It is 9 August 2007. I am in Gávea, South Zone, visiting the singer, songwriter, dancer, producer, and official tourism ambassador of Rio de Janeiro Fernanda Abreu at her recording studio, Pancadão (meaning “A Hard Hit,” or more figuratively, “A Heavy Beat”; see figure 12). We have been talking for forty minutes and as our conversation comes to a close, I ask Fernanda what she is listening to at the moment, motioning to some CDs I had noticed resting atop her mixing console. “I just bought these while on tour,” she says. There is Prince’s Planet Earth (2007), the French electro-tango group Gotan Project’s Lunático (2006), and Spok Frevo Orchestra from Recife, who play blazingly fast swing band–like arrangements of Pernambucan frevo. In Portugal she picked up the Angolan-Portuguese kuduro group Buraka Som Sistema’s From Buraka to the World (2006). Also from Portugal was the Portuguese/Cape Verden Sara Tavares’s Balancé (2006), which Fernanda found super legal (a positive slang term, like “awesome”). Friends such as Rio-based DJ Nuts and DJ and electronic musician Mar-

So face reality with the eye you have in front
And look at life in a different way
Because a decent woman can be much more attractive
Than a smiling bunda
So, garota sângue bom
If you take on the mission, if you take on this task
To be or not to be, that is the question.
—From the song “Nádegas a declarar,” by Liminha, Fernanda Abreu, and Gabriel O Pensador
celinho da Lua, she tells me, also give her lots of recordings. “I listen to everything,” she states. “I’ve paid a lot of attention to funk carioca.” “And jazz?” I ask. “No, no, jazz I don’t care much for,” she concedes. Jazz seemed to her “like a closed club” in which it was “best not to get involved” if one did not know it well.

Perhaps more vocally than anyone in this book, Fernanda has celebrated mixture in her work, with a special interest in African American dance music and, as she noted, in the local funk carioca scene. In contrast to Marcos Suzano, she regards jazz as inhospitable terrain. Indeed, the driving dance beats, electronic and rock timbres, and pop choreography of her stage shows are far removed from the prevailing aesthetics of most jazz, especially post-swing jazz, in which the music’s close associations with dance (and bodily expression) came increasingly to be subordinated to instrumental virtuosity and intellectualism. After beginning her career

FIGURE 12. Fernanda Abreu in her recording studio, Pancadão
as a singer and dancer in the seminal pop-rock band Blitz in the 1980s, Fernanda emerged in the 1990s as a solo artist who would come to be known especially for blending funk, disco, and rap influences with samba. She embraced samplers and sequencers at a time when electronic dance beats were not typical for Mpb (earlier than Suzano, and quite in contrast to Paulinho Moska, as the following chapter will show), and she has manifested a general fascination for studio technologies, a domain typically dominated by males.

A 1998 article referred to Fernanda as the “queen of samba funk rock” and included her in an emerging Latin American “rock sisterhood” with the Colombian singer Shakira and other artists (Padgett 1998). The article highlighted how these women were beginning to crack the “rock ceiling” and were “injecting a female perspective into a testosterone-fueled genre.” How have gender, class, and race inflected Fernanda’s musical becoming, her desires, and her projects? What can Fernanda’s career, music, and discourse contribute to discussions of anthropophagy (or cannibalism) and mixture in this setting? How might we understand the place of the body in her music and in discourses of mixture? What vocabulary is needed to begin discussing whiteness in a context of racially inflected musical mixture that involves various local and translocal border-crossings—between the South Zone and the western and northern suburbs of Rio, and between the United States and Brazil?

Rather than presume to be able to answer all these questions, I raise them in order to mark out the kind of problem space that some scholars, borrowing from Deleuze, designate as “assemblages.” For Collier and Ong, for example, “global assemblages” are sites where “the forms and values of individual and collective existence are problematized or at stake, in the sense that they are subject to technological, political, and ethical reflection and intervention” (2005, 14). The anthropological application of Deleuze’s assemblage concept is interesting because it “seems structural”; it has a kind of “materiality and stability of the classic metaphors of structure,” but it tends to be evoked “precisely to undermine such ideas of structure,” allowing for more open-ended understandings of the social (Marcus and Saka 2006, 102). Musical sound may itself be thought of as an assemblage, a momentary materialization of a problem space. Hence, as in previous chapters, one of my concerns here is also to describe the grooves, instruments, and other sounds mixed together on recordings, and to examine selected song lyrics.
Blitz and the Inauguration of the Decade of Brazilian Rock

In Brazilian rock, the singer-songwriter Rita Lee had in fact already cracked the proverbial ceiling in the 1970s. Rita began her career as singer for Os Mutantes, but when that band turned toward progressive rock “and left its more libertine side” (in Weinschelbaum 2006, 40), Rita decided to pursue a solo career, and today she is a kind of grande dame of a small Brazilian rock sisterhood. In an interview published in 2006, Rita singled out Fernanda Abreu, Marisa Monte, Adriana Calcanhotto, Zélia Duncan, and Cássia Eller as opposing the tendency in the mainstream media to represent women as “breasts, bunda [the commonly used slang term for the rear], silicone” (39). These artists are all band leaders, she emphasized, songwriters who do not need to display themselves physically in this manner. They are Rita’s figurative nieces, grandchildren, and daughters, the rocker claimed.

Notwithstanding the groundbreaking Brazilian rock of Os Mutantes, Rita Lee, and other artists such as the Jovem Guarda musicians in the 1960s and 1970s, it was not until the 1980s that a full-blown rock scene would emerge—at first in Rio de Janeiro. Fernanda Sampaio de Lacerda Abreu, born in 1961 to a Carioca mother and a Portuguese father, would be at the center of that emergent scene as a young college student. She grew up in the relatively exclusive Jardim Botânico neighborhood of the South Zone (and had early exposure to dance as a student of ballet). At school she, like Pedro Luís, participated in choirs and music festivals, studied guitar and voice, and learned English. She then attended the prestigious Pontifícia Universidade Católica do Rio de Janeiro (PUC-Rio) in nearby Gávea, where she studied sociology and participated in campus theater and radio productions. She recalls, too, spending some of this time at the storied hangout of South Zone middle-class youths: Post 9 on Ipanema Beach.

As Fernanda was about to begin her final year of studies in sociology at the university, she was invited to become a member of the band Blitz, a group whose success was so accelerated that she never completed her last year of college. The way the band came into being is quite typical of the South Zone arts scene, characterized by networks of personal connections linking one event to another. The actor Evandro Mesquita was part of an experimental and humorous theater group called Asdrúbal Trouxe o Trombone, which produced a show in 1980 at the Teatro Ipanema. (Pedro Luís performed with the troupe early in his career.) After the theatrical
event, the singer Marina Lima performed and Evandro would sometimes stick around to sing with her band. When he was invited to perform at a new bar (Caribe) in early 1981, he invited Marina’s musicians and created a show that combined music with humor and stage props. It was an immediate local hit and Evandro decided to put together a permanent band, Blitz, with the bassist Antônio Fortuna (who had played with Os Mutantes), the keyboardist William Forghieri, the drummer Lobão (João Luís Woerdembag Filho, from Marina Lima’s band), the saxophonist Zé Luis (also from Marina’s group), and the singer Ricardo Barreto. He then added Márcia Bulcão and her friend Fernanda Abreu as singer-actress-dancers to respond to his half-spoken/half-sung vocals.

In January 1982 the group won over crowds at the new Circo Voador stage constructed between Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and their first single, the humorous “Você não soube me amar” (You didn’t know how to love me, or How to make love to me; the meaning is ambiguous), quickly became a hit. The album that followed, As aventuras da Blitz (The adventures of Blitz), sold feverishly. By this time social movements advocating re-democratization had become increasingly vocal and the hard-line military faction had yielded to the abertura process. Fernanda recalled the success of Blitz as partly related to the changing mood of the youths during this period. The humor and lightness of the band’s pop-rock, she thought, tapped into a new generation that had never experienced a democratic Brazil but that was not part of the protest movements of the 1960s. In the 1970s “the truly politically correct thing to do was to try to liberate yourself from censorship and make interesting songs,” she remembered during our interview. With censorship and the watchful eye of the dictatorship no longer a factor in the 1980s, sex, drugs, and politics could be themes for song lyrics, and rock seemed to offer a more direct language than the “refined lyricism” of MPB (Magaldi 1999, 320; also Walden 1996, 207–12). “After a country gets out of a dictatorship,” Fernanda recounted, people want “novelty, and a lot of art comes from the subversion of things, of the transgressions that don’t fit into a dictatorship.” For many middle-class listeners at the time, popular music rooted in samba traditions was too closely associated with the Brazil of yesterday.

The group Os Paralamas do Sucesso, initiated by the Cariocas Herbert Vianna and Felipe “Bi” Ribeiro in the early 1980s, soon followed Blitz with a new-wave sound inspired by the ska-rock of the British band the Police. The bands Barão Vermelho, Legião Urbana, RPM, and Titãs, all formed by middle- and upper-middle-class (and predominantly white) youths, com-
pleted the explosion of what the journalist Artur Dapieve (1995) would call “Brock” (i.e., Brazilian rock). After Blitz, the media began aggressively promoting Brazilian rock, and in 1985 the promoter Roberto Medina staged the seminal Rock in Rio festival to provide a performance venue for both major international bands that generally skipped Brazil in their tours (AC/DC, Rod Stewart, Queen, Iron Maiden, Whitesnake, and Ozzy Osbourne were among those who performed in 1985) and the Brock bands. Fernanda recalled criticisms during the era that the Paralamas, for example, were copying the Police, or that Legião Urbana was just a Brazilian version of another British band, the Smiths. But for her generation, she reflected in 2007, it was an important “evolution” (see also Madeira 1991; Perrone 1990; Ulhôa Carvalho 1995).

When I spoke about the 1980s with Fernanda’s collaborator, the lyricist and author Fausto Fawcett, he pointed to an increased preoccupation in Brazil with “the sound” of pop music during the decade. “At least two generations of middle-class kids,” he observed, listened to Deep Purple, the Rolling Stones, and above all Led Zeppelin. “It was a thing of well-educated kids who spoke English and had this connection.” They “got used to that sound, to listening to good recordings, and there was this pressure in terms of . . . technological information, and [the desire to] express topics that were connected to an urban youth.” The MPB songs one heard on the radio at the time, Fausto recalled, had “melodic and harmonic quality,” but the production sound was weak. It was always the singer way in front of the mix, he complained, and the rest of the instruments in the back. There occurred “a generalized process of learning” about music production: “The producers learned together with the musicians, who were learning together with the audio engineers. So this decade was very important for these kids who were responsible for this turnaround in the thinking of musical production, of the technical formatting of musical product . . . The slang expression . . . ‘I want to tirar um som [get a sound]’ seems . . . silly . . . but there is something important in it that ended up becoming serious.” Blitz marked a division in 1982, Fausto argued, “not necessarily in the specific matter of techniques in the recording studio—but in terms of behavior.” As wildly successful as the band was, however, Blitz dissolved shortly after Rock in Rio under the strain of touring and tensions between some members. (There were some later revival attempts.) By the end of the 1980s, the Brock scene had waned as recording labels shifted their priorities to new trends such as música sertaneja.
Meanwhile . . . Funk Carioca

Around the time that rock was beginning to dominate the tastes of urban middle-class youths, in the lower-income suburban neighborhoods of Rio de Janeiro, where the population is more likely to be black or mixed-race, a different musical phenomenon was taking hold: funk carioca, which grew out of the dance parties of the 1970s. DJs would spin North American soul, rhythm and blues, and funk records that they acquired through circuits of couriers and other travelers. These bailes da pesada (heavy dance parties) attracted thousands of participants, at first at the Canecão nightclub but then, when the club decided to shift programming to MPB, in the working-class suburbs where the baile audiences lived. Huge sound systems were required for these events, and some producers built walls of speakers, which they would then give names. One of them, Soul Grand Prix, helped initiate a kind of “black is beautiful” trend in Rio beginning around 1975, which the press labeled “black Rio.” The word funk came to refer to the set of varied black North American music styles to which participants danced at these events, while DJ Marlboro, who began to rap over his beats, emerged as the best-known disc jockey of the period.

The foundational groove for what would subsequently emerge as funk carioca was Afrika Bambaataa’s 1982 track “Planet Rock” (which sampled from Kraftwerk’s “Trans Europe Express”). Bambaataa’s track subsequently influenced Miami bass, a sound constructed around the use of the Roland TR-808 drum machine (808, for short), which in turn led to baile funk in Brazil. To this day, Paul Sneed observes, the vast majority of Brazilian funk songs “are based upon the electro funk style created by Bambaataa on his TR-808 programmable drum machine” (2007, 221). As the Rio funk scene evolved, local DJs and musicians began to produce original tracks strongly influenced by the Miami bass genre and using the Roland 808. Later, a gang-associated variety called proibidão emerged, with rough lyrics about violence and drug culture.

In 1990 the ethnomusicologist and journalist Hermano Vianna (brother of the rocker Herbert Vianna of the band Os Paralamas do Sucesso) described what he called a musical “apartheid” in Rio in the 1980s. Funk and hip-hop could not gain an audience among the middle-class youths of Rio’s South Zone, he argued, precisely because it was popular among the lower classes in the North Zone suburbs (1990, 5). Moreover, many music critics contrasted funk unfavorably with samba as an inauthentic expres-
sion of the culture of the Carioca morros, that is, the hillside favelas (for being electronic and, initially, an import of North American grooves). At the same time, the genre was increasingly linked to violence and, in 1992, to a series of organized robberies that took place on South Zone beaches and alarmed residents of the nearby neighborhoods (Yúdice 2003). Sneed writes that Rio’s funk music is often misunderstood by outside observers. “On the surface this somewhat deafeningly loud music . . . is deceptively childlike and simple,” he concedes, with its “heavy Miami bass style sound, cheap keyboards, . . . rough and unpolished” vocal delivery, simple melodies, and “low-end drum machines” (2007, 221). Singers perform either alone or in duos, “sometimes yelling more than singing, in hoarse throaty voices, chanting out refrains reminiscent of the mass cheers at the soccer games in the Maracanã stadium on the north side of Rio.” Its “violent reputation and overt sexuality have made Brazilian funk one of the most polemical musical practices in the world,” but in Sneed’s estimation, the genre has “evolved into a rich musical culture characterized by irony, complex maskings, and subversive messages and practices” (221).

Fernanda Abreu, already a fan of dance music from the United States, took a keen interest in the funk carioca scene as it developed, and she defended it as an important expression of favela life in addition to samba; when we met in 2007 she described it as “the cool groove” that still inspired her work. Besides the older style based on Miami bass, a newer funk carioca category is the tamborzão, for which the DJ and producer Sany Pitbull is known. (Figure 13 shows one typical funk carioca rhythm.) “Listen to this,” Fernanda said to me in her studio as she called up from her iTunes library a recording which used this rhythm, a version of the so-called Duel between the Faithful Ones and the Lovers. The duel is not a song but rather a kind of live performance genre initiated by MC Kátia and MC Nem around 2006. It consists of a verbal battle between these two female MCs, one of whom represents the young women with steady boyfriends or husbands in the crowd, and the other rapping on behalf of those who want to be or already are the lovers of the boys or men who are taken. It begins

![Figure 13. Example of a typical funk carioca rhythmic variation](image-url)
without accompaniment as the two MCs taunt each other (although they point out in their introduction that they themselves are actually friends, and that they are “defending” the different camps). “Oh repressed faithful one,” MC Nem (the “Lover”) says. “While I kiss your husband / You end up there at the sink / Wash, iron, and cook / You do everything perfectly / Just to end up suspicious / I am kissing your husband.”

“Stop getting excited, repressed girlfriend,” MC Kátia (the “Faithful One”) shoots back. “You think you are shaking things up / But you’re being duped / If you want to keep going / This charade is worth it / I’m not worried / Because the husband is mine / If you don’t like it, too bad [engole, also meaning “swallow it”].” And MC Nem sneers at her: “I’m screwing [comendo, lit. “eating”] your husband.” Then the tamborzão beat enters, good and loud. “Imagine four thousand people moving [pulando] when this starts,” Fernanda said to me as we listened through her prized Genelec monitors. “I have been to a baile funk there at Mineira with seven thousand people. It’s incredible, in-cre-di-ble! Sensational! It’s cra-zy! I love it,” she enthused, adding emphasis in a characteristically Carioca manner by stressing each syllable, then changing her tone somewhat to note: “Now, it’s very dangerous. I still go with DJ Marlboro. It’s crazy. I think it’s anthropological.”6 The bailes funk are massive participatory events (in terms of dance) and in this sense have something in common with the samba schools and the “massaroca” that attracted the percussionists of PLAP (but lacking the participatory discrepancies of the live samba instruments).7

Listening Racially

For the communications scholar Liv Sovik, Fernanda “assumes a discourse of one who sees funk carioca from outside the scene, as a white.” She “advises the public to take an interest in the phenomenon. She supports the funkeiros (‘funkers’) and receives their support too, as she was the hit of the funk portion of the Rock in Rio festival in January 2001” (2004, 233). Fernanda’s statement during our interview that the funk phenomenon is “anthropological” would seem to support Sovik’s argument. In reviewing the emergent literature on whiteness in Brazil and elsewhere in the “white Atlantic,” Sovik, following Ruth Frankenberg (1997), sees it as a context-bound “process” (rather than “a thing”), and “as a problem needing definition, a question to be asked, rather than a concept to be operated” (Sovik 2004, 316). Moreover, writes Sovik, when considered within international
hierarchies of race, “there can be no universal definition of Brazilian white-ness. One can be white in Brazil but not in the United States, white in Bahia but not in Rio Grande do Sul” (323). It is a “comparative value . . . present even when race is not mentioned” (323), or, of course, often precisely as what is not mentioned, as the field of whiteness studies presumes. (The magazine article I cited earlier on the Latin American “rock sisterhood” breaking the glass ceiling, for example, made no mention of the fact that the women featured are all light skinned and from middle-class families.)

Consider the following passage in which Fernanda elaborates on her musical taste (having referred to the United States as “the king of black music”):

I think that the United States is “the best” [in English] in terms of funk and soul, because it is a culture from there. It is the culture of the blacks that came from jazz . . . rhythm and blues . . . funk and soul, and then hip-hop, rap, neguinho will go on creating ever more things. . . . Black music [in English], in the world, had so much influence—in the United States . . . in Africa, in Brazil the samba. . . . Because I like to swing a lot, I like to dance. Music for me is very much a matter of taste. . . . I could even say, “Wow, Bob Dylan, you’re amazing,” and . . . I know how to value it, but it is not my taste. . . . Same thing with heavy metal. Sure, I like [the Brazilian thrash metal band] Sepultura. I find one thing or another interesting . . . but I’m not going to go out and buy a heavy metal album, or buy a new age album, a country music album. It’s not my style. I like funk, I like samba, I like soul, I like—I like rhythm.

Dylan, metal, new age, and country music, offered as examples of genres that do not privilege dance rhythms, also seem, by implicit contrast, to index “white” music here, yet the word branco (white) is never used. Blackness, on the other hand, is specified, celebrated, and linked to dance. (In contrast to the males in this book, Fernanda did not show an interest in the heavy or progressive rock of the 1970s when she was growing up.)

At one point Fernanda utilized the term neguinho (the diminutive of nego, which derives from negro, meaning “black”) as an indication of her affection for black culture. José Jorge de Carvalho notes that while “signifiers like nega, nego, crioulo, preto, mulata, preta, pretinha, neguinho, neguinha, morena [variants of “black” or “darker skinned”] . . . are found in hundreds (or even thousands) of commercial songs in Brazil, . . . signifiers like branco,
branca (white man and white woman, respectively), loura (blonde), are almost non-existent” (1994, 3). For Carvalho, this multiplicity signals how complex “the universe of black identity” is in Brazil, but it likewise evidences how whiteness is not named. In finding the white in such talk, we contextualize the complex discussion on race in Brazil within its immanently relational logic. However, even if we define whiteness as a discursively constructed index of privilege (consumption, education, mobility, freedom, safety, and so on) that transcends the individual, it seems necessary to consider the specificity of context-bound processes and practices. “Whiteness as a site of privilege,” Ruth Frankenberg has observed, “is not absolute but rather crosscut by a range of other axes of relative advantage and subordination” (2001, 76).

Seeking to move whiteness studies into a more international and interdisciplinary framework than previous scholarship, France Winddance Twine and Charles Gallagher caution against descriptions of whiteness that work to essentialize it, preferring to theorize race in relation to other social dimensions. Whiteness, they argue, must be understood “as a multiplicity of identities that are historically grounded, class specific, politically manipulated, and gendered social locations that inhabit local custom and national sentiments within the context of the new ‘global village’” (2008, 6; see also Bonnett 2002; Nayak 2007). One such local custom in Rio is the celebration of the female body.

The Garota Carioca: Engendered and Empowered

The sensual but independent garota carioca (Carioca girl) of the South Zone was famously portrayed in song in the 1962 bossa nova “Garota de Ipanema” (given English lyrics in “The Girl from Ipanema”). For the anthropologist Mirian Goldenberg, the actress Leila Diniz—who became a notorious icon of the 1960s and 1970s after she shocked society by appearing on Ipanema Beach in a bikini in late pregnancy (and unwed)—remains a symbol of the “Carioca woman,” who embodies better than anyone the spirit of the city: “seminude body, beach, sun, carnival, party, youth, liberty, sexuality, happiness, irreverence, distraction, informality, creativity, hedonism” (2002, 7–8). Goldenberg points to the specifically classed dynamics of this body, describing a “culture of narcissism” among the middle classes of Rio de Janeiro. In this social sector, she argues, “the body and fashion are fundamental lifestyle elements, and the preoccupation with
appearances is charged with personal investment” (8). The middle classes are “obsessed with physical perfection” and “crushed by the proliferation of images, by therapeutic ideologies, and by consumption.” The body has become, she concludes, a key form of cultural capital in Brazil. Elaborating on the aspect of fashion specifically, Fabiano Gontijo argues that what is most important in the Rio style of dress “is to be different” (2002, 61). In contrast to São Paulo, he argues, where imported fashions from Europe and the United States are highly valued, “Rio de Janeiro seems to cultivate kitsch in the Ibero-Latin way of Pedro Almodóvar, the brega [tacky] and the démodé or, simply, what is different. To be in fashion in Rio de Janeiro means to be different, to create your own style” (61–62).

Fernanda has cultivated the image of the feminine Carioca body that Goldenberg describes, and she has shown an acute and original sensibility for fashion throughout her career, highlighted in her album art (overseen by her husband, Luiz Stein). The fragmented photomontage portraits of her on the Entidade urbana album, for example, play on the idea of an urban, cosmopolitan fashion diva, portraying Fernanda wearing various quasi-kitsch outfits, hairstyles, and accessories evidently culled from various world areas. The graphic design for her Da lata album, on the other hand, places her in a room full of shiny metal objects such as hubcaps, steel and aluminum pots and pans, and an oil drum, with shiny flooring. She appears in these photographs alternately draped in a robe of metallic miscellany, or with two frying pans hanging around her neck and over her otherwise bare chest as a kind of brassiere, or, as on the back cover to the CD, naked on a low barstool in the middle of the room. (A raised leg keeps the image discreet.) In this last photograph, the tones of the room are all silver-gray, accenting Fernanda’s nakedness and indeed her gleaming skin (see figures 14, 15, and 16).

Fausto Fawcett, Fernanda’s lyricist-collaborator, claimed that for her, music had “to touch a chord in the lascivious ancestral suingue, to refine the body in the twisting, to sharpen the sex in the swinging, igniting any event with her physical form.” She always “commanded in a very carioca way,” he declared, “this business about dance music exactly because Rio de Janeiro breathes, sweats, celebrates on every corner” (1995). The use of the word “command” here draws attention to Fernanda’s agency; one (male) commentator playfully called her a “meddler,” taking a term sometimes used pejoratively to describe women in positions of power and turning it into a positive attribute—into an allegory of the nation, in fact. She
was “plugged into the world,” he noted, but not subordinated to anyone: “We all have to learn to be meddling like Fernanda, with a puffed up chest, a haughty look, and samba-funk in the feet, and to forget being the Brazilians of [writer] Nelson Rodrigues’s chronicles, with our hands in our pockets, sucking on oranges, and reeking of the complex of third-world bums. God bless Fernanda’s audaciousness. And her enchanting beauty of the cool, swinging Carioca girl” (Tas 1995). Fernanda’s audaciousness has helped her negotiate between family and career. When I first interviewed her at her offices in Ipanema in 1999, I asked for her thoughts on being a woman in the music industry in Brazil. It was a very macho country, she responded, and women constantly had to fight and to learn to manage the competing demands of career, touring, and also being a mother and a

housewife. “If you are an artist you have to travel all the time. . . . There are a lot of obligations, a lot of ambitions, objectives, conquests to realize in the professional sphere. . . . And here in Brazil there’s the Catholic thing, lots of guilt for not being home with the children, not giving attention to your home, your family, your husband.” Fernanda was pregnant with her second child at the time of this interview, and she was busy researching the themes, as she put it, for the album Entidade urbana (Urban entity). She had mixed her previous album in London, but now that she was expecting, she did not want to travel abroad. Instead, she would record at Nas Nuvens, the facility introduced in the previous chapter and which, Fernanda excitedly reported, had just acquired a “mar-ve-lous” new mixing board made by the coveted English brand Neve.

**Figure 15.** Album art for Fernanda Abreu’s *Da lata* (pan brassiere). Graphic design by Luiz Stein.
Her plan was to record the basic tracks (e.g., some sequenced loops, keyboards) before giving birth and then spend a couple of months at home. “Then I will mix and do the voices,” she elaborated, “and then a tour in the middle of the year. That’s what I did with [my first born,] Sofia. It was a little hectic, but it worked out.” In the autobiographical text she
later posted on her website, Fernanda highlights the joys of becoming a mother as part of her professional life. (She deviated slightly from the plan for recording that she described in our interview.) “The most important thing I could add in terms of biography is the birth of my second daughter Alice on 7 December 1999 at 10:22 hours. I spent my pregnancy composing and working on the project for the album Entidade urbana. Two months after she was born I entered the studio to record. There were nine months between recording, mixing, mastering, album art . . . etc. And always nursing my little baby girl. . . . Now it’s time to get the album on the streets, put together the show, and hit the road once again!” With this public narrative, Fernanda brings the female body out of the domestic sphere (without negating family life) and naturalizes it within the context of music production and recording, portraying a woman in control of her body, her career, her technology, and her family. Fernanda even claims that the album itself had a nine-month gestation, and she has featured her young daughters’ voices on her recordings.

Fernanda’s balance of her career ambitions—which include being viewed publicly as sexy, sensual, in charge—with motherhood within what she describes as a generally macho context seems sympathetic to third-wave feminism in its preservation of individual choice and agency. One of the things that characterizes the third wave is, in fact, ambiguity about what defines it, and the multiplicity of often apparently contradictory identities that are encompassed within it. Drawing on Foucault (1972), Valerie R. Renegar and Stacey K. Sowards have examined the potential of contradictions in feminine identities “to enhance agency by creating space for self-determination, transcending expected behavior and adherence to ideas, and exploring alternatives through counter-imaginations and creativity” (2009, 14). Society, they write, “is awash in artificial dichotomies, but contradiction challenges the either/or nature of forced choices and allows for complex combinations of options and new alternatives to emerge” (11).

Some third-wave feminists thus “embrace the messiness of lived experience” and engage “practical-evaluative agency to find new ways of thinking about seemingly black and white choices” (16). Contradictions can be part of “a deliberate strategy that includes interplays of oppositions. . . . Performative and participatory contradictions create possibilities for self-determination, transcendence, and counter-imaginations that foster and rely on a sense of agency” (6). Clearly, having both family and career is central to Fernanda’s public identity. (Moreover, this kind of “and/and”
strategy, as opposed to either/or, conforms well to the general discourse of Brazilian identity as located in “the middle ground” [DaMatta 1995], in between contradictions [see also Sansone 1996, 207].) A third-wave perspective is also more attentive to the ways in which class inflects gendered identities (and performances of identity); Fernanda’s ability to engage what Renegar and Sowards refer to as “practical-evaluative agency” probably owes something to her class status. For example, as Judith Still has observed, “the relative freedom of middle-class Brazilian women, even those with small children,” depends in good measure on low-wage domestic help (1999, 5). I do not presume to know the circumstances of Fernanda’s domestic life, but it is likely she has some help that has facilitated her studio work and touring (and she has a supportive husband who collaborates on her projects).

However, while we can paint in broad strokes how privilege has historically tended to accrue to light-skinned middle- and upper-class Brazilians (glossing over gender issues), privilege and agency are not the same thing. Referring to the Duel between the Faithful Ones and the Lovers, Mirian Goldenberg (who wrote a book on the lovers of taken men, A outra) argues that the women of funk have succeeded in expressing a greater liberty than other women. “They are showing that they don’t need to depend on the man, that they can also take advantage of being lovers simply because it is a personal choice of theirs” (cited in Lemos 2005). Thus the lovers’ refrain goes: “I am a lover with pride, and I say this because I can.” I am not sure if Goldenberg’s claim would stand up to in-depth ethnography on the phenomenon of the Duel, but the discourse of the Mcs, as reported by the journalist Nina Lemos (2005), supports the notion that they feel empowered.9

The funk movement has changed considerably since Fernanda began her solo career (MC Kátia and MC Nem are of a much younger generation), but it remains intensely sexualized, perhaps even more so as popozuda (slang for a woman with a large rear end) is so central to the visual staging of the baile, as exemplified in the rise to international stardom of funk dancer Andressa Soares, who goes by the name Mulher Melancia (Watermelon Woman). There remains a radical social gulf between Fernanda’s daily life and that of the funkeiras (women of funk), and it goes without saying that it is important to expose social inequalities and work toward reducing them. But there is also a sense in which these women participate in the same assemblage, one in which race, class, gender, and musical sound are “con-
stantly constructed, undone and redone by the desires and becomings of actual people—caught up in the messiness, the desperation and aspiration, of life in idiosyncratic milieus” (Biehl and Locke 2010, 337). Let us look more closely at how some of these issues play out in Fernanda’s musical recordings.

Embracing the Sampler

Fernanda’s first solo album, *sla Radical Dance Disco Club*, released in 1990, opens with a vignette of funk and soul samples such as the line “Shut up already, damn!” from Prince’s “Housequake,” excerpts from KC and the Sunshine Band’s “That’s the Way (I Like It)” and Sister Sledge’s “We Are Family,” and a James Brown scream. The album, produced by Herbert Vianna and Fabio Fonseca, and her subsequent *sla2—Be Sample* of 1992, produced by Fabio Fonseca and Liminha, showcased the sampling and sequencer work of Chico Neves (whom I introduced in chapter 2). Fernanda sings in Portuguese, English, and French and quotes from songs like Cheryl Lynn’s “Got to Be Real” (1979). *sla Radical Dance Disco Club* was probably the first Brazilian pop album to make extensive use of samplers. (*sla* derives from Sampaio de Lacerda Abreu, her full family name; the word *radical* in Portuguese can mean something like “extreme.”) Although borrowing from abroad no longer sparked the kinds of debates that it did in the 1960s, we have seen how anxieties over the balance between “local” and “global” in pop music mixtures resurged in the 1990s. Hints of that anxiety are evident in the press release that Hermano Vianna (1992) wrote for *sla2—Be Sample*. The music that is made in Brazil today, he wrote, “can sample any kind of other music and can also self-sample (the sampler is the perfect instrument for any kind of manifestation of anthropophagy). Caetano Veloso’s voice, and Lemmy [Kilmister of Motörhead]’s voice, the cavaquinho of [the band] Novos Baianos, and the O’Jays’ bass; everything has the same value in the digital blender of the sampler.” For Vianna, the sampler in Fernanda’s music “is in [the] service of dance music, and the dance music is in [the] service of Brazilian music.” The (imported) machine simply enabled and accelerated the cultural cannibalism that was already natural to the Brazilian character (“making us conscious of what we had already done until that time,” Vianna wrote), so there was no foreign colonization of Brazilian practice. Still, Vianna’s defense of sampling here suggests that for local audiences some justification was expected.
One of the songs from SLA2—Be Sample, “Rio 40 Graus” (Rio 104 degrees [40 degrees Celsius is 104 degrees Fahrenheit]), co-composed by Fernanda with Fausto Fawcett and Laufer is a slow funk that anticipated the samba-funk swing Fernanda would refine on subsequent albums. Among the samples featured are the guitar riff that opens the O’Jays’ “For the Love of Money” of 1973 (and the groove of “Rio 40 Graus” is similar to the groove of that song) and Gilberto Gil singing “O Rio de Janeiro” from his well-known song “Aquele Abraço” of 1969, digitally spliced with Caetano Veloso singing the words “Soy loco por ti” from his version of Gil’s 1967 song “Soy loco por ti, America,” so that the combination of Gil’s and Veloso’s sampled vocalizations generates the intertextual “O Rio de Janeiro, soy loco por ti,” or “I am crazy about you, Rio de Janeiro.” Liminha programmed electronic drum patterns and plays a funk bass line, while Fabio Fonseca takes up a Stevie Wonder–like keyboard accompaniment using a clavinet sound (as in Wonder’s “Superstition”).

Beginning at the lyric “Sou carioca, pô” (“I’m Carioca, man”), Marcos Suzano adds tamborim, the small frame drum associated with carnival samba, a relatively subtle sonic reference to local music. Then, with the line “batucada digital” (“digital drumming”), he adds the howl-like sound of the cuíca, which is readily identified with samba, signaling the acoustic batucada underneath the digital sequencing. The lyrics comment on the place of the drug trade and the associated violence that had come to dominate media representations of Rio de Janeiro by the early 1990s. The half-shouted refrain identifies Rio as the Marvelous City, but also as a “purgatory of beauty and chaos,” and the “capital of hot blood,” and of the best and worst of Brazil. The verses are rapped by Fernanda and Fausto Fawcett; they tell of the “commandos” into which the drug gangs are divided, of “sub-uzis” equipped with “musical cartridges” smuggled in by the military, and of the “informational machine gun.”

One of Fausto’s lines, “xinxa das esquinas de macumba / violenta escopeta de sainha plissada” evokes a series of images from street corner life in Rio. Xinxa is a vulgar slang term for the vagina (Berozu 1998), escopeta is a shotgun, and sainha is a miniskirt. “You could be passing a corner of Macumba, and there’s a sexy girl [xinxa], and behind her there’ll be a guy with a weapon,” Fernanda elaborated when I asked her to explain these lines. “You’re taking a walk, there’s a pretty girl, she’s the girlfriend of a [drug] trafficker, at the same time he’s the friend of an arms trafficker, and she tries to involve you, a foreigner, in some business, perhaps to carry
Fernanda Abreu

There’s a lot of this in Rio. Rio has a lot of sensuality, lots of bunda, lots of beach, lots of bikini, lots of mulata, lots of samba, lots of swinging of the hips [rebolado]. . . . It’s not just in the samba schools, it’s on the beach, all the time, [it’s on] the bus . . . [But] it’s all veiled . . . you don’t really know exactly [what is going on].” Together, the lyrics and musical sound of “Rio 40 Graus” thus offer a poetic rendering of a street-level mixture of music, technology, sensuality, violence, informal economies, North American black music, hints of samba, the beach, traffickers, and the police—in short, Brazil’s hot capital of beauty and chaos (perhaps specifically as seen by middle-class subjects).

In the song “Sigla latina do amor (SLA II)” (Latin sign of love, from SLA2—Be Sample), with Fausto and Fernanda as co-lyricists, the SLA acronym is turned into a kind of word: “Sla on your body, Sla on your mind,” Fernanda sings in English over a Prince-like groove. “It’s an ancestral lascivious sentiment / a latent amorous sensation,” she then sings in Portuguese, while throughout the track other sampled voices rap in Spanish. Marcos Suzano provides percussion, and DJ Marlboro, from the baile funk scene, adds scratches. “When I kiss, clandestine paradises mix, in heavens of an abstract sampler,” Fernanda sings, linking the sampler with the sensual and sentient body.

Tin Cans, X-Rays, and Good Blood

After Fernanda’s first two albums, which, as just described, emphasized the use of samplers and cannibalized black dance music from the United States, the album Da lata (Canned), which would earn the title of best Latin American album of 1995 from Billboard magazine, and the subsequent Raio X (X-ray) gave a more prominent place to samba, achieving an engaging samba-funk hybrid on several songs. The sound incorporates more acoustic instruments such as a drum kit and percussion, while sampled loops are part of the hybrid mix rather than the dominant musical material. Fernanda described the change in sound as a search for finding a “Brazilian” voice in her mixtures: “It was this very search, ‘What does it mean to make dance music in Brazil?’ Is it to copy Janet Jackson? [Is it] to copy Soul II Soul, and just add Portuguese lyrics? How am I going to make a consistent mixture of computer, Pro Tools, samples, with tamborim, violão, cavaquinho . . . and make it into something pop, danceable, with swing, funk, soul, made with this samba-funk mixture? It is a mixture I
found interesting, because it takes instruments that are very much from samba, that were born in Rio de Janeiro, that were with me . . . with this city here. So, I think on Da lata and Raio X I was able to begin to translate much better what I really wanted with my music.” Here Fernanda’s musical becoming began to converge more clearly with the other projects going on in this scene contemporaneously as she searched for a more “Brazilian” way to incorporate (global) technologies while also bringing traditional acoustic samba instrumentation into the mix more directly. Meanwhile, the low-tech metaphor of the tin can (lata) evokes the sound of the batucada, that is, the beating of the drums in the morro. (Specifically, it was intended, Fernanda said, to reference how children in the favelas may begin their musical training beating on tin cans.)

There was, however, a double meaning to the album title, one that was very much an inside joke for the Carioca youth. In 1987, it is said, a Panamanian drug-smuggling vessel, upon being approached by the Brazilian military police off the coast of Rio de Janeiro state, unloaded its cargo of tin cans full of potent marijuana into the sea. For weeks, the story goes, Carioca youths snuck around the police to pluck the cans (the veneno da lata, “canned poison”) off of the beaches at night. Subsequently, as the weed-smoking population deemed this herb to be of a very high quality, the expression da lata came to mean “good” in local slang. To say something é da lata (“is canned”), then, meant that it was of good quality. There are no specific references to the event in the lyrics; in her music video for this song, however, Fernanda wears a single white star on her shirt, an apparent reference to the Panamanian flag. (She sang about decriminalizing marijuana in the song “Bloco Rap Rio,” borrowing a refrain from the local “rapcore” band Planet Hemp.)

Da lata, released in 1995, was produced by Liminha and Will Mowat, the British producer known for his work with the group Soul II Soul, although Chico Neves produced the title track. It was recorded at Nas Nuvens and Discover studios, both in the South Zone production nexus described in previous chapters, and mixed in Soul II Soul’s London studio with the help of their regular engineer, Eugene Ellis. After coming across Fernanda’s CDs in a shop in São Paulo during a visit to Brazil, Will Mowat contacted her about working together. Fernanda was thrilled. “I knew all their albums, completely, all the songs . . . and I always loved their sound,” she said. In the United States the sound of dance recordings was sometimes “kind of heavy,” but the albums of Soul II Soul (which, like Miami bass, utilized
the Roland 808 drum machine) were “softer,” she thought. Da lata opens
with the song “Veneno da lata” (Canned poison) with a ganzá articulat-
ing steady but swung sixteenth notes (as from samba), a synthesizer pad
quietly establishing the bluesy two-chord vamp of the song (I7–IV7), and
Fernanda’s three-year-old daughter Sofia reciting lyrics by the local poet
Chacal: “Rio de Janeiro, Marvelous City! The tin can. The tin can in the
middle of the night. In the dead silence of the night. Suddenly the groove
kicked in. The batucada began. Beat, beat, beat on the tin can! It’s the tin
can of the bateria!”

Gradually, additional percussion instruments enter: pandeiro, drum kit,
cuíca, then electric bass and a restrained funk riff on the electric guitar.
Members of the venerable samba school Mangueira (officially, GRES Esta-
cão Primeira da Mangueira), the oldest such organization in Brazil, join
Fernanda on this opening samba-funk piece. However, their participation
is not merely captured in what Thomas Turino has referred to as the high-
fidelity mode of studio work (2008); it is, as Hermano Vianna commented
in his press release for the album, “reprocessed in Will Mowat’s computer”
while “Marcos Suzano’s pandeiro and Bodão’s tamborim are digitized in Li-
minha’s sampler” (1995). Technology, Vianna claimed, “is only accelerating
and facilitating the mixing acumen of Rio.” For Vianna, the album signaled
that Rio de Janeiro was still a “marvelous” city even after several years of
negative press pertaining to the beach robberies, drug trafficking, and vio-
ence. Moreover, Fernanda’s musical mixture, he proposed, extended the
kinds of cultural exchange between elites and “the people,” between the
“asphalt” and the morro, between the South and North Zones that he had
researched with respect to the history of samba (Vianna 1999). When the
funkeiros were demonized in the media beginning in 1992, Vianna reflected,
he thought that Rio was heading for a radical apartheid following what he,
like most Brazilians, perceived to be the North American model wherein
“white is white, black is black, and the mulata (like samba and funk) is
nothing special [não é a tal]” (Vianna 1995, making a reference to Caetano
Veloso’s song “Americanos”). Rio de Janeiro already provided “the ruler and
compass” with respect to mixture, Vianna wrote. Dance music could “teach
us the rest: namely, to use the computer to continue mixing everything.” He
was referring not just to Fernanda’s recording but to the funk carioca phe-
nomenon as well: carioca dance music, he insisted in the enthusiastic prose
typical of album releases, was “the new malandragem, the new theory of cul-
tural mestiçagem, the mulatto rhythm that is so great [é a tal].”
Alexandra Isfahani-Hammond has taken Vianna to task for this discourse about mestiçagem and the mulatto after Vianna evoked Veloso’s song again in a newspaper editorial questioning the implications of affirmative action quotas in Brazilian universities (Vianna 2004). She characterizes it as consistent with an established rhetorical strategy that white writers in Brazil have used “to justify their incorporation of blackness” (Isfahani-Hammond 2008, 5). Such texts conflate “patriarchal white supremacism with resistance to US Empire,” Isfahani-Hammond claims. Perhaps, however, both Vianna’s and Isfahani-Hammond’s interpretations of (white) Brazilians’ views on race mixture oversimplify the matter some. Reflecting on a similar issue in the discourse of cannibalism, Zita Nunes describes the problem differently: “Although the philosophical trappings of anthropophagism would seem to imply a political vision of a democratic society, this is not the case. In fact, blacks have not been equal participants in a Brazilian ‘mixture.’ This is not the result of vulgar or individual prejudice; it lies at the heart of a notion of citizenship and is an enabling condition of a construction of a national identity. In the anthropophagist model, however, we discover that assimilation is unthinkable without the excretion. The law of assimilation is that there must always be a remainder, a residue—something (someone) that has resisted or escaped incorporation, even when the nation produces narratives of racial democracy to mask this tradition of resistance” (1994, 125).

Fernanda’s cover of Caetano Veloso’s “A tua presença morena” (Your presence morena) on this album is a slow, groovy, samba-reggae-dub-jungle hybrid. Her repetition of the words “your presence” (a tua presença) is double tracked (that is, recorded at least twice and layered in the mix) and split (“panned,” in audio terminology) between left and right channels, giving the impression that multiple female voices are whispering the line into the listener’s ears. The verses follow a cool, stepwise descending melody that almost suggests talking. The song tells of a human “presence” that enters through the eyes, the mouth, the nostrils, the ears (“the seven holes of my head”) and “disintegrates and updates” the singer’s presence, embracing the torso, the arms, and the legs, clearly suggesting intimacy between two people but also echoing tropes of cannibalism. Then, curiously, the presence is described in terms of colors, moving from white to green, then red, blue, and yellow, as if describing a rainbow. Finally, the lyrics settle on black, repeating it several times: “Your presence is black, black, black / Black, black, black, black, black, black.”
This word cannot be heard as just another color in the list, especially given the *morena* (dark- or brown-skinned woman) of the song title. It is the remainder, that something that is always there to keep discourses of mixture meaningful. The progression of the lyrics in effect reverses the paradigm of Brazilian racial history expertly analyzed in Thomas Skidmore’s classic study *Black into White* (1974), in which the historian described the whitening agenda of early twentieth-century Brazil. Here, in a transformation akin to Macunaíma’s in Mário de Andrade’s celebrated allegory of Brazilian identity—but inverting the change in color—white seems to become black (see Z. Nunes 1994 for more on race in Mário’s *Macunaíma*). At the very end of the song, when a techno-samba jungle groove has taken over, Fernanda moves into a high register she rarely uses to sing, “It’s black, it’s black,” as if to exalt blackness. Her rendition of the lyrics thus almost seem to describe how the embodied “presence and pleasure” often associated with black dance music (Danielsen 2006) have permeated Fernanda’s body.

Fernanda’s next release, Raio X, arose, she wrote in her accompanying press release, out of an urge to think about and confirm her musical identity, which “included the idea of location, origin, nationality, and experience.” To do so she undertook a project of “remixes, rereadings, [and] re-recordings” and added a couple of unreleased tracks as a kind of “x-ray” of her career. A second motivation derived from her tour of Brazil with the Da lata show: “I saw a lot of corners of Brazil with the Da lata show: I saw a lot of corners of Brazil . . . Lots of riches. Lots of misery. Lots of mixture. Lots of contrast. Lots of good people. . . . I left with Rio de Janeiro in my bags and returned with Brazil . . . The look and swing of Chico Science’s Pernambuco, of [Carlinhos] Brown’s Bahia, of [André] Abujamra’s São Paulo, of the Rio of Mangueira, for example, turned this project into a kind of . . . revised and amplified edition.” Luiz Stein’s album art suggests that Fernanda embodies the nation (via Rio de Janeiro): the front cover features a silvery-toned close-up of her face, evoking the visual language of the x-ray. She wears a pendant of Brazil on a necklace; inside the jewel box for the album, underneath the C D, is an x-ray of a torso, presumably her own. That the imagery and the music are intended as an x-ray of the nation through Fernanda is further suggested by the fact that she uses the title “Abreugrafia” for the autobiographical essay she posted on her website (Abreu + biografia, but also a reference to the Brazilian term for a radiography screen for tuberculosis invented by Manuel Dias de Abreu).
The opening “vignette” of the album (“Raio X [Vinheta de abertura]”) is a brief, funky, confidently executed rap-manifesto of mixture, sampling, music technologies, and Brazil. It utilizes the kinds of language play I described for Lenine’s and Pedro Luis’s music, for example, using English words that can sound Portuguese, or playing with expressions such as *dizer na lata*, meaning speaking frankly and directly in someone’s face (and referring back to the *Da lata* album as well). The text, penned by Chacal, describes a setting in which hip-hop, house, charme, samba, rock, funk, disco, and dub genres mix with pandeiros, samplers, and batuque on tin cans. “Presenting a different sound, creating a new style,” she sings. “Inaugurating the sampler stressing what is needed.” Her album *sla2—Be Sample*, she chants, was just to confirm “that our traditions come from the verb to mix.” Again the mediation between the working-class morro and the middle- and upper-middle-class “asphalt” is described as occurring “in a digital batuque.”

Immediately following this manifesto-like introduction, Fernanda leads a joyous rendition of the uplifting 1964 carnival samba “Aquarela Brasileira” (by Silas de Oliveira; not to be confused with the earlier “Aquarela do Brasil,” by Ary Barroso), which has a long, sinewy melody that draws the listener into its nationalistic celebration, with an uplifting modulation from minor to major and then back to minor again. This is a classic samba and Fernanda, again calling on members of the old guard of Rio’s legendary Mangueira samba school for the percussion, along with Marcos Suzano, performs it entirely acoustically, following the tradition of gradually introducing more percussion instruments as the intensity of emotion increases. Beginning with pandeiro, ganzá, and voice, adding a tamborim ostinato, the distinctively grating sound of the knife and plate used in samba, then agogô, scraper, and caixa, then bass runs on the seven-string guitar, and—only when the modulation to major occurs, cavaquinho, surdo, cuíca, and the whistle used in samba schools to coordinate the sections, only to fade out on a triumphant choral chant of the syllables *la, la ya la ya*, back in minor. It is samba, she wrote in her listening notes, and “it remains samba.”

Fernanda’s “Brasil é o país do suingue” (Brazil is the country of swing, co-composed with Felipe Abreu, Hermano Viana, and Laufer), is a slow Prince-like funk-rap shout-out to Brazil inspired by “Aquarela Brasileira” (which describes traveling through Brazil and discovering the natural and cultural splendors of various locales). As explained in chapter 3, *suingue,*
the Brazilianization of the English word “swing,” refers not just to musical articulations but also to an embodied sense of rhythmic deportment, to the notion that the Carioca body—particularly the female body—has a musically sensual way of moving. “Come on fellows / everyone dancing,” Fernanda calls out in the song, “dancing without stopping.” The Brazilian, she sings, is of the baile and has carnival in the blood:

I say, let that little ass [bundinha] hang out
Let your hip loose and shout:
“Brazil, Brazil, Brazil is the country of suingue!”

Fernanda calls all Brazilians to dance with her. To the north in Belém do Pará, she shouts out to the Tupinambá sound rig party, a massive mobile DJ equipment setup. She calls out to the reggae scene in Maranhão; the tambor da crioula (an informal Afro-Brazilian dance with religious elements), forró from Ceará; surf-reggae from Santa Catarina, a Japanese funk party in São Paulo, Candomblé and dancing in the streets with Timbalada and Ilê Aiyê in Bahia, the mangue beat in Recife, the rock-funk of Porto Alegre. “Come with me to Rio de Janeiro! The city of exceptional sensual swing!” Every corner, she delights, is samba-funk in the land of DJ Marlboro and his Big Mix bailes.

The sensual suingue described in this song is distinct, in Fernanda’s estimation, from the phenomenon she referred to as bundalização (or “bundalization,” a term at least one scholar has also used; see Lessa 2005). “Everyone wants to be beautiful and sexy,” she told me. But this has to be put “in the proper perspective.” The media “manufactures the woman as bunda,” Fernanda complained. The head (cabeça, which can also mean “mind”) of the woman is in fact the ass, she lamented. At the time of this interview, there was much discussion in the media about the model Tiazinha, who wore a thong negligee and gyrated in close-up camera shots on Luciano Huck’s Programa H television show. “You look at Tiazinha,” Fernanda said, “it’s bunda.” Look at pagode dancer Carla Perez from the group Ê o Tchan, “it’s bunda.” She recalled a popular joke from her childhood that plays on the slogan of the Brazilian flag: “Order and progress, bunda is success.” Everything, she said, “is sort of about bunda.”

For Fausto Fawcett, however, there is also “a more entertainingly serious aspect” to the term bunda when it is associated with “suingue, with sangue [blood], sensuality, rhythm,” things that were “simply a part of our
culture” and not “exaggeratedly commercial.” He described the song “Garota Sangue Bom” (Cool girl), which he co-authored with Fernanda, as a kind of update to the bossa nova “Ela é carioca” (“She’s a Carioca,” 1963), by Vinicius de Moraes and Tom Jobim. Sangue bom, or “good blood,” means someone who is “good people,” who is “cool,” who knows the codes of a given scene and is trustworthy. “Garota carioca, suingue, sangue bom!” (“Carioca girl, swing, good blood!”) is the anthemic refrain to this romping mix of rhythm and blues, samba hip-hop, and rap full of attitude. The verses tell of “mocking hips” in the measured steps of the half-samba, half-funk “dancing scandal” of a woman; of the “Carioca feminine presence,” suburban and South Zone, a “body that is a soul”; “sublime irresistible inspiration” from the Marvelous City; “a courtesan synthesized from the waves of a feminine body” with “an influence of a sensual caliber.” “Check out her way of speaking,” Fernanda sings, “of dancing . . . of looking . . . of walking . . . of flirting.” Fausto’s lyrics take the listener into “the suburban night” where there are girls of good blood, in the charme, of “inevitable desire,” proffering invitations one cannot refuse, “the sugar of the Carioca feminine presence.” It is a “hot paradise of excited spirit,” of feelings “animated by the sun and the sea.”

Clearly, all these images and metaphors speak to the male gaze, in this case, Fausto Fawcett’s. How might this Carioca feminine presence be characterized? I asked the lyricist. “Suingue, rhythm. Explicit seduction,” was his answer. “The Carioca woman has manners of seduction,” he claimed. “She knows how to work with masculine fascination better. This is cool, and it’s a tradition too, there is no denying this.” But suingue, in Fausto’s perception at least, also pertains more generally to social “contact,” to “something even violent, of blood being synonymous with something vital to life, circulation.” This was very pronounced in Rio de Janeiro, he felt, but especially in the suburbs, where suingue “is the language.” Suingue is, he said, “the story” of the comunidade (“community,” a term that refers specifically to the working-class population), and it is something that samba and funk share. Fernanda echoed Fausto’s suggestive topography when she wrote in her press release for Raio X that “all that we want in Rio is to be able to listen to the sound that this new crowd from the morro is making, not just the sound of the asphalt, of the middle-class South Zone. After all, the morro is where the experts hang out.”

One such expert is Ivo Meirelles, whom Fernanda invited—along with members of his samba-funk-pop group, Funk’n Lata—to record a rousing
remake of the classic samba “É hoje” (Today’s the day), which she had already recorded in a more traditional style on Da lata. Ivo grew up in the morro of Mangueira, and he has deep roots in that community’s storied samba school, of which he has served as director (see figure 17). He started Funk’n Lata in July of 1995, he told me, as a project to turn the “rhythmicians” (ritmistas) of the samba school into “musicians of percussion” with the instruments of the samba school such as surdo, pandeiro, tamborim, caixa, and repique. “I wanted them to think musically like a pop-rock-funk band, not like a samba school,” he said. That is, the percussionists had to move beyond thinking solely about their rhythmic role and consider the dynamics of a pop music ensemble that could record tracks for the radio. “I began to give them some patterns for how the surdo would perform the role of the kick drum, how the caixa would imitate the snare of a drum kit, how the tamborim and the repique would take the place of the missing tom-toms, and that’s how Funk’n Lata began.”

Like various other musicians discussed in this book, Ivo was interested in eliminating the drummer of the typical pop-rock band, but he was ap-

**FIGURE 17. Ivo Meirelles, leading GRES Estação Primeira da Mangueira in rehearsal**
proaching the problem from precisely the opposite position of, for example, the members of PLAP. That is, he was already in samba and wanted to take the bateria associated with a classic samba school and combine it with electric bass and guitar, and with a horn section of trumpet, sax, and trombone. He sought to join batucada (unaccompanied samba drumming) to “black music,” meaning funk, rap, hip-hop, and soul. (LL Cool J was among his influences.) The addition of the brass instruments to perform bright, syncopated fills gave Funk’n Lata a very danceable pop sound, and it is effective for Fernanda’s recording of “É hoje.” “Fernanda knows how to mix samba with funk and hip-hop,” he said. “She does it well.” The samba from São Paulo that was “in fashion,” he complained, referring to the pagode phenomenon, lacked “a connotation of roots.” When Fernanda makes a mixture, he said, “she knows the roots that carnival of Rio de Janeiro represents.”

For Fernanda, beginning the album with people from the old guard of Mangueira and ending it with Funk’n Lata spoke to her concept for Raio X. Brazil was a “miscegenated and cannibalistic country” whose “cultural and racial tradition” came from the verb “to mix.” Raio X mixed the various drums and drumming styles of tambor, maracatu, timbau from Bahia, electric bumbo, and the surdo from samba “in service of Brazilian dance music.” Music technologies such as Pro Tools, samplers, and Macintoshes, on the other hand, were already part of “the universal pop language.” The album, she felt, affirmed that Brazilian pop had begun to mix “Brazil” into its language more effectively. “To be Brazilian” is to be “of the world.” Other tracks on the album include Fernanda's hip-hop-forró-samba-funk hybrid version of Lenine’s “Jack soul brasileiro,” with Lenine as guest singer, Liminha on bass, Suzano on pandeiro and ganzá, and Gilberto Gil on vio-lão. The bossa nova–era legend João Donato added keyboards (clavinet and Fender Rhodes), while Rodrigo Campello and Berna Ceppas created loops from samples, in addition to Bodão’s drum kit and tamborim and Fernando Vidal’s electric guitar. It is quite a mixture of generations, influences, and instruments. Another song “Kátia Flávia, a Godiva de Irajá” (Kátia Flávia, the Godiva of Irajá), describes a sexually ambiguous character of Fausto Fawcett’s invention from the underworld of Copacabana prostitution and crime, portrayed as a “hot blonde” (louraça) who is delicious and satanic and “only wears edible underwear.”

12
Urban Entities, Violence, and Consumerism

In preparing the album Entidade urbana, released in 2000, Fernanda researched “everything that has to do with humans in this space that is the city.” The city is an “urban body,” she told me, while Rio de Janeiro is “human, urban, and at the same time very difficult.” She was preoccupied with “the violence, the tolerance, the generosity, also the nature” of cities like Rio, and she conceptualized a transhuman city as “a living organism” with “veins,” “urban cloth,” “vital city organs,” “nodules,” and “access highways.” The sound of the album, which was produced by Liminha and Chico Neves at Nas Nuvens, Estudios Mega, and Chico’s smaller Estúdio 304 (all blocks away from each other in the South Zone), continues Fernanda’s interest in pop dance musics that originated principally in African American styles—mixed, of course, with samba or, in one case, with the maracatu rhythm.

The track “Roda que se mexe” (Circle that moves), for example, co-composed with Rodrigo Campello (of MiniStereo) describes the earth as a circle spinning, shuffling, and swinging, full of expanding and multiplying cities. The underlying rhythmic feel borrows from an American disco-funk sound of the late 1970s (it is similar to the groove in James Brown’s hit “It’s Too Funky in Here” of 1979), and the two-chord vamp (I7–IV7) in the verses give it a rhythm-and-blues flavor. At the same time, the musical accents performed on various instruments keep it rooted in a duple samba feel and mark it as a carioca groove. Percussion recorded live (e.g., Marcos Suzano on pandeiro and ganzá, and César Farias on tamborim), as well as subtle references in the instrumentation of Rodrigo Campello’s and Berna Ceppas’s programmed loops (the sounds of the cuíca, a knife and plate, and a box of matches played as a shaker) further highlight the samba influence on the track. Contributions from the MPB legends Gilberto Gil (violão, backing vocals) and João Donato (clavinet and Fender Rhodes piano), and from Jamil Joanes (slap funk bass), César Farias (drum kit), and Fernando Vidal and Davi Moraes (electric guitar), fill out the pop band instrumentation.

The word roda (“circle” or “wheel”) is used in Brazil to refer to a circle of participants in a traditional musical or dance setting. In a samba de roda, for example, those present who are not dancing typically clap the rhythm (generally, a 3 + 3 + 2 pattern or similar), and sing a refrain in chorus—an eminently “participatory” formation. This pop roda, by contrast, is char-
characterized not by the intensely localized and live manifestation of the circle dance but rather by a mixing, multiplying, cannibalizing, swinging, transhuman, transurban cosmopolitan loop. Everybody is moving at the same time, Fernanda sings. “The whole earth wants to swing.” As the planet spins, cities are everywhere: the lyrics describe them climbing hills and descending valleys. They eat earth and drink ocean, creating new faces, new houses, and new corners for hanging out with friends, and for “making rhythm and rhyme.” Cities are hotbeds of invention of new languages, dances, fashions.

The song “Meu cep é seu” (My ZIP code is yours), also co-composed with Rodrigo Campello, is a mix of samba, acid jazz (club dance music influenced by jazz and funk), and jungle (a fast-tempo dance genre characterized by frenetic snare drumming and bass influenced by dub reggae). Rather than the city being like a body, the inverse is the case in this song: veins and arteries are compared to streets with traffic jams. “To navigate through your body,” she sings, “is like walking through the city.” She gets lost in the city-body, she changes her address to “inside your body.” A deep, low electric bass line that follows fairly closely a characteristic samba syncopation (at a very slow tempo in 2/4 meter) is juxtaposed with an acid jazz–like drum part that feels more like 4/4 meter with even, slow, unaccented eighth notes played on a ride cymbal and snare-drum rim shots on beats 2 and 4. Filtered synthesizer pads (orchestral string backgrounding) add to the acid jazz ambience.

As Rodrigo Campello plays a chord vamp with syncopated samba accents on violão, Fernanda’s voice enters, speaking the words rhythmically, then singing a hypnotic melody that mostly oscillates between the tonic and lowered seventh scale degree, but with accents that also emphasize the characteristic samba pattern. Her voice is modified by filters and electronically split into high and low octaves, lending it a machine-like, posthuman quality. On the refrain the groove switches to the rapid snare drumming common in the jungle genre. Also featured on the track is a flexatone, a spring steel instrument invented in 1924 to replace the musical saw and used in compositions by Arnold Schoenberg, Aram Khachaturian, and Alfred Schnittke, among others. Marcos Suzano performs on cajón and metal springs and platters, among the percussive odds and ends he includes in his kit.

From the same album, the song “Urbano canibal” (Urban cannibal), co-authored by Fernanda and Lenine, also features a jungle sound. City and body again blend into one another in the lyrics. Fernanda sings about
being “an urban cannibal” made of flesh, steel, cement, “planted in the asphalt,” “in the middle of everything,” devouring, chewing “this city body of vacant identity” and “becoming what I am.” The city body, as something to be consumed, is integral to this cannibal becoming. The rapid snare drumming of jungle percussion also reminds the listener of the maracatu rural of Lenine’s home state, Pernambuco (see chapter 2). A violão adds a filtered harmonic vamp while distorted electric guitars scream and echo in the background, painting an aural picture of a tough, fast-paced, whirling urban environment that is half human, half street. In short, Entidade urbana expands the trope of the dancing, samba-ing body, of the incorporation of all things pertaining to one’s identity, to include the urban landscape, evoking the kind of “cosmopolitan body” described by the geographer Nigel Clark: “It is not only human bodies that pass through a city composed of active matter,” he reflects, “but matter which flows in and through bodies” (2000, 14).

The “city body” of Rio de Janeiro is also one threatened by violence, and Fernanda turned to this theme for the album Na paz (At peace), which she released in 2004. The striking album art, by Luiz Stein, features Fernanda in combat fatigue pants and a white T-shirt with a red heart on it, with small white flowers in her long brown hair. Her arms are outstretched in front of her, toward the viewer, and in each hand she holds a large caliber pistol, one black, the other silver, with sunflowers stuck in the barrels. The background is a blue sky with light cumulus clouds, and framing the white-lettered title of the album are two white pistols facing in opposite directions with flowers growing out of the barrels. One of the photographs inside the listening notes features a profile image of Fernanda holding an automatic weapon (also with flowers stuck in the end of the barrel), and Picasso’s white dove of peace in the background. Similar photographs include a peace sign in the background.13

Fausto Fawcett describes the imagery as representing an “attitude of bellicose arrogance” (2004); perhaps it also reflects that “kitschy” impulse “to be different, to create your own style,” that Fabiano Gontijo identified in the Carioca fashion sense (2002, 61–62). Given the context of the Rio de Janeiro of the past two decades, however, which includes the association in the media of funk with violence, as well as the more generalized problems that the various modes of violence (the war between traffickers and the police, the devastation of youth by drugs and the drug trade, armed robbery and assault, for example) pose for urban social life, Fernanda’s incorporation of guns into her image for the album art is not mere aesthe-
tization or trivialization. She wanted to take the images of weapons that saturated media coverage of the city, she said, and attach them to “a different message,” that of peace.14

From this album, “Bidolibido” is a funk song (with the seven-string guitar of samba and choro) in which Fernanda aggressively raps accelerated lyrics by Fausto Fawcett about sexually charged encounters intertwined with sounds and images of violence. Fernanda’s voice is modified electronically to sound like it is coming through a small speaker—a cellular phone? an answering machine? It is very Sex and the City, Fausto remarked in the press release. The jaunty, nervous verses, which are “treated like stray bullets . . . whirring by,” Fausto writes (2004), give way to techno-samba groove accents on cuica and tamborim on the refrains and again as the song ends. The violent city territorializes the sexualized body here, in the way Elizabeth Grosz described for “Bodies-Cities” (1998). Intertextual references such as a citation of Caetano Veloso’s “De noite na cama” (At night in bed, 1974) and Gilberto Gil’s “Aquele abraço,” and the use of the English “I miss you” to rhyme with edifício (building) in a phrase describing sex in a hallway territorialize other assemblages. It reflects, partly, what Fernanda conceptualized as “your violent portion as a human being, . . . which generates other [forms of] violence, but which also generates energy [and] a number of things that are not all bad.”

Another way in which Fernanda developed the themes for the album was in terms of the social violence of consumerism. In a city like Rio with its radical inequality, the dynamics of consumption were “cruel,” she felt. Television made one feel that it was necessary “to buy Nike sneakers,” and “that you have to be better than your friend, you have to be more beautiful than so-and-so,” and this, she felt, generated a kind of violence. It was exacerbated by globalization and the policies of neoliberalism given free rein after the collapse of the Soviet Union, she said. Her generation, she reflected, read Marx and Engels and at least thought about socialism. “You had to think a little bit about fraternity, about inequality, generosity, the possibility of a life in solidarity, equality.” Individualism was now liberated and the Other “can go to hell.” The “yuppie” culture of Wall Street, in which “the idea was to get your first million dollars by age thirty,” may have been “sweet [bonitinho] for the United States, where there is a certain standard of living,” but in Brazil it was not a good fit. It was “savage” capitalism. Fernanda collaborated again with Ivo Meirelles for “Vida de rei” (King’s life), a disco-funk-samba piece in which Ivo raps about being born in the favela, damned, and forced to “struggle with the devil” to gain
respect and to stay out of gangs—a king without a kingdom. “You who doubt,” Fernanda chimes in, “have everything in life” and do not want to recognize that the “maladies of the city are not in the shacks.”

The dub- and rude boy–influenced “A onça” (The jaguar), co-composed with Rodrigo Campello and featuring the local hip-hop artist Black Alien, describes the kind of paranoia urban violence can generate. Fernanda sings of studying her surroundings while walking carefully through the city, alert to danger, steeled by hunger, asking Ogum to accompany her, with a cool mind and hot body, like a jaguar. She also sings a version of Jorge Ben Jor’s “Eu vou torcer” (I will cheer), from the latter’s A tábua de esmeralda (The Emerald Tablet), released in 1972 and regarded as a classic in Brazil. The song is about “cheering for peace,” for “beautiful things” (spring, summer, winter, blue seas, dignity, lovers, happiness, understanding), and for “useful things you can buy for ten bucks,” and it features Indian sitar (André Gomes) and tabla drum (Marcos Suzano), presumably to suggest a peaceful Buddhist or Ghandian spirituality. Ben Jor also joined Fernanda as a guest vocalist on the song “Zazuê,” a melancholy tango-inflected track about a figure who wants to be a kind of Robin Hood of the morro.

She also includes on the album two irresistible sambas recorded largely acoustically. Fernanda shares the playful lyrics to the lighthearted “Sou brasileiro” (I’m Brazilian, co-composed with Fernanda’s longtime percussionist Jovi Joviniano) with the samba artist Martínália. The final track on the album leaves no doubt of Fernanda’s intense appreciation of samba as she covers the melancholic classic “Não deixe o samba morrer” (Don’t let the samba die, 1976) by Edson Gomes da Conceição and Aloísio Silva and first made into a hit by the singer Alcione. The subject of the song—Fernanda, in this case—proclaims that when she can no longer parade down the avenue, when her legs can no longer carry her body along with the samba, she will hand off her place to someone else and watch her school from the sidelines, “winning or losing another carnival.” And before kissing life good-bye, she will request that the youngest sambista never let the samba die: “The morro was made of samba, of samba for us to dance.”

Conclusions

In the 1970s, soul and funk from the United States found enthusiastic audiences in Rio de Janeiro, particularly among the working classes. Disco music in Brazil had a precedent with the campy ensemble As Frenéticas,
made up of six female singer-dancers (and band), at first as a novelty act at Nelson Motta’s Dancing Days nightclub in the South Zone in the mid-1970s, but then, briefly, as a media phenomenon (Motta 2000, 290–303). Fernanda Abreu began her career as a singer and dancer in the pop-rock group Blitz, which also became a media phenomenon in the early 1980s as Brazil re-democratized; when she wanted to launch a solo career, she was drawn especially to black dance music from the United States. However, together with her producers and arrangers, principally Chico Neves and Liminha, she also incorporated synthesizers and, more importantly, sequencers into her first two albums. In a country abundant in acoustic percussion traditions, in a city of samba, the practice of looping electronic beats on a sequencer could be interpreted locally as a dubious one—an “alienated” practice even, in the terms of the debate discussed in the preface. Fernanda did not use loops in moderation as a subtle update to the MPB aesthetic; she placed them at the center of her sound and her discourse about Brazilian music. Meanwhile, in the communities where samba was supposed to be rooted, funk carioca was emerging, also utilizing sequencers and beat boxes, and drawing on electronic dance rhythms. Fernanda Abreu was among the first from outside this scene—along with her friend Hermano Vianna—to recognize and embrace Rio funk as a legitimate expression of Carioca life.

After her first two albums, Fernanda began to include more samba in her mixtures, as she joined in the collective project to insert Brazil into pop. She also carefully balanced her career with motherhood in a context she identified as strongly macho. As Rita Lee pointed out, her career stands in opposition to mono-dimensional media representations of women as objects to be consumed—“eaten” in Brazilian slang for sexual intercourse. In “Nádegas a declarar,” Fernanda’s collaboration with Gabriel O Pensador, from which I quoted in the epigraph to this chapter, she addressed the issue of bunda in Brazilian culture. She is not interested in lecturing on morality, she rapped, because it is common knowledge that in a tropical country of soccer, carnival, and samba, “to shake a little ass” is “natural.” Yet, while she did not claim to be a feminist, she recognized that bundalização was encouraged by a macho culture “full of chauvinist pigs.” She wanted to rap about it not just for young girls but also to reach the males who “endlessly encourage” bundalização, especially on television. “This is for you!” she advised. The cover art for Gabriel’s album Nádegas a declarar of 1999 (which features this collaboration) is framed as if it were a TV screen,
with Gabriel tied up and muted with duct tape over his mouth, seated in a chair, looking upward toward the camera, his constricted hands opened upward in resignation, and surrounded by the bronzed backsides of some twenty or so young women wearing nothing but thong bikinis, lying in tight but more or less random proximity on the floor, none showing her face. Gabriel is suffocating in a sea of bunda in this image; the contrast with Fernanda's album art, which always features her face and front side, is striking (Fernanda's husband, Luiz Stein, oversaw the graphic design for Gabriel's disc, as he has for Fernanda).

“Historically,” Heloisa Buarque de Hollanda writes, “Brazilian women have always found it uncomfortable to show public commitment to feminist struggles. As a result, it appears that the only reason for their present gains and outstanding leadership roles is their . . . administrative and financial talents and skills; skills that, not coincidentally, are today very appealing to neoliberal entrepreneurial management models” (2002, 322). Fernanda has shown these kinds of management skills and, like Suzano, adapted well to the new spaces opened up by transformations in the music industry. Na paz was the first album she recorded in her personal studio, Pancadão, and the first on her own label, Garota Sangue Bom. The studio is in a small house on a quiet street in the South Zone. She sought to make it into a comfortable space for working, a “home-like” environment, she said, with a kitchen and lounge as well as the studio itself. (It is not unusual for recording studios to have a small kitchen and lounge.)

She carefully chose the equipment, such as the Genelec control room monitors, which, she noted, had excellent bass, essential for mixing dance music. Most importantly for her, in keeping with broader trends as music production moved into smaller “project” studios, at Pancadão “you’re not watching the clock.” When you go to a commercial studio, you are paying by the hour, but “here a guy comes, turns on a pedal, turns on another, begins creating different things, because you have fewer limitations of time, money, schedule.” The modernist thinker Oswald de Andrade’s theory of anthropophagy, Sara Castro-Klarén has argued, attempted “to restore the figure of the woman-mother, in all her sexual stages, to the center of the anthropophagic scene, with a special consideration of the body as a place for Tupi thought” as part of his teleological vision for a final return to a Pindorama Matriarchy (2000, 305; Pindorama is purportedly an indigenous Tupi-Guarani word for the land once inhabited by the Tupinambá, Brazil’s quintessential “cannibals”). There may not be a radical project in
Fernanda’s cannibalizations, but she has attributed a central role to the female Carioca body in this identity work.

Liv Sovik has discussed how the privileges that accrue to whiteness are masked in a context that celebrates miscegenation. Fernanda began an autobiographical essay for her website with the observation that she has in her blood the “mixture of the three races” that played a role in the formation of the Brazilian people (Europeans, Africans, Amerindians). Her sometime collaborator Ivo Meirelles—an Afro-Brazilian from the Mangueira community, also associated musical and cultural mixture in Brazil with miscegenation, but when I asked him if he thought racism exists in the country, he unhesitatingly affirmed, “Lots,” and he added that it is perhaps worse than in the United States, where he thought it was more out in the open. In Brazil, by contrast, everyone is “fake” and there is “no confrontation.” It is horrible because it is never clear who the “enemy” is, he said, echoing a theme from the “MPB: Engagement or alienation?” debate, in which participants noted that since the end of the military dictatorship, it had become harder to single out a target for protest.

Hollanda describes how Brazil’s “‘soft’ ambivalence in gender and race discourses has begun to be understood . . . as a process of political articulations, which is proving more flexible and politically effective than the confrontational discourses of metropolitan feminism” (2002, 326). In contrast to Isfahani-Hammond, Hollanda feels that Brazilian gender and race studies are slowly moving beyond theories that interpret local discourses as primarily working to naturalize difference and inequality. By the late 1990s there was a growing sense, Hollanda writes, that Brazil’s discursive “softness” was perhaps “an efficient survival strategy within the broader and violent scope of the relations between metropolitan and peripheral countries,” and “a valuable way to negotiate the no less violent particularities of the logic of power relations in Brazil.” Ambiguity may serve privilege more than the subaltern, and whether or not Hollanda’s interpretation turns out to be valid in the long term remains to be seen. Nonetheless, Fernanda Abreu’s career has shown a notable ability to navigate through music the divides of North Zone and South Zone, middle and working class, black and white, female and male, in the pursuit of new mixtures.