

The Journal, 1941

Lisbon, 21 April

I've been at Lisbon since 10 February. And it's been months since I've written anything, even intelligent letters. My private journal I interrupted when I left Romania—19 April 1940.¹ It would have been useless to write my impressions. I knew I wouldn't have been able to leave England with a single page of manuscript. Then, too, I was afraid of a search. If I'd kept the journal regularly and honestly, I'd have had to recall many important conversations with English political persons and many confidences, on which, if they were betrayed, a man's freedom or perhaps even his head could have depended. I keep trying all the while to refresh my memory on dates, in order to be able someday to write my memoirs of England.

I begin this notebook today for an entirely different reason. Nina² left for Bucharest a few days ago. For four or five weeks, I'm sure. The suspension of any responsible work for so many months, the pressure of politics under which I live, the mental sloth, the abandonment of my manuscripts and notes in Oxford, the intellectual poverty of Lisbon—all these threaten me with slow deterioration. I need to find myself again, to collect myself.

28 April

Great popular demonstration in honor of Salazar.³ With difficulty, I make my way, an hour and a half before the appointed time, into Praça de Comercio. I have a seat on the balcony of the Ministry of Finance, on the third floor. An ocean of heads in the plaza. Enormous numbers of children and young people. For several hours, all sorts of cannons have been firing continuously, from the land and from the river. I give a start—remembering London.

At 6:00 Salazar appears. The whole living mass at his feet roars. With difficulty, leaning far out over the banister, I can make out his profile. He is wearing a simple, gray afternoon suit, and he smiles, saluting with his hand, deliberately, without gestures. When he appeared, baskets of rose petals, red and yellow, began to be poured out from above. I noticed later, when a young man was speaking from a platform in the middle of the square, that Salazar was playing pensively with a few petals still left on the banister. I watched him, then, as he spoke. He read, warmly enough but without emphasis, lifting his eyes from

the page at intervals and looking at the throng. He raised his left hand weakly, thoughtfully. A voice never strident. And at the conclusion of the speech, when those below were applauding, he inclined his head, smiling. Seemingly, he failed to be aware of the overwhelming, collective might at his feet. In any event, he was not their prisoner; the thought didn't even occur to him.

30 April

The solemnity of the presentation of the letters of accreditation of the new minister, Iuraşcu. The first I've attended. The agony of dressing in tails and the shirt with the stiff front, which I had bought that fatal morning (cf. the letter sent to Nina with details about the route taken from Aviz to the Presidential Palace). Accompanied by motorized units. I was in the first car, with Antohi⁴ and Norton from Protocol. Amused at being the only one with no military decorations—other than Salazar, of course, who accepts every kind of decoration but wears none. The scene at the Palace: old General Carmona, the providential president—who, instead of having Salazar shot, according to the Romanian custom, made him the dictator of Portugal—listened resignedly to the letter of Iuraşcu, nodding his head slowly every time he heard the word “Latinity.” Salazar, standing beside him in a frock coat, seemed exceptionally modest, as if he were one of the President's secretaries. He listened without any apparent tension, without emphasizing his presence. I had the impression that he was more interested in the expression on Iuraşcu's face. I could see his eyes clearly now. They don't sparkle, nor do they pierce or intimidate you—but they pass through you without hostility. I'm sorry I didn't hear him speak. The minister presented us to Carmona. About me he said, “One of our talented writers.” I believe the old gentleman doesn't hear well. He kept saying, “*Merci, merci.*”

6 May

Today my manuscripts and note slips came from London. Vardala⁵ telegraphed from here to the counselor at the Swedish Legation, and after almost four weeks the package has arrived.

My joy on opening it, finding the notes and manuscripts I'd given up hope of having in my hands again before the end of the war! A few German pamphlets have disappeared. I reread the five or six journal pages, the only ones I wrote, all having to do with *Viaţa Nouă*.⁶ Oxford, with all its tragedy and beauty, I sense anew. And I sense again my sickness, depression, hopes, plans—the whole pathetic life I led from 8 September till 24 January. Now I don't know which work to take up first: the novel or *Introducerea în istoria religiilor*.⁷

7 May

Tonight I reread the seventy-five pages of the novel. In general, I found it good. Minor corrections in both chapters and some polishing of the text.

15 May

I dine this evening at the residence of Georges Oulmont, the French refugee writer whom I met at the *Circulo Eça de Queiroz* and whom I invited to our place for a meal some two weeks ago. He had told me he was living in a single room, very modestly, as a refugee, in a building of the Patriarchate—but I never imagined I'd find such sad misery. The only thing of beauty: the balcony, which overlooks the Tagus. A small room reached by passing through an auditorium in which every evening religious lectures are held, followed by stupid and pornographic chattering among the boys. (I myself could hear, without trying to listen, the inevitable lecturer raising his voice.) A bed and a sofa, a worktable with only a single plate on which I was served some stewed peas, then a slice of ham and salad, then a little cheese. A few cherries, a sweet, and a cup of coffee. It was not this, however, that was depressing, but the iron tableware, the dirty glasses (no two alike), the previously opened bottle of wine, the dried bread from a tin box, the tiny kerosene stove on which he heated the peas and made the coffee. And the rest of the room: the bed with the pajamas on it, the suitcase with the boots on top, the sofa where Mme Oulmont was lying that undoubtedly had bedbugs, because she got up scratching her arm, which looked suspiciously red, lit the lamp, and put the arm under the pump. In the room also were a clothespress, a washbasin, and a few shelves with books. Mme Oulmont fled France with a fur piece around her neck and a dog on her lap. He with the clothing he had on his back and his manuscripts. He tells me that he owns two houses in France, has a library of 6,000 volumes, silverware, paintings. Now he leads the life of a refugee. And yet we spoke only of nonmaterial things. He is depressed, however, by what is happening in France.⁸

29 May

How sad to discover that all men of culture and nearly all writers appropriate in their work the philosophy in fashion at the time in which they live, even in its most sterile and vulgar aspects! *Eça de Queiroz*⁹ and all of his generation—Oliveira Martius, Theophilo Braza, etc.—were atheists, positivists, socialists, and the like. *Eça's* novels carry this inert theoretical mass of philosophy then in vogue. Pio Baroja writes that he professes materialism because "it is the doctrine most productive for science." Examples can be multiplied. With great delight, all these men introduce defunct theoretical elements into their work. In fact, since science has been popularized, it has begun to be fashionable in the arts to borrow from the universe of contemporary savants or, even worse, the simple unverified conclusions of certain premises and methods valid (validated) for the generation—as was the case with positivism, materialism, physiologized medicine, etc.

How singular Goethe seems, who waged war against the science of his age! Or Dostoyevsky, or even Tolstoy who dared to rediscover the Gospels in the midst of positivism!

(Note at the time of transcribing, 4 August: a few days ago, while working on a chapter of *Viață Nouă* that is going hard, I copied a part of the above into the journal of David Dragu.)

4 June

Not until today did I realize that I could write anything so unsuccessful, so lacking in vigor, content, and zest as those eighty or ninety large pages of *Ștefania*. I remember that I had tried several times before to reread the manuscript, without succeeding. From the first pages I renounced it, depressed. Other than the chapters published in *Universul literar*,¹⁰ there's almost nothing salvageable: not even episodes, "subjects," that could be melted down and recast. I wonder how I could have persisted for two months in such a sterile work. I wonder especially how I could have written so badly. Where was my fertile imagination, where my lively dialogues, where the intelligence of my characters? Everything in this book is dull, uninteresting, lamentable. I congratulate myself for having abandoned it definitively.

For *Viață Nouă* I'm forced to rewrite everything pertaining to Ștefania and Petru.

10 June

Magnificent outing with Aron Cotruș¹¹ to Arrábida and Letubal. This is the third time I've seen the Cornice of Arrábida and The Forest of the Solitary. A series of little notes, scattered through pockets and notebooks, waiting to be written up. I bought a special leather-bound notebook for keeping such notes, but I can't always carry it with me. Nor have I transcribed any of the trips to Porto, Coimbra, or Évora. I believe I still have somewhere the notes from Sintra. I ought to start writing them up, because later they'll lose their freshness.

13 June

Today I reread *Nuntă în Cer* [Marriage in Heaven]¹² for a new edition. The first part moved me to tears. Never have I written anything more perfect, more moving, and more sincere. Too bad that the second, especially toward the end, falls well below that level. Otherwise, it would be the most beautiful novel of love in the Romanian language.

Two weeks ago, right after I returned from Madrid, I reread *Întoarcerea din rai* [The Return from Paradise] and *Huliganii* [The Hooligans].¹³ I began the reading with anxiety lest perhaps these two books, which will find their fulfillment in *Viață Nouă*, would seem lamentable to me. But how interesting, how amazing they were to read again! Never have I had more clearly the sentiment that I am a great writer and that my novels will be the only things read, out of my whole production of 1925–40, a hundred years from now. So strongly did this sentiment take hold on me, so completely am I now convinced of my

literary genius, that I sometimes wonder if this “discovery” might not mean the beginning of old age, if my power of creation might not be exhausted.

20 June

From the homeland I receive copies of *Ion* and *Întunecare*.¹⁴ I'd requested them in order to refresh my memory, after an absence in time and space, from the Romanian novel. I began with *Întunecare*. I confess here that I'd never read more than three-fourths of volume I, as much as appeared in the first volume of the Editura Universul edition of 1927. About this portion I wrote a rather equivocal review in *Cuvântul* [The Word]. (I remember Pamfil Șeicaru's¹⁵ fury: “You've practically condemned it!”) But, actually, I had a rather good opinion of it, incomparably better than I had of the later novels. Mihail Sebastian never tired of teasing me about my excessive tolerance for *Întunecare*. Now that I've read both volumes, I understand him and see that he was right.

Several times while reading, I said to myself with sadness: Is this all we could give ourselves concerning the era 1916–26? I couldn't believe that this was the “fresco of national life” that so many reviewers and literary critics lauded. I console myself by saying that no generation can extol its own accomplishments, that no great historical event has been reflected in its true proportions by contemporary artists.

There are, nevertheless, certain good passages: the beginning of volume I, the description of the declaration of war, the retreat. Then, in volume II: scenes at the front, Comșa's visit to his natal village and his sister's sergeant, fragments from the electoral campaign. All that refers to “psychology” and “sociology” is false, strident, unconvincing. The theoretical dialogues are mediocre in the extreme. And it is incontestable that Cezar Petrescu has talent. What a splendid theme for a novel he had in hand, the way it began! . . .

22 June

I was on the Guineho Beach when Nina brought me the news of our entrance into the war against Soviet Russia. At first we heard only about our country and Finland, and we were afraid; we believed the Germans would help us, but not openly. Then we learned the truth, that the Reich is indeed fighting, and we are only a part of the German right flank.

I admit that I wasn't expecting this war in 1941. I believed that the so-called Russo-German collaboration would last longer. This means that the Germans have realized they can't win the war this year, and they're preparing for a long fight. In my opinion, the attack is a sign of weakness on Germany's part. Because, if they had been certain they could crush England this year, there would have been no need for them to attack Russia; the Soviets, after the final German victory, would have done everything Hitler would have asked. Before reading Churchill's speech and seeing what the Americans said, I had

hoped (very faintly, it's true) that perhaps on the back of Russia it would be possible to make a compromised peace. But I see that my imperialist at London is howling that the Russians are fighting for freedom and they must be helped to resist the Hitlerite invasion. Once again, how ridiculous the ethics of this British war seems to me! You don't say anything when the Soviets take Bessarabia, the Baltic lands, half of Poland, part of Finland—you howl for the Danzig Corridor, and now you help Stalin in the name of democracy, liberty, and Christianity . . .

30 June

I finish reading the second volume of *Ion* with the greatest emotion. What an amazing book! I can imagine the surprise, the perplexity that Rebreanu's contemporaries felt when, in 1921, this masterpiece appeared, so very different from and surpassing all that had been published up to that time. The only "live" peasant in our literature and, undoubtedly, one of the very few authentic peasants in world literature.

There is an enormous number of actions, events, and people in this relatively concise novel (fewer than 800 pages). A book in which "time" intervenes without any artifice; you sense how it flows, how it consummates or releases.



Yesterday, the first German communiqués from the Russian front, which calm me somewhat. My furious love of country, my incandescent nationalism, overwhelms me. I can't do anything since Romania entered the war. Can't write. Have abandoned the novel again. But, à propos the novel: I mustn't forget that time totalizes, it fuses extremes. This is the great lesson of my novel: that man cannot be perfected if he does not "totalize" all his extremes, if he does not succeed in loving his enemies, if he does not transcend his political positions, not through an Indian asceticism or through a skeptical-Olympian placidity—but through the living of the Christian message: "Love your neighbors." The great lesson of "time." . . .

20 July

I'd begun working on the novel and had written with some facility the Ștefania-Nadina-Barbu episode, when Pamfil Șeicaru arrived on an official mission and stayed eight days. I wasn't able to write another line. Everything was suspended: novel, intelligence, sensibility. From the time I met him at the station, a terrible sadness and spiritual drought overwhelmed me. Pamfil Șeicaru on an official mission! Our Pamfil—in audience with the Patriarch, with Salazar and Carmona—then with Franco, with Petain . . . I've reconciled myself to the new Romania of the General¹⁶ and Ică Antonescu¹⁷ (what a horrible resemblance to Armand! . . .)¹⁸ because we are engaged in a terrible war—but the stormy and

tragicomic appearance of Pamfil has gotten me down. All the massacres, all the prison camps, all the humiliations, all the rebellions, all the purifications, all the liberal programs—only to end up again with Pamfil Șeicaru, our eternal Pamfil, who has terrorized all our kings and all our governments, but always lands on his feet. Corneliu Codreanu dead, Iorga¹⁹ dead; dead are Nae Ionescu,²⁰ Armand, I. G. Duca,²¹ Moruzov²²—dead all the Legionary leaders and all the executioners of Legionaries—while Pamfil is alive, dynamic, patriotic. Today, in the gravest hour of our history—because our very existence as a state is at risk—Pamfil Șeicaru is sent on an official mission. He tells me that he was offered the position of Minister of Propaganda, but he refused, because “all things in their time,” and now it’s beginning to be too late.

He abuses the Legionaries horribly. He abuses Nae, but in the face of my reserve and the superficial defense I make of him, he forgets what he has said and begins to praise him. He pretends to have great love for me. He promises me I don’t know how many university chairs! Probably he likes my candor, my embarrassment at seeing myself praised so mightily by him. I pretend to be astonished: a poor man of books, in love with poetry and nature, who has no idea what life is (“Life, man, it’s wine, women, music—the good life!”). I do all these things with an immense disgust for myself, for him, for the country, for everything. Nae died on account of the prison camp—while I’m forced today to escort Pamfil to Salazar, to introduce him to directors of newspapers, to writers, etc. And he talks, always, in a loud, firm voice, in a picturesquely incorrect French. António Eça de Queiroz²³ smiles, listening to him . . .

Of course, it’s not Pamfil’s fault if the government didn’t send someone else. But he is to blame for speaking as he does about Romania. I persisted in publishing as much news and as many communiqués as possible about his visit to Portugal. I arranged for him to make statements for the press. Anything that can serve us is good. I defended him before the many Portuguese who met him and belittled him. But never will I be able to forget the torture of having to sit beside him in the car all the way to Coimbra, of sensing him nearby at Alcobaca, Batalha, and Busaco . . .

4 August

An enormous amount of time lost with the stupid “press and propaganda” work. It’s true, I’ve managed, in five months, to write much about Romania in the newspapers. But what importance can all these have? Ephemera of no consequence. The translation of Eminescu and of Camões²⁴ would do more for the reciprocal knowledge of our countries than all the telegrams of press agencies.

But this, of course, no one can understand.

In the past weeks I’ve worked very little on the novel. I find no time. (See the notes in the journal devoted to the novel.)

5 August

Together with the Iuraşcu family, we are invited to lunch with Senhora Ferro—Fernanda da Castro²⁵—at her little *quinta* [farm] at Marimba. The three brothers, owners of a pine forest on the edge of the ocean, over thirty hectares in size, had the intelligent idea of erecting some twenty villas (“fishing cottages”), which they rent. Everyone does as he pleases there. There are no fences, no walls; one has the feeling of ownership. I spent considerable time outdoors, under the pines. The wind that began blowing several days ago in Cascais is not felt here.—Then, with the two Ferro boys, Giza,²⁶ and another girl, we went to play tennis. I notice how quickly I become absorbed in sports, games. Absolutely everything fascinates me.

12 August

Tuesday evenings there is always a “whisky party” at Bolasco’s. He’s the new Italian press attaché who has a fine house in Mont-Estóril. I go regularly and meet interesting people. Then too, my current profession is chasing down news. . . . Almost the entire Italian Legation goes there. I’ve become friends with the son of Giovanni Gentile, second secretary of the Legation. His name is Benedetto and he was born at the time of the friendship of Gentile and Croce.

It was concerning him, in fact, that I began this note. He gives me a multitude of particulars about the life of Croce and the Croce-Gentile friendship. The most significant: Croce had a lady friend some 30 to 40 years ago, a beautiful woman, vivacious, who lived in his house—she too was a Neapolitan whom everyone called “Donna Angelina.” Not even the Gentile family knew her surname, and when it was necessary for them to introduce her to friends, they would say simply “Donna Angelina.” Croce was happy, he loved her; this woman renewed his life. When she died in 1910, Croce was utterly crushed for some time. A few years later, however, he married his present wife, a rigid, severe woman, a true *bas-bleu*. His new companion changed his life completely. Croce grew cool and withdrew from his former friends. In time, he became impassive, short-tempered, attacking everyone, disliking everything, finding fault with everybody. This is his post-First World War oeuvre.

In this way Benedetto explains the cooling of the friendship between his father and Croce, as well as Croce’s imperviousness to Fascism, in which, nevertheless, many of his own ideas could be found (antihistorical materialism, for example; antipositivism, etc.).

September

The European political moment of 1930–40 helped a great deal to bring different kinds of people closer together as to mental structures—people who until then had been in conflict or impervious to one another. I think, for example, of Jacques Maritain, who, owing to the fact that his wife was Jewish

and that he had taken a certain attitude toward Communism and the Civil War in Spain, was forced, in later years, to mitigate certain of his hostilities (Bergson, Lévi-Bruhl, Gide). Likewise, I think of Gide, who, through his conversion to Communism, drew close to a group of Catholics toward whom he had always been reserved: Maritain, Mauriac, Benjamin, etc.

Today I see Portuguese Catholics taking up the defense of Communism, only because Hitler is fighting in Russia.

3 September

My notes on Portugal I have collected in another notebook. Now I'm sorry, because this journal has lost perhaps its most interesting part. But I wanted to make a book of my fragmentary observations, and at the same time I didn't want to have the sentiment that I was publishing parts of my journal.

The great enjoyment I'm having from swimming. I can go now, without effort, for 400 to 500 meters. Only one annoyance: I get cold quickly

15 September

This afternoon—reading, daydreaming, shaving—I had the idea for a long play in Romanian: *Tinețe fără bătrânețe* [Youth without Old Age].²⁷ Since, on account of illness, I interrupted work on *Viața Nouă* a week ago, I hope to begin writing it soon.

27 September

Sick for the past several weeks. My eternal autumn "cold," which coincides so suspiciously with the fever I had at Ciuc . . .

I've broken off work on the novel. Instead, when the fever isn't too bad, I've been reading Portuguese literature, Eça and Camões in particular. Several books are beginning to take shape in my mind, alongside the shelf of books long dreamed of, which God only knows if I'll ever have time to write. But one of them captivates me: a life of Camões, written freely, in which I can say all that I think about the ocean, colonies, India, Manuelin style, Goa, lyric poetry, destiny, Lusitanism, etc. A book without erudition, without notes, with many chapters and many subheadings: somewhat on the order of the biographies of Eugenio d'Ors,²⁸ whose technique I understand now. D'Ors does not have time to write in detail all he knows and thinks, so he creates a biographical sketch.

28 September

Reading today in *Os Maias* (vol. I, p. 143) about the plan of Ega's pretentious book, *Memoirs of an Atom*, I'm amazed to realize how much it resembles "Memoirs of a Lead Soldier" that I wrote in the fourth class of lycée and left unfinished—the manuscripts of which (some three notebooks) Radu Capriel took in 1928. Everything is identical, even up to the presence of the "author"

(my lead) at the Crucifixion, the French Revolution, etc. I wrote these things when I was fourteen. Ega conceived it as a student at Coimbra (Ega is a character in *The Maia Family*; don't confuse him with the author of the novel, Eça de Queiroz). But it is curious that we are both situated in the same mental climate: positivism, prophetic scientism, etc.

29 September

Raining for many days. I can't get well in this adorable house, now a famous center for dampness and rheumatism.

Anyway, it seems a good idea for me leave Cascais now, in the midst of the rainy autumn. At Lisbon I won't be melancholy.

Lisbon, 9 October

Today I meet Reinaldo dos Santos. He receives me at the Museum of Modern Art, of which he is the director. I had heard of him long ago: the best surgeon in Portugal and an eminent art historian, a revolutionary in doctrines of the plastic arts. Among others, Eugenio d'Ors had spoken to me about him in Madrid; when I asked him to what extent a man of the Leibniz or da Vinci type is still possible, he gave me Reinaldo as an example.

The interview, set for a quarter of an hour, lasted almost two hours. We spoke especially about art and "maritime philosophy." I described to him my book about Camões. But I came around, as usual, to India, to the history of science, to symbolism and metaphysics.

I left the museum reinvigorated and yet feeling a little melancholic. Because, among other things, Santos asked me for clarifications about certain things in the history of the arts: for example, he had not heard of Saxl and Panofski, the Warburg Institute, etc. It was strange to see a great specialist taking notes from a layman. Back at home, I said to myself: What an extraordinary man I am! Into how many fields have I ventured—fields no one suspects because I've never written about them, considering myself a complete layman. And all these treasures, all my personal interpretations, risk being lost at any moment because I continue to waste time on trifles, and the best hours are no longer mine. How ridiculous they seemed to me then—the bulletin for the press that I draft weekly, the pasteups I do for the newspapers, etc. And my friend Leontin Constantinescu,²⁹ who at the office never forgets that he is "head of the press service," presents the bulletins with the following formula: "Composed by M. Eliade of the Press Service." The contrast between what I could be doing and what I have to do is tragicomic. Reinaldo do Santos, for example, proposed that I write a Romanian philosophy of history for the series in which he is writing on Portugal, Marañón on Spain, and the son of Charles Richet on France.

I've realized another thing: if I'd been living abroad, in the position I hold today, for five or six years, I'd have become a European writer. Even my books of essays and philosophy of religions would be known abroad today.

4 November

I recall that last year, about this time, I began the novel at Oxford. And with what enthusiasm, with what certainty that I'd finish it in a few years! And, lo, I've written only 222 pages. My illness, the tragedies in the homeland, the quarantine of the manuscript at the censor's (for three months), the annoyances of last summer, and finally the new illness (at Cascais) followed by the indisposition with which I've been struggling ever since I moved into this admirable third-floor flat on Avenida Elias Garcias 147—have contributed to the minimalizing, the “stunting” of the effort of creation. The work keeps growing in size in my mind, but the redaction is retarded, anemic.

Now I'm up to my neck in Camões—whose lyrical works I'm rereading, guided by the best commentaries and critical studies. I'd like to write a book about Camões' century: the maritime discoveries, Coimbra, the Portuguese “Renaissance,” Infanta Dona Maria, the ocean, Goa, and Garcia do Orto—all of them centers for a philosophy of culture that I've not yet had the chance to formulate! This means, however, that the novel will be postponed once again.

Actually, since I was released from camp three years ago, I've produced almost nothing of consequence: *Secretul doctorului Honigberger* [Dr. Honigberger's Secret (a novella)], *Mitul reintegrării* [The Myth of Reintegration (history of religions)], *Ifigenia* [Iphigenia (a play)], a few studies, and the beginning of *Viața Nouă*. Three years of my maturity!

Since then, I make a great many books in my head, but I don't even take the trouble to start writing them. I began, long ago, *La Mandragore* [The Mandrake (folklore)] and *Introducerea în istoria religiilor*. I was ready to start *Comentarii la Legenda Meșterului Manole* [Comments on the Legend of Master Manole (folklore)], *Anthropocosmos* [The Cosmic Man (history of religions)], *Muntele magic* [The Magic Mountain (essays)]—and I postponed them, along with other, smaller works. Once I collected a large amount of material for *Prolegomena to the Study of Indian Religion* [in English] and I wanted to make a second, more courageous edition of *Yoga*. Here I've begun a book of impressions of Portugal—and I'm collecting material for a volume about Salazar and a large study about Eça de Queiroz. In addition, I've started writing several articles for *Acção* that I'd gladly publish in booklet form, in Portuguese.

This whole ocean of projects proves that I'm close to losing my profession.

7 November

An amusing, but nonetheless true story of the revolution of General Gomez da Costa of Braja, which opened the way to Carmona and, later, to Salazar—told last evening by Manuel Múrias and Correia Marquez, not only eyewitnesses but also the authors responsible for the success of that revolution!

It's a shame I can't use it in my book about Salazar, because, as is known, the official history gives a totally different version of the coup d'état of 28 May

1926. According to this version, the whole country was behind it from the first day, and the army passed over to the side of Gomez immediately. When I have time—or maybe in my Memoirs—I'll relate in full how things happened.

8 November

I'm going very slowly with the writing of the notes taken on trips.

Am reading an enormous amount about the monarchy and the republic, gathering material for the Salazar book. Last week alone I read some 600 pages of history and memoirs, besides Ferro's volume, which I reread, plus the five speeches of Salazar that I studied.

9 November

It's regrettable, both for me and for my country's culture, that the major ideas that have preoccupied me for many years, and which are not so chaotic in my mind as they seem at first glance, do not play an active role in my literary works.

10 November

A man I resemble very much: Menéndez y Pelayo.³⁰ Have just finished reading his *Historia de las ideas estéticas en España*, which I did not know. (I discovered Menéndez in Rome in 1928 when I was preparing my licentiate thesis at the V. Emanuel Library, and I read—learning Spanish at the same time—his *Historia de los heterodoxos* and *La Ciencia Española*, along with two volumes of *Estudios* about Lope de Vega—and I believe that I was the first Romanian to have written something substantial, albeit emotional, about him: a column in *Cuvântul*, full of typographical errors.)³¹ Like Menéndez, I have an immense thirst for knowledge. Like him, I have a passion for works that are broad and erudite, yet possess also an ample philosophical vision. Negatively, I have his whole, immense philological and bibliological learning. Positively, the talent of a narrative writer, and a philosophical originality. Likewise, I believe I've surpassed him in curiosity.

19 November

I'm in a period of enormous intellectual effort and yet one of mediocre creation. Have begun the foreword to the book on Salazar.³² I've managed to write only a few pages, and in order to do so I've read twelve hours a day for the past two weeks. Again, the mania to know ten times as much as I need, in order to write a page.

28 November

I work hard and long on the book, *Salazar și contra-revoluția în Portugalia* [Salazar and the Counter-revolution in Portugal]. In addition to all the written

information, I am using unpublished data obtained from Murias, Silva Dios, Correia Marquez, and others.

29 November

It's going hard, but the work must go on. Incredible effort—for me, who wrote so easily—just to finish a page or two per day. I wonder if my powers of creation aren't drained from so many abuses, and especially from the neurasthenia that has been hampering me for several months now. Then, there's something else: the leaving of Minister Iuraşcu is the occasion of endless luncheons, banquets, teas—in which I participate. I myself am “organizing” two massive meetings, for tomorrow and 2 December—ministers, etc. All these things exhaust me.

10 December

Among other things that annoy me in connection with this journal is the fact that I'm writing it on notebook pages, and since I'm forced to hide it, I try never to write more than a page, but not less, so I can take out that page and put it into its proper folder. (What a horrible sentence!)

11 December

My capacity for understanding and feeling culture, in all its forms, is unlimited. If only I were able to express even a hundredth part of all I think and know differently from the way others know it! I don't believe I've ever met a genius of such complexity—in any case, my intellectual horizons are broader than those of Goethe. I realize, for example, that I could write, easily, a book about Portuguese poetry of the nineteenth century. I'm not a scholar, or not only a scholar. Undoubtedly, there are others who know better than I the history of nineteenth-century Portuguese poetry. But I'm sure that I understand it and feel it more profoundly, more originally, more systematically.

14 December

Working rather poorly on the first part of the Salazar book. Have written approximately 60 pages, printed. I'm afraid to make an accounting of the year's activity.

17 December

Since America's entrance into the war, the atmosphere here has changed; the Portuguese are nervous, fearful, suspicious, etc. The Japanese naval victories have alarmed them. I was in a tobacco shop when I heard about the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. Two citizens I overheard talking:

“If it goes on like this, with two battleships a day, we'll be . . . in for it!”

For several days—rumors started by the English: the Japanese have entered Macao, the Germans will occupy Portugal, etc. Today, they're talking about Timor, without saying anything specific.



I almost never write in my "true" moments. That's why neither in the journal nor in my books is there reflected anything more than a neutralized part of my being—the balanced or compromised part, which comes from my refusing to take knowledge of myself, of reality.

18 December

The Dutch and the Australians have entered Timor.³³ Tomorrow Salazar is expected to address the National Assembly. People are in a paralyzing panic.

What a formidable game the English are playing! All these unfortunates believe that the Germans are to blame, that Hitler is the author of their colonial catastrophe.

I learn some interesting particulars, which I communicate to Totescu; then I send two telegrams in code. Young Totescu, chargé d'affaires, is terribly proud of his role in such a grave moment.

27 December

My old mania: I've scarcely begun the Salazar book and my mind flees to the history of religions! I'd like to live long enough to write *Mitologia morții* [The Mythology of Death] in several volumes. I read a great deal. Unfortunately, I don't record my thoughts any longer. Self-disgust.