

TAMANDUÁ (The Anteater)

A Brazilian Opera

Music and libretto by
João MacDowell

Bilingual Libretto: Portuguese-English

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www.tamanduatheopera.com
www.joaomacdowell.com

| **Act I** |

Dream
Initiation
Desire and Impulse

| A Prelude to Tamanduá |

Mist.
A place from where spirits are born.

| Indiara |

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
atordoadada,
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,
atrocidity,
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.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tatanka
Dandara.
Indiara,
Samara.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 steak
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.

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

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

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.

- End of Act I-

| Act II |

Momentum
Conflict, Intoxication
Torn Between Two Worlds

| Intermezzo | Fugue |

| 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*

*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.*

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.

*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 the 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 the city
A beat, so mean
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.*

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.

*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.*

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.

Chorus:

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

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?*

What is it?

O que?

| Movimento. |

Act II Scene 3

Pedro has the ambition of becoming an international drug dealer.
He hesitates to approach the deal but trusts his fate to the protection of higher spirits.
He gets to the dealers, gives them the money and gets the cocaine.
They talk about life, death, the passing of time, in and out of jail.
Then Pedro daydreams about the American woman, and how she may open 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

Enter 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

Sem Chance:

*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

Massacre:

que o tempo tá passando.

that time is passing by.

Sem Chance:

e você se acostumando.

and you are getting use to it.

Massacre:

*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

Sem Chance:

*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?

Massacre:

*só trazer mercadoria.
Vai trazer mercadoria!*

we just need the merchandise.
Go get the merchandise!

All:

Movimento que já vem

The movement (merchandise) 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 entertainment,

All:
tudo é mercadoria.

it's all merchandise.

Sem Chance:
O tempo é a matéria
do Aqui e Agora.

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

Massacre:
Queimando na barriga,
guardado na memória.

Burning in the belly,
 kept in the memory.

Sem Chance:

O tempo é o sofrimento
na hora da morte,

Timeless is the suffering
 at the hour of death,

Massacre:

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

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

Sem Chance:
O tempo é a armadilha
que te aguarda paciente,

Time is the trap
 waiting for you patiently,

Massacre:
O tempo é a magia
da floresta na semente.

time is the magic
 of the forest inside the seed.

Pedro:
Paciente paciente,
paciente com o Duende,
vai fazer tua comida
que te faz seguir em frente.

A patient who's patient,
 be patient with the Gnome,
 Go make your food
 that keeps you going ahead.

All:
A que te faz seguir em frente.

That which keeps you going.

Massacre:

*Cada teco na cabeça,
cada teco em tua mente...*

Each line inside your head,
each line inside your mind...

Sem Chance:

tá cheirando demais.

You are just sniffing too much.

Massacre:

*Tá fritando em tua cama,
tá falando em tua glória...*

You are frying in your bed,
You are talking about your glory...

Sem Chance:

tá falando demais.

You are just talking too much.

Massacre:

*Tá tocando a melodia,
tá ligado na história,*

You are playing the melody,
You are wired into the story,

Sem Chance:

*tá rodado no passado,
tá rodado no futuro,*

you've been caught up in the past,
you've been caught up in the future,

Massacre:

*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...

Massacre:

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

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

Sem Chance:

*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 so very little time...

Pedro:

*I'd sell the goods to the richest,
I'd 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?

| At the Beach | Na Praia |

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.

Early risers practicing Yoga:

o-u-o-a-u-o-u-o-a-u...

Surfers:

*Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó aí ó o auê!*

Pedro:

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

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

Crowd:

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

Pedo lights a joint and passes it to Aruanan:

Aruanan: Nice green.

*Pedro: I like this green: American money.
(Shows a pack of dollars to Aruanan)*

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

*Pedro: ih....
esqueci o isqueiro, o charope e o charuto no estojo,
em cima da a esteira na esquina da escola,
lá perto de casa.
despachado no espaço.*

Aruanan:

É mole ou quer mais?

Pedro: Tem que tá tudo atado.

Aruanan: Tem mais?

Pedro: Tem que tá tudo atado.

Aruanan: *Tem mais?*
 Pedro: *Que tem tem, onde é que tá é que tá.*
 Aruanan: *Nem te conto:*
Caína praia.
 Both: *Caí na praia.*

Pedro takes out a bag of weed and gives it to Ariuanan.

Pedro: *Can you roll up this weed?*
Cause I don't like the stillness.
But when you light up that blunt,
Just beware of the fire.

As Aruanan rolls the joint Pedro holds his shoulder and looks him in the eyes.

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.

But when you light up that weed,
We'll get away from the stillness.
But when you light up that blunt,
Just beware of the fire.

Tutti: *There's so much bloodshed in the world,*
There's no easy way out, as I've been told...

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

Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó o auê aí ó!
Ó aí ó o auê!

Altas ondas...

Check the waves.

| 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.*

*Carol: Pathetic.
Whimsical...
Fanciful... mmm...*

*Oh, the upper West Side
In my little black dress...*

*Pedro: 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...*

*Racing my car along the highway
Placing my bets wit the odds on my side...
I want to see you tonight.*

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

*Both: Morningside Park,
I'd like to ride by your side.*

*I'd like to ride
I'd like to ride
I'd like to ride by your side.*

*Pedro: Let me show you pleasures
As your heart delights
Let me slide my hands through your most
Intimate parts*

*Let me ride your body
In this endless night
Let me take you straight
To the place of your most
Hidden desire.*

*Morningside Park
I'd like to ride by your side.*

*I dare to strip you off of all disguise
And lust over the flesh
And all your forbidden dreams
Of ecstasy.*

Carol: I want to fly away.

I want to ride the wave.

Life seems to be taking me in strange directions

There's a wind that's blowing me into the unknown.

And I cannot even guess if it's a safe ride.

I...

I want to ride the wave.

Both: Morningside Park,

I'd like to ride by your side.

Pedro: Your dress is in the way of the truth.

Both: (rolling under the sheets and moaning)

Ah... ah... ah... ah... ah... ah... ah... ah...

| A Lenda do Tamanduá | The Anteater Fable |

Act II Scene 11

It rains outside. Julia plays with her daughter and sings, 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.

The Anteater.

The Anteater comes

to get you.

The Anteater comes,

to scare you.

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

*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.*

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

*Go away!
Death, go away.
No one wants to die
in this room
today.*

| 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.*

Carol walks up to Aruanan's door, hesitating.
 She knocks at his door.
 Door opens.
 He walks heavily into the room.

Carol: *I'm sorry.*
 Aruanan: *You are so easy.*
 Such an easy prey.
 Carol: *I'm sorry.*
 Aruanan: *So easy.*
 Tell me:
 Where is it that you come from?
 Carol: *Ahhh...*

| 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 stew to the audience.

Chorus:

Gira a roda, gira
Gira a volta da rotina
Gira o tempo a passar

Turning the wheel turning,
 Turn the wheel of routine
 Turning the time that passes

Gira a roda, gira
Gira a ave de rapina
Gira o dia de voltar

Turning the wheel, turning
 Turning the hunting bird
 Turning the day to return

Gira a roda, gira
Gira o barco a naufragar
Gira a sopa a derramar

Turning the wheel, turning
 Turning the boat that's sinking
 Turning the soup that's spilling

Gira a roda gira
Gira o medo da menina
Gira o vento e gira o mar.

Turning the wheel, turning
 Turning the fear of the girl
 Turning the wind and the sea.

*A pequena e linda Maria tinha muitas, muitas bruxinhas,
 O enorme e feio João tinha um grande caldeirão,
 A fada que lhes conhecia trazia flores todos os dias
 Os demônios que andavam ali, entravam nos quartos, tentavam fugir.*

*A pequena e linda Maria enchia uma cesta com corações,
 O enorme e grande João comia todos com grande emoção,
 A fada que não concebia queria ter bebês todo dia,
 Os demônios todos assustados faziam de conta que estavam armados.*

*A pequena e linda Maria tecia uma rede e ninguém entendia,
 O enorme e feio João matava as crianças em seu caldeirão,
 A fadinha tão bonitinha jantava vermes e as criancinhas,
 Os demônios depois de apanhados deram um grande excelente assado.*

*Os demônios depois de apanhados deram um grande excelente ensopado.
 Os demônios depois de apanhados deram um grande excelente assado.
 Os demônios depois de apanhados deram um grande excelente ensopado.*

The stew is served to the audience as they head out to the last interval.

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 to sell all that I bring,
All I really want is to see you.

Setting up the shop early in the day,
*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 teleshope,*

(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 pr ate 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 of 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.

| Death Transition |

Act III Scene 4

Instrumental.

Aruanan tries to run away. The police catch him. They think the killing is drug related. Aruanan dies in their hands.

| Uêremen | A Tribal Chant |

Act III Scene 5

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 6

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

Carol:

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?
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 his body came back to my body?
What if the heat of his soul entered my
bed?
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 comes in with the other Laundry women.)

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.

| Lavadeiras | The Laundrywomen |

Act III Scene 7

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.*

Chant of the laundrywomen
A chant for washing away

*Vida de lavadeira,
Vida de lavar.*

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?

| THE END |