



# Tamandua

a Brazilian Opera

by  
João Macdowell

**The Anteater**  
Tropical Brainstorm - A Pagan Ceremony

[www.tamanduatheopera.com](http://www.tamanduatheopera.com)



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(The Anteater)

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Music and libretto by  
João MacDowell

Tropical Brainstorm  
A Pagan Ceremony

Libretto with literal English translations.

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## | Act I |

Dream  
Initiation  
Desire and Impulse

## | A Prelude to Tamanduá |

Mist.  
A place from where spirits are born.

## | Indiará |

### Act I scene 1

Dream.  
Brazil - Tribal Ritual – Prophecies - Initiation. Water.  
Dances, mystery, tropical ritual.  
Carol, Aruanan, Pedro and Julia are in a trance, singing from within a dream.  
Visions of change, paths to be followed, challenges to be overcome.  
The witches pour ingredients into the caldron. They start cooking the soup that will be served to the audience at the end of Act 2.

Text:

*Mar claro,  
a minha carne  
fica marcada  
pelo caminho.*

*Toda a cidade  
atordoada,  
toda a cidade  
alucinada.*

*Velocidade,  
simplicidade,  
capacidade,  
felicidade.*

*Passa fronteira,  
fica calada,  
guarda a bagana,  
tê sossegada.*

*Unicidade,  
voracidade,  
atrocidade,  
cumplicidade.*

*Toda menina  
nessa cidade,  
na minha pele  
fica marcada*

*Juliana, Lílian,  
Helena e Luna,  
Clarisse e Clara,  
Maria Clara.*

*Mar claro,  
a minha carne  
fica marcada  
pelo caminho.*

Literal Translation:

Clear sea,  
life leaves marks  
on my flesh,  
along the way.

All of the city  
Astonished,  
all of the city  
hallucinating.

Velocity,  
simplicity,  
capacity,  
felicity.

Pass the frontier,  
stay shut,  
keep your secrets,  
stay calm.

Unity,  
voracity,  
atrociousness,  
complicity.

Every girl  
in this city  
leaves a mark  
on my skin.

Juliana, Lilian,  
Helen and Luna,  
Clarisse and Clara,  
Maria Clara.

Clear sea,  
life leaves marks  
on my flesh,  
along the way.

*Tu tá trancada  
dentro de casa,  
mas tua hora  
já é chegada.*

You have been locked  
inside your room,  
but your time  
has now arrived.

*De abrir a porta,  
quebrar a tranca,  
fechar a guarda,  
sair armada.*

To open the door,  
break up the lock,  
keep up your guard,  
get out your weapons.

*Cada cilada  
nessa jornada,  
desfiladeiro  
passa no meio.*

Each ambush  
along this journey,  
ride on the valley  
straight through the middle.

*Não tá disposta  
a ficar calada,  
estar desarmada  
não leva a nada.*

You are not willing  
to remain quiet,  
but being unarmed  
will lead you nowhere.

*Que o mar não lave,  
que o sal não cure,  
que me entregue  
a tua pele.*

Let the sea not wash,  
let the salt not cure,  
let you not withhold  
the touch of your skin.

*Não me negue  
a tua carne  
na minha pele  
toda molhada.*

Do not deny  
your single flesh  
over my skin  
wet from the sea.

*Mar claro,  
a minha carne  
fica marcada  
pelo caminho.*

Clear sea,  
life leaves marks  
on my flesh,  
along the way.

*Tatanka  
Dandara.  
Indiara,  
Samara.*

Tatanka  
Dandara.  
Indiara,  
Samara.

## | Packing Escher |

## Act I scene 2.

Carol in NY. She needs to leave the city.  
 She's a journalist seeking new horizons.  
 The editors give her the assignment to go to Brazil.

*Carol: My mind won't stop.  
 I've got to leave New York now.  
 I've got to leave now.*

*I must get out of this,  
 out of this,  
 got to get out, got to get out,  
 I got to, got to, got to, got to be me.*

*Editors: We need a story.  
 Sensational story.  
 Dig up a story!*

*Something that people will buy:  
 There's an art explosion now in Brazil.*

*Capture a story.  
 Put it on paper.  
 Dig up a story!*

*Carol: I've got to leave the city.  
 I've got to leave New York, now.*

*Editors: Go get the story.  
 Where is your passport?  
 Yeats, Joyce, Blake, Dante,  
 Can't take all of these books!*

*Editors: We need a story.  
 Go get the story.*

*Carol: I've got to leave the city.  
 I've got to leave New York, now.*

| Airport to Aeroporto |

Act I scene 3

Leaving New York. Arriving in Rio. Instrumental Ballet.

| Cheiro de Mulher |

Act I scene 4

Carol's first night out in Rio, the explosion of life fascinates her.  
Pedro and Aruanan are old friends, they hang out and talk about women.  
Street Party – *Lapa*. Crowded streets, *Forró*. Dancing couples.

| O Cheiro: Recitative: |

*Aruanan:*

Cornuápia de homens e mulheres  
nessa dança nua.

The magical gathering of men and women,  
In this naked dance.

O olor que exaura  
Do corpo das fêmeas desse lugar  
Me excita com feromônios sem par  
E até me deixa tão torto  
Que até me faz entrar nessa dança vulgar.

The scent that emanates  
From the bodies of the females here  
Excites me with unparallel pheromones  
And it inebriates me so  
I almost feel like joining this vulgar dance.

*Pedro:*

Sai dessa, rapá!

Get out of here!

Esse é o file miau miau,  
É só comer e passar mal.

This is the meow stake  
You eat and you know you'll be sick.

Quem não gosta do som  
Gosta do sal  
Eu gosto mesmo  
é desse cheiro que não tem igual.

Those who don't like the sound  
They may like the salt.  
I really like  
The smell that's like no other.

Da ponta do meu nariz  
Até a ponta do meu mal.

From the tip of my nose  
To the tip of all evil.

| O Cheiro: Aria. |

Aruanan:  
Eh ah hum he ah hum eh.

Júlia:  
*Êta ferro!*

It's happening!

Pedro:  
*Não é o fole da sanfona não,  
Não é o baque da zabumba não,  
É o cheiro de mulher  
o que agita mais.  
É o cheiro da menina  
o que levanta mais.*

It's not the swift sound of accordion,  
It's not the beat of the drums,  
It's the smell of women  
that shakes the party up.  
It's the smell of all the girls  
that lifts everyone.

*E se você vem dizer  
Que veio aqui pra dançar,  
Eu vou ter que responder  
que vim aqui me agarrar,  
Eu quero mesmo é te ver,  
Eu vim aqui pra pegar!*

And if you try to tell me  
that you just came here to dance,  
I will need to reply  
I came here to hook-up  
I really want to see you  
I really want to make out.

Coro:  
*Olha o salão cheio!*

You see the packed ballroom!

Pedro:  
*Olha o salão suspirando!  
Olha o salão balançando!  
A poeira levantando!  
A menina rebolando!  
A multidão se acabando!  
A galera vem chegando!*

The ballroom is sighing!  
The ballroom is shaking!  
The dust is rising!  
The girl is moving her hips!  
The crowd is getting on!  
Even more people are coming!

| Tamanduá |

## Act I scene 5

Change of mood. Anonymous death.

A kid comes running across the stage; a policeman shoots him in his back. Death.  
The people surround the body. The policeman runs away.

Aruanan, Pedro and Chorus:

*Ê, Tatuapé  
Sabe o que quer comer.*

A tribal man  
knows what he wants to eat.

*Ê Tamanduá,  
Taca a fuçá,  
Cadê?*

An Anteater  
sniffs the ground,  
where is it?

Eh eh eh eh eh eh...

Carol:

Who could it be?  
Fell to the ground.  
No one there to cry.

Julia:

Mas quem sera?  
Sem ninguém lá pra chorar.

Who could it be?  
No one there to cry for him.

Aruanan and all men:

Carne de primeira,  
carne pra dois.  
Deixa de besteira,  
a gente acerta depois.

Meat of the first kind  
There's enough for two.  
Don't fuss about it,  
We'll get it even later.

Julia and Carol:

Lágrimas secas  
Lágrimas não  
Não, não.

Dry tears.  
No tears.  
No, no.

Tutti:

*Ê, Tatuapé*  
*Sabe o que quer comer.*

A tribal man  
knows what he wants to eat.

*Ê Tamanduá,*  
*Taca a fuçá,*  
*Cadê?*

An Anteater  
sniffs the ground,  
where is it?

| Tell Me |

## Act I Scene 6

Aruanan meets Carol. Their eyes are fixed on each other, hypnotized.

*Duet:*

*Carol:*

*Tell Me,*  
*where in the world you come from?*

*Aruanan:*

*Me diz,*  
*De onde é que você vem?*

Tell me,  
Where do you come from?

*Carol:*

*What do you say when you speak?*  
*Tell me,*  
*What have you seen in your life?*  
*Do you mean what you say?*  
*Oh, tell me.*

*Aruanan:*

*Tell me,  
Are you seeing someone?*

*Carol:*

*I hear such fire in your voice,  
What's the taste of your kiss?*

*Aruanan:*

*Try me.*

*Carol:*

*Are you just playing a game?  
What's the chance that I take?*

*Both:*

*Tell me,  
where in the world you come from?*

*Carol:*

*I want to know what you've seen,  
see the world through your eyes...*

*Aruanan:*

*Can you tell me your name?*

*Carol:*

*What's the chance that I take?*

*Aruanan:*

*What's your name?*

*Carol: (hesitates)*

*I'm Carol.*

*Aruanan:*

*Aruanan!*

| Na Noite |

Tamanduá - Act I scene 7

Carol experiences the night with Aruanan.  
Instrumental with Chorus – Ballet.

| Making Out |

Tamanduá - Act I scene 8

Aruanan and Caroll live in the moment.  
Instrumental - Ballet

- End of Act I-

## | Act II |

Momentum  
 Conflict, Intoxication  
 Torn Between Two Worlds

## | On a Clear Morning | Na Manhã Clara |

## Act II scene 1

The Sun rises and Aruanan takes Carol around his city. He grabs the morning paper, they notice kids sleeping on the sidewalk. In the train to his neighborhood, they cross paths with the crowds who are going to work.

Aruanan:

Enquanto crianças dormem,  
*dormem nas ruas,*  
*esquento o teu corpo.*

*E o gosto do teu corpo*  
*Enche a minha boca.*

*Esse baião tem o ritmo da cidade*  
*Esse baião tem a marca da minha saudade*  
*lembra coisas que te digo,*  
*dá vontade de ficar contigo*  
 Na manhã clara

While children are  
 Asleep in the streets,  
 I hug your body.

And the taste of you  
 Fills my mouth.

A beat with the rhythm of the city  
 A beat for the days when I'll miss you  
 Reminds me of things to tell you  
 Makes me feel like being close to you.  
 On a clear morning.

*Essa história tem um fundo de verdade  
Essa história tem um bocado de maldade  
Um baião com sangue inocente  
e o desejo de te ver contente  
Na manhã clara  
Comigo.*

*This story has a bit of truth in it  
This story has a touch of evil  
A beat with innocent blood  
And desire to see you smile,  
On a clear morning  
Around me.*

Carol:

Are trains always late?  
Will you tell me  
What's on your mind?  
Of whom do you think  
when the train leaves the station?  
Your eyes in the window,  
What is it you see?

Aruanan:

*Esse baião, cidade  
Esse baião, maldade  
Esse baião, te digo  
Esse baião, contigo  
Na manhã clara...*

A beat, for this city  
A beat, so evil  
A beat, I tell you  
A beat, with you  
On a clear morning...

*Esse trem tá atrasado.  
Me diga menina, toda a verdade.  
Em quem você pensa quando o trem  
parte?  
Qual a imagem, qual a miragem?*

This train is getting late.  
Tell me all the truth, girl.  
Of whom do you think when the train  
leaves the station?  
What image? What mirage do you see?

Carol:

A beat with the rhythm of the city,  
a beat for the days when I miss you,  
brings to mind things I told you,  
makes me feel like being close to you,  
on a clear morning.

A story with the truth that's behind me,  
 a tale with the blood that's within us,  
 a beat with an evil touch about it,  
 and desire to see your smile,  
 on a clear morning,  
 around me.

| Tá Vendo Demais. | I've Seen Too Much. |

## Act II Scene 2

Julia is Aruanan's ex-girlfriend and mother of his daughter. She comes out of the crowd, stares at Aruanan and Carol and sings a song of anger and jealousy. She expresses her inner visions of past and future.

*Júlia:*

*Tá vendo a caveira detrás da pele,  
 tá vendo o sangue com que não se  
 escreve,  
 tá vendo a mentira de pernas abertas,  
 e o homem descrente tem morte certa.*

*Tá vendo a falha no que é perfeito,  
 tá vendo a faca cravada no peito,  
 tá vendo o tiro sair pela boca,  
 tá vendo que preces não há quem as  
 ouça.*

Chorus:

*Tá vendo demais,  
 tá vendo o que não devia.  
 Tá vendo, tá vendo, tá vendo, tá vendo.*

I've seen the skull behind the skin  
 I've seen blood that's not meant for  
 writing  
 I've seen lies with their spread out legs  
 And the unbeliever facing certain death.

I've seen the broken parts of perfection,  
 I've seen a knife stabbed in the chest  
 I've seen a bullet leaving the mouth  
 And there's no one to listen for prayers.

I've seen too much  
 I've seen more than I should have.  
 I've seen / you've seen / we've seen

*Júlia:*

*I've seen fear leaving my throat  
I've seen truth told in a lie,  
I've seen a bullet leaving your mouth  
I've heard prayers that will not be answered.*

*I've seen the broken part of perfection  
I've seen pain in the hands of a saint  
I've seen blood used as ink,  
And the smile of a man about to die.*

*I've seen too much  
I've seen more than I should have.  
I've seen enough,  
I've seen more than I could bear.*

*Chorus:*

*Quem é que pode? o que pode?  
o que é que pode? ou não pode?*

Who's allowed? What can be done?  
What is it that may be done? Or not done?

*Am I allowed to be loud?  
Is it allowed to be loud?*

*O que?*

What is it?

|      Movimento.      |

## Act II Scene 3

Pedro has the ambition of becoming an international drug dealer. He plans to buy from Brazilians to sell to an American dealer. He hesitates to approach the deal but trusts his fate to the protection of higher spirits. He gets to the Brazilian dealers, gives them the money and gets the cocaine. They talk about life, the risk of death, the passing of time, in and out of jail, and the aimless direction of their lives.

Then Pedro daydreams about the American woman, and how she may open some doors for him.

*Pedro:*

*De volta no ponto do desejo,  
meu santo protege essa missão.  
Eu sinto que a vida  
me leva pro meio do furacão.*

Back at the point of desire,  
my saint protects me in this mission.  
I feel that life  
takes me into the middle of the hurricane

*Pedro and Drug Dealers:*

*Pedro:*

*Dentro e fora da prisão,  
o tempo passa diferente  
pra quem tá cumprindo pena na prisão,  
cumprindo tempo, dentro e fora da prisão.*

Inside and outside of jail,  
time passes differently  
for one who's spending time in jail.  
Doing time, in and out of jail

*Drug Dealer 2:*

*O tic tac, tic tac, tic tac,  
tic tac, o tic tac do relógio  
te indica toda hora*

The tick tock, tick tock, tick tock,  
tick tock, the tick tock of the clock,  
pointing at every hour

*Drug Dealer 1:*

*que o tempo tá passando.*

that time is passing by.

*D.D. 2:*

*e você se acostumando.*

and you are getting use to it.

*D.D.1:*

*Passageiro de um navio,  
passageiro de algum trem,  
mensageiro do destino,  
passageiro clandestino,*

Passenger of a ship,  
passenger of some train,  
messenger of destiny,  
illegal passenger,

*All:*

*mensageiro que já vem.*

messenger (delivery) who's about to com

D.D. 2:

*Olha a hora no relógio,  
tá fazendo movimento,  
tá firmado o movimento,  
Mas cadê mercadoria?*

Look at the time on your watch,  
you are making a move (dealing drugs),  
a move is established,  
But where is the merchandise?

D.D.1:

*só trazer mercadoria.  
Vai trazer mercadoria!*

we just need the merchandise.  
Go get the merchandise!

All:

*Movimento que já vem*

A move is about to come.

Pedro:

*Tudo é mercadoria,  
a razão e o sentimento,  
o desejo da menina,  
o trabalho e o passatempo*

Everything is merchandise,  
reason and feeling,  
the girl's desire,  
labor and pastime,

All:

*tudo é mercadoria.*

it's all merchandise.

D.D.2:

*O tempo é a matéria  
do Aqui e Agora.*

Time is the matter  
of Here and Now (tv show about local  
crime)

D.D.1:

*Queimando na barriga,  
guardado na memória.*

Burning in the belly,  
kept in the memory.

D.D.2:

*O tempo é o sofrimento  
na hora da morte,*

Timeless is the suffering  
at the hour of death,

D.D.1:

*a cada dia, a cada hora  
tá levando a tua sorte.*

at each day, at each hour  
it's taking away your luck.

<i>D.D.2:</i> <i>O tempo é a armadilha que te aguarda paciente,</i>	Time is the trap waiting for you patiently,
<i>D.D.1:</i> <i>O tempo é a magia da floresta na semente.</i>	time is the magic of the forest inside the seed.
<i>Pedro:</i> <i>Paciente paciente, paciente com o Duende, vai fazer tua comida que te faz seguir em frente.</i>	A patient who's patient, be patient with the Gnome, Go make your food that keeps you going ahead.
<i>All:</i> <i>A que te faz seguir em frente.</i>	That which keeps you going.
<i>D.D.1:</i> <i>Cada teco na cabeça, cada teco em tua mente...</i>	Each line inside your head, each line inside your mind...
<i>D.D.2:</i> <i>tá cheirando demais.</i>	You are just sniffing too much.
<i>D.D.1:</i> <i>Tá fritando em tua cama, tá falando em tua glória...</i>	You are frying in your bed, You are talking about your glory...
<i>D.D.2:</i> <i>tá falando demais.</i>	You are just talking too much.
<i>D.D.1:</i> <i>Tá tocando a melodia, tá ligado na história,</i>	You are playing the melody, You are wired into the story,
<i>D.D.2:</i> <i>tá rodado no passado, tá rodado no futuro,</i>	you've been caught up in the past, you've been caught up in the future,

*D.D.1:*

*tu pensava em ir em frente,  
o tempo é mais um absurdo.*

you were thinking of moving on,  
time is just another absurd.

All:

Absurdo...

Absurd...

*D.D.1:*

*O tempo é pouco  
como é pouco o veneno  
que é preciso pra matar  
o teu rosto sereno.*

It's just a little time,  
like it's just a little poison  
that is needed to kill  
your peaceful face

*D.D.2:*

*teu rosto no sereno,  
teu corpo no veneno,  
como tu tem pouco tempo,  
tu tem muito pouco tempo.*

your face in the dew,  
your body inside the poison,  
you have got so little time,  
you have very little time.

*Pedro:*

*And there's the American girl...  
Could be my Green Card,  
And I'd deliver it at your doorsteps,  
Straight from the source.  
I want to take your cash.  
I'm ready for the best  
I want to take the test.*

*Chorus:*

*Tu tem muito pouco tempo.*

You have very little time.

*Pedro:*

*I sell the goods to the richest,  
I bring the drugs to their bitches.*

*Carol (somewhere else):  
I miss the city...*

*Pedro:  
I have a dream,  
I've seen the dream,  
I want the bling,  
I'll take the sting...  
I'm gonna go and get it.*

*(to the audience)  
I'll be right back.*

|     You Are Mine     |

## Act II Scene 6

Aruanan sings a song for Carol, an expression of his possessive love. It's the height of their romance and at the same time the moment when Carol realizes she will need to move on. Meanwhile Julia expresses her need for Aruanan and Pedro his desire to have Carol.

*Aruanan:*

*I'm just a fool, just a clown,  
South American,  
lost in the crowd.*

*I keep my eyes at the moon,  
I can sing out my tune,  
I am glad I'm alive.*

*I am alone in the street,  
I am after my dream,  
I can feel my heart beat.*

*I see you come towards me  
and I know how you feel,  
I know nothing at all.*

*I see what you seek,  
just a house by the sea*

*waves are washing the shore.*

*You're mine.  
touch my body in the night,  
I decide  
I'll never let you go.*

*Menina,  
Tira a roupa do varal,  
Vem vindo um temporal  
E quero maltratar você.*

*My girl, let's go inside,  
take the clothes off the hangers,  
there's a storm coming up  
and I want to get rough with you.*

*Eu to no Rio de Janeiro  
De Dezembro a Fevereiro,  
to querendo te rever.*

*I am in Rio de Janeiro  
From December to February,  
I just want to see you again.*

*To perdido na cidade,  
Cada dia é mais saudade,  
Nunca mais vou te esquecer.*

*I am lost inside this city,  
each day I need you more,  
I will never forget you.*

*To sozinho na calçada,  
Com o olhar sobre a avenida,  
To querendo te beber.*

*I'm alone on the sidewalk,  
My eyes on the avenue,  
I want to drink you up.*

*I dream Manhattan...  
And San Francisco...*

*Carol:*

*Every day I learn a word,  
I mean:  
Cadê? Cadê? Cadê ocê?*

*Where? Where? Where are you?*

| Dia a Dia |

## Act II Scene 7

Activity, heat, traffic, horns. Multiple actions taking place. Routine life of those who work. Carol makes coffee and drinks in front of her computer, she writes e-mails; she describes her new life, her first impressions, Aruanan, and Pedro.

The different themes of the characters in overlapping counterpoint. Everyday life, a game of motifs. Julia is taking care of her daughter. She works on the laundry, she starts hanging big sheets of cloth across the stage, the dancers and chorus join her. On the other side Pedro is giving money to the police. Aruanan meets Jose, they chat.

Carol: (typing e-mail)

They are all very comfortable with their bodies.

And there's Aruanan  
He's a poet, he is hot,  
He reads Shakesperare.  
But I need to pay for his pizza.

And there's Pedro  
I think he lived in New York,  
At some point.  
He's funny,  
There's something about him...

Aruanan:

I am nothing  
I will never be anything  
I cannot wish to be more than nothing.  
Beyond that, I have in me all the dreams of the world.

It's by Fernando Pessoa, Portuguese poet.

You know, it really says so much about me...

## | The Beach |

## Act II Scene 8

While the city works in the background, at the beach a different life flows parallel. Surfers, artists and potheads, girls in bikinis, teenagers, sellers, the unemployed beggars, tourists. The outsiders join in a life devoted to the Sun, the water and the salt.

Aruanan and Pedro hang out. They smoke together and joke about their different visions of the world.

*Crowd:*

*Ó o auê aí ó!*

*Ó o auê aí ó!*

*Ó aí ó o auê!*

*Altas ondas...*

Check the waves.

*qual é cauê?*

*qual é cauê?*

*qual é cauê?*

*qual é o caô?*

*Cadê você?*

*Cadê cadê?*

*Cadê você?*

*cauê chegou.*

## | Light Up That Candle | Acende Essa Vela |

Aruanan rolls a joint and passes it to Pedro:

*Aruanan: Nice green.*

*Pedro: I like green, American money.  
Money is the green that keeps getting me high.*

*Aruanan: The green that gets me high is of another kind.*

*Pedro:*

*Teus olhos vermelhos  
A boca ta seca  
Baseado apagado,  
Fósforo aceso na mão.*

*Aruanan:*

*Acende essa vela  
Que é pra sair das trevas  
Acende essa vela,  
Mas ve se fica esperta.*

*Pedro:*

*Já tem tanto sangue derramado pelo chão  
Já ouvi tanta história de cadeia e de prisão.*

*Aruanan:*

*Can you light up that candle?  
Cause I'm afraid of the darkness.  
But when you light up that candle,  
Just beware of the fire.*

*Pedro:*

*Her eyes were so red  
I could see she'd been crying  
My heart skipped a beat,  
And I reached out to her hand.*

*There's so much suffering in the world,  
There's no cure for pain, as I've been told...*

*Aruanan:*

*But if you light up that candle,  
We'll get away from the darkness.  
But when you light up that candle,  
Just beware of the fire.*

## | A Tempestade | The Tempest |

## Act II Scene 9

Evening. Aruanan is alone at the beach.

He sees a storm gathering in the horizon and foresees his own death. He sees men in the sea, facing the tempest. He puts his destiny in the hands of Yemanjá, spirit of the ocean and of Inhansã, spirit of storms.

*Aruanan:*

*Meus pés na areia,  
os olhos no oceano,  
sinto o vento forte  
e vejo a tempestade.*

My feet touch the sand  
My eyes on the ocean  
I feel a strong wind  
And I see the tempest.

*Far in the sea  
a boat sailing to me  
Fighting to win  
The fury  
under the tempest  
into the tempest  
over the tempest...*

*Mas se essas águas  
levarem meu barco?  
E se o oceano  
engolir o meu corpo?  
Se esse barco ficar  
no fundo do mar?*

What if the waters  
take my boat away?  
What if the ocean  
swallows my body?  
What if the boat stays  
at the bottom of the sea?

*Será que alguém  
irá se lembrar de meu nome?  
Na fúria do vento,  
na força das ondas do mar?*

Will there be anyone  
to remember my name?  
In the fury of the winds,  
in the strength of the sea waves?

*Inhansã!  
Yemanjá!  
Receba meu corpo,  
Conforta minha alma  
no fundo do mar.*

Inhansã!  
Yemanjá!  
Receive my body  
comfort my soul  
in the depths of the sea

*A minha veia  
está cheia de um sangue forte,  
que cresce a cada ano,  
e vence a tempestade.*

My veins are filled  
with a strong kind of blood,  
it grows more each year,  
and wins over the tempest.

*On the land I see  
Eyes looking at me  
I hear you call my name,  
Cause I...  
I am the tempest.*

*I am the tempest*

| Morningside Park |

## Act II Scene 10

Pedro takes Carol out for dinner.  
They establish a connection as they share their dreams and memories of New York.  
Carol is open for new adventures. They have sex.

*Pedro: (at the mirror)*

*Caraco , cara,  
vô encarar a caraca com a Carol.  
vô encarar a Carol.*

Man, my man,  
I'm going to face the challenge of Carol.  
I'm going to face Carol.

*I'm going to take you out you tonight, baby  
I'm going to give you the time of your life.*

*I'm gonna wine and dine you tonight, baby  
I'm gonna give you the time of your life.*

Carol:

*I long for my life.*

Pedro:

*I miss The City.*

Carol:

*I miss The City.*

Pedro:

*I want the high times.*

*I can get back to the good game,  
I will run wild on the fast lane...*

*Riding my car along the highway  
The East River is by my side...  
I want to see you tonight.*

Carol:

*Riding my bike along the Park,  
Morningside Park,  
I like to ride by your side.*

Both:

*Morningside Park,  
I like to ride by your side.*

Pedro:

*Your dress is in the way of the truth.*

| A Lenda do Tamanduá | The Anteater Fable |

## Act II Scene 11

Evening. Sofia's bedroom. It rains outside. Julia plays with her daughter and sings to her, trying to put her to bed. A wind blows through the curtains and Julia perceives death in the air.

*Julia:*

*Eh, Tamanduá.*

*Eh, Tamanduá vem*

*pra te pegar.*

*Eh, Tamanduá vem*

*pra te assustar.*

*E o monstro era um monstro safado,  
com uma língua danada de longa,*

*E o bobo pegou um resfriado  
e limpava o nariz com a língua na  
tromba.*

*E as formigas saiam correndo,  
bem se protegendo daquele colosso.  
E nem mesmo sabiam que o monstro,  
além de nervoso, ainda estava no osso.*

*Julia:*

*(the wind blows hard, Julia closes a window)*

*Go away!*

*Death, go away.*

*No one wants to die*

*in this room*

*today.*

The Anteater.

The Anteater comes  
to get you.

The Anteater comes,  
to scare you.

And the beast was a naughty beast,  
with a trickling tongue that was long,  
and the silly one was sneezing  
and cleaning his nose with the tongue up the  
trunk.

And the ants run away  
trying to get safe away from the big guy.  
They all knew that the beast  
was not just angry, he was hungry

## | Um Murmúrio | Rumors |

## Act II Scene 12

Night. Light Rain. Suspicion, confusion.

People gossip, sheltered by buildings and umbrellas. Characters go different ways.

Aruanan is in his room. He senses that something has happened. He is hurt not so much because he senses that Carol had sex with Pedro, but by the fact that people are talking.

Carol walks dreamily, lost in her own thoughts. Towards the end of the scene she gets to Aruanan's place and reluctantly walks up the steps to his room.

We don't see their conversation after that, but we may assume that it doesn't go very well.

*Aruanan:*

*Um murmúrio forte ressoando,  
Sem qualquer vento e no escuro,  
Ignorado e muito,  
Sendo o mesmo que em muitos momentos  
Mistura o medo de quem ouve ao medo de quem sente  
O que mesmo em mentes alheias não pretende...  
Ser o que se sente,  
Um murmúrio seco.*

...

*I just heard a rumor resonating  
With no wind, and through the darkness  
Ignored and quiet  
Coming back at every moment  
Mixing fear of the thought and the fear of the feeling  
Even when the time is over for pretending...  
Healing not the feeling.  
Just a rumor beating.*

| Os Ingredientes. | The Ingredients. |

## Act II Scene 14

The women, led by the witches stir the caldron, they sing. Actors, singers and dancers serve the soup to the audience.

Chorus:                   The ingredients are in;  
                                  we need the time to cook.

                                  The wheel is turning.  
                                  The wheel is turning.

<i>Gira a roda, gira</i>	Turning the wheel turning,
<i>Gira a volta da rotina</i>	Turn the wheel of routine
<i>Gira o tempo a passar</i>	Turning the time that passes
<i>Gira a roda, gira</i>	Turning the wheel, turning
<i>Gira a ave de rapina</i>	Turning the hunting bird
<i>Gira o dia de voltar</i>	Turning the day to return
<i>Gira a roda, gira</i>	Turning the wheel turning
<i>Gira o barco a naufragar</i>	Turning the boat that's sinking
<i>Gira a sopa a derramar</i>	Turning the soup that's spilling
<i>Gira a roda gira</i>	Turning the wheel, turning
<i>Gira o medo da menina</i>	Turning the fear of the girl
<i>Gira o vento e gira o mar.</i>	Turning the wind and the sea.

*Multimedia: Images of manuscripts, old books. Words of the text on the screens, as if an old recipe had been torn out of the book and hidden for an unmeasured amount of time, until someone finds it and puts it to boil.*

End Of Act II

## | ACT III |

Death Without Weeping.  
The Third Bank of the River  
Rituals and Celebration

## | A Feira | Street Market |

## Act III Scene 1

Morning. Street-sellers prepare the merchandise for the day. Slowly people start coming in. Everyone is selling something. The dance of the crowd with their shopping bags and the shouts and different refrains of the sellers. Everything is for sale.

Female Chorus offstage:

*Ó o gás, ó o gás,  
Lá vem o gás,  
Ó o gás, ó o gás,  
Quem vai querer?*

Here's the gas  
Here comes the gas  
Who wants the gas?

Street seller:

*Erê, erê, erê, erê, erê, erê.*

*Montando a banca de manhã,  
Montando a banca pra vender,  
Eu quero mais é ver você.*

Setting up the shop early in the day,  
Setting up to sell all that I bring,  
All I really want is to see you.

*Montando a banca de manhã,  
Pensando o que tenho pra comer,  
Eu sempre lembro de você.*

Setting up the shop early in the day,  
Thinking about what I have to eat,  
I always remember of you.

Other Street Sellers, filling the square:

*Panela de barro, tapioca,  
Mira o que eu trouxe pra Canoca  
Banana, farinha e mandioca,  
Tatu quente tá na toca.  
Olha a farinha da farofa.  
Tem tempero lá da oca,  
Caderno pra criança na escola  
Lápis, caneta, papel e cola,  
Computador e telehope,*

(items for sale)

*Olha só!  
O que que eu trouxe pra você.  
Pra você  
O programa tenho pra vender.  
Acabou de chegar  
Eu tenho pra vender*

Look at it!  
This is what I brought for you.  
For you.  
It just arrived.  
I have it for sale.

*O importado daqui,  
O importado de lá,  
Eta ferro!  
Eu quero mais é ver você.*

Imported from here,  
Imported from there.  
It's happening!  
All I want is to see you.

*To precisando vender.  
To precisando comprar.  
Vender.  
Comprar.  
Pé de moleque, alecrim, canela,  
Eu vim pra vender,  
quem quer comprar?*

I need to sell.  
I need to buy.  
To sell.  
To buy.  
(items)  
I have come to sell.  
Who wants to buy.

*Olha só!*

*O que que eu trouxe pra você.*

*Eu tenho pra vender.*

*Acabou de chegar*

*To precisando vender.*

*To precisando comprar.*

Look!

What I have for you.

It just arrived.

I need to sell.

I need to buy.

*Tudo é mercadoria.*

*Eu vim pra vender*

*Eu vim pra comprar.*

*Everything is merchandise.*

*I have come to sell.*

*I have come to buy.*

*Panela de ferro, tapioca.*

*Olha a farinha da farofa.*

*Olha o sol!*

*Eu vim aqui pra te rever.*

(items)

Look at the sun!

I have come here to see you.

| Duel | Duelo |

## Act III Scene 2

Aruanan is walking with José through the street markets and they run into Pedro. They argue. The crowd gathers around them. Jose and Julia try to talk them out of fighting. Carol doesn't know what to do.

*Fem Chorus:*

*Aruanan.*

(street talk)

*José:*

*É, Seu Nanan.*

*Aruanan:*

*É, Seu José.*

*De onça eu não tenho medo.*

*José:*

*Seu Nanan,  
Tamanduá tem medo de onça não.*

*Fem Chorus:  
Ê tatuapé sabe o que quer comer.*

*José:  
Mas Tamanduá tem o olho preso no chão.  
E se esconde da força do trovão.*

*Fem Chorus:  
De onça eu não tenho medo.*

*Pedro comes in:  
Ei!*

*Aruanan:  
Ahrh.*

*Pedro:  
Lá vem o homem  
que mata a mulher de fome*

*Aruanan:  
Tu é bom na faca, eu sou no facão  
Tu é bom na reza eu sou na oração*

*Pedro:  
Tu é bom na fala, eu no coração  
Tu é boom na rima, eu sou na razão.*

*Chorus:  
Olha a faca!  
Faca amolada.*

*Pedro:  
O cheiro da menina é que me deixa assim.*

*It's the smell of the lady that get's me high*

*Chorus:  
Olha a faca!  
Faca amolada.*

*Check the knife!  
It's a sharp knife*

Carol:

*Got to get out of this.*

Aruanan:

*Sai da frente!*

*Get out of the way!*

Pedro:

*Ê! Qual é?*

Aruanan:

*Traíra, cobra, cascavel!*

*Traitor!*

Chorus:

*Gato do Mato!*

*Wild cat!*

Aruanan:

*Quem é amigo da onça?*

*Who would be the friend or a jaguar?*

Pedro:

*Tira essa criança daqui.  
Tu não sabe se defender.*

*Get this child out of here.  
You don't know how to defend yourself.*

Chorus:

*Tá vendo demais.*

*You see too much.*

Júlia:

*Tá falando demais.*

*You are talking too much.*

Pedro:

*Amigo, a tanto tempo,  
A fila tinha que andar.  
E nem pense em me intimidar.*

*My friend, it's been a while,  
The line had to move on.  
Don't even think of threatening me.*

Aruanan:

*Aí é que tá o que tá!*

*That's the problem.*

Pedro:

*Ó!...*

Aruanan:

*Ó!...*

*Chorus:*

*É briga por causa de mulher.  
Perderam a cabeça.*

*They want to fight because of a woman,  
They lost their minds.*

*Olha a faca!  
Faca amolada.*

*Check the knife!  
It's a sharp knife.*

*Júlia:*

*Ê Pedro,  
Pedro não vai não.  
Não entre nessa briga não.  
Aruanan sempre foi como teu irmão!  
Não entre nessa briga não.*

*Pedro,  
Don't go  
Don't get into this fight.  
Aruanan was always like a brother to you.  
Don't get into this fight.*

*Carol:*

*I just don't know what to do.*

*José:*

*Aruanan, fique calmo, meu filho,  
não cai nessa briga não.*

*Aruanan, take it easy, my boy,  
Don't go into this fight.*

*Chorus:*

*Olha a arma!  
Engatilhada.*

*Watch out the gun!  
Ready to go.*

*(pause)*

- Pedro points his gun to Aruanan. People dodge. Pedro smiles. He gives his gun to José, puts money on the counter, grabs two knives. Throws one knife to Aruanan. The people form a circle for the fight. They fight with knives, *Maculelê*. Aruanan gets wounded and kills Pedro.

## | Run Away | Fuga |

## Act III Scene 3

Police sirens. Aruanan tries to escape. Chase.

Chorus:

Tá na pista, tá fugindo.

On the road, running away.

Deixa,  
Tava pulando na lapa.  
Tá rodando na escada  
Tá correndo na mata

Let be.  
You were jumping at Lapa  
You are rolling the stairs  
You are running the woods.

Tá perdido entre as velas  
Tá descalço na estrada  
Tá no meio da emboscada

Lost behind candles  
Bare footed on the highway  
Falling for the ambush

Mas ele tem que parar.

But he has got to stop.

Aruanan:

Cadê Júlia?  
Tenho que ver Sofia.  
Já!  
Antes de partir.

Where is Julia?  
I need to see Sofia.  
Now!  
Before I leave.

Mas pra onde é que eu vou?  
Mas pra onde é que eu vou?

But, where do I go?  
Where do I go?

Faísca a faca e fica  
Mirando a moça  
Mirando o beco da passagem

Spark from the knife  
And I am staring at the girl  
Staring at the passage in the alley.

Pra ver se a barra tá limpa  
Pra falar com ela

To see if the pass is open  
To talk to her.

Minha filha.

My daughter.

| Despedidas | Farewell |

## Act III Scene 4

### Aruanan and Julia. Duet.

Duet.

Aruanan and Julia say goodbye. He will have to go into hiding for a while. Sofia runs in and they hug. He kisses her and leaves. Julia holds Sofia.

Aruanan:

*Eu tava feito bicho solto,  
Sem caminho, sem teu rosto,  
Eu tava andando pela vida,  
Como quem espera um posto,*

I was like a wild animal  
No destiny, not your face,  
I was going about in life  
As one who waits a calling

*Como quem espera um outro,  
Que decida o que fazer.*

As one who expects someone else  
To decide what's do be done.

*Mas agora o meu caminho  
Se estende a minha frente  
Agora eu tenho que partir.*

But now my path  
Unfolds in front of me  
Now I just need to go.

Julia:

<i>Vai.</i>	Go.
<i>Vai com o vento.</i>	Go with the wind,
<i>Vai,</i>	Go.
<i>Em pensamento.</i>	Go with my thoughts.
<i>Vai.</i>	Go.
<i>Pois la bem distante</i>	For there in the distance,
<i>Lá no horizonte</i>	in the horizon,
<i>Há alguém</i>	There's someone
<i>Que te espera.</i>	Who's waiting for you.
<i>Vai,</i>	Go
<i>É teu momento.</i>	Go this is your moment,
<i>Vai,</i>	Go
<i>Vai com o vento,</i>	Go with the wind,
<i>Vai.</i>	Go.

| The Law | A Lei |

### Act III Scene 5

Aruanan tries to meet Carol before he leaves. The police catch him at the Central Station. They think the killing is drug related. Aruanan dies after interrogation.

Instrumental.

| Death Transition |

### Act III Scene 6

Instrumental.

| Uêremen | A Tribal Chant |

Act III Scene 7

Séance.

The spirit of Aruanan descends; he is in a new robe, a different light.

Everyone knows that he is there, but they don't look directly at him.

Carol has her head buried in her hands. As Aruanan begins to sing, she raises her head, but she doesn't know what she hears.

Aruanan's soul crosses to the third bank of the river.

Aruanan:

*Uêremen, Uêremen*

*Uêremen, Uêremen*

*Maparô ó pororo, Uêremen.*

*Maparô ó pororo, Uêremen.*

*Uêremen, Uêremen*

*Uêremen, Uêremen*

Ueremen - a spirit from the forest, one who is bigger than Nature's cycle of life and death.

The spirit overcomes the biggest wave, the wave of thunder, when the river meets the ocean.

| Ela Deseja Possuir As Nuvens do Céu |

| She Wishes for the Clouds in The Sky |

Act III Scene 8

Julia grieves for the death of Aruanan. And then, as she meets the other women, she realizes that life will need to go on.

*Júlia:*

*Ele não vai mais sonhar  
Nem fazer versos pra mim.  
Nem fazer versos pra quem  
Não mais tem com quem sonhar.*

He will no longer dream,  
neither will he write verses for me.  
He will not write verses for those  
who no longer have someone to dream of.

*Me escreve em pensamentos,  
ele me esquece a cada momento.  
Sobre a cama, as palavras  
os pecados os pensamentos.*

He writes to me on my thoughts  
he forgets about me at each moment.  
Over the bed, the words,  
the sins, the thoughts.

*Um sonho que não se repete,  
ele não vai mais tocar em mim.  
Não vai mais oferecer  
seus sonhos junto aos meus pés.*

A dream that does not repeat itself,  
he will no longer touch me.  
He will no longer offer  
his dreams, sitting by my feet.

*E se teu corpo voltasse  
ao meu corpo?  
E se o calor de tua alma  
invadissem a minha cama?*

What if his body came back  
to my body?  
What if the heat of his soul  
entered into my bed?

*E se essa brisa me lembra  
esse cheiro de homem?  
E se acordo no meio da noite,  
achando que estou abraçada em teu  
corpo?*

What if the hot breeze reminds me  
the smell of that man?  
What if I wake in the middle of the night,  
thinking I am still hugging your body?

*Julia and Chorus:*

*Velas nas telas, janelas abertas  
tudo o que vejo são faces de medo,  
cada desejo, a face do medo  
velas nas telas, janelas abertas.*

Candles in the screens, open windows.  
All that I see are faces of fear.  
In every desire, the face of fear.  
Candles in the screens, open windows.

*Visões entrelaçadas  
na rotina entrecortada  
das paredes , dos telhados.*

Interlaced visions  
in the interwoven routine  
of walls, of ceilings.

*Pessoas que navegam,  
mergulhadas em farrapos,  
mergulhadas em pedaços.*

People who navigate,  
drowning in rags,  
drowning in broken pieces.

*Destruindo suas casas,  
disfarçando suas mágoas  
na rotina da ruína.*

Destroying their homes,  
disguising their sorrows  
in the routine of the ruins.

## | There's a Seed |

### Act III Scene 9

Carol: Aria.

Carol realizes that she is pregnant, the father could be Aruanan or Pedro, but now they are both dead.

There's a seed that's been planted in my body  
and it's growing.

There's a baby that's feeding from my body  
and I know it

I can feel a sudden change  
and it's in how I look at things  
it's all glowing.

and I don't know who's the father  
as if really made a difference...  
they are both dead.

They are both dead.

But the seed that they planted in my body  
keeps on growing.

| Sofia |

## Act III Scene 10

Vocalize. Female Chorus.

The girl is playing by the river. Carol and Julia join her.

Yara, spirit of the rivers passes by, dancing over the waters.

| Lavadeiras | The Laundrywomen |

## Act III Scene 11

Julia and Carol join the laundrywomen in their song of change, transformation by water.

A song of hope and light beyond the tunnel, life beyond death.

Cycle of the elements. Let the water take these souls to the third bank of the river.

*Chorus:*

*Canto de lavadeira,*

*Canto de lavar.*

*Vida de lavadeira,*

*Vida de lavar.*

Chant of the laundrywomen

A chant for washing away

Life of the laundrywomen

A life of washing away.

*Vamos lavar a cidade  
que a vida não pode parar.*

Let's wash all of the city  
because life cannot stop.

*Júlia:*

*Gente faz tanta sujeira  
e a gente tem que lavar,  
como é que fica o passado  
se a água parar de rolar?*

People produce so much dirt  
and we are the ones who must wash  
how would the past become  
if the water stopped flowing

*A vida é cheia de mistério  
pra quem tá longe do mar  
quem tem os olhos na água  
sabe ver tudo mudar*

Life is so full of mystery  
for those who are far from the sea,  
those who have eyes in the water  
know how to see every change.

*Chorus:*

*Vamos lavar a cidade  
que a vida não pode parar.*

Let's wash all of the city  
cause life cannot stop.

*Canto de lavadeira,  
Canto de lavar.  
Vida de lavadeira,  
Vida de lavar.*

Chant of the laundrywomen  
A chant for washing away  
Life of the laundrywomen  
A life of washing away.

*Júlia:*

*Lágrimas das quais tô cheia  
De tanto as derramar  
Não mais suporte rodeio  
Mergulho na onda do mar.*

Tears of which I am full  
of so much I have poured,  
I can no longer bear these cycles,  
I dive into the waves of the sea.

| Finale |

*Tutti:*

*Tu tá trancada  
dentro de casa,  
mas tua hora  
já é chegada.*

You have been locked  
inside your room,  
but your time  
has now arrived.

*De abrir a porta,  
quebrar a tranca,  
fechar a guarda,  
sair armada.  
To open the door,*

break up the lock,  
keep up your guard,  
get out your weapons.

*Cada cilada  
nessa jornada,  
desfiladeiro  
passa no meio.*

Each ambush  
along this journey,  
ride on the valley  
straight through the middle.

*Não tá disposta  
a ficar calada,  
estar desarmada  
não leva a nada.*

You are not willing  
to remain quiet,  
but being unarmed  
will lead you nowhere.

*Que o mar não lave,  
que o sal não cure,  
que me entregue  
a tua pele.*

Let the sea not wash,  
let the salt not cure,  
let you not withhold  
the touch of your skin.

*Não me negue  
a tua carne  
na minha pele  
toda molhada.*

Do not deny  
your single flesh  
over my skin  
wet from the sea.

*Mar claro,  
a minha carne  
fica marcada  
pelo caminho.*

Clear sea,  
life leaves marks  
on my flesh,  
along the way.

*Tatanka  
Dandara.  
Indiara,  
Samara.*

Tatanka  
Dandara.  
Indiara,  
Samara.

*Pedro and Aruanan:  
Tupiniquim!  
Tupinanbá!  
Pode se preparar!*

(Names of Native Brazilian tribes)  
You can now get ready!

*Tutti:*

*Ê, Tatuapé  
Sabe o que quer comer.*

A tribal man  
knows what he wants to eat.

*Ê Tamanduá,  
Taca a fuçá,  
Cadê?*

An Anteater  
sniffs the ground,  
where is it?

An end, a new beginning.

- to all the friends of Tamanduá and the spirits that guide, inspire and protect us.