

brazzil

Www.brazzil.com

Year 11 - No. 169 - January 2000

\$ 2

MUSIC:

**Brasil Brazil
Gets a Place
in the Sun**

TV GLOBO

**They Want the
Whole World**

LANGUAGE:

SPEAKING PORTUGUESE AND SCARING THE AUDIENCE

POLITICS:

FLOOD TIME IS THE WORST TIME

SHORT STORY:

"VIRADA DO MILÊNIO" BY MARIA ABÍLIA A. PACHECO

TRAVEL:

CURITIBA, AN URBAN SHOWCASE

SPECIAL:

MULTI-TALENTED RODRIGO LESSA

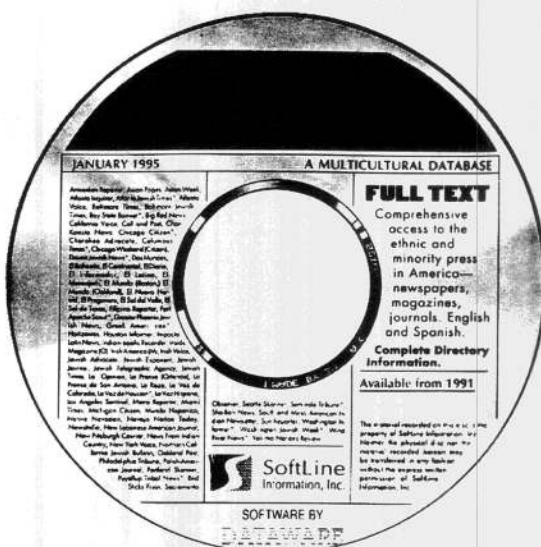
Did you know that...



is now fully indexed and available for research and reference in electronic format on CDROM in **Ethnic NewsWatch**, a full text general reference database of the publications of the ethnic, minority and native press, dating back to 1990?



is one of more than 180 newspapers, magazines and journals reflecting the ethnic, minority and native press (African American, Caribbean, Arab and Middle Eastern, Asian American, European/Eastern European, Hispanic, Jewish, Native American and Multi-Ethnic) that are now part of the **Ethnic NewsWatch** database.



For the first time ...

Ethnic NewsWatch gives you fast and easy electronic access to more than 270,000 complete articles, editorials, columns, book, movie, and theater reviews (and more) reflecting the ethnic diversity of America. And, with **Ethnic NewsWatch** you have news, culture and history with *the other sides of the stories*.

Now **Ethnic NewsWatch** is available in academic, public, school and government libraries nationwide.

Ask for **brazzil** and **Ethnic NewsWatch** on CDROM at your public library as well as local high school and college libraries.

For more information, contact

SoftLine Information, Inc.

20 Summer Street, Stamford, CT 06901 • (800) 524-7922 • Fax (203) 975-8347



Brought to
you by:
**SAYEGH
PROMOTIONS**

**FREE
PARKING**

**SMOKING
PATIO**

STJXX

danceteria

13002 W. Philadelphia
Historic Uptown Whittier, CA

CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO

A NIGHT OF CARNAVAL

A PARTY THAT CAN BE REPLICATED ONLY
IN BRAZIL. JOIN US FOR A NIGHT OF FUN,
BEAUTIFUL SMILES, DANCING TO LIVE SAMBA

FEATURING

**ALESSA AND THE
INTERNATIONAL BAND**

AND

**RICARDO GEHR AND HIS
CARNAVAL BAND**

ALSO

THE GIRLS FROM BRAZIL
THE DIVAS OF SAMBA

BRAZIL N' YOU DJ

WIN A TRIP DO BRAZIL!!

SPONSORED BY

CHEVIOT HILLS TRAVEL

OUR BIG BOOM BASH WILL BE

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 2000

FROM 8PM TO 2AM

ADMISSION: \$22

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL

(562) 863-3463

Green & white Carnaval Ball 2000

at

M.I.L.A.

The Brazilian Samba School of West Los Angeles

**Come to Celebrate Brazilian Carnaval
at MILA Samba School with**

**Renni Flores,
Claudinha Sorriso
& our 20-member
Drum Section**



**Bikini
Dancers,
Costume
Contest**

\$10 Admission

Saturdays, Feb. 26 & Mar. 04 at 10 p.m.
at Cafe Danssa, 11533 West Pico Blvd., WLA
(Between Barrington and Sawtelle)

**For info call 310 478-7866 - 202-8091 or
Visit us on-line at <http://artmedia.net/mila>**

Sponsored by **Universal Art Gallery's**

WWW.FrameGallery.Com

2419 Lincoln Blvd. - Venice Beach
Tel. & Fax.: 310 302-8909

Rio-Brazilian Carnaval

**FEATURING COSTUME PARTY
WITH LIVE BRAZILIAN BAND**

ENJOY RIO'S CARNAVAL AT *Sangria*

**WIN ONE TRIP TO
RIO DE JANEIRO**

**LOTS OF
SAMBA &
CAPIRINHA**

**WEDNESDAY
MARCH, 1ST
9:30PM**

COVER:
\$12.00 WITH COSTUME
\$15.00 WITHOUT COSTUME

SPONSORED BY:

**Joseph Rosendo's
TRAVEL**
Radio Network
(310) 397-1787
www.travelscope.net

Too Rio Limousines
(800)704-LIMO(5466)

South Winds
TRAVEL & TOURS
(310)568-8426

Zippy's
Pizza - Sandwiches
Free Delivery
(310)798-6585

**PIT STOP
AUTO REPAIR**
A oficina dos brasileiros na California
(310)643-6666

**BROUGHT
TO YOU BY:**
Eject
(310)379-7232
eject70@hotmail.com

Map showing location at 68 PIER AVENUE - HERMOSA BEACH (310) 376-4412



\$462

Aguardamos tua ligação!

Los Angeles - São Paulo

Round Trip. Plus TAF + TAX
Assentos Limitados. Sujeito a Restrições.



Los Angeles 800-529-2990 - San Diego 800-643-3910

brazzil®

If Globo didn't report it, it didn't happen. As strange as it might seem, this is the reality for millions of Brazilians because even after the widespread use of remote control many never bother to change the channel on their TV sets, which stays on Globo. It is as though there were only one TV station in the country and to a certain extent that's what happens.

The de-facto monopoly of Globo over Brazilian airwaves was much more evident during the '70s and '80s. The control exercised by that TV network over the audience, however, is still quite impressive. In a list of 30 top shows seen on a recent month on TV in Brazil, 27 belonged to Globo. The first time SBT, the number two TV, appeared was in 22nd place. Some of Globo's daily shows get close to 70% of all the TV sets turned on at that time.

Globo has become an empire controlling not only tastes and behavior, but even who gets elected President. No one can be considered a serious candidate to the presidency before getting the blessings from nonagenarian Roberto Marinho, the founder of the Globo media conglomerate, who continues on the helm of the world spreading venture. If you haven't been touched by Globo yet you will pretty soon.

R.M.

As you might know, *Brazzil* is a very small operation: one person and some volunteers who help as and when they can. The magazine is coming out a little more than a month late and I'm sorry for that. I don't see me catching up soon, but rest assured that the content is fresh and you will get all the issues you've paid for. Thanks and all the best.

R.M.

Send mail to: P.O. Box 50536 - Los Angeles, CA 90050-0536

Ads/Editorial: (323) 255-8062

Subscrip.: (323) 255-4953

Fax: (323) 257-3487

Brazzil on line: <http://www.brazzil.com>

E-mail: brazzil@brazzil.com

Publisher and Editor: Rodney Mello

Art&Design Director: Marina Yoshie

(marinayoshie@hotmail.com)

Commercial Director: Leda Bittencourt

Entertainment Editors: Sam & Harriet Robbins

Book Review: Bodo Wyszpolski

Music Editor: Bruce Gilman

Brazil Bureau Chief: Marta Alvim

E-mail: mltdalvim@yahoo.com - Tel.: (021) 539-9214

- Fax: (021) 581-0198

TIME TO RENEW?

Sorry, we don't send reminders. Look at the label to know when your subscription ends.

BRAZZIL (ISSN 1091-868X) is published monthly by Brazzil - 2039 N. Ave. 52, Los Angeles, CA, 90042-1024. Periodicals Postage rate paid at Los Angeles, CA. Single copy sold for \$2. One year subscription for 12 issues is \$3 (three dollars) in the U.S., \$15 in Canada and Mexico, and \$18 in all other countries. No back issues sold. Allow 5 to 7 weeks to receive your first issue. You may quote from or reprint any of the contents with proper copyright credit. Editorial submissions are welcome. Include a SASE (self addressed and stamped envelope) if you want your material mailed back. *Brazzil* assumes no responsibility for any claims made by its advertisers. The Library of Congress ISSN: 1524-4997

POST MASTER: Send address changes to BRAZZIL
P.O. Box 50536 - Los Angeles, CA - 90050-0536

www.brazzil.com

11

Cover
Globo TV

And now the world

Cover by Aylan Mello



Contents

06

Behavior The summer of the topless

08

Generations Like father like son

09

Health Good-for-suckers pills

10

AIDS The tragedy's orphans

20

Politics Same flood, same excuses

22

Language The massacre of the Portuguese

24

Review The Brazil Reader

26

Short Story "A Virada do Milênio..." by Maria A. A. Pacheco

32

Travel Curitiba, leading the way

35

Tourism Jangada sailing in Recife

37

Impressions Black soul of Salvador

40

Travelogue Waiting for 2000 in Jericoacoara

42

Music Brasil Brazil, finally the respect

52

Special Rodrigo Lessa. You're in for a surprise

Departamentos



06 **Rapidinhas**



18 **Letters**



47 **Cultural Pulse**



49 **Classifieds**



50 **That's Brazilian**



RAPIDINHAS

Behavior Booby Trap

Weekly newsmagazine *Isto É*, the Brazilian equivalent of *Newsweek*, dedicated its cover to the subject, so did *Manchete*, another popular weekly. The news garnered headlines with large colorful pictures in all major newspapers, made the prime-time news on TV, and got four pages and large revealing pictures in *Veja*, the Brazilian *Time*. The momentous subject? Topless in Rio. *Época*, another weekly, proclaimed over close-up female breasts on its cover: "FREEDOM".

Most people outside Brazil would think the country and certainly Rio is the uncensored paradise for those wishing to expose their bodies. Not so. It was a controversial action by the police that set in motion a chain reaction culminating with Rio's governor, Anthony Garotinho, an evangelical Christian, to allow topless bathing in beaches all over the state.

Rio's mayor Luiz Paulo Conde followed suit announcing the creation of a nude beach in the city. "It's going to be the summer of the topless bather," declared Conde. As expected, the Catholic Church is fuming and more than one person on moral grounds has already threatened with court injunctions to prevent topless bathing to become legal on Rio beaches.

It all started on January 9, a Sunday, when the police detained Rosemeri Moura Costa, 34, and her boyfriend Antônio Saraiva de Almeida, 63, at Reserva Beach, in Recreio dos Bandeirantes on Rio's west side, because the woman was sunbathing without her top. The practice of going topless on Rio's beaches has been tolerated for years and foreign tourists from Europe have been doing it without being bothered.

Rosemeri has unwillingly become the heroine of the movement. She is the mother of a 16-year-old girl and a 9-year-old boy and was used to baring her breasts at Recreio dos Bandeirantes, a place where nobody seemed to pay attention to this kind of behavior anymore. But some 20 men from the military police came armed with batons, rifles and even machine guns, in response to a complaint, they say. When Almeida tried to defend his girlfriend, who refused to cover her breasts as ordered, he was slapped and the woman ended up going to jail accused of obscenity.

The violence of it all stunned Brazilians and the world. CNN carried the news throughout the planet. Less than 48 hours after the incident women across the state had won the right to walk bare breasted on all public beaches. The discussion to allow women to expose their bosoms on Rio's sands or not, split high ranking police officials. Josias Quintal, the secretary for Public Security, for example, was in favor of continuing the repression of the practice, but ended up ordering the police to adopt the new, "look-the-other way" policy.

Rio's Environmental Secretary Mauricio Lobo came out in defense of the "naturalists", the name nudists prefer to be called in Brazil. In 1994 the secretary had reserved Abriço beach for those who like to sunbathe in the buff, but a court injunction prevented this from happening. In the end, Public Security Secretary, Josias Quintal, determined that police should leave topless enthusiasts alone even though he is personally against women showing their boobies in public.

Quintal tried to argue, "There are families who are more conservative and that are offended by this behavior." But he did not convince the majority. Moreover he couldn't explain why the police were in force on the beach to prevent naked breasts but incapable of explaining the origin of body parts that showed up on several beaches, that same week, apparently the result of gang feuds over drug territory.

José Carlos Dias, the Minister of Justice himself, entered the discussion in statement to *Isto É*: "Since when is nudity an obscene act? The police response was an obscenity. It was pornographic! It was really appalling. I saw a beautiful scene on a Grecian beach. There were women in swimsuits, others in string bikini, others going topless, and still others naked. It became funny because everybody would go the way they wanted. I, of course, kept my swimsuit on all the time."

No Shame

The state of Bahia, which has been more liberal in this front, used the occasion to publish an ad in national newspapers with a topless girl on the beach and the



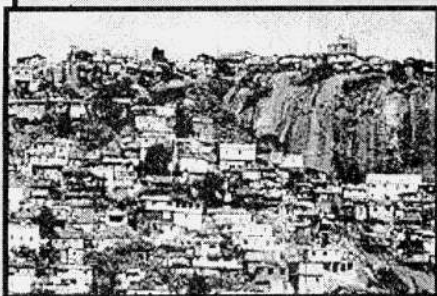
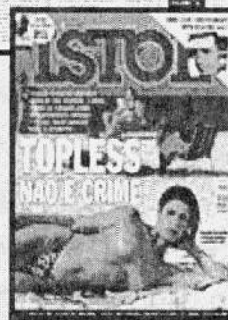
caption: "In Bahia you can since 1500." 1500 is the date the Portuguese arrived in Brazil. Pero Vaz de Caminha, the reporter on board, wrote to Portugal's King about the women Indians showing their "shameful parts without any shame".

The controversy and the new measures, brought scores of snoopers to Ipanema and Copacabana beaches and also several women new to the practice of topless bathing, ready for any sacrifice and eager to show their mammary glands to the media cameras that showed up in the area. People like Cristina Ferraz, 21, explained her naked breasts with: "Everybody is taking it off and I'm doing the same."

In the days following the police violence, there were several protests on the beach. In one of them, in legendary Posto 9 in Ipanema, the police observed from afar, a group of students who took off the tops of their bikinis and covered their bare breasts with placards proclaiming their freedom to expose themselves as they wished. Some of the phrases on the cards: "Down with hypocrisy", "It's my body and I decide what to do with it". Some men in the area adhered to the protest donning themselves the discarded bikini tops.

Wrote *Veja* magazine: "To forbid the topless bathing is a contradictory stance in Brazil, country that exports images of almost naked dancers during the Carnaval parades and where the TV helps to create sexual symbols as Tiazinha, Feiticeira and the dancers from the group É o Tchan. The *Globeleza mulata*, the symbol of Globo network during Carnaval, is shown without anything over her skin, besides body paint in strategic places, and it never occurred to the MPs to enter the studios of Globo to detain executives of the TV station for indecency."

Mayor Luiz Paulo Conde reminded that Rio has always been the place in Brazil where behavioral changes and trends start. "Beachgoers have shown that they live at ease with topless bathing," Conde remarked. Rio never lost its position as a trendsetter even after losing the capital to Brasília and much of its glamour to cosmopolitan São Paulo. It was in Rio that the bikini was introduced in the '60s and then the *tanga* (string bikini) in the late '70s. The *fio dental* (dental floss) and the *asa delta* (hang glider) minuscule bottoms appeared during the '80s. Many believe that topless bathing came too late: exactly 29 years after it was introduced in France and from there spread throughout Europe.



Jorge Mário da Silva does not forget the times when as a newcomer to Rio and a would-be musician he had no other place to sleep but on the beach and the streets. Times changed a lot since then and he just started a solo career after leading the Farofa Carioca band since 1993, in which he sang and composed. Farofa Carioca is the most critically acclaimed musical group in Rio today.

Da Silva is much better known nowadays as Seu Jorge and is involved in a myriad of projects and activities, including a stay in the jungle with an Indian tribe, the recording of a solo CD and the starring role in Finnish director Mika Kaurismäki's fictional documentary *Moro no Brasil* (I Live in Brazil).

It's for this film, financed by German TV, that Seu Jorge wrote in partnership with Gabriel Moura, from Farofa, "A Nova Música". The lyrics talk about the two faces of a Brazil that is at once wealthy and poor, classy and campy, First and Third World, formal and informal.

Music

A Nova Música

Seu Jorge and Gabriel Moura

Tem um Brasil que é próspero
Outro não muda
Um Brasil que investe
E outro que suga
Um de sunga, outro de gravata
Tem um que faz amor
E tem outro que mata

Brasil do ouro
Brasil da prata
Brasil do balacochê da mulata

Tem um Brasil que é lindo
Tem um outro que fede
O Brasil que dá é igualzinho ao que pede
Pede paz, saúde, trabalho, dinheiro
Pede pelas crianças do Brasil inteiro

Tem um Brasil que soca
Outro que apanha
Um Brasil que saca
Outro que chuta
Perde e ganha
Sobe e desce
Vai à lua, bate bola, porém não vai à escola

Brasil de cobre
Brasil de lata

É negro, é branco
É nisei
É verde e índio peladão
É mameluco e cafuzo e confusão

Ó Pindorama, eu quero o seu Porto Seguro
Suas palmeiras, suas feiras, seu café
Suas riquezas, praias, cachoeiras
Quero ver o seu povo de cabeça em pé

The New Music

There is a Brazil that's prosperous
Another one that does not change
A Brazil that invests
And another one that extorts
One on trunks, another on tie
There is one that makes love
And another one that kills

Brazil of gold
Brazil of silver
Brazil of the mulata's swing

There's a Brazil that's pretty
And another one that sucks
The Brazil that gives is the same one that asks
Asks for peace, health, work, money
Asks for the children of all of Brazil

There's a Brazil that hits
Another one that gets a beating
A Brazil that knows
Another one that guesses
Loses, wins
Goes up and down
Goes to the moon, plays ball, but doesn't go to school

Brazil of copper
Brazil of tin

It's black, it's white
It's Nisei
It's green and naked Indian
It's mestizo, black and Indian, confusion

Oh Palm land, I want your Safe Haven
Your palms, your open markets, your coffee
Your wealth, beaches, waterfalls
I want to see your people standing tall

Generations

Like Our Parents

Brazilian parents and their teen-ager children are much more alike than you would assume. They wear the same clothes, cut their hair the same way, have the same fundamental beliefs, use the same slang and even enjoy the same music. Caetano Veloso in his fifties is the teen music idol he was for their parents. Some other musicians like Rita Lee and Gilberto Gil also draw the youth as they did 30 years ago. Director Alfred Hitchcock is another common favorite.

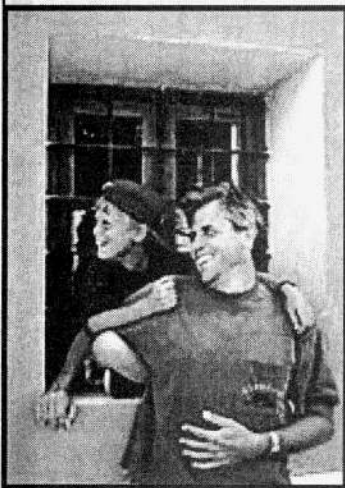
To believe new polls conducted among others by MTV, the conflict of generations has ended in Brazil and the gap between kids and their progenitors has disappeared. A study conducted by MTV Brazil with 2,425 youngsters revealed that children are staying longer with their parents, in many cases leaving only when they marry. A mere 18 percent of these youths say they are eager to leave the parental roof.

They have plenty of reasons to stay and no generational conflict is strong enough to dim the appeal of free housing, food and washed clothes. Besides, a large percentage of these boys and girls are allowed or even encouraged by parents to use their rooms to bring their sweethearts to spend the night and enjoy sex as they please. How is their relationship with their parents? Excellent and good, answered 90 percent of the wealthier kids.

Violence is the number one worry for these youngsters. The paternal house works as a shelter. Sixty four percent of them believe that walking in the streets is an open invitation to be assaulted and 74 percent don't trust the police and are even afraid of them. The today's youth wants distance from politics and are more conservative than their parents in areas like drugs, religion and marriage. A mere 15 percent are in favor of legalizing marijuana, while 69 percent believe in God and 70 percent want to get married.

Another study, this one by Rio's Centro Educacional da Lagoa, among 15 to 19 year-old students and their parents, revealed that both generations have rock as their first musical choice, that Machado de Assis's *Dom Casmurro* and Antoine de Saint Exupéry's *The Little Prince* are among their favorite books, and that Leonardo da Vinci and Picasso are two names that unite parents and kids in the arts. Albert Einstein is the scientist they admire the most, followed by Sigmund Freud. In politics Kennedy is the common choice, even though nobody got more votes among the younger crowd than "no politician".

Among the differences between kids and parents is the fact that children are working much less than their father and mother did. While 34.2 percent of the parents worked when they were their kids' age, only 5.9 of the students are working today.



Emigration

More than Shoe shiners

While the majority of Brazilian newcomers to the US are still illegal immigrants who overstay their visa or enter the country through the Mexican border, a new breed of incomers—much better prepared and more affluent—is being noticed. Data from the INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service) show that 70 percent of Brazilians obtaining their green cards nowadays are getting it for professional reasons.

A new study conducted by the New York City administration also shows this same trend. According to the report, 2,761 Brazilians obtained a green card in New York between 1995 and 1996. From these, 27 percent, the biggest concentration, were living in the Upper East Side, a upper scale area of Manhattan where monthly rentals for housing average \$5,000.

The number of Brazilians getting the right to live permanently and work in the States is still very small, since according to the Brazilian Consulate in New York estimates, there are 300,000 people from Brazil living in the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Pennsylvania, the areas covered by that department. Others estimate that for every Brazilian who makes it big on Yankee shores, 400 others live from day to day just getting enough to survive and maybe save a little at the end of the month.

According to a recent article in *Veja* (Brazil's main weekly news magazine), Brazilians in New York are losing to the competition even in areas they were prevalent until recently, like shoe shining in which they have a small monopoly. One case cited is that of Serbs and Croats, war refugees, who arrive eager to work and to learn English and who are taking Brazilian jobs as waiters. Russians are taking over construction jobs, and Filipino and Russian women are entering the baby-sitting feuds with a vengeance.

As an example of the new upscale Brazilians arriving in town, *Veja* cites composer and pianist Marcelo Zarvos, 30, who came to New York five years ago and keeps busy composing for the movies and appearing in concerts. "What unites the cultural cauldron of the city is the language," Zarvos says. "He who arrives here without speaking English will be condemned to live in a Brazilian ghetto. In this case, it's better to stay in Brazil."

Health Con Therapy

Aparecido Bueno Camargo, the president of Abrafarma (Associação Brasileira de Redes de Farmácias e Drogarias—Brazilian Association of Pharmacy and Drugstore Chains) was candidly talking to the members of a CPI (Comissão Parlamentar de Inquérito—Parliamentary Enquiry Committee) when he dropped the bomb: “The medicine market is full of trash BO.” BO? What does it mean, a committee member wanted to know. “*Bom para otário*” (Good for suckers), Camargo explained. And continued, a little puzzled by the commotion he caused: “This is a traditional classification. BOs have existed since pharmacies have.” He wouldn’t name names, but promised to prepare a list of these products for dupes.

The BO medicines, which are placebo products, are shelved together with the real stuff and are not illegal or clandestine. They are even licensed by the Health Ministry. In the days following Camargo’s revelation, some pharmacists disputed the meaning of BO, saying that it stood for bonus medicine, that is, drugs that bring a special commission to the pharmacist every time it is sold. What brings still another problem of the drug industry, the so-called *empurroterapia* (pushtherapy). Pharmacists and clerks are in the habit of trying to convince clients to buy those products that give them a bigger profit.

Medicine in Brazil is a \$12-billion-a-year business. Multinationals represent 95 percent of this market, which has grown by 14 percent during the 1990s. Congress is investigating why drugs are so expensive in Brazil. After two weeks of hearings, the committee did not seem closer to a conclusion about high prices, but had to add new problems to be investigated. Pharmaceutical laboratories have been accused of intensely campaigning for and boycotting the introduction of generic drugs in Brazil.

Earlier in the CPI, doctors’ representatives talked about a promiscuous relationship between physicians and pharmaceutical laboratories. For Edson Oliveira Andrade, president of CFM (Conselho Federal de Medicina—Federal Council of Medicine), there is “without a doubt, a significant interference of the pharmaceutical industry in the professional practice of doctors.” To promote some drugs, doctors get from small souvenirs like pens to cars and trips overseas.

Among the ideas being aired to prevent abuses are the prohibition of free sample distribution, the exclusive use of generic drugs on prescriptions and the ban of medicine ads outside medical publications.

The president of the Doctors National Federation, Héder Murari Borba, thinks that is high time to curb the interference of labs. During his deposition he cited several instances in which this interference was very clear. He also brought stickers, which were distributed by a lab, for doctors to place on the prescriptions. They said: “I do not authorize the substitution of this drug.” Representative Fernando Zuppo showed a communication by Pfizer urging doctors to participate in a competition whose top prize was a car.



Economy Jobless Medallist

Worse than Brazil only India and Russia. According to a study made by Universidade Estadual de Campinas’s Cesis (Centro de Estudos Sindicais e de Economia do Trabalho—Center of Union and Job Economy Studies), Brazil, in absolute numbers, has today the third largest contingent of unemployed people among 141 countries. They are a mass of 7.7 million. There are almost 40 million jobless in India and 9.1 million in Russia.

The situation has been deteriorating since 1990 when Brazil was eighth in this ranking. By 1995 the country had already fallen to fifth place. While in 1986 Brazil had 1.7 percent of all the jobless in the world, this number has risen to 5.6 percent today.

Márcio Pochmann, the economist who coordinated the Cesis’s study, sees all these figures as added proof that Brazilian economic policies have failed to generate jobs. Pochmann noticed that unemployment in First World countries has been decreasing since the 1970s. In 1990, the US was number two on the list.

When the same study was conducted in 1975 with the same 141 countries there were 37.8 million jobless. Today this number increased to 138 million.

Third World countries were disproportionately affected by the problem. While 59 percent of the jobless were from underdeveloped countries in 1975, this share has grown to 79.4 percent today.

To measure unemployment in Brazil were used data from the PNAD (Pesquisa Nacional por Amostra de Domicílios—National Study Through Home Sampling), a research conducted yearly by IBGE (Instituto Brasileiro de Geografia e Estatística—Brazilian Institute for Geography and Statistics). The Cesis’s study considered unemployed only those people listed under a heading called open unemployment, that is, people who are looking for a job and are not making any money from any paying activity.



Music All the Sounds

How rich is Brazilian music? You will get an idea when a new dictionary with 5,000 terms is completed by year's end. It's the

Dicionário Alvim de MPB. MPB means Música Popular Brasileira (Brazilian Popular Music), but the expression has been stretched to the limit, to include from Padre Anchieta (1534-1597), a Jesuit who arrived in Brazil in 1552 and dedicated his life to converting the Indians, to Padre Marcelo Rossi, a priest who has been drawing hundreds of thousands to his show-masses. Add to this Dom Pedro I (1798-1834)—Brazil's emperor, the man who declared the country's independence and a Don Juan who wrote several love *modinhas* to his mistress Marquise of Santos—plus dozens of names nobody ever heard about and you understand that one thing you will not find in the new lexicon: prejudice.

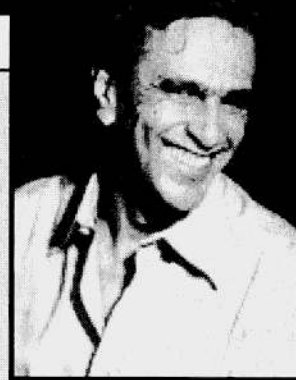
"Our dictionary has no kind of aesthetic censorship. Everything that is not unpublished and that has had some repercussion in the social field will be mentioned," said Cravo Alvim in an interview with Rio's daily *Jornal do Brasil*.

All the usual suspects will still be there naturally. Names like Chiquinha Gonzaga, Pixinguinha, Noel Rosa, João Gilberto, Tom Jobim, Chico Buarque, Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. But the team of 15 experts who are preparing the dictionary want to be sure that no one that left any impression on Brazilian musical culture be left out. It does not matter if he or she produced classical or kitsch sound.

The work has been divided into five segments: from the origin to *bossa nova*; from *bossa nova* to today; samba, *pagode*, and *axé*; regional music; and rock, pop, *brega* (schmultzy) and adjacent. Every one of these segments should contribute with close to 1000 entries.

Coordinating the whole effort is renowned music critic Ricardo Cravo Alvim, who started to work in the project in 1966, had to stop in 1997 for monetary reasons, but is now in the fast track as of 1999. The Ministry of Culture has adopted the undertaking and is financing it. The information will be available over the Internet, but there are also plans to publish a book with the information.

In charge of the popular music segment, stretching from colonial times to around 1959 when the *bossa nova* appears, are music critic Artur de Oliveira and musician Márcia Taborda. Says Oliveira: "Father Anchieta was the first Brazilian composer. Music was one of the most important elements in his catechism. He was the first one to write works of popular music."



AIDS Now the Very Young

Brazil has already lost more than 170,000 people to the AIDS virus. Now, a new study shows that there are also thousands of less noticed victims: the children

that were left orphan and that in many instances are rejected by relatives and friends. In the first study dealing with kids left parentless due to AIDS, the Health Ministry concluded that are almost 30,000 children in this situation.

This number may be considered insignificant when compared to the situation in Africa, where according to the UN there will be 10 million orphans by the year 2002. "But this is still a worrisome number," said Reiko Niimi, representative of Unicef in Brazil, in an interview with *Correio Braziliense*, Brasília's main daily.

The 29,929 number is just an estimate. As Pedro Chequer, the Health Ministry's coordinator for STD (Sexual Transmitted Diseases) and AIDS, explained: "There is no way to make a census this size. But it is the closest to the Brazilian reality that we can get." According to experts, the problem is worse than projected a few years ago mainly because the disease has been attacking men and women almost equally. While in 1985 there was one woman with AIDS for every 24 men, today for every two men there is a woman infected. As for children, there are more than 6000 Brazilian kids with AIDS.

The number of women infected by the disease should continue to climb because AIDS is not being taken seriously by younger women. A study by Bemfam (Sociedade Civil Bem-Estar Social do Brasil—Brazil's Social Well Being Civilian Society) among 12,648 women and 2,846 men of various ages in 13,000 residences throughout the country, showed that a mere 4 percent of women between the ages of 15 and 24 have sexual intercourse with their partners wearing condom.

The study conducted in partnership with Unicef and the American CDC (Centers for Disease Control) found out that AIDS is today the main cause of death among 20 to 34-year-old women and the second one for men, who at this age die mainly from violent causes. In the whole country, AIDS is already the fourth biggest killer for men and women in this age group.

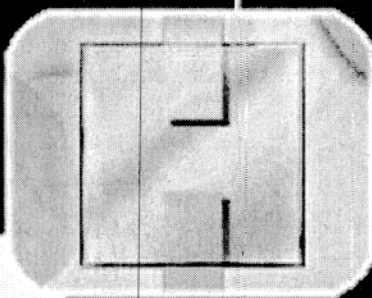
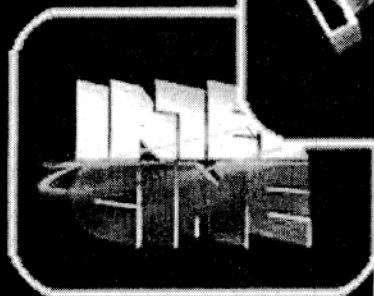
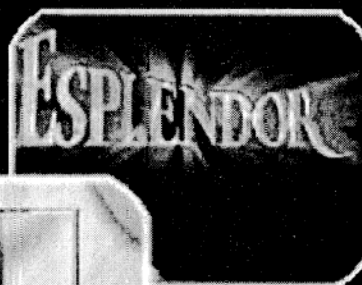
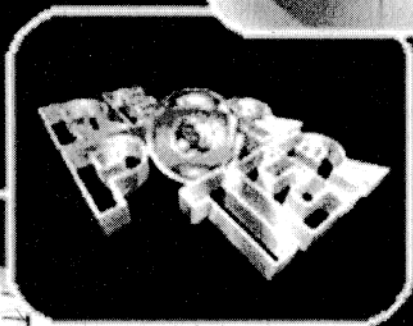
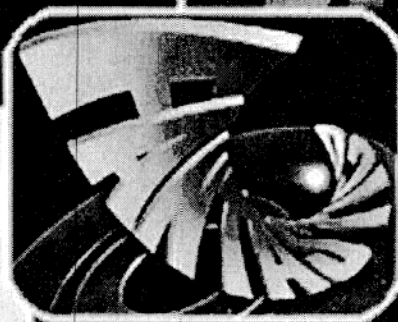
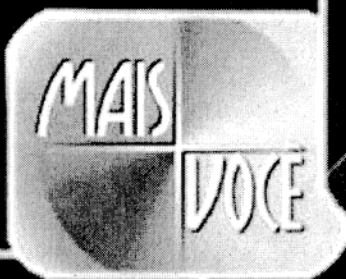
For Maria Eugênia Lemos Fernandes, an infectologist, the media, TV in particular, has a major responsibility for the reckless way youngsters act. According to her, they talk about condoms and the dangers of AIDS, but there is also an excessive eroticisation of the airwaves with couples participating in constant sexual intercourse without any mention of the need for a prophylactic.

Dr. Fernandes believes that's high time to have an aggressive campaign to promote condoms and urges parents to dispense these prophylactics to girls and boys alike as if they were soap or toothpaste. She also suggests that condoms are made more available, being sold among other places in newsstands and school cafeterias.

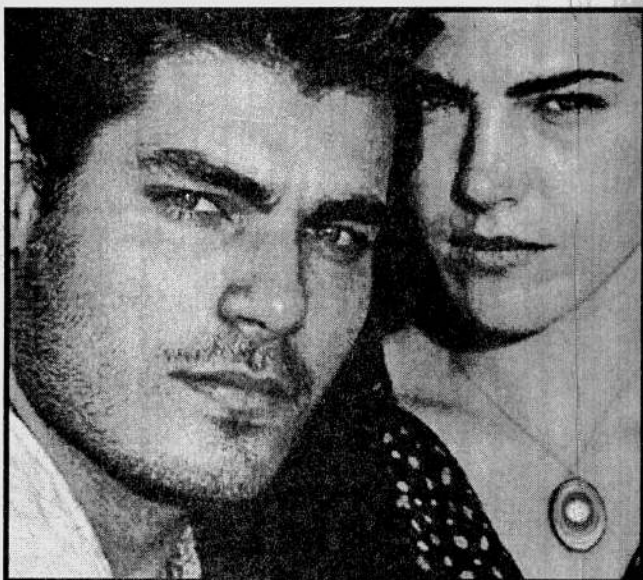




REDE GLOBO



The Owners of Brazil



Rich and powerful to the point of arrogance, when it cannot beat the competition, Globo simply buys it. It has happened time and again. Besides that, Roberto Marinho, the nonagenarian owner of the conglomerate Globo media empire has become a kingmaker. Marinho's backing was instrumental in the victory of Fernando Collor de Mello for the presidency in 1989 and again in the election of sitting President Fernando Henrique Cardoso.

ALESSANDRA DALEVI

Every day, from Monday to Saturday, at 8:55 PM, millions of Brazilians leave everything they are doing and get around a TV set to follow the adventures of a group of Italians who went to Brazil at the end of the 19th century. This is a crowd of more than 47 million people interested in *Terra Nostra* (Our Land), a historic epic that borrowed more than a little from the blockbuster *Titanic*, with the initial scenes filmed on a Brazil-bound British ship.

When the *novela* (soap opera) *Terra Nostra*, which premiered September 20, is being aired, 65 percent of the TV sets turned on are on Globo. Globo Network has this kind of power and appeal. From the top 30 programs on a recent month, 27 belonged to Globo and only three to SBT (Sistema Brasileiro de Televisão), the second-place network. The first SBT program on the list was the Sunday show *Jogo do Milhão* (The Million Game), which appeared in 22nd place. Despite the widespread of remote-controlled TVs the remote seems to be lost in most Brazilians residences. Some people, apparently, never bother to change the channel.

Directed by Jayme Monjardim, 43, *Terra Nostra* intends to show, in 240 chapters to be developed in a 10-month period, 100 years of Italian immigration to Brazil. Monjardim has been criticized in the past for his cinematographic way of filming, considered too slow in an MTV era, but the audience ratings show that the public is liking it. The director is the great-grandson of Francesco Matarazzo, the best example of a successful Italian immigrant, who built an empire.

The *novela*'s author, Benedito Ruy Barbosa, is famous for

several acclaimed *novelas*, including *Renascer* (To Be Reborn) e *O Rei do Gado* (The Cattle King). To keep pace with the narrative on the little screen, he has to write 36 pages of the story everyday. After writing *O Rei do Gado*, Barbosa had decided not to write *novelas* anymore and retired to his house in Sorocaba, in the interior of São Paulo. It was there that Marluce Dias da Silva, Globo's executive superintendent, went to convince the author to once again cast his spell. One of her enticements: "Imagine anything you want. And we will do it." Barbosa didn't resist long.

The first chapter of the *novela* shot at England's Southampton harbor aboard the SS Shieldhall used 300 European extras and cost \$700 thousand. The story starts in 1896 and ends on present-day Brazil. The first part should take around 100 chapters.

Terra Nostra is a love story. Young Giuliana (gorgeous Ana Paula Arósio) and Matheu (Thiago Lacerda) board a ship in Italy bound for São Paulo. They meet during the trip, fall in love, but lose each other after arriving in Brazil. Matheu ends up at Gumerindo's (Antônio Fagundes) coffee plantation where the owner is a wicked tyrant. Giuliana goes to work with industrialist Francesco (Raul Cortez). But as in any *novela*, there are many, many more plots, all occurring at the same time.

Ana Paula Arósio, 23, the heroine of *Terra Nostra*, thanks to the new soap, has just entered the very exclusive club of TV's big stars in Brazil. She is not new to the glamorous world of models and celebrities, though. Her serene beauty has been shown in more than 250 magazine covers, most of them before she became a household name. She first drew national attention by appearing in early 1998 as a prostitute in *Hilda Furacão*, a Globo miniseries based on Roberto Drummond's book of same name. It is the real-life story of an upper middle-class housewife from Belo Horizonte, capital of Minas Gerais, who became a prostitute.

Italy Is Here

Thanks to the *novela*, everything Italian has become fashionable in Brazil and it is now common for people to intersperse their conversation with Italian tidbits like *amore mio*, *ecco*, *andiamo*, *va bene*, and *caspiata*, plus the expansive gesturing attributed to Italians. Italian music has been selling much more, people are paying more attention to Italian food, and schools of Italian language are getting more students than ever.

São Paulo, Brazil's most important and cosmopolitan city, has today the third biggest Italian colony in the world (only Buenos Aires and New York are bigger). That's because between 1870 and 1920 around 1.5 million Italian immigrants moved to Brazil, 70 percent of them to São Paulo state. They went to Brazil drawn by the need for workers by the São Paulo coffee farmers, who had to replace the slaves freed in 1888. Since 1850, the traffic of black slaves had been prohibited and starting in 1871 children born from slaves were born free.

Italians were lured by an army of 20,000 Brazilian agents selling to poor Italians the false dream of working for a little and then becoming prosperous farmers. Very few made it big. One of them was Francesco Matarazzo, who arrived in Brazil in 1881, at age 27, and built an empire—today immersed in debts—comprising 365 companies and employing 30,000 people. The Matarazzo group in the 1970s was in the top 500 world corporations. *Terra Nostra* pays homage to Matarazzo through Francesco Magliano (interpreted by Raul Cortez), a main character



inspired by Francesco Matarazzo.

Terra Nostra has become more than a hit *novela*. It is also a line of products. Together with all the new characters, Globo also launched through licensing a series of *Terra Nostra* goodies, including wines, tomato pastes and sauces. It is not the first time that the media levitates—other past *novelas* like *Tropicaliente* and *O Rei do Gado* also introduced new products to the market—but, *Terra Nostra* has brought this concept to a new level of sophistication.

Coming Attractions

Laços de Família (Family Ties), the Globo *novela* that will replace *Terra Nostra*, is scheduled to premiere only on June 5, but newspapers and magazines are already talking about it and discussing its social implications, because soap operas in Brazil are not just entertainment and escapism. They can also be a platform for social reform and an over-the-air classroom. Manoel Carlos, the author of the coming *novela*, in a recent interview suggested that his story should be called *Laços de Família 6* because he believes that the last six *novelas* he wrote deal with the same theme: the intricate world of family relationships.

As many other soaps on Brazilian TV, *Laços* will deal with a new polemic subject. Is it morally right to conceive a child to save the life of another child, is the main question raised. Manoel Carlos wanted to approach this issue since reading about news stories in the US and elsewhere about kids who were conceived to serve as donors to a sibling. The author will still develop other controversial themes like the single mother who becomes a prostitute to put her son through school.

The main plot will revolve around Helena, whose daughter Camila, after marrying, develops leukemia and needs a bone marrow transplant. Helena will be interpreted by 48-year-old movie actress Vera Fischer, a temperamental and talented blonde beauty, who first became famous by being elected Miss Brazil in 1969 and who was just featured in the Brazilian *Playboy* cover as the muse of the new millennium.

Laços de Família is not a straight forward story. Camila gets married to Edu, just the young doctor with whom Helena also fell in love. When Helena decides to have another kid with Pedro, the father of Camila, hoping to save the daughter who can't find a suitable donor for a transplant, she is about to marry Miguel. To complicate matters, Pedro is already married and has no idea that Camila is his daughter.

The *novela*, as many others in the past, will also be the launching pad for more than a pretty face trying to start an acting career. This time, at least two models will have a chance: Reinaldo Gianecchini and Paulo Zulu. International and high-class, *Laços de Família*, to be directed by Ricardo Waddington and Moacyr Góes will have scenes shot in England and Japan. Shooting starts in March.

Manoel Carlos expects to have written 30 chapters of *Laços* by the time the show premieres. "I hope to give the public good entertainment and to transmit the feeling of solidarity, something that touches me deeply," said the author.

The media has also been talking about even more remote *novelas*, like the one writer Glória Perez is preparing for 2001. Perez is planning a trip to the United States and Egypt this March. She intends to interview people and gather information for two polemic subjects she wants to discuss: the Islamic world and cloning. She says, "I am going to talk about the Muslim man and his submission to God and traditions. I also want to talk about men who want to act like God creating another human being. I want to raise all the ethical questions of the theme."



The *novela* is not a Globo and not even a Brazilian invention. TV was introduced in Brazil in 1950, but *novelas* became a daily event only in 1963, after the ad-

vent of the videotape, with *2-5499 Ocupado*. The show starred Tarcísio Meira and his wife Glória Menezes, both still very active, both still married to each other. It was shown at defunct Excelsior network.

In 1964, with *O Direito de Nascer* (The Right to Be Born) from Tupi network—another extinct media outlet—the *novela* became a national phenomenon and a habit. This first soap and many more that followed were heavily influenced by radio melodrama and the style of Cuban writer Glória Magadan.

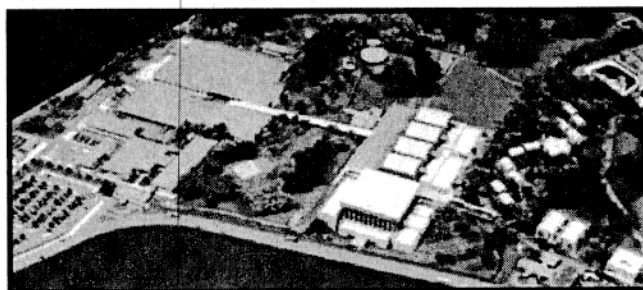
It was with *Beto Rockfeller* (1968, on TV Tupi), a funny, modern revolutionary text dealing with everyday situations that the *novelas* got its Brazilian face. Only in 1970 with *Irmãos Coragem* (Courage Brothers) Globo would start in the genre. That soap also confirmed the position of late writer Janete Clair as the queen of *telenovelas*. In 1973, with *O Bem-Amado* (The Well-Beloved), on Globo TV—the first *novela* in color—the genre would get much closer to a work of art as a movie or a play.

Globo Empire

The first images of Globo were transmitted at 11 AM on April 26, 1965. Nothing fancy. It was then a single station, Rio de Janeiro's channel 4. By 1972, Globo had already acquired stations in São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, Brasília, and Recife. Color would arrive in 1972. Today, Globo Network comprises 113 stations whose image reaches 99.84 percent of the 5043 Brazilian municipalities.

According to data from Globo posted on the Internet (<http://www.redeglobo.com.br>), the network detains 74 percent of the audience on prime-time, 69 percent at nighttime, 56 percent in the morning, and 59 percent in the afternoon. In dispute with several other TV networks, including SBT, Record, CNT and Bandeirantes, Globo gets 75 percent of all the advertising money spent on TV in Brazil.

The most traditional Brazilian daily TV news show, Globo's *Jornal Nacional*, premiered on September 1, 1969. After being broadcast for 31 years, the 30-minute program is fighting today to raise its audience—still a hefty 42 points, with a 65 percent share of the TV public—that has been sagging even though it continues well ahead of the competition. Today the program



seems to have escaped the stigma of being partial to the government, something more evident during the military dictatorship (1964-1985).

Even after censorship was eliminated by 1977, the *Jornal Nacional* continued to distort reality in favor of the military dictatorship. One of the most flagrant cases was the initial refusal of the program in 1984 to talk about a campaign for direct elections for the presidency called Diretas-Já (Direct Elections Now). Globo only started covering the subject with some impartiality when it became clear that the military regime was on its last leg.

With the end of the dictatorship, Globo TV network became even more powerful in modeling public opinion. It's not uncommon to call king-maker 95-year-old Roberto Marinho, owner of Globo, the owner of Brazil too. The backing of Marinho and Globo led by its main *Jornal Nacional* was instrumental in the defeat of the socialist candidate Luis Inácio Lula da Silva from the Workers' Party and the election of Fernando Collor de Mello. In the second debate between Collor and Lula, in 1989, the encounter was edited in a way that many experts believe constituted a manipulation of the political process in favor of Collor.

Once again, when the Collor administration went sour and people started going to the streets to demand the president's impeachment, the *Jornal Nacional* took a long time to react. Globo always gave bigger emphasis to the official version avoiding to link Collor to corruption when the rest of the media had already plenty of proof of this connection.

In 1994, during the following presidential campaign, many people again questioned the fairness of the reports coming from *Jornal Nacional*. Former minister of economy Fernando Henrique Cardoso, who ended up being elected president, was heavily favored by Globo. A better balance only was achieved later, forced in part at least by legislation requiring equal time and treatment for all sides.

Jornal Nacional was the first show on Brazilian TV to be broadcast nationally. Today, there is a team of 400 people across the country and the world to help put together the daily 70 hours of tapes that are edited and made into the 20 minutes or so of news. The news show starts at 8:15 PM and traditionally is sandwiched between two *novelas*. Nowadays it's preceded by *Vila Madalena* and followed by *Terra Nostra*.

For reading the news—the concept of an anchorman only recently was incorporated into Brazilian TV—for more than 25 years since the first *Jornal Nacional* aired, good-looking, mellow-voiced Cid Moreira has guaranteed a place in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the person with the longest continuous time heading a news show. Moreira was put aside and confined to read rare editorials in 1996, during a complete revamp of the show. Today the program is presented by the journalist couple William Bonner and Fátima Guedes, who not only read the news but also help writing and editing it.

A 30-second ad during the *Jornal Nacional* costs \$70,000, that is the costliest time on Brazilian TV. For many Brazilians, the *Jornal Nacional* is their only source of news. Due to its visibility, any slippage gets ample repercussion. That's what happened in 1998 when the *Jornal* dedicated ten minutes to report the birth of Sasha, Xuxa's first daughter. Xuxa, the popular kids program host, is a Globo employee. The hard news headlines, about the largest privatization effort in the country, got less than half that time. The next day, newspapers editorialized about transforming news in mere entertainment and lambasted Globo for its emphasis on gossip instead of hard news.

While the *Jornal Nacional* was watched by 60 percent of the residences with a TV set in the '80s, by 1993 this number had already fallen to 50 percent. Today the main news show of the Brazilian TV is seen by 41 million people a day, which makes it still Brazil's leading news show. The best efforts of the competition never had more than 20 percent of the audience.

Seeing Stars

Rich and powerful to the point of arrogance, when it cannot beat the competition, Globo simply buys it. It has happened time and again. Just last year, the TV powerhouse that is also known as Platinum Venus, went into a shopping spree taking from the competing networks its brightest stars. It bought Jô Soares, who had a very successful interview show on SBT (Sistema Brasileiro de Televisão), plus Sérgio Groisman, Ana Maria Braga, and Luciano Huck, all with programs that shook Globo's leadership. And the network also bought Cazé, the best show host of MTV Brazil.

Some of the acquisitions may never get their own program. Globo is not worried about that though. As old Hollywood, Globo has always maintained a cast of the best national actors under an exclusivity contract that does not allow them to work for the competition. The network pays to maintain these stars inactive for months or even years only to make sure they will not show up on any other channel.

Comedian Dercy Gonçalves recently left the network to star a program at SBT, grumbling that for years she was maintained under contract but was not allowed to work. Officially, her humor does not meet Globo's quality standard, even though successful humor shows in the network, like *Sai de Baixo* (Get Off from Under Me), appeals to the same scatological, bigoted and foulmouthed type of comedy used by Dercy.

It's natural that leading ladies and leading men from Globo's *novelas* have similar status as Hollywood stars on the population's—mostly the youngsters'—imagination. The latest creation of this Rio's myth factory is Thiago Lacerda, 22, the actor who plays Matheu in *Terra Nostra*. The hysteria of fans—generally 15-to-20-year-old girls—leads Lacerda to use the help of police and firefighters, who at times give him a lift to escape the fans' enthusiasm. Since *Terra Nostra* started, Lacerda has already acted in more than 20 commercials and he gets more invitations to participate—for a fee naturally—in pageants and balls than he can handle.

Indian Help

Always trying to hold to a kind of monopoly if not of the Brazilian TV, at least of the audience's top spot in all of its shows, Globo has created what it calls the microseries. It's a story in chapters, but less lengthy than the more traditional miniseries. One such microseries is *A Invenção do Brasil*, a tribute to the 500 years of Brazil. The show is the tale of Itaparica, a Tupinambá chief, interpreted by Tonico Pereira, living in the Brazilian coast when the Portuguese arrive in the country in 1500.

Far from the image of the good savage, Itaparica is a profiteer who is ready to sell everything for the right price. Father of Moema (Deborah Secco) and Paraguassu (Camila Pitanga), the chief wants to hook his daughters with rich men. Borrowing from history books, Paraguassu marries Diogo Álvares Correia who was named Caramuru (son of the thunder) by the Tupinambá Indians, when he made to the shore after a shipwreck.

A Muralha (The Big Wall) miniseries, which premiered on January 4, is using real Indians as extras. They will not only help the scenes look more authentic, they are teaching the actors to be better Indians. Actress Maria Maya, 18, for example, spent close to three weeks in Rio's Tijuca Forest practicing for her Moatira role. During this time she learned how to fish and how to say the basic words to survive in the jungle, all in Tupi language, naturally.

She took her role so seriously that when a real Indian, who was helping her, took her clothes off in front a group of tourists she did the same. "That was great," he commented later, "because people thought that I was also an Indian." And added: "Nudity is the Indians' soul." Maya also tanned her body arti-

ficially, shaved her eyebrows, and was naked in almost every scene she appeared on.

Maya talks with special tenderness about the sex scenes between Moatira and father Miguel, a man of God who had come to catechize the Indians. "Both seem like two kids having sex. And for Moatira, a priest is something that does not exist, he is just a man like any other.

With *A Muralha* Globo started the celebrations to commemorate the 500 years of Brazil. Although the saga based on a novel by Dinah Silveira de Queiroz about the colonization of Brazil during the 18th century is being called a miniseries, it should last 49 chapters. In the adaptation by Maria Adelaide do Amaral, the story was sent back one century and some new characters were created, like Dom Jerônimo Taveira, an inquisitor, interpreted by Tarcisio Meira.

Meira, is the eternal leading man of Brazilian soap. And he is taking as a gift the fact that to celebrate his 40 years on TV, for the first time he will be playing a villain. The \$7-million serial seems to be paying off. *A Muralha* premiered with 44 points in the Ibope when Globo was not expecting more than 25. Among all the other shows only *Terra Nostra*, the house's main *novela*, does this kind of business.

Daniel Filho, director of Central Globo de Criação (Globo Central of Creation) believes that to make a *novela* is less risky than a miniseries like *A Muralha*: "We have it all shot. If the public doesn't like it, there is no way to fix it. The long *novela* though can be altered according to the public's preference.

New Routes

Marluce Dias da Silva, Globo's executive superintendent, showed advertisers meeting in São Paulo what her network has in store for them. Using a chapter of the *Suave Veneno* (Mild Poison) *novela* as an example, da Silva demonstrated how a person can click on an icon during the show, opening a window with information on the characters and the plot, but also options to buy what's being shown on the screen.

A click on the item "purchase" opens new windows revealing prices of clothes and accessories shown in the scene. Want to buy? There's nothing else to do, besides clicking "yes". At this phase, credit information and address will already be stored at Globo's main computer.

Da Silva, the strong woman at Globo and the real boss on the day-to-day functioning of the network, believes that Globo should invest in popular programs that have quality. For decades now, Globo has cultivated its self-proclaimed "Globo standard of quality." Defending Globo against those who accuse the network of lowering its level with the hiring of presenters who had made success elsewhere with prurient or camp shows, Marluce says that she is inspired by the author of *Hamlet*: "History has shown that only this kind of shows can be lasting. I usually take Shakespeare as a model." Uniting popular and quality can be tricky, she admits, adding: "We also need to work with the surprise factor, with enchantment."

Globo's executive superintendent seems to be well aware of her responsibility. After having read that 38 million Coca-Cola bottles are taken every day in the world she found out that some soap operas produced by Globo are seen daily by 130 million people around the world, from China and Russia to the

United States. Marluce has assumed the command of Globo at the end of 1997 substituting José Bonifácio de Oliveira Sobrinho, better known as Boni, who is credited with the exceptional growth of the network and its so-called Globo standard of quality.

The superintendent and the network's directors haven't been sleeping that well for several months now, worried about the low rates of *novelas*. *Andando nas Nuvens* (Walking on Clouds), a recent *novela*, was supposed to get a 55 rate from Ibope (the Brazilian Nielsen) but averaged only 39. And the *novela* had been introduced to fight a decline in ratings. For Dênis Carvalho, the director of the *novela*, the main explanation is the country's situation with record unemployment and little hope of things getting better soon: "People are more interested in watching programs showing scenes of robberies and kidnappings than the romanticism with humor of my *novela*."

Andando nas Nuvens was a glamorization of Rio, whose image has been tattered in recent years by news of crimes and street kids. For starters, most of the characters lived or worked in the Urca neighborhood, one of the few areas in Rio where there is still plenty of green and where old houses have been preserved.

Globo has just premiered *Esplendor* (Splendor), a new soap. The show is being called summer *novela*. This has nothing to do with the content though, but with the format. The idea is to produce a short *novela*, with 72 chapters, instead of the standard 200 or more chapters that sometimes seem to drag on forever. *Esplendor* replaces *Força de um Desejo* (Might of a Desire), a well-written story that didn't please the public. Globo wanted it to get 35 Ibope points (roughly 35 million viewers), but it was getting around 24, even less than its predecessor at the same time slot, which was getting 28 points.

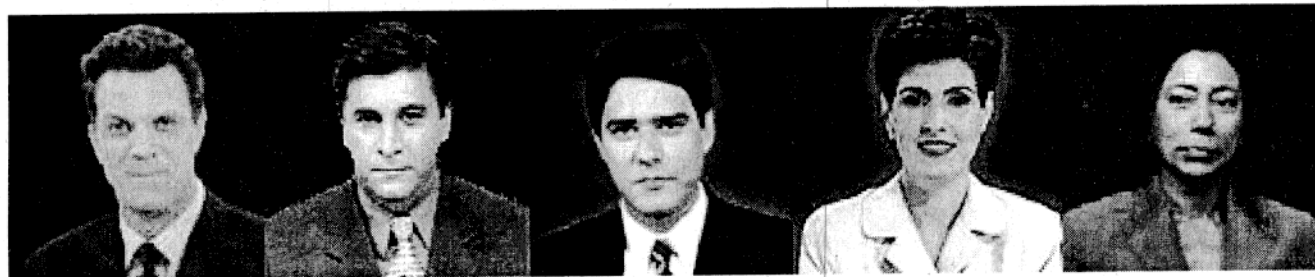
The first and only TV show on the years-long Yankee soap-opera style is Globo's *Malhação* (Working Out). The program has been aired since April 22, 1995. The idea is to show the adventures and development of a group of teens. The afternoon show has already had its share of controversy. *Malhação* was not even one month on the air when a judge fined the network for showing a 12-year old (Bruno de Lucca) in heavy petting with actress Juliana Martins.

More than a dozen directors and some 500 actors have already passed through the exercise academy. The show was live for sometime with people participating through the program homepage (<http://www.malhacao.com.br>) and during three years the soap used to develop a plot that would last five days and bring several guests.

The Good and the Ugly

Globo's standard of quality has its own fair share of mondo cane. The decades-old prime-time Sunday variety show *Fantástico*, for example, mixes shamelessly, breaking news, music clips, 60-minute-style accusatory pieces and plain exploitation stuff. These ingredients have made the program an unbeatable winner at its time slot. Having premiered on August 5, 1973, the *Fantástico*, also known as "Life's Show", still commands 32 points and a 46 percent share of TV sets turned on Sunday nights.

Globo has always been strong in humoristic programs. In the wake of the very successful *Casseta & Planeta: Urgente!*



show, the broadcasting powerhouse is preparing a similar program made only by women. Their authors are well known due to *Grelo Falante*, a national humor magazine they edit. The risqué title of the publication plays with Grilo Falante (Talking Cricket, the way Walt Disney's Jiminy Cricket is known in Brazil) and the word *grelo*, which is slang for clitoris.

The *Grelo Falante* girls have already made some pilots of their ambiguously-named show, *Garotas de Programa* (Show Girls or Call Girls) but they are looking for a program with a rhythm that pleases Globo's brass. While *Casseta & Planeta* provokes plenty of laughs with its extremely politically incorrect show, its female counterparts still have to prove they can be funny over the airwaves. They are supposed to create their own territory, making fun of behavioral foibles and not invade Casseta's turf, which has used the so-called "lie journalism".

If everything works out, the *Grelo Falante* troupe will get a weekly show to follow the best watched program of Globo, the 8:55 PM *novela*. The *Grelo Falante* magazine was created two years ago by screenwriter Cláudia Vale with the help of Lucília de Assis, Cláudia Fontoura, Susana Abranches e Carmem Fronzel. The satiric magazine lampoons mainly women's publications and its diet of pieces to catch and keep men.

The Brazilian Constitution ratified in 1988, the country's seventh and latest charter, establishes in chapter 5, article 221, that TV broadcasters should respect ethical values, promote national and regional cultures, and give preference to educational, artistic, cultural, and informative programs. A federal decree from 1963 and still in force also determines that TV stations, a concession from the state, dedicate at least five hours weekly to educational programs.

A recent study, however, shows that these determinations are being heeded only by the educative channels. Most of the channels dedicate less than one hour a week to educational programs. An analysis of the programming show that the airwaves are filled mostly by entertainment shows, which take 18.4 percent of the time. Informative programs come in second, with 13.8 percent of the time, followed by films (10.6 percent), religious shows (8.2 percent), *novelas* and miniseries (7.3 percent), cartoons (7.1 percent), children shows (5.6 percent), sports (3.9 percent), and cultural programs (3.5 percent).

Show Goes On

For the ninth year in a row, Valéria Valenssa, has taken all her clothes off and dressed herself only in colorful paint stripes, to symbolize Carnaval at Globo and in great part Carnaval in Brazil. Naked and sambaing, she becomes then the nationally acclaimed Globeleza. Valenssa appears in mini promos spread throughout Globo's daily schedule swinging her vibrant nudity.

Hans Donner, the man in charge of special effects at Globo and the creator of Globeleza, loved his creation so much that he married her. Valenssa this year is also paying a tribute to the 500th anniversary of the Discovery of Brazil. The scene starts with the camera focused in her eyes where you can see a reflection of the arrival of the Portuguese tall ships. In the spots she appears with Indian paintings in the beginning and transforms herself in the end into a woman of the future.

After turning American Mr. M—an unknown in the US—into a household name in Brazil, *Fantástico*, Globo's Sunday variety show, is now promoting a priest, Oscar González Quevedo. Mr. M had given himself the unsavory mission of revealing how magicians' tricks are performed. Padre Quevedo, a 69-year old Spanish Jesuit, who has not lost his thick accent after 41 years in Brazil, also adopted a mission: unmask all those who claim to have paranormal or supernatural powers. Quevedo is the founder of CLAP (Centro Latino-Americano de Parapsicologia—Latin

American Center of Parapsychology).

"I am going to unmask the so-called paranormal frauds," the parapsychologist priest promises. His antics are drawing millions of viewers to Globo from 10:35 PM to 10:45, the time he appears on the screen. But he has also been lambasted by some critics for dealing with patent bogus cases like the one of an illiterate man who claimed to be possessed by the devil. In his first show Quevedo showed that broken lamps and glasses in a residence were not caused by spirits but by a woman who lived in the house and was able to trick everybody.

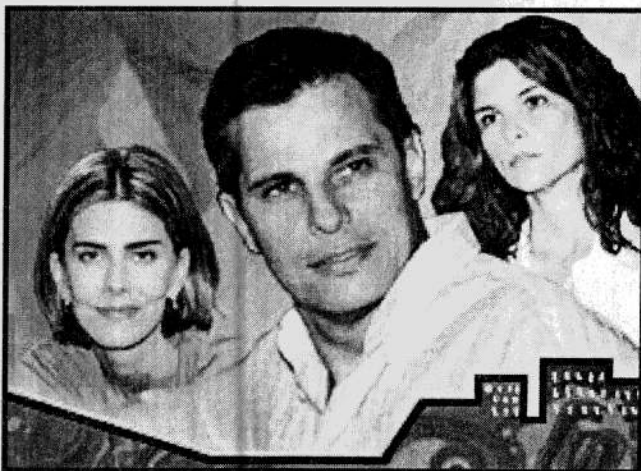
After *novela Terra Nostra* and the perennial market leader *Jornal Nacional*, the third most watched TV program in Brazil is *Linha Direta* (Direct Line), another Globo offering. The weekly show airs on Thursdays around 10 PM. In Brazil, most TV shows don't have a precise time, just an approximate one, which allows programmers to stretch or shorten the show depending on data from instant Ibope (Brazilian Nielsen) ratings from that network and the competition alike.

Linha Direta, with its mix of journalism and fiction, has been on the air since May 1999. It started as a response to more popular shows, like *Ratinho* on SBT, threatening Globo total dominance of the airwaves. Even the same ingredients are used: violence, police raids, and reconstitution of crime scenes. The show has been severely criticized for showing blood and bodies with bullets and knife perforations. Today the dose of realism has been lowered to more palatable levels.

Linha Direta is getting first-rate treatment, including a budget of \$150,000 per show, more than double of the average price of a *novela* episode. In addition to the presentation of events that might include car crashes, car chases and explosions, the program includes comments by psychoanalysts, sociologists and other experts. Viewer participation is big, with 20,000 of them calling every week with denunciations and suggestions for topics. Thanks to this, dozens of criminals have already been jailed and two were killed in an ambush prepared by the police.

Globo might sometimes push the envelope, but not too much. Ten years ago, the *novela Vale Tudo* introduced Laís and Cecília, a couple of lesbians. The character didn't please the audience and soon Cecília was killed. Then again Leila and Rafaela appeared as lesbians in *Torre de Babel*. The public didn't like it and the *novela* author killed both of them when a shopping mall exploded.

Since the appearance of Xuxa in 1986—she still has a weekly show on the weekend—children programs on commercial TV seem to resume themselves to a sexy pretty young blonde playing and singing with the kids. *Angel Mix* on Globo, with blonde Angélica, is just the latest reincarnation of that type of show, which seems to be on its last leg.



Despite being leader of audience in the morning, Globo is not happy with the ratings Angel Mix are bringing. They fluctuate between 8 and 11 points. "Children evolved," says Roberto Oliveira, special projects director. "They demand more and are less passive. We need programs that match this new reality". "Globo TV has been imitated a lot. Everything became the same. We have to find a new personality," adds Ulysses Cruz, artistic coordinator for children's programs.

Along these lines, the sexy image of Angélica has been toned down. She has been wearing more long pants and less skimpy shorts. Themes like ecology will be presented and there is even a promise to bring more racial balance to these shows where Brazil appears as a European country where many people are blond with blue eyes when the reality is a nation in which half of its population is black.

Globo has been using the term edutainment for the new kids' shows they are planning. Until the end of the year the TV network intends to create five new shows in this area, including *A Turma da Mônica* (Monica's Gang) based on the popular cartoon characters created by Brazilian Maurício de Souza. *A Turma da Mônica* intends to introduce a series of new black characters to mingle with the famous white one like Mônica herself, Magali, Cebolinha, Cascão, Franjinha, and Chico Bento. Today, the only black character in that comic strip is Pelezinho.

Also being planned and a new version of *Sítio do Pica-pau Amarelo* (Yellow Woodpecker's Ranch), based on a classic child story by Monteiro Lobato—Brazil's most loved child author—with famous characters Narizinho, Pedrinho, Emília, Dona Benta, Tia Anastácia, and Visconde de Sabugosa.

On Your TV

Since the beginning of September people in the US can follow in real time everything Globo network shows in Brazil. Almost

everything, since some movies and a few foreign productions could not be included in the package due to copyright. According to Globo, the launching of TV Globo Internacional was a big success, exceeding all expectations.

As pointed by Orlando Marques, director of Globo's International Division, "To reach 5,000 subscriber, it took BBC, for example, three months." In comparison, in two weeks, Globo had already signed up 5,780 people. The monthly subscription costs \$19.99. The service is offered by Kelly Broadcasting Systems. After 100 days in the air, there were already 10,000 subscribers.

While official numbers talk about 600,000 Brazilians living in the US, Globo believes that the real number—when undocumented Brazilians are included—might reach 1.2 million people. Other estimates suggest that the Brazilian population here is close to 3 million. For years Brazilians interested in following what was happening on TV Globo used to buy or rent tapes that were made in Brazil and marketed in New York. That could cost \$30 or more a month.

Globo TV is just the most visible face of the Globo empire that among other assets has radio stations, daily newspapers (*O Globo*, *Extra*), a weekly magazine with almost 1 million copies (*Época*) besides several other general interest publication, a cable service (Globosat), a record company (Som Livre). The company has also plans to produce up to six films a year through the just-created Globo Filmes.

Globo is even building its own Disneyland, it's the Globopark that will be developed in Rio in conjunction with the state of Rio de Janeiro. The theme park, which should open its gates in 2003, is a \$250 million project with capacity to receive 25,000 people a day. Its seven thematic areas will be inspired by Globo's show, including humor, children and news shows. The most popular *novelas*, like *Roque Santeiro* and *Selva de Pedra*, will have a special place, naturally.

COPACABANA TRAVEL

E-mail: rio2000@earthlink.net



THE BEST PRICES TO BRASIL

SÃO PAULO

\$390.00 - Ida

RIO

\$560.00

Ida e Volta

LIGAÇÃO GRÁTIS

1-800-471-6333

DR GEORGIA MARIA FERREIRA

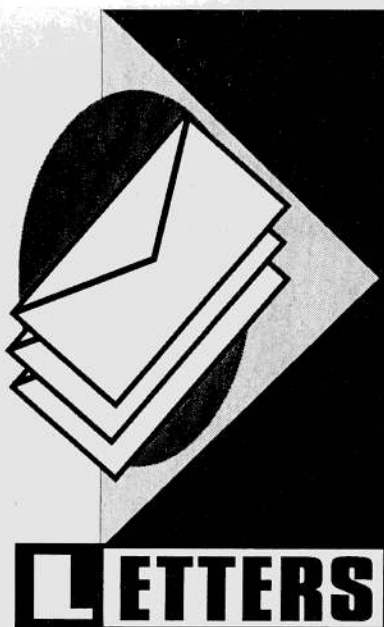
DDS

FORMADA PELO BRASIL
E PELA NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

FREE
ORAL EXAM AND
ORAL CANCER SCREENING

CLÍNICA GERAL
ADULTOS E CRIANÇAS
ODONTOLOGIA COSMÉTICA,
IMPLANTES, CLAREAMENTO

14100 VICTORY BLVD
VAN NUYS, CA 91401
(818) 908-9199



You are invited to participate in this dialogue.
Write to: Letters to the Publisher
P.O. Box 50536
Los Angeles, CA 90050-0536
or send E-mail to:
brazzil@brazzil.com

DESERVED SLAP

I am a black American woman who happens to be very light skinned. My father has an African and indigenous background, and my mother is Okinawan Japanese. Many Brazilians also share this background. I think that racism is as much as a problem in America as it is in Brazil. My experience hasn't been with obvious racism. Whites think of me as exotic, and trendy while other blacks resent my paleness and are rather unfriendly. In any case, my skin color is always an issue.

I was shocked by the mother in the article ("Black Hole," November 1999) who claimed that she wanted to purify the family blood line. That was when I was forced to confront my own issues of racism. Whenever I pictured myself marrying, it was never with a dark black man, it was always someone at least as pale as myself. I won't even walk out of the house without applying sunscreen, as if to protect my precious pale skin. I had always denied my own prejudices, so this article was like a slap in the face. Thank you for that. I deserved it.

Mia Hunter
in Colorado

SHAKEN MYTH

I have read your article concerning the racial democracy myth. It was a fascinating read. I am a Black British male who like many others (black or white) living in Britain have always been given the impression that Brazil was the one through racial melting pot in the world. I have sometimes suspected this not to be the case or even being too good to be true.

For example, I remember a friend of mine who came back from the Carnival in Brazil last year and showed me a video he bought of the event. I remember thinking: where were all the black people? My friend told me that there were blacks everywhere at the Carnival. It seemed that the video was edited to such an extent as to omit the Afro-Brazilians. This I found disturbing.

It's quite ironic that in Britain—and pretty much the rest of Europe—when one thinks of Brazil, the first impressions that come to mind are the joyous Carnivals that seem to be celebrating racial harmony and Pelé, one of the great icons of the century. I have always been drawn to Brazil as a land of exotic splendor, but I feel that like in most societies in the world once you scratch beneath the surface you need to brace yourself for certain eventualities that are not always pleasant.

It's ironic to see that the multiracial heritage—African

being a fundamental ingredient—that infuses Brazil with its worldwide reputation is the very thing that has been seen as a "stigma" and is swept under the carpet like an ugly stain.

Ike Ikwuemesi
Great Britain

WHERE ARE THE BLACKS

I am not surprised by Kathleen Bond's "Black Hole" article. I visited Salvador da Bahia and Rio de Janeiro in June 1998 with a group of about 60 Afro-Americans. We were in Salvador da Bahia for four days and in Rio for seven days. Even during such a short visit in Salvador, we were surprised to note how the blacks in that city were marginalized. We did not see blacks occupying other than jobs in the lower level of the service industries, i.e., waiters, bellboys, and restaurant workers.

During our stay at the Bahia Othon Hotel, we observed a large conference being conducted there of many professionals (I forget which field) and saw no blacks in attendance. There was probably only one or two people of mixed heritage. All of the street children were either black or mixed, none white. All of the restaurants and other businesses we visited were owned by whites with blacks or mixed persons as employees in lower level occupations. In Rio, we saw even fewer blacks as employees, even in lower level jobs. One wonders how blacks manage to even subsist in Brazil.

Via Internet

HAVING A DREAM

Here's my check for a two-year renewal of my subscription to *Brazzil*. I hope this is in time for the next issue. I can't go even one month without *Brazzil*. I'm so impressed by the variety of articles, especially ones on racial issues. I've always been interested in Brazilian society regarding race. After all, Brazil has the same racial heritage as the US with indigenous, European and African peoples.

It's fascinating how both societies have developed with the same racial ingredients. There are many similarities yet there are also distinct differences. Both good and bad. There's a lot that both countries can learn from each other. If we could take the best from both, imagine what a society that could be!

Greg Miller
San Francisco, California

THAT'LL BE THE DAY

I want to thank Brian P. Costigan for the beautiful letter, which he wrote about the Brazilian people. I am a Brazilian and I feel the same way, but I will admit, he expressed it better than I could. This is why life is so hard for me here. I miss my family and close friends very much. I miss all the get-togethers: birthdays, christenings, graduations, weddings and yes, funerals.

I miss our music, our way of life, our *jeitinho*, even the beautiful countryside where I was born. The best thing for

me now is that I am already counting the months until I can return for good. Unfortunately, I missed so much... There is so much here in the US, yet it lacks so much for me. I wish Brian the best and that all his dreams may come true. However, I have noticed that Brazilian children growing here or children of Brazilians born here become Americanized.

Geonora G. Oliveira
Fountain Valley, California

BRITISH TROPICALIA

I've just been reading Bruce Gilman's excellent article on the Tropicalia movement. I don't know if you're aware of the current interest the movement is generating in the UK: a big box set anthology has just been released to great reviews, and bands like Stereolab and the High Llamas are referring to Gil, Costa and Os Mutantes. So I was considering writing an article on the movement for a fanzine I publish, but when I read your exemplary article I realized how inadequate my knowledge was.

So I was wondering if you would consider allowing us to reprint a condensed version of the piece? I'm afraid we don't have vast amounts of money to pay for rights... it's just a small mag with a circulation of about 1000 that is read by fans of independent music in the UK, but we could fully credit the original publication and direct people towards your website. Thanks for your consideration and best wishes

Stevie Troussé
Editor, Papercuts
Great Britain

FROM THE OFF-LINE CROWD

It would be nice to have mail addresses if we want to order books, etc. We, illiterates, can't order anything. There are a lot of *cabras da peste* (like me) who don't have or don't want a computer. I'd rather go hunting or fishing than sitting all day in front of a computer. But I do like everything in your magazine.

Manuel Costa
Andrews Indiana

INFO, PLEASE

I have read some of your back issues posted on your website. The articles are interesting, well written, informative, and educational. I would like to subscribe to your magazine. Could you please tell me how much a subscription in New York would cost? In addition, could you also give me the address to where I should mail my payment?

Marjorie
New York, New York

JUST CURSING

I am a high-school student in need of info on the country of Brazil. Since your magazine is called *Brazzil* you must know something about the country

Portia Owens
Marina, California

FOR MORE LETTERS AND ENTIRE
LETTER SEE:
<http://www.brazzil.com>

Can't you find *Brazzil* at your Brazilian
consulate?
Don't ask us why, ask the consulate.

Allow 5 to 7 weeks to receive your first issue. No back issues sold. No subscriptions by phone.

Make check to *Brazzil* and mail it to:

BRAZZIL - P.O. Box 50536 - Los Angeles, CA 90050-0536

brazzil

\$3

☐ I'll take 1 year (12 issues)

☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL

For info: (323) 255-4953 E-Mail: brazzil@brazzil.com

WHY NOT SEND A GIFT TO 10, 100, EVERYONE YOU KNOW?

NO COUPON NEEDED FOR SUBSCRIBING OR RENEWING

**25¢
A COPY**

Name _____
Company _____
Address: _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____
Tel. _____ e-mail _____

SORRY, NO CREDITCARD FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Yearly rate for Canada & Mexico: \$15. All other countries: \$18 (surface mail).

BRAZZIL - JANUARY 2000

OVERSEAS MOVING SPECIALISTS

OMEGA SHIPPING (CA.), INC.

MAYFLOWER
INTERNATIONAL
AGENT

Local and Long Distance

Hawaii • Australia • U.K. • Europe • New Zealand • Far East • Middle East

**Door to Door
Service
Worldwide**

- Household Goods
- Sea & Air Shipping
- Automobiles
- Export Packing
- Free Box / Wardrobe Delivery
- Commercial Cargo
- Antiques & Fine Art
- Secure Storage
- All Risk Insurance
- Commercial Office Moving

Member of Household Goods Forwarders Association of America
Licensed by the Federal Maritime Commission

Toll Free:
1-800-521-4791

Fax:
(213) 264-1657

(213) 264-2644

Office at: 4379 Sheila, LA, CA 90023

P.U.C.T. 161457

Free, Accurate
Written Estimates

Email: info@omegashipping.com • Visit Our Web site: www.omegashipping.com

www.sendex.net

Os melhores produtos brasileiros
entregues em sua casa ou empresa.

O Boticário - Assinatura de Revistas
Produtos Alimentícios - Vídeos - Cds

Entrega GRÁTIS - Free Shipment on the NET

**YOKI - NESTLÉ
ARISCO
LACTA - GAROTO
ANTARCTICA
BAUDUCCO**

BREVE:
SOFTWARE E
LIVROS EM PORTUGUÊS
CAMISAS OFICIAIS
DE FUTEBOL
LINGERIE

PEDIDOS FOR FAX, INTERNET OU TELEFONE

SENDEX

THE BRAZILIAN E-STORE

1 (206) 524-3391

FESTIVAL

TRAVEL & TOURS

YOUR FRIENDLY TRAVEL AGENCY WITH THE BEST PRICES & SERVICE

SPECIALS FROM LAX ROUND TRIP

RIO	\$479	São Paulo	\$489
Lima	\$341	Santiago	\$539
Buenos Aires	\$629	Santa Cruz	\$799
Montevideo	\$649	Bogota	\$449
Quito	\$514	Panama	\$369
Costa Rica	\$399	Salvador	\$399
Mexico	\$239	Guadalajara	\$259

Spain/Portugal Tour (6 cities) starting at \$997

Tour Machu-Pichu starting at \$895

GREAT AIR FARES AND TOURS TO MEXICO, CENTRAL & SOUTH AMERICA,
EUROPE & IN THE US. CALL FOR OUR DIVING, GOLF AND VACATION PACKAGES.
GROUP TOUR TO MACHU-PICHU IN JUNE AND JULY 2000,
CALL FOR DETAILS

(714) 520-5551 (818) 902-5560

(800) 776-0088

SOT#2039800-40

Certain restrictions may apply. Prices subject to space, changes without prior notice.



**PIT STOP
AUTO REPAIR**

A oficina dos brasileiros na Califórnia

Mecânicos Especializados

Volkswagem - BMW - Audi - Honda - Nissan - Mazda

Auto Repair

Reparos - "smog check" - troca de óleo - revisão

Venda de Carros

A partir de \$ 1500 - revisados - três meses de garantia
de motor e transmissão - "smog check" aprovado e
licenciado pelo DMV - pagamento facilitado

Aluquel de Carros

PROMOÇÃO
Troca de óleo para
carros 4 cilindros
\$ 17.99 mais taxa

(310) 643-6666

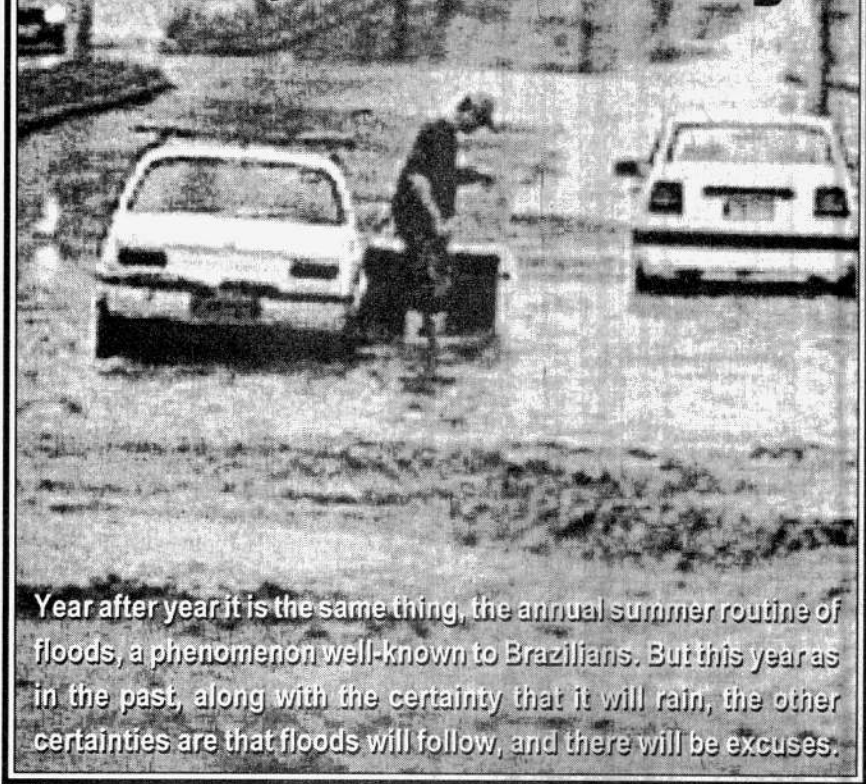
4613 B Manhattan Beach Boulevard - Lawndale - CA
www.landbrazil.com/pitstop/ - email: pitstopar@usa.net

"ILUMINE A SUA VIDA!"

- Aprenda como prosperar em todos os sentidos de sua Vida.
- Participe das Reuniões da Seicho-No-Ie em Português. Realizadas mensalmente em Long Beach, CA.

Informe-se pelo Tel: (562) 498-3238
Sra. Euzébia Nolêto

Rain, Rain Go Away



Year after year it is the same thing, the annual summer routine of floods, a phenomenon well-known to Brazilians. But this year as in the past, along with the certainty that it will rain, the other certainties are that floods will follow, and there will be excuses.

ADHEMARALTIERI

Brazil's three most populous and economically prominent states were hit hard by floods in early January. At least 34 people were killed, hundreds injured, and more than 80-thousand became homeless in the southeastern states of São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro and Minas Gerais. Heavy rain offers only a partial explanation for what happened. Decades of mismanagement, open disregard for the law, and omission by local administrations have a lot more to do with this than Mother Nature.

It rains hard in Brazil every year in January, so there's nothing unpredictable about what went on last week. For the most part, they're typical tropical storms: clouds move in quickly, there's a heavy downpour that lasts anywhere from a few minutes to an hour or so, often followed by clear skies as the front moves on. Very hot, humid days, usually indicate there will be a storm by late afternoon. Normal stuff for anyone who's been in the tropics.

This annual summer routine, well-

known to Brazilians, apparently isn't obvious enough to convince officials to produce anything resembling an adequate level of readiness. On the contrary, along with the certainty that it will rain, the other certainties are that floods will follow, and there will be excuses.

The routine includes government officials insisting they've spent millions on flood control projects, which didn't work because it just rained too hard. At that point, a weather expert is summoned, to provide data showing that a week's worth of rain came down within an hour or two. The conclusion, then, is that nothing could have prevented what happened...

Trouble is, occasional very heavy downpours are also not unusual year after year, so the fact one happens should certainly not come as a surprise, nor be used as an explanation. If chances are good that heavy rains will come, that's what administrators must prepare for. Instead, successive governments at all levels deal with the consequences and not the causes. Or work to accommodate the status quo, but seldom to change it.

How hard it rains matters less than other elements that are key to explain flooding somewhere in southern Brazil just about every year. It doesn't require an urban development degree to notice, for example, that there are serious problems with the way urban areas in Brazil are put together. And this country's largest metropolitan area and one of the world's largest cities—São Paulo—is a perfect example.

Three major rivers fed by smaller streams and creeks cut the city, and all have construction or roads right up to their margins. In other words, their flood plains are fully and densely occupied, which is tantamount to asking to be under water. Sure enough, the same neighborhoods and stretches of riverside freeway are affected every year when the rainy season arrives. Why are these areas occupied, in an obvious defiance of common sense? Because as recent municipal corruption episodes in São Paulo have made abundantly clear, developers and individuals have done just about anything they wanted in this city over the years, provided there was a big enough payoff to a city official.

Decades of this have even contributed to the city's appearance and social layout: better neighborhoods higher up and out of flood water range, low income down a bit lower, and slums often alongside rivers and creeks. Naturally, when there's a flood, the poorest are first to be hit. And it's easy to spot areas where floods happen every year. There are homes built with doors higher than ground level—the height flood waters usually reach—, properties with walls around them and stairways to get over the wall—again, to keep the inside dry—, and homes with rubber seals around gates, doors and windows.

In extreme cases, there are homes with special "floodrooms", put together every year during the rainy season, with all furniture either suspended from the ceiling or supported on ladders and scaffolding so the flood water can come in and out and not damage the contents. There are also properties where owners have installed pumps to remove the flood water.

Moving people elsewhere is pretty well out of the question—improper land occupation is now far too big a problem in the city. There are no estimates of how many people live in flood-prone areas, but here's an indication: state government figures show that over a million people in greater São Paulo occupy lands that, by law, should be free of any urban development because there are fresh water springs underground. Building on those lands compromises the city's fresh water sup-

ply. In 1998, faced with the prospect of moving these people, or amending the law to make their homes legal, the government chose the latter—a move that many environmentalists saw as encouragement for further illegal land occupations in the future.

Faced with a situation that can hardly be changed, city administrations can only look for ways to minimize the problem. One creative solution being implemented in São Paulo involves building huge underground water reservoirs to catch the runoff before it reaches the rivers. However these reservoirs, called *piscinões*—translates into big pools—are expensive propositions, and it will be years before enough of them can be built. The other problem with *piscinões*, according to some politicians, is that they're underground: people don't see them, so they don't work as well to earn recognition and votes as, say, a new bridge or expressway...

What goes on in São Paulo can be multiplied by however many cities there are in Brazil. The trends are similar, erratic urban development and poor planning equally obvious, and corrupt practices vary little from place to place. This combination, more than any predictable summer rainfall, goes much further to explain why chaos results when just about any city, large or small, is hit by a typical January tropical storm.

What happened in one city badly affected by the rain—the upscale mountain resort town of Campos do Jordão—is most telling. A posh getaway that earns most of its revenue from tourism, the city has been suffering, on a smaller scale, from many of the problems that make São Paulo so susceptible to flooding, with one important addition: extensive illegal construction on hillsides, by both the poor with shanty towns and the upper class with luxury residences. This type of construction eliminates the vegetation that holds the soil in place, resulting in deadly mudslides. In Campos do Jordão, at least eight people died, and close to 500 homes were destroyed.

It's raining hard as I conclude this article, and it will surely continue to rain throughout January.

It is, after all, the rainy season. Surely the rains will come again next year. And unless some serious plans are made to face the problem, southern Brazilian cities will remain stuck in this annual routine of unnecessary destruction and personal loss, including the loss of lives as was the case this year. The annual excuses have become as predictable as the rain itself. Accepting them to explain away what happens is downright criminal. If Brazilians are lucky—or, if they scream for it loud enough, some of the candidates in next September's nationwide municipal elections might actually sit down and put together serious, long-term proposals to end this useless suffering.

Adhemar Altieri is a veteran with major news outlets in Brazil, Canada and the United States. He holds a Master's Degree in Journalism from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and spent ten years with CBS News reporting from Canada and Brazil. Altieri is a member of the Virtual Intelligence Community, formed by The Greenfield Consulting Group to identify future trends for Latin America. He is also the editor of InfoBrazil (<http://www.infobrazil.com>), an English-language weekly e-zine with analysis and opinions on Brazilian politics and economy. You can reach the author at editors@infobrazil.com

TOUCHDOWN FREIGHT INC. **BRAZIL CARGO SPECIALIST**

"Ship to Brazil with the company that really knows how."

BEST SERVICE + BEST RATES

AIR - IATA 01-1-9279-012
OCEAN - FMC 3853

AIR EXPORT
TO ANY AIRPORT IN BRAZIL



OCEAN EXPORT
FULL CONTAINER & DIRECT CONSOLIDATIONS
WITHOUT TRANSLOADING IN MIAMI

MUDANÇAS



FALAMOS PORTUGUÊS
CONTACT CAROLINA OR JULIET

12833 SIMMS AVE. - HAWTHORNE, CA 90250
TEL: (310) 973-7112 FAX: (310) 973-7113

E-mail: tfi@touchdownco.com



My colleagues run for their office when I arrive and the coffee area empties almost instantly. The mere sight of my Portuguese notebook has been known to give my boss palpitations. Now, I have resorted to inflicting my bad conjugations on my students.

Word Mangler

PHILIP BLAZDELL

After once having been chased across Tokyo by a slightly inebriated kimono-clad housewife who was just dying to practice her stock of English idioms on me and having had to once lock myself in my darkened office to avoid another painful verb mangling session with my oh-so-serious director I am now reveling in the opportunity to get my own back on the world and commit my own linguistic atrocities on a daily basis. My colleagues run for their office each morning when I arrive, the coffee area (the hub of all Brazilian office gossip, decision making and social activities) empties almost instantly and everyone is suddenly 'terrible busy'. The mere sight of my Portuguese notebook has been known to give my boss palpitations. I have resorted to dragging poor unsuspecting students into my office and inflicting my bad conjugations on them.

Of course, I had fully prepared for my new life in Brazil—I had a couple of lessons with a native speaker whilst living in Japan and purchased a phrase book and dictionary. I had to conclude that for once I was fully prepared. My coincidence was bolstered by a basic working knowledge of Spanish which had been earned hanging around dubious bars in Mexico City. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

Two minutes after my plane was airborne I suffered my first major dent in my confidence when I tried to order a beer and the stewardess gave me an in-flight magazine instead. I put this linguistic ineptitude down to nerves and excitement. I spent the next 26 hours with my nose in the phrase book setting stock

phrases to memory. Undeterred by the chronic jet lag, lack of sleep (and more importantly lack of beer) after the flight I was itching to try out my new linguistic prowess at Sao Paulo airport. I scanned the section dealing with customs and immigration and committed a phrase to memory. Eventually my time came to have the visa stamped into my passport, I cleared my voice, smiled my best smile and asked the harassed immigration officer:

Posso nadar aqui?—can I swim here?

I soon realized that the perils of a phrase book are two fold. Firstly you have to have some degree of common sense and linguistic ability—which is a major problem for me—and secondly when you do finally master an expression, such as

Eu tenho um visto—I have a visa

the recipient of this linguistic gem instantly thinks you are a native and invariably launches into a long and complex story about his mother in law, a goat and a small piece of cheese, leaving the bemused amateur polyglot in a daze and wishing they were back in wet England. I ditched my phrase book in the next trashcan I saw.

Little did I know that worse was to come and with the slow, and painful ascent of my Portuguese skills, life would become more and more complex. Like for example my well-meaning Brazilian friend who has somehow got his linguistic wires crossed and believes that the only way for me to understand him is for him to talk exceptionally loud to me in English—which is a novel spin on the average Englishman's idea that to get a foreigner to understand you simply shout as louder as possible till they understand. My neighbors have now politely requested that he only calls my cell phone during the hours of daylight

less he scares their kids.

Though I can claim more than one language I still hold Evelyn Waugh's tenant of 'no man who speaks more than one language can possibly express himself memorably in either' dear to my heart and live in constant fear of waking up one day and not remembering the English word for something important like beer, car keys or worse 'no, I really don't want another bottle of champagne now.' The topic of conversation amongst my learned, and patient colleagues, most mornings is whether it is best to give or receive linguistic torture.

If it is possible to excuse my mangled verbs and tortured tenses of the language of angels, then the next problem—perhaps the most fundamental one—is when everyone thinks they are speaking the same language. Someone once wrote that America and England are two countries separated by the same language. Getting a bunch of foreigners together all speaking what they innocently believe to be excellent Portuguese can lead to spectacularly hilarious results.

Meetings take on a surreal air when anything is possible; I sat in one a few weeks ago wondering why one colleague wanted a small furry animal for his experiments. My students, never liking to miss out on the fun, take this linguistic Russian roulette further—spanners become fruit, reports turn into newspapers and I just dare not ask for the key to the lab again.

But, in despite of this, or maybe perhaps I feel that my language skills—or more exactly the lack of them—make me a better person. I am now stripped down to simple thoughts and emotions. I can no longer articulate complex thoughts or emotions, and like someone trying to assemble a tricky piece of

furniture without instructions, I am often left stumbling in the dark. But, this slowing down of my thought process and the simplification of my emotions also has positive aspects. Everything becomes more considered, more thoughtful and slow, you can be sure that when I order a beer in Portuguese I really do want a beer. Additionally, in quieter moments, I kid myself that there is something endearing about a 28-year-old man whose emotional vocabulary is limited to the extremes of love or hate—my head of department is still considering how he feels about me declaring my new found love for him during a staff meeting. But, if someone could explain to me why I only need to be told a swear word once for me to remember it when I can't remember the verb conjugation I spent all day studying I would be most obliged.

And sometimes, just sometimes, I suddenly stop and find that I am actually talking Portuguese. It always strikes me as a little strange to be chatting away in a language which is not my own and expressing myself clearly, but, this is just one of the many joys I have living here in Brazil. It will be a long time coming but I look forward to the day that someone mistakes me for a Brazilian. After all, I am at heart one of life's optimists.

The author is currently living in the Northeast of Brazil where his continued linguistic failings are a source of amusement for all. He shares his life, and travels, with his multi-linguistic girlfriend who regularly juggles five languages a day at work. There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that his last language teacher fled the country.

You can reach him at philip@dem.ufc.br

KOREAN AIRLINES NEW SUPER SPECIALS

LOS ANGELES/SÃO PAULO/LOS ANGELES
ONE YEAR: FROM 686

LOS ANGELES TO SÃO PAULO
ONE WAY FROM 373

CARNAVAL

LOS ANGELES TO RIO/
SÃO PAULO/SALVADOR: 722
LOS ANGELES TO RECIFE: 722
MIAMI TO RIO/SÃO PAULO: 638
MIAMI TO SALVADOR: 638
MIAMI TO RECIFE: 638
NY TO RIO/SÃO PAULO: 638

OTHER DEPARTING CITIES AVAILABLE

*AIRPORT TAX NOT INCLUDED



(310) 202-6264
(818) 501-4426
(310) 837-2214 (FAX)

CHEVIOT HILLS TRAVEL SERVICE

1 (800) 585-8023

Sua agência brasileira em L.A.
9819 National Blvd., Ste. #1
Los Angeles, CA 90034

E-mail: lfer@aol.com

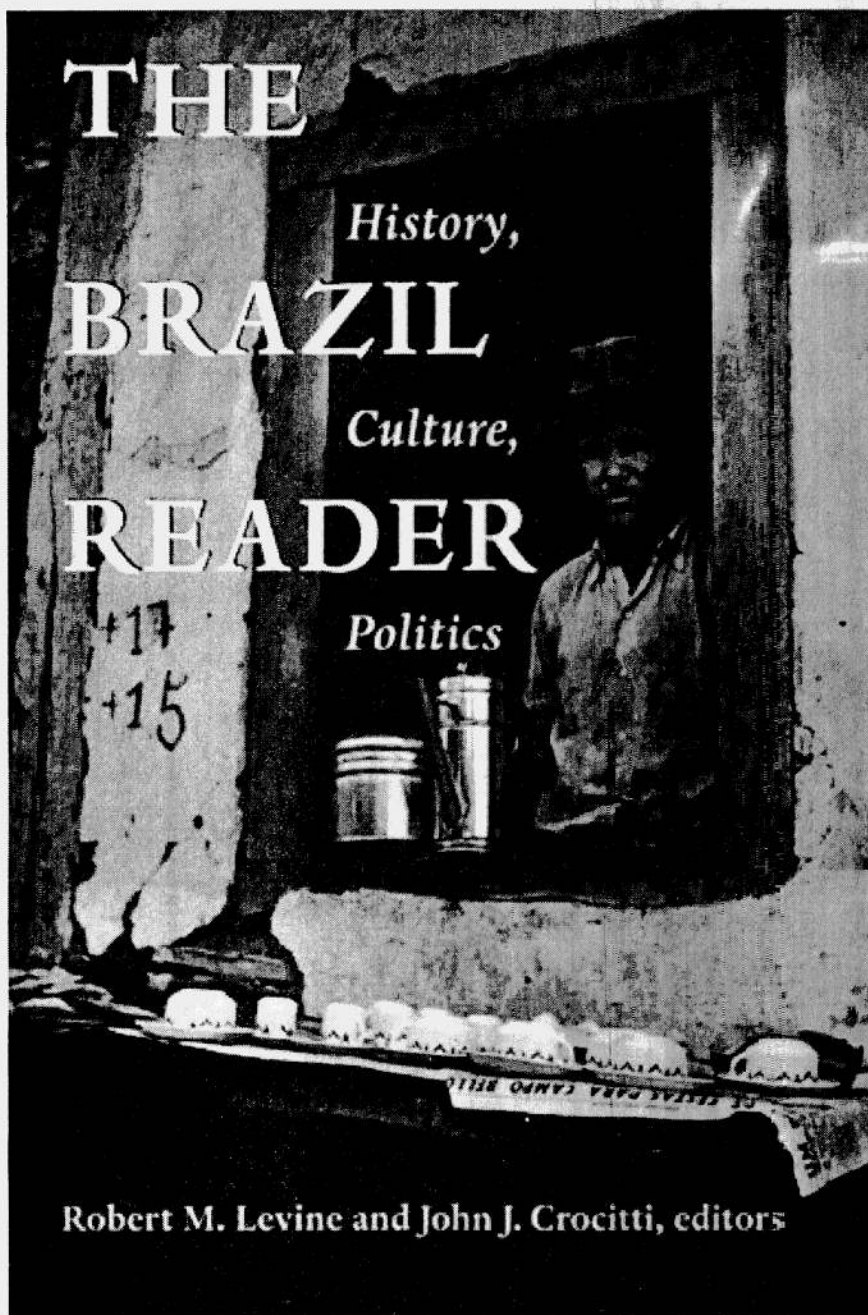
SOT # 2038129-70

DELTA

KOREAN AIR

VARIG

UNITED



Robert M. Levine and John J. Crocitti, editors

Candid Portrait

The editors of *The Brazil Reader* have chosen well. Articles, which may at first glance seem too specialized, often turn out to be quite riveting and Brazil under President Getúlio Vargas receives extensive attention.

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

"It is Brazil's singularity—and its character, self-perceptions, and transitions—that provides the central theme of *The Brazil Reader*," we are told by the book's editors, who have chosen a diverse and ultimately rich selection of articles and excerpts about Brazil from scholarly and non-scholarly sources, from diaries, journals, novels, eyewitness accounts, and even from the Internet. Photographs and art are interspersed. The result is a kaleidoscopic

portrait that provides a peek into virtually every corner of Brazilian life over the last 500 years.

Semi-chronological, the book is dived into nine categories, the early sections grouping material related to the colonization and settling of the country, its battles and quest for independence, as well as the issue of slavery and its aftermath. Considerable space is devoted to "The Vargas Era," with later headings focused on Brazil's regaining and trying to maintain democracy, the status of women, race relations, socioeconomic realities, and entertainment.

The editors have chosen well. Articles, which may at first glance seem too specialized, often turn out to be quite riveting. For example, Stanley J. Stein's "A Paraíba Plantation, 1850-1860," written in 1951, is a vivid portrait of a coffee plantation, the *fazendeiro* (landowner) and his *fazenda*. Another article looks at the unpopular, exhaustive, Paraguayan War. There's also a fascinating account by Dain Borges, "A Mirror of Progress," on the ill-fated assault of Canudos in the 1890s, which is the subject of *Rebellion in the Backlands (Os Sertões)*, the famous book by Euclides da Cunha.

Brazil under Getúlio Vargas, who ruled from 1930-1945, and then from 1950-1954, receives extensive attention. For a glimpse at how Vargas exerted his power, see Bailey W. Diffie's "Comments on the Estado Novo," and, for another angle, the piece entitled "Ordinary People: Five Lives Affected by Vargas-Era Reforms," which consists of affecting, engrossing, personal reminiscences. Ironically, since he'd been a dictator himself, Vargas's surprise suicide in 1954 may have delayed the military dictatorship (1964-1985) by ten years. The military, it seems, was poised to seize power towards the end of Vargas's rule, but relented in the wake of public opinion that, overnight, shifted from restlessness to sympathy.

As close to Africa as it is to the United States, Brazil has been influenced by African music to a far greater extent than this country. Some of us listen to King Sunny Adé, Salif Keita and Baaba Maal, but it doesn't go much further than that. Salvador, Bahia, on the other hand, has harbored and nurtured a strong African undercurrent from its earliest days. Christopher Dunn's "Tropicalism and Brazilian Popular Music under Military

Rule," highlighting such musicians as Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil, naturally, should find an audience among those who gravitate and gyrate to world music.

The section devoted to "Women's Lives" has an appeal that transcends gender, whether in the account of avant-garde artist Tarsila do Amaral or of Amazonian Indians mashing manioc into *farinha*. Under the heading of "Race and Ethnic Relations" is included some recently discovered manuscript notes for *Britita's Diary*, a book by Carolina Maria de Jesus, better known perhaps for *Child of the Dark*, her account of living in shantytown.

We may assume that poor families stick together and look after their own; what we learn is that this isn't necessarily true. Another revelation: The late Lester B. Rout, Jr., formerly with the Paul Winter Sextet, was a black musician who at one time considered moving to Brazil from the United States. What he discovered there during the 1960s, however, made him realize that the country wasn't colorblind after all, that racial segregation was lurking just under the surface.

Everyone's heard of Hector Babenco's 1981 film, *Pixote* (at the time of its release, the third most commercially successful film in Brazil behind *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* and *Bye Bye Brazil*), but many people may not have been aware of the fate of its leading actor—shot to death a few years later by the police at age 19. Robert M. Levine's account of *Pixote* star Fernando Ramos da Silva's short, tragic life is not only fascinating, but indirectly a scathing commentary on the social fabric of the time in that it embraces attitudes about race and prejudice, poverty and social welfare.

Whether ingested in short sips or long draughts, *The Brazil Reader* has an accumulative weight, breadth, and durability. Along with Thomas E. Skidmore's *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change*, it's a book that deserves to be kept in reach. It is, in fact, hard to imagine how we were able to get along without it.

Bondo Wyszpolski also heads up the arts and entertainment section of the *Easy Reader*, a weekly newspaper based in the South Bay of southern California.

He can be reached at

bwyszpolski@earthlink.net

EXCERPT

from "Pixote's Fate," by Robert M. Levine, in *The Brazil Reader*, ed. by Robert M. Levine and John J. Crocitti.

The movie's national and international success came when Fernando Ramos da Silva was twelve, a year after the movie was made. *Pixote* [1981] was seen by an estimated two and a half million people in twenty countries, mostly in art cinemas... In 1984, he was arrested on robbery charges in his old neighborhood. After his second arrest, in 1985, he told a reporter that he wanted the public to forget his image as Pixote. "I want a chance to live as a man, without being persecuted," he said. "They created a Pixote, but they did not know how to prepare him for life." He pleaded with José Louzeiro to write a sequel to his romance-reportage in which Pixote would be redeemed. The request was not considered viable, however. "I pulled him out of this absurd dream, to wake him up for other projects, but he didn't seem to believe," Louzeiro said in response.

His brothers and sisters said that Fernando felt persecuted by being type-cast as Pixote and wanted to play romantic roles. In 1985, now nineteen with two tattoos on his arms and a sparse beard, he married a sixteen-year-old girl from a family of migrants from the interior of Minas Gerais, Cida Venâncio da Silva. Fernando settled down to an ordered life after the birth of their daughter, Jacqueline. His wife later said that Fernando always had two personalities: the aggressive and self-sufficient character of Pixote, and a more emotional, romantic, and sensitive face, which she called the "real Fernando." His last job was in the Northeast, where he had been acting in a play, *Atalpia My Love*, in the part of a hired assassin.

When he returned to his family, he was playing cards in a neighborhood tenement when he learned that the military police were conducting raids in the area, looking for criminals. Fearing that he would be harmed, he fled unarmed to another house. The police found out about his flight, and although they had no formal charge against him nor any warrant, pursued him and dragged him out from under a bed where he was hiding. He pleaded with his captors not to harm him—he was overheard by several residents of the tenement as saying that he was the father of a small daughter he had to raise—but was shot to death...

His mother and wife cried to reporters that the shooting had been a police execution. The body had seven holes in it; two in the right arm, five more in the chest. A forensic examination revealed that on the basis of the powder marks on his white cotton shirt, the youth had been shot with the gun nearly touching him while he was lying on the ground, but the official police report blandly said that he had died while resisting arrest. Police spokespersons, attempting damage control, rationalized the youth's violent end by emphasizing that he was a known bandit and that he used his fame as Pixote to demand clemency when he was caught. "Every time he was detained," Mario Miguel Bittar, the police officer who first arrested him claimed, "[he] promised to straighten out, and he cried a lot..." What Bittar did not mention was that each time that Fernando was arrested, the boy had been tortured with electric shocks, and that the police had treated him all the more roughly than other youths in their custody because of his fame. Fernando's death produced an outcry across Brazil, but it quickly subsided...

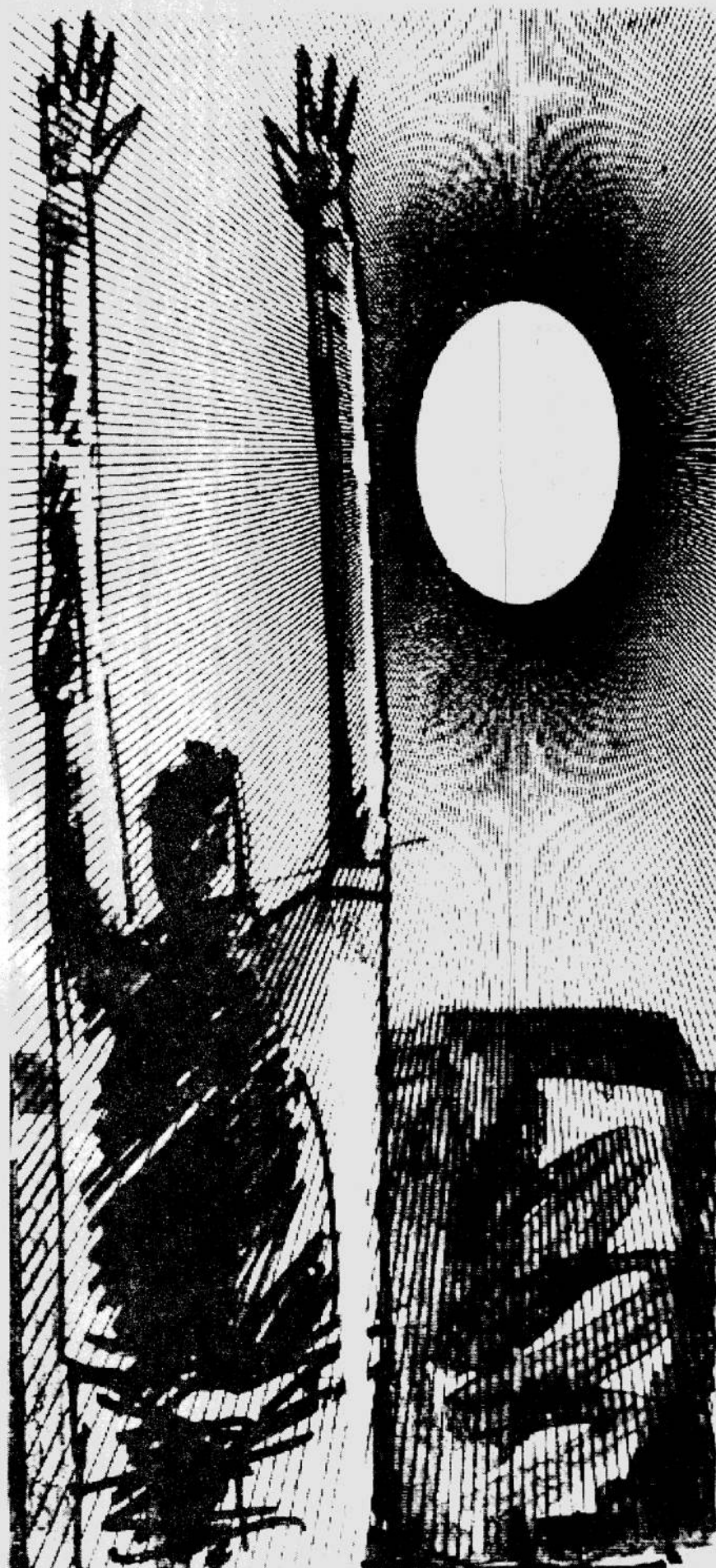
On one hand, then, the outcry against what had happened suggested that people did care, that the success of the film *Pixote* and the publicly expressed sympathy at what had happened to the film's baby-faced title actor was a positive sign. But the fact was that nothing changed. Several of Fernando's own brothers died violent deaths without public outcry; they were, of course, unimportant *marginals* without the aura of film stardom... Of the seven child actors in *Pixote*, only the boy who played the androgynous Lilica, Jorge Julião, briefly succeeded in an acting career. The others fell back into poverty.

New Millennium in the Backlands

Finished the trance, the old man stood up and took the grandson in his hands. Right then and there you could hear the acauã bird's singing mixed to the old man's anguished laugh. And you couldn't tell the acauã from the kid's screaming. Finally, the cry was born! Mister Manezito laughed and laughed, the first time in his life.

**MARIA ABÍLIA DE
ANDRADE PACHECO**

A casinha de pau-a-pique parecia um lampião estranho, jorrando feixes luminosos de seus mil olhos. Incandescente, a tapera vestia-se de lua, e nenhuma noite jamais seria escura. Lugares tais são sem-tempo, maltrapilhos ermos de miséria, mundo entre morros, mundo cujos domínios são os morros. Por aqui, as pessoas bebem de si o próprio leite e, à dor que lhes grita, esfolam-se ao cabo da enxada, de onde retiram seus cataplasmas. Pessoas que não são dadas a queixas, muito menos a vãs esperas. Por essas plagas, verbalizar pode ser um mau agouro, antes valha o sofrer quieto na faina diária. Trabalhar é o melhor



remédio.

No quintal bem varrido, crepitava uma fogueira de chamas altas, em sinal de vigília. Fogueira pode ser tanta coisa, mas sobretudo indicia alguma celebração. Sejam suas chamas sinal de alegria, sejam elas sinal de tristeza, sempre o fogo: o poder do elemento. Pois entre morros azulados, quase obscurecidos pelo breu da noite sem lua, eis uma fogueira vermelha soltando faíscas derredor da cafua de olhos em brasa.

Dentro, alguns homens em silêncio pitavam ensimesmados, contemplando o chão caído verde de bosta de boi, nenhuma mulher na sala. Em volta do lampião a querosene, cirandeavam bichinhos-de-luz seduzidos pela luz mais clara a estourar de um único clarão. E ninguém nunca parou para perguntar a essas bailarinas noturnas se a vida continuaria além do lume! Decerto essas pequenas vidas respondiam ao chamado das luzes, e vinham em chusmas, como por mágica, assim como acontece aos ratos, adivinhos das migalhas nos cantos e da roupa suja empilhada no balaio. As bailarinas noturnas não faziam nenhum ruído, mas um olhar mais atento certamente adivinharia a cantiga fina das asinhas translúcidas fremindo. Volta e meia, uma dessas criaturinhas perdia o rumo, talvez-tonta-de-tanto-volteio, e acabava por esbarrar no colarinho puído de um desses homens quietos sentados no banco de peroba eterna.

Se tão branco era o barro que caíava a sala, se tão sacro o silêncio no vazio dessa hora, por que a paz não se oferecia, gratuita e generosa, ao cenário? Fosse porque, sobre o véu da paz, pesava o suor da conquista, assim cada canto da casa teria seu conto singular, cada objeto uma história sua.

Por aqui, não fosse bom confiar no esboço da primeira realidade, pois, a olho armado, as paredes, antes tão lisinhas, teriam lá seus grumos, além de uns buracos horrendos de onde apontariam ossadas de bambu preenchidas com carne de barro. Num simples piscar, as paredes, então, se desvirginariam, e pareceria que, por trás de cada imperfeição, é que encontraríamos o homem.

Pelas frestas da porta do quarto fronteiro à sala, neste instante, vazavam raios de outras luzes. Apurando os ouvidos, talvez se percebessem sussurros assobiados, vindos lá do fundo. Girou a tramela, a porta rangeu, abrindo-se a custo. Mãos que não permitiam o escancaramento do quadro que lá dentro se preparava detiveram a porta e a cerraram, girando de novo a tramela tão logo trespassava a fenda uma mulher pressurosa e discreta.

Numa ligeira quebra da aparente paz, os olhos silenciosos se levantaram para a mulher e os pitos passearam do canto da boca para os dedos. Os homens procuravam algum sinal, mas, ante os passos certos rumo à cozinha, recolheram-se para as cismas dantes.

Os passos da mulher eram inúmeros e inquietos. Barulho de vasilhas na cozinha, água enchendo latas, alguma coisa sendo raspada, o que parecia ser uma vassoura varrendo. E os passos caminhando, quase retornando à sala, depois ao quarto, mas ainda caminhando, quilômetros e quilômetros pela cozinha. Finalmente, retornaram, ainda rápidos, mas agora arrastados, e a mulher ressurgiu, com uma grande toalha de algodão pendurada nos ombros, segurando uma lata de alças de arame, cheia de água até a borda.

Desta vez, nenhum olhar se desviou, nenhuma perna se cruzou nem se descruzou, nada. A mulher, ciente de sua tarefa,

Short Story

arrastou todo o seu peso até a porta do quarto. Não precisou bater à porta, pois as mesmas mãos a esperavam, de novo consentindo apenas na abertura suficiente para a entrada, primeiro da mulher, depois da lata, esta por um momento deixada lá fora, no chão, enquanto a porta se abria e a mulher entrava.

Tanto cuidado era inútil, já que agora os olhos da sala não insistiam em procurar evidências pela fenda da porta. Realmente, o tempo parara sua hora quando o acontecimento ainda não viera. Tudo parecia quedar-se à soberania de uma quase paz. Nos círculos de bichinhos-de-luz em volta do lampião, a mesma e mesma repetição do refrão silencioso. Os homens da sala pareciam xilogravados sobre o banco de peroba eterna, mudos e imóveis.

Aproveitando a aragem que nesta hora sopra da porta entreaberta da sala, interrompa-se esta hora morta e escorreguem-se os olhos certos pelos buracos da porta trancada. À cabeceira de uma cama antiga, uma bacia esmaltada com um jarro dentro. Aos pés da cama, uma toalha de algodão perfumada pelas flores da estampa—a toalha de algodão que a mulher dos passos arrastados trouxera pelos ombros. Na mesinha próxima à janela, uma vela tremeluzindo direita-vida, esquerda-morte, direita-vida, esquerda-morte. O cheiro da água fervente, o quarto abafado, iluminado pela chama da vela e pela luz de outro lampião que pende da parede sobre a cabeceira da cama. A água da vida envasada no jarro da bacia esmaltada, e a morte, solta e liberta ao sopro da primeira lufada que entre pelos buracos da parede de enchimento.

Não, ninguém aqui era pobre. E por que o seria? Só porque a casa era tão cheia de espaços, só porque havia mil buracos por todos os cantos, só porque essa luz do quarto, mesmo multiplicada por outros mil buracos, não bastava para preencher todos os escuros? Naquele lugar ninguém viajava em sonhos, seria. Todos como agradeciam a dor mais dolorida que sem aviso batia a uma das muitas portas que a vida abria e fechava. Na verdade, travava-se um combate sólido com a dor, numa evocação ao que de magnânimo, para, diante da própria pequenez, aplacava consciência. Filho morrer de fome, nunca: mal de sete dias. Filho vingou e cresceu robusto, perigo de quebranto, ou seja, perigo de uma dor maior, porque mais suportável é a dor do que ainda não se possui de fato.

A chama da vela tremulava pra-lá-pra-cá, direita-vida, esquerda-morte, direita-vida, esquerda-morte, certa de seu papel de árbitro. Nos rostos esqueléticos de olhos e boca espantados—mesmo sem estarem, de fato, as mulheres assustadas—passeavam muitas sombras. Tais mulheres compunham a cena, acólitas, preparadíssimas para a morte, agradecidas pela vida em acréscimo.

Eram três essas donas, às voltas com seus afazeres certos, cada uma absoluta em sua tarefa. Colassem-nas num outro cenário, numa paisagem além dos domínios desses morros, todo o mundo as teria por irmãs, pois sua conformação à vida parecia ter-lhes moldado também as feições, e todas como que passaram a carregar nos rostos os mesmos traços salientes de madeira entalhada, realçados pela magreza. Tinham igualmente os mesmos trejeitos, as mesmas interjeições diante do imprevisto, as mesmas vaidades. Que vaidades tinham, sim,

quando, em bons dias de festa, as atenções se voltavam para seus cabelos compridos, caindo até a cintura, cabelos que viviam dia e noite presos em coque, agora soltos ao rodopio de danças de passos inventados, sem nenhum respeito ao ritmo certo. Alguém pontuava uma viola, e, fosse forró, fosse música caipira, fosse o que fosse, os passos iam e vinham, tornavam a ir, dois-pra-lá, dois-pra-cá, depois o volteio. Mesmo que se tocassem um lamento, música vagarosa, parecia que ninguém prestava atenção à mudança do ritmo, e continuava o alegre balé de rodopios, até que um gritava: "Toque outra música, que essa é muito devagar!" E todos riam, e voltava a música animada.

D. Zeza era a mãe da mulher que se contorcia em dores na cama, da mulher que ia dar à luz dali a algumas rezas. D. Zeza trazia um livrinho de capa preta entre os dedos morenos e sibilava ininterruptamente ladainhas ininteligíveis, vez em quando os olhos subindo ao céu e voltando para o livro, depois fechando-se, e ninguém saberia se afinal ela realmente lia o livrinho de capa preta, porque as orações todas já tinha a mulher decorado à sua maneira, e nada seria lido direito se ela elegesse outra pronúncia em prejuízo da letra escrita.

Então, por que o livrinho de capa preta?

Abrenúncio! Por essas bandas, o perguntar é mau procedimento, não casa com moço de bem! Aqui não se usa muito palavreado, e mais sabido é quem sabe calar-se, fechando bem a boca, os olhos contando formiga no chão. Que, bem se sabe, existem uns costumes cravados no peito do caboclo, tais como as chagas que fincam o Cristo no crucifixo de sucupira. E como surgem tais costumes? Concorde seja esta uma pergunta tola, pois não! Que esse tal livrinho de capa preta é como o vestido preto no luto, o pé calçado na missa, a enxada na capina, o pito no canto da boca, a lenha seca esperando a fomalha. Explicação não há de se buscar no que de costume, desde que são os próprios hábitos, bem se vê, as explicações.

De uma coisa, não obstante, esteja certo: o livrinho de capa preta estará sempre entre as mãos de uma mulher em horas de tempestade, de nascimento, de morte, de alguma preocupação com a criação que não foi encontrada, em tudo o que cause desassossego. O socorro do livrinho tem a mesma valência do olhar piedoso do santo. Apegar-se com tudo. Apertar no peito o bendito livrinho de capa preta. Acender todas as luzes. E rezar. Mesmo não sabendo ao certo as palavras da reza. Ou, ainda que as sabendo, não atentar para o que signifiquem.

Dona Zeza tivera cinco filhos homens, além de Tatinha, a parturiente, mas, como ela mesma dizia, "dos cinco, vingaram

três, dois Deus levou". Era muito conhecida a história da morte do seu primeiro filho. O menino morrera em noite alta, a mãe sozinha com ele no quarto, Seu Manezito dormindo no quarto de arreios a pedido da própria Dona Zeza. O menino vinha definhando, definhando, os olhos saltando das órbitas, a cor se esmaecendo. Magrinho, nem chorar chorava, que só o que conseguia era um grunhido rouco. Dona Zeza bem que tomara providência, chamando Dona Corina para os habituais rituais de rezas, mas nada valia. Eis que um dia, o menino obtivera uma certa melhora, não obstante a febre permanecesse altíssima. Dona Zeza, tão cansada estava, que sobre o ventre deitou o pequeno de braços, e dormiu. Quando acordou de

madrugada, viu que a barriguinha dele se mexia como um balão murcho esvaziando-se, o peito arfava. Dona Zeza compreendeu o momento. Primeiro sentiu vontade de gritar e correr para fora da casa, correr, correr, até chegar ao ipê roxo que margeava o rio. Mas, num repente, conteve sua dor, firmou a idéia no certo da hora, e, assim, como num lampejo, deduziu que às vezes a hora é que vive a gente, e o melhor é entregar-se ao vento que sopra, deixando que o momento nos furte a seiva vital. Por isso, respirou o ar com pausa, moldando com distinção a figura de sua pessoa no quadro prestes a ser finalizado. Assim permaneceu estática, ao lado da vida que se lhe viera um dia e que agora de si partia. Contemplou o filete invisível que ligava seu coração direto ao coração do menino e, assim, foi ela mesma desfazendo o enlace dos nós que impediam o caminho. Com paciência, tomou do livrinho de capa preta e foi entoando cânticos fúnebres. Enquanto cantava,

**Olhos de velho, a chama da vela
cresceu, pintando um quadro
sinistro de caveiras descarnadas
em torno de um menino robusto,
que não dera nenhum choro.
Seria esse desacerto bom ponto de
conversas em torno da fumaça do
café na manhã que principiava.
Mas Dona Corina fingiu ignorar
o mistério, preferindo retornar ao
seu ofício, que faltava ainda o tapa
bem puxado no traseiro do me-
nino para provocar o primeiro
choro, o grito da vida brotando
com ímpeto da garganta que se
abria para o mundo.**

abraçava o corpinho, as lágrimas molhando a moleira do bichinho como a pedir "fique", ou, sabendo-o morto, despediam-se, nessa tristeza tão comum nos desenlaces. Primeiro fora a lagoa do ventre, depois viera o sangue, em seguida o regalo do leite, e agora era a lágrima. Ah, os mares convulsos de Dona Zeza, confinados na garganta, querendo romper o dique! Mas o momento também imperava sobre os ímpetos, exigindo que emergisse de tanto líquido vital uma mulher fortalecida, vestida com a armadura dos costumes arraigados: "não chore, lute". Passada a lufada trágica, Dona Zeza reacendeu a vela com um isqueiro, presente do Tio Justo, e descansou seu anjinho na beirada da cama. De novo, o menino era seu. Cantou um acalanto que aprendera da avó, mirou por bom instante a carinha miúda e, afinal, descansou-se de sua angústia, mansamente recolhendo-se à outra beirada da cama, a coberta sobre a cabeça, o sono até o nascer do dia. Na hora costumeira, levantou-se, pôs a mesa do café, esperou que todos

se servissem, e só à hora de recolher a louça foi que deu a notícia: o menino não vingara. Foi um corre-corre, as crianças se empurrando até o quarto e caindo no choro, o pai desolado, a casa toda tingindo-se de luto. Mas, enquanto os outros choravam o menino, Dona Zeza, iluminada, já transpusera o momento e agora já tomava seu café preto sentada no banco de peroba eterna—que à época ficava na cozinha—permitindo-se contemplar distantes morros pontuados de nuvens brancas que anunciavam tempos de muita quase-paz para os próximos dias.

Engraçado como as imagens vinham bem desenhadas agora. Dona Zeza quase podia lembrar-se do sopro do vento, do cheiro do café coado, da ruga aflita do Seu Manezito, fechando a tranca do choro. E Tatinha, tão criança, sentada no meio da cozinha brincando com umas pedrinhas! Dona Zeza olhava para a filha agora, na perfeição do momento da entrega, quando a hora vem e nos engole. Como se orgulhava de sua menina, forte no silêncio de conter a fúria das dores que se amiudavam, mais e mais!

Tatinha, conquanto contivesse os gemidos, transformando-os em suspiros quase imperceptíveis, contorcia-se, à mercê de mãos prestativas—as mesmas que abriam e fechavam a porta do quarto—mãos que lhe enxugavam constantemente o suor evaporado de todos os poros. A mulher quase menina não tinha nenhum pensamento naquele momento que não fosse voltado para a dor da próxima contração. Enquanto aguardava a fisgada, suas idéias deslizavam dos lençóis enrodilhados para a bacia com o jarro, para as paredes brancas, para o crucifixo nas mãos da parteira, Dona Corina, que gemia uns cânticos pagãos herdados de bisavós africanos.

Dona Corina era uma velha de mais de cem anos, segundo ela mesma dizia. Mas não tinha registro de nascimento, tal qual toda a gente do Comercinho do Jacu, povoado formado de uma única viela aberta a duas fileiras de casas, mais adiante a igreja, a venda, e lá longe as fazendinhas, léguas e léguas separadas, ilhas longínquas. Dona Corina vinha sendo parteira desde que nascera Dona Naná, avó de Tatinha. Três gerações vindas ao mundo pelas mãos de bronze da velha! Mas Dona Corina não era só parteira. Conhecedora de mandingas e de tudo o quanto fosse reza brava, atendia a todo e qualquer chamado de desespero, sempre acompanhada lá de suas rezas, raízes e água benta. Dona Corina rezadeira. A criança vinha ao mundo pelas suas mãos, livrava-se das doenças pelas garrafadas por ela preparadas, casava-se sob suas bênçãos, sobrevivia à custa de suas rezas. Dona Corina, sacerdotisa, padroeira do Comercinho do Jacu, salve, salve!

Tinha a velha muito caso para

contar. Todos conheciam o caso da filha de seu Lázaro, que escondia peitos de loba pela barriga: a menina tinha seis verrugas—seis mamilos no dizer do povo—ao longo do ventre, por isso vivia trancada num quarto escuro do sótão, recebendo só um mingau de fubá dia e noite, isso quando a empregada não esquecia de levar-lhe a iguaria. E o pior é que Dona Corina, quando encontrava algum sinal suspeito, já saía divulgando a notícia como certa pelo Comercinho do Jacu, sedento de novidades, lugar onde o sol nasce e se põe todos os dias e uma nuvem mais pesada dá o tom das conversas.

Aproximava-se o romper de mais uma vida. Dona Corina colocou a mão direita na testa de Tatinha e ficou esperando o acontecer certo. E o menino rebentou, finalmente, num salto de quem não agüentava mais a pressão do afogamento na lagoa materna. Saiu encarando o mundo e as mulheres, uma a uma. Olhos de velho, a chama da vela cresceu, pintando um quadro sinistro de caveiras descarnadas em torno de um menino robusto, que não dera nenhum choro. Seria esse desacerto bom ponto de conversas em torno da fumaça do café na manhã que principiava. Mas Dona Corina fingiu ignorar o mistério, preferindo retornar ao seu ofício, que faltava ainda o tapa bem puxado no traseiro do menino para provocar o primeiro choro, o grito da vida brotando com ímpeto da garganta que se abria para o mundo. Dona Corina fez uma cara de sábia, deu um sorriso pequeno de meio de boca, depois sapecou o tapa final, com triunfo. Nenhum choro. Silêncio mortal no rebô do tapa. Todos fingiram ignorar os olhos adultos do menino. O que antes era prisioneiro do útero agora se confinava no terror dos olhos de lamparina.

Todos se paralisaram, o livrinho de capa preta rolou das mãos de Dona Zeza, as mãos solícitas tremeram convulsas, só a mãe, coitada, permaneceu em espera, olhos fitos na parteira, como a esperar da mulher alguma resposta. Dona Corina, com o menino nos braços, muda e atarantada, sequer respirava. Dona Zeza, de novo, relembrou o momento em que tomara a decisão de entoar cânticos fúnebres ao filho agonizante, as tais providências, o socorro consolador dos rituais. Mas se desta vez não houvera morte! Catou o livrinho de capa preta do chão, no primeiro movimento da cena, leu baixinho sua toada, como de costume, as mãos auxiliadoras retomaram o arrumar dos lençóis, e a mãe, finalmente, repousou a cabeça no travesseiro.

Só Dona Corina continuava atrás de respostas. Por longo tempo contemplou o menino à procura de sinais, de um pontinho que lhe gritasse o primeiro cuidado que deveria tomar. Nada, nenhum dedinho torto, nenhum defeitinho secundário para servir de fio de conversa nos próximos dias. Que Dona Corina, pela primeira vez, sentira medo de divulgar a aberração da primeira hora. Precisava naquele instante fazer algo, mas em tudo o que pensasse lá vinha a idéia superior de um menino que não chorara ao nascer. Dona Corina parecia prisioneira do fato Incontestável e irremediável.



De repente, num piscar dos olhos que viram passar a noite em claro, viu a movimentação das mãos na cama enrodilhada, das mãos que abriam e fechavam a porta, das mãos que antes cuidavam de Tatinha e agora trocavam lençóis com presteza, levantando com cuidado o corpo da moça, passando-lhe por debaixo os panos muito alvos. Dona Corina serenou-se: faltava ainda o ritual do banho! E já podia ver a criança se esgoelando na água, arroxando-se, segurando firme os punhos! A um olhar para a “De mãos”, esta correu a abrir-lhe a nesga de porta, por onde Dona Corina mais uma vez passou à sala. A cena, demasiado repetida à noite, certamente desta vez não terá despertado nenhuma maior atenção. Os homens esculpidos no banco de peroba eterna devem, no máximo, ter lançado olhares enviesados à velha, os pitos certamente terão passado do canto da boca para os dedos, à espera do arremate. Novamente, Dona Corina, não teria dado sinal. Mas só não o fizera desta vez, porque, conquanto nascida a criança, ainda havia um “a ver”, a resposta que a própria Dona Corina esperava: o berro do banho. E aí então podia dar com gosto a notícia e se retiraria tranqüila da sua missão.

Tatinha rressonava, o cansaço maior do que qualquer sombra de aflição. Dona Zeza, enfim salva pelo livrinho de capa preta—que sempre haverá uma prece que ainda não foi rezada—murmurava seus assobios. E a outra mulher pousava as mãos no colo, aguardando a volta de Dona Corina.

Ao retorno da parteira, restabeleceu-se a atmosfera de aguardo, como se os episódios tivessem sido colados num a roda que despenhasse de uma ladeira, repetindo-se, um a um, sempre e sempre, sem nenhum respeito à fé ou esperança no inédito, os momentos reforçando-se nos repetires, e a engrenagem nunca emperrando, que os próprios anseios mais recônditos cuidavam de lubrificá-la do desgaste natural do tempo. A vida, um moto-contínuo.

Dona Corina gemeu seus cantos ao balanço do recém-nascido, embotado em panos. Desta vez, uma vassoura de ervas foi depositada no fundo da bacia de cobre: funcho, poejo, arruda, erva-de-santa-maria, mastruço, camomila. Ora, o acontecer novo pedia mandinga nova, e foi num estalo que Dona Corina tivera a idéia de deitar o menino em infusão. Como por milagre, rapidamente a velha foi-se recompondo, ressuscitando a Corina curandeira, da qual a parteira era apenas uma sombra. Dona Zeza entoava o Kyrie bem lá à sua maneira e o cântico foi-se misturando aos gemidos cantarolados de Dona Corina, num dueto dissonante e sem rumo, compondo um hino que parecia existir há uma eternidade. A eloquência da música era tamanha, que acordou Tatinha do sono tranqüilo. A moça, assustada, imediatamente procurou com os olhos algum novo acontecimento. Tomou o menino nos braços fingindo-lhe um beijo na testa, e sentiu-lhe a respiração. Nada

mudara. Então, a reza?

O rito prosseguia. Dona Corina colocou o menino na bacia de água morna e, certa do porvir, aguardou o choro. Mas o choro não veio. Que parecia que o menino gostava da água, das ervas de cheiro forte, do abrigo das mãos que o acariciavam, lavando-lhe as dobrinhas. Dona Corina começou a impacientar-se, lançando mão de mil artifícios para provocar o primeiro choro, e até um começo de beliscão foi ensaiado. Depois, não vendo resultado, apelou de um último recurso: chupou o nariz do menino, alegando o desimpedimento do respirar dele. Quase bebeu o fôlego da criança, mas, solto o nariz das ventosas sugadoras, permaneceu o silêncio do choro não berrado.

Dona Zeza apressou-se em vestir a primeira veste no neto e, indiferente ao mistério que saltava dos olhos de Dona Corina, entregou, finalmente, o menino à mãe sua dona. Novamente, a avó quedava-se à pujança do cenário, desistindo da insistência inútil. E Tatinha, até que enfim, pôde sorrir a primeira vida, ainda não inaugurada. E já o que antes era menina agora era uma mãe como qualquer outra, filha de outra mãe que agora adquirira mais um olho. A solícita ajudante pousava as mãos na cintura, à espera de comandos.

Só Dona Corina não se conformava. Seu espírito vagava na ancestralidade, em busca da mais remota fonte de água cristalina que a redimiria.

Perscrutava o ar, sorvia-o longamente, apurava todos os sentidos para interceptar, no vento, quem sabe, a mosca arisca do presságio alvissareiro. Então, de novo o que tanto ouvia era o silêncio do choro que não

v i e r a . Assim tremeu, pressentindo a aposentadoria. E essa gente, quando aposentava seus ofícios, ninguém mais as via, desmanchavam-se no ar. Só se

lembrava delas no dia de seus enterros. Era o Tião da padaria, a Socorro professora, o Pedro marceneiro, sobrenomes preciosos nessa terra de arrancar pedra para fazer pão de poeira. A termo, a lida da Corina parteira. Sentiu. Certas coisas não precisavam escritura nem nome, e emoções estariam proibidas. Pois nesses rincões o que se valoriza é o frio, o seco, o mulato que não se verga ao peso de sua carga. Choro, só disfarçado na chuva, truque já por demais conhecido. Que chorar sem mexer nenhum músculo é a maior dureza, arte de fino apuro.

A velha parteira dobrou as pernas, sentando o corpo num banquinho ao lado da janela. Deixou, por último, que as outras três mulheres cumprissem seus afazeres. Mesmo à sensação de incompletude, cumprira pelo menos o papel de parteira. Mas as forças lhe esvaíam pelos olhos secos de lágrimas, olhos muito azuis na preta-velha, um oceano dentro, preso. Ela por tantos, e ninguém por ela! E as outras já agora riam e mimavam o menino, todas contemporâneas da realidade. Mas Dona Corina, bem sabia, fora recusada pelo momento, por isso fechava os olhos.



Dona Zeza pronunciou “Sebastião”, evocando o santo, para dissipar a aberração do choro mudo, também preocupada em silenciar a parteira, que desta vez não saísse a divulgar a novidade. Não carecia deste zelo, que Dona Corina não iria mesmo fazer escarcéu do episódio, porque desta vez, não sabia lá bem por quê, o que sentira fora somente o fraquejar das pernas, o cansaço da noite em claro, o frio do sereno.

Nisso, os homens da sala, chapéus sobre os olhos alguns, finalmente viram a porta abrir-se a largo e dela surgir Dona Zeza, carregando no colo o menino. Surpreso, mesmo assim o que era o pai levantou-se, indagando com os olhos “Mas se não houve nenhum choro!”. Dona Zeza fingiu não ouvir seu pensar. Orapaz contemplou o filho demorado, depois dirigiu-se à cozinha, ao aguardo do café da manhã, pontual ao cantar do galo. Os outros homens levantaram-se de suas posições e também miraram o menino, mas sem cuidado nem detença, dispersando-se tão depressa quanto batiam os olhos no casulo.

O avô, este sim, permanecia quieto, entalhado no banco de peroba eterna, como a esperar, educadamente, que os outros satisfizessem seus impulsos, que o tempo do depois fosse todo dele, o tempo do sentir com vagar. Ao silêncio de Seu Manezito, Dona Zeza foi que se dirigiu ao homem, estendendo-lhe a criança. Tirado do transe, o velho levantou-se e tomou o neto nos braços. No mesmo instante, ouviu-se o canto do acauã, misturado ao riso desesperado do velho, e não mais se sabia o que era acauã, o que era riso, o que era berro de criança. Finalmente, o choro nascera!

Seu Manezito ria e ria, primeira vez na vida. Aquilo seria mau agouro? Mas o riso não é o cântico de Deus? O catecismo do Deus perfeíssimo? Todos os cantos da casa impregnaram-se da risada troante do avô do menino mudo, da cria que agora também parecia ter olhos enormes, segundo Dona Zeza, que usava desse expediente para apaziguar a velha Corina. Dona Zeza, que mulher, continuava sua faina, idolatrando o momento na indiferença, que mulher que sabe ser esposa não fica levantando questão, nem especulando. Mulher faz é seu bom trabalho, coando café a mortas horas. E Dona Zeza possuía uma grande qualidade: não era de sair descascando bananas maduras só pelo prazer de jogar a casca fora. Que, ora, o velho, a seu modo, teria descoberto que só naquela hora o neto nascera de fato. E em seus braços! Ah, bem se dizia que uma verdade bem escamoteada valia mais do que uma mentira verdadeira!

A fumaça subia do coador até as alturas, entremeando-se com a risada do velho Manezito e com os guinchos do menino. As montanhas verdes, o grande aterro de areia e pedrinhas, o céu laranja-avermelhado em aquarela, tudo se rendia, submisso, ao senhorio de um velho com o neto no colo. No quintal, só restavam os tições da fogueira noturna, apagados, com toda a certeza, pela ajudante de mãos indispensáveis. Quadro vivo. Vida morta. Relógio bizarro construído de minguiadas andorinhas na imensidão de nuvens brancas. O tempo, signatário do pacto. O tempo, escoando, como um montinho de areia, do punho trancado. Outra vez, todos se esqueciam de quem seria o dono do mundo, se capeta, se Deus. Cabelos iam caindo, unhas iam sendo cortadas, roupas iam virando molambo. O tempo fosse o senhor soberano.

Servido o café, Dona Zeza voltou ao quarto com o menino e deitou-o novamente no canto da cama. Dona Corina descansava seu sono com a cabeça pendida sobre o peito. Tatinha acariciou o pacotinho embolado nas cobertas ao seu

lado, serena, olhos fechados, quase dormindo. Dona Zeza caminhou novamente para fora do quarto, apressada pela lida diária.

Foi quando lá fora o vento começou a soprar estranho. Sobrelevando-se aos costumeiros assovios, algo que tanto mais parecia um cântico entoado por alguma procissão vinha vindo, vinha vindo, cada vez mais perto, até invadir todos os buracos do casebre. A estranha melodia, entoada a muitas vozes, lembrava o hino confuso entoado por Dona Corina e Dona Zeza no ritual do primeiro choro.

Olhando os pés daquele povo, que muito se pareciam com mãos de pilão socando terras tão duras, compreendia-se no ar uma ânsia pela chegada de algum salvador. Eram muitos os sinais: o menino nascera sem choro. Seu Manezito rira todo o riso de uma vida inteira. O acauã entoara seu canto de morte. Que verdade maior sobrepujaria a certeza lavrada por rastros tão profundos?

Da varanda do casebre, Seu Manezito se benzeu, com respeito e Dona Zeza, dali do alto, como viu, invisível, o mesmo filete que antes ligara seu coração ao do filho morto, agora o filete se estendendo do alto da mancha humana até o quarto onde dormia o menino. E desta vez não havia nenhum nó a entortar o caminho. Dona Zeza abriu os braços e caiu de joelhos, a multidão reiniciou o hino a vozes que alcançaram as nuvens. A casa tremeu todos os caibros.

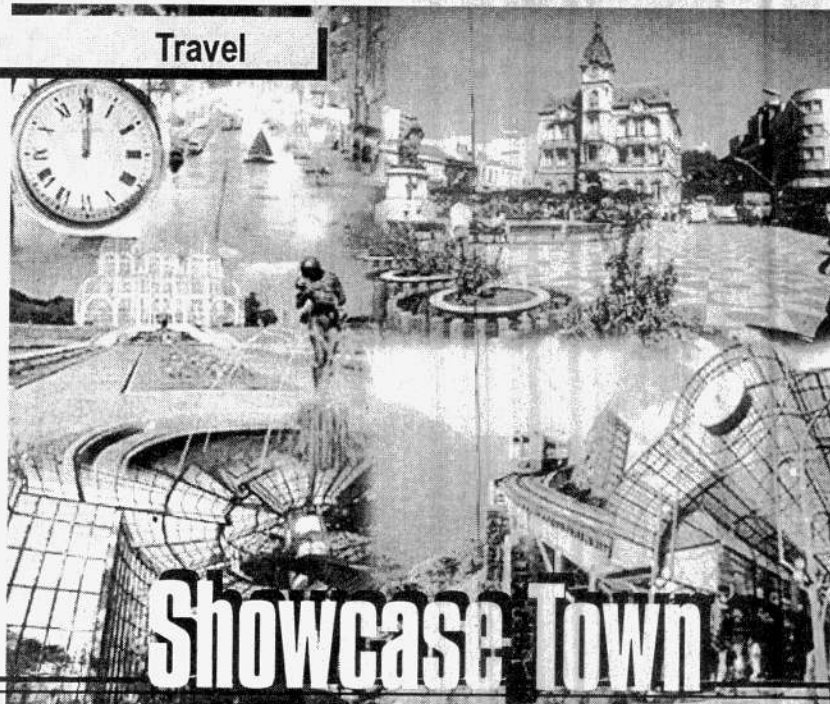
A procissão foi entrando, da sala até o quarto. O menino estava no colo da ajudante de mãos protetoras, que o agarrava contra si como a protegê-lo do embolado de queixas, preces curtas, louvores, tudo gritado primeiro a uma voz, depois a várias angústias.

O cenário voltou-se para Dona Corina: a cabeça sem pescoço cambaleava sobre o peito, os olhos mantinham-se, a custo, abertos. Num último esforço, a velha parteira iniciou um refrão inventado, no que foi responsada, de imediato, pela ajudante. As demais vozes silenciaram-se. Dona Zeza rompeu a porta e tratou de agregar-se ao diálogo das duas mulheres, sempre desfiando suas rezas tiradas do livrinho de capa preta. O momento decalcava a figura das três donas na pintura perpétua, uma delas sustentando o embrulho do recém-nascido. Tatinha sorria para um rosto conhecido que divisara no grupo dos contritos.

Uma quase-paz instalou-se naquela hora, no entanto ausentes os bichinhos-de-luz em volta dos lampiões a querosene. O primeiro sol, finalmente, incandescia a tapera por inteiro, propulsionando o moto-contínuo. Seriam necessários outros mil anos para desbotar cores tão vivas.

This short story, whose original title is “A virada do milênio no sertão”, was written especially for *Brazzil*.

Maria Abília de Andrade Pacheco, the author, was born in Virgolândia, state of Minas Gerais, on October 25, 1963. She moved to Brazil's capital, Brasília, when she was 14 and has lived there since. She graduated in Letters from Universidade de Brasília in 1985. Married, mother of two kids, public servant, homemaker, she writes for the Website usinadeletras.com.br



Curitiba, the capital of Paraná, is one of Brazil's urban success stories. The city has managed to modernize in a sane manner—historic buildings have been preserved, a handful of streets have been closed to cars and there are many parks, gardens and wide boulevards.

The South

The Southern region, known in Brazil as Região Sul, includes the states of Paraná, Santa Catarina and Rio Grande do Sul. It covers almost 7% of the country's land area and contains 23 million inhabitants—just over 15% of Brazil's population. Most of these people are descendants of the German, Italian, Swiss and Eastern European immigrants who settled the region in the latter half of the 19th century. They have kept alive their customs, language and architecture, so you'll see painted wooden houses with steep roofs and onion-spire churches, and find small towns where Portuguese is still the second language.

Geographically, Paraná, Santa Catarina and the northern part of Rio Grande do Sul are dominated by *planaltos* (tablelands): near the coast is the Planalto Atlântico, formed of granite, and in the interior is the Planalto Meridional, formed of volcanic basalt, with rich, red soil known as *terra roxa*. In the southern interior of Rio Grande do Sul are the pampas—the grassy plains, while on the coast there are three large salt-water lagoons: Patos, Mirim and Mangueira.

With the exception of the north of Paraná, the climate is subtropical, and the vegetation varies from Mata Atlântica remnants on the Paraná and Santa Catarina coast to the almost-extinct Mata Araucária and pine forests of the Planalto Meridional. Snow is not uncommon on the Planalto Meridional during winter.

The economy of the region has changed dramatically in the last 30 years. The pampas, where once roamed huge herds of cattle driven by *gaúcho* cowboys, is now dominated by endless fields of soy beans—much of which goes to feed European cattle. Heavy industry, encouraged by cheap electricity from the Itaipu Dam, has transformed the South into Brazil's second-most developed region.

Proud of their differences from other Brazilians, *Sulistas* (Southerners)—especially the *gaúchos* from Rio Grande do Sul—are growing increasingly dissatisfied with the central government in Brasília. Talk of separatism is rife, and a recent poll in the three southern states showed that 40% of respondents favored independence.

PARANÁ

CURITIBA

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's not much in Curitiba for the out-of-towner, but it's still possible to pass a pleasant day in a park, museum or older neighborhood waiting for your bus or train to leave. This is an

easy city to walk around, and if you have errands to do or clothes to buy, Curitiba is a good place for it.

Information Tourist Office

The Departamento de Turismo (223-3535; fax 252-3266), on the 5th floor at Rua Ébano Pereira 187, has a useful map, and some brochures about the city's attractions. English and French are spoken.

For more info read the book.

Passeio Público

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

Rua 15 de Novembro

Known by locals as Rua das Flores since 1720, when it was already the main commercial boulevard, it's good for walking, shopping and people-watching. It was the first pedestrian mall in Brazil, created in 1972.

Setor Histórico

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

Santa Felicidade

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

Rua 24 Horas

This is a covered arcade about 100 meters long, with gift shops, restaurants and bars that open—you guessed it—24 hours a day. It's a popular addition to the city, and very crowded around

wander. To get there, catch an 'Abranches' bus from Praça Tiradentes. The entrance to the park is not well marked, so keep your eyes peeled. It's on the right-hand side, about three km from town.

Other Museums

Among other museums that are worth a look is the Museu Ferroviário, in the old train station on Avenida 7 de Setembro. It's open Tuesday to Friday from 10 am, to noon and 1 to 6 pm, and on weekends from 1 to 6 pm. Also try the Museu de Arte Sacra in the Igreja da Ordem (Largo da Ordem). It's open Tuesday to Friday from 10 am to noon and 1:30 to 6:30 pm. On weekends, it's open from 9 am to 1 pm.

Train Ride to Paranaguá

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

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

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

When they are actually running, there is a regular train (*trem*) and a tourist train (*litorina*) that both run from Curitiba to Paranaguá, and then back to Curitiba. The *trem* runs every day in January and February. From March to September (excluding July) it runs on weekends. In July, and from October to December, it runs on Wednesdays, Fridays and weekends. But the trip on Wednesdays and Fridays is one way to Morretes.

The *trem* departs at 7:30 am and leaves Paranaguá for the return trip at 4:30 pm, stopping at every station along the way. Tickets cost \$5.

The air-con *litorina* runs at almost the same timetable. The difference is that in July, and from October to December, it runs one way to Morretes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The *litorina* leaves Curitiba at 9 am and starts back at 3:30 pm. Tickets cost \$10. It's full of tourists, and has a recorded description of the sights in Portuguese, English, Spanish and French. It makes photo stops, but doesn't stop at the stations.

Both trains take about three hours each way. For the best view on the way down to the coast, sit on the left-hand side.

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

Tickets are sold at the train station behind the *rodoviária*. For information, contact the ticket office in Curitiba (234-8441).

For places to stay and eat, and getting around, read the book.

Entertainment

Up in Largo da Ordem, there are several bars featuring rock music. There's also the Casa Nilo Samba, at Rua Mateus Leme 65, which has samba and *choro*. Up the hill, John Edwards Bar is at Rua Jaime Reis 212. It's a bit pricey, but has good jazz, blues



3 am.

Museu Paranaense

The Museu Paranaense, at Praça Generoso Marques, is in an art-nouveau building that used to house the municipal government. It's worth a visit just to check out the building itself. Chronicling the history of the state of Paraná, the museum has a hotchpotch of objects and a collection of artifacts from the Guarani and Caingangues Indians. It's open Monday to Friday from 10 am to 6 pm and on weekends from 1 to 6 pm. Entry is free.

Museu da Habitação do Imigrante

Located in the Parque João Paulo II, this museum is a tribute to Paraná's Polish colonists. It consists of a few log cabins containing objects used by the pioneers, and is open every day from 9 am to 5 pm. The park itself is a pleasant one in which to

and bossa nova from Wednesday to Sunday nights. John Edwards, the owner, is an American from San Francisco.

The London Pub in Lagoa da Ordem is a small place with great local jazz. It's informal, cheap and always crowded with a mix of mostly arty and university types. The music starts late and goes late.

☛ Things to Buy

The Feira de Arte e Artesão, held in Praça Garibaldi on Sunday from 10 am to 2 pm, offers an excellent variety of arts & crafts.

AROUND CURITIBA

☛ Vila Velha

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

To get there, catch a *semi-direto* bus to Ponta Grossa from the *rododiferroviária* and ask to be let out at the entrance to the state park. Unless you camp, there's nowhere to stay in the park, but there are always plenty of buses back to Curitiba. If you're going on to Foz, catch a bus or hitch into Ponta Grossa, 22 km away.

MORRETES

Founded in 1721 on the banks of the Rio Nhundiaquara, Morretes is a tranquil little colonial town in the midst of the lush coastal vegetation zone. It's a good place to relax, swim in the river and take some walks in the nearby state park.

Several buses and the train stop at Morretes on the way to Antonina and Paranaguá. If you like the feel of the place, just hop off—the spectacular part of the train ride is over anyway. The town itself is very small, and it's easy to find your way around.

☛ Marumbi State Park

The park offers some great hikes, and is very popular with *Curitibanos*, who get off the train at one of its many stops and hike down the old pioneer trails that were the only connections between the coast and the *Paranaense* highland in the 17th and 18th centuries. The best two to walk on are the Graciosa trail, which passes close to the Estrada da Graciosa, and the Itupava trail. Views from both are fantastic.

To get to the park from Morretes, catch a bus to São João de Graciosa. It's a couple of km from there to the park entrance, where you can pick up a trail map. Don't forget to take some insect repellent!

☛ Rio Nhundiaquara

This river served as the first connection between the coast and the highlands. Now, one of the best things to do on it is hire a truck inner tube from the guy who runs the service station and go 'tubing' (in Portuguese *bóia*, or *cross*). The guy who rents the tubes will also take you upriver and drop you off. It takes about four hours to float back down. See Dona Glória at the Hotel Nhundiaquara for more details.

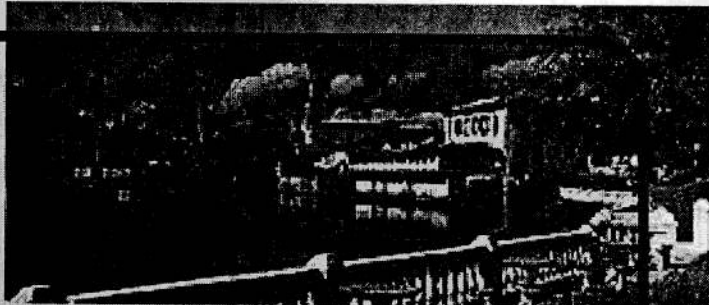
☛ Cascatinha

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

ANTONINA

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

The beaches along the bay are not very good, but Antonina is an easy place to kick back and take in the great view of the Baía de Paranaguá.



PARANAGUÁ

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

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

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

Paranaguá's old section is small enough to wander around without a set itinerary. Without much effort, you can see most of Paranaguá's colonial buildings, churches, waterfront bars and various markets in a couple of hours.

☛ Museu Arqueológico de Etnologia

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

At the front desk are notebooks with descriptions of the exhibits in English. The museum is at Rua 15 de Novembro 567 (near the waterfront). It's open Tuesday to Sunday from noon to 5 pm.

☛ Churches

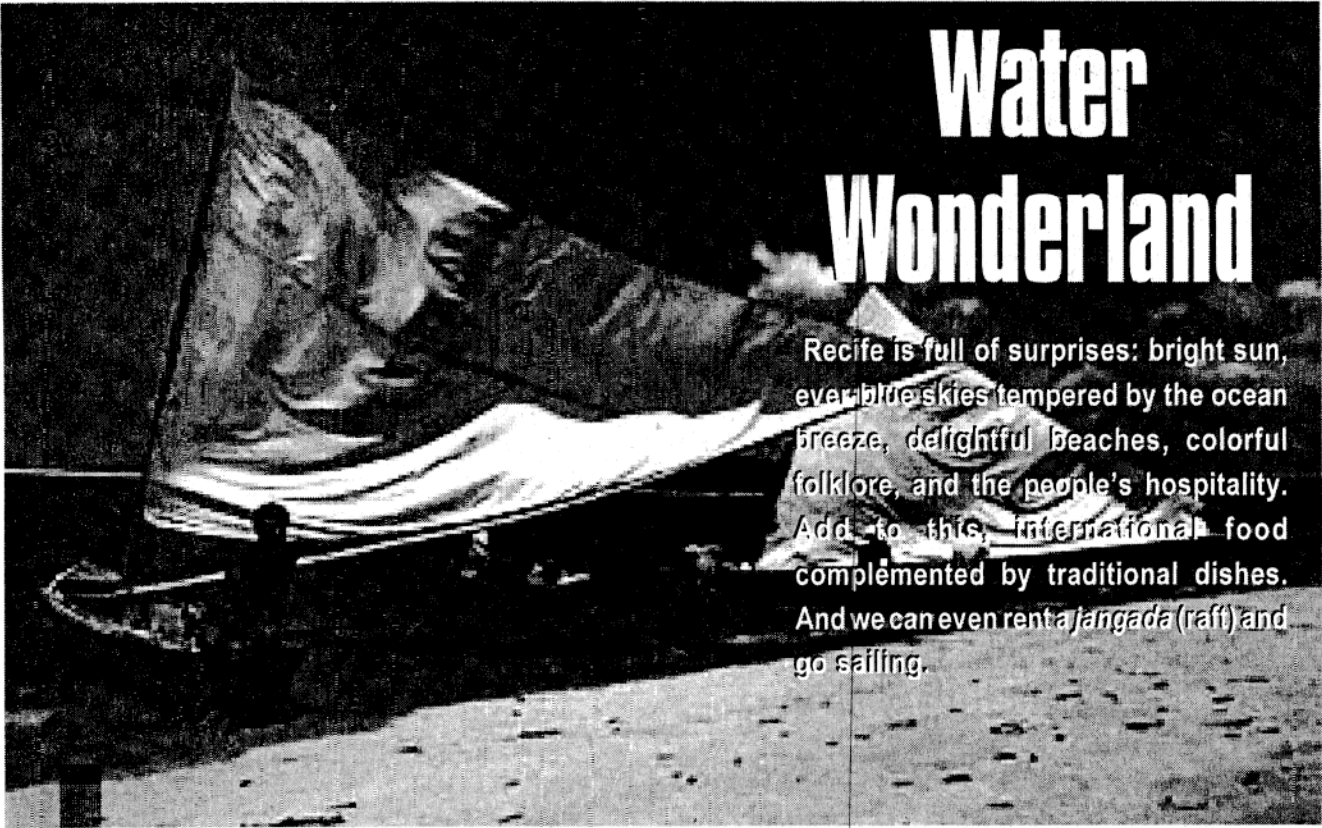
The city's churches are simple, unlike baroque churches. The Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rosário is the city's oldest. Also worth visiting are the Igreja São Francisco das Chagas (1741), Igreja de São Benedito (1784) and Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rocio (1813).

☛ Waterfront

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

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

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 1996 Lonely Planet Publications.
Used by permission.



Water Wonderland

Recife is full of surprises: bright sun, ever-blue skies tempered by the ocean breeze, delightful beaches, colorful folklore, and the people's hospitality. Add to this, international food complemented by traditional dishes. And we can even rent a *jangada* (raft) and go sailing.

HABEEB SALLOUM

Built partly on a peninsula and partly on islands, created by the Capibaribe and Beberibe rivers, and connected by canals and bridges, Recife is often called the Venice of Brazil. The capital of Pernambuco state and the most important city of the Brazilian northeast, it is considered to be the soul of the country. A vibrant metropolis which incorporates a combination of the old and new, it is an example of the Brazilian past, but also a window for the future.

With a population of some 1,500,000, Recife, situated at the easternmost point in South America where Brazil bulges into the Atlantic Ocean, is closer to Europe than any other urban center in that continent. The Portuguese first came here in 1548 and the site was briefly held by the British in 1595, then occupied by the Dutch from 1630 to 1654, before it returned to Portuguese rule.

In 1637, the Dutch founded the present day city after they had razed the nearby town of Olinda. In its early years, it prospered due to the processing and export of sugar, produced in the surrounding large estates by slave labor. At one time it was the center for the slave trade and had huge slave markets where millions of Africans were channeled into the sugar-cane fields. These slaves, the original Indian inhabitants and the Portuguese masters intermarried to give birth to the Recifians of today. A beautiful bronze-colored race, on the whole, they are perhaps one of the world's most handsome people. This becomes evident if one walks the city's beaches on a Sunday afternoon and watches the young women promenading on the sands.

This mixture of races gave impetus to great creative activities. Much of the popular folk arts, cooking, folklore and music originate in this part of the country. It is also a center for painters and sculptors but, above all, it is noted for its festivals with their colorful and appealing dancing, music and singing. Outshining by far all these folkloric events is the annual Carnaval with its distinctive dancers and singers. Many travelers consider Recife to be one of Brazil's richest musical towns, in a country which is one of the most melodic lands in the world.

The city is built partially on the mainland, and on three inter-connecting islands: Santo Antônio, Boa Vista and Recife—all joined by bridges. The most historic of these, and the main commercial center, is Santo Antônio, saturated with traffic-filled narrow streets, ancient churches and office blocks. Boa Vista includes both residential quarters and a commercial section where one can find reasonably priced hotels and entertainment establishments. With its busy docks, Recife is the least interesting of the three islands and holds little interest to travelers.

Recife is the fourth-largest city in Brazil, but less modern and cosmopolitan than its more famous counterparts. It is an important transportation center with a busy port processing and exporting coffee, cotton, sugar and industrial products. In the last few decades, the city has also become a tourist destination, besides Brazilians, luring tourists from North America and Europe.

High-rises, at least 60 colonial churches, mostly built in the 17th and 18th centuries and peoples' markets inter-

mingle in the city—a blend of the old and new. Skyscrapers nudge out picturesque colonial mansions, edged by white sandy beaches—lined with coconut palms. The old city, with its many tiny one-way streets, wonderfully ideal for walking, edge canals and bridges give Recife an atmosphere of a 'city built atop the water'.

The resort-town is an enchanting combination of warm weather, excellent beaches, top notch hotels and the best of restaurants. The warm beach waters are protected by a long coastal reef from which Recife, the Portuguese name for reef, derived from the Arabic *rasif* (causeway), gets its name. It holds back the violence of the waves and serves to turn the warm waters washing the beaches into placid pools in which bathers can relax.

For North Americans, there are a good number of travel agencies which offer package deals for one or two weeks catering to all tastes—at times, heavily discounted. When tourists reach Recife's Guararapes Airport, eight miles from the city center, a resort full of enchantment and surprises awaits them.

At the top of these surprises is the bright sun shining in an ever-blue sky, but tempered by the ocean breeze. Adding much to this seduction are the delightful beaches, the colorful folklore, the charm and hospitality of the people, and the international foods complemented by traditional dishes. They all help to make one's stay in Recife a period of pleasure.

And this is not all. The numerous excursions offered add even more temptation to this vibrant resort. One can rent a *jangada* (old Brazilian wooden sailing craft) on some of the beaches and go fishing or just for sailing the coastal waters.

From the hotels, numerous travel agencies offer a good number of excursions. The most worthwhile of these are: the Island of Itamaracá Cruise, Lover's Island Picnic, City Tour, Hinterland Trip to Caruaru and Nova Jerusalém, and the tour to the southern beach of Porto de Galinhas.

The affluent Boa Viagem, the city's most popular district and beach with a striking view of the Atlantic, is the home to the upper-middle class. It is the center of the city's social life and includes a wealth of fine restaurants and a glittering hot spot of nightlife—topping the whole northeast of Brazil in evening establishments.

Its 8 km (5 mi) long beach, called the Copacabana of the province of Pernambuco, is always crowded, especially on Sunday. Every week on that day it appears as if all inhabitants of Recife and the thousands of tourists who mill about its wide sands are colonies of ants. Occupying every square yard on that huge beach, this mass of humanity is pestered by a constant flow of vendors. One after another, they offer coconut milk, cold beer, rum cocktails, a variety of fresh fruits, seafood—both cooked and fresh from the sea, ice cream, straw hats, all types of sun lotions and anything else a sun worshipper could possibly want.

Every night, this crowning jewel of Recife's beaches, is lit by a special lighting system, which enables bathers to swim at night in the sea whose temperature hovers constantly around 25° C, year-round. This gives the beach a seductive

appeal, especially to the young. Even though the city offers a number of other beaches like Barra de Jangada, Candeias, Piedade, Pina, and Venda Grande, Boa Viagem is Recife's top seaside drawing card and touristic Mecca.

Most of the visitors coming to Recife stay in the hotels which line the beach and are located a few yards from the waters. They are almost always full, especially during the summer months from December to March. Today, these holiday abodes are being discovered by travel companies in North America and Europe. One of the great bargain destinations in the world, their prices and those of the surrounding eating places are very reasonable—lower than most other winter holiday spots in the western hemisphere.

However, all is not bliss in this South American resort. Swimmers must be careful to avoid injury when swimming near the sharp rocks of the reef, and many parts of the beaches are very crowded and strewn with litter. Visitors should guard their belongings on the beaches and they must be careful when walking in the city at night. To get a good rate of exchange, tourists must bargain with street currency vendors. As in most countries of the world, the American dollar reigns supreme. Currencies like the Canadian dollar are very reluctantly exchanged.

Beside the beaches, in the old section of Recife, there are a wealth of sights to explore. Not to be missed in Recife are: the Praça da República; the historic Basilica of our Lady of Penha; the Cathedral of São

Pedro dos Clérigos with a beautifully sculptured front; the Basilica of Our Lady of Carmo with a very impressive interior; the imposing 19th century Teatro Santa Isabel; Cinco Pontas Fort, built by the Dutch when they ruled the town, now housing the City Museum; the colorful Mercado de São José (Saint Joseph's Market); and the Casa da Cultura de Recife (Recife Cultural Center), once a prison, but now the top regional craft center in the northeast of Brazil.

Yet, no matter how interesting are the historic monuments of Recife, visitors come, in the main, to relish the joy of its beaches. Tourists from the northern lands when they return after a sojourn in this beach-resort talk in ecstasy about its warm sands, made enticing by an eternal summer.

Habeeb Salloum, who resides in Toronto, is a Canadian author and freelance writer specializing in travel and the culinary arts. Besides books and chapters in books, Habeeb has had hundreds of articles about food and travel published. Among his most important works are the books: *Journeys Back to Arab Spain* (1994); with J. Peters, *From the Lands of Figs and Olives* (1995 HB; 1997 PB); with J. Peters, *2* (1996); and *Classic Vegetarian Cooking From the Middle East and North Africa*, (in press). You can contact him at salloum@chass.utoronto.ca



INTERNATIONAL TOURS
LOS ANGELES INC.

THE BEST OF BRAZIL FOR A VERY LOW PRICE

	OW	RT
RIO/SÃO PAULO	\$365	\$519
BRASÍLIA/BELO	\$415	\$590
PORTO ALEGRE/CURITIBA/IGUAZU	\$415	\$590
VITÓRIA/FLORIANÓPOLIS	\$415	\$590
BRASÍLIA/CUIABÁ	\$415	\$590

VISIT BRAZIL 5 COUPONS \$440

	OW	RT
LIMA	\$298	\$341
SANTIAGO, CHILE	\$425	\$550
BUENOS AIRES	\$	\$629
BANGKOK	\$340	\$520
TOKYO-JAPAN	\$339	\$369

We have discounted prices for Mexico, Central and South America, Asia, Europe and Australia. Please call us for quotes.

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

688 W. BAKER ST. - SUITE 3
COSTA MESA, CA 92626
(714) 668-1175

414 E. 2ND ST.
LOS ANGELES, CA 90012
(213) 613-0943

2130 SAWTELLE BLVD. - SUITE 112
LOS ANGELES, CA 90025
(310) 575-4544

1610 W REDONDO BEACH #10
GARDENA, CA 90247
(310) 630-0555

RIO-SP
FROM LAX **\$510* (RT)**

* PLUS TAX - RESTRICTIONS APPLY

**OTHER DESTINATIONS
AVAILABLE.**

**PLEASE CALL US, AND COMPARE
OUR PRICES AND OUR SERVICES.
THEY STAND ON THEIR OWN MERIT
AND YOU ARE THE JUDGE.**

BRAZIL TOURS
WORLD WIDE SERVICES

Established 1963 - Same Ownership

Visit us at <http://www.braziltours.com>



1-800-927-8352



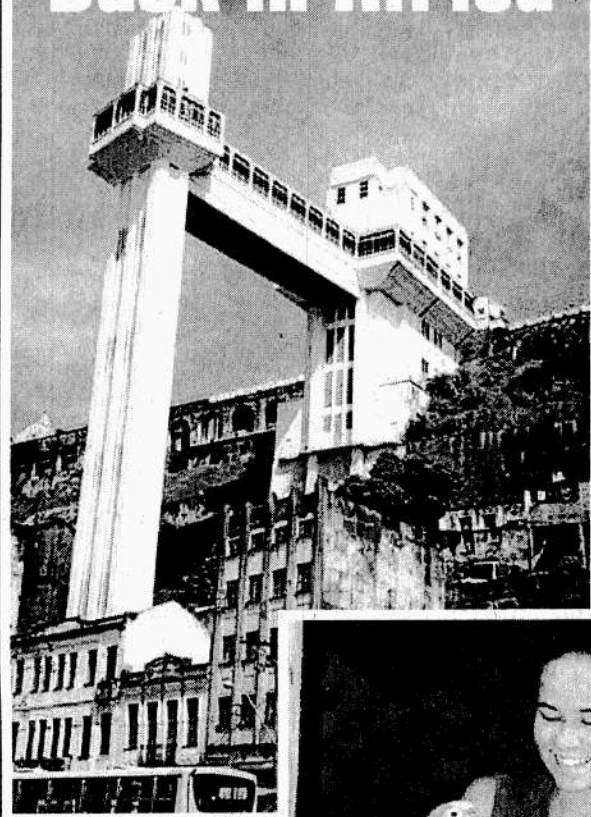
Tel.: (818) 990-4995

Fax: (818) 990-3114

E-mail: bfoster734@aol.com

14615 Ventura Blvd.. Suite A, Sherman Oaks, California 91403

Back in Africa



Closing my eyes I let the sounds and smells drift over me. The colorful people, the pungent food and the mahogany colored children who smiled coyly at me took me back, back to fragrant markets, tropical nights and the whiff of adventure that I crave.

PHILIP BLAZDELL

A long time ago an article about Bahia landed on my desk in Japan. It sat there for a long time ignored under a pile of travel brochures and forgotten paperwork. When I finally found time to read it, it concluded that 'Americans had to build Disney World to have fun—Bahia was created like that'. That alone was enough to wet my appetite; I made a promise to myself to go there at the earliest opportunity. A few years later, and with the shops thick with Christmas shoppers and Christmas carols being sung on every street corner I bought myself a return ticket for the 20-hour coach trip from Fortaleza to Salvador. The opportunity to spend the final Christmas of the millennium in the most spiritual place in Brazil appealed to me greatly. A perfect antidote to the end of millennium angst I was experiencing.



I had some uncertainty about long distance coach travel. I used to commute from London to Amsterdam regularly and it was generally a trying experience, continual delays, cramped coaches, stropky drivers and frequent stops in deserted, dirty and expensive coach stops in the middle of nowhere where it was easier to get mugged than buy a coke. I often arrived haggard and wondering why I bothered.

I expected much worse from Brazil—my imagination was running wild and I imagined that by the time I arrived in Salvador I would be recalling the luxury of the Amsterdam to London night bus with fondness. I was, therefore, pleasantly surprised when I arrived 20 hours later in Salvador, refreshed and ready for some serious sightseeing.

The coach was much more luxurious than I could have ever imagined. A few minutes after we pulled out of Fortaleza everyone had wrapped themselves in blankets and were snoring contentedly—try getting this comfortable on the London-Amsterdam bus. Not having realized that over zealous use of the air conditioning would result in my extremities turning blue I soon was turning out my rucksack in search of T-shirts. By the time we arrived I was wearing my entire wardrobe—and some of my girlfriends too. I now understood why the passengers had all boarded the bus dragging thick woolen blankets behind them.

We motored steadily through the night, stopping every three hours for a fresh driver at towns so small they barely featured on my map—a bar, a snack stand and a tired looking woman ready to sell me ice cold beer. The hallmarks of an advanced civilization so often missing in my Trans-Europe expeditions. The road was also pleasantly unforeseen, but in a country where the government proclaims that 'roads are progress' I shouldn't have been so astounded.

Each stop was a chance to stretch my legs, buy another icy cold beer or just marvel at the vastness of Brazil. For a European it's sometimes difficult to fully comprehend the size of the country, for example Bahia is roughly the size of France—and I always used to think that when I lived in London the 100 yard walk to my local supermarket was a long way.

Years of traveling had honed my skills and each stop I managed, with my poor Portuguese and a sharp index finger, to buy any number of cookies and pastries. The American writer Thomas Cobb once wrote that 'road food is always neutral in color and taste'. After tasting many of the savory pastries, chilled fruit juices and other things which fell into the category of objects unknown—but extremely delicious—available at each stop, I had to conclude that was Cobb wrong.

I awoke just as the sun rose—coloring the vast sky with purple and reds, we were traveling through a low sun baked land of bauxite colored earth broken now and again by the rich green of palm tree. The vastness of the sunrise and the gentle snores of my fellow passengers filled me with hope for the coming day; by definition a traveler must be optimistic. Only the driver and I were awake—but he didn't seem too impressed, for him it was all in a day's work.

Salvador, or to give its full name—Cidade de Salvador de Bahia de Todos os Santos (City of Salvador in Bahia of all Saints) is today a sprawling city of about 2 million

people. Portuguese sailors, commanded by the Italian Amerigo Vespucci, who discovered the bay sometime between 1501 and 1502, gave the city its name.

Although the land, according to the Treaty of Tordesillas, which has been signed in 1494, as a modified form of the Papal directive of the previous year signed by Pope Alexander VI, clearly belonged to the Lusitanian crown, it was not till 1549 that a serious colonization program began in Bahia—mainly as a response to attempts by the Dutch to exploit the areas rich resources.

In 1549 Tomé de Sousa, the first governor general of Brazil, arrived in Bahia. The chronicles of that time tell how he arrived with a retinue of 1000. Amongst them, as well as a small army, were the Jesuits who had been sent to 'colonize souls' and to turn the natives into good Christians who worked for the glorification of the Holy Mother Church, convicts, prostitutes, and as one chronicler says 'all the scum of Portugal'.

The colonization began in earnest with the unrestricted use of slave labor. First the local Indians were used, quickly followed by slaves captured from the coasts of Guinea, the Congo and Angola who were stronger and cheaper. Within a few years the first capital of Brazil had arisen from the fertile coastal plains. It was to remain the most important city for the next three centuries.

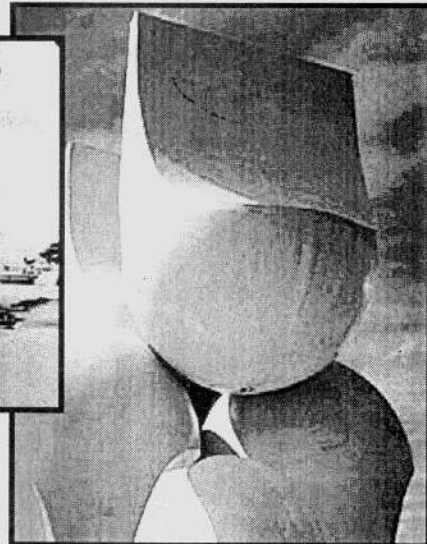
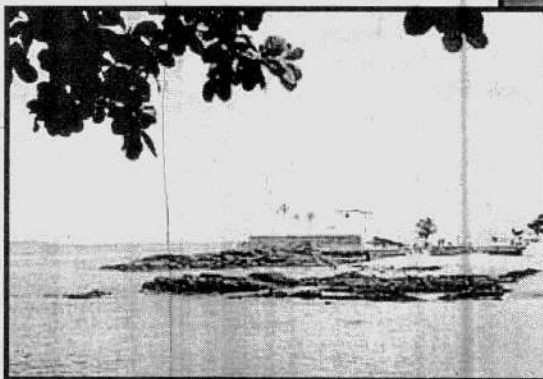
The great influx of slaves into the area has left a lasting effect. Closing my eyes I let the sounds and smells drift over me, I could have so easily have been back in Africa. The colorful people, the pungent food and the mahogany colored children who smiled coyly at me from every doorway took me back, back to fragrant markets, tropical nights and the whiff of adventure that I crave. The African soul, forcibly exiled until the late nineteenth century has taken its revenge here in Salvador. This was the Brazil I have come to know and to love.

Salvador's most famous son, the author Jorge Amado, obviously had the same thoughts as me when he wondered 'Is there a white man, even the whitest of whites, who does not have some black blood in his blue veins. Doesn't the blackest black man also have a drop of white blood in his African veins'? In a later dissertation on Bahian culture he describes the population as 'creatures out of a dream of love'. A dream that is still as vivid today and for me will always represent the great versatility and adaptability of man.

The slaves preserved their culture and heritage to an extent not seen anywhere else in the new world. Their religion fused with Catholicism, the churches ran amok with African deities and Catholic saints, mouth-watering African food became the standard fare and African tunes can still be heard today as you stroll the quaint cobbled streets. The music seemed somewhat familiar, hardly surprising when it has inspired the likes of Paul Simon, Michael Jackson and Branford Marsalis who, for example, used many of the traditional rhythms in his award winning opera *Blood on the Fields*.

One local resident summed up the city for me describing it as 'a Greek salad of cultures, a place of great spirituality' and if I listened carefully I might just be able to hear the passage of the numerous African deities that still prowl the streets. Standing, as I was, outside one of the many churches that made Salvador once second only to Lisbon, ('Salvador has more churches than we have sins') and home to South America's first synagogue, I could easily believe this.

I recalled another Jorge Amado novel and a dusty class room in London, and expected to catch a glimpse from the corner of my eye of a man 'very old, black as coal, dried up and



incredibly thin, enveloped in a gown that fluttered like a flag in the ocean breeze' floating past as he

toured the city, seeing deep into people's souls, reading the good and evil there. But, like my literary counterpart, and despite the dire warnings from the Brazilian Tourist Board, I saw only good in the city and its people.

I checked into the Pousada Azul. A small and relatively inexpensive hotel two blocks from the busy beach. I am not sure if the Pousada has yet gained legendary status amongst budget travelers, but I am sure that it will very soon. After years of traveling, and staying in all types of hotels only two others come close to this (the Yak hotel in Tibet and the Zenko-ji temple in Nagano). And I am sure I would have seen a lot more of Salvador if Beatriz and her smiling staff hadn't kept asking me each morning, in their delightfully lilting English if I wanted more cake, or coffee or fruit...

The other residents were all Europeans who had come weeks ago to learn Portuguese and had fallen under the spell of the Pousada. The idea that they might have to move on one day seemed to fill them with dread. I seriously considered staying. But then again it's not surprising that I fell in love with Salvador. A recipe for the city might be, one part Macao, one part Mozambique (places inherently linked in my mind with happy times), two parts modern Brazil all simmered gently with a whole range of religions, cuisines and possibilities. And amazingly this heady mixture seems to work.

I started my spiritual tour in the heart of the newly restored old town known locally as the Pelourinho. This UNESCO protected area is currently undergoing substantial redevelopment, and the many colonial houses are being painted and restored to their original condition, which are simply divine. In fact the area is considered to be the finest example of colonial architecture in the Americas and is largely attributed to the dedication of former governor of Bahia Antônio Carlos Magalhães.

It reminded me of the pretty colored houses I had seen in Macao. However, the beautifully painted houses in the quaint cobbled streets belie a more sinister history. One that we should never forget. The area, where today tourists stroll with cameras poised and a nonchalant step was once the scene of brutal ritual punishments that were handed out indiscriminately to slaves. Pelourinho actually means whipping post, and today the post has been partially restored lest we forget. Next to it I found a poignant poem:

*The waters will bring nations together
Africa and the Americas, as a temple,
Will mingle in space
The Gold used to buy slaves
Goes back to its origins
And resumes its role as primordial energy*

*The power of nature.
Waters rush out and wave
away all evil
The moment is just perfect
Pilori can be redeemed.*

Of the 166 churches in Salvador the most famous, and possibly the most impressive is the Igreja São Francisco, which dominates the eastern side of the Praça da Sé. From the outside it looks a modest, almost humble church, simple yet pleasing architecture and an almost nondescript façade. This simple façade, which was made from local sandstone blocks glued together using whale oil, belies the glorious interior. It is without a doubt the most stunning church in the Americas—if not the world.

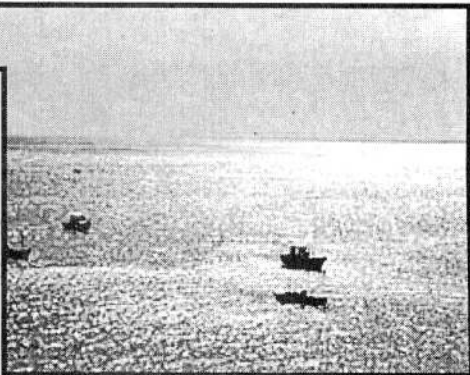
Before entering the church I passed into a sanctuary that contains splendid ceiling paintings by the local artist José Joaquim da Rocha. The artwork is often compared to the Sistine chapel due to its use of perspective such that the figures seem to follow you through 360 degrees. It was at the time an original and stunningly conceived piece of art. Today, it loses none of its power, and unlike the Sistine chapel is not obscured with hoards of tourists. In fact, wandering around on Christmas Eve, I was almost alone. I could not think of a better way to spend the day.

Entering the church is like entering the clichéd fairy tale grotto, a parable of baroque decadence worked in gold and silver with an over exuberance of precious stones and imported Portuguese tiles. By itself the sheer affluence of the church made me gasp. On each subsequent visit to the church more of its intricate details, leering cherubs and enigmatic saints became apparent. Each visit revealed more layers of complexity and meaning.

The church was built for the most part by slaves who were largely prohibited from practicing their own religion. This is reflected in the architecture. In a twilight-zone of ecclesial styles nothing is quite what it seems—saints are over endowed with amusingly large manhoods, some of the cherubs are heavily pregnant and one even appears to be both male and female. Each pillar and gold-coated post presents another surprise: naked angels vie with revered saints whilst Saint Ana (the mother of the Virgin) rubs shoulders with a pouting cherub. The church is revered to both Catholics and the indigenous African cults and joint services are often held. I couldn't help but feel that only in Brazil would two such radically different systems of belief fit so well together.

It was whilst marveling at the statue of St Benedict—the first black saint in Brazil, that the Father came rushing over to me. After I had received a blessing and a prayer wishing me good fortunes for the New Year and for my travels, he asked me what I thought of the church. "It's the second most beautiful church in the Americas," he explained to me barely able to contain his enthusiasm, "second only to the Cathedral Metropolitana on the Zocalo in Mexico City". I thought he was going to hug me when I told him that the Cathedral Metropolitana was currently ongoing heavy restoration work and had lost much of its charm. Instead he wistfully shook my hand and wished me luck on my trip.

But, Igreja São Francisco is more than just a wonderful diversion for tourists and historians of art. It is still a working church. Every Tuesday, come rain or shine, is *o dia da bênção* (the day of benediction). The service is held at 6 PM and after the final blessing has been said and Santo Antônio has been



venerated, bread is given out to the many poor (Salvador has the highest birth rate in Brazil, and more tragically the highest infant mortality rate). The Pelourinho is closed to traffic and the population throngs the streets. 'Of course', someone later told me, 'it's just an excuse to celebrate living in one of the world's most diverse and spiritual cities'. Who was I to disagree?

On Christmas night I strolled with the crowds in the Pelourinho. Bands had begun playing on every street corner and the air was rich with the smells of the traditional Bahian cooking. The women, who without exception looked stunningly attractive in their long white dresses and turbans, sat on every street corner behind bubbling drums of sweet smelling *dendê* palm oil. This wonderful aroma draws you towards their trays laden with *acarajé*. This superb dish is made from beans, which have been mashed in salt and onions then fried. The fried balls are then split and filled with a mixture of coconut paste, seafood, red peppers and shrimp. It can be sublimely hot.

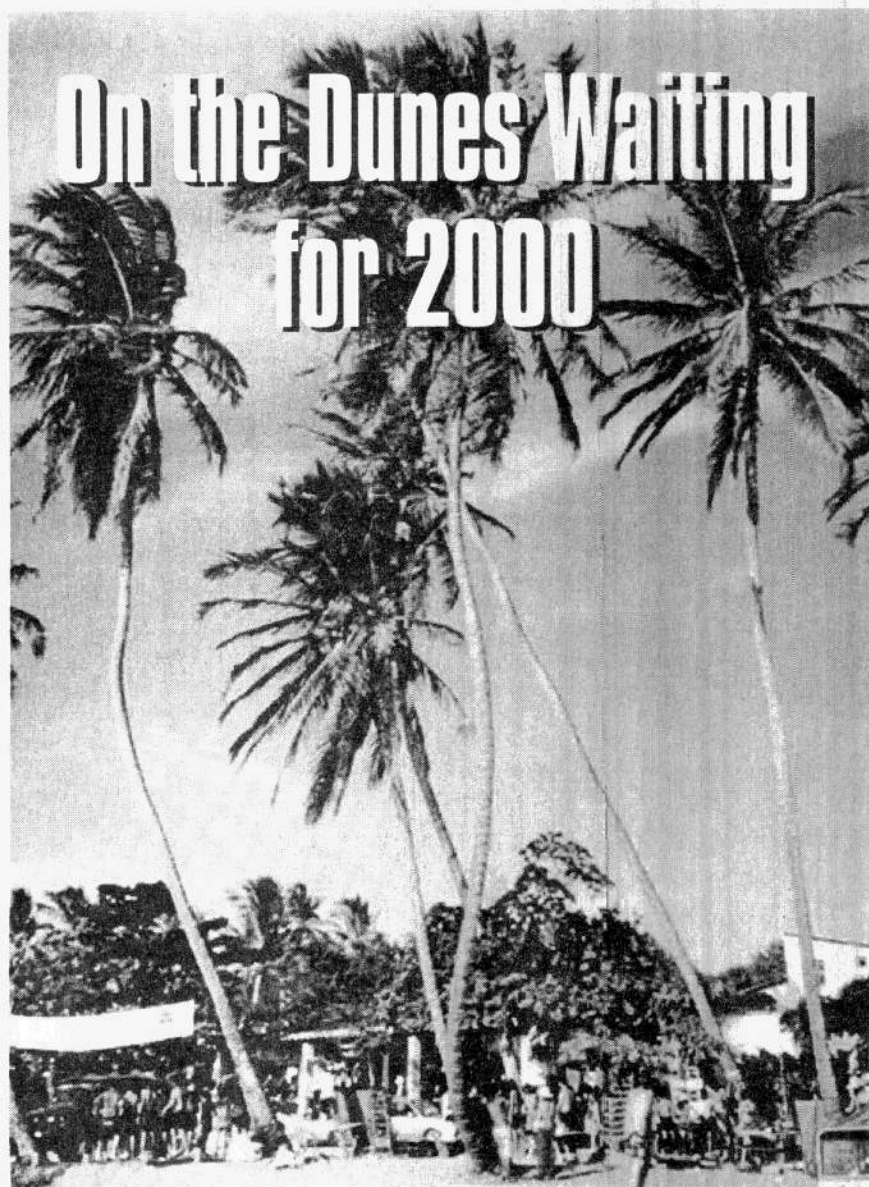
However, when I think of Salvador I will probably not remember the stunning architecture, the curious mix of cultures or the warmth of the blessing I received in the church, I will not even recall the fantastic food and the charming turban clad women who sold it. I will, however, remember my final bus journey back to the Pousada Azul.

A few blocks from the town center a ragtag bunch of teenagers got on. They sat quietly at the back of the bus for a few minutes. Then in a casually nonchalant manner, whilst he chatted with the pretty girl next to him, one of the older boys began to drum a simple rhythm out on the seat. A few minutes later another boy joined in the rhythm and was quickly followed by a crystal voiced girl who began to sing a haunting refrain. Another boy joined in to answer the refrain, his voice less strong, but still carrying powerfully down the bus.

Within a few more stops the whole group had spontaneously burst into song. The drummers drummed on the seats and the girls' refrain was matched with passion from the boys, even the conductor was clanging his change in time with the drummers. The singing became louder and louder, more passionate with each new verse, the drummers drummed intensely on the seats. I stayed on the bus many stops past my own to listen, and during the long walk back to the hotel I found myself still humming their tune. It is still with me today.

The author grew up in West London and left initially for a position in Japan. He is a regular contributor to several travel magazines. His travels have taken him across Asia, through Africa and into South America. He fell in love with Brazil two years ago and has been traveling throughout the country ever since. He currently lives in Fortaleza where he is attempting to learn the 'language of angels'.

The author may be contacted via philip@dem.ufc.br and will personally reply to every message.



On the Dunes Waiting for 2000

The pick-up truck I traveled in was held together with the requisite number of pictures of saints, bits of wire and a lot of luck. As we bounced through the night, the dunes remained as enigmatic as the name Jericoacoara.

PHILIP BLAZDELL

Is it or isn't it? No place has generated so much interest from so many people. It seems that everyone has an opinion. Some people love it, go there for a few days and never leave, whilst others simply hate it and can't wait to leave. Some have heard of it and plan to go there one day whilst others are convinced that it is a myth dreamed up by the world's media moguls. I am one of the few people who still sit on the fence—sometimes it moves me to tears and sometimes I just can't find peace there.

I am, of course talking about Jericoacoara, or as us old South America hands know it Jeri. Less a beach than an urban legend, which if it did not exist I would probably have to invent anyway to keep my friends back home jealous. It is a place that sprung into public awareness when a number of magazines and even the *New York Post* rated it as the world's best beach. I am not especially a beach lover much preferring the countryside of my youth, but the opportunity to spend the dying days of the millennium on the world's best beach was something I could not resist. The romance of a chilled bottle of vintage champagne, the sun bleached sea and my girlfriend sharing a rare moment of tranquility was inspiration enough to shake off my inertia, dig out my camera and head north.

Jeri was, till about 15 years ago, an isolated fisherman village, without any contact with modern civilization. There were no roads, no electricity, no phones, no TVs, no newspapers, and money was something almost useless, since deals were based on trading

fish for goods. I was there a few weeks ago, and things have changed a little bit—it is no longer possible to barter a haddock or even a kipper for an icy cold beer and some may say that civilization has arrived with a vengeance.

In 1984 the place was declared an "Environment Protection Area" by a federal law which has presumably limited the towns development—I think it is only the third place in the world where I couldn't buy a McDonald's. Although to some extent tourism has reached the place, it still keeps the unhurried and peaceful way of life. Because of the EPA law, it is forbidden to hunt, pollute, construct roads, and buildings are limited to the village area (the EPA has 200 sq km, and the village is 1 sq km) which, for me, looks like the type of place war-torn foreign correspondents either go for a vacation or to learn their trade.

Building of more accommodation was forbidden in 1992, in order to limit the quantity of tourists (but not, I am sad to say, the quality) in the place. The streets of the main square are covered in blown sand; it would be a futile task to keep them otherwise. Each day there is more sand than the night before. One day perhaps the sand will reclaim what it's rightfully its own and peace will once again return. It is unlikely that I will return to see this, for aside from my restless nature the sand is much more patient than I am. But eventually it will happen.

At 3 AM on a humid December evening we left the relative comforts of our normal tourist bus in the small town of Jijoca de Jericoacoara, a small village which exists it seems to sell tourists beers and hammocks—which no South American traveler should ever be without. From here on no roads exist and only the skill of the local drivers can get you to Jeri relatively unscathed. I mingled with the tourists and locals.

I was tired, disorientated and overwhelmed by the hawkers—small children peddling cases of beer, the smells of twenty different food stalls, shouts of departing bus drivers and the flicker of hurricane lamps. Once again my mind wandered to England so many miles away and so foreign to me now. The movement, the people and the language warmed me and gave me hope—it was good to be back on the road again.

From this point the trip became more interesting as we transferred to an ancient pick-up truck, which my fantastic guide book to the area had warned me 'will probably be falling apart anyway'. The one I traveled in certainly was and was held together with the requisite number of pictures of saints, bits of wire and a lot of luck. As we bounced through the night, the dunes remained as enigmatic as the name Jericoacoara.

Although there are several versions for the origin of the name "Jericoacoara", the most probable is that it is indigenous, from the Tupi-Guarani language: yurucu (hole) cuara (turtle), meaning "hole of the turtles",

in a reference to the fact that Jericoacoara is a beach where sea turtles come to make holes to lay their eggs. But some old fishermen do not agree with this version taken out of history books. They say that the name has its origin in the small hill beside the village (where the lighthouse is situated). The hill, when seen from high seas, has the shape of a laying alligator, which in a local expression would be "Jacarequara", and with time the name ended up changing to Jericoacoara.



shaken and totally exhilarated. The sun was just beginning to color the sky as we slung our hammocks and went off along deserted sandy streets in search of a calming beer.

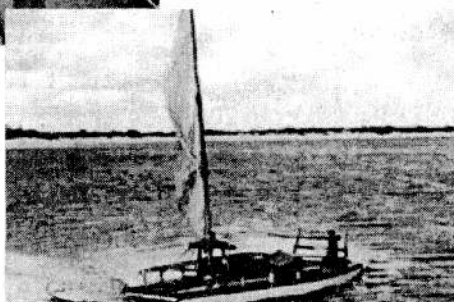
Although the beach is said to be one of the world's best, many travelers first impressions have been somewhat disappointing. Generally, there is a hard wind blowing and you feel sandblasted with gray sand after only few minutes. To find a place in the sea deep enough for swimming you could possibly walk miles, I gave up when I reached the customs post in Gabon. So this is definitely not the place for hanging on the beach—most people go there to soak up the hedonistic party atmosphere not admire the stunning dunes. But after all, isn't that what beach life is all about?

I asked a local fisherman what makes the place so special. He explained that Jericoacoara has more than one reason to be considered a paradise. The place is a set of several different sceneries, altogether in a very beautiful and harmonic combination. And not only to be seen, but to be felt. The intense contact with nature, and the sensation of freedom that the place transmits, where every place is so wide, and no kind of behavior is restricted, will mark Jericoacoara forever in your memories. Another, more pragmatic traveler told me that Jericoacoara is a resort where all the hardcore travelers come through on one station of their trip. You come here to hang around in the bars, enjoying the romantically lit night life (lack of electricity forces use of lanterns, candles), listen to stories and contemplate what might have been...

However, as we climbed onto the roof of a beachfront bar to sip our early morning beer and watch the fishermen pursue their age-old craft none of this mattered. I was with friends. A year of traveling, work and regrets drifted away. As is normally the case talk was inconsequential, just the fact of the sunrise, the beach and the sea breeze—that was what really mattered—my friend even offered to pay for the beer—which was an unexpected bonus. Just before we headed off for some sleep we climbed the 40m high dune that stands impressively looking out to sea: "Duna do Pôr do Sol" (Sunset Dune).

In his seminal paper on sand formation, which I had unearthed by chance a few winters ago in a cold London library the British explorer Ralph A. Bagnold wrote that standing on such dunes "instead of finding chaos, the observer never fails to be amazed at a simplicity of form, an exactitude of repetition and geometric order unknown in nature on a scale larger than that of crystalline structure. In places, vast accumulations of sand weighing millions of tons move inexorably, in regular formations, over the surface of the country, growing, retaining their shape, even breeding, in a manner which, by its grotesque imitation of life, is vaguely

It had been sometime since I was last clinging on to the back of a pick-up truck for dear life (thankfully, like riding a bike, it is a skill you don't easily forget), and by the time our driver dropped us off outside our rented house, I was bruised,



disturbing to the imaginative mind". Bathed in the early morning sun, and with heavy eyelids I simply wished for the oblivion of my hammock. A pristine day was dawning and I was very tired.

On the eve of the last night of the millennium, a night where anything was possible, we dug deep in our travel-tattered bags for our new white clothes, which we had bought especially for the evening celebrations. I tried to get to the bottom of the symbolism of wearing white, but even the most verbose of my friends just shrugged their shoulders, passed me a beer and said, "This is Brazil—this is life".

On mass the entire population of town climbed to the top of the dune for midnight. We jostled for a good position. I am not normally a great lover of crowds, but perhaps because this was a special night, or more likely because this was Brazil I found the atmosphere invigorating and charged with unpromised potential and passions.

Of course, no one had thought to bring a watch, so the coming of the millennium drifted slowly over the dune. Champagne bottles popped everywhere, most of which seemed to end up being sprayed over me (the local supermarkets had been selling a special bottle of millennium wine especially for this purpose), the world's largest private collection of military ammunition was let off and the local town fired off a few dozen fireworks. We had entered the new millennium. The guy standing next to me stripped off his T-shirt to reveal a white vest. The message

printed in crude characters was clear—Bad Luck, Nostradamus!

I was just getting into the hand shaking and kissing routine, which greets every new year (I especially enjoy the kissing bit),



when I was grabbed by the hand and lead off to the sea. With timing synchronized swimmers would be proud off the entire population jumped backwards seven times into the luminescent surf. Along the length of the beach was a line of slightly inebriated Brazilians, all dressed in white bouncing backwards into the sea. Again the ritual mystery was lost on a confusion of thunder flashes, kisses, sprayed champagne and drunkenness. I am not sure if I will live forever, never leave Brazil, have seven children or have good health—no one seemed sure. Rather like England's performance in the World Cup, taking part seemed more important than understanding the significance.

And then, just as the partying was heating up the lights went out. The whole village was suddenly plunged into darkness. The only light came from the pale phosphorescence of the sea and the twinkling stars. An eerie silence drifted over the place. For a precious few moments we were left standing knee deep in the surf bathed in the light from the first stars of the millennium. At last Jeri had fulfilled all its expectations.



The author is currently living in Fortaleza where he divides his time between an academic career and traveling extensively. He has recently returned from an 18-month spell in Asia, which he described as 'interesting'. He is indebted to GFMF for continual friendship and trip planning skills above and beyond the call of duty. SdeB was, as ever, instrumental in a successful trip. The author may be contacted via philip@dem.ufc.br and will personally reply to every message.

A Cinematic Sensibility

Giving audiences a fast-action sequence of music and visual imagery, *Brasil Brazil Show* commits to the festival circuit and proves success lies in the obvious.

BRUCE GILMAN

The morning fog has lifted over picturesque West Hollywood, a neighborhood known twenty-five years ago as the Swish Alps. Afternoon sunlight squeezes in shafts through the windows of an upstairs apartment that serves as both living and work space. Following the directions taped on the front door, I removed my shoes before entering. The furniture is simple and comfortable—a small dinner table, three chairs, a couch upholstered in hand painted fabric. Narrow shelves above the stereo bend under their load of books, CD's, and percussion instruments. An alto sax rests in its stand. Drums and colored plastic tubes are cached in corners and a pair of yellow high-tops is strewn on the floor. Coconut oil is emanating from a tiny kitchen, lacing the ambience inside the office of Yellow Green Productions, the epicenter of the *Brasil Brazil Show*.

Resonating through the room is Adriana Calcanhotto's latest CD. Ana Gazzola, dressed in a shapeless white T-shirt over baggy white sweatpants, is laughing and naming each tune that was sampled to create an ingenious sound montage titled "Vamos Comer Caetano" (Let's Eat Caetano). She punctuates her speech with body language, short little dance movements that wordlessly express her delight. Gazzola is from Caxias do Sul, an hour and thirty minutes by car from Porto Alegre. "They have the best grapes in Brazil," she tells me, "and the largest celebration of wine, Festa da Uva, every four years, like the World Cup."

Gazzola started singing in clubs when she was a student of architecture in Porto Alegre. She worked the club circuit in Rio for ten years, before touring Brazil with piano player Luis Carlos Vinhas, afterward moving with him to São Paulo. "Rio is really different from Los Angeles," she tells me. "You perform, a lot! You'll work a jazz club every day from Monday to Saturday. In São Paulo, it's even more intense. You work three night clubs from Monday to Friday. I'd do the first set from eleven to midnight at one club, jump into my car, go to the Gardens (district), do another show from 12:30 to 1:30,

then get back into my car and go to another club, perform there, and then come back to the first club to do the night's final set. That's the way it works in São Paulo. You never sleep. I spent two years working like that."

In 1991, after studying English in New York for six months, Gazzola moved to Los Angeles where she continued performing with a number of ensembles including Lula and Afro-Brazil. "When I met Lula, it was love at first sight," says Gazzola. "Singing *lambada* and samba reggae was a totally different kind of music for me, because at that time in Brazil, the music from Bahia wasn't popular. The explosion in *axé* music hadn't happened yet. Nobody in Rio or São Paulo, the cultural centers of the country, cared anything about *axé* music before Daniela Mercury. The great composers weren't writing songs like that." Later that year, while rehearsing as a duo with Lula at a friends house, she met Sonia Santos.

Perhaps it's the ease with which Santos moves, but she seems like a traveler from a past time when people were simply shorter, and it's the rest of us who are grotesquely tall by comparison. She has a natural poise that embodies black dignity and strength. A consummate professional who has



Sonia Santos, Lula, Ana Gazzola

toured internationally and been recognized as an outstanding vocalist at both the Miden Popular Art Show in Cannes, France (1976) and the Festival of Popular Arts in Algeria, Africa (1986). Santos has an earthy and wonderfully vital voice, its extraordinary vibrancy equal to any occasion.

Although she comes from humble origins, at the age of fourteen Santos was singing with a group of teens whose parents were literary and art-world celebrities. The band's leader was the son of painter, composer, and instrumentalist Heitor dos Prazeres. In 1973, while working with Maestro Cipó's band on the television show *Flávio Cavalcanti*, Santos won the program's celebrated talent competition—A Grande Chance. During the late seventies Santos performed for inmates in prisons throughout Brazil, but the inherent danger stopped her. Says Santos, "When you work with prisoners, they get absorbed with you. And when they are released, they look for you. It gets very complicated." Her list of accomplishments is imposing, indeed, for it includes not only live stage performances and recordings but also roles in both soap operas and film. She attributes the funk influences on the *Brasil Brazil* CD to her work with the legendary Banda Black Rio, with whom

she worked before coming to the United States.

Santos came to New York from Rio in 1990, and appeared on Broadway with the electrifying Oba Oba company. After two months in New York, the company continued its U.S. tour—Chicago, Detroit, Miami, Los Angeles, and Las Vegas. “I had planned to live in New York, but it was too cold for me,” says Santos. “I liked Florida, but it was a little too wet and too hot, like Rio. Then we came to Los Angeles, and I liked it right away. The show had to travel to Las Vegas, because of our contract, but L.A. had taken something from my heart, so I came back here to live.”

In 1994, the year of the World Cup, Santos and Gazzola created the Brasil Brazil Show. Both singers had been working a lot that year with their own groups—Ana Gazzola with the Brazil Sound Band and Santos with her Obatala Band. But they found that collectively they could work larger venues and that working together brought them greater personal satisfaction. Singing Brazilian standards and original tunes from each other’s repertoire, they gigged every Wednesday at a club called Monsoon. The experience provided them with an opportunity to hone the skills necessary to co-lead a large ensemble and to work out the usual lead singer conflicts of ego.

“The way we sing together is different from the way we sing individually,” says Gazzola. “We each had to let some aspects of our own styles go in order to invent this third entity. It wasn’t easy to pull it together, but we worked a lot...and fought! And we haven’t worked much independently since. The Brasil Brazil show sells so much. It’s so much stronger for both of us that it has been a long time since we’ve pursued our solo careers. When Sonia was in Brazil, I did a gig at the University at Riverside by myself, and it was good. But I get so much more from our show together.”

“We’ve decided to go 100 percent with Brasil Brazil Show,” says Santos. “Our philosophy is that in five years, maximum, we’ve got to do everything 100 percent. Why not? We’re putting everything out there. We’re going to record another CD at the end of February—*Brasil Brazil 2*. It was so great to do the first one. Let’s have another injection, you know? Let’s do it! Let’s put everything out there and keep working the festival circuit. There are only two (Brazilian) groups here that have achieved this—Sérgio Mendes and Flora and Airtó. And once they started on this circuit, they didn’t stop for five years. Right now we’ve got a good thing. Everywhere we go, people like us and speak well about the show. So, in the next five years we’re going to do everything 100 percent. Now my thing is Brasil Brazil. I sleep with Brasil Brazil and I wake up with Brasil Brazil. I do everything and Ana does the same.”

Santos and Gazzola understand that many people attending a festival performance are newcomers to Brazilian music and prefer the firm toehold recognizable tunes give them. “Of course, there are people who are into specific kinds of music

like African and Cuban,” says Gazzola. “But in general, most people in America are unfamiliar with Brazilian music.” Interestingly enough, these same newcomers, accustomed to the more predictable pattern of responding through simple foot tapping, are the ones who sway their bodies back and forth in an open response to the rhythm and imagery of the performance, finding catharsis in the Brasil Brazil Show.

“We both had good material with our own bands, says Santos, “but we learned from the Brazilian journalist Nelson Rodrigues who told me at the beginning of my career, ‘Sonia, my dear, success lives in the obvious. Start with something people know, and then bring in drops of new material.’ Ana and I looked through what we felt was the best Brazilian music from the ’60’s and ’70’s and then tested these pieces in our shows. We kept a tune in the band’s book if the audience

reaction was ‘WOW!’ For example, ‘Upa Neginho’ by Edu Lobo. You remember Elis Regina sang it? The reaction everywhere we sang that tune was overpowering. And it was the same with ‘Aquarela do Brasil’ and ‘Mais Que Nada’ and ‘Samba de Verão.’ When we tested ‘Ponteio’ by Edu Lobo, a tune that won the third MPB festival in 1967, we were playing the Foundation Room, a small room with a fireplace, upstairs at the House of Blues. It was the first time we played the tune in public and...WOW! The place exploded. I still feel goose bumps when I think of it. The audience didn’t know the words, but they understood the feeling.

“We have put a lot of original material on hold,” says Santos. “On my first CD here, I recorded all new material, compositions that I had written with Luiz Melodia and Tim Maia, all original. And 90 percent of the material on Ana’s solo CD is original, but the response to the Brasil Brazil Show and the CD has been so much stronger than either of our solo projects. Much stronger.

When we brought a lot of new material into the show, it was too much information; it alienated the audience. People like tunes that they know. The only tunes from Ana’s CD that got air play were ‘Manhã de Carnaval’ and ‘Blue Moon.’ Nelson Rodrigues was right! We’ve already tested his words and we know through our experience with the audience that we’ve got to have tunes that will build the power of the show, that people can feel. We know we’ve got to have rhythm and movement, because that’s what builds the power.”

“While we are on stage, we keep in mind that we are representing Brazil, says Gazzola, “that we are the Brazilian team, and that it’s our mission to show the best of Brazil. It’s an interesting concept—two female vocalists, one black, one white, representing Brazil. We show *capoeira* from the North, folkloric dances, *lambada*, samba. Each show is a trip to Brazil through music and dance. We’re now working on *gaúcho* and indigenous dances.” Listening to them describing the show, reminds me of the time last summer when I was driving down the 405 freeway, and the towering, impossible-to-ignore elec-



tronic billboard for the Hollywood Casino was announcing the Brasil Brazil Show in flashing kaleidoscopic lights. At the time, I was delighted that deserving Brazilian talent was mercifully receiving advertising. But certainly there had been no words of warning that lead me to expect what I heard and saw two months later when I caught the band at the African Village Festival at the John Anson Ford Amphitheatre in Hollywood. I knew immediately, Brasil Brazil Show had it. Their delivery was far ahead of anything I had heard or seen in terms of impetus and inspiration; any accusations of rehashing timeworn material became irrelevant in light of the show's emphasis on rhythm and rapidly sequenced stage movement.

Few companies are better suited than this co-lead ensemble for connecting with their audience and delivering live the fervor, enthusiasm, and excitement of popular Brazilian music, and this was overwhelmingly demonstrated at the Ford. It was a genuinely creative and immensely professional show that combined phenomenal energy and technique with a deep and abiding respect for tradition. The group responded vividly to audience reaction, and when this in turn triggered great excitement and enthusiasm among the spectators, Brasil Brazil Show became an emotional and musical experience of awesome proportions.

The band was able to stimulate and be stimulated by a crowd that had come to hear music from Africa. Every solo consistently grabbed audience approval and drew applause. The percussion section, mature in terms of self-assurance and experience in working together, remained ardently aflame throughout the performance. There was a constant sense of dynamic building, everything—structure, feel, interconnected rhythmic patterns—moving up and through space, bristling until the climax in which individual band members were introduced.

What is incredible about the Brasil Brazil Show is its power to build a community of inspiration among the most disparate people. The company appears to have found orientation and guidance for their stage layout, movement, and imagery in a variety of sources from the Oba Oba Show to Caetano Veloso's *Livro Band*. Santos explains, "In life, you invent nothing. Everything has already been invented. There is nothing you can create." Notwithstanding, I've seen the show a number of times since the Ford, and each performance was unique and exhilarating, the ensemble's propulsive energy escalating in character and inciting a remarkable atmosphere of audience participation.

Says Santos, "Not many people in a festival audience can understand the Portuguese lyrics, but they enjoy the melody and connect with the rhythm. And our message is the groove, our strength is in the rhythm. Everybody understands the groove. We love the idea of having three percussionists, but it's a dichotomy, because the tendency of the percussionist is to overplay—like free soloing on every tune, without regard to the arrangement. But that is not what we needed, so we had to

arrange who was going to play what and which way. And it was difficult! We had fights at the rehearsals with Casio, Zé, and Claudinho. We wanted them to play more simply, and they each wanted to play a lot more. 'It's not the idea,' we told them. 'The idea is for each one to play a little bit, but together, so that it sounds big. Why do you want to make it so complicated? We don't need that.' Our guys are tight because Ana and I are unrelenting and because we play every week, rehearse, go over."

"When I wanted them to play *afoxé* together," says Gazzola, "I told Claudinho, 'You play straight like (sings the part), and keep doing that—forever. You do that forever, and Casio does (sings the counter part). If you play it that way, the audience can follow it. They can understand.' If the guys are just jamming, the sound will be jumbled and the audience won't understand. It's confusion. Jesus Christ! It was very difficult to have these guys play simply. They wanted to (parodies percus-

sion cacophony), so we had to figuratively hold their hands. I created an index of what Claudinho plays, what Casio plays, what Zé Bruno plays. I told them, 'On this song you play this, on this song you play that.' It took a long time to get there."

"But there is also something else," says Santos. "We are women leading guys, Brazilian guys, and they are so macho, so proud. And this is the hardest part. They are resistant. It's difficult to have them accept our ideas. It's man's nature. And, of course, our nature is to discuss ideas with them and be very patient. The world of music in general is very macho, musicians are very macho. You never see regular musicians, sidemen, who are gay, a drummer or a guitar player. There are, but they are all in the closet, because the other musicians would tear them apart. Musicians come out of the closet when they become headliners. But when they are among the side musicians, no. It's a very macho world, very macho."

The press packages that Santos and Gazzola send festival promoters exploit this "disadvantage." Says Gazzola, "I write to them saying, 'I've noticed that you haven't had many female vocalists in your festivals and none that were Brazilian. I think it would be a beautiful thing.' We've got to sell!" And Brasil Brazil Show is selling. Last year they performed in over a dozen major shows and festivals in locations as varied as Singapore, Kansas City, and Northern California. Additionally, they performed for director (*Titanic*, *Aliens*, *The Terminator*) James Cameron's private New Year's Eve party and have already committed to the Syracuse, Toronto, and Live Oak Jazz Festivals this year.

"Playing festivals is easier, says Gazzola. "We're targeting festivals now, because Brasil Brazil is a nine piece band, and we can't play small clubs. We've already played enough on the club circuit, you know? My whole life I've played in clubs—Luna Park, Lunaria, La Vé Lee, Atlas Supper Club. There are so many things going on beyond the club scene, and we're



going there. And anyway, the work is the same, the energy is the same. Why not do the same work for a big festival? It's better to play for more people. The more people, the more energy. We get even more excited. But also, we want to pay our guys what the nice gigs are paying, because we're proud, that players like Grecco, Rafael, and Cristiano, who were like boys and students when they started with us, have developed into men and professionals. A year ago they were like kids, but now, they have big dreams."

Santos says that festival contractors treat them much better than the small club owners who, although they know the music is vital for their existence, treat musicians with little respect. "In Singapore, we were like rock stars! We worked two weeks, doing two shows a day, each show, 45 minutes. There were over 1000 people at each show. We felt blessed, because they loved the show. At the Hollywood Park Casino shows, we had more than 1200 people."

Says Gazzola, "I've never seen anything in my life like Reggae on the River. They flew us there. And when we got there, everything was 'peace and love.' The dressing room was packed with fruit, food, refreshments, coffee, you know? Whatever you wanted. We were among huge artists like Ziggy Marley. High, high, high level production. They had all the equipment there already. Eighteen guys on stage putting everything together. The musicians didn't have to carry a single thing. We had sent them our stage layout and equipment requirements, and everything was put together exactly as we had requested. And after all that, I told the director that I still needed to get reimbursed for the van we took from the airport. 'Oh sure,' he says, 'do you want cash or check?' So, we follow him inside a trailer...Unbelievable! Wall-to-wall computers, Internet, the works, and our check is coming out of the computer. We had a press conference with twenty reporters, just for the Brasil Brazil Show. What a production. Amazing!

"And we're still learning a lot every place we play. When we went to Kansas City we had planned to do the same show we had done at Hollywood Park, twenty-six people on the stage. It was the biggest show we'd ever done. But when we got there, we were confronted with a completely different situation. People in Kansas City are very conservative. You can feel it in the way they dress and by their haircuts. It's like you're in a time warp and you've gone back thirty years. We knew before we left Los Angeles that it was against the law for the girls to show their butts. We were prepared for that and had designed little Tarzan outfits to cover their butts, because they couldn't use bikinis. But there were other differences we hadn't expected.

"Right after the first show the manager ran up to us shouting, 'No, no, no! We've got to change the show!' The patrons weren't interested in music; they didn't care about jazz or solos. It was all about entertainment, about getting from point A to point B with the greatest entertainment value. We

replanned the second show in the dressing room in fifteen minutes. We changed the whole show—cut all the solos, made all the numbers shorter. They wanted to see things moving. After the second show the same guy came up to us saying, 'That's what I want! Terrific!' They wanted movement. They wanted the *capoeira* guys to come in, then the girls, then the singers, then the guys again. There was no time for solos or musicians. They didn't want that. And we can't abuse our audience with soloing just because we're musicians and we like it. Not everybody likes that kind of thing. Now we often cut the guitar and keyboard solos and just use the congas, just rhythm. People love that. It's more interesting for them. So, we learned from those people and from that experience in Kansas City.

"I always tell Sonia, 'The show was the food; we were just wallpaper,' because the people in Kansas City are so fat! So fat! I've never seen so many fat people in my life. They come in and they fill their plates with everything you can imagine and they just sit there shoveling food into their mouths, occasionally looking up. The first day, I was like, 'Jesus Christ!' I was afraid of how they would react, if they ever did. Wow, what a contrast! We were doing everything to get them involved, but they weren't interested in us. We stayed for two weeks, and little by little we started to notice movement among the patrons. We know people love to dance and we were passing the spirit on to them. It was so much fun to see. By the end of our stay, they were forming conga lines. And our whole group was in total harmony, so tight. When we were picked up at the airport, our friends said that we looked like we had just come home from a vacation."

I ask them about the screaming I always hear coming from backstage before their shows and Santos explains that wherever they go, the whole band comes together backstage before the show to joins hands. They get very close and center their energy. "The guys get so concentrated. It is so positive for them. We create this bond between us. We're always using our talents and working with our differences, so we take a few minutes to acknowledge that only through positive unity can we generate work on a higher level. Feelings and emotions, moods and sentiments unite us and give us the courage to fulfill our dreams. We concentrate on respecting and loving those musicians we have among us, on maintaining our concentration, energy, and harmony, on keeping our minds clear, and on doing everything we've rehearsed. We give thanks for the opportunity to play together one more time. It's amazing! We call it our prayer, and it really adds another level to our work together and keeps our energy up."

"I remember one show," says Gazzola, "where I said, 'Okay, let's go.' And Rafael, shouted, 'You're not going to do the prayer? Come on! How can we go on stage without praying.' He loves that. It produces so much energy. And it's



something that has really brought us closer together. I really believe that. When we finish the prayer we say an amen, and then shout Axé Aaahhhhhhhhh!!!! (positive energy). Sometimes after that, we form a circle, like a conga line, and chant, 'ho, ho, ho, ho, Ho HO HO!' Louder and louder. We're trying to keep this band healthy, like a team. We have been doing this big circle for one year, ever since we put the new band together, and so far, everyone has been happy—no misunderstandings, no jealousies...Nobody's the star. We are all part of a team."



As the music on the *Brasil Brazil* CD reflects this unified effort, it speaks for itself and ought to be allowed to do that without verbal hindrance, so I am not going to try to annotate each track. Love, humility, and respect are the most important virtues the CD conveys. I do want to suggest, however, that you listen to how remarkably, subtly, and organically the band transmutes those tunes whose names you know but may have never heard in these arrangements. There is also little point of going into details about the band's performance here. At the same time, I would like to add that Casio Duarte is just about every musician's favorite percussionist and that Grecco Buratto's scintillating guitar style is having a swift and noteworthy impact on the L.A. scene. This is a momentous collaboration of outstanding Brazilian talents who are more than happy to be working together and whose energy is contagious.

It's starting to get dark outside. Sonia has placed a beautiful salad on the table, and I'm more than a little tempted to stay for

dinner. Unfortunately, I have to take a rain check on what promises to be an excellent Brazilian meal, as I've been here much longer than anticipated. I start looking for my shoes but feel the prick of curiosity and ask Gazzola what the colored plastic tubes in the corner are for. She grabs six, keeps two, and passes two each to both me and Sonia. The tubes are different lengths and diatonically tuned. We begin whacking each other's tubes (à la Gestalt therapy), reacting to each other, connecting harmonically, interpenetrating, separating, and uniting again in an *afoxé* rhythm. I'm laughing like a kid, gasping for air, and thinking that when this

energetic sound track ends, I'll look for a pair of yellow high-tops.

Visit the Brasil Brazil Show web site at:
<http://www.brasilbrazilshow.com>

Related sites of interest:
<http://www.brazzil.com/musoct96.htm>
<http://www.brazzil.com/musmay97.htm>

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 cuíca for escola de samba MILA. You can reach him through his e-mail: cuica@interworld.net

THE CD'S REPERTOIRE:

1. Aquarela do Brasil (Ari Barroso)
2. Mais Que Nada (Jorge Ben Jor)
3. Garota de Ipanema
(Tom Jobim and Vinícius de Moraes)
4. Cadê Você (Ana Gazzola)
5. Baião do Tempo (Gazzola and Santos)
6. A Rã (João Donato and Caetano Veloso)
7. Lamento Negro (Humberto Porto and Constantino Silva)
8. Gema (Caetano Veloso)
9. Menina Dandara (P. Debetio and P. Resende)
10. Água de Beber (Tom Jobim)
11. Tico Tico no Fubá (Zequinha de Abreu)
12. Baixa do Sapateiro (Ari Barroso)

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:

Title	Artist	Label	Release Date
Brasil Brazil	Sonia Santos and	Yellow Green	1999
Ana Gazzola			
Brazilicious	Ana Gazzola	Pow Records	1997
Sorte	Sonia Santos	Pow Records	1997
Brasileirinha	Sonia Santos	Clave/Ariola	1982
Pecado Capital	Various	Som Livre	1978
(sound track)			
Crioula	Sonia Santos	Som Livre	1977
Bandeira Dois	Various	Som Livre	1976
(sound track)			
Sonia Santos	Sonia Santos	Som Livre	1975
Nina	Various	Som Livre	1975
(sound track)			
Espigão	Various	Som Livre	1974
(sound track)			
Rebu	Various	Som Livre	1974
(sound track)			



Plays

RIO

Capitu—Based on Machado de Assis's *Dom Casmurro*, a book many consider Brazil's best novel ever. The story of



Bentinho and his reminiscences on his childhood and jealousy over his wife Capitu. Adapted by Marcus Vinícius Faustini and Walter Daguerre, with Edney Giovenazzi, Alexandre Barilari, and Maria Ribeiro. Teatro da UniverCidade

Decadência (Decadence)—British playwright Steven Berkoff tale of two couples immersed in sex and drug experiments. Directed by Victor Garcia Peralta, with Beth Goulart and Guilherme Leme.

Viva Barcos (Long Live Barcos)—Homage to composer Luiz Antônio Barcos with several of his classic compositions as "O teu cabelo não nega," "Carinhoso," "Rancho da goiabada," and "Tiro ao alvo." At Porão da Casa de Cultura Laura Alvim

O crime do Dr. Alvarenga (Dr. Alvarenga's Crime)—Mauro Rasi rewrites and directs a story written by his father Oswaldo Rasi in the 1950s. A mix of feuilleton and Hollywood movie in the fifties. With Sérgio Mamberti and Jaqueline Laurence. Teatro Carlos Gomes.

SÃO PAULO

Boca de Ouro (Golden Mouth)—Nelson Rodrigues's classic tragedy written in 1959. Title comes from main character who reaffirms his leadership as animal's game boss by pulling all his teeth and adopting a golden denture. Directed by legendary director José Celso Martinez Corrêa, with Marcelo Drummond and Sílvia Prado. Teatro Oficina.

Cazas de Cazuza—The dreams and frustrations of a group of residents from an apartment building in Rio's Baixo Leblon. Musical. Written and directed by Rodrigo Pitta, with Jay Vaquer, Lulo Scroback, and Débora Reis. At Tom Brasil.

Toda Donzela Tem um Pai Que É uma Fera (Every Maiden Has a Father Who Is a Savage)—Comedy. A couple of sweethearts flees from the father who is against the idea of his daughter living with a man before getting married to him. Written by Gláucio Gil, directed by Paulo Perez, with Ana Paula Scalabrini and Marcos Holanda. Teatro Jofre Soares.

Linha de Fuga (Escape Line)—Drama presented in a dark stage. A man and a woman tell about their most intimate sexual fantasies over the telephone. Written and directed by Alexandre Stockler.

Movies

Just-released American movies:

Barney's Great Adventure (*As Aventuras de Barney*), *Dogma* (*Dogma*), *White River Kid* (*Prenda-me se Puderem*), *Sliding Doors* (*De Caso com o Acaso*, *An Ideal Husband*), *Bringing Out the Dead* (*Vivendo no Limite*), *The Bone Collector* (*O Colecionador de Ossos*), *Sleepy Hollow* (*A Lenda do Cavaleiro sem Cabeça*), *Mickey Blue Eyes* (*Mickey Olhos Azuis*), *Pokémon - The First Movie* (*Pokémon - O Filme*), *The Sixth Sense* (*O Sexto Sentido*), *Stigmata* (*Stigmata*), *American Beauty* (*Beleza Americana*)

O Viajante (The Traveler)—Brazil/1999—The passage of a salesman though a little town in Minas Gerais ends up in tragedy. Directed by Paulo Cezar Saraceni, with Marília Pêra, Leandra Leal, Jairo Mattos, Ricardo Graça Mello, Nelson Dantas, and Milton Nascimento.

Castelo Rá-Tim-Bum—O Filme (Rá-Tim-Bum Castle, the Film)—Brazil/1999—Based on a successful educational TV show of same name. Directed by Cao Hamburger, with Diego Kozievitch, Sérgio Mamberti, Rosi Campos, Marieta Severo, and Mateus Nachtergaele.

Hans Staden—Brazil/1999—The adventures of German explorer Hans Staden, who in 1554 almost became Indian lunch. Narrated in German, spoken in Tupi. Directed by Luiz Alberto Pereira with Carlos Evelyn. Sound track by Marlui Miranda.

Books

best sellers

FICTION

- 1 *A casa dos budas ditosos*, Luxúria, João Ubaldo Ribeiro. Objetiva, R\$ 19
- 2 *Histórias brasileiras de verão*, Luis Fernando Verissimo. Objetiva, R\$ 21.87
- 3 *O clube dos anjos*, Luis Fernando Verissimo. Objetiva, R\$ 16.80
- 4 *A muralha*, Dinah Silveira de Queiroz. Record, R\$ 20.50
- 5 *Ramsés*, vol. 5, sob a Acácia do Ocidente, Christian Jacq. Bertrand, R\$ 30
- 6 *O testamento*, John Grisham. Rocco, R\$ 29.50
- 7 *Vetor*, Robin Cook. Record, R\$ 28
- 8 *Ramsés vol. 4, a dama de Abu-Simbel*, Christian Jacq. Bertrand, R\$ 30
- 9 *A filha da fortuna*, Isabel Allende. Bertrand, R\$ 38
- 10 *O vampiro Armand*, Anne Rice. Rocco, R\$ 34

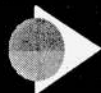
NONFICTION

- 1 *As melhores piadas do Planeta e da Casseta também*, vol. 3, Casseta e Planeta. Objetiva, R\$ 14
- 2 *Notícias do Planalto*, Mário Sérgio Conti. Companhia das Letras, R\$ 35
- 3 *Chico Buarque*, Regina Zappa. Relume Dumará, R\$ R\$ 15
- 4 *Ela é carioca*, Ruy Castro. Companhia das Letras, R\$ 33.50
- 5 *A viagem do descobrimento*, Eduardo Bueno. Objetiva, R\$ 18
- 6 *O livro de ouro da mitologia*, Thomas Bulfinch. Ediouro, R\$ 29
- 7 *203 maneiras de enlouquecer um homem na cama*, Olivia Saint Claire. Ediouro, R\$ 10.90
- 8 *Capitães do Brasil*, Eduardo Bueno. Objetiva, R\$ 24.50
- 9 *208 maneiras de deixar um homem louco de desejo*, Margot Saint-Loup. Ediouro, R\$ 9.90
- 10 *Estação Carandiru*, Drauzio Varella. Companhia das Letras, R\$ 26

BUSINESS/ECONOMY

- 1 *O longo amanhecer*, Celso Furtado. Paz e Terra, R\$ 14
- 2 *Ah, se eu soubesse*, Richard Edler. Negócio, R\$ 29.80
- 3 *Assim é que se fala*, Reinaldo Polito. Saraiva, R\$ 24
- 4 *Globalização e globobagens*, Paul Krugman. Campus, R\$ 34
- 5 *Macroeconomia moderna*, Gilberto Tadeu Lima and João Sicsu. Campus, R\$ 39
- 6 *A globalização da pobreza*, Michel Chossudovski. Moderna, R\$ 22
- 7 *Economia global e exclusão social*, Gilberto Dupas. Paz e Terra, R\$ 27
- 8 *De líder para líder*, Paul Cohen and Frances Hesselbein. Futura, R\$ 39
- 9 *A empresa na velocidade do pensamento*, Bill Gates. Companhia das Letras, R\$ 30
- 10 *Marketing para o século 21*, Philip Kotler. Futura, R\$ 32.50

According to *Jornal do Brasil*, <http://www.jb.com.br>



T A B L E T S

MARTA'S

BED & BREAKFAST
HOTEL "RIO DE JANEIRO"

With TV, stereo, fax, e-mail,
laundry, air-conditioning,
large balconies and views

150 Meters to Copacabana
and Ipanema beaches

For reservations contact John & Marta Miller

Tel.: +55 (021)521-8568

E-mail: millerj@gb.com.br

EDGARDO QUINTANILLA, Esq.

ATTORNEY AT LAW/ABOGADO/ADVOGADO
MEMBER, STATE BAR OF CALIFORNIA

(818) 986-1295

e-mail: eqlaw@pacbell.net

**IMMIGRATION MATTERS
BUSINESS VISAS
DEPORTATION DEFENSE
DIVORCES**

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA



**INTERNATIONAL TOURS
LOS ANGELES INC.**

**THE BEST OF BRAZIL
FOR A
VERY LOW PRICE**

(714) 668-1175 (ENG.)

(714) 668-0515 (SPA.)

PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE SERVICES

(415) 587-4990

**CERTIFIED TRANSLATIONS
(TRADUÇÃO JURAMENTADA)**

Legal, Medical, Scientific,
Business Documents
and School Transcripts

Certified by the California Judicial Council
and filed with the Brazilian Consulate

Since 1981



AXÉ

Brazilian Jazz Ensemble

We bring you infectious
energy, a driving rhythm,
and the most innovative
Brazilian
instrumental music

(310) 839-3788

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS

**BARBARA
MAGLIO**

to & from
Portuguese
General & Computer

(561) 391-1057

Fax: (561) 391-2174

E-mail:

bjmaglio@compuserve.com

BME

Brazilian Music Enterprises

Brazilian CDs, Songbooks
& Historical Recordings
and more!

<http://www.brazmus.com>

or call

1 800 621-4199

1 360 468-3616

IMMIGRATION ATTORNEY STEVEN R. LANDAAL

Member, American Immigration Lawyers Association

- GREEN CARDS THROUGH
MARRIAGE & FAMILY
- EMPLOYMENT VISAS

FREE INITIAL CONSULTATION
MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN AVAILABLE

ALSO HANDLING AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

1316 3rd Street - Suite 311
Santa Monica, CA 90401

Tel: (310) 395-2828

TOUCHDOWN FREIGHT INC

BRAZIL CARGO SPECIALIST

AIR/OCEAN / HOUSEHOLD GOODS

BEST SERVICE + BEST RATES

TEL: (310) 973-7112

FAX: (310) 973-7113

E-mail: tffi@touchdownco.com

FALAMOS PORTUGUÊS

TROPICAL TRAVEL

BRAZIL NEVER SO CLOSE

(800) 577-4582

TEL: (510) 655-9904

FAX: (510) 655-9229

E-mail: tropical@slip.net

4168 PIEDMONT AVE., SUITES C & D -
OAKLAND, CA 94611

Going to Rio?



Let an English-speaking native
carrioca show you the Wonderful City

Customized tours
Individual or Groups

E-mail: krika@yahoo.com
(serious inquiries only)

Riotur accredited tour guide

WHEREVER YOU ARE IN THIS GALAXY

broZZil

NEEDS
VOLUNTEERS
FOR

**PROOFREADING
WRITING
MAINTAINING MAILING LIST
& EVERYTHING ELSE**

323-255-8062

brazzil@brazzil.com

☐ I WANT MORE INFORMATION ON
ADVERTISING IN **broZZil**
PLEASE SEND ME A MEDIA KIT.

COMPANY: _____
CONTACT: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY, ST, ZIP: _____
PHONE: _____ E-MAIL: _____
PRODUCT: _____

RETURN THIS FORM TO:

**BRAZZIL - PO BOX 50536
LOS ANGELES, CA 90050**

Call (323)255-8062 or E-mail: brazzil@brazzil.com

**YOU CAN CHARGE
YOUR AD IN**

broZZil

**www.
brazzil.
com**



For Ad, call (323) 255-8062 or E-mail: brazzil@brazzil.com



brazil-ADS (323) 255-8062

Business Opportunity

\$ Money \$ International Sales Marketing. NEVER has it been so easy to make thousands of dollars on a weekly or even daily basis. Free training, no selling, consumable products. Call me and I will share my "Fortune" quest secret. (800) 242-0363 [1751]. We speak Portuguese and English [163]

Catering

Atenção, brasileiros: fazemos comida para congelar, salgadinhos, jantares, pequenos/grandes grupos. Call Joy (562) 438-3415 [165]

Classes

Conversational Brazilian Portuguese Method - I tried several methods to learn BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE, but when I started lessons with NILSON, I knew immediately that I'd found the best one. And in just a few months, I was able to communicate on a one-on-one basis. Individual, Total Immersion, Corporate Group and Semi-Private. Phone (310) 379-0738 [171]

Portuguese Courses in Salvador da Bahia, Diálogo, <http://www.brazilstudy.com>, E-mail: dialogo@brazilstudy.com, fax: 01155 71 336-6329 [155]

For Sale

BRAZIL - Wildlife Refuge - 130 acres Atlantic Forest, near Recife. Also tropical fruits. Excellent income from tourism. Price: \$100,000. (310) 832-4367 [156]

Job Offered

Housekeeper needed to live in. In the San Diego Area, beautiful horse club. Private Estate. Call Dino (760) 749-4068 [160]

Motorista part-time Santa Monica area. Buscar na escola menino de 10 anos. Segunda à sexta 5:30 até 7:30 PM - 10 horas semanais - \$300 mensais - Rita (310) 450-7501 [158]

Job Wanted

Brazilian woman, experienced and competent, seeks work live-in as nanny or housekeeper. Leave message for Mariana. (510) 558-3322 [169]

FEIRA LIVRE OPEN MARKET

Miscellaneous

Babalawô Zezito D'Oxum, 45 anos no Rio. Rua do Carmo 15, Parque Amorim, Belford Roxo, Rio, Brazil Zip: 26185-340. Tel.: (021) 761-1682 [156]

Beautiful CriseOpazio, \$14.95 per stone. I sell only the best. Send check/MO to: GVB, Suite 471, 250 Mamaroneck Avenue, White Plains, NY, 10605 [160]

Cavaquinho for Sale, hand made in the USA, all solid wood, under saddle, pick up is optional. (New) (310) 412-6071 Los Angeles [163]

Tickets para o Brasil - Cheap / Baratos - 1 (800) 643-3910. Tudo legal. [157]

Music

Brazilian Music in its totality. Samba, bossa nova, chorinho, baião, axé, and more. Merchant Express (954) 785-5991

Newspapers & Magazines

Jornais e revistas do Brasil. Recebemos jornais diários e todas as principais revistas, incluindo masculinas e femininas. Tel. (954) 785-5991

Personal

Woman seeks man

Americana loura, 29, filha de brasileira e alemão, gostaria de conhecer um rapaz negro, 25-34, morando em Los Angeles, para amizade e talvez mais. Pode escrever/mandar retrato a 1111 Sartori Avenue, Torrance, CA 90501 [156]

Brasileira, atraente, procura americano 40-50. Foto para 170 Del Paso Ct, Fairfield, CA 94533 [165]

Brazilian mulata lady—a knockout at 35—seeks young nice looking young boy 18+. Preference to dark skin. For good times. Letter and pict to: Cida, PO Box 894, Wildomar, CA 92595 [165]

Personal

Man Seeks Woman

African/American Male, 40, Engineer, handsome, affectionate, romantic, in Houston, desire to meet Brazilian lady 25-35, send letter with photo; Wilfred Edwards, PO Box 2025, Missouri City, TX 77459, USA E-mail: wilfred.edwards@usa.net [166]

Brasileiro-Americano, 36 anos, romântico e atraente, procurando relacionamento com brasileira ou americana. (818) 344-1881 [166]

Seeking beautiful, professional, English-speaking Carioca woman for best friend and marriage. Write to: Jodaps, Box 1492, Morro Bay, California 93443-1492, USA [163]

Swedish gentleman, widower, 58, well educated, speaks Port., seeks independent, warmhearted, educated lady with humor, and good professional status in Brazil, USA or anywhere. Write Bjorn Gunnarson PO Box 17242, Stockholm, 10462 Sweden - E-mail: bjorn_s@dataphone.se [164]

Americano, 38, atraente, romântico e sincero. Procura brasileira 18-45. Enviar foto para 2440-16th St, No. 179, San Francisco, CA 94103 [158]

Seeking Bay Area single Brazilian women to meet nice, single, attractive American men in the Bay Area for friendship, romance, and marriage. No fee. Send color photo and profile to Love Connection - 964 Howard St, San Francisco, CA 94103 Suite 20 [160]

Seeking ladies 18-45 years old to correspond with American men for friendship and companionship. **FREE** for all ladies. Write: TigerLilies, 2709 Lookout Dr., Suite 5206, Garland TX 75044 USA [160]

Personal

Man seeks man

Brazilian bottom, 33 y/o, 5'5", 123lbs, white skin, seeks black, young top man who wanna move to Brazil and share a whole life. Valdeck - Phone 011 5571 981 1990, valdecka@hotmail.com [163]

Very handsome, professional, 40's WM seeks sincere, VGL/black/Brazil man. Truly love the music from Caetano to Nana to Gil and more! Maybe we can make music! I'm real thing! (323) 227-8935 [158]

Rental

The ideal apartment for vacation or business - Beautiful air-conditioned studio apartment with all new appliances and parkay floors, in the heart of Copacabana, located on quiet tree-lined street, around the corner from shopping area and restaurants, just 2 blocks from the beach. Building is clean, well managed and has 24-hour security. Perfect for one or two people. \$45 per day during low season and \$55 during high season. Monthly rates also available. Tel. (718) 658-4987. E-mail: rio988@gateway.net [164]

Rio de Janeiro - Apartment for Rent - Great Area! - Beat Hotel Prices! (510) 236-3684 [164]

Translation & Interp.

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

Travel

Receba seu cartão de sócio do Club Brasileiro enviando \$2.00 por ano com seu nome e endereço para A TTT SERVICES - (909) 627-2171 - 12400 Cypress, 88, Chino, CA 91710 e tenha 10% de desconto na passagem para o Brasil. [164]

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

- **FEIRA LIVRE RATES:** 50¢ a word. Phone is one word.
- **DISCOUNTS:** For 3 times deduct 5%, for 6 times deduct 10%, for 12 times deduct 15%.
- **POLICY:** All ads to be prepaid. Ads are accepted at our discretion. Your canceled check is your receipt. Please, include address and phone number, which will be kept confidential.
- **DEADLINE:** The 25th of the month. Late material will be held for the following month if appropriate.
- **TO PLACE AD:** Send ad with check, money order or your Credit Card number (plus your name and expiration date) to:

BRAZZIL
P.O. Box 50536
Los Angeles, CA 90050-0536

brazil-ADS (323) 255-8062



Boston

• Books

Livraria Plenitude
(800) 532-5809

• Consulate

Consulado do Brasil
(617) 617-542-4000

• Dentist

Sylvio P. Lessa
(617) 924-1882

• Food & Products

Brasil Brasil
(617) 561-6094

Jerry's Cachaca
(617) 666-5410

• Instruction

Approach Student Ctr
(617) 787-5401

Braz. & Amer. Lg. Inst.
(617) 787-7716

• Publications

Brazzil
(323) 255-8062

The Brazilian Monthly (617)
566-3651

Bossa: Braz. Jazz Guide
(617) 262-9997

• Restaurants

Café Brazil
(617) 789-5980

Ipanema
(508) 460-6144

Tropicália
(617) 567-4422

Pampas Churrascaria
(617) 661-6613

Chicago

• Consulate

Consulado G. do Brasil
(312) 464-0244

• Translations

Portuguese Lang. Ctr.
(312) 276-6683

Dallas

• Restaurants

Fogo de Chão
(972) 503-7300

• Travel Agency

Brazil Brasileiro
(972) 594-8894

Los Angeles

• Airlines

Varig
(800) GO VARIG

• Arts & Crafts

Bakari Art Studio
(213) 731-3700

Folk Creations
(310) 693-2844

Culture Planet

(310) 441-9808

Zebi Designs
(310) 391-6530

• Auto Repair

Cosmo Auto Parts
(213) 259-9818

• Pit Stop

(310) 643-6666

• Banks

Banco do Brasil
(213) 688-2996

• Bikinis

Verão Brazil Bikinis
(818) 887-1776

• Clothes

Samba Collection
(562) 438-3996

• Clubs & Associations

Brazil-Cal. Chbr. of Com.
(310) 657-3161

Brazilian Sociocult. C.
(310) 370-0929

Centro Cultural Gaúcho
(323) 256-6548

MILA - Samba School
(310) 202-8091

Mov. Social Humanista
(310) 281-6652

SambaLá - Esc. de Samba
(562) 438-3996

• Consulate

Brazilian Consulate
(213) 651-2664

• Dentist

Gilberto Henriques
(213) 464-0524

Georgia Maria Ferreira
(818) 908-9199

• Events Promotion

Brazilian Nites Prod.
(818) 566-1111

Samba & Saudade
(323) 634-7811

Sayegh Promotions
(562) 863-3463

• Food & Products

Cachaça Pitu
(714) 731-7788

• Health & Fitness

Hands of Care Mas. Ther.
(213) 937-3835

• Instruction

Brasil Brasil Cult. Ctr
(310) 397-3667

Modern Lang. Center
(310) 839-8427

Internet & Art Design
ArtMedia
(310) 826-1443

• Legal Services

Meiojas & Ferraz
(310) 360-0901

• Leans

Finance Plus Mort. Corp.
(310) 585-8911

• Matchmaker

Fogo e Paixão
(310) 450-4586

• Physician

Nilson A. Santos
(213) 483-3430

• Psychotherapist/Counsel.

Elizabeth Almeida, M.A.
(310) 281-7536

• Dr. Jefferson Sá

(213) 207-2770

Tania Haberkorn, M.A.
(310) 840-5380

• Publications

Brazzil
(323) 255-8062

• Real Estate

Cent. 21 Tânia Sayegh
(562) 865-2992

Solon G. Pereira
(562) 924-9633

• Restaurants & Cafés

Bossa Nova
(310) 657-5070

By Brazil
(310) 787-7520

Café Brasil
(310) 837-8957

Itana Bahia
(310) 657-6306

Rio Braz. Churrascaria
(714) 739-2000

Zabumba
(310) 841-6525

• Translation/Interp.

Brazilian Int. Affairs
(310) 854-5881

• Travel/Tours

Brazilian Way
(800) 471-6333

ATW Travel
(800) 529-2990

Brazil Air
(800) 441-8515

Brazil Tours
(818) 767-1200

Cheviot Hills Travel
(310) 202-6264

South Winds Tr & Tours
(800) 533-3423

• TV

Brazil TV & Production
(562) 439-4830

Miami - S. Florida

• Airlines

Transbrasil
(800) 872-3153

Varig
(800) 468-2744

Vasp
(800) 732-8277

• Attorney

Joel Stewart
(954) 772-7

• Banks

Banco do Brasil
(305) 358-3586

Banco Nacional
(305) 372-0100

Banco Real
(305) 358-2433

Banespa
(305) 358-9167

• Clubs & Associations
ABFC - As. Bras. da Flor.
(407) 354-5200

Câm. Com. Brasil- EUA
(305) 579-9030

ARARA - Amazon. As.
(813) 842-3161

• Consulate

Consulado do Brasil
(305) 285-6200

• Dentists

Hédimo de Sá
(305) 262-8212

• Food & Beverages
All Braz. Imp. & Exp.
(305) 523-8134

Brazil by Mail
(954) 472-7163

Guaraná Esteves

(305) 345-1540

Vanya's Sweets
(954) 785-0087

Via Brasil
(305) 866-7718

• Physicians

Dr. Jorge Macedo
(305) 271-7311

Dr. Mario Sanches
(305) 541-7819

Dr. Neri Franzon
(305) 776-1412

• Publications

Brazzil
(323) 255-8062

The Brazilian Sun
(305) 933-3633

Florida Review
(305) 374-5235

Real Estate
Simone Bethencourt
(954) 704-1211

• Restaurants

Boteco
(954) 566-3190

Brazilian Tropicana
(954) 781-1113

Porcão
(305) 373-2777

Steak Masters
(305) 567-1718

• Travel Agencies

Brazilian Wave
(305) 561-3788

Discover Brazil Tours
(800) 524-3666

Euroamérica
(305) 358-3003

International Tours
(800) 822-1318

Luma Travel
(305) 374-8635

Monark Travel
(305) 374-5855

New Port Tours
(305) 372-5007

Br Online Travel
(888) 527-2745

Via Brasil Travel
(305) 866-7580

New York

N. Jersey

• Books

Luso-Brazilian Books
(800) 727-LUSO

• Clubs & Associations

Brazilian Ch. of Com.
(212) 751-4691

Brazilian Com. Bureau
(212) 916-3200

Brazilian Trade Bur.
(212) 224-6280

• Consulate

Brazilian Gen. Cons.
(212) 757-3080

• Consulting

BBJ (Br. Bus. Junction)
(212) 768-1545

• Food & Products

Amazonia
(718) 204-1521

Coisa Nossa
(201) 578-2675

Merchant Express
(201) 589-5884

• Publications

Brazzil
(323) 255-8062

The Brasilians
(212) 382-1630

Brazilian Voice
(201) 955-1137

OCA Magazine
(516) 596-1853

Portugal-Brazil News
(212) 228-2958

Samba Newsletter
(718) 937-0574

• Restaurants

Brasília
(212) 869-9200

Brazil 2000
(212) 877-7730

Brazilian Pavillion

(212) 758-8129

Cabana Carioca
(212) 581-8088

Indigo Blues
(212) 221-0033

• S.O.B.

(212) 243-4940

Tapajós River
(201) 491-9196

• Travel Agencies

Barb Tour Service
(201) 313-0996

Odyssea Travel Service
(212) 826-3019

San Diego

• Auto

Car Mania Auto Repair
(619) 223-7748

• Clubs & Associations

Clube Bras. San Diego
(619) 295-0842

Sunday Night Cl. Brazil
(619) 233-5979

• Import/Export

Brazil Imports
(954) 234-3401

• Money Remittance

Vigo-California
(800) 994-VIGO

San Francisco

• Airlines

Varig
(650) 794-1998

Vasp
(800) 732-VASP

• Attorney

Laura Basaloco-Lapo
(415) 288-6727

Manoel Faria
(510) 537-3533

• Auto

Nelson Auto Body
(415) 255-6717

Matts Auto Body
(415) 565-3560

• Beauty Saloon

Bibbo
(415) 421-BIBO

Carmen's International
(415) 433-9441

Neyde's
(415) 681-5355

• Clubs & Associations

B.A.S.O.
(415) 661-2788

Bay Area Brazilian Club
(415) 334-0106

Capoeira Institute
(510) 655-8207

• Computer

Micronet
(415) 665-1994

• Consulate

Brazilian Consulate
(415) 981-8170

• Dance Instruction

Aquarela
(510) 548-1310

Birds of Paradise
(415) 863-3651

Ginga Brasil
(510) 428-0698

Escola Nova de Samba
(415) 661-4798

Samba do Coração
(415) 826-2588

Samba, Swing & Suor
(415) 282-7378

• Dental Care

EDGARDO QUINTANILLA, Esq.

ATTORNEY AT LAW/ABOGADO/ADVOGADO
MEMBER, STATE BAR OF CALIFORNIA

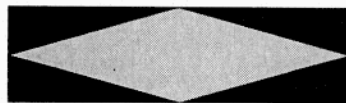
(818) 986-1295

e-mail: eqlaw@pacbell.net

**IMMIGRATION MATTERS
BUSINESS VISAS
DEPORTATION DEFENSE
DIVORCES**

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

MERCHANT



EXPRESS

900 E. ATLANTIC BLVD, #6
POMPANO BEACH, FL 33060
TEL: (954) 785-5991

BRAZILIAN MUSIC IN ITS TOTALITY

Samba, Bossa Nova, Jazz, Rock, Chorinho, Lambada,
Baião, Frevo, Axé Music, World Music, and more.

CD'S AND TAPES

MAIL DELIVERY AVAILABLE

Daniela Mercury, Olodum, Banda Mel, Raça Negra, Alcione,
Caetano, Djavan, Milton Nascimento, Clementina de Jesus,
Beth Carvalho, Margareth Menezes, Rosa Maria, Leny Andrade,
Elza Soares, Marina, Elba Ramalho, Tania Alves, Ivan Lins,
João Gilberto, Tom Jobim, Vinicius de Moraes, Toquinho, Roberto
Carlos, Nelson Ned, Legião Urbana, Chico Buarque, Paralamas
do Sucesso, Barão Vermelho, Elis Regina, Nara Leão, Cartola, Maria
Bethânia, Gal Costa, Noel Rosa, Carmen Miranda, Gilberto Gil,
MPB-4, Adoniram Barbosa, Moreira da Silva, Wagner Tiso, Sérgio
Mendes, Martinho da Vila, Jair Rodrigues, Jorge Benjor, Zeca
Pagodinho, Bezerra da Silva, Naná Vasconcelos, Luiz Gonzaga,
Alceu Valença, Cazuza, Leila Pinheiro, Nelson Cavaquinho, Villa
Lobos, Waldir Azevedo, Dilermando Reis and many others...

Brazil Air Travel Services

Excellence is a habit.

Tony Baños, Owner
42 years travel industry experience.
Fala-se Português.

SOT# 2032791-40

AIR \$590*

**RIO DE JANEIRO
HOTEL PACKAGE**

6 nights • Based on
double occupancy
p/p \$284*

* Low Season • Plus applicable taxes.

(800) 441-8515

10700 SANTA MONICA BLVD., SUITE 15
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90025.
(310) 441-8500 • FAX (310) 441-8502

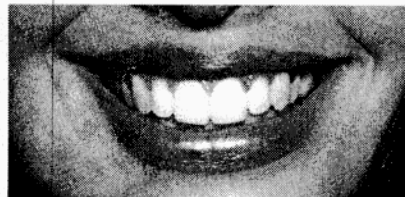
E-mail: Tonybanos@brazilair.com
http://www.brazilair.com

© Brazil Air Travel Services, 1999

BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroCom

3 razões que vão abrir o seu sorriso...

► 1ª Consulta grátis ► 1 Raio X grátis ► Prestações a partir de US\$10.00



Dr. Gilberto Henriques
(323) 464-0524

Email: dentista@datast.net

1777 N. Vine St., #407 Hollywood, CA 90028

BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroCom

BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroCom

BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroComoVocê BrasileiroCom

All Things Brazilian!!

Sambalá Samba School

The PREMIER Samba School in the United States!

Join our Samba School Dancers and Percussion!

Monthly Classes & Shows at Tonys Restaurant

701 Long Beach Blvd. @ 7th Street

Dec. 31 (Sat) - New Years at Tony's - 8 pm - 2 am

Feb. 5 (Sat) - Sambalá at Tony's Restaurant - 8 pm - 1 am

Mar. 2 (Thu) - Sambalá leaves for Rio de Janeiro!

Mar. 11 (Sat) - Sambalá parades in the Sambadrome!!!

Calendar Let Sambalá do your next event and make it special!

Go to Rio 2000 & Samba with us!

• Parade in Rio Carnival with Unidos do Mundo!

• We take care of your flight and registration!

• See details at www.rio2000.org

**Sambalá is founder and
International Coordinator of
Rio 2000! Don't miss it!**

www.sambala.org

& Samba Collection

Catalog on the Internet:
www.sambacollection.com

FOR SALE:

T-Shirts
Cavaquinhos
Brazilian Crafts
Brazilian Music
Worldcup Shirts
Brazilian Drums
Brazilian Videos
Custom Clothing
Worldcup Clothes & Souvenirs
Carnaval Costumes for Sale/Rent
we sell feathers!

CALL our hotline at:

tel: (562) 438-3669

More of Lessa



Instrumentalist, composer, arranger, and now singer Rodrigo Lessa has his fingers in many pies, all bursting with multiple flavors.

DANIELLA THOMPSON

Who's Rodrigo Lessa?

He's a master of the *bandolim* (mandolin) and the guitar.

He's a member of the famed modern *choro* group *Nó em Pingo D'Água* (Knot in a Drop of Water).

He's co-founder of the sensational new multi-style band *Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club*.

He's an excellent popular composer and lyricist who sings his own songs as a solo performer.

He's the composing and performing partner of brilliant saxophonist and flutist Eduardo Neves.

He's arranged music for all of the above formations, as well as for rigorous musicians such as Ivan Lins, Guinga, and Leila Pinheiro.

Above all, Rodrigo Lessa is an artist committed to bridging the gap between "serious" music and "pop" music, between the harmonic and the rhythmic. He believes in being open to many influences while maintaining a solid Brazilian identity in all he does. This inclination manifests itself in compositions in which Afro-Bahian rhythms co-exist with *bossa nova*, roots samba is infused with exotic Arab flavor, and *choro* bumps and grinds with funk.

The surprising thing about Lessa is his ability to show a different face in each of his professional endeavors. Recently he's been involved in three exciting and very different releases: the inventive solo disc *Solbambá*, the acclaimed *Nó na Garganta* (with *Nó em Pingo D'Água*), and the masterful *Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club* (with the group of the same name). With *Nó*, Lessa is the virtuoso *bandolinista*, performing what he calls "impure *choro*." In *Solbambá* he allows other instrumentalists to shine while he showcases his compositorial and arranging acumen, while with *Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club* all rules are suspended and pure fun takes over.

There's no better way to get to the bottom of Rodrigo Lessa than through

the horse's mouth, so I posed him a few questions about his life and work.

Brazil—How did it all begin and what were your earliest musical influences?

Lessa—My mother was the musical person in my family. She loved to sing, and when she was a teenager she played the piano. I received my first musical lessons when I was ten. For a year I studied piano. I don't know why, but I stopped. Six years later, I remember coming back from school one day, and a *choro* started to play in my head and I said to myself, "This is great." Then I asked a friend who was not a musician what would be best for playing *choro*: *bandolim* or *cavaquinho*? And he answered me in a very confident way, "*Bandolim*, of course." So I bought one and started my *bandolim* studies.

Brazil—What kind of music had you been listening to until then?

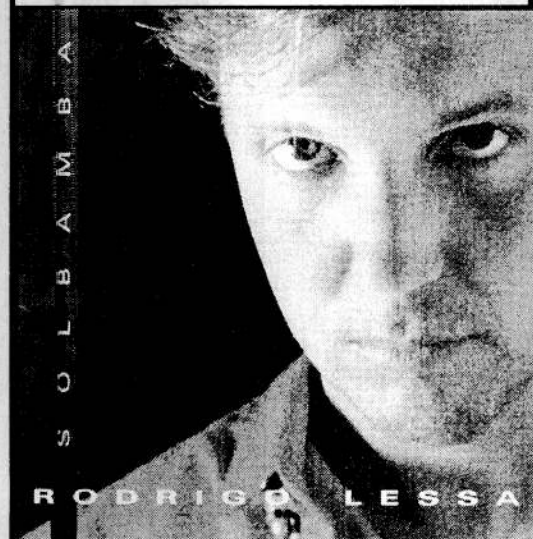
Lessa—What I liked most until I was sixteen years old was Chico Buarque. I also liked very much Milton Nascimento's *Minas* album.

Brazil—Where did you study *bandolim*?

Lessa—Before I decided to become a professional, I studied *bandolim* with Ricardo Calafate and Joel Nascimento.

Brazil—How did you come to be Joel Nascimento's student?

Lessa—After winning the 5th *choro* festival promoted by MIS [Museu da Imagem e do Som], I decided that I needed to deepen my *bandolim* skills, and Joel Nascimento had just released the disc *Chorando pelos Dedos*, in which he could demonstrate his gorgeous and unique sonority on the *bandolim*. Therefore I thought it would be an excellent idea to take some classes with him. Joel has a rare sensitivity to sonority. He likes to orient luthiers on how to construct a better *bandolim*, and he stimulated me to buy a *bandolim* that he was



working on with a luthier at that time.

Joel was very important for me. He taught me new techniques and a lot of interpretation on the instrument. One time Joel came, took the *bandolim*, laid it across his legs, touched it, and said, "I hear the sound!" Then he took an ordinary ballpoint pen and placed it on different spots along the sounding board to show me the subtle variations in the sound produced by the touch of the pen.

Once the decision was made to become a professional musician, I studied harmony, composition, and arrangement with Sérgio Benvenuto at Rio Música, counterpoint and fugue with Carlos Almada (at the same school), and singing in private lessons with Alza Alves. I always had a great desire to work as arranger.

Brazil—When did you decide to become a professional musician?

Lessa—I made the decision when I was 24-years old. Ever since I started to play *bandolim*, it wasn't clear to me whether I would become a professional musician or not. I completed my Master's degree in economics, and when I was starting on my PhD, a voice told me, "Give music a chance"—a chance to make a living only from music. So I founded a group, *Camisa Amarela*, with three friends. For six months I studied economics ten hours a day and rehearsed with this group on weekends. We planned a trip to Europe and left in February 1985 on a ship that took home many Portuguese who had worked for years in Brazil. We traveled for eleven months in Europe, working a lot.

Brazil—What kind of a group was *Camisa Amarela*?

Lessa—It was a quartet that included me on *bandolim*, percussion & voice; Márcio Silveira on *cavaquinho*, percussion & voice; Tércio Borges on *cavaquinho*, percussion & voice; and Luís Loucard on guitar & voice. We played a traditional *choro* repertoire by composers such as Jacob do Bandolim, Pixinguinha & Waldir Azevedo; some *bossa nova* and samba by Baden Powell and Tom Jobim; traditional sambas; and our own compositions. We participated in some important projects, such as an Ernesto Nazareth disc with the great Spanish pianist Mercedes Cabanach and some recordings with important Portuguese singers like Vitorino Salomé.

After five months in which we were working sufficiently to live of our music, we went to Denmark, where we worked for four months. This was a very rich experience for me, as I met a musician who opened my head wide. Per Trolle was a jazz pianist who played Brazilian music very well and was very interested in many other kinds of music. In some way, he removed a xenophobic nationalism that used to inhabit my esthetic conception until then. Ricardo Calafate, my first *bandolim* teacher, had already introduced me to jazz and sowed

the seed that began to see life during my period with Per Trolle. I discovered that loving Brazilian music doesn't necessarily require abandoning all other types of music.

Brazil—At what point did you start to play guitar?

Lessa—I began to play the guitar before the *bandolim*, influenced by Márcio Silveira, who was my neighbor. I always had a close relationship with the guitar. I have enough compositions for solo guitar to fill an album. I've played many solo guitar pieces by Garoto, Villa-Lobos, Baden Powell. There was a time before I recorded the vocal disc *Solbambá* when I thought of doing something only as guitarist and studied with Marcus Ferrer (a great musician). Then I gave up the idea of being a solo guitarist. These days, the guitar for me is an instrument for accompaniment, arranging, and composition.

Brazil—When did you join *Nó em Pingo D'Água*?

Lessa—Eight months after coming back to Brazil, I was invited by Marcos Suzano to join *Nó em Pingo D'Água*. I joined in 1988. Five months later we recorded *Salvador*. I believe that Suzano left the group in 1990. In 1993 we recorded *Receita de Samba*, and our latest is *Nó na Garganta* (1999).

Brazil—How did the group go about selecting the repertoire for *Salvador*, *Receita*, and *Garganta*?

Lessa—When I joined *Nó* in 1988, the group had almost all the repertoire of *Salvador* in place. We rehearsed for three months and entered the studio to record. I wrote an arrangement with Marcos Suzano for Hermeto Pascoal & Sivuca's tune "Nosso Encontro." The idea behind *Salvador* was to introduce a repertoire that wasn't originally composed for a *choro* group and build arrangements for *choro* instrumentation. We were interested in expanding the possibilities of the repertoire in this sonority. So we chose only composers who didn't belong strictly to the *choro* universe. I don't mean that they didn't compose *choros*, but they weren't specialized in *choro*.

After we finished this record, we felt the need to change the instrumentation of the group. I suggested that we invite a bass player to substitute the 7-string guitar and *cavaquinho* players who were leaving the group. The idea

From Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club

Fertilidade

(Rodrigo Lessa/Pedro Pelegrino)

Eu queimo
Tu queimas
Ele queima
Eu duro, tu duras, ele dura
E eu queimo
Tu queimas
Ele queima
Eu duro, tu duras, ele dura

Ele queima o pasto
Ele queima o pasto para que verdeje
Ele sabe muito bem que o fogo é pai,
é pai, é pai da fertilidade
Ele aprendeu com seu pai
Ele aprendeu que seu pai
que aprendeu de seu pai
Que se ele recusasse de pai em pai
em pai em pai em pai
Chegaria ao pai fogo
E quando ele chegou ao pai fogo
Vislumbrou o futuro,
Achou que eternamente, eternamente,
eternamente, eternamente, duraria

Ele queima
Ele dura
Ele queimadura
Ele queima
Ele dura
Ele queimadura

Fertility

(Translation: Rodrigo Lessa)

I burn
You burn
He burns
I last, you last, he lasts
I burn
You burn
He burns
I last, you last, he lasts

He burns the field
He burns the field to make it green
He knows very well that the fire
is the father of fertility
He learned that from his father
He learned from his father,
who learned from his father
That if he regressed from father to father
father to father to father
He would reach the father-fire
And when he reached the father-fire
He'd guess the future
He believed that he would last eternally,
eternally, eternally

He burns
He lasts
He scars!
He burns
He lasts
He scars

Note: 1. Queimadura is a skin lesion caused by fire and also a word play on *queima* (burn) and *dura* (last).



behind it was to give more space for Rogério's guitar, move the harmony into the treble frequencies with nobody above him, and use a bass to give more depth and a wider range of frequencies. We continue to use this instrumentation; when we miss the *cavaquinho* accompaniment, I can do it on the *bandolim*, and at other times Rogério takes care of the harmony or I can work with him on another guitar. I was also playing electric guitar at that time. Just after we finished *Salvador*, we invited Marcus Ferrer to play *viola caipira* but he didn't stay long.

Then we began to miss samba in our repertoire, and one day Marcus Ferrer suggested that we make a record based only on Jacob [do Bandolim]. Mário [Sève] liked the idea and talked to Carlão at our then-label Visom. This became *Receita do Samba*. We selected a repertoire from Jacob's sambas (he was the guy who introduced the samba rhythm into the *choro* melodies), and I wrote reharmonizations for "Assanhado" and "Alvorada" that turned out very well.

At that time we rehearsed a lot and traveled two or three times to Europe and to the States, so we had a chance to play and check this repertoire; by the time we were ready to record, it was very mature. We were very radical then—if we didn't find a really new way to play Jacob, we didn't do it at all. There were many *choros* for which we reharmonized the first part very well but weren't able to do something as nice for the second part. Those ended up in the garbage.

From a rhythmical point of view, it was the first time you could hear the bass slaps from funk music in a *choro*-samba repertoire. This record became a cult favorite among forty journalists who chose it as one of the twenty best *choro* records of the past forty years, alongside the work of giants like Paulinho da Viola, Jacob, and Pixinguinha. In fact, we were the only musicians chosen from the new *choro* generation.

Receita de Samba was recorded with two percussionists: Celsinho Silva and Leo Leobons on congas. After the record came out, Leo Leobons left the group and the bassist Leonardo Lucini moved to the USA, so we invited Papito to join us and began to talk about recording our own compositions. Many have been in the repertoire of the shows for more than eight years. Thus came *Nô na Garganta* with only our own compositions except for two tunes: the title track by Guinga (he also played on the disc) and "Tristorosa" by Villa-Lobos with lyrics by Cacaso, which Leila Pinheiro sang for us. Mário Sève worked hard on the pre-production, and he and Celsinho produced a record with a very good sound.

Brazil—Nô has played a number of times with Paulinho da Viola. What kind of relationship do you have with him?

Lessa—Paulinho da Viola is a great artist and a good friend of Nô em Pingo D'Água. We invited him to write the liner notes for *Receita de Samba*, and after that we played more than six very nice concerts together. We're planning to record something with him based on his compositions. We've

talked about that, now let's see how it develops. In addition, two members of Nô em Pingo D'Água (Celsinho and Mário) work in Paulinho's band, which deepens the artistic relationship even more.

Brazil—What made you decide to embark on a solo career?

Lessa—I started my solo career after *Receita de Samba*. It was natural, after playing a long time with the same people, to feel the need to do other things. Also, I was very much in love with the rich universe of the song form. I was teaching harmony at Rio Música, and that brought me closer to the song universe. At one time I had such a passion for the music of Tom Jobim, that all the examples I used in my harmony course came from his songs. So I began to compose, and when I saw that I had more than forty songs, it was natural to record *Solbambá*.

Here I wanted my composer/arranger side to be more prominent than my instrumentalist side. This record gave me the opportunity to write arrangements for different formations of strings, wind instruments, vocals, and percussion. I needed this more than doing a solo improvisation on the *bandolim*. At the time I started writing the arrangements, I was very interested in the music of Villa-Lobos and listened to the collection *Villa-Lobos par lui-même* [EMI]. These discs are obligatory for me; they contain all the Bachianas conducted by the composer and very well played by the French National Radio Orchestra. I had just completed my studies in counterpoint and fugue and was trying to explore ways to create strong melodies that could exist side-by-side with the principal melody.

While many people think that hearing two melodies at the same time hinders understanding of the music, I believe, on the contrary, that the music reveals more in this situation. This happened on the melodic level, while on the rhythmical level I was trying to emphasize



From Solbambá

Besta (Rodrigo Lessa)	Beast (Translation: Rodrigo Lessa)
Que calor estranho Tempo tá medonho Cinco tão no banho	What strange heat Weather is ugly Five in the shower
Calor esquisito Já nem tem mosquito Tempo tá estranho	What strange heat Not even a mosquito Weather is strange
Calor engraçado Secos e molhados Suando no banho	Funny heat Dry and wet ¹ Sweating in the shower
Que suor doente Nem frio nem quente Tempo tá estranho	What sick sweat Neither cold nor hot Weather is strange
Tempo tá medonho Buraco de ozônio Buraco no crânio Tempo tá no peito Ritmo do peito Da humanidade Pára com o tempo Da insanidade	Weather is ugly Hole in the ozone Hole in the cranium Beat is in the heart Rhythm of the heart Of humanity Stops with the time Of insanity
Acordar O tempo pra pensar Em si E deixar nosso céu em paz E deixar nosso pai no céu E deixar o coração do tempo Soprar e cantar no vento Pra espantar a Besta Que vem para eliminar Silêncio das madrugadas Que vem para eliminar O canto da passarada Que vem para eliminar O cheiro das belas flores Que vem para eliminar O sexo reprodutivo	Wake up The time to think In itself And leave our sky in peace And leave our Father in the sky And leave the heart of time Blow and sing in the wind To drive away the Beast ² Who comes to destroy The silence of dawn Who comes to destroy The singing of birds Who comes to destroy The scent of lovely flowers Who comes to destroy The reproductive sex

Notes: 1. Secos e Molhados was a 1970s rock group. Ney Matogrosso was its lead vocalist.

2. Satan in St. John's *Apocalypse*; also the evil power of the state.

percussion and explore the low frequencies.

Brazil—Your sister wrote the lyrics for a number of the songs in Solbambá.

Lessa—Thereza Lessa my sister is very interested in arts in general. She has published three poetry books, and now she's working on a novel. She was very important for me because she introduced me to the world of poetry. Until we started working on the *Solbambá* project, I was very focused on pure music. It's not that I didn't read books, but my sensitivity wasn't so developed to the real meaning of poetry. It was a very rich experience to work with her and with Sérgio Benevenuto (the producer). Now when I play my solo concerts, I still sing some of our tunes from the record and some new ones that might be recorded in my second disc.

Brazil—Lately you've been very active with Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club. What was the impulse behind this band?

Lessa—The idea first emerged out of the close complicity I have with the great composer, saxophonist, flutist, and my partner, Eduardo Neves. We first met more than twenty years ago, and although we've always been playing together in small gigs or at home, we never produced a serious joint work.

After I recorded *Solbambá*, I began to discuss a joint composition project for us. I kidded him, "Let's do two 12-track albums like those that Pixinguinha and Benedito Lacerda had done." He laughed a lot, for the two of us, along with Suzano and Louchard, have long been seeking to remove the "purity" from *choro*, introducing new influences into this genre. We were against making museum music.

We began to compose, and one day the theme "Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club" emerged. We instantly grasped that we had discovered something very new, and that this music could be the guide to a new concept and new work. We were invited to play in a traditional *roda de choro* [a *choro* jam session] and brought drummer Xande Figueiredo to play percussion and Bilinho to play guitar. When we played this composition, the museum exhibition collapsed and everyone started dancing. This confirmed to us the power of music.

Talking with a theatre director one day, I told him that I had a spectacular new 2-hour show. He became enthusiastic and gave me two theatre dates. I talked with Edu [Neves], and we decided to form a group. As we discussed the group's concept, we invited a representative from each shoot of *carioca* music. Xande Figueiredo is a crack drummer in jazz, funk, and samba. Lula Galvão is one of the best guitarists in Brazil and awesome in jazz. Bassist Edson Menezes specializes in funk and soul. Percussionist Marcos Esguleba is a heavy from the universe of samba and *macumba*—he plays on almost all the Brazilian samba discs. Roberto Marques, of the *gafieira* [dancehall] school, is one of the best trombone "singers" in Brazil. I come from impure *choro*, and Edu from *choro* and jazz.

At the first show there were Leila Pinheiro, Marcos Suzano, and a good half of the best musicians in Rio. It was a great success, and the group resolved to record an independent disc. Eduardo and I began to compose for this group. Much of the first show was utilized in the disc, but much was created after the show. Xande got more involved and joined us in the artistic and executive production. The whole idea behind the work was one of miscegenation, and because of that we invited Hermano Vianna to write the liner notes. His book *O Mistério do Samba* has a lot to do with our vision and had much influence on the concept of the disc.

The disc cover by Pedro Lessa and Marcia Sequeiros is a reference to the concept of miscegenation. I believe that we created bridges between worlds that didn't communicate until then: pop and *choro*, traditional samba and *bossa nova*, funk, jazz, and *jongo*. I think that we succeeded in realizing our initial idea of joining the various points of *carioca* music. Besides, the group is full of lions, and playing with people like that is simply divine.

Brazil—I was talking to Silvio Essinger at *Jornal do Brasil*, and he asked me who I thought were the interesting Brazilian composers of today. I mentioned Guinga's name and yours. His response was that both of you make music that's "almost classical," while what distinguishes Brazilian popular music is the rhythm. I said that rhythms are to be found everywhere in Brazilian music, including traditional *choro*, your music, and Guinga's. Was this the first time that you music has been characterized as "almost classical"? How do you respond to this assertion?

Lessa—Thank you very much for placing me next to my master. It's an honor for me. I have a great friendship and esthetic affinity with Guinga, and I believe that it's for this reason that he invited me to write two arrangements in his latest disc, *Suíte Leopoldina*. I had written an arrangement for

Rodrigo Lessa's Discography

Solo

• *Solbambá* (CD; 1997)

Independent 17R05L62

Available from:

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

<http://www.kuarup.com.br/catalogo/rl62.htm>

Produced by: Sérgio Benevenuto

Guest appearances: Alza Alves, Andréa Ernest Dias, Arthur Maia, Bernardo Bessler, Bororó, Carlos Fuchs, Celsinho Silva, Christine Springuel, Eduardo Neves, Jacques Morelenbaum, Lucio Trombone, Marco Lobo, Marcos Suzano, Marcus Ferrer, Mário Sève, Nilton Rodrigues, Nô em Pingo D'Água (Celsinho Silva, Mário Sève, Rogério Souza, Papito), Paulo Muylaert, Paulinho Trompete, Rita Peixoto, Roberto Marques, Rui Alvim, Sérgio Benevenuto, Ubirany, Thereza Lessa, Xande Figueiredo.

• Tracks:

01. País da Música (Rodrigo Lessa/Thereza Lessa)
02. Arrastão (Rodrigo Lessa/Thereza Lessa)
03. Meta (Rodrigo Lessa)
04. Besta (Rodrigo Lessa)
05. Blues para Chet Baker/Solidão (Rodrigo Lessa)
06. Samba-Jara (Rodrigo Lessa)
07. Solbambá (Rodrigo Lessa/Thereza Lessa)
08. Azul profundo (Rodrigo Lessa/Thereza Lessa)
09. Revelação (Rodrigo Lessa)
10. Os Brutos Também Amam (Rodrigo Lessa/Thereza Lessa)

With Nô em Pingo D'Água

• *Salvador* (CD; 1988/96)

VISOM VICD 00091

Available from: <http://www.visom.com>

Produced by: Nô em Pingo D'Água

Arrangements: Mário Sève, Rodrigo Lessa, Rogério Souza, Jorge Simas & Marcos Suzano.

Musicians: Jorge Simas (7-string guitar), Marcos Suzano (percussion), Mário Sève (sax, flute), Rodrigo Lessa (bandolim, tenor guitar), Rogério Souza (guitar), Sérgio Costa (cavaquinho).

• Tracks:

01. Salvador (Egberto Gismonti)
02. Quebra Pedra (Tom Jobim)
03. Nosso Encontro (Sivuca/Hermeto Pascoal)
04. Viola Violada (Nonato Luiz)
05. Chorava (Wagner Tiso)
06. Curumim (César Camargo Mariano)
07. Chará (Baden Powell)
08. Bebê (Hermeto Pascoal)
09. Libertango (Astor Piazzolla)
10. Chuva Morna (Heraldo do Monte)

• *Receita de Samba* (CD; 1991/96)

VISOM VICD 00064

Available from: <http://www.visom.com>

All compositions by Jacob do Bandolim

Produced by: Carlão & Nô em Pingo D'Água

Arrangements: Rodrigo Lessa, Rogério Souza & Nô em Pingo D'Água.

Musicians: Celsinho Silva & Leo Leobons (percussion), Leonardo Lucini (bass), Mário Sève (sax, flute), Rodrigo Lessa (bandolim, electric guitar, steel-stringed guitar), Rogério Souza (guitar).

Guest appearances: Dino 7 Cordas, Jorginho do Pandeiro, Rildo Hora, Marcos Suzano, Lui Coimbra, Alza Helena Alves,

Eduardo Neves, Vitor Motta, Ricardo Rente, David Ganc, Fernando Trocado, Márcio Tinoco, Adriano Giffoni.

• Tracks:

01. Assanhado
02. Biruta
03. De Coração a Coração
04. Remeleixo
05. Migalhas de Amor
06. Bole Bole
07. Alvorada
08. Feia
09. Receita de Samba
10. A Ginga do Mané

• *Nô na Garganta* (CD; 1999)

Independent 0013NPD07; distributed by Rob Digital

Available from: <http://www.robfilmes.com.br/cd21.htm>

Produced by: Mário Sève & Celsinho Silva

Arrangements: Nô em Pingo D'Água

Musicians: Celsinho Silva (percussion), Mário Sève (reeds), Papito (bass), Rodrigo Lessa (bandolim, guitar), Rogério Souza (guitar).

Guest appearances: Guinga & string orchestra, Leila Pinheiro, Leo Leobons, Jorge Filho, Jorginho do Pandeiro, Eduardo Silva.

• Tracks:

01. Nô na Garganta (Guinga)
02. Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club (Rodrigo Lessa/Eduardo Neves)
03. Conversa Fiada (Rogério Souza)
04. Tristorosa (Epaminondas Villalba*/Cacaso)
05. Luiza (Papito)
06. Exaltação (Rodrigo Lessa)
07. Manu (Rogério Souza)
08. Valsa da Noite (Mário Sève)
09. Choro de Criança (Mário Sève)
10. Samba (Rogério Souza)
11. Ilha (Rodrigo Lessa)
12. Iluminada (Celsinho Silva)

*Heitor Villa-Lobos

With Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club

• *Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club* (CD; 1999)

Independent 7PJSC99

Available from: <http://www.mediastream.com.br>

Artistic & executive production: Eduardo Neves, Rodrigo Lessa & Xande Figueiredo.

Musicians: Lula Galvão (guitar), Eduardo Neves (sax, flute), Rodrigo Lessa (bandolim, steel-stringed guitar), Edson Menezes (bass), Xande Figueiredo (drums), Marcos Esguleba (percussion), Roberto Marques (trombone).

• Tracks:

01. Transmestiço (Eduardo Neves/Rodrigo Lessa)
02. Noites de Gafuá (Eduardo Neves/Rodrigo Lessa)
03. Pagode Jazz Sardinha's Club (Eduardo Neves/Rodrigo Lessa)
04. Carinhoso (Pixinguinha/João de Barro)
05. A História de um Valente (Nelson Cavaquinho/José Ribeiro de Souza)
06. Fertilidade (Rodrigo Lessa/Pedro Pellegrino)
07. Reggae por Nós (Eduardo Neves/Rodrigo Lessa)
08. Maxixe, Paizinho!!! (Eduardo Neves/Rodrigo Lessa)
09. Luz Negra (Nelson Cavaquinho/Amâncio Cardoso)
10. Jongo Aliança (Eduardo Neves)

Speak Brazilian Portuguese like a Diplomat!



What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign Service personnel*, that's who. Members of the United States diplomatic corps are assigned to embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Brazilian Portuguese, just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Portuguese Course.

Tens of thousands of dollars were spent by the United States government in developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Portuguese at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The Programmatic Portuguese Course consists of a series of tape cassettes and an accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating during the pauses on the tape. By the end of the course, you'll find yourself learning and speaking entirely in Portuguese!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

This Programmatic Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either or save 10% by ordering both:

Brazilian Portuguese (FSI)

- ☐ **Basic Portuguese Vol. 1.** 16 cassettes (19 hr.), 783-p. text, \$225.
- ☐ **Intermediate Portuguese Vol. 2.** 18 cassettes (16 hr.), 618-page text, \$225.

The Foreign Service Institute's language courses are **unconditionally guaranteed**. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn a language, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

Also available:

- ☐ **Fast-Track European Portuguese.** 6 cassettes (6 hr.), 346-p. text, \$155.
- ☐ **From Spanish to Portuguese.** 2 cassettes (2 hr.), 91-p. text, \$45.

Latin American Spanish (FSI):

- ☐ **Basic Spanish Vol. 1.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), 464 text, \$185.
- ☐ **Workbook for Spanish Vol. 1.** 128-p., \$7.95
- ☐ **Intermediate Spanish Vol. 2.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), 614-p. text, and manual, \$165.
- ☐ **Workbook for Spanish Vol. 2.** 201-p., \$14.95
- ☐ **Spanish Advanced Level Part A,** 12 cassettes (13 hr.), 614-p. text, \$185.
- ☐ **Spanish Advanced Level Part B,** 12 cassettes (13 hr.), 472-p. text, \$185.



To order by phone, please call
toll-free **1-800-243-1234**

Credit-card orders call toll-free 1-800-243-1234, fax toll-free 1-888-453-4329, e-mail: info@audioforum.com, or mail check or money order. Call or write for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offering courses in 101 languages. Our 28th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Suite P931, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

SPANISH
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

FRENCH
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

GERMAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

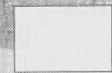
ITALIAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

JAPANESE
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

**MANDARIN
CHINESE**
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

RUSSIAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00

**BRAZILIAN
PORTUGUESE**
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$295.00



Learn Foreign Languages... Incredibly Fast!

Conversing in a foreign language is a major social and business asset... and brings new life to the worlds of travel, entertainment and relationships. The technique of accelerated learning, as conveyed by these proven foreign language courses, allows anyone to comfortably converse in a new language within 30 days.



Now Over 30 New Courses!

Hard-to-find language programs are no longer hard to find! We now publish all U.S. Foreign Service Institute language courses.

A typical Course includes:

- Cassette Album (12-18 hours)
- 250+ page Text
- Language Dictionary

Just \$225.00 per course

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| ☐ Amharic | ☐ Greek |
| ☐ Arabic, Saudi | ☐ Hebrew |
| ☐ Bulgarian | ☐ Hungarian |
| ☐ Cantonese | ☐ Persian |
| ☐ Czech | ☐ Thai |
| ☐ French Level II | ☐ Ukrainian |
| ☐ French Level III | ☐ Vietnamese |

CALL FOR ADDITIONAL LANGUAGE COURSES.

www.101language.com

To preview products or order online, visit the world's largest language bookstore!

- Arabic to Zulu...over 120 language choices
- Translation Software • ESL Courses
- Best Price Pimsleur Courses
- Children's Language Courses
- New BBC Video Courses

Accelerated learning, developed by famed learning expert **Dr. Georgi Lozanov**, is based on the premise of involving both hemispheres of the brain in the education process. The analytical or logical left side of the brain, when properly activated with the musical or artistic right side of the brain, both increases the speed and heightens the retention of learning. Utilizing these untapped mental capacities of your learning ability is the basis of this unique, highly effective course.

You will learn the language *stresslessly*, as a child does, by hearing new vocabulary and phrases in alternately loud, whispered and emphatic intonations, all accompanied by slow rhythmic music in digital stereo. This perfect combination of music and words allows the two halves of the brain to work together to dramatically facilitate your assimilation of the new language.

The first 15 (memory) tapes of this 30-tape package help activate the learning capacities of the brain. The second 15 (study) tapes are the very same tried and proven tapes used by the **Foreign Service Institute** to train career diplomats. This marriage of two concepts literally gives you *two courses in one*, providing the best of both worlds in language instruction.

Best Value! With a total of 32 cassettes plus study materials, this program represents the best value available today in language instruction. Compared to other programs, the **Accelerated Learning Series** outperforms them with twice the audio and 20 times the study material.

To correctly converse in a foreign language, you must understand the meanings and intent of the native speaker. If, after 30 days of listening to the study and memory tapes, you are not comfortably understanding and conversing in your new language, return them for a *full refund*.



Have more fun on your next trip!

1•800•85•AUDIO

CALL TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS
OR FAX YOUR ORDER TO 1•626•585•8180



Optional Easy Payment Plan

Charge the full price of any course – \$295.00 – or make 5 interest-free payments of just \$59.00.

Please add \$14 S&H.

CA residents add 8.25% sales tax.

Triple Bonus!!

You will also receive:

- Two 90-minute Vocabulary Tapes
- The 100-page *How to Learn A Foreign Language*
- The *Lonely Planet Dictionary & Phrasebook*



Professional Cassette Center
408 S. Pasadena Ave., Dept. BR
Pasadena, CA 91105

