

Fernando Pessoa

[Diary — 25 Jul. 1907]

July 25 — 1907. I am tired of confiding in myself, of lamenting over myself, of pitying mine own self with tears.

I have just had a kind of scene with T[ia] Rita over F. Coelho. At the end of it I felt again one of those symptoms which grow clearer and ever more horrible in me: a moral vertigo. In physical vertigo there is a whirling of the external world about us; in moral vertigo of the interior world. I seemed for a moment to lose the sense of the true relations of things, to lose comprehension, to fall into an abyss of mental abeyance. It is a horrible sensation, one to strike with inordinate fear. These feelings are becoming common, they seem to pave my way to a new mental life, which shall of course be madness. — In my family there is no comprehension of my mental state — no, none. They laugh at me, sneer at me, disbelieve me; they say I wish to be extraordinary. They neglect to analyse *the wish to be* extraordinary. They cannot comprehend that between being and wishing to be extraordinary there is but the difference of consciousness being added to the second. It is the same case as that of myself playing with tin soldiers at seven and at 14 years; in one they were things, in the other things and playthings at the same time; yet the impulse to play with them remained, and that was the real, fundamental psychical state.

July 25:

I have no one in whom to confide. My family understands nothing. My friends I cannot trouble with these things; I have no really intimate friends, and even were there one intimate, in world's way, yet he were not intimate in the way I understand intimacy. I am shy and unwilling to make known my woes. An intimate friend is one of my ideal things, one of my day-dreams yet an intimate friend is a thing I never shall have. No temperament fits me; there is no character in this world which shows a chance of approaching to that I dream in an intimate friend. No more of this. — Mistress or sweetheart I have none; it is another of my ideals and one fraught, into the soul of it, with a

real nothingness. It cannot be, as I dream. Alas! poor Alastor! Shelley, how I understand thee! Can I confide in Mother? Would that I had her here. I cannot confide to her also, but her presence would abate much of my pain. I feel as lonely as a wreck in sea. And I am a wreck indeed. So I confide in myself. In myself? What confidence is there in these lines? There is none. As I read them over I ache in mind to perceive how pretentious, how literary-diary-like they are! In some I have even made style. Yet I suffer none the less. A man may suffer as much in a suit of silks as in a sack or in a tora blanket.

No more.

25-7-1907

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 26.