

THE ROOT OF YOUR TRUE SELF

(1st. Text)

Here I am, on the twenty-third floor of the large human beehive where I hide. This is my hanging garden. On the balcony I breathe. This is the virtual paradise from where I open up the horizon.

And each time I need to climb higher for a horizon. I have to climb high to see past the glass towers and tear the dense veil of smoke that keeps me away from the stars – stars I am entitled to, that is, stars that still are common property – because they are selling the stars, mind you. And stars are being sold loose or in clusters. They are being sold to greedy landowners fascinated by the idea of hoarding infinity itself.

As for myself, I must confess, I am still trying to learn about my own domains. I still do not know the dimension of my inner territory: unexplored feelings, acres of idle emotions, deactivated images, inadequate mills and an oasis, still untouched, to be discovered.

Quite by chance I have a map that provides me with clues, inexhaustible water sources that indicate the way, tree-clad stretches of land that minimize the distance and the hardships of my desertic pilgrimage.

And then when at last I have found that oasis of the soul, I shall have ended my quest. My earthly journey shall at last be completed. And then, I, a star myself, shall invade the skies, a field of stars belonging to all and to no-one, a neutral zone, a territory of peace.

Yet, meanwhile, because of my quest I celebrate the day-to-day discovery, the challenges that make me grow, the indignation at my own imperfection, and mainly the beauty of life above all things.

(2nd. Text)

Do not move away, come closer.
Believe, do not be unfaithful.
Find the antidote to the poison.
Come, return to the root of your true self.
On catching a glimpse of dissolution,
You shall be uprooted from yourself
and set free from all bonds.
Come, return to the root of the root of your true self
You were born of the children of the children of God
But you set your eye much below your target.
How can you be happy that way?
Come, return to the root of the root of your true self.
You were born of a flash of lightning from God Almighty
And you carry the blessing of a bountiful star.
Why should you suffer in the hands of what is not?
Come, return to the root of the root of your true self;

(final letterings)

photography, film script, direction and editing

opening images (the Moon)

actresses

costumes

texts

“Celebração” [*“Celebration”*] by Cláudia Schapira

“A Raiz da raiz de teu ser” [*“The root of the root of your self”*] by Jalai-Ud-Din Rumi

Translation: Glória Regina Loreto Sampaio

Acknowledgements

VISIT TO LAJES VELHA

(1st. Poem)

Flexible as the string that plays upon her heart-strings
She vibrates.
The lion deep inside the instrument
Awaits for the right moment to pounce,
For the moment when wind and string are united.

And all will remind her of the woods:
The sound of the wind,
The brook breaking up and flowing along,
The arrow that waits to follow suit
Never to catch up with it.

Music is to be listened to and above all to conjure up
Things that were never experienced,
Things one has no memory of.
Not even the monochord of colours
Can hinder the passage
Of what hisses and rises as if by magic.

Hence its fascination.
The magic that pries into
Our fibers
The resonance that sustains it,
And just it.

(Conversation with Francisco Dantas)

“I’ll show you my garlic field”

“What?”

“I’ll show you the field where I grow garlic here.”

“What we keep here are the peacocks”

“I got on the bus, caught it with my nail, and when I felt queazy I would do like this, you see?”

“I kept sniffing it ...”

“I kept sniffing it and when I arrived it was all peeled off.”

(2nd. Poem)

It is so good to be in each other’s arms.
She rests on him
And he rests on her
Each one glad to be able to bear the other’s tenderness
So reciprocal.

The peace emanating from them makes the universe surrender
And cushions the lovers’ bosoms
And they sigh together
Rhythmically
Blowing the very wings
That will land them on the dream.

(Francisco’s and Maria Lúcia’s lines)

“This is called Tamboriú...”

“And this is also a beautiful tree: it is called Arapiraca, and when it blooms the flowers smell wonderful.”

(final text)

Here, in the open air, leaning loose and slack against the stone now made cold by the light dew of the night, Virgulino's body quivers and stirs even before the early bird begins to chirp and to ruffle its feathers. Though his mind is already engaged in planning that hell of an escape, his body keeps lying down for a short while, deprived of the physical comforting he needs, as though lacking the energy to stand up until the images he sighed for are served to him and penetrate deep into his senses. He and Santinha, enveloped in the sweltering heat of the night, have not touched each other. They are a short distance apart, and her whole being pulsates with the voluptuousness of his gaze filled with burning desire. He wishes to caution her never to betray him, never to be unfaithful to him, and yet his lips remain pressed together and he does not open his mouth, like an unruly boy, filled with wonder before her, relinquishing his authority and the roughness imposed by the discipline of command, to surrender to her sweetly, like a lamb. He raises his hand and beckons her to come, and the sparkling brilliance of his rings arouses her, though she does not know whether it is an order or a plea, a question or a sign of affection. The rolling of his one good eye excites her and she removes her hairpins and takes off her espadrilles, and she has already guessed his intent for there is no secret that needs to be kept. That nakedness, beginning from the extremities of her body, drives her companion to a sudden shudder of choking. Buzzing beetles fly around and the couple are adorned and cloaked by a mantle of leaves. The slovenliness of a wandering resented life seems to be amended, and what was a speck of dust becomes a drop of dew. A redolence of fruits and roots emanates from the torn shrubs and crumpled crushed leaves. With his feet firmly planted on the clouds, the man plunges into the depths of his chasm. The lovers inflict on each other the luscious lashing of their embrace. His forefinger slides into the flowery thimble of the seamstress. In a sudden spurt, entwined in a convulsive swirl, soaked in sweat, the couple groan in sheer delight. They are united by that bewildering blaze of light, coupled forever, blood in blood, unaware that one day they shall defeat death itself, death caused by betrayal. They shall then live in their chopped off heads – trophies for the mighty of the land. They shall then live in the rounded stumps of their cut off necks – a lesson to the rebellious of the land.

(final letterings)

To Francisco and Maria Lúcia, with love and admiration.

Visit to Lajes Velha

texts

“A Música” [*“The Song”*] and “Consumação” [*“Consummation”*]
from Livro de Possuídos [*Book of the Possessed*]
by Maria Lúcia Dal Farra

extract from Os Desvalidos [*The Destitute*]

Video: Tatiana Lohmann

Translation: Glória Regina Loreto Sampaio