



Bibliography

Novel

- Terra do Pecado (1947)
- Manual of Painting and Callygraphy (1977)
- Raised from the Ground (1980)
- Baltasar and Blimunda (1982)
- The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis (1984)
- The Stone Raft (1986)
- The History of the Siege of Lisbon (1989)
- Gospel According to Jesus Christ (1991)
- Blindness (1995)
- All the Names (1997)
- The Cave (2000)
- The Double (2002)
- Seeing (2004)
- Death at Intervals (2006)
- The Elephant's Journey (2008)
- Cain (2009)
- Skyline (Finished in 1953, published in 2011)
- Alabardas, alabardas, Espingardas, espingardas (Unfinished novel, written in 2010 and published in 2014)

Poetry

- Os Poemas Possíveis (1966)
- Provavelmente Alegria (1970)
- O Ano de 1993 (1975)

Drama

- A Noite (1979)
- Que farei com este Livro? (1980)
- A Segunda Vida de Francisco de Assis (1987)
- In Nomine Dei (1993)
- Don Giovanni ou O Dissoluto Absolvido (2005)

Travel literature

- Journey to Portugal (1981)

Short stories

- Objecto Quase (1978)
- Tale Of The Unknown Island (1998)

(The titles were kept in portuguese language for the books not yet translated to english. The year refers to the portuguese edition)

Memoirs

- Small Memories (2006)

Chronicles

- Deste Mundo e do Outro (1971)
- A Bagagem do Viajante (1973)
- As Opiniões que o DL teve (1974)
- Os Apontamentos (1976)
- Poética dos Cinco Sentidos – O Ouvido (1979)
- Moby Dick em Lisboa (1996)
- Folhas Políticas (1976 – 1998) (1999)
- José Saramago nas Suas Palavras (2010)

Journals

- Cadernos de Lanzarote I (1994)
- Cadernos de Lanzarote II (1995)
- Cadernos de Lanzarote III (1996)
- Cadernos de Lanzarote IV (1998)
- Cadernos de Lanzarote V (1998)
- O Caderno (2009)
- O Caderno 2 (2009)

Essay

- Discursos de Estocolmo (1999)
- Comment le personnage fut le maître et l'auteur son apprenti (1999)
- Direito e os Sinos (1999)
- Aquí soy Zapatista - Saramago en Bellas Artes (2000)
- Palabras para un mundo mejor (2004)
- Questo mondo non va bene che ne venga un altro (2005)
- El nombre y la cosa (2006)
- Andrea Mantegna - Uma ética, uma estética (2006)
- Democracia e Universidade (2010)
- A estátua e a pedra (1999)

Children and young adults

- A Maior Flor do Mundo (2001)
- O Silêncio da Água (2011)
- O Lagarto (2016)



Azinhaga and José Saramago Foundation

Popular kitchen from the beginning of the 20th century
© Diogo Narciso

The José Saramago Foundation is a private cultural institution declared of public utility based in the Casa dos Bicos, in Lisbon, with a delegation in Azinhaga, birthplace of writer José Saramago. Constituted by the writer himself in June 2007, aims to defense and dissemination of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and Duties, the promotion of culture in Portugal and around the world and the defense of the environment.

In its delegation at Azinhaga, in the old school, the visitor can find the bed where José Saramago's grandparents slept, mentioned in the Nobel speech. The visitor can also see the reconstruction of a popular kitchen from the beginning of the 20th century. There are also photographs of José Saramago and his family, from the time of *Small Memories*, the book highlighted in this space that includes a library, a bookshop and an auditorium where several cultural activities take place.

The Casa dos Bicos, head office since June 2012, offers a permanent exhibition on the life and work of José Saramago, entitled *The seed and the fruits*, and other cultural activities such as book presentations, representations of plays and conferences.

Schedule

- From tuesday to saturday
- From april to september — from 10am to 1pm, and from 3pm to 7pm
- From october to march — from 10am to 1pm, and from 3pm to 6pm

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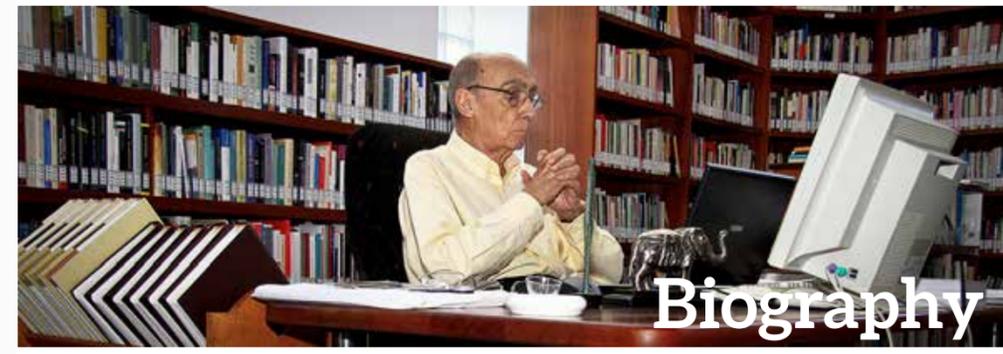
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Facade of Azinhaga Delegation
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In emotional terms we are inhabited, by memory

I was born in Azinhaga



José Saramago, Lanzarote years 2000
© Kepa Herrero

Biography

Having written more than 40 titles, José Saramago was born in 1922 in a small village called Azinhaga. Palácio das Galveias, a public library in Lisbon, was a main upbringing source, and there he read everything he could night after night, till the closing time. «And it was there, all alone, with no help or advises, guided only by curiosity and the will of learning, that I developed and refined my taste for reading.»

He published his first novel in 1947. His choice for the title was *A Viúva*, but for editorial reasons it was changed to *Terra do Pecado*. Six years later, in 1953, he finished *Skylight*, published only after his death.

In the late 50's he became responsible for the production department in Estúdios Cor, a publishing house, along with the translation work he performed since 1955 and later with the one of literary critic. He returns to the writing in 1966 with a poetry book, *Os Poemas Possíveis*. In 1971 he becomes a columnist in the daily evening newspaper *Diário de Lisboa* and in april 1975 he assumes the role of assistant director in the daily morning newspaper *Diário de Notícias*.

In the beginning of 1976 he lives for quite a while in the small village of Lavre (Alentejo) in order to get enough documentation about the landless peasants. As a result, he writes the novel *Raised from the Ground*, changing the traditional punctuation into the one that will characterize the way of writing his novelistic fiction. José Saramago literally built a unique work in the portuguese and universal literature, from *Baltasar and Blimunda* to *Cain*, along with titles as *The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis*, *The Gospel according to Jesus Christ*, *Blindness*, *All the Names* or *The Elephant's Journey*, translated all over the world in 63 countries, in 46 languages.

José Saramago was awarded with the Camões Prize in 1995 and with the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1998.

José Saramago passed away at his home, in Lanzarote island, in the 18th of june 2010. His ashes are is Lisbon, near the roots of an olive tree from his home town, in front of the headoffices of the Foundation that has his name.





José Saramago, years 60
© José Saramago Foundation Archive

I was born in Azinhaga



Rio Almonda, Azinhaga
© Olga Vigileca

Out of the tangled skein of memory, out of the darkness of its inextricable knots, I tug at what appears to be a loose end./ Slowly I pull it free, afraid it might fall to pieces in my fingers./ It's a long thread, green and blue, and smells of slime, warm and soft as living mud./ It's a river./ It drenches my now wet hands./ The water flows over my outspread palms, and suddenly I'm not sure if the water is flowing out of me or washing over me./ I continue to tug at the thread, which is not just a memory now, but the actual body of the river itself./ Boats sail over my skin, and I am the boats and the sky above them, and the tall poplars that slide serenely across the luminous film of my eyes./ Fish swim in my blood and hesitate between staying too near the surface and plumbing the depths, just like the vague summonses issued by memory./ I feel the strength of my arms and the pole that prolongs them./ It pushes down into the river and into me like a slow, steady heartbeat./ Now the sky is nearer and has changed color./ It's all green and full of singing because the songs of birds are springing awake on every branch./ And when the boat stops in a large clearing, my naked body gleams in the sun, among the still brighter light igniting the surface of the waters./ There, memory's confused recollections and the suddenly revealed face of the future fuse into one truth./ A nameless bird appears out of nowhere and perches silently on the stiff prow of the boat./ I wait motionless for the whole river to be bathed in blue and for the birds on the branches to explain to me why the poplars are so tall and their leaves so full of murmurings./ Then, with the body of the boat and the river safely back in the human dimension, I continue on toward the golden pool surrounded by the raised swords of the bulrushes./ There I will bury my pole two feet down in the living rock./ A great primordial silence will fall when hands join with hands./ And then I will know everything.

Protopoem, in *Small Memories*, 2006



Bed of grandmother Josefa and grandfather Jerónimo
© Diogo Narciso

The house where I was born no longer exists, not that it matters, because I have no memory of having lived in it. The other house, the impoverished dwelling of my maternal grandparents, Josefa and Jerónimo, has also disappeared beneath a mound of rubble, the house which, for ten or twelve years, was my true home, in the most intimate and profound sense of the word, the magical cocoon in which the metamorphoses vital to both the child and the adolescent took place. That loss, however, has long since ceased to cause me any suffering because, thanks to the memory's reconstructive powers, I can, at any moment, rebuild its white walls, replant the olive tree that shaded the entrance, open and close the low front door and the gate to the vegetable garden where I once saw a small snake coiled and waiting, or I can go into the pigsties and watch the piglets suckling, enter the kitchen and pour from the jug into the chipped mug the water which, for the thousandth time, will quench that summer's thirst.

in *Small Memories*, 2006

Nobody performs her or his duties. Governments do not, because they do not know, they are not able or they do not wish, or because they are not permitted by those who effectively govern the world: The multinational and pluricontinental companies whose power - absolutely non-democratic - reduce to next to nothing what is left of the ideal of democracy. We citizens are not fulfilling our duties either. Let us think that no human rights will exist without symmetry of the duties that correspond to them. It is not to be expected that governments in the next 50 years will do it. Let us common citizens therefore speak up. With the same vehemence as when we demanded our rights, let us demand responsibility over our duties. Perhaps the world could turn a little better.

Speech pronounced in the Nobel Prize ceremony, 10th of december 1998



Entrega Prémio Nobel
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