



PRESENTATION

CD POMEGRANATE

Works



A Cor do Dia



Romã



Cais do Porto



Conversa de Bois



Óleo Sobre Tela



Quem És

Seasoning our yearning, Jaime, with Pomegranate, arrives and hits us in the middle, hitting the nail on the head

Jaime Santos, his art is the song, one of the gems that Brazil knew how to develop and that makes us so proud.

The song is the music and it is the words. It is not just music, which in itself is an art of immense value. And it's not just the verses, as we find them delicious in the poets' lyric.

It can even be said that there is a specific musical activity for the song, just as there is also a very particular way of writing its words. However, we do not have a suitable word in our language to designate those who make songs. We say composer, but that term originally refers to those who "compose or write music". In English, a songwriter is called a songwriter, as in French he is said to be a chansonnier, both of which are derived from "song" (ie, song and chanson, respectively). Song Portuguese, as well as Italian canzoniere and Spanish song, refer to a collection of songs (this is how we say, for example, "Dorival Caymmi's songbook"), and not to those who make them. But in Italian and Spanish there is the word cantautore and cantautor, respectively, a term that refers to those who sing their own songs and which, in Portuguese, we do not know.

It will look like a trifle. Perhaps. But it still intrigues us that there is no convenient name for an art of such relevance to Brazilian culture. It is an art of the highest complexity. After all, how do you make a song? It is necessary to find the unprecedented melody, to cover it with the appropriate and insinuating harmony, to seek, in addition, the words whose sonority and meaning are precisely adjusted to the melody. This is when it is not, rather, the music that comes to suit the words, as the composer can also work on previous text, his or someone else's.

It is in this sense that Jaime Santos is an artist of the song, a genuine Brazilian "composer". And "cantautor" (let us accept the necessary foreignness) of excellent quality. In Jaime we have the authentic Brazilian popular song. He does not use specific poem forms, such as the sonnet, nor does he work with certain metrics, such as the decyllable verse. Nothing like that. His poetics are entirely free, dictated only by the melody of the music with which he adjusts and harmonizes. And the themes all come from his own daily life. "Jaime Santos", writes Guinga correctly on the back cover of the CD Pomegranate, "portrays the reality of his life in all honesty, and this is what a composer must do".

But where does this come from? That is, how do you learn to make songs? It's certainly not at school. In fact, Jaime, a boy from the periphery, only entered school late. It happened that a neighbor named Sila once introduced him to what, for Jaime, then nine years old, represented his "cat jump" (a popular and tasty expression with which we can perhaps

translate what scholars call an epiphany). Indeed, Sila showed him vinyls from the generation immediately heir to Bossa Nova: Chico Buarque de Holanda and the tropicalists, among other artists of that always very prestigious gold generation of our MPB. Now, it is understood that it was not easy for a poor kid to have access to vinyl records. That was how Jaime set out to work for Sila's father, which always allowed him to listen to those precious records.

A few years later, one of his brothers came home with a guitar, a “stick came”, as Jaime likes to say playing. With the support of his friend Everton (Passarinho), Jaime not only understood how that instrument was tuned, but also learned his first two chords. Few though, these have already served him to compose his first song, with which he reached the second place in a talent festival at La Salle school, in Canoas/RS.

In fact, the music was always in Jaime: in the voice of the black mother, who liked to sing the radio hits (it would have been with him that he learned to sing) and in the pride of the indigenous father, who put him as a boy over the table to sing some samba or bolero for your guests.

However, talent alone will not be worth much if there is also no persistence and discipline. In fact, in this Brazil of so few opportunities, how many talents do not stop halfway, potentials that are never realized!

It turns out that with Jaime it was different. The boy who grew up listening to his mother sing, the father raised on the table to sing to his friends, the boy who, having only learned a few chords, wrote a song by himself to represent the school class, classifying her in an artistic competition, the young man who, with some clothes in his suitcase and his guitar in his bag, boldly decided to “set foot in the profession”, the accomplished man who crossed the Atlantic, taking the Brazilian song with him to the world, Jaime Santos never gave up. And he never gave up because he knew, he always knew, ever since he heard

those vinyls with Sila, the one who came into this world.

CD Promegranate, his opera prima, is thus the result of years of learning. It is, therefore, the definitive and decisive moment when the apprentice proves to be a master for all who have ears to hear. They say you have to travel to tell stories. Because Jaime traveled around Brazil, and in Promegranate presents us with a good part of the sounds and themes that cross the country: from the coast to the interior, from the northeastern intention to the urban south, passing through the southeast, the transversality is undoubtedly the highlight of this work. Promegranate recognizes, invents, sublimates and presents the Brazil we love in sounds and words.

With elaborate harmonies and contagious melodies, the songs follow the trail of the best strain of our magnificent MPB, while the lyrics (by Jaime himself or his partners) delight us and surprise us every moment with the sonority and the meaning that the words take in unique context of the song.

Much can be said about this flow inspired by sonorous words, but some representative verses will be sufficient for us at the moment: “The movement of the street / It is already visible / And the silence outside wants to die” (The color of the day); “Good and tasty fruit / Who looking at me wants” (Promegranate); “If loving is part of me / The sea is the beginning and the end” (Cais do porto); “The heart beats, for / After listening to bull talk / The Cala-Boca bull complains about the boss / The man was never stronger than the bull (Bull talk); “Aligned our lighthouses / I expect a signal from you / The ships, our ports / The storm has passed (Lighthouses); “We weave light and shadow / paths to get lost” (Oil on canvas)

These verses (and there are others of equal value), already in themselves of great artistic expressiveness, take on a sublime meaning when sung - and this is precisely, we have already said, the art of song.

We could go on talking about Jaime and his work for hours, but, as Caetano Veloso wrote, “the song has to end”. We cannot, however, end it without mentioning one of the poetic passages that we consider to be of great prominence on the CD Pomegranate:

She waits for me, her unrest
I don't have time
Seasoning the yearning
When I arrive in the middle
(Who are you)

It is understood that the restless wait, uneasy by someone who, for reasons not specified, has no time to return, this anxious wait is tempered (understand: it is modeled, adjusted or, if you want, "tuned" as if it were an instrument) by the lyrical self, which, after all, arrives in the middle, that is, when, although they expected it, they did not know that it arrived just at that moment.

We were waiting for you, Jaime, and very restless. Without the right time to come and having, therefore, tempered our yearning, you finally arrive with Pomegranate and hit us right in the middle. Right in!

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