

Lusitania Quotations

For lecture, Lusitania: Land of Longing and Lament

ISAPZurich, Zurich Switzerland

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Every soil has its secret of which we carry an unconscious image in our souls: a relationship of spirit to body and of body to earth.

C. G. Jung; CW 18

Almost every great country has its collective attitude, which one might call its genius or spiritus loci. Sometimes you can catch it in a formula, sometimes it is more elusive, yet nonetheless it is indescribably present as a sort of atmosphere that permeates everything.

C. G. Jung; CW 10, par. 972

Understanding the more profound and enduring expressions of a culture can potentially generate evolutionary shifts in the web of the world psyche, and in the individual psyche as well. Moreover, that understanding can be a “constellating factor,” bringing new growth and healing to the collective by offering an essential element in the chain of life that is primarily embodied by that culture.

To build on Jung’s idea referenced in the quote above, in addition to a country’s *spiritus loci*, every culture could also be said to have at least one dominant archetypal energy at its core which “permeates everything.” It can be sensed in the language; in the land; in the music; in the mythology; and in its past and current history. As such, each culture offers a special gift to the whole of human existence and to the evolution of humankind - a special gift that is offered by almost no other culture and which is often determined, in part, by the land itself.

Longing and lament are largely marginalized in the greater collective and often seen as pathological in the more extroverted, logos-oriented, strictly-ordered work ethic of more dominant cultures. A place and time to lament what has been lost, and longing for that which is beyond immediacy finds little place or recognition in the wider world. What can we redeem in psychic wholeness and cultural diversity by making a place for these archetypal energies? What can we learn by not shunning the need to lament, but truly mourning the tragedy in life? What can we learn by not rejecting the ache of our longing in favour of feeling perennially safe and satisfied?

Through myth, music and other creative expressions of this land, Lusitania, the meaning or *telos* held within longing and lament can be sought and offered back to the collective as an essential part of the whole. As a result, the redemptive powers of longing and lament may find a greater place in the collective. And so, too, the people in any land who lament, and who long for the return of wholeness. (Cedrus Monte)

There are many people who feel the unhappiness of a homesick soul and yet do not know its cause. They do not realize the wonder of their pain, that it is their heart's longing that will take them Home.

Llewellyn Vaughan-Lee (Sufi)

<http://goldensufi.org/a love and longing.html>

The Greeks call this immortal voice [of lament/refusing bitterness or rage/resisting the closing down of feeling] Ananke, mother of the Fates, whose name means Necessity. It is a voice that is not hysterical or depressed; not polemical; does not want maliciously to deconstruct or destroy anything or anyone. It is a woman's voice. And it does not seek or need therapy. Its song is therapy.

Glenda Cloughley

<http://www.chorusofwomen.org/Temenos%20website%20compressed.pdf>

"We men are in prison all that time which we choose to call life. For this soul of ours, being bound and fettered in a perishable body, has to endure many things, and be the slave of all the affections which visit humanity."

Flavius Philostratus (c.170 to c.247)

<http://homepage.mac.com/cparada/GML/Ananke.html>

Life of Apollonius of Tyana 7.26

http://www.livius.org/ap-ark/apollonius/life/va_00.html

[The passionate longing of the human heart has always been to go beyond the boundaries of the known, to break through the limitations of our understanding. This is perhaps the most fundamental and essential freedom.](#)

Anne Baring

http://www.annebaring.com/anbar11_new-vis01_intro.htm

Interview with ... Robert Romanyshyn

Is there a connection between the violence of our culture and its inability or unwillingness to grieve?

Robert: I believe so. To endure grief requires the painful admission that we have lost what we love. I said before we grieve because we have dared to love. Well, isn't violence a refusal to love?

And isn't this refusal made easier with increasing distance from the other, a distance which lies at the root of that spectator consciousness who keeps an eye upon the world but remains unmoved and untouched by it? Grief asks us to feel, and for a mind which has taken leave of its senses, this appeal to be touched and moved by the other is too threatening.

http://www.cgjungpage.org/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=684&Itemid=40

Poetry from Fernando Pessoa

Mensagem / Message

by Fernando Pessoa



translated by Jonathn Griffin
Shearsman Books, Exeter; The Menard Press, London; 1992.

The "Portugal" which he emblematically reconstructs in Message is also, perhaps a Pessoaan heteronym [he wrote under several different names, not pseudonyms, but heteronyms, as he called them]. The nation he conceives, seen in the fog of the Latter Days, is the nation whose identity is affirmed in transforming action into essence, biography into destiny, specific historical facts into timeless universality beyond History. It is the nation of the Second Coming which, in the prophetic tradition of the Age of the Holy Ghost, manifests itself in the non-being that is the spiritual expression of the sought-for totality of being. Portugal, as the face of Europe... stares out...at the West, the future of the past. And it is the nation itself that Pessoa conceives as "the nothing that is everything"...The concept is not very different perhaps, to what he implies of himself, obliterating selfhood, in one of the poems written under his own name: Am I an expanded and murmured moment/of time-beings whose lives I am and live?"

Helder Macedo

In the Introduction to *Message*, by Fernando Pessoa; page 8

Dom Diniz

Writing a Song to the Lover while men sleep,
The sower of ship seed
Hears a silence murmur by him creeping:
It is the rumor of pines...like a wheat crop
Of Empire, there they undulate, unseen.

A river this song is, youthful and pure -
Ocean, no less, it seeks;

And the talk of the pines, tidal, obscure,
Is the sounds – present – of the sea – future,
Is the voice of the land yearning for sea.

(page 29)

Portuguese Sea

Salt-laden sea, how much of all your salt
Is tears of Portugal!
For us to cross you, how many sons have kept
Vigil in vain, and mothers wept!
Lived as old maids how many brides-to-be
Till death, that you might be ours, sea!

Was it worth while? It is worth while, all,
If the soul is not small.
Whoever means to sail beyond the Cape
Must double sorrow – no escape.
Peril and the abyss has God to the sea given
And yet made it the mirror of heaven.

(page 73)

The Fifth Kingdom

Poor man that lives at home
Content with his fireside –
No wingbeat of a dream
To fan redder the ember,
The hearth he should desert!

Poor man that's happy! He lives
On because still alive.
No word from his soul he receives
But the lesson a root gives –
Take burial for life.

Era upon era, the main
Time eras bring to be.
Discontent makes a man.
Let the blind powers tame
Themselves that the soul may see.

So when, as dreamed, the four
Kingdoms have passed away,
Earth shall be theater for
The clear dawn, just come forth
From, black, the night, the waste.

Hellas, Rome, Christendom,
Europe - the four in their pride
Going the way of a time.
Who's coming to live the truth
Which Dom Sebastião died?

(page 83)

Third

By the waters of heartbreak I write this book.
My heart has nothing of its own.
Through hot tears my eyes look.
I live, Lord, on you alone.

To feel you, think you, alone has power
To fill and golden my bare days.
But when will you want to return this way?
When is the King? When is the Hour?

When will you come, to be the Christ
Of a man to whom the false God is deceased,
And wake from the evil which I exist
The New Earth and New Skies?

When will you come, O Hidden One,
Vision of the Portuguese eras,
To make me more than the gust, which veers
And falls, of a longing by God begun?

When will it be your will, returning
Here, to make, of my hope, love?
Ah, when, out of this mist and yearning?
When, Dream in me my Lord above?

(page 95)

Fog

Not King nor law, not peace nor war
Grasps the outline and the truth
Of, look!, that creeping gleam of the earth
That's Portugal breaking the heart,
A flaring without light or heat,
Like the core of a hollowed reed.

No one knows what she desires.
No one has seen what soul is here,
What is bad, what is good, in there
(What distant agony mourning near?)
All's uncertain and is the end,
All is scattered, nothing entire.
O Portugal, fog you are...

It is the Hour!

From the Book of Disquiet

[For the following references \(book and page\) please see the PDF download on Pessoa at www.cedrusmonte.org](#)

I weep over my imperfect pages, but if future generations read them, they will be more touched by my weeping than by any perfection I might have achieved, since perfection would have kept me from weeping and, therefore, from writing. Perfection never materializes. The saint weeps, and is human. God is silent. That is why we can love the saint but cannot love God.

I'm having one of those days in which I never had a future. There is only a present, fixed and surrounded by a wall of anguish. The other bank of the river, because it is the other bank, is never the bank we are standing on: that is the intimate reason for all my suffering.

I turned myself into the fiction of myself to such an extent that any natural feeling that I have, of course, from the moment it's born, becomes a feeling of the imagination - the memory in dreams, the dream of forgetting about the dream, knowing myself by not thinking about myself.

I stripped off my own being to such an extent that existing means dressing up. Only when I'm disguised am I really myself. And around me all unknown sunsets, as they die, guild the landscapes I shall never see.

[For more reference information on songs, please see PDF download on Fado at](#)

Portuguese title: Com Que Voz

With What Voice

With what voice will I weep for my sad fate
That buried me in such a hard passion?
Let it not be bigger than the pain
That time has left me, from my love, undeceived.

But weeping does not estimate this state
Where sighing never took over;
Sad I want to live,
As the sadness is the happiness of the past.

This way, I carry my unhappy life
In this prison, hearing the sounds
Of the hard chain that regrets
The foot that hurts and feels it.

Of such misery, the cause is pure love,
Due to the one who is absent from me
For whom life, and its goods, I risk.

O People of My Land

O people of my land
It's only now I perceive that
This sadness which I carry
Was from you received.

This ballad is both yours and mine
United by our destiny
- No matter how much is denied -
By the strings of a guitar.

Whenever we hear a lament
Of a guitar playing
We are soon filled
With a longing to weep.

It would seem a kindness
If I were able to soothe that
And by releasing the sorrow

Make my song less sad.

(*Amalia Rodrigues /Tiago Machado*)

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In the Introduction to *Message*, by Fernando Pessoa

Translated by Jonathan Griffin; Shearsman/Menard; London;1992/2007.

Concise History of Portugal

1104 BC	"Portugal" ruled by the Phoenicians
258 BC	Carthaginians conquered "Portugal"
15 BC	Romans began to extend their empire into "Portugal"
416 AD	"Portugal" ruled by the Visigoths
711	"Portugal" ruled by the Arabs (Moors)
739	"Portugal" ruled by the Leonese
1143	Birth of the kingdom of Portugal; first king: Dom Afonso Henriques
1272	Faro taken from Moors removing all Muslim communities from the country

- 1319 Dom Diniz, the Poet King establishes Order of Christ
- 1394 [Henry the Navigator is born](#)
- 1415 Exploration of Africa begins
- 1419 Madeira Islands are discovered
- 1427 The Azore Islands are discovered
- 1434/88 Maritime expeditions to the African Coast and Cape of Good Hope
- 1491 Bartolomeu Dias the first European captain to cross the Cape of Good Hope
- 1497/98 Vasco da Gama's maritime voyage to India
- 1500 Pedro Alvares Cabral discovers Brazil
- 1511 Arrival of the Portuguese in China
- 1519/22 Fernão de Magalhães (Magellan) first circumnavigation of the globe
- 1542-43 João Rodrigues Cabrilho first European to reach the coast of California
- 1543 Arrival of the Portuguese in Japan
- 1572 Luís de Camões publishes "Os Lusíadas"
- 1580 [Independence is lost to Spain after disappearance of Dom Sebastião](#)
- 1640 Duke of Braganza becomes king, ends Spanish rule
- 1736 Economic and artistic apogee in Portugal
- 1755 Earthquake and reconstruction of Lisbon
- 1807/11 Napoleonic invasions
- 1822 Brazil proclaims independence
- 1867 Abolition of capital Punishment
- 1908 Regicide of Dom Carlos
- 1910 [Revolution and establishment of the Republic](#)
- 1922 First crossing of the South Atlantic by airplane, by Coutinho and Cabral
- 1926 Military coup brings fascist leaders to power
- 1932 [Salazar becomes Prime Minister](#)
- 1974 [The Carnation Revolution ends the fascist regime](#)
- 1975 Beginning of African decolonization
- 1986 Portugal joins the European Economic Community