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ESTORVO

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4/4/92

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*in broad day-light*

It's very early for me, I went to bed at day-break, can't make out that fellow through the spy-hole. I'm dizzy, can't understand the fellow standing there in a suit and tie, with his face swollen by the lense. It must be something important, I heard the bell ring several times, once on my way to the door and at least three times in my sleep. My eyes are focussing now and I'm starting to think I knew that face in a distant, hazy past. Or was I asleep when I got to the spy-hole, do I know that face from when it was still part of my dreams. It's got a beard. Perhaps I have seen that face before without a beard, but the beard's so thick *solid* and exact disciplined as if it came before the face. The suit and tie also *rigorous* unsettle me. I don't know many people who wear suits and ties, much less *solid* with hair *straggling* *hangings* down to their shoulders. The suit- and-tie *slid* individuals I know live behind desks and ticket windows, they're not individuals who come hammering on my door. I try to imagine the man clean-shaven and in shirt-sleeves, allow for the distortions of the spy-hole, but he's still someone I know and can't put a name to. And the static close-ups of the fellow's face confuse my judgement even more. *ident.?* It's not exactly a face, more the idea of a face that gets farther from the reality the better you know the individual. *For me* ~~As far as I'm concerned,~~ that immobility is *his* best disguise. *his?*

I retreat cautiously across my flat as if I'm *moving* wading through water. I'll slip back into bed, I think the fellow will give up in the end, now he's sure nobody is at home. But I'm just crossing the imaginary line between my bedroom and living room when the bell rings again. I can't sleep with the image of that man attached to my door. I go back to the spy-hole. I must catch one careless, impatient movement that will give him away, enable me to tie the gesture to *the* ~~some~~ person. But the ~~moment~~ I

*link*

*While I'm*

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Turbulence

Chico Buarque

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# Turbulence

Chico Buarque

'A nightmarish tour de force' *Independent*

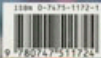




# CHICO BUARQUE

## *ESTORVO*

CHICO BUARQUE *ESTORVO*



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Once every few years, news of a novel catches like brushfire among international publishers and ends up on best-seller lists from New York to Stockholm, Milan to Sydney. Patrick Süskind's *Das Parfum* was such a book, Isabel Allende's *The House of the Spirits* another.

*Estorvo*, meaning disturbance, is the latest sensation. Published first in Brazil where it was hailed by critics as a masterpiece, it went immediately to number one on the best-seller list there. Since then, leading literary publishers in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and the US have snapped up the rights.

Set in a city which can only be Rio, yet it is not named, the story is told by a drop-out from the privileged upper crust, with its luxury beach front apartments and extravagant sylvatic obsessions, who enters by chance or perhaps by choice the 'other' Brazil of wretched poverty and petty crime. Catapulted into a series of violent and bizarre adventures, the narrator draws the reader into a hallucinatory underworld while at the same time conjuring brilliant and vivid scenes both of his present and of his past. Themes recur: an incestuous fascination with his sister, a sick desire for his ex-wife, pity for his lonely mother, too frightened even to answer her own phone. It presents a nightmare vision of the paranoia and lawlessness of urban life in a fast-moving story which is richly ironic, perceptive and disturbing.

**Chico Buarque** for the past twenty years has been Brazil's most popular composer, lyricist and performer. He was in the vanguard of the extraordinary flowering of politics and music in the sixties and has constantly reinforced his position with new albums and theatre pieces all characterised by the poetic intensity and rare melodious beauty of his haunting songs. He was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1944 and *Estorvo* is his first full-length novel.



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TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

'When I first came to Brazil in 1952 I asked my Brazilian friends which Brazilian books I should begin reading. After naming some of Machado de Assis's novels or short stories, or Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões*, they frequently recommended this little book, *Minha Vida de Menini...My Life as a Little Girl*...the diary actually kept by a little girl between the ages of twelve and fifteen, in the far-off town of Diamantina...The scenes and events it described were odd, remote and long ago, and yet fresh, sad, funny and eternally true.'

'Helena Morley' was the pseudonym of Senhora Augusto Mario Caldeira Brant whose diary was first published in 1942.

Elizabeth Bishop (1928-79) was one of the greatest and best loved poets of the twentieth century.

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