

**UNIVERSIDADE FEDERAL DE SANTA CATARINA  
CENTRO DE COMUNICAÇÃO E EXPRESSÃO  
DEPARTAMENTO DE LÍNGUA E LITERATURAS ESTRANGEIRAS**

**LUCAS AUGUSTO VALENTE**

**“I AM REDUCED TO A THING THAT WANTS VIRGINIA”:  
TRANSLATING THE 1926 LOVE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF  
AND VITA SACKVILLE-WEST**

**FLORIANÓPOLIS, SANTA CATARINA**

**2022**

**LUCAS AUGUSTO VALENTE**

**“I AM REDUCED TO A THING THAT WANTS VIRGINIA”:  
TRANSLATING THE 1926 LOVE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF  
AND VITA SACKVILLE-WEST**

Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso,  
apresentado ao Curso de Letras – Inglês  
da Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina  
como requisito para obtenção do título de  
bacharel em Letras – Inglês.

Orientadora: Profa. Dra. Maria Rita  
Drumond Viana

**FLORIANÓPOLIS, SANTA CATARINA**

**2022**

**DECLARAÇÃO DE AUTORIA DE TRABALHO DE CONCLUSÃO DE CURSO  
(TCC)**

Aluno(a): Lucas Augusto Valente

Matrícula: 18103661

Curso: Letras - Inglês

Orientador(a): Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana

Título do TCC: "I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia": Translating the 1926 love letters of Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West

Data da Defesa: 22 de abril de 2022

Eu, Lucas Augusto Valente, RG 39.810.298-3, declaro, para os devidos fins, que o presente trabalho é de minha autoria e que estou ciente que, copiar um trabalho, ou parte dele, de terceiros, é plágio, constituindo-se em crime de violação de direito autoral, conforme estabelece a Lei nº 9.610, de 19 de fevereiro de 1998, sobre os Direitos Autorais. Destarte, afirmo que fiz referências adequadas às fontes pesquisadas de onde retirei ideias completas ou parciais (e.g. livros, capítulos de livros, artigos científicos, teses, dissertações, trabalhos de conclusão de curso, jornais, revistas científicas e populares, em formato impresso ou eletrônico; fontes na internet, entre outros).

---

Lucas Augusto Valente

Ficha de identificação da obra elaborada pelo autor,  
através do Programa de Geração Automática da Biblioteca Universitária da UFSC.

Valente, Lucas Augusto

"I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia": :  
Translating the 1926 love letters of Virginia Woolf and  
Vita Sackville-West / Lucas Augusto Valente ; orientadora,  
Maria Rita Drumond Viana, 2022.  
101 p.

Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso (graduação) -  
Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina, Centro de  
Comunicação e Expressão, Graduação em Letras Inglês,  
Florianópolis, 2022.

Inclui referências.

1. Letras Inglês. 2. Virginia Woolf. 3. Vita Sackville  
West. 4. Escrita epistolar. 5. Cartas de amor. I. Viana,  
Maria Rita Drumond. II. Universidade Federal de Santa  
Catarina. Graduação em Letras Inglês. III. Título.

“I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia”: Translating the 1926 love letters of  
Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West

por

LUCAS AUGUSTO VALENTE

Este(a) Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso foi apresentado(a) em 22 de abril de 2022 como requisito parcial para a obtenção do título de Bacharel em Letras - Inglês. O candidato foi arguido pela Banca Examinadora composta pelos professores abaixo assinados. Após deliberação, a Banca Examinadora considerou o trabalho aprovado.

---

Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana  
Orientadora  
Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina

---

Profa. Dra. Maria Aparecida de Oliveira  
Avaliadora

---

Me. Marília Dantas Tenório Leite  
Avaliadora

To the words of Virginia Woolf and Vita  
Sackville-West.

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

I would like to firstly thank my advisor, Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana, for without her knowledge this work would never have been possible. I thank her for playing the mentor role in my academic journey, instructing me since 2020 with rich reading orientations, solving doubts, and pointing unusual paths to be taken. My passion for Virginia Woolf could not have been fostered better; it could not, doubtlessly, be nurtured by better hands. I was definitely lucky to have attended my undergraduate course at the same time you were teaching at UFSC and I hope we can still work together in future occasions.

I thank Vita Sackville-West and Virginia Woolf who, although distant in time and space, are placed in my altar as indestructible idols. I like to think of them as mentors of mine as well, for they have taught me much about words, about rhythm, and about life. My special thanks go to Woolf, my favorite writer, as her prolific legacy has found a place in me to resonate. Each of her books cracked my mind open; and when I believed there was nothing else to be destroyed, she showed me that there was. The way I can repay her is by blowing her words to the farthest of destinations.

## RESUMO

VALENTE, Lucas Augusto. “**I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia**”:  
Translating the 1926 love letters of Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. 2022.  
Número total de folhas. Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso (Bacharelado em Letras -  
Inglês - Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina. Florianópolis, 2022.

Expoente essencial do cânone literário inglês, Virginia Woolf nos legou uma prolífica produção que engloba obras literárias muito diversas: a artista transita, versátil, da ficção à não-ficção. Em seu repertório figuram gêneros comumente postulados enquanto maiores — como o romance ou a peça teatral —, mas também manifestações genéricas tidas como menores: destacam-se aqui, e com efeito, as expressões de escrita do eu — como a autobiografia, a biografia, os diários e, adicionalmente, as cartas. Enquanto missivista, em especial, Woolf deixa um conjunto de mais de 3700 textos para a posteridade. Essa atividade comprovadamente extensa produziu uma escritora de cartas com pontiaguda qualidade e que compartilha um lugar de destaque, quando o assunto é, em específico, correspondências amorosas, com a também escritora Vita Sackville-West: ambas protagonizam um dos mais notáveis registros de amor entre duas mulheres do século XX. Tendo tamanha relevância em vista, o presente estudo objetiva desvelar a faceta amorosa de ambas as escritoras aos falantes monolíngues de português brasileiro que buscam por identificação LGBTQIA+ nas artes. Utilizando como texto base o livro *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia*, recente publicação da Vintage — lançado em fevereiro de 2021 —, que reúne toda a correspondência cruzada de Sackville-West e Woolf, tenciona-se aqui realizar a tradução comentada de um recorte desse largo corpus: compreendendo as epístolas trocadas por ambas durante o ano de 1926, o período mais intenso e prolífico de suas correspondências, busca-se evidenciar retratos menos conhecidos de escritoras tão relevantes, levando em conta, ainda, que não há edições traduzidas de suas trocas epistolares à nossa língua.

**Palavras-chave:** Virginia Woolf. Vita Sackville-West. Escrita epistolar. Cartas de amor.



## ABSTRACT

VALENTE, Lucas Augusto. “I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia”: Translating the 1926 love letters of Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. 2022. Número total de folhas. Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso (Bacharelado em Letras - Inglês - Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina. Florianópolis, 2022.

An essential figure of the English literary canon, Virginia Woolf left behind a broad, prolific production that encompasses very diverse literary works: a versatile artist, she easily transits from fiction to non-fiction. Her repertoire includes not only genres that are understood as major—such as the novel or the play, for instance—but also generic manifestations that are understood as being minor; here we can highlight the expressions of life writing, such as the autobiography, biographies, diaries, and, additionally, letters. As a letter writer, in particular, Woolf left a collection of more than 3700 texts to posterity. This extensive activity of hers, attested in numbers, has produced a high-quality letter writer that shares a prominent place, when the subject is, specifically, love correspondences, with the writer Vita Sackville-West: both star one of the most remarkable amorous epistolary exchanges between two women of the twentieth century. Bearing such relevance in mind, the present study aims to unveil the amorous facet of both writers to monolingual speakers of Brazilian Portuguese who seek LGBTQIA+ identification in the arts. Using as a basal text the book *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia*, a recent publication from Vintage—released in February 2021—, which gathers the whole correspondence of Sackville-West and Woolf, we intend here to present a commented translation of a selection of this broad corpus: we have included the epistles exchanged by both women during 1926, the most intense and prolific period of their correspondence, seeking to highlight the lesser-known pictures of such relevant writers, taking into account that there are no translated editions of their epistolary exchanges to our language.

**Keywords:** Virginia Woolf. Vita Sackville-West. Epistolary writing. Love letters.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>1 INTRODUCTION AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STUDY</b> .....	<b>13</b>
<b>2 <i>LOVE LETTERS: VITA AND VIRGINIA</i> (2021)</b> .....	<b>18</b>
<b>3 OBJECTIVES, METHOD AND PROCEDURES</b> .....	<b>24</b>
<b>4 EPISTOLOGRAPHY AND WOOLF</b> .....	<b>26</b>
<b>5 TRANSLATION PROCESS: SOME COMMENTS</b> .....	<b>30</b>
5.1 ANIMALS: MEDIATION AND TRIANGULATION OF AFFECTION.....	30
5.2 PLACE OF WRITING.....	32
5.3 EPISTOLARY FLIRTATIONS: HOW EACH WRITE THE LETTERS.....	36
5.4 TRANSLATOR'S NOTES .....	41
<b>6 LETTER WRITING AND SEDUCTION: FINAL REMARKS</b> .....	<b>42</b>
<b>REFERENCES</b> .....	<b>44</b>
<b>APPENDIX A - All the entries translated</b> .....	<b>46</b>

## 1 INTRODUCTION AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STUDY

In a recent historical survey about translations in Brazil, translator and translation historian Denise Bottmann points out that at least 25 new works by Virginia Woolf — including novels, short stories and essays — have been published since 2012. This is, according to the researcher, because Woolf's work entered the public domain in that same year. In addition, there is a notable “renewed interest in the literary production by women” among the contemporary public (BOTTMANN, 2019, p. 14- 15), either in retranslations of 19th century authors like the Brontës or Woolf's contemporaries such as Katherine Mansfield. Woolf, in specific, seems to raise more voracity than ever: the community of Brazilian readers and readers who enjoy the British writer displays solid signs of existence, as shown by the commemoration, which began in 2020 and was repeated in 2021, of *Dalloway Day* — an annual celebration in mid-June to mark the day the protagonist of the novel *Mrs Dalloway* (1925) wanders around London, which is comparable to already established *Bloomsday* of James Joyce. The event was organized by The School of Life in São Paulo in conjunction to Editora Nós, responsible today for the publication of not only of the complete diaries of Woolf but also other essays by the author. In 2021, in an academic context, the first circle of Woolfian studies was registered in the CNPq; KEW (Kyklos de Estudos Woolfianos) is coordinated by Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana, the supervisor of this project — along with professors and scholars from all over Brazil and even the United Kingdom.

If the interest in Virginia Woolf's work in Brazil is growing at a rapid pace, it must be inferred that the writer's most famous works receive greater prominence and become the object of scrutiny more frequently than the other ones — at least, of course, at first. *Orlando: A Biography* (1928), a novel with its six translations, or, still, *A Room of One's Own* (1929), a feminist essay with its five editions, are lying on shelves, completely shielded by their genres that are considered to be greater, while some manifestations of her life writing are not even published in Brazil. In an effort not to neglect auto/biographical writing, contrary to the aforementioned trend, we propose this study. In turn, this research is placed in an even narrower scope: we consider here not only Woolf's intimate letters but those by her lover and writer Vita Sackville-West. First, we will consider her letters in general — including the public correspondence, the

object of my PIBIC scholarship — because these are texts that question what we understand as a letter once that it inhabits and transits between generic thresholds.

In contrast, therefore, to the prominence that Woolf has today, our focus on her life writing leads us to the analysis of genres and literary practices that, although gaining more relevance recently, still occupy a small space within literary studies. When compared to fictional genres such as the novel, for example, it can be said that the life writing has certainly been considered minor. In this way, and in full corroboration, Diaz claims — when discussing epistolography in particular — that it is not uncommon for the letter, to this day, to be seen as a merely frivolous type of text (2016, p. 34); a less important form of writing. When talking about the diary genre, in turn, in the introductory paratext of *Os diários de Virginia Woolf: Diário I - 1915-1918* (2021), one of the recent publications of Editora Nós, its translator Ana Carolina Mesquita also points out that:

Until the moment of writing of this text, from a literary point of view, her diaries [Woolf's] still remained in certain way under the condescending silence that is relegated to the so-called minor works of a writer, crushed, above all, by the weight of the genre (2021, p. 6, our translation<sup>1</sup>).

The above-mentioned work, by the way, is only the second edition of Woolf's diaries that has ever been published in Brazil — the first, with a translation by José Antônio Arantes, having been the only one since 1989<sup>2</sup>. Thus, it is possible to infer that even though there is in fact the aforementioned resurgence of interest in Woolf's work, this is much more easily delegated to the author's fictional writings, above all, than to her various types of non-fictional texts and even more to auto/biographical ones. And, in fact, the different levels at which these are found are highlighted: if the author's diaries are recognizably seen as permeated by a “condescending silence”, even though they are the objects of editing published now three times, her epistolary legacy must thus be inserted in a field of absolute muteness. After all, there is not even a single translation available in Brazil of the editions of Woolfian letters written in English (BOTTMANN, 2019).

---

<sup>1</sup> In the original: “Até o momento de escrita deste texto, do ponto de vista literário seus diários ainda permaneciam de certa maneira sob o silêncio condescendente que se relega às obras ditas menores de um escritor, esmagados, sobretudo, pelo peso do gênero.

<sup>2</sup> On December 10, 2021, Rocco published *Os Diários de Virginia Woolf: Uma seleção [1897-1941]*, a selection of entries from the author's diaries throughout her entire life.<sup>5</sup>

In particular, only a few occasional or more famous letters from the writer are translated into Portuguese — for example, one of the versions of the message she wrote right before committing suicide, dated 1941 and addressed to Leonard Woolf, her husband, recently published in the anthology *Cartas extraordinárias: a correspondência inesquecível de pessoas notáveis* (2014) with translation by Hildegard Feist. Additionally, given the inherently hybrid character of the epistolary genre (as Diaz points out in *O gênero epistolar e o pensamento nômade*, 2016) it is common that in the rare occasions where sparse letters of Woolf have been translated and published, they are not recognized essentially as epistles, but as essays, either for the contiguity with other essays, or because some of its essential characteristics as dating, indication of addressee and signature are excluded. This is not unusual for letters, however, since they in fact bring together different generic manifestations. Diaz argues, for example, that the epistolary genre is, above all, a *hypergenre*: “a writing matrix containing, potentially, a number of discursive scenographies and utterances belonging to different literary horizons” (2016, p. 247). However, editing out the dialogic aspect of the letters and the contexts as a communication addressed to a more or less specific person or people can be detrimental to their understanding.

Among Woolf's letters translated into Portuguese and which inhabit the aforementioned borderline space, three stand out at this time. In the first two, dated 10/09/1920 and 10/16/1920 respectively, later titled *The Intellectual Status of Women*, Woolf advocates for women's creative abilities in the periodical *New Statesman*. Both had been edited and translated, in a single text, as *O poder criativo das mulheres* by Tomaz Tadeu in the book *As mulheres devem chorar... Ou se unir contra a guerra: Patriarcado e militarismo* (2019). This book also contains another letter, dated September 1930 and originally published in *The Yale Review* as “Memories of the Working Women's Guild”. It was commissioned by Woolf's friend Margaret Llewelyn Davies for the preface of her book *Life as We Have Known It* (1931), and in it Woolf takes on the intersection of sex, gender, and class. In Tadeus' translation, the text was titled *Carta introdutória a Margaret Llewelyn Davies* and bears the generic identification as a letter as well as the name of the recipient.

The contents of all three epistles certainly expand what d'Aurevilly brings — when the letter writer says that “the letters are the true epitome of intimate thought” (*Correspondance générale* [1854-1855], p. 137 apud DIAZ, 2016, p. 37), that is, that they are essentially a reflection of the private—because they belong much more to the

public sphere. However, in relation to “Memories of the Working Women's Guild”, for example, its first publication is as paratext, prefatory material in letter form, from the memoir of various working-class female authors, edited by Llewelyn Davies. It can be said that this text is an example that resists restrictive categorizations: it is engaged with the public sphere, as it talks about the rights of working-class women; at the same time, it is a personal account of Woolf, who clearly positions herself as a middle-class woman who acknowledges she does not understand of all the problems and issues the women, true protagonists of the book, face. Woolf makes it clear that she does not intend to speak for them. The question of how to categorize the text emerges; Diaz clarifies: “numerous are the private letters that detach from their original moorings to become a preface, a pamphlet or even a manifesto, and thus pass from the private space to the public sphere” (2016, p. 100). It is in this multiplicity of thresholds, therefore, that such texts are found: between the classification of epistle or essay; between public or intimate/private text; between private auto/biographical or publicly engaged discourse.

In view of such thresholds, we propose to scrutinize the genre with more detail, also as a way to counter how it has been neglected both in the commercial and academic spheres. In this commented translation, we highlight the cross-correspondence between Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West, in a collection recently published as a new single volume (SACKVILLE-WEST and WOOLF, 2021, hereafter *LL*). A further selection from the whole book was carried out: only the excerpts from the year 1926 appear in this commented translation because 1926 was, upon preliminary inspection, the most intense, fruitful and romantic years of their correspondence. Here, in turn, an attempt was made to unveil a truly intimate Woolf: such essentially private and auto/biographical communications, life writing in dialogue with a lover because they are, after all accounts, love-oriented writings, as Sackville-West herself says, “made at night and under the close light of a lamp only” (*LL*, p. 27). We bear in mind, still, the spark of interest of the Brazilian public in literary works by women, as previously and initially stated by Bottmann, the figure of Woolf is highlighted here to, hopefully, contribute to the dissemination of her influence not only in Anglophone contexts, but in Brazil as well. In this way, placing the letters and both correspondents in the limelight, the present research aimed to highlight the practice of letter writing as relevant and worthy of attention as other genres already better recognized in Brazil. Before proceeding to the commented translation itself, it is

necessary, however, to understand the entanglements of the writers treated here, as well as to know the corpus of this research: the book *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia*, published by Vintage in February 2021.

## **2 LOVE LETTERS: VITA AND VIRGINIA (2021)**

Blue envelopes, purple ink and poetic prose: three essential components come together to sustain one of the most remarkable records of love between two women of the 20th century. Published in February 2021 — almost a century after the first contact of its protagonists, which happened in 1922 — *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia* is a recent publication by Vintage and brings with it a portion of this narrative. Its pages collect and republish not only the skillful and passionate record of the exchanges between these lovers, one of which holds today a prominent place in the English and worldwide literary canon —but also a brand-new introduction by writer and artist Alison Bechdel, known around the world and here in Brazil as the author of the graphic novel of *Fun home: Uma tragicomédia em família* (2018, trans. André Conti). Composed of auto/biographical accounts in the form of letters, diary excerpts, and short chronological accounts by the editor, the volume offers different glimpses of the two artists' personalities and masks, the socio-historical-cultural context that surrounds them, and also the details, junctions and disagreements that epistolary writing manages to facilitate. Revolutionary and timeless, moreover, the relationship between these English women has special relevance in the field of lesbian (and more widely LGBTQIA+) letter writing which it represents.

Owner of the aforementioned blue envelopes that wrapped her words, Victoria Sackville-West was born in 1892, of an English aristocratic family, and devoted her life to two things: her garden and her writing. She took care of words and plants, poet and novelist that she was, penning bestselling works such as *The Edwardians*, a 1930 success, or even the extensive poem *The Land*, awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1927. She married diplomat Harold Nicolson — who also had extramarital relationships, but with men — and with him she had a solid platonic marriage: they lived a mutually beneficial union in which parallel affective involvements were encouraged on the part of both. Nicolson with his travels, politics, and Uranian



passions<sup>3</sup>; Sackville-West with her metaphors, flowers and Sapphic passions<sup>4</sup>. On her table in Sissinghurst Castle, Vita kept two portraits: one of her husband and one of Woolf.

Nurturing a special predilection for purple ink to materialize her thoughts, Virginia Woolf, in turn, was born in 1882. A visionary and subversive spirit emerges from her modernist writing, still acting dialogically in our contemporary moment. Her mind conceived a prolific production that encompasses letters, diaries, essays and works of fiction; additionally, she is treated as one of the creators and perfecters of the stream of consciousness technique.

Approximately fifty years separate the climax of the romance lived by the two — which took place between 1926 and 1927 — from the moment when Alison Bechdel reports having found, for the first time, Sackville-West's thoughts on the shelves of her university library — in around 1981. The choice of Bechdel for the introduction of the Vintage volume is very appropriate, given that the author has long been a leading figure in auto/biographical writing and lesbian representation in graphic and multimodal writing. Her work, therefore, intersects in these three aforementioned fields: take, for example, the acclaimed *Fun Home*, originally published in 2006, a graphic memoir that narrates the author's awakening process as a lesbian and her relationship with her father. Another notable achievement by the artist—and shared with Liz Wallace, a friend—was the invention of the Bechdel-Wallace test, a scale used to calculate the level, type, and recurrence of representation of interactions between women in works

---

<sup>3</sup> Uranian is a term that designates the romantic love between men. The name was coined in the 1860s by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, the first person to publicly advocate for the normalization of this cause, even though it was Karl-Maria Kertbeny's nomenclature—"homosexuality"—that has endured to this day. Ulrichs derived his concept from the Platonic dialogue *O Banquete*, where Pausanias talks about the existence of Aphrodite Urania — epithet of the Greek goddess of love — who was born from the foam generated by Uranus' severed testicles when thrown into the sea. According to Pausanias, given the lack of a female figure to the generation of Aphrodite Urania, the goddess represents a type of love without the participation of women. Ulrichs uses this excerpt, therefore, just to name his theorizing: for him, men who were sexually attracted to others of the same sex possessed, inextricably, a female soul trapped in a male body. This is based on the idea that love directed at a man must always be a woman's love (KENNEDY, 1981, p. 103-107).

<sup>4</sup> Sapphic is the kind of romantic love that starts with one woman and is directed towards another. The term derives from Sappho, the Greek poet who bequeathed works to posterity, founded the poetic model known as the Sapphic stanza, and admittedly loved women throughout her life. She inhabited the island of Lesbos and it is from this name that the word "lesbian" derives, the most recurrently accepted nomenclature to refer to the aforementioned orientation. "Sapphism" or "Sapphism" in the aforementioned circumstances of meaning were concepts widely used by Woolf, especially in her letters and diaries - as in the entry of August 14, 1928, where she says she passionately talked about Sapphism with her friend and author E. M. Forster (WOOLF, 2021, p. 10667).

of fiction. Its creation was inspired by the feminist essay *A room of one's own* (originally published in 1929 by Virginia Woolf and translated several times in Brazil with the titles *Um teto todo seu* and *Um quarto só seu*), where the problem of the absence of this representation is raised and scrutinized.

It is precisely through the sense of joint belonging, that is, all three writers from a same social group of women who love women, that the cartoonist anchors her introduction to Woolf and Sackville-West. Bechdel subjectively tells the nature of her contact with the love letters – first in her youth, then in the middle-age and, finally, at the moment of writing, aged sixty – highlighting the importance of seeing herself reflected in these ink mirrors: she relates, therefore, personal experiences with selected excerpts of the correspondence. Continuing with the textual evidence, the writer draws attention to the dynamic that sustains the connection between Sackville-West and Woolf: the first, it is said, conquers with her legs and practicality; the second, in turn, with her mind (LL, 2021, p. xi). The aristocrat's beauty, says Bechdel, is woven into her motherly and caring nature, capturing the affection of a Woolf who did not have a mother from an early age. Recognized for the psychoanalytic bias especially evidenced in *Are you my mother?* (2014) — published in Brazil in 2013 and translated by Érico Assis — the cartoonist, here, seems to promote observational clippings that are familiar to her. As for the peculiarities of epistolary writing, in turn, Bechdel makes further notes, especially about the yearning letters and about how the occasional distances faced by the lovers generate the most passionate statements among those that appear in the book.

These accounts are spread out in different proportions over the 20 chapters: chronologically stretching from one hundred years ago, in 1922 – when the correspondence starts, then faltering – up to 1941 – when Woolf tragically leaves life. The thematic title is somewhat misleading: in the book we find the cross-correspondence of the two writers, yes, but also very intimate excerpts from their diaries and, additionally, letters to other recipients; all these different manifestations of life writing are interwoven neatly to make up the fabric of a romantic narrative. Together, the different registers contribute in creating a mental image of these two exponents of English literature: we have access, for example, to a Woolf who purposely modulates her language in a seductive way when communicating via letter with her lover; additionally — and recurringly on the same page — we also have access to a Woolf that is adorned by a series of other, different masks.

In her diary entries, light falls on an irreverent Woolf; a Woolf who portrays Sackville-West as Mrs. Nicolson, for a moment no longer held hostage by the English social dictates of the 1920s, but who in turn confesses to judging — rashly — the aristocrat as "incurably stupid" soon after their first encounters (*LL*, p. 4<sup>5</sup>). This perception was, of course, profoundly altered: the aristocrat was, after all, a great love and the inspiration for *Orlando: A biography* — "the longest and most charming love-letter in literature" (NICOLSON, 2013, p. 184<sup>6</sup>). In any case, we are given access to the shifts in perspective in which they entangled each other over the years — all conveniently facilitated in the editing. Different Woolfs and different Sackville-Wests are present, standing side by side, all under the invasive scrutiny of an audience turned voyeur. The various faces that are presented do not fail to (re)assemble the naturally multifaceted constitutions of women writers, giving them a clothing of flesh, bone and humanity, that auto/biographical writing manages to promote.

Still in light of the editorial project of the book, special attention must be paid to the short informative notes that introduce each of the chapters. Thanks to them, anyone who reads can know precisely why, for example, correspondence was so scarce between the period between 1922 and 1925; that the chapter devoted to 1930 is shortened only because some letters from Sackville-West were not preserved; or, still, that the contact between the two becomes scarce in a period that precedes 1937, only to be reestablished with force soon after. As for the footnotes, in turn, it can be said that these are generously distributed throughout the entire volume: together, they offer much-needed clarification, yes, especially to those who know less about the lovers' lives. Occasional mentions of important personalities, for example, in the course of letters and diaries, are quickly unraveled. We learn from these, for example, that Sackville-West and her husband conversed in codes when talking about their extramarital affairs with persons of the same sex: they were afraid that their texts would be intercepted. It is also known, through this peritextual apparatus, that the love affair

---

<sup>5</sup> In the original: 46 [Gordon Square] has been very pleasant to me this winter. Two nights ago the Nicholsons dined there. Exposed to electric light eggs show dark patches. I mean, we judged them both incurably stupid. He is bluff, but oh so obvious; she, Duncan thought, took the cue from him, and had nothing free to say. (SACKVILLE-WEST and WOOLF, 2021, p. 4)

<sup>6</sup> In the original: The effect of Vita on Virginia is all contained in *Orlando*, the longest and most charming love-letter in literature, in which she explores Vita, weaves her in and out of the centuries, coughs her from one sex to the other, plays with her, dresses her in furs, lace and emeralds, teases her, flirts with her, drops a veil of mist around her, and ends by photographing her in the mud at Long Barn, with dogs, awaiting Virginia's arrival next day. (NICOLSON, 2013, p. 184)

between Woolf and Sackville-West cooled from 1927 onwards, when the latter began to have intimate encounters with the poet and duchess Dorothy Wellesley — an observation of great value for the understanding of all this polygonal love dynamic with more vertices than a simple triangle.

Another editorial element that deserves attention are the typographical choices; such choices facilitate the reader's identification of the kind of text. The authorship of the entries is always signaled at the beginning, by a title that indicates whether it was written by Woolf or by Sackville-West; moreover, authorship is also signaled by different fonts. Thus, Woolf's texts are written in roman, while Sackville-West's texts are always written in italics. Thus, the reader can quickly identify the sender. The opening notes in each chapter, in contrast, are always in bold. In this commented translation, a similar arrangement has been maintained in one case: the note opening the chapter is in bold.

As for the selection of letters, it should be borne in mind that the book does not comprise absolutely all the epistles available and that were exchanged between the couple: only some of them are included here, selected and organized in order to offer a narrative sequencing. Similarly, only excerpts of what was written and posted by the authors are contained in the book. Obliterations are very recurrent and not always signaled, as stated in the editorial note, a choice that can act to the detriment of the reader's understanding of the larger context of the letters. The excerpting is maintained in this commented translation, which uses *Love Letters* as its copytext. In this regard, Liz Stanley, a theorist of epistolary writing, promotes the understanding of the letter as a gift; correspondence, therefore, is seen as a constant exchange of these: sender and recipient alternate their roles, giving and receiving in equal measure, but at different times (STANLEY, 2011, p. 140). Therefore, it can be understood that the size of the gift in question — that is, the length of the letter — says a lot about the effort made by its sender to prepare it: long letters reveal that more time and effort was spent on the making of the text, short letters can indicate the opposite. When this signaling is totally obliterated in an edition like this one, whose text is mostly composed only of excerpts from larger texts, an essential part of the message and the understanding contained therein is also lost, particularly about the relationship between the two correspondents.

Furthermore, it is with special relevance that the poetic characteristic stands out. The correspondence is full of figures of speech, which amalgamates one letter with another. In full corroboration, Diaz claims that the letter “[...] is never immune to

the poetic models [...] that govern literature [...] (2016, p. 59)". It is natural that the correspondence, woven by whoever it was, is full of that elaborate style that flows to them so naturally. So self-aware are they of the act of writing that they often find themselves reflecting not only on the minutiae of everyday life or the passion that takes them, but also on the craft that unites them. Thoughts about epistolary writing emerge: "Here is another selfish invalid's bulletin, but I like to write to you, and you won't mind it all being about myself." (*LL*, p. 175), says Woolf, indirectly discussing the letter as narcissistic writing as it was only more recently advocated (HOWORITZ, 1981, p. 25, apud JOLLY and STANLEY, 2005, p. 103). In 1925, it was Sackville-West's turn to metatextually reflect on the different temporalities that govern epistolary writing: "Just one lamp falling on my paper; it gives a concentration, an intimacy. What bad mediums letters are; you will read this in daylight, and everything will look different" (*LL*, p. 175).

It is with sharp relevance, therefore, that *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia* shows itself to those who read it today: it enriches a multitude of profiles, encompassing those interested in manifestations of auto/biographical writing; those who seek to know the writing of Woolf and Sackville-West from a different angle than what is seen in their fictional works; those who want to scrutinize the British socio-historical-cultural details of the beginning of the 20th century; or, still — and with special relevance — those belonging to the LGBTQIA+ communities and who can find glimpses of themselves in centenary phrases just as Bechdel did. Although the compilation of letters contained therein is not complete, its condensation into a love narrative creates a gateway to the writings of the artists' self in question: thanks to its chronological sequencing, it provides a diverse and spread range of excerpts that attest not only the development of a passionate relationship, but also the maturation of individualities and their respective compositional techniques. If letter writing can be understood as the writing laboratory where the pen is sharpened, after all, as Diaz advocates (2016, p. 236), this reading is also indicated for those who wish to understand and follow how the technical resourcefulness of these women in their artistic crafts evolved.

### 3 OBJECTIVES, METHOD AND PROCEDURES

The present study aimed to produce a commented translation, into Brazilian Portuguese, of all excerpts from letters, diaries, and the short introduction for the year of 1926 in *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia* (2021), selected for the Vintage edition of the cross-correspondence between the English authors Vita Sackville-West and Virginia Woolf. It also aimed to reflect on the translation practice itself, with comments on specific choices related to the epistolary genre and love letters between women. For this reason, I have chosen one of the most intense years of this correspondence in the hopes of making it available to Portuguese readers for the first time. In order to develop my translation skills, I have reflected on my practice with successive revisions, taking note of the translation problems I encountered. I have been particularly interested in reflecting how and why these writers employ aspects of poetic prose (found in other genres) also in their correspondence. I have, furthermore, intended to develop a translation project attuned to the homoerotic and homoaffective nature of the relationship between the correspondents. A final objective was to support my translation of the letters on a strong theoretical understanding of epistolarity and of life writing more generally.

The first step was selecting the corpus: the book *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia*, published by Vintage in February 2021, a publication that organizes letters exchanged between the authors, as well as passages from their respective diaries and letters to other recipients. All 62 excerpts from letters and diary entries were written in the year of 1926, one of the most fruitful, turbulent and intense years in the authors' love affair, in the hope that this large number of texts reveals in great detail the multifaceted and complex trends of their personalities that only come to light in an epistolary environment, in a loving context and, above all, in a private correspondence.

The selection of love letters was designed to give the monolingual readership of Brazilian Portuguese, especially those belonging to the LGBTQIA+ communities and who seek representation in the arts, the opportunity to access at least one version of the translation of these epistles, since, as already stated, there are no editions of Woolf's letters published in Brazil. In this way, this work proves not only to be useful to the academic sphere, as it goes against the neglect of the genres of life writing, as explained above, but it also proves to be useful to a specific sector of society, remedying what today can be understood as a demand.

These texts went through a long process of translation. More than four drafts of what is now in the appendix to this work were made. The first draft was translated with the help of the CAT Tool WordFast Anywhere, the free and simpler version of the CAT Tool WordFast, but it served the purposes envisaged here well. We sought with this research to use WordFast to see its applicability to literary translation and to develop the ability to use this software.

Through these procedures mentioned above, it was possible, during two semesters at the university, to carry out this commented translation; to reflect on the practices and theories that involve the craft; and to unveil private aspects of these Anglophone authors.

## 4 EPISTOLOGRAPHY AND WOOLF

One of the characteristics that best defines the epistolary genre is, paradoxically, its resistance to be categorized. The practice of writing letters even today tests the limits of genre theory (JOLLY and STANLEY, 2005, p. 91): thus, letter writers have always found very different ways to express their thoughts through this unique form of writing. In her long study of genre and practice in Europe, Brigitte Diaz states:

Exceeding the limits of the literary and mundane where they wanted to confine it, the letter diversifies — epistolary novel, philosophical dialogue, open letter, pamphlet, autobiography, aesthetic salon, critical debate — both in actual practices and in the field of fiction [...]. [...] [Epistolographers invented] in all the possibilities of the letter a new freedom of expression. (2016, p. 49, my translation)

Such malleability, expressed by the inability to circumscribe the practice within a strict generic limit, can only in fact give rise to erroneous notions that the letter is “[...] an amorphous instrument in the hands of its creator” (ALTMAN, 1982, p. 187). In any case, the reasons for seeing the epistolary discourse as something fluctuating and averse to categorization can certainly be rescued in the historical course of this habit: after all, literary use of letters have achieved fame since the times of Ovid (op. cit. p. 3) and it is true that epistolography did not remain the same for all these centuries. Given this scenario, a brief temporal overview of epistolography, from recent times only, has to be examined further so that the mutations suffered by the practice are evidenced, and, therefore, better understood.

Starting in the 16th century, it is certain that this period was full of letter writers purely concerned with issues of eloquence, solid rhetorical structures and the creation of philosophical arguments via correspondence (DIAZ, 2016, p. 16-17). The 17th century, in turn, presented us with a very different conception of epistolography: it presented us with a break; to an understanding of the practice as free, both in its themes and its form. The strict observation of an erudite language is abandoned and now the letter has its primary function in socializing; colloquialism, for example, is crowned the norm (p. 16). The attributes of creativity and literariness previously elected as paramount are no longer so valued, but rather communication that is personal, intimate, and effective. The letter is understood as a medium that facilitates the replacement of face-to-face conversations (DIAZ, 2016, p. 30).



The increased freedom the letter assumes from this point onward certainly influences the dominant epistolary habits of the following century: in the 18th century, then, the writing of these texts becomes even more fluid, uniting both the creative characteristics prized by the 16th and the socializing objectives of the 17th (DIAZ, 2016, p. 50). We have thus — and according to Diaz — the genesis, fame and popularity of public letters and open letters in this period for disseminating activist thoughts and positions (p. 51). However, if in this period one was concerned with engaged thought, in the following century — the 19th — the attributes of this practice changed in a diametrically opposite way. The letter starts to focus not on a collective engagement, but on the individuality of the one who writes.

Furthermore, according to the author, the epistolary practice has a wide range of uses throughout its historical trajectory: even in the 17th century, for example, it starts to be seen as a “feminine” textual genre (2016, p. 197); in the 18th century, in turn, it can be seen as the “antechamber of the literary space” (op. cit. p. 216), where writers sharpen their pen before venturing into public prose or poetry. “Mutable”, therefore, is surely the word that best defines this genre. In this way, this very brief historical preamble can demonstrate why the epistolary practice inhabits such a borderline space: since it was used for different purposes in modern Europe — from the stage of philosophical argument to the fulfillment of socializing functions; from the vehicle of engaged writing to the facilitator of writing — it is impossible to be placed within a single limit. “It is rather like a hypergenre”, reiterates Diaz (2016, p. 247).

In view of this scenario and also in view of the possible — and diverse — forms of epistolary manifestation, the aforementioned public letters and open letters stand out. If the epistolary hypergenre, as a whole, already stands as a dissident, this factor is also reiterated in the epistolary subgenre of the public and open letter. Stanley names this entire deviant file as counter-epistolaria (2014). In this environment, the researcher includes draft letters, final letters and open letters; these three modalities are thus grouped because they challenge the normative activity that prevails over letters considered conventional (which are defined by being constantly signed by a sender and to be read by a recipient). Conventional letters, says Stanley, are governed by a natural dynamic that the researcher stipulated to call epistolary gift. She states:

The idea of the epistolary gift expands the conceptual framework of the epistolarium by showing that connection and relation, rather than absence and loss, are the foundations of letter writing. Epistolary exchanges symbolize and

are themselves examples of the social and relational bonds between people, rather than representing the rupture or demise of these (STANLEY, 2011, p. 149).

In this way, the theory assumes that every correspondence between two people is configured as a constant exchange of gifts; the letter, in its content and materiality, is a solid symbol of an interpersonal connection. However, when the aforementioned pattern is altered, counter-epistolary manifestations emerge. In other words, when the exchange of gifts is impeded or not consolidated, counter-epistolaria emerge. Draft letters, as an example, never actually get posted and sent to recipients; in this way, the gift is retained by the person issuing it; the only submission made is a second version of the text (STANLEY, 2014, p. 146). The counter-epistolary that emerges with the so-called final letters occurs exclusively when one of the parties involved in the correspondence dies or when the contact between those involved reaches its end. Consequently, therefore, the exchange of epistolary gifts is also interrupted (p. 148).

However, when the exchange of gifts is consolidated, that is, the exchange of letters, we can notice that the senders allow themselves to shape their text based on recipient, and the contrary is also true. In complete compass with this argument, Altman assures:

“[...] this reader [recipient] is nonetheless a determinant of the letter’s message. Indeed, at the very inception of the letter, he [sic] plays an instrumental generative role. If pure autobiography can be born of the mere desire to express oneself, without regard for the eventual reader, the letter is by definition never the product of such an “immaculate conception,” but is rather the result of a union of writer [addresser] and reader [addressee]. The epistolary experience, as distinguished from the autobiographical, is a reciprocal one. The letter writer simultaneously seeks to affect his reader and is affected by him.” (1982, p. 88).

The determining influence of one part over the other is irrevocable. Indeed, the intertwining of both figures and the resulting impact on the generated message seems, for a long time, to have been the object of analysis; and even by Woolf.

In one of her many metatextual reflections on epistolary writing itself, generated while in the letter-writing act, Virginia Woolf thinks about the topic; she says, in a letter addressed to Gerald Brenan and dated October 4, 1929, that “[...] It is an interesting question—what one tries to do, in writing a letter—partly of course to give back a reflection of the other person” (WOOLF, 2021, p. 7561). Almost eleven years later, in an essay published in the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* on 06/08/1940, she

says that “all good letter writers feel the drag of the face on the other side of the page and obey it—they take as much as they give.” (op. cit. 3180). Woolf is deeply self-aware of the particular dialogic act of epistolography.

Seeking to understand such dynamics when aligned with these figures, that is, Woolf and Sackville-West, therefore, the following sections are made. The intention here is to unveil the portraits and faces of them when communicating through this dissident apparatus, making it accessible to Brazilian Portuguese speakers through a commented translation in the linguistic pair with English.

## 5 TRANSLATION PROCESS: SOME COMMENTS

This section was segmented into five fragments in which the comments will be presented: 1. Animals: mediation and triangulation of affection; 2. Place of writing; 3. Expression in the letters: how each writes the letters; 4. Disclosure: what is shown and what remains hidden; and 5. Translator's notes.

### 5.1 ANIMALS: MEDIATION AND TRIANGULATION OF AFFECTION

According to Faris, in the Bloomsbury group—a group of friends, artists and intellectuals very closely associated with Virginia Woolf—pets play critical roles. Both the animals present in the art produced by members of the group and the real animals they had, have three functions: 1. They embody repressed individual emotions; 2. They represent the feeling of connection with the cosmos; and 3. They construct “[...] the delicate web of communal feelings and mysterious connections that comprises Virginia Woolf's 'luminous envelope' of life itself” (FARIS, 2007, p. 107-108). It must be understood, therefore, that the influence of such beings in the lives of the artists of Bloomsbury was great.

Woolf, in particular, seemed to hold them in high regard, a factor evidenced by the vast presence of dogs in her work. *Flush: A Biography* (1933), for example, narrates in a very unusual way the imagined biography of the eponymous dog belonging to the poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In *Orlando: A Biography* (1928), when the protagonist seeks for solitude, only the company of rose bushes and dogs, is accepted: “Two things alone to him in which he now put any trust: dogs and nature; an elk-hound and a rose bush. The world, in all its variety, life in all its complexity, had shrunk to that. Dogs and a bush were the whole of it” (WOOLF, 2021, p. 1553). Therefore, given the importance of these beings in the lives of Bloomsbury artists, and especially in the life of Woolf, it is natural that time should be spent thinking about what and how they were called.

In the course of the letters from 1926 translated here, there are at least two dogs with proper names that carry meaning. It is the case of Grizzle and Canute. Grizzle is mentioned a total of eight times on these letters, while Canute is mentioned twice. The names of both work in such a way that, quite possibly, they were motivated

by the physical characteristics of the two animals. A possible translation for Grizzle would be “Grisalha”, or “Cinzenta”, most likely due to the color of its fur; a possible translation for the second, Canute, would be “Canudo”, most likely in reference to Viking king. However, even though these possibilities of translation were considered, they did not make it into the final version of the texts. The final version of the translation bears the original names of both the animals, Grizzle and Canute,

Sharing Kaross' ideals regarding the translation of nouns of this type, “[...] unlike the 'belles infidèles', in which it used to nationalize all proper names in order to make the text more acceptable in the target language, the current trend is to maintain these names and all other signs that indicate the nationality of the text of origin, marking its identity as a translated text and culture” (2007, p. 80, our translation). It is possible that a monolingual reader of Brazilian Portuguese might fail to grasp such significances or even imagine the possible configuration of such animals, but, in this case, the dogs’ names are treated just as given names for people and preserved as in the original.

The influence of such animals on Sackville-West and Woolf's affair, in particular, is evident in the excerpts from letters in which they are quoted. According to Kendall-Morwick, “Woolf's correspondence with Sackville-West is rife with sexually charged canine imagery” (2014, p. 513). The animals, in this way, facilitate a triangulation of their expressions of love. They use them – Grizzle, Canute, and Pinka, Woolf's new dog and a gift from Sackville-West – to indirectly express what they do not feel comfortable saying directly. Kendall-Morwick (2014, p. 513) exemplifies with the excerpt from a letter in which Woolf writes “Grizzle and Virginia will rush down to meet you – they will lick you all over”.

In the specific case of the 1926 correspondence, the selection of letters we are working with, this occurs also in a letter dated January 3 in which Vita writes (p. 39):

What effect does absence have on you? Does it work like the decreasing charm of Dog Grizzle, which endears her to you the more?	Que efeito a ausência tem sobre você? Será que funcionará como com a sua cadela Grizzle, cujos encantos minguantes a tornam ainda mais querida para você?
--	--

Joining in the joke, Woolf later retorts (p. 40):

Ah, if you want my love for ever and ever you must break out into spots on your back.	Ah, se você quer meu amor para todo o sempre, tem só que arrumar uma alergia nas costas.
---	--

Here, Woolf alludes to the disease that the dog Grizzle has, a kind of dermatitis that attacks her back, and says that if Sackville-West wants her affection, she must be in the same condition as the dog. The understanding about the dog Grizzle's illness came only with the reading of previous letters that contextualize the situation experienced by the writers.

## 5.2 PLACE OF WRITING

Addresses are kept as written. Thus, if in the original we have “52 Tavistock Square”, for example, in the translation we chose to maintain this order and phrasing. This pattern has been followed for all the letters. Additionally, it should be noted that addends to the address such as “square” (as in Tavistock Square), “street” (as in Mount Street) and “road” (as in Acacia Road) were not translated into “praça”, “rua” and “estrada”, respectively, by the understanding previously explained in carrying out a translation that preserves proper names as they are in the source language. The original names have been kept since, had they been translated, a letter sent there would never have reached its final destination: after all, there is no such thing as “Praça Tavistock”, but only “Tavistock Square” in Bloomsbury. Proper house names, a common custom in England, have been preserved as in the original in equal measure, as is the case with “Long Barn” or “Sherfield Court”. However, more generic names from other localities, such as “Red Sea”, “Baghdad”, “Lombard” and “Teheran”, for instance, were translated into Brazilian Portuguese as they do not indicate a full address but a location.

It should also be noted that abbreviations of the original (such as “sqre”) were expanded (into “square”, in this case) in the Brazilian Portuguese translation. We have chosen to expand these address categories to make them more intelligible to the reader, even though they have not been translated. As for the recurrence of the

addresses, it can be said that during the year 1926, Virginia Woolf's main location was her house at 52 Tavistock Square. It is, therefore, an address of great importance in the dynamics of both, as Vita makes a point of explaining in a letter dated March 9 of that year (p. 58):

You can't think how much I enjoy writing the above address.	Você não imagina o quanto gosto de escrever o endereço acima.
---	---

The logic of a fixed address, however, does not apply to Vita. We may note that she begins the year writing at Sherfield Court and settles momentarily at Long Barn, at 66 Mount Street, and at 21 Acacia Road after a while; however, given her expedition through Asia, Vita no longer settles into a single residential point.

A specific letter, written by Vita on January 21, gains special relevance here. In the course of its composition, Vita writes from different locations: Lombardy, Venice and Trieste to name a few, even reporting that she is writing while the train moves along its route. This makes us think about the different temporalities present in epistolary dynamics, as Altman has long theorized in *Epistolarity: Approaches to a Form* (1982). She explains that “the pivotal time in epistolary discourse is therefore the present, and the pivotal tense is the present of narration” (p. 123), which corroborates Sackville-West's own act: during writing, she refers to the localities that she travels while being there. This is perceived below (p. 44):

We have re-started, and the train is shaky again. I shall have to write at the stations – which are fortunately many across the Lombard plain. Venice. The stations were many, but I didn't bargain for the Orient Express not stopping at them. And here we are at Venice for ten minutes only, - a wretched time in which to try and write.	Nós voltamos a andar e o trem está balançando de novo. Terei que escrever nas estações – que, felizmente, são muitas no trajeto pela Lombardia. Veneza. Foram muitas estações, mas eu não contava com o Expresso do Oriente não fazer paradas. E aqui estamos, em Veneza, por apenas dez minutos - um momento péssimo para tentar escrever.
--	--

Some other terms that designate locality names gain special evidence in their correspondence and are supposed to evoke more than mere locations. In a letter dated January 11, 1926, for example, Sackville-West writes to Woolf (p. 41):

<p>Letters are the devil, disregarding Einstein and being subservient to so fallacious a thing as time, eg if you write to me in Persia and say you have got the ague it is no use my writing back to say I'm sorry, because by the time you get it you'll have recovered, whereas if I write from the Weald you'll still be wretched when you get it and my condolence will be of some slight grain of use, but my feelings will be the same, whether in Persia or the Weald.</p>	<p>Cartas são o diabo, ignorando o Einstein e servindo a uma coisa tão falaciosa quanto o tempo, por exemplo, se você escrever para mim na Pérsia e disser que pegou malária e está febril, não vai adiantar nada que eu escreva de volta dizendo que sinto muito porque quando a carta chegar a você, você já vai ter se recuperado, ao passo em que se eu lhe escrever das florestas de Weald, você ainda estará péssima e minha condolência terá algum tipo de contribuição, mas meus sentimentos serão os mesmos, seja na Pérsia, seja em Weald.</p>
--	--

Here, therefore, the writer mentions the location of Weald — a term that has no direct translation into Brazilian Portuguese and which, according to Oxford Learner's Dictionary, means:

“[...] an area of attractive countryside in south-east England which includes parts of the counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex. It is known especially as an area where many fruit and vegetables are grown. It was formerly covered by woods, and weald is an old-fashioned word meaning wild, i.e. not cultivated.”

To deal with this translation problem, Berman's theorizing on the concept of clarification was taken into account. He says that clarification is an apparatus that inherently helps the translator in his craft, since every act of translation aims to make itself understandable, clarified; however, he goes deep and specifies the subconcept of explicitation that “[...] can be the manifestation of something that is not apparent, but hidden or repressed in the original” (2012, p. 71, our translation). In order to clarify the significance of the word “Weald” for the monolingual reader of Brazilian Portuguese,



the term was kept as originally written, but an explanatory note clarifying that it corresponds to the “florestas de Kent, Surrey e Sussex” was added. Moreover, another point belonging to this letter also deserves special attention: Sackville-West's mention of Einstein. Here, she evokes Einstein for the relativity of time and space. Such explicit meta-reflection only corroborates what has been previously cited here: the different temporalities experienced by the letter, as theorized by Altman.

Continuing with other translation problems connected to locations mentioned in letters, a letter written on February 4, 1926, stands out. Vita seems to bind the figure of Woolf with The Downs, in London, as follows: “You have a little compartment for the Press, and another compartment for Mary Hutchinson, and another for Vita, and another for the Dog Grizzle, and another for the Downs, and another for London fogs [...]” (SACKVILLE-WEST and WOOLF, 2021, p. 49). “The Downs” proved difficult, as it refers to a very specific geographic region of London that does not reference in the minds of the majority of Brazilian readers. This is not the same as in the case of Bloomsbury, for example, since this neighborhood has more recognition worldwide. Preserving the term as in the original could confuse the monolingual reader. Thus, we chose to use the strategy of explaining this situation on an explanatory note.

In a letter dated 6 February, Sackville-West mentions the city in India now called Mumbai as Bombay, a misnaming invented by members of the British empire and that reaffirms the colonial dynamics in the country (p. 47):

<p>“What fills me with dismay is the idea that I cannot hear from you till I get to Bombay, another fortnight at least. I wish I had given you an address at Cairo. You may be ill or anything. It is an odd sensation being so cut-off [...]”.</p>	<p>O que me preenche de consternação é a ideia de que não terei notícias suas até chegar em Bombay, a daqui a pelo menos uma quinzena. Eu gostaria de ter lhe dado um endereço no Cairo. Você pode estar doente ou algo do tipo. É uma sensação estranha estar tão distante [...].</p>
---	--

In the translation, there was the possibility of keeping the term as originally written — Bombay — or the possibility of taking a political stand, changing Bombay to Mumbai and reaffirming the cultural specificity of the place in its local name as it is understood today. I chose to keep Bombay as in the original despite it being outdated,

because we understood its use reflects the aristocratic and colonizing mentality of Sackville-West, in addition to serving as a time marker that places the reader in the time of the writing.

Finally, in a letter on March 1, 1926, Woolf tells Vita of one of her expeditions through England and says: “We were motored all through Oxfordshire two days ago [...]” (SACKVILLE-WEST and WOOLF, 2021, p. 51). There is a problem, however, of lack of clarification: Woolf here refers to the county of Oxfordshire, not the city of Oxford. Thus, in order not to generate doubts in the monolingual reader of Brazilian Portuguese, it was chosen to translate this passage as follows: “Nós fomos levados de carro pelo condado de Oxford há dois dias atrás [...]”.

In this way, it is clarified here that Woolf is referring to the entire county rather than just the town. Thus, having elucidated issues pertinent to the locations where the letters were written, we will move on to the next section, Epistolary Flirtations, in which we will analyze the ways in which the romantic approaches between the two protagonists of this relationship take place.

### 5.3 EPISTOLARY FLIRTATIONS: HOW EACH WRITE THE LETTERS

At the beginning of 1926, in the epistolary dynamics between Sackville-West and Woolf, both still did not feel completely comfortable verbalizing flirtations and romantic advances openly. It has been said here before that one of the ways they both got around the situation — and therefore flirting in a more indirect way — was through the triangulation of affection with animals, so an entire subsection was devoted to this topic. Even so, we can notice the incidence of several other events that corroborate the idea, and this section unites the way that both write and relate to each other.

In a letter dated January 7, 1926, for example, Virginia Woolf concludes the writing of the epistle as follows (p. 40):

I left a rain coat, a crystal ruler, a diary for the year 1905, a brooch, and a hot water bottle somewhere – either Long Barn or	Deixei uma capa de chuva, uma régua de cristal, um diário de 1905, um broche e uma bolsa de água quente em algum lugar - Long Barn ou Charleston – nesse
--	--

Charleston – and so contemplate complete nudity by the end of the year.	ritmo, estarei totalmente nua até o final do ano.
---	---

Virginia seems to rely on self-deprecating humor to explain her absent-minded habits that tend to make her lose things and this appears perfectly ordinary. However, it should be noted, with special relevance, that the author's implication: when she says that she “would contemplate complete nudity”, Woolf also seems to bet on a flirtation ruse that will, with luck, make Sackville-West think of her being nude not too far in the future. It's a still distant, rather tenuous way of making a romantic foray into Sackville-West. During the translation process, we first noticed the alliteration in the source text (“contemplate complete nudity [...]”) and chose to keep it (“contemplarei a complete nudez [...]”). However, on a second reading, we came to the conclusion that the text was not as clear as it could have been, and so we chose to change it as shown in the table above.

Vita seems to be betting on the same type of ruse: going round and round, weighing and pondering her words with great care, in order to continue the flirting game. In a letter dated January 11, just a few days later, she writes (p. 42):

I find life altogether intoxicating, - its pain no less than pleasure, - in which Virginia plays no mean part.	Acho a vida completamente inebriante - tanto sua dor quanto o seu prazer – em que Virginia não é nem um pouco insignificante.
--	---

Through a double negative, Sackville-West affirms what would be much simpler to say directly: that Virginia plays an important and significant role in her life already at that point. But the writer, with her roundabout habits, would not say it so clearly — she seems to carry, for a long time, a certain “dumbness” in her behavior. And this kind of custom was easily picked up on by Woolf, who, in an inquisitive way, points out in the course of several epistles that the Sackville-West letters are “dumb letters”. They are dumb in the sense of being mute, laconic, of saying little, of revealing almost nothing, of being distant. That's why “dumb letters” were translated as “cartas lacônicas”. At first, I considered that “dumb letters” could be translated to “cartas estúpidas”. This would make sense considering Woolf's diary entry, quoted earlier, in which the author says that her first impression of Sackville-West was that she was a

dumb person. However, as the reading of the letters proceeded, it became clearer that this was not the sense implied by Woolf in her accusation. Thus, to maintain terminological consistency throughout the translation, we have inserted the translation from "dumb" to "lacônica" in the WordFast Anywhere glossary.

Sackville-West appears to be uncomfortable with the accusation and defends herself in the same letter of January 11 (p. 41):

My letters are not dumb, but vociferous: it is you who do not know how to read.	Minhas cartas não são lacônicas, mas veementes: é você que não sabe ler.
---	--

Only when denounced in this way does Vita become less distant and more assertive, establishing her position as an admirer of Woolf (p. 42):

So you see that if my letters are dumb, my actions aren't. They are a practical demonstration of my will to be with you.	Veja, então, que se minhas cartas são lacônicas, minhas ações não são. Elas são uma demonstração prática do meu desejo de estar com você.
--	---

Still in terms of how they perceive each other, there is a revealing diary entry by Virginia Woolf from January 19th. She writes (p. 43):

She is not clever; but abundant and fruitful; truthful too. She taps so many sources of life; repose and variety, was her own expression, sitting on the floor this evening in the gaslight.	Ela não é brilhante; mas é abundante e frutífera; verdadeira também. Ela bebe de tantas fontes de vida: paz e variedade, foi a expressão que utilizou sentada aqui no chão, esta noite, à luz a gás.
--	--

In the confessional privacy that only diary writing can provide, Woolf, therefore, says she does not recognize Vita as on the same intellectual level as her. It seems that Woolf senses a certain intellectual gap between the two; she does not think that Sackville-West has creative potential, but recognizes that the aristocrat can connect to sources already created, generating a different stimulus. As for the lexical choices that permeated the translation of this epistle, we draw attention to the way Woolf portrays

Vita: as a clever person. At first, we considered translating "clever" as "astuta", but soon a different nuance of meaning was perceived than that expressed by this word. Therefore, we opted for "brilhante" as a possible solution. Woolf saw herself in this way, so it makes sense that she was comparing herself to her lover in this particular situation. Surprisingly, Vita herself seems to be aware of this gap between them. In a letter dated January 21, she says (p. 44):

I just miss you, in a quite simple desperate human way. You, with all your um-dumb letters, would never write so elementar a phrase as that; perhaps you wouldn't even feel it.	apenas sinto a sua falta de uma forma simples e desesperadamente humana. Você, com todas as suas cartas não-lacônicas, nunca escreveria uma frase tão básica assim; você provavelmente sequer sentiria isso tudo.
---	---

Here, Vita recognizes that Woolf has a superior genius and a way of dealing with words that goes beyond her own. She goes further and, on January 29, confesses to having a simple mind in comparison (p. 48):

You see, I have really got a very cheap mind. (You say you like to know what goes on inside, so I tell you.)	Sabe, eu realmente tenho uma mente suja. (Você diz que gostaria de saber o que se passa lá dentro, então vou contar.)
--	---

Sackville-West's admiration for Woolf's writing quality appears to be constant, as evidenced in several of the epistles below. In a letter dated February 20, for example, Sackville-West writes (p. 53):

I don't know whether to be dejected or encouraged when I read the works of Virginia Woolf. Dejected because I shall never be able to write like that, or encouraged because someone else can?	Não sei se devo me sentir decepcionada ou encorajada quando leio o trabalho de Virginia Woolf. Decepcionada porque eu nunca serei capaz de escrever dessa forma, ou encorajada porque alguém mais consegue?
---	---

We can conclude, therefore, that the craft that unites them — writing — is an important mainstay that keeps their relationship standing and functioning.

Even though she accuses Sackville-West of being the laconic person in the relationship, Woolf is the one who seems to retain the careful character with which she expresses her affection. She even reflects on this in a letter addressed to the aristocrat herself. In the letter dated March 16, she says (p. 55):

Is it that I am, as Ly Sackville says, very fond of you: are you, like a good writer, a very careful picker of words?	É que eu, como a Lady Sackville diz, sou muito afeiçoada a ti: você também, como uma boa escritora, escolhe as palavras muito cuidadosamente?
---	---

She too appears to carefully choose the expression "fond of" to externalize in a measured way what she feels. Not only does she reflect on this in an exposed way, but also on her own habits as an epistolary writer. She comments that she got out of the habit of writing drafts for her letters; she only did that when she was younger. Here, Woolf already seems to have a sense of what would be advocated years later by letter theorist Liz Stanley: the understanding that letters are physical gifts (STANLEY, 2011).

In general, both authors spend early months of 1926 in a tenuous game of flirtation, sometimes quite subtle, until the approaches become increasingly explicit. Such is the case with Sackville-West's letter, dated February 28 (p. 58):

Like a little warm coal in my heart burns your saying that you miss me. I miss you oh so much. How much, you'll never believe or know. At every moment of the day. It is painful but also rather pleasant, if you know what I mean. I mean, that it is good to have so keen and persistent a feeling about somebody. It is a sign of vitality.	Queima em meu coração, como um pequeno pedaço de carvão, você dizendo que sente a minha falta. Ah, eu sinto tanto a sua falta. O quanto você nunca vai acreditar ou saber. A todo momento do dia. É doloroso, mas também bastante agradável, se é que você me entende. O que quero dizer é que é bom ter um sentimento tão intenso e persistente por alguém. É um sinal de vitalidade.
--	--

From the aforementioned quote, therefore, it is possible to infer that the romantic approximations between the two authors become increasingly explicit: Sackville-West, for example, practically confesses the intensity of her admiration for Woolf.

Having discussed the authors' flirtatious approaches, it is time to move on to the next session, where the translator's inclusions of explanatory notes will be discussed.

#### 5.4 TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

According to Genette, "a note is a statement of variable length (one word is enough) connected to a more or less definite segment of text and either placed opposite or keyed to this segment." (1997, p. 319). Explanatory notes were included throughout my translation following Berman's concept of clarification. These notes were considered when such explanations could not be used in the body of the text itself but the ideas required additional elucidation. Taking these situations into account, also following Genette, reading the notes are optional for the reader and, therefore, not everyone reads them. For this reason, the use of this device was minimized to only when strictly necessary (*op. cit.*, p. 324).

One epistle, in particular, merited the inclusion of many translator's notes at once. It is the letter sent by Vita Sackville-West on January 29, 1926 to Virginia Woolf. The author proposes to define Egypt, where she is at the time of writing the text, alphabetically through key terms that characterize the place. The exorbitant number of words of foreign origin, often without translation into either English and Portuguese, required the inclusion of explanatory notes to ensure a better understanding of the text by the Brazilian reader. This is the case, for example, of the word "dahabeeahs" whose meaning, according to the Merriam-Webster dictionary, is "a long light-draft houseboat used on the Nile that is lateen-rigged and is often propelled wholly or partly by engines." A phonetic approximation of the word was used in the translation, to ensure the best pronunciation of the word by the Brazilian readership, thus becoming "dahabiya", and an explanatory note with the aforementioned definition was included.

The letter, in fact, was configured as a great challenge to the translational act given the way it was originally written. In it, as said, Sackville-West proposes to define her current surroundings alphabetically. The translation of terms into the target language in the same order arranged in the source language would not be possible,

as not all words start in Portuguese with the same letter as they do in English. Thus, the way found to proceed with the translation was as follows: first, absolutely all the terms mentioned in the letter were eventually translated (in the first draft I considered to skip a few); and then the translated terms were rearranged alphabetically to fulfill the same function of cataloguing originally employed by Sackville-West. That way, one can keep the original intent of the overwhelming list.

## 6 LETTER WRITING AND SEDUCTION: FINAL REMARKS

The first and main goal of this study was to produce a commented translation, into Brazilian Portuguese, of all excerpts from letters, diaries, and the short introduction for the year of 1926 in *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia* (2021). Its completion shows a translation of this sort is not only desirable, but also feasible. It is desirable, in the first place, to combat the understanding that manifestations of life writing are shallow or do not deserve attention. On the contrary, the study of this generic manifestation needs to be encouraged in the academic and university environment, as much as other literary genres, since it reveals particularities that certainly deserve attention and conceptualization. Furthermore, it is correct to say that a larger number of researchers focused on the practices of life writing and translation would perhaps contribute to the country's publishers to produce publications of this genre, filling gaps in the market.

A secondary and more personal goal, in turn, was to develop my skills in the craft of translation. This was also achieved, certainly, since I have reflected on my practice with successive revisions, taking note of the translation problems I encountered. The practice of translation combined with the CAT Tool WordFast Anywhere, as pointed out earlier, has proved to be particularly fruitful. The tool ensured consistency in the translation process, mainly by offering its apparatus for creating glossaries, contributing to the creation of texts with fewer internal discrepancies. Although these texts are literary, the tool proved to be satisfactory for facilitating a translation, even with the incidence of poetic language on some occasions and its figures of speech.

In reality, I have also been particularly interested in reflecting how and why these writers employ aspects of poetic prose found in other genres in their correspondence.



This is most likely due to the fact that both were accomplished and skilled writers in their time, each in their own way, and they certainly did not fail to employ their skills in the making of their more private texts. In fact, they used their artistic skills as a tool of seduction within their correspondence. They wanted to impress by articulating themselves in the best way they possibly could.

A final objective was to support my translation of the letters on a strong theoretical understanding of epistolarity and of life writing more generally. These considerations were made both in the introductory chapter of the present study, and in subsection 4. *Epistolarity and Woolf* in greater detail. In this way, we consider that points have been given to all the objectives set for this study. Therefore, a final recommendation is to understand that only a very small portion of the entire correspondence of the two writers has been translated here. It is recommended that additional excerpts also be thought about and translated by academics in the future.

## REFERENCES

ALTMAN, Jane G. *Epistolarity: Approaches to a Form*. Columbus, Ohio State University Press, 1982. PDF file.

BECHDEL, Alison. *Fun home: Uma tragicomédia em família*. Tradução de André Conti. São Paulo: Todavia, 2018.

BECKDEL, Alison. *Você é minha mãe?: Um drama em quadrinhos*. Tradução de Érico Assis. São Paulo: Quadrinhos na Cia, 2013.

BOTTMANN, Denise. Irmãs Brontë, Katherine Mansfield e Virginia Woolf: Um século de traduções no Brasil, 2019. Disponível em: [https://www.academia.edu/47759788/Irm%C3%A3s\\_Bront%C3%AB\\_Katherine\\_Mansfield\\_e\\_Virginia\\_Woolf](https://www.academia.edu/47759788/Irm%C3%A3s_Bront%C3%AB_Katherine_Mansfield_e_Virginia_Woolf). Acesso em: 26 abr. 2022.

DIAZ, Brigitte. *O Gênero Epistolar ou o Pensamento Nômade: Formas e funções da correspondência em alguns percursos de escritores*. São Paulo, EDUSP, 2016.

FARIS, Wendy B. Bloomsbury's Beasts: The Presence of Animals in the Texts and Lives of Bloomsbury. *The Yearbook of English Studies*, Leeds, v. 37, n. 1, p. 107-125, 2007. Disponível em: [https://www.jstor.org/stable/20479281?read-now=1&seq=1#page\\_scan\\_tab\\_contents](https://www.jstor.org/stable/20479281?read-now=1&seq=1#page_scan_tab_contents). Acesso em: 26 abr. 2022.

JOLLY, Margaretta; STANLEY, Liz. Letters as / not a genre. *Life Writing*. Reino Unido, v. 1, n. 2, p. 1-18, maio 2005. Disponível em: <https://doi.org/10.1080/10408340308518291>KENNEDY, Hubert. The "Third Sex" Theory of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs. *Journal of Homosexuality*. Nova Iorque, v. 6, n. 1-2, p. 103-111, 1981. Disponível em: [doi.org/10.1300/J082v06n01\\_10](https://doi.org/10.1300/J082v06n01_10). Acesso em

KENDALL-MORWICK, Karalyn. Mongrel Fiction: Canine Bildung and the feminist critique of anthropocentrism in Virginia Woolf's *Flush*. *Modern Fiction Studies*, Baltimore, v. 60, n. 3, p. 506-526, 2014. Disponível em: [https://www.jstor.org/stable/26421742?read-now=1&seq=8#page\\_scan\\_tab\\_contents](https://www.jstor.org/stable/26421742?read-now=1&seq=8#page_scan_tab_contents). Acesso em: 26 abr. 2022.

NICOLSON, Nigel. *Portrait of a Marriage: V. Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson*. Londres: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2013. E-book.

SACKVILLE-WEST, Vita; WOOLF, Virginia. *Love Letters: Vita and Virginia*. Introdução de Alison Bechdel. Londres: Vintage Publishing, 2021. Ebook.

STANLEY, Liz. The Epistolary Gift, the Editorial Third Party, Counter-Epistolaria: Rethinking the Epistolarium. *Life Writing*. Reino Unido, v. 8, n. 2, p. 135-152, maio 2011. Disponível em: <http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/14484528.2011.559732>. Acesso em: 26 abr. 2022.

WOOLF, Virginia. *A Room of One's Own*. Londres: Hogarth Press, 1929.

WOOLF, Virginia. *Os diários de Virginia Woolf*. Introduction by Quenting Bell. Traduzido por José Antônio Arantes. São Paulo, Companhia das Letras, 1989.

WOOLF, Virginia. *Os diários de Virginia Woolf: Diário I – 1915-1918*. Traduzido por Ana Carolina Mesquita. São Paulo, Editora Nós, 2021.

WOOLF, Virginia. *Um quarto só seu*. Tradução de Denise Bottmann. Porto Alegre: L&PM, 2019.

WOOLF, Virginia. *Virginia Woolf: The Complete Collection*. Hash Books: 2021. E-book Kindle.

**APÊNDICE A - All the entries translated**

<p><b>1926</b>  <b>Vita and her children spent the New Year with Dorothy Wellesley and her family. Other guests included Virginia's brother-in-law, Clive Bell. At the New Year's Eve party, a great deal of alcohol was consumed.</b></p>	<p><b>1926</b>  <b>Vita e seus filhos passaram o ano novo com Dorothy Wellesley e sua família. Entre os convidados figurava o cunhado de Virginia, Clive Bell. Na festa de Réveillon, muita bebida alcoólica foi consumida.<sup>7</sup></b></p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA          Sherfield Court, Basingstoke          1 January          I write to you in a state of extreme perturbation – I'll tell you why when I see you. I was taken off my guard. It's early morning in the new year.          I'll write you a proper letter – but I am upset now – it is Clive who is responsible.          The house is full of children and noise.          Your bewildered,          Vita</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA          Sherfield Court, Basingstoke          1º de janeiro          Eu escrevo para você em um estado de extrema perturbação - vou te dizer o porquê quando eu te ver. Fui pega de surpresa. É manhã de ano novo.          Vou lhe escrever uma carta apropriada - mas estou chateada agora - e Clive é o responsável.          A casa está cheia de crianças e barulho.          Sua atarantada,          Vita</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD          Sherfield Court          1 January          Clive with his tongue well-loosened, imagine my horror when he suddenly said, 'I wonder if I dare ask Vita a very indiscreet</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD          Sherfield Court          1 de janeiro          Imagine o meu horror quando Clive, com a língua bem solta, de repente disse: 'Será que me atrevo a fazer uma pergunta muito</p>

<sup>7</sup> N.O.: Nota original incluída pela *Vintage Publishing*.

question?' and I, being innocent and off my guard, said yes he might, and he came out with 'Have you ever gone to bed with Virginia?' but I think my 'NEVER!' convinced him and everybody else of the truth. This will show you what the conversation was like!

indiscreta a Vita?' e eu, sendo inocente e com a guarda baixa, disse que sim, ele poderia, e ele perguntou 'Você já foi para a cama com Virginia?' mas acho que meu 'NUNCA!' convenceu a ele e a todos da verdade. Pra você ver o nível da conversa!

#### LETTER FROM VITA

Sherfield Court

3 January

It might seem strange, at first sight, that I should have talked of you so little, having thought of you so much. I had, after all, Clive at my elbow, - not merely your brother-in-law, but an authority who had loved you in his day, - yet I chose not to profit by his presence. Something kept me back; and now of course I regret the missed opportunity. No, that's not true: I don't. If I had the last three days over again, I should do the same.

I think I prefer making my own explorations. Also I don't fancy the idea of taking a false advantage.

I was rather indiscreet, all the same.

The conversation last night was free. I don't know what you would have thought, or what contributed. I wondered several times. I wondered also what report Clive would give you, if any. Can I see you on Wednesday? [...]

And it's on Wednesday fortnight that I go. Melancholy descends on me; but perhaps it's a good thing.

What effect does absence have on you? Does it work like the decreasing charm of Dog Grizzle, which endears her to you the more?

I hope so, otherwise.

#### CARTA DE VITA

Sherfield Court

3 de janeiro

Pode parecer estranho, à primeira vista, que eu tenha falado tão pouco de você, tendo pensado tanto em ti. Eu tinha, afinal, Clive na minha cola - não apenas seu cunhado, mas sim uma autoridade que te amou no passado -, mas optei por não contar vantagem com sua presença. Algo me impediu; e agora, claro, lamento a oportunidade perdida. Não, isso não é verdade: Eu não lamento. Se eu pudesse reviver esses três dias mais uma vez, teria feito o mesmo.

Acho que prefiro fazer minhas próprias explorações. Também não gosto da ideia de contar com uma vantagem indevida

Fui bem indiscreta, de qualquer forma.

A conversa da noite passada estava solta. Não sei o que você teria pensado ou com que contribuiria. Me perguntei isso diversas vezes. Também me perguntei que tipo de descrição o Clive daria para você, se é que vai dar. Posso te ver na quarta-feira? [...]

E é na quarta-feira, daqui a quinze dias, que vou partir. A melancolia desce em mim; mas talvez seja uma coisa boa.

Que efeito a ausência tem sobre você? Será que funcionará como com a sua cadela Grizzle, cujos encantos minguantes a tornam ainda mais querida para você?

	Espero que sim, de toda forma.
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 5 January</p> <p>Yes, my dear Creature, do come tomorrow, as early as possible... But I want to know <i>why</i> you were perturbed, and wrote in such a whirl, and <i>what</i> your fire talk was about – oh and crowds of things.</p> <p>But I'm in a rush – have just taken Grizzle to a vet [...] Ah, if you want my love for ever and ever you must break out into spots on your back.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 5 de janeiro</p> <p>Sim, minha querida Criatura, venha amanhã, o mais cedo possível.... Mas quero saber o porquê de sua perturbação, e ter escrito com tanta pressa, e sobre o que era essa conversa ardente - ah, e uma multidão de coisas.</p> <p>Mas estou com pressa - acabei de levar a Grizzle ao veterinário [...] Ah, se você quer meu amor para todo o sempre, tem só que arrumar uma alergia nas costas.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 7 January</p> <p>This is simply to ask how you are [...] Feeling very miserable, half asleep, taking a little tea and toast, and then, I daresay, towards evening becoming rather luminous and remote, and irresponsible.</p> <p>All this takes place in a room in the middle of Knole – What takes place in all those galleries and ballrooms, I wonder? And then, what goes on in Vita's head, lying under her arras somewhere, like a tiny kernel in a vast nut?</p> <p>[...] But tell me what you are feeling? Are you aching? And if you were asked, do you like Canute, Canute's wife, or Virginia best, what would you say?</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 7 de janeiro</p> <p>Esta carta é apenas para lhe perguntar como você está [...] Sentindo-se muito triste, meio adormecida, tomando um chazinho com torrada, e então, ousou dizer, ao anoitecer se tornará um tanto luminosa e remota e irresponsável.</p> <p>Tudo isto ocorre em um aposento no meio de Knole - Eu me pergunto o que acontece em todas aquelas galerias e salões. E então? O que se passa na cabeça de Vita, deitada sob panos de arrás em algum lugar, como um minúsculo gérmen dentro de uma vasta noz?</p> <p>[...] Mas diga-me o que está sentindo. Está sofrendo? E se lhe perguntassem de quem gosta mais, do Canute, da esposa do Canute ou da Virginia, o que diria?</p>

<p>I left a rain coat, a crystal ruler, a diary for the year 1905, a brooch, and a hot water bottle somewhere – either Long Barn or Charleston – and so contemplate complete nudity by the end of the year.</p>	<p>Deixei uma capa de chuva, uma régua de cristal, um diário de 1905, um broche e uma bolsa de água quente em algum lugar - Long Barn ou Charleston – nesse ritmo, estarei totalmente nua até o final do ano.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 8 January You angel, you have written. And I like your attitude towards illness: 'luminous and remote', where most people would have said 'hot and sticky' [...] Please, in all this muddle of life, continue to be a bright and constant star. Just a few things remain as beacons: poetry, and you, and solitude. You see that I am extremely sentimental. Had you suspected that? [...] Poor Canute, his feelings would be so terribly hurt if I answered your question truthfully, that loyalty forbids me.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 8 de janeiro Que anjo, enfim você me escreve. E eu gosto da sua posição em relação à enfermidade: 'luminosa e remota', quando a maioria das pessoas diria 'quente e pegajosa' [...] Por favor, continue a ser essa estrela constante e brilhante no meio dessa confusão da vida. Apenas algumas poucas coisas permanecem como faróis: a poesia, você e a solidão. Dá para perceber que eu estou bastante sentimental. Você desconfiou? Pobre Canute, seus sentimentos ficariam terrivelmente magoados se eu respondesse sua pergunta com sinceridade; a lealdade a ele me proíbe.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 9 January Isn't it damned? Here I am in bed with the flu, caught the moment I'd written to you about the delights of fever. Hot and sticky describes it [...]</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 9 de janeiro Não é uma droga? Cá estou eu, na cama, com uma gripe contraída no momento em que escrevi para você sobre as delícias de se ter febre. Quente e pegajosa descrevem bem [...]</p>

<p>But it is a great comfort to think of you when I'm not well – I wonder why. Still nicer – better to see you. So I hope for Tuesday [...]</p> <p>A very nice dumb letter from you this morning.</p>	<p>É um grande conforto pensar em você quando não estou boa — me pergunto o porquê. Ainda melhor - mais agradável - será vê-la. Então, espero até terça-feira [...]</p> <p>Uma carta sua, agradavelmente lacônica, chegou essa manhã.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>11 January</p> <p>Oh my poor dear, ill again, and the novel thwarted – How maddening for you. I have a great deal to say.</p> <p>Firstly that I don't care a damn, not a little row of pins, whether I catch it or not; I'd travel all the way to Egypt with the fever heavy upon me sooner than not see you – so rule that out please. Secondly that not for all the world would I tire you; so if you want to lie in a miserable heap, alone, just say so. I'll ring up at luncheon time tomorrow, and you can say 'Come' or 'Go to Hell' as you feel inclined [...]</p> <p>My letters are not dumb, but vociferous: it is you who do not know how to read. And you presume to lecture schoolgirls on this subject! [...] Letters are the devil, disregarding Einstein and being subservient to so fallacious a thing as time, e.g. if you write to me in Persia and say you have got the ague it is no use my writing back to say I'm sorry, because by the time you get it you'll have recovered, whereas if I write from the Weald you'll still be wretched when you get it and my condolence will be of some slight grain of use, but my feelings will be the same, whether in Persia or the Weald [...]</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>11 de janeiro</p> <p>Ah, minha querida coitadinha, doente de novo e com a escrita comprometida – deve estar te deixando doida. Tenho muito a dizer.</p> <p>Em primeiro lugar que não me importo nem um pouquinho se pegar sua gripe ou não: preferiria viajar até os confins do Egito, queimando de febre, do que ficar sem vê-la. Então nem considere isso, por favor. Em segundo lugar, que eu nunca lhe cansaria; então se preferir amontoar-se na cama e sofrer sozinha, basta falar. Ligo amanhã na hora do almoço, e pode dizer 'Venha' ou 'Vá para o inferno' conforme desejar [...]</p> <p>Minhas cartas não são lacônicas, mas veementes: é você que não sabe ler. E você tem a pretensão de dar palestras sobre isso para meninas em escolas! [...] Cartas são o diabo, ignorando o Einstein e servindo a uma coisa tão falaciosa quanto o tempo, por exemplo, se você escrever para mim na Pérsia e dizer que pegou malária e está febril, não vai adiantar nada que eu escreva de volta dizendo que sinto muito porque quando a carta chegar a você, você já vai ter se recuperado, ao passo em que se eu lhe escrever de Weald<sup>8</sup>, você ainda estará péssima e minha condolência terá algum tipo de</p>

<sup>8</sup> Weald: Termo para designar as regiões florestais de Kent, Surrey e Sussex.



<p>I find life altogether intoxicating, - its pain no less than pleasure, - in which Virginia plays no mean part.</p>	<p>contribuição, mas meus sentimentos serão os mesmos, seja na Pérsia, seja em Weald [...] Acho a vida completamente inebriante - tanto sua dor quanto o seu prazer – em que Virginia não é nem um pouco insignificante.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA 66 Mount Street, London 13 January How are you today? I am all right – No. Are you all right, my dear? I don't like your being ill [...] It was nice yesterday, - wasn't it? I'll see you on Monday? And Tuesday? And then no more for months.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA 66 Mount Street, London 13 de janeiro Como você está hoje? Estou bem - Não. Você está bem, minha querida? Não gosto que você fique doente [...] Ontem foi agradável - não foi? A verei na segunda-feira? E na terça-feira? E então não a verei por meses.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 15 January I saw Clive yesterday, who says will you and Leonard and I dine with him on Monday at the Ivy? If you can't (as I fear) come to his rooms as soon as you can – We will come at 10.30, but I suppose I shan't be allowed to stay late.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 15 de janeiro Eu vi o Clive ontem, que perguntou se você, Leonard e eu podíamos jantar com ele no Ivy. Se você não puder (como eu receio) venha aos aposentos dele assim que puder - nós vamos voltar às 22h30, mas eu suponho que não me deixarão ficar acordada até tarde.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Knole 17 January</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Knole 17 de janeiro</p>

<p>I was dining out tomorrow, but have quite cynically chucked, so I can dine with you (with Clive I mean) at the Ivy. So you see that if my letters are dumb, my actions aren't. They are a practical demonstration of my will to be with you [...]</p> <p>I hope Clive's version didn't differ materially from mine, otherwise it is clear that one or the other is breaking the ninth commandment. And did your answer differ from mine? Alas no [...]</p> <p>Oh curse, here are people and I must stop as the post goes early. I'm longing to see you. Someday I'll write and tell you all the things you mean to me in my mind. Shall I?</p>	<p>Eu ia jantar fora amanhã, mas muito cinicamente darei um bolo, então eu posso jantar com você (com o Clive, digo) no Ivy. Veja, então, que se minhas cartas são lacônicas, minhas ações não são. Elas são uma demonstração prática do meu desejo de estar com você [...]</p> <p>Eu espero que a versão do Clive não tenha diferido substancialmente da minha, ou então fica claro que um de nós está violando o nono mandamento. E sua resposta foi diferente da minha? Infelizmente não [...]</p> <p>Ah, maldição, chegaram algumas pessoas e eu preciso parar, pois o correio parte cedo. Eu estou com saudades de vê-la. Algum dia vou lhe escrever e contar tudo o que você significa para mim em minha mente. Será?</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY</p> <p>19 January</p> <p>Vita having this moment (twenty minutes ago) left me, what are my feelings? Of a dim November fog; the lights dulled and damped. But this will disperse; then I shall want her, clearly and distinctly. Then not – and so on. One wants that atmosphere – to me so rosy and calm. She is not clever; but abundant and fruitful; truthful too. She taps so many sources of life; repose and variety, was her own expression, sitting on the floor this evening in the gaslight. I feel a lack of stimulus, of market days, now Vita is gone; and some pathos, common to all these partings; and she has four days' Journey through the snow.</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA</p> <p>19 de janeiro</p> <p>Vita acabou de me deixar (há vinte minutos atrás) e quais são os meus sentimentos? De uma fosca névoa de novembro; as luzes abumadas e úmidas. Mas isso vai se dispersar; e então eu vou querer tê-la, clara e distintamente. E então não - e assim por diante. Há de se querer aquela atmosfera – que para mim é tão rósea e calma. Ela não é brilhante; mas é abundante e frutífera; verdadeira também. Ela bebe de tantas fontes de vida: paz e variedade, foi a expressão que utilizou sentada aqui no chão, esta noite, à luz a gás. Sinto uma falta de estímulo, como o de dias de ir à feira, agora que Vita se foi; e uma espécie de páthos, comum a todas essas partidas; e ela tem uma Jornada de quatro dias debaixo da neve.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA</p>

<p>21 Acacia Road, Balham 20 January</p> <p>No, it's no good: the train is too shaky to allow me to pretend. I am in the train, and there are sensational labels on my luggage – so there it is – and I did leave Virginia standing on her doorstep in a misty London evening – and God knows when I shall see her again. You said one thing which pleased me so much: namely, that you would try not to be in France when I came back. This gave me a real sense of counting in your life. Bless you [...]</p> <p>Goodbye, my darling; and bless you.</p>	<p>21 Acacia Road, Balham 20 de janeiro</p> <p>Não, não adianta: o trem balança muito para me permitir fingir. Eu estou no trem e há etiquetas maravilhosas na minha bagagem – é isso aí: deixei Virginia parada na entrada de sua casa em uma noite enevoada de Londres – e só Deus sabe quando a verei novamente. Você disse uma coisa que me agradou muito: a saber, que você tentaria não estar na França quando eu voltar. Isso me deu uma noção real de que sou importante na sua vida. Fique bem.</p> <p>Adeus, minha querida; e fique bem.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Posted in Trieste 21 January</p> <p>I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia. I composed a beautiful letter to you in the sleepless nightmare hours of the night, and it has all gone: I just miss you, in a quite simple desperate human way. You, with all your um-dumb letters, would never write so elementary a phrase as that; perhaps you wouldn't even feel it. And yet I believe you'll be sensible of a little gap. But you'd clothe it in so exquisite a phrase that it would lose a little of its reality. Whereas with me it is quite stark: I miss you even more than I could have believed; and I was prepared to miss you a good deal. So this letter is just really a squeal of pain. It is incredible how essential to me you have become. I suppose you are accustomed to people saying these things. Damn you, spoilt creature; I shan't make you love me any the more by giving myself away like this – But oh my dear, I can't be clever and stand-offish with you: I love you too much for that. Too truly. You have no idea how stand-offish I can be with people I don't love. I</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Postada em Trieste 21 de janeiro</p> <p>Eu estou reduzida a uma coisa que clama por Virginia. Eu compus uma linda carta para você nas horas insones da noite, mas ela se foi: apenas sinto a sua falta de uma forma simples e desesperadamente humana. Você, com todas as suas cartas não-lacônicas, nunca escreveria uma frase tão básica assim; você provavelmente sequer sentiria isso tudo. Mas ainda assim, acredito que você sente alguma saudade. Mas você a adornaria numa frase tão requintada, que ela perderia um pouco de sua realidade. Ao passo que, comigo, é muito cru: sinto sua falta ainda mais do que imaginei ser possível e eu estava preparada para sentir muito. Então essa carta é, realmente, apenas um guincho de dor. É incrível o quão essencial para mim você se tornou. Eu suponho que você esteja acostumada com as pessoas dizendo esse tipo de coisa. Maldita criatura mimada; eu não a farei me amar nem um pouco a mais ao me entregar dessa forma - Mas ah, minha querida, eu não consigo ser esperta e distante com você:</p>

have brought it to a fine art. But you have broken down my defenses. And I don't really resent it.

However I won't bore you with any more.

We have re-started, and the train is shaky again. I shall have to write at the stations – which are fortunately many across the Lombard plain.

Venice. The stations were many, but I didn't bargain for the Orient Express not stopping at them. And here we are at Venice for ten minutes only, - a wretched time in which to try and write. No time to buy an Italian stamp even, so this will have to go from Trieste.

The waterfalls of Switzerland were frozen into solid iridescent curtains of ice, hanging over rock; so lovely. And Italy all blanketed in snow.

We're going to start again. I shall have to wait till Trieste tomorrow morning. Please forgive me for writing such a miserable letter.

eu a amo demais para fazer isso. Muito verdadeiramente. Você não tem ideia de como eu consigo ser distante com pessoas que não amo. Eu refinei isso como arte. Mas você quebrou minhas defesas. E eu realmente não me ressinto disso.

Contudo, não vou mais te entediar.

Nós voltamos a andar e o trem está balançando de novo. Terei que escrever nas estações – que, felizmente, são muitas no trajeto pela Lombardia.

Veneza. Foram muitas estações, mas eu não contava com o Expresso do Oriente não fazer paradas. E aqui estamos, em Veneza, por apenas dez minutos - um momento péssimo para tentar escrever. Sem tempo nem para comprar um selo italiano, então essa carta deverá partir de Trieste.

As cachoeiras da Suíça estavam congeladas em sólidas cortinas de gelo iridescente presas sobre a pedra; tão adorável. E a Itália toda coberta de neve.

Vamos andar de novo. Vou ter que esperar até Trieste na manhã que vem. Por favor, perdoe-me por escrever uma carta tão miserável.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

In the Eastern Mediterranean

23 January

We are somewhere off the coast of Greece, and pretty beastly it is too: very rough, and the boat rolling about like an old tub. She has a deck too many, and consequently is top-heavy. There were a lot of things I wanted to ask you: whether you couldn't invent a new form of type for emphatic passages; a new system of punctuation; whether you shared my preference for the upper berth in a wagon-lit (which I believe to be atavistic), and my

#### CARTA DE VITA

No Mediterrâneo Oriental

23 de janeiro

Estamos em algum lugar ao largo da costa da Grécia e é realmente incômodo: o mar está muito revoltado e o barco fica balançando como uma banheira velha, que tem convés muito alto e, conseqüentemente, é bem instável. Havia uma série de coisas que queria te perguntar: se você não poderia inventar uma nova forma tipográfica para ênfases; um novo sistema de pontuação; se você compartilha da minha preferência pelo beliche superior

dislike of scraping past the stomachs of Frenchmen on the way to the wagon restaurant; and whether you would one day come on a journey with me? [...]

Have you ever seen Crete? If not, you should.

My dear, I'll write you from Cairo. This is hopeless, and I must go to dinner.

PS I wrote you a frantic letter from Trieste.

nos vagões-leito (que eu acredito serem os mais primitivos) e do meu desgosto de esbarrar nas barrigas de franceses em meu caminho ao vagão-restaurante; e se você faria, um dia, uma viagem comigo.

Você já visitou a Creta? Se não, você deve.

Minha querida, vou lhe escrever do Cairo. Não adianta, e eu devo ir jantar.

P.S.: eu lhe escrevi uma carta desesperada de Trieste.

#### LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

26 January

Your letter from Trieste came this morning – But why do you think I don't feel, or that I make phrases? 'Lovely phrases' you say which rob things of reality. Just the opposite. Always, always I try to say what I feel. Will you then believe that after you went last Tuesday – exactly a week ago – out I went into the slums of Bloomsbury, to find a barrel organ. But it did not make me cheerful... And ever since, nothing important has happened – Somehow it's dull and damp. I have been dull; I have missed you. I do miss you. I shall miss you. And if you don't believe it, you're a long-eared owl and ass. Lovely phrases?

[...] But of course (to return to your letter) I always knew about your standoffishness. Only I said to myself, I insist upon kindness. With this aim in view, I came to Long Barn. Open the top button of your jersey and you will see, nestling inside, a lively squirrel, with the most inquisitive habits, but a dear creature all the same –

#### CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

26 de janeiro

Sua carta de Trieste chegou esta manhã - Mas por que você acha que eu não sinto, ou faço, frases? 'Frases adoráveis', você diz, que roubam a realidade das coisas. Muito pelo contrário. Sempre, sempre eu tento dizer aquilo que sinto. Será, então, que você vai acreditar que depois de você partir na última terça-feira – há exatamente uma semana atrás – eu fui aos cortiços de Bloomsbury à procura de um realejo. Mas ele não me animou... E, desde então, nada de importante aconteceu - de alguma maneira isso é abrumado e úmido. Eu tenho estado entorpecida; eu tenho sentido a sua falta. Eu sinto a sua falta. Eu ainda deverei sentir a sua falta. E, se não acredita, você é uma coruja orelhuda e uma asna. Frases adoráveis?

[...] Mas é claro (para voltar à sua carta) que sempre soube de seu caráter distante. Só que disse a mim mesma que faço questão de gentileza. Com esse objetivo em vista, eu fui até Long Barn. Abra o botão superior de sua camisa e você verá, aninhado dentro, um esquilo animado e de hábitos muito inquisitivos, mas que é uma criatura amável de qualquer forma.

<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 31 January</p> <p>Shall I write the letter I made up in bed this morning? It was all about myself. I was wondering if I could explain how miserable I have been the past 4 days, and why I have been miserable. Thought about, one can gloss things over, bridge them, explain, excuse. Writing them down, they become a more separate and disproportioned and so a little unreal – Only I found I had to write the lecture for the girls’ school, and so had to stop writing To the Lighthouse. That began my misery; all my life seemed to be thwarted instantly: It was all sand and gravel; and yet I said, this is the truth, this guilt misery, and the other an illusion. [...]</p> <p>Yes, I miss you, I miss you. I dare not expatiate, because you will say I am not stark, and cannot feel the things dumb people feel. You know that is a rather rotten rot, my dear Vita. After all, what is a lovely phrase? One that has mopped up as much Truth as it can hold.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 31 de janeiro</p> <p>Devo escrever a carta que imaginei quando na cama durante essa manhã? Era toda sobre mim. Perguntava-me se poderia lhe explicar o quão deprimida tenho estado nos últimos quatro dias, e o porquê de estar assim. Pensei que é possível eufemizar as coisas, passar por cima delas, justificá-las. Mas, ao escrevê-las, elas se tornam mais separadas e desproporcionais e um pouco irrealis - e, então, descobri que eu tinha de escrever a palestra para a escola de meninas e precisei interromper a escrita de Ao Farol. Assim começou minha tristeza; toda a minha vida parecia ter sido frustrada instantaneamente: tudo era areia e cascalho; e, ainda assim, eu disse, essa é a verdade, essa miséria culposa, e, a outra, uma ilusão.</p> <p>Sim, eu sinto sua falta, eu sinto sua falta. Não ousou me prolongar, porque você dirá que eu não sou crua e não posso sentir as coisas que pessoas lacônicas sentem. Você sabe que isso é um pensamento podre, minha querida Vita. Afinal, o que é uma frase adorável? Uma que absorveu tanta Verdade quanto possível.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 3 February</p> <p>On Friday (but this will have happened weeks ago) we go to Rodmell. Dearest, how nice to have you there, in a month or two. I made £20 unexpectedly yesterday, and vowed to spend it perfecting the water closet on your behalf. But Teheran is</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 3 de fevereiro</p> <p>Na sexta-feira (mas isso terá acontecido há semanas) iremos a Rodmell. Querida, quão bom será tê-la lá em um mês ou dois. Ganhei £20 inesperadamente ontem, e jurei gastar o valor melhorando o W.C. para você. Mas Teerã está me deixando muito</p>

exciting me too much. I believe, in this moment, more in Teheran than in Tavistock Square. I see you, somehow in long coat and trousers, like an Abyssinian Empress, stalking over those barren hills. But really what I want to know is how the journey went, the 4 days through the snow, the caravan. Shall you write and tell me? And the affectionate letter – when's that coming?

agitada. Eu acredito, neste momento, mais em Teerã do que em Tavistock Square. Enxergo você, por algum motivo, com um longo casaco e calças, como uma Imperatriz Abissínia, percorrendo aquelas colinas áridas. Mas o que quero realmente saber é como foi a viagem, os quatro dias através da neve, a caravana. Pode escrever e me contar? E a carta afetuosa - quando virá?

#### LETTER FROM VITA

Luxor, Egypt

29 January

The only way I can deal with Egypt is as Molly MacCarthy did with Christmas: alphabetically. Amon, Americans, alabaster, Arabs; bromides, buffaloes, beggars, Bronx; camels, crocodiles, colossi, Cook's; donkeys, dust, dahabeeahs, dragomen, dervishes, desert; Egyptians, Evian; fezzes, fellaheen, feluccas, flies, fleas; Germans, goats, granite; hotel, hieroglyphics, hoopoes, Horus, hawks; Isis, imshi, irrigation, ignorance, jibbahs; kites, Kinemas, Kodaks; lavatories, lotus, Levantines; mummies, mud, millionaires; Nubia, Nile; ophthalmia, Osiris, obsidian, obelisks; palms, pyramids, parroquets; quarries, Rameneses, ruins; sunsets, sarcophagi, streamers, soux, sand, shadoofs, stinks, Sphinx; temples, tourists, trams, Tut-ankh-amen; Uganda; vultures, Virginia; water-bullocks, warts; Xerses, Xenophon; yaout; zest (my own).

#### CARTA DE VITA

Luxor, Egito

29 de janeiro

A única maneira de lidar com o Egito é como Molly MacCarthy fez com o Natal: por ordem alfabética. Amon, americanos, alabastro, árabes, abutres; brometo, búfalos, Bronx, burros; camelos, cabras, crocodilos, colossos, guia da Cook; dahabiya<sup>9</sup>, dragomano, dervixe<sup>10</sup>, deserto; egípcios, Evian, esfinge; fez<sup>11</sup>, fazendeiros, felucas<sup>12</sup>, fincão, fedores, falcão; germânicos, granito; hotéis, hieróglifos, Hórus; Ísis, íbis, imshi, irrigação, ignorância; jibba; kinema<sup>13</sup>, kodaks; lavatórios, lótus, Levante, lama; múmias, mendigos, milionários, milhafres; Núbia, Nilo; oftalmia, Osiris, obsidiana, obeliscos; palmeiras, pirâmides, periquitos, pedreiras, poeira, pulgas, pipas, picotas<sup>14</sup>; Ramessés, ruínas; sarcófagos, sujeira; tráfego, templos, turistas, Tutancâmon; Uganda; verrugas, Virginia; Xerxes I, Xenofonte; apetite (o meu próprio).

<sup>9</sup> Dahabiya: meio de transporte para transitar no Nilo.

<sup>10</sup> Dervixe: um praticante aderente ao islamismo sufista.

<sup>11</sup> Fez: tipo de chapéu feito de feltro.

<sup>12</sup> Felucas: tipo de barco.

<sup>13</sup> Kinema: iguaria feita de soja fermentada.

<sup>14</sup> Picota: ferramenta para tirar água de poço.

What else? I miss you horribly, and apart from that am permanently infuriated by the thought of what you could make of this country if only you could be got here. You see, you ought to. However, that sounds too much like your own parody of my probable letter, so I'll refrain from saying it.

What fills me with dismay is the idea that I cannot hear from you till I get to Bombay, another fortnight at least. I wish I had given you an address at Cairo. You may be ill or anything. It is an odd sensation being so cut-off [...]

Do thin silk clothes and sunburn make you envious? No, you wretch, you prefer your old misty Gloombsury and your London squares. The wish to steal Virginia overcomes me, - steal her, take her away, and put her in the sun among the objects mentioned alphabetically above.

[...] I sent you a picture postcard today, just as an insult. I went down into the bowels of the Earth and looked at Tut-ankh-amen. At his sarcophagus and outer mummy-case, I mean. This is merely of gilded wood. The inner one is at Cairo (I saw it) and is of solid gold. You know, the Valley of the Kings is really the most astonishing place. Tawny, austere hills with a track cut between them; no life at all, not a bird, not a lizard, only a scavenger Kite hanging miles high; and undiscovered Kings lying lapped in gold. And English spinsters in sun-helmets and black glasses. But then I got away from the spinsters and climbed where no one was, and looked down into the Valley on one side, and on to the

E o que mais? Eu sinto muito a sua falta, e, além disso, estou permanentemente enfurecida com a ideia do que você acharia deste país se ao menos pudesse ser trazida pra cá. Sabe, você devia estar aqui. Mas isso já está soando demais como uma paródia sua de uma possível carta minha e, por isso, vou me abster de continuar.

O que me preenche de consternação é a ideia de que não terei notícias suas até chegar em Bombay, a daqui a pelo menos uma quinzena. Eu gostaria de ter lhe dado um endereço no Cairo. Você pode estar doente ou algo do tipo. É uma sensação estranha estar tão distante [...]

Roupas finas de seda e bronzeados te deixam com inveja? Não, sua miserável, você prefere a velha névoa de Gloombsury<sup>15</sup> e suas praças londrinas. O desejo de roubar Virginia me toma – roubá-la, tomá-la e colocá-la ao sol entre os objetivos mencionados alfabeticamente acima.

Enviei hoje um cartão postal apenas para lhe insultar. Fui até as entranhas da terra e olhei para Tutancâmon. Para seu sarcófago e caixão externo, quero dizer — é apenas madeira folheada de ouro. A parte interior está no Cairo (onde a vi) e é de ouro maciço. O Vale dos Reis é realmente um local dos mais impressionantes. Colinas austeras e amarronzadas com uma trilha que as corta no meio; sem vida alguma, nem mesmo um pássaro e nem um lagarto, apenas um milhafre necrófago voando a milhas de altura; e reis, ainda não descobertos, deitados em ouro. E solteironas inglesas com viseiras e óculos pretos. Mas eu então me afastei das solteironas e subi onde não havia ninguém, e olhei o Vale de

<sup>15</sup> Aqui, Sackville-West faz um trocadilho ao misturar as palavras “gloom” (melancolia) e o nome original do bairro Bloomsbury, conotando um possível caráter triste à localidade apreciada por Woolf.



Nile on the other, a fine contrast in barrenness and fertility; and got into a state of rapture.

You see, I have really got a very cheap mind. (You say you like to know what goes on inside, so I tell you.) If human beings are one-half as exciting to you as natural objects are to me, then indeed I see why you like living in London. I cannot explain why they should have this intoxicating quality. I can quite see why human beings should have. But why the yellow mountains, and yellower pariah dog with whom I shared my lunch? But there it is. And, - mark, - I do care so satisfactorily for the few people that matter to me. (For Virginia? Oh dear me YES, for Virginia.) Please solve this riddle for me.

I am now going to Karnak. It is full moon, and it quite frightens me to think what it will be like. Damn that you're not here.

um lado e ao Nilo do outro, um fino contraste entre esterilidade e fertilidade; e entrei em um estado de êxtase.

Sabe, eu realmente tenho uma mente suja. (Você diz que gostaria de saber o que se passa lá dentro, então vou contar.) Se os seres humanos causam em você metade da excitação que objetos naturais causam em mim, então de fato entendo o porquê de você gostar de morar em Londres. Não consigo explicar porque eles têm essa natureza tão inebriante. Consigo ver perfeitamente bem que humanos podem tê-la. Mas por que também as montanhas amarelas, ou o vira-lata ainda mais amarelo com quem eu compartilhei o meu almoço? Lá estão. E – registre isso – eu realmente cuido muito satisfatoriamente das poucas pessoas que importam para mim. (Inclusive da Virginia? Ah, coitada de mim, SIM, inclusive Virginia.) Por favor, resolva este enigma para mim.

Agora vou a Karnak. É lua cheia e me assusta pensar como vai ser. Maldita você que não está aqui.

#### LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

17 February

You are a crafty fox to write an alphabet letter, and so think you have solved the problem of dumbness [...]

I've been awfully worried by elderly relations. Three old gentlemen, round about 60, have discovered that Vanessa is living in sin with Duncan Grant, and that I have written Mrs Dalloway – which equals living in sin. Their method of showing their loathing is to come to call, to ask Vanessa if she ever sells a picture, me if I've been in a lunatic asylum lately. Then they intimate how they live in Berkeley Sqre or the Athenaeum and

#### CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

17 de fevereiro

Você é uma raposa astuta por ter escrito uma carta em ordem alfabética e por pensar que resolveu o problema de ser lacônica [...]

Estou profundamente consternada por conta de conhecidos idosos. Três velhos senhores, com cerca de 60 anos, descobriram que Vanessa está vivendo em pecado com Duncan Grant e que eu escrevi Mrs. Dalloway — que é o equivalente a viver em pecado. O método deles para demonstrar desprezo é o de nos visitar, perguntar à Vanessa se ela consegue vender suas pinturas e a mim se eu estive, recentemente, em algum hospício. Então,

dine with – I don't know whom: and so take themselves off. Would this make you angry?

[...] Do you know it was four weeks yesterday that you went? Yes, I often think of you, instead of my novel; I want to take you over the water meadows in the summer on foot, I have thought of many million things to tell you. Devil that you are, to vanish to Persia and leave me here! [...]

And, dearest Vita, we are having two water-closets made, one paid for by Mrs Dalloway, the other by The Common Reader: both dedicated to you.

discorrem sobre como vivem na Berkeley Square ou no Athenaeum e que jantam com — não sei quem. Então se retiram. Isso te deixaria zangada?

[...] Sabia que fez quatro semanas ontem desde que você partiu? Sim, eu frequentemente penso em você ao invés de em meu romance; quero leva-la às pradarias molhadas durante o verão, a pé. Pensei em milhões e milhões de coisas para te contar. Você é uma maldita por desaparecer na Pérsia e me deixar aqui! [...]

E, querida Vita, nós vamos ter dois W.C., um pago por Mrs. Dalloway e o outro pelo Leitor Comum: ambos dedicados a você.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

In the Red Sea

4 February

I feel as though I should like to write you a long letter. An endless letter. Pages and pages. But there is too much to say. Too many emotions, and too much Egypt, and too much excitement. And really it all reduces itself to the perfectly simple thing that I wish you were here. You see it is so easy for you sitting in Tavistock Square to look inward; but I find it very difficult to look inward when I am also looking at the coast of Sinai; and very difficult to look at the coast of Sinai when I am also looking inward and finding the image of Virginia everywhere.

So this combination makes my letter more dumb than usual.

You manage things better. You have a more tidily sorted mind. You have a little compartment for the Press, and another compartment for Mary Hutchinson, and another for Vita, and another for the Dog Grizzle, and another for the Downs, and another for London fogs, and another for the Prince of Wales,

#### CARTA DE VITA

No mar vermelho

4 de fevereiro

Sinto como se devesse lhe escrever uma carta longa. Uma carta sem fim. Páginas e páginas. Mas há muito a se dizer. Muitas emoções e muito Egito e muito entusiasmo. E, sério, tudo isso se reduz à coisa perfeitamente simples que é: eu queria que você estivesse aqui. Sabe, é tão fácil para você, sentada na Tavistock Square, olhar para dentro de si; mas eu acho muito difícil olhar para dentro enquanto também estou olhando para a costa de Sinai; e muito difícil de olhar para a costa do Sinai quando eu também estou olhando para dentro e encontrando a imagem de Virginia em todo lugar.

Então essa combinação torna minha carta mais lacônica que de costume.

Você administra melhor as coisas. Tem uma mente muito mais ordenada. Tem um pequeno compartimento para a editora, outro compartimento para Mary Hutchinson, e outro para Vita, e outro

and another for the Lighthouse – no I’m wrong, the Lighthouse is allowed to play its beam over the whole lot, - and their only Common Denominator is your own excitability over whichever compartment you choose to look into at the moment. But with me they all run together into a sort of soup.

para a cadela Grizzle, e outro para The Downs<sup>16</sup>, e outro para as névoas londrinas, e outro para o Príncipe de Gales e um outro para o Farol – não, estou enganada, você permite que o Farol lance sua luz por tudo isso – e o único Denominador Comum é sua própria excitabilidade com qualquer compartimento que escolha observar no momento. Mas, comigo, tudo se mistura de uma vez só como numa espécie de sopa.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

In the Red Sea

6 February

I have no brain left. It has melted. I am sticky from head to foot. I have made friends with a Parsee who specialises in Persian, and has determined that I should become proficient in the language before I reach Bombay. So I’m having a wretched time, - kept at work as hard as a schoolboy, and no brain to do it with. I like the night-sky though, with the stars getting bigger and bigger, and odder and odder, and the phosphorus in the water.

The rest of the time I read Proust. As no one of the board has ever heard of Proust, but has enough French to translate the title, I am looked at rather askance for the numerous volumes of Sodome et Gomorrhe which litter the decks.

But why did he take ten pages to say what could be said in ten words?

[...] Oh my dear Virginia. Is there really a London? And are you in it? Or am I thinking of, and writing to, a wraith? Don’t get ill. Be

#### CARTA DE VITA

No mar vermelho

6 de fevereiro

Eu não tenho mais cérebro. Ele derreteu. Estou pegajosa da cabeça aos pés. Fiz amizade com um persa que se especializou em sua língua e decretou que devo me tornar proficiente nela antes de chegar a Bombay. Portanto, não estou me divertindo – posta para trabalhar como um jovem estudante, mas sem cérebro para lidar com isso. Eu gosto do céu noturno, contudo, com as estrelas se tornando maiores e maiores, e estranhas e mais estranhas, e o fósforo na água.

No restante do tempo, leio Proust. Como ninguém a bordo nunca ouviu falar de Proust mas sabe francês suficiente para conseguir traduzir o título do livro, eu sou observada com um pouco de inquietação por conta dos numerosos volumes de Sodoma e Gomorra que se empilham no convés.

Mas por que ele leva dez páginas para dizer aquilo que poderia ser dito em dez palavras?

[...] Ah, minha querida Virginia. Realmente existe uma Londres? E você está nela? Ou eu estou pensando em, e escrevendo para,

<sup>16</sup> The Downs: uma região de Londres.

severe with les importunes. How is the novel? Blown by this hot gale, I can't write a word. But I hope my little granary is filling up, under the Southern Cross. If I don't get a letter from you at Bombay, I shall die of disappointment –  
My love to Leonard.

um espírito? Não fique doente. Seja severa com les importuns. Como vai o romance? Vítima desse vendaval quente, não consigo escrever uma palavra sequer. Mas eu espero que meu pequeno armazém esteja se enchendo debaixo do Cruzeiro do Sul. Se eu não receber uma carta sua em Bombay, vou morrer de frustração.  
Mande um abraço a Leonard.

#### LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

1 March

Yes, dearest Towzer, it is all very well about Bloomsbury being a rotten biscuit, and me a weevil, and Persia being a rose and you an Emperor moth – I quite agree: but you are missing the loveliest spring there has ever been in England. We were motored all through Oxfordshire two days ago [...] The people who took us were Leonard's brother and his wife. I promptly fell in love, not with him or her, but with being stock brokers, with never having read a book (except Robert Hitchens) [...] Oh this is the life, I kept saying to myself; and what is Bloomsbury, or Long Barn either, but a contortion, a temporary knot; and why do I pity and deride the human race, when its lot is profoundly peaceful and happy?

A lovely dumb letter came from you on Saturday, written on board ship. I extract by degrees a great deal from your letters. They might be longer; they might be more loving. But I see your point – life is too exciting.

#### CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

1 de março

Sim, minha animada querida, é tudo realidade sobre Bloomsbury ser um antro pútrido, eu, uma praga, a Pérsia, rosa, e, você, uma mariposa-imperial - eu realmente concordo; mas você está perdendo a primavera mais adorável que a Inglaterra jamais teve. Nós fomos levados de carro pelo condado de Oxford há dois dias [...] As pessoas que nos levaram foram o irmão de Leonard e sua esposa. Eu prontamente me apaixonei, não com ele ou com ela, mas com serem acionistas, por nunca terem lido um livro (exceto do Robert Hitchens) [...] Ah, que vidão, fiquei dizendo a mim mesma; e o que é Bloomsbury, ou mesmo Long Barn, além de uma contorção, um nó temporário; e por que eu tenho pena e ridicularizo a raça humana quando ela é profundamente pacífica e feliz?

Uma carta sua, agradavelmente lacônica, chegou no sábado, escrita do barco. Eu extraio muito, gradualmente, das suas cartas. Elas poderiam ser mais longas; elas poderiam ser mais amáveis. Mas eu sei o que você quer dizer – a vida é muito excitante.

## LETTER FROM VITA

In the Indian Ocean

8 February

The Indian Ocean is grey, not blue; a thick, opaque grey. Cigarettes are almost too damp to light. At night the deck is lit by arc-lights, and people dance; it must look very strange seen from another ship out at sea, - all these people twirling in an unreal glare, and the music inaudible. One's bath, of sea-water, is full of phosphorus: blue sparks that one can catch in one's hand. The water pours from the tap in a sheet of blue flame [...]

But by the time I come home I shall have written a book, which I hope will purge me of my travel-congestion, even if it serves no other purpose. The moment it is released, it will pour from me as the ocean from the bath tap – but will the blue sparks come with it, or only the blanket-grey of the daytime sea? (By the way, I have discovered since beginning this letter that one can draw pictures on one-self with the phosphorus; it's like having a bath in glow-worms; one draws pictures with one's fingers in trails of blue fire, slowly fading.)

For the rest, it is a perpetual evading of one's fellow-beings. Really what odd things grown-up, civilised human beings are, with their dancing and their fancy-dress [...]

We have crept onward a few hundred miles since I began this letter, and the sun has come tropically out, and the clergymen have put on their sun-helmets. Tomorrow I shall be bouncing across India in a dusty train.

Have you quite forgotten this poor pilgrim? I haven't forgotten that I am to tell you I think of you, but I think that will be a nice occupation for the Persian Gulf. In the meantime I think of you a

## CARTA DE VITA

No Oceano Índico

8 de fevereiro

O Oceano Índico é cinza, não azul; um espesso e opaco cinza. Os cigarros estão quase úmidos demais para serem acesos. À noite o convés é iluminado por arcos de luz e as pessoas dançam; o que deve parecer muito estranho quando visto de outro navio ao mar – todas essas pessoas rodopiando num brilho irreal, a música inaudível. O banho, de água do mar, é repleto de fósforo: faíscas azuis que podem ser pegadas pela mão. A água sai da torneira com uma camada de chama azul [...]

Até chegar em casa já terei escrito um livro que, mesmo que não cumpra propósito algum, ao menos terá purgado minha congestão de viagem. No momento de sua publicação, será vertido de mim como o oceano pela torneira de banho – mas será que as faíscas azuis virão com ele, ou apenas a camada cinzenta que encobre o mar durante o dia? (Aliás, descobri desde o início dessa carta que se pode desenhar imagens em si mesma com o fósforo; é como banhar-se em vagalumes; pode-se desenhar imagens com os dedos em rastros de fogo azul que somem lentamente.)

Quanto ao restante, é tudo uma fuga perpétua dos outros seres humanos. Que coisa estranha são os adultos civilizados com suas danças e suas fantasias chiques [...]

Nós avançamos algumas centenas de milhas desde que comecei esta carta, e o sol apareceu tropicalmente, e os religiosos colocaram suas viseiras. Amanhã eu devo estar atravessando a Índia em um trem empoeirado.

Será que você se esqueceu dessa pobre peregrina? Eu não esqueci que devo lhe dizer que penso em ti, mas acho que essa

<p>terrible great deal. You make a wonderful cynical kindly smiling background to the turbulence of my brain. Shall I find a letter from you at Bombay I wonder?</p>	<p>será uma bela ocupação para o Golfo Pérsico. No meio tempo, penso em você com uma terrível frequência. Você é como um fundo maravilhosamente cínico, sorrindo de forma simpática na turbulência do meu cérebro. Encontrarei uma carta sua em Bombay, talvez?</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Delhi 14 February</p> <p>Well, I had India to myself for a couple of hours, while the stars paled and the Dawn spread over it; and then the usual row began, and I met the Parsee in the customs house looking very foolish with a Garland of white waxen Flowers round his neck, over his petit complete(?) gris-perle, like a sacrificial heifer. And I went for my letters, but there was none from you, which blackened India until I remembered that I had told you to write to Rocky Hill Flats – We drove there for breakfast, and although the rooms were cool and creamy, with the Windows open on the sea, and punkahs stirring the air, and great jars of oleander everywhere, still there were no letters.</p> <p>Ad I had been counting on that letter for at least three weeks, the delicious fruits that I was given for breakfast might have been handfuls of dust for all I cared. But then suddenly a Black servant entered with armfuls of correspondence. And of course there was quite a simple explanation, that your letter had traveled with me on the [SS] Rajputana [...]</p> <p>You will agree that it was a pretty setting for your letter to be read in, that had been written in the dark north – and frightened out of its life in a mail-bag down in the hold of a ship? Poor little thing,</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Deli 14 de fevereiro</p> <p>Bem, eu tive a Índia só para mim por algumas horas enquanto as estrelas empalideciam e o Alvorecer se espalhava por sobre elas; e então a briga usual começou, e encontrei-me, no edifício da alfândega, com o persa que então parecia muito tolo: ele usava, ao redor do pescoço, uma guirlanda de flores de cera brancas posicionadas sobre um pequeno terno cinza-pérola, igual a uma novilha de sacrifício. Fui buscar minhas cartas, mas não havia nenhuma sua, o que obscureceu a Índia até que eu me lembrei que havia lhe dito para escrever para Rocky Hill Flats - Dirigimos até lá para o café da manhã, e apesar dos quartos serem frescos e pintados de cores creme, com as janelas abertas ao mar, punkahs agitando ao ar e grandes jarros de oleandro por toda a parte, ainda assim não havia nenhuma carta.</p> <p>E eu estava contando com aquela carta há pelo menos três semanas. As deliciosas frutas que me foram dadas no café da manhã mais se equiparavam a punhados de pó para mim. Mas então, de repente, um empregado negro entrou com os braços carregados de correspondências. E, claro, houve uma explicação bastante simples: sua carta viajou comigo no [SS] Rajputana [...]</p> <p>Você há de concordar que se trata de um belo cenário para ler sua carta, que foi escrita no escuro do norte – como deve ter se assustado ao ser puxada da mala postal no porão de um navio.</p>

if I had known that it lay cowering there, I would have rescued it. But no; the seals of the GPO are inviolable (like Virginia) [...]

I was terribly pleased when I read that you had been excited, writing. Also terrible envious. And yet, I feel, you know, that if I could get really embarked on something I should become excited about it too. But of course there is nothing like a novel for that peculiar thing: as good as conducting an orchestra, or modeling in clay. A sense of really giving shape [...]

The tree-rats are very sweet. Like tiny green squirrels. I tried to catch one, and it bit me. Not like Virginia, who has inquisitive habits, but is a dear creature, and for whom I have a terrible and chronic homesickness. It is a persistent complaint, - sortes virginiana.

Pobre coisinha, se eu soubesse que ela estava acobertando-se ali, eu a teria salvado. Mas não; os lacres dos correios são invioláveis (assim como a Virginia) [...]

Fiquei extremamente satisfeita quando li que você estava empolgada ao escrever. E, também, com uma inveja terrível. Eu sinto, você sabe, que se pudesse iniciar algo, ficaria animada com isso também. Mas é claro que não há nada como um romance para essa sensação vir: é tão bom quanto reger uma orquestra ou modelar em argila. Uma sensação de realmente prover forma [...]

Os roedores silvestres são muito dóceis. Como pequenos esquilos verdes. Tentei pegar um e ele me mordeu. Não como Virginia, que tem hábitos curiosos, mas é uma criatura querida, e de quem tenho uma saudade terrível e crônica. É uma queixa persistente - sortes virginiana.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

At sea in the Persian Gulf

20 February

I meant to have written such a lot, but somehow I haven't; there is always a whale or a murder to look at (a tortoise or a theorbo!), so I have written a few letters, - previous few, - and read a lot of Proust and that's all. But I shall begin now to try and collect myself, and write some articles. I don't know whether to be dejected or encouraged when I read the works of Virginia Woolf. Dejected because I shall never be able to write like that, or encouraged because somebody else can?

#### CARTA DE VITA

No mar no golfo persa

20 de fevereiro

Quis tanto ter escrito, mas, de alguma forma, não escrevi; há sempre uma baleia ou um assassinato para contemplar (uma tartaruga ou uma tiorba!), então escrevi poucas cartas, - as poucas anteriores, - e li muito Proust e isso é tudo. Mas devo, agora, tentar me recompor e preparar alguns artigos. Não sei se devo me sentir decepcionada ou encorajada quando leio o trabalho de Virginia Woolf. Decepcionada porque eu nunca serei capaz de escrever dessa forma, ou encorajada porque alguém mais consegue?

## LETTER FROM VITA

Baluchistan

23 February

In how fastidious and amused a grin (like Grizzle's) would your lips curl if you could see me at the present moment. Somewhere off the coast of Baluchistan, lame, and newly risen from three days of fever, I have literally pushed the other passengers (five in number) into each other's arms to dance to my gramophone. They were really too dreary for words; something had to be done about it; so I hauled the gramophone out from under my bunk, and now they are all as merry as crickets [...] You see, I am so pleased to find that I am not, after all, going to die and be buried at sea, swathed in a Union Jack and decently weighted, that I am full of milk of human kindness towards my fellows. If anyone had told me, quite simply, that newcomers were liable to fever in these parts, I should not have lain envisaging (1) diphtheria (2) dysentery (3) plague (4) scarlet fever alone in my cabin for three days, but according to my all-too insular ideas one does not suddenly shoot up to 103 without good reason. Here, however, apparently one does. I said to myself, 'Perhaps Virginia will be a little sorry.' I wrote to you, in fact, I think, just when it was beginning. I composed telegrams so moving that when I realized I should not have to send them, I was quite disappointed [...] I wondered whether it would make my books sell any better. I feared not.

## CARTA DE VITA

Baluchistão

23 de fevereiro

Seus lábios se curvavam de um jeito forçado e fastidioso (como os da Grizzle) se você pudesse me ver nesse momento. Em algum lugar fora da costa do Baluchistão, manca e recém-ressuscitada de três dias de febre, eu literalmente empurrei outros passageiros (cinco, no total) uns nos braços dos outros para dançarem ao som do meu gramofone. Eles estavam realmente tristes demais para sequer serem descritos; algo deveria ser feito; então arrastei o gramofone para fora do meu beliche inferior e, agora, eles estão alegres como grilos [...] Sabe, estou tão feliz em descobrir que não irei, afinal, morrer e ser jogada ao mar, envolta pela bandeira do Reino Unido e com pesos suficientes, que fiquei cheia do leite de bondade humana<sup>17</sup> para com meus companheiros. Se alguém tivesse simplesmente me dito que os recém-chegados estavam suscetíveis a terem febre por estas bandas, eu não teria ficado deitada por três dias ponderando sobre ter (1) difteria (2) disenteria (3) a praga ou (4) febre escarlatina sozinha em minha cabine. De acordo com minhas ideias muito insulares, não se dispara de repente aos 39,5° sem uma boa razão. Aqui, contudo, se dispara sim. Eu disse a mim mesma: "Talvez a Virginia sinta um pouco de pena de mim." Na verdade, escrevi para você, eu acho, justo quando a febre estava começando. Compus telegramas tão comoventes que quando percebi que não poderia mandá-los, fiquei bastante decepcionada [...] Me perguntei se a doença faria os meus livros venderem mais. Acho que não.

E agora estou mais uma vez bastante energizada, e até mesmo escrevi seis páginas do meu novo livro. É algo divagante e

<sup>17</sup> Alusão à fala de Lady Macbeth na peça Macbeth de Shakespeare, no ato I, cena V.



And now I am quite spry again, and have even written six pages of my new book. It is a rambling, discursive sort of affair. And I think of your lovely books, and despair [...]

The funny thing is, that you are the only person I have ever known properly who was aloof from the more vulgarly jolly sides of life. And I wonder whether you lose or gain? I fancy that you gain, - you, Virginia, - because you are so constituted and have a sufficient fund of excitement within yourself, though I don't fancy it would be to the advantage of anybody else [...] (You'll think that I'm perpetually trying to pull you down from your pedestal, but really I like you best up there. Only it would be fun to transplant you, pedestal and all, just once...)

No, I don't really mean that. What I should really like to do would be to take you to some absurdly romantic place, - vain dream, alas! What with Leonard and the Press – Besides, by romantic I mean Persia or China, not Tintagel or Kergarnec. Oh what fun it would be, and Virginia's eyes would grow rounder and rounder, and presently it would all flow like water from a Sparklets siphon, turned into beautiful bubbles.

But I am writing nonsense, and anyway this letter cannot be posted till Baghdad. So that you will get two together, and that will be a bore.

Goodnight, darling and remote Virginia.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

16 March

I have been meaning every day to write something – such millions of things strike me to write to you about – and never did,

discursivo. E então eu penso sobre os seus livros encantadores e me desespero [...]

O engraçado é: você é a única pessoa que eu já conheci intimamente e que se encontra alheia aos cantos mais vulgarmente alegres da vida. Me pergunto se você perde ou ganha com isso. Imagino que ganhe - você, Virginia - porque é tão bem constituída e tem um fundo suficientemente excitante dentro de si mesma, embora eu não ache que fique à disposição de qualquer um [...] (Você vai achar que estou perpetuamente tentando derrubá-la de seu pedestal, mas, realmente, eu a prefiro lá em cima. Só que seria divertido transplantá-la, com pedestal e todo o resto, apenas uma vez...)

Não, isso não é bem o que eu quero dizer. O que eu realmente gostaria de fazer seria levá-la para algum lugar absurdamente romântico - vão sonho, infelizmente! Com Leonard e a editora - Aliás, por romântico quero dizer Pérsia ou China, e não Tintagel ou Kergarnec. Ah, que divertido seria, e os olhos da Virginia cresceriam mais e se arredondariam, e então tudo fluiria como a água de um sifão Sparklet, transformada em lindas bolhas.

Mas estou escrevendo bobagens, e de qualquer maneira esta carta não pode ser postada antes de Bagdá. Então você terá duas de uma só vez, e isso será entediante.

Boa noite, querida e distante Virginia.

CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

16 de março

Há dias lhe quero escrever algo - um milhão de coisas me ocorrem - mas eu não o fiz, e, agora, só tenho restos e lascas de tempo,

and now have only scraps and splinters of time, damn it all – We are rather rushed – But, dearest Vita, why not take quinine, and sleep under mosquito nets? I could have told you about fever: do tell me if you are all right again )a vain question: time has spun a whole circle since you had fever off the Coast of Baluchistan). Much to my relief, Lady Sackville wrote and told me you had arrived: also she asks me to go and see her, to talk about you, I suppose. 'I know you are very fond of Vita'; but I haven't the courage, without you.

Last Saturday night I found a letter from you in the box: then another: What luck! I thought;

Then a third; incredible! I thought; then a fourth: But Vita is having a joke, I thought, profoundly distrusting you – Yet they were all genuine letters. I have spelt them out every word, four times, I daresay. They do yield more on suction; they are very curious in that way. Is it that I am, as Ly Sackville says, very fond of you: are you, like a good writer, a very careful picker of words? (Oh look here: your book of travels. May we have it? Please say yes, for the autumn.) I like your letters I was saying, when overcome by the usual Hogarth Press spasm. And I would write a draft if I could, of my letters; and so tidy them and compact them; and ten years ago I did write drafts, when I was in my letter writing days, but now, never. Indeed, these are the first letters I have written since I was married.

As for the *mot juste*, you are quite wrong. Style is a very simple matter, it is all rhythm. Once you get that, you can't use the wrong words. But on the other hand here am I sitting after half the morning, crammed with ideas, and visions, and so on, and can't dislodge them, for lack of the right rhythm. Now this is very profound, what rhythm is, and goes far deeper than words. A sight, an emotion, creates this wave in the mind, long before it makes words to fit in; and in writing (such is my present belief)

maldição! Estamos na correria - Mas, querida Vita, por que não tomar quinino e dormir sob mosquiteiros? Eu poderia ter te falado sobre a febre: me diga se você já está bem de novo (uma pergunta vã: o tempo girou um círculo inteiro desde que você teve febre na costa do Baluchistão). Para o meu alívio, Lady Sackville escreveu e me contou que você havia chegado: ela também me pede para ir vê-la, para falar sobre você, suponho. "Sei que você gosta muito da Vita"; mas não tenho a coragem de ir sem você.

Na última noite de sábado encontrei uma carta sua na caixa de correio: depois outra: Que sorte! Pensei;

Em seguida, uma terceira; incrível! Pensei; então, uma quarta: Mas a Vita está me gozando, pensei, desconfiando profundamente de você - contudo, eram todas cartas genuínas. Eu as li palavra a palavra umas quatro vezes, ousou dizer. Elas rendem mais quando aspiradas; são muito interessantes assim. É que eu, como a Lady Sackville diz, sou muito afeiçoada a ti: você também, como uma boa escritora, escolhe as palavras muito cuidadosamente? (Ah, olhe aqui: seu livro de viagens. Podemos ficar com ele? Por favor, diga que sim, para o outono.) Gosto de suas cartas, eu disse, quando supero os habituais espasmos da Hogarth Press. Eu escreveria um rascunho das minhas cartas, se pudesse; e então as organizaria e as compactaria; há dez anos atrás eu escrevia rascunhos, quando eu estava em meus dias de escritora epistolar, mas, agora, nunca. Na verdade, estas são as primeiras cartas que escrevo desde que me casei.

Quanto ao *mot juste*, você está completamente enganada. Estilo é uma questão muito simples, é tudo ritmo. Depois de entender isso, não se usa mais as palavras erradas. Mas, por outro lado, cá estou eu, sentada após metade da manhã, cheia de ideias, e visões, e assim por diante, e não consigo desalojá-las de mim por falta do ritmo certo. Isto é muito profundo, a definição de ritmo, e vai muito mais longe do que apenas palavras. Uma visão, uma emoção, cria

one has to recapture this, and set this working (which has nothing apparently to do with words) and then, as it breaks and tumbles in the mind, it makes words to fit it: but no doubt I shall think differently next year.

Devil, you have never sent me your photograph. Angel, you wish to know about Grizzle: she has exzema, and a cough. Sometimes we peer into her throat and Leonard moves a bone.

Yes, dearest Vita: I do miss you; I think of you: I have million things, not so much to say, as to sink into you.

uma onda na mente muito antes das palavras se encaixarem; e, na escrita (tal é a minha crença atual), é preciso recapturar e colocar a onda para funcionar (o que aparentemente não tem nada a ver com palavras) e então, à medida que isso quebra e turbilhona na mente, as palavras se encaixam: mas, sem dúvida, pensarei de forma diferente sobre isso no ano que vem.

Demônia, você não me enviou a sua fotografia. Anjo, você deseja saber como está a Grizzle: ela tem eczema e tosse. Às vezes nós damos uma olhada na garganta dela e Leonard mexe num osso.

Sim, querida Vita: Eu sinto a sua falta; penso em você: Tenho milhões de coisas, não tanto a dizer, mas para afundar em você.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

Baghdad

28 February

Ah, let me see, what have I seen, done, or felt since I last wrote? I was very miserable in the Gulf with incessant fever; then I landed at Basrah, and was carried off by the Consul, and plunged for twenty-four hours into his family life. Kind people, Scotch, living in a big shadowy house; of Mrs Berry it is related that once when the tribes rebelled and the consulate was stormed by wild Arabs bent on murder, her only concern was that she has not had time to bring in the washing. That sums up her whole attitude towards life. Then I learn all the local gossip, and what I now don't know about the goings-on of Molly Brown and Mirabelle Kernander isn't worth knowing. But one isn't a pilgrim for nothing, and next day I had to leave this kind new home, with its dogs and all [...] and start off again across Iraq.

#### CARTA DE VITA

Bagdá

28 de fevereiro

Ah, deixe-me ver, o que foi que eu vi, fiz ou senti desde a última vez que lhe escrevi? Estava muito deprimida, no golfo, com febre incessante; então desembarquei em Baçorá, fui levada pelo cônsul e mergulhei por 24 horas em sua vida familiar. Pessoas adoráveis, escoceses, vivendo em uma grande casa sombria; a sra. Berry relatou que, uma vez, as tribos se rebelaram e o consulado foi invadido por árabes selvagens sedentos por cometerem assassinatos, e a única preocupação dela era a de não conseguir proteger a máquina de lavar a tempo. Isso resume todo o posicionamento dela diante da vida. Ela me contou todas as fofocas locais e agora o que não sei sobre Molly Brown e Mirabelle Kernander simplesmente não vale a pena ser sabido. Mas não se é uma peregrina à toa, então no dia seguinte precisei deixar esse

[...] My heart goes out to you over the hat, and the mattresses, and the impossibility of privacy; I live permanently in that state; but beware: it becomes a mania. It has poisoned my life. I have quarreled with at least three people because of it. I feel very strongly about it. I go down into precisely those thoughts of desperation which you describe. Not so much through shops, which I like, as through the privacy problem. It cuts one's life up into little dice like lumps of sugar, - no, not even that, for they haven't the dignity of a cube; it's just slices, snippets, - and then one is expected to write. One is told that one has had two days undisturbed, when one is feeling like a rad-bag, a waste paper basket, a dust-heap.

It exhausts the nerves so much the less to travel from London to Teheran, than from London to Sevenoaks [...]

I am ordering The Common Reader for my hostess - She already has Jacob's Room. Its yellow face greeted me friendlily at breakfast.

I've bought a dog. The garden here has been filled with dogs that were potentially mine, - all come from the desert, led on leash by Arabs. This one is a marvel of elegance, - long tapering paws, and a neck no thicker than your wrist. So off we set together tonight, the [Saluki] puppy and I, to face the snows in the high passes.

Like a little warm coal in my heart burns your saying that you miss me. I miss you oh so much. How much, you'll never believe or know. At every moment of the day. It is painful but also rather pleasant, if you know what I mean. I mean, that it is good to have so keen and persistent a feeling about somebody. It is a sign of vitality. (No pun intended.)

novo lar agradável, com os seus cães e todo o resto [...] e tive de sair mais uma vez para atravessar o Iraque.

[...] Meu coração corre na sua diretriz por sobre o chapéu, e pelos colchões, e pela impossibilidade de privacidade; vivo permanentemente nesse estado; mas cuidado: isso se torna uma mania. Envenenou a minha vida. Eu discuti com ao menos três pessoas por conta disso. Sinto muito fortemente. Submerjo precisamente nesses pensamentos de desespero que você descreve. Não tanto através das lojas, que eu gosto, como através do problema de privacidade. Isso despedaça a vida em pequenos dados como porções de açúcar - não, nem mesmo isso, pois eles não têm a dignidade que um cubo tem; são apenas fatias, lascas - e então se espera que se escreva. É dito que se tem ao menos dois dias imperturbáveis quando se está sentindo como uma cesta de papel ou um monte de poeira.

Se esgota muito menos na viagem de Londres para Teerã do que na viagem de Londres para Sevenoaks. [...]

Estou requisitando O Leitor Comum para a minha anfitriã - ela já tem O Quarto de Jacob. Sua capa amarela me cumprimentou amigavelmente no café da manhã.

Comprei um cão. O jardim aqui foi preenchido de cães que eram potencialmente meus - todos vieram do deserto, conduzidos nas coleiras por árabes. Um é uma maravilha da elegância - longas patas afiladas e um pescoço não mais espesso do que o seu pulso. Então vamos juntos, hoje à noite, o cachorrinho [Saluki] e eu, enfrentar as neves nas altas passagens.

Queima em meu coração, como um pequeno pedaço de carvão, você dizendo que sente a minha falta. Ah, eu sinto tanto a sua falta. O quanto você nunca vai acreditar ou saber. A todo momento do dia. É doloroso, mas também bastante agradável, se é que você me entende. O que quero dizer é que é bom ter um sentimento tão

	intenso e persistente por alguém. É um sinal de vitalidade. (Sem trocadilhos.)
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Teheran, Persia 9 March</p> <p>You can't think how much I enjoy writing the above address. I have discovered my true function in life: I am a snob. A geographical snob. Every morning when I wake up, with the sun flooding into my white conventual room, I lie bewildered for a minute; then very slowly, like a child rolling toffee round in its mouth, I tell myself, 'You are in Central Asia.'</p> <p>[...] Now I shall not tell you about Persia, and nothing of the space, colour and beauty, which you must take for granted – but please do take it for granted, because it has become a part of me, - grafted on to me, leaving me permanently enriched. You smile? Well, I have been stuck in a river, crawled between ramparts of snow, been attacked by a bandit, been baked and frozen alternatively, travelled alone with ten men (all strangers), slept in odd places, eaten wayside meals, crossed high passes, seen Kurds and Medes and caravans, and running streams, and black lambs skipping under blossom, seen hills of porphyry stained with copper sulphate, snow-mountains in a great circle, endless plains, with flocks on the slopes. Dead camels pecked by vultures, a dying donkey, a dying man. Came to mud towns at nightfall, stayed with odd gruff Scotchmen, drunk Persian wine. Met Harold, with letters in his pocket, - two letters from Virginia, which I read first. Been taken to a party, and introduced to about 500 English people, 500 foreign diplomats, and 1,000 Persians. Dined with the Prime Minister, who has a black beard. Began to stammer in Persian. And today's my birthday.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Teerã, Pérsia 9 de março</p> <p>Você não imagina o quanto gosto de escrever o endereço acima. Descobri a minha verdadeira função na vida: eu sou uma esnobe. Uma esnobe geográfica. A cada manhã que acordo com o sol inundando o meu quarto branco, fico perplexa por um minuto; então, muito lentamente, como uma criança rolando caramelo ao redor da boca, eu digo a mim mesma, 'Você está na Ásia Central.'</p> <p>[...] Agora não irei falar sobre a Pérsia, e nada sobre o seu espaço, cor e beleza, pois você não vai dar valor - mas, por favor, considere, porque isso se tornou uma parte minha - inserida em mim, deixando-me permanentemente enriquecida. Você sorri? Bem, fiquei presa em um rio, rastejei entre muralhas de neve, fui atacada por um bandido, assada e congelada alternativamente, viajei sozinha com dez homens (todos estranhos), dormi em locais exóticos, ingeri comida de rua, cruzei caminhos altos, vi curdos e medos e caravanas, córregos fluindo, cordeiros negros pulando sob flores, vi colinas de porfíria manchadas com sulfato de cobre, montanhas de neve em um grande círculo e planícies intermináveis com rebanhos em suas encostas. Camelos mortos sendo bicados por abutres, um burro morrendo, um homem moribundo. Fui às cidades enlameadas ao anoitecer, me hospedei com escoceses estranhos e rabugentos, bebi vinho persa. Me encontrei com Harold, que tinha cartas nos bolsos - duas da Virginia, que li primeiro. Fui levada a uma festa e apresentada a aproximadamente 500 ingleses e 500 diplomatas estrangeiros, além de 1000 persas. Jantei com o primeiro ministro, que tem uma</p>

But all this, as you say, gives no idea at all. How is it that one can never communicate? Only imaginary things can be communicated, like ideas, or the world of a novel; but not real experience [...] I should like to see you faced with the task of communicating Persia. How I wish I could bring you here; couldn't you and Leonard come next spring? No, of course you won't: what, leave the Press? I don't believe Isfahan and Persepolis are any temptation to you. I wish life was three times as long, and every day of it 48 hours instead of 24.

I wish I had a photograph of you. (Has mine ever turned up?) It is a torment not being able to visualize when one wants to. I can visualize you as a matter of fact surprisingly well, - but always as you stood on your door-step that last evening, when the lamps were lit and the trees misty, and I drove away.

There will be a vast gap between the letters I sent from Baghdad and this one, and you will think I have forgotten; but I haven't. The post-bag goes only once a fortnight from here. That in itself makes life different. One had come to take the ordinary conveniences of civilization so much as a matter of course; but here one hears otherwise ordinary people talking in the mediaeval way of 'So-and-so was three weeks on the road', or 'Snow has fallen and So-and-so won't get through', or 'So-and-so is going down to Baghdad and can take letters' [...]

This is how you must imagine your letters arriving, and me carrying them off to read in peace, and saying 'oh darling Virginia', and smiling to myself, and reading them all over again. Whereas mine just come with the postman.

barba negra. Comecei a gaguejar em persa. E hoje é meu aniversário.

Mas tudo isso, como você diz, não dá nenhuma ideia. Como é que nunca se pode se comunicar? Somente coisas imaginárias podem ser verbalizadas, como ideias, ou o mundo de um romance; mas não experiências reais [...] eu queria vê-la incumbida de comunicar a Pérsia. Como eu gostaria de poder trazê-la aqui; você e Leonard não poderiam vir na próxima primavera? Não, é claro que vocês não viriam; o quê, deixar a editora? Não acredito que Isfahan e Persépolis sejam uma tentação para você. Queria que a vida fosse três vezes mais longa e que cada dia durasse 48 horas ao invés de 24.

Queria ter uma fotografia sua. (A minha já foi entregue?) É um tormento não poder visualizá-la quando se quer. Posso visualizá-la, na verdade, surpreendentemente bem - mas é sempre da mesma forma que você esteve quando na sua porta, naquela última noite, quando as lâmpadas foram acesas, as árvores enevoaram e eu dirigi para longe.

Haverá uma vasta lacuna entre as cartas enviadas de Bagdá e esta aqui, e você vai pensar que eu me esqueci; mas eu não me esqueci. O correio só sai uma vez por quinzena daqui. Isso por si só torna a vida diferente. Torna-se tão acostumado com as conveniências ordinárias da civilização, na realidade; mas por aqui, ao contrário, ouve-se pessoas conversando da maneira medieval de 'fulano e ciclano estiverem três semanas na estrada', ou 'a neve caiu e beltrano não vai conseguir chegar', ou 'fulano e ciclano estão indo para Bagdá e podem levar cartas consigo' [...]

É assim que você deve imaginar as suas cartas chegando, e eu carregando-as para ler em paz, e dizendo 'ah, querida Virginia', e sorrindo para mim mesma, e as lendo novamente. Ao passo em que as minhas simplesmente chegam com o carteiro.

<p>LETTER FROM VITA</p> <p>Teheran</p> <p>15 March</p> <p>You see from this that the muddy car has come in, and that I have had a letter from you (with a picture enclosed, which was an insult, - an insult to you, I mean). You had fallen in love with being a stock-broker. Well [...] And I had galvanised you into asking Leonard to come to the South Seas; but darling Virginia, that wasn't the point at all. The point was that you should come to Persia with me; that I should waft you to these brown plains; not that you should matrimonially disappear for a year out of my ken. Or were you teasing me? As for the South Seas, I am sure they are over-rather; vulgar to a degree; and you wouldn't like hibiscus. Whereas this ancient country [...] This is the place for you. Indeed, if you won't come by kindness, I shall have to make you come by force.</p> <p>25 March</p> <p>Do you know what nice little job I have on hand now? Arranging the palace for the coronation, I go down there and put on an apron, and mix paints in pots in a vast hall, and wonder what the Persian is for 'stipple' [...] Why do grammars only teach one such phrases as 'Simply through the courage of the champion's sword', when what one wants to say is 'Bring another lamp'?</p> <p>[...] Your letters are always a shock to me, for you typewrite the envelope, and they look like a bill, and then I see your writing. A system I rather like, for the various stabs it affords me.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA</p> <p>Teerã</p> <p>15 de março</p> <p>Veja, o carro enlameado entrou e eu recebi uma carta sua (com uma fotografia anexada, o que foi um insulto - um insulto a você, quero dizer). Você se apaixonou com a ideia de ser uma acionista. Bem [...] E eu a estimulei a conversar com Leonard sobre vir aos mares do sul; mas, querida Virginia, esse realmente não era o ponto. O ponto era que você deveria vir à Pérsia comigo; que eu a trouxesse flutuando a essas planícies marrons; e não que você desaparecesse por um ano de seu casamento sem meu conhecimento. Ou você estava me provocando? Quanto aos mares do sul, tenho certeza de que as pessoas exageram sobre eles; são vulgares até certo ponto; e você não gostaria de hibisco. Ao passo em que este país antigo [...] Este é o lugar para você. De fato, se você não vier por bondade, terei de fazê-la vir a força.</p> <p>25 de março</p> <p>Sabe que trabalhinho legal tenho por agora? O de organizar o palácio para a coroação; desço e coloco um avental e misturo tintas em receptáculos num vasto salão, me perguntando qual é a palavra persa para 'pontilhado' [...] Por que gramáticos só ensinam frases como 'Apenas pela coragem da espada do campeão', quando o que se quer dizer realmente é 'Traga outra lâmpada'?</p> <p>[...] Suas cartas são sempre uma surpresa para mim, pois você digita no envelope e eles se assemelham a contas, e só então vejo a sua caligrafia. Um sistema que eu gosto por conta das várias facadas que me dá.</p>
LETTER FROM VITA	CARTA DE VITA

<p>Teheran 8 April</p> <p>Persia has turned magenta and purple: avenues of judas-trees, groves of lilac, torrents of wisteria, acres of peach-blossom. The plane-trees and the poplars have burst into green [...] I have finished my poem though, and it goes off by this bag. There are large patches of Asia in it now. Will you approve, I wonder? [...] How pleased I shall be to sit on your floor again.</p> <p>I have got to go and see the Crown jewels, which is unexpectedly cutting my letter short, and I daren't risk the bag not being closed when I get back [...]</p> <p>PS Just back from the palace, with ½ an hour before the bag shuts.</p> <p>I am blind. Blinded by diamonds. I have been in Aladdin's cave.</p> <p>Sacks of emeralds were emptied out before our eyes. Sacks of pearls. Literally.</p> <p>We came away shaking the pearls out of our shoes. Ropes of uncut emeralds. Scabbards encrusted with precious stones. Great hieratic crowns.</p> <p>All this in a squalid room, with grubby Persians drinking little cups of tea.</p> <p>I can't write it now. It was simply the Arabian Nights, with décor by the Sitwells. Pure fantasy. Oh, why weren't you there?</p>	<p>Teerã 8 de abril</p> <p>A Pérsia tornou-se magenta e púrpura: avenidas de olaias, bosques de lilases, torrentes de glicínias, hectares de flores de pessegueiro. Os plátanos e os choupos estouraram em verde [...] Terminei meu poema, contudo, e ele vai junto com essa carta. Existem grandes manchas da Ásia nele agora. Me pergunto se você irá aprová-lo.</p> <p>[...] Quão feliz ficarei em poder sentar no seu chão mais uma vez. Tenho que ir ver as joias da Coroa, fato que está inesperadamente abreviando o comprimento de minha carta - não ousou arriscar que o correio esteja aberto quando eu voltar.</p> <p>P.S.: Acabo de voltar do palácio meia hora antes do correio fechar. Estou cega. Cega por diamantes.</p> <p>Eu estive na caverna do Aladim.</p> <p>Sacos de esmeraldas foram esvaziados diante de nossos olhos. Sacos de pérolas. Literalmente.</p> <p>Saímos sacudindo as pérolas de nossos sapatos. Montes de esmeraldas brutas. Bainhas incrustadas com pedras preciosas. Grandes coroas hieráticas.</p> <p>Tudo isso em uma sala esquálida, com persas imundos bebendo em pequenas xícaras de chá.</p> <p>Não posso escrever agora. Era simplesmente as Mil e Uma Noites - com decoração pelos Sitwells. Pura fantasia. Ah, por que você não estava lá?</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 29 March</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 29 de março</p>



Now you must pretend to be interested in your friend's fortunes: but it will all seem so remote and silly to you: you have forgotten a paper called *The Nation*; Leonard was literary editor once: and since Wednesday he is no longer. We have resigned. Thank God. What a mercy – no more going to the office and reading proofs and racking one's brains to think who to get to write. We shall have to make £500 a year [...] but this is the first step to being free, and foreign travel and dawdling about England in a motor car; and we feel 10 years younger, utterly irresponsible, and please, dearest Vita, do make Harold do the same thing [...] I cannot think what it will interest you to be told of, now you are embedded in Persia [...]

[There was] a ghastly party at Rose Macaulay's, where in the whirl of meaningless words I thought Mr O'Donovan said Holy Ghost, whereas he said 'The Whole Coast' and I asking 'where is the Holy Ghost?' got the reply 'Where ever the sea is'. 'Am I mad, I thought, or is this wit?' 'The Holy Ghost?' I repeated. 'The Whole Coast,' he shouted, and so we went on, in an atmosphere so repellent that it became, like the smell of bad cheese, repulsively fascinating [...] until Leonard shook all over, picked up what he took to be Mrs Gould's napkin, discovered it to be her sanitary towel and the foundations of this tenth rate literary respectability (all gentlemen in white waistcoats, ladies shingled, unsuccessfully) shook to its foundations. I kept saying, 'Vita would love this.' Now would you?

LETTER FROM VITA

Teheran

17 April

Agora você deve fingir estar interessada na fortuna de sua amiga: mas isso tudo parecerá tão distante e tolo para você: você se esqueceu de um jornal chamado *The Nation*; Leonard foi editor literário uma vez: e, desde quarta-feira, não é mais. Nós pedimos demissão. Graças a Deus. Que misericórdia - chega de ir ao escritório e de ler cópias e de quebrar a cabeça para pensar em quem vai escrever. Teremos de ganhar £500 por ano [...] mas este é o primeiro passo para ser livre, viajar para o exterior e vagar pela Inglaterra em um automóvel; e nos sentimos 10 anos mais jovens, totalmente irresponsáveis, e, por favor, querida Vita, faça o Harold fazer a mesma coisa [...]

Eu não consigo imaginar o que lhe interessará ouvir agora que você está embebida na Pérsia [...]

[Havia] uma festa terrível na casa de Rose Macaulay, onde, num redemoinho de palavras sem sentido, pensei ter ouvido o sr. O'Donovan dizer Espírito Santo, quando ele disse 'Em todo canto' e eu perguntei 'onde está o Espírito Santo?' e obtive a resposta 'Em todo lugar'. 'Estou louca, pensei, ou isso é humor?' 'O Espírito Santo?', eu repeti. 'Em todo canto', ele gritou, e assim prosseguimos numa atmosfera tão repelente que se tornou, como o odor de queijo estragado, repulsivamente fascinante. [...] até que Leonard se agitou, pegou o que julgou ser o guardanapo da srta. Gould, descobriu que na realidade era o seu absorvente e então as fundações de sua respeitabilidade literária (todos os cavalheiros de colete branco, as moças com desastrosos cortes de cabelo shingle) estremeceram. Eu ficava dizendo: 'A Vita adoraria isso'. Adoraria mesmo?

CARTA DE VITA

Teerã

17 de abril

What have I been doing? I went to a Persian tea-party. Ravishing women; almond eyes, red lips, babbling like little birds, pulling their veils about them whenever they heard a noise. Completely silly, but oh so lovely! Much better than your stock-brokers. And one old monster of a mother-in-law, hanging over them, like a gawk over a flock of doves.

[...] A curious fact: nearly all letters seem to contain at least one irritating phrase, but yours never. They leave one feeling more intelligent, charming, and desirable than one really is.

I wish you would do your 150 pages which shall sum up the whole of literature. It would tidy up the rubbish-heap of many people's minds, not least my own. And please don't give up the Press.

My mind is such a rubbish-heap; it distresses me.

This is a silly letter, but I shall arrive a week after it. In the meantime I am (as we say here) your sacrifice.

O que eu tenho feito? Fui a uma festa persa de chá. Mulheres arrebatadoras; olhos amendoados, lábios vermelhos, balbuciando como passarinhos, puxando seus véus sempre que ouviam algum ruído. Isso é completamente tolo, mas, ah, tão encantador! Muito mais do que os seus acionistas. E havia também uma sogra monstruosa pendurada sobre elas como um falcão sobre um bando de pombas.

[...] Um fato curioso: aproximadamente todas as cartas parecem conter ao menos uma frase irritante, mas as suas nunca. Elas deixam quem as lê se sentindo mais inteligente, mais charmoso e mais desejável do que realmente se é.

Queria que você escrevesse as suas 150 páginas: elas irão concentrar a literatura em completo. Isso limparia as pilhas de lixo das mentes de muitas pessoas, inclusive da minha. E, por favor, não desista da editora.

Minha mente é uma pilha de lixo; isso me aflige.

Esta é uma carta tola, mas eu devo chegar uma semana após ela. Nesse meio tempo serei (como dizemos por aqui) seu sacrifício.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

13 April

How odd it is – the effect geography has on the mind! I write to you differently now you're coming back. The pathos is melting. I felt it pathetic when you were going away; as if you were sinking below the verge. Now that you are rising, I'm jolly again.

CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

13 de abril

Quão estranho é - o efeito que a geografia tem na mente! Eu lhe escrevo de forma diferente agora que você está voltando. O pathos está derretendo. Eu me senti patética quando você estava indo embora; como se você estivesse afundando. Agora que você está emergindo, eu estou alegre outra vez.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

CARTA DE VIRGINIA

<p>52 Tavistock Square 19 May</p> <p>Everybody is longing to see you. Grizzle in paroxysms. Lunch <i>here</i> at 1. Friday. Better still come to the basement at 12:30 and have a preliminary talk [...] with me in my studio – then 6 or 7 hours upstairs. (Unless you'll dine with me on <i>Thursday</i>, when I happen to be alone.)</p>	<p>52 Tavistock Square 19 de maio</p> <p>Todos estão ansiando vê-la. Grizzle está tendo ataques paroxístmicos. Almoço <i>aqui</i> à uma hora da tarde. Sexta-feira. Melhor ainda seria vir ao porão às 12:30 para ter uma conversa preliminar [...] comigo em meu estúdio - e então mais seis ou sete horas lá em cima. (A menos que você jante comigo na <i>quinta-feira</i>, quando vai calhar de eu estar sozinha.)</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY 20 May</p> <p>Vita comes to lunch tomorrow, which will be a great amusement and pleasure. I am amused at my relations with her: left so ardent in January – and now what? Also I like her presence and her beauty. Am I in love with her? But what is love? Her being 'in love' with me, excites and flatters; and interests. What is this 'love'? Oh and then she gratifies my eternal curiosity: who's she seen, what's she done – for I have no enormous opinion of her poetry. I should have been reading her poem tonight.</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA 20 de maio</p> <p>A Vita vem almoçar amanhã, o que será um grande divertimento e prazer. Estou absorvida pelo meu relacionamento com ela: me deixou tão ardentemente em janeiro - e agora o quê? Também gosto de sua presença e sua beleza. Estou apaixonada por ela? Mas o que é o amor? O conceito dela estar 'apaixonada' por mim me excita e me lisonjeia; e me interessa. O que é esse 'amor'? Ah, e então ela satisfaz minha curiosidade eterna: quem ela viu, o que ela fez - pois não tenho grandes opiniões sobre sua poesia. Eu deveria estar lendo o poema dela essa noite.</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY 25 May</p> <p>So Vita came: and I register the shock of meeting after absence; how shy one is; how disillusioned by the actual body; and she was shabbier, come straight off in her travelling clothes; and not so beautiful, as sometimes perhaps; and so we sat talking on the sofa by the window, she rather silent, I chattering, partly to divert her attention from me; and to prevent her thinking 'Well, is this all?' as she was bound to think, having declared herself so</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA 25 de maio</p> <p>E então a Vita veio: e eu registro o choque do encontro após a ausência; quão tímida se é; quão desiludida pela forma do corpo real; e ela estava surrada, veio direto com suas roupas de viagem; não estava tão bonita quanto de costume, talvez; e então nos sentamos no sofá à janela, ela muito quieta, eu tagarelando, em partes para desviar sua atenção de mim; e para evitar que ela pensasse 'Bem, isso é tudo?' como ela estava fadada a pensar,</p>

<p>openly in writing. So that we each registered some disillusionment; and perhaps also acquired some grains of additional solidity – This may well be more lasting than the first rhapsody. But I cannot write. Suddenly the word instinct leaves me.</p>	<p>tendo se declarado tão abertamente por escrito. Cada uma de nós registrou algum tipo de desilusão; e talvez também adquirimos alguns grãos adicionais de solidez - agora talvez seja mais duradouro do que a primeira rapsódia. Mas não posso escrever. De repente, a palavra instinto me deixa.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 7 June Not much news. Rather cross – Would like a letter. Would like a garden. Would like Vita. Would like 15 puppies with their tails chopped off, 3 doves, and a little conversation.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 7 de junho Não há muitas novidades. Bem irritada - eu gostaria de uma carta. Gostaria de um jardim. Gostaria da Vita. Gostaria de quinze filhotes de cães com suas caudas cortadas, três pombas e um pouco de conversa.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD Long Barn 12 June The Woolfs are not coming today after all, because Virginia has started one of her attacks of headache again, but I am going to Rodmell tomorrow for two nights; Leonard will be away and she doesn't want to be alone. Your cabbage doesn't want to go much, thank you, and would rather stay here. I have come to the conclusion that I should like to be very eccentric and distinguished, and never see anybody except devout pilgrims who rang the front door bell (which doesn't ring), and remained for an hour talking about poetry, and then went away again. But the eccentricity is easier to acquire than the distinction. The eccentricity, indeed, is native. I am quite alarmed at the rapidity of its growth; that I don't want to see even Virginia as a dreadful</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD Long Barn 12 de junho No final das contas, os Woolfs não virão hoje porque Virginia começou a ter um de seus ataques de dor de cabeça, mais uma vez, mas eu irei a Rodmell amanhã por duas noites; Leonard estará fora e ela não quer ficar sozinha. Seu repolho não quer ir muito, obrigada, e gostaria de permanecer aqui. Cheguei à conclusão de que eu gostaria de ser muito excêntrica e distinta, e nunca ver ninguém exceto por peregrinos devotos que tocam a campainha da porta da frente (que está quebrada). Permaneci conversando sobre poesia por uma hora e depois saí mais uma vez. Mas a excentricidade é mais fácil de se adquirir do que a distinção. A excentricidade, decerto, é natural. Estou bastante alarmada com a rapidez de seu crescimento; não quero nem ver a Virginia com esses sintomas horríveis, pois eu não só gosto muito</p>

<p>symptom, for not only am I very fond of her, but she is the best company in the world, and the most stimulating.</p>	<p>dela, como a acho a melhor e mais estimulante companhia do mundo.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD          Monk's House          13 June          I am, as you see, staying with Virginia. She is sitting opposite, embroidering a rose, a black lace fan, a box of matches, and four playing cards, on a mauve canvas background, from a design by her sister, and from time to time she says 'You have written enough, let us now talk about copulation,' so if this letter is disjointed it is her fault and not mine [...] I can't write this letter properly, because V. who is an outrageous woman keeps on getting up and reading it over my shoulder. She says you are to give up diplomacy and find a job from £600 a year onwards.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD          Monk's House          13 de junho          Estou, como se percebe, hospedada na Virginia. Ela está sentada à minha frente e bordando uma rosa, um leque de renda preta, uma caixa de fósforos e quatro cartas sobre um fundo de tela lilás, desenho de sua irmã, e de tempos em tempos diz 'Você já escreveu o bastante, vamos conversar sobre copulação', então se essa carta estiver desarticulada a culpa é dela e não minha [...] Não consigo escrever essa carta propriamente porque V., que é uma mulher ultrajante, fica se levantando e lendo por cima de meu ombro. Ela diz que você deve desistir da diplomacia e encontrar um emprego que pague £600 por ano.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD          Monk's House          16 June          I dined with Virginia and Leonard in one of their Bloomsbury pot-houses; and then went on alone with her to the ballet. She had got on a new dress. It was very odd indeed, orange and black, with a hat to match – a sort of top-hat made of straw with two orange feathers like Mercury's wings – but although odd it was curiously becoming, and pleased Virginia because there could be absolutely no doubt as to which was the front and which the back. We had press tickets, and sat in the dress circle. Virginia made up stories about everyone in the audience.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD          Monk's House          16 de junho          Eu jantei com Virginia e Leonard em uma das tavernas de Bloomsbury que eles frequentam; e então fui sozinha com ela ao balé. Ela estava com um vestido novo. Era realmente muito estranho, laranja e preto e com um chapéu para combinar - um tipo de chapéu alto feito de palha e com duas penas laranjas iguais às asas de Mercúrio - mas, apesar de estranho, era curiosamente apropriado, e agradou a Virginia porque não poderia ter dúvida nenhuma sobre qual era a parte da frente e qual era a de trás. Tínhamos ingressos por conta da editora, e sentamo-nos nos</p>

	assentos da frente. Virginia inventou histórias sobre todos na plateia.
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 17 June Dear Mrs Woolf</p> <p>I must tell you how much I enjoyed my weekend with you [...] I wish I were back at Rodmell. I wish you were coming here. Is it any good suggesting (you see that I am in a despondent mood) that you should do so? It is very nice here, you know; but I expect you are busy. Only, it would be a nice refuge if you wanted to escape from London, and I would fetch you in the motor. In any case I shall see you on Friday? A damned long way off, too. Is this a dumb letter? You did spoil me so at Rodmell. I was terribly happy. Tell me how you are.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 17 de junho Prezada Sra. Woolf,</p> <p>Devo lhe dizer o quanto gostei do meu final de semana com você [...] Gostaria de estar de volta a Rodmell. Queria que você viesse aqui. Seria bom sugerir (veja, eu estou com um humor péssimo) que você viesse? É muito agradável aqui, sabe; mas imagino que você esteja ocupada. Seria um ótimo refúgio e eu a buscaria de carro se você quisesse escapar de Londres. Em todo caso, eu a vejo na sexta-feira? Ainda falta um bom tempo. Esta é uma carta lacônica? Você me mimou mesmo em Rodmell. Fiquei extremamente feliz. Me diga como você está.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 17 June</p> <p>Ha, ha! Look what I've found. Only send it back, please, because it's too precious to lose. I like my name, - I mean, Harold's name - spelt wrong.</p> <p>I shall have, however, to give up reading your works at dinner, for they are too disturbing. I can't explain, I'll have to explain</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 17 de junho</p> <p>Ha, ha! Olhe o que eu encontrei. Só que mande de volta, por favor, porque é muito precioso para ser perdido. Eu gosto de meu nome - quer dizer, o nome do Harold - escrito errado<sup>18</sup>.</p> <p>Terei, contudo, de desistir de ler os seus textos durante o jantar, pois eles são muito perturbadores. Não posso explicar, terei de</p>

<sup>18</sup> Aqui, Vita está se referindo a uma das primeiras cartas enviada por Virginia Woolf em que a autora escreve o sobrenome de casada de Sackville-West — Nicolson — de forma errada.

<p>verbally some day. Unless you can guess. How well you write, though, confound you. When I read you, I feel no one has ever written English prose before, - knocked it about, put it in its place, made it into a servant. I wonder perpetually how you do it; like one might see a conjuror do a trick over and over again, and be none the wiser. Only one knows that it will always come off. There is an odd effect peculiar to a few writers, I don't know if you will know what I mean, and if you don't it is hopeless to make you understand: they exercise some mysterious power over print, to make certain words, - perhaps quite ordinary words, - start up out of the page like partridges out of a turnip field, getting a new value, a new surprise.</p>	<p>fazê-lo verbalmente algum dia. A menos que você possa adivinhar. O quão bem você escreve, no entanto, a confunde. Quando a leio, sinto que ninguém jamais escreveu prosa inglesa antes - ela é batida, colocada em seu lugar e feita de serva. Me pergunto perpetuamente sobre como você faz isso; como alguém que quer ver um mágico fazendo um truque de novo e de novo, mas nunca aprenderá como ele funciona. A única coisa que se sabe é que ele sempre irá se repetir. Há um efeito peculiar de alguns escritores, não sei se você entenderá o que quero dizer, e, se não, será impossível explicar: eles exercem algum poder misterioso sobre a impressão, fazendo certas palavras - talvez palavras muito ordinárias - se levantarem para fora da página como perdizes num campo de nabos, todas com um novo valor, uma nova surpresa.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 18 June Yes, I do write damned well sometimes, but not these last days, when I've been slogging through a cursed article, and see my novel glowing like the Island of the Blessed far far away over dismal wastes, and can't reach land.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 18 de junho Sim, eu escrevo muito bem às vezes, mas não nesses últimos dias. Tenho trabalhado com dificuldade em um artigo maldito ao passo em que vejo meu romance brilhando como as Ilhas Afortunadas, muito longe e sobre campos ermos e sombrios, mas não consigo alcançá-lo.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 20 June My first glimpse of Clive was somehow suitable: I ran into him as he emerged from the rear, doing up his buttons. But he was prim about it, ignored my grin of welcome, my outstretched hand - nay, my opened arms, - scurried back, attended to his toilet,</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 20 de junho Meu primeiro vislumbre sobre o Clive foi, de alguma forma, cabível: esbarramos logo quando ele emergia dos fundos enquanto fechava os seus botões. Mas ele ficou afetado com isso, ignorou o meu sorriso forçado de boas-vindas, minha mão estendida - não,</p>

reappeared, not pleased to see me a bit: I was damped, crushed. During the course of the 24 hours he has recovered himself, and become friendly again; so friendly indeed that we walked round the moat after dinner, on a warm misty evening, and talked and he made some bad breaches in my little fort of discretion. You see he was skilful enough to pique me with remarks about your general indifference, lack of response etc., and I rose like a trout to the bait. Still, I don't think I've very seriously compromised you, and Clive, at any rate, was entertained.

meus braços abertos - correu para trás, foi ao banheiro e reapareceu sem nenhuma vontade de me ver. Fiquei abatida, esmagada. No decorrer das 24 horas, ele se recuperou e tornou-se amigável mais uma vez; tão amigável, na verdade, que contornamos o fosso depois do jantar, em uma noite quente e nublada, conversamos, e ele fez alguns arranhões em meu pequeno forte de discrição. Sabe, ele foi habilidoso o suficiente para me irritar com comentários acerca de sua indiferença geral, sua falta de responsividade, etc., e eu fui içada como uma truta na isca. Ainda assim, não acho que eu a tenha comprometido seriamente, e Clive, de qualquer forma, estava entretido.

#### LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD

Long Barn

20 June

Clive follows me all over the place. Have I been to bed with Virginia yet? If not, am I likely to do so in the near future? If not, will I please give it my attention? As it is high time Virginia fell in love.

#### CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD

Long Barn

20 de junho

Clive me segue em todo lugar. Já foi para a cama com a Virginia? Se não, é provável que isso aconteça num futuro próximo? Se não, será que você poderia prestar atenção nisso? Como se já fosse hora da Virginia se apaixonar.

#### LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

22 June

I think I won't come on Thursday for this reason; I must get on with writing; you would seduce me completely [...]

Also will you come on after your play on Thursday and see me alone? I've put off Sibyl in case you can. Come early on Friday ... Of course, if you want to meet Sibyl and you've only to say so. Will you dine with me off radishes alone in the kitchen?

#### CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

22 de junho

Acho que não irei na quinta por esse motivo; devo continuar escrevendo; você me seduziria por completo [...]

Aliás, será que você viria para cá depois da peça na quinta-feira para me ver sozinha? Eu adiei meu encontro com a Sibyl, caso você possa. Chegue cedo na sexta-feira... E claro, se você quiser



	conhecer a Sibyl é só dizer. Quer jantar rabanetes comigo a sós na cozinha?
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>28 June</p> <p>No, I am in no muddles [...] Virginia – not a muddle exactly; she is a busy and sensible woman. But she does love me, and I did sleep with her at Rodmell. That does not constitute a muddle though.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>28 de junho</p> <p>Não, eu não estou em uma confusão [...] Virginia - não é exatamente uma confusão; ela é uma mulher ocupada e sensata. Mas ela me ama e eu dormi com ela em Rodmell. Contudo, isso não caracteriza uma confusão.</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY</p> <p>30 June</p> <p>This is the last day of June and finds me in black despair because Clive laughed at my new hat, Vita pities me, and I sank into the depths of gloom. This happened at Clive's last night after going to the Sitwells with Vita. Oh dear I was wearing the hat without thinking whether it was good or bad; and it was all very flashing and easy; and [I] sat by Vita and laughed and clubbed. When we got out it was only 10.30 – a soft starry night: it was still too early for her to go. So she said, 'Shall we go to Clive's and pick him up?' and I was then so light-hearted, driving through the Park, and finally came to Gordon Square and there was Nessa tripping along in the dark, in her quiet black hat. Then Duncan came, carrying an egg. Come on all of us to Clive's, I said; and they agreed. Well, it was after they had come and we were all sitting round talking that Clive suddenly said, or bawled rather, what an astonishing hat you're wearing! Then he asked where I got it. I pretended a mystery, tried to change the talk, was not allowed, and they pulled me down between them, like a hare; it was very</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA</p> <p>30 de junho</p> <p>Este é o último dia de junho e ele me encontra em negra aflição porque Clive riu do meu novo chapéu, Vita ficou com dó de mim e eu afundei às profundezas da escuridão. Isto aconteceu na casa do Clive, ontem à noite, depois ter ido aos Sitwells com a Vita. Minha nossa, eu estava usando o chapéu sem pensar se ele era bom ou ruim; chamava atenção facilmente; e [eu] me sentei ao lado de Vita e ri e bati palmas. Quando saímos, eram apenas 22h30 - uma noite suave e estrelada: ainda era muito cedo para ela partir. Então, ela disse: 'Vamos até a casa do Clive para buscá-lo?' e eu estava tão despreocupada, dirigindo através do parque, e quando finalmente chegamos à Gordon Square lá estava Nessa, tropeçando na escuridão, com seu chapéu preto. Então Duncan veio, carregando um ovo. Vamos todos à casa do Clive, eu disse; e eles concordaram. Bem, foi depois que todos chegamos e estávamos sentados conversando que Clive de repente disse, ou melhor, berrou, que chapéu incrível você está usando! Então ele perguntou onde eu o comprei. Inventei uma história, tentei mudar</p>

forced and queer and humiliating. So I talked and laughed too much. Duncan prim and acid as ever told me it was utterly impossible to do anything with a hat like that. And Leonard got silent, and I came away deeply chagrined, as unhappy as I have been these ten years; and revolved it in sleep and dreams all night; and today has been ruined.

de conversa, não me permitiram e me puxaram para baixo, entre eles, como uma lebre; foi muito forçado e esquisito e humilhante. Então eu conversei e ri muito. Duncan, afetado e ácido como sempre, me disse ser impossível fazer qualquer coisa com um chapéu daqueles. Leonard calou-se e quando retornamos eu estava profundamente consternada, tão infeliz quanto tenho sido nesses últimos dez anos; me afundei em sono e sonhos a noite inteira; e hoje foi arruinado.

#### LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD

Long Barn

1 July

Well, you see, I went to the Sitwell's show with Virginia. We dined first at the Eiffel Tower, and talked about literature. So absorbing a subject was it, that we were very late for the Sitwell party. We had one complimentary ticket, and one promise from Edith (Sitwell) that we would be admitted on mention of our names. We mentioned our names, and were ushered to a back seat where even the megaphone failed to reach us. We began pushing. There were some empty seats, and to these in the interval we elbowed our way. Virginia made me go first, much as the German troops pushed the Belgian civilians before them during the war. So I bore the brunt and got all the blame [...]

I saw everyone I had ever known. I was quite impressed by the number of people I knew. Then when I had dragged Virginia away – but she gets drunk on crowds as you and I do on champagne – we went back to Bloomsbury. On the way, through one of those dark squares, we overtook Mrs Bell. We stopped. Virginia hailed, 'Nessa!, Nessa!' She loomed up vaguely, and said, 'Duncan [Grant] is in the public house.' We drove on. Presently we overtook Duncan, hatless, and very carefully

#### CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD

Long Barn

1 de julho

Bem, veja, fui ao show dos Sitwell com Virginia. Primeiro jantamos na torre Eiffel e conversamos sobre literatura. Era um assunto tão envolvente que acabamos nos atrasando muito para a festa dos Sitwell. Tínhamos um ingresso complementar e uma promessa da Edith (Sitwell) de que nos permitiriam entrar assim que mencionássemos nossos nomes. Mencionamos nossos nomes e fomos conduzidas a um banco traseiro onde nem mesmo o megafone nos alcançava. Começamos a empurrar. Havia alguns lugares vazios e, no intervalo, abrimos caminho adiante. A Virginia me fez ir na frente da mesma forma que as tropas alemãs empurraram os civis belgas antes deles na guerra. Então, eu suportei esse peso e levei toda a culpa [...] Vi todo mundo que eu já conheci e fiquei bem impressionada com o número de pessoas. Então, quando eu tinha arrastado Virginia para longe - ela fica bêbada em multidões tanto quanto eu e você ficamos com champanhe - voltamos para Bloomsbury. No caminho, por uma daquelas praças escuras, ultrapassamos a sra. Bell. Paramos. Virginia gritou: 'Nessa!, Nessa!' Ela se aproximou vagamente e disse: 'Duncan [Grant] está no bar.' Seguimos em frente. Logo

<p>carrying one hard-boiled egg. We drove on to Clive's. There were Leonard and [Maynard] Keynes. Presently came in Mrs Bell and Duncan. Clive produced vermouth and more eggs. The conversation became personal and squalid. I was amused.</p>	<p>ultrapassamos Duncan, sem chapéu e carregando com muito cuidado um ovo cozido. Seguimos para a casa do Clive. Lá estava Leonard e [Maynard] Keynes. Logo entraram a sra. Bell e o Duncan. Clive fez vermute e mais ovos. A conversa tornou-se pessoal e sórdida. Eu me diverti.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 16 July Last night Pippin returned home from hunting and proceeded to have convulsions. With my usual efficiency I diagnosed strychnine, and rushed her into Sevenoaks at 2 a.m. to the vet. We gave her a morphia injection, and she was immediately and magnificently sick, - really impressive it was, - and so her life is saved. But it was a dramatic dash [...] Oh dear I do so want to see you.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 16 de julho Ontem à noite, Pippin voltou para casa da caça e começou a ter convulsões. Com minha eficiência usual, eu a diagnostiquei com estricnina, e a levei para Sevenoaks às 2 da manhã para o veterinário. Nós demos a ela uma injeção de morfina e ela imediatamente vomitou - realmente impressionante - então a vida dela está salva. Esse foi um travessão dramático [...] Ah, querida, quero muito vê-la.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD Long Barn 27 July Virginia was very charming and amusing [...] I took her over to Rodmell, which was nice of me, and Clive and Leonard arrived from London with one of Clive's shaggy sons [Quentin Bell]. And there was a thunderstorm [...] I talked to V. till dreadfully late last night [...] I told V. how much we loved each other [...] Oh darling, she is so funny, she does make me laugh! And so sane, when not mad. And so how about going mad again. What a nightmare it must be.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD Long Barn 27 de julho Virginia estava muito charmosa e divertida [...] Eu a levei para Rodmell, o que foi legal de minha parte, e Clive e Leonard chegaram de Londres com um dos filhos desgrehados de Clive [Quentin Bell]. E teve uma tempestade [...] conversei com V. até muito tarde ontem à noite [...] contei a V. o quanto eu e você nos amamos [...] Ah, querido, ela é tão divertida, ela me faz rir! E tão sã, quando não está louca. Imagine se ela ficar louca de novo. Que pesadelo deve ser.</p>

## LETTER FROM VITA

Sherfield Court

4 August

If I have not written to you, it is because I have been writing for you, - tyrant, slave-driver, how am I to write 20.000 words in 10 days, tell me? I turn a deaf ear to all pleadings; will I play tennis? Will I come out in the punt? Will I come and bathe? No, no, no, I say, you remember Mrs Woolf? Well, I have got to finish a book for her to publish, so run away darlings, and don't worry; and then back I go to Isfahan; and meanwhile Virginia sits in the water-meadows and thinks about the Hebrides. (What, exactly, is a hebride? See Raymond Mortimer on a 'Defense of Homosexuality'. Raymond Mortimer was here for the weekend; had rather a bad time in the shape of a good many home-truths; but happy on the whole.)

Now that's all, because I have two chapters still to write, and several to finish, and am getting frantic about it. Dottie says I am a bore. I tell her that it is your fault. I am a bore, I know, and nobody is allowed near the writing-table except for me. As for the children, their passion for Mrs Woolf is rapidly on the decline.

Mine, alas, is not.

## CARTA DE VITA

Sherfield Court

4 de agosto

Se não escrevi para você é porque eu tenho escrito por você - tirana, exploradora de escravos, como conseguirei escrever 20.000 palavras em dez dias, me diga? Me faça de surda para todos esses pedidos; vou jogar tênis? Vou sair no bote? Vou me banhar? Não, não, não, eu digo, você se lembra da sra. Woolf? Bem, eu preciso terminar um livro para ela publicar, então, queridos, fujam, e não se preocupem; e então volto para Isfahan; e, enquanto isso, Virginia senta-se nas pradarias cheias de água e pensa sobre as Hébridas. (O que, exatamente, é uma híbrida? Consulte Raymond Mortimer em 'Defense of Homosexuality'. Raymond Mortimer esteve aqui no final de semana; teve uma estadia bem ruim na forma de muitas verdades caseiras; mas ficou feliz no geral.)

Isso é tudo, porque ainda tenho dois capítulos para escrever e muitos outros para terminar e estou ficando louca com isso. Dottie diz que eu sou um tédio. Eu digo a ela que é sua culpa. Sou um tédio, eu sei, e não permito que ninguém chegue perto da mesa de escrever exceto por mim. Quanto às crianças, a paixão deles pela Sra. Woolf está rapidamente em declínio.

A minha, infelizmente, não.

## LETTER FROM VITA

52 Tavistock Square

8 August

Yest, it does seem hard, that we should make you spend all the fine weather with your nose to the pen. But think of your glory; and our profit, which is becoming a necessary matter, now that

## CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

8 de agosto

Sim, é duro que nós devemos lhe fazer gastar todo esse clima bom passando com o nariz à caneta. Mas pense em sua glória; e no nosso lucro, que está se tornando uma questão necessária, agora

your puppy has destroyed, by eating holes, my skirt, at L.'s proofs, and done such damage as could be done to the carpet – But she is an angel of light. Leonard says seriously she makes him believe in God [...] and this after she was wetted his floor 8 times in one day.

que seu cachorro destruiu a minha saia, fazendo buracos, e também as amostras de L., e causou tanto dano quanto poderia no nosso tapete - mas ela é um anjo de luz. Leonard fala sério que ela o faz acreditar em Deus [...] e isso depois de ela urinar no chão oito vezes no dia.

#### LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD

Long Barn

17 August

Darling, there is no muddle anywhere! I keep on telling you so [...] You mention Virginia: it is simply laughable. I love Virginia, as who wouldn't? But really, my sweet, one's love for Virginia is a very different thing: a mental thing; a spiritual thing, if you like, an intellectual thing, and she inspires a feeling of tenderness, which is, I suppose, owing to her funny mixture of hardness and softness – the hardness of her mind, and her terror of going mad again. She makes me feel protective. Also she loves me, which flatters and pleases me. Also – since I have embarked on telling you about Virginia, but this is absolutely padlock private – I am scared to death of arousing physical feelings in her, because of the madness. I don't know what effect it would have, you see: it is a fire with which I have no wish to play. I have too much real affection and respect for her. Also she has never lived with anyone except Leonard, which was a terrible failure, and was abandoned quite soon. So all that remains is an unknown quantity; and I have got too many dogs not to let them lie when they are asleep [...] I don't want to get landed in an affair which might get beyond my control before I knew where I was.

[...] But, darling, Virginia is not the sort of person one thinks of in that way. There is something incongruous and almost indecent

#### CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD

Long Barn

17 de agosto

Querido, não há confusão em lugar algum! Fico lhe reassegurando [...] Você fala da Virginia: isso é simplesmente risível. Eu amo a Virginia, quem não o faria? Mas realmente, meu amor, o amor que se tem pela Virginia é uma coisa diferente; uma coisa mental; uma coisa espiritual, se você preferir, uma coisa intelectual, e ela inspira um sentimento de ternura que é, eu suponho, devido à sua estranha mistura de dureza e suavidade - a dureza da mente e o terror de ficar louca de novo. Ela me faz sentir protegida. Ela também me ama, o que me lisonjeia e me agrada. Além disso - já que comecei a te contar sobre Virginia, mas isso é absolutamente segredo de estado - eu estou morrendo de medo, por conta de sua loucura, de despertar nela sentimentos físicos. Eu não sei que efeito teria, sabe: é um fogo com que eu não tenho desejo algum de brincar. Tenho muito afeto e respeito verdadeiro por ela. Além disso, ela nunca ficou com ninguém, exceto com Leonard, o que foi um terrível fracasso e a ideia foi logo abandonada. Portanto, tudo o que resta é uma quantidade desconhecida; e eu tenho muitos cães para não deixá-los deitar quando querem dormir [...] Eu não quero cair em um caso que pode sair do meu controle antes que eu saiba onde estou.

[...] Mas, querido, Virginia não é o tipo de pessoa em quem se pensa assim. Há algo incongruente e quase indecente nessa ideia.

<p>in the idea. I have gone to bed with her (twice), but that's all. Now you know all about it, and I hope I haven't shocked you [...]</p> <p>Please make a comment of all this, and say you understand. But don't say you understand unless you really do. My darling, you are the one and only person for me in the world; do take that in once and for all, you little dunderhead. Really it makes me cross, when I am eating out my heart for you; and it makes me cry.</p>	<p>Eu fui para a cama com ela (duas vezes), mas isso é tudo. Agora você já sabe de tudo e espero não ter te chocado [...]</p> <p>Faça, por favor, um comentário sobre tudo isso, e diga-me se você me entende. Mas não diga que você me entende a menos que você realmente entenda. Meu querido, você é a única pessoa para mim no mundo; aceite isso de uma vez por todas, seu idiota. Isso realmente me deixa zangada, bem quando estou fazendo de tudo por você; e me faz chorar.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 19 August</p> <p>Will you come on Wednesday? To lunch at 1? Leonard will be in London for the day. Would you like me to ask Clive? If so, let me know. Sleep tight.</p> <p>You'll be even more uncomfortable than usual.</p> <p>I say, please bring 2 bottles wine (not cider) which I want to BUY. Can't get any.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 19 de agosto</p> <p>Você vem na quarta-feira? Para almoçar às 13h? Leonard vai passar o dia em Londres. Você gostaria que eu convidasse o Clive? Se sim, me avise. Durma bem.</p> <p>Você ficará ainda mais desconfortável do que o normal.</p> <p>Eu digo, por favor, traga 2 garrafas de vinho (não cidra) que eu quero COMPRAR. Não consigo nenhuma.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 20 August</p> <p>I am going to Normandy for a week, with the boys, on the 28<sup>th</sup>, but am going to Brighton on Wednesday – could I see you? How could I see you? Sleep Wednesday night? Or lunch Thursday? We ought to decide about these photographs, and other details. I am calling it Passenger to Teheran, which I think covers everything, 1) not too dull, 2) not too romantic, 3) explicit.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 20 de agosto</p> <p>Vou passar uma semana na Normandia, com os meninos, no dia 28, mas vou para Brighton na quarta-feira - posso vê-la? Como prefere que eu vá? Que eu durma na quarta-feira à noite? Ou que almoce na quinta-feira? Devemos decidir sobre essas fotos e outras coisas. Eu vou chamá-lo de Passenger to Teheran, pois acho que abrange tudo, 1) não é tão maçante, 2) não é tão romântico, 3) é explícito. De qualquer forma, não consigo pensar</p>

<p>Anyhow I can't think of anything better [...] It is very bad. I feel ashamed; but perhaps it will sell.</p>	<p>em nada melhor [...] Isso é muito ruim. Eu me sinto envergonhada; mas talvez ele venda.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 22 August Yes – that will be perfect. I think I shall be alone on Wednesday – couldn't you come early and enjoy a scrambly lunch? The title seems very good – far the best. I'm longing, in spite of having read 3 mss, to read yours – a great testimony to you: I'm compunctious that you should have worked so hard. Seven hours a day. My God.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 22 de agosto Sim - assim será perfeito. Acho que estarei sozinha na quarta-feira - será que você não poderia vir mais cedo para desfrutar de um almoço delicioso? O título parece muito bom - de longe o melhor. Estou querendo ler o seu manuscrito apesar de já ter lido três - um grande testemunho para você. Estou com remorso porque você deve ter trabalhado muito duro. Sete horas por dia. Meu Deus.</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY 3 September For the rest, Charleston, Tilton, <i>To The Lighthouse</i>, Vita, expeditions: the summer dominated by a feeling of washing in boundless warm fresh air – such an August not come my way for years.</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA 3 de setembro Quanto ao restante, Charleston, Tilton, <i>Ao Farol</i>, Vita, expedições: o verão dominado por uma sensação de ar fresco, quente e sem limites - por anos eu não tive um agosto como esse.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA Monk's House 15 September They've only just sent the second batch of proofs which I have swallowed at a gulp. Yes – I think it's awfully good. I kept saying 'How I should like to know this woman' and then thinking 'But I do', and then 'No, I don't – not altogether the woman who writes</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA Monk's House 15 de setembro Eles acabaram de enviar o segundo lote de provas, que engoli num gole. Sim - eu acho que é absurdamente bom. Eu ficava dizendo 'Como gostaria de conhecer essa mulher' e depois pensando 'Mas eu conheço' e então 'Não, eu não conheço - de fato, não a mulher</p>

<p>this.' I don't know the extent of your subtleties [...] The whole book is full of nooks and corners which I enjoy exploring. Sometimes one wants a candle in one's hand though – That's my only criticism – you've left (I daresay in hast) one or two dangling dim places.</p>	<p>que escreve isso.' Não conheço a extensão das suas sutilezas [...] O livro todo é cheio de recantos e cantos que gosto de explorar. Contudo, às vezes precisa-se de uma vela na mão - essa é a minha única crítica - pois você deixou (eu ousou dizer) um ou dois locais escuros.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 17 September</p> <p>So happy tonight because I had your letter [...] I am glad you like the book. I did write it in a hurry, you know, so no wonder there are dim dangling places. I'm glad too that you would like to know me: we must get some common friend to arrange a meeting, dear Mrs Woolf, when I am next in London. At present I am oppressed by the thought of having to give a lecture there in October – and can think of nothing else, and the horror of it [...] I am in a bit of a turmoil, 1) The Land coming out, 2) got to give a lecture, 3) Virginia likes my book. These three things trot round and round in my head, making a tune like the wheels of the railway train.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 17 de setembro</p> <p>Tão feliz esta noite porque recebi sua carta [...] Estou feliz que você gostou do livro. Eu o escrevi com pressa, você sabe, então não é de admirar que haja lugares escuros. Também fico feliz porque você quer me conhecer: devemos arranjar um amigo em comum para marcar um encontro para nós duas, cara Sra. Woolf, na próxima vez que eu estiver em Londres. No momento eu estou oprimida pelo pensamento de ter que dar uma palestra lá em outubro - e não consigo pensar em mais nada além do horror disso [...] Estou com um pouco de crise, 1) <i>The Land</i> sendo publicado, 2) preciso dar uma palestra, 3) Virginia gosta do meu livro. Essas três coisas giram e giram em minha cabeça, montando um ritmo como o das rodas de um trem.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 12 October</p> <p>Mr Barrington Gates (<i>The Nation</i> reviewer) says may he take a whole column for <i>The Land</i>, as in his opinion it is 'so outstanding' that it should not be lumped in with the others [...] So there. He's going to have a column.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 12 de outubro</p> <p>O sr. Barrington Gates (resenhista do <i>The Nation</i>) perguntou se poderia ter uma coluna inteira para o <i>The Land</i>, pois, em sua opinião, é 'tão notável' que não deveria ser agrupado com os outros [...] Aí está. Ele vai ter uma coluna.</p>



<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>7 November</p> <p>It is such a lovely day, so warm that we (Leonard, Virginia, and I) have been sitting in the sun by the big-room door all morning [...] Leonard is a funny grim solitary creature. Virginia an angel of wit and intelligence. Leonard goes back to London this evening and she stays on with me till tomorrow, which I enjoy more than anything, as she then never stops talking, and I feel as though the edge of my mind were being held against a grindstone. Hadji not worry, though. It is all right.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>7 novembro</p> <p>Está um dia tão lindo, tão quente, que nós (Leonard, Virginia e eu) passamos a manhã inteira sentados ao sol perto da porta do salão [...] Leonard é uma criatura solitária, sombria e engraçada. Virginia, um anjo de sagacidade e inteligência. Leonard volta a Londres esta noite e ela fica comigo até amanhã, o que eu gosto mais do que qualquer coisa, pois ela nunca para de falar, e eu sinto como se a beirada da minha mente estivesse sendo pressionada contra uma pedra de amolar. Mas não se preocupe, Hadji. Está tudo bem.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>9 November</p> <p>Oh dear, Virginia [...] You see, Hadji, she is very very fond of me, and says she was so unhappy when I went to Persia that is startled and terrified her. I don't think she is accustomed to emotional storms, she lives too much in the intellect and imagination. Most human beings take emotional storms as a matter of course. Fortunately she is the sensible sort of person who pulls themselves together and says, 'This is absurd.' So I don't really worry. (Rather proud, really, of having caught such a big silver fish.) I look on my friendship with her as a treasure and a privilege. I shan't ever fall in love with her, padlock, but I am absolutely devoted to her and if she died I should mind quite, quite dreadfully. Or went mad again.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>9 de novembro</p> <p>Nossa, a Virginia [...] Sabe, Hadji, ela gosta muito de mim e diz que ficou tão infeliz quando eu fui para a Pérsia que isso a alarmou e assustou. Não acho que ela esteja acostumada a tempestades emocionais, ela vive muito no intelecto e na imaginação. A maioria dos seres humanos encara as tempestades emocionais como uma coisa natural. Felizmente, ela é o tipo de pessoa sensata que se recompõe e diz: 'Isso é um absurdo.' Então, realmente não me preocupo. (Estou muito orgulhosa, na realidade, de ter pescado um peixe prateado tão grande.) Considero minha amizade com ela um tesouro e um privilégio. Nunca vou me apaixonar por ela, segredo de estado, mas sou absolutamente devotada a Virginia e, se ela morresse, eu me importaria terrivelmente. Ou se ela ficasse louca mais uma vez.</p>

<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 19 November</p> <p>Oh dear, Sibyl has given me a headache. What a bore. I can't write, except to you. I lie in a chair. It isn't bad: but I tell you, to get your sympathy: to make you protective: to implore you to devise some way by which I can cease this incessant nibbling away of life by people. Sibyl [Colefax], Sir Arthur [Colefax], Dadie [George Rylands] – one on top of another. Why do I put it on <i>you</i>? Some psychological necessity I suppose: one of those intimate things in a relationship which one does by instinct. I'm rather a coward about this pain in my back: you would be heroic [...]</p> <p>But don't you see, donkey West, that you'll be tired of me one of these days (I'm so much older) and so I have to take my little precautions. That's why I put the emphasis on 'recording' rather than feeling. But donkey West knows she has broken down more ramparts than anyone. And isn't there something obscure in you? There's something that doesn't vibrate in you: It may be purposely – you don't let it: but I see it with other people, as well as with me: something reserved, muted – God knows what... It's in your writing too, by the bye. The thing I call central transparency – sometimes fails you there too.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 19 de novembro</p> <p>Nossa, Sibyl me deu dor de cabeça. Que tédio. Não consigo escrever, exceto para você. Estou numa cadeira. Não é ruim: mas, para obter sua simpatia, lhe digo: para fazê-la me proteger: para implorar-lhe que você encontre um meio pelo qual eu possa cessar esse incessante roer da vida causado pelas pessoas: Sibyl [Colefax], Sir Arthur [Colefax], Dadie [George Rylands] - um em cima do outro. Por que eu ponho esse fardo sobre você? Suponho que por alguma necessidade psicológica: uma daquelas coisas íntimas em um relacionamento que se faz por instinto. Sou um tanto covarde com essa dor em minhas costas: você seria heroica [...]</p> <p>Me pergunto se você vê, asna West, que você vai se cansar de mim num dia desses (sou muito mais velha); por isso tenho que tomar minhas pequenas precauções. É por isso que coloco ênfase em 'gravar' ao invés de sentir. Mas a asna West sabe que quebrou mais muralhas do que qualquer um. E não há algo obscuro em você? Há algo que não vibra em você: Pode ser propositalmente - você não deixa: mas eu vejo isso com outras pessoas, assim como em mim: algo reservado, mudo - sabe Deus o que... Está na sua escrita também, por sinal. A coisa que eu chamo de transparência central - às vezes lhe falha também.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD Long Barn 20 November</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD Long Barn 20 de novembro</p>

I got a Letter from Virginia, which contains one of her devilish, shrewd psychological pounces. She asks if there is something in me which does not vibrate, a 'something reserved, muted [...] The thing I call 'central transparency' sometimes fails you in your writing'. Damn the woman, she has put her finger on it. There is something muted. What is it, Hadji? Something that doesn't come alive. I brood and brood, feel I am groping in a dark tunnel. It makes everything I write a little unreal; gives the effect of having been done from the outside.

[...] There is no doubt about it, as one grows older, one thinks more. Virginia worries, you worry, I worry [...] Yet I would rather do this and become introspective and rattle about London, where people's voices become more and more devoid of meaning.

Recebi uma carta da Virginia que contém um de seus ataques psicológicos diabólicos e perspicazes. Ela pergunta se há algo em mim que não vibra, 'algo reservado, mudo [...] A coisa que eu chamo de transparência central às vezes falha na sua escrita'. Maldita mulher, ela pôs seu dedo sobre o assunto. Há algo mudo. O que é, Hadji? Algo que não ganha vida. Eu reflito e reflito, mas sinto que estou tateando em um túnel escuro. Isso torna tudo que escrevo um pouco irreal; dá o efeito de ter sido feito pela parte externa.

[...] Não há dúvida sobre isso, à medida que envelhecemos, pensamos mais. Virginia se preocupa, você se preocupa, eu me preocupo [...] Contudo, prefiro fazer isso e me tornar introspectiva, tagarelando sobre Londres onde as vozes das pessoas se tornam mais e mais esvaziadas de significado.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

Long Barn

21 November

I think you are a witch, or a dowser in psychology. You must be. My respect for you increases.

Look here, if you would like to go to the ballet tomorrow night (and Leonard) will you ring me up before twelve and say so? I only suggest it because it is the first night of l'Oiseau de feu, and I would get tickets. I should like to go, but will only go if you will come.

I am longing to see you and have been in a state all yesterday and today. I spent most of yesterday in bed which is why I said next weekend would be better than this. I have been in a black temper (with myself, not with you), and have travelled over a lot of country. If I were not going to see you tomorrow anyhow, I

#### CARTA DE VITA

Long Barn

21 de novembro

Acho que você é uma bruxa ou uma clarividente em psicologia. Você deve ser. Meu respeito por você aumenta.

Olhe aqui, se você quiser ir ao balé amanhã à noite (e Leonard também), pode me telefonar antes do meio-dia para me dizer? Só sugiro porque é a primeira noite de l'Oiseau de feu, e eu compraria ingressos. Eu gostaria de ir, mas só irei se você vier.

Estou desejando vê-la e permaneci num estado ruim todo o dia de ontem e hoje. Passei a maior parte de ontem na cama, por isso disse que no próximo fim de semana seria melhor do que nesse. Eu estive num humor obscuro (comigo, não com você) e já viajei grande parte do país. Se não formos amanhã, de qualquer forma, eu ainda assim gostaria de tomar medidas para vê-la. Você se

<p>should take steps to do so. Are you recovered from Sibyl? Furious with that woman for giving you a headache. Altogether I am in a rage.</p> <p>I'll come in by the basement at 2.30 or thereabouts. Thank Heaven for that.</p>	<p>recuperou da Sybil? Estou furiosa com essa mulher por ter lhe dado uma dor de cabeça. No geral, estou furiosa.</p> <p>Entrarei pelo porão às 14h30 ou por aí. Graças a Deus por isso.</p>
<p>VIRGINIA'S DIARY</p> <p>23 November</p> <p>Fame grows. Chances of meeting this person, doing that thing, accumulate. Life is as I've said since I was ten, awfully interesting – if anything, quicker, keener at forty-four than twenty-four – more desperate I suppose, as the river shoots to Niagara – my new vision of death. 'The one experience I shall never describe' I said to Vita yesterday. She was sitting on the floor in her velvet jacket and red striped silk shirt, I knotting her pearls into heaps of great lustrous eggs. She had come up to see me – so we go on – a spirited, creditable affair, I think, innocent (spiritually) and all gain, I think; rather a bore for Leonard, but not enough to worry him. The truth is one has room for a good many relationships. Then she goes back again to Persia.</p> <p>I am re-doing six pages of Lighthouse daily. My present opinion is that it is easily the best of my books.</p>	<p>DIÁRIO DE VIRGINIA</p> <p>23 de novembro</p> <p>A fama cresce. As chances de encontrar essa pessoa, de fazer aquela coisa, se acumulam. A vida é, como eu digo desde os dez anos, terrivelmente interessante - se algo a mais, mais rápida e mais perspicaz aos quarenta e quatro do que aos vinte e quatro - mais desesperada, suponho, ao passo em que o rio se atira ao Niagara - minha nova visão da morte. "A única experiência que jamais descreverei", eu disse ontem a Vita. Ela estava sentada no chão com sua jaqueta de veludo e camisa listrada de seda vermelha, enquanto eu juntava suas pérolas como pilhas de grandes e brilhantes ovos. Ela tinha vindo me ver - então continuamos - um caso espirituoso, digno de crédito, acho, inocente (espiritualmente) e com muito ganho, acho; um tanto entediante para Leonard, mas não o suficiente para preocupá-lo. A verdade é que temos espaço para uma boa quantidade de relacionamentos. Então ela volta novamente para a Pérsia.</p> <p>Estou refazendo seis páginas por dia de <i>Ao Farol</i>. Minha opinião atual é de que esse é facilmente o melhor de meus livros.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>23 November</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD</p> <p>Long Barn</p> <p>23 de novembro</p>

I am a little bothered about Virginia, but fortunately she is a busy and sensible person and doesn't luxuriate in vain repinings. She is an absolute angel to me, and the value of her friendship is not to be measured in gold. Oh my dear, what intelligence! It is amazing – what perception, sensitiveness in the best sense, imagination, poetry, culture, everything so utterly unshoddy and real. I long for you two to know each other better. I hope to God she won't be too unhappy when I go away; she told me that last year she was terrified by her own unhappiness and I fear this will be worse. Darling, this all sounds very conceited, but I don't mean it like that, and it is padlock anyway. She is very much on the crest of the wave, which pleases her vanity, but so how always: 'I want you to be proud of me.' I think she's coming here for the weekend as Leonard has to go away.

Estou um pouco incomodada sobre a Virginia, mas felizmente ela é uma pessoa ocupada e sensata que não se deleita em rebatidas vãs. Ela é um anjo absoluto para mim, e o valor de nossa amizade não pode ser medido em ouro. Nossa, que inteligência! É incrível - que percepção e sensibilidade no melhor sentido, imaginação, poesia, cultura, tudo tão completamente requintado e real. Anseio para que vocês dois se conheçam melhor. Espero em Deus que ela não fique tão infeliz quando eu for embora; ela me disse que, no ano passado, ficou apavorada com a sua própria infelicidade e temo que isso seja o pior. Querido, isso tudo soa muito pretensioso, mas não é isso o que quero transmitir, e, de qualquer maneira, é um segredo de estado. Ela está bem na crista da onda, o que satisfaz a sua vaidade, mas como sempre: 'Quero que você tenha orgulho de mim'. Acho que ela vai passar o fim de semana aqui já que Leonard precisa sair.

#### LETTER FROM VITA

66 Mount Street

27 November

My beloved Virginia, I am worried about you – I thought you were tired and depressed. What is it? Were you just merely tired? I feel a brute for having let you come here. Was it just the bloody flux? I oughtn't to have let you come. Don't you know that there is nothing I wouldn't do to save you a moment's pain, annoyance, fatigue, irritation? And then I go and let you come all this way to see me! I could kick myself – Please forgive me: my only consolation is that you had the motor. My darling, I will try to make up to you for the past weekend. I would ring you up and say all this instead of writing it, but the reason why I don't is obvious. I will dine and fetch you on Saturday. I miss you dearest. Perhaps I will see you on Monday? I'll ring up on Monday at 2.30.

#### CARTA DE VITA

66 Mount Street

27 de novembro

Minha amada Virginia, estou preocupada com você - te achei cansada e deprimida. O que foi? Você estava apenas cansada? Me sinto uma bruta por tê-la deixado vir aqui. Foi apenas a disenteria? Eu não deveria ter deixado você vir. Você não sabe que não há nada que eu não faria para lhe poupar um momento de dor, aborrecimento, cansaço, irritação? E então eu vou e deixo você vir até aqui para me ver! Eu poderia me chutar - Por favor, me perdoe: meu único consolo é que você estava com o carro. Minha querida, vou tentar lhe compensar pelo último fim de semana. Ligaría para você e diria tudo isso em vez de escrever, mas o motivo pelo qual não o faço é óbvio. Vou jantar e então a busco no sábado. Eu sinto muito a sua falta. Talvez eu te veja na

<p>I can't get you out of my mind tonight; the corner of the sofa where you sat is haunted for me by your presence, the whole flat seems full of you.</p>	<p>segunda-feira? Liguei na segunda-feira às 14h30. Não consigo tirar você da minha mente esta noite; o canto do sofá onde você estava sentada é assombrado por sua presença, todo o apartamento parece repleto de você.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD Long Barn 30 November</p> <p>I'm alone. It is very cold and wet. I have got Virginia coming for the weekend. Darling, I know that Virginia will die, and it will be too awful. (I don't mean here, over the weekend; but just die young.) I went to Tavistock Square yesterday, and she sat in the dusk in the light of the fire, and I sat on the floor as I always do, and she ruffled my hair as she always does, and she talked about literature and Mrs Dalloway and Sir Henry Taylor and she said that you would resent her next summer. But I said, No you wouldn't. Oh Hadji, she is such an angel. I really adore her. Not 'in love' – just love – devotion. Her friendship has enriched me so. I don't think I have ever loved anybody so much, in the way of friendship; in fact, of course, I know I haven't. She knows that you and I adore each other. I have told her so.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD Long Barn 30 de novembro</p> <p>Estou sozinha. Está muito frio e úmido. Virginia vai vir para o fim de semana. Querido, sei que Virginia vai morrer e vai ser muito terrível. (Não me refiro aqui, no fim de semana; mas simplesmente morrer jovem.) Fui a Tavistock Square ontem e ela sentou-se no crepúsculo, à luz do fogo, e eu me sentei no chão como eu sempre faço, e ela bagunçou meu cabelo como sempre faz. Falou sobre literatura e Mrs Dalloway e Sir Henry Taylor e disse que você ficaria ressentido com ela no próximo verão. Mas eu disse: Não, você não ficaria. Ah, Hadji, ela é um anjo. Eu realmente a adoro. Não como em 'estar apaixonada' - é apenas amor - devoção. A amizade dela me enriqueceu muito. Acho que nunca amei tanto alguém, em termos de amizade; na verdade, é claro, sei que não. Ela sabe que eu e você nos adoramos. Eu disse isso a ela.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA 182 Ebury Street 30 November</p> <p>It made me wretched to know you were tired yesterday, darling. Do take my scolding to heart! And don't be so social – you'll get like Sibyl Colefax, and develop a bright beady eye, looking for</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA 182 Ebury Street 30 de novembro</p> <p>Fiquei muito triste em saber que você estava cansada ontem, querida. Leve minha repreensão a sério! E não seja tão sociável - você ficará como a Sibyl Colefax e vai desenvolver um olho brilhante, sedento por novos convidados. Espero que você não</p>

<p>new guests. I hope you're none the worse today; would like to ring you up; but I don't want to bother. So I write [...]</p> <p>I expect you both Thursday. You couldn't say two nights, I suppose? No, I suppose not [...]</p> <p>Well, I must start. Do be good, strong-minded, self protective. I hate it when you get tired and droop. It really hurts me. Bless you, sweet.</p>	<p>esteja pior hoje; gostaria de lhe telefonar; mas não quero incomodar. Então eu escrevo [...]</p> <p>Eu espero por vocês dois na quinta-feira. Você não poderia dizer que vai ficar por duas noites, suponho? Não, suponho que não. [...]</p> <p>Bem, devo começar. Seja boa, obstinada e se proteja. Eu odeio quando você fica cansada e desanimada. Dói muito. Se cuide, querida.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 1 December</p> <p>Very nice to get a letter from you, dear Creature – No, it wasn't the people yesterday – I had the shivers, due to getting wet through at Rodmell – that was all – I went to bed, took aspirin, hot bottle, quite all right today, only incredibly sleepy. Still I agree – people are the devil [...]</p> <p>Moreover, you can't talk – lunch at Woking, tea Virginia, Cocktail Raymond, dine Mary, supper Kitchen? – There I was warm in bed, and glad to heart it was a ghastly failure. And now you're off to Brighton, heaven help you! I wish you hadn't that before, but you could drop in and talk – Here I am sitting or rather lying in front of the gas fire in perfect quiet.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 1 de dezembro</p> <p>Muito bom receber uma carta sua, querida Criatura - Não, não foram as pessoas ontem - eu tive arrepios devido a me molhar em Rodmell - isso foi tudo - eu fui para a cama, tomei uma aspirina, estava com uma bolsa de água quente e estou bem hoje, só que incrivelmente sonolenta. Ainda assim, concordo - as pessoas são o diabo [...]</p> <p>Além disso, você não pode ligar - almoço no Woking, chá na Virginia, coquetel no Raymond, jantar na Mary, ceia na cozinha - lá estava eu, aquecida na cama, e com o coração feliz por isso ter sido um fracasso horrível. E agora você está de partida para Brighton, que Deus lhe ajude! Eu não tinha feito isso antes com você, mas você poderia entrar e conversar - cá estou eu, sentada, ou melhor, deitada em frente à lareira a gás em perfeito silêncio.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 1 December</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 1 de dezembro</p>

Last night I went to bed very early and read Mrs Dalloway. It was a very curious sensation: I thought you were in the room – But there was only Pippin, trying to burrow under my quilt, and the night noises outside, which are so familiar in one's own room; and the house was all quiet. I was very unhappy because I had had a row with my mother and very happy because of you; so it was like being two different people at the same time, and then to complicate it there was a) the conviction that you were in the room, and b) the contact with all the many people that you had created. (What a queer thing fiction is.) I felt quite light, as though I were falling through my bed, like when one has a fever. Today I am quite solid again, and my boots are muddy; they weight me down. Yet I am not as solid as usual, - not quite such an oaf, - because there is at the back of my mind all the time (slightly lifting the top off my head) a glow, a sort of nebule, which only when I examine it hardens into a shape; as soon as I think of something else it dissolves again, remaining there like the sun through a fog, and I have to reach out to it again, take it in my hands and feel its contours: then It hardens, 'Virginia is coming on Saturday.' I am going to dinner at Knole tonight, and I shall meet an oil magnate and his wife; but it will be there all the time, a will o' the wisp that lets itself be caught, 'Virginia is coming on Saturday.'

But she won't, she won't! Something will happen. Of course something will happen. Something always does, when one wants a thing too passionately. You will have chicken pox, or I shall have mumps, or the house will fall down on Saturday morning. In the meantime there are three cows taring over the stile; they are waiting for cake. There is a nebula in their minds too, 'At four o'clock we shall have cake.' And for them, lucky brutes, nothing will happen. But for me there is the whole range of human possibility.

Ontem à noite fui para a cama muito cedo e li Mrs. Dalloway. Foi uma sensação muito curiosa: Achei que você estivesse no quarto.... Mas havia apenas Pippin, tentando se enfiar embaixo da minha colcha, e os ruídos noturnos lá fora que são tão familiares; a casa estava toda quieta. Fiquei muito infeliz porque briguei com minha mãe e muito feliz por sua causa; então era como ser duas pessoas diferentes ao mesmo tempo e, para complicar, havia a) a convicção de que você estava na sala e b) o contato com todas as muitas pessoas que você havia criado. (Que coisa estranha a ficção é.) Me senti bem leve, como se pensasse que estava caindo através da cama, como quando se está com febre. Hoje estou bem sólida de novo e minhas botas estão enlameadas; elas me puxam para baixo. Ainda assim, não estou tão sólida quanto de costume - não estou tão tola - porque há constantemente, no fundo de minha mente (se desprendendo ligeiramente do alto de minha cabeça) um brilho, uma espécie de nebulosa, e só quando eu a examino ela endurece numa forma; tão rápido eu penso em uma coisa diferente, ela se dissolve novamente, permanecendo ali como o sol através de uma névoa, e eu tenho que alcançá-lo de novo, pegá-lo com minhas mãos e senti-lo se contorcer: então ele endurece, 'Virginia vai vir no sábado'. Vou jantar em Knole essa noite e encontrar um magnata do petróleo e sua esposa; mas aquilo estará lá a todo momento, um fogo-fátuo que se deixa pegar, 'Virginia vai vir no sábado'.

Mas ela não vai, ela não vai! Algo vai acontecer. Claro que algo vai acontecer. Sempre acontece algo, quando alguém deseja uma coisa de forma muito apaixonada. Você vai ter catapora, ou terei caxumba, ou a casa vai desabar no sábado de manhã. Nesse meio tempo, há três vacas pastando sobre a escada; elas estão esperando por bolo. Também existe uma nebulosa em suas mentes: 'Às quatro horas teremos bolo'. E para elas, brutas



If ever you tried not to have chicken pox, try now. If ever you tried not to be given a headache by Sibyl Colefax, try now. (I remember, ominously, that you said you were going to tea with her on Friday.) Please try with all your might not to let anything happen. I will be responsible for you after you have arrived, - only, please arrive. (I will let you know the trains tomorrow.) Bring your work, I won't interrupt. I so want you to be happy here. I wish, in a way that we could put the clock back a year. I should like to startle you again, - even though I didn't know then that you were startled.

sortudas, nada acontecerá. Mas para mim existe toda a gama de possibilidades humanas.

Se alguma vez você tentou não ter catapora, tente agora. Se alguma vez você tentou evitar que Sibyl Colefax lhe desse uma dor de cabeça, tente agora. (Lembro-me, de forma preocupante, que você disse que iria tomar chá com ela na sexta-feira.) Por favor, tente com todas as suas forças não deixar nada acontecer. Serei responsável por você após você chegar - apenas, por favor, chegue. (Eu avisarei você sobre os trens amanhã.) Traga suas coisas para trabalhar, não vou interromper. Eu quero tanto que você fique feliz aqui. Eu queria, de alguma forma, que pudéssemos voltar o relógio a um ano atrás. Eu gostaria de lhe assustar de novo - embora eu não soubesse na época que você estava assustada.

#### LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

3 December

No – I can't come. I have caught eczema from Grizzle. My hair comes out in tufts. I scratch incessantly. It wouldn't be safe for you, or, what matters more, the puppies. I shall think of you: let that console us.

That joke being done with – yes, I'll come reaching Sevenoaks at 5.22.

It's true I'm incredibly dirty; have washed my head – hair is down – skirt spotted, shoes in holes – Pity poor Virginia dragged off this afternoon by Sibyl to meet Arnold Bennett who abused me for a column in last night's Standard.

Oh I'm sick of teeing, dining, reading, writing and everything, except seeing – well it is you, I admit. Yest it will be nice – yes it will: And shall you be very kind to me?

#### CARTA DE VIRGINIA

52 Tavistock Square

3 de dezembro

Não - eu não posso ir. Eu peguei eczema da Grizzle. Meu cabelo está saindo em tufo. Eu me coço incessantemente. Não seria seguro para você, ou, o que é mais importante, para os filhotes. Eu pensarei de você: deixe que isso nos console.

Tendo acabado essa piada - sim, chegarei em Sevenoaks às 5h22.

É verdade que estou incrivelmente suja; lavei minha cabeça - o cabelo está solto - a saia manchada, os sapatos furados - pobre da Virginia que foi arrastada essa tarde por Sibyl para se encontrar com Arnold Bennett, que me encheu por uma coluna que saiu no Standard de ontem à noite.

Ah, estou farta de tomar chá, jantar, ler, escrever e tudo mais, exceto de ver - bem, você, eu admito. Sim, será agradável - sim, será: e você será bem amável comigo?

## LETTER FROM VITA

52 Tavistock Square

8 December

Pinker and I try to console one another. She sleeps on my bed, and clings to me as the one comparatively familiar thing in a strange and probably hostile world. She was pleased to see me when I came back from London, but ran about sniffing and looking for Mrs Woolf. I had to explain that Mrs Woolf lived in London, a separate life, a fact which was as unpleasant to me as it could be to any spaniel puppy, so she has adopted me as a substitute. I explained that everybody always betrayed one sooner or later, and usually gave one away to somebody else, and that the only thing to do was to make the best of it. I have introduced her to the insect, but he is rather frightened of her because she puts her paw down on him, so he creeps away to his legitimate abode.

So altogether it is rather a desolate party at Long Barn.

Oh, but it was a treat having you here. Such a treat, I haven't yet got over it. I wish I could think that you had been one half as happy as I was. Not but what I don't think that I am very nice, and very good for you, so you see there is no false modesty on my part. Now I think about Knole, a question over which I am prepared to make myself really disagreeable, simply because I don't think I have ever wanted anything so much, and it will be my last treat before going away. For ever so long. You will come, won't you?

Darling, you will come?

## CARTA DE VITA

52 Tavistock Square

8 de dezembro

Pinker e eu tentamos consolar uma à outra. Ela dorme na minha cama e se agarra a mim como a única coisa comparativamente familiar em um mundo estranho e provavelmente hostil. Ela ficou satisfeita em me ver quando voltei de Londres, mas correu farejando e procurando a sra. Woolf. Tive de explicar que a sra. Woolf vivia em Londres, uma vida separada, um fato que foi tão desagradável a mim como poderia ter sido para qualquer filhote de spaniel, então ela me adotou como uma substituta. Eu lhe expliquei que alguém sempre trai outra pessoa mais cedo ou mais tarde, que entregava essa outra pessoa para outra, e que a única coisa a fazer era tirar o melhor proveito da situação. Eu a introduzi ao inseto, mas ele tem muito medo dela porque ela põe a pata sobre ele, então ele se esgueira na diretriz de sua residência legítima.

Portanto, no geral, tudo está bastante desolado em Long Barn.

Ah, mas foi realmente um prazer tê-la aqui. Tão bom que eu ainda não superei. Eu gostaria de poder pensar que você ficou tão feliz quanto eu. Não que eu pense que eu seja muito legal e muito boa para você, então, veja, não há falsa modéstia da minha parte. Agora que penso sobre Knole, estou preparada para me tornar realmente desagradável ao lhe fazer uma pergunta simplesmente porque eu acho que nunca quis algo tanto quanto agora, e será meu último deleite antes de partir. Para sempre, por muito tempo. Você virá, não é?

Querida, você vem?

<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 8 December Dearest Vita, (Now why did I say that?) Yes, Monday, undern 2.30. Please come, and bathe me in serenity again. Yes, I was wholly and entirely happy [...] But why, darling Mrs N., honourable Mrs N., insist upon Knole? To see me ridiculous, the powder falling, the hairpins dropping, and not a word said in private between us?</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 8 de dezembro Querida Vita, (Agora, por que eu disse isso?) Sim, segunda-feira, às 14h30. Por favor, venha e me banhe em serenidade novamente. Sim, eu estava completa e totalmente feliz [...] Mas por que, querida sra. N., honorável sra. N., insistir em Knole? Para me ver ridícula, o pó caindo, os grampos desmoronando, e não ter sequer uma palavra a sós trocada entre nós?</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Long Barn 11 December Disaster last night: Pinker, in sportive mood, sprang on to my writing table, upsetting the ink stand, which poured two floods of ink (one red and the other blue) down over the back of the sofa. Pippin was drenched in the blue ink, puppy in the red. Today Pippin looks like a bruise, puppy like an accident. You would have enjoyed the scene. I hope she will have regained her normal colour by January 1<sup>st</sup> when you have her back. Oh, and you rang me up. I liked that. But surely you would like to feed stags out of a bucket? I can promise you some good moments at Knole, - and as for no private conversation, why, silly, we should be alone all day practically. We'll stick the powder on with [illegible – paper damaged] and padlock the hairpins.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Long Barn 11 de dezembro Desastre na noite passada: Pinker, num ânimo esportivo, saltou sobre a minha escrivaninha e virou o tinteiro que derramou duas torrentes de tinta (uma vermelha e outra azul) sobre o encosto do sofá. Pippin estava encharcado de tinta azul, o filhote em vermelho. Hoje Pippin parece um hematoma, o filhote um acidente. Você teria gostado da cena. Espero que ela retome sua cor normal à altura de 1º de janeiro quando você a tiver de volta. Ah, e você me ligou. Eu gostei disso. Mas você de fato gostaria de alimentar veados com um balde? Posso te prometer alguns bons momentos em Knole, - e, quanto a nenhuma conversa particular, ora, tola, devemos ficar a sós o dia inteiro, praticamente. Vamos colar o pó com [ilegível - papel danificado] e prender os grampos com cadeados.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA TO HAROLD</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA A HAROLD</p>

<p>66 Mount Street 21 December</p> <p>My own, nothing is wrong. PADLOCK. What 'reservations' or 'half truths' have you detected in my letters? There have been none, I have told you everything day by day exactly as it has happened. I swear to tell you at the first sign of 'muddle with Virginia'. My dearest, how can you speak of reservations and half truths when I have told you all about that business? Even that I did sleep with her, which I need never have told you – but that I wanted you to know everything that happened to me while you were away. (If you had been at home I might not have told you.) There is nothing I will not tell you, that you want to know. I am absolutely devoted to her, but not in love. So there.</p>	<p>66 Mount Street 21 de dezembro</p> <p>Minha nossa, não há nada de errado. SEGREDO DE ESTADO. Que 'reservas' ou 'meias verdades' você detectou nas minhas cartas? Não houve nenhuma, eu contei tudo, dia a dia, exatamente como aconteceu. Juro lhe contar ao primeiro sinal de 'confusão com a Virginia'. Meu querido, como você pode falar de reservas e meias verdades quando eu lhe contei tudo sobre esse negócio? Até mesmo que eu dormi com ela, coisa que eu nunca deveria ter lhe dito - mas eu queria que você soubesse sobre tudo o que aconteceu comigo enquanto você estava fora. (Se você estivesse em casa, talvez não teria lhe contado.) Não há nada que eu não vá dizer que você queira saber. Sou absolutamente devota a ela, mas não estou apaixonada. Aí está.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VITA Knole 25 December</p> <p>I am spending my Christmas in bed with influenza. It is very pleasant. I am warm – everybody comes in looking blue with cold; an atmosphere of seasonable jocularity prevails, I am sure, in the dining-room, - and I am exempt from it. Kind people bring me grapes. I have a photograph of Virginia – not a very good photograph, - but better than nothing. I lie in bed, and watch the fire on the ceiling, and hear a clock strike, and think how delicious it will be when you come to stay here [...]</p> <p>I miss you very much, and am glad I can look forward to your coming here as otherwise I should be really too depressed – As it is, I lie making lovely plans, all firelit and radiant – my bed's at</p>	<p>CARTA DE VITA Knole 25 de dezembro</p> <p>Estou passando o Natal na cama com influenza. É muito agradável. Eu estou aquecida - todo mundo entra parecendo azul de frio; uma atmosfera de jocosidade sazonal prevalece, tenho certeza, na sala de jantar, - e estou isenta dela. Pessoas gentis me trazem uvas. Tenho uma fotografia da Virginia - não é uma fotografia muito boa, - mas é melhor do que nada. Eu fico deitada na cama, assisto o fogo e o teto, ouço o barulho do relógio e penso em como vai ser gostoso quando você vier aqui [...]</p> <p>Sinto muito a sua falta e estou feliz por poder esperar sua vinda aqui, caso contrário, eu deveria estar realmente muito deprimida - Estou fazendo planos adoráveis, todos iluminados e radiantes - minha cama tem pelo menos três metros de largura, e eu me sinto</p>

<p>least nine foot wide, and I feel like the Princess and the Pea, - only there is no Pea. It is a four-poster, all of which I like. Come and see for yourself.</p>	<p>como a princesa em A Princesa e a Ervilha, - exceto que não há nenhuma ervilha. É um dossel de que gosto muito. Venha ver por si própria.</p>
<p>LETTER FROM VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 29 December</p> <p>One thing is I don't think Knole is possible; for this reason: I tore all my clothes on the gorse, and can't get any more, and I couldn't ask your butler to wait on me, nor is it for the dignity of letter that I should eat behind a screen, so I don't see how I can come to Knole, all in holes, without a pin to my hair or a stocking to my foot. You'd be ashamed; you'd say things you would regret.</p> <p>But read carefully what's coming. It's this</p> <p>I am going to America. Now that's exciting isn't it?</p> <p>30 December</p> <p>The <i>Tribune's</i> offered my free passages, hotel bills, and £120 to go to New York for a month in the spring and write 4 articles. I've said I will if I can arrange times, and not too much work [...]</p> <p>I was partly teasing. I don't mind being dowdy, dirty, shabby, red nosed middle classed and all the rest – it's only a question of when and how – I do want to see you, I do – I do.</p>	<p>CARTA DE VIRGINIA 52 Tavistock Square 29 de dezembro</p> <p>Uma coisa é que não acho que Knole seja possível; por esse motivo: Rasguei todas as minhas roupas no mato e não consigo arranjar mais, e não poderia pedir ao seu mordomo para me servir, pois eu deveria comer atrás de um biombo, então não vejo como posso ir a Knole, cheia de buracos, sem um grampo no cabelo ou uma meia no pé. Você ficaria envergonhada; diria coisas das quais se arrependeria.</p> <p>Mas leia com atenção o que está por vir. É isso</p> <p>Eu estou indo a América. Isso é emocionante, não é?</p> <p>30 de dezembro</p> <p>O <i>Tribune</i> ofereceu a mim passagens grátis, contas de hotel pagas e £120 para ir a Nova York por um mês durante a primavera para escrever 4 artigos. Já disse que vou se arranjar tempo e não muito trabalho [...]</p> <p>Eu estava parcialmente brincando. Eu não me importo em ser deselegante, suja, surrada, da classe média, de nariz vermelho e todo o resto - é apenas uma questão de quando e como - eu quero ver você, eu quero - eu quero.</p>