

*News
from*

BRASIL

BRAZILIAN CONTEMPORARY ARTS BULLETIN A Free Publication N° 40 April 1999

EDITORIAL

A Good Thing Coming

Greetings from BCA to all our members and supporters. The time is ripe for us to bring you a special edition of News From Brasil. We must apologise for the delay in producing this issue, but here we are, bringing you lots of good information.

After the rough times Brazil went through at the beginning of the year with the collapse of the Real and, as a consequence, of the hope of millions of Brazilians for a better and more stable future, the country is starting to regain its optimism. The value of the currency appears to be fairly controlled and inflation is not rife as yet. Let's hope, for the sake of our people, that a solution can be found for the problems the country is facing.

Walter Salles' new film *Central Station* warmed up the hearts of millions of people the world over and almost won Brazil a much-coveted Oscar. Check out the film, if you have not done so as yet. It is worth it.

This year BCA is dedicating its efforts to 'Since Samba has been Samba', one of our most important projects ever. Besides bringing together some of Brazil's most illustrious artists, its final objective is to raise funds for Task Brasil Trust.

cont page 2

Gilberto Gil Master of Rhythm

by Pedrinho Alves Madeira

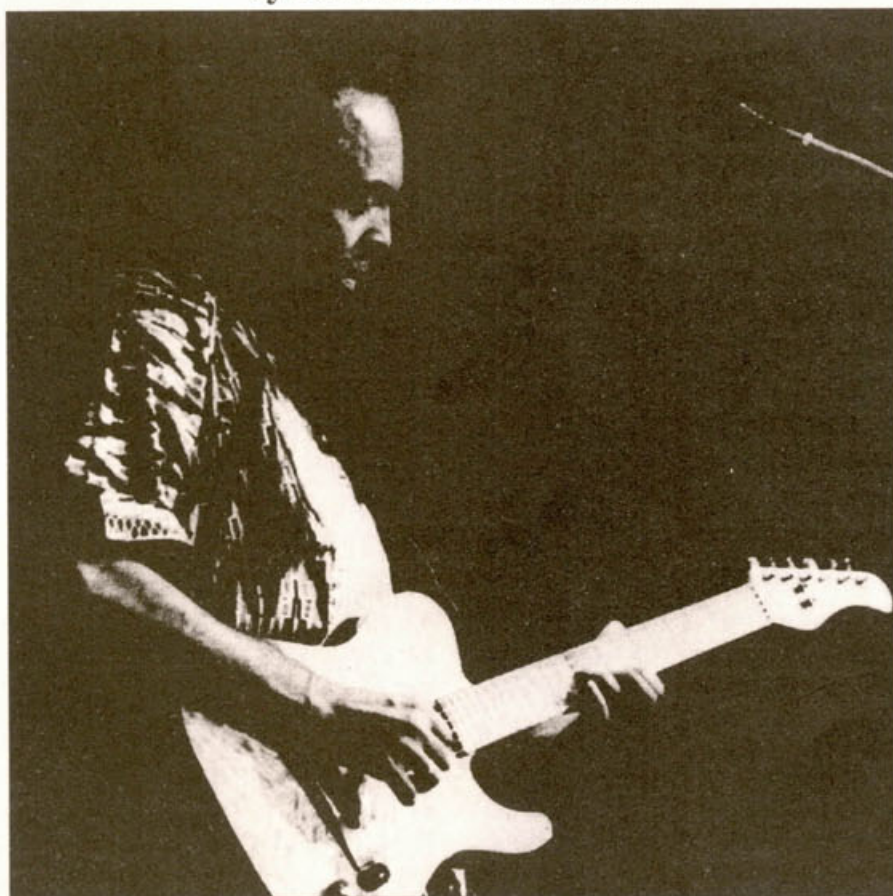


Photo E Crepaldi

1999 has barely started and already it is clear that Gilberto Gil is devoting himself to Brazilian music with the whole force of his poetic and musical essence provoking admiration and consolidating the greatness of his recording career, which began way back in 1965.

cont page 4

Special Edition

■ *The Real Crumbles*

■ *Walter Salles 'Central Station'*

■ *Gilberto Gil: Master of Rhythms*

■ *Since Samba has been Samba*

Editorial

the charity working on behalf of Brazilian street children. We would like to ask all of you to support this event, to tell your friends about it and to help us raise funds for the superb work undertaken by Task Brasil on behalf of the destitute children of Brazil. The concert planned for the 5th November at the Royal Albert Hall is scheduled to be an event, which will be remembered for generations to come. We take this opportunity to thank those who have supported us so far and given us the incentive to carry out this daring enterprise: the members of the Samba Committee, the Music Department of the Arts Council of England, LAB, the participating artists, Odebrecht Oil and Gas Service Ltd and the Government of Bahia. We have a good thing coming and you will find more information on this event in this issue of NFB. It is almost springtime. A time to absorb one of the most beautiful God-given seasons. A time of rebirth, a time of awakening. A time when our thoughts go to the people of Kosovo and we pray that the Lord will put sense into the minds of those who are in power and that primitive ethnic and religious hatred might be eliminated soon from the hearts of people the world over.

**Brazilian
Crafts
On Sale At
BCA!
Call Us On
0181 741 9579**

The Real Crumbles

Sue Branford

Once again the dream of millions of Brazilians - that the country could finally embark on a long period of steady, inflation-free growth, which would enable the country to face up to its horrendous social problems - has been dashed.

In January the world financial crisis finally erupted in Brazil. After fruitlessly attempting a controlled devaluation of the *real*, the Brazilian authorities - just like the Mexican in January 1995 - were forced to recognise that they could not fight the markets. In just a few days, the *real* lost half of its value. To benefit from a US\$41.6 bn rescue package, co-ordinated by the International Monetary Fund (IMF), Brazil had to agree to a tough adjustment programme. It's already clear that Brazil will face a severe recession this year, with output falling by at least 3-4 per cent. Inflation is optimistically predicted by the government to be around 15 per cent.

For a few days Brazil was headline news, at least in the financial section of the international press, as bankers watched anxiously to see whether the Brazilian crisis would reverberate throughout Latin America, the so-called 'samba-effect'. But so far the reaction has been muted. Argentina, regarded by many as the most vulnerable of the Latin American economies, has stuck

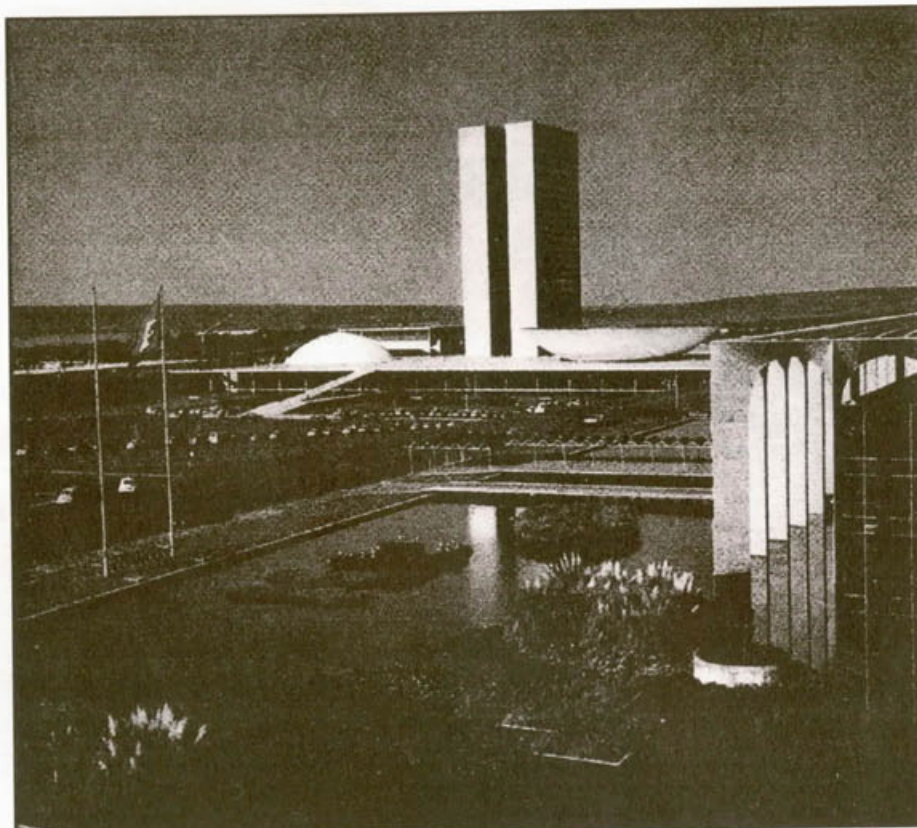
tenaciously to its radical exchange policy of absolute parity between its currency, the *peso*, and the *US dollar*. And it seems to be working: though Argentina will have a difficult year, with little growth, its currency seems secure. Two other countries - Ecuador and Venezuela - are grappling with serious economic crises, but they have been largely caused by other factors, particularly the slump in the world price of oil.

Over the last few weeks, the attention of the world has moved on, as it has become likely that the Brazilian crisis will remain just that - a largely domestic issue. But for Brazilians the scale of the problem is becoming ever clearer. Unemployment is already running at its highest level for 15 years. The government has cut back severely in spending on health, education and agrarian reform. Sky-high interest rates are making it impossible for Brazilian companies, barred from the international financial market, to finance expansion plans. Some economists believe that it will take several years for Brazil to

recover - a mournful repetition of the 'lost decade' of the 1980s.

What makes many of us so angry is that this was, indeed, a 'crisis foretold'. For months reputable economists warned the government that the *real* was becoming dangerously overvalued and that the government needed to embark on a controlled process of devaluation, even if it meant accepting a somewhat higher rate of inflation. But President Fernando Henrique Cardoso - just like President José Sarney, with respect to the Cruzado plan - wanted to win the elections. And, for FHC, his great political trump was to have defeated inflation. Devaluation was delayed until after the presidential elections last October, by which time the exchange crisis had become so acute that a controlled devaluation was all but impossible. Billions of dollars from the foreign reserves - money desperately needed to fund social programmes - were wasted in ineffectual attempts to prop up the currency until, as many had predicted, including the international banker George Soros, and the US economist Jeffrey Sachs, the markets had their way.

The crisis is far from over. Brazil's foreign reserves are still falling, fast approaching the critical level of US\$20bn. As the renowned Brazilian economist Celso Furtado observed, more in sorrow than in anger, the sums do not add up: Brazil will have to declare a moratorium on its debt payments in April or May. In an interview with the *Jornal do Brazil* newspaper, he said that the government had created a new



Brasilia - Brazil

'dragon' (in the place of the 'monster of inflation'). In the run-up to the crisis, under pressure from the IMF, it had raised interest rates to 40 per cent, as a way of keeping foreign capital flowing into the country. 'High rates of interest are poison', he said. 'They reward speculation, not investment in production'. In the long term, he said, Brazil would have to reform its tax system, making the rich and the middle classes contribute properly to the cost of government. But, he added, 'tax reform is a political act. These youngsters in the government's economic team don't know what the country's political class is like, they don't know the tricks it gets up to, its sleight of hand.'

So far, the reaction in Brazil to the crisis has been mixed. On the one hand, there is a feeling of resignation, as if people knew that something as good as the

Real Plan could not last and that once again reality has caught up with Brazil. On the other hand, there has been a market increase in political mobilisation, particularly among members of Brazil's militant landless movement (Movimento dos Sem Terra, MST). The MST has increased its activities throughout Brazil, organising land invasions and occupations of government offices.

In this interview, Celso Furtado gave a sombre warning about the long-term impact of the crisis. 'Brazil needs to solve the problem of unemployment', he said, 'if not, it will head towards a situation of social crisis, with unpredictable consequences. We all know that when the middle class panics, it appeals to the barracks. And this must be avoided at all costs. I would rather die than see this again.' ■

Gilberto Gil

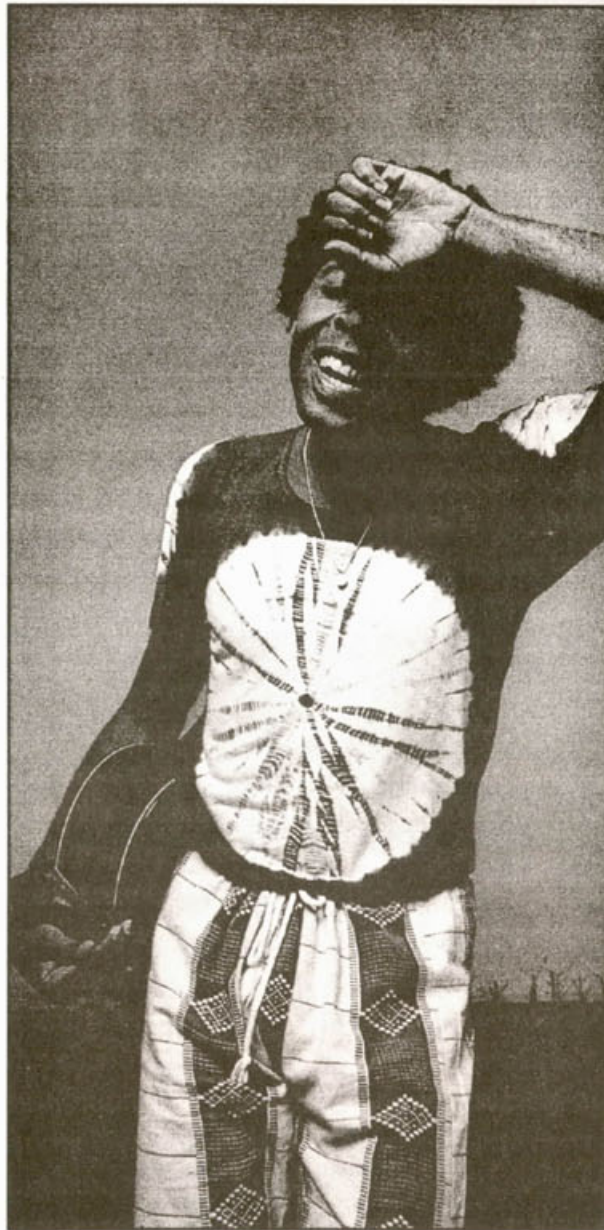
Master of Rhythms

Pedrinho Alves Madeira

As a composer who mixes trends and styles, Gilberto Gil is one of the few who has always known how to extract from the traditional and contemporary what he needs for the cornerstone of his work.

Admired by artists such as Stevie Wonder, a disciple of, among others, the great masters Luiz Gonzaga, Jackson do Pandeiro, Donga and Pixinguinha and a composer whose work has been recorded by successive generations of interpreters of Brazilian song, Gilberto Gil started 1999 as the winner of a Grammy award for world music for his album *Quanta Live*. He also won critical acclaim for his 1994 album *O Sol de Oslo* recorded in Norway in 1994 with singer Marlui Miranda from Ceará in the northeast of Brazil, percussionist Trilok Gurtu from India and keyboard player Bugge Wesseltoft from Norway.

At the same speed he creates a samba or a rap, Gilberto Gil is plunging into many other activities for 1999. He has supervised the release of a deluxe box of CDs encompassing the first phase of his career from 1967 to 1977 entitled *Ensaio Geral (Dress Rehearsal)*, containing several previously



The Nightingale-1979 WEA-Photo Norman Seeff

unheard recordings. Once again, together with Nana Vasconcelos, he has produced the percussion festival Percpan in Salvador, Bahia. He is preparing for a tour of the USA in July in celebration of his twenty year international career. He will also be performing in London in November at BCA's Royal Albert Hall concert *Since Samba has been Samba*. At present he is engaged in preliminary work for his next album - a Bob Marley songbook, to be released early in the year 2000. Wow!

O Rouxinol - The Nightingale

"Gil em Gedra em Gil rouxinol", sang Caetano Veloso in 1973 on his album *Araça Azul*, inspired by the verse of the poet Souza Andrade. As Gil and Caetano are music partners, natives of the same state in Bahia, contemporaries and co-creators of the Tropicalia movement, it is

very common for people in Brazil to draw a parallel between the work of the two artists. Caetano on many occasions receives more media attention and popular acclaim than Gil. There are those who laud the greatness of Caetano's poetry and singing, referring to Gil as merely an excellent creator of beautiful melodies.

But Gil's art goes beyond these preconceptions. In a musical career spanning more than thirty-five years he has surprised, seduced and stirred emotions by not only the musical diversity on display - rock, funk, samba, ballad, afoxé, baio, delicate songs- but also, or rather principally, because of the unrivalled quality of his poetry and his refined sensibility as an interpreter.

Lyrics and music are intertwined in Gilberto Gil's art. It is a finely-woven musical tapestry, where the northeast of Brazil and the cosmopolitan universe live together in harmony. The work contained on the recently-released *Ensaio Geral* by Universal (ex-Polygram) is perfect proof that Gil is second to none when it comes to combining his roots with the 'parabolic' antennae spread throughout the modern world.

The Box

This box set contains not only all of Gilberto Gil's solo recordings from the Polygram catalogue (on six CDs), but also four new ones (five, if we count the free CD, or even seven, considering that there are two double albums). *Ensaio Geral* is the result of three years of enterprising research in the Polygram archives by the

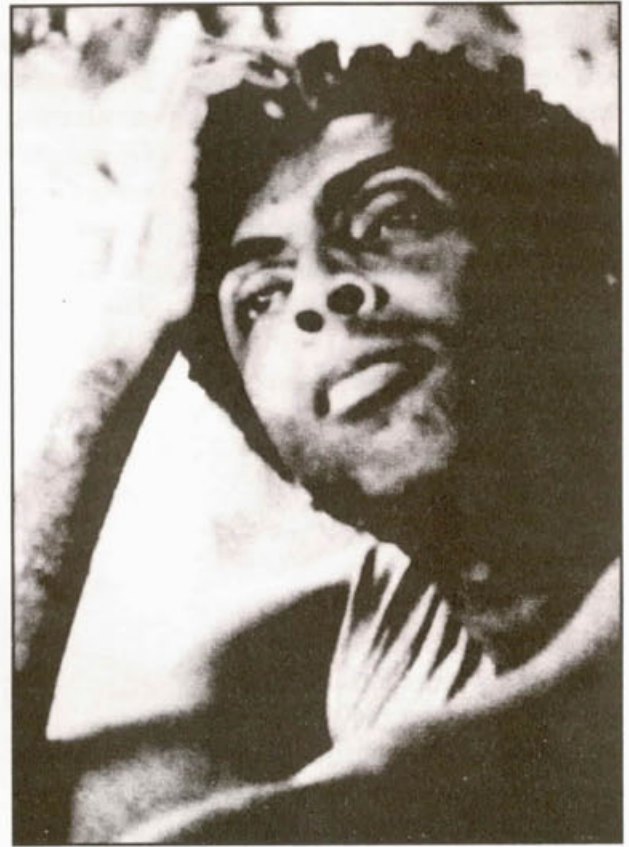
researcher and producer Marcelo Froes. Besides the musical quality of this project it is worth noting the graphic design, which transports us back to the era of vinyl records. All this is complemented by a sumptuous book, filled with facts and photos, as well as analytical and historical texts by the journalist Carlos Renno and Marcelo Froes.

The end product is abundant and of surprising quality: live concert recordings, tracks omitted from the original albums, old singles, and even an unreleased album from 1973.

According to Marcelo Froes, "the unheard material derives from live recordings of Gilberto Gil concerts made by Polygram between 1972 and 1977. We listened to all of the original tape recordings of Gil's sessions at Polygram between 1966 and 1976 - four track mixes were from 1966 - 1972 and eight track mixes were from 1973-1976. Gil and Polygram became acquainted with the material from the master mix. After careful analysis of the recordings we were able to produce the box in the best possible way for its release.

Gilberto Gil's personal assessment of the end result of all this work:

"This box contains the fruit of months of work digging and delving into my musical past by



Marcelo Froes. With his keen eye and unique insight, he has excavated musical artifacts from my time at Philips, Phonogram and Polygram, carefully removing layer upon layer and unearthing hidden treasures from the past. I am eternally grateful to him for having rediscovered and unveiled so many facets and faces of myself that even I had forgotten about!"

The Divine Contents of the Box

A multi-faceted and versatile artist, in tune with the present and geared to the future, Gilberto Gil expresses himself in as many ways as his creative energy allows. The CDs that make up the *Ensaio Geral* box reflect and greatly enlarge the inherent timelessness of his work. Let's plunge into it:

Louvação (1967), his first solo work, shows a poet traveling between post-bossanova lyricism

(*Lunik 9* and *Maria*) and the tartness of the protest movement, that is reflected in the work co-produced with the poets Torquato Neto (*Louvação*) and J.C. Capinam (*Viramundo*). The poignant *Procissão*, by Gil alone, already points to the aesthetic and political standpoint of the Tropicalia movement, which he would later found together with Caetano Veloso, Gal Costa, Tom Zé and the conductor Rogério Duprat.

In 1968, when Tropicalia shook up the Brazilian establishment, the composer released Gilberto Gil, where the tenets of the Tropicalia movement are set out. Anti-establishment lyrics, the sound of guitars and berimbaus, the music of Luiz Gonzaga and Jimi Hendrix, country music and urban rhythms, are mixed together and fuse with and confuse the Brazilian scene on a historical recording that reappears now along with four other songs from the same period. *Marginalia II*, *Coragem Pra Suportar*, and *Ele Falava Nisso Todo Dia* were well-aimed shots at the dull military regime which had taken control of the country, prohibiting freedom of speech. The musical concept of the record brought together the avant-garde erudition of the conductor Rogério Duprat and the avant-garde pop of the São Paulo band Os Mutantes.

Gilberto Gil was recorded in 1969 during the composer's house arrest in Salvador, where he and Caetano had gone following their arrest in São Paulo and detention

in Rio, as a consequence of the growing harshness of the military dictatorship. With arrangements by Duprat, the album was released when Gil and Caetano departed for London for an involuntary exile which was to last almost three years. Experimentation, rock and dissonance set the tone of the album, whose focus is on futuristic and esoteric themes, as evidenced by the vigorous *Cerebro Eletronico* and *Futurivel*. The emblematic

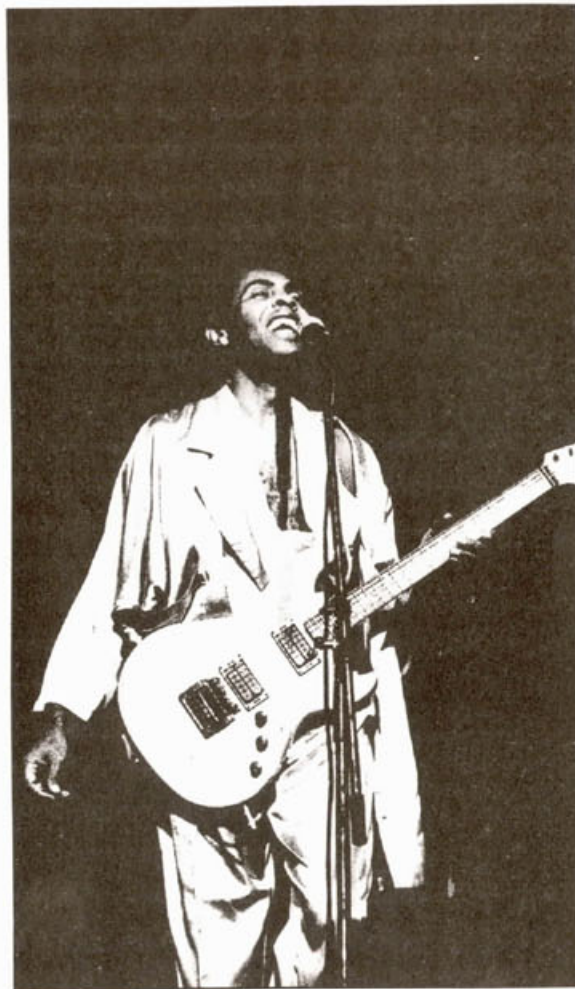


Photo E. Crepaldi

samba *Aquele Abraço* defines the context and the concept of this album.

Straight from Salvador to London, Gilberto Gil was able to explore the effervescence of British

pop and rock music more widely and immediately than Caetano Veloso. In 1970, he was invited by the film-maker Rogério Sganzerla, to produce the soundtrack for the film *Copacabana Mon Amour*, where he took great pride in experimentation. It is only now, twenty-nine years later, that this work appears on record.

1971's *Gilberto Gil*, his official English album, denotes his ability to assimilate and reinvent different tones and sounds. There are many pieces composed with the poet and composer Joge Mautner with restless results. In sync with the British scene, the singer covers Stevie Nicks' melancholy *Can't Find My Way Home* with absurd propriety.

Upon his return to Brazil in 1972 he released the anthology *Expresso 2222*, where he mixes his longing for Brazil with his discovery of British pop and rock music. The thought-provoking *Oriente* and the quasi-autobiographical *O Sonho Acabou* - an allusion to the '60s and its idols - and *Back to Bahia* are a synthesis of the importance of this album, surely pointing to a new musical concept created by Gil - Brazilian pop/rock. A blend of rhythms and attitudes still used today by several artists who have succeeded the Tropicalista generation.

1974, saw the release of *Gilberto Gil Live*, containing several new songs whose trademarks are philosophical and thought-provoking lyrics. This is

considered to be the composer's strongest live recording. The edition of this album in the *Ensaio Geral* box set has three additional songs latterly made known by the powerful voices of Elis Regina and Maria Bethânia.

The Previously Unreleased Material

Cidade do Salvador, originally scheduled for release in 1973 reaches the market twenty-six years after its initial recording. Several of these songs have been recorded by other singers over the years and as many others were released as singles or rearranged by Gil himself, who included them on subsequent records. But here, presented in their original arrangements and within a context determined by the artist, they still surprise and have impact. Songs like *Iansã*, *Doente Morena* and *Duplo Sentido*, which had previously been recorded by Maria Bethânia, Elis Regina and Jards Macalé, were not known to have been sung by Gil. The dense and concretist *Cidade do Salvador* still sounds vigorous today. Up to date. This double CD is evidence of the timelessness of Gil's art. On the record Caymmi and Luiz Gonzaga find themselves on the same level of emotion relating to Mautner's and Gil's boundless pop.

O Viramundo, another double CD offers nineteen songs recorded live by Gil between 1972 and 1976. Be it solo (voice and guitar), or accompanied by a finely-tuned band, the singer reinvents himself on stage, his performance ranging from xoté to rock, from bossa nova to afoxé. The result is cathartic. Several of these songs appear for the first time as

alternative recordings of the original versions. It is impossible to remain unmoved by these previously unreleased recordings of *Brand New Dream*, *O Bom Jogador* and *A Sociedade Afluente*.

To close, we have the CD *Satisfação* with fourteen songs, some previously unreleased and some rare recordings from 1974 to 1977. Here the composer teams up with João Donato (*A Bruxa de Mentira - the False Witch*), Caetano (*Chuck Berry Fields For Ever*) and the now non-existent Brazil Very Happy Band. This work is all about rhythmic variation and also contains two unique songs co-written with Cat Stevens, who was visiting Rio way back in 1975. *Tiu Ru Ru*, a neo-salsa, is undoubtedly a great discovery.

The *Ensaio Geral* project is completed by a bonus CD of music from 1974, which features the beautiful and unpretentious rock song *O Rouxinol (The Nightingale)* as well as the wonderful samba pop *Que Besteira (What Nonsense)*, a fortuitous partnership between Gil and Donato, which was only recorded by the singer Wanderlea in 1974.

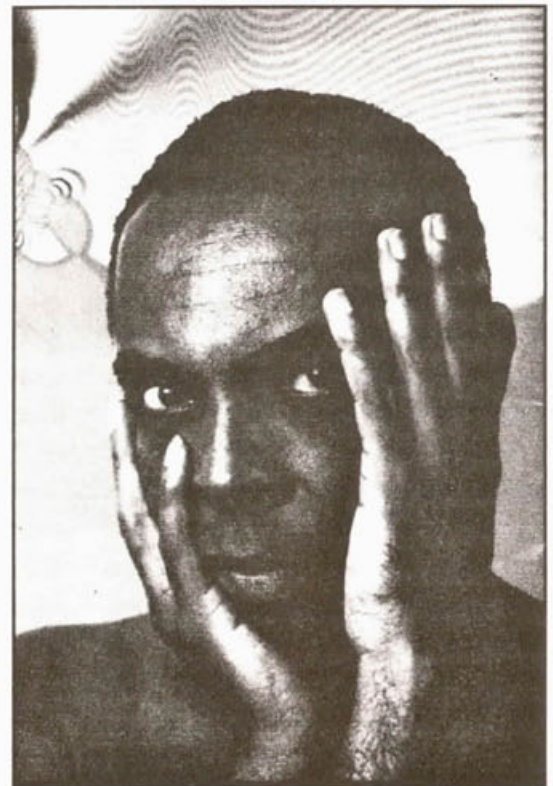
Conclusion: *The Ensaio Geral* box set fulfills multiple purposes, just like Gilberto Gil's musical history. If on the one hand this (re)discovered material strengthens the links between the artist and the audience from his generation, on the other it not only displays the artist's timelessness, but also demonstrates the great

appeal Brazilian music had with the public decades ago, a completely different picture to today, where poor quality musical products are imposed upon, and devoured by millions of Brazilians by the recording industry in association with media tycoons.

The Grammy Winner

Gilberto Gil is an artist who unfolds and reinvents himself at each performance. His renowned charisma grows immensely on stage. Throughout his career, his live recordings confirm his intrinsic relationship with his audience. "Normally I enjoy my live recordings better than the studio ones. They are closer to my natural way of singing and playing," he declared recently.

The album *Quanta Gente Veio Ver*, (retitled *Quanta Live* for



'Quanta'

the international market), which won a Grammy award in 1998, sounds pleasantly provocative,

musically, although the singer is not on best form. The album, which has an excellent balance between Gil and his musicians, represents an artist in complete harmony with a repertoire considered "difficult" by the majority of the Brazilian media when it was released on the 1997 studio version *Quanta*.

Utilising uncomplicated arrangements, which reflect the musical simplicity of his themes, Gil demonstrates his renowned musical diversity by revisiting his work, blending his own compositions with quotes and songs by Bob Marley (*Stir It Up, Is This Love?*). There are many surprises to be found. One is the funk-samba *Pela Internet* (*By Internet*), where he alludes to Master Donga's classic samba *Pelo Telefone* (*By 'Phone*). Gil tailors the past and the future in the most unconventional way, as a natural reflex of his flexibility. This Grammy award is justly deserved, albeit in the World Music category.

Oslo's Sun

Recorded in 1994 and released in Brazil and several European countries in 1998, the album *O Sol de Oslo* (*Oslo's Sun*) cannot be considered a work by Gilberto Gil alone, as stated in the sleeve notes. This assertion was disturbing to the artist himself because the record was produced in association with other artists using spontaneous and

experimental ideas.

Themes relating to his Northeastern roots form the backbone of the CD and in its context and finished product it elegantly distances itself from the damning concept of folkloric music and from being labelled automatically as world music. Intentionally or otherwise, the record has a global sound when musicians from the northeast and southeast of Brazil (Gil, Marlui Miranda and Rodolfo Stroeter)



Gil, 1996 Photo Rejane Carneiro

are put together with the ideas and musicianship of an Indian percussionist and a Norwegian keyboard player and all this is layered with the melodic seasoning of the Brazilian instrumentalists.

Consisting of a repertoire of xote, côco, well-known melodies, forró, and other musical styles from the Northeast of Brazil, *O Sol de Oslo* is an extremely delicate album. Delights and surprises are revealed throughout the album. There are new compositions by Gil and Marlui Miranda; the revival of a classic song immortalised by Jackson do Pandeiro (*17 Na Corrente*); a free-flowing re-

arrangement of *Lingua do P.*, composed by Gil when he was an ebullient Tropicalista; the rediscovery of the music of Moacir Santos, who has been living for decades in Los Angeles and is the composer of the previously unheard *Ciranda* with its refined lyrics written by Gil; the rerecorded, intense *A Santinha La Da Serra*, where Toninho Ferragutti's accordion dramatically punctuates the lyrics written by Vincius de Moraes. On the previously unheard *Rep.*, a Gil-

bertonian rap, the composer wisely observes: "The people know what they want/ but the people want what they don't know". A real pearl is the candomblé hymn *Kao* by Gil and Rodolfo Stroeter, the music producer and owner of the record company Pau Brasil, who

is also responsible for this beautiful work. Two of the songs on the album were recorded later in Brazil: *Onde O Xaxádo Tá* (Gil and Stroeter) and *Os lodum*, a poetic and rich fusion of sounds and words, conceived and performed by a Gilberto Gil at the peak of his creativity.

Whether he is speaking about ruler and compasses *Aquele Abraço*, physics or computers (*Quanta*), Gilberto Gil transforms his art into the antithesis of anacronym. The new and the unusual are the raw elements which the artist employs to develop his tradition. ■

Brazilian Spoken Here

Ana Fabres

According to many Portuguese people 160 million Brazilians speak the language wrongly. Are all Brazilians illiterate? Would they all be bilingual if they had to learn Portuguese?

My translation course confirmed what I already suspected: when we say that we speak Portuguese it is as if we were lying! Most Brazilians in the class were having problems, apart, of course, from those who were already accustomed to continental Portuguese. But I will not be talking about them, as those 'bilingual people' did not experience any trouble at all. Usually, they are the ones who ask: "Are you used to having Portuguese people around?" And when I say "no", they tell me that that is why! But if I have to get used to them to understand what they say then we don't speak the same language.

When he couldn't recognise our vocabulary, our teacher would say: 'Poor you, already forgot your language!' Sometimes the class was so chaotic that it was hilarious. I have never seen a teacher finding so many mistakes!

I am not saying we never made mistakes, we did, I am talking about differences in vocabulary, punctuation, sentence patterns and idiomatic expressions. They are real. When all those things are considered to be mistakes there isn't one single Brazilian in the right.

Imagine the student's frustration! Some abandoned the course, others resigned to the fact that they had forgotten their own

language. Some, like myself, took the opportunity to learn about the extent of the changes we have made to the language in the last decades. It is a lesson we will never forget. I believe that if the class was in Italian instead - a language I have never studied but understand well - I would have done better. Unfortunately, for the Portuguese, we Brazilians do not speak or write Portuguese anymore. This is an undeniable fact!

The French call it *Brésilien*, and that is not because they don't know that in Brazil we speak Portuguese but simply because they recognise the difference. Very often, it is the Brazilians themselves who ignore the fact, maybe because of those 20 years of military ruling that isolated us from the rest of the world. Only now can we see how we changed the language during that period.

Those academics, purists and nostalgic - Brazilians and Portuguese - insisting that we spoke the original Portuguese cannot see that it is already too late to go back. The only thing we can do now is to try and establish a certain standard for our 'Portuguese' and, this is up to our government and the Academia Brasileira de Letras. If we did that we would certainly end the snobbery and, the intimidation we still face with things like: 'poor you, already forgot your language.'

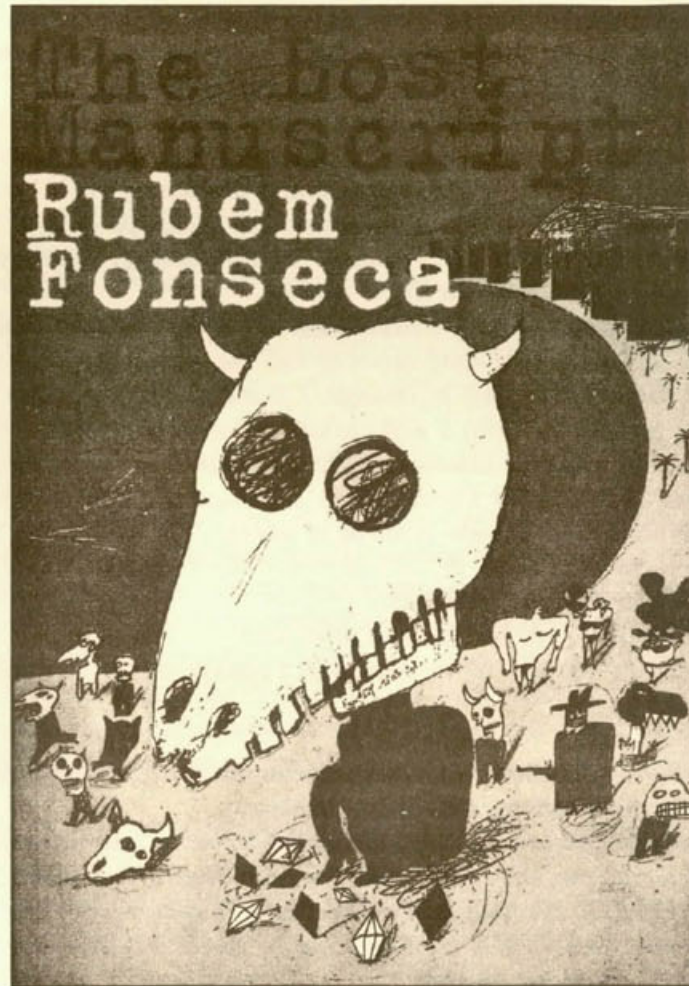
Nobody needs to be a genius to see that the *unificação ortográfica* (orthographic standardisation) will never work. There are several reasons for that. The main one is the fact that we'd rather forget our colonial past. We will continue to resist those regulations, it is psychological. We will carry on writing *purê* not *puré*, *mídia* not *média* (media), *fato* not *facto* (fact), *vitrine* not *vitrina* (shop window), *xampu* not *shampô* (shampoo), *Aids* not *Sida*.

There are differences in vocabulary too: *parasol* (Brazil), *chapéu de sol* (Portugal); *arrecadar* (Brazil), *angariar* (Portugal) - to raise money. There are also problems with words that are spelled and pronounced in the same way with totally different meaning, like *terno* (Brazil) and *fato* (Portugal), a men's suit. The word *fato* in Brazilian is the new version of the word *facto* (fact). The Portuguese say *viajar para o estrangeiro* (to travel abroad) while we say *viajar para o exterior*. If you use the word *exterior* in that context in an exam, Portuguese teachers would consider it a mistake.

To make the confusion even worse you can find differences in masculine and feminine forms, such as: *o caixa eletrônico* in Brazil as opposed to *a caixa eletrônica* in Portugal (cash-point machines).

The list is huge and it keeps

Rubem Fonseca



Rubem Fonseca is one of Brazil's most popular and distinguished novelists and screenwriters. A former newspaperman, policeman, teacher and lawyer, he has written many novels including "Bufo & Spallanzani" and "High Art" which was made into the film "Exposure".

His work has been translated into German, French, Spanish and Italian, among other languages. He lives in Rio de Janeiro.

The Lost Manuscript

I awoke desperately trying to hold onto myself, everything whirling about as I fell, out of control, into an abyss. I managed to fix my vision on the band of morning light coming in through the curtains. The thin milky line fluttered rapidly. Moving my head in the direction of the window made my fall even more vertiginous. I remained motionless, my gaze focused on the line of light, waiting for the crisis to pass.

I was going to change apartments that day. After what had happened, I didn't want to live there anymore. I heard the bell: it must be the movers. If the attack didn't pass, I wouldn't be able to get out of bed. The men would leave without doing the moving.

Keeping my body immobile, I put out my hand and grabbed the medicine on the night table. I chewed the pill until it turned into a repugnant paste which I swallowed with difficulty, fearing I would vomit. Fortunately it didn't go beyond a violent nausea that racked my body, further increasing my torture. Sometimes the medicine took effect quickly, sometimes not. Two hours later, when I took the second pill, still feeling the same waves of nausea, the attack had passed. I was able to get up and open the door.

The men were sitting on the hall floor in the service area, waiting. We began the move.

The new apartment was on the fourth floor of a building without an elevator. No elevator; it didn't matter. I was working Ruth out of my memory, having got her out of my life.

The move was finished by eleven that night. I sent the men away. Furniture, books, objects and clothes lay scattered around the new apartment. From the midst of the confusion I separated Rouault's horse, the suitcase with the diary and Ruth's things; I went to the bed and lay down, Ruth's diary on my chest. I didn't have the courage to open it. I turned out the light. What would the dream be tonight? Would the vertigo come back? Liliana said I looked like a dead man when sleeping (and dreaming) with my eyes open. Ruth used to say the same thing. No, I don't want to talk about Ruth. Not yet.

Now, without a woman watching over me, I could look like a dead man without anyone nagging me.

I dream about a tall woman who has to bend down to kiss me. In fact I don't see a woman at all, for my dreams have no images. For a film director this is strange. I know the woman is in the dream, I know she's wearing a wide-brimmed hat - an old one with a veil entirely covering her face, which is completely white, luminous, phosphorescent - but I see nothing. I know her eyes are yellow; it's as if I saw the woman, but I don't see her, nor do I hear the words, but it's as if I heard them. I possess the information without the senses, the knowledge without visual perceptions. My dream is made of ideas.

I awoke with the doorbell ringing.

I got up and went to the intercom. 'Who is it?'

It was a child's voice. 'Help me, help me, they're after me!'

I pushed the button to activate the lock at the entrance. I opened the apartment door. From the little hall I looked down at the stairs below.

'Hello, anyone there?' I shouted.

'I'm coming.' The childlike voice, fainter now, came from the bottom of the stairs.

I heard the sound of footsteps climbing the stairs, slowly.

It was some time before she appeared on the third-floor landing. She climbed the last flight of stairs even more slowly. When she reached me, she smiled. She tried to speak but couldn't. Breathing with difficulty, she raised a small package wrapped in brown paper to her chest. I gestured for her to come in.

Once inside the living room, she threw herself into one of the armchairs. She looked at me as if asking me to be patient and allow her to catch her breath.

'Thank you very much,' she gasped finally. 'My name is Angelica.'

She stopped talking. I sat down beside her, also saying nothing. Little by little, her breathing returned to normal.

'Who was after you?'

'I can't say.' Her little girl's voice was no longer breathless.

'Why not?'

'They'll kill me.'

'I'm going to call the police.'

'No!' she shouted in her shrill voice. 'For God's sake!'

'Then I think you'd better leave.'

'Don't do this to me.'

'Get out,' I said.

Pursing her lips as if she were about to cry, she tried to get up from the chair and failed. I took her hand to help her. It was soft, warm, moist. She stood up, very close to me. I could see her scattered hairs on her chin,

the beard of an adolescent boy. Angelica was a fat woman, vast; suddenly she seemed to become even larger - like a great plastic ballon that had been inflated while we had been together - and at the same time, having swollen, become fragile and unprotected. On an impulse, I said, 'All right, you can stay here till morning.'

Still grasping my hand, Angelica let out a small sob that shook her ample breast. Large tears fell from her eyes. 'Thank you, thank you!'

'You can sleep on that sofa,' I said drily, trying to prevent the dramatic scene from turning maudlin. She stretched her immense body out on the sofa, completely filling it.

'I could never live in a fourth-floor walk-up. I'd die within a week,' she said.

'I moved here precisely because it has no elevator.'

'Who does that wheelchair belong to?'

'It's mine,' I said, sitting in the chair. I had brought the wheelchair. So? Did I really not want to forget?'

'Are you unhappy?'

'Yes.' I wasn't ashamed to confess to that monstrous woman that I was unhappy.

'Usually men don't get sad. At least the ones I know. Why is your place so messy? It looks like a hurricane hit it.'

As soon as she said this, she went to sleep, without giving me time to answer. She snored, droning like a beetle.

I went to the bedroom, closed the door and lay down without removing my shoes. Ruth hated me going to bed in my shoes. I opened a book at random. I don't know how long I stared at the pages without reading. Daylight came. I went to the living room to see Angelica.

She was gone. I have no idea how she left so silently. The apartment door was slightly ajar. The brown-paper package was on the table with a note, written on a title page that she had ripped out of a book. It wasn't a book I especially cared about, but that predatory gesture irritated me.

'My friend,' Angelica's fine writing was hard to read. 'Thank you very much for saving my life. In today's cruel and selfish world it is surprising to find a man as generous as you. Please take care of this package for me, hide it well, and one day I'll come back for it. Your friend Angelica.'

My friend Angelica. I looked at the package. What should I do with it? The best thing would be to throw it away. As I was taking it to the trash chute, I remembered the German producer who was supposed to meet me that afternoon. I needed to re-read the letter outlining his offer. I put the package back on the table and went to look for Dietrich's letter.

The meeting was not until the afternoon, but I went out in the morning, leaving the apartment in complete disarray. I liked wandering about the streets, seeing all the people. But that day I didn't look at anyone; I was thinking about Ruth, about Liliانا, about the infamous work I was doing for my brother the television evangelist, about the difficulties I was having in arranging financing for a new film. Besides that, for the first time in my life I was experiencing a kind of distrust, even fear, of the people passing by - men hiding behind their beards, women camouflaged by cosmetics and wigs, children who looked like dwarfs, of vice versa. The automobiles, making irritating noises and giving off black smoke, seemed ready to run me down. Even the cloudless sky exhibited a false blue, a Fra Angelico badly restored, What the devil was happening to me?'

Later, feeling hungry, I went into a restaurant. On the way in I bought a film magazine at the newsstand.

Only a few tables were occupied. Normally anyone, anyone at all, can distract me, but that day, as soon as I sat down, I opened the magazine and began reading without looking at the people around me. I gave the waiter my order and continued to read, waiting for the meal to be served. But once, raising my eyes from the magazine, I sensed that a man was observing me surreptitiously. At that instant both he and I glanced away quickly, as if we were afraid of each other.

I went back to my reading. But the man kept on casting furtive glances at me, I stared at him defiantly. He stared back in the same way.

Then I noticed that the man looked like my father in his last days in the hospital bed, the bones standing out in his gray, dying face. Unexpectedly, I felt a pain so great that my eyes filled with tears. Seeing that the man at the next table was watching my suffering, I asked him brusquely: 'Is there something you want to say to me?'

We both froze and looked into each other's eyes in surprise. In that restaurant with its mirrored walls, there was no one at the next table: I was looking at myself, at my own reflection. It was I, that haggard person who looked like my father. My heart stopped. When my father died he was almost forty years older than I was now! Was that aged, ravaged face mine?'

'You're not going to eat?' the waiter asked, pointing to the plate in front of me. I had spent a long time thinking, without touching the food.

I went back to walking the streets. What the devil was happening to me?

My father was a handsome man with many girlfriends, a man who played tennis, swam and was never ill, even with a cold - until his cerebral hemorrhage. He was always involved with 'hussies', as my mother called them, and in chronic business failures. He'd had a fur business, in a city where it was hot as blazes practically all year round. Naturally it went bankrupt, but his customers were never prettier, despite being so few. Earlier he'd had a hat shop and women had stopped wearing hats. At the end he had a small dry-goods shop - he'd always had stores that were frequented mainly by women - on Senhor dos Passos Street. My mother used to drop into the shop to see if some hussy was there. Sometimes they argued at dinner-time. In reality my mother did the arguing and he remained silent; if she wouldn't stop fighting he would get up from the table and go out. On such days my mother would go to the bedroom and cry. I would go to the window and spit on the heads of the people passing by and look at the luminous neon sign of the store across the street. That kind of light still attracts me even today and has yet to be captured by cinema or television. When my father returned, much later, my mother's desperation would have passed and I would see her go to the kitchen to make him a glass of warm milk. Once he told me it was too bad that men had to be judged like race horses, by their record. 'Your father's problem,' my mother once told me, 'is that he's very good-looking.' She didn't see him become paralyzed, nor did she have to clean up the faeces and urine in his clothes, nor have to bear the immeasurable sadness in his look as he thought about the hussies. My father was still a good-looking man when my mother died.

The pitiless lucidity with which I now thought about my father filled me with horror - we can't with impunity see the people we love as they really are. In that mirror, for the first time I had seen his poignant face, his face that was mine. How could I be turning into my father, him, the sick man?

I arrived at the Copacabana Palace Hotel promptly at three o'clock. I called Dietrich's room and we agreed to meet at the poolside bar. I hadn't met him before. I tried to imagine what his face would be like.

He approached with his hand out, saying 'I'm Dietrich.' He was accompanied by a woman carrying a book.

'I know you're a very busy man, as am I, so let's get straight to the point,' he said after we had ordered drinks. We spoke in English. 'We saw your film "The Holy War", which is going to the Latin American Film Festival in East Berlin, and we want you to take part in our project.'

Two years had gone by since I had finished "The Holy War". The film's backers still hadn't managed to recoup their investment.

'You've seen my film?'

'Yes,' he said. 'I really liked it.'

Dietrich's assistant appeared indifferent to the conversation. Her interest was in the people in the pool.

'What did you think of our proposal?'

Their proposal, which I had received earlier by mail, was for me to film Isaac Babel's "Red Cavalry" in Germany.

'I still don't have an answer. I've been very busy.'

The woman pushed the book in front of her toward me. So she wasn't as distant as she appeared.

I looked at the book. Collected Stories. Isaac Babel. On the cover was a robust, almost fat man looking to one side, a fur cap on his head, wearing a uniform jacket trimmed with gold braid and with wide sleeves, also with gold trim. He looked like someone dressed for a Carnival dance in the 1920s. I had seen that face before. When I see a face, even in a photograph, I never forget it.

'That's Babel. This is practically everything he ever wrote.'

'I know. May I keep the book? I seem to have lost mine, or at least I don't know where it is.'

'We brought it for you. We'd like to have you go to Berlin to talk with our people. Are you planning to attend the festival?'

'I still haven't had confirmation from the organizers... I haven't received the program, still don't have the plane ticket...'

'We left a ticket for you at Lufthansa. Connecting in Frankfurt with Pan Am. Lufthansa doesn't go to Berlin. A carryover from the war.' He laughed. 'We'd like you to leave right away. For preliminary discussions. All expenses paid, of course.'

'I have some things to wrap up.'

'We can wait a few days.' He stood up as he said this. He handed me a card. 'Phone and advise us of your arrival date. I'll wait for you at the airport in Berlin.'

**In our next edition:
Patricia Melo's new book *In Praise of Lies***

Walter Salles 'Central Station'

'Central Station is an epic road movie about hope and sacrifice in the heartlands of Brazil.'

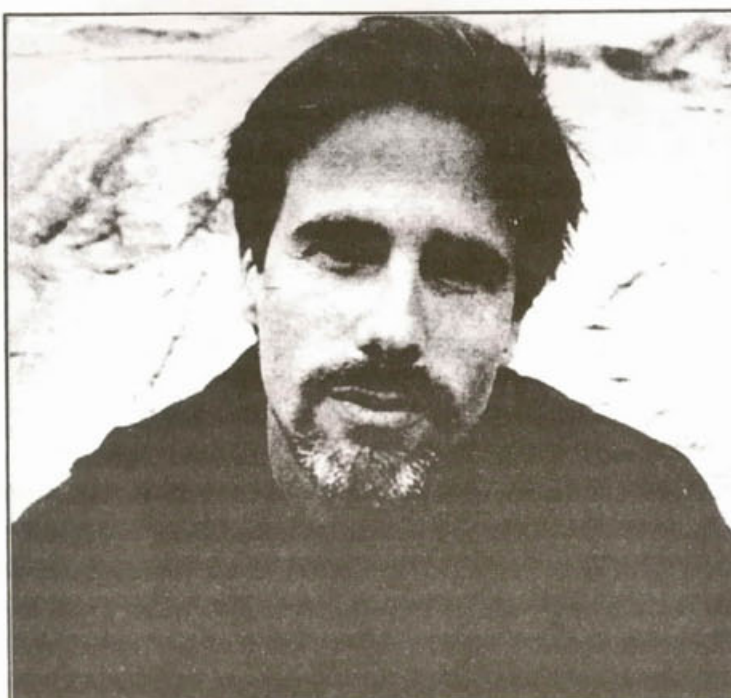
What's been happening in Brazilian cinema in recent years?

There's a rebirth of Brazilian cinema after five years of total silence. From 1990 to 1995 we made virtually nothing - we were in political and economic chaos. Then a pluralist film industry sprang up in different parts of the country. This had never happened before - production in the '60s and '70s, when we used to make 70 films a year, was concentrated in Rio and São Paulo. Most of the recent films talk about national identity, which is being redefined in Brazil. And the public are returning to see their own reflection in the movie theatres, which shows how television has failed to supply this reflection. 'Central Station' has been seen so far by 1,300,000 Brazilians and the film has the best per screen average of the year. Titanic is second, Godzilla third. It shows that size doesn't matter!

Which other films are having an international impact?

What makes this renaissance so

Interview by Nick James



Walter Salles

wonderful is that there's no clash between the generations. Masters such as Nelson Pereira dos Santos and Hector Babenco are making good films alongside former assistants in their 30s. We have a sense of family very similar to that which existed with *Cinema Novo* and the nouvelle vague - we're constantly in contact, we help each other. It's as if you hadn't been allowed to speak your own language for five years and suddenly, when you can speak it again, you take pleasure in every syllable. There's a lot

of diversity, but the common denominator is a collective desire to talk about this country known as Brazil.

In your 'road movie' 'Central Station' Brazil is a place where community and family have been torn apart.

From the beginning this film was built around two searches: a boy searching in the heart of the country for a father he had never met and an old woman searching for a second chance. But it's also a film searching for a physical and human geography

that has been absent from Brazilian cinema for a long time. The journey of the boy trying to redefine his future and find his roots is emblematic of a country trying to tackle these same problems.

Which came first: the desire for a story that would convey these national feelings, or did the story appear in which the themes were there to be picked out?

The story came to me in a block in the course of a single morning and the characters were already

emblematic of a larger situation. Dora represents old Brazil: that culture of indifference and cynicism we had in the '70s and '80s, which arose from the idea that we had to become industrialised and any means were acceptable to reach specific ends. The character of the boy is exactly the opposite: he represents the possibility of a certain innocence, of refusing a deterministic future and granting yourself another destiny.

Though his fierce desire to meet his father he rebaptises himself and grants Dora a second chance, so he is the transforming angel of the story. But he also has to

do with a collective desire in Brazil today for change. He represents the possibility of refusing what is granted to us and defining through action what we might want and are free to be.

How did you make sure the story could carry that kind of metaphorical weight?

By fleshing out the characters to make them as multi-layered as possible - we worked a lot on the screenplay even after it won the 100th Anniversary \$300,000 prize at Sundance. We also rehearsed the film as though it was a play for five weeks before shooting, a method we developed on my previous film, which was shot very fast - over four weeks - on a low budget, so we really had to know the material. We

shot 'Central Station' in nine weeks, but two were used for transportation because we drove more than 3000 miles through the country. We had the most respected Brazilian actress, Fernanda Montenegro, but we also had the boy Vinícius de Oliveira, who not only had never acted but had never been to a movie. We needed to create a common denominator in acting. And though the story is about



Fernanda Montenegro and Vinicius de Oliveira in Central Station

the discovery of affection and the possibility of change, the characters had to keep their toughness to the end, to break the sentimentality.

Mother/Son can be a very sentimental dynamic.

There's nothing worse than a bad film on that theme, so we realised she could never mother him. The only moment they touch is in the inverted pietà scene where the boy shelters the woman, who has fainted from exhaustion and hunger - so for a few moments the ten-year-old kid becomes the mother to the the 65-year-old woman.

Given the Brazilian audience, how important was it to use religious imagery?

When I was location scouting I was struck by the relation between need and religion in the heart of Brazil. These communities have been abandoned for so long they don't expect anything from earthly powers. They have to rely on something else, and this explains their incredible religiosity. As a sometime documentarist I forgot I was an atheist and tried instead to be faithful to what I was seeing and to integrate those elements

into the film. The Virgin Mary of the Candlelight pilgrimage brings the possibility of a ray of light in the darkness which in a way is emblematic of cinema itself.

We integrated the pilgrimage scene into the film for many reasons. First to show how much these people were in need of communication with loved ones who were far away, in internal exile. Second, it was the perfect occasion for Dora to understand the consequences of not having sent the letters: she had to grasp the incredible need these people were enduring to realise how unethical she had been. Last, the scene is very descriptive of that particular region of Brazil and we were trying to put a human as well as a physical geography back on the screen.

Which regions did you visit?

We started in Rio, but we wanted to avoid the clichéd image of the city so this might be the first film

shot there in which you don't see the beach or the middle-class resort areas. Instead you have the reality of the suburb and of an underground society rarely portrayed. Then we tried to find the Sertão, a part of the country abandoned by official politics, because though this might be the most backward area of Brazil, if innocence and solidarity still exist anywhere it is here. The land structure is so impossible that the government has to create towns - like the ones we see at the end of the film - that are absolutely artificial. They're in the middle of nowhere and there is no work around so they become ghost towns in five or six years. It's like an immense parking lot for humans.

Are there traces of your background in documentary in your fiction work?

When you do a 'road movie' you are constantly coming into contact with the unknown. I love road movies because they allow the characters to change as they are confronted with things they can't control. They have to abandon their initial perception of the world and face up to things they don't understand. When you're on the road you either accept what reality and destiny bring you or you fight against it, which is suicidal. I tend to try to incorporate it as much as I can.

For instance, when we installed Dora's table at the train station on the first day of the shoot several of the 300,000 people who pass

through that station every day come up to ask her to write letters for them. We used a small camera and we hid it as much as possible. Those people really needed to dictate letters and most of them were camera-innocent. And we realised that the letters they came out with had a much more raw and honest quality - or should I say poetry? - than the one in the prize-winning screen-play. Our letters had a kind of Brechtian distance;



Fernanda Montenegro 'Dora' and Vinicius de Oliveira 'Josué'

theirs were dictated by a need to be heard and they brought an incredible emotional charge we never expected. They broke through all the frames we could put on reality.

The same thing happened with the pilgrimage scene. We decided to work with real pilgrims and not with extras so half an hour into the shoot it stopped being a re-enactment and became the thing itself. A number of pilgrims started to ask aloud for protection for the group as a whole and we had the option of stopping them and trying to reorganise it or just going with it. So that whole scene is a single take, shot over the course of a night while trying to find as organic as possible a relationship with reality. My background as a documentarist

helps me to shoot freely in such circumstances.

Did this present you with editing problems?

The editing was not very complex. Rehearsing the film beforehand allows you to improvise much more, because you know the material so well you can judge what you're getting on the spot against what you had during rehearsal time. A small miracle always occurs when you shoot freely.

Wasn't it one of yours own documentaries that set you thinking about 'Central Station'?

It was a documentary about a woman prisoner serving a 36-year sentence in the

middle of nowhere in Brazil who one day finds an old magazine - the equivalent of Times - with an article about a 73-year old Jewish Marxist sculptor from Poland who goes to the Amazon, picks up burned wood and reshapes it into something else, granting it a second life. Somehow she manages to relate her own experience to that of the sculptor, and this becomes the inspiration for her to grant herself a second life. Though she is partially illiterate and he lives in the middle of nowhere in a tree house they start to exchange letters and both of them in their respective exiles are changed by the experience. He is a friend of mine, and when he showed me the letters I decided to make a documentary about these two

people and their respective worlds and to put them together for the first time. The meeting happens in total silence, to avoid sentimentality. In doing this documentary I started to understand that even in the age of instant communication a letter can still change people's lives. Then I started to think about what would happen if letters didn't reach their destinations.

How did you approach working with Vinicius?

He was a shoe-shine boy at an airport, whom we found by chance. He understood his character's plight so well he fought to portray it from beginning to end - he was first on set, the last to leave and he had an incredible capacity to memorise everyone's lines including his own. I would never have been able to pull that performance out of him had he not had an extraordinary gift - which tells you how much talent is lost in the streets of Brazil.

What has happened to him since the film came out?

We had to deal with that situation from the beginning, not wait until the film was finished. This is not a street kid - he's a kid who abandoned school to help his family through honest toil. What strikes you when you see him is his sense of dignity, which he never lost whatever the harsh reality of life in Rio. He built his shoe-shine kit with his own hands and he fought to make it every single day.

When we talked to his mother we said we'd like to invite him to do the film on condition that

he went back to school afterwards. The production company would supply a scholarship until the end of university. In eight years from now, if he decides he wants to be a doctor, an engineer or a film critic he'll be fully equipped to make the choice. Actually



Fernanda Montenegro

he's working on the local PBS radio - he introduces a 20-minute daily show in which he talks about geography, history or maths for children who have abandoned school, who didn't have the chance he had. He's making a decent amount of money and he's supporting part of his family. For many Brazilians he's the boy who managed to escape that deterministic future.

Are you tempted now to work in Hollywood?

I'm not looking for what you might call a career in films. Of course if you stay in the independent arena it's like the myth of Sisyphus - each time you have to start all over again - but you have the possibility of doing something that's the extension of your beliefs. If you go into the studio system it might be much easier to put the film together, but you would be miserable at

the end.

After finishing 'Central Station' I did a documentary with my brother, *Short Lives*, about 12-year-old kids who enter the drug-dealing networks in the slums of Rio. It's the opposite case to Josué becoming a shoe-shine boy - it's about kids who know they'll be dead by the time they're 18 or 20. When it comes to choosing new projects I try to respond to my own impulses. Although dozens of screenplays have been arriving, I'm not interested in doing something that isn't fundamentally related to me. When a film is ready and you see it in a festival you only sense the glitter of it - and there's nothing more opposed to that than the reality of

making a film. It taxes you so much. It takes two years of your life at least. I can't do it any other way than to be so involved with what I'm doing that I sleep with the idea.

It must be to do with themes of exile. The physical frontiers and the frontiers within ourselves are my main interest and I wouldn't be able just to grab one of those formulaic Hollywood screenplays and plot a good film. If you don't maintain the integrity of your desire, you're bound for disaster. And I'm driven by the desire to do work that's worthwhile. ■

This interview was reproduced by kind permission of Sight and Sound and was first published in its March 1999 edition.

The Brazilian Concert of the Century

Since Samba has been Samba

Chico Buarque, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, Gal Costa, Marisa Monte and Georgie Fame

by D Lima

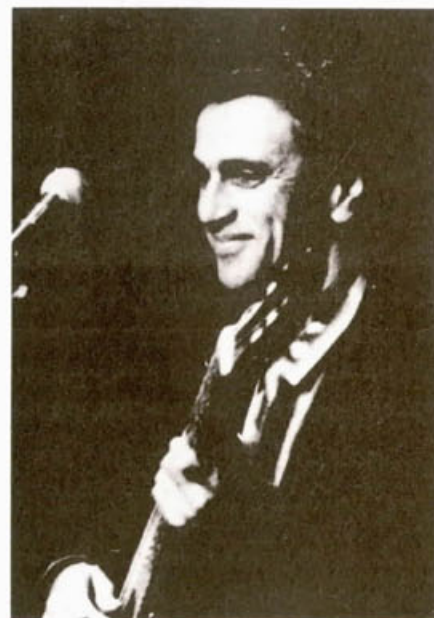
Brazil comes from the Celtic word 'bress', the blessed land. Indeed a blessed land whose people are known to be the most musical in the world, and where anything and everything makes samba. This has been so since the 16th century, although up to the late 1800s blacks and mulattos, the progenitors of the genre, were still being persecuted by the police for playing it. Samba was confined to the backyards then, and only enjoyed by the lower classes.

Samba culture had its beginnings in Bahia, Brazil's first capital. It was brought there by the hordes of African slaves that the Portuguese colonisers mercilessly exported to their newly found land. It developed in Rio de Janeiro following the abolition of slavery in 1888. But it was only in 1917, that "Pelo Telefone" (By Telephone) a hugely successful carnival hit was first registered under copyright by its author, Donga.

From then on samba became the Brazilian musical genre par excellence. From slum kids producing its rhythms on



Chico Buarque Photo E Crepaldi



Caetano Veloso Photo E Crepaldi

tins and match boxes, to the sophistication of the clubs of Rio, where in the forties Carmen Miranda enthralled the crowds with her Bando da Lua (Bunch from the Moon) band, samba crossed all frontiers. It went to Hollywood and, on its developing path, produced the most ingenious composers from all backgrounds.

Following the traditional samba composers, Brazil went on to give the world the Bossa-Nova of Tom Jobim in the late 1950s. During the hardest times of the military dictatorship in the 1960s, some of the most illustrious representatives of Brazilian music lent their contribution to a country that had lost its freedom of speech, but not its unique ability to deal with its misfortunes. They included Chico Buarque, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso and Gal Costa.

These artists, whose musical work was seen as a threat to the military, were exiled by the hardliners. They had to compose under pseudonyms and were of paramount importance as conveyors of messages to a whole nation - protest songs,

words of command. Chico Buarque, Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil became the ever political speakers of the masses. Gil and Veloso, the founders of Tropicalismo, shocked conventional audiences by mixing Anglo-American rock with samba.

Gal Costa, with her incomparable voice, carried the message of these singers/songwriters to millions of Brazilians. Over thirty years later, they continue to hold the respect and devotion of Brazilians and Latin-Americans alike. Their unbeatable musicality and powerful lyrics have yet to find a match.

Brazilian Contemporary Arts is proud to promote, for the first time ever, a unique one-off event at the Royal Albert Hall, on Friday 5th November, to celebrate samba culture and the New Millennium. It will bring together the four 'sacred monsters' of our music - Chico Buarque, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso and Gal Costa who will introduce one talent from the new generation: Marisa Monte.

This will be the first time that these artists will perform together on the same stage, paying homage to samba, performing in duos, in trios and altogether. As Dorival Caymmi, a Bahian composer has said, those who do not like samba are either 'not right in the head, or have a sore foot'.

BCA feels particularly



Gilberto Gil Photo E Crepaldi



Gal Costa Photo F Lauand



Marisa Monte Photo E Crepaldi

honoured to have been awarded £150,000 by the National Lottery, through the Arts for Everyone Scheme of the Arts Council for this project.

The artists will sing compositions from the beginning of the century to today, and also some of their most loved hits, part and parcel of the development of samba music.

Georgie Fame who in the '80s recorded his version of Gil's 'Toda Menina Baiana', naming it 'Samba', is the special guest at this event. Georgie Fame will join the all star cast of Brazilian artists performing with Gil, all the 'Samba' that the Brits can take!

As 'Since Samba has been Samba' would not be complete without the carnival element, London-based 'Folia Band' will be opening the evening with favourite sambas from past carnivals, the London School of Samba will be displaying their percussion expertise and Quilombo do Samba will put on a display of carnival dance and costumes to round off the evening with a flavour of the Rio Carnival.

'Since Samba has been Samba' aims at raising funds for Task Brasil Trust, a charity organisation that works on behalf of street children in Rio de Janeiro.

Tickets will be available from the end of April. For more information ring 0181 563 8747

Time Amongst the Xavante

& other images



An exhibition of photos by Emily Burridge taken whilst living and working with a Xavante tribal village in the Mato Grosso, Brazil.

These images of the Xavante provide us with a window into their world, and portray an extraordinary trusting relationship that has developed between Emily and the Indian community over the last four years.

Emily began working together with these Xavante after a chance meeting with one of the chiefs of a village. She quickly came to appreciate the difficult circumstances, in which they were living and undertook to work together with the chief and

members of the community. She co-ordinated a project, which in 1998 culminated in the successful implementation of a solar powered health centre deep within the Xavante reservation. The story of how she became involved with this tribe and the experiences, which followed, is both extraordinary and courageous.

As part of the exhibition there will be a display giving information on the Trust "Indigenous People's Cultural Support Trust" (a registered charity since 1995) which Emily set up with the objective to secure funding for projects which she developed in consultation with this tribal com-

munity. It will show what has been achieved so far, and will introduce the projects and funding objectives for this year.

Through the photos you will be introduced to characters in the village: The Chief, the Rainman, the women and children: you will also see the village as it goes about its daily activities.

You may contact Emily on:
ph/fax 0181-567 8332
e mail whitehorsewoldmusic @
compuserve.com.

The Portobello Gold
95-97 Portobello Road
Notting Hill
London W11 2QB

Photo Daniel Lobo Filho

10 WEEK BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE COURSE**19 April - 21 June 1999**

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Place | Pallingswick House - 241 King Street, London W6 9LP Nearest underground - Ravenscourt Park (District Line) |
| Days/Levels | BEGINNERS - Mondays - No previous knowledge required - Room 107 INTERMEDIATE 1 - Wednesdays - To further basic knowledge - Room 107 INTERMEDIATE 2 - Tuesdays - In-depth grammar/conversation - Room 109 |
| Time | 7.00 to 9.00pm |
| Cost | £80.00/£72.00 (BCA members) - Inclusive of written material |

Assessment for levels on 19 April, 6.30pm

The course/s will be cancelled if there is not a minimum of 5 students.

All courses must be paid in advance

FURTHER INFORMATION ON 0181 741 9579

If you are not a member of BCA, why not join us now! Membership costs only £12.00 a year.

Cheque payable to Brazilian Contemporary Arts.

I wish to enrol for the Language Course _____ level

I also want to become a member of BCA.

I enclose a payment of £ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Book Corner

Also by Bloomsbury Publications:*The Lost Manuscript* - Rubem Fonseca*Benjamin* - Chico Buarque*Turbulence* - Chico Buarque*The Killer* - Patricia Melo*The Dairy of Helena Morley* - Translated by Elizabeth Bishop*Epitaph of a Small Winner* - Machado de Assis*Philosopher or Dog* - Machado de Assis*In Praise of Lies* - Patricia MeloBCA heartfully thanks Bloomsbury Publishing for allowing the publication of an extract from Rubem Fonseca's *The Lost Manuscript* in this special edition of *News from Brasil*.*The Social History of Brazilian Samba* - Lisa Shaw, Leeds University

The period 1930-1945 was one of huge social change in Brazil, with the introduction of industrialisation under the authoritarian regime of Getulio Vargas. In this book, Lisa Shaw examines the impact of political, social and cultural developments on the nation's most popular musical form, samba.

To order please contact: Bookpoint Limited

39 Milton Park, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 4TD, England

Telephone: +44 (0)1235 827730; Fax +44 (0) 1235 400454

The promising photographer, **Ana Fabres**, is the first Brazilian to have work selected by the Royal Society of Photography.

The work shown here is part of a touring exhibition organised by the Society



Listings

Intensive Samba Courses

with **Marcia Magliari**

Saturdays 3 to 5pm
Emerald Centre
263 Hammersmith Road,
London W6
Hammersmith Tube

£15.00/£12.00 for 2 days
(BCA members and
concs.)

Course dates

24 April/ 1 May
29 May/5 June
3 July/10 July
11 September/18 September
16 October/23 October

Info 0181 741 9579

Choreographer **Silvia
Bazzarelli** presents the new
show

Arid Land

Passo a Passo Dance Co
Physically captivating dancers
and masters of the Brazilian
martial art of Capoeira, com-
pelling live percussion and
ingenious photography

8 pm
April 27th, 28th and 29th
at the Tabernacle Theatre
Powis Square, London W11
£10.00 / £8.00
Box Office 0171 565 7800

8pm
May 1st
at the Jacksons Lane Theatre
269a Archway Road, London
N6
£10.00 / £8.00
Box Office 0181 341 4421

Info: 0171 281 5550

Capoeira 2000

A one week festival hosted by
the **East London Capoeira
School**

Workshops

Hagerston School
Weymouth Terrace, E2
Nearest Tube Old Street, then bus 55
Friday 21 May - 6 to 10pm
Saturday 22 May - 6 to 10pm
Sunday 23 May - 6 to 10pm

Party Night

Capoeira Performance,
breakdance performance
followed by a live Brazilian
Band.

The Rocket
Nearest Tube Highbury and Islington
220 Holloway Road, N7

22 May, 9pm to 3.30am

Info: 0171 684 1260
E.mail fantasma
35@hotmail.com

Brazilian Spoken Here

it. Names for example: *Anthony* becomes *Tony*, practical, approachable. *Rodney* becomes *Rod*. *Elizabeth* becomes *Liz* and so on.

Some English people say that when Brazilian authors use their entire names in their books it does not help to promote Brazilian literature in Anglo-Saxon cultures because it is difficult for them to pronounce and memorise those long names. Although the same people maintain that *Jorge Amado* or *Paulo Coelho* is already better. As for the nicknames we give to football players such as *Pelé*, *Zico*, *Sócrates* and *Zagallo* they find it original and humorous. Outside Brazil practically nobody knows the real name of *Pelé*.

These nicknames are great because they express originality, humour and creativity. Some years ago, in France, there was an attempt to launch a French cocktail, which was a copy of our caipirinha. It

didn't work because the Brazilians claimed their right to it. Fair enough. That is yet another reason for us to acknowledge and take responsibility for what we are changing. Many Portuguese students also think that our differences should be recognised and accepted. One of them even talked about his frustration with a Brazilian teacher. That suggests that the problem exists in both senses and it is pointless to try to ignore it. Many students are wasting time because of it.

A mother tongue is that of the motherland, which we learn instinctively. Ours is Brazilian. It is normal that we have words of diverse origins because we all have different origins. Not only are we in another continent we are also a melting pot. This linguistic battle the Portuguese have already lost. Numbers speak for themselves. A mistake made by 160 million people soon becomes a rule.

Tom Poem

'Desafinado' - was the first to turn me on,
then 'Samba de Uma Nota Só'
- oh so simple, another hook of chanson
'Corcovado' - sublime, reverential, almost like a hymn
A song 'bout life in Rio - the music, by a certain Mr. Jobim

'Chega de Saudade' - of no more tears, and no more blues
Yet another mood, still captivating, in a subtle groove
'A Felicidade' - sad but happy, got you under my rhythm

Over many, many years, melodies - haunting, of deep influence,
in and out of my life, inspiring, meandering in daily confluence
That insistent, incessant shuffling Afro-Brazilian beat
shifting percussive statements, the movement of people on the street

Can I say more - for I cannot say less,
Of your music, celebrating life, always in cadence,
What I looked for, needed, could eagerly comprehend,
of your loves, hopes and fears, always simple but with elegance

Words I write, to a crowd, or in mere soliloquy,
Your music endearing and enduring, a wonderful eulogy,
Whimsical, full of nuance and surprise, never out of fashion
-like your life, evocative, vibrant, lived and played with passion

Conrad Blakeman, NSW, Australia, July 1998

This newsletter appears every two months bringing you general, cultural, financial and political news, plus exclusive interviews. If you want to be well-informed, why not subscribe? £3.50 will bring you all this and more.

Should you wish to advertise with us, the cost per classified ads is 20 pence per word.

Display ads:

1 page - £120

1/2 page - £80.00

1/4 page - £50.00

1/8 page - £30.00

1/16 page - £20.00

If you are not a member of BCA, why not join us now? To continue bringing you the best in Brazilian culture, we need your support. Join BCA. Together we will be able to bridge the culture gap.

I want to become a member of
BCA

I enclose payment of £12.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Brazilian Contemporary Arts
241 King Street
London W6 9LP

EDITOR

E Crepaldi

CONTRIBUTORS

S Branford

D Lima

A Fabres

P Alves Madeira

Bloomsbury Publishing

Sight and Sound

LAY OUT/COMPOSITION

G Cerveira

M Meggido

B Santos

