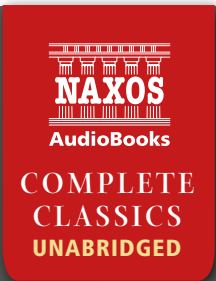


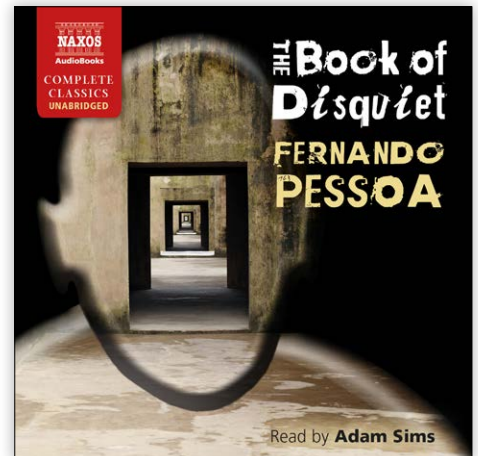
THE Book of Disquiet

FERNANDO PESSOA



Read by **Adam Sims**

Assembled from notes and jottings left unpublished at the time of the author's death, *The Book of Disquiet* is a collection of aphoristic prose-poetry musings on dreams, solitude, time and memory. Credited to Pessoa's alter ego, Bernardo Soares, who chronicles his contemplations in this so-called 'factless' autobiography, the work is a journey of one man's soul and, by extension, of all human souls that allow their minds and hearts to roam far and free. Though his outward life as an assistant bookkeeper in downtown Lisbon is a humdrum affair, Soares lives a rich and varied existence within the contours of his own mind, where he can be and do anything. Soares has no ambition, nor has he any friends; he is plagued with disquiet, and only imagination and dreams can conquer it. Compiled by the translator Richard Zenith, Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet* is a fulgent tribute to the imagination of man.



Total running time: 17:28:00
15 CDs

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Adam Sims trained at LAMDA. His recordings for radio include *The World According to Humphrey* and *The Salamander Letter* for the BBC. His screen and theatre credits include *Band of Brothers* (HBO), *Lost in Space*, *The Madness of George III* (West Yorkshire Playhouse), *Alice in Wonderland* (Royal Shakespeare Company), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Regent's Park) and *Snake in Fridge* (Manchester Royal Exchange), for which he won the award for Best Actor at the Manchester Evening News Theatre Awards. For Naxos AudioBooks, he has read Mowat's *Never Cry Wolf*, and James's *Washington Square* and *The Aspern Papers*, among other titles.

📄 = Downloads (M4B chapters or MP3 files) ● = CDs (disc-track)

📄	●						
1	1-1	The Book of Disquiet	11:49	18	3-2	76 – I sometimes enjoy (in split fashion)...	10:30
2	1-2	2 – I have to choose what I detest ...	8:25	19	3-3	81 – The carts in the street purr slow...	8:34
3	1-3	7 – Today, in one of the pointless and worthless...	7:38	20	3-4	85 – When I consider all the people I know...	10:21
4	1-4	10 – Futile and sensitive, I'm capable of violent...	8:15	21	3-5	91 – A glimpse of open country above a stone...	10:13
5	1-5	17 – Perhaps it's finally time for me to make...	6:48	22	3-6	93 – The intensity of my sensations has always...	7:43
6	1-6	24 – Today, feeling almost physically ill...	10:37	23	3-7	98 – Today I woke up very early, with a sudden...	8:16
7	1-7	30 – Sadly, or perhaps not, I recognize that...	7:54	24	3-8	102 – Life is whatever we conceive it to be.	9:21
8	1-8	33 – During the first days of Autumn...	9:07	25	4-1	108 – It's possible to feel life as a sickness...	9:24
9	2-1	39 – All of a sudden, as if a surgical hand...	6:21	26	4-2	115 – To organize our life in such a way...	7:19
10	2-2	41 – Silence emerges from the sound of the rain...	8:21	27	4-3	121 – Like all men endowed with great mental...	9:03
11	2-3	44 – There's a sleepiness of our conscious...	8:37	28	4-4	125 – Your ships, Lord, didn't make a greater...	7:29
12	2-4	50 – A firefly flashes forward at regular intervals.	9:53	29	4-5	130 – I often wonder what I would be like if...	10:08
13	2-5	54 – In my dreams I've sometimes tried...	9:59	30	4-6	136 – The burden of feeling!	8:00
14	2-6	57 – And today, thinking about what my life...	9:48	31	4-7	141 – Rainy Landscape. Each drop of rain...	7:54
15	2-7	60 – Dolorous Interlude. Should you ask me...	11:33	32	4-8	145 – The higher a man rises, the more things...	5:35
16	2-8	67 – Often enough the surface and illusion...	8:34	33	4-9	149 – Many people have defined man...	9:04
17	3-1	71 – The cause of my profound sense...	7:51	34	5-1	151 – Outside, in the slow moonlit night...	9:38

							
35	5-2	156 – What imperious queen, standing...	9:08	78	10-3	364 – How can I possess with my body...	6:51
36	5-3	161 – Nothing irks me more than the vocabulary...	10:23	79	10-4	370 – I never let my feelings know...	8:44
37	5-4	167 – It's one of those days when the monotony...	9:15	80	10-5	373 – Life is an experimental journey...	8:07
38	5-5	171 – Only one thing astonishes me more...	10:03	81	10-6	378 – The classifiers of things, by which I mean...	11:07
39	5-6	175 – The generation I belong to was born...	10:53	82	10-7	382 – I've reached the point where tedium...	10:45
40	5-7	182 – Interlude. I bowed out of life...	7:41	83	10-8	389 – 'Creator of indifferences' is the motto...	10:04
41	5-8	186 – Would to the gods, sad heart of mine...	5:50	84	11-1	395 – The so gentle and ethereal hour...	8:42
42	6-1	191 – It sometimes occurs to me...	8:51	85	11-2	398 – I'm intuitively certain that for people...	8:09
43	6-2	194 – A terrible weariness fills the soul...	10:32	86	11-3	402 – To be reincarnated in a stone...	8:17
44	6-3	200 – Commonness is a hearthstone.	9:27	87	11-4	408 – He sang, in a soft and gentle voice...	7:55
45	6-4	203 – We don't even know if what ends...	8:47	88	11-5	412 – Dolorous Interlude	10:01
46	6-5	208 – Just as, whether we know it or not...	8:52	89	11-6	417 – I know no pleasure like that of books...	7:24
47	6-6	212 – To have opinions is to sell out to yourself.	9:04	90	11-7	421 – Journey in the Mind	10:33
48	6-7	217 – All stirrings of our sensibility...	8:23	91	11-8	429 – Throughout my life, in every situation...	9:05
49	6-8	222 – As when a storm is brewing and the noises...	7:54	92	12-1	436 – (rain) And finally, over the darkness...	8:46
50	7-1	227 – I prefer prose to poetry as an art form...	7:17	93	12-2	438 – Against the blue made pale by the green...	7:44
51	7-2	232 – The more we live, the more convinced...	10:46	94	12-3	443 – What Hells and Purgatories and Heavens...	8:56
52	7-3	237 – Notes for a Rule of Life	7:54	95	12-4	448 – Omar Khayyam	8:22
53	7-4	243 – All it would take to make a catalogue...	7:53	96	12-5	452 – The only real traveller with soul...	9:49
54	7-5	249 – Beginning in the mid-eighteenth century...	6:39	97	12-6	457 – Modern things include...	9:19
55	7-6	251 – Fragments of an Autobiography	7:20	98	12-7	462 – But my self-imposed exile...	9:54
56	7-7	254 – More than once, while roaming...	9:33	99	12-8	466 – Man shouldn't be able to see his own face...	10:05
57	7-8	256 – I've always felt an almost physical loathing...	7:15	100	13-1	475 – 'What are you laughing about?'	7:55
58	7-9	260 – Art consists in making others feel...	7:48	101	13-2	A Disquiet Anthology. Pessoa, in a note on how...	6:15
59	8-1	263 – As prone as I am to tedium, it's odd that...	8:11	102	13-3	Apocalyptic Feeling	8:04
60	8-2	266 – When I first came to Lisbon...	10:02	103	13-4	The Art of Effective Dreaming (I)	12:31
61	8-3	274 – Revolutionaries make a crass...	9:22	104	13-5	Cascade	10:58
62	8-4	279 – He left today for his home town...	10:01	105	13-6	Divine Envy	5:33
63	8-5	285 – I'm almost convinced that I'm never awake.	10:58	106	13-7	Funeral March for Ludwig II, King of Bavaria	11:50
64	8-6	291 – If in art there were the office of improver...	9:38	107	14-1	In the Forest of Estrangement	8:06
65	8-7	300 – Triangular Dream	8:37	108	14-2	On the horizon of our hearing, unknown seas...	8:02
66	8-8	304 – Faith is the instinct of action.	6:21	109	14-3	The Lake of Possession (I)	7:32
67	9-1	307 – Aesthetics of Discouragement	7:53	110	14-4	Lucid Diary	8:36
68	9-2	314 – I'd like to develop a code of inertia...	7:48	111	14-5	Milky Way	14:02
69	9-3	318 – ...ships passing in the night...	8:15	112	14-6	Millimetres (the sensation of slight things)	8:59
70	9-4	322 – Every gesture, however simple, violates...	7:15	113	14-7	Your sex is that of dreamed forms...	8:58
71	9-5	328 – Join your hands, and put them in mine...	10:21	114	14-8	Pedro's Pastoral	8:54
72	9-6	333 – No problem has a solution. None of us can...	9:29	115	15-1	Random Diary	5:07
73	9-7	339 – The golden tint that still glows on waters...	7:15	116	15-2	The River of Possession	5:44
74	9-8	343 – A Day (Zigzag)	7:35	117	15-3	Self-Examination	6:07
75	9-9	349 – The most abject of all needs is to confide...	5:31	118	15-4	Sentimental Education	9:39
76	10-1	353 – The not-cold, not-warm morning glided...	7:00	119	15-5	Symphony of the Restless Night	9:02
77	10-2	358 – Yesterday I saw and heard a great man.	9:07	120	15-6	A Voyage I Never Made (I)	10:00

Total running time: 17:28:00 • 15 CDs

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FERNANDO PESSOA

THE Book of *Disquiet*

Taken from Richard Zenith's notes on the
text and translation of the published edition, 2001

Had Pessoa prepared his *Livro do Desassossego* (*The Book of Disquiet*) for publication, it would have been a smaller book. He planned to make a 'rigorous' selection from among all the texts he had written, to adapt the older ones to the 'true psychology' of Bernardo Soares, and to undertake 'an overall revision of the style'. This operation would have resulted in a smooth, polished book with perhaps half as many pages, and perhaps half as much genius. Purged of whatever was fragmentary and incomplete, the book would have gained novelistic virtues such as plot and dramatic tension, but it would have run the risk of becoming just another book, instead of what it remains: a monument as wondrous as it is impossible. Pessoa published twelve excerpts from *The Book of Disquiet* in literary magazines and left, in the famous trunk that contained his extravagant written life, about 450 additional texts marked *L. do D.* and/or included in a large envelope labelled *Livro do Desassossego*. Most of this material was incorporated in the first edition of the work, published only in 1982, forty-seven years after Pessoa's death. It was a heroic effort, since Pessoa's archives are notoriously labyrinthine and his handwriting often virtually illegible, and it was doomed – for these very reasons – to be seriously flawed. A new edition, published in 1990–91 (the first volume of which was republished, with extensive revisions, in 1997), presented improved readings and over one hundred previously unpublished texts, most of which were not explicitly identified with *The Book of Disquiet*, although the majority of them could have been penned or typed with Bernardo Soares in mind.

My own edition of the *Livro do Desassossego* (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 1998) – which is the source text for this translation – makes further improvements in the readings, filling in most of the remaining lacunas and correcting several hundred errors in previous transcriptions. I was more cautious about embracing material not specifically marked or set aside by Pessoa for inclusion. The borders of this work are fuzzy, but they exist. They exclude, for instance, the reams of political theory written by Pessoa. Nor is there a place for his writings in pure philosophy and literary criticism. But there are a number of stray and unidentified texts – my edition includes about fifty – that do seem to belong here. Seem to me, that is. It is impossible to avoid subjectivity when editing and publishing such a fragmentary *œuvre* as Pessoa's.

This subjectivity tends to sheer arbitrariness when it comes to organizing this book, whose passages were scattered across the years and pages of Pessoa's adult life. Chronological order? About a hundred passages written between 1929 and 1934 are dated, but only five during the first sixteen years of *Disquiet's* existence. To attempt a chronology for the undated texts on the basis of stylistic or thematic affinities is treacherous or even foolhardy, as we can understand by looking at several dated

texts, such as Text 386, which was written on 28 November 1932 but is a kind of sequel to 'In the Forest of Estrangement', published by Pessoa in 1913. Text 429, conversely, is dated 18 September 1917 but reads exactly like Soares from the 1930s. An exhaustive analysis of paper and ink types and of Pessoa's handwriting would probably yield a reasonably chronological order, but would that be a good way to publish the material? Pessoa had a few ideas on how to organize *The Book*, but chronological order wasn't one he ever mentioned. It is true that many passages from the final phase were dated, but even then not the majority, and Pessoa never suggested that these be published as a group apart, separately from the older material.

What Pessoa did suggest shows only what a loss he was at to organize his *Book*. 'Alternate passages like this with the long ones?' he asked himself at the top of a passage (Text 201) that isn't particularly short. Another passage (Text 124) carries the heading (written in English) *Chapter on Indifference or something like that*, suggesting a thematic organization. In some notes on how to organize the material, Pessoa mulled over whether it was better to publish 'Funeral March for Ludwig II' in a separate book, with other 'Large Texts' that had titles, or to leave it 'as it is'.

And how was it? Mixed up with hundreds of other texts, large and small, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle without a discernible picture or pattern. Perhaps this would be the best way to go: an edition of loose pieces, orderable according to each reader's fancy, or according to how they happen to fall.

Since a loose-leaf edition is impractical, and since every established order is the wrong order, the mere circumstance of publication entails a kind of original sin. Every editor of this *Book*, automatically guilty, should (and I hereby do) (1) apologize for tampering with the original non-order, (2) emphasize that the order presented can claim no special validity, and (3) recommend that readers invent their own order or, better yet, read [listen to] the work's many parts in absolutely random order.

In this edition, the dated passages from the last phase (1929–34) serve as a skeleton – an infallibly Soaresian skeleton – for articulating the body of the text. The hope is that the older passages, interspersed among the later ones, will be at least superficially coloured by the 'true psychology' of Bernardo Soares. I saw no reason to disrupt the chronological order of the passages forming the skeleton, as this makes for a certain objectivity in this otherwise subjective arrangement. Some of the passages falling between the dated ones are contemporaneous, but others go back to the 1910s. The post-Symbolist texts (mostly from the teens) are the evidence – the visible, *dreamed* dreams – that the dreamer talks about in his 'confessions', and so it makes sense for the two kinds of texts to rub shoulders. They complement each other.

But the 'Large Texts', as Pessoa denominated the early prose pieces that weren't always that long but were large in their ambitions and sometimes had 'grandiose titles', have been placed in a separate section, called 'A Disquiet Anthology'. Pessoa himself recognized that they did not easily fit into Soares's 'Factless Autobiography' (one of various self-descriptive epithets found in the assistant bookkeeper's scattered journal of thoughts), which is why he considered taking the even more radical step of removing them to a separate book.

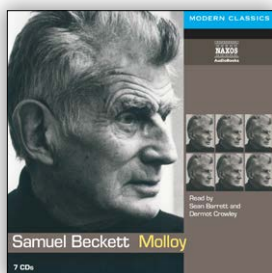
For no other reason than to facilitate consultation and referral, I have assigned numbers to the passages in the first section (most of which are untitled), and arranged the texts from the second section by their titles, alphabetically. Pessoa left over six hundred alternate words or phrasings in the margins and between the lines of the manuscripts that constitute *The Book of Disquiet*. For the purposes of this translation, I have usually preferred the first word or phrasing.

Verbal repetition is part of Pessoa's style and has been respected, except where the effect seems too mannered for English to bear.

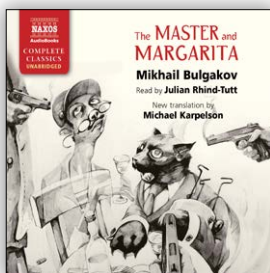
The translated edition of this work that I published in 1991 as *The Book of Disquietude* (Carcanet Press) informs important aspects of the Portuguese edition I produced in 1998 and of this revised, reorganized and expanded English edition. Some of the discrepancies between this and other English translations (including my first effort) are due to the rather different source text that has emerged as I and other researchers have re-examined the original manuscripts.

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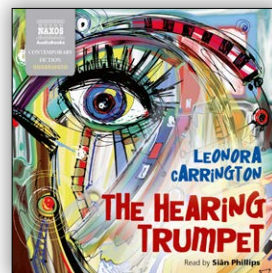
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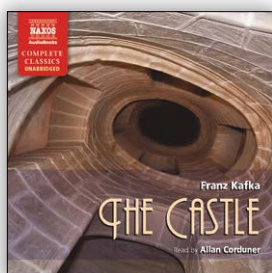
Samuel Beckett
Molloy
Read by Dermot Crowley & Sean Barrett



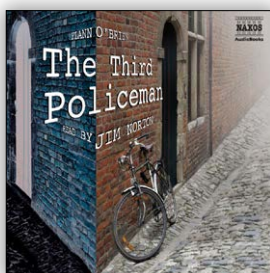
Mikhail Bulgakov
The Master and Margarita
Read by Julian Rhind-Tutt



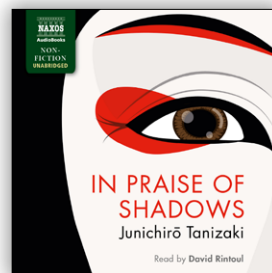
Leonora Carrington
The Hearing Trumpet
Read by Siân Phillips



Franz Kafka
The Castle
Read by Allan Corduner



Flann O'Brien
The Third Policeman
Read by Jim Norton



Junichirō Tanizaki
In Praise of Shadows
Read by David Rintoul