Dreams Of Dreams And The Last Three Days Of Fernando Pessoa

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Synopsis

Elaborately imagined...mini-catalog of great artists’ dreams and the author’s interpretation of the last three days in the life of Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa. Tabucchi’s rich language and his magical-realist charm tinge the volume with a visionary glow."—Publishers Weekly" A lovely little book that keeps ringing in your head long after you’ve finished it."—Kirkus

Chapter One

DREAM OF DAEDALUS, ARCHITECT AND AVIATOR

One night, thousands of years ago, at a time impossible to calculate exactly, Daedalus, architect and aviator, had a dream. He dreamed that he was deep inside an immense palace and he was going through a corridor. The corridor opened into another corridor and Daedalus, tired and confused, walked along it, leaning on the walls. When he had come to the end, the corridor opened into a small octagonal room, from which eight corridors branched out. Daedalus began to feel short of breath and a need for fresh air. He entered one corridor, but it ended against a wall. He went into another, but it too ended against a wall. Seven times Daedalus made an attempt until, on the eighth attempt, he entered a very long corridor that, after a series of curves and corners, led out into another corridor. Daedalus then sat down on a marble step and began to reflect. On the corridor walls were flaming torches that illuminated frescoes blue with birds and flowers. I’m the only one who could know how to get out of here, Daedalus said to himself, and I don’t remember. He took off his sandals and began to walk barefoot on the green marble floor. To console himself, he began to sing an ancient dirge he had learned from an old servant who had rocked his infant cradle. The arcades of the long corridor carried his voice back to him ten times over. I’m the only one who could know how to get out of here, said Daedalus, and I don’t remember. At that moment, he came out into a wide, circular room frescoed with absurd landscapes. He remembered that room but he couldn’t remember why he remembered it. There were seats covered with luxurious fabrics and, in the middle of the room, a large bed. On the edge of the bed was seated.

Book Information

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This book is a collection of short stories of dreams of various major artists or influences on the arts - from Daedalus to Freud. It is a book that makes me wish to be more broadly educated in European literature - for when I was familiar with the biography and works of the individual, the matching of the imagined dream to the individual was more clear. For example, the dream of Federico Garcia Lorca picks up on his work regarding deepsong. Lorca is on stage singing a Gypsy song "a song about duels and orange groses, passion and death" ... A small black dog leads him towards his death as a traitor ... The dream is a wonderful mix of clarity and chaotic jumps, as are real dreams. Tabucchi writes in his normal taut prose - with wonderful lines to mull over: "Life is indecipherable, answered Pessoa. Never ask and never believe. Everything is hidden." But this book, unlike his other works requires significant knowledge of his reader. If you’ve never read Tabucchi, I would suggest that you begin with any of his other books. If you are a Tabucchi fan, this new book will not disappoint you.

Imaginative and exquisitely written. A treat to the imagination.

I was very disappointed by the Tabucchi’s Dreams. The author attempts to recreate the dreams of twenty or so canonical figures from Western civilization. I felt that author made no effort to penetrate the psyche of these great human beings. The dreams were recreated by an obviously shallow reading of bio-sketches. If you want to know what I mean, select one of the characters you know very well and read his dream. I am familiar with Debussy’s music and have no qualms about suggesting that Debussy’s dream is a mediocre parody of his "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun". The same problems persist in the Last Three Days of Fernando Pessoa. This short work offended me more than the Dreams. I adore Pessoa and his poetry. It was heartbreaking to see all his heteronyms turn into colorless characters that stroll through this story. I consider Ricardo Reis to be the heteronym closest to Pessoa’s personality. Unfortunately Reis comes back to the dying Pessoa to tell him that he didn’t leave Portugal. Am I missing something here?? In short, any average
reader of Pessoa can write a better book on the confrontations of the heteronyms with their creator.