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Year 9 — No. 144 — December 1997

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BARBOSA,
A PAULISTA
GENIUS

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reca do

Before it was brusquely interrupted in December 1968 by the military dictatorship, which imprisoned its leaders and forced them into exile, the Tropicalismo cultural movement in less than two years produced a revolution that is still bearing fruits. Only now, 30 years after its inception, however, the arts-theater-music crusade, is being dissected and explained. Due to a censorship gag in all newsrooms much of what happened during the so-called lead years would only be known years later and much, it seems, was never told.

Despite its meteoric existence, Tropicalismo or Tropicália, as its mentor philosopher-composer-singer Caetano Veloso prefers to call it, is considered together with the 1922 Semana de Arte Moderna (Modern Art Week) the most important movement for the Brazilian culture this century. Three symbols embody the campaign intent on creating a new aesthetic by destroying "the Brazil of nationalists:" 1. *Terra em Transe*, the film by Gláuber Rocha, 2. The Oswald de Andrade's *Rei da Vela* play as staged by José Celso Martinez Correa; and "Alegria, Alegria" (Joy, Joy), the contagiously upbeat Veloso's song.

Joining in the 30th anniversary celebrations of Tropicalismo, Veloso has just released *Verdade Tropical* (Tropical Truth), a book in which for the first time he delves into the whys and hows of

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his own work and that of his colleagues. Inspired by filmmakers Jean-Luc Goddard and Fellini, philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and musicians Ray Charles and Chet Baker, and his "supreme master" João Gilberto, among others, the *Bahiano* (from Bahia) polemicist offered the revolutionary concept for the time that Brazilian music was not only samba and its relatives, but all music made in Brazil. *Brazzil* wants to offer its small contribution for the understanding of those times when thinking was dangerous to your life.

R.M.

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RAPIDINHAS

Subzero Population Growth

Why did Bocaiúva do Sul's mayor Élcio Berti issue a decree banning the sale of birth control pills and condoms in this town of 8,500 in the southern state of Paraná? It wasn't on religious grounds. Berti, 48, father of two children, said this was the only way to avoid bankruptcy. Bocaiúva do Sul has been receiving \$120,000 a month from the federal government on account of its share of the FPM (Fundo de Participação dos Municípios—Municipalities Participation Fund). This amount was based, however, on the 1991 census when the population was 12,000 people. The new count would reduce federal help to \$72,000. Without industries and very little commerce, the federal subsidy is the main income of Bocaiúva, where public jobs alone consume \$110,000 a month. While political opponents, people worried about AIDS, and legal experts were betting that the new law would be short-lived, Berti was enjoying the sudden celebrity brought on by his decree. The mayor is also offering a five-year tax exemption to anyone interested in opening motels, which in Brazil are synonymous with sexual encounters. "Anyone over the age of 14 will be allowed in these motels," said Berti, adding: "Prohibiting birth control devices makes me persona grata with the pope, besides fomenting the commerce of whiskey and flowers for lovers."



television Food for Thought

Even for Brazilians, who are used to all kinds of low blows on the boob tube, the recent war for viewing audience waged by the Globo network against the far-behind, second-place SBT (Sistema Brasileiro de Televisão—Brazilian System of Television) has been a little too much to swallow. The guerrilla war became an all-out conflagration on a recent Sunday when TV Globo, which has a virtual monopoly over the broadcast waves, just couldn't take the news that SBT had won the ratings jihad by a slim margin. Nobody was quite ready for what Globo had in its bag of tricks for the ensuing Sunday.

On Brazilian TV, traditionally, Sundays have been the realm of hours-long, auditorium-driven live shows. Since March 1989, the chubby and irreverent host Fausto Silva has been the undisputed leader of Sunday afternoons on Globo with his "Domingo do Faustão" (Faustão's Sunday). The challenge came in the shape of another roly-poly character called Gugu Liberato and his "Domingo Legal" (Cool Sunday).

When its dominance came to a halt in October, Globo counter-attacked with a much-anticipated show that kept the so-called "serious" media abuzz. The comments went on for several days before the program and have continued since. The D-Day show offered a measurement of the most coveted derriere in the country, that of singer-dancer Carla Perez, and to keep the female audience also glued to the tube it promoted a competition to find the prettiest male buttocks.

But the pièce de résistance were three naked young ladies extended over a Japanese restaurant table, serving as tray, tablecloth, napkin and apéritif to three histrionic and hungry actors, who at times would consume the sushi, raw fish, and other dainties, touching the naked bodies with their mouths. During the three-hour program, the 20-minute sushi show—similar to those presented in some Japanese bordellos—was the only time Globo was able to win in the ratings.

Globo won 29 to 22 while SBT showed the É o Tchan band singing to a group of HIV-positive orphans. The sushi segment gave bigger ratings to Globo, but overall the TV Goliath had to suffer another ratings thrashing: 26 points against 23. Everyone knew Globo had hit bottom when during the following days the only response that came from the TV network was an embarrassing silence.

As is customary for live shows on TV, the Gugu vs. Faustão catch-as-catch can was fought inch by inch, minute by minute. Both sides played it following on their monitors the instantaneous ratings delivered by Ibope, the Brazilian Nielsen system. Competing with the erotic sushi, SBT, among other attractions, presented model Luíza Ambiel clad in a tight bikini in a water-filled bathtub doing her best to prevent children's singer Tiririca, in a thong, from finding a soap bar in the bottom of the bathtub. It is common that these soapy fights end up with the skimpy clothes revealingly out of place.



Faustão

One of the naked live hors d'oeuvres—it was later revealed—was Cleuza Mariko Kaneko, 34, who with husband Oswaldo Kaneko, is the owner of the São Paulo restaurant shown on TV, the Kazumi. Mariko, also known as Mari, it seems, does the show to please the husband whom she married 18 years ago.

"This is something very intimate," she said. "Oswaldo likes to see other men lust for me. We do what many couples would love to do but have no courage." According to Mrs. Kaneko, her husband gets a big kick out of this fetish. In an interview with Brazil's most influential newspaper, *Folha de São Paulo*, she talked about the respect with which most men approach her when doing her act: "I think most of them see that as a sophisticated erotic ritual." And she made her point: "Brazilians like to watch. Why not let them see then? In the same interview, hubby Oswaldo revealed: "I like when she is desired. There is a female model whom I would like to see touching my woman. I would sit there, just watching."

The new salvo of coarseness drew intellectuals and legal scholars to the discussion if there should be limits to the exhibiting of the grotesque and tasteless. Some people were even clamoring for some kind of censorship, forgetting that for decades the generals had a grip on the country's intellectual production. Siro Darlan, a judge from Rio, told *Jornal do Brasil*: "The Justice ministry cannot ignore this type of abuse and this has to be discussed with the host at the government level." To which psychoanalyst Chaim Samuel Katz added: "The two largest Brazilian TV networks scuffle in a spectacle in which it is not human communication that circulates but exposed objects, typical fragments of the psychotics' language. Due to this war for audience, we are living the libidinal field and entering the field of eschatology and of pure and shameless pornography."

Roberto Marinho, the devoted Catholic and all-powerful owner of Globo, was cited as being outraged by the program. Most of the people were less worried with the Japanese-whorehouse-style exhibition than the fact that it occurred on a Sunday afternoon with the whole family in front of the TV set. In a biting essay in the weekly newsmagazine *Veja* (circulation: 1.2 million), Eugênio Bucci talked about an imaginary invitation made by Marinho to the reader to have lunch at the Globo's honcho mansion.

"After the apéritif, polite talk about amenities, the food is ready to be served," Bucci writes. "The entrée arrives: a young lady lays on the table, a svelte young lady who would be naked if it weren't for tiny pieces of raw fish covering her parts." And he continues: "Evidently, the scene is impossible. Mainly due to the bad taste. Roberto Marinho would not commit such a coarseness in his house. Nevertheless, Globo network, shamelessly, serves raw fish over naked women at somebody else's house."

Soon after all this bungling, José Bonifácio de Oliveira Sobrinho—better known as Boni—for 16 years the real conductor of Globo's fate, was released from his post of vice-president of operations. Without any apparent bitterness, he declared: "The model of TV that exists today in Brazil is extinct." According to him there is no reason to be nostalgic for golden TV periods. "Television is just starting." After stooping to the lowest level, Carlos Manga, the program director for Domingo do Faustão, before resigning from his post, declared: "We lost this war. We don't know how to do shows with this kind of trash." Anyway, he tried his best.



Gugu

Obituary

The Simplifier

"Nothing is cheaper than trusting people," he used to say. His first Cabinet post was as planning minister for President General Arthur da Costa e Silva (1967-1969), the second president during Brazil's military dictatorship (1964-1985). He was also minister of social welfare and president of the state oil monopoly Petrobrás.

But Hélio Beltrão, who died from brain cancer at age 81 at the end of October, is best remembered for his ultimate failure to reduce Brazil's Byzantine bureaucracy. In 1982, Beltrão was chosen by President General João Batista Figueiredo for the specially-created-for-him post of debureaucratization minister. During his stint as minister, Brazil got its first Small Claims Court and several documents used in transactions were deemed unnecessary, including proof of residence, certificate of good behavior, and the life certificate, which attested that the person was alive.

A Taste of Past

Thirty years after American and European feminists promoted bra-burning as a symbol of women's liberation, about 200 students from Rio's Instituto de Educação (IERJ) burned some 40 of their own brassieres as a protest for being forbidden to wear colored bras. The Institute had already been warned three times by the Council of Children and Adolescents Affairs after receiving complaints that the female students were being forced to show the straps of their bras upon entering the school.

Rubber Man

In his fight against AIDS, Almir Santana, 44, a doctor from Sergipe in the Brazilian Northeast, has no fear of the ridiculous. He cruises his state in a red bus with an inflatable condom that he uses to mark his presence. In distributing hundreds of condoms every day, he has become known as Doutor Camisinha (Doctor Condom). He has plenty of stories to tell: the day when a traffic cop stopped him, took his ticket notebook out and asked for three condoms, for example; or during the funeral for his grandmother when a youngster after expressing his condolences asked for a rubber. Santana always has some handy. He leaves home with 300 every morning and rarely are there any left when he comes back at night. Dr. Condom is now involved in a soaring project, the Camisildo, a giant condom built over a minivan that is supposed to debut during Carnaval as a float.

Carioca for Ever

The British government has lost all hope of laying its hands on Ronald Biggs, 68, who took refuge in Rio in 1970 after robbing the equivalent of \$5 million from the Glasgow-London postal train with 14 other companions in August 1963. The bandit was condemned to 30 years in prison. He spectacularly broke out of prison after serving a little more than a year. The Brazilian Supreme Court has unanimously voted in favor of Biggs's stay, arguing that the 20-year statute of limitations had elapsed in this case.

Celso de Mello, the president of the Supreme Court and the author of the decision, anticipating protests, wrote: "Brazil is not a refuge for delinquents." He noted that of 174 cases of extradition dealt with by the Supreme Court in the last eight years, 149 (86%) were accepted by the highest tribunal.

For decades, the British government had been trying to repatriate Biggs. This almost happened in 1974 when a Scotland Yard man went to Rio to capture the robber. The Brazilian authorities refused to let Biggs go, however, when it was revealed that he would soon father a Brazilian child. This son, Mike, has had his own kind of fame, singing with Balão Vermelho, a band that plays children's tunes. The British bandit, who is a Brazilian citizen, has become a *Carioca* (from Rio) institution, surviving thanks to a series of odd jobs such as tour guide. Biggs has written two books in the past and has now recorded a CD to be released in Europe. The disc contains only two suggestively-titled songs: "Police and Thieves," an old hit from The Clash, and "Run to Rio," an original from British artist Robert Nadkarni.



MUSIC

Top of the Hip

"The Girl from Ipanema" didn't make the list of the 14 best Brazilian songs of the century. Neither did other perennial favorites like "Tico-Tico no Fubá" or "Foi um Rio que Passou em Minha Vida." Not even one song from the eighties or the nineties got a place among the best, according to a panel of 13 Brazilian music experts and critics. To the surprise of many, Ary Barroso's 1939 tune "Aquarela do Brasil" came out on top as the 'song of the century' with 12 of the 13 votes.

This exercise in search of excellence was initiated by the Academia Brasileira de Letras, which is celebrating its centennial this year. The Letters Academy invited music historian Ricardo Cravo Albin to come up with the list. Albin has just released his book *MPB—A História de um Século* (Brazilian Popular Music—The History of a Century). Why 14 songs? That's the traditional number of tracks on a CD, and several recording companies have already announced that they will release an album including all the selections.

The jury: Alvin himself plus music critics Okky de Souza (from *Veja* magazine), Ruy Castro (newspaper *O Estado de S. Paulo*), Carlos Rennó (newspaper *Folha de São Paulo*), Târik de Souza (Rio's newspaper *Jornal do Brasil*), João Máximo (Rio's newspaper *O Globo*), and Joaquim Ferreira dos Santos (Rio's newspaper *O Dia*). The six experts were Sérgio Cabral, Lena Frias, Albino Pereira, Jairo Severiano, Ary Vasconcelos, and Luiz Fernando Vieira.

The chosen: Besides "Aquarela," the winning ditties were "Carinhoso" (1937, by Pixinguinha and Braguinha, with nine votes); "Asa Branca" (1947, by Luiz Gonzaga and Humberto Teixeira, also with nine votes); "Último Desejo" (1937, by Noel Rosa, with eight votes); "Chega de Saudade" (1957, Tom Jobim and Vinícius de Moraes, with seven votes); "O Que Será, Que Será" (1976, Chico Buarque, with the same seven votes); "Alegria, Alegria" (1967, Caetano Veloso, with six votes); "Se Você Jurar" (1931, Ismael Silva, Nilton Bastos, and Francisco Alves, with six votes); "As Rosas Não Falam" (1975, Cartola, with six votes); "Chão de Estrelas" (1937, Orestes Barbosa and Sílvio Caldas with six votes); "O Mar" (1939, Dorival Caymmi with five votes); "Abre Alas" (1900, Chiquinha Gonzaga with five votes); "O Bêbado e o Equilibrista" (1979, João Bosco and Aldir Blanco, with four votes); and "Pelo Telefone" (1917, Donga and Mário de Almeida with four votes).

The results are already provoking controversy. The best of Brazilian music is too rich to be confined to 14 songs. The jurors themselves cited 53 other songs that didn't make the final cut. For Ary Barroso, however, who died in 1964, the victory was sweet revenge. As of late, he had been criticized as too campy, old-fashioned, and too cozy with the Getúlio Vargas dictatorship (1930-1945). Mariuza Barroso, the composer's daughter, who was present when the results were announced, was thrilled with her father's victory but revealed: "My father's favorite song was "Terra Seca" (Dry Land)."



Slang Teen Talk

Thirty-six years after losing the status of federal capital to Brasília, Rio de Janeiro continues to be the locomotive of fashions and behaviors in the country. Rio has been a rich field for the creation of new expressions that spread throughout the country. Among the recent ones: *sangue bom* (good blood, cool guy) and *ah, eu tô maluco* (ah, I am feeling crazy). Even though more local, slang production is very much alive among *Paulistano* (from São Paulo) high schoolers. Daily *O Estado de S. Paulo* recently published a list of the latest slang among youngsters from São Paulo:

- Belê?*—How is it
Biqueira—home
Dar um megaton—to sock
Dar um tiro—(lit. to shoot) to snort cocaine
Derepenteemente—heavy petting
E aí, tru (or *truta*); *Fala, mano*—How is it going, friend?
É novas—For sure
Empinar pipa—(lit. to fly a kite) to smoke pot
Estar feio na foto—(lit. to look ugly in the picture) to be high on drugs
Estar na fita—(lit. to be in the movie) to participate
Firmeza—cool guy
Fubanga—ugly
Gambá—(lit. skunk, policeman)
Goma—home
Ir nesta barca—(lit. to take this boat) to join someone
Ir pá e bola—to go fast
Loc—bon vivant
Lupa—sunglasses
Maior falha—to make a mistake
Mala véia—(lit. old luggage) ugly
Miar a idéia—to close the subject
Nóia or noinha—high on drugs
Pá e tal—heavy petting
Parar com as drogas—(lit. to give up drugs) to stop going out with someone
Pico—(lit. summit) place
Pedreiro—(lit. bricklayer) crack addict
Powerful—something very good
Porco fardado—(lit. pig in uniform) policeman
Puli—home
Ração—(lit. ration) marijuana
Rato cinza—(lit. gray rat) policeman
Sarado—(lit. cured) pretty, sexy
Subir o gás—(lit. to raise the gas) to beat up, to kill
Sussu—peaceful
Se pá—maybe
Style—high-quality stuff
Surfar—(lit. to surf) have sex
Taradona—sexy pretty girl
Tipo assim—a filler like 'You know'
Tchais—marijuana
Tosco—(lit. uncouth) ugly, bad, disgusting
Trocar um proçêde—to have a chat

Obituary Farewell, Mr. Scoop

Irreverent, well-informed, attentive to almost every corner of the Brazilian culture, the Zózimo column, started in 1969 in Rio's daily *Jornal do Brasil*, helped to rewrite the history of journalism and social columns in Brazil. For almost three decades, the daily piece—chockfull of tidbits on the beautiful, powerful and newsmakers in general—became an obligatory stop for all those interested in learning from and to where the wind was blowing.

A page of Brazilian journalism closed on November 18 with Zózimo Barrozo do Amaral's death from cancer at age 56 of. Rio's daily newspaper *O Globo*, which had been publishing his column since 1993, decided to interrupt it even though for the last few months, while Zózimo was at Miami's Mount Sinai Hospital, the notes were written by the journalist's collaborators.

Born to a traditional and wealthy *Carioca* family, Barrozo do Amaral inherited from his father the bohemian style and the tongue-in-cheek manner of writing. A heavy drinker and smoker, Zózimo waged a futile fight against these addictions in his later days. But something he never tried to reign in was his sometimes venomous tongue, which spared neither friend nor foe. In 1994, when he heard that socialite and good friend Regina Marcondes Ferraz was going to run for office, Zózimo wrote: "Her platform will be her high heels." Ferraz called him and swore she would never talk to him again. The journalist recanted the next day, adding that Ferraz would have his vote if she ever became a candidate.



Twice, during the military dictatorship that started in 1964, however, his indiscretions landed him in jail. The first time was when he wrote that Army minister general Aurélio de Lyra Tavares had been pushed by Paraguayan security agents for Dictator Alfredo Stroessner. A cell companion, an activist from the left, commented to him: "The government went crazy. They are putting themselves in jail." He went back to the slammer after revealing that a colonel had watched three times in one week "Tem Banana na Banda" (There Is Banana in the Banda), a burlesque show with actress Leila Diniz, a well-known foe of the military regime.

Zózimo used to work at least 11 hours a day. In 1992, after a series of threats of kidnapping against his step-daughter, Zózimo moved to Miami from where he continued to fire up his daily petards. "I am an extremely sad, disappointed, and emotionally fragile individual," he then declared. "I went through a process of near kidnapping and I am here destroyed, in pieces." Most of the time however, even in his last days, it was the upbeat spirit that mostly shined through. As when he told a friend while drinking water after days of being deprived of food and drinks: "This is nectar as good as a Chateau Petrus Bordeaux."

Suds With an Accent

Chiquititas is all the rage in Brazil these days. The song-and-dance syrupy story of 13 children of an orphanage and a kind young maid who falls in love with the son of her boss has struck a chord among Brazilian children.

Co-produced with Argentinean Telefe, the *novela* (soap opera) is presented at 8:00 PM from Monday through Saturday on SBT (Sistema Brasileiro de Televisão—Brazilian System of Television). The show has been drawing an average rating of 17 points, just behind perennial first place Globo network's own *novela*.

Released in September by Sony, the soundtrack CD has already sold more than one million copies, reaching the top of the charts as the best-selling album and entrenched there since.

Different from other soap operas, *Chiquititas*, which is shot in Buenos Aires, has a story line that starts on Mondays and comes to a conclusion on Saturday. Why the success? Débora Olivieri, the actress who plays Carmen, the mean orphanage owner, attempts to explain: "The *novela* stirs children's imaginations a lot. In every segment there are people singing and dancing as if it were a theatrical play."

Foot Fad

A millenary practice from India reinvented during the Napoleonic era in France has become Brazilian's summer *dernier cri*: the foot ring. It has been decreed that sabots and sandals are back. The new rings can be from almost anything (plastic, silver, gold) and have all kinds of shapes (stars, spirals, with bead) and colors. TV star Xuxa, for example, has sported a little serpent on her foot during a recent show in Fortaleza, state of Ceará. Not only small shops and artisans have adhered to the new

MUSIC**Jungle Symphony**

German adventurer Fitzcarraldo's frantic dreams as shown in Werner Herzog's movie should soon be fulfilled. The just-created Amazonas Filarmônica is planning to soon play Verdi's Aida on the margin of the Amazon. Does the whole concept of an orchestra on the Amazon seem like a delirious enterprise? Many are betting the initiative will not survive after Governor Amazonino Mendes, the idea's author, leaves his post.

The project is starting off on the right foot, however. The direction of the philharmonic was given to renowned maestro Julio Medaglia, who has already conducted São Paulo's Municipal Theater Orchestra and Brasília's National Theater Orchestra. More than \$1 million is being invested to start the musical group, which has recruited its musicians—all professionals—from Brazil and Eastern Europe. With salaries between \$2,500 and \$4,000 they make more than the best-paid professionals in Rio and São Paulo. Of the 44 artists, 26 are foreigners, mostly from Belo Russia and Bulgaria.

Despite all the obstacles, starting with the language, these musicians accepted moving to Brazil in large part because of the big salary as compared to the average of \$100 they were getting in their own country. As part of the deal, the musicians, who will be presenting themselves three times a week, will also teach at least three students as a way of giving continuity to the project. The two-and-a-half-hour open-air philharmonic's premiere in Manaus in November, to a crowd of locals and foreign visitors, was a resounding success.

fashion statement. Traditional jewelry companies like H. Stern and Amsterdam Sauer have also included the novelty in their catalogues.

Only in Bahia

Jogo do Bicho (Animal Lottery), an illegal and common numbers game played mostly discreetly across the country, has gained privileged status in Bahia, where the law—we must assume—should not be different. In that state the game is played openly, with stores accepting credit cards for making the bets and the results shown on TV.

Space Can Wait

Sixty five seconds: that's how long the Brazilian dream to join the restricted rocket-launching-countries club lasted. Brazil's first rocket, launched from the Alcântara base in the northeastern state of Maranhão, was destroyed in mid-air after one of the vehicle's four engines failed to ignite. The \$6.5-million VLS (Veículo Lançador de Satélites—Satellite Launching Vehicle) had been developed for 15 years and was carrying a Brazilian-made surveying satellite, the SCD2 (Satélite de Coleta de Dados 2—Data Gathering Satellite 2).. The project had been thwarted by lack of funds and an international embargo on sensitive technology.

Trying to put the best twist on the failure, Brazilian Space Agency president, Luiz Gilvan Meira declared: "This is a complicated process and problems are inevitable. We will study what went wrong and try again." Brazil has scheduled rocket launchings for each of the next three years. As a consoling thought, Brazilians were reminded that, with the exception of the former Soviet Union, none of the eight countries belonging to the rocket club (Russia, USA, China, France, Japan, Ukraine, Israel and India) had a successful launching on its first attempt.

**Behavior
Home
Stripper**

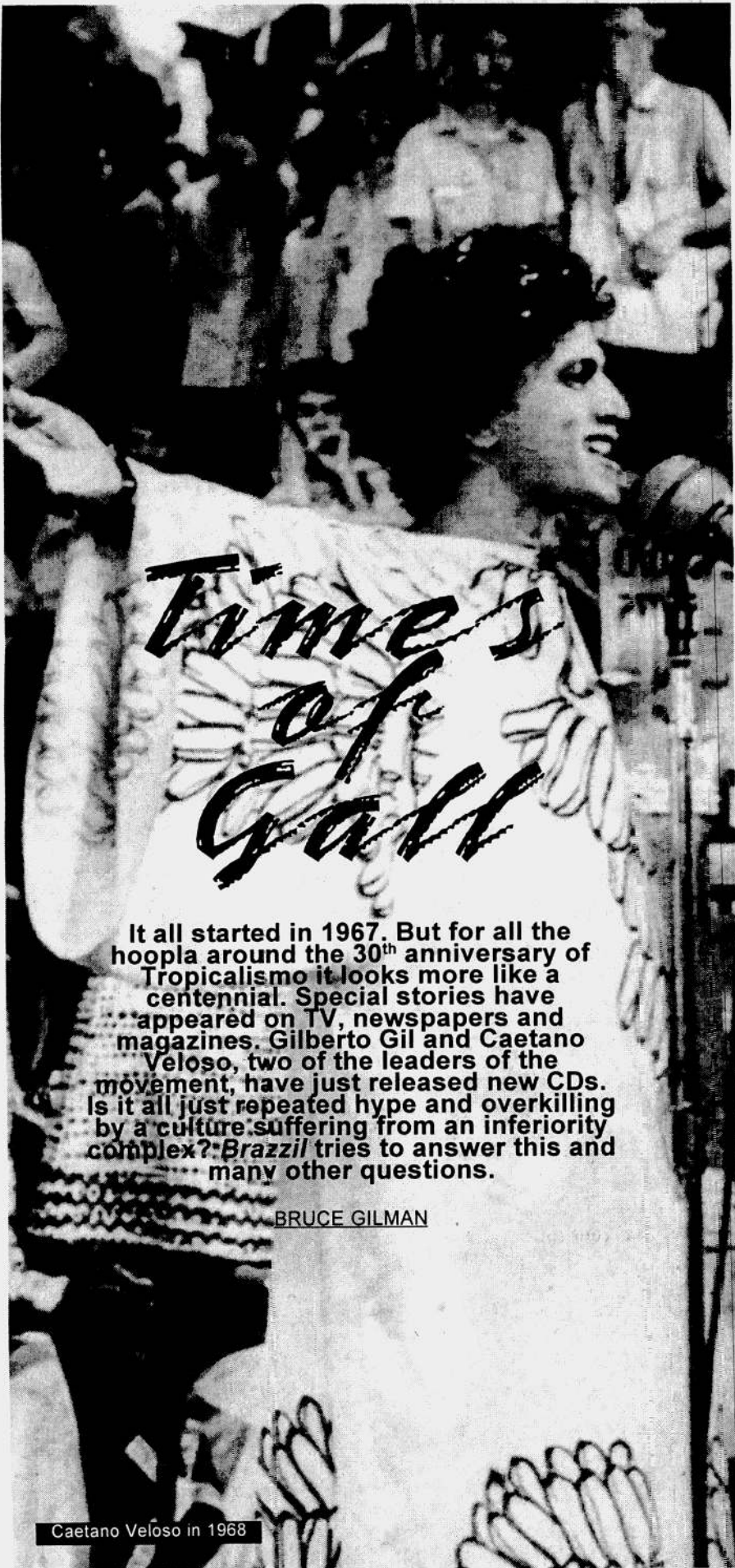
This one was published in weekly magazine *Manchete*, the favorite publication in doctors' and hairstylists' waiting rooms. It is a richly-illustrated, how-to-do-it-yourself piece with Luciane Thomas, 27, a former PR professional, who

now makes a living teaching courses of domestic strip-tease. Thomas, says *Manchete*, felt like an ugly duckling with very little self-respect before she started stripping for her new husband (the former one was always criticizing her for legs too thin and her lack of sensuality).

What started as a prelude to matrimonial sex soon stirred the interest of friends who also wanted to add a little spice in their bedrooms. The amateur stripper, attracted by the idea of making some money teaching homemakers how to sensually disrobe, did interviews with some experts and frequented stripping joints to perfect her technique. Luciane now spends her weekends travelling around Brazil teaching what she learned. She may have as many as 60 women in some classes, which last eight hours and cost \$77.

For \$27 more the women can take home a stripper kit, a little box containing a black diminutive panty and an audio tape with sensual music. One of the steps illustrated by *Manchete*: "Facing the man, the woman lowers the bra's straps letting them fall down over the shoulders. She then caresses her body with the piece before letting it fall down to the floor."





"I'm a *tropicalista*, I always doubt the criteria used to evaluate art. That's why many times I have preferred the chaff to the wheat."

Caetano Veloso

Thirty years after *Tropicália*, the Municipal City Hall in Salvador, Bahia, announced that the theme for their Carnaval next year will be *Tropicalismo*. Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, and Gal Costa will be playing outstanding roles as special reverence is paid to Osmar Macedo, father of the trio elétrico, who died recently. The event will provide an opportunity to recall a turning point in Brazilian culture and summarize not only the work of the three legendary Bahian musicians, but other *Baianos* as well, especially poet Torquato Neto, who in partnership with Gil wrote what became the hymn of the *Tropicália* movement, "Geléia Geral":

A poet unfurls the flag
And the tropical morn begins to beat
Resplendent, cascading, gracious
A joyous sunflower heat
In the general jam of Brazil
That the *Jornal do Brasil* will greet

And the celebration has started already with the release of *Tropicália 30 Anos* on the Natasha Records label. Paying homage to the movement spearheaded by Caetano, Gil, and company, the disc (see listing of titles and performers below) features new versions of *Tropicália* classics and unites *tropicalistas* Caetano, Gil, Tom Zé, and Gal Costa with new generation *Baianos* like Margareth Menezes, Daniela Mercury, Carlinhos Brown, and the Banda Eva.

Additional commemorations of the movement include TV and radio specials; the publication of avant-guard film maker Gláuber Rocha's correspondence; the third edition of the assembled work of poet Torquato Neto; the book *Tropicália: A História de Uma Revolução Musical* by journalist Carlos Calado; an exhibit in Germany of the works of plastic artist Hélio Oiticica; and a retrospective of the works of Lygia Clark in Barcelona. Why all this hoopla? Just five years ago there were celebrations for "25 Years of *Tropicália*"!

The movement has been lauded, flaunted, and studied by the artistic and academic community for years. Much has been written about it, even outside Brazil. One begins to suspect

It all started in 1967. But for all the hoopla around the 30th anniversary of *Tropicalismo* it looks more like a centennial. Special stories have appeared on TV, newspapers and magazines. Gilberto Gil and Caetano Veloso, two of the leaders of the movement, have just released new CDs. Is it all just repeated hype and overkilling by a culture suffering from an inferiority complex? *Brazzil* tries to answer this and many other questions.

BRUCE GILMAN

Caetano Veloso in 1968

that all this about Tropicália is just repeated hype, another ramification of Brazil's cultural inferiority complex. Wasn't Tropicália more a reprocessing of several things than the start of a new genre? In interviews during the Som Brasil TV special, Gal Costa asserted, "Tropicalismo is still a reference for a generation. It is important that these songs are remembered." Gilberto Gil affirmed, "Tropicália brought a new attitude, a new way of looking at music within the culture, a feeling of plurality and democracy." What is appearing now, after thirty years, are influential works and testimonies of people who actually lived Tropicália.

Over the past three decades, Tropicália has become a legend. Typically, its ideas have become overgrown and obscured by fiction. Divergent evaluations of a movement are not uncommon, but in the case of Tropicália there is still controversy about what the movement stood for. Its admirers are as much at odds as its critics. This situation has led to the assumption that Tropicália lacked any coherent philosophy. Any attempt to refute this assumption would lack historical perspective without at least a brief account of the legend's origins.

Rise and Fall

Tropicália was the last great Brazilian cultural movement, a movement to end all movements, and an insight into Brazilian reality. Not only was it a musical movement, but an acknowledged arts movement that manifested itself in sculpture, literature, painting, film, theater, poetry, and the plastic arts. The name itself came from the April 1967 ambient-art exhibition, "Tropicália," at the Museum of Modern Art in Rio by Hélio Oiticica. Artists dreaming of a new aesthetic for Brazil and struggling to dispel the absurd fantasy images of Brazil, brought issues to the fore such as the consumer mentality and the impact of mass media while at the same time urging the destruction of the political right and the concept of Brazil as solely *Carioca*.

It is curious that the kindling of this movement came not from the main cultural centers of Rio and São Paulo, but from Bahia and the context of Bahia's turbulent culture in the 1960s. There was a distinct petulance that existed in Bahia at that time. Artists had the freedom to create, to be ambitious, to be daring. To a large extent, this attitude stemmed from work done by the dean of the University of Bahia, Edgar Santos, who opened the schools of theater, dance, and music there. Universidade da Bahia (UFBA) was a factory of ideas where young *Baianos* formulated the vision of an artistic vanguard and strove to create works that would appear advanced even to the "First World." Professors like instrument inventor Walter Smetak and author/theater director Luis Carlos Maciel taught pioneering concepts about art that influenced an entire generation. Encouraged by this attitude and by the presence of these innovative minds, the stage was set for a cultural boiling over. If the public didn't understand, damn them!

Tropicália had the same intention to modernize Brazilian culture as the *Semana de Arte Moderna* movement of 1922, which was a revolt against the conservative tradition that took place in São Paulo. *Semana de Arte* advocated a liberation from precepts and preconceived notions; it rebelled against the exaggerated eloquence and false reverence for the fine arts. Metaphors of cannibalism were employed to encourage the creative adaptation and integration of European aesthetic ideas. Artists devoured the classical art that was considered *passé* and infused it with their personal vision reconstituting it in original new forms. *Semana de Arte* moved toward a Brazilian view of the world under a cannibalistic banner, toward a critical assimilation of the foreign experience and its reconstitution in terms and circumstances Brazilian. The movement of 1922 was marked by a rebellious, anti-establishment spirit, but in terms of ideology it developed



É Proibido Proibir

Caetano Veloso

A mãe da virgem diz que não
E o anúncio da televisão
Estava escrito no portão
E o maestro ergueu
o dedo
E além da porta há
o porteiro, sim
E eu digo não
E eu digo não ao não
E eu digo é é proibido
proibir

É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir

Me dê um beijo, meu amor
Eles estão nos esperando
Os automóveis ardem em
chamas
Derrubar as prateleiras
As estantes, as estátuas
As vidraças, louças,
livros, sim

E eu digo sim
E eu digo não
E eu digo é proibido
proibir

É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir
É proibido proibir

*"Cahi no areal na
hora adversa
Que Deus concede aos seus
Para o intervalo em que
esteja a alma immersa
Em sonhos que são Deus*

*Que importa o areal e a morte e
a desventura
Se com Deus me guardei?
O que eu me sonhei que eterno
dura,
Esse que regressarei."*

Os Mutantes created what was considered a very daring arrangement at that time for "É Proibido Proibir" that included guitar distortion and electronic effects. In the studio, Caetano read extracts in archaic Portuguese from the book *Mensagem* by Fernando Pessoa (a Portuguese poet from the beginning of the century) as a counterpoint to the refrain. The selection from the Portuguese writer appears above in italics.

It's Forbidden to Forbid

The virgin's mother says no
And the add on television
Was written on the gate
And the conductor raised
his finger
And beside the door, there
is a doorman, yes
And I say no
And I say no to no
And I say it's forbidden to
forbid

It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid

Give me a kiss, my love
They are waiting for us
The cars are burning in
flames
Let's demolish the shelves
The bookcases, the statues
The windows, the china,
the books, yes

And I say yes
And I say no
And I say it's forbidden to
forbid

It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid
It's forbidden to forbid

*"I fell down on the sand at
the adverse hour
That God concedes to His
To have the intermission in
which the soul is immersed
In dreams of God*

*Who cares about the sand
and death and misfortune
If I kept myself with God
What I dreamed lasts
eternally
That I will return"*

Web sites:

<http://www.gilbertogil.com.br>

<http://www.ibase.org.br/~tempoglauber/entrev.htm>

<http://www.caetanoveloso.com.br>

Panis et Circensis

Gilberto Gil and
Caetano Veloso

Eu quis cantar
Minha canção iluminada de sol
Soltei os panos sobre os
mastros no ar
Soltei os tigres e os leões nos
quintais
Mas as pessoas da sala de
jantar
São preocupadas em nascer e
morrer
Mande fazer de puro aço
luminoso um punhal
Para matar o meu amor e matei
Às sete horas na avenida
central
Mas as pessoas da sala de
jantar
São preocupadas em nascer e
morrer
Mande plantar folhas de sonho
no jardim do solar
As folhas sabem procurar pelo
sol
E as raízes procurar, procurar
Mas as pessoas na sala de
jantar
Essas pessoas na sala de jantar
São as pessoas da sala de jantar
Mas as pessoas na sala de jantar
São preocupadas em nascer e
morrer
Essas pessoas na sala de jantar
Essas pessoas na sala de jantar
Essas pessoas na sala de jantar
Essas pessoas...

Bread and Diversion

I wanted to sing
My song illuminated by the sun
I released the sails on the
mast in the air
I released the lions and tigers
in the backyards
But people in the dining
room
Are worried about birth and
death
I had a dagger made of pure,
luminous steel
To kill my love, and I killed it
At seven o'clock on Central
Avenue
But people in the dining
room
Are worried about birth and
death
I planted leaves of dreams in
the garden of my manor
The leaves know how to look
for the sun
And the roots look for, look for
But people in the dining
room
Those people in the dining room
Are the people in the dining room
But people in the dining room
Are worried about birth and
death
Those people in the dining room
Those people in the dining room
Those people in the dining room
Those people . . .

as dynamic nationalism.

The roots of Tropicália lie in the Semana de Arte Moderna movement, but its flowering was connected to something completely new to Brazil, a phenomenon the government and public was not prepared for: a counterculture. This was something "first world," and at the same time genuinely Brazilian. It was a counterculture that was dazzled by what was happening in the United States and England where the artist was placed in front of reality, free and unconditionally. A sense of exhilaration developed, manifesting an uncontrollable urge to absorb everything. Perceptions of art were stripped down to their barest components, then rearranged, recycled, and recombined into new patterns and new relationships until only distant fragments of the original concept remained. Everything was fair game.

In 1964, with its rampant inflation and massive foreign debt, Brazil was in a state of financial chaos. Convinced that the country had become ungovernable and that the leftward swing of politics had gone far enough, a group of army generals took control and embarked on a campaign of widespread physical violence. Fire hoses were turned repeatedly on the country's citizens, and political opponents were tortured and murdered. Repression after the 1964 military coup turned Brazil into a creative desert. Ironically, these deplorable measures nurtured artists' creativity. Having courage became fashionable. All disciplines exhibited imaginative and agile solutions in order to "co-exist" with the regime's grim prohibitions. Artists became specialists in metaphor as politics and art walked side by side.

Tropicália's musical profile was its most controversial side. In the evolutionary chain of musical protest movements, Tropicalismo was the next major development after bossa nova. Challenging accepted artistic custom, *tropicalistas* attempted to overcome what they felt was Brazil's musical under-development. They built a neo-cannibalistic strategy by drawing liberally from the radical literary Modernism of the 1920s, the concrete poets of the 1950s, as well as from samba, indigenous music, Jimi Hendrix, and the Beatles. Emphasis was placed on uniting the most advanced musical ideas.

Compositions were perceptive, humorous, and often paradoxical blends that created controversies, critically assessed cultural traditions, or focused on the incongruities in society. Many examined the country's contradictory socio-economic structure, an edifice battered by inflation where the archaic and the modern coexisted and collided. In their effort to "turn-on" Brazilian popular music, Tropicalistas wore radically long hair and psychedelic clothing and used electric guitars as tactics in their cultural guerrilla warfare.

Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil, two Bahian musicians who advocated creative openness and a critical revision of Brazilian popular music in general, propelled this brief but tremendously influential movement. Gil is a musician with an incredible rhythmic feel, an artistic temperament, and deep emotional perception. Caetano, an intellectual and philosopher, an irrational person fascinated with reason is often considered the movement's central figure, both as a songwriter and a cultural agitator. Caetano recently affirmed, however, that Gil was the one who was ahead of everybody, that it was Gil who was the most courageous, and that Gil was leading and opened up what Caetano, coming from behind, would later organize and frame. Notwithstanding, the strength of Tropicalismo lay in their unique differences.

In 1965 both Gil and Veloso were in São Paulo and had been exposed to the thriving arts scene there. It was in São Paulo that they developed the hot sound mixture concept and foreshadowed today's "mixologists." Their idea was to create music where everything had its place: Luiz Gonzaga,



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the Beatles, Chuck Berry, João Gilberto, where guitar and the *pandeiro* were children of the same mother.

Joining Caetano and Gil were poet-lyricists Torquato Neto and José Carlos Capinam, songwriter Tom Zé, vocalists Gal Costa and Nara Leão, the rock trio Os Mutantes, and composer-arranger Rogério Duprat. The group placed particular value on the interplay of music and text, and drew special inspiration from the most radical of the Brazilian Modernists, Oswald de Andrade (1890-1954). With Oswald de Andrade as their beacon, their objective was to retake the evolutionary line of Brazilian music.

The group's creative energies resulted in the collective album *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis* (Tropicália or Bread and Diversion), a public declaration of motives and a realization of the movement's aesthetic principles. The title, a mixture of languages, was extracted from the poet Juvenal who voiced contempt for Roman citizens who lived like cattle, asking for nothing more than food and entertainment. Several tracks on the *Tropicália* album address social issues, but rather than denouncing injustices or the plight of the rural poor, the collective pokes fun at the country's developmental furor and focuses on personal alienation in Brazilian society.

Tom Zé's "Parque Industrial" (Industrial Park) satirizes the enthusiasm with which industrialization and the implantation of an export economy were viewed as solutions to Brazil's problems. The song also criticizes stereotyping in advertising and challenges the period's pro-development hypothesis. "Baby" by Caetano Veloso unveils the exaggerated importance placed on English in formulas of success, youth's concern with being up-to-date, and the creation of false needs by consumerism. It effectively raises questions about superpower nations tampering in foreign affairs—suspicions ran deep that the CIA had masterminded the 1964

Selected Discography:

As the cumulative discographies of artists aligned with Tropicália are vast, I have supplied only selected favorites from my library. In addition, because of the movement's abrupt life span, this discography reflects more a continuation of the artist's individual work.

	Gal Costa			Os Mutantes	
<i>Acústico</i>	BMG/RCA	1997	<i>Mutantes</i>	Polydor	1968
<i>Mina D'água do Meu Canto</i>	BMG/RCA	1995		Various	
<i>O Sorriso do Gato de Alice</i>	BMG/RCA	1993	<i>Tropicália 30 Anos</i>	Natasha	1997
<i>Gal</i>	RCA/BMG	1992		Caetano	
<i>Plural</i>	RCA/BMG	1990	<i>Livro</i>	PolyGram	1997
<i>Gal Costa</i>	Sigla	1988	<i>Tieta do Agreste</i>	Natasha	1996
<i>Aquarela do Brasil</i>	Philips	1988	(Sound Track)		
<i>A Arte de Gal Costa</i>	Philips	1988	<i>Circuladô</i>	Elektra Nonesuch	1991
<i>Personalidade</i>	PolyGram	1987	<i>Estrangeiro</i>	PolyGram	1989
<i>Lua de Mel com o Diabo</i>	RCA/BMG	1987	<i>Caetano</i>	PolyGram	1987
<i>Fantasia</i>	Philips	1981	<i>Caetano Veloso</i>	Nonesuch Digital	1986
<i>Gal Tropical</i>	Philips	1979	<i>Cinema</i>		
<i>Gal Canta Caymmi</i>	Philips	1976	<i>Transcendental</i>	Philips	1979
	Gil		<i>Jóia</i>	Philips	1975
<i>Quanta</i>	Mesa/Bluemoon	1997	<i>Araçá Azul</i>	Philips	1972
<i>Acoustic</i>	AtlanticJazz	1994	<i>Caetano Veloso</i>	Philips	1968
<i>Parabolic</i>	Tropical Storm	1991			
<i>O Eterno Deus</i>			Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil		
<i>Mu Dança</i>	Tropical Storm	1989	<i>Tropicália 2</i>	Elektra Nonesuch	1993
<i>Soy Loco Por Ti America</i>	BrazilOid	1988		Caetano, Gil, Gal Costa, Maria Bethânia	
<i>Quilombo</i>	WEA	1984	<i>Doces Bárbaros</i>	Philips	1976
(Sound Track)			(includes Gil's "Chuckberry Fields Forever")		
<i>Extra</i>	Tropical Storm	1983	Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, Tom Zé, Gal Costa, Rita Lee, Os Mutantes, Nara Leão		
<i>Relace</i>	Tropical Storm	1979	<i>Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis</i>	Philips	1968
<i>Refavela</i>	Philips	1977		Tom Zé	
<i>Gill/Jorge</i>	Verve	1975	<i>The Hips of Tradition</i>	Luaka Bop	1992
<i>Refazenda</i>	Philips	1975	<i>The Best of Tom Zé</i>	Luaka Bop	1990
<i>Louvação</i>	Philips	1967			
	Nara Leão				
<i>Debaixo dos Caracóis dos Seus Cabelos</i>	Mercury	1978			
	Rita Lee				
<i>Rita Lee</i>	EMI-Odeon	1980			



coup.

"Geléia Geral" (General Jam) (*1) by Gil and Torquato Neto synthesizes the objectives of the Bahian group in music and text by juxtaposing the rustic with the industrial. The traditional northeastern folk genre *bumba-meu-boi* is used as a rhythmic foundation, but contrasts sharply with the electric rock instrumentation, while the tune's lyrics mock unbridled patriotism and the pompous stature of traditional fine arts. A collective concept album, *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis* stirred heated controversy and stimulated discussions of musical history and the role of popular music in society. The LP has maintained a position as one of the most important documents of contemporary Brazilian culture.

Gil and Caetano decided to use the third MPB festival (October 1967) as forum to kick off their radical new musical movement. Annual pop music festivals were one of the most important developments on the music scene at this time. They were as much a national craze as soccer games. Caetano performed "Alegria, Alegria" (Joy, Joy) backed by the Beat Boys, a rock group from Argentina. The tune was a march with an interesting relationship to Chico Buarque's "A Banda." Chico Buarque and Caetano were great rivals at that time. You can actually sing the lyrics of one of these tunes over the melody of the other. The intensely nationalistic audience revered "authentically" Brazilian music. When they heard "Alegria, Alegria," an anti-nationalist rock song, Caetano was booed. Many of the listeners could not relate to its fragmented imagery:

*Walking against the wind
Without handkerchief, without documents
In the almost December sun, I go
The sun scatters into spaceships, guerrillas
...teeth, legs, flags, the bomb, and Brigitte Bardot.*

Gil's entry, "Domingo no Parque" (Sunday at the Park), included the Bahian *capoeira* rhythm, electric instrumentation, and cinematic lyrics. The song's arrangement by Rogério Duprat, an orchestral conductor with a solid background in experimental music, was strongly influenced by the Beatles' "A Day in the Life," from their 1967 *Sgt. Pepper's* album.

The next year, at the Third International Song Festival in São Paulo, Gil outraged the jury and audience with the clamorous "Questão de Ordem" (Question of Order). The composition was disqualified shortly before Caetano presented his latest affront, "É Proibido Proibir" (It's Forbidden to Forbid). Veloso appeared with the rock group Os Mutantes (The Mutants)—Sérgio Dias Baptista (guitar and vocals), his brother Arnaldo Dias Baptista (bass, keyboards, and vocals) and Rita Lee (flute and vocals)—who were dressed in plastic clothes for the event. Veloso was booed even more loudly than he had been for "Alegria, Alegria" and was unable to finish the song. He did, however, deliver a now famous off-the-cuff discourse chastising his intolerant audience.

This confrontation of deadly purism with excessive freedom seemed marketable, and soon commercial interests were attempting to exploit the anti-establishment sentiment of Tropicália to create a fad. But Caetano and Gil had been living too close to the edge. They had irritated the authorities with their *tropicalista* "chaos." The military regime feared the movement might induce Brazilian youth toward a lifestyle of drugs and anarchy.

In December, 1968, the military regime decreed Ato Institucional No. 5 (Institutional Act No. 5, or AI-5) and

finished off the few remaining democratic freedoms that still survived after the 1964 coup. AI-5 removed all human rights, everything that the constitution had guaranteed. People were jailed without legal defense, without trials. According to the principles of the military revolution, the people of Brazil had no rights. Tropicália as a movement dissolved with its single collective recording effort, *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis*.

Institutional Act No. 5 had lasting consequences for many *tropicalistas*. Different from many of their friends on the left, they were more inclined to face up to the dictatorship; that increased their suffering. Artistic careers were cut short by imprisonment, torture, and beatings. Censorship of the press hindered the public's knowledge of much of the absurd violence that was being directed against hundreds of intellectuals, journalists, and democratic resisters. Television programming was often interrupted with the word "censored" boldly scripted across the screen. Constraints were not only politically motivated; the regime also censored themes connected with sensuality and sexuality. Student informers—censors for the regime—infiltrated the universities and denounced both students and professors. Freedom of speech was severely curtailed by a general sense of uneasiness and distrust of the censor. People were afraid to talk to their neighbors.

Artists like Chico Buarque and singer-songwriter Geraldo Vandré, who were just beginning their careers and were nervous about the cuts, impositions, and artificial techniques they were forced to use to deceive the censors, fled the country. Buarque looked for refuge in Italy; Geraldo Vandré went to Chile after a dangerous escape. Music critic Tárík de Sousa, now 47 years old, who started to work for the press in 1968, described the period as a nightmare, "We could not mention names like Chico Buarque, not even to report news that had nothing to do with music."

Caetano and Gil were arrested on December 27, 1968, in São Paulo. The *Baianos* were taken to Rio and imprisoned. A few months later they were moved to Salvador and "invited" to leave the country. The *tropicalistas* found a cold refuge in London, where they remained in exile until 1972. Gal Costa, a singer whose lifestyle symbolized the openness and freedom of Tropicália, recorded their songs and served as a medium for Caetano and Gil while they were in exile. As AI-5 marked the death of the movement, the arrest of Caetano and Gil marked its funeral procession.

The Comfort Hypothesis

Gilberto Gil does not accept the theory that Brazil under the dictatorship was one of the most creative periods of MPB, precisely because of the need to go around the censors. Gil said recently that he just wrote tunes that he wouldn't have otherwise. Lyricist Aldir Blanc also does not agree that the seeds of creativity were greater because of the censors. Poet Waly Salomão feels that there have been few times in Brazilian history where the youth have been as creative as they are today. "They are the rams butting their horns against the walls of mediocrity."

Nonetheless, Luís Carlos Maciel (journalist, author, and theater director) feels that having courage was easier in the late sixties and that comfort now controls too much of Brazil's artistic daring. He argues that artists want to have a house, a nice car, a computer, the Internet, and that this contemporary paraphernalia is seducing them into a dependence on it. In an interview with *Jornal do Brasil*, Maciel said, "When people lack the disposition to abandon their comfort and have the courage to risk, things remain static. In a context of comfort, being courageous is difficult. But risk is exactly what artists did in the late 1960s. Tropicalism was more than a revolt against the military dictatorship."



Gil



Gal



Bethânia



Caetano

Maciel feels that the space for a counterculture has been significantly reduced and that creating vanguard music, theater, or film is more difficult now because works of art have to please the public. "If they don't, they're finished." He acknowledged that the rules of marketing are stronger today than they were in the 1960s and that the possibility of another Brazilian arts movement with the magnitude of Tropicália is weaker.

What MPB would have been without this very rough interruption is difficult to evaluate. That obscure two-year period of history ushered in a wide spectrum of influences. Tropicália greatly accelerated MPB's musical and textual experimentation and diversification and gave all who came after a greater sense of freedom. The rock of the 1970s and 1980s was a direct descendent of Tropicália. Trailblazing groups like Blitz and Titãs, that were the most *tropicalista* in their approach, were responsible for opening the doors of rock to that generation. There are traces of Tropicália in today's Axé music, in the music of Carlinhos Brown and Chico Science, and in the *Afro-Baiano* Carnaval.

It would be safe to say that since Tropicalismo, nothing has been the same. Ex-Mutante Rita Lee stated in a recent interview, "Tropicália was a tattoo for the rest of your life, the musical kindergarten where I learned to write lyrics in Portuguese, to sing in Spanish, to play in English, to dance in African, and to compose in Esperanto." Tropicalista director José Celso Martinez Corrêa (Zé Celso) said, "We are feeling this now. It is not a vestige. Tropicália is a feeling that is extremely current in Brazil, now that Brazil is trying to find its own way amid globalization." What happened to the leading intellectuals and artists behind the movement and what modifications the movement brought to MPB and as a consequence to Brazilian culture in general is the legacy of Tropicália.

Casualties and Survivors

The intellectual father of Tropicália, writer, musician, and plastic artist Rogério Duarte, a *Baiano* from Ubaíra, was detained and tortured by the military regime. The torture proved too strong a shock for Duarte. Following detention, he was moved from a cell in the regime's headquarters to a cubicle in the Hospital Pinel—a hospital for the insane. He became withdrawn and self-destructive. His later years were spent in seclusion at the Buddhist monastery of Santa Teresa in the interior of Bahia. Today, he lives in Brasília. Duarte

Tropicália 30 Years

Natasha Records 1997
(track by track)

"Tropicália" The movement's manifesto

Written by Caetano Veloso; performed by Gil, Caetano and Tom Zé. "Tropicália" appears on the historic LP *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis*.

"Divino Maravilhoso" (Marvelous Divine)

Written by Gilberto Gil and Caetano Veloso; performed by Gal Costa.

"Alegria, Alegria" (Joy, Joy)

Written by Caetano; performed by Daniela Mercury.

"Domingo no Parque" (Sunday at the Park)

Written by Gilberto Gil; performed by Margareth Menezes.

"Batmacumba"

Written by Caetano Veloso and Gil; performed by Ilê Ayê. "Batmacumba" appears on the historic LP *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis*.

"Os Mais Doces Bárbaros" (Sweetest Barbarians)

Written by Caetano Veloso; performed by Carlinhos Brown.

"Soy Loco Por Ti America" (I'm Crazy for you America)

Written by Gil and Capinam; performed by Ara Ketu

"Não Identificado" (Unidentified)

Written by Caetano Veloso; performed by Ivete Sangalo and Banda Eva.

"Procissão" (Procession)

Written by Gil; performed by Didá Banda Feminina.

"Superbacana" (Supercool)

Written by Caetano Veloso; performed by Ásia de Águia.

"Geléia Geral" (General Jam)

Written by Gilberto Gil and Torquato Neto; performed by Banda Cheiro de Amor. "Geléia Geral" appears on the historic LP *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis*.

"Atrás do Trio Elétrico" (Behind the Electric Trio)

Written by Caetano Veloso; performed by Moraes Moreira.

"Hino ao Senhor do Bonfim" (Hymn for Jesus Christ)

Written by João Antônio Wanderley; performed by Lazzo e Virginia Rodrigues. "Hino ao Senhor do Bonfim" appears on the historic LP *Tropicália ou Panis et Circensis*.

has recently come out of the shadows to release a translation of part of the epic Mahabharata—the Hindu conception of heaven and hell.

Rita Lee and Gal Costa, both in their fifties, are still actively performing and recording. Costa, the bona fide muse of Tropicália, has become Brazil's leading female vocalist. Arnaldo

Baptista from the group Os Mutantes, who also underwent "psychiatric treatment," threw himself from the third floor of a psychiatric ward in 1981. Tom Zé has all but disappeared from media attention. Notwithstanding, his work from the early seventies, during the formidable right wing repression, was impressive. The cover art on his LP *Todos os Olhos* (All the Eyes) smirks at the censors with what appears to be a giant yellow eye with a sparkling iris, but is in actuality an asshole set with a marble, photographed in soft focus.

Poet and lyricist Torquato Neto, who in partnership with Gil wrote the hymn of Tropicália, "Geléia Geral," and who passed on the latest news about the universal pop underground in a column he wrote for the newspaper *Última Hora* during the years marked by the torture and political persecution, closed all the windows of his apartment in Rio de Janeiro on November 10, 1972, and turned on the gas. He was twenty-eight years old and had also come from a period of internment in the psychiatric hospital. Neto left behind an amount of work small in quantity, but vast in creative quality. The death of Torquato Neto sent a wave of shock through the artistic community.

In 1973, Waly Salomão organized and published material written by Torquato Neto in *Os Últimos Dias de Paupéria*—a wordplay on *The Last Days of Pompeii*. In 1982, Salomão and Ana Maria Duarte reissued the work revised and enlarged. The publishing house José Olympio is now planning to release the third edition of Neto's works, still untitled, which will include pieces never published, an exchange of

letters between Neto and Hélio Oiticica, and letters that were left out of the previous editions. Torquato Lives!

Gilberto Gil's extraordinary new release of *Quanta* is his most compelling work to date. Dedicated to the memory of musician Chico Science, *Quanta* is an elaborate project with fertile lyrics, unforgettable music, and luscious packaging. The liner notes open with a letter from Brazil's most famous physicist, César Lattes (*2) and present a glossary of words, expressions, celebrities, divinities, and historical facts cited in Gil's lyrics. These entries are set among words from the universe of quantum physics, the discipline from which Gil derived the CD's title. The Brazilian release features the track



"Objeto Ainda Menos Identificado" (Object Even Less Identified) and a guest appearance by Rogério Duarte, co-author of the 1969 composition "Objeto Semi-Identificado" (Semi-identified Object), one of Gil's most radical poetic-musical experiments.

If Tropicalismo was truly important in the history of Brazilian music and culture, and not just a mouse that roared, then Caetano's *Verdade Tropical* (Truly Tropical) will be a book of consequence and provoke debate for its polemic content. In his book, Veloso remembers, analyzes, profiles, relates, and reflects on the past of Brazilian popular music to recover his version of a country that was living under the military dictatorship. One of the book's merits is the depth in which Caetano explores the reasons why the events happened the way they did.

Besides explaining that the violence and torture committed by the military regime were corrupt and irreverent aspects of Brazil's profile, *Verdade Tropical* reveals some surprising things about sex, drugs, rock 'n roll, and the main authors of the late 1960s cultural earthquake. Reading *Verdade Tropical* (524 pages, Companhia das Letras) is an obligatory exercise for those who have fundamental questions about what happened in Brazil. The book is slated to be translated in English by Arto Lindsay and Robert Myers for publication in the United States by Alfred Knopf.

Wherever one wishes to set the boundaries of the movement, Tropicalia was a turning point, a fundamental moment in the development of Brazilian culture. Although many feel that today's artistic production has been coopted and is tied to marketing trends, Brazilian pop music would not have progressed as it has, were it not for Tropicalismo. The commotion caused by the *Bahian* group made an indelible imprint on the artistic scene. Tropicalismo, still germinating seeds after thirty years, remains a source of inspiration. It was a moment of courage.

(*1). Geléia Geral literally translates as general jam, but figuratively it means everything combined.

(*2). Physicist César Lattes is also mentioned in Gil's song "Ciência e Arte" (Science and Art) on the *Quanta* CD. Lattes is probably still the most famous Brazilian physicist and certainly at one time a brilliant scientist, but he also is something of an embarrassment to the younger generation of Brazilian physicists. Lattes made his great discovery (of the pion) in 1947 at the age of twenty-three. Unfortunately, one problem with making a great discovery very young is that there is pressure to try to match or exceed this early work. In the early 1950s Cesare Mansuetto Giulio Lattes announced that he had found a mistake in Einstein's theory of special relativity and added fuel to the fire by making childish and derogatory remarks about Albert Einstein (still alive at the time). The actual remark was

something like, "Einstein aimed high, but he couldn't piss straight." Moreover, it was César Lattes who made the elementary mistake, and from that time forward Lattes became more isolated from mainstream physics as well as becoming more of a social recluse. On *Quanta*, César Lattes tells Gil that he doesn't believe in the existence of quarks even though the evidence for quarks became overwhelming about 20 years ago. Those of you who have read *Surely You're Joking Mr. Feynman* might remember César Lattes as the Director of Physical Research in Rio who greeted Feynman at the airport by asking if he had a woman to sleep with that night and who told Feynman to teach when it was convenient for him and ignore what the students want.

* This information about Lattes comes secondhand from an astrophysicist friend. Thanks, Wayne.

Bruce Gilman, music editor for *Brazzil*, 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

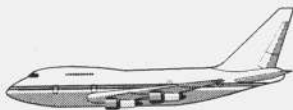


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Letters

A BOOK AND A SONG

Regarding your October 1997 issue, Rodolfo Espinoza's article "Pleasure Principle" quotes from the American anthropologist Richard Parker's book, *Bodies, Pleasures, Passion: The Sexual Culture in Contemporary Brazil*. Since I have tried to read that book I thought it important for me to warn your readers.

Mr. Parker writes long convoluted sentences that are meant only for other anthropologists. These sentences obscure more than they enlighten. The writing is so turgid and profoundly boring that the Brazilian sex life is less interesting than a book on statistics. Should a *Brasileiro* attempt to read it, he runs the at risk of losing interest in sex altogether.

Any of your readers who may have a copy of the book can use it for keeping a window open. Maybe your readers can write in giving us all the various uses they have found for using Mr. Parker's book.

I have been planning to write you for some time. I want to join the other readers who have been thanking you for publishing Bruce Gilman's articles. They are well written and very helpful.

The October 1997 issue should really break the *fiorentina* of those readers who have been complaining about the risqué photos you've been publishing.

Armand C. Caputti
San Francisco, California

BYE, BRAZZIL

Please, don't send me *Brazzil* anymore. The reason I am taking this decision is the immorality presented in your October and November issues. Articles translating obscene words, and explicit immorality in words and pictures are not appreciated by my family. In my opinion this magazine should be censored and its sale should be prohibited to minors. Certainly it is not a magazine for the family anymore.

Beatriz T. V. Souza
Las Vegas, Nevada

BRAZZIL NO MORE

Please cancel my subscription to your *Brazzil* magazine. I did not expect it to bring pornographic smut.

David Johnson
Greensboro, North Carolina

KEEP SENDING

It's that time of year again for a renewal of my subscription. Due to the current postal strike in Canada, I might not see the November issue for a bit (right now, I could get to Brazil faster!) which also means I can't pay you right away, but I'm good for it whenever they settle the strike. In the meantime, keep up the fine work and sign me up for another year.

Terry J. Cooper
Ontario, Canada

SOOTHING BRAZZIL

Congratulations on your success in publishing *Brazzil* as both a printed magazine, as well as an Internet site. I am writing to confess that I still prefer the paper version

You are invited to participate in this dialogue.

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of *Brazzil*. Like old friends, paper magazines are more accessible and reliable than the Internet. In addition, it can't be as comfortable to curl up in bed and fall asleep reading a computer on your chest. Here is a three-year subscription renewal for an old friend, my paper copy of *Brazzil* magazine.

Dan Gresser
Columbia, Maryland

NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

Brazzil is the best buy for the money. It gives me a good insight of the Brazilian people and the troubles that they face. I enjoyed the article "Charming Duo" (November 1997) about President Clinton and his visit to Brazil. Enclosed please find my check to renew *Brazzil* for another year.

Walt Szczepaniak
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MEDICINAL LEAVES

I can't remember if I already renewed my subscription, so to be sure I am sending a check. I used to be able to tell by looking at the address label, but there is no date anymore. Thanks so much for such a fine magazine. When we are away from Brazil we have such *saudade*. *Brazzil* is the only cure.

Cindy Brown
Fairbanks, Alaska

BRAZIL-STRICKEN

Is *Brazzil* distributed in the state of Utah? Your Web site is a treasure. What a great nation Brazil is. Thanks for being there.

Bob Smith
Via Internet

QUITE CONTENT

Please renew my subscription to *Brazzil*. I have enclosed my personal check for payment for three years. I can offer no greater vote of satisfaction and confidence in your publication.

Joseph E. Howard

YES, MO, CHECK, CASH

I got a copy of *Brazzil* magazine at a restaurant in San Francisco and was really amazed by the quality and variety of the information on it. It warms the heart of a homesick. I'd like to become a new subscriber and for that I need to know if I can send a money to pay for it.

Valéria Rogick
San Francisco, California

I'm simply writing to tell you that what I've seen of your magazine has been excellent. As a student at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana, one of my majors was ethnomusicology, and within that program I

wrote several papers concerning Brazilian music. Some of the articles I encountered in *Brazzil* were very helpful. And, like some other people who have written, I was impressed by Bruce Gilman's Carlinhos Brown article.

Derrick Smith
Bloomington, Indiana

INFO SOURCE

I have been reading *Brazzil* magazine on line. I am a 14-year old student from Brazil. I don't write and speak fluently, but I can read and understand English very well. I like your page very much because through it I can know the international opinion about Brazil. I used information from your magazine to write a paper on former President Fernando Collor de Mello. Thank you for your help.

Kelly Caetano
Campinas, São Paulo, Brazil

BACK ISSUES ONLY ON LINE

I have been a subscriber to *Brazzil* for almost two years and I enjoy it tremendously. I am wondering if it is possible to receive any back issues of your magazine, specifically during the 1995 year? Thank you for your excellent publication.

Henry Medina
Norwalk, California

OK!

I have featured your magazine on my media page for Brazilian Media. I am also rebuilding my Brazilian section and it is my intention to feature you there as well. I think your site is excellent. It makes me want to return to Brazil. I have a favor to ask. I want to steal your midi of Jobim. First, tell me if I can, and then tell me how. I will use it on the page where I feature Jobim and I will also feature you there with a banner. Okay? My site is at: <http://www.escapeartist.com>

Roger
Via Internet

COUNTING THE DAYS

I love your online version and can't wait to see it in print. Also can't wait for my trip to Brazil in June. I've loved Brazilian music for several years.

Alisson Hutchison
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

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Gustavo Franco, president of Banco Central

Déjà Vu

The recent Asian market crisis has shaken Brazil badly. In response the government used what many Brazilians thought had been buried with the disastrous economic plans of the past: the *pacote* (package). The crisis shows Plano Real's lack of a solid fiscal foundation. Some of the measures being adopted might have been avoided had the congressmen moved faster to approve the constitutional reforms sitting on their tables for two years.

MARTA ALVIM



Protest against the package

Just as the specter of past economic plans seemed to be fading from the memory of the Brazilian people, the country has been shaken by yet another government-sponsored "*pacotão*" (big package) as Brazilians call the infamous emergency decrees. On November 10, the government released a 51-item fiscal package in an attempt to absorb the shock waves of the ongoing international stock market crisis, which has cast dark clouds over Plano Real's hard-won stabilization.

The new austerity plan comes in the wake of successive plunges in the nation's stock market in response to the Asia crisis. The plan will attempt to achieve an ambitious \$20 billion budget-savings by means of tax hikes, federal spending cuts, and other measures. By doing so, the government hopes to send a twofold message to the world: first, that President Fernando Henrique Cardoso (FHC) will go to any length to defend Brazil's currency, the Real, against speculators—even if some of

the unpopular measures adopted may jeopardize his re-election bid. Secondly, it is an attempt to convince the international community that the Brazilian market is on much firmer ground than volatile Asia, and investors should keep their faith in the country.

Economists and major international financial institutions, such as the Interamerican Development Bank and the International Monetary Fund have applauded the government's swift response to the market turmoil. When the crisis arose and stocks began slumping around the world, the São Paulo Stock Exchange Index (Ibovespa) had the worst performance of all world markets. Just to have an idea, in eight days Brazilian reserves were down by over \$9 billion as investors pulled their money out of the country. To stop the trend Banco Central (Central Bank) felt it had no choice but to raise interest rates, and it did so to excess, by nearly doubling the annualized prime lending rates to 43.3%.

After the initial losses were computed, 450 investment funds out of a total of 780 funds operating in Brazil had lost money in October. Steel maker Companhia Siderúrgica Nacional (CSN) lost \$185 million with the devaluation of its shares by 5.88%. Recently privatized Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD) saw its shares price plummet 18%—a loss of 1.7 billion—while supermarket chain Pão de Açúcar had its shares devaluated by \$86 million.

Although Brazil's current crisis may be in part a reflex of the international turbulence, it has also exposed Plano Real's lack of a solid fiscal foundation, as it had been previously pointed out by economic analysts. For one, the country imports more than exports, which leaves Brazil very dependent on foreign investments to finance the trade deficit. Moreover, the government spends more than it collects in revenues, and until now there has not been political will to fight the public deficit. Had the Brazilian congressmen moved faster to approve the constitutional reforms sitting on their tables for the past two years, perhaps some of the bitter measures adopted might have been avoided.

The proposed 10% hike on income tax, for instance, will inevitably punish the middle class, the majority of which has never participated in the stock market speculative game. The government team delivered the news in such a way that it sounded as if the increase was no big deal. For some taxpayers, though, the additional decision to impose a 20% limit for tax deductions and benefits would have resulted in an increase of three times as much as what they are currently paying in taxes. The decree, which must be approved by Congress, was met with such a fierce opposition that the government eventually relinquished, and decided to allow taxpayers to deduct 100% for medical and dependents' expenses.

As one would expect, any economic package drawn in a hurry will be likely fraught with inconsistencies and misguided measures. In this case, everyone agrees

that the government's decision to dismiss 33 thousand civil servants from Brazil's bloated public work force is the right thing to do. At the same time, the government also expects to save close to \$230 million/year by overturning 40 thousand fraudulent Social Security retirements. The problem is, among the 33 thousand federal employees to be dismissed, there are 1,800 auditors employed by the Ministry of Social Security and Welfare who have unveiled some 145 thousand illegal retirements in the past five years.

The new fiscal package also aims to save \$1.7 billion in public expenditures in 1998, while vowing to spare important social areas, such as health and education. Nevertheless, six thousand health inspectors who work on the program to eradicate the dengue mosquito will be dismissed as well. In the event of a dengue fever epidemic, the government would spend far more than the \$71 million it expects to save in this area just in treating those infected by dengue fever.

Another controversial measure was the increase in airport departure tax from \$18 to \$90 for international flights, which has now become the world's most expensive departure tax. The government expects to collect \$500 million in revenues with the tax hike, assuming that 5.5 million tourists will visit Brazil next year. What the measure didn't take in consideration was that 60% of all foreign tourists visiting Brazil come from Mercosul countries. Some of those tourists will have ticket prices increased by as much as 50%, which may lead them to choose other destinations.

Why?

How could Brazil, with a relatively stable economy not seen in many years, be so much affected by the Asian imbroglio? So far, economists and financial experts have yet to come up with a definite answer. They have blamed the evils of globalization. They have searched for explanations in Karl Marx's theory that in the capitalist world the economy has a life of its own that defies reasoning and common-sense. On the other hand, critics of the exchange rate policy adopted by the government insist that as long as the Real remains artificially overvalued, market speculators will be always on the lookout for a currency crisis.

The cause of speculative attacks that force the kind of devaluation that occurred in Asia is the perception of a vulnerable economy and of a fragile currency. Had the Brazilian government done its homework regarding the external and public sector debts as well as the trade deficit, the country would probably be safe from speculators. After all, Brazil's reserves are over \$50 billion, inflation is low, the banking system is reasonably solid and the privatization program has been carried out successfully—all of which are essential factors to discourage speculation.

Some of the countries least affected by the international crisis, such as Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands and Chile are the very ones whose governments have set a solid economic base by means of competent management of their economies. If Chile, for instance, escaped the market turmoil, it was due in large part to its reputation of sound economic administration. Its current account deficit of 3,8% is the lowest in Latin America, yet the government is already taking steps to reduce it even further next year.

What's Next?

In the meantime, Brazilians brace for lean times, since an economic slowdown or even recession will certainly follow as a result of the new rules. Although the government expects to maintain the high interest rates for only a few months, no one knows for sure when they will be lowered. It all depends on the global market uncertainties, which have recently chosen mighty Japan as the latest victim.

PACKAGES PAST (1986 -1997)

A Brief History

February 1986 - *Plano Cruzado*. Among other measures, the plan launched by President José Sarney replaced the old currency—the Cruzeiro—by the Cruzado, and froze prices, salaries and exchange rates. The dream of a new economic era under “zero inflation”, as proclaimed by the government, ended a few months later due to the plan's lack of structural basis.

November 1986 - *Plano Cruzado II*. An attempt at mending the failures of the previous plan.

June 1987 - *Plano Bresser*. Named after Minister Luiz Carlos Bresser Pereira, it was just another unsuccessful attempt to bring the Brazilian economy back on track.

January 1989 - *Plano Verão* (Summer Plan). Third and last plan under Sarney's administration, it introduced yet a new currency, the Cruzado Novo, but again failed to tame inflation. At the end of his mandate, Sarney and his economic advisors left a legacy of an 84% monthly inflation.

March 1990 - *Plano Collor I*. Promising to kill the “inflation tiger” with one single bullet, President Fernando Collor de Mello delivered this heterodox plan and shocked the population by “temporarily” confiscating savings accounts and other investments. The plan also replaced the Cruzado Novo by the old Cruzeiro again. Inflation remained out of control, and seven years later Brazilians affected by the confiscation are still fighting to get their money back.

August 1993 - *Plano Collor II*. It established the Cruzeiro Real as the country's new currency, but failed to bring inflation down. A few months later Collor was impeached on charges of corruption.

July 1994 - *Plano Real*. President Fernando Henrique Cardoso's plan adopted a strong currency, established high interest rates to slow consumption and eliminated prices indexation and tariff barriers to imports. It succeeded in bringing inflation down to historical low levels but still lacked some adjustments, specially in the fiscal area.

November 1997 - *Fiscal Package*. Entitled “Fiscal Adjustment and Competitiveness Measures” the plan is the latest attempt by FHC's administration to fight off the negative impact of the international market's crisis on the Brazilian economy. It also carries out some of the structural reforms needed to consolidate Plano Real.

Analysts predict that the automotive sector will be one of the hardest hit. This industry, which has thrived in the past three years thanks to low inflation and easy access to credit, is expected to shrink by as much as 40%. Ford has already canceled production for 18 days, and its employees fear layoffs will ensue. General Motors announced it will reduce production by 25%. The same feeling is shared by other sectors, and several companies have put their investment plans on hold until the clouds hanging over the country's future have dissipated. Brahma, Latin America's largest brewer has postponed investments of \$270 million.

If there is any comfort amid the chaos is that for the first time in Brazil a President has launched such tough and unpopular measures just 11 months before presidential elections. However, FHC's adversaries contend that he had no real choice. They claim that if the Asian hurricane had not swept the international market, the president would have waited until he was re-elected to take the steps he did. Even if that's the case, by taking speedy action in face of the crisis that hit Brazil, FHC has boosted his credibility among the international community, portraying an image of a serious statesman committed to the nation's interests, not his own.

Until now, FHC had been riding on Plano Real's achievements, specially the victorious battle against inflation. His re-election was all but guaranteed. How much the fiscal package will influence voters has yet to be seen, but analysts predict that the sense of urgency in face of the financial crisis will minimize Brazilians' reaction against the president.

A survey conducted by the Vox Populi polling institute for Brasília's *Correio Braziliense* newspaper just hours after the announcement of the emergency plan showed that Brazilians continued to support FHC. Out of the 500 people polled across the country by telephone, 55% considered the measures necessary, while 61% kept their faith in the government.

However, a more targeted poll in São Paulo only—conducted by Datafolha, and published by *Folha de São Paulo* newspaper—showed a sharp decline in FHC's popularity. Only 28% of the people surveyed said they would vote for the president if elections were held now against 33% in June. The survey, which has a margin of error of plus or minus 4%, also showed that FHC would still beat his nearest rival, former São Paulo mayor Paulo Maluf, who would get only 20% of the votes.

Prognosis

According to the experts, gross domestic product (GDP) growth for next year is expected to remain between 2%-2.5%, with a strong possibility that the country may fall into recession. However, the slowdown of the economy, together with the government's incentives to exports, should account for a 15% increase in that area, which would soothe the pain of an eventual recession.

No matter how bad the stock market is, that should not be a deterrent to foreign investors as far as the privatization of state-owned compa-

PACKAGE'S HIGHLIGHTS

Revenue Increases:

- . Increases personal income tax by 10% effective in 1998.
- . Establishes a limit of 20% for tax deductions and benefits on personal income taxes.
- . Temporarily increases oil, oil derivatives and fuel alcohol prices.
- . Increases the IPI (Industrialized Product Tax) on alcoholic beverages, tobacco and automobiles.
- . Increases airport departure tax from \$18 to \$90 for international flights; domestic flights are not affected.
- . Reduces the exemption on goods purchased in Duty Free shops from \$500 to \$300 in 1998 and 1999.
- . Establishes new customs laws and puts in place a thorough inspection of the \$500-exemption on goods purchased abroad.
- . Reduces all regional and sectorial incentives by 50%.
- . Raises import taxes (which will affect some 9 thousand Mercosul's products).
- . Eliminates exemption given to health, educational and sport institutions.

Budget Reduction

- . Reduces public expenditures by approximately \$1.7 billion in 1998, excluding health, education, social security and agrarian reform.
- . Fires 33 thousand public servants without guaranteed job security from the Federal Public Administration.
- . Freezes wages and pensions of 1.1 million federal employees during 1998.
- . Eliminates 70 thousand vacant civil posts in the Executive branch of the government.
- . Eliminates the incorporation of commissions to salaries.
- . Reduces the number of commissioned posts by 10%.
- . Limits the creation of public civil posts to 1/3 of granted retirement and vacancies in the previous fiscal year.
- . Reduces service contracts by 20% (a \$580 million cut).
- . Reduces around \$500 million in the sum allocated to new projects in 1998.
- . Cuts teaching and research grants by approximately \$100 million.
- . Creates mechanisms that make it harder for states and municipalities to get bank loans.

State-Owned Companies

- . Increases federal company revenues by close to \$1.8 billion.
- . Cuts approximately \$900 million in personnel expenditures, including dismissal of employees and a hiring freeze.
- . Reduces the limits of federal companies' indebtedness.
- . Reprograms federal companies' investments.

Privatization

- . Accelerates the privatization of the basic sanitation system.
- . Includes the Brazilian Reinsurance Institute (IRB) and federal highways in the National Privatization Program.
- . Offering of Eletrobrás issues on the international market.

Export Incentives

- . Creates a support fund for small and mid-sized companies, aimed at increasing exports and investments.
- . Allows access to external credit to producers of agricultural inputs used in exportable products.

nies is concerned. Dutch bank ING estimates that if the government keeps to scheduled privatization program, some \$35 to \$40 billion in receipts could be brought into the country in 1998 alone. Overall, foreign investors will be more reluctant to pour their money into Brazil, but investments should not come to a complete halt. The potential of the Brazilian economy will always be attractive to international investors.

Altogether, the \$20-billion fiscal package is ambitious if not perfect. The government must succeed in implementing its main measures in order to achieve the much-needed deficit reduction. If it fails, the consequences can be disastrous; if it succeeds, Brazil will be coming out of this crisis stronger and heading for the next millennium as one of the world's most important economies.

STOCK MARKET

In spite of a more stable scenario both at home and abroad, it is still early to predict how the Brazilian stock market will perform in the months ahead. Stocks have had some gains in recent trading sessions, but the market needs speculative capital in order to sustain a good performance. Since foreign investors are still wary of the uncertainties faced by the country, it may take months before the market starts to fully recover.

In the meantime, the Central Bank has vowed to find out the culprits for the market crash in October. The bank is already investigating the losses suffered by financial institutions. If proven that the banks acted recklessly by being too dependent on high-risk operations, the Central Bank may change the rules that govern the financial system in order to protect investors in times of international crises.

Bank officials also want to know who speculated against the Real. Analysts believe that the Central Bank will never be able to prove if investors intentionally bet against the currency, or if they just reacted to defend their patrimony against an eventual currency devaluation. Either way, investors who speculated in the Chamber of Trade and Futures have lost close to half a billion

dollars in anticipation of a currency crisis.

On the other hand, companies such as Telebrás, CSN, Brahma, Electrolux, and others are buying their shares back at a time when their prices have become very attractive. Telebrás, for instance, will spend \$100 million in re-buying its shares, which are valued at \$112 per block of a thousand shares—a drop in value of nearly \$60 after the market crash. The companies' decision to re-buy their own shares is a good indication. It means they believe the market will rebound in spite of more pessimistic predictions about the future of the Brazilian economy.



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Forest burning in the Brazilian Amazon has increased by 28% between 1996 and 1997 according to INPE, the government's National Institute for Spatial Research. Government officials, however, argue that this figure is lower than for 1995. What they do not say is that the satellite used in 1995 to monitor forest fires in the Brazilian Amazon, NOAA 14, passed over the region during the day when cattle ranchers and small farmers use fire to clear forest lands.

There is a very significant difference now. The new satellite used to monitor forest fires, NOAA 12, covers the region at night, when most of the fires started during the day have been extinguished. But even without capturing most of the fires burning in the Brazilian rain forests, the satellite shows an increase by 28%.

The interest on the part of Brazilian society about the future of the Amazon region also seems to be increasing. I just returned from Brazil where I was invited to address a Congressional Committee that is investigating the presence of foreign logging companies operating in the Brazilian Amazon, especially companies from Southeast Asia that have started to log in the region in the past three years.

This Committee is headed by Congressman Gilney Viana from the state of Mato Grosso, a long time advocate for better environmental protection policies, who was until recently the head of the Commission on Environment, Human Rights, and Minorities at the House of Representatives. I was asked to give a presentation about the systems of logging concessions in the national forests of the United States and Canada as part of a series of hearings that the Committee has been carrying out on logging practices in the Amazon region of Brazil.

Why a hearing about forest practices in the United States and Canada? Because the Brazilian government is trying to allow logging companies to log in the Brazilian National Forests. This means that forests all over the country, principally in the Amazon region, that have been closed to industrial developments such as logging may start supplying the ever increasing demand for tropical hardwoods for the Brazilian and

foreign markets.

The Tapajós National Forest in the state of Pará is the first where logging concessions are being proposed

by IBAMA (The Brazilian Environmental Protection Agency). The link between the Brazilian plan and forest practices in the United States and Canada is that logging in these countries has been taking place for many years inside national forests. The results have been disastrous. For instance, only 3% of primary forests now remains in the United States. In Canada, much of Alberta's Wood Buffalo National Park has been clearcut, and clearcuts have left just a few remnants of the temperate rainforest giants of British Columbia.

This first experiment of logging in Brazil's National Forests has received a lot of criticism from Brazilian environmentalists. It has also been halted by a Federal Court order because the communities who live in the Tapajós National Forest were not consulted as to whether they wanted logging to take place in their forest homelands or not. Now, IBAMA is trying to bring the communities into the loop and will try to approve its plan before the end of the year.

Some critics suggest that IBAMA's motivation is political. They note that Eduardo Martins, the agency's president, has aspirations to become the next minister of Environment and that the "privatization of Brazilian national forests," as many like to call it, would position him well to be nominated for the Ministry of the Environment in next year's presidential elections.

IBAMA's proposal to log Brazil's National Forests is very controversial. The agency wants to put a hypothesis into practice before its scientific conclusion. The hypothesis is that the ecologically sustainable logging of the rainforest is possible. But worse yet is IBAMA's vision for the National Forests. It has announced that it will promote "sustainable industrial logging" in the

Tapajós National Forest. The world's scientific community has not even proven that sustainable logging is

Amazon Ablaze

IBAMA, the Brazilian Environmental Protection Agency is promoting what they call 'sustainable industrial logging' in the Amazon forest. The world's scientific community has not even proven that sustainable logging is possible in small scale, let alone on an industrial scale. An initial experiment of logging in the area was harshly criticized. Now, IBAMA is trying to get support from the communities that will be affected.

BETO BORGES



possible in small scale, let alone on an industrial scale.

Foresters within IBAMA who wish to remain anonymous are against the plan on technical grounds, calling it inadequate. They say likelihood for further environmental devastation in the Brazilian Amazon is very high. Not surprisingly, local environmentalists, the media, and some Congress officials are very concerned. The National Forum of Brazilian NGOs and Social Movements, an organization representing hundreds of other groups of environmentalists, scientists, indigenous peoples, and other traditional forest peoples, such as the rubber tappers, has recently released a lengthy declaration that criticizes the federal government's forest policy as largely inadequate.

The Congressional Committee that is investigating the Asian and other foreign logging companies in Brazil has announced that it is getting close to its conclusions and the media has been covering the increased rate of burning in the Amazon with special interest. Unfortunately, business seems to be proceeding as usual for the federal government. Despite the seriousness of the forest destruction in the Amazon, it is always trying to portray an image of being on control of the situation.

Antônio Carlos do Prado, a high official within the Ministry of Environment, told *O Estado de S. Paulo*, one of Brazil's largest newspapers, that the arrival of Asian logging companies from Malaysia and China in the Brazilian

Amazon is a positive fact and that with their presence it will be easier to control logging in the region. But many informed Brazilians are asking a very legitimate question. "What can guarantee us that these Asian companies that had no respect for their own national forests will do any different in Brazil?"

World renowned scientist and former Secretary of the Environment, José Lutzenberger is also very concerned about the arrival of the Asian loggers, "It will be very difficult to control their insatiable demand," he said recently. President Fernando Cardoso has recently stated that there is no major problem with burning in the Amazon region of Brazil. However, a *New York Times* editorial of October 20 criticized Cardoso's role in protecting the Brazilian Amazon region.

Unfortunately, the Amazon issue made it only to the margins of the official agenda between U.S. President Bill Clinton and Cardoso, during President Clinton's recent visit to Brazil. They preferred to talk about trade, as if trade had nothing to do with the environment.

While the presidents argued over Mercosul and the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), the official data on the environment was leaving through the back doors of the Palácio do Planalto: increased deforestation by 34% between 1991 and 1994, increased burning in the Amazon by 30% between 1996 and 1997, and the most alarming of all, their Intelligence Agency's reporting that 80% of all logging in Brazil is illegal and predatory.

Brazilian born Beto Borges is an ecologist and Brazil Program Director for Rainforest Action Network in San Francisco, California. He can be reached by phone at 415-398-4404 or by email: brazilpro@ran.org



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Anchieta

The coincidence in 1997 of two events—300 years of the death of priest Antônio Vieira and 400 years of that of priest José de Anchieta—allows us to take a more profound look at the role that Society of Jesus had on the colonization of Brazil and incites us to remember the life and legacy of these two important figures in Brazilian history and literature.

The circumstances of the everyday of colonization, established to implement the Christian Kingdom of the Iberian civilization in the New World, included a difficult struggle against the wild landscape and the customs of the Indians, and traced for both those men a common pedestal provided by the rigid military treatment of the Catholic Church necessary to the undertaking of the Counter-Reformation.

The so-called “Soldiers of Christ” literally brought the cross and the sword to the colonies of America in the early 16th century and did not hesitate to wield them against the “savages” and the Protestant “heretics” who threatened the consolidation of the Portuguese and Spanish interests and the integrity of consciences with their free examination, and the new Renaissance culture.

The question that all the researchers of the colonial period pose is what would have happened to Brazil if the Dutch and the French had not been repelled. Those who simply lament this fact, aspiring for a Latin America more like the North, endowed with a safe capitalism and a superior economical and cultural development, forget that from the beginning the countries of Iberian civilization and especially Brazil were marked by specific contradictions, a shock of various cultures and a larger gamut of influences.

No big cultural group was transplanted to Brazil to the likeness of the North American pilgrims. The Brazilian colonial society wasn't just a culture of

Fanatics of Christ

Brazil is celebrating the lives of two missionaries who died centuries ago. They are José de Anchieta and Antônio Vieira, fundamental figures of Brazilian history and literature. Living a century apart and watching the world from a different perspective. Anchieta and Vieira represented an element of union, weaving the fabric of the Brazilian nationality. They were also a well of contradictions. Considered a father by the Indians who were converted, Anchieta defended the decimation of the Indians, since “these are so untamed and bestial people that only extermination could solve the problem.”

CECÍLIA PRADA



Antônio Vieira

transplantation but one of elaboration and integration, of constant conflict and rude domination established by a real mob of adventurers and expatriated. The colony was, from the very beginning, a land of exile, no man's land because it belonged to all.

In this context, the priests of the Society of Jesus and mainly Anchieta and Vieira, represented an element of union, weaving the fabric of our nationality with their vision of the world and their iron-like dogmatism of a renitently medieval Catholicism which contributed to the sustenance of an immense territory subject to a sole king and the same language, integrating the autochthonous elements like the Tupi-Guarani and concretely amplifying the territorial limits with its missionary work.

Padre José

The element that stands out in the iconography of Anchieta is his extreme physical fragility allied with a strong spirit. Small and thin, ill and hunchback, victim of the tuberculosis that he'd gotten by exaggerating his asceticism and devotion, José de Anchieta seems to face us still today from the depths of time, with that determined glaze of the solitary and fanatic; a veiled figure of immense humbleness and blind obedience to the dictations of the religion and of the Society, a kind and mystic "saint," who was also known by the contradiction between his thinking and his action, a man of his time and its ideology.

No better portrait was made of him than the one in 1582 by Diogo Flores Valdez, commander of a Spanish ship docked in Rio and to whom Anchieta supplicated the release of a prisoner. Valdez then ordered: "Free yourself and do as priest Anchieta demands because God will not ever want me to do otherwise of what he says and because the first time I saw him I thought I had never seen something as abject and despicable, but looking well at him, never in the presence of any majesty had I felt more lessened than as I did before him."

Born in 1534 in the island of Tenerife in Spanish territory, he assumed Portuguese nationality after joining the Society de Jesus as a novice in Coimbra. His ideal in life was martyrdom and his great patron was São Francisco Xavier, a martyr in China. His coming to a wild land populated by cannibal Indians was the challenge that fascinated him—to give his life for the "conversion of Brazil". The courage he always demon-

strated in the face of the Indians and of the dangers of all sorts was nothing for that young man who supplicated daily so God would let him die in the name of his faith.

To his great disappointment, God didn't answer his prayers. When he felt close to death at 63, retired by then in the indigenous village of Reritiba, he was still planning to join other priests to "some entrance to the back country... since I don't deserve to be a martyr by any other way, death will at last find me abandoned in any of these mountains where I can give my soul in favor of my brothers."

Many of the Indians whom he helped "civilize" considered him as a father. Nevertheless for so much abnegation and so much true, undeniable love, we find opposed in his biography numerous examples of attitudes and ideas extremely adherent to the luso-hispanic politics of domination, taken to effect by the Society of Jesus. In his letters to his superiors he does not even hesitate to ask that the king send men and arms to exterminate the Indians, since "these are so untamed and bestial people that only extermination could solve the problem."

He also registered on his letters scenes from the daily life in the village of São Paulo and from which we can draw that the good Indian was only the one who obeyed and served the priests, often times after being spanked and tortured. Sometimes the subjection was taken to the extreme where they were forced to conduct a chaste life with Christian matrimony.

Fanatics obsessed to save their souls, the good priests considered benevolent work to separate young Indian boys from their families and took pride in the fact that many of them "didn't even seem to desire to speak to their mothers again." To the rebels and fugitives there ensued a real hunting party with punishment that included whipping and torture.

Undeniably, it is to the strong and indestructible personality of Anchieta that we owe the founding of the city of São Paulo. In 1563 the priest Diogo Laynez, general of the Society, already said of him: "since its founding in 1560 and for three more years, the

Sublimated Love

The inspiration for the most important poem of José de Anchieta "De Beata Vergine dei Matre Maria," was born, according to Anchieta, of a great effort of sexual sublimation. The poem was an extensive mystic work in Latin which constituted the first poetic document in Brazilian's literary history.

In 1563, Anchieta confronted terrible dangers in the four months he remained as a hostage of the cannibal Indians, initially with Manoel da Nóbrega and later alone, and escaped from being butchered for 3 or 4 times, mainly for being considered a sorcerer by the Indians.

In their devotional rituals and on the celebration of the sacrifice of the mass, the Jesuits were able to achieve such a great level of concentration that inflicted a great impression on the Indians, leading them to believe that the Jesuits should be extremely powerful men since they were able to speak directly to God. Some witnesses narrate how the "saint" Anchieta had raised off the ground during his prayer in the hut of the *cacique*, causing spread fear among the Indians.

But if that very thirst for martyrdom that had brought him to Brazil gave him the courage to expose himself so blatantly, it was another temptation, a lot worse in his view, that was consuming his moral strength—the carnal sin. Constantly circled by the nude Indian women, naturally offered to the travelers by their own will or for the tribal obligation of offering good hospitality, Anchieta considered this his "worse probation" like he would tell later himself in his letters to his superiors.

Two things served as a defense to resist the power of a woman: the mental training given by the spiritual exercises of Loyola, which methodically induce the practitioner to terrible visions of the divine punishment, and the extraordinary devotion to Virgin Mary—the "other woman", the Mother, the Purest, the Undesirable.

Walking on the beach, the 29 year old missionary would then substitute the vision of the Indian women for the Immaculate Conception and wrote sophisticated mannerist verses on the sand, which he would later memorize, and two years later would organize and publish.

school (nucleus of the settlement) has been nothing but Anchieta”

To the task of teaching Anchieta added that of community leader, accomplishing all sorts of jobs, healing the sick, teaching carpentry and cabinetry, contracting work and organizing armed resistance to the attacks of wild Indians. Anchieta is the figure of major salience in the first part of the history of Brazilian civilization, exerting also a relevant influence in the foundation of Rio de Janeiro and various other population nucleus as the actual city of Anchieta in the state of Espírito Santo and also on the foundation of various other schools all over the country.

Antônio Vieira

A century later, another novice from the Society named Antônio Vieira would vow to consecrate his life to the evangelization of the Brazilian silvicolous. But unlike Anchieta, he would take a different course in his ecclesiastic career according to orders of his superiors, diving deep into the philosophy and becoming an element of extreme importance in the high diplomacy of the Portuguese court of Dom João IV, and always serving the interests of his congregation and of the Church. He was nevertheless able to conciliate, during the course of his long life, the splendor of intellectual life with the missionary practice. A man of thought, luminary of the baroque oratory, but also a man of action.

Born in 1608 in Lisbon and deceased in Bahia in 1697, he came with his parents to Brazil when he was 8 years old and spent more than 50 of his 89 years in Brazil. He had an extremely adventurous life, marked by many hazards—shipwrecks, political and religious persecutions, condemnations and incarcerations. The bold themes he approached in his sermons, defending the cause of the Indians and his indignation against the treatment of the slaves and the defense of the Jews, marked long conflicts with both Brazilian colonizers and the dreaded Inquisition.

The worst period in his life was that spent imprisoned in Lisbon (1665-1667) by order of the Portuguese crown. In 1681 he permanently returned to Brazil and while the Inquisition ordered the burning of his effigy in Coimbra he retired to Quinta do Tanque in Bahia where he continued to write new books and edit his sermons, and where he finally died in 1697.

The shadow of the frock

The humanistic culture of the Society of Jesus was transplanted to the colony in the form of teaching and the literary talent of Anchieta and Vieira marked the beginning of our literature. As Jamil Almansur Haddad says, “The Brazilian literature was born associated with the Jesuit pedagogy and it proceeded amplified over our literature at the shadow of their frock and it was essential to the evolution of our thought.”

One or two years after his arrival in Brazil, Anchieta was already writing a grammar book of the most common language used in Brazil (Abanheega, the root language of Tupi) to facilitate communication between Indians and missionaries.

According to the historian and priest Hélio Viotti “in the opinion of the scholars of today, his grammar is the best of all that were written during colonial times and that better corresponds to the modern scientific demands.”

In the composed autos (religious drama), some in Portuguese, some in Tupi, Anchieta followed the tradition of the medieval religious theater and tried to instruct the *curumins* (Indians) into the faith.

Of all his eight autos the most important is *Na Festa de São Lourenço* of 1583. But it is in his poetry that he reveals his best qualities, especially in the great Latin “Poema à Virgem (Poem to the Virgin), which he began to write on the sands of the Iperoí beach in 1563 when he was a prisoner of the cannibalistic tribe of Tamoios.

Of equal importance are his chronicles and historical account of the time. In the letters he wrote over 40 years to his superiors and in other writings about the captaincy of São Vicente, he traces a complete picture of the habits and historical episodes and gives us a detailed description of the Brazilian flora and fauna.

The Brazilian Academy of literature published in 1933 a volume that embraces all these writings—*Letters, information and historical fragments and sermons*.

In regards to Vieira, his brilliant style still traces the norms of good writing and oral practice. His oratory is the baroque triumph and at the same time a reflection of the colonial daily life. The “Sermão da Sexagésima” proffered in 1655 in the Real Chapel of Lisbon is still required reading for the students of Portuguese literature. The orator identifies in it the style, rhythm and unity of the subject-text, defining that the voice of the orator must be like “a thunder that scares and makes the world dread.”

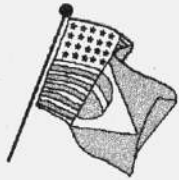
Equally renowned is the “Sermão a Favor das Armas Portuguesas Contra as de Holanda” (Bahia, 1634) in which he dares apostrophize God—“Why dost thou rest, my lord?” for allowing the victory of heretics in catholic territory. In “Da Primeira Dominga da Quaresma” (Maranhão, 1653) he tries to persuade the colonists to free the Indians “because it is better to survive on one’s own sweat than on the blood of others. Oh, farmlands of Maranhão, if these mantles and coats were twisted they would cast blood.”

His effort in favor of the Indians was not just in words. In 1654 he traveled to the court and put pressure on the king Dom João IV until he prohibited the enslavement of the natives a year later. He was also committed to denouncing the abuses of black slavery. In the Sermon XIV of the Rosary, Vieira addresses the slaves and compares their sufferings to that of Christ calling the life of those slaves working on the sugar-mills “sweet hell”. But also a man of his time and compliant with the ideology of his period, he skillfully balances his accusations with an exhortation to “patient suffering” aiming for the pleasure of eternal life.

It is to Alfredo Bosi, literary critic and professor of the University of São Paulo (USP) to whom we owe the evaluation of the talent of Vieira. In *História Concisa da Literatura Brasileira*, Bosi says of the baroque master: “There is a Brazilian Vieira, a Portuguese Vieira and an European Vieira and this richness of dimensions owes not only to the supranational character of the Society of Jesus, which he incarnated so well, but to his human stature in which does not seem an exaggeration to recognize traits of a genius.”

This article was originally published in Portuguese by magazine *Problemas Brasileiros*, which you can read at <http://www.uol.com.br/sesc/spu.htm>

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He finally felt he was living among humans. Gone was the chaotic and miserable fauna that he didn't want to see ever again. Here he had people maintaining their dignity even in their old age. All well dressed, parsimonious on color, taciturn, superior. Without material concerns, their only suffering was from their human condition. They would suffer as men not as animals.

JANER CRISTALDO

I

Estava já há cinco meses em Estocolmo. Havia deixado para trás, com um oceano de permeio, toda aquela fauna abjeta de mendigos, indigentes e aleijões que infestavam as ruas imundas das cidades que abandonara. Agora, na capital europeia de mais alto padrão de vida, seu único contato com a América Latina era alguma reportagem do *Time* ou *L'Express*. Via como algo distante, totalmente alheio a seu passado, os relatos irônicos dos comentaristas internacionais sobre os golpes e contragolpes, convulsões e fuzilamentos, carnaval e futebol, miséria e ostentação.

No Chile, generais haviam libertado a pátria dos tentáculos da hidra vermelha, a Bolívia estaria no 108º golpe. Ou 180º? A diferença não fazia diferença alguma. No Paraguai, mais um criminoso de guerra havia sido descoberto por um caçador de nazistas. Na Argentina, a nação toda chorava a morte de Perón, no Brasil um povo inteiro estava de luto por ter perdido uma partida de futebol para a Holanda. Perdera o título de campeão mundial de futebol, mas não havia há pouco conquistado o primeiro lugar no mundo em desastres de automóveis? Viadutos continuavam caindo regularmente no Rio, arranha-céus queimando em São Paulo, a seca matando no nordeste, as enchentes no sul. Em Recife, alguém descobrira um modo eficaz de ganhar seu pão: cortava o corpo com uma lâmina desde que lhe jogassem dinheiro. O corpo sangrava, as moedas choviam.

Nos ombros lhe pesava a vergonha de um continente inteiro.

Cinco meses de solidão quase total, numa cidade que parecia situar-se em outro planeta que não a Terra. Chegara em pleno inverno, o dia se resumia a um cinza-escuro carregado, das nove da manhã às quatro da tarde. Sol, só em cartazes de agências de turismo. Na primeira semana achara tudo lindo, o frio seco, a neve caindo em flocos, o céu plúmbeo comprimindo a cabeça. Já na segunda, o *snösörja*, aquela neve lamacenta que grudava nos sapatos, passou a irritá-lo, não sentia mais no rosto com o prazer dos primeiros dias as nevascas mais violentas.

Cinco meses sem mulheres nem amigos. Poderia tê-los buscado entre brasileiros, mas recusava-se ao recurso fácil. Estava lá para tomar um banho de civilização, repelia a idéia de conviver com a colônia latina. Fugira do samba, futebol e miséria, não iria aturá-los só por sentir-se solitário. Mas amigos não era a maior carência. Sempre vivera relativamente só, sua viagem fora em parte uma fuga da loquacidade estéril e do maldito espírito de camaradagem e calor humano de um país quente, onde o grande drama não era a solidão, mas sim a possibilidade cada vez mais rara de ficar-se só. Às favas os latinos e suas expansividades. Lembrava Pessoa:

*Todo mal do mundo
vem de nos importarmos uns com os outros,
quer para fazer o bem, quer para fazer o mal.
A nossa alma e o céu e a terra bastam-nos.
Querer mais é perder isto, e ser infeliz.*



Os espécimes que encontrara! No primeiro dia, fazendo um reconhecimento na Sergelorget, ouviu sons familiares em uma esquina. Abraçado em violão, alguém se esganiçava, enregelado, barbudo e com ar faminto. Eu tenho uma nega chamada Teresa, cantava. Ou melhor, implorava. No chão, um chapéu esperando uma moedinha supérflua dos bolsos mais ricos da Europa. Enfim, não deixava de ser uma forma de difusão da cultura tupiniquim no exterior. Olhou-o de longe, não quis se aproximar temendo ser reconhecido pela roupa ou traços.

Uma semana depois, num supermercado, quando tentava descobrir o que seria leite em meio a pacotes com inscrições em sueco, ouviu duas mulatas do outro lado da gôndola planejando carreiros e feijoadas. Abordou-as, pediu que lhe mostrassem o que era leite. Abraços, efusões afro-latinas, perguntas, convite para visitas, caipirinhas, trocas de endereços. E ele só queria uma informação. Mania insuportável do brasileiro de mostrar-se amigo quando em terra estranha. Apanhou os endereços, mais por cortesia, nem de longe pensava em visitá-las. Estavam há vários anos na Suécia. Ao chegar em casa, descobriu que lhe haviam indicado iogurte em vez de leite. Ao que tudo indicava, as moças não se haviam interessado muito em aprender o idioma.

E os outros! Maconheiros que se achavam no paraíso por não existirem proibições ao haxixe, aventureiros (gostava de chamá-los de lavadores internacionais de pratos) que haviam trabalhado nas cozinhas e latrinas de hotéis e restaurantes de todas as capitais da Europa, sempre carregando uma mochila e uma mentira: estou provisoriamente nisto, volto logo para meu curso em Roma, meu estágio na Patrice, para meu doutorado na Sorbonne. No entanto, lavariam pratos até o fim de seus dias, embalados pela ilusão de estar conhecendo a Europa, quando na verdade dela só conheciam os porões, o submundo latino, árabe ou eslavo, que implorava aos europeus as migalhas de suas faturas.

E mais os "revolucionários". Os exilados de 64, gigolôs da ingenuidade da juventude européia, que planejavam a retomada do poder nos salões da ABF, no bar da Filmhuset, em aconchegantes restaurantes em Gamla Stan ou nos aposentos nada austeros do hotel Anglais.

Não. A tais amigos, preferia estar só. Disto não tinha queixas. Mas o sexo já lhe subia à cabeça. Cinco meses de jejum. Em Estocolmo. Não fosse estar vivendo o drama, não acreditaria.

Quando fora pedir algumas informações na embaixada, fizera um rápido contato com o porteiro. Esguio, moreno, elegante, físico diariamente exercitado, chamava-se Lira. Dele recebeu algumas informações que lhe economizaram um bom dinheiro e, ao sair, puxou-o à parte:

E não esquece: órgão sem uso se atrofia. Não te constrange em apelar pra mão. Melhor que ficar brocha.

A frase o acompanhara a tarde toda. Não entendia. Piada? Lira não tinha senso de humor para tanto. Conselho de amigo? Absurdo, estamos na Suécia. Drama pessoal? Certamente. Que sensibilidade teria um boxeador (Lira lutara como peso leve), latino, preconceituoso e inculto, para enfrentar uma sueca, independente e cosmopolita? Coitado do Lira.

Lembrou o sorriso orgásmico de um velho amigo, modesto funcionário público, definitivamente preso à sua triste rotina. "Ah! Conhecer as suecas... e depois morrer!" Pois cá estamos para conhecê-las.

Vieram-lhe ainda à memória as declarações de uma atriz nórdica, lidas em alguma revista qualquer: "Meu país é escuro e frio. Quando o sol, que raras vezes aparece, cai abruptamente por trás dos fjordes, só nos resta voltar para casa e fazer amor".

Agora, entendia Lira.

Desistira inclusive de escrever a amigos. Não era dado a mentiras, mas tampouco lhe era fácil escrever que depois de cinco meses na Suécia... nada feito. Mesmo que não tocasse no assunto, as perguntas seriam inevitáveis.

Em seus primeiros dias, sentira-se finalmente entre seres humanos. Não mais a fauna caótica e miserável que não pretendia mais rever, mas pessoas que mantinham a dignidade mesmo na velhice. Todos bem vestidos, sóbrios nas cores, taciturnos, superiores. Sem problemas materiais, seus únicos sofrimentos seriam os da condição humana. Sofriam como homens, não como animais. Policiais, funcionários, garçons, todos bilingües. Pela primeira vez na vida vira um policial sorrir e tratar pessoas com gentileza. Não lhe desagradou não ter encontrado carregador para a bagagem. Como tampouco engraxates. Nem mesmo considerou indelicadeza a insistência de um policial do Invandrareverket em examinar-lhe os cheques de viagem: "If you have money, you are welcome".

Pois bem-vindo sou.

Na Central Station, ao fundo do saguão, a palavra SEX, imensa e vermelha, lhe chamara a atenção. Sentiu-se vagamente ludibriado ao chegar

mais perto e ler:

LUNCH SEX KRONOR

Seis coroas, o lanche. Matuto, caíra na arapuca. Fora sua primeira má impressão do país, logo diluída pelos ônibus que cumpriam horários com precisão de segundos, mulheres dirigindo metrô, louras oníricas fazendo parte de seu dia-dia. O acesso a elas não estaria distante. Seu inglês era sofrível, melhor nada tentar antes de conseguir um domínio pelo menos operacional do sueco.

Em três meses, aprendera o suficiente para comunicar-se eficazmente. Conseguia entender o que ouvia e fazer-se entender. Mas todas suas tentativas de aproximação com mulheres haviam fracassado.

II

A primeira fê-lo sentir-se ridículo até os ossos. Lera em livros e reportagens sobre a Suécia—e não haviam sido poucos os que devorara—que bastava apanhar-se um jornal e procurar nas últimas páginas os classificados sexuais. Com duas semanas de aprendizado, dicionário em punho, deitou-se em cima do *Expressen* e *Aftonbladet*. De fato, lá estavam os anúncios:

SOZINHO?
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CONTATOS HONESTOS.
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É REMETIDO POR 25 COROAS.

E vários outros. Uma leve desconfiança ante os que falavam em contatos honestos. Preferiu pagar mais e pediu a remessa do primeiro. Duas semanas transcorreram de olhadelas diárias à caixa de correspondência. Chegou enfim um gordo envelope.

Páginas e mais páginas em sueco. Na primeira, adivinhou uma carta comercial de cortesia, deixou de lado. Na segunda, um questionário onde deveria assinar com uma cruz suas preferências sexuais. Nenhuma dificuldade maior de tradução, as mais interessantes práticas tinham nomes universais, em geral de raízes gregas ou latinas. Foi anotando. Tribadismo, sexo grupal, oral, anal, etc. No fim do questionário, um item mais específico a ser preenchido: qual sua particular exigência que desejava ver satisfeita? Deixou-o em branco, seria por demais trabalhoso descrevê-la em sueco ou inglês.

Nas páginas seguintes, o catálogo. Mulheres identificadas por números informavam suas práticas eróticas preferidas, como também pequenos interesses especiais. Mulheres solitárias buscavam parceiros de outro ou do mesmo sexo, ou de ambos, alternada ou simultaneamente. Uma gostava de espancar, outra de ser espancada. Esta insistia em alguém que lhe permitisse urinar sobre o corpo, outra queria apenas masturbar-se enquanto o parceiro a olhava. Algumas pediam dois homens e sugeriam posições que permitissem visão e ação simultâneas. Algumas interessavam-se por espelhos, outras por livros e filmes. Botas e roupas de couro eram bastante solicitadas, como também chicotes e aparelhos de massagem. Havia cardápios para os mais distintos paladares.

Escolheu as que por suas preferências mais o excitavam. No final do catálogo, era-lhe conferido seu número de sócio, ao mesmo tempo em que o lembravam de remeter mais 100 coroas para a identificação dos membros femininos cujos números escolhera. Trinta dias mais tarde, convenceu-se de ter sido ludibriado como o mais imbecil dos turistas.

III

A segunda tentativa, desconcertante.

No subsolo da residência estudantil onde morava havia uma sauna. Só interessou-se pelo assunto quando soube existir, além dos horários masculino e feminino, um horário misto. Na primeira visita, foi dominado por algo próximo ao temor. Sauna deserta. No vestiário, um cartaz alertava:

NINGUÉM O VIGIA.
VOCÊ É O ÚNICO RESPONSÁVEL
POR SUA VIDA.
SAUNA MISTA COM ÁLCOOL
PODE SER FATAL.

Não tinha problemas de saúde, mas sentiu-se um pouco nervoso. Lera certa vez no mural da residência o recorte de um jornal onde se noticiava a morte de um estudante. O cadáver só fora descoberto quatro semanas depois. Em uma república, em um apartamento onde viviam outros três. Encimando o recorte, um apelo:

QUE ISTO NÃO ACONTEÇA
NESTA CASA.
FALE COM SEU COLEGA.

Em certas circunstâncias, o maldito calor humano era até mesmo oportuno. Já cansado e descrendo de que chegasse mais alguém, dispunha-se a ir embora quando ouviu ruídos de chave na porta. Saiu do vestiário e voltou à sauna. Vai ver que era macho. Esperou por mais de dez

minutos, a temperatura já próxima dos 90 graus, quando a porta abriu-se e entrou ela, a Sueca.

Nua.

Loura, alta, esguia, escultural, o protótipo nórdico tantas vezes visto em filmes ou fotos. Seu nome seria Ula, a loba. Ou talvez Gudrun, filha de deuses. Com a respiração já opressa, tentou suportar mais alguns minutos naquele forno, de repente mais sufocante com a proximidade daquele animal perfeito. Teria entre 25 e 30 anos, um ar tranqüilo de quem se sente à vontade junto ao outro sexo. Sentou-se à sua frente, os joelhos erguidos servindo de apoio aos cotovelos, pernas entreabertas. Desviou o olhar. Já no limite da exaustão, saiu.

Depois do sutil jogo de calcular o tempo para entrar e sair, de modo a demonstrar total indiferença. Perguntou-lhe a temperatura, alegando estar sem óculos. Trocou algumas palavras fúteis, tentando captar um olhar ou gesto que lhe permitisse um avanço. Não se comportaria como o macho latino que se aproxima da Sueca com a sutileza de um touro no cio. Embora, se quisesse ser honesto consigo mesmo, estivesse se sentindo exatamente assim.

Pensou em falar ou fazê-la falar em algo mais pessoal, mas a insegurança no domínio do idioma tornava-o hesitante. Era estrangeiro, podia permitir-se gaguejar e usar de circunlóquios. Mas temia a primeira frase. Balbuciasse nela, se reduziria à dolorosa condição de latino subdesenvolvido, flácido, carente e monoglota. Ante uma mulher perfeita, bela, esportiva, segura de si, expressando-se com desembaraço em vários idiomas.

Preferiu o silêncio.

O tempo passava, os banhos de ducha se sucediam e a possibilidade de um contato se tornava cada vez mais distante. Teria perdido mais de um quilo, resolveu desistir. Quando já se vestia, a mítica loura nórdica entrou na saleta, gotejante, sorriso afável:

—Queres tomar um café comigo?

Durante quase três horas mantivera, violentando-se a si próprio, um ar indiferente. Para perdê-lo em segundos. Balbucando palavras atropeladas, aceitou. Ela sorriu e, de um salto, voltou à sala de banho para secar-se. Por sorte já estava vestido, uma ereção incontável talvez o tivesse feito sofrer um vexame. Ou não: quem sabe o que se passa na cabeça de uma sueca?

A Suécia começava a tomar sentido. Naquela época seriam já três meses de jejum. Sentia-se radicalmente estrangeiro no país. Diga-se o que se quiser, teçam-se considerações sociológicas ou metafísicas, mas não é o domínio do idioma, conhecimento da cultura nacional ou relações de camaradagem que fazem um homem integrar-se em um solo novo. Só uma mulher, só o conhecimento da mulher, no velho e bom sentido bíblico da palavra faz com que nos sintamos aceitos pelo novo país. A mulher não está aceitando então o amigo, o estrangeiro exótico, o conhecido de uma reunião, mas o homem todo. E o resto é poesia.

No elevador, sentindo-se obrigado a dizer algo, perguntou-lhe estupidamente se gostava muito de café, eu venho do Brasil, país do café Ô, Brasilien, café, Pelê, samba!, embora os nacionais só tomem a borra, o melhor café é exportado, enfim, coisas de republiquetas latinas. No apartamento, ela levou-o para o quarto, perguntou-lhe se já queria o café, logo a ele, que mais que café só detestava o Pelê. Disse preferir antes algo para beber, os vapores do álcool aproximam mais as pessoas, pensou.

No quarto, algo estranho. Um terço pendia da parede, sobre a cama.

Resumindo: despira a sueca, estava também despido e quase próximo ao orgasmo para, após quatro horas de luta, ouvir:

Det sexuella är heligt och hör till äktenskapet.



Não acreditava no que ouvia. Disse que não dominava muito bem a língua, pediu para repetir lentamente. Ela repetiu várias vezes, havia algo errado, seria talvez a entonação, quantas vezes a entonação não dá um sentido exatamente contrário a uma frase? Só se convenceu do que ouviu quando ela escreveu em uma folha, com todas as letras, sem entonação alguma:

DET SEXUELLA ÄR HELIGT OCH HÖR TILL ÄKTENSKAPET.

Muito bem. O sexual é sagrado e pertence ao matrimônio! Atravessara um oceano para ouvir aquilo. De uma mulher com quem passara horas sem roupa alguma. Vestiu-se sem mais palavras. Quando a sueca lhe perguntou se ainda queria o café, quase explodiu em choro convulso. Procurou um restaurante e compensou-se sem medir gastos.

IV

A solidão começava a pesar-lhe. Frequentava diariamente a cinemateca, sinal inequívoco de que estava só e nada melhor tinha a fazer. Tentou alguma turista desgarrada em busca de aventuras nas *pornoshops* e *sexklubbar*. Santa ingenuidade. Quando iam, sempre levavam macho a tiracolo. Prostitutas lhe ofereciam *full sex service*. Mas não lhe interessava comprar, tudo então seria muito fácil. Queria ganhar. E continuava recusando-se a buscar socorro na colônia latina. Que continuassem encerrados em seus sambas e reminiscências, porres de cachaça e imprecações contra a Suécia e os suecos.

Vagou noites pelas ruas cheias de neve. Em um cemitério, se sentiria mais acompanhado. Só nos subterrâneos do metrô existiam sinais de vida. Adolescentes esculturais, lindas, bêbadas e vomitando nas escadarias, se entregariam por alguns gramas de marijuana. O recurso lhe repugnava. Além do mais, nada tinha a dizer, tampouco a ouvir, daqueles párias da opulência.

Surpreendeu-se certa noite buscando o convívio da confraria universal dos mictórios públicos. Olhares gulosos de senhores respeitáveis, de chapéu, gravata e pasta executiva, lhe percorriam o membro enquanto urinava, os primeiros sinais de interesse que lhe demonstravam os suecos. Não foi fácil resistir à tentação. Calor humano não lhe interessava, queria agora calor animal, e de um animal de qualquer sexo.

Lembrou o conto de um amigo que ficara lá no distante sul. Conto mal narrado, um tanto ingênuo, cheio de laivos românticos, não publicado. Mas com uma imagem poderosa: um homem caminha só pela noite. Ouve passos e segue atrás. Os passos se apressam, o homem também se apressa. Vê um vulto. O vulto corre, o homem também corre. E passa a falar: pára, me espera, quero falar contigo, não quero te fazer mal, te quero bem. O vulto não se detém, se afasta cada vez mais, sobem por uma ladeira. O homem corre desesperado, grita, pára, eu te amo, e cai fulminado por uma síncope. O vulto era de um cavalo.

E aquele seminarista que fora dilacerado por um touro. Na época, considerava o episódio como apenas um caso de homossexualismo reprimido, um gesto temerário. Hoje, entendia a tragédia íntima do seminarista.

V

O inverno foi aos poucos passando, Estocolmo se transformava. A grama brotou milagrosamente de onde antes só havia neve, as árvores se encheram de folhas, o que lhe parecia difícil de crer. Os estocolmenses ressuscitavam de suas tocas. Ao menor raio de sol, suecas sentavam-se em um banco ou no chão, abriam as blusas, saias ou pantalonas e, de olhos cerrados, adoravam-no. A atmosfera febril das ruas o contagiava.

Valborgsmässafton, entrada oficial do verão para os suecos. Foi saudá-lo em torno a uma imensa fogueira

em Skansen. A neve lhe caía no rosto, refrescando-o do calor do fogo.

Num estrado, aqueles seres antes calados e taciturnos dançavam como loucos, como se vivessem a última noite de suas vidas. Enquanto os olhava, uma moça sem par convidou-o para o estrado. Tentou acompanhar o ritmo dos bailarinos, em meia hora estava destroçado. A sueca largou-o, agradeceu, disse qualquer coisa sobre sua forma física.

Os dias foram se alongando, o sol tornou-se paranóico, saía às duas da madrugada, deitava às 22. Uma claridade macia substituía a noite. Os suecos em delírio quase não dormiam, caminhavam dia e noite pelas ruas, florestas e ilhas. Tampouco ele conseguia dormir. A luz lhe invadia o quarto, o verão duraria pouco, depois tudo seria neve e escuridão. As quatro já estava em alguma piscina ou passeando pelos parques que circundam Estocolmo. A temperatura chegava a 28, 29 graus, manchetas anunciavam a "onda de calor", os jornais noticiavam mortes por insolação. Um clima orgiástico pairava no ar.

Mas um homem só não faz uma orgia. Estava na Suécia há cinco meses. Já quase a ponto de fazer concessões. Buscar a profissional, o homossexual ou, na pior das hipóteses, a colônia brasileira. Num encontro casual, Lira lhe falara de uma crioula, quebra-galho dos patricios. Lira tivera certa vez de recorrer a ela, não via mulher há séculos, a crioula fora mais solícita que uma mãe. Havia ainda aquele número transcrito em um discreto cartaz na sala de aula. "Se você se sente só e deprimido e deseja falar com alguém, telefone para o nº tal". O cartaz, que lhe parecera ridículo quando o vira pela primeira vez, tornava-se agora compreensível.

Se o índice de suicídios na Suécia não era o mais elevado da Europa, como pretendia uma propaganda safada, um outro fato o deixara perplexo: não era incomum, pelo que lia nos jornais, encontrar-se cadáveres em apartamentos fechados, meses após a morte. Dado o clima frio, o corpo não se decompunha, e só era descoberto quando se acumulavam as contas a pagar.

Os suecos, que antes julgava conhecer por antecipação, lhe surgiam ininteligíveis. Havia erguido uma sociedade que protegia o cidadão, qual placenta, do berço ao túmulo. Mendigos não existiam, ninguém passava frio ou fome, o Estado garantia saúde a todos. Para chegar aonde?

A uma sociedade onde as pessoas, sadias e bem alimentadas, apodreciam sozinhas em seus quartos, onde era necessário pôr um telefone à disposição dos suicidas potenciais. Confundia-se. Já não sabia se preferia morrer de doença e subnutrição, entre amigos, ou ser bem nutrido e saudável na sociedade perfeita, mas só, irremediavelmente só, até o último alento.

Mas nenhuma voz metálica de algum psicólogo ou padre teria algo a dizer-lhe. Não queria palavras. E sim carne, calor animal, festejar um outro corpo, perfurá-lo com amor e raiva. Ouvir gemidos, sentir nos dedos convulsões, ver olhos cerrados, lábios em espasmos, sorrisos, contorções.

Temia por sua sanidade mental.

VI

Caminhava pela Vänsterlangatan. Gostava da rua e de Gamla Stan, o casco velho da cidade. Quando se perguntou por quê, descobriu já não ser o mesmo homem que há cinco meses chegara na Suécia. A arquitetura asséptica e funcional de Farsta ou Hässelby lhe haviam fascinado, detestava cidades velhas e sujas. Começara agora a encontrar um certo encanto em Gamla Stan. Não na rua em si, mas nas pessoas que a percorriam. Ou nos sinais impregnados nos portais e escadarias de pessoas que ali haviam passado. A calçada estreita e íntima, os séculos incrustados nas fachadas, o ambiente cálido das caves do Fem Sma Hus, a efusão quase latina do Kaos (certa



noite, o acordeonista do café começou o espetáculo com um "baião francês", o "Tico-tico no Fubá"), a alegria coletiva do Ängelen, tudo o reconciliava mais e mais com a Cidade Velha.

Passava pelo Old Town, alguém o chamou de dentro. Arne, um de seus professores de sueco.

Entrou. Arne convidou-o a sentar-se. Apresentou-lhe uma colega, Gudrun. Mesmo bêbado, Arne continuava pedagógico, falava pausadamente, auxiliava-o a completar uma frase. A medida que os *skäl* se sucediam, ele falava com mais fluência, dominava até mesmo certas nuances do idioma. Gudrun, afável, falava-lhe carinhosamente, como a um bom amigo.

Se os suecos eram frios, o álcool os aquecia. Não bebiam para conversar, mas para cair. Acostumado a longas noites de trago, ele fraquejava ao enfrentar ao estilo nórdico de beber: iam da cerveja ao ponche, passando pelo uísque, conhaque e *akvavit*, com alguns cafezinhos de permeio. Quanto mais bebiam, mais Gudrun tornava-se meiga, passou a roçar-lhe a nuca com mão suave. Arne convidou-o para uma pequena festa em sua casa naquela noite. Como estaria envolvido com os convivas, em grande parte estrangeiros que mal arranhavam o sueco, lhe sugeria fazer companhia a Gudrun. Dois olhos verdes e uma boca cereja pediam que aceitasse.

Arne morava em Saltsjö-Duvnäs, a alguns quilômetros de Estocolmo, numa casa velha e simpática de dois andares, com piscina e muitas árvores. Apesar de seu status, só andava de metrô ou em uma bicicleta caindo aos pedaços. E de novo a pátria lhe pesou nos ombros. O Brasil começava a descobrir o automóvel, quando a Europa já o dispensava como meio preferencial de transporte.

Reunidos ao lado da piscina, os grupos se elegeram conforme idiomas. Ele afastou-se de eslavos, gregos e outros grupos, por instinto buscou Gudrun e outros suecos. Era ouvido com interesse, todos esperavam encontrar num brasileiro um homem extrovertido, cheio de sol e ritmos, viam um conhecedor de Swift, Nietzsche e Sterne. Não lhe foi fácil desmontar a imagem mítica de um Brasil grotesco, que Glauber Rocha exportara cabotinamente a um mercado sedento de coisas exóticas. Então não existiu um herói nacional, o Lampião? Como iria existir um herói nacional, se nem heróis estaduais ou municipais existiam na história toda do país?

Um grupo maior foi aos poucos se formando, alguém já havia caído vestido na piscina, uma loura fora buscá-lo com roupa e tudo, estava agora enrolada em uma toalha exígua, a noite que não era noite não escurecia nunca, as velas queimavam sem pressa, todos falavam alto, ninguém ouvia nada, todos se entendiam, a atmosfera *stämningen*, pois não? tornava-se mais e mais calorosa. Alguém apanhou um violão, as primeiras canções foram Cielito Lindo, Adelita, La Paloma. Todos as conheciam e as cantavam nos mais estranhos sotaques. Ele acompanhou-os com gosto. Lembrou então que fariam não cinco meses, mas cinco ou talvez mais anos que não cantava. A última e triste década que vivera em sua terra, marcada pela violência e barbárie escondidas em estatísticas lindas, onde pesadelo e realidade se confundiam, não lhe davam razões para cantar.

...este lunar que tienes,
Cielito Lindo,
junto a la boca...

Passaram a uma sala. Gudrun arrastou-o pelo braço, queria dançar. Uma eletrola pulava ao ritmo de sambas. Não. Tudo, menos samba. Cielito Lindo, Adelita, passava. Nada tinha contra o México, pelo contrário. Mas samba! Aquela batucada trazida pelo negro escravo que nela se embriagava para afogar o cativo, a miséria, a humilhação? Não.

Além disso, nunca dançara samba em sua vida.

Concedeu em segurar Gudrun pela cintura, que se requiebrava em passos de todas as danças do mundo, menos de samba. Ele movia lentamente os pés. Mas o ritmo ingênuo da sueca, os olhos que fechados o convidavam, o ventre que se oferecia e fugia, seios trêmulos, o álcool, o ruído, tudo fez com que, sem saber nem querer, acabasse sambando. Pela primeira vez na vida. Em Estocolmo.

Não via mais ninguém na sala, só os olhos, braços e boca daquele animal que debatia a seu lado, já quebrara um imenso vaso de porcelana, uma mesa ficara torta, teve de puxá-la com energia para salvar o toca-disco. De repente, desceu os olhos além da boca de Gudrun, sem crer viu-a nua, só de calcinhas. Olhou em roda, não poucos já estavam nus, um par de seios saltitava a sua frente, *viva la Suecia, viva el paradiso del amor, lever Sverige, per omnia saecula saeculorum, amen!*

Despiu-se pulando, já ia tirando as cuecas, lembrou-se que talvez não ficasse lá muito elegante pulando sem cuecas. Arne convidou

para a sauna, da sauna pularam na piscina, ele sempre rente aos pés de Gudrun. Da piscina saiu a perseguiu-a, ambos nus por entre as árvores, sob aquele sol irreal que jamais se escondia. Derrubava-a, apertava-a sobre a grama, Gudrun ria e fugia, escorregadia e molhada, ele fauno caçava Gudrun ninfá por bosques onde o sol jamais se escondia.

Perdeu-a não soube como, vagou sob o sol branco por entre as árvores, gritava *Gudrun jag älskar dig, kom hitvar är du*, eu te amo, vem cá onde estás? Volta, eu te quero, pára, me espera, não quero te fazer mal, te quero bem.

Ninguém voltou. Nu e já com frio, rumou para a casa.

Todos já haviam partido ou dormiam. Alguém saindo do banheiro perguntou-lhe se queria uma cama, disse não, continuou procurando. Numa peça dormia alguém, apertou-a, beijou-lhe o rosto, quem és tu, nenhuma resposta, não conseguiu reconhecê-la, pelo menos estava certo não era Gudrun, não eram seus seios.

Subiu ao primeiro andar. Tudo também deserto. A casa, onde há pouco tudo era vida, de vida nada mais tinha. Quando já desistia de encontrar alguém, quando lembrou-se de que estava nu e nem imaginava onde estariam suas roupas, num sofá, viu Gudrun.

Deitada de bruços, esperava.

Jogou-se nela como náufrago buscando tábua, qual criança encontrando outra que se escondera. Corpo perfeito e nu, aberto, sem defesas. Penetrou-a com amor e raiva, eu te adoro, te quero, vou te rasgar, não podes mais fugir, te peguei, toma todo eu, até o fim, até o fundo, imbecil querida, idiota amada, vingança.

Gudrun dormia. Bêbada, dormira sempre. Sua primeira sueca fora uma espécie de cadáver ainda quente.

"A Conquista de Gudrun" is the original title of this short story. Janer Cristaldo, its author, is a writer, translator and journalist. He got a Ph.D. in French and Compared Literature from Université de la Sorbonne Nouvelle (Paris III) with the thesis *La Révolte Chez Albert Camus et Ernesto Sábato* (The Revolt in Albert Camus and Ernesto Sábato). He published among other books: *O Paraíso Sexual Democrata* (The Democratic Sex Paradise) (essay), *Assim Escrevem os Gaúchos* (Thus Write the Gauchos) (anthology), *A Força dos Mitos* (The Power of Myths) (crônicas), *Ponche Verde* (Green Poncho) (novel), and *Mensageiros das Fúrias* (Messengers of the Furies) (essay). You can get in touch with him via his E-mail: cristal@ibm.net

On the Edge

If there is an ultimate frontier that would be Roraima, the land of the Yanomami Indians, the lawless gold-diggers and all kinds of adventurers. There is plenty of wildlife and mountains asking to be climbed. Whoever planned the capital Boa Vista where everything is in a huge scale didn't think about pedestrians, however.

The remote and beautiful mountain region straddling the Venezuelan border to the north of Roraima is perhaps the ultimate Amazon frontier. Roraima is the least populated state in Brazil. This rugged land is home to the Yanomami, who represent about one-third of the remaining tribal Indians of the Amazon.

Because the Indian lands are sitting on huge deposits of iron, cassiterite and gold, the Yanomami are threatened by the building of roads, and encroachment from *garimpeiros* and others seeking to expropriate these lands. Although the Brazilian government has declared the area a special Indian reserve, this declaration will be worthless unless the government is prepared to enforce it and eject trespassers from Yanomami lands.

Roraima state is one hour behind Brazilian standard time.

BOA VISTA

A planned city on the banks of the Rio Branco, Boa Vista, the capital of Roraima, is the home of more than half the state's population. Most residents are public servants lured to the frontier by government incentives. Although there is now a sealed road between Boa Vista and Venezuela, and many locals take holidays to the Caribbean, the city feels very remote and isolated from the rest of Brazil. Boa Vista is growing at a bounding pace, but while lots of money has been pumped into the construction of an aquatic park, concert grounds and various sporting facilities,



there is still much poverty. Most travelers consider this city 'the ultimate bore', 'one of the armpits of the universe' bereft of any interest, and nothing more than a transit point between Brazil and Venezuela. However, there are some intriguing sights in the vicinity of Boa Vista which are becoming increasingly accessible.

Orientation

The city is shaped like an archway, with the base of the arch on the Rio Branco and the arch itself formed by Avenida Major Williams and Avenida Terêncio Lima. Avenues radiate from the top, dividing the outskirts into wedges. The city planners were clearly a race of giants: the scale of the place is totally unsuited to pedestrians, who could quite easily spend a whole day trying to do a couple of errands on foot.

The government buildings are located right in the center, at the intersection of Avenida Ville Roy and Avenida Capitan Ene Garcez, while the commercial district runs from the center of town along Avenida Jaime Brasil to Rua Floriano Peixoto, on the waterfront.

Information

Tourist Office

The information booth at the *rodoviária* (224-0288) can supply with a map and help with booking accommodation. The booth is open from 8 am to 5.30 pm Monday to Friday.

The office of CODETUR (224-0271), the state tourism administration, is at Rua Coronel Pinto 241. It has brochures containing general tourist information. Apparently, the state administration is interested in developing tourism, and advertises the state as an 'Ecological Sanctuary—a beautiful wilderness for the adventurer', but so far, there is very little

tourist infrastructure in the region.

Money

The Banco do Brasil (224-6606) is at Avenida Glaycon de Paiva 56, close to Praça do Centro Cívico. A useful moneychanger, with longer opening hours than the bank, is Casa de Câmbio Pedro José (o 224 9797), at Rua Araújo Filho 287. It's open to the public from 8 am to noon Monday to Friday.

Post & Telephone

The post office (224-0699) is on the north side of the Praça do Centro Cívico. The telephone office is on Avenida Capitán Ene Garcez 234.

Palácio da Cultura

At the Praça do Centro Cívico is the cultural center, which has an auditorium for cultural events, a souvenir shop and a library. The library is open Monday to Friday from 8 am to 8 pm, and there you can find *Roraima, O Brasil do Hemisfério Norte*. This interesting publication from AMBITEC (Fundação do Meio Ambiente e Tecnologia de Roraima) describes the state's history, geography, economy and tourism, with a summary in English.

Parque Anauá

The park at Avenida Brigadeiro Eduardo Gomes is quite a hike from the center, on the way to the airport. Within the vast grounds are gardens and a lake, a museum, an amphitheater and various sporting facilities, including an aquatic park and a public swimming pool. The grand *forró* drome was recently completed, for *forró* concerts (typical music and dance enjoyed by immigrants from the North-east).

Boa Vista Beaches

The main beach is **Praia Grande**, opposite Boa Vista on the Rio Branco. To get there, walk down from the city center to the waterfront and look for Porto do Babá, at Avenida Major Williams. Cross on a small boat (\$2.50). Babá is a local who organizes the Festa do Luau, a party on the beach under a full moon (*lua* in Portuguese), with an open fire, and drinks and fruits provided.

Other beaches include **Água Boa** (on the Rio Branco, 15 km from the city center), and **Caçari, Curupira and Cauamé** (on the Rio Cauamé).

Organized Tours

Aquatour (224-6576) is at Rua Floriano Peixoto 505. Eliezer, a local artist and tour operator who speaks English, organizes a variety of boat trips in the region, such as a day excursion to Fazenda São Marcos (a cattle ranch) and Forte São Joaquim (the ruins of a colonial fort), upstream on the Rio Branco, or trips to Serra Grande, beaches and creeks downriver. Day tours cost \$40. A two-hour tour to Ponte do Macuxi, Paraná do Surrão and Ilha da Praia Grande, including a walk through forest to an inland lake costs \$20. Overnight stays in the jungle (in hammocks) cost \$60 per person, meals and drinks included. Eliezer also provides transport to the beach opposite Boa Vista (\$3) and to campsites on the Rio Branco.

Amatur (224-0004) organizes tours to Pedra Pintada archaeological site, Lago Caracaná, waterfalls, Ilha de Maracá ecological station and along the Rio Branco, and 4WD ecological safaris can be organized if booked in advance.

Jean-Luc Félix (224-6536), Avenida Nossa Senhora da Consolata, is a Belgian who organizes hikes to Serra Grande.

Things to Buy

Centro de Artesanato, at Rua Floriano Peixoto 158, is open from 8 am to 6 pm Monday to Friday. Feira de Artesanato da Praça da Bandeira, open on Fridays, Saturday and Sunday from 5 to 11 pm, sells local and Indian arts and handicrafts.

Getting Around

Whoever planned Boa Vista on such a vast scale clearly didn't think about pedestrians—getting around on foot is really difficult. Bicycles are a better option—to find out about renting one, ask Eliezer (at Aquatour), or at Porto do Babá.

The airport (224-3680) is four km from the city center. To get there, take a bus marked 'Aeroporto' from the municipal bus terminal. The taxi fare from the airport to the center is about \$10.

The *rodoviária* (224-0606) is some three km from the center—about 40 minutes on foot! Take a bus marked '13 de Setembro' from the municipal bus terminal, and get off at the bus stop beside a supermarket (which is opposite the *rodoviária*). A taxi from the center to the *rodoviária* costs about \$10.

AROUND BOA VISTA

Mt Roraima (2875 meters), one of Brazil's highest peaks, straddles the Brazilian/Venezuelan/Guyanese border. The easiest access for climbers is from the Venezuela side.

The archaeological site of **Pedra Pintada** (Painted Rock) is a large granite rock 140 km north of Boa Vista, next to the Rio Parimé. The mushroom-shaped boulder is about 60 meters across by 35 meters high, with painted inscriptions on its external face and caves at its base. There are no buses that go to the area, but tours can be organized by Amatur.

Lago Caracaná, a large lake 180 km from Boa Vista, is a popular weekend destination. A bus departs for the lake from the *rodoviária* in Boa Vista at 10 am on Saturday and returns at noon on Sunday. There's a campsite and a basic hotel at the lake.

The **Estação Ecológica da Ilha de Maracá** (an ecological reserve) is an island 120 km from Boa Vista, on the Rio Uraricoera. The reserve can only be visited with permission from IBAMA (224-4011) in Boa Vista.

The municipality of **Caracaraí** is 142 km south of Boa Vista, on the west margin of the Rio Branco. This region, considered the median part of the river, has a number of rock blocks forming river rapids and waterfalls, the most popular being the Bemquerer waterfall. The area also has primitive rock paintings.

MT RORAIMA & THE GRAN SÁBANA

From the Indian village of San Francisco de Yuruani, 60

THE LEGEND OF MOUNT RORAIMA

In the past, there were no hills or mountains in this region. Various Indian tribes lived here, and game, fish and fruits were plentiful.

One day an alien banana plant sprouted, and it grew vigorously. The witch doctors received a message prohibiting people from touching the plant because it was a sacred being. If those orders were disobeyed, game would disappear, fruit-bearing plants would shrivel and the region's geography would change. The banana plant produced various bunches of golden bananas, but the people dared not touch them. One morning, however, to the surprise of the local tribes, the plant and the golden bananas were found to have been cut down and taken away. Within moments there was thunder and lightning. The game fled and the birds, singing mournfully, flew away. Then there was a downpour, and the ground started lifting spectacularly up into the clouds, forming Mt Roraima.

km north of Santa Elena, you can hire a guide to take you to the geographically spectacular and botanically unique area around Mt Roraima, which straddles the Brazilian/Venezuelan/Guyanese border.

From there, it's 22 km to Paray Tepui, a small Indian village and the entrance to the park. You may also hire a guide here. From Paray Tepui, the trail is easy to follow, although it quickly deteriorates after rain. There's the odd rattlesnake, but no other large wildlife.

Although you must bring food from Santa Elena, good water can be found in streams every four or five km along the way. The trail passes one of the world's highest waterfalls. The top of Roraima is a moonscape; it would be very easy to get lost, so don't wander far. You might consider spending an extra day on top of the mountain, but be prepared for cool drizzle and fog.

The return trip from Santa Elena will take five days, but some people allow up to two weeks in the area.

The following is a description by some readers who climbed the mountain:

In San Francisco de Yuruani, the starting point for climbs up Roraima, you can hire a guide for \$15 to \$19 per day and for just a few dollars more, the guide will carry your gear. Guides are cheaper and easier to obtain in the Indian village of Paray Tepui. Hire a guide, because the dense cloud cover and strange landscape on top can get a person lost very quickly. Furthermore, guides know of two 'hotels' on the mountain, cliff overhangs under which you can camp and stay dry!

Jeeps to Paray Tepui charge a set rate of \$31 each way. If you choose not to hire a Jeep, the hike between San Francisco and Paray Tepui is a full day. The best days for hitching between the two towns are on Sunday and Monday going to Paray Tepui, and on Friday returning to San Francisco, as the school teachers at Paray Tepui leave the town for the weekend. Mosquito repellent is absolutely essential.

Pack light but for wet weather. The trail runs under a waterfall when there is a lot of rain. If you want hot food on top, bring a stove, because there is absolutely no firewood there.

The trail from Paray Tepui runs over open savanna and crosses several small streams. You will cross one river, which is about 10 meters wide and is called Quebrada de Pedras or Rio de Atuc. The next large river is Cuquenán. It is 10 to 20 meters wide. Camp on the far side of Cuquenán.

The next day, you can make it all the way to the 'hotel' on top of Roraima, or you can camp at the

base just before the trail enters the jungle. On the return trip, try to make it as far as the Quebrada de Pedras on the first night. If it is raining on Cuquenán, the levels of the rivers can rise very rapidly. You should cross them as quickly as possible. You may even need a rope.



Greg L Kevin Morrell,
USA

The Gran Sábana has been described as 'beautiful open rolling grassland with pockets of cool jungle, all eerily deserted and silent'.



It's best to visit the area in the dry season (December to March), but even then, you will still be wet much of the time

Excerpts from *Brazil - A Travel Survival Kit* - 3rd edition, by Andrew Draffen, Chris McAsey, Leonardo Pinheiro, and Robyn Jones. For more information call Lonely Planet: (800) 275-8555. Copyright 1992 Lonely Planet Publications. Used by permission.

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Born: Valinhos, São Paulo, August 6, 1910
Died: São Paulo (capital), November 23, 1982

Not even people with nerves of steel, without blood in their veins, or without a heart are capable of not showing emotion when the rough voice, almost resigned, tells the (true!) story of the bride-to-be run over 20 days before the wedding: *the driver wasn't at fault. Patience, Iracema.* The most brilliant Paulista composer of all time, Adoniran Barbosa—poor and barely literate, he knew how to be deeper than a scholar when he explained: "To write samba lyrics well, you have to be, in the first place, illiterate".

Like few people, Adoniran was a genius. Like Lupicínio or Nick Cave, those rare geniuses that extract an almost pathetic simplicity from a mountain of subtle meanings. It's that same old story: you've heard "Saudosa Maloca" 300 times, without paying much attention, then one day, something clicks: "What was that?"

Favorite son of Bexiga, São Paulo's Italian neighborhood, Adoniran was a roving photographer of songs. Each one a small picture of his neighborhood, his city, his humble people. Pictures that could be of any big city that still has, in some corner, a vestige of that sweet poverty that is so different from conclusive misery. The São Paulo of Adoniran is falsely resigned to the affliction of being big—enormous—and covetous of its sons. After all,

*The men have reason
We'll find us another place
And don't complain
Because the rain
Destroyed your shack.
Don't complain,
Take it easy, João.
Worse happened to Cebídi
Don't complain
The rain only took your bed.*

It was all that John had, but Cebídi had a whole house and it was all taken downhill by the torrent. So, John doesn't really have a reason to complain about his luck.

On the night that his Carioca (from Rio de Janeiro)

Sound Paparazzo

Barely literate, Adoniran Barbosa, was a genius of MPB (Popular Brazilian Music) proving that São Paulo was not "samba's tomb" as once said by poet-composer Vinicius de Moraes. In fact, he was one of the few good revelations in music during the bolero-filled decade of the 1950s.

ARTHUR DE FARIA



friend Johnny Alf was performing for a noisy crowd in a São Paulo bar, the poet and writer Vinicius de Moraes coined the famous phrase: São Paulo is the tomb of samba. His bad luck, and Sampa's (São Paulo's nickname), is that the phrase stuck. It would be good to explain. If, on one hand, the city never had a large quantity of quality *sambistas*, on the other, just the names of Adoniran and Paulo Vanzolini (of "Ronda" fame)—were already sufficient to disprove the words of Vinicius—if he had said it seriously.

Porto Alegre, the capital of the state of Rio Grande do Sul has a similar situation. The city brought forth only two names to samba: Lupicínio Rodrigues and Túlio Piva. But these two are so good that no more are necessary. As if this wasn't enough, Júlio Medaglia, another *Paulista*—composer and arranger—is definitive when he reminds us that "Dostoyevksy said the best way to be universal was to describe your village". And no one described his *Paulista* "village" better than Adoniran.

As if this wasn't enough, Adoniran was one of the very rare good things to come out of MPB (popular Brazilian music) during the disgraceful, bolero-filled decade of the 1950s—the bossa-nova and its predecessors not included, which were at the very end of the decade.

The curious thing is that, well before becoming known as a composer, Adoniran was a famous radio actor—at a time in which radio had absolute control of the national media and TV wasn't even dreamed of being established in Brazil. Well before Chico Anísio, Jô Soares or others of the sort, in 1946 the man already embodied nothing less than 16 characters in his programs on Radio Record. Still earlier, he had been a ringmaster in a circus. And still to come, the TV screen and the big screen of the cinema—as an actor highly commended in Lima Barreto's film, *O Cangaceiro* (The Backlands Bandit), best film in Cannes in 1953 and one of the best classics of Brazilian cinema.

Obviously the son of Italian immigrants, the radio actor João Rubinato actually wasn't born in São Paulo, the capital, but in Valinhos, in the interior of the state. He went to Sampa to see if in some way he could pursue an acting career, which was, from 1941 to 1951, what gave him that anthropological-tavern-like base which

would be developed in his composer years. Many of the characters created by the actor João Rubinato would later become characters in his songs. One of them, Adoniran Barbosa, would end up taking control of the persona of his creator.

On the radio, accentuating the typical language of Bexiga—a kind of official accent of São Paulo—he told with drama the small, daily tragedies of the shanty towns and the suburbs in general. Tiny tragedies, of residents, of big old houses, abandoned by a city that was demolishing them to build more and more skyscrapers. In short, the life of those derogatorily called *maloqueiros* (shanty town dwellers, actually multiple families living in the old houses)—because they lived in *malocas*.

Each time less João Rubinato, each time more Adoniran, the actor was appearing in his program justly entitled “Story of the Malocas”, and his alter-ego Charutinho (literally, little cigar), being inept in life and carrying on in laughable resignation with sad ascertainties that could—by someone less judicious—be called social accusations.

“Story of the Malocas” was the big success in the many programs made in partnership with the broadcaster and composer Osvaldo Moles: “Escolinha Risonha e Franca” (the Funny and Merry School)—root of countless copies reproduced until today on Brazilian radio and TV—“The Mother-In-Law’s House” and many others. Directly from the Morro do

Piolho (literally, “hill of the louse”), Charutinho and his gang began to tell their stories in 1955. A few months earlier, the then young Demônios da Garoa had recorded a song by the unknown composer Adoniran Barbosa, called “Saudosa Maloca.” An absolute success.

The first success of the two—the composer and the group—a partnership that would last until today, more than a decade after the death of the first. And it was from the inspiration of this hymn, from the anti-vagabondism, from the submission so absolute that it seemed to be subversive, that the idea was created for the program that would stay on the air for more than ten years, being number one in ratings.

The special touch was that bitter, crazy humor—the typical “it would be tragic if it wasn’t so funny”—embodied in anti-heroes devoured by the beloved city that was growing. Run over, thrown out, dragged by storms, trying to refind in a corner of the concrete the poetry lost in some turn in life.

*Come see,
Come see, Eugênia
How pretty it turned out
the Saint Efigênia Viaduct!*

The humor that he knew turning disgrace to advantage.

*Because there on the hill
When the electricity of Light goes out*

*We light a candle
That illuminates too
If there's no candle
It don't hurt
We'll samba in the dark
Which is very better.
After all, the poor don't want
To protest against progress,*

*They want to be a part of it.
The problem is that it stays
down below.
Progress, Progress
I always heard talk about it.*

Adoniran was an exception in the so-called Velha Guarda. Like Caymmi, his unbelievable modernness wouldn't let him be totally, nor partially, forgotten as happened with people when they were alive like Lamartine Babo, Assis Valente, or even Braguinha, who is still alive. Adoniran never stopped being heard. Of course, he had moments in which he remembered with *saudade*

*The radio that today plays iê-
iê-iê all day long,
Was playing “Saudosa Maloca.”*

But he didn't have any bitterness. None at all:

*I like these kids with the iê-iê-iê,
Because with them sings the
voice of the people.*

*And I,
I already was a coal,
May they blow on me so I can
glow again.*

From time to time, they did blow a little. Poor, yes: he died poor. Or rather barely making ends meet. But he still sung in shows and recorded sporadically—a miserable three records in his 40 year career, all released between 1973 and 1980. Whenever he wanted, he had the best Brazilian musicians and singers in the studio paying him tribute—many of them young enough to be his grandchildren. Like Elis Regina, considered by many the best Brazilian singer of all time, and who was his assuming fan. Together with her, Adoniran had his biggest hit as a singer: “Tiro ao Álvaro.”

His only regret in his old age was to be far away from his public. He sang successfully for university students, he was adored by the intellectuals. But justly Adoniran, who had been “people” like few others, didn't appear in the media nor was played on the popular radio stations. When, in November of 1982, he went to the *pagode* above thanks to cardiac arrest, he had a modest funeral. Five hundred friends and no authorities. Well, as he would have put it, his funeral only had respectable people.

Translated by Barbara Maglio, who can be reached at 70674.2143@compuserve.com

Arthur de Faria, the author, a journalist, writer, and musician from Rio Grande do Sul, may be contacted at 107.1@ulbra.tcche.br

Discography:

Adoniran Barbosa—*Série Meus Momentos*, EMI. The CD combines works from all of Adoniran's records with emphasis on his 1980 Magistral record. All the best moments from that LP are on the CD: the duo of Adoniran with Elis Regina on “Tiro ao Álvaro”, with Clara Nunes on “Iracema,” the bristling arrangement of “Bom Dia Tristeza”—the existential partnership with the poet Vinícius de Moraes, the trio with Carlinhos Vergueiro and Clementina de Jesus in “Torresmo à Milanese,” with MPB4 in Vila Esperança, and much more. This record from 1980 is a marvel in all aspects—repertoire, arrangements, musical partnerships—and absolutely indispensable. But the CD is a good palliative. And as a bonus, there is also “No Morro da Casa Verde” and “Vide Verso Meu Endereço,” both from his 1975 record, which are also very good. The only thing missing are the flawed arrangements from his 1974 LP, full of choruses in perfect Portuguese that sound like aberrations.

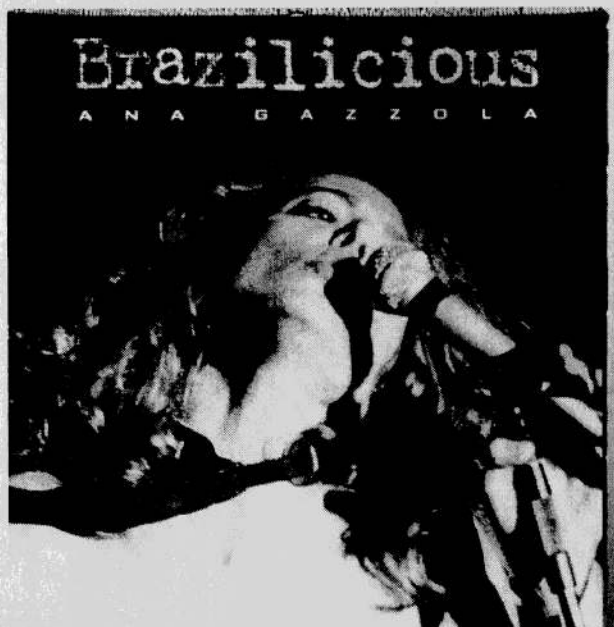
Any music by the Demônios da Garoa also is a good bet when dealing with Adoniran. The more music they have on the record, the bigger the chance of scoring a goal.



With a Little Luck

Two successful Brazilian singers and composers who decided to leave it all behind and restart their careers in the U.S. have just released their first solo CD. From different roots and with different styles they both show why Brazilian music is the richest in the world.

LIANA ALAGEMOVITS



In order to conquer success, we need more than just luck. To make our dreams come true, we need to believe in ourselves and in our long battles. We also need *jogo de cintura*, the Brazilian way to name the ability to improvise in front of unexpected circumstances and obstacles.

Luck comes as a consequence of persistence. Often we can find these two ingredients in the lives of the artists, especially those Brazilian adventurers who leave their country hoping that one day, they will make it in the Big World.

Sorte (Luck) is the title of Sônia Santos' first CD in the USA. In this record Sônia reveals herself as a more mature artist, proud of her roots. She represents Brazil as a country of mixed races and rhythms. Singer Ana Gazzola, a native from Rio Grande do Sul, also caught the fever and released her CD *Brazilicious*, in which she shows a sort of seduction in her singing style.

Ana brings in her compositions a different face of Brazil. Music had a strong presence in her family and she started singing and playing the guitar at an early age. Soon after she started singing professionally she moved to Rio de Janeiro, where she performed in several night clubs. When she got a contract at Caligola, the famous bar in Ipanema, Ana Gazzola's name was already around in the local music scene. Promoter Ricardo Amaral got her to sing in the Alô Alô show and her success in it took her to Italy on a tour.

Back in Brazil she worked with famous pianist Luiz Carlos Vinhas on a tour around the country. Ana got in touch with the different regional rhythms and styles of Brazilian music which would later influence her CD *Brazilicious*. Next, a long season in São Paulo followed. Then, more shows at the most prestigious clubs in Rio de Janeiro.

But Ana realized it was time to expand her horizons. She moved to New York and soon, to Los Angeles. From the beginning, Ana was impressed by the professionalism of the Americans and with the opportunities for work. She realized that in America anything can be accomplished with dedication. So, she decided to start all over again.

In Los Angeles, Ana worked with singer-percussionist Lula and his Afro Brasil band before she put together her own Brazil Sound Band and started working hard to make things happen. In this process she met singer Sônia Santos, who was striving for the same goal and the two singers decided to join efforts.

Sônia Santos had been a symbol of MPB (Brazilian Popular Music) for many years when she came to the USA with Frank Fontana's show Oba-Oba. The show was a success in New York, Los Angeles, Las Vegas and Michigan.

In Brazil, Sônia had already five records out and she had worked next to artists with the caliber of Djavan and Roberto Carlos. Several of her songs were played as main themes in the Globo TV's *novelas* (soap operas). Her album *Crioula* was a sellout and had great reviews by the critics. In several opportunities, Sônia was invited by the Brazilian government to perform

in different countries representing the Brazilian culture. After that, she became the solo singer in the Oba-Oba show and came to the U.S. on tour.

Despite her success in Brazil, Sônia decided to stay, put down roots and continue her career in the United States. Great opportunities arose: several shows in the main clubs and music festivals with her Obathala Band in Los Angeles and a part in General Hospital. When she met singer Ana Gazzola, they founded Yellow Green Productions which is a record label, a publishing company and a production company that manages the singers and their careers.

Besides these activities, each singer keeps her own band and style and has recorded her own CD. And each of them shows a different way of making Brazilian music. Afro-Brazilian influences are obvious in Sônia's highly energetic performances. She shows in her music her knowledge and awareness of the historical relationships in Brazilian music. And she conveys her social and spiritual convictions of union, love, and peace.

Writer Lynell George in a recent article in the *Los Angeles Times* referred to Ana's voice as a filmy silk scarf lightly clinging around a note, a lyric. Her sultry, warm voice impregnates her jazz-influenced compositions and arrangements. Both CDs, Sônia's *Sorte* and Ana's *Brazilicious* are currently being distributed in Brazil and can be found in all the Tower Records and Virgin stores throughout the USA.

Liana Alagemovits from Brazilian Press is a Brazilian journalist. This article was adapted by Patricia Albela

Go Back to Brazil

Ana Gazzola, Sônia Santos & Tonho Baixinho

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
King of soccer, lot's to offer
Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
Check out the jungle, taste a mango
Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil

From Brasília to Porto Alegre stop in Natal.
Go to Rio, go to Bahia, go to Pantanal, Fortaleza, Belém, Amazonas or Minas Gerais, Paraná, Santa Catarina, São Paulo, Goiás.

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
Land of samba.
Ay, caramba!
Go back to Brazil

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
Talk a cool talk.
Bounce when you walk
Go back to Brazil

Goiabada com queijo, farofa, polenta, pirão, Carne seca, muqueca, churrasco, tutu de feijão
Chimarrão, guaraná, vatapá, caipirinha, café.
Carnaval, batucada, macumba, baião, candomblé.

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
Black and white side by side
Go back to Brazil

Go back to Brazil
Go back to Brazil
Go back to, Go back to, Go back to Brazil...

Sete Pontas

Ana Gazzola & Sandra Terra

Quando dormir sonhar
Sete pontas de uma estrela
Sete segredos sagrados
Um desejo na pupila
Largo Regaço
E pra me cobrir, vestes de retalhos.
E as contas do teu colar
Acordar.
Ave da montanha Sem avenida urbana
Apenas o teu cheiro no lençol
Da cama, da cama...

Seven Points

English version by Kevin Credle

When I'm asleep, I dream
Seven points of a brilliant star
Seven secrets I keep sacred
One wish in my mind's eye
Asleep on your lap
And you cover me with your quilted dresses
Pearls gently falling around
I awake
Like a bird above the mountains
The streets are far behind me
I float with your scent left on my pajamas
On my bed, my bed..

Eu Te Amo

Piau & Sônia Santos

Quando você diz que ama
A chama do meu peito explode
Quando você diz que chama
A lava do meu peito escorre

O tempo provará amor
Eu te amo - Eu te adoro

Tudo nessa vida passa
Esqueça esse corre-corre
Porque o nosso amor é graça
Deixe que ele seja forte

O tempo provará amor
Eu te amo - Eu te adoro

Luz que sempre me alumia
Mão que sempre me socorre
Sonho que me alucina
Como se eu tomasse um porre

O tempo, provará amor
Eu te amo - Eu te adoro

I Love You

English version by Lori Barth

Every time you tell me you love me
The flame inside my heart burns brighter
Every time I hear you call me
My whole world spins around me

And always I love you
I call you - I adore you

You are the light shinin' for me
Yours is the hand that I'm dreamin'
Get so dizzy when I'm dreamin'
'Cause you make me feel like I'm drinkin'

And always I love you
I call you - I adore you

And when our life has ended
The dangers won't seem so important
Know that we have always been blessed
Love is strong and everlasting

And always I love
I call you - I adore you

Two from England

Crying shame

This is the kind of sophomoric writing that one does in college and then throws away. Its best part are still too bad.

Intimate Diary, by Ana Cristina César, trans. by Patricia E. Paige, Celia McCullough, and David Treece (Boulevard Books, 114 pp., 7 pounds, 95 pence, paper import)

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

Born in Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana district in 1952, Ana Cristina César revoked her lease on life at age 31. As in the case of Sylvia Plath, the circumstances of her death drew belated attention to César's writing, and this slender volume begins with a brief imaginary sketching trip to England and France which is aptly titled *Kid Gloves—Fragments of a Journal*. It reads like dispatches from the front (of one's own war), and is mostly a buzzing of travel thoughts, images and ideas, much of it built upon seemingly random details. For example, "I thought up a cheap trick that almost came off. I shall have correspondents in four capitals of the world. They'll think of me intensely and we'll exchange letters and news. When no letter arrives I plan to rip the calendar from the wall, in the session of pain. I'm drawing little snakes which are the offspring of rage—they're little rages which mount the table in a cluster and cover the calendar on the wall, ceaselessly writhing." This section is maybe twenty pages, manic but manageable.

Intimate Diaries is comprised of raw slices, prose poems with the knife-in-the-gut surge that should make us uneasy, but if they do it's for the wrong reason: This is the kind of sophomoric writing that one does in college, perhaps spontaneously and maybe late at night, but then throws away or buries with the favorite pet whose demise inspired it. Occasionally, a portentous passage stops us in our tracks: "I went out into the sun where I attempted some exercises, I feel exhausted. Remember how the diary was my daily sustenance? What does notoriety matter after we're dead?"

Otherwise, whether it's read silently or aloud, in the morning or late at night, *Intimate Diary* is a banal exploration of despair that fluctuates between bad and worse. Like the author, it comes to a sudden standstill.

Boulevard Books, 8 Aldbourne Road, London W12 0LN, England. ER

EXCERPTS

From *Intimate Diary*

CASABLANCA

Be still, my craziness!
Slip galoshes over your giddy lived-in eyelashes!
The sound of saws, the sharpening of knives
won't come anywhere near your patch of palpitations...
Those springs groaning in the next bedroom
Roberto Carlos groaning in the curves of Bahia
The intoxicating smell of hair in the row in front at the cinema...

Chimneys foam before my eyes
Farewell propeller blades awaken before my eyes
Clogs and bells wake me quickly in the wee small hours
made of crow's nest binoculars

And the spray of the bidet that I hear as I lie stiff between
linen sheets

END OF AND ODE

It happens like this: I take my legs off the balcony where I saw the winter sun setting over the river Tagus, and I leave quietly, my back painfully bent and holding my chin and mouth in one hand. My head and torso shake uncontrollably, but abruptly, abruptly, understand? I was giggling and now I'm suffering our imminent death, my giggling evolved into a kind of disgusting, laud of casual suffering; I feel an extreme pity for the wounded rat in the cellar, oh another sudden pain, oh what strangeness and what Lusitanian torpor flings me, arms spread wide, onto the boards of the harbour, the stage, the bedroom. I wish I could split my body into heteronyms—I meditate here on the floor, that toxic edifice of time.

ARPEGGIOS

1. I woke up with an itching in my hymen. I inspected the place with a mirror in the bidet. I discovered no signs of an infection. For sure my untrained eyes don't notice anything significant in that extra shade of red. I applied some white cream until the skin (wrinkled and withered) shone. At which my plan to cycle to the Arpoador point likewise withered. The saddle might revive the irritation. Instead I dedicated myself to reading.

2. At yesterday's reception I inadvertently turned my face away from Antônia's kiss of greeting. I felt the dry puff of surprise on my neck. There was no way to undo the mistake. We smiled the rest of the night. I talked about myself the whole time. I wouldn't let Antônia open her lizard's mouth, always kissing the air. We kissed in parting, by agreement, on both sides. I await the crisis keen with remorse.

3. The crisis appears to be under control. I spend the day reliving the involuntary gesture. I act out the scene in the mirror. I turn my face from my own eager image. Then I turn around, looking for signs of disappointment in her eyes. But Antônia would remain inexorable. I go out after many such rehearsals. The movement of the wheels relaxes my hard tendons. The ships illuminate me. I pedal madly.



EXCERPT

From *Hotel Atlântico*

He brought the glass of water. And told me that when I first went to sleep, before he realised he had given me an overdose, he had deflowered Dr Carlos's daughter.

"She came into the room here as soon as you sailed off into dreamland. She started telling me how there was a strange patient in the chapel. Refusing to leave. When she took out the key to the chapel from inside her dress, I sensed that there was this beautiful blonde in front of me wanting to be screwed by a big black guy. I just didn't expect I'd be cracking a cherry."

I told Sebastião that I'd only sucked her little tits, it hadn't gone any further.

Sebastião turned on the light. He tucked me in, said he was on duty, that it looked like it was going to be a busy night. And left.

I woke the following morning with Dr Carlos's hand squeezing the stump which was now where my leg had been.

There were some young residential students standing around. One of them asked Dr Carlos in what way this would affect my whole bone structure.

Dr Carlos replied:

"We live in a world of structures. As with any other, when one part of the bone structure is removed the whole structure is affected."

The students noted down his words. Only one young man didn't use his pen at any point. He was staring at me. He seemed to need a signal from me, in order that he could come and speak to me about something which at that moment was as dear to him as his own life. He didn't stop staring at me undisguisedly.

Dr Carlos said that that was all for today, they could go, and would see each other again on Thursday. Only then did the young man lower his gaze. And left the room with his colleagues.

As soon as the residential students withdrew Dr Carlos began to recommend walking a lot with the crutches and doing various other exercises, because I was soon to be discharged.

Where will I go?, I thought. And Sebastião, is he serious when he says he'll take me with him?

And Dr Carlos standing there, looking indifferent, doubtless realising that any celebrity I might still enjoy with an occasional young girl like his daughter was just a flash in the pan, and that my fading past career no longer excited the electors in the way that he needed.

I made friends with a short-haired, ginger-coloured dog, a mongrel, which immediately fell in love with me. I'd walk about the yard, and he would come alongside, sometimes behind me, nearly always at the same pace, unhurriedly.

Shocker

In *Hotel Atlântico* things just happen, and very fast. The work is memorable, and the sum rather amazingly outshines its parts.

Hotel Atlântico, by J. G. Noll, trans. by David Treece (Boulevard Books, 151 pp., 8 pounds 95 pence, paper import)

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

There are two novellas in this volume by J. G. Noll, a writer from the south of Brazil who was born in 1946. The title piece begins with the protagonist, an out-of-work actor, checking into a hotel for a night in Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana. He has spontaneous and essentially faceless sex with the receptionist, and then checks out.

After being taken to the bus station, he looks at a map of Brazil and then buys a ticket to Florianópolis, a coastal city in the southern state of Santa Catarina. During the night, the American woman he's been sitting next to on the bus takes an extra load of barbiturates and dies.

The out-of-work actor just wants to keep moving. Other encounters and events, similar to the above, keep the story moving as well, but it's very odd how the protagonist seems laconic and matter-of-fact about everything: he simply drifts from one scene to another and scarcely seems to raise an eyebrow. Things just happen.

During its final pages, *Hotel Atlântico* may remind the reader of an early '70s Wim Wenders road movie, especially after our former actor loses a leg and then hooks up with the black male nurse Sebastião. The two of them take a trip to Porto Alegre, to see the ocean. Now there are shades of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight in *Midnight Cowboy*, and Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* also comes to mind. The story ends—or, one might say, it just slips away—on the beach near the Hotel Atlântico.

Strangely, the work is memorable, and the sum rather amazingly outshines its parts, even though David Treece seems to have translated it at about the same speed he turned the pages. As for who Noll's direct influences are, I'm not sure, but during the course of reading *Hotel Atlântico* I thought of Oswaldo França, Jr.'s *The Long Haul* (*Jorge o Brasileiro* in the original), Ivan Angelo's *The Celebration* (*A Festa*), and Ignácio de Loyola Brandão's *Zero*. Not bad company.

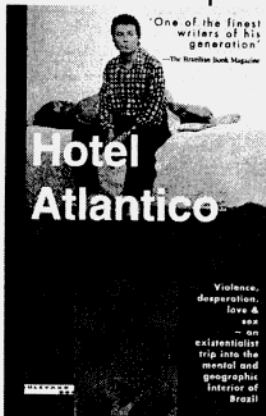
Harmada, the longer story, is no less bizarre, with another out-of-work actor at the helm. One night the protagonist meets up with a lame man who invites him into the river. Well, why not? All of a sudden, the lame man disappears, and is presumably drowned. As in the first novella, the 'hero' of the story just goes on his way, wanders in to see a play, and then ends up sleeping with the two actresses. One of them, Amanda, has an infant girl. Time passes, the actresses head off to another town, and our drifter does some of the usual things—he gets married and finds a job—and then afterwards enters a halfway house where he remains for several years. He's good at telling tall tales, and this is how he entertains the other wayward and destitute residents.

Several years go by, just like in real life, and he meets 14-year-old Cris, who turns out to be Amanda's daughter. Cris is an orphan. The two of them escape the dormitories where they live and track down an old actor friend of the protagonist named Bruce. They move in with him. Here in *Harmada* the trio teams up and puts on a play, and it's a big hit. It seems to run for months and months and so the two men and the girl make a lot of money.

Cris finds and then eventually moves in with a boyfriend. The two aging actors reminisce; they're both around 50, and starting to feel the slide through middle age. Soon, the protagonist also moves out of Bruce's apartment, and into a coveted apartment of his own, where he meets a little boy who's deaf and dumb. He befriends the youngster, and if the ending's a bit odd, well, this has been an odd and compelling story all along.

I wouldn't have guessed it from the opening pages, but J. G. Noll's *Hotel Atlântico*, with its two novellas, is a quirky and idiosyncratic book, and I'm going to give it a thumbs-up.

Boulevard Books, 8 Aldbourne Road, London W12 0LN, England. Tel/fax, 0181-743-5278.



THE CULTURAL PULSE

Plays

RIO

De Cabral a F.H.! (From Cabral do F.H.)—A surrealistic take on Pedro Álvares Cabral—whose discovery of Brazil has been put in doubt recently—and his return to present Brazil to check what has happened to the so-called Terra de Santa Cruz (Land of the Holy Cross). The F.H. of the title is short for President Fernando Henrique Cardoso. Cabral is mugged soon after arriving. He will soon meet Grande Othelo and Carmen Miranda. Fernando Reski wrote, directs and plays Cardoso with Fernando Reski, Luciana Lago, and Oswaldo Senrra.

Desobediência Civil: Manhã É Quando Estou Acordada e Há uma Aurora em Mim: (Civil Disobedience: Morning Is When I'm Awake and There Is an Aurora in Me)—A monologue by Denise Stoklos in the minutes before the beginning of the new millennium. She uses ideas from the American writer Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), the pope of civil disobedience.

Escola de Mulheres (School for Women)—Retelling of the classic Jean Baptiste Molière (1622-1673) comedy. Directed by Eduardo Wotzik, freely adapted by Domingos Oliveira. Play uses *repentistas* (improviser) to give popular tone to text. With Clemente Viscaino, Júlio Levi, Jaime Leibovitch, Luciana Fróes, Marcelo Bosschart, and Andréa Neri.

Meninas Exemplares (Model Girls)—Comedy telling the tribulations of six teenagers getting ready to enter the new millennium. Written and directed by Maria Luísa Prates. With Armanda Pilão and Camila Forti.

SÃO PAULO

Albert Einstein—Einstein's life story from his high-school days to his escape from Nazism. Comedy. Written and directed by Denise Marthá. With Daniela Cardoso and Alexandre Juns.

O Assassino do Anão (The Dwarf's Murder)—Comedy about a circus whose presence in a little town disturbs the local elite. Written by Plínio Marcos. Directed by Marco Antônio Rodrigues.

Sinfonia de uma Noite Inquieta ou Livro do Desassossego (Symphony of a Restless Night or Book of Disquietude)—Based on work of Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935). Experimental project adapted and directed by William Pereira presented as a "stage poem". With Adriana Mendonça and Patricia Zuppi.

Movies

American films just released: *The edge* (No Limite), *Excess baggage* (Excesso de Bagagem), *Fire Down Below* (Ameaça Subterrânea), *Kiss the girls* (Beijos Que Matam), *Total eclipse* (Eclipse de uma Paixão), *Truth or consequences* (Últimas Consequências), *This World, Then the Fireworks* (Os Pervertidos), *A smile like yours* (Um Sorriso Como o Seu), *Beverly Hills Ninja* (Um Ninja da Pesada)

Anahy de Las Misiones (Anahy From the Missions)—Brazil—1997—Drama during the Farroupilha Revolution (1835-1845) in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. A family survives during the war by looting dead officers. Directed by Sérgio Silva with Araci Esteves, Marcos Palmeira, Giovanna Gold, and Fernando Alves Pinto.

O Cineasta da Selva (The Jungle's Filmmaker)—Brazil—1997—Documentary about Silvino Santos, the first Brazilian filmmaker to shoot a movie in the Amazon. Directed by Aurélio Michiles with José de Abreu and Denise Fraga.

Navalha na Carne (Razor in the Flesh)—Brazil—1997—Veludo, a homosexual is accused of stealing, when prostitute Neusa Sueli's money disappear. Adapted from Plínio Marcos's play of same name. Directed by Neville D'Almeida, with Vera Fischer, Jorge Perugorria, and Carlos Loffler.

Miramar—Brazil—1997—Directed by Júlio Bressane, with João Rebello, Diogo Vilela, Giulia Gam, Louise Cardoso, and Fernanda Torres. Dreams and frustrations of a teenager.

Un Héros Très Discret (Um Herói Muito Discreto) A comedy about a fake hero from the French resistance after the World War II. Directed by Jacques Audiard with Mathieu Kassovitz, Anouk Grinberg, and Sandrine Kiberlain.

Baile Perfumado (Fragrant Ball)—Brazil—1996—Directed by first time directors Paulo Caldas, 33, from Paraíba state and Lírio Ferreira, 32, from Pernambuco. The story of Lebanese Benjamin Abrahão, the only person who in the '30s was able to film bandit Lampião and his band. With Cláudio Mamberti (Benjamin), Luís Carlos Vasconcelos (Lampião), and Jofre Soares (Padre Cícero).

East Side Story (Assim Dançou o Comunismo)—Germany—1996—Documentary on the musical movies from East Europe. Directed by Dana Ranga with Chris Doerk, Erich, Guscho, and Helmut Hanke.

Guerra de Canudos (Canudos War)—Brazil—1996—A family torn between the Republican army and the followers of Antônio Conselheiro at the end of the last century in the Bahia state backlands. Directed by Sérgio Rezende with Cláudia Abreu, Paulo Betti, Marieta Severo, and José Wilker.

Je T'aime Moi Non Plus (Paixão Selvagem)—France—1976—Directed by Serge Gainsbourg with Jane Birkin and Joe Dalessandro. Homosexual truckdriver falls in love with a young waitress.

Books best-sellers

FICTION

1. **O Plano Perfeito**, Sidney Sheldon. Record, 300 p. R\$ 25.
2. **O Sócio**, John Grisham. Rocco, 416 p. R\$ 25.
3. **Todos os nomes**, José Saramago. Companhia das Letras, 280 p. R\$ 20.
4. **O Terceiro Gêmeo**, Ken Follet. Rocco, 524 p. R\$ 28.
5. **Ícone**, Frederick Forsyth. Record, 560 p. R\$25.
6. **O Livro das Virtudes para Crianças**, William J. Bennett. Nova Fronteira, 112 p. R\$19.
7. **A Casa do Poeta Trágico**, Carlos Heitor Cony. Companhia das Letras, 184 p. R\$18.
8. **Novas Comédias da Vida Privada**, Luís Fernando Veríssimo. L&PM, 344p. R\$21,60.
9. **A Águia e a Galinha**, Leonardo Boff. Vozes, 206 p. R\$16.
10. **A Versão dos Afogados**, Luís Fernando Veríssimo. L&PM, 366 p. R\$22.

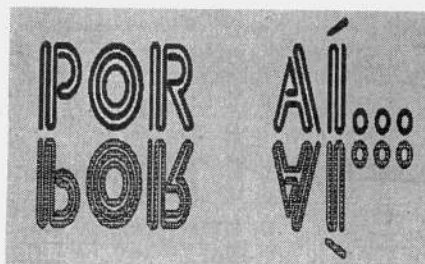
NONFICTION

1. **Verdade Tropical**. Caetano Veloso. Companhia das Letras, 524 p. R\$27.
2. **Ernesto Geisel**, Celso Castro e Maria Celina D'Araújo. FGV, 496p R\$28.
3. **Sanduíches de Realidade**, Arnaldo Jabor. Objetiva, 280 p. R\$22.
4. **Como Educar Seus Pais**, Grupo Obrigado Esparro. Objetiva, 152 p. R\$12.
5. **As Sete Leis Espirituais do Sucesso**, Deepak Chopra. Best Seller 104 p. R\$13,50.
6. **Inteligência Emocional**, Daniel Goleman. Objetiva, 376 p. R\$34,50.
7. **Cazuza: Só as Mães São Felizes**, Lucinha Araújo. Globo, 397 p. R\$27.
8. **Confissões**, Darcy Ribeiro. Companhia das Letras, 590 p. R\$31.
9. **Coisas Que Toda Garota Deve Saber**, Samantha Rugen. Melhoramentos, 104 p. R\$7,90.
10. **Tostão, Lembranças, Opiniões e Reflexões Sobre o Futebol**, Tostão. Melhoramentos. 168 p. R\$19.

SELF-HELP/NEW AGE

1. **Meu Anjo**, Fausto Oliveira. Seame, 210 p. R\$18.
2. **Almas Gêmeas**, Mônica Buonfiglio. Oficina Cultural Esotérica, 161 p. R\$18.
3. **O Sucesso É Ser Feliz**, Roberto Shinyashiki. Gente, 198 p. R\$20.
4. **Minutos de Saboria**, Torres Pastorino. Vozes, 280 p. R\$3,80.
5. **Violetas na Janela**, Vera Lúcia M. de Carvalho. Petit, 139 p. R\$9,50.

According to Jornal do Brasil



OUR WOMAN IN SPACE

If everything works as planned, Brazil will be sending its first astronaut into space in a combined effort with NASA by the year 2002. First in line to represent the country up there is Thais Russomano, 33, a *Gaúcha* (from Rio Grande do Sul) doctor who has been dreaming about traveling into space since she was seven. "Since childhood," she revealed, "I used to look at the sky with curiosity. I would spend hours at the window watching the stars." At 11, Russomano had created and was the President of the Children's Club for Astronomy. At 16, she published a book called *Três Crianças Falam de Astronomia* (Three Children Talk About Astronomy).

In 1992, in an exposé of her work for children, she wrote *O ABC da Vida no Espaço* (The ABC of Life in Space). The space fanatic has become the only Brazilian woman with a master's degree in Aerospace Medicine, a program completed at the Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio. Right now she is finishing her thesis on Space Physiology at the King's College in London. She has also been serious about her physical conditioning, taking long daily walks and swimming two to three times a week. When talking about her favorite subject and her dreams she usually ends the conversation with "Please, keep your fingers crossed."

A SAMBA FOR JÔ

First-time novelist and long-time comedian and TV host Jô Soares has made it to the U.S. His novel *Xangô de Baker Street*, translated as *A Samba for Sherlock* (see an excerpt of the book on our black pages), has just been released by Pantheon Books. The first printing of the book in the United States was 35,000 copies, and Hollywood has already bought the rights to film the work. *A Samba for Sherlock* is set in Rio at the end of the last century. In it, the famous British private eye is summoned to Brazil to help solve the mystery surrounding the theft of a violin given by Emperor Dom Pedro II to one of his mistresses.

Soares had an autograph night in

early November at the Chelsea branch of Barnes & Noble Books in New York. Of the 40 or so people who showed up, most were Brazilians, which didn't stop the writer from joking around in English: "Excuse me for my poor English. The other day I went into a drugstore and said I wanted to talk to a drug dealer."

GRUFFY TOWN

Brazilian music producer and journalist Nelson Motta, who moved to New York six years ago, has just released a compilation of his observations of Manhattan. It is *Nova York É Aqui* (New York Is Here), a different kind of tourist guide, which is not a list of tourist attractions, but a selection of places and things to do passed through the filter of the soft-talking and life chronicler Motta.

Some of his advice: "Avoid at all cost, even if you need to use force, going to Planet Hollywood, Hard Rock Café, Motown Café, All Stars Café and Mambo Kings Café: the so-called theme restaurants, whatever the theme or food, are a must not. They are the American hillbillies' favorites." *Nova York É Aqui* is also a journal of Motta's musings about New Yorkers' idiosyncrasies, including their infamous rudeness.

MOVIE SOUND

In *Tieta do Agreste* (Tieta from the Backlands), actress Sônia Braga plays a rich widow who comes back to her hometown in Bahia years after having been banished from there as a young girl. The savory soundtrack of the movie, which was authored by Caetano Veloso, has made it to the U.S. in the just-released *Tieta do Agreste*. The album features vocals by Veloso, Gal Costa, Zezé Motta, and the female percussion band Didá Banda Feminina. This is the work of Blue Jackel Entertainment, an independent world-music and jazz label that has previously released *Brasil: A Century of Song* (1995) and *O Quartilho* (1996), the soundtrack for the motion picture of the same name. *Tieta do Agreste*, the film, will be released in the United States in January 1998.



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seeks Brazilian lady 18-36, open mind and attractive. Send letter/photo. Chris - 109 Minna St. #338 - San Francisco, CA 94105-3728 [136]

Americano, 36, atraente, romântico e sincero. Procura brasileira 18-45. Enviar foto para: 2440 - 16th St. #179, San Francisco, CA 94103 [148]

Americano, 38 anos, olhos azuis, fala português, queria conhecer brasileira de 18 a 30 anos. Chamar William (310) 204-7913 [139]

English male, 39, Antique dealer, own business, financially secure, attractive, sophisticated, has toured Brazil, seeks slim attractive *Brasileira* for long-term relationship and to share life. Send letters and photos to Mike, 50, Cranworth Rd., Worthing, West Sussex, England BN112JF [141]

Hello, I am a 38-year-old man. I live in Central Florida, I have a very successful business and I work as a psychic counselor. I am single, 5'10" and I will send you my photo in first letter. I am looking for a single lady who is from Brazil. 23 to 34. Nice and good looking. You can E-mail at psychic@bitstorm.net [143]

MAN SEEKS MAN

American, 33, 6' 185", brown/blue, seeking Brazilian guys for friendship or more. Please call 1-619-850-3163 or E-mail ltamerica@aol.com [144]

Westerner, 38, living in Hong Kong, 5'10", 160 lbs, athletic, banker, wants to meet Brazilian males visiting Hong Kong for sex or relationship. Prefer 30 and up, tall, not thin, well endowed. E mail tfontana@hotmail.com [149]

PERSONAL

FRIENDSHIP AND CHATTING

Male, 30, wants to meet Brazilians to practice Portuguese. I studied for a year but need to practice. (818) 548-5935 [137]

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Chronic & Life Threatening illnesses, A.D.D. & dyslexia, life transitions, bicultural & relationship issues, sexual identity conflict — Edison de Mello, M.D.; Ph.D./MFCC — Portuguese/ Spanish/ English. (310) 656-6987 [137]

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VACATION IN BRAZIL - Beat Hotel prices! Rent a condo in one of Rio's best areas. Pool, sauna, 2bdm, suite, air, furnished, phone, security (510) 236-3684 [144]

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A TTT Services - Tax & Translation & Travel and Notary (909) 627-2171 [146]

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Diálogo translates from and to Brazilian Portuguese: <http://www.brazilstudy.com> [155]

Translations - Barbara Maglio, to & from Portuguese, General and Computer. Tel.: (561) 391-1057, Fax: (561) 391-2174, E-mail: bjmaglio@compuserve.com [134]

TRAVEL

Touristic services in Salvador da Bahia: Diálogo, <http://www.brazilstudy.com> [155]

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(213) 255-8062

calendar - dec/jan 98 - u.s.a.

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TV & RADIO

COAST TO COAST

SHORT WAVE RADIO
Rádio Nacional da Amazônia - Daily, especially on evenings and early morning - 6,180 & 11,780 Khz
Radiobrás - All universal time - From 12 noon to 1:20 PM, in English

BOSTON

Coração Brasileiro - Every Monday, 8:00 PM - 10:30 PM with Dennis Miller - 88.1 FM - WMBR
Brazilian Style of Music - Every Friday, 11:00 am - 2:00 pm, 91.5 FM, WMFO with Marlon Catão

CHICAGO

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

DENVER

Brazilian Fantasy - Every Sunday, 4:00 pm - 6:00 pm, 89.3 FM, KUVU

LOS ANGELES

TV

Brazil TV - Buena Vision, Channels 6 or 56 (Mon. - 8:30 pm); LBCTV-CVI (Long Beach & Signal Hill), Channel 57 or 65 (Wed. - 6:30 pm); CVI (San Fernando Valley), Channel 27 (Tue. - 7:30 pm)

RADIO

Sounds of Brazil - Every Saturday, 1:00 PM - 3:00 pm, KPFK, 90.7 FM with Sérgio Mielniczenko
Brazilian Hour - Every Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 am - 10:00 am, KXLU, 88.9 FM with Sérgio Mielniczenko

MIAMI

RADIO

Brazilians Love Jazz - Every Sunday, 8:00 pm - 10:00 pm with Gina Martelli - 93.9 - Love 94

MONDAY 15

LOS ANGELES

7:00 PM-11:00 PM-Pagode and pizza at Zabumba

TUESDAY 16

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM-Axé plays choro, baião, and samba at Zabumba

WEDNESDAY 17

SANTA MONICA

7:30 PM-Sônia Santos at Monsoon (310) 576-9988

THURSDAY 18

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Lula & Afro-Brasil plus Luizinho and Paulinho at Zabumba

FRIDAY 19

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Sérgio 2000 at Ginga Brasil

LOS ANGELES

10:00 PM-MILA Samba School at Café Danssa

SATURDAY 20

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL.

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM-Liza Silva and Voz do Brazil at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Sérgio 2000 at Ginga Brasil

LOS ANGELES

9:30 PM-Flávia de Mello with ULA Samba Band at Zabumba

10:00 PM-Constellation Band at Café Danssa

10:00 PM-Velly Bahia & Capoeira Band at Luna Park, West Hollywood (310) 652-0611

SUNDAY 21

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Andrea Miranda at Zabumba

MONDAY 22

LOS ANGELES

7:00 PM-11:00 PM-Pagode and pizza at Zabumba

TUESDAY 23

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM-Axé plays choro, baião, and samba at Zabumba

9:00 PM-Feijoada Completa Orchestra featuring Kátia Moraes at Moonlight Café, Sherman Oaks (310) 450-8600

THURSDAY 25

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Lula & Afro-Brasil plus Luizinho and Paulinho at Zabumba

FRIDAY 26

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Lois sings Brazil at Ginga Brasil
LOS ANGELES

10:00 PM-MILA Samba School at Café Danssa

SATURDAY 27

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL.

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM-Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana
ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Kléber Jorge at Ginga Brasil
LOS ANGELES

9:30 PM-Flávia de Mello with ULA Samba Band at Zabumba

10:00 PM-Constellation Band at Café Danssa

SUNDAY 28

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Andrea Miranda at Zabumba

MONDAY 29

LOS ANGELES

7:00 PM-11:00 PM-Pagode and pizza at Zabumba

TUESDAY 30

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM-Axé plays choro, baião, and samba at Zabumba

WEDNESDAY 31

NEW YORK

10:00 PM-4 AM-Brazilian Style New Year's Eve Carnival on Times Square at Churrascaria Plataforma, 316 West 49th St (212) 974-8250

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM-New Year's Party with Célia Malheiros & Friends at Porto Brazil Restaurant (510) 526-1500

10:00 PM-New Year's Party with Entre Nós at Bahia Cabana

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Brazilian Style New Year's Eve Celebration with the Soniqueiros at Club Kava & Grill, 8415 Pershing Drive, Playa Del Rey (562) 863-3463

9:00 PM-MILA's Samba & Pagode New Year's Eve Celebration at Café Danssa (310) 839-4994

9:00 PM-Gala New Year's Eve Party Brazilian style at Zabumba

WEDNESDAY 17

STUDIO CITY, CAL.

9:30 PM-Sônia Santos & Obathala Band at La Vé Lee (818) 980-8158

COMING IN

JANUARY 1998

calendar - dec/jan 98 - u.s.a.

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THURSDAY 1

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Lula & Afro-Brasil plus Luizinho and Paulinho at Zabumba

FRIDAY 2

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Brazilian Live Music at Ginga Brasil

LOS ANGELES

10:00 PM-MILA Samba School at Café Danssa

SATURDAY 3

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL.

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

SAN FRANCISCO

10:00 PM-Liza Silva at Bahia Cabana

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Brazilian Live Music at Ginga Brasil

LOS ANGELES

9:30 PM-Flávia de Mello with ULA Samba Band at Zabumba

10:00 PM-Constellation Band at Café Danssa

LONG BEACH, CAL.

7:30 PM-SambaLá in Big Samba Floor Show at Tony's Restaurant

SUNDAY 4

FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

7:30 PM-Cláudio Fornaro at Brazil-Brazil (954) 561-8200

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Andrea Miranda at Zabumba

MONDAY 5

LOS ANGELES

7:00 PM-11:00 PM-Pagode and pizza at Zabumba

TUESDAY 6

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM-Axé plays choro, baião, and samba at Zabumba

THURSDAY 8

BERKELEY, CAL.

9:00 PM-Carlos Oliveira & Adriana Moreno at Nino's

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Lula & Afro-Brasil plus Luizinho

and Paulinho at Zabumba

FRIDAY 9

ANAHEIM, CAL

7:00 PM-Brazilian Live Music at Ginga Brasil

LOS ANGELES

10:00 PM-MILA Samba School at Café Danssa

SATURDAY 10

LOS ANGELES

9:30 PM-Flávia de Mello with ULA Samba Band at Zabumba

10:00 PM-Constellation Band at Café Danssa

SUNDAY 11

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Andrea Miranda at Zabumba

TUESDAY 13

LOS ANGELES

9:00 PM-Axé plays choro, baião, and samba at Zabumba

THURSDAY 15

BERKELEY, CAL.

9:00 PM-Carlos Oliveira & Adriana Moreno at Nino's

LOS ANGELES

8:30 PM-Lula & Afro-Brasil plus Luizinho and Paulinho at Zabumba

COMING CARNAVAL ATTRACTIONS

SAN FRANCISCO

The 30th Friends of Brazil Carnaval Ball at the Galleria. (415) 334-0106

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Friday, February 6, 1998, Carnaval '98 - Carnaval and Football - at US Grand Hotel, Downtown. Starts at 8:30 PM (619) 224-4684

LOS ANGELES

Saturday, February 21, 1998, Brazil Carnaval '98 at the Hollywood Palladium. From 9 PM to 3 AM. (213) 634-7811

ANAHEIM, CAL.

Ginga Brasil - 821 N. Euclid, (714) 778-0266

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Ashkenaz - 1317 San Pablo Ave. (510) 525-5054

Nino's - 1916 Martin L. King Jr. (510) 845-9303

LOS ANGELES

4 Below - 1348 14th St., Santa Monica - (310) 451-5040

Café Danssa - 11533 W. Pico Bl. West L.A. - (310) 478-7866

Tony's - 701 Long Beach Blvd.

(310) 628-9789

La Vé Lee - 12514 Ventura Bl. - Studio City - (818) 980-8158

Zabumba - 10717 Venice Blvd Culver City - (310) 841-6525

MIAMI

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Scala Miami - (305) 371-5604

NEW YORK

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Scala Brazil - 35-50 31st St. - Astoria (718) 937-0352

OAKLAND, CAL.

Yoshi's - 6030 Claremont Ave. (510) 652-9200

S. FRANCISCO

Bahia Cabana - (415) 861-4202

Chambord - 152 Kearney St. (415) 434-3688

Coconut Grove - (415) 776-1616

TV & RADIO

TV

BTN (Brazilian TV Network) - 11:00 pm - 1:00 am, DCI ch. 40, S. South ch. 51, Adelphia ch. 52, Gold Coast ch. 99

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

NEW YORK

RADIO

Brasil com S - Every Saturday, 9:00 PM with Judith King, 88.3 FM - WBGO

Canta Brasil - Every Saturday, 8:00 AM - 93.1 FM - WPAT

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

TV

Brazil News - Every Wednesday, 8:30 PM - Channel 34

Brazil Update - Every Saturday, 3:30 PM - Channel 69

Brazilians in America-TV - Every Sunday, 5:30 PM - Channel 16

Media Flux: Brasil - Every Saturday, 4:00 PM - Ch. 16

S. FRANCISCO

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

Brasil Musical - Every Sunday, 1:00 PM - 5:00 PM, Radio Bilingue, 91.5 FM via satellite, with Ricardo and Amarina Pugh - Fresno

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

The Sounds of Brazil - Every Sunday, 11:00 PM - 1:00 AM, KKSF, 103.7 with Scott Adams

Só Da Brasil - Every Friday, 8:00 PM - 9:00 PM, KUSF, 90.3 with Jorge Lima & Simone Odum

WASHINGTON, DC

Sounds of Brazil - Every Thursday, 9:00 PM, Pacifica Radio with Tony Carr and Ana Cecilia Rocha - Live on the Internet at www.wpffw.org

Waves of Patropi - Every Saturday, 6:00 PM - 9:00 PM, WDCU, 90 FM with André Lacerda

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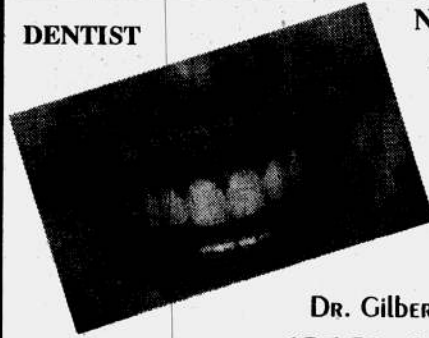
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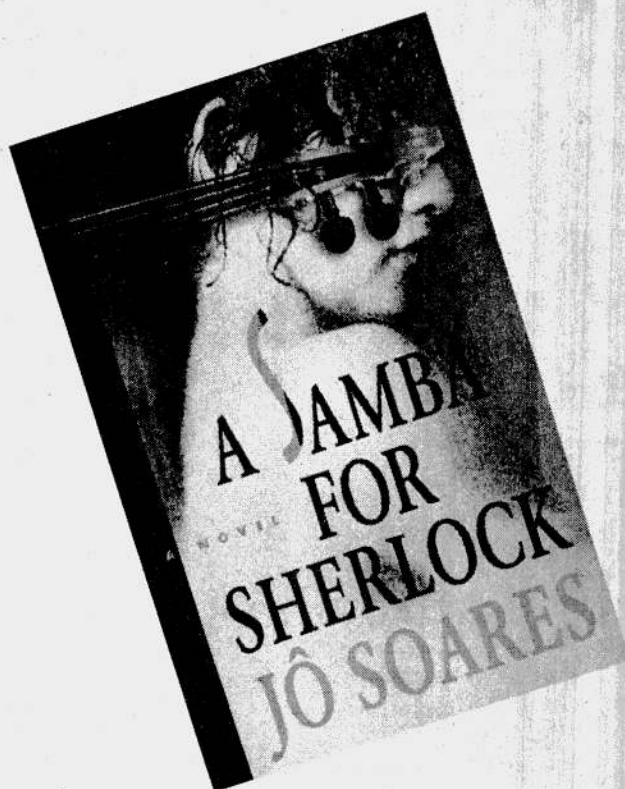
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TRAVELAND



Elementary, Your Majesty

"Then perhaps I can help you and your baroness," Sarah Bernhardt said. "It so happens, Your Excellency, that I am very good friends with the greatest detective in the world: Sherlock Holmes. Naturally, Your Majesty has heard of Sherlock Holmes." "I must confess my ignorance, madame. This is the first time I have heard that name."

"That's why I'm constantly telling his friend, Dr. Watson, to shake off his sloth and narrate the fantastic adventures of Holmes. Perhaps one day the good doctor will take my advice."

JÔ SOARES

I

At three A.M., a few Negro slaves could still be seen carrying barrels filled with trash and excrement from the warehouses on Regente Street. Everything was stacked at a nearby spot, creating yet another of the dunghill embankments that dotted the landscape of the city of Rio de Janeiro in that month of May 1886. Some of the slaves competed to see who could most quickly make the largest pile, and banderoles were implanted atop the filth when they saw that no more ordure could be accommodated there. Then the populace waited for the rains, the natural drainage that would carry everything out to sea, washing the streets and contaminating the city. Once the storms passed, small perfumed handkerchiefs raised to the nose would allow the wealthy and the noble to pretend that the precarious drainage supplied by the City Improvements Company was comparable to the enviable network of sewers in Paris.

At the corner where Regente crossed Hospício Street, a pale figure dressed in black, a wide-brimmed hat pulled over his eyes, waits motionless for the final customers to depart. Despite the heat, he is wearing a cape that covers him to his ankles. Under the cape, which accentuates his thinness, is an indistinct object which might be a package or a cudgel. A young woman, almost a girl, tipsy from wine, comes out of the third whorehouse. Her red skirt is open at the side up to the hip and her breasts are exposed, for her thin, cheap yellow blouse had not withstood the voracious attacks of her drunker clients. Completely intoxicated, she is barely aware of the exhibition of her breasts. She looks for a less filthy corner to vomit in, and then laughs at her concern: "Since it's vomit, why not

look for the dirtiest place?" Deep down, it's a matter of pure superstition. Even though it's vomit, it's hers, and it displeases her to see the fruit of her nausea added to the feces of others. She turns into a dark alleyway and contests with some large rats for the dubious honor of occupying the territory. She leans against the fence behind one of the bordellos and, her chin inside the house's backyard, awaits the disgorgement. As if it were all merely a well-rehearsed scene from *Grand Guignol*, the man in black leaps upon her, a dagger in one hand, and lays open her neck with surgical precision. Through the open gullet surges a cascade of blood mixed with the first outpouring of vomit that was already making its way through her throat. Without haste, the man kneels beside the young whore. With the knife he slices a twelve-inch flap of skin from the left side of the woman's torso and carefully stores it in the pocket of his frock coat. Rising, he finally reveals the object concealed under his cape. Neither a package nor a cudgel: a violin. He rips out a string, the *mi*, or E, and, lifting the young woman's skirt, coils the string torn from the tuning peg into the curly hair of the cadaver's pubis. Satiated, he leaves calmly down Regente Street, playing one of Paganini's twenty-one *capricci* on the instrument's three remaining strings.

The audience, applauding excitedly, sensed it was experiencing an historical moment in Brazilian theater. For months the entire city had prepared itself to receive her, and the Imperial Theater of São Pedro de Alcântara, on Constituição Square, in the Rossio district, had been remodeled in anticipation of her arrival. The dressing room had been redecorated by Madame Rosenvald, of

the House of Parasites, on Ouvidor Street, and enlarged following instructions sent ahead by letter from the actress's secretary. There was now a new set of armchairs, a sofa, and a chaise longue in green velvet *capitoné*. A screen separated this part of the room, where she would receive her visitors, from the smaller area where the actress changed clothes. On the stage, the dazzling, the unique, the eternal Sarah Bernhardt acknowledged in French the Brazilian applause. The première, the day before, of *Fédora*, by Victorien Sardou, had been a colossal success; however, tonight's *Camille* had not been without incident. The actor Philippe Gamier, in the role of Armand Duval, had committed the imprudence of appearing smooth-shaven, without the lustrous mustache hitherto characteristic of Marguerite Gauthier's lover. From the upper gallery, a few students essayed a boo, hurling lit cigarette butts upon the elegant folk who jammed the fauteuils of the parterre. Artur Azevedo had risen from his seat and proffered a vehement defense of the play, saying that la Bernhardt "represented France itself." The author had met Sarah in Paris, and it was he who had given her the title "Divine." At the end of the play, four small boys in livery came onstage bearing flowers from the emperor. Picked from the gardens of the imperial palace, they were in extremely good taste, save, perhaps, the enormous hydrangeas that comprised the bouquet brought from Petrópolis. The young romantics who had occupied the front rows rained on the Divine. One a shower of camellias, the symbol of abolitionism, grown in the slave district of Leblon, and at the same time a less than subtle allusion to the primary vehicle associated with the world's greatest actress.

"*C'est pardonnable et c'est charmant...*" said la Bernhardt sotto voce to her colleagues onstage, who were holding back smiles as they attempted to dodge the pelting flowers. The curtain at the São Pedro descended for the twenty-third time.

"*Ça suffit,*" said Sarah, "otherwise we'll be here thanking them longer than we were to present the play. Alexandre would never forgive us," she concluded, referring to Dumas, the author of the text.

Sarah and her troupe had arrived in Rio on the *Cotopaxi*, a few days earlier, on a Thursday, the 27th of May 1886. Despite its being one of the most pleasant months of the year, she complained of the heat, but was enchanted by the reception at dockside and further yet when students unharnessed the animals from her carriage and insisted on taking the horses' place pulling the vehicle about the quay. Later, en route to the hotel she requested that the coachman raise the top so she might better observe the landscape and the people crowding the streets for a glimpse of the Frenchwoman, but the Brazilian interpreter accompanying her intervened.

"No, madame. In Brazil it's not considered chic to travel with the top raised."

"Why not?"

"I do not know, madame. I think it's to give the impression that it's not all that hot here."

Now, she couldn't wait to return to her dressing room and remove her character's heavy clothing. At forty-two, she still looked like a girl and her energy was almost that of an adolescent, but the tropics are the tropics. She did not have a chance to do as she desired. At the dressing room door, surrounded by his retinue, Pedro de Alcântara João Carlo Leopoldo Salvador Bibiano Francisco Xavier de Paula Leocádio Miguel Gabriel Rafael Gonzaga, Emperor Pedro II of Brazil, awaited her. The sovereign had seen her on one of his trips to Europe and was one of the most fervent supporters of Sarah Bernhardt's coming to Rio. He had journeyed from Petrópolis especially for the *première*.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" she shouted from a distance as soon as the myth saw His Majesty, and those who heard could not detect if there was a touch of irony in the exclamation. Dom Pedro II flushed with pleasure. It was the first time he had received the greeting in French.

"*Et vive la reine du talent!*" rejoined the emperor.

The flatterers who surrounded him commented amongst themselves, pretending to speak softly, as if for Dom Pedro not to hear:

"What wit! What a riposte!"

In the dressing room, they sat on the new furniture that decorated the

small room. Everyone was impeccably attired, in uniforms and gala dress. One could have thought they were installed in some Paris salon if not for the circles of sweat under every armpit. Sarah asked her secretary, Maurice Grau, for champagne while she went behind the screen and, aided by her dresser, removed pounds of drenched skirts and petticoats.

"I hope Your Excellency enjoyed the play."

"How not? I merely regret that our stages are not yet at the level of European theaters."

"Oh, *vous savez...* A stage is a stage. What matters is what is put on them..."

"In that case, today we had the greatest, the most beautiful, the most illuminated stage in the world," replied the emperor gallantly. "I only lament the absence of a good friend and probably one of your greatest admirers, the baroness of Avaré, Maria Luísa Catarina de Albuquerque. She speaks French like us and acted as a schoolgirl. The nuns said she had great talent. In one Christmas play staged by the Carmelites, she made the students' parents weep with her interpretation of an angel of the Lord."

"And what has prevented such a gifted spectator from coming to the play?" asked Sarah, taking a sip of champagne to conceal the sarcasm of the question.

"It happens that the baroness possessed an extremely rare violin, a Stradivarius. Her violin was stolen a few days ago, and since then Dona Luísa has been unable to reconcile herself to the loss. No pumpkin candy or slave's song can draw her from her profound melancholia. Her Negroes have commented that their mistress has *banzô*."

Sarah smiled, not understanding half of what was said.

"*Banzô?! Qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

"That's what the slaves call melancholia, sadness, madame. They miss Mother Africa. Imagine, some of them even die of *saudades*. As a matter of fact, *saudades* is an untranslatable word. It would be more or less like *avoir le cafard*."

"What about the police? What do they say?"

"Unfortunately, the baroness Maria Luísa does not wish to involve the authorities. The violin was a gift from

me, and, despite our friendship being purely platonic, the empress would not look kindly upon the story were it to appear in the newspapers."

"Then perhaps I can help you and your baroness," she said. "It so happens, Your Excellency, that I am very good friends with the greatest detective in the world: Sherlock Holmes. Naturally, Your Majesty has heard of Sherlock Holmes."

"I must confess my ignorance, madame. This is the first time I have heard that name."

"That's why I'm constantly telling his friend, Dr. Watson, to shake off his sloth and narrate the fantastic adventures of Holmes. Perhaps one day the good doctor will take my advice. Sherlock Holmes is the world's first deductive detective. He once found the missing jewels of a Russian singer after examining the clothes she had worn at a banquet offered for the emperor."

"For me?!"

"No, Majesty, Napoleon III..."

"I don't know any detectives," replied Dom Pedro, skipping over the small error. "Even though I do enjoy reading mystery stories. I don't know if Madame is familiar with the prose of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe created a fascinating character, a detective named Auguste Dupin. He appears in 'Murders in the Rue Morgue' and later in other stories such as 'The Mystery of Marie Roget' and 'The Purloined Letter.' I was quite impressed, because Dupin even succeeds in guessing what a person is thinking, solely through the use of deduction."

"Then I am certain that this fictional character cannot hold a candle to Holmes. I think he would love to see Brazil and would be unable to refuse an invitation from Your Majesty. In a short time he would find your friend's violin," concluded Sarah Bernhardt, emerging in her splendor from behind the screen, wearing a magnificent white dress. "And now, if Your Majesty will permit, a dinner awaits me at the Grande Hotel."

I'm dying of hunger. I don't eat

before a performance and I'm mad to finally try Brazilian cuisine, about which I hear so much."

Having spoken, the actress extended her hand to the emperor, who kissed it respectfully. Everyone left the dressing room enchanted by the Divine One's charm. In a small notebook, Dom Pedro discreetly wrote down the detective's name.

2

The Grande Hotel was in the Catete district, on Marquês de Abrantes Street. Situated at the top of a small hill completely covered with gardens and groves of trees, it was the beneficiary of breezes from the ocean that could be seen in the distance. It was known for its spacious rooms and excellent service. Trolleys, ascending and descending beyond the entrance gate, afforded the hotel a romantic touch. The enormous dining room was decorated in the most refined taste: lace tablecloths from Ceará, huge candlesticks in the center of the table, Limoges dishes, Baccarat crystal, and heavy Christofle silverware in vermeil. Standing in wait around the table were several journalists and a few names from the city's literary bohemians. Present were the journalist Pardal Mallet, editor of the *News Gazette*, and the amusing Guimarães Passos, poet and archivist of the Household of the Royal Palace, one of the best-paid public servants in the empire. Passos was wont to say that he was a public

servant but a private poet; a vested defender of the empire, he spent sleepless nights in the city's bars heatedly debating with his republican friends. Besides these two, Múcio Prado, editor and social chronicler of the *Journal of Commerce*? Belmiro de Almeida, creator of the recently launched magazine *Rataplan*; Eduardo Joaquim Correa, of the humorous newspaper *The Meddler*; Angelo Agostini, of the *Illustrated Review*, who un-

ceasingly published cartoons caricaturing the emperor; and the millionaire dandy Alberto Fazelli, the son of Italian immigrants, who fancied him-

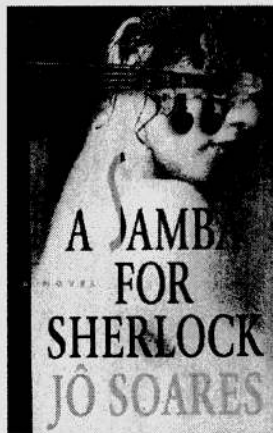
self irresistible. Considered the most sought-after fop in the city, Alberto had decided that he would die old and a bachelor, preferably in Paris. His friends mocked him, saying it would be better to live in Paris and die here. With the journalists were the young book dealer Miguel Solera de Lara, owner of the Aphrodite's Retreat bookstore, one of the meeting places of the city's intellectuals; the marquis of Salles, with heavy rings under his eyes and always dressed in black, a kind of *enfant gâté* of the court, an assiduous reader of his near-namesake the Marquis de Sade; and the famous tailor Salomão Calif, who clothed half the elegant population of the city, not to mention the plantation owners from São Paulo who would travel to the capital just to make use of his magic scissors. Also present was the owner of the hotel, Aurélio Vidal, with his friends, who filled most of the room. Curiously, no actors had been invited, and not a single woman was to be seen, save the Negro slaves who, with the other servants, would serve the dinner. The windows were open, displaying an incomparable view of the bay. At that time of year, four Negroes with fans were sufficient to cool the setting. Suddenly, one of the Negro boys who carried bags from the receiving area came running in.

"Mista Aurélio! Mista Aurélio! The lady is arriving!"

Over the head of the panting Negro lad, every male eye in the room caught sight of the marvelous Frenchwoman dressed in white. The boy nearly died of fright and ran rapidly back to the receiving area. Sarah Bernhardt stepped aside and let him pass. There was a pause, a beat of silence, and suddenly the entire room burst into frenetic applause: "*Bravo! Bravo!*"

"*Messieurs*, please! The performance is over and I'm hungry."

Everyone laughed and approached to observe at close range that phenomenon who had elected to grace Brazil's shores with her presence. The actress entered the room accompanied by her son, Maurice Bernhardt, a strikingly handsome young man of twenty-two. Maurice's father was the Belgian prince Henri de Ligne, with whom the actress had fallen in love while still young. Sarah had registered the boy with only her own name, as the son of



an unknown father. The story of that romance is worthy of a melodrama. The prince, madly in love, had decided to marry the actress, then beginning her career. Henri's uncle, General de Ligne, like Duval's father in *Camille*, sought her out in Paris, without the prince's knowledge. In a polite but objective conversation, he made the actress understand that if the marriage were to come about, the prince would be immediately disinherited by the royal family, losing both his position and his patrimony. Her heart in shreds, Sarah Bernhardt left the prince, alleging that her career was more important to her. Prince Henri de Ligne never learned the true motive behind that painful separation.

If that night Sarah truly expected to experience the food of the country, she was to be disappointed. The menu, prepared by a French chef brought in especially for the occasion, copied to the letter that of the restaurants of Paris. Roland Blanchard had come to Brazil to make his fortune and had lived in the Botafogo district for many years. Sometimes he cooked for the emperor, and he had published a book of tips and recipes in which, among other things, he taught that one should not put on the platter a spoon that had previously been in the mouth. He further explained that, if a person felt an irresistible urge to spit, it was better to do so onto the floor than into the plate. On the menu that night were game, salads, fish, ham, cheeses, various wines, and champagne. Not even rice had been included to Brazilianize, however lightly, the French recipes. Sarah sat to the right of Aurélio Vidal, who occupied the place at the head of the table, with the marquis of Salles beside her, and across from Guimarães Passos. Seated beside the latter, Alberto Fazelli made every effort to get as close as possible, with his elbow almost in his neighbor's plate. The journalists immediately began their questions, transforming the dinner into a collective interview:

"What do you eat when you wake up?"

"Do you drink between acts?"

"What superstitions do you have?"

"What do you think of Brazil?"

"What shoe size do you wear?"

"How much do you weigh fully dressed?"

"And undressed?"

"It is true you can only memorize your lines while having a hot foot-bath?"

"How old are you?"

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

"For the moment, I think only that they ask too many questions," said Sarah, emptying a goblet of wine.

To change the subject, Guimarães Passos interrupted these high-level questions:

"I trust you will forgive my colleagues' enthusiasm. I only regret that some of my friends were unable to come to the dinner. I'm sure you would love to speak with Olavo Bilac, who is an extraordinary poet. A pity he has yet to publish a book."

"Olavo Bilac?"

"Yes."

"And why did he not come?"

"Unfortunately, my friend Olavo took it in his head to become a republican and is in hiding at the moment. He published a small tract against the monarchy and is being sought by Mello Pimenta, of our police. Mello swore that Bilac will spend a night in jail. Do you agree that it's too soon for changes in our politics?"

"*Je ne me mêle pas de ces affaires...*" said Sarah, smiling.

"What did she say?" Pardal Mallet asked eagerly, from the other end of the table.

Alberto Fazelli translated as he had heard:

"She understands Mello has had seven affairs."

Múcio Prado, of the *Journal of Commerce*, quickly corrected:

"It's not quite that, Albertinho. She merely said she doesn't involve herself in these matters." And, taking advantage of the misunderstanding, he interjected a question: "I know that you were with our emperor. What can you tell us about the meeting?"

"Only that the emperor is very nice and is worried," the *comédienne* disclosed in a soft voice to the journalist.

"Just think, they stole a Stradivarius violin from a friend of his, a baroness, who is disconsolate. I even suggested that he invite an English detective whom I know well, Sherlock Holmes, to unravel the mystery."

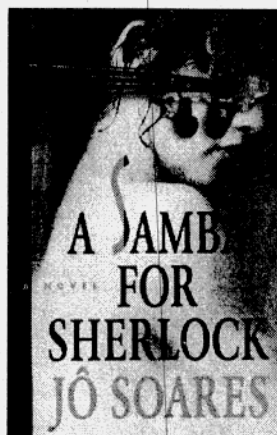
Múcio saw immediately that he had a good item for his column: baroness, friend of the emperor; it could only be Maria Luísa Catarina de Albuquerque. Until then, the only Stradivarius which he knew of in Rio was the extremely valuable instrument belonging to the violinist José White, the excellent Cuban musician who was an habitué of the court. Obviously, this other violin must have been a secret gift from Dom Pedro. Around the table, few took any notice of the information, perhaps because they had not understood the actress's rapid, whispered

French, but the journalist knew that the *potin* would cause a small scandal in the court.

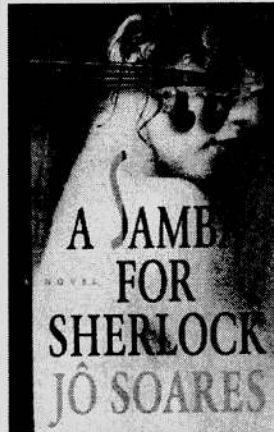
The food was so good that, despite the Divine One's presence, everyone fell silent around the table. When they were about to resume their questions after dessert, Sarah rose rapidly: "Gentlemen, everything was delicious, but tomorrow I have a rehearsal. Please, don't get up." Before anyone could help her, she stood up nimbly, allowing her napkin to fall to the floor. She left the room, light as a feather despite a full stomach, heading toward the stairs that led to her quarters.

Alberto Fazelli picked up the napkin, sniffed the cloth as if it were the lace handkerchief of his beloved, and declared profoundly, "That is what is known as taking French leave."

Police Inspector Mello Pimenta had, at the moment, greater worries than chasing after Olavo Bilac. The statement that he would oblige the poet to spend a night in jail had been more of a letting off of steam than a declaration of intent. In reality, there was no reason to pursue the "subversive" Bilac. Especially now, given the murder that he had begun to investigate. Mello Pimenta was short and fat, sporting a huge black beard à la Balzac. He suffered greatly from the heat, but



nevertheless he was always to be seen in a suit with waistcoat, a shirt with a starched collar and stiff cuffs, very snug at the neck. Curiously, Pimenta never sweated. The policeman's corpulent appearance had deceived many a malefactor who underestimated his quickness: Mello Pimenta could run like a gazelle. Beside him, wearing a medical apron covered with coagulated bloodstains, was Dr. Saraiva, the state coroner. Extremely thin, Saraiva had a goatee and long white hair, also stained, for the coroner had the habit of absentmindedly scratching his head as he meditated over the autopsies he was performing. Seeing them side by side, it was impossible not to think of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his faithful squire. The two would meet at the morgue of the Third Order of Penitents,



on Carioca Square. The police used the locale whenever the official morgue of the Santa Casa da Misericórdia, on Moura Square, was overcrowded with cadavers. Lying on the cold stone table, the body of the murdered girl was open, offering itself in even more obscene form than when she had practiced the oldest profession. She had been found by a Portuguese broom vendor crying his wares in the early hours: "Brooooooms! Duuuusters!" As soon as he entered the still dark alley of Regente Street and sighted that horror, the poor man had dropped everything on the ground and run away screaming, "Oh, Jesus! It's Dantas' inferno, it's Dantas' inferno!" thus transporting pell-mell the Italian masterpiece to Iberian lands.

With the skilled hand of a professional of many years' practice—Saraiva had begun his career as an army doctor in the Paraguayan War; according to legend, he had performed the autopsy on the Paraguayan dictator Solano López—the professor had made the classic incision, in the shape of a Y, exposing the young prostitute's internal organs. To Pimenta the ritual seemed useless, for the cause of death could only be the slashed throat, cut so deeply that the head had nearly been severed from the body. But to Saraiva, procedure was procedure. In a monotonous voice as he dissected, he

discoursed to the inspector.

"By the advanced stage of rigor mortis, death must have occurred early the morning of Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of May 1886. The victim appears to be between fifteen and twenty-one years of age. The body was found totally cold and bloodless. Lips cyanotic, pupils round and regular, bilaterally dilated. Liver damage,

probably owing to excessive ingestion of alcoholic beverages. If she had not died from the murderous attack, the victim would in all certainty have been a candidate for early cirrhosis. The cause of death is the wound to the neck, which dilacerated the larynx and pharynx in a horizontal cut initiated from left to right. The injury was caused by a sharp instrument. It is clear from the pressure involved that the

aggressor possesses great physical strength. A rectangular flap of skin approximately twelve inches by four inches was skillfully excised from the left side of the victim's torso, beginning with the uppermost sternal rib. The victim—"

Impatiently, Mello Pimenta interrupted: "Saraiva, we know all that. There's no detail that might have gone unnoticed in the first examination?"

"Of course there is. I've left the best for last." So saying, he placed in the inspector's hands the coiled violin string that he had found in the young whore's pubic hair.

"What's this?"

"I don't know exactly. It appears to be a string from a mandolin or some other musical instrument."

"At least it's a clue. A mandolin string."

"Or a ukulele, I'm not sure. Beyond any doubt it's from a musical instrument."

"Could the killer be a musician?"

"He might be and he might not be. From the violence of the crime and the place where I found the string, what I do know is that he's rather crazy."

"Why? Where was the string?" asked Pimenta suspiciously.

"Mixed in with the girl's pubic hairs. Poor thing, they were still quite sparse...."

With a certain repugnance, Pimenta

wrapped the string in a handkerchief and cleaned his hands on his own lapels. "May I take it?"

"Certainly, it's yours. Do you want me to wrap it as a gift?" laughed Dr. Saraiva, in a clear demonstration of the morbid sense of humor so common to his profession.

3

At 221 B, Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes had just served tea for himself and Dr. Watson. The doctor appeared totally absorbed in his newspaper.

"Two cubes, Watson?"

"Eh? Yes, please.... Strange.... Very strange...."

"May I ask what is so strange?" said Holmes, handing him the cup and settling into his favorite armchair.

"As I read this news item, I experienced a curious sensation of déjà vu."

"Elementary, my dear Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, speaking the phrase that so irritated his friend.

"How so?"

"You are reading yesterday's *Times*."

As Watson drew in his jaw, which had dropped, the door opened and Mrs. Hudson, the housekeeper, came in with a telegram. She was very excited.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Hudson. I presume it is a message from Inspector Lestrade," stated the detective.

"You presume wrong, Mr. Holmes—it's a telegram from Brazil. From the emperor himself!"

"From the emperor of Brazil? Whatever can he want with you?" asked Watson, intrigued.

"I'll only know after reading it," replied Holmes. "Thank you, Mrs. Hudson. I see that despite doctor's orders you continue secretly eating eggs for breakfast."

Startled, the poor woman stammered with embarrassment: "That's true, Mr. Holmes. I can't resist them.... How did you find out?"

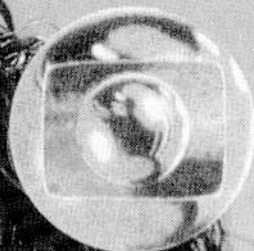
"Very simple, Mrs. Hudson. In your haste to ingest them, you allowed a speck of yolk to fall onto your blouse, causing a yellow stain. Thus I deduced that you disobeyed the doctor's orders."

Excerpted from *A Samba for Sherlock* by Jô Soares, translated by Clifford E. Landers, Pantheon Books, 1997, 274 pp. Published by permission.

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