

**16TH OF OCTOBER, 2008 @ 16:48, BY PORCAS BORBOLETAS ('THE WING NUTS') — ENZO BANZO**

We were there rehearsing Banzo, Danislau, Moita, Wagner's "Sounds of Velvet" when Schwartz said: today I'm going to defend Aninha in her final exam for her Bachelor's in Arts. Danislau, a recent master defender, immediately remembered how shitty it was to be on the defensive, being used as he was to being on the attack on the stage. Thinking about this while working on, a new unpretentious music about Aninha began to surface — the way that everything new does.

Wagner the creative soul doesn't like little, he always wants more, even too much, so pushed by him, we recorded, moving towards the little sketches that we created with him on nights of inspiration, but it still wasn't enough. In one of the rehearsals I saw Wagner call Danislau aside, looking like someone who wanted to fool around, up to no good, stuff of the very depths of art. They are discreet and I stay outside, anxious for a glimpse of what that shit would produce.

I don't know exactly when Danislau came out to work, directed on video by Wagner — I just know that one day I went running to Moita's place to record a better version of that song on the guitar, apparently for the show.

And then it was opening night for Placebo 2008 and there we went to see what had come out of that non-stop head-body this time. Wagner is like Guimarães Rosa's alligator, diving to the depths in silence. I'm anxious. I see a laptop where the dancer should be, the silence of the body, invention- inversion. And then came the first notes of "Aninha", the song (now called "Fluxograma"). Danislau went into a paroxysm of laughter, and then, after the lyrics, plunged to the very depths of despair. Wagner took Danislau by the hand, and he too became the alligator, courting the mermaid. Sinking and going ever deeper is the way of no return. Placebo has no cure. The dive is the invitation.