Macacos y Boleros

Zé Pedro

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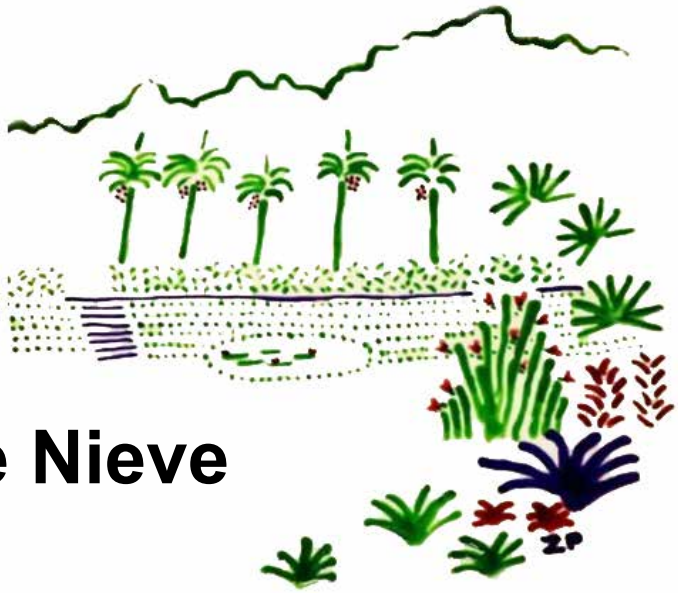
Macacos y Boleros

Zé Pedro

em comemoração aos 200 anos do “Grito do Ypiranga”



Ao Bola de Nieve

Índice

6 prefácio
Zé Pedro

11 abertura

24 1º ato

55 2º ato

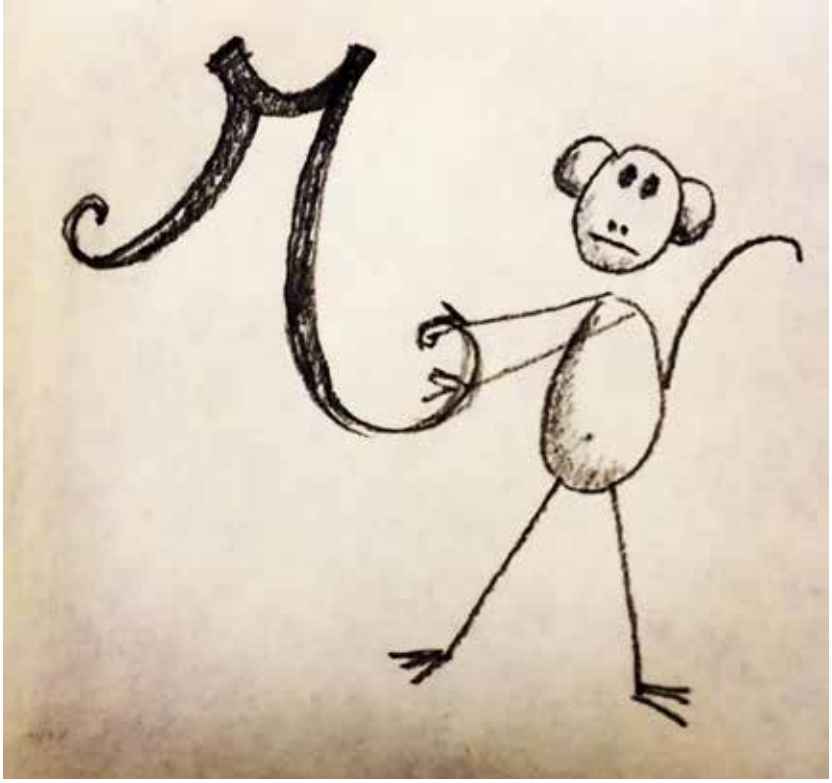
92 3º ato

139 4º ato

184 5º ato

228 gran finale

249 posfácio
Sérgio Ferro



Prefácio

MACACOS Y BOLEROS é fruto da seleção de uma série de desenhos de minha autoria que vêm sendo publicados no endereço @zpedrocosta do Instagram desde 2014. Aí poderão ser vistos também outros desenhos meus, além de milhares de imagens e vídeos de macacos. Macacos de todos os tipos, grandes pequenos, desenhados, fotografados, reproduções de bibelôs, esculturas simiescas. Quero chamar a atenção para o homem macaco presente neste conjunto. A ciência tem demonstrado que o homem indubitavelmente é um descendente dos macacos. Nada impede, porém, a natureza de ter propiciado macacos que sejam resultado de uma involução do homem. Só que dizendo dessa maneira, que é a corriqueira, estaríamos classificando os macacos como seres inferiores aos humanos, quando a realidade nos ensina exatamente o contrário.

Boleros são a quintessência da música popular, lascivos, dolentes, chorosos, depressivos, que, em sua maioria, retratam a realidade latino-americana com primor , expressam com maestria o momento vivido pelo país e, por que não dizer, do submundo em geral. Os desencantos do amor, o ódio e a vingança do amor escanteado, a poesia da dor. Tudo isso e muito mais cabe numa só frase de um bolero. Certamente aqui nos escaparam boleros fabulosos, porém, dada sua infinidade, nenhum tratado poderia captar todas suas nuances e abrangência. Portanto, esta é uma coleção de algumas expressivas manifestações dos sentimentos humanos traduzidos em música. Um sambinha-canção aqui e os versos de um tango ali buscam aprimorar o capricho no tempero e apimentar este arranjo. Já os fados, são outra conversa. Conseguem, modo geral, ser ainda mais sofridos que os boleros. Sombrios, catitas ou fagueiros, mas sempre doloridos. Precisavam de um cantinho especial. Amália, a grande, e tantos outros merecem seu altar no santuário da angústia.

Bola de Nieve é o intérprete por excelência dos boleros. Não só de boleros mas principalmente de boleros. Temos nesta modesta seleção canções que foram interpretadas por Toña la Negra, Lucho Gatica, Libertad Lamarque, Dalva de Oliveira, Ângela Maria, Beni More, Elvira Rios, Gregorio Barrios, Los Panchos, Tania Libertad e tantos outros cantores magistrais. O mais moderno deles, aquele que nos é até hoje contemporâneo, é sem dúvida o genial Bola. Assim, sem demérito de nenhum dos demais intérpretes, pelo contrário idolatrando-os, inclusive pelo caráter vintage, vai aqui a seus cantores e autores um grande e forte abraço de agradecimento deste que é um apaixonado “macaco de auditório” de todos eles. Que seria da vida sem as palavras piedade, aflição, loucura, angústia, frenesi ... condensadas com tanta precisão pelos boleros?

A ordenação das imagens deste livro se fez tendo como referência duas outras publicações de minha autoria que, pode-se dizer, compõem com este uma trilogia. “Desenhos Musicados” da editora de Massao Ohno e “Cena Macaca” da Ateliê Editorial. Agradeço ao produtor Tálisson Melo e ao Pedro Paiva que trabalhou na preparação das imagens. Imagens que vão reproduzidas da forma que aparecem no Instagram. Agradeço também a Memé Ayoub, Quentin de Saint Maur, Mequita Andrade e Pedro Rojas que participaram da missão impossível que foi a revisão de tudo isto. Agradecimento especial ao Professor e pintor Sérgio Ferro, amigo de longas eras, pela gentileza de escrever o prefácio deste livro. E, por fim, ressalto que alguns dos desenhos, porcelanas e mosaicos que aqui aparecem foram mostrados em algumas exposições individuais realizadas ao longo desses anos. Atentem que neste livro é apresentado, pela primeira vez, o novo e grande herói, o Super-Muriqui. Aspira ainda este se agregar às comemorações da passagem dos séculos do “Grito” que nos libertou de uma sina de fadistas.

Berlim, 7 de setembro de 2022

Zé Pedro de Oliveira Costa

MACACOS DO SRI LANKA

“O macaco é um animal muito simpático para que o homem descenda dele.”

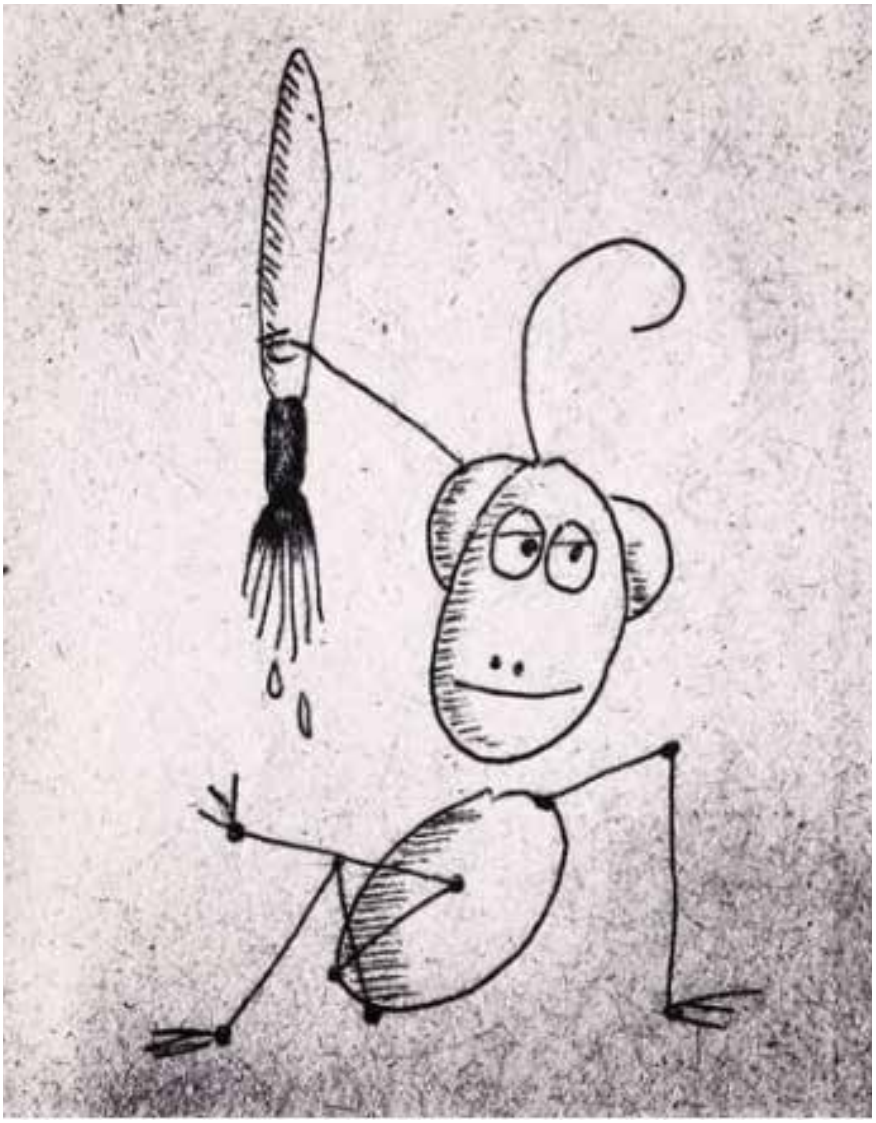
Friedrich Nietzsche

ABERTURA

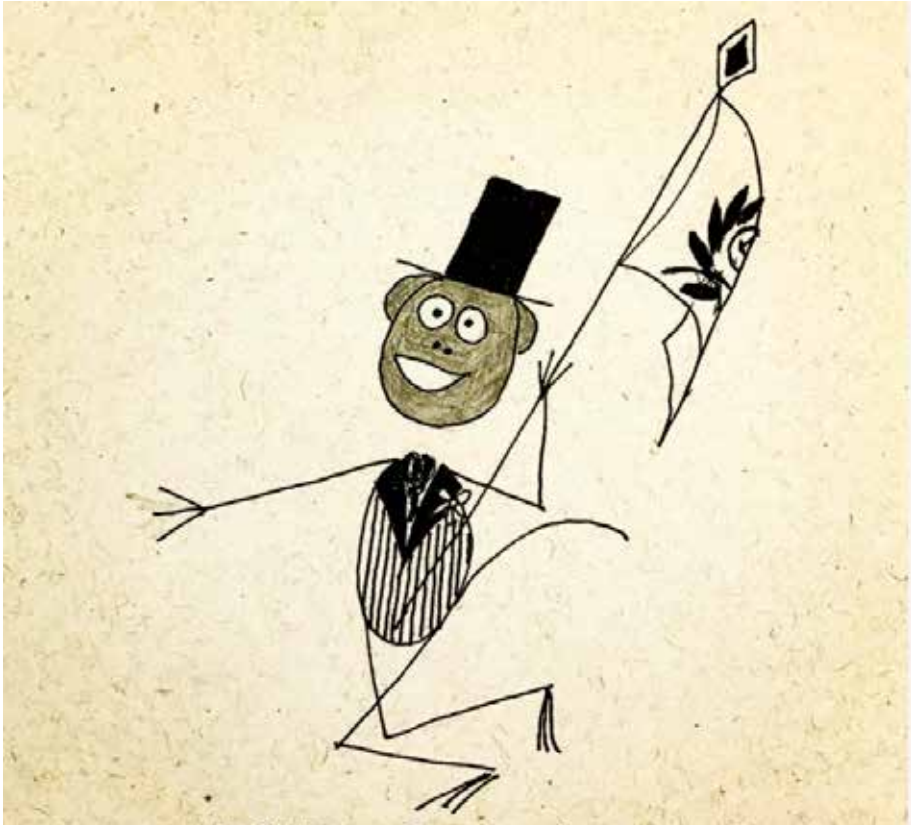
“YO, QUE YA HE LUCHADO CONTRA TODA LA MALDAD...”

Y ASÍ PASAN
LOS DIAS

“SENTINDO UM FRIO EM MINH’ALMA
TE CONVIDEI PRA DANÇAR...”

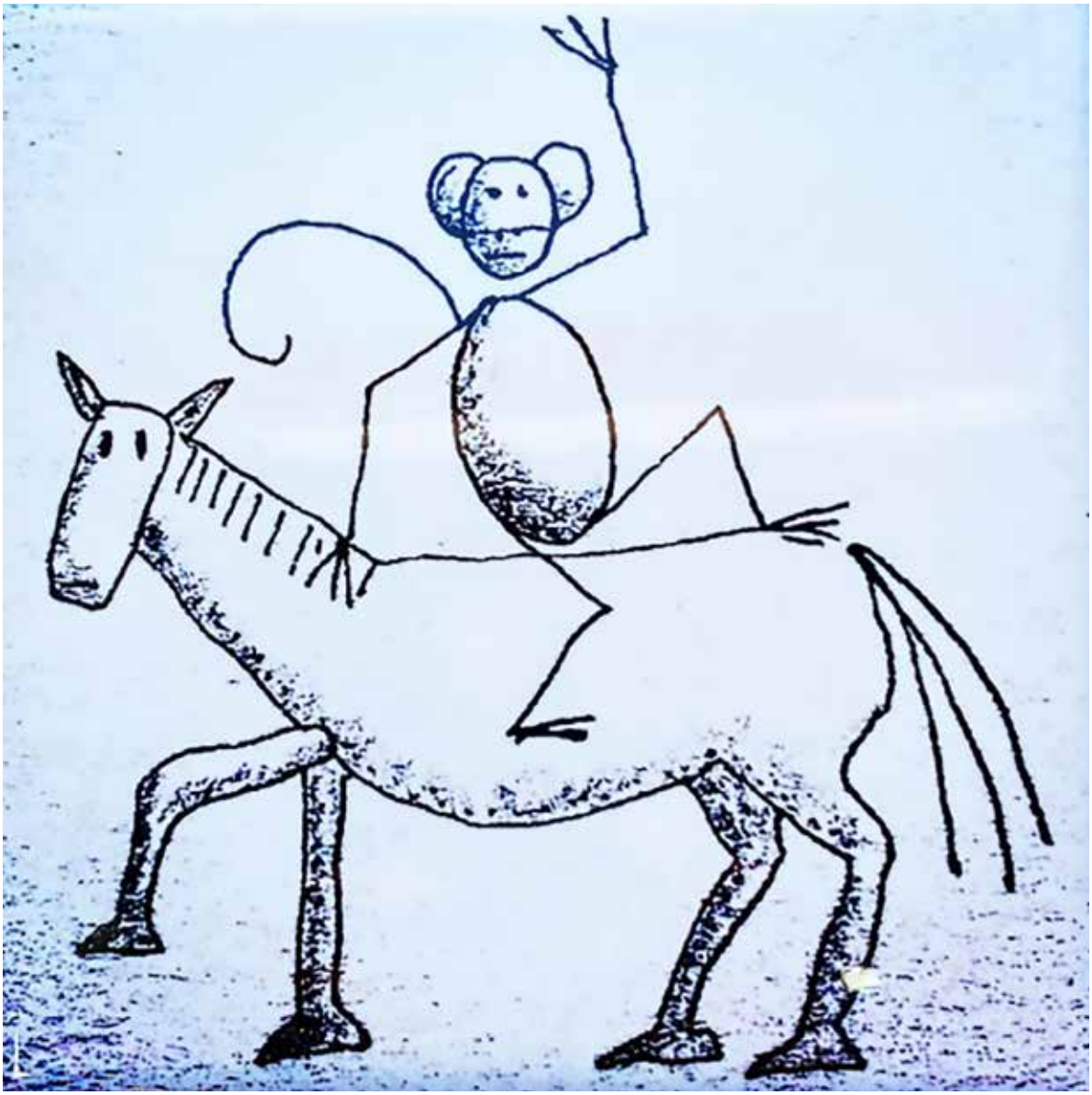


“É COM ESSE QUE EU VOU...”

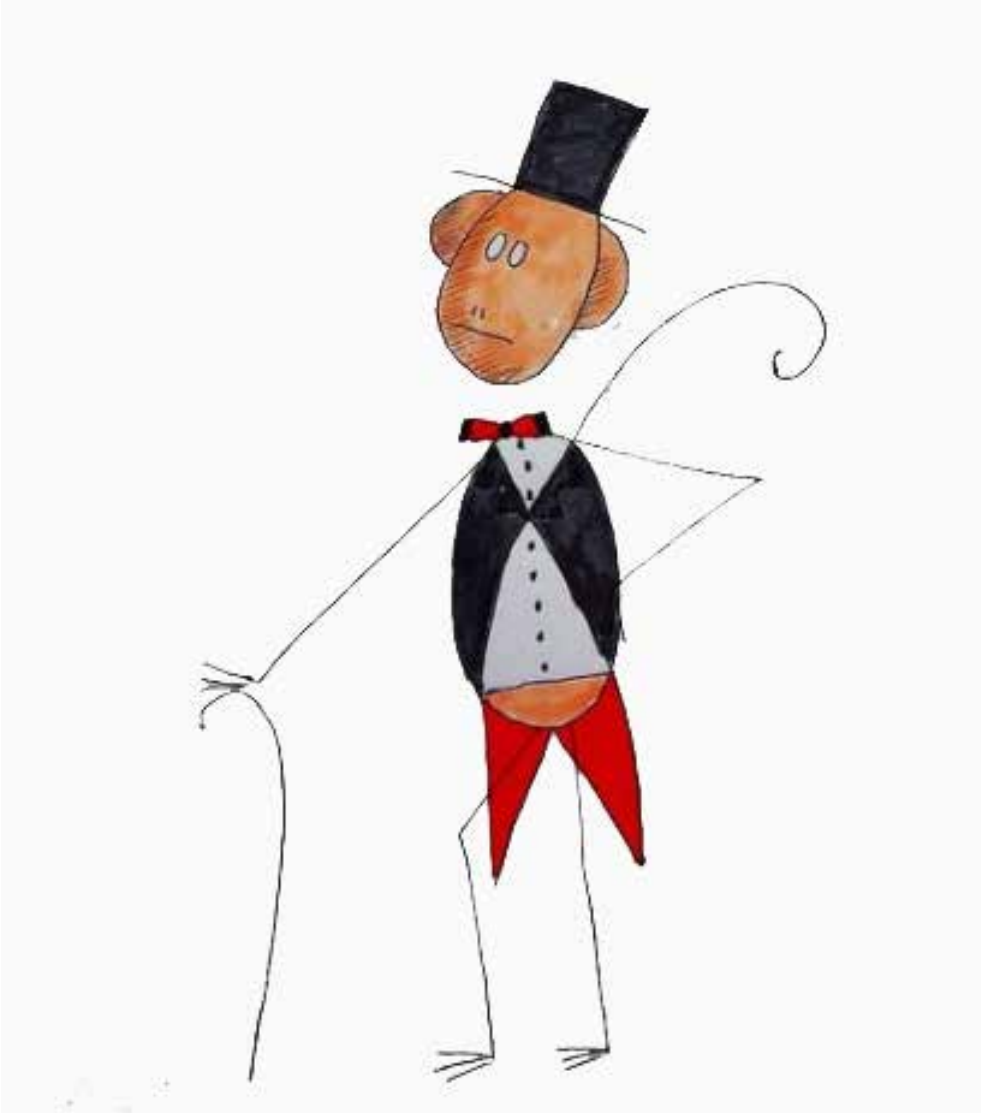


MESTRE SALA COM BANDEIRA

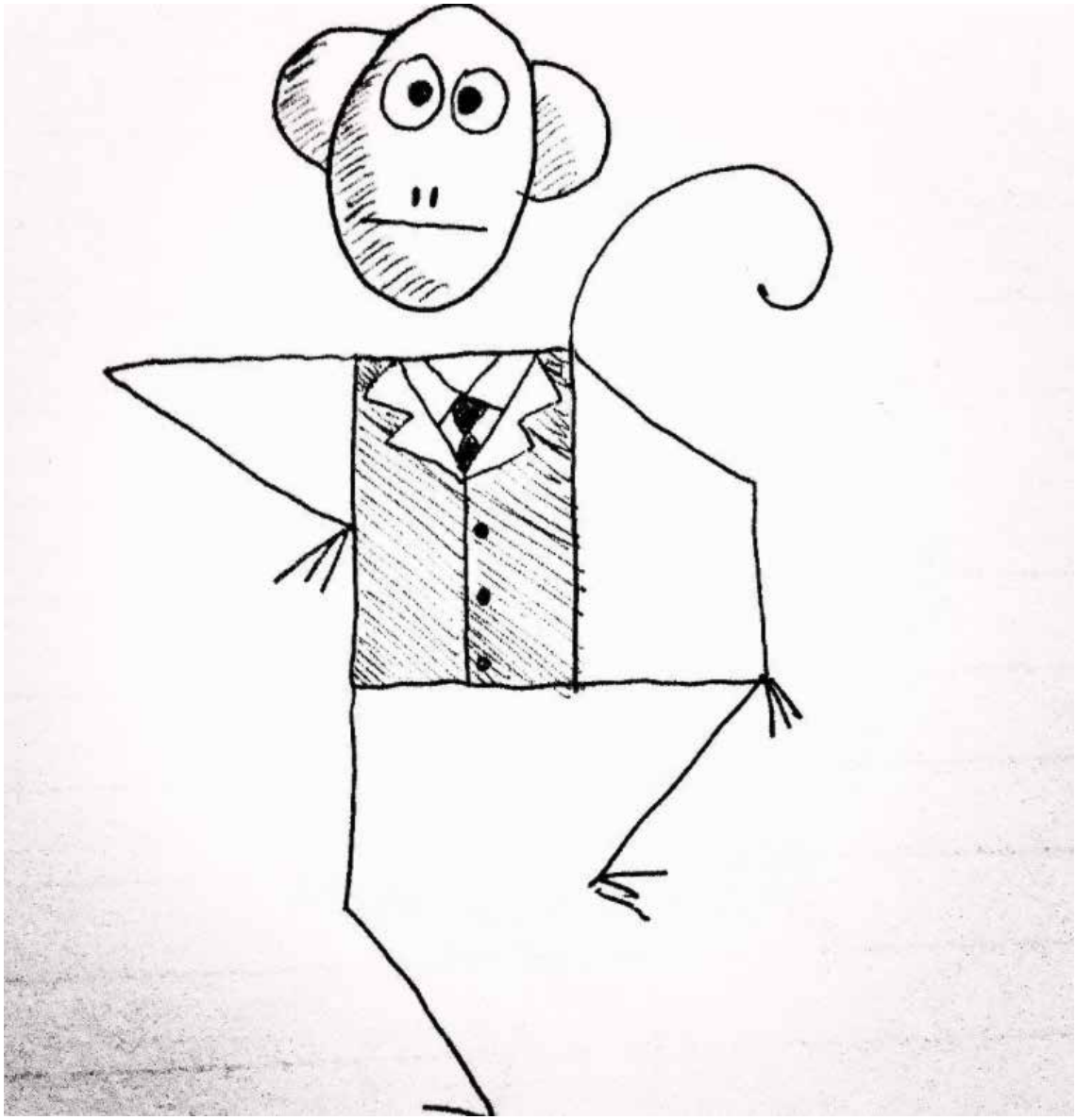
PORTA BANDEIRA SEM BANDEIRA

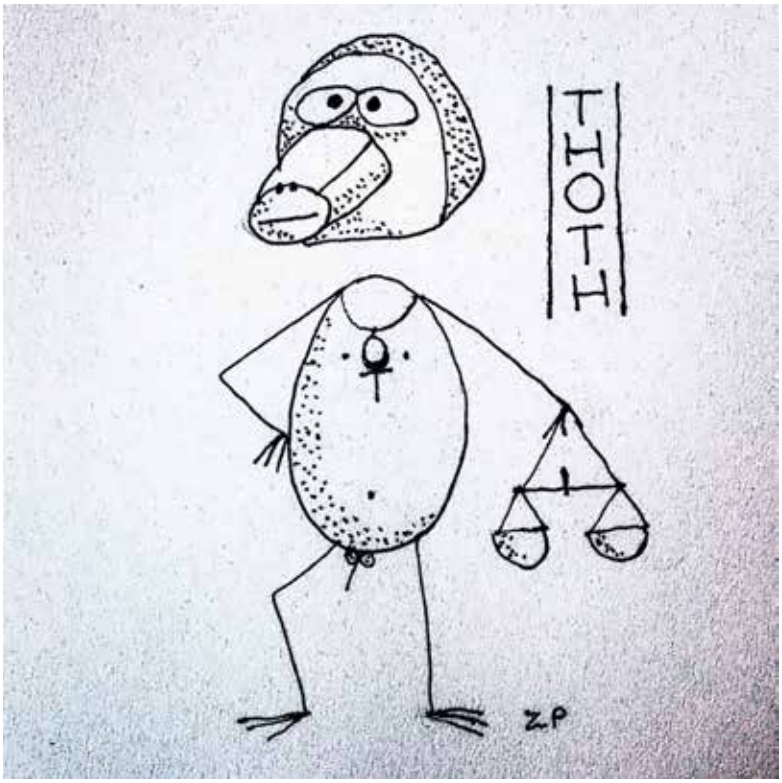


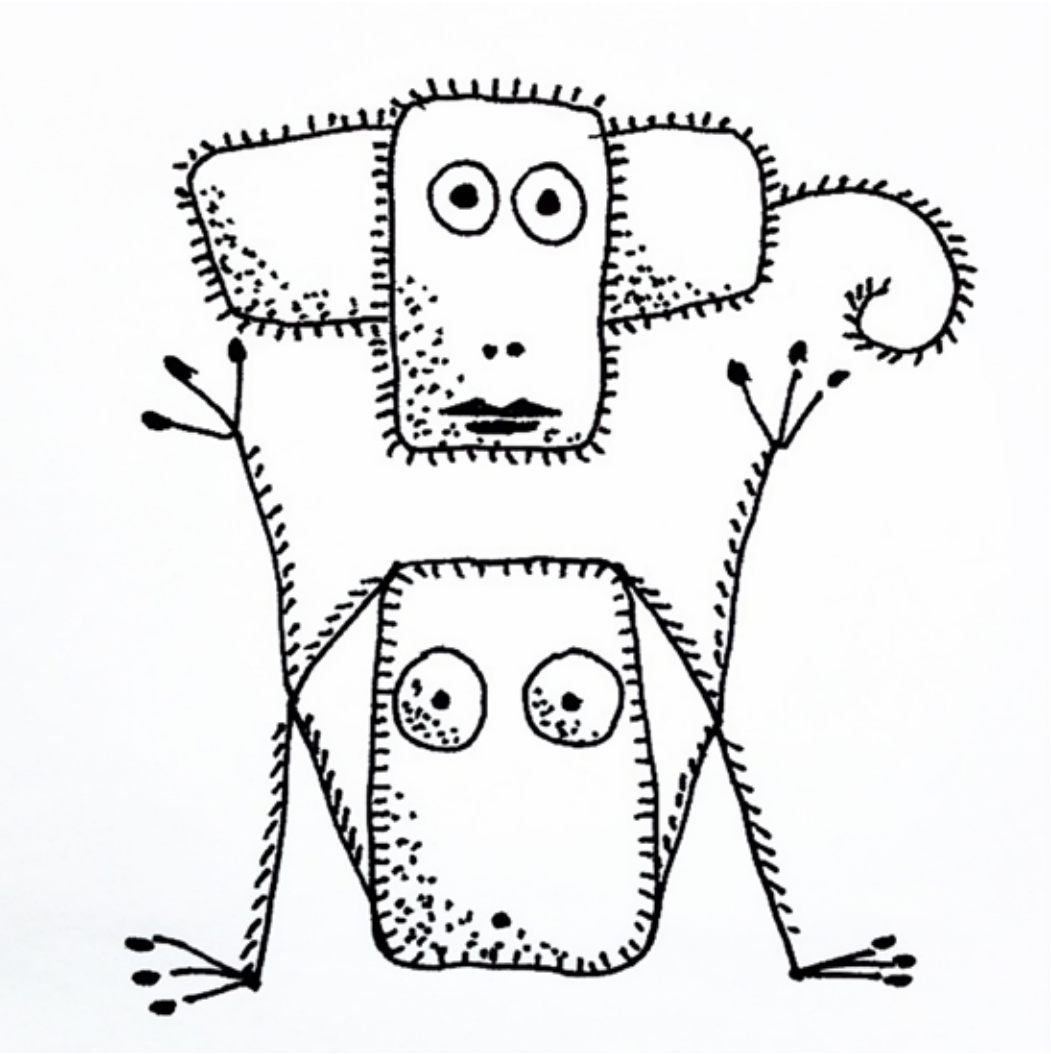
"... NÃO IMPORTA QUE A MULA MANQUE
O QUE EU QUERO É ROSETÁ."



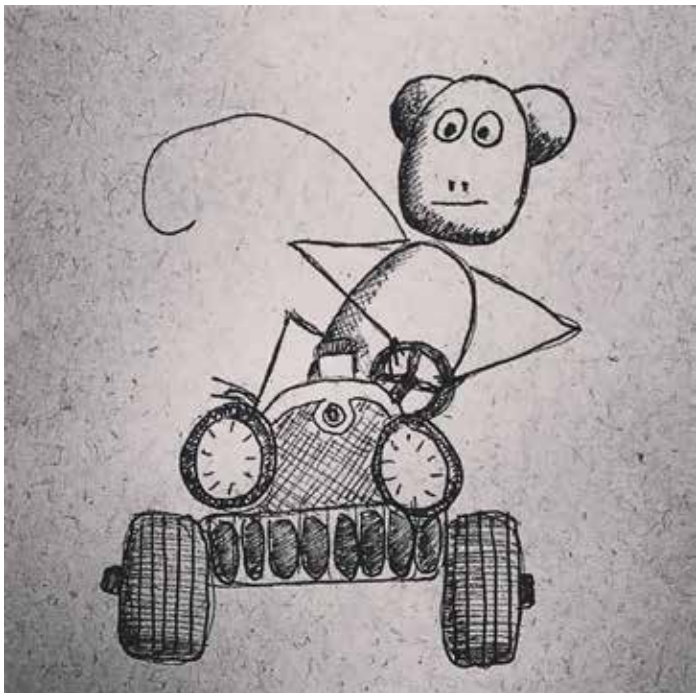
“….no se puede tener consciencia y corazón…”

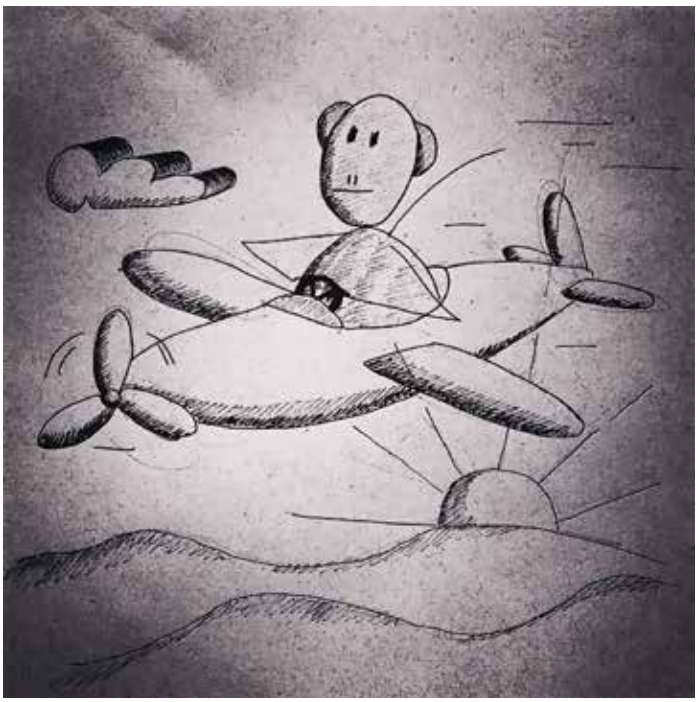


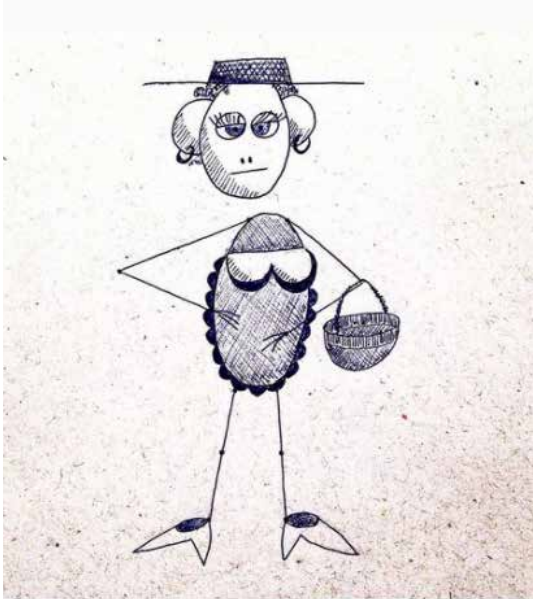




" SI ADELITA SE FUERA CON OTRO
LA SEGUIRÍA POR TIERRA Y POR MAR ..."





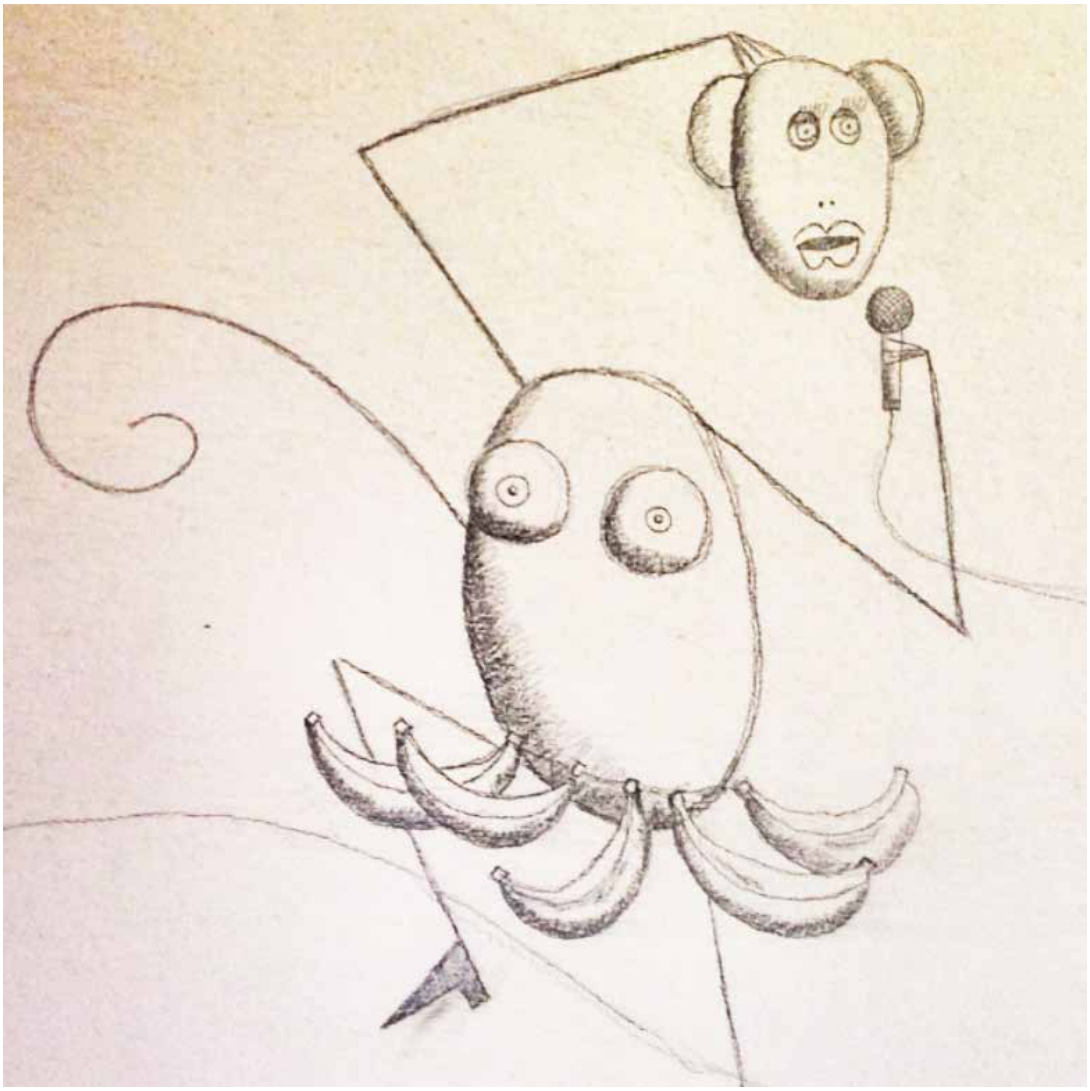


"... aí amor, se te llevas mi alma
lleva de mi también mi sufrir ..."

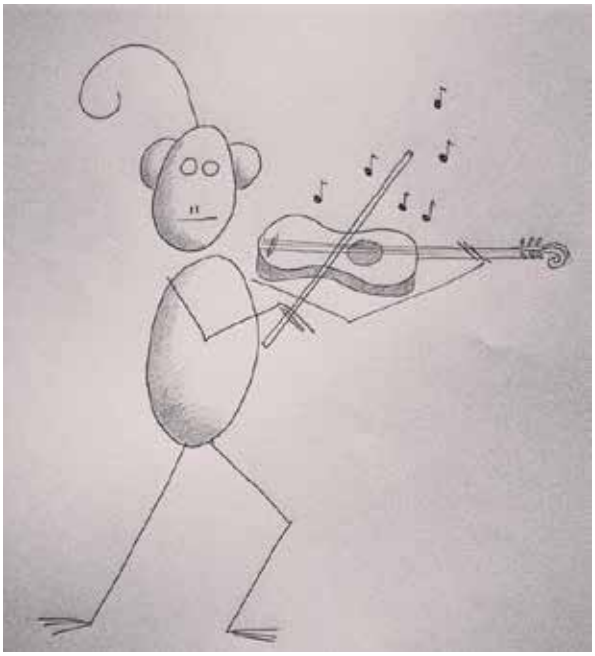
HOMENAGEM A PICASSO

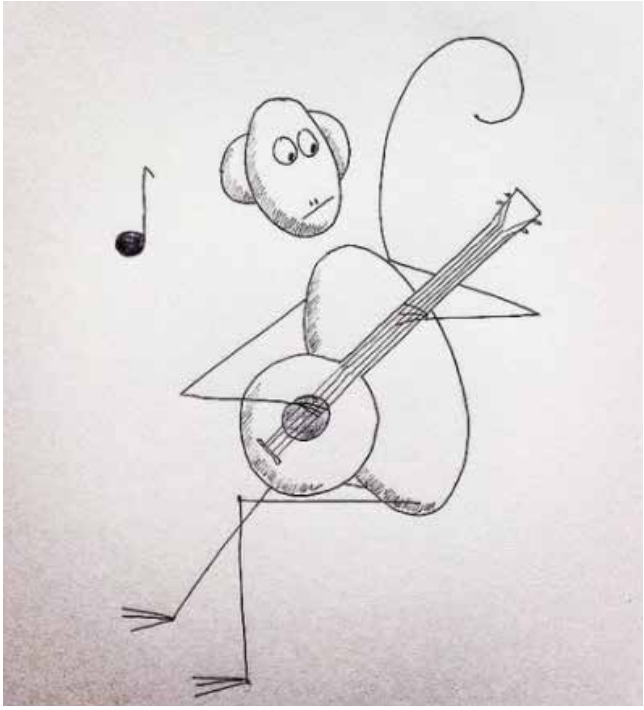
1º ATO

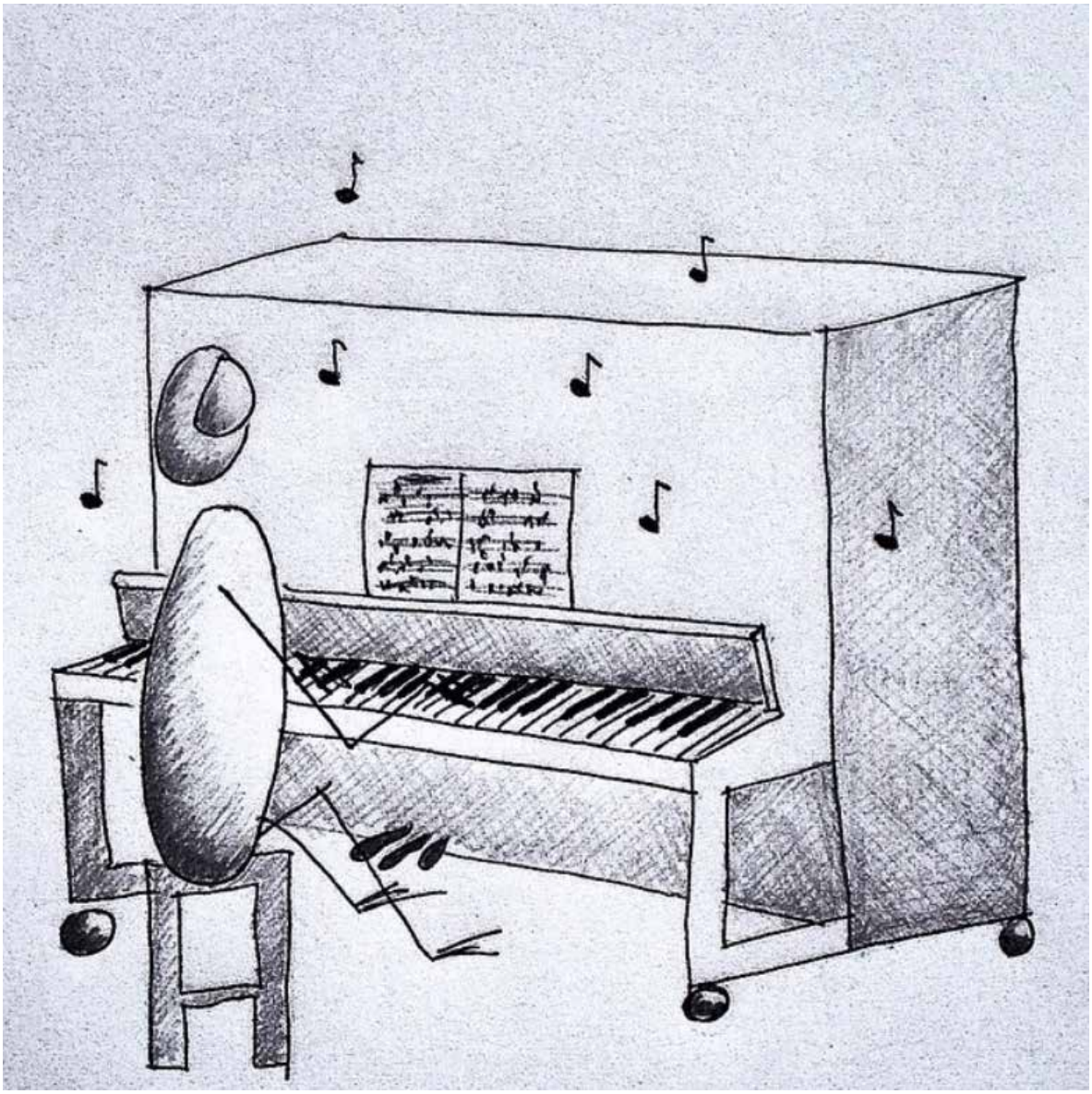
“TÚ, QUE LLENAS TODO DE ALEGRÍA Y JUVENTUD...”



"... airosa caminaba la flor de la canela..."



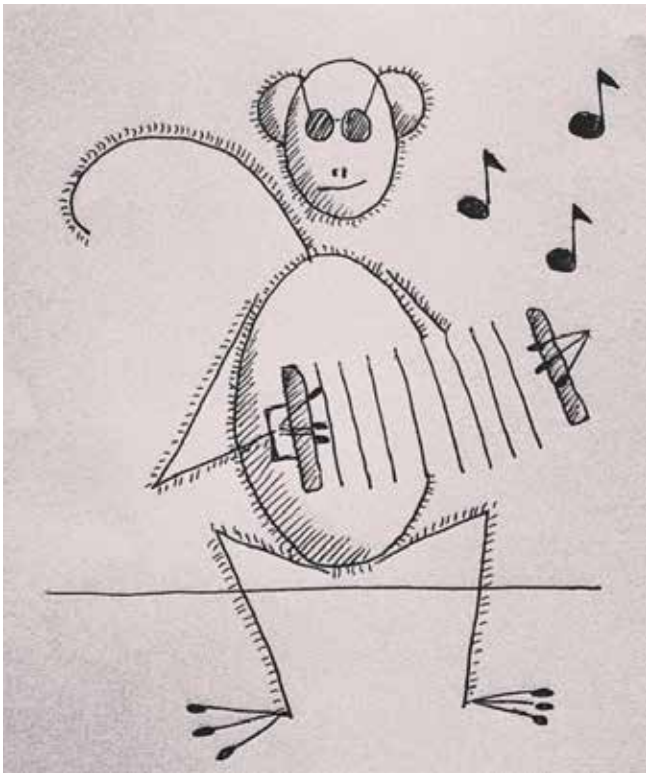


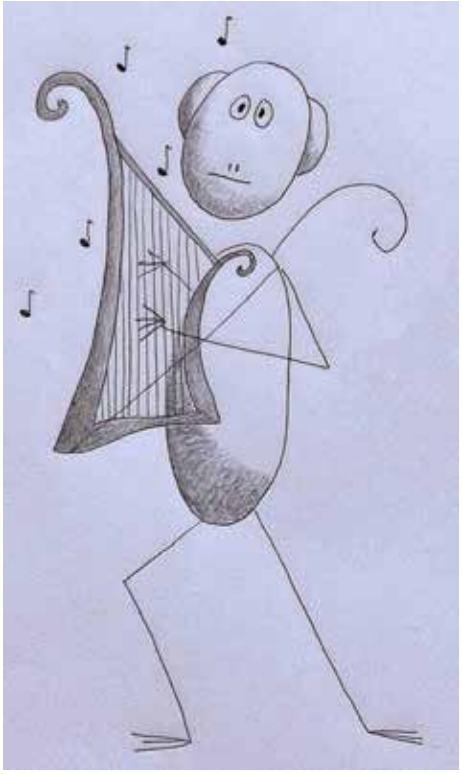


"... O TEU CORPO É LUZ SEDUÇÃO..."

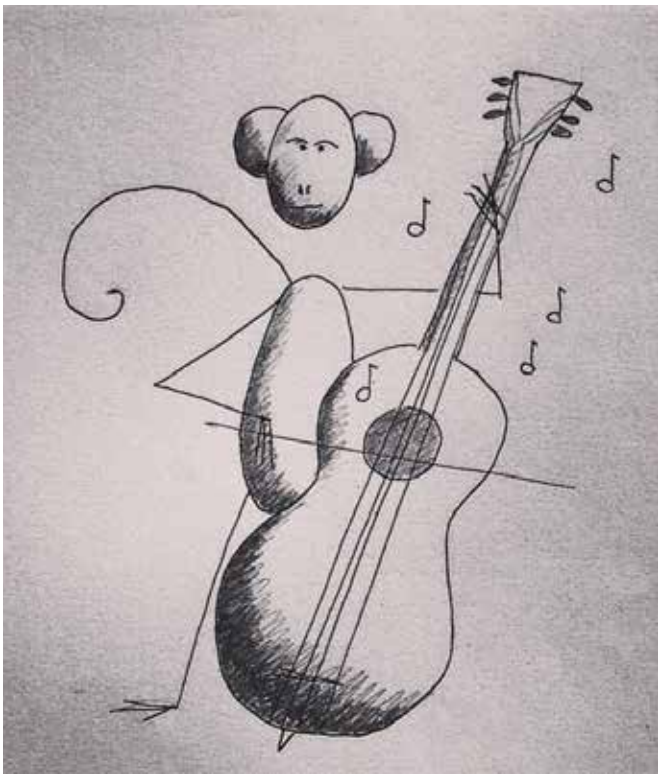
LOS CAPRICHOS
DE TU CORAZON

"...TÚ QUE GUARDASTE EN TUS LABIOS
AQUEL BESO SAGRADO
QUE GUARDÉ PARA TI..."

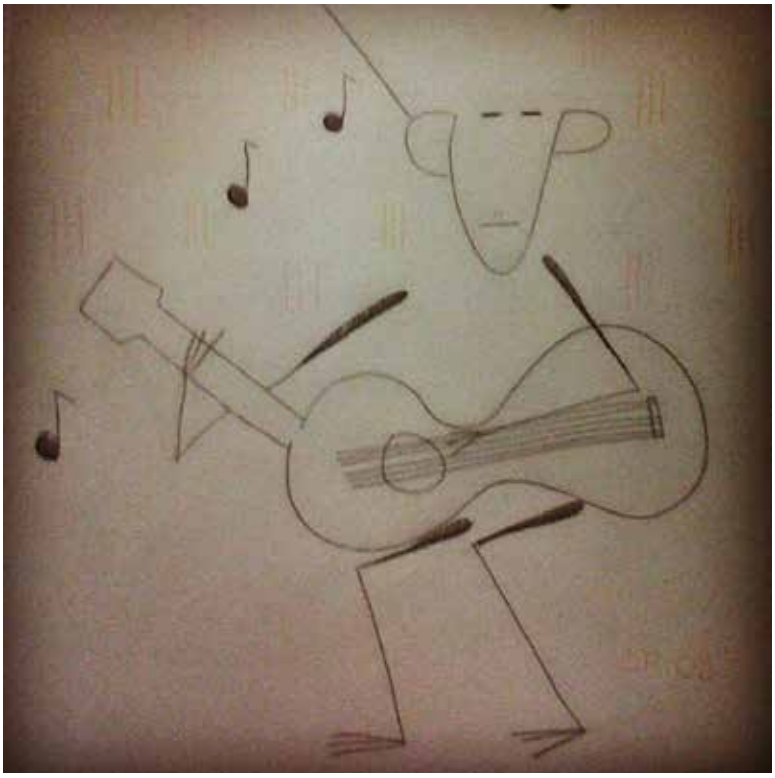




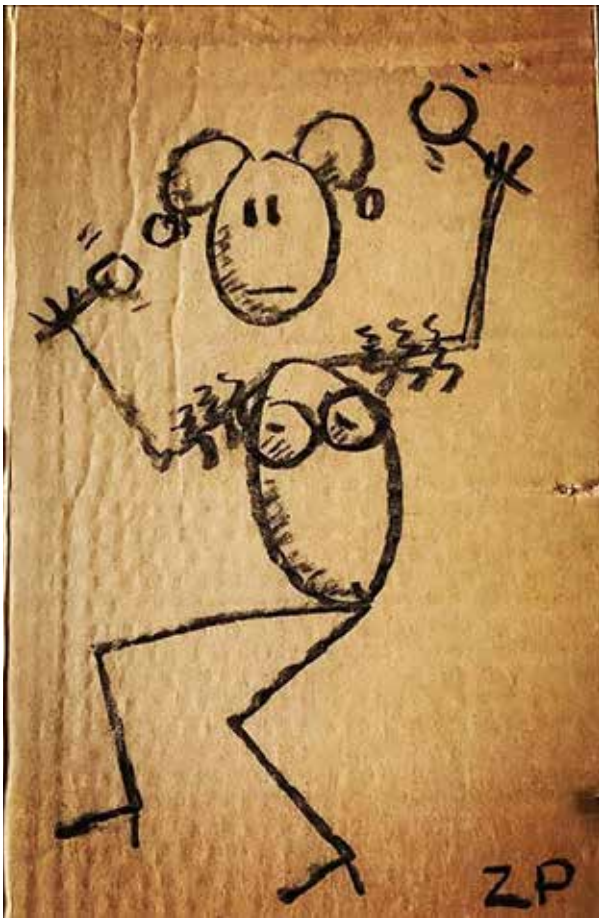
"... y no encontré
la dicha que
tu amor me negó ..."

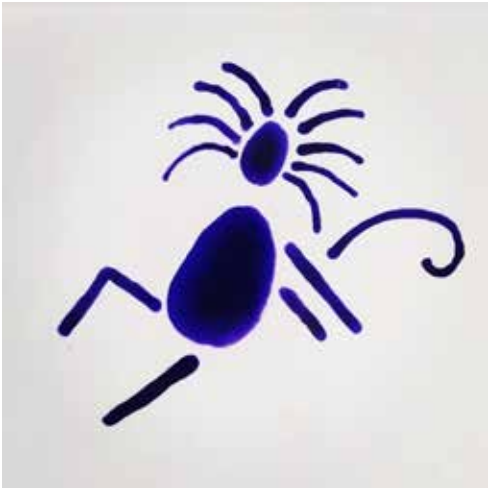


DICEN QUE LA DISTANCIA
ES EL OLVIDO...

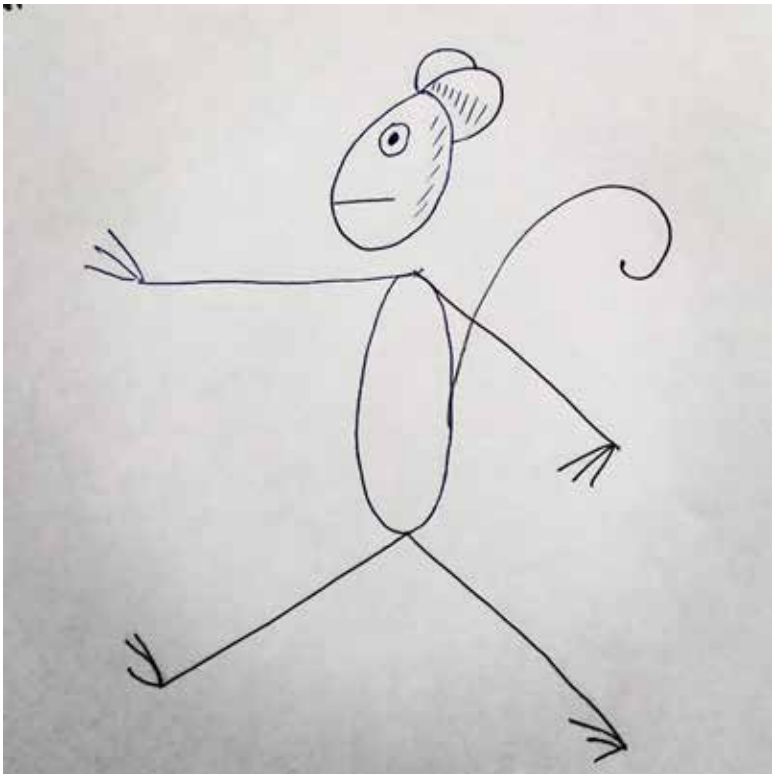


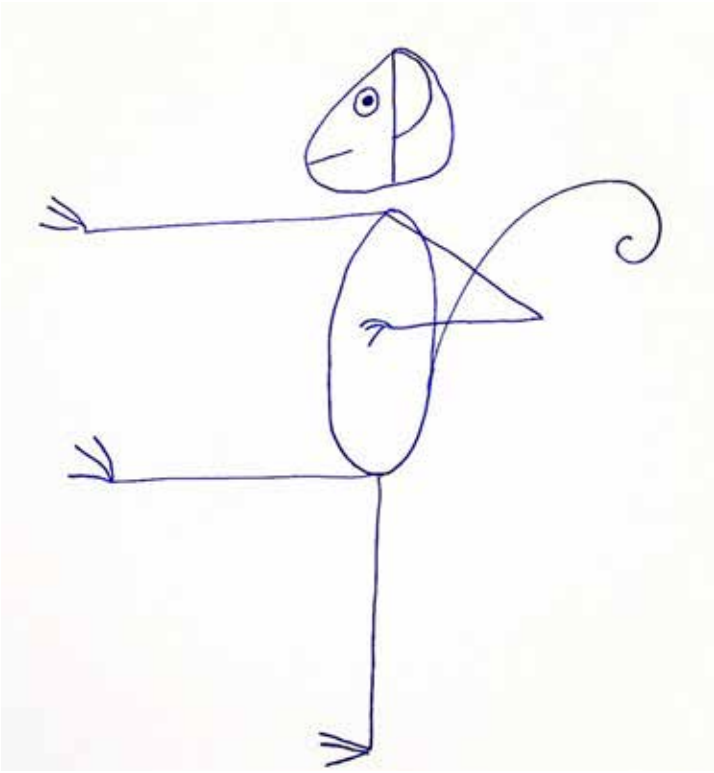
"... aromas de mistura que en el pecho llevaba..."



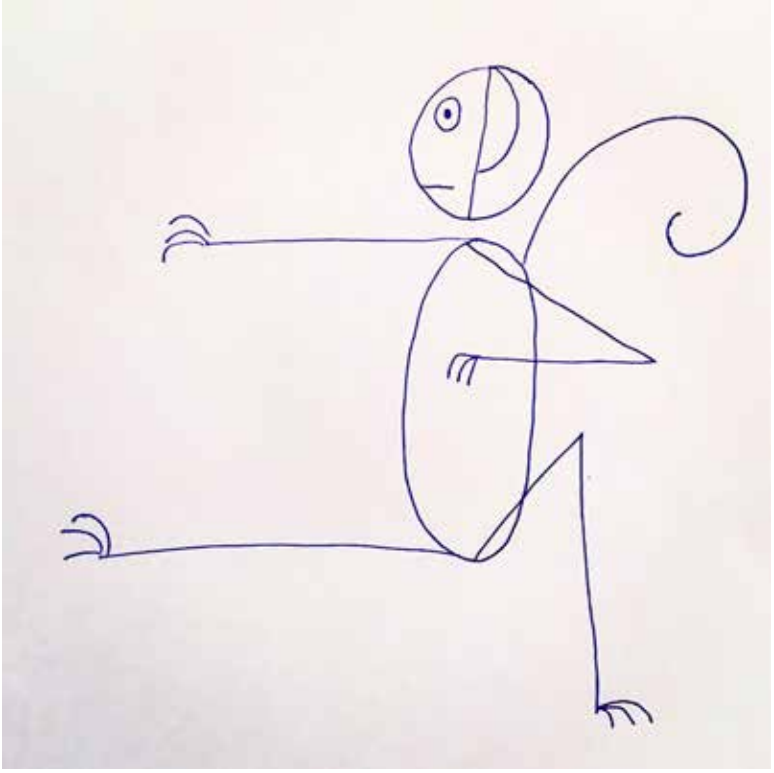


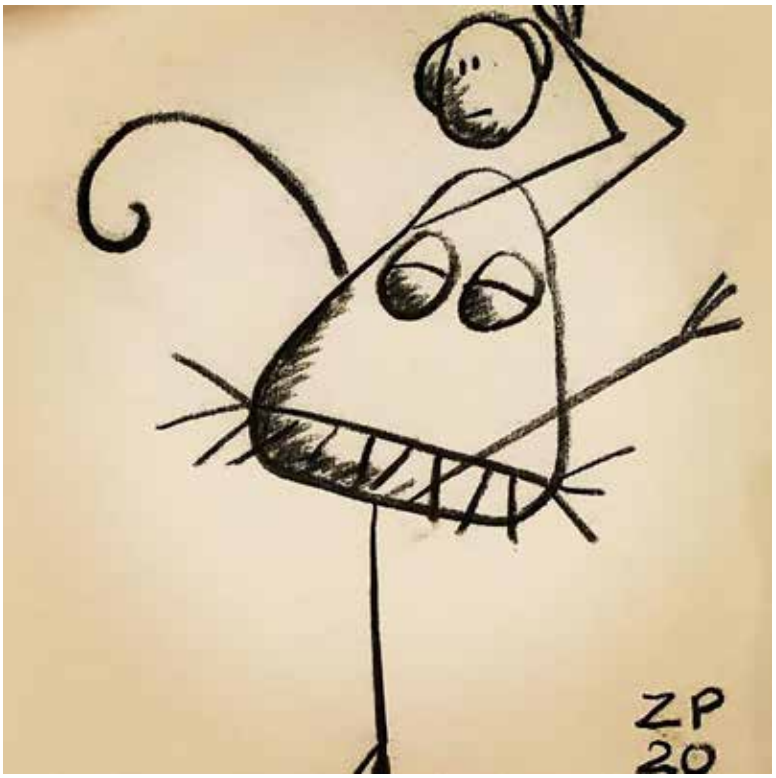
CARYBÉ

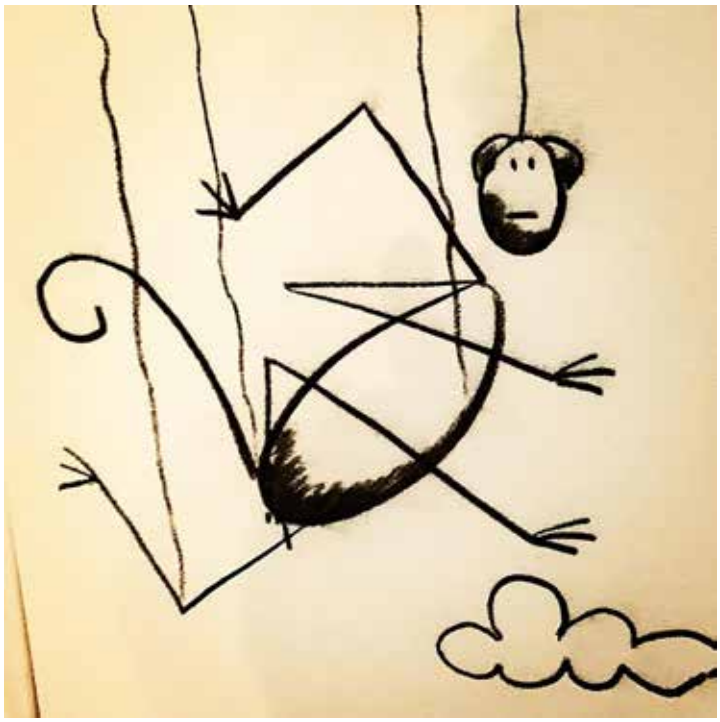




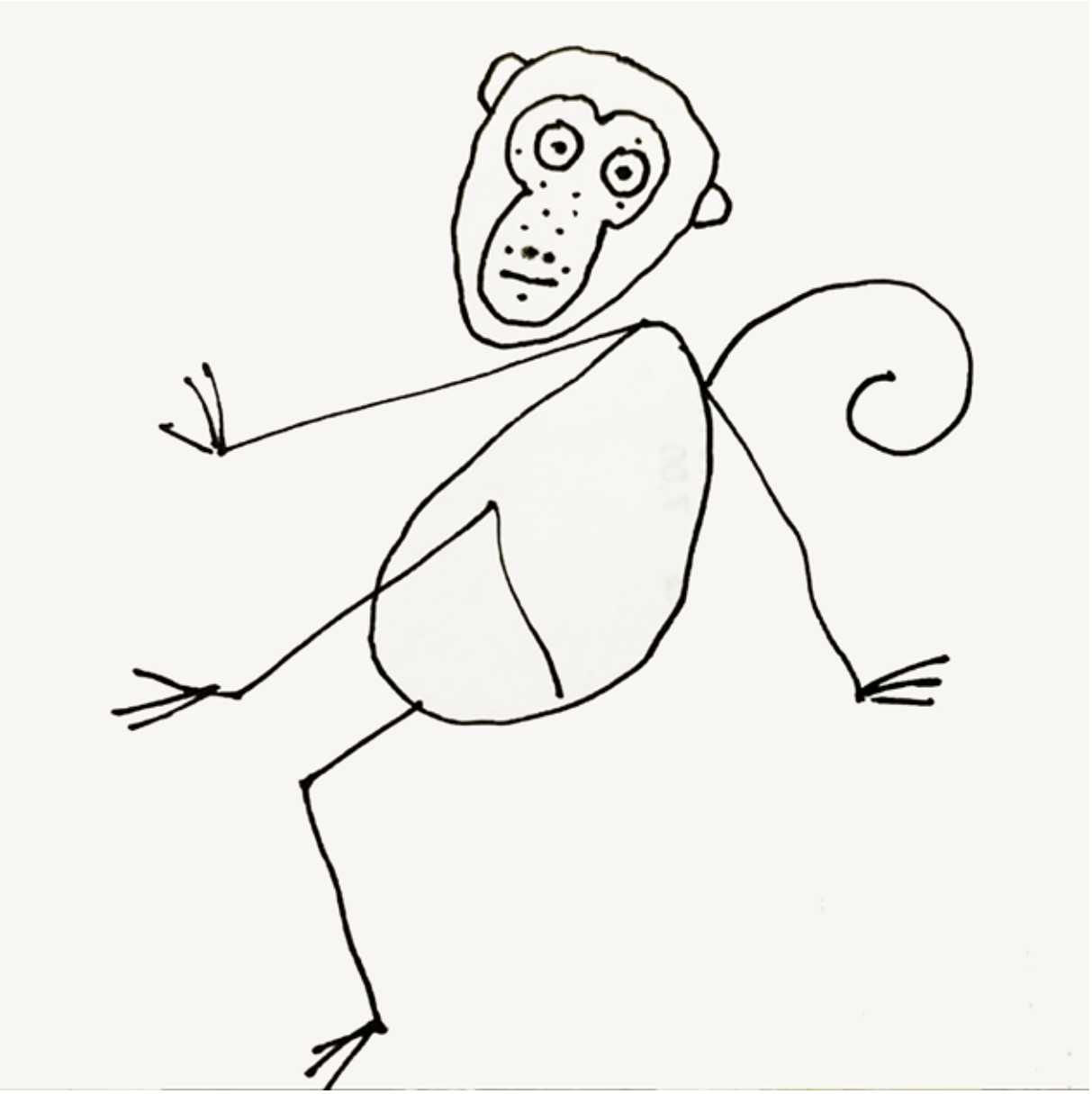
"... voy por la vereda tropical..."



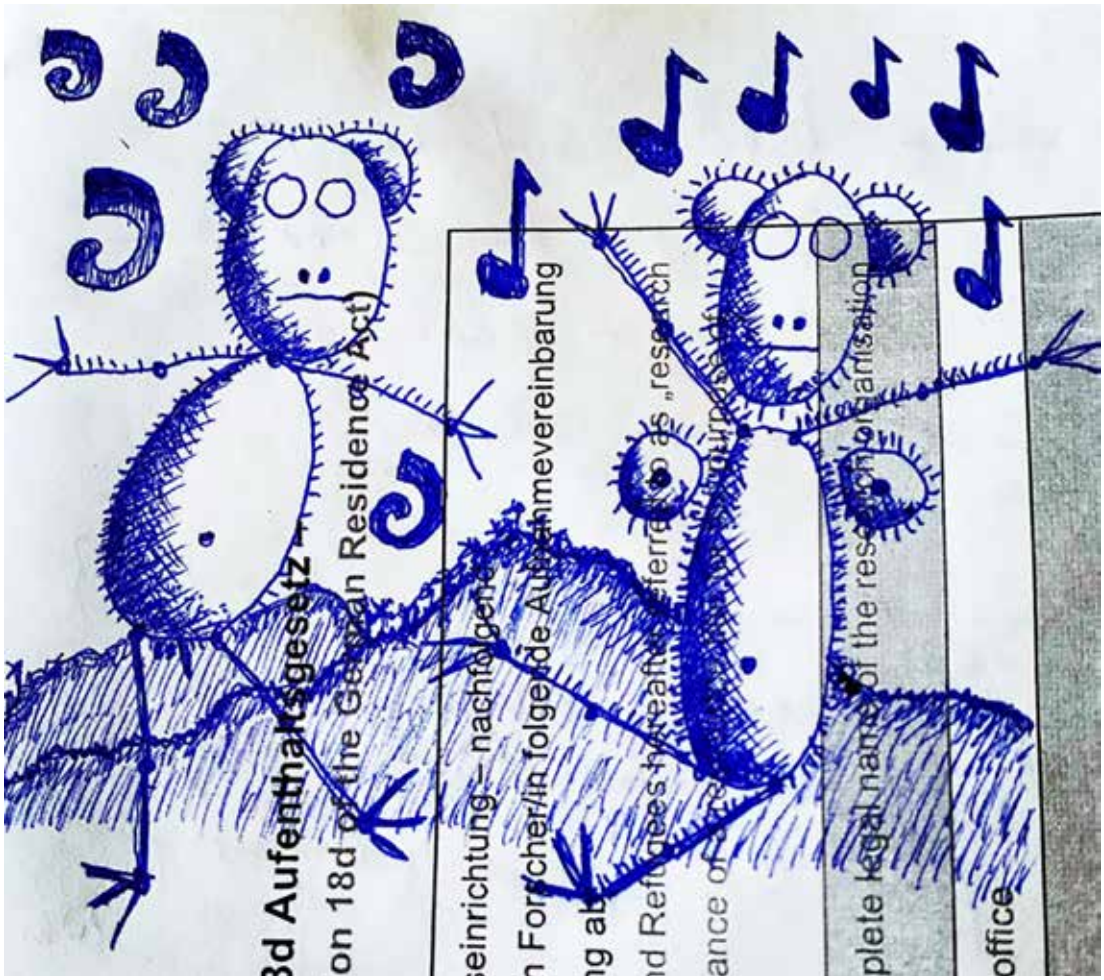




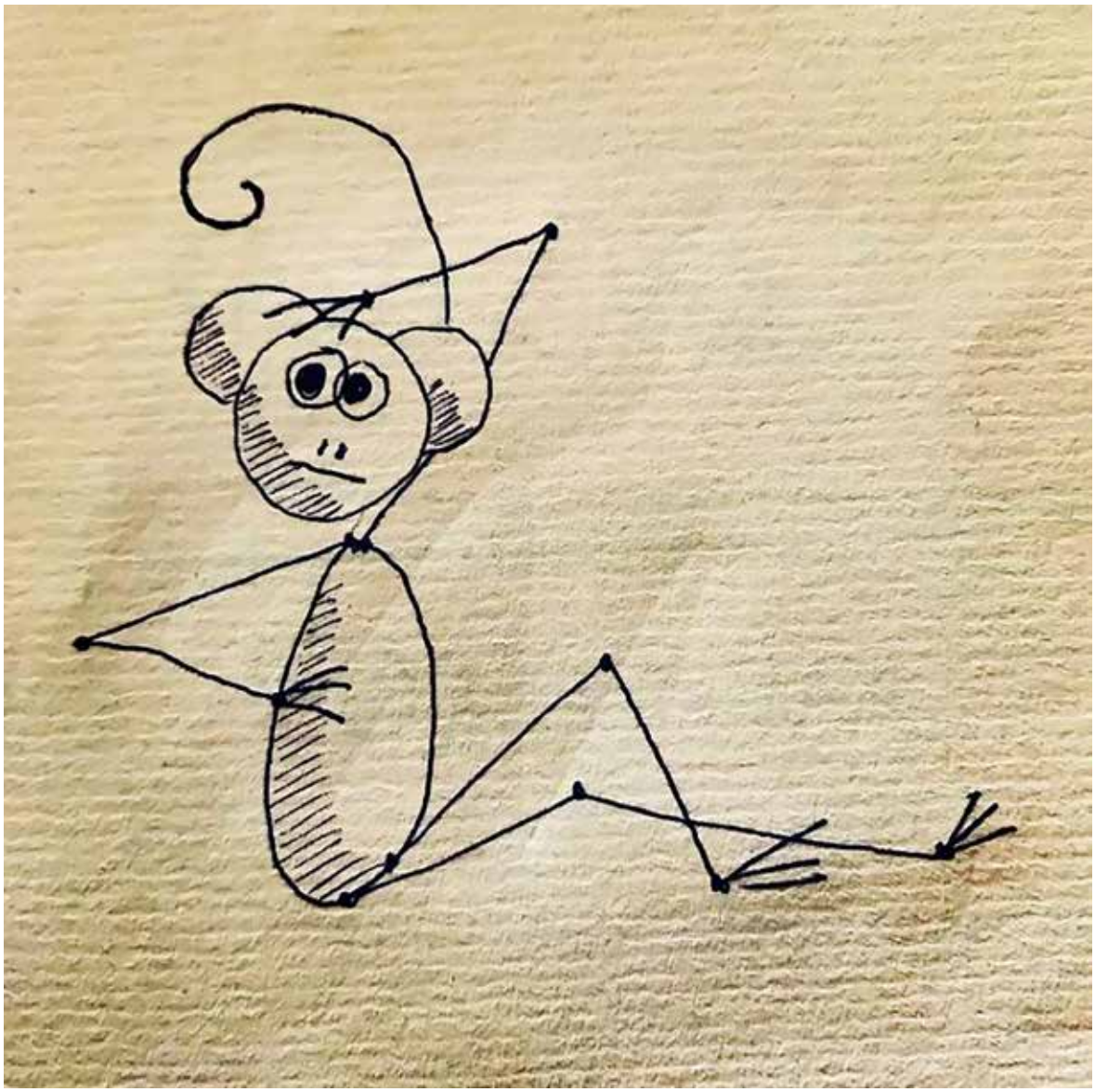
"... Bahia, de Iaiá e de Ioiô
Da mãe preta carinhosa
Que no colo me embalou..."



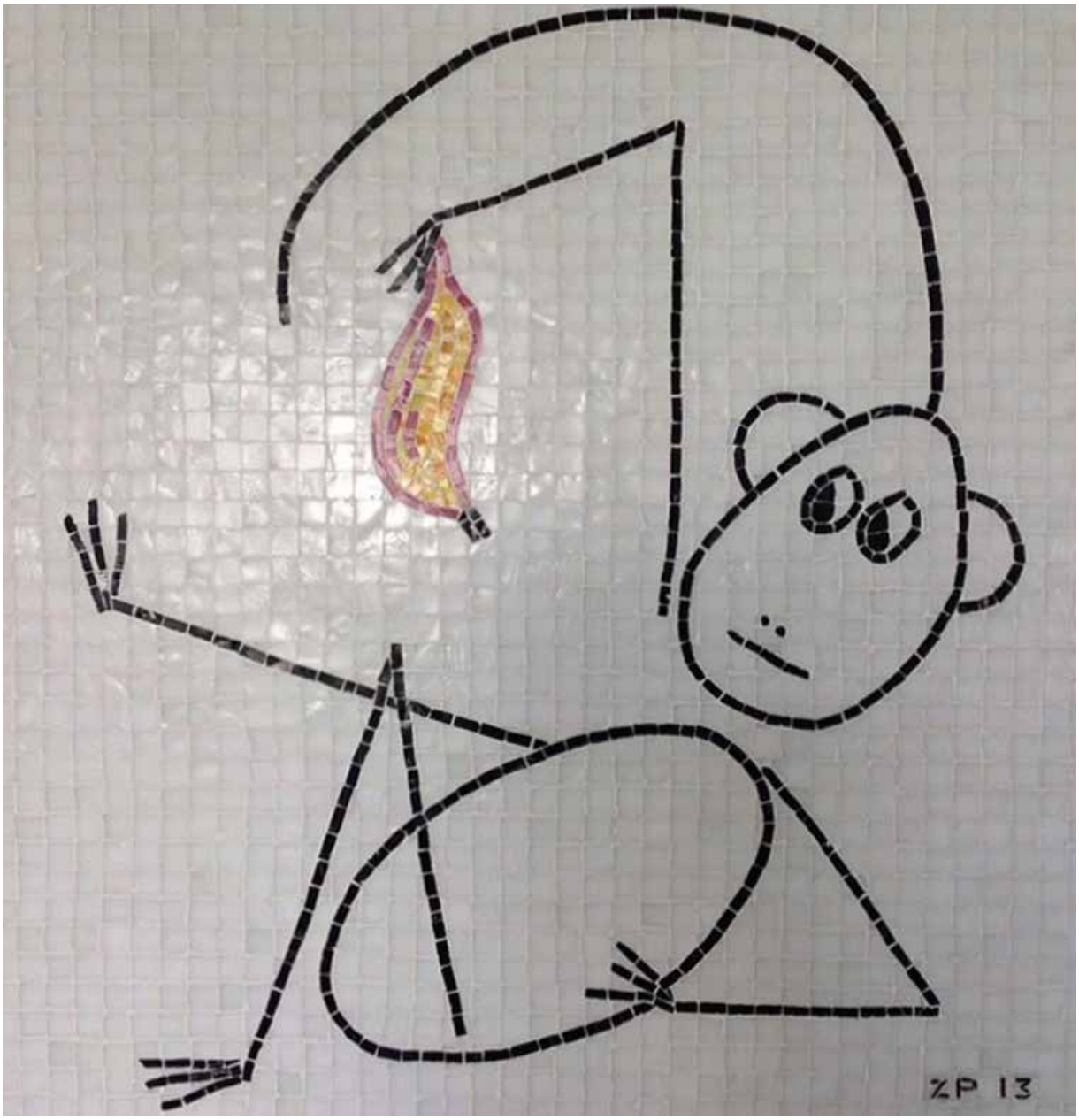
O MURIQUI DANÇA
OS QUINDINS DE YAYÁ



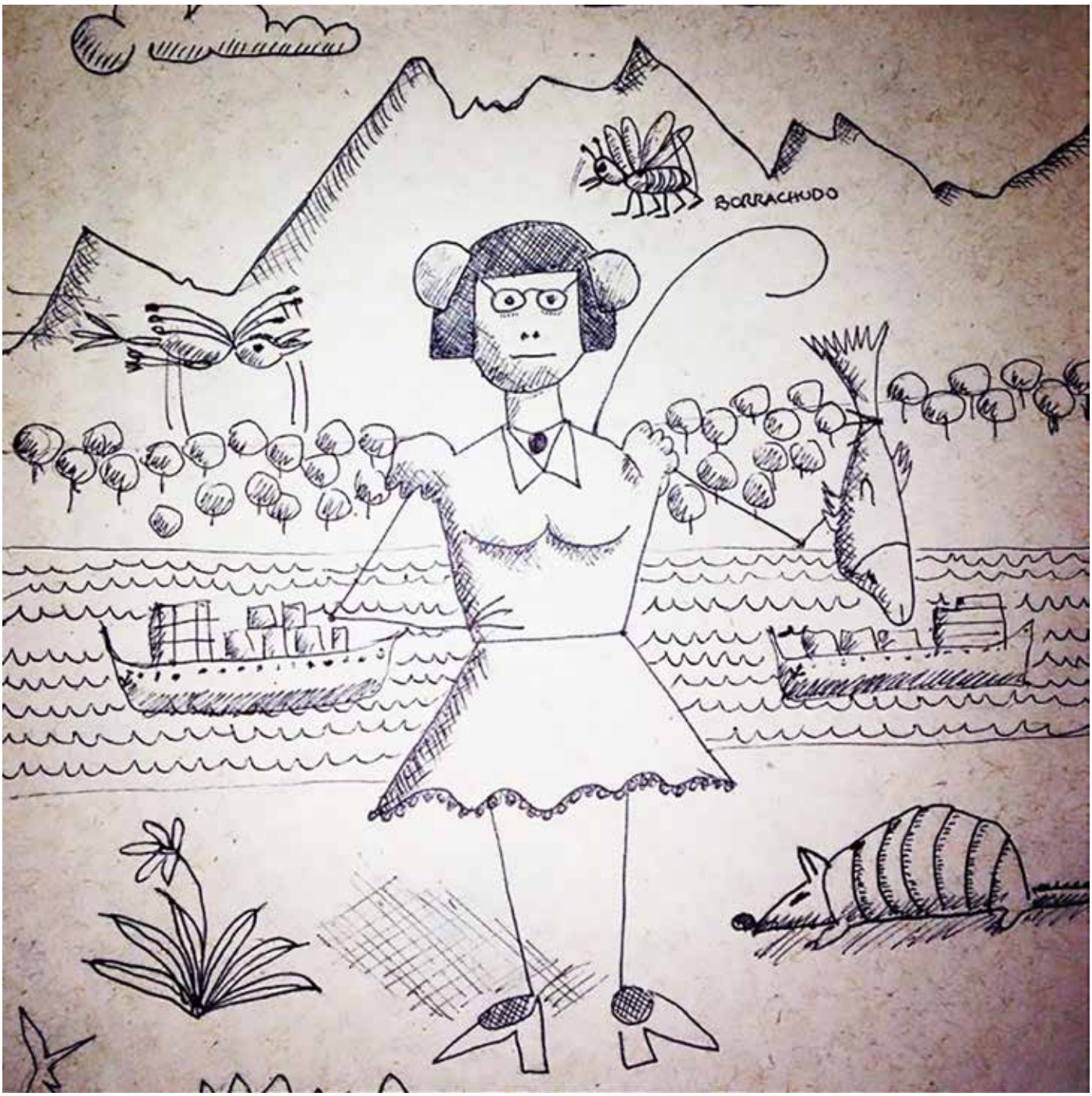
“Si yo encontrara
un alma como la mía.
Cuantas cosas secretas le contaría ...”



"... Y me juró quererme más y más
Y no olvidar jamás
Aquella noche junto al mar..."

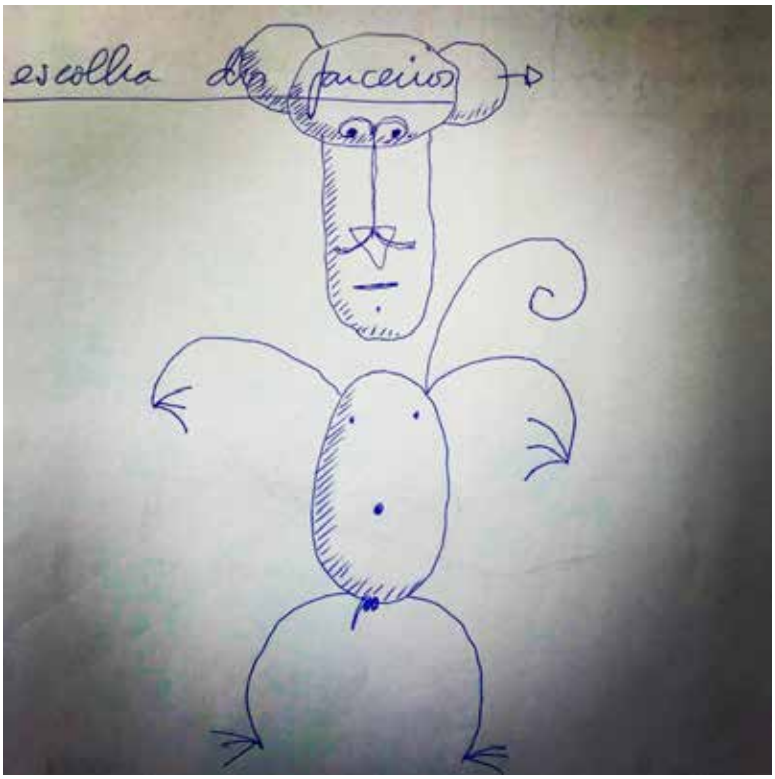


NELSON LEIRNER

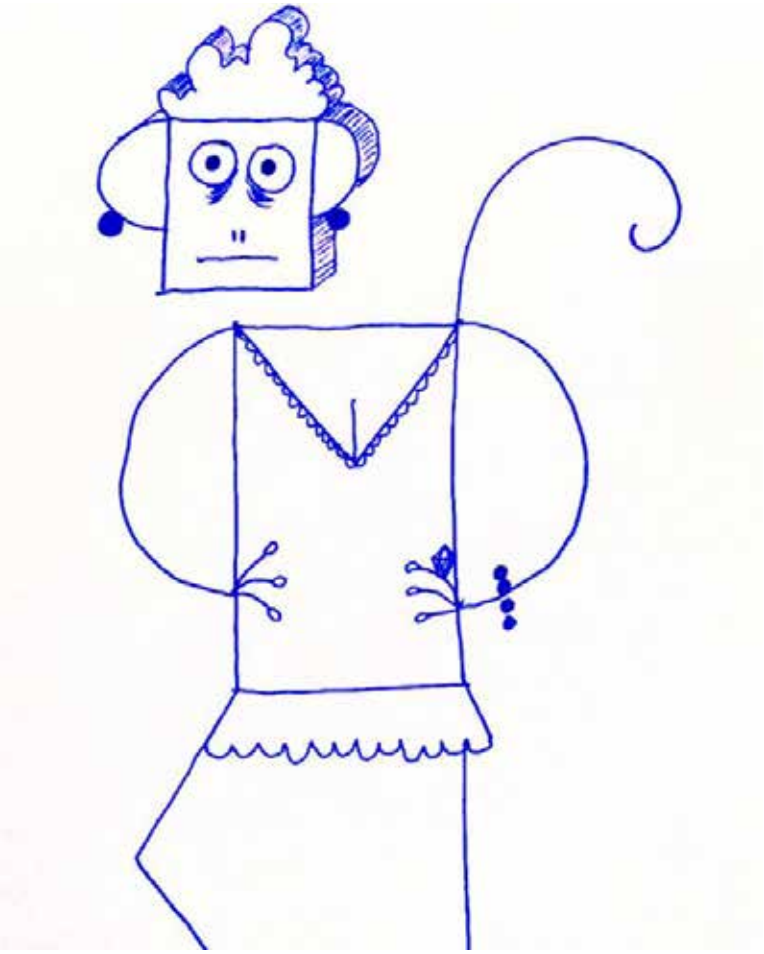


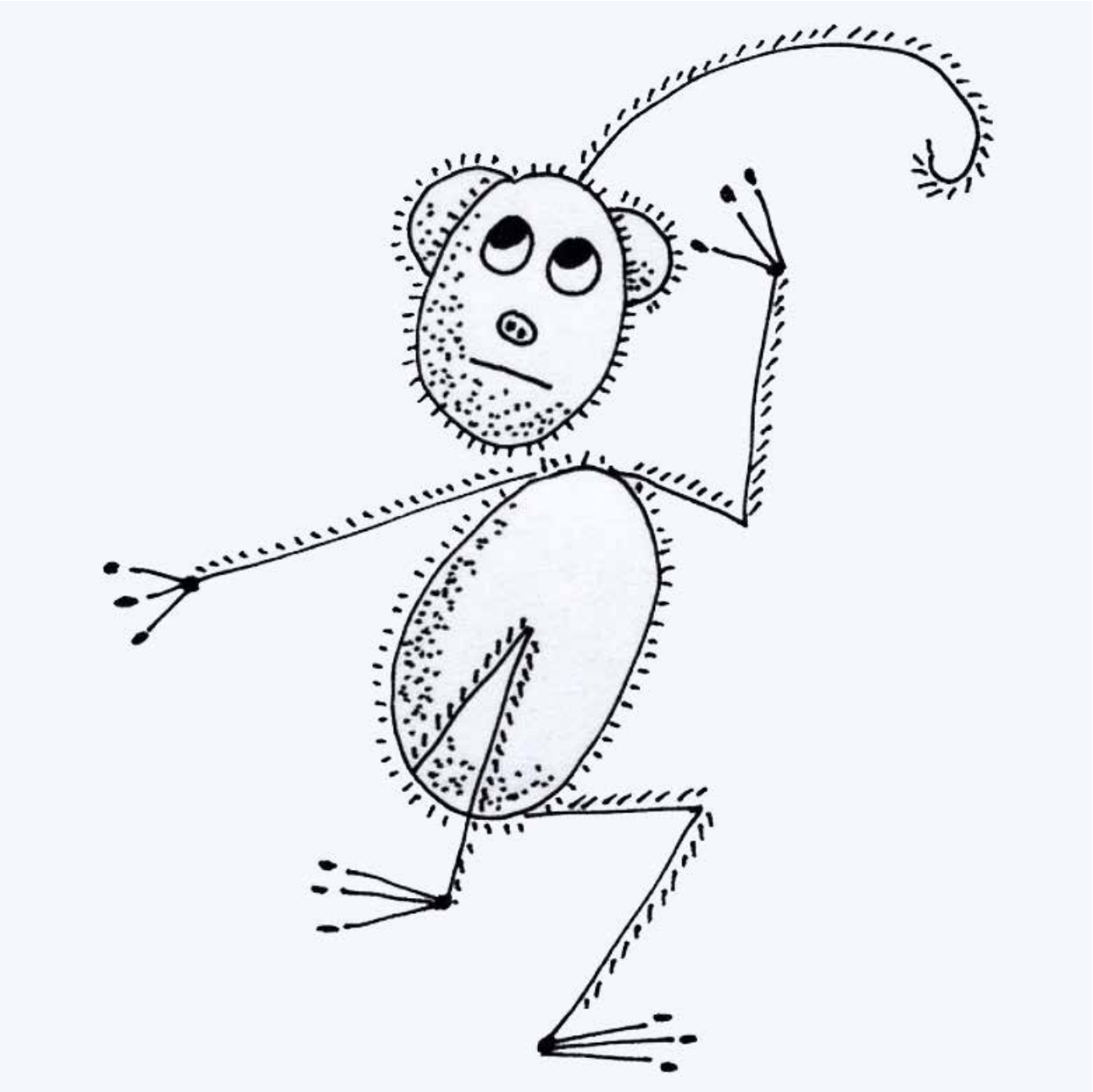
ILHA BELA

ETELVINA!!!
ACERTEI
NO
MILHAR...

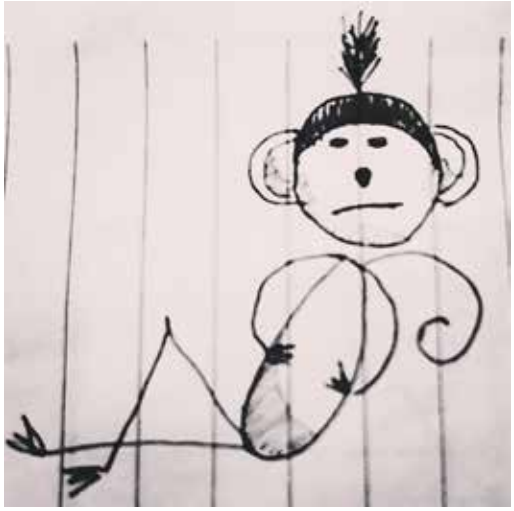


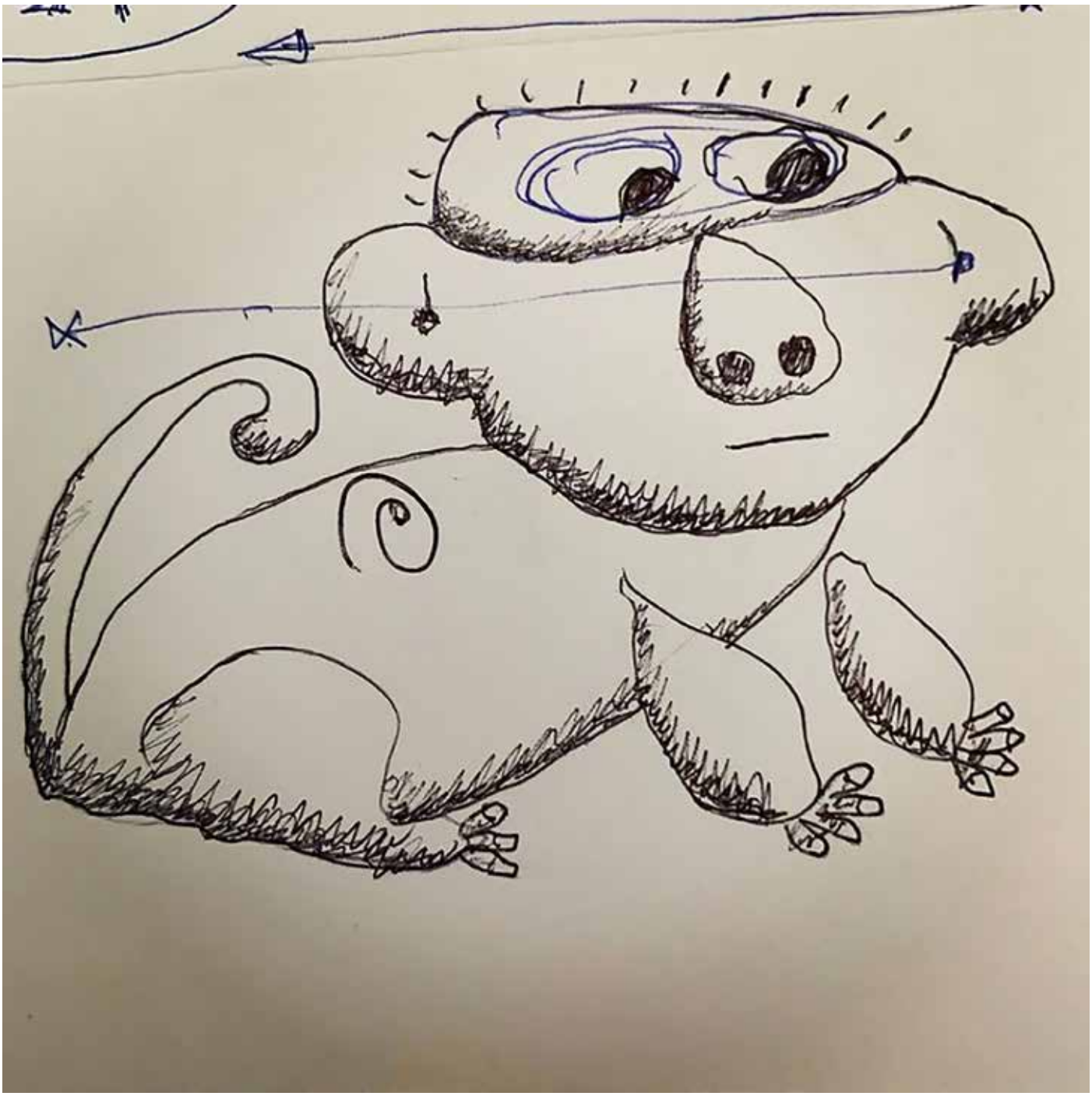
“ Ah ! eres mala y traicionera ...”

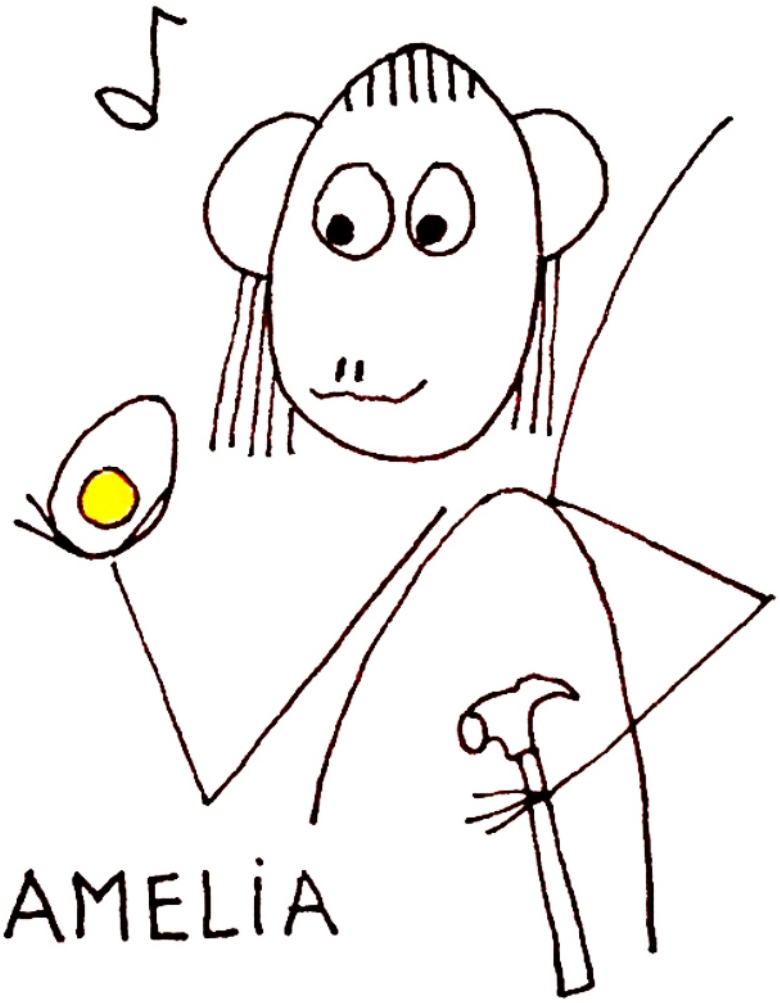


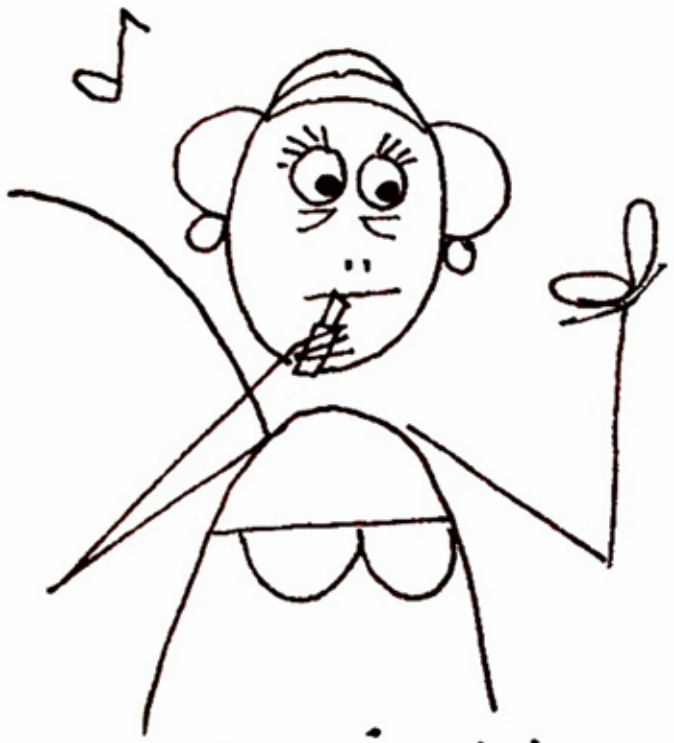


"... Yo no sé si este amor es pecado
Que tiene castigo ..."





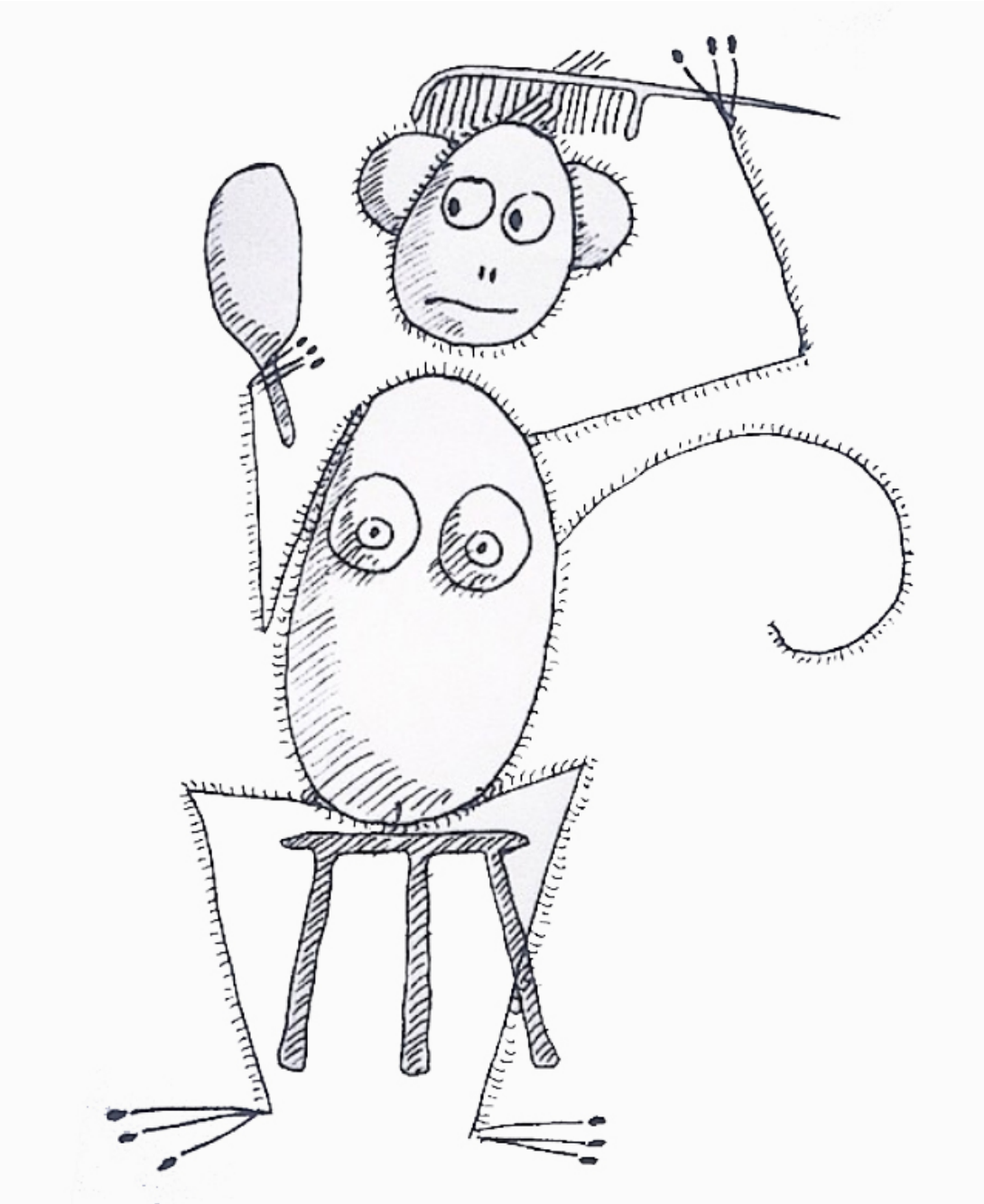

AMELIA



MARİNA

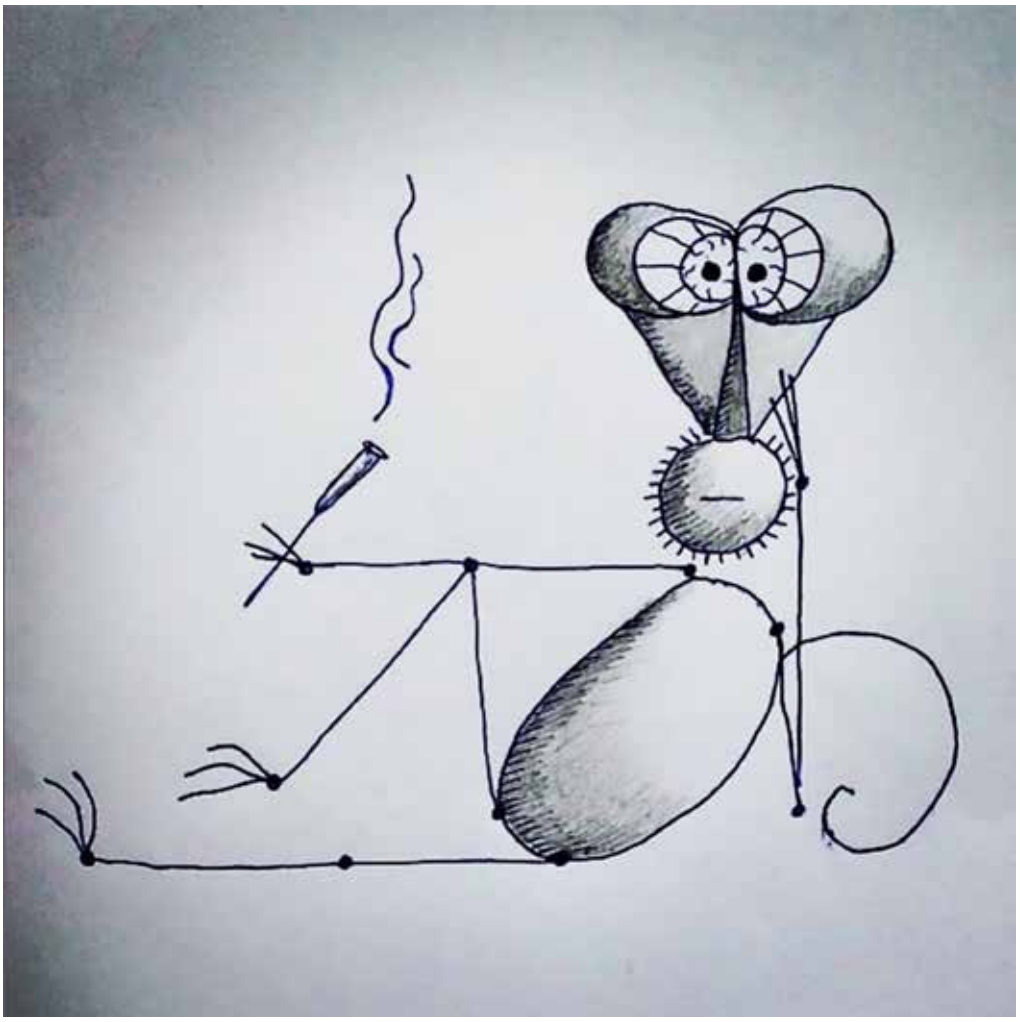
DORA

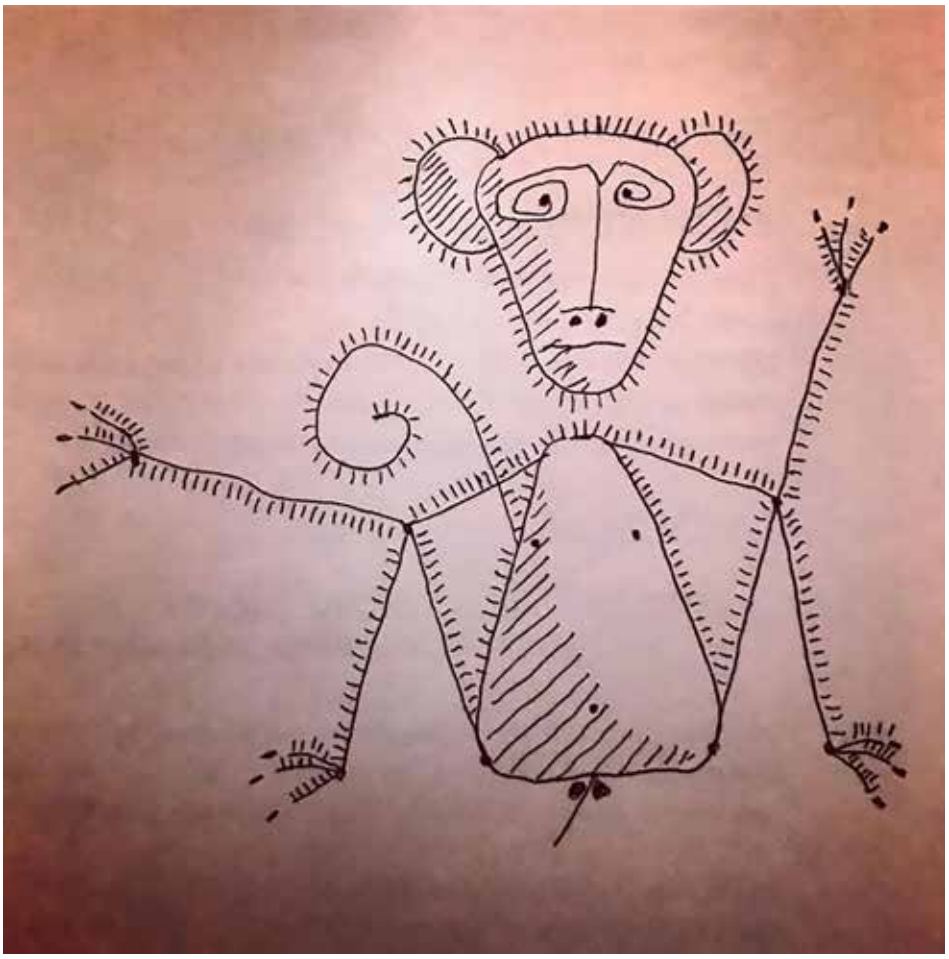
"... VIM PELA NOITE TÃO LONGA
DE FRACASSO EM FRACASSO..."



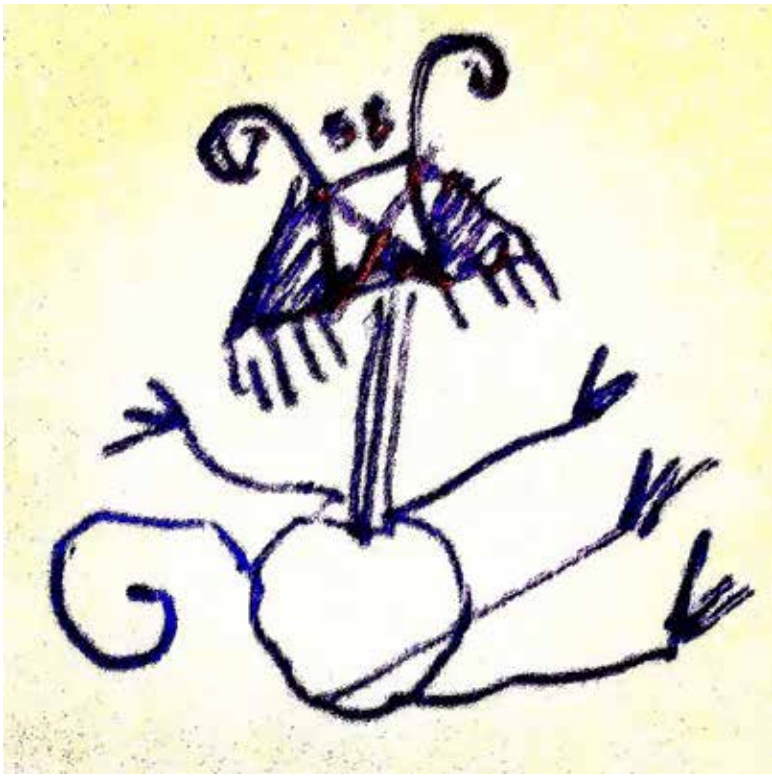
"... EU QUERO ESTE CORPO QUE A PLEBE DESEJA
EMBORA ELE SEJA PRENÚNCIO DO MAL..."

"...
Júrame
Qué aunque pase mucho tiempo
Pensaras en el momento
En que yo te conocí
..."

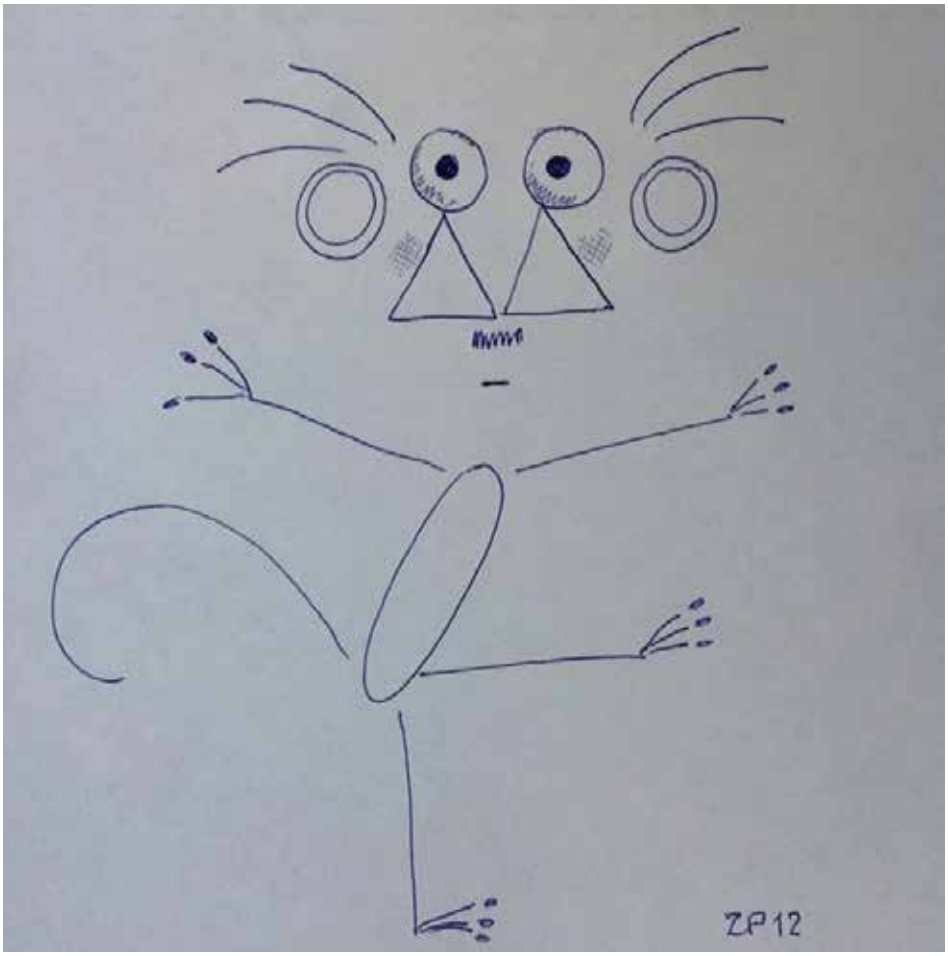




"... e no teu olhar, tonto de emoção,
com sofreguidão mil venturas previ..."



MUSEU DE ANTROPOLOGIA DE CANCUN

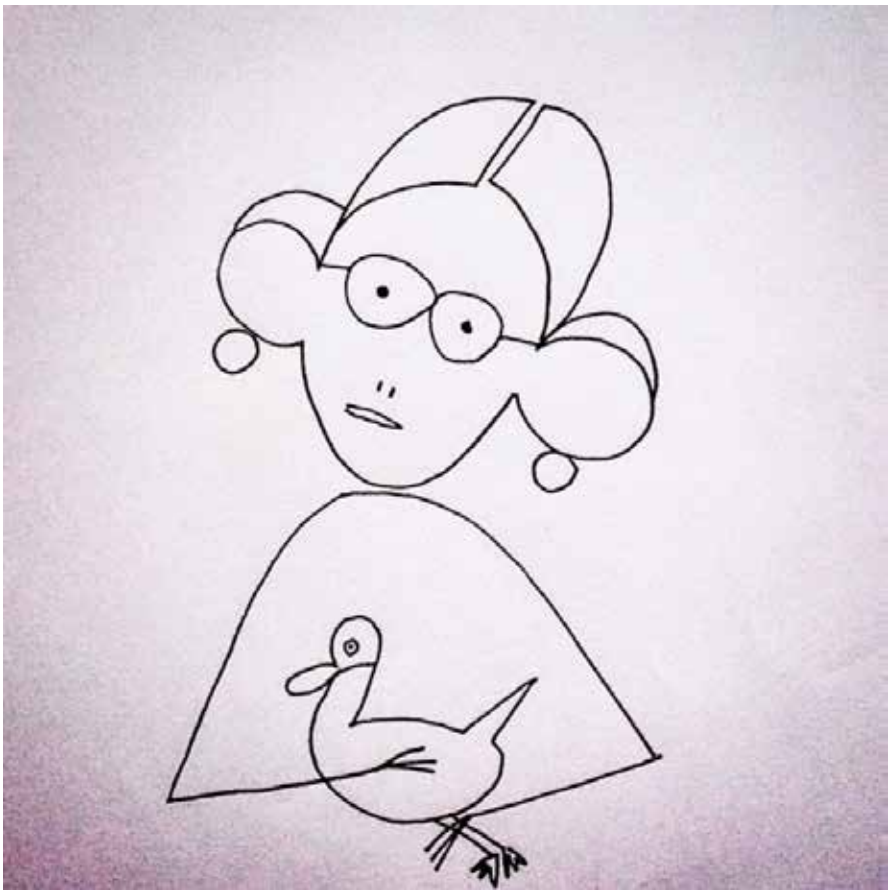


“Hoy mi playa se viste de amargura
porque tu barca tiene que partir...”

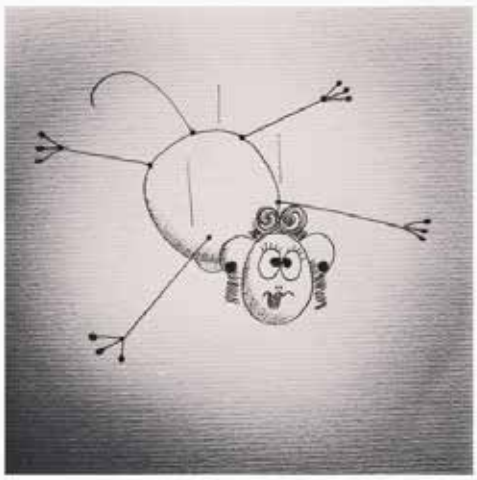
"... SUPISTE ESCLARECER MIS PENSAMIENTOS..."

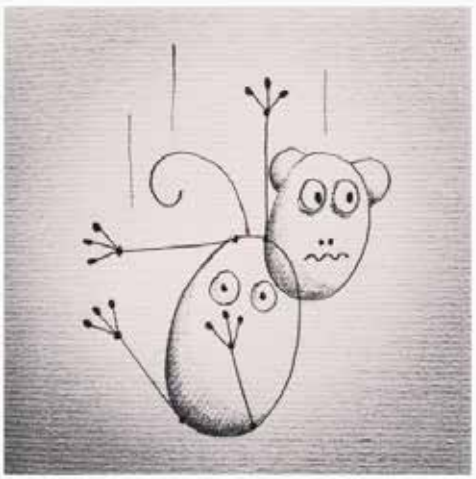
2º ATO

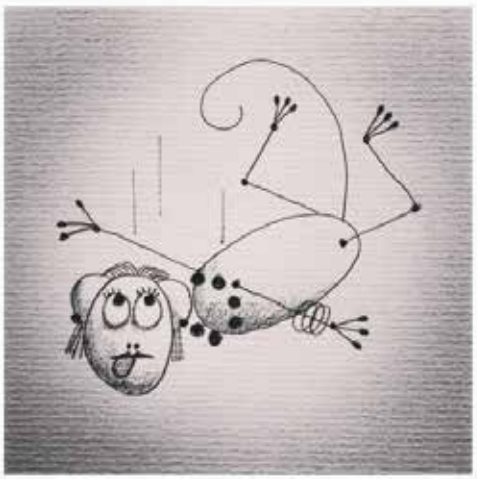
**“QUE VES FANTASMAS
EN LA NOCHE DE TRAS LUZ
Y OYES EL CANTO PERFUMADO
DEL AZUL...”**



"... En mi pecho guardado
Tanto frenesí..."







“Ay! mi vida, ya estoy convencida de que no hay remedio…”

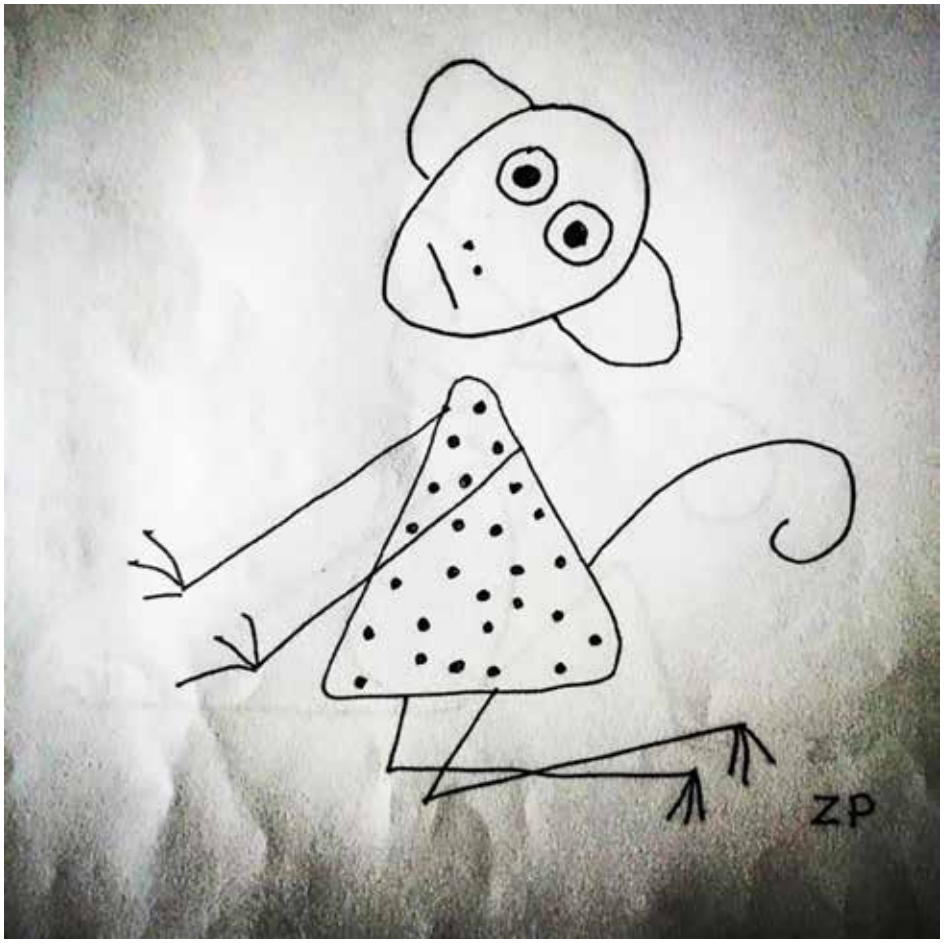
C. PLINII SECVNDI
EFFIGIES

TALIS, HOSPES, VNIVERSI,
QVA PATET, COMPENDIVM;
PRIMVS OMNIVM SECVNDVS,
ET SECVNDVS NEMINI.

Heinsius.

CAP. LIV. *De simiis.*

Simiarum quoq; genera hominis figuræ proxima, caudis inter se diſtinguuntur. Mira solertia, visco inungi, laqueisque calceari imitatione venantium tradunt: Mutianus & latrunculis lusisse fictis cera, nuces visu diſtinguere: luna cava triſtes esse, quibus in eo genere cauda fit, novam exultatione adorare: nam defectum syderum & cætere pavent quadrupedes. Simiarum generi præcipua erga fœtum affectio: geſtant catulos, quos mansuefactæ intra domos peperere, omnibus demonſtrant, tractarique gaudent, similes gramlationem intelligentis: itaqui magna ex parte complectendo necant. Efferacior cynocephalis natura, sicut mitissima Satyris & Sphingibus. Callitriches toto penè aſpectu differunt; barba eſt in facie, cauda latè fusa primori parte: hoc animal negatur vivere in alio quam in Æthiopiæ, quo gignitur, cælo.

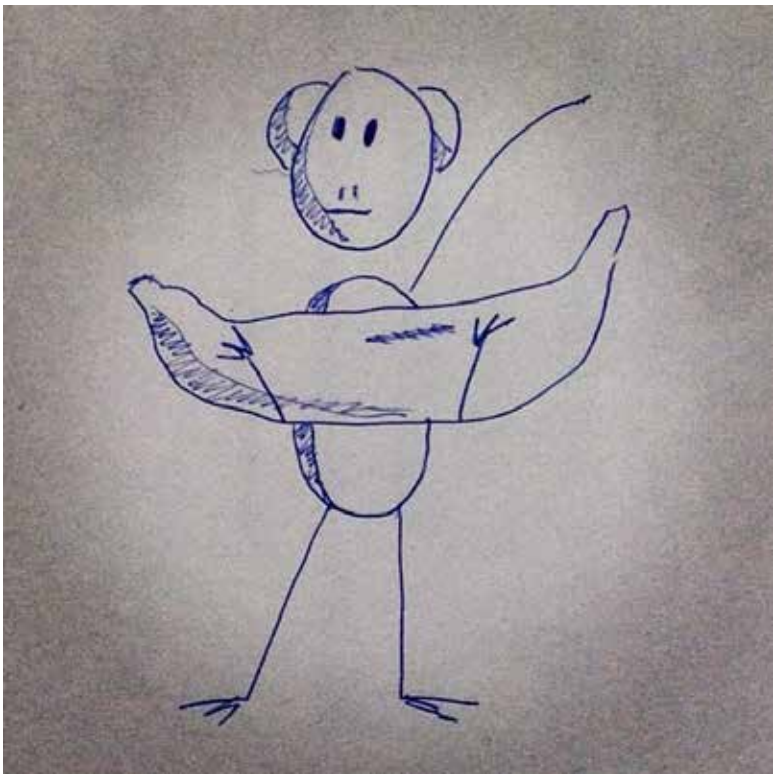


"... MÁS ALLÁ DE TUS LABIOS, DEL SOL Y LAS ESTRELLAS ..."

"... NO PIANO DA PATROA, BATUCANDO
É COM ESSE QUE EU VOU..."

A MORENA MAIS
FRAJOLA

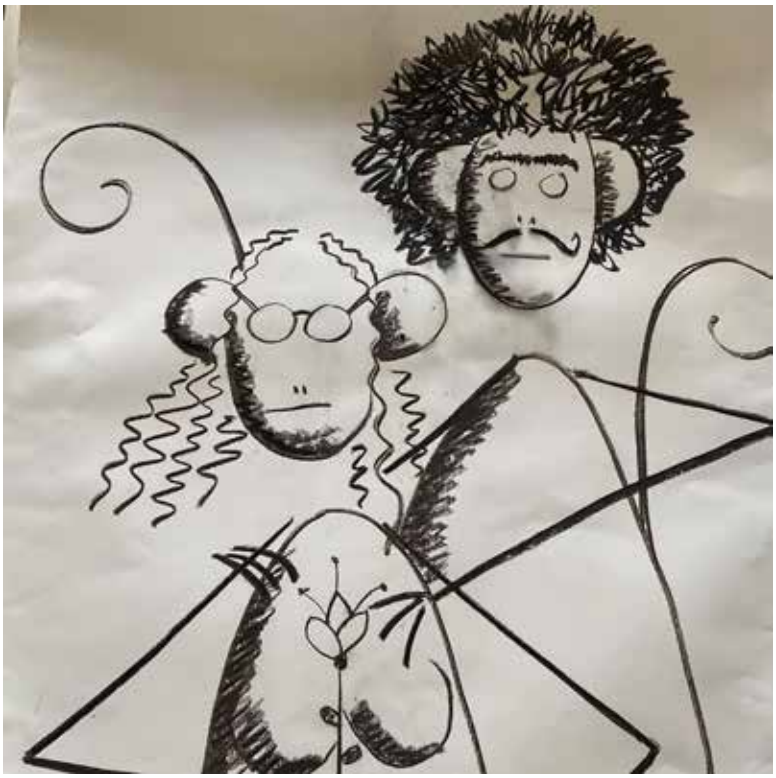
"... FUNICULI, FUNICULA,
FUNICOLI, FUNICULA ..."



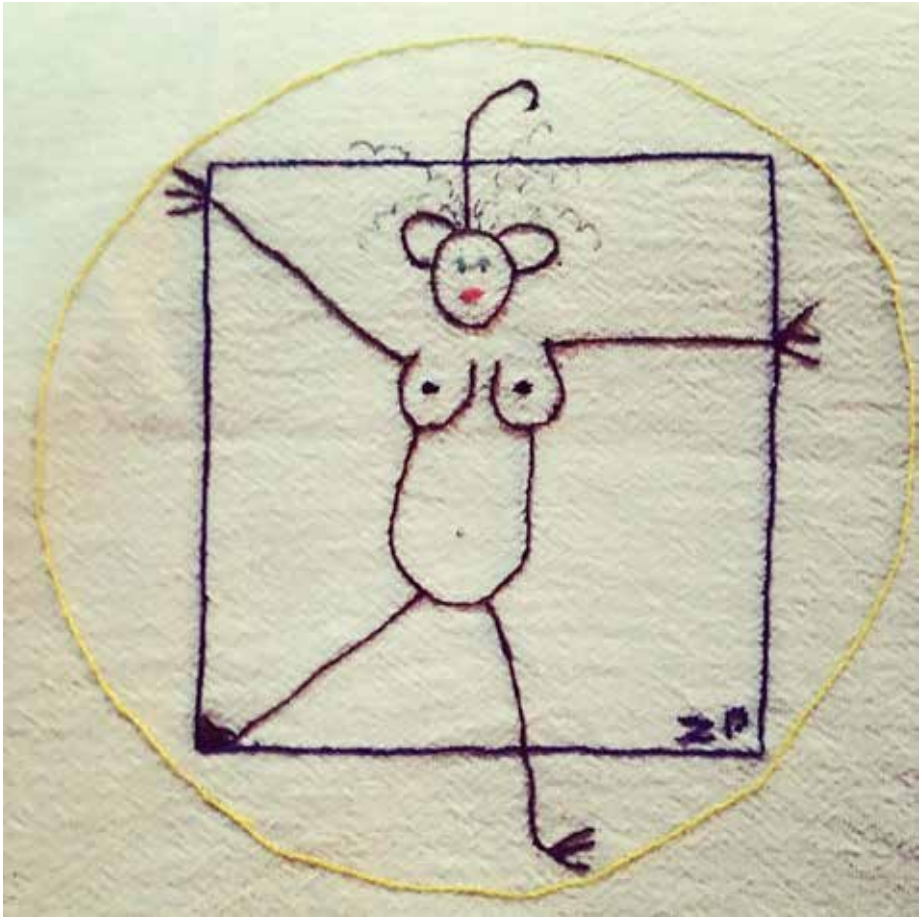
"... DEIXE QUE EU SIGA NOVOS CAMINHOS ..."

"... e nesse dia então, vai dar na primeira edição,
cena de sangue num bar da avenida São João."

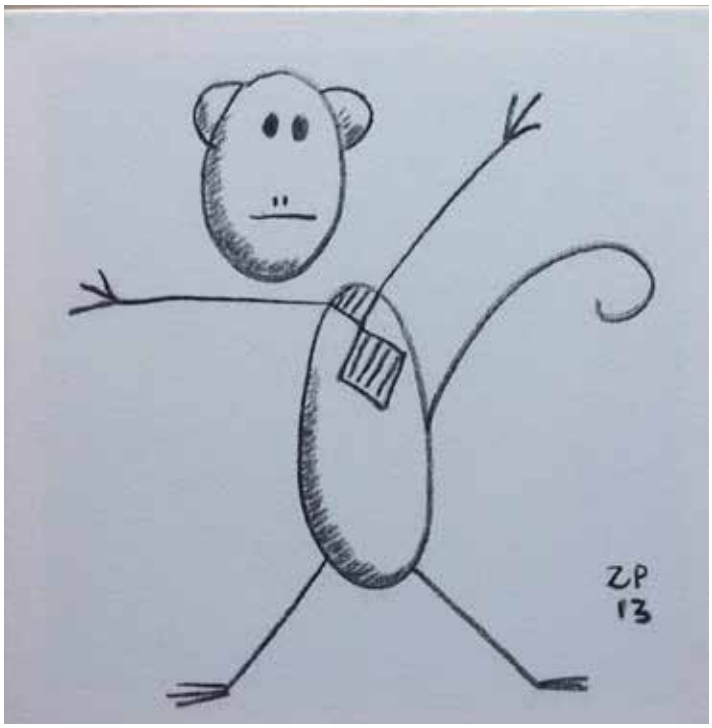
MUDANÇAS CLIMÁTICAS

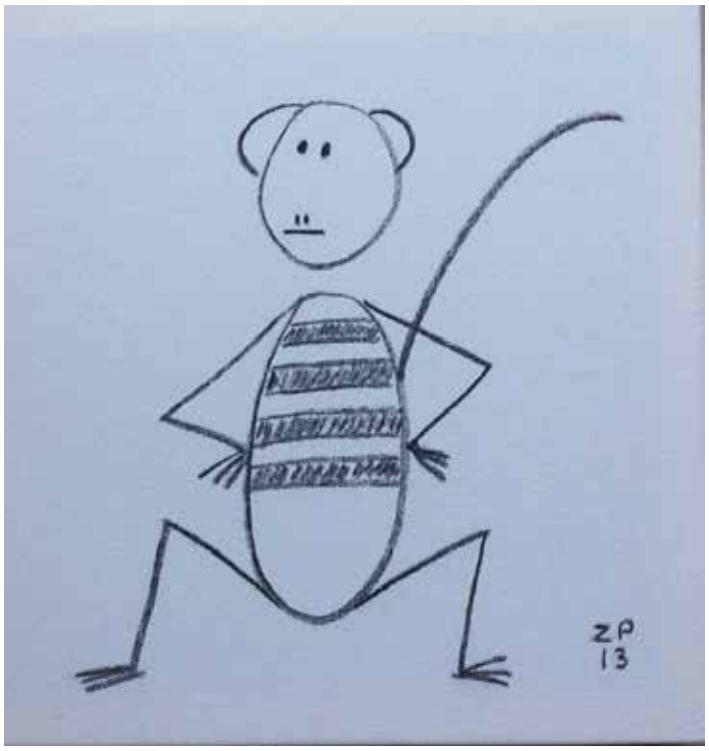


" NO HAY BELLA MELODÍA EN QUE NO SURJAS TU ..."

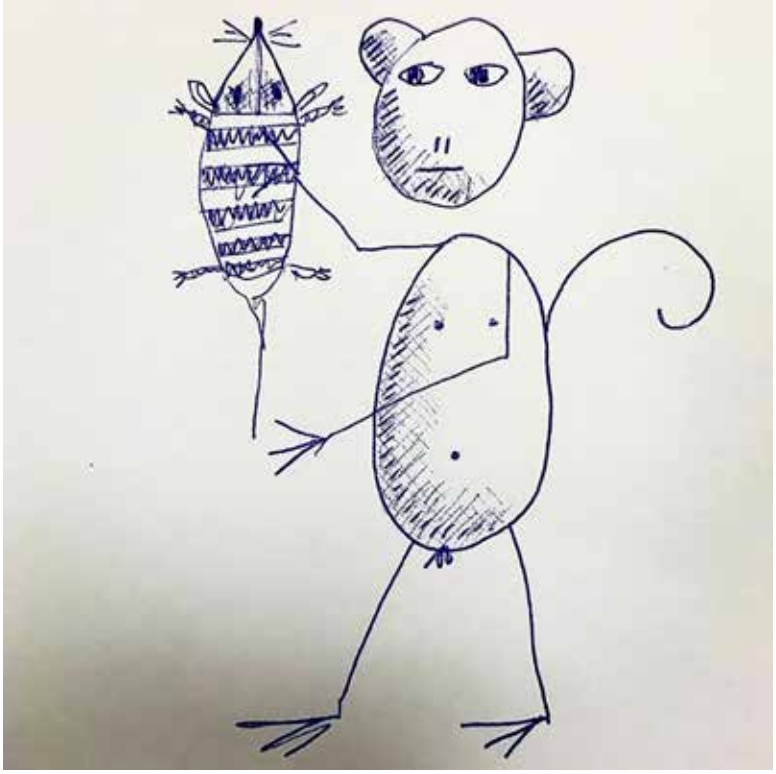


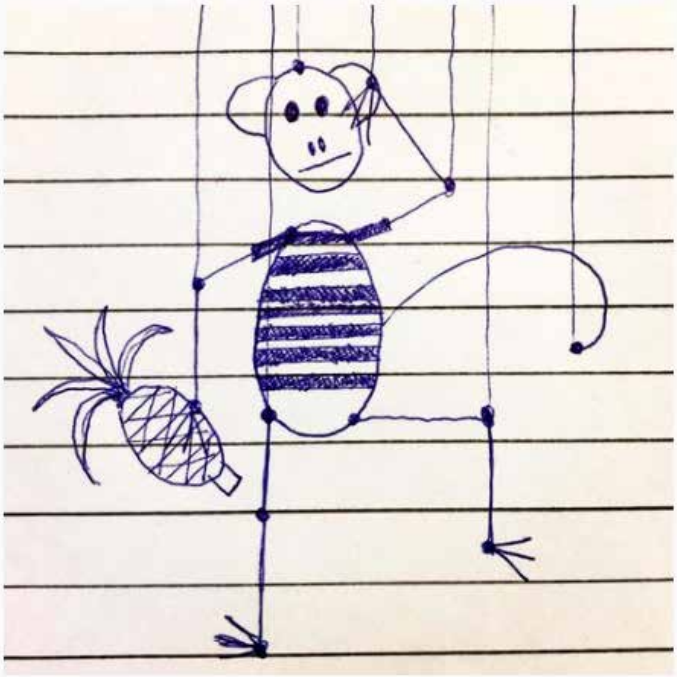
ZP·13


ZP
13

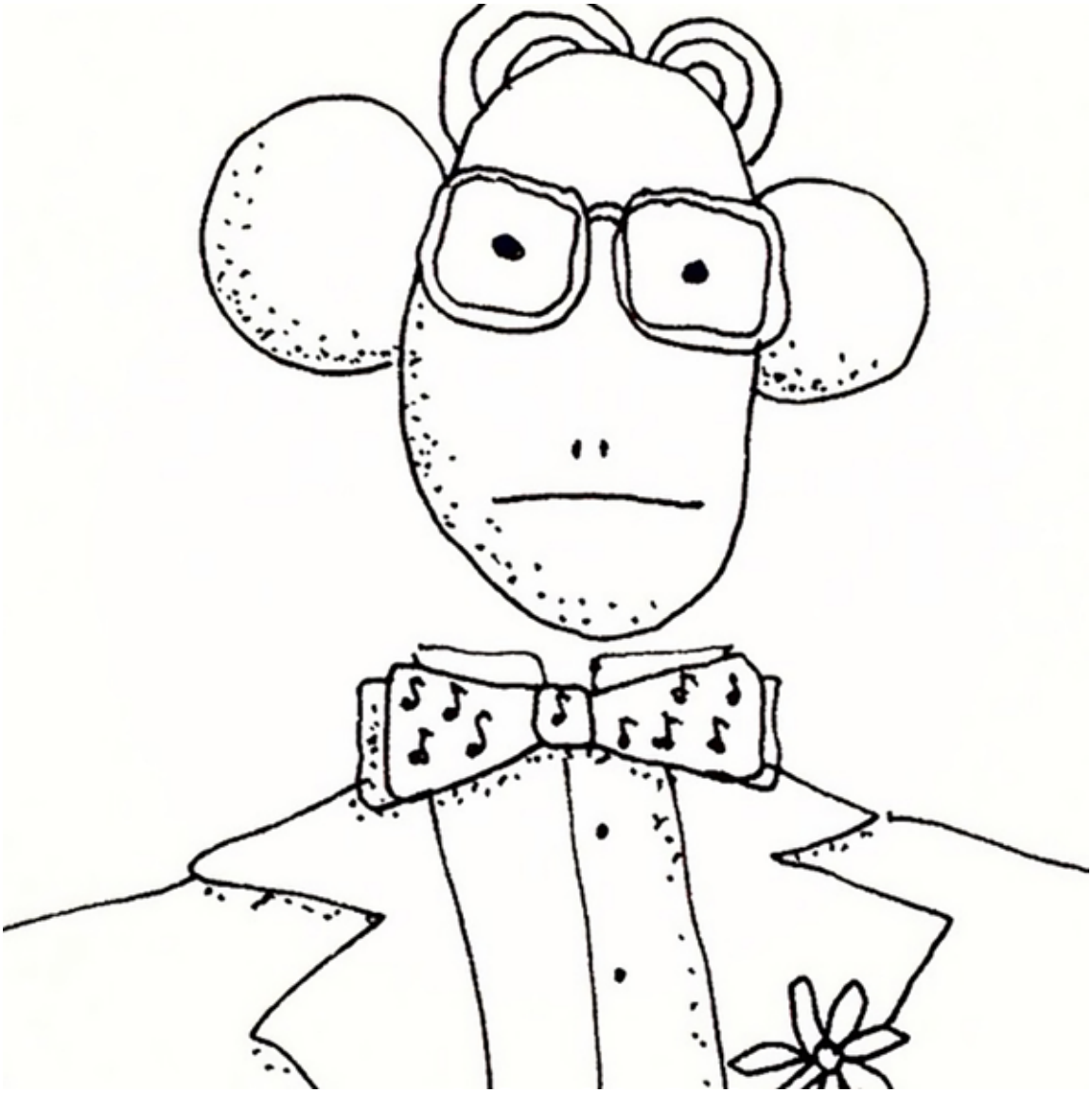

ZP
13

"... os melhores momentos da vida,
nos meus braços você desfrutou ..."

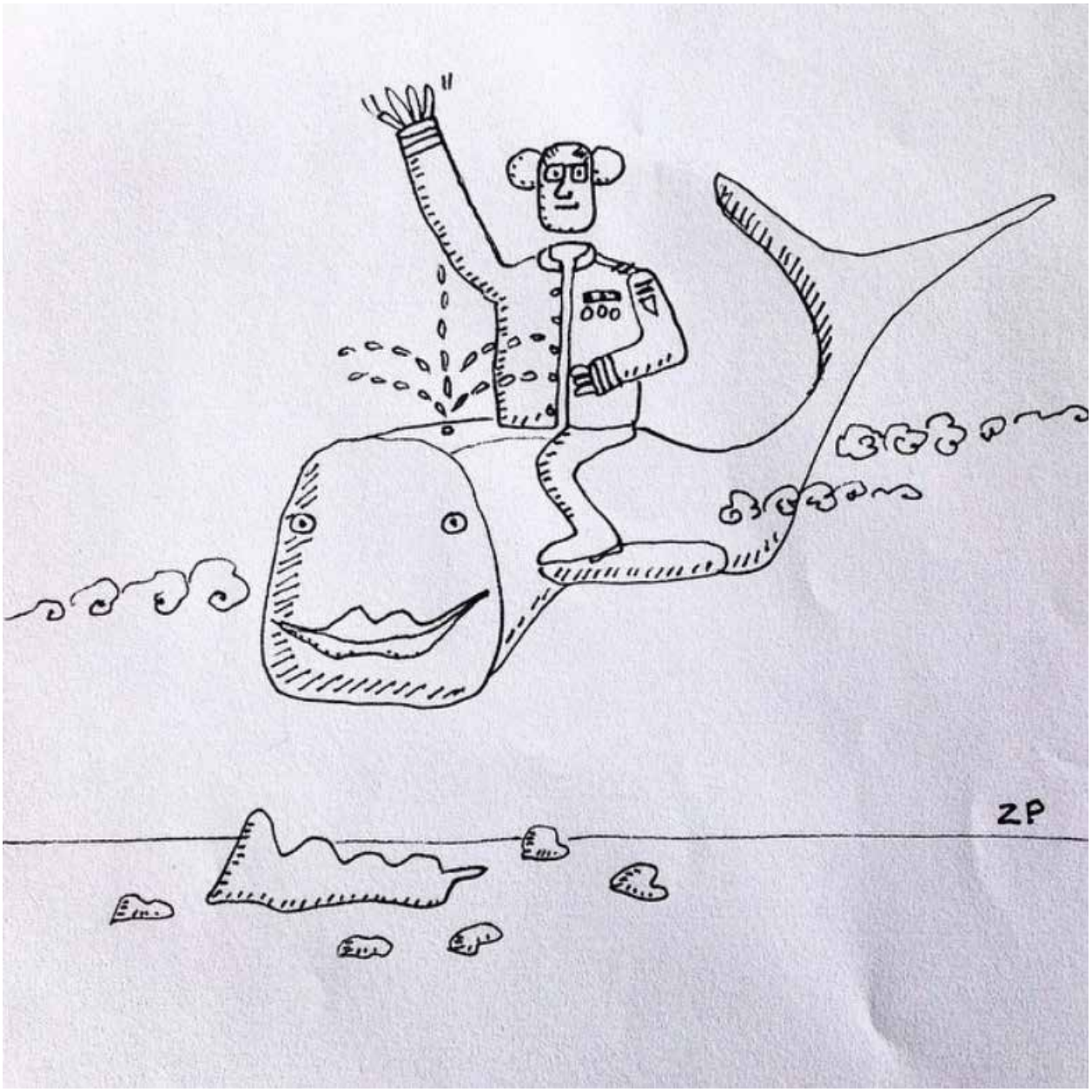




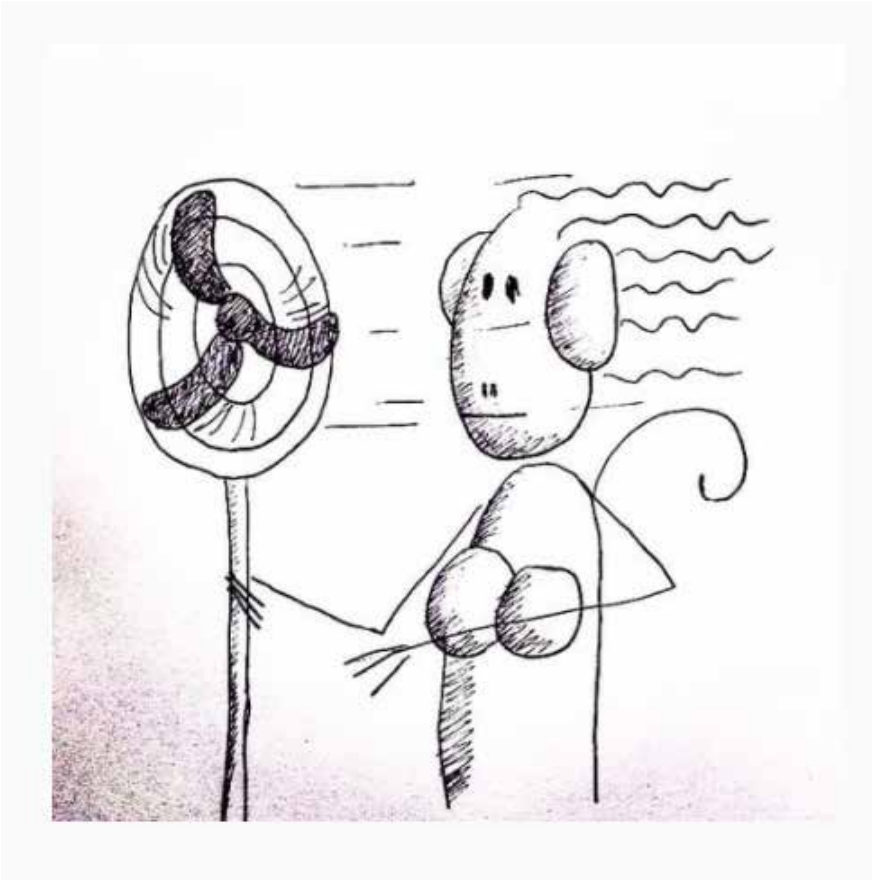
"... aceito uma prenda, qualquer coisa assim,
como uma joia falsa, um sonho de valsa ..."

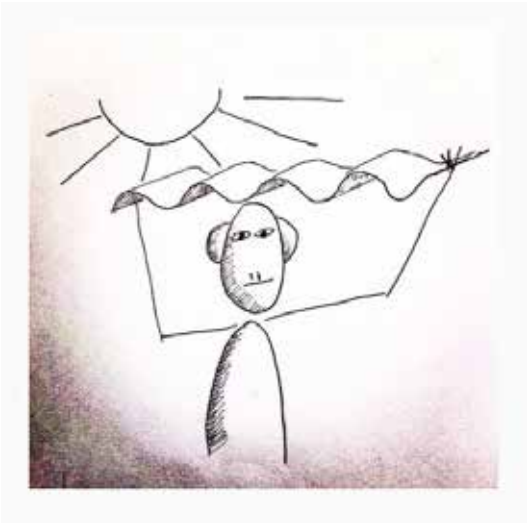


“doutor em anedotas e em champanhotas”



Almirante Ibsen Câmara

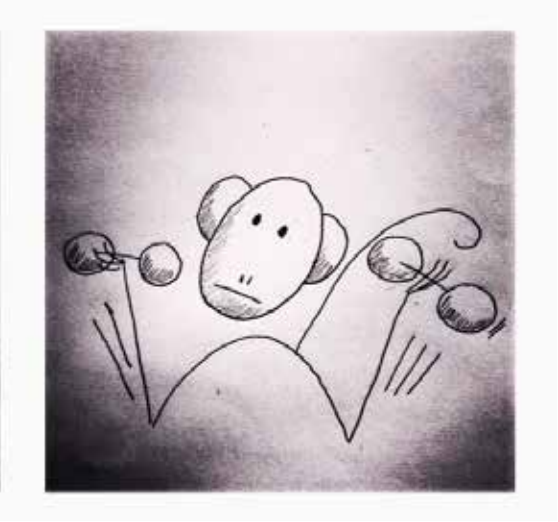




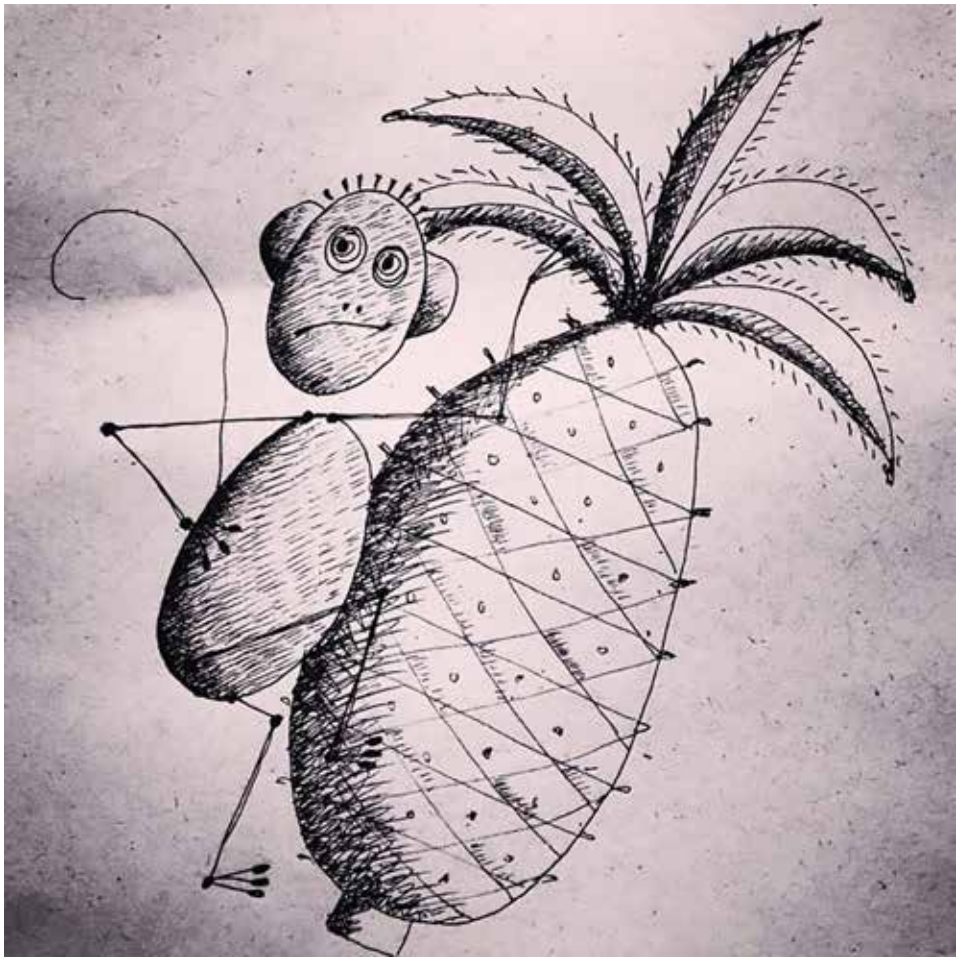
“Que será, da minha vida sem o teu amor,

Da minha boca sem os beijos teus,

Da minha alma sem o teu calor...”

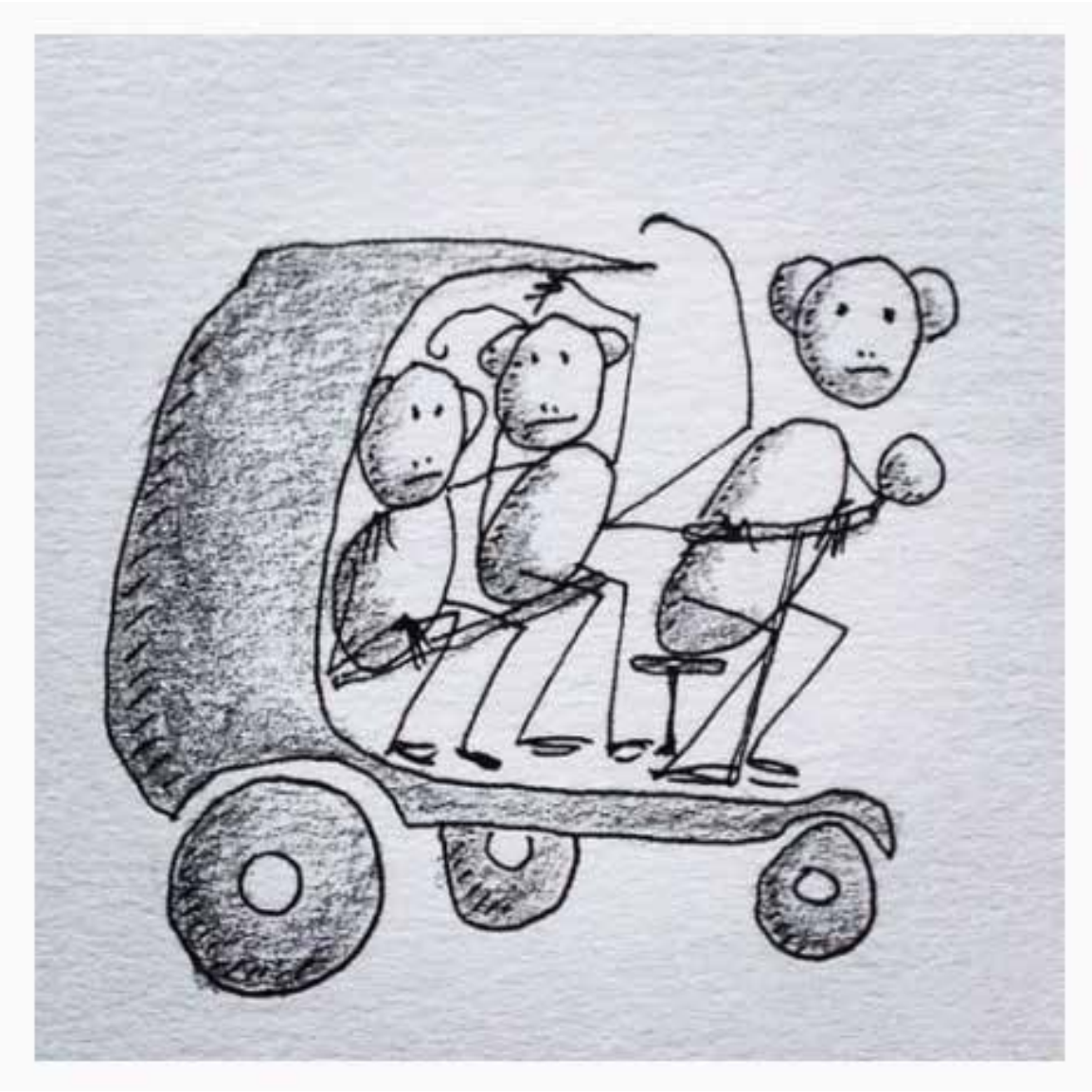


"...sí alma mía, la gloria eres tú ..."

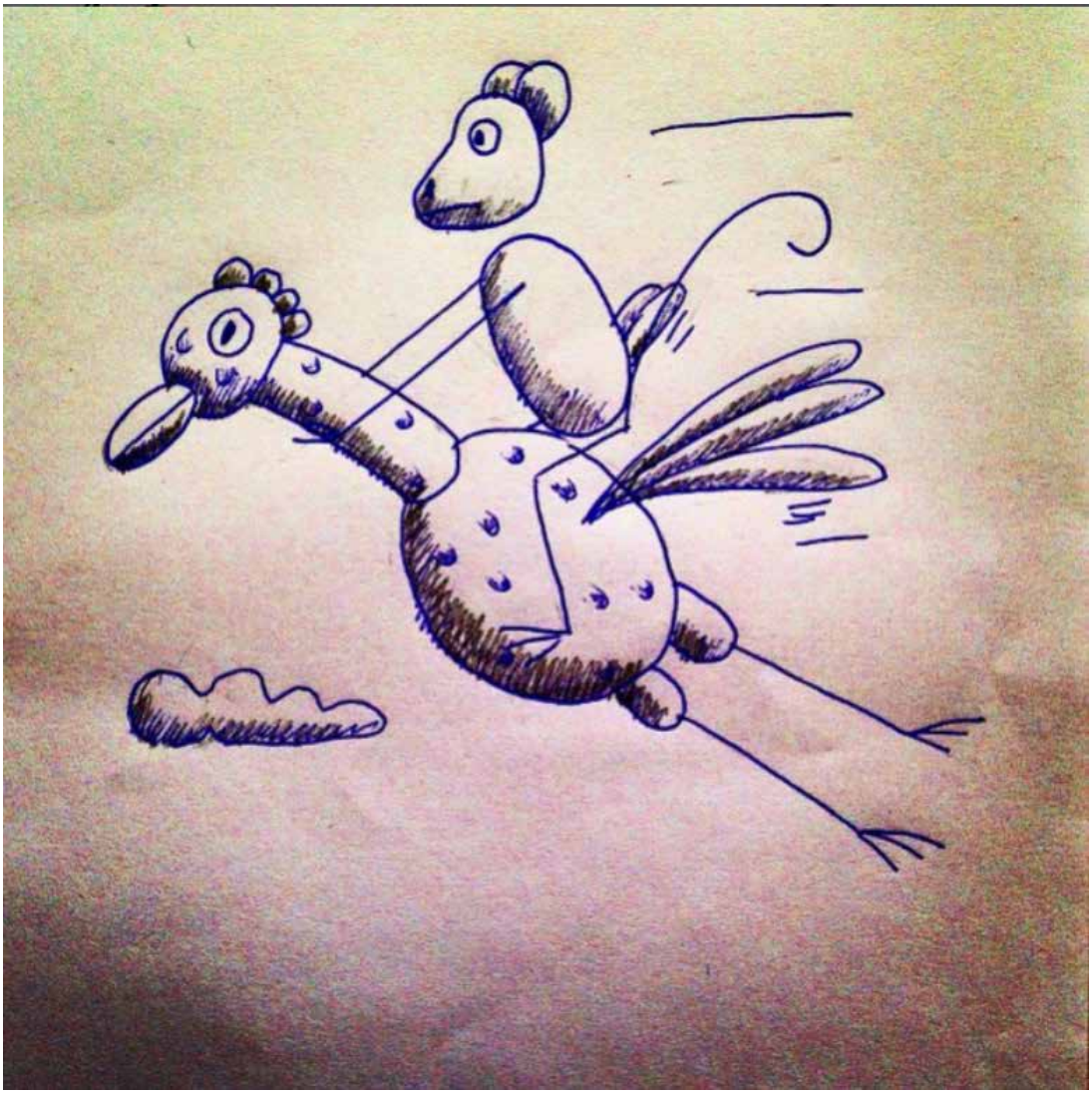


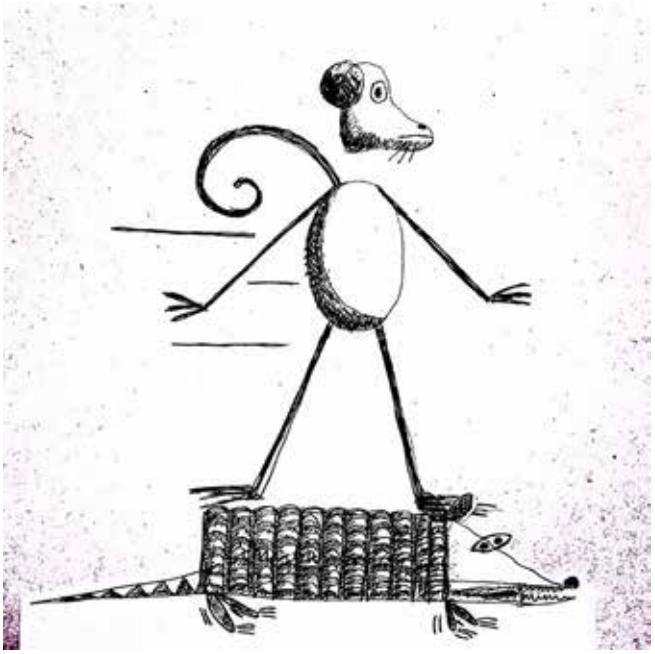
"… angústia de no besarte mas …"

SUPER MACACO RAUL

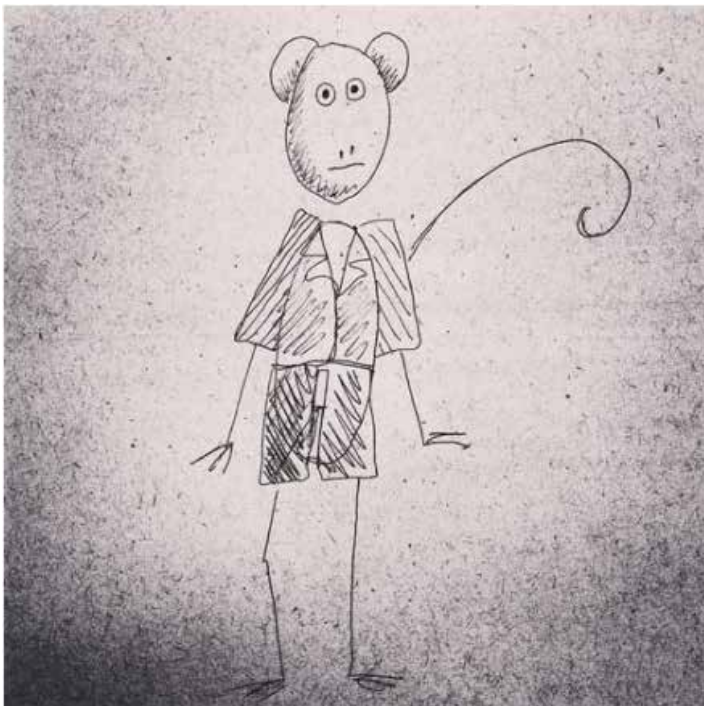


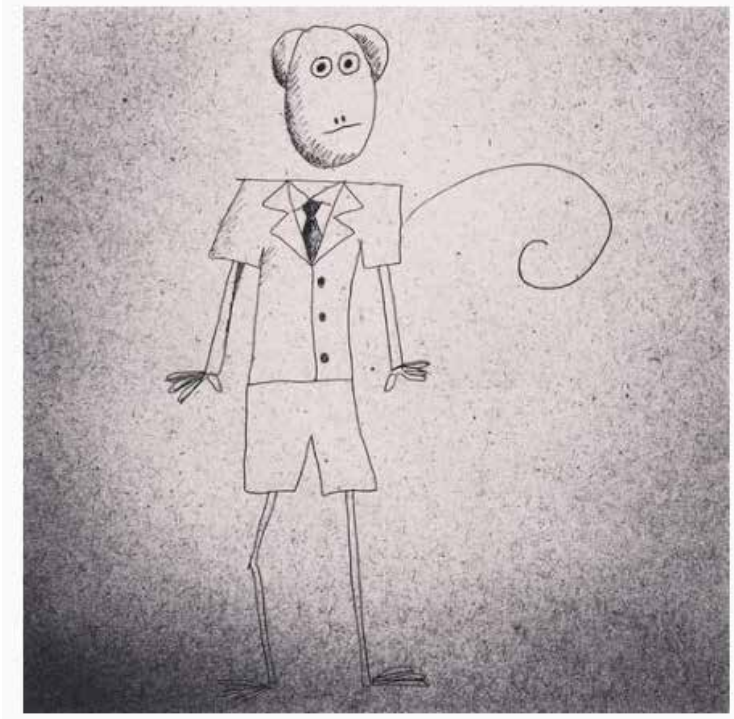
HUGO & ELISA EM NOVA DELHI

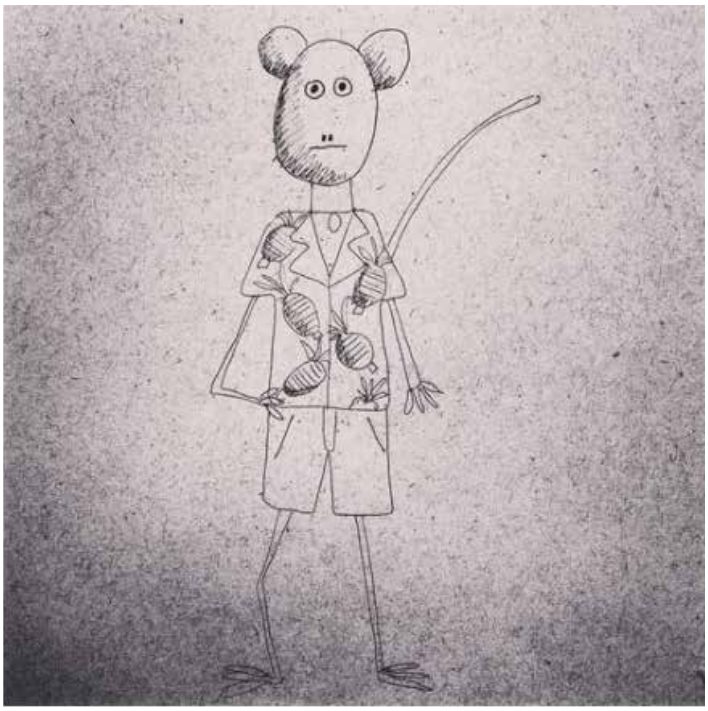




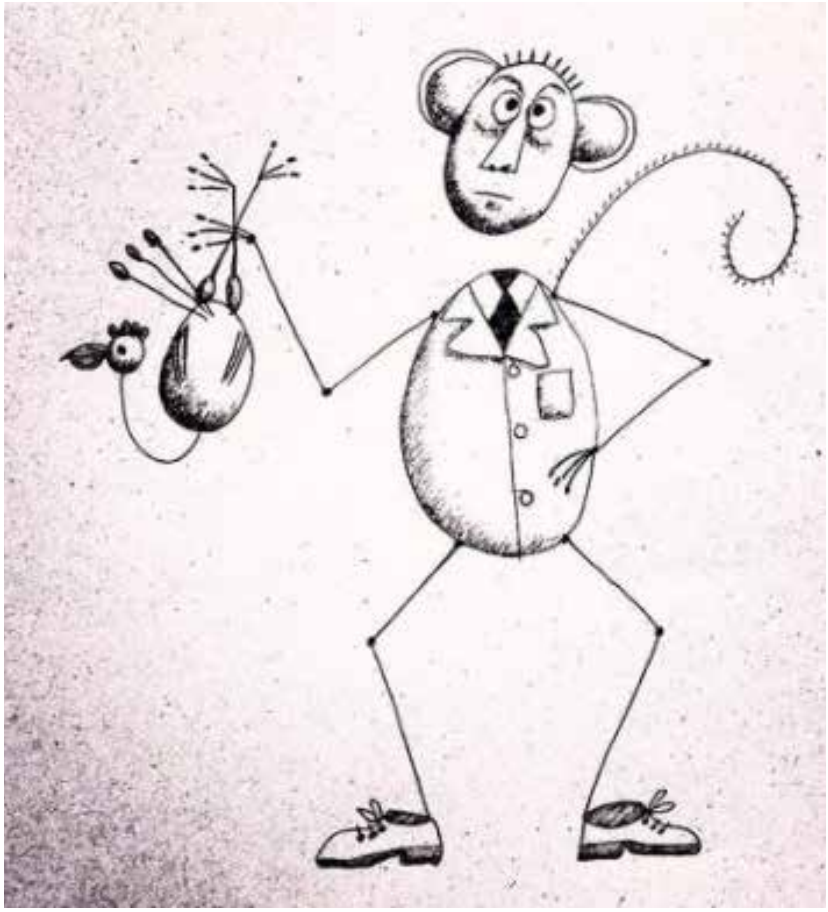
"... NOCHE DE RONDA
QUE TRISTE PASAS
QUE TRISTE CRUZAS
POR MI BALCÓN..."

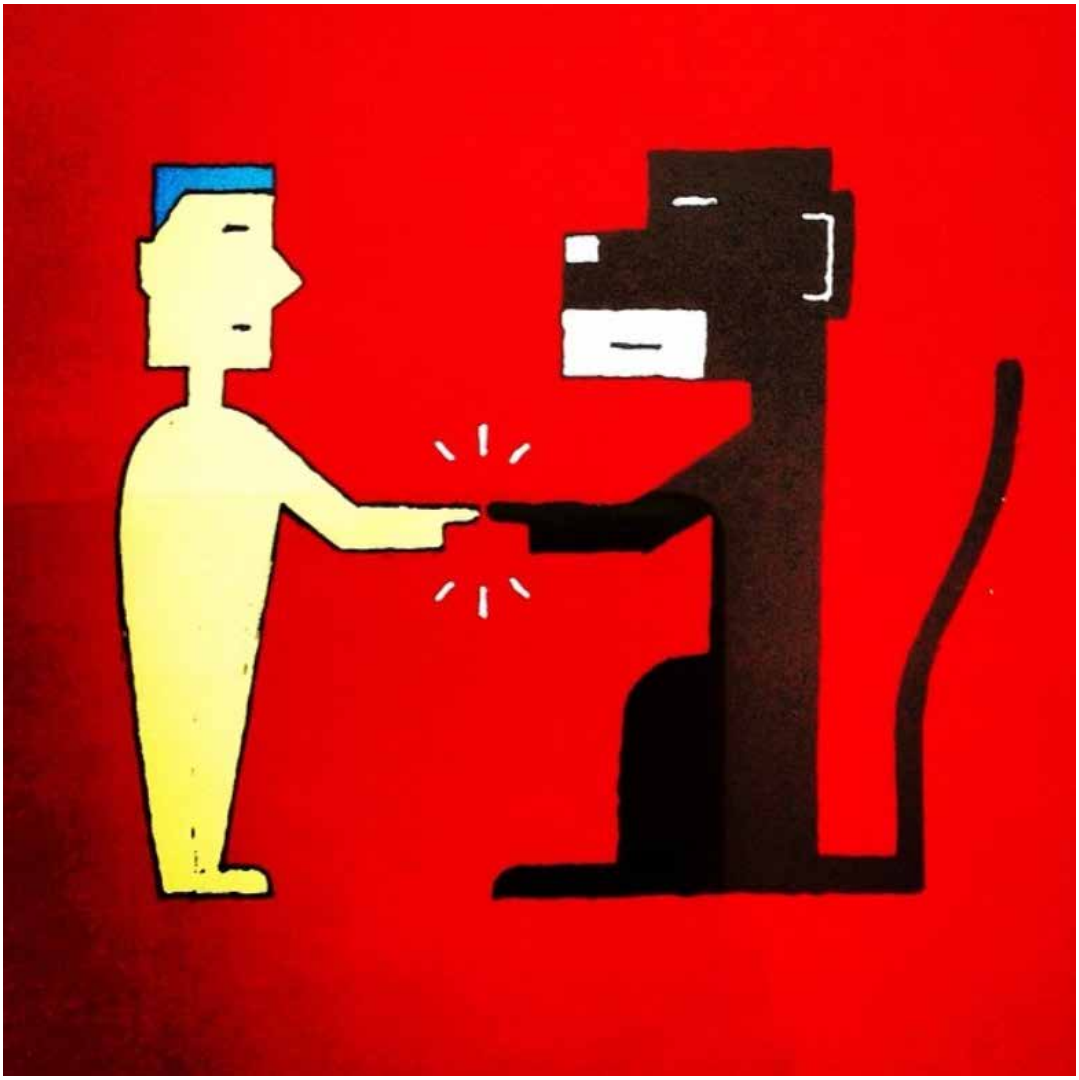




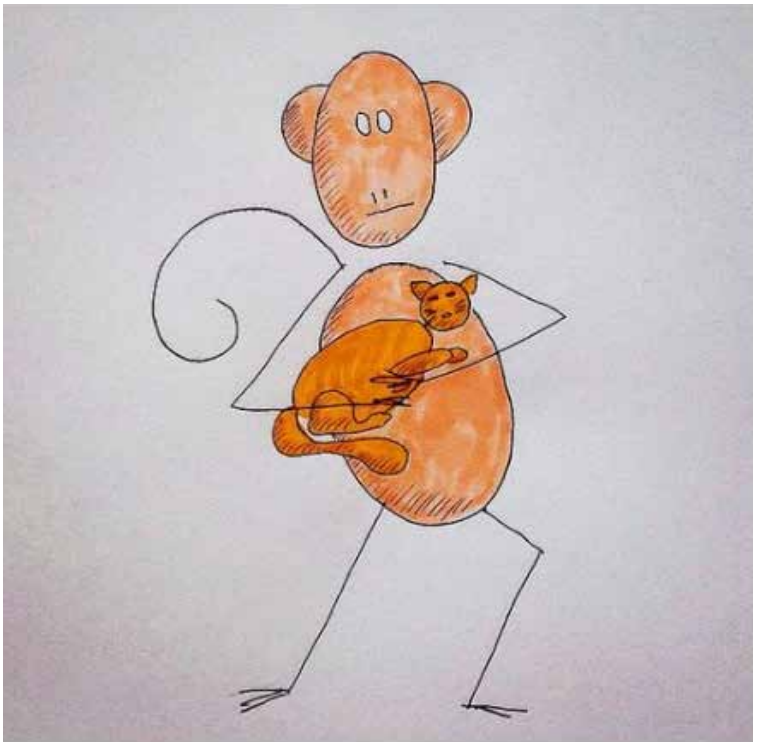


"... y aunque viva
Prisionero,
En mi soledad
Mi alma te dirá
Te quiero ..."



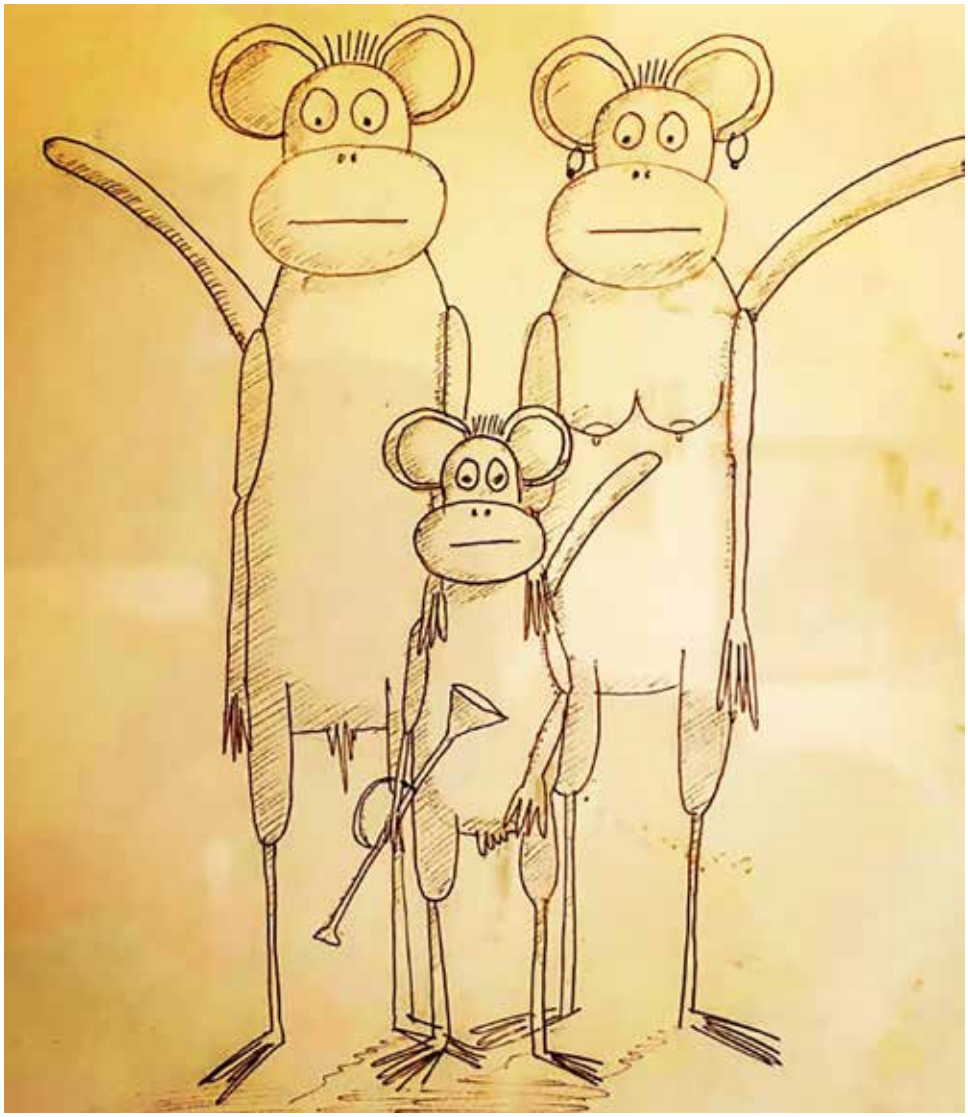


GUTO LACAZ



“ADIOS, MARIQUITA LINDA …”

"... FLORES NEGRAS DEL DESTINO NOS APARTAN SIN PIEDAD..."

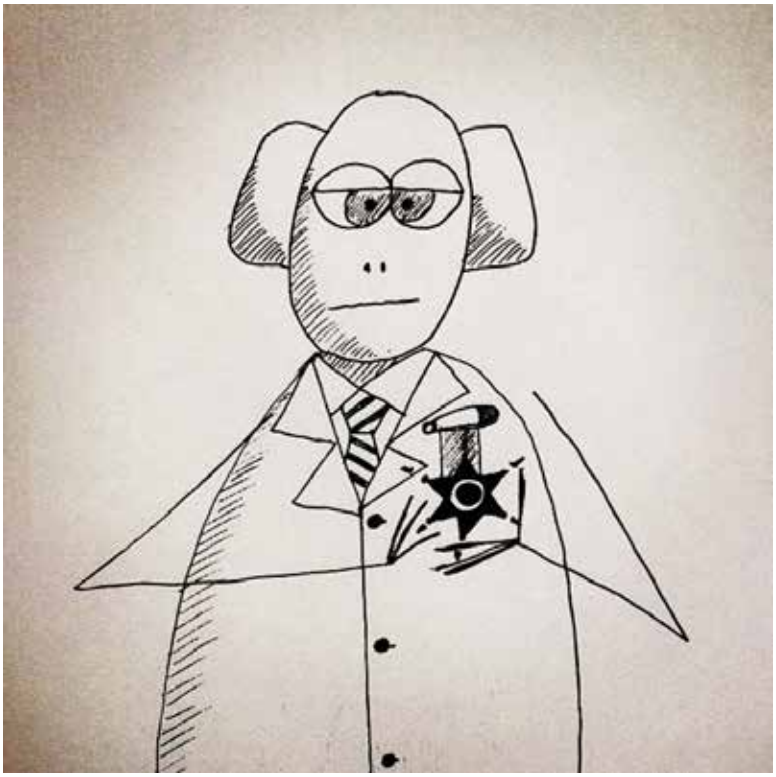


"... MUJER,
SI PUEDES TÚ CON DIOS HABLAR,
PREGÚNTALE SI YO ALGUNA VEZ
TE HE DEJADO DE ADORAR ..."

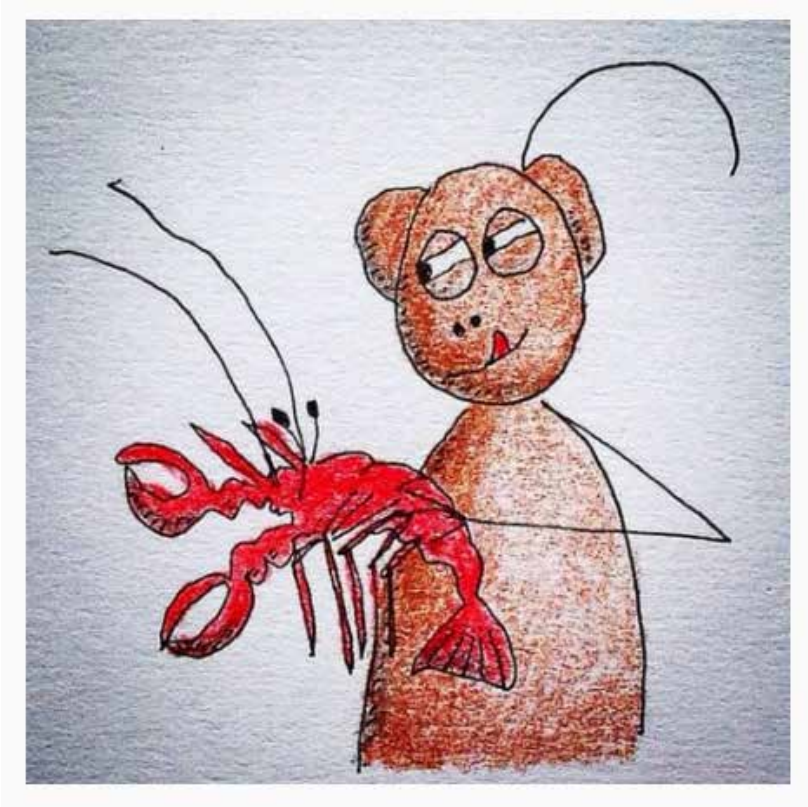
ZP
17
MACACO CARIOCA

MACACO MATOGROSSENSE · 17

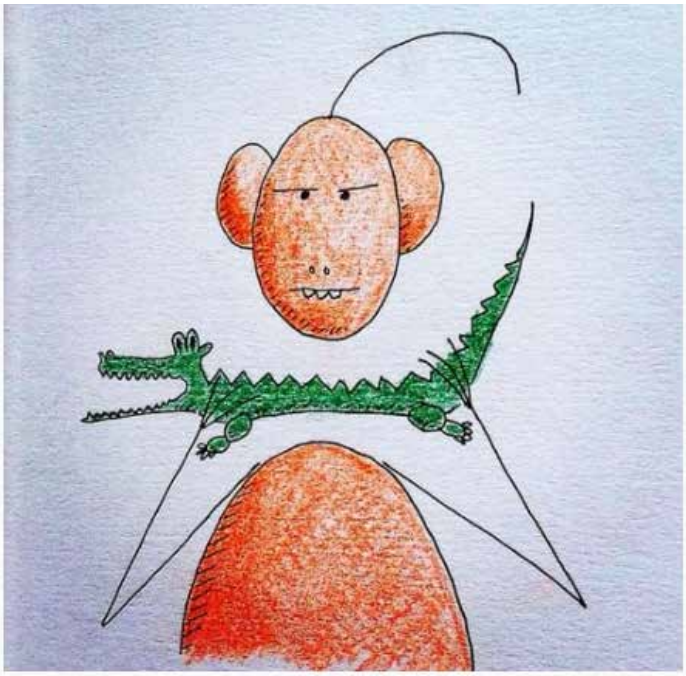
" CHEGOU O
GENERAL
DA BANDA
HE, HE ..."

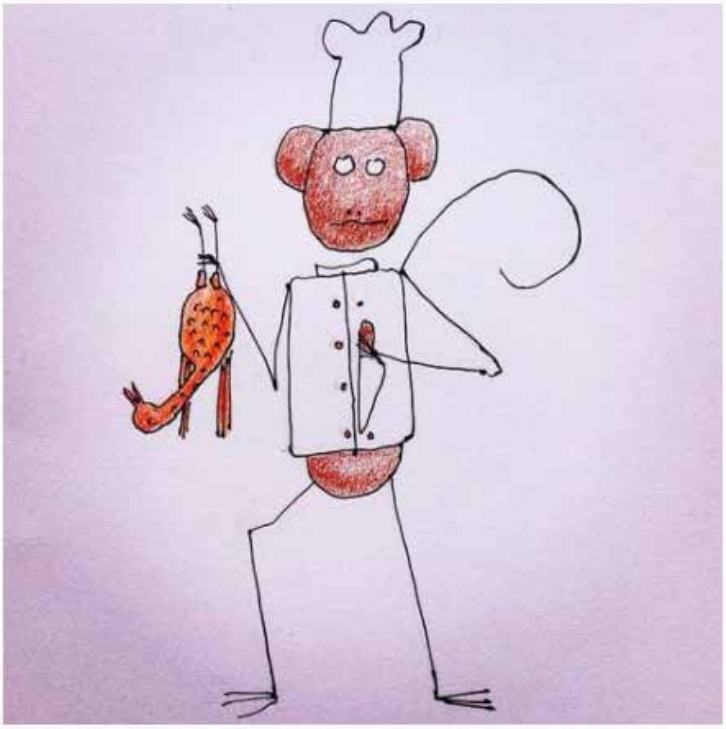


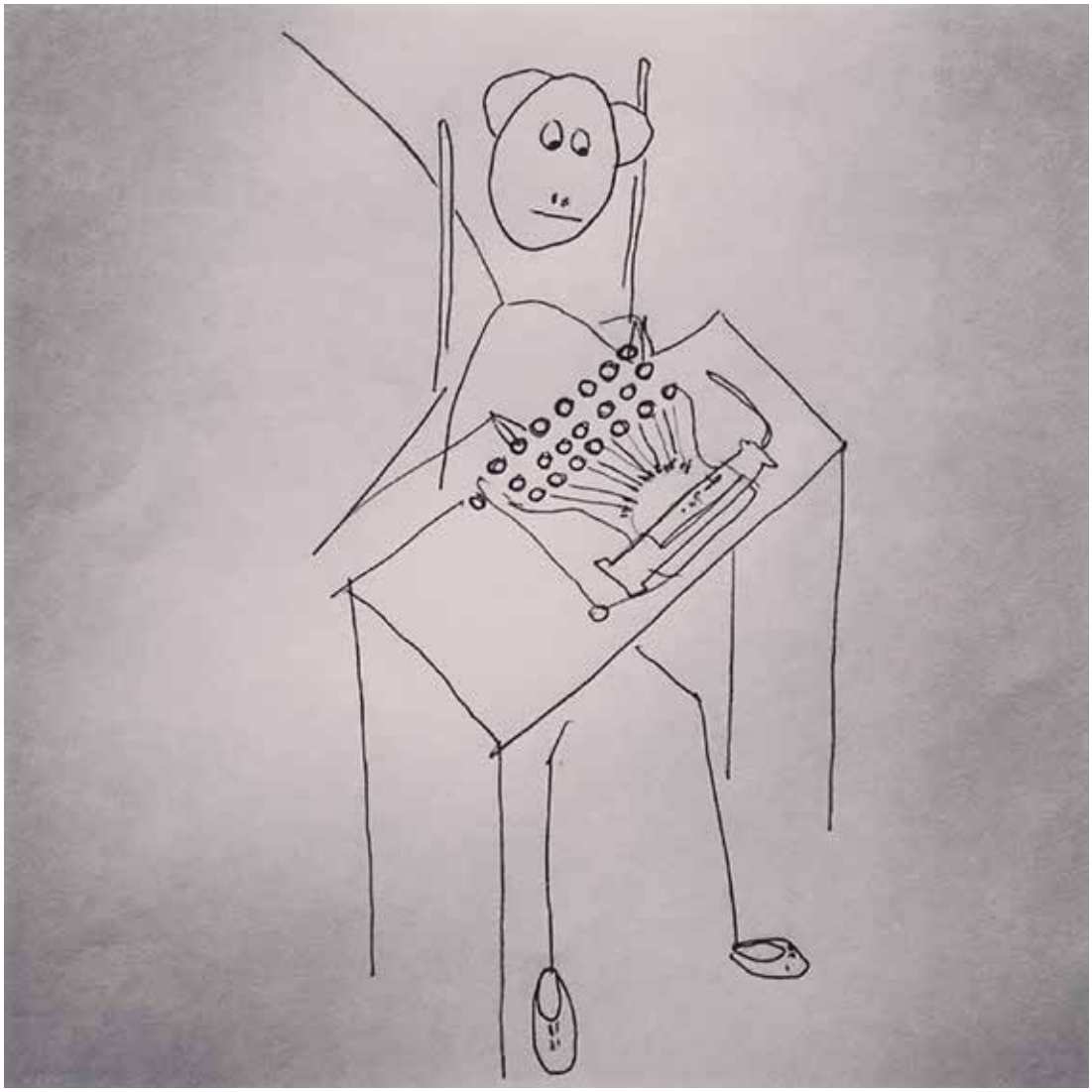
FORA
FORA



"... Y AL MAR, ESPEJO DE MI CORAZÓN..."



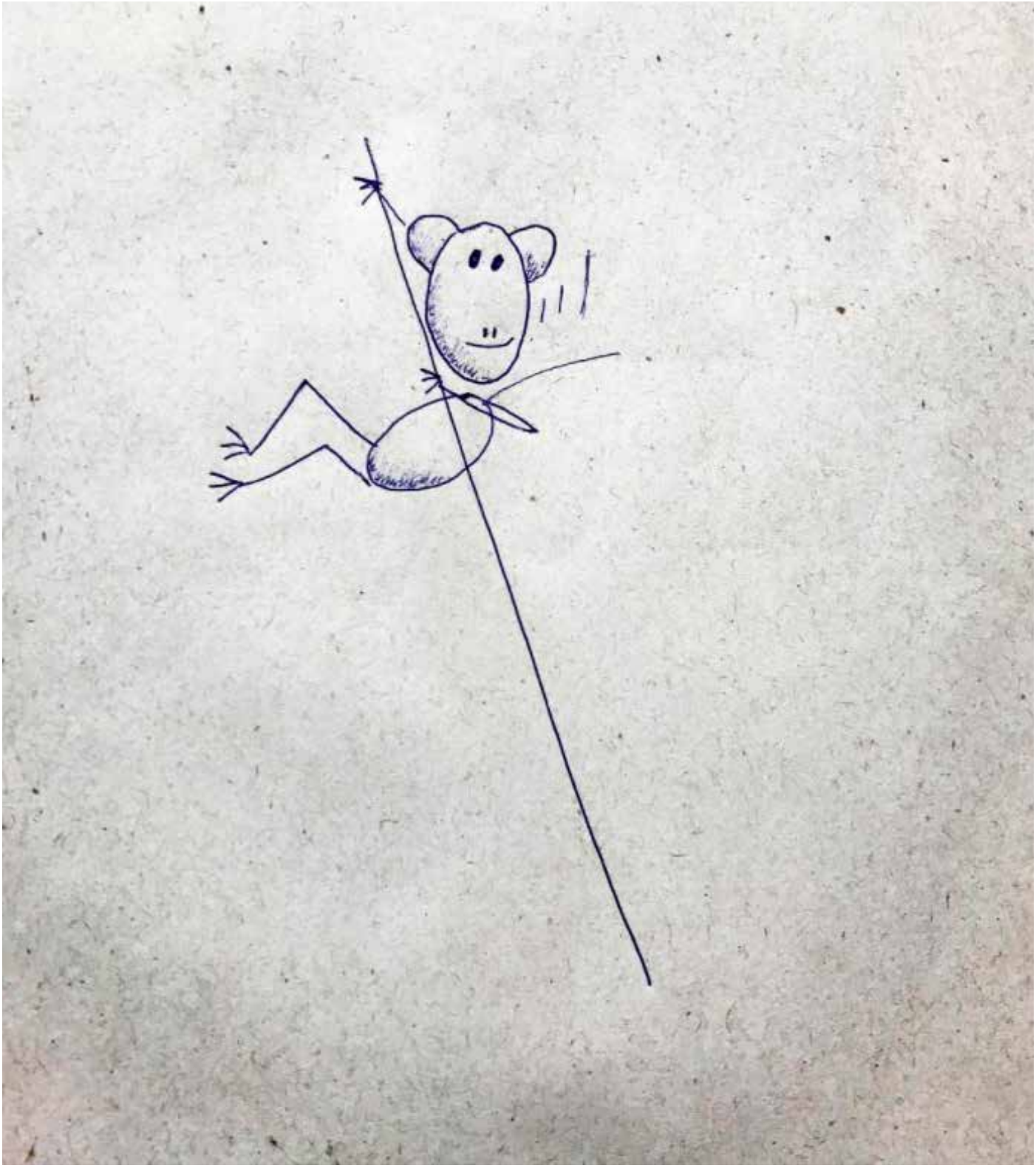


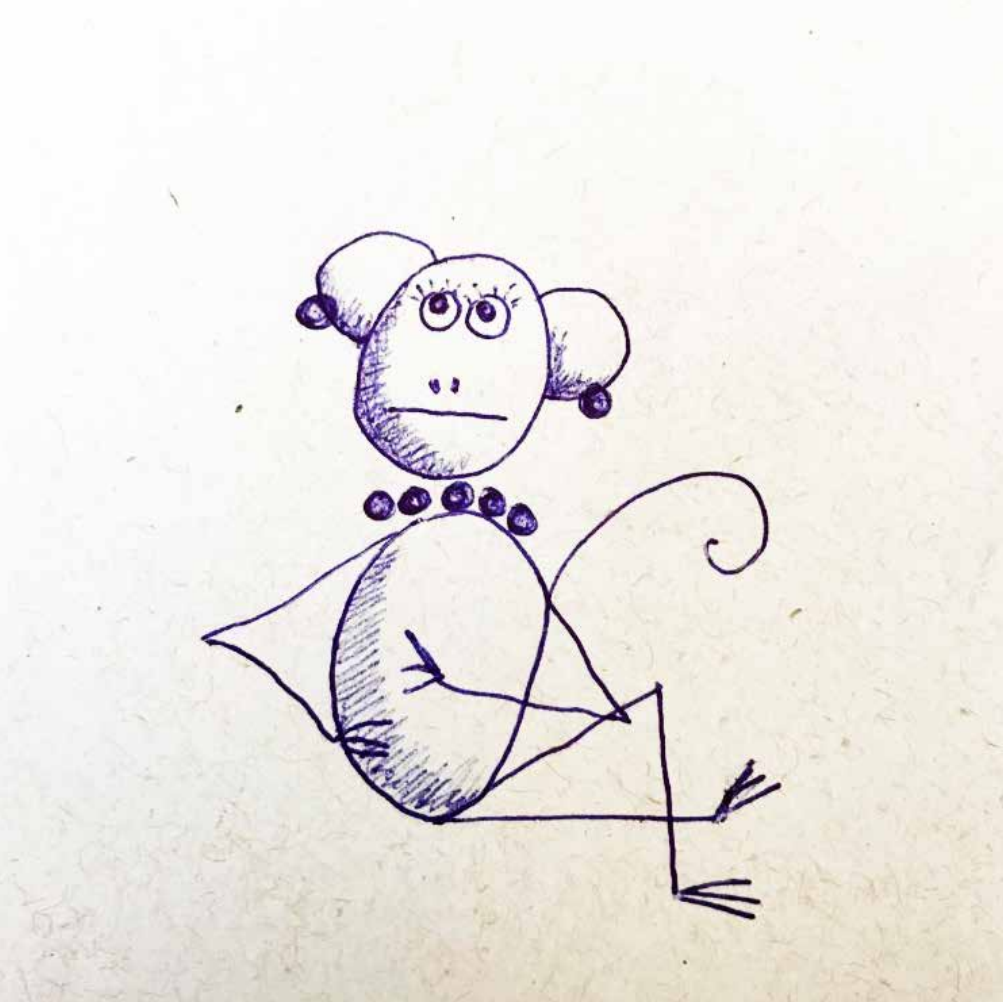


“teco, teco, teco na bola de gude era o meu viver...”

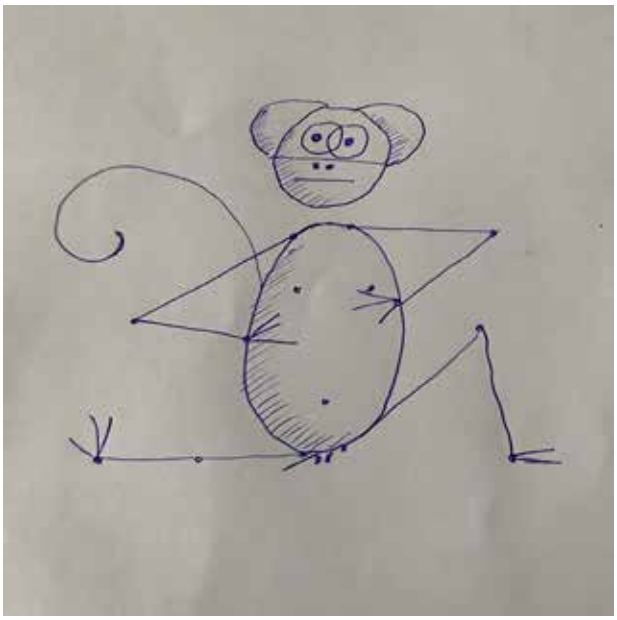
3º ATO

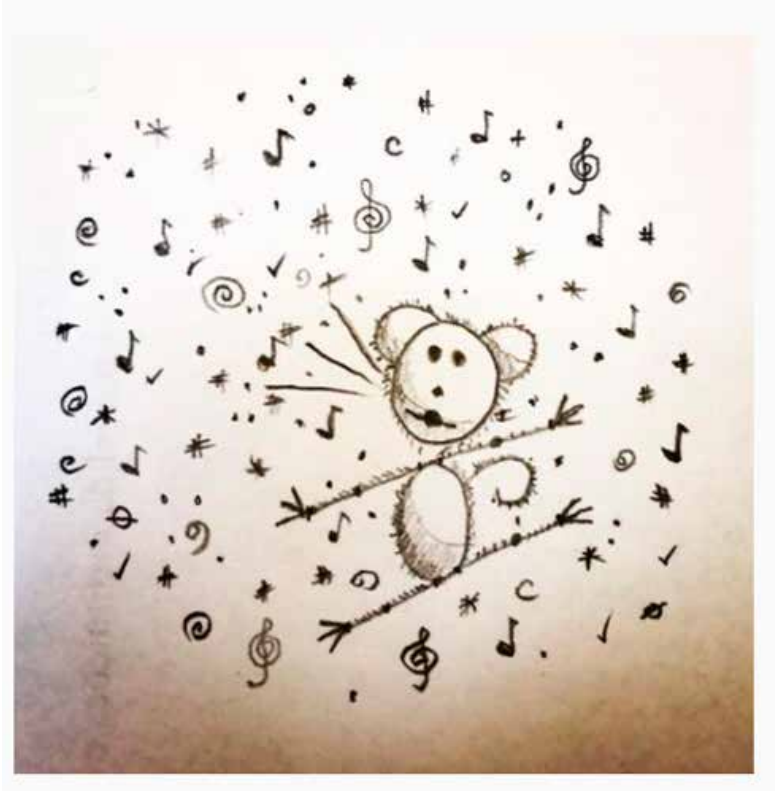
“NO TE DETENGAS A MIRAR LAS RAMAS MUERTAS DEL ROSAL QUE SE MARCHITAN SIN DAR FLOR...”

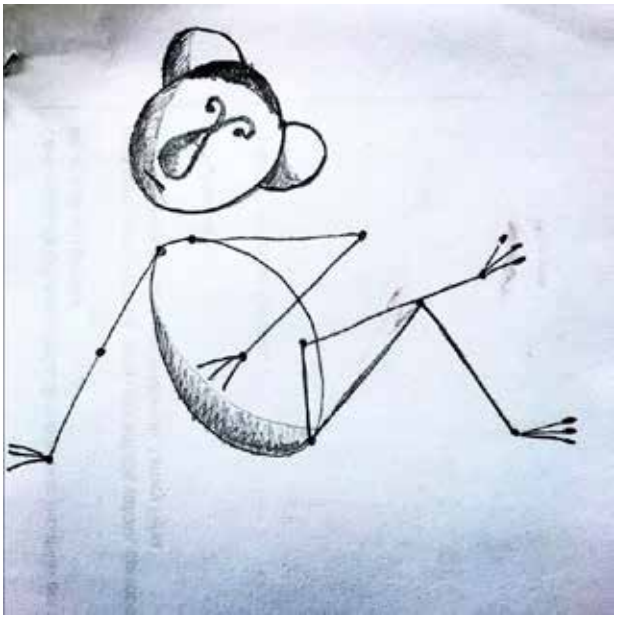




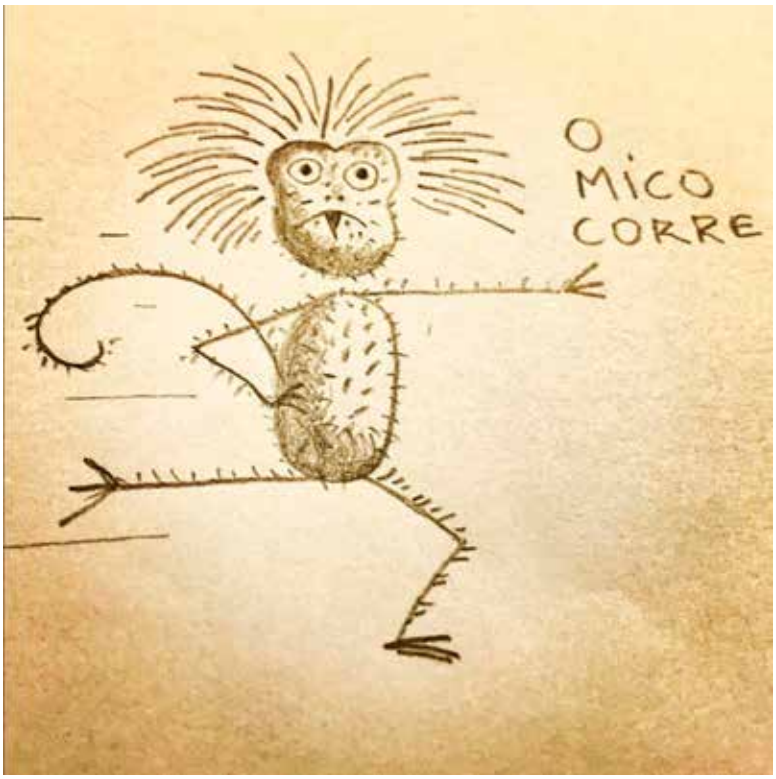
"... E O BEIJO DO PECADO
O TEU VÉU ESTRELEJADO
A LUZIR GLORIFICOU..."



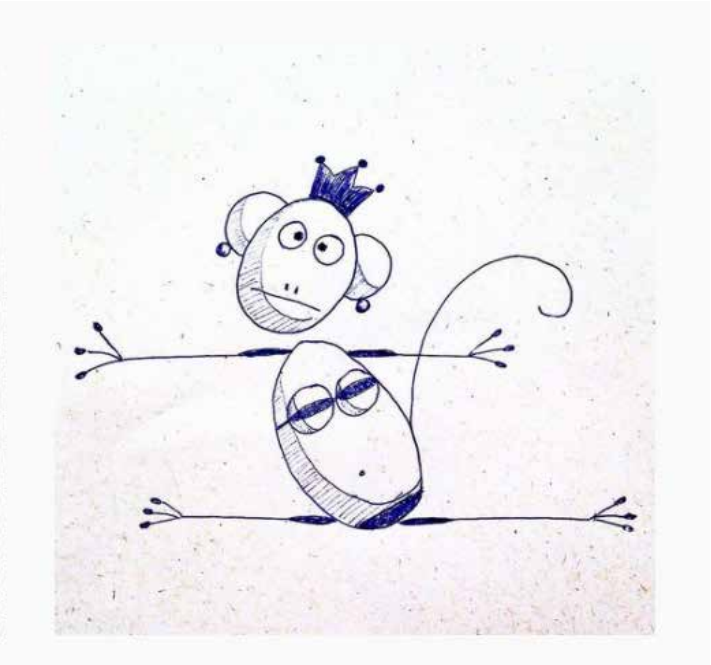




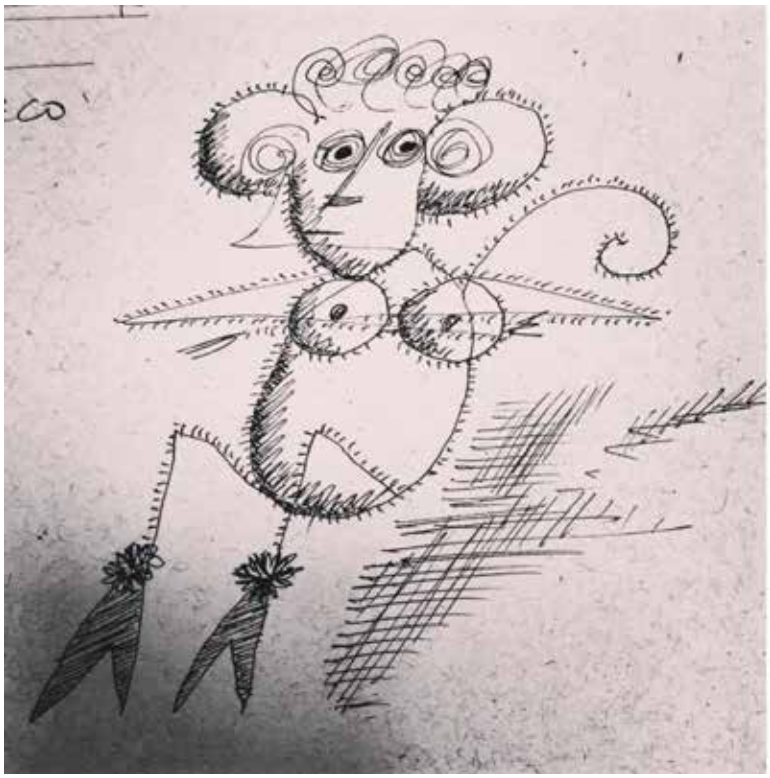
"... Enxugue o pranto barato
que te entristece o olhar..."



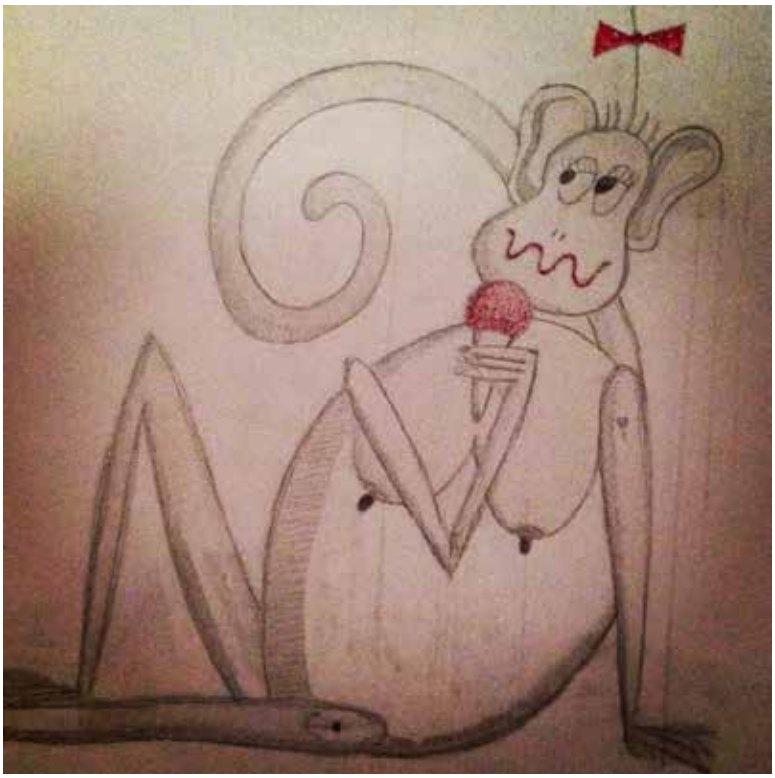
“NÃO CUTUQUE COM VARA CURTA”



"... PRA VER SE ESCAPO DESSA PRAGA DE URUBU ..."



"... TEU CORPO NÃO TEM DONO, TEUS LÁBIOS TÊM VENENO..."



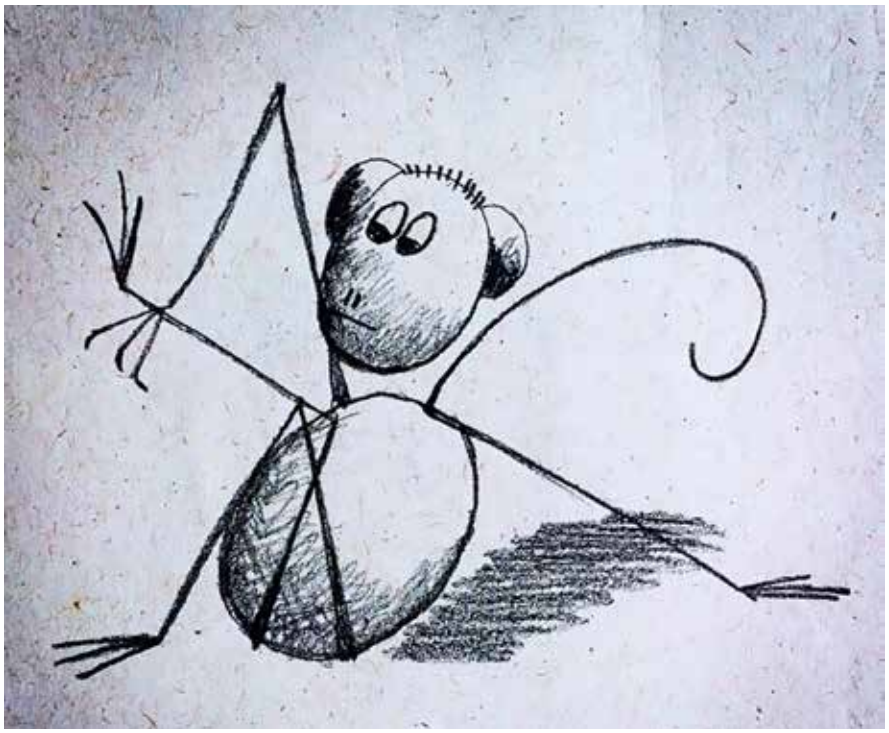
"... CADÊ MIMI?"

¡QUÁ MARVADA PINGA
E QUE EU ME ATRAPAIO

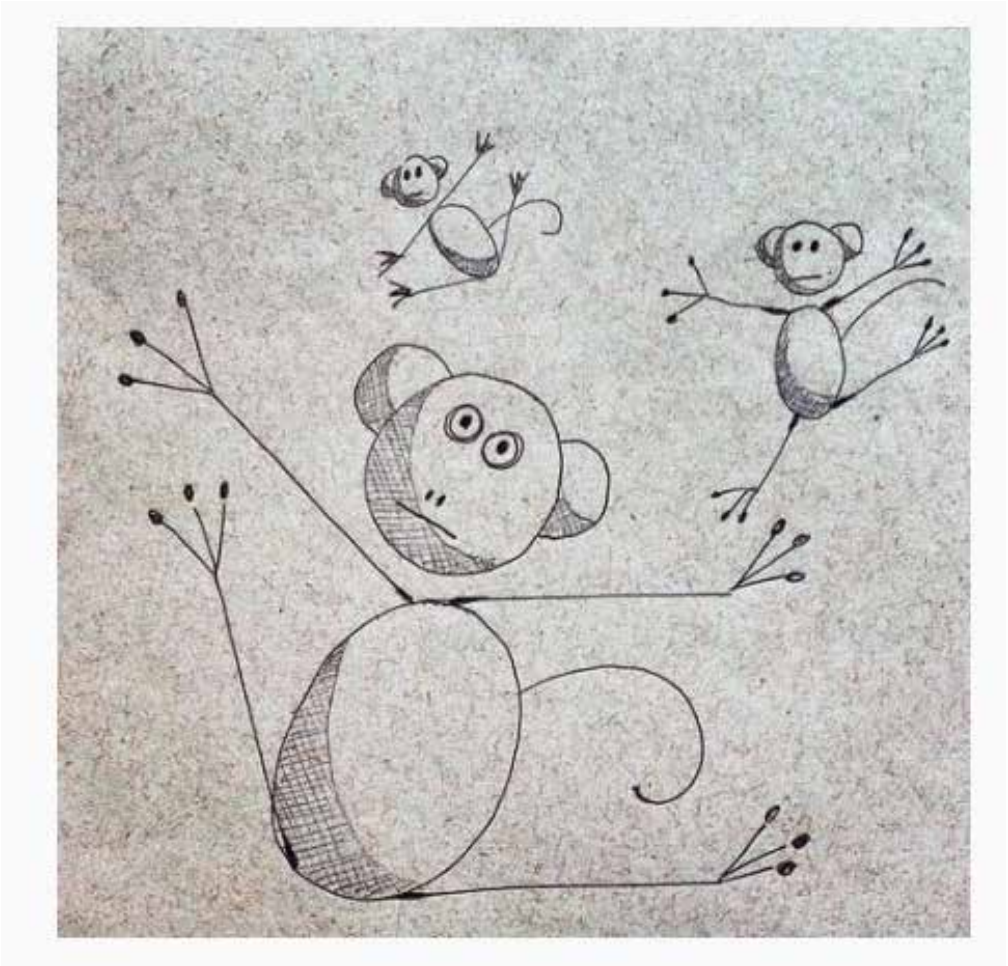
CADA VEIZ QUE EU CAIO
CAIO DEFERENTE

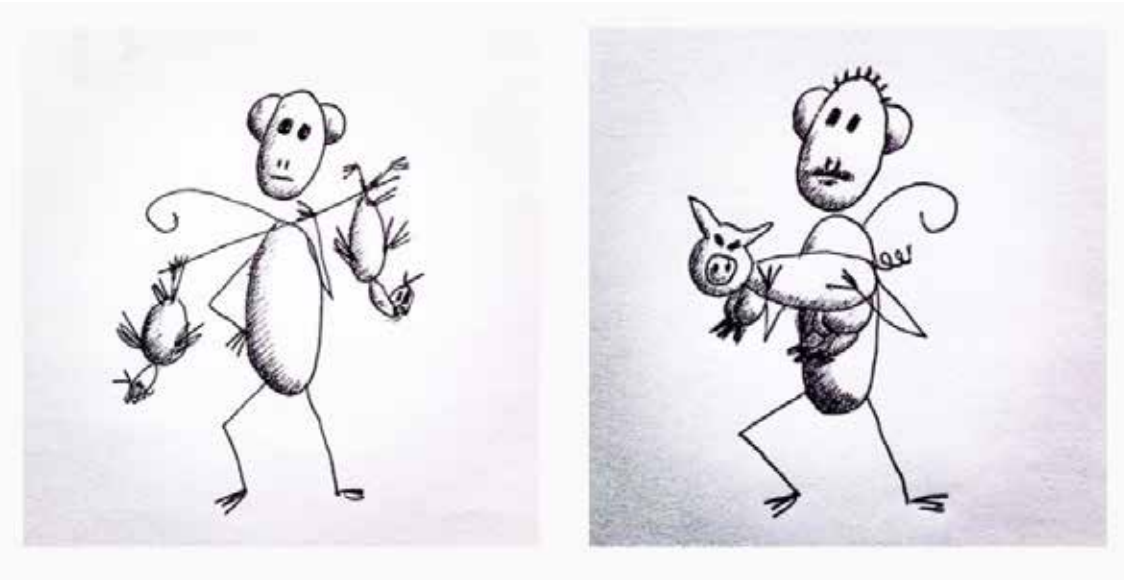
MEAÇO PRÁ TRAIZ
E CAIO PRA FRENTE

VÔ DE CURRUPIO
VÔ DERETAMENTE

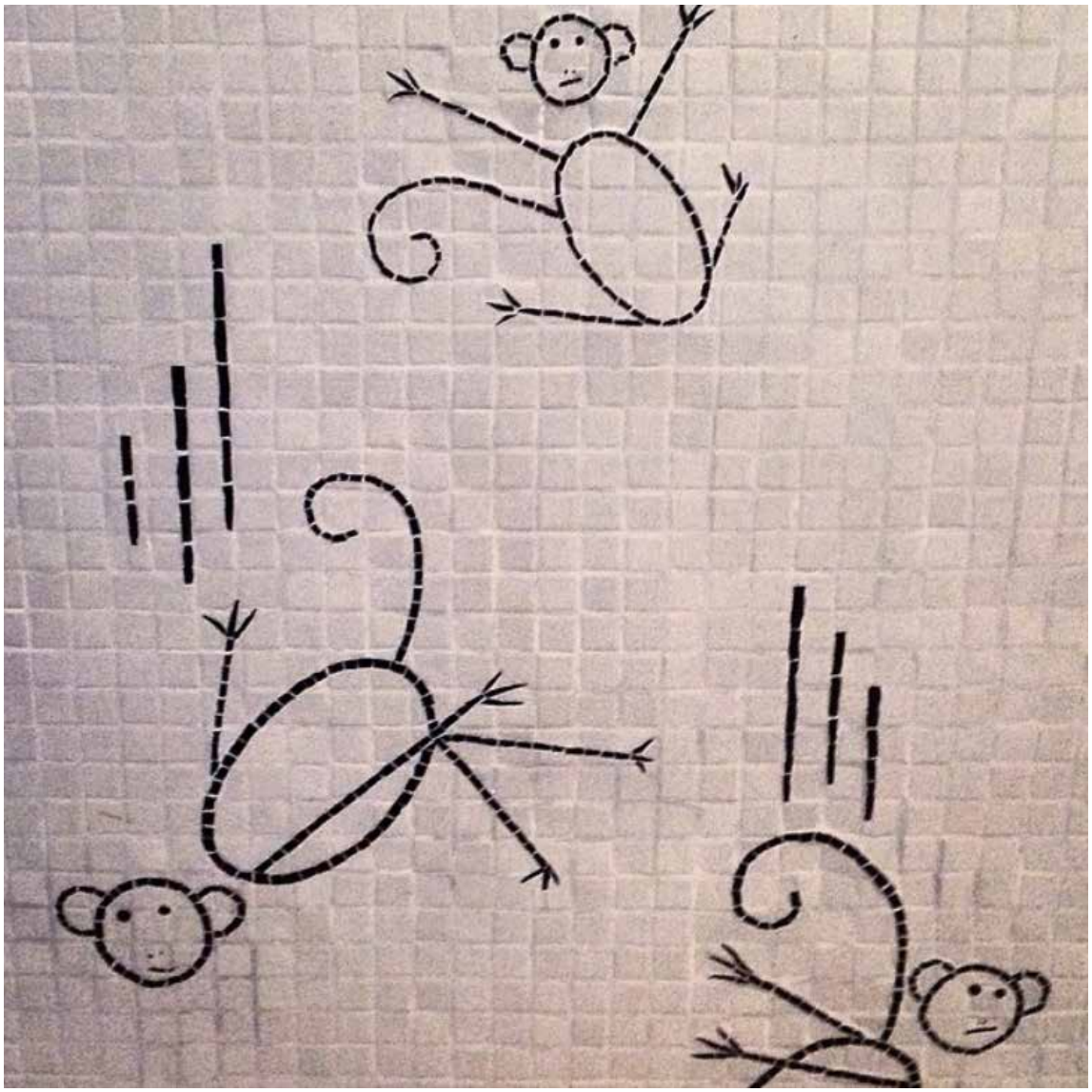


“eu passo a mão na saca saca rolha”



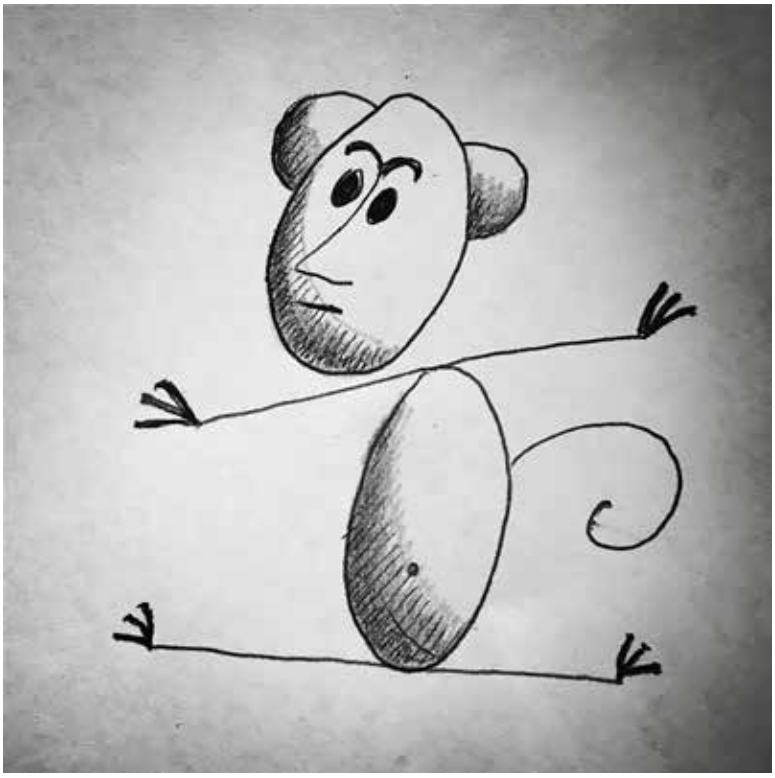


"... Y ALEGRE EL JIVARITO VA ..."

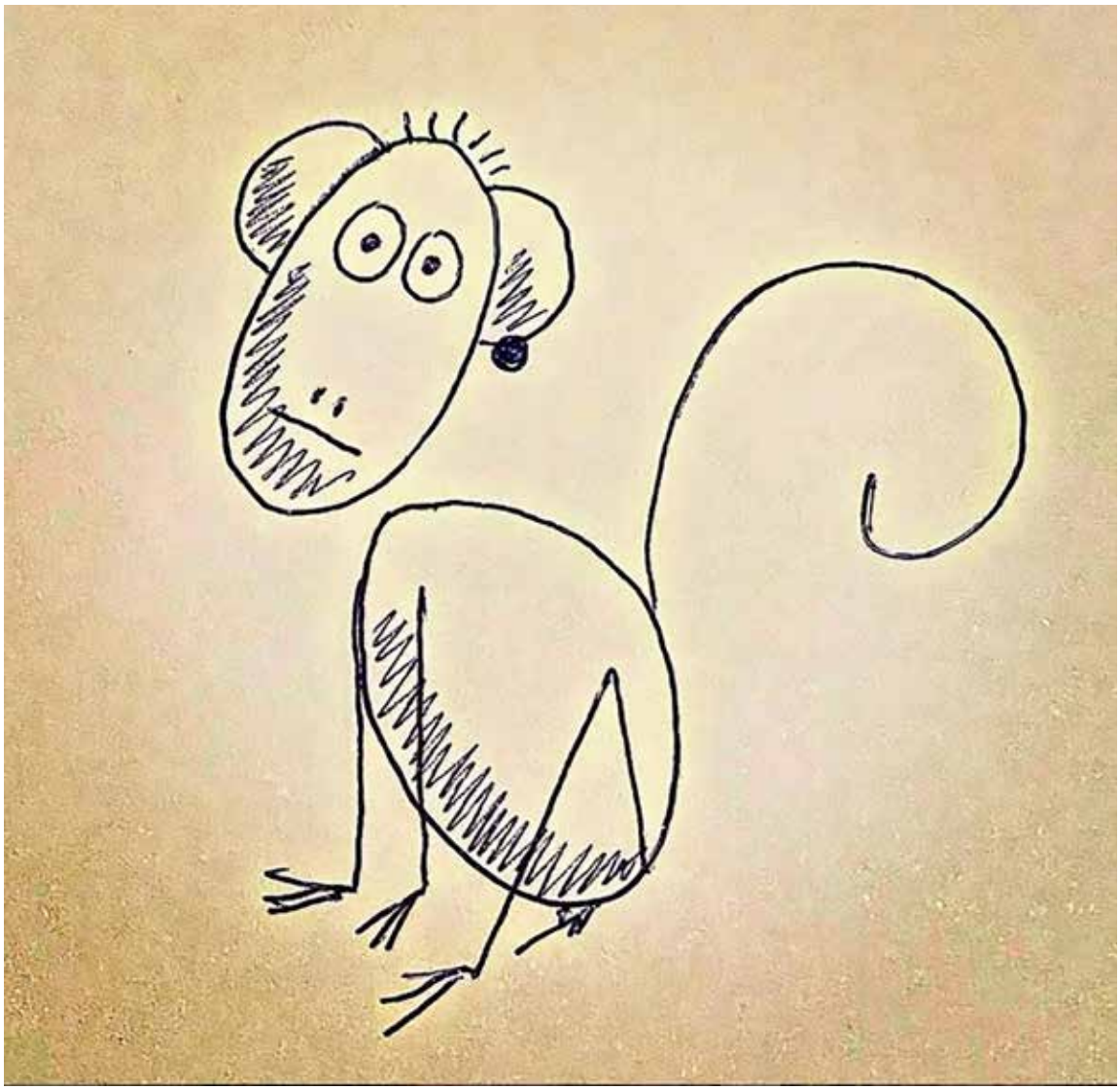


JANETE FECIT

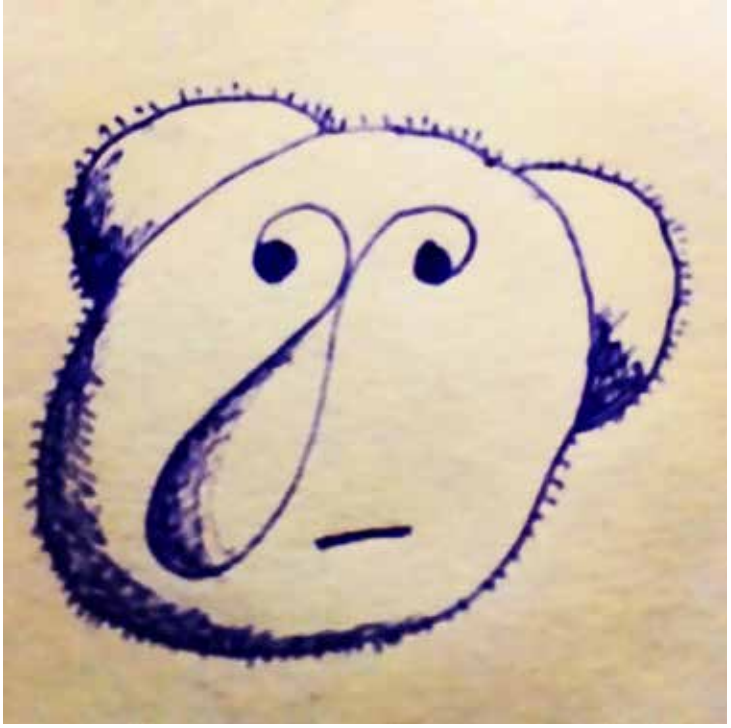
COLEÇÃO ANNA MARIA BRISOLA



"... Y EL RESTO DE ESTE ROMANCE LO SABE DIOS ..."



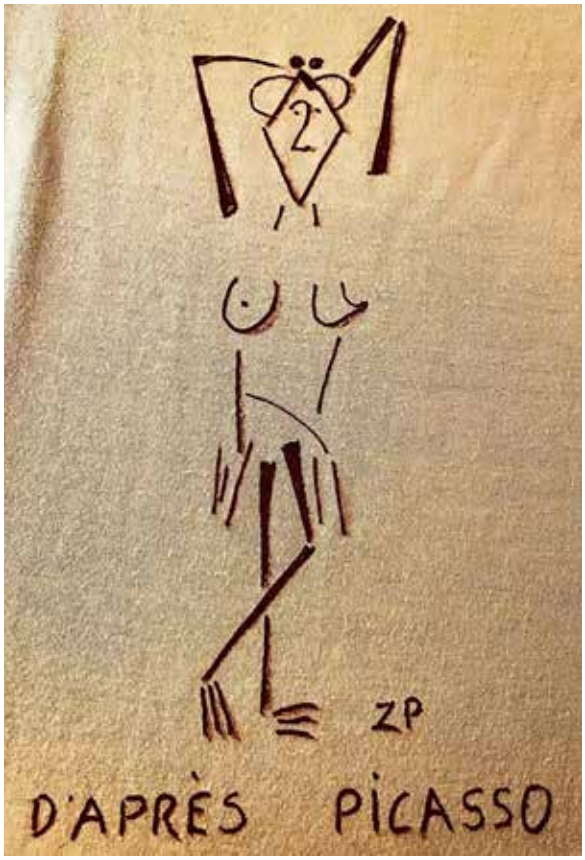
"... TODO ESTÁ DESIERTO,
EL PUEBLO ESTÁ MUERTO,
DE NECESIDAD ¡AY! DE NECESIDAD..."



BYE BYE
BLACKBIRD

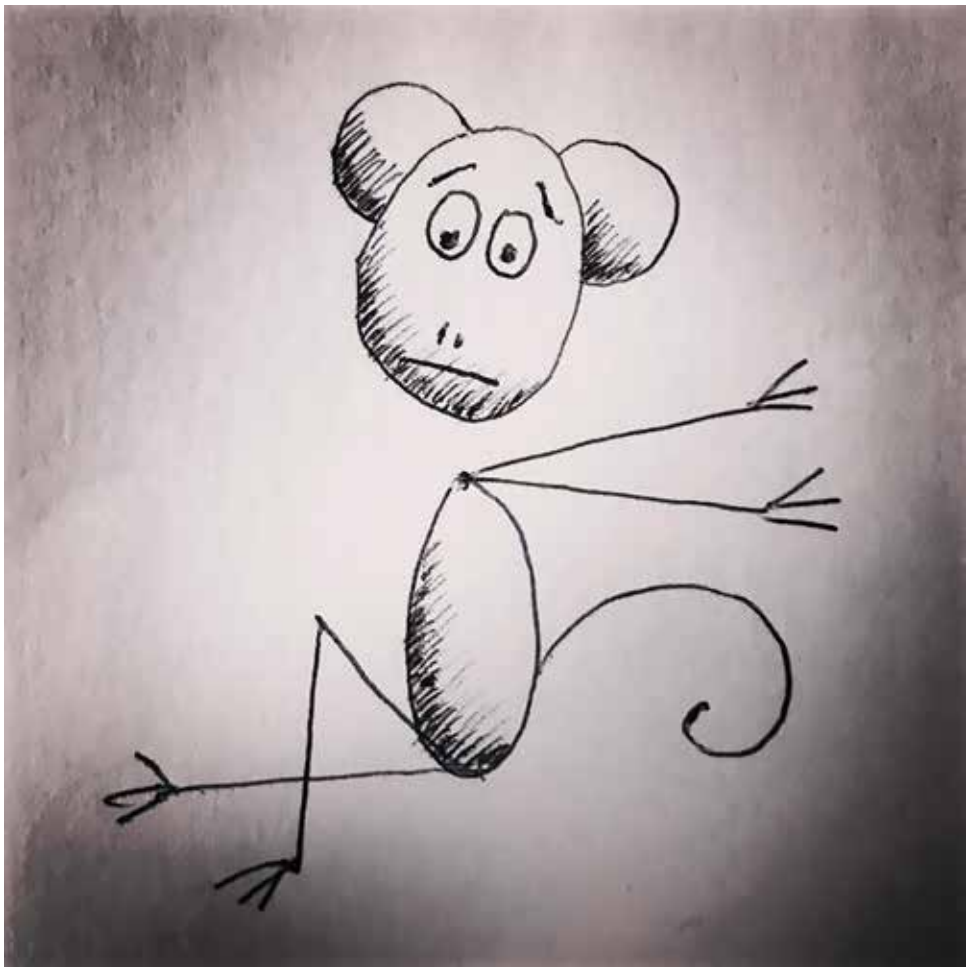
ZÉ PEDRO
São Paulo

– guache s/papel – 108 x 76cm

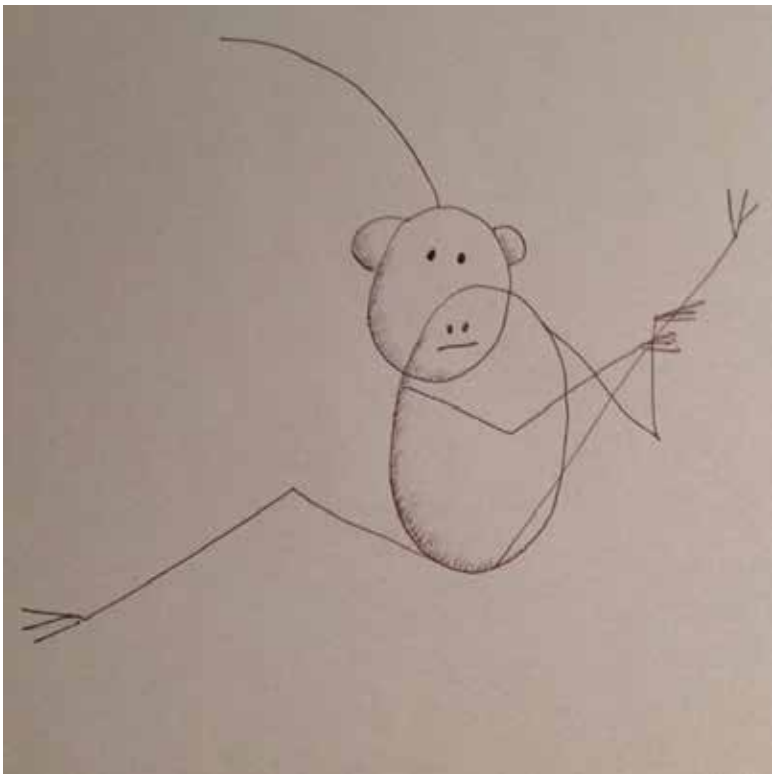


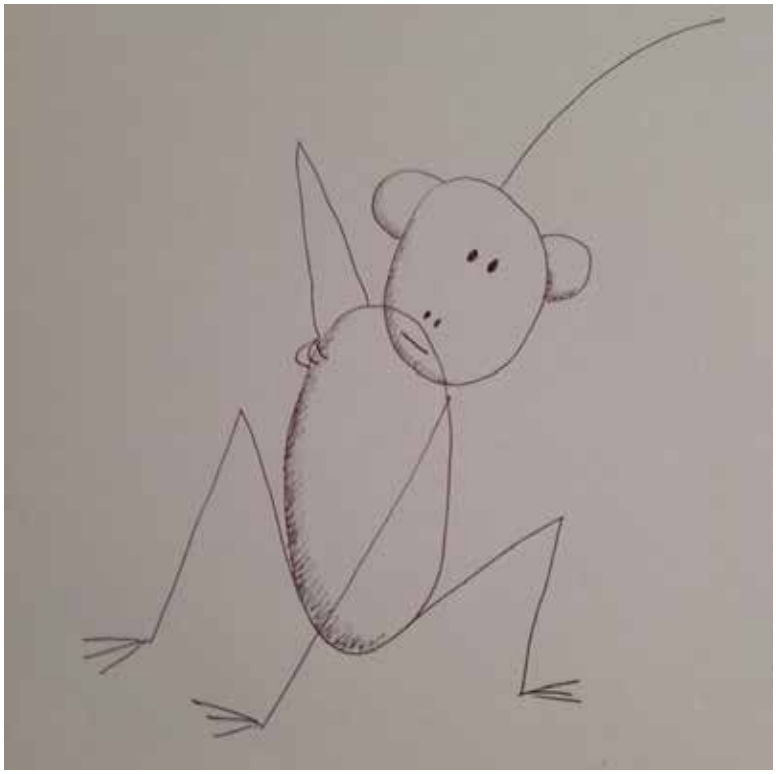
COLEÇÃO MEQUITA ANDRADE

"... O QUE SE AFOGA
NO COPO
RENASCE NA ALMA
DESPONTA
NO OLHAR ..."

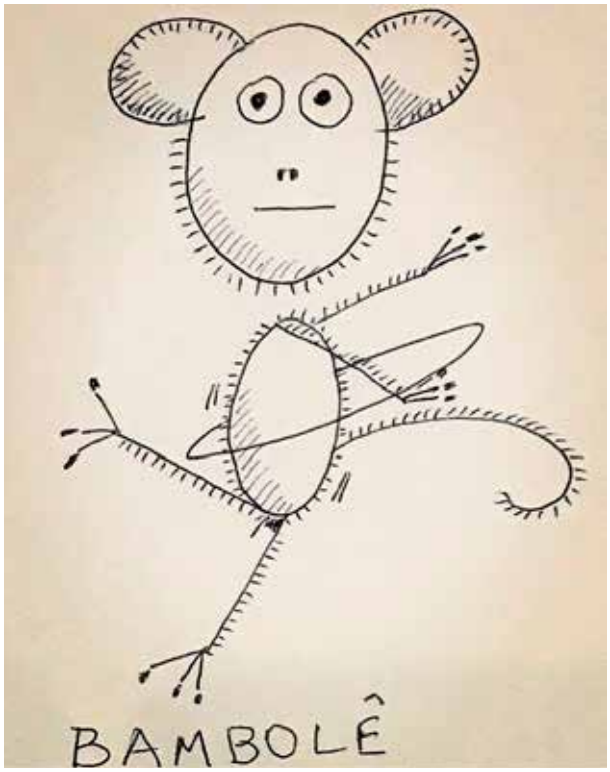


"... BAR QUE É O REFÚGIO BARATO DOS FRACASSADOS DO AMOR..."

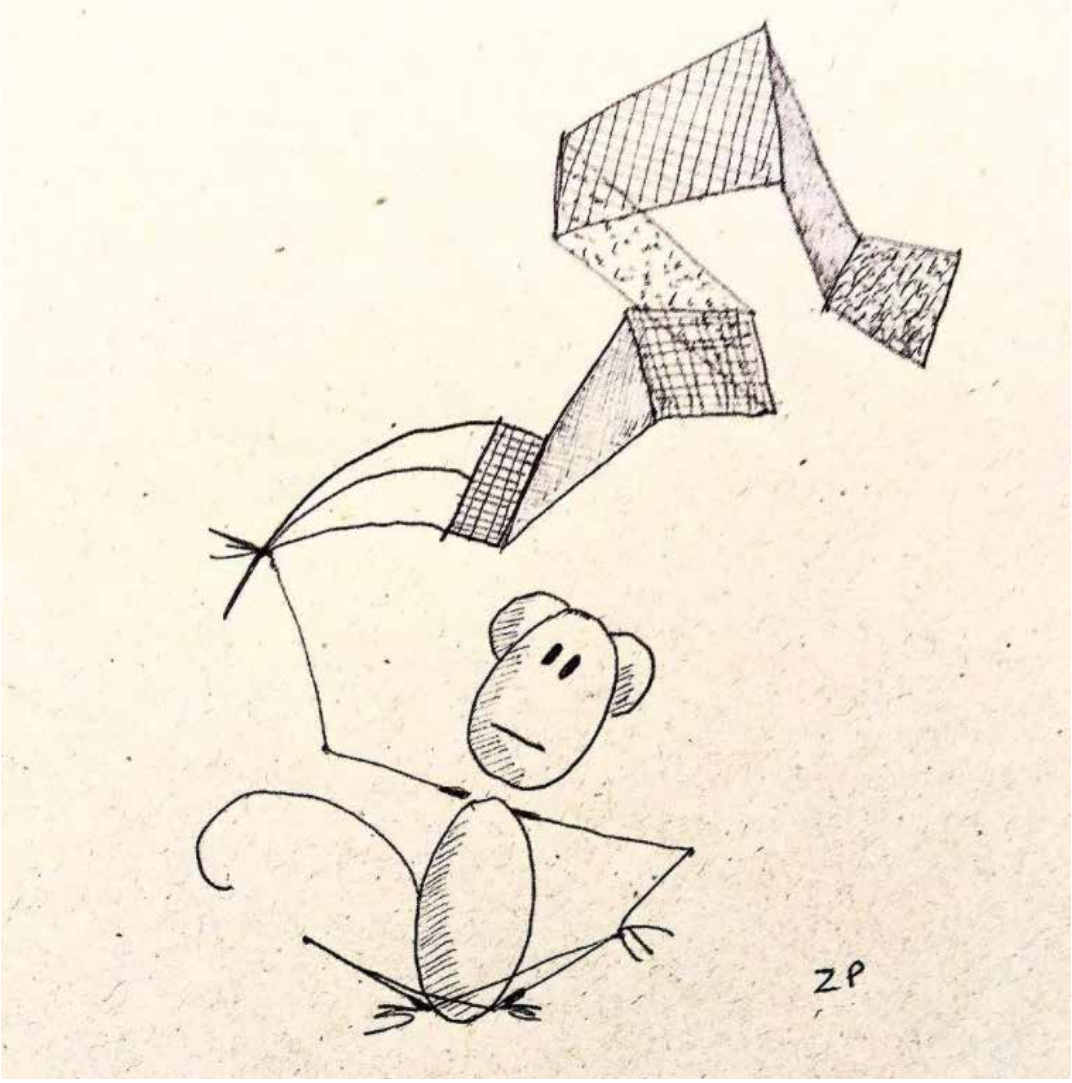


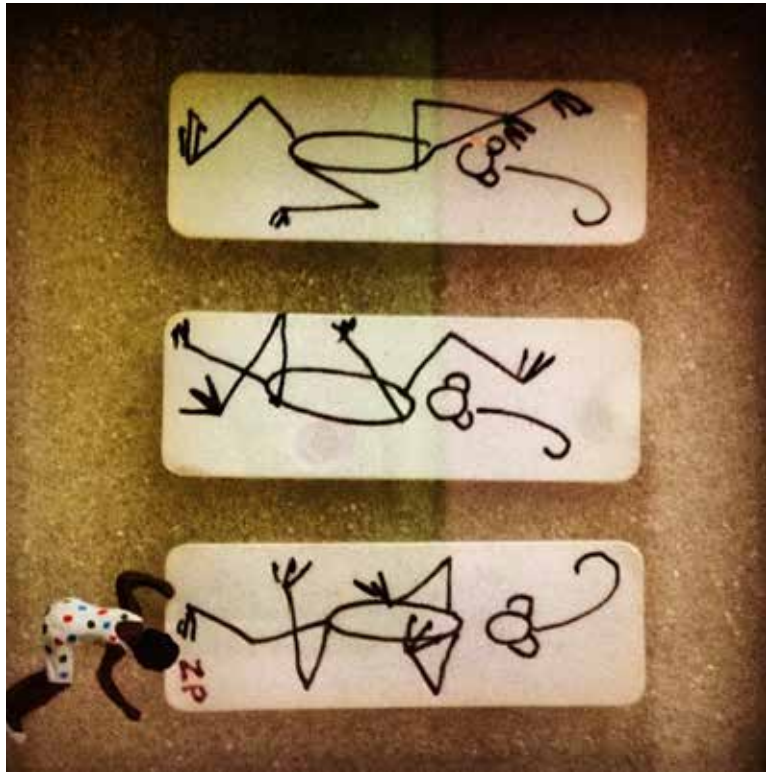


"... Mi último fracaso será tu amor ..."

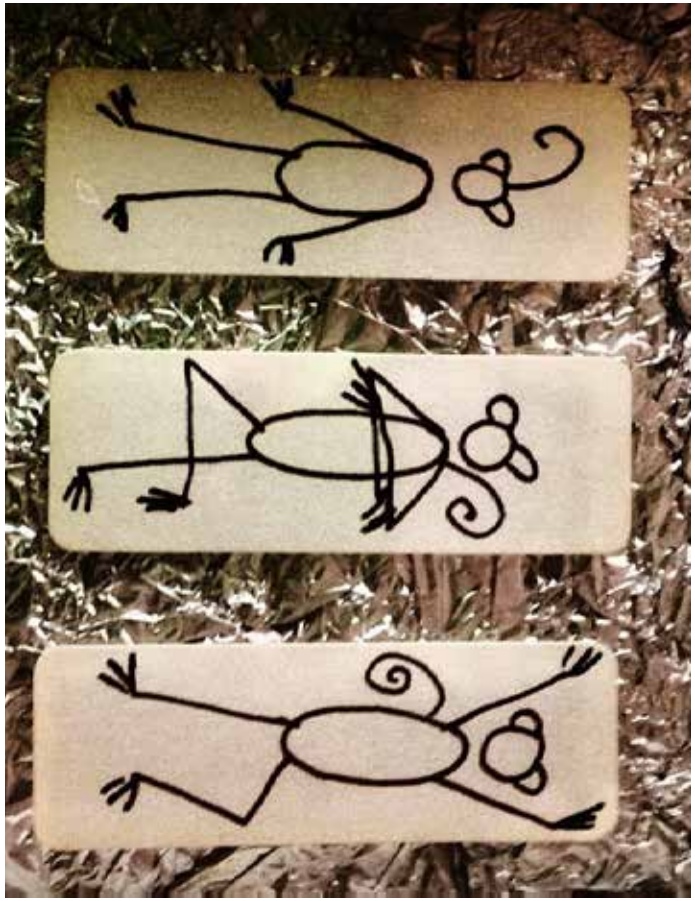


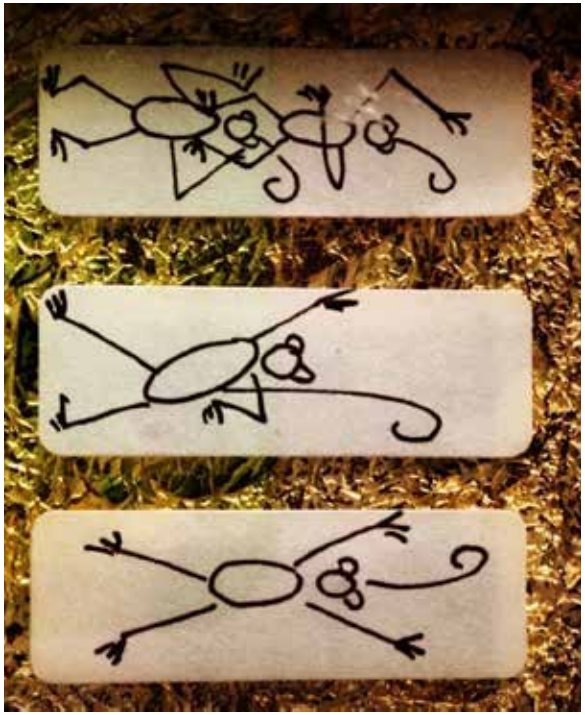
"... DEI A FAIXA DE PRESENTE PRA PAGAR UMA PROMESSA AO MEU SENHOR DO BONFIM..."

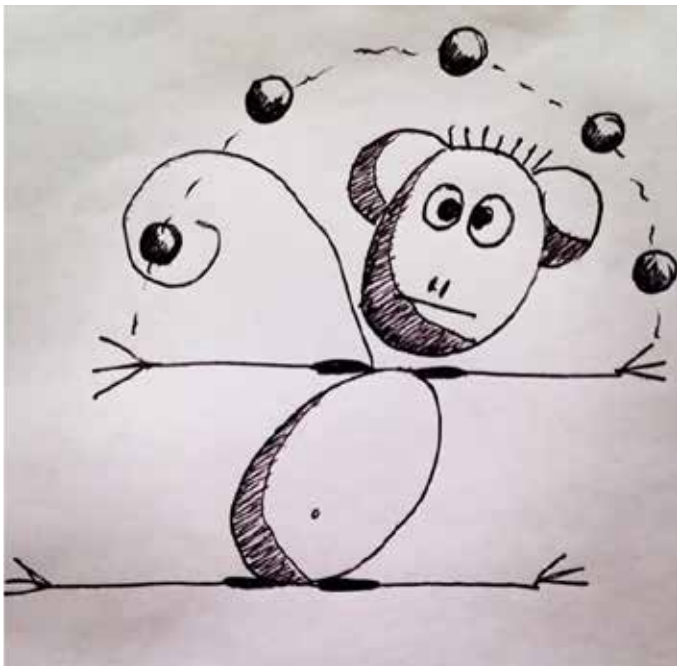




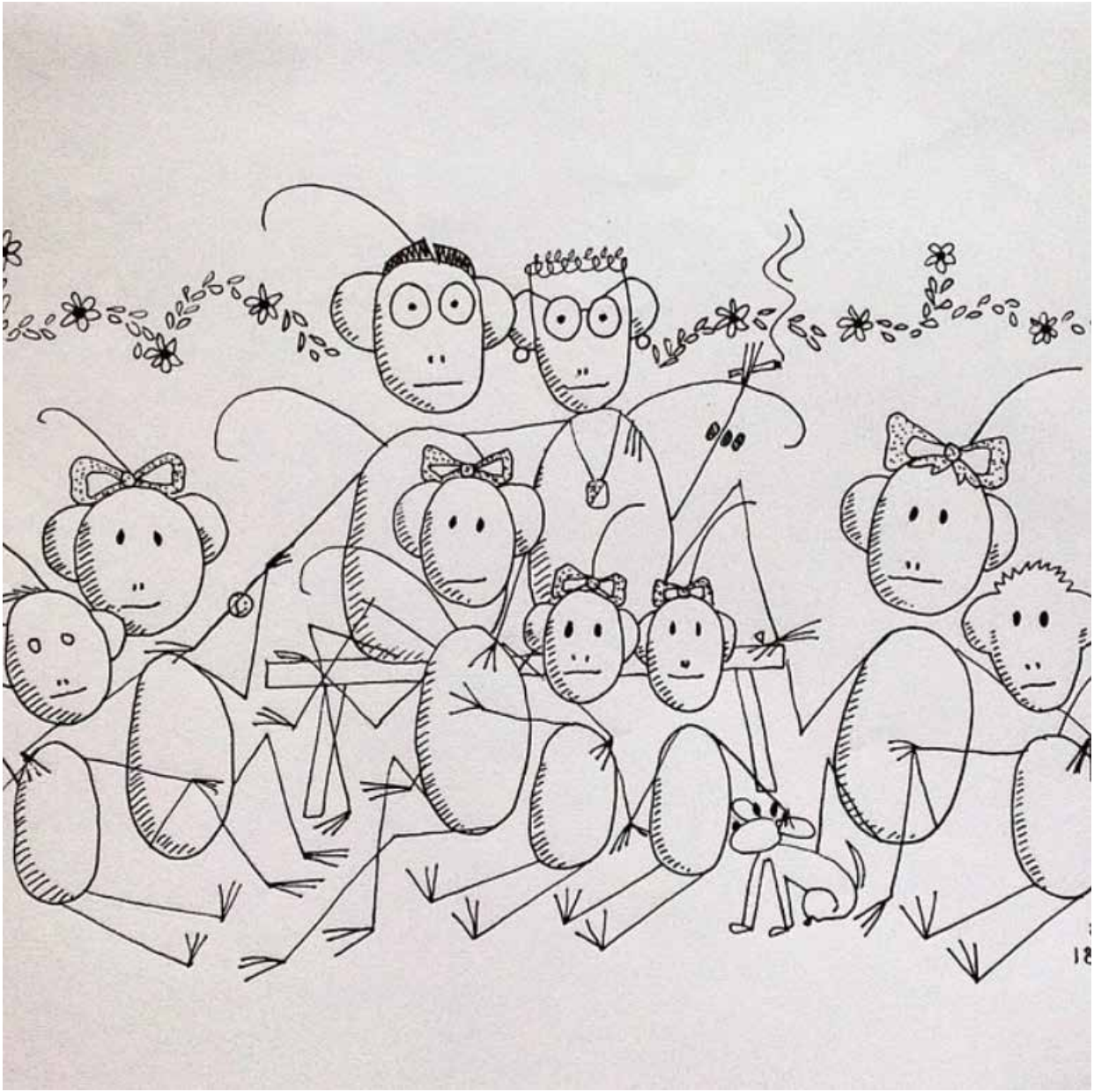
JEANETTE MUSATTI





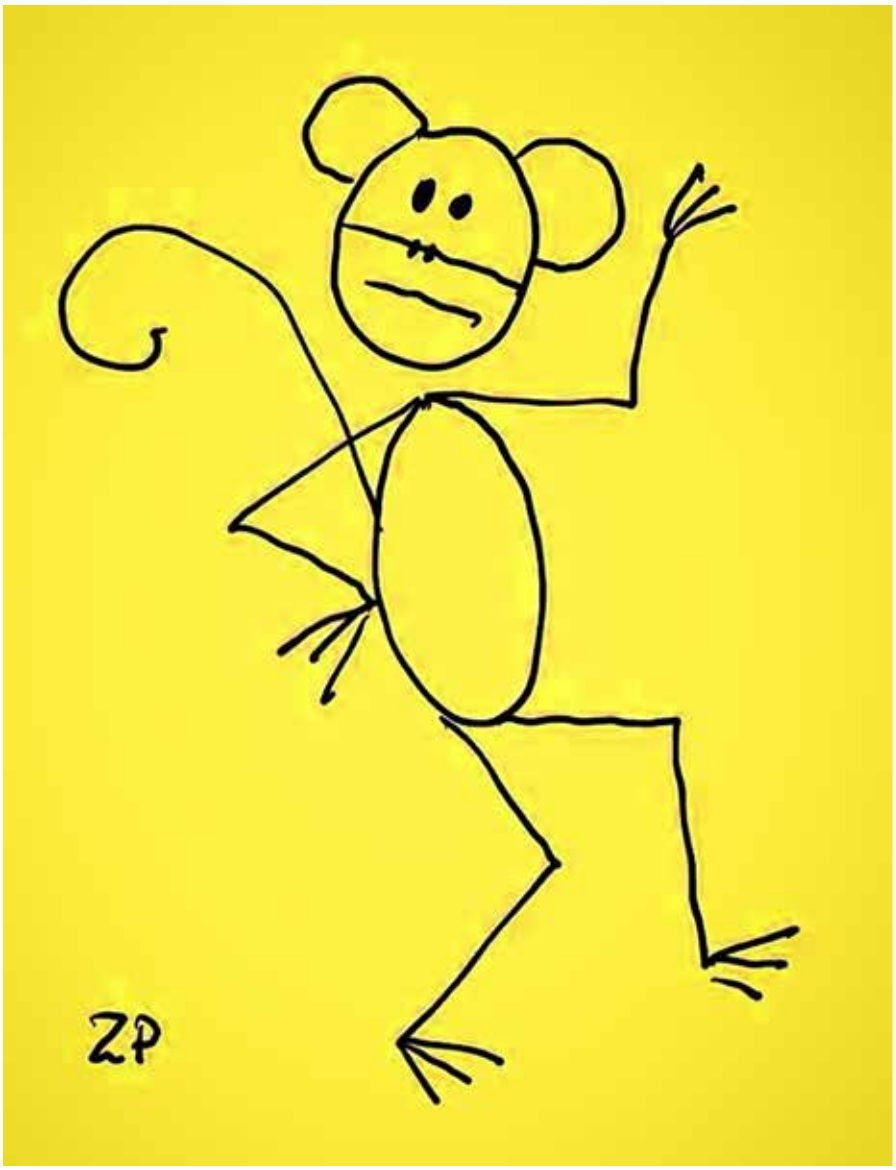


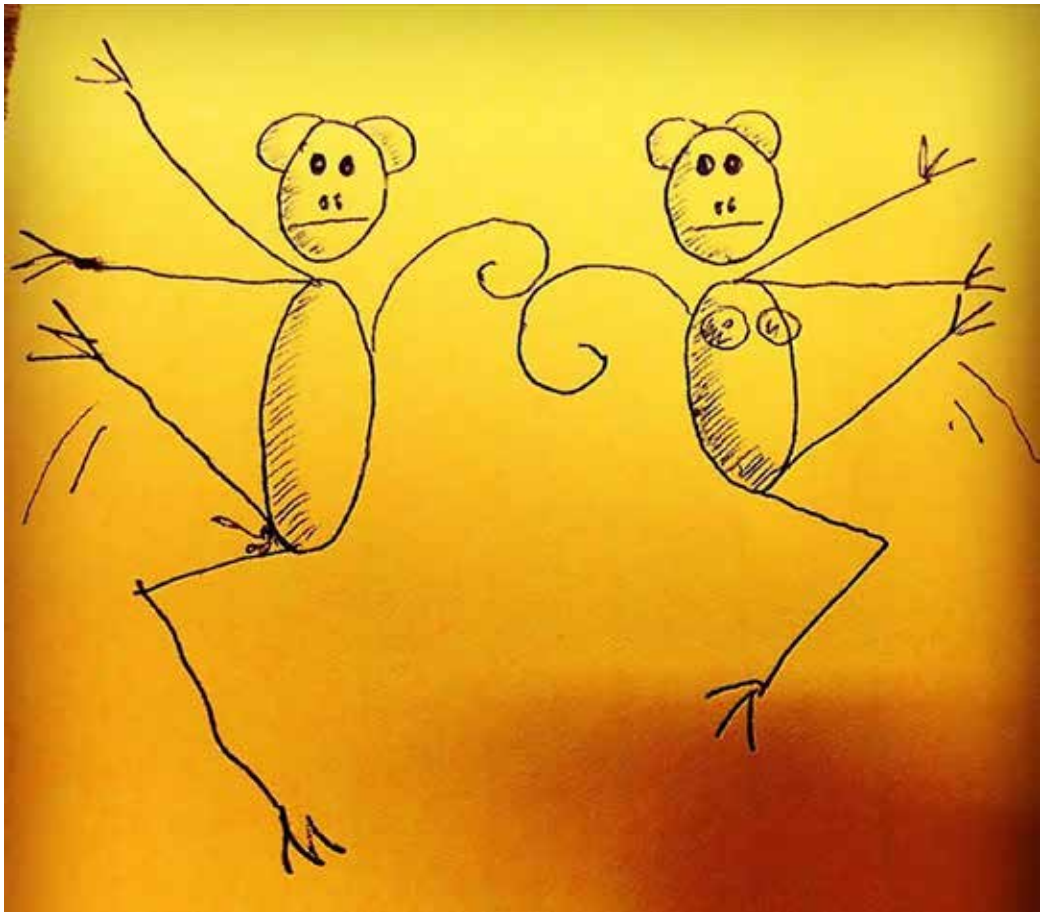
"... COMPREENDI QUE A VIDA QUE EU VIVI FOI ILUSÃO ..."



"... PARECEN GOLONDRINAS
QUE VAN PIANDO, QUE VAN PIANDO..."

“ANOCHE, ANOCHE SOÑE CONTIGO
… AY, COSITA LINDA, MAMÁ…”


ZP



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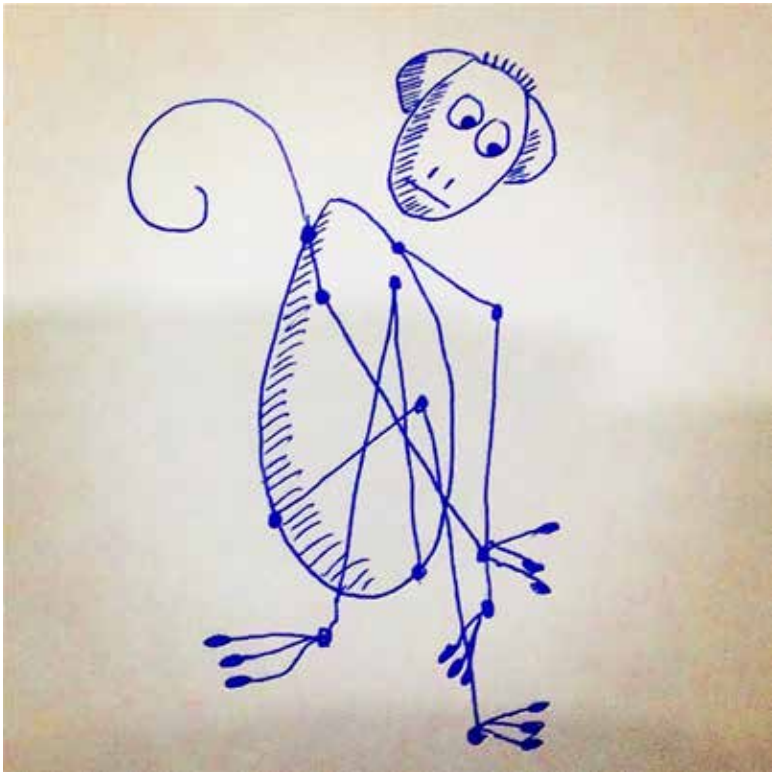
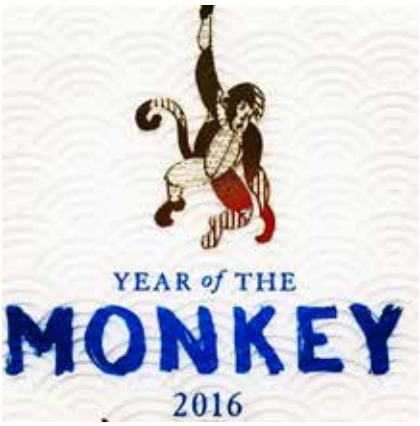
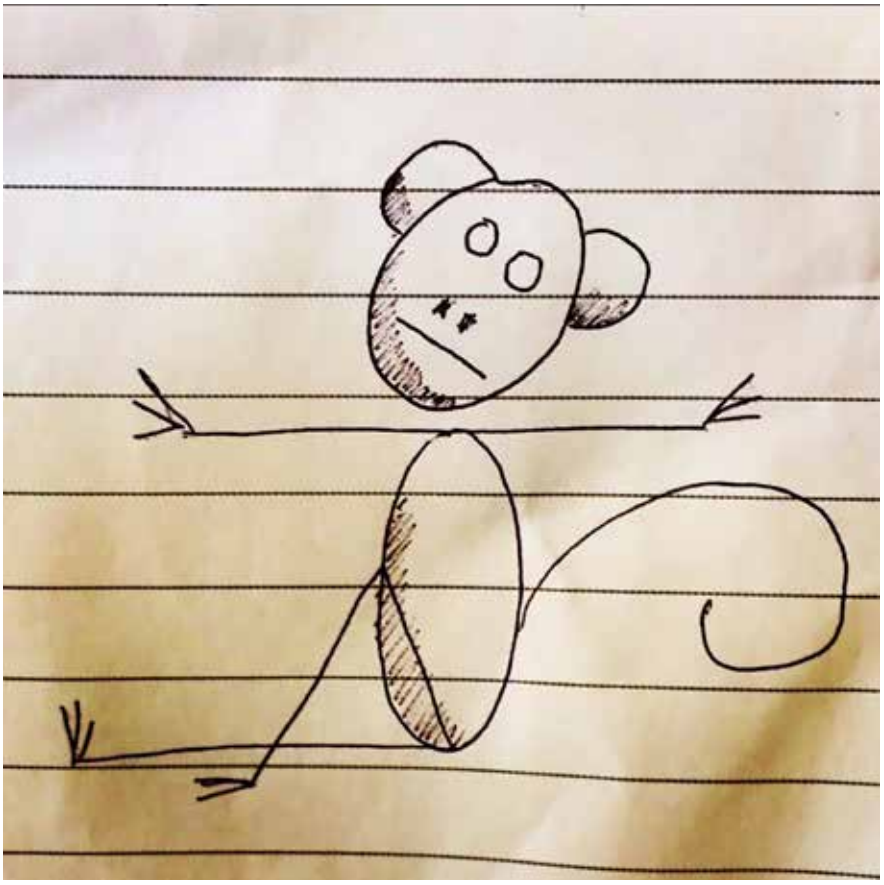
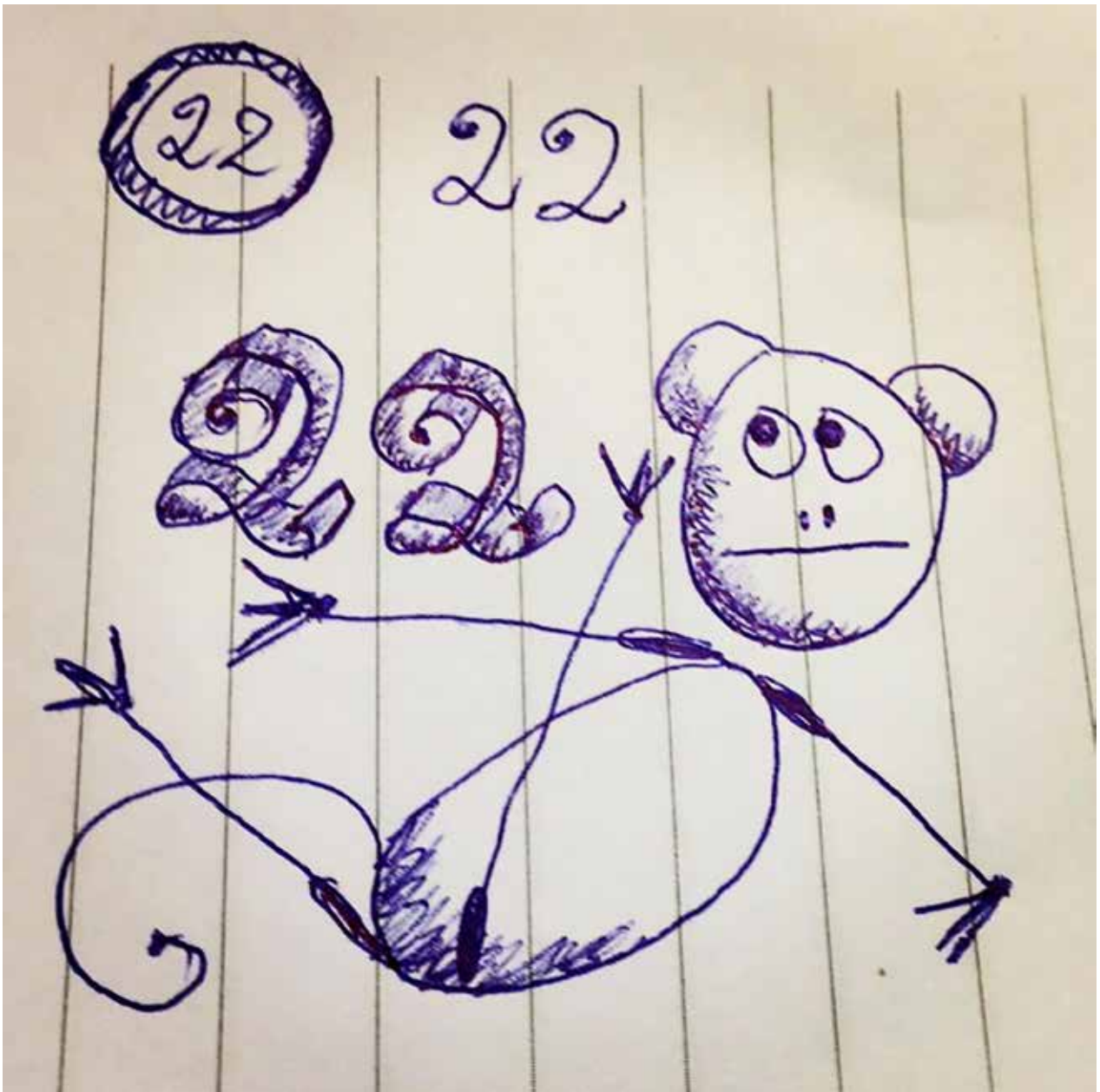




"... PARA QUÉ QUIERO
OTROS BESOS
SI TUS LABIOS
NO ME QUIEREN
YA BESAR ..."

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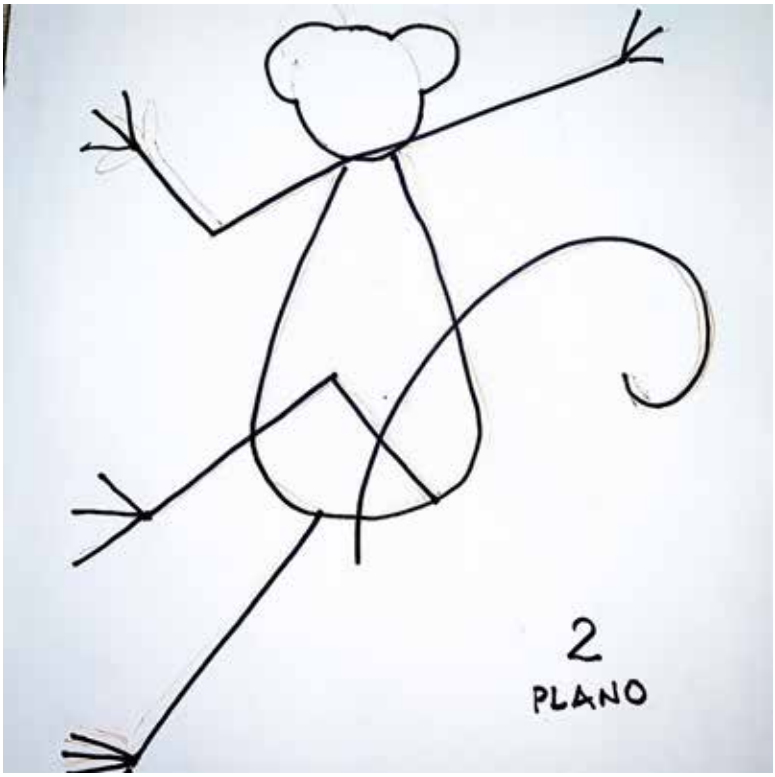
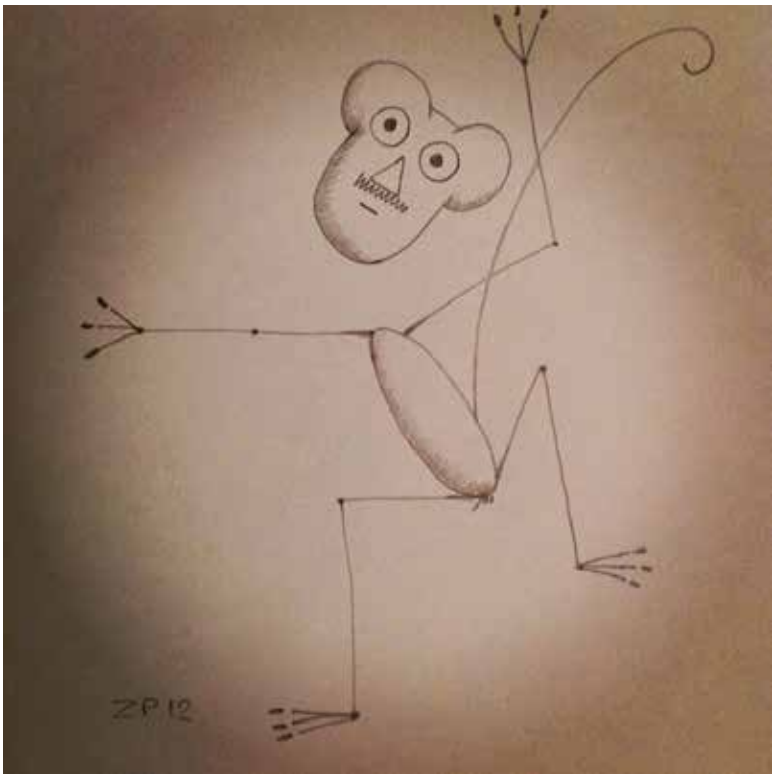
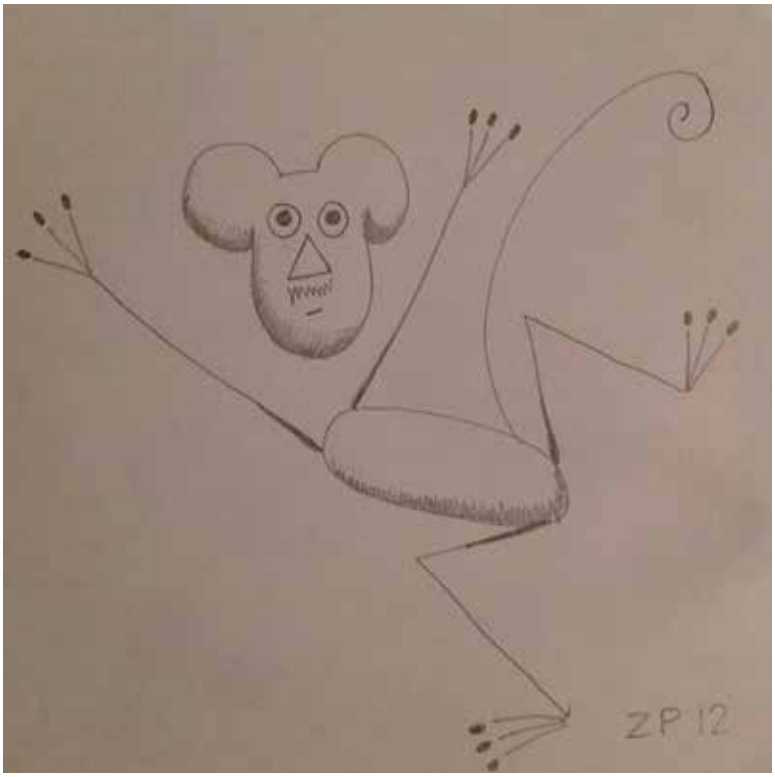
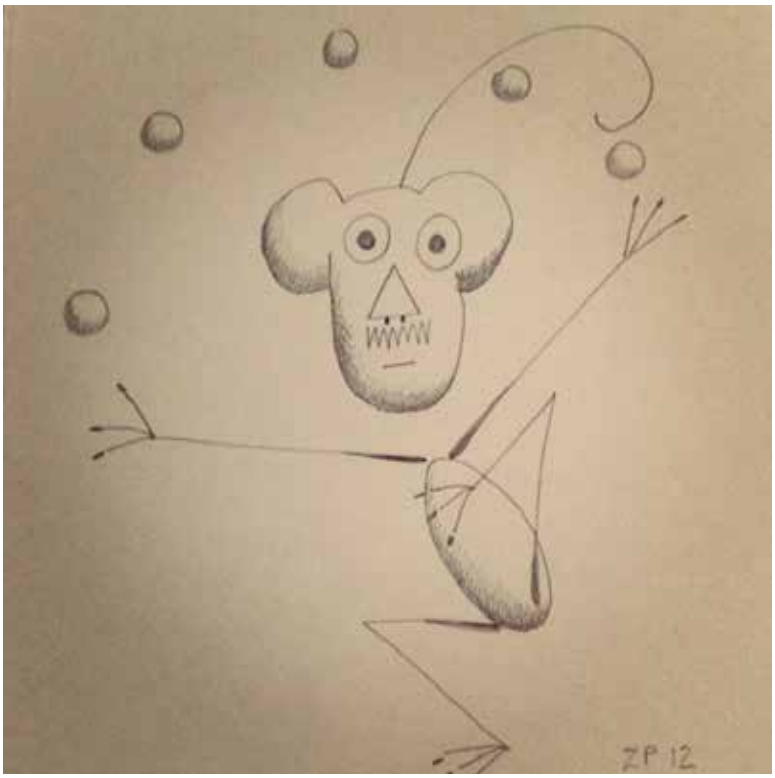


"... NUESTROS LÁBIOS GUARDAN FLAMA,
DE UN BESO VORAZ, QUE NO OLVIDARÁS, MAÑANA ..."

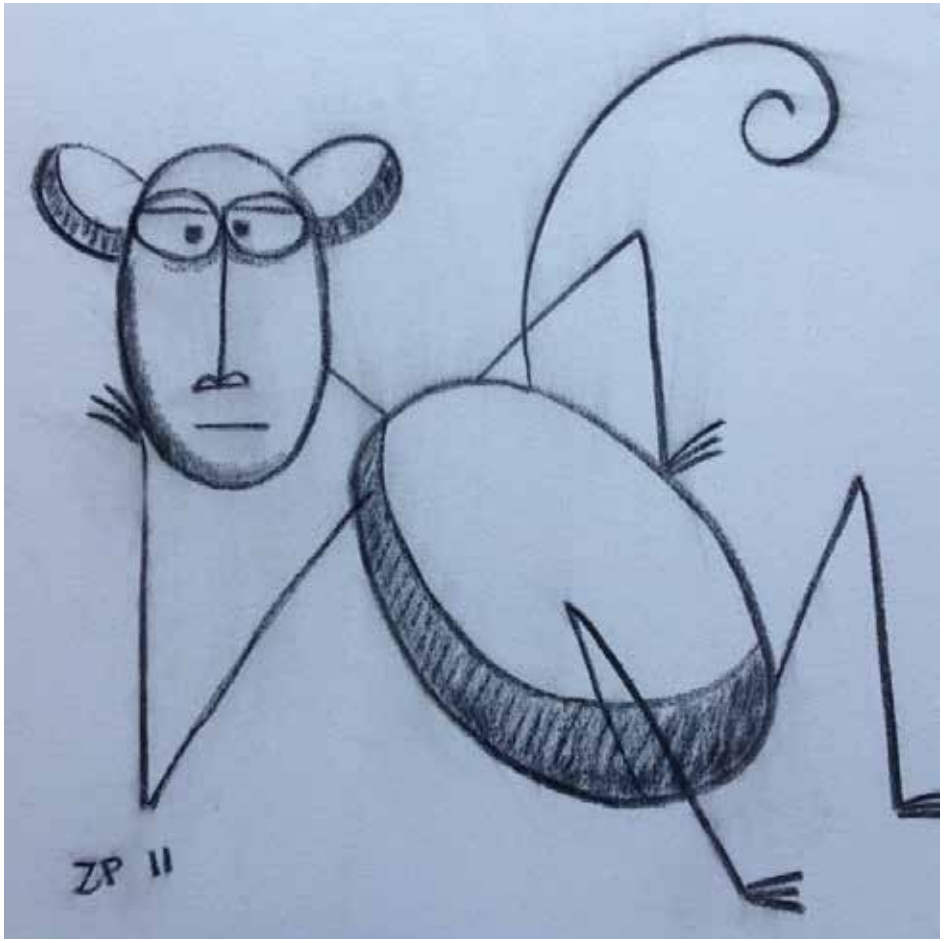


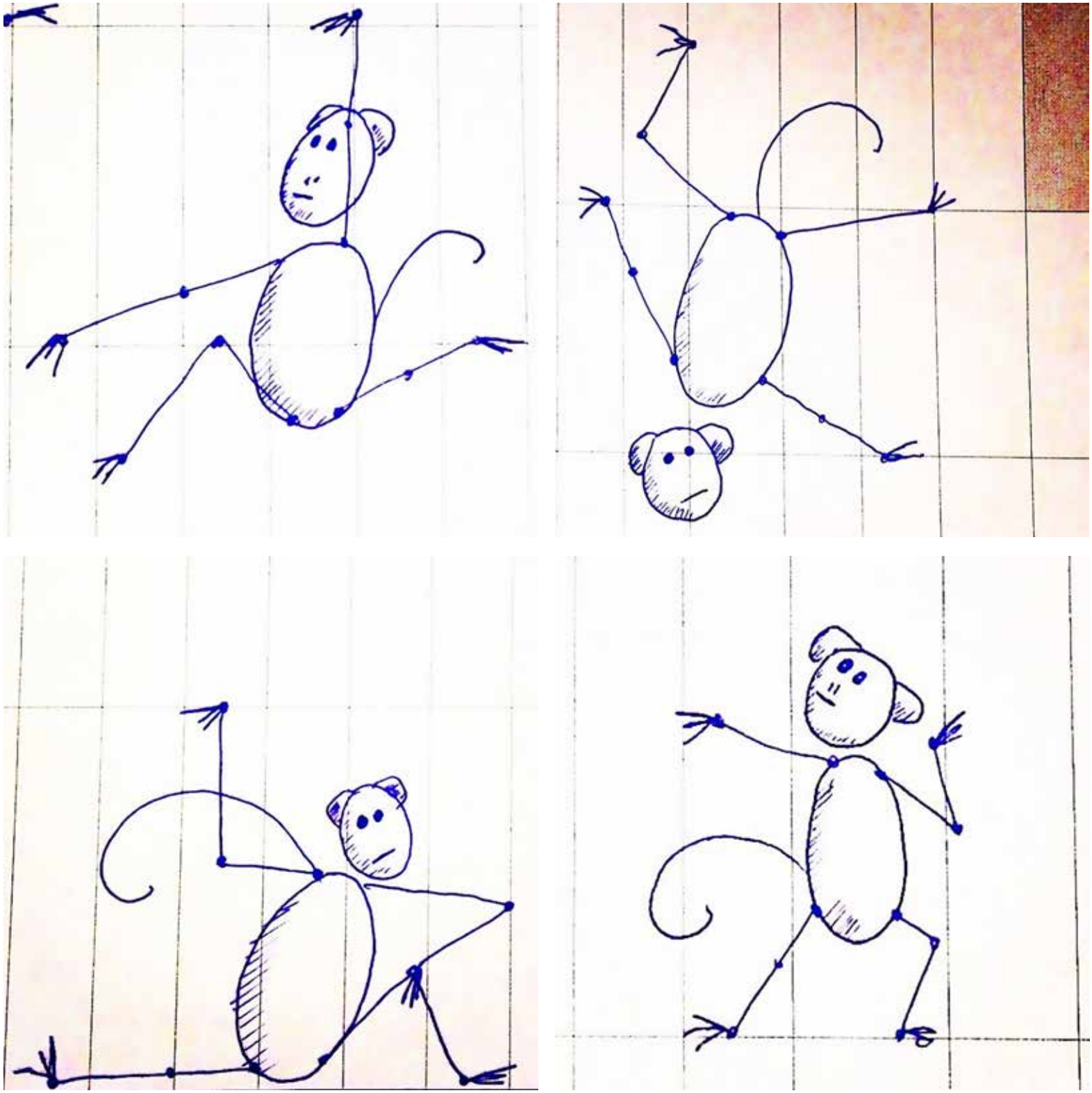
"... as águas vão rolar..."



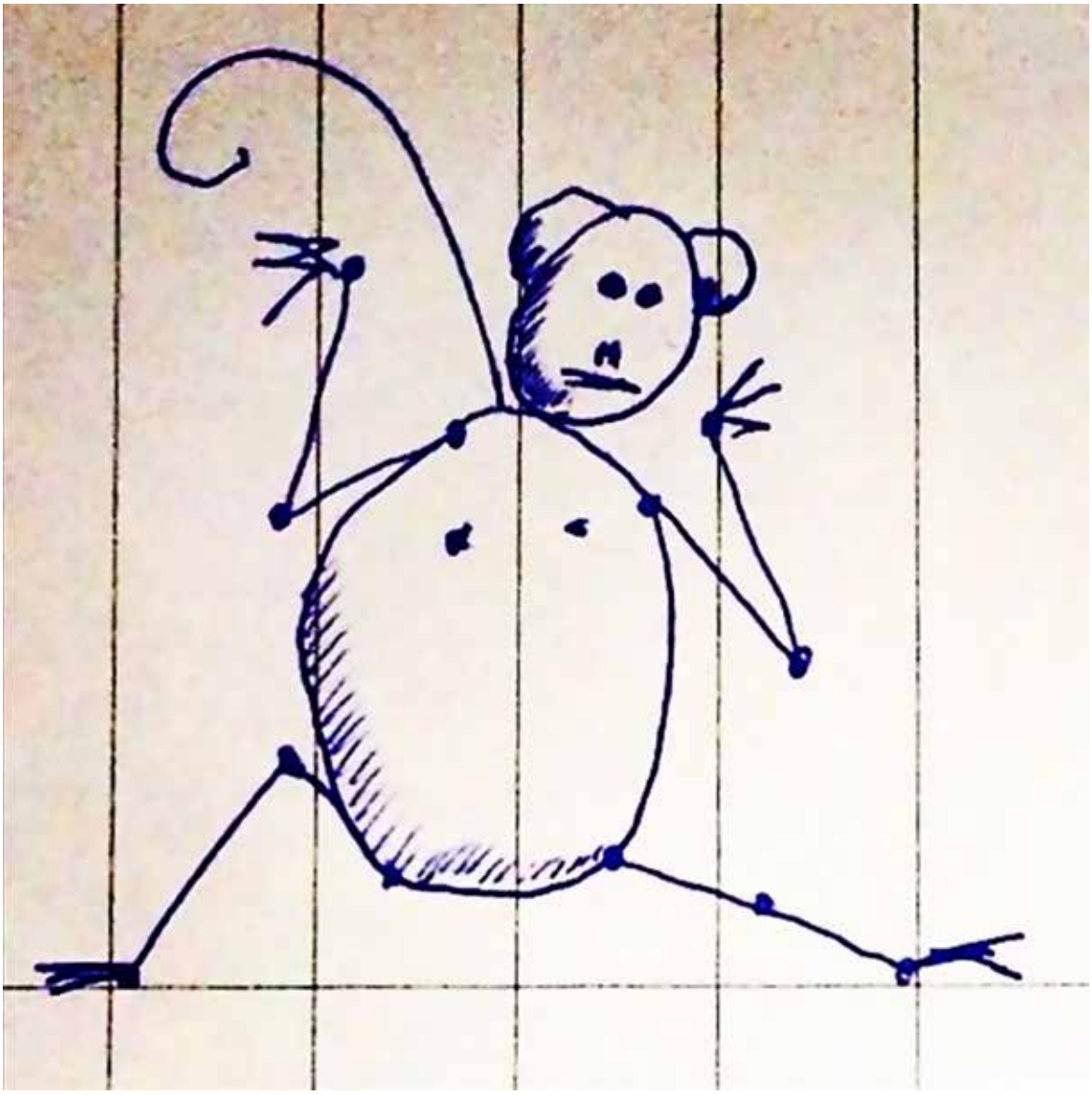


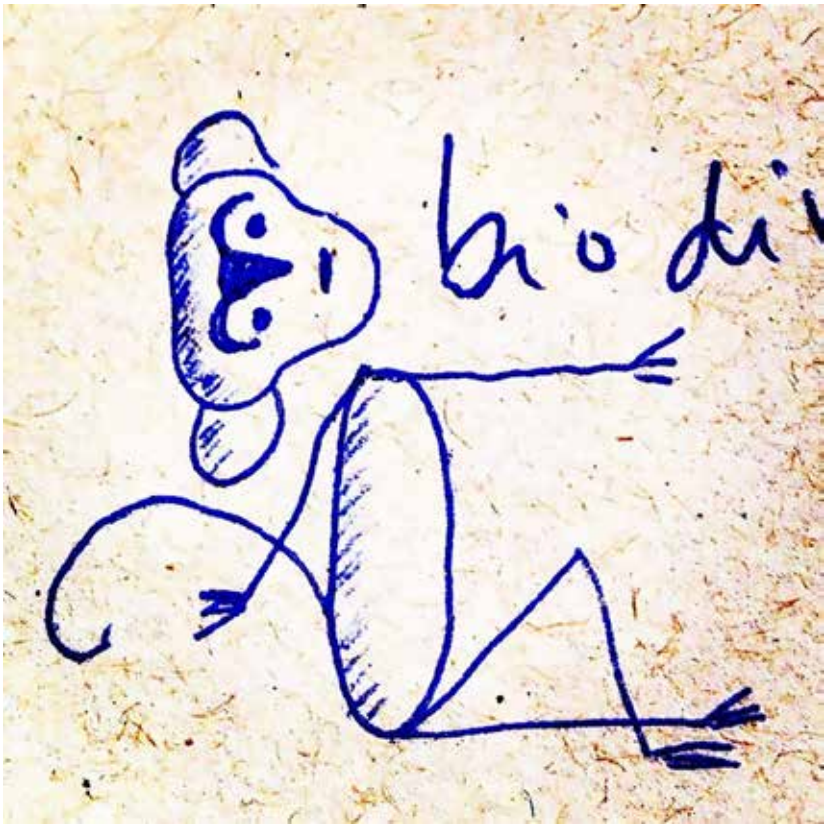
"... quanta alegria tristonha
ou tristeza risonha
uma carta nos traz..."

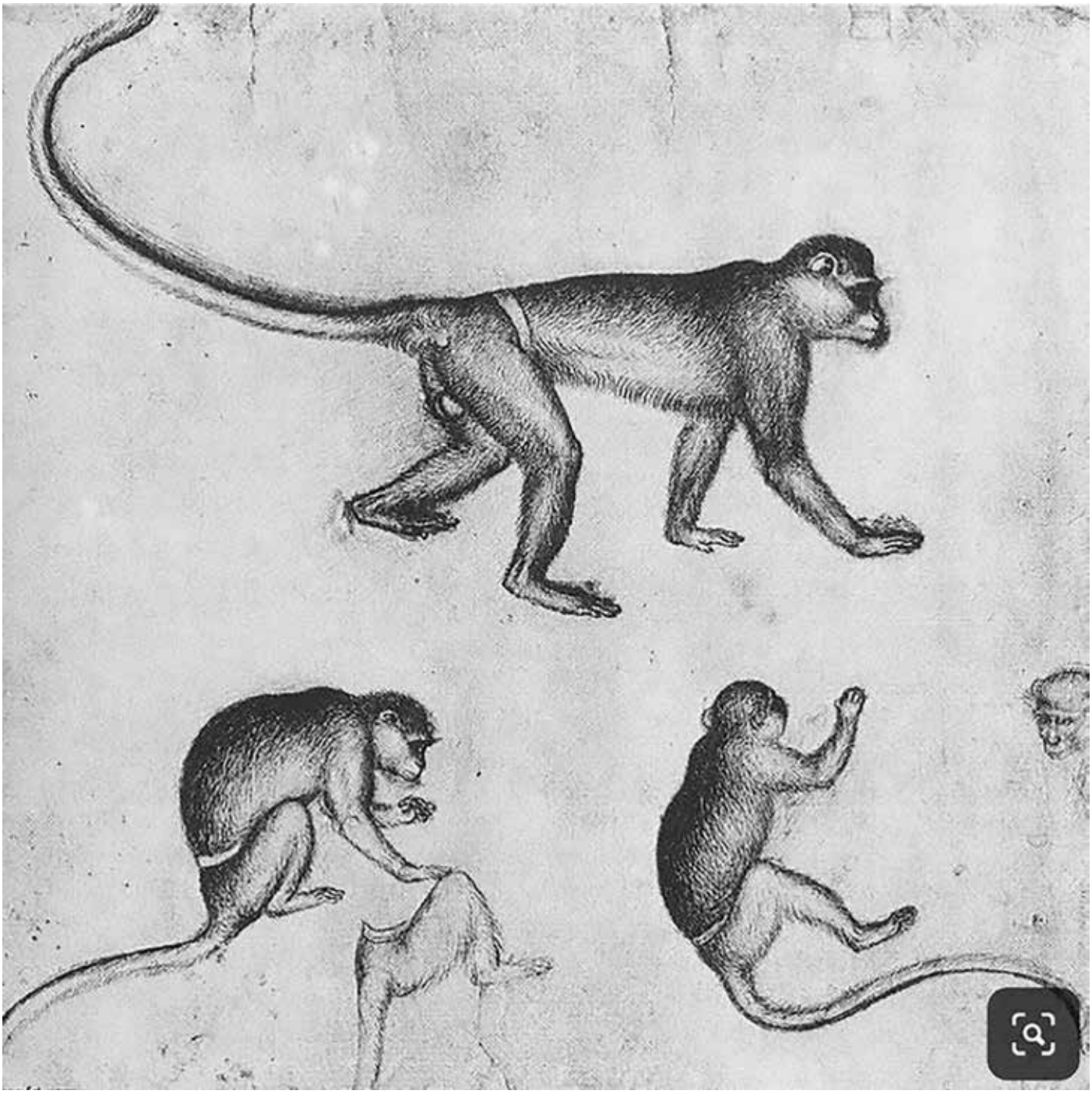




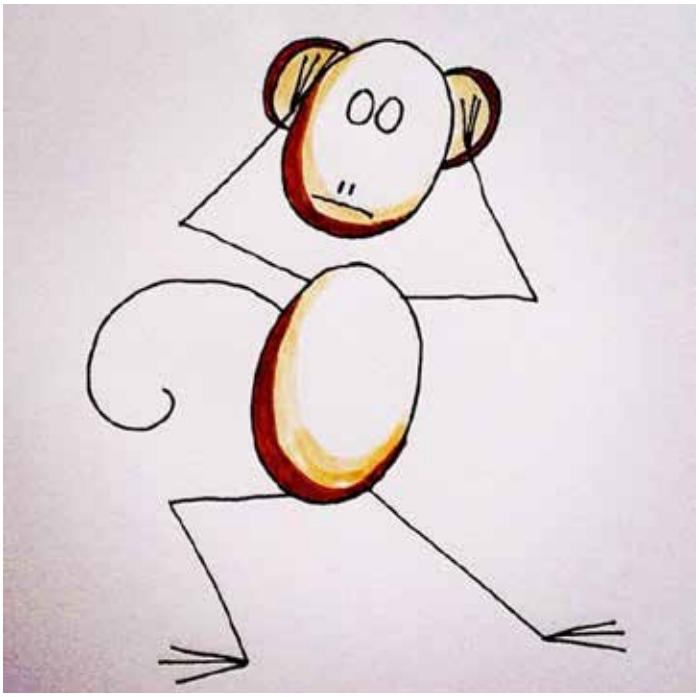
“ERES COMO UNA ESPINITA
QUE ESTÁ CLAVADA EN EL CORAZON...”

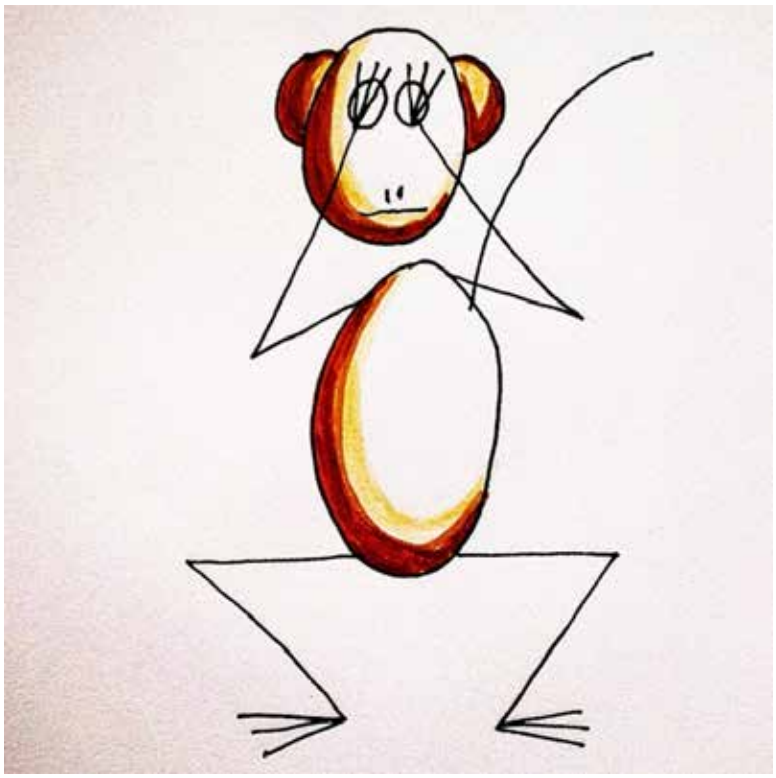


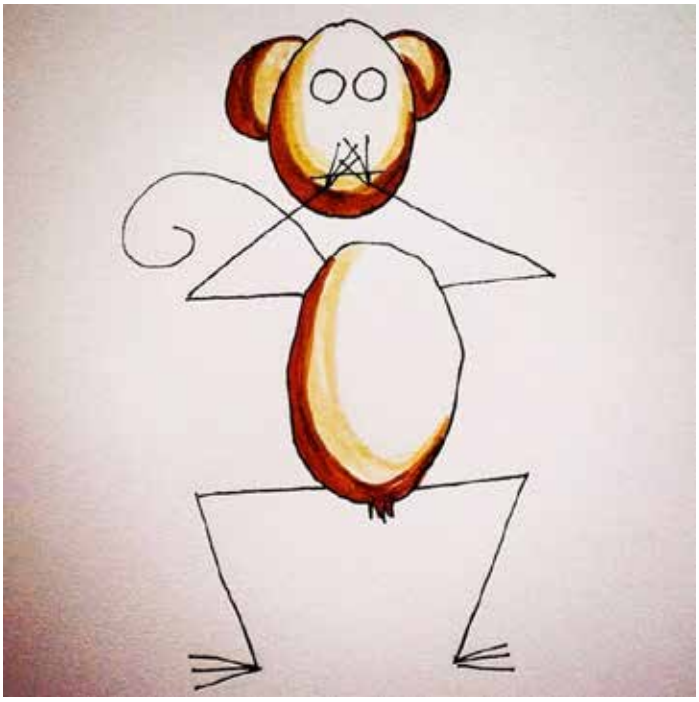

bio di

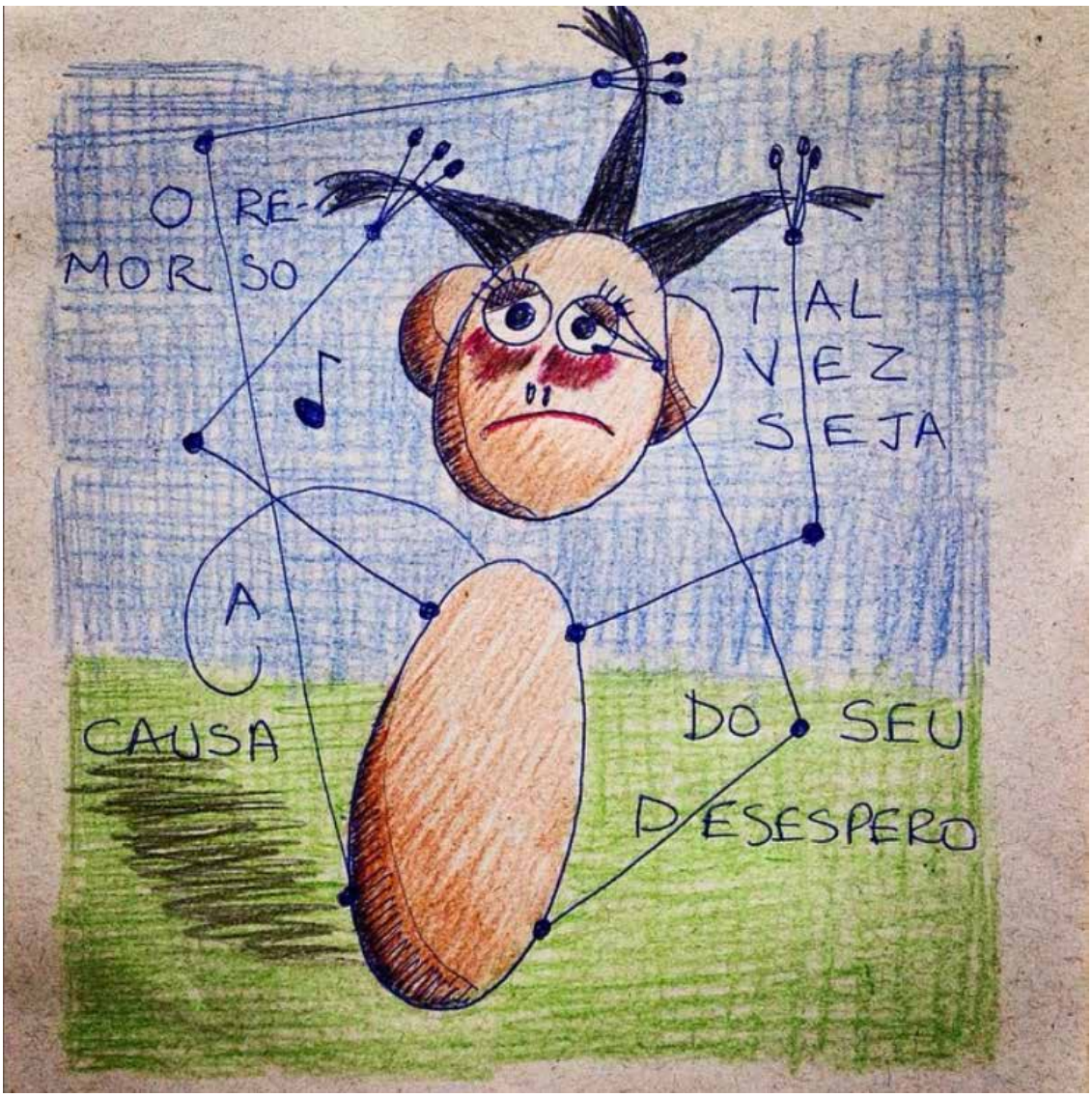


MACACOS D’ANTANHO

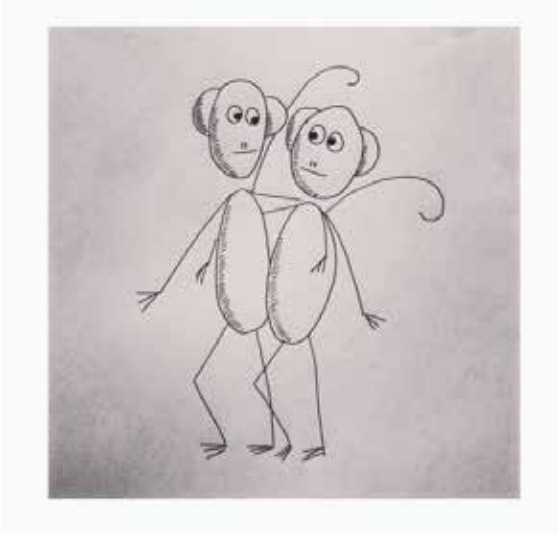




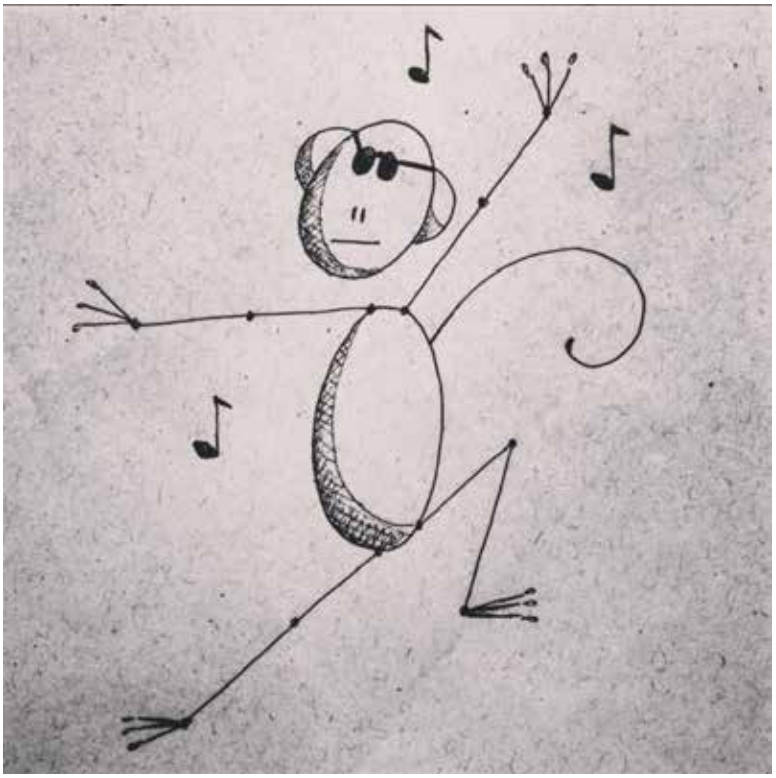


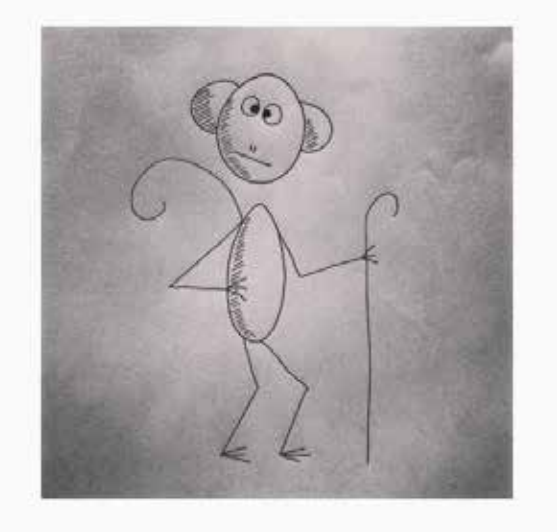


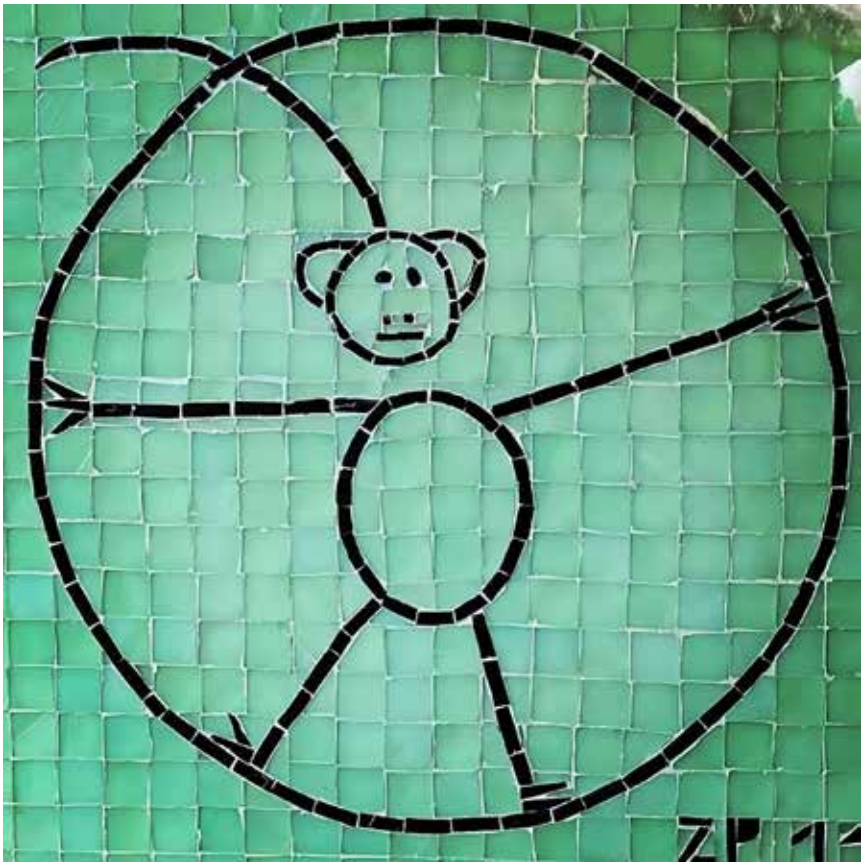
"... O REMORSO TALVEZ SEJA
A CAUSA DO SEU DESESPERO..."



“La última noche
que pasé contigo…”

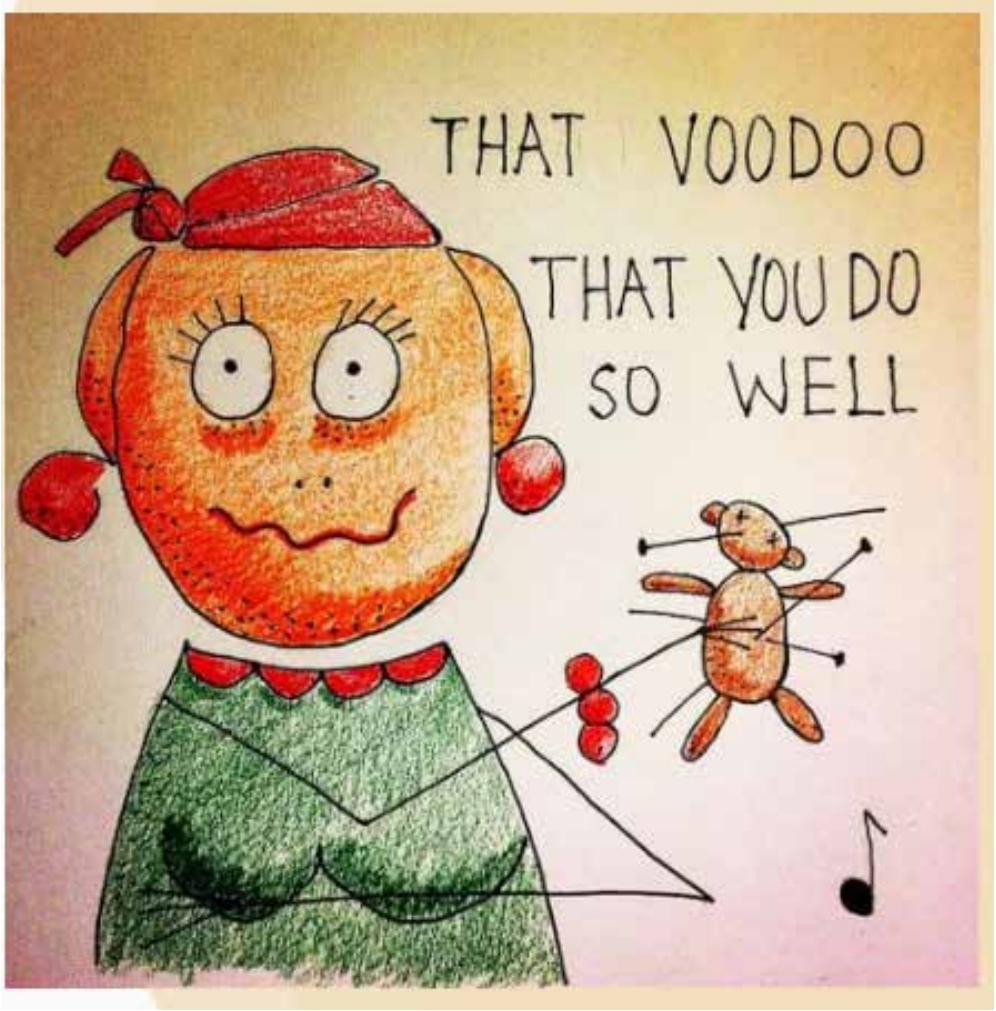




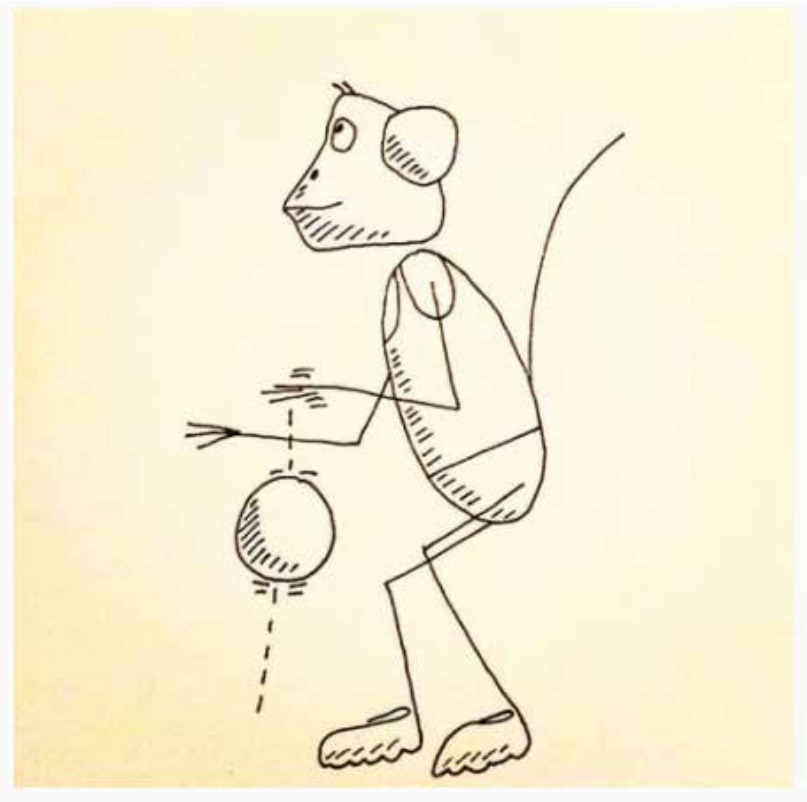


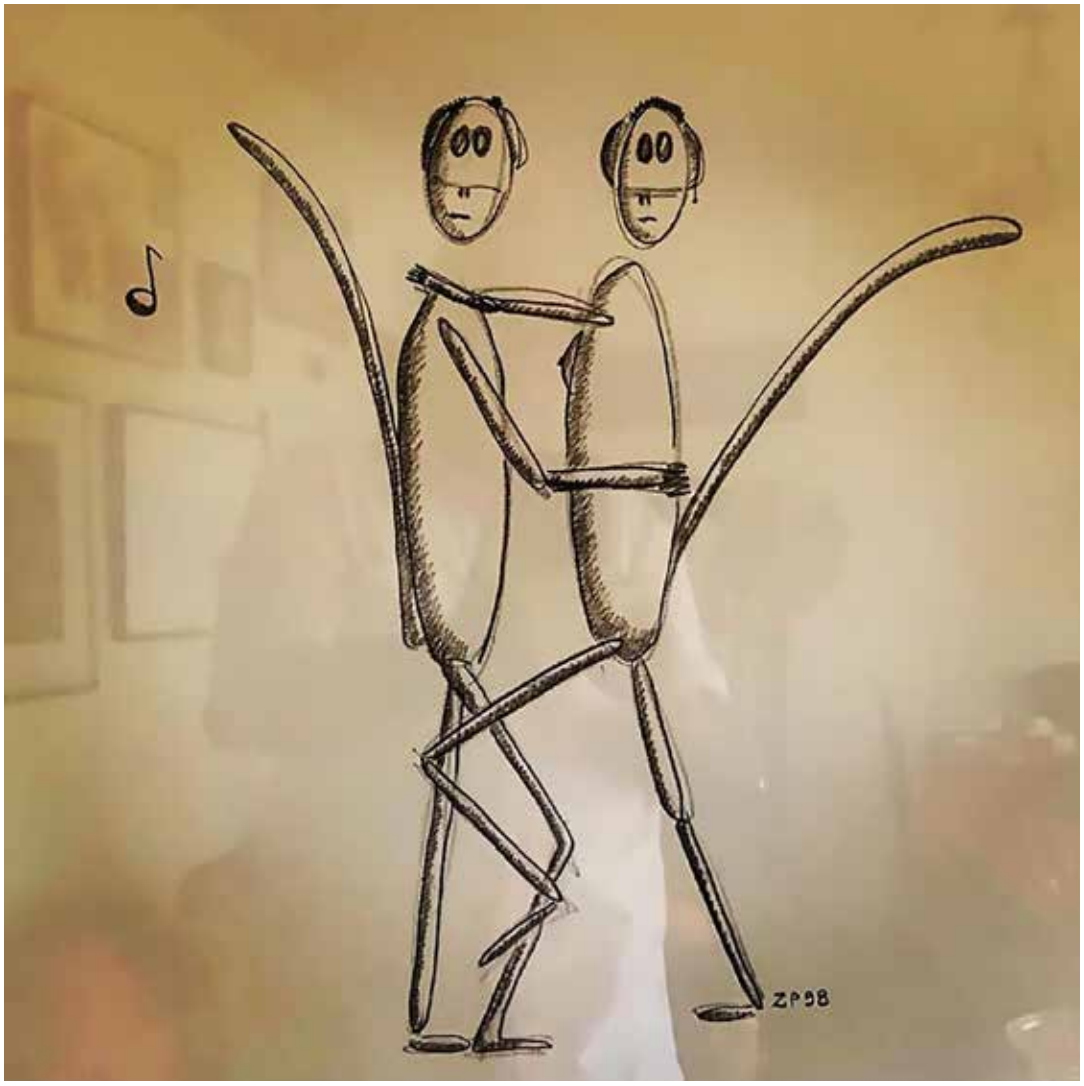
"… Y TÚ, QUIÉN SABE POR DONDE ANDARÁS…"

TE ENCONTRE BAILANDO


THAT VOODOO
THAT YOU DO
SO WELL

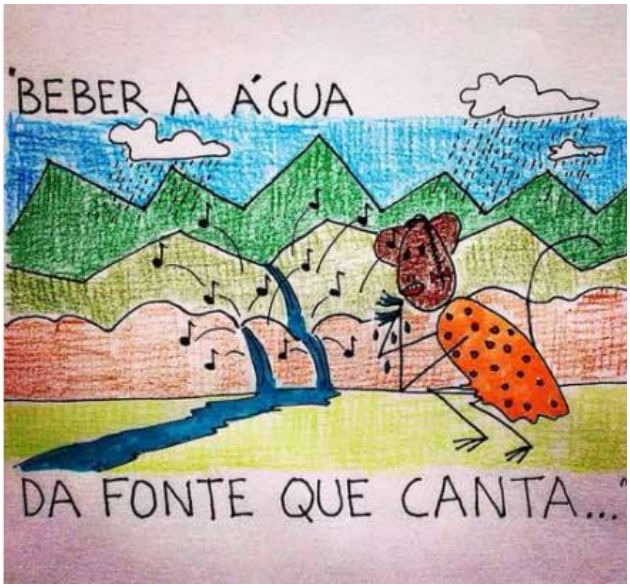
"... A VIDA É UMA ROLETA ONDE APOSTAMOS TUDO ..."





BAILEMOS COMO ANTES, CARIÑITO,
ABRAZADOS, BIEN JUNTITOS,
SÓLO UN ALMA ENTRE LOS DOS...

"DEIXA A CIDADE FORMOSA
MORENA..."


"BEBER A ÁGUA
DA FONTE QUE CANTA..."

CHEIRANDO A ROSA DO
ALTO DA SERRA

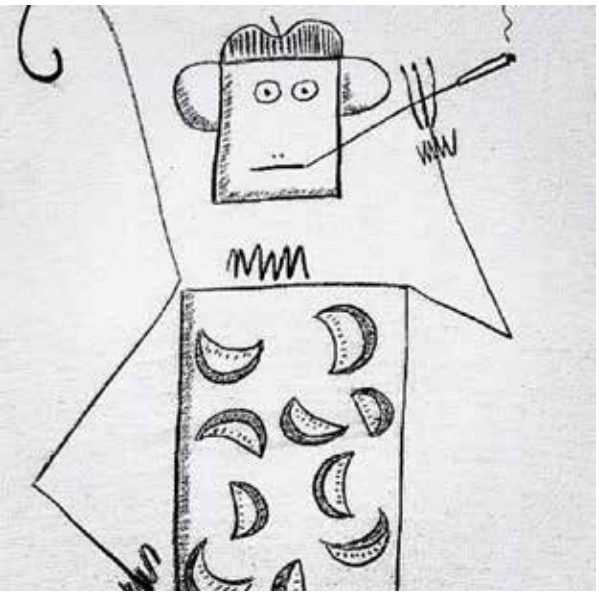
VOLTA PRA VIDA SERENA
DA ROÇA...

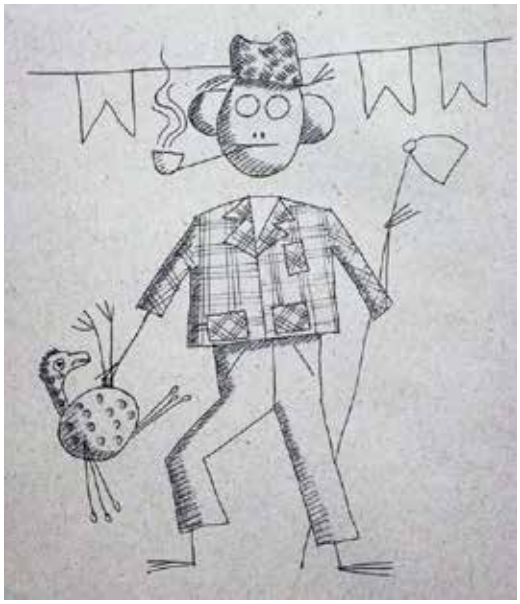
E A FONTE A CANTA'
CHUÁ! CHUÁ!

E AS ÁGUA A CORRE
CHUÊ! CHUÊ!

LA NOCHE LENA
DE INQUIETUD

ZP 15





VIVA SÃO PEDRO

Roma, Século I

De macacos também [há] diversas espécies. [São] os mais parecidos com a figura do homem [e] e distiguem-se entre si pelas caudas. Diz-se que, com admirável esperteza, à imitação dos caçadores, se untam com visco e calçam sapatos [que lhe são preparados como] armadilhas. Muciano [diz] que também jogavam xadrez, distinguindo pela aparência as peças modeladas em cera, e que a lua minguante é motivo de melancolia para os da espécie provida de cauda, e a nova lua [= cheia] é adorada [por eles] com exultação. De fato, o eclipse dos astros amedronta também outros quadrúpedes. As [diversas] espécies de macacos [têm] especial afeição por suas crias. [Fêmeas] domesticadas que pariram em casa carregam os filhotes, mostram-nos a todos e se alegram quando são acariciados, aparentando entender a manifestação de contentamento, e com isso matam grande parte deles ao abraçá-los. Os cinocéfalos [são] de natureza mais selvagem, como os sátiros. Os calitriquídeos têm aspecto quase totalmente diferente: barba na cara, cauda grossa na parte inicial. Diz-se que este animal não vive sob outro céu que não seja o da Etiópia, de onde se origina.

4º ATO

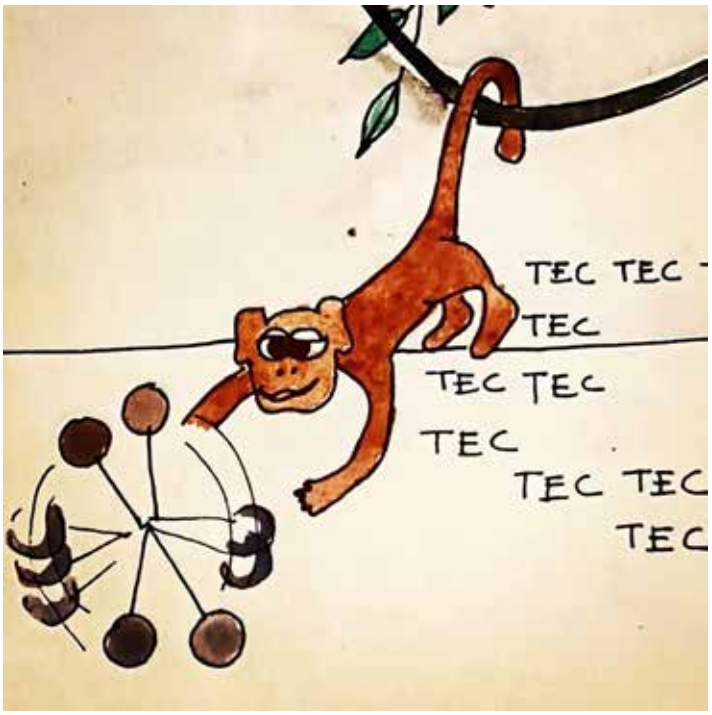
“MIRA EL PAISAJE DEL AMOR QUE ÉS LA RAZÓN PARA SOÑAR Y AMAR...”

“…. a colombina entrou no botequim,
bebeu, bebeu, saiu assim, assim,
dizendo Pierrô cacete,
vá tomar sorvete com o Arlequim …”

BEBENDO O QUINTO COPO DE CACHAÇA

“BABALU”

"... o samba é a corda
eu sou a caçamba ..."


TEC TEC
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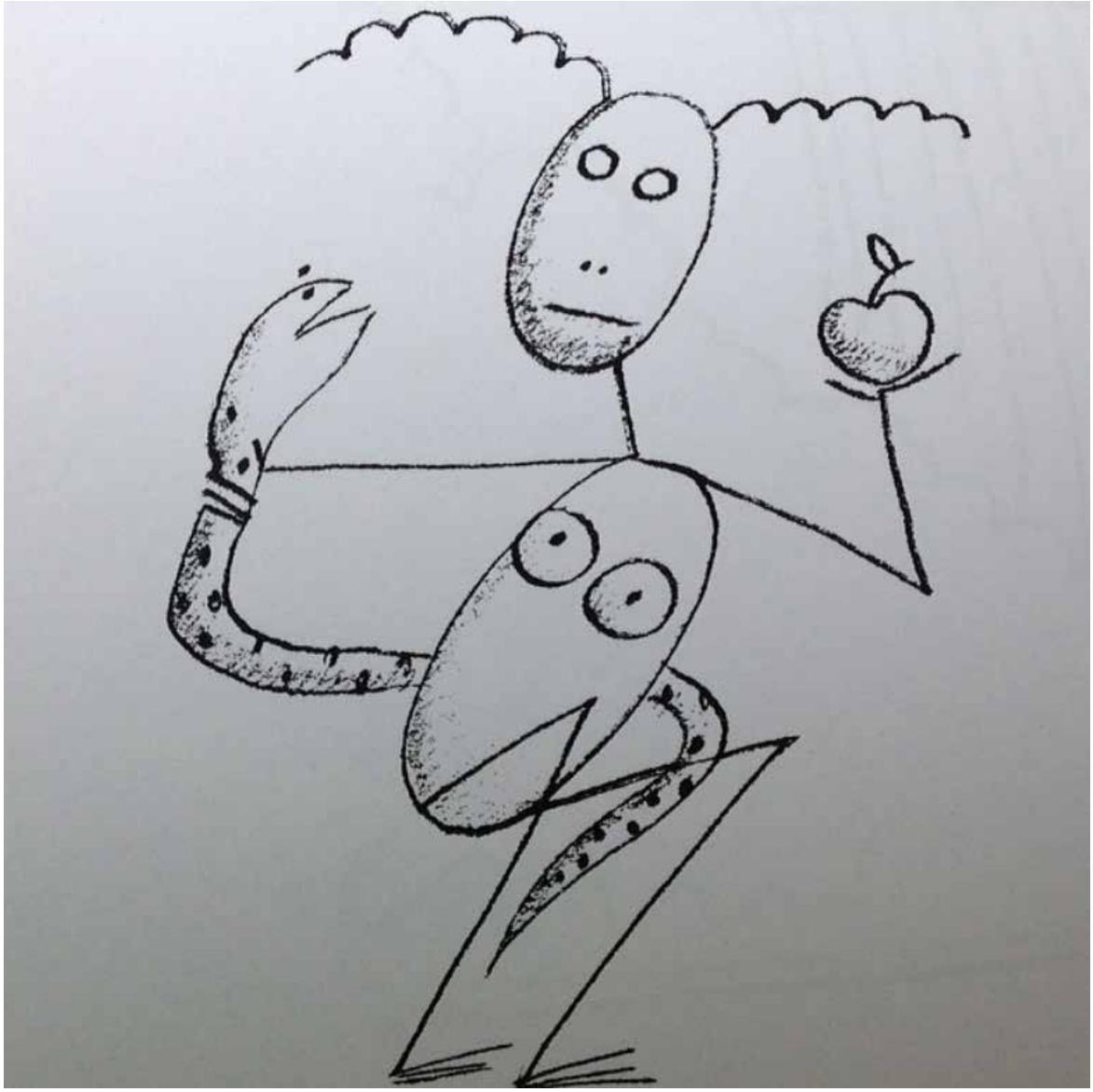
TEC

MACACAS DO
CANCAN
ZP · 20

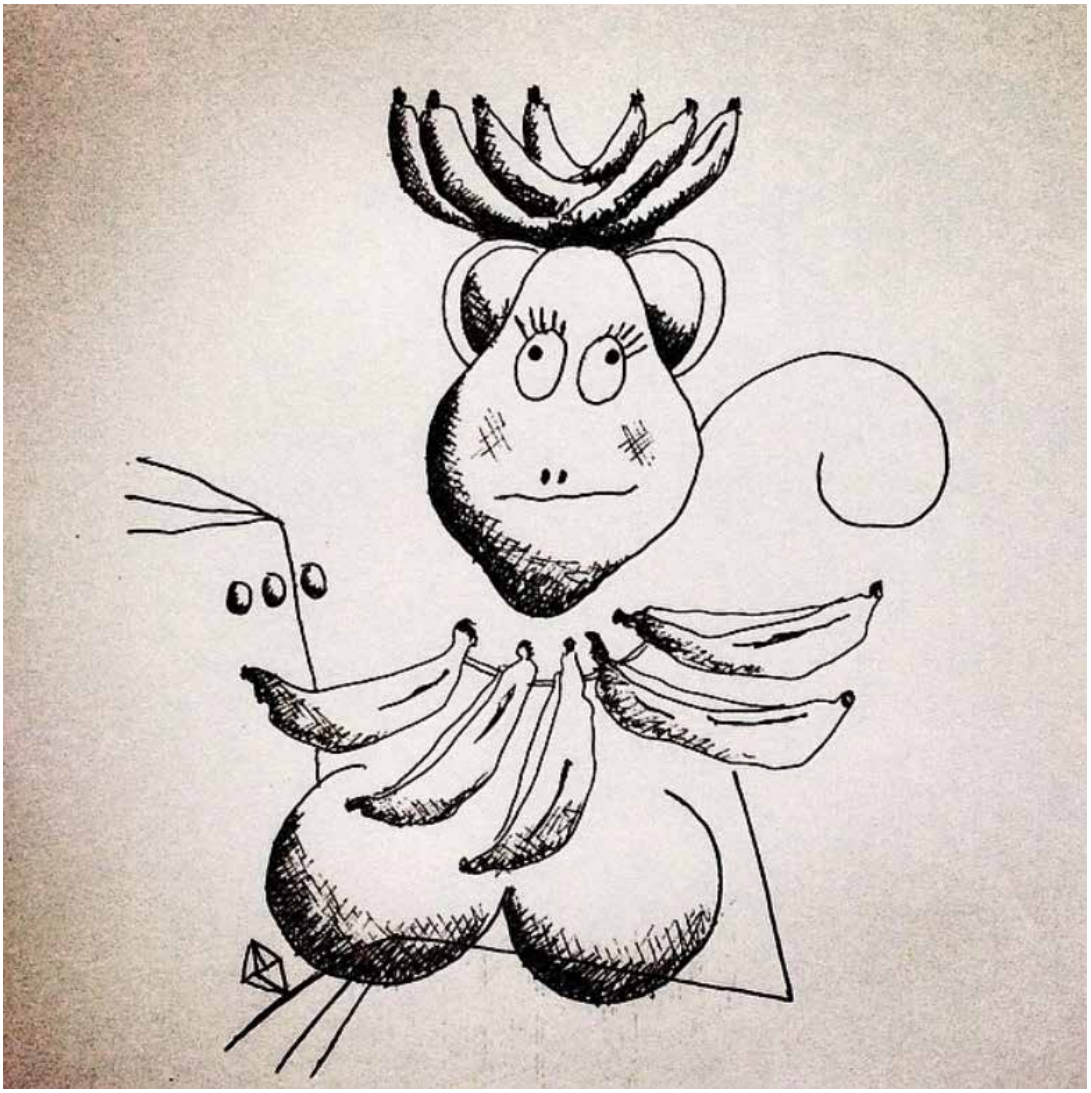


“Tu drume, negrita
Que voy a comprar nueva cunita
Que va tener capitel
Que va tener cascabel”

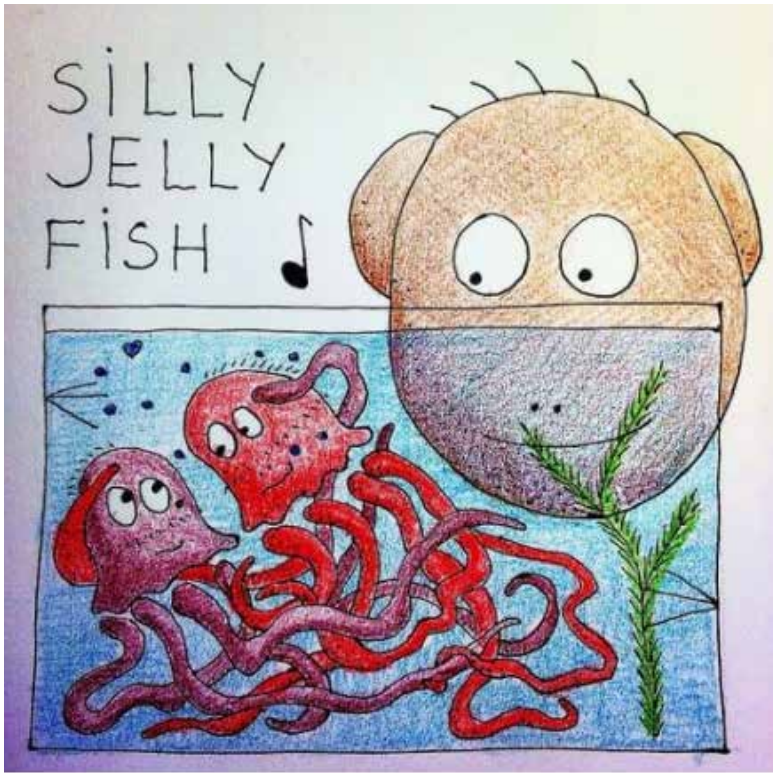
LUNA LUNERA,
CASCABELERA

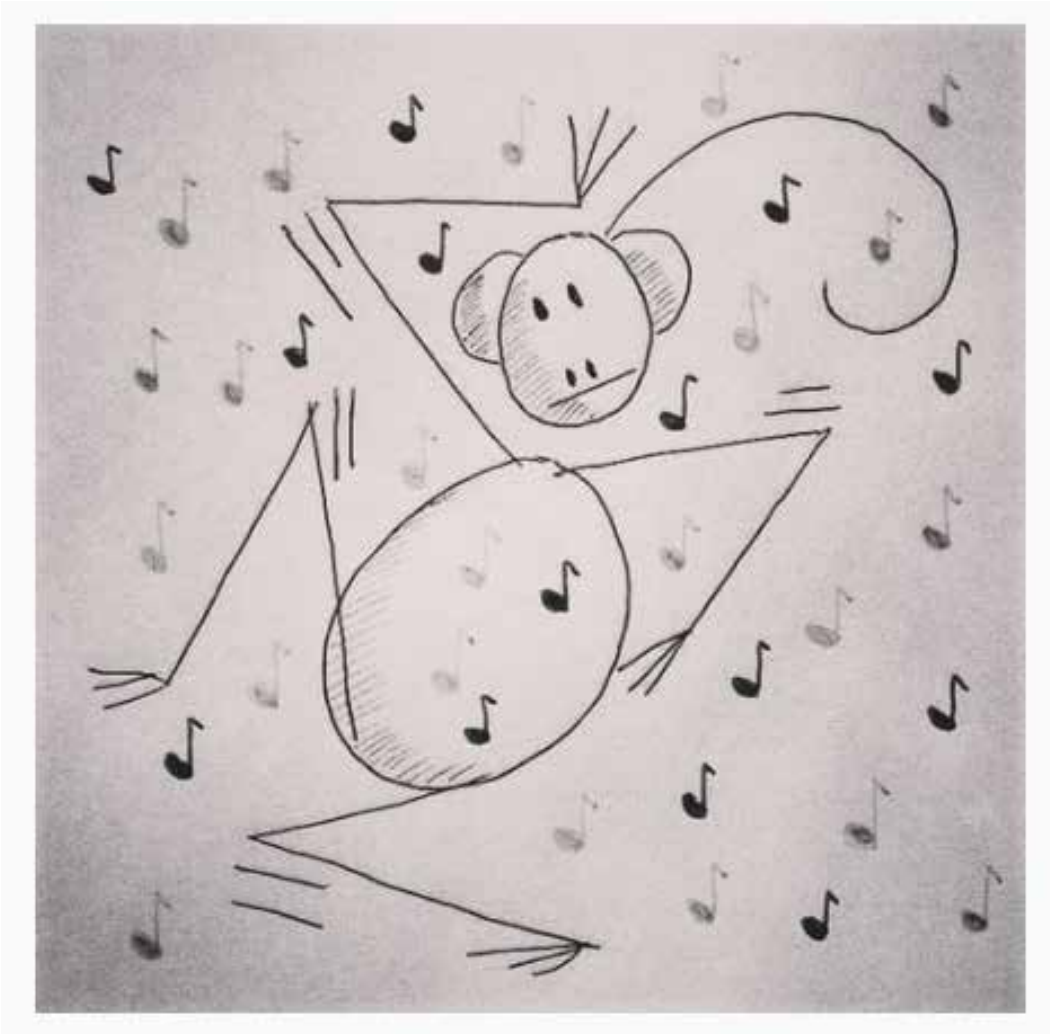
SÓ FAZ O QUE MANDA
O SEU CORAÇÃO
ZP.

CHIQUITA

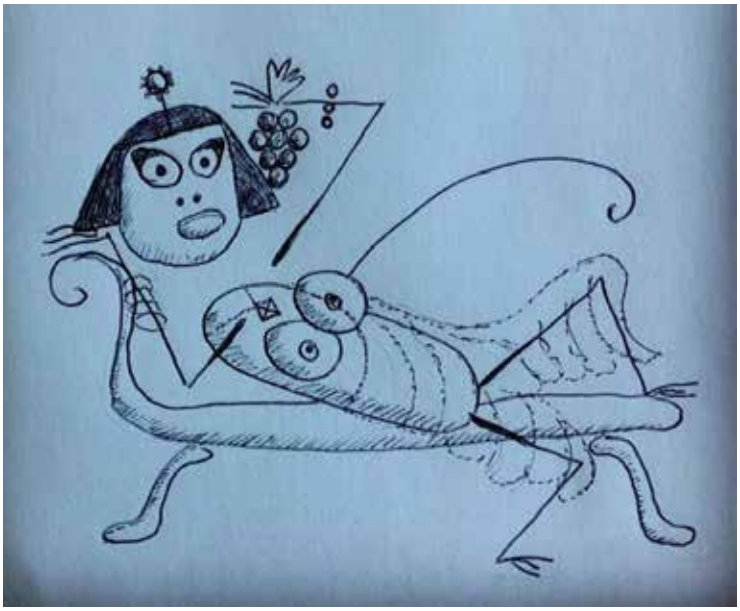


"... Sola, siempre sola ..."

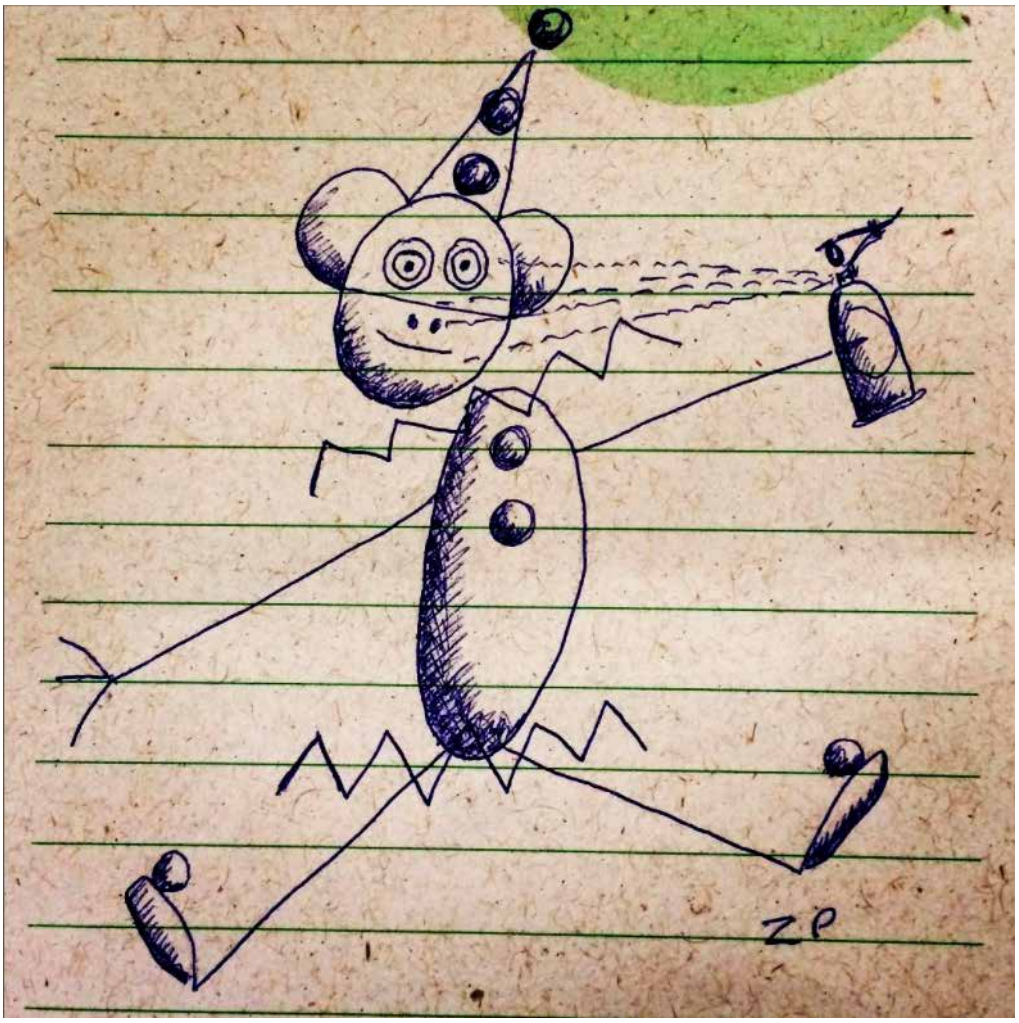




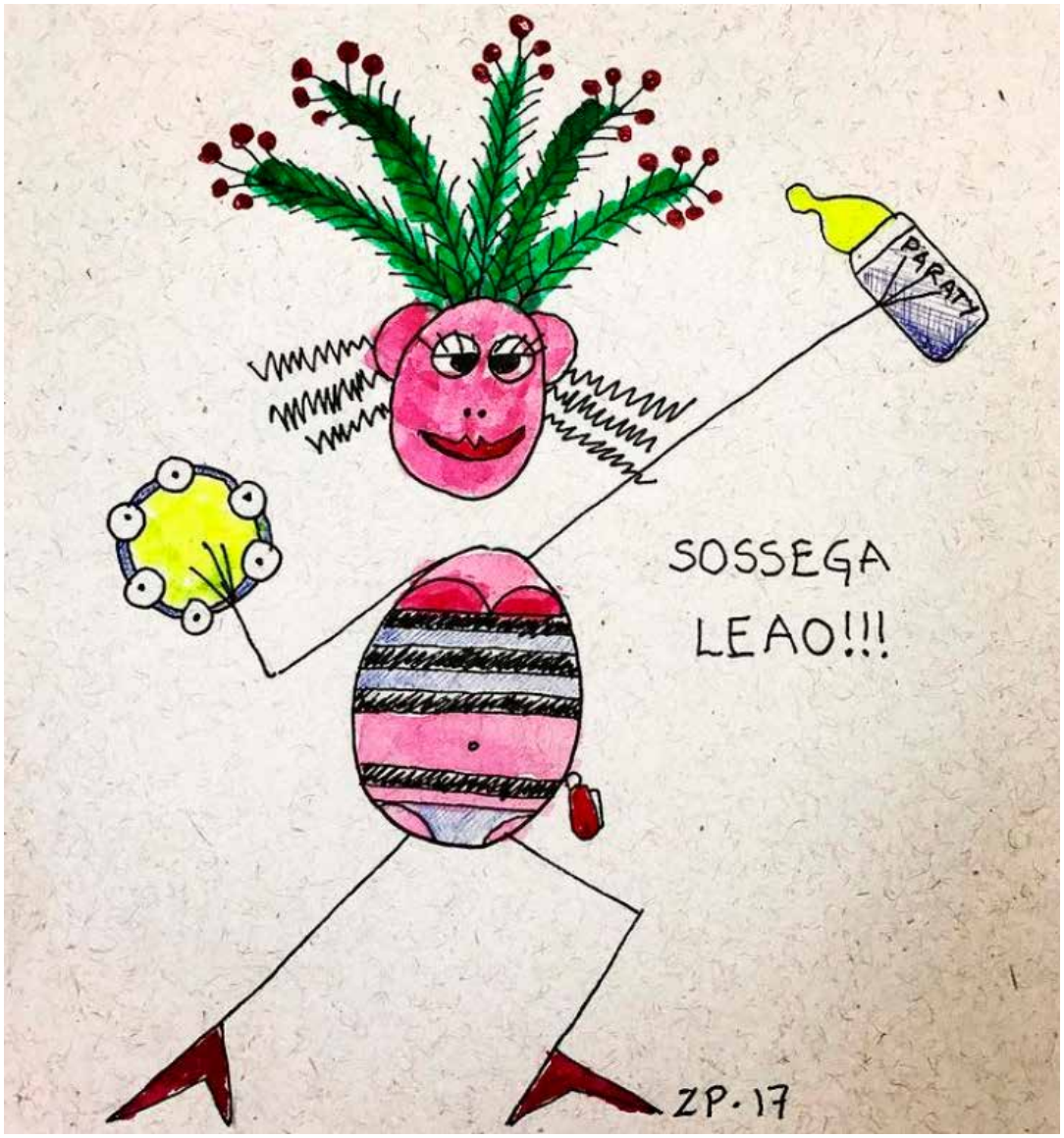
MAMBO JAMBO

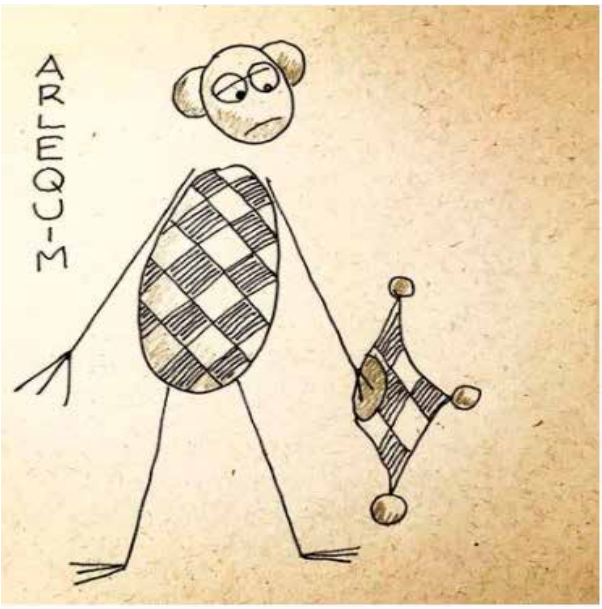


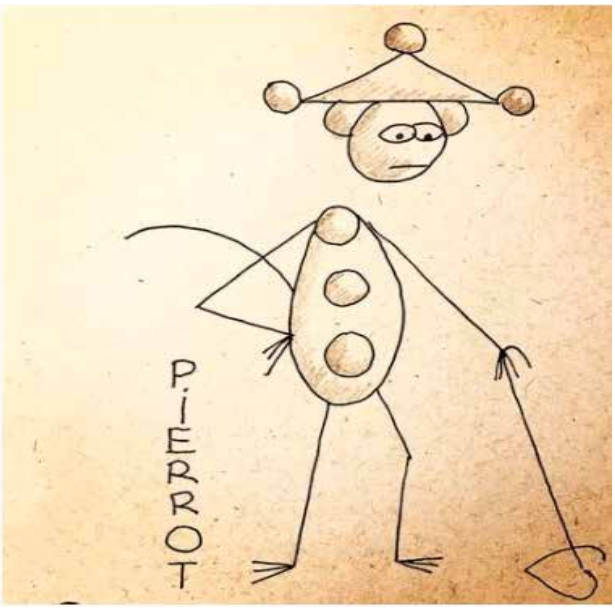
Cleópatra,
Julio e escravo

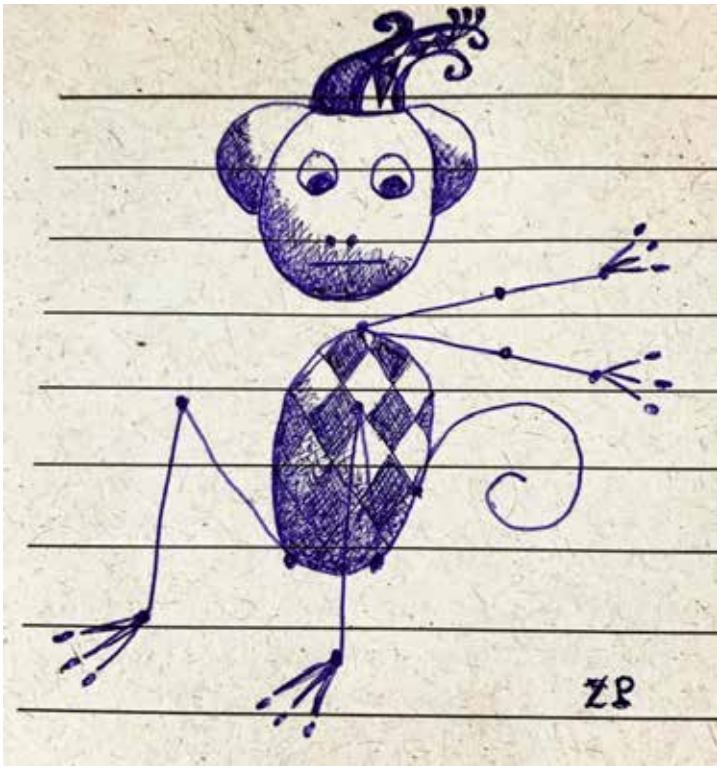


"... UM GRANDE AMOR TEM SEMPRE UM TRISTE FIM
COM O PIERRÔ ACONTECEU ASSIM ..."


PARATY
SOSSEGA
LEAO!!!
ZP·17

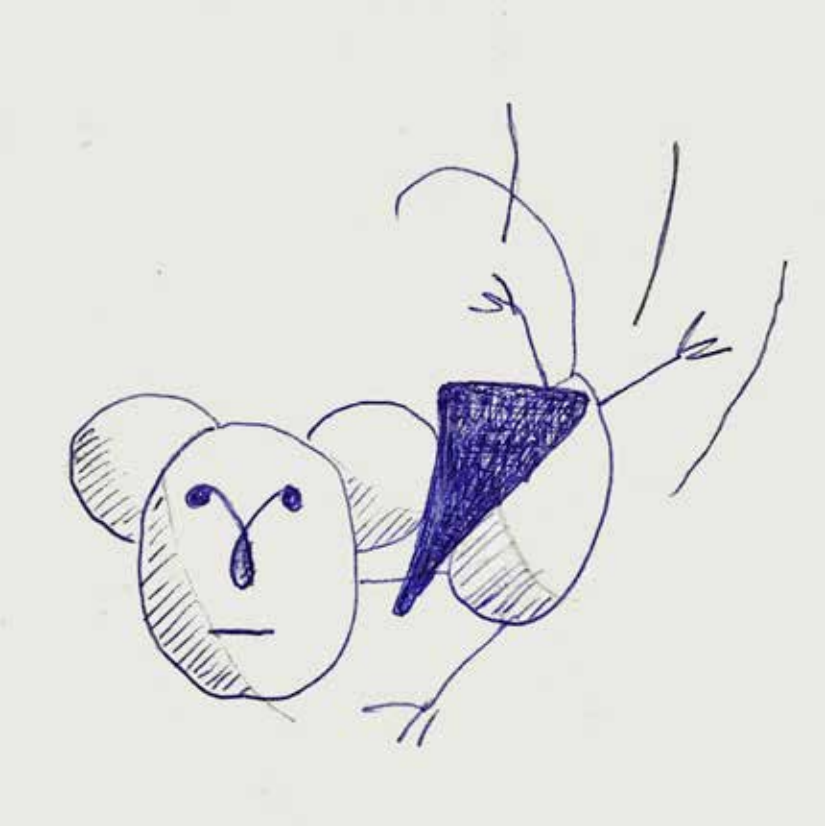






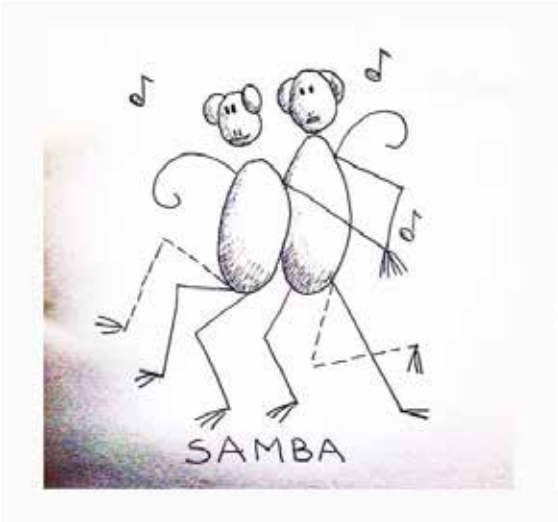
"PIEDAD, PIEDAD
PARA EL QUE SUFRE..."

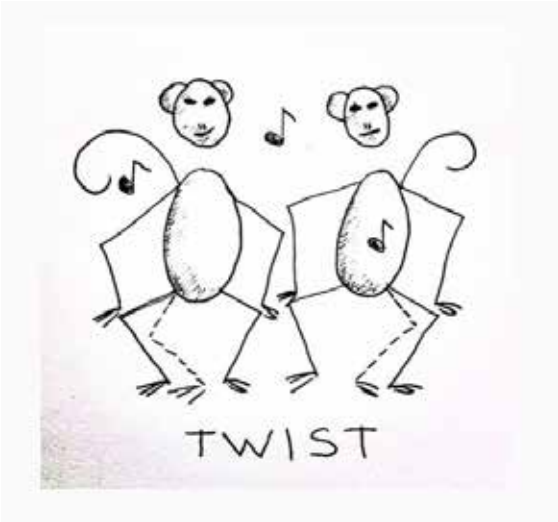
PARARA TIM BUM BUM BUM
PARARA TIM BUM BUM BUM
PARARA TIM BUM BUM BUM



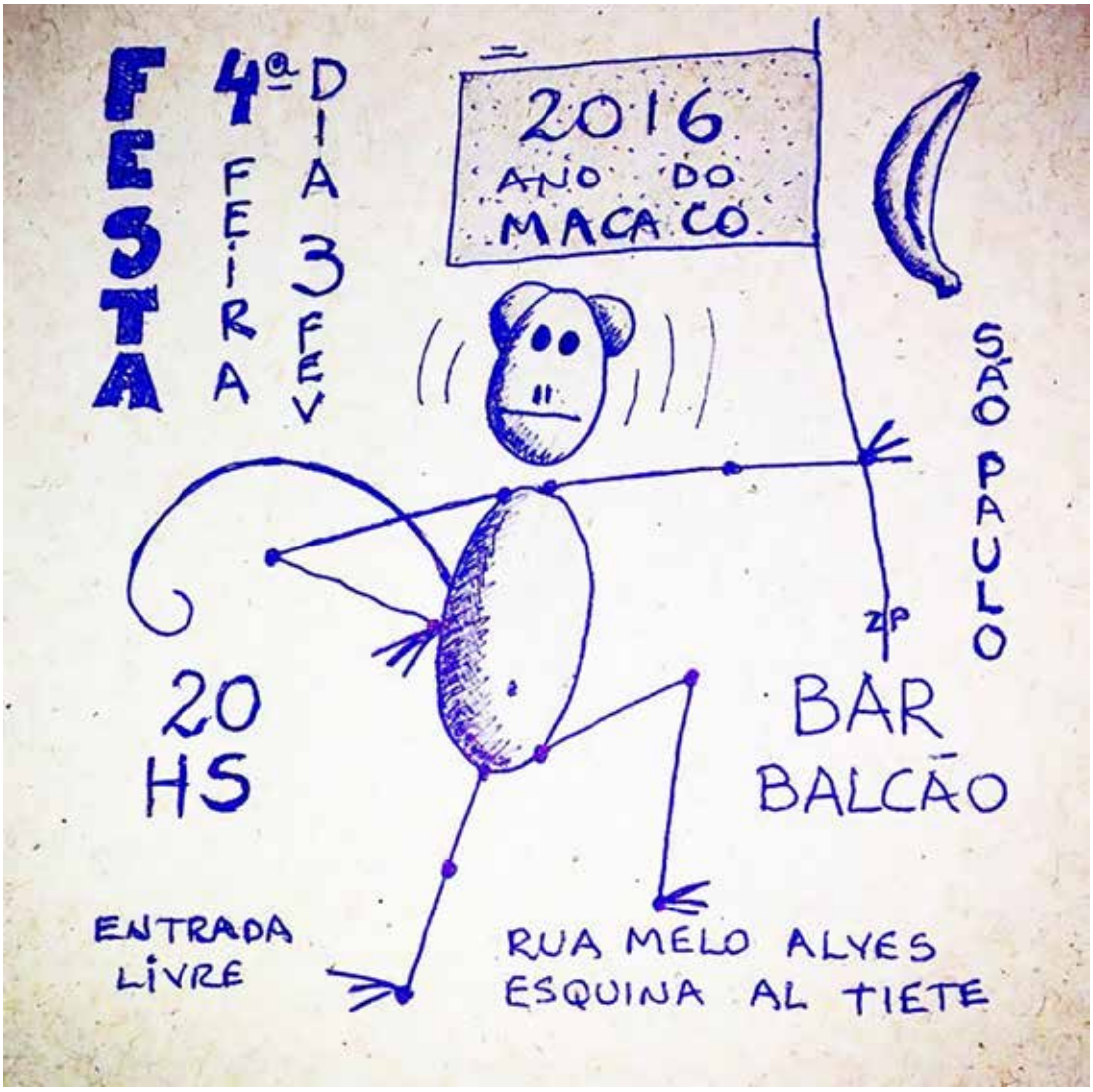
"...SOLO CENIZAS HALLARAS
DE TODO LO QUE FUE MI AMOR."

CHA-CHA-CHA

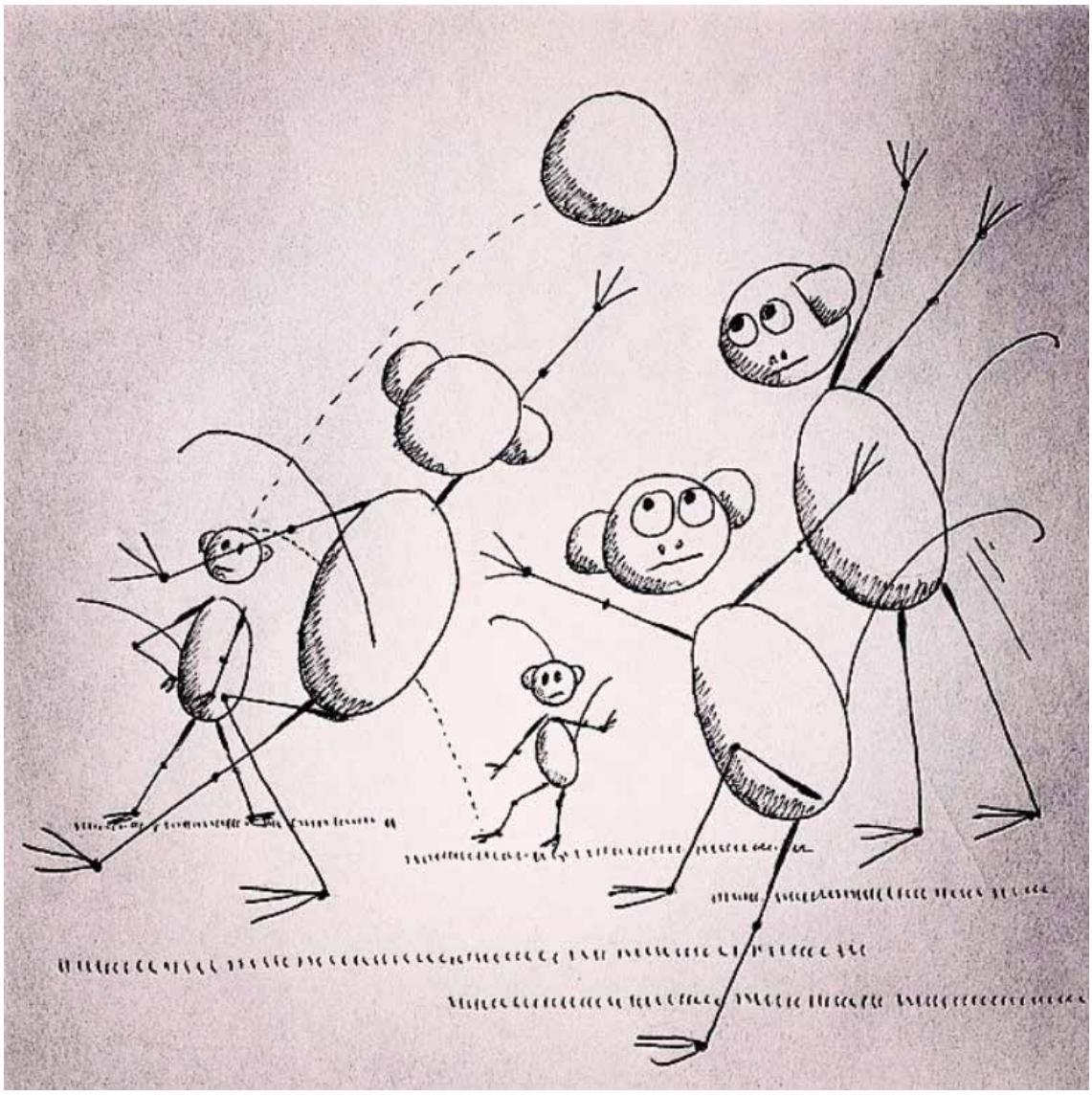

SAMBA


TWIST

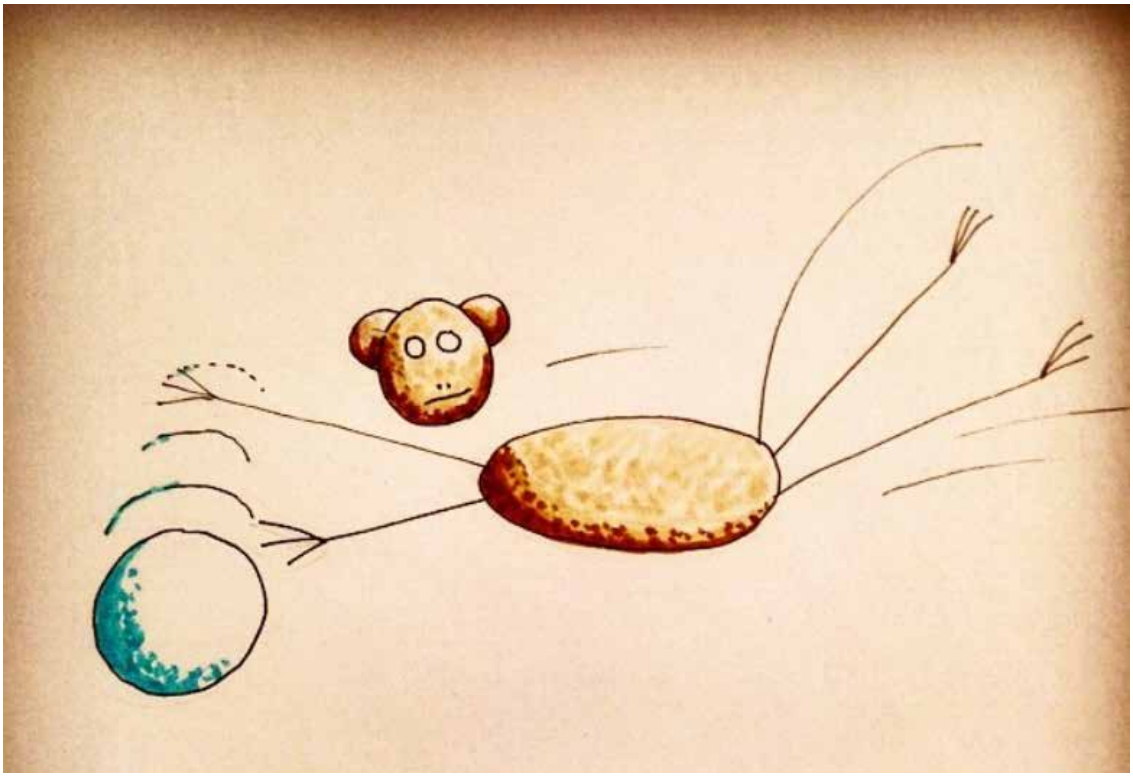
FESTA DA MACACA
03 FEV. 2016
20 HS
ZP
BAR BALCÃO
RUA MELO ALVES 150
SÃO PAULO
ENTRADA LIVRE

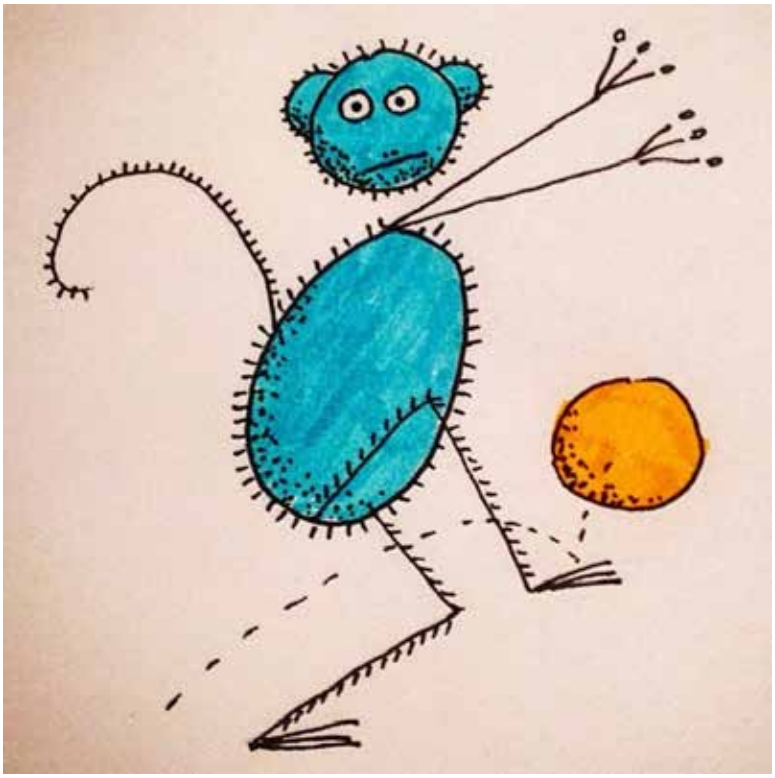

FESTA
4ª FEIRA
DIA 3 FEV
2016
ANO DO MACACO
SÃO PAULO
ZP
20 HS
BAR BALCÃO
ENTRADA LIVRE
RUA MELO ALVES
ESQUINA AL TIETE

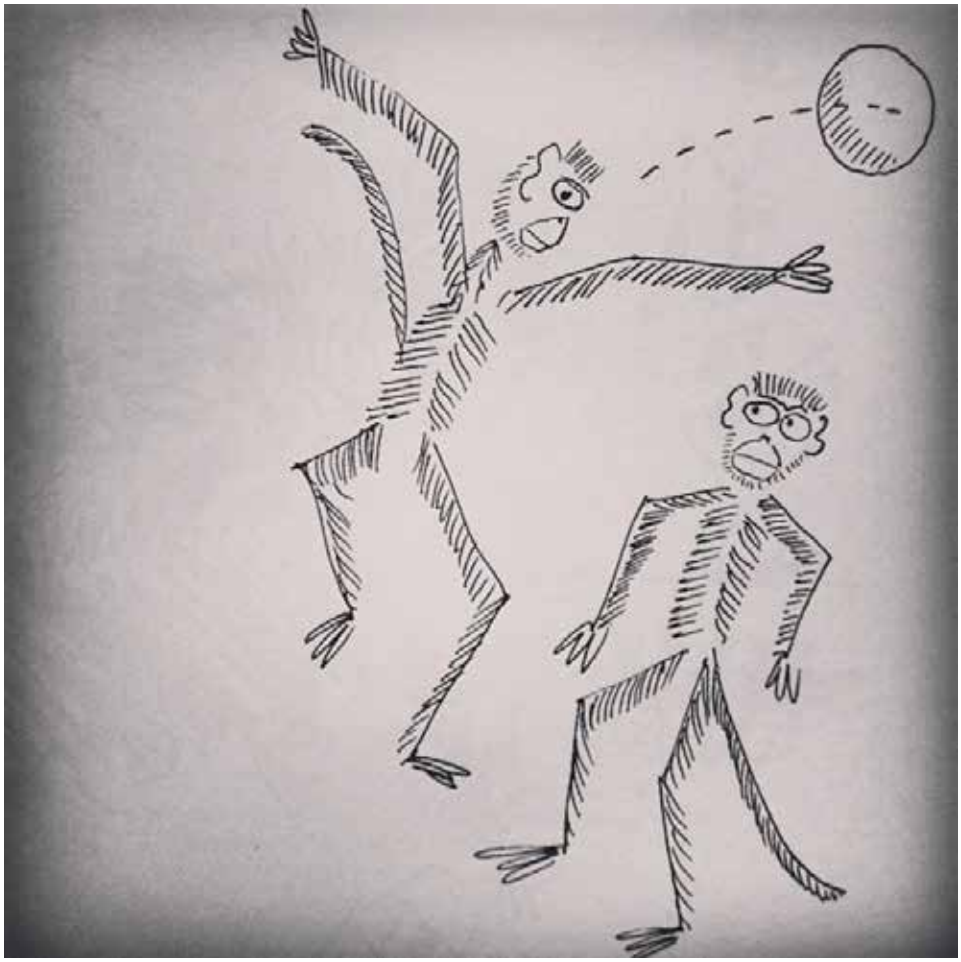
"... me importas tu y tú y tú y solamente tú y tú y tú..."

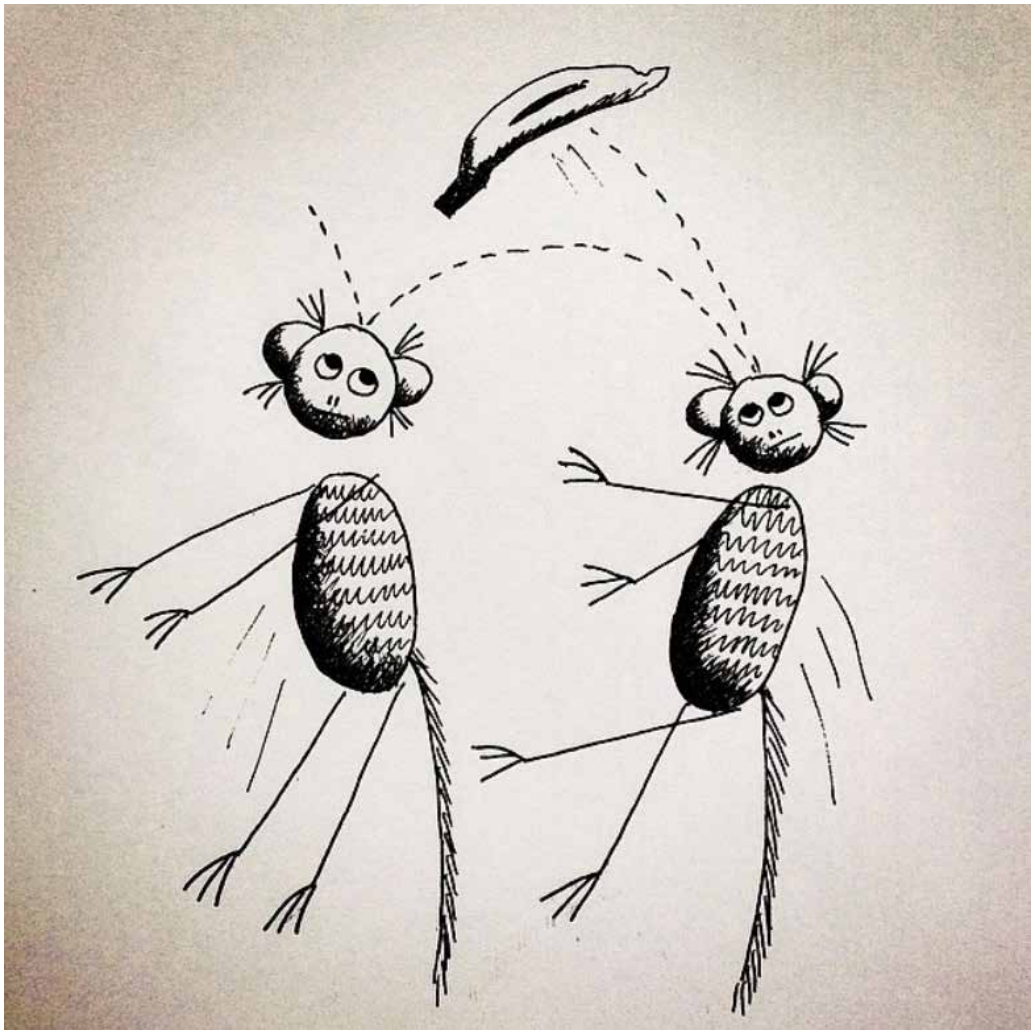


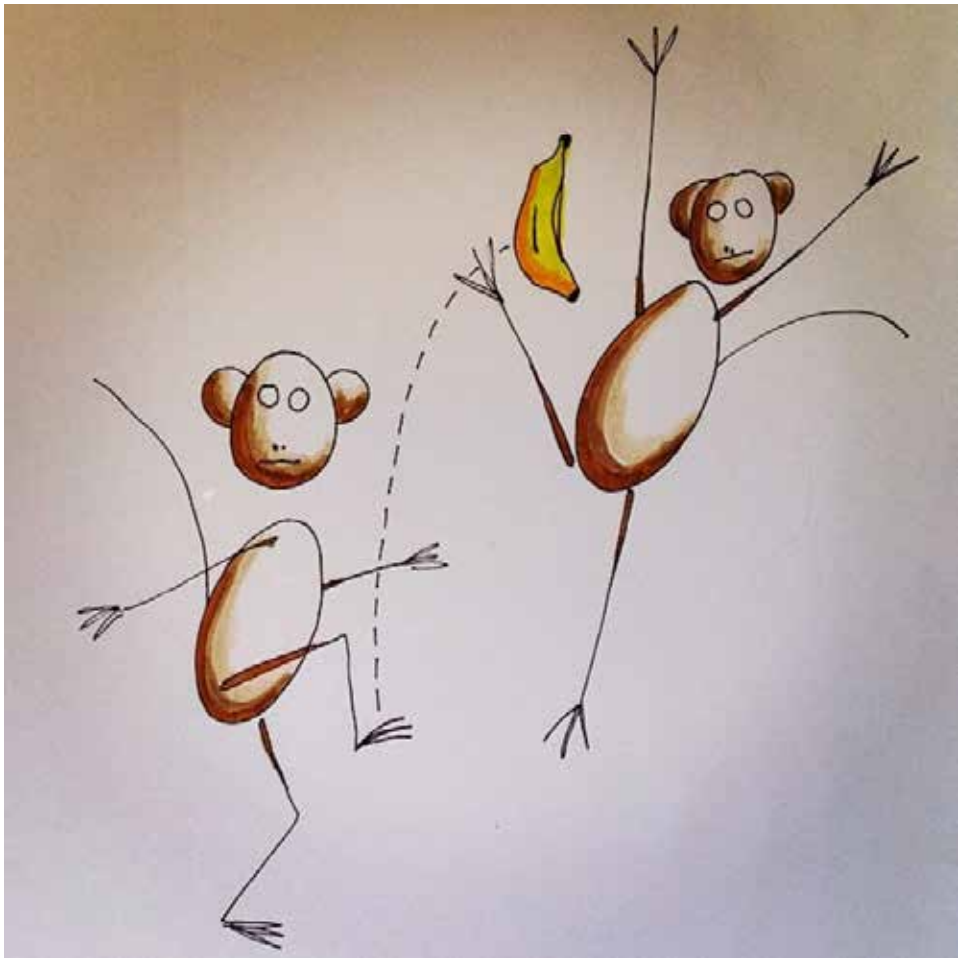
"... MORREU COMO A FLOR, AINDA EM BOTÃO,
DEIXANDO ESPINHOS QUE DILACERAM MEU CORAÇÃO ..."

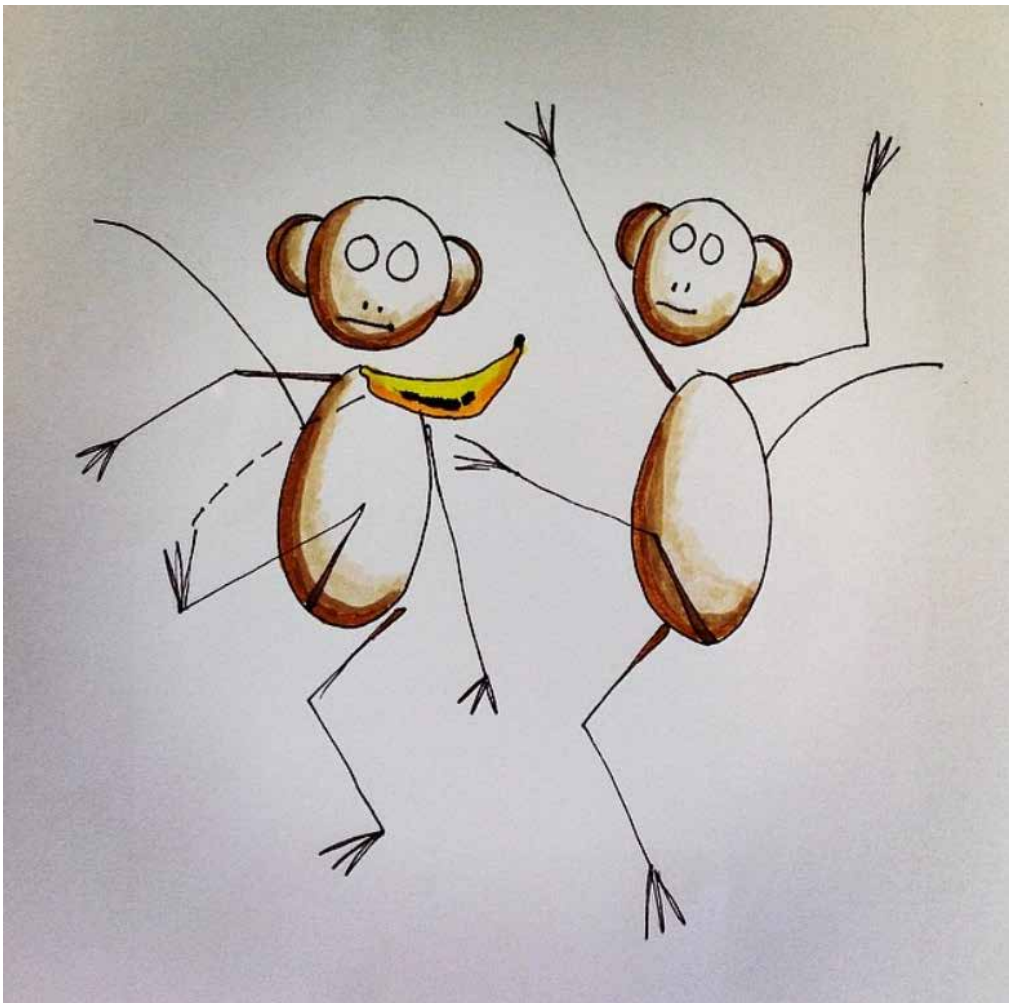


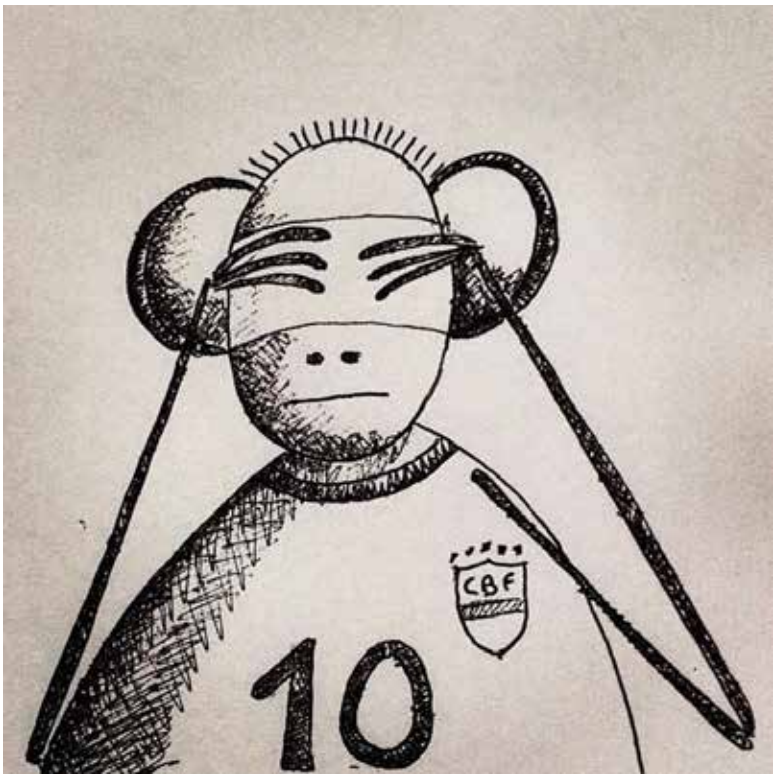




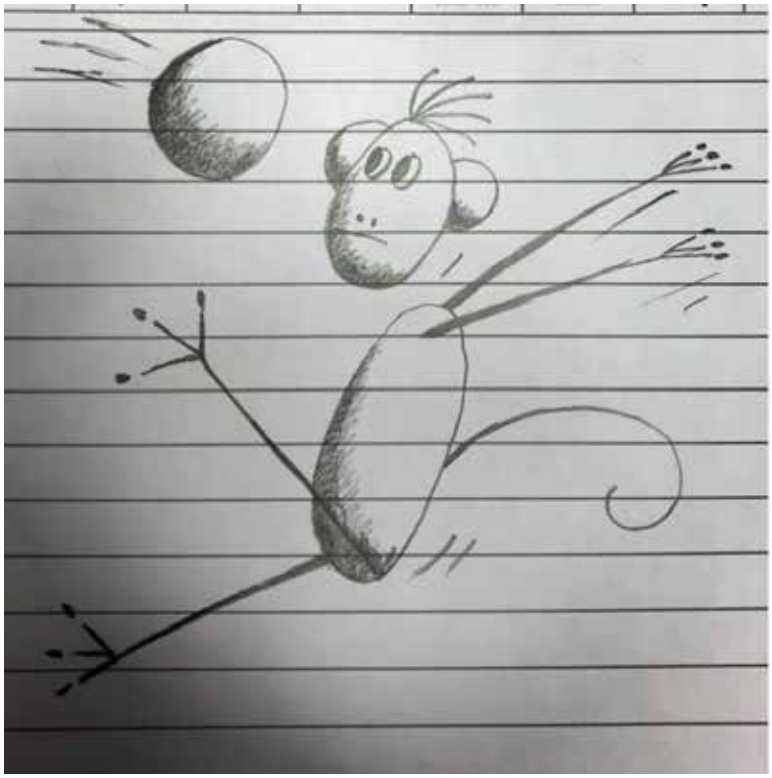


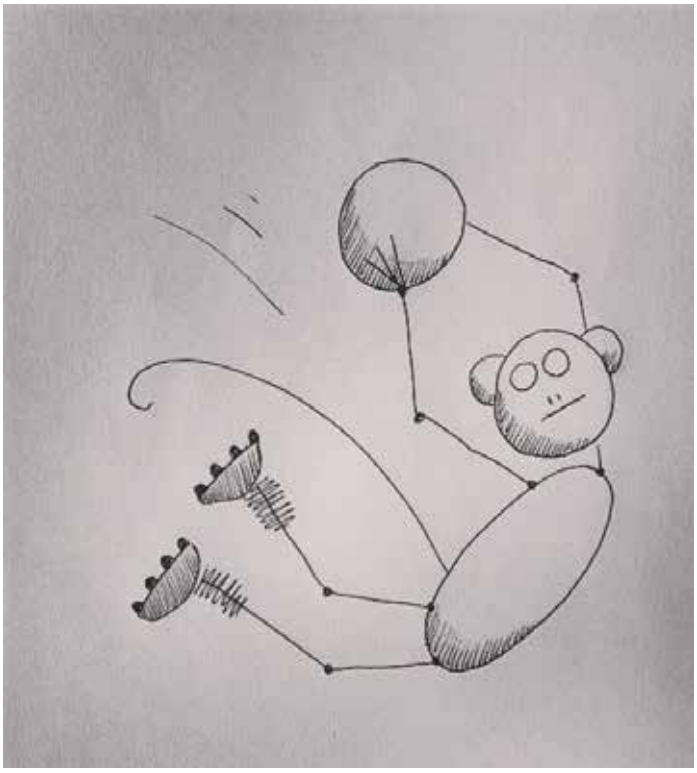




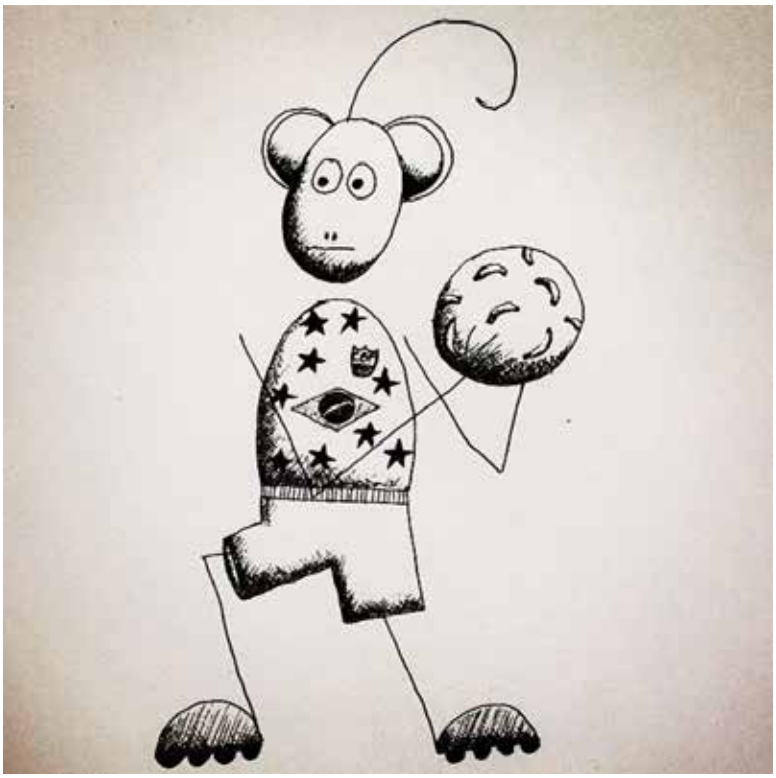


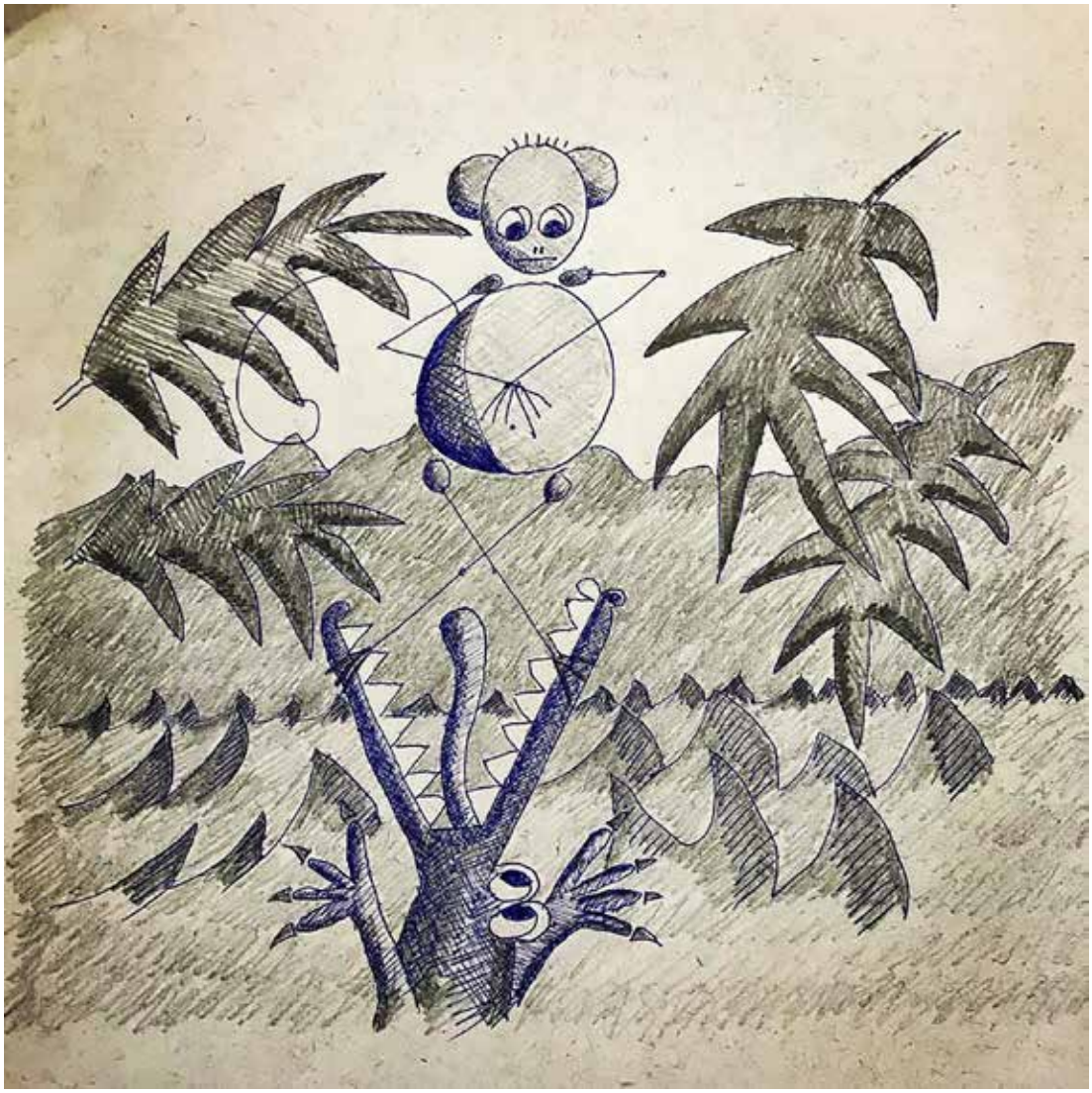
"... ILUMINA MAIS A SALA DO QUE A LUZ DO REFLETOR ..."





CONVENTO 1 x MACACO 0

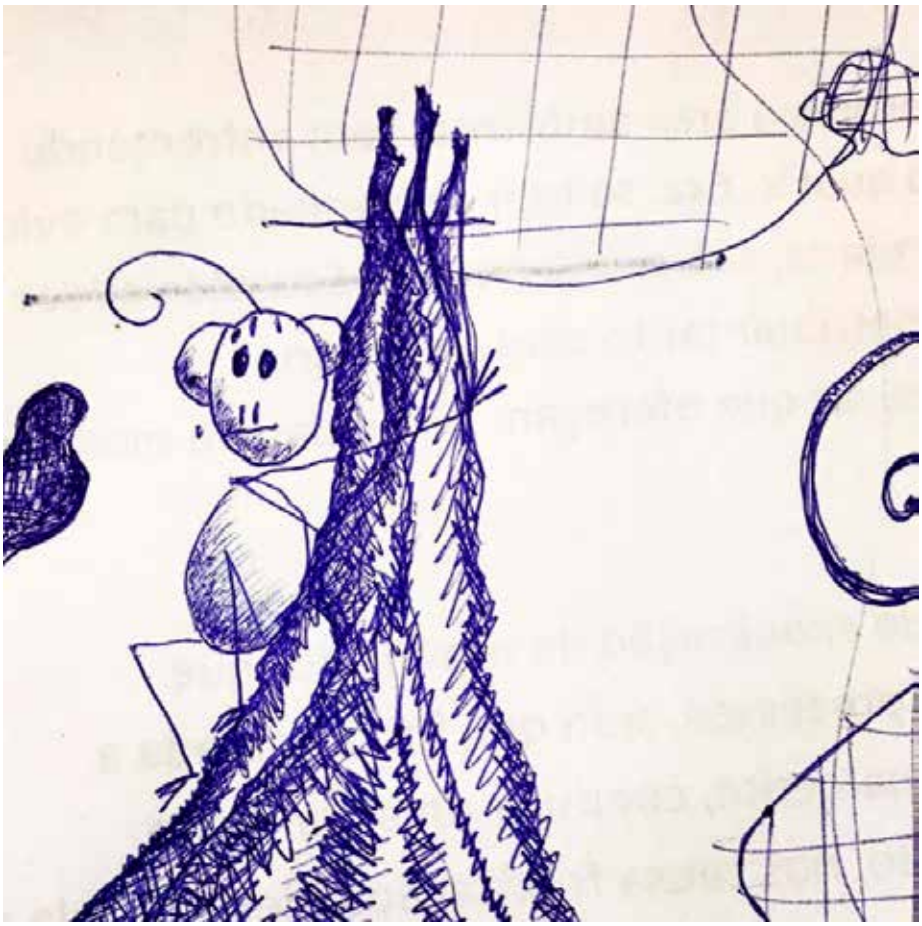




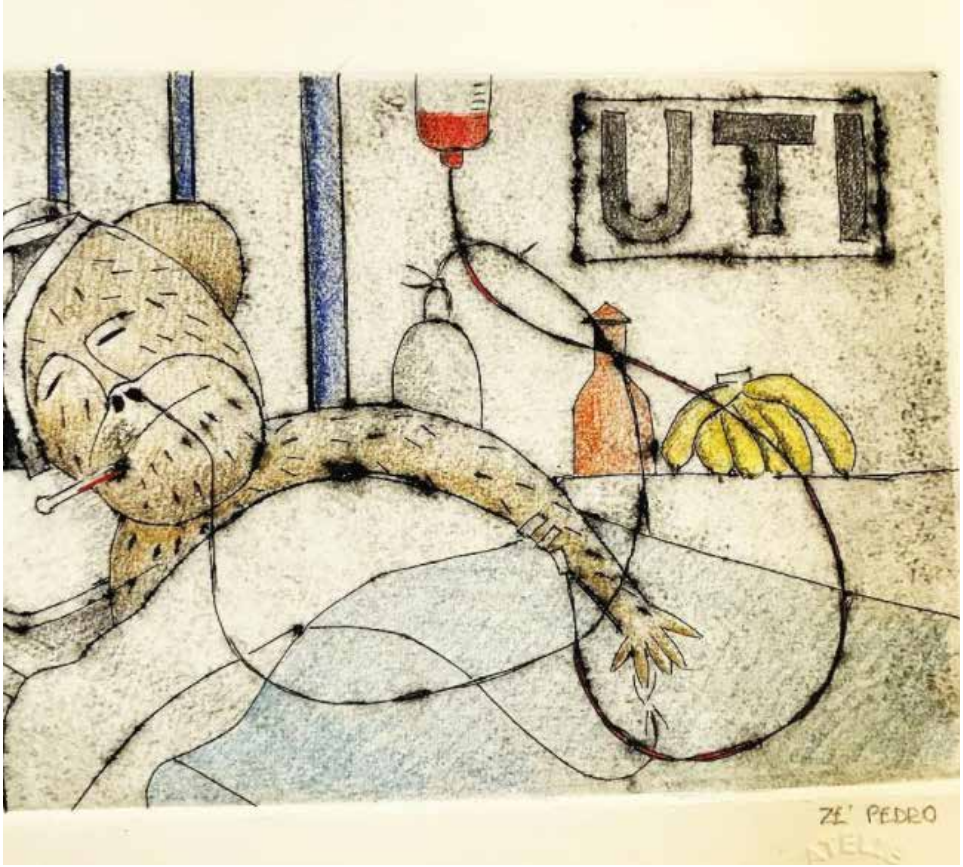
“em rio que tem piranha jacaré nada de costas”

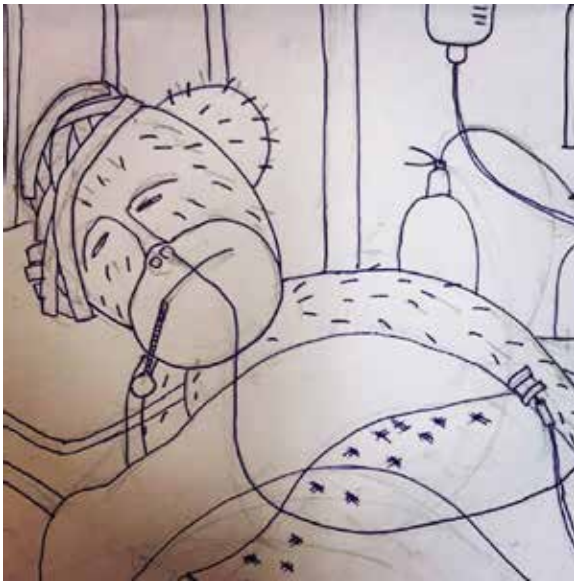
MUSEU
NACIONAL!

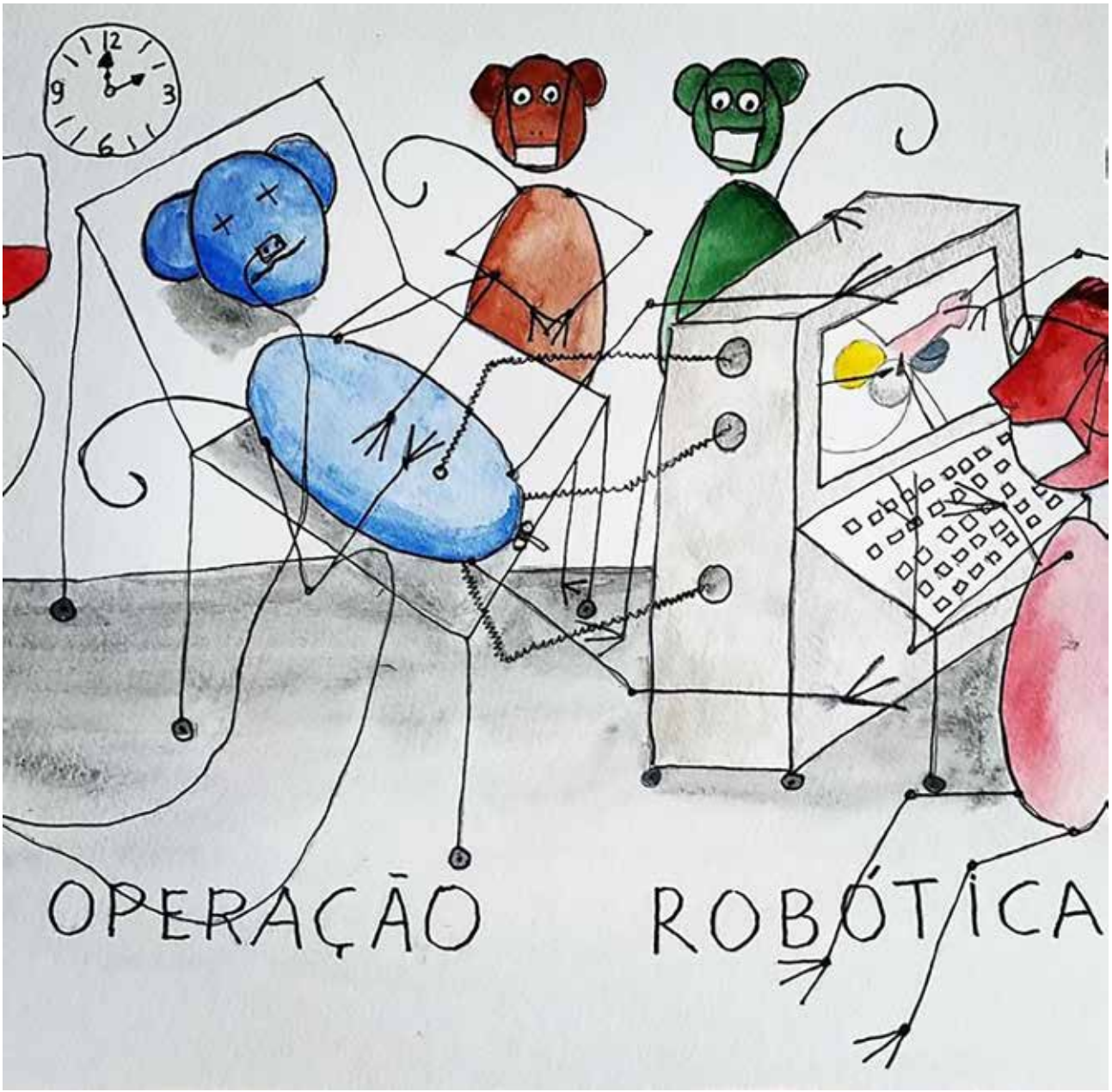
DA
SERIE
MUSEU
NACIONAL
02·09·2018



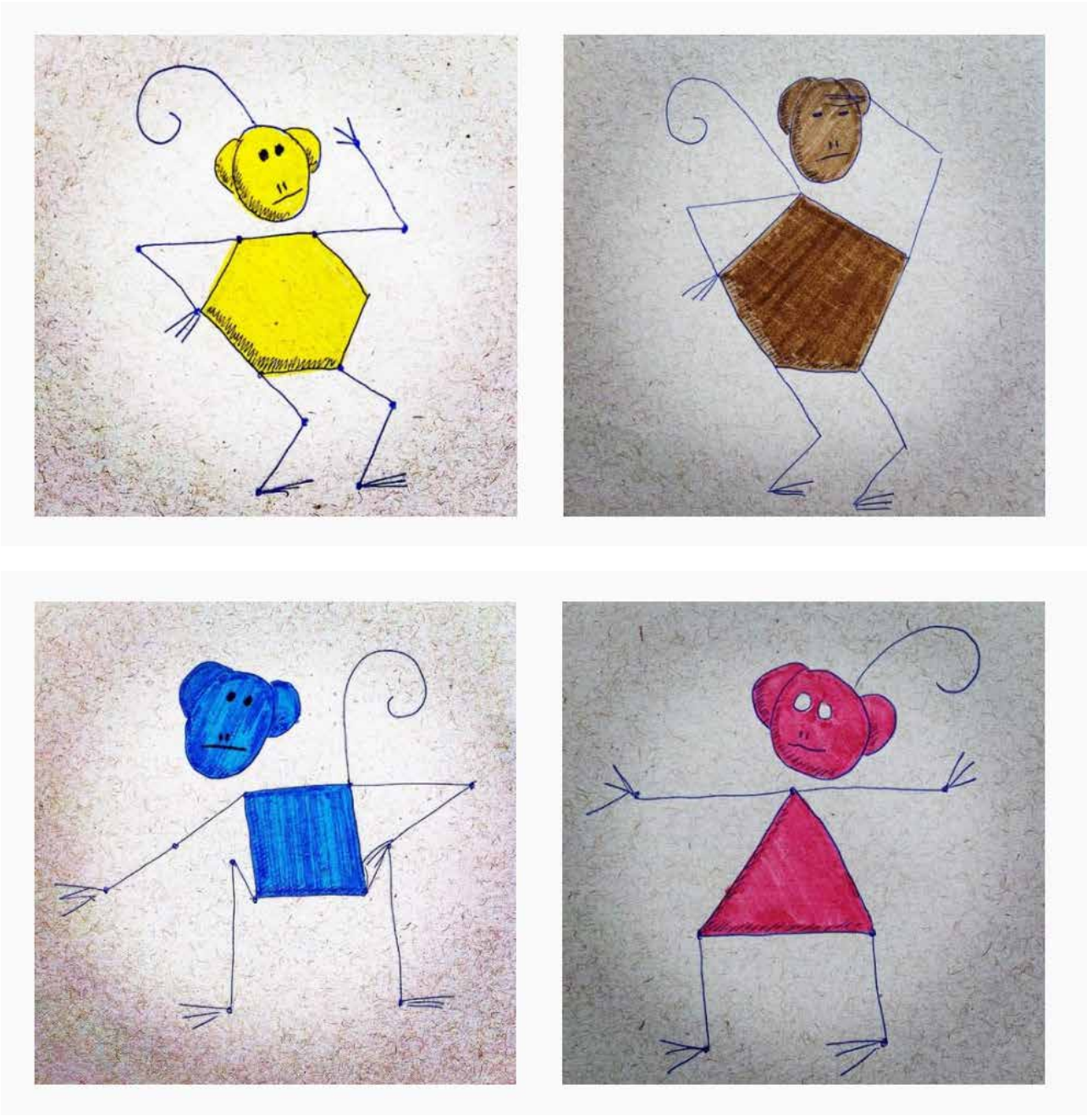
"... en la boca llevarás sabor a mi..."


UTI
ZÉ PEDRO

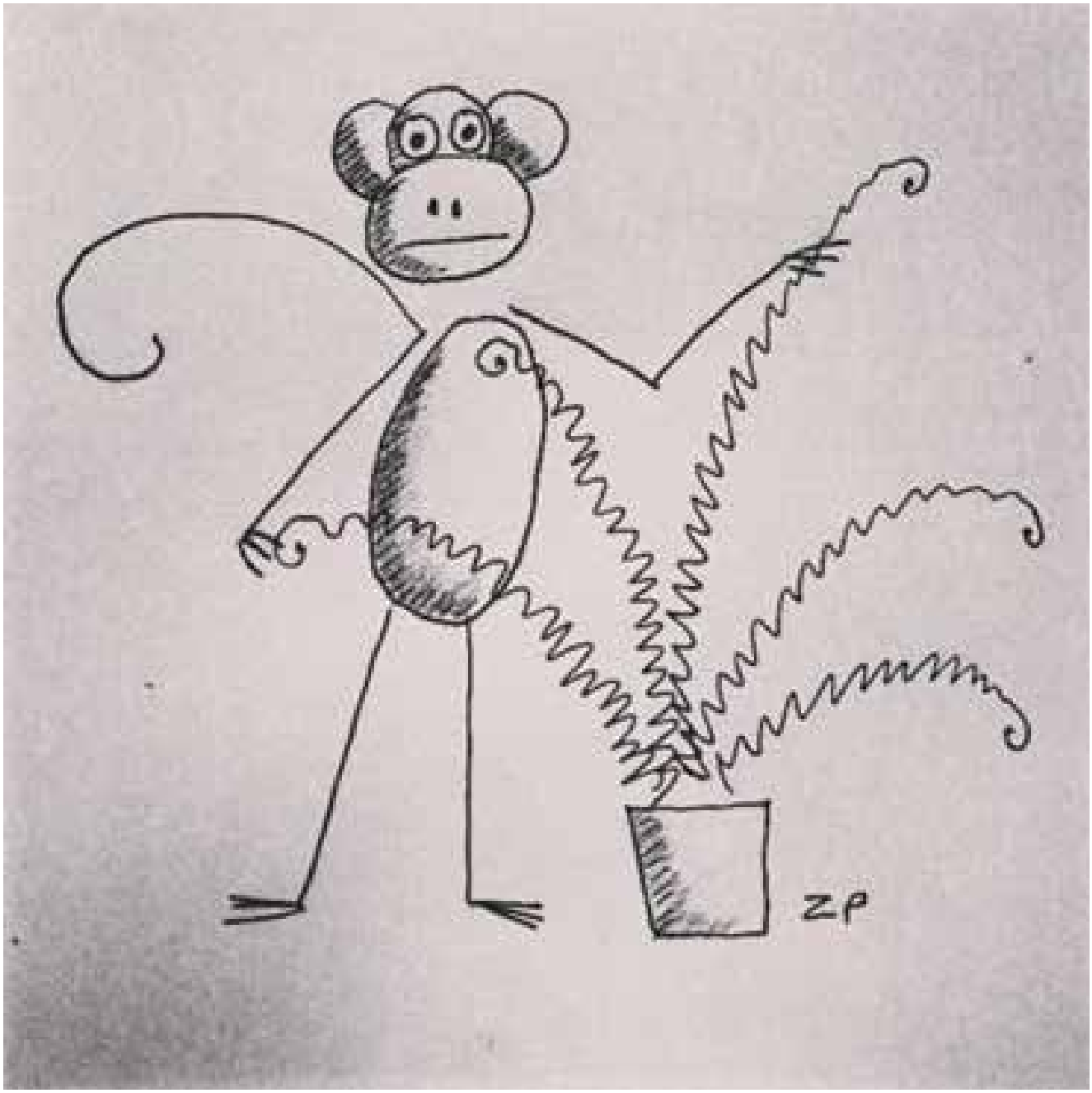



OPERAÇÃO ROBÓTICA

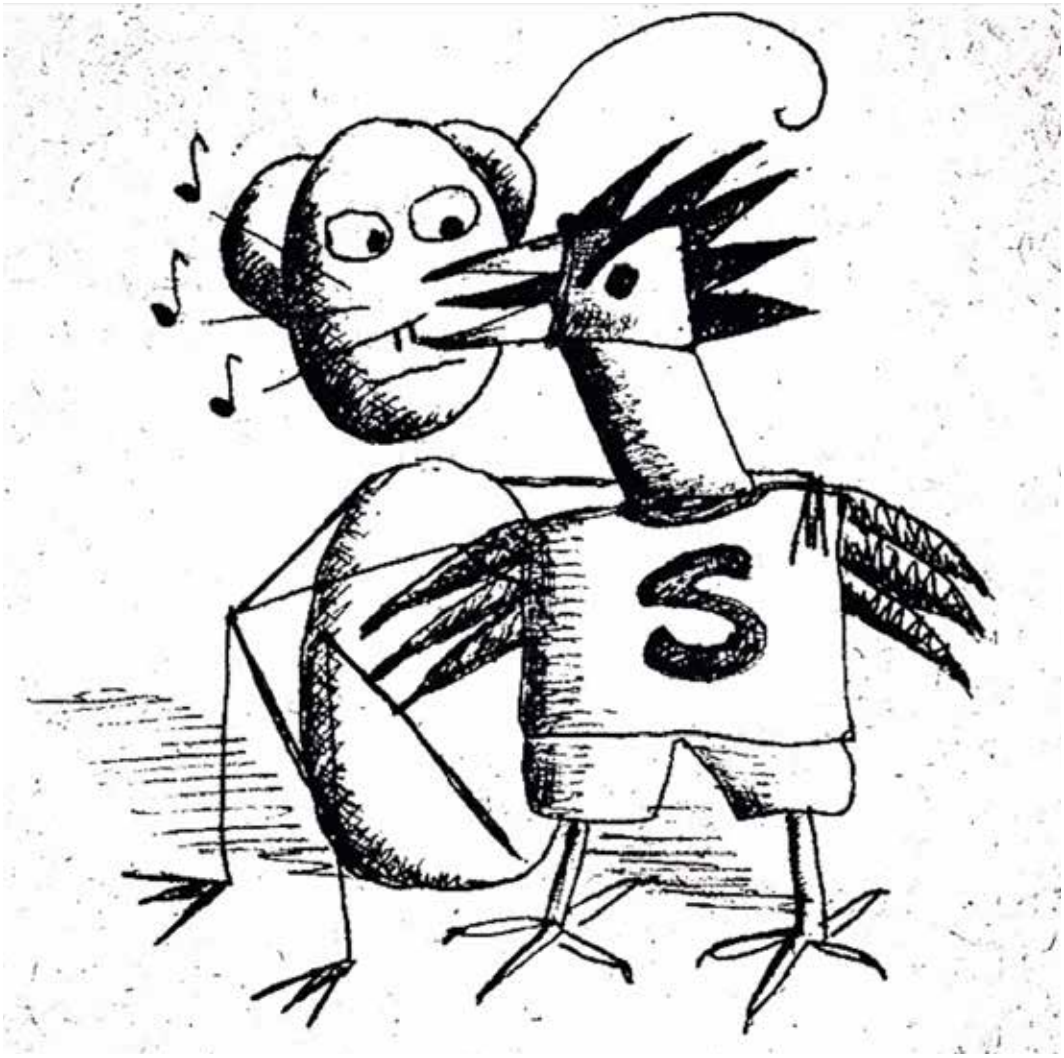
"... TAL QUAL UMA BORBOLETA VAGANDO TRISTE POR SOBRE A FLOR ..."



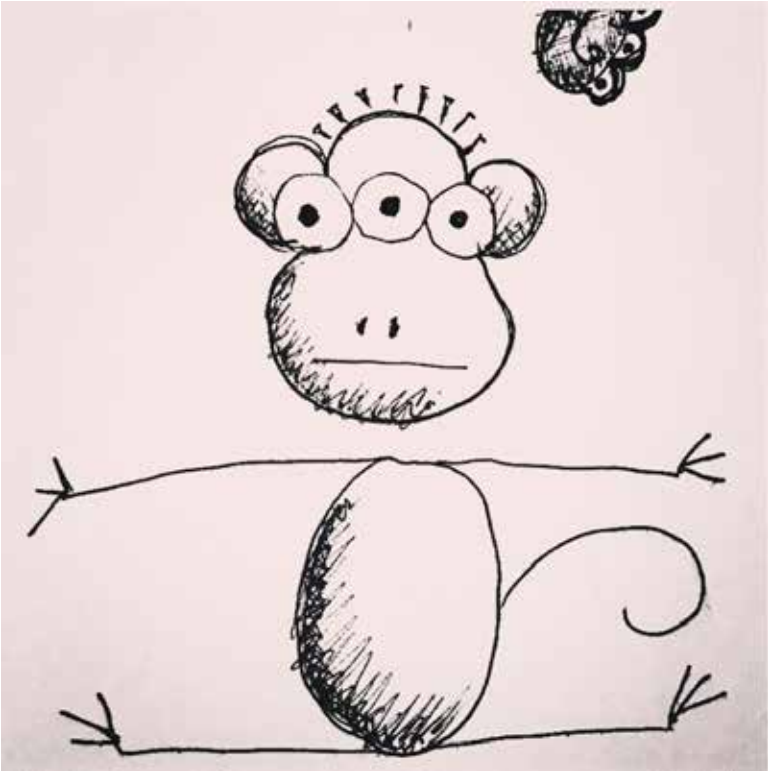
"... POIS HOJE O SEU NOME MUDOU
E ESTRANHOS CAMINHOS PISOU..."



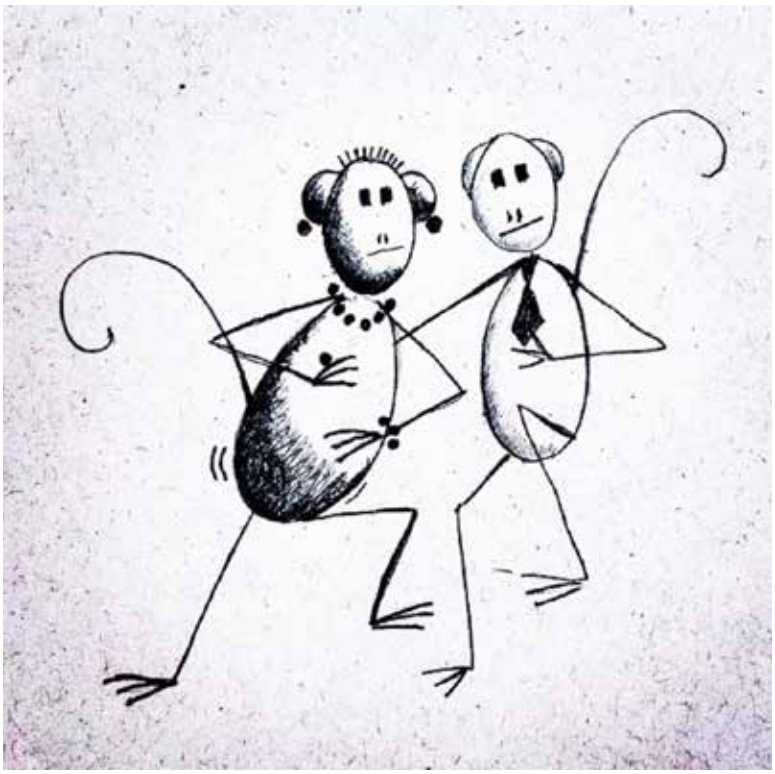
“… me diste la verdad que yo soñé…”

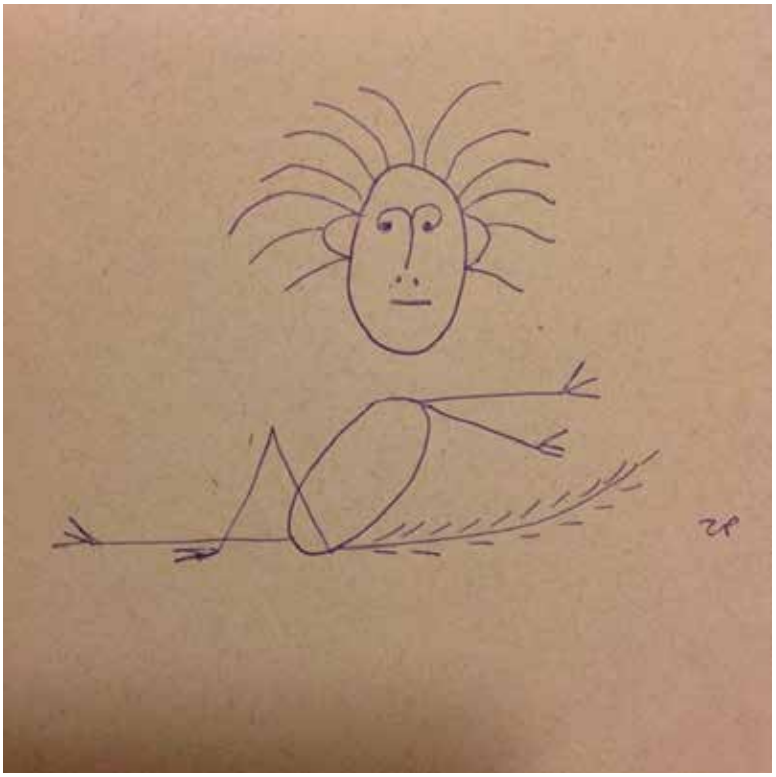


"... TU ERES EL CULPABLE DE TODAS MIS ANGUSTIAS
Y AMARGOS DESENCANTOS..."

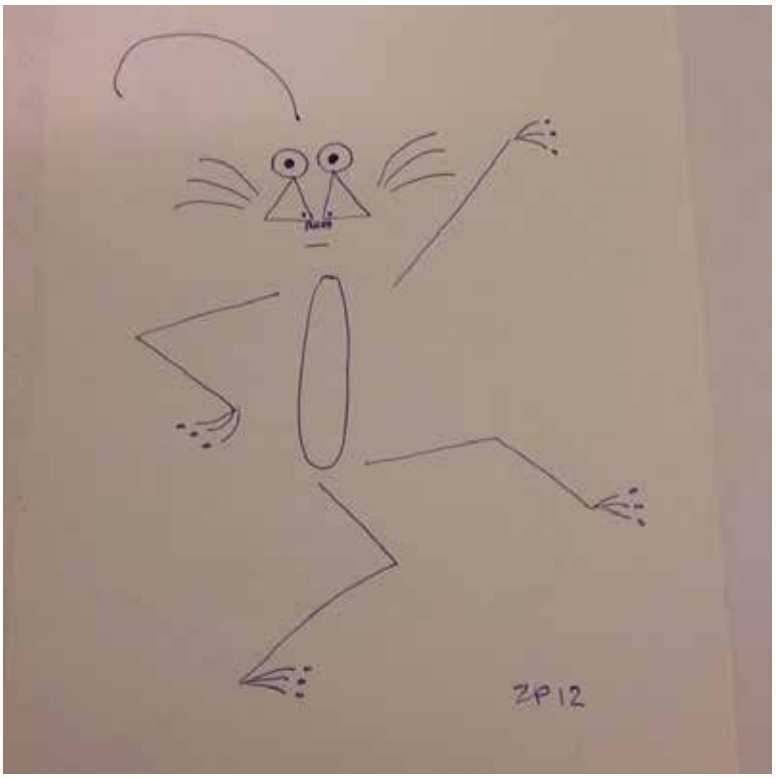


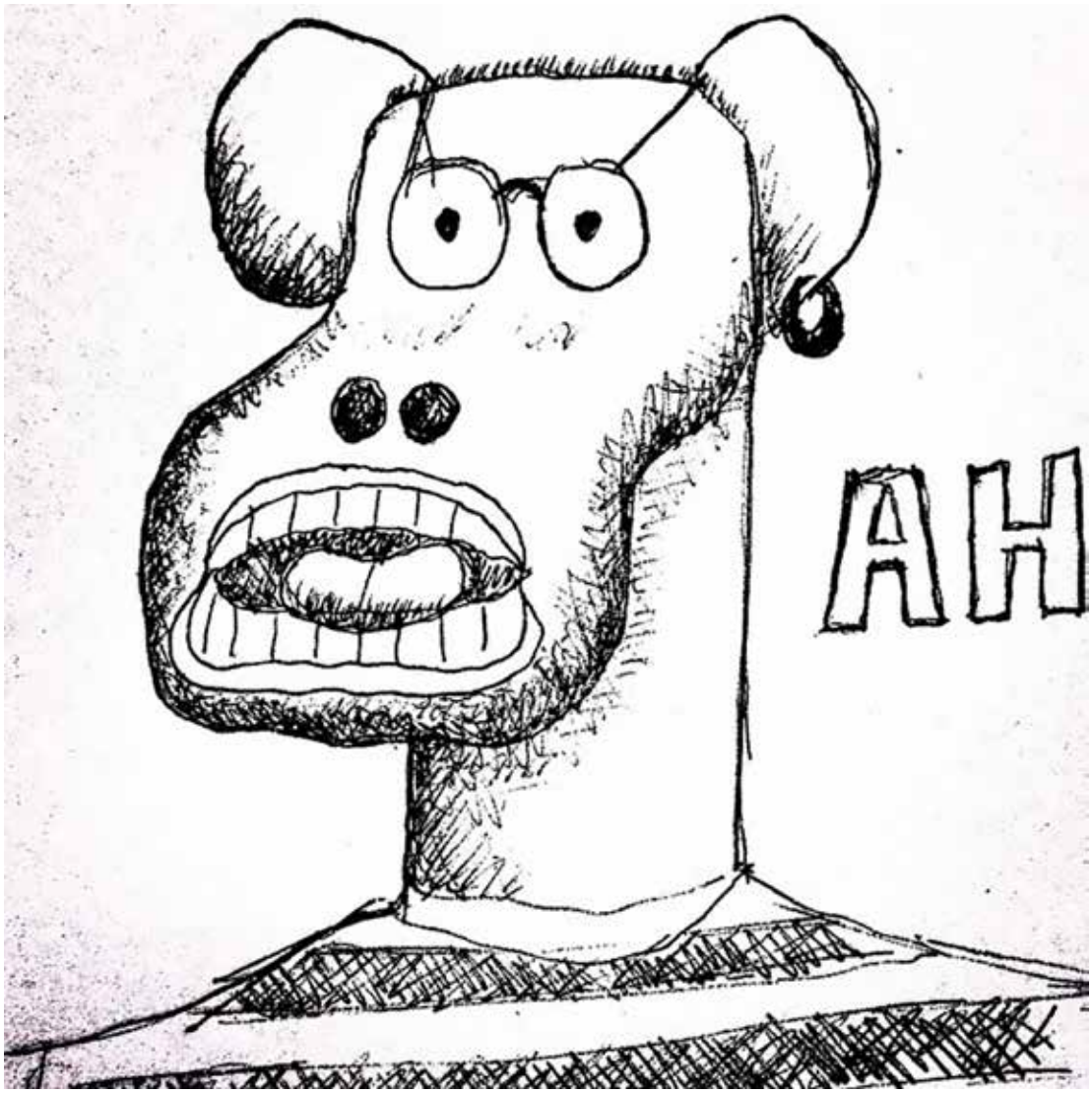
"... AÍ AMOR! A LUZ DOS TEUS OLHOS..."



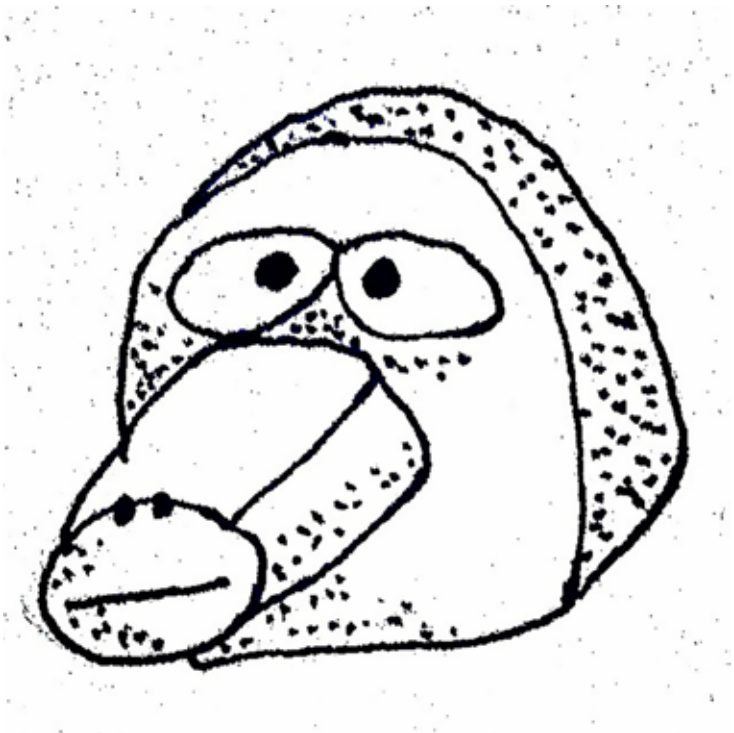


ZP09


ZP12

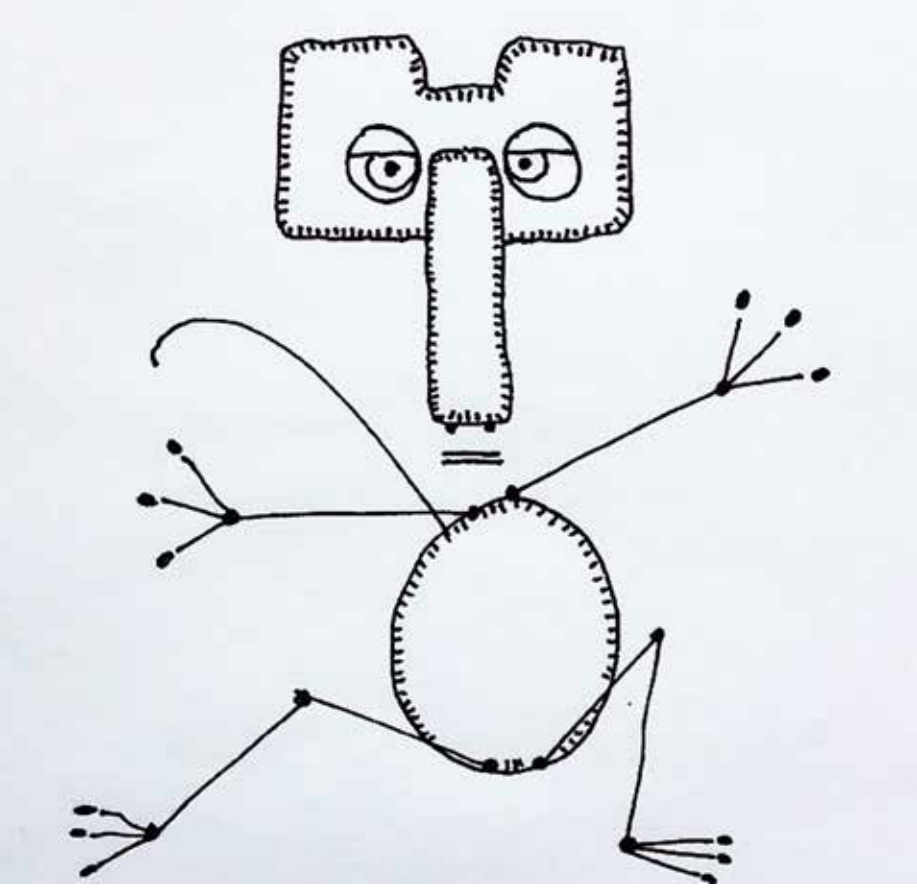


"... POR QUE BEBES TANTO ASSIM, RAPAZ ...
SE É POR CAUSA DE MULHER É BOM PARAR
PORQUE NENHUMA DELAS SABE AMAR ..."

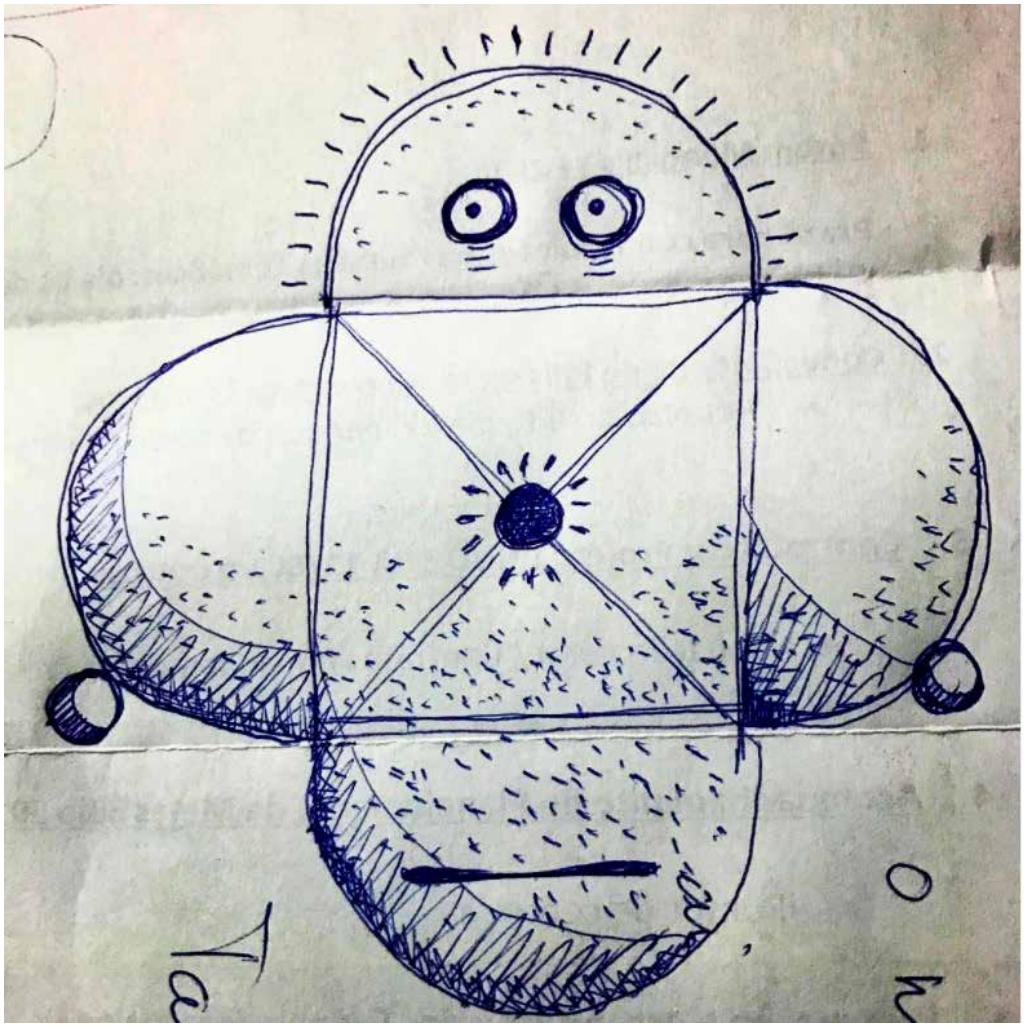


"... UNA MUJER
DEBE SER
CARIÑOSA,
COQUETA
Y ARDIENTE ..."

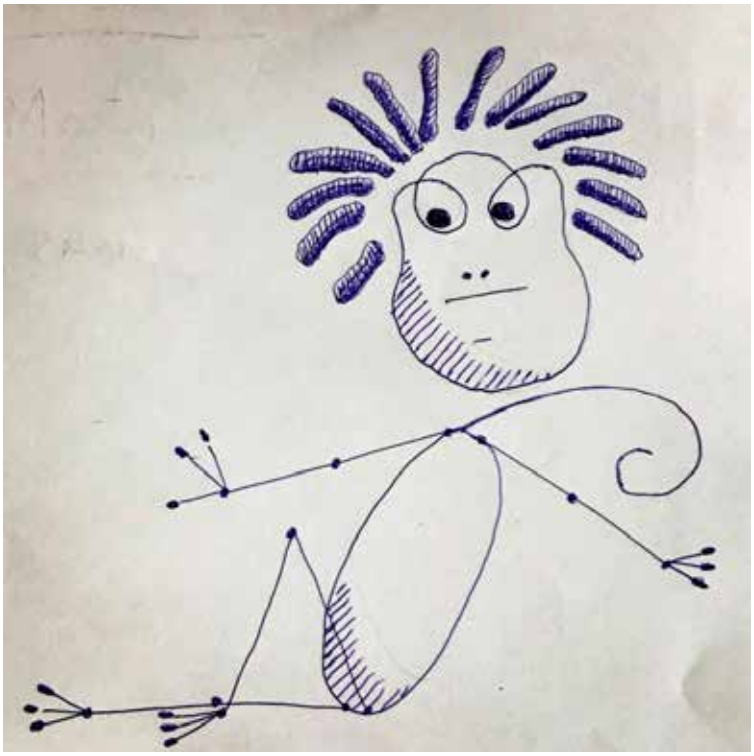
MUSEU DE ANTROPOLOGIA DE CANCUN



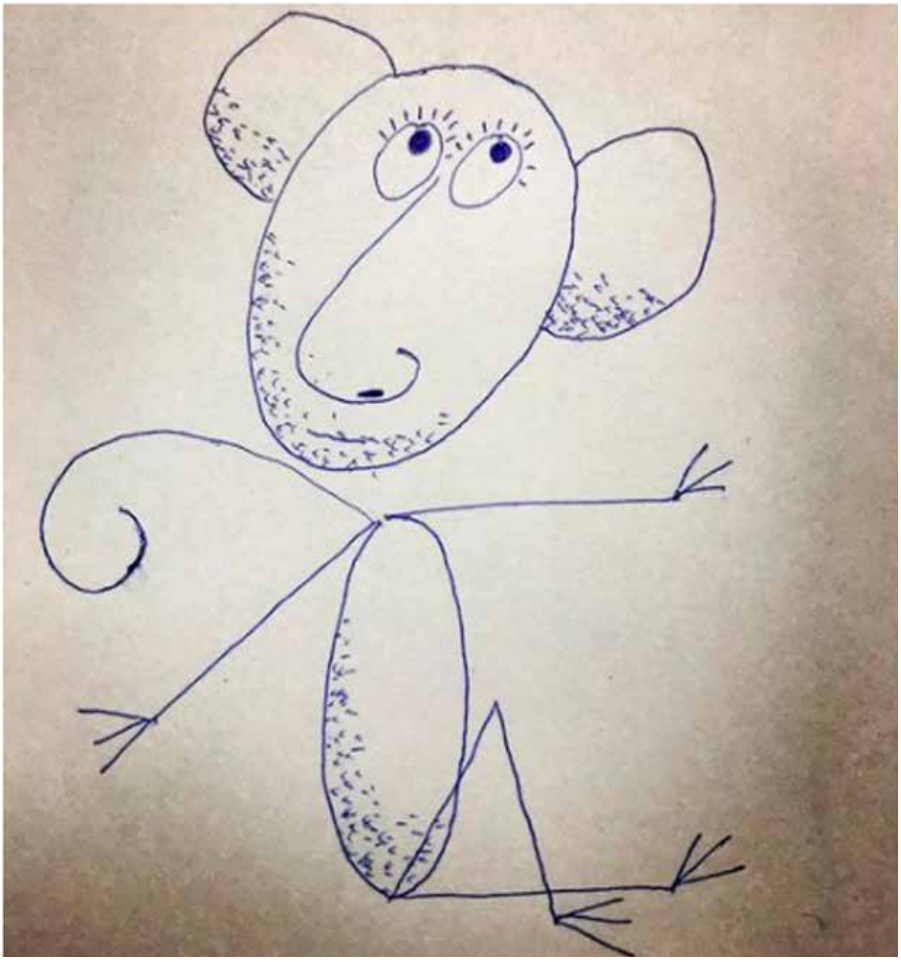
"HIPOCRITA"



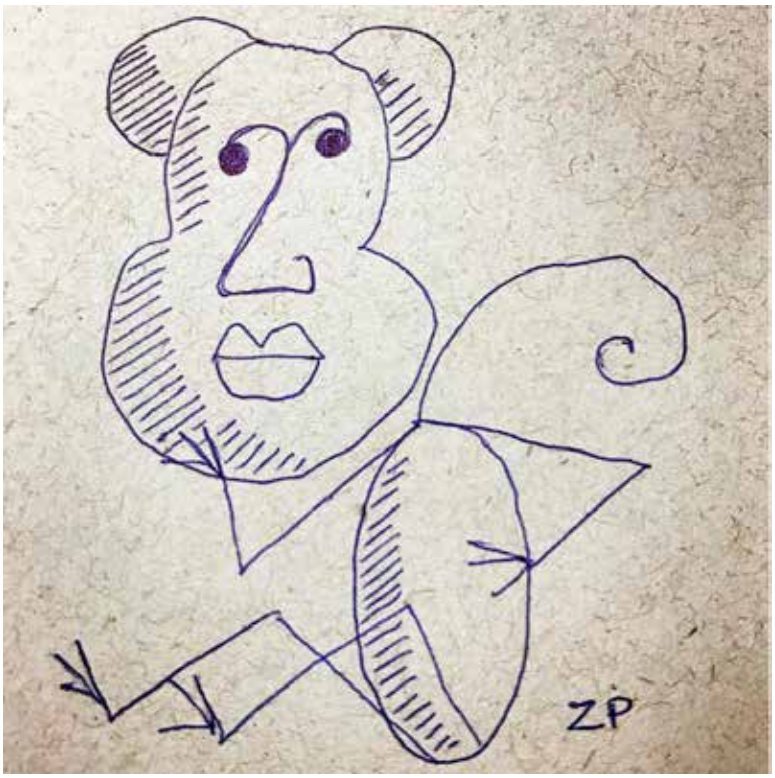
"... COMO RIE LÁ VIDA SI TUS OJOS NEGROS ME QUIEREN MIRAR..."



"... un día en el camino que cruzaba nuestras almas surgió una sombra de ódio que nos apartó a los dos..."



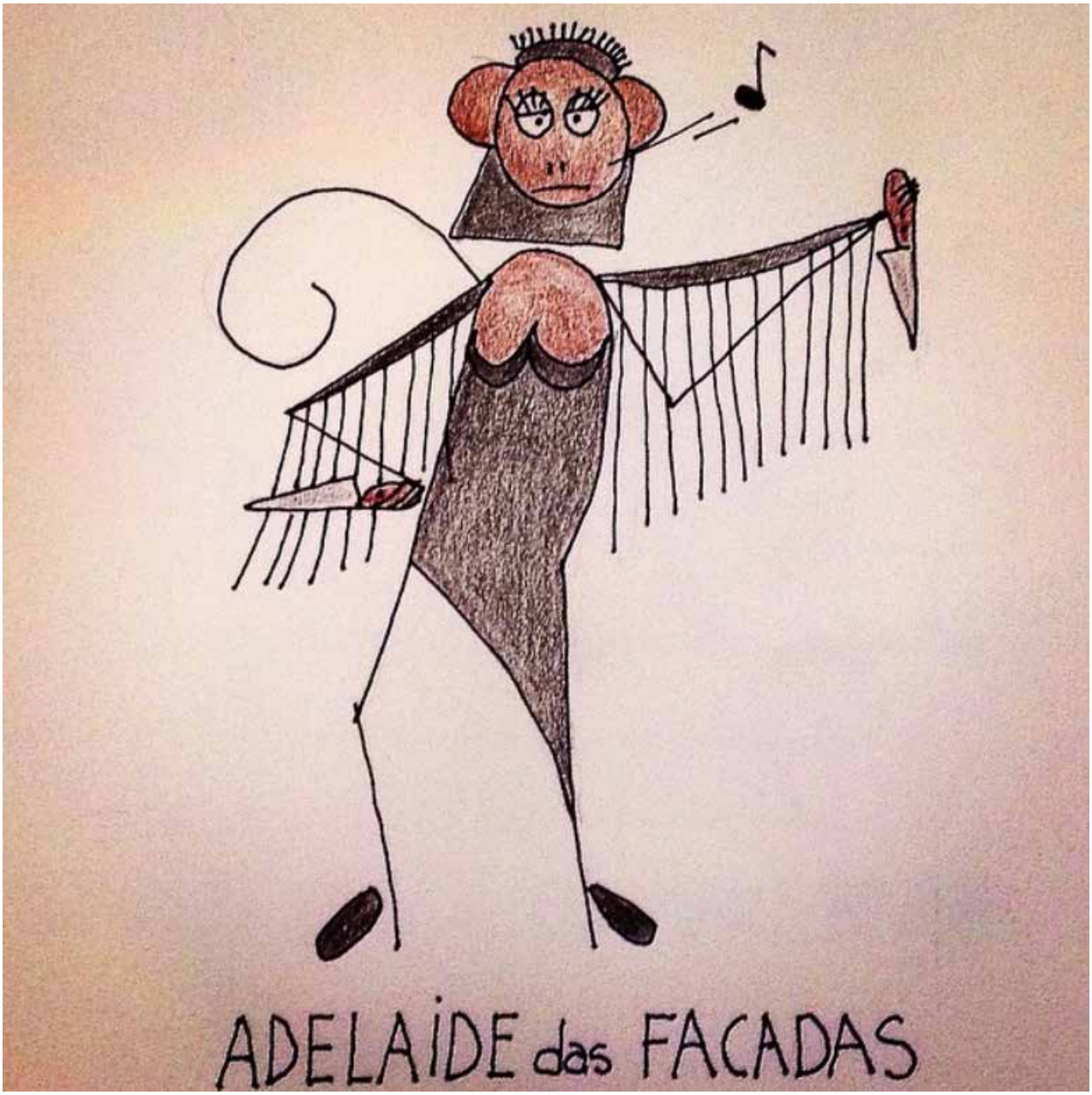
"... NO SOY NADA, YO NO TENGO VANIDAD..."

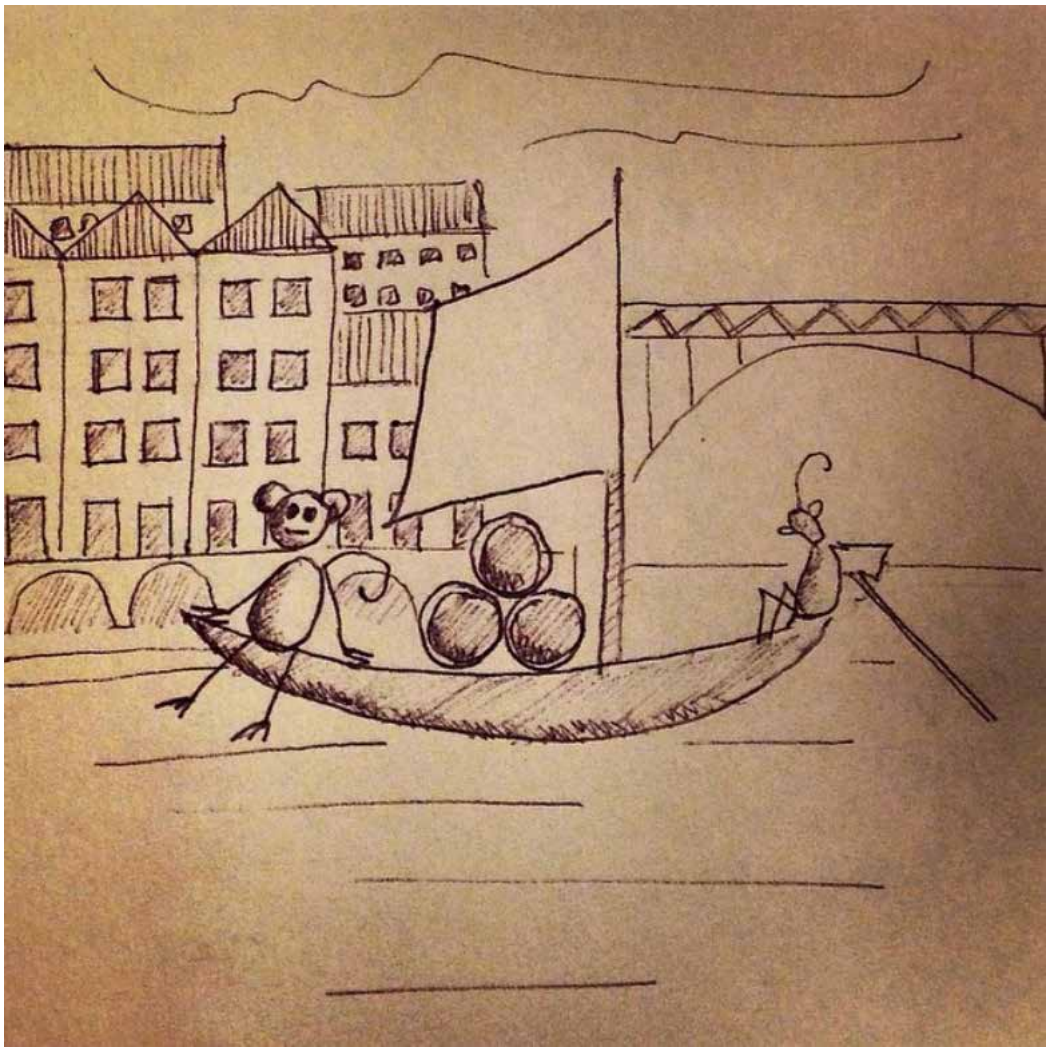


5º ATO

“SERÉ EN TU VIDA LO MEJOR DE LA NEBLINA DEL AYER...”

CANTINHO DO FADO

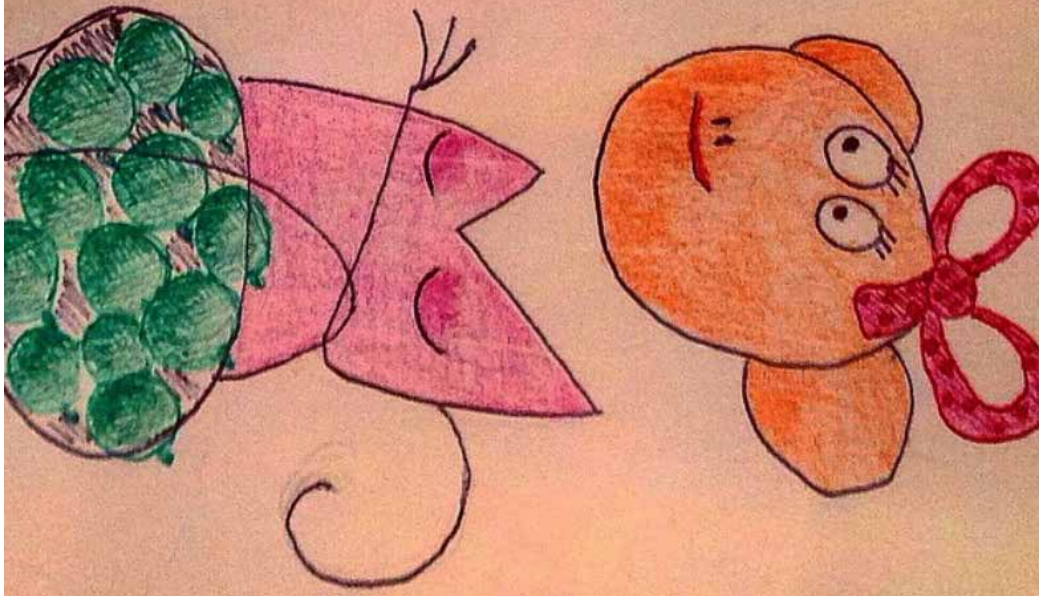




"... HÁ ALMAS VENCIDAS, NOITES PERDIDAS,
SOMBRAS BIZARRAS..."

... COM QUE VOZ?, CANTAREI
TRISTE FADO

CATITA CHEIA DE GRAÇA...



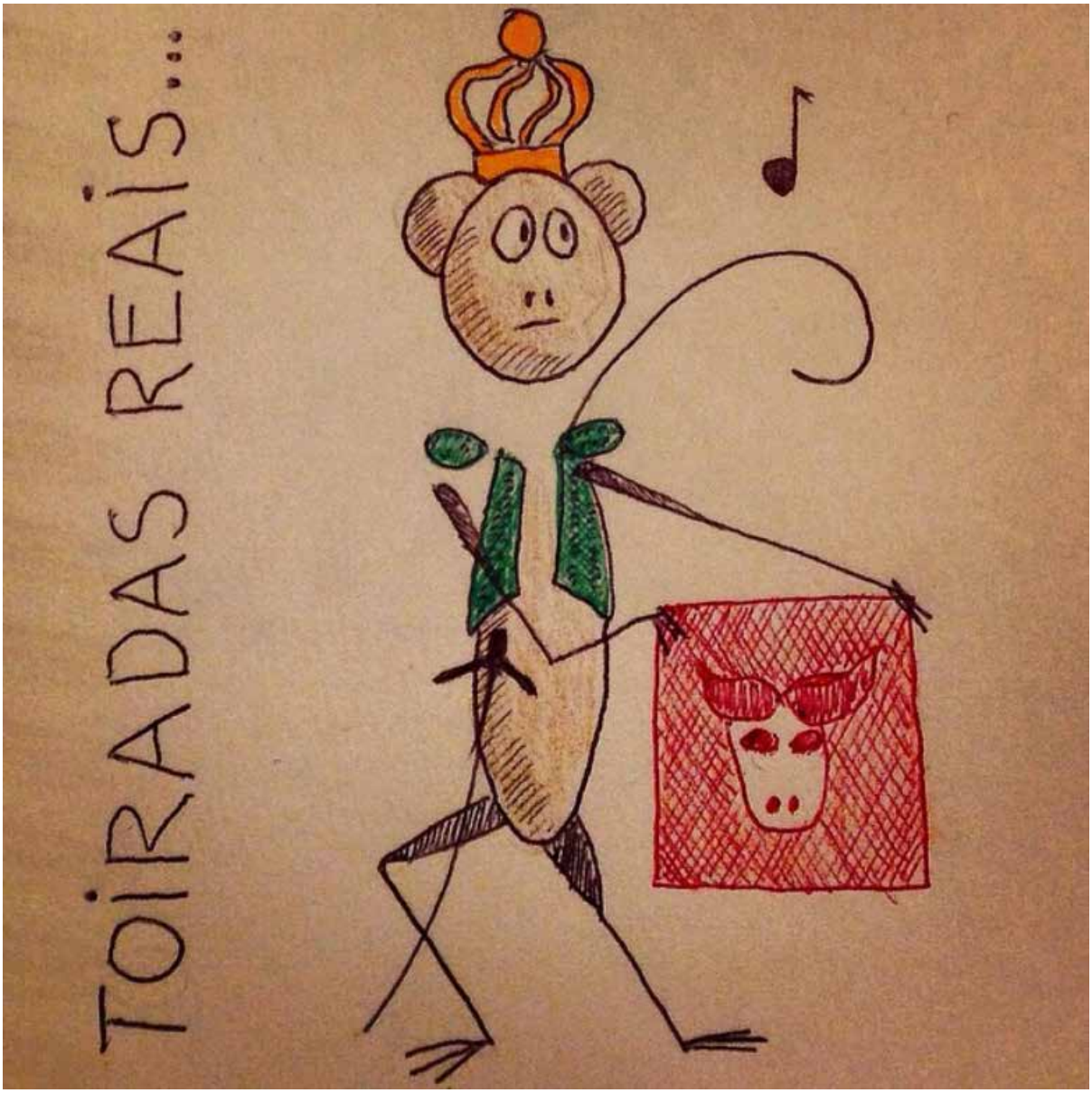
TIRULIRU·LIRU

CONCERTINA

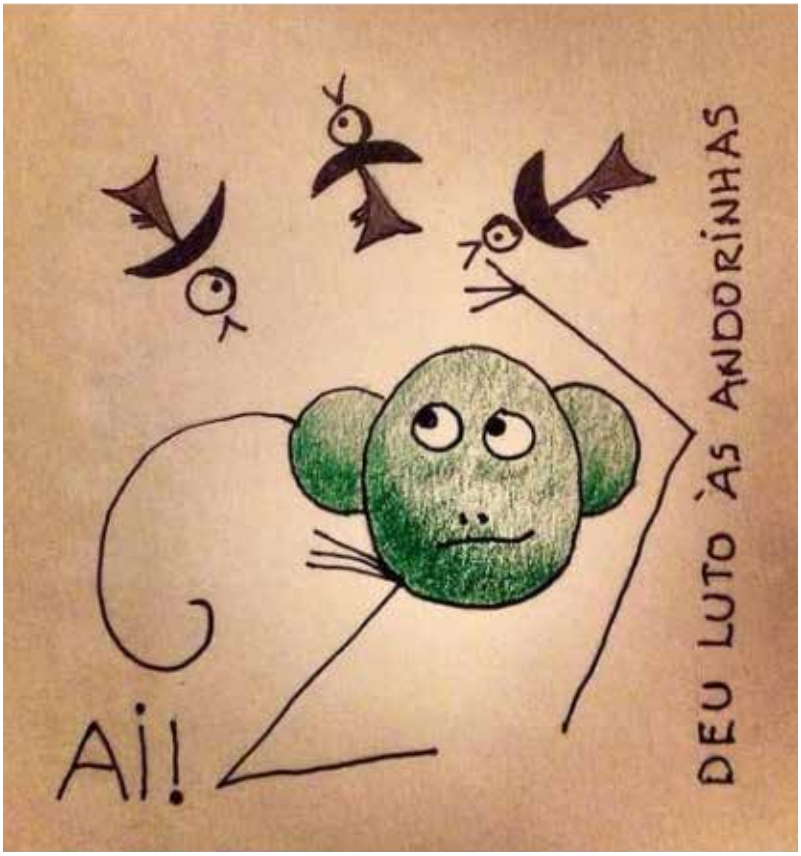
TIRULIRU·LÓ

"... NA MOURARIA CANTAM RUFIAS CHORAM GUITARRAS..."

"... AMOR, CIÚME, CINZAS E LUME, DOR E PECADO..."



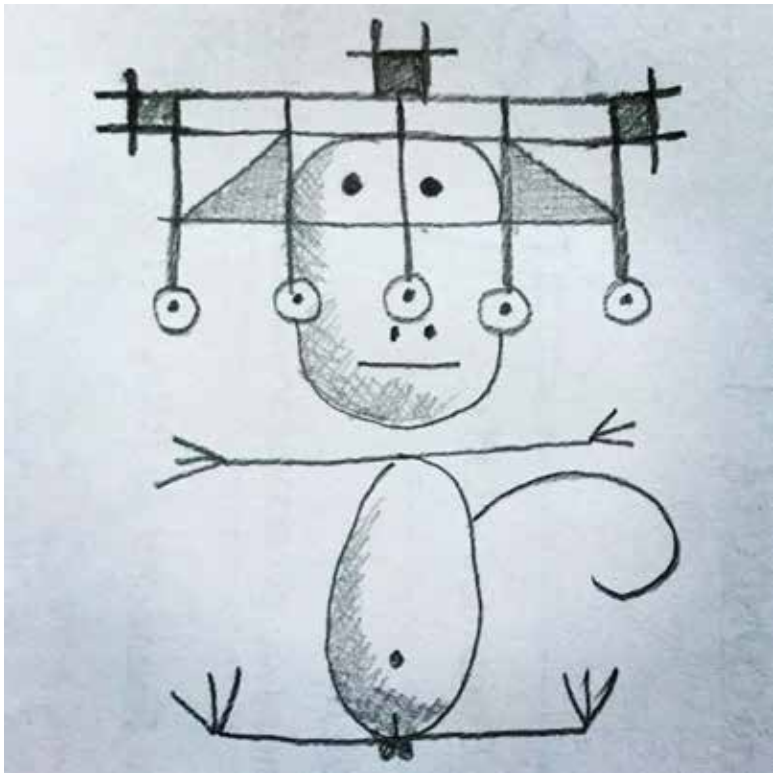
"... TUDO ISSO EXISTE, TUDO ISSO É TRISTE,
TUDO ISSO É FADO"



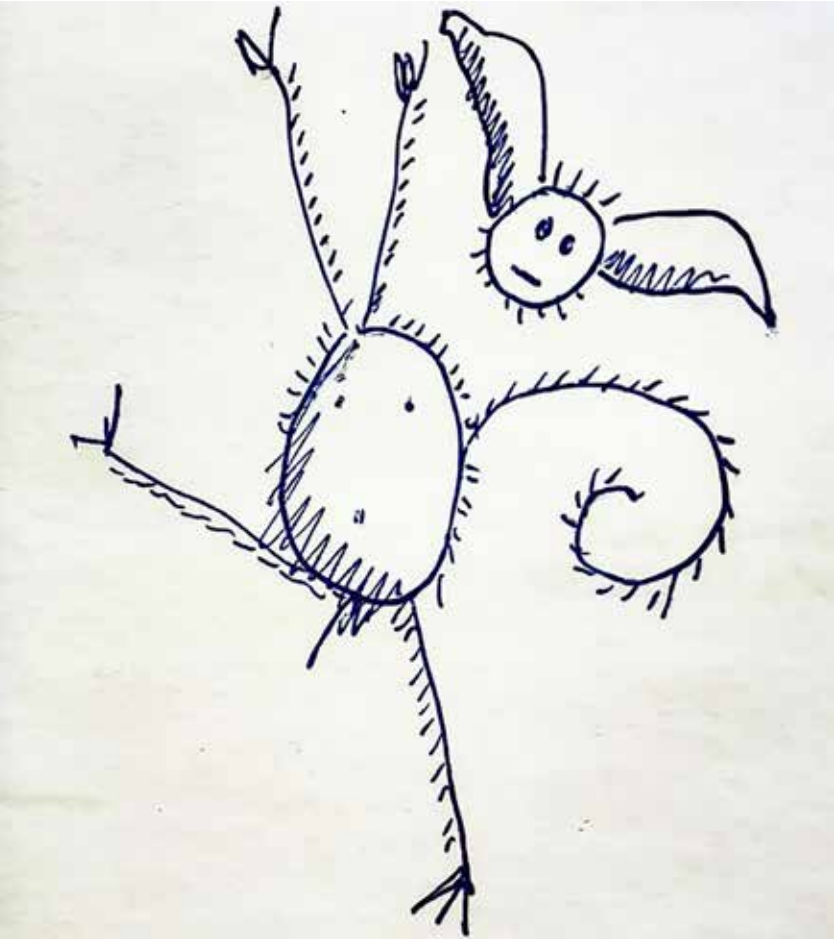
CANTINHO DO FADO

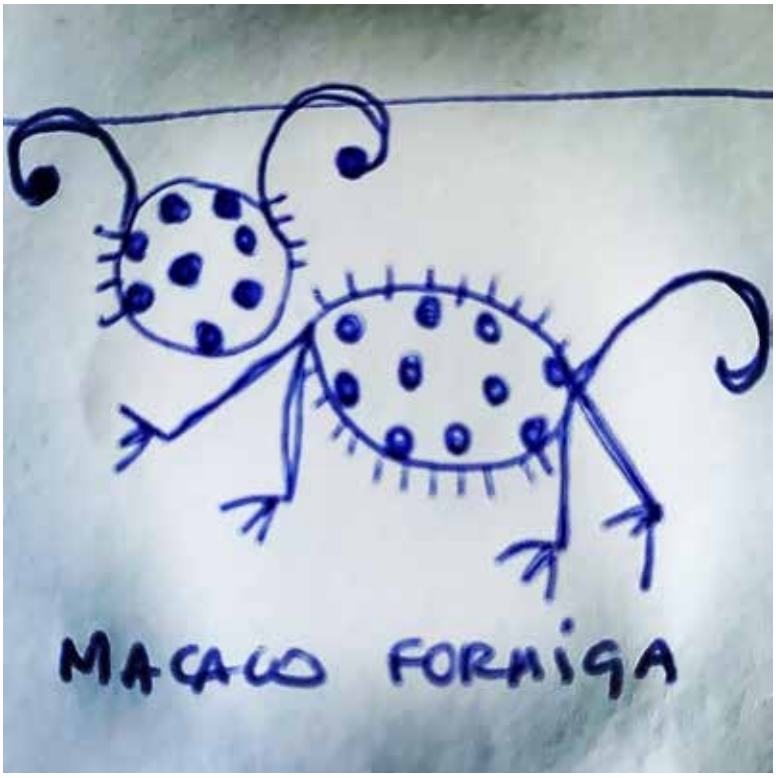
FINAL

"... TANTO FRENESÍ ..."



MACACO COELHO



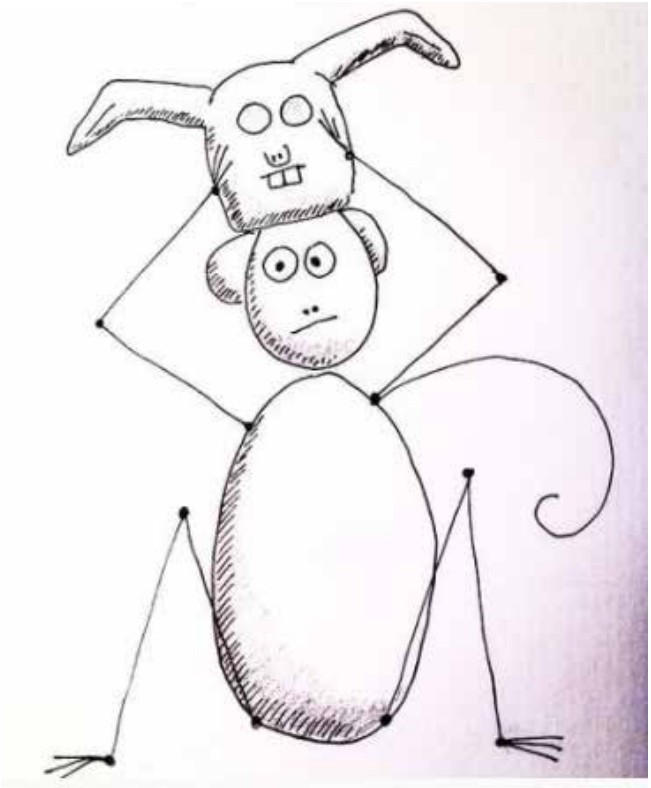


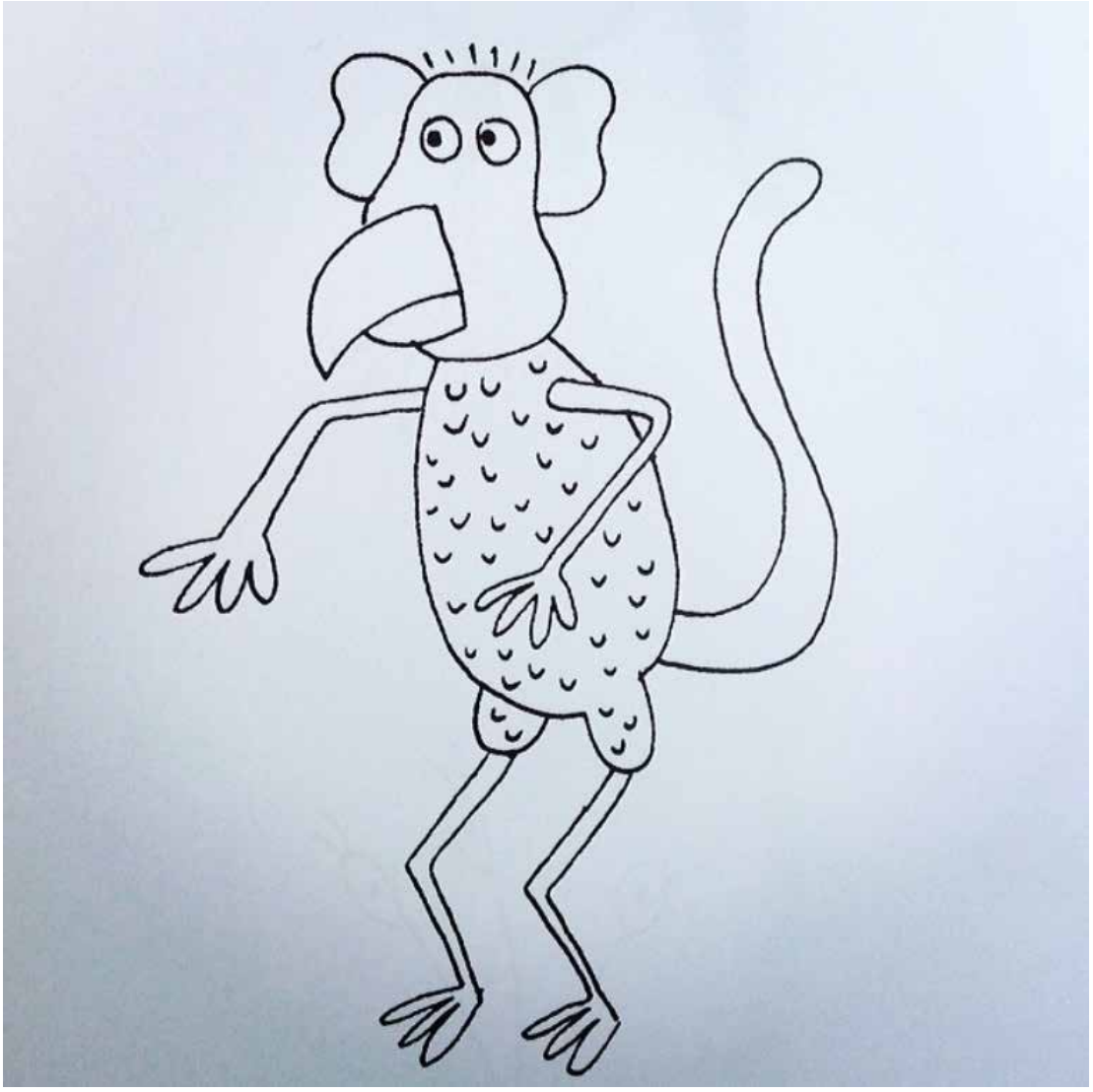
MHOMENAGEM A PICASSO II

“NO PUEDO VERTE TRISTE PORQUE ME MATA
TU CARITA DE PENA, MI DULCE AMOR ...”

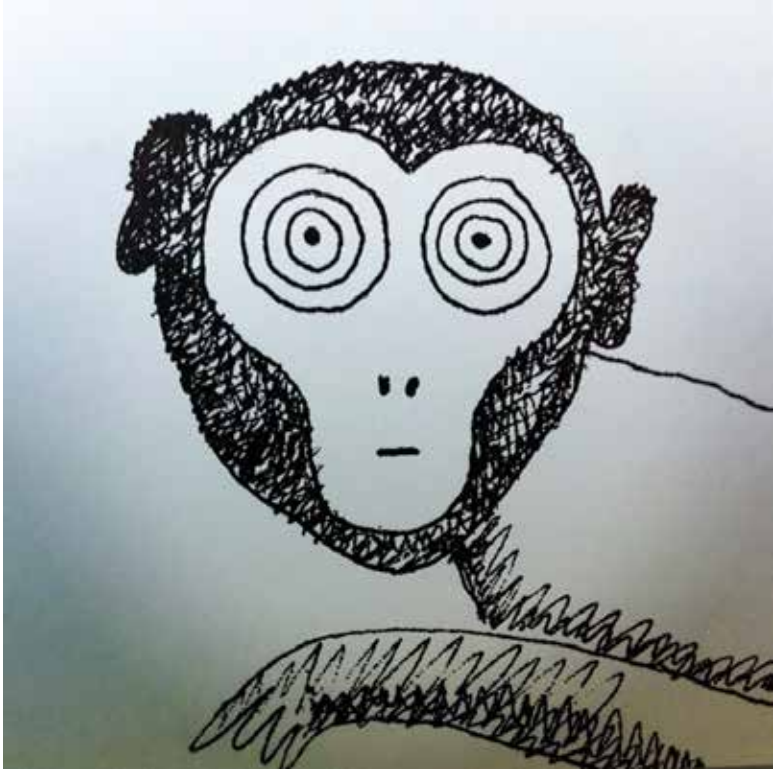
"... EN SU ALMA INQUIETA, LA CÁLIDA EMOCIÓN."

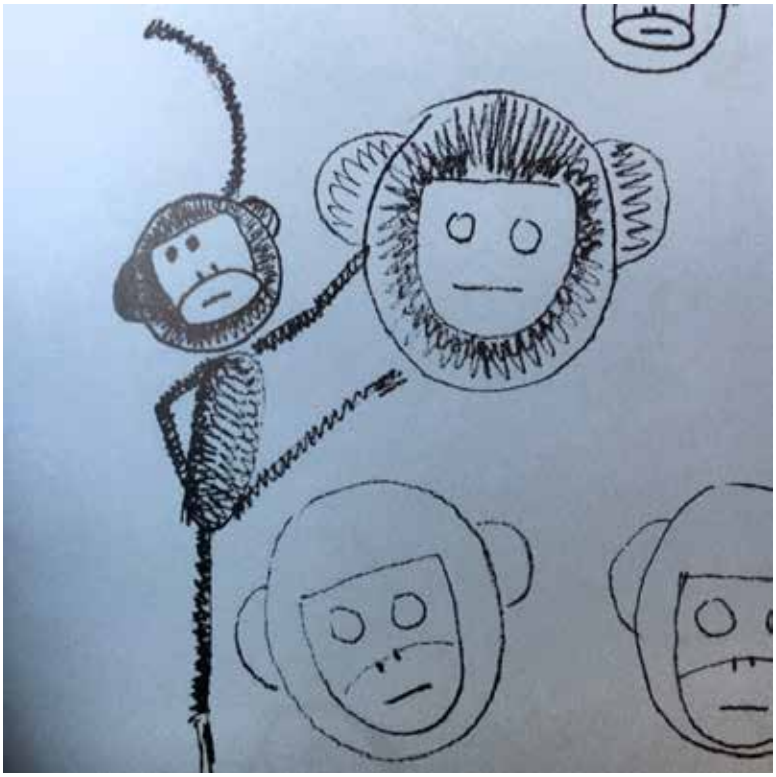
ZPII



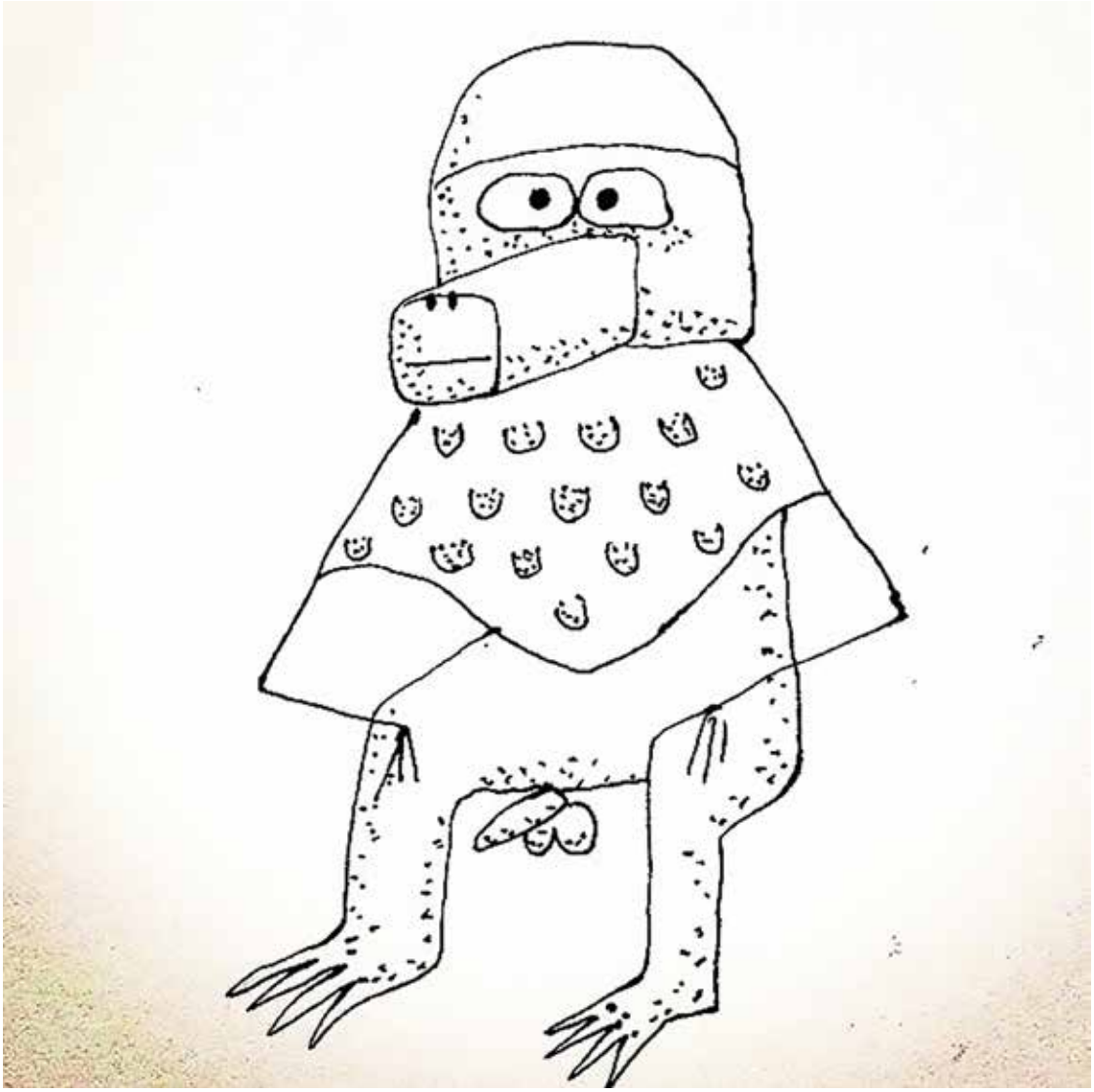


"... ME DUELE TANTO EL LLANTO QUE TÚ DERRAMAS ..."

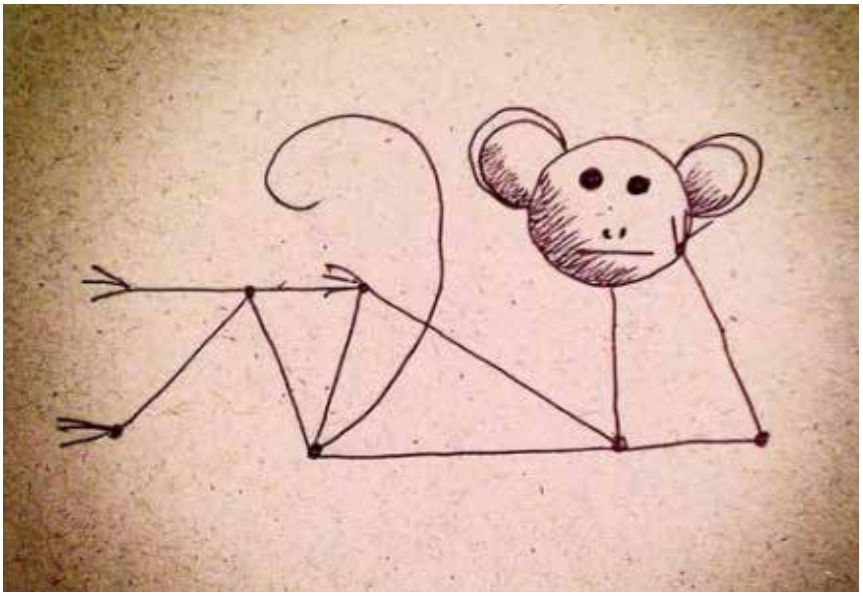


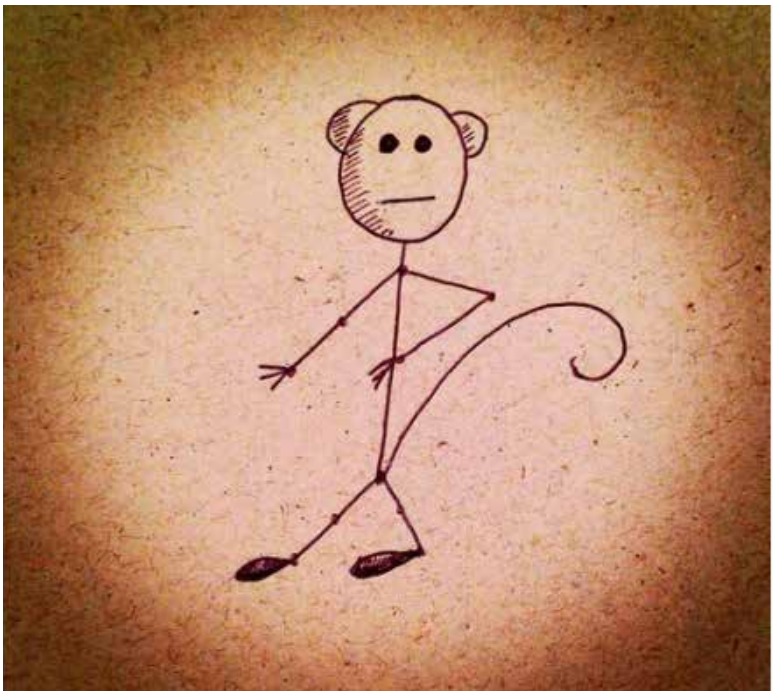


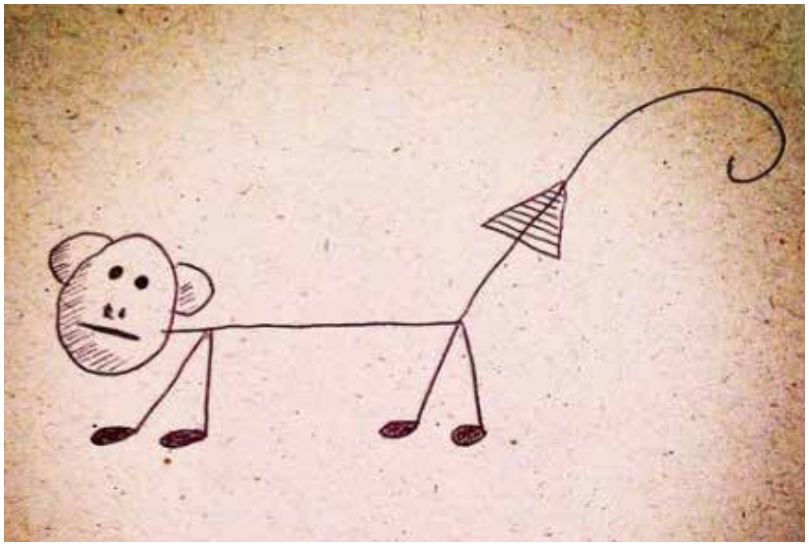
MURIQUIS

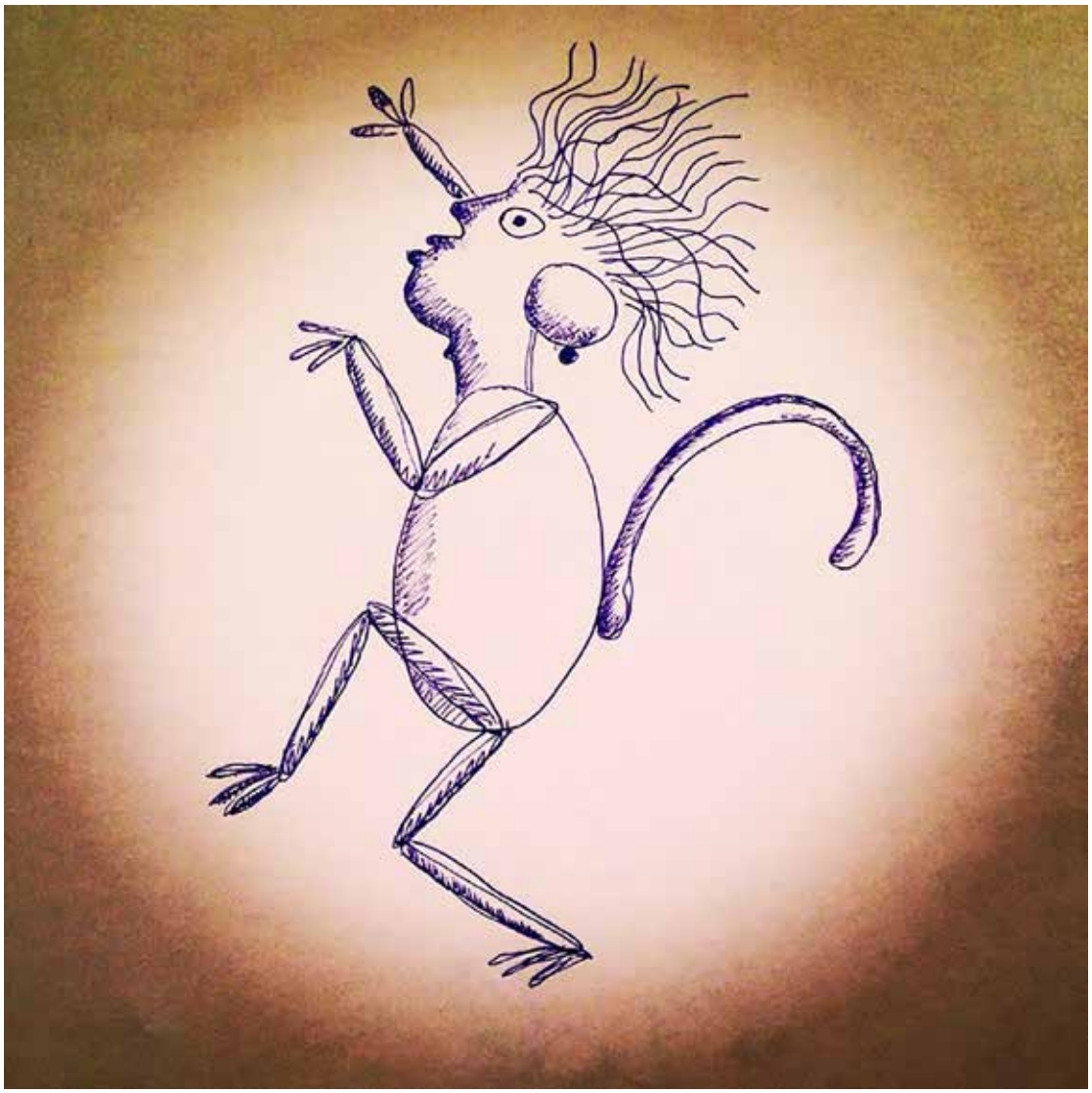


THOT, O DEUS MACACO

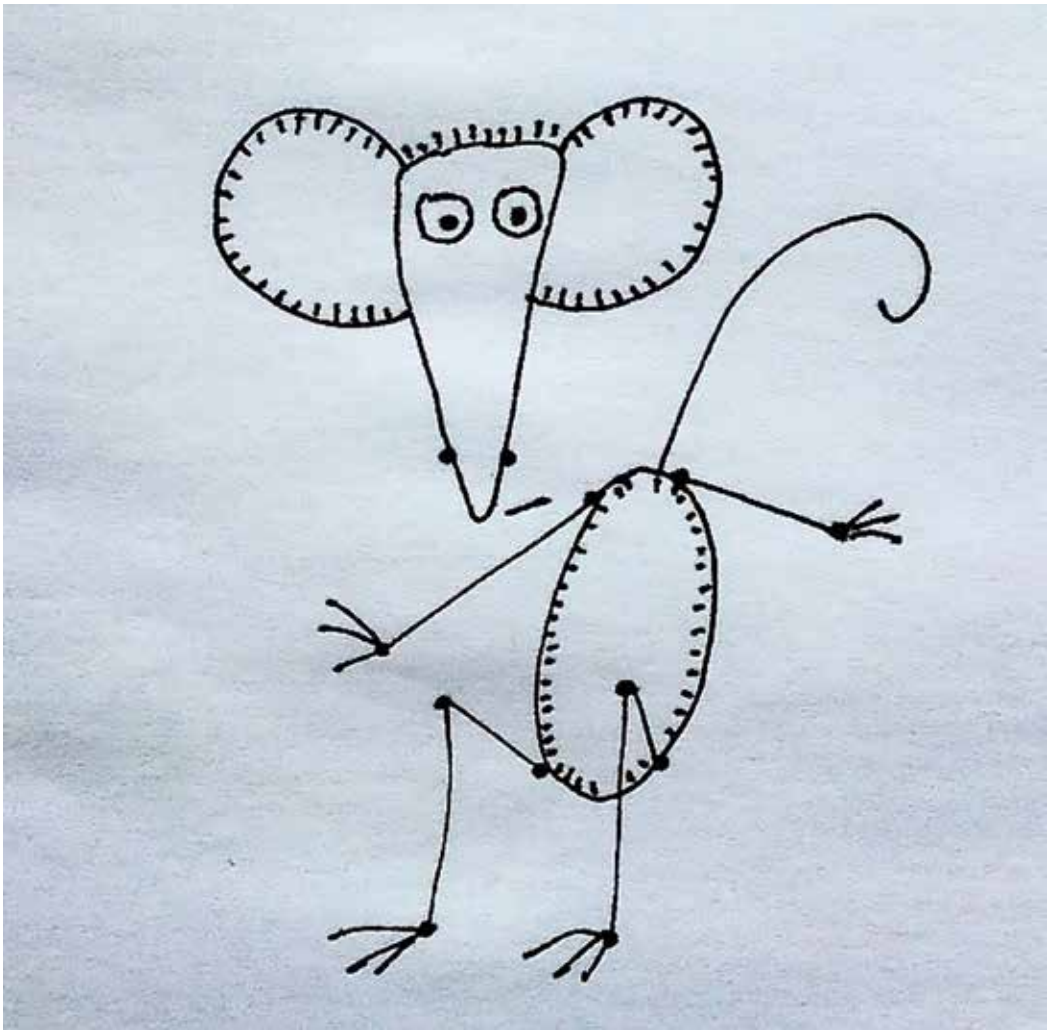




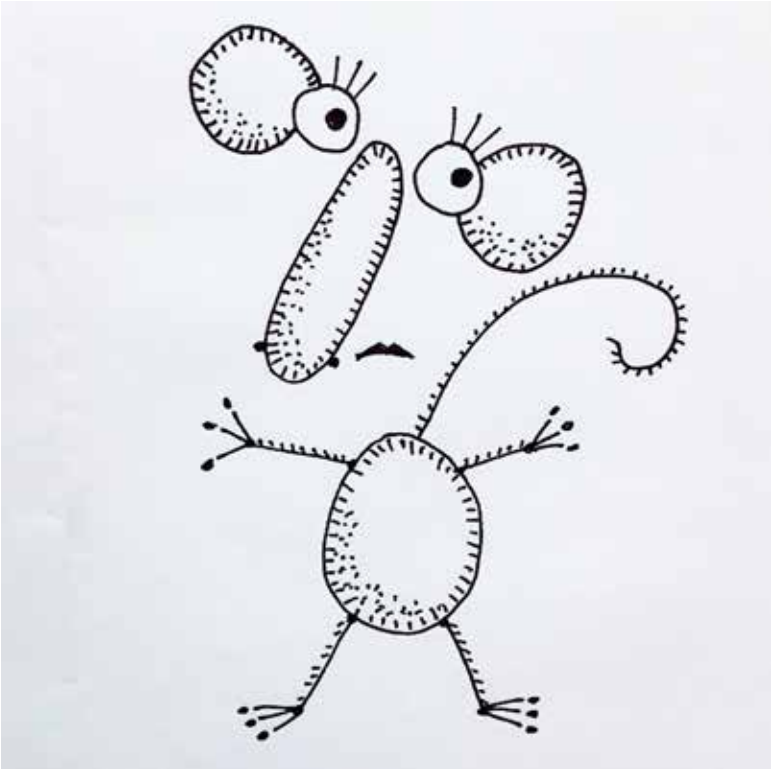


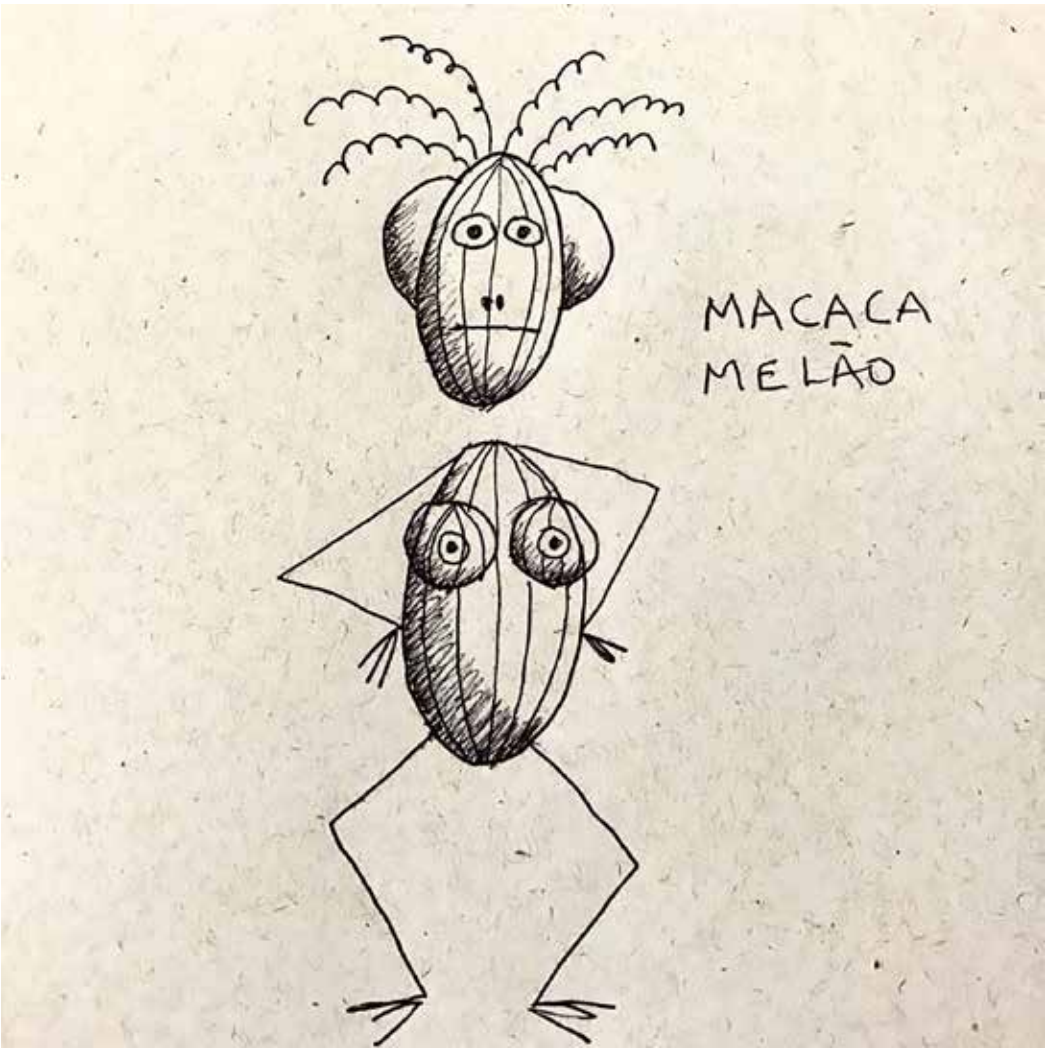


“YA ESTÁ EMPEZANDO LO VELORIO
QUE LE HACEMOS A BABALÚ
DAME 17 VELAS
PA’ PONERLO EN CRUZ”

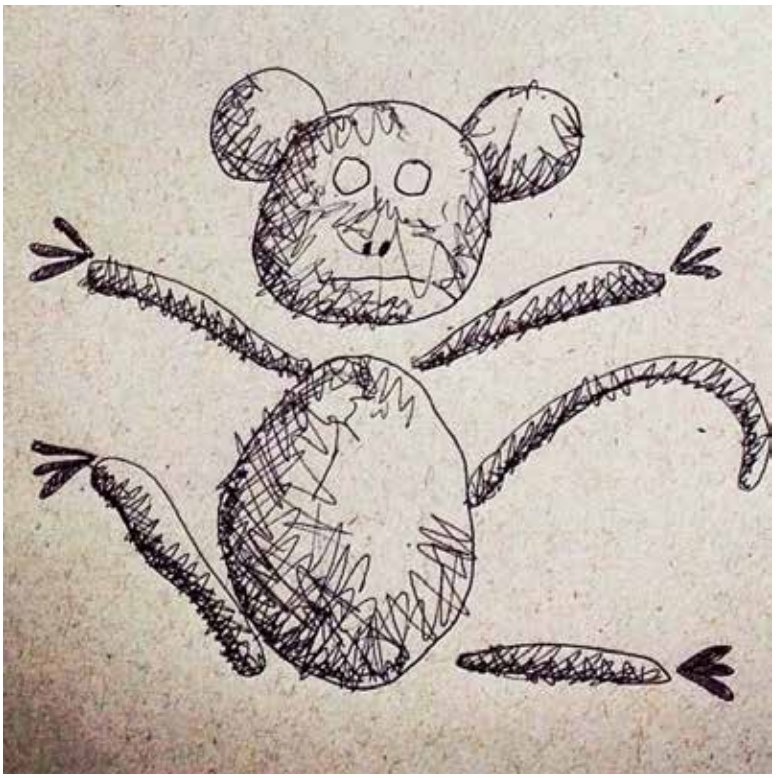


"... hemos jurado amarnos hasta la muerte..."

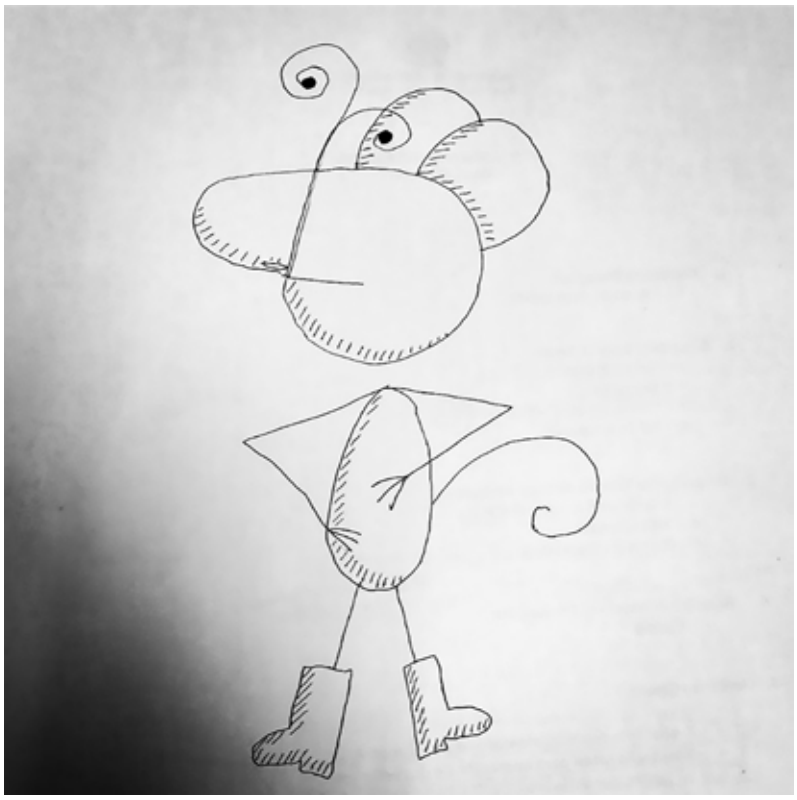


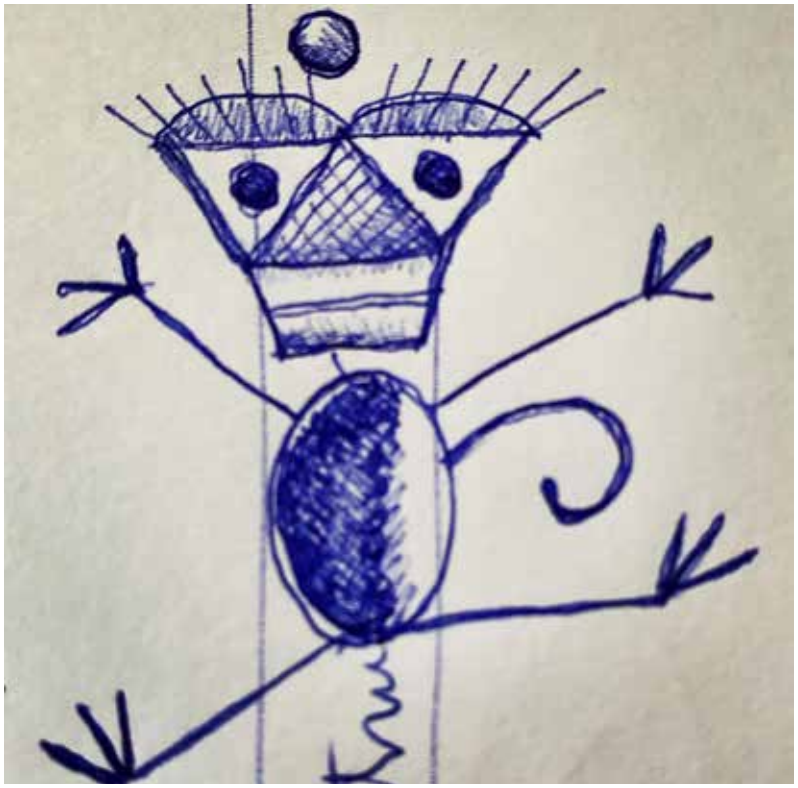


"... AQUELA INGRATA QUE ME AMAVA
E QUE ME ABANDONOU..."



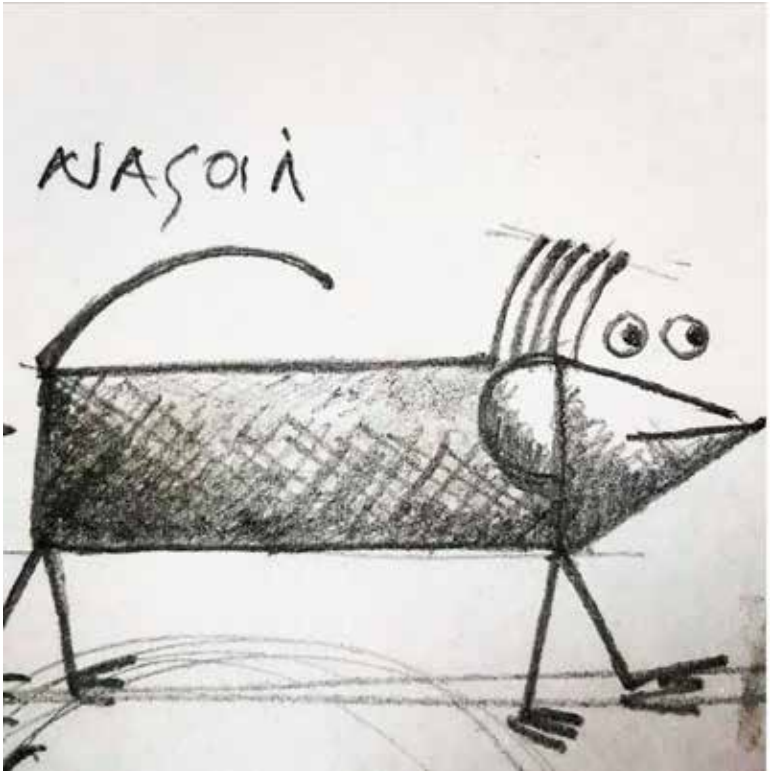
"... DE CIGARRO EM CIGARRO
OLHANDO A FUMAÇA
NO AR SE PERDER..."

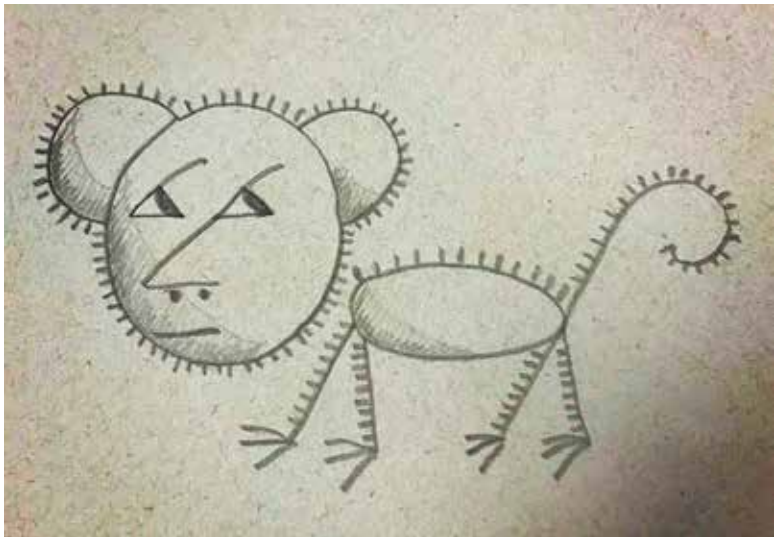




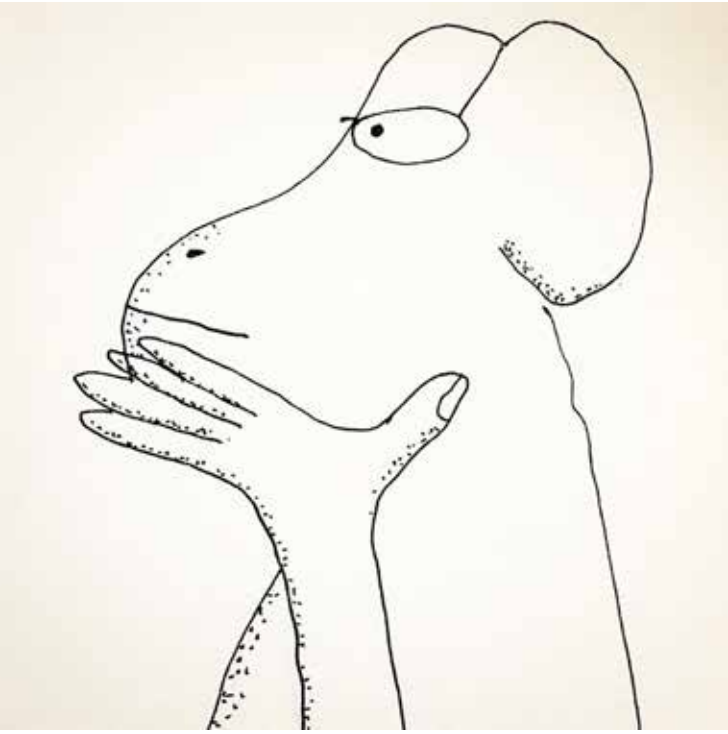
"... DÓNDE ESTÁS CORAZÓN, NO OIGO TU PALPITAR..."

MACACO QUADRA
DO


NAÇOIÀ



"... QUIEN SABE POR DONDE ANDARÁS
QUIEN SABE QUE AVENTURAS TENDRÁS ..."



MUSEU ANTROPOLOGIA CANCUN

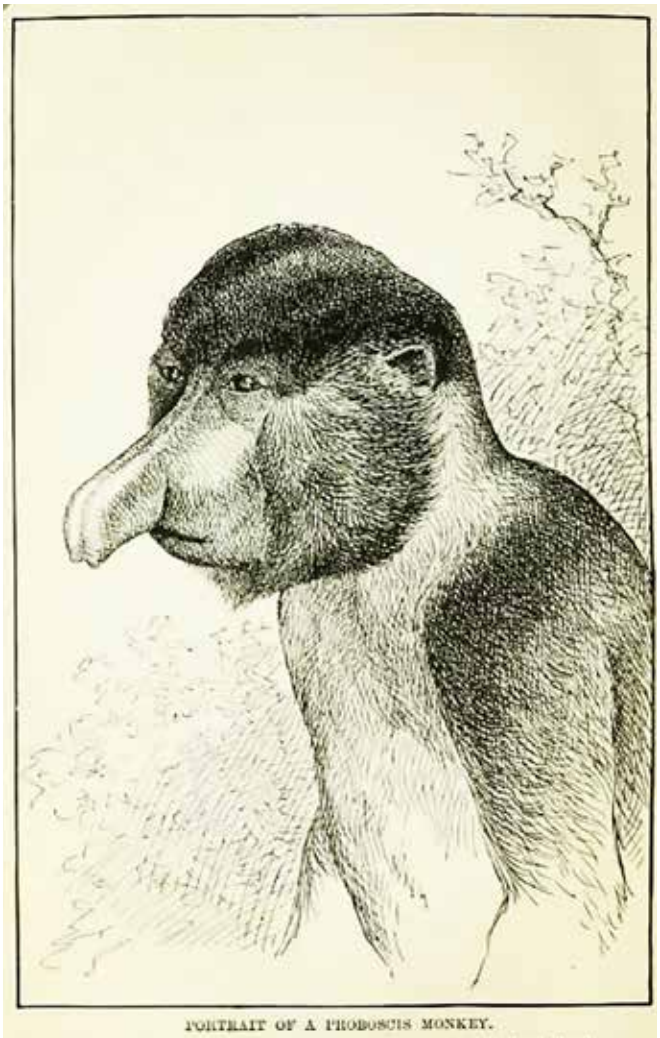
TROFEU MICO-LEAO-PRETO

COLEÇÃO ADRIANA BERETTA

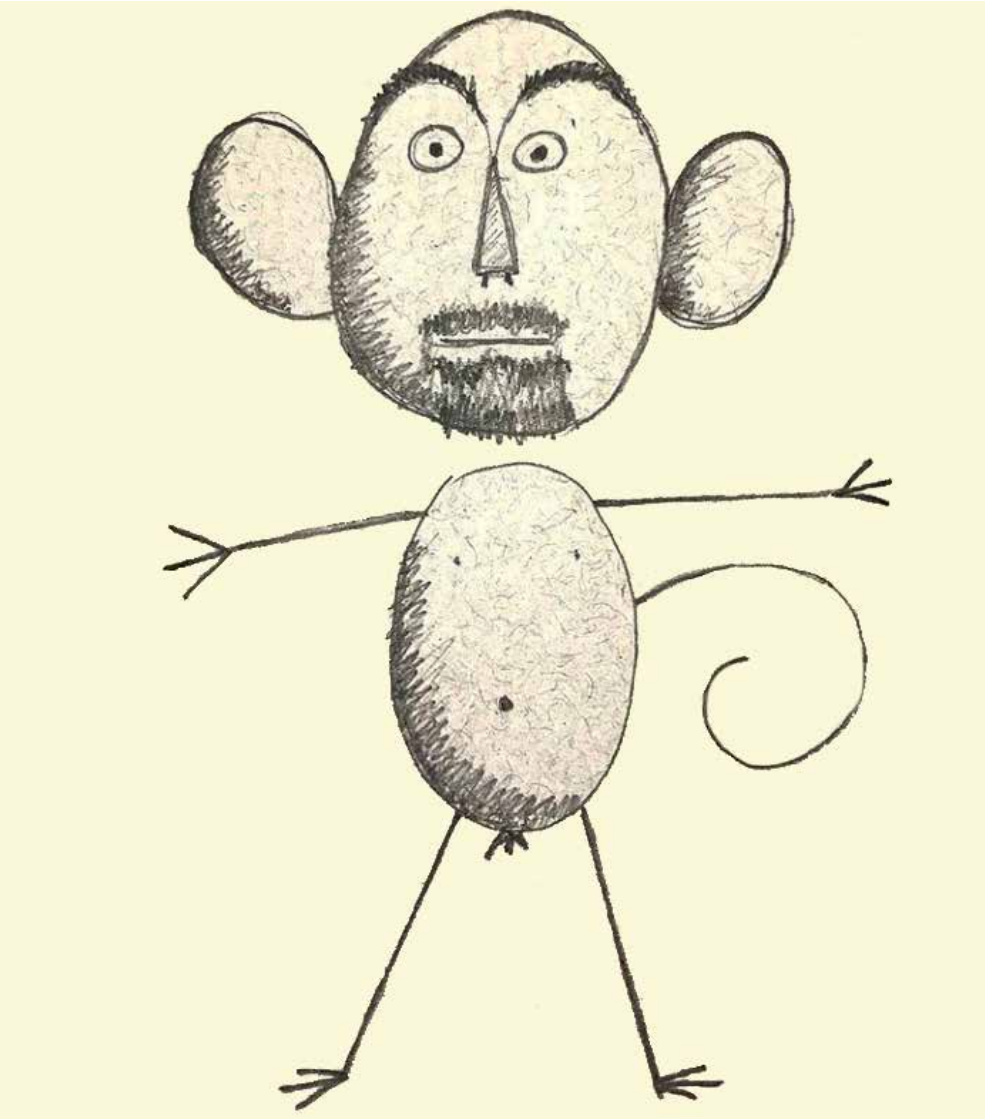
“NO LLORES AMOR MIO
LA GENTE ESTÁ MIRANDO...”

"... QUIERO EMBORACHAR MI CORAZÓN..."

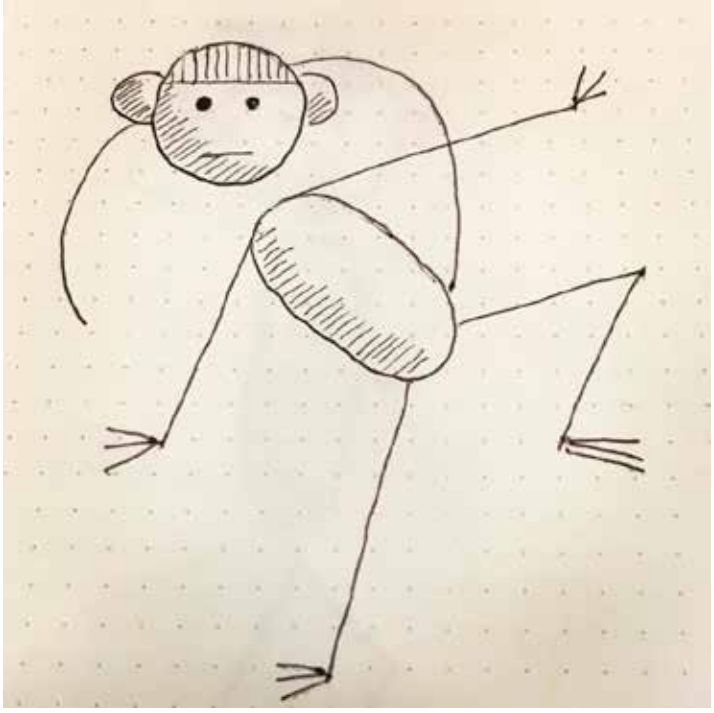
“ALGUÉM COMO TU, DE OLHAR COMO O TEU, EU PRECISO ENCONTRAR...”



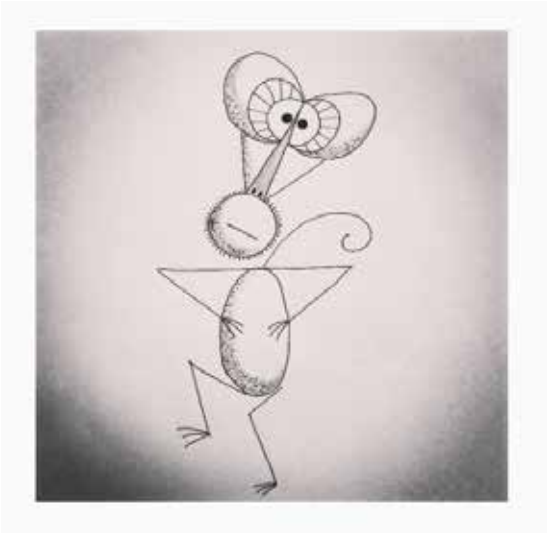
"... ASSIM COMO TU MAIS NINGUÉM ..."



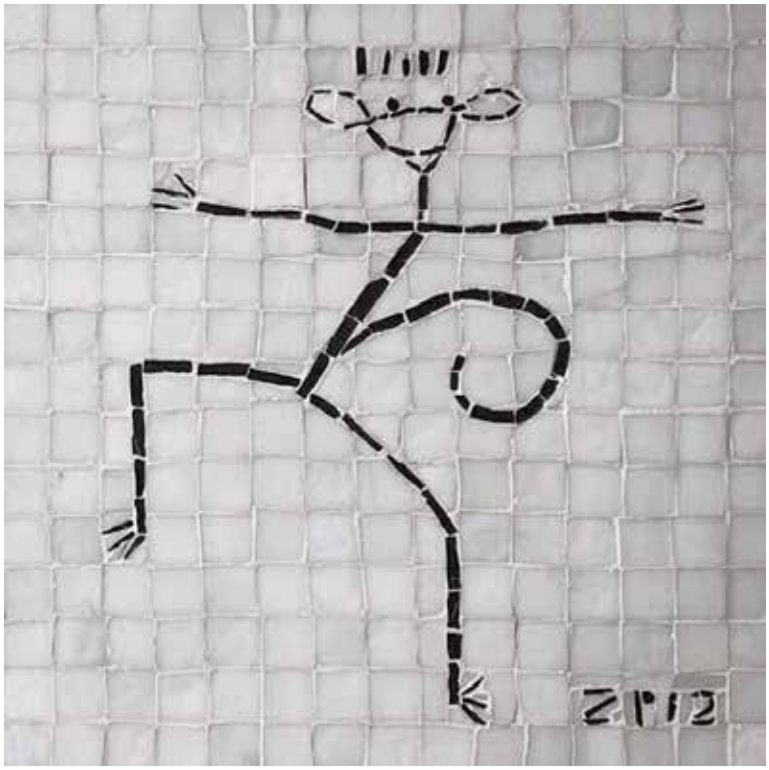
AUTORRETRATO



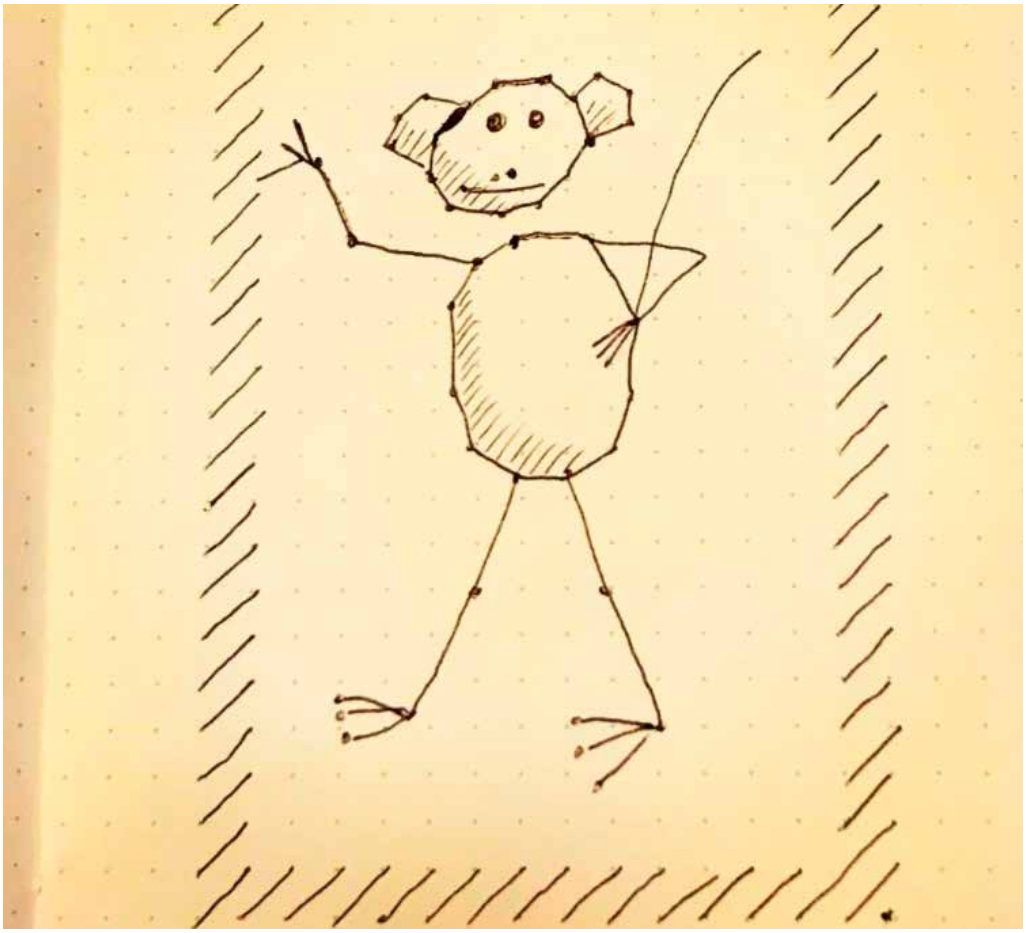
"... angustia de sentirme abandonado..."

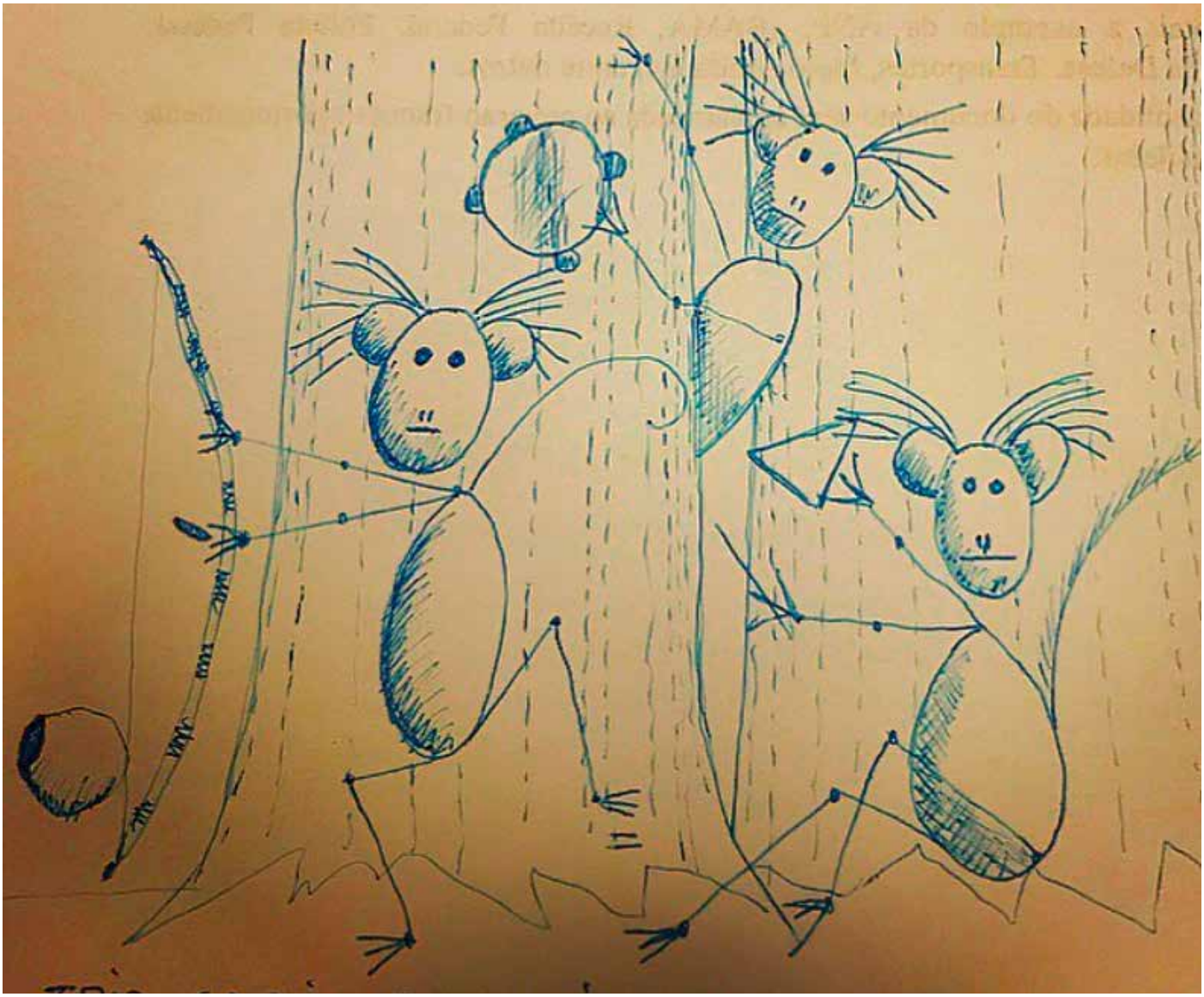


"... HAY CAMPANAS DE FIESTA QUE CANTAN EN EL CORAZON."

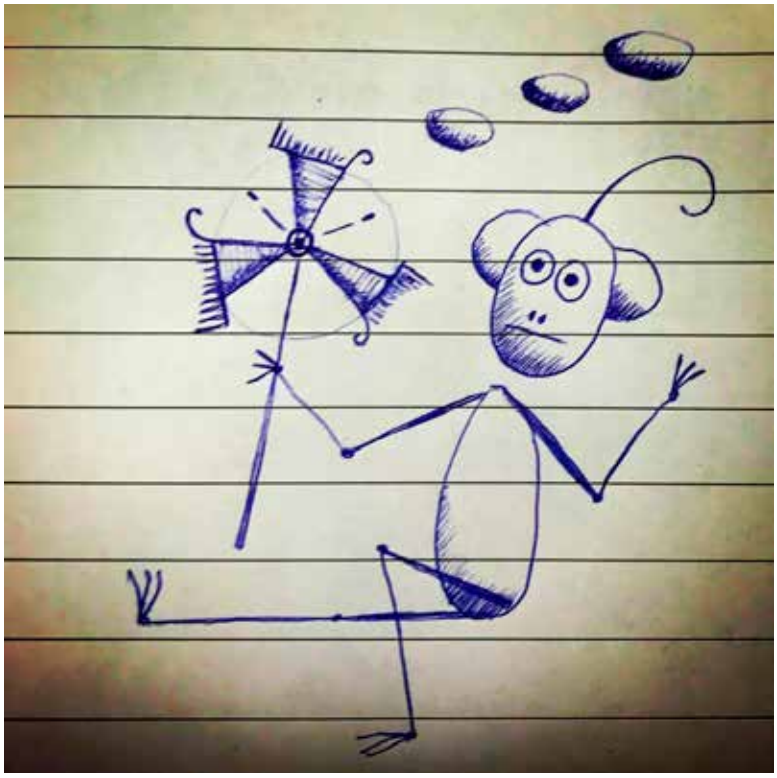


“gime, bandoneón, tu tango gris …”

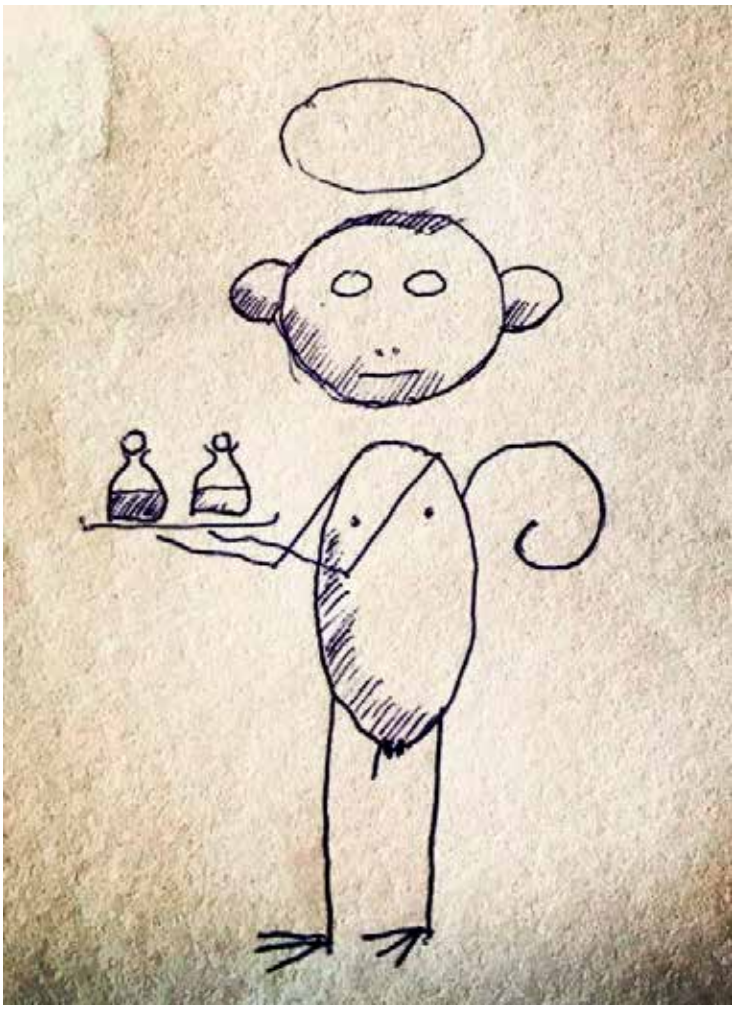


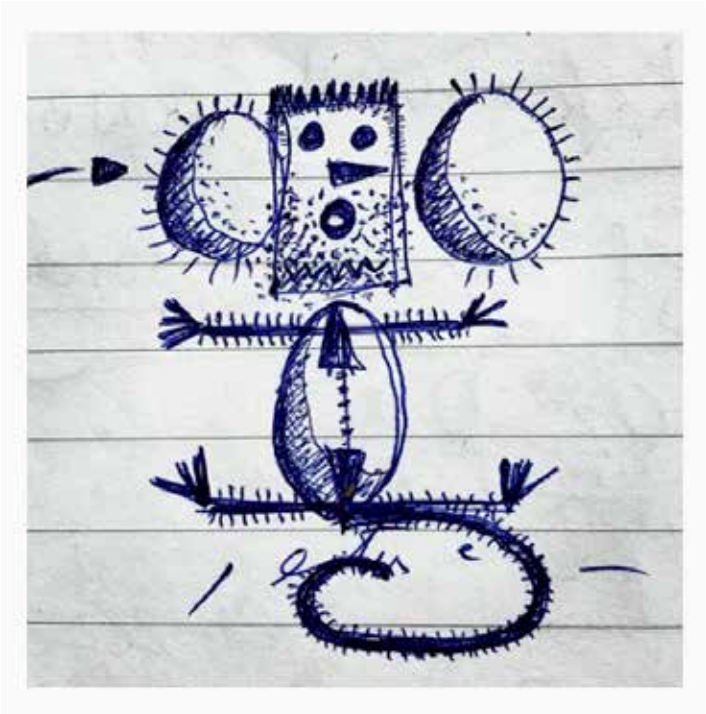


TRIO DE SAGUIS INVASORES NA MATA

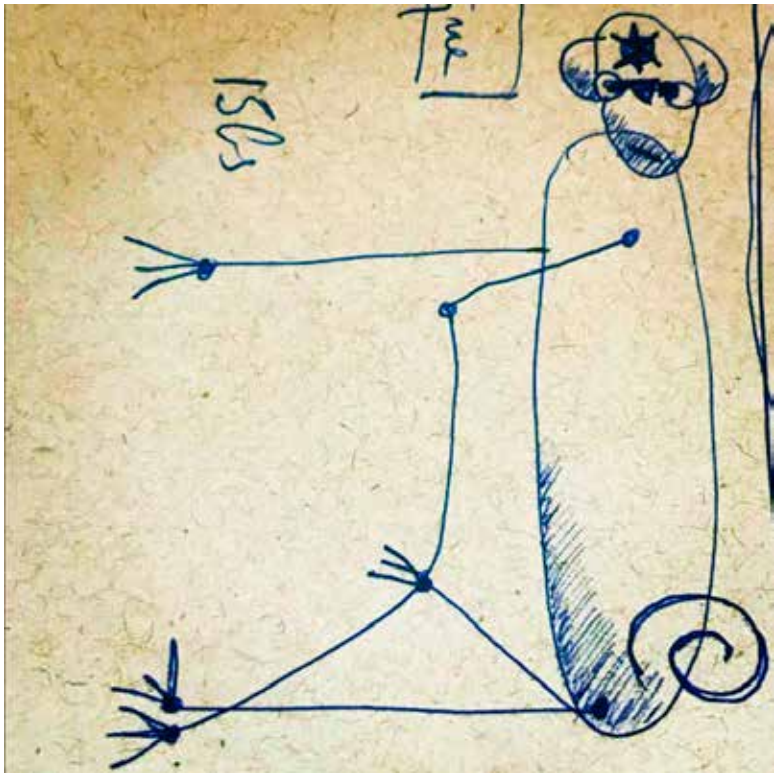


Millem Cortaz



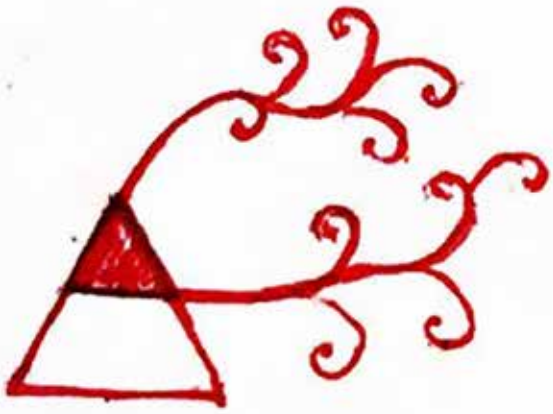


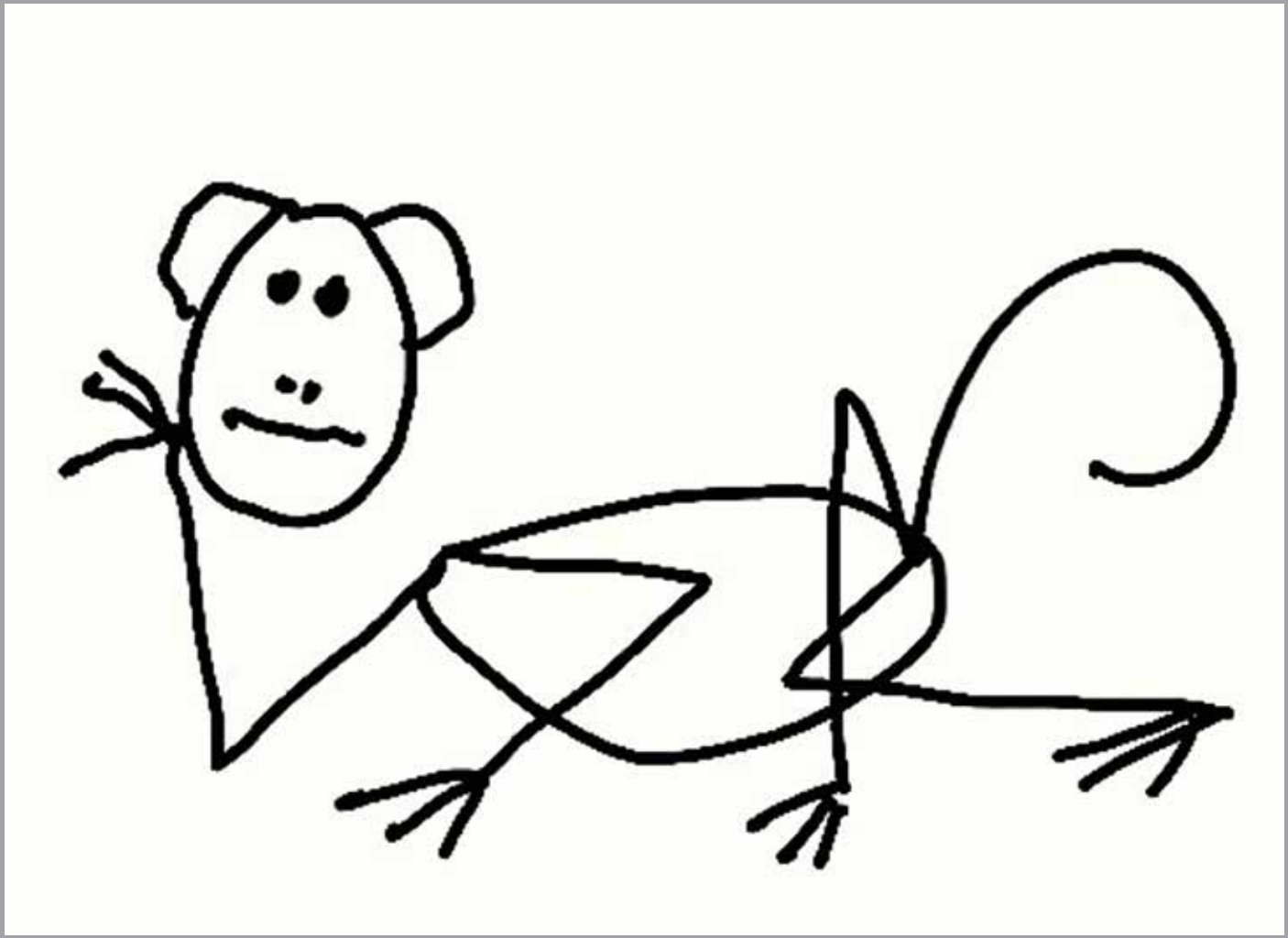
"... SENTIR JUNTO A MI BOCA COMO UN FUEGO TU RESPIRACION ..."



"...DESDE MI TRISTE SOLEDAD VERÉ CAER
LAS ROSAS MUERTAS DE MI JUVENTUD ..."

MACACO DE FOGO



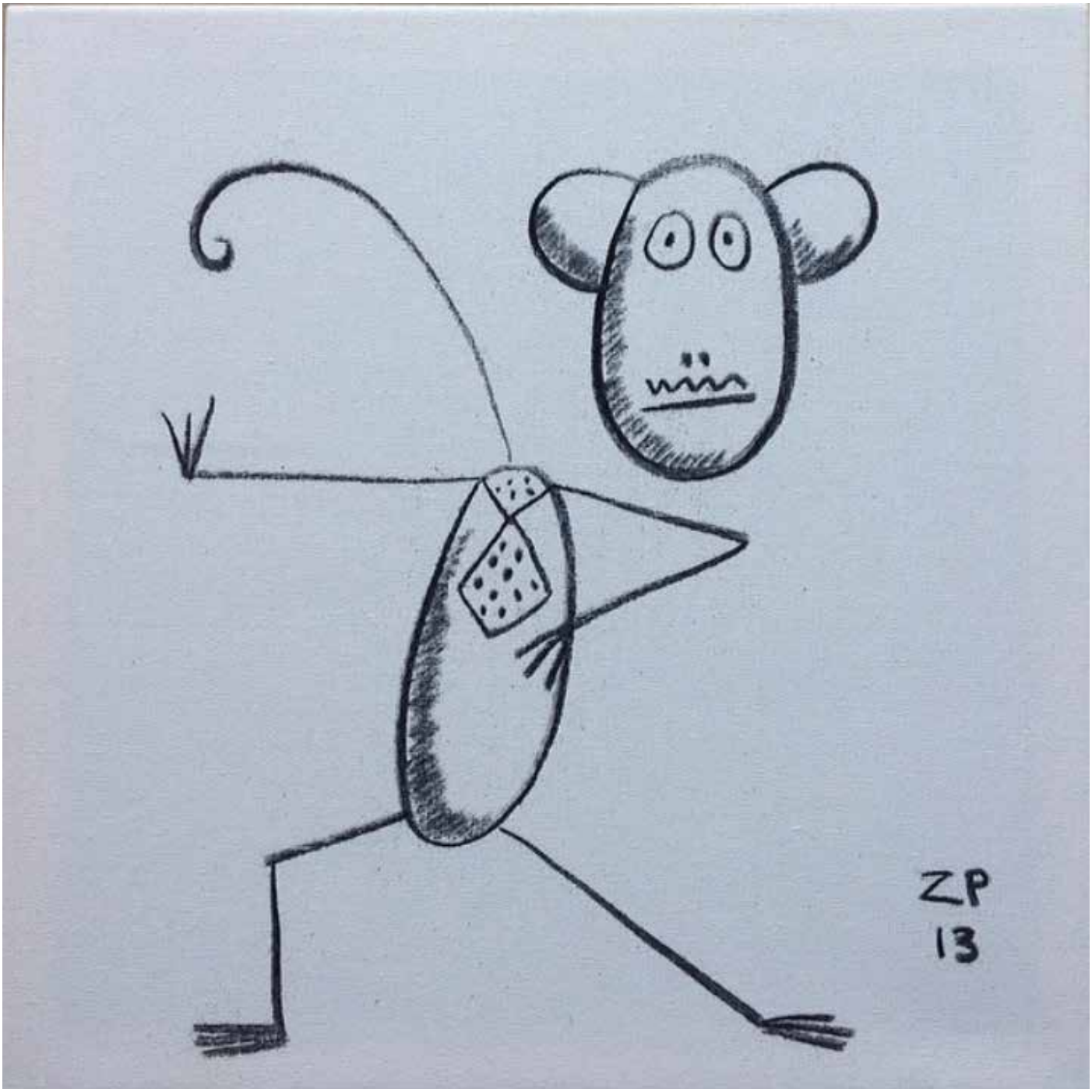


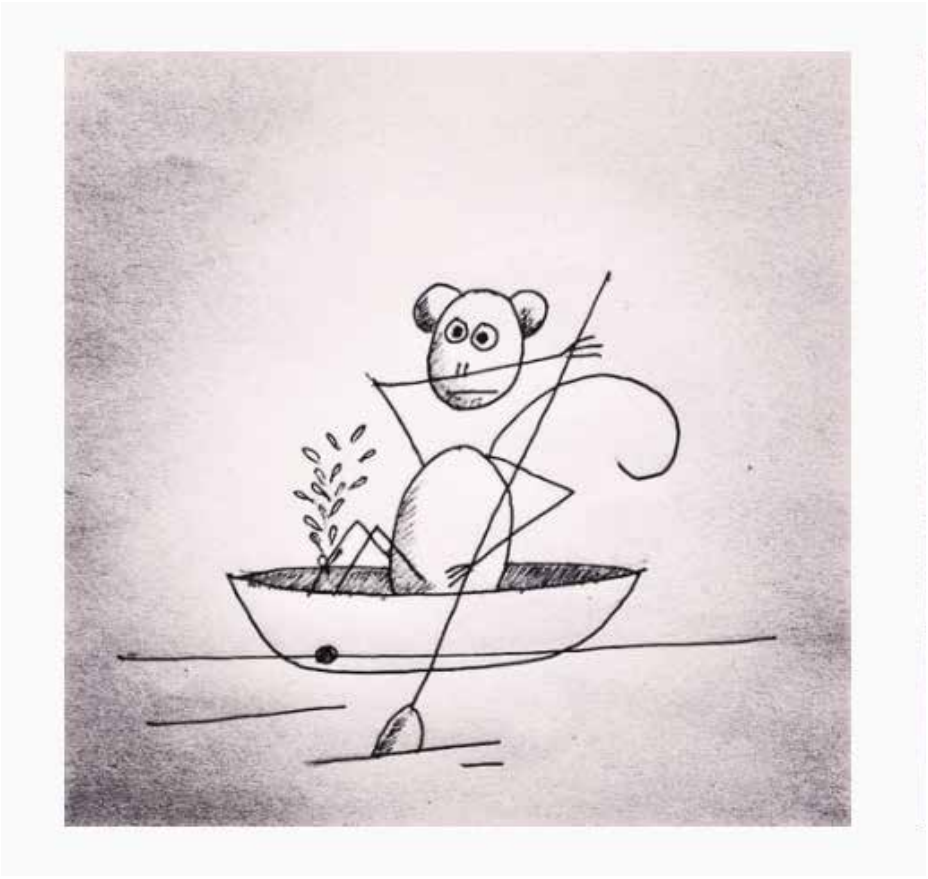
" BIBELOT, TUS LÁBIOS QUIEREN CONOCER AMOR..."

GRAN FINALE

“COMO ÉS MEJOR EL VERSO AQUEL QUE NO PODEMOS RECORDAR.”

SUPER MURIQUI


ZP
13



¡ANGUSTIA!

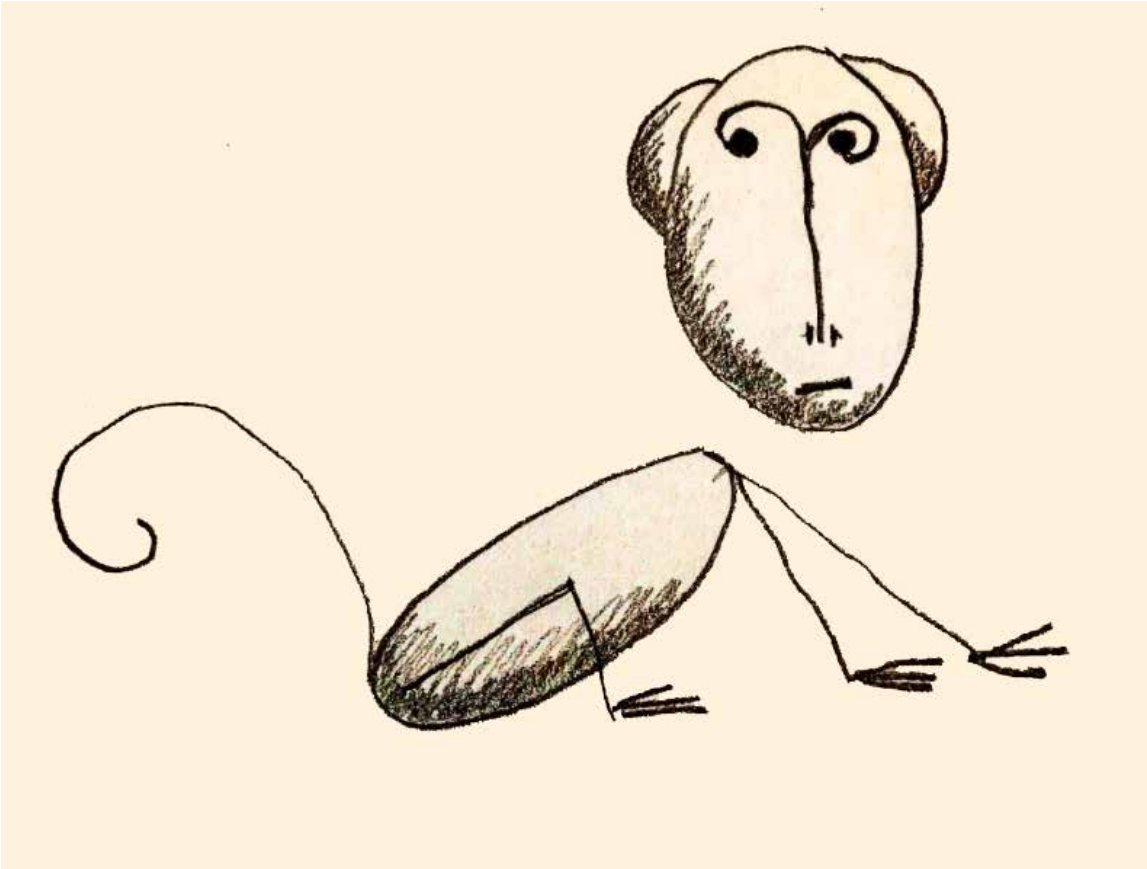
LIA SCHULTZ

FLY ME TO THE MOON

AND LET ME SING
AMONG THE STARS

COLEÇÃO ANNA MARIA BRISOLA

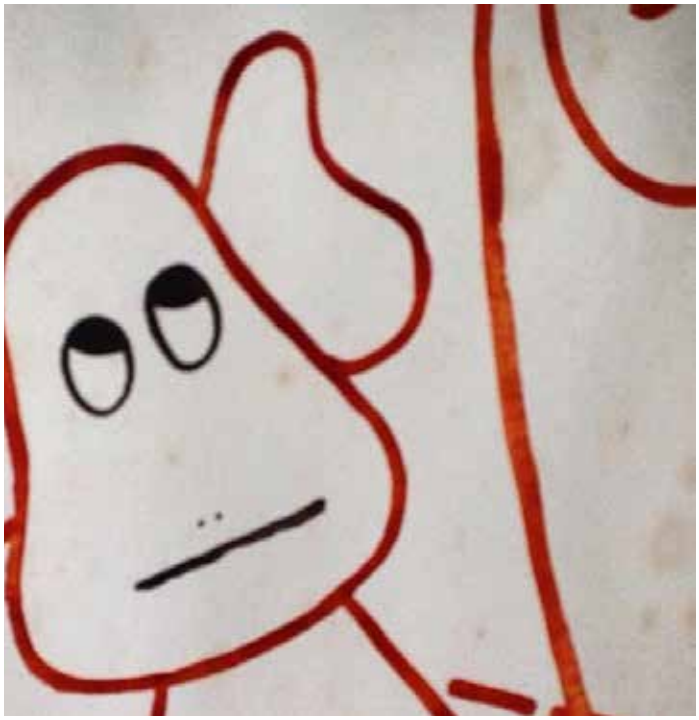
"... CREIA, TODA QUIMERA SE ESFUMA,
COMO A BRANCURA DA ESPUMA,
QUE SE DESMANCHA NA AREIA..."

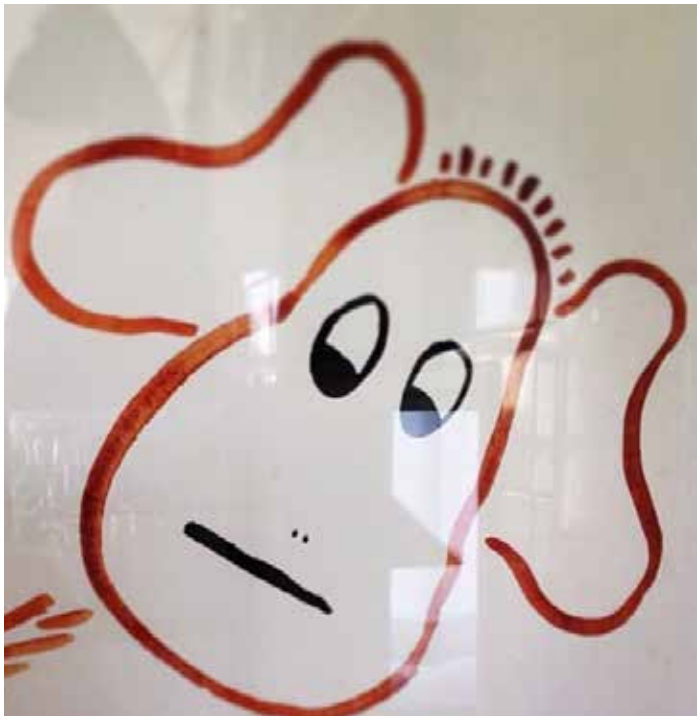


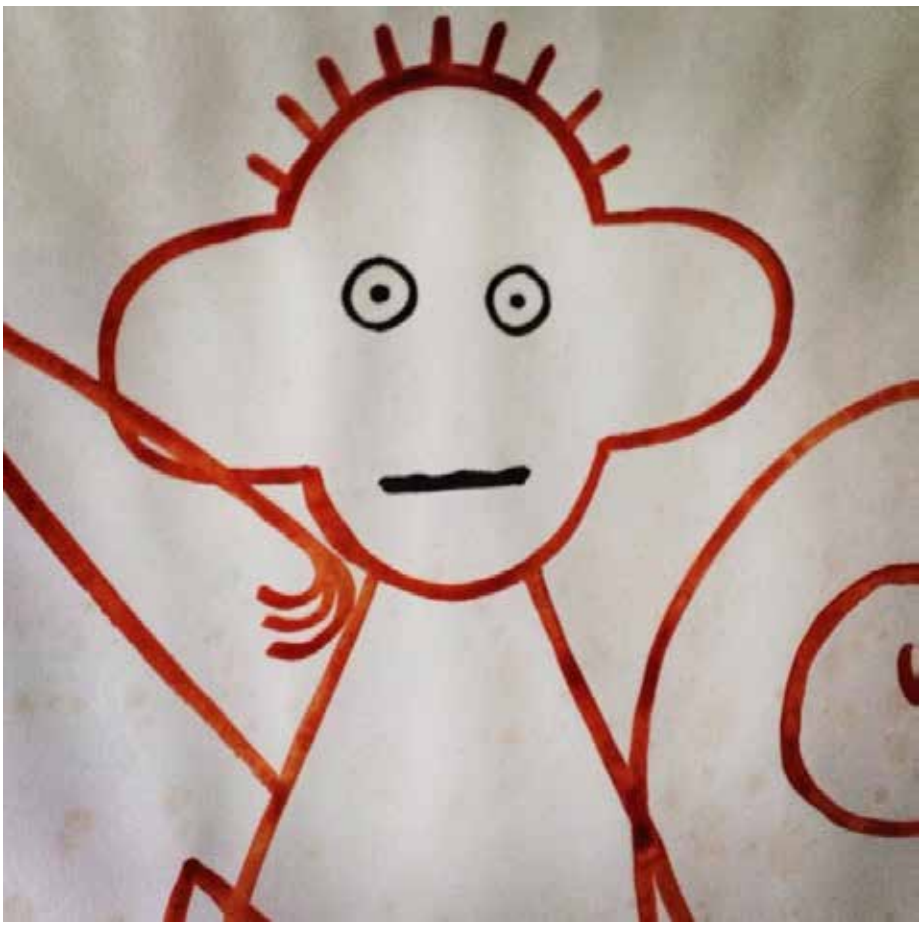
“Ahuyentaste de mí los sufrimientos
Desde la primera noche que te amé”

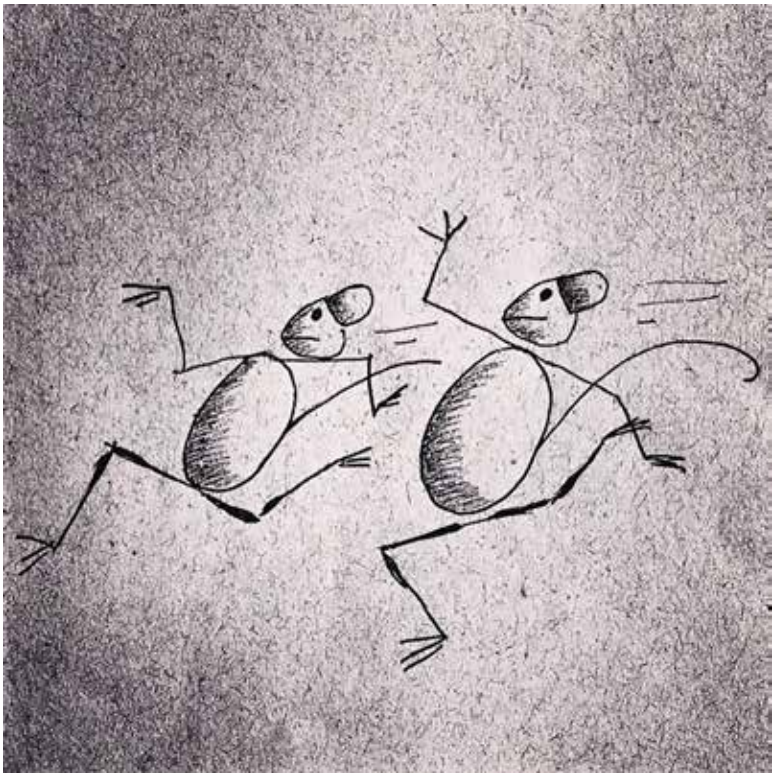
OTROS MARES
DE LOCURA

BEM MAMADO BEM
CHUM-
BADO
ATRAVESSADO

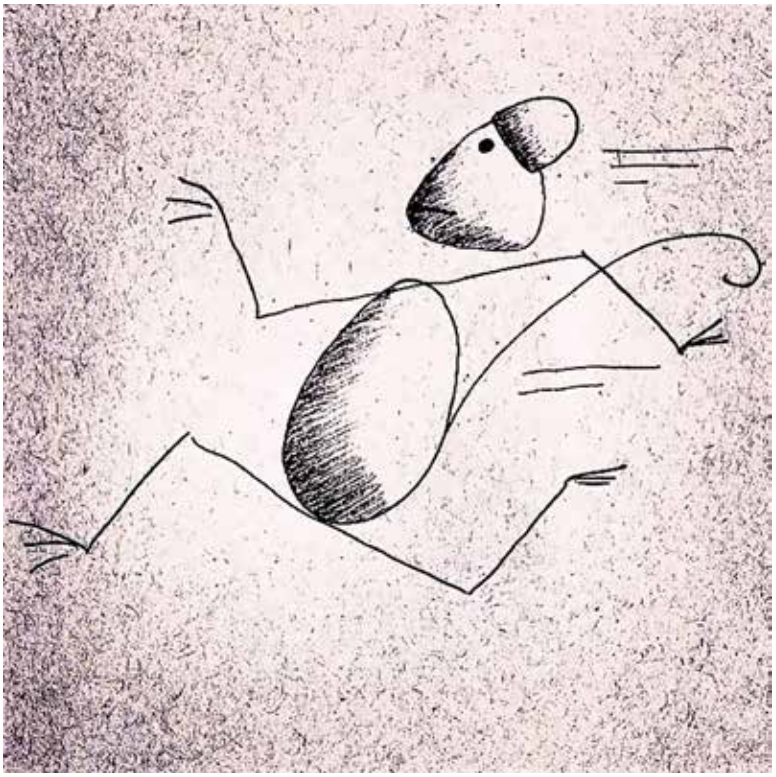


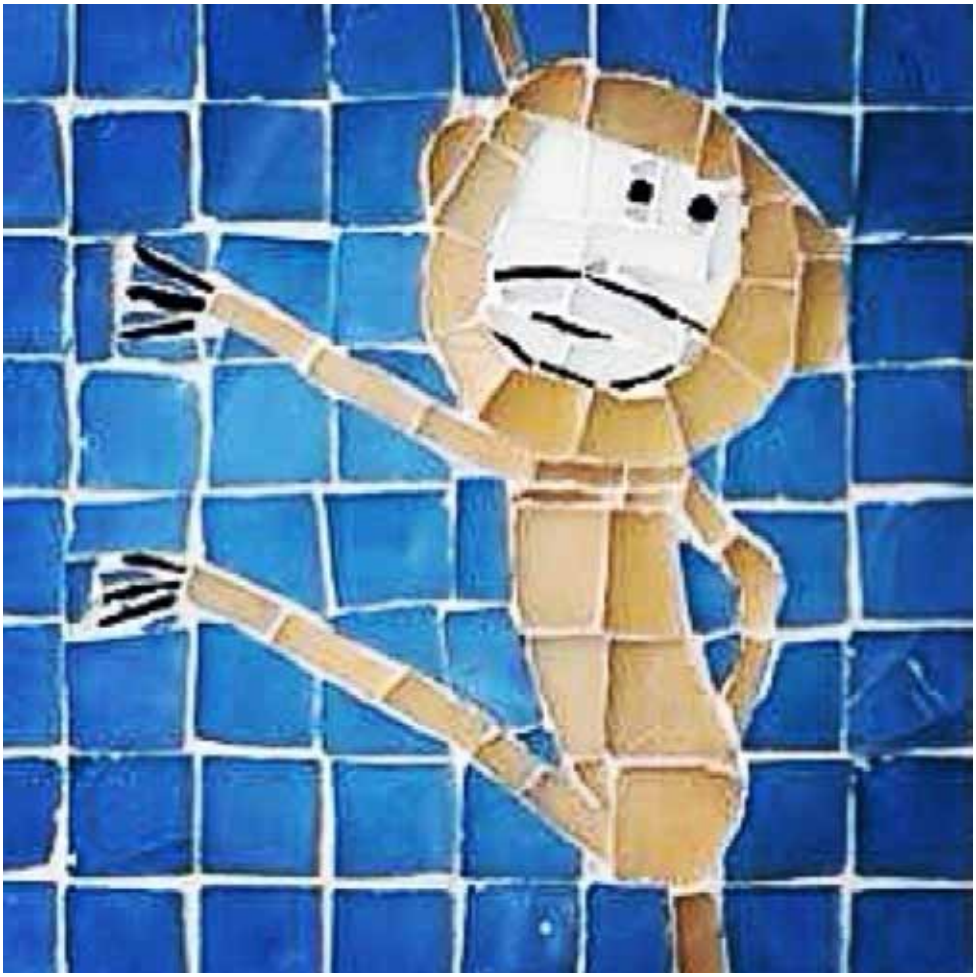




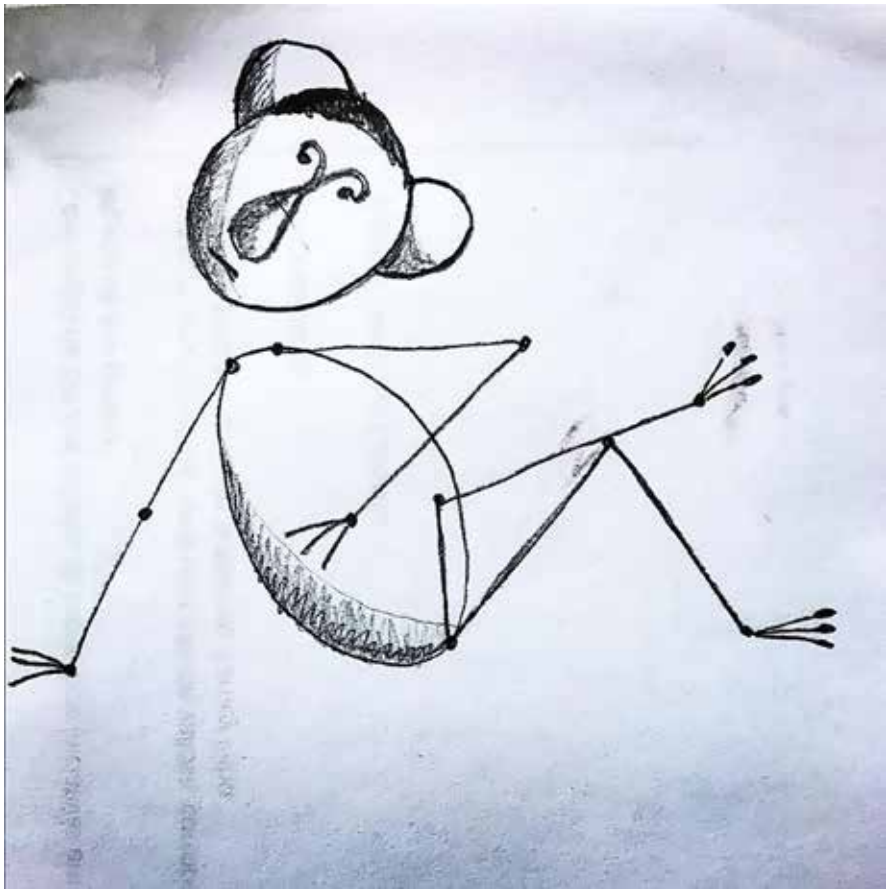


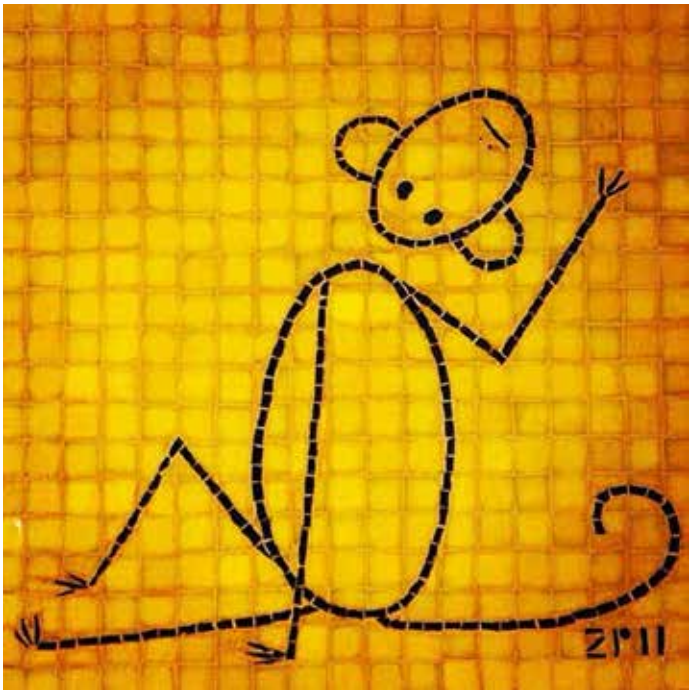
"... SOS FRÁGIL MARIONETA, QUE BAILA SIN CESAR..."

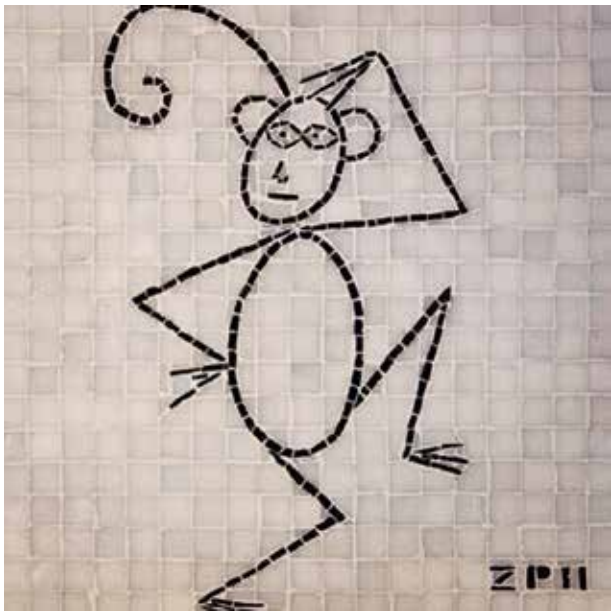




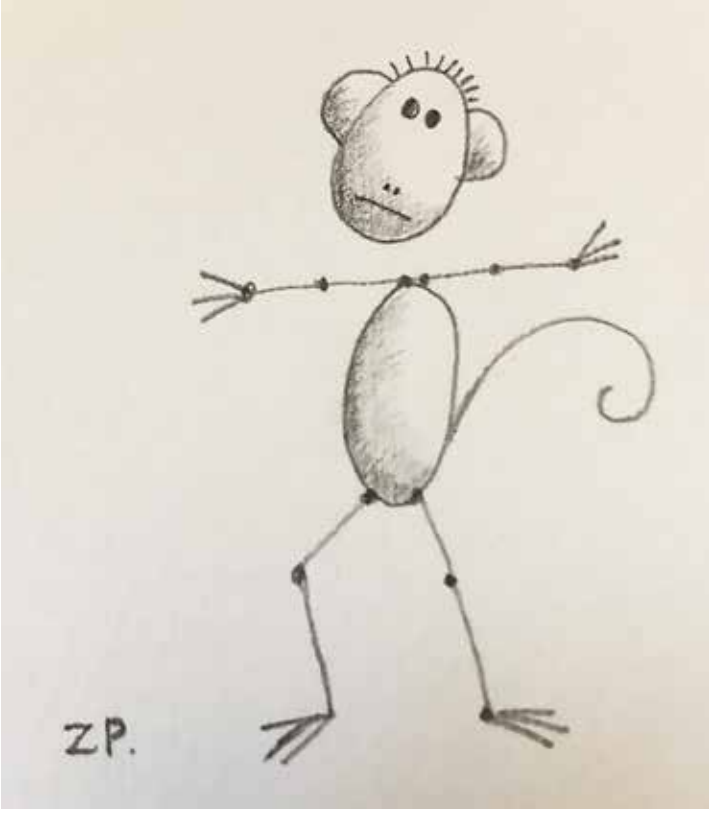
“SOLAMENTE UNA VEZ AME EN LA VIDA …”

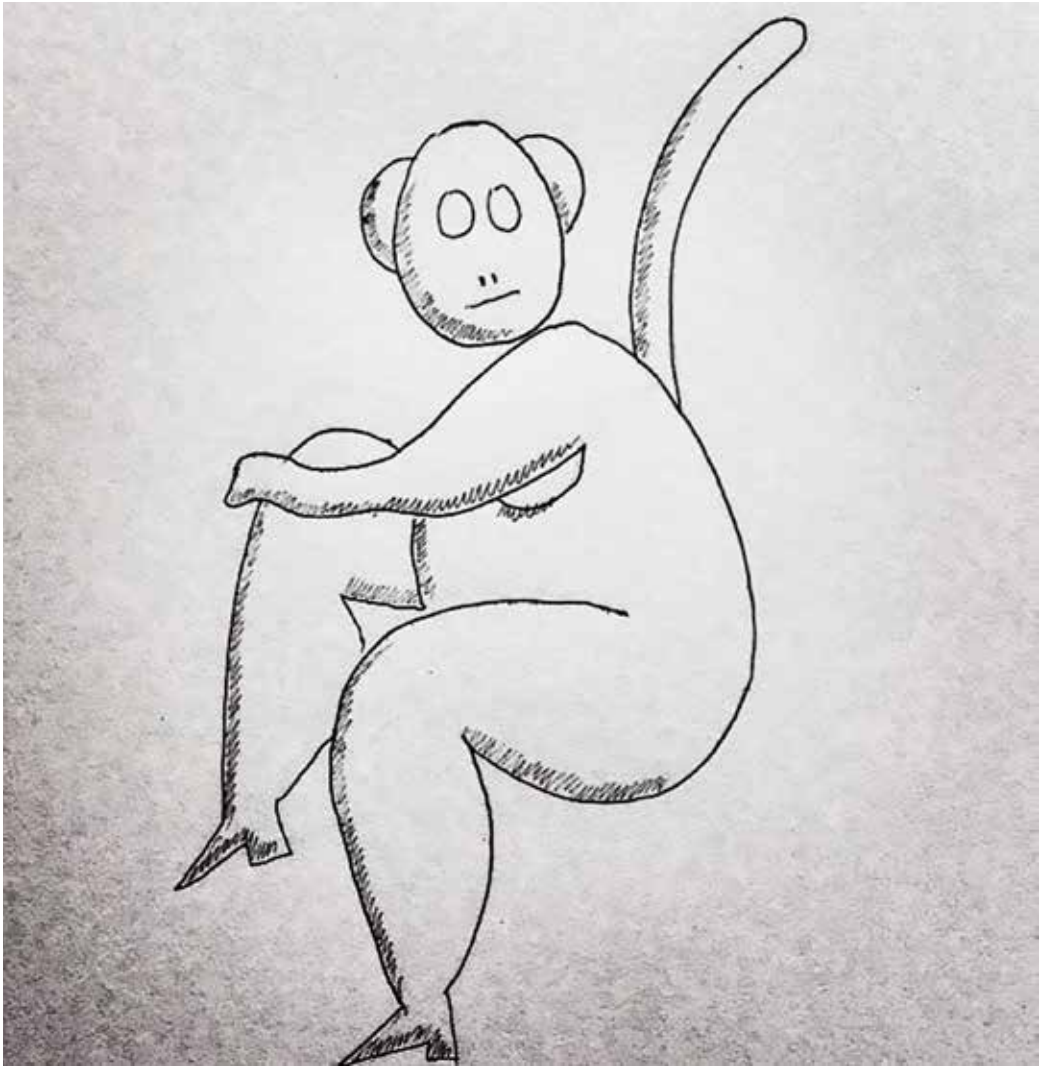






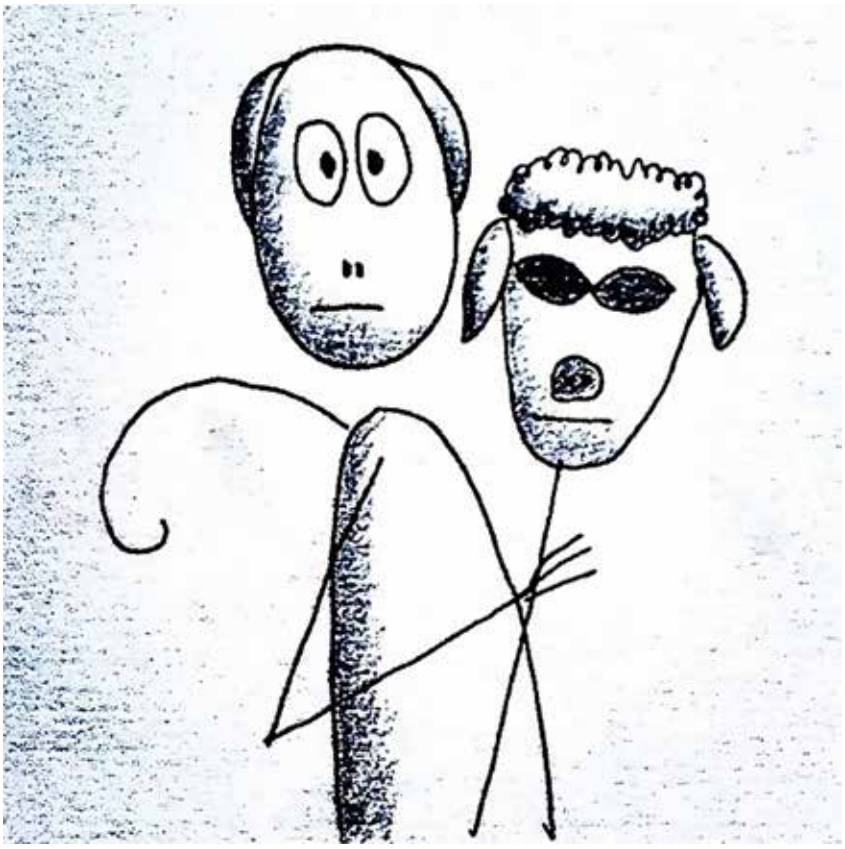
"... de esos besos que te di y que jamás encontrarás en el calor de otro querer ..."

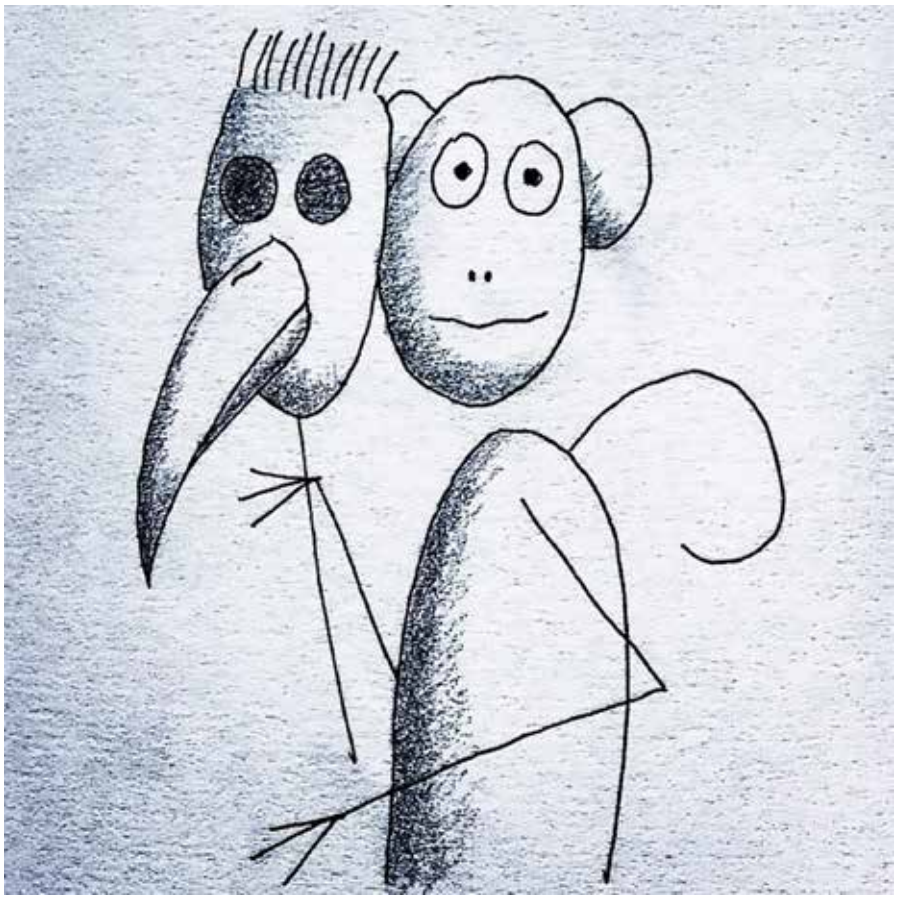




"... ICH BIN DIE FESCHE LOLA..."

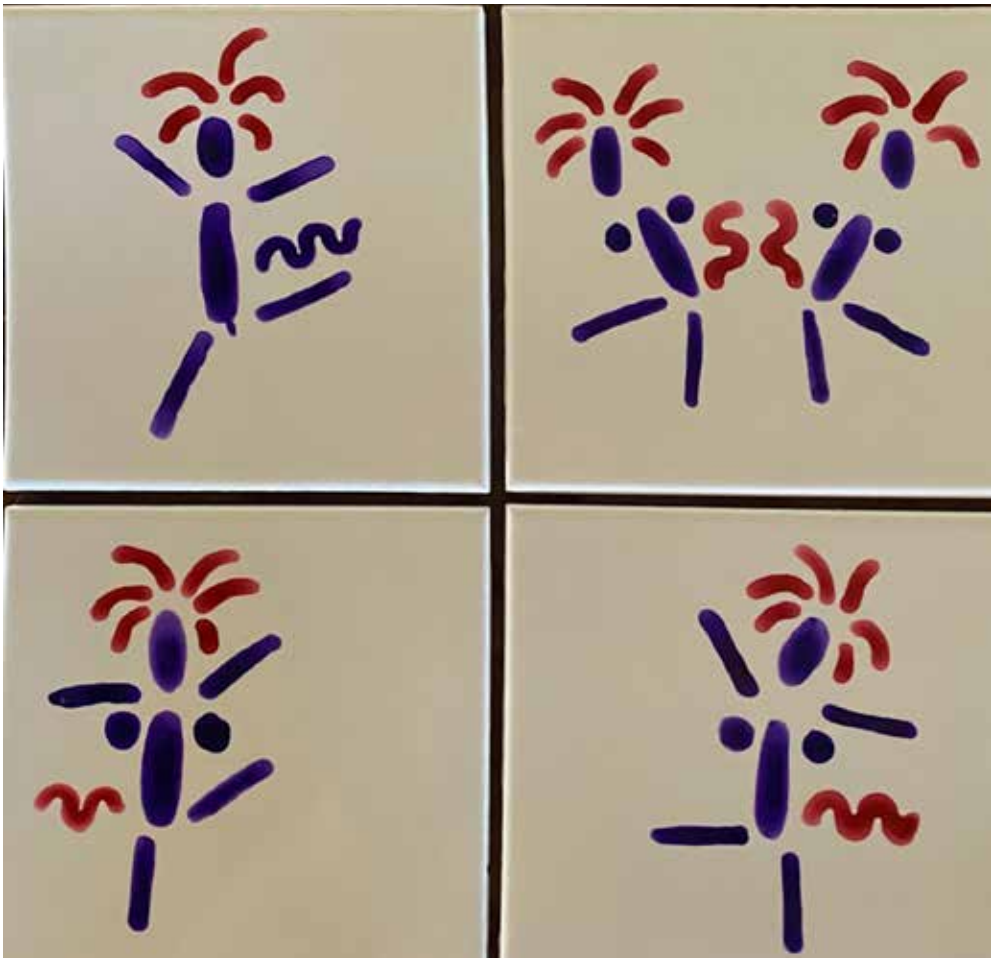
“es un pedazo del alma
que se arranca sin piedad”





"... BÉSAME CON FRENESI..."

“... pode me faltar o amor,
ah ah ah ah!
isso até acho graça...”



ZP 15

“... uma canção pelo ar...”

Posfácio

O universo de Zé Pedro, denso e complexo apesar do ar brincalhão, pode ser considerado sob vários pontos de vista entrelaçados com sabedoria .

Comecemos pelo mais evidente. Nas suas constelações e/ou montagens predominam dois gêneros de recursos formais: figuras de contorno fechado e linhas soltas. As primeiras, geralmente ovaladas ou arredondadas, criam um quase espaço, o da relação figura/fundo baseados na diferença entre o dentro que avança e fora que recua. Elas fornecem torsos e rostos. As linhas, ao contrário afirmam o suporte, mesmo quando representam braços ou pernas em profundidade. Esta dualidade, típicas dos desenhos das crianças, é com frequência acentuada por hachuras que avolumam os contornos fechados. Tal tipo de desdobramento e a diversidade de suas ocorrências não são secundários; eles ressoam e têm harmônicos nas três categorias que empresto (com muita liberdade) da semiótica de Charles S. Peirce em minhas análises

de artes plásticas: ícones (subdivididos em imagens, diagramas e metáforas), signos de semelhança; índices, signos de contacto e símbolos, signos de convenção.

Algumas vezes as imagens de Zé Pedro são bastante 'realistas'. Mas mesmo quando não são, impressionam pela sutileza e precisão da observação. Captam expressões, situações e sentimentos às vezes bastante fugidios, sempre entretanto adequados ao que quer mostrar com extraordinária condensação: sua inadequação às circunstâncias em que se encontram. Alguns rostos, por exemplo, lembram Buster Keaton pela impassividade diante de impasses. O disparatado, o incongruente fazem parte dos recursos do cômico. Mas têm que se ancorar sempre na forma, sem o que perdem efeito, ou teor , como dizem Benjamin e Adorno. Por isto os corpos dos macacos do Zé estão meio no espaço fictício, meio no plano real. São maravilhosamente anfibológicos.

Faz parte também do cômico a economia de meios. A piada eficaz é curta e grossa. Nisto as esquematizações de seus desenhos (os diagramas, espécie de resumos plásticos) são exemplares, inesperadas, como chistes brevíssimos. Braços e pernas traçam arabescos frequentemente impossíveis e mais impossíveis ainda por inscreverem no plano recuos ou avanços, simultaneamente válidos por seu poder plástico e por sua alusão certeira a posições esdrúxulas. Freud diz, mais ou menos, que uma das fontes do prazer diante das caricaturas provém de nossa identificação ou empatia com o que vemos e, no caso, da economia de energia obtida por não mimetizarmos de verdade as piruetas fantásticas que os macacos estão fazendo, como subir no campo plástico apoiando-se onde ele termina. A energia imaginária economizada escoa e se descarrega no riso.

Os macacos evidentemente são metáforas de todos nós – ou quase todos, pois alguns não as merecem. Estes deslocamentos permitem contornar pelo menos parte das tristes e emburradas barreiras do inconsciente, sempre ocupadas em estragar ou proibir nossos melhores prazeres. Podemos, com este drible, rir daquilo que estas coerções sociais, engolidas à contra gosto, nos impediriam de rir. Além disso nós/macacos nos aplicamos em criar situações de nenhum bom senso, sem nenhum propósito aparente que nos remetem à infância e ao imenso prazer que tínhamos em, de vez em quando, fazer voluntariamente asneiras, desobedecer tradições e regras, inclusive as da lógica, da semântica , da boa educação, da hipócrita pudicícia, etc.. Consentir e provocar, como se diz na província francesa onde moro, algumas "cagades". A regressão formal em relação ao 'realismo' plástico considerado adulto, e portanto sério, fornece o apoio plástico conveniente.

A feitura, o vestígio do movimento produtivo, a ação de desenhar, pintar ou esculpir e não somente seu resultado é, pelo menos a meu ver, uma das categorias centrais de nossa arte ocidental desde o Renascimento. Começa com a grafia virtuose de Dürer, o sfumato de Leonardo, a sprezzatura de Ticiano, o non finito Miguelângelo e assim por diante até o modernismo com algumas recaídas no realismo lambido. Na semiologia de Peirce, seu registro pelo índice é a única exposição, revelação, modo de aparição possível do sujeito. Deixando marcas de sua atividade evidentes os artista se separaram dos trabalhadores de outros ramos da produção, os quais, se deixarem marcas suas, serão inevitavelmente despedidos. Mas, se a marca na pintura e na escultura é sinal de diferença, é ao mesmo tempo forma de protesto pelo que foi retirado dos trabalhadores: a possibilidade de não desaparecerem do que fazem e, portanto, de receberem algum reconhecimento. A feitura do Zé

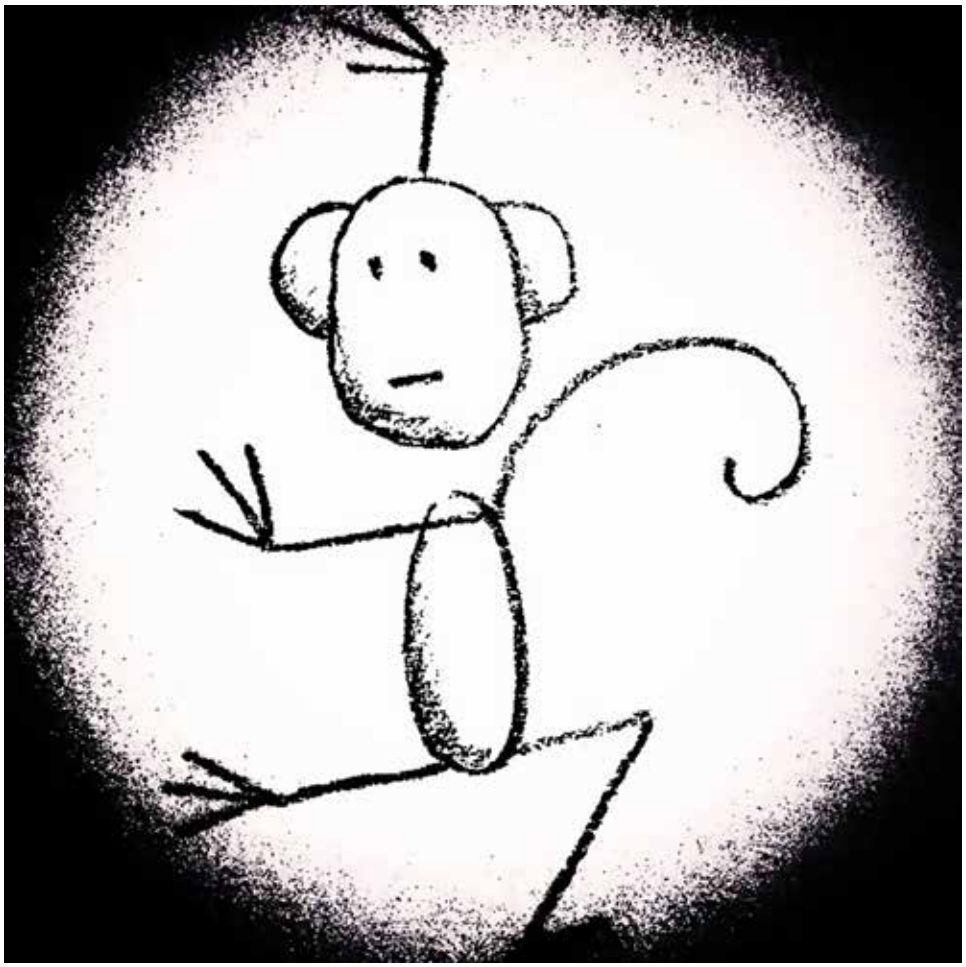
é seu mais fiel retrato. Sob a saudade da fedelhice malcriada e uma espertíssima sobriedade, sob o significado aparente, um outro nos traz a presença/ausente do mestre e o que está embutido com muita discrição e pudor no seu traço. Não podemos esquecer que o mesmo José Pedro de Oliveira Costa é o protetor de nossas florestas, de seus macacos e luta para salvar os micos-leão. E em nenhum outro lugar aparece com tanta nitidez encabulada o que une os dois Zés: sua ternura.

Zé é fã da cultura popular, daquela que em geral consideramos vulgar e de baixo nível. Mas leiam com a simpatia que o Zé ouve as letras de música que inclui no livro, isto é, entregando-se a elas sem pressupostos, após o drible do inconsciente. Também no mundo dos símbolos vale a estrutura em oximoro ou palimpsesto que atravessa seu uso de todas as categorias que percorro. Quanta dor dita de um jeito que nos parece de mau gosto – nós, os da cultura dita erudita, quase sempre somente elitista. Nisto Zé me lembra alguém que nós dois admiramos muito: Flávio Motta. Ele nos ensinou o respeito que deveríamos ter pelo imigrante iletrado que envia à amada deixada longe um catão postal com um coração pintado e a legenda que não podia escrever: "Eu te amo".

Seu (do Zé) "... coração é uma espécie de pensão
De pensão familiar a beira -mar"

Um abraço.

Sérgio Ferro, 06/22



“DIVINA CLARIDAD LA DE TUS OJOS
DIÁFANOS COMO GOTAS DE CRISTAL
¿ POR QUÉ TE HIZO EL DESTINO PECADORA ? ...”

FIM