

Canções dos Desassossego - FORM

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Tabacaria / The Tobacco Shoppe

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Da Capo al Fine

Tabacaria / The Tobacco Shoppe

TEXT by Fernando Pessoa / Heteronyms (All translations by composer)

Introdução

Não sou nada.
Nunca serei nada.
Não posso querer ser nada.
À parte isso, tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo.

- From *Tabacaria* (The Tobacco Shoppe) by Álvaro de Campos

I am nothing.
I will never be anything.
I can't want to be anything.
Aside from that, I have inside me all of the dreams of the world.

Movement I

Intervalo I

I dress myself, like the mad, with dried flowers that continue to live in their dreams.

I am a well of gestures that I didn't even sketch, of words that I never thought of putting on the curve of my lips, of dreams that I forgot to dream until the end.

I am the ruin of buildings that were never more than ruins, that someone got tired of in the middle of building.

These are my Confessions, and if I say nothing in them I have nothing to say.

- Vicente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Canção I - Praeludium

Nada fica de nada. Nada somos.
Um pouco ao sol e ao ar nos atrasamos
Da irrespirável treva que nos pese
Da húmida terra imposta,
Cadáveres adiados que procriam.

Leis feitas, estátuas vistas, odes findas —
Tudo tem cova sua. Se nós, carnes
A que um íntimo sol dá sangue, temos
Poente, porque não elas?
Somos contos contando contos, nada.

- Ricardo Reis

Song I - Prelude

Nothing comes of nothing. We are nothing.
A little of the sun and of the air we postpone
From the unbreathable darkness that weighs us down
From the damp imposed earth,
Delayed corpses that procreate.

Laws made, statues viewed, odes finished –
Everything has its grave. If we, flesh
That an intimate sun gives blood, have
a sunset, why not them?
We are stories telling stories, nothing.

Intervalo II

All of this is empty, even the idea of emptiness. All of this is said in another language, incomprehensible to us, mere sounds of syllables without form in understanding. Life is hollow, the soul is hollow, the world is hollow. All gods die a greater death than death. Everything is emptier than a vacuum. It is all a chaos of nothing.

If I think this and look around to see if reality will quench my thirst, I see inexpressive houses, inexpressive faces, inexpressive gestures. Stones, bodies, ideas – everything is dead.

Nothing means anything to me. Everything looks unfamiliar, not because I find it strange but because I don't know what it is. The world is lost. And in the depths of my soul – the only reality of the moment, there is an intense and invisible pain, a sadness like the sound of someone crying in a dark room.

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Movement II

Intervalo III

Humanitarianism is a rudeness.

This cult of humanity, with its rituals of Liberty, and humanity, always seemed to me like the revival of ancient cults, where the animals were like gods, or the gods had animal heads.

Nothing weighs so heavy on my sorrow than the words of moral society.

Poor concepts without soul or character, Liberty, Humanity, Happiness...

I feel offended by the supposition that these expressions have something to do with me.

I just feel sorry that I don't know how to be someone who feels sorry.

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Canção II

Falas de civilização, e de não dever ser,
Ou de não dever ser assim.
Dizes que todos sofrem, ou a maioria de todos,
Com as coisas humanas postas desta maneira.
Dizes que se fossem diferentes, sofreriam menos.
Dizes que se fossem como tu queres, seriam melhor.
Escuto sem te ouvir.

Para que te quereria eu ouvir?
Ouvindo-te nada ficaria sabendo.
Que tenho eu com o que deveria ser?
O que deve ser é o que não ha.
Se as coisas fossem diferentes, seriam diferentes: eis tudo.
Se as coisas fossem como tu queres, seriam só como tu queres.
Ai de ti e de todos que levam a vida
A querer inventar a máquina de fazer felicidade!

- Alberto Caeiro

Song II

You speak of civilization, of how it shouldn't be,
Or how it should be like that.
You say that everyone suffers, or most everyone,
With human affairs managed this way.
You say that if things were different, they would suffer less.
You say that if they were the way you want them, they would be better.
I hear you without listening.

Why would I want to listen to you?
Listening to you I would learn nothing.
What do I care about how things should be?
What should be doesn't exist.
If things were different they would be different: that is all.
If things were as you want them, they would be as you want them
Woe betide you and to all who spend their lives
Trying to invent the machine to make happiness!

Intervalo IV

All revolutionaries are stupid...

...knights on foot defending some abandoned ideal.

...a colorless landscape of monotonous souls rising to the surface for a moment to speak old words and worn gestures, descending again to the bottom of the fundamental stupidity of human expression.

But, in truth, nothing changes anything, and what we say or do only addresses the tops of the mountains, in whose valleys all things sleep.

- Vicente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Movement III

Intervalo V

A lap or a cradle or a warm arm about my neck...A voice that sings low and makes me want to cry...The sound of the fire in the fireplace...A warmth in the winter...A misplacement of my consciousness...And then, without sound, a calm dream in a huge space, like the moon rotating between the stars...

- Vicente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Canção III Qualquer Música

Qualquer música, ah, qualquer,
Logo que me tire da alma
Esta incerteza que quer
Qualquer impossível calma!

Qualquer música — guitarra,
Viola, harmónio, realejo...
Um canto que se desgarrar...
Um sonho em que nada vejo...

Qualquer coisa que não vida!
Jota, fado, a confusão
Da última dança vivida...
Que eu não sinta o coração!

- Fernando Pessoa

Song III Any Music

Any music, ah, any,
As soon as you take me out of my soul
This uncertainty wants
Any impossible calm!

Any music – guitar,
Viola, harmonium, barrel-organ
A song that falls part...
A dream in which I see nothing...

Anything other than life!
Jota, fado, confusion
Of the final dance lived...
May I not feel the heart!

Intervalo VI – Ricercar for Lyrus

...quincunxes, arbors, artificial caves, flowerbeds, fountains, all the art left from the dead masters...

...marbled in distant palaces, reminiscences placing hands on ours, casual glances of indecision,
sunsets in their fateful skies, dusk, stars hanging over the silences of decaying empires...

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Movement IV

Intervalo VII

I want to scream in my head. I want to stop, crush, break this impossible gramophone record that
sounds inside me...

I want to order my soul to stop, let me out, and drive on without me.

...everyone and everything oppresses me, strangles me and drives me crazy....

But I raise my head to the blue sky, expose my face to the unconsciously cool wind, lower my
eyelids having seen it, forget my face after having felt it. I don't feel better, I feel different.

High in the sky, like a livable nothing, a tiny cloud is a white oblivion of the entire universe.

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Canção IV Fresta

Em meus momentos escuros
Em que em mim não há ninguém,
E tudo é névoas e muros
Quanto a vida dá ou tem,

Se, um instante, erguendo a fronte
De onde em mim sou aterrado,
Vejo o longínquo horizonte
Cheio de sol posto ou nado

Revivo, existo, conheço,
E, ainda que seja ilusão
O exterior em que me esqueço,
Nada mais quero nem peço.
Entrego-lhe o coração.

- Fernando Pessoa

Song IV Loophole

In my dark moments
In which in me there is no one
And everything is fog and walls
That all of life has to offer

If, for a moment, lifting my forehead
From where in me I am terrified
I see the distant horizon
Full of the sun setting or swimming

I revive, I exist, I know
And even if it is an illusion
The outside where I forget myself.
I don't want to ask for anything more.
I give you my heart.

Intervalo VIII – In Memoriam B. B.

I am free and lost.
I feel. Cooling fever. I am I.

Like all of nature I have failed.

...colorless light...

Ah, it is not true that life is painful, or that it is painful to think about life.
If we are natural it will pass as it came, fade as it grew. Everything is nothing and our pain with it.

Tired I close the shutters of my windows, exclude the world, and for a moment have freedom.

Vitality recovers and revives. The dead are buried. Losses lost.

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Movement V

Intervalo IX

And right now, conscious of knowing how to see, I look at the vast objective metaphysics of all with a certainty that makes me want to die singing. "I am the size of what I see!" And the vague moonlight, entirely mine, begins to mar the half-black blue of the horizon.
I want to raise my arms and shout things of unknown savagery, to have words with the high mysteries...

"I am the size of what I see!" And the phrase becomes my entire soul...

Canção V – Fuga

Quando tornar a vir a primavera
Talvez já não me encontre no mundo.
Gostava agora de poder julgar que a primavera é gente
Para poder suppor que ella choraria,
Vendo que perdera o seu unico amigo.
Mas a primavera nem sequer é uma coisa:
É uma maneira de dizer.
Nem mesmo as flores tornam, ou as folhas verdes.
Ha novas flores, novas folhas verdes.
Ha outros dias suaves.
Nada torna, nada se repete, porque tudo é real.

- Alberto Caeiro

Song V - Fugue

When spring comes again
I may no longer be in the world.
I would like to think that spring is a person
So I may imagine she would cry,
Seeing that she lost her only friend.
But spring isn't even a thing:

It is a manner of speaking.
Not even the flowers return, or the green leaves.
There are new flowers, new green leaves.
There are other gentle days.
Nothing returns, nothing is repeated, because everything is real.

Intervalo X

We never know when we are sincere. Maybe we never will be. And even if we are sincere today, tomorrow we may be sincere about something contrary.

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Movement VI

Intervalo XI

I carry with me the knowledge of my defeat like a flag of victory.

The energy to fight was stillborn in us because we were born with no enthusiasm for fighting.

What of the tambourine, still bear?

- Vincente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Canção VI – Adiamento (Contrafacta for Sharon)

Depois de amanhã, sim, só depois de amanhã...
Levarei amanhã a pensar em depois de amanhã,
E assim será possível; mas hoje não...
Não, hoje nada; hoje não posso.
A persistência confusa da minha subjectividade objectiva,
O sono da minha vida real, intercalado,
O cansaço antecipado e infinito,
Um cansaço de mundos para apanhar um eléctrico...
Esta espécie de alma...
Só depois de amanhã...
Hoje quero preparar-me,
Quero preparar-me para pensar amanhã no dia seguinte...
Ele é que é decisivo.
Tenho já o plano traçado; mas não, hoje não traço planos...
Amanhã é o dia dos planos.
Amanhã sentar-me-ei à secretária para conquistar o mundo;
Mas só conquistarei o mundo depois de amanhã...
Tenho vontade de chorar,

Tenho vontade de chorar muito de repente, de dentro...
 Não, não queiram saber mais nada, é segredo, não digo.
 Só depois de amanhã...
 Quando era criança o circo de domingo divertia-me toda a semana.
 Hoje só me diverte o circo de domingo de toda a semana da minha infância...
 Depois de amanhã serei outro,
 A minha vida triunfar-se-á,
 Todas as minhas qualidades reais de inteligente, lido e prático
 Serão convocadas por um edital...
 Mas por um edital de amanhã...
 Hoje quero dormir, redigirei amanhã...
 Por hoje qual é o espectáculo que me repetiria a infância?
 Mesmo para eu comprar os bilhetes amanhã,
 Que depois de amanhã é que está bem o espectáculo...
 Antes, não...
 Depois de amanhã terei a pose pública que amanhã estudarei.
 Depois de amanhã serei finalmente o que hoje não posso nunca ser.
 Só depois de amanhã...
 Tenho sono como o frio de um cão vadio.
 Tenho muito sono.
 Amanhã te direi as palavras, ou depois de amanhã...
 Sim, talvez só depois de amanhã...
 O porvir...
 Sim, o porvir...
 - Álvaro de Campos

Song VI – Postponement (Contrafacta for Sharon)

The day after tomorrow, yes, only the day after tomorrow...
 I'll take tomorrow to think about the day after tomorrow,
 And it may be possible; but not today...
 No, nothing today; today I can not.
 The confused persistence of my objective subjectivity,
 The sleep of my real life, interspersed, anticipated, and infinitely tired,
 The tiredness of worlds trying to catch a tram...
 This species of soul...
 Only the day after tomorrow...
 Today I want to prepare myself, I want to prepare myself to think about tomorrow the next day...
 That will be the decisive one.
 I already have the plan drawn; but no, I am not planning today...
 Tomorrow is the day for plans.
 Tomorrow I will sit at my desk to conquer the world;
 But I will only conquer the world the day after tomorrow...
 I have to cry, I have to cry a lot suddenly, from inside...
 No, don't want to know anything else, it is a secret, I am not telling.

Only the day after tomorrow.

When I was a child, the Sunday circus entertained me all week.
Today I am only amused by the Sunday circus of the entire week of my childhood...
The day after tomorrow I will be different,
My life will triumph,
All my real qualities of intelligence, erudition and practicality
Will be called by an official announcement...
But the announcement will be made tomorrow...
Today I want to sleep, I'll write it tomorrow
Today, what is the show that would remind me of my childhood?
I'll buy tickets tomorrow,
The day after tomorrow is when the show will be...
Not before...
The day after tomorrow I will have the public image that I will study tomorrow.
The day after tomorrow I will finally be what today I could never be.
Only the day after tomorrow.

I am tired like the cold of a stray dog.
I am very tired.
Tomorrow I will tell you the words, or the day after tomorrow...
Yes, maybe only the day after tomorrow...
The future...
Yes, the future...

Intervalo XII

What we lost, what we should have loved, what we got and were by mistake...

Who knows what they think or what they desire? Who knows what meaning they have for themselves? How many things are suggested to us by music and how comforting to know those things can never be!

- Vicente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

Da Capo al Fine

May this hour pass and be forgotten...
May the night approach, grow, descend on all things and never end.
May this be my eternal tomb...

- Vicente Guedes / Bernardo Soares

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Nunca serei nada.
Não posso querer ser nada.
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