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John Cage also participated in that great event of the Biennale of São Paulo. The filmmaker Rodolfo Nani had introduced us very briefly.

On the last day, when I was convinced that there would be no opportunity to talk with John Cage, Augusto de Campos realized what was happening and provided me, by his purely personal initiative, a brief moment alone with him.

A few months later, John Cage invited me to collaborate with him, with David Tudor and with Merce Cunningham in New York City.

Then, Luciana and I moved to Europe, first to Portugal, and in another few months I was collaborating with René Berger in Switzerland – he also became a great friend for life.

In Locarno, where I would fix residence in 2003, I collaborated with René Berger and Rinaldo Bianda at the celebrated Locarno Video Art Festival, together with Nan June Paik, Francis Ford Coppola, Edgar Morin, Daniel Charles and Basarab Nicolescu among many others in 1980s and 1990s.

In 1990 I started collaborating with the Baroness Durini, in Italy, in several projects for the Triennale of Milan and the Biennale of Venice, but also at the art and culture magazine RISK Arte Oggi.

In 1989 I participated in the parallel launching of the *www world wide web* by Tim Berns-Lee in Locarno. In

1993, always together with René Berger, we made the first television transmission through Internet and in that same year, still with René, but also with Edgar Morin, I participated in the formation of the first university in Internet. With John Cage and Merce Cunningham there were concerts around the world, but also other musical events with my works, and lectures, exhibitions... In that period various of my audio compact discs and books were launched in diverse countries and different languages.

Those novelties seemed to encourage even more Koellreutter in each one of our meetings. With my move to Europe, they began to happen every time I went to Brazil.

- You will be one of the only among my students who will continue living outside of Brazil. Not because there or here are better or worse places. They are different places, just that. But is the way you are. When a person moves, changing his place, his music also changes - he

becomes another person. If you are living in New York, for example, your music will reflect your experiences. The same will happen if you stay in Europe...

To him change was something essential for everybody.

– Moving to a different country gives another dimension to the musician. He is forced to live different realities. He is obliged to question himself more frequently.

We started regularly talking by phone, but in general they were short conversations – we both never had the habit of talking for long minutes on the telephone.

I always called him, and over many times at least once a month, to see how he was.

Koellreutter smoke pipe, but never ever cigars. I also smoked pipe, even before to have known him – I was very young and sometimes I was criticized for smoking pipe at that age.



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Hans Joachim Koellreutter - photo by Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta in São Paulo, 1999

Influenced by friends at school I started smoking cigarettes when he was very young, at nine years old. I smoked hidden. When I was eighteen, I arrived to smoke four packs a day, which amounted eighty cigarettes! That would be my destruction! I swam and was a flutist – incompatible activities with the cigarette.

The best friend of my father, right hand in his company for decades, and a very good friend of mine, also a German, like Koellreutter, but born in Heidelberg – his name is Alfred Gerard Schwarz – was also flutist and has always been a lover of the pipes.

To smoke a pipe requires a special knowledge, a few steps without which the person may even cause serious injury in the tongue. In relation to health, pipe has many advantages over cigarettes – because you cannot take the smoke to the lungs and the smoke usually doesn't have so many chemicals.

Thus, Alfred Gerard Schwarz was a big influence on me to start playing transversal flute and he was my master in the art of pipe, teaching me even how to cure them with the most varied fragrances.

Pipe smokers have their secrets, which range from the form of the pipes to the types of tobacco.

Like Alfred Gerard Schwarz and me, also Koellreutter only smoked straight pipes – the so-called *Italian* ones. But while I especially enjoyed black Cavendish tobaccos, his preferred tobacco also was his personal trademark: *Revelation*.

However, apparently because it contained some substance condemned by health services, the tobacco Revelation stopped to be marketed in several countries. Only in Switzerland I could find it. I passed to regularly bring that

tobacco to Koellreutter, who waited anxiously.

When we met and I gave him the packet of tobacco he said, laughing:

- Thank you! It's my salvation!

Later, already living in Europe, I also started smoking cigars. Once, still in the early 1990s, in one of my trips to Brazil, I asked why he refused to smoke cigars.

- Because it destroys the lips. A flautist should never smoke cigars. They soften the lips. On the other hand, pipe is supported by teeth, leaving free the lips, and so they are not affected.
- But, Tom Jobim smokes cigars! And he is an excellent flutist.
- There is a big difference between an excellent flutist who doesn't live from concerts and other one living from them. If he were a flutist of concerts, he should not smoke cigars. In any case, do not forget that Tom

uses a special mouthpiece for cigars. With it, he can hold the cigar in his teeth and not with his lips.

In fact, the mouthpiece used by Tom was owned by Villa-Lobos before, it was a gift from the violinist Arminda D'Almeida, Dona Mindinha, widow of the composer.

Again, I asked him how Tom Jobim was, how he was as a person, in what only the intimacy of friends permits to know. Like Chico Buarque de Hollanda, Tom had also studied architecture.

Koellreutter was the first professor of Tom Jobim, when he was only fourteen years old.

Tom studied with Koellreutter during the years 1939 and 1940, who gave him many of the principles that would coin the *bossa nova*, twenty years later. When one could imagine that Germany is, in some way, present in the roots

of *bossa nova*?!

Many times he told me that he wanted to introduce we both, and also to one of his students in India, who regularly wrote him. Unfortunately, I did not personally know any of them.

Koellreutter replied, smiling:

– Tom Jobim is a different man. He likes to drink whiskey and to play piano. He loves to be with people. He is not a closed musician, a composer who goes to his desk to work, who closes himself inside a room and is separated from other people. He enjoys to be with people, playing all the time, like an amusement. He is a very interesting person. A friend of his friends. You personally know him. I have always spoken about you to him. We have met many times in Rio.

In all those years, each time I was in Brazil, I took

Koellreutter for lunch.

Our lunches regularly happened even before I moved to Europe. In early 1980 one of our favorite places was a restaurant called *Fiorella*, in the neighborhood of Brooklin, in São Paulo, coincidentally where I was born.

It was very far from his home, but the restaurant was spectacular.

In fact, *Fiorella* was a restaurant installed in a very comfortable ancient house, with excellent vegetarian cuisine. In all its spaces there were many plants and artworks. It was a magical place. There were several rooms, each one very different from the others, giving the feeling like we're in our homes. Everyone who worked there were college students. There was no sign or any kind of indication on the street. Actually, only who knew went there.

Many years later, when I already lived part of my life in New York City, I would know there the person who had created that magical place: Martin Penrose, a visual artist, with very interesting works. I told him about our frequent lunches at his restaurant. He was delighted to know that Koellreutter loved so much to be there.

To be at *Fiorella* was like being in another world. Everything was covered by contemporary art, plants, flowers, with very comfortable chairs and an excellent cuisine.

We always had at least one bottle of cold white wine, *frascati*, from Italy.

We passed hours talking about the most varied subjects. Once, we spoke for many minutes about the state of memory beyond the *Schwarzchild boundary* in direction to a *black hole singularity*. How would memory be in such a condition? Would it be disintegrated by gravity force?

Or would it maintain its integrity, despite the so powerful asymmetric forces of that environment.

We did not have answers, neither specialized education to have them. But, the reflections were very interesting and they launched us to considerations about the nature of time and order.

Many years later, when Stephen Hawking demonstrated that, surprisingly, memory would be preserved in those conditions, I spoke with René Berger, in Switzerland, about the same subject. We were amazed with the revelation that, after all, the Universe seems to be a formidable accumulator of memory.

Both Koellreutter and René Berger loved science. In a certain sense, everything turned around it.

With Koellreutter, however, the conversations were

many times focused on the different approaches of East and West to reality.

But beyond *Fiorella* and the Japanese restaurants in the neighborhood of *Liberdade*, we passed, already in the 1990, to be at the Japanese restaurant that was on the top floor of the Hotel Caesar Park, at Augusta Street.

In August 1994, when I was in Brazil, we went to have a lunch there. I had no time to say anything and Koellreutter asked me:

- Emanuel, when you will visit us again in Rio de Janeiro? Next time, I will invite you and Tom Jobim for a lunch. You need to know him personally. It is done: in your next visit to Brazil we will go all together for a lunch.

The meeting was scheduled for December, when I would be back again to Brazil. But Tom Jobim died few days

before, on December eight of that year and, unfortunately, we did not get to know each other.

The death of Tom Jobim deeply touched Koellreutter, who had a true esteem for him.

As people died, he expressed more and more concern about how and where to live the end of his life.

That lunch at the Caesar Park hotel was a big surprise. When I asked him about the Margarita, to know how she was, Koellreutter wide opened his eyes and asked:

- But! You don't know?
- No! Did something happen? Is she well?
- Margarita became a witch!
- A witch? - I was not able to stop laughing, I thought it was a joke.
- It is serious. I'm not kidding. It is not a witch in the folkloric sense. We recently arrived from an

international meeting of people who deal with these questions, in an island in Pacific. She is very serious. And this is a serious matter. Many people do just not take it seriously. Do you think we know everything? These meetings are about what the sciences, with which we are already used, cannot explain. Before, I was married to a famous opera singer, now I'm married to a specialist on the unexplained. It is very interesting.

I was stunned. I could not expect that. I never had any preconception in relation to the supernatural world, which I always considered natural. In a humble and Socratic way I always were very aware that I know nothing.

But I could never imagine that one day the great singer Margarita Schack would devote herself to the supernatural.

I asked him about how the meeting in the Pacific Islands

had been and Koellreutter said with great seriousness:

- Very interesting. They discussed some very interesting things that make us be aware of how deeply we know nothing.

In that same year, Margarita opened in the city of Tiradentes, in the State of Minas Gerais, an institution called *Aura Soma Center*, dedicated to the use of oils and colors for triggering a process of self knowledge.

In that epoch, my daughter was about four years old and I was looking for the best way I could give her some basic musical formation. Koellreutter was around eighty years old. In one of our lunches, I asked him if he could give me an orientation about what I could do about it. Then, I was especially attentive to microtones and, consequently, to not format her so young mind according to rigid tonal formats. Intuitively, she already was very oriented to piano, I am a flutist, and there is almost no microtonal freedom in the

traditional piano or flute.

- String musicians are more sensitive to small changes of pitch, to work with them. When you consider a flute, for example, or even worse, a piano, all sounds are “closed” in a rigid system of pitch. You should not put her to study piano before five or six years of age. On the other hand, you should *make* music, that is, to organize sounds with her, using the most varied objects. You can use anything you want, toys, bells, pieces of wood, forks, paper... The sounds of the objects never follow to the classic tonal system. When she will work the dynamics, varying the intensity of the sounds, and its distribution in time, then she will be aware of the essential nature of music, that is everywhere. But it must exist an order behind. You should pass her some principles of order. And they must be very simple in the beginning.

I did what he suggested with Laura, and I believe it

gave her an initial formation that opened her different possibilities in different fields.

Koellreutter always asked about Laura. Once I gave him some pictures of her, and he put them in his apartment in São Paulo, revealing a great sensitivity.

Several times, with increasing insistence, after 1990, Koellreutter began asking my opinions about to where he should move again. To what country he should go, where he should live his last years of life.

He was, then, about seventy-five years old.

- You know, I will not live much longer. It's time to think about my withdraw, to go to a distant place. I want to go to a place far away from everything. Just disappear. What do you think if I go to live in Portugal? I would like to live closer to you.

For months I searched to him information about all conditions, including legal, for a possible move to Lisbon. But everything seemed to be blocked. After all, it is not easy to make a change of this magnitude at seventy-five years old.

Not only, even before the *Aura Soma Center*, Margarita and Koellreutter had created an interesting cultural center in the city of Tiradentes, Minas Gerais. They loved Tiradentes.

How could him distanced himself from all that?

At the same time, we also agreed to make together a musical composition.

Months passed, but he continued with the idea of moving to some distant place.

– It's true. This project of mine to move is very difficult. I don't know if I will be able to do it. But I feel that I should die somewhere else. I would like to spend

my last days on an island... to live my last years on an island. What do you think about Madeira? Margarita and I really enjoy the island of Madeira. The weather is good and there is no violence.

In the following months, I tried to gather as much information as I could about Madeira Island and especially about the city of Funchal.

I know well the island of Madeira, where I have gone since my childhood. But, knowing the conditions for a move of an important composer, already at an advanced age, requires a different type of information, much more specific.

During the first years of the 1990s, he often insisted that he wanted simply to disappear, and move to an island was a strategy that seemed him appropriate, as if he could just evaporate, without people noticing.

- I will not live forever. Neither you. These things

related to death are too dramatic... too romantic. I'm not a dramatic person. In my case, I would like simply to disappear. Living on an island would be a good solution. A simple solution.

It reminded me what had happened in Petropolis, when he had forgotten the razor in his apartment in Rio de Janeiro.

Koellreutter was a person extremely attentive to his personal image. Even when he was over eighty years old I never saw him unshaved, unkempt, or dressing a dirty cloth.

After the 1990s he started wearing very colorful clothes. Always the same kind of shirt with turtleneck, but now in very strong turquoise blue, for example.

One of his great pleasures was to live surrounded by young people. In the 1990s, he started to frequently make

references to one of his students, Mauro Muszkat, and to the young visual artist Saulo di Tarso.

He had a deep esteem for Saul, for Mauro, but also for Regina Porto and many others. There are many names and it is impossible to list all them. Saulo never was his student, but he was always very close to him in the last years.

It was as if he was automatically rejuvenated by the new generations. All aged, except him. In fact, his great love never was to teach, but always to learn. He was well aware that we never taught, we only learn.

Already in late 2010s I met the pianist Marcelo Bratke in New York City. He had also been his student and reminded him with emotion.

The students around never felt him as an old person.