

Angra

George Machado Rosa¹



*Eu sei lá
E tu sabes lá
Onde a onda vai levar
Onde a vela leva no mar*

*De lá onde vou
Cá o vento chegou
D'aqui onde estou
Parte a onda que lá passou*

*Lá onde a onda da vida
Da onda nascida
Convida à ida
Parto e vou*

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My father, Alberto Machado da Rosa, was born in Angra do Heroísmo, Terceira, on January 31, 1924, and his childhood and early youth there were defined above all by a constantly growing desire to see beyond Terceira's oceanic horizons and ultimately to escape its narrow confines. Both of his parents had lived and worked in the United States: his father, Álvaro, in Long

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Beach, California, and his mother, Maria da Conceição, in Lowell, Massachusetts, who was born and had spent much of her youth in Lowell, who spoke English with native ease, and who had given him early, effective instruction in that language. The past experiences of his family in the United States impinged on his own in another way: he was introduced to radical internationalist ideas at an early age by his maternal grandfather, who had worked under oppressive conditions in Lowell and had written and published revolutionary pro-labor poetry there.

Alberto's anti-fascism was precociously resolute by the time he was twelve years old, when, in 1936, he was expected to join the Mocidade Portuguesa, which was founded in that year and which had ties to the contemporaneous Italian and German fascist youth groups. Though Salazar's Estado Novo had made membership in the Mocidade Portuguesa compulsory between the ages of seven and fourteen, Alberto refused to join. There could have been serious consequences for him, but he evaded them primarily as a result of his friendship with the son of the Liceu de Angra's rector. The rector, Corte-Real, who in the 1930s also occupied other important administrative posts in Angra, admired Alberto's courageous independence of mind, though he disapproved of his politics, and had sufficient influence to draw a veil over the young rebel's infraction.

Around the time World War II began, Alberto's political education developed significantly when he began to frequent a shop in Angra that belonged to a republican exile from Spain who had arrived in Terceira toward the end of the Spanish Civil War and who helped to broaden his young acquaintance's understanding of the world by giving him access to a clandestine shortwave radio receiver. That receiver was hidden in a room at the back of the Spaniard's shop, where Alberto listened, most notably, to BBC transmissions in English. They provided him with far more reliable, complete information than that supplied by the BBC Portuguese Service (*Voz de Londres*), which the Salazarist regime had sought to curb and control from the outset of the war. Hemmed in by a vast ocean in which the threat of German U-boats to Britain's and to democracy's survival was a terrible reality, he navigated the airways toward a greater understanding of modern world history and of the immense challenges the Allies faced in their struggle to defeat Nazi Germany. In later years, in Madison and Los Angeles, when, at home, I would pass by my father's study, I regularly saw him pause in his work patiently to adjust the tuning dials on a large, black, timeworn shortwave receiver that he had bought, doubtlessly secondhand, while a student at the University of Coimbra. Above the dials, the wavelength settings appeared behind glass eyes that glowed yellow and red as the machine crackled and hummed. If my father landed in a country whose language he understood (and there were many of these), if reception was reasonably good, and if the news or another interesting program was on, he would stop there and resume work as he listened. "This is London" was a sentence that I often heard repeated by that far-sighted old box.

The pursuit of freedom through learning became, at an early age, Alberto's guiding principle in life. In the years preceding the outbreak of World War II, he grew aware that the Estado Novo had undertaken to render Portuguese education a cornerstone of conservative autocracy by exerting rigid ideological control over teachers, by confining secondary and higher education to the elites, and by reducing the number of years of compulsory primary education. Angered by these conditions, he opened a school of his own for illiterate adults while still in his early teens, and that school had real success. His own father, Álvaro, who showed up for class unexpectedly one day, learned to read there, and derived genuine enjoyment from his evening newspaper in subsequent years. While Alberto worked to further the education of others, he did not neglect his own, and, against precedent and expectation—for the school pass rate at the Liceu de Angra was disgracefully low—he contrived (perhaps with some assistance, yet again, from Corte-Real) never to fail a year until graduation.

Were he to have failed just once, Álvaro had warned, he would not have been allowed to attend the University of Coimbra. That warning gave Alberto strong motivation to study hard, as did his principal daily chore, which took long hours to complete and which gave him a good idea of how hard

other work can be: he was expected to take the cow to pasture, often in the dark, before school. That pasture, a private piece of grass-covered land enclosed by volcanic rock walls, was far from Angra, beyond a substantial ridge overlooking the town. Alberto often made parts of the trip on bare feet, as the hand-me-down shoes that arrived from America and that he was expected to wear for such work sometimes hurt his feet more than the road itself did.

Alberto arrived in Coimbra at the age of seventeen, in 1941, and was awarded the degree of *licenciado* by the Faculdade de Letras in 1947, after he completed a thesis on the twentieth-century English novelist John Galsworthy. I know relatively little about the years he spent in Coimbra, except that he gave private English lessons to make enough money to get by, that he played the Portuguese guitar well, that he was an enthusiastic fan of the University of Coimbra's soccer team, Académica, which then basked in the recent glory of having won the inaugural Taça de Portugal, that he bought the shortwave receiver described above, that he continued to listen to the BBC in English until the end of World War II and beyond, and that, on one life-altering day in 1945 or 1946, he met Claude Leroy. Leroy was at the time an instructor of Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and he urged Alberto, who was looking for a way to get out of Salazarist Portugal, to pursue graduate study in Madison while making ends meet as a teaching assistant in Portuguese. Leroy, after his return to Madison, made a number of helpful inquiries on Alberto's behalf about the documentation and letters of reference he would need in order to gain admission to the University of Wisconsin as a teaching assistant, about classes in Portuguese Alberto might expect to offer in Madison, and about graduate courses he might expect to take there. Leroy also greatly facilitated Alberto's contacts with Eduardo Neale-Silva, the Chair of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese in Madison, who soon decided that the young Azorean *licenciado* would make a useful addition to that department.

It took some time for Alberto to finalize his arrangements to move to Wisconsin. By then, he had married (in the summer of 1946) Maria Aldegice Rodrigues Machado, also from Angra and whom he had known for a long time, had been teaching English for a year or so at a Catholic secondary school in Tondela (District of Viseu), and had an infant son (born in June 1947) named, like him, Alberto. But life in Tondela had not made my father any less committed to escape from Salazarist Portugal. Indeed, the only housing that he had been able to find in Tondela, in the town's one *pensão*, provided compelling reminders of that commitment, for it drew from time to time the patronage of agents of the PIDE, the notoriously brutal secret political police. They came from Santa Comba Dão, where they had local headquarters on the other side of the Dão river from Vimieiro, the village where Salazar himself was born. Those PIDE agents stayed on the floor of the *pensão* immediately below the one occupied by my parents and inevitably would pass by them when coming in and out of the front door. Their menacing proximity, however occasional, made life in Tondela more stressful and doubtlessly made the prospect of leaving that life behind all the more welcome.

My brother Alberto was roughly nine months old when my mother left with him for the United States via Terceira, where they resided with her parents for a while and said goodbye to the family. Young Alberto Senior sailed directly from Lisbon to New York before arriving in Wisconsin, his commitments having prevented his return to the Azores. Once my parents were reunited in Madison, they faced the problem of not being able to afford rents, which were exceptionally high owing to the massive influx into the town of university students subsidized by the GI Bill of 1944; at the time of that reunion (probably in the spring or summer of 1948), roughly half of the total student body were veterans. Faced with the consequent housing crisis, my parents were fortunate to find accommodation in Badger Village, a makeshift University of Wisconsin community carved out of a former World War II ammunition plant located in Baraboo, some thirty-five miles outside of Madison. It primarily served married veterans, who commuted in an improvised fleet of ex-army and other old buses, and it was my hometown for a year or so after I was born in the summer of 1949. But by the time my sister Patricia was born in the early autumn of 1950, we had moved to Madison itself, as my father had been

promoted to acting instructor and thus could afford an apartment there. He soon gained further advancement: having obtained his Ph.D. after completing a dissertation on Rosalía de Castro, he was admitted in 1953 to regular membership in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese. In the same year, he became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Other, far better-qualified contributors to this volume will provide insights into my father's career in American academia and into his work to nurture Portuguese, Brazilian, and Galician studies in particular. What I have to offer in this memoir—apart from a brief overview of the early and late stages of his life and of my mother's work as an educator in Portugal after his death—is an account of what was, so far as I know, his only return visit to Terceira. The trip took place during a sabbatical year in Lisbon that was subsidized by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, that he devoted to research on Eça de Queirós, and that separated the years in which he was Professor of Spanish and Portuguese at UW–Madison from those in which he served in the same capacity at UCLA. As my mother and sister remained in Lisbon during that trip, and as my brother was at the time completing his senior year at West High School in Madison, I was my father's only traveling companion. Our planned itinerary on the liner *Funchal*, then the fastest ship in the Portuguese merchant marine, included visits to Madeira, São Miguel, and Faial, but what mattered most to my father was the one day (October 29, 1964) to be spent in Terceira. He made this clear to me by requesting that I write a detailed account of that day, a request whose importance I understood and that I did my best to honor. The account that I produced appears below. In editing it, I have pruned the prose, have made stylistic and grammatical revisions, have at times supplied fuller context and greater clarity through minor additions, have reorganized a few passages, have deleted many others, have corrected a few obvious errors, and have added a few italicized, explanatory paragraphs within square brackets where they seemed warranted. But I have not significantly altered the tone of anything that I wrote and have left it to those who know better to reprove youthful opinions of mine (I was fifteen years old at the time) that may be faulty. My father, who read the account after I completed it and asked to see it again once or twice in subsequent years, liked it well enough, I believe. At all events, as he was the one who asked me to write it, its appearance here can be blamed on him as much as on me.

October 29, 1964

We laid anchor about a mile off the coast of Terceira around 7:00 in the morning. We ate breakfast and then gathered up a few things to take to Angra. While we waited for the first motorboat, a series of which were to ferry the passengers ashore, an old friend of Father's, Mr. Pira, showed up unexpectedly. He is the father of one of the Terceira guys that I recently met on board our ship. Mr. Pira used to play soccer and is older than Dad. When the motorboat arrived, we went down a shaky flight of stairs to it. I was carrying three packages containing copies of *Uma Experiência Pioneira de Intercâmbio Cultural*, a recent book published in Brazil whose preface was written by Father. The copies of that book were to be given to his friends as gifts. Anyway, all three packages fell apart halfway down the stairs. Fortunately, none of the books fell into the sea.

The ferry service took us to the Angra docks for five escudos each and was to take us back on the same ticket. It seemed at first that there were very few people to meet us. We walked a little way unrecognized until a friend of Father's greeted him. All of a sudden, about thirty others were crowding around, giving Father abraços and shaking his hand. I wasn't noticed for about five minutes and had hopes that no one would. Unfortunately, some person said "Olha! O filho do Alberto!" That started off a flood of unknown aunts and uncles and cousins (all very distantly related to us—but here everyone is called uncle so and so, aunt so and so, etc.) all kissing and hugging and complimenting. The only ones I knew there were Father's parents, who had arrived in Angra from Lisbon some time

ago. After most of the other people left, those that remained divided into two groups, both of which departed by car. One of the cars contained people who live in Biscoitos and who were expected to accompany us until we got there; the other car contained Manuel Duque, its owner and driver, along with my grandparents, my father, and me.

Our first destination was the Fortaleza do Monte Brasil. During our drive there, Mr. Duque, a lean man of medium height who is very kind and who has helped my grandparents a lot during their stay, gave us a copy of the daily paper, which had a story on Father that included his picture. It spoke in exaggerated, flowery language of his indomitable spirit, his great academic achievements, and the unshakeable Portuguese faith that had led him on a return pilgrimage to his native land. When he read the article, Father said nothing, but he would have a chance toward the end of the day to suggest to a fairly substantial gathering of people at dinner that Portugal would be served better by some shaking up rather than by unshakeable faith.

The Fortaleza do Monte Brasil, which overlooks the city of Angra, is located on a mountainous peninsula formed by an extinct volcano that juts out from the southern coast of Terceira and that serves, more than any other topographical feature, to create the Bay of Angra. Its location makes it easy to defend, and from the sea it is inaccessible at many points. The first thing we did after gaining admission to the fort was to proceed to the top of one of the three peaks of Monte Brasil, Pico das Cruzinhas, which commands a magnificent view of Angra and of the south coast of Terceira. At the top, there is a monument that was built to honor the fifth centenary of Terceira's settlement. It doesn't blend in well with the surroundings, but Dad was interested in seeing it, as he attended its dedication in 1932, when he was eight years old. He remembers a soldier who couldn't unsheathe his sword. A lieutenant and a captain as well as the soldier himself all had to tug at it before it came out.

After visiting the monument, we went to the crater at the center of the volcano, which is a natural stadium and was in fact used as one when Father was a boy. It was there that they herded up the bulls before certain festivals, and many people came to see. The sides of the crater are very steep, and the whole thing is harmonious and majestic and melancholy.

We then went back to the main body of the fort on the isthmus connecting Monte Brasil to the mainland of Terceira. It is here that the walls are strongest and most heavily fortified, over nine feet thick at certain points. There is a kind of moat, too, quite wide and deep, which was once full of broken glass. Underneath the fort there is a large system of tunnels that we didn't see. We visited all the lookout points, however, and the views are superb. One of the soldiers there had been a friend of Father's, and it was he who showed us around. Father was enchanted with all that he saw from the lookouts, with very few exceptions, those exceptions being all the newer buildings that have been erected since he left Terceira. I agree with him; the new buildings stick out like sore thumbs and compromise the harmony of Angra.

Our last visit inside the fort was to a small chapel. Father, when he was a child, thought it was the most beautiful place in the world when lighted up at night in reds and greens and blues and yellows, with a canopy of firs over it. It really is a wonderful little place, although it has changed somewhat since Father's time.

After leaving the chapel, we went to a neighborhood in Angra where Father's godfather and godmother live; the former is stout and the latter thin and frail. The godfather had lost a leg and spoke simply and straightforwardly about it; he seemed reasonably happy despite his misfortune. Father conversed respectfully with the couple for some ten minutes and then we crossed the street, where he stopped to talk to two old ladies dressed in working clothes who were leaning against a fence. Meanwhile, all along the street, leaning out of windows and against fences, people were looking at us and listening to everything we said. This custom, which I had noticed in the other Azorean islands we visited, was particularly evident here, no doubt because our group was unusually large and because

Father, who was at its center, knew the neighborhood well and was returning to it after a prolonged absence from Terceira. He greeted all the onlookers and I greeted a few myself.

We then all piled into the two cars and went to a cemetery where my great grandfather on Father's side of the family is buried. During the summer, the whole graveyard must be covered with flowers. All of the tombstones are made of marble, and pictures of the deceased are placed on them. My great-grandfather's picture still was there, but his name and dates of birth and death apparently had worn away.

Our cortege stopped at Mr. Duque's house, where a light meal had been prepared by his wife, who, like her husband, is a very kind person. There was some excellent cheese from São Jorge. The house is spacious and is full of mirrors; the interior walls are painted blue, red, and, in the living room, gray. When we finished, we thanked Mrs. Duque and said goodbye to her. Mr. Duque then urged us all to visit the dairy where he works, which we did. It is quite modern, though small, and all the equipment is American. There was a young American man from the USAF there; he was red-haired and freckled and laughed a great deal. Though he was very erect and military, he managed to be genuinely friendly at the same time. Mr. Duque gave us a large round cheese as a gift.

After the visit to the dairy, both of our cars left in the direction of Biscoitos, which is north of Angra on the opposite side of the island. On the way, we drove up the same steeply hilly road along which Father had taken the cow to pasture in the morning as a child and adolescent. The small enclosed field to which he used to take it is a long way from Angra, and getting there and back again must have been a daunting task. We also visited a lookout point high above the sea. From it, one can see all of the coast near Biscoitos, most of Angra, and also far inland, where the green pastures look like patchworks on the hills and mountains. As all of Terceira is volcanic, farmers use volcanic rocks to build the dry-stone walls that surround those pastures. Against the greenery, the walls stand out like black and dark-gray basalt picture frames.

When we got near Biscoitos, whose name supposedly refers to the biscuit-like appearance of the volcanic rock that is to be found all around the town, we went up a very bad little road full of rocks and bumps that runs along the side of a ridge. It became impossible to drive the cars further without damage, so we took half an hour in turning around (the road was only a few inches wider than each car was long) and started back down. On the way down, there was the house of a family Father knows, and we stopped nearby. There was an old lady dressed in black with her daughter. The daughter's husband was out in the fields, so we didn't get to see him, but we did see a large circle of people husking corn in the back yard. The corn was heaped up in a huge pile in the center of the circle. Dad joked with them for a little while. The back yard was full of cats, about eight of them. They said there used to be lots of rats around but that all the rats had disappeared recently. They didn't understand the reason for the disappearance, they said. That, we all knew, was a joke. The aguardente they offered Father was strong but good, Dad said. They all waved when we left, including the people around the pile of corn.

Further down the side of the mountain, we went into another house. There was a very old lady in it. She was delighted to see Dad. She has a son in Coimbra who is working to be a doctor and a daughter in the seventh year of liceu who teaches primary school in Biscoitos. The man of the house was working in the fields, and Father felt bad that he might not get a chance to see him. But luck was with us, and the guy returned home before we left. He is tall and strong and has a healthy, tanned face. The old lady and the tall man gave us some bottles of wine as gifts. We left with many abraços.

We then went to a cemetery. It adjoins an old church, which was different inside in Father's time. It used to have a stone floor; nowadays, it has a wood floor. It is a very nice church with a large garden around it. There is no lack of grass here, where the climate is ideal for its growth. Our family tomb is in the little graveyard off to the side, and Dad's grandfather is buried there. This cemetery is less elaborate than the previous one and, to my mind, has more of a cemetery look about it. There was

even a gravedigger—a thin man who was working with two little boys. He was putting the finishing touches on a new grave when Father showed up. The man turned out to be Father’s best boyhood friend. Father went over and gave him an affectionate hug, but the man, who took off his hat, was either embarrassed or at a loss for words, because he didn’t say much. Father nevertheless was very happy to have seen him.

The next place that we saw was a house whose front door was high above ground level, at the top of a flight of very old stone stairs. There was an old stone railing too—a simple, large slab of stone. That railing had a green streak painted on it near the top. Inside the house, there was a middle-aged woman who seemed very happy and looked remarkably young. Dad says that all the people here are well preserved. After the initial greetings, while Dad finished an unavoidable and unavoidably strong drink, I had time to look around. There were many pictures in the main room, and everything—walls, floor, furniture, and ceiling—was made of wood. The floor was thin and rather shaky, so that whenever you took a step the house seemed to be coming down. In the kitchen, there was a large bench next to the window. It is built into the house, so it would be difficult to remove it. Very few people would want to anyway. It adds a cozy touch to the room, and Father said that there’s nothing like one of those benches for reading or just looking out of the window. The women here sew while seated on them, and they (the benches) are usually covered by large knitted covers or embroideries. This one brought back memories for Dad. He stood for a while looking at it and said that we mustn’t forget to install one back home.

After our departure, as we drove through a fairly large dirt square, a huge man, short and built like a barrel, came out of a store. The store was painted yellow, but the paint was faded and flaking. The man had a large, friendly face with a big nose, and his hands were very large and calloused from work. Dad saw him and recognized him immediately as an old acquaintance. Dad’s memory seems almost infallible, except, of course, in the case of grownups who were virtually babies when he left Terceira. All the people we’ve visited have commented on the excellence of his memory; many have said, perhaps more critically, “Que hom’ pra falar!”

Father gave the barrel-like man who had come out of the store an abraço and we set off again. This time, we finally reached the house of the people who had been following us in a second car since our departure from the Angra docks. That house, which is located near the center of Biscoitos, is an astonishing place. It probably was built in the early 1600s and may be one of the oldest surviving houses in Terceira. The old lady who owns it, whom everyone calls Tia Salomé, will be going soon with Grandmother and Grandfather to Lisbon for a dental operation and also for a visit. She is very sweet, and cried when she saw Father. During vacations, he used to stay at her house, where they still speak of the room he used as “o quarto do Alberto.”

[The devastating earthquake that struck Terceira, São Jorge, and Graciosa on New Year’s Day 1980 seriously damaged, if it did not completely destroy, the house described below. When news of that earthquake reached me in New Orleans, where I lived throughout the early 1980s, I gathered that Tia Salomé had not been injured and was well, but had had to move to another house in Biscoitos.]

The house is worthy of a full description, and I will try to do it justice. All the rooms are quite large, and there are very many of them. They are, in general, scantily furnished, but then it would have taken a vast amount of furniture to fill that house. The entrance door is large and thick and made of wood. The stone stairs leading up to this door are wide and worn. Outside of the door, where the steps come to an end, there is a little porch with a stone balustrade and stone benches. On the inside, all the floors are made of long, narrow boards that are gray with age and unvarnished. This type of floor is characteristic of the houses I visited in Biscoitos. The first room is a bedroom with two stone benches near a window. In it, there is a large stone bureau built into the house in which they keep clothes and

books. The next room is the dining room. It is huge and it, too, has a window with two stone benches, but it also has an adjoining veranda. Beyond the dining room, there is a kitchen containing three stone cupboards, stone benches, and a window as well as two stoves for baking bread. One of the stoves is large and the other one, at least by comparison, small. The large one is really a small kitchen in itself. You find yourself in a stone room full of things used in the baking process with the open sky above you. This is the bottom part of the chimney, which is enormous and rectangular. The door giving access to this chimney is closed while they bake, I believe. There are, in addition, at least four other rooms in the house that contain stone benches and windows, and one of them has an added feature: a little chapel built into the wall. It is decaying but remains quite beautiful. There also is a room that served as a school long ago; it is large by room standards but small by school standards. There probably weren't many pupils. In another room, a passage leading up to the attic is to be found inside a closet or, at any rate, what appeared to be a closet.

The last place we visited in the house was the cellar, which is very large and contains several rooms. The roofs of those rooms are made of wood—huge beams of it supporting heavy boards. The beams are fitted into notches in the walls. It is all wondrously sturdy and made to last for centuries. One room contains a number of huge wine casks, all of which were full; they say that it has been a pretty good year in Biscoitos for Terrantez and Verdelho grapes, which also are grown on some other Azorean islands. The biggest cask must have a diameter of eight feet at the ends and a length of thirteen or fourteen feet; at the center, it is almost as wide as it is long. The cellar rooms not containing casks are smaller, and some of them are bare or contain tools used to make wine. One of those tools is a large winepress that crushes the grapes: a screw device with a round, heavy wooden disk at the end twirls its way down into a large wooden tub into which the grapes are placed for pressing.

This grand house must have made a deep impression on Father in his youth, not least because it is fairly close to the sea, where powerful waves coming from the north slam into the rocky, volcanic shore. We were lucky, when we arrived in Biscoitos, to find that the Atlantic was restless enough to throw up some soaring sheets of spray. During one of the Azorean storms that make ships look like nutshells, the crashing of giant waves along that shore must be a magnificent spectacle. After we said goodbye to Tia Salomé and to the other people who had accompanied us in the course of the tour leading from Angra to Biscoitos, Father showed me a spot of great beauty where he often would sit and look outward to sea for hours. Some of the volcanic rock there is not black but grayish-white and blends in with the gray of the sky, the green of the land, and the blue of the ocean. There is a feeling there of peace and absolute privacy—and peaceful privacy is not always easy to find, Dad said, in Terceira, where everyone knows everyone else.

Our next stop in Biscoitos was at the house of a very young-looking man with a sun-tanned face who is in fact a lot older than he looks. The garden outside his house is made up of cement triangles with pathways separating them. The triangles contain flowers and grass. Father begged the young-looking man to divulge the secret of his youth, guessing that it probably was the Biscoitos water. But the young-looking man, as an answer, pointed with a smile toward a huge bottle of brandy and suggested that Dad try it out to discover its rejuvenating powers. Dad obliged with a respectable draught that made him happier—if not younger. The house, which is typical of residences belonging to people on the island who are neither poor nor well-to-do, is, the owner said, very cool in the summer and very cold in the winter. There is a window seat in the living room, as is usual around here, and the walls are made of wood and are fairly sturdy. The roof is slanted and tiled. The walls end where the ceiling would be expected to be, but there is no ceiling. Instead, one can look up without obstruction to where the rafters support the roof, and there is of course no attic. There are a number of other rooms that I didn't see and a stove for baking bread, though it is a small one by my new standard of judgement. We stayed for fifteen minutes, said goodbye, and left.

The place we stopped at next was some ten feet above the road, as the road was dug in at this point. The other side is at the same level as the road and stretches off to the sea. We didn't go into the house; we said we were in a hurry and greeted the residents outside. The people were old and very kind; the man is crippled and uses a cane. His nose is red, and the tiny capillaries show up. Perhaps he drinks a lot. He is a wonderful person though and was overwhelmed with joy when he saw Father. His wife is a little old woman, still spirited and jovial. She was dressed in working clothes, as he was, and was sweeping the pavement when we passed by in the car. The old man was trying anxiously to think of something to give us—and it hit him at the last moment. He went down to the cellar, which is accessible from the outside, and dug in amidst piled bottles of wine (his cellar is full of casks too). He took one of them out, one covered with years of dust and grime. He wanted to wash off the dirt, but Dad said that that dirt was as precious as the wine itself and that he wouldn't stand for the outside of the bottle being cleaned. The wine is very old, and Father expects it to be delicious. It is white wine, the only kind Father has accepted so far except for one bottle of *vinho de cheiro*, a light red that is hard to find outside the Azores and that traditionally is used during the *Festas do Espírito Santo*. We packed the dusty bottle in the trunk with all the other bottles that we have received during our visits, some of which (this “which” refers both to bottles and to visits) I haven't mentioned.

We passed by a few schools that Father was delighted to see. They didn't exist in his time. The schools immediately brought to his mind one of his teachers: João Galinha. We passed by João Galinha's house, and a neighboring lady, working in her patio, said that he had gone to Angra to see some university professor from America. The lady was glad to meet us.

Mr. Duque took a short cut so that we could get back to Angra quickly. The short cut led us through one of the most beautiful residential sections of Terceira, adorned everywhere with flowers and bushes. That beautiful section ends with an impossibly steep and rugged road that our car couldn't master, so we ended up wasting time, but it was worth the trouble for we saw a great many interesting houses from the outside. We stopped at one of them. It belongs to a married couple who are friends of Grandfather and Grandmother. Dad had known the couple when he was about five years old. They are kind people, both of them rather old, and their wine isn't bad. We did not stay long, perhaps partly because their chairs are very uncomfortable. Those chairs seem to have been designed specifically to break backs.

Having failed to complete our short cut, we headed toward the south shore of Terceira before returning to Angra. A bicycle rammed us when we took a corner, but the boy on the bike managed to make it a sideswipe and didn't get hurt. He hadn't bothered to look where he was going, it seemed to me, and didn't have the right of way, but whether or not he was in the wrong, I would have liked to have left him some compensation. That decision wasn't mine to make. We left the poor guy with a broken chain in one hand and his free fist shaking in the air.

Arriving at last at the southern shore, we took a walk along the cliffs, which were some forty to fifty feet high at that point, and then drove into Angra. We had lunch in a very spacious place full of mirrors and of old, flowery furniture. The food was excellent: we had steaks, French fries, salad, and hot chestnuts. After lunch, Father and I arranged to meet in *Praça Velha* at 4:00. Having about forty-five free minutes, I went with Grandfather to the *Jardim de Angra*. There is a long slope with stone stairs leading upward to a large monument and a look-out point. While Grandfather stayed seated in the park, I ran up the stairs to the look-out point, which has a great view of Angra's bay, of Monte Brasil, and of the city as seen from the east rather than from Monte Brasil itself, which rises to the west. It is a view that looks very much like the one in the venerable, black-framed photograph that hangs in the living room back home in Madison. The angle is the same, and many of the buildings seem to be the same, although there are several new ones. I stayed up there for about ten minutes, partly because I wanted to relax after the run but above all because of the startlingly familiar, beautiful view.

[The photograph of the Bay of Angra mentioned above is replicated at the beginning of this article. My mother hand-crafted its black frame, whose color was perhaps meant to evoke the basaltic shore overlooking Terceira's seascapes.]

I didn't want to make Grandfather wait too long, so I ran back down the stairs. We walked around the garden for a few minutes and then went to Praça Velha. It was close by, so we got there at 3:50. Grandfather had his shoes shined, and, to keep him company, I had mine shined too. The square is very old, and it's certainly full of old-timers. An official-looking building stands off to one side and there are many stores nearby. We waited until 4:20, when Mr. Duque arrived in his car. He had been held up, he said, because one of his friends needed some help and he added that, in any event, Father had not yet been able to escape from the Liceu de Angra, where a government man was making an enormous speech. Late as we were, we had enough time to talk for several minutes and to see the Liceu, where Father and Mother both went to school and which used to be a Franciscan convent. It has an impressive colonnaded cloister with a beautiful old fountain in the middle of it.

Father finally showed up after being much delayed by the government man. We left by car and stopped briefly to see the house on the Rua do Galo where Mother used to live. There are three windows on the second floor and three windows and three doors on the first floor. Each door has a number of its own, instead of there being one for the whole house. I think that the numbers are 98, 99, and 100. The windows and doors look like they were painted onto a great slab of stone. Unfortunately, we didn't have the time to go inside, and might not have been allowed to enter anyway.

Our next stop was at the house of Mom and Dad's tutor of old, the energetic Prima Maria Emília. Her place is quite close to the Liceu and to Mom's Rua do Galo house. The medium-sized room that she used to use and still uses for *explicação* has a blackboard along one wall. There is a big table, very long and fairly narrow, around which the students sit. Father considers Maria Emília the best teacher that he had in Angra, and told her so during our visit. There were some students about my age in the room with the blackboard, and Dad and I greeted them. Maria Emília then whisked us upstairs to a large parlor, full of mirrors and old furniture, with a huge chandelier hanging down from the ceiling. We talked with animation for several minutes before saying goodbye to her.

When we left, it was nearing sunset, so Mr. Duque drove quickly. There were only four of us in the car (Father, Grandfather, Mr. Duque, and I), as Grandmother had stopped off to see some friends after our return to Angra from Biscoitos. We followed the route Dad used to take when he headed home to Ladeira Branca from Maria Emília's every night after *explicação*; that route covers a distance of some two kilometers. The street is narrow and goes up an enormous hill before reaching Dad's house, which is quite large. Outside it there is an old, dilapidated shed where Father played when he was very young. The shed has a tile roof, is long but not wide, and has sturdy walls and a low ceiling. We talked to the current owners of the house, who consented that we look through it. There is a hallway leading into a spacious kitchen, which is strangely bare. To the right, there is a large living room whose ceiling has started to sag and crack. It is a nice room with good furniture, but Dad says that it looked quite different and better before. He said that virtually all the rooms of the house, including his own, didn't in the least resemble those he had known, and was of course disappointed by what he saw. The room that pleased him most has a window with a beautiful view of Angra. Father said that, when he was young, he often would sit at that window for lengthy periods of time to gaze at the city and the ocean beyond.

We left and drove through Figueiras Pretas, which is further up the hill from Ladeira Branca, stopping briefly next to Grandmother's father's former house, an old stone dwelling that commands a great view of the coast. By now it was getting dark, and, by the time we got to the place of the people that Grandmother had been visiting, night had fallen. We dropped Grandfather off there; he and Grandmother planned to spend the evening with a small group of friends, as they were tired. We said a more or less casual goodbye, since we soon would be seeing them again in Lisbon.

Mr. Duque then drove Father and me to the Museu de Angra, which is directed by a friend of Father's, João Afonso. There are beautiful religious paintings and statues in the museum, some of them dating from the 15th century, and exhibits devoted to relatively modern paintings and to old weapons, furniture, looms, cooking utensils, and so on. Virtually all the paintings in the museum were either made or found in the Azores, and many had been rescued from a state of abandonment or decay. After our tour of the museum, we went to see its archive, whose collection genuinely interests Father, but we had little time to spare for it.

We left the museum with João Afonso and Mr. Duque, whereupon Father ran into some other friends: a rather short, thin man who looked like a college kid of eighteen or nineteen, though he may have been in his late thirties, for all I know, and a guy who was tall and strong and used to play volleyball (he had been a left-handed spiker, and Dad says that he was terrific). Mr. Duque had to leave us at this point; we thanked him repeatedly and said goodbye several times. The very young-looking man left too, but we saw him later, just before we took the motorboat out to the *Funchal*. The former volleyball player, Mr. Afonso, Dad, and I then walked to a café; on the way, I talked to the volleyball player about sports, the international scene, France, and the United States.

After we got to the café and ordered some drinks, several men who arrived shortly after us joined our little group. One of the newcomers, a high school teacher with a moustache, launched into a characteristically well-rehearsed, acrimonious attack on the United States that combined views deriving from both the Left and the Right (e.g., views on American capitalism, imperialism, materialism, racism, selfish individualism, vulgarity, repudiation of tradition, decadence, etc.) and that was informed by large doses of continental European chauvinism and of blindness to Europe's own historical record. Father provided reasonable answers that, since our arrival in Portugal, he too has had plenty of time to rehearse. He acknowledged the validity of many harsh criticisms of the United States but also made pointed comparisons between American politics and culture and those of Europe over the last fifty years, going over the period extending from the onset of World War I through the rise of Mussolini and Hitler, the New Deal, the fighting of World War II, the implementation of the Marshall Plan, and the recent enactment in July 1964 of Kennedy and Johnson's Civil Rights Act. Fortunately, the teacher with the moustache was amenable to reason and willing to listen to facts, and, although the conversation grew a little heated at times, it ended amiably.

When the group broke up, almost everyone left, including the former volleyball player; those that remained were going to join us at a dinner to be held in Father's honor. Dad and I and a short, stout man then went with João Afonso in his car to the restaurant where the dinner was to take place and where we found more than twenty men waiting outside. Father gave every one of them an abraço and, during that extended period of time, I got to talk with several of them and to greet them all. The group then went into the restaurant, where conversation continued. The son of Mr. Pira came in while everyone was talking; he invited me to take a walk and to stop by his house for a little while, and I accepted. One of the men I had met outside the restaurant said that he would tell Father where I had gone so that he wouldn't worry, and Mr. Pira's son and I took off. When we returned to the restaurant after about twenty minutes, we exchanged goodbyes, he left, and I went inside.

The guests had just started the soup course, so my timing was good. I took a seat next to a man who had visited the United States on several occasions; he had indeed been in Madison without Father's knowing it and had visited San Francisco, Washington, D.C., New York, and many other cities. To my great surprise, he said that Washington is his favorite place in the USA and in all the world. We exchanged impressions on Portugal and the United States. João Afonso was at my left, and I also talked with him, with a broad, short man with a flat-top haircut, and with a medical doctor named Flores who struck me as highly intelligent, truly dedicated to his work, and broadly cultured. The table was very long and narrow and there were some twelve men on each long side and one at each end, I think. Father was in the middle on the side opposite mine, while I was near one of the

ends. After the soup, we had Alcatra à Açoriana, an excellent pot roast that also is called Alcatra à Moda da Terceira. João Afonso informed me that that dish had been held in high regard by the aristocracy of Terceira since the 15th century, as it made use of what was regarded as the best cut of beef. But Terceira aristocrats foolishly disdained to include bones in their alcatra for decades, until one of them finally realized that common folk among the islanders made meat dishes far more flavorfully by including the bones.

The dinner ended with toasts, dessert, and some speeches. João Afonso read a brief, cordial text that he had prepared and, at its end, asked that Father say a few words. Father wasn't at all prepared for this, as he was expected to speak later on, but he did come up with some words that were personal. He expressed gratitude to everyone present for their past kindnesses to him and for the generous reception that he now had been given, then added that he himself often had been *um vinagre* (a pain in the neck) during his youth in Terceira, not above purposely offending people, and that he apologized if he ever had offended any among them. The well-known Corte-Real, Rector of the Liceu de Angra when most if not all of the men at our table had attended that school, then made a speech. It involved the florid gestures and passionate rises and falls in intonation that characterize Portuguese oratory, but its warmhearted sentimentality clearly proved moving to his listeners. Someone then suggested that I make a speech, but I declined, saying that any contribution I could make would be of little interest.

A guy who turned out to be the government man who had delayed Father for at least half an hour in the afternoon at the Liceu de Angra then rose to declare that he had but two words to say by way of an introduction to Professor Machado da Rosa's concluding speech. Those two words stretched out into several thousands, many of them too wearying to follow but most of them clearly intended to demonstrate that Father's entire career exhibited, above all other things, patriotic loyalty to Portugal. The promised two words took, so it seemed to me, a full two hours to deliver, and everyone was so bored that several members of the audience fell asleep. They were the lucky ones. Just as it seemed that the speech would never end, the guy stopped. It was time to leave, but Dad, who figured that the *Funchal* wouldn't strand us, did give his expected speech anyway, making it very brief. The audience was anxious to hear what he had to say, as it now had recovered from its boredom, knowing that the guest of honor was scheduled to leave Angra within a few minutes.

[Whatever Professor Machado da Rosa had intended to say before he spoke, that intention clearly was deflected to some degree by the government man's introductory words, which exalted the professor's supposed patriotic devotion to Portugal even more extravagantly than the text we had read earlier in the day in the Angra newspaper. The government man unwittingly had opened the door to a response from a citizen of the United States that could serve as an indirect but obvious criticism of Salazarist Portugal, and my father did not hesitate to cross the doorsill.]

My father's concluding speech addressed four main subjects. First, he directly refuted the government man's claim that he was patriotically loyal to Portugal; his loyalty, he said, lay with the United States, although his heart was Portuguese.

His second subject was Portuguese studies in the United States. There is a common misconception, he said, that Americans ignore the literary achievements of other countries, whereas, in many cases, Americans devote more study at the university level to another country's literary heritage than its own citizens do. He added that Portugal is one of those cases, as a handful of American universities collectively offer more advanced courses in Portuguese literature than all the Portuguese and Brazilian universities combined.

My father's third subject was his own contribution to Portuguese studies at the University of Wisconsin. He said that he had had the good fortune to find solid support there for his teaching and research, for curricular development, for the enlargement of the University's library collections in the

fields of Portuguese and Brazilian studies, for his position as founder and director of the Luso-Brazilian Center, and for his service as the founding editor of the *Luso-Brazilian Review*.

In the fourth place, he briefly described summer study abroad programs that he had directed in Brazil in 1961 and 1962 at the University of Rio Grande do Sul and that had involved American and Brazilian students as well as Brazilian and American scholars. He said that the scholars who had participated in those two programs had produced an interesting collection of essays entitled *Uma Experiência Pioneira de Intercâmbio Cultural*, published at Porto Alegre in 1963, and that he would like to present gift copies of that volume to those attending the dinner. He very much hoped, he added, that they would read his preface to the book.

[The significance of my father's request that the recipients of the gift volume read its preface should soon have become obvious to those who did so, as that preface begins with the following words:

No edifício central da Universidade de Wisconsin existe uma inscrição em placa de bronze que diz o seguinte, em tradução livre: "Quaisquer que sejam as proibições ou preconceitos que limitam o estudo noutras partes, acreditamos que a verdade só se alcança através do livre exame e da constante pesquisa de todos os princípios e de todos os factos." Essas palavras traduzem o dever de qualquer universidade: a defesa intransigente e persistente da liberdade de investigação . . . Nenhuma idéia, nenhum dogma se deve sobrepor a êsse princípio. É no estudo imparcial, na pesquisa, na análise e no mais implacável exame—até mesmo na crítica dos próprios fundamentos da ordem social e das instituições políticas de momento—é nessa liberdade e só nela que reside a razão de ser da universidade e de todo o sistema educacional de um povo. Onde ela não existe, a educação converte-se em doutrinação, a religião em fanatismo, a política em opressão, o patriotismo em chauvinismo, a moral em imoralidade; e a própria vida num escuro e opressivo cárcere . . . (*Uma Experiência Pioneira de Intercâmbio Cultural*, Prefácio, p. 11)

The political resonance of this passage could not have been overlooked by a well-educated person in Portugal in the autumn of 1964. It was a time of marked political oppression; indeed, in the course of the ensuing winter, the PIDE lured into an ambush and then murdered General Humberto Delgado, the exiled democratic opponent of Salazar who had founded in Rome the Frente Portuguesa de Libertação Nacional and who had described himself as being "pronto a morrer pela Liberdade." The "experiência pioneira" that Portugal required according to my father, as most of his chosen readers in Angra surely would have gathered from his preface to the volume bearing that title, was a revolution that would overthrow the country's dictatorship and replace it by a liberal democracy.]

We left the restaurant after saying goodbye and started out hurriedly toward the docks, as it already was past the time when we should have been aboard the *Funchal*. But the goodbyes did not end; Father—and, to a lesser extent, I—continued exchanging words of farewell and of sincere regard with a surrounding mob of people as we walked, and there were many others to whom we gave an abraço when we got to the place where a motorboat was waiting. The guys inside it were shouting at us and were very impatient. Dad took about five more minutes before he broke away. Then we got into the boat—we were the only passengers—and it left the shore behind. As Angra receded, both of us waved until all the well-wishers were out of sight.

While I was occupied finding the tickets that gave us the right to return to the *Funchal*, Father recognized the man who was steering the motorboat. He was an old sailor, already in his eighties, who was fit as a fiddle and whom Father often had seen on the docks when he was a child. The man said that he remembered Father as "o miúdo que vinha cá ver os barcos a chegar e a sair."

When we reached the *Funchal*, we unexpectedly found Mr. Duque on deck. We talked with him for some time, as the motorboat that had ferried us to the ship was not, it turned out, the last one scheduled to arrive at and to depart from our liner. When that latest motorboat appeared, we said some final words of thanks and goodbye to Mr. Duque before he boarded it to get back to shore. The *Funchal* headed out to sea not long after.

Both Father and I stayed up late. At about 1:00 in the morning, I watched Terceira pass behind our ship under the light of the moon, which was shining pretty brightly. Then I went to bed. Father stayed up much later, watching the island until it was out of sight.

FINIS

My father never returned to Terceira, but he did return to Portugal often with my mother in the late 1960s and early 1970s. During those visits, they lived just outside Sintra, near a trolley stop on the road to Colares, in an old-fashioned *quinta* in Monte Santos that occupied most of a wooded hill, that had a small vineyard and a striking view of the Castelo dos Mouros, and that my father had decided to rent on an annual basis. My mother was at first astonished by his seeming prodigality, as Sintra had been Lisbon's most aristocratic summer retreat for centuries—at least since the reign of Dom João I (1385-1433), who lavishly enlarged the town's royal palace. But her astonishment soon ended. As the rent for the *quinta* was remarkably low, it was to prove a practical residence rather than an extravagance: it allowed my father to do research in Lisbon in the summer and during leaves of absence more often than would have been convenient and affordable otherwise.

During Alberto and Aldegice's stays at the Monte Santos *quinta*, it soon evolved into a part-time school for adult workers who needed to achieve literacy as a qualification to drive motorized vehicles. My parents and the few friends who joined them as volunteer teachers at the *quinta* consequently prioritized *alfabetização*, but they did not ignore the need for what Paulo Freire called *conscientização*, and their students, in learning to read, also learned to interpret more confidently the social and political realities of the world around them. The *quinta* was not a hotbed of revolutionaries, but classes there did provide opportunities for self-expression that could lead to the exchange and development of political perspectives, and my parents' door was hospitably open to some local radicals. Among them, one who stood out was Senhor Calado, whose quiet name belied his forcefully communist discourse and who was so strong that co-workers in the Sintra garage where he was employed as a mechanic had seen him pick up a four-cylinder car engine with ease.

My father suffered a stroke in 1973 and never adequately recovered. Too ill to maintain full-time professional employment (though he did continue to mentor several UCLA students), he was despondent, and my mother felt that he needed a new source of inspiration. In the early spring of 1974, he was well enough to take a trip by car to the eastern Alentejo, and, while driving near the Guadiana River, my parents saw in the distance the imposing castle and fortress of Monsaraz, an ancient Roman, Visigothic, Arabic, and, eventually, Portuguese hill town of some importance that had dwindled over time into a secluded village. My mother had seen a very similar prospect weeks beforehand, with mysterious clarity, in a vivid dream. That dream vision and its singular fulfillment, along with my parents' commitment to the kinds of social change that were so badly needed throughout the semi-feudal Alentejo, motivated them to move to Monsaraz, and they did so shortly after the April 25 Revolution, which was the fulfillment of another, longer-standing dream.

There was no *pensão* in Monsaraz, where life in the early 1970s was hard and where one could hear the occasional screams of pigs being slaughtered in the streets, which ran with blood at such times. My parents, who rented rooms in a private residence, adjusted as well as possible to those quarters, which were cramped and austere, and, within days of their arrival, they resumed the sort of work that they had done as volunteer teachers in Sintra. But they now also gave some emphasis to the needs of young learners, many of whom were not receiving adequate encouragement in school. My father's contributions as a teacher inevitably were limited, but he enjoyed reading stories to children, whose interest in learning grew and who, under my mother's guidance, soon began to give theatrical performances in the castle's inner bailey, which also served as a bullring and thus provided seating for local audiences. After several months, through the intervention of Agostinho da Silva, who convinced

the owners of a large, unoccupied house on Monsaraz's main square to donate its use for a few years to a good cause, my parents ended up lodging in those far larger, more comfortable quarters, which overlooked the main square's old stone pillory and the Church of Nossa Senhora da Lagoa. That house, which provided abundant space for classes, also became an occasional meeting place for groups that included people of different political persuasions whose discussions, at a time of post-Revolutionary agrarian reform throughout the Alentejo (1974–1976), at times grew hot-tempered. But the people of Monsaraz never argued, so far as I know (and I met many of them), about the value of my parents' educational mission.

My father died on December 3, 1974, as the result of another stroke, and was buried in Monsaraz, where his death was sincerely mourned. Aldegice remained in the village for three or four more years, continuing her volunteer work as a teacher and rendering many other services. The people of Monsaraz felt deep affection for her. But she wished to create a study center of her own in the Alentejo where she could build upon and extend the mission that she had shared with my father, and it wasn't practical to do so in Monsaraz. The village lacked space for construction, being perched at the summit of its great hill within the narrow confines of ponderous walls. It also was far from any of the Alentejo's institutions of higher education, and Aldegice thought that it would be advantageous to have access to the University of Évora, whose reopening in 1973 after almost two hundred years of closure had pleased both of my parents. So, in 1978, she bought a long, narrow parcel of agricultural land with a stand of olive trees—a few of them several hundred years old—in Louredo, a sparsely populated village some five kilometers to the north of Évora.

There, she had a local builder erect a house that was both a study center and a residence with two small apartments. One of those apartments was my mother's; the other was reserved for guests and was occupied for several years by my brother Alberto, his wife Sylvie, and their daughter Maya. The guest apartment proved an ideal base for Sylvie and Alberto's collaborative research on Portuguese Renaissance art, which resulted in the publication of several of Sylvie's books and articles, and Alberto often served as a teacher in Aldegice's ongoing project of *alfabetização* for adults.

The house—whose terracotta roof, whitewashed external walls, red tile floors, and fireplaces complemented those of traditional Alentejo houses—took the shape of a quadrilateral sequence of rooms in which Azorean red cedar was used as wainscoting and to panel the ceilings; that sequence of rooms incorporated two glass-enclosed porticos, the larger one of which served as a living room and, when there were visitors, as a dining room. The quadrilateral building surrounded a square, claustral courtyard with walkways separating four small garden beds, one of which contained a lemon tree. Almost half of the house was a library that stood out not only by virtue of its size but also because its walls were fully paneled with red cedar, to which tall metal bookcases were affixed. The nucleus of the library consisted of books from my father's study that were shipped to Louredo from Los Angeles, where they had been left several years earlier, but Aldegice gradually increased the size of the collection through regular purchases of works in the fields of literature, psychology, history, philosophy, religion, art, folklore, and so on. In time, the shelves of the library came to be nearly full, and many visitors had the opportunity to consult the volumes they contained. Eventually, the whole house came to be decorated with thoughtfully delicate as well as spontaneously forceful works of visionary art that Aldegice had drawn or painted, and art work by my sister Patricia and by others also was on display. Outdoors, the land on which the house stood was outlined by trees that my mother had planted, many of which, over the years, grew impressively large.

Aldegice provided classes of *alfabetização* in Louredo for decades. She also devoted considerable time there to the study of psychology from a Jungian perspective, and translated from English to Portuguese works of Jungian literary criticism for the use of participants in encounters that she organized. The principal subjects of discussion at such encounters were classical myths and great works of world literature. In her later years, she suffered the acute grief of losing her daughter Patricia

in 2015 and her son Alberto in 2017, but her house remained throughout a welcoming, tranquil place where many people found friendship and repose, many others guidance or help.

Aldegice died in her Louredo home on August 24, 2021, at the age of ninety-six. She had lived in the Alentejo for almost fifty years since she had moved to Monsaraz with my father. Her husband had died at the age of fifty; from the time of their births in Angra (his in 1924, hers in 1925), virtually a century had passed. Her funeral service, which drew friends and family and twelve stalwart men who performed Cante Alentejano, moved all who attended. I myself thought of Angra when my mother joined my father in their grave near the southern end of the Monsaraz cemetery, which overlooks a vast lake created by the Alqueva Dam. That lake, which took almost a decade (2002–2010) to rise from the semi-arid plains of the Alentejo to the foot of Monsaraz's high hill, recalled for me the origins of two Angrenses who, in childhood and early youth, always had lived surrounded by Atlantic waters.

