‘TRILOGIA’ - ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

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1. One, two, three…

For the Portuguese, three is a magic number, made in heaven. Two is too few, and four is a crowd. Nature seems to agree: the three states of matter (solid, liquid and gas) are represented in the three components of a landscape - land, water and sky. With these ingredients, a photographer can work wonders.

As the title indicates, Trilogy comprises three visions - those of José M. Rodrigues, Mark Power and Paulo Catrica. The multiplication of points of view is a creation of modern man. In painting, the twentieth century truly began when Georges Braque (1882-1963) and Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) transformed tri-dimensional space into a patchwork of planar polygons. Reality appeared to have been refracted by a glass cube. A few years later, cubism reached literature, theatre and music. Luigi Pirandello (1867-1936) equitably divided truth between the several characters of his play Così è (se vi pare) (So it is, if you think so) premiered in 1917. Jean Cocteau (1889-1963) wrote a set of cubist poems, “Cocardes”, set to music in 1919 by Francis Poulenc (1899-1963). It was in the cinema, with Akiro Kurosawa’s Rashomon (1950), that the general public discovered the democratic partitioning of truth engendered by cubism. A samurai, his bride and a bandit meet in a wood. The bride is raped, the lord killed, and there is only a woodcutter as witness. The story is the sum of the several, contradictory versions of the events; even the dead man utters his own version through the lips of an old sage. If truth is relative, then anyone is entitled to his or her opinion on anything. (At least this was so until the strait-jacket of “political correctness” imposed a single point of view. Nowadays it is dangerous to deviate from the norm.)

Highly mobile, the modern photographic camera seemed to be predestined for a multiple vision of situations and events. From high in the sky or from below the earth, under available light or with the help of a flash or infra-red radiation, surreptitiously hidden or in full view of the subject, the camera is a multifaceted, cyclopean eye. Gone

are the days when a photograph, besides being worth a thousand words, could be relied on to always tell the truth. But whatever its limitations, it still adds to our perception of things. As Dorothea Lange (1895-1965) memorably put it, “a camera is an instrument that helps us to see without a camera”. Where one pair of eyes is a help, two pairs see even better, which turns three into a luxury. Any two photographers, when looking at the same thing, from the same vantage point, under similar light and with identical cameras, see differently. To avoid mistakes and disappointments to camera enthusiasts, tourist spots in America are posted with unmissable photo-points. Even so, no two tourists take exactly the same photograph.

During the summer and autumn of 1999, three photographers were let loose in the Alentejo, on property belonging to or associated with the Eugénio de Almeida Foundation. What did they see? At first glance, it seems to me that Mark Power saw the global picture, while José M. Rodrigues got closer to people and things, inviting intimacy, and Paulo Catrica took a frontal approach. Yet there are a few surprises in store for those familiar with those sites which were photographed. A foreigner looks at our landscape without prejudices. Power discovered and recorded scenes that we had never noticed. (Familiarity breeds indifference, and allows us to shut our eyes; sometimes we see the picture but reject it as too picturesque: we are afraid of being too photogenic.) Rodrigues is gradually abandoning black and white photography, and has also invented a new way of including time in a portrait. Catrica left behind the city of concrete and fast roads, experimented with colour, and began to interact with people through his camera. In this catalogue, all possible two-by-two permutations of these three photographers are essayed, and the individuals are also allowed to confront themselves. Why else do open books have double pages?

2. 1+1+1=11

In 1945, a distinguished Portuguese mathematician, Aniceto Monteiro (1907-198?), published a notoriously innovative book of arithmetic. Long before people spoke about design, he chose for the cover an attention-grabbing equation, written in large characters against a black background: 1+1=10. What was this? Could it be that the

whole was five times bigger than the sum of its parts? Not really. It was simply the usual ‘one plus one make two’ written in binary language (base two), where only two digits are allowed, 0 and 1. (When we run out of digits, an extra one is added to the number, as is the case when we go from 9 to 10 in the decimal system of ten digits.) In the binary system two is 10, three is written as 11, and four would be 100. It should be noted that all this happened long before the electronic age, when computers began to use the binary language of 0 and 1, yes and no.

Photography, however, does not follow arithmetic. Three well-prepared photographers, if their eyes are sharp, can be worth eleven people. In Trilogy Rodrigues, Power and Catrica were encouraged to photograph whatever they wished, and inevitably there are overlaps: the same farms, vineyards and harvests, the same houses, even the same people. All three were stunned by the Carthusian Monastery; they explored all the gems in the S. Miguel Courtyard, and inside the manor house of the Condes de Basto; they visited the Palace of the Inquisition and the house of Vasco da Gama; and of course they could not resist the cellars of Cartuxa. They took inventory of monuments and ancient stones, of cork plantations, wild bushes and exotic flowers. They pointed their cameras at animals of all kinds, from a vainglorious turkey to restless cows and inquisitive horses. Sometimes I chose several photographic versions of the same subject, or compared colour with its black and white counterpart. At other times I looked for parallels or recurrent motives in the images of a single photographer, or even of two different photographers. (An example: why does the assembly of volumes that forms the bulk of the Évora Cathedral, as seen by Catrica - Pl. 41 - remind me of that of the farmhouse in Herdade do Álamo de Cima, photographed by Rodrigues - Pl. 42?) Elsewhere I attempted to put together a photographic puzzle, leaving the visitor to decipher the story it tells.

The greatest challenge lay in the combination of black and white images with those in colour. Although the world was created in colour, our eyes are still used to seeing in black and white. Our thoughts are in black and white (and all shades of grey), and the mental images which help us to reason and remember things are also colourless.

Colour did not figure much in the famous memory palaces of the Renaissance, or in the mnemonic constructs devised by the Jesuit Matteo Ricci (1552-1610), whose mental skills made him indispensable to the rulers of the Far East. In photography, colour functions as an extra organizational element, as if another series of lines and shapes had been added to the black and white image. Colour is information in a highly concentrated form; if there is too much of it, it becomes noisy and distracting. But, when subtly divided, it can enhance reality, as happened with impressionist and pointilist paintings in the nineteenth century.

A good example can be found in the picturesque Herdade (Farm) of Murteiras. The abundance of detail is only legible because everything has been discreetly coloured. The walls (Pls. 68, 70) photographed by Mark Power would not make visual sense in black and white. Here is a treasure-house of detail, a microcosm of objects of all sorts: a collection of flower pots, pans and small basins, lumps of wood and sticks, various odd tools, little bushes and weeds. Even the ubiquitous, disposable plastic bag has a place in this universe - and how apposite the blue one looks at the bottom right of the image! The organization is somewhat chaotic, but the overall effect is extremely balanced. A particular style of life, the result of many generations of peasant wisdom, is revealed here. Power's image has another meaning, unrelated to any theory of colour. There is a patriotic touch to the predominance of red and green, which are the colours of the Portuguese flag. Chlorophyllic green and the red of bricks and pots combine to turn this wall into a true Portuguese icon (Pl. 68).

3. Sites, things, people

This year the Museum of Modern Art in New York is demonstrating how twentieth-century art can be classified. Ignoring terms like 'the body', 'speed' or 'cyberspace', favoured by trendy critics, the Museum relies on an elementary organization by classes, universally comprehensible: it divides modern art into representations of sites, people and things. Any such classification is a true act of creation. In the beginning, when God made the world, he separated the water from the dry land, on which he placed plants, animals and finally man. Likewise, in Trilogy, Rodrigues, Power and Catrica have

carried out an inventory of landscape and monuments, of living creatures and inanimate objects. God had fortunately provided for the photographers by creating light on the first day of Genesis. The variety of photographic genres on view here - landscape, architecture, interiors, portraits of people and animals, ethnology, archeology, etc - is wide enough to allow the photographers' styles and their approaches to be assessed and differentiated. It helps that none of them stuck to a single genre or formula, for each of them bravely dealt with all possible subjects.

Where Mark Power saw from a distance, an inquisitive José M. Rodrigues got closer; their photographs easily complement one another. A good example is provided by the Murteiras wall, already mentioned. Power sees the whole wall, with its rectangular repairs and patchwork (Pl. 68), as a Mondrian-like canvas, a design made by time. Rodrigues (Pl. 67) discards the clutter of detail and zooms in on a piece of cloth hanging from a nail on the wall, in tandem with a precariously balanced axe (also visible in Power's photograph). A similar divergence of approach can be detected in another pair of images: Power's double portrait of the Prates couple (Pl. 70) - which, in a sense, can be read as a twin to his picture of the wall - and Rodrigues's close-up of the brazier and the iron cooking pots (Pl. 76), which also appear in the bottom right of Power's photograph. Rodrigues shoots this still-life from above, against the stony floor, and turns the arched log and the dark pots into the laughing mouth and eyes of a clown (or perhaps a snowman). Paulo Catrica is also drawn to old, decaying walls. His picture of the Cartuxa stone-wall, extended through an infinite perspective (Pl. 40) is another Alentejo icon. Catrica turns it into God's index finger.

Rodrigues is a poet of nature; like the painter John Constable (1776-1837), he has never seen (that is, photographed) an ugly thing in his life. Nothing escapes his trained eye, and he seems able to find universal connotations in the most trivial object. A single sunflower lost amid the fields: does it stand for solitude? endurance? the will to survive? The photograph makes it possible to look anew at van Gogh's favourite flower (Pl. 38). The subtle humour of Rodrigues reminds me of André Kertész (1894-1985), and I am glad that his change into colour has not diminished his capacity to smile. In Rodrigues,

irony is often tainted with lust. You can hardly look at his photograph of the Prates's radio (Pl. 75), with its half-opened embroidered cosy (supposedly to protect it from the dust), without imagining a lover undoing his girlfriend's blouse to inspect her nipples...

Rodrigues's ability to find a photograph in the most banal situations is exemplified in Pl. 17. At first glance, nothing could be less photogenic: a hose-pipe, a couple of rusty tin-drums, a few weeds in a pond. Any passer-by would walk away from such a scene, though the more ecologically-minded might raise a protest. The photographer, however, notices the interplay of shapes, is sensitive to colour harmony, balances the shadows against the firmness of the trunks, and knows that grass can provide the best frame for a picture. The resulting photograph is a hymn celebrating what Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949) called "the treasure of the humble".

4. Trilogy

José M. Rodrigues appears to find eyes everywhere he looks (Pls 10, 38, 75, 76), and in one instance (Pl. 11) he sees himself reflected in the eye of a cow. Mark Power is attracted by arcades and dome-like structures (Pls. 6, 25, 32, 33, 34), perhaps as a consequence of spending so much time photographing the Millennium Dome at Greenwich. Paulo Catrica washes and airs his landscapes (Pls. 4, 12, 21, 22, 49, 61) with the same meticulous care displayed by Mrs Isabel Fernandes in scrubbing her house to keep it immaculately clean (Pls. 73, 74). Not even the skies are immune to Catrica's hygienic zeal. He softens the contours of clouds which threaten to be too dramatic. All three artists practise a distilled photography, reduced to the bare essentials. Nothing is superfluous, and the smallest details matter.

Mark Power has an engineer's eye, and enjoys drawing our attention to the various ways by which shapes and structures can be articulated within a picture. He is as interested in the overall design of an important monument or public building as he is in vernacular architecture. His acute eye can also see nature's structures anew: a pile of logs, a bed of fallen leaves - examples abound. In the Cartuxa courtyard, he enlivens the monotonous arcade with strong, diagonal shadows, and uses light to whiten the

rectangles of the washing hung out to dry (Pl. 33). In the Herdade de Pinheiros, the pump house is transformed into a couple of trapezoidal shapes and an ellipse, the rest of the image being a moody, autumnal landscape with a ghost-like tree barely discernible in the fog (Pl. 64). Power appears especially keen to document nature's entropic tendency to revert to chaos, and man's fight to arrest that drift into decline. This is the eternal conflict expressed by the two fundamental laws of thermodynamics: the anarchic solution, and the expenditure of energy (always seeking the least effort) to slow down the process of decay. Nothing can be achieved without work (imposed on man as the punishment for the original sin), and because of this it is only reasonable that there are quite a few photographs of building and construction in Trilogy (Pls. 53, 54, 60). In one of these (Pl. 53), the iron structures laid up to build a house form a set of ladders well implanted in the ground and rising toward the sky. Could it be a coincidence that the crest of Cartuxa - the Monastery of Santa Maria Scala Coeli - is also a ladder, leading believers towards Heaven?

In Trilogy there are examples of victories and of defeats in this fight against disorder. Pl. 6 is a good example of order imposed upon nature by the hand of man (which, in Alentejo, often means the hand of woman): the tomb-like structure made of sticks and other pieces of wood is an oven to fabricate coal. In Pl. 5 Paulo Catrica was drawn to a similar mound of shrouded silage - under the cover of this natural silo, held together by old rubber tires, hay and corn undergo a fermentation process which will increase their protein content and turn them into nutritious feedstock. In other instances, man has long ago given up the fight to keep things in good working order, and nature has come to claim her dues. In the end, everything will turn into dust. This is already happening to the old vaulted buildings of the sulphurous Casqueira spa in Herdade das Murteiras (Pl. 32), or in the Old Theatre of the Painted Houses (Pl. 34) whose interior is a mound of rubble. But Power has added a touch of hope, for high on the window sill the silhouette of a dove can be discerned. A fitting detail, since from this ruin will arise the new Conference Centre of the Foundation.

The interplay of order and disorder, of new and old, can be observed in the pair of photographs of the abandoned silos of Herdade da Cabida (Pl. 25) and of the chilly reservoirs of the Cartuxa winery (Pl. 26) - and how appropriate the white van squeezed between cylinders looks! It is also found in the contrast between the well-kept kitchen of the palace, where every polished copper pan has its proper place (Pl. 79), and the lived-in chaos of the workshop in Herdade de Pinheiros (Pl. 77), with the draft of air playing on the pornographic calendars. Power sums up this dialectic in the abstractly simple photograph of the S. Miguel Courtyard (Pl. 37), which combines the random scattering of leaves with the arrow-like shadow of a tree pointing a way out of chaos.

Power's use of colour is impressive. He adjusts the chromatic spectrum to the contents of the scene to be photographed, creating an appropriate mood. For the opening photograph of this catalogue (Pl. 1), he used a forty-five minute exposure to capture the red-hot tones of the love-seat and curtains, which enhances the mysterious, oppressively stuffy atmosphere of the room. (On the wall, incidentally, is a portrait of the writer Ramalho Ortigão (1836-1915), an ancestor of the Countess of Vill'Alva.) For the cryogenic cylinders of the Cartuxa winery, the photographer shifted to the colder regions of the spectrum (Pl. 26): colour and temperature are intimately related, the former being the visible expression of the latter. The electric blue of the sky photographed in Monte do Álamo de Cima (Pl. 51) brightens the colours of the red pegs and of the orange grilles. Likewise, the sepia rusticity of the Murteiras farmyard softens the exuberant appearance of the turkey (Pl. 65).

Paulo Catrica tried for the first time in his career to form diptychs (Pls. 14, 21-22, 83) and triptychs (Pl. 4). This creates extra degrees of multiplicity. One can look at a diptych in three different ways, while a triptych provides seven variants - the whole, each of its three parts, and the three different pairs of images that can be generated. Diptychs, of course, go back to an earlier photographic age when stereoscopy was in fashion, but Catrica does not want to explore the third dimension: his interest lies in extending the first dimension. The component views are separate photographs, although there is a slight overlap between them. The two (or three) images are diferent, but they

complement each other to form a diversified whole. The diptychs, in particular, have a left and a right side, suggesting symmetries that do not really exist. The old vineyard on the left is not the same as that on the right (Pl. 83). At first glance they look identical, but this is what chemists call chirality: similar molecules with structures which are mirror images of one another. For the same reason, a left-hand glove is useless for the right-hand, and the aromas of lemon and orange are different.

There are other interesting experiments within the diptychs of Trilogy. The new vineyards photographed by Catrica (Pls. 21, 22) are two rigorously identical images with different focal depths. By looking at one and then at the other, one becomes aware of the adaptation process to which the crystalline lens of the eye is subjected. This diptych effectively transfers the mechanism of vision onto the photographic plane. Rodrigues also plays with two similar images (the same object, seen from the same point of view), but differentiates them through lighting. By photographing the same sheaves of hay in early morning and late afternoon (Pls. 84, 85), Rodrigues is able to invert the relative positions of shadow and light, and by combining the two images he creates a new type of symmetry and a new perspective with two vanishing points.

Water is a precious commodity in Alentejo. Farmers have learned to save rain water or the run-off from springs by digging reservoirs (locally known as “charcas”). The three Trilogy artists photographed this feature of the landscape, with completely different results. Catrica (Pl. 14) sees a reservoir dualistically: this is one of his diptychs, and the “charca” is thus split into two images. Power also sees double, but what interests him is the sky rather than the water (Pl. 15). Whereas in Catrica’s photograph the dividing plane is vertical, here it is horizontal: the reflective surface of the water. The stratification of the image and the starkness of the landscape make Power’s photograph resemble a painting by Mark Rothko (1903-70) - colder than Rothko, but equally serene and contemplative. Rodrigues (Pl. 16) chooses the reservoir of Herdade do Paço, whose biomorphic form has obvious sexual connotations, and turns it into a nude picture, not unlike some of those created by Harry Callahan (1912-99).

A comparison of the way in which the three photographers see the fences, railings and other partition structures, so common in Alentejo is equally revelatory. Catrica delights in the geometry of parallel lines, which only meet at infinity, and photographs them frontally, with no decorative fuss (Pl. 49). Otherwise the perspective converges naturally into a vanishing point, in accordance with the optical rules of the camera. For Power (Pl. 8), the railings do more than rounding up sheep: they make a balanced composition out of the landscape. Rodrigues, on the evidence of Pl. 7, occupies the middle ground between Catrica and Power. His photograph is frontal, but the vanishing point has disappeared - another of those spatial illusions in which he specialises.

5. The Carthusian Monastery

Situated in the suburbs of Évora, the Convento da Cartuxa is the jewel in the Foundation's crown. The property has been with the Eugénio de Almeida family since 1869 (much of the Church property had been sold off following the abolition of the religious orders in Portugal in 1834), and has functioned as the headquarters and centre of its agrarian activities. There was a scheme to establish a residence - the kind of manor known as a "monte" in Alentejo - on the grounds, since the monastery had fallen into disrepair. But the founder, a very religious man, decided to return the place to its original function. He began by restoring the monastery's inn, transferring the agricultural centre to Herdade de Pinheiros (named after its many pine-trees); finally he restored the entire monastery to its former grandeur. As always, Vasco Vill'Alva did everything thoroughly. He travelled in Spain and France to visit other Carthusian institutions (including the Grande Chartreuse in the French Alps, near Grenoble), and paid attention to the smallest details. No wonder he became known to the local population as the "Engineer from Cartuxa". The first seven monks (a number chosen to evoke the seven Carthusian founders of St. Bruno's order) arrived at Évora on September 14, 1960. This marked the re-introduction of the order into Portugal.

The cloistered life of Cartuxa and the contemplative atmosphere that prevails there are conducive to a photography that it is both unadorned and almost abstractly pure. All three photographers give us examples of this. José M. Rodrigues opens the series

symbolically with a photograph - taken in colour, though it approximates to black and white - of the wrought-iron entrance gate and its forbidding locks. A nice touch, on which Vasco Vill'Alva insisted, is that the locks and keys in Carthusian monasteries all over Europe are the same; a member of the order feels at home wherever he is. The geometrical design of the gate captured by Rodrigues's camera (Pl. 27) is perfect: a harmonious combination of rectangles and ellipses, heightened by a few curlicues in the form of spirals. (The spiral combines the rotation of the circle with the translational movement of the straight line.) A circle whose centre is constantly moving, the spiral is an immemorial symbol of energy and power - from the spring of mechanical watches to the bishop's staff. Catrica concentrates on the linear simplicity of the cross, by itself (Pl. 28) or in the company of others, as in the little cemetery in a corner of the cloisters (Pl. 35). He favours rigorous symmetry and subtle control of light, going from the purest white to the darkest of blacks. Power's deceptively simple picture of the monastery's library also deserves a mention (Pl. 46). The photographer adopts a minimalist approach and divides the image horizontally into two halves. Knowledge is stored in the bottom half: rows of identical shelves full of books, with every section properly labelled; by contrast, the upper half - a blank wall - is reserved for more spiritual endeavours. Any message can be inscribed there.

Power was able to photograph one of the monks, alone in his cell reading a prayer book (Pl. 29). Like the monastery itself, the resulting picture is organized into rectangular cells (three, in this case). The priest, seen in profile, his hooked nose accentuated by the hood, occupies the central rectangle. The cell is bathed by the sun's rays cutting diagonally across the room. Another source of light - electric - is hinted at by the cable that runs vertically, like a plumb-line, along the stony door-post. In the contact sheets I found another version of the portrait (not shown): photographed from behind, the priest is kneeling at the praying desk; his foot peeps out from under the habit, revealing that the friar is wearing fashionable but incongruous white running shoes with blue circumvolutions! Power and Rodrigues had similar ideas when they came to record religious statues with their cameras. The images of both the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ on the cross were photographed against indifferent backgrounds: the Holy

Mother against a shelf of books and God the Son against a primitive cityscape painting (Pls. 30, 31). Both, however, are shown headless, as if they were already half way to heaven.

6. The past and the present

People do matter. While looking at the tidy decoration of the S. Manços house (Pls. 73, 74) or revelling in the picturesque arrangements of Murteiras, we would like to know their inhabitants (as we would like to spy on the foreman of the workshop in Herdade de Pinheiros - Pl. 77). These interiors are, to some extent, a form of portraiture, a mirror of those who live and work there. However, our curiosity demands that we see the faces that go with their living habits. Paulo Catrica tends to photograph people in pairs (another type of diptych), without embellishments or tricks, as August Sander (1876-1964) taught (Pls. 69, 72). With a couple, you have not only two people to gaze at but also differences and similarities to study and a psychological relationship to ponder. José M. Rodrigues also constructs double portraits, but he does so by combining a recent photograph with another from the distant past, usually yellowed and creased by time (Pls. 18, 71, 81). A portrait is, after all, a visiting card meant to be passed from hand to hand, from friend to friend, lover to lover, parent to child. Rodrigues restores these emotional affinities by pairing the old with the new, the past with the present.

What is fascinating in Mark Power's portraits is his ability to integrate people in their environment, as if they had been born with mimetic powers. Their bodies and clothes appear to blend, chameleon-like, with the surrounding landscape. Thus the dotted and flowery pattern of the over-all worn by Dona Delfina (Pl. 70) is attuned to the pointilism of the background, as the apron of the female vintager presents a cornucopia of fruits, grapes among them (Pl. 19). (Her head is left outside the photograph's frame, cut off like the bunch of grapes she proudly displays in her hand.) The friar in Cartuxa (Pl. 29) looks like a marble statue, immobile in its niche. Likewise, the boy from the Herdade de Pinheiros turns the peeling bark of a solitary gum-tree into a natural cabin or cosy nest (Pl. 82). Even man-made things take on a life of their own: the colourful pegs on Pl. 51 look like birds merrily perched on a telephone-wire. Man and nature are at one.

Any portrait is a box of memories, and the human face, inscribed by time, is an open book, asking to be deciphered. Images within images, portraits displayed inside photographs, are a recurring feature in the history of photography, and a defining mark of the Farm Security Administration's style. When the photographer Bill Ganzel (b. 1949) went looking for descendants of the Dust Bowl's earlier victims in the plains of middle America, he found George Hutton in the same Pie Town in New Mexico that Russell Lee (1903-86) had immortalized in 1940. Lee had been moved by the picture of the Hutton family hanging on the wall of their house, and photographed it on its own on top of a table. In 1980 Ganzel asked George to hold the old framed photograph against his heart. Without knowing it, José M. Rodrigues was following a similar path when he came to do his double portraits (Pl. 18, 71, 81).

Of the three Trilogy photographers, Rodrigues is perhaps the one who is most firmly rooted in the land. His eyes are close to the ground, in direct contact with the good earth. (This may be the reason why his own feet figure in many of his photographs.) Several of his images for Trilogy are close in spirit and style to those of the FSA: the portraits, obviously, but also the isolated cabin (Pl. 56), the little boy in the Air Show (Pl 57), etc. Power, on the other hand, seems to have inherited the analytical purity of Walker Evans (1903-75) and his love of mechanical tools (Pls. 78. 79). Power's picture of the pots and pans in the kitchen of Paço dos Condes de Basto is also not unlike that of the automobile parts shop, taken by Lee in Corpus Christi, Texas, in 1939. Catrica's interiors (Pls. 73, 74) are as recognizably Portuguese as that photographed by Evans in Truro, Massachusetts in 1930. Like the American photographer, Catrica aimed the camera at the corner of the rooms and did not miss the family portrait on the wall. In forty or fifty years' time people will look at these photographs commissioned by the Eugénio de Almeida Foundation and will say: " Once upon a time in Alentejo..." (1999)