Best of the year

Daniel Piza - O Estado de S. Paulo

Again the test books, criticism and history dominate the list of the best in years, showing that the novels and poetry still go weak marginal. Another trend that is confirmed is that of reissues, both fiction and nonfiction, and is such a reading in the few remaining literary supplements a plethora of articles on classical and anniversaries. Maybe I should not complain, because long ago I read fewer novels than other genres and am always criticizing the lack of great books on the shelves of the past in Brazil. But I miss reading fiction really good today, especially in a year in which Ian McEwan (Solar) and other admired not meet, and wondering what would we do without the unfailing Philip Roth, who made another nemesis in so short narrative as bright. No wonder only Badala both the Chilean Roberto Bolaño, who died ten years ago, whose 2666 novel crossed with some difficulty, by many passages banal.

In Brazil, apart from imitators of Bukowski and some good storytellers, the year that has Milton Hatoum, Chico Buarque and Bernardo Carvalho little repercussions. At least in poetry we Have In Any Part of Gullar, 80 years plus the complete works of Manoel de Barros, 93 years. Moreover, we live in history books, like Jorge Caldeira, History of Brazil with Entrepreneurs, much less boring than the title suggests, and some studies on Machado de Assis, as The Altar & the Throne of Ivan Teixeira and Machado and Rose - Critical Reading, and less comprehensive than the title suggests. And we live in reprints of books by Lima Barreto, Joaquim Nabuco and the Barque of Gleyre Monteiro Lobato, who has attracted far less attention than the controversy over the censorship of the terms in referring to the aunt Nastasya. Of foreign Ambassadors discussed by Henry James, and many people only now discovered the stories of John Cheever and Rodolfo Walsh.

What amused me were the same in 2010 and books about art. Two issues are of great beauty, in every way that I can not stop opening them regularly: a six-volume box with all cards illustrated by Van Gogh and the mega-album Caravaggio - The Complete Works, two statements that books on paper are visual and tactile delights that no iPad may have. Classical studies such as Art as Experience, John Dewey, The Autumn of the Middle Ages by Johan Huizinga (not only about art but also literature), and The Modern Art in Europe, by Giulio Carlo Argan, were finally translated as The Painter of Modern Life, Charles Baudelaire, and even reviews of Baudelaire and John Ruskin in Modern Landscape.
the memoirs of the great architect Tadao Ando has not had the prominence it deserved, curiously lacking in a year of good biographies.

At the border increasingly explored the art and science, I learned from The Vision Revolution, by Mark Changizi on the particularities of human eyes, Adam's Tongue, Derek Bickerton, and On the Origin of Stories, by Brian Boyd on the physiological importance of grammar and narrative; Why We cooperate, Michael Tomasello, which shows that human nature is not only aggression and eroticism, and Catch A Fire, by Richard Wrangham on how to "cook made us human." And why do not add here the beginning of Freud's complete works translated by Paulo Cesar de Souza? A contemporary of Freud and countryman, journalist (yes, journalist "full time"), and thinker Karl Kraus, also happened to be duly published, with his Aphorisms in a country where there is a decent anthology of the best aphorisms. That's it: a few good editions, readings, and to break the lethargy, scientific tests. But it is better to live than the old and false news picaretagens.

Cahiers de cinema. He had the feeling that the film year was not too much, but looking at the list and I liked what I saw, I realized that at least some force, some aesthetic ambition. The Oscar-winning film, The Hurt Locker, Kathryn Bigelow, has great scenes and does not fall in the scheme "American hero saves the day in the final battle." Invictus, Clint Eastwood, not being among his best films, tells a great story real well. The White Ribbon, despite the hype Fey Michael Haneke, is very strong. The Argentine The Secret of Your Eyes, by Juan José Campanella, is a complete film with a screenplay following strong until the final few scenes and anthologies such as the stadium.

After that it takes, even came Alice, Tim Burton, below the high expectations, yet creative and the perception that Lewis Carroll took fun of English bigotry, The Island of Fear, Martin Scorsese's more complex than the similar The Writer Phantom, by Roman Polanski, and The Origin of Christopher Nolan, who has tremendous visual findings and then surrenders to the linear action movie. Now in the final saw Social Networking, David Fincher, with his revenge of the nerds, and Tetro, Coppola, with some moments worthy of his great stage. In Brazil, there was nobody to: Tropa de Elite 2, Jose Padilha, is not only the most watched film in history (although the box office of Dona Flor was a country with half the current population), but the year's best for not only endorse the views of Captain Nascimento. Documentaries, One Night in 67, and Ricardo Call Renato Terra, was by far the most well done and the subject more accessible.

Children and young people were also satisfactory offer How to Train Your Dragon, the new episode of Harry Potter and more.

Zapping. In the TV is difficult to remember such good times. Yes, the novels have worsened; Passion could have been good, the characters and pathological anomic, but erred ugly - apart from the Italian accent and shamelessly - as did Clara (Mariana Ximenes) turn nice for several weeks, until you need to retreat, and to sweeten everything (tare Gerson was not shocking, the nymphomaniac Stella abandoned the big boys, etc.). But the series and documentaries on cable TV are high profile. Life of Discovery with the BBC, made history with its images of wildlife. The Empire of Smuggling, produced by Martin Scorsese and impressive performance of Steve Buscemi, it seems a novel with characters that intertwine and transform. Brazilian in TV, The Cariocas, Daniel Filho, and After, What Women Want", by Luiz Fernando Carvalho, were for the first time - and Countryman, journalist (yes, journalist "full time") and thinker Karl Kraus, also happened to be duly published, with his Aphorisms in a country where there is a decent anthology of the best aphorisms. That's it: a few good editions, readings, and to break the lethargy, scientific tests. But it is better to live than the old and false news picaretagens.

De la musique. In music also relive the classics. There was much talk of 200 years of Chopin, whom Nelson Freire launched the CD Club, Schumann and recorded with enough pedal by Evgeny Kissin. The DVD premiere of Venezuelan conductor Gustavo Dudamel - who comes to Brazil in 2011 - ahead of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, has received deserved attention. Antonio Meneses, cellist great, gave us two CDs, Brillante and Haydn, and became a topic of great book of John Luiz Sampaio. But we have had in jazz composers who have already become masters such as Brad Mehldau (Highway Rider) and Jason Moran (Ten), and masters in great shape, like Keith Jarrett, who made the beautiful Jasmine with bassist Charlie Haden. The same goes for the two CDs of great melodies of the MPB, Francis Hime (The Weather of Words), and Edu Lobo (so many Tides).

The CD of the year in the genre was more pop, no doubt, Scratch My Back "by Peter Gabriel. Pop? What's cool on the CD is the harmonic treatment of songs by David Bowie, Paul Simon and Arcade Fire, of a rare intelligence and good taste. Pop himself is Monster Fame, Lady Gaga, who draws more attention to the personality than the music, but who knows how to make a hit, in line with Madonna mess due to the age of YouTube. After listening to Stacey Kent, Patty Ascher and Teresa Salgueiro, with their voices soft and wise, is the ideal counterpoint.
Why do not I am proud. In a year with so many good books on art, the exhibitions that I saw did not come to be marked. I saw beautiful pictures of Goeldi, and Segall Iberê on the foundation that bears its name in Porto Alegre, like Andy Warhol at the Art Gallery, etc.. Nothing too revealing. Already 29. Bienal de Sao Paulo was widely spoken in the press after the fiasco of the previous, but the quality and visitation (500 thousand people, including 300 thousand in school visits) wanting. Much better than vultures Nuno Ramos or other works that appear to have been the scene of the novel, the paintings were by Rodrigo Andrade, who had fortunately remote relationship to the theme of the show, about art and politics.

I was also very little to the theater, but at least I saw In On It, Canadian Daniel MacIvor, with Fernando Eiras and Emilio de Menezes, who had a rare intensity and a care in the national stages. And Barbara Paz proved again that the actress is in Hell, a limited text Lolita Pille. In dance, I saw some things that do not deserve the record, but the St. Paul Dance Company still does not disappoint. In addition to Balanchine and Kylian, my two favorite choreographers, staged the legendary Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun, Debussy and Mallarmé, in choreography that Marie Chouinard made from photos of Nijinsky in 1912. Nearly one hundred years later, and still seems so new. But there is no doubt that Sao Paulo and Brazil need better exhibits, plays and ballets.