

Caetano Veloso - Caetano Veloso (1968)

Written by bluelover

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01. *Tropicália* (Caetano Veloso) - 3:37
02. *Clarice* (José Carlos Capinam/Caetano Veloso) - 5:26
03. *No Dia Em Que Eu Vim-Me Embora* (Gilberto Gil/Caetano Veloso) - 2:26
04. *Alegria, Alegria* (Caetano Veloso) - 2:48 [play](#)
05. *Onde Andará* (Ferreira Gullar/Caetano Veloso) - 1:55
06. *Anunciação* (Rogério Duarte/Caetano Veloso) - 2:19
07. *Superbacana* (Caetano Veloso) - 1:25 [play](#)
08. *Paisagem Útil* (Caetano Veloso) - 2:37
09. *Clara* (featuring Gal Costa) - 1:43
10. *Soy Loco Por Tí, América* (Capinam/Gilberto Gil) - 3:42
11. *Ave Maria* (Caetano Veloso) - 1:58
12. *Eles* (Gilberto Gil/Caetano Veloso) - 4:37

Personnel:

- Caetano Veloso – guitar, vocals

Caetano Veloso é o segundo álbum do cantor Caetano Veloso, sendo seu primeiro álbum solo, gravado em 1967 e lançado em 1968 pela gravadora Phillips. Teve arranjos de Júlio Medaglia, Damiano Cozzella e Sandino Hohagen. A música *Tropicália*, primeira faixa deste álbum, daria nome ao próximo álbum lançado por Caetano.

If I had to pick a "scene" in rock history that seems to transcend every pop staple, it would be

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those illuminary Brazillians from the late 60's. There are so many super-talented and visionary artists from that movement, I sometimes feel overwhelmed by the passion and exhuberance of these albums. Caetano Veloso is one of those artists. I sometimes feel like the romantic drama and devil-may-care virtuosity of this album could drive anyone to tears, or at least to youtube, trying to find any way to vicariously experience whatever socio-political hell was responsible for an artist like Veloso to grab everything meaningful in life, shoot it out of an existential cannon; watch it float through outerspace and land in the Amazon. It sounds so futuristic, so contemporary, so pre-historic. I still listen to this album, scratching my head, wondering: "How the hell did he do that? How can anyone evoke everything through sound with seeming effortlessness?" and then I realize it is the entire experience that he is channeling: the military overthrow, the intense repression of individualistic efforts, the racial conflict and an economic overhaul felt through the impoverished ranks of a sickeningly rapid transition to modernity. All of that and just drop you to your knees beautiful songs that the most hardened death-row inmate would fall in love to. Be careful who you are listening to this with; it's sensual allure is basically immutable. This album is absolutely fantastic, and there are several from this movement. Tracks 2 and 5 will absolutely break your heart, while track 12 will leave you sweating with abstract pop largesse. Keeping in mind, that this album starts off with a genre, and perhaps even nation-defining track: Tropicalia. Good God, just buy this album. I have never felt more comfortable recommending an album so unconditionally. ---Jules McCaffery

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