

# beat|ing the boredom

"If you translate our lyrics from Portuguese, they could be the soundtrack to a John Waters movie," laughs Rodrigo Gorky. "We once met him in Baltimore," adds the baby-faced 26-year-old DJ and producer, of the cult b-movie director. "I was about to cry. He is one of my all time heroes!" Gorky, together with vocalists Marina Vello (a 22-year-old cutesy banshee) and Pedro d'Éyrol (a smooth talking 23-year-old pretty boy) are Bonde do Role; a trinity of musical misfits who are set to alter your perceptions of sun drenched, samba pop.

Two years ago, in a bid to escape the boredom of their home city of Curitiba, the south Brazilian sprawl, which according to Marina is "cold, without beaches and culturally non-existent", the trio started writing their near-nonsensical yet utterly lovable pop songs during drawn-out lunch sessions at a spot called Role Lunches Cafe (Bonde roughly translates as "crew"). Their first few tracks liberally plucked samples from songs they'd heard on the cafe's radio (*Grease*, Daft Punk and *The Darkness*). These familiar loops formed the cut-and-paste hooks behind Bonde's bastardised re-rubs of baile funk – the raw, hyper-sexed, bass music of the favelas. Their kitsch attitude

Bad taste Brazilians like  
their pop fast and filthy



and camp comedy lyrics helped them gain notoriety in Sao Paulo's underground gay club scene. "Our sense of humour is all about really dirty nonsense," explains Marina. "We use a lot of gay slang called bajuba. The scene is such a big part of our lives."

Although initially signed to Mad Decent, the label of globe-trotting musical philanthropist Wes Pentz (aka Diplo) in 2006, Bonde do Role's debut album *With Lasers* was released by Domino. With lyrics featuring a gay James

Bond ("James Bonde") and buck-wild and crazy nights ("Solta O Frango"), it's not surprising that the record was made under rather unorthodox conditions. "We're useless during the day so we'd record at night after going to the 24-hour beer place," smiles Gorky. "Marina was screaming down the microphone at 3am. We had a lot of fun, but the neighbours hated us for a full two weeks."

Text Terence Teh  
Photography Ronald Dick