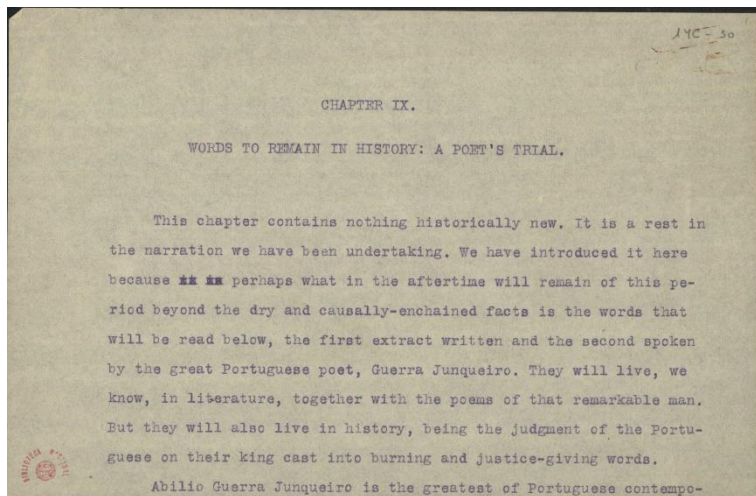


BNP/E3, 14C - 30^c



Transcrição

CHAPTER IX.

WORDS TO REMAIN IN HISTORY: A POET'S TRIAL.

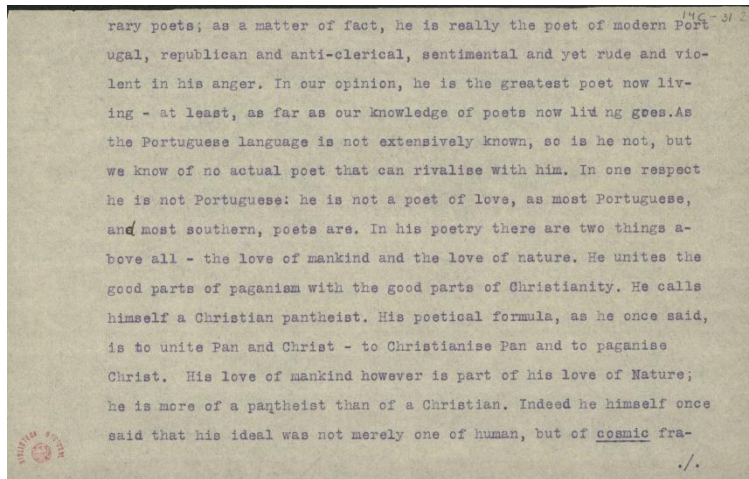
This chapter contains nothing historically new. It is a rest in the narration we have been undertaking. We have introduced it here because ~~it is~~ perhaps what in the aftertime will remain of this period beyond the dry and causally-enchained facts is the words that will be read below, the first extract written and the second spoken by the great Portuguese poet, Guerra Junqueiro. They will live, we know, in literature, together with poems of that remarkable man. But they will also live in history, being judgment of the Portuguese on their king cast into burning and justice-giving words.

Abilio Guerra Junqueiro is the greatest of Portuguese contempo-

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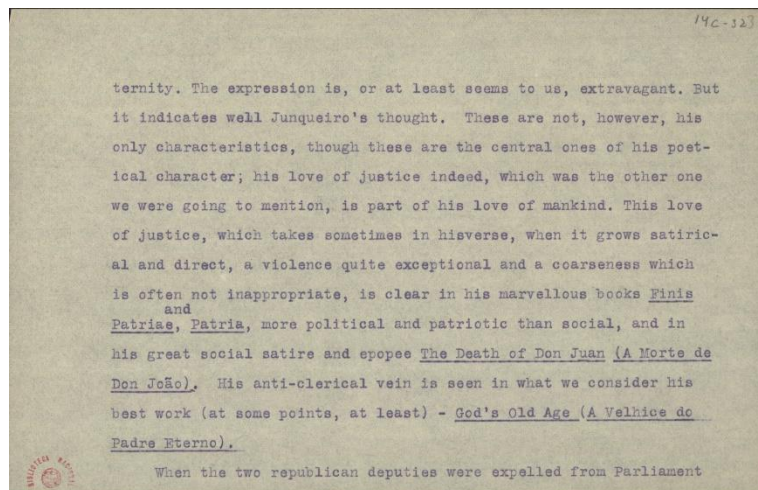
BNP/E3, 14C - 31*



rary poets; as a matter of fact, he is really the poet of modern Portugal, republican and anti-clerical, sentimental and yet rude and violent in his anger. In our opinion, he is the greatest poet now living - at least, as far as our knowledge of poets now living goes. As the Portuguese language is not extensively known, so is he not, but we know of no actual poet that can rivalise with him. In one respect he is not Portuguese: he is not a poet of love, as most Portuguese, and most southern, poets are. In his poetry there are two things above all - the love of mankind and the love of nature. He unites the good parts of paganism with the good parts of Christianity. He calls himself a Christian pantheist. His poetical formula, as he once said, is to unite Pan and Christ - to Christianise Pan and to paganise Christ. His love of mankind however is part of his love of Nature; he is more of a pantheist than of a Christian. Indeed he himself once said that his ideal was not merely one of human, but of cosmic fra-
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Transcrição

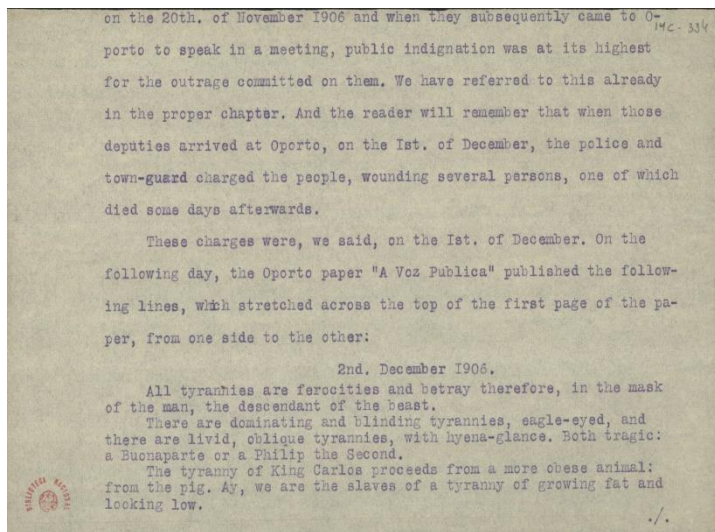
rary poets; as a matter of fact, he is really the poet of modern Portugal, republican and anti-clerical, sentimental and yet rude and violent in his anger. In our opinion, he is the greatest poet now living - at least, as far as our knowledge of poets now living goes. As the Portuguese language is not extensively known, so is he not, but we know of no actual poet that can rivalise with him. In one respect he is not Portuguese: he is not a poet of love, as most Portuguese, and most southern, poets are. In his poetry there are two things above all - the love of mankind and the love of nature. He unites the good parts of paganism with the good parts of Christianity. He calls himself a Christian pantheist. His poetical formula, as he once said, is to unite Pan and Christ - to Christianise Pan and to paganise Christ. His love of mankind however is part of his love of Nature; he is more of a pantheist than of a Christian. Indeed he himself once said that his ideal was not merely one of human, but of *cosmic* fra-



ternity. The expression is, or at least seems to us, extravagant. But it indicates well Junqueiro's thought. These are not, however, his only characteristics, though these are the central ones of his poetical character; his love of justice indeed, which was the other one we were going to mention, is part of his love of mankind. This love of justice, which takes sometimes in his verse, when it grows satirical and direct, a violence quite exceptional and a coarseness which is often not inappropriate, is clear in his marvellous books *Finis Patriae*, ^{/and\} *Patria*, more political and patriotic than social, and in his great social satire and epopee *The Death of Don Juan (A Morte de Don João)*. His anti-clerical vein is seen in what we consider his best work (at some points, at least) - *God's Old Age (A Velhice do Padre Eterno)*.

When the two republican deputies were expelled from Parliament

BNP/E3, 14C - 33^c



Transcrição

on the 20th. of November 1906 and when they subsequently came to Oporto to speak in a meeting, public indignation was at its highest for the outrage committed on them. We have referred to this already in the proper chapter. And the reader will remember that when those deputies arrived at Oporto, on the 1st. of December, the police and town-guard charged the people, wounding several persons, one of which died some days afterwards.

These charges were, we said, on the 1st. of December. On the following day, the Oporto paper "A Voz Publica" published the following lines, which stretched across the top of the first page of the paper, from one side to the other:

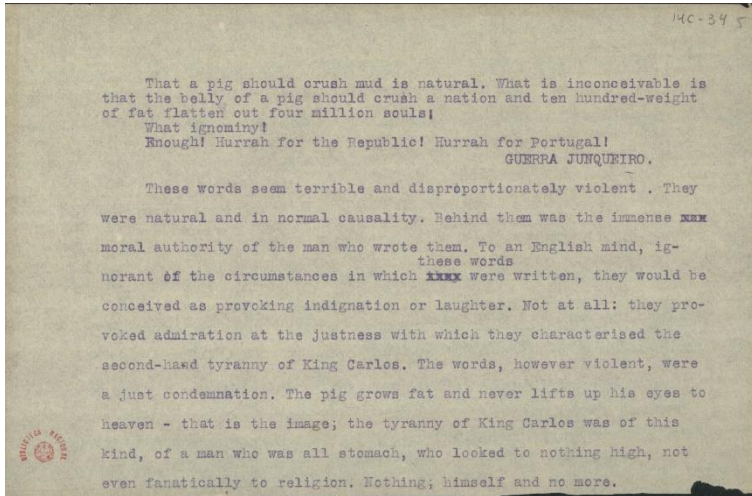
2nd. December 1906.

All tyrannies are ferocities and betray therefore, in the mask of the man, the descent of the beast.

There are dominating and blinging tyrannies, eagle-eyed, and there are livid, oblique tyrannies, with hyena-glance. Both tragic: a Buonaparte or a Philip the Second.

The tyranny of King Carlos proceeds from a more obese animal: from the pig. Ay, we are the slaves of a tyranny of growing fat and looking low.

BNP/E3, 14C - 34^r



Transcrição

That a pig should crush mud is natural. What is inconceivable is that the belly of a pig should crush a nation and ten hundred-weight of fat flatten out four million souls!

What ignominy!

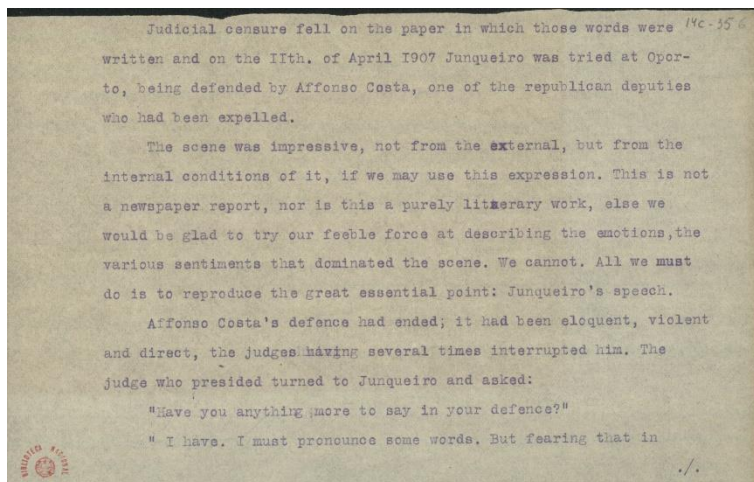
Enough! Hurrah for the Republic! Hurrah for Portugal!

GUERRA JUNQUEIRO.

These words seem terrible and disproportionately violent. They were natural and in normal causality. Behind them was the immense ~~no-~~ moral authority of the man who wrote them. To an English mind, ignorant of the circumstances in which ~~they~~ these words were written, they would be conceived as provoking indignation of laughter. Not at all: they provoked admiration at the justness with which they characterised the second-hand tyranny of King Carlos. The words, however violent, were a just condemnation. The pig grows fat and never lifts up his eyes to heaven - that is the image; the tyranny of king Carlos was of this kind, of a man who was all stomach, who looked to nothing high, not even fanatically to religion. Nothing; himself and no more.

BNP/E3, 14C - 35^o

Transcrição



Judicial censure fell on the paper in which those words were written and on the 11th. of April 1907 Junqueiro was tried at Oporto, being defended by Affonso Costa, one of the republican deputies who had been expelled.

The scene was impressive, not from the external, but from the internal conditions of it, if we may use this expression. This is not a newspaper report, nor is this a purely literary work, else we would be glad to try our feeble force at describing the emotions, the various sentiments that dominated the scene. We cannot. All we must do is to reproduce the great essential point: Junqueiro's speech.

Affonso Costa's defence had ended; it had been eloquent, violent and direct, the judges having several times interrupted him. The judge who presided turned to Junqueiro and asked:

"Have you anything more to say in your defence?"

"I have. I must pronounce some words. But fearing that in {...}

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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