

Wide Sargasso Sea

00:00

This is not a diary, really, it's not my diary. The here is feigned, invented, right? It's not really part of my life, you know. It's a construction.

00:26

Once I wrote that poetry was about removing the skin from feelings to make them become words. Ana tears us. Her poetry opens, deepens. It opens up to the point where we do not know where the hook is. Every poet has this thing about *blue*. But only Ana writes : "Wide Sargasso Sea, from a blue that does not surprise me and sings like a paper mermaid." Ana can be absolutely universal and gently particular. But one must try. Try besides Ana, try beyond Ana. Because maybe so - and only so - it would be possible to hold her in the air.

01:25

Ana.. I was thinking now, well... When I first met Ana Cristina? Met... When I first met with the work of Ana? Then I remembered that I was talking one day - I do not remember who I was with - friends, poets, probably Augusto or Alice, Mariano, I do not know who was there - and they spoke like: ah, because Ana or Ana Cristina... And spoke of a poet with such an intimate relationship! And I was so embarrassed. I thought: gosh, who could be this Ana? Who is this poet who they talk so freely about? Is it a friend? Or someone, you know, a poet who I've never heard of ? And really, I had never heard of her, who was this great poet I had never heard of ? She was not their friend. And then I found her.

02:19

I am Ana Cristina Cesar and I've just released *At Your Feet*, my first book released by a publisher.

02:31

This one is called *Samba*. *So many poems I lost. So many I heard, for free, by phone - see, I did everything so you'd like it, I was vulgar, half-witch, half-beast, scratchy throat modernist grin, mischievous, vandal, perhaps machiavellian and one day sulked, availed of the bows (it was a strategy). I traded, greedy, though a bit stupid, because intelligent put me red or rather pale unaware of its own pink, and many I did, perhaps wanting the glory, the other scene under the spots light, maybe just your affection, but many, many I did ...*

03:20

Last year, I found this footage of Ana in 1982, at the launch of *At Your Feet*. I sent an e-mail to Armando Freitas Filho, the curator of her work, asking if he knew it. And he answered: *of course. This poem, Samba, she wrote for me.*

03:46

I met Ana more or less in 1972, 73. She was very young, a very young girl but she was already writing because she had been writing ever since she was two years old. She dictated to her mother what she wanted to write even before she learned how to write. She dictated to her mother and her mother used to say that

she dictated jumping from one place to another, playing in the couch, jumping from side to side and saying: "Take note of that, ta, ta, ta, ta" .

04:49

*Co-founder
No subject to rights nor duties*

05:21

*From the diary non-diary
Form without norm
An everyday defense
All the content
An Ana embraces*

06:49

Sighs

I woke up with an itchy hymen. On the bidet, with a small mirror, I examined the area. Wasn't surprised by any molestation signs. The untrained eyes of mine certainly don't realize that an extra rouge has an extra meaning. I put on some white cream until the skin (rough and withered) got shiny. Then, the plan to bike to the tip of the Arpoador withered away. The seat could relive my irritation. Instead, I decided to read.

05:35

Do you remember the feeling when you first read Ana's poems?

05:39

The feeling was like feeling a pearl, if one can say that. It's like to discover, in the same way you discover withing a dark oyster, something that shines and has a light, even if it hesitates, like the light of the pearl does. I was so amazed with the points she touched, where she touched, understand? These were points that were not touched by a girl, by such a young person... And so discreet. She was very discreet in her personal life and very indiscreet in her poetry.

07:19

It was a diary and it wasn't. It was something a bit cryptic, it was something a bit fragmented, but it was poetry. It's weird because there was nothing to identify it as poetry because it did not rhyme, did not have the rhythm of poetry, it was a note. But it was a note with a great poetic charge. Because it had a great condensation into words. So I was very fascinated with that, you know, with that freedom and at the same time with this density. And then she drags, Ana Cristina drags, because you want more of that.

07:51

On the surface

*They were discovered today, at five in the afternoon
Fishes that could sing*

*Capable the poet
Says what he wants
What he doesn't want
and call names for things able to sing
Damages caused by sweaty eyes*

*The eyes of the poet
Blink like rods
Exhausted in the pool*

08:19

Now, the technical information. This is a movie ... Do you remember which month? *No.* This is a film about the release of ... *No, let's go again.* This is a film of the release of the anthology 26 Poets Today, organized by Heloisa Buarque de Hollanda and the launch took place at Parque Lage in 1976.

08:40

Helô organized an anthology that came out in 1976, 26 Poets Today, with a bet, a gamble on writers who no one or almost no one had heard of.

09:09

Look, I met Ana in the best possible way: through her text. I didn't know her when I was organizing 26 Poets Today. Then my friend Clara Alvim indicated me the name of Ana Cristina who was her student at PUC. I read her text and thought it was very good. So I scheduled to meet her in one of those political meetings at the Casa Grande Theater. But then Clara introduced us and she ran away. She said good morning and ran, turned red, red and ran away. So, I only met her a while later. She panicked. Funny she had this panic, I was puzzled seeing that person running away.

10:00

It is always more difficult to anchor a ship in space.

10:10

Occupation

*The act of writing
Takes half of my prose and half of my life.
Send it a note: would you please leave
the other half alone?*

Preoccupation

*Unanswered note:
what are those threatens?*

Inoccupation

*I need to leave the other half
so the act of fucking can take place.*

10:26

And the marginal poetry movement appeared at a time of censorship, of emptiness. All of our friends were exiled. I worked at the university and we were given lists of what you couldn't read. It was crazy. And it was ridiculous because the list of what you couldn't read was not a big deal. The cultural industry at that time was being observed. And poetry, who reads poetry? It's such a small audience that is not worth the investment of censoring it. So they were relaxed about poetry. And this created a large mass of poets everywhere. It was hell, in fact, because you went to the movies, and before you had entered the movie theater, waiting in the queue, you had bought ten books just to get rid of the poet, because they approached you aggressively. So it was a new thing that hadn't existed in the cultural scene. Neither this form of sale nor that figure of the poet who makes his own book and delivers it. So, I started to get interested about that. For two reasons. One reason was, after all, this generation can speak in some way.

11:39

*The story is complete: Wide Sargasso Sea
From a blue that doesn't scare me and sings like a paper mermaid*

12:41

Oh, it was a prehistoric thing: you had a stencil that was like a carbon with a pulp, you know. You went to the typewriter, typed it, then took the carbon and put it in a rotary machine and put ink there. The ink went on the letters drilled by the machine and then printed on a paper. We wrote the book on the mimeograph, only one hundred copies, but the thing happened, because there was nothing else going on.

13:26

Woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, to me as well!

13:37

If my Oedipus could speak I would say *see you soon* and would catch a cab.

13:57

It was a magical time, actually, because everything was weird. Not only the police repression, the military government, which was a tragic and violent weirdness, but the psychedelia of the period, from the Beatles to the Rolling Stones, the lysergic acid. All that transgression, that need to open new paths, other paths than the traditional one, it was way too strong in the seventies. We thought we had to make a pact with the revolution and not a dialogue with the tradition. All that lysergic period was closer to my people, to the group of the Gypsy Cloud, a thing that Ana Cristina, apparently, was not so thrilled about.

15:12

Is Ana Cristina marginal, isn't Ana Cristina marginal? I think she belongs to the marginal movement because she identified strongly with these poets. She went out with them, spent weekends together, she dated, let's say, 30% of them – she was very integrated with the youth who was later known as marginal, they were her great friends. It was the group she hung out with. But she had a differential, because Ana Cristina is very literary. And the greater commitment of marginal literature is to be a little disposable, a bit irresponsible in regards to a more well-made craft, a more literary craft. And marginal poetry wanted to be improvised, with fragments, but fragments of what you were listening to - clippings not fragments. And Ana Cristina didn't do that. Ana Cristina's was a literature that came from inside and was very deliberate and very rewritten. She only released a text after it was very satisfactory from a literary standpoint which was a precept that the marginal movement rejected.

16:27

If you love me why don't you focus?

16:32

It's hard to say because I'm not a great Ana Cristina Cesar reader, I have to admit that. She dialogues much with tradition, something that I don't have, you know? Now, I think that she has some kind of a humor, more refined, with a smile in the right corner of the mouth, you know? A certain mocking of tradition, of the letters and... I find that very interesting, you know? Maybe that's what hooks me. That humor of hers, to somehow play with tradition or mock tradition and the deep beauty of poems, it's extraordinary.

17:23

*I long look at the body of a poem
until I lose sight of what is not body
and feel between the teeth
a thin thread of blood
in the gums.*

17:37

There's one that I even tried to copy. I have a parody of a poem of hers that it is... That brushes the gums with wire, bleeds the gums, when she reads a text, I read... Anyway. I forget the name of the poem and the poem itself, and I did a

poem named Ana C., which speaks to that poem. I think it's a very strong image, a very beautiful image, how is it? *I look at the body of a poem...* Yes! I look at the body of a poem until I lose sight of what is body and I feel in the gums the taste of blood. Isn't it? And I did something very similar, because I was so moved by this poem, you know? That is: I look at the poem until I lose sight of what is night, comma, you or me. Until there's only youme. It is a tribute to her, it doesn't even come close to her work, but it is interesting. I like the poem. That's what I was able to do.

19:08

And when I read that poem, that *I look longly to the body of a poem until I lose sight of what is not body* and, anyway, I can not remember it now, but when I read this poem, kind of everything all sort of made sense somehow, even without having understood very well what it meant, I still think today that I do not understand, and the idea is to not understand it. Anyway, this poem made me search for more and the next day I went to the bookshop and bought the book, this one. Because, what I liked here is that: first it's in more or less in the chronological order of her life. And she wrote amazing poems and at the same time that it makes us feel really bad, you know, because we didn't write amazing poems before we were fifteen, I think at the same time it motivates us to write. I love this poem: *Spot. I am sixteen years old, a widow from a blue family with a windy and nothing of a rebel hair. I am a genius under all points of views, even from a profile. Poetry is a lie, dig? At least gets me out of the concerning truth and activates the consanguineous circulation. The philosopher's stone is a little bit of a sosh. Plutarchplato, Platosoturkpauto, Platocosopuloplau. Give up. I'm sixteen and I've lost you now scribbling.* Anyway, I think is exciting to read things that she wrote at sixteen that are so nice.

20:55

*And when you looked at me
With a followed glance
While the drops dropped
In my heart flowed
The tears from your eyes*

21:04

And this book here is great because it is an educational book. It even seems it was made for my first contact with her. Because it has a kind of a glossary that untangle the whole poem. Here: *poetry is a lie, dig?* Dig is understand, see. It was awesome! It explains who is Plutarch, who is Plato. This book was critical, even for these grammatical things in Portuguese, even to explain some things about her poetry. There's one where she says: *I'm with you lake, mountain* something like that. And then it explains that Lake and Mountain in fact is the book of Chico Alvim. Here, I found. *Without you I am lake, mountain. Think of a man named Herberto. I lay my smoke under the window. Vertigo, I breathe. Roll in the mattress. And dear, with no lies, I raise my price.* So here is the note: Lake and Mountain is the title of a book by Brazilian poet Francisco Alvim.

22:28

Right here... There's an index of names here that gives some clues of authors with whom I cross, I copy, quote shamelessly. You know, every writer does it but some say and others not.

22:54

This one, Public Man Number One (Anthology), which is already a totally mysterious title. I love her titles. *Later I learned: good is to have the soul washed. No reason to keep this old thread of night. What does it mean? There is a ribbon being cut off leaving a shadow on the paper. Speeches blow. It isn't me there in dark clothes smiling or pretending to listen. However, I also wrote things like these for people that now I do not even know who they are, from a sweet poisoned by its deepen.*

23:36

Now, you know what it is this poem? This is not literally a poem of mine. So, there is a question about authorship which is always balanced. You never really know who the author is, you know? Authorship is the strangest thing. Drummond wrote an essay and here are bits, phrases, words of Drummond's essay. It's what you call a poem disemboweled from an essay by Carlos Drummond de Andrade. So, there's was this essay that I drew from, I stole from there a few words that I made into a poem.

24:38

Is there any poem of yours that you think that has some direct reference to her?

24:42

Yes! There's one that the title, the title was... I think the title was Unpublished & Scattered, the same title of her book. The book that wasn't organized by her. But I have. I wrote and then the editor, Jorge, he suggested, he said, Laura, don't you think you have to change it, it's a very direct reference. He is absolutely right. Because it really directs the reading of the poem.

25:14

It's this one. Look: it has a direct reference! There's a line of hers here. But it's in quotes, I'm stupid, I was probably scared at the time. I shouldn't have placed quotes at all, but I put them. It's called "Scattered." *I see her as perhaps a sky full of stars, scattered and tracky. A new night stretching the latitude, from the medicine to the laughter. Poetry without harness, which is tearing, aware of what is useful, what is useful to the poem. Her signature in photography is always another - inscrutable face. From the infinite to a light in me mingled.* And that's it, I took the end, you see, highlighted here with the quotation marks: that is fear.

26:07

I'm living hour by hour with much fear.

26:30

I'm living hour by hour with much fear.

Someday i'll be safe.

Gradually i'll be safe.

26:44

*I'm living hour by hour with much fear.
Someday i'll be safe.
Gradually i'll be safe.*

I'll begin a safari.

27:01

Oh, and there's that one, how does it go? Seems that there is an exit, seems that there is an exit right here where I thought all roads ended. Here. An exit out of life. In small steps, despite the drumbeat. Wants to leave a trace. Oh yeah, seems to want to leave. Now that you've arrived, I no longer have to steal me.

27:30

My research began because something in the text generated a strain that could be revealed in movement. And I think that that was the basis of the work. How to reveal what the text had brought in movement.

27:51

And I also think that we were unfolding, entering more into her poetry during the work in process.

28:01

My last solo which I did two years ago still had something of Ana, a gorgeous line from Ana, in which she says *if you love me why don't you concentrate?* It is something... What can I say more? This Ana thing, she can be short, sharp and cruel. A power of synthesis. It's delicious.

28:28

I got divorced. I'm gonna tell this story. I got divorced and then, I got divorced. Twenty-five year marriage. And I got divorced. And I went to live in a house half destroyed, half in ruins. The first thing I did was to put a poem of Ana Cristina on the wall. I never thought about it, but now ... It was the first thing. I got there and wrote *I am living hour by hour in fear*. I was like that. And I was pretty sure that a safari would happen.

29:04

Last time I was in Heloísa's house, she pulled me aside and gave me this little book and said: if you want to understand Ana, you have to read her Complete Correspondence.

29:28

I was with her in Buzios and she was crazy about letters. She sent letters to everyone, letter, letter, letter. So I said: Ana, let's do a book. It is always the same: the trial of a lie. Lie is a bad word, an essay in deceit, an ambiguous essay. Then I said, Ana, write a long letter, a big letter and we do a little book called Complete Correspondence. It's not her complete correspondence, there's only one letter in here, it's the pinnacle of a game which was not really a game that she used to

play. Then we took it to a guy to silk on the airplane and inside everything was xeroxed, cut and stapled.

30:15

My dear, It rains cats and dogs. Here inside I keep thinking about'em cats. Feel guilty. Cold hands and feet under control. Vague news, be warned. Is it on purpose? Afraid of being flagged? Listen to Roberto Carlos: "almost called you but then looked inside me" and all that. I've already copied the lyrics you asked me to. My day was gloomy. Celia said: career, not life, matters. Tough contradiction, baby.

30:32

And here I think for the first time - it starts in the second edition. This book is completely untruthful. I think it's funny because Ana Cristina delighted herself with mistakes. She loved to deceive. So the book doesn't have a first edition. I remember precisely that when we put the second edition she said 'the bibliophiles will be looking for the first edition and it doesn't exist'. I'm telling this story because I think it has to do with her aesthetics, with her diction. She really had this, where's the first edition? She started with the second one. I mean, it's always a disguise. She puts in the end a bibliography talking about something that doesn't exist, the next book in the printing, in the press, I don't remember. Or her previous book. But it's a book that doesn't exist - I mean, you can go insane if you go out looking for it. People who write theses, poor them.

31:23

So, there are layers of scenes and intentions and deceits and clues in a little small thing that has a really big layer of intentionalities.

31:39

And when you try to get close to her, she escapes. It's a little bit like this paper mermaid that is in one of her poems, always a paper mermaid which is floating in space like a ship, when you get close, she escapes and then she comes back in a bit, you know.

32:01

Here. The poem is called Ana C. *I wanted to swim in the pools where the demigods smoke in the shattered walls of the spectacle. The street, we know well, remains as a lead feather. I wanted to blend Gertrude Stein with Billy the Kid, but I fall right here on this freeway. In this road without plastic heroes nor flags to fly. I will give my ear to a blind and walk in the dark side.*

32:37

A poem is a space where you invent everything. You can say everything. Suddenly I say: this is not a book, this is me. I fall into your arms, I'm at your feet, my reader. This represents the widening of the desire, that every text desires not to be only a text. Through the text the author dies.

33:10

Literature - the pursuit of desire to make being / to possess the being

There is the text that haunts and judges

There is the text that haunts and judges to never have it

There is the text that confronts the paradox (knows he is only a desire)

33:24

When you write, the basic impulse is to move someone. But you are not sure who is that someone. When you write a letter, you know.

33:38

Do you still keep some of her letters, do you still have them?

33:42

Yes. I have the ones I published, but I don't have them all, I didn't keep them all. They are very old. And I'm sorry because she wrote much more and I kept only a few - and some is a lot. I mean, she wrote compulsively. Look at the size of the letters, all handwritten, very regular, they are huge.

34:10

Helô, my dear. Sorry for the delay and the suspense and the enigmatic cards and frantic phone calls. But only now I've reached my corner and can write rightly. Actually kinda of right because I removed a cyst from the eye and now I'm a pirate, with lots of fancy bandages under my glasses. You know, English public hospital, many depressed elderly making conversation, the nurse holding your hand at the time of anesthesia, talking platitudes to cheer you up, and you're left with only one eye, without balance, passers-by cast discreet glances, some kind of masochistic enjoyment, a will to be very elegant. Walk with aplomb and then go to the bank and the supermarket, representing my own competence. One-Eyed. And it was one-eyed that I intended to start. I made the coolest vegetable soup and put the house in order. Mom left on Sunday and I stayed for a few days at Monica's, a friend of Maria Elena, crying. Asked her to search for someone like a support psychotherapist once a week. Slightly, the history repeats itself.

35:19

When you read a letter from her, a letter from Ana Cristina, if you remove the "to somebody" and remove, in the end, "a kiss from Ana", if you take these two references, the text that remains is very close to the published text. The text from this letter. The main newness is this rich dialogue is that it seems she speaks directly to whoever is reading, as if she asked or spoke directly to the heart of who is reading it. And this is indeed a new thing.

36:22

I think about you, my daughter. Here, some weak tears, a minimal pain and autumn rains just sketching the majesty of a weeping widow, lying waters fertilizing fields of melancholy.

36:41

*All this suddenly brightened my memory when I crossed the bridge over the Seine.
The old Paris is over. The cities change, but my heart is lost.*

36:59

Paris changes! But my sadness does not move. Beaubourg, Forum des Halles, deep underground, an impossible bridge over the river, everything becomes an allegory: my passion weighs like a stone.

37: 21

Seductive lover, mother of all us lost in Paris, crossing bridges, spreading the fear of the return to the flickering lights of the tropics, the end of exile dreams, the birds the in here chirp and finally, I remember our fog.

37:44

I write, I do write letters. It's funny: now I've got a person to send my letters, a friend of mine. Before I had him as a correspondent I sent them to myself. I began when I was doing nothing, didn't have anything to say, I was kinda 'gee, I need to write something'. I wrote a letter that I didn't have anybody to address to, so I sent it to myself. But then I felt the need to respond to the letter. By the time I answered it, I said, I will answer like myself but older. So, I responded as if I were a lady of 70 years, which is myself but living on another continent, and then I'm answering me. It's great. I've never done therapy in life and I've found my best therapy. I can psychoanalyze myself very well doing it.

38:42

*When between us
There was only our exact line
A complete correspondence
The train, the rails
The window, open
A certain landscape without stones
or frights
Balanced, my heels
The glass of water
Waiting for the coffee*

39:00

If it continues, some day the other one will die! Because if she is a 70-something, some day there's no way - I'll have to kill, kill myself.

39:14

In the personal experience of everyone, diaries and correspondence, diaries and letters, are the first and most immediate kind of writing we have. There is that expression, you know, 'Dear Diary' ... What do you do in a journal? You are looking at an interlocutor. You write a diary just because you don't have a confidant, you are replacing a confidant.

June 27

Célia dreamt that I beat her until I smashed

*her teeth. I spent all afternoon out of it.
I typed until my fingers cramped. Must have been
minor remorse. Binder says that a diary is an artifice,
that I'm insincere because secretly I want it
to be read. I moonbathe.*

39:56

Ana pressed a button of "this is exactly what I like and that's what I want to do". It became my model of total perfection. What an exaggeration! But anyway. But what I like about the poetry of Ana is that she created a game with diaries, intimate journals that actually say nothing. I adore this, because when you take her poems, you feel like she's treating you as a close friend or an accomplice. You read it, thinking it is as if you had invaded someone's diary, the lock half open in your sister's room and you could open the pages, but in fact there is no secret, no concrete secret, no real names at least. It's all a great piece of fiction.

40:55

Friday

Sipping after the Polish movie. Room stinky feet and bra. Now kept. I went back to grip, but not so soft.

41:06

When I was 15 or 16, I moved to New Zealand to study and stayed in a tiny city that had nothing, nothing. I didn't know anyone, of course - imagine, New Zealand, who knows anybody there?

41:18

But when I moved to New Zealand, I had this notebook where I was more free to write poetry and this other one, which was a real diary. I put my plane ticket in there, it was more of an everyday girly journal, it had everything but the lock. But anyway. So I put 'day-such-and-such, the fourth day'. I think I didn't do it because of Ana, but I think it was a common thread that I found and I was amazed by that in her. To have this diary that actually didn't tell me anything but at the same time I thought I understood everything she was talking about.

41:58

Brown carpet. I wrote in 2004, in Orewa, this very small town in New Zealand. It is not a poem, it is prose. I drink ginger and lemon tea with a tablespoon of honey, nibble some softened by time cookies and lick the tips of my fingers, sucking the remains of sugar. My dear, I don't know what to say. I opened the envelope and devoured your fine print telling me the filth of adolescence and flunked you, as a mother would: that, no. You tell me old news with lots of energy. Sorry. It is hard to read this one, huh? But that's okay. You tell me old news with lots of energy and when I raised my eyes from the paper I was surprised not to be there, close to you. My feet are crossed on the other side of the bed - these two insist on shaking. And when we listened to music the laughter came out sharp and our huge eyes sparkled, like jaboticaba. Here is a quiet life: nine in the evening you don't hear the phone ring and the moon sees us from up there. Before boarding I heard some advice saying sea and sky decrease longing, as they are anywhere in the world. But I don't

agree: a sky is a sky, a sea is a sea and to miss something is everything, even something you can not see. But I'm as strong as a leopard and closed my eyes vigorously so no one could see me cry. Im too old me fret in front of others. Now I need to have secrets. Isn't what you do when you grow up? For there are days when I get very quiet, observing with a sense of animal. And the head hurts with so many ideas. You know, this bed is a mess with the dispersed days and changed tastes. Because the timing of these people is very crazy: have you ever wondered that I'm in the night of your morning? Anyway, it's not very good but it is me when I was 16 years old reading Ana Cristina Cesar across the world.

44:38

Thought a cheap trick that might works. I have four correspondents over the world. They intensively think of me and we exchange cards and newties. When no letter arrives I want to rip the calendar off the wall, in a session of pain.

Because I travel fueled by hate. Briefly: in search for bliss. Sweetheart, kleptomaniac sweetheart. You know what lies are for.

45:28

She had read an announcement from the Rotary Club, a club that was very reactionary, very conservative, almost military, and that the Rotary Club was offering scholarships to England. And it was very funny because she went to my house to get dressed for the interview to the Rottary Club. And then is so clear ... She didn't know what clothes she would wear: to play the little girl, the fatal, lady, shy, distinct, cad. So, this conversation about the dress took hours and hours and hours. So the most important thing in the world at that moment was what character she would play to the Rotary Club people. I do not remember exactly how she went, but they gave her the scholarship.

46:23

In London, lost, alone in a restaurant. And they were playing some music - and suddenly they played Brazilian music and nobody knew it. And I heard that song and saw in the mirror people eating without knowing what it was. They didn't know about music that was Brazilian, about my tiredness hidden by my eyelids lowered under the ground and neither jolts nor laughter could interrupt my fatigue so abstract. My left heart sunk with my right heart and I shouted in the restaurant: where are they? Nobody knew. It was hot, stuffy, heavy and dry. And I needed to sleep. Once again, the heart does not beat, but it is not out of laziness. Just forget that you are stealing napkins stupidly folded.

47:21

In fact, what she did in England, much more than study or write, you can see it in her letters, was to live like an English woman. Was to act like an English woman, the pictures she sent were: I am an English woman. The image that remains of her was from her arrival in my house with a totally bizarre outfit, very large yellow pants, a turquoise shirt, giant glasses, shaggy hair - she came back with a pop message, a modern message, a message that was not the what we expected of her. This costume thing I think is important because when I speak about costume I think about character. She has the little girl, she has the naive, she has

the fatal, the art nouveau. The photos accompany her, her imaginary. So many Ana Cristinas... And there really were, she really staged them. It wasn't like the other that has 400 inside the head - I'm 400, it was not like that. She was actually 400. She was 400 characters, it isn't like she herself was 400 as the other poet. She was 400 characters and she got dressed for it, she had work to do for these characters.

48:45

Who is Ana Cristina? For me it's a series of photographs that I see as a completely different person than herself. She even says that she is never identical to herself. Indeed, she is not. How can one be... One day she has curly hair, with a face like that, another she is a sensual woman who looks at you - it amazes me.

50:08

I think she created this myth and I think it's inevitable that people cannot really separate this enigmatic figure that no one can really unravel from the poems that no one can unravel. So I think that's it. Unlike everyone else, she is still young and beautiful. I think that's what is so different. Because everyone gets old, everyone is full of problems. And she's always there, frozen in time, with sunglasses, beautiful, in England in a picture crossing a bridge.

51:34

How to scrape the landscape

photography

is a dead time

fictional return to the symmetry

a secret desire of the poem

an impossible censorship

by the poet

51:47

What was the principal mark that Ana left in your life?

51:52

Well, that's a huge question. What is the question, again?

52:01

What of her was more remarkable in your life, the mark of this pearl in your life?

52:10

She showed me, without quibbling, the pearl showed me the oyster that I am. She showed me how closed I am, how I was even more closed. She taught me how to open myself a little more for others. You, people see me more today, at least, like an open oyster and not like a closed oyster. And she showed me, let's say, she helped me in this, really, by talking about the complicated way of life I had in 1970, in my 30 years of life. I remain difficult today but I can go on vacation. At

thetime I could not go on vacation, I didn't know how to go on vacation. And she taught me like this, not teaching but talking, talking, as we are here talking. But it was a long conversation, for many years, it was the telephone call, perhaps the greatest that I've had, for seven hours, she and I talking on the phone, and started with a question: who would go to whose home, if I would go to her house that day or if she'd come here. It was raining, cold, and she would say: "well, you better come here" and I said no, "I'm here, come over here". And for seven hours, no one went anywhere and we were talking about this issue and so many others. So these conversations went on for a long part of my life, not so long temporally speaking, chronologically speaking, but existentially speaking, these talks were very intense because we fought a lot, really. We had fights, serious fights. I stopped talking to her, she stopped talking to me, perhaps me even more than her. Because if I wasn't easy, she wasn't either, understand? She was hard, difficult, beset with problems.

55:08

*Lily: I do not remember
No sky to console me
Only what I read, alone
Are the flowing double
meanings
The sharpen sweetness
A moment before the verdigris
The silent blue torn
Of a flag.*

I need to talk to you urgently.

55:35

For me, her presence was vital and until today she is with me.

56:14

There is something very interesting about the play which is that everything that is said is the word of Ana, both in poetry and in prose. Everything I say is. It doesn't have a seam of dramaturgy to reach Ana's poem, you know? Only her words – that's why I think the play is so strong.

56:42

It is always more difficult to anchor a ship in space.

56:46

Did you think about another title?

56:50

No. We didn't think about anything. We spent a lot of time banging our heads, saying "My God, how we gonna call this play?" Because, you know, it is always more difficult to anchor a ship in space. It's a very private statement

57:15

This is the leather suitcase that contains the famous collection. The first thing we find over everything is?

57:28

Postcards!

57:29

No! No, no, no. A pair of gloves, here they are! Kid gloves, fine thing.

57:40

Your love turns me into a corrupt with refinements.

57:49

When you write there's always a story that cannot be told, you know? That is basically the story of our intimacy, our personal history. That story can not be told. If you take your personal history and turn into literature it is not your personal history anymore, it has changed. What is this literature thing, what is this crazy text, that reveals and at the same time does not reveal?

58:25

The more you approach her, even in *At Your Feet*, the further you'd be. She always deceives you. Armando Freitas Filho told me: beware of Ana Cristina when you read her, because she lies a lot. It's a lie from photographic point of view, the philosophy of appearance. But it's the truth in the depth of feelings.

58:51

All I know is that I was feeling a panic, a panic while I bent over that barrier. Goodbye, goodbye to everything I've learned so far. That's when an angel, uneasy with wings, goes up a mast and forgets his flying lessons.

59:13

I had sleepless nights, when I identified too much with her. Not that I was turning into Ana Cristina because we know don't. But to approach the feeling too closely. To say: I know that too, I feel the same way. Scary, you know, to see it translated so well by her.

59:40

She is a false intimate. She comes close, but you can't hold her. I don't think there's intimacy, no. It has more of a feigning of intimacy. She has an intimacy with herself, right, because what she is looking for is herself, she is very auto reflected. She comes very close but then she takes a step right and you lose focus. Or she comes too close and you lose focus because she's too close, too, that can be.

1:00:10

Curiously I opened the sky. Like this: kindly removing the curtains. I wanted to laugh, cry or at least smile with the same lightness that I was kissed by the air. I wanted to enter, unbroken, heart against heart, or at least move a little bit with the called by the tremblings. I wanted to take an armful of light from the infinite in me mingled. Or capture the infinite in the space ... No! In the minimum moments of the space, nude and filled. I didn't know that turning upside down was a mortal experience.

01:01:06

I didn't know that turning upside down was a mortal experience. It is dangerous to touch it, turn inside out, see the other side of things. And she was always trying to see the other side of things and show the other side of things. So the idea of the breakdown of poetry is exactly that, you break standards, break the patterns, "I create the non-poem," right? The non-poetry.

01:01:42

*I thought that if I loved again
I would forget others
at least three or four loved faces
In an archival delirium
organized my memory in alphabets
to count and tame the sheep
however an open flank does not forget
and loves in you other faces*

01:02:06

She was asked to speak at the PUC university and then there was a question by the students, but why do you write these things in such a raw manner, why don't you write about clouds, sky, like a woman should write - a student, eh? Why don't you write like Cecilia Meireles, about stars, clouds ... Then Ana said: but Cecilia Meireles is a man! I mean, she said this spectacular sentence! Because it revealed that the poetry that Cecilia did at that time for her sounded like poetry with a male behavior.

anonymous

*I'm beautiful, when you rub me at the cinema
your shoulder warms me, flows me, I no longer know
whom I wish, whom bakes me alive, eating
or alert to their fluffs, what tenderness
inspires me that fat guy over there, that one here, it's
dark and the screen does not matter, only the hand,
the warm side, the minimum fuse. The bearer of this
know where I am even with my eyes closed;
I little speak; find me, in the corner of Diffusion with Concentration,
on the left side of whoever comes, a newspaper in hand, discreet.*

01:03:53

And why Ana wasn't a man? Because her poetry, along with the women's movement at that time, reflects this: reflects the woman's body, the ambience of the woman, not seen by man but seen by a woman.

01:04:20

1970. One kind of study was waking, a certain kind of attention to the female speech that was unique and that is when Ana Cristina appears, saturated by it.

01:04:34

Do you think it's possible to speak of feminine literature?

01:04:38

No, I don't think it's possible and I think it is. It's not possible to talk about feminine literature if you think woman is what it is, but I think one can speak if one remembers that this is a cultural thing. That speech was built by cultural problems, by obstructions, by the family management, by the patterns of seduction imposed for a woman go forward. Then you have tricks.

I am also framing something for you. Wait until tomorrow.

01:05:12

Woman is not equal to man, no. They are different. The human essence is the same, but the practice of life is different.

01:05:26

How is it different?

01:05:28

Oh my God! The man is simpler, has fewer parts in his body, is more muscular. Cultural history. Woman is Nature, woman is an untamed beast. Woman uses subterfuges to survive.

01:05:52

Wonder here if I'm crazy, who, who can answer? I again ask if I am. Even more if I am sane. I use my obliquity to love and pretend to pretend that I pretend to love my pretend pretending I'm the pretentious.

01:06:12

It's us. You can even say 'do you want to understand women'? Read Ana Cristina Cesar, it's all there!

01:06:29

*Since my return I have frights
when hear your voice on the phone.
Uncertain. Sometimes I say goodbye with a heavy hand.
Maybe ungrateful.
No, Peter, I don't want to be your bitch anymore.*

It's for you that I write, hypocritical. For you - I shake your shoulders and scream truths in your ears, in the very last moment. I throw myself at your feet entirely grateful, a slap, a lancinating lift-off, in the thud of a rifle.

*I am a woman of the nineteenth century
disguised in the twentieth century*

01:07:05

And she is always talking to an interlocutor that does not exist. When you have an interlocutor so present – as she had, it is just that you did not know who he was, when you have such a strong interlocutor, you don't need to tell it all, because he already knows half the stuff you are referring to. So when you talk to your sister, your dearest friend, you don't need to explain every thing between commas. So she kept half of the information, because that interlocutor had that information. But the reader does not have this information, and this interlocutor never existed. So it's a relationship of hide and seek, to speak only a little, to omit some things, to speak by a mirror. She often talked to herself in a very speculative relationship. And this attracts a lot, because you're feeling hungry for more information, wanting to catch this creature, hold her, understand that person. So I think that's quite appealing. And then also her figure, which was very beautiful, which was embedded in the marginal movement without being marginal and who killed herself.

01:08:15

The last farewell I

The ships are figures in the air

Escape as colors - the fauns.

The firemen bodies tremble

In the glow of my feet.

I bite at the pier

impatient

The hand immersed in the lighthouses.

01:08:27

And the younger generations are becoming more and more faithful to the discovery of who is Ana Cristina, because the question is always this one. It's funny because when you... There are many people that interview me for their theses. It is rare to talk about her aesthetics. People want to know who she was. So, you see that her speech is this hide-and-seek thing and it's an advantage she had on one hand.

01:09:15

Ana, woman is really an indomitable beast? I didn't meet you in 72 nor 73 and I still think your mermaid always escapes me. But I do keep all the letters I've written you. If from everything that was said, only your words remain and that's why the play is so strong, I give up on the fluency and tricks and here ends my safari.

01:09:50

Ok? Then you write me letters, I want to receive letters. Write me letters saying what you felt about it. Dear author ...