


## CHAPTER 66

### Fernando Pessoa and the book of disquiet: reflective contributions to the studies of portuguese literature

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#### ABSTRACT

The Book of Disquiet expresses a narrative consumed with anguish, observation, and infinite inquiries. Based on this context, this article aims to analyze

seven excerpts from the mentioned book, written by the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa and signed by his semi-heteronym Bernardo Soares. Based on a qualitative methodological approach, the genius of Pessoa is confirmed by providing the writing of the real feeling in the form of prose consolidated by intense subjectivities. At the heart of this observation, it is hoped that this text will constitute a reflective construct for the studies of Portuguese Literature, to encourage discussions about the sagacity of this Portuguese poet.

**Keywords:** Book of Disquiet, Fernando Pessoa, Writing, Portuguese Literature

## 1 INTRODUCTORY

Fernando Pessoa, who liked to take refuge in invented personalities to express what he saw and what he felt, says, imagining, that he met Bernardo Soares in a “small pastry house” (café) frequented by both. It was there that Bernardo gave Fernando his “Livro do Desassossego” to read. In fact, Bernardo Soares is just a mask that Fernando Pessoa uses to make personal confessions, like a personal diary, which oscillates between restlessness, boredom, anguish, and a great lucidity and analytical capacity. That's why Bernardo Soares is considered a semi-heteronym, because, as his own creator explains: “the personality being not mine, it is not different from mine, but a simple mutilation of it. It's me minus reasoning and affectivity” (BRIEF NOTE..., [nd], p. 5).

The citation that opens this text appears in the section “Brief note on the work”, from the digital version of the *Livro do Desassossego*<sup>1</sup>. In it, we identify the act of Fernando Pessoa<sup>2</sup> resorting to heteronyms to evidence confessions, demonstrate feelings of the most diverse aegis. Based on the above, this article aims to analyze some excerpts from the aforementioned book, written by Fernando Pessoa, but signed by his semi-heteronym, Bernardo Soares, the bookkeeper's assistant in the city of Lisbon, Portugal. Named by him as “biography without facts”, the aforementioned work presents elements that work with a spelling that corresponds to the marks of the author's life experience. Initialing like Bernardo Soares, he

<sup>1</sup>Available at: <http://agrcanelas.edu.pt/blogs/biblioteca/files/2012/11/Livro-do-Desassossego-.pdf>. Access in: Sept. 2022

<sup>2</sup>“Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935) was one of the most important poets in the Portuguese language and a central figure in Portuguese Modernism. A lyrical and nationalist poet, he cultivated poetry focused on the traditional themes of Portugal and his nostalgic lyricism, which expresses reflections on his “deep self”, his concerns, his loneliness and his boredom. Fernando Pessoa was several poets at the same time, he created heteronyms – poets with their own personalities who wrote their poetry and, with them, sought to detect, from various angles, the dramas of the man of his time. [...]” (FRAZÃO, 2021, *online*).

writes the book based on many feelings, for example, melancholy and depression. What is really conceived is the practice of writing as a kind of method.

It is a fragmentary book, being one of the greatest works of Fernando Pessoa, composed of more than 400 excerpts. A book that can be understood as an extensive poetic prose. Regarding the issue of prose, it is extremely important to mention Pessoa's writing method, considering the following postulates of the author: “[...] saying what you feel exactly as you feel – clearly, if it is clear; obscurely, if it is obscure; confusedly, if it is confused” (SOARES, [nd], p. 115-116). Furthermore, it is imperative to understand grammar as an instrument, a tool for use, and not as a law. It is therefore necessary to write the real feeling, the real emotion. That's exactly what Pessoa does. Feelings written in prose, forming the structure of the work. The *Livro do Desassossego* expresses a narrative consumed by anguish, observation and infinite questions.

Methodologically, the study starts from a qualitative approach, resorting to bibliographic research (GIL, 2008), that is, focusing on our source (the *Livro do Desassossego*) and on the considerations of other authors regarding the reflections of Fernando Pessoa under the name of Bernardo Soares. Thus, in order to effectively understand the work already alluded to, seven excerpts are selected for this article: 6, 46, 90, 126, 167, 197 and 338, among the many that make up the work.

It should be noted that the criterion for choosing these excerpts was based on the materiality of the sayings that each one of them expresses, because, in the understanding of the author of this article, the contents identified in the fragments are understood as valuable reflective contributions to the studies of Portuguese Literature. Furthermore, these excerpts are duly analyzed with the specific purpose of showing the true essence of the writing of this genius poet, responsible for the creation of multiple heteronyms. Structurally, the article is organized into three sections, including this introductory section – the first – and the last – the third – which concerns the conclusion of the reflections made throughout the text. The second section is exclusively dedicated to presenting the analyzes obtained from the selected sections.

## 2 REFLECTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### 2.1 EXCERPT 6: “I LIVE LONGER BECAUSE I LIVE LONGER”

I asked so little of life and that very little life denied me. A sliver of part of the sun, a field, a bit of peace with a bit of bread, it doesn't bother me too much to know that I exist, and I don't demand anything from others and they don't demand anything from me. This was denied me, as one who refuses to give alms not for lack of a good soul, but in order not to have to unbutton his coat. I write sadly in my quiet room, alone as I have always been, alone as I will always be. And I wonder if my voice, apparently so little, does not embody the substance of thousands of voices, the hunger to speak of thousands of lives, the patience of millions of souls submissive like mine to the daily destiny, to the useless dream, to hope without a trace. In these moments my heart beats louder through my awareness of him. I live longer because I live longer. I feel in myself a religious force, a kind of prayer, a semblance of a cry. But the reaction against me descends from my intelligence... I see myself on the fourth floor of Rua dos Douradores, I watch myself sleepily; I look over the half-written paper at the vain life without beauty and the cheap cigarette I spend it, I spread it out on the

old blotter. Here I am, on this fourth floor, questioning life!, saying what souls feel!, writing prose like the geniuses and the famous! Here, I, like this!... (SOARES <sup>3</sup>, [nd], p. 20-21).

Bernardo Soares begins section 6 with a sentence based on an extremely melancholy content. When saying “I asked for so little life and that very little life denied me”, the semi-heteronym conveys a feeling of injustice, since, in his conception, his requests cannot be characterized as 'big': a away from the sun, a field, a bit of quiet with a bit of bread. Therefore, in their lamentations, this feeling of injustice, provided by life, prevails intensely.

As it is a work of individualist diction, according to the conceptualization carried out by Gonçalves (2012), it is possible to notice a man who suffers poetically in the dark of his abandoned room in a rented room. The book *Livro do Desassossego* deals precisely with life made of moments and this is what can be verified in fragment 6: all the poet's lamentations, or his deepest desires, always refer to the moments of life, of everyday life. The beginning of the second paragraph reinforces the individualistic character of the work: “I write sadly in my quiet room, alone as I have always been, alone as I will always be. [...]” (SOARES, [nd], p. 20). Bernardo Soares himself recognizes his loneliness and also admits that it will accompany him until the end of his life.

There is also a strong presence of an idea of “unease” in that fragment. This “uneasiness” can be characterized as something intrinsic to the poet, making situations that lead him to impatience and restlessness part of his routine. This can be proven with the following passages: “ And I wonder if my voice, apparently so little, does not embody the substance of thousands of voices [...]” / “ In these moments my heart beats louder for my conscience his .” (SOARES, [nd], p. 20-21) .

It can be seen, therefore, that the narrator is very conditioned to develop afflictions and uneasiness, since the work is an exhaustive self-analysis of the self. Notably, it refers to the fact of a subject who has lost his self-image and tries, above all, to look for it in the text through his own writing, coming from a marked melancholy. Gonçalves (2012, p. 12) ratifies these reflections by postulating: “The loss of identity is the maximum degree of generation of unrest in the work. The narrative of the streets through which Soares walks – Baixa Lisboaeta – is the field of conflict of the “I”. Walking through the streets of a city is like walking alone in a crowd.” Next, section 46 will be analyzed.

## 2.2 EXCERPT 46: “I AM THE SIZE OF WHAT I SEE!”

I passively reread, receiving what I feel as an inspiration and a release, those simple sentences by Caetano de Campos, in the natural reference of what results from the small size of his village. From there, he says, because it is small, you can see more of the world than of the city; and that's why the village is bigger than the city...

"Because I'm the size of what I see and not the size of my height."

Phrases like these, which seem to grow up without my having said them, cleanse me of all the metaphysics that I spontaneously add to life.

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<sup>3</sup>We will refer to all the passages under the name of Soares, since this is the heteronym of Fernando Pessoa when writing the classic work, as already explained in the introductory notes.

After reading them, I arrive at my window on the narrow street, look at the great sky and the many stars, and I am free with a winged splendor whose vibration shakes my whole body.

"I'm the size of what I see!" Each time I think of this sentence with all the attention of my nerves, it seems to me more destined to constellately reconstruct the universe. "I'm the size of what I see!" What a great mental possession. It goes from the well of deep emotions to the high stars that are reflected in it, and so, in a way, there they are.

And even now, conscious of knowing how to see, I look at the vast objective metaphysics of the heavens all with a certainty that makes me want to die singing.

"I'm the size of what I see!" And the vague moonlight, entirely mine, begins to vaguely spoil the half-black blue of the horizon.

I want to raise my arms and shout things of an unknown savagery, to say words to the high mysteries, to affirm a new personality that extends to the great spaces of empty matter.

But I pull back and slow down. "I'm the size of what I see!" And the phrase becomes my entire soul, I put all the emotions I feel against it, and over me, inside, as over the city on the outside, falls the indecipherable peace of the hard moonlight that begins wide at dusk (SOARES, [nd], pp. 64-65).

excerpt , Bernardo Soares highlights thoughts of the heteronym Alberto Caeiro, known for being a poet linked to nature, totally simple, pantheistic, bucolic, who despises any kind of philosophical pondering and asserts that the act of thinking makes vision impossible. He calls himself, therefore, an anti-metaphysician. Soares mentions Caeiro's reflections with the aim of seeking inspiration and freedom and the most brilliant thing: he not only makes a brief mention of the phrases, but also analyzes them through the moments of his life, his emotions.

Initially, it exposes the phrase " Because I am the size of what I see and not the size of my height " (SOARES, [nd], p. 64), stating that phrases of this type cleanse it of all metaphysics added to life, making it the, therefore, an 'antimetaphysician', as well as Caeiro. Further on, he summarizes the phrase for "I am the size of what I see!" (SOARES, [nd], p. 65) and proposes to analyze it. In a first observation, he feels free and it is possible to verify that the sayings contained in that sentence reconstruct the universe. Here, it is important to highlight something: if such a syntagma is capable of awakening in Soares a desire for reconstruction, for change, it allows the poet to give himself completely to his emotions, feeling independent, detached from the ordinary limitations of life, as it is possible to perceive in the penultimate paragraph: " I want to raise my arms and shout things of an ignored savagery, to say words to the high mysteries, to affirm a new personality that extends to the great spaces of empty matter" (SOARES, [nd], p. 65). Having the urge to do things that don't suit your personality is what can be called a rebuilding. The narrator goes in search of it. He is aware of his ability. He knows how important it is to escape limitations to find some autonomy.

Even with the desire to get rid of the current fads, the poet withdraws, containing himself. However, the phrase *I'm the size of what I see!* remains in your soul, sharply intensifying your emotions. It can be seen that this passage shows the figure of a man who assiduously internalizes desires and seeks to understand the considerations of other poets, exploring them according to his experience. Of course, there is one more rant. Regarding the subject, Silvestre (2014, p. 4) contributes with the reflections made, by making the following analysis:

The Book of Disquiet is like a compilation of impressions, of what moves and reaches the bookkeeper. When trying to think about the processes that would lead Bernardo Soares to write, it is possible to collect certain points that are clear evidence that he seeks in his own writing an outburst, an answer, a way to give shape to reflections and, thus, to understand them better.

With the intention of resorting to an understanding of the “I”, of a subjectivity that needs to be elucidated, contested, pondered, we then proceed to the analysis of excerpt 90.

### 2.3 EXCERPT 90: “IGNORE AS LIFE! FEEL LIKE OBLIVION!”

Recognizing reality as a form of illusion, and illusion as a form of reality, is equally necessary and equally useless. The contemplative life, in order to even exist, has to consider objective accidents as dispersed premises of an unattainable conclusion; but at the same time it has to consider the contingencies of the dream as somehow worthy of that attention to them, by which we become contemplatives.

Anything, as it is considered, is a wonder or a hindrance, an all or a nothing, a path or a worry. To consider it in a different way each time is to renew it, to multiply it by itself. That is why the contemplative spirit that has never left its village, however, has the entire universe at its command. In a cell or in a desert is infinity. In a stone you sleep cosmically.

There are, however, occasions of meditation - and to all who meditate they come - when everything is worn out, everything old, everything seen, even if it is yet to be seen. Because however much we meditate on anything, and by meditating on it transform it, we never transform it into anything other than the substance of meditation. Then comes the urge for life, to know without knowing it, to meditate only with the senses or to think in a tactile or sensitive way, from within the object thought, as if we were water and it was a sponge. Then we also have our night, and the tiredness of all emotions deepens as they are emotions of thought, already deep. But it is a night without rest, without moonlight, without stars, a night as if everything had been turned inside out – the infinite turned inside and tight, the day made black lining of an unknown garment.

It's better, yes, it's better to always be the human slug that loves and doesn't know, the leech that is disgusting without knowing it. Ignore as life! Feel like oblivion! What episodes lost in the white green wake of the ships gone, like a cold spit from the tall helm serving as a nose under the eyes of old chambers! (SOARES, [nd], p. 122-124).

Bernardo Soares, in this passage, makes an evident use of Platonism (PLATÃO, 1975), as we read at the beginning: “Recognizing reality as a form of illusion, and illusion as a form of reality, is equally necessary and equally useless ” (SOARES, [nd], p. 122). To effectively understand the question related to Platonism, as well as the essence of this fragment, it is pertinent to remember that Plato believed that ideas were more perfect than matter, the 'concrete, real' (PLATO, 1975).

In this way, the philosopher was convinced that things experienced and designed only in thought were better and more exquisite and masterful than those built and experienced in the material world, that is, external to thought and imagination. When stating that it is necessary and, at the same time, useless to recognize the real world as a form of illusion and the ideal world as a form of reality, there is a strong Platonism (PLATO, 1975), since there is a mixture of reality (Plato, 1975). matter) with fantasy (illusion).

Furthermore, the semi-heteronym of Fernando Pessoa weaves very philosophical sayings in this passage. An example of this is when he considers the usefulness of writing something cathartic, liberating. In an imaginative sense, everything becomes probable: the environments, the details, the specifications. Bernardo Soares, therefore, focuses on the question of Platonism in a very precise way and, in the work as

a whole, emphasizes the writing of the fictionalization of the self. There is, therefore, a subject who fictionalizes the self.

Bearing these aspects in mind, Soares selects words that can present a meaning of alternation between the real and the imaginary, as can be seen in this passage: meditate with the senses alone or think in a tactile or sensitive way [...]” (SOARES, [nd], 123). The act of knowing without, in fact, being with knowledge and the act of meditating with the senses refer to circumstances that are not based on reality in its global sense. Fragment number 90 shows a complex thought process by the narrator, with ephemeral personal impressions. Next, the analysis is directed to section 126.

#### 2.4 EXCERPT 126: “IN THESE PERIODS OF THE SHADOW, I AM INCAPABLE OF THINKING, FEELING, WANTING”

I have big stagnations. It's not that, like everyone else, I have days upon days to respond in a postcard to the urgent letter they wrote me. It's not that, like anyone else, I put off indefinitely what is easy that is useful to me, or what is useful that is pleasant to me. There is more subtlety in my disintelligence with me. I stagnate in the same soul. I have a suspension of will, emotion, thought, and this suspension lasts for many days; only the vegetative life of the soul – the word, the gesture, the habit – express myself to others and, through them, to myself.

In these periods of the shadow, I am unable to think, to feel, to want. I don't know how to write more than numbers, or dashes. I don't feel it, and the death of the one I loved would make me feel as if it had been carried out in a foreign language. I can't; it is as if I were sleeping and my gestures, my words, my correct actions were nothing more than a peripheral breathing, a rhythmic instinct of any organism.

That's how days go by, I can't even say how much of my life, if added up, wouldn't have passed like this. Sometimes it occurs to me that, when I put this stop to myself, perhaps I am not in the nudity I suppose, and there are still impalpable garments covering the eternal absence of my true soul; It occurs to me that thinking, feeling, wanting can also be stagnation, in the face of a more intimate thinking, a feeling more mine, a will lost somewhere in the labyrinth of what I really am.

Anyway, let it be. And to the god, or the gods, whatever, I let go of what I am, as luck dictates and chance does, faithful to a forgotten commitment (SOARES, [nd], p. 165-166).

The narrator introduces passage 126, exposing that he has great stagnations, that is, an inertia, a stagnation. The stagnation in Bernardo Soares resides in the soul, according to what he reports: “I stagnate in the same soul.” (SOARES, [nd], p. 165). This much-mentioned doldrums often occurs in their daily lives, interrupting the fulfillment of desires, emotions, and thoughts. A suspension of will, emotion and thought that lasts for vast days. It can be seen that the beginning of this passage presents a discouraged poet who does not consider himself able to perform certain activities, for example, writing.

Soares begins the second paragraph by ascertaining his inability to think (consequently, he will not be able to write cohesive texts), to feel (which will intensify stagnation), and to want (here, there is a fortification of loneliness, nostalgia, discouragement, because the poet does not fulfill his wishes, internalizing them in an extremely unhappy way). It is essential to notice the expression “In these periods of shadows [...]” (SOARES, [nd], p. 166). By continuing to read the fragment, the narrator's incapacity is justified by this expression. He, therefore, does not think, does not feel and cannot carry out his desires, his wills, as he experiences a dark moment that compromises his emotional state. The sluggishness present in

his life is not understood as a kind of 'relaxation, rest', but rather as expressions that originate from times of mourning.

These expressions would then be a form of protest by the poet, who does not call himself capable of carrying out his work in the midst of an obscure, gloomy time. That's why stagnations are born. And these stagnations cause the writing of words with little significance, since the author writes random things because he is unable to think during that specific moment: "I don't know how to write more than numbers, or risks" (SOARES, [nd], p. 166). Finally, it seems that Soares is satisfied with his current situation and, for that, he says: "Whatever it is, I'll let it be. And to the god, or the gods, whatever, I let go of what I am, as luck dictates and chance does, faithful to a forgotten commitment" (SOARES, [nd], p. 166). In any case, the narrator will let the facts follow the natural order of things.

By relying on randomness, that is, on writing words with meanings that are not so relevant, for witnessing an obscure time, having "great stagnations", Bernardo Soares writes the segmented *Livro do Desassossego*. At each moment experienced in obscurity, he writes single words, any register that confirms his doldrums. It is worth noting that the time of each human being is not the time "of others", as suggested by Ferreira (2013), in the Dictionary of Bachelardian images, symbols, myths, terms and concepts. The time of each human being cannot be understood as a passage that runs horizontally like the "time of things", nor is it the time of their chronological life. It is, therefore, the time that it takes to live in the fullness of the moment. Bernardo Soares does exactly that: he lives the period of shadows in its entirety, completeness. Next, we go into the analysis of section 167.

## 2.5 EXCERPT 167: "THE MONOTONY OF EVERYTHING IS, HOWEVER, NOTHING BUT THE MONOTONY OF ME"

I'm in a day where the monotony of everything weighs on me, like a prison entry. The monotony of everything, however, is nothing but the monotony of me. Each face, even if it is the one we saw yesterday, is different today, because today is not yesterday. Every day is the day it is, and there has never been another like it in the world. Only in our soul is the identity - the felt identity, although false, with itself - by which everything is similar and simplified. The world is detached things and different edges; but if we are short-sighted, it is an insufficient and continuous fog.

My wish is to run away. Running away from what I know, running away from what's mine, running away from what I love. I want to leave – not for the impossible Indies, or for the great islands to the south of everything, but for any place – village or wilderness – that has in itself the non-being of this place. I want to no longer see these faces, these habits and these days. I want to rest, oblivious, from my organic pretense. I want to feel sleep come as life, not rest. A cabin by the sea, a cave, even, on the rough terrace of a mountain, can give me this. Unfortunately, my will alone can not give it to me.

Slavery is the law of life, and there is no other law, because it must be fulfilled, with no possible revolt or refuge to find. Some are born slaves, others become slaves, and to others slavery is given. The cowardly love that we all have for freedom – which, if we had it, we would find it strange, for new, repudiating it – is the true sign of the weight of our slavery. I myself, who just said that I would want the hut or cave where I was free from the monotony of everything, which is my own, would I dare to go to that hut or cave, knowing, by knowledge, that, since monotony is of me, would I always have it with me? I myself, who suffocate where I am and why I am, where would I breathe better, if the disease is of my lungs and not of the things that surround me? I myself, who long for the pure sun and open fields, for the visible sea and the entire horizon, who tells me I wouldn't be surprised

by the bed, or the food, or not having to go down the eight flights of stairs to the street, or not go into the tobacconist on the corner, or not exchange good mornings with the idle barber?  
Everything that surrounds us becomes part of us, infiltrates us in the sensation of flesh and life, and, drools of the great Spider, subtly connects us to what is close, ensnaring us in a light bed of slow death, where we sway in the wind. .  
Everything is us, and we are everything; but what good is this, if everything is nothing?  
A ray of sunlight, a cloud that the sudden shadow says passes, a breeze that rises, the silence that follows when it ceases, one face or another, some voices, the casual laughter between them that speak, and then the night where the broken hieroglyphs of the stars emerge meaninglessly (SOARES, [nd], p. 214-215).

As in the previous passage, the poet, in fragment number 167, still goes through stagnation. However, the stagnation in this passage is understood as a monotony, the absence of life and vigor. The narrator experiences a day that weighs him down with the 'monotony of everything'. This 'monotony of everything' encompasses one's own boredom, or, in his words: "monotony of me" (SOARES, [nd], p. 214). According to the poet, everything is different and highlights the information that the faces seen yesterday are not the same in the present, the now, the today. Everything, in fact, changes, transforms, becomes different. There can be no similarities. In Soares' ideas, each day is a unique day and there cannot be another similar: " Each day is the day it is, and there has never been another like it in the world" (SOARES, [nd], p. 214).

As he proceeds with his self-analysis, the narrator reveals that his desire is to escape. Run away from what he knows, what belongs to him, what he loves. He longs to go somewhere other than where he currently resides. The narrator's desire to flee is explained in the following words: "I want to no longer see these faces, these habits and these days. I want to rest, oblivious, from my organic pretense" (SOARES, [nd], p. 214). With this, it is clear to see that Bernardo Soares no longer wants to be in an environment where people can develop the same habits, that is, every day performing the same activities, actions, tasks. This, for the narrator, is something monotonous. Therefore, he prefers to relax, detached from his 'natural pretense'. Soares wants to get rid of the monotony of everything, which is his own monotony.

At the beginning of the third paragraph, the narrator postulates: "Slavery is the law of life, and there is no other law, because it must be fulfilled, without possible revolt or refuge to find [...]" (SOARES, [ nd], p. 214). In other words: we are always slaves to something, since there are rules in life. These rules must be followed with austerity. When freedom is sought and not achieved, the feeling of cowardice is born. Everyone loves freedom and, at the same time, there is a certain repudiation, because when freedom is, in fact, desired, individuals become open to changes, to transformations. They are exposed to the new, to everything that was not possible to experience while embodying the position of a prisoner. Thus, when one returns to following certain rules, norms, the role of being a slave is fulfilled, faithful to obeying the monotonous regulated system of life.

The passage under analysis presents philosophical nuances, which are important for the reader to understand the real situation of the narrator. Bernardo Soares starts talking about the monotony of life, goes on to talk about freedom and, finally, he philosophizes in an exaggerated way: "Everything is us, and we



are everything; but what good is it, if everything is nothing?” (SOARES, [nd], p. 215). Everything is nothing and it is useless to change the conclusion reached by Soares. The poet wants to become free. Free from the rules of life, the boredom that inhabits it and the similarities that exist and that make individuals common, with disenchanting singularities, which do not prioritize individualization, the 'unique', the 'different' so emphasized at the beginning of the fragment. Such specificities lead to the reflection that the poet goes through both an external and an internal plane when explaining his anxieties. As Souto (2005, p. 55) expounds, the interminable

[...] the journey to explore the external world in reflection to the internal and vice versa – transit and wandering of a Self ( im )possible to Other Selves – leads Pessoa’s enunciating subjects to show themselves in unfolding and fragmentation, as in which they assume various masks. The project of Pessoa’s heteronymy makes itself known through disseminated voices, in echoes that are sometimes confluent, sometimes mismatched, in a process of plurivocal ( un ) masking – or poetic pretense.

With each fragment, Soares assumes a new anguish, a new melancholy that needs to be addressed. You have a new desire; raises it. Multiple masks are considered to externalize your yearnings. In the meantime, the analysis of section 197 is discussed below.

## 2.6 EXCERPT 197: “WHAT I WAS AND WILL NEVER BE AGAIN!”

I feel time with enormous pain. It is always with exaggerated emotion that I abandon anything. The poor rented room where I spent a few months, the table in the provincial hotel where I spent six days, the very sad waiting room at the railway station where I spent two hours waiting for the train – yes, but the good things in life, when I abandon them and think, with all the sensitivity of my nerves, that I will never see them and have them again, at least at that precise and exact moment, they pain me metaphysically. An abyss opens in my soul and a cold breath of God’s hour brushes my pale face.

The time! The past! Then something, a voice, a song, an occasional perfume lifts the cloth of my memories in my soul... What I was and will never be again! What I had and will never have again! The deads! The dead who loved me in my childhood. When I evoke them, my whole soul cools down and I feel exiled from my heart, alone in the night of myself, crying like a beggar the closed silence of all doors (SOARES, [nd], p. 250-251).

As in the excerpt number 6, the fragment number 197 has an extremely melancholy content. Right at the beginning, it reads: “I feel time as a huge pain” (SOARES, [nd], p. 250). For the narrator, each passage of time makes him feel pain. It's as if every moment he experiences represents something sad, totally based on a nostalgic and depressing memory. In *Livro do Desassossego*, there are many fragments in which the semi-heteronym of Fernando Pessoa weaves very melancholic sayings. However, the melancholy, in the passage under analysis, becomes more evident. It is pertinent to point out that, by prioritizing the issue of time, the poet creates, at all times, worlds which, for a moment, are his alone. His work is, in fact, an accomplishment. It is a good that always accompanies you. Therefore, the poet is never alone.

The narrator goes on to explain to the reader that, with an exacerbated emotion, many things were abandoned by him: “The poor rented room where I spent a few months, the table in the provincial hotel

where I spent six days, the sad waiting room at the train station itself, railroad [...]" (SOARES, [nd], p. 250), which is valid to note that these abandonments committed by the author contributed to the intensification of the melancholy so prevalent in the enunciative moment of his writing. In fact, the excerpt number 197 can be understood as another outburst of a poet who lives in solitude and analyzes, in detail, all the relevant and irrelevant events of his history, in order to find a real or imaginary meaning. More specifically regarding the noted melancholy, Gonçalves (2012, p. 3) proposes the following reflection: "In melancholy, there is a deep regret in the face of loss through which, a work of mourning, would elaborate it at some point. Absolute refusal to deal with impulses of love and hate towards the lost object". Melancholy is your foundation for externalizing worries.

In the second paragraph, Bernardo Soares is more reflective: "Time! The past! Then something, a voice, a song, an occasional perfume lifts in my soul the curtain of my memories [...]" (SOARES, [nd], p. 251). Here, the poet focuses on the question of remembrance, remembrance, more explicitly. There is, inside him, a voice that reminds him of his moments. Thus, it can be concluded that the aforementioned voice, or, as Soares himself postulates "a song, an occasional perfume" (SOARES, [nd], p. 251), helps in the predominance of consternation. Further on, the poet continues with the exposition of lamentations: "What I was and will never be again! What I had and will never have again! The dead! The dead who loved me in my childhood" (SOARES, [nd], p. 251). The use of verbs in the past tense refers exactly to the idea of an action already completed, finished in time, since everything has been finished and it is no longer possible to change anything, as can be seen in the use of the adverb 'never'.

As it is an adverb that can perform two functions, that of tense or negation, depending on the context of the sentence in which it is inserted, it is necessary to analyze the use of such expression. In this fragment of the *Livro do Desassossego*, the 'never' refers to a negation. So why does the poet employ it when he utters: "That which I was and shall **never** be again!" (SOARES, [nd], p. 251, emphasis added)? The answer to this question is simple: since the passage 197 has a melancholic characteristic, the negation that the adverb 'never' presents excludes, therefore, any possibility of reconquest that may exist in the poet's imagination, transforming him into a reclusive individual. of your memories. It is worth mentioning the use of the demonstrative pronoun 'that' as a way of exploring, with more emphasis, the theme of this fragment. Used twice, this usage refers to the idea of distancing, considering what semantics and traditional grammar determine. Objectively, the meaning of the pronoun 'that' causes a kind of distance between the narrator and his explanatory material.

The outcome of the fragment, in turn, could not be different: an intense charge of melancholy – "[...] alone in the night of myself, crying like a beggar the closed silence of all doors." (SOARES, [s.d], p. 251). Sadness is rooted in the essence of the poet. She will accompany you in your deepest daydreams. In reverie, the subject is aware that he is the author of his fantasy activity. The writer's daydreams, in the case of Fernando Pessoa, who signs as Bernardo Soares, cannot be understood as escapes from reality. Read:

Whether in the labyrinth of oneself, in the silent ability to question reality, in the complex and contradictory worldview that leads to an unlimited awareness of love and *jouissance*, or in the observation of Lisbon – the author’s “biographical” drama – Pessoa experiences, in sensations, observations and reflection, their disillusionment (like a certain lack of hope) in relation to the world (GONÇALVES, 2012, p. 6).

They are verticalizing instants of unutterable significance, transposed into a written work, that is: the *Livro do Desassossego*. Your life, at that particular moment, is bound to absorb sadness. Next, we move on to the analysis of the seventh and final section.

## 2.7 EXERCISE 338: “EVERYTHING IS COMPLEX, OR SO AM I”

[...]

The geography of awareness of reality is of a great complexity of coasts, very rugged with mountains and lakes. And everything seems to me, if I think too much, a kind of map like the one in the *Pays du Tendre* or *Gulliver's Travels*, a joke of exactitude inscribed in an ironic or fanciful book for the delight of superior beings, who know where lands are lands.

Everything is complex for those who think, and no doubt thought makes it more complex by its own voluptuousness. But those who think have the need to justify their abdication with a vast program of understanding, exposed, like the reasons of those who lie, with all the excessive details that discover, with the spread of the earth, the root of the lie.

Everything is complex, or so am I. But anyway, it doesn't matter because, anyway, nothing matters. All this, all these misplaced considerations from the wide street, vegetate in the backyards of the excluded gods like vines far from the walls. And I smile, on the night when I endlessly conclude these untidy considerations, at the vital irony that makes them emerge from a human soul, an orphan, from before the stars, from the great reasons of Destiny (SOARES, [nd], p. 412- 413).

Fragment number 338, unlike the fragments already analyzed in this work, is based on the definition of *dianoia* – thought (GUERREIRO, 1995). *Dianoia is hypothetical* - deductive knowledge. It is, therefore, the thought that works hypothetically by reasonings that are concluded, in an exact and veridical way, starting with unproven assertions. Such unproven assertions are, therefore, the hypotheses: “As is known, Plato defines *dianoia* as 'dialogue of the soul with itself’” (GUERREIRO, 1995, p. 126).

In the fragment in focus, the predominance of the word 'complex' is perceptible, precisely because *dianoia* is about the real world and is a very discerned expression in the field of mathematics. It can be understood as a mathematical principle with the function of proving. When exposing that “ Everything is complex for those who think, and without a doubt thought makes it more complex by its own voluptuousness” (SOARES, [nd], p. 412), the narrator highlights the complexity that exists when one wants to design a thought. At all times, we weave hypotheses for the most varied situations that we experience in our lives. Therefore, Bernardo Soares considers that the act of thinking makes things more complex out of pure voluptuousness, pleasure. When thinking, from the author's point of view, an understanding is certainly sought to transform a certain assumption into truth, that is, into something that is considered concrete.

Furthermore, Soares emphasizes another point related to complexity: “Everything is complex, or I am” (SOARES, [nd], p. 413). He, when uttering this sentence, can lead us to the idea that the individual is complex. We are complex. We have doubts, uncertainties, insecurities. We live based on hypotheses, on

deductive speculations. Perhaps it is for this reason that the narrator determines himself as complex. Subsequently, nothing matters: if everything is complex for those who think or if everything is complex, or I am the one who is, emphasizing his sayings.

This passage masterfully describes the real definition of *dianoia*: “The geography of the awareness of reality is of a great complexity of coasts, very rugged with mountains and lakes” (SOARES, [nd], p. 412). Guerreiro (1995, p. 132) adds: “[...] in *dianoia*, just one individual dialoguing with his soul or, to use modern terminology, with an alter ego or an imaginary receiver assuming the role of his interlocutor”. Therefore, knowing reality and becoming aware of the problems that are present in it are facts that imply, above all, the existence of complex thoughts that are constantly built.

### 3 BY WAY OF CONCLUSION

Writing is forgetting. Literature is the most pleasant way to ignore life. Music lulls, the visual arts enliven, the living arts (such as dance and acting) entertain. The first, however, departs from life by making it a sleep; the second, however, do not depart from life — some because they use visible and therefore vital formulas, others because they live by the same human life.

This is not the case with literature. This simulates life. A novel is a story of what never was and a drama is a novel given without narrative. A poem is the expression of ideas or feelings in language that nobody uses, since nobody speaks in verse (SOARES, [nd], p. 154).

Literature as a simulation of life. This sentence can be constituted as a synthesis of the words chosen to be included in the final section of this article. Although it was not one of the objects of analysis, excerpt 116 of the *Book of Disquiet* expresses, masterfully, one of the functions of literature, so it is incumbent upon us to highlight it. Fernando Pessoa resorts, as pointed out in the introductory notes, to writing the real feeling, the true emotion. Subjectively, feelings are constructed in prose, in order to highlight a narrative nourished by anguish, investigations and multiple questions. This aspect was noticed in the seven analyzed passages. The issue of melancholy, by way of example, was significantly demarcated, since Bernardo Soares sought to develop anxieties and concerns, since the work is characterized by being an exhaustive self-analysis of the self.

Based on a qualitative methodological approach (GIL, 2008), Pessoa's genius is confirmed in enabling the writing of real feelings in the form of prose consolidated by intense subjectivities. At the heart of this finding, it is expected that the present text constitutes a reflective construct for the studies of Portuguese Literature, in order to encourage discussions about the sagacity of the Portuguese poet. It is also expected that the analysis of the excerpts will serve as objects of reflection for Portuguese language classes, considering the indispensability of the teacher to encourage means to guide students to an effective literary reading (SANTOS, 2021) of classic works, such as the that was addressed in this article.

One cannot fail to point out: literature has language as a structuring element. And, considering that many actions are expressed by language and sayings are uttered, one of the relationships established between writing and speech lies precisely in the way thought is engendered to be manifested through

profuse feelings . In the case of Fernando Pessoa, life is dreamed, the dream is planned. It is a knowledge that reflected everywhere in his created universe, something that can be understood as 'Person's universe'. Bernardo Soares is a truly appropriate example of this factor, as he dreams and feels constantly, which is one of his founding idiosyncrasies.

After all, as Fernando Pessoa postulated in his *Desassossego* , right in one of the last sections, “From the Preface to the Fictions of the Interlude” ([nd], p. 727-728): “[...] [Bernardo Soares] is not distinguished from me for the style of exposing. I give the different personality through the style that is natural to me, there being nothing more than the inevitable distinction of the special tone that the very specialty of emotions necessarily projects”. This is the genuine foundation of the philosopher's writing, essayist and poet: the drama of human reflections, achieving success in terms of building himself as the most inspiring Portuguese literary figure in Modernity.

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