



# ILLUMINATIONS

## Great Writers on Writing

# Fernando Pessoa

“

What could anyone confess that would be worth anything or serve any useful purpose? What has happened to us has either happened to everyone or to us alone; if the former it has no novelty value and if the latter it will be incomprehensible. I write down what I feel in order to lower the fever of feeling. [...] I make a holiday of sensation. I understand women who embroider out of grief and those who crochet because life is what it is. My old aunt passed the infinite evenings playing patience. These confessions of my feelings are my game of patience. I don't interpret them, the way some read cards to know the future. I don't scrutinize them because in games of patience the cards have no value in themselves. I unwind myself like a length of multicolored yarns, or make cat's cradles out of myself, like the ones children weave around stiff fingers and pass from one to the other. Taking care that my thumb doesn't miss the vital loop I turn it over to reveal a different pattern. Then I start again.

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