

VENTURA: A CHARACTER'S MENTAL LANDSCAPE AS HISTORY

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Abstract

Pedro Costa's last film, *Cavalo Dinheiro* [Horse Money, 2014], continues the work with Ventura in a way that could be seen to overtake Vanda's role in his series of films since *Ossos* [Bones, 1997]. In *Juventude em Marcha* [Colossal Youth, 2006], by means of «the power of the false» (Deleuze), Ventura is a stratigraphic character, the result of a confrontation between fictional and documentary powers which permanently shifts, in Ventura himself, the actually existing Ventura from the invented Ventura. This builds a portrait that, with the ritornello of the film – Ventura's insistent recitation of a love letter –, moves across centuries of Portugal and world's history. But in *Horse Money*, both concentration and fragmentation increase. There are all kind of coincidences and clashes between the past and the present time, which are presented in a glosolalia, voices that spread memory everywhere, as in the final sequence in the elevator, when we have Ventura and a soldier of the 25 April Revolution completely mummified, transformed into a golden statue. In this paper, I highlight the everlasting present created through the length of time and the scarcity of space. This is not a time that corresponds to confusion or delirium; this is the time built by the film, and I will particularly focus my paper on this coincident mental and historical landscape that, by entailing the body and the life of a person transformed into a character, allows to the filmmaker to ride through history with Ventura's horse Money.

Keywords: Pedro Costa, Horse Money, aesthetics, Deleuze, time, history

Intercession and creation: the construction of intercessors

What could an aesthetics of intercession be? Let's start with the name 'Fontainhas' to which the cinema of Pedro Costa is closely linked, just like the names 'Vanda' and 'Ventura' are. What is 'Fontainhas' exactly? It's an area on the outskirts of Lisbon where people lived at the turn of this century. They have now been moved to a rehousing zone. The people of this community, who really did exist, had to be shaped into film. So, it was Pedro Costa's cinema that created them.

As far as society and film were concerned, this neighbourhood *did not exist*; we could say its only use was to confirm ideas of social topography, segregation or protection of those who live *on what is the right and safe side* of society. No one from *the right side* would go there. And when someone did in order to film an image, for TV news for example, they filmed without being aware of what was being filmed: it was a quick shot related with *predetermined ideas*, which happens when one films without a relationship to what is filmed.

Pedro Costa returns all these prohibitions to us. The title of the film summarises this straightaway. This perhaps only works in Portuguese, but the title of the film *No Quarto da Vanda* [*In Vanda's*

Room, 2000], with «da» instead of «de», makes us do something that is forbidden, in a sense, since no viewer, other than Pedro Costa himself or else Vanda's friends and neighbours, may say, in the proper sense, *No Quarto da Vanda*. It's as if the title was telling us, the viewers: 'It's not you who's saying this,' 'It's not you who can say this,' 'You are saying something that you cannot say.'

Pedro Costa is the intercessor of the Fontainhas people. He intercedes on their behalf, gives them a voice and existence. Essentially, that's what to intercede means. But we cannot put the problem this way. Because this happens only to the exact extent that the Fontainhas people are also the intercessors of Pedro Costa's filmmaking, and of himself as a filmmaker. Pedro Costa had a film to make. The Fontainhas people are intercessors of an artwork. That the intercessors have to be fabricated, as Gilles Deleuze says, means that they don't pre-exist. Intercession therefore consists of the creation of intercessors.¹ The genesis of intercession is the movement that is done *through another one* or *through something*. And this is a construction. Pedro Costa's work is truly a work of art and nothing but a work of art: this means that his reasons are not immediately sociological or political but artistic. They are first of all based on a 'will to art', which delves deep in what Deleuze claims as the *artistic essence of the cinematographic image* (Deleuze,

1985, pp. 203, 219).² Of course, this *movement through another one*, or *through something else* that informs Pedro Costa's art is, like in any other artist's work, irrational, in the sense that it is not confirmed or guaranteed in advance.

Deleuze's connection between creation and intercession, which includes artistic creation, makes us ponder. "Intercessors are essential," says Deleuze. "Creation's all about intercessors. Without them, nothing happens." He goes on to say: "I need my intercessors to express myself, and they'd never express themselves without me" (Deleuze, 1990, pp.168-171). This works two ways, it's reciprocal – one gives life to the other, and the Fontainhas people, Vanda and Ventura intercede for Pedro Costa's art to the extent that one thing is indistinguishable from the other.

When shooting *Ossos* [*Bones*, 1997], Pedro Costa realises that beautiful images can result from a kind of abduction, from a non-relationship with the world of which they are images; he realises his art has limitations and that a particularly mode of production can be very restrictive. He not only "captures the intolerable in this world" (Deleuze, 1985, p.221) but in film too. Here, some excerpts from the filmmaker's description of his crisis and his struggle when shooting *Ossos*:³

— I did not know what had to be done except destroy

– My attitude was one of despair, of anger – I remember that at that time I had quite irrational attitudes

–We need to cut these 10,000 watts because the shooting of the film should not be a nuisance for the people there

– And from that, the boycott of the production, the boycott of the director of photography, the boycott of myself, because, if I say 'cut the light', we will probably not be able to film. And that's how we found the light of the neighbourhood in *Ossos*

When Gilles Deleuze talks about digital images, he says something that we could link with 'destruction' as described by Pedro Costa: "The new automatism – says Deleuze – is worthless in itself if it is not put in the service of a powerful, obscure, condensed will to art, aspiring to deploy itself through involuntary movements which nonetheless do not restrict it." And, in a note, Deleuze adds: "Sometimes an artist, becoming aware of the death of the will to art in a particular medium, confronts 'challenge' by a use which is apparently destructive of that medium" (Deleuze, 1985, p.347). So, Pedro Costa brought Vanda and Zita to cinema, in *Ossos*. But later in *No Quarto da Vanda*, it's the other way round and the transformation, or intercession, occurs. What really manages to elevate these people and the figures of Vanda, Ventura and Zita, is this cry at

the start of *No Quarto da Vanda*: "I am here alone, I am the sole filmmaker, no one else will come to make films in this room" (Costa et al., 2012, p.19). In another interview, Pedro Costa said he wanted to make "the best room-movie in the world" (Hanse, 2009, p.56) – that was what motivated him. And this led to this powerful will to art and his artistic inner connection to *Beauty nº2* (Andy Warhol, 1965), for example, whereby he wanted to make a film nobody else wants to, at least which no one wants to under the conditions in which he intended to make it and did so effectively. And Fontainhas has become as much a monument of the people from there as a monument of cinema.

And again, one can have an idea of this "powerful, obscure, condensed will to art" (Deleuze's words quoted above) if we think about *O Sangue* [*Blood*, 1989], for example, the first film of Pedro Costa, which can be seen as much as a calling as a response to cinema in itself, where references to other films emerges to create a palimpsest, "an inner life of cinema." (Adrian Martin in Matos Cabo, 2009, pp.91-97). And in this, we find not only veneration for cinema, but also a fight against cinema, through cinema. And, in *Casa de Lava* [*Down to Earth*, 1994] or in *Ossos* too, the next films, once again we have this sharp shadow of cinema, from *Stromboli* de Rossellini (1949) to Jacques Touneur's *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943), or Mizoguchi, with *Street of Shame* (1956). But above all, we

must highlight the seriality and the monumentality built since *Casa de Lava*: all films linked together in a mythical articulation, a sort of solid world parallel to the world, which questions both our world and the art of film.

Ventura: into the interior of time

Pedro Costa's last film, *Cavalo Dinheiro* [*Horse Money*, 2014], continues the work with Ventura, the central character of *Juventude em Marcha* [*Colossal Youth*, 2006], and in a way that could be seen to overtake Vanda's role in his series of films since *Ossos* (1997)⁴. There seems to be something here that goes beyond the kind of surface or mirror that Vanda is (or was). Of course, Ventura doesn't easily reflect anything, and particularly doesn't easily reflect us.

Ventura... We may wonder: who is this man? And also wonder: who is this character? Of course, right away there is a problem here, something that perplexes us. Ventura has a cinematic existence, this we know, but what does it mean? Pedro Costa says about the people he films: "I do not really believe in the character, what really interests me is the person, Vanda or Ventura. I never thought of a character they could represent, it was they who decided to build themselves up as characters. It's all the better if they become characters, it means that they step outside themselves and they begin

to look for a memory of the people they have known, of their past. For me, in the best cases, a character is many people concentrated in one body." (Costa et al., 2009, p.82).

This definition of the character as "many people" is decisive because it shows what is at stake, for example, with the vibrant *ritornello* in *Juventude em Marcha*. The stories that this film brings together and Ventura's movements are first and foremost enveloped in a sound wave of endless recitations of a letter that a Cape Verdean emigrant, who works with Ventura as a builder, wants to send to his wife. The letter, like a song that permeates the film, marks the whole composition. It's a large construction of sound, a litany that shakes the history of a country and ploughs into a Creole territory that connects Portugal to Africa. It's also a letter that has been many years in the writing in the work of Pedro Costa, ever since *Casa de Lava* (1994) — and goes even deeper; it is rooted in the letter that the French writer Robert Desnos sent to his fiancée from a Nazi concentration camp in 1944. Lento, Ventura's fellow builder, begs him for help to write the letter. "To send her money?" asks Ventura; "To tell I miss her. A sort of love letter," answers Lento. As soon as Lento asks this of him, Ventura begins to recite the letter and doesn't stop but goes on and on. Of course, that letter is not only a letter that belongs to Lento or Ventura, it's a letter from "many people"; and it's a letter of "many times"; it's a collective letter.

Ventura on the screen is an image that results from of a kind of assemblage, one that is obviously beyond the character and beyond himself. Ventura represents himself as well as the character that Pedro Costa constructed, linking old and new characters from the Fontainhas neighbourhood (in *Ossos* and *No Quarto da Vanda*). Ventura works as a symbol. In *Juventude em Marcha*, he is gentlemanlike and a social outcast, comparable to Chaplin's character. He's a tall, elegant man with almost affected mannerisms. He wears a dark suit and a white shirt, and is always filmed slightly twisted in a low-angle shot that asserts his presence in every scene. Ventura is the yardstick on which images are measured; he indicates the dimension of their space. As a sleepwalker, Ventura's eyes seem to look into time, into the interior of time. And the film goes from Ventura now, in present time, and Ventura at the time of the 25 April Revolution in Portugal, in 1974 — it goes from one to the other without causal determinations related to the action.

This passage from one time to another as the film unfolds, acquires an independent generative power: for example, it resurrects Lento, the character that accompanies Ventura. He's a character who died electrocuted by deflecting electricity, in the layer of the past, at the time of the 25 April Revolution, but returns in the present time layer, reciting now the same letter that Ventura is repeatedly reciting throughout the film.

It is the strength of this composition that elevates Ventura's figure and life to a mythical dimension. It remains and leaves behind vestiges of a sonic and visual kind. Subsequently, cinema becomes the depository of this memory that a *song* attracts and concentrates. With respect to *Colossal Youth*, the film brings back — it restitutes — what people lose when they move to new homes with bare white walls that stop the flow of the figures — "in the houses of the departed there are lots of figures to see" (says Ventura to one of his children) —, putting an end to that specific story and life.

By means of «the power of the false» (Deleuze's and Nietzsche's concept) — Ventura becomes a stratigraphic character⁵, in the sense that those layers of time overlap on him. As far as traditional forms of cinema are concerned, we can understand this to result from a conflict between fictional and documentary powers, between the power to invent and the power to reunite what exists: a conflict that permanently shifts between the cinematic Ventura and Ventura himself, the actual Ventura from the invented Ventura. Of course, this conflict is absolutely needed — it's the necessity of the art of Pedro Costa —, since it is with it that Pedro Costa builds a portrait that moves across centuries of Portugal's history and world history, from the Fifteenth Century. It might be better to think of Ventura's portrait as a *landscape*, a mental landscape, a *landscape of time*.

In *Horse Money*, both *Colossal Youth*'s concentration and fragmentation have increased. There are all kinds of coincidences and clashes between the past and the present in *Horse Money* that emerge in a form of *glossolia* with voices bringing back memories from everywhere. An example is the scene at the elevator, with Ventura and a 25 April Revolution soldier, who is completely mummified and transformed into a golden statue. This allows the filmmaker (and maybe allows us along with him as spectators) to ride through history on Ventura's horse Money. (Because 'Money' is the name of the horse that Ventura left in Cape Verde when he emigrated to Portugal. Yes, it's an ironic and critical note: Ventura left Money, his horse, in Cape Verde.) But suddenly, we have to question things. What are we doing when we're with Ventura in *Horse Money*? I believe that we are in front of images with which we have to compromise.⁶

It's not easy to say that, or to think about it, because this it is not something discursive — it has to do, by the contrary, with the materiality of Pedro Costa's composition: for example, with the sound construction that we talked about. By inserting Jacob Riis' images at the very beginning of *Horse Money*, what relations are made tangible? Of course, they are a kind of introduction or a guide to what comes next in the film. But at the same time, they serve as a counterpoint and even a confrontation

with Pedro Costa's images — that is to say, if Pedro Costa does something of the kind and presents a social situation by putting his own images in relation to Riis's images, he does something else and in a different way: he creates a kind of time bomb, he displaces the historical power of Riis's images by bringing them to present time. In this way, he makes them share the power of art. *Horse Money* intercedes through Riis' images, re-evaluates them while, at the same time, these images expand *Horse Money* with a breath of the past.

(The procedure is not new in the director's work. It's the same case in *Down to Earth* [*Casa de Lava*, 1994], which begins with images of the volcanic mountain and the eruption on Fogo Island in Cape Verde, which the Portuguese geographer Orlando Ribeiro filmed in 1954. As a kind of stratigraphic guide, these images are followed by one of the back of a child's head and its entangled, uncombed auburn hair, followed in turn by a series of shots of different girls and women, showing the miscegenation that through time has turned them into living sculptures of and on the Earth's surface. And from there in the film we jump to Lisbon, and then again we go *down to Earth*, to Cape Verde.)

In an interview, Pedro Costa raises the question of the present, of our present time. He said that *Horse Money* shows "the best way we could talk about today"

(Peranson, 2015). In what manner is this 'best way'? What kind of construction stands this 'today'?

As a filmmaker, Pedro Costa is an architect of time. We may say that's part of the job, but in *Horse Money*, it is a mythical architecture that intensively sets up the 'today' of now with repeated passages between the lower and upper areas. Time is here rebuilt through space; space is here rebuilt through time — as in Ventura's visit to the ruined factory, when he telephones the secretary and his boss, Master Ernesto, in a time that couldn't be present time. In the elevator scene, voices of several people and of all times — sometimes in a chorus — can be heard; also the voice of Ventura in and off; and also his body as a crossroads of time, as in that tremendous image of the scars of cuts on his head, which are at a certain moment clearly visible when Ventura bends down. And this is not a time that is linked with confusion or delirium; this is the time constructed by the film, which composes the warp of this mental and historical landscape so this cinema also becomes a sculptural and a funerary art: a tomb of the present so that it should last. As the sculptor Rui Chafes says, sculpture "is perhaps the art of those who cannot forget..." This means that each shot (and above all the shots of the bodies) are crafted like carving a stone. This is one of Pedro Costa's aims: to carve statues, to seek

out what lingers between the ephemeral moments (Molder, 2005, p.23).⁷

And Pedro Costa, with his filmed statues, seems to be telling us precisely that those people (Ventura and Vitalina) are living monuments, statues in motion in the film. Hear again, this carving includes the work with sound: the documents read and heard in the film also have to do with this sculptural art (this procedure prolongs the recitations of the previous film); they are statements, they are the registration of the basic facts of one's life, the pedestal of one's life: Vitalina's birth certificate, Vitalina's husband's death certificate, Vitalina's marriage certificate. These certificates are typically written in an anonymous and bureaucratic style, but they are also remarkable in that they refer objectively to a life – like that simple teardrop that at one moment runs down Vitalina's cheek almost at the end of the reading of her birth certificate, and seems to solidify – this tear is like lava – like the lava of the volcano's eruption in Cape Verde at the beginning of *Casa de Lava* (1994).⁸ And also we have to say that the immediate power of the image in *Horse Money* comes from its beauty. It's a force that comes from the distorted and tactile quality of space, from this "non-organic life of things" (Deleuze), a kind of non-psychological Expressionism, which the image creates and reveals. And, of course, from *tenebrism* – black as "the colour that surrounds us"

(João Bénard da Costa in Matos Cabo, *op. cit.*, p.27) and other colours, like red luminescence; also the strong contrast with light, where black and white become true colours; or a located over-exposure (white as a colour once more, or even a window in cinema. Maybe a window that turns back towards the interior – an opaque window, like windows in *Horse Money*); in addition to signs of the haptic quality of the image (skin, hands), there are the haptic qualities of sound (Vitalina whispering). And from Vitalina's whisperings, we get to the voices that will occupy every inch of space, in the elevator scene – and then, at the end, we come to a word that only a lamentation and a song can lift.

There is something similar to the Statue of Liberty on the road running alongside Lisbon Airport – we see this in the image though it doesn't exist on the actual road. (There's also a brightly lit Kentucky Fried Chicken advertisement in the background, which really exists.) In the shot we see the statue and we see an airplane landing and at the same time we hear Vitalina reading the exchange of information between the Cape Verde embassy in Portugal and Portuguese embassy in Cape Verde so that Vitalina can come to attend her husband's funeral in Portugal. This "phantom" statue mirrors the relationship between Jacob Riis' images of New York and the Lisbon of today, where Vitalina arrives and where no one awaits or welcomes her

apart from the statues of mythological sea creatures in Camões' epic poem *The Lusíads* [*Os Lusíadas*]. One of those creatures represents the *Tagus* river that rules over the nymphs, the *Tágides*, in Lisbon's most grandiose Fountain (The Luminous Fountain of Lisbon). In this film, no one else welcomes Vitalina except these statues and Ventura. We can imagine that Pedro Costa is working with *all this* – that is to say with Camões too.

At the beginning of the poem, Camões begs the *Tágides* for inspiration:

And you, nymphs of the Tagus...
 (...)
 Fire me now with mighty cadences,
 Not a goatherd's querulous piping
 But the shouts of a battle trumpet,
 Stirring the heart, steeling the countenance;⁹

What is true is that Pedro Costa, from the start, is working with these crossroads of times – we could say he's *riding History*; and now with this kind of inversion of what *The Lusíads* could represent, this endeavour on the part of Portugal (and of Western civilisation) in other regions, particularly Africa. Now it would be the other way round. And it is as if *Horse Money* claimed also that "mighty cadences... stirring the heart, steeling the

countenance", in the word of Camões. However, it is obviously not the other way round, and one has to believe and show this non-resoluble 'today' as it is.

We must highlight here another of Pedro Costa's cries of indignation, now during the interview with Mark Peranson: "...the film plays itself in an everlasting present. At least this elevator is a machine that says: 'you leave now!' and 'you are a prisoner of your present'. And 'you will die in the present'. 'You will die now, you will suffer now...' " (Peranson, *op. cit.*). The elevator scene is the *acmé* of Pedro Costa's construction. The aesthetics of intercession is based on this belief – and here, in the artist's belief in the relationship between the elevator and our world, that makes the world exist. And so this belief becomes a kind of foundation of an aesthetics of intercession – we begin to understand what Rossellini meant and Deleuze expressed in his own way: "The less human the world is, the more it is the artist's duty to believe and to produce belief in a relation between man and the world, because the world is made by men." (Deleuze, 1985, p.222). Obviously, the aesthetics of intercession it is not an aesthetics of a work of art, which would always be more or less prescriptive; it's perhaps more an aesthetics of the artist who wants to make a work of art with the world that he films.

What kind of elevator is the one in *Horse Money*? What's going on there? We can

recognize some signs. We have Ventura. And we have the soldier of the 25 April Revolution. There's a kind of struggle of voices, there. And the voices bring to the film not only what they're saying but also what they're doing as well as distinct periods of time¹⁰. And all this within a everlasting present time created through the length of time and the scarcity of space (we don't get out of the elevator for a prolonged period of time). Now, what is the salient quality of this present time? It is a dead-end present time, which one has to feel as such – as a dead-end. No doubt, it is necessary to believe in the present time of this world in order for this extreme suffocation to be felt. Let's say that we have here two characters who are unable to respond automatically to the present. It is not easy to think about this and we cannot but be astonished at the painstaking work of the filmmaker, beautiful and sublime at the same time. We are, above all, powerless and even more so if we make this present time our own present time – if we turn this present into our present. Aside from all else and even with all its scenarios, cinema films things that are of men and builds with things that are of men.

We must, from the very start, understand that the filmmaker is not kidding; we become very aware that he is undoubtedly in as great or even greater difficulty than we are given that he did the work. We have to realise that he can do a work like this not because he believes

in an idea about the person but because he believes in that person, in the world of that person, and in the belonging of 'that' world to our world. We have no already prepared thoughts and Pedro Costa does not provide us with any exits. And "the nerve-wave that gives rise to thought"¹¹ (Artaud, via Deleuze) mixes with the noise of the tremor of the elevator that continues without stopping. It is a matter of believing what is truly difficult to believe: Ventura intercedes for History – and this way maybe History could intercede for present time. Who knows? "*Unlike the philosopher (...) the poet jumps into the depths, pulled by the darkness, impatiently opening the eyes.*" (Molder, 2005, p.24).

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Notes

- 1 Deleuze, as far as I know, never writes the word 'intercession' — and the idea of intercessors must have come to him through the words of Pierre Perrault, the Canadian filmmaker and poet, when he talks about what he achieves in his own films (see, for example, Perrault & Allio, 1983).
- 2 It's an essence that "converts into potential what was only possibility", and it's related to automatism and thought, that the artist will work with. The expression 'will to art', translation of the concept of *kunstwollen* from the German historian Alois Riegl, is more or less current in Deleuze, because the concept is both individual (it implies the artist) and collective (it implies the world). And this 'will to art' is, for Deleuze, in the present time conditions of cinema and world, linked to a belief (see Deleuze, 1985, chapter VII, pp. 203-245).
- 3 A longer quotation of his words: "I wanted to be there with those people, but without that weight [in another manner]. And film did not happen at all in the neighbourhood; no film could have been made here. It's where 'Vanda' gets its strength: at that moment, what I needed was to find a film that was not a film, or at least one unlike 'Ossos'. Godard says you can take out the image from his films and just listen to the soundtrack. Straub says, 'I do not know if Cezanne is a film.' 'I did not know what had to be done except destroy.' And the hitches with the production map and the neighbourhood; for instance, the trucks with film equipment just could not get in. And all the crazy stuff during this circus: our fourteen production assistants who took advantage of the quality dope there and spent their days doing police work as they leaned against the walls. They were there 'just in case', as they are in all shoots for security reasons, as deterrents. So what we brought to the people of the neighbourhood, especially the kids, was not very interesting. And there were also some useful things that perhaps I could not have found elsewhere.

Light, for example. The film has a particular light, admired by many directors of photography, very unique in 35mm. My attitude was one of despair, of anger - I remember that at that time I had quite irrational attitudes. We were filming a lot at night in alleyways that were just a metre wide. Now, when you switch on a 10,000-watt projector, it penetrates holes, windows, doors, everywhere. It was like daylight at midnight. Of course, people working on films don't have the same timetables as bricklayers and house cleaners. And on those nights, the light would wake up people who were going to work at four in the morning. I felt the problem and I think they became quite verbal about it. The production assistants tried to filter the light and reduce it but it was not enough. I thought: 'We need to cut out these 10,000 watts because the film should not trouble people so much.' I think it was the right thing to do, though maybe I was also being a coward, because I thought everything I did was a failure. That's the reason for the production boycott, the director of photography boycott, me boycotting myself, because if I told them 'Cut the light', we would probably be unable to shoot. And that's how we found the light of the neighbourhood in Ossos. I thought maybe we could finally shoot properly. It began with a lack of light, a kind of penumbra, which was more suitable. It was another sensitivity. And there was less filmmaking. (...) We were inflicting tremendous changes on a neighbourhood that was already being exploited by society as a whole, and did not need any extra exploitation. The police, unemployment, drugs, whites... And now filming? In addition, filming is a little like a military or police thing. It starts as a raid and then disappears, just like the police." (Costa et al., 2012 pp.37-38).

- 4 We may consider the beginning of the series in Casa de Lava (1994), but Ossos, three years later, seal actually the start of Vanda's presence.
- 5 The notion of "stratigraphic composition" derives from some embodiments of Deleuze's idea of stratigraphy. See chapter "Devenir-intense, devenir-animal, devenir-imperceptible" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1980, pp. 284-380) and chapter "Les composants de l'image" (Deleuze, 1985, pp. 292-341).
- 6 This idea of an image that implies compromise (from the viewer, from the filmmaker) comes to us from Maria Filomena Molder's reflexions on the relationship between art (and the artist) and world, which lies on a construction generated in the come and go between "to describe the world as it is" and "to describe the world like one's wishes and fears" — when she speaks about a word to which is inherent the searching and the compromise: "We are confused. One of the signs of our confusion is that we are concerned with words when we suddenly discover that we do not realize what we are talking about. We strive, therefore, to find ways and means to determine what we are talking about without knowing (art, work of art, value, good, evil, water, distance), what we are speaking about without ceasing, which shows, first, that we can speak of what we do not know, and secondly, that we constantly speak of what we do not know and end up discovering that we only speak thus or that speaking implies this experience, because the word is always a word shared, received, inherited, with which, each time, in whatever way it's done, we have to compromise." (Molder, 2005, p.13).
- 7 Not leaving the world abandoned, is the motto — which we associate with Rossellini's idea about the artist's duty to belief in a relation between man and world, at the end of this text.

8 "We did three takes, and she cried each take", says Pedro Costa about the scene (Peranson, op. cit.)

9 E vós, Tágides minhas...

(...)

Dai-me uma fúria grande e sonora,

E não de agreste avena ou fruta ruda,

Mas de tuba canora e belicosa,

Que o peito acende e a cor ao gesto muda;

10 Pedro Costa said that he has spent two months mixing the sound of the scene.

11 "... cinema is a matter of neuro-physiological vibrations, and that the image must produce a shock, a nerve-wave which gives rise to thought..." (Deleuze, 1985, p. 215). Deleuze is here summing up some critical words of Artaud, namely his texts about film (1978).