

UNDERTOW EYES - SUBTITLES

00:04:28 Minutes/Seconds.

GDA – “They held some kind of mysterious, alluring fluid, a force that dragged one in, like the undertow of a wave retreating from the shore on stormy days...”

“Not to be dragged in, I held onto other parts of her body but, as soon as I returned to the pupils of her eyes, the wave emerging from them grew towards me, deep and dark, threatening to envelop me, pull me, and engulf me.”

00:02:10 Minutes/Seconds

GDA - It’s hard to get it down, to some detail... I felt an attraction.... for her. As Machado de Assis says of Capitu: “She had eyes that drew you in like an undertow” ... They were the most beautiful thing.

00:02:43 Minutes/Seconds.

Title: **Undertow Eyes**

00:03:08 Minutes/Seconds.

GDA – And the undertow draws you deep into the ocean.

Vera – There was a house between mine and his. His backyard met the backyard of my house, way at the back, and there was a mango-uba tree. Ripe mangos fell on my side... We’d stay around, waiting...

00:03:47 M.S

Vera – Then, at night, we'd all get together, a bunch of kids from the neighborhood... We'd be on the sidewalk talking away ...

And I noticed that one of the guys was very interesting. He was more thoughtful, more considerate and he was handsome.

I thought he was really handsome! I noticed some reciprocity. We started flirting.

So I was really enthusiastic.

He only came into my house the day I turned 15, I invited everyone over.

We danced. He gave me a medallion of Saint Anthony, patron of weddings...

That's when we started... started dating.

00:05:45 M.S.

GDA (singing) – “Your eyes are dark, dark,

dark as the moonless night;

they are ardent, profound

like the ocean deep and bright

– “*That's why I love you dear,*

in pleasure or in pain,

Rose, Song, Shade, Star,

Gondolier of love.”

GDA (singing) – *When I arrived from my land, I brought nothing at all,
just an old blanket, which the bull ate... ooo lead bull, come, come, come...*

00:07:25 M.S.

Vera – My father said: I hear you two are going to live on the farm, you know nothing about farm life. You’d better go and check it out. If you don’t like it you don’t have to marry...

- I went, I liked it, I got married.

00:08:39 M.S.

Vera – There was no phone, only an amateur radio.

So I sent a message by radio

to my mother in law.

I said: “Please tell them at home,

to send me the polka dotted dress.”

So Elza said:

“It’s because she’s pregnant.”

GDA – It's the code....Pregnancy code.

GDA – Not to broadcast it over the radio.

00:09:33 M.S.

Vera –When Marilia

was two and a half years old,

I already had three children; Her, Flávio and Laura...

I would get pregnant

just by being near

men's underwear.

00:10:00 M.S.

Vera – I loved being barefoot, I hated wearing shoes.

I used to play ball..

We called it soccer,

it was just kicking the ball.

00:10:30 M.S.

GDA – I used to cry a lot,

but didn't let it show,

cause the boys made fun,

they'd say: "Oh you crybaby..." so we learn to repress.

00:11:03

GDA – I remember going to road camps,

I missed the family warmth,

and I recorded Laura singing with Julinha:

"Little girls are made of sugar and spice

and everything nice..."

00:11:49 M.S.v

Vera – My mother was very soft,

but had little time to hug us

,cause she worked so much.

- She sewed for us, made our meals...

- I felt her death deeply ...

I feel it even today,

I miss her, her softness,

her smile,

I feel it in my heart

and in my memory.

00:13:17 M.S.

Vera – I'm more impetuous,

he's calmer.

- I am more... real,

he is more of a dreamer.

- He's always late,

I'm always ahead of time.

- And he spends his time delighting

in the poetry of Castro Alves,

Machado de Assis...

00:14:43 M.S

GDA – "Oh, I want to live,

drink the wild flower fragrance

that fills the air,

Watch my soul navigate in the infinity

Like a white sail in the vast ocean,

The breast of a woman has such perfume,

Her fiery kisses so much life,

Errant Arab, I'll sleep in the afternoon in the shade of a tall palm tree."

00:15:27 M.S

GDA – Youth is glorious.

In that poem *Youth and Death*

you see how beautiful youth is.

Vera – Sometimes I have trouble moving,

saying certain words,

singing,

the voice doesn't come out...

I see... all this is aging.

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00:16:24 M.S.

GDA – I don't feel such anguish as the poet Castro Alves,

Death for us who are 80 years old

is a natural thing that can come at any time,

and we have to face it...

and not be too afraid.

-

But when she's near

I know I'll be afraid...

when she's close...

at least that's what the poets say.

,

00:17:28 M.S.

Vera – On the other hand, we know more things,

we distinguish better

the people who approach us

with sincerity and care.

This perception

of what surrounds us grows...

with age.

One of them is this...

but it was always so,

this is very important.

It's not just anybody

who has moments like this,

as I with him.

We feel each other's support without having to say anything...

GDA – For sure.

Vera – Isn't it?!

It's the best thing in the world!

00:18:45 M.S.

Vera – We no longer have that passion from the beginning...

we have a tenderness for one another,

a real tenderness.

Pure, soft, very pleasant, which helps us to continue with.... everything.

- We don't know how to live away

from each other anymore.

- Our lives are completely interwoven.

00:20:10 M.S.

GDA – “Sir ... Look and see: the most important and beautiful thing in the world, is this: that people are not always the same, they haven't been finished,... they are always changing. They tune in or tune out. Greater truth. It's what life taught me. This is what makes me happy, a lot.”

TRANSLATION ROBIN GELD