... Blessed are they
which are persecuted for righteousness' sake... Ye are the salt
of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall
it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out,
and to be trodden under foot of men." 145

The tone of these extracts is sterner than Camilo's understanding of the Christian life; rewards are offered, but something is expected in return. Mere sentimentality will not suffice. Adherence to a certain code is required, and this aspect of Christianity is glossed over completely by Camilo in cases such as that of Vieira de Castro and, by implication, in *Memórias do Cárcere*.

If Aires de Gouveia's views on prison life are dismissed largely because of Camilo's personal dislike for him, it is equally interesting to notice how easily the novelist's

judgement was influenced favourably in the case of Antero de Quental. Dias da Costa notes that, in Camilo's copy of the poet's *Odes Modernas*, his vicious annotations stop shortly before the poem "Ideias" which was dedicated to him¹⁴⁶. What was previously dismissed as badly constructed verse and pedantically criticised for its content is, from this point onwards, spared any criticism whatsoever for another one hundred and seventeen pages of the text.

This pattern is gradually becoming clearer, and in a way which is entirely consistent with the mental make-up of the solipsist: it is evident that Camilo's ability to understand other people's predicaments, his response to others generally, indeed his whole notion of morality, was entirely dependent upon how the situation affected himself. For confirmation of this we need only examine the circumstances under which he does *not* display the same indulgence as he does to his favoured characters and real-life friends.

The moral vision of the novels frequently depends upon a somewhat patchy application of nineteenth-century ideas of determinism. *O Romance de um Homem Rico* is an interesting attempt to balance the conflicting calls of the need for human freedom and the vulnerability of man to external influence. It has already been noted in Chapter One that Álvaro is presented as achieving salvation with the aid of his mother. Nevertheless, he ultimately overcomes the challenge of evil and achieves salvation partly through his own merit. The evil which he does have to face, however, is presented as being only incidentally a matter of his own responsibility. In effect, the reader is encouraged to allow Álvaro to have his cake and eat it: the good, if not ascribed solely to him, is at least held to his credit, while the unfortunate Leonor is mercilessly expected to shoulder the entire responsibility for what is evil in his life.

For her function in terms of narrative structure is to teach the protagonist the vanity of normal human preoccupations - a lesson already learnt by his mother in her years of isolation. Leonor is, when viewed objectively, merely a girl who is expected from an early age to become Álvaro's partner in life and who discovers in adulthood that he is

not really meant for her. We are encouraged to see in her abandonment of him for the more passionate poet, Miguel de Sotto-Maior, a tendency to deceit and sensuality to which she herself confesses in somewhat clichéd terms after suffering a symbolic paralysis as a direct result of her own evil-doing:

“ - Valho hoje mais, Álvaro! Perdi meio corpo, e ganhei o coração! - respondeu ela. - A primeira paralisia era a pior...”¹⁴⁷

Yet, her past spiritual “paralysis” is, in fact, merely the manifestation of quite normal sexual tendencies engaged in an internal struggle with an awareness of what is expected of her by others. If Álvaro had been placed in a similar position, then the vision of the character’s internal life presented to us would have been quite different. This is amply illustrated by reference to *Amor de Salvação* where Afonso de Teive, the figure who represents the author, is faced by this situation. There it is Afonso who is seen to conform to morality in his half-hearted feelings for his childhood betrothed, Palmira; in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, on the other hand, it is Leonor who is seen as being unfaithful in her less than total devotion to Álvaro. Both women are conceived as being of no significance in themselves: they exist only for the benefit of Álvaro and Afonso respectively.

The figure who represents Pinheiro Alves in *Amor de Salvação* is the bombastically named Eleutério Romão dos Santos. Here is an interesting case; the man who, in reality, is the totally innocent victim of the situation, the husband whom Palmira leaves in order to be with Afonso, is not given the benefit of the same understanding as the hero. Instead, Camilo resorts to the same tactics which he employed so often in his polemics when argument could not win the day: ridicule and vilification, to the point where the character is no longer seen as as worthy of any consideration whatsoever.

Thus, Eleutério is presented as being stupid to a quite ludicrous degree:

“Eleutério tem vinte e dous anos; quis aprender a ler com seu tio padre Hilário; mas a natureza opôs-se-lhe, logo que ele, após um ano de canseira, entrou a soletrar palavras de três sílabas. Vencido pela natureza, padre Hilário desistiu, visto que lhe era vedado arejar o cérebro do sobrinho por uma fresta aberta a machado.”¹⁴⁸

This impression is reinforced when the cuckold intercepts a letter sent to Palmira by Afonso but is not capable of understanding its contents¹⁴⁹. Clearly, when a character is treated with such contempt by his creator, the reader is encouraged to accept that Afonso may legitimately treat him as he will. Similar treatment is, in fact, applied to figures such as Baltasar Coutinho, Simão's rival suitor in *Amor de Perdição*, and Hermenegildo Fialho in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, with his materialist obsessions and his repeated malapropisms.

Camilo, then, finds excuses for his characters' actions as and when this suits his purpose. Yet it would be unfair to suggest that this process is entirely deliberate. It would appear, rather, to be a consequence of an essentially fragmented point of view which prevents him from taking any more objective stance upon the situations which he describes. Thus, he closes the semi-factual *Memórias do Cárcere* with the following brief Conclusion, which is essentially irrelevant to what has gone before, and is clearly an attempt at self-justification:

“Fecham-se as MEMÓRIAS.

Há nelas uma grande lacuna. Eu devia ter dito por que estive preso um ano e dezasseis dias. Não disse, nem digo, porque verdadeiramente ainda não sei por que foi.”¹⁵⁰

There can be little doubt that Camilo received spiteful treatment from respectable

Oporto society at the time of his imprisonment and trial; and adultery would have seemed to many then - as it is certainly regarded now - an offence which hardly merits the status of a crime. However, to state, even for exaggerated effect, that he is *unaware* of the reasons for his imprisonment is nonsense. Camilo is obviously well aware of the reasons for his prosecution - he simply sees them as irrelevant and regards his act of adultery as having no dimension of moral dubiety whatsoever. It is as if Pinheiro Alves had no right to a say in the matter at all, which, is, in fact, precisely the way in which the reader is encouraged to view Hermenegildo, Eleutério and other rivals of the fictional heroes.

Even when Camilo does contemplate the harsher implications of the Christian morality to which he pays lip-service elsewhere, he does so in terms which are as extreme in their stern lack of forgiveness as his view of Vieira de Castro is extreme in its sentimentality. In *Anátoma*, in fact, there is a factual error which betrays more than the author might have wished of his understanding of Christian morality:

“Depois que Cristo disse em vão: *Não furtarás* - ninguém deve esperar nada do mandamento de um pai que diz a sua filha - *Não amarás*. Cristóvão da Veiga trovejou do alto do seu *Sinai* paterno, quando quis gravar a sua lei, não em tábua imorredoura como a do Altíssimo, mas no coração impersistente de sua filha.”¹⁵¹

It was, of course, not Christ, but Moses who brought the Ten Commandments down from Mount Sinai; and this astounding confusion suggests a failure on Camilo's part to distinguish between the apparently negative commands found in Exodus, and the more obviously positive New Testament. This is especially the case when one bears in mind that here Christ is likened to Cristóvão da Veiga, who has more in common with the popular image of the fearful Jehovah of the Old Testament. In other words, Camilo is perfectly well aware of the judgemental side of traditional Christianity, but, typically,

he does not see this as a balance to the gentler aspects of the religion. Instead, he sees judgemental morality as a totally separate code which should be invoked in those cases where antinomian sentimentality is not seen (by Camilo himself) to be appropriate.

It is perhaps a similarly negative view of religious morality which influences the anti-clerical sentiment found in some of the novels. One thinks, for example, of the grim Father Leonardo of *O Retrato de Ricardina*, or of the superficial piety displayed at the corrupt convent of Monchique in *Amor de Perdição* which serves to justify by contrast what many might see as the lovers' immorality. Christian morality, however, is neither all fire and brimstone, nor all sentimental forgiveness. It is, once again, characteristic of Camilo that he should alternate between extreme polarities rather than seek a balanced view, in this as in other aspects of his thought.

The sentimental pole is extended to become a notion, ever-present in the novels, that Christianity exists exclusively for the unfortunate, and that, for this reason, sin may be totally discounted. This becomes blatant in the misleading scriptural allusion in *O Judeu* quoted above, and is implicit in the passage taken from *Memórias do Cárcere* where God is invoked as the God of the publican and of Mary Magdalene. The theme of suffering is given considerable stress by António de Prado Coelho, who makes reference to Kierkegaard's view of suffering as sublimating and Léon Bloy's notion that it is "Heaven on Earth"¹⁵². This leads Prado Coelho to the concept that, for Camilo, salvation begins with the state of being a "filho da dor"¹⁵³.

Yet, perhaps the most moving and nearly convincing portrayal of salvation by suffering in Camilo's work is that of Álvaro Teixeira in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*. The reader sees the miseries caused by Álvaro's human love for Leonor and the sublimation of this passion into a love of God. As he looks back on his life from his state of near-perfection in the framing narrative, Álvaro comments:

"Paciência, é a arma, é o triunfo, é a porção divina do

homem, é a bem-aventurança. A padecer é que os olhos da alma se destoldam, e encontram os de Deus. Padecer é a quebra, a falha irremediável e comum; resignar-se é a perfeição.”

So far there is little which anybody could find offensive in these sentiments. As the passage goes on, however, a note of self-satisfaction begins to intrude:

“A virtude dos raros, a máxima virtude, a mais edificativa, é sofrer sem amaldiçoar, no asco da pobreza, no desamparo do descrédito, na ignomínia de não ter um amigo. Isto ninguém o vê, ninguém o admira, ninguém o vulga aos respetos públicos. E que vai nisso? Basta-me Deus. Não posso duvidar que Ele me está vendo. Sinto-O no repouso da minha consciência. O coração está passado de dores, o espírito conturba-se de angústias, a noite não acaba no termo de vinte anos. Assim é; mas que importa. Basta que a consciência me diga: «Não devias padecer, porque és bom.» Quando o homem que sofre se diz isto a si, é Deus que lho diz... Esta é a arca do justo, a caverna dos leões inofensivos, o *post tenebras spero lucem* de Job.”¹⁵⁴

Álvaro's martyrdom in renouncing friends and welcoming poverty is marked by such smugness that it should be regarded as no real renunciation at all. His real ambition is to be seen by God to be virtuous (and it is surely significant that Álvaro places so much emphasis upon God's *perception* of him), rather than being virtuous for the sake of virtue itself. The normal man's sinful pleasures have been replaced by a more insidious delight in one's own capacity for self-denial. There is no spiritual value in renouncing home and love and family for the sake of renunciation itself. Here, particularly in the reference to Job, one scents a virtue being made out of misfortune which is no more to Álvaro's credit (and by extension, Camilo's) than good fortune would have been.

As for the suggestion that Álvaro should not suffer because of his goodness, God would have said no such thing. In the whole of the New Testament, Christ never calls anybody good. Words of praise and encouragement are spoken on occasion, but all men are seen as sinners and in need of divine assistance. There is certainly no question of exemption from pain on the grounds of intrinsic merit.

Camilo was an intelligent and well-read man, and it would be foolish to suggest that there is no intellectual basis for his ideas. Certainly his praise of suffering is based on the legitimate notion of finding spiritual values under the pressure of adversity. The unfortunate are perhaps more prone to soul-searching than those who are content with life, and material misfortune may turn man inwards to find treasures in the soul which would perhaps remain undiscovered if external circumstances were more favourable.

Furthermore, the man who is doing well in a personal and material sense will often be guilty of extreme complacency. The nineteenth century, with its dramatic progress into a brave new world of industry and commerce with all their attendant benefits, was a period of extraordinary confidence in man's ability to shape his own world, independently of any divine authority. Certainly, Oporto was a city which, with its close trading links with Britain, was far more steeped in the north European work-ethic than Lisbon; life there, and amidst the often vulgarly wealthy "nouveaux riches" of Famalicão, would have given Camilo considerable exposure to the attitudes which he detested in conventional society.

Yet, these are broad generalisations. It would be foolish to imagine that all businessmen and "brasileiros" were soulless and obsessive materialists, such as João Antunes in *Onde Está a Felicidade?*. By the time of the *Novelas do Minho* in the mid-1870's, Camilo himself was to realise this and give a much more balanced picture of this class. However, during the previous two decades there is a hostility towards those doing well in life which is both simplistic and spiteful. João Antunes himself is the prime example. The image which is given of him is exaggerated for effect, but there is no doubt about

the author's gloating as he meets his end:

"Morrera um grande maroto; mas a espécie não se
perdeu." ¹⁵⁵

The conceit of Dr. Libório, the representative figure of "progressive" society in *A Queda dum Anjo*; the total lack of a spiritual dimension to Hermenegildo in *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*; the heartlessness of Manuel Teixeira in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*; and the contempt shown for respectable Lisbon society in *Amor de Salvação* all point in the same direction: these characters are regarded as irredeemably evil, while the "almas eleitas" may use and abuse the rest of the world as they wish.

The world of commerce and trade is undoubtedly one where immoral practices abound, and excessive attachment to the material may be stimulated by the very nature of its areas of concern. Yet it does not have to be so; there have always been men of the greatest integrity and the highest ideals operating successfully in these fields. It might also be pointed out that those who work in the field of the spirit are no more immune to developing their own professional sins, and that, according to the very scriptures which Camilo espoused as it suited him, while man cannot live on bread alone, he must also be given his daily bread. Christianity provides no grounds for Camilo's utter contempt for those who work in the "real" world.

It might not be too far-fetched to suggest that, from the time of the trial in 1861 onwards, this contempt was connected with the fact that Pinheiro Alves was a successful businessman. Even before this time of extreme opposition, however, Camilo no doubt harboured a grievance against a respectable society which did not approve of some of his spectacular excesses. In explicit statement Camilo is merciless towards Pinheiro Alves and his class, basing this attitude on their failure to follow the individual conscience which, as has been seen above, is frequently invoked as a guiding principle. Jacinto do Prado Coelho puts this as follows:

“Entre o cristianismo, tal como o entende Camilo, e a sociedade abre-se um abismo. Na sua dialéctica amorosa, os heróis camilianos distinguem sempre os conceitos sociais dos preceitos da consciência... A sociedade, «a turba que folga e ri, a miséria que representa comédias», deixa-se reger por fórmulas exteriores, vaidades e baixos interesses. A moral social nega, a cada passo, a moral cristã.”¹⁵⁶

The real reason for Camilo's hostility to Pinheiro Alves and his kind is, however, nothing really to do with moral disapproval, which, as has already been seen, he could switch on or off as suited his purpose. It is, quite simply, a matter of personal grudge against a class which did not accord him the honour which he believed that he deserved and against a society which did not condone his selfish desires. His “critique” of conventional society is not really a critique; it is only rage at the impossibility of achieving real revenge.

Camilo does have a considerable capacity for sympathy for the unfortunate, as various critics note in their efforts to fit him into the context of Christianity. Yet the kind of fragmented moral vision hinted at above is totally un-Christian in its deepest assumptions. All major religions, including Christianity, have as their ultimate aim the reunification of what has been separated, the reconciliation of separated parts into a Whole. What Camilo preaches is, instead, essentially divisive. It masquerades in a pseudo-Christian dress which has deceived many previous commentators by its superficial piety. This piety, however, amounts, in reality, only to a virtuoso performance of “mauvaise foi”.

As regards his sympathy for the downtrodden, there is no doubt that misfortune can lead men into sins which may, therefore, be viewed with some degree of indulgence. But, even without doubting the sincerity of Camilo's concern, it would be wrong to suggest

that sinners can therefore be absolved of all responsibility for their acts. The important point is that, in Christian ethics, all men stand equal before God. This fact offers hope to those who would otherwise be disadvantaged but, along with that hope, there is a corresponding responsibility.

Once again, in ignoring this fact, Camilo is attempting to have his cake and eat it: the conflation of the Romantic "topos" of the soul of superior sensitivity (which also implies a heightened capacity for sorrow) with the power of Christianity for rescuing the sorely afflicted leads to the morally unacceptable concept of the "alma eleita", whose misfortune places him beyond the restrictions applied to normal mortals. This amorality is then dressed up in the superficially appealing guise of the individual conscience.

There is a tempting simplicity in this solution to the problem of human suffering, but it is, in fact, the Catholic equivalent of the moral madness which afflicts Hogg's Presbyterian *Justified Sinner*. What Camilo proposes is essentially as cheap a form of religion as that which he criticises in respectable society. Where conventional morality trades off decency in return for an assumed salvation, he simply trades off misfortune instead ¹⁵⁷.

What his "Christian" compassion amounts to is, in reality, a naive sentimentality which totally ignores the moral and judgemental aspects of Christianity when it does not suit his purposes. When he does choose to apply moral categories, however, he is quite vicious in doing so. There is here none of the loving forgiveness preached by Christ, only an embittered rant against a society which had not been sufficiently generous to him personally. Once more, it is all based upon the self.

E. The Crucified Self.

Camilo's novels are packed with characters suffering the intense agonies of orphanhood, loneliness, illegitimacy, separation, and frustration in love. To give full expression to this torture, Camilo frequently resorts to language derived from Christ's Passion. The author seems to have felt that, in doing this, he was depicting man sharing to some degree Christ's suffering on the Cross, as is implied in the following passage of *Mistérios de Lisboa*:

"O homem, pois, que muito sofre, e não se furta às dores, aniquilando-se, é a continuação do Filho de Deus sobre a terra; é porventura o eterno Cristo expiando a primeira culpa do tronco verminoso da humanidade." ¹⁵⁸

This need not be judged too harshly; it would be pedantic to suggest that this is blasphemous, as such phrases may frequently work their way into common use in a language and become almost instinctive. There is also a similar tendency to use words from other sources in an equally exaggerated way, such as "mártir", "suplício", or "agonizante". Romanticism is largely about effect, and this was, to a great extent, simply the language of Camilo's emotional style. Certainly also, this phenomenon was not unknown, either in European Romanticism generally or in other Portuguese writers of the period; and even Simões, himself a Catholic priest, passes no comment on the use of such language by Camilo ¹⁵⁹. As far as any implicit comparisons of the self to Christ are concerned, although orthodox Christianity may frown on this, the symbolic power of this imagery is such that it is hard to condemn a creative artist for making some use of it. The danger here is that, by overuse, concepts such as that of crucifixion can become trivialised and devalued.

There is nothing wrong in such use of what might be classified as mildly blasphemous

language if the user is himself an atheist or an agnostic, provided that the user does not intend to cause calculated offence. Here, once again, however, if there is any way in which Camilo can present a serious claim to be called a Christian, there are limits to how far the use of this kind of imagery can be dismissed lightly.

One finds references so frequently to the “cálix amargo” from which a character has to drink or the “cruz” which a character has to bear that these images become merely a shorthand for the agonies which the reader knows that the protagonist is currently enduring. These uses are also so frequent that it becomes pointless to enumerate examples. Nevertheless, there are a few cases of exceptional interest.

In *Os Brilhantes do Brasileiro*, this language becomes so insistent that one can surely no longer see it as a mere figure of speech. When the Conde de Gondar is cured of his blindness by Francisco, he is then reconciled with his daughter, who is introduced to him in the following terms:

“Não será de vexame ao nobre conde que o marido de sua filha seja o cirurgião que teve a ventura de lhe abrir os olhos para que visse a criatura feliz, que primeiro trilhou todas as vias dolorosas por onde pode ir a honra de uma mulher até ao calvário, em que o mundo costuma crucificá-las na ignomínia. Ela aí está, Senhor Conde, a sua filha Ângela.”¹⁶⁰

Quite apart from the three explicit references to Christ’s death, it will be noted that this passage ends with an implicit “Ecce homo”.

In *Um Homem de Brios*, when Guilherme is in danger of his life, Augusta spends “três dias e três noites de vigília”¹⁶¹. When one remembers the extreme vanity evident in this work and considers the Biblical tone of the phrase, it does not seem unreasonable to see some kind of identification of Guilherme (and, hence, of the author himself) with

Christ.

Similarly, in *Carlota Ângela*, it is on the third day after the heroine has taken her final vows in the convent in the belief that Francisco is dead that she attempts to elope with him. Carlota's retreat to the convent is seen here, as is Teresa's in *Amor de Perdição*, as a death in life, as a retreat from involvement in the affairs of the world. For her, therefore, the attempt at escape is a resurrection, although a futile one, and, in reality, one which puts her into direct confrontation with her vows to God. Similarly, the reunion of Bernardo and Ricardina in *O Retrato de Ricardina* is like a resurrection, as each has previously believed the other to be dead.

In *A Queda dum Anjo* the protagonist's name is Calisto Elói. There is, of course, nothing remarkable in this fact, until one remembers that this is the character who is at first a devout and serious Christian, and later becomes a fallen sinner like all of those around him. At Christ's Crucifixion, it is recorded:

"And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,
'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?', which is, being interpreted, 'My
God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' " ¹⁶²

If there is any significance to be read into Calisto's name, it cannot lie so much in a reference to Christ's Passion as such (because Calisto is one of the few characters in Camilo's novels who achieves seemingly lasting happiness on earth) as in another of the author's rebukes to God: Calisto loses touch with his ideals, and, Camilo appears to ask, whose fault is that? Calisto is just an average man; is the fault not therefore God's for forsaking him in his hour of temptation? The implication is that neither God nor man should condemn if Calisto is only being himself. There is obviously a great deal of speculation in any such idea, but it would be entirely consistent with the author's notions of sin as outlined above, and, equally significantly, it would be another example of Camilo's reluctance to follow the ethos of a religion which calls man to be more than

he is by nature.

It is, however in *Amor de Perdição* that the imagery of the crucified self becomes most insistent. This is especially the case in one relatively short passage covering no more than six pages of the text. First, the theme of the family becomes important once Simão is taken into prison, where he tells his jailor:

“Eu não tenho família. Não quero absolutamente nada de casa de meus pais”¹⁶³,

a sentiment which is then repeated to Mariana:

“Eu não tenho família, Mariana. Tome o dinheiro.”¹⁶⁴

The reader is then told that Mariana is his true family:

“Ao pé dele, disse o criado que estava uma formosa rapariga da aldeia, triste e coberta de lágrimas. Apontando-a ao criado que a observava, disse Simão: «A minha família é esta.»”¹⁶⁵

These passages echo an episode recounted in St. Matthew's Gospel:

“Then one said to him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee.

But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?

And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!”¹⁶⁶

Mariana is as a disciple to Simão, losing her father, giving up wealth and ultimately her life in order to take up her cross and follow Simão. The comparison is continued a few pages later; the presentation of Mariana's devotion as Simão's only support reminds the reader of Christ's virtual isolation at Calvary:

" - Ides ter um belo espectáculo, Senhores! A forca é a única festa do povo! Levai daí essa pobre mulher que chora: essa é a criatura única para quem o meu suplicio não será um passatempo." ¹⁶⁷

It is difficult to imagine the bitter sarcasm of this speech coming from Christ, but certainly the Gospels do present the Crucifixion as having been regarded as a form of popular entertainment. The intense comparison continues with the allusion to Christ being made to hang beside common criminals:

"Simão Botelho, quando, em toda a força dos dezoito anos, ia do tribunal ao cárcere, ouviu algumas vozes que se alternavam deste modo:

- Quando vai ele a padecer?

- É bem feito! Vai pagar pelos inocentes que o pai mandou enforcar..." ¹⁶⁸

The jealousy which increasingly accompanied Christ in His last days is seen here to follow Simão as well.

In more explicit comment, Camilo and Ana labelled their exchange of letters and telegrams during the time leading up to their trial the "Via Dolorosa", a title which has

its own religious significance. The letters appear to have been destroyed on receipt for fear of their use in evidence and, for the same reason, the telegrams are far from frank. However, in his collection of these documents, Alexandre Cabral has appended various literary texts written by the couple at the time.

One of these is a poem written for Ana after seeing her at the Bom Jesus do Monte in 1858, where the Passion theme is also insistent:

“Quem há que possa o cálix
Dos meus lábios apartar?...
Quem possui na alma o segredo
De salvar-me pelo amor?...
Se alguém existe na terra
Que tanto possa, és tu só!...
Sabes quem é, neste mundo,
Quase igual ao Redentor?
É quem diz: «Sou adorada
Pela alma resgatada,
Por mim das ânsias da dor.»¹⁶⁹

Here, when it comes to an explicit equation, Camilo recoils from saying that Ana is “igual ao Redentor”; nevertheless, the suggestion is there, and there is no such qualification attached to the “cálix”, which is referred to in almost exactly the same words as Christ Himself used:

“Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me:
nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.”¹⁷⁰

It is perhaps worthy of note that the only parts of this quotation which are missing in Camilo’s version, both here and elsewhere, are precisely those which refer to God’s

will. One must, therefore, question the novelist's will to bear the cross which was his in life; (in the passage from the *Divindade de Jesus* quoted at pp. 91-2 above, in fact, he talks of putting *down* his cross instead, as if this were the essence of Christianity.) In this context, however, one should note once again, with particular reference to the last three lines quoted, Camilo's tendency to look beyond himself only in order to reflect back in upon himself. Ana's worth (and, by implication, that of any real Redeemer) lies not in the act of Redemption as such, but in the redemption of Camilo Castelo Branco.

The use of implicit comparison to Christ's Passion in verbal terms may well be regarded as being of little significance. What is worth noting in many examples, however, is that the allusions are not linguistic in nature, but symbolic. They cannot, therefore, be dismissed as mere figures of speech, for they posit a degree of artistic shaping, whether conscious or not.

One must, of course, display a certain amount of caution here and bear in mind the Roman Catholic doctrine of man sharing in the sufferings of Christ. Nonetheless, when taken to extremes, this doctrine can easily merge into a blasphemous equation of the self with Christ. In Camilo's case, it is quite clear that the Passion of Christ is repeatedly subordinated, at times in a quite calculated way, to the expression of the agonies of Camilo Castelo Branco. Man sharing in the pains of Christ has become Christ expressing the pains of man. Artistically, this is perfectly acceptable; if one attempts to reconcile this with a claim to Christianity, however, it cannot be described as anything other than megalomania.

F. The God of Least Resistance.

In the opening section of *Amor de Salvação*, the narrator, wandering sad and lonely through the Minho, observes the locals' Christmas festivities:

"Eu caminhava a pé, guiando-me ao sabor da imaginativa

idela, que se deleitava em vestir de folhagem a árvore nua, e tristemente inclinada sobre o colmado do casalejo. Parava em frente de cada choupana, e meditava, e escutava o rumor das vozes que lá dentro, ou no ressaio da horta, se misturavam em dizeres alegres ou cantilenas alusivas ao nascimento do Deus Menino.”¹⁷¹

What shines through this passage is the speaker's sense of exclusion from the party, the same sense of isolation which seems to have accompanied Camilo throughout his life. Later in this work, the narrator is welcomed into the house of his long-lost friend, Afonso de Teive, who has experienced the same sense of exclusion, but has come to participate in the joys of the season through disillusionment at life in society. This chance meeting gives the narrator a renewed sense of hope for his own future, although his own tale is never completed.

One cannot doubt the intensity of the emotion felt in the passage quoted above. Various factual references in the text make it clear that this narrator is to be identified closely with Camilo himself, and this passage appears to be the novelist's expression of his longing for the sort of faith which Afonso de Teive ultimately finds. Whether this *wish* for faith is in itself enough to save a man is a matter for God alone to judge, if such a being exists.

What man *can* judge, however, is the direction in which Camilo's vision of the world and of religious belief led him. This seems to have been totally misconceived as a path to a meaningful faith. In his whole approach to religion, whether one examines his attitudes towards morality, towards reconciliation with God, or towards the problem of human pain, he consistently takes himself as the absolute and attempts to fit the demands of the Christian life into whatever room may be left for it. His vision of the God who could exist within such a framework is, therefore, reduced either to the sort of angry God visualised with horror in *Anátema* and *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, to whom man

submits as to might, rather than to right; or to the cheap, obliging divinity which is sought by the lovers in *Carlota Ângela*, but which they cannot find, because such a divinity lacks power.

Amongst the author's major novels, it is only in *Onde Está a Felicidade?* that there is any trace of a genuine commitment to something beyond the self. In later novels, such attitudes are postulated in figures such as the Álvaro of *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, but, even if we were to accept the validity of Álvaro's kind of vision (which is somewhat dubious) it is seen - even by the author himself - to be an ideal of selfless devotion which he can only stand back and admire, in the hope that his suffering will be enough to win him the reward which he seeks.

Christianity, however, requires more of man than suffering. Camilo, under the influence of a sentimentality corrupted in its importation from more influential cultures, confuses the notion of Christ's Passion (which, etymologically, means "suffering") with the suffering brought on himself by his own enslavement to human passions. In doing so, he has neglected the foremost of Christ's requirements for man, that he forgive others in the hope of achieving forgiveness for himself. Camilo's implicit denial of his own responsibility for his misdeeds led him into a morally dangerous position, where he was prepared neither to confess to responsibility for his own undoubted faults nor to forgive others (such as Pinheiro Alves) for theirs, when these might be equally beyond their conscious control.

Camilo displays no awareness of the potential of Christian Love, whether this be that of God for man, or that of man for God. The former case he trivialises by expecting it to consist of a distribution of prizes which is indiscriminate as regards merit but highly selective as regards its beneficiaries. It is comparable to a student who expects to pass in an examination without doing any work simply because his tutor likes him personally. Camilo's positives are too narrow; there is no genuine concept of salvation by suffering which would allow Divine Love to be manifested in experiences which are

unwelcome in themselves, but which may draw man from his natural sinfulness into a mentality where it is spiritual values which are prized, not, as in the case of Álvaro, for the boost which they give to personal conceit, but for their own sake.

As regards man's love for God, Camilo makes this entirely conditional upon this distribution of prizes. When God does not co-operate in this scheme, he withdraws his approval of this authority which he can visualise as being superior only in power, not in authority. He is not prepared to make any changes within himself for the sake of the God whom he professes. Such a cosy God can be of little value.

These are aspects of love which do not appear to have occurred to Camilo in any context. Agostinho writes:

“Confundi sempre o amor com a sensualidade e com a vaidade. Quando espiritualizava o amor, fantasiava o que era incapaz de imaginar com consciência.

Por causa dessa confusão, nenhum grande amor lhe iluminou e fortaleceu a alma.

Não soube amar a Deus. Não soube amar a esposa. Não soube amar os filhos.”¹⁷²

Camilo was not prepared to return love when he received it from Ana in a relationship of equals. When in a relationship of inferiority, he was not prepared to give to the God to whom he paid lip-service what that God demanded for the forgiveness of quite considerable sins: repentance. And, when in a relationship of superiority, he gave not what was proper to such relationships, but only needless cruelty to his dogs (see p. 43), and a total lack of moral leadership to his sons. An example of this is his involvement in the scandalous deception of Isabel da Costa Macedo in 1881 already mentioned at

p. 264 above.

The sense of moral superiority contained in the notion of the "alma eleita" lay, ultimately, at the root of much of the author's misery. To a solipsist such as Camilo, of course, all things had reality only in relation to the self; and his basic mistake was to make God, the one reality which could give him lasting security in himself, likewise dependent on himself. So long as he did this, he was doomed to remain outside the party. Sadly, he was never to find the way in.

Notes on Chapter Four.

1. Bigotte Chorão, *Camilo*, p. 62.
2. Bigotte Chorão, *Camilo*, p. 64.
3. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 50, and pp. 75-82.
4. Dória, p. 128.
5. Agostinho, p. 207.
6. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, pp. 19, 28; *Introdução*, Vol. II, p. 203.
7. António do Prado Coelho, p. 38.
8. Andrade, *passim*. The whole of this work is based upon the assumed premise of Camilo's genuine spirituality, but, for a particular statement of Andrade's views, see, for example, p. 12.
9. Freitas, pp. 98-99.
10. Simões, "A Poesia", pp. 70-71.
11. Mário Braga, p. 568. While Lacape has interesting contributions to make with regard to various aspects of Camilo's religious beliefs, his general interpretation of the question is the same as Braga's: he sees the novelist as alternating between faith and atheism, but makes little attempt to account for this polarity of vision (see Lacape, pp. 187-205, but especially at pp. 188-9 and p. 203).

12. Round, p. 696.
13. Round, p. 687.
14. Cardoso Marta, Vol. I, p. 24.
15. Barbosa, p. 35.
16. Freitas, pp. 93-4.
17. Freitas, pp. 95-6.
18. Freitas, pp. 87-89.
19. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 29.
20. Vila-Moura, *A Vida Mental Portuguesa*, p. 36.
21. Xavier, *Camilo e Outras Figuras*, p. 16; Pascoais, p. 145.
22. *O. C.*, Vol. I, p. 1436.
23. Aquilino, *O Romance*, Vol. II, p. 93.
24. *O. C.*, Vol. IV, p. 621.
25. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 17.
26. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 1021.

27. *Horas de Paz*, Vol. I, p. 6.
28. Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, p. 102.
29. *O. C.*, Vol. IV, p. 624.
30. *O. C.*, Vol. III, p. 5.
31. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 28.
32. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 941.
33. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 956.
34. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 958.
35. Matthew, Chapter 7, Verse 7.
36. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 945.
37. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 964.
38. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 969.
39. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 970.
40. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 1019.
41. *O. C.*, Vol. II, p. 1037.

42. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1041.
43. O. C., Vol. III, p. 487.
44. O. C., Vol. III, p. 497-8.
45. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 855.
46. O. C., Vol. I, p. 181 and p. 183.
47. O. C., Vol. I, p. 684.
48. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1236.
49. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1327.
50. This translation was published in 1852 by F. G. da Fonseca & Cia., Oporto.
51. Martins, "Camilo Castelo Branco e Bento de Espinosa", pp. 71-73.
52. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 59-60.
53. O. C., Vol. III, p. 5.
54. O. C., Vol. III, p. 17.
55. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 119.
56. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 45.

57. *Cenas da Hora Final*, p. 17.
58. João Costa, p. 40.
59. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, "Camilo na Interpretação de Pascoais", p. 267. As Bigotte Chorão points out (*Camilo*, p. 61), Pascoais seems to refer by memory to a passage from one of the *Novelas do Minho*, *O Filho Natural*:

"As lágrimas da fé, se Deus não existisse, fariam comover o nada." (*O. E.*, Vol. XX, p. 255)

60. João Costa, p. 231.
61. See Lewis, especially pp. 24-27.
62. Barbosa, p. 18.
63. Pedro Calderón de la Barca, *La vida es sueño*, lines 111-2; taken from Norman Maccoll, *Select Plays of Calderón* (London, Macmillan and Co., 1888), p. 140.
64. *O. C.*, Vol. V, p. 1005.
65. *O. C.*, Vol. V, pp. 851-2.
66. *O. C.*, Vol. I, pp. 277-8.
67. Vila-Moura, *Camilo Inédito*, p. 102.
68. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 114.

69. O. C., Vol. I, p. 734.

70. O. C., Vol. I, p. 735.

71. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1230.

72. O. C., Vol. V, p. 557.

73. O. C., Vol. V, p. 697.

74. O. C., Vol. V, p. 786.

75. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, O. S., p. 19.

76. *Cenas Contemporâneas*, p. 196.

77. Lourenço in *Jornal de Letras*, p. 3.

78. Régio, pp. 146-7.

79. For the comparison with Hugo and Dostoyevsky, see Jacinto do Prado Coelho, O.S.,
pp. 29-35.

80. Alexandre Cabral, *As Novelas*, Vol. I, p. 46.

81. Pascoais, p. 105.

82. O. C., Vol. I, pp. 1428-9.

83. O. C. Vol. I, p. 1476.
84. Pimentel, *Amores*, pp. 178-81; António Cabral, *Camilo Desconhecido*, pp. 115-6.
85. O. C., Vol. II, p. 407.
86. Alexandre Cabral, preface to his edition of *Um Homem de Brios*, p. 15.
87. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, p. 366.
88. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, p. 375.
89. O. C., Vol. II, p. 429.
90. O. C., Vol. II, p. 439.
91. O. C., Vol. II, p. 441.
92. O. C., Vol. II, p. 454.
93. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 455-7.
94. O. C., Vol. II, p. 295.
95. O. C., Vol. II, p. 560.
96. O. C., Vol. II, p. 565.
97. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 593-4.

98. O. C., Vol. II, pp. 599-601.
99. Alexandre Cabral, preface to his edition of *Um Homem de Brios*, p. 8.
100. Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 31-39.
101. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1059.
102. O. C., Vol. II, p. 956.
103. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, pp. 200-1.
104. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 177.
105. O. C., Vol. I, p. 319.
106. Osório, p. 142.
107. O. C., Vol. V, p. 1194.
108. O. C., Vol. V, p. 1196.
109. O. C., Vol. V, p. 1196.
110. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, pp. 418-20.
111. O. C., Vol. III, p. 469.
112. O. C., Vol. III, p. 467.

113. O. C., Vol. III, p. 465.
114. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, p. 419.
115. O. C., Vol. III, p. 463.
116. O. C., Vol. III, p. 476.
117. O. C., Vol. III, p. 482.
118. Lawton, "Technique", pp. 98-105.
119. O. C., Vol. III, p. 463.
120. O. C., Vol. III, p. 483.
121. O. C., Vol. III, p. 534.
122. O. C., Vol. II, p. 1022.
123. Alexandre Cabral, *As Novelas*, Vol. I, pp. 17-18.
124. Ortigão e Queiroz, *As Farpas* (May 1871), Vol. I, p. 30.
125. Extracts from this preface are reproduced in Aquilino, *Camões*, pp. 197-8.
126. Sérgio, "Monólogo do Vaqueiro", pp. 3-4.
127. See Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, pp. 175-6, and p. 178.

128. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. I, pp. 128-9.
129. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. I, pp. 9-10.
130. Girodon, "Camilo, Leteur", p. 23.
131. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 14.
132. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 55.
133. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. II, p. 59.
134. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, p. 115.
135. Matthew, Chapter 5, Verses 4 and 11.
136. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. I, p. 117.
137. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. I, p. 124.
138. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 26.
139. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 126.
140. *Correspondência Epistolar*, Vol. I, p. 214.
141. O. C., Vol. V, p. 462.
142. O. C., Vol. I, p. 1158.

143. O. C., Vol. V, p. 379.
144. John, Chapter 8, Verse 11.
145. Matthew, Chapter 5, Verses 6-13.
146. See Júlio Dias da Costa, *Escritos*, pp. 124-137.
147. O. C., Vol. III, p. 164.
148. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 653.
149. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 709-10.
150. *Memórias do Cárcere*, Vol. II, p. 129.
151. O. C., Vol. I, p. 47.
152. Antônio do Prado Coelho, p. 117.
153. Antônio do Prado Coelho, p. 116.
154. O. C., Vol. III, p. 28.
155. O. C., Vol. II, p. 202.
156. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, pp. 198-9.
157. In the passage from *As Novelas de Camilo* quoted at note 123 above, Alexandre

Cabral suggests that it is talent, not misfortune, which Camilo attempts to trade in for salvation. In the current context, however, the two may be regarded as being virtually synonymous: what makes it all too easy for Camilo to use both of these qualities for this purpose is the fact that they stem from the same over-refined sensibility.

158. O. C., Vol. I, p. 526.

159. See Simões, "A Poesia".

160. O. C., Vol. VI, p. 1042.

161. O. C., Vol. II, p. 572.

162. Mark, Chapter 15, Verse 34.

163. O. C., Vol. III, p. 476.

164. O. C., Vol. III, p. 476.

165. O. C., Vol. III, p. 478.

166. Matthew, Chapter 12, Verses 47-49.

167. O. C., Vol. III, p. 481.

168. O. C., Vol. III, p. 481. It is perhaps only appropriate that Simão *should* be imprisoned alongside common criminals, for that, in reality, is all that he himself is.

169. Quoted in Alexandre Cabral, *A Via*, pp. 163-7.

170. Luke, Chapter 22, Verse 42.

171. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 624.

172. Agostinho, p. 207.

Conclusion

A. *The Divided Self.*

Um Homem de Brios opens with Guilherme do Amaral reflecting upon his relationship with Augusta:

“Decorridos alguns minutos de pasmo, o nosso amigo acendeu o facho da sua razão ilustrada, entrou em diálogo com a sua consciência tranquila, e perguntou-lhe se seriamente aquela Baronesa de Amares era a costureira da Rua dos Armênios.

A consciência respondeu que sim, e emudeceu envergonhada de outras perguntas que o coração lhe fazia.

O *coração!* Pois é crível a existência de coração no peito deste homem?!”¹

There then follows a long debate, couched in humorous terms, amongst the different parts of Guilherme’s nature. This debate is left inconclusive at the time, although - as has already been discussed at pp. 323-331 above - it is continued by the rest of the novel. This, in effect, constitutes a dubious reassertion of those values traditionally associated with the heart, although it is not couched explicitly in terms of the division of the self.

Camilo frequently thought of the different parts of human nature as almost totally independent entities. In Chapter Three it was noted that he frequently regarded his body as being merely the vessel in which his real essence was trapped (see pp. 207-8), an idea

which occurs in his correspondence (as, for example, in this letter of 7th March 1882 to Eugénia Mendes Viseu):

“V. Ex.^a queria o meu retrato, e eu não tinha senão retratos antigos em que me desconheço. Um retrato que fosse a sombra dum homem que escrevia uns livros que V. Ex.^a leu, era necessário ir procurá-lo a seis léguas distantes da paragem onde estabeleci a minha ante-câmara da sepultura.”²

It also appears in the fiction, however. In the following extract from *Amor de Salvação* the narrator muses morbidly:

“Não longe da obscura paragem de Afonso de Teive, à margem do córrego chamado Pele, riacho, que, pela primeira vez, é revelado ao mundo em letra redonda, assentei eu a minha tenda nómada...

Aqui, se Deus se amercear de mim, embargando o passo ao anjo exterminador, que continuo me assalteia os áditos do meu éden de quinze dias, aqui escreverei, com quanta fidelidade a memória me sugerir, a narrativa que Afonso de Teive me fez.”³

This image of the nomadic existence has much in common with the familiar Christian imagery of life as a journey to the real home of the spirit. In Camilo's case, however, one must feel considerable doubt as to how far he travelled along that road, while the image of the “anjo exterminador” is so negative as to preclude almost completely any real conception of a final destination. What is clear, however, is the continual awareness of the constraints imposed upon man by the physically restricted and temporally limited nature of his body, and a wish to break free from these shackles. This problem is presented with some humour early in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*:

“...ia a pensar no corpo e na alma, cousas disparatadas, que o leitor pode ver mirificamente descritas em S. Agostinho, e melhor ainda, em Xavier de Maistre; no primeiro, quando se confessa; no segundo, quando viaja à roda do seu quarto. O santo bispo chama ao corpo «bruto» e o conde francês chama-lhe «besta» - ao corpo, entenda-se, e não ao bispo. Para mim tenho que o corpo é ambas as cousas, e muitas outras.”⁴

At a more serious level, this then becomes the subject-matter of the novel, as Álvaro (at least in Camilo's own vision of the novel) succeeds in freeing himself from the demands of the material world. Similar ideas are reflected on a non-moral plane in the Dedication of *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, where the author's spirit is visualised as travelling the miles which separate his body from Francisco Martins Sarmiento to address him in the following terms:

“Neste ruim fadário, aquela pobre matéria, onde me acho transmigrado por efeito de não sei que malfetorias da minha vida anterior, vagamundeia por castelos velhos, pardieiros insilveirados, e toda a espécie de ruínas. Eu vou naquele corpo onde me ele leva; porém, assim que sinto latejar-lhe no coração alguma saudade de amigo, aperto com ele, estampo-lhe painéis de bem tristes memórias em tudo que possa lisonjear-lhe os sentidos grosseiros, e consigo assim desatar-me da matéria, e avoejar ao amigo, que lhe deu no coração o rebate da saudade.”⁵

It is not a random choice of images which leads the novelist to depict the soul flying over old castles and other ruins, images which are repeatedly associated with an awareness of the passing value of the human body. Thus, in *Amor de Salvação*, Afonso

is preoccupied by a ruined convent when he sees Teodora and is tempted by her sensuality⁶. Likewise, in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, the narrator's lyrical meditations upon the beauties of ruined castles are interrupted by the baser demands of the stomach⁷.

In fictional works such as *O Romance de um Homem Rico* as much as in Camilo's correspondence, the body is dismissed as inferior; and it is this kind of division of the self into "good" and "bad" which leads to such pairs as Guilherme do Amaral and the anonymous poet of *Onde Está a Felicidade?*, Álvaro and Miguel de Sotto-Maior in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, and even the two Calisto Elói's, who reflect not so much a change in character as a dual personality of almost Jekyll-and-Hyde proportions.

Nor is this division restricted to the self: Teresa and Mariana, Teodora and Mafalda, the Teodora and Ifigênia of *A Queda dum Arjo*, the two Augustas (the one whom Guilherme wants and the person who she actually is), the two Ricardinas (the passionate one who precedes Bernardo's exile and the purer one who is rediscovered), are all merely divisions of women into neat categories which are easy to handle in comparison with the complexities of real human beings.

It is at this point that problems begin to arise. A simplistic vision such as this one, which is based on a naive interpretation of a general morality which values the soul more highly than the body is dangerous in two ways. Firstly, the sins committed by one's own body may easily be dismissed in the manner of the Gnostic antinomian as being merely examples of filthy matter having its own way. Thus, Camilo, having enjoyed his relationship with Isabel Cândida de Vaz Mourão, abandoned her, and wrote of the matter, quite candidly, to José Barbosa on 11th September 1856:

"É-me impossível, já agora, *ser meu*. Há-de haver sempre em mim um pensamento bom que me escravize ao mal. Sou como aquele que mede a profundidade do abismo, e não tem a

resolução de recuar.”⁸ (Camilo's italics)

Camilo freely admits the wrongs which he has done, but, by his implicit division of the self into a “doing” part and a “thinking” part, he suggests that his actions should not be held against him. This leads, ultimately, to the dangerous indulgence allowed to characters such as Guilherme do Amaral in *Um Homem de Brios*.

The second danger inherent in this kind of division of human personality lies in its implications for the view of other people. Camilo's manicheistic vision permits him to wash his hands of his own guilt, leaving him with only the fear of superior power to concern him, as has been outlined in Chapter Four above (see pp. 333-4). Yet, because others are seen to act only through their bodies, this vision of life (which is almost inevitable in the solipsist) cannot offer them the same understanding of their motives as is reserved for oneself. Thus, because Ana offered physical love to Camilo (which he, presumably, did not refuse), she became, in his eyes, a slut who needed to be kept under continual surveillance. On the other hand, in the case of his own adultery, it never appears to have crossed Camilo's mind that Pinheiro Alves, despite the faults of which he was indubitably guilty, might, conceivably, have suffered his own personal tragedy in the events which destroyed his marriage to Ana.

It would be easy to dismiss this vision as being merely spirituality taken to dangerous extremes. Camilo himself presents the question as being one of the division between body and soul, both in the passage quoted above from *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, and in his work in general. This has had a pernicious effect upon many studies of the subject, as many critics (including even such distinguished figures as Jacinto do Prado Coelho⁹) have taken the author at his word on this distinction. Once again, just as in the assessment of the basic facts of the author's biography, it would be wrong to regard his own self-analysis as being automatically the definitive one.

Even if one were to accept the notion of Camilo's life and work as the arena for the

battle between body and soul, one cannot condone all the sins of the body on the grounds of the higher intentions of the soul. However, it is necessary first to decide whether it is, indeed, the soul in its traditional conception which is at stake here. One could hardly say this, for example, of the passage quoted above from *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, where Camilo's soul (however that may be defined) is no more reunited with Francisco Martins Sarmiento than is Camilo's body. In that context, it is merely the author's *imagination* which spans the distance separating him from his friend, just as it is his imagination which presents Forjaz de Sampaio to him in the opening lines of the letter to him reproduced at p. 174 above.

Camilo's prodigious imaginative powers enabled him - mentally at least - to transcend the physical limitations imposed upon him by his body which so frustrated him. But his escape was not into the world of the spirit; it was merely into an alternative reality of the mind, which may not have existed in a tangible sense, but which was, nonetheless, physical in its conception.

There should be no confusion here. The distinction between physical reality and Camilo's imaginative universe is the same as that between the familiar, Euclidian geometry and the theoretical possibility of a four-dimensional universe: the two worlds, imaginative and real, may not possess identical factual status, but they are of the same nature. The Christian distinction between the world of the body and the world of the spirit rests upon the idea that they do possess identical factual status, but that it is their natures which are opposed.

What Camilo's heroes repeatedly have to face up to is a physical universe which does not comply with their wishes. This is the cause of tragedy, for example, in *Anátema*, *Carlota Ângela*, *Amor de Perdição*, *O Santo da Montanha* and the "Guilherme do Amaral" novels, while similar disasters threaten the heroes of *Amor de Salvação*, *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, and *O Retrato de Ricardina*. The initial attempt to subject the whole of physical reality to one's own will (in other words to transcend one's bodily limitations

in a way similar to that which Camilo can employ with success in the Dedication of *No Bom Jesus do Monte*) must inevitably issue in failure when applied to the real world. This is the sad realisation of characters such as Guilherme do Amaral and Simão Botelho.

When this incompatibility of reality with individual desires becomes apparent, denial of the world by turning to what may loosely be termed the life of the spirit is an obvious escape-route. Nevertheless, there is no guarantee of success here any more than there is in the world of matter; for turning to religion purely and simply for these reasons is as much an evasion of the real problems of life as are other pseudo-solutions such as joining the army or committing suicide - the choice which Camilo himself was eventually to make when all others had failed him. When Álvaro turns to the cloth in *O Romance de um Homem Rico*, there is nothing to suggest that he has discovered any new and positive world in which to live: he has merely renounced the familiar world of physical reality.

Avoiding real life, as Álvaro or Francisco Salter de Mendonça attempt to do, is not spiritual nobility; it is spiritual cowardice and a childish refusal to show any concern for a world which has proved to be less than completely perfect. They resort to religion to make their escape, but the "spirituality" of characters such as Álvaro is of a very negative and complacent nature; if there is a world of the spirit discovered here, it has more in common with the Buddhist's Nirvana than with the Christian concept of perpetuation of the self within a greater whole.

Meanwhile, Camilo makes *his* escape by plunging into the world of his characters where his own simplistic categories do, in fact, apply; but we should not abuse the term "spirituality" by confusing it with what is, in reality, merely an above-average capacity for escape from physical reality through invention, an ability which is revealed as much in Camilo's letters as it is in his novels, and as much in his discussion of himself as it is in his analysis of others.

B. The Two Routes of Escape: Self-Affirmation and Self-Denial.

Camilo, then, was frustrated and angered by the world in which he had to live. Just as the most obvious way of overcoming the solipsistic doubt is that adopted by Johnson in kicking the stone (which is attempted to some extent, in literary terms, by the use of the implied reader), so he must also make some attempt to affirm himself in the face of death and the obstinacy of a world which resists his will.

This is done partly through showmanship: just as the author consistently exaggerated his sufferings or engaged in bizarre acts in order to keep himself in the public eye (that is, to continue to be observed), so, in his work, he postured in the face of the ultimate questions of life, death and salvation. Such, for example, is the nature of his vision of a vengeful God in works such as *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, while other works, such as *Carlota Ângela*, moving though they are, may be reduced to a defiant refusal to accept an imagined slight from Providence.

However, the other, and at first seemingly less self-assertive, solution visualised is, in many ways, much more interesting, for although it is apparently of a completely different nature, it does, in fact, merely express the same arrogance in a different way. Camilo's vision of resignation is so extreme as to be only a posturing of a more perverted kind, an expression of "sour grapes" in the face of an unco-operative reality.

For Camilo's greatest regret about human life is not man's imperfection, it is not his mortality, nor his restrictions in space; what really hurts is his *awareness* of these facts. At times, therefore, rather than suggest that man should be spared these sources of tribulation, Camilo wishes that he could simply cease to think of them.

This manifests itself frequently in his correspondence, where he expresses a

repeated envy of those who are less aware than he is himself. Thus, in a letter to Castilho of 9th September 1871, Camilo wrote:

“...escassamente me distingo dos meus vizinhos de S. Miguel de Ceide, e, se algum tenho mais que eles, é em reconhecer-lhes vantagem sobre mim, tanto na saúde como na filosofia em que eles professam os utilitários princípios de explorarem a serventia doutros filósofos que são os burros, os bois, os bodes, etc...”¹⁰

This theme is also evident in the fiction of the 1860's, and has a deep affinity with the conception of the equally safe idealisation of the “mulher-anjo”. Thus, the narrator of *Amor de Salvação* writes:

“Se eu não amasse de preferência o sossego do túmulo, amaria o rumor destas árvores, o murmúrio do córrego onde vou cada tarde ver a folhinha seca derivar na onda límpida; amaria o pobre presbitério, que há trezentos anos acolhe em seu seio de pedra bruta as gerações pacíficas, ditosas, e incultas destes selvagens tão felizes que tão iluminadamente amaram e serviram o seu Criador. Amaria tudo; mas amo muito mais a morte.”¹¹

The beauties of belief in God are here implicitly reduced (with more than a note of intellectual arrogance) to the level of the visions of simple savages. In the course of the novel, Afonso de Teive resolves the vacuum felt in his life by returning closer to nature (and, by implication, to God) in a way which is envied by the narrator¹²; yet this vision takes no account of the difficulties involved in sustaining religious faith, difficulties to which many believers testify. This is, in short, the vision of an outsider who has no notion of what is meant by real devotion, whether paid to man or God. Camilo's vision

of the safe certainties of peasant life is based on a romanticised reflection of Rousseau's noble savage, on the idea of civilisation as the curse of man, who, without the influences of society, would be essentially pure and healthy. The simple devotion of the peasant is, in fact, regarded with superiority as a life-sustaining myth which Camilo simultaneously scorns and envies.

Yet the "civilisation" presented as an opposite pole in *Amor de Salvação* is, as so often is the case with Camilo, based on an extremely selective vision which sees it purely in terms of passion and extravagance. The hollowness of this way of life, if it is taken to extremes, is perceived not only by the religious ascetic; it is apparent to anyone of common sense. The important point, however, is that society does not have to be like that, and Camilo's extreme presentation is based on an anti-social sense of grievance against a world which was not organised according to his wishes. His scorn for it is yet another example of his desire to avoid the full challenge of being human.

Pascoais links Camilo's nostalgia for a lesser degree of awareness to the problem of man as an individual:

"Numa sociedade sem individuos, como a das formigas, por exemplo, não há conflitos; e, portanto, não há assuntos para historiadores nem romancistas, isto é, não há nada além dum movimento obscuro e uniforme. Talvez haja ainda a felicidade como simples ausência de infelicidade, e doçura como único efeito da falta de amargura, e a repetição constante como processo da existência." ¹³

Yet such a life would not truly be life; it would be merely physical existence without the pain which Nuttall sees as troubling Wordsworth:

"... Wordsworth is interested in what it must be like to be a

pure object, undistracted by the non-stop spectacle which Sensibility provides. The reaction is indeed extreme. Wordsworth's mind is not content to plead, 'Let me be assured that the tree I contemplate is real and substantial'; instead it cries, 'Let me *become* a tree!' The alienation of the subject can be ended only by suicide. This is the death-wish of Romanticism." ¹⁴

Several novels other than *Amor de Salvação* finish with a retreat from the world similar to that of Afonso de Teive: *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago* follows Silvestre da Silva's disillusionment with life as ruled by both head and heart, until his discovery of the delights of living, like one of Pascoais' ants, purely for the present. This is, significantly, the point where his journal becomes more irregular. The narrator is prepared to recognise the contentment of life as governed by the stomach, but, even so, is not prepared to embrace it himself:

"Quando a releio, e aquilato a tendência satírica de Silvestre, mal posso perdoar ao mundo que o exilou da pátria luminosa do espírito para as trevas estúpidas de uma vida, cuja felicidade eu desejaria, como vingança, a quem ma aconselhasse." ¹⁵

At this point, one must ask whether, indeed, all of the author's fiction does not, in this respect, fit into the same pattern as *Amor de Salvação* and *Coração, Cabeça e Estômago*. It is easy to see how *A Queda dum Arjo* might be said to do so; for, while, in a moral sense, Calisto heads in the opposite direction from Afonso de Teive by giving up his earlier moral purity in the wicked city of Lisbon, what both characters have in common is that they no longer *think* about life.

Um Homem de Brios, too, in its nostalgia for a relationship which would be best

forgotten, suggests an unwillingness to move on to the new challenges which life continually presents. The spirit which the title suggests that Guilherme possesses in abundance is, in its deepest sense, completely lacking in him, as it was in his creator.

Indeed, even the self-assertive hero, such as Simão Botelho, is, at heart, as negative as Afonso de Teive. Simão's "tragedy" is not a contrivance of fate, but the result of his own childish stupidity which leads him to reject the potential involved in relationships with others, whether through Teresa or Mariana, for fear of the kind of failure discovered by Guilherme do Amaral. The fact that Lawton's illustration of this point has still to be generally accepted indicates the extent to which both *Amor de Perdição* and Camilo in general are still regarded with an enthusiasm which borders on uncritical adulation. It does not detract from a literary assessment of either the work or the author to criticise them for escapism within the context of real life; indeed, this is precisely where their beauty lies. However, the failure to recognise the inadequacies of Camilo's vision of life for any world other than that of his own imagination is not only a disservice to the greater understanding of Camilo; it also gives continued popular credence to an over-sentimentalised vision of human relationships, of psychology, of morality, and of the nature of religious belief. The dangers inherent in misconceptions of this kind cannot be exaggerated.

Camilo's whole life and his whole work are characterised by a lip-service which is paid to the need to confront the challenge of reality, whether this be manifested in his relationships with the opposite sex, his concept of morality, or the contact which he attempts to establish with the outside world through the medium of literature. In all cases, however, when the real challenge arises, he simply avoids it in order to return to the easiest option available: the idealised visions within his own mind, which lead him to seek protective mother-figures rather than genuine lovers; the most convenient moral code readily available to justify actions which have already been decided upon; or an imaginative world in which he may exert a greater degree of control than is possible in reality.

The extreme self-centredness of this outlook explains many of the apparent complexities in Camilo, and this is perhaps where the most original contribution of the present study is to be found. The beautiful dreams of love depicted in the novels do not, at first sight, appear to have much in common with the author's sordid affairs in real life; the latter, in fact, arise from the failure of reality to live up to these very same idealisations of the imagination.

Similarly, there is the question of spirituality seen in Camilo by so many commentators from those of the author's own day, through António do Prado Coelho (who bases his study to a great extent upon this assumption), to Jacinto do Prado Coelho, whose invaluable work is not beyond criticism in this respect. This alleged spirituality is in apparent conflict with the facts of Camilo's biography which may be most charitably described as colourful. Occasionally, critics have confronted this difficulty (for example Dória, or Alexandre Cabral in "Almas Eleitas"). However, this has previously been attempted at length only by Gondin da Fonseca, whose work is certainly original as applied to Camilo but is dominated by an inappropriate model taken slavishly from Freud. In fact, Camilo's supposed spirituality is merely another form of retreat from reality: when the world in which he lived obstructed his path, he chose simply to ignore it and retreat to his own personal world.

If we turn to another aspect of the author's career, Alexandre Cabral's idea of the "profissionalismo das letras" is useful in so far as it goes; the problem here, however, is that it only raises a further question: *why* was Camilo so obsessed with literature? The answer lies not in literature itself, as Cabral or Barros Baptista would have it, but in the opportunity afforded by literature for a further retreat into the self, as the author grapples obsessively with the transformation of the affairs of his own life, which are rendered only ever more problematic by this narcissism.

Finally, there is the question of Camilo's pre-eminent status in the Portuguese

literary establishment, which is completely at odds with the significance accorded to him elsewhere. This contrast is, in part, merely a by-product of the sad reality for writers in a language of little international prestige. Nonetheless, it is also partly the result of the astounding parochiality and old-world sentimentality of a writer who witnessed the foundation of modern Portuguese society, but who, unlike Eça de Queiroz, turned his back upon it in order to explore the doomed environment of an apparently timeless North where he could feel permanently settled and secure in a way that would have been impossible in the excitingly unstable city society which fascinated so many other nineteenth-century writers.

In short, all of these aspects of Camilo's work are based on his continuing attempt to overcome difficulties, not by facing up to them, but by simply pretending that they do not exist, by a retreat into a self-indulgent world in which the author's passions and personality-cult can be glorified in a way which the real world would not recognise.

Despite superficial attempts to kick Johnson's stone - that is, to feel the reassuring resistance of an externality so desperately sought by the solipsist - when such resistance was, in fact, found to exist, Camilo rejected this reality for an alternative reality inside his own head. Whether the resistance encountered lay in the opposing wills of others, in the basic constraints of the material universe or in the simple fact that the author did not really possess the importance which he thought was due to him in his search for nobility or in his incessant cries for attention, it all amounts to the same thing: when his wishes were thwarted, he railed against God, man, woman, or anything else which crossed his path - the only things, in fact, which could give him the existential reassurance which he sought in order to banish the self-doubt which had first driven him into his own solipsistic world.

Much of the comment made on Camilo in the course of this study has been deliberately harsh. This tactic has been adopted in order to stress points which have been, at best, glossed over in the past in order to pay homage to the literary phenomenon

which Camilo undoubtedly was. It is not the intention of this thesis to question that status in any way: the novelist's achievements as a writer of fiction are remarkable by any standards. Nonetheless, to ignore his personal faults (which contribute a great deal to his literary success) serves only to further confuse the study of a writer whose work presents constant complexities and apparent contradictions.

A considerable part of Camilo's life was spent bewailing cruel fate and searching for a sympathy which he believed had been denied to him by his mother's early death. There is a sense in which he is to be pitied, not so much for the supposedly tragic events of his life (which, although undoubtedly regrettable, were not by any manner of means unique to him), but, rather, precisely because he felt obliged to *search* for pity. His greatest problem of all was not his mother's death, nor his persecution by respectable society, nor his ill-health, nor even Ana's apparent lack of love for him - it was, quite simply, that he was so obsessively engrossed in his own person that he was never able to see the richness and variety of the world outside himself. He was never prepared to give anything of himself to that world in a way which would permit him to receive the real love which he sought and which can come only from beyond the self. Each individual is, ultimately, entirely dependent upon his fellow-men for his sanity and survival in this world. This is a fact which Camilo not only did not realise. At the deepest level of his being, it was one which he was not *prepared* to realise.

Notes on the Conclusion

1. O. C., Vol. II, p. 427.
2. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *O. S.*, p. 128.
3. O. C., Vol. IV, pp. 642-3.
4. O. C., Vol. III, p. 6.
5. *No Bom Jesus do Monte*, pp. vi-vii.
6. O. C., Vol. IV, pp. 674-5.
7. O. C., Vol. III, pp. 12-13.
8. Barbosa, p. 18.
9. Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Introdução*, Vol. II, pp. 203 ff.
10. Trancoso, p. 11.
11. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 643.
12. O. C., Vol. IV, p. 644.
13. Pascoais, p. 69.
14. Nuttall, p. 144.

15. O. C., Vol. III, p. 865.

Bibliography

Entries have been arranged within each section in alphabetical order of the author's final surname. This means that some well-known critics do not appear in the form which might be expected; thus Bigotte Chorão is listed under "Chorão", while Jacinto do Prado Coelho appears at "Coelho". Convenience has therefore been sacrificed to uniformity in this respect.

Abbreviations at the end of an entry indicate the title used in reference in the notes and in the text itself. Reference to Camilo's novels has normally been made to the collection referred to as "O. C.". At present this has appeared only in its first seven volumes, which include all the novels written during the period under consideration; for occasional reference to novels written after 1870 or to works which cannot be classed as novels, other editions have been used as available. Editions of Camilo's works which have been consulted mainly for their commentary and notes have been included in section C.

A. Works of Camilo Castelo Branco.

1. *Obras Completas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Edited with notes by Justino Mendes de Almeida, Oporto, Lello & Irmão, 1982-7), (O. C.).
2. *Obras Escolhidas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Selected with Introductions by Alexandre Cabral, Lisbon, Círculo de Leitores, 1983), (O. E.).
3. *A Freira no Subterrâneo* (Sixth Edition, Oporto, Lello & Irmão, undated).
4. *A Lira Meridional* (Oporto, Livraria Civilização, 1886). This work is often mistakenly attributed to Camilo's nephew, António de Azevedo Castelo Branco.

5. *A Mulher Fatal* (Original Manuscript held by the Municipal Library, Oporto).
6. *A Mulher Fatal* (First Edition, Lisbon, Livraria de Campos Júnior, 1870), corrected by the author, with the addition of the Preface of the Second Edition, held by the Municipal Library, Oporto).
7. *Ao Anotecer da Vida: Últimos Versos* (First Edition, Oporto, Imprensa Literária Comercial, 1874).
8. *Boémia do Espírito* (Fifth Edition, Oporto, Lello e Irmão, 1975).
9. *Cavar em Ruínas* (Original Manuscript held by the Municipal Library, Oporto).
10. *Cenas da Hora Final* (Second Edition, Oporto, Editorial Domingos Barreira, undated).
11. *Cenas Contemporâneas* (Sixth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1970).
12. *Cenas Inocentes da Comédia Humana* (Fourth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1923).
13. *Correspondência Epistolar entre José Cardoso Vieira de Castro e Camilo Castelo Branco* (Fifth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1968), (*Correspondência Epistolar*).
14. *Cousas Leves e Pesadas* (Third Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1971).
15. *Divindade de Jesus e Tradição Apostólica* (Eighth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1971), (*Divindade de Jesus*).

16. *Doze Casamentos Felizes* (Mem Martins, Livros de Bolso Europa-América, undated).
17. *Duas Épocas da Vida* (Fourth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1922).
18. *Duas Horas de Lettura* (Eighth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1967).
19. *Horas de Luta* (Oporto, Manuel Luís de Sousa Ferreira, 1889).
20. *Horas de Paz* (Sixth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, in two volumes; first volume 1966, second volume 1967).
21. *Livro de Consolação* (Fourth Edition, Oporto, Lello & Irmão, undated).
22. *Luta de Gigantes* (Sixth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1976).
23. Manuscripts of miscellaneous poems and letters in the collection of the "Casa de Camilo", São Miguel de Ceide.
24. *Memórias do Cárcere* (Mem Martins, Livros do Bolso Europa-América, undated)
25. *No Bom Jesus do Monte* (First Edition, Oporto, Em Casa da Viúva Moré, 1864).
26. *Noites de Insônia (Oferecidas a Quem Não Pode Dormir)* (in two volumes, Oporto, Lello & Irmão, 1929).
27. *Noites de Lamego* (Mem Martins, Livros de Bolso Europa-América, Mem Martins, undated).

28. *Novelas do Minho* (Original Manuscripts held by the Municipal Library, Sintra).
29. *Óbolo às Crianças* (Oporto, Imprensa Portuguesa, 1887). This work was written in collaboration with Francisco Martins Sarmento.
30. *O Romance de um Homem Rico* (Original Manuscript held by the National Library, Lisbon).
31. *Os Críticos do "Cancioneiro Alegre"* (Oporto, Livraria Chardron, 1879).
32. *Quatro Horas Inocentes* (Fifth Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1968).
33. *Um Livro* (Seventh Edition, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1968).

B. Works Containing Texts by Camilo.

Some studies of Camilo listed in section C also contain documents such as letters by Camilo; where these are basically works of criticism they have been left in section C, but, if they are intended as anthologies of his work with some commentary, they have been included in this section. As the *Correspondência Epistolar* with Vieira de Castro was edited by Camilo himself, this work has been included in section A.

34. "A Aurora do Lima": *Folhetins de Camilo Castelo Branco (1855-1859)* (Viana do Castelo, Arquivo da "Aurora do Lima", 1911).
35. Anonymous: *Cartas de Camilo a Joaquim de Araújo* (Lisbon, 1894, further details of publication not given).
36. Anonymous: *Cartas de Camilo a Trindade Coelho* (Lisbon, Livraria de Manuel dos Santos, 1915).

37. Anonymous: *Duas Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Raul César Ferreira, 1929).
38. Anonymous: *Uma Carta de Camilo a Tomás de Carvalho* (Lisbon, A Editora, Ltda., 1915).
39. Barbosa, L. Xavier: *Cem Cartas de Camilo* (Lisbon, Portugal-Brasil Ltda., 1920), (*Cem Cartas*).
40. Brandão, Júlio (ed.): *Cartas de Camilo a Eduardo da Costa Santos* (Oporto, Fernando Machado & Cia., Ltda., 1923).
41. Cabral, Alexandre: *As Novelas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (in two volumes, Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1979), (*As Novelas*).
42. Cabral, Alexandre: *As Polêmicas de Camilo* (in nine volumes, Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1981-1982), (*Polêmicas*).
43. Cabral, Alexandre: *A Via Dolorosa 1859-1860: Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1979), (*A Via*).
44. Cabral, Alexandre: *Cartas de Camilo aos Editores António Maria Pereira* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1974).
45. Cabral, Alexandre: *Correspondência de Camilo Castelo Branco* (in five volumes, Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1984-1986), (*Correspondência*).
46. Cabral, Alexandre: *Escritos Diversos de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1979), (*Escritos Diversos*).

47. Caldas, José: *Vinte Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Oporto, Companhia Portuguesa Editora, Ltda., 1923).
48. Coelho, Jacinto do Prado: *Obra Seleta de Camilo Castelo Branco* (in two volumes, Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Aguilar Ltda., 1960), (O. S.).
49. Colaço, Branca de Gonta: *Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco a Tomás Ribeiro* (Lisbon, Portugália Editora, 1922).
50. Costa, João: *Castilho e Camilo* (Coimbra, Imprensa da Universidade, 1924).
51. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Camilo e o "Óbolo às Crianças"* (Lisbon, A Editora Ltda., 1917), (*Óbolo*).
52. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Cartas de Camilo ao Editor Matos Moreira* (Lisbon, Tipografia da Imprensa Nacional de Publicidade, 1928).
53. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Cartas de Camilo a Vieira de Castro (Anteriores Às Publicadas na "Correspondência Epistolar")* (Lisbon, Guimarães & Cia., 1931).
54. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Dispersos de Camilo*, Vol. III (Crónicas 1857-1885), (Coimbra, Imprensa da Universidade, 1926).
55. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Dois Anos de Agonia* (Lisbon, Guimarães e Cia., 1930), (*Dois Anos*).
56. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Escritos de Camilo* (Lisbon, Portugália Editora, 1923), (*Escritos*).

57. Costa, R. Simões: *Cartas de Camilo a José e Luís Barbosa, não incluídas nas "Cem Cartas"* (Original Manuscripts held by the Municipal Library, Sintra).
58. Figueiredo, Cândido de: *Cartas Inéditas de Oitenta e Cinco Escritores Portugueses* (Rio de Janeiro, H. Antunes, 1924).
59. Fonseca, Nicolau da: *Uma Carta e Algumas Notas Inéditas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Coimbra, Coimbra Editora, 1923)
60. Júnior, José Carlos Mota: *O Patriotismo de Frei Bartolomeu dos Mártires* (Oporto, Livraria Universal de Magalhães & Moniz, undated).
61. Marco, Visconde de: *Cartas Inéditas de Camilo a D. Ana Plácido* (Lisbon, Livraria Popular de Francisco Franco, 1933).
62. Marta, M. Cardoso: *Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (H. Antunes, Volume I, Lisbon, 1918, Volume II, Rio de Janeiro, 1923.)
63. Meira, João: *Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco a Francisco Martins Sarmento* (Offprint of *A Revista*, Oporto, Tipografia Peninsular, 1905).
64. Moutinho, A. Viale: "Cinco Cartas de Camilo a Fernando Castiço", in *Boletim da Casa de Camilo* (Third Series, No. 2, Vila Nova de Famalicão, December 1983), pp. 75-81.
65. Neves, Álvaro: *Camilo Castelo Branco: Notas à Margem em Vários Livros da Sua Biblioteca* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, Lisbon, 1916).
66. Norton, Luís: *Doze Cartas Inéditas de Camilo* (Lisbon, Portugália Editora, 1964).

67. Paço-Vieira, Conde de: *Cartas de Camilo* (Oporto, Imprensa Portuguesa, 1917).
68. Pinto, José António da Silva: *Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Empresa Literária Fluminense, 1924).
69. Pinto, José António da Silva: *Combates e Críticas 1875-1881* (in three volumes, Oporto, Tipografia António José da Silva Teixeira, 1882).
70. Sampaio, Albino Forjaz de: *Cartas de Camilo Castelo Branco* (Lisbon, Livraria de Manuel dos Santos, 1916).
71. Trancoso, Miguel: *Camilo e Castilho* (Coimbra, Imprensa da Universidade, 1930).
72. Vila-Moura, Visconde de: *Camilo Inédito* (Oporto, Edição da Renascença Portuguesa, Oporto, 1913).

C. Books on Camilo.

This section does not include works consisting entirely of articles related to Camilo, such as the special editions of *Tellus* containing the proceedings of the Second and Fourth "Jornadas Camilianas" of 1985 and 1987 respectively; instead the articles have been listed separately at section D, to allow reference to the work of individual critics.

73. Andrade, José Gonçalves de: *Camilo Místico* (Oporto, Livraria Latina, 1943).
74. Araújo, A. Veloso de: *Camilo em São Miguel de Ceide* (Braga, Livraria Cruz Editora, 1925).
75. Baptista, Abel Barros: *Camilo e a Revolução Camiliana* (Lisbon, Quetzal Editores, 1988).

76. Braga, Teófilo: *Camilo Castelo Branco: Esboço Biográfico* (Lisbon, Livraria de Manuel dos Santos, 1916), (*Esboço*).
77. Cabral, Alexandre: *Camilo Castelo Branco: Roteiro Dramático dum Profissional das Letras* (Lisbon, Terra Livre, 1980), (*Roteiro*).
78. Cabral, Alexandre: *Editton of Um Homem de Bríos* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1967).
79. Cabral, Alexandre: *Estudos Camilianos - I* (Oporto, Editorial Inova, 1978), (*Estudos*).
80. Cabral, Alexandre: *Subsídio para uma Interpretação da Novelística Camiliana* (Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1985), (*Subsídio*).
81. Cabral, António: *Camilo de Perfil* (Paris, Livraria Aillaud e Bertrand, and Rio de Janeiro, Livraria Francisco Alves, 1914).
82. Cabral, António: *Camilo Desconhecido* (Lisbon, Livraria Ferreira, 1918).
83. Cabral, António: *Camilo e Eça de Queiroz* (Coimbra, Coimbra Editora, 1924).
84. Carvalho, J. M. Teixeira: *Dois Capítulos sobre Camilo Castelo Branco* (Coimbra, Imprensa da Universidade, 1922).
85. Castro, Aníbal Pinto de: *Narrador, Tempo e Leitor na Novela Camiliana* (Vila Nova de Famalicão, Edição da Casa de Camilo, 1976).
86. Castro, Sérgio: *Camilo Castelo Branco: Tipos e Episódios da Sua Galeria* (in three

volumes, Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1914).

87. Chorão, João Bigotte: *Camilo, a Obra e o Homem* (Lisbon, Editora Arcádia, 1979), (Camilo).
88. Coelho, António do Prado: *Espiritualidade e Arte de Camilo* (Oporto, Livraria Símões Lopes, 1950).
89. Coelho, Jacinto do Prado: Edition of *O Romance de um Homem Rico* (Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Aguilar, 1975).
90. Coelho, Jacinto do Prado: *Introdução ao Estudo da Novela Camiliana* (Second Edition, in two volumes, Lisbon, Imprensa Nacional, Casa da Moeda, 1982-3), (Introdução).
91. Correia, João de Araújo: *Uma Sombra Picada das Bexigas* (Oporto, Editorial Inova, 1973).
92. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *João de Deus e Camilo* (Lisbon, Imprensa Lucas, 1930).
93. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Novas Palestras Camilianas* (Lisbon, João de Araújo Morais, Lda., 1936).
94. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *Palestras Camilianas* (Lisbon, Empresa Literária Fluminense, Ltda., 1925), (Palestras).
95. Costa, Júlio Dias da: *"A Sereia" de Camilo* (Vila Nova de Famalicão, Tipografia Minerva, 1930).
96. Ferraz, Maria de Lourdes A.: *A Ironia Romântica: Estudo de um Processo*

Comunicativo (Lisbon, Imprensa Nacional, Casa da Moeda, 1987).

97. Ferro, Túlio Ramires: Edition of *A Queda dum Anjo* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1976).
98. Ferro, Túlio Ramiro: *Tradição e Modernidade em Camilo: "A Queda dum Anjo"* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1966).
99. Fonseca, Gondin da: *Camilo Compreendido: Sua Vida e Suas Obras, Seus Impulsos para o Incesto e o Matricídio* (in two volumes, São Paulo, Livraria Martins, 1953).
100. Freitas, Sena: *Perfil de Camilo Castelo Branco (Esposo Modelo, Pãe Extremosíssimo, Amigo Acendrado)* (São Paulo, Leroy King Bookwalter, 1887).
101. Garção, José Caetano Salema: *Apointamentos Sobre o Manuscrito de Camilo Castelo Branco "O Romance de um Homem Rico"* (1956, unpublished typewritten document held by the National Library, Lisbon).
102. Gracias, Bernardino: *Camilo, Suicida* (Lisbon, Tipografia da Empresa Nacional da Publicidade, 1965).
103. Lacape, Henri: *Camilo Castelo Branco: L'homme, L'historien, L'artiste* (Paris, M. Lavergne, 1941).
104. Lemos, Maximiano: *Camilo e os Médicos* (Oporto, Editorial Inova, 1974).
105. Lima, J. Magalhães: *Camilo e a Renovação do Sentimento Nacional* (Aveiro, Tipografia Progresso, 1925).

106. Loureiro, Fernando: *Camilo e os Livros* (Guimarães, Tipografia Oficinas de S. José, 1971).
107. Luís, Agustina Bessa: *Camilo e as Circunstâncias* (Oporto, Coleção Alegria Breve, Editorial Inova, 1981).
108. Marques, Henrique: *Bibliografia Camiliana* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1894).
This was originally published as the first part of a longer work which was never continued.
109. Mendonça, Fernando: Edition of *O Bem e o Mal* (Lisbon, Parceria A. M. Pereira, 1971).
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E. Miscellaneous.

This section includes general works on nineteenth-century Portugal, literary theory, and works which establish the background of the study, as well as various other works which cannot be classified under any other heading.

237. Abrams, A. H.: *The Mirror and the Lamp (Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition)* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1971).
238. Anonymous: *Catálogo dos Livros Raros ou Curiosos Que Hão-de Ser Vendidos em Lisboa (Rua Oriental do Passeio, No. 164), No Dia 15 de Maio e Seguintes do Corrente Ano de 1869 Desde as 11 da Manhã Até às 4 da Tarde* (Lisbon, Imprensa de Joaquim Germano de Sousa Neves, 1869).
239. Anonymous: *Catálogo Metódico de Livros Antigos e Modernos em Diversas Línguas Que Se Hão-de Vender em Leilão no Porto, Rua de Santo Ildefonso, No. 66* (Oporto, Tipografia de D. António Molder, 1870).
240. Aristotle: *Poetics* (Translation by D. S. Margoliouth, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1911).

241. Auerbach, Erich: *Mimesis: the Representation of Reality in Western Literature* (Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1953).
242. Booth, Wayne C.: *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, (Chicago, Chicago University Press, 1961).
243. Bouquet, A. C.: *Comparative Religion* (Harmondsworth, Pelican Books, 1958).
244. Brecht, Walter: "Storm und die Geschichte", in *Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift für Litteraturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte* (Vol. III, Halle, 1925), pp. 444-462.
245. Browning, R. M.: "Association and Dissociation in Storm's 'Novellen'", in *Publications of the Modern Languages Association of America* (Vol. LXVI, Menasha, Wisconsin, 1951), pp. 381-404.
246. Chaves, Castelo Branco: *O Romance Histórico no Romantismo Português* (Amadora, Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1979).
247. Culler, Jonathan: *Structuralist Poetics: Structuralism, Linguistics and the Study of Literature* (London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975).
248. Eco, Umberto: *A Theory of Semiotics* (London, Bloomington, 1976).
249. Ferreira, Alberto and Marinho, Maria José: *Antologia de Textos da Questão Coimbra* (Lisbon, Moraes, 1985).
250. Ferreira, Alberto: *Perspectiva do Romantismo Português* (Lisbon, Moraes Editores, 1979).
251. Figueiredo, Fidelino: *História da Literatura Romântica* (Second Edition, Lisbon,

- Livraria Clássica Editora de A. M. Teixeira e Cia. (Filhos), 1923).
252. Fordham, Frieda: *An Introduction to Jung's Psychology* (Third Edition, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1966).
253. Forster, E. M.: *Aspects of the Novel* (Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1985).
254. França, José Augusto: *O Romantismo em Portugal* (in six volumes, Lisbon, Livros Horizonte, 1975).
255. Freud, Sigmund: *An Outline of Psycho-analysis* (London, The Hogarth Press, 1949).
256. Freud, Sigmund: *Five Lectures on Psycho-analysis* (Harmondsworth, Pelican Books, 1981).
257. Freud, Sigmund: *On Sexuality (Three Essays on Sexuality and Other Works)* (Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1977).
258. Furst, Lilian R.: *Fictions of Romantic Irony in European Narrative, 1760-1857* (London, Macmillan, 1984).
259. Furst, Lilian R.: *Romanticism* (Second Edition, London, Methuen, 1976).
260. Genette, Gérard: *Narrative Discourse: an Essay in Method* (Ithaca, Cornell University Press, 1980).
261. Isbister, J. N.: *Freud: an Introduction to his Life and Work* (Cambridge, Polity Press, 1985).

262. Iser, Wolfgang: *The Implied Reader: Patterns of Communication in Prose Fiction from Bunyan to Beckett* (Baltimore, John Hopkins University Press, 1974).
263. Jung, Carl Gustav (ed.): *Man and His Symbols* (London, Picador, 1978).
264. Kermode, Frank: *The Sense of an Ending: Studies in the Theory of Fiction* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1967).
265. Kermode, Frank: *Romantic Image* (Glasgow, Wm. Collins and Sons, 1971).
266. Kilito, Abdelfattah: *L'Auteur et ses Doubles* (Paris, Éditions du Seuil, 1985).
267. Lepecki, Maria Lúcia: *Romantismo e Realismo na Obra de Júlio Dinis* (Amadora, Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1979).
268. Lewis, C. S.: *The Problem of Pain* (Twenty-Fifth Impression, Glasgow, Wm. Collins and Sons, 1986).
269. Lodge, David: *The Modes of Modern Writing: Metaphor, Metonymy and the Typology of Modern Literature* (London, Edward Arnold, 1977).
270. Machado, Álvaro Manuel: *A Geração de 70 - uma Revolução Cultural e Literária* (Third Edition, Amadora, Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1986).
271. Machado, Álvaro Manuel: *As Origens do Romantismo em Portugal* (Amadora, Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1979).
272. Machado, Álvaro Manuel: *O "Francesismo" na Literatura Portuguesa* (Amadora, Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1984).

273. Marques, A. H. Oliveira: *História de Portugal* (Vol. III: "Das Revoluções Liberais aos Nossos Dias") (Second Edition, Lisbon, Palas Editores, 1981).
274. Nuttall, A. D.: *A Common Sky: Philosophy and the Literary Imagination* (London, Chatto and Windus for Sussex University Press, 1974).
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276. Pesch, Edgar: *Freud* (Lisbon, Edições Setenta, 1986).
277. Ray, William: *Literary Meaning from Phenomenology to Deconstructionism* (Oxford, Blackwell, 1974).
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279. Rogers, Terence John: *Techniques of Solipsism: A Study of Theodor Storm's Narrative Fiction* (Cambridge, Cambridge Modern Humanities Research Association, 1970).
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281. Russell, Bertrand: *History of Western Philosophy* (Second Edition, London, Unwin Paperbacks, 1982).
282. Saraiva, António José and Lopes, Óscar: *História da Literatura Portuguesa*

(Twelfth Edition, Oporto, Porto Editora, 1982).

283. Selvagem, Carlos and Cidade, Hernani: *Cultura Portuguesa* (Lisbon, Empresa Nacional da Publicidade, undated).
284. Simões, João Gaspar: *História do Romance Português* (in three volumes, Lisbon, Estúdios Cor, 1967-1972).
285. Storr, Anthony: *Jung* (London, Fontana, 1973).
286. Todorov, Tzvetvan: *The Poetics of Prose* (Oxford, Blackwell, 1977).
287. Unamuno, Miguel de: *Del sentimiento trágico de la vida* (Third Edition, Madrid, Espasa-Calpe, 1982).
288. Warner, Marina: *Alone of All her Sex: the Myth and the Cult of the Virgin Mary* (London, Picador, 1985).
289. Wedberg, Lloyd Warren: *The Theme of Loneliness in Theodor Storm's 'Novellen'*, (The Hague, Mouton, 1964).
290. Williams, Ioan: *The Idea of the Novel in Europe (1600-1800)* (London, Macmillan, 1979).
291. Wisdom, John: "Philosophy and Psychoanalysis", in *Philosophy and Psychoanalysis* (Oxford, Blackwell, 1953), pp. 169-181.

Appendix A: The Novels of Camilo Castelo Branco

In both this section and Appendix B, works have been arranged in chronological order, and the dates refer to the first edition. I have relied principally upon Osório (*Camilo Castelo Branco: A Sua Vida, O Seu Génio, A Sua Obra*, pp. 399-414) for this information, which has been counter-checked with Alexandre Cabral's *Subsídio* and the edition of *Memórias do Cárcere* listed in the Bibliography; where these sources have differed radically, this has been indicated by reference to footnotes at the end of Appendix B.

Anátema (1851).

Mistérios de Lisboa (in three volumes, 1854).

A Filha do Arcebispo (1855) ¹.

O Livro Negro de Padre Dinis (in two volumes, 1855).

A Neta do Arcebispo (1856).

Onde Está a Felicidade? (1856).

Um Homem de Brios (1857).

Lágrimas Abençoadas (1857).

Cenas da Foz (1857).

Carlota Ângela (1858).

Vingança (1858).

O Que Fazem Mulheres (1858).

O Romance de um Homem Rico (1861).

As Três Irmãs (1862).

Amor de Perdição (1862).

Coisas Espantosas (1862).

Coração, Cabeça e Estômago (1862).

Estrelas Funestas (1862).

Anos de Prosa (1863).

Aventuras de Basílio Fernandes Enxertado (1863).

O Bem e o Mal (1863).

Estrelas Propícias (1863).

Memórias de Guilherme do Amaral (1863).

Agulha em Palheiro (1863).

Amor de Salvação (1864).

A Filha do Doutor Negro (1864).

Vinte Horas de Liteira (1864).

O Esqueleto (1865).

Luta de Gigantes (1865).

A Sereia (1865).

A Enjeitada (1866).

O Judeu (in two volumes, 1866).

O Olho de Vidro (1866).

A Queda dum Anjo (1866).

O Santo da Montanha (1866).

A Bruxa do Monte Córdova (1867).

A Doida do Candal (1867).

O Senhor do Paço de Ninães (1867).

Mistérios de Fafe (1868).

O Retrato de Ricardina (1868).

O Sangue (1868).

Os Brilhantes do Brastreto (1869).

A Mulher Fatal (1870).

A Infanta Capelista (1872).

O Carrasco de Vitor Hugo José Alves (1872).

Livro de Consolação (1872).

O Demónio do Ouro (in two volumes, 1873-4).

O Regicida (1874).

A Filha do Regicida (1875).

A Caveira da Mártir (1875-6).

Novelas do Minho (in three volumes, 1875-7).

Eusébio Macário (1879) ².

A Corja (1880) ².

A Brasileira de Prazins (1882).

Vulcões de Lama (1886).

Appendix B: Other Works of Camilo Castelo Branco

In this section, the genre of each publication has been listed in brackets before the date.

Os Pundonores Desagravados (Poetry, 1845).

O Juízo Final e o Sonho do Inferno (Poetry, 1845).

Agostinho de Ceuta (Drama, 1847).

Maria! Não me Mates, que Sou Tua Mãe! (Short Story, 1848).

A Murraça (Poetry, 1848).

O Marquês de Torres Novas (Drama, 1848).

O Caleche e o Último Ano de um Válido (Miscellaneous, 1849).

O Clero e o Sr. Alexandre Herculano (Polemic, 1850).

Soneto Pelo Casamento da Filha de Columbano Pinto Ribeiro (Poetry, 1850) ³.

Inspirações (Poetry, 1851).

Salve, Rei! (Poetry, 1852).

Revelações (Polemic, 1852) ⁴.

Hosanna! (Poetry, 1852).

Um Livro (Poetry, 1854) ⁵.

Duas Épocas da Vida (Poetry, 1854) ⁶.

Folhas Caídas, Apanhadas na Lama (Poetry, 1854).

À Signora Laura Geordano (Poetry, 1854).

À Senhora Laura Geordano (Poetry, 1854) ⁷.

Cenas Contemporâneas (Miscellaneous, 1855).

Hino Consagrado a Sua Majestade El-Rei D. Pedro V (Poetry, 1856) ⁸.

Justiça (Drama, 1856).

Duas Horas de Leitura (Miscellaneous, 1857).

Espinhos e Flores (Drama, 1857).

Purgatório e Paraíso (Drama, 1857).

Beneficência (Poetry, 1859) ⁹.

A Madame Adelaide Ristori (Poetry, 1860) ¹⁰.

Abençoadas Lágrimas (Drama, 1861).

O Morgado de Fafe em Lisboa (Drama, 1861).

Doze Casamentos Felizes (Short Stories, 1861) ¹¹.

Poesia ou Dinheiro? (Drama, 1861).

O Último Acto (Drama, 1862).

Memórias do Cárcere (In two volumes, Memoirs, 1862).

Noites de Lamego (Short Stories, 1863) ¹².

Cenas Inocentes da Comédia Humana (Miscellaneous, 1863).

No Bom Jesus do Monte (Memoirs, 1864) ¹³.

Divindade de Jesus e Tradição Apostólica (Miscellaneous, 1865) ¹⁴.

Esboços de Apreciações Literárias (Criticism, 1865).

Horas de Paz (In two volumes, Miscellaneous, 1865) ¹⁵.

O Morgado de Fafe Amoroso (Drama, 1865).

Preceitos do Coração (Poetry, 1865) ¹⁶.

Preceito da Consciência (Poetry, 1865) ¹⁷.

Vaidades Irritadas e Irritantes (Polemic, 1866) ¹⁸.

Cavar em Ruínas (Miscellaneous, 1867).

Cousas Leves e Pesadas (Miscellaneous, 1867).

Mosaico e Silva de Curiosidades Históricas, Literárias e Biográficas (Miscellaneous, 1868).

As Virtudes Antigas, ou a Freira que Fazia Chagas, e o Frade que Fazia Reis - um Poeta Português... Rico! (Miscellaneous, 1868) ¹⁹.

D. António Alves Martins, Bispo de Viseu (Biography, 1870).

O Condenado (Drama, 1870) ²⁰.

Teatro Cómico (Drama, 1870) ²¹.

Voltaréis, ó Cristo? (Short Story, 1871) ²².

Quatro Horas Inocentes (Miscellaneous, 1872).

A Espada de Alexandre (Miscellaneous, 1872).

O Visconde de Ouguela (Biography, 1873).

Ao Anoitecer da Vida (Poetry, 1874).

Correspondência Epistolar entre José Cardoso Vieira de Castro e Camilo Castelo Branco
(In two volumes, Letters, 1874).

Noites de Insónia (In two volumes, Miscellaneous, 1874).

Curso de Literatura Portuguesa (Criticism, 1876).

Cancioneiro Alegre de Poetas Portugueses e Brasileiros (Anthology, 1879).

Os Críticos do "Cancioneiro Alegre" (Polemic, 1879).

Suícida (Short Story, 1880) ²³.

Luís de Camões (Biography, 1880).

Ecoss Humorísticos do Minho (Miscellaneous, 1880) ²⁴.

A Senhora Rattazzi (Polemic, 1880) ²⁵.

Perfil do Marquês de Pombal (History, 1882).

Como os Anjos se Vingam (Drama, 1882).

A Morgadinha de Vale de Amores (Drama, 1882) ²⁶.

Entre a Flauta e a Viola (Drama, 1882) ²⁷.

Narcóticos (Miscellaneous, 1882).

D. Luís de Portugal, Neto do Prior do Crato (History, 1883).

Questão da Sebenta (Polemic, 1883).

O General Carlos Ribetro (Biography, 1884).

O Vinho do Porto (History, 1884) ²⁸.

Maria da Fonte (History, 1884).

Serões de S. Miguel de Ceide (In two volumes, Miscellaneous, 1885).

A Lira Meridional (Criticism, 1886).

Boémia do Espírito (Miscellaneous, 1886).

A Difamação dos Livretros Sucessores de Ernesto Chardron (Polemic, 1886).

Esboço de Crítica - Otelo, o Mouro de Veneza (Criticism, 1886).

Nostalgias (Poetry, 1888).

Delitos da Mocidade (Miscellaneous, 1889).

Revista do Porto/Folhetim de O Nacional (Miscellaneous, 1889) ²⁹.

Vida de José do Telhado (Short Story, 1889) ³⁰.

Nas Trevas: Sonetos Sentimentais e Humorísticos (Poetry, 1890).

O Lobishomem (published posthumously, Drama, 1900).

In addition, the author published a continual series of articles on a variety of matters

in dozens of journals (the most notable works here being his polemics), as well as performing translations into Portuguese of various works originally written in French and English, and writing prefaces for numerous works by other authors. His correspondence, of which little was published before his death, was also prodigious. Alexandre Cabral calculated Camilo's writings in the following terms:

“30.000 páginas correspondentes aos 133 títulos de «obras
originals»;

2.000 páginas de polémicas;

2.600 páginas de escritos diversos e avulsos, reunidos por
Júlio Dias da Costa em 5 volumes;

5.569 páginas das obras alheias que verteu para português;

1.400 páginas de conjunto de livros revistos ou anotados por
Camilo;

1.000 páginas relativas às edições, ou reedições de manus-
critos, da responsabilidade de Camilo;

15.000 páginas de correspondência.”³¹

Cabral goes on to calculate this as a production, over a period of forty years, without a single day off, of over four pages a day. Even if we were to discount the annotations made to books read, and the correspondence (which is surely not writing in exactly the same sense as conventional literature), this remains a prolific output, of almost three pages per day³².

Notes on the Appendices

1. Cabral dates *A Filha do Arcediogo* to 1854.
2. *Eusébio Macário* and *A Corja* originally appeared in volumes labelled “Sentimentalismo e História” and “História e Sentimentalismo” respectively; these contained historical pieces as well as fictional writing, but the fiction proved so successful that, in subsequent editions, it was always given greater prominence.
3. Not included in *Memórias do Cárcere*.
4. *Memórias do Cárcere* lists this work as “Narrativa”, a description which seems less than appropriate for this work.
5. Cabral puts this work under the heading of “Miscelânea”.
6. Osório and *Memórias do Cárcere* both give the title of this work as *Duas Épocas na Vida* ; however, the form normally used is with “da”.
7. Not included in the list in *Memórias do Cárcere*. There is little to be gained by distinguishing between this work and the previous one, as both were distributed at a benefit concert held for this singer, but the author listed the latter work, a sonnet, separately from the longer one, as well as using a Portuguese, rather than an Italian, form of address; his practice in this has been respected.
8. Not included in either Osório or *Memórias do Cárcere*.
9. Not included in either Osório or *Memórias do Cárcere*.

10. Not included in either Osório or *Memórias do Cárcere*.
11. All sources classify these as individual novels, but, in the English-speaking world, these would probably be regarded as short stories.
12. All sources classify this work as "Miscelânea"; once again, however, the description "short-story" could be applied.
13. Cabral and *Memórias do Cárcere* both list this as "Narrativa"; the predominantly subjective and emotive nature of the text leads me to classify it as "memoirs".
14. *Memórias do Cárcere* lists this work as "Narrativa", a description which seems totally inappropriate.
15. *Memórias do Cárcere* lists this work as "Narrativa", a description which seems totally inappropriate.
16. Not listed by Cabral.
17. Not listed by Cabral, or in *Memórias do Cárcere*. Together this work and the preceding one make up *Duas Épocas da Vida*.
18. Osório regards this work as criticism; it is, however, surely rather polemic with literature as its subject.
19. Cabral regards this work as "Narrativa".
20. *Memórias do Cárcere* lists *Como os Anjos se Virgam* as being published along with *O Condenado*.

21. The two works contained in this volume were republished in 1882 as *A Morgadinha de Vale de Amores* and *Entre a Flauta e a Viola* respectively.
22. Not listed in *Memórias do Cárcere*.
23. Originally, this work appeared in *Noites de Lamego* with the title *A Formosa das Violetas*.
24. *Memórias do Cárcere* lists this work as criticism.
25. Osório and *Memórias do Cárcere* list this work as criticism, but, once again, it is really a literary polemic.
26. See note 21.
27. See note 21.
28. Cabral lists this as "Narrativa".
29. Dated by Cabral to 1861, while, in *Memórias do Cárcere*, the date is given as 1850; this was actually the date of publication in *O Nacional*. As Osório claims that publication was arranged by Freitas Fortuna, who was close to the author late in his life, 1889 seems the most likely date.
30. Not listed by Osório.
31. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p. 14.
32. Alexandre Cabral, *Roteiro*, p. 16.