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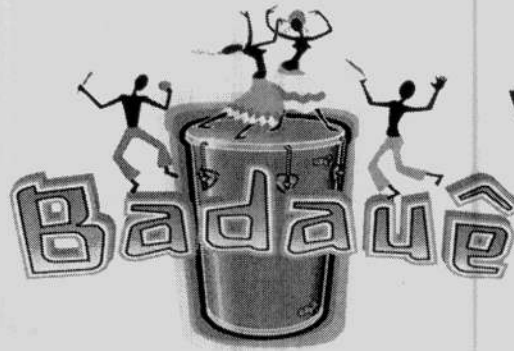
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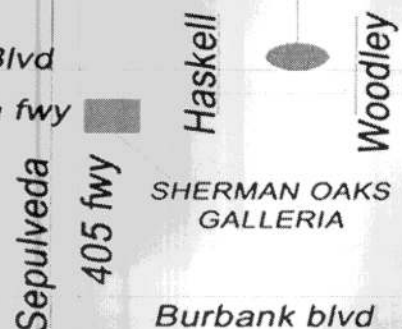
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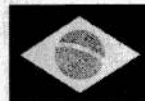
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As far as generation gaps go they rarely exclude musical tastes between parents and their offspring. In Brazil, however, the 20 something from the '70s and the generation X of today seem to have one common pick in music: Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. The two *Baianos* (from the state of Bahia) are not a duo and, despite having composed some of their songs in partnership, have developed a solo career throughout their lives. And what lives.

Both have just celebrated their 60th birthday, but have not slowed their pace. Caetano has just finished a full-house tour of the United States where he was celebrated by the likes of *The New York Times* ("a revolutionary still on the move") and *The Washington Post* ("a man intent on mixing things up"). Gil is still basking in the applause for *Kaya N'Gan Daya*, a compilation of Bob Marley's songs, released in May.

Although Caetano and Gil don't seem ready to settle yet, their 40+ years of musical work have already guaranteed them a top place in Brazilian culture. Their hair has graying, their voices have lost a little of their pungency, but they don't act their age and seem more like little urchins playing pranks and making mischief. Caetano can't stop being a provocateur. Gil has mellowed a little, but he hasn't gone straight yet.

Gilberto Passos Gil Moreira has been a political and ecological activist. In 1988 he was elected city council in Salvador (state of Bahia) as city council. Today he participates in several NGOs. Caetano Emanuel Vianna Telles Veloso continues a restless mind in search of new worlds. In *Tropical Truth: A Story of Music and Revolution in Brazil*, a book just released in the US, Veloso gives us a little taste of his insatiable hunger for all and everything. Viva, Gil! Viva, Caetano!

RM

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08

Cover
Caetano and Gil: 120 years
of music and mischief

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RAPIDINHAS

Crime Nightmare's End

Carandiru is no more. Carandiru became synonymous with unbridled state human rights abuse, after 1992, when 111 inmates of that São Paulo prison were massacred by the military police that were called to quell a riot. Ten years later, there were music, clapping, and white balloons while the last prisoner left the place.

During its 46-year existence the Casa de Detenção (Detention House) Carandiru housed 170,000 men. Open on September 11, 1956, by governor Jânio Quadros, who would become Brazil's president in 1961, the penitentiary was designed to accommodate 3250 alleged criminals who were still waiting for final judgment. During the '80s, however, it became grossly overcrowded with 8000 all kinds of prisoners at a time—even the most dangerous—and a population of 170,000 men over the years. In 2001, 100 prisoners escaped from Carandiru through a tunnel they built.

At the ceremony marking the closing of the prison, São Paulo state governor Geraldo Alckmin didn't shed any tears for the coming tear down of Latin America's largest jail: "It did not offer security, it was condemned on health grounds and there was no rehabilitation of inmates. The model was backwards."

Carandiru became again the center of world attention just last year when the leaders of a prison gang known as Comando Vermelho, using cell phones, led from there a massive 27-hour rebellion involving 29 prisons from the São Paulo jail system. The riot, which took place on a Sunday when inmates were being visited, involved 30,000 prisoners and 7,000 visitors—including many children—who were taken as hostages. There was no blood bath this time, but the authorities decided to heed the warning: the prison's situation was untenable.

Nagashi Furukawa, head of the State Prison Administration Department, recognized that his office had lost control over the penitentiary: "We are shutting down what can only be described as an inferno. It has been a breeding ground of lawlessness, organized crime groups and corruption where guards have no control over the inmates and where rehabilitation is all but impossible."

The prisoners were sent around the state to 11 new jails recently built at a cost of \$40 million. State authorities intend to use the space left after the demolition of the old prison to build a youth park with recreational and educational facilities.



Natives Indian Hopes

Delegates from Cimi (Conselho Indigenista Missionary—Indianist Missionary Council), an organization sponsored by the National Conference of Bishops of Brazil (CNBB) met recently with the transition team of President-elect Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva. The meeting took place on November 12, in Brasília, where the head office of the transition team was set up. Cimi was represented by secretaries Egon Heck and Sebastião Moreira and by its legal advisor, Paulo Machado Guimarães.

The document highlights proposals for immediate actions to be taken by the Lula administration and underlines expectations with regard to the definition of a medium- and long-term policy, such as: completion of procedures for demarcating all indigenous lands; removal of invaders from all indigenous lands that have been encroached upon; adoption of programs specifically based on the reality of reemerged indigenous peoples and of "isolated / free" indigenous peoples; and the creation of a new model to be adopted by the Public Administration in relation to indigenous people, one that truly takes into account their social and cultural reality.

During the meeting, Márcio Meira and Gilney Viana, members of President-elect Lula's transition team, said that they will do all within their power to bring the claims of the country's indigenous peoples to the attention of the new federal administration. "We are limited, we have not been sworn in yet and we have no authority. But we have the authority to prevent problems from growing," they said.

In addition to expressing joy and hope over the election of a Government that is truly committed to changes that the large majority of the Brazilian people and indigenous peoples have been yearning for for a long time, Cimi would like to express its desire to contribute toward furthering this historical democratic process by suggesting the adoption of some urgent actions to the new federal administration:

- The revoking of Decree n. 1,775/96, which introduced the adversary system in the process of demarcating indigenous lands and encouraged violence, invasions, and pressures of all kinds against the recognition of those lands; and the adoption, instead, of the demarcation procedure approved by indigenous peoples in their Assembly held in April 2001, which is included in the proposal for a new Statute of Indigenous People proposed to the Chamber of Representatives;

- The revoking of the recent Decree 4,412/02, which provides for the presence of the Armed Forces and of the Federal Police in indigenous lands. This decree is clearly unconstitutional, exposes indigenous peoples to the risk of becoming victims of serious violations of human rights, and hinders a positive dialogue on an important issue for the country, namely, the role of the Armed Forces;

- Guarantee of full possession, by indigenous communities, of lands traditionally occupied by them, as some of

these lands have been involved in serious and protracted conflicts, such as the following ones: Raposa/Serra do Sol (state of Rondônia); Caramuru - Catarina Paraguay (state of Bahia); Pataxó of the Pascoal Mount region (state of Bahia); Cerro Marangatu (state of Mato Grosso do Sul); Guarani of the Araça'i (state of Santa Catarina); Xukuru (state of Pernambuco), Guajá (state of Maranhão) and Roosevelt (states of Rondônia and Mato Grosso);

• Actions to persuade the National Congress to approve the Statute of Indigenous Peoples in accordance with a proposal sent by indigenous people to the president of the Chamber of Representatives in April 2001, which was supported by over one million signatures;

• Appropriation, in the Budget of the Union, of sufficient funds to indemnify occupants of indigenous lands for improvements made therein in good faith, for health care, for education and self-sustainability, and for the demarcation and protection of indigenous lands and of the indigenous heritage;

• Immediate legal-administrative and judicial protection to indigenous communities where there are conflicts over the possession of indigenous lands.

"This is our initial contribution, because we believe that the Lula administration is in a good position to avoid what has been done by previous federal administrations, which failed to define a policy with concrete actions in relation to indigenous peoples from the outset and, in doing so, allowed acts of aggression, violence, and lack of respect for the rights of indigenous people to continue," stressed Egon Heck, Cimi's Executive Secretary.

This article was distributed by Sejup, which can be visited at www.oneworld.net/sejup

Landless They Want Much More

On November 6, the MST (Movimento dos Trabalhadores Rurais Sem Terra—Landless Rural Workers Movement) made public the letter it addressed to President-elect Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, planned for delivery on the following day.

The MST's main demand is for the non-renewal of the Medidas Provisórias (Provisional Measures) signed by president Fernando Henrique Cardoso. For two years, these measures have suspended the formal process of expropriating the lands claimed and taken over by the movement. For the leaders of the MST, the measures are authoritarian and meant to prevent workers from using their main political instrument, i.e. occupying uncultivated land. "The occupation of unproductive land is legitimate and will be carried out in the upcoming year if and when necessary," asserted João Paulo Rodrigues, an MST coordinator.



THE LETTER:

"The Landless Workers Movement has turned to the Brazilian people and President Lula da Silva to speak of our country's situation and the struggle for agrarian reform. We are driven by the hope and confidence that another Brazil is possible, one in which women, men, children, the youth and elderly may live a dignified and fulfilling life.

1- Brazil has experienced eight years of a neoliberal economic model implemented by the government of Fernando Henrique Cardoso. This model has only increased people's suffering and brought severe hardship to those living in rural areas afflicted by ever-increasing poverty, inequality, mass exodus, and lack of work and land.

2- The people of Brazil have said 'No' to this economic and agricultural model. Brazilians have voted massively for change. They have elected President Lula da Silva. It is a victory for the Brazilian people, a defeat for the elite and their program.

3- The MST has fought against this model. This is why we have been persecuted and affronted. We are paying a high price with massacres, prison terms, systematic lies and the utter disregard of seated families. We have been committed to every electoral campaign since 1989 for change to occur. Now we feel proud and victorious for having elected President Lula.

4- The large landed estate (*latifúndio*) and neoliberal model are the causes of hunger, unemployment, poverty, illiteracy and lack of development in rural areas.

5- We are sure that it is possible to defeat the large landed estate by organizing the people and through the new government's political will. For us, the enemy is the large landed estate. And Lula's government will play a fundamental role to democratize land ownership in Brazil.

6- We need to build a new agricultural model that gives priority to the internal market, food production and income redistribution. To achieve this it is necessary to value family-based and cooperative-style agriculture, and make agro-business viable and decentralized. The State must take on its role in agriculture and ensure the right of farmers to produce their own seed and develop techniques that are appropriate to the environment and to food quality.

7- Public education has to be guaranteed to the entire rural population as a way of conquering dignity and development.

8- Our role as a social movement is to continue organizing people from the countryside, bringing them to awareness of their rights and mobilizing them to fight for change. We shall carry on the necessary autonomy from the State, but we shall contribute in every way possible to a new government so as to bring about the agrarian reform we have dreamt of for so long.

9- We are taking this opportunity, this moment, to carry out the historical task of implementing real agrarian reform so as to democratize access to land and eliminate hunger, unemployment and social injustices.

10- We shout out to all workers and to Brazilian society at large to get organized and mobilized, and help us bring about agrarian reform. A more just and egalitarian Brazil is possible. The time has come."

Caruaru, in the Pernambucan drylands, November 7, 2002.
MST National Coordination (Coordenação Nacional do MST)

Translated by Norman Madarasz (normanmadasz2@hotmail.com)



Caetano & Gil 120 Years of Sound

The partnership between Caetano and Gil is one of the most fertile and lasting of Brazilian music, although they're not formally a duo. Tropicalismo, for example, is a term inextricably linked to Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil.

KIRSTEN WEINOLDT

1942 in Bahia saw the births of two boys who would grow up to have unprecedented influence on the culture of Brazil. Sixty years have gone by. Undoubtedly, any Brazilian you ask, will have some comment on the significance Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil have had on his or her life. We will take a look at the creative genius of the two, which appears to be greater than the sum of them. Such is the way they complement one another.

A few months ago, both of them rounded the age of sixty with no sign of slowing down. As this is being written, Caetano is on an extensive tour of the United States, and Gil is enjoying the success of his recordings of the music of Bob Marley—a project, which has been in the planning stage for several years but finally saw the light of day.

Much has been written about each one, individually, and the accomplishments and accolades they have achieved. This article, however, focuses on their collaboration and how they seem to grow creatively when finding themselves in the same studio or on the same stage. The ripple felt in Santo Amaro da Purificação and Salvador, the respective birthplaces of the two friends, spread out across Brazil and then the world, touching so many people along the way and changing the way music was perceived and played.

Caetano Veloso

Caetano Emanuel Vianna Telles Velloso was born in Santo Amaro da Purificação, about an hour from Salvador, on August 7, 1942, the last son of Dona Canô and Zeca Velloso. When Portuguese spelling was changed to eliminate double consonants, except for the sake of pronunciation, Caetano was the only member of his family to change the spelling of his name, thus making it Veloso.

As a teenager he was first introduced to the music of João Gilberto, listening outside a bar in Santo Amaro. "Chega de Saudade," ("No More Blues"), with its innovative *bossa nova* beat was a turning point in Caetano's life. The following year he moved to the Bahian capital, Salvador, where he studied the guitar. His interests were diverse with a fascination for visual arts and film making. In fact, he long aspired to become a film critic. He took courses in philosophy at UFBA, Universidade Federal da Bahia, where he met Gilberto Gil and Gal Costa, who would become his life long friends.

In 1965, he moved to Rio to accompany his young sister, Maria Bethânia, who had been invited to join the cast of the show *Opinião*. Having won prizes in two *Paulista* music festivals, he recorded his first record, *Domingo*, in 1967. The same year, Caetano and Gil were an outstanding presence at TV Record's Third Festival Popular da Música Brasileira, as leaders of the Tropicalismo movement, which united re-

gional rhythms and electric guitars. The following year the group launched the record *Tropicália* or *Panis e Circensis*.

Imprisoned by the military dictatorship, Caetano went into exile in 1969 in London, with Gil, where he stayed until 1972. His first album since returning to Brazil was *Araçá Azul*, *Blue Araçá*—a tropical fruit—in 1973, a controversial and experimental work, which ended up being withdrawn for absolute commercial failure. Another controversial work was his incursion into film making with the feature *Cinema Falado*, Talkie, in 1986. In 1992, the year when Caetano turned 50, the album *Circuladô* received the Sharp Prize for best song, interpretation, and visual project.

In his private life, he has been married to Dedé, with whom he has a son, Moreno, and later to Paula Lavigne, with whom he has sons Zeca and Tom, the latter born on Tom Jobim's birthday, January 25, and named for him.

"Caetano and Gil continue being fundamental figures for understanding and thinking Brazil."

Anthropologist Santuza Cambraia Naves, coordinator of the Nucleus of Musical studies of the University Cândido Mendes and author of the book *Da Bossa Nova à Tropicália*, From Bossa Nova to Tropicália.

Gilberto Gil

On June 26, 1942, Dr. José Gil Moreira and his wife, teacher Claudina Passos Gil Moreira, saw the birth of their son, Gilberto, in the city of Salvador in the state of Bahia. Little could they have foreseen that their bright, little boy would go on to have a great influence on the music of the world as well as the culture of Brazil. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to the interior of Bahia, where he spent his childhood. He grew up listening to the musical "duels" of *violeiros*, a kind of musical battle of blind singers and guitar players, at the local markets, street bands, and on the radio.

He was 8 when he moved back to Salvador, where he was influenced by the *trios elétricos*, bands on trucks used mostly during Carnival. Inspired by the *baião*, rhythm of the northern part of Brazil, by Luiz Gonzaga, he started playing the accordion. Toward the end of the 50's he was playing *farrô* in a group called Os Desafinados, the Out of Tunes. It seems Gil was listening to the same radio station Caetano was, and he too was impressed with João Gilberto, so much in fact, that he decided to learn to play the *bossa nova* on guitar.

The *bossa nova* influence shows through in his first song "Felicidade Vem Depois", Happiness Comes Afterwards. Gil started composing commercial jingles while studying business administration. In 1964, he participated in Salvador in the

show *Nós por Exemplo*, Us for Example, featuring *bossa nova* and traditional Brazilian songs. It was here that he got to know Caetano, Maria Bethânia, Gal Costa, and Tom Zé, who were also part of the show.

In 1965 he moved to São Paulo, where he had his first hit with his song "Louvação," Praise, sung by the already famous Elis Regina. He then recorded his first album by the same name. He went on to be one of the leaders of Tropicália along with Caetano, Gal, Tom Zé, the conductors Rogério Duprat and Júlio Medaglia, and the poets Capinam and Torquato Neto.

Gil has been married to Belina Aguiar, Nana Caymmi, daughter of Dorival, Sandra Gadelha, sister of Dedé, and finally to Flora.

A Brazilian friend, Luciana Andreazi, who lives in the U.S., was kind enough to respond to my request to express the feelings Caetano and Gil evoke in Brazilians. These are her words:

"Both, when presented together to our revolutionary/*jovem guarda* (young guard—Brazilian rock movement in the 60's led by Roberto Carlos)/Catholic generation, shocked by assuming the multiracial label. Caetano was rejected and criticized when he let his hair grow like black power. We did not know, before, that he AND Gil were nuances of our mulatto label. Caetano appeared the golden cradle boy, good family, excellent oral communication, etc. The Tropicália rejected this France-inspired matrix of acculturation. Caetano, and Ney (Matogrosso), by the way, presented themselves as illustrated savages. (I am wild not because I cannot learn and behave like a European. I don't want to be civilized).

"Gil is another story. He plays with the idea of polarized versions of reality, and breaks with them. He is the Saci Pererê (one-legged mischievous black dwarf), capable of compassion and humor, the sweet slave and the Xamanic guerrilla man. We need to see the moon, jump up to the stage, walk with faith and kiss another man. Gil doesn't say that because he has an agenda of demolishing myths, as Caetano appears to have done. He is sharing insights. Both of them lead us to "pra lá de (beyond) Marrakesh." They showed us other cultures and much of our own mulatto soul.

"Also, Gil and Caetano differ in their way of relating to the spiritual world. Again, Caetano follows, with poetic elegance, a metaphysical framework. On the other side, Gil contemplates the cosmos acknowledging the chaos and drinking its wonder without the effort of understanding. In "Oração ao Tempo," Prayer to Time, Caetano shows our nothingness in front of the infinite, timeless rhythms of the universe. It is a philosophical soul that emerges at the end.

"Gil incarnates a more compassionate guru. He is deeply interested in our suffer-

ings (*caranguejo, pelo amor de Deus*—crab, for God's sake), daily activities and religious celebrations. We need to speak with God. If we depend on Caetano, God will understand us, because Caetano is able to translate our confused, ambivalent perceptions into German dialectical sentences. But Gil will make God listen and respond to our prayers.

"Mind and heart, Caetano and Gil are feeding my generation with poetic teachings, social awareness, and spiritual sensitivity. They are blessed by their differences and united by the essence of what makes us Brazilians.

Acho que eu estou escrevendo bobagens, mas veio do coração. Faz muito tempo que eu penso em escrever mas não tenho coragem. Espero que você aproveite alguma coisa... Beijinhos Luciana (I think that I'm writing nonsense, but it came from the heart. A lot of times I think of writing, but I don't have the courage. I hope you will use some of it. Kisses, Luciana) lmtea42@msn.com

Friends for Ever

The friendship between Caetano and Gil had its first phonographic fruit on the album *Caetano Veloso* of 1969 with only the composer of "Drão" accompanying him on guitar and a small recorder with four channels. That partnership is one of the most fertile and lasting of Brazilian music, although they're not formally a duo. The two friends are the protagonists of one of the most well known stories of exile among Brazilian artists. Thanks to the AI-5 (Ato Institucional nº 5—Institutional Act no. 5) imposed by the military dictatorship, the imprisonment of the two happened on December 27 of 1968, in São Paulo.

The accusation was one of disrespect for the National Anthem and the Brazilian flag. The military accused them of singing the national anthem with added offensive verses against the Armed Forces during a show at the Sucata nightclub in Rio. The show was immediately forbidden. Caetano and Gil were taken to the army barracks of Marechal Deodoro, in Rio de Janeiro, and had their heads shaved. They were released in February and, with their wives, they departed for exile in England.

Ironically, the punishment imposed on them by the military dictatorship probably contributed to their diverse cultural education. The foundation of Tropicalismo was Oswald de Andrade's Manifesto of Cannibalism, which inspired the two to "eat up" and "digest" cultural impressions from outside Brazil and "regurgitate" something Brazilian. In England they lived in close proximity to the Rolling Stones and the Beatles and English culture. Thus, in spite of their longing for the homeland, they absorbed what they saw and heard in the cold, wet climate of London and used it well later. As Caetano later said about Mick Jagger, having attended a concert:

"He had *samba* in his body."

Tropicalismo

Tropicalismo is a term inextricably linked to Caetano and Gil. Few people, however, would be able to explain the origin of the term, which came to signify such a radical change in Brazilian culture—and perhaps change the fates of many who came to stand as the proponents of the "movement."

Journalist and author Nelson Motta writes in his book *Noites Tropicais*, *Tropical Nights*:

"On a summer night, a little before Carnaval of 1968, I spent hours drinking draft beer and conversing with Glauber Rocha, Cacá Diegues, Gustavo Dahl, and Luiz Carlos Barreto at the bar Alpino, in Ipanema. Enthusiastic about Cinema Novo (New Cinema, Brazilian film movement), Teatro Oficina (avant-garde theater founded by José Celso MartinezCorrêa), the records of Gil and Caetano, and excited about the political and artistic movement, which had not been articulated and did not yet have a name—though in full swing—with so many innovations and so much potential, we began imagining a festivity to celebrate the new movement. A type of modernist baptism, a tropical feast, a mocking of our bad taste, vulgarity and sensuality, with our exuberant kitsch. After several drafts, tired of so much laughing, I arrived at home and forgot about the subject.

"The following day, with the dramatic lack of news that afflicts the columnists of the *Carioca* (from Rio) summer, I used all the space of the column to tell, in the form of a sardonic manifesto, all the foolishness we had imagined at the Alpino. Under the title "Tropicalist Crusade" I irresponsibly filled half a page of the paper (the article appeared February 5, 1968, in the defunct Rio daily *Última Hora*), celebrating the artistic moment with an imaginary, future party, in which the men would be in white suits, panama hats, and two-colored shoes, and the women in full dresses in green-yellow and turquoise, dancing among bunches of pineapples and bananas. The supposed "tropicalismo," common jargon for new art and movements, motif for the party and the false manifesto, was a preposterous discourse, which mixed cult of the past and tackiness making fun of the nationalists and traditionalists; it was absolutely chaotic, though it even had its entertaining moments, satirizing the national bad taste and making fun of the intellectual good taste.

"The party never happened, but there was great repercussion for the column, and it was taken surprisingly seriously and hotly discussed pro and con in other newspapers, as well as radio and television, which went on to refer to the movement of Gil and Caetano as Tropicalismo."

Others will likely have other explanations of the origin of that short-lived movement, which for all intents and purposes ended when Caetano and Gil were sent into exile early the next year.

"They show that it is possible throughout an entire life, to have a body of work so exclusive and particular that you could never find its equal by any other artist."

Paulinho Moska, composer.

Forbidding is Forbidden

On the evening of September 15, 1968, an event took place, which certainly pricked up the ears of the military government. Caetano stepped onto the stage at Tuca in São Paulo, ready to read a poem by Fernando Pessoa and make a type of amends to Cacilda Becker—the *grande dame* of Brazilian theater, who had been the subject of the dreaded censorship of the military but courageously resisted—and won. Caetano was accompanied by Os Mutantes in their plastic clothes and electric guitars, and the crowd went crazy booing and jeering the performers. Caetano, unable to sing, went into an angry tirade comparing the audience to members of Comando de Caça aos Comunistas, the CCC (Commando of the hunt for communists), who had invaded the Teatro Ruth Escobar, on July 16, 1968, to beat up the actors and destroy the set of the play *Roda Viva* by Chico Buarque. The tumultuous performance was recorded, and the speech is now famous:

"But is that the youth which says they want to take power? You have the courage to applaud, this year, a song, a type of music, which you would not have had the courage to applaud last year. It is the same youth, which always, always will kill the elderly enemy, who died yesterday. You are understanding nothing, nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing. Today there is no Fernando Pessoa. Today I am here to say, that those who had the courage to take on the structure of the festival—not with the fear, which Chico de Assis asked for—but with courage—who had the courage to assume the structure and make it explode, was Gilberto Gil, and it was I.

"It was nobody else, it was Gilberto Gil and it was I. You are on the outside. You are not working to understand. But what youth is that? What youth is that? You will never have content. You're like you know whom? You're like you know whom? Is there sound in the microphone? You're like you know whom? Those who went to *Roda Viva* and beat up the actors... You are no different from them, you are no different. And speaking of which, long live Cacilda Becker! I have compromised myself by issuing that 'long live', it has nothing to do with you. The problem is the following: You are wanting to police Brazilian music.

"Maranhão that year presented a song with an arrangement of charleston, do you

know what that was? It was "Gabriela" from last year, which he did not have courage, last year, to present because it was American. But I and Gil already paved the way, what is it that you want? I come here to finish with that. I want to say to the jury: disqualify me! I want nothing to do with it! Nothing to do with it! Gilberto Gil! Gilberto Gil is with me finishing with the festival and all the imbecility, which reigns in Brazil! Finish with all that all at once! That's why we entered the festival. Is it not Gil?

"We are not pretending, we are not pretending, here, that we don't know what the festival is, no! Nobody ever heard me talk like this! Do you know why? We, I and he, had the courage to enter into all the structures and leave all of them, we are done! And you? If you do in politics as you are in esthetics, we are done! Disqualify me along with Gil! Along with him, understand? And as for you (unintelligible). The jury is very nice, but it is incompetent. God is alone! (he sings a passage of "É Proibido Proibir", Forbidding is Forbidden) Out of tune, without melody. How is the jury? You don't accept? Disqualify Gilberto Gil's song, remain outside! I swear that Gil pulled your chains. Enough!

A mãe da virgem diz que não	The mother of the virgin says no
e o anúncio da televisão	and the announcement on television
estava escrito no portão	was written on the gate
e o maestro ergueu o dedo	and the maestro lifted his finger
e além da porta há porteiro.	and in addition to the door there is
sim	the caretaker, yes
e eu digo não	and I say no
e eu digo não ao não	and I say no after no
e eu digo é proibido proibir	and I say prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited

Me dê um beijo, meu amor	Give me a kiss, my love
eles estão nos esperando	they are waiting for us
os automóveis ardem em	the automobiles burst into f
chamas	lames
derrubar as prateleiras	bring down the shelves
as estantes, as estátuas	the bookcases, the statues
as vidraças, louças, livros.	the window panes, the china, books.
sim	yes
e eu digo sim	and I say yes
e eu digo não	and I say no
e eu digo é proibido proibir	and I say prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited
é proibido proibir	prohibiting is prohibited



The Movement

On the Internet, one finds in *Aulas Virtuais* a lesson in Tropicalismo and its founders, authored by literature professor Marcos Petrillo Bondan:

"Taking up the "Oswaldian" cannibalism, Tropicalismo was a very strong, cultural movement, and the first names that come to mind are those of Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. The presence of these artists asserts itself definitively at the Festival de Música of TV Record, in 1967, with Gilberto Gil presenting his *Domingo no Parque*, Sunday in the Park, 2nd place, and Caetano Veloso's *Alegria, Alegria*, 4th place. The winner was the song *Ponteio*, by Edu Lobo and Capinam, but Caetano and Gil attracted all the glances and voices with their songs, allowing this moment to be considered the initial mark of Tropicalismo.

"The following year, Tropicalismo saw its peak and its end, as an episode, Caetano and Gil, together with Os Mutantes, Torquato Neto, Tom Zé, Capinam, Gal Costa, Nara Leão, and Rogério Duprat, launch the record *Panis et Circensis*, considered the LP manifesto of Tropicalismo. The two *Baianos* also have a television program, *Divino Maravilhoso*. In the qualifying rounds of the Festival of TV Globo of 1968, there is great controversy with the presentation of *Questão de Ordem*, Question of Order by Gilberto Gil and *É Proibido Proibir* by Caetano Veloso. In presenting the latter, Caetano is booed intensely by the audience and, being unable to conclude the song, ends up making a discourse of counter attack. "Tropicalismo as a movement ends after the issuance of AI-5, a stringent law of censorship imposed by the military dictatorship in December of 1968 and the imprisonment of Caetano and Gil and their subsequent exile in England.

"Tropicalismo had as a base the attempt to reveal the contradictions of the Brazilian reality, showing the modern and the archaic, the national and the foreign, the urban and the rural, the progress and the backwardness, in all, the movement did not arrive at producing a synthesis of these elements, but sought to translate a fragmentary complexity of our culture.

"Seeking to "chew" and "digest" everything, the movement headed by Gil and Caetano looks to incorporate with MPB (Música Popular Brasileira) elements of pop music (use of electric guitars) without forgetting those names, which played an important role in the evolving movement of our music. Freedom is a fundamental word of the movement." www.bondan.pro.br/aulas/tropicalismo.htm

"I feel I can't write about them as a professional. They mean so much, and I don't know anything about them. I write as an ordinary person that grew up listening to the audacious and courageous songs like *É proibido proibir*, beautiful verses like *Sampa*, São Paulo, and the exaltation of *Alegria, Alegria*, Happiness. They showed up with the movement Tropicalia at the same moment the hippies started to occupy the sensationalism in the media. With the 'strange' manner of their clothes and adornments and a new 'proposal' for a *Bahiano* style. People in the beginning were a bit astonished, but pretty soon started to sing with them, started to be identified with them, and from that time on, all our lives are always linked with one of their songs; all of them make us remember a certain period of our lives, now they take part in our dreams, wills and happiness."

Sérgio Martinho, Pós-graduate in Gestão da Cultura, Rio de Janeiro.

Tropicália

Caetano himself has written a book, *Verdade Tropical*, Tropical Truth, recently published in English, and naturally he has a lot to say about the time and the movement. He describes how the pivotal song, as yet without a title, was heard by several of his friends. Among them was a newspaper photographer turned cinematographer, who told Caetano the piece reminded him of a work of art by Hélio Oiticica, a visual artist, of whom Caetano had not yet heard.



The name, Tropicália, stuck, as Caetano did not find another title. At a gathering at the house of a friend, Glauber Rocha, film maker, was enthusiastic about the song and its connections with his own film *Terra em Transe*, Land in Anguish. Caetano has this to say about the movement:

"The idea of a movement gathered momentum, and the media, naturally, needed a label. By its pregnant power, the word *tropicália* found its way into headlines and conversations. The inevitable "ism" attached itself almost immediately. Nelson Motta, a dear friend belonging to that whole group of second-generation *bossa nova* in Rio, a lyricist from our generation who was then beginning his career as a TV journalist, baptized the movement "tropicalismo" and, extracting from the word itself a repertoire of attitudes, a folkloric wardrobe, capitalizing on the stereotype of the old-time Brazilian gentleman in his perennial white suit and straw hat, taking cough syrups with odd names, languishing under a palm tree—he inaugurated in a naïve and unpretentious way what would come to be a long series of typical interpretations of the movement's

character.

"It was in fact a declaration of support for a trend that was rejected by all of his (and our) colleagues in Rio. As for me, having resigned myself to "Tropicália" for lack of a better option—and thinking that the song in the end would not be much affected by the title—I didn't swallow that *tropicalista* syrup. The old-fashioned or folksy images annoyed me—unlike *tropicália*, which was a new word, *tropicalismo* sounded worn out to me. I had already heard it with a different meaning, perhaps connected to the Pernambuco sociologist Gilberto Freyre (which later proved to be the case).

"At any rate the word seemed to exclude some of the elements we wanted most to stress, above all the internationalizing, anti-nationalizing ones, those that proposed a necessary identification with the whole urban culture of the West. It was a measure of consolation that the newspapers called "hippies" or "rockers" and our music "pop," and that some intellectuals connected us to the avant-garde, ranging from John Cage to Godard.

"But the definitive commentary about the *tropicalista* label that had just been attached to us was made by Dr. José Gil Moreira, Gilberto Gil's father: "I'm a tropicalist," he said laughing, "since I've been a specialist in tropical diseases for decades!" In fact, the entry "Tropicalista" in the *Aurélio Dictionary of the Portuguese Language* states: "1. The author of treatises on topics related to tropical regions. 2. A specialist in diseases from those regions."

(In the latest version of Aurélio, the first definition of the word 'tropicalista' is 'relating to tropicalismo.')

"In passing through Camden—it has to do with a *Brazuca* who loves amulets—I hear a recorded voice fancying to see a lion cub, and I also feel like a puppy 'raio da manhã' in the middle of fog and crowds down there, recalling my tribe of new *Baianos* ever new poets, mostly after another voice turning up from the same stereo whispering to me that 'love is like a grain'. Both recorded voices embrace me, and for a while I understand that 'o cu do mundo' (the world's asshole—far away) is a cool place in my soul, I ask, and the Briton says 'alas!' Gilberto Caetano Gil Veloso, got it?"

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Cultural Storm

It is probable that none of the people involved in the Tropicalismo movement had ever imagined the controversy they

stirred up, nor that it would divide the population the way it did. The debate raged in the press, at public meetings, and cultural icons of Brazil wrote about it, pro and con. It is likely that the hullabaloo would have continued much longer, had it not been for the exile of the two principals of the movement. As long as they remained in Brazil, however, they were targets of many attacks.

On the evening of June 6, 1968, organized by the students of the Faculdade de Arquitetura e Urbanismo—FAU, located in Rua Maranhão, in São Paulo, Caetano, Gil, and Torquato Neto were invited to a debate on the ideas of Tropicalismo. But, the audience was already prepared—it was a trap to provoke and insult them.

At the door of FAU, students distributed, beforehand, a type of manifesto against Tropicalismo, which the father of 'theater of the oppressed,' Augusto Boal, wrote for the occasion of the 1^a Feira Paulista de Opinião (São Paulo's First Opinion Market), the debut of which happened the evening before, at the Teatro Ruth Escobar.

Carlos Calado, in the book *Tropicália—the history of a revolution*, details the episode.

"In that text, entitled 'Chacrinha* and Dercy of Sapato Branco (White shoe)', the director of Teatro de Arena expounds his criticism against the tropicalistas, obviously having the ideas of the theater of Zé Celso Martinez Corrêa, the Oficina, right in his sights. After labeling the movement as 'neo-romantic' (accusing it of attacking only society's appearances), 'inarticulate' (for limiting itself only to criticizing, without attaching itself to any 'system'), Boal issued an ironic challenge.

"I'll begin believing a little more in that movement when a tropicalist has the courage to do what Beaudelaire already did in the last century: walked with his hair dyed green, with a colorful turtle fastened with a rose colored ribbon. On the day that one of them does something like that and is capable of giving a headache to a cop... (it will without a doubt be a contribution to the Brazilian revolution.)"

*Chacrinha, a radio and later television personality, whose programs saturated the airwaves of Brazil for decades. His nickname "O Velho Guerreiro," The Old Warrior, was also the name of one of his programs. Gilberto Gil pays homage to him in his song "Aquele Abraço." Chacrinha was also known as the first communicator of Brazil and the "clown of the people."

"With such a friendly reception, the circus was already armed to catch fire. It was not insignificant that, when the event was publicized in that Thursday's edition, *Folha de S. Paulo* anticipated the temperature in the auditorium of the FAU: "They say that things will heat up." To debate with the invited guests, the organizers had selected two well known opponents of Tropicalismo: the composer Maranhão (also an alumnus of FAU) and the journal-

ist Chico de Assis. Sensing that the atmosphere would be unfavorable, Guilherme Araújo decided to reinforce the tropicalist team, inviting the 'concrete poets' (a style of poetry) Augusto de Campos and Décio Pignatari.

Augusto, who ended up writing the book "Balanço da Bossa," which included his articles already published in the press about the music of Caetano and Gil, was the first to speak. Making a type of introduction, he observed the road to innovation opened by *bossa nova* was abandoned, especially after '64, when an atmosphere of repulsion at any foreign influence seemed to be instituted in Brazil's popular music. Therefore, in his opinion, the tropicalist incursions of Caetano and Gil were 'a true revolution against fear.'

Pignatari then expressed himself, indicating the connection of the new movement with the modernist 'cannibalism:'

"Our Tropicalismo is to gather strength. That of Gilberto Freyre is the tropic seen from the big house. We watch from the slave quarters. So, as Oswald de Andrade said, we are not in the Stone Age. We are in the age of throwing stones. It is of interest to know how to eat and swallow, which are critical acts, as done by Caetano and Gil."

"Unruly since the beginning, the audience proceeded toward an open confrontation when Gilberto Gil touched on a delicate point: the commercial side of art. "We did not make our music a commodity. But it only comes through when it is sold," said the composer. The jeers exploded. And increased when Caetano mentioned Chacrinha. In addition to firecrackers, which continued to blow up near the table, even bananas were hurled at the guests. Accustomed to more inflammatory controversy, with a lot of presence of spirit, Pignatari was not intimidated: he got up and booed the audience.

"The firecrackers and bananas launched at the tropicalists carried an evident vision: From then on, they began to confront something quite a bit more concrete than criticisms and provocations."

Singer Rita Lee thinks that an artist who already revolutionized a time in his life, has fulfilled the greater part of his work. She thinks that the changes in the works of Gil and Caetano, today less shrill, would not be proof of artistic accommodation. "It is a process of expansion of consciousness, which makes up a part of our improvement," says Rita.

Sweet Barbarians

On June 24, 1976, Caetano, Gil, Maria Bethânia, and Gal Costa formed the group *Doces Bárbaros*, Sweet Barbarians, and debuted at Anhembi, in São Paulo, and in July of the same year, their first compact, recorded in a studio with songs from the show, was released. Shortly thereafter, during their tour, Gilberto Gil and drummer Chiquinho Azevedo were arrested for carrying marijuana in Florianópolis, Santa Catarina. The imprisonment causes a great national controversy. Caetano affirms that he does not use drugs, thus justifying his nickname 'Caretano,' straight arrow, which he was given by friend Rogério Duarte, one of the mentors of the tropicalist movement. In October, the album with material from the show *Doces Bárbaros*, which would also become a film with direction by Jom Tob Azulay, was released.

Perhaps it was more of an experiment or an expression of mutual friendship, but the group did not continue to record. Years

later, however, Pão Music, an organization responsible for wonderful, free music arrangements and concerts, decided to reunite the four Baianos, celebrating their 25th anniversary and introducing younger generations to a piece of Brazilian history with four of the greatest representatives of MPB.

The production of a CD and DVD were also part of the plan. Getting the four together involved a great deal of complex negotiations with the respective record companies of the four as well as coordinating with their busy schedules. In addition, this would not just be the revival of a revolutionary period of MPB but also the commemoration of the 60th birthdays of both Caetano and Gil as well as their 35 years of career.

The Doces Bárbaros in London

On June 1, 1994 the four got together with 50 members of the Mangueira samba school gathered in London.

Singing to an audience of five thousand people, the majority of whom were Brazilians, the four Baianos kissed and hugged on stage, emotional about the reunion in the city where Caetano and Gil were exiled. They had returned as virtual ambassadors.

The show started with Gal and Bethânia singing Gil's "Esotérico" accompanied by the other two on guitars, reviving the *Doces Bárbaros* tour of 1976. Gal was dressed in the famous red dress with a rose in her hair, Bethânia in white, Caetano in a black suit and green and yellow shirt, and Gil in a white suit.

Bethânia then sang four songs by herself with her band, resulting in loud applause from the audience. This increased when Caetano replaced his sister and sang "Sampa" (song dedicated to São Paulo). "This song is as if London were São Paulo," he said, comparing the city of his exile with the city known as the "tomb of samba."

He continued to sing "Leãozinho," Little Lion and "Você é Linda," You are Beautiful and closed his set with "Qualquer Coisa," Anything. The audience followed him off the stage with a standing ovation. Then appeared Gal and Gil with his band, including Moreno, son of Caetano, on percussion. The audience was delirious to hear Gal sing Ary Barroso's beautiful "Aquarela do Brasil," Watercolor of Brazil. After many more songs, the members of Mangueira appeared for a splendid crescendo, in which they performed that year's samba music with the four *Baianos*.

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

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The Lyrics

Certainly, both artists have written beautiful, lyrical and romantic songs, known and loved by every Brazilian, but a great part of their body of work has strong political statements about the Brazilian experience, including politics, crime, cultural movements, etc. It appears, to this author at least, that their collective creativity has increased exponentially over the years as well as their courage to explore areas as yet undiscovered by other artists. Thus, they have always been in the vanguard of musical creativity.

The song, which eventually gave name to the movement was "Tropicália" by Caetano.

Tropicália Tropicália

Sobre a cabeça os aviões
sob os meus pés os caminhões
aponta contra os chapadões
meu nariz
eu organizo o movimento
eu oriento o carnaval
eu inauguro o monumento
no Planalto Central do país
viva a Bossa-sa-sa
viva a palhoça-ça-ça-ça-ça
o monumento é de papel
crepom e prata
os olhos verdes da mulata
a cabeleira esconde atrás da
verde mata
o luar do sertão
o monumento não tem porta
a entrada de uma rua antiga,
estreita e torta
e no joelho uma criança
sorridente, feia e morta
estende a mão
viva mata-ta-ta
viva mulata-ta-ta-ta-ta
no pátio interno há uma
piscina
com água azul de Amaralina
coqueiro, brisa e fala
nordestina
e faróis
na mão direita tem uma roseira
autenticando eterna primavera
e nos jardins os urubus
passeiam
a tarde inteira
entre os girassóis
viva Maria-ia-ia-ia
viva Bahia-ia-ia-ia-ia
no pulso esquerdo bang-bang
em suas veias corre muito
pouco sangue
mas seu coração balança
a um samba
de tamborim
emite acordes dissonantes
pelos cinco mil alto-falantes
senhoras e senhores ele põe os
olhos grandes
sobre mim
viva Iracema-ma-ma
viva Ipanema-ma-ma-ma-ma
domingo é o fino da bossa
segunda-feira está na fossa
terça-feira vai à roça
porém
o monumento é bem moderno
não disse nada do modelo do
meu terno
que tudo mais vá pro inferno
meu bem
viva banda-da-da
Carmen Miranda-da-da-da-da

Above my head the planes
below my feet the trucks
my nose head on with the high-lands
I lead the movement
I direct the carnival
I unveil the monument in my
homeland's central plain
viva the bossa-sa-sa
viva the gra-gra-grass shacks
the monument is of paper and
silver
the green eyes of the mulatto woman
the long hairdo hides behind the
green forest
the moonlight of the arid north
the monument doesn't have a door
the entrance from an old street,
narrow and crooked
and on the knee a smiling child,
ugly and dead
extends its hand
viva mata-ta-ta
viva mulata-ta-ta-ta-ta
on the indoor patio there is a
swimming pool
with blue water from Amaralina
coconut palm, breeze, and north-
eastern dialect
and lighthouses
in the right hand, a rosebush
authenticating eternal spring
and in the gardens the vultures
spend
the entire afternoon
among the sunflowers
viva Maria-ia-ia-ia
viva Bahia-ia-ia-ia-ia
in the left wrist bang-bang
in your veins runs a lot
less blood
but your heart swings
to a samba
on tambourine
dissonant chords are emitted
from five thousand loud speakers
ladies and gentlemen he sets
his big eyes
on me
viva Iracema-ma-ma
viva Ipanema-ma-ma-ma-ma
Sunday is the business of bossa
Monday is in the blues
Tuesday go to the country
however
the monument is quite modern
didn't say anything about the model
of my suit
to hell with everything
my dear
viva a banda-da-da
Carmen Miranda-da-da-da-da

Launched at the same time as "Alegria, alegria" Gilberto Gil's "Domingo no Parque," Sunday in the Park, was a great success but also marked a departure from the romantic song so often heard on the radio. It has gone on to become a classic.

Domingo no Parque Sunday in the Park

O rei da brincadeira—ê, José
O rei da confusão—ê, João
Um trabalhava na feira—ê, José
Outro na construção—ê, João

The king of fooling around—ch, José
The king of confusion—ch, João
One worked at the market—ch, José
The other in construction—ch, João

A semana passada, no fim da
semana
João resolveu não brigar
No domingo de tarde saiu
apressado
E não foi pra Ribeira jogar
Capoeira
Não foi lá pra Ribeira
Foi namorar

Last week, on the
weekend
João decided not to fight
On Sunday afternoon he went out
hastily
And did not go to Ribeira* to play
Capoeira
He did not go to Ribeira
He went out with his girlfriend

O José como sempre no fim da
semana
Guardou a barraca e sumiu
Foi fazer no domingo um
passeio no parque
Lá perto da Boca do Rio
Foi no parque que ele avistou
Juliana
Foi que ele viu

José as always on the
weekend
Closed up his booth and disappeared
He went to take a
walk in the park
There, near Boca do Rio*
It was in the park that he caught sight of
Juliana
That's what he saw

Juliana na roda com João
Uma rosa e um sorvete na mão
Juliana, seu sonho, uma ilusão
Juliana e o amigo João
O espinho da rosa feriu Zé
E o sorvete gelou seu coração

Juliana on the ferris wheel with João
A rose and an ice cream in her hand
Juliana, his dream, an illusion
Juliana and his friend João
The rose's thorn stuck Zé
And the ice cream froze his heart

O sorvete e a rosa—ô, José
A rosa e o sorvete—ô, José
Oi, dançando no peito—ô, José
Do José brincalhão—ô, José

The ice cream and the rose—oh, José
The rose and the ice cream—oh, José
Hey, dancing in the breast—oh, José
Of José the jokester—oh, José

O sorvete e a rosa—ô, José
A rosa e o sorvete—ô, José
Oi, girando na mente—ô, José
Do José brincalhão—ô, José

The ice cream and the rose—oh, José
The rose and the ice cream—oh, José
Hey, spinning in the mind—oh, José
Of José the jokester—oh, José

Juliana girando—oi, girando
Oi, na roda-gigante—oi, girando
Oi, na roda-gigante—oi, girando
O amigo João—oi, João

Juliana spinning—hey, spinning
Hey, on the giant wheel—hey, spinning
Hey, on the giant wheel—hey, spinning
The friend João—hey, João

O sorvete é morango—é
vermelho
Oi, girando, e a rosa—é
vermelha
Oi, girando, girando—é
vermelha
Oi, girando, girando—olha a
faca

The ice cream is strawberry—
it is red
Hey, spinning, and the rose—
it is red
Hey, spinning, spinning—
it is red
Hey, spinning, spinning—look at the
knife

Olha o sangue na mão—ê José
Juliana no chão—ê, José
Outro corpo caído—ê, José
Seu amigo João—ê, José

See the blood on the hand—ch, José
Juliana on the ground—ch, José
Another body has fallen—ch, José
His friend João—ch, José

Amanhã não tem feira—
é, José
Não tem mais construção—ê,
João
Não tem mais brincadeira—ê,
José
Não tem mais confusão—ê,
João

Tomorrow there will not be a market—
ch, José
There is no more construction—ch,
João
There is no more fooling around—ch,
José
There is no more confusion—ch,
João

*Both are neighborhoods of Salvador, Bahia

A song, which has become almost an anthem for those who lived through that time and a well known song to others, who have come since, is the following, by Caetano:

Alegria, Alegria Joy, Joy

<p>Caminhando contra o vento sem lenço, sem documento no sol de quase dezembro eu vou o sol se reparte em crimes espaçonaves, guerrilhas em Cardinales bonitas eu vou em caras de presidentes em grandes beijos de amor em dentes, pernas, bandeiras bomba e Brigitte Bardot o sol nas bancas de revista me enche de alegria e preguiça quem lê tanta notícia eu vou por entre fotos e nomes os olhos cheios de cores o peito cheio de amores vãos eu vou por que não, por que não ela pensa em casamento e eu nunca mais fui à escola sem lenço, sem documento eu vou eu tomo uma coca cola ela pensa em casamento e uma canção me consola eu vou por entre fotos e nomes sem livros e sem fuzil sem fome sem telefone no coração do Brasil ela nem sabe até pensei em cantar na televisão o sol é tão bonito eu vou, sem lenço sem documento nada no bolso, ou nas mãos eu quero seguir vivendo, amor eu vou por que não, por que não?</p>	<p>Walking against the wind without handkerchief, without document in the almost December sun I go the sun scatters in crimes spaceships, guerrillas in beautiful Cardinales I go in the faces of presidents in great kisses of love in teeth, legs, flags the bomb and Brigitte Bardot the sun on the newsstand fills me with happiness and laziness who reads so much news I go among photos and names my eyes filled with colors my breast filled with useless loves I go why not, why not she thinks of marriage and I never went back to school without handkerchief, without document I go I drink a Coca-Cola she thinks of marriage and a song consoles me I go among photos and names without books and without rifle without hunger, without telephone in the heart of Brazil she doesn't even know that I thought of singing on television the sun is so beautiful I go, without handkerchief, without document nothing in my pockets or in my hands I want to go on living, love I go why not, why not?</p>
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Caetano, Gal Costa and Gil

Delirium Musicalis

Gilberto Gil says: "I had been a prisoner for some three weeks when sergeant Juarez asked me if I didn't want a guitar. I said yes. And he brought me one with permission of the commander of the barracks. The guitar stayed with me for two weeks. There I, who had not had the stimulus to compose (I was without the 'voice' of the music, the instrument), made "Cérebro Eletrônico," Electronic Brain, and two others—also under that approach, or delirium, scientific-esoteric, which possibly was only in the outline, and I forgot.

The fact that I had been violated at the very base of my existential condition—my body—and to see me deprived of liberty of action and movement, of the full dominion of space-time, of free will and decision, had perhaps brought me to dream with substitutes and, unconsciously, think of mental and physical extensions of man and his mechanical creations; of the remote action commands, which augment one's capacity to act and create. Because these are the ideas that run through those three songs.

<p>Cérebro Eletrônico O cérebro eletrônico faz tudo faz quase tudo quase tudo mas ele é mudo O cérebro eletrônico comanda manda e desmanda ele é quem manda mas ele não anda Só eu posso pensar se Deus existe só eu só eu posso chorar quando estou triste só eu eu cá com meus botões de carne e osso hum hum eu falo e ouço hum hum eu penso e posso Eu posso decidir se vivo ou morro porque porque sou vivo, vivo pra cachorro e sei que cérebro eletrônico nenhum me dá socorro em meu caminho inevitável para a morte Porque sou vivo, ah, sou muito vivo e sei que a morte é nosso impulso primitivo e sei que cérebro eletrônico nenhum me dá socorro com seus botões de ferro e seus olhos de vidro.</p>	<p>Electronic Brain The electronic brain does everything does almost everything almost everything but it is mute the electronic brain commands arranges and disarranges it takes care of things but it doesn't walk only I can think about whether God exists only I only I can cry when I am sad only I I'm here with my buttons of meat and bone hum hum I speak and listen hum hum I think and can I can decide if I live or die because I'm alive, so damned alive and I know that no electronic brain gives me help on my inevitable road toward death because I'm alive, very much alive and I know that death is our primitive impulse and I know that no electronic brain gives me help with its buttons of iron and its eyes of glass.</p>
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Inspired by an event he witnessed at a celebration at the new Fundação Casa de Jorge Amado in Pelourinho, dedicated to the famous Brazilian writer, Caetano wrote the following song—a rap—with music by both of them. It is a riveting song and a strong political statement about racism.

Haiti Haiti

Quando você for convidado pra subir no adro
da Fundação Casa de Jorge Amado
pra ver do alto a fila de soldados, quase todos pretos
dando porrada na nuca de malandros pretos
de ladrões mulatos e outros quase brancos
tratados como pretos
só pra mostrar aos outros quase pretos
(e são quase todos pretos)
e aos quase brancos pobres como pretos *
como é que pretos, pobres e mulatos
e quase brancos quase pretos de tão pobres são tratados
e não importa se olhos do mundo inteiro
possam estar por um momento voltados para o largo
onde os escravos eram castigados
e hoje um batuque um batuque
com a pureza de meninos uniformizados de escola secundária
em dia de parada
e a grandeza épica de um povo em formação
nos atrai, nos deslumbre e estimula
não importa nada: nem o traço do sobrado
nem a lente do Fantástico, nem o disco de Paul Simon
ninguém, ninguém é cidadão
se você for ver a festa do Pelô
e se você não for
pense no Haiti, reze pelo Haiti
o Haiti é aqui—o Haiti não é aqui

When you are invited up on the terrace
of the Casa de Jorge Amado Foundation
to watch from above the row of soldiers; almost all black
beating on the necks of black good for nothings
of mulatto thieves and other almost white ones
treated like the black ones
just to show the other almost black ones
(and they are almost all black)
and the almost white poor like black ones
how it is that blacks, poor, and mulattos
and almost white ones, almost black and poor are treated
and it doesn't matter if the eyes of the whole world
might for a moment be turned to the square
where the slaves were punished
and today a pounding of drums, pounding of drums
with the purity of boys in secondary school uniforms
on parade day
and the epic grandeur of a people in formation
it attracts us, astonishes and stimulates us
nothing matters: not the trace of the mansion's architecture
not the lens from Fantástico, not Paul Simon's record
no one, no one is a citizen
if you go to the party there at Pelô,
and if you don't go
think of Haiti, pray for Haiti
Haiti is here—Haiti is not here

E na TV se você vir um deputado em pânico mal dissimulado
diante de qualquer, mas qualquer mesmo, qualquer qualquer
plano de educação que pareça fácil
que pareça fácil e rápido
e vá representar uma ameaça de democratização
do ensino de primeiro grau
e se esse mesmo deputado defender
a adoção da pena capital
e o venerável cardeal disser
que vê tanto espírito no feto
e nenhum no marginal e se,
ao furar o sinal, o velho sinal
vermelho habitual,
notar um homem mijando na esquina da rua
sobre um saco brilhante de lixo do Leblon
e ao ouvir o silêncio sorridente de São Paulo
diante da chacina
111 presos indefesos,
mas presos são quase todos pretos
ou quase pretos, ou quase brancos quase pretos de tão pobres
e pobres são como podres e todos sabem
como se tratam os pretos
e quando você for dar uma volta no Caribe
e quando for preparar sem camisinha
e apresentar sua participação inteligente no bloqueio a Cuba
pense no Haiti, reze pelo Haiti
o Haiti é aqui, o Haiti não é aqui.

And on TV, if you see a congressman in badly concealed panic
when faced by any, absolutely any, any any
plan for education that seems easy
that seems fast and easy
and will represent a threat to democratize
primary school education
and if this same congressman should defend
the adoption of capital punishment
and the venerable cardinal should declare
that he sees so much soul in the fetus
and none in the criminal and if,
when you run a light, the old familiar light
red as usual
you notice on a street corner a man pissing
on a shiny bag of garbage from Leblon
and when you hear the smiling silence of São Paulo
in response to the massacre
111 defenseless prisoners
but prisoners are almost all black
or almost black, or almost white almost black and so poor
and poor men are rotten, and everyone knows
how blacks are treated
and when you go on holiday in the Caribbean
and when you have sex without a condom,
and participate intelligently in the blockade of Cuba
Think of Haiti, pray for Haiti
Haiti is here, Haiti is not here.

* line eliminated in future recordings



One of the duo's most complex and beautiful songs has melody by Gil and lyrics by Caetano and talks about the Brazilian style of film making, known as Cinema Novo, whose most important director was the late *Baião*, Glauber Rocha, a friend of Caetano's but also someone he describes as so shy and withdrawn, conversation with him never came easily.

Cinema Novo New Cinema

O filme quis dizer "Eu sou o samba"
a voz do morro rasgou
a tela do cinema
e começaram a se configurar
visões das coisas grandes e pequenas
que nos formaram e estão a nos formar
todas e muitas; deus e o diabo,
vidas secas, os fuzis,
os cafajestes, o padre e a moça, a
grande feira, o desafio
outras conversas, outras conversas sobre os
jeitos do Brasil
outras conversas sobre os jeitos do
Brasil

A bossa nova passou na prova
nos salvou na dimensão da eternidade
porém aqui embaixo "a vida", mera "metade
de nada"
nem morria nem enfrentava o
problema
pedia soluções e explicações
e foi por isso que as imagens do país desse
cinema
entraram nas palavras das canções

Primeiro foram aquelas que explicavam
e a música parava pra pensar
mas era tão bonito que parasse
que a gente nem queria reclamar
depois foram as imagens que assombravam
e outras palavras já queriam se cantar
de ordem de desordem de loucura
de alma à meia-noite e de indústria
e a terra entrou em transe é
no sertão de Ipanema
em transe é, no mar de Monte Santo
e a luz do nosso canto, e as vozes
do poema
necessitaram transformar-se tanto
que o samba quis dizer, o samba
quis dizer:
eu sou cinema

Aí o anjo nasceu, veio o bandido
meteorango,
Hitler terceiro mundo, sem essa aranha,
fome de amor
e o filme disse: eu quero ser poema
ou mais: quero ser filme e filme-filme
acossado no limite da garganta do diabo
voltar à Atlantida e ultrapassar o eclipse
matar o ovo e ver a Vera Cruz
e o samba agora diz: eu sou a luz
da lira do delírio, da
alforria de xica
de toda nudez de Índia de flor de macabéia,
de asa branca
meu nome é Stelinha, é Inocência
meu nome é Orson Antonio Vieira
Conselheiro de Pixote
super outro
quero ser velho, de novo eterno, quero ser
novo de novo
quero ser ganga bruta e clara gema
eu sou o samba, viva o cinema—viva o
cinema novo.

The film wanted to say "I am samba"
the voice from the slums on the hill tore
open the movie screen
and visions of things large and small
that formed us and are forming us
began to configure
all and many: black god and white devil,
parched lives, the rifles
the scum, the priest and the maiden, the
great fair, the challenge
other conversations, other conversations
about the ways of Brazil
other conversations about the ways of
Brazil

Bossa nova passed the test
saved us in the dimension of the eternal
but down here "life," a mere "half
of nothing"
wouldn't even die and wouldn't face the
problem
it asked for solutions and explanations
and that was why the images from the coun-
try of this cinema
entered the words of the songs

First there were those that explained
and music stopped to think
but it was so beautiful that it should stop
we didn't even want to complain
later there were the images that haunted us
and other words wanted to be sung
of order of disorder of madness
of a soul a midnight and of industry
and the earth became entranced
on the dry wilderness of Ipanema
in a trance on the sea of Monte Santo
and the light in our song, and the voices of
the poem
needed so badly to transform themselves
that the samba wanted to say, the samba
wanted to say:
I am cinema

And then the angel was born, the meteorango
bandit arrived
third world Hitler, without that spider,
hunger for love
and the film said: I want to be a poem
furthermore: I want to be a film and a film film
breathless at the limit of the devil's throat
return to Atlantida and go beyond the eclipse
kill the egg and see Vera Cruz
and now samba says: I am the light
from delirium's lyre, from the
emancipation of Xica
from all the nakedness of the Indian flower
of Macabeia from white wing
my name is Stelinha, it's Inocencia
my name is Orson Antonio Vieira
Conselheiro de Pixote
super other
I want to be old, again eternal, I want to be
new again
I want to be ganga bruta and clara gema
I am the samba, long live cinema—long live
the new cinema.



Another creative and innovative way the two artists show off their imagination is in the song "Da Da."

A deus
Deus a
Afrodite
De ti
Ti ve
Vi da
Da da
A deus

Good-bye
Goddess
Afrodite
From thee
I had
Life
Given
To God

Romantic or tragic, politically rebellious or universally soothing, their music always leaves us with food for thought. It provokes and stirs up controversy, makes us smile or cry but never leaves us cold or indifferent. Perhaps it would be appropriate to say what Caetano tried to say that night in São Paulo in his tribute to Cacilda Becker. Long live Caetano and Gil!

K.W.



Brave Unknown World

Tropical Truth is not a terribly compelling book. It runs scarce on fascinating or well-turned anecdotes. Opinions about Brazil's place in the world vis-à-vis the U.S. are often close to unreadable.

BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

Tropical Truth: A Story of Music and Revolution in Brazil, by Caetano Veloso, translated by Isabel de Sena and edited by Barbara Einzig (Alfred A. Knopf, 354 pp., \$26)

In his book, *Why Is This Country Dancing?*, John Krich writes that Caetano Veloso "has endured as the leading troubadour of Brazil's a love-hate relationship with the modern world. There is no exact North American counterpart: not quite Bob Dylan or Leonard Cohen, somewhere in between John Denver and Jim Morrison. Along with fellow *Baiano* Gilberto Gil, Veloso spearheaded Tropicalismo—a musical rebellion, which synthesized the 'psychedelic' sounds of the late sixties with native Brazilian style."

In Veloso's own words, "After the *bossa nova* revolution, and to a large extent because of it, there emerged the *tropicalista* movement, whose aim it was to sort out the tension between Brazil the Parallel Universe and Brazil the country peripheral to the American Empire." And he adds, "I was one of the creators and actors of the

Tropicália project. This book is an attempt to narrate and interpret what happened."

First published in Brazil about five years ago, *Tropical Truth: A Story of Music and Revolution in Brazil* seems to have been reshaped for a North American market. Beginning with a new introduction, and continuing through transparent asides and explanations, the book at times has a patchwork feel, as if straining to connect with readers largely unfamiliar with Brazilian music beyond Carmen Miranda and "The Girl From Ipanema."

Which of course is not Veloso's fault. Unless it's purely instrumental (like Kraftwerk or Jean-Michel Jarre in the '70s and Ryuichi Sakamoto in the '80s), contemporary music from other countries—sung in anything but English—rarely makes much of a splash here. So, when Veloso is rightly touted as an equal to John Lennon or Paul Simon or Bruce Springsteen, the average American is likely to scoff: 'It can't be; I've never heard of him.'

Even with *Live in Bahia*, a new two-CD set from Nonesuch Records, and a recent U.S. tour, the situation is unlikely to change. Besides, Veloso's exciting heyday is behind him. But what a heyday it was.

Born in 1942 in Santo Amaro, near Salvador da Bahia in northeastern Brazil, Veloso was influenced not only by native culture, but by music and movies from the rest of South America, Europe, and the United States. He was knocked out by João Gilberto and the new *bossa nova* sound, but not quite taken in by rock. His fondness, it seems, was more for Frank Sinatra and Nat King Cole than for Elvis.

He suspects, rightly, that a non-Brazilian audience will be unable to grasp "the immediate resonance, the profound and widespread cultural impact of *bossa nova*." Unlike rock, which is truest to form when being rebellious, *bossa nova* (although it drew from the cool jazz idioms that came out of the U.S. in the 1950s) was "quintessentially Brazilian," a style and manner that "revived samba and gave it a musical elegance or refinement. It was a music of the people, popular and yet sophisticated."

Years later, and in the final pages of this book, Veloso reiterates: "Let it be clear that the path leading to tropical truth passes through my listening to João Gilberto as redeemer of the Portuguese language, violator of Brazilian social immobility—its inhuman and inelegant stratification—as architect of refined forms and mocker of every foolish stylizing that is their diminution. With me as its intermediary, Tropicalismo carried the reality of popular music toward its most ambition calling, the one that proclaimed João's sound."

tropical
truth
a story
of music
& revolution
in brazil
caetano
veloso



The core group of singers and songwriters who propagated what came to be called Tropicalismo and then Tropicalismo was quite small, all of them close friends, consisting of Veloso and his kid sister Maria Bethânia, Gal Costa, and Gilberto Gil. Understandably, Veloso praises Bethânia to the skies: She remains, he says, "the queen of Brazilian song." Later he will write of Rita Lee, formerly of the proto-hip Os Mutantes, "Rita became and still is today the greatest female star of Brazilian rock."

What Veloso says would at one time have been true—and all of the individuals named above went on to have phenomenal careers—but my impression is that there are singers whom he doesn't even name (Daniela Mercury, Margareth Menezes, and Marissa Monte comes to mind) who are more relevant today. The problem is, and it's a persistent one throughout the book, that unless one is conversant with Brazilian culture and popular music over the last 35 years, it will be very hard to evaluate most of the author's claims.

Veloso says that what he has penned is not an autobiography. "It is rather an effort to understand how I passed through Tropicalismo, or how it passed through me: because we, it and I, were useful for a time and perhaps necessary to each other."

It's an assertion that gives Veloso lots of wiggle room, because he's not in much of a position to be objective. Of course it's an autobiography; but it's also a selective exploration of "that brief, rebellious, and self-analytical movement of music and visual arts in Brazil of which I was a part in the late sixties."

Oddly enough, Veloso was at first a reluctant pop star; he figured he'd help the others and then get out early to pursue his interests in filmmaking or literature. It almost seems that the others had to give him a kick to go south to Rio de Janeiro and later to São Paulo.

Although he writes briefly of his childhood and teen years in Bahia, one does not get an exact sense of what it is—that quality of character and sensibility—that would propel Veloso above and beyond so many other musicians. But after arriving in Rio in 1964 he was open to and assaulted by influences left and right. These included the rise of Cinema Novo in the early '60s and the films of Ruy Guerra, Nelson Pereira dos Santos, and especially Glauber Rocha: "As far as Tropicalismo owes anything to my actions and ideas, the catalyst of the movement may be found in my experience of Glauber Rocha's *Terra em Transe* (Land in Anguish)." He was also impressed by the films of Jean-Luc Godard, and later, after he'd moved to São Paulo, delved into concrete poetry, dada, Mallarmé, Pound, Joyce, Mayakovsky, and Oswald de Andrade, among others.

All this input was not to be wasted. "The key to understanding Tropicalismo," he writes, "is the word 'syncretism.'" In *Misplaced Ideas*, Roberto Schwarz says of Gilberto and Caetano Veloso that their songs "were aggressively avant-garde in their language and arrangements, juxtaposing ultra-modern and backward Brazil in the space of a couple of lines."

Well, it's one thing to read about Mallarmé, Pound or Joyce, but another to see the names Erasmo Carlos and Raul Seixas, two very important musicians in Veloso's view who are probably all but unknown in the U.S. (but check out "Rock 'n' Raul" on the new album). Again, this becomes a problem when Veloso talks about people and places integral to his formative years—whether TV show hosts or studio producers—whose fame has never traveled north. Sometimes even points of reference are different. What we, in this country, refer to as 'The British Invasion' (The Beatles, Animals, Searchers, etc.), Veloso calls British neorock.

Sao Paulo, an industrial megalopolis, has been regarded as the locomotive that pulls along the rest of the country, so it isn't surprising that's where many people went to pursue their musical careers. Gilberto Gil, whom Veloso bends over backwards to praise, was already there, gaining exposure slowly but surely, supporting a wife and two daughters while working for a big soap and shampoo company (See, there's hope for us all). It appears—often through TV specials or programs reminiscent of *Shindig*, *Hullabaloo*, or *American Bandstand*—that Gil, Bethânia, Gal, Veloso and others (such as Nara Leão and Chico Buarque) were gaining an audience.

Just as Beatles music such as *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* changed the course of North American pop, so too did it alter sensibilities in Latin America. Veloso and Gil paid attention, yet they knew that "The most important thing was not to try to replicate the musical procedures of the British rock group, but rather their attitude in relation to what popular music really meant as a phenomenon."

Unfortunately, there was another factor to contend with that young musicians in England or the U.S. did not have to worry about: Since 1964 Brazil had been under a dictatorship (not lifted until 1985). In this country, the Johnson and Nixon administrations' policies regarding Vietnam, etc., etc., may have fueled but did not create the rebellious youth movements, and perhaps the same can be said—I do not know for sure—of what was taking place simultaneously in Brazil.

Then in mid-December, 1968, the hardliners within the military dictatorship staged their own coup, "establishing in effect," says Veloso, "a police state

that would make the [previous] four years under martial law seem reasonable and amicable by comparison." He and Gil, who had been pushing the envelope in their shows by dressing outlandishly and singing songs like "Prohibiting Is Prohibited," were caught in the dragnet: They were both arrested at dawn on December 27, 1968.

Veloso and Gil would be held in three cells for two months. Whatever they were charged with was just a pretext, of course. The military was uneasy about what kind of messages these presumed hooligans might be sending. It's hard to tell, from the little background provided, whether Gil or Veloso were classically young and naïve, or whether they'd had an opportunity to lie low and be prudent but simply ignored the warning signs. You'll have to look elsewhere to realize that the state cracked down on a lot of other people as well (although not nearly as many nor as hard as Chile and Argentina would do during the 1970s).

Perhaps paradoxically, Veloso's memories of prison life—he was never tortured, thank goodness—are easier to read than his accounts of partying with friends and fellow musicians, because now the focus is turned inward, and there are few extraneous interruptions. His wife, Dedé, came often to see him, but at first they were not permitted to meet. He was finally given a couple of novels to read, *The Stranger*, by Camus, and *Rosemary's Baby*: "It's impossible to imagine a less appropriate pair of books to amuse a prisoner in solitary confinement."

After their release, Veloso and Gil were 'invited' to leave the country. They were at least allowed to stage a concert in order to raise money for airfare and perhaps initial living expenses abroad. Although they first landed in Lisbon (imagine the U.S. sending undesirables back to England), they ended up moving to London, where Veloso would spend the next two-and-a-half years. He never says it in so many words, but it seems that exile enriched him, and expanded his world view.

"We followed from afar what was happening in Brazil," Veloso writes. "While I was uncertain what might come of armed revolution, the heroism of the guerrillas as the only response to the perpetuation of the dictatorship earned my terrified respect. Deep down, we felt a certain romantic identification with them, something we had never felt for the conventional Left or the Communist Party." But don't think there's very much by way of politics in this book; what there is, mainly comes in through the side door.

Just as Veloso wasn't imprisoned for as long as Nelson Mandela or the Count of Monte Cristo, so his exile was an adulterated affair. Friends and family from Brazil came to see him, and in fact

after one year he was allowed home for his parents' fortieth wedding anniversary (true, they hassled him at the airport). A few months later he returned again, to appear on TV with Gal Costa and his idol João Gilberto. After returning to England the decision was made to head home to Brazil, this time for good. How he supported himself during this episode is never explained, although his music (he did some recording) surely played some role.

"Many people ask me to what extent British music influenced me during those London years," Veloso says. "The fact is that the most profound influence of British pop had occurred before I even dreamt of going to London: it was the Beatles pre-Tropicalismo." On the other hand, once there it seems he got more out of Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones.

For all intents and purposes, *Tropical Truth* comes to a quick close in the early '70s, not long after Veloso's return from exile. He puts it bluntly, "After the crazy sixties, the seventies seemed to me rather insipid; I didn't like David Bowie or progressive rock, Woody Allen or the new German films; I held no brief for Weather Report or for Earth, Wind, and Fire. Only in Bob Marley, Stevie Wonder, and some punk music did I discover encouraging novelties coming from the Anglophone world."

There is, for those who've been coveting it, a few pages tucked in at the end on Veloso's sexuality and sexual orientation. "Having engaged much more frequently in heterosexual than homosexual practice (including two marriages I lived as a sincere monogamist), I could say, at this point in my life, that I have defined myself as a heterosexual. But I don't. Clarity of sexual orientation is meaningless except when it manifests itself spontaneously. What does matter to me is that the paths toward rich and intense sexual life be open." Nonetheless, "the birth of my son Moreno was the greatest (and sometimes I think the only) event of my adult life."

We know that over the last thirty years Caetano Veloso has continued to write, record, and perform music, and to become internationally well known. In this country his presence may have received its biggest boost with the release of *Beleza Tropical*, a 1989 compilation (of mostly '70s material) by David Byrne,

which not only included some fine renditions by Veloso, but by the other *tropicalistas* we've been talking about. Included, too, were catchy tunes by Jorge Ben (remember his "Mas Que Nada"?) and Milton Nascimento. In Los Angeles, disc jockeys Tom Schnabel (KCRW) and Sergio Mielniczenko (KPFK) have never stopped promoting the work of these and other outstanding Brazilian artists.

For all that, *Tropical Truth* is not a terribly compelling book. It runs scarce on fascinating or well-turned anecdotes, humor, personality, and even falls short on cogent insight. Not only is it hard to be sucked in by the discussion of unfamiliar songs, various opinions about Brazil's place in the world vis-à-vis the U.S. are often close to unreadable. The passion we find in the music here seems lacking, nor is there anything approaching the lilt and the rhythm of his greatest compositions. Whether this is Veloso's fault or whether it's a result of the translation and cultural impasse is hard to say. But there's little sense of what has made him so popular in his own country.

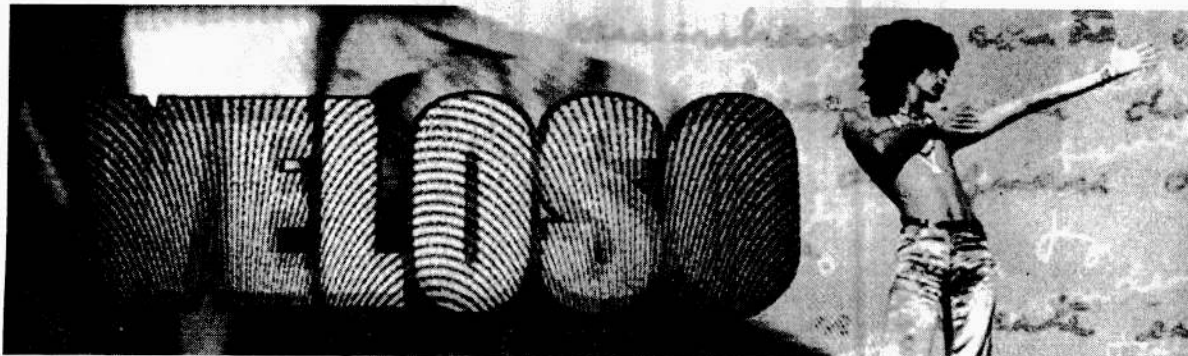
Fortunately, there is a glossary (as we find in most of Jorge Amado's Bahian novels), but the black and white photos fall short—we really do need *more color*. Lastly, a discography would have been helpful, for this might have steered us in the direction that really counts for something—the beautiful music itself. In fact, that's where I'd suggest everyone begin: at the record store.

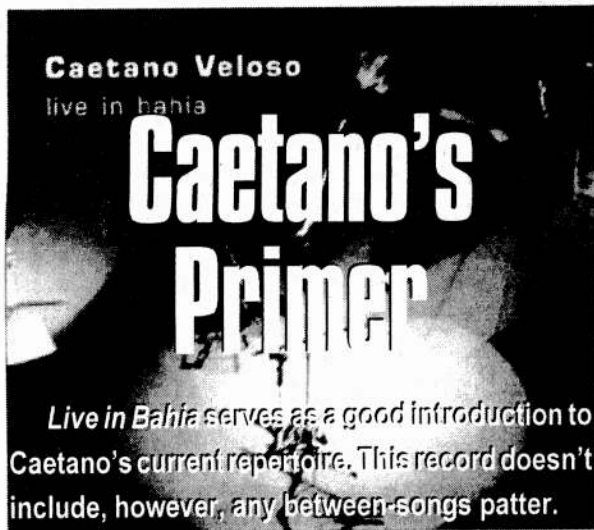
Excerpt from *Tropical Truth*:

"When I think of the number of people who died in Brazilian prisons after 1968 (a small number compared to the Argentine and Chilean victims of the following decade); when I think of those who were tortured, or those who were exiled in 1964 and were able to return only after the amnesty of 1979, I realize that my two-month prison stint was an episode hardly worth mentioning. Many who suffered worse treatment—or who were arrested more often and for longer periods of time—skim over the topic, often in a tone of indifference. Gil's own memory of life in prison is neither as bitter nor as recurrent as mine. Having understood early on that something like

this could happen, and being more mature than I was, unlike me he did not feel annihilated and was therefore at least able to transform his experience into something useful to his own development. In jail he found the opportunity to attain a kind of asceticism; he stopped eating meat and began learning about macrobiotic food and Eastern systems of thought. The latter have literally transformed his life: his body, his skin, his temperament all changed for the better. My only discovery was that suffering is absolutely useless. But the many pages devoted here to my prison experience have their place all the same because this is a chronicle of the *tropicalista* experience from my very personal perspective. If nothing else, they serve to reveal how psychologically and, even more, politically immature I was.

"After four months under house arrest in Salvador, Gil and I were invited to leave the country. This awful event came as a result of Gil's conversations with Colonel Luís Artur, chief of the federal police in Bahia, to whom we had to report every day during this period, and whose goodwill Gil had won owing to the apparent affinity between his new religious interests and the colonel's spiritualism, a belief not uncommon in the Brazilian military. Forbidden from making public appearances, we could not make enough to support our families. And so toward the end of the month Gil started pressing the colonel to intercede on our behalf with his superiors in Rio and Brasília. Since our arrival, the colonel had been complaining of our having been handed over to him without any official paperwork to document our 'case' or even our arrest, and he was determined to help us. But his repeated requests that we be granted work permits finally met with the suggestion that we leave the country. It seems that having arrested two rising stars of MPB [Música Popular Brasileira] and shorn their famous hair, before subjecting them to an unjustified prison sentence, which would have doubtless turned them into even more ferocious enemies than initially supposed—and enemies with influence over public opinion at that—the military had no idea what to do with us. Exile, imposed with the same rude informality that had characterized our arrest, seemed an intelligent solution to them."





BONDO WYSZPOLSKI

Caetano Veloso, *Live in Bahia* (Nonesuch)

Shh, don't tell anyone, but part of this two-disc concert recording was made in São Paulo—a long way south from Bahia, that hotbed of tropical sound in the Northeast.

During the late 1960s, Caetano (let's be informal) and Gilberto Gil spearheaded the Tropicália movement in Brazil, along with Maria Bethânia, Gal Costa, and others (see accompanying book review). Those who are familiar with Caetano's music from that time forward are fully aware of his contributions to Brazilian popular music, and many in the audience where these shows were recorded not only know his songs by heart, they weren't afraid to sing along with the artist. That's one way, I guess, to gauge the popularity of such compositions as "O último romântico," "Nossa estranho amor," and "Trem das cores."

Most of the work here is performed mid-tempo, but the subject matter thankfully isn't simplistic. In part, that's because this recording features several tunes from Caetano's previous disc, *Nortes do Norte*, which focused on themes of race and slavery, as well as Brazil's continued quest for a national identity. That album followed the soundtrack to *Orfeu*, a film by Carlos Diegues, with *Omaggio a Federico e Giulietta* (a tribute to Fellini and his actress/wife Giulietta Masina) his last disc to be released in the U.S.—all of them on Nonesuch, and thus easily available.

Live in Bahia serves as a good introduction to Caetano's current repertoire, but of course studio albums tend to have greater intimacy and warmth. Bear that in mind. This record doesn't include any between-songs patter, as we find on most concert CDs, but then again, as was the case in Los Angeles recently, perhaps he simply doesn't defer to the audience—except to introduce his band.

As good as it is, one must remember that Caetano is now sixty, and one really does need to go back to his early records to get a sense of the man at full stream. For better or worse, his voice has lost some of its dance, some of its color and agility. It used to sound more carefree, and conversely more romantic or anguished. Start with this disc if you're new to Caetano's music, and then track down some of his older—or younger?—records. Lots of surprises are waiting.

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

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LULA IS ALL WE NEED

Regarding Mr. Amaury Ferreira dos Santos response to the article by Mr. Norman Madarasz (*Brazzil* - October 2002): I was dismayed by Mr. Ferreira dos Santos rhetoric calling President-elect Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva a communist. Joseph McCarthy would have been proud of this American-Brazilian. Like a man of similar humble origins in North America, Lula brought himself out of poverty by his own efforts, he strengthened a workers Union so that its members could make a living wage and have human dignity, he educated himself by experience, hard fights and good deeds, he fought for the rights of the under classes and the majority of the Brazilian people at the same time, and against all odds became the next president of Brazil.

Were the people who supported Abraham Lincoln bozos? History has proven otherwise. The real bozos of Brazil are the supposedly well educated upper class elites who mismanaged Brazil's human and natural resources and its finances. They are the ones who borrowed heavily from the World Bank, the IMF and any other bank or institution willing to help them rape Brazil's future either through their own ignorance or through avarice. They are the ones whose lack of vision has helped produce the waves of economic chaos, inflation and lack of social justice that plagued Brazil far too long.

Lula won because the people in Brazil became fed up with the lies of the ruling class and economic instability their system of economics brought. The comparisons of Lula to Castro and Hussein shows bias and ignorance, while the reference to deceased former President Jango Goulart agrees with the militarism and interventionism that displaced him. George Bush would love Mr. Ferreira dos Santos notions of what is good for Brazil. Brazil has long needed a regime change if it is to achieve its promise of a large prosperous middle class, of a country with social justice, and hence people of courage, vision and supreme honesty must take charge. President Lula election will begin this democratic process.

Marina Pizzamiglio-Gutierrez
A Brazilian-American Citizen from California.

ILLUMINATING MATERIAL

Dear Dário Borim, I would like to congratulate you for your article "Left is Right" -

www.brazzil.com/p12nov02.htm. You demonstrated an accurate knowledge of what the election of Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva represents to Brazil and to Brazilians. Independently of the results which will be achieved in a "Lula administration", the mere election of a former worker who starved in his childhood is already an achievement of our democracy and shows that social mobility does exist in the Brazilian society.

I have been reading some articles about Lula in the foreign press and I am shocked at level of ignorance about Brazil which exists even among the so-called experts in Latin America. Therefore, well written and balanced articles such as "Left is Right" are very important to educate foreigners about what is happening in Brazil.

Anderson C. A. Nascimento
The University of Tokyo

IT WON'T WORK

In response to Roger Burbach's "The Lula Solution," Electing a 9-fingered, grade school educated, neo liberal (communist) factory worker may be a solution for Brazil, but that kind of thing doesn't work this far North. Lula has made tons of promises during his campaign, don't hold your breath to see if he will be able to come through with them. Brazil isn't exactly an economic giant that can handle poverty with the oh-so-usual leftist tactic of the redistribution of wealth. It will be interesting to see what change comes to Brazil in the near future.

"What if the Democratic Party adopted such a bold policy by pledging to eliminate the poverty that afflicts twenty-five percent of America's children?" Are you trying to say that 25 percent of America's children are impoverished?

There are dozens of opinionated things that you state in your article, and I hope so very much that the Democratic Party heeds your advice. Anything to keep those Big Government vote buying leftists out of power would be a good thing. I'm not much of a fan of the Republicans either, but I'm shelling out too much of my own income in taxes to pay for an enormous government that doesn't seem to protect me well and cares for nothing but keeping themselves in office as long as they can.

As for the war on Iraq, it's easy to criticize the US government while sitting behind your desk in Berkeley. Do you ever think about the same columnists in Iraq who don't share in the same freedom of speech as you have?

Johnny
Via Internet

PROMISES, PROMISES

Your article "The Lula Solution" sounds good, but I think you have to remember the Democrats have a poor record of showing up on Election Day. In Brazil people have to vote or pay a fine. So much for democracy. Furthermore I think our country has given up on trying to help the needy because by in large most people feel it is their responsibility to get things done. Let us wait and see how Lula does in Brazil before we start the comparison.

The U.S. is not Brazil and what may work there may not be the best thing for us. I am curious if Lula is going to address the issue of the millions of Brazilians who do not have adequate access to an education. I am from Latin America and it is always interesting to see the promises made by candidates. Our politicians do some of that but never to the level of Latin American countries.

Olivia
Via Internet

WHO DOES HE THINKS HE IS?

I am writing this letter in response to the letter sent by Mr. Robert Thomas from Illinois published in the November issue of *Brazzil* - www.brazzil.com/letnov02.htm I disagree with Mr. Thomas' remark that Lula would not be able to hold a job at a gas station here in the US. As a matter of fact, I think he would be great as a community leader or something like that, because that is how he started. In addition, Mr. Thomas is fooling himself if he thinks this sort of thing does not happen in the US. Take Jesse Ventura, for instance. Who would have guessed that a wrestler would be elected as governor?

I think that Brazilians should give Lula a chance to show what he is capable of. Criticism does not help if it is not accompanied by solutions. My experience with the PT is actually not bad. When Luiza Erundina from the PT was mayor of São Paulo, education was a lot better than today.

In my opinion, such pessimistic thoughts about Brazil's future can only come from a "non-Brazilian". I'd rather think that things will get better. I have been in the US for three years, and I don't dare making remarks about politics or economics, because I don't think I know enough about this country to do so. I wonder what makes Mr. Thomas think that he knows so much about Brazil.

Andrea Plate
St. Paul, Minnesota

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The Man Who Doesn't Want to Be President

Lula does not look like a man about to assume power. He looks as laid back as though he were about to become manager of a boys' under-10s football team rather than president of one of the world's largest countries

JOHN FITZPATRICK

Brazil's President-elect, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, is obviously one of those people for whom the journey and not the arrival matters—and this does not augur well for the country. Since he topped the polls on October 27 he has been on a honeymoon, which he is enjoying so much that he wants to extend it and postpone assuming office

on January 1st until January 6. President Fernando Henrique Cardoso has said several times that he does not want to extend his term of office beyond the mandate granted by the electorate.

However, the PT team thinks that January 1st is not a good day on which to hold the official ceremony because it is a holiday and could pose traveling problems and conflict with the New Year's festivities. It is impossible to believe that these could be serious reasons. Foreign diplomats in Brasília are at a loss to explain to their governments that they cannot yet make arrangements for VIPs to attend the swearing-in ceremony because they do not know when it will take place.

Why should Lula think he is different from the previous president? Cardoso assumed office on January 1st on two occasions without any fuss. As to upsetting holiday festivities, I remember, on the second occasion, being the only person who wanted to watch the ceremony on television. My Brazilian relatives preferred to finish their *cafezinhos* at the end of New Year's Day lunch, knowing that their president had been duly sworn into office, according to the constitution.

Lula has dismissed the fuss surrounding this affair as a "storm in a teacup" and has continued to bask in the people's favor, going on walkabouts, kissing babies and playing football with his grandchildren in the grounds of his future Brasília home. Lula does not look like a man about to assume power. He is still on a high and looks more relaxed these days than Cardoso who, instead of winding down after eight tough years, is being tested to the bitter end. Lula looks as laid back as though he were about to become manager of a boys' under-10s football team rather than president of one of the world's largest countries.

Anyone who knows Brazil is aware of the appalling lack of organization, but this casual approach to assuming the highest office in the land is incredible—to the outsider, that is. For Brazilians it is different. Brazilian organizations are not embarrassed if things are altered at the last minute. As for deadlines, forget them. Everything will sort itself out in time.

I remember that about 10 years ago I went to Paris to interview a top executive of a big state-controlled French company called Thomson CF (now called Thales), which, at the time, was having its operating results dragged down by a big equity stake it had been forced to assume in the troubled state-controlled Credit Lyonnais bank. On the day, before my planned interview, the bank had been due to issue its quarterly results but, at the last minute,

FOLHA DE S. PAULO

Presidente eleito afirma no Círculo que "o agravamento das desigualdades é um convite às soluções de força" Exclusão ameaça democracia, diz Lula



Lula e Fernando Henrique Cardoso após vencer na eleição presidencial.

Dobra o lucro dos bancos estrangeiros no Brasil

Os lucros dos bancos estrangeiros no Brasil cresceram 100% em 2002, segundo dados divulgados pelo Banco Central. O lucro líquido dos bancos estrangeiros no Brasil chegou a R\$ 2,7 bilhões em 2002, contra R\$ 1,35 bilhão em 2001. O crescimento foi impulsionado pelo aumento da atividade econômica e pela valorização do real.

Palocci fala em aumento das metas para União pagar dívida

Palocci anunciou que o governo pretende aumentar as metas para a União pagar a dívida pública em 2003. O ministro da Fazenda afirmou que o objetivo é reduzir o déficit primário e melhorar a saúde financeira do país.



Palocci em uma reunião com ministros.

Itamar dá prazo até 6ª para União pagar dívida

Itamar Franco afirmou que o governo dará um prazo de seis meses para a União pagar a dívida pública. O ministro da Fazenda destacou a importância de cumprir as obrigações financeiras do país.



Palocci e Itamar Franco em uma reunião.

País	Partido	Votos	Porcentagem
Brazil	PT	35,3 milhões	59,2%
Brazil	PSDB	24,5 milhões	40,8%
Brazil	PMDB	1,2 milhões	2,0%
Brazil	PPS	0,8 milhões	1,3%
Brazil	PSB	0,5 milhões	0,8%
Brazil	PR	0,4 milhões	0,7%
Brazil	PRB	0,3 milhões	0,5%
Brazil	PP	0,2 milhões	0,3%
Brazil	PCB	0,1 milhões	0,2%
Brazil	PTC	0,1 milhões	0,2%
Brazil	PSOL	0,1 milhões	0,2%
Brazil	PMN	0,1 milhões	0,2%
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Brazil	PRD	0,1 milhões	0,2%
Brazil	PRQ	0,1 milhões	0,2%
Brazil	PRS	0,1 milhões	0,2%
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54 milhões de brasileiros vivem com até R\$ 100

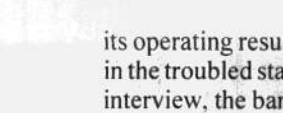
Segundo o IBGE, 54 milhões de brasileiros vivem com menos de R\$ 100 por mês. Isso representa cerca de 25% da população brasileira. O estudo foi realizado com base em dados do Censo de 2000.



Atletas brasileiros em uma cerimônia.

Brasileiro define hoje a final

Hoje será definido o vencedor da final do torneio de futebol. O jogo será disputado entre os dois melhores times da competição. O público espera uma partida emocionante.



Atletas brasileiros em uma cerimônia.

Soft on Terror

failed to do so and postponed publication. This event became the top international financial story and the main French news story. It was prominently featured on the front-page of the *Financial Times* on the day of my interview, thereby adding a little spice (I hope) to my final story.

Events like this happen all the time here and no one is bothered. There may be a few lines in the financial section of a newspaper but that is as far as it goes. During Cardoso's first term, the privatization process was dogged by postponements, delays and in the case of the big mining company, CVRD (Companhia Vale do Rio Doce), the actual auction was stopped in the middle of bidding. The foreign onlookers were appalled but the Brazilians were unflummoxed.

I imagine many Brazilians who read this will think I am making a fuss about nothing or a "*tempestade em copo d'água*" as Lula would say. I probably sound like a nervy foreigner who should calm down and let things develop naturally. After all, what difference does it make if Lula becomes president on January 1st or 6? I can accept this reasoning because I live here and know how things work but there is a great big world out there which has been examining Brazil through a microscope for the last two to three years and has a different attitude.

This world is made up of foreign investors wondering whether to apply their money in Brazil or pull it out, the International Monetary Fund, which has stepped to the rescue three times during Cardoso's terms of office and the United States administration, which is keen on setting up a free trade zone for the Americas. These outsiders have already given Brazil a great deal of the benefit of the doubt. Against their real feelings, they have been tolerant and supportive. However, Brazil needs to show that it appreciates this help and, at least, try and understand how the outsiders feel. Whether Brazilians like it or not, the views of these foreigners are important because Brazil cannot go it alone. These observers are still nervous about Lula taking over and wonder if he really has become the more moderate candidate we saw during the election campaign.

Equally importantly is Lula's non-existent track record as an administrator. Perhaps he will turn out to be great at delegating and, given a good team of ministers and administrators, do a good job. However, the world will not cross its fingers and take him on trust. Lula should start showing some responsibility and get ready to start his new job on January 1st—whether it is a holiday or not.

The Rio Carnival or New Year celebrations would be the ideal target for Bin Laden who applauded the attacks on innocent tourists in Bali and Tunisia. Carnival brings tens of thousands of foreign tourists, mainly Europeans and Americans, to Brazil. The streets of cities like Rio, Salvador and Recife are packed for days and police resources are stretched.

JOHN FITZPATRICK

President-elect Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva has finally decided to take up his duties on January 1st, instead of extending his honeymoon, and will be busy over the next couple of weeks. By mid-December he should have announced his key ministers and will also have had a meeting in Washington with US President George Bush. This will probably be a courtesy meeting and concentrate on trade issues but one wonders whether the Americans will raise the subject of international terrorism and security. Let us hope so because Lula is unlikely to do so.

Domestic security in Brazil means protecting citizens from the ever-present threat of being robbed, attacked, kidnapped and murdered by local thugs and gangsters, rather than international terrorists. Combating crime was a main platform issue for all the candidates in the election campaign but was quickly forgotten. Few citizens expect Lula to make any real difference to the appalling rates of crime in this country.

While there has been a lot of speculation about who will be the next finance or planning minister, and even Central Bank president, not much attention has been paid to the possibility of appointing a minister who would co-ordinate public safety within homeland security office, such as that just set up in the US.

Lula's ally, Jose Genoíno, who failed to win the governorship of São Paulo, is tipped to be the National Security Secretary. If this happens, it sounds suspiciously like a sinecure to compensate Genoíno for failing to assume power in the country's most prosperous state rather than a post with concrete demands.

Like the US, policing in Brazil is mainly a matter for the state and city governments. There is a small federal force, similar to the FBI, but with fewer resources. Lula's hands are, therefore, tied domestically but they are not tied in terms of combating international terrorism.

Some readers might be wondering why, if the next government (like this one) cannot cope with homegrown criminals, should it bother with international terrorists who, until now, have left Brazil alone? The answer is that Brazil will not be left alone for much longer and will need international understanding and allies. The size of its territory, its porous borders and multinational population combined with endemic corruption and inefficiency make it a perfect hiding place for international terrorists. There have already been some spill-over effects from the war in Colombia.

Guerrillas have crossed into Brazilian territory and several years ago there was a clash in which around half a dozen Brazilian troops were killed. Much of the drug trafficking, which finances the guerrillas, takes place on Brazilian territory. It is true that the kind of bombings and murders carried out by Moslem terrorists we have seen in other places such as the US, Israel, Tunisia, Karachi, Russia, Bali and, most recently, Mombasa, have not happened here. But that does not mean they will never



happen and Brazil should be prepared before it is too late.

Brazil is a perfect soft target for Moslem extremists since it represents everything they hate. First of all, it is one of the largest Christian countries in the world, with the biggest Roman Catholic community. One of the most distasteful aspects of Osama Bin Laden's rhetoric is his hatred for other religions, particularly Christianity and Judaism. For him and his kind, Christians and Jews are "infidels" even though, like Moslems, they are all "people of the Book" i.e. they have the same origins. The fact that Brazil is an easy-going place where people of every race and religion live in harmony, combined with its hedonistic lifestyle, are other negative points in the eyes of fanatics like Bin Laden.

The Rio Carnival or New Year celebrations would be the ideal target for Bin Laden who applauded the attacks on innocent tourists in Bali and Tunisia. Not only is the Carnival the precursor to one of the main Christian feasts, Easter, but it also brings tens of thousands of foreign tourists, mainly Europeans and Americans, to Brazil. The streets of cities like Rio, Salvador and Recife are packed for days and police resources are stretched. For people who plotted sophisticated attacks like those on September 11 or against the US ship, the Cole, setting off bombs during the Carnival would be child's play.

One hopes that the Brazilian authorities have taken all this into consideration and we will see tighter security for the next Carnival and New Year celebrations in Rio. However, I would not bet on it. Three weeks ago, I went to São Paulo international airport to meet a friend arriving from Europe. The flight was one of four international flights to arrive very early on a Sunday morning at roughly the same time. While I waited at the arrival area I did not see a single policeman or any other uniformed member of a security force. The only people in "uniform" were porters. I saw two people enter the supposedly out-of-bound customs area unchecked.

The lackadaisical approach to security could have implications beyond the horrors of any kind of attack. It could easily lead to a worsening of relations with the US and other countries. There are already many Americans who feel that the Brazilian response to the events of September 11 was weak. There are also suspicions about Lula among some influential, right-wing commentators. One recent article, which appeared in the

Washington Times, outraged Brazilians by accusing Lula of being an extremist revolutionary who could be planning to set up an "axis of evil" in Latin America, along with Cuba and Venezuela's erratic president, Hugo Chavez. This article, incidentally, was not written by some inarticulate rabble-rouser but by an academic, Constantine C. Menges, who is a senior fellow with the Hudson Institute and a former member of the US National Security Council.

There has also been a lot of interest in the international media in the so-called Three Frontiers region around the southwestern town of Foz de Iguacu, where Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina meet. As well as being an area of outstanding natural beauty, which attracts many foreign tourists, this region is a center of smuggling and corruption. Security is extremely lax. I remember some years ago watching two men walk to the middle of the Friendship Bridge, linking Brazil and Paraguay, and topple a large cardboard box into the river far below. For all we know it could have contained a body. The box was swept away and the men returned to the Paraguay side unharmed. I crossed this border three times without showing a passport or being asked for one.

There is a large Arab (and Chinese) community, made up mainly of Lebanese merchants in Foz and the Paraguayan town of Ciudad del Leste. There is nothing new about this, since the Lebanese and Syrians have been coming to Brazil for a century and are present almost everywhere. Most of these immigrants were Christians fleeing the Moslem Ottomans. However, there were some Moslems among them, and during the Lebanese civil war in the 70s and 80s many new immigrants came to Brazil in search of a more peaceful life. For some time now, there have been suspicions by the US and Israel that this region has become a base for Moslem extremists. Attacks on the Israeli embassy in Buenos Aires and a Jewish community center, which killed over 100 people, are said to have been planned in this region. In these cases the finger was pointed at Iran.

So far, nothing concrete has emerged from this and Argentina has been blamed for not doing enough to get to the bottom of these particular attacks. Nor, more recently, has there been any evidence that Moslem terrorism has been plotted here. However, just as Indonesia was criticized for not taking claims of terrorist groups operating in its territory seriously so could Brazil if the worst comes

to the worst. It must be obvious to this and the next government that any kind of terrorist event in Brazil will lead to accusations by the US and other countries that Brazil is soft on terrorism and has done nothing to curtail extremist activities in the Foz de Iguacu region.

This may seem unfair to Brazilians but it is a fact. It is up to Lula and his new government to state clearly that it takes terrorism seriously and is doing what it can to prevent it being planned from or happening in Brazilian territory. It could start by making public declarations of condemnation of terrorists' attacks, show it is willing to co-operate actively in the fight against terrorism and tighten up security at airports and other soft targets. At the time of writing this article the body of a young Brazilian who was killed in the Bali blast is due to arrive back in the country. There were also Brazilian casualties in the attacks on the US. This shows that Brazilians are as much at risk from terrorism as foreigners.

In legal and practical terms, Brazil should be able to tighten security without too much trouble. The high crime rate means that hidden cameras are everywhere, identity checks are required to enter buildings and, by law, everyone has to carry an identity card. The official police forces are backed up by the private security industry, which actually employs more than the official sector.

Rich individuals employ bodyguards and armor-plated vehicles are common. Brazilians are also used to being bossed around and the kind of influential bodies which protect individual rights in other countries are non-existent. Brazilians also have to vote and be members of trade unions or business syndicates, whether they want to or not. This is not meant to be cynical but just to show that the authorities have strong legal powers. What we now need is political will before it is too late.

John Fitzpatrick is a Scottish journalist who first visited Brazil in 1987 and has lived in São Paulo since 1995. He writes on politics and finance and runs his own company, Celtic Comunicações—www.celt.com.br, which specializes in editorial and translation services for Brazilian and foreign clients. You can reach him at if@celt.com.br

You can also read John Fitzpatrick's articles in Infobrazil.com

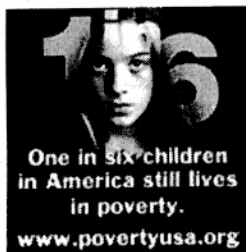


The "Lula" Solution:

Proposal For A Democratic Party Bereft of Principles

Democrats should look south of the border, to Brazil, for an example of how to win elections while standing for real values. Lula's first act was to establish the Secretariat for Social Services. Its mandate is to eliminate hunger among twenty million Brazilians. What if the Democratic Party adopted such a bold policy by pledging to eliminate the poverty that afflicts twenty-five percent of America's children?

ROGER BURBACH



The Democrats suffered an electoral massacre on November 5. It should not have happened. In mid-term elections the party out of power has traditionally won seats in the House of Representatives and the Senate. Even more importantly the concrete conditions favored the Democrats. The economic downturn is deepening, unemployment is rising, and corporate corruption and influence peddling—as illustrated by the resignation of the Bush-appointed head of the Securities and Exchange Commission on the day of the elections—is as pronounced as ever.

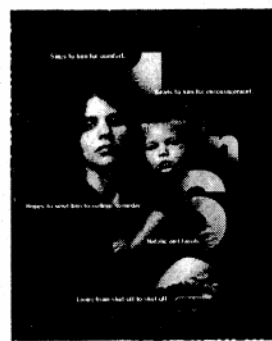
Why did this occur? It is because the Democrats have become a party that stands for little or nothing. They have no principles. They of course did try to blame Bush and the Republicans for the economic downturn, but even that debate was carried out in muted terms. There was no stridency in their attacks, let alone any real discussion of the ever-widening class divide that characterizes U.S. society. They ignored what Paul Krugman, an economist, has starkly stated in the pages of the *New York Times*: "We are now living in a new Gilded Age," one in which the corporate elite has amassed wealth comparable to the era of the Robber Barons in the late nineteenth century. As Krugman notes, in 1998 the top 0.01 percent, or "the 13,000 richest families in America had almost as much income as the 20 million poorest households."

Comparable figures at the end of the Reagan administration reveal that then the top 0.01 percent earned only about 40 percent of what they do today. The polarization of the U.S. economy accelerated during the presidencies of George the Father and Bill Clinton because both parties catered to the corporate elites. Under Clinton the Democratic Party tried to compete with the Republicans for corporate soft money by bedding some of the country's richest corporate executives in the Lincoln room of the White House. This strategy worked when the Democrats had something to sell, namely

their control of at least one of the key bastions of political power, be it the Presidency, or one or both Houses of Congress.

As Ralph Nader points out, the Democrats inability to articulate real issues in the 2002 campaign "flows from being largely indentured to the same monied commercial interests as the Republicans." Now that the Democrats have no control over any of the key branches of the U.S. government, the rich and the powerful will undoubtedly rush to fill Republican campaign coffers while spurning many Democrats. They have little need to carry the favor of Democrats on key Congressional committees because Republicans are now in control.

Perhaps the Democrats should look south of the border, to Brazil, for an example of how to win elections while



standing for real values. Nine days prior to the U.S. elections, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva overwhelmingly won the Brazilian presidency with 61 percent of the vote and turned the Workers Party into Brazil's leading political organization. In the campaign, the Workers Party, like the Democrats in recent years, moved to the center. But the Workers Party did not abandon its core principles. Lula made it clear in the campaign that the party had an alternative economic program that favored workers along with the middle class and national manufacturing interests. Lula said no to neo-liberalism and the financial interests that feed off the Brazilian economy and sap the country's resources, and yes to the social sectors that are willing to roll up their sleeves and work for a better Brazil.

The day after he won the election Lula's first act was to establish the Secretariat for Social Services. Its mandate is to eliminate hunger among twenty million Brazilians during the Workers Party's four-year rule. This goal may or may not be achieved, but it is a goal that enjoys widespread national support. What if the

Democratic Party adopted such a bold policy by pledging to eliminate the poverty that afflicts twenty-five percent of America's children? Wouldn't it enjoy widespread public support for undertaking such a noble mission?

In fact the few Democrats who did take courageous stands on principles numbered among the few resounding Democratic winners in the November 5 elections. Representative Jim McDermott of Washington state, along with two other Congressmen, went to Iraq in late September and declared that "U.S. war is not a solution." Republicans tried to tar him as "Bagdad Jim," and compared his visit to Iraq to Jane Fonda's trip to Hanoi during the Vietnam War. But McDermott won reelection with 75 percent of the vote, a bigger margin than that received by any other Congressional representative in the state of Washington. Another Democratic Congressman, Dennis Kucinich of Ohio, who denounced the impending war against Iraq and may be a presidential candidate in 2004, won with 74 percent of the vote in his district. The Democratic leadership, headed by Tom Daschle and Dick Gephardt caved into Bush's war resolution and what did it gain them? Nothing.

The most poignant legacy of a Democrat who stood on principles is that of Paul Wellstone of Minnesota. After his vote against Bush's war resolution he surged ahead of his Republican Senatorial opponent. The last poll taken by the *Minneapolis Star* before he died in a plane crash gave him a lead of 47 to 41 percent. Walter Mondale, his replacement on the ticket who sits on a number of corporate boards such as Cargill—the world's leading grain trading company and the largest privately owned corporation in the United States—lost the election because the people of Minnesota realized he stood for little more than politics as usual and that he was just a pale reflection of Senator Wellstone.

If the Democrats are to recover, they will have to forge a platform that stands for the disadvantaged, the working class and the troubled middle class. It will have to challenge the oligopolistic domination of the U.S. economy by corporate interests. The Democrats need to promote an alternative economy that develops new technologies and resources to deal with the devastation of the environment while simultaneously ending poverty in the United States and abroad. Such a program would require massive

investments that would unleash new technological and productive forces, just as Lula is calling for in Brazil.

The United States and the world need not just a bigger, more productive economy, but a different path, a greener economy, a fairer economy, one that develops the capabilities of the human species, not just that of a favored few. If during the Cold War the U.S. government created jobs and stimulated the economy through massive expenditures on the wasteful military-industrial complex, than there is every reason to believe that a campaign to build an alternative economy that reduced our reliance on fossil fuels and ended human impoverishment would create a sane and humane world.

Special thanks to Dick Walker for his editorial comments.

Roger Burbach is co-editor, with Ben Clarke, of *September 11 and the U.S. War* (City Lights, 2002), and author of the forthcoming book *The Pinochet Affair: Globalizing Human Rights*. He is director of the Center for the Study of the Americas (CENSA) in Berkeley, CA and can be reached at censa@igc.org.

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Reasons of October

Lula came to power because the Brazilian Right lost its capacity to deceive the voters and because the Left discovered the way to correct its own illusions. Lula won to break with cronyism and create a common sense of nation and a belief system for our future.

CRISTOVAM BUARQUE

Why, after experiencing 500 years of elitist power, disdain for the people, aristocratic arrogance and social perversity, did Brazil elect a president who is a son of the people, a migrant from the drought-ridden Brazilian North East, a metal worker, a labor leader, and a militant of the Left?

Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva was elected because the Left is repenting its mistakes and the Right is ashamed of its successes. The Left repents past mistakes that caused it to lose the power won in some countries, like Chile; the poor administration of power in some regions, like Eastern Europe; and the string of defeats in so many frustrated attempts at revolutions and elections.

The Right is experiencing remorse for its conquests: a world that is rich, yet divided by economic apartheid and de-

graded by the ecological crisis, one that shamefully observes the genocide in Africa, the visible poverty on the street corners of its cities, the drugs consuming its children. And the Right is unable to hide the fact that the destruction of Communism threw the former USSR into crime and poverty. Lula came to power because the Brazilian Right lost its capacity to deceive the voters and because the Left discovered the way to correct its own illusions.

In 1822, the Brazilian elite deceived the people by promising Independence through an emperor who was the son of the king of Portugal, the colonial power. In 1888, Princess Isabel signed the law abolishing slavery, but the elite did not grant either schools or land to the newly emancipated slaves; yet the misled black population of Brazil gave their thanks. A year later, the elite proclaimed the Republic, replacing the counts and countesses with the upper class and the commoners with "the people"; still the Brazilian people believed that they were electing "their" president.

In the twentieth century, the elite developed the economy, promising that everyone would become wealthy after production grew. Poverty persisted but the people expected, and were thankful for, crumbs. In recent times, the elite promised that free markets and privatization would transport all Brazilians into the paradise of consumerism. And for some years Brazilians continued to believe this. But the illusions are gone. The lies of the elite have created a monstrous society; its supply of social illusions has been exhausted.

The first reason for the victory of a leftist metal worker in the presidential race stems from the Brazilian elite's inability to continue offering the Brazilian people illusions. Even the candidate of the elite was a militant from the leftist tradition.

The second reason for Lula's victory was the reinvention of the Left. Despite the Right's dearth of illusory proposals, Lula would never had been elected had today's Workers Party not spread throughout the country, gaining administrative experience in state and municipal governments and becoming a political party that was realistic and credible. Lula would never have won had the Left's discourse remained trapped in its own illusions and perceptions that, in the name of impossible utopias, have led to the failures of the past.

The victorious Workers Party today represents the continuation of its past idealistic tradition. But it is also a break with the past as it faces the future in the real world. The end of the Right's illu-

sions and the Left's errors would not, however, be sufficient to elect a president if we did not have a charismatic leader capable of inspiring credibility and competence. Lula exceeds these expectations: the Brazilian people, including the elite, respect him and trust him.

Together, an exhausted Right, a renovated Left, and a well-prepared leader will create the conditions so that, for the first time, Brazil will have a people's president, with an origin, appearance and name that come from the Brazilian people, and with proposals that will be directed towards these people.

But for what purpose will Lula's victory serve, if he will not carry out the revolution that the traditional Left formerly advocated and if he does not have the right to merely administer the crisis as if he were a recently accepted member of the elite?

Lula won to invent sovereignty compatible with globalization, to recover economic growth, to establish forms of income distribution, and to restore the infrastructure. He won to break with cronyism and create a common sense of nation and a belief system for our future. Above all, he won to complete the process of Independence and the creation of the Republic. He won to achieve the true Abolition, that of poverty.

Lula won to become the president who will carry out the second and true abolition, the one who will immediately take action guaranteeing that, within a few years, Brazil will be a country without social exclusion, a country where everyone will have access to essential goods and services. On the day he was elected, Lula became the first president to assume the responsibility for eradicating poverty from the country, poverty of food, but also of education, of culture, of honesty, of sovereignty, of housing, of healthcare, of ecological equilibrium, of self-esteem.

To accomplish this, he must do with the common family name of Silva and the hands of the people that which a princess with the Portuguese royal family name of Bragança did not do: he must complete the Abolition.

Cristovam Buarque, ex-governor of the Federal District of Brasília, is a professor at the University of Brasília Center for Sustainable Development and the author of the book *Admirável Mundo Atual* (Brave real world). You can get in touch with him writing to cristovambuarque@uol.com.br

Translated by Linda Jerome - LinJerome@cs.com

The entire mainstream Brazilian media, without exception, is anti-American, anti-Bush, and anti-Israel, including those publications which due to their past keep a conservative façade, even though they are by no means conservative today. Everybody in Brazilian media commenting on September 11 was unanimous in attributing to the US several different degrees of the responsibility for the evil that was done to them.

There is no politician left in Brazil who is openly pro-American or pro-Israel, even among the ones who are defenders of a free market economy. There are, at best, those who defend good relations with the US exclusively in the economic arena, taking at the same time an anti-American stance in all other relevant international issues.

There are no more conservative politicians or parties in action in Brazil today. The last ones were ostracized in the last couple of years, either through suspicions of corruption that were never entirely proven, or by the defeat on the elections after a rain of accusations in the media. The bulk of the opposition to the Workers' Party (PT), the greatest left-wing party in Brazil is made exclusively by internal dissensions of the Left.

Brazilian public opinion is massively persuaded that the US is in a full-fledged imperialistic campaign to subjugate Brazil economically, destroy it culturally, and, finally, to occupy with troops at least part of its territory. In the media, no writer except me dares to openly defy this belief.

No conservative American author has his books published in Brazil, at least by the commercial publishing houses, nor are they studied in the departments of Philosophy, Law, or Political Sciences of any Brazilian university. A recent publication, the *Critical Dictionary of Right-Wing Thought*, which became reference material for all the students in the area due to the fact that it was written by 144 university teachers among the most representative of Brazilian academic elite,

Our Enemy, the USA

**What every American
should know about
Brazilian anti-Americanism**

**Brazil is now ready to
accept a war against the US
as the most natural thing in
the world. Officers and
soldiers are already
studying the works of Ho Chi
Minh and General Giap, to
learn the Vietcong war
techniques for future
combats against the North
American invaders.**

OLAVO DE CARVALHO

contained several mentions to David Duke and none to Irving Kristol, Russel Kirk, Thomas Sowell, and other authors recognized in the US as spokesmen for conservatives, so that the general idea left in the mind of the reader is that the North American conservative thought consists, essentially, of Nazism.

In the media, in academic discussions and in public debates, all the initiatives viewed as bad for Brazil, coming from international organizations or great banks, are immediately attributed to George W. Bush. The figure of the North American president has been so demonized that he was drawn literally with the face of the Devil, with horns and forked tail, on the cover of one of the main weekly Brazilian magazines—a gross graphic expedient which, not even a decade ago, would be dared only by communist publications.

The American ambassador in Brazil, Donna Hjrinak, made open propaganda of the leftist candidate Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, praising him as the “incarnation of the American dream”, and after that enforced further the anti-American feeling on the population, declaring in an interview that “the US does not respect Brazil”.

In the Armed Forces, it is practically unanimous the belief that, with the end of the USSR, the East-West conflict axle was substituted by the North-South axle, or “rich nations against poor nations”, and, therefore, the real enemy of Brazil in an armed conflict is the US. This idea is subscribed even by the majority of the conservative officers, some with great prestige in the Armed Forces. The military in general believe that the North American proposition of setting up an air force base in Alcântara, Pará, is a Machiavellian plan of the government in Washington against Brazilian national sovereignty, and almost all officers subscribe the leftist propaganda that the Colombia Plan is a vile premeditated plot to facilitate the penetration of American troops in Brazilian territory with



imperialistic purposes.

In the frontier bases, many officers and soldiers are already dedicated to the study of the works of Ho Chi Minh and General Giap, aiming to assimilate the Vietcong war techniques for future combats against the North American invaders. The School for Higher War Studies (ESG, Escola Superior de Guerra), the main teaching center for the formation of the military, is literally hypnotized by the preaching of anti-American agitators like the journalist Márcio Moreira Alves and the historian Manuel Cambeses Júnior.

For the simple reason that it obeyed economic policies set by the IMF, the Fernando Henrique Cardoso administration became known in the media as pro-American, even though in reality it had much more affinity with the European Union and the current anti-American mentality found in the UN. On the other hand, this government has been hostile to the Armed Forces, reducing their budget and their functions, excluding the military of the ministerial meetings, stimulating true and false accusations against military personnel that collaborated with the extinct authoritarian regime, rewarding with jobs and public money the terrorists that killed Brazilian soldiers, and so forth.

The result was that the hate towards the government grew among the military, along with the anti-Americanism. The widely recognized fact that the anti-military initiatives of the government were fomented by leftists did not change a single bit the attitude of the military, who, becoming aware of the support given to left-wing organizations by great entrepreneurial holdings like Ford and Rockefeller, interpreted the rising of the left as the effect of a sinister imperialistic plan plotted by the American government to debilitate Brazilian national sovereignty.

Well, a global movement to debilitate and neutralize the national sovereignties did exist, but it did not come from the American government, but from the EU and the UN, the same organizations that, on the other hand, did everything to politically isolate the US and Israel. As it happens, the latent conflict between US power and the great international organizations was never made public in Brazil, not even after the Durban Conference which made it patently evident.

Therefore, everything the international organizations did against national sovereignty (including the US's own) was immediately attributed to the American government, viewed as a kind of deity controlling everything that happened in the universe. When I mentioned in the Brazilian press that President Clinton served more the purposes of these

international organizations than the American State, I was called 'a loony' and thoroughly ignored, even among the military, who usually had respect for me.

To stimulate even more the anti-American hostility of the Brazilian military, the dismantling of our Armed Forces strictly followed a plan in ten steps suggested by the political scientist Samuel Huntington in a book circulated in Brazil with the sponsoring of Culture Minister Francisco Weffort, a man from the PT (Partido dos Trabalhadores—Workers' Party) in Fernando Henrique Cardoso's cabinet.

It is not surprising that the North American president who supported international policies that tended to stimulate these hostilities was the same who in the home front protected Chinese espionage, tied the CIA's and the FBI's hands against international terrorism, and debilitated the American Armed Forces. All this man wanted was to obtain for the US, even at the cost of the long-term destruction of the country, certain economic advantages that allowed him to pose in front of his voters as the savior of unemployed immigrants.

So, at the same time that he gave his country an image of an imperialistic power, arrogant and proud, he made it weak and helpless, in the military as well as diplomatic arenas. This is the path to self-destruction, and I do not believe that Clinton, elected with Chinese propaganda money, did it out of mere incompetence

or lack of consciousness.

The hate towards the US in Brazil today is so deep and so disseminated in all social levels that it can only be eradicated through a long and laborious educational campaign. It is necessary to explain to Brazilians that the international organizations are not the US government, that the fight of globalist imperialism for the destruction of national sovereignties is not an American enterprise, being rather anti-American, and that the nationalistic façade of the leftist organizations in Brazil hides their collaboration with the anti-American globalist imperialism. If this is not made at once, any belligerent position the next government adopts against the US will be applauded by all the Brazilian people, fallen into the web of a tragic deceit.

Olavo de Carvalho is a philosopher and the author of several books, including *O Imbecil Coletivo*:

Atualidades Inculturais Brasileiras* (1996) and *O Futuro do Pensamento Brasileiro - Estudos sobre o

***Nosso Lugar no Mundo* (1997).**

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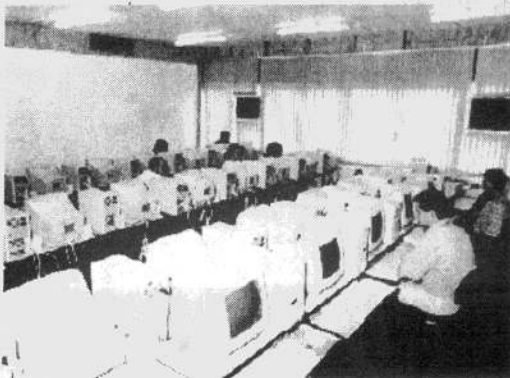
GREETINGS FROM BELO HORIZONTE - BRAZIL



Silicon Valley South

Belo Horizonte entrepreneurs are part of a movement to wean Brazil's computers from dependence on imported software, especially Microsoft products. Projeto Libertas is working to convert the municipal government's 5000 computers from Windows to Linux.

TED GOERTZEL



Belo Horizonte, Brazil's third largest city, is usually overlooked by tourists unless they pass through on their way to the colonial towns of Ouro Preto or Diamantina. Belo is the capital of a state whose founders were so lacking in lyrical inspiration they simply named it "General Mining" (Minas Gerais). The beautiful horizon for which the city is decorously named is mostly hidden from downtown viewers by nondescript office buildings. The city did have a brief moment of fame in the 1960s when climatologists announced that it was the best place on the planet to escape from nuclear fallout in case of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Despite this less than promising history, Belo Horizonte has become one of Brazil's two leading centers of cutting-edge computer science entrepreneurialism. The other is Recife, capital of the impoverished northeastern state of Pernambuco. Why have these two regional centers taken the lead instead of the major industrial centers of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro? In both cases, entrepreneurial professors at the local federal university campuses spearheaded the industry.

In Recife, Professor Silvio Meira, of the Federal University of Pernambuco, played a key role, while a key innovator in Belo Horizonte was Professor Nivio Ziviani of the Federal University of Minas Gerais. Both of these innovators created non-profit organizations with links to their universities as incubators for early development projects.

Professor Meira is president of the Center for Studies of Advanced Systems in Recife (CESAR), and vice-president of the Radix search engine company. Professor Ziviani developed the MINER family of search engines including Book Miner, CD Miner and Law Miner. The MINER acronym has a double meaning, referring both to Minas Gerais, the mining state, and to data mining.

He sold the Miner software to a leading Brazilian portal, UOL.com, for an undisclosed but substantial sum of money. Together with local businesspeople, he founded Akwan Technologies, an information technology firm that creates specialized search engines for businesses, institutions, WEB portals and other WEB users. The Federal University of Minas Gerais is a business partner of Akwan, under new Brazilian legislation that allows universities to profit from business



on Counsel's Advice

Neither Lula nor any of his contenders to lead Brazil had any position on Immigration Law either to welcome immigrants to Brazil or to advise Brazilians seeking a better future outside of Brazil. The emphasis of the presidential debate was the economic future of Brazil. However, the economic future of Brazil is partly tied to its emigration and immigration policy.

This article deals with some ideas for the development of Brazil's foreign policy in the area of Immigration Law during the presidency of Lula da Silva. The references to Lula below should be read as meaning the government of Lula.

Legalization for All

Any success in Lula's foreign policy on immigration must show bigness and boldness. Lula's credo should be to think big, dream big and act big. It shouldn't have surprised Lula that on the day after his election the major leaders of the world were calling him on the phone. From

1. Lula should legalize all immigrants living in Brazil.

2. Should assist Brazilians who wish to leave Brazil. Brazilians are one of the fastest growing groups being detained at the Mexico-U.S. border.

3. Should create a program to defend the rights of Brazilians detained by the Border Patrol or the Immigration Service in the U.S..

EDGARDO QUINTANILLA

South Korea, Italy and the United States, the world had taken notice of Lula and the significance of his election.

Lula's government needs to develop a coherent immigration policy for Brazil. First, Lula should support a legalization program for all immigrants who have made Brazil their second home. Some past articles in *Brazzil* have dealt with the legacy of Africans, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Koreans, Japanese and U.S. born Americans to Brazil.

When a country legalizes the immigration status of each one of its inhabitants, it acknowledges the contributions that immigrants make to the local economies. Thus, Lula should avoid perpetuating one of the weaknesses of the United States's immigration policy, namely, its failure to legalize the immigration status of close to 8 million undocumented people. See Donald T. Griswold, *Willing Workers: Fixing the Problem of Illegal Mexican Migration to the United States*, CATO Institute, October 15, 2002.

Second, Lula should actively seek

immigrants with ideas, money and education who wish to make a difference for Brazil. The key to Lula's success is to stimulate the local economic markets of Brazil. That is one of the advantages that immigrants with skills and money can make for local economies in Brazil.

Most readers of this magazine would know of at least one American professional, such as a doctor, who wishes to reside in Brazil but who is having a hard time getting their legal residency status in Brazil. In a country of 175 million people with an underdeveloped medical system, what is the fear of Brazilian doctors of let's say 10,000 foreign doctors? The idea is to stimulate local economies all over Brazil.

In this case, the U.S. is a good example for Lula. Immigrants have made a difference for the United States. The same policy should be emulated by Brazil. Brazil should make it easier for immigrants to make Brazil their home.

A week before Brazilians overwhelmingly voted Lula as their next president, the leaders of big businesses in the United States, such as Bill Gates of the Microsoft empire, made big overtures to Lula that they were ready to do business with Brazil.

Such overtures should be welcomed as long as development involves not only short range business plans, but long term commitments of money, people and capital for the progress of local economies propelled by and for small businesses.

Lula's immigration policy in Brazil should be to allow room for big and small entrepreneurs to go to Brazil without any immigration hindrances as long as the commitment is to develop local economies.

It is possible that during the Lula presidency Brazil may see the creation of the first environmental-conscious Disney resort in the Amazon region. Brazil not only needs a new breed of tourists, but waves of new settlers with ideas, money and education.

Lula should thus be willing to welcome back any Brazilian American who wishes to make a difference for Brazil.

Let Them Leave

The Lula presidency should actively assist Brazilians who wish to leave Brazil in order to develop their skills and competence for a new Brazil. The key is to provide access to correct information about immigration laws in Brazil. Lula should encourage legal emigration and

discourage the illegal emigration of Brazilians to the United States.

For Americans, one of the greatest attractions of Brazil is the promise of finding a beautiful Brazilian to marry. Consequently, Lula should crack down on sex tourists, but provide greater information on K visas, also know as fiancée visas. A simple link from the Brazilian government to the Web site of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service could be a start. See www.ins.gov.

A K visa is used to seek a non-immigrant visa for a Brazilian who is to be married to an American within 3 months after admission. There is another type of K visa (K3/K4), which is used to petition a Brazilian who is the husband or wife of a U.S. citizen to come to the United States in order to get a green card while in the United States. The process for doing so is called an adjustment of status.

One of the most significant non-immigrant programs that the United States has for professionals is the J Visa. This is a non-immigrant visa program that allows Brazilian professionals to seek advanced training in the United States in order to return to Brazil with greater skills. There should be greater number of Brazilian professional seeking this type of visa.

The Lula government should assist Brazilians who wish to study abroad. Although the U.S. government has increased its monitoring of foreign students, Brazilians who wish to study in the United States under either an F visa or M visa must be prepared to show that they have the economic means to support themselves before they apply for such non-immigrant visas. Brazil may wish to provide such support as a result of a contract for future professional services for the less fortunate.

Brazilians have not made much use of visas available for professionals or university graduates, such as the H1B visa. Starting October 1st, there were 175,000 such non-immigrant visas available for professionals for advanced degrees. During the last fiscal year, about 100,000 H1B visas were left unused. There is no reason why more Brazilian professionals should not apply for such visas.

There is no doubt that during the Lula presidency Brazilians will continue to emigrate by seeking visas through family and employment to the United States. A little known fact is the immediate availability of visa numbers for those Brazilians who obtained their lawful perma-

nent status in the United States before January 1, 1977. This program is called the Western Hemisphere Visa.

As long as a business has the means and resources to petition for a worker, there should not be any deterrent for Brazilian businesses, whether small or large, in the United States to sponsor a willing Brazilian who seek employment opportunities in the United States. The key is for such business to show that it has the resources to pay the offered wages of the future employee.

Defenseless Brazilians

Lastly, the Lula presidency should put the great resources of Brazil to use in the legal defense of Brazilians who are detained by the U.S. government. The Brazilian government does not have an active program that effectively defends the rights of Brazilians who are detained by the Border Patrol or the Immigration Service in the United States.

The identification of Brazilians by consular officers for the purpose of issuing travel documents is not an active legal defense of the rights of Brazilian caught by the U.S. government. Besides such identification, there should be an adequate partnership between Brazil and local or national bar association of lawyers in the United States to refer detained Brazilians to immigration lawyers. Brazilians are one of the fastest growing groups of people who are being detained at the Mexico-U.S. border. This is a movement that Lula will not be able to stop.

Lastly, Lula must show solidarity with the presidents of Mexico and Central America who are seeking legal status for their nationals. Consequently, Lula should publicly support the legalization of all workers in the United States.

Not only would such position be excellent public relations, but Brazil also has an economic stake in the economic developments of Mexico and Central America.

Lula's foreign policy should not ignore the need of a coherent Immigration Law policy for Brazil for its future immigrants and emigrants.

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6 by Simone Zied



Alternative Medicine Instead?

Inspired by the Hebrew king, the hospital administrator invites the doctors to share in equal parts the citizen.

Em plena metrópole carioca, zona sul, um par de senhores da saúde engalfinham-se nos corredores de uma santa casa, pleiteando vigorosamente seu direito à carcaça de um moribundo a chacoalhar: paciente meu, nada disso, o cliente é meu desde rapazinho; um puxa de cá, acotovela de lá; e o doente, vacilante, sem rumo nem percepção, cuja perturbação física era suficiente para o martirizar, vê-se constringido a destinar—tal criança em divórcio familiar—qual curandeiro irá ministrá-lo os conhecidos ordálios medicinais. Foi então, sem prever conseqüências, que o pobre homem conseguiu, pelas sutilezas da lógica, da escolha se isentar, cabendo ao diretor do recinto um fim decente acertar. Como irredutíveis, tanto um quanto o outro, os médicos pelo seu agonizante clamavam; e o

administrador, em um arroubo de brilhante pedantismo, invocou a passagem bíblica na qual Salomão julga o escandaloso caso de duas mulheres que se apresentam como mãe de um menino só: semelhante ao sábio rei hebreu, convida os doutores à repartição em partes iguais do cidadão. Qual não foi a surpresa e mesmo o desatino ao constatar que, diferente do texto judaico-cristão, na qual há uma mãe legítima a ceder o filho, prontamente, com bisturis em punho, ambos passam a dividir o miserável, que entre olhares de pavor e gritos orquestrais, aborrece as enfermeiras que limparão a sujeira de tanto sangue derramado no assoalho e pelo silêncio, imprescindível, quebrado. Decomposição concluída e a amizade entre os lustrosos doutores retornada: cada um com sua cota de vísceras e corpo correram à família inquirindo o pagamento de seus custosos honorários. Imagino, fossem adeptos à medicina alternativa—agora eu, depois sua vez—estava o indivíduo inteiro a gozar de sua dor e rendendo remunerações mais vantajosas aos guardiões da saúde.

Dumb Bell

The hard part was to find melodies orchestrated by a single bell.

Conta-se nas bandas de cá que pelos lados do interior mineiro um padre flácido e resfolegante cultivava um sino cujo badalo fora castrado por inadimplência do encarregado da manutenção instrumental da paróquia, que se situava em uma cidadela nutridora dum afeto particular pela campânula envelhecida e que impugnava empertigada contra a possibilidade do enterro do cone sagrado, por isso, talvez, a autoridade eclesiástica local num plano celestial engarapou um técnico eletricitista nutante a implantar por trás do vetusto objeto vibrante um avançado equipamento sonoro, cuja potência atingisse toda vila e, instalada a moderna engenhoca, o servo de Deus e o homem da máquina selaram pacto de jamais divulgarem a situação real do instrumento de bronze e isto não pareceu custoso aos dois, difícil mesmo foi obter um CD cujas melodias se valessem da orquestra de um sino só.

Devil's Apprentice

Stop being naïve, people in a hurry, that's all there is, they want a slave, and this is some thing I am not.

To Sandra.
In memory of Vera.

Ô, Dolores, corre aqui..., que corre o quê, Francineide?!, aqui é um lugar de silêncio, puro e limpo, não cabe correria, mas dá uma olhada lá no quatrocentos e três, a acompanhante

Don't Know the Name, It's All the Same

Biting hunger fed by a slippery finger: the table, the bonds, me naked, open to your plays and deliriums.

"Darkroom unleashes imagination in pornographic images in Which you always be the star, untouchable, unapproachable, Constant in the darkness, nursing an erection, a misplaced reaction, (...)"
(Marillion, Incubus)

Ela pensa:

poderia denominar caralho o poste-idolo que desejo inserido em mim e se o pedantismo me afetasse, assumiria minha ignorância vocabular refugiando-me nas sensíveis entranhas de Manoel de Barros: "os deslimes da palavra... Do que não sei o nome eu guardo semelhanças".

Meu dedo escorre e, uma vez ainda, "pega delírio!"; enfeitando telepaticamente, comunica por antenas sua vontade e também sua vontade por antenas. Desejo duplo: é mais do que do dedo, é de todo um ser.

Meu idioleto—do tipo esquizóide modesto—mantém hermético um prazer intraduzível; sensações implícitas imitando a exposição: ingenuidade. E o dedo não pára!

Como extrair do outro a primazia de um sabor ainda não inventado; com aromas desmoronados, beirando o surreal (e a solidão continua a ser a única resposta audível)?

incapacidade de sentir por mim mesma: "forma flexível, comprida, o que é necessário para que seja humana, sem ângulos, e, na extremidade, com a pequenez da cabeça, a súbita harmonia surgida da massa do corpo". Imagem emprestada de Duras, a Marguerite.

... delineando mentalmente imagens voyeurísticas esclarecedoras de minhas taras pelo sempre ausente você; intensamente nas sombras. Continua-se.

Memória: desfigurada pelo pânico, fui solidão; manutenção de uma auto-piedade banhada por realidade cruenta; vertigem e engodo. Arrastada por uma corrente hipotética, deixo-me lambuzar nesse lodaçal açucarado de estratégias e artimanhas: acreditei sexy; hoje, sei dor! Uma lágrima mistura-se ao sabor-dedo.

Refazendo o clima: afinal, excito-me ou choramingo?; a temperatura?, conserva-se quente; umidade "relativa" dos lábios?, permanece absoluta; há como retornar.

O *petit ami* de Madame Bovary se faz meu amante virtual (fictício além de não se atualizar) e lhe (me) indaga com um frêmito corporal que é sentido somente—ah, arrogância juvenil!—por mim: "já não lhe tem sucedido muitas vezes... encontrar... alguma imagem meio desvanecida, que vem de

já veio aqui duas vezes, duas vezes?, esse pessoal é apressadinho, Francineide, você tem que aprender muito ainda, viu?, mas não será urgente? Veio duas vezes, a cara meio pálida, pode estar acontecendo alguma coisa..., olha aqui, menina, estou nesse negócio há anos, tá sabendo, e conheço direitinho essa gente que gosta de tudo atendido na hora, gente fresca, riquinha, ou pior, um pessoalzinho que come mortadela e arrota peru..., mas Dolores..., não me interrompa, estou falando por experiência: aqui quem manda somos nós, Francineide, quer que eu vá rápido? Sorrisinhos, bombons e presentinhos aqui para a mamãe, senão..., rá, nem adianta espernear!, mas isso é certo?, olha, eu já dou um duro danado, Vanderlei me apoquento todo dia quando chego em casa, os meninos estão mais largados no mundo do que sendo criados, o salário é ruim e tem esse bando de enfermeira exigindo a torto e a direito da gente, gritando quando os doutores reclamam com elas, aí que consigo ter alguma força aqui dentro e você acha que vou deixar barato?, tô entendendo, Dolores, mas parece maldade, eles podem estar precisando de atendimento de verdade..., que nada, menina, e eu não sei quando estão? Aquela menina, a acompanhante do quatrocentos e quatro..., não: quatrocentos e três!, é, isso mesmo, quatrocentos e três, aquela mocinha é apavorada daquele jeito, outro dia fez um escarcéu porque o soro saiu da veia da mãe, eu me fiz de sonsa, demorei mesmo, ah, esse povo pensa que é só ordenar que temos de ir fazendo?, comigo não, jacaré!, então, já posso ir lá?, daqui, olhando da porta, vejo a cara ansiosa da menina vindo toda hora na porta do quarto, deve ser sério..., é nada, bobinha, deixa de ser ingênua, gente apressada, só isso, quer tudo de mão beijada, quer escravo e tá aí uma coisa que não sou e nem você vai ser, senão eles montam, vai por mim!, se é assim..., é, é assim sim!, então eu espero mais um pouco, também não quero ninguém me fazendo de empregada: fiz o curso de auxiliar com tanto sacrifício, consegui deixar de trabalhar na casa de Dona Elvira justamente porque não queria mais ser doméstica e vem essa gente me fazer de criada?, gostei de ver, Fran, já está aprendendo...

Aptº 403: sem ar, tomada pela doença que a consumia o sangue, Dona Helena, contorcia-se na cama e implorava à filha, a cada seis segundos—pois sua dimensão temporal havia se perdido em meio a tanta dor e desespero— que lhe chamasse a enfermeira; filha obediente, agonizando diante do sofrimento materno, chamou por duas vezes a recém-chegada auxiliar de enfermagem e, sem entender, assistiu da porta do quarto, nos momentos em que verificava se a mocinha já estava vindo, a mesma olhando-a de outra porta, parecendo desocupada, mas igualmente aparentando indisponibilidade para atendê-la. Sua mãe? Sufocou três horas atrás e ela, a filha, encontra-se detida na delegacia mais próxima: diante de tanta negligência, em vez de falar com as autoridades hospitalares, fez justiça com uma roliça barra de ferro, parte do equipamento médico.



longe e parece ser como que a exposição inteira do nosso sentimento mais sutil?" Sim, respondo acariciando-me, sim, a (e à) sua exposição!

E nós?, atados, emaranhados, esgarçados... finalmente arrebatados. E nós?, meus, seus, como se pode ambicionar contato sem que se deseje que o mesmo se concretize? Fui, melhor, fomos... nós, cegos e duplos, nós fomos!, e separados ainda que unidos como nunca. Você?, meu!, eu?, lógico, sua!, suando... suando, juntos e... distantes. Beije-me e não crie empecilhos, sejam eles reais ou fictícios. Fantasio melhor: nós que eram eles, que éramos...

Pausa: minha mente capaz de memorizar trechos a perder de vista, brinca com a ficção roçando-se a ponto de confundir-la com verdades e já acredita serem suas palavras de outrem; ela mesma mostra-se incompetente de recordar um carinho seu, muitos não foram, é verdade, mas eram seus, pensei: me bastariam; olhando agora receio que não, por isso obrigo-me a recorrer a subterfúgios alheios a você, um corte em mim! Fossem lembranças suas seriam suave, seriam delícia, assim são mero escudo, proteção oca de alguém que prefere recordar qualquer coisa a não ter do que se lembrar!

Fome áspera alimentada por um dedo escorregadio: a mesa, as amarras, eu nua, aberta para suas brincadeiras e delírios; você, corpo talhado pela natação, magro ainda que com músculos ressaltados e delineados, pêlos distribuídos justamente, sem excessos, sem carências: o suficiente para já me fazer prazer! Suas incapacidades transmutam-se em generosidade, causando-me deleite, quase tontura. Meu estômago se contrai: acúmulo necessitado de explosão. E agora, olhando-me, vejo em você a maldade de um algoz que maquina as torturas, desespero!, arranha-me e de saliva lava-me com sua boca quente: mordisca meus lábios e suaviza a dor com um sorriso; daí que os apertos me fazem implorar: desamarre-me!, pedido falso, não quero!, sim às suas vontades oníricas realizadas em mim: sussurro e desespero, porque fáceis; porque suas fantasias!

Vem a mim também sua imagem açoitada pelos meus longos cabelos: seu fechar de olhos diante de minhas carícias sádicas; o arpejo de suas costas ao contato de minhas longas unhas cintilantes: incongruência banhada por finas marcas de um sangue límpido, o de sua carne ferida! E gemidos e contrações infestam seu rosto, quase um esgar alvo: mistura de medo e vontade. Eu abuso!

Extenuada e destimbrada pelo frenesi de lembranças evadidas, entrego-me ao gozo sumarento: armistício passageiro de uma mulher embriagada, há encanto por todos os lados, untuosidade nítida. Mas logo a trégua se esvai: sobra dor em seu lugar.

E então o cotidiano se acende: luz de arrependimento pelo desejo censurável (homem tortuoso não se deve almejar), prometo-me corvo, finalizando: "nevermore, nevermore".



To all repulses, cheers!

He was completely drunk when he met Catarina and recognizing the relational avarice in each other they mutually sucked their strengths; he's still alive (?), loaded, of course.

"Se me queres ver chorar,
tens de sentir a dor primeiro tu (...)."
(Horácio)

Tarde de um dia, importa mesmo?, qualquer (decido que não faz diferença!), olho pela janela do quarto—tormento: vizinhos a brincar, ainda pequenos! Em um grupo de crianças saltitantes, vozes finas e imprecisas, dois meninos resolvem definir o que nem eles sabem direito: a sexualidade de uma menininha! O jogo era esconde-esconde, tão ingênuo; minha visão se expande porque no terceiro andar; observo o que esses estranhos pigmeus almejando a masculinidade jamais imaginariam; não ouço o que dizem, mas crio o diálogo que a cena não deixa se equívocar. A menina—o nome já diz, menina no corpo, nas idéias—acredita lisonja e mesmo proteção o que ambos lhe oferecem: assim, encolhida—entre muro e o corpo dos dois—não percebe (ainda que pressinta algo estranho, isso se verifica mesmo à distância) o abuso. (Mais tarde lavará a bunda com muita força, como se água e sabonete removessem angústia da alma!) Cena que dura o quê?, vinte?, quarenta minutos?, sei lá, me perdi ali, sofrendo com ela, fantasiando dela as dores acometidas no futuro por bobagens infantis. Não, não movi uma palha em seu favor (e conto justamente numa tentativa de espantar fantasmas: reza não foi suficiente); não gritei, nem um ruído sequer, era um observador, um espião. Passado o tempo que não soube estabelecer, uma outra, mais velha, emaranha-se entre aqueles corpos apertados e com uma autoridade (que não sei de onde veio) aponta um dedo esguio e duro nos focinhos dos meninos enquanto seguramente apóia outra mão no ombro da confusa vítima. *Há algo errado, mas o quê?* A cabeça meio que tonta, balançando tensa ainda que sutilmente confirma a minha sensação: ela intuía a maldade, mas preferia crer no agrado dos moleques.

Três dias depois? (porque tenho de me prender a essas informações temporais?), as duas personagens femininas estão em meio a uma rodinha de crianças, unanimemente composta por meninas: aquela que fora espremida no muro chorava, parecia estar levando uma bronca. Desta vez descí do meu apartamento, precisava conhecer o desfecho: Margaret, aprendi seu nome, escondia o rosto, era uma punição pública para que outras não errassem também; a mais velha dizia acusações, a ingenuidade ali era severamente castigada! Margaret fez sua lição, o nojo por homens não permitiria que mais nenhum abusasse dela, nem na infância, nem na vida adulta: ela odiou a todos, inclusive os inocentes.

Catarina, outra história, foi minha mulher (por que a força atraiu a fragilidade travestida de brutalidade?), contou-me que sua família detestava manifestações emocionais; punições

deveriam ser seguidas de silêncio; choros e alegrias extravagantes eram terminantemente proibidos. Ela sobreviveu sim, usando uma muralha de racionalidade para esconder um casebre solitário no meio de si, sua sensibilidade. Sua aversão ao sentimento era tão grande que confundia orgulho com força; humildade com fraqueza; arrogância com poder; e amor com humilhação. A imagem que mantinha de si, tão distorcida, que Catarina, supondo amadurecer, guardava-se emocionalmente com cinco anos de idade e muito me fez infeliz! Quis crescer por toda a vida, almejava a felicidade, mas só conseguiu míseros passos, era uma boa construtora de estruturas metálicas e seus pais, excelentes em alicerces: não era um muro fácil de se derrubar!

Não tivemos filhos (Destino? Planejamento? Azar? Teria atingido o que queria gerando outra vida? Piorado?), ela não suportava a idéia de participar da condenação de mais um à prisão chamada vida. Um tempo de separados, Catarina juntou-se a outro (jamais vivera sem um homem por perto), Frederico; inicialmente pseudo-felizes (porque fácil fantasiar; difícil conviver com a realidade), amargurados logo depois, enclausuraram-se em conchas: ela se suicidou criando um imenso câncer na barriga; ele continuou a beber.

Frederico, surpreendentemente inteligente, incapaz de se relacionar senão consigo mesmo (e até disso tenho cá minhas dúvidas), não sufocou à toa os poucos sentimentos que Catarina ainda manifestava: fora espancado por peraltices e sem o menor motivo durante a infância e adolescência por sua mãe neurótica e pelo pai alcoólatra; o alcoolismo do pai foi resolvido concomitantemente com a separação do casal; sua mãe—descontrolada pela perda—expressava sua dor em forma de socos e chutes regados a xingamentos que o fizeram acreditar, até a velhice, que era verdadeiramente deformado fisicamente, uma aberração! Construiu, assim, para si, um universo fictício e isolado: passara a infância em bibliotecas e acabara por amar os livros; no final da adolescência se trancara num apartamento que dividia com um colega de faculdade que o obrigava a ouvir noites a fio os seus grunhidos de amor com eventuais namoradinhas (sabia muito bem ser um capacho discreto!); na fase adulta se portou como uma criança diante da mãe (nunca abandonara os dez anos de idade!) e se masturbou compulsivamente para suprir a carência que passou a ser seu único jeito de entender a vida. Conheceu Catarina totalmente embriagado e, reconhecendo à avareza relacional um no outro, sugaram mutuamente suas forças; ele continua vivo (?), ébrio, certamente; minha Catarina?...

Dona Eulália, mãe de Frederico, fora um bebê rejeitado pela mãe solteira. Viveu desde a primeira infância na casa de uma família que a tratava como escrava: era surrada, trabalhava sem cessar, não recebia salário, o açúcar que lhe davam era o acúmulo depositado no final de todos os copos; segunda guerra, época difícil! Dona Eulália não conhecera o amor, só o açoite. Quando conheceu Chicão, pai de Frederico, familiarizou-se: ele jamais a importunaria com a dedicação e o carinho. Gerou Frederico em meio ao caos e com um cuidado preciosista alimentou-o com tudo que herdara da vida, uma mão pesada!

Frederico uniu-se a Catarina, que fora casada comigo. Eu sou aquele que aprendeu a ver injustiça e não me meter; conheci uma mulher revestida de proteção e recheada de feridas interiores e colaborei com sete ou dez tijolos para a sua fortificação; observei a degradação dela a ponto de não nos suportarmos mais; sou o mesmo que notou o câncer corroendo seus órgãos e nem sequer a incentivou a se tratar ou a deixar Frederico, parte do verdadeiro tumor; sou aquele que vislumbrou numa noite a imagem do marido da ex-mulher todo ralado, sangrando e caído na barca, tão bêbado era seu estado, e só olhou, jogando

a seus pés duas cédulas para que comprasse mais pinga; sou quem se denomina espectador, talvez espião; o que convida: a todas as repulsas, brindemos!

How a Good Boy Gets Corrupted

I noticed that fooling the lying girls made Clarissa happy and, maybe for that, and also because doing evil soon becomes a habit, I took a liking to lying to them.

, mas eu não nasci mentiroso não (quem nasce?); sempre tive uma boa índole, pelo menos é isso que papai diz, que eu sou um menino de índole boa; acho que ele, ao falar assim, quer mostrar pra todo mundo que a minha natureza não é má e, talvez, por ser um educador nato, procura me convencer disso e consegue! Me sinto um bom caráter, amigo fiel, cheio de virtudes e jamais me deixo levar pelos vícios dos outros garotos da escola. Olha só: nunca fumei guimba de cigarro, nem experimentei loló, não xingo palavras pesadas e só uma vezinha eu bebi um pouco de cerveja quente do Tonhão, mas achei amarga e prefiro guaraná; também sou estudioso, pode-se dizer exemplar; então logo se vê que sou mesmo decente! Nem mentir eu gostava... não gosto... mas acho maldade o que elas faziam com a minha priminha menor. Ela, tão lindinha, e as duas a gozando às escondidas. Aquilo partia o coração e, com vontade de ser justiceiro, um herói meio sem-vergonha, admito, passei a enganá-las. Foi então que Clarissa notou o que se passava e se divertiu a valer com a situação; eu, menino apaixonado que sou, gosto de vê-la tão feliz e alegre, sem aquele ar pesado, com carinha fechada, ou com o jeito de boba que fazia quando Laurinha e Fátima mentiam pra ela e comiam os doces que eram para nós quatro. Ela ficava ali, perdidinha, ligeiramente desconfiada, mas não falava nada nem as seguia; se um dia ela fosse atrás da sua irmã e prima tudo se resolveria, elas seriam desmascaradas e eu estaria livre de qualquer erro. Mas não, ela, quietinha, na dela, se mantinha com um pequeno beicinho, só que o choro nunca chegava; os olhos marejavam, mas lágrima mesmo não havia. Eu, um católico apostólico romano, juro que se elas não me metessem no bafafá não teria me tornado mentiroso; mentiroso não, que é palavra muito forte para uma pessoa como eu, me tornei enganador; é, assim fica melhor de se dizer: passei a enganar minha prima e irmã. E a culpa foi das duas, lógico, elas praticamente pediram por isso: sempre souberam de minha quedinha por Clarissa e o tanto que ela confiava em mim... confia! Agora mais do que antes! Como eu podia passar a perna na coisinha mais fofa deste mundo e, pior, em alguém que acreditava piamente em mim? Foi isso que me invocou e não gostei nada do que elas aprontavam. Podia ter ficado sem dizer à Clarissa o que acontecia, mas aqueles olhinhos observando os meus, olhando fundo, querendo ver se eu seria sincero com ela, falando *Vini*—é assim que ela me chama: “*Vini*”—*você está sabendo de alguma coisa?* Ela quase afirmou o meu conhecimento; um que eu, aliás, tinha a contra-gosto. Papai sempre fala essa

palavra quando algo ocorre e ele não está satisfeito e mesmo assim, “a contra-gosto”, continua a resolver a situação; porque, saber das armações de minha irmã e de Fátima, não foi de meu agrado; me senti até magoado, elas sabiam da perversidade de ambas ao procurarem me fazer cúmplice das tramóias, contra alguém tão frágil que só tinha a mim para acreditar. Eu, mais velho de todos os primos (se bem que contato diário só tínhamos com Clarissa e Fátima), sou meio que o guardião dos demais e Claclá, além de três anos mais nova, é meu xodozinho! Pedir pra eu iludi-la foi pilantragem comigo e com ela. Mas, já disse, houve um tempo em que eu sabia das armações das meninas e não falava nada, só que, agora, diante do olhar de Clarissa, as coisas mudaram: disse que sabia sim o que Laurinha e Fátima faziam, contei que passavam a

perna nela quando os doces de vovó chegavam em casa; falei do prazer mórbido (outra frase paterna) das duas ao verem que ela engolia cada fraca história inventada para a engabelar. Minha pequena ouviu tudo sem dizer uma palavrinha sequer com seus lábios rosados marcados pelos dentinhos tensos. *Piorei a situação*, pensei. Foi, então, que me veio à cabeça a idéia de manter Clarissa informada das malandragens das meninas e de nós dois fingirmos que elas continuavam bem-sucedidas nos seus maus empreendimentos. Os olhinhos de minha priminha umedeceram de alegria, me realizando! Muitas vezes eu tenho acesso aos doces antes dos demais, porque sou quem os busca em casa de Vó Gilda, por isso pude passar a separar uma boa cota pra Clarissa, depois voltava a amarrar o embrulho e, na hora da gula, nem dava pra reparar que ele já havia sido desfeito. Além disso, virei uma espécie de mexeriqueiro: dizia a elas que Claclá não era tonta como imaginavam e que era, na verdade, até meio sonsinha e que eu, no lugar delas, tomaria mais cuidado. Elas gargalhavam não dando crédito às minhas informações; contava tudo para a minha princesinha e ríamos juntos. Um dia, Clarissa deu a entender a Laura e a sua irmã que sabia das maracutaias das duas e elas, como dois animais raivosos, vieram pra cima de mim, tirando satisfação. Eu, nos meus vividos 13 anos, já familiarizado com a arte de iludir, me fiz de vítima e de magoado com a acusação; não sei direito como, mas reverti a situação e de culpado me tornei o acusador: minei a amizade entre Laurinha e Fátima, nossa prima. Um dia, em casa, disse à minha irmã: *Por que você acha que fui eu que contei à Clarissa sobre os doces que você escondeu? Já pensou que pode bem ter sido a Fátima que abriu o bico? Pense, Laurinha, desta vez ela não comeu os doces com você, não se lembra da bruta dor de barriga que ela teve? Além disso, elas são irmãs e pode ter facilmente se distraído entre uma penteada nos cabelos das bonecas ou no preparo das papinhas e ter deixado escapular o seu segredo* (não deixava que ela se tocasse que o segredo era de ambas); *e vai ver ainda que ela ficou chateada com você por algum motivo que não sabemos e, só por vingança, contou tudo à irmã. E você, bobinha, duvidando de seu irmão, né?* Laurinha se comoveu (aí percebi que eu deveria ser advogado), me pediu até desculpas, que, em meio a umas palavras amarguradas da minha parte, acabei por aceitar. Mais tarde, Fátima, sabendo do quanto me senti traído por elas não confiarem em mim, me paricou até não poder mais. Me fiz de durão, demorei a abrir um sorriso novamente pras duas e elas pensaram que conseguiram, às duras penas, reconquistar minha



amizade, então cedi. Clarissa e eu, nesse período, nos divertíamos muito enquanto eu narrava em que parte da farsa representava. Fomos felizes como nunca! Meu amor crescia e, um dia, de tanta felicidade, ela me deu um beijinho especial no rosto: foi um beijo apertado, molhadinho, adorei! Aquilo me incentivou e, em vez de parar por aí, fui levado a inventar mais uma ou outra história para fazer as duas de idiotas. Notei que enrolar as mentirosas fazia bem à Clarissa e, talvez por isso, e também porque fazer coisa ruim vire logo mania, peguei o gosto de mentir para elas. Ah, a briguinha de Fátima e de Laurinha não durou três ou quatro dias, depois voltaram às boas e nem deu pra eu me sentir culpado. Mas sempre acontece aquele dia: o que mais tememos, o fim do encanto, fim do jogo; e ele chegou sem cerimônia alguma, chutando nos risos e minhas delícias ao lado do meu anjo. E esse dia escondia uma vontade, a da própria Clarissa: ela decretou (papai adora essa palavra e decretos são feitos a toda hora lá em casa) que as meninas já haviam pagado o suficiente e que ela não ligava mais pras molecagens das duas, porque se sentia mais esperta do que ambas. Aquelas frases ditas assim, tão simples ainda que duras, gelou meu coração; eu precisava da intimidade que a trama nos proporcionava, a cumplicidade não seria mais a mesma, porque logo poderíamos perceber extravagâncias cometidas nos atos punitivos direcionados a elas, *e se Clarissa me julgar mau?* Temia. Ela disse num tom carinhoso, mas firme, que eu deveria parar com minhas artimanhas por ali. Falou isso, me agradeceu, fez um cafuné em meus cabelos e colocou um docinho da vovó na minha boca entreaberta. Comi, todavia o gosto era amargo. *Não quero parar!*, ardia dentro de mim, *e se esfriasse a amizade?* Tentei convencê-la a continuar, afinal era só uma brincadeira, mas ela estava decidida, não queria mais e pronto. Argumentei dizendo que se “ladrão que rouba ladrão tem cem anos de perdão”, enganador que ilude mentiroso nem precisa ser perdoado. E ela, com uma carinha tristonha que mais ninguém sabe fazer, disse que perdera a graça e que não se sentiria bem continuando com aquilo. Por causa dela parei. Parei, mas voltei: não agüentei, já estava habituado demais a enrolá-las e não consegui me controlar; só não faço mais isso às vistas de Clarissa, aliás, quem eu também passei a enganar, entretanto, ela, por pura proteção! Laurinha e Fátima, sem desconfiarem até hoje de minha malandragem, pensam que sou santo. Bem, como meu pai sempre me diz, boa formação eu tenho, honestidade foi semeada em mim, sem sombra de dúvida sou bom sim, mas que elas merecem ser iludidas, ah, isso merecem!

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In the original Portuguese, these short stories are called
 “Antes a medicina alternativa?,” “Sino Anelar II,”
 “Aprendiz de demônio,” “Do que não sei o nome eu guardo
 semelhanças,” “A todas as repulsas, brindemos!,” and
 “Compulsão ou como um menino bom corrompe-se.”

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TOM HERZBERG/SIS

Our Future Is Now

While the US has no guts to go after the real terrorists, the Saudis, and chases instead "Osama Bin Laden and the 40 Terrorists," Brazil will have to pay dearly for a war that has already been decided by Bush, the one against Iraq. But it may also become a safe haven for money fleeing the States.

RICARDO C. AMARAL

Today, we are living in a very strange world, and it is getting harder to make sense of events if you think in a rational way. It seems to me that, even though we have more communication channels than ever before, including the Internet, many people are not using their brains to think and assimilate information. They just accept anything which is broadcast to them, at face value. They are not skeptical, and don't ask the hard questions that show that they were giving at least a minimum amount of thought to the problems. Let me give you a current example of what I mean.

On September 11, 2001, there was a terrorist attack on the United States. Out of nineteen people involved in that attack, fifteen of the terrorists were from Saudi Arabia. If a rational person wants to identify a country behind that terrorist attack, there is no question about it—that country should have been Saudi Arabia. Besides that fact, the leader of the terrorist group, a Saudi Arabian named Osama bin Laden told his followers, "the call to wage war against America was a direct result of the US meddling in the affairs and politics of Saudi Arabia, and its support of the oppressive, corrupt and tyrannical regime that controls that country." He also found offensive to the Islamic religion that the US had tens of thousands of its troops in the land of their two most holy mosques.

It is crystal clear and there is no doubt that the country guilty of the terrorist attack on the US was Saudi Arabia. If the United States wanted to retaliate for the loss of life and property, the US should have gone after Saudi Arabia, instead of going against Afghanistan, a country which had no Afghan nationals involved in the attack on the US. Even though the US was attacked by Saudi Arabians, it was not convenient for the US to retaliate against them. The US had to find a scapegoat, a country that no one cares about, to give the impression that they were retaliating for the terrorist attack on the US.

If the US retaliated against Saudi Arabia, that action would have caused too much trouble to the US such as—1) the world economy could not afford a major disruption in the flow of oil from Saudi Arabia. 2) Saudi Arabia has too many investments in the US, and if they got rid of their investments, it would cause a negative impact on the equities and real estate markets in the US. 3) The other major problem for the US is that: if they attacked Saudi Arabia, the Arab world would see that attack as an attack on the two most holy mosques of the Islamic religion—in Mecca and Medina. Attacking Saudi Arabia could have the potential to become a holy war against the Islamic world.

Before September 11, 2001, I had never heard of Osama bin Laden and Al-Qaeda. The impression that I have is that

since the US did not want to retaliate against Saudi Arabia, they had to come up with a very good story instead. Somebody must enjoy literature and the story of "Ali Baba and the 40 thieves." That story probably gave them the idea of creating: "Osama bin Laden and the 40 terrorists." (19 terrorists died in airplane crashes, one of them missed his plane and ended up in jail, and the other 20 terrorists are still around somewhere.)

Soon after the attack on the US, they started dropping bombs in Afghanistan. For all I know they could have used the same news footage shown on American television from the Iraq "Gulf war" in 1990. Most people would not know the difference even if they used images from the movie "Lawrence of Arabia" as being part of the current war.

In the age of immediate television news, the US had to show some results from this attack on Afghanistan. As *The New York Times* reported on October 29, 2002, on the front page, the US government decided to free some very dangerous Afghan men that they brought to Guantanamo Bay Naval Base in Cuba. "One of them, Faiz Muhammad, said he was 105 years old. Babbling at times like a child, the partially deaf, shriveled old man was unable to answer simple questions. He struggled to complete sentences and strained to hear words that were shouted at him. His faded mind kept failing him. He was asked if he was angry at the American soldiers who arrested him. "I don't mind," he said, his face brightening. "They took my old clothes and gave me new clothes." The second Afghan man released yesterday said he was 90 years old and gave his name as Muhammad Siddiq."

These are the only Al-Qaeda prisoners that the US government, has shown to the public up to this point. They turned out to be a very scary bunch.

Hail, Brave USA

The war on terrorism has been a great success according to the US government. The world is a safer place today. We should all enjoy this new sense of security despite the fact that Osama bin Laden and the other 20 terrorists are still on the loose after a year. It is interesting that the only people they managed to catch, turned out to be "the over the hill gang," including a 90-year-old man, and a very dangerous 105-year-old man, who on a good day was lucky to remember his name.

Four years ago, I wrote that the US would have "a hard time to justify their large defense budget, now that the Russians were not coming." It seemed to me at the time, that the US would not be able to justify such a large defense spending based only on the possibility of an attack in the US by Saddam Hussein, Omar Quadafi, or by Fidel Castro. It became

harder and harder to find a foe around the world to justify such defense expenditures.

They finally found their bogeyman: "Osama bin Laden and the 40 terrorists." Now the US government can justify the current defense budget of US\$ 393 billion dollars to fight against these terrorists armed with state of the art, low-tech box cutters.

Today the US is spending more in defense than the next 12 countries combined. On March 18, 2002, *Fortune* magazine had an interesting article: "What Do George Bush, Arthur Levitt, Jim Baker, Dick Darman, and John Major have in common? (They all work for the Carlyle Group.) The Carlyle Group, a Washington, D. C., buyout firm, is one of the nation's largest defense contractors. It has billions of dollars at its disposal and employs a few important people. Maybe you've heard of them: former Secretary of State Jim Baker, former Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci, and former White House budget director Dick Darman. Wait, we're just getting warmed up. William Kennard, who recently headed the FCC, and Arthur Levitt, who just left the SEC, also work for Carlyle. As do former British Prime Minister John Major and former Philippines President Fidel Ramos. Let's see, are we forgetting anyone? Oh, right, former President George Herbert Walker Bush is on the payroll too."

In the next three years alone the US government will spend over 1.2 trillion dollars for defense. Even though the US economy is getting into a deflationary spiral, and it will be hard for most businesses to make ends meet, the Carlyle Group will have a bonanza in earnings, because of the government's defense spending spree. If George Bush Jr. can start a war against Iraq, or any war for that matter—dad Bush and his pals can make a ton of money with the Carlyle Group.

The UN and Iraq.

In a recent speech President Bush gave two options to the United Nations: 1) Become an obsolete institution such as the League of Nations or 2) Become a rubber stamp organization.

The members of the United Nations decided it was time for the UN to become just a rubber stamp organization. On November 8, 2002, the Security Council voted 15-0 for the American resolution against Iraq. This resolution boils down to stripping the country Iraq of its sovereignty.

If that UN resolution was against the US, I can't imagine the American people allowing such an inspection to take place in the US, with complete disregard for a country's basic sovereignty rights. Can you imagine the UN inspectors being

allowed to go anywhere in the US, or Russia, or France, or England, or China, and take notes and pictures of anything that they desired? They used to have a word to describe that kind of activity, and there were people trained to do that kind of work—espionage.

Oil and war

If Iraq had no oil, would we be worried about anything related to Iraq? I don't think so. But because they have a lot of oil, in Wall Street jargon "Iraq is in play." Similar to a company in the stock market, when a company is in play, that means that the company will be taken over by another company. In this case the US wants Iraq's oil.

On November 10, 2002, *The Record* (a major newspaper in New Jersey) had an honest article titled: "U.S. vs. Iraq: Is It All About the Oil?" On October 2, 2002, I was stunned by Mr. James Woolsey, a former CIA director's honesty regarding his comments in the program Nightline with Ted Koppel. He said very clearly that the war with Iraq was about oil. He also said that the Russians and the French had been in Baghdad signing deals to develop Saddam's oil reserves.

Among them are Total Fina Elf, a French company developing the oil field near the Iranian border, and Lukoil, a Russian company developing another oil field in the Iraqi desert. Mr. Woolsey also said that the French and the Russians had better vote in the Security Council with the US, because after the US defeats Saddam's army, the US will be in complete control of Iraq's oil. All Iraq oil contracts in the future will be approved in Washington. Depending on how the French and Russians act in the Security Council today—Washington will answer their calls tomorrow, after the war, when they come calling for Washington to honor their old oil contracts.

We all know that George Bush will get his war with Iraq one way or another. It is a done deal. We all also know that it does not matter what Saddam Hussein does with the UN arms inspectors; he will not be able to meet the requirements of the UN resolution. I am sure that the decision to go to war has already been made, and the inspectors will just go through the motions until everything is ready to start the war.

Brazil and the War

The new administration in Brazil has so many problems as it is when they take office on January 1, 2003. But the war against Iraq will make things even worse for the new Brazilian president. The price of oil can go to \$50 or \$60 per barrel, and if things get out of hand with Saddam during the war, the price of oil can go as

high as \$100 per barrel. If the price of oil gets that high during any period of time, it will be a general catastrophe for most countries around the world.

I believe that we can expect the worst destruction possible from Saddam Hussein, because he knows that he can't win the war, but he can cause a major disruption in the world oil market if he destroys Saudi Arabian and Iraqi oil fields. The entire world would blame the US if that happens.

Saddam knows that the war is coming, and very soon. He also knows that if he surrenders, he will be put on trial with his generals on charges of genocide during the war against Iran in the 1980's. Saddam and his generals will spend the rest of their lives in prison. The reason I think that Saddam will try to do as much damage as he can, and as long as he can, is because I don't believe that Saddam and his generals will give up and give a chance for them to be caught alive and rot in prison the rest of their lives.

If Saddam somehow manages to destroy the Saudi Arabian and Iraqi oil fields, he might lose that battle with the US, but he might win the war—the economic war.

World Deflation

Maybe if I were in George Bush's position, I also would start a war against somebody. Just give me a war, any war because the US economy is tanking, and I don't know what to do about it, other than give tax cuts. (These tax cuts become more and more immaterial as the economy sinks to deeper levels, since there will not be profits to pay taxes in the first place.)

The world economy is in a mess. The second and third largest economies in the world (Japan and Germany) can't stop their downward deflationary spiral. Many countries around the world are already in a depression, including: Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil and Colombia just to mention a few. (The war on Iraq if anything, will make worse the already catastrophic economic environment.)

Eventually, deflation will hit the US economy as well. The Japanese and people from other countries will start cashing their investments in the US to bring their money home to pay the bills, or to invest in a safer place. When they start dumping their investments in the US, equities and real estate prices will be pushed down.

In the old days, things usually developed and happened slowly. Today, things happen much faster, at the speed of light. Look how fast the Soviet Union collapsed. Or how fast economic crisis spread

in a large area or around the world. Keep in mind that today things happen much faster than before; just ask a n y Argentinean what happened to their economy.

If you want another indication that we are headed for a new economic depression in the

US—I want to remind you that the Republican Party controlled the Senate, the US House of Representatives and the White House from 1921 to 1931, the result was the GREAT DEPRESSION of the 1930's. Have we learned anything from the past, or does history just repeat itself?

The *Economist* magazine dated November 9, 2002 had an article regarding deflation that confirmed what I wrote in my last article on November 2002 issue of *Brazzil* magazine. They also said that: "Deflation is particularly deadly when an economy has lots of debt, because falling prices swell the real debt burden. In America and Germany, firms and households have borrowed heavily in recent years, lifting total debts of the non-financial private sector to 150 percent and 160 percent of GDP respectively...."

A cocktail of debt and deflation has left Japanese banks crippled by bad loans, forcing them to cut lending." Another major reason for money to leave the US for a safer heaven is the risk of doing business in the US because of the US Patriot Act and the Homeland Security Act. These acts give the US government the right to freeze and confiscate your assets. (A dangerous right to give to a government so deep in debt). Remember how they abused their power during the "Inquisition" in Europe, and how they targeted wealthy families with the only goal being to confiscate their assets. You can be assured that these new government powers will also be misused in the US as well.

Brazil and the Future

As long as I can remember, Brazil always was the land of the future. I believe that the future has finally arrived for

Brazil. Brazil has everything to become the next world power. Brazil proved that it has a real democracy today, with many political parties giving voice for most groups of the population. Brazil has a free market and capitalist economy. The only ingredient that is still missing for the Brazilian economy to blossom in a spectacular fashion, is a strong and stable currency such as the Euro.

If Brazil adopts the Euro, Brazil will finally become a world economic power. Brazil should strengthen its laws regarding private property and ownership of assets including equities and bank accounts—no frozen accounts and absolutely no government asset confiscation. Brazil should strengthen its laws protecting the people's privacy not only against government intrusion, but also against business in general.

The Brazilian government should concentrate on building up a large middle class in Brazil to build a solid base for future prosperity. A large middle class is the secret to build a great country such as the US used to be—up to the 1970's. Let's not make the same mistake in Brazil as is happening in the US today.

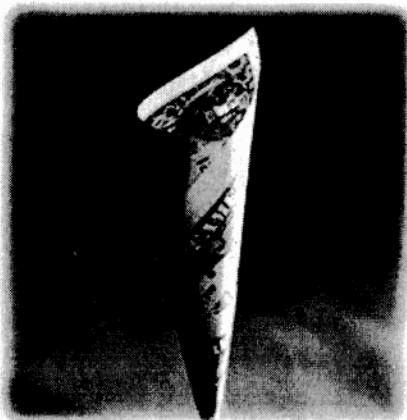
Americans are surrendering all their civil liberties and rights under the US Constitution on a silver platter to the US government in exchange for the illusion of being protected against another attack by "Osama bin Laden and the 40 terrorists."

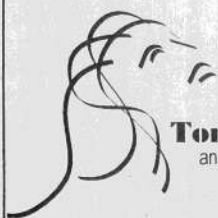
Billions of dollars will leave the US, because of the economically repressive environment created in the country with the passage of the US Patriot Act and the Homeland Security Act of 2002. These billions of dollars will find their way to a more friendly, and safer capitalist haven—Brazil.

The *Economist* dated November 9, 2002, also had an article about Latin America, which was not nice to Brazil, where they stated when referring to the relation between Brazil/USA: "...the far-right fringe of the Republicans in Congress. It sees Lula as part of a Latin American "axis of evil," with Cuba's Fidel Castro and Venezuela's Hugo Chavez. To that list, some would add Lucio Gutierrez, a nationalist colonel (and former coup-leader) who is likely to be elected as Ecuador's president this month."

Some bad international press will not stop Brazil. The future has arrived for Brazil; as soon as Brazil adopts the Euro as its new currency, all the other pieces will fall into place, and Brazil will become the greatest country of this new century.

Ricardo C. Amaral, author and economist, can be reached at amaral@alumni.fdu.edu





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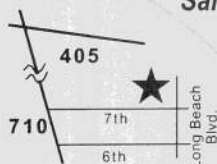
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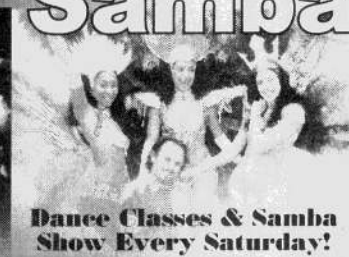
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Prowling In Rio

Those women dressed in tight clothes are now sambaing, vigorously. The whole place has the rhythm. I had to get up and bust some kind of a move. I am enveloped with the palpable rhythm. I think I got a sympathetic nod from a local girl, as if to say “foreigner, huh?”

DARRELL WESTMORELAND

Minha querida (my darling), Rosana, is from Recife. We married there, early September 2001. We had a family ceremony, not officially recognized by the U.S. nor Brazil. Our plan was to go for a short honeymoon, return to Recife, and have a civil wedding ceremony in Camaragibe township the following week. The civil ceremony would make our marriage legal in the eyes of both countries. We traveled to Porto de Galinhas on the southern Pernambuco coast for our abbreviated honeymoon.

What a delight to the senses Porto de Galinhas was: fishermen working the reefs from their *jangadas*, tourists eating the day’s catch al fresco, friendly vendors traversing the beach selling anything you may need, blue waters, blue skies—just what a doctor might prescribe. Rosana and I sat under a rented parasol and had fresh oysters, fried manioc, roasted and candied cashews, and plenty of those ubiquitous *cervejas* (beers). We swam at leisure. She bought hand crafted jewelry from a local Rastafarian artisan—I bought some cashew fruit preserves that are still stowed away somewhere in our refrigerator. Two *repentistas* came by and sang congratulations to Rosana for trapping her “Italiano.” Rosana, vigilant in matters concerning *pechinchar* (to haggle), got the *repentistas* fee of dez reais down to cinco reais. Me, I got to spend the rest of the day experiencing the world through newfound “Italiano” sensibilities.

Nightlife in Porto de Galinhas was fun. One restaurant we happened upon had a musical revue with a trio *nordestino* and *folclórico* dancing. The audience was encouraged to participate in the comedy and dances. The place was packed by showtime. I was amazed. I thought it strange that there were this many people attending on a Monday night but, then, this is Brazil. North American rules don’t apply, here.

We wanted to check out more venues but ran out of time. As far as small beach towns go, Porto de Galinhas is my favorite. I noticed some new housing tracts going up along the

city's periphery and loud beach buggies ripping up and down the streets but these were trivialities. This little town with its checkered history is haven to fishermen, artisans, farmers, vendors and visitors alike. I hope to return to its beautiful waters, and soon.

A Big Problem

When the towers went down in New York, Tuesday, September 11, 2001, we were getting ready for our trip back to Recife. The television kept playing and replaying those surreal videotapes while we waited for our ride. I thought, what a harsh return to reality. Osama bin Laden declaring war on American terra firma. Crap, I was still having trouble accepting the conniving Republican Party cabal that had placed George W. Bush in the White House. Now this! I fancy myself as knowing a thing or two about a thing or two and I told Rosana "You and your family look Arabic—getting your visa is gonna be a lot more trouble, now." Though jesting, I was letting her know that I was in over my head with this whole visa thing.

The U.S. Consulate in Recife closed the following day, Wednesday. They reopened Thursday afternoon, but only for Americans. Rosana was told they were closed. Long story short—things got confusing—I wound up flying back to the U.S. Rosana's visa was very much up in the air.

Six weeks roll by and Rosana is expecting. I know that she will not be able to take the long flight to the U.S. if she is too far along. From this point on, getting Rosana's visa consumes all my thoughts. I get nowhere with the Consulate Office in Recife and local Immigration. I make contact with an assistant to my local congressman who happens to have experience in immigration issues. I am told that the Consulate Office in Rio de Janeiro can process Rosana's visa much quicker than anything that we were currently working on. Hallelujah—I had a game plan.

I make arrangements to fly down to Rio during the Thanksgiving holidays. Rosana makes arrangements to stay with relatives in Niterói prior to my arrival. Rosana was born in Niterói, the city across the bay from Rio. Though a resident of Recife, her family considers her *Carioca*. Her trip to Rio will not be a major deal. Me, I only know about Rio from what I read. Most of what's printed here in the U.S. is sensationalist stuff about carjackings and death or dismemberment to gringos who wander into the *favelas*. I



only know for sure that Rio is huge. Rosana's cousin, from Niterói, recommends a hotel in Centro (downtown), instead, I opt for a hotel package deal in Copacabana with a tour of Sugar-Loaf included. I know that the beach of Copacabana is clean compared to Centro or Botafogo beaches. I am wanting a little beach time and downtown seems overwhelming to this Rio novice.

Getting Acquainted

My connecting flight from São Paulo to Rio had lots of people of different nationalities on board. It was crowded. I must have gotten booked on a commuter run. I don't remember if I needed to go to the restroom or not but it would have been impossible. The guy in the middle seat was larger than the seat space allotted. It looked like everyone else on board was in a similar situation because everyone met or exceeded their quota of carry-on luggage. Thank goodness it was a short trip.

The first couple of days were overcast. Summer season was still a couple of weeks away. Sugar Loaf was clouded over. It took a couple of days to realize that Cristo Redentor of Corcovado was overlooking our hotel. Once the clouds cleared, I came to realize that ole Christ was there overlooking every vista in Rio proper. He was an awesome sight with those purple lights glowing after night-fall. Those of us with a Christian upbringing are taught that Jesus is up in



heaven watching over us at all times. Rio has proof that the omnipotent one watches over us—and it's set in stone, as it were.

The water at Praia de Copacabana was a little too cold to be comfortable. It reminded me of the Pacific waters on California beaches. Copacabana especially reminded me of Santa Monica with the climate, pedestrian activities and restaurants. Comparisons between the two end there, however. Copacabana is better suited for nightlife activities than a mere Santa Monica. With this broad mix of things to do and see, Rosana and I made numerous strolls along the avenues. There were late night flea markets, restaurants with exotic cuisines, little delis with delicious fast foods, and music to accommodate many different tastes.

Cariocas behave like big city dwellers the world over. They have an attitude toward those who don't know the big city's quirky rules. One night while Rosana and I were walking, I overheard a couple of black *Americanos* talking tough and retaliatory towards some unknown foes that had vanquished them from the big dance hall near the beach. The retaliatory talk included catching them mo-fos and doing who knows what all kind of mayhem.

Though half listening to Rosana's soft conversation, I was keenly interested in hearing the two scared *Americanos*. Those two didn't have a clue there was another *Americano* within fifty miles. They were talking tough to cover up their feeling of isolation in this Portuguese speaking universe. I didn't have much sympathy for them. What were these two ner'do-wells doing causing trouble in my town. Okay, so technically, it's not my town but my wife and her cousins are from Niterói and they all like me. I had quickly developed *simpatia* for Rio.

Rosana decided she needed some live music one evening. I poured over my guidebooks and found that *bossa-nova* and piano-bar style jazz were to be had. Rosana thought she could roust up something different. Nobody in the hotel seemed to know the local music scene and they offered no help. I secretly wanted to find some *pagode* but I knew that it was available mostly on week-ends. We decided to venture out and see what we could find.

We came to a fruit juice stand and Rosana made inquiries about the music scene. Remember my statement about *Cariocas*? A couple of customers at the stand seemed to genuinely want to resolve our question, but the guy working there asked Rosana where she was from. She naively stated she was from Recife.

Big mistake—he laughed her off and said that maybe she could find a *farró* or something in Niterói. I was wishing I knew enough Portuguese to exchange insults with the dude but Rosana said let's go.

I had remembered a French restaurant from our previous forays. I persuaded Rosana that this was where we needed to go. When we got there, we found that there was an accordionist and piano player providing the evening's entertainment. The duo played a lot of fun euro-tunes. People were singing along, waxing nostalgic and near to tears reminiscing about Paris. Hell, I was reminiscing about Paris and I've never even been there. This turned into a fun little outing. I wanted to go back and tell that guy at the juice stand that we had managed in spite of his sarcasm, but Rosana said forget about it.

Please note that I am a little sour on the whole fruit juice experience in Rio. It is much different than in the Northeast. On the first morning we had our *café da manhã* (breakfast) at the hotel, I went for the pink colored fruit juice thinking it was *suco de goiba* (guava juice). I was mistaken. It was watermelon juice—and warm at that, dammit! I practically spat up. Dang, where was all the *sucos de caju, graviola, acerola, goiaba, or mangaba*? The street vendors here charged twice as much for smaller *cocos gelados* (cold coconuts) and *caldo de cana* (sugarcane juice) was nonexistent. I made a mental note: these *Cariocas* in Rio don't have a great variety of juices and they don't care. I believe that they associate the exotic *sucos* with their hick cousins from the Northeast. It shows more worldliness and sophistication to drink plain old orange juice.

Ah, *Música*

Without doubt, Rio has the natural wonders that tourists love. We did our package tour of historic Rio and then up Pão de Açúcar (Sugar Loaf). Later in the week, we went on one of those day-trip, party boats which depart daily from Angra dos Reis. On the trip down to Angra dos Reis, there were three fellows from Germany whom our omnibus driver squeezed into a backseat that was designed for children.

I felt sorry for them but my back was out. I was in pain. Rosana used her pregnancy to get us a seat in the front of the vehicle. The drive down was impressive.



The forest along the coastline is nearly pristine. When we are finally on the boat, we meet some nice people from Argentina. All-in-all a very pleasant day, except for my back pain and several of us nearly drowning in the current alongside the boat. That's a whole other story.

Rosana was sleeping a lot due to her pregnancy. She napped every afternoon in our hotel room when we didn't have a sight-seeing trip scheduled. One day while she napped, I thought I would visit a music store that I had caught a glimpse of earlier. I was looking for Bezerra da Silva CDs. I found them and whole lot more. There was a selection of all the regional music styles of Brazil. I scored stuff I had never seen in other music stores. I wound up making a couple of fruitful trips to this location.

Rosana's cousin had made a suggestion early in the week about us all going to an *escola de samba* rehearsal Friday night. I was immediately pumped. He asked if this event would be too "touristy" for us. Rosana acted like it was no big deal. I was like a kid who was promised a new bicycle for Christmas. I persuaded her that it was a big deal for this *Americano*. She let me know that the rehearsal would go into the early hours of the morning. I pleaded with her to give up a little sleep so that I could see what this *escola de samba* phenomenon was all about. She relented.

I was anxious all day Friday thinking

that we wouldn't get to Niterói on time. When we get there, we spend all the early evening meeting her friends and family. Being a gringo that married into the family makes me a bit of a curiosity. Some just want to see what I look like. It is getting late. Her cousin arrives. I think, now, we are on our way. When it finally seems we are ready to go, we stop in and say hello to more people. Hell, when are we leaving? I was frantic, like a kid waiting for Christmas morning that just won't come. Rosana wasn't concerned about the time. After thinking about it, maybe I'd better take my cue from her. She's not concerned. I'm not concerned. After all, she knows much more about this Carnival process than I do. By-the-way, I am currently working on my anal-retentive time conscientiousness. It's one of many gringo hang-ups I have.

Niterói is a big place. There are a lot of people living there. Once we hit the road, I'm a bit overwhelmed by the distance we start covering. The cousin is a *carnivalista*. He makes it to many of the rehearsals and stays up till the wee hours drinking *cervejas* and having a good time with friends during Carnival season. All the while, I'm thinking—not a bad life-style. We begin switching back on streets and heading up seemingly anonymous dirt roads. A feeling begins growing in me. I sense that I am in for something special.

We arrive at the *bairro* public hall. By now, it is well after 9:00 p.m. We inquire as to when the performance begins—a half hour, give or take a half hour, is what we learn. A small bar next door is filling up with people. We duck in for drinks. I notice all the women coming into the bar are dressed in skintight clothing. Fortunately, near all of them looked good in their tight clothes. I'm not the best conversationalist in Portuguese but me and the cousin manage to communicate. He and Rosana then discuss the merits of *frevo* versus samba, or *maracatu* versus samba, or *farró* versus samba. See the direction the conversation went? When in Rio, samba is king.

There were several sergeant-at-arms type fellows working the door at the public hall. Their bright red jackets announced Porto da Pedra, Escola de Samba of Niterói. They are nice and tell us to have our cameras ready. Tonight, the *fantasias* make their debut at this rehearsal. Huh—what are *fantasias*? Once in, the interior of the hall reminded me of a high school cafeteria/auditorium/gymnasium sort of place. When I went to get

us some food and drink, I discovered that refreshments were purchased from vendors behind tiny openings in the wall. I could only theorize that the reason to have these tiny openings is to foil armed robbery. Hmm.

Members of the *bateria* (percussion group) were finding their places. A master-of-ceremonies begins some pre-show patter at the microphone. Everything he says is at the top of his voice. The amplifiers are turned up to eleven, or more. After he makes numerous pronouncements and congratulations, the *bateria* takes its cue. The *bateria* doesn't need amplifiers. They blow the roof off the place with 30 non-stop minutes of percussion. The amount of sound produced is a force to be reckoned with. I imagine, over time, the walls of this place will lose structural integrity from the sheer force of so much sound—oh well.

Those women that were dressed in tight clothes are now sambaing, vigorously. Rosana is up, showing her moves. The whole place has the rhythm. The omnibus ride to Angra dos Reis the day before had aggravated my back, but damn, I had to get up and bust some kind of a move. The pain medication I had taken was coursing weakly through my system. I think those little brown Brazilian pain pills contain codeine. I am enveloped with the palpable rhythm. I manage a few restricted moves. I think I got a sympathetic nod from a local girl, as if to say "foreigner, huh?"

Prior to that night, I didn't know the components that make up an *escola de samba*. I recognized the *porta bandeiras* (flag bearers) and *Baianas*. That was all. I got a first rate lesson that night. As each platoon of participants entered, a cheer erupted. The hall had seemed large and full of space when we first arrived. By the time all the dancers had entered, spectators were at arms-length from the dancers. Space was tight. Sound was coursing around and through the dancers and spectators like a tornado through a trailer park or waves breaking over an exposed reef. I lost track of time.

Fantasyland

Finally, the music stops. My ears continue popping and whirring. It was going on 2:00 am. I realized that the music had gone non-stop for an hour or was it over two hours? I was experiencing a high from the

music, the pain pills, and the *cervejas*. The *fantasias* were announced. The place seemed to settle down a little. I learned that the *fantasias* were elaborate costumes worn mostly by gay men from the community. When I say elaborate costumes, I mean that they are probably 10 or 12 feet high.

These costumes require a heavy rectangular frame underneath, with four wheels that roll freely and turn at will, and provide space for walking. I could see the fellows underneath the costumes sweated profusely pushing and pulling this tremendous weight, around. The sergeant-at-arms guys let us take all the pictures we wanted. It still amazes me how much love the *fantasia* wearers have for Carnival to carry such a costume into a Carnival competition.

We retreat to a little refreshment stand outside the hall. There is a gathering of Porto da Pedra ex-pats and locals who are sharing drinks and the good vibe everyone is feeling, now. It is nearly 3:00 am. Where did the time go? Everyone is so mellow at this little gathering. It was as if each person there was giving off friendly vibrations from what they had just heard inside the hall. The night sky sure seemed peaceful right then.

I envy the people of Rio. Rehearsals are commonplace in the weeks leading up to Carnival.

The rest of the world marvels as Rio

sambas through Carnival week, but samba doesn't stop on Ash Wednesday. *Pagodes* go on year round. All the samba schools perform on various holidays, and I have found that Brazil has plenty of holidays. The cousin told me that Niterói has its own *escola de samba* contest after Carnival. Yep, those of us not living in Rio are cheated of a brilliant spectacle that defies mere *Americano* description. If you infer from my tale that Rio is a musical wonder of the modern world, then you have understood me.

Whew

Our trip to Rio was successful. Rosana got her visa, soon after. I went to Carnival in Recife for 2002 where Rosana awaited me. While en-route, I had a layover in Rio. The cousin took me to see pre-Carnival preparations going on in the streets outside the Sambódromo (Sambadrome). What a task the laborers had putting those floats together there on the streets. We saw some guys nearly crushed by a mountainous gorilla they were mounting on a float. I wanted to stay for the evening's show, but my plane would not wait. I cut it so close that I was sweating it out wondering if I was going to catch my plane at all. I made it, with minutes to spare. The airport was operating on Carnival time, too.

On the following weekend after Carnival, I saw on television that Porto da Pedra placed 17th or 18th out of 20 contestants for 2002. Neginho openly wept when Mangueira squeaked by Beija-Flor on points. I totally understood his passion. We visited the doctor's office for a sonogram, later in the week in Recife. While we listened to the rhythmic, amplified heartbeat coming from Rosana's belly, my mother-in-law, or *sogra*, in her dry northeastern fashion stated—"hmm... *escola de samba*." Even the somber doctor laughed.

Rosana returned with me after Carnival. Her and I now have a little *Brasileira* princess named Melanie.

Darrell Westmoreland is a minor, municipal bureaucrat by profession, a quasi-professional musician, and a fancier of the written word. He can be emailed at westmor1@juno.com





CULTURAL PULSE

Plays

BIO

Amor e Erotismo - Contos da Comunidade Kaxinawa (Love and Eroticism - Short stories of the Kaxinawa Indian Community)—Several sketches based in the folkloric stories by an Indian tribe from the Brazilian Peruvian border. Written, directed and interpreted by Rosana Nieto.

Fé Na Parada (It's Tough Having Faith)—How the day-to-day disappointments change a naïve housewife's outlook on life, including her faith in humankind. Written by Rogério Blat, directed by Ernesto Piccolo, with the students from the Oficina de Criação de Espetáculo.

A Rua da Amargura (Bitterness Street)—Jesus Christ's life according to the circus show from 1902, O Mártir do Calvário (The Calvary Martyr). Adapted by Arildo de Barros, directed by Gabriel Villela, with the Grupo Galpão.

Buda (Buddha)—Comedy. Decided to get a man she loves, a young woman appeals to religion. Monologue by Clarice Niskier. Directed by Domingos Oliveira, with Clarice Niskier.

SÃO PAULO

A Terra (The Earth)—Based on Euclides da Cunha *Os Sertões* (*Rebellion in the Backlands*) published in 1902. This is the first act—it lasts 3.5 hours—of *Guerra dos Canudos* (Canudos War), which have two more acts in the coming year: *Homem* (Man) and *A Luta* (The Struggle) Adapted and directed by José Celso Martinez Corrêa, with Aury Porto, Fransérgio Araújo, Renée Gumiel, Marcelo Drummond, and Sylvia Prado.

Alento (Courage)—After losing her home to a fire, a woman finds an abandoned house where she raises her daughter. Written by Alessandro Toller, directed by André Grynwask, with the Centro Momentâneo de Teatro ensemble.

Bis (Encore)—Two characters, Ei and Psiu live in a situation in which words and gestures are continually repeated. Written by

Luiz Cabral, directed by Beth Lopes, with Clarissa Kiste and Kiko Bertholini.

Cabaret Brecht - Mahagonny—The 1930 Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill play *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* shown in a cabaret-like atmosphere. Directed by Myrian Muniz, with the Grupo Mangará.

Não Me Contes Verdades (Don't Tell Me Truths)—Comedy. A group of people are shown talking while waiting to be seen by a doctor in a free medical clinic. Written by Tácito Rocha, directed by Luiz Serra and Marcus Cardeliquio, with Ênio Gonçalves, José Ferro, Vânia Barboni, and Lourdes de Moraes.

Movies

JUST-RELEASED OR RE-RELEASED

ENGLISH-LANGUAGE MOVIES:

11/09/01 - September 11 (*11 De Setembro*), *Mr. Deeds* (*A Herança de Mr. Deeds*), *Bourne Identity* (*A Identidade Bourne*), *Birthday Girl* (*A Isca Perfeita*), *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* (*Casamento Grego*), *Windtalkers* (*Códigos de Guerra*), *Orange County* (*Correndo Atrás do Diploma*), *Blood Work* (*Dívida de Sangue*), *Sweet Home Alabama* (*Doce Lar*), *Bloody Sunday* (*Domingo Sangrento*), *Red Dragon* (*Dragão Vermelho*), *Swimfan* (*Fixação*), *Full Frontal* (*Full Frontal*), *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* (*Harry Potter e a Câmara Secreta*), *Undisputed* (*O Imbatível*), *The Triumph of Love* (*O Triunfo do Amor*), *Spy Kids 2: The Island of Lost Dreams* (*Pequenos Espiões 2: A Ilha dos Sonhos Perdidos*), *Rollerball* (*Rollerball*), *Scooby-Doo* (*Scooby-Doo*), *Stuart Little 2* (*Stuart Little 2*), *Ultimate X* (*Ultimate X*), *Moonlight Mile* (*Vida Que Segue*)

Edifício Master (Master Building)—Brazil/2002—A documentary showing a week in the lives of people living in the Master building in Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro. Directed by Eduardo Coutinho.

Janela da Alma (Soul's Window)—Brazil/2001—Documentary on vision problems and its impact on life and creativity. Among the interviewees: writer José Camargo, German filmmaker Win Wender, and musician Hermeto Pascoal. Directed by João Jardim and Walter Carvalho.

Lara (Lara)—Brazil/2002—The story of actress Odete Lara, a Brazilian sex symbol in the '60s. Her spritual journey and fight to excel as an artist. Directed by Ana Maria Magalhães, with Maria Manoela, Christine Fernandes, Caco Ciocler, and Tuca Andrada

Madame Satã (Madam Satan)—Brazil-France/2002—The life of João Francisco dos Santos, who became famous in the 1930s and 1940s in Rio interpreting Madame Satã, a character created by him. Black, poor and gay, the artist spent 10 years in jail before rising to fame. Directed by Cearense (from Ceará state) Karin Aïnouz, with Lázaro Ramos, Márcélia Cartaxo, Flávio Bauraqui, Felipe Marques, Renata Sorrah, Floriano Peixoto, and Emiliano Queiroz.

Cidade de Deus (City of God)—Brazil/2002—Based on Paulo Lins's novel of same name. An inside picture of Rio's *favela* Cidade de Deus. How Dadinho e Buscapé grow up in

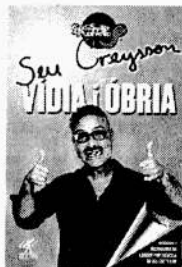
world of drugs and crime. Directed by Fernando Meirelles and Katia Lund, with unknown actors, including Alexandre Rodrigues, Leandro Firmino da Hora, Seu Jorge, Matheus Nachtergaele, and Phellipe Haagensen.

Adágio ao Sol (Adage to the Sun)—Brazil/1996—A couple in the early 1930s try to maintain a difficult relationship made even harder by the arrival of a young man. The background is the São Paulo Revolution of 1932. Directed by Xavier de Oliveira, with Cláudio Marzo, Rossana Ghesa, Edwin Luisi..

Books

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FICTION



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4. **Cidade de Deus** (Companhia das Letras) Paulo Lins (4 - 8)

5. **Harry Potter e a Câmara Secreta** (Rocco) J.K. Rowling (8 - 109)

6. **As Mentiras Que os Homens Contam** (Objetiva) Luis Fernando Veríssimo (3 - 99)

7. **Harry Potter e o Cálice de Fogo** (Rocco) J.K. Rowling (5 - 70)

8. **Os Bórgias** (Record) Mario Puzo (7 - 15)

9. **Harry Potter e o Prisioneiro de Azkaban** (Rocco) J.K. Rowling (6 - 90)

10. **A Canção de Tróia** (Bertrand Brasil) Coleen McCullough (0 - 0)

NONFICTION

1. **Quem Mexeu no Meu Queijo?** (Record) Spencer Johnson (1 - 100)

2. **O Sentido da Vida** (Sextante) Bradley Trevor Greive (3 - 17)

3. **A Semente da Vitória** (Senac) Nuno Cobra (5 - 73)

4. **Corinthians: É Preto no Branco** (DBA) Washington Olivetto e Nirlando Beirão (2 - 5)

5. **Os Cem Segredos das Pessoas de Sucesso** (Sextante) David Niven (6 - 4)

6. **Um Dia Daqueles** (Sextante) Bradley Trevor Greive (7 - 80)

7. **Você É Insubstituível** (Sextante) Augusto Jorge Cury (0 - 18)

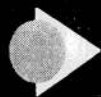
8. **Estação Carandiru** (Cia. das Letras) Drauzio Varella (8 - 141)

9. **Os Cem Segredos das Pessoas Felizes** (Sextante) David Niven (10 - 55)

10. **A Casa da Mãe Joana** (Campus) Reinaldo Pimenta (4 - 17)

The first number inside the parentheses tells the position the book was in the previous week. The second number indicates for how many weeks the book is in the list.

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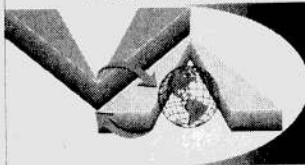
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From Cabaret to Syllables

Singer Suzana Salles conquers
on two parallel fronts.

DANIELLA THOMPSON

Brazil isn't a country one would associate with world-class interpreters of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill. Yet, surprisingly, it has several. Since at least the 1970s, there has been a continuous Brecht-Weill presence on Brazilian stages. In 1988, Cida Moreira released the LP *Cida Moreira Interpreta Brecht*, with powerfully dramatic interpretations. Moreira, however, sang mostly Portuguese versions. When Suzana Salles released her own CD *Concerto Cabaré* almost ten years later, there was no question of repeating what had been done before.

For one thing, Suzana sings Brecht in German. And not only in German, but in a German worthy of a native German singer. Her interpretations transcend the Brazilian milieu, establishing her as a peer of the post-Lenya divas I admire: Gisela May, Sonja Kehler, and Dagmar Krause.

I became interested in Suzana's recordings by way of being a fanatic Weill collector. Once there, however, I discovered that there's an equally fascinating Brazilian side to her career. Suzana doesn't make concessions to the marketplace and doesn't sing the obvious repertoire, as is amply demonstrated in her most recent CD, *As Sílabas*

(see track list and a link for audio samples). Since non-conformist choices in the cut-throat popular music field never fail to make a favorable impression on me, I got in touch with Suzana and asked her to elaborate on her musical life and work.

Brazil—How did you begin to sing?

Suzana Salles—I began to sing professionally by chance; I always sang with the family at home, with my uncles, my sisters... in Brazil people always like to sing, beginning with children's songs and lullabies, and I had uncles who played guitar and sang old *modinhas* from the time of the Empire, *serestas*, *modas de viola*, *toadas do sertão*... I listened and learned, singing with them. I always loved music, but I never imagined I'd become a singer, I never thought of it. So I began to sing at home, and only much later did I realize that I could make a profession of it.

Brazil—What did you study?

Suzana Salles—I studied journalism at the School of Communications and Arts of the University of São Paulo (ECA-USP). At ECA there was a chorale, the *Comunicantus*, in which I sang, and it was what I enjoyed doing most at the university. Another member of this chorale, Hermelino Neder—now a composer and musician—invited me and Vânia Bastos (who was studying social science), to participate in a group that was accompanying the still unknown Arrigo Barnabé in the first Festival Universitário de Música Popular Brasileira. It took place in 1979, and the song "Diversões Eletrônicas," by Arrigo Barnabé and Regina Porto, won first place.

Brazil—Then you went to Germany. When did you go, and how did it come about?

Suzana Salles—I began studying German in 1980, when I still thought I'd finish my journalism course (I had intended to be an international correspondent). It happens that at the same time I began to sing in all of Arrigo's shows, which weren't few, and I was also invited to sing with Itamar Assumpção during the same period. In other words, I was at the heart of the

movement that would come to be known in MPB history as the "Vanguarda Paulista." Little by little, I was abandoning the university, and almost without noticing it. Unexpectedly, I won a grant from the Goethe Institute to polish my German language in Germany—after my plans for a career in journalism had already been cast aside. I went to Berlin to study for three months. It was terribly cold there in January and February, and there, in mid-winter, I discovered the obvious: I wanted to sing, to be a singer, to perform in public. I went to the school of arts (*Hochschule der Künste*) in Berlin, looked for a pianist, rehearsed a repertoire of Brecht-Weill songs (which I happened to have in hand and that interested me) and arranged to appear in one of the more active cultural centers of the alternative scene, the UFA-Fabrik. I didn't even believe what was happening: I had become a singer, with a photograph in *Tip-Magazin* and everything, singing in German for Germans. Unbelievable!

Brazil—How did your interest in Brecht-Weill develop? Did you attend performances? If so, which ones? Which half of the Brecht-Weill partnership hooked you?

Suzana Salles—The first time I heard Brecht was in the *Teatro Oficina*: "Alabama Song." The music touched me deeply, and I set about informing myself about the authors. Shortly thereafter I watched an excellent play called *O Que Mantém um Homem Vivo*, whose title is also the name of a Brecht-Weill

song ["What Keeps Mankind Alive?"], and about this spectacle I created a little work at theatre school (I was seventeen at the time). Later, already at the university, I married the German musician Félix Wagner, who lived in São Paulo and played with Arrigo Barnabé. He was invited to play Brecht & Weill's *Mahagonny Songspiel* with Grupo Ornitórrinco, a theatre group directed by Cacá Rosset. This group later mounted a musical consisting of Brecht-Weill songs, in which participated one of the best Brazilian actresses, Maria Alice Vergueiro. She interpreted these songs very well, singing in Portuguese. It was as a result of these experiences that I decided to begin my solo career in Berlin with Brecht & Weill, since the sheet music was easy to obtain. These songs in German possess a great intrinsic force, an art that transcends political and social ideologies. It's a partnership that really worked, like that of Lennon & McCartney: the music ends up benefiting.

Brazil—Are there any Brecht-Weill interpreters whom you find particularly inspiring?

Suzana Salles—Besides Maria Alice Vergueiro, I always admired the interpretation of Lotte Lenya, the source for all of us interpreters who followed. I also like Teresa Stratas and Ute Lemper, but the major inspiration comes from Lenya.

Brazil—When did you return to Brazil? How did you begin your musical activities upon your return?

Suzana Salles—I returned in March 1986 and immediately invited some musicians to participate in the new work. I formed a band and debuted in June of the same year at the nightclub *Madame Satã*. We had quite a few shows together.

Brazil—Apparently you were working with the group Aquilo Del Nisso in that period. What did you do with them?

Suzana Salles—At the time I had two different band formations and traveled throughout Brazil, from Curitiba to the Northeast, singing Brazilian music. In 1989 I presented the songs



of Brecht & Weill with the Orquestra Juvenil do Estado de São Paulo, under the direction of maestro Juan Serrano.

This series of concerts was very successful, and once again I found myself involved with this repertoire, which accompanies my career parallel to Brazilian popular music. I also traveled in Europe at Itamar Assumpção's invitation, singing with Ná Ozzetti. Besides, Ná and I did a joint show for two years, *Princesa e Encantada*.

In 1992 the instrumental group Aquilo Del Nisso invited me to sing with them, and thus began a fruitful collaboration. I had never thought of recording my repertoire, because I was very happy singing on stage; I always preferred the stage to the studio. Then I received an invitation from the record label Camerati to record my first CD.

The arrangements and production of this CD, *Suzana Salles*, were made by the members of Aquilo Del Nisso. The repertoire was immense, since it included work I had been presenting since 1986 with my first band. I used the judgment of my heart to select the twelve songs: those I liked to sing the most. Songs by Itamar Assumpção, Gilberto Gil, José Miguel Wisnik, Carlos Rennó, and Hermelino Neder... without forgetting the first collaborations with Ná Ozzetti and Itamar Assumpção. I also included one by Brecht & Weill and another of the classic Brazilian repertoire—"Carimbamba," originally sung by Luiz Gonzaga.

Brazil—Does the public have difficulty identifying you both as a Brecht-Weill interpreter and an MPB Singer?

Suzana Salles—Music is the richest and most democratic territory in Brazil. Brazilians' familiarity with rhythms and sounds is so great that they know how to understand and deeply love the music of all places, from Bulgarian women's choirs to the most avant-garde jazz instrumentalists. I'll go as far as to say that the public finds it normal that there's someone who sings in German within MPB. It's funny, but I didn't want to record *Concerto Cabaré*. For me it was a great show, but it was more stage than studio; imagine, recording in German—far from me.

It was the producer Elaine Marin who insisted that I record a CD exclusively with the songs of Brecht & Weill.

I thought it was a crazy idea, but I had encountered a producer who was either crazier than me or much more lucid. Even today I still don't know which of the two alternatives is the true one, but the CD sells very well and is frequently reissued... In short, it turned out all right, while it had every potential to become a mess: a live recording, with orchestra, done in just three performances. And I continue singing this repertoire now and then; it doesn't exhaust itself. When I think that it's all over with, there comes an invitation for new performances.

Brazil—Do you have trouble reconciling the two repertoires?

Suzana Salles—It's easy to reconcile the two repertoires, and these days the same musicians who accompany me in one type of show also do so in the other (despite the protests of Chico Saraiva, who says that those harmonies of Weill are very "German," whatever that means). I have to point out here my profound admiration for Lincoln Antônio—pianist, composer, and arranger who's accompanied me since *Concerto Cabaré*—and André Magalhães, the drummer of Aquilo Del Nisso, producer of my three CDs and owner of Estúdio Zabumba in São Paulo, and of course Chico Saraiva; these are friendships and collaborations that keep growing.

Brazil—Would you tell us about the concept and the songs in *As Sílabas*? How did you choose the repertoire and the musicians?

Suzana Salles—Oops, I had already begun answering this question earlier... André Magalhães has been accompanying me closely since 1992, when we worked together with Aquilo Del Nisso. A great musician who these days is also a sought-after CD producer. Lincoln Antônio wrote the arrangements and conducted the orchestra in *Concerto Cabaré*, and since then we continued to work together. It was he who suggested that we invite Chico Saraiva to join us. Initially we put together a new repertoire of Brazilian music that would enable us to travel in an economical formation; we traveled through Brazil with just guitar, piano (or keyboard), and voice. We had a long tour of the Northeast, then we went to Rio de Janeiro, Minas Gerais, the interior of São Paulo state... and the repertoire of *As Sílabas* assumed its shape during

those trips. We like to talk, to experiment. Each one has an extensive musical background, and this is expressed in the way the shows were mounted and in the texture of the arrangements. Later, in the studio, André Magalhães, transformed all these sounds and ideas into the CD *As Sílabas*.

Brazil—How did your recent German tour go? Where did you appear, and what was the reaction?

Suzana Salles—I received an official invitation from Nuremberg's Cultural Bureau to present *As Sílabas* in a very special outdoor theatre, in the restored ruins of an ancient church, now called Katharinenruine or St. Katharina Open Air. This invitation came about through Ponte Cultura, a German production firm that has been promoting encounters of German and Brazilian plastic artists for ten years. This time there were also Brazilian music, dance, and theatre, and I represented the musical part. The night was warm and pleasant, the theatre was full, the sound and lights excellent, and we ended up giving a very good concert, of the kind that remains forever in the performer's mind.

For me, talking to the audience in German was an experience and a half; I began by saying that the Cultural Bureau had already supplied the full moon and that it was sure to arrive that night... and the Germans laughed. I looked behind me and saw that the musicians were surprised at the reaction. I shouted to them: "I'm even making jokes in German, and they're liking it; the night is ours, let's go!"

And we went. It was as if the work of all those years had materialized in that concert. It was a totally virgin audience, and we loved being able to demonstrate: "Look, this is our show, a Brazilian popular music that's different from what you know—this is also Brazilian popular music, and it's our work!"

And the press reviews that came out fully confirmed our reactions.

***As Sílabas*, track by track**

As Sílabas—this is an exhortation, an ode to Brazilian popular song: "*Cantiga, diga lá, a dica de cantar, o dom que o canto tem que tem que ter se quer encantar...*" Luiz Tatit unravels the text and the melody in such a cohesive and concise pattern, that one hears

it and thinks: "What a simple thing, how does he do it?" It's a self-explanatory song that isn't the least bit explicit. I think it's both a point of departure and a synthesis of the work that Lincoln, Chico, and I have been doing all these years: piano, guitar, and voice conversing and creating spaces, all at the same time now, without one overpowering the others.

Xangô—this partnership of mine with Chico César was created like this: Chico showed me the music, saying it had to do with me. And it really did because I simply adored it. But I was going to rehearse with the boys and found it rather short; something appeared to be missing. I asked Chico, "Isn't there a refrain, an *allegro cantabile* or something like that?" and he said, "No, I think this is it." Arguing at the rehearsal, the thing just didn't flow. Around this time I traveled to London and Turkey, got to know Istanbul, set foot in Asia for the first time in my life, saw the Bosphorus at sunset, that ancient civilization, and the mosques, the muezzin calling the people to prayer... and on the plane returning to Brazil, in one of those dawns when you wake up with a stuffed head, exhausted in an economy-class seat, the refrain came to me complete with melody and everything: "*É Xangô que vai chegar, por Alá canta o Corão, coro atlântico verão, acalanto, uma canção...*"

O Velho Francisco—this song was the idea of guitarist Chico Saraiva; Chico is a very intuitive musician, and he thought the song "agreed" with me. He made a marvelous arrangement, where we accentuate the rhythmic aspects of the music in a way that facilitates understanding of the lyrics, which are brilliant, like all those written by our great Francisco Buarque de Hollanda.

Foi Boto, Sinhá—a classic that I always loved from the Brazilian folklore repertoire, composed in the '30s by the Amazonian Waldemar Henrique, with lyrics by Antonio Tavernard. It's been recorded by many people in all kinds of versions, classic as well as popular, and was much performed by school choirs of my parents' generation. From a young age I was fascinated by the story of the Amazon river dolphin that transformed

itself into a man to seduce town girls. This indigenous legend continues alive to this day in Amazonia.

Die Sieben Todsünden (prolog)—I originally recorded the prolog of *The Seven Deadly Sins* by Brecht & Weill with an orchestra conducted by Lincoln Antônio. It was intended for my previous CD, *Concerto Cabaré*, but the recording didn't turn out well, and it was the only song we had to leave out, much against our will. It was Lincoln who suggested that we record it in the studio with Toninho Ferragutti on *sanfona* (accordion) and Célio Barros on contrabass. I think he also didn't accept the loss of the music in the earlier CD, since he had arranged and conducted it... This time we were more than satisfied with the results.

50 Ways to Leave Your Lover—here's another example of Chico Saraiva's incredible intuition: he simply showed me the song and said it was my type. I confess that I heard Paul Simon and thought, "Well, okay, but..." Then we rehearsed, and I started singing it in shows, and the song began manifesting itself and finally became one of the songs I most like to sing. All thanks to Chico Saraiva's third eye! Paul Simon, who's so attuned to Brazil's music and musicality, will no doubt be happy to know that there is a Brazilian version of this song, so tasty and pulsating.

Paraíso Eu—Arnaldo Antunes is one of the most attuned actual antennas of Brazilian popular music, and a composer I deeply admire. I went to his house so he could show me his latest creations, because I wanted very much to record a new song of his in *As Sílabas*. On the spot, he recorded a cassette tape with six or seven songs; at the time, I thought I'd have a lot of difficulty choosing one, because they were all marvelous. But by the time I got home, no doubt was left: "Paraíso Eu" grabbed me from the sound system and never again let me go.

La Luna È Bella—a little fun I had with my great friend and songwriting partner Ná Ozzetti, with her Italian origins and her enormous blue eyes... I wrote the lyrics and she set them to music.

Certeza É Ilusão—this song was

written by another excellent *Paulista* musician, who's still unknown to the public at large: Paulo Padilha. Simple lyrics, the melody equally uncomplicated—the tried-and-true recipe of the great Brazilian composers. Just voice and guitar, in the manner it was conceived.

Para Ver as Meninas—another classic of MPB, composed by Paulinho da Viola. This samba of Paulinho's is so beautiful that I was afraid to interpret it—I liked the melody and the lyrics so much... I thought I wouldn't be able to do it justice. Just as well we did do it. It's a personal version of the song, and I think it walks along the razor's edge. The interpretation was constructed during all those years of performances throughout Brazil.

Valsa dos Olhos Costurados—Lincoln Antônio showed me this song, and I picked it right away to sing; it has a somewhat expressionist feel, almost Alban Berg-like, full of crooked paths and unexpected corners... we recorded it live, all together, with our violinist friend Thomas Rohrer as a special guest. He's a German Swiss from Basel who's been living in São Paulo for seven years—a "Basileiro," as he calls himself.

Helena—this song comes from São Luiz do Paraitinga, a provincial town in the state of São Paulo that celebrates one of the most animated and colorful Carnivals in Brazil. The whole city dresses up in costumes and goes out to the street, singing *marchinhas* composed by the local residents. It's a real bulwark of cultural resistance, with street *blocos*, parades, and *marchinha* festivals. Every year I go there and have the privilege of singing on a float with the local bands. For this track, we had a real Carnival parade in the studio, singing together in chorus, dragging our feet as the folks do in the streets of São Luiz, at times shouting, at others singing the wrong lyrics—this great disorderly fun that only the spirit of Carnival teaches us.

Visit Suzana Salles' official website: <http://www.suzanasalles.com.br/>

Lyrics and audio samples from *As Sílabas* are available at <http://www.na-cp.rnp.br/~murgel/MPBNet/canto.brasileiro/suzana.salles/>

Suzana Salles: *As Sílabas*

(Dabliú Discos DB 0098; 2001)

45:56 min.

01. As Sílabas (Luiz Tatit)
02. Xangô (Chico César/Suzana Salles)
03. O Velho Francisco (Chico Buarque)
04. Foi Boto, Sinhá (Waldemar Henrique/Antônio Tavernard)
05. Die Sieben Todsünden [Prolog] (Kurt Weill/Bertolt Brecht)
06. 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover (Paul Simon)
07. Paraíso Eu (Arnaldo Antunes)
08. La Luna È Bella (Ná Ozzetti/Suzana Salles)
09. Certeza È Ilusão (Paulo Padilha)
10. Para Ver as Meninas (Paulinho da Viola)
11. Valsa dos Olhos Costurados (Lincoln Antônio/Marcelo Mota Monteiro)
12. Helena (Galvão Frade)

Suzana Salles: *Concerto Cabaré*

Songs by Bertolt Brecht & Kurt

Weill

(Dabliú Discos 946069; 1997)

51:09 min.

01. Kanonen-Song
02. Nannas Lied
03. Eifersuchtsduett
04. Alabama-Song
05. Die Seeräuberjenny
06. Matrosensong
07. Denn wie man sich bettet
08. Anstatt-dass Song
09. Liebeslied
10. Havana Lied
11. Surabaya Johnny
12. Die Zuhälter-Ballade
13. Benares Song
14. Die Moritat von Mackie Messer

The writer publishes the magazine of Brazilian music and culture
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Foi Boto, Sinhá (Tajá-panema)
(Waldemar Henrique/Antônio Tavernard)

Tajá-panema chorou no terreiro
Tajá-panema chorou no terreiro
E a virgem morena fugiu pro costeiro

Foi boto, sinhá
Foi boto, sinhô
Que veio tentá
E a moça levou
E o tal dançará
Aquele doutô
Foi boto, sinhá
Foi boto, sinhô

Tajá-panema se pôs a chorar
Tajá-panema se pôs a chorar
Quem tem filha moça
é bom vigiá!

Tajá-panema se pôs a chorar
Tajá-panema se pôs a chorar
Quem tem filha moça
é bom vigiá!

O boto não dorme
No fundo do rio
Seu dom é enorme
Quem quer que o viu
Que diga, que informe
Se lhe resistiu
O boto não dorme
No fundo do rio...

It Was the Dolphin, Missus (Tajá-panema)

Tajá-panema cried in the yard
Tajá-panema cried in the yard
And the dark virgin fled behind

It was the dolphin, Missus
It was the dolphin, Massa
Who came to try
And took the girl
And that one will dance
That doctor
It was the dolphin, Missus
It was the dolphin, Massa

Tajá-panema began to cry
Tajá-panema began to cry
Whoever has a young daughter had
better watch out!

Tajá-panema began to cry
Tajá-panema began to cry
Whoever has a young daughter had
better watch out!

The dolphin doesn't sleep
At the bottom of the river
His power is enormous
Whoever has seen him
Should tell, should inform
If he resisted him
The dolphin doesn't sleep
At the bottom of the river...



Paraíso Eu
(Arnaldo Antunes)

Pode comer
Pode beber
Pode se embriagar
Pode falar e pode fazer
Tudo o que você desejar
Aqui é o paraíso hoje
Paraíso eu
Pode tocar
Pode pegar
Pode acariciar
Pode apalpar e
Pode fazer
Tudo o que você desejar
Que eu sou o paraíso hoje
Paraíso seu

Paradise I

You can eat
You can drink
You can get drunk
You can say and do
Everything that you want
Here is paradise today
Paradise I
You can touch
You can take
You can caress
You can stroke and
You can do
Everything that you desire
Because I am paradise today
Your paradise

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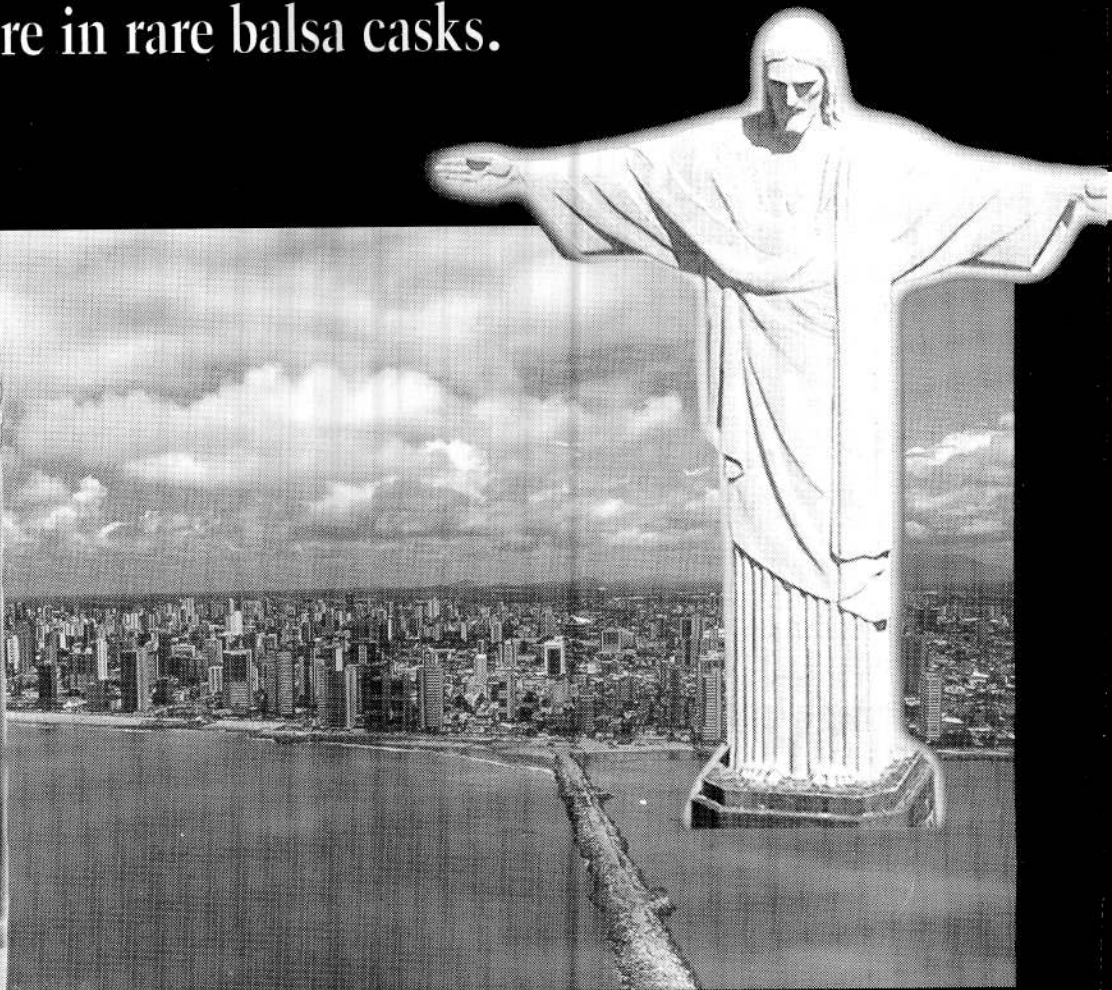
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