

Fernando Pessoa

**[Carta a Armando Teixeira Rebelo — 2 Ago. 1907]**

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Hotel Brito, Portalegre.  
August 24th 1907.

Venerável portion of earthly existence!

In a few moments of concatenated mental activity, not unassisted by the carnal fumes of the alcoholic beverage — no more and no less than wine — not exclusive to this locality, my soul felt, like a mental sigh) the necessity of giving expression to its present state and tendencies to a friendly brain such as yours.

Lonely and silente in my transitory place of existence in the hotel mentioned in the heading of this explosive epistle of an overburdened soul, feeling the world around me morally cold and materially warm — below zero towards my soul and not far from 40 in relation to my body — in these distressing and inspiring circumstances the thought has come upon me that perhaps the indicting of this epistolary composition may be subjectively conductive to an alleviation of my earthly lot at this moment, may be the «balm in Gilead», dreamt of Poe, to my unsistered spirit.

Hence this letter.

Portalegre is a place where all a stranger can do is get tired of doing nothing. Its component qualities seem to me (upon deep and cautious analysis) to contain, in uncertain relative quantities, heat, cold, semi-Spanishdom and nothingness. The wine is good (though not from here, I think), but it is decidedly alcoholic, especially when the water pitcher is at the other end of the table and you (that is I) forget to ask for it. The style of this letter may be «terminal» proof thereof. I shall register it that so brilliant an offspring of my mind may not be lost in the post.

The taking-to-pieces and packing of the printing office is taking a damned long time — poetically speaking, of course. — Nevertheless, the men have worked quickly enough and I have looked on (and off) with the greatest energy.

I sincerely believe that if I were to remain here a month, I would have to go to Lisbon, afterwards to Bombarda Hotel. You can hardly imagine the

hyperboredom, the ultra-get-tired-of-everythingness, the absolute what-the-blooming-hell-is-a-chap-to-do-hereability that reigns in my spirit! I found a book to read, but was unable to muster energy to read it. I am anxious to get back to Lisbon; yet I think I will have to stay here yet three days more.

Alentejo seen from the train

Nothing with nothing around it  
And a few trees in between  
None of which very clearly green,  
Where no river or flower pays a visit.  
If there be a hell, I've found it,  
For if it ain't here, where the Devil is it?

Fare thee well,  
F. Nogueira Pessoa

2-8-1907

**Escritos Íntimos, Cartas e Páginas Autobiográficas** . Fernando Pessoa. (Introduções, organização e notas de António Quadros.) Mem Martins: Publ. Europa-América, 1986: 56.

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