

MUSIC: OUTRAGEOUS, FOUL-MOUTHED MAMONAS

NEWS FROM **BRAZIL**

Year 7 — No. 123 — March 1996

\$2

OPINION:
TIME TO STOP
SHAPING THE US

ECONOMY:
MERCOSUL WINS
RESPECT AND ALLIES

SPECIAL:
WRITER OSMAN LINS
GETS RECOGNITION

TV:
COMING UP NEXT -
SUGU'S NETWORK

INDIANS:
A BACKWARD STEP
ON LAND DEMARCATION

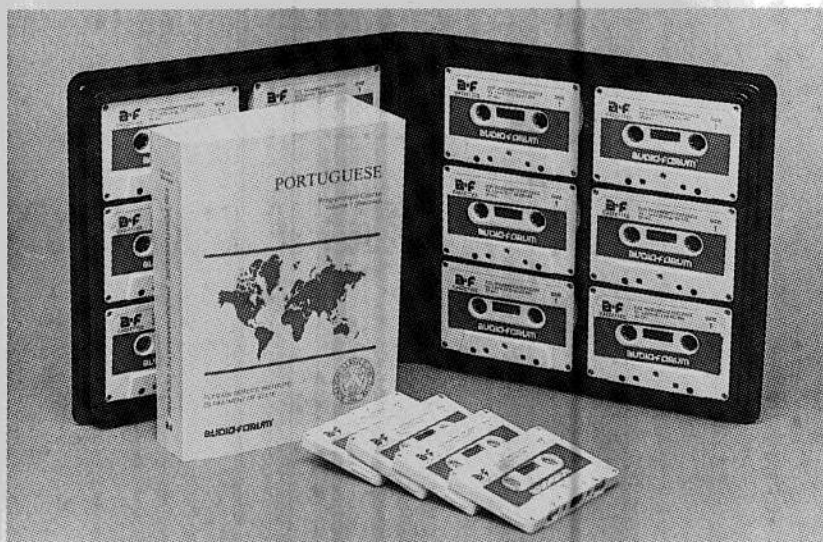
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The numbers of the Brazilian diaspora are imprecise, but at least 1.5 million maybe 2 million Brazilians have left Brazil since the early '80s to try their luck in Europe, Japan, South Africa, the US, and almost any place imaginable on earth. To guarantee their stay — sometimes only very temporary — some have even concocted far-fetched stories about present political persecution.

The political and economic situations have been improving at home.

A 50% a month inflation has fallen to a mere 0.5% this past February and the new currency, the real, continues to show signs of strength. The strong currency buys nothing, some argue, however, and the exodus continues unabated. Disenchanted with an economic plan after another that went haywire, many Brazilians are still skeptical and refuse to accept that the instability is just something from yesterday's papers and the story books.

In contrast with other transnational migrations, the Brazilian diaspora is made almost exclusively of people with at least a high-school diploma and frequently with a college degree. A great number of them left Brazil as tourists and now are living in clandestinity in

NEWS FROM BRAZIL

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their new countries. Why would they take menial jobs in New York, Japan and all over Europe?

We try to answer this and other questions and hope our cover story will help close the gap between those Brazilians who left the country and those who stayed, those far from home and separated by the seas in different continents, and those disparaged by their own countrymen, who having come first accuse the undocumented newcomers of cheating their way into the First — and painful — World.

R.M.

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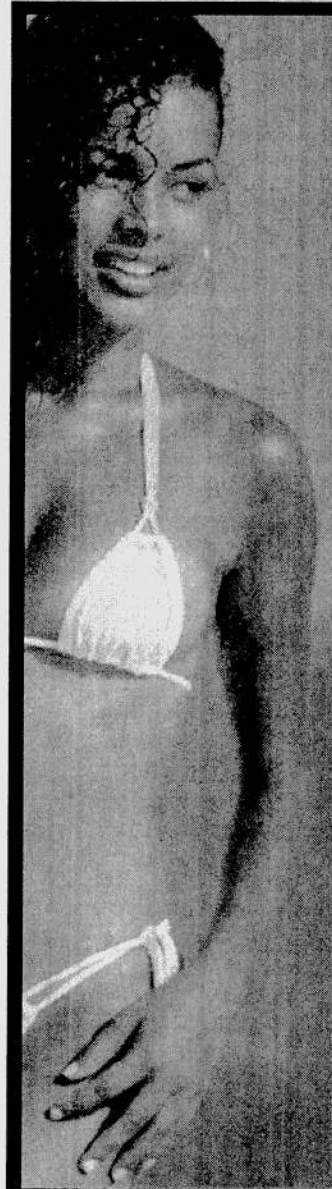
RAPIDINHAS

On the spot

Brazil has only three months to answer to an OAS (Organization of American States) formal accusation of having massacred 13 peoples who lived at Rio's Nova Brasília *favela* (shanty town), last May. That's the third time in less than two months that the OAS's Interamerican Commission on Human Rights calls the country to task. The charge was brought by the group Human Rights Watch/Americas which in December had presented two other complaints: the first dealing with the death of Goiás's state Araguaia guerrillas between 72 and 74 and the second concerning 11 farm workers killed in Corumbiara, Rondônia, last August. Rio's governor **Marcello Alencar** protested the indictment: "How can the OAS condemn Brazil in a world in which there's rampant violence?"

Romancing the Oscar

O Quatrilho's Oscar nomination for best foreign movie was noisily celebrated by its director **Fábio Barreto** as if he had already won the Oscar. Barreto was also confident that the Academy's nod would improve the movie's lot at the domestic box office and give it a shot at the foreign market. It was only the second time a Brazilian movie was so recognized by Hollywood. The last time it happened the film was the Golden Palm Cannes winner *O Pagador de Promessas* and the year was 1962.



Woman

Beach beauty

Michelle Patrícia Martins, the 1996 Rio's Summer Muse, had a previous brush with fame. The gorgeous *mulata* was one of the 20 finalists last year among 2750 candidates looking for a job as "*paqueta*," the TV cheerleader helpers of superpresenter **Xuxa**. She was refused a place allegedly due to her age ("over the ideal limit") which by then was 16.

"Racism," some denounced. Michelle didn't care. She even became **Xuxa**'s friend. She has studied theater, modeling and jazz since and is seriously considering a career modeling.

If muses of past summers are any indication Michelle will be a very successful model indeed. The Summer Muse is traditionally from the more affluent south zone of Rio. Michelle, however, lives in the blue-collar neighborhood of Bonsucesso, with her strict parents and an older sister. Samba School Imperatriz Leopoldinense invited her to be in their latest Carnival parade. "Yes," she said, "but with a condition. You have to change this costume. I am not showing my breasts."

Monkeys don't

Despite all its success and to a certain point due to it, the Brazilian Institute of Environment and Renewable Natural Resources (Ibama) has gone to court to stop the airing of a TV commercial in which monkeys do such human things like drive cars, talk on the cellular phone and take soft drink. Ibama asserts that forcing the animal to do such acts is a violation against their species. To avoid problems the Pepsi and *guaraná* Antarctic ad producer imported the monkeys. Now they could also be prosecuted for "trying to circumvent the law", according to Ibama's President **Raul Jungmann**. A couple of years ago the federal agency was successful in stopping an ad for an ant insecticide in which starred an anteater tamandua.

Language

Positive, Charles

Not only surfers, criminals and rappers have their exclusive lingo. In Rio, you would also need a dictionary to understand police officers talking to each other. This kind of talk is highly contagious and some journalists on police beat end up using the same vocabulary in their stories. Here's a little help:

Charles Bravo - Military Police corporal

Correto - (correct) yes

Diligência - investigation

Doutor Delpol - Police commissioner

Elemento - person

Genitora - mother

Incursão - police crackdown

Lavrar a ocorrência - to report the case

Negativo - no

Operação pneumático - the change of a tire

Papa Índio - (Indian eater) poor devil

Papa Maique (Foxtrote) - (Woman)

Military Police

Positivo - yes

Trinca - three

Viatura - police car

Zulu - the letter Z

Gimme that zapper

Most Brazilians seem to hate Voz do Brazil (Brazil's Voice), a radio program which is broadcast every weekday from 7 PM to 8 PM by every radio station in the country, and are quick to turn off the radio as soon as they hear the program's musical theme — the first chords from **Carlos Gomes' O Guarani**. Comes July 1 the Voz will also be on TV and will stay in the air 24 hours. The federal channel will bring news from the Executive, the congress and various federal departments. The redeeming feature is that the non-stop official Brazilian show will be on cable, a privilege still only accessible to a handful of Brazilians.

Budget leeway

Money can be tight in Brasília, but not for parties, medals or *cachaça* (sugar cane liquor). In 1995, the federal government spent more than \$5 million just to promote parties. Almost \$800,000 of this money were used by the always stern Army Ministry. The same ministry used the money earmarked for "maintenance of the troops" to buy 2,700 tinamou bird eggs — a product believed to be an aphrodisiac — and 24 *cachaça* bottles. The Department of Strategic Affairs, certainly intent on preserving the moral of their snoopers, made some interesting purchases, among others: 20 *petecas* (feather shuttlecocks) and 40 gallons of eucalyptus essence to be used in saunas.

Behavior

Whistle blowers

The campaign for the legalization of marijuana in Brazil has gained an unlikely ally. First lady anthropologist **Ruth Cardoso** defended the idea of pot smoking during an interview to Programa Livre, a SBT TV show. The declaration made Cardoso the darling of Posto 9, a spot on Ipanema beach (south zone of Rio) where the product has been making headlines the past few weeks.

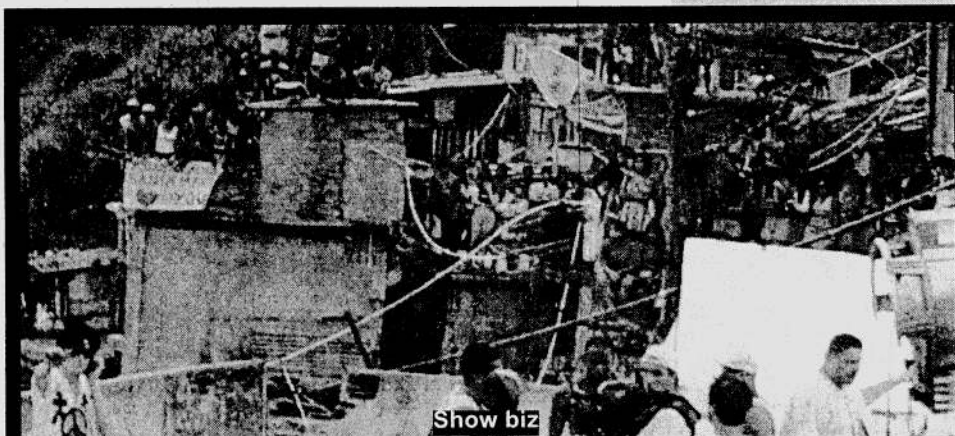
Nilton Cerqueira, Rio's secretary of Public Security commented, "This is the opinion of a citizen and should be respected. But we have a law and that also has to be respected." It was in the same area that musicians **Gilberto Gil**, **Caetano Veloso**, and **Gal Costa** used to get high around 1980 at the so-called Dunas do Barato (Pot's Dunes) while the police looked the other way. That little piece of beach hasn't gotten so much attention since 1987 when a Panama ship, afraid of being caught, unloaded its cargo of marijuana-filled cans which ended up at Posto 9's sands.

To avoid the police, who have stepped up efforts to prevent the use of marijuana in the beach, Posto 9's habitués started to wear a whistle which is used every time a uniformed officer approaches. The *apitaço* (whistling festival) has irritated the police and repression has increased with dozens of pot smokers been detained.

Roll of shame

Brazil or Haiti? Where social instability is more likely to happen? Brazil, says CIA's State Failure Task Force, which listed 16 nations with a "high risk of social instability."

According the Central Intelligence Agency's study Brazil is number five among the most unstable countries in the planet losing only to Armenia, Bangladesh, Benin and Bolivia. Haiti comes in 7th place. High index of unemployment and the existence of death squads are some of the factors that gave Brazil the prominent place in this infamous list. Is Brazil that shaky or is this just another proof that the CIA went off its rocker?



Anybody cares?

No one would imagine a few seconds on **Michael Jackson's** video clip "They Don't Care About Us" would provoke such domestic and international commotion. The entertainer went to Salvador, Bahia and Rio. The ruckus started even before the singer set foot in Brazil, right after Rio's mayor was able to get an injunction preventing Jackson from filming in the Dona Marta *favela* (shanty town). Another judge dropped the case, but the damage had already been done and the PR nightmare had started. Rio's Police Chief **Hélio Luz** called the video's director, **Spike Lee**, a sucker for paying drug traffickers for protection during the filming. "He's probably used to do this in the US," said Luz. "I was very smart," shot back Lee. "The police have no authority in Dona Marta. If I want a Coke I will not ask another customer for it but the waiter." Spike, who drank a lot of *guaraná*, a popular Brazilian soft drink, was also exasperated with the journalists, calling their questions "very stupid." Seemingly unaware of the imbroglio Jackson even made some last minute changes on the script taking the cameras to well inside the *favela* and mingling with Dona Marta's residents. They placed a big sign on the top of the hill saying, "Michael Jackson, they don't care about us."

Ferreira's savings. Thwarted in his hopes to become a legal resident of the United States, Ferreira returned to Brazil.

Going East — Every other day, Varig Flight 838 departs from Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo to Nagoya Airport in Kobe, Japan. Each 27-hour flight brings to Japan a new contingent of *dekassegus* — Brazilians of Japanese descent who seek better economic opportunities in the land that their parents or grandparents left. For the past three years, the number of *dekassegus* has increased. Although no official statistics are available, it is estimated that there are about 170,000 *dekassegus* working in Japan. Only the US has more Brazilian migrants.

Nisei (children of people born in Japan) are allowed to work for three years in Japan, while *sansei* (grandchildren of native-born Japanese) can only stay in Japan for a maximum of one year. *Dekasseguis* are often found in jobs (such as manual labor and factory work) that native-born Japanese seldom do themselves, and for which the *dekassegus* — almost invariably middle-class, and frequently college graduates — are overqualified. However, the salaries of \$2000 to \$3000 a month are the great attraction to working in Japan. Even taking the higher cost of living in Japan into account, many *dekassegus* can save much more than they could back home.

Marcos Ino is a 28-year-old *Paulista* (from São Paulo state) of Japanese descent. Although he is the son of Brazilian-born parents, their dual citizenship technically makes him a *nisei*. Ino has been living in the city of Gifu, near Nagoya, for three years. Before coming to Japan, he worked as a technician in an elevator factory in Villares for \$1000 a month. Now he has a lower-ranking position in a paper factory, but earns three times more than he did in Brazil. With his wife, Elaine, who works in a firm making cellular telephones, the family salary is \$5000 a month. They are saving money to buy a home after they return home. "This would be impossible in Brazil because the money that's left over at the end of the month would only be enough for weekend entertainment," Ino said.



About one-third of the *dekassegus* do not speak their ancestral tongue. According to Paulo Matsubara, a 48-year-old mechanical engineer working in a factory that makes automobile headlights, this is a source of amazement to Japanese. "They don't understand how somebody with a Japanese face doesn't speak their language," Matsubara said.

Lina Nistzu graduated from college with a degree in public relations. She left a banking job in São Paulo to work 14-hour days in a ceramics factory near Nagoya. According to her sister Lucy, Lina does not mind the near-feudal conditions: the wages are better. "Salaries in Brazil are very bad," Lucy Nistzu explained. "It's shocking that somebody with a degree in public relations prefers to do factory work in Japan. But that's Brazilian reality."

London's call — Great Britain has the third-largest number of Brazilian residents. The Brazilian Arts & Community Centre (BA&CC), a London-based organization that offers aid and support to Brazilians in England, has estimated that about 80,000 Brazilians live in the United Kingdom. The vast majority live in England, mostly in the London metropolitan area. In fact, the neighborhood of Bayswater, near the famous Hyde Park, has so many Brazilian residents that it has acquired the nickname "Brazil-water."

Since 1985, when more than two decades of military rule ended in Brazil, 535 Brazilians have requested political asylum in Great Britain — 450, or 84%, since 1993. Statistics from the Home Office (a department in the British government that controls the entry and permanence of foreigners in the country) state that 190 Brazilians requested political asylum in Britain in 1993. In 1994, there were 145 requests from Brazilians. In the first six months of 1995, 115 Brazilians sought political asylum in Great Britain. On the other hand, in all of 1994, only 26 Cubans asked the British government for political asylum.

This does not mean that people are fleeing any actual political persecution in Brazil. Almost all of the asylum seekers entered Britain as tourists and only then asked for political asylum. The wave of requests for political asylum con-

ceals a desire to stay legally in Britain — with all expenses paid by British taxpayers. While the request for political asylum is being processed, applicants receive \$60 a week, complete health insurance, low cost housing and authorization to work legally in the country.

The Home Office has refused to grant refugee status to all 130 Brazilians since 1985 whose cases have been closed. Although penalties for people who file false requests for political asylum in Britain are harsh (a \$3000 fine, a ban on traveling to any nation in the European Community and the possibility of having to repay the British government for all the Social Security benefits which the false refugee received), this does not faze Brazilian asylum seekers. "For Brazilians, the climate is favorable to the false refugee," said Mary de Fátima Lee, president of the BA&CC.

"Samanta" (not her real name) is a 21-year-old Brazilian who has lived in London for three years. In an interview with Sylvio Costa of the Brasília newspaper *Correio Braziliense*, Samanta confessed that she lied to apply for political asylum. "It was when all that mess was going on, and PC [Farias, the man behind the scandal that forced President Fernando Collor de Mello out of office] was in hiding here in London," she said.

"My son had just been born. I went to the Home Office with the baby and I told them I had helped Collor, and that I couldn't go back home because I'd be risking my life," Samanta said.

"It was so ludicrous a story that, before the year-long time limit that they had given me to stay here as a political refugee had passed, they sent me a letter telling me that I had 28 days to leave the country," Samanta continued.

Instead of leaving, Samanta decided to marry an Englishman. As the wife of a British subject, Samanta receives the same Social Security benefits that she had as an asylum seeker. These include the "housing benefit," which pays all of Samanta's rent (about \$800 a month).

Samanta is content with her London life. She speaks fluent English and is studying fashion design in college. "Here, I can bring up my son, study and go for my degree, which is worth a lot in Brazil. Over there, I couldn't do any of that," she said.



Affluent migrants and tourists — Emigration can be found at the highest levels of multinational corporations as well. Brazilian business executives are currently in Uzbekistan, Cuba, England, Argentina, Spain, Hong Kong and the US working in such areas as finances, marketing and human resources. Antônio Carlos Guimarães, director of human resources at Xerox, told Brazilian weekly newsmagazine *IstoÉ* that Brazilians' experiences with hyperinflation make them especially well-suited to confront the challenges of new markets in emerging countries. "And in this, Brazilians are PhDs," added Lywall Salles, the director of Chase Manhattan Bank in Hong Kong.

It is not cheap to send a Brazilian executive abroad. Each worker at Xerox do Brasil who is transferred abroad costs an average of \$300,000 a year. "Expatriates are expensive, but they're worth it," Guimarães joked. Also, each executive in a management position receives an extra \$1000 to \$1500 a month for working outside Brazil.

Carioca (from Rio de Janeiro) Franklin Pereira, who has headed the commerce and industry department of Unisys in Boca Raton, Florida and is currently the sales and marketing director of Epson in Los Angeles, compared Brazilians and Americans in the business world. "Adapting to the US isn't as easy as it seems. Despite our similar cultures, we lack dynamism. The American executive is practical. In Brazil, executives confront a lot of bureaucracy and things get delayed in functioning. It's not the professionals' fault, however. Brazilians are very versatile. The business firms themselves are what make Brazilians seem stupid."

Not all Brazilians who are going abroad plan to emigrate. In 1970, only 179,000 Brazilians — two out of a thousand — could enjoy a foreign trip. Now, there are more Brazilian tourists than ever before. In 1995, 3.1 million Brazilians traveled outside the country, according to a survey by the Brazilian Travel Agents' Association (Abav). Two percent of all Brazilians

Behind bars

At least one thousand Brazilians are imprisoned outside their homeland, according to an estimate by the Consular and Legal Affairs Department of Itamaraty, the Brazilian Foreign Ministry. Most of the Brazilian prisoners are in the US, but a precise number cannot be established.

One reason is that the correctional system in the US is not centralized. Although there are some federal prisons, there are many more state prisons, and also city and county jails. Another difficulty in determining the number of Brazilian prisoners in the US is because many states do not identify convicts by nationality. On the federal level, the Justice Department classifies prisoners by race and not by their country of origin. Thus Brazilians are included among the 75,000 Hispanics of the most recent "jail census," taken in 1994.

Finally, whether through ignorance or fear, most prisoners abroad do not demand that the diplomatic representative of their country be notified of their detention. This is a guaranteed right of the Geneva Convention.

In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the Brazilian consulate has been informed of 12 Brazilians in state prisons within their jurisdiction. Most are there for illegal immigration or drug trafficking. At Kennedy International Airport in New York City, Brazilians are detained almost daily under suspicion of trying to enter the US illegally. Most, however, are immediately repatriated to Brazil.

Florida has the most Brazilian tourists behind bars. Nearly all are accused of shoplifting. This is largely due to the intransigence of Disney World, which always calls the police when visitors attempt to leave a store without paying.

Practically all of the Brazilian prisoners in Texas, Colorado and New Mexico are illegal immigrants who attempted to enter the US without a visa. The Brazilian consulate in Los Angeles, however, does not provide information about Brazilians detained in its jurisdiction.

Most Brazilians living in the US — whether legally or not — behave quite well. They are perceived as hardworking, law-abiding and discreet. "They don't get into gangs," Charles Troy, a spokesman for the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) in New York, told Brazilian newsmagazine *Veja* in 1991.

An unnamed spokesman for the Miami Police Department agrees. "Perhaps since many of them are illegal immigrants, they avoid getting in trouble," he said.

have gone on business trips or vacations beyond their nation's frontiers.

The popularity of foreign travel is due to three factors, according to the Brazilian weekly newsmagazine *Veja*, which published a cover story on the topic last January. First, the Brazilian middle class has never found it so affordable. A week-long package tour to New York (plane tickets, hotel room and excursions included) costs as little as \$900 a person. That is cheaper than spending the same amount of time in a first-class hotel in a capital of one of Brazil's northeastern states. Another reason is that foreign travel has become much easier to arrange.

Not too many years ago, Brazilians who wanted to indulge in overseas travel had to make a compulsory deposit, buy dollars on the black market and declare how much money they planned to bring. Buying merchandise abroad was out of the question. Now, Brazilian tourists can leave the country whenever they want, bring as much money as they can and even use credit cards issued by non-Brazilian banks. Finally, the economy has stabilized. The strength of the real — which is worth more than the US dollar — makes it tempting for Brazilian tourists to shop for bargains in countries where prices are lower, and the variety is greater, than at home.

The result has been an explosion of Brazilian tourists. Brazilians occupy third place in foreign tourists to Disney World in Florida, behind only the Canadians and British. Travelers from the largest country in South America also are the second-most likely overseas visitors to the ski resort of Aspen, Colorado, with only the Germans being more prevalent. According to

Sugar loaf next?

If Little Brazil has a symbol, it has to be the *orelhão* (big ear) of Telerj (the telephone company in Rio de Janeiro) on 46th Street, in front of the Café Emporium Brasil. The phone booth is a tourist attraction for homesick Brazilians who take photos of the piece of Rio in the Big Apple. Unlike most phone booths in Rio, however, the *orelhão* is in perfect condition, thanks to the efficiency of NYNEX, the telephone company serving New York.

João de Matos, the owner of the Café Emporium, imported the phone booth by telling US Customs that the *orelhão* was just a decoration. Now de Matos wants to have another piece of Brazil in Manhattan: he plans to construct a replica of the wave-patterned sidewalks of Copacabana along the pavements of Little Brazil.

"It only depends on Rio's city government," de Matos told Domingo, the Sunday supplement magazine of the Rio newspaper *Jornal do Brasil*. "If I can get the sidewalks here to New York, I'm going to ask if they can take the Statue of Liberty and put up the statue of Christ the Redeemer in its place," he joked.

a US government study, Brazilian tourists are arriving in the US at a faster rate than tourists from any other country.

Brazilians are also going to countries that were previously unknown territory to them. For example, 30,000 Brazilians went to South Africa in 1995, twice as many as went to that country three years previously. Eight thousand of those Brazilians in South Africa went to celebrate New Year's Eve 1995 at the Palace Hotel in Johannesburg, the only six-star hotel in the world.

What do Brazilians like to do while traveling? One type of voyage is reminiscent of the 1969 film *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium*. As you may recall, that was the story of American tourists trying to visit seven European countries in 18 days. Like those hapless Yankees, many first-time Brazilian tourists attempt to see and do everything in two or three weeks. They return home totally exhausted and need another vacation to recuperate!

The second prevalent type of vacation is the shopping spree. According to Janet Unger, director of marketing at the renowned New York department store Bloomingdale's, "Brazilians now occupy fourth place among our biggest buyers." As of last summer, Bloomingdale's began to hire Portuguese-speaking sales clerks to assist the wave of Brazilian shoppers.

Just in 1995, tourists from Brazil spent \$2.2 billion on purchases, food, hotel rooms and transportation in the US. The number of Brazilian tourists, which was just 398,000 in 1990, almost doubled in five years. It is estimated that there will be a million tourists in the US by 1998, and a whopping 2.2 million by the year 2005.

For the French historian Frédéric Mauro, of the National Foundation of Political Science in Paris, the stampede of Brazilians to the First World is comparable to another exodus within Brazil's own borders: that of Northeasterners who arrive at the bus depots in Rio or São Paulo in search of opportunity. "The Northeastern migration is a smaller-scale portrait of what is happening throughout the world," Mauro told Brazilian newsmagazine *Veja* in 1991. "The poorest people, when they are in trouble, always find space in big cities."

This analogy, like most comparisons, is far from exact. One difference is that the dream of the wonderful South no longer excites Northeasterners as much as the American or European dream inspires the natives of southern Brazil's urban centers.

By 1990, only 10,000 migrants came to São Paulo, much less than the 200,000 who arrived each year during the 1960s. The *sertanejos* (backlanders) of Brazil's Northeast now prefer the gold mines of Amazonia or the more prosperous cities in the interior of São Paulo state. Largely for financial reasons, they have not yet thought of taking Manhattan. ■

Understanding the Brazuca

Maxine Margolis, an American anthropologist, spent three years studying the Brazilian community in New York. She ate *feijoada*, went to see Brazilian go-go dancers at nightclubs and even participated in a street party during the TV broadcast of a World Cup game. With her interviews of more than 250 Brazilian immigrants — or *Brazucas* as they are called — as source material, Margolis wrote about their experiences. Her anthropological study, *Little Brazil*, was published to rave reviews in 1994.

In an interview with Fernanda Godoy of daily newspaper *Folha de São Paulo*, Margolis emphasized that most of the Brazilians she interviewed are ashamed to be immigrants. "Almost 90% say that they're not immigrants, that they're just passing through," Margolis said.

Another point to which Margolis gave importance is that most of the Brazilians in the US are from middle-class families. "Someone who had a maid over there [in Brazil] is a maid here," Margolis commented. "Immigrants here [in the US] have the lowest-ranking jobs. And a middle-class person in Brazil never, never, never is going to think about working as a dishwasher. Immigrants defend themselves from frustration by thinking that they're doing these services only for a year or two, that it's a temporary situation."

Finally, Margolis underscored the fact that the Brazucas are an "invisible community." First, since most Brazilian immigrants work from 10 to 15 hours a day at low-paying menial jobs, they do not have the time or energy to make a bigger mark on their adopted country. Also, the relative lack of Brazilian-owned businesses in the US makes it easy for most Americans to consider Brazilians yet another "Hispanic" group. Brazilians dislike this label — after all, Brazilians speak Portuguese and not Spanish. But in the minds of many North Americans, the small amount of Brazilian immigrants (as compared to immigrants from Mexico, the Caribbean and Central America) blends in easily with other Latin American immigrants.

Letters

AH, BRAZIL

I enjoyed browsing *News from Brazil's* WEB page and reading some of the articles. Brazil is traditionally perceived within the Russian culture (I am a New Zealander of Russian extraction) as one of the most attractive, captivating, almost mystical in its exotic appeal, countries on Earth, a land of sunshine, aliveness, beauty and opportunity. These days, when a number of my mathematician friends and colleagues are moving to Brazil for good and I am planning my first trip there, discovering the WEB version of your magazine came as a very nice surprise to me. *Saúde de Wellington.*

Vladimir Pestov
Wellington, New Zealand

JUST SKIN DEEP

I've been subscribing to *News from Brazil* for over two years now and I'm glad to see the growth and the positive response to this magazine in the US and in Brazil. However, I have noticed that some articles related to the Brazilian economy (e.g. "Looking good" by Carlos E. F. Barreto — December '95) or women ("You've come a long way, baby" by Elma Lia Nascimento — June '95) have covered the topics superficially, reinforcing misconceptions or stereotypes about Brazil.

Barreto's article praises president Fernando Henrique Cardoso's politics and economic measures without mentioning their negative effects. Inflation and unemployment are again on the rise and Cardoso's privatization program may make of Brazil another satellite of "global economics" without bringing the social and economic benefits the Brazilian people so much need. Nascimento's article mentioned important facts about women's health and approached the issue of domestic violence (also prevalent in the US), but failed to mention gains women have made in the professional and social arenas as a result of their organized *lutas*.

Eu também gostaria de ver mais artigos em Português, pois afinal esta revista é destinada principalmente a brasileiros que vivem nos Estados Unidos.

Rozemary Sabino
San Francisco, California

STRESSING THE SIMILARITIES

I have to agree with Kirsten Weinoldt's letter in your February issue. The excerpts from Ana Maria Bahiana's book *America from A to Z* ("America the ugly" — Janu-

ary '96) strike me as being very superficial and destructive. I made my first trip to Brazil last October and fell in love with it. The most wonderful surprise was to find out how similar Americans and Brazilian really are. Forget the externals — football versus soccer, disco versus samba, Anglo-Saxon versus Latin — duh, look a little deeper.

Americans and Brazilians have an incredibly strong common thread. We are members of the New World. As such, we share an outlook on life that is shared by few countries in the Old World, in my experience. We believe in the future. We go after life with gusto, but we're always ready to lend a hand to our neighbor. We know we're young and learning, and we're always ready to laugh at our mistakes.

It's a shame that the American education system doesn't provide more exposure to the history and culture of our southern neighbors. Don't hold your breath on that one. But those of us who do dare to cross the equator should rejoice in our similarities not nit-pick at our superficial differences.

Raymond J. Matdloni, Jr.
rmata@erols.com

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

I've really enjoyed reading the article "America the ugly". I think Ana Maria Bahiana illustrated very well some of the many stereotypes that US citizens have when it comes to Brazil and South America. I am very interested in purchasing the book.

Everton Rebelo Mendes
Troy, Michigan

BEYOND BRAZIL 101

As a recent expatriate, my Brazilian residency is enhanced by reading your wonderful magazine. I have recently learned about a Federal Government program that is called the War College Program in which about 100 professionals with high IQ are invited for a one year enrollment. (From what I have learned the title War College is not an accurate description.) A lady friend has just completed the program and she was very enthusiastic about what she learned about Brazil. The enrollees travel throughout Brazil and the program allows for the

group to act as a "think tank" for the betterment of the country. That's a program that probably your readers would be interested in.

Milton Volan
Rio, Brazil

HAVE IT, AND ENJOY

I've just read your article on Carnaval ("Rio's Follies" — February '96) and found it quite interesting and informative. I wonder if you would allow us to have it reprinted on our local student paper ("Gair Rhyd", circulation about 8,000 copies).

Ricardo Calil
Cardiff, United Kingdom

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

While reading your February 1996 issue, I came across an error in one of the articles that you might find interesting. In "Rio's Follies", you accidentally put that slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1988. You only missed it by 100 years.

Cassandra E. Osterloh
Albuquerque, New Mexico

DISCUSSION ITEM

As a Brazilian I feel proud of knowing that your magazine is so well done. The news, articles, and even the ads are of the highest quality. It is making it easy to talk about Brazil with facts and not only with the famous blah, blah, blah. Thank you for the great work.

Marcello Bomfim
Fresno, California

THAT'S ALL

I just wanted to say how well written and put together your magazine is. Keep up the fantastic work!

Urania Mylonas
New York, New York

THREE MORE YEARS

I am enclosing a money order to extend my subscription to your very interesting magazine for three more years. I especially enjoy your coverage of Brazilian music and the Brazilian political situation, including your articles on the situation of Blacks and Indians in Brazil.

M. Anderson
San Francisco, California

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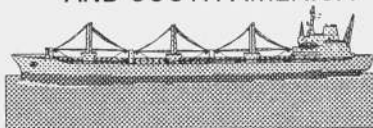
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"The true direction of Brazilianhood is to march toward West," preached the cowboy strongman Getúlio Vargas, who ruled the country — legally or illegally, by hook or by crook — from 1930 to 1945 (with an elected recall in 1951-54). In our day and age, Vargas would perhaps wave the same flag. But for reasons of opportunity, very different from his nationalistic demagoguery, "corporativist" and fascist leanings, and the policies of "profiteurism" he introduced into the country's institutions.

Westward, Ho! indeed, since advancing to the West you end up at the Pacific Rim. The immense Pacific Ocean and its whole new economic constellation that has supplanted the traditional Oriental order.

• Warbroken, devastated, and militarily demoralized a few years ago, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia now comprise a vibrant industrial-financial complex that competes with yesterday's military victor. How did they get there? Through a new kind of democracy-with-discipline, with patient observation and imaginative research. And the expectation of a fairly long wait from idea to achievement to success.

Many years ago, an American inventor, Weltmark, had his color TV rejected by the U.S. authorities for not being black-and-white compatible. NHTS was the winning American standard pushed by RCA. A small and obscure Japanese company bought the Weltmark patents, researched and experimented tirelessly with them. At long last, it became SONY, the brightest color TV this side of the German PAL standard. Today, Sony is a world-wide power. In America it controls film and record companies, movie chains, and has a wide variety of performers under contract.

Who had heard of Toyota outside Japan? It was an ancient and respected domestic carmaker. After the war it invaded the U.S., where it is now a partial partner of General Motors and manufactures in California the GEO line: Storm, Prizm, Metro.

For Brazilians the conclusion is obvious: we should look around for another star to hitch our economic chariot on. A slavish, broadside imitation of all things American may

Bye, bye, US

It's time to shop around and stop following blindly the Americans. In some ways we are already better. For example, we reject the hyphenation of our nationality. We are not Native Brazilians (meaning Indians), African Brazilians (meaning Blacks), Luso-Brazilians, Italo-Brazilians, Nipo-Brazilians. We are Brazilians. Simply.

WILSON VELLOSO

bring us ruin in a world that is increasingly "One Market." As articles appearing in *News from Brazil* have pointed out, let's judiciously follow, introduce, imitate, copy only such theories, tactics, procedures, things that can be thoroughly Brazilianized, or which have been already universalized elsewhere.

For too long have our economic policies been closely tied to the U.S. ones. The present might be the moment to break away and shop around. With the full understanding, of course, that the "Asian Way" must be thoroughly investigated. And rejected in those parts that may be abhorrent to the Brazilian Way.

As a citizen of Brazil, a country of immigrants, I see that we already do many things better than the Americans. For instance, when we quietly reject the hyphenation of our nationality. We are not a bunch of Native Brazilians (meaning Indians), of African Brazilians (meaning Blacks), Luso-Brazilians, Italo-Brazilians, Nipo-Brazilians.

We are simply Brazilians, without handles, and our different nationalities bring together our many talents and our own *jeitinhos*, the same way we may lunch on *kibe* or *teriyaki*, and dine on *pizza*, *paprikash tchirke*, or *rodizio de churrasco*, enjoying on Saturdays a heavy load of *feijoada*, or *bacalhoadada*, or *callos a la madrileña*. All of the above helped down the hatch by a *caipirinha caprichada*, or a *kaipirovshka estupidamente gelada*. Or, in a more petty bourgeois manner, with a *hamburguesa*, a *Skol* or a modest *guaraná espumante*.

All of which shouldn't stop us from learning, getting information, researching, and discussing, from Monday through Friday, the

relative merits of the different systems. Then we may get to know, for instance, about the dark side of the American Way which engendered, among other sensational news stories, the Menéndez Brothers, rich guys who killed their mother and father accusing them of abusing sexually their kids; the sordid "sporting" exploit of Tonya Harding, the uncontrollable urge to win at any cost, even breaking the legs of a team mate; or the horror story of the druggie who cut open his wife's abdomen to "save" a foetus from her demonic influence; or Milliken who stole millions in criminal stock manipulations, or Aramony who embezzled millions from the premier American charitable organization, the United Way; and the anti-Semitic, anti-Black armed Militias.

Above all, now that the world is in a state of flux, Brazilians should be extra-cautious about once again "taking the wrong streetcar." It would help, though, if they remembered that Kung Fu-Tsu, whom we call Confucius, "discovered gunpowder" during the 5th century B.C. Chou dynasty, at a time when the Chinese wallowed in corruption, greed, immorality, dishonesty, hypocrisy and other shortcomings we all have seen at close quarters. He preached a rededication to the fundamental virtues of ALL citizens — hard work, obedience to the law, honoring the parents and the whole family, avoid waste, and save.

Which were, more or less, the same great virtues Brazilian citizens practiced under the rule of Peter II and for about half a century under the Republic. Let's resurrect as herces — in today's parlance — men like Prudente de Moraes, Campos Salles, Rodrigues Alves, Affonso Penna, who were not after the fast buck, the permanent search of reelection, and did not buy popularity by giving sinecures away.

And if Asians, Europeans, Americans, Africans, and Oceanians can teach us, counsel us, and help us, let's say welcome and thank you, and keep alert against the shameless scoundrels and nincompoops in our midst. No need to execute them: just display them on a public pillory for several days at a stretch. A São Paulo building company could easily design a 21st century *pelourinho*.

Signed in 1991, the Mercosul Common Trade agreement, grouping Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay, reached an important turning point in 1995. Early in December, the Presidents of the four countries signed in Madrid, the first accord with another trade bloc. The pact signed with the EU (European Union) marked the acceptance of the Mercosul in the international economic arena as well as the European confidence on its political success.

Later that same month, the Mercosul bloc signed a free-trade agreement with Bolivia, an effort to advance even more South America's economic integration. Furthermore, talks with Chile towards a free-trade agreement with that country are making substantial progress. These events manifest the level of faith in the bloc and its future major role in the economic development of Latin America.

From the European point of view, the accord with the Mercosul has political and economic resonance. Politically, it permits the EU to maintain closer participation in a region where they have a great historical, cultural, and societal affinity. Economically, the accord secures European companies stability, juridical guaranty and access to a market comprehending 200 million consumers and \$800 billion GDP (Gross Domestic Product). The accord sets for a free-trade area by 2005. According to Pedro Malan, the Brazilian Finance Minister, presently the Mercosul has 22 investment projects under analysis which total \$16 billion. Malan foresees a flood of investments coming in from overseas and specially from Europe and other Latin American nations.

The European Union concentrates 38% of the world trade flow which implies a financial and commercial dominance. Forty percent of all banks installed in the Mercosul are European, and European companies constitute the main source of foreign investment in the four countries. For example, after a wave of privatization, Spain's Telefonica de España and Italy's Societa Finanziaria Telefonica per Azioni SpA control most of all big telephone companies south of the Panama Canal.

According to a report from Price Waterhouse, the region will experience in 1996 a year of intense activity in mergers, acquisitions and joint-ventures. In 1995, such business activity grew 60% compared to the previous year and foreign investment then accounted for 38%. Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay are responsible for one third of Latin America's total trade and 70% of Latin America's total GDP. The EU is their main partner, reaching in 1995 a record high in volume of trade — 27% of Mercosul's total exports was to the EU while 17% went to NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement), and 26% of the total imports came from the EU against 23% from NAFTA.

Another important achievement to the market economy of the Mercosul was reached with Bolivia. The so-called 4-plus-1 agreement, serves as a free-trade bridge connecting the Mercosul to the Andean Pact — a bloc constituted by Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela. The reason for this type of agreement lies on a Mercosul regulation which forbids member countries to individually join other blocs. However, the Andean Pact countries can.

A major infra-structure project necessary to integrate both blocs is under way. A 3,440 km (2,137 miles) of navigable rivers will constitute the Paraguay-Paraná and the Tietê-Paraná waterways. These waterway systems will lower transportation cost of all products traded within the region. Furthermore, talks to sign a 4-plus-1 agreement with Chile have already started. And Chile has signed a free-trade agreement with Mexico and is currently working to sign another one with Canada. Even Guyana, once a strong nationalistic

country, is talking to open its borders to Brazil.

In a recent article published in the *Wall Street Journal* titled, "Latin Nations, unsure of US motives, make their own trade pacts," shows Mercosul's alternative to expand its borders. The article states that Chile's acceptance of NAFTA has encountered strong opposition from the US Congress which lead to Chilean officials to bypass American bureaucracy towards freer trade. The simultaneous resignation of six US government officials responsible for Latin American foreign policies and the delay in replacing them shows the lack of US concern with the region. According to US Trade Representative, Mickey Kantor, "the greatest victims of tariff and nontrade barriers are small and medium-size companies."

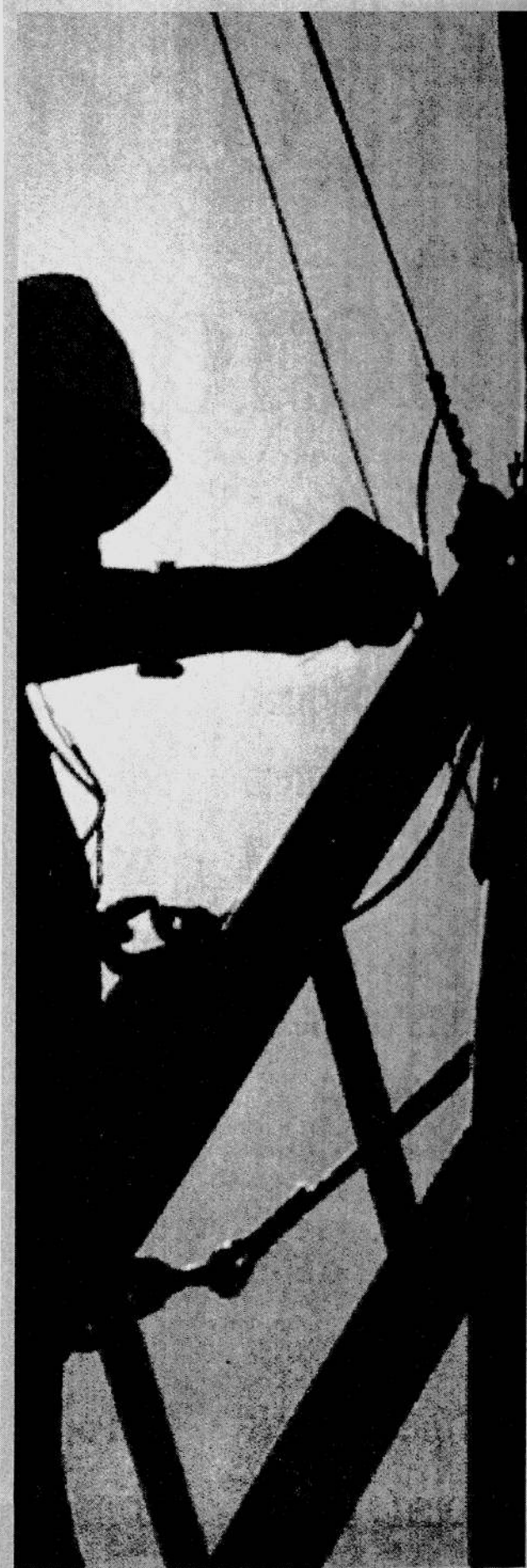
For example, a Massachusetts textile company, Quaker Fabric Corp., is having a hard time selling in Argentina. That country benefits from duty-free textiles from Brazil and competition from US goods, after a 25% tariff, is minor. US textile in the Mercosul has also strong competition from fabrics coming from England, France, Italy and Belgium which by 2005 will benefit from a tariff-free market. US executives are disappointed with Washington which is promising too much but doing too little to integrate the economy with neighboring countries. Caterpillar, a US manufacturer of heavy agriculture machinery, said that after Chile joins Mercosul, sales from US factories will be shifted to Brazilian factories. At the end, US workers will be the losers. As Latin America develops, the business environment will become more difficult for US companies.

In the past few months, many trade agreements between the Mercosul and other countries have been signed. State leaders have gone back and forth while other nations are just watching Mercosul's development. In 1995, trade among Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay doubled to \$16 billion. As Ford's President, Alex Trotman, stated in January at Switzerland's World Economic Forum, "Mercosul is just starting its future." ■

Coming of age

The trial period is over for Mercosul, the trade agreement between Brazil and its neighbors south of the border. After observing the rapid growth of the group, some nations and international trade groups are more than eager to join in.

CARLOS E. F. BARRETO



Are we ever going to learn?

Brazil has a story of going it alone. It happened with the world monopoly on rubber production, for example. Despite a series of disasters due to the dog-in-the manger policy, monopoly continues to be a government-blessed course of action in the country.

WILSON VELLOSO

In mid-January the Apple Company announced a loss of \$69 million in its latest three-month business period. What has that got to do with Brazil? Plenty.

Plenty because at the root of this dismal result is Apple's long standing decision to go it alone. Going it alone means more gross profit; and, even if the tax bite is bigger, the net profit is higher than is the case with the non-Apple computer companies, a community of several hundred.

Brazil has an ancient and sorry story of "going it alone". For many years, from the last century, Brazil had been the only producer of rubber in the world. It set the prices and the terms. The money rolled in. Part of it was mixed into the mortar used into the Teatro Amazonas in the jungle-capital of Manaus. British steamers sailing to Pará (Belém) did not bother going to Rio or Santos. Or anywhere else in Brazil. It was Manaus or bust.

The poor rubbertappers, who owed their souls to the company store, and were paid by the kilo, began adding rocks and other heavy debris to the rubber as the latex coagulated in big balls, in the smoke of open fires. It was their way of getting even and a bit more of money from the big rubber barons (some of whom imported Italian opera companies to sing "Aida" for them in the Teatro Amazonas). In the end, the workers' sneaky revenge did bankrupt their bloodsucking exploiters. At the same time, they torpedoed the Brazilian monopoly of rubber.

Brazilian books tell how the British "stole" 11,000 or 33,000 young plants — who was counting? — and smuggled them to the Far East, where

they gave birth, in the Federated Malay States and other Somerset Maugham-tale areas under British control, to all Far East rubber plantations. The books never mentioned how rocks in the raw rubber balls had broken and damaged plant machinery and enraged European industrialists.

In a book written more than 60 years ago, a German "investigative reporter" called Anton Zischka, told the full story. His work, *Wissenschaft bricht Monopole* [Science Breaks Monopoly], relates how those uncounted thousands of tender seedlings of *Hevea brasiliensis* travelled to England under Equatorial sun, shaded by tarpaulins, watered several times a day, and how most wilted and died. Only a dozen and half survived. They were taken to the famous Kew Gardens, near London, where dedicated botanists babied and nurtured them, strengthened them, and finally helped them become trees. It was the much more mature and hardier Kew Garden trees that spawned the millions of rubber trees of today in Malaysia and the neighboring rubber countries.

In 1951 I wrote in Rio a melancholy article "The End of a Dream: Brazil Imports Rubber from the Orient." It was a lesson that should be taught in all classes of "Brazilian Problems" and, in depth, in courses of Economics. Is anybody listening? Has anybody learned anything?

Back to Apple: In spite of its tremendous success, its 4-year lead over IBM, its many spectacular inventions, Apple has had ups and downs in the last few years. And while it gripped jealously its monopoly, in the firm belief it had a better product and that the market would recognize it, it lost ground, the economic analysts say, because of: greed and selfcenteredness.

While Apple kept everything for itself (mostly the profit), IBM got into a community of computer gear manufacturers, licensed its patents to competitors who introduced their own improvements. IBM used Intel microprocessors in large scale and worked with Microsoft (which produced its first "Disk Operating System" (DOS), and other software, then "Windows" — a fabulous panoply of programs. Today Microsoft has eclipsed most US companies and, following IBM's example, has licensed scores of other makers to make DOS for many computer-makers, and much more in the wide area of software.

In spite of the debacle of its Rubber Empire, Brazil still keeps to the misguided notion that monopoly is more profitable. Yes, it is, in the short run, but Brazil is not in business for 5, 10 or 20 years. However, monopoly has been a government-blessed policy in Brazil:

- The teletypewriter, invented before First World War I, and widely used worldwide, was reserved exclusively in Brazil for the armed services. It was only after the end of World War II that teletypewriting (both *Telex* and *Teletype* are registered trade marks) became generally available in the country, provided by a single

operator, the Post Office. When I arrived in Washington in 1955 news from Brazil arrived at the Embassy by the dash-and-dot Morse code...

- Silkscreen printing, an art of ancient Chinese origin, was introduced in Brazil under the name Planograf by a company that managed to monopolize its [public domain] technique for many years, and made a mint.

- By opening the country to several automakers simultaneously, President Juscelino Kubitschek tripped a business-military cabal whose intention was to exploit the automotive industry as a monopoly.

- As soon as the first small personal computers (as against the large mainframe computers sold by IBM and other US makers) arrived, their manufacture in Brazil became "reserved to National industry" — actually a monopoly or a cartel — under the flimsy excuse of **protecting** the [then nonexistent] Brazilian PC industry. The result was the manufacture of a few clunkers that were already obsolete when marketed. They were put together with parts mostly smuggled into the country. There was no genuine computer industry, only pirated copies of hardware and software.

Wrote a "cyber wag": "In the end, Brazil managed the marvel of getting 30 years behind the times in 15 years of PC marketing." Since contraband has been a flourishing national industry for many years over the porous Brazilian borders, the "market reservation" umbrella just protected the smugglers at many levels. Many people got rich through this gimmick.

- Knowledgeable people who had legitimate reasons to travel frequently between the US and Brazil were approached by "Market Reservation" agents and enticed to haul to Brazil all sorts of entire computing units (CPU, keyboard, monitor, printer, cables, software). In exchange for the courtesy, the "carrier pigeons" were given tickets, per diem, expenses, and *honoraria*, paid in cash when the mules contacted trusted Custom officers at Galeão, Guarulhos and other Brazilian airports. When the "informal" computer market got saturated, plain-paper fax machines became the main item of trade.

- The EBCT, the Brazilian Post Office façade-corporation, tried to horn into the use of fax in Brazil, taking it away from another Brazilian government provider, Telebrás. But the "Brazilian ATT" held firm and the EBCT had to retreat.

- Right now, Brazilians interested in getting onto the Internet have only one gate to deal with: Embratel, the satellite company. Without any competition, setting its own rules and rates, Embratel has no interest in setting regional "hubs" to save users the real time on long distance telephone lines, some of which are hardly reliable. Embratel may charge whatever it pleases and, in theory, may refuse connections in the case of "undesirables".

- Or, as they say in Brazil "Os cães ladram e a caravana passa" [The dogs bark and the caravan goes on]. ■



Jaguapiré's Guaranis

Lie of the land

According to Brazil's Justice Minister Nelson Jobim, a new government decree is a way to guarantee that the Indians keep their already-conquered territory. But Indian rights groups and the Brazilian Indians themselves are against the new legislation and accuse Jobim of turning the clock back on their rights to jungle lands.

SHERYL BARBIC

During the last constitutional revision in 1988, the Brazilian Congress incorporated Article 231 to recognize the inalienable right of indigenous people to their ancestral lands and natural resources, guaranteeing their right to exist as distinct cultures. 1991's Decree 22 strengthened the language of the Constitution by further delineating the primacy of indigenous rights over competing interests, thereby enforcing the demarcation of indigenous reserves based on aboriginal habitation. The Government stated that all 554 indigenous territories should be demarcated by October 5, 1993. To date, only 210 indigenous land titles have been granted.

A new decree signed by President Fernando Henrique Cardoso on January 8, 1996, however, signals a major step backwards for indigenous rights in Brazil, according to Brazilian and international indigenous rights groups. Decree 1775, these groups contend, impedes indigenous peoples' rights as guaranteed by the 1988 Constitution, compromising the already slow process of establishing indigenous reserves by permitting commercial interests to challenge the demarcation of indigenous lands.

Beto Borges, Amazon Campaign Coordinator for the Rainforest Action Network, a San Francisco based organization, states, "Decree 1775 delays the demarcation of new indigenous reserves, and challenges the legitimacy of existing ones."

Decree 22 enforced the demarcation of indigenous lands without allowing conflicting interests to appeal, but provided compensation to parties who already possessed legal title to these indigenous lands. Decree 1775 reverses the tenets of Decree 22 by allowing commercial interests to challenge the process of demarcation of indigenous lands. The new decree effectively permits invaders, such as ranchers, loggers, and

miners the opportunity to contest the demarcation process in a given area. Economic interests may now legally take the natural resources out of the control of indigenous groups, thereby undermining the rights of indigenous people to their traditional lands as recognized in Article 231 of the Brazilian Constitution.

The new decree states that previously demarcated areas which are not yet fully registered are open to revision, including Yanomami territories. Yanomami peoples are preoccupied that political and economic interests are working to annul indigenous land rights. The Yanomami fear continued invasions of their lands by miners who destroy and pollute their rivers. Since 1987, the Yanomami population has been reduced by 25%. With the signing of Decree 1775, the international community fears the Yanomami population will decline even further.

Struggles by indigenous groups to retain their natural resources and the land itself are expected to arise. CIMI (Indigenist Missionary Council) cites that eight indigenous areas have already been invaded in the few weeks since the new decree became law.

Due to political and economic pressures, Minister of Justice, Nelson Jobim has been trying to revoke Decree 22 since 1991. Jobim argues that Decree 22 does not provide *direito do contraditório*, or "the right to contest," on behalf of private economic interests. Decree 22 was ruled unconstitutional because it does not incorporate the adversarial process. The new decree, which effectively annuls Decree 22 may be used to benefit economic interests who have expressed their desire to capitalize upon Amazonian resources.

The only indigenous areas immune from possible review are the 210 fully demarcated and registered lands. The remaining 344 territories, which have been demarcated but not fully registered, are open to review, and will most probably be reduced. Such a revision in policy threatens to stall the future demarcation of indigenous territories in Brazil for years to come. The government states the demarcation process will continue, yet the Brazilian state has effectively paralyzed the demarcation process.

The first appeal has already been registered by Agropecuária Sattin, S.A., located in the state of Mato Grosso, who are contesting the Guarani-Kaiowa territory of Sete Cerros. It is feared that escalating violence in this region will bring about an increase in the number of suicides by

the Guarani peoples.

The National Indian Foundation (FUNAI) is responsible for registering land titles of demarcated areas. FUNAI is the administrative office scheduled to handle the appeals process, yet this office is not sufficiently equipped to deal with the gigantic demand that will be placed upon them from all of the new appeals. Within the G7 (Group of Seven) Pilot Project to Conserve the Brazilian Rainforests, \$9.7 million have been earmarked by the G7 to be directed toward the demarcation of indigenous lands in Brazil. The international community fears G7 moneys will be misdirected toward the revision process, clearly not what the G7 funds were allocated for. Indigenous groups are asking the German government, the principal financial donor to the G7, to temporarily halt disbursements so these funds are not misdirected.

The international community fears Decree 1775 will facilitate the new model of privatization currently underway in the Brazilian Amazon. In rewriting Brazilian law, the government is making it legally possible for firms to invade indigenous lands for the purpose of cattle ranching, oil, mineral, and mahogany extraction. These types of unsustainable forest practices historically facilitate infrastructure development, thereby opening up remote and often pristine areas of forest which have long been considered the sacred lands of numerous indigenous peoples.

The consensus from Brazilian indigenous, and organizations supporting indigenous rights, argue that the FHC government should be held accountable for their actions. The international community is calling upon FHC to revoke Decree 1775 and reinstate indigenous rights to land title. The cultural survival of hundreds of indigenous groups throughout Brazil are in danger of extinction, they argue. Alarmed by the serious-

ness of human rights violations in Brazil, the Organization of American States (OAS) is in the process of writing an official report to the Government of Brazil encouraging the state to respect the international human rights to which Brazil is a signatory.

The Amazon Coalition, a group of US-based non-governmental organizations (NGOs) working on environmental and human rights issues in the Amazon, recently met in San Francisco to discuss the serious implications of Decree 1775. The Amazon Coalition has jointly sent a letter to President Fernando Henrique Cardoso urging him to revoke Decree 1775.



Indian Cemetery

Sambaling on line

The Internet is full of stories of romances, of lives saved, of businesses started. Now it can add the story of two samba lovers who are not even Brazilians, who founded samba schools in two very distant cities and who ended up uniting the samba community — until then isolated — from all over the world.

DANIEL SAMPLER

Once upon a time in cyberspace... That would be a perfect beginning for this story. Because it talks about two *sambistas* from two samba schools in the opposite sides of the earth. What makes their story unique, isn't only the fact that their samba schools aren't in Brazil, or that they speak different languages, nor the fact that one is in a semi-desert region of the world while the other is near the Arctic Circle. The uniqueness about these schools is that they became sister samba schools via the Internet.

The Internet was created around 25 years ago by physicists in Switzerland to allow for easier exchange of information and data between scientists. In 1993, the same people created a multimedia standard for the Internet that allowed text, graphics, audio, and even video to be easily created and exchanged around the world. The World-Wide Web, (or Web as it is commonly called) has exploded from a few hundred sites in 1993, to tens of millions in less than two years and its growth has been steadily increasing ever since.

A few samba lovers (or *sambistas* as they are called in Brazil) began seeing the potential of putting samba information on the Web, began preparing their own sites in cyberspace not knowing how it would change their lives in only a few short months.

Let's face it: playing, dancing, and singing samba is not the most common activity, unless of course you are in Brazil. What is more common than coffee in Brazil, is



more rare than diamonds abroad. Finding a samba group outside Brazil is more difficult than it was finding one Web page out of the millions in the Internet before there were search engines (search engines are web sites dedicated to helping find anything about anything on the Web). But the web created cybercommunities with no political, geographic, or cultural barriers. All of a sudden, the world was one community — and that included of course the *sambistas*.

The first samba group on the web was a fairly new samba school in Long Beach, California. Other groups followed. The Edinburgh Samba in the United Kingdom, a Swedish samba group, and also the Finns. Pretty soon, there was a small group of people on the Web all with the same interest: samba. A *sambistas* mailing list was organized and soon, a World-Wide Samba Home Page was launched. (A "home page" is like the index of a book from which one can easily connect to other pages of information related to that site, whether it be local or from the other side of the world). Together, the World-Wide Samba Home Page and the electronic mailing list did what no other technology had done before: brought the international samba community together for the first time.

Other *sambistas* from around the world joined in. From Japan, Israel, and even Brazil people started coming on-line. The World-Wide Samba Home Page was voted as one of the top 5% sites in the entirety of the Web which contains an estimated 15 million pages.

The beginning — Harri Engstrand, president of Império do Papagaio, a samba school in Helsinki, Finland, was preparing a Web page for his samba school when SambaLá launched its own home page. Engstrand was a little disappointed that David de Hilster, the president of SambaLá, had beaten him out. But he would get very soon over it, mainly due to the satisfaction to suddenly discover so many people around the world who shared his passion for samba.

Both schools were preparing for their annual Carnaval parades. SambaLá would have their first in Long Beach in June. For Império do Papagaio, also in June, it was their sixth year. Carnaval passed and both David and Harri, like others, kept tabs on what was happening in other samba groups around the world.

David posted information about SambaLá's first anniversary party.

Harri saw the announcement on the Web and felt moved to see a new samba school surviving its first year. Knowing the joy and pain of starting such an organization outside of Brazil, he did something that would link even more the schools: he sent SambaLá carnival posters, a T-shirt, a birthday card and a small audio cassette containing a *samba enredo* (a samba school's annual theme song) in Finnish. Everything sounded Brazilian except for the fact that it was in Finnish.

David decided to take the challenge and learn the song even though he didn't know a word of Finnish. David, who has a master's in Linguistics, lived almost three years in Rio. Although he speaks Portuguese fluently, learning a samba in Finnish wouldn't be easy. SambaLá's president knows that the best way to learn a song in another language is to practice the melody first, ignoring the words. That's the way he has been learning new samba songs from Brazil.

Many people knew that David was learning a samba in Finnish and it didn't surprise them. "David is crazy!" is a phrase that the computer expert and artist hears a lot. After all, he did start a samba school without knowing what a samba school really was. The Finns also called him a "crazy" American for trying to sing Finnish without knowing Finnish. Finnish is supposedly one of the hardest languages in the world to learn. But that made the challenge even more interesting for him.

David decided to wait until the first Sunday of the month to officially "launch" the song. He wanted to videotape the event for the Finns. He chose the first Sunday in November (the 5th, 1995) for the big event. He suggested to Harri that the two samba schools become sister samba schools. To his knowledge, they would be the first samba schools outside of Brazil to do such a thing. In Brazil, it is very common for the larger samba schools to have affiliates or sister samba schools in other cities and even states.

The larger schools usually help smaller schools by sending costumes and other things. This relationship would be one of friendship. Sort of samba school "pen pals".

It seems unimaginable that cyberspace could generate such passion and feelings over such a great distance. Many people say that cyberspace is a cold and impersonal place — a place that strips you of your natural senses and replaces them with artificial sensors. Yet such an attitude overlooks a revolution that is taking place on the Internet that is making the impossible possible: the forming of a community that could not exist in the physical world.

And among the first settlements in cyberspace, one now hears the vibration of samba. And within that cyber community, two samba schools met, exchanged culture,

and have become lifelong friends.

The cyberspace sambistas continue to grow and thrive. The non-Brazilian sambistas are now starting talk of organizing an international league of samba schools and an "Encontro 2000" (Encounter 2000) in Rio de Janeiro where all international samba schools would get together and form one large international samba school! All via the Internet.

But nothing said it better than the words of the Finnish song that made its way halfway around the world to California all thanks to this new technology: "Once upon a time... That much you can always believe if you just want to."



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Mogul in the making

**"I am not and I will never be
Sílvio Santos's successor,"
says Gugu Liberato to anyone
who asks whether he is being
prepared to take the place of
aging TV owner and TV host
legend Sílvio Santos. Certainly
not. Gugu wants much more.
He is getting ready to be
Sílvio's competition.**

DIVYA SHUKLA



Sunday afternoon Brazilian television entertainer Gugu Liberato has achieved success as a TV host, financial rewards as a savvy businessman and stardom as a master at publicity. The youngest child of Portuguese immigrants, Antônio Augusto Liberato (a.k.a. Gugu), contributed to his family's income by working at a real estate agency in São Paulo as an office-boy when he was 13 years old. Now at the age of 37, his net worth is calculated to be around \$18 million.

Gugu Liberato is the host of a four hour television show called Domingo Legal telecast by the SBT network owned by the king of television entertainment Sílvio Santos. The variety show concentrates mainly on humorous pieces similar to the American television show Candid Camera. Domingo Legal originally aired on July of 1994 and has captivated the Brazilian audience ever since.

In response to the show's popularity, the competitor network O Globo retaliated by assigning popular shows in the same time slot as Domingo Legal. Gugu fought back with a new idea — a weekly surprise visit to any one of the 500 thousand fan letters that he has received, so far. These weekly visits are not only a complete surprise, but also a complete

invasion of privacy. In previous episodes, Gugu has walked through each and every room of the chosen home, with no regard given to what the homeowner might be doing, which often times has included taking a shower.

Domingo Legal's most popular skit is the piece called O Taxi Do Gugu (Gugu's Cab), during which the host dressed in one of his many disguises (he can be an old and grumpy guy or a young metal rocker) will pick-up unsuspecting participants in a cab equipped with two hidden cameras. During one of these taxi rides, Gugu drove a passenger on a wild ride through the streets of São Paulo while pretending to be blind. And nothing stopped the host from actually driving on sidewalks, not even the screams of the passenger.

The Taxi Do Gugu show has offended passengers during at least two occasions. Once when a foul-smelling gas was released inside the cab, all in the name of humor, and passengers felt ill. Another time when the show contracted a young boy to throw paint on a passenger ruining her dress in the process. Afterwards, Domingo Legal's producer, Homero Salles, opted to pay for all of the damages incurred and also chose to enact a few informal rules, which include excluding

pregnant and elderly passengers from the cab episodes claiming that they might not be healthy enough to survive the scares provided by the gags.

Cruel humor? The Brazilian audiences seem to be eating it up! The Ibope (Brazilian system of ratings) has been registering record high ratings. The ratings have been so good that they have surpassed those received by Xuxa, the television personality best known for hosting a variety show aimed at children.

The rear doors of the taxi, used during the filming of *O Taxi Do Gugu*, are now kept locked following an incident with a passenger that threatened to jump out when Gugu, in disguise, said that the cab was being followed by a jealous husband. The fact that he was able to convince this passenger, along with others, is proof of his satisfactory acting abilities. For Gugu, the cab driver, it is hard not to be recognized as Gugu, the celebrity. He has even had to change automobiles twice. Gugu's taxicab-show inspiration is an aristocratic cab driver that he met during a vacation trip from Nice to Cannes, in France.

A master at publicity, Gugu is often romantically linked to several of the young dancers that appear regularly on the show, although, he admits to being a hopeless bachelor who is too busy to date. He often prefers the company of a good whisky.

Gugu says that his preferred hobby is gardening but rumor has it that the actual gardener is his driver Antônio, who takes care of the beautiful garden in front of his house.

The TV host's monthly salary of \$70 thousand, in addition, to business smarts (in 1994 his companies made \$24 million), has enabled him to be an avid investor. Gugu Liberato has owned several export companies, such as Banatropi which exported banana drinks to Europe. Banatropi, along with other food and beverage companies were sold by him when profit levels became scarce. Gugu currently owns Promoart and Gugu Promoções e Merchandising. Promoart promotes artists such as Banana Split, the duo Jean e Marcos and the popular singer Marcelo Augusto.

Along with a partner, he is investing in Parque do Gugu (Gugu's Park), to be built in a São Paulo shopping center. Parque do Gugu will be

an entertainment center filled with video games, virtual reality games and space for shows.

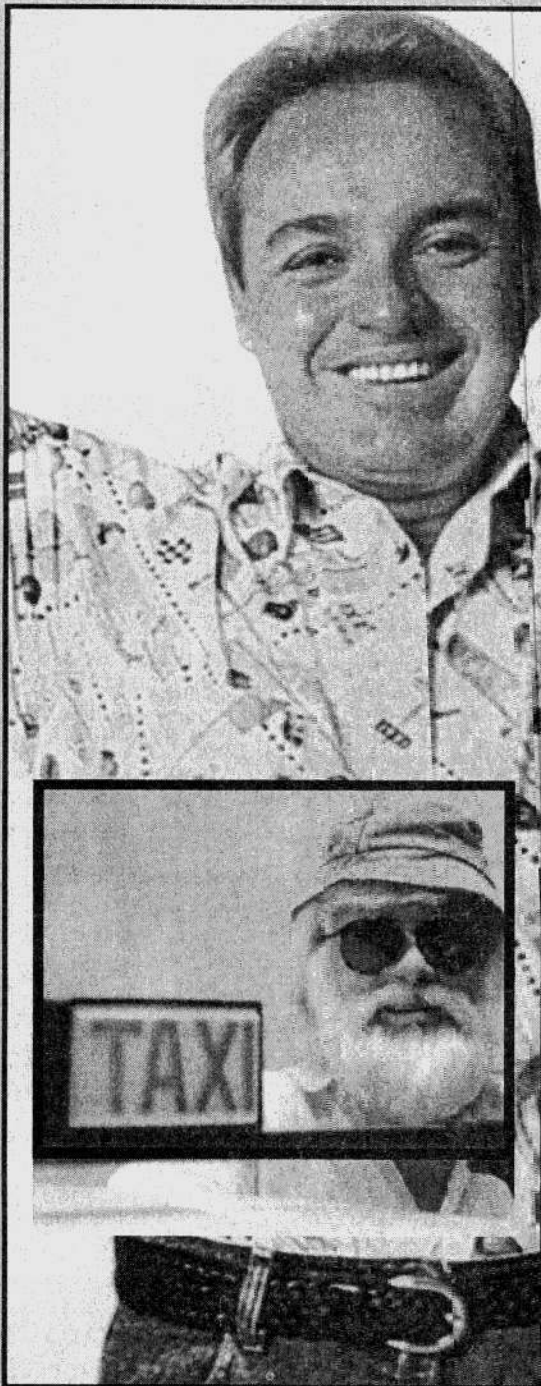
Gugu's humble beginnings are a contrast to his current life style. He lives in the height of luxury in a house furnished with Persian rugs, two swimming pools and an art collection. The \$1.5 million house is located in an isolated mountainous region of São Paulo called Aldeia da Serra, a barely populated area that is occupied by 800 families. This luxurious mansion is merely one of the five homes owned by this television host. Gugu also owns an apartment building.

When one mentions Gugu, it is hard not to draw comparisons between him and Sílvio Santos. Sílvio Santos, his mentor and employer, also had similar humble origins being the son of immigrants. Sílvio didn't work as an office-boy, but he was a street vendor. Sílvio and Gugu even dress alike — a formal suit and tie attire. When questioned about the similarities, Gugu's response has always been that there will never be an equal to Sílvio Santos.

Gugu met Sílvio Santos while studying journalism at the Cáspier Líbero College in São Paulo. The latter employed him as a reporter for his *Semana do Presidente* (The President's Week). Gugu was responsible for following and interviewing then President general João Baptista de Oliveira Figueiredo (1979-1985). Gugu's television host career actually started in 1982 when he starred in the show *Viva a Noite*. Prior to this he had been a radio personality for 10 years.

In an apparent contrast to his materialistic exterior and his chubby figure is Gugu's spirituality. He keeps in his office a small chapel dedicated to St. Jude, known in Brazil as the saint for the impossible causes. Gugu, who was an altar boy, belongs to a deeply religious family. Gugu's mother, Maria do Céu, told *Isto É* magazine of a miracle (prayers to St. Anthony of Padua) that made her youngest son recover from pneumonia as an infant, and to this day she is devoted and grateful to that saint.

Gugu Liberato's immediate goal is to own a television network similar to his mentor Sílvio Santos. He even has a name for the venture: *Sistema Liberato de Comunicação*. Until then, Gugu will surround himself with art, fans, success and whisky, of course. ■



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Rosália! gritava João de Oliveira. Toquei para fora o homem!... Insolente! Veio dizer que não valia nem quinhentos cruzeiros.

— O concerto? respondeu a voz da mulher lá de cima.

— Não; o piano! E ainda saiu rindo-se...

— Tinha graça. Você não vê que isso é jogo! O que ele queria é ficar com o piano dado e vendê-lo depois por qualquer preço. É assim que essa gente enriquece...

Rosália e Sara desceram assustadas. E a família acercou-se com respeito do velho móvel, como a querer consolá-lo do ressentimento deixado pela avaliação mesquinha.

— Havemos de vendê-lo ainda por bom preço, você vai ver, anunciou Oliveira, fitando-o com emoção confusa. Não se fabrica mais desse tipo.

— Bota anúncio, que esta casa vai ficar assim de pretendentes, disse Rosália, juntando os dedos da mão. Pena é ter a gente que se separar dele.

— Ah, é um amor de piano! Parece coisa até que só de olhar para ele a gente ouve música, resumiu Oliveira, acariciando-lhe a caixa de carvalho.

— Então vamos botar anúncio, João.

Custear o enxoval de Sara com a venda; transformar a saleta em quarto para o futuro casal, — teriam que dispor dele de qualquer maneira.

Três dias depois, amanhecera o piano engalanado de flores para o sacrifício e a casa preparada para a recepção dos pretendentes.

O primeiro candidato a aparecer foi uma senhora acompanhada da filha. Esta, mal avistara o móvel, avançou logo para ele, abriu-o, tentou uma frase no teclado.

— Ih! mamãe, mas está todo estragado...

A senhora levantou-se, olhou para as teclas descascadas. Escandalizou-se. Pegou a filha e retirou-se resmungando:

— Andar tanto para ver uma porcaria dessas!...

Não houve tempo para a família Oliveira se magoar, porque à mesma porta por onde saíra a mulher com a filha chegavam outros pretendentes: uma senhora de idade, cheirando a defunto rico; uma mocinha de óculos escuros com a sua pasta de música; e um judeu ruivo, de roupa sovada. O diálogo entre a velha dama e a mocinha mais parecia um princípio de discussão.

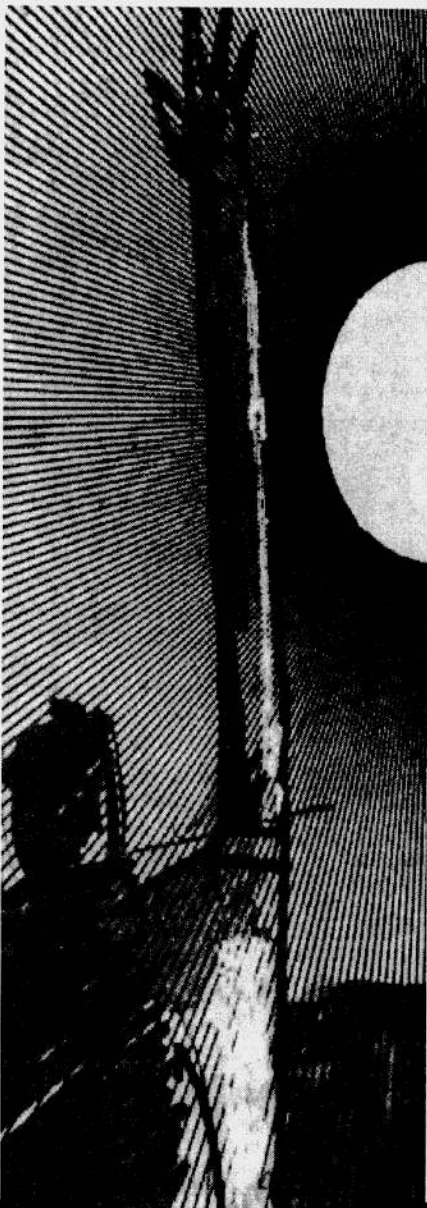
— Eu não faço questão, alegava a moça. Vim porque mamãe me pediu. Há de haver outros à venda. O que eu queria dizer é que já estava batendo na campainha da porta quando a senhora desceu do ônibus. Entramos juntas, mas eu cheguei primeiro.

A discussão pela conquista do piano lisonjeava os Oliveiras. Entretanto, acharam prudente desmanchá-la oferecendo café e sorrindo a todos. Dirigira-

THE PIANO

João de Oliveira was moved. He didn't care about the price anymore. All he wanted was that his piano be treated with a little care. At least that. It might not be worth a lot, but it deserved special consideration.

ANIBAL M. MACHADO



se a moça em seguida ao piano, que o judeu avaliava de longe com olhar frio. Entrou, nesse momento, uma senhora conduzindo uma colegial. Sentaram-se desconfiadas. De repente, toda a sala ficou suspensa às notas que a mocinha tirava do teclado. Sons desafinados, metálicos, horrorosos. Era a prova. A recém chegada fez uma careta, apertou a mão da menina; mostrando-se mais tolerante, a dama perfumada mandava um olhar indulgente para a velha caixa de música. Os Oliveiras procuravam ler com ansiedade na fisionomia dos outros. O judeu se conservava impassível. As vezes todos se entendiam pelos olhos.

Era como um julgamento do piano. A moça continuava a tocar, como se o estivesse pondo em confissão. Falha-

vam as notas, algumas teclas não existiam, outras se apresentavam descortçadas. Nem as cordas vocais de cantora decrépita ou de velho cardíaco soariam com aquele timbre. Quando Doli investiu aos latidos, percebia-se que era um pronunciamento da cachorrinha. E o mal-estar culminou. Havia um riso correndo pela sala. Entretanto, ninguém estava rindo. A moça parecia tocar por maldade agora, acentuando as cacofonias, martelando as teclas mortas. Situação aflitiva.

— Esse piano tem uma coisa, tentava explicar João de Oliveira: é muito sensível, muda muito com a temperatura.

A moça largou-o de repente, parou de pé para repintar os lábios e tomou a pasta:

— Nem sei como o senhor teve coragem de pôr anúncios para essa carcaça, disse lançando um olhar de desdém para Rosália, como se fosse Rosália a carcaça.

E saiu.

João de Oliveira suportava tudo calado. Não era a ele a ofensa era ao velho móvel. Sentia-se todavia na obrigação de declarar que se tratava de uma relíquia de família.

— Não se constrói hoje igual, acentuava; igual não se faz mais. Houve um silêncio logo perfurado por uma pergunta do judeu, pergunta que fora feita no momento em que mais claudicava a reputação do pobre piano:

— Quanto pede por ele? À vista do acontecido, João de Oliveira recebeu dizer o que pensava. Baixou o preço que trazia em mente.

— Cinco contos, respondeu com timidez. E olhou para todos, a ver o efeito. Ninguém riu, ninguém disse nada. Mas tinha-se a sensação de uma hilaridade geral.

Foram-se preparando os pretendentes para sair. Era a resposta muda. Oliveira esfriou. Teria dito alguma monstruosidade? Só a velha fora delicada: disse que ia pensar. Mas porque aquele ar tão

piadoso que deixava transparecer o seu verdadeiro juízo sobre o piano? perguntou-se Oliveira.

Na porta da rua os que desistiram cruzaram com um senhor que queria entrar.

— Veio pelo piano? perguntaram. Ih! o senhor vai ter uma... Mas a voz animada de Oliveira interrompeu logo:

— Entre! ele está aqui perto. Já tem vindo muita gente. Era um homem de meia-idade, cabeleira grisalha e abundante. Abriu a tampa da máquina, examinou-a demoradamente. Devia ser um professor. Não pediu preço, disse que depois ia ver e despediu-se:

— Depois conversaremos... A casa ficou vazia. Os moradores se entreolharam decepcionados.

— Ninguém está compreendendo o valor dele, comentou João de Oliveira com tristeza. A vendê-lo por qualquer preço, prefiro deixar como está.

— E o enxoval de Sarita? objetou Rosália.

— Parei um empréstimo.

— Mas teu ordenado não dá para desconto em folha.

— Adiremos o casamento.

— Eles estão apaixonados, João! Querem se casar de qualquer jeito...

Ouvia-se nesse momento a voz de Sarita gritar do quarto que se casaria apenas com duas combinações novas e mais alguma roupinha indispensável.

— A questão, prosseguia Rosália, é que esta casa é uma caixa de fósforos. Onde iremos alojar o casal? Teremos que sacrificar o piano de qualquer maneira para dar espaço. Nossa Senhora! Todo o mundo hoje quer espaço, precisa de espaço.

— Não, não, gritou a filha lá de dentro. Deixe quieto o nosso piano. Tão bonito que ele é...

— Tão silencioso, atalhou a mãe. Tu mesma o abandonaste. Vives na vitrola.

A velha abriu a porta do quarto para falar mais de perto à filha. Estranhava que ela se pronunciasse dessa maneira. Lançou-lhe o dilema:

— Um marido ou um piano? escolhe.

— Ah! um marido, respondeu Sarita com voluptuosa convicção. Lógico...

E abraçando-se ao travesseiro:

— O meu maridinho, uai!

— Então!...

— Estás também contra ele, Rosália? rugiu a voz de João de Oliveira.

— Ele quem, João?

— O nosso piano.

— Oh! João, tu me julgas capaz!...

No dia seguinte, mal chegara do trabalho, João de Oliveira foi indagando:

— Muita gente hoje, Rosália?

Sim, alguns pedidos de informação pelo telefone e um senhor que viera pessoalmente e ficou olhando muito para o piano. E o judeu de ontem.

— Eles disseram alguma coisa? perguntou o marido.

— Nada.

— Prometeram?

— Também não. Mas olharam muito, muito mesmo...

— Ah, olharam? Com interesse, com admiração?

— Isso não sei dizer.

— Olharam, sim, mamãe, interveio Sarita. O velho principalmente. Só faltava comer o piano com os olhos.

João de Oliveira se comoveu. Já não fazia questão do preço. Queria apenas que o seu piano fosse tratado com certa atenção. Ao menos isso. Podia não valer muito dinheiro, mas merecia consideração especial. Lamentava não estar presente, mas pelo que a filha dissera da atitude respeitosa do velho, sentia-se consolado da má impressão da véspera. Aquele homem devia ser alguém sensível à alma dos velhos móveis.

— Ele deixou endereço, Sarita? Não? Ah!... mas voltará na certa.

E se levantou para rondar a peça antiga. Namorou-a longo tempo.

— Meu piano! disse baixinho, correndo-lhe a mão pelo verniz da madeira, como se acariciasse o pêlo de um animal.

Nenhum candidato no dia seguinte. Apenas uma voz de sotaque estrangeiro que queria saber se ele era novo. Rosália respondeu que não, mas era como se o fosse, tão conservado estava.

— “Amanhã é sábado”, pensou Oliveira; “com certeza há de vir muita gente”.

No dia seguinte desceu de uma limusine um senhor com uma menina. Defrontando com a casinha modesta dos Oliveiras, perdeu a vontade de entrar, e informando-se na porta mesmo da marca e da idade do piano, foi indo embora sem querer vê-lo.

— Muito obrigado. Não é preciso, respondia às insistências do dono. Eu pensava que se tratava de uma coisa moderna. Passar bem...

João de Oliveira tomava as dores pelo seu piano. Desde que recebera aquela herança de família, guardava-a com cuidado, sem pensar que seria forçado, num momento extremo como esse, a abrir mão dele. Ninguém, entretanto, queria reconhecer-lhe o valor. Ninguém.

Mas, e aquele indivíduo que apareceu na quarta-feira seguinte, fez-lhe tantos elogios arrebatados, disse que era uma maravilha e se recusou a adquiri-lo declarando que teria remorsos de comprá-lo por tão baixo preço, e que ele, João, e mais dona Rosália, estavam praticando um crime abrindo mão de tão preciosa coisa? Oliveira não entendeu o que pretendia esse homem.

— Estaria zombando ou falando sério? perguntou à mulher.

— Parece um gaiato, observou a companheira.

— Talvez não, Rosália...

Mais depressa que seu marido, perdera Rosália as esperanças. Sua preocupação agora, quando o via entrar, era atenuar-lhe o sofrimento.

— Quantos hoje?

— Ninguém. Dois telefonemas. Não deram os nomes mas ficaram de vir, disse-lhe a mulher em voz calma.

— E o judeu?

— Acaba voltando na certa.

Durante dias, ficara esquecido o piano. Como quem gosta de ver uma pessoa amiga perder o trem só pelo prazer de gozar-lhe mais tempo a companhia, assim estava João de Oliveira em relação ao seu piano. Sentava-se perto dele, gozava-lhe os últimos momentos, apreciava-lhe a dignidade do aspecto, confidenciava-lhe coisas. Três gerações tocaram ali. A quanta gente fez sonhar, fez dançar! Tudo passava. O piano ficava. O único móvel que falava da presença dos antepassados. Meio eterno. Ele e o oratório.

— Vem, Sarita. Aquele trecho de Chopin. Vê se te recordas.

— Ah! papai, é impossível; para se tocar nele é uma desgraça. Não dá mais nada.

— Não fales assim, sussurrou Rosália. Não vês como anda teu pai...

Toda vez que o olhar de Sarita tombava sobre o piano, transformava-se este em uma cama de casal em que ela se revia abraçada ao seu tenente de artilharia.

Durante dias e dias não apareceu nenhum pretendente. Apenas de vez em quando, o telefonema espaçado do judeu, como a controlar as últimas pulsações de um moribundo.

O anúncio fora retirado. Rosália fazia sentir ao marido que o casamento era para breve.

— Como há de ser, João?

— Como há de ser o quê, Rosália?

— O piano!...

— Vender não vendo, gritou João decidido. Esses canalhas querem é explorar. Prefiro dá-lo de graça, mas a alguém que o preserve, que saiba o que ele representa.

Andava agitado pela sala. Uma expressão nova desenhou-se-lhe no rosto.

— Escuta, Rosália; liga para os nossos parentes da Tijuca.

Rosália compreendeu satisfeita o que o marido queria. João de Oliveira acorreu ao telefone.

— Pronto! Chame o Messias. Já saiu?

Ah! é a prima?... olhe: venho oferecer-lhe o nosso piano de presente... Sim, de presente... Não estou doido, não... pois é... Justamente!... É isto mesmo... Não sairá da família...hein? Ah! sim. Muito pequena mesmo. Então mandam buscar depois, não é?... Absolutamente... Oh!...

Voltou depois para a mulher:

— Ora veja! Pensou que fosse primeiro de abril. Não acreditou.

Rosália exultou com a idéia. João encaminhou-se depois para o velho móvel, como a consultá-lo sobre o que viera de fazer. — “Minha consciência está tranqüila”, pensou. “Tu não serás rejeitado, ficarás na família, no mesmo sangue. As filhas de minhas filhas te respeitarão, ainda tocarás para elas. Sei

que não ficarás zangado em ir para a casa do Messias, continuação da nossa casa..."

— Quando virão buscá-lo? interrompeu Rosália disposta já a arrumar o quarto nupcial de Sarita.

No dia seguinte, Messias, pelo telefone, pede confirmação aos parentes de Ipanema. Um piano de presente era muito, era demais. Estava perturbado e agradece. Nem tinha acreditado.

— Mas é a verdade, Messias. Você sabe, não é? a nossa casinha é uma casca de noz. O piano não pode continuar aqui e João não quer que ele vá para mãos estranhas. Ficando com vocês é como se estivesse conosco. Pode buscá-lo quando quiser, sim?

Passaram-se alguns dias. Os carregadores não vieram. O casal Oliveira estranhou o silêncio do pessoal da Tijuca. — Houve alguma coisa. Telefona, Rosália.

Atendeu a prima. Estava embaraçada. Cobravam uma fortuna pelo carro.

— Vocês compreendem... Com essa falta de gasolina, não é?... Esperem mais alguns dias, o Messias está providenciando. Estamos contentíssimos, só pensamos nele, Rosália. A última frase soou falso aos ouvidos da mulher. Ao cabo de uma semana, João de Oliveira interpelou o primo pelo telefone:

— Quer ou não quer, Messias?

Do outro lado da linha chegara a réplica em palavras gaguejadas:

— O parente, não imaginas como estamos desolados aqui. Ganhamos o presente e não podemos recebê-lo. Pedem um dinheirão pelo transporte. E por cima de tudo, nós aqui também não temos espaço. É uma luta por falta de espaço! Somente agora pensamos nisso. Miquita está insólável.

— Quer dizer que não fica com ele, não é?

— Isto é, fico... Ou melhor, não fico, mas...

João de Oliveira desligou secamente. Já estava compreendendo.

— Você está vendo, Rosália; nem dado querem saber do nosso piano, nem dado!

— Que se há de fazer, João! Todas as coisas acabam assim...

Ficaram tristes os dois. Sarita abriu-se num pranto sufocado. A mãe amparou-a:

— Que é, filhinha? Não faz mal, havemos de vendê-lo a alguém por qualquer preço.

— Eu quero que ele saia quanto antes, mamãe. Quanto antes. Faltam poucos dias e meu quarto nem está arranjado ainda. Não vejo nada para o casamento. Só esse piano enjoado para atrapalhar minha vida, esse piano que ninguém quer.

— Fala baixo, minha filha, teu pai está ouvindo

— É para que ouça mesmo, exclamou a moça no último soluço, enxugando os olhos. João de Oliveira passou a noite quase em claro a meditar sobre a vida. Reflexões confusas, melancólicas em geral. Amanheceu com raiva do piano e da vida. Saiu cedo e deixou-se ficar num

botequim próximo a conversar com um e outro indivíduo.

— "Que andaria fazendo seu marido por lá?" indagava Rosália a si mesma. João nunca tivera esse hábito.

A casa distava três quarteirões da praia. De suas janelas não era visível o mar, mas sentia-se ali o seu cheiro e o seu barulho. Para além da avenida litorânea ainda havia largo trecho de areia até se lhe alcançarem as águas. João de Oliveira entrou acompanhado de um preto e de dois portugueses robustos em camisa de trabalho. Mostrou-lhes logo o piano. Eles o acharam grande demais. Experimentaram-lhe o peso. Seriam precisos outros três homens. Rosália e a filha ficaram suspensas. A mulher perguntou:

— Achou comprador?

— Não, mulher; não há comprador para esse piano.

— Presente?

— Não, mulher; não há mais quem queira recebê-lo de presente.

— Então, que é que você está fazendo, João? Que é que você está fazendo? interrogou Rosália, pressentindo-lhe o gesto. O rosto de João de Oliveira endureceu, enquanto seus olhos umedeciam.

— Atirá-lo ao mar?

— Sim, mulher. Vou atirá-lo ao mar.

— Ah! isso não, papai. Isso não! Que loucura! exclamou Sarita.

Os homens esperavam.

— Que coragem, João! Não haverá outra saída? interveio a mulher. Pense bem. Fica esquisito, um piano lançado ao mar...

— Que é que você quer, Rosália! Não se afundam tantos navios? A objeção do homem fez a mulher calar. E ele se animou.

— Pessoal! ordenou aos homens. Carregue com ele. Vamos!...

Um dos portugueses se adiantou para dizer humildemente que não podiam fazer aquilo. O patrão que os desculpas. Doia-lhes na consciência jogar tamanha coisa ao mar. Parecia até um crime.

— O patrão por que não faz um anúncio? O piano está ainda tão perfeito!

— Sim, eu é que sei! respondeu irônica Oliveira. Podem retirar-se.

Retiraram-se os homens. Um deles, o preto maltrapilho, concebeu uma coisa enorme: tomar o piano para si. Estava ali à disposição de quem quisesse. Saiu olhando para ele, hipnotizado pela idéia de poder possuí-lo; só para ser dono de alguma coisa, e logo um objeto de luxo, ele que não era dono de coisa alguma, senão de sua viola. Era sonho que podia

ser uma realidade imediata. Mas para onde levá-lo também? E para quê? Nem tinha casa, nem sabia tocar...

Rosália encostou-se chorosa aos ombros do marido. João de Oliveira tinha uma expressão de crueldade no olhar.

— Ah! João! que decisão horrível você tomou!

— Mas se ninguém o quer, e se ele não pode continuar aqui...

— Sim, João. Mas a gente sente. Ele sempre nos acompanhou. E fica esquisito, não fica? depois de tantos anos, jogá-lo ao mar. Olhe como ele está sem saber nada do que vai acontecer. Há quase vinte anos ali, naquele canto, sem fazer mal a ninguém...

— Agora é você que está sentimental, Rosália!

A mulher olhou para o marido:

— Está bem, João: faça o que você quiser.

Na Praia do Pinto e na Latolândia agrupam-se casebres miseráveis donde partem os negrinhos em incursões pelos bairros ricos, em bandos maltrapilhos, mas alegres. Assim, é fácil encontrá-los ora pedindo tostão para sorvete, ora admirando cartazes à porta dos cinemas, ora rolando nas areias do Leblon.

Aquele dia o Atlântico amanheceu enfurecido pela ressaca. O piano estava tranqüilo como sempre. E imponente na severidade de suas linhas.

Faziam-se os aprestos para o saimento.

João de Oliveira pediu à mulher e à filha que o despissem das peças que podiam ser aproveitadas. Foram retirados os castiçais de bronze. Arrancaram-se depois os pedais e ornatos de metal. Em seguida, a tampa de carvalho.

— Eu acho que não se devia tocar nele, opinou Rosália.

— Ih! já está tão transfigurado! disse Sara.

Os moleques que João de Oliveira recrutara sem nada dizer à família ficaram na porta impacientes, à espera do aviso. Oliveira mandou que entrassem primeiro os mais fortes.

Eram quatro e vinte da tarde quando começou o saimento. Uma multidão de gente abria alas na calçada. O piano vinha vindo com certa dificuldade. Alguns curiosos avançavam para vê-lo de mais perto. Rosália e a filha ficaram contemplando da varanda de cima, abraçadas. Tristes. Não tiveram ânimo de acompanhá-lo. A cozinheira enxugava os olhos com o avental.

Ao chegar a procissão à esquina da rua transversal, indagaram os moleques:

— Para onde?

Todos queriam segurar o esquisito ao mesmo tempo, e o piano quase tombava.

— Para onde? perguntava-se de novo.

— Para o mar! gritava energicamente João de Oliveira em atitude de comandante.

E apontava o Atlântico.

— Para o mar! para o mar! repetia a meninada em coro.

Daí por diante os moleques perderam o respeito. Compreendendo que era alguma coisa que ia ser destruída,

tomaram-se de súbita excitação e faziam algazarra. A todo momento tocavam a cachorrinha Doli, que saltava em cima e latia furiosa.

Das sacadas apinhadas de gente as moças se espantavam:

— Que será aquilo, Mãe do Céu? Um piano!...

Ele já vinha voltado para o lado da praia donde soprava o sudoeste.

— Saiu do noventa e um! gritou um pretinho informando as famílias.

— Ah! é da casa de Sara.

— É da casa de João de Oliveira.

Um conhecido saiu à rua para interpellá-lo:

— Que foi isso? Será possível, João?

— Não é nada, não é nada! Eu sei o que estou fazendo. Não me atrapalhem.

— Mas por que não o vendes?

— Vou vendê-lo, sim... ao mar... olha lá... o mar...

E afobado, com ar de carrasco, retomava a tarefa, dando ordens.

— Mais para a esquerda, pessoal... Cuidado, senão ele tomba... fiquem só os mais fortes.

Vinha aos baques, exalando gemidos. De vez em quando um moleque metia o braço no labirinto da máquina e corria a mão pelas cordas, provocando-lhe os últimos estertores.

Uma senhora da sacada gritou para João de Oliveira:

— O senhor não o vende, por acaso?

— Não senhora, não vendo. Dou de graça. Quer?

A senhora enrubesceu, sentiu-se ofendida e entrou logo. João de Oliveira oferecia de um modo geral:

— Não haverá por aí quem queira um piano?...

Aceitou-o mais adiante, no quarenta e três, uma família de exilados poloneses. Aceitou cheia de espanto.

— Então podem ficar de uma vez com ele, gritou João de Oliveira.

Os poloneses desceram, acercaram-se do velho móvel, hesitantes:

— Nós ficaremos com ele... isso não há dúvida, mas... nossa casa é muito pequena, queríamos um prazo.

— Ou agora ou nunca! respondeu Oliveira. Ele já está na rua. Não querem, não é? Pessoal, toca o bonde!

Os moleques se assanharam de novo.

E o piano cada vez mais se aproximava do mar. Balançava como barata morta levada por formigas.

João de Oliveira mal percebia que das portas e janelas de todas as residências partiam exclamações confusas.

— Mas isto é uma loucura! bradava alguém de outra sacada.

— Loucura? voltou João de Oliveira exaltado, olhando para cima. Então fica com ele, fica...

Mais adiante, ao passar por outras janelas, repetia-se a cena. Todo o mundo achava que era loucura, todo o mundo queria o piano; bastava porém que o dono o oferecesse de graça, assim à queima-roupa, para que todos se descartassem embaraçados. Quem está preparado para receber de sopetão um piano?

João de Oliveira já não dava mais explicações a ninguém e prosseguia resolutamente, acompanhado por um sussurro de vozes e lamentações.

Agora a procissão parou por ordem de alguém. Motociclistas da polícia cercavam o velho móvel. João de Oliveira dava explicações demoradas. Exigiram-lhe os documentos. Foi à casa buscá-los. Achou que eram naturais as exigências da polícia, dado o estado de guerra; com relação, porém, ao que estava fazendo, ponderou que era em virtude de uma decisão tomada em família, uma coisa íntima, para a qual não devia explicações a ninguém. Estava fazendo uso de um direito: jogar fora o que entendesse. E, colocando a mão sobre o piano, como sobre a testa de um amigo morto, comoveu-se, começou a discorrer sobre a vida dele:

— É uma peça antiga, das mais antigas que existem.

Tinha sido de seus avós, gente que prestara serviços ao Império.

— Bom piano, podem acreditar. Músicos famosos tocaram nele. Diziam que para Chopin não havia igual. Mas que vale isso? Ninguém o aprecia mais... Os tempos estão mudados. Sara, minha filha, vai casar-se, morar comigo. A casa é pequena... Que se pode fazer? Ninguém o quer. Só há essa saída.

E acenava para o mar.

Estava acobalhado. Os carregadores improvisados impacientavam-se com essas interrupções. Queriam vê-lo quanto antes afundar-se nas águas.

Carrocinhas de pão, entregadores de volumes, estafetas, senhoras e crianças completavam a massa de acompanhantes.

Os policiais examinaram-no por dentro, nada encontraram de grave e, restituindo os papéis ao dono, recomendaram-lhe que andasse depressa com aquilo, o trânsito não podia ser perturbado.

Formou-se um grupo e um fotógrafo bateu a chapa. João de Oliveira saiu ao lado numa pose triste. Acabou aborrecido também com essas paradas que prolongavam os momentos finais de seu piano.

Anoiteceu rapidamente. Um guarda observou que depois das dezoito horas não era mais permitido. Só no dia seguinte. E o mar ficou esperando.

Dispersaram-se os pretinhos. Seriam gratificados depois.

Estranhou-se que no bairro aquela noite aparecessem tantos moleques com teclas nas mãos, ossos de algum extinto piano.

Ficara ele na rua, tal como o deixaram, adernado entre o meio-fio e o asfalto. Posição ridícula.

Cercaram-no logo os transeuntes, rapazes e moças do *footing* a fazer comentários. João de Oliveira voltou para casa aborrecido. Algumas amigas de Sara vieram perguntar o que havia.

De madrugada, João de Oliveira e a mulher acordaram ao barulho forte da chuva. Vento e chuva, juntando-se ao rugido da ressaca. Acenderam a luz. Entreolharam-se.

— Eu estava pensando nele, Rosália.

— Eu também, João. O pobrezinho! Desabrigado, apanhando chuva... Com esse frio!

— E as águas a entrarem pela máquina, a estragarem tudo... a camurça, as cordas... que coisa horrível, hein, Rosália?

— Afinal, foi uma ingratidão o que fizemos, João.

— Não quero nem pensar, Rosália.

O vento fustigava as frondes que os relâmpagos descobriam. João de Oliveira adormeceu de novo num sono agitado. Despertou logo em seguida e começou a contar à mulher que ouvira o piano tocar tudo o que se havia tocado nele...

— Uma porção de mãos, Rosália... Mãos diferentes de diversas mulheres. As de minha avó, as de minha mãe; as tuas; as de minhas tias, as de Sara. Mais de vinte mãos, mais de cem dedos brancos ferindo o teclado. Nunca ouvi músicas tão bonitas. Uma coisa sublime, Rosália. Certos acordes as coisas mortas tiravam melhor que as vivas. Muitas moças de outras gerações estavam ao lado, ouvindo. Perto, nossos parentes se namoravam, pediam-se em casamento. Não sei por que, todos olhavam para mim com certo desprezo. De repente, os dedos se retiraram; ouviu-se a Marcha Fúnebre; o piano se fechou a si mesmo... tomou a enxurrada... deslizou para o oceano... Eu gritei para ele... mas já era tarde, não me atendeu mais. Parece que partiu ressentido, Rosália!... Eu fiquei na rua, só, com vontade de soluçar...

João de Oliveira arquejava. O misterioso concerto deixara-o extasiado. E com remorsos. Esperou que a madrugada rompesse e, cessada a chuva, saiu a recrutar de novo os moleques. Desejava agora que tudo se consumasse depressa.

O vento agitava a bandeira vermelha do posto e o oceano rumorejava como se fizesse a digestão do temporal da noite. Os meninos compareceram em número menor. Havia homens grandes no meio. João de Oliveira, com a voz rouca, reassumiu o comando. Na areia, o piano rolou com mais dificuldade. Finalmente o lambeu a língua comprida das ondas.

Algumas famílias de longe, na calçada, assistiam ao espetáculo. Era preciso empurrá-lo mais até que a força da arrebatção se incumbisse de arrastá-lo para o fundo. Dois vagalhões enormes se despejaram sem resultado sobre ele; o terceiro fê-lo estremecer; o quarto levou-o para sempre.

João de Oliveira, acobalhado, ficou boquiaberto, em tempo de ser levado também. Sentiu um silêncio enorme no mar. Ninguém percebeu que chorava, tanto as lágrimas no seu rosto borrifado se confundiam com as gotas do mar.

Viu Sara de longe reclinar-se nos ombros do tenente. Doli estava ao lado, de focinho suspenso. Era perto do piano que dormia sempre. Foi bom que Rosália não viesse.

Muita gente se juntava depois na praia a pedir informações. Que teria havido? Constatou a princípio que uma família inteira de poloneses se havia afogado; depois, que fora uma criança. Alguns afirmavam que não: era uma senhora que se suicidara, desiludida do amor. Só mais tarde se soube que se tratava de um piano.

A vizinhança de João de Oliveira postava-se à janela para vê-lo voltar.

— Lá vem o homem! anunciou alguém.

Oliveira passou olhando para o chão, cercado de um respeito geral.

— Ele se foi, Rosália. Dessa vez, definitivamente! exclamou ao entrar.

— Vai primeiro mudar a tua roupa, João.

— O nosso piano nunca mais voltará, Rosália.

— Claro que não; foi para isso mesmo que o atiraste ao mar.

— Sabe lá se ele vai dar ainda em alguma praia? lembrou a voz de Sara.

— Não se pensa mais nele. Acabou! Está acabado. Sara, chegou a vez de arrumarmos teu quarto.

Houve uma pausa. João de Oliveira prosseguiu ainda na lamentação:

— Eu vi as ondas engolirem-no...

— Chega, meu marido. Chega!...

— ...ele ainda voltou à tona duas vezes!

— Já acabou! Não se pensa mais, João.

— ...Eu não queria dizer para não passar por doido... todo o mundo agora deu para pensar que sou doido... talvez eu seja o homem mais equilibrado do meu bairro... mas, nessa hora, eu vi claramente que ele executava a Marcha Fúnebre.

— Isso foi no teu sonho desta noite, lembrou Rosália.

— Não, isso foi ali no mar, agora há pouco, à luz do dia...

Tu não ouviste também, Sara? Depois... depois... uma espumurada horrível cobriu-o todo.

Fez com a cabeça um aceno de quem defronta o irremediável. E ficou conjecturando: — "Deve estar longe a estas horas. Sempre debaixo das águas... Passando por coisas estranhas. Destroços de navios. Submarinos. Peixes. Um móvel que nunca saiu desta sala... Daqui a anos vai dar nalguma ilha. E quando Sara, Rosália e eu estivermos mortos, ele estará ainda recordando as músicas cá de casa. Em que mar? Em que costa?"

Sarita passeava o olhar pela saleta vazia e se detinha no pedaço de chão há quase vinte anos ocupado pelo piano. Toda a vez que o fazia, as linhas do velho móvel se estiravam e convertiam-se em macia cama de casal. Começava a perturbar-se com esses devaneios, quando alguém bateu à porta. Entrava um sujeito com uma intimação. Havia suspeitas de que dentro do piano

afundado se escondesse alguma estação de rádio clandestina, a que seu pai quisesse dar sumiço. Que ele comparecesse ao distrito policial para prestar esclarecimentos. Era medida aconselhada pelo estado de guerra, que se podia fazer?

Oliveira consumiu o resto do dia no interrogatório. Voltou tarde.

— Que vida, Rosália! disse, caindo desanimado na poltrona. Que vida! Não se tem o direito de atirar fora o que é nosso.

Permaneceu calado, sentindo a opressão de tudo. Fez-se um silêncio. Meditou algum tempo e falou:

— Já reparaste, Rosália, como a gente custa a se desembaraçar das coisas antigas? Como elas agarram!...

— Não só as coisas antigas, ponderou Rosália. Também as velhas idéias.

Doli farejava o antigo local do piano. Uivou surdamente e dormiu. Sou de novo a campanha. Entrou um cavalheiro que tirava papéis de uma pasta. Disse vir da parte da Capitania do Porto.

— O senhor é João de Oliveira?

— Sim, sou João de Oliveira.

— Que é que o senhor atirou ao mar esta manhã?

Oliveira ficou estupefato.

— Mas isso aqui não é mais porto, meu senhor. É oceano.

— Por acaso o senhor pretende me ensinar a diferença?

O homem renovou a pergunta e acrescentou-lhe uma advertência para ajudar a resposta:

— Hoje não se pode estar assim dispendo do mar para qualquer coisa. O senhor tinha licença?

Oliveira humildemente perguntou se tinha sido mal aquilo que fizera.

— Pois o senhor não sabe que estamos em guerra? Que as nossas costas precisam ser protegidas? Que os nazistas não dormem?

— Mas foi um simples piano, meu senhor.

— Pouco importa. E teria sido mesmo um piano? O senhor está bem certo disto?

— Eu acho que estou, balbuciou inseguro de si mesmo, a olhar para a filha e para a mulher. Não foi um piano, Rosália? Não foi, Sara?

— Onde é que estás com a cabeça, João? exclamou Rosália. Então não sabes que foi o piano?

A dúvida do marido surpreendeu a todos. Oliveira ficou cismando. Depois disse:

— Eu pensava poder jogar no mar o que entendesse.

— Não senhor! Era só o que faltava...

Ergueu-se como alucinado:

— E se eu quiser jogar-me no mar a mim mesmo, posso?

— Isso depende, respondeu o homem da Capitania.

— Depende de quem? Só de mim, ora essa! Eu sou livre. Disponho de minha vida...

— Muito menos do que parece, replicou o outro.

Sarita abriu o sorriso com que costumava receber o tenente, que agora entrava. Correu a abraçá-lo.

— Olha onde vai ser o nosso quarto, querido. Ficou bom agora, não é, Luís? Bom mesmo.

— É. Ficou bom. E onde vão botar o novo?

— O novo?

— Sim; pois não vão adquirir um outro?

Sara e a mãe entreolharam-se com espanto.

— Eu sou louco por piano, confessou-lhe o noivo. Vocês não imaginam como a música me descansa os ouvidos. Tiro de canhão, sempre tiro de canhão, isso acaba aborrecendo a gente.

Sara teve um acesso de tosse. João de Oliveira, mal cumprimentara o futuro genro, foi caminhando até a porta. Sentia-se sufocado. Precisava respirar a noite.

Quem mais surgiria do seio dela a pedir-lhe ainda satisfações, a fazer novas exigências? Como poderia supor que um piano, escondido de todo o mundo, vivendo uma vida anônima, fosse coisa pública, protegido pela vigilância dos outros, pelas leis da cidade!...

Para que fora bulir nele? Estava longe agora, viajando milhas... Longe... A caminho dos mares do Sul... E livre. Mais que ele, que Sara, que Rosália. Quem se sentia abandonado agora era ele, João de Oliveira. Ele e sua família. O piano, não. Partira para a aventura. Mudara de ambiente. De caráter, com certeza... Antes, era de casa, só para a família. Agora, já não é mais seu piano. Uma coisa solta no mundo. Cheia de vida e de orgulho... Que se move debaixo dos mares. Que ressoa... Que é abraçada por todas as águas e pode ir para qualquer direção.

Para que fora bulir nele?

Na sombra do arvoredor, em frente, os negrinhos esperavam gratificação suplementar. Fizeram muita força aquele dia. Mal se distinguiam na escuridão suas cabecinhas raspadas. No meio deles, o vulto de alguém que não era desconhecido e que, abrindo o portão do jardim, pedia licença para entrar.

João de Oliveira a custo reconheceu naquele vulto o judeu, mas nada percebera da proposta que ele lhe fazia e em que se falava de um piano.

— Um piano! Que piano!

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South song

Paraná is more than model town Curitiba, its capital. It's also Paranaguá, Ilha do Mel, Foz do Iguaçu, Itaipu, Indian traditions, European influences, a warm piece of Southern Brazil.

Curitiba, the capital of Paraná, is one of Brazil's urban success stories. As in many of Brazil's cities, thousands began to flood into Curitiba in the 1940s. With only 140,000 residents in 1940 the city has grown tenfold to more than 1½ million people today. Yet, with the assistance of a vibrant local and state economy, Curitiba has managed to modernize in a sane manner — historic buildings have been preserved, a handful of streets have been closed to cars and there are many parks, gardens and wide boulevards.

Surprisingly, a progressive mayor instituted several incentives, including lower bus prices, to get people out of their cars — and the strategy worked. Traffic congestion was reduced and today there's an ease to getting around in Curitiba. Drivers go slowly and stop at red lights, few horns honk, pedestrians cross streets without blood-type identification bracelets, and although I haven't researched it, I bet Curitiba's divorce, heart attack, murder and dog abandonment rates are all down.

The local *Curitibanos* are mostly descended from Italian, German and Polish immigrants. There is also a large university population, which gives the city a young feel, and a good music scene as well.

At 900 meters above sea level, Curitiba is atop the great escarpment along the route from Rio Grande do Sul to São Paulo. Due to this location, it flourished briefly as a pit-stop for *gaúchos* and their cattle until a better road was built on an alternative route.

Curitiba quickly went back to sleep. It wasn't until the tremendous growth of the coffee plantations in northern Paraná at the beginning of the 20th century that the modern city of Curitiba began to take shape.

Like the *gaúchos* of old, most visitors are just passing through Curitiba. The highway from São Paulo (400 km away) to Florianópolis (300 km) and Porto Alegre (710 km) intersects Curitiba, and it's the turnoff for the train ride to Paranaguá and the bus to the Iguaçu Falls.

There's not much here for the out-of-towner, but it's still possible to pass a pleasant day in a park, museum and older neighborhood, waiting for your bus or train to leave. It's an easy city to walk around

and if you have errands to do or clothes to buy, this is a good place for it.

Passeio Público — Take a stroll in the *Passeio Público*, where *Curitibanos* have relaxed since 1886. Because it's right in the center of town on Avenida Presidente Carlos Cavalcanti the park is always busy. There's a lake and a small zoo. The park closes on Mondays.

Rua 15 de Novembro — This pedestrian mall, better known by the locals as Rua das Flores, is the main commercial boulevard and it's good for walking, shopping and people watching.

Setor Histórico — Over by Praça Tiradentes and the Catedral Metropolitana, take the pedestrian tunnel and you'll be in the cobblestoned historic quarter, the Largo da Ordem. They've done a very good job of restoring some of the city's historic edifices and there are several restaurants, bars and art galleries. It's also a good place for a drink and some music at night.

Santa Felicidade — The old Italian quarter, about eight km from the center, is widely touted for its bars and restaurants, many of which are monuments of kitsch. There's really not much to see here, and there are good Italian restaurants in the center of town. If you really want to come here, catch a 'Santa Felicidade' bus from Travessa Nestor de Castro, just behind the cathedral. It's a 20-minute ride.

Museu Paranaense — The Museu Paranaense at Praça Generoso Marques is in an art nouveau building that used to house the municipal government. It's worth a visit just to check out the building itself. Chronicling the history of the state of Paraná, the museum has a hodgepodge of objects and a collection of artifacts from the Guarani and Caingangues Indians.

Museu da Habitação do Imigrante — Located in the Parque João Paulo II, this museum is a tribute to the Polish colonists of the state. It consists of a few log cabins containing objects used by the pioneers. The park itself is a pleasant one to wander in. To get there, catch an 'Abranches' bus from Praça Tiradentes. The entrance to the park is not well marked, so keep your eyes peeled. It's on the right-hand side, about three km from town.

Other Museums — Among other museums that are worth a gander is the Museu Ferroviário in the old

train station at Avenida 7 de Setembro. Also try the Museu de Arte Sacra in the Igreja da Ordem (Largo da Ordem).

Train Ride to Paranaguá — Completed in 1880, the railroad from Curitiba to the port of Paranaguá is the most exciting in Brazil. Leaving from Curitiba at 900 meters, the train descends a steep mountainside to the coastal lowlands. The 110-km track goes through 13 tunnels and crosses 67 bridges. The view below is sublime and, depending on the cloud formations and tone of the sunlight, often surreal: threatening mountain canyons, tropical lowlands, the vast blue Atlantic.

When you arrive in Paranaguá three hours later you've just witnessed the world change rapidly and radically: the climate is hot and muggy, and often rainy in the winter; the land is flat and low until it hits the wall of mountain; the vegetation is short, lush and uniform; and the people are sturdy, with strong Indian features and faces defined by years at sea.

The bad news is that due to government cutbacks, trains run daily only during the peak Brazilian tourist periods: from November to February and the month of July. Otherwise, they only run on weekends.

When they are actually running, there is a regular train (*trem*) and tourist train (*litorina*) that run from Curitiba to Paranaguá and then back to Curitiba. The *trem* leaves at 7 am and departs for the return trip at 4.30 pm. It costs \$2 and stops at every station along the way. The air-conditioned *litorina* leaves at 8.30 am and starts back at 3.30 pm. It costs \$8, is full of tourists and has a recorded description of the sights in Portuguese, English, Spanish and French. It makes photo stops, but doesn't stop at the stations. Both trains take about three hours each way. For the best view on the way down to the coast, sit on the left-hand side.

Getting tickets can be tricky. They can be bought up to two days in advance. This means that if you arrive in Curitiba late and want to take the train the next day, you should go to the station at about 6 am so that if there are no seats left for the *litorina* you can get on the *trem*. Even if tickets for both trains are sold out, don't take the bus yet. Some of the local travel agencies seem to buy a few extra tickets for the *litorina* in case they get customers for a tour; if they don't, they come to the train station to sell the extra tickets, so hang about and ask around — you may get lucky.

Tickets are sold at the train station behind the *rodoviária*. For information you can call the ticket office in Curitiba on 234-8441.

Things to Buy — The Feira de Arte e Artesanato is held in Praça Garibaldi on Sundays from 10 am to 2 pm. They have a good variety of arts and crafts.

Around Curitiba

Vila Velha — An interesting day trip is a visit to the 'stone city' of Vila Velha, 93 km from Curitiba on the road to Foz do Iguaçu. Here you'll find an interesting collection of sandstone pillars created by millions of years of erosion. There's also a place to swim and an elevator ride into a crater lake.

FOZ DO IGUAÇU

The Rio Iguaçu arises in the coastal mountains of Paraná and Santa Catarina, the Serra do Mar, at the modest elevation of 1300 meters. The river snakes west for 600 km, pausing behind the Foz da Areia Cruz Machado and Salto Santiago dams and picking up a few dozen tributaries along the way. It widens majestically and sweeps around a magnificent jungle stage before plunging and crashing in tiered falls. The 275 falls are over three km wide and 80 meters high, which makes them wider than Victoria, higher than Niagara and more beautiful than either. Neither words nor photographs do them justice: they must be seen and heard. They're what the Romantic poets had in mind when they spoke of the awesome and sublime.

The falls were a holy burial place for the Tupi-Guarani and Paraguan tribes thousands of years before they were 'discovered' by Whites. Spaniard Don Alvar Nuñez, also known as Cabeza de Vaca (Cow's Head), happened upon the falls in 1541 in the course of his journey from Santa Catarina on the coast to Asunción. He named the falls the Saltos de Santa Maria, but this name fell into disuse and the Indian name of Iguaçu, meaning Great Waters in Tupi-Guarani, was re-adopted. No agreement has been made with spelling — in Brazil it's Iguaçu, in Argentina Iguazú and in Paraguay Iguassu. In 1986 the international commission of UNESCO declared the region (along with the Pantanal) a World Heritage site.

With a population increase from 35,000 to 150,000 as a result of the construction of the Itaipu dam, the Brazilian border town of Foz do Iguaçu is a frenzied place which can be dangerous, particularly at night. Ciudad del Este in Paraguay is a real pit, while Puerto Iguazú in Argentina is much more mellow.

Orientation — The falls are roughly 20 km east of the junction of the Paraná and Iguaçu rivers, which form the tripartite Paraguayan, Brazilian and Argentine border (marked by obelisks).

The Ponte Presidente Tancredo Neves bridges the Rio Iguaçu and connects Brazil to Argentina. The Rio Paraná, which forms the Brazilian-Paraguayan border, is spanned by the Ponte da Amizade; 15 km upstream is Itaipu, the world's largest hydroelectric project.

The falls are unequally divided between Brazil and Argentina, with Argentina taking the larger portion. To see them properly you must visit both sides — the Brazilian park for the grand overview and the Argentine park for a closer look. Travelers must allow at least two full days to see the falls. Even more time is required if you want to do it at a leisurely pace or visit Ciudad del Este or Itaipu dam.

The best time of the year to see them is from August to November. If you come during the May to July flood season you may not be able to approach the swollen waters on the catwalks. It's always wet at the falls. The area gets over two meters of rain per year, and the falls create a lot of moisture. Lighting for photography is best in the morning on the Brazilian side and in the late afternoon on the Argentine side.

Although the Brazilian side has a smaller chunk of the falls, the Brazilians have The Grand View across the churning lower Rio Iguaçu to the raging falls. The Brazilian park is larger, with 1550 sq. km of rainforest, but the Argentine forest is in better shape.

Walk to the observation tower by the Florian falls, then over to Santa Maria falls and then treat yourself to an outrageously beautiful helicopter ride over the waterfalls.

The Itaipu Dam

How did Brazil ever manage to run up a huge foreign debt? Part of the answer is by engaging in mammoth projects like Itaipu, the world's largest hydroelectric works. The \$18 billion joint Brazilian-Paraguayan venture has the capacity to generate 12.6 million kilowatts — enough electricity to supply the energy needs of Paraguay and southern Brazil. Enough concrete was used in this dam to pave a two-lane highway from Moscow to Lisbon.

Fortunately the dam will not affect the flow of water in Iguaçu, as the Paraná and the Iguaçu rivers meet downstream of the falls. The Itaipu dam has, however, destroyed Sete Quedas — the world's largest waterfall with 30 times the water spilled by Iguaçu — and created a 1400 sq km lake. Local weather, and plant and animal populations have been altered, and the complete repercussions of the environmental changes will not be felt for decades. Guided tours of the Itaipu dam are given six times a day. The hour-long tours are free of charge. The Itaipu dam is 19 km from Foz.

MORRETES — Founded in 1721 along the banks of the Rio Nhundiaquara, there's nothing here but a tranquil little colonial town in the midst of the lush coastal vegetation zone. That's its attraction and it's a good place in which to relax, swim in the river and take some walks in the nearby state park.

Morumbi State Park — The park offers some great hikes. It's very popular with *Curitibanos*, who get off the train at one of its many stops and hike down the old pioneer trails that were the only connections between the coast and the

Paranaense highland in the 17th and 18th centuries. The best two to walk on are the Graciosa trail, which passes close to the Estrada da Graciosa, and the Itupava trail. Views from both are fantastic.

Rio Nhundiaquara — This river served as the first connection between the coast and the highlands. Now one of the best things to do on it is hire a truck inner tube from the guy who runs the service station and go 'tubing.' The same guy who rents the tubes will also take you up river and drop you off. It takes about four hours to float back down. See Dona Gloria at the Hotel Nhundiaquara for more details.

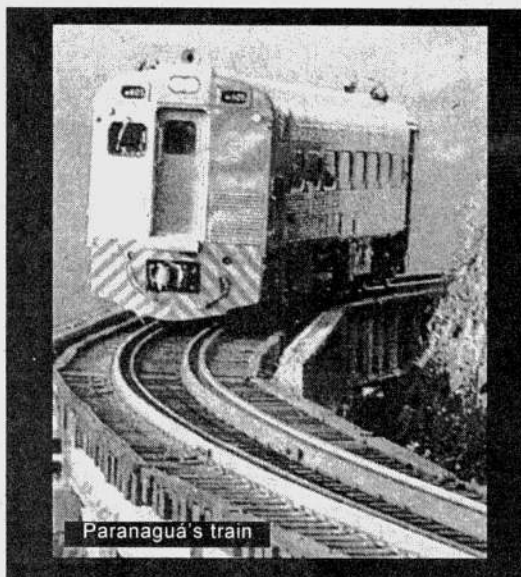
Cascatinha — Five km from Morretes on the Rio Marumbi is Cascatinha, a large lake which is good for swimming. It's a fine place to camp. There's a *cachaça* factory nearby.

Places to Eat — The specialty of the region is a filling dish called *barreado*, a mixture of meats and spices cooked in a sealed clay pot for 24 hours. Originally it was cooked during Carnival, to give the revelers a huge protein fix, but today it's considered the state dish. There are a few places around town that serve it.

ANTONINA

Antonina is 14 km east of Morretes and 75 km east of Curitiba on the Baía de Paranaguá. There are direct buses linking Antonina, Curitiba and Paranaguá. Similar to Morretes, Antonina is old and peaceful. Its first settlers panned for gold in the river. There's a fine church in the center, the Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Pilar, that was begun in 1715 and rebuilt in 1927. Its festival is held on 15 August.

The beaches along the bay are not very good, but Antonina is an easy place in which to kick back and take in the



great view of the Baía de Paranaguá.

PARANAGUÁ

The train ride from Curitiba isn't the only reason to go to Paranaguá. It's a colorful city, with an old section near the waterfront that has a feeling of tropical decadence. There are several churches, a very good museum, and other colonial buildings that are worth a look. Although there has been some renovation, you still feel surrounded by decay. Fortunately, there aren't enough tourists around to destroy this air of authenticity. Paranaguá is also the place from which you leave for Ilha do Mel and the mediocre beaches of Paraná.

One of Brazil's major ports, Paranaguá is 30 km from the sea in the Baía do Paraná. Goods from a vast inland area, encompassing the state of Paraná, and parts of São Paulo, Santa Catarina, Mato Grosso do Sul and Rio Grande do Sul, are shipped from here.

The primary exports have been gold, *mate*, *madeira* and coffee, and are now corn, soy, cotton and vegetable oils.

Paranaguá's old section is small enough for wandering without a set itinerary. Without much effort you can see most of Paranaguá's colonial buildings and churches, waterfront bars and various markets.

Museu de Arqueologia e Artes Populares — Don't miss the Museu de Arqueologia e Artes Populares. Many Brazilian museums are disappointing; this one is not. Housed in a beautifully restored Jesuit school that was built from 1736 to 1755 (the Jesuits didn't get to use the school for long, as they were expelled from Brazil in 1759), the museum has many Indian artifacts, primitive and folk art, and some fascinating old tools and wooden machines — an enormous basketweaver, for instance.

At the front desk are notebooks with descriptions of the exhibits in English. The museum is at Rua 15 de Novembro 567 (near the waterfront).

Churches — The city's churches are simple, unlike baroque churches. The Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rosário is the city's oldest. Also worth visiting are the Igreja São Francisco das Chagas (1741) Igreja de São Benedito (1784) and the Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rocio (1813).

Waterfront — Down by the waterfront

you'll find the new and old municipal markets, and depending on the time and day, both can be quite lively. Nearby, there is a bridge that leads to the Ilha dos Valadares. There are 8000 people on the island, mostly fisherfolk, mostly poor. They dance the *Paraná fandango*: a hybrid dance that combines the Spanish *fandango* and the dances of the Carijó Indians.

There are no regular boat trips to Ilha do Mel except during the summer, but there is a tourist boat that explores the river. The boats leave daily at 10.30 am, noon, 2 and 4 pm from the end of Avenida Arthur de Azevedo, and the trip lasts 1½ hours.

Parque Nacional do Superagui

Comprising the Superagui and Peças islands in the Baía de Paranaguá, this marine park was created in 1989. It is renowned for its mangroves and salt-marshes and also contains a great variety of orchids, dolphins, jaguars and parrots that are threatened with extinction as the *mata atlântica* shrinks.

The park doesn't possess any tourist facilities. It does, however, contain a small fishing community, Vila Superagui, where you may be able to sling a hammock.

PARANÁ BEACHES

Descending the Serra do Mar from Curitiba you get a good view of the Paraná coast. The broad beach runs uninterrupted from Pontal do Sul to Caiobá. With the notable exception of Ilha do Mel, these are unspectacular beaches, hot and humid in the summer and too cold in the winter. There's plenty of camping and seafood *barracas*, and each town has a few hotels. Unfortunately, condominium blight is on the rise.

Praia do Leste — This is a small, unattractive town with a couple of hotels and the closest beach to Paranaguá, a bit more than 30 minutes away. The beach is open and windy, and there are some beach breaks for surfing.

You can check your luggage in at the *rodoviária* if you want to go for a swim. This is where you get buses south to Guaratuba. These get very crowded on summer weekends, so get there early.

Pontal do Sul — This is the end of the line and where you get off for Ilha do Mel. The bus stops three km from the canal where boats leave for Ilha do Mel. In between are summer homes and lots of open, unused beach.

ILHA DO MEL — The Ilha do Mel is an oddly shaped island at the mouth of the Baía de Paranaguá that wasn't discovered by the Portuguese until the 18th century. To secure the bay and its safe harbors from French and Spanish incursions, King Dom José I ordered a fort built in 1767. Since then not too much has happened. The few people on the island were ordered out during WW II in the name of national defense. Most significantly, the island is now part of the Patrimônio Nacional, which has prevented it from being turned into more cheesecake for the rich.

The island is popular in the summer because of its excellent beaches, scenic walks and relative isolation. Its undoing

might be that it is becoming too popular. However, it is administered by the Instituto de Terras e Cartografia Florestal (ITCF), which intends to preserve the island more or less as it is.

From January to Carnaval, and during Easter, the island is very popular with a young crowd, but there is still a lot of beach and there always seems to be room for an extra hammock. If you're traveling up or down the coast, it's crazy not to visit the island at least for a day. Many people end up staying much longer.

Orientation — The island has two parts, connected by the beach at Nova Brasília, where most of the locals live. The bigger part is an ecological station, thick with vegetation and little visited, except for Praia da Fortaleza. On the ocean side are the best beaches — Praia de Fora, Praia do Miguel and Praia Grande. All are reached by a trail that traverses the beaches, coves and steep hills that divide them. The bay side is muddy and covered with vegetation.

Your best bet is to catch a boat from Ponto do Sul direct to Nova Brasília. It'll set you down close to the main attractions of the island, as well as most of the *pousadas*. If you want the surf beaches and more nightlife, go to the right as you get off the boat. If you want something more mellow, cross over to the ocean side and go left. It's a 30-minute walk to the fort. If there are a few of you or if you've got lots of luggage, it might be worth hiring a small cart to transport your stuff to a *pousada*. Look

for them when you get off the boat.

The entire island can be walked in eight hours, but the best walking by far is along the ocean side (east) from the southern tip of the island up to Praia da Fortaleza. *Bichos de pé* are prevalent on the island, so keep something on your feet when you're off the beach.

Beaches — The best beaches face the ocean toward the east. Praia Grande is a 20-minute walk from Nova Brasília and a two-hour walk from Praia das Encantadas. According to the local surfers, it has the best waves in Paraná, and during winter boatloads of surfers come across on the weekends. The walking is excellent along this stretch too.

Other Attractions — Points of interest include the Grutas das Encantadas, small caves at the southern tip (Ponta Encantada) where, legend has it, beautiful mermaids enchant all who come near them. The fort, Fortaleza de Nossa Senhora dos Prazeres, was built in 1769 to guard the bay at Praia de Fortaleza. From inside the fort, a trail leads up to the WW II gun emplacements and a magnificent view of the whole area. The Farol das Conchas lighthouse, built in 1872 on the orders of Dom Pedro II, stands at the

island's easterly point at Praia do Farol. The fishers on the island regularly catch hammerhead sharks which they call 'Formula Ones.'

Festival — Ilha do Mel goes crazy at Carnaval. Estimates for last year's attendance were 20,000.

OTHER BAÍA DE PARANAGUÁ ISLANDS

There are several other islands in the Baía de Paranaguá that can be visited, but you'll have to do some scraping around to get there as there is no regular boat service.

The Ilha dos Currais is known for its birdlife and the Ilha da Cotinga for its mysterious inscriptions and ruins. The Ilha das Peças and the Ilha do Superagui make up the Parque Nacional do Superagui.

Excerpts from *Brazil - A Travel Survival Kit* - 2nd edition,

by Andrew Draffen,

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FARES SUBJECT TO CHANGE. RESTRICTIONS APPLY

Unanticipated and coming from São Paulo, they're startling Brazilian children between the ages of 8 and 13. They're surprising teenagers with a mixture of off color words, good humor, and a total disregard of cultural mores. They're creating a fervor. There is no antidote for the young who crave a heavy-metal sting. Radios in Rio and São Paulo were assaulted by their unexpected concoction. Children's TV programs have been superseded by every Brazilian adolescents' favorite diversion today, a musical virus that answers to the irresistible name Mamonas Assassinas. Killer Breasts!

Surprise was the first reaction for those who heard the name of this band from Guarulhos, São Paulo, that launched its first recording in July. Nonetheless, the phenomenon of Mamonas Assassinas is the present condition of Brazilian pop music. The thinking is that the deficit of good ideas in MPB (Brazilian Popular Music) has created "alternative" groups that migrated from the secondary school playgrounds to recording studios and became the dominant sound on the radio.

Kids in Brazil have always adored changing the lyrics of well-known songs to objectionable ones and making a parody of the tune's original meaning. They have always loved suggestive jokes. As a result, people in Rio today can always tell which homes have children as they will inevitably hear a discharge of Mamonas Assassinas blaring out into the street. Analogous to Beavis and Butt-head in the United States, anything that amuses young people (the more idiotic the better) is fair game for the media.

To the despair of many Brazilian parents, their kids are consuming the new-

The Attack of the Killer B.....s!

They are rude, crass, provocative, pornophonic, sometimes funny, almost always infuriating. The Mamonas Assassinas became an overnight success and the newest phenomenon of the Brazilian music scene, selling in six months 1.6 million records, a number unheard of even for better known bands and singers. Now, in a strategy to maintain a fresh image, they are leaving the stage, but promise to be back in July with a new LP and more outrage.

BRUCE GILMAN

ly released CD with voracious appetites. Attempting to please their capricious kids, some uninformed and "out of touch" parents have innocently agreed to buy the disc. Still upon first hearing, have forbidden their kids to waste their time with "such garbage" and have threatened to return the recording. As with most threats, however, the parents have had to bite the bullet. In the case of Mamonas, the bullet is rather large and goes straight to the head.

In the last few months, Mamonas Assassinas has been performing five shows per week, sometimes three in one day, charging an average fee of 20,000 reais (more than \$20,000) for each time they take the stage, giving them an income of over 400,000 reais (around \$440,000). Their first recording sold over 350,000 copies in the first two months after release, more than the last CDs by renowned singer-composers Caetano Veloso, Chico Buarque, and Milton Nascimento combined.

The attack-by-debauchery marathon seems to be beneficial. Their highly abusive lyrics plus a mixture of bizarre rhythms, has inserted Mamonas Assassinas as the most played group on Brazilian radio. In fact, Mamonas is currently getting more radio airplay in Rio and São Paulo than

any other artist. Despite the fact that the recording is a comparatively new release, the band played recently at Arpoador beach to an enthusiastic crowd of over three thousand that had their song lyrics memorized. Afterwards, with questionable sincerity, Dinho, the band's singer, stipulated in cynical terms that the band's music is a divine inspira-



tion.

With or without the intention of offending, the group uses a heavy-metal guitar sound and ruthless lyrics to ridicule the continental Portuguese, the *caipiras* (hillbillies), and principally the people from the *sertão* (backland people from the Northeast) who immigrate to São Paulo and Rio looking for work during the horrendous Northeastern droughts. These are people who dress and speak differently, who are often illiterate and who will do anything, any type of work, to survive in the big city. They are also a quick-thinking group of people who eventually become acculturated, but who are terribly exploited when they first arrive.

In the thousands of interviews the group has given, one question inevitably rears its head: Why Mamonas Assassinas? The relationship between the name and music is even more bizarre after eyeballing the group's trademark, an enormous pair of firm female breasts that tower over the band members who are carousing below them. The band's 22 year old bass player, Samuel, explained that he dreamt of a name that would bring them success. Even without the fantasies, the band hides behind a cover of natural irreverence.

Until a short time ago, the five Mamonas all had day jobs and would practice in their free time what they exchange today for enormous sums of money. The five live in Guarulhos, close to the international airport on the outskirts of São Paulo where watching planes take off and land is the principal entertainment for the poor. The only attraction in the city is the noisy Cumbica airport. There is no night life in Guarulhos.

On Saturday nights, young people who have enough change in their pockets catch rides to the neighboring cities of Mairiporã or Vinhedo where there is a little more happening. Because the five Mamonas, friends for more than six years, had eternally empty pockets, their only form of entertainment had been bringing together the rest of kids and guiding them through long sessions of brainlessness that helped to minimize their hard lives. They became specialists in inventing off-color escapades.

Samuel was an office boy for four years, and after that a clerk. His 26 year old brother Sérgio, the group's drummer, worked as a production controller for Olivetti typewriters. Bento Hinoto, the guitar player, was the co-owner of a firm that used to install ceilings and office partitions. Júlio, the keyboard player and only member of the band who had a car, used to work as a technician in a diesel motor factory. Dinho, a *Baiano*, had a situation that his peers from Bahia would joke about but would also have preferred. He lived off of his parents allowance.

At 24, and with the mind of a 13 year old, Dinho is the soul of the group. He was born in Irecê in Bahia but moved to Guarulhos before he was a year old. His parents were going to chance living in the great city of São Paulo. His father is a real estate broker, his mother a housewife and evangelist. Needless to say, Dinho does not follow the word of the Gospel. But this does explain why religion is the sole area that has not been touched by the iconoclastic band's humor, that has in fact been avoided so far.

Until the fifth grade Dinho studied in public school. Later, he tried a vocational school, but in the end he was expelled because of his eccentricity. From the time he was a boy Dinho enjoyed making imitations and is very convincing, especially with distinctive types of people like those from the north and from the interior of São Paulo

with their characteristic accents and quaint expressions. He is a clown by nature and was early to discover his avocation for pantomiming celebrities. When he was only 15 years old, he went to a friend's wedding dressed as Michael Jackson wearing a silver jockstrap over his outfit and, of course, the sequined glove trademark. Even the priest laughed.

Dinho never studied singing but practiced by listening to recordings and repeating each nuance and every section until his interpretation sounded exactly like the original. In this way, his voice developed its variety of registers. Coincidentally, this is also the way that notable TV and radio mimics have developed their voices. Dinho never missed an opportunity to dress like a clod, go out into the streets, and interview people while imitating radio and political personalities. Today he continues these same antics on stage between songs.

The first contact Dinho had performing on a stage was thanks to his buffoonery. It happened outdoors at an apartment project for the poor close to where Dinho lived. It was a *feita junina*, a traditional June party where the backland people, the Brazilian hillbillies, are imitated. A rock band playing at the party was giving up because they didn't know how to sing an enormous hit of the time: *Sweet Child O' Mine* by Guns and Roses. The band announced that they would have to play an instrumental version of the tune unless someone at the party knew the lyrics and would be willing to come up on stage and sing. Dinho, the outrageous clown who spent his time showing-off even more so than his tasteless friends, went straight ahead.

He didn't know the lyrics but simulated the poses and mannerisms of a top model and pantomimed the singer Axl Rose. He pranced and swaggered around the stage making so much racket that he became a local idol. The public was ecstatic, and the band decided to adopt Dinho as their singer. They went directly from the show to a karaoke bar where Dinho made his friends explode with laughter.

The tremendous response to the band's new line-up prompted Dinho and his friends to start making some money. They began promoting themselves by performing at rallies for political candidates at the city hall in Guarulhos. Dinho, composer of most of the groups' songs, said that it was probably his fault that the candidates for whom he was working lost the elections.

Before becoming a success, Mamonas had been a band called Utopia that played funk and heavy-metal. Dinho brought his imitations into this arena with performances of tunes by Cazuza and Herbert Vianna of Paralamas do Sucesso. Utopia's music lampooned people and parodied the way they live. In fact, many of the tunes on Mamonas's current release were composed during this phase of the band's evolution, when its orientation was doing cover versions of other heavy-metal bands' material.

Utopia also did cover versions of tunes in many other styles: *pagode*, *sertaneja*, *forró* and in this way developed a certain proficiency in those styles. Dinho had already learned to play *violão* (guitar) by playing backland music with his father. It is the band's familiarity, their competence with these diverse styles, which demonstrates that their versions truly bear no malice.

Guitar player, Bento Hinoto, a Japanese-Brazilian with dreadlocks, stated that the guys in the band like all kinds of music, especially progressive rock, but that they

decided to concentrate on a particular sound, a sound similar to Engenheiros do Hawaii, (the trio from Porto Alegre that writes philosophical lyrics and uses heavy instrumentation) because Engenheiros were successful. Keyboard player and singer of "Vira-Vira", Julio Rasec, joked that Utopia once recorded a disc for an independent label that sold over 50 copies.

Through the experience of Utopia, the band's explicit humor and repertoire gradually developed. They took their music seriously at first but were not seasoned musicians and initially experienced monumental confusion on stage. Little by little they were finding that while performing one tune they were delivering an alternate message to their public. The Utopia phase of the group's history lasted for five years before the group decided to assume their current style and start writing the types of parodies that infect all of their shows today. The next step was changing the group's name and expanding the new repertoire. The change was apropos.

Impressed by the strong reception they were getting for their parodies, the band went to a low-budget studio in the very simple Tremembé neighborhood with the intention of recording only four of their funniest tunes. The owner of the studio was impressed and sent a copy to one of his contacts in Rio. The tape turned up in the hands of João Augusto, director at EMI, who asked if the band had more music. Although the band had very little material at the time, Dinho said that they had about 20 tunes and could record at any time.

The songs on the current disc, aside from the four that were recorded in Tremembé, were wholly composed in only three weeks. Each track plays like an episode of the Three Stooges and runs the emotional gamut from A to C. Even the technicians at the recording date were bursting out laughing at the band's absurdities. During the recording of "Robocop Gay," for example, the singer in underwear would imitate a girl doing a strip tease. Nonetheless, with these compositions and a poor quality tape the band landed a contract with EMI that allowed them to complete the final mix in the United States.

Besides plane fare and hotel costs each musician received an advance of \$500.00 from João to shop for clothes. When they returned to Cumbica airport in Guarulhos, they arrived as the pride of their city and were dressed like idols. Today the group's performance attire is as diverse as the styles of music that they parody.

The strength of Mamonas Assassinas, their humor and uncanny ability to parody other groups, stems from the long established tradition with São Paulo pop bands that delight in plagiarizing other bands and pop music in general and then lampooning the music. Premê, for example, recorded a loose satire on the tune "New York, New York" titled "São Paulo, São Paulo" that was humorously cynical and chided rather than praised the city's traffic, adolescent pickpockets, and pollution. The lyrics spoke with irony about the city's Italian immigrants and scorned its political leadership.

Despite the fact that Mamonas Assassinas follows a similar off-color style as the band Raimundos, they have an advantage over their peers from Brasília. The Mamonas fusion of sound is more pop and less noisy, the ideas behind the band's foolishness fluctuate from tune to tune, a greater diversity of themes is present in the lyrics, and Mamonas Assassinas puts forth exceptional cultural insights.

Mamonas hasn't stopped at simple platitudes. They belittle the spoken dialect of São Paulo where the plural form of nouns is not employed. Dinho sings without the pluralizing "s." But the parody doesn't stop with just the lyrics and grammar. Mamonas takes music like Henry Mancini's "Baby Elephant Walk" or "Should I Stay or Should I Go" by punk band The Clash and creates musical anecdotes with a scorching sarcastic tone. The singer Belchior, a success in the 70's with his philosophical lyrics, is imitated in the band's "Uma Arlinda Mulher":

*Você foi agora a coisa
Mais importante
Que já me aconteceu
Neste momento em
Toda minha vida
Um paradoxo do
Pretérito imperfeito,
Complexo com a
Teoria da relatividade
Num momento crucial,
um sábio soube saber
Que o sabiá sabia assobiar
E quem amafagafar os mafagafinhos
Bom amafagafador será*

You are now
The most important thing
That has happened to me
In this moment
In my entire life
A paradoxical of the
Past imperfect,
Complicated with the
Theory of relativity,
In a crucial moment,
a wise man knew how to know
That the song-thrush knew how to sing
And whoever amafagafar the mafagafinhos
Good amafagafador will be

The song just puts words together that don't mean a thing but can sound conclusive when taken all together.

Belchior is, as are many targets of these parodies, a fan of Mamonas. He stated that although the diction used in some of the group's music may have some reference to his way of singing, he doesn't feel that it is offensive. He is aware that it is not flattering but feels that the intention is not so much to criticize as to have fun.

All of the tracks from the current release have the potential of being played frequently on the radio. "Vira-Vira," an impeccable mockery of the continental Portuguese, is the third most often played song on the radio in São Paulo. The *vira* is a dance and a style of singing in Portugal. Despite their use of politically incorrect expressions, the band has made an incontestable bull's eye with the public.

"Vira-Vira" is unquestionably the most high-handed track out of the 14 no less irreverent ones. With the tune the Portuguese folk dance and song is raped by noisy heavy-metal guitars and a disturbing lyric content. The narrative speaks of the duress of a Portuguese baker who starts an adventure of group sex with a woman.

Besides this Portuguese couple, the band describes

other amusing situations like, husbands who are worried about their wives' addiction to the television shopping channel, construction workers who are enamored with Jean-Claude Van Damme, homosexual body-builders and their ensuing activities. In the musical mockeries it is possible to identify parodies not only of singers like Belchior, but also of Zezé Di Camargo & Luciano, Cauby Peixoto, and Max Cavalera, singer for Sepultura.

The satire assumes levels of conceptual ideas because the ideas are prejudiced. Dinho, however, defends himself by saying that he doesn't speak badly about anybody, that he only shows daily life. He goes on to say that the music is not created by chance, that it is always inspired by some character around them.

Sometimes the inspiration comes from other compositions, as did the samba full of heavy-metal guitar "Lá Vem o Alemão" that had as its model "Lá Vem o Negão" by the São Paulo group Cravo e Canela. Mamonas batatas *samba pagode* with "Lá Vem o Alemão." Although the tune is an explicit satire on the *pagode* scene today, musicians from the *pagode* groups Art Popular and Negritude Junior participated in recording the track. Other *pagode* musicians, like Alexandre Pires from the group Só Pra Contrariar, applauded the validity of the groove and perceive the comical tune as it should be — a facetious joke.

"Lá Vem o Alemão" speaks about a man whose girlfriend dumps him for a blonde guy, the owner of a Ford Escort. Dinho interprets the pain of the betrayed with a voice identical to the singer of the *pagode* group Raça Negra, Luiz Carlos. But this is not making a mockery of samba. The groove is authentic *pagode*. Dinho said that the band made a real effort to catch what is important in the *pagode* sound mix.

Titãs is a band that plays music from punk to reggae to *brega* (gooey romantic songs whose basic meaning has been changed for the worse). On their celebrated third album, *Cabeça Dinossauro*, which was chosen as the best Brazilian album of the 1980s by *Jornal do Brasil*, the rock band scrutinized modern societal institutions and assaulted all who uphold its hypocrisy. The album is satirized by Mamonas with "Cabeça de Bagre II." Bagre is common name for fish, but *cabeça de bagre* is also slang for moron. Hinoto's pulverizing slash-guitar style on the track demands hearing!

Close your ears here comes dirty talk

Sabão crá-crá

Sabão crá-crá
Sabão crá-crá
Não deixa os pelos
do saco enrolar
Sabão cré-crê
Sabão cré-crê
Não deixa os
cabelos do saco de
pé
Sabão cri-cri
Sabão cri-cri
Não deixa os pelos
do saco cair
Sabão cró-crô
Sabão cró-crô
Não deixa os pelos
do saco dar nó
sabão cru-cru
sabão cru-cru
Não deixa os cabel-
los do sacuuuuuu
enrolar cons do cu

Crá-crá soap

Crá-Crá soap
Crá-Crá soap
Doesn't let the
balls' hair to curl
Cré-Cré soap
Cré-Cré soap
Doesn't let the
balls' hair up
Cri-Cri soap
Cri-Cri soap
Doesn't let the
balls' hair to fall
down
Cró-Cró soap
Cró-Cró soap
Doesn't let the
balls' hair to tangle
Cru-Cru soap
Cru-Cru soap
Doesn't let the
balls' hair
to curl with the hair
of the ass

Bois don't cry

Vejam só como é
que é
A ingratidão de uma
mulher

Ela é o meu tesouro,
Nós fomos feitos
um pro outro

Ela é uma vaca
Eu sou um touro

Bulls don't cry

Look at the ways
A woman is un-
grateful

She is my trea-
sure,
We were made for
each other

But she is a cow
And I am a bull

Vira-Vira

...Roda, rodã e vira,
solta a roda e vem
Neste raio de sur-
uba, já me passa-
ram
A mão na bunda,
E ainda não comi
ninguém...

Vira-Vira

...Turn, turn and flip,
let the wheel loose
and come
In this damn orgy,
they have already
stroked my ass,
But I haven't screwed
anybody yet ...

Lá vem o alemão

Só de pensar que nós dois éramos
dois
Eu feijão, você arroz
Temperados com "sazon"
Só de lembrar nós dois na Kombi no
domingo
Nosso amor era tão lindo
Nós descia pro boqueirão

A Kombi quebrada lá na praia
E você de mini saia dando bola prum
alemão
Alemão de carro conversível e eu
mexendo no fuzível
Nem dei conta quando você me deixou

Subiu a serra, me deixou no boqueirão
Arrombou meu coração, depois desa-
pareceu
Fiquei na merda, nas areias do destino
Me tratou como um suíno, cuspiu no
prato que comeu

O amor é uma faca de dois legumes
Na luz anal de vagalume que ilumina
o meu sofrer
Eu ainda sinto o seu perfume com
cheirinho de estrume
Não tá fácil de esquecer
Quando eu lembro de você me dá
vontade
De bater, espancar o meu amor
Só por que ele é lindo, louro e forte
Tem dinheiro e um Escort
Como um Modest você me trocou

There comes the German guy

When I think that the two of us were two
I was bean and you were rice
Well seasoned
When I think about Sundays, the both of
us in the Kombi (van)
Our love was so pretty
We went down to the river's mouth

The Kombi broken on the beach
And you in a mini skirt flirting a German
guy
A German guy in a convertible while I
dealt with the fuse
I never noticed when you left me

You went up the hill, leaving me at the
river's mouth
You gaterashed my heart and then disap-
peared
I was left in the shit, in the fate's sands
You treated me like a swine, you spit on the
plate you ate

Love is a knife of two legumes
In the fire fly's anal light which illuminates
my suffering
I still feel you perfume with its manure
smell
It's not easy to forget you
When I think about you I have the urge
To beat, to spank my love
Only because he is pretty, blonde and strong
And has money and an Escort
Like a Tampax you changed me

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L.A. Times 10/1/95



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Brazilian Notas

SCOTT ADAMS

Take a look at a picture of **Ricardo Silveira**, and you'll have a portrait of international musicianship. For the better part of the last decade now, the Brazilian guitarist has consistently and creatively redefined his role in contemporary jazz by successfully balancing the cultures of two countries. On one hand, it's his Brazilian roots. On the other it's his nearly adopted home town of Los Angeles, which has been his address for most of his stateside years. The west coast has provided the essential bridge for Silveira in building a common link between his Brazilian heritage and his always anticipated future. This connection has evolved through his past recording projects for Verve, including *Long Distance*, *Sky Light*, *Amazon Secrets* and *Small World*. But now, hot on the heels of his latest release *Storyteller* from Kokopelli, Ricardo Silveira has found himself in a strange position. Back In Brazil. Recently, I caught up with him poolside at Copacabana's famous Rio Atlântica Hotel.

"I wanted to spend some time back here in Rio," he said. "It's been a long time since I've stayed around here and it was time for a change. I'll probably do some touring here and then begin writing again. Coming up with new ideas has never been a problem for me, but it takes time and a relaxed frame of mind and Rio seemed like the right inspiration for now." Writing is just one of Silveira's strong suits. *Storyteller*'s top charting sales and radio success is due in part to his ability to transcend cultural boundaries with a distinct musical style that appeals to a wide range of listeners. Many of the songs contained on the album are three of even four years old, the result of some creative soul searching and an expert knack for arrangement and tight ensemble play. This formula has been a constant in Silveira's work from the very beginning.

"My first Verve album, *Long Distance* was really a shot in the dark. Going in, I didn't have a strong sense of

direction for the project, so I had to rely on my intuition and **Liminha's** perspective. Of course, I had some really great musicians to work with including **Pat Metheny**, **Leo Gandelman**, and **David Sanborn**. **Leila Pinheiro** made her US debut with that recording. Everything just seemed to fall into place. After that, we had something to build on." And build he did, with the next three albums reaching #1 on jazz radio playlists nationwide. Traditions began to form. Silveira stayed the course, augmenting his world class talent with top notch guest musicians from both the US and Brazil. And his intuition remains right on track.

"I don't think at all about what will sell or become a hit. I concentrate on what the song is telling me, what feels right. For instance, 'Francesca' went through several changes before it got to the point where I felt comfortable with it. Everyone knows that there's a wide range in the quality of music for contemporary jazz, and it's amazing to me to see what groups like **Fourplay** can accomplish for themselves. But sometimes, I'll hear something on the radio and think *what is that?*" Silveira's at his musical best when he incorporates soft flowing guitar melodies with improvisation that showcases

his technical mastery. He is widely regarded in Brazil as the best ever to come along in this regard. His years at the Berklee College of Music and then later with **Herbie Mann** provided the baseline for his accumulation of musical influence.

"I play from a Brazilian point of view, but not traditional Brazilian music," Silveira said. "There are elements of funk and jazz, but I don't like to say that I play fusion. There's a lot more to my music than just that." Ricardo Silveira's musical world began in Rio de Janeiro in October of 1956. Born into a creative family, his own interest in the guitar lay dormant until age 16. His cultural interplay with the US began about that same time, due to friendships kindled with students at an American school in Rio. Records were traded. **Jobim** for **John Mayall**. **João Gilberto** for **Eric Clapton**. Bossa for Rock & Roll.

The mid 70's saw him in Boston studying music by day and playing at night with the aforementioned flute player, and **Sonny Fortune**. The venues soon changed to New York, and Silveira's career was underway. Studio work was then added to the mix and armed with his experience and expectations, he returned to Brazil. Three years with

Milton Nascimento helped to launch his international reputation. He recorded and worked with the best Brazilian singers and musicians: **Gal Costa**, **Ivan Lins**, **Gilberto Gil**, **Elis Regina** to list but a few. His own debut album as a solo artist came in 1984, with *Bom de Tocar* (Good To Play).

Ricardo would be the first to say that looking back is only good for seeing where you were, so it's fair to ask where he's headed next: "This time in Brazil is important for me right now. My son Pedro and I are enjoying the time together and I'm starting to hum a few new melodies from time to time. But for me, the music takes time to develop on its own. I'm not in a hurry and I've got plenty of ideas to work with. I'm planning to tour the US this year with **Los Gatos**, a special Latin American group we've put together, and I'm really looking forward to playing with **Abraham Laboriel** and the rest of the members. It should be a great time. I'm just a musician that likes a lot of different kinds of music, and I feel it's great to have those musical worlds to explore."

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THE CULTURAL PULSE

Plays

Alô? Madame!... -- It all starts when two friends get a phone number that belonged to a palm reader and decide to take the clients for themselves. By Marcelo Saback and Vinicius Marques. In Rio.

Dias Felizes -- Love comedy about a couple who stays together through thick and thin. Bárbara Heliodora's translation from the Thomas Beckett's play. In São Paulo.

Intensa Magia -- Maria Adelaide Amaral's play about a family's public washing of dirty laundry during an engagement party. Rosa Maria Murtinho stars. Paulo Cezar Saraceni directs. In Rio.

O Livro de Jó -- Based on the Bible, it discusses divine intervention and God's power. Directed by Antônio Araújo. In São Paulo.

Pérola -- Written and directed by Mauro Rasi. Comedy. Everything in this middle class family, even the little accidents, ends up in big laughable drama. In Rio.

Porca Miséria -- Comedy. A family of Italian immigrants devise a plot to get money in order to go back to Italy. Gianni Ratto directs Marcos Caruso and Eliana Rocha. In São Paulo.

Querida Mamãe -- The hate-love relationship between daughter and mother. Eva Vilma stars and José Wilker directs this Maria Adelaide Amaral's story. In São Paulo.

Rastro Atrás -- Written by Jorge Andrade and directed by Eduardo Tolentino. A writer goes back to his hometown searching for his roots and a meaning in life. In Rio.

Todo Mundo Sabe que Todo Mundo Sabe -- Another play from prolific and multitalented Miguel Falabella who also directs it. A socialite struggles to avoid economic disaster. In Rio.

Movies

American films just released: *Street Fighter 2* -- *The Movie* (*Street Fighter 2 -- O Filme*), *Sabrina* (*Sabrina*), *Living in Oblivion* (*Vivendo no Abandono*), *Adrenaline* (*Adrenalina*), *Hackers* (*Hackers -- Piratas de Computador*), *Fair Game* (*Atração Explosiva*), *Waiting to Exhale* (*Falando de Amor*), *Clueless* (*As Patricinhas de Beverly Hills*), *Money Train* (*Assalto Sobre Trilhos*), *The Crossing Guard* (*Acerto Final*)

O Convento -- Portugal/France -- 1995 -- Catherine Deneuve stars on Portuguese director Manoel de Oliveira story about a couple trying to prove that Shakespeare was from Spain.

La Flor de Mi Secreto (*A Flor de Meu Segredo*) -- Spain -- 1995 -- Pedro Almodóvar directs this comedy about a writer unable to write three novels she has promised her publisher due to a matrimonial crisis.

Mario, Maria e Mario (*Mário, Maria e Mário*) -- Italy -- 1993 -- The fall of Russia wrecks havoc at the life of a socialist couple, husband and wife are communist militants. Ettore Scola directed.

Mushrooms (*Cogumelos: Gostosos de Morrer*) -- Australia -- 1994 -- Two friendly widows having a hard time to make ends meet are looking for something to do. One decides to steal, the other to take care of a boarding house. Directed by Alan Madden.

O Quatrão -- Brazil -- 1995 -- Fábio Barreto directs Patrícia Pillar, Glória Pires, Bruno Campos, and Alexander Paternorst in this dramatic story of two couples against the morals of the time. The action takes place among Italian immigrants in the south of Brazil.

Sábado (*Saturday*) -- Brazil -- 1994 -- Comedy directed by Ugo Georgetti with Otávio Augusto and Maria Padilha. A group of friends and what happens on a weekend in a São Paulo old building.

Supercolosso, o Filme (*Supercolosso, the Film*) -- Brazil -- 1995 -- Colosso TV's dog workers go out to the streets for an adventure with human beings. Based on TV Globo's child cartoon. Luiz Ferré directs.

Terra Estrangeira (*Foreign Land*) -- Brazil -- 1995 -- Brazilian flees to Portugal amid economic turmoil in Brazil during the Collor de Mello presidency. Directed by Walter Salles Júnior.

Two Billion Hearts (*Todos os Corações do Mundo*) -- Brazil -- 1994 -- Murilo Salles's documentary on the 1994 World Soccer Cup. It's FIFA's official film.

The White Balloon (*O Balão Branco*) -- Iran -- 1995 -- The dreams of a little girl whose only ambition is to get a red fish as gift. Jafar Panahi is the director.

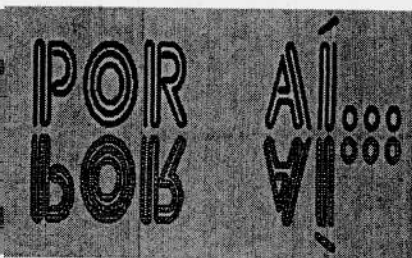
Books best-sellers

Fiction

1. *O Xangô de Baker Street*
Jô Soares (Comp. das Letras)
2. *O Mundo de Sofia*
Jostein Gaarder (Comp. das Letras)
3. *A Profecia Celestina*
James Radfield (Objetiva)
4. *Manhã, Tarde, Noite*
Sidney Sheldon (Record)
5. *Comédias da Vida Privada - 101 Crônicas Escolhidas*
Luís F. Veríssimo (L&PM)
6. *Benjamin*
Chico Buarque de Holanda
7. *Pelas Portas do Coração*
Zíbia Gasparetto (Espaço, Vida & Consciência)
8. *Na Margem do Rio Piedra Eu Sentei e Chorei*
Paulo Coelho (Rocco)
9. *Calunga, um Dedinho de Prosa*
Luiz A. Gasparetto (Espaço, Vida & Consciência)
10. *Violetas na Janela*
Vera L. Marínzeck de Carvalho (Petit)

Nonfiction

1. *O Guia dos Curiosos*
Marcelo Duarte (Companhia das Letras)
- 2.
3. *A Estrada do Futuro* -- Bill Gates (Companhia das Letras)
4. *Minutos de Sabedoria*
Luís Torres Pastorino (Vozes)
5. *A Estrela Solitária -- Um Brasileiro Chamado Garrincha* -- Ruy Castro (Companhia das Letras)
6. *Homens São de Marte, Mulheres São de Vênus*
John Gray (Rocco)
7. *A Assustadora História da Medicina*
Richard Gordon (Ediouro)
8. *Era dos Extremos*
Eric Hobsbawm (Companhia das Letras)
9. *Paula*
Isabel Allende (Bertrand Brasil)
10. *Maktub*
Paulo Coelho (Rocco)
11. *Anjos Cabalísticos*
Mônica Buonfiglio (Oficina Cultural Esotérica)



GLORIOUS FOOD

After almost 10 years romancing Brazil and traveling there, award-winning author Christopher Idone has written *Brazil: A Cook's Tour*, a love dedication to the Brazilian cuisine. The book is not only a gastronomic but also a cultural trip to various regions of Brazil, including the northeast, the southeast and the Amazon.

From that area he brings recipes like *pato no tucupi* (roasted duck) and *acacá*, an Amazonian soup with shrimp and tapioca gum. *Brazil* brings more than 100 authentic Brazilian recipes all illustrated with 125 color pictures taken by the author.

The book teaches also how to make *vinixim*, *acarajé*, and naturally the typical dish *feijoada*, besides the national drink *caipirinha*. Published by Clarkson Potter, the 240-page volume is also a guide for buying Brazilian products in the US.

TRADER'S BIBLE

Published every year since 1990, the Brazilian Product Guide has a new edition available. The 246-page directory contains over 4000 importer, exporter and trading companies. The listings are classified by products including among other areas: computers, textiles, plastics, food and machinery.

The directory also comes with a response service, allowing readers to obtain information on Brazilian exporters. The catalogue is presented by its publisher, New York's De Paula Publishing Co., as "ideal to locate prospective clients, suppliers and partners in Brazil." Want to know more? Call 212) 629-4541.

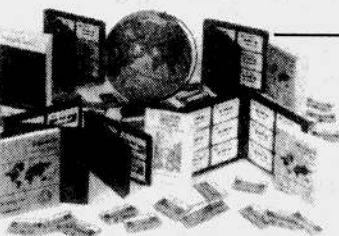
MANFREDO AGAIN

Nurtured by European classics and fascinated by jazz, Manfredo Fest, a Brazilian based in Florida, has become a consummated master in blending Brazilian and jazz sounds. *Começar de Novo* (To Begin Again), his latest album — and the seventh of his career — is another show of how far he has gone on

this road. The CD, recorded just weeks after Tom Jobim's death, is a tribute to "The Girl from Ipanema" composer. The disc includes Jobim's "Bonita" and "How Insensitive."



Fest is able to show his virtuosity dealing with such diverse Brazilian rhythms as *maracatu*, *bossa nova*, *baião* and *samba*. Two of the cuts, "Seresta" and "Brazilian Divertimento #2" were penned by the pianist-composer himself. Commenting about *Começar de Novo*, the musician stated, "This has given me a better opportunity to express myself, from trio to quintet settings. And I've been able to show some different angles of my playing." The CD is being released by Concord Picante. Tel: (510) 682-6770.



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American businessman has lived in your country and loves your people, music, & dance. Desires friendship/romance with Brasileira between 22-30 years. Interests include yoga, health food, nature. Please write R.B. 1106 2nd St. #268, Encinitas, CA 92024.

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very handsome and look Brazilian. (213) 293-8909. Los Angeles area.

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American Plastic Surgeon. Internationally recognized. Attractive. Athletic. Has toured Brazil. Seeks intelligent, athletic, attractive, non smoking Brasileira who likes skin diving, aerobics, surfing, outdoor photography & cooking. Ages 22-30. Send photos and C.V. to G.M. - 2318 Washington - Great Bend, Kansas, 67530 - U.S.A.

Americano, 38 anos, alto, delgado, branco, olhos azuis, professor de Inglês, procura brasileira 18-30 anos. (310) 289-5719 William - Ou: 1223 Broadway #143, Santa Monica, CA 90404 [124]

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Brazilian guy, 27, looking for friendship, collects post cards. Fábio - PO Box 9091, L.I.C. NY 11103-0904

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P.O. Box 42536

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calendar - march 96 - u.s.a.

Fax your Calendar info to (213) 257-3487, E-mail it to brazilnews@aol.com - mail to P.O. Box 42536 L.A., CA 90050 or call (213) 255-8062. Deadline: the 20th.

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BOSTON

Coração Brasileiro - Every Sunday, 12:00 noon with Dennis Miller - 88.1 FM - WMBR

CHICAGO

The Sounds of Brazil - Every Saturday, 10:00 pm - Midnight, 95.5 FM, WNUA with Scott Adams
Show Brazil - Every Friday, 8:00 am - 11:00 am, 91.5 FM, WMFO with Edna Moreno
Brazilian Style of Music - Every Friday, 11:00 am - 2:00 pm, 91.5 FM, WMFO with Marlon Catão

LOS ANGELES

TV

Canal Brasil - Every Sunday, 9:00 pm, Continental Cable, Channel 28

RADIO

Sounds of Brazil - Every Thursday, Noon - 2:00 pm, KPFFK, 90.7 FM with Sérgio Mielniczenko
Brazilian Hour - Every Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 am - 10:00 am, KXLU, 88.9 FM with Sérgio Mielniczenko

MIAMI

RADIO

Brazilians Love Jazz - Every Sunday, 5:00 pm - 6:00 pm with Gina Martelli - 93.9 - Love 94

FRIDAY 1

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

8:00 PM - Clauduarte at Rebecca's (954) 785-7766

CENTURY CITY, CAL.

8:00 PM - The Girls from Ipanema at The Century Club

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - Oba Oba with Max and Swing Brasil at Zabumba

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Marcos Santos at Ginga Brazil

SATURDAY 2

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

6:00 PM - Dunga & Band at Panorama Restaurant (954) 784-8136

OAKLAND, CALIF.

2:00 PM - Expo opening for Karen Frey watercolors and David Whitman photographs about Brazil at 60th St. Gallery (510) 658-6920

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

8:00 PM - Mike Marshall & Choro Famoso at Talk of the Town (408) 292-7940

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM - Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Sérgio 2000 at Ginga Brazil

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - ULA Samba School at Zabumba

SUNDAY 3

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

3:30 PM - San Diego Samba School at Café Sevilla

10:00 PM - Sambrasil at Café Sevilla

LONG BEACH, CAL.

7:00 PM - SambaLá Samba School's big floor show at the Foothill

TUESDAY 5

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL.

8:00 PM - Marcos Santos at White House (714) 494-8088

WEDNESDAY 6

LOS ANGELES

8:00 PM - Axé, the Brazilian Jazz Ensemble at Zabumba

THURSDAY, 7

BERKELEY, CALIF.

8:00 PM - Mike Marshall & Choro Famoso at Freight and Salvage (510) 548-1761

FRIDAY 8

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

8:00 PM - Clauduarte at Rebecca's (954) 785-7766

CENTURY CITY, CAL.

8:00 PM - The Girls from Ipanema at The Century Club

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - Oba Oba with Max and Swing Brasil at Zabumba

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Kléber Jorge at Ginga Brazil

SATURDAY 9

MIAMI

9:00 PM - Mr. Carnaval's 13rd Gala Ball at Hotel Intercontinental (305) 372-0091

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

6:00 PM - Dunga & Band at Panorama Restaurant (954) 784-8136

DAVIS, CALIF.

8:00 PM - Mike Marshall & Choro Famoso at The Palms Playhouse (408) 292-7940

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM - Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL.

6:00 PM - Marcos Santos at Ardea/Braz (714) 494-4834

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Lois & Zelão at Ginga Brazil

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - ULA Samba School at Zabumba

SUNDAY 10

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

3:30 PM - San Diego Samba School at Café Sevilla

10:00 PM - Sambrasil at Café Sevilla

LONG BEACH, CAL.

7:00 PM - SambaLá Samba School's lambada show at the Foothill

TUESDAY 12

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL.

8:00 PM - Marcos Santos at White House (714) 494-8088

THURSDAY 14

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - Pagode with Josias at Zabumba

FRIDAY 15

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

8:00 PM - Clauduarte at Rebecca's (954) 785-7766

CENTURY CITY, CAL.

8:00 PM - The Girls from Ipanema at The Century Club

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - Oba Oba with Max and Swing Brasil at Zabumba

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Lois at Ginga Brazil

SATURDAY 16

POMPAÑO B., FLORIDA

6:00 PM - Dunga & Band at Panorama

calendar - march 96 - u.s.a.

Restaurant (954) 784-8136

SAN FRANCISCO

0:00 PM - Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL.

0:00 PM - Kléber Jorge at Ginga Brazil

LOS ANGELES

0:00 PM - ULA Samba School at Zabumba

SUNDAY 17

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

0:30 PM - San Diego Samba School at Café Sevilla

0:00 PM - Sambrasil at Café Sevilla

LONG BEACH, CAL.

0:00 PM - SambaLá Samba School at the Foothill

TUESDAY 19

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL.

0:00 PM - Marcos Santos at White House (714) 494-8088

WEDNESDAY 20

LOS ANGELES

0:00 PM - Axé, the Brazilian Jazz Ensemble at Zabumba

FRIDAY 22

POMPANO B., FLORIDA

0:00 PM - Clauduarte at Rebecca's (954) 85-7766

CENTURY CITY, CAL.

0:00 PM - The Girls from Ipanema at The Century Club

LOS ANGELES

0:00 PM - Oba Oba with Max and Swing Brasil at Zabumba

ANAHEIM, CAL.

0:00 PM - Kléber Jorge at Ginga Brazil

SATURDAY 23

POMPANO B., FLORIDA

0:00 PM - Dunga & Band at Panorama Restaurant (954) 784-8136

SAN FRANCISCO

0:00 PM - Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL.

0:00 PM - Lois & Zelão at Ginga Brazil

LOS ANGELES

0:00 PM - ULA Samba School at Zabumba

SUNDAY 24

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

3:30 PM - San Diego Samba School at Café Sevilla

10:00 PM - Sambrasil at Café Sevilla

LONG BEACH, CAL.

7:00 PM - SambaLá Samba School at the Foothill

TUESDAY 26

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL.

8:00 PM - Marcos Santos at White House (714) 494-8088

FRIDAY 29

POMPANO B., FLORIDA

8:00 PM - Clauduarte at Rebecca's (954) 785-7766

CENTURY CITY, CAL.

8:00 PM - The Girls from Ipanema at The Century Club

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - Oba Oba with Max and Swing Brasil at Zabumba

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Marcos Santos at Ginga Brazil

SATURDAY 30

POMPANO B., FLORIDA

6:00 PM - Dunga & Band at Panorama Restaurant (954) 784-8136

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM - Pandemonium at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL.

7:00 PM - Sérgio 2000 at Ginga Brazil

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM - ULA Samba School at Zabumba

SUNDAY 31

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

3:30 PM - San Diego Samba School at Café Sevilla

10:00 PM - Sambrasil at Café Sevilla

LONG BEACH, CAL.

7:00 PM - Super Sonic Samba School at SambaLá at the Foothill

TV & RADIO

TV

BTN (Brazilian TV Network)

- 11:00 pm - 1:00 am, DCI ch. 40, S. South ch. 51, Adelphia ch. 52, Gold Coast ch. 99

Luqui Corporation - Jornal

Bandeirantes - 11:00 pm - 1:00 am, Dynamic ch. 20, S. South ch. 41, Gold Coast ch. 44, DCI ch. 45

NEW YORK RADIO

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Rádio Amazônia - Every day, 6:30 PM on short wave - 6.185 MHz

TV

Brazil Update - Every Saturday, 3:30 PM - Channel 69
Brazilians in America-TV - Every Sunday, 5:30 PM - Channel 16

S. FRANCISCO

Agora Brasil - Every Saturday, 3:00 PM - 4:00 PM, KPFA, 94.0 FM with **Elvira Cola and Eric Taller**

Brasileirinho - Every Wednesday, 9:30 PM, KZSC, 88.1 FM with **Renato Frota**

Canta, Brasil - Every Sunday, 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM - KKUP, 91.5 FM, with **Xuxu, Maria José and David Heyman**

Programa de Domingo - Every Sunday, 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM, KSOQ 96.1 FM with **Lino Bugatti**

A Taste of Brazil - Every Sunday, 10:00 PM - 11:00 PM, KKSF, 103.7 with **Dick Conte**

Tropicalia Brasileira - Every Friday, 8:00 PM - 9:00 PM, KUSF, 90.3 with **Raimundo Franco**

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Osman Lins redux

With two more of his inventive books now available in English, the late Brazilian prose stylist is being recognized as one of the neglected masters of 20th century literature.

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

For over 15 years, one of the most prized volumes in my personal library has been *Avalovara*, by Osman Lins, which was published in translation by Alfred A. Knopf in 1980. In September of 1990, when I reviewed the University of Texas Press paperback for *News from Brazil*, I wrote: "Re-reading it 10 years later, it seems to me an oversight of the highest order that *Avalovara* has been the only one of (Lins' prose works) to reach North America. Osman Lins was a true master. Where are his other books?"

The enforced patience has at last been rewarded. Sun & Moon Press has now given us *Nine, Novena* (1966), the inter-related short stories, or narratives, that marked Lins' break with traditional fiction and served as a testing ground for *Avalovara*, which followed in 1973. Almost simultaneously, Dalkey Archive Press has published *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece* (1976), the last novel Lins completed before his death in 1978 at age fifty-four. Both works are smoothly and intelligently translated by Adria Frizzi.

To round-out this double gift and surprise, *The Review of Contemporary Fiction* has devoted nearly 70 pages of its Fall 1995 issue to Lins, filling it with essays about him and his work, as well as the author's own musings on the art of the novel and the place of the writer in society.

In the January, 1994 issue of *News from Brazil*, Gregory Rabassa, the translator into English of *Avalovara* (not to mention such classics as *Hopscotch* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*), said that "Osman Lins certainly needs more attention; *Avalovara* is a masterpiece, an exemplar of the present form of the new novel." He also voiced the hope that it would become one of the enduring works of the century, for Latin America in particular and for the world in general. My own review asserted that "the author releases such a downpour of imagery that one may stop and pronounce him the Brazilian Blake or van Gogh." But since *Avalovara* has been available in Dr. Rabassa's fine translation for many years, we'll bypass it for now and instead look at the works that are newly available and therefore less familiar to an English-speaking audience.

The Queen of the Prisons of Greece is a worthy successor to *Avalovara*, but clearly the latter novel is Lins' masterpiece and the author has not outdone it here, only gone off in another inventive direction. Briefly, the narrator's lover — Júlia Marquezim Enone — has been hit by a truck(!) and killed at age 33, leaving behind an unpublished novel she's entitled *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece* (the reason for the odd title emerges towards the final pages). The unnamed narrator, a high school science teacher, toys with an idea: "I dream of discoursing about my dead friend's book, visited so many times and still so full of secrets." He begins cautiously, deciding to keep a journal of his thoughts and explorations of her book. He knows he will not be able to suppress his personal feelings, and he writes, "Only my restraint... if I don't overcome it, and a certain tact, will limit the frankness of the work — an analysis or, who knows, just a memoir — from which an elegiac note will certainly not be missing."

Júlia Marquezim Enone, we learn, "structured *The Queen of The Prisons*

True works of art are larger than we are, and, like a black hole absorbing both matter and light, in we go, awash in a maelstrom of possibility.

of Greece around an uninterrupted chain of events centering on Maria de França, a moneyless mulatto heroine lost in the stairways, corridors and halls of the social welfare bureaucracy, where she struggles to obtain a certain benefit."

Simple enough, and we sit alongside the narrator as he begins his at first hesitant, tentative study of a book we, the reader, have never seen and never will see. And because Lins' book has the same title as Júlia Enone's, obviously one has subsumed the other, an inversion has occurred, and the study is now the novel, and the novel is now the study. Already, the ground is going soft under our feet in this sort of Borges-meets-deconstructionism which pulls us in deeper and deeper as, again, perched beside the narrator, we marvel as Lins explores the possibilities of the modern novel.

Our journalist, as in journal-writer, tells us that *The Queen* has crafty constructions, and examines the novel "as double, built in layers and purporting to be its own analysis. For example, as if there were no Júlia Marquezim

***The Queen of the Prisons of Greece* is a worthy successor to *Avalovara*, but clearly the latter novel is Lins' masterpiece and the author has not outdone it here, only gone off in another inventive direction.**

Enone or *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece*, as if the present piece of writing were actually the novel by that name and I myself were a fiction."

It seems that the subject of this book is the book as subject: "Could questions be the only means of knowledge really granted to us?" Also, "Every work of art fashions its own theory." And the narrator asks whether "the concept of literary work simply evolves, refines itself..."

The Queen of the Prisons of Greece, "conceived as an absurd radio monologue" disrupted by "sequences of madness" more and more resembles "walking through a festive neighborhood in which strains of music come at us from the shops and the side streets: the book resonates."

By the time the narrator completes the first one hundred pages of his journal we're already finding ourselves "in the tenuous frontier where reason, fascinated, surrenders to the absurd." In her novel, which certainly does a Kafka-like joust with the Brazilian social services system, Júlia Enone blurs the historical Olinda and the modern Recife (cities in the Northeast, on the bulge that projects into the Atlantic), juxtaposing landmarks where in reality they aren't to be found. We're given accounts of the Dutch invasion of this area in 1630, and of course we not only wonder how we got here, but wonder if the narrator is beginning to see patterns and pull things out of the text that may or may not have deliberately been put there.

Accurately, he assesses Júlia Enone's book as a "novel of permutations, where everything invades everything," where both text and meaning are malleable; and he realizes "that I'm weaving the web and weaving myself simultaneously."

It takes a great deal of faith on Lins' behalf to assume that we'll stick with him. "I know and you knew," his narrator thinks, addressing Júlia, "that works of art are as unlimited as our grasp is limited."

True works of art are larger than we are, and, like a black hole absorbing both matter and light, in we go, awash in a maelstrom of possibility. Slowly, our narrator, our guide, all but disintegrates into pure text, his words and ideas scattering and dispersing the way a sand castle returns to the

fabric of the beach it has momentarily risen above and defied. And we speculate, perhaps, if it is purely a self-destruction or some kind of astonishing embracing and integration with Júlia Marquezim Enone's text? Has the narrator somehow rejoined his lost beloved by all but literally sinking beneath the waves of her prose?

Osman Lins leaves us with plenty of food for thought, and to help in our digesting of it we turn to *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*. In his essay, "The World Without Quotation Marks: A Gloss of the Gloss," José Paulo Paes says of *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece* that it is "an illustration and a defense of the art of the novel, as well as a satire on certain pretensions of criticism or literary hermeneutics." And he goes on to call it "a deceptive play of contiguous mirrors: it is not an essay telling a novel but a novel that tells itself in the form of an essay..."

Raúl Antelo's "The Prison-House of Language according to Osman Lins" is a more theoretical and analytic essay than the one by Paes, which is quite lucid and far easier to grasp.

Actually, the pages (155-222) devoted to Lins commence with Adria Frizzi's sharply etched overview of the author and his context in the Latin American 'boom' of the 1960s. She briefly assesses the last two completed novels and the narratives, *Nine, Novena* (for which she wrote a penetrating introduction that appears in the Sun & Moon edition).

This is followed by Edla Van Steen's stitched-together interview, responses compiled from many sources since Lins himself was too ill to complete it for her. It's a must-read which, together with Lins' own essay, "Of Idealism and Glory," coming on the heels of the interview, gives us a thoughtful look at Lins reflecting upon his life and his craft.

There is a sizeable fragment extant of a novel 'forever tentatively' entitled *The Head Carried in Triumph*, which Lins did not live to complete. His widow, the writer and university professor Julieta de Godoy Ladeira, has selected a couple of passages for us, which Ms. Frizzi has translated. One is intrigued, of course, but there is simply not enough of it to know how the novel would have



Excerpt from *Avalovara*

"Looking at the rug, you can't see the crocodile among the flowers and the birds. Camouflaged in the profusion of motifs, he can be discovered more easily on the other side, the side of the weave that is always hidden, where the threads are cut and knots show. Freed of the artful tricks that hide him, making himself present and invisible at the same time, the crocodile (absorbed like the obvious motifs on the rug) walks along Abel's extended trunk. The reddish stag, standing between our embraced bodies, looks at the face of the clock as if looking at the Sun, tail and hind legs on Abel's flank, head and chest on my flank. The crocodile, darkening Abel's torso, has his mouth at the level of his sex and presses against my thigh. The rabbit bites the tip of my breast, he bites lightly, as if he were nibbling a tender blade of grass.

I know what other men are like, I go to bed with them out of anger, I open my thighs out of rage, they give me pleasure and draw nothing from me, they give me pleasure, the pleasure one has when a mad dog is shot to death, a mute and lacerating pleasure, but I want to give myself to you, Abel, in a new and unique way, give myself with joy, I must open up my identities to your entry, my sexes, my bodies, I must receive you in my innermost parts and love you in two ways, with double desire, double anxiety, double consent, and you won't be an intruder, an enemy — you shall be the guest, the one summoned, the accepted one, I will receive you with all the doors of my body open, I, a cloven and reunited Asteroid, I, I, dual, I, one. *Morde me, Basia me.*

Excerpt from Lost and Found in Nine, Novena

The plants of the earth, preparing the terrain for the coming of animals, appear in the Devonian. My friend Albano has just arrived, I see the fenders of his bicycle. He does not greet me.

What is it, Renato?

I don't know what to do any more. He's gone.

Deep lakes and big lagoons formed at that time. The first insects, similar to fleas, leaped in the silence, lords of the birdless spaces.

Where did you see him last?

That's the problem. I can't remember.

Those who went to look for my son at the other end of the beach have already returned. In the Carboniferous, the trees and the giant insects grow, beetles, ants, forest proliferate, butterflies with wings as big as palm-leaf fans graze in the prairies.

I can't remember. I think it was when he was playing in the sand; but then again, it seems that he called to me, and I didn't turn.

How could you let him out of your sight with a sea like this! The sea claimed again the land it had lost, fish swam among tree branches, other forests were conquered, drowned became petrified. The fish were the birds of those black woods.

It just happened.

Go get dressed.

Many people have already changed their clothes and are sitting in the sun or in the shade of the tent. Is it that late? Soon they will all leave.

When?

Now. We're going to the police station.

It's a waste of time. (The glaciers and the deserts). My heart tells me that he's dead. (The reptiles evolve in the Permian). What have I done to deserve this?

Excerpt from *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece*

February 24 The characters move in a space both real and unreal, which Maria de França's mental state justifies or pretends to justify: *The Queen of the Prisons of Greece*, I insist, is a web of simulations.

Perhaps, as in a play of reflections (created, it's true, with obfuscated mirrors and in dark corridors), in my text I have passed by the ghost of this factory worker and maid, walking through doctors' offices and government offices, crossing the not imaginary streets of a real city, Recife, with its rivers and bridges, its port, its forts and the shanties forming a sort of black and putrid ring around the city. In this process of unveiling which is my commentary and I will outline, I hope, the profile of the novel, in the same way I have already outlined some of its characters it hasn't been possible yet to reveal the true setting of the story, in actuality a Recife that doesn't deny the real Recife and doesn't limit itself to its model either: it shrivels it up and casts a spell on it. It's as if the city were turning into its own map, so flexible that it can be folded up, without however losing its volume: as if it remained habitable.



evolved.

Julieta de Godoy Ladeira then recounts how she and Osman Lins looked for foreign publishers and, perhaps more important, able translators. Lins' work has appeared in most of the major languages (even Polish and Hungarian), and most of the author-translator partnerships, his widow recalls, were productive.

It's nice to see Moacyr Scliar back in print. He pays a brief, apt tribute to Lins, whom he'd met in Porto Alegre in 1977. Scliar — whom I interviewed for *News from Brazil* in New York's Time Square in 1991 — has had several of his own novels and short story collections translated into English, including *The Centaur in the Garden*.

Next, there's "Narration in Many Voices," an obtuse and academic look at *Nine, Novena* by Benedito Nunes. Somewhat more enjoyable is "Nine, Novena's Novelty," in which Ana Luíza Andrade writes that "*Nine, Novena's* novelty consists in its being boldly playful and carefully systematic at the same time." Also, she says, "*Nine, Novena*, as with most of Lins' works, ultimately questions the role of the artist in a consumer society." It's a consideration that brings to mind *The Other Voice*, by Octavio Paz.

As for *Avalovara*, *The Review of Contemporary Fiction* reprints the review/paeon that critic and novelist Paul West wrote when the work first appeared in English. One can find it in *Sheer Fiction*, published by McPhereson & Company, a superb collection of essays and reviews about some of the worldwide and world class writers of our time.

Last but not least, of course, is *Nine, Novena* itself, which leads off with an introduction by the translator, Adria Frizzi, itself a solid and sorely-needed orientation to Lins' unusual poetics.

It was Lins' intent, Frizzi says, "to return us to the mythic through the discourses of culture and the human arts." Also, she adds, "The art of stained glass windows — direct, synthetic and conscious of its limitations in the face of an overwhelming commitment to spirituality — is for Osman Lins the paradigm of what he aims at in his writing."

Frizzi compares these nine tales to retables, "frames often used as altar

The Queen of the Prisons of Greece is "an illustration and a defense of the art of the novel, as well as a satire on certain pretensions of criticism or literary hermeneutics."

pieces enclosing a series of painted panels." Because some of the stories are a bit mystifying, it is more than a courtesy extended from publisher to reader that Frizzi's introduction gets us started down the right path.

There is, for example, "Hahn's Pentagon," in which several points of view seem to hover around an elephant that has come to town with the circus (one may be reminded of the parable of the blind men touching the various parts of an elephant, with each one likening it to something completely different). Like the cast of a Fellini film, the rotating characters — each represented by a symbol (or hieroglyph) — are a bit on the quirky side. Hahn, of course, is more emblem (and epicenter) than elephant, and is vested with a great deal of symbolic meaning and more than a geometric touch.

"Retable of Saint Joana Carolina" has the kind of prose that glides over the page, and it reminds this writer of the fluid, rhythmic styles found in *The Autumn of the Patriarch* by Gabriel García Márquez, or *The Gospel According to Jesus Christ* by José

Like the cast of a Fellini film, the rotating characters are a bit on the quirky side. Hahn is vested with a great deal of symbolic meaning and more than a geometric touch.

Saramago.

"Baroque Tale or Tripartite Unity" resembles a game with different paths to choose from, in which the reader is more than simply an observer. The various possible combinations recall the mechanics behind Julio Cortázar's *Hopscotch*.

"Lost and Found" contains the surge and ebb of many viewpoints, in which a child is lost at the beach and feared drowned. The narrative is interleaved with matter-of-fact accounts of prehistoric sea life (instilling the whole with a kind of literary cubism), to which is added other voices, about other searches, and on one level the story may be about those things we know, have known, but have now seen slip away to the point where they cannot be recovered.

The stories in *Nine, Novena*, as mentioned earlier, have the feel of a testing ground for Avalovara, but while the reader's response to the individual pieces may vary widely, from puzzlement to fascination, there seems to be a focused and deliberate approach that unifies the collection. As Adria Frizzi writes in her introduction, "*Nine, Novena* represents a turning point in Lins' work, the relinquishment of a traditional approach to literature in favor of experimentation, and one of the most inventive moments in modern Brazilian literature."

Nine, Novena is published by Sun & Moon Press (\$12.95 paperback, 276 pp.) at 6026 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036. Phone: (213) 857-1115; fax (213) 857-1115.

The Queen of the Prisons of Greece is published by Dalkey Archive Press (\$12.95 paperback, 187 pp.) at Illinois State University, Campus Box 4241, Normal, IL 61790-4241. Phone (309) 438-7555; fax (309) 438-7422.

Avalovara is published by the University of Texas Press (\$14.95 paperback, approx. 330 pp.) at PO Box 7819, Austin, TX 78713-7819. Phone (800) 252-3206.

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