

# brazzil

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**MUSIC:**  
VIRGÍNIA  
RODRIGUES,  
A LYRICAL VOICE  
FROM BAHIA

**ECONOMY:**  
BRAZIL ALSO CATCHES  
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SERIAL KILLER  
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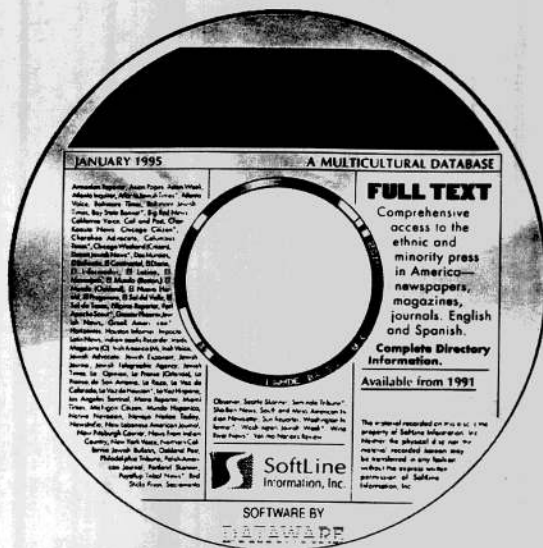


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# reca do

Brazilians will be going to the polls this first Sunday in October. As customary in a democracy they will be voting their pockets and at a particularly tough time for the country's economy. After months of heroic resistance to the Asian virus Brazil's stock market has been crumbling while a panicky world withdraws the speculative money it had brought in.

Not even the dramatic rise of interest rates to close to 50% a year—which increases the public deficit—was enough to dissuade speculators from taking their dollars and running. In less than two months, from early August until the last week in September, more than \$30 billion had left the country, shrinking the nation's

reserves to \$45 billion. At the end of September the bleeding continued at a clip of \$500,000 a day. Foreign investors see the Brazilian budget deficit—more than 7% of its gross domestic product—as the nation's Achilles heel.

Despite the crisis and the high unemployment rate, however, there is apathy from the electorate. According to a *Jornal do Brasil* poll, 70% of Rio's voters had little or no interest in casting ballots a mere three weeks before the election. This lack of interest seems rooted in part in the belief that no one can take this victory from incumbent Fernando Henrique Cardoso, who barring an improbable upset should win in the first round against eleven other candidates.

The leading opposition party, the PT (Partido dos Trabalhadores—Workers Party) has apparently been playing the-worse-the-better game, hoping the crumbling economy would also undermine people's confidence

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in Cardoso. Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, the PT candidate, blamed the government for the predicament: "The only and the biggest responsible for the crisis is FH, who created this dependency on the foreign capital," said Lula. In a cruel twist for the opposition though, the more troubled the international waters were the more voters became afraid to trust the opposition with the country.

In comparison, 1968—the subject of our cover story—had a more macabre scenario. But through the glasses of reminiscence those times also seem more romantic and much more heroic.

R.M.

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## Behavior

### My Heart Is Red, White and Blue

"Yankee, go home" graffiti and American flags being burned are scenes of a distant past in Brazil. Blame it on Hollywood and the truculence of the US media, but a poll by InformEstado, a subsidiary from daily *o Estado de S. Paulo*, shows that in the eyes of Brazilians the United States is the ideal country, with the most freedom, best education and government, as well as best economic opportunities.

Offered a chance to live overseas, the majority opted for the U.S.. But few, a mere 13%, would like to make this move a definitive one. The overwhelming majority of the interviewees—288 men and 312 women between de ages of 18 and 60—also pointed out English as being the most important foreign language.

From the 28.2% who traveled overseas in recent years, 55.7% went to the US, with the rest choosing in order of preference: France, Italy, England, Argentina, and Spain. Thirty four percent of those who are parents (322) said they would like to see their children studying overseas and from those 72% chose the US as the best place to study.

According to the New-York-based International Education Institute the number of Brazilians in U.S. colleges has doubled in the last ten years. In 1997 there were 6,168 Brazilians enrolled in American colleges and universities. Fifty one percent of those were in graduate courses, a departure from past years when



## Entertainment

### The Smart Blonde

It is hard to walk around these days in Brazil without coming upon—and often—Danielle Winitskowsky de Azevedo or Danielle Winits as she is known. She is Alicinha, that glorious blonde with the winning smile, who stars in *Corpo Dourado* (Golden Body), the daily 7-PM Globo *novela* (soap opera). She is the young lady trying to sell you something out of billboards and TV and magazine ads. She is the starlet Tetê Monroe on the musical *Cabaret Brazil* playing every night to a full house in Rio. She is the *Playboy* cover girl—displayed on a 24-page photographic essay by J. R. Duran—who decided to disrobe it all choosing as background the slot machines and luxurious beds of Las Vegas casinos.

Is the 24-year-old beauty worried about her roles as stereotypical dumb blondes? "I don't fear labels," she told Rio's daily *Tribuna da Imprensa*. "These two characters are very different. The only coincidence is that both are blonde and were inspired by Marilyn Monroe. Tetê is a starlet from the '50s battling to become an artist. Alicinha's got the fame as dumb blonde, but she has her kind of intelligence and will be able to fulfill her dreams. I've done theater since I was 12. Naturally, it wasn't everything pretty, I found several difficulties, but this is part of life. I don't believe in trees that are born with flowers."

Danielle has done ballet from age 5 to 18 and nowadays she prefers body building and power yoga. Late poet Vinícius de Moraes is her favorite author and she always carries around his poetry book *Para Viver um Grande Amor* (To Live a Great Love) and she dreams about publishing her own poems soon. Winits loves Wim Wender's movie *Paris, Texas*. And yes, this romantic dream girl is already taken. She seems happy with her actor and model husband André Segatti. By year's end she should also be in movie theaters in *Até Que a Vida Nos Separe* (Until Life Do Us Apart). And then it will be time to start shooting *Bolero*, another movie.

Being a sex symbol is a "two-edged sword" says the *Carioca* (from Rio) actress, who was born on December 5,

1973. You need to overcome this. I always keep in mind that the sex symbol is not me, but the character I play. As myself, Danielle, I try to keep the more distance I can from all of this."

## Heloisa, Mexe a Cadeira

Vinny

Mexe a cadeira (1)  
E botá na beira da sala  
Mexe a cadeira  
Agora bem na minha cara

Mexe a cadeira  
Da maneira que te tara  
Mexe a cadeira  
E perde a vergonha na cara

E vem, vai... Vem, vai...  
Move your body, don't stop  
Mexe a cadeira  
Menina, mexe a cadeira

Mexe a cadeira, hey  
Bota pra danar, hey  
Trepá (2) na mesa, hey, give  
it up...  
Mexe a cadeira

Sabe tudo e nada fala  
Mexe a cadeira  
E vai fazendo a minha mala  
(3)

Mexe a cadeira da maneira  
que te tara...

## [-ad] Hip Hoping

The song was released in 1997, but only this year "Heloisa, Mexe a Cadeira" started to make waves. By June it had already become the most requested tune on the radio and in dance halls and nightclubs in Rio. Says DJ Jorginho: "Every time I play Heloisa the dance floor gets crowded real fast."

Vinny (Vinicius Bonotto Conrado, 31), who composed and sings the hit, told Rio's daily *O Dia* that he never expected such a huge success: "I couldn't believe all the fuss. First it became a gay anthem and then it won the dance floor in a remixed version. Now, no one can keep still when the music starts." Is there a real Heloisa? "She can be anyone," says the crooner. For me she is someone who is pretty and sexy." While the funk-rock rhythm is contagious some people criticize the song's lyrics calling them vulgar and in bad taste.

## Heloisa, Move Your Hips

Move your hips  
And place on the side of the room

Move your hips  
Now right on my face

Move the hips  
The way it makes you horny  
Move the hips  
And let go all your shame

And come, go... Come, go  
Move your body, don't stop  
Move your hips  
Girl, move your hips

Move the hips, hey  
Let's get crazy, hey  
Jump (or fuck) on the table,  
hey, give it up

Move the hips  
You know it all and say nothing  
Move the hips  
And start making my bag (giving me a hard on)  
Move the hips the way it makes you horny

1. *Cadeira* means hips but also chair.
2. *Trepá* is synonymous with jump on, but also to fuck
3. *Mala* is bag, but also penis

Ads

## Blue Baby

How do you celebrate the first anniversary of a company? Get Propaganda, an ad agency from Curitiba, the capital of Paraná, decided to use the picture of a one-year-old boy and spread it on 80 billboards around the city. Nothing too original. To use a baby's image to convey the idea of vitality and a long road ahead is common practice. To avoid the trite, Get placed its baby standing naked on the display and to give just a little zest and impact added a computer-enhanced erect penis to the boy.

That was enough to take the subject from the marketing section of the papers to the police pages and to turn an unknown ad agency into a hot name. Police have

indicted the baby's parents, photographer João Vieira, and the ad agency's owners. They are all accused of violating the Child and Adolescent Statute that forbids taking pictures or publishing images of children engaged in pornographic acts and protect kids from being exposed to ridicule. If guilty they could get from six months to four years in jail.

Get Propaganda says that an ad piece should make people think. "The reading of the message is done by people according to what they have in their minds," said creation director Gilberto Trindade, who called the picture an "everyday scene". To what Get's co-owner, Jacqueline Vieira, added: "If you want pornography you will find it in the high rate of child mortality in the country. And nobody does anything to change this."

most students were doing postgraduate work. Brazil's upper middle class has found out that college prices in the U.S. are just slightly more than those in Brazil and the American school is generally a better passport for a good a job. The cost of a second-tier university in Brazil like the Campinas PUC (Pontificia Universidade Católica), not including an English course and health insurance, is around \$1,000. Few Brazilians go to the best American colleges though. The prestigious Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example, generally does not admit more than one Brazilian a year to its graduate courses.

The US won again with 33% of the preference when the interviewees had to point the country with the best life style". The U.S. was also chosen by 47% as the nation with the best form of government. And what is the country that least welcomes Brazilians? Once again the United States won with 22% of the respondents choosing it. Talk about unrequited love.

Schooling

## Blind Vote

While presenting a nation where democracy starts to thrive the just-released TSE (Tribunal Superior Eleitoral—Electoral Superior Court) map is also a sad portrait of a country with a majority of illiterate and semi-illiterate voters. On October 4, 106 million voters will be choosing a new president as well as senators, House representatives and state governors. More than 70 million of those registered—voting is compulsory between the ages of 18 and 70 and elective for the illiterate and youngsters between the ages of 16 and



18—are illiterate or never concluded first grade. The illiterate crowd congregates 8.5 million voters. Another 24.8 million barely know how to read and write.

In São Paulo, the richest and most populated state in the country, 56.54% of voters fall in this category of no or very little schooling. That makes an army of 13 million people in that state alone. In the Northeast the situation is the worst. In the northeastern state of Alagoas, for example, 20.88% of all voters are illiterate. These voters added to those who never finished first grade make 78.55% of the state's voting population.

On top of the pyramid, a mere 3.28% of Brazilian voters—3.4 million—have a college diploma. Analyzing the numbers, Sergipe state's opposition senator José Eduardo Dutra from PT (Partido dos Trabalhadores—Workers' Party), commented: "Without schooling people have less opportunity to vote with awareness."

### Crime Cordial Do-Bader

Ronaldo Soares da Silva, 25, was one of the most faithful and considerate clients of the Garcia Materiais de Construção, a hardware store in Cachambi, a neighborhood on the north side of Rio. Da Silva would drop in once a week, go directly to the cashier and take whatever money was available leaving with a smile and a thankful word. Since April, according to his own account, the daring robber paid the extortionist visit 19 times.

It all ended when Antônio Garcia, the store's owner, grew tired of the importune visitor and decided to call the police who

### Controversy Still the Land of Soccer

An offensive bathroom door on soccer star Romário's recently-opened bar in Rio has been brought down by the justice. It was a victory for Mário Lobo Zagallo, the man who last June and July coached the Brazilian soccer squad in the French fields into a second-place in the World Cup. Zagallo is also suing for \$1 million in damages for a painting on the door that showed him with his pants down sitting on a toilet.

All of this happened weeks before the Bar do Gol, located in the Barra da Tijuca neighborhood, was even opened to the public. Romário alleged that the drawing was an homage to the coach and that the door was going to be auctioned after three months with the money going to charity. Zagallo didn't buy the explanation and accused the player of using the caricature as retaliation for being cut from the national team 10 days before the start of the Cup. The reason for the cut was a calf muscle injury, which two months after the Cup's final game is still plaguing the striker.

Since the Cup's end Brazil mourned and overcame the grief over its loss to France, CBD (Confederação Brasileira de Desportos—Brazilian Sports Confederation) fired Zagallo and chose his substitute, and the country seems resigned to have not discovered the truth behind the ill that befell superstar Ronaldinho in the final match, turning him unrecognizable and useless on the field. But the media continue to give him star treatment even when announcing that Ronaldinho also had opened its own hip bar in Rio and that his name was left out the list prepared by the new coach for the first friendly of the post-Cup national team.

#### New Blood

By the way, the new coach in the land where 10 out of 10 are born with the soccer coach genes, is Wanderley Luxemburgo da Silva, 46. He is the 36th man to occupy the much-cov-



eted and ulcer-inducing post. As expected, the media have been giving him the honeymoon treatment despite his habit of using rococo terminology and expressions that don't make too much sense and his insistence on always wearing a suit in the European tradition even during the games he is coaching. He dresses in Giorgio Armanis, Gianni Versaces, Tweeds, and Vila Romanas and is believed to have an extensive collection of ties to go with 120 shirts and 30 suits. Forty pairs of shoes complete his wardrobe.

With a college degree in administration and another one in PE, Luxemburgo is a serious adept of marketing for his own work even though he sounds humble when talking about his plans and the help he will need from aides. He is also an avid reader of neurolinguistics



books and in high demand on the motivational seminary circuit where he is paid an average of \$15,000 for a conference. He talks about creating a "macro plan" for the national team and preaches the need to "escalate parameters." One of his favorite maxims: "The fear to lose takes away the will to win."

Luxemburgo believes in computers and always uses animation software Data Show to make a point. He has even his own Internet site: <http://www.wanderleyluxemburgo.com.br> As his predecessor, the new coach also appeals to the supernatural and has his superstitions and lucky charms. For example, he will not stay in any other suite than the 171 when at his favorite hanging-out place, the Park Hotel Atibaia, 37 miles from São Paulo.

Born in Tinguá, Rio de Janeiro, on May 10, 1952, he is considered a *Paulista* for having developed his career in São Paulo. He has been married for 25 years with Josefa with whom he has three girls: Valeska, Vanessa, and Vanusa. A Campinas (interior of São Paulo) manicurist sued him for sexual harassment, but nothing could be proved against the coach.

In a show of independence, and a hint that things might have changed, he presented early August his first team. For the surprise of everybody, among the 22 names a mere four (Cafu, Emerson, Rivaldo, and Denílson) were in the squad that went to France last June for the World Cup. He preferred younger and more versatile players who can be used in more than one position on the field slighting experience. Even superstar Ronaldinho did not make the cut.

The new coach was a mediocre soccer player from 1971 to 1982, having played at Botafogo and Flamengo, both from Rio, before starting a glorious coaching career that took him to 15 different clubs, including two from Saudi Arabia. Notorious for fighting prima donnas, the coach has clashed with several soccer stars, including Romário from Flamengo, Edmundo from Palmeiras and more recently Marcelinho Carioca from Corinthians.

As coach for Palmeiras, a team from São Paulo, he won the national soccer championship in 1993 and 1994. He got his first head-coaching job in 1983 at Campo Grande, a Rio team. His first brush with fame came in 1990 after Luxemburgo took the small soccer club Bragantino to the São Paulo state championship. He coached Flamengo in 1995, returning to Palmeiras where he won the 1996 *Paulista* (from São Paulo) championship. In 1997 he moved to Santos Futebol Clube. The coach is with Corinthians now and intends to accumulate the functions of national team coach with his work at Corinthians, until December, planning to dedicate himself solely to the national team starting January 1999. That's when he will begin in earnest the so-called Cup 2002 project.

How long is the honeymoon with the media and the public going to last? While the new coach keeps winning. It is a daunting task. Much maligned Zagallo was at the helm when Brazil became champion of the latest Confederations Cup (to be disputed again in January 1999) came in first on the America Cup (the new tournament is June 1999), and won the pre-Olympic (to be disputed again on January 2000). He has an obligation to at least win them all. How about this for a challenge?

caught the bandit a few blocks from the shop with the fruit of his last incursion in his pocket: close to \$100.

Taken to the district da Silva was booked and charged. The police report stated that the swindler admitted to have stolen some \$5000 every month from several merchants. He also praised the hardware storeowner for his kindness and calm, which made unnecessary the use of a weapon, even though da Silva used to threaten to kill Garcia if he reacted or called the police. Garcia returned the compliment: "He has an incredible chutzpah, but is a very considerate robber. He would say 'I'm sorry' after each assault."

## Immigrants

### 'Tis My Land

While some 2 million Brazilians have left their country in recent years in search of better economic opportunities in Europe, Japan, and mostly the United States—more than 600 thousand came here—, tens of thousands have taken the opposite path, fleeing their countries and looking for a better life in Brazilian shores. Like the Brazilian emigrants, the immigrants to Brazil are in their majority undocumented people, living clandestinely, unable to get a job with all the legal benefits or to drive, visit their homeland or enroll their children in school.

The Federal Police believe that there are at least 100,000 in this condition, with Bolivians making up the largest contingent. To address their plight President Fernando Henrique Cardoso just approved a law allowing all undocumented aliens who arrived in Brazil up to June 29, 1998, to le-

DO PRESENTE À CAIAFINO, E OS MELHORES PREÇOS EMVA O DIA DOS PAIS • PÁGINA 29

# O GLOBO

Governo reduz taxa do IPT para carros novos

Com o objetivo de estimular a compra de veículos novos, o governo anunciou a redução da taxa do IPT para 10% em carros novos. A medida é considerada uma das mais importantes para o setor automotivo.

Realização é marcada e melhor de Copa

A Copa Libertadores da América será realizada em São Paulo, o que é considerado uma vitória para o futebol brasileiro. A competição será disputada entre os melhores times do continente sul-americano.

Audiência para 100 milhões por ano

Estima-se que a audiência da Copa Libertadores da América será de aproximadamente 100 milhões de telespectadores por ano. Isso demonstra o grande interesse do público brasileiro pelo futebol internacional.

Radem não aceita mais

Radem não aceita mais a situação atual do futebol brasileiro. Ele acredita que é necessário uma reforma profunda no esporte para que ele volte a ser respeitado e valorizado.

## Governo exige garantias e plano de metas para a Telerj

Aracil Lara Henning diz que quer evitar o fechamento de veículos do leilão

O governador do Rio de Janeiro, Aracil Lara Henning, exigiu garantias e um plano de metas para a Telerj, a empresa responsável pelo leilão de veículos apreendidos.



Os membros do Conselho de Administração da Telerj foram convocados para discutir o plano de metas e as garantias exigidas pelo governador.



A família de Radem não aceita mais a situação atual do futebol brasileiro. Ele acredita que é necessário uma reforma profunda no esporte para que ele volte a ser respeitado e valorizado.

GRATIS

Dicionário Webster's

A vitória de Henning

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galize their status. This is the third time since 1980 that the government will give general amnesty to undocumented foreigners.

Despite rampant unemployment and serious flaws in the Brazilian education, health, and housing systems, the country is still an Eldorado for some immigrants, who sometimes prefer to work 15 or more hours a day in a sweatshop and receive as little as \$400 a month rather than be jobless back home.

Many of the undocumented are employed by sewing outfits generally owned by Koreans, who for more than a decade have cornered the clothes-making business in downtown São Paulo, which now represents around 2000 workshops.

"If there was such a thing as slave work this is something from the past," told Woo Jin Kin, 58, director of the weekly *SP Journal*, in an interview with newsweekly *Isto É*. "Today, these workshops generate in São Paulo 150 thousand direct and indirect jobs for Brazilians as well as immigrants from several countries."

In São Paulo, some ethnicities seem to have a monopoly on a market segment. Jews and Arabs, for example, live peacefully side by side with their clothing and sundry stores; the Portuguese own the bakeries, a widespread institution that looks more like a mini-market, with a counter for a fast meal; the Chinese have their *pastelarias* (turn-over shops); and the Japanese have their stall on the ubiquitous open-air markets and also own the laundry business. Some illegal Nigerians are making a living by giving English lessons, Cubans teach salsa, and many Angolans have found a job as hotel helpers and electricians.

On the other hand, a just-released report shows that 1.5 million Brazilian youngsters—roughly 5% of the young population—have emigrated in the

## Indians How Stars Are Born

The spirits of brothers Cláudio and Álvaro Villas-Boas—the best friends the Brazilian Indians ever had among the white man—were finally freed from their earthly chains to rivers and forests and were able to get to the "stars village" high up in the skies. Their lives were celebrated in a Quarup, the highest homage paid by the Indians to their dead heroes. Orlando, 84, was there to see it all. He is the last survivor of the four Villas-Boas brothers, who in the '40s started contacting tribes on the border of the Xingu river—an Amazon tributary—in Central Brazil. For 32 years Orlando and Cláudio lived with the Indians. The fourth Villas-Boas—Leonardo—died in 1961.

At the Kamayurá *aldeia* (village) in the Amazon High Xingu, Tacumã is the *cacique* (chief) and the host for the Quarup, the ritual party for the dead. Everybody else is guest: more than 1100 Indians from several tribes. The guests started to arrive on Friday, on the eve of the celebration. The Yawalapitis were the first to get there followed by the Waurás and then the Awetis. The Meynako, Kuikuro, Kalapalo, Matipu, Nafukuá and Trumay tribes came in Saturday, July 25. The Quarup dances, which started Saturday morning, would last until the breaking of the next day.

Tacumã leads over a community of 300 Indians living in 15 *malocas* (collective huts). For 400 years his people have lived on the banks of the Ipavu lagoon. "Cláudio died in the city," he said, "but his spirit moved here, so we decided to do the Quarup, so he can rest in peace in the village of the stars."

Ulisses Capozoli, one of the reporters invited for the Quarup, mocked in his long piece published by daily *O Estado de S. Paulo* the government involvement in the ceremonies. "Justice Minister, Renan Calheiros, makes an empty speech, and heeding a request from Iris Rezende, his predecessor on the post, "warns" the Indians not to burn the forest. There is a refined irony here. The former minister owns a huge farm with large deforested areas just beside the park. In the lands of his brother, Orlando, the spectacle is even sadder. Black and smoldering tree trunks show the effects of a recent fire although there is a vague economic justification for all of this."

The mainstream media, which was drawn to the spectacle, seemed mesmerized by the bonfires, the mystery of the jungle, and the solemnity of the dances and chants. And at times the Indians seemed puzzled by the shoves, screams and lack of sportsmanship exhibited by photographers jockeying for a better shooting position.

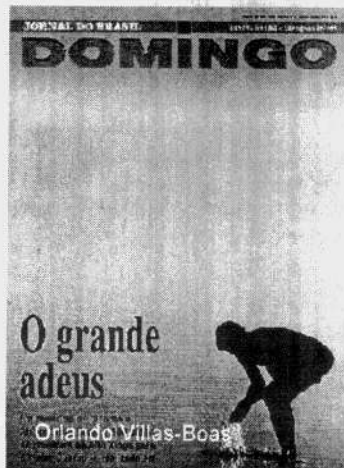
### Hugs and Tears

Other white men like anthropologist Darcy Ribeiro and indianist marshal Cândido Rondon were celebrated in a Quarup, but nothing that compared to the show put on for brothers Cláudio, who died March 1998 and Álvaro Villas-Boas dead in 1996, plus the Indian warrior Mariká. Experts believe this was the largest Quarup ever staged for white men.

Maynapu, an Yawalapiti warrior, described the role of Quarup as an integrator factor: "The dead must be remembered and grieved with respect, but after the pain it is time for the *huka-huka* (wrestling) joy."

The tree trunks were placed in the center of the village. "For us they are all the same," explained Tacumã, even though Mariká's trunk is thinner in deference to the white men, and the one representing Cláudio was placed in the center because he was the one of the two brothers who lived more among the Indians.

It was a time of high emotion and tears for Orlando, the sole survivor of the Villas-Boas. He



### The Xingu Park

The Parque Nacional Indígena do Xingu, created in 1961 with the help of the Villas-Boas, today has an estimated population of 6000, spread throughout 30 villages from 17 indigenous nations. The reservation occupies 2.3 million hectares in the northern area of Mato Grosso state, an area 30% larger than that of the state of Israel. The area is administered by Funai (Fundação Nacional do Índio—Indian National Foundation) and is under direct supervision of the Brazilian Justice Ministry.



are very pretty. I might get lucky and marry one."

Amid all the emotion, Orlando Villas-Boas talked about his concern for the future of the area. In an interview with Rio's daily *Jornal do Brasil* he declared: "The High Xingu is a world reference for the preservation of indigenous culture. You need to have more resources to maintain this status. The biggest danger to the rivers that form the Xingu river basin is the pollution at the headwater of the tributaries. If the aggression to the springs is not prevented the Xingu will be jeopardized in the next millenium." And Orlando, who has already spelled out his wish to be buried in the Xingu reservation, continued talking about his brother: "Cláudio was my other half. With his death I lost a piece of my heart. But tomorrow I will also die. The peoples from Xingu are the ones who cannot die. My brothers died believing that Brazil would not do to their Indians what the United States did. Some say that our names—mine and Cláudio's—might be nominated for a Nobel Prize. If this happens the merit belongs to the Indians who taught us more than learned from us."

The Villas-Boas brothers' dreams might inspire a new generation of Villas-Boas. Chief Tacumã made an invitation to Noel, the youngest son of Orlando to live in the reservation and to continue his father work. The 23-year-old Philosophy (at PUC, the São Paulo catholic university) and Linguistics (at USP, Universidade de São Paulo) student is not against the idea but says that is too early for such a serious commitment and responsibility."

reencountered Indians he hadn't seen for 30 years. Since 1984 the indianist had not visited the Xingu Park Indian Reservation, one of the better-known Villas-Boas accomplishments. "My father, my father", repeated *cacique* Kanato, an Indian who is in his '60s, but who was still a young man when Orlando first met him at the end of the '40s. Both men embraced each other and cried.

Not all participants came simply to mourn and celebrate the lives of dead heroes, though. Pegrati, 15, for example, was excited about the possibility of finding a wife. Said the Meynako warrior incapable of hiding a broad smile: "After one year in reclusion the virgins are being released and I didn't want to miss this opportunity. The Kamayurá girls

## Quarup

An Indian ceremony to honor the illustrious dead. The honoree is represented by a cut trunk of a tree, which is painted and decorated with feathers, ribbons, bracelets, collars and all kinds of colorful ornaments. The trunk or trunks are buried in the center of the village and the celebrations that include laments, dances, and bonfires are held around the totem-like symbol. The all-night celebration ends when the first rays of sun appear. The trunks then are taken and thrown into the river for their final liberating trip.

According to the Xingu Indian Genesis, Mavutsinin, the supreme being and creator, made man from six *mavunhã* tree trunks that he buried in an empty village. He then spent the night singing to the cut trees until sunrise when the lifeless wood gave sign of live. Mavutsinin made a bonfire close to every trunk to help them but they never became people. Sad, the god kept singing through another night and another sunrise after which the exterior white side of the tree became women and the darker wood inside gave origin to men.

The fish then jumped from the river and the jaguar left the jungle and engaged in a wrestling match to celebrate the first humans. Quarup, a Tupi word meaning "sun on the wood", is a reenactment of the Mavutsinin's ceremonial. After a Quarup there should be no more tears since the dead are again alive although in another dimension, Umañoretá, the celestial village where everything is the same as it was on earth.



Orlando Villas-Boas

last two decades in search of a job. There are today 32 million Brazilians between the ages of 15 and 24, roughly 20% of an estimated population of 162 million.

US

## I save mine

This one was reported by newsweekly *Veja* on its little-notes Radar section: The American consulate in São Paulo didn't take any chances when notified that a bomb might explode in the building in which they occupy five floors. The diplomatic officials were prompt in evacuating all of its personnel. A little detail: they never told the other tenants in the building of the danger of being blown up. And they all survived in blessed ignorance a bomb that never exploded. At least the consulate people were unbiased and equally unfair to all: among the not-warned crowd there were five of their countrymen: the American workers for Bank of America.

Economy

## A Whopper of a Downsizing

For decades German automaker Volkswagen has given jobs to more Brazilians than any other private company, foreign or national. Even after a series of economic crises that cut as many as 20,000 jobs, Volkswagen is still a heavy-weight, employing an army of 30,775 people. The carmaker, however, has just lost its title as Brazil's largest employer to an American company, which is already employing 32,000 Brazilians.

Volkswagen has always offered some of the most coveted and well-paying jobs while the Yankee firm provides some of the lowest wages all over the world. In the new world of a global and service-driven economy the new champion of job positions, is, as you might have guessed by now, the one with the golden

arches, McDonald's.

## History

### Poetic Injustice

Known as *poetinha* (little poet) and as a whiskey-loving bohemian who wrote some of the most unforgettable lyrics of Bossa Nova—"Garota de Ipanema" (The Girl from Ipanema) is an example—Vinícius de Moraes was also a respected diplomat who served Brazil in several foreign posts including Paris and Los Angeles (vice-consul from 1947 to 1950). His diplomatic career was interrupted in 1969, however, by the military dictatorship that took the power in 1964. The diplomat was compulsorily retired at age 55. He died in 1980.

Now a woman judge in Rio, Maria Teresa de Almeida Rosa Carcomo Lobo, has granted a post-mortem amnesty to the diplomat-poet. According to the Itamaraty (Foreign Ministry), Vinícius de Moraes had already being amnestied and reintegrated to the diplomatic service during President José Sarney's administration (1985-1990).

What the new decision does is to grant to the three single daughters of the poet—Georgiana, 45, Luciana, 42, and Maria, 27—full pension as if he had stayed on his post until his death. Other diplomats who started their career at the same time Vinícius did were minister of first class when he died. The *bossa-nova* lyricist was also promoted to this position and the pension should be adjusted accordingly and retroactively so that his heirs can receive the difference of all the past payments.

The Union intends to appeal the decision. In case it loses, Vinícius daughters will get the monthly pension raised to \$5000 and will also receive around \$250 for past due payments. "The money is the least important," says Luciana. What the sisters want is to show that is possible to repair injustices that were committed during the military regime.

## Literature

### The Great Brazilian Novel

Inspired by similar lists of movies and books in the United States, Rio's weekly magazine *Manchete* asked a group of eight experts from Rio and São Paulo to present their 50 favorite romances produced this century by Brazilian writers. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* by João Guimarães Rosa came in first with 315 points out of a possible 400, just slightly ahead of Mário de Andrade's *Macunaíma*, with 300.

Born June 3, 1908 in Cordisburgo state of Minas Gerais, Rosa, the greatest Brazilian author since Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis (1839-1908), came from a wealthy patrician family. He earned a medical degree and worked as a doctor and a diplomat before publishing in 1946 his first book, *Sagarana*, a collection of short stories. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* (Big Backlands: Pathways, *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands* in the American translation) was published in 1956.

Rosa was responsible for inventing a new language mixing regional slang to Indian dialects and modern and archaic Portuguese and foreign languages. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is the pinnacle of this accomplishment. The novel's story is an endless monologue told in the first person by Riobaldo, an ex-bandit, who with unfinished sentences and invented words recalls what happened to him and sexually-ambiguous character Diadorim in the backlands, starting at the end of the nineteenth century.

He died at his home in Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro, on November 19, 1967, of a heart attack just three days after being formally received at the Academia Brasileira de Letras. The author, who had a nearly fatal heart attack in 1962 was chosen in 1963 to become an "immortal", but refused to join the other 39 members of the Academy of Letter fearing "the emotion of the moment."

A sample from *Grande Sertão: Veredas* extracted from the episode known as the "Slaughter of the Ponies," which was eliminated from the US translation:

"I can't remember how many days and nights it was. I'd say six, but I may be telling a lie. And if I hit on five or four, I may be telling a whopper. I only know it was a long time. It dragged on for years, sometimes I think. And at other times, when I consider the problem, in a different light, I think it just flitted by, in the whiz of a minute that seems unreal to me now, like a squabble between two hummingbirds.... We were trapped inside that house, which had become an easy target. Do you know how it feels to be trapped like that and have no way out?... I can tell you—and say this to you so you'll truly believe it—that old house protected us grudgingly: creaking with complaint, its dark old rooms fumed. As for me. I got to thinking that they were going to level the whole works, all four corners of the whole damn property. But they didn't. They didn't, as you are soon to see. Because what's going to happen is this: you're going to hear de whole story told."

### Modern Times

Mário de Andrade (1893-1945) was the most important representative of the modernist movement in literature at the first half of the century in Brazil. After studying at the São Paulo Conservatory of Music and Drama he dedicated himself to learn about Brazilian myths and folklore. His book of verses, *Paulicéia Desvairada* (Insane São Paulo), came out in 1922, the same year of the Week of Modern Art, a mark in the Brazilian culture. *Macunaíma*, the book elected as second in this list, was published in 1928. The "hero without a character" as Andrade calls *Macunaíma*, was inspired by an Amazonian folk hero. The book is a patchwork of Brazilian myths and legends including those from Indians, Blacks and European immigrants, written in an invented language. The title character's motto: "Oh, but I feel so tired." While the book is now hailed as a masterpiece, when it was first published at Andrade's expense, critics and the public alike dismissed it as too hermetic and obscene.



Mário de Andrade



Guimarães Rosa

- Completing the list's top-ten literary works we have:
3. *Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* (Policarpo Quaresma's Sad End) by Lima Barreto (283 points)
  4. *São Bernardo* (Saint Bernard) by Graciliano Ramos (271)
  5. *O Tempo e o Vento* (The Time and the Wind) by Érico Veríssimo (247)
  6. *Memorial de Maria Moura* (Maria Moura's Notebook) by Rachel de Queiroz (242)
  7. *Menino de Engenho* (Sugar Mill Boy) by José Lins do Rego (238)
  8. *Fogo Morto* (literally Dead Fire, means a mill that stopped)

working) also by José Lins do Rego (208)

9. *Memórias Sentimentais de João Miramar* (João Miramar's Sentimental Memories) by Oswald de Andrade (192)

10. *Vidas Secas* (Barren Lives) by Graciliano Ramos (180)

Policarpo Quaresma, who gives name to the third book in the list, is a tragicomic ultranationalist hero. Lima Barreto (1881-1922) initially published the story in 1911 in installments in Rio's *Jornal do Commercio*, as a feuilleton. The book would only appear four years later.

Internationally-renowned *Baiano* (from Bahia) writer Jorge Amado is the champion of appearance in the list with his works mentioned five times although he first appears on 25th place with *Capitães da Areia* (Sand Captain). He is remembered again from 29th to 32nd places with *Terras do Sem Fim* (Endless Lands), *Jubiabá*, *Gabriela Cravo e Canela* (*Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*), and *Mar Morto* (Dead Sea).

The list covers the whole century. The oldest book chosen is Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões* (*Rebellion in the Backlands*) from 1902, and the most recent *Quase Memória* (Almost Memory) by Carlos Heitor Cony, published in 1995.

Oversights and overratings are de rigueur in such lists. Two of the more conspicuous are the absence of Machado de Assis, Brazil's greatest writer ever, from the top ten, and the low rating (a 24th place) given Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões*, which is considered by many the best book written in Brazil this century. There is an explanation for both cases though.

Machado de Assis (1839-1908) published the majority of his books and the best ones like *Dom Casmurro* (*Dom Casmurro*) and *Memórias Póstumas de Brás Cubas* (*The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas*) in the 19th century. The only two released this century were *Memorial de Aires* (Aires's Notebook) and *Esau e Jacó* (Esau and Jacob). The latter, published in 1904, obtained a 12th place and was the number one in three of the lists presented to Manchete by the jurors.

As for *Os Sertões* it seems that critics still don't know how to classify the masterpiece, presented as an extensive news report by some and as fiction by others. And how to explain that a genial author like *Curitiba* (from Curitiba, capital of Paraná) Dalton Trevisan who only writes short stories found a place among the chosen with *Vampiro de Curitiba* (Curitiba's Vampire)? No explanation there. The juror just wanted to recognize a great writer. And they probably will contribute to divulge authors that few people know nowadays, people like Dionélio Machado, Cornélio Pena, Octavio de Faria, and Armando Fontes.

By the way it would be hard to find a more qualified jury, which was composed of eight recognized writers and critics from Rio and São Paulo: Ivan Ângelo, Ignácio de Loyola Brandão, Carlos Heitor Cony, Roberto Freire, Leyla Perrone-Moysés, Eduardo Portella, Silviano Santiago, and Antônio Carlos Villaça.

Cony and Ignácio de Loyola, who were judges, have their books in the list. An odd situation to be in. Or the authors are too modest and omit their work hurting their chances or are too eager to win and overrate their literary contribution. How to ask for total exemption in this case? For your information, the number one choice of each judge received 50 points, the second place 49 points, and so on.

## The Top 50

1. *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, Guimarães Rosa
2. *Macunaíma*, Mário de Andrade
3. *Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* by Lima Barreto
4. *São Bernardo* by Graciliano Ramos
5. *O Tempo e o Vento* by Érico Veríssimo
6. *Memorial de Maria Moura* by Rachel de Queiroz
7. *Menino de Engenho* by José Lins do Rego
8. *Fogo Morto* by José Lins do Rego
9. *Memórias Sentimentais de João Miramar* by Oswald de Andrade
10. *Vidas Secas* by Graciliano Ramos
11. *Angústia* (Anguish) by Graciliano Ramos
12. *Esau e Jacó* (Esau and Jacob) by Machado de Assis
13. *O Coronel e o Lobisomem* (The Colonel and the Werewolf) by José Cândido de Carvalho
14. *O Quinze* (1915) by Rachel de Queiroz
15. *A Bagaceira* (Husk Pit) by José Américo de Almeida
16. *Quarup* (Quarup—Indian ceremony for the dead) by Antônio Callado
17. *O Encontro Marcado* (The Date) by Fernando Sabino
18. *O Amanuense Belmiro* (Clerk Belmiro) by Ciro dos Anjos
19. *A Menina Morta* (The Dead Girl) by Cornélio Pena
20. *Os Ratos* (The Rats) by Dionélio Machado
21. *Crônica da Casa Assassinada* (Chronicle of the Murdered House) by Lúcio Cardoso
22. *As Meninas* (The Girls) by Lygia Fagundes Teles
23. *Serafim Ponte Grande* (Serafim Ponte Grande) by Oswald de Andrade
24. *Os Sertões* (*Rebellion in the Backlands*) by Euclides da Cunha
25. *Capitães da Areia* (*Captains of the Sands*) by Jorge Amado
26. *Incidente em Antares* (Incident in Antares) by Érico Veríssimo
27. *Recordações do Escrivão Isaías Caminha* (Recollections of Clerk Isaías Caminha) by Lima Barreto
28. *Perto do Coração Selvagem* (Close to the Savage Heart) by Clarice Lispector
29. *Terras do Sem Fim* (Endless Lands) by Jorge Amado
30. *Jubiabá* (*Jubiabá*) by Jorge Amado
31. *Gabriela Cravo e Canela* (*Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*) by Jorge Amado
32. *Mar Morto* (*Sea of Death*) by Jorge Amado
33. *O Vampiro de Curitiba* (Curitiba's Vampire) by Dalton Trevisan
34. *A Pedra do Reino* (The Kingdom's Stone) by Ariano Suassuna
35. *Maira* (Maira) by Darcy Ribeiro
36. *Ópera dos Mortos* (Opera of the Dead) by Autran Dourado
37. *Avalovara* (Avalovara) by Osman Lins
38. *Mundos Mortos* (Dead Worlds) by Octavio de Faria
39. *Canaã* (Canaan) by Graça Aranha
40. *Memórias de Lázaro* (Lazarus's Memories) by Adonias Filho
41. *Galvêz, o Imperador do Acre* (*The Emperor of the Amazon*) by Márcio Souza
42. *Os Corumbas* (The Forgotten) by Armando Fontes
43. *A Paixão Segundo GH* (The Passion According to GH) by Clarice Lispector
44. *Zero* (Zero) by Ignácio de Loyola Brandão
45. *A Estrela Sobe* (The Star Rises) by Marques Rebelo
46. *Quase Memória* (All But Memory) by Carlos Heitor Cony
47. *O Púcaro Búlgaro* (The Bulgarian Mug) by Campos de Carvalho
48. *A República dos Sonhos* (The Republic of the Dreams) by Nélida Piñon
49. *Sargento Getúlio* (Sergeant Getúlio) by João Ubaldo Ribeiro
50. *A Grande Arte* (The Great Art) by Rubem Fonseca



Jorge Amado



AJB



# 1968

## FOR EVER

As in other parts of the world, 1968 was an eventful year in Brazil. After four years under a military dictatorship there was a brief spring of popular discontent. Songs defied the status quo, students went to the streets to protest. Demonstrations were violently repressed and artists were silenced. In a final response, the military shut down Congress, imposed censorship, and banned, exiled and jailed those it considered a threat.

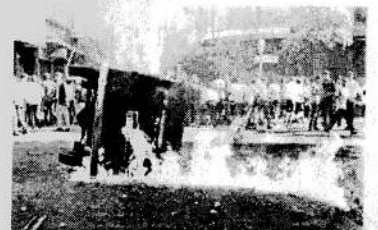
KIRSTEN WEINOLDT

*"They thought that they could change society permanently. They really believed in the perfection of society and perhaps in the perfection of man, and we know over and over again throughout history, Utopianism is a very dangerous business. It leads directly to coercion and violence."*

Judge Robert Bork, former Supreme Court Nominee, speaking for a PBS program about 1968. (Aired July 27, 1998)

*"The moral content is the best legacy the 1968 generation could leave to a country all the time governed by the lack of memory and the absence of ethics."*

Zuenir Ventura, author of *1968, O Ano Que Não Terminou* (1968, The Year That Didn't End)



Just as the planets from time to time move, at their own pace, into certain significant constellations which bode natural disasters and destruction, so do worldwide political events start to form a maelstrom into which, helplessly, the destiny of a generation is pulled. Such a maelstrom was nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-eight. The seeds were sown in many ways by a multitude of people and circumstances, starting at different times and headed for an inevitable collision course.

If one subscribes to a theory of a judgmental God seeking to teach his subjects a lesson—as happened with Sodom and Gomorrah as well as Noah and the great flood, so might this be such an example. Perhaps the Almighty looked at mankind, remembering Sodom and Gomorrah, and said, "Enough," and proceeded to set the dominoes in motion, soon enveloping a hapless planet Earth and leaving her population scratching its collective head.

It was a time at which unemployment was at its lowest, social welfare on the rise in the developed nations, and personal liberties at an all-time high—the sexual revolution in full swing. And yet, underneath it all bubbled and simmered discontent like the volcano waiting to erupt. And erupt it did.

Long a source of controversy and dissent, the Vietnam War took a new turn during the New Year's celebration of that country—the so-called Tet. The offensive by the Vietcong escalated the war to a new level and was, in fact, the beginning of the end—an end that was not to come still for several years—too many years.

1968 had brought civil rights legislation to Americans of African descent, but it was seen largely as an act of lip service in a deeply racist society. This was exacerbated by the Vietnam War, where the uneven ratio of blacks to whites was seen as a nation sending her "disposable" people to be killed in disproportionate numbers. Then came the great blow to a people struggling for equal rights when their leader, Martin Luther King, by many compared to Gandhi, was assassinated in April of that fateful year. Two months later came yet another shocking murder—that of Robert Kennedy—who had just won the California primary election.

Blacks and other poor people marched on Washington, sanitation workers struck, leaving a paralyzed and smelly New York. Firemen and teachers staged savage strikes, and American intellectuals such as Susan Sontag, Norman Mailer, and James Baldwin led a protest by the elite, asking the question, "Why should we pay taxes to finance the evil war against the Vietcong?"

The entertainment industry was inundated with rebellion and self-destruction during this period. Singers Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison, as well as Rolling Stone Brian Jones, laid the foundation of drugs and alcohol that would kill them a year or so later. The Czechoslovakian spring—a hopeful attempt at a fledgling democracy—was crushed by Soviet troops aided by other Warsaw-pact countries. It led to further protests in an already turbulent world.

In France, the name of a French-German student became a household word. Daniel Cohn-Bendit was the leader of the Parisian barricades, which fought the police in violent demonstrations. He says today of those times, "We wanted a direct democracy, we wanted to change the language and style of life—wanted a liberation of customs, the enthusiasm of solidarity, and the happiness of overcoming selfishness."

Carlos Fuentes, the Mexican writer, who participated in the Parisian spring, says of the events, "What we had there was an extraordinary sense of brotherhood and sisterhood. There was this capacity to embrace people in the streets. There were couples kissing. There were couples who fell apart because they did not share political views. Paris was divided by the river Seine, as never before. On the left bank, the revolutionaries—the dreamers. On the right, the conservatives, the financiers, the money people, the bourgeoisie, so the city was divided as much as in *Les Misérables* in Victor Hugo or in any of the great occasions of this city that seems to need a great revolutionary explosion from time to time."

In other European countries rebellion took a different path. Anti-system terrorism emerged in Italy with the Red Brigade, and in West Germany the population came to fear the Baader-Meinhof gang. In the United States, "Yippies," under the leadership of Abbie Hoffman, disrupted the Democratic Convention in Chicago. They were later tried as the so-called 'Chicago 8' and were eventually found not guilty. The Black Panther party, tired of racism and empty promises, struck out at the oppression.

At the same time Charles de Gaulle won a spectacular victory for conservatism in France, and Richard Nixon was elected president just months after the deaths of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy.

Mexico, also, was deeply touched by the unrest enveloping the Earth. This manifested itself in the events of October 2, which became known as the Night of Sorrow. Student unrest had been building all summer. It came to a head on that October evening when hundreds of young men and women gathered in a city square. They were challenging an authoritarian government, which claimed to be democratic. Soldiers with fixed bayonets surrounded the students. A helicopter hovering over-head opened fire, killing some 500 young people in the same square where, in 1521, Aztecs had been massacred. It was the worst, single disaster of 1968. It was also largely unknown around the world, as the Mexican government shrouded it in secrecy. But it became a turning point. In one single, fell swoop the Mexican government had lost whatever legitimacy it might have had. Carlos Fuentes says, "From this terrifying event in which over 500 young men and women died, a new Mexico was born."

#### A Stronger Dictatorship

Brazil, naturally, was affected by the happenings in other parts of the world. At the same time, the country had dealt with its own problems for the past four years prior to 1968. On March 31, 1964, the Brazilian military overthrew the government of João (Jango) Goulart, a president who had the support of the Left and of the most progressive layers of Brazilian society. He had been president since 1961, when President Jânio Quadros resigned. Goulart, who was his running mate, then assumed the office.

The generals who staged the coup d'état stated that they would only stay in power for a year, while they 'reorganized the country,' and new elections would be held for the presidency. Meanwhile, they appointed General Humberto Castelo

Branco to head the country, making him the first of a succession of generals holding the position of president. As it was, the military stayed in power for 21 years, until they allowed the Brazilian congress to elect a civilian president in 1985.

For a couple of years after the takeover, there was still some peaceful resistance. However, because the political rights of most union leaders and opposing politicians had been cancelled, artists, students, and journalists became the spearheads of resistance and protests. In the streets, students held demonstrations, in the beginning demanding better universities, and later democracy and elections. The biggest protest took place in Rio with over 100,000 participants. This kind of protest march was met with violence by the military.

By the end of 1968, the political scene was chaotic and the population polarized. Fights between rightist and leftist students were frequent. Right-wing terrorist groups like the MAC, the Anti-Communist Movement (Movimento Anti Comunista) and the CCC, the Communist Hunter Command (Comando de Caça aos Comunistas) struck down anything that appeared subversive to the military government. Artists and intellectuals were some of their favorite targets.

In Brasília, congressman Márcio Moreira Alves gave a speech before the chamber of deputies, proposing a boycott against the September 7<sup>th</sup> Independence Day celebrations. The senior officers of the military considered his words offensive to the armed forces and wanted to put him in jail. Congress, however, denied permission for Alves to be tried. That was the excuse the government needed for a second and more pro-



found coup. On December 13<sup>th</sup>, 1968, the military implemented Institutional Act No. 5, and Brazil was plunged into the most repressive dictatorship of its history. Congress was closed, all civil rights were banned, making it legal to keep anyone in jail without a trial. All forms of press and the arts had to undergo censorship before reaching the public. Acting president General Costa e Silva now had dictatorial powers.

People from all walks of life—politicians, artists, students, and intellectuals—were detained and tortured. Many ‘disappeared’ and never returned. Hundreds or even thousands of citizens were killed. A total number is not known. Others, again, were forced into exile. There were some guerilla groups attempting to rise up against the government, but without success. Act No. 5 stayed until 1978 when it was finally revoked. The next year, political prisoners were granted amnesty. It was not until 1989, however, that Brazil would again have direct elections for the presidency.

Those events starting in 1964 were the catalyst for what was to happen in 1968. It might be prudent at this point to look at a chronology of events that made the year one that people cannot and will not forget. While protests and riots had been taking place in Europe since the beginning of the year, it didn't start until March in Brazil.

March 28<sup>th</sup>—Group of Rio Polícia Militar invades university restaurant Calabouço. Edson Luís Lima Souto, 18, a student, is killed.

March 29<sup>th</sup>—Fifty thousand people attend the funeral of Edson Luís in Rio de Janeiro.

April 1<sup>st</sup>—Students occupy the University of Brasília (UnB).

Manifestations in Rio result in one death and several people injured; in São Paulo, protest march divides the students: one group defends a confrontation with the police, and the other is for dispersal. The latter wins out.

April 4<sup>th</sup>—7<sup>th</sup> day mass for Edson Luís Lima Souto, in Rio. Priests form a human chain to protect the students.

April 18<sup>th</sup>—University of Nanterre in the outskirts of Paris is closed.

May 3<sup>rd</sup>—Students occupy the building of the Medical Faculty in Belo Horizonte.

In Paris, the dean of the Sorbonne sends for the police to patrol campus.

May 5<sup>th</sup>—Police arrest 117 students at the Medical Faculty in Belo Horizonte.

May 7<sup>th</sup>—Seven thousand students fight with police in Paris.

May 8<sup>th</sup>—Student uprisings in Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, and in Mexico.

May 13<sup>th</sup>—General strike in France and a protest march in Paris.

May 14<sup>th</sup>—The Sorbonne and the University of Milan are occupied by students.

May 22<sup>nd</sup>—France comes to a halt. Ten million people are on strike.

June 2<sup>nd</sup>—The PUC, Pontificia Universidade Católica, in São Paulo, is taken over by students.

June 11<sup>th</sup>—Violence returns to the streets of Paris. A worker and a student are killed.

June 12<sup>th</sup>—Students invade the rectory of USP, Universidade de São Paulo.

June 17<sup>th</sup>—Police invade the Sorbonne and remove students who have occupied the building for 47 days.

June 21<sup>st</sup>—Riots in Rio on the day that became known as Bloody Friday: Officially two killed—including a policeman with a brick—and dozens injured. Medicine students on duty in hospitals count 28 cadavers.

June 24<sup>th</sup>—USP Law School is occupied by students.

June 26<sup>th</sup>—Protest march of 100,000 in Rio.

Bomb attack by the VPR, Vanguarda Popular Revolucionária, The People's Revolutionary Vanguard, kills a guard, Mário Kozel Filho, at army headquarters in São Paulo.

June 28<sup>th</sup>—Protest march ends in serious riots in Porto

Alegre.

July 3<sup>rd</sup>—Demonstrations with two thousand participants in São Paulo.

July 4<sup>th</sup>—In Rio, another march with ten thousand students.

July 5<sup>th</sup>—Gama e Silva, Attorney General, prohibits protest marches.

July 17<sup>th</sup>—Students occupying the Faculty of Law in São Paulo are removed by police. The PUC in São Paulo is cleared at the same time.

August 28<sup>th</sup>—Demonstration in São Paulo results in 500 arrests.

August 29<sup>th</sup>—UnB (University of Brasília) is invaded by police. Students are shot.

September 2<sup>nd</sup>—Representative Márcio Moreira Alves makes a vehement pronouncement in the House of Representatives against the invasion at UnB. He proposes that the population

boycott Independence Day celebrations as a protest against repression and torture, holding the armed forces responsible for the crisis in the country.

October 2<sup>nd</sup>—Conflict in Rua Maria Antônia between students at USP and Mackenzie University.

October 3<sup>rd</sup>—New incidents at Maria Antônia result in the death of a student, provoking a demonstration, which is struck down by police. 34 students are detained.

October 4<sup>th</sup>—In São Paulo, ten thousand people accompany the dead student to the funeral.

October 9<sup>th</sup>—Protest ends with a hundred people imprisoned, among them a priest.

October 12<sup>th</sup>—Petition to prosecute Representative Márcio Moreira Alves is brought before the STF (Supremo Tribunal Federal—Federal Supreme Court).

Accused of being a CIA agent North American captain Charles R. Chandler is assassinated with machine gun fire.

October 14<sup>th</sup>—Police invade a site in Ibiúna, SP, the domain of the clandestine conference of UNE (União Nacional de Estudantes—National Student Union). Imprisoned are 10 journalists and 720 students.

October 23<sup>rd</sup>—in Rio protest results in two deaths.

December 13<sup>th</sup>—The House denies by 216 votes to 141 the petition to prosecute Márcio Moreira Alves.

December 13<sup>th</sup>—President Costa e Silva decrees the AI-5 (Institutional Act No. 5) and closes the national congress

Perhaps the history of a country is best explained through the individual stories of her people. We cannot look at those who “disappeared,” as their voices were forever silenced long ago. Nor can we hear the large masses who suffered in silence. But we can observe those who spoke up and “made noise,” those who suffered and survived to speak—in their many, varied ways—some of them choosing silence as their response to the happenings of the sixties. The culture of a country reflects the sentiments of the people, and it is through the expressions of artists in various pursuits and the reactions of the audience, that we most profoundly—although not always immediately—see the changes in society.

#### Thugs Backstage

Recently, an exposition at CCBB (Centro Cultural Banco do Brasil) in Rio featured memorabilia of the year that will not die in the minds of many, both in Brazil and elsewhere. Case in point. The American network PBS (Public Broadcasting System) featured a one-hour documentary on July 27<sup>th</sup> on the events that shaped that year.

The exhibit brought to the public a collection of photos, film programs, documents, record covers, as well as newspapers and magazines.

Among the items in the expo, which has the support of *Jornal do Brasil*, is the program from Chico Buarque de Holanda's play, *Roda Viva*, the contents of which are mentioned elsewhere in this article.

The play—a symbol of that generation—was directed by José Celso Martinez Corrêa, one of the great theater directors of Brazil. Considered subversive, the play was an easy target for military barbarism, which twice attacked the cast. At the



time, Marília Pêra was substituting for actress Marieta Severo when the show went to São Paulo. She remembers with clarity the scenes of horror of a night at the Teatro Ruth Escobar.

"Early on, at the beginning of the presentation, we noticed the presence of several good looking young men in the orchestra seats. We didn't imagine that they were soldiers in civilian clothes. After the play was over, I was in one of the women's dressing rooms when I heard a ruckus. They had begun breaking up the theater, the orchestra section, the set, and had already grabbed the men in the dressing room next to us," remembers the actress.

One of the actors was Pedro Paulo Rangel who at 19 was making his debut in the theater. "When the soldiers broke down the set by force, we were all in the dark, being beaten, and not knowing why," confirms the actor who, looking back 30 years later, believes that there was much ingenuity in the play. "The story was simple, and there was a lot of humor, but we were messing with some important symbols," says Pedro Paulo Rangel.

In *Roda Viva*, a singer invented by the media, does everything to become famous. He begins with *iê iê iê* (the nickname of the style of music created by the Jovem Guarda, the Young Guard, led by Roberto and Erasmo Carlos). When he does not achieve much success, he goes on to sing protest songs. A bandit's headgear with the Soviet hammer and sickle, made the military's eyes pop. In search of stardom, the singer ends up dying in front of the cameras when, ironically, his wife is elevated to the state of idol, dressed like Nossa Senhora Aparecida (the patron saint of Brazil).

"All that was a joke," says Pedro Paulo Rangel, who would still be attacked later in Porto Alegre, when a group of soldiers stopped the bus coming back from Rio and beat up the cast. Joke or not, the play offended the military regime. For the attack in São Paulo were gathered members of the CCC (Comando de Caça aos Comunistas). As they were in civilian clothes, all used a black glove on the right hand so that they might recognize each other. When Marília Pêra heard the noise, she tried to go and see what was happening. A pregnant chambermaid, who ended up losing the baby during the episode, cried to her to stay in the dressing room. Marília still had time to witness this scene: two soldiers grabbed the head of Eudósia Cunha, who was part of the chorus, and beat it against the wall.

It did not take long for the soldiers to reach Marília Pêra. After breaking down the door to the dressing room, they made her run past the soldiers down the corridor. There, she says, she only escaped being beaten by having the good sense to go slowly. Those who ran, were beaten. The savagery from start to finish, lasted less than five minutes. "It was all very quick and staged, in spite of not being an official attack."

Afterwards, Marília and the rest of the cast went on a marathon, trying to file a complaint at various places, but the only result was further threats of death by telephone, if they continued in the play. These are the memories of the actress, who during the dictatorship still would be in prison two days because of the play, *A Moreninha*, (The Little Dark One), and who would be accused of drug trafficking and detained when she was doing the play *The Criminal Life*, two years later.

1968 created many stories, characters and figures. There are many people who try to find themselves in the photos of the expo, tells the producer Cirlei de Hollanda. Mounted on the first floor of CCBB, the show portrays such things as the protest march of 100,000, Bloody Friday, and wake of student Edson Luís, killed in the restaurant do Calabouço. The assassination served as a detonator for a whole year of protests, not just at universities and secondary schools, but of fathers, mothers, intellectuals, and workers.

There are 30 photos, which try to give a didactic perspective of that era, in which many of the visitors were not even born, says the curator of the show. In the expo, there is still the front page of *Jornal do Brasil* of December 14<sup>th</sup>, 1968, the day after the AI-5 (Institutional Act No. 5), announcing the weather forecast—a climate of rain and thunderstorms, a metaphor for the squeeze of the regime that was yet to follow.

In another room of the exhibit, the public can view the

works of artists who marked the difficult years with their work. Among them are Hélio Oiticica, Carlos Vergara, Nelson Leirner, and Rubens Gerchman.

"My story and that of my generation are told with a double intent. On the most immediate plane, it was a search for individual freedom and personal happiness. On a greater scale, it was a revolutionary search for a more just and humane society. On all levels, this search was an obligation to a passionate fight against regression—internal as well as external." Luiz Carlos Maciel in his book *Geração em Transe* Generation in Crisis.

## THEY DIDN'T KEEP QUIET

The most difficult thing with the task of writing about nineteen-sixty-eight, is knowing when to stop. One could write a book—and many have—about the subject. Instead, we made the choice of talking about some of those icons of Brazilian culture, who were affected by as well as affected the military regime. These are some of their stories:

### Geraldo Vandré

Singer-songwriter Geraldo Vandré was another musician who was shaking and stirring the music scene in a radical way. Vandré, whose first guitar teacher was the great João Gilberto, was born in 1935 in João Pessoa, Paraíba. From the start, he incorporated various aspects of Brazilian music in his own. He said himself, that he interpreted music in "an ideological more than a formal way," meaning that they served to create protest songs that had strong, angry lyrics.

Vandré's "ideological" adaptations had a distinctly progressive edge. In 1966 and 67, he worked with Quarteto Novo, now a legendary group that included Hermeto Pascoal on flute. He early showed his social conscience in the work "Disparada" (Stampe), which told the story of a northeastern *vaqueiro* (cowboy) who is enraged that he and the other *vaqueiros* are treated like cattle. One day he rebels against the rancher. His fiery protest songs made Vandré a national hero who, armed with his guitar, was perceived as a serious threat by the military government.

Vandré's masterpiece, and the one for which he will always be remembered, is "Pra Não Dizer Que Não Falei de Flores" (Not to Say that I Didn't Speak of Flowers), a song also known by the shorter name "Caminhando" (Walking). Brazilian journalist Millôr Fernandes considered it a Brazilian *Marseillaise*, a true national anthem.

"Caminhando" took second place in Rio's third international song festival in 1968. The song was immediately banned by the censors for ten years. General Luís de Franca Oliveira presented his reasons for the prohibition of "Caminhando" in the defunct Rio's daily *Correio da Manhã* (Morning Post), October 10<sup>th</sup> 1968, citing its "subversive lyrics, its offensiveness to the armed forces, and the fact that it would serve as a slogan for student demonstrations."

He turned out to be right. After it was banned, it never ceased to be sung wherever people resisting the dictatorship gathered. It was still present at protests at the end of the 70's when Brazilian society started to challenge the government, demanding a return to democracy. After Act No. 5 was invoked, Geraldo Vandré had to leave Brazil in order to ensure his own safety. From 1969-'73, he wandered through Chile, Algeria, Greece, Austria, Bulgaria, and finally France—where he made his only record during this time. When he returned to Brazil in 1973, he was arrested as soon as he arrived. A month later, he appeared on a national news program saying, among



other things, that he hoped he could integrate his latest song with the new Brazilian reality, and that the connection made between his music and certain political groups had been made against his will.

Most likely, this public statement was a sacrifice he had to make to be allowed to stay in the country. Subsequently, there were no more new songs from him, and he got rid of the stage name, Vandr . After 7 albums, his short career was over. Finally, there was Geraldo Dias, the lawyer. But he will always be remembered as the author of protest songs that made Brazilians stand and fight for what they believed was right.

**Pra N o Dizer Que  
N o Falei de Flores  
or Caminhando** **Not to Say that I Didn't  
Speak of Flowers  
or Walking**

**Geraldo Vandr **

Caminhando e cantando e  
seguindo a can o  
Somos todos iguais, bra os  
dados ou n o  
Nas escolas, nas ruas, campos,  
constru es  
Caminhando e cantando e  
seguindo a can o

Walking and singing and follow-  
ing the song  
We're all the same, arms linked  
or not  
In the schools, in the streets,  
fields, construction sites  
Walking and singing and follow-  
ing the song

**Refrain:**

Vem, vamos embora que esperar  
n o   saber  
Quem sabe faz a hora n o espera  
acontecer

**Refrain:**

Come, let's go away hoping is  
not knowing  
Those who know will take action  
and not wait for it to happen

Pelos campos a fome em grandes  
planta es  
Pelos ruas marchando indecisos  
cord es  
Ainda fazem da flor seu mais  
forte refr o  
E acreditam nas flores vencendo  
canh o

In the fields the hunger on great  
plantations  
In the streets hesitant lines are  
marching  
Still they make of the flower the  
strongest refrain  
And believe that the flowers can  
defeat the cannon

**Refrain**

H  soldados armados, amados ou  
n o  
Quase todos perdidos de armas  
na m o  
Nos quart is lhes ensinam uma  
antiga li o  
De morrer pela p tria e viver  
sem raz o

**Refrain**

There are armed soldiers, loved  
or not  
Almost all lost with weapons in  
hand  
In the barracks they teach them  
an ancient lesson  
To die for their country and live  
without reason

**Refrain**

Nas escolas, nas ruas, campos,  
constru es  
Somos todos soldados, armados  
ou n o  
Caminhando e cantando e  
seguindo a can o  
Somos todos iguais, bra os  
dados ou n o

**Refrain**

In the schools, in the streets,  
fields, construction sites  
We're all soldiers, armed  
or not  
Walking and singing and follow-  
ing the song  
We're all the same, arms linked  
or not

**Refrain**

Os amores na mente, as flores no  
ch o  
A certeza na frente, a hist ria  
na m o  
Caminhando e cantando e  
seguindo a can o  
Aprendendo e ensinando uma  
nova li o

**Refrain**

The lovers in mind, the flowers  
on the floor  
Certainty ahead, history  
in hand  
Walking and singing and  
following the song  
Learning and teaching  
a new lesson

**Refrain**

**Refrain**



**Chico Buarque**

The 1966 TV Record festival ended in a tie for first place between Geraldo Vandr  and another young singer-songwriter, Chico Buarque de Holanda. A member of a prominent family of intellectuals—his great uncle Aur lio was responsible for the dictionary used by all of Brazilian society—he soon became popular with his lyrical songs. In fact, he was often touted as the heir-apparent to great *samba-can o* composers like Noel Rosa. His popularity was one of the few things a polarized Brazilian society could agree on.

Every woman wanted to marry him, and every man admired him. To many, he appeared to be the true defender of traditional music against the furious attack of protest songs and the revolution proposed by Tropic lia led by Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil, and the electric guitars of Jovem Guarda led by Roberto and Erasmo Carlos. In a time of such social strife, Chico Buarque's traditional and doubtlessly beautiful music recalled a time when things were more secure and pleasant for the population. It did not matter where one came from in Brazilian society, all liked the handsome, green-eyed young singer with the nasal, *Carioca* (from Rio) voice. That is, until 1968. It is possible, that if he had known the reaction to his play *Roda Viva*, he might not have written and produced it. He ended up paying dearly for it.

Chico did not like being idolized. He felt used and abused, and his answer to his fans' blind devotion came with this play. The expression *roda viva* means commotion. The drama tells the story of a young pop star who is literally devoured by the public. During the performances of the play, actors offered "pieces" of the star's "liver" to the audience. That caused a scandal and an extreme backlash from conservatives as well as fans who felt insulted. *Roda Viva* marked the death of "nice guy" Chico Buarque.

Perhaps because of his family, he was not as severely punished as others had been, but he did take off for Italy and did not come back for over a year. After his return, he was a favorite target of censors. In 1971, only one of every three songs he wrote was approved. Some were prohibited after being published, and others were

published under various pseudonyms. One of the songs prohibited after its publication was "Apesar de Voc ." (In Spite of You), was actually banned after it became a hit. The censors must have missed the irony in the lyrics. In hindsight the words obviously are directed toward the government.



## Apesar de Você In Spite of You

Chico Buarque de Holanda

|                        |                           |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Apesar de Você         | In spite of you           |
| Amanhã há de ser       | Tomorrow will be          |
| Outro dia              | Another day.              |
| Eu pergunto a você     | I ask you                 |
| Onde vai se esconder   | Where you will hide       |
| Da enorme euforia      | From the immense euphoria |
| Como vai proibir       | How will you prohibit     |
| Quando o galo insistir | When the rooster insists  |
| Em cantar              | On singing                |
| Água nova brotando     | New water springing up    |
| E a gente se amando    | And we loving each other  |
| Sem parar              | Without stopping          |

Another song, "Carolina," appears to be a tribute to a woman and a song of a love affair gone wrong, but bears strong symbolism with the conditions in Brazil.

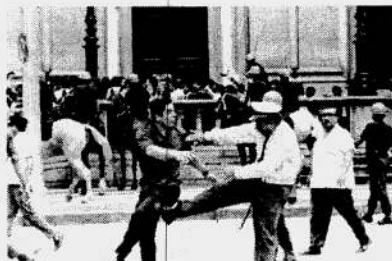
## Carolina Carolina

Chico Buarque de Holanda

|                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Carolina                            | Carolina   |
| Nos seus olhos fundos               | In your deep eyes                                |
| Guarda tanta dor                    | You keep so much pain                            |
| A dor de todo esse mundo            | The pain of the whole world                      |
| Eu já lhe expliquei que não vai dar | I already explained that nothing will come of it |
| Seu pranto não vai nada ajudar      | That your weeping will not help                  |
| Eu já convidei para dançar          | I already invited you to dance                   |
| É hora, já sei, de aproveitar       | It is time, I already know, to enjoy yourself    |
| Lá fora amor                        | Out there, love                                  |
| Uma rosa nasceu                     | A rose was born                                  |
| Todo mundo sambou                   | The whole world danced the samba                 |
| Uma estrela caiu                    | A star fell                                      |
| Eu bem que mostrei sorrindo         | And though I showed you, smiling,                |
| Pela janela, ói que lindo           | Through the window, how lovely                   |
| Mas Carolina não viu                | But Carolina didn't see                          |

|                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Carolina                          | Carolina                           |
| Nos seus olhos tristes            | In your sad eyes                   |
| Guarda tanto amor                 | You keep so much love              |
| O amor que já não existe          | A love that already doesn't exist  |
| Eu bem que avisei, vai acabar     | I warned you, it will end          |
| De tudo lhe dei para aceitar      | I gave you everything to accept it |
| Mil versos cantei pra lhe agradar | 1000 verses I sang to please you   |
| Agora não sei como explicar       | Now I don't know how to explain    |
| Lá fora, amor                     | Out there, love                    |
| Uma rosa morreu                   | A rose died                        |
| Uma festa acabou                  | A feast ended                      |
| Nosso barco partiu                | Our boat departed                  |
| Eu bem que mostrei a ela          | And though I showed her            |
| O tempo passou na janela          | Time passed by the window          |
| Só Carolina não viu               | Only Carolina didn't see           |

After some strong disagreements between Chico Buarque and Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil, the relationship was patched up after Caetano and Gil's return from exile in London. Together with Gil, Chico Buarque wrote a powerful song, "Cálice," (Chalice). When they first attempted to perform it, police came on stage and turned off the microphones. The song was banned, but became yet another anthem against the dictatorship. Using powerful religious imagery, it was a metaphorical comment on repressive times and the silencing of an entire nation. Its clever and ironic title "Cálice" is a homophone for the phrase, "cale-se," shut up. It was recorded in a beautiful and



haunting version by Chico Buarque and Milton Nascimento. (See lyrics on next page.)

The censors continued to hound Chico Buarque for the next several years. Practically none of

his songs met with their approval. Apparently beaten by the system, Buarque recorded only covers of other people's songs. *Sinal Fechado* (Red Light) contained songs by Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, Noel Rosa, Toquinho, and an unknown newcomer, Julinho da Adelaide.

The press material for the album contained a bio of the songwriter, but he did not actually exist. He was an alter ego for Chico Buarque. After that, composers sending material to be censored, had to include a copy of their identification card. To this day, Chico Buarque's songs are loved and remembered with fondness by those who lived through the 60's.

## Tropicália: Caetano and Gil

On Praça da Sé in Pelourinho in the Centro Histórico in Salvador, stands a bust of Bishop Sardinha who was eaten by Indians in the early days. Caetano Veloso says in a piece made for PBS, "Brazil was born the day the Indians ate Bishop Sardinha (sardine)." In 1928, *Paulista* (from São Paulo) poet Oswald de Andrade wrote the "manifesto of cannibalism" in which he discussed the concept of artistic cannibalism in which impressions of other cultures are devoured and re-elaborated "with autonomy" as Andrade said.

Singer composers Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil adopted this concept with gusto and went with it. An ambient-art piece by Hélio Oiticica gave name to the Tropicalismo or Tropicália movement. It shocked—not just the military—but practically everybody else. In the late 60's, music festivals were the craze. Commonly, the streets were quiet on those nights when people were either attending the festivals or watching them on television. Often, fan behavior was much like that of soccer fans. The audiences would support their favorites with flags and applause and attempt to disrupt their "rivals."

Many members of the audience were intensely nationalistic. Brazil had for a long time been isolated from the rest of the world, and the majority of people had a strong reverence for "authentic" Brazilian music. Therefore, when Caetano Veloso, backed by Os Beat Boys, a rock group, performed "Alegria, Alegria" (Joy, Joy) he was not well received. In fact, he was booted. One might say, in an editorial comment, that revolutions happen in this way—through shock, outrage, and emotional involvement. Although the Tropicália movement was short-lived, it did change forever the face of MPB (Música Popular Brasileira—Brazilian Popular Music).

If the audience was taken aback by the music and fragmented imagery in the lyrics, so must the military and their censors have hated it. The lyrics smacked openly of disrespect for law and order. And yet, Caetano says that he did not have major problems with the censors—not as many other artists had. He would have other problems.

## Alegria, Alegria Joy, Joy

Caetano Veloso

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Caminhando contra o vento<br>Sem lenço, sem documento  | Walking against the wind<br>Without handkerchief, without document   |
| No sol de quase dezembro<br>Eu vou   | In the almost December sun<br>I go   |
| O sol se reparte em crimes<br>Espaçonaves, guerrilhas<br>Em Cardinales* bonitas<br>Eu vou  | The sun scatters in crimes<br>Spaceships, guerillas<br>In beautiful Cardinales*<br>I go  |
| Em caras de presidentes<br>Em grandes beijos de amor<br>Em dentes, pernas, bandeiras<br>Bomba e Brigitte Bardot  | In the faces of presidents<br>In great kisses of love<br>In teeth, legs, flags<br>The bomb and Brigitte Bardot   |
| O sol nas bancas de revista<br>Me enche de alegria e preguiça<br>Quem lê tanta notícia<br>Eu vou   | The sun on the newsstands<br>Fills me with happiness and laziness<br>Who reads so much news<br>I go  |
| Por entre fotos e nomes<br>Os olhos cheios de cores<br>O peito cheio de amores vãos<br>Eu vou  | Among photos and names<br>My eyes filled with colors<br>My breast filled with useless loves<br>I go  |
| Por que não, por que não?<br>Ela pensa em casamento<br>E eu nunca mais fui à escola<br>Sem lenço sem documento<br>Eu vou                                 | Why not, why not?<br>She thinks of marriage<br>And I never went back to school<br>Without handkerchief, without document<br>I go   |
| Eu tomo uma coca-cola<br>Ela pensa em casamento<br>E uma canção me consola<br>Eu vou   | I drink a Coca-Cola<br>She thinks of marriage<br>And a song consoles me<br>I go  |
| Por entre fotos e nomes<br>Sem livros e sem fuzil<br>Sem fome sem telefone<br>No coração do Brasil<br>Ela nem sabe até pensei                            | Among photos and names<br>Without books and without rifle<br>Without hunger, without telephone<br>In the heart of Brazil<br>She doesn't even know that I thought of              |
| Em cantar na televisão<br>O sol é tão bonito<br>Eu vou, sem lenço sem documento<br>Nada no bolso, ou nas mãos<br>Eu quero seguir vivendo, amor<br>Eu vou | Singing on television<br>The sun is so beautiful<br>I go, without handkerchief, without document<br>Nothing in my pockets or in my hands<br>I want to go on living, love<br>I go |
| Por que não, por que não?  | Why not, why not?  |

\*Refers to Italian actress Claudia Cardinale

Gilberto Gil, Caetano's long time friend and soul-brother, appeared with "Domingo no Parque" which received a better reaction. Arranged by Rogério Duprat, it did represent a musical revolt, incorporating Bahian *capoeira* rhythms, electric instrumentation, and cinematic lyrics.

One of the war-cries from Paris—along with "Make love, not war" was "Prohibiting is prohibited." "E Proibido Proibir" became the name of one of Caetano Veloso's songs. He presented it during the International Song Festival backed by the rock group Os Mutantes (The Mutants), who were dressed in plastic clothes. The negative reaction of the audience prevented Caetano from finishing the song. He broke into an extemporaneous speech, castigating the audience. "*Vocês não estão entendendo nada, nada, nada, absolutamente nada.*" You are understanding nothing, nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing. The speech became famous, but it did take some time before it was understood. His angry words continued, "You all want to police Brazilian music. Gil and I are here to do away with the imbecility that rules Brazil."

A constant thorn in the side of the military government, Caetano and Gil continued on their thought-provoking paths. The dictatorship, although they could find no overt threats to national security, feared that the Tropicália movement might prove persuasive to a new generation of Brazilians and lead them into alternative life

styles involving drugs, chaos, and free thinking. The inevitable happened. Both of them were arrested and thrown in jail, followed by house arrest and 2 ½ years of exile in London.

Says Caetano of that time, "The military weren't music critics, they didn't put Tropicistas in jail in 1968 because our music wasn't Brazilian enough. They did it because it represented anarchy, violence, danger for the behavior of families, relations between generations, respect, religion. Maybe they were right. Maybe what happened during the 60's was kids' rubbish, neo-romanticism. I was so naive. I believed good things always had good results. We wanted to liberate everything! And then, one morning, we were put in a cell."

Caetano found the experience almost unbearable. He and Gil were in the same prison, but could not see each other. They were told nothing and were not allowed a lawyer. After some time in solitary confinement where he slept next to the toilet, Caetano was moved to a cell with so many people, everybody could not sleep at the same time. Some of the older prisoners helped by encouraging to prayer, although the prison guards often took away their rosaries.

One incident (the facts of which are controversial) that might have contributed to landing Caetano and Gil in prison, appeared in Zuenir Ventura's book 1968, *the year that didn't end*. It tells the story of how "a certain" radio journalist, Randall Juliano, reported about a Tropicista show at the nightclub Sucata, telling his audience that Caetano and Gil had sung the national anthem with obscene lyrics and defaced the flag. Supposedly, Mr. Juliano called the attention of authorities to the show. Caetano, in a 1992 interview with Jô Soares—Brazil's Johnny Carson, whose show *Onze e Meia* (Eleven Thirty), is aired on SBT daily—said that he believed this was the direct cause of his and Gil's arrest and imprisonment, although the flag was actually part of artist Hélio Oiticica's portion of the show.

Gil supports this account of the events. He says he heard the story in prison of how Mr. Juliano had announced that he and Caetano had sung the national anthem and then set the flag on fire.

Randall Juliano, as one might expect, tells a somewhat different story. "I did a commentary on the journalistic program *Guerra é Guerra* (War is War), on TV Record. I read a notice from a newspaper, I forget which one, that reported how Caetano and Gil had performed a disrespectful act with the national symbol." He says furthermore that he was upset with Zuenir Ventura, because he called him "a certain Randall Juliano." "I was quite well known then," he emphasizes.

To close the circle, Zuenir Ventura commented, "He (Randall Juliano) didn't speak of this just once. This guy waged a campaign on radio and television. It was an official at the barracks who told me that Caetano and Gil were imprisoned because of this campaign by Randall Juliano."

This incident was merely one small sample of the suspicion and lack of trust among Brazilians during a time when fear of your neighbor was commonplace.

### Casualties of 1968

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of November 1972, the poet Torquato Neto—who wrote the Tropicália hymn "Geléia Geral" (General Jelly) in partnership with Gilberto Gil—sealed the windows in his Rio apartment and turned on the gas. He was 28. He had just come from a stay in a psychiatric hospital. He left a body of work, small in quantity but vast in creativity and quality. Brazilian *Rolling Stone* published a full-page portrait with the inscription: Torquato Neto 1944-1972.

The story resembles that of other Tropicistas. Ex-Mutantes musician Arnaldo Baptista also received psychiatric treatment, and in 1981, he threw himself out a 4<sup>th</sup> floor window but did not die.

In an article in *Folha de São Paulo*—considered by many the best newspaper in Brazil—of May '85, author Ruy Castro says that Torquato Neto was the ideologue of Tropicália with distinctive participation by Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. He further says in the article that Torquato Neto came to "bring dissonance to the chorus of contentment," which he thought was the Brazilian culture of the avant-garde of the last years of the sixties, mixing information about rock, super 8 (a mania of the time) and plastic art. In later years he was more interested in poetry and cinema than music.

The death of Torquato Neto shocked the structure of the Tropicistas and their followers. But Tropicália was already

## Cálice Chalice

Chico Buarque de Holanda  
and Gilberto Gil

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Como beber dessa bebida amarga<br>Tragar a dor, engolir a labuta<br>Mesmo calada a boca resta<br>o peito<br>Silêncio na cidade não se escuta<br>De que me vale ser filho<br>da santa<br>Melhor seria ser filho<br>da outra  | How to drink this bitter drink<br>Sip this pain, swallow this hard labor<br>Even if the mouth is silent, the chest<br>remains<br>You can't hear silence in the city.<br>What good does it do me to be the son<br>of a saint<br>It would be better to be the son of<br>another   |
| [to rhyme, the world here should be<br>puta (whore)]<br>Outra realidade menos morta<br>Tanta mentira, tanta força bruta   | Another reality, less dead,<br>So many lies, so much brute force.   |
| Como é difícil acordar calado<br>Se na calada da noite eu me dano<br>Quero lançar um grito desumano<br>Que é uma maneira de ser escutado<br>Esse silêncio todo me atordoa<br>Atordoado eu permaneço atento<br>Na arquibancada prá a qualquer<br>momento<br>Ver emergir o monstro da lagoa                               | How difficult it is to awaken silent<br>If in the silence of the night I damn<br>myself<br>I want to launch an inhuman cry<br>That is one way of being heard.<br>All this silence leaves me senseless<br>Senseless I remain alert<br>In the bleachers at any minute<br>See the monster of the lake emerge.                        |
| Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>De vinho tinto de sangue  | Father, take this chalice from me<br>Father, take this chalice from me<br>Father, take this chalice from me<br>Of wine, tinted with blood.  |
| De muito gorda a porca já não anda<br>De muito usada a faca já não corta<br>Como é difícil, pai, abrir a porta<br>Essa palavra presa na garganta<br>Esse pileque homérico no<br>mundo<br>De que adianta ter boa vontade<br>Mesmo calado o peito<br>resta a cuca<br>Dos bêbados do centro da cidade                      | Too fat, the pig doesn't walk<br>Too used, the knife doesn't cut<br>How hard, father, to open the door<br>That word sticks in the throat<br>This Homeric drunkenness in the<br>world<br>What use is it to have good will<br>Even if the chest is silent, there are<br>still the brains<br>Of the drunks in the center of the city |
| Talvez o mundo não seja pequeno<br>Nem seja a vida um fato<br>consumado<br>Quero inventar o meu<br>próprio pecado<br>Quero morrer do meu próprio<br>veneno<br>Quero perder de vez<br>tua cabeça<br>Minha cabeça perder<br>teu juízo<br>Quero cheirar fumaça de óleo diesel<br>Me embriagar até que alguém me<br>esqueça | Maybe the world isn't small<br>Nor life a consummated<br>fact<br>I want to invent my<br>own sin<br>I want to die by my own<br>poison<br>I want to once and for all lose<br>your head<br>And my head lose your common<br>sense<br>I want to sniff the fumes of diesel oil.<br>Get drunk until someone<br>forgets me.               |
| Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>Pai, afasta de mim esse cálice<br>De vinho tinto de sangue  | Father, take this chalice from me<br>Father, take this chalice from me<br>Father, take this chalice from me<br>Of wine, tinted with blood.  |

driven home. In 1973 Wally Salomão organized the material written by the author of "Geléia Geral" in "Os Últimos Dias de Paupéria" The Last Days of the Paupers. In 1982, Wally and Ana Maria Duarte re-issued the work, revised and expanded. And now, the publishing house José Olympio brings to the market a 3<sup>rd</sup> version with unpublished works by the poet, exchange of letters between him and the artist Oiticica, as well as lyrics left out of the previous two editions. Torquato lives!

Rogério Duarte is a graphic artist from Bahia. The above mentioned Ruy Castro called him the father of Tropicália. Duarte is, as described by Caetano Veloso in his book *Verdade Tropical* (Tropical Truth), one of those rare characters whose minds are sufficiently open and brilliant to see past personal preferences and cut through to the quick. He criticized the left and right without discrimination when he found the seeds of oppression in either camp—a fact that was seen as a threat by both. In fact, the

leader of the UNE (União Nacional de Estudantes) of whom he was a friend, gave him the nickname Rogério Caos. The pejorative value of this nickname hurt him doubly: They called that—which in him was most logical and constructive—chaotic, and despised the chaos in him, which he on another level, was capable of loving.

Rogério Duarte, a central figure in Caetano's book, tortured by the military in 1968, left his cell at the barracks for a room at the Pinel Hospital, a Rio infamous psychiatric institution. And now, 30 years later, in an interview in *O Globo* (Rio's leading newspaper), he asks, "Why didn't I die, why do the friends still quote me?" The response for those who went along with the Tropicália trajectory, is in the strength of this movement, which still today has seeds sprouting.

In May of this year, an article appeared in the Salvador (capital of Bahia state) newspaper *A Tarde*, which compared the mindset of the college age generation of 1998 versus 1968. It quotes a number of students on their view of the current generation.

João Gomes, 20, a student of agronomy says on the subject of 1968, "That was, without a doubt, an era marked by the movement of students and all of society. But I don't see my friends interested in it. Everybody just wants to watch television, go shopping, and partying."

Another young person, Patrícia Thomas, 14, admits that she and her classmates don't worry much about student politics. She believes that individualism and conformist thinking are to blame for this lack of interest in changing the establishment. "We are submersed in our individualism," she says.

Iberê Jones, 18, finds that the 90's have produced people who are not accustomed to political lingo, civics, and taking a stand. "From where I am, I see my friends without the willingness to question. People just read what is required in school, only like what the media like. We speak of civil obligations in the classroom but not beyond."



The article was entitled "O Sonho Acabou" (The Dream Ended). Is the conclusion, then, that it was all for naught? Personally, I'd like to think that those who lived through the hardship paved the way for the complacency of today; I'd also like to think that if the situation suddenly were to revert to 1968 conditions, the new generation would find in them the strength to fight for change.

### Bibliography:

These are some of the sources without which I could not have written the above article. I want to thank those who did all the work for me.

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Kirsten Weinoldt was born in Denmark and came to the U.S. in 1969. She fell in love with Brazil after seeing *Black Orpheus* many years ago and has lived immersed in Brazilian culture ever since.

E-mail: kwracing@erols.com

# Letters

## STAY THE COURSE!

First let me say, "Thank you!" Your magazine is the one magazine that I subscribe to that I can't wait to get my hands on every month. And I subscribe to a wide variety of magazines. I love Brazil. I can't get enough. After my first journey to Rio, a friend of mine gave me *Brazzil* (then called *News from Brazil*) as a gift. I have been loyal ever since. I feel like the letter in the August 1998 issue from V. Hunt accusing you of 'abusing your readers' was a foolish opinion. Just because she is entitled to her opinion does not mean that it is not foolish. Of course, that is my opinion. The reason I like your magazine is because you are not tight in a certain part of your anatomy with your mind set.

I believe this magazine should be as close to what happens in Brazil. I believe people read it so they can feel a closeness to Brazil. You have included articles as well that weren't always "pretty and touristy" about Brazil. I respect those articles too.

Please, please, please do not conform your magazine to the "adolescent high-school tee-hee shhh... don't talk about that... it's only for the bedroom" attitudes of so many Americans like Ms. Hunt. She mentioned that she is not frustrated and is "single by choice". Yeah, whatever!

Remember, America is a country that only in the past few years has been able to show ads on TV about bras with real people in them. I mean come on. I will support your magazine always.

**Raymond Barton**  
Baltimore, Maryland

## A FAIR MIRROR

We just returned from two months in Brazil when we received your August issue. We were very impressed with the accuracy and timeliness of your reporting. We enjoy all of the magazine—including Rapidinhas for its open and honest reporting of social and sexual topics. Your articles are an accurate reflection of life in Brazil. We love Brazil and spend our summer months there, learning to speak Portuguese, making new friends, and volunteering our time helping governmental agencies with water pollution and environmental management problems.

Some of your articles are more honest than the Brazilian press. Your discussion of the continuing deforestation in the northern Amazon region revealed how the Brazilian government suppressed and manipulated satellite data to conceal the extent of the burning before last December's environmental conference in Tokyo. Keep up the excellent reporting of Brazilian issues!

**James & Grace Rickard**  
Borrego Springs, California

## LONDON BRIDGE

I have recently come across a few of the articles in *Brazzil* magazine about popular Brazilian culture. I have enjoyed them and found them very informative. I think entertainment like *novelas* can help strangers like myself to begin to understand a country's character.

I work for an independent think tank based in London. We are interested in how

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Please, include a phone number in the event we need to reach you. Thanks!

trends move between countries and how global culture is formed from this constant movement.

**Nick B.**  
London, England

## BRAZZIL CUPID

Five years ago I traveled for the first time to Brazil. I went to Manaus, and spent four weeks exploring the surrounding jungle. My journey to the Amazon opened my eyes to a world so different than any other place I'd yet experienced. I'd traveled quite extensively through Europe and North America. My last trip brought me through São Paulo, Porto Alegre, Curitiba, Santa Catarina, Salvador, Fortaleza, and of course always back to Rio. The majestic beauty of the mountains, lush and green rolling down to the hottest beach on the planet makes Rio the alluring city it has always been famous for.

I won't ramble on about all that's right and wrong with Brazil. This I will leave to your great magazine to which I've subscribed for five years. I will simply state one of the most obvious things a man should notice in Brazil. Something impossible in fact to miss, and that is of course the women. They are amazing. I've been blessed with this knowledge first hand. Nowhere else in the world have I discovered such warmth and intense beauty wrapped into such a passionately desirable combination.

Through my travels in Brazil and the integration I've made forming lifelong friendships, I have of course had more than average exposure to the culture. The amazing epilogue to this story is that through your magazine I met (about 4½ months ago) the *Carioca* of my dreams. She ran an ad in your Open Market section. I answered it (both of us had never done this before) along with about 100 other guys. I was the lucky guy who won her heart! We are now planning our future together, and are deeply in love. So miracles do happen! Thanks again to your magazine for assisting with our destinies.

**Evan B Campbell**  
Redondo Beach, California

## BRAZIL PREP

Unfortunately, I didn't notice that my subscription expired with the May issue. I am enclosing my check for another year. Your magazine is excellent by any standard, and all the more so in its forthright boldness. I intend to finally get to Brazil for the first time in the coming year, and *Brazzil* is superb preparation.

**Don Devine**  
Beaverton, Oregon

## BEWITCHED

Enclosed is my check with my subscription to *Brazzil*, which I have already ordered by e-mail. I don't need to wait for a sample copy. I've already seen the magazine. It's a bargain in any

language! I lived in Rio from 1968 to 1970, teaching conversational English (Instituto Yáziqi, in Avenida Central). I'd like to share some of my experiences and observations from that time with the readers of *Brazzil*. I think they will be interesting to Brazilians and non-Brazilians alike, especially those who remember Brazil from that era.

For now, I'll just tell you this: I did not simply decide overnight to leave the States and live in Brazil. I gave it a lot of thought. But the catalyst—the thing that finally pushed me over the edge—was João Gilberto singing "Samba de uma Nota Só." João and Tom: the Pied Pipers!

**Bernie Borok**  
Burlingame, California

## HARD TO CATCH UP

I am renewing my subscription, but I wish you people could mail *Brazzil* a lot sooner, like the first week of every month. I used to drive all the way to the Bossa Nova Restaurant in West Hollywood to pick up a free copy. I thought having a subscription would be more convenient, but you send the magazine out so late! I'm sure I'm not the only one to complain about this. I hope your company will try to improve.

**Marcelino Menudiado**  
Los Angeles, California

## BACK ISSUES ONLY ON THE NET

I have just recently become very intrigued with Brazilian culture and I wish to know more, first by obtaining earlier issues of your publication and subscribing to it. I'd like to personally meet Brazilians but I am not sure of where to begin, so I'd like to have a personal ad published.

**Bill Campbell**  
Rosewood, California

## SIZZLING NEWZZ

*Brazzil* Magazine offers a cornucopia of information about a wide range of topics on Brazil and its people. I find the format of this magazine, exciting, informative and entertaining. Please process my request for a subscription.

**Donald Slazinski**  
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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 PAI DE ISADORA DIZ QUE POLÍCIA DEMOROU A AGIR  
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In Brazil's recent serial killer case—the scariest in recent memory—the victims were not only the girls killed and their bereaved friends and relatives. There were casualties all over. As the episode demonstrated, the police are ill prepared to do any meaningful work and even what's considered the pick of the press in the country was not able to escape the sensationalistic, yellow journalism tone.

The case that broke in the news in early July when over a period of three days, four young female bodies were found at a forest reserve on the skirts of São Paulo became a free-for-all after *Veja*, Brazil's leading news magazine, scooped the competition giving its cover to a close up of the suspect dubbed the "park maniac" with the quote: "It was I." It is hard to separate what it was sincere indignation from jealousy from being beaten at the news race. But the rest of the media were fast in condemning *Veja* for lack of scruples in obtaining privileged lawyer client information and then splashing it over its cover. To obtain the information the magazine infiltrated a woman reporter who presented herself as a law intern. Given the opportunity, however, it is probable that anyone of the accusers would have done the same, some experts pondered.

The police story introduced a new word to the Brazilian-Portuguese language: 'motoboy.' The word 'boy' is used in Brazil to designate an office worker, often a young one, in charge of doing errands and small office tasks like serving coffee. The suspect in the case, Francisco de Assis Pereira, 31, is a motorcycle courier who confessed to raping and killing nine women.

He was arrested near the Brazil-Uruguay border, when a fisherman with whom he was staying denounced him after having seen his picture on TV. Pereira had left the country for a short stay in Argentina

and passed several police barriers without being identified. To arrive at the suspect police were helped in their investigation by a partially burned ID card that was found in a clogged toilet where Pereira worked. The document was from 18-year-old basketball player, Selma Ferreira Queiroz, one of the murderer's victims.

The finding on July 4 of two female bodies at Parque do Estado (State Park)—a 550-hectare forest park on São Paulo's southern border—was the first hint that there was a serial killer on the loose. Two days later two other bodies were found on the vicinity of the first ones. All four bodies were naked, lying face down, with their legs spread.

On July 7 the police had identified one of the bodies, that of Selma. On July 9, authorities added to the list of victims another young lady whose body was found in January in the same area and then another found in May. Before the end of the month the list would grow to include eight dead girls.

By July 15 several ladies had told authorities about their experience with the same man. They all had been approached by the maniac with the story that he was a talent scout looking for models and that he wanted to take their pictures.

After divulging drawings of the suspect based on the recollection of witnesses, the police, thanks to an anonymous tip, were able to get a picture of Pereira on July 17. The discovery of semen in Selma's body on July 30 made the police believe that they were close to getting serious evidence against the criminal. It was revealed a little later though that the semen sample was mishandled and could not be used.

### Luck and Lack

The São Paulo police revealed that they have no laboratory to examine such samples and have to count on the good will of college labs to do the work. Some police officers used the occasion to complain that they didn't have enough vehicles to go out on patrol and that they had sometimes to make a collection among themselves to buy material for fingerprinting, for example. On August 4 the suspect was arrested in Itaquí, state of Rio Grande do Sul, after being denounced by fisherman João Carlos Villaverde. During a press conference in São Paulo on August 7 the police indicted Pereira as the murderer of Selma Queiroz. Pereira denied being a murderer and launched a challenge to his accusers: "You have to prove it!" The phrase became the headline of *Jornal da Tarde*, sister publication of traditional *O Estado de São Paulo*.

That same night, talking to his lawyers and police officers, the suspect confessed to having killed nine women. The *Veja* cover story was based on transcripts from this candid talk. The self-confessed murderer then took police to a still-undiscovered body as evidence that he is saying the truth.

The press didn't omit the most clinical details often identifying victims and witnesses with full names. *Folha de São Paulo*, the leading paper in São Paulo, which had one of the less sensationalistic approaches, so described a police finding: "The spermatozooids were found in the rectum channel of Selma Ferreira Queiroz whose body is among those found at the park. They indicate that she had maintained anal sexual relations" "What if the girl did not maintain anything and was simply raped? She is not here anymore to tell her story," wrote *Folha* ombudswoman Renata Lo Prete, on her Sunday column, criticizing her own paper.

### Jekyll and Hyde

Pereira was living in Santo André, the A of the



ABCD region in the Greater São Paulo. The suspect had been investigated at the beginning of the year after a girl he was going out with disappeared and he was even jailed after being accused of rape in São José do Rio Preto—interior of São Paulo—in 1995. He posted bail and was let go at that occasion.

On explaining why he committed the crimes, Pereira told judge José Rui Borges: "I was possessed by an evil force." and added that he had a double-sided personality and that the "bad side" sometimes took over. Pereira's lawyers decided for a plea of insanity, hoping for a lighter sentence than 30 years in prison, which is the maximum sentence allowed under Brazilian law.

The suspect also confessed using shoelaces to strangle his victims after sexually abusing them. On his initial approach he was a charming seducer, who praised the prey and talked about their bright future as models. In the park he became a monster, strangling and biting their victims, sometimes taking pieces of their vulva.

Born and raised in an extremely religious family, Francisco de Assis, was named after the Italian saint Francis of Assisi. He explained: "I am a person with a good and a bad personality. Sometimes I am not able to dominate this dark side. I pray, I pray, but I cannot resist and then I chase after women. I wished that they would not go with me into the park, that they would run away."

### Question of Propriety

The Park Maniac episode served to illustrate how *Veja*, a press powerhouse, which with more than 1.2 million copies a week—it is the world's fourth largest news magazine right after *American Time*, *Newsweek* and *US News and World Report*—besides having no scruples in order to get a scoop, has feet of clay and a heavy hand. The magazine summarily—and by e-mail, mind you—fired its TV critic, Eugênio Bucci, after—according to the publication—the contributor failed to defend forcefully the role of the magazine covering the whole episode.

Bucci appeared on cable TV Globonews's *N de Notícia* (N for News), a program in which was discussed how the media had (mis)behaved in the case. Journalist and former *Veja* editor Augusto Nunes, one of the guests on the show, contended that the newsweekly had mangled law and ethics to get its scoop. Fact is that even if Bucci wanted to defend his bosses he wouldn't be able to unless he had a crystal ball. Nunes's remarks were made three days after Bucci had talked and added to the program on the editing room.

Nunes himself came in defense of Bucci writing: "How could he guess what somebody would say 72 hours later? This clarification being made, *Veja* has no reason not to bring Eugênio Bucci back to the page he used to sign. The time for a magnanimous gesture never ends."

Ironically, over the years, *Veja* has adopted a



posture of arbiter of good taste and probity in every field of Brazilian life. The magazine once again gave proof that it believes to be beyond any criticism or reproach. As a popular Brazilian saying goes: "Pepper on somebody else's eyes is eye drop."

But there was more in store. On its August 26, 1998 issue, two weeks after the "It was I" edition, *Veja* published a clone of the criticized cover. So close were the two versions that at first blush a subscriber would think there had been a snafu at the magazine's mailing department and that he was receiving the old copy again.

The super close up of a face in a picture taken from the same angle was again on the cover as well as the confession in large capital letters. "It was I." Only, this time the photo was that of US President Bill Clinton. It was clear the equation: the rapist murderer crimes were the same as the Yankee president's sexual escapades. Odd black humor. Has the magazine gone the Mad way?

*Veja* did not explain, but it published reader Evandro Paes dos Reis's protest in its letter section: "It was in supreme bad taste this week's *Veja* cover. In using the same layout of issue 1559, where the highlight is the park's "monster", *Veja* has placed Bill Clinton in a situation in which none of us would like to be: to be compared to a rapist and maniac. We know Mr. Clinton made some mistakes, but to use the cover of *Veja* to make this kind of insinuation does not befit a magazine of such weight and prestige."

The letter appeared after another one celebrating the magazine's comparison and signed by Adriano Alves Gomes: "I thought it was a superb stroke of genius and made a lot of sense the comparison between Bill Clinton and the "maniac of the park", as presented on *Veja*'s covers. Congratulations, it is good to know that we still have serious and concise journalism in this country." The reader might be just be playing a trick and being ironic. *Veja* would never notice that, however.

Albert Dines, a Brazilian press guru and arguably the highest authority on media in Brazil, wrote in his column at the *Observatório da Imprensa* (Press Observatory), a media watchdog publication:

"The Editora Abril magazine will be 30 years old in a few days, but lately it is behaving as if it were only one year old.... The manipulation would work on a humor or satire newspaper.... In the most important Brazilian weekly and the fifth in circulation in the world it is unacceptable."



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# Stampede Time

Investors have been pulling their money out of the Brazilian market at a frantic pace. In one single day in September, the Rio de Janeiro Stock Exchange (BVRJ) Index dropped 15.98%, while the São Paulo Stock Exchange (Bovespa) Index plunged 15.8%.

MARTA ALVIM

The Brazilian presidential election is just around the corner, and incumbent President Fernando Henrique Cardoso (FHC) leads the polls by an impressive margin over his main opponent, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva. However, instead of celebrating his all but guaranteed victory, FHC has been engaged in a crucial war against an impending contagion. The bug of the global financial turmoil is hanging over Brazil, and threatens to derail the continuity of country's economic stability.

Since the Asian market fall-out in 1997, the financial crisis has been gradually spreading all over the planet with overtones of an epidemic. Brazil has not been immune to the international commotion, which has worsened even further in the wake of Russia's recent insolvency. Fearing that the crisis might spread throughout Latin America, investors started to pull their money out of the Brazilian market at a frantic pace. In one single day in the beginning of September, the Rio de Janeiro Stock Exchange (BVRJ) Index dropped 15.98%, while the São Paulo Stock Exchange (Bovespa) Index plunged 15.8%. It was Bovespa's worst performance since March 21, 1990, when stocks plummeted 22.26% in direct response to the Collor plan, which confiscated Brazilians' savings accounts and other investments.

The successive plunges have been so staggering that the market value of some blue-chip companies have declined to nearly one third since October 1997. Power generator Eletrobrás, whose market value was estimated at \$28.1 billion a year ago, was valued at \$8.5 billion on September 3, 1998. Together with Telebrás, Telesp and Petrobrás, the market value of these four companies have dropped from \$110.8 billion to \$47.7 billion within the past year.

Moreover, Brazil's international reserves have plunged below \$50 million, from the \$70 million registered in the beginning of August. At the peak of the current crisis, the capital flight amounted to \$1 billion per day, forcing the government to raise interest rates to a monumental height of 49.75%/year in an effort to stop the hemorrhage. Similar measure had been adopted by Cardoso's economic team following the Asian crisis, when interest rates were raised to 43.3% in November 1997.

However, the market only started to rebound after rumors that the International Monetary Fund (IMF), together with other international lending agencies and the G7 members (the world's major industrial nations), might offer a special line of credit to Latin America. The concession of such a line of credit would not only supplement the countries' reserves, but would also send a message to investors: that a potential speculative attack against Latin American currencies would be futile and ill-fated.

The reasons behind the sudden spotlight on Brazil are a matter of controversy among economists and financial analysts. The belief amidst the optimistic wing is that the uproar stems mainly by unfounded fears based upon uninformed accounts about the country's finances. According to these analysts, speculation against a country's currency is often based on a lack of confidence of its own investors in its economy, and the confusion of local investors has been far more crucial than the supposed lack of confidence of foreign investors.

To support the viewpoint that foreign investors can differentiate Brazil from Russia or Thailand, the optimistic wing points to statistics which show that after the Asian crisis direct investments in the economy increased by 24% compared to 1996. Moreover, executives of several multinational companies operating in Brazil maintain that their corporate strategies are based on long-term projections,

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and are, therefore, detached from the volatile stock market performance. Contrary to this favorable approach, there are those who believe that the current scenario is rather serious, but not without remedy; there are others still who advocate a currency devaluation as the only way out of the crisis. Conflicting opinions notwithstanding, Brazilian and foreign analysts unanimously agree that the future of the global economy, including that of the United States, is largely dependent on the future of the Brazilian economy.

While the Russian disaster may have been particularly distressing to Germany, which has a considerable amount of investments in that country, its effect on the American economy will be insignificant, inasmuch as Russia is responsible for only 1% of the United States' exports. Conversely, 18% of American exports are consumed by Latin America. By the beginning of the next century, Latin American nations are expected to be the major consumers of American goods, importing more than the entire European continent. If the Brazilian economy collapses and succumbs to recession, the impact on all other Latin American countries will be inevitable. Ultimately, a slowdown in the growth of the American economy would ensue.

Not surprisingly, President Clinton has been trying to sensitize the industrialized nations in an effort to rescue the emerging markets from the global financial imbroglio. In a public speech delivered early in September, Clinton was pragmatic and straightforward, making clear that his plea for financial help to the emerging nations, especially to Brazil, was all about business, not solidarity and humanitarianism.

He should know. Never before have Americans invested so much money in Brazil. Currently, the country is Latin America's number one recipient of American investments; worldwide, it is the fifth preferred investment destination for American companies, surpassing Japan, France and even Mexico. According to the US Department of Commerce, the direct investments of American enterprises in the Brazilian economy total \$36 billion, in addition to the \$27 billion invested by American banks.

As an example, Coca-Cola has invested \$350 million in marketing and \$220 million in infrastructure this year alone. Brazil is Coca-Cola's third largest market, losing only to the United States and Mexico. Company sales in the country amount to 5.2 billion liters of soda per year, against 8.3 billion liters in Mexico, and 24 billion liters in the US.

Another major American investor, copier manufacturer Xerox, invests approximately \$150 million per year in Brazil, which is the company's third largest operation worldwide. In 1997, the revenues of the Brazilian subsidiary totaled \$1.7 billion, against \$5 billion in Japan and \$7 billion in the United States (Xerox's second and first largest markets respectively).

In the meantime, the Inter-American Development Bank has already approved a \$1.1 billion loan to Brazil—the largest loan ever issued by the bank—but the negotiations between the Brazilian government and the international financial institutions remain evasive. Although top American executives have good reasons to believe that an informal rescue deal has already been struck with the IMF, they doubt that it will be announced before the October 4 presidential election. To do so would be an admission of defeat for President Cardoso. Furthermore, the loan approval by the IMF will be contingent on spending cuts and unpopular fiscal measures to curb the budget deficit. The disclosure of such measures could ruin FHC's chances of winning the race in the first-round elections.

The government's inability to control the public deficit has already scratched Cardoso's credibility. Time and again he has vowed austerity and announced federal expenditure cuts, which have never materialized. The sharp rise in interest rates may be effective in preventing further capital flights, but its compounded effect will increase the cost of government debt by approximately \$10 billion within the short space of three months.

Clearly, the world's governments are becoming increasingly more vulnerable to the excessive mobility of globalized capital. Unless Brazil strengthens its savings by means of a thorough fiscal adjustment, the country will remain exposed to persisting speculative attacks and, therefore, to a potential national catastrophe.

Marta Alvim is a Brazilian journalist, freelance translator and interpreter. You can reach her at mbralvim@aol.com



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**Budum Filho was an artist. Would the ladies like to listen to one of the sambas he composed? Sure they would. Budum sang a Martinho da Vila samba. Algemião tried to unmask him but was scorned.**

—Famous Ipanema Beach!  
Dentro do ônibus, os turistas exclamavam "oh!" com entusiasmo. Ipanema Beach! O motorista, Algemião, torcedor do Vasco, morador do Vidigal, sacudia a cabeça cada vez que ouvia a pronúncia da guia. Por que "Ipanima"? Era Ipanema com "e". "Ipanima" era frescura de gringo.

—Vieira Souto Avenue.  
—Aveniu dos bacana—completou Algemião. E, com um certo orgulho:—Caminho da minha casa.

—What?—quis saber uma velhinha americana de dentro do seu vestido gasoso.

—Rich people live here—explicou a guia.

Mais "ohs" entusiasmados.  
—The girls from Ipanema—disse a guia, apontando as garotas da praia.

—Oh!—gritaram os turistas.  
—In front of us, Pedra da Gávea, Gávea Stone—disse a guia.

—Oh!—gritaram os turistas.  
—O Budum Filho!—gritou o motorista.

—Oh!—gritaram os turistas, com a freada do ônibus.

—O que foi isso?—quis saber a guia, ajitando o chapuzinho.

—O Budum Filho. Um pilantrão que me deve uma nota.

—Mas você não vai parar o ônibus agora para falar com...

—Ah, se não vou! Segura as pontas que eu já volto.

—Espera!

Mas o Algemião já puxara o freio de mão e se precipitara para a rua atrás do Budum Filho, filho do Budum Pai, bicheiro e mau-caráter. Os turistas pularam dos bancos para acompanhar a perseguição. Em minutos o Algemião voltava com o Budum Filho pela nuca.

—Por que aqui?—gritou a guia, sem saber o que dizer para as velhinhas.

—Quero ter uma conversa com este pilantra num particular.

—Mas aqui?!

—Calminha. É rápido.

O Budum Filho, aterrizado, apelou para uma americana.

—Help, madame. É seqüestro.

—Help eu vou te mostrar, caloteiro.

—Who is he?—perguntou a americana, mais aterrizada do que ele, apontando para o Budum Filho.

—Nothing, nothing—disse a guia.—A boy from Ipanema.

—Oh!  
—O que foi que ele fez?—perguntou a guia para o Algemião.

—Eu ganhei no bicho e ele não pagou. Enrustiu na marra.

—Ré!pi!—repetiu o Budum Filho.

Com a revolta dos turistas, o Algemião se viu constrangido a largar a nuca do mauca. Mas segurou a sua camiseta. Que tinha o nome de uma universidade americana na frente. As simpatias dos

# 6 by Luís Fernando Veríssimo

turistas estavam com o Budum Filho.

—E a minha grana, ó calota!

—Que grana?

—Vem com essa. Vem com essa!

—O Algemião, tá me estranhando? Eu ia pagar.

—Ia, não. Vai.

—Vou.

—Dívida de bicho é sagrada.

—What is it?

—Jogo do bicho. Animal game. Gambling.

—Oh!

Um americano, calça quadriculada, se apresentou para mediar. Aquilo estava atrasando a excursão. Ele tinha pago bom dinheiro para ver as vistas do Rio. Não uma briga. Se bem que as velhinhas, depois do susto inicial, pareciam estar apreciando o incidente entre os nativos. O que iam ter para contar na volta!

Com a guia como intérprete, o americano propôs que procurassem uma autoridade para resolver o caso. A proposta foi vetada pelas partes. E, mesmo, seria difícil encontrar uma autoridade por perto.

—Autoridade neste ônibus—disse o Algemião, sacudindo o Budum Filho com ênfase—sou eu.

—Ré!pi, mister!

—Come on, let him go—disse o americano.

—Não tem camone.

—Algemião—suplicou a guia—vamos primeiro terminar a excursão, depois você cuida desse assunto.

Algemião estudou a questão. Depois concordou. O Budum Filho ficaria no ônibus, sob custódia dos turistas, até o fim da excursão. Depois acertariam as contas. E tocaram o ônibus.

Budum Filho sentou ao lado de uma velhinha da Minnessota que lhe ofereceu um drops de hortelã. Foi fotografado por dezessete polaróides simultaneamente. Com a ajuda da guia, contou a história da sua vida. O seu sonho era conhecer os Estados Unidos.

—Lá não entra caloteiro!—gritou o Algemião, mas foi silenciado pelos protestos gerais.

Ninguém olhava mais a paisagem. Todas as atenções estavam no Budum Filho. Ele era um artista. As madames queriam ouvir um samba da sua autoria? Claro que queriam. Budum cantou um samba do Martinho da Vila. O Algemião tentou desmascará-lo mas foi desprezado. Quando o Budum Filho acabou de cantar todos gritaram "oh!" e aplaudiram muito. No fim da excursão alguns deram gorjetas para o Budum Filho (e nada para o Algemião). A guia recomendou para o Algemião que não fizesse nenhuma loucura. A companhia podia ficar sabendo e os dois se dariam mal. O Algemião disse que só ia ter uma conversinha com o desgraçado. E ficou sozinho no ônibus com o Budum Filho.

—Canta um samba agora, garoto.

—Algemião, se eu fosse você eu não me tocava.

—Ah, é?

—É.

—E por quê?  
—Porque eu passei um bilhete para uma das madames, escondido.

—Que bilhete?

—Para o Carter.

—Que Carter?

—O Presidente. Se me acontecer qualquer coisa, ele vai ficar sabendo que foi você. Respeita os meus direitos humanos senão vai ter.

—Ah é?

—É.

—Pois quem é o presidente lá é o Reagan e sabe o que que o Reagan gosta de fazer com vagabundo?

—Não, Algemião. Não!

## The Wake

**The television came. Magarra was interviewed. He talked about life's ingratitude. People forget too fast. The world is cruel. The camera closed in the teary eyes of Magarra.**

Quis o destino, que é um gozador, que aqueles dois se encontrassem na morte, pois na vida jamais se encontrariam. De um lado Cardoso, na juventude conhecido como Dosão, depois Doso, finalmente—quando a vida e a bebida e as mulheres erradas o tinham reduzido à metade—Dozinho. Do outro lado Rodopião Farias Mello Nogueira Neto, nenhum apelido, comendador, empresário, um dos pró-homens da República, grande chato. Grande e gordo. O seu caixão teve que ser feito sob medida. Houve quem dissesse que seriam necessários dois caixões, um para o Rodopião, outro para o seu ego. Já Dozinho parecia uma criança no seu caixãozinho. Um anjo encardido e enrugado. De Dozinho no seu caixão, disseram:

—Coitadinho.

De Rodopião:

—Como ele está corado!

Ficaram em capelas vizinhas antes do enterro. Os dois velórios começam quase ao mesmo tempo. O de Rodopião (Rotary, ex-ministro, benemérito do Jockey), concorridíssimo. O de Dozinho, em termos de público, um fracasso. Dozinho só tinha dois ao lado do seu caixão quando começaram os velórios. Por coincidência, dois garçons.

Tanto Dozinho quanto Rodopião tinham morrido por vaidade. Dozinho, apesar de magro ("esquálido" como o descrevia, carinhosamente, Dona Judite, professora, sua única mulher legítima), se convencera que estava ficando barrigudo e dera para usar um espartilho. Para não fazer má figura no *Dança Brasil*, onde passava as noites. As mulheres do *Dança Brasil*, só por brincadeira, diziam sempre: "Você está engordando, Dozinho. Olhe essa barriga". E Dozinho apertava mais o espartilho. Um dia caiu na calçada com falta de ar. Não recuperou mais os sentidos. Claro que não morreu só disso. Bebia demais. Se metia em brigas. Arriscava a vida por um amigo. Deixava a vida por um amigo. Deixava de comer para ajudar os outros. Se não fosse o espartilho, seria uma navalha ou uma cirrose.

Rodopião tinha ido aos Estados Unidos fazer um implante de cabelo e na

volta houve complicações, uma infecção e—suspeita-se—uma certa demora deliberada de sua mulher em procurar ajuda médica.

E ali estavam, Dozinho e Rodopião, sendo velados lado a lado. Dozinho, o bom amigo, por dois amigos. Rodopião, o chato, por uma multidão. O destino etc.

Perto da meia-noite chegaram Dona Judite, que recém-soubera da morte do ex-marido e se mandara de Del Castilho e Magarra, o maior amigo de Dozinho. Magarra chorava mais que Dona Judite. “Que perda, que perda”, repetia, e Dona Judite sacudia a cabeça, sem muita convicção. A capela onde estava sendo velado Rodopião lotara e as pessoas começavam a invadir o velório de Dozinho, olhando com interesse para o morto desconhecido, mas sem tomar intimidades. Magarra quis saber quem era o figurão da capela ao lado. Estava ressentido com aquela afluência. Dozinho é que merecia uma despedida assim. Um homem grisalho explicou para Magarra quem era Rodopião. Deu todos os seus títulos. Magarra ficou ainda mais revoltado. Não era homem de aceitar o destino e as suas ironias sem uma briga. Apontou com o queixo para Dozinho e disse:

—Sabe quem é aquele ali?

—Quem?

—Cardoso. O ex-senador.

—Ah...—disse o homem grisalho, um pouco incerto.

—Sabe a Lei Cardoso? Autoria dele.

Em pouco tempo a notícia se espalhou. Estavam sendo velados ali não um, mas dois notáveis da nação. A frequência na capela de Dozinho aumentou. Magarra circulava entre os grupos enriquecendo a biografia de Cardoso.

—Lembra a linha média do Fluminense? Década de 40. Tatu, Matinhos e Cardoso. O Cardoso é ele.

Também revelou que Cardoso fora um dos inventores do raio laser, só que um americano roubara a sua parte. E tivera um caso com a Maria Callas na Europa. Algumas pessoas até se lembravam.

—Ah, então é aquele Cardoso?

—Aquele.

A capela de Dozinho também ficou lotada. As pessoas passavam pelo caixão de Rodopião, comentavam: “Está com um ótimo aspecto”, e passavam para a capela de Dozinho. Cumprimentavam Dona Judite, que nunca podia imaginar que Dozinho tivesse tanto prestígio (até um representante do governador!), os dois garçons e Magarra.

—Grande perda.

—Nem me fale—respondia Magarra.

Veio a televisão. Magarra foi entrevistado. Comentou a ingratidão da vida. Um homem como aquele—autor da Lei Cardoso, cientista, com sua fotografia no salão nobre do Fluminense, homem do mundo, um dos luminares do seu tempo—só era lembrado na hora da morte. As pessoas esquecem depressa. O mundo é cruel. A câmara fechou nos olhos lacrimejantes de Magarra. A esta altura tinha mais público para o Dozinho do que para o Rodopião. Pouco antes de fecharem os caixões chegou uma coroa, para Dozinho. Do Fluminense.

O acompanhamento dos dois caixões

foi parelho, mas a televisão acompanhou o de Dozinho. O enterro de Rodopião foi mais rápido porque o acadêmico que ia fazer o discurso esqueceu o discurso em casa. Todos se dirigiram rapidamente para o enterro do Cardoso, para não perder o discurso de Magarra.

—Cardoso!—bradou Magarra, do alto de uma lápide.—Mais do que exéquias, aqui se faz um desagravo. A posteridade trará a justiça que a vida te negou! Teus amigos e concidadãos aqui reunidos não dizem adeus, dizem bem-vindo à glória eterna!

Naquela noite, no *Dança Brasil*, antes de subir ao palco e anunciar o show de Rúbio Roberto, a voz romântica do Caribe, Magarra disse para Mariúza, a favorita do Dozinho, que estranhara a sua ausência no cemitério àquela manhã. Mariúza se defendeu:

—Como é que eu ia saber que ele era tão importante?

E chorou, sinceramente.

## Mistress's Day

**Father's Day also started in the United States... It was only in the 1920s that Americans established a relationship between sexual act and procreation. Until then they believed that mothers begot children by themselves and that sex, as drinking and playing cards, was just something men loved to do on Saturdays.**

Já existe dia de quase tudo. Ou quase todos. Começou com o Dia das Mães. Um americano, cujo nome até hoje é reverenciado onde quer que diretores lojistas se reúnam, mas que no momento me escapa, foi o inventor do Dia das Mães. Fez isso pensando na própria mãe. Naquela mulher extraordinária que o carregara no ventre durante nove meses sem cobrar um tostão, que o amamentara, que o embalara em seu berço, costurara a sua roupa, forçara óleo de ricino pela sua goela abaixo e uma vez, quando o descobrira dando banho no cachorro no panelão de sopa, quebrara uma colher de pau na sua cabeça. Sim, aquela mulher que se sacrificara por ele sem pedir nada de volta, mas que agora exigia uma mesada maior porque estava perdendo demais nos cavalos. De nada adiantara o seu protesto.

—Não posso, mamãe. Os negócios não vão bem.

—Não interessa.

—Nós só ganhamos dinheiro mesmo no Natal.

No resto do ano...

E então o rosto dele se iluminara. Tivera uma idéia. A mãe não entendeu e espalhou para os seus amigos no hipódromo que o filho finalmente perdera o juízo que tinha. Mas a idéia era brilhante. Ele a apresentou numa reunião de varejistas naquele mesmo dia.

—Precisamos criar dois, três, muitos natais!

—Espera aí—disse alguém.—Mas só houve um Jesus Cristo.

—E os apóstolos? São doze apóstolos. Cada um também não tinha o seu aniversário?

—Mas ninguém sabe o dia.

—Melhor ainda. Inventaremos, todo mês, o aniversário de um apóstolo. Teremos natais o ano inteiro!

Mas a idéia não agradou. Apóstolo não tinha o apelo de vendas de um Jesus Cristo. Mesmo assim, a idéia de criar outras datas para os fregueses se darem presentes era boa. Era preciso motivar as pessoas. Era preciso forçar as vendas. Era preciso ganhar mais dinheiro. Nem que fosse para a mãe perder nos cavalos.

—Aquela bruxa velha—murmurou ele.

—O que foi?

—Estava pensando na mãe.

—A mãe! É isso!

—O quê?

—A mãe! O Dia das Mães. Você é um gênio!

Foi um sucesso. Ninguém podia chamar aquilo de oportunismo comercial, pois ser contra o Dia das Mães equivaleria a ser contra a Mãe como instituição. Isto chocaria a todos, principalmente as mães. Que, como se sabe, formam uma irmandade fechada com ramificações internacionais. Como a Máfia. As mães também oferecem proteção e ameaçam os que se rebelam contra elas com punições terríveis que vão da castração simbólica à chantagem sentimental. Pior que a Máfia, que só joga as pessoas no rio com um pouco de cimento em volta.

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O Dia dos Pais também nasceu nos Estados Unidos, mas custou a aparecer devido ao puritanismo que, sabidamente, influenciou a história americana durante anos. Foi só na década de 20 deste século que os americanos estabeleceram uma relação entre o ato sexual e a procriação de filhos. Até então julgava-se que as mães geravam os filhos sozinhas e que o sexo, como a bebida e um joguinho de cartas, era apenas uma coisa que os homens gostavam de fazer aos sábados. Instituída a proibição do sexo em todo o território nacional—chamada Lei Neca, uma corolária da Lei Seca—, notou-se uma acentuada queda no número de nascimentos. Concluiu-se então que o homem era importante. A nova importância atribuída ao homem foi veementemente combatida pelas mulheres da época e até hoje existem bolsões de resistência. Muitas mulheres consideram os homens perfeitamente dispensáveis no mundo, a não ser naquelas profissões reconhecidas masculinas, como as de costureiro, cozinheiro, cabeleireiro, decorador de interiores e estivador. Estabelecido o papel essencial do homem na constituição da família, no entanto, não tardou para que os varejistas lançassem o Dia dos Pais—também chamado, por alguns homens, de Dia do Papai Aqui e por algumas mulheres, com um sorriso secreto, de Dia do Pai Presumível. Outro sucesso de vendas.

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Dia da Secretária. Este também teve uma origem curiosa. Segundo algumas versões, ele começou no Brasil, quando uma mulher descobriu na agenda do marido a seguinte inscrição: “Flores e bombons para a Bete. Mandar entregar no motel.”

—Quem é essa Bete?—perguntou a mulher com fingido desinteresse, sacudindo o marido pelo pescoço.

—Ora, quem é a Bete. É a Dona Elizabete, minha secretária. Você conhece ela!

Conheço e sei que o aniversário dela já passou. Por que as flores e os bombons?

—Onde é que você viu isso?

—Na sua agenda.

—E você viu a data na agenda?

—O que é que tem a data?

—É o Dia da Secretária.

—Nunca ouvi falar.

—Foi recém-inventado—disse o marido, que tinha inventado naquele minuto.

—E o motel? Por que entregar no motel?



—A dona Elizabete está morando no motel, provisoriamente; até que terminem os reparos na sua casa.

—O que houve com a casa dela?

—Você não soube? Foi arrasada por uma manada de elefantes.

—Você espera que eu acredite nisso?!

—Meu bem, eu inventaria uma história destas?

—É, acho que não. Desculpe, querido.

—Está desculpada. Agora largue o meu pescoço.

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Por que não um Dia dos Amantes? Já existe o Dia dos Namorados e hoje em dia a diferença entre namorado e amante tornou-se um pouco vaga. Quando é que namorados se transformam em amantes? Segundo uma moça, experimentada na questão, que consultamos, se a mulher der para o mesmo homem mais de dezessete vezes seguidas ele deixa de ser seu namorado e, tecnicamente, passa a ser seu amante. Os critérios variam, no entanto. Em certas regiões, só depois de dormirem juntos dois anos é que namorados se tornam legalmente amantes. Alguns estabelecem um meio-termo razoável: dezessete vezes ou dois anos, o que vier primeiro. Outros afirmam que a diferença está no grau de intimidade dos dois tipos de relacionamento. Num caso, as pessoas vão para qualquer lugar onde haja camas—apartamento, hotel, ou motel, sendo desaconselháveis hospitais, quartéis e lojas de móveis—, tiram a roupa um do outro, às vezes usando só os dentes, atiram-se na cama, rolam de um lado para o outro, enfiam-se os dedos no orifício que estiver por perto, lambem-se, chupam-se, com ou sem canudinho, massageiam-se mutuamente com Chantibom, depois o homem penetra o corpo da mulher com o seu órgão entumescido e os dois corpos movem-se em sincronia até o orgasmo simultâneo entre gritos e arranhões. Então se separam, suados, e vão tomar um banho juntos antes de saírem para a rua. Quer dizer, uma coisa superficial e corriqueira. Já o namoro, não. No namoro, não apenas o órgão entumescido mas todo o corpo do namorado penetra na própria casa da namorada todas as quartas-feiras. Eles se sentam lado a lado num sofá quente, coxa a coxa, e chegam a entrelaçar os dedos das mãos. Muitas vezes comem a ambrosia preparada pela mãe da moça com a mesma colher, gemendo baixinho. Existe ainda o prazer indescritível de roçar com o braço o lado do seio da namorada, enquanto se conversa sobre futebol com o pai dela, um prazer que aumenta se, por sorte, estiver com um daqueles sutiãs pontudos usados pela última vez no Ocidente por Terry Moore, em 1953. A namorada, não o pai dela. Isto é que é intimidade.

Existem outros critérios para diferenciar namorado de amante. Amante é o namorado que leva pijama, por exemplo. Uma maneira certa de saber que o namorado já é amante é quando, pela primeira vez, em vez de dar um par de meias para ele no Dia dos Namorados, ela dá um par de cuecas. E você terá certeza de que ele é amante quando alguém sugerir que ela lhe dê um certo tipo de cuecas e ela responder, distraidamente: “Esse tipo ele já tem...”

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Mas estamos falando de namorados, ou amantes, solteiros. No caso do homem casado e com uma amante, a coisa se torna mais complicada e pouco invejável. No caso do homem casado e com várias amantes, se torna mais complicada ainda e mais invejável. Antes de lançar o Dia dos Amantes os lojistas teriam que fazer uma pesquisa de mercado. O que despertaria a desconfiança dos entrevistados.

—O Senhor tem amante?

—Foi a minha mulher que o mandou?

—Estamos fazendo uma pesquisa de mercado e...

—Onde é que está o microfone? É chantagem, é?

—Não, cavalheiro. Nós...

—Está bem, está bem. Tem uma moça que eu vejo. Mas nem se pode chamar de amante. Pelo amor de Deus! É só meia hora de três em três dias. E ela é bem baixinha. “Amante” seria um exagero. Mas eu prometo parar!

Uma vez decidido o lançamento do Dia dos Amantes as agências de propaganda teriam que escolher a estratégia de *marketing*, ou, como se diz em português, o *approach*.

O tom das peças publicitárias variariam, é claro, de acordo com o tipo de comércio. As lojas de eletrodomésticos poderiam anunciar: “Tudo para o seu segundo lar”. Ou então: “Faça-a se sentir como a legítima. Dê a ela uma máquina de lavar roupa”. As joalherias enfatizariam sutilmente o espírito de revanchismo do seu público-alvo, sugerindo: “Aquele diamante que sua mulher vive pedindo... dê para a sua amante”. Ou, pateticamente: “Já que ela não pode ter uma aliança, dê um anel...” Perfume: “Para que você nunca confunda as duas, dê *Furor* só para a outra...”

Utilidades: “No dia dos amantes, dê a ela um despertador. Assim você nunca se arriscará a chegar tarde em casa”.

Os comerciais para a televisão poderiam explorar alguns lugares-comuns. Por exemplo: homem entra no quarto e encontra amante na cama. Atira um presente no seu colo. Isso a faz se lembrar de uma coisa. Ela abre a gaveta da mesa de cabeceira e tira um presente também. Ele vai pegar, mas o presente não é pra ele. Ela levanta da cama, abre o armário e dá o presente para o seu amante escondido lá dentro. Congela a imagem. Sobrepõe logotipo do anunciante e a frase: “Neste Dia dos Amantes, dê uma surpresa”. Hein? Hein? Está bem, era só um exemplo.

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As confusões seriam inevitáveis. Marido e mulher se encontram numa loja de *lingerie*. Espanto da mulher:

—Você aqui?

Marido:

—Ahm, hum, hmmm, sim, ohm, ahm, ram.

—É escolhendo uma camisola!

—É que, ram, rom, ham, ahm, grum. Certo.

Quer dizer...

—Você pode me explicar o que está havendo?

—Grem, grum rahm, rohm, ahn...

—Não vai me dizer que estava comprando pra mim. Há anos que não uso camisola. Ainda mais desse tipo, preta, transparente e com decote até o umbigo.

—Eu posso explicar.

Então explique.

—Ahm, rom, rum, rahm, grums.

—Explique melhor.

—Está bem! É para mim, está entendendo agora?

Para mim!

—Você? Mas...

—Há anos que eu tento esconder isto de você.

Agora você me pegou e eu vou revelar tudo. Adoro dormir de renda preta! Só me controlei até hoje por causa das crianças!

Ela compreende. Tenta acalmá-lo. Mas ele agora está agitado. Bate no balcão e grita:

—Também quero ligas vermelhas, um chapéu e chinelos de pompom grená!

Ela o leva para casa, cheia de resignada

compreensão. A amante ficará sem o seu presente do Dia dos Amantes mas pelo menos o marido terá evitado qualquer suspeita. O único inconveniente é que terá de dormir de camisola preta pelo resto da sua vida conjugal.

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Por que não um Dia dos Amantes? Você teria que tomar certas precauções, além de jamais entrar numa loja de *lingerie*. Como uma ausência sua em casa no Dia dos Amantes despertaria desconfiança, telefone para casa antes de ir festejar com a amante.

—Alô, a patroa está?

—Não, Senhor.

—Estranho. Ela costuma estar em casa a esta hora. Mas é melhor assim.— Diga para ela que eu vou me atrasar um pouco, Estou no hospital para curativos. Nada grave. Fui atropelado por uma manada de elefantes.

—Sim, Senhor.

Você se dirige para a casa da amante, com o embrulho do presente embaixo do braço. Começa a pensar na ausência da sua mulher em casa. Onde ela teria ido? Lembra-se então de que a viu mais de uma vez olhando com interesse uma vitrine cheia de cachimbos. Na certa pensando num presente para lhe dar. E súbito você pára na calçada como se tivesse batido num elefante. Você não fuma cachimbo!

## The Analyst from Bagé

**As anyone knows, a psychoanalyst hour has 50 minutes and 50 minutes is not always time enough to get to the heart of the matter. Gaúcho with premature ejaculation is the one who takes half an hour. And I like to do it all according to the almanach. I take off even my johns. Only a priest or a turtle fucks in his clothes.**

*Coojournal*—Qual é a sua escola? Segue os ensinamentos de Freud, Jung, Reich ou Honório Lemes?

*Analista de Bagé*—Pues, sou freudiano de carregar bandeirinha. Mas não desprezo os demás. No meu consultório tenho uma guampa esculpida com as cara de Adler e Jung. A Dona Melanie Klein também, era china de se apresentar pra mãe. Coisa mui especial. Já esse tal de Reich, nem pra catá bosta. *Reich*, pra mim, é prenúncio de cuspida.

*Coojournal*—Qual a importância do barranco na formação do psiquismo do gaúcho?

*AB*—É importante barbaridade. Lá na fronteira se diz que nem toda mulher é vaca mas toda vaca é mulher. Quando me vem paciente com histórias que o *stress* não deixa ele trepar, ou a mulher é dominadora ou ele acha sexo mais nojento que mocotó de ontem, eu diagnostico na paleta: “Esse não barranqueou”. Não há coisa mais linda que uma barranqueada a céu aberto. Desenvolve o membro e o amor à natureza. E se o vivente me diz que na terra dele não tinha barranco, repico em cima: “E não tinha formigueiro?” Não tem desculpa. Quando eu era guri, ia pro campo de banquinho.

*Coojournal*—Se um paciente sonha

frequentemente que está correndo nu, com guirlandas de flores nos cabelos, as faces rosadas e um relatório da Farsul debaixo do braço, qual é a terapia indicada?

**AB**—O sonho é fácil de interpretar. O índio velho obviamente se identifica com as classes produtoras gaúchas, que não param de levá. Enquanto for só sonho está especial. No dia em que ele me aparecer assim no consultório dou-lhe um tranco de virá cadeira.

**Coojornal**—Ouve-se dizer que o senhor não cobra suas consultas em dinheiro. Prefere uma porquita no esplendor da adolescência, uma ovelhita buena de retoço ou até mesmo uma galinhazita experimentada. É verdade?

**AB**—Já vi que o amigo tem vocação de frestreiro, pos tá babando no meu tapete malhado. Já se viu? Recebo pagamento em espécie, inclusive animal. Mas não costume me envolver emocionalmente com meus honorários. É verdade que uma ocasião um latifundiário esquizofrênico de Dom Pedrito—era metade PP, metade PDS e ainda tinha uma partezita PDT que aticava as outras duas—me pagou a consulta com uma égua castanha buenacha. Cosa pra não fazer feio em exposição ou no Motel Ipanema. Quase não resisti mas finalmente me segurei nas bombachas. Mesmo porque a Hortência não compreenderia.

**Coojornal**—A Hortência é a sua senhora?

**AB**—Não. A Hortência é uma pata que mora comigo. Mais ciumenta que mulher de tenente.

**Coojornal**—Qual sua reação diante de uma paciente que chega cuspidando fumo nos seus pelegos, calçando 44 bico chato e dizendo que está disputando posição na zaga central do Guarany?

**AB**—Desabotou as braguetas e boto o Careca pra fora. Se ela quer competição então vamos ao que interessa, tchê.

**Coojornal**—O senhor também vai para a cama, digo, para os pelegos, com suas pacientes?

**AB**—Se o caso da moça me parece ser simplesmente falta de bageense, vou. Mas também depende da china. Se apetece, se tomou banho e outros etcéteras, pos fiz o juramento de Hipócrates mas não sou hipócrita. E tem outra coisa. Como os amigos sabem, hora de psicanalista tem 50 minutos e 50 minutos nem sempre é o bastante para se chegar ao fundo da questão. Gaúcho com ejaculação precoce é o que leva meia-hora. E eu gosto de fazer tudo como manda o almanaque. Tiro até as ceroulas. Quem trepa vestido é padre e tartaruga.

**Coojornal**—É verdade que o analista-didata que o preparou foi o Paixão Cortes?

**AB**—Não. O Paixão não é analista e nem poderia ser. É um índio mui grosso. Este é negócio pra gente sensível. Empurra essa escarradeira pra cá que tá me subindo um daqueles de assustar buldogue. Reich! Slupt! Obrigado.

**Coojornal**—Qual sua explicação para o veadismo que campeia no Rio Grande?

**AB**—Não quero falar mal mas tem entrado muito uruguaião ultimamente... E é preciso entender que gaúcho marica sempre houve. Tem gaúcho aí sem bigode e de costeleta curta como estribo de anão que nem por isso é veado. Se bem que tá ALI. Marica é marica. Nem todo mundo

corta unha com facão. Agora esse negócio de homossexualismo é frescura. Uma vez um índio velho que eu tava analisando disse que tinha se apaixonado por mim. A tal de transferência. O Freud disse que devia se deixar sempre um revólver carregado à mão para os casos extremos. E o índio velho era macho de três culhões, tchê. Seu perfume era francês: o Mitterrand depois do cuper. Disse que estava apaixonado por mim. Eu disse "Não tá". Ele disse "Tou". Eu disse "Te fecha". Ele disse "Mas é verdade". Eu disse "Quer parar de falar e prestar atenção na música? Tu tá pisando nos meus pés". Mas um mês depois tava curado. É verdade que insistiu em ficar com três cabelos do meu peito para guardar num livro do Vinicius. Mas hoje tá emprenhando até china de delegado. Não existe gaúcho homossexual. Existe bageense que não deu certo.

**Coojornal**—Dizem que a bomba de chimarrão é um tal de símbolo fálico.

**AB**—Símbolo fálico é o cacete.

**Coojornal**—O Senhor já descobriu a porção mulher do gaúcho?

**AB**—Já. Ela se chama Noemi. Todo gaúcho tem ego, superego, id e Noemi. Eu apresentei essa tese num congresso no México e fui vaiado, mas sustento. Inclusive, através da análise, já penetrei no inconsciente de muito guasca grosso e fiz contato com a Noemi. Uma vez, com o hipnotismo—fico balançando um rabo de terneiro na frente do paciente e dizendo "Dorme, filho da mãe!"—consegui uma guasca do Alegrete que estava quase se perdendo. O caso era que a Noemi queria ir morar no Baixo Leblon e ir à vernissage de sandália e o vivente queria ficar na fazenda curando bicheira. Dei uns tranço na Noemi dele e ela se aquietou. Nenhum gaúcho sai do Rio Grande do Sul por vontade própria. É sempre a Noemi que emigra e leva o pobre junto.

**Coojornal**—O senhor fez seu curso em Paris, Viena, Nova Iorque ou Passo Fundo?

**AB**—Em Paris, Viena e Nova Iorque, com especialização em Passo Fundo.

**Coojornal**—Antes quem tinha lenço branco no pescoço ia prum lado e os de encarnado pro outro, mas agora a gauchada tá praticando a tal de amizade colorida. Que mudança foi essa?

**AB**—Coisas da Noemi.

**Coojornal**—Por falar no assunto, o senhor é maragato ou chimango?

**AB**—Maragato, Guarani, Internacional, Iolanda Pereira, João XXIII, sal grosso em vez de salmoura, tango, mulher ancuda, pinga ardida, fumo de rama, filme de pirata e não sei cagá sem ler o *Correio*.

**Coojornal**—E o tal de feminismo, que tal lhe parece?

**AB**—Pos sou a favor. Acho que toda mulher deve lutar pela sua igualdade, desde que não interfira com o serviço da casa. Depois de pendurar as roupas ela pode fazer o que bem entender.

**Coojornal**—Falam da existência de uma nova mulher, uma nova moral, o tal de "novo pacto afetivo". O que é que o senhor acha?

**AB**—Uma vez veio um casal me consultar e trouxeram uma amiga junto. A moça era que nem casa de esquina, dava pros dois lado. Já fiquei aqui, massageando meu fumo e cuidando a trinca. Os três se acomodaram no divã e começaram a charlar. Bandalheira vai, bandalheira vem descobri que estavam com um problema. A tal de avulsa conhecera um sargento da brigada, Salustiano, vulgo Barril, e queria levar o bicho pra morar com os três porque ele era autêntico, entende? Os outros ficaram com ciúmes mas logo se deram conta que ciúmes era uma recaída burguesa e careta e estavam confusos. O que é que achava? Virei o divã com um pontapé e corri com os três a tapa. Sou a favor de uma nova moral mas poca vergonha, não!

**Coojornal**—E a tal de maconha? O senhor aprova a sua liberação?

**AB**—Aprovo, porque não hai como controlar. Ouvi falar que tem gente alimentando boi com

cogumelo alucinógeno e depois fumando a bosta seca. E como dizem na minha terra: pra besteira e financiamento do Banco do Brasil, sempre se arranja um jeito.

**Coojornal**—Já se sabe que existe uma revolução de costumes. Ela só atinge a classe média ou o proletariado também entrou nesse reboliço?

**AB**—Pela minha clientela do INAMPS posso dizer que a peonada também foi atingida nos seus costumes. O costume de comer, por exemplo.

**Coojornal**—E a técnica do joelhoço, como foi descoberta?

**AB**—Aprendi com um médico dos meus tempos de piá. Quando a gente dizia que tava com dor de ouvido ele dava um beliscão no braço até a gente gritar: "Tô com saudade da dor de ouvido!" Também apresentei a tese do joelhoço num congresso de psiquiatria. Os bundinhas quase desmaiaram. Sou um pioneiro na sua aplicação na psicanálise.

**Coojornal**—O *Império dos Sentidos* bateu todos os recordes de permanência em cartaz aqui em Porto Alegre. Será que a gauchada já perdeu a vergonha?

**AB**—Fui ver o *Império dos Sentidos*. Sentou uma piguancha do meu lado e no meio do filme nós estávamos num roçado lindo no más. Na saída eu perguntei se ela não queria continuar o filme lá em casa. Ela disse "Querer eu quero, mas onde é que a gente vai conseguir os japonês?"

**Coojornal**—Como o senhor explica o fato do seu conterrâneo Milito, mais conhecido como general Garrastazu Médici, não tê-lo convidado para suas bodas de ouro?

**AB**—Não me importei. Nossas famílias não se davam. Quando anunciaram que um filho de Bagé era o mais novo presidente da Revolução, meu pai observou: "Bem feito, quem mandou sair daqui?"

**Coojornal**—E a tal história de poder e sexo? Dizem que quem tem o primeiro não faz o segundo. Qual é a sua opinião?

**AB**—Pelo contrário, tchê. O poder é estimulante. Quem tá no governo tem sempre tesão de seminarista. Só muda o objeto da paixão do homem. Em vez da mulher dele, é a nossa paciência.

**Coojornal**—Qual a sua opinião sobre Fernando Gabeira, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, Eduardo Mascarenhas, o jornal *Lampião*, João Figueiredo e José Asmuz?

**AB**—O Fernando Gabeira me lembra um caso. Lá em Bagé tinha um bolicho chamado *Bago's*. Era onde a indiada se reunia pra coçar o saco, tomar cana com pólvora e contar história de pelotense. Se passasse homem bem barbeado pela porta, lá vinham os assobios e os gritos de "Ai, Rosinha" ou "Tá passando o Bambi". Mas voita e meia aparecia um moço no bolicho. Bota de salto alto, cabelo mechado, brincos e passinho de quem não quer peidá. Entrava, ia até o balcão e tomava uma Fanta uva com o dedinho levantado. E a indiada quieta. Ai o moço rodopiava e saía. E se alguém estranhasse aquele respeito com o veado, ouvia logo a explicação: para entrar ali daquele jeito, o cara tinha que ser macho. Muito macho. Quanto ao Gilberto Gil, o Caetano Veloso, o Eduardo Mascarenhas, o João Figueiredo e o José Asmuz, só posso dizer um troço, tchê. Pelo menos dois têm a desculpa de ser baiano.

*Coojournal*—Uma pergunta de análise: como foi a sua infância?

*AB*—Uma infância normal do interior. O que eu não aprendi dentro do galpão aprendi atrás do galpão.

*Coojournal*—O senhor já sentiu um bafo quente na nuca? Como reagiu?

*AB*—Já senti, sim. O bafo da tua mãe, que errou de lado. Tu só não leva um joelho porque é da imprensa nanica e eu não sou prevaletido.

*Coojournal*—Calma, calma. Qual a influência da bombacha no machismo gaúcho?

*AB*—A maior ameaça aos machos do Rio Grande, de bageense até *marchand de tableau*, são esses tais de gins. O gaúcho é o que é porque a bombacha dava espaço. Uso bombacha até no consultório. Quando a ocasião é social uso as de enfeite do lado. Mas nada que brilhe, senão já é bichice. Pra apertar meus fundilhos só mão de china.

*Coojournal*—E agora a última pergunta: o que a Sociedade Psicanalítica de Bagé vai achar desta entrevista?

*AB*—A sociedade Psicanalítica de Bagé se reúne semanalmente no CTG Rincão da Sublimação Consciente, o único lugar do Estado em que mancha de gordura na toalha de papel é interpretada na hora. Eles me consideram uma rés desgarrada porque sou muito radical. Só não me expulsaram ainda porque querem me captar antes.

## The Wedding

**Many youngster are doing this nowadays. The bride gets into the church dancing and at the end the couple leaves dancing. You know, the Church is different today. That's what's drawing the young people back to the Church. We have to change with the times.**

—Eu quero ter um casamento tradicional, papai.

—Sim, minha filha.

—Exatamente como você!

—Ótimo.

—Que música tocaram no casamento de vocês?

—Não tenho certeza, mas acho que era Mendelssohn. Ou Mendelssohn é o da Marcha Fúnebre? Não, era Mendelssohn mesmo.

—Mendelssohn, Mendelssohn... Acho que não conheço. Canta alguma coisa dele aí.

—Ah, não posso, minha filha. Era o que o órgão tocava em todos os casamentos, no meu tempo.

—O nosso não vai ter órgão, é claro.

—Ah, não?

—Não. Um amigo do Varum tem um sintetizador eletrônico e ele vai tocar na cerimônia. O Padre Tuco já deixou. Só que esse Mendelssohn, não sei, não...

—É, acho que no sintetizador não fica bem...

—Quem sabe alguma coisa do Queen...

—Quem?

—O Queen.

—Não é a Queen?

—Não. O Queen. É o nome de um conjunto, papai.

—Ah, certo. O Queen. No sintetiza-

dor.

—Acho que vai ser o maior barato!

—Só o sintetizador ou...

—Não. Claro que precisará ter uma guitarra elétrica, um baixo elétrico...

—Claro. Quer dizer, tudo bem tradicional.

—Isso.

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—Eu sei que não é da minha conta. Afinal, eu sou só o pai da noiva. Um nada. Na recepção vão me confundir com um garçom. Se ainda me derem gorgeta, tudo bem. Mas alguém pode me dizer por que chamam o nosso futuro genro de Varum?

—Eu sabia...

—O quê?

—Que você já ia começar a implicar com ele.

—Eu não estou implicando. Eu gosto dele. Eu até o beijaria na testa se ele algum dia tirasse aquele capacete de motoqueiro.

—Eles nem casaram e você já está implicando.

—Mas que implicância? É um ótimo rapaz. Tem uma boa cabeça. Pelo menos eu imagino que seja cabeça o que ele tem debaixo do capacete.

—É um belo rapaz.

—E eu não sei? Há quase um ano que ele frequenta a nossa casa diariamente. É como se fosse um filho. Eu às vezes fico esperando que ele me peça uma mesada. Um belo rapaz. Mas por que Varum?

—É o apelido e pronto.

—Ah, então é isso. Você explicou tudo. Obrigado.

—Quanto mais se aproxima o dia do casamento, mais intratável você fica.

—Desculpe. Eu sou apenas o pai. Um inseto. Me esmigalha. Eu mereço.

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—Aí, xará!

—Oi, Varum, como vai? A sua noiva está se arrumando.

Ela já desce. Senta aí um pouquinho. Tira o capacete...

—Essa noivinha...

—Vocês vão ao cinema?

—Ela não lhe disse? Nós vamos acampar.

—Acampar? Só vocês dois?

—É. Qual é o galho?

—Não. É que sei lá.

—Já sei o que você tá pensando, cara.

Saquei.

—É! Você sabe como é...

—Saquei. Você está pensando que só nós dois, no meio do

mato, pode pintar um lance.

—No mínimo isso. Um lance. Até dois.

—Mas qualé, xará. Não tem disso não. Está em falta. Oi, gatona!

—Oi, Varum. O que é que você e papai estão conversando?

—Não, o velho aí tá preocupado que nós dois, acampados sozinhos, pode pintar um lance. Eu já disse que não tem disso.

—Ó, papai. Não tem perigo nenhum. Nem cobra. E qualquer coisa o Varum me defende. Eu Jane, ele Tarzan.

—Só não dou o meu grito para proteger os cristais.

—Vamos?

—Vamlá?

—Mas... Vocês vão acampar de motocicleta?

—De motoca, cara. Vá-rum, vá-rum.

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—Descobri por que ele se chama Varum.

—O quê? Você quer alguma coisa?

—Disse que descobri por que ele se chama Varum.

—Você me acordou só para dizer isto?

—Você estava dormindo?

—É o que eu costumei fazer às três da manhã, todos os dias. Você não dormiu?

—Ainda não. Sabe como é que ele chama ela?

Gatona. Por um estranho processo de degeneração genética, eu sou pai de uma gatona. Varum e Gatona, a dupla dinâmica, está neste momento, sozinha, no meio do mato.

—Então é isso que está preocupando você?

—E não é para preocupar? Você também não devia estar dormindo. A gatona é sua também.

—Mas não tem perigo nenhum!

—Como, não tem perigo? Um homem e uma mulher, dentro de uma tenda, no meio do mato?

—O que é que pode acontecer?

—Se você já esqueceu, é melhor ir dormir mesmo.

—Não tem perigo nenhum. O máximo que pode acontecer é entrar um sapo na tenda.

—Ou você está falando em linguagem figurada ou eu é que estou ficando louco.

—Vai dormir.

—Gatona. Minha própria filha...

—Você também tinha um apelido pra mim, durante o nosso noivado.

—Eu prefiro não ouvir.

—Você me chamava de Formosura. Pensando bem, você também tinha um apelido.

—Por favor. Reminiscências não. Comi faz pouco.

—Kid Gordini. Você não se lembra? Você e o seu Gordini envenenado.

—Tão envenenado que morreu, nas minhas mãos. Um dia levei num mecânico e disse que a bateria estava ruim. Ele disse que a bateria estava boa, o resto do carro é que tinha que ser trocado.

—Viu só? E você se queixa do Varum. Kid Gordini!

—Mas eu nunca levei você para o mato no meu Gordini.

—Não levou porque meu pai mataria você.

—Hmmm.

—"Hmmm" o quê?

—Você me deu uma idéia.

Assassinato...

—Não seja bobo.

—Um golpe bem aplicado... Na cabeça não

porque ela está sempre bem protegida. Sim. Kid Gordini ataca outra vez...

—O que você tem é ciúme.

—Nisso tudo, tem uma coisa que me preocupa acima de tudo. Acho que é o que me tira o sono.

—O quê?

—Será que ele tira o capacete para dormir?

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—Bom dia.

—Bom dia.

—Eu sou o pai da noiva. Da Maria Helena.

—Maria Helena... Ah, a Gatona!

—Essa.

—Que prazer. Alguma dúvida sobre a cerimônia?

—Não, Padre Osni. É que...

—Pode me chamar de Tuco. É como me chamam.

—Não, Padre Tuco. É que a Ga... A Maria Helena me disse que ela pretende entrar dançando na igreja. O conjunto toca um rock e a noiva entra dançando é isso?

—É. Um rock suave. Não é rock pauleira.

—Ah, não é rock pauleira. Sei. Bom,



isto muda tudo.

—Muitos jovens estão fazendo isto. A noiva entra dançando e na saída os dois saem dançando. O senhor sabe, a Igreja hoje está diferente. E isto que está atraindo os jovens de volta à Igreja. Temos que evoluir com os tempos.

—Claro. Mas, Padre Osni...

—Tuco.

—Padre Tuco, tem uma coisa. O pai da noiva também tem que dançar?

—Bom, isto depende do senhor. O senhor dança?

—Agora não, obrigado. Quer dizer, dançava. Até ganhei um concurso de chá-chá-chá. Acho que você ainda não era nascido. Mas estou meio fora de forma e...

—Ensaie, ensaie.

—Certo.

—Peça para a Gatona ensaiar com o senhor.

—Claro.

—Não é rock pauleira.

—Certo. Um roquezinho suave. Quem sabe um chá-chá-chá? Não. Esquece, esquece.

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—Você está nervoso, papai?

—Um pouco. E se a gente adiasse o casamento? Eu preciso de uma semana a mais de ensaio. Só uma semana.

—Eu estou bonita?

—Linda. Quando estiver pronta vai ficar uma beleza.

—Mas eu estou pronta.

—Você vai se casar assim?

—Você não gosta?

—É... diferente, né? Essa coroa de flores, os pés descalços...

—Não é um barato?

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—Um brinde, xará!

—Um brinde, Varum.

—Você estava um estouro entrando naquela igreja. Parecia um bailarino profissional.

—Pois é. Improvisei uns passos. Acho que me sai bem.

—Muito bem!

—Não sei se você sabe que eu fui o rei do chá-chá-chá.

—Do quê?

—Chá-chá-chá. Uma dança que havia. Você ainda não era nascido.

—Bota tempo nisso.

—Eu tinha um Gordini envenenado. Tão envenenado que morreu. Um dia levei no...

—Tinha um quê?

—Gordini. Você sabe. Um carro. Varum, varum.

—Ah.

—Esquece.

—Um brinde ao sogro bailarino.

—Um brinde. Eu sei que vocês vão ser muito felizes.

—O que é que você achou da minha beca, cara?

—Sensacional. Nunca tinha visto um noivo de macacão vermelho, antes. Gostei. Confesso que quando entrei na igreja e vi você lá no altar, de capacete...

—Vaciou.

—Vaciou. Mas aí vi que o Padre Tuco estava de boné e pensei, tudo bem. Temos que evoluir com os tempos. E ataquei meu rock suave.

**This is not just to please. You are a victim of the system. I keep saying that crime is a social problem. Take this. That's all the money I've got home. We're not rich. With a little effort we could consider ourselves as being higher middle class. You are right. One of these days we will also start stealing in order to eat. Take this.**

Quando a empregada entrou no elevador, o garoto entrou atrás. Devia ter uns dezesseis, dezessete anos. Preto. Desceram no mesmo andar. A empregada com o coração batendo. O corredor estava escuro e a empregada sentiu que o garoto a seguia. Botou a chave na fechadura da porta de serviço, já em pânico. Com a porta aberta, virou-se de repente e gritou para o garoto:

—Não me bate!

—Senhora?

—Faça o que quiser, mas não me bate!

—Não, senhora, eu...

A dona da casa veio ver o que estava havendo. Viu o garoto na porta e o rosto apavorado da empregada e recuou, até pressionar as costas contra a geladeira.

—Você está armado?

—Eu? Não.

A empregada, que ainda não largara o pacote de compras, aconselhou a patroa, sem tirar os olhos do garoto:

—É melhor não fazer nada, madame. O melhor é não gritar.

—Eu não vou fazer nada, juro!—disse a patroa, quase aos prantos.—Você pode entrar. Pode fazer o que quiser. Não precisa usar a violência.

O garoto olhou de uma mulher para outra. Apalermado. Perguntou:

—Aqui é o 712?

—O que você quiser. Entre. Ninguém vai reagir.

O garoto hesitou, depois deu um passo para dentro da cozinha. A empregada e a patroa recuaram ainda mais. A patroa esgueirou-se pela parede até chegar à porta que dava para a saleta de almoço. Disse:

—Eu não tenho dinheiro. Mas o meu marido deve ter. Ele está em casa. Vou chamá-lo. Ele lhe dará tudo.

O garoto também estava com os olhos arregalados. Perguntou de novo:

—Este é o 712? Me disseram para pegar umas garrafas no 712.

A mulher chamou, com a voz trêmula:

—Henrique!

O marido apareceu na porta do gabinete. Viu o rosto da mulher, o rosto da empregada e o garoto e entendeu tudo. Chegou a hora, pensou. Sempre me indaguei como me comportaria no caso de um assalto. Chegou a hora de tirar a prova.

—O que você quer?—perguntou, dando-se conta em seguida do ridículo da pergunta. Mas sua voz estava firme.

—Eu disse que você tinha dinheiro—falou a mulher.

—Faço um trato com você—disse o marido para o garoto—dou tudo de valor que tem em casa, contanto que você não toque em ninguém.

E se as crianças chegarem de repente? pensou a mulher. Meu Deus, o que esse bandido vai fazer com as minhas crianças? O garoto gaguejou:

—Eu... Eu... É aqui que tem umas garrafas para pegar?

—Tenho um pouco de dinheiro. Minha mulher tem jóias. Não temos cofre em casa, acredite em mim. Não temos muita coisa. Você quer o carro? Eu dou a chave.

Errei, pensou o marido. Se sair com o carro, ele vai querer ter certeza de que ninguém chamará a polícia. Vai levar um de nós com ele. Ou vai nos deixar todos amarrados. Ou coisa pior...

—Vou pegar o dinheiro, está bem?—disse o

marido.

O garoto só piscava.

—Não tenho arma em casa. É isso que você está pensando? Você pode vir comigo.

O garoto olhou para a dona da casa e para a empregada.

—Você está pensando que elas vão aproveitar para fugir, é isso?—continuou o marido.—Elas podem vir junto conosco. Ninguém vai fazer nada. Só não queremos violência. Vamos todos para o gabinete.

A patroa, a empregada e o Henrique entraram no gabinete. Depois de alguns segundos, o garoto foi atrás. Enquanto abria a gaveta chaveada da sua mesa, o marido falava:

—Não é para agradar, não, mas eu compreendo você. Você é uma vítima do sistema. Deve estar pensando, "esse burguês cheio da nota está querendo me conversar", mas não é isso não. Sempre me senti culpado por viver bem no meio de tanta miséria. Pode perguntar para minha mulher. Eu não vivo dizendo que o crime é um problema social? Vivo dizendo. Tome. É todo dinheiro que tenho em casa. Não somos ricos. Somos, com alguma boa vontade, da média alta. Você tem razão. Qualquer dia também começamos a assaltar para poder comer. Tem que mudar o sistema. Tome.

O garoto pegou o dinheiro, meio sem jeito.

—Olhe, eu só vim pegar as garrafas...

—Sônia busque as suas jóias. Ou melhor, vamos todos buscar as jóias.

Os quatro foram para a suíte do casal. O garoto atrás. No caminho, ele sussurrou para a empregada:

—Aqui é o 712?

—Por favor, não!—disse a empregada, encolhendo-se.

Deram todas as jóias para o garoto, que estava cada vez mais embaraçado. O marido falou:

—Não precisa nos trancar no banheiro. Olhe o que eu vou fazer.

Arranque o fio do telefone da parede.

—Você pode trancar o apartamento por fora e deixar as chaves lá embaixo. Terá tempo de fugir. Não faremos nada. Só não queremos violência.

—Aqui não é o 712? Me disseram para pegar umas garrafas.

—Nós não temos mais nada, confie em mim. Também somos vítimas do sistema. Estamos do seu lado. Por favor, vá embora!

\*\*\*\*\*

A empregada espalhou a notícia do assalto por todo o prédio. Madame teve uma crise nervosa que durou dias. O marido comentou que não dava mais para viver nesta cidade. Mas achava que tinha se saído bem. Não entrara em pânico. Ganhara um pouco da simpatia do bandido. Protegera o seu lar da violência. E não revelara a existência do cofre com o grosso do dinheiro, inclusive dólares e marcos, atrás do quadro da odalisca.

**These crônicas were excerpted from *O Analista de Bagé* by Luís Fernando Veríssimo, L & PM Editores Ltda, 1982, 136 pp. Their original names were respectively "Direitos Humanos," "Exéquias," "O Dia da Amante," "Entrevista com o Analista de Bagé," "O Casamento," and "O Assalto."**

## The Robbery

## ILHÉUS

Ilhéus, the town that Jorge Amado (Brazil's best-known novelist) lived in and described with his novel *Gabriela, Cravo e Canela* (*Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*), retains some of the charm and lunacy that Amado fans know well. There's a half-hearted attempt to portray the city as an up-and-coming tourist Mecca, but nobody believes it will happen, and Ilhéus remains largely unaffected by tourism. The colonial center is small and distinctive, with its strange layout and odd buildings; the people are affable; the city beaches are broad and beautiful; and a short walk beyond these, there are even better beaches.

The best thing to do in Ilhéus is just wander. The center is lively, with several old, gar-goyled buildings such as the Prefeitura. If you walk up the hill to the Convento Nossa Senhora da Piedade, there's a good view of the city and littoral. Wherever you end up, it won't be more than a stone's throw from the beach. The Praia da Avenida, close to the city center, is always active, but has reportedly been polluted by the port.

### History

Ilhéus was a sleepy town until cacao was introduced into the region from Belém, in 1881. At the time, Brazil's many uncompetitive sugar estates, which had not followed the lead of other countries and introduced new production techniques to increase sugar output, were reeling from a drop in world sugar prices. Simultaneously, the slave system was finally coming to an end, with many slaves escaping and others being freed. With the sugar plantations in the doldrums, impoverished agricultural workers from the Northeast—black and white—flocked to the hills surrounding Ilhéus to farm the new boom crop: cacao, the *ouro branco* (white gold) of Brazil.

Sudden, lawless and violent, the scramble for the white cacao fruit displayed all the characteristics of a gold rush. When the dust settled, the land and power belonged to a few ruthless *coronéis* (rural landowners) and their hired guns. The landless were left to work, and usually live, on the *fazendas* where they were subjected to a harsh and paternalistic labor system. This history is graphically told by Amado, who grew up on a cacao plantation, in his book *Terras do Sem Fim* (published in English as *The Violent Land*).

Cacao still rules in Ilhéus. The lush tropical hills are covered with the skinny cacao trees



# Where Brazil Was Born

**In Ilhéus, state of Bahia, the hills are covered with cacao trees. If you take a drive you will still see cacao fazendas and rural workers like those described on Jorge Amado's books. And Porto Seguro, once a settlement of pioneers, has become a refuge for Brazilian and international tourists. South of Porto Seguro, on Praia Pitinga, women are allowed to go topless. Nude sunbathing is also OK for both men and women.**

with large, pod-shaped fruit dangling. If you take a drive you will still see cacao *fazendas* and rural workers like those Amado wrote about. You can also visit the small Museu Regional do Cacao, the port and, with a bit of effort and luck, a *fazenda*.

### Casa de Jorge Amado

The house at Rua Jorge Amado 21, where the great writer lived with his parents while working on his first novel, *O País do Carnaval*, is in the process of being restored and turned into a museum. Not many writers can boast this sort of recognition while still alive!

### Churches

The Igreja de São Jorge (1534), on Praça Rui Barbosa, is the city's oldest church and houses a small sacred-art museum. It's open Tuesday to Sunday from 8 to 11 am and 2 to 5.30 pm. The Catedral de São Sebastião (Basilica) is on Praça Dom Eduardo.

### Museu Regional do Cacao

The recently restored and upgraded Museu Regional do Cacao displays cacao artifacts and modern painting by local artists. It's at Rua A L Lemos 126, and is open Tuesday to Friday from 2 to 6 pm and Saturday and Sunday from 3 to 6 pm. During the holiday season, from December to March, it's also open from 9 am to noon.

### Festivals

As any knowledgeable Jorge Amado fan would guess, Ilhéus has highly spirited festivals. The best are: the Gincana da Pesca in early January; Festa de São Sebastião (much samba and *capoeira*) from 11 to 20 January; Festa de São Jorge (featuring Candomblé) on 23 April; Festa das Aguas (Candomblé) in December; and, of course, Carnaval with its full complement of *trios elétricos*.

### AROUND ILHÉUS

#### Centro de Pesquisa do Cacao (CEPLAC)

You don't have to be a chocoholic to enjoy CEPLAC's model cacao plantation and research station at Itabuna. CEPLAC (Tel.: 214-3014), the government cacao agency, gives tours of the facility, demonstrating the cultivation and processing of the fruit. Opening hours are Monday to Friday from 8.30 to 11.30 am and 2.30 to 3.30 pm.

Buses for Itabuna leave around every half-hour from the city bus station in Ilhéus and also stop outside the *rodoviária*. Ask the bus driver to let you off at CEPLAC, eight km before Itabuna.

### Olivença

There are good, clean beaches, many with *barracas*, all the way to Olivença, a spa town 16 km south of Ilhéus. You can also continue south of Olivença to yet more remote beaches. The beaches in Olivença are busy on weekends and there's some good surfing.

### Reserva Biológica Mico Leão de Una

This small (50 sq km) biological reserve was established in 1980 to protect the *mico leão* (lion monkey) in its natural habitat of coastal forest and attempt to save the species from extinction—less than 100 remain in this reserve. It's not a park and it does not cater to visitors. Dr Saturnino Neto Souza, the director of the reserve, has been facing tourist pressure and consequent hostility from farmers and bureaucrats who are opposed to his conservation aims. At present, visits are discouraged.

If you are keen to visit, we suggest you make contact in advance with Dr Saturnino, either by phoning him at home in Una (Tel.: 236-2166) from 7 to 8 am or after 5.30 pm or by writing to him at the following address: Rebio de Una, U5690, Una, Bahia.

The monkeys (*Leontopithecus rosalia chrysomelas*) have the look and proud gaze of miniature lions: a blazing yellow, orange and brown striped coat, a Tina Turner mane and a long, scruffy tail. The *mico* feces are hard to spot in the wild, but behind the biologist's quarters there is one monkey in captivity and one monkey-boarder who comes in from the forest every evening for milk, cheese, bananas and some shut-eye.

If you're lucky you'll also see *tatu* (armadillo), *paca* (agouti), capybara and *veado* (deer), which are also native to the area.

### Canavieiras

Canavieiras is a small colonial town at the mouth of the Rio Pardo, in a cacao-produc-

ing region 118 km south of Ilhéus. There is some colonial architecture in the town, including the Igreja Matriz de São Boaventura (1718), and long stretches of semideserted beaches.

### PORTO SEGURO

Porto Seguro, once a settlement of pioneers, is now a refuge for swarms of Brazilian and international tourists who come to party and take in some mesmerizing beaches: tourism is the number-one industry in Porto Seguro. At last count this small city had nearly 120 hotels and *pousadas*—the place has exploded over the last five years. Other regional industries are lumber, fishing, beans, sugar cane, manioc and livestock.

### History

After sighting land off Monte Pascoal in April 1500, Cabral and his men sailed three days up the coast to find a safe port. The Portuguese landed not at Porto Seguro (literally Safe Port), but 16 km further north, at Coroa Vermelha. The sailors celebrated their first mass in the New Land, stocked up on wood and fresh water, and set sail after only 10 days on shore. Three years later the Gonçalvo Coelho expedition arrived and planted a marker in what is now Porto Seguro's Cidade Alta (Upper Town). Jesuits on the same expedition built a church in Outeiro da Glória, to minister to the early colonists and convert the Tupiniquim Indians. The church is now in ruins. In 1526, a naval outpost was built in Cidade Alta, and once again, the men from the Companhia de Jesus built a chapel and convent, the Igreja da Misericórdia.

In 1534, when the colonies were divided into hereditary captaincies, Porto Seguro was given to Pero de Campos Tourinhos. In the following year Tourinhos founded a village at the falls of the Rio Buranhém, Porto Seguro, and seven other villages, each with a church. Despite the churches, Tourinhos was denounced to the Holy Inquisition as an atheist—apparently the captain didn't keep the holidays and, worse, he forced the colonists to work on Sunday, a blasphemy against God (and an abuse of cheap labor). Tourinhos was imprisoned, and shipped off to Portugal and the Inquisition. His son Fernando then inherited the captaincy.

Information recently unearthed at the Federal University of Bahia has revised some ideas about the history of the Indians during the colonial period. The Tupiniquim, not the Pataxó, were the indigenous tribe when the Portuguese landed. They were rapidly con-

quered and enslaved by the colonists, but the Aimoré, Pataxó, Cataxó and other inland tribes resisted Portuguese colonization and constantly threatened Porto Seguro. Military outposts along the coast, in Belmonte, Vila Viçosa, Prado and Alcobaça, were built to defend the Portuguese from European attacks by sea and Indian attacks by land.

The Indians still managed to take Porto Seguro on two occasions, and according to documents sent by colonial judges to the Portuguese crown, attacks reduced Porto Seguro to rubble in 1612 (thus undermining Porto Seguro's claims of having 16th-century buildings).

It is now believed that the Jesuit College in Cidade Alta was rebuilt after 1620. In 1759, the captaincy of Porto Seguro passed on to the crown and was incorporated into the province of Bahia.

### Cidade Alta

If not the first, then among the first settlements in Brazil, Cidade Alta is marked with a stone (now fenced off and encased in glass) placed in 1503 by Gonçalvo Coelho. Walk north along Avenida 22 de Abril about one km. Once you've arrived at the roundabout, don't follow the sign that points left to the historic city, unless you're driving, but take the newly-built stairs up the hill. The attractions of this part of the city include superb views of the beaches and the opportunity to see very old buildings such as Igreja Nossa Senhora da Misericórdia (perhaps the oldest church in Brazil), the small Museu Antigo Paço Municipal (1772), Igreja Nossa Senhora da Pena (1535, rebuilt 1773), Igreja Nossa Senhora do Rosário dos Jesuítas (1549) and the old fort (1503).

### Reserva Biológica do Pau Brasil

This 10-sq-km reserve, 15 km from town, was set aside principally to preserve the *pau brasil* (brazil wood tree), which was almost completely wiped out along the littoral during the early years of colonization.

### Festivals

Porto Seguro's Carnival is acquiring a reputation throughout Brazil as a hell of a party, although it is not at all traditional. Locals fondly remember the Carnival in 1984 when the theme was the Adam and Eve story.

Costumes were pretty skimpy to start with, then everyone stripped off as if on cue. The police were called in the following year.

Many of Brazil's favorite musicians have beach homes nearby, and often perform during Carnival. On the Sunday before Carnival a beauty pageant is held at the Praia Hotel.

### Municipal holidays celebrated include:

3 January until February

*Bumba Meu Boi* is celebrated with a musical parade 5 to 6 January

*Terno de Reis* is celebrated in the streets and at the churches. Women and children carrying lanterns and *pandeiros* (tambourines) sing *O Reis* and worship the Reis Magos (Three Wise Men).

20 January

*Puxada de Mastro* features a group of men who parade a *mastro* (symbolic figure) to the door of Igreja Nossa Senhora da Penha. Decorated with flowers, the *mastro* is hung in front of the church, with the flag and image of São Sebastião, and women then sing to the saint.

19 to 22 April

*Discovery of Brazil* is commemorated with an outdoor mass and Indian celebrations. This seems a rather baffling celebration, since the Indians were here first, and, later, fared badly at the hands of their 'discoverers'.

15 August

*Festa de Nossa Senhora d'Ajuda* is the culmination of a pilgrimage starting on 9 April. A mass procession, organized in homage to the miraculous saint, is followed by food, drink and live music.

8 September

*Festa de Nossa Senhora da Pena* is the same as *Festa de Nossa Senhora d'Ajuda* except for the additional enlivenment of fireworks.

25 to 27 December

*Festa de São Benedito* is held on 27 December at the door of the church of Nossa Senhora do Rosário. Boys and girls from Cidade Alta blacken their faces and perform African dances, such as *congo da alma*, *ole or lala*, to the music of drums, *cuica*, *atabaque* and *xexequê*.

31 December

*New Year's Eve* is when everyone rushes around shouting '*Feliz ano novo, Baiana!*' (Happy New Year), strangers kiss and serious partying ensues.

### Entertainment

Porto Seguro is a hot spot for *lambada* enthusiasts. The *lambada* is an erotic and entertaining local dance which involves some agitated leg tangling and exaggerated hip wiggling whilst pressing belly buttons. The origins of the international hit *The Lambada* are disputed between Bolivians and Brazilians.

For live music and booze go to Rua Portugal or Passarela do Alcool (the equivalent of a 'booze alley'). The street is lined with bars and restaurants, and there's usually live music somewhere. Reggae Night, on Avenida Beira Mar, is a big club on the beach, with dance music and bands. Nearby, Banana Reggae is another popular spot. If you want to try something different, Bar Escritório, on Rua José Rodrigues, is a hole-in-the-wall bar with about 50 varieties of local *cachaça*—the top shelf features bottles with snake for extra bite!

### Things to Buy

Pataxó Indians relocated from the interior of Brazil are nominally under the care of FUNAI. A few Pataxó are hanging on south of Caraiva and are trying to maintain some semblance of their traditional way of life. Those north of Porto Seguro sell trinkets (overpriced colored feathers, pieces of coral, fiber wristbands with beads) to tourists at Coroa Vermelha. This make-believe village is simply a sad little collection of thatched-roof huts and dugout canoes by the beach. Porto Seguro also has souvenir shops that sell Pataxó jewelry, basketware and earthenware ceramics.

Please *don't* buy items made of turtle shell or consume turtles or their eggs! Most of the species of turtle found in Brazil are threatened with extinction.

### NORTH OF



## PORTO SEGURO

North of Porto Seguro, next to the paved coastal road, are several attractive beaches, such as Mundaí and Coroa Vermelha, and finally, at Km 25, the town of Santa Cruz Cabrália. These beaches are easily accessible by bus and, consequently, not as pristine as those to the south.

About five km north of town is the nicest of the northern beaches, Mundaí, with *barracas* at the mouth of the Rio Mundaí. North of Rio dos Mangues, at Ponta Grande, the highway cuts inland a bit. The beach is uncrowded, with tranquil waters—and hard to reach. Six km before Cabrália is Coroa Vermelha, with Pataxós craft stands, a monument to the discovery of Brazil and some fair beaches.

### Santa Cruz Cabrália

There's not much to Cabrália, but its terra-cotta roofs and palm trees are pleasant enough. Climb up to the bluff for the view overlooking the town and to visit Igreja Nossa Senhora da Imaculada Conceição, the lonely, white church which was built by the Jesuits in 1630. The elderly caretaker will tell you the history of the region, as well as the inside story on Cabral's expedition. Fried shrimp and a *batida de coco* at the *barracas* by the church enhance the view of the offshore reef, the boats and the palm trees in and about the bay of Cabrália.

## SOUTH OF PORTO SEGURO

After taking the ferry across the Rio Buranhém, you rejoin the road, which continues along a long stretch of dreamlike beaches, with a bluff backdrop. Up on the bluff, a short walk from the beach, are the rapidly expanding villages of Arraial d'Ajuda (also known as Nossa Senhora da Ajuda) and Trancoso, which are 4.5 km and 26 km, respectively, from the ferry crossing. The rush to develop the region south of Porto Seguro is in full swing in Arraial d'Ajuda and Trancoso, which are being developed to match the facilities in Porto Seguro: paved roads, electricity, *pousadas*, *chopp* and, of course, bottled beer. South of Trancoso, a poor, unpaved road continues for 42 km to the small village of Caraiva.

### Arraial d'Ajuda

Fifteen years ago, before the arrival of electricity or the road from Porto Seguro, Arraial was a poor fishing village removed from the world. Since then, the international tourist set has discovered Arraial and its desolate beaches, and a time-honored way of life has all but vanished. The village has gone too hip too fast: along Arraial's maze of dirt

streets, barefoot-poverty jet-set trippers eat the dust of trendy package tourists in dune buggies, and slick shopping galleries sit awkwardly alongside rustic reggae cafés. The increasingly littered main beach is lined with *barracas* and the beach-lounge set, while further south, hippies let it all hang out along the nude beach at Pitinga.

Yet, for some, Arraial d'Ajuda is the place to be. Younger and wilder than Porto Seguro, Arraial d'Ajuda is a wonderful place to tan and slough off excess brain cells. Newcomers soon fall into the routine: going crazy every evening, recovering the following morning and crawling back onto the beach for more surf, sun and samba.

### Warning

There's now a police post in Arraial d'Ajuda and their attitude to drug-taking is less tolerant than in the past.

### Beaches

Praia Mucugê is good until 3 or 4 pm when the sun hides behind the hill. Many of the beach *barracas* are home to do-it-yourself samba and guitar music. The *barraca* facing the ocean on the far right has great music and a fantastic *batida de abacaxi* (vodka and pineapple). The *barraca* to the far left, Tia Cleuza, has good fried shrimp for a couple of dollars.

Praia Pitinga, the river beach closest to Arraial d'Ajuda, has red and green striped sandstone cliffs, sparkling water and large grained sand.

It's acceptable for women to go topless anywhere. Nude sunbathing is OK for both men and women on Pitinga beach and points further south.

### Places to Stay

*Pousadas* are popping up every day. Old *pousadas* change their names, management comes and goes, and owners trade property deeds like baseball cards. Prices also change very rapidly here. Out of season you should be able to negotiate heavy discounts. Make sure your room has either a properly fitting mosquito net over the bed or preferably a fan.

For organized campgrounds, try *Camping do Gordo*, which has very basic facilities and is close to the ferry landing point; or *Camping Arraial d'Ajuda*, which is closer to town on the beach at Praia de Mucugê and has better facilities.

### Places to Eat

If you like to eat by the kilo, you'll do well in Arraial—*comida a kilo* is the latest trapping of the civilized world to hit Arraial. *Restaurant Nona Madeira*, on Caminho do Mar, is the best by far. A doorway on Broadway near the church leads to *Restaurant São João*, which has good-value seafood *prato feito* for \$4.50, and an extensive menu of more expensive seafood dishes. It's a friendly, family-run place—you have to walk through the living room of the house to get in.

Behind the church on the edge of the bluff, *Josefina Grill Bar* is a colorful restaurant with smooth music and grilled seafood and salad dishes for \$10. Further along the road, *Restaurante Tubarão* is a breezy place with tasty, wood-fired pizzas. The *barracas* down at the beach have excellent fried shrimp and other seafood.

### Entertainment

Arraial d'Ajuda is pretty lively in the evenings. Cruise Broadway for drinking and *lambada* or *forró* dancing—Chega Mais and Bali Bahia are two popular bars. The small shopping lanes off Caminho do Mar, A Galeria d'Ajuda and Beco dos Cores have some slick bars for more cashed-up travelers. Cine Bar is an open-air cinema with good movies every night for \$3. Café da Marta, about a 10-minute taxi ride from the village, has been recommended by readers as a hot spot for dancing. Arraial d'Ajuda's *pousadas* host open *festas* with musicians every evening. Once a month people gather on Praia de Mucugê to sing, dance and howl at the moon.

### Getting Around

VW Kombis congregate in front of the church on Broadway to ferry passengers to the beaches around



Arraial. Bicycles can be hired at several shops on Broadway.

### Trancoso

Trancoso lies on a grassy bluff overlooking the ocean and fantastic beaches. The central square, known as Quadrado, is lined with small, colorful colonial buildings and casual bars and restaurants nestling under shady trees. Horse riding is popular around the area, and there are some lovely walks in the surrounding rainforest.

### Entertainment

Pára-Raio is an ambient restaurant and dancing bar with outdoor tables under massive trees. Black White Danceteria is a large dance club open on weekends. Occasionally, raves are organized at secluded locations along the beach out of town, complete with bars, sophisticated sound and lighting systems and all-night dancing. The walking bridge across the river is missing several planks, so watch your step in the dark!

### Caraiva

Without electricity, cars or throngs of tourists, the hamlet of Caraiva is primitive and beautiful. The village is strung out along the east bank of the mangrove-lined Rio Caraiva. The bus stops on the far side of the river, where small dugout canoes ferry passengers across to the village for \$0.50. The beaches are long and deserted and dashed by churning surf. A warning: the black-sand streets of the village get incredibly hot—take footwear with you at all times.

Boat trips up the Rio Caraiva and to the Parque Nacional de Monte Pascoal are easily organized in the village. The tiny fishing village of Curuipe, nine km north, has no electricity or regular accommodation, but it's possible to stay with villagers—speak to Edivaldo. Corumbau, 12 km south, on the far side of the national park, is not as primitive, and has electricity and a couple of *pousadas*.

Excerpts from *Brazil - A Travel Survival Kit* -

3rd edition,

by Andrew Drayen,

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For more information

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# From Sacred to Samba

The lyrical ecstasy of Virginia Rodrigues introduces World Music to a new spectrum in the rich tradition of Bahian music. That Virginia Rodrigues could appeal to an international public was demonstrated by the release of her album *Sol Negro*. Murmurs of "About time too!" were heard.

BRUCE GILMAN

Last summer, when the sound of Banda Eva was spilling from every Bahian radio, Caetano Veloso initiated a flood of commotion by "discovering" Brazilian music's newest diva. Veloso had been at the rehearsal of a theater piece about social inequalities called "Bye Bye, Pelô" performed by the Olodum Theater Group when he heard Virginia Rodrigues. Throughout the play, she had been only a silent presence, but toward the end she sang "Verônica," a Catholic a cappella chant. The feeling she communicated through the song was crushing and authentic. Her unrivaled instrument exuded a remarkable warmth and an involvement with words that deeply moved Veloso. He knew that this voice, with its mature and authoritative quality and its emotional depth, had to be documented.

Veloso arranged for Rodrigues to officially debut at the Teatro Rival in Rio. He also negotiated the recording of *Sol Negro*, her first CD on Natasha Records. Soon after release, the CD started to raise issues about whether the World Music audience was really taking Brazilian music, and in particular music from Bahia, seriously enough. *Sol Negro* was not the recording of yet another synthesizer-based band from Bahia with heavy percussion fronted by an idealized white *Baiana*. It was the affirmation of a buxom black woman's celestial voice delivered dramatically a cappella or accompanied only by harp, contrabass, or *berimbau* and percussion. Lending emphasis to the controversy, two dignitaries of World Music began competing for the rights to release *Sol Negro* in the United States—Joe Boyd of Rykodisc and David Byrne of Luaka Bop.

Virginia Rodrigues da Silva is a shy, yet fervent person from a poor family in Salvador, Bahia. Her father was a construction worker; her mother sells fruit and vegetables in the market place. Although the family could never afford a record player, her grandfather played accordion and drew Virginia toward music at an early age. The Catholic church provided Virginia with her first formal music making. As she imitated her peers, the rudiments of singing rooted in Virginia's subconscious, and she became acquainted with voice projection, intonation, harmony, part-singing and phrasing. Later she was able to gain an elementary knowledge of the piano from a short series of afternoon lessons, which lasted until funds ran out.

After leaving the church in her twenties, Virginia accepted *candomblé*, which has become an increasingly important aspect of her life and a strong influence in her music. While dreaming of having a career as a singer, she has worked as a manicurist, a domestic, and a cook. Márcio Meireles, director of the Olodum Theater Group had been looking for a performer with a lyric voice to fill a particular roll. But it had to be someone with Virginia's background—someone of "the people." By chance he happened to hear Virginia's rare vocal gift as she performed with a Renaissance choir. It was Márcio who introduced Virginia to Caetano Veloso.

That Virginia Rodrigues could appeal to a wide public—a public outside of Brazil—was demonstrated by the September 15, 1998 release of *Sol Negro* on Hannibal Records, a subsidiary of Rykodisc. Audible murmurs of "About time too!" were heard in informed circles. According to Joe Boyd, "MPB (Brazilian Popular Music) is a huge commercial venture. And the commercial structure, the record companies—as they would in any country—churn out ever more modernized versions using synthesizers, drum machines, recording techniques. And in a way the public in Brazil seems to want it. They like a slick modern sounding samba. But the World Music audience wants classic Brazilian music. And so there's a disconnection between what Brazil is producing and what the outside world wants. Virginia is fascinating because she's almost like post-modern samba, like a return to the roots."

On *Sol Negro*, Rodrigues moves from the sacred to the samba with consummate ease performing a diversified repertoire of tunes that were chosen specifically to exhibit her talent in the perfect settings. The line up of musicians involved in the project reads like a virtual "Who's Who" of Brazilian music: Gilberto Gil, Milton Nascimento, Djavan, *choro* virtuosi Paulo Sérgio Santos, Mauro Senise, and Zeca Assumpção to name but a few. In addition, Celso Fonseca, one of Gil's oldest stage colleagues, arranged and produced the CD. Further, Rodrigues seems relaxed in the company of these exemplary musicians as she uses melody to its best advantage, extracting the maximum from lyrics that are especially poetic and meaningful.

Sounding almost electronic in its haunting persistence, Dorival Caymmi's "Noite de Temporal" features the undulating *berimbau* of Ramiro Musotto. The surging, wave-like manner in which percussion plays the opening phrase establishes an exotic and powerful flavor

before Virginia's penetrating entry. Musotto, an Argentine who lives in Brazil, created the percussion arrangements for the entire CD. He is well-known among Brazilian musicians and artists and has worked for Caetano, Gil, Maria Bethânia, Gal Costa, and Lulu Santos. "Negrum da Noite" is a powerful *bloco-afro* chant that has been too rarely recorded. Although it appeared years ago on Ilê Aiyê's *Canto Negro* album, here the tune is invested with a new and unconventional spirit and is another tingling balancing and blending of *berimbau*, percussion, and hand claps by Ramiro Musotto.

"Nobreza," written by Djavan, is a gorgeous ballad performed almost as a duet for voice and contrabass with Zeca Assumpção (Egberto Gismonti Trio). Following the brief but captivating contrabass introduction, Virginia enters with a line of exquisite depth. Subliminally, Quarteto Guerra-Peixe enters after the second verse. Assumpção's arpeggiated harmonics on the final chords are excellently placed. Truly, there are few bass players with as sumptuous a sound as Zeca Assumpção.

Using a tone that is uncannily arresting, Virginia establishes the mood of "Israfel" from the first moment. Her voice, ringing and declamatory, contours the phrases and particularly complements the tranquility of the harp accompaniment. The performance of this adaptation by Duarte, a sculptor and close friend of Virginia's, is fluent and supple, a lyric flight. Yet, the fixed atmosphere of its haunted melody reveals this setting of the poem by Edgar Allan Poe to be tense and fascinating. I spoke briefly with Virginia about her life and music, and I'll have to admit that the most enjoyable aspect of interviewing her was listening to the sound of her voice. It has a sublime sound that can induce the eyes of any self-respecting lyricist to genuine tears of joy.

**Brazil—Your music sounds so refined, not like MPB, axé-music, or pagode. No synthesizers or electronics. How would you describe the music on *Sol Negro*?**

**Virginia Rodrigues**—My music is a mix of every thing that I've heard in my life and that has happened in my life—in my childhood, in my church. I don't define it as something special, but a music that touches everybody. I'm very concerned about telling you this because people in Brazil apply terms like classical and lyrical to my music. Many people still think that my music is genuinely refined and elegant. And I'm afraid that these people are trying to put my music above the music of others. My music is for everybody. It is a music for the people. I want everybody to understand. Most of all, it is music that reaches your heart.

**Brazil—Did you receive formal training?**

**V.R.**—No, people in Brazil are poor. Studying music in Brazil is only for the rich. In Brazil, music training is a luxury. I sang with church choirs.

**Brazil—Who were some of your biggest musical influences?**

**V.R.**—I can't say that I was strongly influenced by anyone in particular because we couldn't afford a record player. But I used to hear a lot of music by Caetano, Bethânia, Selma Reis, Gil, and Milton. I always loved Milton's music. Today I listen to the great divas: Nina Simone, Bessie Smith, Sarah Vaughan, Aretha Franklin, and Billie Holiday.

**Brazil—What about artists like Banda Eva and Daniela Mercury?**

**V.R.**—No, I don't listen to Banda Eva or Daniela Mercury, but I like some of the new artists like Jussara Silveira, Clécia Queiroz, and Daúde. It's interesting that when I originally wanted to sing popular music, the director told me that it would be a waste of my talent.

**Brazil—Can you tell me a little about the conditions of the recording session at Natasha Records in Santa Tereza?**

**V.R.**—Santa Tereza is a neighborhood in the hills, and it's beautiful. You can see Sugar Loaf and Guanabara Bay. The view is truly beautiful, and I was inspired. You have to realize, I wasn't an experienced artist. I hadn't been in a studio before, so it was a lot more comfortable for me to be in a place where the view was magnificent and the acoustics were perfect. Studios are closed places where artists aren't as comfortable as they are at home. Celso (Fonseca) tried to make me feel like I was just singing at home.

**Brazil—Celso Fonseca seems like the most valuable player on the recording. How did you like working with him?**

**V.R.**—Working with Celso Fonseca was magnificent. We didn't have much time to work together, but we had an important element in common: artistic sensibility. I was really happy because he's not overly technical; he's really concerned about the sound and how the artist feels. He is sensitive, brilliant, non-technical.

**Brazil—How was it working with Milton Nascimento?**

**V.R.**—When I was recording with Milton, we were face to face. I kept pretending that it was nothing because I love his music and have always been a big fan. I didn't want my emotions to show. I was looking at him pretending he was my brother or somebody else because he's really shy, worse than me. I didn't want to act like a fan at the time. Afterward we were all laughing about it.

**Brazil—Which tune was the hardest to record?**

**V.R.**—It was my first recording so in a professional way all of them were difficult, except "Verônica" because I sang a cappella. In a personal way the recording was difficult because I had just lost my father.

**Brazil—Can you tell me a little about the tune "Verônica"?**

**V.R.**—It is a song heard every year in the procession of Senhor Morto in Bahia. A woman dressed up as the mother of Jesus is calling, calling, Verônica, and telling everyone to look at the pain that every mother has.

**Brazil—The spiritual "I Wanna Be Ready," a gorgeous duet with Zeca Assumpção, is only on the Natasha release in Brazil. Were you disappointed that it was omitted on the U.S. release?**

**V.R.**—People from record companies are business people. First they do and then they ask. And when you're beginning you have to be open-minded to that kind of thing. You can't let yourself be hurt by that. People from record companies are good business people, and they know what to do about business. But at their level they are concerned more with the market place than the music. I'm not disappointed because I know what I'm dealing with. It's not a big deal.

**Brazil—Has your life changed much since the recording?**

**V.R.**—My life has changed a lot because now I can live from the music. I used to work as a manicurist, a domestic, and a cook. I still don't have my own house, but I can live and pay the rent just by singing. This is really important for me because now I can do what I love.

**Brazil—Is it harder for a woman in Brazil to have a career in music than a man?**

**V.R.**—It's difficult for both, most of all when you come from a poor family because you have to work to survive, to bring food home, and you also have to work

on your music. You have to have a guardian angel. Otherwise you have to be in the "format." You have to be white, you have to be beautiful, you have to have good social position and money. And if you don't have all these things, it's almost impossible.

**Brazil—Do you have any advice for women artists hoping for a career in music?**

**V.R.**—Be persevering and look for perfection. In my country, commercial music is still in the spotlight. But, I think, either way a person should be courageous and persevering. Many women didn't have to fit the format because they had a sponsor. But in my case, because I come from a poor family, and like many other cases in Brazil, the women who succeeded were courageous and persevering.

**Brazil—Do you think the music of Bahia is as important today as it has been in the past?**

**V.R.**—I think the music from Bahia is really important for Brazil. But now it's respected more. Years ago it was like, 'Oh, these crazy people from Bahia.' And 'Oh, it's nice. It's good, but crazy.' People didn't take the music from Bahia as seriously as the *bossa nova*. Now, it's stealing the spotlight and not just the music, but also theater. Bahia is an artistic environment.

**Brazil—Tell me about your other roles in the Brazilian theater and film.**

**V.R.**—In the film *Jenipapo*, I played a person who doesn't have a job, a homeless person. This person goes every day from farm to farm in the country to look for work and at night finds just any place to sleep. I sang three songs in the film. I only appeared when I sang. After that I participated in the movie *Tieta do Agreste* (director: Carlos Diegues) and in the movie *Diário de um Convento*.

**Brazil—What are your future plans musically? Are you working on a second CD?**

**V.R.**—I am already planning my second CD with universal Black music. In general, I like blues, jazz, Negro spirituals, all of the music of Blacks: American black music, African Black music, Brazilian Black music like samba and the Yoruban influences of *candomblé*. I've come to realize how close-linked I am to all of them in spirit and how each represents the irrepressible richness and vitality of the Black race, its gifts of laughter and melody and sensuous feelings.

**Brazil—When will you be coming to the United States?**

**V.R.**—The idea is just starting to take shape, but it looks like I'll be going to the United States at the end of October or the beginning of November for shows in California—Los Angeles and San Francisco. I think there might also be a performance in New York and maybe Miami, Florida.

**Brazil—Are you looking forward to the tour?**

**V.R.**—I performed a concert in Bahia yesterday and there were ten Americans from California, some of them from Los Angeles and some of them from San Francisco. They came backstage afterward and asked me when I would be coming to their country. Performing in the United States will be very special for me, and I'm very happy that there are people in the United States who appreciate my work.

**Brazil—There are many. Thank you for sharing so much of your time.**

**V.R.**—Thank you.

Bruce Gilman, music editor for *Brazil*, received his Masters degree in music from California Institute of the Arts. He leads the Brazilian jazz ensemble Axé and plays *cuica* for *escola de samba* MILA. You can reach him through his e-mail: [cuica@interworld.net](mailto:cuica@interworld.net)

## Israfel

Zuarte, Edgar Allan Poe  
Zuarte set the first of eight  
stanzas.

Há no céu um espírito  
Em que as fibras do coração  
Formam um alaúde

Canção nenhuma

Tem a mágica virtude do teu  
canto  
Oh, Israfel

Israfel quando é voz, vibra  
Os astros que estão no  
firmamento  
Cantam as lendas em  
desatino

Cessam seus hinos  
Emudecidos de  
encantamento  
Israfel, Israfel, Israfel

## Nobreza

### Djavan

Nossa velha amizade  
nasceu  
De uma luz que acendeu  
Aos olhos de abril  
Com cuidado e espanto  
Eu te olhei  
No entanto você sorriu

Concedendo-me a graça  
de ver  
Talhado em você  
A nobreza de frente  
O amor se desnudando  
No meio de tanta gente

Um doce descascado pra  
mim  
Eu guardo pro fim  
Pra comer demorado  
Uma grande amizade é  
assim  
Dois homens apaixonados

E sentir a alegria de ver

A mão do prazer  
Acenando pra gente  
O amor crescendo enfim  
Como capim pros meus  
dentes

## Israfel (1)

Edgar Allan Poe, 1831

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
"Whose heart-strings are a  
lute";  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so  
legends tell)  
Ceasing their hymns, attend  
the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

1. The Koran says that the  
angel Israfel, whose heart-  
strings are a lute, has the  
sweetest voice of all God's  
creatures.

## Nobility

Our old friendship  
was born  
From a light that kindled  
On the eyes of April  
With caution and surprise.  
I looked at you,  
Meanwhile you smiled

Granting me the grace of  
seeing  
Engraved in you  
The nobility of appearance,  
The love baring itself  
Amid so many people.

A piece of candy unwrap-  
ped for me,  
I keep in the end  
To eat later.  
A great friendship is like  
this,  
Two men impassioned.

And to feel the gladness of  
seeing  
The delightful hand  
Beckoning to the people.  
Love growing at last,  
Like grass for my  
teeth.

**Verônica**

Trad. sung in Latin  
and arranged by  
Virgínia Rodrigues

*O vos omnes  
qui transitis per  
viam,  
attendite et videte  
si est dolor  
sicut dolor meus*

**Veronica**

Oh, all you who  
Pass along the road,  
Look, look,  
And then see  
If there is pain  
Like my pain.

**Noite de Temporal**

**Dorival Caymmi**

É noite, é noite  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio

Pescador não vá pra pesca  
Pescador não vá pescar  
Pescador não vá pra pesca  
Que é noite de temporá  
Pescador não vá pra pesca  
Pescador não vá pescar  
Pescador não vá pra pesca  
Que é noite de temporá

É noite, é noite  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio

Pescador quando vai pra pesca  
Na noite de temporá  
A mãe se senta na areia  
Esperando ele vortá

É noite, é noite  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio  
É lamba é lambaio  
É noite, é noite

**Stormy Night**

It is night, it is night,  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work

Fisherman, don't go after the fish,  
Fisherman, don't go fishing,  
Fisherman, don't go after the fish,  
Because it is a stormy night.  
Fisherman, don't go after the fish,  
Fisherman, don't go fishing,  
Fisherman, don't go after the fish,  
Because it is a stormy night.

It is night, it is night,  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work

When the fisherman goes after the fish  
On a stormy night,  
His mother sits in the sand  
Waiting for him to return.

It is night, it is night,  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It's tough, it's hard work  
It is night, it is night,



Milton Nascimento, Virginia, Caetano Veloso



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# Art and Intrigue

Although the book reads well and Rubem Fonseca deserves to be better known in the United States, *Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts* is less impressive than earlier works by the author.

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

*Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts*, by Rubem Fonseca,  
trans. by Clifford E. Landers (The Ecco Press, 312 pp., \$24)

Without question, Rubem Fonseca is one of the more respected Brazilian authors of our day, but he has been done something of a disservice in this country by not being published when his books are still fresh. *Bufo & Spallanzani*, his fine novel from 1985 (also translated by Mr. Landers), did not appear in English until five or six years later, and *Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts*, which was written in 1988, has only recently appeared.

In this novel, there's still talk of East Germany, West Germany, and a key portion of the story is set in Berlin with checkpoints and crossing guards. It wasn't history when Fonseca wrote his book, but it certainly is now.

The nameless, first-person narrator of *Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts* is a filmmaker who's looking for another project after two years; his last film, *The Holy War*, was based on Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões*, and it's still trying to recoup its losses.

However, sometimes our failures lead to our successes. A German producer, Dr. Plessner, has seen *The Holy War* and he wants our narrator to come to Germany to direct Isaac Babel's "Red Calvary."

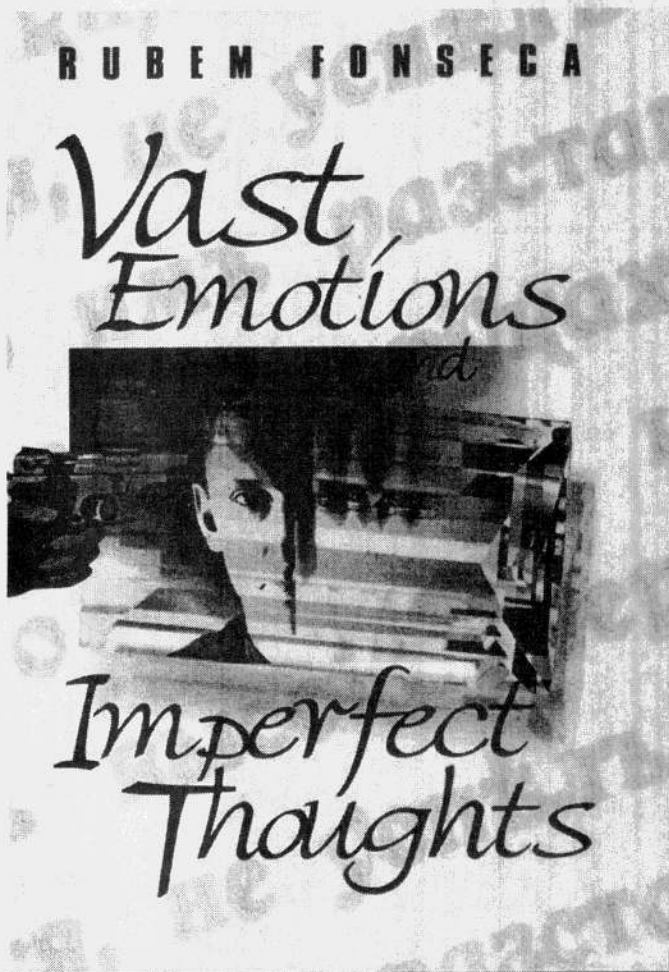
And then the first of many subplots begins to kick in: A fat woman named Angélica, who has won prizes for her Carnaval costumes, seeks out the director and entrusts him with a box of stones. A couple of days later she's killed. The filmmaker, found in her address book, begins to be followed.

Our narrator had a now-deceased wife named Ruth, a dancer whose career he inadvertently destroyed: the empty wheelchair in the apartment says it all. Despite her absence, Ruth's presence will be felt throughout the novel.

In between the mounting suspense as a result of Angélica's death and his possession of the precious stones, the filmmaker begins to investigate Isaac Babel's life. The Jewish writer was killed during Stalin's purges. The narrator's old and dying friend Gurian proves to be a reservoir of information about Babel, and for the reader the diversion is interesting as well, partly because of the suspense that Fonseca has left dangling. As he studies his subject further, the narrator finds a certain correlation between Babel and

the Spanish painter Goya, so he decides he'll use a Goyaesque light in his Babel film.

Eventually he gets to Berlin, where he will embark upon an odd, bumpy relationship with his escort and co-worker Veronika. Perhaps we've been building up to this all along, but we can readily grasp the narrator's astonishment when Dr. Plessner informs him that Babel's last work, a novel, was apparently not destroyed as



had been previously assumed. And there's a fellow named Ivan in East Berlin who's willing to fork it over for \$100,000. However, someone will have to cross the border to smuggle it out. No surprise here, the filmmaker volunteers.

This part of *Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts* loses some of its impact because anything about the Berlin Wall is today verging on nostalgia. Still, Fonseca paints a pretty tense escapade for us, with the result that the filmmaker returns and then, not trusting Veronika or Plessner, decides to bolt.

After his arrival in Brazil, we realize (perhaps to our dismay) that the matter of the precious stones and the aftermath of his theft in Berlin have both been shelved, and that we're about to embark on yet another seemingly unrelated adventure.

Sure enough. There's capture, detainment, a gun-blazing escape, and yet a further change of scenery and characters when the filmmaker meets up with Dália in Diamantina.

By the end there's a sense of loose threads carelessly discarded, and a doubt about the integrity of the narrator himself, a figure to whom things happen rather than one who sets the gears in motion. Although the book reads well and Fonseca deserves to be better known in this country, *Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts* is ultimately less impressive than *Bufo & Spallanzani* and an earlier novel, *High Art*, which was made into the film *Exposure*. That said, I hope we'll see another book by Rubem Fonseca, in English, in the very near future.

*Vast Emotions and Imperfect Thoughts*,  
an excerpt:

As I went through inspection to leave East Germany, my nervousness was greater than before. I hadn't been afraid of going to prison, much less having the hundred thousand dollars confiscated. But to lose Babel's manuscript! The very idea filled me with horror.

The guards were different, but they performed the same mime taught at the police academy. I wondered if the hearts of the old ladies with their Metaxa bottles always beat rapidly when they were pierced every week by those penetrating stares.

In front of me an American, after showing his passport, was taken out of the queue and led to a door through which he and the two guards disappeared.

Scenario: Ivan had been arrested and had told of the American spy; that is to say, me.

'Is something the matter with you?' asked the guard who was examining my passport.

'Bad food. Goulash. Goulash!' I said, hitting my belly with my hand. I made a likely face, in reality from fright, for my hand had hit the sheets of paper.

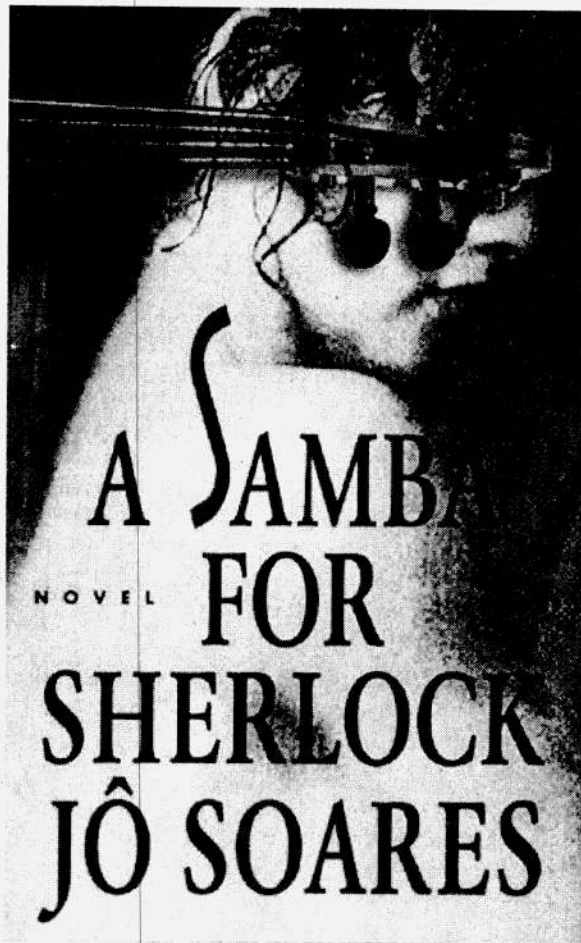
The guard returned my passport and I went through. Then it was the other guard's turn.

I finally made it past all the obstacles, climbed to the upper platform at Friedrichstrasse station, and waited for the train to arrive. When it came, I took a seat and closed my eyes. Sweat poured down my face.

Upon arriving at Zoo Garten station I almost forgot to get off and catch the U-Bahn. I left on the run before the doors closed. I was anxious to get to the hotel and find Veronika. I wanted her to read a passage from Babel's book to me, immediately.

As I approached the hotel I had a surprise. Plessner and Veronika were in front of the main door, talking. I drew back instinctively and hid in the entrance to a nearby stationary store.

I could see from Plessner's manner that he was giving Veronika instructions. She listened attentively. She was a different person. Plessner, however, hadn't changed; he spoke to Veronika the same way he had spoken to me when telling me what I should do to meet Ivan on the other side—a man who was always giving instructions. But Veronika looked different. This wasn't my Veronika.



# Sherlock Goes to Rio

The silliness occasionally threatens to get out of hand, but all in all *A Samba for Sherlock* is a colorful if often cartoonish story that entertains on many levels. And it has a smooth, highly readable translation.

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

*A Samba for Sherlock*, by Jô Soares, trans. by Clifford E. Landers (Pantheon, 271 pp., \$23)

Published and praised in Europe before reaching these shores, *A Samba for Sherlock* begins with a grisly murder and then shifts gears: It's May of 1886 and the legendary French actress Sarah Bernhardt has just arrived in Rio de Janeiro to perform in the operas *Fedora* and *Camille*. For the

sake of meeting her and seeing her perform, Emperor Dom Pedro II has journeyed to Rio from Petrópolis, the summer home of the imperial government, 41 miles away.

It also transpires that the Stradivarius violin that the Emperor had given to the baroness Maria Luísa has been stolen. Upon hearing of this, Sarah Bernhardt immediately suggests that Dom Pedro contact her friend Sherlock Holmes.

Before long, the reader will detect an emerging wryness in Jô Soares' prose. It's clear we're in for a mix of historical and fictional characters in highly improbable situations. Sometimes, but by no means always, the humor is low-key but poignant, such as this backhand poke at newspaper reporters:

"What do you think of Brazilian men?" Alberto Fazelli asked [Sarah Bernhardt] lasciviously; he was not a journalist but was nevertheless impertinent."

We're soon introduced to Police Inspector Mello Pimenta, who will spend much of the novel trying to figure out the murder. Rather, murders. Because with a second, near identical crime, the pressure is on to bring the criminal to justice.

When Sherlock Holmes and his sidekick, Dr. John Watson, receive the telegram from Brazil, they're ready to drop everything and sail the next day.

The murderer has a highly unusual 'signature.' When he kills a woman he cuts a flap of skin from her inner thigh and leaves a violin string curled up in her pubic hair. We wonder, can he commit more than four murders?—or will he get himself another violin.

Before long, Holmes and Doc Watson become involved in this case as well, and in fact Holmes will coin the term 'serial murder' to describe this kind of repetitive murder. The swirling combination of humor and horror may remind one of Rubem Fonseca, the novel *High Art* in particular.

Are there potential suspects? Oh, yes, quite a few, because *A Samba for Sherlock* is filled with major and secondary characters, some real and some not such as the dissolute

nobleman Júlio Augusto Pereira, marquis of Salles; the sensitive poet Olavo Bilac, who becomes lost in the beauty of the first two dead girls when he sees them in the morgue; and the book dealer Miguel Solera de Lara.

Soares has a good time with Sherlock Holmes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective is here depicted as near-sighted and clumsy, and while speaking with the Emperor he knocks over a table with priceless Sèvres porcelain, a gift from Napoleon Bonaparte to Marie Louise of Hapsburg.

Despite his lack of grace and his deductions that rather humorously miss the mark, Holmes manages to foil the murderer and rescue one of his intended victims. Anna Candelária is an actress and a real knock-out of a girl, and although both of them go to great lengths to consummate their passion for one another there's always some kind of obstacle that pops up.

Watson comes in for his share of abuses as well: At the *ilê* (temple) of the *babalorixá* (high priest) Ioruba Nagô, King of Oba Shite, Watson's body is taken over by a she-devil called a *pomba-gira*. The demon is a bit rowdy, makes outrageous demands, and gives only vague answers. Poor Watson, I guess it isn't so elementary after all.

Hey, and what about that missing Stradivarius?

Although Soares must have chuckled to himself frequently while writing this novel, the silliness occasionally threatens to get out of hand. By the end, one may decide that it's been a good read and a good ride, too, a colorful if often cartoonish story that entertains on many levels. If I was to grade it, I'd give it a solid 'B,' and point out that it has a smooth, highly readable translation.

This Brazilian adventure of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson will not be found or mentioned in the novels by Conan Doyle, which are purportedly narrated by Watson himself. The reason is a simple one: Holmes nixes the idea. Too embarrassing? You won't need to be a detective to figure out why.

### *A Samba for Sherlock,* two excerpts:

"Colonel, there's something I've been wanting to ask you for a long time. How is it possible that your parents and your brothers and sisters are so white and blond and you came out like that, so dark?"

Mendes Freire drank his liqueur and explained, speaking to Amorim and his friends.

"It's an almost supernatural story. My mother was two months pregnant and went to spend a few days at my grandfather's plantation. One day, when she was walking in the environs, a delirious Negro slave came from the fields and tried to overtake her. My mother dashed for the plantation with the slave running behind her. She was able, thank God, to make it to the house and my grandfather's men seized the poor crazy Negro. I was born with this color and this hair because of the scare my mother had."

Mendes Freire's friends shook their heads, touched. Amorim respectfully opined, "The colonel will pardon my saying so, but I have the impression that the Negro caught the good lady."

\*\*\*\*\*

Holmes recalled an incident that had occurred many years before, on a hunt in India.

"Imagine, inspector, I was hunting tigers in the middle of the jungle, in the Punjab region, with a friend named Wilfred Marmeduke, when he was bitten by a *naja* in a very delicate spot—how can I put it—right on the end of his penis."

"Why precisely there?!" asked the horrified Mello Pimenta.

"Marmeduke had decided to yield to an urgent physiological necessity, and by chance the stream fell on the head of the sleeping serpent."

"Terrible!"

"I saw it would be to no avail to transport him, as Wilfred was writhing in frightful pain. I mounted my horse and sped to the nearest village, intending to seek out the only doctor there, but the man was in the middle of surgery. So I asked him how I should proceed."

"What did the doctor say?" asked Mello Pimenta anxiously.

"He said there was only one way to avoid the death of my dear friend, for whom I nurtured the greatest affection. He ordered me to make an incision with a knife, at the location of the bite, and, with my mouth, suck out all the venom."

"Fantastic, Mr. Holmes. And that's how you saved his life?"

"No, inspector. He died," replied Sherlock Holmes, his gaze fixed on the horizon.

# Brazilian Spoken Here

According to many Portuguese people 160 million Brazilians speak the language wrongly. Are all Brazilians illiterate? Would they all be bilingual if they had to learn Portuguese?

A. FABRES

My translation course confirmed what I already suspected: When we say that we speak Portuguese it is as if we were lying! Most Brazilians in the class were having problems apart, of course, from those who were already accustomed to continental Portuguese. But I will not be talking about them as those 'bilingual people' did not experience any trouble at all. Usually, they are the ones who ask: Are you used to having Portuguese people around? And when I say 'no' they tell me that that is why! But if I have to get used to them to understand what they say then we don't speak the same language.

When he couldn't recognise our vocabulary, our teacher would say: "Poor you, already forgot your language!" Sometimes the class was so chaotic that it was hilarious. I have never seen a teacher finding so many mistakes!

I am not saying we never made mistakes, we did, I am talking about differences in vocabulary, punctuation, sentence patterns and idiomatic expressions. They are real. When all those things are considered to be mistakes there isn't one single Brazilian in the right.

Imagine the student's frustration! Some abandoned the course, others resigned to the fact that they had forgot their own language. Some, like myself, took the opportunity to learn about the extent of the changes we have made to the language in the last decades. It is a lesson we will never forget. I believe that if the class was in Italian instead—a language I have never studied but understand well—I would have done better. Unfortunately, for the Portuguese, we Brazilians do not speak or write Portuguese anymore.

This is an undeniable fact!

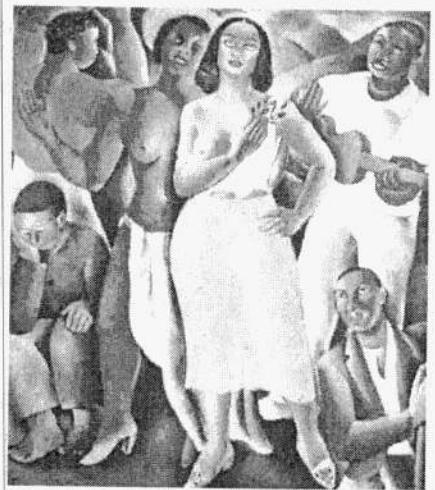
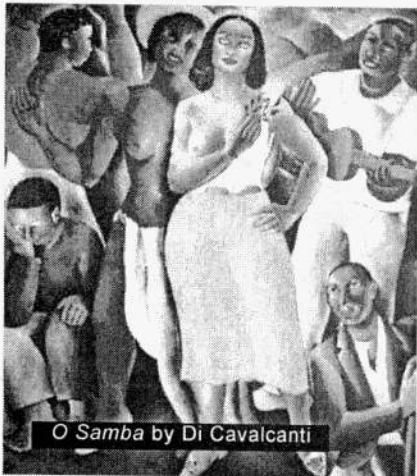
The French call it *brésilien*, and that is not because they don't know that in Brazil we speak Portuguese but simply because they recognise the difference. Very often, it is the Brazilians themselves who ignore the fact, maybe because of those 20 years of military ruling that isolated us from the rest of the world. Only now can we see how we changed the language during that period.

Those academics, purists and nostalgic—Brazilians and Portuguese—insisting that we spoke the original Portuguese cannot see that it is already too late to go back. The only thing we can do now is to try and establish a certain standard for our 'Portuguese' and, this is up to our government and the Academia Brasileira de Letras (Brazilian Academy of Letters). If we did that we would certainly end the snobbery and, the intimidation we still face with things like: 'poor you, already forgot your language.'

Nobody needs to be a genius to see that the *unificação ortográfica* (orthographic standardisation) will never work. There are several reasons for that. The main one is the fact that we'd rather forget our colonial past. We will continue to resist those regulations, it is psychological. We will carry on writing *purê* not *puré*, *mídia* not *média* (media), *fato* not *facto* (fact), *vitrine* not *vitrina* (window-shop), *xampu* not *shampô* (shampoo), Aids not Sida.

There are differences in vocabulary too: *parasol* (Brazil), *chapéu de sol* (Portugal); *arrecadar* (Brazil), *angariar* (Portugal)—to raise (money). There are also problems with words that are spelt and pronounced in the same way with totally different meaning, like *terno* (Brazilian) and *fato* (Portuguese), a men's suit. The word *fato* in Brazilian is the new version of the word *facto* (fact). The Portuguese say *viajar para o estrangeiro* (to travel abroad) while we say *viajar para o exterior*. If you use the word *exterior* in that context in an exam, Portuguese teachers would consider it a mistake.

To make the confusion even worse you can find differences in masculine and feminine forms, such as: *o caixa eletrônico* in Brazil as opposed to *a caixa eletrônica* in Portugal (cash-point machines).



The list is huge and it keeps growing, making things even more confusing. During the whole length of the course I had the impression that I was dealing with a different Latin language. It was exhausting and the teacher had to work double. Hadn't he insisted that they are the same he would have had less trouble.

The truth is that teachers and translators are the ones who most benefit from that situation, they are still been offered—and accepting—work which they should refuse if they don't know much about Brazilian Portuguese. Never mind holding a diploma in translation, it is practically impossible to follow the evolution of the language in both countries at the same time. The same apply to us in relation to Portugal, but the Portuguese are the ones most interested in saying that 'Brazilian language' does not exist. It is advantageous to play with the insecurity of those Brazilians who, through lack of vision, still do not acknowledge the importance of embracing those differences.

It is still true that most employment agencies and companies in various fields haven't yet realised what is going on. They still believe those people who maintain that the difference between the two versions is minimal. Those people are not helping translators or anybody. They are not professionals, they ignore the implications those differences can have for employers. A company (or employment agency) searching to hire a Portuguese speaker—a translator or an employee—to do work related with Brazil, for example, should be informed that they could end up in the losers side.

By principle I refuse to translate into Portuguese if it is for Portugal, because I do not know enough about it and never lived there, it would not sound right. However, things are changing, now the best translation agencies are aware of the changes and are adopting a new attitude to recruitment of translators and interpreters, choosing them according to their nationality as well. I think it is high time we took responsibilities for our problems, being they social, economical, the bad and good points and our language.

We must stop behaving like victims, the colonised land. We do not need to obey Portugal in any way.

Don't we celebrate our Independence Day every year? When a culture accepts itself it imposes more respect and that is what the people need. Only then can they change for better.

The English and the Americans have already established their linguistic differences and the famous English joke about it: 'we are two nations divided by a common language' could well apply to us. As their languages are similar Scandinavians can often understand each other but Norwegian is called Norwegian not Danish. Similar does not mean same.

No language has much value outside its own cultural context, it would lose its meaning. This explains why some of them die whereas others survive. Since the beginning of the times, cultural, geographic, demographic and financial aspects have played a vital part in the changes, survival or death of a language. It is such a powerful means of communication, sometimes used as a weapon to oppress people.

The invention of the dictionary in the 17<sup>th</sup> century is very recent considering that the vocabulary in use at the time was already vast. That was the most efficient way to preserve it but it is impossible to avoid the insurgence of new words, after all most of what is in dictionaries was invented by the average person not the academics. Every time a dictionary is revised, new popular expressions and words are included. The versatility of human beings knows no limits.

It is, of course, normal for academics to try and maintain the standards of a language as found in the books but they cannot ignore the reasons why it changes. The Catholic Church does not recognise divorce, it is as if the word did not exist, although it is a fact of modern life and affects millions of families every year. A word had to be invented in order to defame it.

All throughout Brazil people use the word *cachaça* for *água ardente* (sugar-cane spirit), but only recently the producers acquired the right to use the word *cachaça* in the bottles. As foreign importers kept saying that they liked the latter best, the authorities decided to allow the producers to use the name officially. Once again the opinion of outsiders was necessary for a practical change to happen. That is the proof that we still are linguistically oppressed and conditioned to the past. It is obvious that the word *cachaça* is more original as also is *caipirinha* (margarita made with *cachaça*) instead of *coquetel de água-ardente com limão verde* (lime and *água ardente* cocktail). It is more practical, more Brazilian.

English language is also very practical with small words. Maybe that is the reason of its success. It does reflect the Anglo-Saxon system very well in its dislike for bureaucracy, whereas Latin countries seem to thrive in it. Names for example: Anthony becomes Tony, practical, approachable. Rodney becomes Rod, Elizabeth becomes Liz and so on.

Some English people say that when Brazilian authors use their entire names in their books it does not help to promote Brazilian literature in Anglo-Saxon cultures because it is difficult for them to pronounce and memorise those long names. Although the same people maintained that Jorge Amado or Paulo Coelho it is already better. As for the nicknames we give to football players such as Pelé, Zico, Sócrates and Zagallo they find it original and humorous. Outside Brazil practically nobody knows the real name of Pelé.

Those nicknames are great because they express originality, humour and creativity. Some years ago, in France, there was an attempt to launch a French cocktail, which was a copy of our *caipirinha*. It didn't work because the Brazilians claimed their rights to it, fair enough. That is yet another reason for us to acknowledge and take responsibilities for what we are changing. Many Portuguese students also think that our differences should be recognised and accepted, one of them even talked about his frustration with a Brazilian teacher. That suggests that the problem exists in both senses and it is pointless to try to ignore it. Many students are wasting time because of it.

A mother tongue is that of the motherland, which we learn instinctively. Ours is Brazilian. It is normal that we have words of diverse origins because we all have different origins. Not only we are in another continent we are also a melting pot. This linguistic battle the Portuguese have already lost. Numbers speak for themselves, a mistake made by 160 million people soon becomes a rule.

**A. Fabres is a Brazilian linguist  
who lives in London.**

# THE CULTURAL PULSE

## Plays

### RIO

**O Cara de Pau** (The Fresh Guy)—Comedy. Guy has to invent ways to survive after being fired from the place where he worked for 30 years. Written by Juca de Oliveira, directed by Paulo Guarnieri, with Castrinho and Flávio Guarnieri. Teatro dos Grandes Atores.

**A Ninfeta da Rua Augusta** (Augusta Street's Lolita)—Drama. Based on Jorge Mascarenhas's movie of same name. Poor girl becomes prostitute to help her family. Directed by Valéria Abbade. Teatro Armando Gonzaga.

**Procura-se Público** (Looking for Audience)—Comedy. Famous authors practice modern texts. Written and directed by Dirceu de Mattos, with Cia. Atores Atoa. Teatro Dirceu de Mattos.

**Os Colecionadores** (The Collectors)—Theater of absurd dealing with contemporary life. Written and directed by Joel Gusson, with Cia. das Índias Ocidentais de Teatro. Sala Carlos Couto.

**Performance**—Comedy. Stories of marriages. Written and directed by Sarah Berandeth, with Sandro Rabello and André Cerqueira. Centro Cultural Oduvaldo Vianna Filho.

**Ô Abre Alas** (Hey, Let Me Through)—Musical. The life of pioneer musician Chiquinha Gonzaga with Rosamaria Murtinho. *Ô Abre Alas*, composed by Chiquinha, was the first big Carnival hit. Directed by Charles Moeller and Cláudio Botelho. Written by Maria Adelaide do Amaral. Teatro João Caetano.

### SÃO PAULO

**Uma Lição Longe Demais** (A Lesson That Went Too Far)—Two students kidnap teacher after being expelled from school. Written by Zeno Wilde, directed by Maurício Lencastre, with Aldine Müller, Maurício Lencastre and Edey. TBC (Teatro Brasileiro de Comédia)

**Aqueles 2** (Those Two)—The reencounter of two lovers long after the end of their affair. Written and directed by José Geraldo Petean, with Eloísa Elena and Marcelo Góes. Espaço Piolim.

**Dom Casmurro** (Mr. Curmudgeon)—Bentinho wants to prove to himself beyond any doubt that his beloved wife Capitu betrayed him. Adapted from the Machado de Assis novel by José Paulo Rosa, who also directs. With Regina Pessoa, Zhé Gomes, and Alexandre Leal, Teatro Lucas Pardo Filho.

**Homem Branco e Cara Vermelha** (White Man and Red Face)—Lost in the desert a Jew in order to survive must dissuade an Indian from committing suicide. Written by George Tabori, directed by Wolfgang Pannek, with Linneu Dias, Maura Baiocchi, and Antônio Galleão. Teatro do Instituto Goethe.

**As Polacas** (The Polish Girls)—Based on *Jovens Polacas* (Polish Girls), a book that tells the story of a group of Jewish prostitutes in Brazil, early this century. Written by Anely A. Pinto, directed by Iacov Hillel, with Lúcia Romano and Isa Kopelman. Teatro Maria Della Costa.

## Movies

### Just-released American movies:

Knock Off (Golpe Fulminante), Lolita (Lolita), Saving Private Ryan (O Resgate do Soldado Ryan), Six Days, Seven Nights (Seis Dias, Sete Noites), There's Something About Mary (Quem Vai Ficar com Mary?), Wild Things (Garotas Selvagens), The X Files (Arquivo X, O Filme), Ulee's Gold (O Ouro de Ulisses)

**Amores** (Loves)—Brazil/1998—Comedy. Daughter of a TV producer going through professional crisis falls in love with his best friend, a married man. Directed by Domingos Oliveira, with Maria Mariana and Domingos Oliveira.

**Cinderela Baiana** (Cinderella from Bahia)—Brazil/1998—Musical comedy. Directed by Conrado Sanchez, with Carla Perez, Alexandre Pires, Perry Sales, and Fábio Vidal. The story of a poor girl who becomes a star, very similar to the life story of Carla Perez herself.

**Kenoma**—Brazil/1997—Drama. Artisan from the interior has an obsession: to build a perpetual motion. Directed by Eliane Caffé, with José Dumont, Enrique Diaz, Jonas Bloch, and Mariana Lima.

**Terra do Mar** (Sea Land)—Brazil/1997—Documentary by Mirella Martinelli and Eduardo Caron. The life of fishermen at Paraná state's Paranaguá, Guarauqueçaba e Laranjeiras bays as well as São Paulo's Cananéia bay. In praise of the sustainable use of natural resources.

**Fire (Fogo e Desejo)**—India & Canada/1996—Drama. The conflicts and intimate life of a New Delhi family. Directed by Deepa Mehta, with Karishma Jhalani, Shabana Azmi, and Nandita Das.

**East Palace, West Palace (O Outro Lado da Cidade Proibida)**—China & France/1996—Drama. Police officer gets involved with homosexual writer detained during a police raid. Directed by Zhang Yuang, with Hu Jun and Sihan.



As Polacas

## Books best-sellers

### FICTION

- 1 *Veronika decide morrer*, Paulo Coelho. Objetiva, 221 p. R\$15.
- 2 *O mundo de Sofia*, Jostein Gaarder. Companhia das Letras, 555 p. R\$26,50.
- 3 *O rancho*, Danielle Steel. Record, 448 p. R\$20.
- 4 *Mal secreto—Inveja*, Zuenir Ventura. Objetiva, 264 p. R\$22.
- 5 *O plano perfeito*, Sidney Sheldon. Record, 300 p. R\$25.
- 6 *No fim dá certo*, Fernando Sabino. Record, 226p R\$20.
- 7 *O Deus das pequenas coisas*, Arundhati Roy. Cia das Letras, 344 p. R\$ 28.
- 8 *Através do espelho*, Jostein Gaarder. Companhia das Letras, 144p. R\$17.
- 9 *Sem asas ao amanhecer*, Luciana Scotti. O Nome da Rosa, 197 p. R\$ 25.
- 10 *A senhora de Avalon*, Marion Zimmer Bradley. Rocco, 504 p. R\$28.

### NONFICTION

- 1 *A viagem do descobrimento*, Eduardo Bueno. Objetiva, 148 p. R\$16,00.
- 2 *Minha bola, minha vida*, Nilton Santos. Gryphus, 248 p. R\$21.
- 3 *203 maneiras de enlouquecer um homem na cama*, Olívia St. Claire. Ediouro, 128 p. R\$10,90.
- 4 *177 maneiras de enlouquecer uma mulher na cama*, Margot Saint-Clair. Ediouro, 128 p. R\$ 10,90.
- 5 *As melhores piadas do planeta e da Cassetta*, Cassetta e Planeta. Objetiva, 128 p. R\$10.
- 6 *Chic homem, manual de moda e estilo*, Glória Kalil. Senac, 237 p. R\$45.
- 7 *Como falar corretamente e sem inibições*, Reinaldo Polito. Saraiva, 216 p. R\$18.
- 8 *Dossiê Brasil*, Geneton Moraes Neto. Objetiva, 151 p. R\$19.
- 9 *Ah; se eu soubesse*, Richard Edler. Negócio. 237 p. R\$ 28,70.
- 10 *Bilhões e bilhões*, Carl Sagan. Cia das Letras, 100 p. R\$23,50.

### SELF-HELP/ ESOTERISM

- 1 *Câncer tem cura*, Frei Romano Zago. Vozes, 208 p. R\$10.
- 2 *As profecias sem mistério*, Paiva Netto, Elevação, 255 p. R\$ 16.
- 3 *Meditando com Brian Weiss*, Brian L. Weiss. Salamandra, 100 p. R\$ 14,90.
- 4 *A água e a galinha*, Leonardo Boff. Vozes, 206 p. R\$ 16.
- 5 *O sucesso é ser feliz*, Roberto Shinyashi. Gente, 198 p. R\$ 20.

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### WOMAN SEEKS MAN

**Brazilian lady,** 59, gostaria de conhecer senhor educado e com situação financeira estável. Por favor, escreva para: PO Box 2673, Santa Clarita, CA 91386-2673 [153]

**Single Brazilian Women.** Men worldwide desire to correspond with you for friendship/marriage. **No Fee.** Send color photo and profile to SOTB, P. O. 274123, Tampa, FL 33688, call (813) 932-3805 or e-mail: [davesotb@sotb.com](mailto:davesotb@sotb.com) - <http://www.sotb.com> [151]

## PERSONAL

### MAN SEEKS WOMAN

**American, Black, male,** 27 years old, would like to meet a Brazilian lady for cultural enlightenment and companionship. Bill (310) 537-2291 [152]

**Americano, 38,** atraente, romântico e sincero. Procura brasileira 18-45. Enviar foto para 2440-16th St, No. 179, San Francisco, CA 94103 [158]

**Americano, 43 anos,** delgado, branco, olhos verdes, professor de Francês e Inglês, fala Português, gostaria de encontrar

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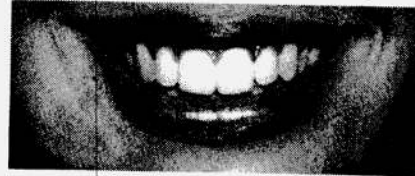
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In the current debate, most economists agree that the Brazilian economic crisis is linked closely to the chronic public finance imbalance that has become the greatest obstacle to macroeconomic stabilization—a fundamental precondition for long-term growth.

The public sector has played a crucial role in Brazil's economic development, notably by adopting a model of industrialization based on import substitution. In its initial stages in the 1930s, government intervention in the economy was primarily indirect; protectionist tariffs, credit and exchange subsidies, fiscal incentives, and economic subsidies were implemented to protect infant industries.

In 1942, however, the installation of the state-run steel industry, Companhia Siderúrgica Nacional (CSN), marked the beginning of more direct government intervention in the production structure. Intervention was based primarily on the creation of state-owned enterprises that produced basic inputs. These enterprises promoted the growth and diversification of Brazilian industry, in addition to other stimuli to private accumulation and efforts to attract foreign capital.

It should be mentioned that the inflation accompanying these state efforts did not reach high enough levels to compromise economic growth. A more aggressive policy of economic development was adopted during the second half of the 1950s during the Juscelino Kubitschek term, a period marked by incentives to the national and foreign private sectors and by large infrastructural investments, such as the construction of Brasília. Each action contributed to more serious inflation. As a result, Brazil experienced economic stagnation in the early 1960s that, in combination with political problems, brought about a period fraught with difficulties, eventually leading to the overthrow of the government in 1964 and a period of military rule that would extend until 1985.

During its initial phase, military rule produced great economic successes. It implemented a stabilization and adjustment program that accelerated growth between 1967 and 1973. Again, the government took the lead role in economic development by undertaking infrastructure projects, enlarging the realm of state-owned enterprises, and stimulating private initiatives through credit and fiscal incentives.

Until 1973, interventionist strategy did not compromise the finances of the public sector, nor did it seriously affect macroeconomic stability. Successful results were obtained through the expansion and rationalization of public sector financing mechanisms—notably toward a more effective tax structure and more effective domestic financing. Improvements were made possible through the implementation of compulsory savings mechanisms, such as the Time-Service Guarantee Fund (Fundo de Garantia por Tempo de Serviço—FGTS) and the Social Integration Program (Programa de Integração Social—PIS/PASEP), through monetary adjustments, and through expansion of production that generated resources needed to finance growth.

However, the first oil shock in 1973—when oil prices increased fourfold—reduced potential consumption and investment. Events

surrounding the oil shock foretold the end of an expansionist cycle that had lasted three decades without any major interruptions.

Anticipating decreasing levels of national income resulting from a deterioration in Brazil's terms of trade, the Brazilian government adopted a strategy that attempted to avoid decreases in consumption and in domestic investment. It adjusted the productive structure through an ample import substitution program in the capital and intermediate goods sectors. These sectors either received strong fiscal and credit incentives, as was the case of the capital goods sector, or became the target of massive investment by state-owned enterprises, as were the cases of the energy, steel, and telecommunications sectors.

Despite adverse international conditions that unfavorably affected growth rates in developed countries, Brazil was able to maintain high growth rates during the second half of the 1970s. Such positive results primarily were the product of the degree of government intervention, which reversed prospects for stagnation and increased the availability of external credit, thereby permitting the continued inflow of necessary resources to finance investments.

In spite of accelerating inflation, economic policies were relatively successful at diversifying the productive structure. Their implementation, however, resulted in an enormous increase in foreign debt. Though much of the debt was initially accumulated by the private sector, the public sector was especially hard hit since it had to accept the foreign obligations that gradually resulted from these policies. The repercussions of decisions adopted during the period also translated into an increase in the domestic public debt. In retrospect, it is possible to identify these policy decisions as the root of the imbalance still felt by the Brazilian public sector. Decisions reached later in the decade must be added as they were a response to new oil shocks and the growing burden imposed by foreign debt interest payments.

At the onset of the second oil shock, the Brazilian economy, already extremely vulnerable to changes in external conditions, was subjected to drastic increases in international interest rates derived from the new restrictions of U.S. monetary policy. Enhanced by higher external debt servicing obligations, largely taken on by the central government and state-owned enterprises, the initial impacts created more problems for an already unstable public finance sector. Later, accelerated inflation would worsen these conditions even more. Financing for public and private sectors was adversely affected in light of doubts about the future health of the country's economy. The resulting process of stagnation would contaminate the entire decade to follow—a period that would become known as the "lost decade."

Despite changes in international economic conditions, contractionary policies at the beginning of the 1980s again went unpursued except in those areas affected by a reduction in available financing. In fact, it was clear that politicians, businesspeople, workers, and society in general resisted the implementation of a strategy that could help resolve the persistent disequilibrium felt in external and public accounts.

In 1980, the Brazilian government enacted policies that seemed to run counter to what was needed for balancing accounts. The government specifically opted for the implementation of expansionist policies, accompanied by predetermined interest and exchange rates, an increase in the level of wage indexation, and the maintenance of high levels of investment in segments of the productive sector controlled by state-owned enterprises. Taken as a whole, these policies resulted in new and significant increases in the foreign debt and a strong acceleration of inflation. By 1981, the policies were abandoned and replaced by a policy based on high internal interest rates designed to encourage the inflow of foreign capital; however, an economic recession was the result.

In 1982, Mexico's declaration of a moratorium on its debt payments marked the beginning of a drastic reduction in the availability of foreign capital to developing countries. In the years to

# Economy

## B. C.\*

(\*Before Cardoso)

**The public sector has played a crucial role in Brazil's economic development. Nowadays, most economists agree that the country's economic crisis is linked to the chronic public finance imbalance that has become the greatest obstacle to macroeconomic stabilization.**

ROBERTO MACEDO AND  
FÁBIO BARBOSA



follow, developing countries could no longer count on external flows to finance the disequilibrium in the current account of their balance of payments or their public deficit. This "definancing" corresponded with a reorientation in the Brazilian economy toward the generation of a positive trade balance that would allow the government to honor its external commitments. In fact, in 1983 an adjustment program was undertaken to reduce internal demand through the implementation of changes in relative prices (exchange rate devaluation and control of nominal wage adjustments) and public expenditures.

Several measures were adopted simultaneously to preserve the productive structure developed in the previous period, including the creation of an exchange hedge for companies with external debt. This strategy, however, presupposed new internal and external commitments by the Central Bank, without the creation of mechanisms capable of assuring long-term equilibrium in public finances.

As a matter of fact, gross tax expenditure fell from a level of 26 percent of gross domestic product (GDP) between 1970 and 1975 to 23 percent of GDP during the 1984-1989 period. One of the factors contributing to this decrease was the structural narrowing of the fiscal base, resulting from an increase in exports and incentives designed to assist in the import substitution process.

Some authors attribute this reduction in tax revenues to the continuous increase in the participation of states and municipal governments in total taxes, a process reinforced after 1985 by the Passos Porto Amendment and passed into law by the 1988 Constitution. The argument holds that the increase in constitutional federal transfers has discouraged state and local governments, especially small municipalities, from pursuing effective tax collection strategies by guaranteeing resources at zero cost (even from political perspective).

The proponents of these arguments, however, cannot ignore the fact that average annual growth rates during the 1980s (2.2 percent) suffered a marked decrease from the rates registered in the 1970s (8.6 percent) that had brought about a more than proportional reduction in tax revenue growth. Additionally, the acceleration of inflation, caused by macroeconomic disequilibrium, reinforced a tendency toward loss of tax revenue; real tax revenues were eroded by its inflationary process through the so-called "Tanzi effect," which occurs when inflation and real interest rates are high, and taxpayers have the incentive to delay paying taxes as long as possible, thereby reducing the real value of tax collections when ultimately received by the government.

In the late 1980s, there was increasing evidence of tax evasion, not only as a result of an increasingly complex taxation structure, but also because of deterioration of enforcement mechanisms and "informalization" of several segments of the productive structure, processes largely associated with the stagnation of the Brazilian economy.

In addition to an unfavorable revenue situation, current expenditures increased dramatically, climbing from 9.9 percent of the GDP in 1980 to 14.3 percent in 1989. Personnel expenditures in the same period increased from 7 percent of the GDP to 9.7

percent. Sixty percent of this increase occurred at the state and local government levels due to a restructuring of the distribution of federal revenue in the 1980s.

The country also experienced during the same period an increase in the government's financial commitments. Total expenditures jumped from 0.63 percent of GDP in the 1970-1978 period to 3.5 percent in 1988-1989, largely as a result of the domestic and foreign debt accumulation. The inevitable consequence was the draining of government savings as a source of investment financing and, consequently, the exhaustion of economic growth. In fact, government savings fell significantly over the years (and especially during the latter half of the 1980s) from 7 percent of GDP in the early 1970s to negative values in the 1987-1989 period.

The growing scarcity of government and foreign savings was accompanied by an equivalent reduction in total investment in the country. Total investment dropped from 26 percent of GDP in the mid-1970s to 18 percent by 1979. This adjustment was particularly visible in expenditures with gross capital formation of the public sector and its enterprises, which dropped from 12 percent of GDP in the 1970s to 6 or 7 percent in recent years. However, the contraction in investment expenditures was nearly offset by an increase in other expenditures.

There was also a significant shift in the composition of expenditures, a drastic decrease in expenditures for investment, and significant increases in expenditures for personnel and financial obligations.

Despite cuts, the public sector continued to experience operational deficits on the order of 5 percent of GDP annually. If, for the sake of comparison, this percentage were applied to today's GDP (approximately US\$400 billion), these values would signify that the public debt grew by at least an additional US\$180 billion between 1981 and 1989. In fact, this never occurred. A part of the deficit was financed by monetary expansion through forced reductions in government liabilities, as will be seen in the latter portion of this chapter.

In addition to inadequate financing for the needed public sector resources, there was a substantial loss in the "quality" of federal spending due to changes in its composition. The government had ceased to invest in order to cover expenditures that did not generate economic returns and were of questionable social value.

There is no doubt that the economy's capacity for future growth was compromised by limitations on expansion and modernization of the productive structure and a reduction in relative competitiveness and efficiency. At least two factors were identified as contributing to this situation. First, the drastic reorientation of the public sector away from its previous role as direct investment inducer created a gap that the private sector could not fill. Second, a significant public debt and successive interventions in the pricing mechanism and financial assets through the so-called "heterodox plans" prompted high levels of uncertainty that would further limit investments.

Because of internal difficulties and drastic reductions in external financing after 1982, the process by which domestic savings compensated for fiscal disequilibria started to show signs of ineffectiveness.

Lending terms were reduced, and real interest rates required, *ex ante*, to roll over the ever-expanding public sector debt began to show consistent increases.

There was a sustained and increasingly common perception that the public sector would face liquidity constraints in the short run and structural insolvency in the long run. According to Fabio Barbosa and Carlos Mussi (1991):

... in flow terms, the fiscal hiatus necessary to cover the (public) sector's commitments grew. Likewise, the principal on the debt was accumulating as a result of past deficits, and the fiscal adjustment became an increasingly apparent solution.... From a passive government activity, fiscal policy became the country's most important instrument of macroeconomic policy by the end of the 1980s. The possibility of a hyper-inflationary process reflected this situation.

Indeed, at the beginning of the 1990s, the nonfinancial component of the public sector registered an operational deficit estimated at 9 percent of GDP. Since the economy was recession-bound and showed a monthly inflation rate of 100 percent, there were no prospects for noninflationary financing. The public sector's continuous structural disequilibrium and the interruption of its financing pattern were clearly at the core of inflation and the overall stagnation of economic production.

#### **The Worsening of Inflation and Heterodox Attempts at Stabilizing the Economy: 1986-1992**

This section examines in greater detail the growth of inflation occurring after 1985, continuing stagnation, and policies adopted to contain the inflationary process between 1986 and 1992.

In order to understand the turn of events after 1985, it is important to recognize the serious changes that took place in the political arena. After two decades, governmental power was relinquished by the military and turned over to civilian rule. Tancredo Neves had negotiated the transition of power to full democracy successfully and was elected president by the Nation Congress in 1985. He died, however, before being inaugurated, and José Sarney, his vice president, was sworn in as the new president. Sarney brought with him a past association with the military regime and weak leadership skills. The coalition government had the ability to distribute patronage and to protect populist interests but lacked leadership. It was unable ultimately to obtain the support necessary to solve the country's dire problems.

The economic policy of the Sarney administration that ended in 1990 suffered from an inherited political fragility aggravated by difficulties in implementing measures required for economic stabilization, many of which were inevitably unpopular. All stabilization policies adopted during this administration failed primarily because of an absence of public sector structural adjustment and a restrictive monetary policy.

Ironically, the most valuable contribution of Sarney's administration—though only a perception—was the recognition that no stabilization plan would succeed unless the fiscal crisis itself were resolved. Today, there is virtual consensus concerning the

reasons for the failures of the various stabilization plans.

Aside from this "positive result," changes in indexation rules imposed by Sarney's price freeze policies, associated with the volatility of inflation rates in the very short run, had a serious effect on the expectations of economic agents. From the public sector's viewpoint, the government's successive devaluation of liabilities based on drastic changes in the "rules of the game" further eroded the credibility of treasury bonds and made their transactions more difficult to carry out.

To present a better analysis of the topics covered in this section, certain developments in the macroeconomic analysis of particular countries with prolonged processes of high inflation, as well as in other economic policies, should be taken into consideration. Several Brazilian and foreign research centers believed that confronting chronic inflationary processes through the usual restrictive monetary and fiscal policies had become more complicated due to the presence of "inertial inflation," or inflationary memory as it is also called. There existed, accordingly, a process that tended to be perpetuated by the actions and beliefs of economic agents, particularly through the widespread adoption of formal and informal indexation of prices and contracts. In such an environment, the adoption of policies aimed at limiting aggregate demand became more complicated because of the existence of this inflationary inertia. The insistence on implementing such policies also exacted high social costs; an increase in restrictive policies was required to halt inflation and eradicate the inertia inherited from the past.

Notions concerning inertial inflation led to the launching of "heterodox" policies. In addition to adopting fundamental fiscal and monetary policies, the idea was also to adopt a set of measures that would embrace other policies aimed specifically at containing inflationary inertia. Included among these were the de-indexation of the economy, temporary price freezes, and the use of income policies to coordinate prices in the economy as an initial step toward stabilization. These ideas were greatly bolstered after Israel successfully adopted a similar plan in 1985. The Israeli case was widely publicized not only as a result of its impact *per se*, but also because many of Israel's economists are well known internationally.

It is important to keep in mind that these heterodox plans do not essentially constitute the antithesis of traditional anti-inflationary policies. On the contrary, they emphasize that the fundamentals of a stabilization plan, fiscal or monetary, must be in place before additional measures targeting expectations and price coordination that comprise the accessory component of the plan are adopted. These policies are ancillary because they cannot be sustained in the absence of fiscal and monetary fundamentals.

In Brazil, economists had extended and elaborated upon these ideas. However, their implementation by a fragile government that was incapable of assuring the maintenance of required fundamental measures resulted in many failures. There existed a series of stabilization plans believed to be heterodox.



With the exception of a few measures adopted by the Collor government, these plans could not attack the fundamental issue of public sector fiscal disequilibrium, as financing the public sector ultimately led to inflationary pressures derived from its monetary impact. Since fiscal and monetary issues were not adequately addressed, policies implemented during the Sarney administration were only instrumental in bringing about temporary reductions in the inflation rate through a series of price freezes. Once price freezes were removed, the inability of the plans to tackle fiscal issues caused inflation to reach even higher levels.

The Cruzado Plan, the first of many, was perhaps the most frustrating. Because of Brazilian society's belief in the plan, it brought great relief to the economy, although for a brief period, and represented a favorable moment for the adoption of fundamental fiscal and monetary measures. President Sarney and other politicians around him, however, were so euphoric about the popularity and success of the Cruzado Plan that they ignored the warnings of economic advisers and others who had participated in the debate. Lacking the necessary fundamental measures, the plan ultimately failed. The effects of the Bresser Plan, next adopted in the midst of greater skepticism, were fleeting. It failed due to a lack of political support for implementation of fundamental measures. Later during Sarney's term, a Summer Plan was also implemented that was basically an attempt at keeping things under control. It was already clear that further drastic measures could not be adopted so late in Sarney's term of office.

Under the Collor administration, plans were considered that were incapable of stabilizing the economy but had basically different results. Inflation never returned to the formerly higher rates of the previous administration and, on the contrary, experienced a decrease....

The stabilization plans of Sarney's administration were limited to their ancillary component. In other words, they were limited to the interruption of inflationary inertia through price freezes, de-indexation, and "monetary reforms," measures that were restricted to the creation of new currencies by means of the elimination of digits off the old currency. These measures and the creation of new currencies are often essential in Brazil since high levels of inflation result in excessively high (and difficult to manage) nominal values in common economic transactions, especially in the financial sector.

Past promises to address fundamental issues, particularly the issue of public debt, were nothing more than empty words. The fact that disequilibrium was permanently intensified shows that promises were not honored. Besides a worsening of the economy during the period 1986 to 1989, it was also understood that if nothing was done, the public sector deficit for 1990 could reach 9 percent of the GDP. After 1990, the operational deficit suffered a significant decline. The Collor government had reoriented its economic policy in terms of formulation as well as of implementation.

When Collor was inaugurated, the country's economic and financial situation

was in a state of chaos, and the economy faced imminent hyperinflation. A large part of the growing public deficit was financed through an expansion of the money supply. Transactions were performed at increasingly shorter intervals because of uncertainties permeating the market. Shortly after Collor's inauguration, the new administration adopted drastic measures, including taxation and a freeze on financial assets to reduce the economy's liquidity and generate resources for the budget. Prices were frozen, indexation mechanisms were attenuated, and the government attempted to reduce the number of employees through administrative reform. The sale of public assets through patrimonial reform was contemplated in order to reduce the deficit. Other measures aimed at deregulating the economy were also implemented, including a tighter control on expenditures in terms of operational expenditures and in terms of personnel costs in particular. All of these measures were part of Collor Plan I.

These measures completely eliminated the public deficit as well as reversed it into a surplus in the federal budget in 1990 and 1991. Although positive, the results stemmed from short-term adjustments that failed to address some additionally important problems. Furthermore, many administrative aspects in the implementation and enforcement of new measures were extremely problematic.

The government was soon faced with strong pressure against the withholding of financial assets. Policies were therefore relaxed, which resulted in weaker monetary control. In addition, the government could not effectively control state-owned enterprises. Due to political pressures exerted around the time of the senatorial and gubernatorial elections in 1990, state banks, for example, extended credit operations above and beyond permissible levels. Patrimonial and administrative reforms were also discontinued. Expectations were high because economic agents knew that the fiscal adjustment had not been consolidated. A large portion of adjustments had been implemented exclusively on that one occasion only and would not be repeated.

By the end of 1990, expectations and the inertia behind fiscal and liquidity pressures had driven inflation once again on an upward course. Rising inflation rates sparked a renewal of government measures, including price freezes, containment of liquidity, and the creation of specific short-term funds. The economy entered 1991 with prices frozen and without any clear-cut indication that the basic factors causing the inflationary process were being effectively eliminated. The failure of Collor Plan II, together with several other problems, discredited the administration's team of economic advisers and forced them to leave office in May 1991.

The basic policy orientation taken by the country's new Minister of Economics, Marcílio Marques Moreira, was to unfreeze prices, take effective steps toward liberalizing the economy, renegotiate foreign debt, and proceed with structural reforms. Emphasis was given, for example, to the privatization of state-owned enterprises and fiscal reform that would aid the consolidation of prior adjustments made by the Collor administration. Prior to the consolidation of these adjustments, the government focused

on expenditure control and monetary policy, both of which played particularly important roles in bridging the prevailing conditions with future conditions after fiscal adjustments were consolidated.

Despite opposing pressures and despite predictions made by the press and economic agents that the new team of economic advisers would resort to price freezes because they lacked alternatives, the policy was pursued persistently during the course of one year, from May 1991 to May 1992, and a series of measures were adopted that represented tangible advances toward stability and structural reform.

Collor's new team of economic advisers initiated a privatization program, established mechanisms that allowed for the financing of a larger agricultural supply, adopted several measures to reduce the bureaucratization of the economy, and advanced trade liberalization and negotiations of sectoral agreements aimed at increasing the economy's productivity and competitiveness. Also addressed were foreign debt problems. Agreements were obtained with the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the Paris Club and negotiations established with private banks. The team of economic advisers advanced the reformulation of insurance systems and adopted a new wage policy that reduced the previous policy's impact on public finance, especially on social security. A policy was implemented to attenuate the disequilibrium and contain expenditures on the fiscal side, while supporting high interest rates that maintained financial assets invested as such.

Although the high interest rate policy and the contraction of expenditures were agenda items, it was recognized that their effects would be limited since high interest rates would eventually compromise fiscal equilibrium by reinforcing a growth in the debt. High interest rates also generated a large influx of foreign resources that affected the economy in two ways: the country's supply of foreign currency increased, while the Central Bank had to negotiate bonds at higher interest rates in order to contain the liquidity resulting from that same influx of foreign currency. The monetary control mechanism was, therefore, only partially effective because, accompanied by a return of withheld *cruzados*, a large inflow of foreign capital, and substantial trade surpluses, it acted only as a conduit that would eventually lead to needed fiscal adjustments.

Congress began to negotiate projects aimed at bringing about fiscal reforms that were seen as crucial in gaining economic agents' confidence in the government's financial situation. With their trust, it would be possible to pursue lower interest rate policies that would, in turn, stimulate the economy and generate demand for external resources that could be covered by accumulated reserves.

Once prices were liberated, inflation reached a monthly rate of approximately 25 percent toward the end of 1991. Prices decreased during a period before April 1992, except for a seasonal increase observed in January. As demonstrated by the price indices, various indicators showed that inflation fell to 20 percent monthly in April 1992. According to the team of economic advisers, this signified that success was indeed possible if fiscal reforms were to consoli-

date the progress that had already been made and if problematic monetary factors were successfully removed.

At this time the government had undergone an extensive ministerial reform. Discredited ministers were replaced by ministers with national recognition, resulting in an improved Collor administration vis-à-vis its political supporters in Congress. Reform helped the administration to obtain approval for a new wage policy and various important projects, such as port reform and public service concessions.

In mid-1992, however, this path was challenged when accusations of corruption against President Collor surfaced. Forced to step down in October 1992, Collor was impeached in December 1992. The fiscal adjustment debate already before Congress was interrupted, and no subsequent projects were approved. During this period, two factions emerged within the Collor administration. On the one side, the economic team continued to press forward and insisted that expenditures needed to be contained and that fiscal reform was still necessary. On the other side, factions tried to use public sector resources as a way to obtain support for their campaign to prevent the president's impeachment.

The internal dispute between the economic and political sectors of government did not compromise public finances significantly. However, given the pessimistic atmosphere and growing public disbelief in the ability of the government to promote fiscal reform, prices increased again to levels of 25 percent per month. Recession intensified as entrepreneurial and consumer confidence plummeted even further because of the proliferation of negative press reports. Amid these conditions Itamar Franco was sworn in as provisional president of the country in October 1992.

#### **Measures Adopted by the Itamar Franco Administration and the Current Economic Status**

In order to understand the economic policies of the Itamar Franco administration, it is necessary to remember that his government came in under forces that differed from Collor's on economic policy. As a result, one faction within his government was willing to make greater fiscal concessions, wanted to see the immediate recovery of economic growth, and proposed nominal wage increases. Another segment wanted fiscal reform and supported economic policies that were more in line with those of the previous government. The president himself espoused a conflicting position. Based on his own words, one can easily conclude that controlling inflation was not his top priority. He was more concerned with achieving economic growth, lowering interest rates, and attacking poverty. Franco's philosophy on the nation's modernization and the role of the government differed from the previous administration and was more in line with an interventionist approach.

During the provisional period, from October to December 1992, the Franco administration divided up the Ministry of the Economy. The ministry previously encompassed the ministries of planning, finance, and industry and had been able to control economic policy in a unified manner. The Ministry of the Economy was also respon-

sible for wage policies. Once the division was made effective, economic policy was conducted by the segment willing to make concessions, particularly the Ministry of Labor. Such concessions were made as a result of the conflicting forces in the area of wage policy: the government increased bi-monthly adjustments, extended the adjustments to include a wider range of salaries and social security benefits, and expedite settlements in pending labor cases.

Together with a rise in positive consumer expectations after Collor's impeachment, measures sparked an increase in economic activity that led to greater demand for money and placed pressure on prices. By February 1993, the inflation rate had increased to 30 percent monthly from a previous rate of 25 percent.

On the fiscal side, the government was unable to pass the strongest measures (originally proposed by the previous government) through Congress. The only measures passed were some minor modifications in the corporate income tax structure adopted in 1992. Moreover, Congress, during a first reading, had already approved a new tax on financial transactions (*Imposto Provisório sobre Movimentações Financeiras—IPMF*), proposed during the Marcellio Marques Moreira period. Marques Moreira had proposed that the IPMF be a social contribution that would substitute for other taxes and not an object of earmarked expenditures. As approved, the IPMF includes a provision that 38 percent of its revenues be spent on education and housing. Additionally, it was not substituted for any other taxes. The modified version of the tax would pass a second reading and become effective as of the second half of 1993. With these changes, however, the public's lack of confidence in the government's ability to implement any effective fiscal adjustment was reinforced. Discussions of fiscal reform would apparently be postponed until the end of the year, at which time Congress would address the issue of constitutional reform.

In terms of structural reform, the privatization process was redefined, thereby causing the government to lose its credibility to follow through on its commitments. On a more positive note, however, the port reform proposed by the previous administration was approved, resulting in the adoption of a more liberal posture vis-à-vis private investment in port development and personnel hiring policies. The port reform involved such substantial reform that not even a military administration was able to adopt it.

Regardless of its positive accomplishments, the Franco administration was unlikely to succeed in implementing an effective solution to Brazil's fiscal problems without overcoming contradictory forces within the federal government and without clearly defining an anti-inflationary policy. Franco's mandate was short and culminated in congressional, senatorial, gubernatorial, and presidential elections in 1994. Franco's provisional government was not likely to stabilize the economy in such a short period of time unless it succeeded in carrying out a profound reorientation.

The situation could have led to two alternative scenarios. Although not committed to combating inflation, the government, on the one hand, might have refrained from engaging in destabilizing policies. The

Franco administration did inherit certain favorable conditions from the Collor administration (a smaller deficit, reduced internal debt, and larger international reserves) and did have a viable set of stabilizing policy options. There was a possibility of correcting, *ex post*, the short-term public debt. This was carried out *ex ante*, generating uncertainties that increased interest rates and debt service payments. Since the country held a surplus of foreign currency, another policy option at its disposal was to adjust exchange rates. In a second scenario, the government might have opted for expansionary policies in an effort to resume growth. Here the administration risked the possibility of pushing the economy onto the recurring inflationary path that plagued the Sarney administration.

The first of these two scenarios depended heavily on the approval of the IPMF and on constitutional reforms scheduled for the end of 1992.

### **Inflation and Stagnation**

In its initial stages, inflation was a disease that the economy could cope with; the implementation of indexation mechanisms, in particular, effectively tempered its effects. Moreover, the engine of economic growth, the state, did not encounter any difficulties in financing itself. At one time, monetary indexation was an important tool used by the military government to assure the financing of the public sector. Prior to that time, the government issued bonds without indexation, which the financial market was forced to accept.

With the evolution of this process, as well as with the successive measures designed to combat it, and an interruption in financing flows, inflation became dysfunctional. First, growing inflation discredited indexation. Different adjustment indexes emerged, and economic agents began to search for better indexation mechanisms. Second, price indexes always lagged behind inflation, especially when the inflation rate accelerated more rapidly. As a result, indexation based on *ex post facto* indexes was insufficient to assure that nominal values would be appropriately adjusted despite a shortening of intervals between adjustments.

Third, and perhaps most important, the successive measures adopted by the government to combat inflation and to solve its financing problems generated mistrust among economic agents, who, in turn, responded by not saving and decreasing available financing for the government sector. This mistrust emerged because on various other occasions under different economic plans, indexation mechanisms were interrupted. Following the procedures in existence since the 1970s, the government interfered with indexes by purging price increases, redefining their weighting system, and carrying out other measures that resulted in serious losses to economic agents who held financial assets at the time.

Fourth, intervention became more audacious at each turn, culminating with the confiscation of financial assets tied to specific taxation policies carried out during the Collor administration. Economic agents, therefore, became reluctant to finance the government sector because of uncertainties, this became the main reason for rising interest rates. The consequences were twofold: the state deprived itself of the financial re-

sources needed for its investments, and private creditors suffered losses, causing savings to contract and reducing money available for investment in the private sector.

The inflationary problem in Brazil and its repercussions on the rate of investment and economic growth may be best understood if the public sector is viewed as a private enterprise that had filed for Chapter 11. By extending this analogy further and likening it to a poorly resolved Chapter 11 case in the private sector, the government, in experiencing chronic deficits and debts, had no other alternative than to proceed as enterprises in this situation typically do: "clean house," by balancing revenues and expenditures—fiscal reform—and negotiating debt payments with creditors, eventually sacrificing assets, particularly state-owned enterprises, via programs of privatization. Contrary to expectations, the government did not "clean house." By failing to refinance the debt and by forcibly liquidating its liabilities by intervening in indexation mechanisms until it finally resorted to the confiscation of society financial assets, the administration lost credibility and caused its lender significant monetary losses.

In order to resolve its problems effectively, the government's first task should be to balance its revenues and expenditures. The tax structure is less than perfect, and tax evasion is a pervasive problem. At the same time, the government must promote cost containment and restructuring measures by limiting its expenditures to necessities, such as road maintenance, and by stopping the enormous waste of resources taking place in the form of political concessions, ill-defined investments, and current expenditures on unsustainable privileges such as full-salary retirement pensions.

The debt should be restructured by reducing interest payments and by lengthening the maturity period, provisions that were only recently adopted with foreign creditors. Internally, fiscal reform and the sale of government assets clearly might be sufficient to cover debt service, which would result in an increase in credibility that could open the way for negotiations to reduce interest rates and extend repayment schedules. It is particularly important that the privatization process be resumed. The government would be following those enterprises that have filed for Chapter 11: disposing of assets as a way to reduce liabilities.

It is worth noting that intervention in indexation mechanisms resulted in vast gains for those who had financed their housing purchases and for those who had financed industrial, agricultural, and regional development through the banking system. These gains, however, seriously impaired new investments. The funds were not renewed for additional lending, and their growth was threatened by stagnation and a retraction in savings.

One important question related to the root of the Brazilian inflation and stagnation problems remains to be answered. No rational solution has been found for this poorly resolved Chapter 11. The frustrating experiences with plans and teams of economic advisers have demonstrated that the problem is conditioned by institutional and political elements. In its five hundred-year history, Brazil has evolved through consecutive economic cycles that began with

timber extraction, were followed by sugarcane, cotton, gold, and coffee extractions, and, since the middle of the twentieth century, have been based on import substitution industrialization. These cycles took place in different regions and resulted in demographic and productive bases that are wide dispersed throughout the country. Heterogeneous interests committed to the maintenance of these bases were also formed, as is the case of sugarcane in the Northeast and coffee in the Southeast.

Paralleling these economic cycles, the country received successive waves of immigrants of different ethnic origins who mixed with the local population and formed a new population of racially mixed groups. Add to these factors the vastness of the country's territory. Taken altogether, these factors prevented the creation of an hegemonic force within Brazilian society, be it political, ideological, ethnic, or even religious, that could clearly define a stabilization program and gain support for it. In general, previous experiences show that ancillary measures of heterodox plans, such as price freezes, find strong support among politicians. However, when the policy aims at the root of the problem, such as fiscal control, several interest groups switch sides, thereby leaving the stabilization plan without any chance of success.

After a series of military administrations, civilian leaders came to power. However, even if a government is in favor of structural reform, as was the case of the Collor administration, any structural reform program that involves fiscal adjustment is bound to face opposition. As reform measures are presented to Congress, it reacts as an advocate of vested interests, be they personal, familial, regional, local, or corporate.

Once elected, Collor had a political hedge. He exhausted it, however, by seeking congressional approval for measures such as price freezes, the withholding of assets, and the adoption of specific taxation policies.

When the fiscal reforms proposed by Marcílio Marques Moreira were presented to Congress, they were immediately rejected. Eventually, the government was able to negotiate the approval of some higher taxes, although these measures were of dubious efficacy. The tax reform as a package was never approved, and the proposal to cut government expenditures was completely ignored. The approval of a few new taxes was conditioned on using proceeds partially to cover programs in education and housing.

The frustrating aspect of the whole situation is that the country is losing time in its race toward development and has already lagged behind many other countries. These frustrations explain why so many observers, Brazilian and foreign, have adopted a cautious "wait and see" attitude. They are concerned that the Brazilian case is too complicated to be fixed readily, but also that Brazil is too large to be ignored.

Excerpted from *The Brazilian Economy: Structure and Performance in Recent Decades* edited by Maria J. F. Willumsen and Eduardo Giannetti da Fonseca, North-South Center Press, University of Miami, 288 pp.

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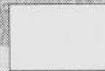
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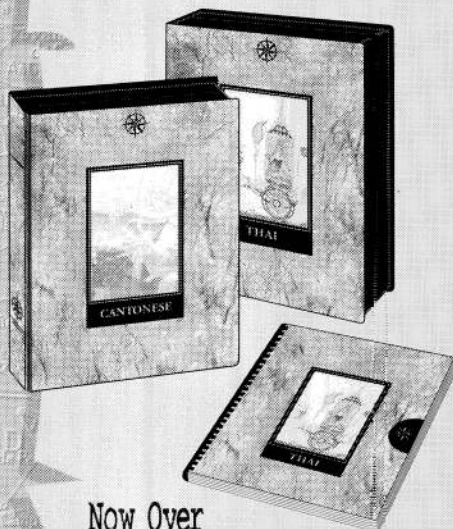


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