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Carta do Phil



Hey Y'all Students and Parents, My Brethren,

"Swiftboat" has become a verb, and it can also be a noun or an adjective. Google it.

"Uppity" is an interesting word too, an old one, an adjective. Its base meaning is "presumptuously arrogant", but it has mainly been applied here in the United States of Amnesia by white racists, as in "uppity negro", to describe a black person who studied, spoke well or wanted to do things like think and vote. I must say... it appears that a higher percentage of young people are not racist these days, but not nearly as many as should not be.

My junior year high school teacher used to say to us, "There is no room in an intelligent mind for prejudice."

"Ism's" are not only about race, neh? There is also another "ism" among us...sexism, mostly in the form of prejudice against women. Scary, isn't it? But it is not all as far removed as it seems. Cansei de observar, em jantares, women who were always searching their husband's faces to know what they ought to say. I still see it, all too frequently, both here and in Brazil too, where I used to play a game with myself in restaurants, mentally. I would focus my auditory attention on a nearby table of women and men, even college-aged women and men, and I would almost always find that the amount of conversation time was greatly dominated by male voices. Unfortunately, much of the same thing happened, and still happens, at most of the "jantar" tables at which I sit today, also in both countries. Strange, no? And do you want to know where I saw a big exception to this? In Porto Alegre. Its married men are confident enough to not marry wallflowers and to not try to obfuscate their wives and girlfriends...at least the educated men ("formados"), as well as some of the un-educated ones.

By the way, it is also interesting to note that women cannot become rabbis or priests. Isn't it going to be a surprise if God turns out to be a woman?!

Abrassos,

Phil

Tonight's Movie: As Good As It Gets

For all of its conventional plotting about an obsessive-compulsive curmudgeon (Jack Nicholson) who improves his personality at the urging of his gay neighbor (Greg Kinnear) and a waitress (Helen Hunt) who inspires his best behavior, this is one of the sharpest Hollywood comedies of the 1990s. Nicholson could play his role in his sleep (the Oscar he won should have gone to Robert Duvall for *The Apostle*), but his mischievous persona is precisely necessary to give heart to his seemingly heartless character, who is of all things a successful romance novelist. As a single mom with a chronically asthmatic young son, Hunt gives the film its conscience and integrity (along with plenty of wry humor), and she also won an Oscar for her wonderful performance. Greg Kinnear had to settle for an Oscar nomination (while cowriter-director James L. Brooks was implacably snubbed by Oscar that year), but his work here also singled out

in the film's near-unanimous chorus of critical praise. It's questionable whether a romance between Hunt and the much older Nicholson is entirely believable, but this movie's smart enough--and charmingly funny enough-to make it seem endearingly possible. - Jeff Shannon.



Jango Wants to Show You Guys an Awesome Poem About Death of a Loved One...

Let Yourselves Feel It

Stop All the Clocks, Cut Off the Telephone
W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone.
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Pictures



Leo Weber and Felina "Justin Bieber" Holanda at Premium Outlet Mall



Alunos depois de um dia de Outlet Mall

That's all for today, Folks. Phil News.