

# MUSEU DA PESSOA

## História

### Entrevista de Murilo Antunes

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### História completa

**IDENTIFICATION** Name / Place and date of birth My name is Murilo Antunes Fernandes de Oliveira. I was born in Pedra Azul, in the valley of Jequitinhonha, in northeastern Minas Gerais, June 25, 1950. **FAMILY** Parents / Grandparents My father's name is Joel Fernandes de Oliveira. My mother is Ester Heloisa Antunes de Oliveira. They are both natives of Pedra Azul. My father was a cattle drover in his youth. My grandfather was a rancher and my father would make food on the cattle drives. My mother was a housewife. We are five siblings, three girls and two boys. **CITIES** Pedra Azul Pedra Azul is very pretty, like a Nativity scene. We could go out alone; there was no violence. I left the city when I was seven years old. Before leaving, I finished the first grade. I used to go to the movies every Sunday for the matinee. Ever since I was young, I have liked cinema and music. I remember well the radio in the front room. It was a very antique radio, one of those tube models with the magic eye. The first thing I used to do when I got home from school was to sit on a little stool by the side of the radio, and listen to music until the food was ready. I adored Luiz Gonzaga. He was the artist that traveled the most throughout Brazil, and there were no airplanes. He used to travel with his band in a truck, with a triangle, a big bass drum, get to the town square and begin to play. I found out that he was coming to Pedra Azul. I must have been about five years old, and couldn't go out at nights. Our house was on the main street and the window in my mother's sewing room looked out on the street. On the day of Luiz Gonzaga's show, I opened the window and ran off to see the show. I was there under the truck when they interrupted the show, "Attention Whoever saw a boy dressed in shirt like this, pants like that, please let us know here at the stage." It was my family. I got a spanking but it was worth it. At home, nobody played an instrument. My mother used to sing us to sleep when we were young. She had a repertory; she knew songs of Assis Valente, Noel Rosa, and serenades. She taught them to us. I learned to play a little guitar, A minor chord, C major chord, just for fun. When we moved to Montes Carlos, my father joined the Lion's Club. He was on the board of directors. They were expanding and my father used to go to other cities to inaugurate new clubs. We used to go with him, because we were going to do serenades in the cities around Montes Claros: Grão-Mongol, Januária and Francisco Sá. And so, ever since I was a boy I opened my mouth in the world, in a good sense. **FAMILY** Grandparents My father always liked to read and he used to write some verses. He had beautiful handwriting, calligraphy and all. There were few books in the house, practically none. My grandfather was a rancher. He used to wait for the cattle herd to fatten up, sell them and then had to deliver them. There were no paved roads. They walked the herds to their destinations. There were no trucks and the cattle were not insured. One time he sold the cattle to someone in Bahia. They were driving the cattle and in the middle of the journey which lasted a month, 20 days, the herd caught a plague, it killed one, killed another. Very few survived. My grandfather went broke, and automatically, my father went broke. **CITIES** Montes Claros We didn't have money to spend, we had to make do. It was always like this. One neat thing is that my parents invested in our studies. We moved to Montes Claros because the junior high school was better there. I stayed in Montes Claros from the time I was seven until I was 15 years old. This phase is outstanding for any person, and it was far-out there. Montes Claros is a very musical city. It had much regional music, folklore and serenades. In the city, there were various groups of serenade and we had very direct contact with this roots music; this influenced my composition a lot. I always say: people leave the sertão (dry northeastern backwoods of Brazil) but the sertão doesn't leave the people. As well as being arid and lacking water, everything is very difficult, the poverty is staggering, it isn't a place with much quality of life, there is little employment. The economic base is farming and cattle raising, which employs very few people. But, on the other hand, it was where I began to play soccer, which is a great experience in my life. I played soccer for a long time. I first played for a team in Montes Claros called Ateneu when I was about twelve years old. The team trainer argued with the directors of the club because they didn't want to give us soccer shoes. He left the team and went to another. The whole team went with him because he was a far-out trainer. We went to Casimiro de Abreu team. I studied in the Colégio dos Irmãos Maristas, and was curious to know who this guy was, this Casimiro de Abreu. I found out that he was a very good poet from Rio de Janeiro, and I was discovering his poetry and liking it. I started to do some cartooning. I used to adore reading. We had singing classes, public speaking classes, and calligraphy. Education was much more complete. We gained a grander vision that in the schools of today. That high school had instruction in Portuguese and poetry. One of the professors, a Marista brother, was the organizer of an anthology of Portuguese-Brazilian poetry that became very famous. It was there that I began to read the poets of Brazil and Portugal from José de Anchieta, passing through Camões, mixing them all together. It gave me a poetic vision of my country that was very far-out. In Montes Claros, there was a group from the school that included others, it was a very cool group, people that loved music. We all played instruments a little, but there was one guy who played especially well, who studied and was crazy about music. It was very difficult to get records. In my house, for example, we didn't

have a radio-phonograph player or a Victrola, we had no way to have one yet, only later. That friend constructed a hi-fi stereo radio-phonograph, huge, and we got records from friends, parents of my classmates that went to Rio on holidays. We took up a collection for him to be able to buy the record of João Gilberto that had just come out, and other recent releases. We didn't have a record player but there was a radio, I always had one. There was a time for it. I would go directly to the ranch in Montes Carlos. I always took my little radio so I could ride horse listening to music.

**MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT** The influences we used to gather at the house of that friend who built the radio-phonograph to listen to music. It was where I first heard things like Coltrane, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis and Bossa Nova, basically this, and MPB (Popular Brazilian Music) that was starting to rev up its engines. The record industry wasn't strong yet, our principal reference was the radio, National Public Radio, talent shows, Radio Mairink Veiga. We used to get together to listen to a program on Radio Mairink Veiga called "Today is Rock-n-roll Day". It was on Saturday's at four in the afternoon. We'd get together, lock the door and listen with the volume up high, rock is loud. We'd be there dancing and listening to the music. We used to collect the "Revista do Rádio" (Radio Magazine), that had the lyrics to songs. We listened to a lot of Elvis Presley, Neil Sadaka, Paul Anka, Chuck Berry, Bill Halley and the Comets. Montes Carlos has many religious fests. The Festa do Rosário (Festival of the Rosary) there is really far-out. I had the pleasure of meeting a man called Dr. Hermes de Paulo. The guy was a folklorist. He was a doctor, attended patients in his office and in his free time, he traveled. He used to take his jeep deep into the woods and record, he had one of those reel-to-reel tape recorders. In places where the road ended, he continued his journey by burro. He used to put the tape recorder on the burro's back and went on by trail. In this way, he obtained a very important record of all the culture of Northern Minas Gerais. We became friends and he was always present in these religious fests. Shortly after I moved to Monte Carlos, I saw my first Festa do Rosário (Festival of the Rosary). I was in my grandmother's house close to the Church of the Rosary, close to the Church of the Rosary and my father asked me to buy him a cigarette. At the time I was waiting for the guy to give me the cigarette a fellow enters and asks for a pinga (sugar cane liquor). A fellow all dressed in white, with some mirrors on his head, colored ribbons, Negro, some cans on his feet to make rhythm, and I never saw such a thing. Pedra Azul had another type of folklore; it is very distinct. It is also three hundred and some kilometers from Monte Carlos. There we had the O Boi de Janeiro (January Steer), the great party of Pedra Azul, in January. The steer, which was a person, and the people were playing drums, accordion. There were various groups of them; they still have them today. In 2004, there still existed eight groups of these steer. It is very interesting; they play that flute of the fifer, it's a wildly good time, the steer chasing people, that uproar. There are steer in other region of the country. In Maranhão there is the O Boi Bumbá, an equivalent party, only that the songs change, the tempo, the rhythms. All of the Northeast has those parties, but not one sings the same music as another. That party of Pedra Azul is very rich. You tie the money that you want to give to the guy on the ribbons of the steer. It is super-cool. That man that I encountered in Montes Carlos, I went to find out about him, we were going more or less for the same side of town. Then I ran to the house, threw the cigarette to someone that was on the porch and went after him. "What guy is that? Where is that guy going?" I got there and there was a quantity of others like him, some 200 dressed that way. It was the Marujada (men dressed as sailors). It is the story of the Nau (Ship) Catarineta, of the slaves that came from Africa to Brazil. In the middle of the journey, there was a wind-lull. The Portuguese sailing ships stopped in the middle of the ocean with the slaves. And there was a rebellion. The ship's crew really forced the situation to make the slaves row. In the bottom of the ship, the slaves were carrying a statue of Nossa Senhora do Rosário (Our Lady of the Rosary). They had made an arrangement and at a certain moment, they took the ship and began to pray for the wind to return. They arrived in Brazil owners of the ship. The whole story takes place on the high seas. Now imagine, in the middle of the sertão, Montes Carlos, right in the middle of northern Minas Gerais, those guys telling stories of the sea. The sertão doesn't have water. They are the curiosities of the transmission of that oral history. The older people were telling the story for others and constructing those really far-out songs. I was always intrigued to know how this arrived there. It is strong; it is grand. However, I know the tradition. Those sailors came dressed in the way that I described, and in front of them are the caboclinhos, which are the children, dressed as Indians. The samba school of the sertão is that. I wrote a song for Yuri Popov based on a study that that he had been doing for a long time about the Festas de Rosário (Feasts of the Rosary) and the Marujadas (Sailors). I was remembering those little Indians, the sailors, the songs. Me and Tavinho Moura made various trips to gather those songs. I heard many things recorded by that friend of mine on his trips. He published a book, "Montes Claros: Sua Gente, Seus Costumes" (Montes Claros: It's People, It's Customs". It is a think very complete book. It has poems, it tells the story of the Ship Catarineta, and has those riddles, "What is it that: falls standing up and runs laying down?"

**EDUCATION** Studies I was always interested in History. Here in Belo Horizonte, I didn't go to college. I finished high school and really took off on music. I took a course here and there, Social and Political History of Brazil. I liked History a lot, even more so with the all the agitation happening in Brazil. It was important to have an understanding. I was studying the history of colonization, of the slaves, of who suffers oppression. I was always with them; I never was on the other side. They are my people.

**WORK** Partnerships I worked on the production of a feature length film of Carlos Alberto Prates Corrêa called "Cabaré Mineiro". Tavinho Moura was the director's assistant. The final sequence was about the marujos (the sailors). It was filmed in Contra, which is close to Corinto and we brought the marujos from Montes Claros to sing. They spent two days with us and we could see how it is that they live together. We learned, for example, that the captain of the marujada (the group of sailors), who is the chief, who commands and everybody obeys him. When they are out there partying, they are the ones that are served and obeyed. At dinnertime, its the captain who serves the others, thus they break the hierarchy of privileges. They act in solidarity.

**LEISURE** Cinema In Montes Claros, we went a lot to the Cine Fátima, Cine São Luiz and Cine Coronel Ribeiro, those three. The brother of Darcy Ribeiro, a good friend of my family, owned the Cine Coronel and Cine São Luiz. Sometimes there was a film censored for children under 14, so you had to figure out a way in. I used to convince my mother to go with me to the cinema, because I was 12. At times, being with her I got in. But I can't forget "A Um Passo Da Eternidade", I was crazy to see it, said, "Let's go, mother" She went and we were able to get passed the ticket office, but then came the devil of an attendant with a little lantern to check out every body and took me out. The film was beginning, the opening credits. "Damn, what a disappointment." What a low blow. They used to show American films. I also adored the Brazilian films. Mazaropi, the slap stick comedies of the Atlântida. The films of Humberto Mauro didn't get to Montes Claros, those beginnings, or "Limite" by Mario Peixoto, which is a marvelous film. But it awakened me to that language. I used to love the serials they showed, one chapter one Sunday, another the next Sunday at the same time. They showed full-length films, and then showed a chapter, normally 15 minutes long. Aside from showing films, the cinema house was where the music shows happened. I went to everything you can think of: the poor taste, the out-a-sight. There were shows by Cauby Peixote, Ângela Maria, and the less preferred, like Adilson Ramos. Toni Campello and Celly Campello played. The first time I saw Roberto Carlos, he sang the music from the record "Calhambeque" in a gymnasium there. A funny thing happened in the Show of Roberto Carlos. I took my youngest sister. She wanted to go any which way. I was more into bossa nova and didn't connect much with Roberto Carlos. But I know his importance and saw that people adored him. We were in the gymnasium and Roberto Carlos was singing. Suddenly there was no sound. It was a prank of the gang; they cut the wires to his microphone. But later I went to a party in the club and Roberto Carlos sat at our table. It was way cool. We were a

far-out group of eight guys and he sat with us. This is how you do public relations. LEISURE Soccer I saw television for the first time when I was 12 years old. Television came to Brazil in 1952 and I saw it for the first time in 1962. Pedra Azul didn't have television. When we moved to Montes Carlos I saw it for the first time. They were doing a test in 1962 to see where to put the antenna. Television was arriving there. A friend of my fathers was a television technician; and was going to test the antenna in a high place, some 20, 30 kilometers from Montes Carlos. I went along because the test was going to be at the same time as a soccer game between Santos and Milan. Santos won 2-1. Pelé was playing. That was the first time I saw television. The reception was really horrible, lots of static, very precarious. But I was already 12, I was happy my whole childhood without television. I hadn't missed it at all. I had already seen O Rei (The King) play live in Montes Claros. My uncle was the coach of the team Ateneu in Montes Claros. I was the team mascot. I used to go with him to every game; I got in free. I used to sit on the reserve bench with my uncle. Pelé played for the team Santos who was going to play against Ateneu. Then when I saw him up close it was really far-out. It was a night game. Santos won, as always. ADOLESCENCE Hippy movement Our look was pre-hippie. We didn't have long hair and beards yet. The hippie look was shortly after. I was already in Belo Horizonte. At the time I lived in Montes Claros, we used jeans and t-shirts. It was like that. CITIES Belo Horizonte In '65 I moved to Belo Horizonte, I came by train. I had only come one time to Belo Horizonte, as a representative of my father in my uncle's wedding. I came with my brother. The first time I came to Belo Horizonte, I was 12 years old. I stayed some three days. I thought it was wonderful; the biggest city I had seen. As I didn't have a television, I imagined the city the way it was described on the radio. I remember that I arrived on a Saturday and the city was empty, a wonder. I kept walking, going around, in a way to not get lost. I got off at the train station and walked around there. I was staying at my aunt's house, on João Pinheiro Avenue, close to the Palácio da Liberdade (the Palace of Liberty). The Xodó Restaurant already existed; their milk shakes and grilled ham and cheese sandwiches were a huge success. I kept walking around to see the sights. I had never taken a bus, Montes Claros didn't have buses. The door for the passengers to enter was in the back and I entered by the front door. I received the biggest heckling from the people, that hillbilly. There weren't any more streetcars; there were trolley buses that were also electric, they were very cool. We used to take them to go to school. They ran on the tracks that the streetcars had run on. That first time I came only as a visitor. In '65, I came with my whole family. A funny thing happened and I almost wasn't a composer. The thing that I loved the most was music, but it so happens I also really liked soccer. According to my partners and companions, I used to play well. A scout for the Atlético soccer team-- I'm an Atletico-- went to Montes Claros to see our team, Casimiro de Abreu, because we had become news, winning 72 games straight. It was a very impressive record. The guy from Atlético came to see us play. He chose two guys: me, and the left point—I played left lateral. He chose us and wanted to take us to Belo Horizonte to play for the Atlético soccer team. They came to the house to talk with my parents, because I was a minor. My father said, "I am working on my transfer to Belo Horizonte. I am going to move there at the end of the year with my family, so when he arrives there you can work it out." They were four interminable months. I was crazy about going to the Atlético team. When I arrived here, they scheduled my first day of training. However, my family had much difficulty with money and I had to work. My father arranged a job with a friend of his and on the first day of training, I had to work. That dream was reduced to dust. We came to Belo Horizonte to study. My father was working at the Banco do Brazil, so it was difficult for him to get a transfer, and when he did, everybody came together. Lock, stock and barrel. EDUCATION Colégio Estadual (State High School) It was easy to deal with the frustration over soccer. Youth is a real trip, you don't get bummed or stay depressed. At the same time, I was discovering a fantastic world. I landed in the Colégio Estadual (State High School), were Marcinho, Fernando Brandt, Nelson Angelo, and Toninho Horta studied. WORK Professional Activities My job was in business. That friend of my father had a rug company, selling rugs and curtains. It was on Paraná Avenue, downtown. The rich ladies used to stop their ritzy cars at the door and the woman would come out with her nose in the air. They use to make me take out those mountains of fabric: "Oh, I don't want this. I want that one." This used to irritate me profoundly. But I was studying; rapidly I left that all and went to work in the store's office. I became the boss of the office. Accounting was tranquil; it was a way to get away from the rich ladies. I used to work all day long and at nights, I would study. At Estadual (State College), I took the second year of science studies. I did the first year in Montes Claros. I worked two years at that store. Then I took a competitive exam to work for the First National Citybank, an American bank. I needed to make some money to buy my records and books. I worked there two years. It was at that time that I began to compose, I wrote my first song. I took some vacation time from the bank, I hadn't recorded anything yet. When it was time to go back to work I thought, "You want to know something, I'm going to make music. Why do I have to work in a bank? I never returned to work for the bank. When we arrived in Belo Horizonte, before that job, we lived on the avenue of the Contorno, close to the Felício Roxo Hospital. PEOPLE Paulinho Pedra Azul I just want to mention people that I knew in Pedra Azul: Paulinho Pedra Azul, a wonderful artist, just as Saulo Laranjeira. Even moving from Pedra Azul to Montes Claros, I used to go to Pedra Azul every holiday, where I had many friends and relatives. I used to go to the farms. They are people I admire a lot. I knew those people in our childhood games and later on all those holidays. Paulinho already was playing and composing. Saulo was also doing his things. Saulo is more or less my age; Paulinho is younger than I am. Those holidays lasted until I moved to Belo Horizonte. When I was in Montes Claros, sometimes the gang would get together before a party to drink a "birninght" (booze) and we'd go already loaded. We played a lot of serenades. One time, we were playing serenades close to Godofredo Guedes' house, close to the Igreja da Catedral (Church of the Cathedral). This was in '64, shortly after the Revolution, that lousy military coupe. Suddenly, a radio patrol car stopped, and us with a guitar. It was mine. Instead of arresting us, they seized the guitar. They said, "If you want it back, go to police headquarters tomorrow." (laughs) The guitar was mine; I had to go. I even remember the officer's name, Major Abdo. I remember, because I had some dates with his daughter, but he couldn't even dream this, or else it would complicate everything. I entered his office and it was like this: the guitar and on top of the desk a magnum 45. "Man, what am I doing here?" He turned, "Hey, kid, is that guitar yours?" "Yes it is, sir." "In other words, you all were being rowdy on the street?" "No, sir, we were playing serenades." "In other words, that guitar is yours?" "Yes it is, sir." "To get it back, you are going to have to sing so I can tell its yours." (laughs) He loved music. He was a cool dude. I was panic-stricken: "Man, what am I going to do now?" I even asked to try to find a friend of mine who played well, because I just faked it. But my friend wasn't home. I ended up playing one of those songs to gain liberty. (laughs) PEOPLE Beto Guedes The first time I saw Beto Guedes was in Montes Claros. Later he would come to be my partner. The first time that I saw Beto, he had a group called Os Brucutus. Everybody had haircuts the same as the Beatles, those bangs, dressed in black with high-heeled boots. Everyone all spruced up. They were a Beatles cover. I saw them playing in a club and I thought they were far-out. I used to like the Beatles; their music was beginning to get to Montes Claros. Beto was 12 years old; I was 13. He played bass, really well, still does today. The bass was huge, bigger than he was; that little stump. But he already played really well. Montes Claros also gave me a familiarity with sertanejo (a type of country music from Northeastern Brazil). It is fundamental in musical development, so much so that several of my songs describe this. It was where I could quickly understand Guimarães Rosa (Internationally famous Brazilian author, 1908--1967), and became fascinated by his work. Later, in Belo Horizonte, I really got into Guimarães Rosa. Because we didn't have a tradition of reading; there wasn't money available to buy books. Our parents came

from another reality, the backwoods, the having to make do. They didn't have the habit of reading. We had to make do by ourselves. My world was the sertão, I didn't know any other. I heard of New York, São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Belo Horizonte, but I didn't know anything about them. The world for me was the cowboys, to go to the farms of my relatives and friends, and watch them brand the steers, vaccinate the cattle. All of the cows had names. I got a list of names, it was cool: Mimosa, whatever. Guimarães Rosa describes this very well. He always had a different name for the cows. The cowboys treated the cattle almost like people. I wrote a song later with Tavinho Moura called "Boi é Gente": (Receiting) "Boi é gente, quem vai negar? / Serve a Deus pra depois morrer". CITIES Pedra Azul / Montes Claros The sertão gave me practical teachings. The first is simplicity. People make do with what they have. There is no waste because there is nothing to waste. You have to live with what exists there. And for this it was self-sufficient. The farms made everything there: cheese, rice, beans, fruits, milk, and meat. There was a metal shop, the people built the corrals, the wood planks, everything there. And that thing of slow time. People let time pass, they did things in their own time, in their own rhythm, without rushing. This I learned forever; that thing of the foods, the chatter, of stories, of legends. There is a phenomenal legend of Pedra Azul. I began to that story, which is a well-known legend in all the Jequitinhonha Valley. Bicho da Carneira ( X ). It is a story of a very beloved fellow, a farmer that had many tenant farmers. When he died, the wake was very prolonged, because people had to come from the country, they came by horse and were slow to arrive. In this extension of the wake, the nails, hair and beard of the guy began to grow and he turned into the Bicho da Carneira ( X ). Then they closed up the coffin and buried him. His lover couldn't appear at the wake. Night fell and in the cemetery, when there shouldn't be anyone, the carneira, which is the tomb, was turned over and empty. From then on, if a calf disappeared in the countryside, a pig turned up dead, it was reputed to be the Bicho da Carneira. On the day of the full moon, you put a plate of food at the threshold of the door, or else he is going to eat people. Everybody knows this in the Jequitinhonha Valley. There was a time he was called the Bicho da Fortaleza, because Pedra Azul was called Fortaleza before. The name Pedra Azul is from 1942, I think, because there were a lot of aquamarine crystals there. The valley is rich in semiprecious stones. Immense, flat rocks encircle the valley and at certain times in the afternoon, these rocks appear bluish. The name is beautiful. Of the mode of life in Pedra Azul and Montes Claros, I remember the taste of pequi fruit, the viagra of the sertão. It is impossible to not like it. It has a strong smell. During harvest time, from November to March, the whole region of Montes Claros is full of pequi trees. The city becomes yellow. People earn a living with this. It is a native plant; it is not germinated artificially. You gather the fruit when they fall to the ground, it doesn't do any good to pick them from the tree because they are still green. It's super rich in vitamins, it is incredibly powerful. Within the pequi fruit, there is pulp, thorns and a nut. Inside, it looks a little like an avocado. You open it and inside there is a pit, which is the edible part. The pulp is scraped off the pit and eaten. After this pulp, there are tiny thorns and the nut, which you eat later. One time, a girl from Rio went to Montes Claros. She was having lunch in a house where I was also having lunch. It was summer, time of the pequi. Everybody wants rice with pequi fruit, which is a spectacular dish. It comes with sun-dried meat and pequi fruit. They served the girl who had never seen pequi. Instead of paying attention in how the others were eating it, she bit into it. She had a hard time with the thorns. She looked like this and said, (imitating a Rio accent) "Listen, do you fish for pequi here the same as you fish for oysters?" I laughed really hard. There was also carambola (Chinese gooseberry), which is delightful; and all those mangos and things from the woods, umbu (hog plum tree and fruit). To eat lamb is unforgettable. They used to take the animal, hang it upside down in an immense tree, and cut the animal, draining its blood. They used to do this all in one morning. It was a ceremony even the cooking and eating. This practice continues until today. My mouth waters thinking of it. PEOPLE Toninho Horta The first person that I met from music when I arrived in Belo Horizonte, was Toninho Horta. He went to the Colégio Estadual (State High School); we had friends in common. One friend of ours, Tiza, Beatriz Dantas, lived close to the college and almost everyday after class we went to eat lunch at her house. We went to get together and sing. Toninho played guitar. I saw Toninho playing and I was amazed. He used to play a chord, putting one finger here, another, five frets ahead. It was impressive. I, who played around a little on the guitar said, "Never again will I touch that instrument." He played so beautifully. I said, "I'm never going to be able to play like him, so I'm going to leave that story behind." But I wanted to be involved in music; I went by other paths, I went by writing lyrics. We became very good friends. When a record of the Beatles or a jazz record came out, we got together at Tiza's house to listen to it. The Beatles were our musical training. We were beginning to make music and the Beatles were making their records. It is different to hear the records today. It is very different to be living in that time. They had a great importance in the Clube da Esquina (The Corner Club). We are also ballad singers. HISTORIC EVENTS Military dictatorship My arrival in Belo Horizonte coincided with that Brazilian moment of the dictatorship and, parallel to those things, there was that game of ours of singing. All the young people were engaging themselves in demonstrations, helping to hide people from the police, handing out pamphlets. The action of the students was very important for that reaction might be able to happen. I participated in the Diretório Acadêmico do Colégio Estadual (Academic Directory of the State High School). The actual mayor of Belo Horizonte, Fernando Pimental, was part of the directory. The president of the directory was Marco Antônio Meyer, who was part of a group of 42 political prisoners that were traded for the American ambassador, Elbrick, who had been kidnapped. We met regularly at the high school. We were working, studying and on the weekends, we got together to exchange information and recommend books. We used to take turns reading the books, only one person couldn't buy all the books, so each one used to buy a book and we used to trade with each other. After we had read the books, we got together to evaluate them. We used to program political actions together. The State High School was making a connection with the secondary school students with the students in the universities. We used to go to the high schools to distribute pamphlets giving notices of the demonstrations and the new actions. The high school bus used to pass on the same block as the school. When there was a demonstration, we used to stop the bus, everybody in front of the bus. We would block it in the back too. The bus had to stay there quiet while we entered to hand out pamphlets and write with spray paint on the bus; "Igreja da Boa Viagem (Church of the Good Journey), 4 PM: demonstration" Later, the bus would leave circulating with our message. This was before AI5 in '67, '68. Observation: (Ato Institucional 5 [Institutional Act 5] took away people's rights, disbanded congress, instituted total censorship, outlawed demonstrations and meetings, gave police and military broad powers of arrest and imprisonment). One time, my family went on vacation for a month and since I was working, I stayed at home with a secretary to make food. There was a person that being sought by DOPS (Departamento de Ordem Política e Social (Department of Political and Social Order) the police force of the military government). That person, Etelvino Nunes, was the brother of a great friend of mine, Tião Nunes. The DOPS was going to Bacaiúva after him there because that was where he was from. We planned a rescue. We discovered that the DOPS was going to leave for Bacaiúva to go after him at a certain time and some people went beforehand to advise him that the DOPS was arriving, and he ran away to the woods. The people from our group picked him up in the woods and returned with him to Belo Horizonte, to my house. On the way back, they passed by the DOPS who were on their way to Bacaiúva. How could the DOPS guess that inside that car going to Belo Horizonte was the one they were after? He stayed one month at my house, without even opening a window. My parents didn't know but if they had they would have supported me. They were frightened to death every time there was demonstration; they knew I was going. My house was in the Gutierrez neighborhood. I would leave the house at six in the

morning to go to work. I would leave and kept looking at every corner, whatever person was suspect. You couldn't say anything on the telephone, he couldn't even answer the phone at the house. He stayed in the house all day reading, waiting for some communication. I know that we were able to execute the following plan: we left the house in one car, downtown we changed to another car, later on the interstate highway we changed cars again, so that he could go to Chile. Later they [translator's question—they (who? friends or police?) caught (got?) him there. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Compositions Things were getting heavy in '68, when I wrote my first song, "Super-herói" and then "Viva Zapátria", which I wrote with Sirlan. Sirlan doesn't compose anymore, but at that time he composed very well, he used to sing. We had a game among us, which was that we called ourselves turma da Pavuna (The Pavuna gang). I used to get off work at six pm and we used to meet behind the Church of São José, here in Belo Horizonte, at the door to the building where our friend lived on the third floor. Everyday we got together. We'd stay there talking and later we'd go to a bar. Toninho went a lot, Beto, Lô and that friend of ours that lived there, Belfort, who had a guitar. Sometimes we used to go to his house for someone to present a new song. Sirlan was also part of the group. He worried, "No, man, you are very musical. I am going to give you a song to do." He was also beginning to make music. We recorded a cassette tape. We wracked our brains to get the meter right. In the majority of our songs, the lyrics are written for an already existing melody. In this way, we exercise musicality, gaining more rhythm, more time. Sirlan liked my first song a lot. The group from high school got together with Toninho Horta, and Túlio Mourão, who is a very important person in this thing. Each one had a different training. We presented my song for the first time and people said, "This one here is becoming a lyricist." Sirlan sang the song and everybody liked it. So, in '69, the song "Viva Zapátria" happened. However, I already knew Beto from Montes Claros. We had a long time close companionship. My grandfather, Joviniano, was from Bahia, as was Beto's father, Godofredo Guedes. There was an unusual happening in Pedra Azul in 1933. My grandfather adored carnival. There were two social clubs, one was of the PSD (Partido Social Democrático=Social Democratic Party) and the other of the UDN (?), the political parties at the time. My grandfather didn't like politics, he was non-partisan. And so, he decided to organize the street carnival. He had a Model T Ford, and sent his chauffeur to pick up the musicians from Montes Claros--Godofredo Guedes with his clarinete, another musician and my uncle Pimenta. On the first day of the carnival, a telegram arrived in the house of my grandfather. Godofredo was already in Pedra Azul for some days; it was a three-day journey from Montes Claros to Pedra Azul. The telegram arrived at my grandfather's house saying that Godofredo's father had died and that the burial would be the following day. My grandfather read the telegram and thought to himself, "Godofredo will not arrive in time for the funeral, he is going to arrive much later. And if he goes there won't be a carnival." So he put the telegram in his pocket. And the streets were full of merriment with the carnival. And when it ended, my grandfather called Godofredo, "I did something, and I don't want you to be mad at me. Your father died and all, but you weren't going to arrive on time. And so I took this liberty, but here is my chauffeur, he is going to take you to Montes Claros." It happened like this. Many years later, I was already a partner with Beto, Godofredo Guedes died. It was an incredible thing. He was leaving the sidewalk to cross the street in Montes Claros, and along came a motorcycle and hit him. He was seventy and some years old. We knew him very well; he was an incredible person. He has everything to do with the music that we do today, he has an influence in this. A Silvana Guedes, Beto's wife, called me at my house, frightened, "Godofredo died. Beto is drinking a coffee and I don't have the courage to tell him. Help me." So I went to their house. I gave Beto the news. My grandfather gave the news to Godofredo that his father had died, and I gave the news to Beto. It was only a transcendental coincidence. Our friendship is very profound; it contains these connections. FESTIVALS Festival Estudantil da Canção (Student Song Festival) Of all the Borges, I met Marcinho first. I met Lô at the Festival Estudantil da Canção (Student Song Festival) in '69. It happened in the Secretary of Health Building and the Bandeirantes TV station transmitted it. Nelson Motta was a juror. Beto and Lô presented "Equatorial", lyrics by Marcinho. I adored that song. It was there that I was meeting the majority of the people through Sirlan. I got to know Lô there. We saw each other in the turma da Pavuna (the Pavuna gang) and at the bars. We didn't yet go to each other's house, it was more on the street. So I met Lô, later Marcinho, all of this before "Clube da Esquina" (Corner Club) happened. I had only heard that they were cool. I'd meet up with them every once and awhile, but I was just beginning. They had already begun; they had songs ready. Before that festival, we didn't know each other very well, but I adored their songs. I thought to myself, "Wow, this is my crew." Nobody was even talking yet about the Clube da Esquina (Corner Club). I began to do music around the time of that festival, but I didn't enter, I didn't have anything good enough to enter, I was learning. I thought a lot about being with them, because the group included Toninho Horta, Lô, Beto and Fernando Brandt. I thought, "I want to get together with these guys." I was getting closer to them, seeking that friendship. Among us, everyone said that friendship was first, then music. Music is a consequence of friendship. I was taken with Nivaldo Ornelas too. "How magnificent, the guy plays a modern saxophone." He played flute and formed those groups, and once and a while played for dances. Nivaldo's group included Célio Balona, Rubinho, Paulo Braga, and Marilton. I met Marilton going to the dances they played at. Their repertory was always very good and they played very well. They played boleros, but they also played bossa nova and sambas. I went after that group because I was that hillbilly from northern Minas; I had to hunt my group. Sirlan had a connection with them and helped get to know them. PEOPLE Flávio Venturini There was something really neat that happened when I met Flávio Venturini, the partner with which I wrote the most songs. His mother had a boardinghouse for young girls that had come to study in Belo Horizonte. That house had a garage. We understood that thing of "garage rock", "garage music", because we practiced it. We used to go to that garage to do prohibited things and all, but specially to play music. I got to know people better there: Márcio Borges, Beto, Lô, Flávio, Vermelho and the 14 Bis. The garage stored some junk but it was where there was a Moog synthesizer, the keyboard of the boys, a guitar, a bass and a banjo. It was there that I began to make music with them, to write lyrics for them. Many of my songs left from that garage, including "Nascente", which is my most well known composition. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Shows All year there were shows. We took our unpublished songs and presented them. They group used to rehearse a day before or on the day of the show. We always did one on Christmas because who were living in other places used to come to Belo Horizonte. Me, Marcinho, and the people from here used to organize the production. The first were at the Teatro Marília, later at Chico Nunes. They were called "Fio da Navalha", the name of a song of Lô Borges. At that time, Flávio presented the melody of "Nascente" to me. First, I wrote dreadful lyrics, my God in heaven Learning is really this. He presented it in "Fio da Navalha" anyway. It began like this: "Areia do mar" and only slow things came after. I was fishing for the sonority of the song but I hadn't perceived it yet. After Flávio sang it, I ran backstage, "Don't ever play this music with these lyrics again, for the love of God, they are dreadful." The music was very beautiful but I was hitting the brake too much. Some years later, Beto went to record his first album, "A Página do Relâmpago Elétrico. Flávio Venturini played on "Paginas", along with Vermelho and Zé Eduardo, creating the base with Beto. Flávio called me, "Beto adored the song. We need lyrics. He's going record it tomorrow." I said, "Oh, I'll try." I spent the whole day trying and said, "I'm going to sleep early instead of beating my head here." The other day I woke up early, and about eleven it came forth, with some kind of divine light. I was living in Serra, two blocks from Tavinho Moura. I wanted to know if the song was all right, I didn't want to be annoying. "Look here, Tavinho, I have to send these lyrics to Rio. See what you think." We listened to the tape together and he endorsed it. Then I called and passed on the lyrics to Beto, who was in

the studio. He recorded it the same day. It took three years to do. “Areia do Mar” turned into “Clareia a Manha”. I have known the sea since I was 12. ‘62 was a phenomenal year for me; I got to know the sea and television. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Influences “Clube 1” came out in ‘72. I was with the boys, with Marcinho, and he said, “We are going to have an audition of the record that they just finished mixing. Let’s go there so you can listen.” I arrived and another friend of ours, Luís Marcio Viana and the Borges were already there, as was Bituca and Ronald Bastos. We listened to it in a little house behind the house of Salomão e Maricota, the parents of the Borges clan. Everybody sat on the floor. We listened to the record and I went wild over it. At that moment I thought, “This is the group I want to be part of.” I was already going to their house and all. “Clube 1” hadn’t come out yet, but the other records of Bituca had. I knew the songs by heart and we used to sing them, Toninho played them on the guitar. The audition was unforgettable. Even today, I remember our emotion and the return: “Go back. Let’s here it again.” It ended: “Go back. Let’s hear it again.” Nobody left. This united us a lot, we were very happy, we cried together. Fernando Brandt was there also. The complete team. What caused this tremor wasn’t even that thing of being from Minas. It was a nationalist feeling, the revolution that the music was causing. It contained elements of the Beatles, which we all adored, and at the same time, it contained elements of the backbone of Brazil, of our great talents, Ary Barroso. Clube da Esquina (Corner Club) was a step beyond the music being made in Brazil. The bossa nova was in place. Samba-canção, boleros, Ary Barroso, Noel Rosa were flowing into bossa nova. That music that I was seeing there in ecstasy was a step in front of the music that was being made in Brazil. It contained guitars and the time of the music was very sharp, different. You had no prior reference to that poetry; it was clean water. The sensation I had was that we were hearing this kind of music for the first time in the world. The revolution of MPB (Música Popular Brasileiro—Brazilian Popular Music) began here. There were other movements like tropicalism, bossa nova. I don’t consider tropicalism to be a proper musical movement. It is more a revolution of customs, to accentuate those things of Brazil that people were accustomed of disdaining, the trite, and the music out of the market or that wasn’t of the elite. Tropicalism took the music of Teixeira, “Um coração materno”: “Disse um campônio à sua amada”, accented this, Vicente Celestino. They created many terrific things, the case of the Capinan, of Torquato Neto, who are spectacular poets, Tom Zé, Caetano, Gil, Nara Leão. It was far-out but I say again: it didn’t have the musical richness of that creation that was beginning there and that I took off on. FESTIVALS / SONGS Festival of Três Pontas, Audiovisual Festival of Cataguases I had already met Milton before the audition. I had a very great admiration for him, but it was only there and in some trips to Três Pontas to go to the Festival there, that we began to get close. Chico Buarque and Clementina de Jesus were at that Festival. It was three days of absolute revelry. The city ran out of food because the thing exploded in the media. It was after “Clube 1” and before “Minas” The Festival of Cataguases was also very important. That festival was in ‘69 was called The Audiovisual Festival. It was a festival preferentially of performances, and so the singers were acting, there were many actors. The first I wrote in my life, “Super-herói” was selected. It coincided with my vacation from the bank, so I took my little salary with a vacation bonus and went. The festival coordinators didn’t pay for transportation, only housing. The band was exemplary: Sirlan on drums, Túlio Mourão on keyboard, Beto Guedes on stand-up bass and Toninho Horta on guitar. I bought everybody’s tickets. Lô was going to be part of the band, another guitar. When the bus was leaving, Lô became desperate, he was sort of frightened, gave up in the middle of the journey. We were almost getting on the interstate highway BR when he pulled that cord in bus and got off: “No, I’m not going. I don’t feel well.” And he left. Then we went with that band to Cataguases. Things were hopping, two days, Friday and Saturday. And Sunday, the grand finale. The group from “Pasquim” (Leftist newspaper in Rio de Janeiro) was the jury: Henfil, Ziraldo, Jaguar, Fausto Wolfe and Clementina de Jesus. There was a group of musicians, Equipe Mercado, who did a performance. One of the young women, Lucia Turnbal, recorded an album later. The Equipe Mercado was more or less fifteen people. They entered onstage while Lucia Turnbal was singing with a bass and a guitar. They entered onstage dressed as beggars, with filthy clothes, carrying bags of garbage and began to throw dried leaves and old paper on top of the jury. They went into the audience, spreading that stuff around, while the other members were playing. It lasted fifteen minutes. There irreverence was genial. When the performance was over, the jury gave them the highest score. But the police were at the door with a paddy wagon: “You leave here now or you enter here in the paddy wagon.” Equipe Mercado was selected with the highest score but they couldn’t participate at the end. Our music was normal, it didn’t have a performance. Sá and Guarabyra were there, playing with the embryo of the group Terço, with Vinícius Cantuária on drums. They played “E Jesus Ressurgirá em Pleno México”. We had a very cool Latino connection, later I wrote “Viva Zapátria”. We won fifth and sixth places. The song that won was one of Capinan and Marcos Vinícius, a performance piece, which was the intention of the festival. There was a person haranguing: “E o mar batendo nas pedras”, I don’t know what, “Se feriam, se ferem os homens”, whatever, “E o mar batendo nas pedras”. The jury went to give the prize to Capinan, who was the lyricist. It was equivalent to ten thousand reais (five thousand dollars) today. He came to the microphone, “I was to communicate that this prize is being donated to the Movimento Oito de Outubro, o MR-8” (the Eighth of October Revolutionary Movement). The crowd vibrated. During that whole event in Cataguases, there was that tension, that at any moment someone could be arrested. We got together the son of the mayor, who was participating, Carlos Imperial, everybody, for Equipe Mercado not to be arrested. “If they are arrested, nobody will play. We will take out our songs.” They weren’t going to stop the festival in the middle. That was the bargain possible. PEOPLE Lô Borges I became friends with Lô at this time, but we came to compose well later. I began to get to the truth after “Clube 1”. There is only one song of mine on “Clube 2”, which is “Nascente”. That song was first recorded on “Pagina do Relâmpago Elétrico”, which is before “Clube 2”. I was already writing lyrics for Flávio. I was beginning write for Beto, but on “Pagina”, there is only “Nascente”, which is mine with Flávio. Only then did I begin to write with Lô. We wrote “Nenhum Mistério”, that has my lyrics with Ronaldo Bastos. That song was a request of Bituca. He was producing the record of Tadeu Franco. They were still getting the repertory together. One day we were talking at Quilombo (an advertising agency, whose name is the word given to the village hiding place of runaway slaves), which was where we used to get together—I did worked a lot as editor of publicity there with Fernando Brandt and Márcio Ferreira, who was the owner of Quilombo. Bituca said, “We are needing more songs for Tadeu’s album. We are needing a ballad,” and Bituca said to me and Lô, “Why don’t you guys write one for the album?” Bituca speaks; we obey. (laughs) Lô took care of the melody, he took a song that was partly ready and composed the rest. This was some two days after Bituca’s chat. I picked up Ronaldo at the airport in Belo Horizonte and took him to Lô’s house. He sat at the piano and sang, “O Mistério”: (Singing) “Nenhum mistério irá secar / a fonte desse nosso desejo.” Ronaldo came to do something else: “Ronaldo, we have an emergency, we have to finish this song today.” Then he sat on one side of Lô, I sat on the other, at the piano, and we were making it happen. MUSICAL TRAINING Compositions The lyricists of the Clube, Ronaldo, Marcinho, Fernando, and me, especially Marcinho, Ronaldo and me, always helped one another. Beto isn’t one of those people that writes a song and three years later records it. He composes at the last moment for it to be fresher. We got together because the studio was there, waiting, can’t be late. We created a fictitious institute that we called Socorros Costa. If you look at the records of Beto Guedes, they have written on them “thanks to Socorros Costa”. Socorros Costa is this: Marcinho, Ronaldo and me. Because if Ronaldo got stuck on some lyrics, we’d come and help him move them along, we were trading our writing. This created some lyrics written by two lyricists. I wrote a song with Márcio Borges, com Ronaldo. Nobody had this thing of vanity that many

composers have, to keep protecting their creation. On the contrary: we used to love it when someone stuck their nose into the lyrics of another. We used to make a list: "That lyric can't have that word", because it had been used a lot in others. And so we kept watching over the lyrics so that they might come out with quality and speed. Socorros Costa is an institution that we use until today. If there might be a difficulty, and the person isn't in the city, you call; "What do you think of this here?" That complicity is very fertile. If you look at Beto's records, "Sol de Primavera" and "Contos da Lua Vaga", various songs have the mark of Socorros Costa, including those of "Amor de Índio". Marcinho wasn't a regular part of the Pavuna gang, but every once and awhile he would come there because he was a friend of various people. Lucinha, who was also studying at the State High School, introduced me to Marcinho. While we beginning to develop those songs, we were deepening our friendship. We used to go on trips. Sometimes Ronaldo Bastos came here and we would go to Ouro Preto; Ronaldo, always with his little tape player, listening to a new song he was writing lyrics for. FAMILY Family life There was a time that Bituca went to record a special for Rede Bandeirantes Television that was recorded in Ouro Preto, Belo Horizonte and Diamantina. We finished recording in Ouro Preto and went to Belo Horizonte. My mother used to cook really well and always liked having guests. Bituca and Novelli got to taste my mother's chicken with brown gravy dish. Novelli was recording with Bituca on that TV special. At that time, Bituca had recorded with Chico Buarque, a little known compact with the song "Primeiro de Maio". Lunch was over, my mother served dessert and Bituca, to show his gratitude, took a guitar and sang "Primeiro de Maio", with his high-pitched voice. My mother was impressed, because she knew Bituca from television and all. Those lunches at my mother's house were really great. Chico Buarque and Caetano Veloso came over. We would play soccer, for example, with Chico and the band MPB4, and afterwards she used to make chicken with brown gravy. It was a really cool meeting place. There was a recording of that TV special in Chuchu's Bar, here in Belo Horizonte, where we used to get together a lot. Chuchu is already in heaven. He was a very typical character, heavy set, with a huge beard, good for drawing caricatures. Bituca and the 14 Bis recorded the TV special at Chuchu's Bar. They sang "Canção de America", I think, on a small stage that they set up in the bar. And we made up the clientele of the bar, simulating the bar in movement. The recording finished at eleven at night. I had a Chevette, and the next day we were going to Diamantina to record. I proposed to Bituca, Ronaldinho and Lô: "Hey guys, instead of waiting until tomorrow and go running for the bus, let's go tonight and wait for the crew there." They took me up on it. It was a beautiful trip with Bituca, Ronaldo, Lô, Marcinho and me, driving. Bituca did a great show, recorded. That TV special was also recorded in Três Pontas. It was unforgettable. Bituca in front of his house, in Travessia Square, accompanied by Toninho Horta, sang "Tarde, which he wrote with Marcinho. WORK Professional activities Quilombo was going to be an advertising agency. Márcio Ferreira became Milton's business manager, through Fernando Brandt, who was his partner in Quilombo. At that time, Quilombo directed itself more to doing Milton's productions. Márcio Ferreira, me and two other partners mounted an advertising agency called Livre Propaganda Brasileiro, which lasted from '82 to '88. That agency was also very active in politics, for leftist candidates. It was a very big agency, which came to have 65 employees. We made record covers and posters for artists and promoted shows. Quilombo has a very great importance. We realized the project of Milton and Marcinho of making a sound studio. They created radio programs that lasted one hour, which included interviews with Brazilian musicians and music. Later those tapes were distributed to all the radio stations in Minas Gerais. Normally one radio station in each city closed a contract with us. It was super cool, because in the interior of the state you only used to hear sertanejo. With this, the stations began to play more of our music, Tom Jobim, bossa nova, quality music. The headquarters was in the Funcionários neighborhood, on Timbiris street, almost on the corner of Piauí Street. It was also a meeting place for us. With the passage of time, Márcio Ferreira came to be Milton's business manager and at that time we together a lot. At that time we were doing some things for Bituca, pamphlets translated into English, Spanish, whatever. But, above all, it was a meeting place of political resistance. The meeting of workers in Geneva, a meeting of trade unionists, every year they met in some city in Europe. And we had to communicate what was happening in Brazil. Only at customs they went through all the luggage and we weren't able to send any information out of Brazil, making it difficult to receive international support. The struggle for direct elections for president was still very embryonic. We wanted to send pictures out of the country of a factory worker's march here on Olegário Maciel Avenue in which the dictatorship killed a factory worker. This news didn't get out, the censors put the brakes on it. In that case, we made a microfilm of that factory workers movement in Minas Gerais. Before this, in the Vale do Aço (Steel Valley), there was a slaughter, in Ipatinga, and we reduced the news, the film was minuscule and was easier to hide. Virgílio Guimarães, who today is a member of the legislative assembly from the PT (Partido dos Trabalhadores—The Worker's Party) and João Paulo, was a trade unionist and was a representative, took the films to Europe. Arriving there, they were able to get a laboratory, amplify the films and presented them. The connection with the left needed those actions. Quilombo functioned very well, so much that in the time of Tancredo (President-elect of Brazil who died before taking office), in '82; we organized that huge public rally that was in favor of the first direct election for governor. We did a show for Tancredo in the Praça do Papa (The Pope's Square) for 250 thousand people. In the Praça da Estação Rodoviária (Bus Station Plaza), there was a public rally for Diretas (Movement for the direct popular election of the president), which we also helped to organize. I have always lived in Belo Horizonte, even at the time that Lô, Márcio, and Beto went to live in Rio de Janeiro. When we were making a record we used to stay in Rio, finish the lyrics, accompany the recording sessions, go to the record releases, interviews, but I always lived here. There was a time that Fernando stayed in Rio and came running back. (laughs) The musicians had more work there, but our art, our work; we were able to develop here calmly. We used to send lyrics by telephone or by taking them there. RECORDS "Clube da Esquina 2" (The Corner Club 2) The recording of "Clube da Esquina 2" was like this: Milton knew the song "Nascente" through Beto's record, "Página da Relâmpago Elétrico" and was in love with it. I remember that I encountered Beto in a bar here in Belo Horizonte and he told me, "Bituca is recording there, did you know?" "Wow, no I didn't." I didn't go to the recording sessions, I heard it when it was done. It was very thrilling to hear my song recorded on the album. It had a curiosity. The roles of the musicians were all inverted from the recording of Beto, or rather: Novelli who is a bass player, played piano, Beto Guedes, who is basically a guitarist and bass player, played drums, Toninho Horta played the standup bass. They traded instruments on the song as they had done once and a while on "Clube 1". They are very capable, very musical. It gave a new heat to the song when they traded instruments. "Clube 2" was that amplification, various people coupled, Joyce, Maurício Maestro, various other people were augmenting the club's associates. And from there, we began to compose together much more. My partners are from there: Flávio Venturini, Tavinho Moura, Beto Guedes, Lô Borges, personnel from the 14 Bis, and Nivaldo Ornelas, with whom I have some interesting and unpublished songs. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Compositions To compose, for us, is a pleasure, but it is a difficulty to place these songs. The editors don't fulfill their roles of placing the songs. They are earning money for editing our songs, to collect money from the recording companies and pass it on to us. They should offer our songs to the interpreters; make those contacts. It winds up being restricted to our personal relationships, which are few. That is a fault in the Brazilian system. With this we had "x" songs written and unpublished. I say to the new interpreters, the young people that want to record an album: all of us have unpublished songs, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx. I think that renovation that we get with new musicians is cool. Whenever they seek us out, we have a really good exchange. We have a lot of songs, enough to do some five Clubes. I don't have a favorite song. I am not crazy

about disinheriting my darlings. There are some that stand out more than the others, like “Nascente”, that may be my most known composition, and “Besame”, which is mine with Flávio, which also had many recordings made of it. I’ve already heard it in Manaus, Amazonia. When I was passing through there, I entered a bar; it was playing and the people were singing along. They are the two songs with which I collect most from author’s rights. There are some very special ones, like that recording of Maria Rita. She recorded “Vero”, a composition of mine with Natan Marques. I like that song a lot. Unfortunately, there wasn’t time for Elis Regina to record any songs of mine, which I would have loved. When she died, Ronaldo Bastos was going to produce her next album. They were separating the repertory and had chosen a song of mine with Tavinho, “Fim do Amor”. They were already beginning rehearsals when she died. It only came to be recorded by her daughter. “Fim do Amor” is half waltz, half poetry of the time. It says: (reciting) “Chorando mas por querer / eu vi que esse amor singelo e feliz / está chegando ao fim / Eu sei, eu vi seu jeito de princesa, eu suporto tudo / o que vale a pena / mas não me acostumo com a nobreza. / Na espera da dor fiquei, não posso esconder / fiquei sem saber, perdi seu coração. / Pois perdi o medo de amar sozinho / apenas pra livra-la dos lacaiois”. There are some words of that time, “lacaiois” and “perene”. It is a very beautiful song. Beto Guedes recorded it on “Amor do Índio”. Normally, I compose lyrics for melodies already written. It is more pleasurable to do, you are less solitary, you keep listening to the music, it suggests things. There is no ritual, its listening, listening, listening, until the music is inside you. At times there’s a title that I like, that I go after. At times, there is a verse that you adapt for that song and it ends up being the theme. I like to let myself be taken by the songs, for something spontaneous to come forth, as I think popular music must be. It can’t be something very cerebral, or else it becomes horrible to sing. Until the song is ready, the process is more solitary, we keep to ourselves a bit. Marinho is also like this, Fernando too. You have to create first, then go out into the world. WORK Partnerships I made two film shorts. Luís Alberto Sartório was the director of the first one. It is a black and white film called “Os Irmãos Piriá”. It was a true story that happened in Belo Horizonte. One of the brothers Piriá had bought a radio-phonograph and put in on the luggage rack of his bicycle; and a policeman stopped him. He was using simple clothes, the policeman suspected that he had stolen the radio-phonograph and arrested him. His brother was furious and went to visit him in prison. They planned an escape. One night he was able to escape and they ran off into the woods. It became a question of honor for the police and they went after the brothers. One Christmas day, at the end of the ’80s, the police managed to close in on them, after trying many times. The police heard that they were in Sete Lagoas, and were hot after them. They closed in on the brothers and killed them. This is the story. The film is fifteen minutes long and I am one of the brothers Piriá. Fernando Brandt wrote the dialog and the sound track is by Toninho Horta. It was a very well made film. There were many rehearsals. Fernando and Sartori taught us how to speak country style. The location was close to Itabirito and we stayed on a farm for ten days. It was really cool. We had to catch the first light of day, which is the best for filming, so we used to wake up at five in the morning every day. The director, Sartori, played “Nascente” to wake us up. It was cool, we woke up tranquil, happy and left for the woods for filming. That film won some prizes; it was very well received. The other film I did was “Solidão”, by Aloísio Salles Júnior, Juninho. It is a story of a right-wing terrorist. The story is about a bombing attack in which I am the terrorist. I put a bomb in one of those base communities where they were having meeting during the time of the dictatorship. This film was serving to show how the repressive system worked, how the parishes were having meetings, how the progressive Fathers were helping the people to meet with each other, help each other and resolve problems of political prisoners. It was a very important form of organization at that time. That film is also in black and white and the sound track is by Uakti. It was a very good experience. Later, I did some other things. I played a part in a film called “Idolotrada” by Paulo Augusto Gomes, soundtrack by Tavinho Moura. It is a film with Mário Lago; I play the part of a poet in a few scenes. I also worked on the production of “Cabaré Mineiro”, which was an exhaustive work, three months of filming. We filmed in Grão-Mongol, Montes Claros, Contraia, and in Rio de Janeiro. Cinema is far-out because is done as a team. You learn simplicity, humility, especially with the production crew. You have to take out a safety pin, take food to the actors on the set and make plane arrangements. Team spirit is fundamental and a form of learning cinema. When I went to make “Cabaré” in 1970, I had never done cinema. I helped to arrange the set. Even the director yelling, “action” had the mark of production. I saw all the positioning of the cameras, the travelings, how they conceived the planes. We were good friends, participating in the elaborations of the planes, of the sequences. Until that time, I was an observer of cinema. “Cabaré” was when I learned cinema. The way Carlos Alberto worked, seeking economy, never having astronomical funding to realize his films. He used the highest degree of imagination to be able to simplify the planes. For example, we couldn’t have cranes for more than two days. For other planes, he had to improvise, make spools and pulleys to try to imitate a crane. Because we were in the middle of the sertão, the community was involved; it was a very live thing. That time of our development was shortly after Nouvelle Vague, of Italian neo-realism. We always liked European films more--Godard, after the Italians, Antonioni, Fellini and Pasolini. That school was very good, and the American art films or sub culture films as close as possible to Brazilian cinema. Cinema Novo was already going down that was also a phenomenal lesson for Brazil. There is another film by Carlos Alberto called “Perdido”. The soundtrack is by Tavinho and one of my songs “Mauá de Baixo” is in it. Mauá is a street here in Belo Horizonte, where there was a Bohemian zone, a red light district. That song is about a story of a woman in that social scale. She was a housekeeper and people kept trying to have sex with her by force. So, she leaves the house and goes to work in a factory, where she is suffocated by the work and ends up leaving there. And a truck driver takes her to the red light district. WORK Activities as a writer My first book of poetry came out in ’79, “O Gavião e a Serpente”. I put a series of poem in prose, poetic prose. It is a small book, but it has a series of indications of the paths that I would take in my poetry. Now, poetry is very difficult to publish, it is not the preference of the editors. I have two books, “O Gavião e a Serpente” and “Musamúsica” published in ’90. It is a handcrafted edition, numbered and signed, that I did with Paulo Giordano, a graphic artist. The singularity of this book is that, just as the numbers of tones and semitones are 12, there are 12 verses, 12 block prints. And it always says: “A Musa é a Música”. In the beginning it says: (reciting) “O primeiro som foi o acordar de Deus. Depois o universo roubou do silêncio a hegemonia cósmica”. The verses are more or less this length, making 12. There is one that says: (reciting) “Nasce música/Nasce Milton/Nascimento/O rio rugiu no deserto de cada um”. There are these references to Bituca, that amazing admiration, that astonishing thing that is Bituca. I say to my friends: “What luck I had to be of the generation that saw Milton Nascimento happen.” And by luck, he even sung some songs of my creation. What luck to see the nascimento (birth) of Milton, him growing musically in the same generation as yours. As I would have liked to have had time to be from the generation of Noel Rosa’s and others, like Tom Jobim, who is a little older. But these things happened in our time. Brazil was lucky to have made this bunch of people. Maybe the best music being made in the world today is from Brazil. I don’t doubt it. The sertão is very fertile. Brazil is very fertile. That junction of rhythms, rock and roll, pagode, xote, ballads, serenades, samba, is generated in Brazil, there isn’t another country that can achieve this. And so, what happiness for us, let’s utilize this very well. I think that music should be our principle exportation product, equal to coffee. The governing bodies should give it full attention, give support to the politics of exportation, of commercialization, because music is our great product, not only soccer. We are also five time champions in music, or we will be. FAMILY Son I am married for the third time. I have a son called João Antunes, 23 years old, who is my son with Isabel, a ballerina. My first wife was an architect, the second a ballerina, and now I am married to Andréia, who is from Santa Catarina.



My son plays guitar; he is already composing things. He is a good friend of Beto's children; they play music together. Among these actions of the Museum, we want to do a presentation with the boys. I was talking with Marcinho the other day and that happy idea came up, that they do the presentations with the title coming from a verse of Marcinho and me, "Pela qualidade da nossa geração". It is one of the actions of the Museum, like the one we are doing in the high schools, to play music and give talks, making "invasões bárbaras". I am certain that when people hear quality music up close, they are demystified; and come to like it more. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Influences The first time I heard classical music in my life was in Montes Claros. It was impossible in Pedra Azul; nobody was into it. In Montes Claros, I saw a girl playing the piano. She was nine years old and played Chopin. She is Antonieta Silva e Silvério, granddaughter of Lourenço Fernandes, the great Brazilian composer. I was 12 years old and she was nine. The moment I saw that, I was amazed, a little girl that size playing Chopin I have my ears and eyes open for whatever kind of good music. MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Clube da Esquina: Museu (The Corner Club: Museum) I think the following about the initiative of the Museu Clube da Esquina (Corner Club Museum): only Márcio Borges could be capable of spearheading an initiative like this. Because of his family's contingences, historical contingences, personal talent, capacity to bring people together, of running meetings, and for being an author, a happy author, of the term and of the music, "Clube da Esquina" (The Corner Club)—1 as well as 2. Only he could be the epicenter of so many fundamental things. I am absolutely certain that this is going to multiply throughout the rest of the world. Because that dispersion of Brazilian arts today, or even in the whole world, that talk of globalization, this pulverize information, pulverize the creations. The moment that people are beginning to assimilate a song, there comes another one on top of it. The media promotes something that will last a year and then disappear, and us, ceaselessly working, revealing traces of the Brazilian soul in those songs. And this was running an immense risk of being diluted over time. Some people don't get this yet. I ask: Does a museum of Tropicalism exist in Salvador? No. Does a museum of bossa nova exist in Rio de Janeiro? Also, no. Who knows? With this, they hear the alert and create one too, because it is indispensable. One more time: It is a vanguard action, like our music. Then I hope that others perceive this and construct those necessary museums--with this detail of being a live museum, pulsating, because we are all in action, continuing to make music and write. The creation of this museum, aside from provoking a wonderful reencounter among us, is certainly going to generate many songs, books and cultural actions. Where would all that rarity go to, if weren't for that outlet, that phenomenal mine, that voluminous mine rich in songs? If we take Minas Gerais in particular, it existed before and after the Clube da Esquina (The Corner Club). The defining mark is the Clube da Esquina (The Corner Club). There were people that struggled in music before, nightclub music, Pacific Mascarenhas, pre-bossa nova. Certainly some expressions of music already existed, marches, sambas and Gervásio Horta. An uninspired movement existed, because the phonographic market was uninspired. Then, the principal expression of music in Minas Gerais is the Clube da Esquina (The Corner Club); I think no one has doubts about this. That bunch of partners that a person keeps gaining throughout life, this is something that keeps constructing a person's life. I have to give thanks to my partners, who are the best in the world. It is with them that I constructed my life and was able to amplify my vision of the world a bit. PEOPLE Tavinho Moura Tavinho Moura, the guy with whom I most learned music. There is a phenomenal story. His first record is called "Como Vai Minha Aldeia", which is a song of his with Márcio Borges. He was called to record in São Paulo, but he wanted very much that I might go, because we are brothers. The following happened: I didn't have money. The producers: "Man, that dude there, nobody heard of him". After that, they gave me a plane ticket, only. To bring some musical participant was already costly, imagine a poet that isn't going to sing anything. But we know why we like each other, and I was always a kibitzer in those productions, helping to choose the repertory, helping with the album covers and in the formulations. And I didn't have money. "Man, this can't be the reason not to go". I took a bus, arrived at the hotel where Tavinho was staying and I didn't have money. I was a student and hard up. What did we do? I arrived, met up with Tavinho and he said: "The story is this, here in the hotel"--it was the Hotel Eldorado, in São Paulo, a very big hotel—"they change receptionists at a certain time in the evening. So its like this, the producers aren't able to pay for your lodging, but I want you here". I said: "I don't have money to pay for my lodging". Then we went to the recording session. We arrived at the hotel at four in the morning; there was a person at reception. We went to sleep and he thought that I was a guest. I stayed clandestinely at that hotel. I would only leave in the afternoon; we recorded until five in the morning. There was a different person at reception. For all effects and purposes, I was a guest. In this way, I was housed for ten days in São Paulo, helping Tavinho make that record. Just for you to see the difficulty there is to make music in Brazil. Tavinho helped me a lot in my development. We make various trips throughout the interior of Minas Gerais, where they had the Festa do Rosário. We used to go with our meager savings, staying cheap little boardinghouses, to record those events and to know better those manifestations of art. One time, a phenomenal thing happened in Jequitinhonha. We were in Rio Preto, we went to record a Festa do Rosário. Our boardinghouse was at the side of the church where the mass was being held. Shortly after, the Three Kings minstrel singers were going to sing there, only that at that moment a boy went up the bell tower and tried to open a window that was always shut. He ended up hitting a box of African bees; they went directly inside the church. Everybody left in a panic, that uproar. And we are at the side of the church. We were closing all the doors and windows; people arrived falling down, fainting because of the poison. And we were taking in those people, putting them under running water, showers, wash tubs, hoses, to see if it took off the bees. It was a different Festa do Rosário. If I had had a little camera, I would have made an incredible documentary. The city became empty. All of a sudden, everybody hiding out, it seemed like those films of the Far West, those grasses rolling on the ground. And a guy comes up on his horse, coming for the party, he was well dressed, Sunday go to meeting clothes. We were watching through a crack in the window, and he all curious, shocked, he came for a party and he didn't see anybody in the street. This was at noon, one in the afternoon, hot sun beating down, and nobody in the street. He was looking, looking and the horse's hooves were clacking on the stones on the street, and he was coming close to the church. That noise of the horse startled the bees again, that swarmed all over him, toppling the horse and him together. He left screaming and beating himself with the whip. Things like this were happening, people fainting, with high fevers. It was everything that Nossa Senhora (Our Lady) didn't want. The bees only left at four in the afternoon. Then the people began to come out on the street. But it was a far out happening. PEOPLE Tavinho Moura / Flávio Venturini I think that I have to speak a little about each partner. Tavinho Moura is one of the guys that are very important in my work. I consider him as if he might be the Villa-Lobos of popular music. The originality of his work is startling, the paths that he followed. This was also my richness, because he is a sharing person. That richness of Tavinho is perceptible. Maybe I can sing a song of ours here. I am not a singer, but I'm going to sing that song based on the motif of public domain from Montes Claros, the refrain. Tavinho wrote the music, I wrote the lyrics to get to that refrain: (singing) "Disse que aqui mais nada é de graça/Nada é de coração/Vamos num tal de toma lá, dá cá/Minha nega eu pago pra ver/Ver por debaixo o osso do angu/Disse que aqui mais nada tem troco/Tudo que vai não vem/Perdem bodoque, facão, corneta, quebra a defesa, nega fulô/Que o trem tá feio/É bem por aqui/Meu facão guarani quebrou na ponta, quebrou no meio/Eu falei pra morena que o trem tá feio, já iê iá oiá E a cana caiana eu disse/A raiva, carne-de-sol/Palha, forró e fumo de rolo/Tudo é motivo pra meu facão/Arma de pobre é fome é facão/Abre semente, aperta inimigo espeta até gavião/Corta sabugo e lança um desafio, não conta nem até três/Que o trem tá feio, é bem por aqui/Meu facão guarani quebrou na ponta, quebrou no meio/Eu falei pra morena

que o trem tá feio, já iê já oiá”. Flávio Venturini is the guy with whom I wrote the most songs. He has a very special place in my life. He is a person that always trusted in my poetry. He doesn't question, it's an incredible thing. I have partners that are nagging, that are demanding, which is great for us. That thing of doing something more or less doesn't get you anywhere. Flávio is also very demanding, only that first he gives you his vote of total confidence. He composes those magnificent songs and what I write he agrees to. Even today there isn't a song that he hasn't agreed to the lyrics. He writes celestial music, divine. He is a person with very pure intentions, very free of bad things. Our close companionship passed this on to me. When I am going to write lyrics for a music that is so sweet, it makes me enter into that space. He helps me not to go into bad territories.

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT Clube da Esquina: Museu (The Corner Club: Museum) Let's make a place that is going to have a beautiful headquarter, visited by the whole world. It is going to be a point of attraction in Belo Horizonte, place that constructs with veracity the story of an unforgettable and eternal music.

FESTIVALS Festival Internacional da Canção (International Song Festival) “Viva Zapátria” was the first song of mine recorded, but an incredible thing happened with it, like how I wrote that song in 1970. Miss Clélia, of the Saloon bar, which was a bar that we frequented—it was an incredible bar, we got together every afternoon—she had a recording of that song on tape cassette and on her on account she entered that song in the Festival Internacional da Canção (International Song Festival) in 1972. And the song was selected, only at that time there was prior censorship. And so we had to go to Rio de Janeiro, me and Sirlan, who was my partner in it, to respond to an interrogation by the Federal Police for the song to be liberated to participate in the Festival. So they sent a ticket, more or less 15 days before the Festival, and I went to Rio. Arriving there, I said to myself: “Wow, my first song that is going to be transmitted by television, all of Brazil is going to know it, the first song of my life, I already am going to have to go to the Federal Police. What a profession that I have chosen”. And so, I went. I arrived in Rio a day before that thing with the police and at night, I went to a show. It was a show of Chico Buarque with MPB4, a small show, in a nightclub. I had already known them here in Belo Horizonte, we used to play soccer together. The show ended and I went backstage to talk with Chico. I said: “Oh, Chico, tomorrow I have to go to the police, you are already accustomed, you already have your toothbrush and pajamas there. I am thinking of telling a lie, because this song had to get through, it has to be played in the festival.” And I told him the number that I was thinking of doing there. And he said to me: “That's it. You are right, they are very shrewd”. Because they were using the censors of other institutions and they didn't know anything about art itself, of our work. I went the next day. Chico gave me the best support. Like this: “No, calm, you can represent there, they will swallow it”. And I went. I arrived, there was a big table, eight censors. There were two women and six men, and they began to ask me: “Viva Zapátria. Why is patria (country) in the name?” I said: “This is because I wrote this song for a film that I saw called “Viva Zapata”, an I didn't want to imitate the name of the film, because I didn't want to begin my career plagiarizing. For this reason, I made that play on words, to be different from the original.” Clearly, that wasn't it. It is a reference to Zapata, a Mexican revolutionary hero. And they began to question me about connections, using an incredible technique. Each one asked rapidly about a question of another so that you would become nervous and all. They began to ask questions about the leftist movements, if I knew anyone from MR-8, of the Movimento Revolucionário Oito de Outubro (the eighth of October Revolutionary Movement), o Polopi, of the FP and all. Yes, I knew them, because in the high school student movement I participated in everything, I had know many people from those organizations. And I helped in some things. The Federal Police were questioning and I said: “Sir, I am from Pedro Ault, there in the Vale do Jequitinhonha. I don't know, I moved to the capital just a little while ago. I don't know what you are asking me. I have never heard of those things, you know?” Just that way, I was speaking like a country yokel, that very Sertanejo way and I was diverting their action. They began to ask about names of people that I knew, various of them. And I said: “I dont know, never heard of him”. They asked about José Carlos of Mata Machado, who was well known by us, who Márcio helped escape. They were questioning me and I: “Oh, sir, I never heard tell, no, sir”. And I was really acting the country bumpkin, and they returned to those questions, and I went talking about the film again: “No, but I did it for the film, sir, its a film with Marlon Brando, that tells a story of love, and such, he runs off into the woods, crazy about meeting his lover and he couldn't. If he goes to her, he is going to be arrested. And I thought that story was spectacular and all”. One of the censors was a fan of Marlon Brandon, and at the moment that I spoke about Marlon Brando, she said: “I watch many of Marlon Brando's films”. I said: “So you saw that film and you remember that time that he was able to leave the woods at night to encounter with his lover and he arrives through the bottom of the house and can't make noise so that no one would notice. And the whole house is being watched from the front, hoping that he may be there, you know, to arrest him.” And with this we were sidetracking the story. We stayed some three hours there, responding with tall tales. This is something that I am citing for people to perceive how we were beginning to make music and all of Brazil was suffering this type of censorship, the fencing in of liberty. It is something that ruins whatever country. Later, the song was presented at the festival. Who defended it was Sirlan, himself. The band was far-out. Beto Guedes on bass, Flávio Venturini on the keyboards, arranged by Camargo Mariano. It was treated very well and was successful at the festival, lots of applause and all, it won an honorable mention of the festival and was tied with... Three songs were classified to go to the international part of the festival, and were tied at the end: “Viva Zapatria”, a song called “Dialogo”, of Baden Powell and Paulo César Pinheiro, and “Fio Maravilha”, that was a song by Jorge Ben that Maria Aldina was singing. Those three songs remained tied. The jury returned to meet again, count the votes and a new tie, the three. The jurors weren't able to take out one, until there was the tie breaking vote of the president of the jury, who was Jorge Ben's editor, and Maria Alsina had just signed a contract with Som Livre, and the festival was promoted by the Rede Globo, and Som Livre is part of the Rede Globo. And so they gave preference “Fio Maravilha” and for Baden Powell's song, because an editor of his from Germany was on the jury. We didn't have any of this, we were done in, and they invented that honorable mention because of those ties. And a long time after this, because of the success the song made, they proposed to Sirlan to make an album. Sirlan signed with Som Livre to make the album. We already had various songs composed. Fernando Brandt and I were Sirlan's partners. At that time, we presented the first batch of the songs, some 15 songs to the censors. And one was left, an instrumental. We waited for a little time to pass and reworked the lyrics. They liberated two, there wasn't a repertory to make an album. But not for lack of songs, we were working intensively, and so Fernando and I did something: since we were being able to pass the censors, we changed partners. The songs that he wrote, I wrote new lyrics to, and the ones that I had written, he did. This was also a way to be able to get some through. And we were like this, a little at a time, but this was also a bureaucratic process, the songs went to the censors, they waited to go a solution, if they were liberating, if they weren't liberating, they were delaying. Sirlan wanted to catch the heat of the festival to take advantage of it, to be able to sell records better. And they were delaying and with this, they censored some 35 songs of ours. Time was passing and Sirlan was only able to make the record three years after the festival. In 1975, he released his album. Nobody was remembering the festival any more. The divulgation was smaller, or rather, they buried Sirlan's career. That is one of the fatalities of a great singer and great composer. This is a fact that marked my life, the same as that crew from the Saloon. Miss Clélia, who entered “Viva Zapátria”, we used to go to her bar, at the end of the afternoon. That bar has a very great importance. About all that movement that we are recording here, those people. Because it was there that we make a connection with the people from literature—how the people from literature used to go there We were writing all the time, and so it was there that we came to

know a generation of the Suplemento Literário. Adão Ventura, a grand poet, used to work there, Jaime de Prado Gouveia, who is a writes stories, Luis Vilela, Sérgio Santana, who is a great story writer, prize- winning. And they were friends. We became good friends at that time. They used to go there and we joined together literature and music. Suplemento Literário was also censored a lot. Suplemento Literário was where I published my first song, called "Era um Ramo de Mato Seco". LOCATIONS BELO HORIZONTE Bar Saloon After my first poem that was published in the Suplemento Literário, I published in various other literary magazines and wrote books. It was a very big incentive. That generation was very good. In that epoch that storywriters from Minas Gerais exploded throughout Brazil, all of them writing very well. They began to win contests. There was always a very great literary tradition here. Murilo Rubião, for example, was the general editor of Suplemento Literário and was a phenomenal writer. And they loved music too, it was a far out marriage. And so the Saloon also has a very great importance in that story. We used to go there to drink beer. Someone would arrive, for example, Tavinho with a new song We used to go there in the afternoon and the regular customers weren't there yet, so we used to take advantage and stay until eight at night—only us--drinking ale and exchanging ideas. When Bituca came back from the United States, he went to record his first album, "Courage", which is "Travessia"—he arrived in the Saloon with a record of James Taylor, which we didn't know yet in Brazil. He put it on to play there at the bar and we kept listening, getting to know James Taylor. I adore James Taylor, later I bought all his records. Miss Clélia was kind of that big mother figure for us. She made lunch at her house in front of the bar. Bituca went there to eat lunch one day and there was a big piano in her front room. Bituca called us: "Let me show you this to you. I finished that song yesterday." And he began to sing. It was "Cais", written by him and Ronaldo, that was still without lyrics. That moment was really far out. WORK Activities as a writer There still exists in Spain today the Academia Española del Desastre (The Spanish Academy of Disasters). They explain that disasters are the wars, those great catastrophes of the world. Part of their functions was to criticize those things, the violence of the world, those follies. They were an academy that didn't have their own headquarters. It was a moveable academy. It was made up of visual artists, composers, writers, poets, and architects. They exchanged ideas, they published a magazine, put up shows of visual artists, they were active in Spain. I knew about them through a friend of mine, Fernando Fabrini, who had gone to Spain, and had met some of those people. He brought the manifesto. One of them says: I promise not to comply with or make others comply with these commandments." It was that thing of always paying attention to those follies of humanity. It was an art critical of those things. At that time, I had a column in the newspaper, Journal do Domingo. The newspaper was edited by Vande Piroli, a great storywriter from Minas Gerais. When I found out about this thing, about the manifesto of the academy, and saw some of their publications, I wrote about the Academia Española del Desastre. That friend of mine took my column and sent it to them in Spain. They loved it that their work was reverberating outside of Spain. They made me a member of the academy, though I don't pay monthly dues or anything. A little later, they sent me a identification card as a permanent member of the Academia Española del Desastre. I am only a member of this academy, I don't want to be part of any other. The academy still exists, but I have very little contact. They are people much older than I am. Today I am 53 years old and they are certainly over 70, some already died. But I know that it functions. They make artistic interventions, esthetic disasters