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Luiz Gonzaga, Lia de Itamaracá, Alceu Valença, Badia, Capiba, Dominginhos, Chico Science, Naná Vasconcelos, Lenine, Mestre Ambrósio, Cascabulho. All these names have something more in common than their talent for music. They are all people or bands from Pernambuco state, who have made or are making the most exciting music Brazil has to offer today.

They have names and sounds and flavors that you perhaps never tasted. How about *ciranda*, *coco*, *caboclinho*, *xote*, *baião*, *maracatu*, *frevo*, *cavalo marinho*? You don't know what you are missing. A mix of the traditional and the modern without that commercialized, techno pop music offered by Salvador, in the state of Bahia, always the reference for on-the-cutting-edge Brazilian music.

To spread these good news we went a little overboard this time, dedicating to the subject a total of 14 whole pages, creating a little encyclopedia of our own about the Pernambucano way of making music. We hope this effort will help put the region on the map of the sounds and music that move the world.

RM

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

Ads/Editorial: (323) 255-8062

Fax: (323) 257-3487

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

E-mail: brazzil@brazzil.com

Publisher and Editor: Rodney Mello

Assistant Editor: Leda Bittencourt

Book Review: Bondo Wyszpolski

Music Editor: Bruce Gilman

Brazil Bureau Chief: Marta Alvim

E-mail: mltdalvim@yahoo.com

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Cover

Pernambuco: the new musical voice of Brazil

Cover by Alex Korolkovas



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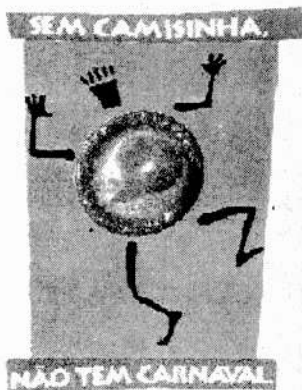
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Behavior

Porno to the Rescue

Brazilian authorities have found an unlikely ally in its fight against AIDS: the pornographic film industry. Studs are placing condoms before the action and wearing them during the action and thanks to a new federal law, every porno video movie rented and sold in Brazil must now carry this message at the start of the tape: "Make safe sex. Wear a condom."

Law 10.237/01 signed by President Fernando Henrique Cardoso in June was introduced five years ago by Representative Fernando Gonçalves, who is also a doctor.

The new legislation was published in the *Diário Oficial*, making it the law of the nation, just a few days after the celebration of National Day of the Condom (Dia Nacional da Camisinha) which coincides with Sweethearts' Day (Dia dos Namorados), June 12, the Brazilian version of Valentine's Day. The newly picked date was observed for the first time this year suggested by the NGO Associação Vida Positiva (Positive Life Association) and Associação dos Artistas Plásticos de Colagem (Association of Plastic Artists of Collage). The idea is to link notion of love and sex and the use of rubber. In São Paulo the day was remembered with an exhibition of 36 paintings related to love, prevention and AIDS.

The Brazilian Health Ministry is betting that their project Social Marketing of the Prophylactic will make the use of condoms more widespread. With a population of 170 million, Brazil today uses only 600 million condoms a year. Contributing to this are the price of the product and the difficulty of findings condoms, which now can only be bought in pharmacies and drugstores.

The government plan includes cutting the price of condoms by half, increasing availability of the product, and making easier the process of importing condoms since the national industry is not able to adequately attend the domestic market. Around Sweethearts' Day, the Health Ministry send 800,000 postcards by mail with a little souvenir: a rubber. The government has been distributing 200 million free condoms a year and it intends to triple the number of condoms used in the country. That would mean 1.8 billion rubbers.

Carnaval time has been used in recent years for condom and AIDS awareness campaigns by the Health Ministry. This year 20 million condoms were distributed for free by the federal government during the four-day celebrations, double the amount of rubbers—or *camisinhas* (little shirts) as they are called in Brazil—distributed in the 1999 Carnaval. Three million of these were given away in Rio. Four million others were distributed in São Paulo. The Health ministry also gave away 10 million condom-shaped masks that doubled as fans to beat the heat so that "condoms are on people's minds," as pointed by Health ministry José Serra.

Brazil's open attitude toward sex has been useful in the battle against AIDS and the country is being presented by the UN and other world organizations as an example on how to deal with the disease in developing countries. Regulating the way porno movies are marketed is just another piece of proof that Brazilian authorities will stop at nothing to prevent the spread of AIDS. Another one was the decision to produce their own generic anti-AIDS drugs when the international labs wouldn't lower their prices for the products at the risk of enraging the pharmaceutical lobby in Washington and the White House, which has complained to the World Trade Organization. This aggressive policy, however, allowed the country to cut deaths from AIDS by 60 percent. Brazil is the only country in the developing world that offers free anti-AIDS for whoever needs it.

Technology

Poor Man Satellite

A bit of "trivia" in a minor newspaper of Brasília, DF, Brazil, taken as an overheated "invention" of a green columnist, seems to have some factual ground. The news reported that a "multinational corporation" had been given the green light by the Brazilian Government to try out with a helium-filled *blimp* to be "moored" by an umbilical chord to an earth station in the central plateau of Goiás State as the key elements of an inexpensive wireless telephone web.

Now, the July issue of *ON Magazine*—a publication for TIME-Warner—relates that Howard A. Foote, an American engineer and businessman, and his company Platform Wireless are planning to do exactly that. The blimp, carrying some 500 kilos of equipment, would be placed at around three miles above Goiás, connected by a connection cable weighing about 2 metric tons.

The anonymous *Goyano* columnist wondered whether: 1. How would the blimp be serviced in space? 2. Wouldn't blimp and umbilical chord be hazards to aviation? 3. What assurances are there that the blimp-earth cable will not break off its moorings and drag a three-mile long whip over Goiás and surrounding states, lashing terrestrial life, buildings, powerhouses, and other facilities? 4. Who would be the primary users of the wireless telephone web? 5. What kind of control would the Brazilian government have over the enterprise and its inherent risks? 6. Has any calculation been made of the cost of insuring the entire project and its eventual "victims"?

The "trivia bit" ended advising the Brazilian Federal authorities to ask Mr. Foote all those questions, and many more, looking ahead, before granting him any leave of use of Brazilian ground and space.

Goodbye He Humanized Geography

He was one of the world's top geographers and one of Brazil's top thinkers. In an area in which scholars are not known for discussing ideas and philosophy, Milton

Almeida Santos helped to develop the notion that Geography is a life and society changing experience. Santos in 1994 became the only intellectual outside the Anglo-Saxon region to receive the Vautrin Lud prize, considered the Nobel of Geography. He was Doctor Honoris Causa from several famous universities including Toulouse in France and Barcelona in Spain. He died at age 75 at São Paulo's Public Servant Public Hospital, June 24, victim of prostate cancer.

For Emir Sader, a professor at USP (Universidade de São Paulo), and Santos's colleague, the geographer's life was a huge success in several fronts: "He looked for space in life and in the sciences. It's impressing that he has accomplished what he did being *Baiano* (from Bahia), black, poor and a public school student." Muniz Sodré, professor at UFRJ's (Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro) Escola de Comunicação, a friend of Santos has also commented on him being black: "Although he was a black connected to the elite, accepted by it, French speaker, Santos was a black and this should bother a lot of people."

Born in Brotas de Macaúbas in Bahia, on May 3, 1926, Milton Santos revealed his genius at a very early age. Son of a couple who were elementary school teachers, he was already reading and writing in good Portuguese at age 5 and dealing with algebra problems at 8. That same year he also started to learn French. At age 10 he was already in Junior High. Student leader, Santos helped to found the Associação dos Estudantes Secundários da Bahia (Bahia's High School Students Association) where he fought against the Getúlio Vargas's dictatorship and for the country's re-democratization.

"Since my teens I wanted to touch the world in some way," he declared recently. His parents raised him to be a conductor of men. He graduated in Law from Universidade Federal da Bahia in 1948, but decided to change his area after reading *Geografia Humana* (Human Geography), by Josué de Castro. In 1958 he got his doctorate in Geography from the Strasbourg University in France. At that time a deep mark was left in his way of thinking. Said he: "The French influence on me is very strong, although I try to get rid of it with some brutality. It is responsible for an independent style, which I learned with Sartre, far from all kinds of militancy, except that of ideas." Santos, every time he had some days to spare, would take a plane to Paris just to spend sometime leafing through the books at the Sorbonne University Institute of Geography.

The scholar discovered his interest for Geography while studying Law at the end of the 40s. After graduation in geography in Brazil he went to the University of Strasbourg in France where he got a PhD in 1958. He went back to Bahia and worked as a professor at the University there and as an editor at the daily *A Tarde*. He soon became a vocal defender of policies to help the poor and presented controversial proposals like a tax on wealth.

Antagonized by the military, which took over the country in 1964 he was fired from the University and jailed for three months, being released only due to health complications he suffered. The professor then left Brazil invited by friends to teach overseas and lived in Tanzania, France, Canada, Venezuela, England and the United States before returning to his homeland in 1977.

Back in Brazil, Santos went to teach at USP's (Universidade de São Paulo) Instituto de Filosofia e Letras.

He wrote more than 40 books, but it took him a long time to start dealing with blackness and racism, although he was a victim of racism himself. His last book *Por Outra Globalização* (For Another Globalization), with several of his essays, was a bestseller during Rio's Bienal do Livro (Book Biennial) last May. Through his articles in newspapers and books, he became an inspiration for several intellectuals in Brazil. Composer Gilberto Gil and poet, producer and actress Denise Stoklos confessed to have been inspired by him. In 1998 *Jornal do Brasil* gave him the title The Year's Man of Ideas. The following year he received the Chico Mendes award for his resistance.

In his last for Brasília's daily *Correio Braziliense* he wrote: "By definition, intellectual life and the refusal to assume ideas don't match. This, by the way, is a distinctive trait among the true intellectuals and those scholars who don't need, cannot or don't want to show in the sunlight, what they think. The true intellectual is the man who searches, doggedly, the truth, but not only to rejoice intimately, tell it, write it and publicly sustain it. The intellectual activity is never comfortable.

"In the big crisis that the country faces now the absence of a more intense and deeper discussion is evident, coming from Academia, in several instances... Apathy is still present in the larger part of the docent and student body, which is not something that leads us to cheer about the civic health state of this social layer whose first obligation is to constitute, as spokesperson, the first line of an attitude of non-conformism with the present course of public life."

Santos was against the idea that urban centers destroy the human experience. "What destroys it," he said, "is the civilization that we adopted because the city appears as a manifestation that represents it." According to him city and country people are getting more similar everyday and in some cases the difference has already completely disappeared.





Maracatu de baque virado, maracatu de baque solto, frevo, coco, ciranda, forró, cavalo marinho, caboclinho, xote, baião, mangue beat, samba, afoxé, samba-reggae, maculelê, punk rock, hip-hop, drum n' bass, electronica, funk, metal, rock n' roll... there is only one state that I know of in all of Brazil that offers this quantity of traditional and modern music. Clearly, music that is native to a certain region will be retained and performed by the local *mestres* of that music.

Yet when a city can also adopt so many other grooves and keep them fresh, alongside their own catalogue of regional music, you have found yourself a legitimate music center. Unfortunately, national and international music press are not always the first to pick up on these sorts of cultural movements. As a matter of fact, long standing myths can often lead people to believe that they're hearing about the "real deal" instead of actually doing the homework required to find the "real deal," musically speaking.

There exists a myth, for example, that in order to find the "soul" of Brazilian music there is one and *only one* city that will show you the light, as it were. I'm referring to Salvador da Bahia, of course. Any and everybody who gives a music recommendation inevitably cites the Northeast as the place to go. After spending about six months in the Brazilian Northeast, I feel qualified to say that I would give the exact same advice. However, exactly *where* to go is the question that is never asked. It is assumed that Bahia is the one and *only* place to search for the soul of modern Brazilian music.

May I suggest, no *insist*, that this assumption is not only false, but may dangerously deceive you into believing you have found some hip new Brazilian sound amidst the absurd *axé, pagode*, or pseudo-*"funk"* music clogging the streets of Bahia?! Now first, and for the record—much respect to the *blocos afro* of Bahia: Ilê Aiyê, Male Debale, Filhos de Ghandy, Olodum (sans their weak *axé* side), Muzenza, etc. They are the "real deal," no doubt about that. These groups are also, however, the vast minority in Bahia and are constantly being pushed more and more to the margins of modern Bahian Carnival.

But *companheiros*, there exists a city in the northeast that not only offers considerably more than Salvador, but actually leaves her commercialized, techno pop music scene in the dust. As a matter of fact, after having experienced Carnivals in both cities, allow me to be bold enough to say that I would never again attend Carnival in Bahia if I had to do so outside of one of the aforementioned *blocos afro*. My point? I present to you the new music capital of Brazil: **Recife, Pernambuco.** *Manguetown*, in the words of the late great Chico Science.

I recently returned from a three-month thesis research project/musical visior quest/percussionist paradise in Recife. What I witnessed during those three months changed my perceptions about making music and what a music scene car

The Swamps Are Alive

I'm not sure there exists any other region in Brazil that has so much to offer to the world of music, and I would unequivocally recommend to those interested in discovering Brazil's modern "musical soul" that they plan an extended trip to Recife and Olinda, Pernambuco. It's time that the spotlight refocused itself on the swamp city.

JEFF DUNEMAN



Chico Science



be. It was such an intense experience that I felt obligated to start the process of debunking this Bahia myth once and for all. It's the least I can do for the dozens of musicians, journalists, producers, DJs, and *amigos* I met while in Recife, all struggling like mad to even compete in a Brazilian music market infested by *axé*, *pagode*, Rio style "funk," pop, and cheap North American rock.

Recife not only boasts a musical diversity rarely tasted in a modern city anywhere in the world, but a *quality* in her bands and performances that has spoiled her citizens into only accepting what is "the best," as *Recifenses* always say, in English even. Despite *serious* financial problems, the city is quite simply bursting at the seams with an inspiring spirit of creativity and the *hontade* to simply play good music. It is a place to go to find out how a modern music scene can and should be.

The friendliness and openness of the people involved in Recife's music and arts scene makes the all too common rockstar arrogance and separation even more absurd. Of course, this betrays the big problems that have left Recife out in the cold when compared to neighboring Bahia—a serious lack of local radio and market support, lack of corporate assistance (\$), complete confusion and misdirection by major record labels, and a degree of isolation in the national and international spotlight.

Recife has had its moments recently. The rise of Chico Science & Nação Zumbi and mundo livre S. A. in the early 1990s opened the door for dozens of other *Recifense* artists and landed them in the national and international spotlight for a brief period. The early death of Chico Science in a 1997 car accident dimmed that spotlight considerably, and should be considered one of the greatest losses to the music of our generation. I would compare his death to that of a name as huge as Jimi Hendrix in terms of the potential lost, the far too short career of a young artist with the talent and charisma to completely redefine what is "contemporary music."

The circumstances were quite different, of course, which makes Chico's loss even more tragic and sad. Yet this event also had the paradoxical effect of creating a legend in Recife, an easy point of reference for modern Recife. Many overzealously go so far as to create a more than human aura around Chico. Having seen how hard those who were closest to him are fighting to keep his memory a *human* memory, if you follow me, I don't want to participate in any more myth making.

But I would suggest that figures such as Chico Science were and are the result of an environment created by Pernambuco's rich musical heritage combined with an exceptionally open-minded approach towards international sounds. It allowed the special talent of Chico to blossom. The resulting mix has opened the door for people to take a much closer look at the wealth that Pernambuco has to offer the world.

Chico Science was by no means alone "searching for the perfect beat." Let me make some suggestions—the still amazing Nação Zumbi and mundo livre, Cascabulho, Cordel do Fogo Encantado, Sheik Tosado, Monica Feijó, Via Sat, Otto, Querosene Jacaré, Lenine, Mestre Ambrosio, Eddie, Devotos, Chão e Chinela, DJ Dolores, Faces do Subúrbio, Spider e Incognita Rap... and these are just some of the contemporary bands.

Then you have the legends such as Jackson do Pandeiro, Luis Gonzaga, Alceu Valença, Lia de Itamaracá, Mestre Salu, Selma do Coco, Bezerra da Silva, not to mention all the Carnival *locos*. The incredible *mangue* scene is a result of, and could only have been brewed in Pernambuco's rich cultural cauldron. I'm not sure there exists any other region in Brazil that has so much to offer to the world of music, and I would unequivocally recommend to those interested in discovering Brazil's modern "musical soul" that they plan an extended trip to Recife and Olinda, Pernambuco. It's time that the spotlight refocused itself on the swamp city—"Rios, pontes, e overdrives, impresionantes estruturas de lama... mangue, mangue, mangue!"

Let me elaborate. During Carnaval 2001 in Recife and Olinda, Pernambuco, I witnessed multiple live performances of almost every one of the musical styles I listed in the first paragraph. Every dawn I went home in awe of what I had witnessed the previous night. It was a stark contrast from last year in Bahia when, most days, I left wondering where the hell

the drums were that they talk so much about. *Bunda* (butt) has replaced the beats in Bahia.

This is, of course, a picky drummer speaking. I think I recognize percussive fluff when I see it. Looking back on it now, in comparison to what I saw this year in *Manguetown*, Bahia was about 75% fluff, and 25% absolutely amazing. Pernambuco was about the exact opposite. Anything you want, you will encounter in the Carnaval of Recife and Olinda. While Olinda has become somewhat commercialized itself, a mere five km away lies downtown Recife with the best underground Carnaval in Brazil.

There even exist stages set up solely for rock concerts right in the middle of the *feira*. You can quite literally walk from one block to the next in downtown Recife and see *maracatu*, then samba, then *frevo*, then *afoxé*, and then end up in mosh pit during the *Rec-Beat* rock festival. You might even end up playing in a *bloco* yourself. I did. The options are overwhelming. You don't need to search in vain for a rare *bloco afro* and some mind blowing drumming. You don't need to wait until 2:30 am to see some samba-reggae. You don't need to pay absurd tourist prices to get in on the goods.

The traditional Pernambucan *maracatu* drums (called *alfaias*) have a low end that will shake the ground as deep as a samba squad. The famous *Noite dos Tambores Silenciosos* starts early and runs late. The *Encontro dos Bois* in Olinda on Ash Wednesday is spectacular. And perhaps more importantly, you don't need to wade through throngs of people to enjoy the mad music erupting all around you.

I certainly hope that Recife never ends up like Salvador, it's far too amazing as it is. But we Brazil buffs in the northland need to know what is going on down there. Recife has a lot to teach us. And what I referred to above is merely Carnaval, during the rest of the year there exists festivals, concerts, presentations, rehearsals, and a constant crowd of cool cats ever eager to rap with foreigners hip to what they're up to down there in the mud. It's a scene waiting for the world to catch up to it. My adventures started by meeting Elcy at *CD Rock*, located on the *Conde Da Boa Vista* by the bridge. He knows everybody and everything that's going on in town. Tell him I sent you.

Bahia has much to offer, no doubt about it. *Ilê Aiyê* will leave you speechless. The *capoeira* is legendary. You could spend your entire trip there. You will definitely find some major Afro-Brazilian soul if you can run far enough away from the *trio elétricos*. The city will probably change any North American's perspectives on a lot of things. But for God's sake, if you really want to find the new music capital of Brazil and rearrange your concept of what can be done with modern music, head north out of the bays and into the swamps. Tune your antennae into the spectacular diversity being offered to the world by the bands of *caranguejos* roaming around the *lama* of *Manguetown*.

A quick glossary:

Mangue—Mangrove swamp. The ecosystem that covers Recife. The musical movement that began in Pernambuco in the early 1990s.

Manguetown - Recife & Olinda, Pernambuco. Coined by Chico Science & Nação Zumbi.

Caranguejo—Crab. Sometimes signifies a person from Recife or Olinda.

Lama—Mud. Something from "the mud" is something from Recife or Olinda, or something cool.

Some Pernambucan music/culture sites:

www.manguenius.com.br, www.manguetronic.com.br,
www.aponte.com.br, www.acordapovo.com.br,
www.pernambuco.com.br

Jeff Duneman is finishing his Masters in Latin American Studies at the University of New Mexico. He is a musician (drummer) and full-time music fanatic. 28 years old, hailing from the Midwest, temporarily transplanted to New Mexico, he has lived and traveled extensively in Mexico as well as visiting other parts of Spanish Latin America. Currently beginning what is sure to be a long-term romance with Brazil.

You can reach the author juneman@yahoo.com

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falando para o mundo



The New Music Factory

Pernambuco is the land of *frevo*, of *maracatu*, of the singing viola players in the markets, streets, and festivals; it is the land of the *coco* dance, of the *ciranda* and of the *farró*. For every type of music, a facet of her people is represented.

KIRSTEN WEINOLDT

I'll try to give you my best information about Pernambuco's music! You know the people from Brazil love music and have this in their blood, and the people from Pernambuco are no different.

*In PE, the abbreviation for Pernambuco, people from rich families in the past used to study piano, violin, and other musical instruments, and it was fashionable to invite people, who played different instruments for a *sarau*, a *soirée* where each person would perform in turn.*

*I remember from that time, perhaps the 50's, the great conductor, Nelson Ferreira. He had composed some very famous *frevos*, our *samba*, because this music is for playing and dancing at Carnival time, but it is really very different from *samba*. The Negro Manuel Augusto was very famous. In reality he was a *baiano*, but he lived all his life in Recife since his return from Europe, where he played for the Russian Czar! He died in the 60's, more than 80 years old. His rival, the conductor Valdemar de Almeida, also very famous, had a son—a very famous violinist—who is still alive and has an orchestra called the Armorial Orchestra, which specializes in baroque music.*

At the same time there was a conductor by the name of Capiba, who composed both classical and popular music. When you're at my house, I'll play a waltz for you called The Green Waltz.

As you know, all of Brazil has had African influence, and of course Pernambuco as well.

*Here you may find the *coco*, a kind of dance and music that reminds us of the time of Negroes at *senzala*. Today, Dona Selma do Coco is the best interpreter of this music. I have one of her CD's and will play it for you.*

*In the month of June we have the *festas juninas*, when we dance the *farró*. People say that *farró* is an abbreviation of "for all." The music is a kind of country music with the accordion and percussion instruments. It is funny, because usually the lyrics have a double meaning. I don't think I have anything here, but it's easy to find in the stores. These are some of the best interpreters of *farró*: Alcimar Monteiro de Altinho, Flávio José, Cireno e Cirino, Elifas Junior, Azulão. In Caruaru, where my parents live, there is a Banda Quenga de Coco that plays *farró*.*

*The Banda Capim com Mel (grass with honey) is from Recife and plays and sings modern music. We have a special voice of the Northeast, and that's Alceu Valença, who has given a lot to our musical tradition. Reginaldo Rossi, another man, now perhaps 55, and his compositions have been recorded by many artists. And finally, with a gold key, the very famous king of *baião*, LUIZ GONZAGA. He came from our land and became famous all over the world. His son, Gonzaguinha, was born in Rio and has written many beautiful songs. Please let me know if I can get any music for you.*

Beijos, Chico

*P.S. I forgot to write about some very special musicians, os *repentistas*. Often, these people are without education, can't read or write, but they are very clever at constructing verses by improvising. Usually a person will say a word, and they will develop the verses. There are generally two musicians, each one with a guitar, called a *viola*.*

Thus started my research into the rich musical tradition that exists in Pernambuco. An email to my *pernambucano* friend, Chico, who lives in Rio, resulted in his enthusiastic response and material, when I arrived at his house.

Música Pernambucana

One of the states in the Northeast is Pernambuco. Part of it is located in the *sertão*, the arid area where rain is a rarity, and the people are tough. Probably because of the tough life the area has to offer its inhabitants, a strong mythology and tradition have sprung up helping the hard working people of the region cope with their circumstances. The main city of Pernambuco is Recife on the coast, now a popular tourist destination. *Brazilian Sound* by Chris McGowan and Ricardo Pessanha has this to say:

The sertão has a mostly poor, illiterate population who tend their own small plots of land or work for powerful landowners who rule their communities in a feudal manner. Much of the sertão is covered with thorny scrub called caatinga, which is a vivid green when it rains and a gray thicket during dry times.

No doubt these conditions lead to the locals being tough and resilient. Life expectancy is shorter than in other parts of Brazil—which may explain why there is a strong need for myths and musical tradition to make life a little easier. One of the *pernambucanos*' (as the people are called) attributes is a strong sense of hospitality—likely borne from the need for help from neighbors in an emergency situation. Guests are welcomed with food and a place to sleep.

Another strong source of strength in the harsh climate is religion. Catholicism, of course, is strong, but with the Afro-Brazilian religion often mixed in along with it. The conditions of living require much comforting on a spiritual level. For some, religion was not enough, and they took to robbery and theft to solve their poverty. These so-called *cangaceiros* got around on horseback and raided villages and farms. The leader of one of these groups of *cangaceiros* was the legendary Lampião (1898-1934). He is famous for his ruthlessness, audacity, generosity, and musical ability. He was a singer and accordion player, which came in handy at late-night parties, at which he also popularized the *xaxado* dance. Even today, so many years after his death, his life is depicted in books, music, movies, and plays.

Rodger Collins of wwoz.org says about the fertile cultural climate of the Northeast in general and Pernambuco in particular:

The Northeast of Brazil is where the journey starts. Always a lively and fertile breeding ground for music, this coast that looks toward Africa has given birth to many individual styles, often associated with particular cities such as Recife, Belém, and Salvador. The Brazilian music scene has always been a lively mix based on the fact that Brazil is a true melting pot. We, Americans, like to say that our country is that, but not like Brazil. While it would certainly not be accurate to suggest that racial discrimination does not exist in Brazil, its basis is different from the experience of North America, tending to be more class-oriented than biological. The melting starts with the Portuguese colonists, who brought their Euro-Iberian sensibilities to their life in the New World, where they mixed freely with natives and then slaves.

This accounts for the mutual influence between the races. African slaves influenced the European music with their rhythms and were, in turn, influenced by the European culture and Portuguese traditional music. Many of the classical com-

posers and musicians in the Northeast were of African descent, and many "whites" went on to compose and play music with a distinct African flavor to the point where, today, the music is not "black" or "white," but rather Brazilian—loved by all Brazilians and many others around the world.

Terminology

Baião: The term came from the *'baiano,'* a popular Northeast Dance. It was already known at the end of the 19th century, generally performed on accordion in the *sertão*, always in unison with a slow 2-beat. The *baião*, which became known from 1946, thanks to Luiz Gonzaga and others of the genre, was already influenced by the samba and other urban carioca rhythms.

Bumba-meu-boi: The *bumba-meu-boi* is a very popular and widespread comic-dramatic dance, which tells the story of the death and resurrection of an ox. It started at the end of the 18th century in the coastal sugar plantations and cattle ranches of the Northeast and spread to the North and South. Its name comes from the verb *bumbar*, meaning to beat up or against, and the expression is chanted by the crowd as an invitation for the ox (the men in the ox costume) to charge against them. It is a parade of human and animal characters and fantastic creatures from Brazilian Indian mythology, such as the *caipora*, to the sounds of music and singing.

It takes place during the Christmas season. There is usually a group of singers and the *"chamador"* or caller, who introduces the characters with different songs. The instruments used are the acoustic guitar, *pandeiro*, and accordion. The *bumba-meu-boi* appears in northern Brazil as *boi-bumbá* and on the island of Santa Catarina in southern Brazil as *boi-de-mamão*. *Mamão* is the Portuguese word for papaya. It is believed that originally a green papaya was used as the ox head, and that's where the name apparently comes from.

Ciranda: Children's round dance of Portuguese origin but known in all of Brazil. In the times of Rádio Nacional, thanks to the productions of João de Barro, interpretations of artists of the cast of radio theater and arrangements of Radamés Gnattali, many of his ballads were recorded. *Ciranda* designates, also, a type of *paulista* dance—the finale of the rural dance of *fandango* with the men inside the circle and women on the outside.

Coco: Popular Northeast dance. The main singer leads with the verses, and the group replies with a chorus. The choreography has distinct African influence. More common on the beaches and in the *sertão*, but there was a time when it was danced in the salons of society in Alagoas and Paraíba under the guise of samba, *pagode*, and *zambé*. It is a circular dance in a fast tempo and intriguing syncopation. The singers and dancers form a circle inside which sometimes solo dancers perform.

Desafio—the challenge: This is one of the best known and most interesting forms of Brazilian popular music—a poetic, musical dispute between two vocalists. It is a fact that the genre came from Portugal, with the same spirit, and spread to all of Brazil. In the North, the *desafios* are accompanied only by viola and *rabeca*, a kind of viola used in the interior; in the South also guitar and accordion. The melody and lyrics are improvised. The "duel" consists of provocations, questions, and insults one vocalist puts to the other in front of a small audience, usually on the street. The audience applauds at the end of each verse. The songs are spoken more than sung, much like rap. The rhythm is kept with a *pandeiro*, and sometimes *desafios* can go well into the night. These *"repentistas"* are often illiterate but intelligent artists, who can think and improvise on their feet, a

talent they use to break the concentration of their opponent and leave him unable to reply, thus losing the challenge. After the performance, they pass the hat among the audience.

Embolada: It is the term for an improvisational singing style common in the Northeast *sertão* and beaches. There is typically a refrain followed by a series of *sextilhas*, a number of sentences forming a poem, performed by the singer. It is very similar to the *coco*, in fact, some consider it a more sophisticated *coco*. Generally, it is accompanied by a *pandeiro* and a *ganzá*—a tubular metal shaker or a wooden or metal square with cymbals. It plays on at a rapid tempo, often for a long time, and usually employs complex lyrics. There are set refrains, giving the performer the opportunity to consider his next improvisational segment. Often tongue twisting lyrics are used in the humorous or satirical poetry. The tempo gradually speeds up until the words get mixed together—an aspect that gave name to the style *embolada*. Manezinho Araújo from Pernambuco was one of the best known artists of this genre and frequently performed on the radio and recorded from the 30's until the 50's.

Frevo—The great contribution of Pernambuco to Brazil's popular music, whether a dance in the street or the salon, the *frevo* is a vibrant, frenetic, syncopated march, which is the most vivid and frequent sound of the Carnivals of Recife, Olinda, and other cities of the state. The name seems to stem from "ferver" or "fever," an allusion to the fervor with which the people deliver its crazy choreography. It is probable that the *frevo* originated with Captain José Lourenço da Silva, a.k.a. Zuzinha, who directed the Pernambuco Military Brigade band. He had the idea of heightening the syncopation and increasing the tempo of the polka-*marcha*, thus creating the *frevo*. It was first played in Recife during the 1917 Carnival. The dance is generally performed by a multitude of people. It appears that the style has been accepted in the salons since the 1920's. A slower form, performed through singing and known as *frevo-canção*, is also popular. Mestre Capiba and Nelson Ferreira were the best known *frevo* performers.

Maracatu: It coexists with the *frevo* in the street Carnival of Pernambuco. There are groups or *blocos* that parade in the streets accompanied by drums, *chocalhos*—wooden or metal shakers in the shape of a double cone united at the base—, *agogô's*—a double cow bell struck with a stick—, and various other percussion instruments. There is no specific choreography, as with the *frevos*. The members of the groups have the custom of responding in chorus to the improvisation of the *tirador de loas*, lead singer, who "sings a joke" to be answered by the other participants.

Xaxado: dance of the high *sertão* and the interior of Bahia, where it is said to first have been brought to light by Lampião and his *cangaceiros*. Exclusively for men, it was danced in a circle, single file. The right leg moves ahead and provides most of the momentum of the movement, with the right foot slightly touching the floor. The left foot slides and taps the accompanying rhythm. The lyrics of the songs are generally warlike and satirical. The genre was also popularized by Luiz Gonzaga on radio and TV in Rio from about the 1950's.

Xerém: Northeastern dance accompanied by accordion, similar to the polka and the *xote*. In Piauí, in addition to accordion, the dance and song are accompanied in three parts, chanted by men and women.

Xiba: A type of northern response to the samba or the *cateretê* (a rural dance, probably of Amerindian origin performed by couples accompanied by a singer and 2 violas). It is a country dance with instrumental accompaniment of guitar, steel viola, and *cavaquinho*—always outdoors. It is of Portu-

guese origin but popularized by Afro-Brazilians.

Xote, xotis: Northeastern dance very similar to the polka. Its name in reality comes from the German "schottische," an aristocratic ballroom dance, which arrived in Brazil during imperial times. The Northeastern accordion players assimilated and modified it, making it more lively in its 2/4 rhythm, transforming it into music that Luiz Gonzaga would help popularize in the South.

Caboclinhos: Folk dance of primarily Northeastern Brazil where the dancers simulate Indian war dances.

Joaquim Nabuco

One *pernambucano*, not related in any way to music, should be mentioned because of his profound, though indirect, effect on the social structure of Pernambuco and of Brazil: Joaquim Nabuco, an abolitionist native to this state, whose book *Minha Formação* (My Formation) written a century ago, has been re-issued, and his thoughts on and fight against slavery brought to the forefront of today's Brazil a little more than 100 years after slavery was abolished (1888).

Creativity and its expression depend much on the circumstances of the artists. Slavery as an institution in Brazil and the United States determined the direction the artistic expression of freed slaves would take. The approach to slavery in Brazil and the United States took almost diametrically opposed directions. In Brazil slaves were often kept with people from their own region of Africa, preserving the spiritual and linguistic tradition of the Africans, while in the United States slaves were torn from their families and scattered across the South with people who did not speak their language or share their culture.

Another significant difference was the fact that the Portuguese settlers were mostly men, who had come alone to the new world and therefore looked for wives among the Indians and Africans. Thus, a racial mixture became the rule in Brazil and segregation as well as the rape of many women the rule in the U.S. The malady of slavery, of course, can never be remedied by the treatment of those slaves.

Says Joaquim Nabuco about the relationship between owners and slaves:

"I see something very detrimental in the mixture of one race, developmentally behind, with a race, much more advanced, which acts with great brutality. The combination of the submissiveness of the Negro with the brutality of the white man was something which could only create a weak and negative national formation."

But he also says something beautiful:

"A great part of the servile attitude of the black man demonstrates a human and moral superiority, which borders on the sublime."

Ironically, this quality that Joaquim Nabuco saw in the black man caused the ardent abolitionist to say that he longed for the slaves—a very ambivalent statement. In his book, he quotes an English thinker, who said that the blacks of the United States would never arrive at true happiness. But he saw a great possibility of that for the blacks in Brazil, in the future, because of the absence of that separation.

Caetano Veloso, the great *baiano* singer and composer, was so moved by the reading of the book that he took a quote from it and made it the title of his latest CD *Noites do Norte* (Nights of the North). He even went as far as putting music to a piece of prose from Nabuco's book, and the result could not have been more profound if he had written the lyric for the music. The excerpt that so inspired Caetano is the following:

"A escravidão permanecerá por muito tempo como a característica nacional do Brasil. Ela espalhou por nossas vastas solidões uma grande suavidade; seu contato foi a primeira forma que recebeu a natureza virgem do país—e foi a que ele guardou; ela povoou-o como se fosse uma religião natural e viva, com os seus mitos, suas lendas, seus encantamentos; insuflou-lhe sua alma infantil, suas tristezas sem pesar, suas lágrimas sem amargor, seu silêncio sem concentração, suas alegrias sem causa, sua felicidade sem dia seguinte... É ela o suspiro indefinível que exalam ao luar as nossas noites do Norte."

"Slavery will remain for a long time the national characteristic of Brazil. It scattered to our vast isolation a great softness; its contact was the first form, which received the country's virgin nature—and was what was saved. It populated the country as if it were a religion, natural and alive, with its myths, its legends, its enchantments; instilled in it its child-like soul, its sorrows without grief, its tears without bitterness, its silence without concentration, its joys without cause, its happiness without a day after... It is the indefinable sigh that escapes at the moonlight, our nights of the North."

In the words of a pernambucano da gema* living in Rio, about the music so close to his heart:

*Da manga rosa quero gosto e o sumo,
Melão maduro, sapoti, juá,
Jaboticaba teu olhar noturno,
Beijo travoso de umbu cajá,
Pele macia, ai carne de caju,
Saliva doce, doce mel, mel de urucu,
Linda morena, fruto de vez temporana,
Caldo de cana caiana vou lhe desfrutar.*

I want all rose mango taste and juice,
Ripe water melon, sapoti, juá,
Your jaboticaba's nightly look,
Acid kiss of umbu cajá,
Soft skin, oh! Cashew fruit meat,
Sweet breath, sweet honey, urucu honey
Lovely brunette, new unripe fruit,
Caiana sugar cane juice, I'll taste you.
...from a song by Alceu Valença

Pernambuco has a long history. Since the time of the hereditary authorities, it was one of the two regions, which prospered most in that era. The land was invaded by the Dutch, and there was no refuge, and with them came Jews and other Europeans, who contributed to the ethnic integration with Portuguese, Indians, and Africans. From this mixture originated a people with a tradition for music and dance and with veins full of hot blood but at the same time with a tender and quiet behavior. The land is the home to many famous people and accustomed to host artists of all kinds.

From way out in the sertão, where the landscape and the life shows in the faces of its suffering people, but where the people in their hearts keep a quixotic hope, to the seafont, where the inhabitants are more casual and with the frevo in their veins, there stretches Pernambuco. It is the land of frevo, of maracatu, of the singing viola players in the markets, streets, and festivals; it is the land of the coco dance, of the ciranda and of the forró. For every type of music, a facet of her people is represented.

Now the criticism shows up, just as Pasquino in ancient Rome, the viola players with their repentes, (improvisational songs) the funny, dubious lyrics of the forró's passing for romantic genres and for frevos and maracatus, which shake up the people in the streets, during Carnival festivities. For me, pernambucano from the sertão, far from my homeland but with her in my breast, Alceu Valença in his verses best describes the music of Pernambuco: Color, strong flavor and characteristic of the land, sensuality and.... spirit.

Francisco Timoteo Bezerra, attorney and lover of Pernambuco's music.

* Dyed-in-wool Pernambucan

ARTISTS OF PERNAMBUCO

Luiz Gonzaga, the king of baião! 1912-1989

He is without a doubt the most famous and significant of the musicians from Pernambuco. He became known as the king of baião, and his genre of Northeastern music has become the most successful around the country.

He was born on December 13, 1912 on the Caiçara ranch near the town of Exu in the sertão. Luiz Gonzaga do Nascimento was the son of a farm worker, Januário, well known for his accordion playing. He helped his father in the fields since he was very young. He learned to play the accordion and accompanied his father to festivals, parties, and dances, where he practiced his father's chosen instrument and several others. His childhood heroes were the cangaceiros, whom he admired for their free spirits and lifestyle. Lampião, who was at the height of his fame, was his idol. At 18, he joined the army, where he remained until 1939. He played cornet in the band while studying the accordion with Domingos Ambrósio, who also taught him the music of the Southwest.

He traveled to Rio where he tried his hand at becoming a professional musician, playing at clubs and bordellos. His breakthrough came almost by accident after someone requested that he play music from his home state. On Ary Barroso's radio program he played *Vira e Mexe*, which won first prize. After that, he recorded two 78's, and his career was well on its way. His repertoire consisted of a variety of styles, some of European origin, in an attempt at trying to please the tastes of the day.

But in 1946, his new recording revolutionized the music scene. The title was *Baião* and gave name to a whole new genre. It was written in partnership with Humberto Teixeira from Ceará. The inspiration for the song was a folkloric tune, a baiano, a Northeast dance of African background. In the pernambucano sertão, the dance was performed in connection with a desafio, challenge, a contest between two country singers. It became the signature music of



Luiz Gonzaga, which he performed dressed in the leather garb of the *cangaceiros*, his childhood heroes.

Luiz Gonzaga deserves to be recognized for his role in the musical scene of Brazil, then and even today. It is true that Luiz Gonzaga always wanted to share his laurels with two partners, Zé Dantas and Humberto Teixeira. But the truth is that the most important player was Gonzaga with his accordion, his black voice, his Northeast sentiment, the painful tone in certain songs, which he composed, or the grace of some of the lyrics he wrote.

Luiz himself defined very well the style of his two partners, Zé Dantas, most authentically Northeastern; Humberto Teixeira a chiseler of the rough stones of his creations. In an interview for Rádio Jornal do Brasil from July 1983, Luiz Gonzaga said: "Humberto is most meshed with the city, with the asphalt, and Zé came from the hard *sertão*. I used to say that I could sense the smell of goat on him."

Luiz Gonzaga, unlike Zé Dantas, who died forgotten, or Humberto Teixeira, who is barely remembered today, lived until his last years in the limelight. After *baião* went out of fashion, he faded from the headlines, but praise from Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil brought him back to the fame he deserved. His *Asa Branca* (White Wing) became a classic. *Paraíba*, *Baião de Dois* (Baião for Two), *Mangaratiba*, *Juazeiro*, *Meu Pé de Serra* (My Foothill), *Açum Preto*, *Que nem Jiló*, are important titles in a body of work of more than 600 compositions, which encompass two distinct hallmarks that are his own: The playing of lament, sad, suffering, at some moments bordering on the tragic; and in others the social, alternating with happier pieces, cheerful *forrós*, village *juninas*, and festivals of the interior, from which Gonzaga never stayed away. Naturally, the *baião* had other devotees at the time of Luiz Gonzaga on the Rádio Nacional. There were composers and interpreters who dedicated themselves to the genre with success, even without the master. Among the composers worth remembering are Jackson do Pandeiro, Zé do Norte, Miguel Lima, and the *mineiro* (from Minas Gerais) Hervê Cordovil. Among the interpreters was at least one brilliant female figure: Carmélia Alves.

The influence of Luiz Gonzaga in popular music was such that years later representatives of the Bahian vanguard, Gilberto Gil and Caetano Veloso, confessed that they were very close disciples of the creator of *Asa Branca*, which Caetano recorded in London. Gilberto Gil recorded *Vem Morena* (Come, Dark Woman) in 1984 and it was also recorded by Gonzaga and Fagner in 1988.

Toward the end of his life, Luiz Gonzaga found himself a musical legend in Brazil. This was illustrated clearly during an incident, which parallels the Hatfield's and McCoy's of the American South, the two Pernambuco families Sampaio and Alencar had had a feud that stretched over 20 years. In 1978, a member of the Sampaio family killed Zito Alencar, mayor of Exu, Gonzaga's home town, re-igniting the war. Gonzaga returned to Exu for the first time in many years and, armed only with his accordion, managed to calm the warring factions. He had, in fact, attained a status similar to that of Lampião, his childhood hero.

"Asa Branca:"

Today, many miles away
In sad solitude
I wait for the rain to fall again
For me to return to my *sertão*

José Teles of *Jornal do Comércio*, one of Pernambuco's newspapers, writes in an article called "Damas de Ouro da Música Pernambucana" (Golden Ladies of Pernambucan music:

In 1962, Terezinha Calazans, a young singer, rooted in Recife, decided to learn about the *ciranda*, an obscure rhythm, and spent 20 days on the remote Ilha de Itamaracá. Her teacher was a young woman of 19, born and raised there, Maria Madalena Gomes do Nascimento, known as Lia.

In addition to putting together a plentiful collection of music, Teca—as Terezinha was called—in partnership with Lia composed a song that became a virtual hymn: "Who gave me this *ciranda*." It has the famous lines: "This *ciranda*, who gave it to me was Lia/who lives on the island of Itamaracá." The song soon became so widely known that other singers took it to be public domain and recorded it without permission.

Born to a farmer and a domestic help, Lia had no family tradition of artists. "I was born with this knack," she says. It is a knack which has been polished with other *cirandeiros* (people who practice the *ciranda*) and which has led to her repertoire, part public domain, part her own material.

She recorded an LP, *Lia de Itamaracá, a Rainha da Ciranda*, for which she did not receive any pay or royalties, and about which she felt used and cheated. Lia has spent much of her life ignored by official cultural institutions. Once she was invited to sing at an official function, but the microphone did not work.

She has started working with impresario Beto Hees, also a *pernambucano*, who had spent ten years in Europe producing music. Today he is in charge of Lia's career. Their first project together was called *Ciranda de Ritmos*. He planned the debut of the partnership at Casa de Cultura, Praça do Carmo in Olinda and Jaguaribe, center of the island. The title is *Ciranda de Ritmos* because Lia does not restrict herself to *cirandas* but also sings *cocos* and *maracatus*, both Northeastern styles of music. The idea was to revive the success the *ciranda* had in the 70's, when it became the chic rhythm of the Recife middle class.

After the wave withdrew, the *cirandeiros* returned to their ordinary lives. Lia was a cook in the restaurant Sargaço, on Itamaracá, where Saturdays were often spent with *ciranda* events, which she encouraged. The bar, in which she worked, closed, and she went on to do other work. Later she was responsible for the food service at the school of Jaguaribe. Since the end of the 70's she became bitter because of what she saw as ostracism, which not even later appearances on TV Globo could make up for. Her re-discovery happened at a performance in Abril Pro Rock, in 1998.

She started performing regularly, at an average of 15 shows a month, usually for \$1,000 per performance. She says: "But depending on the locale and whatever, people often perform for free." The tours have been fairly constant. Rio and São Paulo are the cities where she has the greatest successes. "There are people there who didn't believe I even existed, or think that I had already died." A second CD was recorded live at a show at the Centro Cultural Banco do Brasil, in Rio with four more cuts recorded in the studio. She admits that things are getting better.

At almost 6 feet tall at 55, with the carriage of an African queen, Maria Madalena Gomes do Nascimento has not gained much more from the *ciranda* than happiness. Just as she did not inherit an artistic vein from her parents, she will not leave heirs. Married for 23 years, though not on paper, Lia does not have children. "At the hour when God calls me, there is no-one to

take my place." She is wrong about that. When the inevitable happens, in her place will be the legend, and there will always be someone to sing the verses created almost four decades ago: "This *ciranda* who gave it to me was Lia/ who lives on the Ilha de Itamaracá."

Alceu Valença

Born in 1946, in São Bento do Una in the countryside of Pernambuco. Studied law, but his vocation was always music. Recorded his first album with Geraldo Azevedo, in 1972. Made his national breakthrough in 1975 at the Festival Abertura on TV Globo with a song, which fuses Northeastern roots with rock. A *carnavalesco* (someone intimately involved with Carnival), he lives in the focus of the festivities, in Olinda, and customarily organizes great celebrations singing from the balcony of his house. He grew up in a middle class family, his father was a lawyer, and when he was nine his family moved to Recife. A few years later he started playing the guitar.



He absorbed all the musical traditions of the area, living on a busy street, Rua dos Palmares, he witnessed traditional parades and was inspired, though that type of music was not played on the radio. His musical role models were Luiz Gonzaga and Jackson do Pandeiro, whose clownish ways he adopted and often performs in a court jester outfit. His grandfather, too was a musical influence in his life. And although he preferred the musical traditions of Pernambuco, a couple of American musicians gave him inspirations. He listened eagerly to Ray Charles' "I Can't stop loving you" and "Hit the road, Jack" as well as Elvis Presley's early albums.

He started his career in Recife where he played traditional Northeastern music with his friends, rebelling against the rejection of the *baião* by the middle class. At college he attained a law degree but was not interested in pursuing a career as an attorney. His debut as a solo artist was on the album *Molhado de Suor* (Wet with Sweat), in 1974. It was chosen by critics as one of the year's top three albums. His mixture of blues, rock, and Northeastern styles began to attract attention. Another album from 1978, *Agalopado*, showed his fiery soul:

I sing the pain, the love, the disillusion
And the infinite sadness of lovers
Don Quixote free of Cervantes
I discover that the windmills are real
Between beasts, owls, jackals
I turn to stone in the middle of the road
I turn into a rose, path of spines
I ignite these glacial times.

In 1982, he issued an album, that went on to platinum sales,

Cavalo de Pau (Stick Horse) and the same year he made an appearance at the Montreux Jazz Festival. In *Brazilian Sound* his music is described thus:

"Mixing Luiz Gonzaga and Elvis Presley, *maracatu* with synthesizers, *coco* with electric guitar, Alceu concocts exhilarating musical blends. Atop them, he sings his idiosyncratic stories using 'a hybrid language, urban and rural.' In concert, Valença strives for an 'almost operatic' climate in which he improvises a great deal and assumes many roles. He commented, "I have the clown side and the more cool side. I have various persons inside me, faces, masks, and my music is this—*frevos* to *maracatu* to something totally romantic."

Alcides Leão

Born February 19, 1916 in Campina Grande, state of Paraíba, he adopted Recife, with which he fell in love and which he called his "*cidade maravilhosa*," (marvelous city, the nickname of Rio de Janeiro). He was a trumpet player, bandleader, and arranger playing in the Bando Acadêmico. He became known for the *frevos-de-rua*, street *frevos*. On several occasions he won competitions for Carnival songs, for the pure and genuinely *pernambucano* style, which dominated his *frevos*. Of his *frevo* work, the following songs stand out: *Mordido* (Bitten) (1975); *Tiririca*, (1975); *Parada dura* (Tough Situation) (1959); *Dose pra Leão* (Too Much) (1974); and *Envenenado* (Poisoned) (1962). Died in the 1970's.

Antonio Maria Araújo de Moraes

Born in Recife in 1921 and died in 1964. He was a chronicler, poet, lyricist and started his artistic life on the Rádio Clube of Pernambuco. He worked in partnership with Vinicius de Moraes and Luís Bonfá. Author of several popular music successes: "Ninguém me ama" (Nobody Loves Me), "O amor e a Rosa" (Love and the Rose), "Manhã de Carnaval" (Morning of Carnival), *Frevos* number 1, 2, and 3 of Recife, etc.

Badia

Maria de Lourdes Silva, born in 1915 and died in 1991, granddaughter of Africans. She was born on Rua Augusta, in the neighborhood of São José and moved, while still a child, to the house at Pátio do Terço, which she made the headquarters of her Carnival festivities, and of her religiosity. In her house was founded the Clube Carnavalesco the Coroas de São José, in 1977, which parades on Thursday of the pre-Carnaval week, continuing the tradition. She was honored on numerous occasions for her involvement in *agremiações*—clubs or groups of people involved in cultural and musical expression. Some of those were Vassourinhas in 1986, Lenhadores, 1990, and Bloco Saberé in 1986, among others.

Capiba

Born October 28, 1904, in Surubim, in Pernambuco, Lourenço da Fonseca Barbosa, known as Capiba, the nickname of his maternal grandfather. In 1912, he was already part of the band Lira da Borborema, run by his father, Severino Athanásio. In 1921, he organized his first orchestra, the Jazz Band Campinense. One of his first compositions was the waltz, "Meu Destino" (My Destiny). In 1918, he composed the *Suíte Nordestina* for piano. He was the great Pernambucan author of Carnival songs, known as *Frevos-canção*, having composed



hundreds of them. He wrote *Frevos-de-bloco*, *maracatus*, *frevos-de-rua*, sambas, *chorinhos*, and others. The great interpreter of his work is without a doubt the singer Claudionor Germano. His best known *frevos* are: *É de Amargar* (Bitter state of Mind) (1934), *Manda embora essa Tristeza* (Send this Sadness Away) (1936), *Casinha Pequeninina* (Tiny little House) (1939), *Morena da cor de Canela* (The Dark Woman the Color of Cinnamon) (1948), *É Frevo, meu Bem* (It is Frevo, my Dear) (1951); *A Pisada é Essa* (The Footstep is That) (1953), *Madeira que cupim não rói* (1963) and more: *Oh Bela* (Oh Beautiful), *Juventude Dourada* (Golden Youth), *Só pensa naquilo* (You only think of that), etc.

Carlos Fernando

Born in Caruaru, in the countryside of the state, he had his first success in *Aquela Rosa* (That Rose), winner of the Festival de Música Nordestina, in 1969. Creator of a series of albums *Asas de América* (Wings of America), which reunited the principal names of Brazilian music, recording new and old songs from the Carnival of Pernambuco. Participated with Alceu Valença, J. Michilles, and Geraldo Azevedo in a group of musicians responsible for the revitalization of the *frevocanção*.

Claudionor Germano

The principal interpreter of Pernambuco's Carnival, he began as a singer of romantic music. In 1960, he recorded the potpourris of Capiba and Nelson Ferreira, who were part of the history of Pernambucan music and connected for all times his name with *frevo*. He is also the singer who takes the Frevioca, a tram adapted with a *frevo* orchestra, through the streets of Recife. His son Nonô followed him and is already a great success at the Carnival of Pernambuco.

Dominguinhos

Born in 1941 in Garanhuns, Pernambuco, Dominguinhos began his career at the age of seven playing at backlands street fairs and in the doorways of local hotels. A big, jolly man with a mischievous smile like Harpo Marx, a seemingly effortless playing style and a mellifluous baritone voice, he first played Northeastern root music—*xote*, *xaxado*, and *baiões*—and then expanded his repertoire to include more contemporary compositions after he moved south to Rio in the mid-sixties and formed a songwriting duo with Anastácia. Noted for his beautiful ballads, he has performed with dozens of Brazil's best contemporary performers. Perhaps more than any singer/songwriter, Dominguinhos is responsible for communicating the breadth and sophistication of *fornó* to a modern urban audience. His success, especially live, owes a lot to the fact that he is clearly having so much fun, grinning from ear to ear, as he paints himself "Querubim," "like a satisfied cherub without explanation."

Dona Santa

Maria Júlia do Nascimento, born on March 5, 1877, in Pátio da Santa Cruz, in Boa Vista. Became Queen of Maracatu

of Nação Leão Coroado, where she married João Vitorino. When her husband was chosen as King of Nação Elefante, she abdicated her throne, to follow him. The coronation took place in February of 1947. Daughter and granddaughter of Africans, Dona Santa had in her blood the rhythm of *baque-virado*, a musical style of *maracatu*, and of *zabumba* and *gonguê*, two different kinds of drums.

Getúlio Cavalcanti

Born in the midst of Carnival on February 10, 1942, in Camutanga, Pernambuco, began his involvement in music at the age of 8, playing soprano saxophone in the Banda Musical da Sociedade Beneficente Monsenhor Uchoa, in his native land. In 1962, signed on as singer of the romantic genre by the Rádio Clube de Pernambuco, Getúlio Cavalcanti met Maestro Nelson Ferreira, recording on Rozenblit his first *frevo-canção*, "Você gostou de mim" (You Liked Me). From then on, he recorded great successes in the *frevo-de-bloco* genre, such songs as: "O Bom Sebastião" (The Good Sebastian), "Cantigas de Roda" (Kids Ballads), "Último regresso" (Last return), and others. Later composed for various Carnival groups of Recife such as *Banhistas do Pina*, *Bloco das Ilusões*, *Eu quero mais*, *Aurora de Amor*, *Bloco do Amor*, and the famous *Bloco da Saudade*.

Irmãos Valença, (The Valença Brothers)

João Vitor do Rego Valença and Raul do Rego Valença were born in 1890 and 1894, respectively. The Valença family cultivated the tradition of putting on performances at Nativity scenes for Christmas. The Valença Brothers, as they were known, published about 30 works in addition to others not issued. In 1930 they composed their first music for Carnival, the march "Mulata," in which, two years later Lamartine Babo introduced some modifications, principally in the lyrics, transforming it to "Teu Cabelo Não Nega" (Your Hair Does Not Deny). Three times they were champions at the Carnival of Recife, with the *maracatu* "Ô, Já Vou" (Oh, I'm Already Going), the marches "Nós Dois" (The Two of Us) and "Foi Você" (It Was You). Other compositions: *Um Sonho que Durou Três Dias* (A Dream that Lasted Three Days), "Pisa Baiana," "Cocorocó." They also composed marches and *frevos* for the clubs *Lenhadores* and *Vassourinhas*.

J. Michilles

Began his career as a composer very early on, winning the contest *Uma Canção Para o Recife* (A Song for Recife). Today he is responsible for some of the major successes of the Pernambucan Carnival, many of which have been recorded by Alceu Valença.

João Santiago Dos Reis

Born in Recife in 1928 and died in 1985. Composer and researcher of the Carnival of Pernambuco, he was the founder of *Secção de Pernambuco da Ordem dos Músicos do Brasil*, organization for musicians and *Comissão Pernambucana de Folclore* (Pernambucan Commission of Folklore). Composer of more than 50 parade marches and *frevos*, he participated in a variety of cultural Carnival clubs, among them *Batutas de São José*, *Inocentes do Rosarinho*, and *Flor de Lira*.

José Menezes

Born in Nazaré da Mata on April 12, 1923, the maestro came to Recife in 1943, starting out his musical career as a saxophonist and clarinetist of the Jazz Band Acadêmica. In 1949 he integrated the cast of the Rádio Clube de Pernambuco. He formed his own orchestra in 1961, having dominated the Carnivals of Pernambuco's clubs for 31 years, principally the Português and the Internacional. On several occasions he took the Brazilian music to the exterior. His major successes are the *frevo* "Freios a óleo" (Sudden Stop) (1950), "Boneca" (Doll) (1953), "Terceiro Dia" (Third Day) (1960), "Tá Faltando Alguém" (Someone is Missing) (1961). The most recent is the *frevo* "Bico Doce" (Sweet Mouth), champion of VIII Recifevo, in 1996.

Levino Ferreira

Born in Bom Jardim, Pernambuco, on December 2, 1890, Levino Ferreira began early in the art of music, playing horn in Maestro Tadeu Ferreira's band. At 22 years of age, he began his career as a conductor. At 45, he came to Recife, having participated in the orchestra of Rádio Clube de Pernambuco and the Orquestra Sinfônica do Recife, the OSR, where he played bassoon under the leadership of Maestro Vicente Fittipaldi. Died in Recife on January 9 of 1970, leaving behind an extensive body of work, among which are *frevos*, *maracatus*, folkloric and religious plays. Among his great *frevos-de-rua* are: "Último Dia" (Last Day), "Diabinho de saia" (Little devil in a skirt), "Lá vai tempo" (There goes Time), "Lágrimas de folião," (Tears of the Feast).

Maestro Duda

Arranger, musician, and conductor, he was born in Goiana, Pernambuco, where, at 8 he began playing in the Banda Saboeira. Composed his first song—the *frevo* "Furacão" (Hurricane) at 12. When he was 15, he was already contributing, in Recife, in the Jazz Band Acadêmica and the Orquestra Paraguari of Rádio Jornal do Comércio. After some years of intensive arranging, playing, and composing in the south of Brazil, he returned to Recife where he became a member of the Orquestra Sinfônica and acted as professor-arranger of the Conservatório Pernambucano de Música.

The maestro continued as conductor and arranger as well as musician of the Orquestra Paraibana de Música Popular. Their most recent successes are the *frevos-de-rua* "Estação do Frevo" (Season of Frevo), "Cidadão Frevo" (Citizen Frevo) and Marcela, not to mention his already famous symphonic play, "Fantasia Carnavalesca," recorded for the Orquestra Sinfônica do Recife and Coral Ernani Braga.

Nelson Ferreira

Nelson Heráclito Alves Ferreira was born in Bonito, Pernambuco, on December 9, 1902 and died in Recife on December 21, 1976. Son of a family which cultivated the art of music, he became while still a child, a distinguished pianist, playing from the age of 15 in the Orquestra do Cine Royal, in Rua Nova. In 1916, composed his first song, the waltz "Vitória." His first successful waltz "Milusinha," was composed about 1920, when he filled in as pianist in the orchestra of Maestro Zuzinha, in the Cine Moderno, where he substituted for the maestro shortly after, thus becoming the most admired and well known conductor of Recife, of all time.

Accompanying the evolution of the rhythms and musical idioms, he composed *frevos-de-rua*, *frevos-de-bloco*, and *frevos-canção*, which until today enchant his legions of admirers. Among the most famous *frevos-de-rua* of Nelson Ferreira are the trilogy "Gostosinho," "Gostosão," and "Gostosura," (A Little Bit Likable, Very Likable, and Likeability); "Come e Dorme," (Eat and Sleep); "Isquenta Muié," (Lusty Woman); "Frevo no Bairro de São José e Casá," (Frevo in the Neighborhood of São José and Casá)—hymn of the Sport Club do Recife. His most important *frevos-de-bloco* are the ones of the series of "Evocações" (seven) (Evocations) and "O Bloco da Vitória" (The Bloco of Vitória). Of the *frevos-canção*, his first Carnival marches were: "Borboleta não é Ave" (The Butterfly is not a Bird), "Não Puxa Maroca" (Shut up, Maroca), "Dedé," and "Veneza Americana" (American Venice) (with Ziul Matos).



Chico Science and the Mangue Beat

mangue: a mangrove swamp

Imagine a style of music that comes with its own manifesto! Not since Tropicalismo of the 1960's has Brazil seen such a thing. Chico Science, Francisco de Assis França, the innovative and creative *pernambucano*, was the father of this concept and worked at developing it until his tragic and much too early death in 1997 at the age of 30. It was truly a great loss when his light was extinguished on a Pernambuco highway, as he was on his way to Olinda.

The manifesto of Mangue Beat by Fred Zero Quatro (04) is as follows:

Estuary—Final section of a river or lake. Portion of a river with brackish water. In its margins you find the "*manguezais*," communities of subtropical and tropical plants inundated with movements from the seas. By the exchange of organic material between fresh and salt water, the swamps are among the most productive ecosystems in the world.

It is estimated that two thousand species of micro-organisms as well as vertebrates and invertebrates are associated with the vegetation of the swamp. The estuaries furnish areas for spawning and creation for two thirds of the annual production of fish in the entire world. At least eighty commercially important species depend on the coastal swamps.

It is not by coincidence that the swamps are considered a basic link of the marine food chain. In spite of the bugs, mosquitoes, and flies, enemies of housewives, for the scientists the *mangues* are held as the symbols of fertility, diversity and richness.

Manguetown—the city—The coastal plain, where the city of Recife was founded, is cut by six rivers. After the expulsion of the Dutch, in the XVII century, the *ex-maurícia**

city grew inordinately at the cost of indiscriminate land reclamation and the destruction of its mangrove swamps.

On the other hand, the irresistible madness of a cynical notion of progress, which elevated the city to the status of the "metropolis of the North East," did not delay the revelation of its fragility.

Sufficient were the changes in the "winds" of history that the first signals of economic sclerosis were manifesting themselves at the beginning of the 60's. In the last 30 years, the syndrome of stagnation, allied with the permanence of the myth of the "metropolis," has only accelerated the aggravation of the picture of misery and urban chaos. Recife today has the highest unemployment in the country. More than half of its inhabitants live in *favelas* and floating houses. According to a study of the institute of population studies in Washington, Recife is today the fourth worst city in the world to live in.

* Maurício de Nassau (Johan Maurits van Nassau-Siegen), colonial manager, who ruled Pernambuco for seven years during the Dutch occupation. Sometimes, Recife has been called "cidade ex-maurícia," as a nickname.

Mangue—the scene—Emergency! A quick shock, or Recife dies of a heart attack! It is not necessary to be a doctor to know that the simplest way to stop the heart of a subject is to obstruct its veins. The quickest way, also, to choke and empty the soul of a city like Recife is to kill her rivers and cover up her estuaries. What is to be done not to deepen the chronic depression, which paralyzes the citizens? How do you give back the courage and de-lobotomize and recharge the batteries of a city? Simple! It is enough to inject a little energy into the mud and stimulate what remains of the fertility in the veins of Recife.

In the middle of 1991, a nucleus of research and production of pop ideas began to be generated and articulated, in various points of the city. The objective was to dream up an "energetic circuit," capable of connecting the good vibrations of the *mangues*, with a worldwide network of circulation of pop concepts. A symbolic image, a parabolic antenna strung together in the mud.

The mangueboys and manguegirls are individuals, who are interested in: comic strips, interactive TV, anti-psychiatry, Bezerra da Silva, Hip Hop, mediocrity, artism, street music, John Coltrane, coincidence, non-virtual sex, ethnic conflicts and all the advances chemistry applied on the ground of the alteration and expansion of the consciousness.

Manguebeat—One of the metaphors of the concept of *mangue* is the parallel between the richness of this ecosystem and the diversity of the musical scene of Recife.

The Utopia of succeeding in equalizing those parallels... The legend has it that in June of 1991 a group of guys were drinking in a place called Cantinho das Graças in Recife. Among them was Francisco França, known in the area as Chico Science.

He had discovered the Lamento Negro (Black Lament) a samba-reggae group. After one of the jam sessions with them, Chico was impressed with the energy of Lamento Negro, and afterwards called two friends from Loustal, his old Hip Hop and Funk band, then formed Chico Science and Lamento Negro, with the objective of blending the black international music with regional rhythms like the *maracatu*. That band was later called Chico Science and Nação Zumbi*. And the rhythm was the Mangue.

Among the drinking buddies of Chico Science were several journalists, graphic artists, and musicians. They had in common an appreciation of the Punk ideology of Cash From Chaos by Malcolm McLaren, the man who, through bold marketing

launched the Sex Pistols and NeverMind The Bollocks to success. From this meeting emerged the idea of turning Mangue into a movement.

In 1993, after several shows, the group began recording *Caranguejos com Cérebro* (Crabs with Brains), which was the first collection of the mangue songs, which would reunite, in addition to Chico Science and Nação Zumbi, mundo livre S.A., and Loustal along with a composition by Vinicius. Enter, an acquaintance of Science.

The project of *Caranguejos com Cérebro* was interrupted after a tour with three shows of Chico Science and Nação Zumbi and mundo livre by São Paulo and Belo Horizonte.

* Zumbi refers to the runaway slave, who with a large group of followers escaped from their owners and formed a colony called a *quilombo*. This one was named Quilombo dos Palmares, and Zumbi has forever remained a symbol of freedom of the oppressed.

Three shows resulted in a great success and various praises in the media. After the show, Chico Science and Nação Zumbi signed a contract by the label Chaos, a division of Sony dedicated to "alternative" bands. They issued in '94 the CD *Da Lama ao Caos* (From Mud to Chaos), produced by Liminha. mundo livre S.A. had at the same time their *Samba Esquema Noise* produced by Carlos Eduardo Miranda of Banguela.

After those, several other bands emerged in Recife, including the most diverse rhythms from *forró*, Mestre Ambrósio for example, to Pesado and Cru Punk/Hard Core, devotees of Hate. mundo livre S.A. recorded *Guentando a Óia* and participated in several festivals such as Humaitá. Chico Science then recorded *Afrociberdelia*, their second album, and participated in Hollywood Rock 96 and prepared for their second world tour spreading *mangue* to the world.

Sadly, on February 3, 1997, as Chico was preparing for the *pernambucan* Carnaval, an accident took his life and left a hole in the hearts of *pernambucans* and principally in the pernambucan culture.



NANÁ VASCONCELOS

Naná Vasconcelos

Naná Vasconcelos was born in Recife, and even after having played around the world and lived outside Brazil, his roots are still apparent in everything he plays. When he was 12 years old, he began playing with his father, a guitarist, and in the city's marching band. He had an incurable curiosity, which led him to listen to all forms of music from Brazilian classical composer Villa Lobos to Jimi Hendrix. He learned all the

Brazilian percussion instruments and eventually specialized in the *berimbau*, the one-stringed instrument used commonly in *capoeira*. He has taken this instrument far beyond its traditional uses and is acknowledged as its foremost player.

After playing in every kind of context, such as symphonic orchestras and street bands, Naná moved to Rio and began playing with Milton Nascimento. In 1970, Argentine tenor player Gato Barbieri invited him to play in his band. They played in New York, then toured Europe, where Naná caused a sensation at the Montreux Jazz Festival. After the tour, he decided to stay in Paris. It was here that he made his first recording, *África Deus*. Naná returned to Brazil for the recording of his second album, *Amazonas*, and began working with guitarist Egberto Gismonti, which lasted eight years and produced three albums of duets.

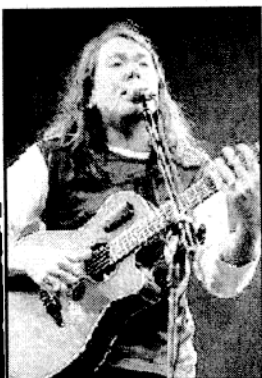
In New York he formed Cocona with Don Cherry and Collin Walcott, as well as touring and recording with Pat Metheny's band. Since 1975 he has recorded with everyone from B.B. King to Jean Luc Ponty to Talking Heads. Generally, his work goes above and beyond that of most percussionists. While he was working with Gismonti, he recorded his third album, *Saudades* (Longing) on which he is accompanied by a symphony orchestra. In 1983 he released *Zumbi*, an album on which he highlighted his work with voices and "body percussion," sounds he makes by slapping his body.

Also in 1983, he started working with drum machines after being inspired by the break dancing scene. He toured Europe with a group of break dancers from the South Bronx. His very original use of the drum machine is distinguished by an unusually careful tuning that makes it sound almost organic and by his ability to play it live, typing out polyrhythms instead of programming them layer by layer. In 1986, he returned to Brazil for the first time in six years, and his solo tour was enthusiastically received by enormous crowds who came to see him. He continued to extend the field of his collaborations, being featured on soundtracks for films by Susan Seidelman and Jim Jarmusch. He has continued to play with a variety of bands, who vie for his innovative musical expression.

His own projects, however, remain of the greatest importance to him. His group, Bushdance, recorded for Antilles and worked extensively in Europe, and he has developed a unique solo performance, a theatrically staged piece that explores the full, fascinating range of sounds and songs that lie at the heart of his music, and which is based around his unique rapport with his audience. A further dimension of his work lies in his continuing commitment to his work with children and people with learning difficulties through workshops in the UK and Italy and now in Brazil. (Biography by Saudades Tourneen).

Lenine

One of the rising stars in recent years, born in Pernambuco, is Lenine. True to his roots, his music is influenced by the traditions of his Northeastern state. He has managed to integrate the sounds of *maracatu* and the Carnival music into his modern Brazilian music. He left his home in Recife at the age of 18 and went to Rio, where he began to make an impact on the music scene. Struggling for acceptance at first, his innovations have since been adopted by a generation of pop artists, and it is now common



to hear *maracatu* percussion in Brazilian *telenovelas* (soap operas) soundtracks and advertising jingles.

In the 90's, Lenine has modulated his populist approach to incorporate the digital revolution sweeping popular music, fine-tuning it to suit his own needs. With *O Dia em Que Faremos Contato* (The Day We are Going to Get in Touch) and the more recent *Na Pressão* (Under Pressure) he weaves samples from film and other diverse sources into his fantastical vision, which includes anything from images of bridges and ships to Martian fortresses. In addition to playing guitar and singing, Lenine is also famous for his unique "mouth percussion" technique, which imparts a distinctiveness to his music. (Dan Grunebaum for Tokyo Classified).

Mestre Ambrósio

When the members of the group Mestre Ambrósio moved from Recife to São Paulo, they perceived that something was wrong with the house they were renting in the São Paulo neighborhood of Aclimação. The neighbors appeared to be spying on them and whispering about them during the move. A reporter parked in front of the house, taking notes and then disappeared without explanation. One day, when they were cleaning up, the musicians discovered the solution to the mystery: In the garden they found a plaque that read: School of Basic Child Education.



Without knowing it, Mestre Ambrósio had established their new headquarters in a house, which used to be a school—the scene of accusations of sexual abuse of children. Thus was the introduction of the *pernambucano* group to the city of São Paulo, its new home. The group moved to the big city with the objective of conquering a new audience for the sound of the band. While the majority of current Brazilian groups play pop with regional elements, the group from Recife is taking the opposite direction: they play *baião*, *coco*, *maracatu*, *cavalomarinho*, and other Northeastern rhythms with a couple of pinches of pop.

With its first CD, named *Mestre Ambrósio*, the group became one of the principal names of the *mangue* scene of Recife next to mundo livre S.A., and Chico Science & Nação Zumbi. The band also has two songs on the soundtrack of the film *Baile Perfumado* (Perfumed Dance). The members of the group are Siba, the founder and lyricist who plays *rabeca*, electric guitar, and sings; Hélder Vasconcelos, bellows with eight basses, percussion, and vocals; Éder "O" Rocha, *zabumba*; Sérgio Cassiano, percussion and vocals; Mazinho Lima, bass, triangle, and vocals; and Maurício Alves, percussion. The spoke of their move to São Paulo in *Jornal da Tarde*.

Jornal da Tarde: With the move to São Paulo, are you afraid that you may disconnect yourselves from the rhythms and themes that inspired your music?

Siba: No, because we brought that with us in the baggage. Clearly, the environment will influence the music, and we will

seek new things but without renouncing our principles.

Jornal da Tarde: Have you always been interested in regional music?

Siba: My father was a *repentista*, my uncle performed *coco*. In the Northeast, everybody has a local reference.

Jornal da Tarde: Is your music much influenced by Arab music?

Siba: Yes. The *rabeca* was brought to the Northeast by the Arabs who came from the Iberian Peninsula. The *desafio* and the improvised poetry could also be considered an Arab heritage.

Jornal da Tarde: How did you realize the fusion of Northeastern music with other elements of sound?

Sérgio: For us, that fusion is natural. People try to let in some elements from the outside. Each one has an influence, but the idea is to seek a balance.

Éder: We have to synthesize what we know so as not to confuse the ideas, so that everything may appear with clarity.

Jornal da Tarde: But the Northeastern music continues as the principal base?

Siba: Our music has a Northeastern face, but it is modern music for the next century.

Éder: As Fred Zero Quatro (mundo livre S.A.) says, we are connected to the satellites.

Siba: The *baião* is the rhythm that permeates our music, it is the thread that connects all that we do. In truth, what we do is accelerate the *baião*, something very close to the *cavalomarinho* (sea horse).

Jornal da Tarde: What is the *cavalomarinho*?

Siba: It is a *folgado*, a kind of festival from the forest zone of Pernambuco, a game of the street, which involves music, theater, and poetry. It has a ritual function—almost without musical preparation.

Jornal da Tarde: Is Mestre Ambrósio part of the *mangue beat* movement?

Siba: There doesn't exist an esthetic movement, a musical standard that unites the bands. Yes, there's a strong and diverse cultural scene spread about several ghettos. The *mangue beat* came to create a confluence among them.

The music critic, Ricardo Calazans described the group as follows:

"Six hairy guys, singing and dancing like demons on stage and playing *forró* as if it were punk rock. Mestre Ambrósio, appointed by the critics as one of the major musical revelations of last year, perform today at Canoa their impressive collections of *forros*, *maracatus* and other Northeastern rhythms, and which gathers followers where they go." "We don't make music solely for one age group or one specific tribe. It's even funny to see the mixture of people who make up the audiences at our shows," says Siba, *rabeca* player and vocalist of the group.

Cascabulho

The website worldmusicportal.com says this: Cascabulho reflects the authentic regional rhythms and culture of Pernambuco.



CASCABULHO

Their music is often considered *forró* and shows extraordinary technical spontaneity. This sextet is a party, full of dance and music and a gathering of friends, all rolled into one. Cascabulho's earliest efforts consisted largely of new arrangements of the work of Jackson do Pandeiro, but since its inception

Cascabulho has evolved, cultivating its own repertoire and distinctive style. In 1997, Cascabulho came to national attention in Brazil when they were acclaimed the popular and critical highlight of the Abril Pro Rock festival. This was the first time that the Brazilian press had encountered the band. Later the same year, they performed in Central Park in New York and at Rio's annual Free Jazz Festival.

These performances led to a recording contract. The first CD, *Fome dá dor de cabeça* (Hunger Gives a Headache), includes three songs from Jackson do Pandeiro's repertoire, two by other composers and nine songs by Silvério Pessoa, the lead singer and primary composer in the band. The range of



Cascabulho's creative energy is represented in a repertoire that includes diverse styles such as the traditional *forró pé-de-serra*, *batuque de terreiro**, *maracatu*, *xangô*, *coco de roda*, and *coco de terreiro*. A project firmly rooted in the traditions and cultural expression of Pernambuco, the cover art of the CD includes paintings and sculpture by six regional artists.

* *terreiro*: a house of worship for *umbanda* and *candomblé*.

Books and films about the music and culture of Pernambuco

José Teles from Pernambuco has written a book called *Do Frevo ao Manguebeat*, (From Frevo to Manguebeat). The (also) journalist who already collaborated on *O Pasquim*, cultural magazine of the late 60's and early 70's, and who currently writes about music for *Jornal do Comércio*, gives us what seems to be the definitive way of writing "manguebeat," "manguebit," or even "mang-bit," among other variations. He presents an x-ray of the sound—in his own backyard and the rest of Brazil—of Pernambucan music from the 70's until the present. With Chico Science on the cover, it is one of the best selling books in Pernambuco, demonstrating the marketing strength of the movement, which injected modernity into the typical Northeast regionalism.

José Teles does not try to reinvent the wheel. He complains of how according to the cultural czars things only happen in Rio and São Paulo, but reminds us of how rock did not even sell in the 70's—a fact that aborted several projects—some very interesting, and that in the 90's the strength of manguebeat turned out to be capable of seducing even those in the hub of music production. Exciting things happened because of guys like Chico Science and Fred Zero Quatro. "In the 70's, rock was marginal. And the big problem is that in addition to this, everything was poorly documented. Some bands didn't even record because during this period, the rhythm didn't sell."

Among the things you find in the core of the book is Naná Vasconcelos, who in 1966 played drums for Quarteto Yansã, several recordings by Lourenço da Fonseca Barbosa, Capiba; a copy of the card the family of Chico Science distributed on the day of his 7th-day mass. These were typical scenes from Pernambuco, which according to Teles could not happen elsewhere. "Minas Gerais is a rich state, which can easily develop a music circuit of 15 cities. With Pernambuco, it's different. Therefore, documentation is so difficult."

He makes the comparison as he notes that the festivals happening in the Northeast today are a curse. "Alceu Valença,

for example, hasn't performed in a show in a theater for five years. He comes here just to participate in the festivals. That leaves people unaccustomed to that kind of thing," he says. "This is prejudicial," he says, leaving it clear that the book also has a tone of complaint and denouncement. But he is not a fanatic. He does not deny, for example, the importance of Abril Pro Rock Festival, which is ready to have a *paulista* version after gaining fame in Sampa (São Paulo) and Rio.

The photo of Chico Science on the cover was chosen by the publisher. But Teles agreed. "Keith Richards used to say that England used to operate in black and white until rock'n'roll emerged. Then the country became colorized. It's the same with mangubeat in relation to Pernambuco," says the author—a long time fan of the Stones. In the midst of this color, the only disagreeable stain he sees is the lack of integration that exists between the younger and older generations. "The younger are very connected to the computer culture. Chico Science was an antenna for this. It made all the difference at the time of the formation of the design of the generation. On the other hand, the radios don't play the most traditional of the Northeast musicians of yesteryear. And if people don't hear it on the radio, it's difficult for the information to come across."

Baile Perfumado (Perfumed Ball)

Produced and directed by Lirio Ferreira and Paulo Caldas, it explores the colors without the characteristic of Cinema Novo (A style of Brazilian filmmaking, whose most famous representative was Glauber Rocha). Lirio and Paulo are 36, and their partner, Marcelo Luna, is 32. The three received strong influence from *mangue* beat, which swept Recife in the 90's. They were friends of Chico Science, the composer, who fertilized his creations with the hummus of the Recife *mangue*, adding up tradition and modernization, tempering everything with the nutritious ideas of Josué de Castro (1908-1969). The scientist from Pernambuco, it is worth remembering, moved the world, and served as a mold for the esthetic of Glauberian hunger (refers to Glauber Rocha)—with his ideas reunited in the books, *Geografia da Fome* (Geography of Hunger) (1946) and *Geopolítica da Fome* (Geopolitics of Hunger) (1951).

The musical nucleus of Recife won the Pernambucan scene and, afterwards, the Brazilian scene with Chico Science e Nação Zumbi. Fred Zero Quatro e mundo livre S.A., Siba and Mestre Ambrósio. When Lirio and Paulo conceived the Northeastern *Baile Perfumado*, film and music came together. "The gang from *mangue* beat was with us since the first moment," they remember.

The track of the movie, which put Pernambucan cinema back on the map and gave notoriety to the arid movie, became one of its basic ingredients. Chico Science, who would die prematurely in a car accident, did not see *Baile Perfumado* finished. But his musical work, especially the composition *Sangue de Bairro* (Blood of the Neighborhood)—ended up accompanying the most famous and emblematic sequence of the film. In it was seen—in a detached aerial panorama (*lisérgica panorâmica aérea*—*lisérgica* being an allusion to LSD)—the canyon of Rio São Francisco, with its generous waters being contained by the inaccessible rocks, while the sound track provides the rhythm, pulsation, and beat. It is curious to note that another aerial panorama above the landscape (urban in this case) wrapped in the music, gave fame to *Rap do Pequeno Príncipe contra as Almas Sebosas* (Rap of the Little Prince against the Annoying Souls). It was just that instead of the *mangue* beat, the voice that was heard was that of *paulista* (from São Paulo) rapper Mano Brown (of the group Racionais). He enumerates the names of the principal peripheral neighborhoods of São Paulo (Capão Redondo, Jardim

Ângela....) in a rap protest ("Salve") of rare bluntness.

Rap do Pequeno Príncipe contra as Almas Sebosas

Peripheries—The documentary by Caldas and Luna summed up sounds and images of the forgotten peripheries of the great cities and showed that they are, in a climate of civil war, advancing over the narrow straits of the well born, be it in Recife or São Paulo. It is impossible to remain indifferent to the message of the documentary filmmakers and of the rappers. Mano Brown and Garnizé share the screen with Helinho, the convicted *justiceiro*, (a kind of vigilante, often a member of the Polícia Militar, who murders for hire or out of "concern" for society. Usually, the victims are young, black men in the wrong place at the wrong time) who died, assassinated in Recife, months after the film was exhibited in Venice.

Luna says that great panorama was made in Recife, but in a way, which, with the outcry of the *paulistano* verses of Mano Brown, the spectator sees—not the capital of Pernambuco in particular—"but all the great Brazilian metropolises, which segregate the social outcasts in miserable peripheries." In the process—Marcelo Luna got to know the *mangue* beat when he directed a radio program on a Recife FM station. Some time later, he would know the rap of Mano Brown. When, in partnership with Paulo Caldas, he debuted in full length features, he insisted on using the verses which cry out from the periphery. "The rap," he says with conviction—"Is the chronic 'heavy' of Brazil forgotten by the media."

Mapas Urbanos (Urban Maps)

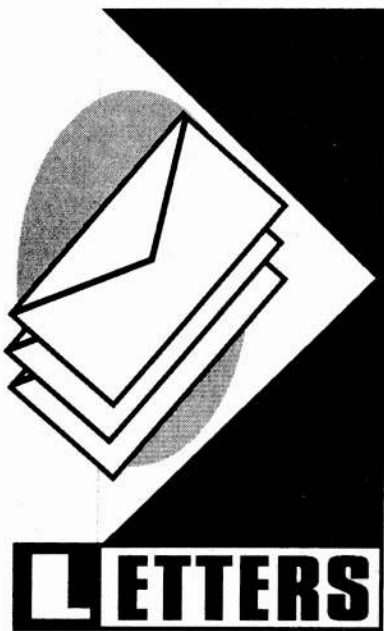
Pernambuco of high tech and the *embolada*. It is not necessary to know Brazilian music, much less regional music to pay attention to and appreciate *Mapas Urbanos 2—Recife dos Poetas e Compositores* (Urban Maps 2—Recife of the poets and composers) documentary shown on Brazilian TV. The only demand is to have curiosity about what is familiar but less known in the south of the country: the strange aspects of *pernambucan* culture—"Pernambuco, land of 10 lyrics which nobody repeats," as the composer, Lenine, says.

Mapas Urbanos, production of Grifa Cinematográfica, already portrayed the cities of São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Salvador. Directed by Daniel Augusto, the program now dives deeply and without any nuisance into the *Pernambucan* cultural production, through its composers, poets, and musicians.

There are interviews with artists like Lenine, Otto, Antonio Nóbrega (of the Project Bricante), Fred Zero Quatro, Siba, Jorge Dü Peixe (Nação Zumbi) and poets like Jorge Wanderley and Sebastião Uchoa Leite, that give flavor to the documentary. Deeply knowledgeable of the strength of the history of their state, musicians and poets outline the relations between the culture produced here, under the influence of its own socio-political structure of the cities. As Silvério Pessoa, of the band Cascabulho says: "Recife is totally surrounded by forts, which on their own create in the people the willingness to resist. And they established these bridges (another mark of the city) cut by rivers until it gets to the seashore, between the history and the land, the people it creates are capable of producing great culture."

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. Her e-mail: kwracing@erols.com



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THE MORE IT CHANGES

I wonder if the outcome from the conviction of Colonel Ubiratan Guimarães, responsible for the Carandiru penitentiary massacre will be one of positive change as far as impunity in Brazil is concerned. First, although he got 632 years, the law stipulates that no one can serve more than 30. Second, the culprit appealed the conviction, and the court let him out into the streets for a new trial. Has anything changed in the country of the Mickey Mouse justice system? Of course, not! The whole thing was just a mere façade. The cheering crowds are fools to believe it was different this time. God help the people of Brazil...

Arsênio Fornaro
Newark, New Jersey

PLAIN TALK

I really hope your (usually great) magazine did not pay for this babble "In Defense of Brazil". I don't understand how the editors of your magazine could even print such garbage. If any of the opinions in this article are accurate how does Mr. Mizewski explain the various economic situations in countries like, Poland, Portugal, India, Japan, Venezuela, Trinidad, China, Canada (shouldn't they be equal to the USA), Columbia, Nigeria etc? Luck, chance, genetic differences? Resources + Social Structure = prosperity.

Bevon Benjamin
Via Internet

THE TYPICAL RESPONSE

Response to Bevon Benjamin (or is it Benjamin Bevon?):

Thank you for your opinion. I wasn't writing about Poland, Portugal, India, Japan, Venezuela, Trinidad, China, Canada, Columbia or Nigeria. I was writing about Brazil. The present state of every nation must be considered, among other things, in the light of its own resources and own history. No two of the nations you mention have identical resources and history. Brazil does not have the same resources and history as the United States; and therefore shouldn't be held accountable for not appearing to be the United States. Brazil is Brazil! PS - You misspelled Venezuela.

Philip Mizewski

BADIA BOUND

I really enjoyed the article "Down in Black Bahia" published in the June issue of your magazine. The author really used some good comparisons with Detroit and made some good observations about race relations. I now certainly have to visit Bahia soon.

Brian C
Via Internet

LET'S HEAR IT FOR BAHIA

Excellent article on Bahia. I have subscribed to this magazine for several years now. I am also Black American man with interest in knowing the culture of Brazil. As a young child in grade school for some reason I always had a fascination with Brazil. I have been to Salvador, Rio, and São Paulo. Your article is very factual. I want to commend you for this work.

Larry Winters
Via Internet

BRAZILIAN POLITE

Muito obrigada pelos artigos sagazes e fortes, especialmente aqueles sobre racismo e 'corismo' da Bahia. Your articles are so probing and thoughtful—and have been for so long. It's hard to believe this was begun as a one-genius operation! As a regular traveler to and profound lover of Brazil, it's such a pleasure to dive off into your insightful perspectives ranging the spectrum from grounded terra concerns to metaphysics—all with the cultural flavor of the expansive country of Brazil. I think of it as a continent! Lovingly,

PS. Please enter my online subscription if possible.
Ceja Mejias Ciaran
Via Internet

HEL, SUMMER!

I suffer from long-term Lyme Disease, and for a short while was given Doxycycline that came from Brazil. It was potent stuff (judging from the herxheimer I got from it), supposedly because it is made by a method no longer used in the U.S., which makes for a broader spectrum antibiotic. The American variety is said to be too "pure", and much less effective against Lyme.

My doctor, very big in the movement to treat long-term Lyme with long-term antibiotic therapy (there are hundreds of thousands of Americans with long-term Lyme, not officially recognized), and she would like to find out about "Brazilian" Doxycycline. Please help me, I am really sick.

John E. Helbok
jehelbok@optonline.net

PORTUGUESE VS. BRAZILIAN

It's OK to feel the way you do. It's sort of like in the United States the English language (which is what Americans speak) is being bastardized and destroyed on a daily basis by people that lack the proper education. The same applies to Brazil. Portuguese is what Brazilians speak. Unfortunately the language has been demolished and raped through the years to the point where you try to proclaim the language your own.

Brazilians speak Portuguese. Canadians French, USA English etc. I as a Portuguese male do not deny Brazilians of their identity. In fact am insulted when someone thinks Brazilians are Portuguese. We are from two totally different continents. Brazilians are Brazilians and Portuguese are Portuguese. Many people know that there are those few differences in the tongues, but cannot deny the fact that it is the same language. The Portuguese colonized

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and educated. If not for us Brazilians would not speak Portuguese. This isn't a war of numbers. These are pure historic facts.

Bruno Valente
Via Internet

WHAT WAS CALLED BAHIA DE JESUS

Years ago (late 1950's or the '60's), I read a review of a book by a Brazilian woman writer whose name I cannot remember. She was born in the slums of Rio de Janeiro and her first book sold well, so she was able to move to a more affluent part of the city. In her new location, she learned that some people celebrated "Father's Day," which led her to remark something like "What an absurd day!" Who was that writer and what was the name of her book?

RJT
Via Internet

TRYING TO SURVIVE

I read with interest the article in Brazzil titled "When More is Less". This article was of particular interest to me since my area of concentration for my MBA degree was International Business. Wage rates are one of the ways in which economists classify countries. It's no surprise that developed countries such as the U.S. and Japan have high wage rates. You will find that the developing and underdeveloped countries have lower wages.

This puts countries such as Brazil in a Catch-22 situation. A higher minimum wage would definitely help to raise the standard of living and it would be a good start on closing the gap with wealthier countries. However, higher wages would make Brazil less competitive when it comes to attracting labor-intensive industries. During my last trip to Brazil I did meet a secretary in Rio that somehow was surviving on the \$70 per month minimum wage. I had to get here to translate the amount three times before I could believe it that it was so low!

Brian Coffee
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Via Internet

ENGLISH TAUGHT HERE

I have been reading your magazine for a while now and wondered if you could answer a question. I am presently researching possible teaching opportunities in Brazil. Would you know if there is a great demand for native English speakers to teach English in Brazil? Thank you!

Sabrina Oosman
Via Internet

JUST A LITTLE LOVE

I think one point was only slightly addressed in the US vs. Brazil article, which is vital to a complete understanding of historical differences between the US and Brazil. It was mentioned that the US was founded by people who primarily wanted to have land and farms to just sustain themselves. This was true for the most part, as was true that 99 percent of our ancestors were racist to some degree.

SEE ENTIRE LETTER AND RESPONSE ON
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Mark Eberhart
Via Internet

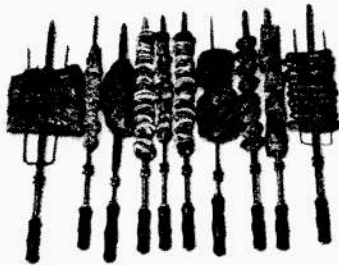
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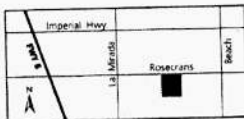
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Shock Treatment

That Brazil has produced some of the most expensive and environmentally damaging hydro projects yet conceived by man (outside China) is never mentioned in political debate.

CONRAD JOHNSON

The most newsworthy development in the recent eventful months of Brazilian politics: the Workers Party (PT) has begun to speak to issues other than "corruption" in and "moral reform" of government. The PT presidential candidate Lula has over 30 percent of intentions to vote. That is 50 percent more than his nearest rival. Lula is a three time runner-up in consecutive presidential elections; once he was only defeated in a second term, or run-off election. With candidates aligned against the ruling coalition polling a startling 70 percent of eligible voters, the PT is already beginning to act as if it will win national elections set for 2002.

What are these 'opposition' candidates saying about the electric energy crisis? And of what they are saying, what might we expect them to be enacting were they to win in 2002?

Two very important benefits have already been delivered by the crisis. The most important is that even before rationing began on June 1, 2001, according to University of São Paulo Professor and Brazil's most respected international voice on electricity, José Goldemberg, "more had been accomplished on conservation than in 15 years of the expensive government program for electric energy conservation, Procel." This is no small accomplishment indeed. If the voters look closely at the patterns of use they will see that even in the weeks leading up to rationing, residential and commercial users decreased their use of electricity while industry increased its already heavily subsidized use.

Given Brazil's rate structure, dominated by long-standing sweetheart consumption deals with private and state-owned industry, one might draw the conclusion that price matters. Instead, the opposition chooses to blame the ruling coalition for unnecessarily increasing electric retail consumer rates in excess of general inflation indicators. The industrial companies who utilize subsidized electric are, after all, where most PT activist members get their paychecks; at least those that don't get them directly from a government owned or controlled institution.

There is moreover, strong evidence that electric regulators have consistently applied an interpretation to the purchase and concession contracts of distribution companies against the distributors and in favor of residential users. An ex-central bank president has so commented, and several lower Brazilian courts have so held. The opposition, without mentioning this probability (and not because these issues in various forms are in litigation) has instead chosen to emphasize the fact that private distributor investment in generation has been "disappointing". According to the opposition, the privatization of electric energy distribution erred in not mandating additional investment in generation and this contributed to the present energy shortage.

The fact that 'independent' government regulators may be consistently interpreting franchise agreements against distributors, consistently giving distributors less than they had bargained for when purchasing previously state owned companies—in other words, intentionally creating a hostile investment climate—is not mentioned by anyone running for office. That most distributors have decreased their projected investment in generation is true.

Distributors cite as the principal reason the belief that there are not clear rules on setting rates they can charge consumers because the regulators are inconsistent about the expenses to be included in calculating and determining rates. If that were true and the investors were, as they have been lately, foreign corporations, they would be violating fiduciary responsibilities to their shareholders if they invested into such an environment. That would indeed be a hefty additional 'cost' to the price of doing business in Brazil.

A deeper worry is not just that there are no clear rules for determining fair rates, but that there is no clear public agreement that Brazil desires a competitive market in electric energy, whether government or opposition inspired. Without agreements on desired effects, even the plainest of rules are meaningless: they cannot be interpreted. The opposition will permit 'space' in the electric sector for private investment. They articulate honestly that contractual obligations with private companies should unambiguously provide for the maximum benefit to consumers and a 'fair' return to investors.

Of course Brazilian politicians and their constituents know 'fair' rates when they see them. What the opposition wants is that the 80 percent of generation capacity still unprivatized must stay, all opposition candidates agree, under public control. That means the 90 percent of distribution capacity already privatized can be 'fairly' held politically hostage to strong public



political control of distributor price and profit. Naturally then, the opposition wants to suspend the wholesale market.

The unstated but logically inevitable assumption of such a position in the controversy is that since free markets (the ones where price and investment capital are necessarily connected concepts) mean foreign return on investment should be avoided, or at least controlled at all costs. 'Voters in Brazil have a 1988 Constitutional right to energy supply, any "profit" should inure to their direct, politically determined benefit', or so the story goes.

The other important lesson of the crisis too goes without significant public comment. Brazil's electric generation system is over 90 percent produced by hydro. As one of the more attentive Brazilian observers of the crisis (Prof. Adriano Pires, head of the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro's Center for Infrastructure Studies) and one who has been warning of its probabilities for several years notes: "even if Brazil had completed ten other expensive dam projects, that would be no sure protection against the present drought induced crisis".

Brazil cannot, despite the world's most favorable hydrology, rely only on the gods of rain. Like any other country, developed or striving for development (Chile and Colombia have already learned, e.g.), Brazil needs diversity in its generation matrix. Instead 'give the hydro based state-controlled companies like Furnas all the fiscal financing necessary to keep rates low and energy unlimited' is the last line in all the opposition 'crisis' arguments, though a meaningless (because theory-less) nod is given to its infant environmental wing.

That Brazil has produced some of the most expensive and environmentally damaging hydro projects yet conceived by man (outside China) is never mentioned in political debate. The PT solution so far, more of the same: to build larger reservoirs, more expensive and with even greater social and environmental impacts.

This logical second lesson for the opposition instead serves other purpose. The opposition uses 'the crisis' to build further on statist, nationalist logic. Since government-controlled Petrobras is involved in the majority of the projects that are off the drawing board and intended to create needed natural gas generation, it proves that only state owned companies are reliable partners for producing the electric energy the nation needs. Private investment is welcomed in the role of "project partnerships with government companies" the opposition insists.

Whatever else the opposition candidates may disagree about, they must, according to Lula, insist that Furnas, the biggest federally owned electric company, never be privatized; and if privatized by the present government, have the "courage to retake it" when the opposition gains power. This is the opposition form of 'respecting' the authority of twice democratically elected agents of the Real Plan.

Very mindful, one might think, of another opposition presidential candidate—military 'protector' of Furnas generation reservoirs and Governor of Minas Gerais—Itamar Franco. His 'legal' repossession of the board of directors' seats purchased by AES and Southern Electric on the board of "his" state electric company attracts voters. The seats were part of a purchase agreement of a 22 percent stake in Cemig, negotiated with the predecessor governor and legislature of Itamar's beloved Minas.

Furnas, the largest generation company in the country and the transmitter and supplier of almost one-half of total Brazilian generated electricity, has in fact single-handedly stunted the infant wholesale market for electric energy. Since the inception of the wholesale market in September of 2000, Furnas has refused to transfer, as its President says, "public money to private investors" for obvious breach of the contractual responsibilities it assumed in commercializing the energy of Angra II (the country's second nuclear generator) on the wholesale market. As a consequence clearing accounts has totally broken down. It seems that for the political opposition, distributor investments in excess generation capacity (which have no clear, predictable saleable value outside a wholesale market) must be further held hostage to the public owners of Furnas.

That the PT's largest support is from unions whose professional and bureaucratized members have benefited enormously from being employed by state controlled firms, goes without mention. Also unmentioned is the fact that now having debilitated the wholesale market—a necessity if a surplus of reserve generation is a goal—Furnas (after 10 months of stalled negotiations) seems ready to finally take responsibility for commercializing the product of Angra II. Suddenly, and in the midst of

a crisis, Furnas is amenable to receiving the profits (wholesale prices approach US\$300 per mwh) now that it knows its losses are covered. No mention is made by the opposition of this sequence of events; and worse, no ruling coalition spokesman mentions it either. Taking large vertically integrated and state-owned companies out of the 'market' is clearly not a popular Brazilian purpose.

What appeals to the voters, evidently, is the 'efficiency' of government producers (on fully depreciated assets Furnas sells electricity for US\$ 20 mwh on average and still makes handsome profit) dedicated to purposes beyond the 'selfish' profit motives: the incorruptible moral justice of investing public money in state controlled firms dedicated to providing public service under political control. (Lula recently returned from China, without press accompaniment, where he was treated, he says, to further enlightenment on such matters.)

Naturally the IMF, as always, is a logical whipping boy for such logic. Never mind that inclusion of government companies' operational accounting in IMF conditions has actually, because operational balances are favorable, expanded fiscal financing for social welfare programs; all opposition candidates paint the IMF as the enemy of Brazilian welfare and the ally of North American hegemony. The governing coalition "sold out" to the IMF. Because of IMF "conditions", the opposition insists, 'state-controlled companies have been "restricted" from investing in generation, and forced Brazilians to endure an energy crisis that tax supported institutions could have avoided if controlled by moral and responsible politicians'.

There are no such IMF conditions. How Brazil achieves IMF targets is left to Brazil; but evidently, voters are subject to believing opposition lies, and that unfortunately doesn't offer much evidence that Brazil is growing into political and economic maturity. Apparently four decades of bad experience with the bad debts of state companies has only ripened the Brazilian appetite for more of the same. The 60 percent of GNP that is presently on government accounts is not enough for the opposition. (Compare that 60 percent government participation with the 80 percent of the US economy powered by consumer spending.) Politics works best, according to the opposition logic, the closer government share gets to 100 percent. Worse yet, maybe the electorate agrees?

The role the energy crisis plays in present public political debate indicates a firm 'yes'. Sixty nine percent of Brazilians favor state ownership of electric companies against 29 percent who favor privatization according to a late June national poll even though, by any standard measure, delivery of electric service has improved with privatization of distribution. The historic role government control of the economy has served to make the rich in Brazil richer than anywhere else in the world when compared to the poverty of their Brazilian poor is ignored in the process. After all, the poor own these fat (for their past and present employees, stock-holders and the politicians that run them) state companies too, don't they? That must be why 78 percent of Brazilians, a recent poll discloses, care for a larger presence of the "State" in their economy.

Perhaps the road to *grandeza* (greatness) is in Brazil being the first nation to show how more government in the economy doesn't simply result in more politicians deciding what citizens should consume and how they should conduct their economic activity. Everywhere else these public policies garner current cash value, like during Brazil's military *ditadura* (dictatorship), it's had to be at the point of a gun after all.

As Guido Mantega, head of the PT economic brain team puts it, FHC as a social democrat is like a cat next to the PT leopard. To emphasize the point, Lula recently claimed that the *ditadura* economic legacy was more beneficial for Brazil than the FHC contribution. He was of course referring to the giant state enterprises the *ditadura* created on borrowed capital, at least for that portion they couldn't just print with the inflation press. It seems the opposition leopard slouching toward Brasilia to be born again will have, as the PT says with sincere pride, "all red" spots and new "revolutionary" white elephants. The pragmatic Real Plan will be replaced by a harvest of Brazilian politicians "without fear of being happy" as their slogan chimes.

Conrad Johnson, the author, is an American attorney, permanently residing in Brazil. He writes for various publications on development and legal issues in Latin America. You can reach him at conrad@alternativa.com.br

During the past weeks, national media have shown an unhappy and pessimistic Brazil. These same days, we suffered a feeling of institutional failure due to the behavior of politicians and of economic failure caused by government shortsightedness. The people's self-esteem reached dramatic lows. We felt demoralized in behavior as in strength. However, the more I observe the world around me, the more pride I have in the Brazilian people and the potential of reaction of our country.

No other country, in the past ten years, has been able to emerge from a dictatorship without revenges, or to deconstruct authoritarian waste without traumas. Neither to elaborate a democratic Constitution without paralyzing the country or to elect a President and remove him from office, within democratic rules. We were able to keep his constitutional substitute (Itamar Franco) without any embarrassment and to control a permanent inflation before it grew into hyperinflation. In the meantime we banned a senator and arrested a judge who stole public funds.

Now we face a tremendous energetic crisis due to governmental irresponsibility, but have managed to cut, on the spot, up to 20 percent of domestic consumption even before rationing begins. No other country managed, in so little time, to overcome so many setbacks created by the military, politicians and governments.

If on one hand it is frustrating to see that all this effort is to avoid tragedy, without any benefits for the country—as if we were all goalkeepers, without the right to score a goal—on the other hand it is exciting to see Brazilian potential. A country where a people can transform into victory what seems like tragedy. Of all our problems, the greatest is in the lack of a conduct that might permit us to use this potential to construct and not to avoid destruction; to efficiently use public resources and not to ban their thieves; to efficiently use energy and not to avoid blackouts; to make the country grow and not only to stop inflation.

A country where the population can reduce by 20 percent the domestic consumption of electric energy can perfectly well raise by 20 percent its educational potential, fix its roads, develop science and technology, defend the Amazon and provide all houses with water and sewers. If we have the competence to save when it is needed, we can also construct, transform blackout into light. A people who can save kw have the capacity to develop the IQ of its children.

If we shift over to our GDP all the success obtained in the reduction of energetic consumption, Brazil would have \$73 billion a year to invest in that which could transform us, from a wasteful country in benefit of a few, into a country of welfare for all. Just 20 percent would be enough to abolish social exclusion from the country and another \$58.4 billion would be left over for social and economic investments that Brazil needs.

The tragedy of blackouts, that ultimately bother and humiliate us, putting us thirty years behind, withdrawing in comparison to other countries, can act as a way for us to discover the potential of our people when mobilized. A simple change in motivation of this mobilization and Brazil would be what we want—and that governments have insisted in preventing us to be.

Starting this June, the National Congress begins the elaboration of the National Budget for 2002—the states, the Federal District and the municipalities will do the same. This is the moment for the people, who mobilize to save energy, to mobilize also for the correct use of the resources of its taxes. If this mobilization had happened years ago, listening to all of those who warned us of the energetic crisis, we would not be in risk of blackouts.

Every cent of the budget can be compared to a kilowatt of our hydroelectric plants. If we use the money correctly, starting 2002, for social investments, citizenship will not fail those who today are excluded by poverty because it will have been abolished.

The blackouts can help us awaken our perception of waste and mistakes in the use of our resources. Light is in the correct use of the resources Brazil already has. If we awaken, one day it will be said that Brazil is a country where the light of our future came from the blackout of our present. This happens many times in the life of an individual and can happen, also, in the history of a people.

Cristovam Buarque, former governor of the Federal District, is professor of the University of Brasilia and author of the book *O Colapso da Modernidade Brasileira*, of 1992.

Homepage: www.cristovambuarque.pro.br

His e-mail: cbuarque@tba.com.br

Light out of Darkness

A country where the population can reduce by 20 percent the domestic consumption of electric energy can perfectly well raise by 20 percent its educational potential, fix its roads, develop science and technology, defend the Amazon and provide all houses with water and sewers.

CRISTOVAM BUARQUE



Premature Fever

At this stage, while campaigning is unofficial, the media should be exposing the inefficiency of what's going on, instead of covering it as if it were serious or warranted.

ADHEMAR ALTIERI

with the next campaign beginning the moment an election ends...

The fact is that such an early kick-off to campaigning is harmful on several fronts. So much precocious activity involving who should and shouldn't run, which parties will join which fronts or coalitions, who's up and who's down in the latest surveys, also gets discussions started way down the line: who will get cabinet positions and other plum government posts, and where will government funds be directed for example. And of course, the government can't just allow opponents to "decide" where the future lies, and jumps into the fray. All of which makes campaigning and not governing the priority.

Nobody wants to be so naïve as to believe that strictly political considerations are not a part of governing elsewhere in the world. Perhaps Brazil's fault is that early electioneering is done so openly and intensely, as opposed to the more controlled routines observed in countries where democracy and institutions are more deep-rooted. So it's not as if no horse—trading happens long before elections take place elsewhere. It's just that in Brazil, the bartering reaches a high level of intensity much more quickly—possibly a result of nearly three decades (1961 to 1989) without free and open political activity, and a lingering, albeit unwarranted fear, that things might one day revert to that.

Although democracy was only fully reinstated in Brazil in 1985, there have been enough elections since for voters, politicians and the media to notice that certain routines stemming from this get-going—early mentality are not exactly productive. For example, the idea that someone can win by being first off the gate is obviously misguided: in all presidential elections since the return of democracy—1989, 1994 and 1998—early front-runners did not confirm that status on election day. As a direct effect of that, we now see the left-wing PT, or Worker's Party, not confirming that its candidate will be its President of Honor, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, or just plain Lula: three times he held the early

Current newspaper headlines and magazine covers would have an unknowing observer believing the next presidential election is around the corner in Brazil. In fact, the next general elections happen in October of 2002, thirteen months down the road. This harmful, unwarranted early start to campaigning has been a trait of Brazilian politics since the end of the military regime in 1985—some say, not entirely in jest, that it's more like a continuous process,

lead, and three times he was defeated, so for now, "officially" he is not the candidate, although everyone in Brazil seems to know better.

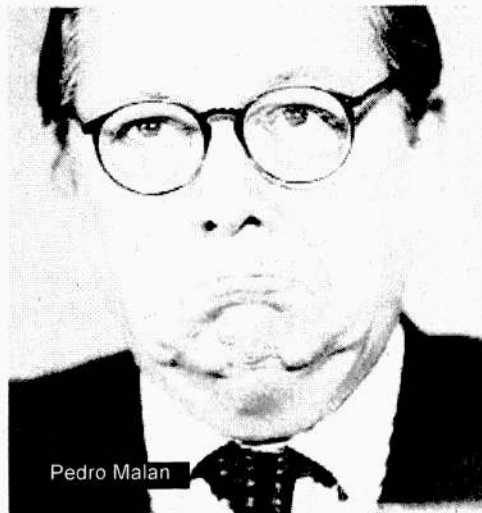
Other parties and presidential wannabes are following suit, and not firming up candidacies or coalitions and alliances, which can get a bit silly: there's hardly a chance that Lula, former Finance Minister Ciro Gomes, former President and current Minas Gerais state Governor Itamar Franco, and Rio de Janeiro governor Anthony Garotinho will not be on the presidential ballot. This means virtually all that's being said this long before next year's elections is much too "iffy" and can be safely discarded: real speeches and proposals are being saved for later in the ball game.

The news media insists on "play-by-play" coverage of these early moves, offering heaps of prominent space about who might do what and who says what about whom. Instead, it should be coming down hard on politicians who benefit from a system that makes it very difficult for an elected official to be penalized by voters for concentrating on early campaigning, while basically abandoning the chores one is elected to carry out. A lack of district voting, mandatory voting, election laws that prevent proper news coverage of election campaigns by the broadcast media (print outlets are not affected), and free radio and TV airtime for politicians to campaign unopposed and uncriticized, all contribute to protect politicians from being chastised in any way. At this stage, while campaigning is unofficial, the media should be exposing the inefficiency of what's going on, instead of covering it as if it were serious or warranted.

From the government's perspective, it all becomes a battle to avoid early "lame duck" status. Allowing the opposition to monopolize the discussion would deliver that message, so the government is forced to add an election ingredient to what it does on a daily basis. The past week, for example, saw Finance Minister Pedro Malan speak directly to the opposition during the announcement of a R\$12.5 billion (about US\$5.5 billion) aid package for federal banks. He said the announcement was "proof" the government was going about its business normally, and would remain "active" until the end of its term of office—as if that were in question. The government is also playing the game by not firming up its standard-bearer in 2002—Health Minister José Serra and Ceará state Governor Tasso Jereissati, appear to have the inside track, with Education Minister Paulo Renato de Souza and Finance Minister Pedro Malan appearing as longshots.

In two specific ways, the government—and President Cardoso himself—have actually fuelled the early campaigning for 2002. The government contribution is the ongoing energy crisis, which opponents see as an impossible negative point for the government to overcome, no matter how much money and effort it pours into its candidate's campaign. The lack of rain argument simply isn't sticking, and the government is being widely blamed for mismanaging the situation, and allowing it to reach crisis proportions. Brasília apparently believes the crisis will be overcome in early 2002, and actually become a positive point in its campaign.

As for President Cardoso, he helped the early campaign kick-off by appearing to be vulnerable. In



Pedro Malan

periods when democracy has been in place in Brazil, it has been something of a tradition for a president to, as they say here, "make his successor". In other words, the candidate supported by the incumbent wins the election. Cardoso's chances of accomplishing this were already seen as dubious because of numerous corruption charges involving government members and allies over the past few months. The problem was compounded by the way the government moved last month to "convince" 20 members of Congress to withdraw their names from a request for a parliamentary inquiry into corruption. The energy crisis added what many in the opposition saw as a key ingredient to an insurmountable set of negatives, which Cardoso, in their view, certainly could not overcome.

So firm is the belief that an opposition candidate will win in 2002 that the PT went so far as to announce a proposal for an economic plan, which turns away from many of its more radical positions—like defaulting on Brazil's foreign debt, and repossessing privatized former state companies. What many are describing as a "light" version of the PT platform is a move designed to address mainly outside concerns. As the political battle has been gathering steam in Brazil, foreign investors have been wondering whether Brazil will remain an option once Cardoso leaves power.

Demagoguery and populism notwithstanding, the PT is fully aware of the importance of foreign investments, which must continue to flow into Brazil in the future if development is to be maintained. So it wants to present itself as a serious option, not one intent on scaring away investors—although most observers and even party insiders have a hard time believing much of what is in the "light" platform would be acceptable to the party's more extreme factions.

While parties and their leaders behave as if election day is

just ahead, once again Brazilian society seems to be ahead of its elected officials in the democratic development process. Surveys clearly show that, when unprompted (no candidate names suggested), voters are simply not in election mode: most don't name a favorite candidate, and some—4 percent according to a survey concluded last month—actually name President Fernando Henrique Cardoso, who cannot run in 2002 because he is on a second consecutive term.

Political reform, often proposed and always ignored in Brazil, would begin to address the situation. A system with more checks on political activity would force those elected to keep working, and not allow campaigning to take over so early. Cardoso twice promised to make it a priority, in 1994 and 1998, only to find that nobody in the political arena, partisan or opponent, really wants to deal with it. Since reform depends on those who now inhabit the system, and they seem quite happy with the way things are, the wisest advice would seem to be "don't hold your breath". Maybe next time, depending on who wins in 2002. Maybe. And that's a definite maybe.

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



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My Turn

My take on Philip Mizewski's article "In Defense of Brazil"
published in the June 2001 issue of *Brazzil*.

MARK EBERHART

I think one point was only slightly addressed in the US vs. Brazil article, which is vital to a complete understanding of historical differences between the US and Brazil. It was mentioned that the US was founded by people who primarily wanted to have land and farms to just sustain themselves. This was true for the most part, as was true that 99 percent of our ancestors were racist to some degree.

One thing you should mention, if you write about this again, is the fact that Brazil was founded mainly by "opportunistic" people who came to reap the resources it offered (wood & minerals). The US was mainly founded by what we might think of today as right-wing religious zealots who were avoiding persecution in their own lands. They came to the US with the idea of staying forever, rebuilding the society which they probably missed very much.

Unfortunately, this was not always the case in Latin America, where trips there were financed by governments that wanted spoils and riches brought back to them. Many Latin American countries have been riddled with corruption since their inception due to complacent attitudes towards efficiency in government as well as control over internal bribes and corruption.

Although I feel much like you do—I practiced being an ex-patriot myself when I lived most of 1999 in Porto Alegre—I feel pretty sure that our ability to have faith in our government is due in no small part to our fight for independence (even though it was essentially over monetary gain & taxes, which our founding fathers would be turning over in their graves if they found out what kinds of taxes we have now). There is an overall feeling that the US Government was and continues to be based ("loosely" is an operative word here) upon an honor system where our US politicians receive positive feedback when they "police" one another. Our system of checks and balances has proved to work well, in that it does not allow one arm of government to outdo the other without first looking at who's done what. Not paying your taxes, bribing officials and/or finding "ways" to do things in the US is generally considered taboo and unethical.

My experience in Brazil has shown me that avoiding taxes, bribing officials and finding *jeitinhos* to do stuff (like get a residential area re-zoned so you can build an office building there, or paying a local official to "look the other way") is quite common in Brazil. In fact, from what I saw in Brazil, there really is no underlying thought that "I'm doing a bad thing by cheating on my taxes" or "bribing is wrong, I won't do it". On the contrary, when faced with a situation, such as being stopped by the police, you are simply thought of as "smart" or "clever" if you can talk your way out with \$10 or if you get lots of money back from taxes by cheating the government. It's kind of a game people play there, it really isn't a big deal to Brazilians.

People in Brazil have learned, over many, many years, to not rely upon the government, due to its corruption. I believe that this corruption can be traced back to the roots of the founding of the country. The fact that there was never a true "fight" for independence, I think, was a detriment to Brazil and has resulted in diminished national pride. Of the hundreds of Brazilians I've met, know and have relationships with (my wife is Brazilian from Rio Grande do Sul), nobody seems "patriotic" about Brazil, and will usually laugh at the concept of singing their national anthem, if they even know it.

If Brazil is going to shed its stigmatism of being corrupt and full of problems, I believe there needs to be a stronger movement from the people to make this happen. The leaders of Brazil need to be more seated in honorable behavior so they can gain the trust of the country. The controlling powers in the US fought inside US boundaries 3-4 times in less than 100 years to maintain the nature of the country. Although underlying reasons were due primarily to monetary reasons, the fact that people actually **died** to create what Americans have is something that does not fade away fast. People tend to take something more seriously when others have given their lives for it, this just isn't the case in Brazil or most Latin countries, barring Cuba, which seems to be doing quite well on its own.

Myself, I plan on retiring in Brazil; I've found the "protestant" and "virtuous" nature of our country has created a double-edge sword. We have incredibly high suicide rates, soaring violence, no appreciation of the word "vacation", no sense of humor and no ability to trust others since we all have too much to lose in the way of material possessions. We have monetary security, but no way of enjoying it.

If we could have the American security mixed with the Brazilian attitude, then it truly **would be** a perfect world :) Until that happens (which I don't see occurring since one always cancels out the other), we will have to continue jumping from one country to the other, admiring how "green" the grass is on the other side. Great article! I'm glad you wrote it...



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Dulce and her American "parents"

Under the Upside Down Moon in Brazil

Eventually, Dulce was appointed *Ministro da Cultura* fulfilling her dream of working for racial equality. In spite of her busy life, Dulce and her family have managed to share in several joyous reunions with us under the Big Dipper as well as the Southern Cross.

MARY ROSINA BAER

For Christmas, 1999, my husband and I gave each of our grandsons a few *reais* (re'ALS, Brazilian money) for a present.

"Looks like play money," Marcus, 14, commented.

Nick, 17, asked, "How much is it worth in dollars?"

"You'll find out when we get there," grampa Joe answered. "Now you're ready for our trip to Brazil this summer."

"Thanks for the money, Papa Joe," ten-year-old Lucas said.

Joe put on his winter jacket. "Brazilians speak Portuguese. 'Thank you' in Brazil is *obrigado*. And if someone says that to you, you can say *de nada*. It means, 'you're welcome.'"

"Whatever, gramps," responded Marcus.

Over the holidays we brought up different subjects with the grandkids. "Didja happen to notice the moon last night?"

"Yea. I saw the new moon from my window," declared Lucas

"That moon will look different in Brazil."

Our middle grandson smiled, "Sure, gramps, I bet!"

"No. Really, it will. See, we'll sort of be seeing things in the sky as if we were upside down. It'll really look different!"

"Pops, you're just kidding, right?" Nick said, chuckling.

I interrupt. "I'm sure you know it'll be winter there when we arrive," I say. "But it will be warm—like our summer."

"Yea, I learned that last year in fourth grade," Lucas claimed.

I added, "And the water will go down the drain clockwise."

"Gee. I've never noticed it here in Wisconsin," said Marcus.

"Well, look next time." Joe stood up from the table.

"And look at the stars," I chimed in. "You won't see the Big Dipper. My favorite constellation is the Southern Cross."

"I like the Big Dipper." The youngest one said, as we headed for the door.

Later in the spring, their mother, Kathy, taped a new Portuguese word every week at the kitchen window the boys faced while eating.

Joe and I prepared to visit Dulce Maria Pereira and her family by focusing on reservations, visas, passports, shots and vaccinations for some eleven of our clan.

Dulce lived with us in South Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for a school year in 1972-1973 as an A.F.S. (American Field Service) exchange student from Brazil. She has Indian, African, Brazilian and Portuguese roots and came from a middle class home. Her father was a male nurse and worked extra hours as a bookkeeper.



Her mother stayed at home, providing for her family of four children.

Before she came, I worried about Dulce's adjustment. The South Milwaukee High School represented our white community; no other black students were enrolled at that time. Just 17 years old, Dulce attempted to meet everyone in school by eating at a different table each lunchtime, charming the curious students and befriending many.

Several times a week, Dulce's homework required clarification and discussion, especially the English Literature course. She was up quite late one night reading "Of Mice and Men" and I struggled to keep my eyes from closing. As she looked up from her book, she said to me, "Mom, what's a 'nigger'?" I paused. "Dulce, move over." We sat on the couch and talked for an hour.

Before she came, I also worried how our family would adjust to a new member. When our shy 12-year-old son, Mike, sat on her lap and shared the events of his school day, or when Kathy and Dulce raced, giggling, up the stairs to their bedroom, I knew our family was growing to love her. Our two sons in college managed to come home more often after Dulce arrived. Mary, our eldest, working and living independently, came for dinner weekly. I needn't have worried about Dulce's adjustment or our family's acceptance.

After Dulce returned home, we corresponded but did not see her for several years. During that time, she earned advanced degrees in Brazil. Surviving a period of political unrest and even imprisonment, Dulce became an advocate for all races. In time, she came to the attention of a new administration, resulting in a series of increasingly important positions. Eventually, Dulce was appointed *Ministro da Cultura* (Minister of Culture) in the Brazilian cabinet, fulfilling her dream of working for racial equality. In spite of her busy life and important government position, Dulce, her husband Agilson, and teen-age sons, Augusto and Amilcar, have managed to share in several joyous reunions with us under the Big Dipper as well as the Southern Cross. Since e-mail has no continental limits between Brazil and the U.S.A., we keep in touch weekly.

In August 2000, President Cardoso of Brazil chose Dulce to be the Secretary General of the Portuguese Commonwealth of Nations—Community of the Portuguese Speaking Countries, requiring her to move to Lisbon, Portugal. Fortunately, the family's move to Portugal occurred after our planned visit to Brazil.

In late July 2000, we landed in Brasilia. Dulce and her family met us with warm hugs, "hi's" and "oi's" (hello). After resting a day at her home, rich with solid Brazilian furniture, a pool and servants, we toured the modern and beautiful Foreign Affairs building of the Brazilian capital. The next day we flew to Salvador, Bahia, on the East Coast of Brazil. Between the two extended Baer and Pereira families, 21 people invaded the resort... Dulce's family of four, plus her mother, father and three nieces. Joe and I arrived with our two daughters, their husbands, the three grand-

sons, plus a son (the very one who sought to sit on Dulce's lap 28 years ago) with his new wife. Before we unpacked, we handed out flashy red, white and blue U.S.A. tee shirts to each, young and old.

Located just north of Salvador in Itapuã, the modern, well-equipped hotel worked out very well for us with separate apartments. Just a block away from the ocean, it also is in sight of an operating lighthouse and in hearing of the South Atlantic surf. The hotel was once the house of Vinicius de Moraes, the man who wrote the lyrics of *Girl from Ipanema*.

Picture this... Dulce's tall, dark son, Amilcar, greets me at breakfast with a kiss on each cheek and a, "Good morning, gramma!" I answer, "bom dia" (good day) with a warm hug. The tables are full of our blended families, planning when to swim, to shop, to

hear each other's CDs, or just to roam the beach.

Dulce's other son wanders up to our table, smiling. Last night he watched us play cards. Now he is holding our cribbage board and a deck of cards, asking us to teach him how to play. "Right after breakfast, Augusto," I promise.

We eat the bountiful breakfast of new to us foods: manioc, baked bananas, purple sweet potatoes, with a variety of breads and cakes, and juicy fruits, papaya, mango, pineapple and melons. Now and then, our grandsons seek out more familiar food at the nearby McDonald's.

We don't see stars or the moon often in Salvador as it pours warm rain frequently, but the wet weather doesn't prevent us from touring special landmarks and shopping malls. One rainy day, the whole group piles into two small buses. Fortunately, the showers ease as we walk around the Farol da Barra, an important historical lighthouse on the bay. Clearly, any ship entering Salvador's waters would be visible from that point.

Later we visit downtown Salvador, packed with picturesque buildings from the 16th century. It is divided into upper and lower districts. From the upper district, we take an elevator down to the huge *Mercado Modelo* (a model shopping center), four floors of booths in one huge building, jammed with Brazilian handicraft products. The families take off in different directions. The salespersons greet Joe and me with offers of special deals on embroidered linens, masks, jewelry, clothes, paintings, and musical instruments. A hesitation or a second look from us encourages the seller to be very persistent.

As a result, Joe and I feel uncomfortable and escape to a sit down snack area. While we drink our favorite Brazilian fruit drink, *guaraná*, we watch a series of young men demonstrating *capoeira*, something similar to kickboxing. Accompanying the wheeling summersaults, backbends and flexible kicking, was a one-string, bow-shaped instrument, the *berimbau*, which twanged along with the dry rattle of a gourd.

Our courage restored, we return to the mall. At a nearby kiosk, Dulce's sons and two of our grandsons, all in the U.S.A. tees, are bargaining hard for one of the string-drums. They end up at another booth with hats decorated with a *berimbau* symbol instead.

Later in the bus, our grandsons show their purchases made with the Brazilian Christmas *reais*... tee shirts, slacks, caps and CDs.

After touring Salvador, a restful day at the beach appeals to all. Dulce had scouted the area earlier and recommended the third hut from the lighthouse. She claimed it was the



Augusto, Marcus and Lucas

best spot to relax, watch the waves, and search for shells. The owner, Mario, had chairs and tables and a varied menu from fried manioc and chilled coconut milk (served in its original container) to french-fries and bottled soft drinks.

Joe and I wander over before lunch, scuffing the warm soft sand as we walk. A row of similar beach huts made of wood and covered with palm branches edge the sand. It's easy to find the right hut since Dulce's mom and dad relax in Mario's chairs. *Mamãe* (mother) is wearing her typical dress and sweater, and *papai* (father) rises to meet us in his freshly ironed shirt. We greet each other with a kiss on each cheek and a smile. "*Bom dia.*"

With her deep brown eyes smiling up at me, *Mamãe* chats softly in Portuguese, which I do not understand, but I read body language. I answer, "Yes, *mamãe*, I love you too. In fact, all of you here."

The kids gather with towels and swimming suits and leap into the waves. Others arrive and set off on beach walks and search for shells. In time an imported volleyball net is set up and a competitive game develops between the Brazilians and USAers. The kids, a few adults and even some beach strays join the sandy contest.

During a time-out, a few of the players, perspiring and thirsty, order drinks and food. When Marcus pays Mario for his fried chicken, Mario says, "Thank you."

Our grandson answers, "*De nada.*"

The following morning none of the teenagers are at early breakfast. "We're missing a few

teens," Joe comments as he sits down.

"They're eating later," Kathy explains. "All nine of them went to a mall and danced until 2 am. Had a great time and took cabs back to the hotel." She smiles.

"Hey, gramma," Lucas calls. "I saw the moon last night and it does look different here. But I couldn't see anything that looks like a cross...um, a South Cross?"

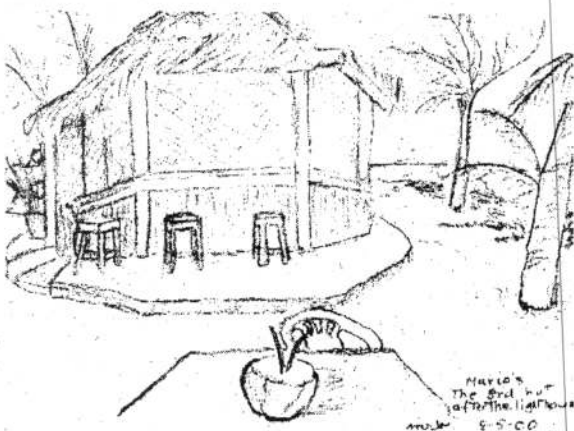
"I'll show you tonight," Dulce says. And she does. That night a group of us stand on the windy roof balcony as Dulce points out the constellation and planets above the swaying palm trees.

Our visit comes to an end all too soon. After checking the accuracy of e-mail addresses and promising to keep in touch, the blended families from two different hemispheres part—the Brazilians in their U.S.A. tees and our family in Brazilian ones. Of course, there are tears, smiles, and promises to meet again mixed with "*obrigado*'s, thank you's, and *de nada*'s" with more "*ciao*'s" (good-bye) and hugs.

When will we meet again? Will it be under the Big Dipper or the Southern Cross? Perhaps, this loving family from two continents will, someday, meet on that upside down moon. Who knows?

End

Author notes: Married 53 years to the same guy. Six children plus one Brazilian AFS daughter. Seven grandchildren: six grandsons and one princess. An avid traveler and camper, an intermitten, uninspired cook, a compulsive sketcher, a hopeful writer, a sometime poet, and a closet guitarist who lives each day fully. Each day is a bonus. e-mail: jorobaer@juno.com



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Moira olhou ao seu redor. Apesar de não causar espanto, a destruição a deixou nauseada. Procurou pela bolsa onde estavam os estimulantes comprimidos azuis que não conseguira encontrar antes do caos. Engoliu logo cinco. Pior do que estava não poderia ficar. Sangue dos corpos feridos espalhava-se pela estação do metrô. Procurou por Roque até onde a extensão do seu olhar conseguia alcançar. Nem sinal dele, muito menos de Ronaldo ou das lobas. As lobas! Afinal por causa delas estavam ali: ela e Roque em busca de Ronaldo. Para tentar localizar o amante programado pelo sistema e seqüestrado por uma das mulheres transformistas.

Sentia-se mais forte. Pediria conselhos à Loira, a mulher do Roque. Ela saberia o que fazer. Sempre sabia. Apesar de serem diferentes, (Loira era do século anterior, ainda possuía cabelos e seus dedos eram separados), davam-se bem. Isto é, quando Roque não estava por perto, então o ciúme a vencia e ela se revelava.

Encaminhou-se por entre os escombros procurando achar a saída para a rua. Era sexta-feira, dia dos estupradores. Mas teria que se arriscar. Não deveria ter retirado o seu cinto de castidade—a única proteção das mulheres pertencentes à Organização.

Os estupradores que se conformassem com as mulheres da ralé das periferias. Afinal haviam nascido para isso. E clonadas quando o estoque estava se findando. O clone era rotina pois o custo de reprodução por provetas era alto, só acessível às mulheres da Organização. O fato do preço nem era importante, uma vez que reproduzir já não estava no esquema de vida das mulheres de classe dominante. Havia sistemas menos trabalhosos, como os conjuntos embrionários. Vendidos em qualquer laboratório de manipulação e por tipos: loiros, amarelos, morenos. Os loiros eram os preferidos. a população estava mais clara, mas...

Depois das revoltas com a conseqüente destruição das igrejas e seitas pelo povo insatisfeito com o não cumprimento das promessas de riquezas, os cientistas ficaram mais à vontade para usar métodos científicos para controle da população. Dr. Nonez era um desses.

Apesar das regras, algum bandido mais ousado tentava sempre atingir as mulheres proibidas. Como ela. Que agora se sentia completamente desprotegida. Desamparada como a cidade. Como o aumento de clones, de bandidos, e de mendigos, o círculo da periferia aumentara o número de habitantes e pasmem! fechando os membros da Organização num círculo cada vez menor. Os meliantes cresciam em número e apareciam nos bairros proibidos em busca de água e alimento desidratado.

Cautelosamente deixou o caos do termi-



The day after

Thanks to the wonderful potions prepared by Loira, Loira and Roque postponed old age and senility, processes of life extinction from the previous century, from which they were the sole leftovers. Her face was smooth as a saint's butt. There were no wrinkles; it was stretched like a mummy. And Roque was stout, virile. What would be their real age?

NILZA AMARAL

nal. Encontrou entre colunas em ruínas e entulho empoeirado, o seu carrinho blindado, modelo ovo, com escotilha à prova de balas, incólume, abandonado no meio da confusão.

Sentia falta física de Ronaldo. Quatro semanas, e nem a Organização havia conseguido localizar o seu homem. Roque, um dos chefes, nada pudera fazer. Na verdade o plano falhara. As lobas não poderiam ser menosprezadas. Como sociólogo do século anterior Roque conservava o resquício dos cor-religionários que teimavam em estudar os fenômenos da época. As lobas entretanto, não faziam parte de nenhuma idéia programada, e portanto, fugiam ao controle do sistema.

Como explicar as mutantes? As lindas mulheres angelicais que todas as sextas-feiras se transformavam em lobas e saíam à cata dos engenheiros de solo, suas vítimas prediletas? O pior foi Roque se apaixonar por elas. Por todas. Tanto, que aquela noite no metrô, ele ficou tão excitado quando percebeu uma delas se transformando ao seu lado, que não se conteve e saiu à

caça abertamente.

E aconteceu o caos. A destruição. O sangue. Nada de novo.

Encontrou Loira fazendo seu pó de múmia. Desta vez pegou-a em flagrante.

—Oi, Loira, fazendo seu creminho de beleza?

Sempre era cínica com Loira. Essa era a base da relação das duas. Sem contar o ciúme doentio que Loira sentia de Moira, desde que esta começara a trabalhar com Roque nas campanhas de proliferação de ódio entre a população, os párias contra os privilegiados: *mate seu inimigo antes que ele o mate!*

—E Roque? Respondeu ela fingindo não ter ouvido a pergunta. Nem ao menos olhou para Moira.

—Temos que percorrer os hospitais. Aconteceu novamente. As lobas atacaram no metrô.

—Meu Santo! Você está horrível... Venha aqui. Vou lhe fazer umas pomadas. O que houve com a sua cabeça?

Mão prodigiosa de Loira! Ela sabia lidar com aquelas plantas. As únicas remanescentes depois da última descarga dos meteoritos e que ela conservava como ouro num pequeno jardim. A pele da cabeça de Moira recuperou-se logo e os pequenos tufo pilosos brilharam limpos novamente. Loira e Roque, graças às maravilhosas poções preparadas por Loira, adiavam a velhice e a senilidade, sistemas de extinção de vida do século anterior, do qual eram os únicos remanescentes. Sua face era lisa como bunda de santo. Sem uma única ruga. Esticada como uma múmia. E Roque, pujante e viril. Qual seria a idade real de cada um?

Na rua, painéis eletrônicos brilhavam suas frases subliminares: *Não beba Cola. O ódio vencerá os fracos. Não ultrapasse seus domínios. Não saia à noite.*

Música indiana invadia os bairros deteriorados. Das calçadas o vapor quente subia atormentando os que se aventuravam pelas ruas. Chuva ácida caía em intervalos regulares.

Os hospitais estavam abarrotados. Doutor Nonez, o único médico do hospital e cientista da Organização, a atendeu prontamente.

—Moiira! Que bom vê-la sã e salva.

—Graças aos potinhos de Loira. Estamos procurando, além do Ronaldo, agora também o Roque.

—Ambos estão aqui. Quase mutilados, mas ficarão bem. A nova programação para regeneração dos tecidos, especial para os membros da Organização, ficou pronta. Eles serão os primeiros a usar.

—Quero ver o Roque. Falou Loira, já se dirigindo hospital adentro saltando sobre as inúmeras macas espalhadas pelo chão. Pela amostra a última sexta-feira deveria ter sido braba!

—Quanta gente ferida...

—E sempre assim Moira. Toda sexta-feira. Metade é ralé. Nem vale a pena. Alguns serão clonados. Precisamos de trabalhadores para limpar os campos calcinados e procurar por água, cada vez mais escassa.

—E a água dos cactus? Não está mais sendo extraída?

—Escassa. Já começamos a reciclar urina coletada nos subterrâneos onde os párias se escondem.

—Moira, venha cá, gritou Loira acenando de uma das macas.

Ufa! Roque estava horrível! Em carne viva.

—Corra pegar minha maleta de unguentos.

Dr. Nonez não queria acreditar. Aquilo era melhor que o programa de pele fetal! A medida que o unguento fervia sobre a pele queimada, nova pele surgia clara e limpa.

—E o Ronaldo?

—Na última maca. Delirando.

—Ronaldo, sou eu, Moira.

—Ah, o sexo sem programação. Que maravilha! Angélica sabe das coisas. Que pele, ou melhor, que pêlo! Que hálito!

—Precisamos esperar. Ele está em estado de choque. Vou transportá-lo para que descanse. Apertou o botão de ignição do capacete de acrílico radioativo sobre sua cabeça e ele desapareceu. Milhões de focos de luz iluminaram o ambiente.

—Quando retornar estará ótimo e não se lembrará de nada

—Não há problema, querida. Peça à Organização para programar um novo companheiro. Ou clonar Ronaldo se você prefere o seu tipo.

—Não é uma questão de sentimento e sim de adaptação, Loira. Esta programação foi perfeita. O casal ideal.

—Até para procriar?

—Ora, Loira, caia na nossa realidade. Procriar é palavra.

Angélica estaria quase feliz se conhecesse sentimento humano. Regozijava-se com o resultado da noite anterior. Se não fosse a confusão no metrô teria sido mais uma noite de sexo sem comer literalmente o parceiro. Com Ronaldo estava dando certo. A próxima sexta-feira será a décima terceira noite e a profecia será cumprida. Onde estará Ronaldo?

—Como está Ronaldo, doutor?

—Novo em folha, mas mudo, Moira. Deprimido e sem vontade. E não se lembra de uma vírgula do acontecido. Essa descarga a laser sempre funciona.

—Não falou nada sobre a loba?

—Só repete um nome: Angélica.

—Angélica. Deve ser o nome dela enquanto mulher. Precisamos voltar ao terminal do metrô na próxima sexta-feira. Roque está inteiro novamente. O senhor não sabe nada dessa programação sobre as lobas, sabe doutor?

—Esse fato foge ao nosso controle. O número delas aumenta em progressão geométrica. É um enigma! Não entendemos que tipo de embrião elas se implantam.

—Não poderia ser dos engenheiros? Talvez eles cedam sua

cota.

—Mas por que meio? São espécies diferentes.

—Uma relação normal?

—Impossível. Sem programação?

Ronaldo continuava macambúzio em seu cubículo refrigerado.

—Ronaldo, você está bem?

—Angélica?

—Não, sou eu Moira.

—Moira.

E emudeceu novamente.

Nada havia a ser feito. Somente esperar.

Moira foi para casa, amarrou-se nas correntes pendentes do teto para não se ferir durante as costumeiras convulsões noturnas e ligou o aparelho de notícias.

O ataque foi de madrugada. Mulheres em casacos de pele e botas de cano alto, uivando alucinadamente, atacaram o hospital levando o engenheiro Ronaldo e despedaçando vários enfermeiros. Doutor Nonez nos deu a entrevista hoje de manhã:

—Que mulheres são essas, doutor? A Organização está escondendo algum novo perigo?

—Bem, agora não é mais mistério. São mulheres mutantes que se transformam em lobas todas as sextas-feiras às seis da tarde em ponto.

—Mutantes? E como se pode reconhecê-las?

—São todas iguais enquanto mulher. Angelicais. Cabelo sedoso, olhos claros. Unhas quadradas e limpas.

—Quer dizer, umas gatas...

—Cuidado, elas não fazem miau. Estraçalham suas vítimas. Algumas delas ficam desaparecidas por treze sextas-feiras. Quando são encontradas, nenhum programa as salva. São muito raros os casos de recuperação.

Instantaneamente Moira entrou em convulsão. Desmaiou pendendo-se pelas correntes.

Angélica preparou a bebida de ervas para Ronaldo. Afinal precisavam comemorar. Era a décima terceira sexta-feira e quem sabe não seria a última? O quarto refrigerado os esperava na imundície do lugar. Ratazanas enormes fuçavam o lixo da região, e lobas uivavam freneticamente tentando fazer amor com os engenheiros seqüestrados. Um barulho infernal.

—Angélica!!

—Pensei que não fosse acordar mais, queridinho.

—Angélica, outra vez com esse casaco de peles nojento?

De repente ele percebeu. As unhas quadradinhas transformavam-se em garras. Os olhos redondos estavam cada vez mais oblíquos. A pele escurecia debaixo de tantos pelos. A fera debaixo da bela! Como ele não percebera antes? Angélica-loba aproximou-se. O bafo quente asfixiou Ronaldo.

—Ronaldo, venha, me faça mulher, murmurou entre grunhidos e uivos. Sou a sua Angélica. Livre-me da profecia.

—O que é isso, Angélica, onde está você?

Não houve tempo para respostas. O abraço apertado quebrou as costelas de Ronaldo. A saliva quente afogou-o e ele se viu preso debaixo daquele corpo forte. Sem saída. Sentiu o sangue quente empapando suas roupas. E desfaleceu com o nome de Angélica em seus lábios e a figura angelical de mulher em sua mente!

As sirenes enchiam a noite perigosa. Os estupradores gritavam na noite rondando suas vítimas. Os hospitais lotavam-se de feridos.

A música indiana sobrepunha-se ao barulho. Painéis eletrônicos brilhavam feericamente.

Findava-se mais uma sexta-feira na cidade mais que desvairada.

Nilza Amaral is a Brazilian writer of novels and short stories. The short story, *The day after* is a synopsis of her novel *The day of the she-wolves*, first published in 1984, now in 3rd edition, and awarded the prize Ficção Escrita '84. She can be contacted at nilzamar@site.com.br

AROUND OURO PRETO

Minas de Passagem

We got a kick out of Minas de Passagem. It is probably the best gold mine to visit in the Ouro Preto region. There's an immense system of tunnels that goes down very deep and then spreads horizontally. Only a fraction of the mine is open to the public, but for most terrestrials, it's enough. The descent into the mine is made in air antique, steam powered cable car (though the guide is quick to assure you that the cable itself is new), giving you a very good idea of just how dangerous and claustrophobic mining can be. The mine was opened in 1719. Until the abolition of slavery, it was worked by black slaves, many of whom died (not from the cable-car ride, as you might think after taking it, but from dynamiting into the rock). Our guide, who worked in the mine as recently as 1985 and was then earning the minimum wage of \$35 a month, told us that the life of the 'free' miner was little better than that of the slave.

The mandatory guided tour, led by former miners, is short and quite informative, especially if someone in the group asks the right questions. The mine is open from 9 am to 6 pm daily and the entry fee is \$12. The mine is between Ouro Preto and Mariana. Take any local bus that runs between the two and ask the driver to let you off at Minas de Passagem.

MARIANA

Founded in 1696, Mariana is a pleasant old mining town with a character unlike its busy neighbor, Ouro Preto. Only 12 km by paved road from Ouro Preto, Mariana is touristed but not overrun, retaining the high-altitude tranquility of many of the mining towns. Relax and unwind here. It's also a good place to stay if you want to avoid onto Preto by night.

Things to See

Mariana has plenty of interesting sights. The 18th-century churches of São Pedro dos Clérigos, Nossa Senhora da Assunção and São Francisco, and the Cathedral Basílica da Sé, with its fantastic German organ dating from 1701, are all worthwhile. The museum at Casa Capitular is also worth a look. While walking through the old part of town, you'll come across painters and wood sculptors at work in their studios.

For Places to Stay and to Eat, read the book.

SÃO JOÃO DEL REI

One of Minas Gerais' original gold towns, São João del Rei is a thriving small city, whose old, central section features several of Brazil's finest churches. With hotels and sights all within walking range in the old city center, there's little cause to see the more modern part of town; nevertheless, it's evident that the city hasn't been frozen in time,

unlike most of the other historic cities of Minas Gerais.

Brazil's Landmarks Commission protects the old section, and police guard the churches at night. The city is bisected by Rio Lenheiro, which is traversed by two 18th-century stone bridges. In addition to the Aleijadinho-inspired churches, there are several fine colonial mansions—one of which belonged to the late and still-popular ex-president Tancredo Neves—a good museum, and a surprising variety of other sites and activities.

The city sits between the Serra de São José and the Serra do Lenheiro, near the southern end of the Serra do Espinhaço. It's hilly country near the Rio das Mortes (River of the Dead), where many prospectors were killed during the gold-rush days. The most famous incident took place in 1708, when a band of Emboabas, recent Portuguese immigrants, surrounded about 50 Paulistas or *bandeirantes*, São Paulo natives of mixed Portuguese and Indian blood. The Paulistas were massacred after laying down their arms in surrender. This was the bloodiest atrocity in the near civil war that these two groups fought over control of the mines; the place where it happened is called the Capão da Traição (Copse of Treason)

Churches

Be sure to take a walk at night, when floodlights illuminate the churches and give them a fantastic appearance.

Igreja de São Francisco de Assis

This exquisite baroque church, full of curves and carvings, looks out on a palm-lined, lyre-shaped plaza. Begun in 1774, the church was Aleijadinho's first complete project, but much of his plan was not realized. Still, the exterior, with an Aleijadinho sculpture of the *Immaculate Virgin* and several angels, is one of the finest in Minas. There is some uncertainty about what work Aleijadinho did and did not do on the interior. He probably did the main altar, but his

work was completely altered. In the second altar to the left, there is an image of *São João Evangelista*, which is the work of Aleijadinho, as is the *Santo Antônio*. Notice the fine woodwork, particularly in the rear of the church.

Tancredo Neves the man, who led Brazil from military rule, is buried in the church graveyard. The church is open from 8 am to noon. On Sunday the local Coalhada (all-white) orchestra and choir perform at the 9.15 am

Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Carmo

Begun in 1732, this church was designed by Aleijadinho. He also did the frontispiece and sculpture around the door. In the second sacristy is a famous unfinished

sculpture of Christ. The church is open from 8 to 11 am and 4 to 7 pm.

Catedral de Nossa Senhora do Pilar

Begun in 1721, this church has exuberant gold altars. There are also fine Portuguese tiles. The mulatto Rapadura

Beyond Ouro Preto

Minas de Passagem, Mariana, São João del Rei, Tiradentes, Diamantina, Serro, they all have their charm.



orchestra and choir accompany the 7 pm mass here on Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday, the Coalhada takes their place. The church is open from 8 to 11 am.

Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rosário

This simple church was built in 1719 to honor the protector of the slaves. It's open from 8 to 10 am.

Museums

Museu Regional do SPHAN

One of the best museums in Minas Gerais, this well restored 1859 colonial mansion has good sacred art on the first two floors, and an industrial section on the 3rd floor, with tools and instruments. It's open Tuesday to Sunday from noon to 5 pm.

Museu Ferroviário

Train freaks take heart: you are at one with the Mineiros, who also love their trains. The expertly renovated railway museum, housed in the train station, has a wealth of artifacts and information about the train days of the late 19th century. Don't forget to walk down the track to the large rotunda that looks like a coliseum: it houses the trains and is the best part of the museum. The museum is open Tuesday to Sunday from 8 am to 5 pm (closed for lunch between 11 am and 1 pm). Admission costs \$0.50.

Museu do Estanho John Somers

This is a pewter factory with a display and store for visitors; owned by an Englishman (there is a small English community in São João). The museum is down the river towards the *rodoviária*, at Avenida Leite de Castro 1150. It is open daily from 9 am to 5 pm.

Museu de Arte Sacra

Open daily (except Monday) from 9 am to 5 pm, the museum has a small but impressive collection of art from the city's churches. Look closely at the figure of Christ mourned by Mary Magdalene and you'll see that the drops of blood are rubies.

Mina de Ouro-Tancredo Neves

This former gold mine is a thin wedge that descends 53 meters through solid rock. Apart from the adrenalin rush of going into the mine, you'll get an interesting demonstration of the regional mining techniques. It's all very impressive, and free.

If you don't mind walking through a pretty depressing *favela* to get there, put on some decent walking shoes and follow the signs from town till you reach a steep hill. Walk up the hill into the *favela* and turn left along the footpath. The mine is right there, behind the 'Exportak' sign.

Maria Fumaça Train

Chugging along at 25 km/h on the steam-powered Maria Fumaça along a picturesque 13-km stretch of track from São João to Tiradentes makes a great half-hour train ride. The line has operated nonstop since 1881 with the same Baldwin locomotives, and since being restored, the 76-cm-gauge track is in perfect condition.

The train runs only on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and holidays, leaving São João at 10 am and 2.15 pm and returning from Tiradentes at 1 and 5 pm. This schedule often changes, so it's best to check. The train costs \$3 and gets crowded; be there early. Going to Tiradentes, sit on the left side for a better view.

Don't forget that if you're only going to Tiradentes for the day and need more time than the return train allows; you can easily take a later bus back to São João.

Festivals

São João has a very lively Carnival—locals claim it's the best in Minas Gerais. With all the music in town (there's a school of music, and several bands and orchestras), this is a credible boast. The *Semana da Inconfidência*, from 15 to 21 April, celebrates Brazil's first independence movement and the hometown boys who led it. (This festival is also held in Tiradentes.)

A n o t h e r important festival is

the Inverno Cultural during July, with lots of theatre, concerts and dances. The list of festivals just goes on and on—15 religious and 10 secular on one calendar—so stop by the tourist office for a schedule of events; someone is probably celebrating something in São João.

For Places to Stay and to Eat, read the book.

Entertainment

The music of Minas is extremely good and different from anything else you've ever heard. Try the Teatro Municipal for weekend concerts. The restaurant Cabana da Espanhola has live music Thursday to Sunday. It's at Avenida 31 de Março. Another central place to try is Feitiço Mineiro, near the Cathedral do Pilar; it has live music on Friday and Saturday nights.

TIRADENTES

They don't make towns any prettier than Tiradentes. Ten km down the valley from São João del Rei, its gold-era rival, colonial Tiradentes sits on a hill below a mountain. With few signs of change over the last two centuries, the town has that magic quality of another age—and for some odd reason, that's a very good feeling.

Originally called Arraial da Ponta do Morro (Hamlet on a Hilltop), Tiradentes was renamed to honor the martyred hero of the Inconfidência, who was born at a nearby farm. The town's colonial buildings run up a hillside, where they culminate in the beautiful Igreja Matriz de Santo Antônio. If you stand between the church's Aleijadinho-carved frontispiece and famous sundial, there is a colorful view of the terracotta-tiled colonial houses, the green valley, and the towering, wall of stone formed by the Serra de São José.

Igreja Matriz de Santo Antônio

Named after the town's patron saint, this church is built on the site of a former church. Commenced in 1710 and restored in 1983, it is one of Brazil's most beautiful. There are two bell towers, and a frontispiece by Aleijadinho, one of the last that he completed. Leandro Gonçalves Chaves made the sundial in front of the church, in 1785.

The all-gold interior is rich in symbols from the Old Testament. There is a painting by João Batista showing the miracle of Santo Antônio making a donkey kneel before the Pope. There is also a polychrome organ, built in Portugal and brought to Tiradentes by donkey in 1798. Ask about performances. The church is open from 8 am to 5 pm, but



usually closes for lunch from noon to 1 pm,

Museu do Padre Toledo

This museum is dedicated to another hero of the Inconfidência, Padre Toledo, who lived in this 18-room house where the Inconfidentes first met. The museum features regional antiques and documents from the 18th century.

Igreja da Santíssima Trindade

After a short walk on Rua da Santíssima Trindade, you arrive at this simple pilgrimage church. Dating from 1810, it was built on the site of a small chapel where Tiradentes chose the triangle (symbolizing the holy trinity) as the flag for the new nation.

Solar da Ponte

This colonial mansion, now an expensive hotel impeccably restored and decorated, is well worth walking through. The first building on the other side of the little stone bridge, it's marked by a small sign.

Chafariz de São José

Constructed in 1749 by the town council, this beautiful fountain has three sections: one for drinking, one for washing clothes and one for watering horses. The water comes from Mãe d'Água via an old stone pipeline.

Serra de São José

This area, is one of Minas' remaining untouched segments of Atlantic rainforest. Mãe d'Água is at the base of these mountains. Lush with moss and plants, the waters are clear and fresh. A 25-minute walk from Tiradentes, Mãe d'Água can also be reached by car. Other walks include: A Calçada a stretch of the old road that linked Ouro Preto with Rio de Janeiro; Cachoeiras do Mangue, the falls where you can see an old gold mine on the road made by slaves; and Cachoeira do Bom Despacho, a waterfall on the Tiradentes-Santa Cruz road. Each of these takes about four or five hours. A seven-hour walk will allow you to cross the range. For guides and information about walks into the mountains, ask at the tourist office.

For Places to Stay and to Eat, read the book.

DIAMANTINA

Diamantina is a 5 1/2-hour drive north from Belo Horizonte. After passing the town of Curvelo (the geographical center of Minas), the stark landscape of northern Minas, with its rocky outcrops and barren highlands, is a sharp contrast to the lush hills in the south of the state.

One of Brazil's prettiest and less-visited colonial gems, the city boomed when diamonds were discovered in the 1720s, after the gold finds in Minas. The diamonds have petered out, but the fine colonial mansions and the excellent hiking in the surrounding mountains still draw visitors. Diamantina also happens to be the birthplace of Juscelino Kubitschek, former Brazilian president and the founder of Brasília

Because of its isolation, Diamantina is a well-preserved colonial city. The center, apart from the relatively new cathedral and a couple of incongruous traffic lights, hasn't changed for hundreds of years. Most of the churches and historical houses remain closed, but it doesn't matter much—the exteriors are more interesting anyway.

Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Carmo

Constructed between 1760 and 1765, this church has its tower built at the rear because Chica da Silva disliked being awakened by bells. The church is the most opulent in Diamantina and it's worth having a look inside. It has an organ made in Diamantina and wrought in gold, as well as rich, golden carvings.

Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rosário dos Pretos

This is the oldest church in town, dating from 1731. Very interesting here is the tree that grew up through a wooden cross. You can see the pieces of the cross in the tree.

Museu do Diamante

The house of Padre Rolim, one of the Inconfidentes, is now a museum, with furniture, coins, instruments of torture and other relics of the diamond days. It's open from noon to 5.30 pm Tuesday to Sunday.

Casa da Chica da Silva

This colonial mansion, on Praça Lobo de Mesquita, was the home of diamond contractor João Fernandes de Oliveira and his mistress and former slave, Chica da Silva. It's empty at the moment, but from the outside it's possible to get an idea of the lifestyle of the extravagant mulatta. The huge colonial door leads to her private chapel.

Mercado Municipal

Built by the army in 1835, the market, in Praça Barão Guaicuí, was in use until only a couple of years ago. Its wooden arches inspired Niemeyer's design for the presidential palace in Brasília.

Casa da Glória

Consisting of two houses on opposite sides of Rua da Glória connected by an enclosed, 2nd-story passageway, Casa da Glória was originally the residence of the diamond supervisors and the first bishop of Diamantina. Today it's the Institute of Geology.

Casa de Juscelino Kubitschek

This small house, at Rua São Francisco, 241 reflects the simple upbringing of the former president, whose grandparents were poor Czech immigrants. Kubitschek himself believed that his early life in Diamantina influenced him greatly.

For Places to Stay and to Eat, read the book.

SERRO

Dominated by the Igreja de Santa Rita, Serro is a tranquil *cidade histórica* 90 km from Diamantina. It's a cold, windy place surrounded by granite hills, which in the past provided refuge for runaway slaves. The city is rich in folkloric traditions and is the home of the famous *queijo serrano* (one of Brazil's finest cheeses).

Colonial Buildings

As well as the Igreja Santa Rita, Serro contains such historic churches as the Igreja Nossa Senhora do Carmo (1781), in Praça João Pinheiro, and the Igreja Senhor Bom Jesus de Matosinhos, in Praça Cristianno Otoni.

Other colonial buildings worth a look are the Casa do Barão de Diamantina—now used as the town hall—with 40 rooms, which were to have held Dom Pedro II and his entourage during a visit that never happened, and the Chácara do Barão do Serro, across the valley, which has a small museum.

Festival

The Festa do Rosário, which takes place on the first Sunday in July, features folkloric characters—*catopês*, *caboclinhos* and *marujos*—who dance and stage mock fights in the streets.

Excerpts from *Brazil - A Travel Survival Kit* - 3rd edition, by Andrew Draffen, Chris McAsey, Leonardo Pinheiro, and Robyn Jones.

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'Ladies and gentleman, we shall shortly be landing at São Paulo International airport where the local time is...'

Baaaaaang... The guy sitting next to me who was an experienced aviation consultant went a sickly white color and gripped my arm in what I hope was a paternal show of support, 'there goes the under carriage...' Even I winced as there was a sickening metal on metal sound, which one doesn't really want to associate with commercial airline travel. The Brazilians all around me instead of the traditional round of applause, which greets every home, coming reached for their bibles and began crossing themselves hastily. We did manage to taxi half way down the runway before the captain decided that his day wasn't going to get any better than this and a fleet of buses were dispatched to drive us to the terminal. As I emerged into the hazy light of a dreamy Saturday morning I tried to ignore the large collection of metallic fragments scattered along the taxiway and concentrated on the wonderful feeling of being back on Brazilian soil.

As I worked my way through formalities I let the old familiar sounds and smells wash back over me and by the time I had collected my luggage and had my passport stamped, my mind had made the small jump back into Portuguese and I felt terribly at home once again.

As I looked for my friend who had so nobly agreed to pick me at after my red eye (and brown trouser) flight from the UK I thought back at the strange chain of events which had lead me back to the place I often feel most at home in after leaving 'for good' a few weeks previously...

I had been in a weekly sales meeting for my new company, sitting at the back of the room as I normally do, idly drawing up a list of places I would like to go and not really listening to the person giving the pep talk. Through the haze I heard the magic words 'Brazil', 'opportunity' and 'immediate' and before anyone else had a chance to respond I leaped out my seat and shouted, 'Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.' And then things had happened so quickly that before I really knew what was happening I was standing on the tarmac under a tropical sun and remembering the old maxim of any landing you



can walk away from is a good one.

As surprising as it may seem I had never been to São Paulo. I had been to the airport countless times and had even passed through the bus terminal a few times on the way to somewhere else, but I had never really dived into the city to any great extent. I had always planned to go purely for the reason that not only is it such a strategically important city, but the Brazilians always refer to it as a megalopolis, which to me, sounds exceedingly cool if not inspirational. The extent of the megalopolis, however, wasn't really evident as we zipped through the early morning traffic and it was only when I had finally checked into the hotel and stood in the roof top bar with an early morning beer in my hand did the sheer magnitude of the city hit me.

In every direction as far as the eye could see were high-rise buildings. Some were new, some were old, some were glittering in the light and some looked like they were about to fall down. They were all cramped together like trees in a rainforest jostling for light. I wasn't sure if it was the most inspiringly awesome sight I had ever seen or one of the saddest, but without a doubt it was certainly mesmerizing.

The locals will tell you that São Paulo is only the third largest city in the world (I seriously doubt this) after New York and Mexico City but for my money, and after many happy experiences in both Mexico and NY, São Paulo is in a different league and the most visually stimulating place on earth. Visually saturated I grabbed my notebook and went to see the city from street level.

Outside my hotel was a concrete monstrosity by Brazilian legend Oscar Niemeyer under which I found a taxi driven by the unlikely named driver Archimedes Lombardo, who was as

Chaos Symphony

I have to confess that I love São Paulo. I don't quite know why, it must be something with the improbable energy of the place and the fact that I felt that I lived more in one day in São Paulo than I do in a week in the small village where I live in Cambridge.

PHILIP BLAZDELL

insane as the name might suggest. No sooner had I told him I wanted to see the city than we were off hurtling against the oncoming traffic at relativistic speeds.

'Archimedes, that light was red.'

'Ah, don't worry, but did you see that girl's bottom. *Nossa* (Wow)...'

'Archimedes, this street is one way...'

'I am only going one way...'

'Yes, the wrong one.'

And so it went on and I didn't really see all the things I wanted to because I was too busy trying to peel myself off the seat and keep up with Sr. Lombardo's conversation (most of which concerned the disgraceful state of the Brazilian energy system and bottoms). He picked me up a few days later on my way to a meeting at the British Embassy and managed to detain me for almost an hour ('don't worry, I am sure the ambassador will wait') because I made this mistake of asking him about football. Like most things in São Paulo he was much larger than life, completely endearing and probably unique.

But Archimedes wasn't always a happy man and even the casual visitor would understand why when they saw the state of the roads. In a country where superlatives need to be redefined to fully grasp conventional ideas like distance and population, the traffic in São Paulo city, is simply amazing. If you aren't inspired to visit the city for anything else go to see the incredible traffic jams and be prepared to be amazed.

The first impression one gets of the traffic in São Paulo is that something like this could never have been planned and that the roads must have grown organically. The second impression, and one that is best formed from the back seat of a taxi, is that there is no way anyone sane would ever want to drive here. Imagine multi lane highways, flyovers, bypasses, tunnels and ring roads all coming together in a symphony of chaos and then people this landscape with twice as many cars as you initially considered possible driven by highly strung speed freaks who all have the radio pumped up, the windows down and their hand on the horn.

Well, that is not São Paulo—it's nowhere even close to the chaos of the place. Quite frankly, it's indefinable and even a short taxi drive across the city can leave a grown man crying. Of course, this only actually happens on the rare occasions when the traffic isn't impossibly snarled up—like 3 am Saturday morning when the traffic situation can safely be downgraded to mildly terrible. I spent more time in the back of taxis stuck on Avenida Paulista than I did in my hotel or at meetings. The person who links each cab to the internet with video conferencing facilities will make a million in the first week alone judging from the number of calls I made and received alone the lines of:

'Where are you?'

'Av. Paulista'

'Me too, the traffic is a nightmare.'

'Oh, sorry, shall we reschedule the meeting for next week then.'

But, despite its frustrations, the thick cloud of pollution which hangs over the city, the blaring car horns and driving which makes that famous scene in *Gladiator* look like a Sunday school picnic, I have to confess that I love São Paulo. I don't quite know why, it must be something with the improbable energy of the place and the fact that I felt that I lived more in one day in São Paulo than I do in a week in the small village

where I live in Cambridge.

The only real problem I have with the city is that there is much too much to see and do and I ended up not really doing anything as I spent so much time trying to work out whether I wanted to see the Museum of Sacred Art or the Museum of Modern art more. Even going to lunch was a problem, as São Paulo must have the widest selection of great places to eat in South America. If you want simple Brazilian food then you can't swing a cat for restaurants (though, perhaps that's not the best analogy to use) but if you want something rather more outlandish such as Mongolian barbeque, deep fried Chinese chicken, sushi, tempura, a Portuguese stew or an all singing all dancing buffet fit for a king then São Paulo is for you.

I lost count of the number of restaurants I tried in the week I was there but I had to go out and buy a new suit half way through the trip as the old one had mysteriously shrunk. And the Paulistas love to eat, and eat big. My problem was that all my potential clients wanted to take me out and force-feed me steaks the size of paving slabs, which was good the first couple of times it happened but after the third steak in a day even my digestive system begins to break down a little. I think it's something to do with Brazilian government officials not being allowed to claim for any meals that include alcohol on expenses and so they try to woo potential clients with half a cow instead of the normal bottle of decent brandy I tend to favor.

It was after one memorable meal—which had actually begun as a late lunch—had slowly degenerated into a fully blown dinner before maturing into a midnight feast that I had a revelational moment—one of those rare moments which seem to justify all the long hours hanging around airports and having to deal with stropky cabin crew and being away from home so much. I was crawling along the magnificent Av. Paulista in the back of a taxi when the driver, for no discernable reason, decided to take a shortcut and swung a wild left down a narrow side street and after a series of deft maneuvers onto a relatively unclogged highway.

The sun had just set and most of the city, due to the terrible energy crisis, was in darkness. The only sign visible along the highway was a forty-foot blinking neon sign that said, 'NON STOP EROTIC BINGO'. By the time I had digested this information we were already a long way down the road and it was too late to turn back and investigate. Later I did manage to pick a friend's brain on this crucial matter. She told me that indeed I had not been mistaken and that there was indeed a chain of non-stop erotic bingo halls dotted about the city.

She seemed less keen to take me to one and rather coy when I asked her what exactly went on there. 'Its just like normal bingo you know, Philip. Now please grow up and get me a beer please.' Of course I didn't know and unfortunately run out of time on this particular trip in which to find out—but I am sure it wasn't full of purple rinsed golden agers like bingo halls are back home. Perhaps one day I will get the opportunity to return to São Paulo and find out more about this important social phenomenon. I really hope I do.

Philip Blazdell is English by birth, a scientist by training and a traveler by nature. He has traveled extensively in Brazil and is a regular contributor to numerous magazines and Web pages. He can be contacted at pblazdell@scigen.co.uk

Gisele Bündchen, the famous Brazilian bombshell who is currently one of the world's highest-paid models, never finished high school in order to dedicate herself into what has become an extremely successful modeling career. She regularly appears on covers of magazines such as *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, *Rolling Stone* and others, and her face is one of the best known in the whole world. She was spotted by talent scouts when she was 14 years old.

Were she still under 18, she would have faced serious trouble in her native Brazil had she attempted to appear during the latest edition of the annual BarraShopping Fashion festival—one of the most important in that country, which recently folded their eighth edition last July 18th in Rio de Janeiro.

According to a recent Brazilian law, anyone under 18 is not eligible of holding a job unless the individual shows evidence that he or she is also registered in school. That law is generally enforced on kids who sell peanuts, work in supermarkets or some other kind of low-skilled labor—something very common in Brazil's impoverished big cities—but one judge in Rio de Janeiro has decided to make the law work for everyone else. His name is Siro Darlan, and he is in charge of enforcing the laws minors are subjected to, such as labor, illegal pornography, infantile prostitution, mandatory education and other matters.

In an unprecedented move, Judge Darlan ordered that all models scheduled to appear during that event would have to show evidence of being of age and to submit proof of being duly in accordance with the new law, which resembles the strict regulations imposed by the New York Department of Labor, which requires permits in order to allow children under sixteen to hold jobs out of the summer. In the U.S., violators can face a huge fine. In Brazil, however, a violation can send offenders to jail.

Mr. Darlan is a very controversial magistrate who generally has no tolerance when it comes to enforcing the law. Earlier this year, he ordered the arrest of a musician with Queens of The Stone Age, who appeared completely naked on stage during the latest edition of the Rock in Rio festival, which was swarmed with teenagers who are not supposed to be exposed to such—*ahem*—graphic content. Before that, he stopped child actors from appearing on a soap opera unless they complied with the current work-study law requirements.

There is no home schooling in Brazil, so children and teenagers are required to actually attend school, celebrity or not. Despite of the criticism, Judge Darlan defended himself by stating that he was simply enforcing the law. "I think it is absurd that parents have those girls work while neglecting their studies," he said to *Isto É* magazine. "I think this is the same case of those kids who sell peanuts on the streets. Only children who go to

school are eligible to work."

Not many people agreed with his measure. Conceição de Brito, the mother of New York-based 16-year-old Elite model Raica Oliveira, reacted negatively to the judge's decision, which directly affected the young model's plans to participate in the event (she went to Italy for a photo shoot instead). "Mr. Darlan should be concerned with infantile prostitution and drugs on the streets". Jacqueline Biase, a fashion stylist with Salinas Beachwear, shares the same point of view: "It is utterly absurd to pick on models who don't go to school in a country where public education is terrible and where there are so many children on the streets", she stated to *O Globo* last week.



Hélio Passos, the director of Elite Models in Brazil, thinks that the judge should be more aware of how the fashion industry works: "We are not prostitution agencies. A modeling career is a very brief one, and models need to take advantage of the chance while they can."

During the first night of the event, justice officers sent by Judge Darlan stormed into the dressing rooms to inspect the compliance with the newly imposed order. "They just came in unannounced while we were changing and then started picking on the underage models who were wearing see-through outfits", 16-year-old model Mariana Marcki told daily *O Estado de S. Paulo*.

During one of the raids, one officer stepped on the foot of Fabiana Semprebom, 16, who was almost unable to participate due to the pain she endured during the raid. She later pressed charges, which were quickly dismissed by Darlan. Even the girls who were of age had to show identification in order to be able to go on the runway. One of them, 19-year old Ana Beatriz Barros, had to send her boyfriend back to their hotel so he could fetch her passport.

"It is common to submit paperwork before fashion shows in order to have minors participate in events such as these", said Pedro Camargo, an attorney with the show's organizers. "This year, however, it seems like Judge Darlan decided to turn his attention to the fashion industry."

"I believe that the judge is merely doing his job," said 17-year-old Daniela Sarahyba, one of the few minor models cleared to appear on the festival. "but he shouldn't have acted in the last minute", referring to the fact that many of the authorizations were turned down only hours before the festival, forcing many designers to make eleventh-hour changes in their casts—and in the clothes, which had previously been fitted on the models.

The models and fashion stylists decided to protest against the red tape in a very unique way: During most of the shows, models walked the runway flashing their IDs or passports. "It was a way to show the public what was going on behind the scenes",

Forbidden Runways

In the youth-obsessed fashion industry where models start working during their early pubescent years, one Brazilian judge decides to crack down on the industry and enforces a law that does not allow minors to hold jobs unless they go to school.

ERNEST BARTELDES

said M. Officer's stylist, Carlos Miele, the mind behind the protest.

As they walked down the runway and flashed their cards, the public applauded them, and their pictures were on the pages of newspapers around the world, including many here, for reasons that had nothing to do with fashion. Despite the enormous numbers of detractors, Judge Darlan finds support within the industry in Brazil and in the U.S.

"I am totally supportive of the judge's decision", said Shirley Mallman, the 24-year old Brazilian beauty who recently appeared on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*. "School should come first. I only began modeling when I was 18", she told a Brazilian newsmagazine.

Another model who decided to focus on education was Anna Karenina, another model from Brazil. "I only began pursuing a modeling career after I got my B.A." She is often disgusted when she sees so many teenagers neglecting their studies. "Although it might be glamorous for a lucky few, a career in modeling is a very short one, so one needs a backup plan." The stunning 22-year-old holds a degree in English and Portuguese from a university from her native land and works part-time as a language teacher.

"I agree that education comes first", says Misty Bliss, a model booker with Lyons Group Model Management in New York City. "Our company has a policy towards minors—we refuse to work with kids who don't go to school." A former child artist herself, she had to juggle a musical career with her studies, which her parents did not let her let go off. Today she has a degree in physics. "A modeling career only goes so far," Ms. Bliss told me over the phone, "so one day you are going to have to support yourself. What are you going to do when you are, say, 40 without an education?"

Ricardo Salazar, a booker with BIG Models has the same opinion. "Most models, actors and the like live lives that lead them to part-time and freelance jobs, and there isn't much they can do without an education. After all, not all of them are success stories like Giselle and Cindy Crawford. Someday, many will have to go back to the real world and get regular jobs. What are they going to do without at least a high school diploma?"

The fact remains that the fashion industry always seeks very young girls when it comes to a modeling career. Judge Darlan's rulings might at least change the agencies' attitude, as former top model Luíza Brunet stated to a São Paulo newspaper last week: "Judge Darlan's measures might just force modeling agencies to become concerned with models' educations."

Ernest Barteldes is an ESL, GED and Portuguese teacher. In addition to that, he is a freelance writer who has been contributing to *Brazzil* since December 2000. His work has also been published by *The Greenwich Village Gazette*, *The Staten Island Advance*, *The Staten Island Register*, *The SI Muse*, *The Villager*, *GLSSite* and other publications. He lives in Staten Island, NY. He can be reached at ebarteldes@yahoo.com

No Apologies Necessary

Brazil has its problems, but that's not something that anyone has to wear as a mark of shame.

DOLORES JENKINS

Over the years, I've worked with many Brazilian executives, professionals, and students. And, although each experience has been an extremely positive one, I've noticed a recurring pattern that I can't understand or accept.

Quite often I've worked with groups comprised of executives from different countries. The groups work on negotiation and presentation skills by analyzing and discussing case studies. At the beginning of each course, each group member introduces himself/herself and tells the other group members something about his/her job, etc. Almost without fail, whenever the Brazilian participant's turn comes, he/she adds a comment that comes across as a need to apologize for the country. The comment may come in any number of ways: "well, Brazil is a very poor country"; "there's a lot of corruption in our country"; "we have a very high crime rate"; "we're not doing well economically."



What I find to be most interesting about these comments is that they are often made voluntarily, without any statements or questions having been made or asked by other group members that would warrant any such type of response. Of course, there have been times that participants from other countries have made similar statements about their own countries, but

I haven't seen it happen with the frequency that it happens with the group members from Brazil.

Now, I don't want to appear to be naïve. I know that poverty exists—it does in many places, including in some of the world's richest countries. And, Brazil has no monopoly on crime or corruption—what country has none? And finally, is there any country that has always prospered and done well—with no economic setbacks? Brazil has its problems, but that's not something that anyone has to wear as a mark of shame—or apologize for. Every country goes through its growing pains, and that's nothing to feel ashamed about.

I guess I'm a little biased. I've visited Brazil many, many times and think it is an absolutely fabulous country—and one with so many positive aspects. When I think of the beauty I've seen there—not just in terms of the natural surroundings, but also in terms of the soul of the people—I think that Brazil, and Brazilians, can stand tall and proud.

So, with no intention to offend, may I just suggest that any opportunity to speak about the beauty and excitement and vitality of the country be used to the maximum to encourage those who've never had the opportunity to gaze at the beauty of the beaches or marvel at the parades in the Sambadrome (against which even an Olympic event can pale in comparison) to come and do so.

Dolores Jenkins, the author, is a sales and training professional who resides in New York. You can reach her at fabbiza@yahoo.com

An Amazon Adventure

It was raining—they have two seasons here, rainy and wet—but the fine misty rain was cooling and no one paid it any attention as they went about their business.

LOUVINIA SMITH

From 25,000 feet in the air the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea sparkled like sequins on turquoise silk as we began our Amazon adventure. As we approached the northern coast of South America, it lay like a map beneath us. We got a breathtaking view of the little village on the seashore from where the major highway goes through the mountains to Caracas, the Capital of Venezuela. It is a huge metro sprawled all over the mountainous landscape. It looked so different from actually being in the city where 5 o'clock traffic is 24 hours a day.

Miles and miles of lush green jungle spread like a dark green carpet spread under us until we slowly got closer to the earth and got our first view of Manaus and the mighty Amazon. Manaus is a very large city (over a million people) literally carved out of the jungle. During the long drive to the city from the small airport to the harbor, we passed the modern downtown business district and residential areas that were a mixture of affluent homes and very poor homes. Our cruise ship remained docked at Manaus while passengers headed off in different directions—to an overnight jungle camp, on regional boats up tributaries of the Rio Negro and Amazon in search of birds, and of course, to the famous Opera House, built during the rubber boom in the early part of the century.

Professional dancers perform dances in three skits. The first represents the region's different Indian nations—their clothing and ceremonial dances typical to each tribe. The second skit portrays life during the rubber boom era, which includes immigration from Europe and other regions of Brazil to work in the rubber tree plantations. The third skit depicts Manaus today: modern trade (duty free port), contemporary cultural life, and Carnival. Their costumes are extravagant and are the same as worn in their Carnival, which is the second largest in South America.

If shopping is on your agenda, free shuttles take you to the Tropical Hotel on the bank of the Rio Negro River where there is a delightful strip mall including a fine jewelry shop. The taxi ride out to the hotel is about 15 miles and you get another tour of the city. The outlying suburbs are lovely and clean but the closer to the pier the more people and the more cluttered the streets. Manaus is not a safe city and we were warned not to be out alone.

The large cruise ship, tied up to the city's floating landing stage, looms

over dozens of arriving and departing wooden riverboats, giving passengers an altogether different show. The people eat lots of bananas as most of the riverboats were loaded with them and they were carried by truck from the dock area. Manaus has no road access most of the year so the rivers become the highways for the people and goods.

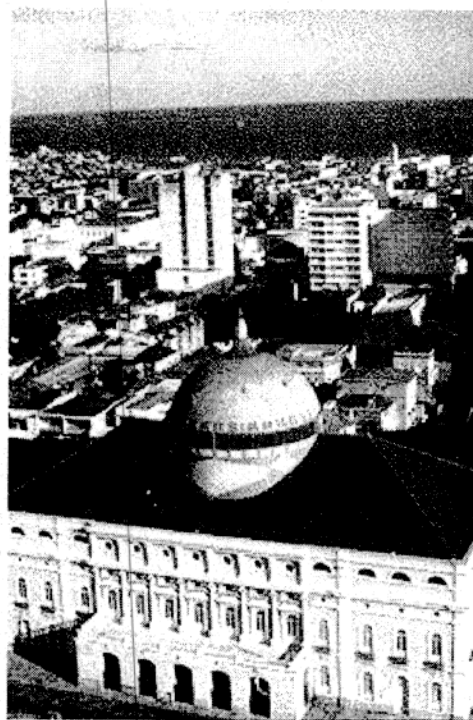
After two days and nights at the dock, the cruise ship eases slowly into the mainstream. The Rio Negro, tinted darkly with vegetation, meets but does not immediately mix with the lighter, silty Amazon a few miles below the city, creating a distinct line that trails across the surface for several miles.

The mighty Amazon River, with 12 times the flow of the Mississippi River, boasts 1,100 tributaries, 17 of which are more than 1,000 miles long. The river is so wide—200 miles when it reaches the ocean—that only astronauts are able to see across the mouth. And only on their way to the moon do they pull away enough to observe the Amazon's entire 4,000-mile-length from source to sea.

Early the first morning down the river one can see an old town almost falling in the river. The village of about 2000 *Caboclo* (people of mixed heritage—Black & Indian) has been relocated to a new site back in the jungle.

Later in the morning you may take a gander into another *Caboclo* village, Boca da Valéria. The natives are very friendly. Many came out in paddleboats to greet us. The natives not in boats waited at the dock. It is a very tiny village where housing is primitive and poverty is rife.

The next day we arrived at Santarém, located at the point where the Tapajós and Amazon Rivers meet, forming the "Meeting of the Waters." Santarém is one of the Amazon's most important trading centers, serving hundreds of villages located along the rivers. It was raining—they have two seasons here, rainy and wet—but the fine misty rain was



cooling and no one paid it any attention as they went about their business.

We passed the Mercado Modelo, where you can find everything from live chickens to tropical fruits and hammocks. Trucks loaded with coconuts lined the streets, selling cold coconut milk. There are few cars but many bicycles and ox carts.

A stop at the Flour House (Casa da Farinha) finds natives making manioc flour with very crude materials. We observed the tapping of rubber trees and watched a native cut open a Brazil nut with a machete. There are about 15 nuts in each shell, which is similar to a coconut shell. With a few more chops of the machete the nutmeat appeared. Samples were surprisingly crisp, fresh, and delicious.

A short ride through dense jungle brought us to the resort town of Alter do Chão. It is a surprising vision—with broad white sand beaches, waving palms, and gently lapping waters. It is a place of leisure because of the still-native community and unusual beaches. It offers a chance to swim in the Amazon from a safe, sandy beach without fear of piranhas, stick fish, or snakes. Native school children perform folk dances in the main square, Praça de Nossa Senhora da Saúde. They also serve us a passion fruit drink, which is barely palatable.

We continued to the Center for Preservation of Indigenous Art, Culture & Science, where we saw the largest and finest collection of Indian artifacts (representing 56 different nations and over 2,000 original pieces) from indigenous tribes of the Amazon. The American-born owner and his Indian wife refer to their collection as a political statement, depicting a people in danger of extinction through neglect, politics, and invasion by outsiders in search of land, timber and gold.

He believes that the pure Indians' isolated ways of life are doomed. One of the largest groups of Indians, the Tikuna of the Upper Amazon, had their first European contact in 1532 and today number 23,000, while another group, the Assurini, first

contacted in 1971, number only 57 and are, in effect, considered extinct, the child population having dwindled to just seven.

The artifacts are splendid in their beauty and the background music haunting. Some of the artful pots on display can only be made by 10 Assurini women. The native children are precious but know only two words of English—One Dollar—if you take their picture with their strange pets, three-toed sloths. The sloths look like little teddy bears and are very lazy—draping bonelessly over the child's arm. The children's strange pets also include pet boa constrictors, alligators and spider monkeys.

Ashore and aboard we spotted gray and pink river dolphins, kingfishers, and colorful parrots, but the other wildlife was elusive. As the river widens to the Atlantic, the tree-lined shore retreats to the horizon, and crossing the equator at the mouth of Amazon, King Neptune boards our ship to punish wayward passengers with all manner of messy concoctions—an age-old sailing tradition.

Ever since the first explorers set foot in South America nearly five centuries ago, this fascinating continent has inspired myth, controversy, and speculation. Invaded by the conquistadors, converted by the missionaries, plundered by treasure seekers and studied by scientists, South America is still a mystery to many and a cornucopia of natural wonders unlike those found anywhere else in the world. The Amazon adventure gives one a rare insight into the special beauty and exciting variety of our sister continent.

The author is a freelance writer living in historic Vicksburg, Mississippi, USA. She travels extensively and lives alone with her Schnauzer dog, Sparky. You can get in touch with her at louvinia_smith@yahoo.com

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Plays

RIO

Da Arte de Subir em Telhados (The Art of Escalating Roofs)—A group of friends reminisce about good and bad times. The setting of the play has been praised by the Brazilian media. Written by Paulo de Moraes and Maurício Arruda Mendonça, directed by Paulo de Moraes, with Patrícia Selonk and Simone Mazzer.

Crimes Delicados (Delicate Crimes)—A couple will not stop at anything to kill their woman servant. Written by José Antônio de Souza, directed by Antônio Abujamra, with Nicete Bruno, Paulo Goulart and Bárbara Bruno Goulart.

Doido Varrido (Stark Crazy)—A stressed actor takes refuge in a resting clinic. There he meets his superego—interpreted by Mary Sheila—with whom he stages heated discussions. Written and interpreted by Duda Ribeiro, directed by Ernesto Piccolo.

Esperando Beckett (Waiting for Beckett)—Monologue based in several Samuel Beckett (1906-1989) texts. Marília Gabriela, a famous TV anchor in real life, is a journalist who almost suffers a nervous breakdown while waiting to interview British playwright Beckett. Created and directed by Gerald Thomas.

SÃO PAULO

Eles Preferem as Loiras (They Prefer Blondes)—Comedy. Monologue in which Maria Antonia, an unhappy and lonely black woman, has a radical change of life when an odd disease makes her skin white.

As a blonde she wins a beauty contest, now success and gets two lovers. Written by Zezeh Barbosa and Betina Boop. Zezeh Barbosa interprets Maria Antonia, the play's heroine. Directed by Ângela Barros.

Masterclass—Tratado Geral da Comédia (Masterclass—General Treaty of Comedy)—A scholar talks about comedy theory when he is interrupted by characters from her comedies and a stage hand who becomes furious. Written by Luis Alberto de Azevedo, directed by Ednaldo Freire, with

Fraternal Companhia de Artes e Malas-Artes theater troupe.

7 Dias em 2000 (Seven Days in 2000)—Comedy. A grandmother is caught by surprise by the arrival of her young granddaughter who was sent away from home because the parents were having money troubles after overextending their credit card limits. Written and directed by Jair Alves, with Javert Monteiro, Beatriz Campos and Theodora Ribeiro.

Ovelhas Negras (Black Sheep)—Based in texts written by writer Caio Fernando Abreu who died from AIDS in 1996. The play portrays an artist who finds to be HIV positive. Directed by Pedro Cardillo and Claudia Schapira, with César Guiraro and Eduardo Estrela.

Movies

Just-released American movies:

One Night at McCool's (Que Mulher É Essa?), *See Spot Run (Spot, um Cão da Pesada)*, *Atlantis: The Lost Empire (Atlantis – O Reino Perdido)*, *Things You Can Tell Just by Looking at Her (Coisas Que Você Pode Dizer So de Olhar para Ela)*, *Sweet November (Doce Novembro)*, *Dr. Dolittle 2 (Dr. Dolittle 2)*, *Evolution (Evolução)*, *Bamboozled (A Hora do Show)*, *Jurassic Park III (Jurassic Park III)*, *Along Came a Spider (Na Teia da Aranha)*, *Pearl Harbor (Pearl Harbor)*, *Spy Kids (Pequenos Espiões)*, *Blow (Profissão de Risco)*, *The Mummy Returns (O Retorno da Mumia)*, *Rugrats In Paris: The Movie (Rugrats em Paris – Os Anjinhos)*, *Shrek (Shrek)*

A Partilha (The Partition)—Brazil/2001—Dramatic comedy. Four sisters fight for the money left by their mother who owned an apartment in Copacabana. Only one of them has taken of mom during a long disease. Directed by Daniel Filho, with Glória Pires, Andréa Beltrão, Lília Cabral and Paloma Duarte. Adaptation of a play by Miguel Falabella.

O Sonho de Rose, 10 Anos Depois (Rose's Dream, 10 Years Later)—Brazil/2000—Documentary. By Tetê Moraes. The director, in 1987, filmed the story of Roseli da Silva, who with many other families had occupied the Annoni farm in Rio Grande do Sul. This new movie shows the family da Silva, after the matriarch's death. They lost their lot and moved to a city close to the farm.

Bicho de Sete Cabeças (Seven-Head Beast or Puzzle)—Brazil/Switzerland/Italy/2000—Drama. A rebel student is sent to a mental institution by his father when he starts smoking pot and tagging walls. Based on autobiographical *Canto dos Malditos*, a book by Austregésilo Carrano Bueno. Directed by Laís Bodanzky with Rodrigo Santoro, Othon Bastos, Cássia Kiss, Gero Camilo, Altair Lima and Caco Ciocler.

Tônica Dominante (Main Theme)—Brazil/2001—Drama. Three days in the life of a young musician. Written and directed by Lina Chamie, with Vera Zimmermann, Carlos Gregório, Vera Holtz, Sérgio Mamberti, Walderez de Barros and Carlos Moreno.

A Hora Marcada (Scheduled Time)—Brazil, 2000—Thriller. During a party a bank

owner hears from a mysterious woman that tells him the day he will die seven years later. When the day arrives he is kidnapped by his worst enemy, someone who wants to see him dead. By Marcelo Taranto, with Gracindo Júnior and Osmar Prado.

Books

best sellers

FICTION

1 Harry Potter e o cálice de fogo, J.K. Rowling, Rocco, R\$ 36

2 As mentiras que os homens contam, Luis Fernando Verissimo, Objetiva, R\$ 16,90

3 Harry Potter e a pedra filosofal, J.K. Rowling, Rocco, R\$ 22

4 Comédias para se ler na escola, Luis Fernando Verissimo, Objetiva, R\$ 16

5 O senhor dos anéis, J.R. Tolkien, Martins Fontes, R\$ 75

6 Ninguém é de ninguém, Zíbia Gasparotto, Espaço Vida e Consciência, R\$ 22

7 Harry Potter e a câmara secreta, J.K. Rowling, Rocco, R\$ 22

8 Secreções, excreções e desatinos, Rubem Fonseca, Companhia das Letras, R\$ 21

9 A invasão das salsichas gigantes, Arnaldo Jabor, Objetiva, R\$ 24,90

10 Os cem melhores poemas brasileiros do século, org. Ítalo Moriconi, Objetiva, R\$ 32,90

NONFICTION

1 Um dia daqueles, Bradley Greive, Sextante, R\$ 19,90

2 Pai rico, pai pobre, Robert Kiyosaki, Campus, R\$ 24

3 Quem mexeu no meu queijo?, Spencer Johnson, Record, R\$ 19

4 Como dizer tudo em inglês, Ronald Martinez, Campus, R\$ 29

5 A arte da felicidade, Dalai Lama, Martins Fontes, R\$ 32,50

6 Limites sem trauma, Tânia Zagury, Record, R\$ 20

7 Os templários, Piers Paul Read, Imago, R\$ 40

8 A semente da vitória, Nuno Cobra, Senac, R\$ 25

9 O livro da sabedoria, Dalai Lama, Martins Fontes, R\$ 9,80

10 A arte da guerra, Sun Tzu, Martin Claret, R\$ 7

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

1 A energia do dinheiro, Glória Pereira, Gente, R\$ 23

2 Independência financeira, Robert T. Kiyosaki, Campus, R\$ 36

3 A especulação financeira, Gustavo Patu, Publifolha, R\$ 9,90

4 O dólar, João Sayad, Publifolha, R\$ 9,90

5 As profissões do futuro, Gilson Schwartz, Publifolha, R\$ 9,90

6 Guia valor econômico de finanças pessoais, Mara Luquet, Globo, R\$ 19

7 O Brasil em transformação, Mailson da Nóbrega, Gente, R\$ 29

8 Formação econômica do Brasil, Celso Furtado, Ibepe, R\$ 24

9 Econometria básica, Damodar Gujarati, Makron, R\$ 69

10 Manual de Economia, Diva Benevides Pinho e Marco Antônio Vasconcellos, Saraiva, R\$ 59

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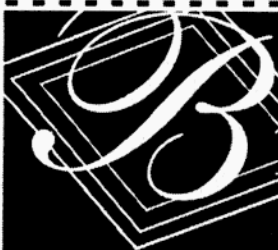
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Filling the Wvoid

José Carlos Costa Netto's independent label Dabliú Discos champions the less obvious in popular music.

DANIELLA THOMPSON

The letter W doesn't exist in the Portuguese alphabet.

It hasn't always been so, but linguistic reforms expelled the letter, leaving only a reminder in song.

W's English name—in a unique Brazilian reading—entered the popular music lore during the 1932 Carnival, when Lamartine Babo and Noel Rosa scored a huge hit with their irreverent *marchinha* on the inadequacies of elementary education:

*A.E.I.O.U.
Dabliú, dabliú
Na cartilha da Juju, Juju*

*A Juju já sabe ler
A Juju sabe escrever
Há dez anos na cartilha
A Juju já sabe ler
A Juju sabe escrever
Escreve sal com cê cedilha!*

Just as W has been cut off from the current language of Brazil, so has popular music that doesn't fit the commercial cookie-cutter mold been relegated to the margins of the entertainment world. Enter Dabliú Discos, an independent São Paulo

label whose mission is to give voice to the excluded, promoting a renovation of MPB with an emphasis on creative music and lyrics. Especially lyrics.

Why lyrics?

Because Dabliú's founder and owner is the notable lyricist José Carlos Costa Netto, who's written songs with the likes of Roberto Menescal, Danilo Caymmi, Paulinho Nogueira, Guilherme Arantes, Dante Ozzetti, Juca Novaes, and Walter Franco. Costa Netto's best-known partnership, however, is with the great *paulista* composer Eduardo Gudin, several of whose discs have been recently reissued by Dabliú. With Gudin, Costa Netto wrote "Verde"—the song that made a star of Leila Pinheiro—and a number of other pearls like "Estrela do Norte"; "Paulista"; "Mensagem"; "Samba de Verdade"; "Poeta Maior"; "Nossos Caminhos"; and "Atrás do Tempo."

Three of the above—"Verde," "Estrela do Norte," and "Paulista"—are among the songs selected by Gudin for his latest CD, the stately *Luzes da Mesma Luz* (Dabliú DB 0102). The disc—which could have featured a crystalline voice such as that of Leila Pinheiro, Mônica Salmaso (who began her career in Gudin's group *Notícias dum Brasil*), Luciana Alves (who replaced Mônica as soloist in *Notícias dum Brasil*), or the composer's wife Vânia Bastos—surprises us with the intimate, emotion-filled delivery of singer/composer Fátima Guedes, who joins forces with a string and wind orchestra in arrangements by the composer (see Gudin's comments about the songs).

Gudin is one of a handful of well-known artists on Dabliú's roster. For every Gudin, there's a score of young musicians struggling to make their voices heard. It is no coincidence that in addition to being a lyricist, the man who's providing a showcase for their talents also happens to be one of Brazil's leading copyright attorneys, who has authored a textbook on the subject and has represented the spectrum of top MPB artists, from Tom Jobim, Maria Bethânia, Roberto Carlos, and Milton Nascimento to rockers Titãs, Paralamas do Sucesso, and Legião Urbana.

In this interview, I asked Costa Netto to elaborate on his activities as songwriter, lawyer, and cultural producer.

Brazzil—Please tell us about your family background and childhood.

Costa Netto—I was born in the city of São Paulo to a family of lawyers (my parents are lawyers, and my paternal grandfather was President Dutra's Minister of Justice in the 1940s). My surname, Costa Netto, is of Genovese origin, Genoa (Italy) being the city of my paternal great-grandfather. My other paternal great-grandparents are *paulistas* from the time of the founding of the city (called "400-year *paulistas*"), and my maternal grandparents are Portuguese. My childhood was spent in the Liberdade district, close to the center of São Paulo and several blocks from the courthouse where my parent practiced. It was a simple old house but with a large yard, fruit trees, dogs, rabbits, football, and gatherings of my street friends—always many.

My beginnings as a "writer": in 1961, at the age of seven, I participated in a writing competition among pupils of the first four grades in all the elementary schools of Brazil and reached first place (an absolute surprise for me), which generated a lot of comment in the newspapers of the time.

Brazzil—What kind of music did you hear in your childhood and youth?

Costa Netto—The music I grew up to (from the age of six to sixteen) was basically popular Brazilian music of the '60s and early '70s—one of the most fertile periods of our popular music of quality: *bossa nova*, *Jovem Guarda*, the festivals of MPB, and a

that effervescence). A lot of Dorival Caymmi, Tom Jobim, Vinicius de Moraes, Milton Nascimento (and his lyricist partners Fernando Brant, Marcio Borges and Ronaldo Bastos), Chico Buarque, Caetano Veloso, Elis Regina, Roberto Carlos and Erasmo (in their *Jovem Guarda* phase), Gil, Geraldo Vandré, Taiguara, MPB-4, Mutantes, Novos Baianos, Boca Livre, João Bosco & Aldir Blanc, and many others, as well as the historic references of Noel Rosa, Lamartine Babo, Orestes Barbosa, Lupicínio Rodrigues, and Ary Barroso.

In the international arena, Burt Bacharach and Hal David, Elton John and Bernie Taupin, Carly Simon, Carole King, Bob Dylan, James Taylor, Steely Dan, Simon and Garfunkel, Italian and French music of the '60s and, obviously, the eternal songs of Cole Porter and the Beatles—always with attention to the lyrics.

Brazil—How did growing up in São Paulo mark you personally and artistically?

Costa Netto—As a large metropolis in constant growth, São Paulo concentrates an enormous diversity of musical information from all the centers of Brazil and the world. This cultural melting pot affects the popular music created in São Paulo. Basically, it was this *niche* that attracted me most, in addition to the literary publications, cinema, theatre, and other such manifestations abundant in my city.

Brazil—When did you begin to write songs? Do you also write poetry?

Costa Netto—I began intuitively to change the lyrics of songs in which I liked the melody more than the lyrics (without any esthetic connotation, but simply adapting them to my personal anxieties at the time). Later, having learned to play the guitar at age 10 or 11, I began to write music and lyrics at age 12 or 13. After I had personal contact with the composers Otavio Toledo and (later) Paulinho Nogueira, I began to dedicate myself more to creating lyrics. I love to write lyrics and am an avid reader of poetry, but I haven't dedicated myself except sporadically to creating poems with any literary pretensions.

Brazil—How did you meet Paulinho Nogueira?

Costa Netto—The great guitarist Paulinho Nogueira lived (and still lives) in the borough of Perdizes, where I sought him out when I was 19 or 20 (around 1974) in order to improve my guitar playing (he gave lessons at the time). Two or three years later, we composed "O Dia Seguinte" and later "Jornada Para Ser Ninguém." Paulinho recorded these songs on his LP *Sas do Moinho* in 1978. These were my first recorded songs.

Brazil—Where and when did you meet Eduardo Gudin, and how did you begin writing songs together?

Costa Netto—I got to know Eduardo Gudin first as a listener, hearing his songs

on the radio around 1973 or '74 and attending his show with Paulo Cesar Pinheiro and Marcia, *O Importante é que Nossa Emoção Sobreviva* at the Teatro Oficina in São Paulo. In 1979, Paulinho Nogueira presented our song "O Dia Seguinte" at Teatro Tuca in São Paulo, and Gudin was in the audience with Geraldo Vandré. Backstage he told Paulinho that he liked the song and the lyrics.

In 1981 I finally met Gudin, who was introduced to me by his then musical editor, Waldemar Marchetti (known as Corisco in musical circles). Since Gudin at that time was impresario of the composer Adoniran Barbosa, our first meeting took place in his office in the traditional Italian district of Bexiga. I left with a tune to put to words—"Te Rever"—recorded by Gudin and his group in the LP *Ensaio do Dia*, released in 1984. The album contained two more songs we'd written together—"Coração Aberto" and "Ensaio do Dia"—launching our partnership on disc. From then on we never stopped. Our partnership is now 20-years old, with more than 30 songs written.

Brazil—"Verde" and "Paulista," both written with Gudin, are masterpieces of MPB. How was "Verde" created?

Costa Netto—"Verde" was inspired by the popular movement for reinstating direct elections for President of the Republic in 1984. Gudin and I went to the largest of the demonstrations at the Vale do Anhangabaú in the center of São Paulo and left with the idea for the song. At the beginning of 1985, we finalized the song in order to enter it in TV Globo's Festival of Festivals. Sung by Leila Pinheiro (who won the festival's Revelation award), "Verde" placed third in the competition. Since then it's been adopted by various singers and radio stations and achieved some recognition, even internationally, as a sound portrait of an important and ever-renewed phase of hope for the *mudança dos ventos* [a change in the winds; see song lyrics] of our country.

Brazil—Last year, Estado de S. Paulo's music critic Mauro Dias named "Paulista" as his personal choice for the city of São Paulo's anthem. He wrote, "To my heart, nobody sang São Paulo in such a beautiful and sensitive manner." How did you write it?

Costa Netto—I wrote "Paulista" in 1988 (Gudin already had the melody for some time). I felt the absence of a song that talked of São Paulo from the inside out, like a person who was born here and lives all the transformations of a great city. Paulista Avenue, one of the principal landmarks of the city, entered the scene as a result of an experience I had as an adolescent in the early '70s (I was studying English at UCBEU—União Cultural Brasil Estados Unidos, which was in one of the cross streets off Paulista). Next to the bus stop there was a very beautiful mansion built at the turn of the previous century, and while I waited for the bus, I imagined

the various stories that could have taken place there, in the hundred years of its life. One day, however, I arrived at the bus stop to discover that the mansion had been demolished by the owner (rapidly, to avoid the consequences of a law then being passed for obligatory preservation of historic landmarks). I was so shocked at the sudden disappearance of the mansion that I preferred to imagine that it had only moved to another place (or another country) with more sensitivity to its cultural assets. Thus the principal verses of the song that I wrote years later: "*Se a avenida exilou seus casarões, quem reconstruiria nossos ilusões...*" and "*Se os seus sonhos emigraram sem deixar nem pedra sobre pedra pra poder lembrar...*" [see song lyrics].

Brazil—How do you normally work with your composer partners? Do you write lyrics to existing melodies?

Costa Netto—Yes. I prefer to create the letters based on existing melodies. I have more difficulties with the inverse process.

Brazil—Please tell us about your songwriting partnership with Vicente Barreto. How did you meet him, and when did you begin to collaborate?

Costa Netto—I met Vicente Barreto at the beginning of the '90s at a song festival in Ituverava (birthplace of Vitor Martins), where we were members of the jury. We continued to see each other in São Paulo, usually at the musical evenings at the Bar Vou Vivendo in Pinheiros, when we began our collaboration with the song "Toada da Lua." In '93 we composed "Ano Bom," which ended up being the title of one of the first CDs released by Dabliú at the end of '94. Since then, Dabliú produced and released two more original CDs by Vicente (*Mão Direita* and *E a Turma Chegando pra Dançar*), as well as this year's compilation *O Melhor de Vicente Barreto*.

Vicente Barreto is today one of the major melodists (besides being a guitar innovator) in popular Brazilian music. Influenced by the richness of the *nordestino* rhythms and styles (Vicente lives in São Paulo but is a *baiano*), his melodies permit the creation of lyrics that have the same touch of Brazilian seasoning. We wrote seven songs together, and I can't say which one I like most (in order of creation, they are: "Toada da Lua"; "Ano Bom"; "Mão Direita"; "Longa Estrada"; "Suinguando o Coração"; *Mundo Virtuoso*; and "Cisma").

Brazil—Is there such a thing as a paulista style of popular music? If so, how would you define it?

Costa Netto—São Paulo has the advantage of being a large metropolis, with its contradictions and international influences and, at the same time, being a large center of consumption and creation of music from all Brazilian regions. Thus it ends up having its own innovative movements, like the so called *vanguarda*

paulista led since the '80s by Arrigo Barnabé, Itamar Assumpção (both from Paraná), Luiz Tatit, Ná Ozzetti, Vânia Bastos, Eliete Negreiros, and other highly original artists in the contemporary line of MPB. The historic line with the sambas of Adoniran Barbosa and Paulo Vanzolini; the MPB of Toquinho and Eduardo Gudin; the pop of Mutantes and Rita Lee; the inventiveness of Tom Zé and other great composers who lived or live here also show much of the *paulistano* style of music.

Brazil—Why did you decide to establish Dabliú Discos?

Costa Netto—I decided to create Dabliú in order to make my contribution to the field of quality MPB, which has great difficulty entering the mass media of commercial radio and TV and therefore sustaining itself economically. The Brazilian music that today accounts for 70 percent of the domestic record market and also for practically the entire pirate industry active in Brazil is composed basically of disposable entertainment consumed primarily by teenagers, as well as by adults susceptible to aggressive marketing, who often have no access to better cultural resources and end up hostages to the strong influence of the mass media. In the last decade, independent record production has grown in Brazil owing mainly to (a) the increasing disregard for artistic quality as a standard for new releases and especially for assessing new musicians on the market, and (b) the evolution of digital technology that has made excellent phonographic results possible, at far more accessible costs.

Several Brazilian composers, performers, and producers of excellent music have moved away from the isolation of musical and poetic-musical creation to concentrate on recording. Undoubtedly, they also try to smuggle a minimum of cultural survival into this predominantly mercenary environment. With this kind of initiative, an independent music market is taking hold in Brazil. At present there are some four hundred small record companies, as against the five large multinationals (Universal, Sony, BMG, Warner, and EMI). The number of CDs produced independently is beginning to be representative in the Brazilian market—of the 100 million discs sold per year (Brazil is the seventh CD market in the world), about 20 million are produced independently, representing significant billings that can already be estimated at close to a \$100 million a year, beyond the obvious underlying cultural benefits they provide.

Brazil—The Dabliú story makes me think of another independent *paulista* label, the pioneering Discos Marcus Pereira, which was also owned by a professional (an advertising man). Did you know Marcus Pereira? Did his experience serve as an example of what to do and what not to do in a record label?

Costa Netto—I knew Marcus Pereira

personally, although briefly—introduced by the show producer Léo Stingen. His early contributions (especially in the musical mapping of Brazil)—as well as that of the musician Antonio Adolfo, of the label Lira Paulistana (run by Wilson Souto Jr.), and of the vocal group Boca Livre—were fundamental in the initial phase of independent Brazilian production of high quality. The musician and producer Marcus Vinicius Mororó de Andrade, who used to be artistic director of Marcus Pereira, continues this concept today with the label CPC/UMES.

Brazil—Lamartine Babo appears to have been a great influence on you, judging by the name you chose for your record label and by the disc *De Lalá pra Cá* which you conceived and produced. What has been the significance of Lalá's work for you?

Costa Netto—The authors of the song that includes the verse "a, e, i, o, u, dabliú, dabliú..." were the first Chico Buarque (Noel Rosa) and Caetano Veloso (Lamartine Babo) to exist in the evolutionary line of popular Brazilian music. Following these two pioneer songwriters, the line passes through Tom Jobim, Vinicius de Moraes, Chico, Caetano, Milton Nascimento, and so many others who raised MPB to an impressive cultural level.

The object of Dabliú and of other independent labels that have sprung up in the 1990s is to follow this road, seeking to support this kind of music, not only in relation to high-quality artists and repertory that already exist but are marginalized by the market at large, but also (and this applies specifically to Dabliú) in opening the way for new artists who follow this line and who need an opportunity to show and develop their art.

In this context, Lamartine Babo and the songwriters who were influenced by him combined with Marcia Salomon's interpretative subtlety and sensitivity in the ever bubbling and stirring cauldron of my poetic and musical references to create the project of the CD *De Lalá pra Cá*. The result, I believe, was very interesting and unusual.

Brazil—What are Dabliú's five most successful discs?

Costa Netto—Judging by what the music critics say, most of the CDs released by Dabliú can be considered successful. In terms of sales, the top five are Ná Ozzetti's *LoveLee Rita*; *Esquina Carioca* with Beth Carvalho, João Nogueira, Monarco, Dona Ivone Lara, Nelson Sargento, Walter Afaiate, and Moacyr Luz; Carmina Juarez's *Arrasta a Sandália*; Tetê & Alzira Espindola's *Anahí*; and Jorge Mautner's *O Ser da Tempestade*. Other top-selling Dabliú artists are Klébi, Kleber Albuquerque, Moacyr Luz, Vicente Barreto, Luiz Tatit, and Eduardo Gudin. Among the recent launches that are selling well are Kleber Albuquerque's *Pra Inveja dos Tristes*; Luiz Tatit's *O Meio*; Ione Papas' *Noel por Ione*; Eduardo Gudin & Fátima Guedes' *Luzes da Mesma Luz*;

Lingua de Trapo's *Vinte e Um Anos de Estrada*; and Alzira Espindola's *Ninguém Pode Calar*.

Brazil—In addition to being a lyricist and record company owner, you're an eminent copyright attorney. Has this legal specialty been useful in running the label?

Costa Netto—My songwriting activity helps me in assuring that repertoires selected for CDs maintain a certain qualitative level in their poetic content. On the other hand, my legal specialty helps a lot in Dabliú's contractual matters. In any activity, my efforts and professional principle have always been to defend authors' rights. I believe this is one of the best ways to bring the results of cultural exploitation directly to the creators of the intellectual property (songwriter, interpreter, artistic producer, arranger, and musicians).

Brazil—Have you ever found yourself on two opposite sides of a copyright dispute?

Costa Netto—So far, Dabliú has not been presented with authors' demands that it hasn't been able to duly satisfy.

Brazil—Would you tell us about some copyright cases you've won for your clients?

Costa Netto—In my 23 years of copyright advocacy (interrupted only between 1979 and 1983, when I was president of the National Council of Copyrights, organ of the then Ministry of Education and Culture), I've had the opportunity to represent great artists and authors in hundreds of cases, both contractual and litigious. Here are a few examples.

The painter Mario Gruber had an unusual case. A famous São Paulo art gallery owned several of his paintings and put together an exhibition of his works as if it were a solo exhibit of the artist's initiative. The gallery not having adopted criteria that would enhance the value of the exhibited work, the latter was, in fact, depreciated. There was no legal precedent to this case, which was decided in 1991 by the Superior Court in favor of the artist. The decision, which has since become a precedent, stated that although it's not possible to prevent the owner of a work of art—especially a gallery—from exhibiting it, it also isn't permissible to leave the creator of artistic or intellectual work without protection.

Another interesting case involved the writer Millôr Fernandes. A well-known newspaper published prominently on its first page—as if it were real news—the solution to a fictional crime from a *novela* [soap opera] broadcast on a TV channel belonging to the same conglomerate that owned the newspaper. The following day in his daily column in another newspaper Millôr wrote an ironic critique beginning "Yesterday, reading my favorite newspaper, [...] I noticed on its first page the notice..." He followed by explaining that he'd been surprised to observe that the "news" was fictitious and questioned the

credibility of the newspaper, wondering whether its famous owner might also be a fictitious character. The newspaper retaliated the next day by publishing a prominent ad with the headline *Do as Millôr Fernandes does, read our newspaper*. This was followed by the opening of Millôr's article, giving the impression that the expression "favorite newspaper" was sincere rather than ironic, as the rest of the article (purposely left out of the ad) made clear. Sued by the author, the newspaper was made to indemnify Millôr Fernandes for adulterating his work.

The cartoonist Paulo Caruso had an unusual suit, not only because of the nature of the case itself but also for the high value of the award. One of the largest advertising agencies in Brazil created a campaign for a major beer brand, using famous press features. The central concept was: "Despite the controversy raised in that publication, there's one thing about which everyone agrees—[brand x] is the best beer in Brazil." One of the items selected for the campaign was *Avenida Brasil*, a political strip cartoon by Paulo Caruso, published weekly on the last page of the magazine *Isto É*. The beer ad was placed on the magazine's inside back cover, facing the page with Caruso's strip. The ad agency refused to pay Caruso a royalty corresponding to the market value of that advertising space (\$10,000), claiming that the use of his work had not been effective. The court disagreed and awarded the cartoonist \$3 million.

The singer/songwriter Walter Franco revolutionized the panorama of Brazilian music in the 1970s when he presented the song "Cabeça" [Head] in TV Globo's International Song Festival. The song's characteristics were not properly melodic, rhythmic, or harmonic, like the principal elements of any musical work. The lyrics were minimalist and repetitive ("*Cabeça... Cabeça explode, irmão*"). In the 1990s, an important foreign pharmaceutical company launched a radio campaign for a headache remedy, using elements that recalled "Cabeça." In the suit that followed, the defendant alleged that "Cabeça" was either a musical nor a literary-musical work and therefore had no legal protection. The court disagreed, unanimously recognizing the entitlement of Walter Franco's work to legal protection and ordering the company to compensate the composer.

Brazil—In its short life, Dabliú has already been distributed by Warner and Eldorado, and not always successfully. Now that Eldorado is going out of the distribution business, how is Dabliú going to market its discs?

Costa Netto—With the goal of improving Dabliú's distribution system, we're seriously thinking of no longer farming out this function and taking on the challenge of direct distribution ourselves. We're working on doing this within the Brazilian territory. Outside Brazil, we're concentrating our attention on two objectives: increasing our relationships with

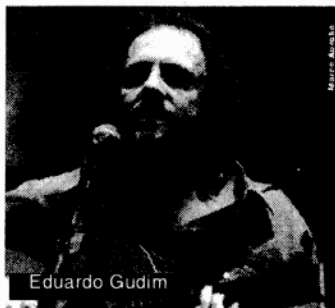
Verde
(Eduardo Gudim/José Carlos Costa Netto)

Quem pergunta por mim
Já deve saber
Do riso no fim
De tanto sofrer
Que eu não desisti
Das minhas bandeiras
Caminhos, trincheiras da noite

Eu que sempre apostei
Na minha paixão
Guardei um país
No meu coração
um foco de luz
Seduz a razão
De repente a visão da esperança!

Quis esse sonhador
Aprendiz de tanto suor
Ser feliz num gesto de amor
Meu país acendeu a cor

Verde as matas no olhar
Ver de perto
Ver de novo um lugar
Ver adiante
Sede de navegar
Verdejantes tempos,
Mudança dos ventos no meu coração.



Paulista
(Eduardo Gudim/José Carlos Costa Netto)

Na Paulista os faróis já vão abrir
E um milhão de estrelas prontas pra
invadir
Os jardins
Onde a gente aqueceu
Numa paixão
Manhãs frias de abril

Se a avenida exilou seus casarões
Quem reconstruiria nossas ilusões
Me lembrei
De contar pra você nessa canção
Que o amor conseguiu

Você sabe quantas noites eu te procurei
Nessas ruas onde andei
Conta onde passeia hoje esse seu olhar
Quantas fronteiras ele já cruzou
No mundo inteiro de uma só cidade

Se os seus sonhos emigraram sem deixar
Nem pedra sobre pedra
Pra poder lembrar
Dou razão
É difícil hospedar no coração
Sentimentos assim

Green
(Eduardo Gudim/José Carlos Costa Netto)

Whoever asks after me
Must already know
Of the laughter at the end
Of so much suffering
That I didn't abandon
My flags
Paths, trenches of the night

I who always persisted
In my passion
Kept a country
In my heart
A point of light
Seduces reason
Suddenly the vision of hope!

This dreamer
Apprentice of so much sweat
Wanted to be happy in a gesture of love
My country lit up in color

Green the forest in the eye
Seeing up close*
Seeing again a place
Looking ahead
A thirst for sailing forth
Greening times,
A change of winds in my heart.

* In the original, the final stanza offers several puns on the word *verde* (green).

Paulista
(Eduardo Gudim/José Carlos Costa Netto)

On Paulista Avenue the stoplights will
turn green
And a million stars ready to invade
The gardens
Where we warmed up
In passion
On cold April mornings

If the avenue exiled its mansions
Who would reconstruct our illusions
I remembered
To tell you in this song
That love did it

You know how many nights I sought you
In these streets where I walked
Tell me where your gaze roams today
How many borders it has crossed
In the whole wide world of just one city

If your dreams emigrated without leaving
Even stone upon stone
For us to remember
I agree
It's difficult to house in our heart
Such sentiments

exporters and looking for distribution partnerships with firms that operate in America, Europe, and Japan.



Notable Dabliú artists & releases

Like Costa Netto's client list, the Dabliú catalog is highly diversified, including MPB, samba, art song, pop, rock, regional music, and various experimental hybrids. Below are some of my personal favorites, listed in alphabetical order.

Vicente Barreto: *O Melhor de Vicente Barreto* (DB 0103)

Every new disc by Vicente Barreto is good news. Consistently creating songs that are both musically interesting and fun to listen to, he's been recorded by the likes of Alceu Valença and Elba Ramalho. Yet Barreto is also a wonderful performer in his own right. In this 'best of' compilation, we can enjoy Barreto's danceable takes on *afoxé*, *baião*, *xote*, samba, and reggae in songs from his previous three albums, *Ano Bom* (1995), *Mão Direita* (1996), and *É a Turma Chegando pra Dançar* (1999), plus "Cisma" from last year's Globo song festival.

Daisy Cordeiro: *Paladar* (DB 0034)

Daisy is a singer in the Joyce mold, but working in a slightly lower register. Her vocal abilities—both technical and expressive—are as good as they come in popular music. She shows them to excellent advantage in this CD, whose sixteen songs are mostly little-heard delights, including "Mandingueiro" by Moacyr Luz & Aldir Blanc; "Bossa do Bayard" by Dulce Quintal (a bluesy tongue-in-cheek portrait of an "artist" who's his own poem); the lovely *toada* "Anel de Prata" by Sergio Santos; an unusual and lyrical rendition of Djavan's "Flor-de-Lis" accompanied only by cellos; and the bolero "Nossos Caminhos" by Eduardo Gudín & J.C. Costa Netto.

Alzira Espindola: *Ninguém Pode Calar* (DB 0079)

Maysa was the queen of *fossa* in the '50s and '60s. She wrote and sang songs of heartbreak and disillusion, lived hard, and died young. This 2000 tribute offers ten songs composed by Maysa (e.g., "Meu Mundo Caiu," "Adeus," "Ouça") and two others she made famous ("Bom Dia Tristeza" by Adoniran Barbosa & Vinicius de Moraes and "Quem Quiser Encontrar o Amor" by Carlos Lyra & Geraldo Vandré). Alzira gets the atmosphere just right, ably assisted by Luiz Waack's bluesy

Eduardo Gudín on *Luzes da Mesma Luz*

The composer talks about his songs and partners

The entire disc is built around the arrangements. They are an integral part of the songs, not just background accompaniment. I find this to be a fundamental characteristic of the work, where the singer and the orchestra are equal partners. Here I was able to write arrangements that reveal my more assertive side, in an assertive way. All the melodies in *Luzes da Mesma Luz* were composed first, and the lyrics came later.

"Abertura" [Opening] is instrumental; it's a piece composed for orchestra, especially for this project. It's an experiment in composing for orchestra—this was the first time I've done this. The basic motif develops according to the reading of the various instruments. I thought more of sonority, not of a melody that would have lyrics. It's a different kind of adventure.

"Estrela do Norte" is a samba made shortly after Leila Pinheiro sang "Verde" at the 1985 Festival of Festivals produced by TV Globo. Costa Netto had the idea of writing a song about how Leila emerged before the public in that festival. The lyrics are precisely about this relationship of the singer with her public.

Costa Netto is a leading if not *the* leading copyright attorney in Brazil. Because of his talent to describe, to deal with words, he selected the legal profession. In reality, he is above all a poet and lyricist, a writer who divides his time with the law. He's been a very important person in my career—someone who's made things happen besides being a lyricist. Now he has the label Dabliú, where this disc is being launched. He's always been concerned about me beyond our friendship.

"Das Flores" is a samba for which I wrote both music and lyrics. The first part of the melody has fixed letters that repeat like a refrain, while the second part repeats three times, but with letters that vary, as if it were a response in a *partido alto* samba. However, it's not a *partido alto*, because that kind of samba needs four repetitions.

"Verde" is a samba that initially I was going to keep instrumental, but then Costa Netto suggested that we make a song for the 1985 TV Globo festival. I inserted a new second part in G minor between the first part [in G major] and the final part [that ends in B-flat major]. We talked about writing a samba in support of direct elections, because that was the era of the movement for direct elections in Brazil. However, it wasn't meant to be restricted to this but to have other meanings as well, which several poetic devices accomplished [see song lyrics]. The song has an epic sound within the samba structure.

In "Neo-Brasil," both lyrics and music are mine. It's a samba that speaks of the Brazilian, and the melody also has an epic feel in the style of Ary Barroso. It talks of the Brazilian living in these days of neo-liberalism. I find this total absence of the State very unfair to Brazilians, since commercial relations favor the developed countries. So this is the story of the Brazilian who's in the midst of all this but who always manages to overcome through cheerfulness and who straddles the border between criticism and allegory.

"Paulista" is a bolero for which Costa Netto wrote lyrics about Avenida Paulista, the pride of the *paulistanos*. It seems like a love affair with the old mansions. A few that were designated as landmarks still exist, but the majority were transformed into commercial buildings. It's really a beautiful avenue.

"Ângulos" is an experiment proposed by Arrigo Barnabé. With mixed twelve-tone and tonal music, switching from one to the other, Caetano Veloso's lyrics also follow this quasi-Impressionist proposition.

"Obrigado" is a love song, a slow samba. It was created for the disc *Notícias dum Brasil*, which was released by Velas in 1995 and reissued last year by Dabliú. Vitor Martins, president of Velas and Ivan Lins' songwriting partner, suggested that I make a love song and I wrote the lyrics to a melody that I'd already had for some time.

"Mordaça" is a song from the time of repression, a song against the dictatorship in Brazil. It was created in 1974, when the repressive acts were still in force and censorship was very strong. Paulo Cesar Pinheiro and I created it, and from this song was extracted the phrase *"O importante é que nossa emoção sobreviva"* [the important is that our emotion survives], that became the title of a show and a series of discs.

Paulo Cesar Pinheiro got a very early start. His first recorded song, "Viagem," was a hit throughout Brazil, and he was only 14 when he wrote it. He was very attached to Vinicius de Moraes and a suburban *carioca* way of life, he read a lot of Guimarães Rosa, wrote poetry from a young age. His song "Viagem" was made with João de Aquino, who was Baden Powell's nephew. When Vinicius and Baden Powell drew a little apart, Paulo Cesar Pinheiro occupied Vinicius' place and wrote with Baden Powell an enormous quantity of songs. He's always been a professional lyricist—he makes a living from this, has a system and works every day, besides having published books. Very few people are professional in the same way. He's a genius and continues to work with great satisfaction and irreverence. He has absolutely nothing to do with fashion. Genius and perseverance are his principal characteristics. The joy with which he works is as if he were just beginning to write today.

"Canção Serena" is a typical 4x4 song—it has only one long part that keeps developing. The lyrics talk about the serenity that love brings with time.

"Luzes da Mesma Luz" is another song whose melody was composed first, and Sergio Natureza was happy writing the lyrics in his special style—very delicate, but with great expressiveness. It's in the line of Jobim's songs. Unlike Paulo Cesar Pinheiro and Costa Netto, Sergio Natureza usually writes the lyrics first. Sergio is a naturalist, has a different philosophy of life, and is a marvelous poet.

"Ainda Mais" is a samba I made with Paulinho da Viola. I wrote the melody and Paulinho created a little bridge to return from the middle part to the beginning and then added the words. This samba stayed with him for quite a while until he completed the lyrics, and it's a partnership that makes me very proud, since Paulinho has always been my idol. It's a samba that's fun to sing—I always enjoy singing it. Paulinho da Viola requires no commentary, because he's the best, the great samba composer. He's the synthesis of a more intellectualized samba with traditional samba.

"Apaixonada" is a song with lyrics by Aluizio Falcão. This samba spent ten years in the drawer. It was made for Gal Gosta, but he ended up not hearing it at the time, so we saved it. In the context of this disc, it's very important for being on the border between authentic samba and *bossa nova*, which is another form of samba.

Aluizio Falcão is a journalist and cultural producer, for whom making music is almost a hobby. Sometimes he even uses a pseudonym. He's one of those incredible people who are masters at everything they do. He's produced excellent discs for Eldorado and has written a lovely book about the bars of São Paulo. These days he organizes the cultural events at the Universidade de São Paulo.

"Velho Ateu" is the most root-based samba that I've made, and the most gratifying. It's very much in the line of Nelson Cavaquinho, who was my *compadre* and godfather of my eldest daughter. The Nelsonian type of samba is always very rich, and I was influenced by him in making this samba, so I could only conclude the disc with this kind of orchestration. Roberto Riberti, who wrote the lyrics, is also a composer of melodies. We've always had great affinity in our partnerships. I believe that all the songs I made with Riberti are very well put together. He'd stopped songwriting for a while, but now he's coming back to it. He is always the lyricist when I compose with Arrigo Barnabé, with the exception of the song in which Caetano Veloso participated.

arrangements.

Mario Gil: *Contos do Mar* (DB 0048)

A beautiful album of sea-related songs, all composed by Mario Gil, with lyrics by Paulo Cesar Pinheiro. The arrangements are acoustic and the atmosphere lyrical, with guest artists to match: the fabulous Mônica Salmaso and Renato Braz. The gorgeous songs include "Anabela," "Lenda Praieira," and "Samba de Roda na Beira do Mar."

Eduardo Gudín & Fátima Guedes: *Luzes da Mesma Luz* (DB 0102)

Gudín's sambas in formal attire. A *tour de force* by all involved

Eduardo Gudín & *Notícias dum Brasil* (DB 0087)

Imagine you've died and gone to heaven and are sitting on a glowing cloud at sunset next to a benevolent Vinicius de Moraes. But this time there's a wonderful ensemble of crack musicians and vocalists along for the ride, and they pour forth angelic samba and *bossa nova* without end, for this is the kind of music you'll want to put on an eternal loop. One of the most memorable albums of the '90s, it's where Mônica Salmaso and Renato Braz made their first marks.

Eduardo Gudín, Marcia & Paulo Cesar Pinheiro: *Tudo o Que Mais Nos Uniu* (DB 0088)

During the military dictatorship, Gudín and Pinheiro wrote the protest song "Mordaça," whose lyrics provided the title for their legendary 1975 show with Marcia, *O Importante É Que Nossa Emoção Sobreviva*. Twenty years later, the three staged a revival show, again with a title taken from "Mordaça." In the repertoire, Gudín and Pinheiro's standards from the original show (e.g., "Santo Dia," "Veneno," "Recado ao Poeta," "E Lá Se Vão os Anéis"); "Arrebentação," composed in 1986; the medley "Roda de Samba"; plus "Verde" (Gudín/Costa Netto) and "Refém da Solidão" (P.C. Pinheiro/Baden Powell).

Carmina Juarez: *Arrasta a Sandália* (DB 0003)

A musician's musician, Carmina Juarez possesses a beautiful clear voice with a wide interpretative range. She also chooses her repertoire very carefully. Accompanied by imaginative acoustic arrangements, she does equal justice to syncopated rhythms and lyrical songs, urban and country tunes. In this album she visits classics spanning several decades, including "Rugas" (Nelson Cavaquinho/Ary Monteiro), "Amigo Amado" (Alaíde Costa/Vinicius de Moraes), "O Maior Castigo Que Te Dou" (Noel Rosa), "Nega Maluca" (Ewaldo Ruy/Fernando Lobo), "Essa Mulher Tem Qualquer Coisa na Cabeça" (Wilson Batista/Armando Reis), "Que Nem Jiló" (Luiz Gonzaga/Humberto Teixeira), "Zanzibar" (Edu Lobo), and "O Pedido" (Elomar).

Ivor Lancellotti: *Ivor Lancellotti* (DB 0063)

This is Lancellotti's fourth solo disc, although he's been composing for 30 years, with hits recorded by Clara Nunes, Roberto Carlos, Nana Caymmi, Alcione, and João Nogueira. The new CD is an album of profound emotions in the form of slow sambas, *choros*, and delicate songs. An excellent lyricist, Lancellotti is above all a great melodist who's collaborated with the best lyricists of Brazil. Some of the co-authored songs here are "História Renovada" (with Sergio Natureza), "Amor Alheio" and "Casa Encantada" (Paulo Cesar Pinheiro), "Cilada" (Juca Novaes), "Quando Essa Paixão Me Dominar" and "O Sol por Testemunha" (Delcio Carvalho). Lancellotti conveys feelings exceedingly well in his fine, high voice. The superb musicians include the *choro* group Água de Moringa, guitarists Paulão 7 Cordas, Maurício Pacheco, and Marcelo Menezes, and percussionist Marcos Esguleba.



The Recorded Songs of José Carlos Costa Netto

(first recordings only)

<i>Song Title/Authors</i>	<i>Performer</i>	<i>First Performance Album</i>	<i>Year</i>
"O Dia Seguinte" "Jornada Para Ser Ninguém" (Paulinho Nogueira/J.C. Costa Netto)	Paulinho Nogueira	Asas do Moinho (Arlequim LP)	1979
"Ensaio do Dia" "Coração Aberto"	Eduardo Gudin	Cavalo Amarelo (TV Bandeirantes novela soundtrack & LP) Ensaio do Dia (Continental LP)	1984
"Te Réver" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto) "Verde" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro	Festival dos Festivais (TV Globo) Olho Nu (PolyGram LP & CD)	1985
"Ponto de Luz" (Roberto Menescal/ J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro	17th World Song Festival, Tokyo, Japan Olho Nu (PolyGram Japan LP & CD)	1986
"Estrela do Norte" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro	XVI Festival OTI (Organização das Televisões Ibero Americanas) Lisbon, Portugal Alma (PolyGram LP & CD)	1987
"Canção de Amor" (Guilherme Arantes/J.C. Costa Netto) "Meia Noite Dupla" (Leila Pinheiro/J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro	Alma (PolyGram LP & CD)	1988
"Paulista" "Mensagem" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto) "Morena" (André Luiz Oliveira/J.C. Costa Netto)	Eduardo Gudin & Vânia Bastos Maria Bethânia	Eduardo Gudin & Vânia Bastos (Eldorado LP & CD) Memórias da Pele (PolyGram LP & CD)	1989
"Caiaque" "O Carnaval de Cada Dia" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto)	Vânia Bastos	Riacho Doce (TV Globo series & Som Livre CD) Vânia Bastos (Eldorado/JVC LP & CD)	1990
"Mãe Oxum" (André Luiz Oliveira/J.C. Costa Netto)	Maria Bethânia	África Brasil (EMI Odeon LP)	1990
"Estrela Brasileira" (André Luiz Oliveira/J.C. Costa Netto) "De Onde Eu Vim" (André Luiz Oliveira/J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro Gerônimo		
"Coisa de Criança" and seven other children's songs (Alberto Rosenblit/J.C. Costa Netto)	Tatiana Ferreira Musical director: Roberto Menescal	Coisa de Criança (Continental LP)	1990
"Bom Presságio" (Guilherme Arantes/J.C. Costa Netto)	Guilherme Arantes	Pão (CBS LP & CD)	1991
"Rosa in Blues" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)	Rosa Maria	Lua Cheia de Amor (TV Globo novela) Rosa in Blues (PolyGram LP & CD)	1991
"Rainy Song" (English version of Roberto Menescal & Ronaldo Bôscoli's "Vagamente")	Roberto Menescal	Ditos e Feitos (WEA CD)	1992
	Os Cariocas	Reconquistar (Warner Music CD)	1992
"Choro Molequinho" (Guilherme Arantes/J.C. Costa Netto)	Guilherme Arantes	Crescente (EMI Odeon LP & CD)	1992
"Crônica de um Rio"—a tribute to the river Tietê (Guilherme Arantes/J.C. Costa Netto)	Guilherme Arantes	Via Paulista (Sony LP)	1992
"Fica Esse Samba Comigo" (Eduardo Gudin/Elton Medeiros/J.C. Costa Netto)	Leila Pinheiro		
"Mares" (Philippe Kadosch/J.C. Costa Netto) "Longa Metragem" "Abrace Vazio" "Suave Feitiço" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto) "Mundos e Fundos" (Dante Ozzetti/J.C. Costa Netto) "Coração Fique São" (Fernando Salem/J.C. Costa Netto) "Flores na Estufa" (Laura Finocchiaro/J.C. Costa Netto) "Totem" (Walter Franco/J.C. Costa Netto) [plus "Paulista"; "Verde"; "Ponto de Luz"; and "Bom Presságio"]	Marcia Salomon	Mundos e Fundos (PolyGram LP)	1992

[the above 12 songs, plus the following two bonus tracks]		Mundos e Fundos (Dabliú CD)	1995
"Mil Rios" "Cadê a MPB?" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto).			
"Diga Viver" (Danilo Caymmi/J.C. Costa Netto)	Danilo Caymmi	Danilo Caymmi (Albatroz CD)	1994
"Tabu"	Vânia Bastos	Canta Mais (Velas CD)	1994
"Sobre as Nuvens" (Portuguese versions of Sade's "The Sweetest Taboo" and "Eve")			
"Céu" (Dante Ozzetti/J.C. Costa Netto)	Ná Ozzetti	Ná (WEA CD & LP)	1994
"Chama" (Guilherme Arantes/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Ano Bom"	Vicente Barreto	Ano Bom (Dabliú CD)	1995
"Toada da Lua" (Vicente Barreto/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Trilhas" (Portuguese version of "Traces")	Guilherme Arantes	Clássicos (PolyGram CD) Próxima Vítima (TV Globo novela soundtrack and Som Livre CD)	1995
"Encanto das Sereias"			
"Música, Paz e Amor" (Mauricio Dubboc/J.C. Costa Netto)	Mauricio Dubboc	Música, Paz e Amor (Albatroz/Sony CD)	1995
"Viva" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Samba de Verdade"	Eduardo Gudín & Notícias dum Brasil	Eduardo Gudín & Notícias dum Brasil (Velas CD; reissued by Dabliú in 2000)	1995
"Poeta Maior" (Eduardo Gudín/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"São Luis Boulevard" (Philippe Kadosch/J.C. Costa Netto)	Klébi	Klébi (Dabliú CD)	1995
Twelve songs inspired by the writings of Paulo Coelho (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)	Various new artists, including Tânia Maya, Eduardo Costa, and the groups Equale & Relegare	Canções para um Mago (Warner Music CD)	1995
"Plugs"			
"Por Puro Amor"	Silvana Stiévano	Por Puro Amor (Dabliú CD)	1996
"Nú Mundo" (Silvana Stiévano/J.C. Costa Netto)		Prêmio Sharp nominee for best CD in the Pop-Rock category	
"Estrada Delhi-Rio" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Tango Gauche"	Cássio Gava	Rapsódia Paulistana (Dabliú CD)	1996
"Brasileiro Só" (Cássio Gava/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Encostas do Rio" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)	Marcia Salomon	Primeiro Encontro da MPB (Movieplay CD)	1996
"Mão Direita"	Vicente Barreto	Mão Direita (Dabliú CD)	1997
"Longa Estrada" (Vicente Barreto/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Jura" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)	Roberto Menescal, Luiz Carlos Miéle & Wanda Sá	Menescal, Miéle e Wanda Sá (Albatroz CD)	1997
"Frestas de Céu" (Eduardo Santana/Juca Novaes/J.C. Costa Netto) "Só de Passagem" (Eduardo Santana/J.C. Costa Netto)	Lucila Novaes	Frestas de Céu (Dabliú CD)	1998
"Estrada Tokio-Rio" (Roberto Menescal/J.C. Costa Netto)	Roberto Menescal, & Wanda Sá	Estrada Tokyo-Rio (Albatroz CD)	1998
"Nossos Caminhos" (Eduardo Gudín/J.C. Costa Netto)	Daisy Cordeiro	Paladar (Dabliú CD)	1998
"Sabor em Mim" Portuguese version of Alvaro Carrillo's classic bolero "Sabor a Mi"	Marcia Tauil	Águas da Cidade (Dabliú CD)	1999
"Atrás do Tempo" (Eduardo Gudín/J.C. Costa Netto)			
"Mundo Virtuoso" Suinguando o Coração" (Vicente Barreto/J.C. Costa Netto)	Vicente Barreto	E a Turma Chegando pra Dançar (Dabliú CD)	1999
"Alameda de Grafite" (Ivaldo Moreira/J.C. Costa Netto)	Ivaldo Moreira	Muito cedo é tarde mas cedinho não é (Lua Discos CD)	2000
"Dança no Espelho" (Saul Barbosa/J.C. Costa Netto)	Saul Barbosa	Cio na Cidade (Estúdio de Invenções CD)	2000
"Cisma" (Vicente Barreto/J.C. Costa Netto)	Vicente Barreto	Festival da Canção (TV Globo)	2000
		O Melhor de Vicente Barreto (Dabliú CD)	2001

Moacyr Luz: Mandingueiro (DB 0043)

This notable composer and guitarist is Aldir Blanc's most constant songwriting partner. He sings the pair's creations on this, his third disc (highlights: "Mandingueiro" and "Pra Que Pedir Perdão," the latter with Aldir singing), as well as on the reissues *Vitória da Ilusão* (DB 0085; with "Paris: de Santos Dumont aos Travestis" and "Saudades da Guanabara") and *Moacyr Luz 1988* (DB 0053). It's interesting to follow the composer's evolution from disc to disc, as he becomes more and more of a *sambista*.

Regina Machado: Sobre a Paixão (DB 0058)

This classically trained singer was Mônica Salmaso's singing teacher, so it's no surprise that in the tree one can discern the apple. The repertoire of this brief and beautiful disc includes art songs by classical composers (two by Schumann & Heine, one by Guerra Peixe & Guilherme Neves), popular songs by Chico Buarque and Caetano Veloso, and the singer's own accomplished compositions, tastefully accompanied by acoustic guitar, string quartet components, and percussion.

Jorge Mautner: O Ser da Tempestade—40 Anos de Carreira (DB 0060)

Defying classification, Jorge Mautner has dedicated 40 years to irreverence in several artistic and intellectual fields. This double disc looks back on his long career of offbeat creativity. In Disc 1, Mautner himself romps his way through new recordings of his unconventional songs, in which rock, Carnival music, *caipira*, and regional rhythms are mixed into a heady brew. Disc 2 is a collection of various stars' recordings of Mautner's songs, including Gilberto Gil's and Chico Science & Nação Zumbi's separate renditions of "Maracatú Atômico"; Gal Costa in "Lágrimas Negras"; Zé Ramalho in "Orquídea Negra"; Fagner in "Viajante"; and Caetano Veloso in "Vampiro."

Ney Mesquita: Canções de Dorival e Dori Caymmi (DB 0049)

This fine album was released before the recent spate of Caymmi tributes, and it's a mystery why it never emerged from obscurity, given the imaginative choice of material, the singer's beautiful voice and interpretations, and the excellent arrangements by Eduardo Gudin, who also produced and plays guitar on some tracks. The repertoire is divided almost equally between the father's and the son's compositions.

Beth Nazar: Dia a Dia (DB 0073)
The singer's timbre and delivery fall

somewhere between those of Simone and Nana Caymmi. In this CD she is backed up by Eduardo Gudin's sumptuous arrangements in songs like "Dia a Dia" (Celso Viáfara); "Vento Bom" (Eduardo Gudin/Paulo Cesar Pinheiro); "Estranho Sumiço" (Chico Maranhão); "Quem Já Esteve Só" (Ivor Lancellotti/P. C. Pinheiro); and "Antigos Sinais" (Eduardo Gudin/J.C. Costa Netto).



Gudin and Fatima Guedes

Novo Canto—O Espaço Para os Novos Talentos da MPB (DB 0065)

The *Novo Canto* series of shows presents new talents introduced by established musicians. Released in 1997, this double CD features Bêlo Velloso, Orlando Morais, Renata Arruda, Jussara Silveira, Rita Ribeiro, Zeca Baleiro, Pedro Luís, Pedro Camargo Mariano, Dorina, Cris Braun,

Marcelo Vianna, Simone Guimarães, Chris Nasser, Marcos Assumpção, Bernardo Lobo, and many others.

Ione Papas: Noel por Ione (DB 0084)

An exuberant tribute to Noel Rosa (who wrote the songs) and Aracy de Almeida (who first recorded them) by the Bahian singer and actress, who presents Noel's work in contemporary settings. The repertoire isn't run-of-the-mill Noel either. Instrumental standouts include Ubaldo Versolatti's clarinet and some great percussion by Fred Prince and Chocolate. Guests: Simone Guimarães, Jussara Silveira, Quinteto em Branco e Preto, the feminine vocal trio A Três, and the group Choro, Seresta & Cia. This album moves right along in a continuous chug of energy.

Consuelo de Paula: Samba, Seresta & Baião (DB 0082)

The essence of Brazil, without the noise. Here you can hear *viola caipira*, *cavaquinho*, typically Brazilian percussion like matchbox, *pandeiro*, and *djembê*, acoustic guitar, accordion (all played by crack musicians), and the clear, calm, assured voice of the singer offering songs that draw on Brazilian traditions. The repertoire includes "Anabela" (Mario Gil/P. C. Pinheiro); "Folia" (Lourenço Baeta/Xico Chaves); "Espelho Cristalino" (Alceu Valença); "Na Pancada do Ganzá" (Antonio Nóbrega); "Lua Branca" (Chiquinha Gonzaga); and "Riacho de Areia" (folklore).

Pirajá, Esquina Carioca—Uma Noite com a Raiz do Samba (DB 0075)

If you've never been to a *roda de samba*, this disc will deliver the authentic atmosphere minus the beer, appetizers, sweat, and smoke normally found in bars where samba is played. All the performers are stars, and they're joined by the audi-

ence in singing their hits. Soloists: Dona Ivone Lara, Beth Carvalho, João Nogueira, Walter Alfaiate, Luiz Carlos da Vila, Moacyr Luz, and guest Nelson Sargento. Backup vocals: Dorina & Teresa Cristina. Musicians: Moacyr Luz, Carlinhos Sete Cordas, Pedro Amorim, Beto Cazes, Marcelo Moreira & Gordinho. Pure fun.

Marcos Sacramento: Caracane (DB 0052)

A chain of witty love songs to Rio de Janeiro and its wonders, from Urca and Pão de Açúcar—the city's breasts in "Ares do Rio"—through the denizens of the night in "Rapa da Lapa" to Maracanã, the palace of many kings in "Pra Ver o Futebol" (all by Paulo Baiano & Marcos Sacramento). Sergio Natureza contributes poignant lyrics in "Caracane" and the "Caricas" cycle. Antonio Saraiva's unusual arrangements take these creative samba hybrids in new directions.

Marcia Salomon: De Lalá pra Cá (DB 0016)

Lalá was Lamartine Babo, celebrated author of Carnival *marchinhas* and a symbol of MPB in its golden age. This concept album illuminates the evolution of MPB by pairing standards by Lalá and his co-generationists with compatible tunes by younger composers: João Bosco & Aldir Blanc, Caetano Veloso, Zé Ketti & Eltor Medeiros, Rita Lee & Roberto Carvalho and Roberto Menescal & Chico Buarque among others.

Luiz Tatit: O Meio (DB 0094)

A musician, writer, professor, and veteran of the 1980s group Rumor, Tatit specializes in *cantofalado* (spoken singing): la Noel Rosa and Mário Reis. A member of the *vanguarda paulista*, he called upon fellow *vanguardistas* José Miguel Wisnik, Ná Ozzetti, and Ricardo Breim to participate in writing some of the songs in *O Meio*. The songs are literate, ironic, an often hilarious, with abundant verbal pyrotechnics. The musical arrangements are equally delightful. In the same vein Tatit's previous disc, *Felicidade* (DB 0027).

Celso Viáfara: Paixão Candeeira (DB 0018)

He's been called the Guinga of São Paulo, but perhaps he should be compared to Guinga & Aldir Blanc, for he writes brilliant lyrics as well as music. Lil Vicente Barreto, Viáfara utilizes very Brazilian themes, so it's natural that the TV have been collaborating more and more. Standout tunes in this second disc are "Paixão Candeeira"; "Canção Brasileira: 'Quebra a Cara'; "Luz do Meu Samba"; "O Rio Virou Sertão"; and "Por um Fi" (the last two co-authored with Barreto). Also recommended is Viáfara's first disc, *Celso Viáfara* (DB 0010).

Daniella Thompson is a writer and preservationist living in North California. She can be reached at dani@jps.net

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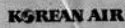
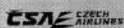
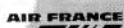
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