

renato braz



saudade

Saudade is black, *saudade* is African-Native, *saudade* is mulatto, *saudade* is the white nostalgia of the European colonizer for his lost glories. *Saudade* is the multicolored and unexpected nostalgia that assaults Brazilians with memories of times they have never lived.

It is the common feeling, the invisible thread weaving all rhythms and races that form the musical nation of Brazil, from the syncopation of *samba* to the briskness of *frevo*, from the melancholy of *toada* and *lundu* to the cadence of *marcha rancho*.

All Brazilian rhythms have always celebrated *saudade*. And with such an intensity that, when in the '60s Brazilian music became international, the hymn that announced the new era was *Chega de Saudade*. (The title of the American version of this song is "No More Blues,"

where "blues" replaces "*saudade*.")

In the '50s, a period of profound social and musical change in Brazil, João Gilberto was the synthesis of the best that Brazilian music had produced so far. He was influenced by composers like Ary Barroso, Dorival Caymmi, Geraldo Pereira and Pedro Caetano (the last two, respectively, composers of the lesser known genres *samba sincopado* and *samba-choro*) and presented them to the golden new generation that, from its origins in the small section of Ipanema, was about to become known to the whole world. The confluent point was the rhythm, which unified the music and the continental territory of Brazil through a guitar's beat that evoked *samba*'s percussion instruments, like *surdo* and *tamborim*. At that time, the whole country could fit in Rio de Janeiro.

In the years following this ground-breaking synthesis by João Gilberto, a new generation of very talented composers would flourish and change the Brazilian musical scene forever.

Today, Brazil is going through changes as profound as those of the '50s. The country is becoming more vigorous, less unequal, has many regional poles of economic and musical development, and possibly the best generation of instrumentalists ever.

In every part of Brazil, new musical forms show up and traditional genres that were believed dead are reinvented (for instance, the semi-classical songs, the *toada mineira*, the *música caipira paulista* and the *guarânia*).

In this landscape, Renato Braz emerges as the João Gilberto of the 21st Century, but more eclectic and

contemporaneous. He has become not only one of Brazil's best singers, with a vocal range and a unique feeling that allows him to adapt his voice to various styles, but also the leading artist of a new musical discourse that is quite different from that of the '50s.

João, who comes from Bahia, brought the whole of Brazil to Rio de Janeiro and gave it a form that is at the same time typically from Rio and universal. Renato Braz, from the state of São Paulo, celebrates the many Brazils in the countryside, with the appropriate touch for each region.

Like João, Renato has assembled in this CD the best of the rich period from post-bossa nova until today, also picking up some old composers that are timeless, like Noel Rosa and Zé do Norte.

This very colorful Brazil is scattered across the internet, on YouTube videos, clouds and so on, in the chaos of times in which technology simultaneously multiplies and disperses all sorts of information. That's why it is a bit difficult to catch sight of this new musical revolution that is beginning to take place in Brazil and that will have in Renato a leading actor.

Luis Nassif



Journey with Saudade

In a bleak Chicago January, 1962, I heard a new sound that was to change my musical life. My jazz sextet, just out of college, was preparing to leave on a six-month State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America. Gene Lees, editor of *Downbeat* and our tour manager, played for us a rare album that Washington disc-jockey Felix Grant had brought back from Brazil. Entitled *Chega de Saudade*, it featured a young singer named João Gilberto, with songs and orchestrations by Antonio Carlos Jobim. This music hit us like a warm tropical breeze. At a time when most of the sounds in our be-bop pantheon were fairly loud, here was a quiet music that we found totally captivating. It was a foretaste of the experience that awaited us in Brazil, the fourteenth stop on our upcoming twenty-three country itinerary.

It was June when we finally arrived, and Rio de Janeiro seemed to us a musical paradise. A whole new genre of music-making was in full flower, and it was called “bossa nova” – new touch. Gorgeous harmonic progressions, influenced by jazz standards and by composers like Debussy, Ravel and Chopin, were woven with exquisite melodies and uniquely syncopated rhythms into a gentle swinging tapestry that was irresistible. We soon made friends with a number of musicians and composers, including a young guitarist named Oscar Castro-Neves. Our sextet, which had been signed to Columbia Records prior to the tour, made its first bossa nova recording in Rio that month, with Brazilian percussionists, for an album we finished later that summer in New York, and released in September with the title *Jazz Meets the Bossa Nova*. This alluring Brazilian music showed me a new path: the possibility of a gentle way, in an increasingly noisy world.

And it changed my sax playing forever. Hearing how João used his voice like a horn, I wondered, “Could a horn be played like a voice?”

I returned to Brazil in 1964 and immersed myself in bossa nova, living in the Ipanema section of Rio for the better part of a year. I was grateful to be welcomed by this community of musicians, who proved to be as friendly and warm-spirited as their music. I felt immediately at home, in every way. These songs touched my dance-band heart, resonating with the lineage of the swing-era standards I’d played in big bands and combos as a teenager in Pennsylvania. Yet this Brazilian music had absolutely unique qualities, particularly a certain poignancy that reflects what they call in Portuguese “saudade” – a kind of bittersweet longing, which means, in a way, “glad to be feeling,” a sort of simultaneous sadness/gladness. (I know of no word in English for this concept.) It seemed to

me that most of the Brazilian music I heard was imbued with saudade. I recorded two albums that year: *The Sound of Ipanema*, with singer-composer Carlos Lyra and *Rio*, with guitarist Luiz Bonfá and Roberto Menescal, along with Luiz Eça’s Tamba Trio.

I was drawn also to the music of Villa-Lobos, Brazil’s great classical composer, and made many visits to the Museu de Villa-Lobos in downtown Rio, where I became friends with his widow, Arminda, the museum’s director, who showed me a great deal of his music. I thank Villa-Lobos for leading me to fall in love with Bach, and with the cello, which was prominent in his music, and would become a primary instrument in my future Consort.

It was a rich and fulfilling period in my life, and yet I did not realize then what a rare and remarkable period in Brazil’s history it was. In retrospect we would come to

regard those bossa nova years – from the mid-1950s to about the mid-1960s – as a kind of renaissance in Brazil. What fascinates me further is that this decade also seemed to be a time of flowering in other cultures as well: the advent of the poetry of Yevtushenko and other young poets in Russia; the emergence of the Beatles’ music in England; and in the United States, the culmination of the big band and be-bop eras in the triumphal collaborations of Gil Evans and Miles Davis (*Miles Ahead*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *Sketches of Spain*), followed by the wave of folk music that launched the social consciousness of the ’60s. Something special must have been in the air during those years, but of course we did not realize it then. I think I took it for granted, in my early twenties, that this was just the way the world was, and maybe would always be. Little did I know just how soon those times would be over... all too soon.

Back home in the States, in 1965, I found that here, bossa nova had been run into the ground. With the rampant commercialization of the music, the very name “bossa nova” had come to be regarded as a fad that had passed by, like the hula hoop. To me, it was tragic. There was so much magic in this genre of music, so many exquisitely musical songs, and so many superb musicians. It felt to me like the baby had been thrown out with the bath water.

Still propelled by the aesthetics of my Brazilian experience, I was harboring the vision of a new kind of ensemble that would have cello, and the rich voice of English horn, along with acoustic guitar, with which I had had a love affair in Brazil. I wanted to go in this new direction for my upcoming cross-country concert tour in early 1966. I hadn’t yet found my cellist, or double-reed player, but I decided to start by having a

Brazilian guitarist. I invited young Dori Caymmi, who was then 22, to come to the States for the first time. We toured for several months as the Paul Winter Brazilian Consort, with alto sax, alto flute, guitar, bass, and an Argentinian drummer playing a unique percussion set-up that included seven *surdos*, *samba* drums I brought home from Brazil. Dori's playing and compositions were brilliant, and I so much wanted to record this ensemble at the end of our tour that June. But there was no interest at any of the record labels in non-Las Vegas Brazilian music, and I hadn't yet developed the wherewithal to produce my own albums and have my own label. So that dream, and the musical offering of this ensemble, died on the vine.

My great good luck, however, was that during the years and decades that followed, I was blessed with a living link to Brazil in the person of my friend Oscar Castro-Neves.

Oscar settled in California in the late 1960s and soon began touring as the guitarist in my Consort, as well as working with us in the production of our albums.

In 1977, Oscar introduced me to the music of Ivan Lins, and I was struck by one of Ivan's songs, "Velho Sermão," based on the *chachado* rhythm from the northeast of Brazil. I loved the exuberance of this song, and it resonated with the spirit of a new album I was co-producing with Oscar at my farm. We put English lyrics to it and this became the title song of our album *Common Ground*. Oscar also co-produced our albums *Callings*; *Missa Gaia/Earth Mass*; and *Earthbeat*, a collaboration with the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble from Russia.

In 1992, Oscar and I returned to Rio to play a series of concerts during the Earth Summit, and it was there that we resolved to act on

our long-standing dream of making a duet album. As with most of my projects, it evolved slowly over several years, but by 1998, our *Brazilian Days* album was born. I loved making this album. Oscar was a fountain of music, humanity and humor, and working with him was always tremendous fun. And we had the pleasure of playing with drummer Paulo Braga and bassist Nilson Matta, who are masters of this genre. *Brazilian Days* was a total instrumental homage to this lineage. But I still had the yearning I had harbored since the 1960s, that a new voice might come along and breathe new life into this body of music.

Six years later, Renato Braz dropped into my life like an answer to a prayer.

Early in 2004, I happened to pick up a CD anthology called *Rough Guide to Brazilian Music*. It was mostly pop tracks, but there was one

beautiful acoustic ballad sung by a voice I found stunning. The song was "Anabela" and the singer was Renato Braz, whom I'd never heard of. He had a clear, gentle high tenor that reminded me of early Milton Nascimento, and the song seemed very kindred to the bossa nova tradition of the early 1960s. I couldn't imagine why I'd never known about this man.

I called Carlos Lyra to ask if he knew of Renato, and he didn't. He asked around and nobody seemed to know about him. So I decided to call Oscar to try to solve this mystery, confident that if he didn't know of Renato, he would know whom to call who could find him.

Throughout his many years of living in the States, Oscar had become the "ambassador" of Brazilian music. He knew, and was loved by, everyone. The next day Oscar called back and said, "I found him, through Dori! He's in São

Paulo." (This explained why nobody in Rio knew about him.) "I talked to him, and he sounds wonderful. I think he's going to be one of our dearest friends."

How true this turned out to be.

Oscar gave me Renato's number, and I phoned him. He had been thrilled that Oscar had called him, and although he didn't know much about me, the connection with Oscar was enough. Renato agreed to come to New York to sing in our Summer Solstice Celebration that June, and from that time on, he has been a member of our Consort family.

Renato loved the experience of playing with the Consort, and he came and stayed at my farm. He was amazed by the collection of Brazilian LPs I had brought home from my sojourns in Brazil in the '60s, many of which he had not known about. We talked

enthusiastically about producing his first album for the US.

Renato returned later that summer and we began our long saga of exploration and collaboration. Over the years, we've done multiple rounds of sessions in my barn studio, in São Paulo and at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. My goal has been to find the greatest songs, create the best arrangements, and capture the musical soul of this wonderful singer.

And somewhere along the line, I realized that this was about far more than just producing a fine album by a great new singer. I see now that the project has become my Brazilian testament... a summary of my long love affair with this exquisite and soul-renewing musical realm into which I was blessed to stumble in June of 1962 on that first tour of Brazil with my jazz sextet.

Renato is, I feel, an undiscovered treasure for the world outside Brazil. Dori Caymmi, the renowned Brazilian singer/songwriter says: “Renato Braz is the greatest singer in Brazil.” And now that Oscar Castro-Neves is gone, I think Renato may assume the mantle as Brazil’s musical ambassador. Renato’s background is unique: his parents are Guarani Indians from Mato Grosso; his mother remarried a *baiano* from Bahia in the northeast of Brazil, where the African tradition is still deep; and he has lived many years in São Paulo, where the Portuguese tradition predominates. So he has roots in all three of Brazil’s cultures: Indian, African, and European. He is the most “complete” Brazilian I know.

When I listen to these recordings, my heart smiles and I am filled with gladness. What is it in this Brazilian music that lightens my life the instant I hear it? Some promise - of life’s fullness, life’s beauty. Samba songs of eternal summer, of sun, and suffering, of the sea, and life’s shadows. And memories of those unforgettable days when this music first came into my life. I have *saudade*.

Paul Winter

1. Anabela

Mario Gil/Paulo César Pinheiro
(Direct/EMI)

No porto de Vila Velha
Vi Anabela chegar
Olho de chama de vela
Cabelo de velejar
Pele de fruta cabocla
Com a boca de cambucá
Seio de agulha de bússola
Na trilha do meu olhar

Fui ancorando nela
Naquela ponta de mar

No pano do meu veleiro
Veio Anabela deitar
Vento eriçava o meu pelo
Queimava em mim seu olhar
Seu corpo de tempestade
Rodou meu corpo no ar
Com mãos de rodamoinho
Fez o meu barco afundar

Eu que pensei que fazia
Daquele ventre o meu cais
Só percebi meu naufrágio
Quando era tarde demais
Vi Anabela partindo
Pra não voltar nunca mais

Anabela

*In Vila Velha harbour
I saw Anabela coming
With flaming eyes
Sailing hair
Dark-juicy skin
Mouth of cambucá*
Nothing breasts
Crossing my sight*

*I was anchored
At that point of the sea*

*On the sail of my ship
Anabela later laid
The wind ruffled my hair
Her look burnt me
Her stormy body
Spanned mine in the air
With whirling hands
She sank my vessel*

*I thought I had made
That belly my pier
When I realized my wreck
It was already too late
I saw Anabela leaving
To never come back*

* Fruit which flourishes on all Brazilian shores; very common in old times, but today almost forgotten. Its name in Tupi language means “fruit to suckle.”

The first recording of my voice, still in the time of LPs, was on the album *Luz do Cais* (*Pier's Light*), of my friend and brother by choice, Mario Gil. “Anabela”, composed by Gil, was also the first song I recorded in my first CD. And today, in my shows around Brazil and the world, if I don’t sing it, the fans protest. I like the feeling of starting again. This has happened a lot in my life. Trying to live up to my name, I’m always being born (“Renato” means “reborn”). Much of this continuous rebirth comes from my friends. And Mario Gil, with

his kindness and intelligence, became a great influence for my changes along the years. That's why, and it could not be different, this disc starts – better, restarts – with “Anabela.”

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Renato Braz voice and
acoustic guitar
Paul Winter soprano sax
Paul McCandless oboe
Eugene Friesen cello
Sizão Machado bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Bré percussion

2. O cantador*

Dori Caymmi/Nelson Mota
(Warner/Chappell)

Amanhece, preciso ir
Meu caminho é sem volta
E sem ninguém
Eu vou pra onde
a estrada levar
Cantador, só sei cantar
Ah! eu canto a dor
Canto a vida e a morte
Canto o amor
Ah! eu canto a dor
Canto a vida e a morte
Canto o amor

Cantador não escolhe
O seu cantar
Canta o mundo que vê
E pro mundo que vi
Meu canto é dor
Mas é forte pra espantar
a morte
Pra todos ouvirem
a minha voz
Mesmo longe...

De que servem
Meu canto e eu
Se em meu peito há um amor
Que não morreu

Ah! se eu soubesse
Ao menos chorar
Cantador, só sei cantar
Ah! eu canto a dor
de uma vida
Perdida sem amor
Ah! eu canto a dor
de uma vida
Perdida sem amor



The Singer

*It's dawn, I must go
My path of no return
Along with no one
I go wherever
the road takes me
A singer, I only know
how to sing
Oh! I sing the pain
I sing of life and death
I sing love
Oh! I sing the pain
I sing of life and death
I sing love*

*A singer doesn't choose
What he sings
He sings the world he sees
In the world I've seen
My singing is just pain
But it's strong
and scares death
It makes everybody hear
my voice
Even away...*

*What's the use of my singing
What am I worth
If in my chest a love
Hasn't already died
Oh! If at least I knew*

*How to cry
A singer, I only know
how to sing
Oh! I sing the pain
of a life wasted
without love
Oh! I sing the pain
of a life wasted
without love*

* The lyrics of this song are based on an untranslatable pun. The word for “singer” is “cantador.” But, with a subtle insertion of a vowel, it becomes the phrase “canto a dor,” meaning “I sing the pain.”

Dori Caymmi is my true father! And the song “The Singer” is my life story. That's it. Music and lyrics are self-explanatory.

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Renato Braz voice
Paul Winter soprano sax
Gerson Oikawa acoustic guitar
Don Grusin piano
Nilson Matta bass
Bré percussion

3. Eu não existo sem você

Antônio Carlos Jobim/
Vinicius de Moraes (Fermata/Arapuã)

Eu sei e você sabe
Já que a vida quis assim
Que nada nesse mundo
Levará você de mim
Eu sei e você sabe
Que a distância não existe
Que todo grande amor
só é bem grande se for triste
Por isso, meu amor
Não tenha medo de sofrer
Que todos os caminhos
Me encaminham pra você

Assim como o oceano
só é belo com o luar
Assim como a canção
só tem razão se se cantar
Assim como uma nuvem
só acontece se chover
Assim como o poeta
só é grande se sofrer
Assim como viver sem ter amor
não é viver
Não há você sem mim
E eu não existo sem você

I Do Not Exist Without You

*I know and you know
Life wants it so
Nothing in this world
Will take you from me
I know and you know
That distance does not exist
That all great love
only can be great if it is sad
So, my love
Do not be afraid of suffering
Because all roads
Take me to you*

*As the ocean
only is beautiful with the
moonlight
As the song
only has meaning if it is sung
As a cloud
only happens if it rains
As the poet
only is great if he suffers
As life without love
is not life
There is no you without me
And I do not exist without you*

This is one of the first results of the partnership between Tom and Vinicius. It was in the amazing voice of Nana Caymmi that I first heard this song, with arrangement by the great maestro Dori Caymmi, at the end of the '90s. I dedicate this recording to Adriana Nunes Ferreira.

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Renato Braz voice
Dori Caymmi acoustic guitar
Sizão Machado bass
Paul Winter soprano sax
Altamir Salinas violin
Ayrton Pinto violin
Estela Ortiz viola
Watson Clis cello

Dori Caymmi arrangement

4. Feitiço da Vila

Vadico/Noel Rosa
(Mangione)

Quem nasce lá na Vila
Nem sequer vacila
Em abraçar o samba
Que faz dançar
os galhos do arvoredor
E faz a lua nascer mais cedo

Lá, em Vila Isabel
Quem é bacharel
Não tem medo de bamba
Sao Paulo dá café
Minas dá leite
E a Vila Isabel dá samba

A vila tem um feitiço
sem farofa
Sem vela e sem vintém
Que nos faz bem
Tendo nome de princesa
Transformou o samba
Em um feitiço descente
Que prende a gente

O Sol da Vila é triste
Samba não assiste
Porque a gente implora
“Sol, pelo amor de Deus,
não vem agora
que as morenas
vão logo embora”

Eu sei tudo o que faço
Sei por onde passo
Paixão não me aniquila
Mas, tenho que dizer
Modéstia à parte
Meu senhores... Eu sou da Vila

The Enchantment of Vila*

*Who is born in Vila
Does not even hesitate
To embrace the samba
It makes the trees' branches
dance
And makes the moon
rise earlier*

*There, in Vila Isabel,
Who has got a diploma
Is not afraid of bambas**
São Paulo produces coffee
Minas produces milk
And Vila Isabel produces
samba*

*Vila has an enchantment
without farofa***
Without candles and pennies
That brings us good things*

*Having the name of a princess
Vila turned the samba
Into a noble enchantment
That captivates us*

*The sun in Vila is sad
It does not attend the sambas
Because we beseech
“Sun, for God's sake
Do not come now
Otherwise the brunettes
Will leave too soon”*

*I know everything I do
I know where to step
Passion does not
annihilate me
But I have to say
Modesty aside
Gentlemen... I am from Vila*

* “Vila Isabel” is the name of a district in Rio de Janeiro. “Vila” means literally “Village,” but is also used to name neighborhoods. Isabel was the abolitionist princess of Brazil at the end of the 19th Century.

**Bamba is a man who is estimated among his equals as a good sambista (a samba-man).

*** Farofa is a typical Brazilian dish made of fried manioc meal. In the Afro-Brazilian religions, it can be used (as well as candles and pennies) as an offering for divinities in exchange for good or bad favours. The word has also the figurative meaning of “bragging.”

I had never sung this old samba until I performed it with my friend Paul Winter. Only later I understood why he could play it so well, with so much feeling and intimacy, with an interpretation that seems to come from the guts of Brazil. I found out that Paul actually lived in Brazil for almost one year, in Rio de Janeiro, during the '60s. And no one who experienced that place and that time could come out of it unchanged.

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Renato Braz voice and percussion
Paul Winter soprano sax
Mario Gil acoustic guitar
Gerson Oikawa electric guitar
Paulo Martins bass
Bré percussion

5. Água Marcia

Ivan Lins/Marina Colasanti
(Universal Music/Direct)

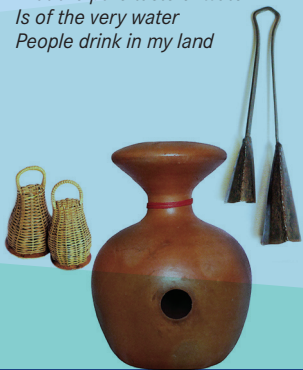
Em todo lugar sou estrangeira
Menos na minha casa
E mesmo na minha casa
Nenhum habitante sabe
Que o gosto justo da água
É aquele daquela água
Que em minha terra se bebe

Running Water

*Everywhere I am a foreign lady
Save in my home
And even in my home
No dweller knows
That the pure taste of water
Is of the very water
People drink in my land*

Ivan Lins told me that Marina Colasanti did not know he had composed a song with her poem. So I was entrusted by him to show it to her. I called her and she promptly received me in her home to hear the song. The poet Affonso Romano de Sant'Anna was the one who opened the door for me and gave me a hell of a fright, for I didn't know they were married. After listening, she shyly said she liked it. So was born this beautiful partnership.

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Renato Braz voice
Ivan Lins keyboard and voice
Eugene Friesen cello
Eliot Wadopian bass
Jamey Haddad drums



6. Beatriz

Edu Lobo/Chico Buarque
(Lobo/Marola)

Olha
Será que ela é moça
Será que ela é triste
Será que é o contrário
Será que é pintura
O rosto da atriz

Se ela dança
no sétimo céu
Se ela acredita
que é outro país
E se ela só decora
o seu papel
E se eu pudesse
entrar na sua vida

Olha
Será que ela é de louça
Será que é de éter
Será que é loucura
Será que é cenário
A casa da atriz
Se ela mora num arranha-céu
E se as paredes
são feitas de giz
E se ela chora
num quarto de hotel
E se eu pudesse
entrar na sua vida

Sim, me leva pra sempre,
Beatriz
Me ensina a não andar
com os pés no chão
Para sempre é sempre
por um triz
Ai, diz quantos desastres
tem na minha mão
Diz se é perigoso
a gente ser feliz

Olha
Será que é uma estrela
Será que é mentira
Será que é comédia
Será que é divina
A vida da atriz
Se ela um dia
despencar do céu
E se os pagantes exigirem bis
E se o arcanjo
passar o chapéu
E se eu pudesse
entrar na sua vida

Beatriz

*Look
Is she a girl
Is she sad
Is she the opposite
Is she a painting
The actress' face*

*If she dances
in seventh heaven
If she believes
she is another country
And if she learns her role
only by heart
And if I could
come into her life*

*Look
Is she made of china
Is she from ether
Is it madness
Is it scenery
The actress' home
If she lives in a skyscraper
And if the walls
are made of chalk
And if she cries
in a hotel room
And if I could
come into her life*

*Yes, take me for always,
Beatriz
Teach me to walk
without feet on the ground
Always is always
for too little
Ah, say how many disasters
there are in my hand
Say if it is dangerous
when we are happy*

*Look
Is it a star
Is it a lie
Is it comedy
Is it divine
The actress' life
If she ever falls from the sky
And if the patrons
demand an encore
And if the archangel
passes the hat
And if I could
come into her life*

7. Na ilha de Lia, no barco de Rosa

Edu Lobo/Chico Buarque

(Lobo/Marola)

This song was composed by Edu Lobo and Chico Buarque in the '80s, for the album *O Grande Circo Místico* (*The Great Mystical Circus*), which was conceived as the soundtrack of a dance show with the same name and performed by Balé Teatro Guaíra. The album is a masterpiece of Brazilian music. To sing “Beatriz” is like entering a sacred place. The singer on this first recording was Milton Nascimento. He is certainly my biggest influence.

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Renato Braz voice
Toninho Ferragutti accordion
Nelson Ayres piano
Sizão Machado bass

Quando adormecia
Na ilha de Lia, meu Deus
Eu só vivia a sonhar
Que passava ao largo
No barco de Rosa
E queria aquela ilha abordar
Pra dormir com Lia que via
Que eu ia sonhar
Dentro do barco de Rosa
Rosa que se ria e dizia
Nem coisa com coisa

Era uma armadilha de Lia
Com Rosa, com Lia
Eu não podia escapar
Girava num barco, num lago
No centro da ilha
Num moinho do mar
Era estar com Rosa
Nos braços de Lia, era Lia
Com balanço de Rosa

Era tão real, era devaneio
Era meio a meio
Meio Rosa, meio Lia
Meio Rosa, meio dia,
Meia lua, meio Lia, meio...

Era uma partilha de Rosa
Com Lia, com Rosa
Eu não podia esperar
Na feira do porto
Meu corpo, minh'alma
Meus sonhos vinham negociar
Era poesia nos pratos de Rosa
Era prosa na balança de Lia

Era tão real, era devaneio
Era meio a meio
Meio Lia, meio Rosa
Meio Lia, meia lua
Meio dia, meio Rosa, meio...

Meio-dia mandando
Eu voltar com Lia
Meia-Lua mandando
Eu partir com Rosa

Na ilha de Lia,
de Lia, de Lia
No barco de Rosa,
de Rosa, de Rosa

In the Isle of Lia, In the Boat of Rosa

*When I fell asleep
In the isle of Lia, my God
I was always dreaming
Of passing by in Rosa's boat
Wanting to accost that isle
To sleep with Lia, who saw
That I would dream
Within Rosa's boat
Rosa, who was laughing
And saying nonsense*

*It was a trap of Lia
With Rosa, with Lia
I could not escape
I was swirling in a boat,
on a lake
In the center of the isle
In a sea whirl
It was being with Rosa
In Lia's arms, it was Lia
With Rosa's swing*

*It was so real, it was reverie
It was half and half
Half Rosa, half Lia
Half Rosa, midday
Half moon, half Lia, half...*

*It was a sharing of Rosa
With Lia, with Rosa
I could not wait
in the market at the port
My body, my soul
My dreams arose to mediate
It was poetry
in the heart of Rosa
It was prose
in the mind of Lia*

*It was so real, it was reverie
It was half and half
Half Lia, half Rosa
Half Lia, half moon
Midday, half Rosa, half...*

*Midday ordaining me
To go back with Lia
Half moon ordaining me
To leave with Rosa*

*On the Isle of Lia,
of Lia, of Lia
In the boat of Rosa,
of Rosa, of Rosa*

This song belongs to another soundtrack composed by Chico Buarque and Edu Lobo, and again for the Balé Teatro Guaíra. The album is named *A dança da meia-lua* (*The Dance of Half-Moon*). Not as well known to the public as *O Grande Circo Místico*, it is nevertheless also a masterpiece.

.....

Renato Braz voice and percussion
Dori Caymmi acoustic guitar
Teco Cardoso bamboo flute and flute in G
Altamir Salinas violin
Ayrton Pinto violin
Estela Ortiz viola
Watson Clis cello
Sizão Machado bass

Dori Caymmi arrangement



8. Chora brasileira

Djalma Tinoco/Fatima Guedes/Rosane Lessa
(EMI/Direct)

Procissão do senhor morto
Que morre outra vez agora
Uma enxugou seu rosto
Outra observa e chora
As mulheres vão seguir
Queimando os dedos na cera
Chora, brasileira, chora,
carpideira, e chora

Procissão do senhor morto
A dor de um passo tão lento
Uma enxugou seu rosto
Outra lhe deu alento
Ver a face de um filho
Mista de sangue e poeira
Chora, brasileira, chora,
carpideira, e chora

Procissão do senhor morto
Que morre outra vez agora
Uma enxugou seu rosto
Outra observa e chora
As mulheres vão seguir
Queimando os dedos na cera
Chora, brasileira, chora,
carpideira, e chora

Procissão do senhor morto
A dor de um passo tão lento
Uma enxugou seu rosto
Outra lhe deu alento
Ver a face de um filho
Mista de sangue e poeira
Chora, brasileira, chora,
carpideira, e chora

Cry, Brazilian Woman

*Procession for the dead lord
Who dies now, once more
A woman has wiped her face
Another observes and weeps
The women keep on going
Burning their fingers with wax
Cry, Brazilian woman; cry,
weeper, and cry*

*Procession for the dead lord
The pain of such a slow march
A woman has wiped her face
Another gives her solace
To see the face of a son
Mix of blood and dust
Cry, Brazilian woman; cry,
weeper, and cry*

*Procession for the dead lord
Who dies now, once more
A woman has wiped her face
Another observes and weeps
The women keep on going
Burning their fingers with wax
Cry, Brazilian woman; cry,
weeper, and cry*

*Procession for the dead lord
The pain of such a slow march
A woman has wiped her face
Another gives her solace
To see the face of a son
Mix of blood and dust
Cry, Brazilian woman; cry,
weeper, and cry*

In 2006, when I was invited
to sing in the Winter Solstice
Celebration in New York, for
the third time, I decided to
present my mother with this
trip. She had never left Brazil.
It was her first international
trip and for the first time
she took a plane: a Brazilian
woman of Indian ancestry in

9. Disparada

Theo de Barros/Geraldo Vandr 
(Fermata)

Prepare o seu cora  o
Pras coisas que eu vou contar
Eu venho l  do sert o
Eu venho l  do sert o
Eu venho l  do sert o e
Posso n o lhe agradar

Aprendi a dizer n o
Ver a morte sem chorar
E a morte, o destino, tudo
A morte e o destino, tudo
Estava fora de lugar
Eu vivo pra consertar

Na boiada j  fui boi
Mas um d ia me montei
N o por um motivo meu
Ou de quem comigo houvesse
Que qualquer querer tivesse
Por m por necessidade
Do dono de uma boiada
Cujo vaqueiro morreu

Boiadeiro muito tempo,
La o firme e bra o forte
Muito gado, muita gente
Pela vida segurei
Seguia como num sonho
E, boiadeiro, era um rei

Mas o mundo foi rodando
Nas patas do meu cavalo
E nos sonhos que fui sonhando
As vis es se clareando
As vis es se clareando
At  que um dia acordei

Ent o n o pude seguir
Valente em lugar tenente
De dono de gado e gente,
Porque gado a gente marca
Tange, ferra, engorda e mata
Mas com gente   diferente

Se voc e n o concordar
N o posso me desculpar
N o canto para enganar
Vou pegar minha viola
Vou deixar voc e de lado
Vou cantar noutro lugar

Na boiada j  fui boi
Boiadeiro j  fui rei
N o por mim nem por ningu m
Que junto comigo houvesse
Que quisesse ou que pudesse
Por qualquer coisa de seu
Por qualquer coisa de seu
Querer mais longe que eu

Mas o mundo foi rodando
 Nas patas do meu cavalo
 E já que um dia montei
 Agora sou cavaleiro
 Laço firme e braço forte
 De um reino que não tem rei

Stampede

Prepare your heart
 for the things
 I'm gonna tell you
 I come from the far hinterland
 I come from the far hinterland
 I come from the far hinterland
 And may not please you

I learned to say no
 To see death without crying
 And death, fate, everything
 Death and fate, everything
 Was out of place
 I live to fix it

An ox among the cattle,
 One day I became a rider
 Not because I had the power
 Or knew anyone
 Who could help me
 But I was needed
 By an owner of cattle
 Whose cowboy had died

Cowboy for a long time
 With tight lasso and strong arm
 Many cattle, many people
 I subdued along my life
 I kept going on, like in a dream
 And, as a cowboy, I was a king

But the world was turning
 Under the legs of my horse
 And in the dreams I dreamed
 The views started to clear
 The views became
 more and more clear
 Until one day I woke up

So I could not go on
 Being brave in the realm
 Of an owner of cattle and
 people, 'cause herds we breed
 Corral, brand, fatten and kill
 But with people it's different

If you disagree
 I cannot apologize
 I do not sing to deceive
 I'll get my guitar
 I'll leave you aside
 I'll sing elsewhere

An ox among the cattle
 One day I became a king
 Not because I had the power
 Or knew anyone
 Who wanted and was able
 On his own
 On his own
 To make me go further
 than I could

But the world keeps turning
 Under the legs of my horse
 And 'cause I became a rider
 Now I am a knight
 With tight lasso and strong arm
 Of a kingdom without a king

My mother told me that,
 already pregnant with me,
 she was in the audience
 when Jair Rodrigues pre-
 sented this song in the music
 festival of TV Record. Many
 years later I learned about
 the controversy involving the
 two songs that shared the
 first prize: "A banda" ("The
 Band") of Chico Buarque and
 "Disparada" ("Stampede")
 of Vandr . Impossible to
 say which is the best. They
 are incomparable jewels,
 like Pel  and Garrincha in
 soccer. But, for my dear
 Mom, "Disparada" was
 indisputably better.

.....

Renato Braz voice
 Theo de Barros acoustic guitar

10. Onde est  voc ?

Oscar Castro-Neves/Luvercy Fiorini
 (Warner/Chappell)

Onde est  voc 
 se o sol morrendo
 te escondeu
 Onde ouvir voc 
 se a tua voz
 a chuva apagou

Onde buscar,
 se o cora  o bater
 de amor pra ver voc 

Hoje   noite n o tem luar
 e eu n o sei
 onde te encontrar
 pra dizer como   o amor
 que eu tenho pra te dar

Passa a noite t o devagar
 madrugada   sil ncio e paz
 e a manh  que j  vai chegar
 onde te despertar

Vem depressa de onde est s
 j    tempo do sol raiar
 meu amor que   tanto
 n o pode mais esperar

Where to Find You?

Where to find you
 if the falling sun
 has hidden you
 How to hear you
 if the rain
 has muffled your voice

Where to look for you
 if my heart beats
 in love to see you

Tonight there is no moonlight
 and I do not know
 where to find you
 to tell you about the love
 I have in me to give to you

The night passes so slowly
 Darkness of silence and peace
 The morning is about to come
 Where to wake you up

Come now from where you are
 It's time for the sun to rise
 My love is longing for you
 It cannot wait anymore

I have a strong emotional bond with this song. First, because Alaide Costa, who I consider the greatest diva of MPB (Brazilian Popular Music), originally recorded it; second, because I already knew the composers' muse before I got to know them; and finally because the link between me and my friend Paul Winter was Oscar Castro-Neves, the author of the composition.

.....
Renato Braz voice
Ivan Lins voice and keyboard
Paul Winter soprano sax
Eugene Friesen cello

11. Sodade, meu bem, sodade

Zé do Norte (Bandeirantes)

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
 Sodade do meu amor

Foi-se embora, não disse nada
 Nem uma carta deixou

E os óio da cobra verde
 Hoje foi que arreparei
 Se arreparasse há mais tempo
 Não amava quem amei

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
 Sodade do meu amor

Quem levou o meu amor
 Deve ser um meu amigo
 Levou pena, deixou glória
 Levou trabalho consigo

Arrenego de quem diz
 Que o nosso amor se acabou
 Ele agora está mais firme
 Do que quando começou

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
 Sodade do meu amor

Sodade, My Darling, Sodade*

*Sodade, my darling, sodade
 Sodade of my love*

*She's gone, she said nothing
 Not even a letter she left*

*The eyes of the green serpent
 Only now I realize
 If I had realized before
 I wouldn't love who I've loved*

*Sodade, my darling, sodade
 Sodade of my love*

*Who took my love away
 Must be a friend of mine
 He took sorrow and left glory
 He took worries to himself*

*I contest who says
 That our love is over
 It is now stronger
 Than when it began*

*Sodade, my darling, sodade
 Sodade of my love*

***"Sodade" is the spelling that reproduces the way peasants say "saudade" in Brazil's northeast. Curiously, in creole languages of countries that had Portuguese colonization, "saudade" also became "sodade."

My stepfather, Antonio Braz, was born in Bahia's outback. This song is a traditional lament from Brazil's northeast. It belongs to the soundtrack of the movie *The Cangaceiro*, directed by Lima Barreto. The soundtrack won an award in Cannes, 1954. To sing this lament is like taking my father's way back to the hinterland of his childhood.

.....
Renato Braz voice and acoustic guitar

12. Bambayuque

Zeca Baleiro

(Ponto de Bala/Universal)

Enquanto você na arquibancada
 Eu na geral
 Enquanto eu além de tudo
 Você afinal
 Enquanto eu rondó
 Você madrigal
 Enquanto eu paro e penso
 Você avança o sinal
 Enquanto você carta marcada
 Eu canastra real
 Enquanto eu lugar-comum
 Você especial
 Enquanto eu na cozinha
 Você no quintal

Você dois pra lá
 E eu dois pra cá
 É a dança da nossa paixão

Enquanto você kamikaze
 Eu general
 Enquanto eu Paquetá
 Você Cabo Canaveral
 Enquanto eu média luz
 Você carnaval
 Enquanto você no Olimpo
 Ai de mim mortal
 Enquanto você brisa

Eu vendaval
 Enquanto você Roberto
 Eu Hermeto Paschoal

Você dois pra lá
 E eu dois pra cá
 É a dança da nossa paixão

Enquanto você monumento
 Eu pedra de sal
 Enquanto você na folia

Eu no funeral
 Enquanto eu matriz
 Você filial
 Enquanto você Branca de Neve
 Eu Lobo Mau
 Enquanto eu papai-mamãe
 Você sexo oral
 Enquanto eu na canção
 Você no parque industrial

Você dois pra lá
 E eu dois pra cá
 É a dança da nossa paixão

Bambayuke

*While you sit in the stands
I stand to watch football
While I say "besides"
You settle "that's all"
While I sing rondo
You chant madrigal
While I stop and think
You cross on the red signal
While you have a marked flush
I have a royal
While I seem commonsense
You look special
While I'm in the kitchen
You go out with sandals*

*You step that side
And I step this side
That's our passion's dance*

*While you are a kamikaze
I'm an admiral
While I'm in Paquetá Isle
You are in Cape Canaveral
While I'm in a blue mood
You celebrate carnaval
While you are on Olympus, oh
I'm just a mortal
While you are a breeze
I'm a squall*

*While you like Roberto Carlos
I love Hermeto Pascoal*

*You step that side
And I step this side
That's our passion's dance*

*While you are a monument
I'm a salt castle
While you are in revelry
I'm in a burial
While I'm the home office
You are a local
While I'm Big Bad's evil
You are Snow White's appeal
While I want Mama-Papa
You want oral
While I'm enjoying music
You are making a deal*

*You step that side
And I step this side
That's our passion's dance*

I recorded this song in my first album and now I return to it in a new version. The composer is Zeca Baleiro, who is my friend from a long time ago, before either of us had recorded albums. One of the best composers of my generation, Zeca has always been present in my repertoire. And he always will be.

.....

Renato Braz voice and percussion
Eugene Friesen cello
Mario Gil acoustic guitar
Gerson Oikawa electric guitar
Bré percussion

13. The Last Train

Don Grusin

(Bad Dog Music, BMI)

The first time I heard this song on the album *Zephyr* (1991), by Don Grusin, it was overwhelming. I bought the disc because I saw on the cover that Dori was one of the guests, invited to sing precisely this song. When

I listened to it, Dori's voice sounded like a sort of train, which, in my imagination, took the way back to Brazil: From Dori's self-exile in Woodland Hills, Los Angeles, to the core of Brazil. Then I was introduced to the composer through Paul Winter. I remember that when I met Don I tried to explain this entire story, but he got a bit awkward, shy and surprised by my words. There is also some *saudade* in this music, *saudade* of times when old trains went across Brazil. It makes me dream of a more united Brazil, without so many differences between classes, a Brazil that visits and acknowledges the other in a journey from the official to the real country, from Oiapoque to Chui. This train, in the voice of Dori Caymmi, wants to be, like the São Francisco River, the train of national unity.

.....

Renato Braz voice
Paul McCandless oboe
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Eliot Wadopian bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Café percussion



14. Desenredo

Dori Caymmi/Paulo César
Pinheiro (Som Livre)

Por toda terra que passo
Me espanta tudo que vejo
A morte tece seu fio
De vida feita ao avesso

O olhar que prende
anda solto
O olhar que solta
anda preso
Mas quando eu chego
eu me enredo
Nas tranças do teu desejo

O mundo todo marcado
A ferro, fogo e desprezo
A vida é o fio do tempo
A morte é o fim do novelo

O olhar que assusta
anda morto
O olhar que avisa anda aceso
Mas quando eu chego
eu me perco
Nas tramas do teu segredo

Ê Minas, ê Minas
Ê hora de partir, eu vou
Vou me embora pra bem longe

Intro and coda

O trenzinho do caipira

Heitor Villa-Lobos (UBC Universal/MGB)

A cera da vela queimando
O homem fazendo seu preço
A morte que a vida
anda armando
A vida que a morte
anda tendo

O olhar mais fraco anda afoito
O olhar mais forte, indefeso
Mas quando eu chego
eu me enroscó
Nas cordas do teu cabelo



Denouement

*In every land I pass through
Everything I see shocks me
Death weaves its thread
Of life turned inside out*

*The look that arrests
has been freed
The look that frees
has been arrested
But when I come back
I get tangled
In the braids of your desire*

*The whole world branded
With iron, fire and contempt
Life is the thread of time
Death is the end of the skein*

*The scaring look
has been dead
The warning look
has been aware
But when I come back
I get lost
In the plot of your secret*

*Oh Minas, oh Minas
It's time to leave, I'm going
I'm going very far away*

*The candle is melting
The man is fixing his price
The death that life
has been preparing
The life that death
has been gaining*

*The weaker look
has been restless
The stronger look, helpless
But when I come back
I get trapped
In the ropes of your hair*

I had just arrived in New York and was still very tired, because I cannot sleep on planes. In the hotel, I was awakened by a surprise visit from Paul Winter, who asked me to sing this song composed by my dear friend Dori Caymmi. And later I was surprised by the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble, who had already learned by heart the chorus to sing with me.

Our presentation was wonderful! Those Russian voices seemed to come out of a dream. At that moment, the famous phrase of the writer Leo Tolstoy came to my mind: "If you want to be universal, start by painting your own village. ..."

"Denouement" reproduces the bells of the churches in Minas Gerais, evoking "saudades" of Minas, of the Mantiqueira Mountains... When I recorded this song for the album *Quixote*, I planned to begin and end it with the theme of "O trenzinho do caipira" ("The Little Train of the Brazilian Countryman") by Villa-Lobos, and asked Dori to take care of the arrangement. Before giving their approval, the Villa-Lobos family wanted to listen to this interweave of Villa's "Trenzinho" and Dori's "Denouement." They were delighted with the result.

.....

Renato Braz voice and guitar
Paul Winter soprano sax
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Sizão Machado bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Bré percussion
Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble
chorus



15. Bonus Track *(live in concert)*

Angola

Theo de Barros/Paulo César Pinheiro (Direct/EMI)

*Quem foi o teu mestre,
meu mano?
Meu mestre foi Salustiano
Foi quem me ensinou como é
Trocar pé com mão
Mão com pé*

*Teu nome qual é, capoeira?
Salu me chamou Pirambeira
Que eu fico ao contrário do chão
A planta do pé vira mão
E a palma da mão dá rasteira*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
Sou filho de Sindorerê
Aruandá! Ele é que ascende
o candeeiro
É Ganga Zumba que vai descer
Batendo maculelê
Dotô, você vai me ver jogar*

*Menino, qual foi tua escola?
Foi a capoeira de Angola
O toque de lá me deu fé
O canto de lá, meu Axé*

*Teu jogo onde é capoeira?
No Largo da Sé, na ladeira
É no Carmo, na Conceição
É no Maciel, Tabão
É no Tororó, na Ribeira*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
Sou filho de Sindorerê
Aruandá! Ele é que ascende
o candeeiro
É Ganga Zumba que vai descer
Batendo maculelê
Dotô, você vai me ver jogar*

*Dotô, quando eu vou rodopiar
O galo dana a cocorocar
Angola, ê Angola, Angola
Dotô, no golpe que o vento dá
Nem treme a luz
do meu candiá
Angola, eh Angola, Angola*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
Sou filho de Sindorerê
Aruandá! Ele é que ascende
o candeeiro
É Ganga Zumba que vai descer
Batendo maculelê
Dotô, você vai me ver jogar*

Angola

*Who was your master,
brother?
My master was Salustiano
Who taught me the skills
To use feet as hands
And hands as feet*

*What's your name,
capoeira player?
Master Salu called me Vert
'Cause I can handstand
My soles become hands
And my palms, dangerous feet*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
I'm a son of Sindorerê
Aruandá! He's the one
who lights the lamp
Ganga Zumba is coming down
To dance and fight maculelê*
Mr., now you'll see me play*

*Kid, which was your school?
It was capoeira from Angola
Its beat gave me faith
Its singing brought me Axé***

*Where do you play,
capoeira player?
In Largo da Sé, in the ramps
In Carmo, in Conceição
In Maciel, Tabão
In Tororó, in Ribeira****

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
I'm a son of Sindorerê
Aruandá! He's the one
who lights the lamp
Ganga Zumba is coming down
To dance and fight maculelê
Mr., now you'll see me play*

*Mr., when I start to spin
The rooster cock-a-doodle-does
Angola, hey Angola, Angola
Mr., when the wild wind blows
The light of my lamp
don't even shake
Angola, hey Angola, Angola*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!
I'm a son of Sindorerê
Aruandá! He's the one
who lights the lamp
Ganga Zumba is coming down
To dance and fight maculelê
Mr., now you'll see me play*

* "Aruandá" and "Aruandê" are words derived from "Luanda," a city on Angola's coast from where the majority of enslaved Africans were sent to Brazil. These words evoke Africa as a land where freedom reigns. "Sindorerê" is the name of a divinity in Afro-Brazilian religions. "Ganga Zumba" is the name of a leader of the "Quilombo dos Palmares," a big fugitive community of escaped slaves in Brazil. He is associated in the Afro-Brazilian religions with "Oludumarê" (the God of creation). "Maculelê" is a Brazilian traditional folk dance with African, Indian and European roots, which simulates a battle with batons or swords. ** "Axé" is the magical energy that supports every Afro-Brazilian ritual. In capoeira, it represents "force" and "courage." *** Different locations in Salvador, Bahia.

The lyrics of this song are about the capoeira tradition, a mix of dance and fight that was brought from Africa by slaves and passed from father to son. It is hard to believe that a group of Russian singers could sing a refrain of a song in Yoruba, the African language also brought by slaves to Brazil. Only Paul Winter could make this possible and show the world that music is a universal language and that, even if some people try to trace limits, the earth has in fact no borders.

.....

Renato Braz voice and conga
Paul Winter soprano sax
Paul McCandless oboe
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Webster Santos 12-string guitar
Sergio Brandão bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Café percussion
Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble
chorus

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Paul Winter and Renato Braz

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I would like to express my special thanks to Joana Garfunkel and Alice Passos for fulfilling my greatest and oldest dream – to be a father. For their sweet contribution, care, kindness and commitment to motherhood, bringing peace and tranquility to the practice of my sacred profession, and also for helping me to bring to this world my greatest treasure and my highest source of inspiration to sing – my sons Antonio and Dori.

Renato Braz

Produced by Paul Winter
and Dixon Van Winkle

Associate Producer
Kit Thomas

Recorded by Dixon Van Winkle,
Mario Gil and Alberto Ranelucci

Recorded at Living Music Studio
(Litchfield, Connecticut), Cathedral
of St. John the Divine (New York
City), Dancapé Studio (São Paulo)
and Teatro Fecap (São Paulo)

Mixed and Mastered by
Dixon Van Winkle

Design by Valéria Marchesoni

Design of Digipak inside panels
by Louise Johnson, Keetu Winter,
Christina Andersen

Translation by Vicente de Arruda
Sampaio and Paul Winter

Cover Painting by Edgar Calhado

All photos by Marco Aurélio Olímpio
and from Renato Braz's family
album. Oscar Castro-Neves' photo
by Carlos Eguiguren. Paul Winter
and Renato Braz's photo by
Kit Thomas.

Three of these songs were included
in previous albums in Brazil: “Eu
não existo sem você” and “Na ilha
de Lia, no barco de Rosa,” in the
album *Historia Antiga*, licensed from
Atração Fonográfica (with gratitude
to Wilson Souto Junior); and
“Disparada” in the album *Quixote*,
licensed from Gravadora Eldorado
(with gratitude to Murilo Pontes).

We dedicate this album
to our beloved brother,
Oscar Castro-Neves
(1940 - 2013)



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