

SCÚRU FITCHÁDU

PRESS REVIEW



THE BROOKLYN RAIL – April, 2020

Steve Erickson

Several recent albums fulfill a venerable and necessary tradition; they get down and protest at the same time, connecting dance music to the anger and sonic textures of punk. The artists and their music may belong to an existing lineage, but their music also represents a punk-revival rebellion against the current and pervasive homogenized version of dance music.

EDM has become an umbrella term for a field with several dozen sub-genres, but it also describes a culture that pasteurized a sound originally created by gay African-American men into party music for straight white bros. The resistance implicit in '90s rave culture, where being an equal participant in an audience (often with an Ecstasy-enhanced sense of community) replaced worshipping a rock star onstage, got lost as DJs became superstars and raves turned into massive EDM festivals. Marshmello, Diplo, and the Chainsmokers had pop hits with gratingly empty music while more creative producers like Yaeji, Galcher Lustwerk, and Marie Davidson, and innovative styles like gqom and footwork remain niche tastes. If this scenario resembles mainstream rock music circa 1975, it's no wonder that a revolt is in the works.

The punk aesthetic of Pelada's *Movimiento Para Cambio* stems both from its simplicity and the anger of Chris Vargas's vocals and lyrics. Additionally, Vargas and the harsh drum machine programming drown out producer Tobias Rochman's keyboards, which provide simple melodies or droning chords (fake-string patches and rave piano riffs are favorites of the group). Rochman amplifies the impact of Vargas's voice by adding a new filter or cranking up the volume on the beat. "Habla Tu Verdad," the album's catchiest song, spins on an arpeggio played on tuned percussion. Vargas, who identifies as non-binary and uses they/them pronouns, sings in Spanish about surveillance culture, the inescapability of global capitalism, and feminism. Even the choice of that language, reflecting Vargas's Colombian heritage, has political overtones. While it's far from uncommon in contemporary pop music, Pelada, who live in Montréal, have opted not to use either of Canada's two official languages.

At age 65, Cabaret Voltaire member Stephen Mallinder returns as part of the trio Wrangler. Their third album, *A Situation*, looks back to the '80s with a hard, stripped-down sound. But its lyrics are even more concerned with the failures of online culture than Pelada's. Wrangler throws out cynical critiques of the way the Internet has made us more depressed and alienated, sung in brief lines whose concision mirrors tweets, over music that recalls Cabaret Voltaire's *The Crackdown*.

But there's a funny irony to "Machines Designed (To Eat You Up)," which lays out its fear of technology over a robotic beat created on synthesizers and drum machines. Next to the power of Google and Facebook, Wrangler almost seems nostalgic for the televangelists and Islamic fundamentalists who inspired the equally paranoid albums *Cabaret Voltaire* released in the early '80s.

Producer Nicolas Jaar has many projects, but in the past few years he has concentrated on his *Against All Logic* alias. His first album 2012 – 2017 consisted of first-rate but fairly conventional house music. The second album, 2017 – 2019, and non-album singles "Illusions of Shameless Abundance" and "Alucinao," go in a direction that's far more abrasive and modern-sounding. "Illusions of Shameless Abundance" and "If You Can't Do It Good, Do It Hard" both feature vocals from punk poet Lydia Lunch, layering her voice throughout the song. On "Alucinao," the vocals get pitch-shifted and chopped up into a blur. Jaar's production client FKA Twigs, who sings alongside *Estado Unido*, is barely recognizable on the song's second half. Where 2012 – 2017 embraced house music's standard promise of release on the dance floor, 2017 – 2019 lives up to its title, holding up a mirror to the dystopian world we're living in right now.

Lisbon-based singer/producer Scúru Fitchádu takes elements from punk: furious, guttural vocals, distorted bass guitar, and high-speed tempos. But he also draws on his background from Cape Verde, using beats and melodies from its *funaná* music, as well as influences from drum'n'bass. He sings in Cape Verdean Creole. In an odd way, his mix of a punk aesthetic and folk roots recalls the Pogues, down to the way he places accordions where a conventional rock band would use guitar. Other inspirations pop up: Fitchádu uses both African hand percussion and drumming on metal, while his spoken word samples from Black activists and sirens evoke the Bomb Squad's production for Public Enemy and Ice Cube.

In interviews, Fitchádu—whose real name is Marcus Veiga and who has also worked under the name *Sette Suijdade*—espouses a post-genre aesthetic grounded in growing up listening to hip-hop, punk, heavy metal and dance music simultaneously. He proclaims, "This is not easy music. It is music of emotions and combat. I do not pretend to make people feel good. I want them to truly feel what is being done."

His debut album *Un Kuza Runhu* really gets into high gear with “Sorrizu Margô.” The song begins and ends with a sample of a man saying “Upset the established order and everything becomes chaos,” and then loops a man screaming, “Don’t shoot!” through the song’s first half. Rather than becoming the audio equivalent of TV news broadcasts that loop violence against Black people into numbing B-roll, the song remains genuinely harrowing. Fitchádu’s vocals and production create an atmosphere that enhance its horror, rather than letting it fade into the background.

In its summary of the music of the last decade, the Guardian ran an article about the decolonization of dance music, praising the cross-continental pan-African NON collective and their Mexican counterpart NAAFI. Jaar, Pelada, and Fitchádu all live in North America or Europe, but their music reflects their heritage in the global South. Jaar’s use of the English language often turns it into another element in his music rather than centering it as the source of meaning, even when he samples Beyoncé. The concept of punk as rebellion has spread beyond a band—usually, white men—playing short, fast songs on guitars; one can hear it in rappers like JPEGMAFIA, Denzel Curry, and Rico Nasty. The music discussed here represents another welcome expansion of its ideals.



LOUD!

LOUD MAGAZINE – March, 2020

Article translated from Portuguese

Scúru Fitchádu

«Un Kuza Runhu »

Author’s edition

Four years and many arson concerts later domuito promising debut homonymous EP, the Dirty Sette Scúru Fitchádu finally release the first feature film, “Un Kuza Runhu” (Cape Verdean Creole for “a bad thing”). The journey through the fascinating sonic universe of Sette Dirt starts communally authentic cry of punk funana via “Disgadja Si Nta Podê” presenting laivos to Prodigy (“Simentera D’homis”), industrial basses from the bottom of the well (“Un Kuza Runhu”), and ends full of African rhythms in the fantastical “Ora Di Bai” and the poisonously danceable freestyle of “Badju Venenu”. By the Way sampl icons like Malcolm X and Huey Newton, artists like MG 15 and Chullage, and even the Joker of Heath Ledger. For the stylistic and ideological references, the key of “Un Kuza Runhu” lies in the transposition of the intensity of the band’s concerts to the music and the intervening lyrics, with lines such as (translations by the author) “the capital is poison and beats you by fatigue” and “all the poor are my brother’s soldier / rains Molotovs” underlining the punk approach prevailing on the record. Because “Un Kuza Runhu” is that, it’s punk, it’s confrontation, it’s a punch in the winds, and a scream of revolt. The musical roots in funana, electronics, and industrial, knives, synthesizers and concertina, are another chapter of punk outside the exclusion of the guitar, as it has always been. Even because on the day it conforms to a dogmatic expression of the ethos itself, then yes, it will be condemned to death. LP



Francisco Couto – February 12, 2020

Article translated from Portuguese

Scúru Fitchádu, which can be translated from Cape Verdean Creole to something like "dark cerrado", in Portuguese, is a project a little different from what has been developed in Portugal, but at the same time, it wouldn't make sense if it had appeared in another country and at another time. Marcus Veiga's artistic projection results from a fusion of aesthetically opposed musical styles and leads to the creation of a unique (sub)musical genre, which lies between Cape Verde's funaná and punk and hardcore. This idea of fusion, which seems at first sight a bit absurd, had already shown positive results in his EP of the same name released in 2016. In its most recent release, Un Kuza Runhu, Sette Sujidade ventures into the field of LPs for the first time, conserving the same energy and power of destruction that it has always presented to us.

"The last will be the first" is one of the first sentences we can hear at the beginning of this album, which faces us from the first second with high BPMs, screams and heavy beats. "Disgadja si nta podê" introduces us to what the album will be: samples of heavy quotes and punk and metal songs, powerful basslines covered in distortion, a very active and aggressive iron that accompanies the rhythms accelerated and played to the essence of funana.

To this is added the assertive poetry of Marcus Veiga, who gains more strength with the intensity of his delivery with a voice screaming at the top of his lungs and with an open soul - the almadense, being behind all the composition and production of this project, thus enhances authority and authenticity.

The lyrics, which are translated into English at Bandcamp, create several times extremely visual and expressive scenarios, all sharing a dark, violent and subversive imaginary. One feels the anger of Scúru and the frustration he feels in this world governed by a system that survives from inequality and discrimination.

In «Ôji txuba ta txobê Molotova,» he states that «nothing to li ka ta konta, direct action remains» (nothing matters, direct action remains); in «Rassa Mufinu» he promises that «the oppressed ta makes Kurpadu his own» (oppressed will

«Manus Planus Danus» begins with a sample that claims not to support violence, but to be in favor of self-defense, and it is in these details that we understand that the origin of the disorder that reigns in its universe is not necessarily bad, but a natural result of a life of subversion and tiredness, tiredness not only physical but also emotional of witnessing the ethnic, sexual and classist inequality that persist in our society. The very language chosen by the musician, the Cape Verdean Creole, is representative of a marginalized community and its genesis comes from a deconstruction of the lexical base of the Portuguese language, something that goes against the conceptual sound of Un Kuza Runhu.

The title song sounds like something Death Grips would do if they were born or grew up in Portugal, «Manus Planus Danos» takes us to riffs that sound like they came out of the Electric Wizard with a little smell of drum'n'bass, «Fomi 21» is the song that pays the most tribute to Cape Verdean root, in which he sings with more melody and lowers the rhythm a little, just like in «Badju Veneno», which ends the album with his eyes turned to the sky and his arms open, rocked by a concertina of a traditional aura and a beat much less industrial than what is present in most songs.

Scúru Fitchádu seems one of those phenomena that, before we hear it, seems something impossible to materialize, but after materialization, it becomes something that seemed destined to happen. The sonic fusion of aura and punk aesthetics with iron and funana flows in a surreally natural way, a perfect marriage that we feel only Sette could have achieved.

Looking at the history of funana, which takes us back to the times of a colonizing Portugal, we realize that its roots, like those of punk, were born in subversion, and that both were repudiated by the status quo of the time. Cape Verdeans, for example, were forbidden to play funaná, a style in which the people «colonized» the Portuguese accordion and gave it a new life - this is one of the many options that oral tradition attributes to the origin of one of Cape Verde's musical genres. Although geography separates them, the link between these two styles is stronger than it seems: they have in their essence revolt and freedom. And it is in this spirit that Scúru Fitchádu drinks to produce Un Kuza Runhu, the origin of something new that belongs only to him and to his roots. We see a musician who claims not to have technique or musical theory out there to offer something fresh to the world, with an integrity and simplicity that disarms by its naturalness. We see an artist who, without resorting to great European art schools, gets practically on the same level as avant-garde artists, with the difference that, instead of resorting to the power of his technique, he resorts to the energy that feeds his fighting spirit and his will to transform this society into a more just place. Sette Sujidade tries to contagion us with that same energy through music, his weapon, so that the flame of the revolution reappears in the hearts of those who hear him. Do you hear it?



BALTAZAR ROCK – February 11, 2020

Bob Perisic

Surprise of the evening came in the form of SCURU FITCHADU. Or pitch darkness to you and me. And if that hasn't re-arranged your intestines, music this Portuguese artist originally from Cape Verde makes is every bit as incredible and thought provoking as is his live performance. It has been described as electro funana punk. To me it sounded pure, electrifying, wild, tribal, mysterious. Sepultura on acid on their way to meet The Maker. Above all its 300 mph wild ride thru the centuries. Stunning and mesmerising.



THE QUIETUS – February 10, 2020

Richard Foster

[...] We can point to the audience losing its mind at a whirlwind gig given by incredible Cape Verdean electro punks Scúru Fitchádu; who torched Metelkova's Channel Zero with a mind-melting fire kindled by jungle, electro and punk and traditional folk. "[...]"



SCURU FITCHADU NA MENT-U (FOTO: KATJA GOLJAT)



WAV MAGAZINE – February 9, 2020

Article translated from Portuguese

January was prolific as far as punk is concerned. And not necessarily punk rock ridge and steel toe. Scúru Fitchádu released his second album, Un Kuza Runhu, and remains proudly Cape Verdean, ostensibly provocative and brutally honest. It's noise, it's funaná, it's kuduro, it's punk. There are sounds that are maintained through the eleven tracks that make up Un Kuza Runhu, which ensure the cohesion of the album and the aesthetics of Marcus Veiga, and which become truly characteristic of him. "Sarbaji? É mi", he assures. There is indeed something wild about the music of Scúru Fitchádu, in that it stirs up the most atavistic things in those who listen to it, and is not afraid of transgressing boundaries of musical genre. Scúru Fitchádu is the redemption of all the punks who once wanted to dance but never allowed themselves, it is the point where the sounds of European subcultures finally collide with the African sounds where they went to drink to build themselves. - ZM



RAVNO DO DNA – February 9, 2020

Zoran Stajčić

[...] What I would put under the avant-garde exclamation point of the ugliest musical future that comes to us from the south is certainly Scuru Fitchada - a Caperdian Creoleac who performs music called electro funana punk. He and a black singer / dancer, both tattooed legs, exuded brutal energy at Prodigy level during the best of days, while a gangsta-bound DJ mixed subsonic thrash / death metal guitar punches to the beat of aggressive dubstep. Adding to that, every now and then, with a knife, Scuru Fitchad played a metal pole of a pager size that he held like a violin, the impression at Channel Zero Club could be described as that the oppressed third world rose to its feet in its primeval anger and came to revenge. . A situation where you definitely think it is not wise to come in front of an armed man in a frenzied male-female tandem that bellows aggression and dances in adrenaline trance. Scuru Fitchadu is stationed in Portugal, so it might not be a problem to bring him to our clubs and festivals as well. I think that trio would equally inflame the partygoers and metalworkers and hipsters, as was the case at the Ljubljana club on Friday when it all culminated in a general enthusiasm. [...]"

RADIO OBSERVADOR – January 23, 2020

Miguel Branco

Article translated from Portuguese

For Scúru Fitchádu there's nothing cute: this song is a bad thing and I'm glad

No rules, creative freedom, blessed beating. That's more or less what composes or afro-punk-metal-dub-funaná from "Una Kuza Runhu", Scúru Fitchádu's new album. We talked to the musician.

Bad thing is being guerrilla and not being able to dance at the same time. That's right. But in Scúru Fitchádu it is possible to raise your arm and shake your hip, be protesting and be dancing. That's why Un Kuza Runhu [Creole translation: «a bad thing»] is almost an impossibility. This is «un kuza runhu», not by a long shot. I mean, it is, it ends up being, it's bad for its viscerality, for the formal violence, for the imperfect symbiosis between punk/hardcore/metal and funana, with a lot of electronics in the middle. But if being bad is being abrasive in this way, then you almost feel like saying «beat up». Or rather: Scúru Fitchádu up.

Marcus Veiga's first alter-ego record, 40 years old, could be confused with a concert version manifestation, less organized and freer. It comes three years after an EP of the same name and is a gloomy joy for this start of the year. If we had known this before, we would have eaten this record instead of a raisin, to see if everything goes well, to him and to us, all fighters of this nameless chaos that goes around and around.

It's also known as Sette Sujidade, a name that comes from various sources. Seven, before only with a T, comes from the time he played basketball at Bombarral and his coach called him by the number he wore on his jersey. The dirt comes from the time of capoeira, which Marcus always practiced and where he used to call his friends «dirty», in the style, «how is it, dirty? Are you okay?» Something curious, because if there's any entity loose in Scúru Fitchádu's music, it's dirt. In the music and beyond. When we exchanged emails to arrange this interview, Marcus, about photography, just said: «As long as it's not pretty stuff, it's fine by me».

Already with the recorder on, the confrontation had to be done. "It's an identity and I try to follow it, I don't like recordings in fancy studios and stuff. The name comes from other times, but obviously I took that to the music world a bit to justify my very dirty music, lo-fi. So I left the suffix: Dirty," he says, in a bar in Cacilhas.

The location is called here, of course, because Marcus Veiga has lived in Almada since the late 1990s. Before that, an Angolan son of a bitch and a Cape Verdean father, he passed through several addresses. He was in Catujal, in Loures, until he was two years old, of which he has no memories. And then he went west to Bombarral. A very small place where his family was the only African and where he missed this connection to his roots, which he fulfilled when he came to Lisbon to visit the rest of his family. If it was, on the one hand, an area of isolation, of lack of cultural agitation, it was also important because, in the distance, through the radio, he followed the good news of the musical world:

"There wasn't much going on at Bombarral, what I did was follow over the radio what was being done in musical terms. I think it was at school, with that grunge phase, that I started to win the music bug, the electronics, the birth of trip-hop, hip-hop, obviously. I started writing lyrics at that time, more in Caldas da Rainha, when I was there studying in high school", he says.

He remembers a Da Weasel concert at a small club in Foz do Arelho, when the almadenses were still in an embryonic stage. He remembers Rodrigo Gomes (Thunder & Co.), colleague and voice of the school radio, telling him about the blues when he only wanted Nirvana and Prodigy, he remembers not caring about cars and girlfriends and only wanting to have a band. He comes from here, from the West, from his growth looking for more, the heaviest side we find in his music. When, after her parents' divorce, she moved to Almada, she happened to have an address near the garage of Xutos & Pontapés, who sometimes gave up their studio to other groups.

One day, the Coldfinger - a group of Miguel Cardona and Margarida Pinto, where he also collaborated, among others, DJ Cruzfader - were in those parts and Marcus was listening to a tape of Cruzfader while cleaning the yard. «A guy showed up at the gate asking if I liked it and I, ya ya. And then he said, 'Hey, Cruz, come here. And that's how we exchanged contacts and he invited me to go to the New School in '98 or '99. And that's when I think I was on the artistic map of the hip-hop scene,» explains Marcus, or, at the time, Seven, by artistic name.

It was through rap that he entered the world of music, collaborating on various albums, frequenting the spaces that this proliferating style frequented, being recognized in the underground environment. But, somehow, it didn't move forward. Someway is almost always to have to work to eat and to no longer have time. When he moved to the South Bank he started by working at Lisbon Airport in the system

of baggage handling. A job that, despite having a peak intensity during office hours, allowed him to improve his writing, discover more music, read, that thing of a kid with a computer screen in front of him - as we know, the possibilities are endless.

Fewer they became when he went to a factory job where this airport freedom didn't exist. He entered a grey place, like so many people walk a lifetime: «My luck was to have seen a flyer of a course that was going to happen here in Almada, in Music Management and Production, with Rui Miguel Abreu and Nuno Faria. I thought I had to say goodbye, to giving up that little life. And that way I would have more stimuli and I was always very self-motivated. The first tattoos I did, related to music, I made myself do them, so when I looked at this later I would be ashamed if I hadn't done anything in the world of music», he explains.

After that course he got a job as an assistant at Universal Music. That's normal. You go looking for proximity, contacts, bridges. You see how the industry works. Later, he was part of the content creation and communication team of AMG Music, by António Miguel Guimarães, where, among other things, he did the festival O Sol da Caparica for several years. Therefore, Marcus Veiga was at every edge of the barricade and when he decided to go on stage he no longer took the rap

During this time he was gaining technical knowledge and listening to more music, he was working on his own and in a solitary way, he was cooking Scúru Fitchádu. And the detour is easy to explain:

«I always thought hip-hop was that, I wanted to be more. It's not that I'm reductive, but sometimes I felt like screaming, in hip-hop there are rules and formulas, and I felt like being something else. It always attracted me to a more visceral, warlike, artistic side of hip-hop, at the time, you couldn't make a song saying you were gay, your career is over, now it's different, but at the time that opening was missing. There was no room for you to be who you wanted to be. It wasn't enough for me.»

It wasn't enough that the result is far removed from the universe of hip-hop. Another important stop along the way was the dubstep's prime-time, because it changed the way you compose. After all, there were other things beyond jungle and drum&bass, there were bass, there was daring and out of control. And that has everything to do with the body proposed by Scúru Fitchádu. A body that seems to be angry and that comes from his personal history: «I've always been a physical guy. All my life I've done martial arts, karate, capoeira, taekwondo, muay-thai, I've always been in the guerrilla scene, of being alive. So, more than liking a record, a meticulous musician, I always liked guys who had a live impact, I like guys who kick my ass live and I always wanted to be that guy».

This guy that Marcus Veiga always wanted to be is, despite his sonority, a deeply open guy. Who wants peace, even if his music is war: «I wish he wasn't so attached to formats. The metal guys, apart from pushing, can't do anything else, can't dance. Scúru Fitchádu comes against it, you can be the cute one, the bitty one or the hardest guy ever, but you're in communion to express yourself physically or whatever you want. I don't want to wave any flag, it's a space of freedom, without rules, for everyone». We are everybody.

Scúru Fitchádu plays this Saturday in the Bad Habits, about The Salty Years Fest 2020. And presents Un Kuza Runhu, in the Musicbox, on January 31st (Vaiapraia in the first part).





He screams in Creole, he doesn't know a chord, but he has things to say and he plays iron with a knife.

ípsilon
toda a cultura

IPSILON Magazine– January 17, 2020
Article translated from Portuguese

**Here's Scúru Fitchádu
on the album Un Kuza Runhu,
bad thing**

Combat music, indomitable, which instead of the comfort of Luso-tropicalist narratives, carries tensions and tales. The Portuguese Marcus Veiga is Scúru Fitchádu and his desao is the scream, the creole, the funana, the punk, the accordion, the iron and the album Un Kuza Runhu.

It's not just what it says, it's the way it does it, impetuous, the music snaking furiously, inspired by the Cape Verdean rhythms of the funana it heard in its parents' house, the sonic power of the metal and the methods of hip-hop it experienced with its friends at school or the punk ethics of expressing what's in its soul. Scúru Fitchádu is an idea developed by Marcus Veiga, who programs, produces, sings, plays concertina and ferrinho, the instrument of Cape Verde that consists of a metal bar rubbed by another metal object. Or as he says: «I scream in Creole, I don't know a chord, but I have some things to say, while I play iron with a knife.»

Two years ago he told us that his music was not easy to apprehend. «It's music of emotion and combat. I don't pretend to make people feel good.» That'll be true. But it's a vital sonority that you have to propose and that acquires even greater relevance live. At that time there was the curiosity to understand if Sette Sujudade's music, as it is also known, would be domesticated in the future. The album Un Kuzu Runhu (in Portuguese, Uma Coisa Ruim), just released, which follows the EP of the same name that revealed it in 2016, contains the answer.

No, Marcus Veiga, has not adorned its sound. He's still salutally indomesticated, agitating, vociferous from the entrails, between angry rhythms aroused by funana, by distorted bass lines and with a guttural voice that throws words at us in Creole. «I haven't given up that sound, I've kept it rough and crudely, but this one turns out to be a more objective record,» he says.

In his view, the sound of the previous record was more abstract, «a sound folder in which words were seen as another instrument or sound. While now he wanted to understand what was being conveyed. «I channelled my energy into the word and in sound ermos there was an improvement. The sound did not is so scattered, though the locomotive is crazy, noisy and running the same.»

Nothing seems to match Scúru Fitchádu, which coincide with today's world

The record was supposed to come out some time ago. But there were imponderables, like the death in 2018 of Baltazar Gallego, plus known as Razat, producer who had collaborated with Marcus. He made up his mind the other day. No notice, just put the disk on several platforms digital, communicating it on social networks. You sent it to a simple message: «My new record has been on the Internet for half an hour, I'd like you to hear it.» He laughs. «It's true, I don't have a plan, a market strategy. The disk was ready and I put it on the Internet and that's it. It was supposed to be out months ago and it wasn't worth the Pity to postpone it. There was the interest of some publishers to work on it, but I chose to launch it like this, without intermediations». In the next few weeks a vinyl edition will be released, distributed by Garagem Records, containing two themes that are not in the digital edition.

In the last two years it has been giving many concerts and that was also what contributed to the delay in the edition. «I don't have that experience of musicians composing on the road or coming home and hang up completely. It's gotten in my way a bit. Then there was the death of Razat. Anyway, that's no excuse, with willpower you go there. But I couldn't split my head into different ways.»

On the other hand, there were issues that were left out because they did not fit the concept. And what is this concept that presides over the album? «I'm interested in bad things.»

Another thing Marcus Veiga is Portuguese, having been born in Lisbon and grew up in the West, «between Bombarral and Caldas da Rainha», living in the last years in the city of Almada. His mother is Angolan and his father is Cape Verdean. In childhood and adolescence he heard at home some Angolan semba and essentially warm and funana from Cape Verde.

At the same time, at school, from the 1990s on, he socialized with grunge, trash-metal or punk listeners, from the German Atari Teenage Riot to the Portuguese Crise Total, before discovering hip-hop, through the Da Weasel of the beginning, which led him to the Public Enemy or Wu-Tang Clan.

All these references end up being present in his music, despite the incomprehension that it was being targeted. When I heard the powerful music of the Sepultura the cousins of Cape Verde didn't understand him. And when ...if he went to hardcore concerts he was looked at with strangeness. So much for Black Flag American punk, as one would discover from the sound of the Cape Verdeans Bulimundo and Ferro Gaita.

At home, the culture of Creole, gastronomy to the language, it was exalted on Sundays. «In those days there were and there was always partying. The furniture kept away, people came, danced, and Creole was spoken, in particular my grandparents, who came to Portugal in the post-25 of April and they didn't speak Portuguese.» Outside the environment familiar the context was different. «My friends were Portuguese who didn't speak Creole and I, either because I wasn't very encouraged at home or because of modesty, or rejection because of sound, was never a great Creole speaker. In fact, I still have a lot of difficulties,» he laughs.

What makes you sing in Creole then? «After all these years I have reconciled myself with the language. It's a tribute to African roots. I grew up listening to Bonga, Tito Paris or Cesaria Évora. Music was always present at my parents' house. We had two radios with tape players and I still have them.»

Then, as is almost always the case in generational issues, he moved away from the Africanized music of his parents, embracing what his friends heard, from punk to metal. At the beginning of adulthood, when he began to write and his artistic impulses emerged, he found himself with traces of the beginning again. «In part this happened due to hip-hop, when I started writing, and there was a search for my identity, trying to understand where my family came from and what legacy they had left me.»

As with most agents who create music that reflects different experiences, sounds and identities, they keep asking you if you're Portuguese or Cape Verdean, as if you had to subtract and not accumulate. In Cape Verde he is looked upon as Portuguese. In Portugal recognition is not always automatic.

«When I write I do it in Portuguese and then I adapt it to Creole. Maybe that's why the Creole community that listens to me doesn't identify much with me. It turns out to be something else. I don't have that language gymnastics like Carlão or Chullage in the construction of thought.

I do things my way, adapting them, but I'm the one saying I belong here too, even though my world is made from the accumulation of various worlds».

For a long time the second and third generation afro-descendant, practicing languages like hiphop but not only, seemed far from Creole. Perhaps because she was told by her parents that this would be the best how to integrate. There were moments of visibility from the 1990s onwards (like Karlon's Nigga Poison), but there seemed to be an unresolved tension between recognition and invisibility. In the last years the new generations have reconciled with Creole, whether in rap or in the production of new Afro-Portuguese inspired hybrids like Scúru Fitchádu. What is interesting is that many of these agents do not even know Cape Verde, but there is an identifying relationship, rebuilding and moving borders and national belongings.

In Marcus' view, in the current context, with the increasing affirmation of Creole there is also the danger of it being used as a mere prop. At the same time, the language and its practitioners are increasingly trained, greater visibility - although still largely confined - there is also the temptation to «be used artificially as an ornament, by some fringes». In other words, in your vision, if on the one hand there is a communicational effect that makes it increasingly known a Lisbon of Africanized traces, on the other hand there is the danger of digestion by a market that turns everything into merchandise.

If there is a surrounding Afro-Lisbon, tender and tropicalist, Scúru Fitchádu is the other side of it. It's in the back. of that comfortable reality that acts. It's the other side of that narrative. It's the pressures of everyday life. It's racism. It's the inequalities. It's the struggle for a life more worthy screaming in anger. «I'm glad there are artists that show that side of assertion and celebration, but that's not my barricade. Mine's the one with the rage, of taking out conflicts that for decades were silenced.» The generation of your grandparents and parents neither always wanted to make waves. Marcus Veiga's has experiences and new imaginary to share with all of them, but he doesn't want to put the tensions behind him and conflicts.

«It's one thing to take a train every day on the Sintra line at dawn and another to be saturated with Anglo-Saxon or Portuguese culture and want to renew yourself with others, using them and throwing them away without criteria. This is where the exploitation and a kind of saleable Luso-tropicalism that should be criticised comes from».

In recent times he has acted assiduously abroad and is aware that, while avoiding being used as an emblem or as representing an intercultural Lisbon reality, he ends up benefiting from this image. «This contradiction exists,» he admits. «At the same time as I try to distance myself, I know that the festivals' producers invite me because I'm supposed to expose a sound of Lisbon».

And it sets an example. This year he will play at one of the biggest European festivals, the Roskilde in Denmark, which he takes for granted due to his work and the French agent with whom he operates. But you know that it also happens "because in this kind of events they wish that I, like with Buraka Som Sistema or Throes & The Shine, represent a kind of cool tropicalism. And that's what I dispute. I don't want to represent anything at all, except myself.

If possible, I'd prefer to maintain a certain naivety. I scream in Creole, I don't know a chord, but I have a few things to say, while I play iron with a knife. And that's it, nothing more." But it is not only on Portuguese soil, or when you travel around Europe, that you expose yourself to cultural paradoxes. The music that inspires him, the funana from Cape Verde, also carries conflicts and he knows this, even in comparison with the warmth that was constituted weeks ago as a heritage immaterial of humanity. "I like it very much.



of lukewarmness, that's not what this is about, but in the funana is still largely outlawed."

I'm glad there are artists who show that side of affirmation and celebration, but that's not my barricade. Mine is that of anger, of taking out conflicts that had been silenced for decades».

The different islands of Cape Verde end up being connoted with various genres, the music being more percussive, "the one that was most forbidden during colonialism, linked to the slaves and to the Bantus people who populated the island of Santiago", the most forbidden along of decades. "The funana is people's music, barefoot, of poor, of dust, of stripping", he justifies. "Even today that's how it is. Funana is festive and celebratory, but it has a root also in blues, bohemian, demon, craft, in knowing how to play three or four chords, while if you drink and drink and drink. It's a dirty scene."

For the traditional African and Lisbon community, "Scúru Fitchádu is as if he didn't exist," he says. And to the others, for those who grew up listening to Buraka Som Sistema, Branko, Beat, Throes & Shine, Fire, Nigga

Fox or DJ Marfox, or overseas, the Americans Death Grips, for example? «At first I don't think it was very welcome, but now there's this afropunk badge that's in vogue and it's changed.» In recent times he collaborated with his friend Dino d' Santiago and participated in Conan Osiris' show at the Coliseum. But his great references are «the usual ones»: «Carlão, in the beginning. Adolfo Lust Cannibal is a reference for this project and he knows it. And Nuno Santos (Chullage), for his omnipresence, the letters, the companionship. Sometimes I'm writing and I think: what would Chullage think about this subject? It's always there.»

In the album that has now released the crazy sound, the robust sound of the bass, the electronic deformation and the occasional accordion sounds involve the voice cavernous, in a combustion where we find traces of funana, metal, industrial environments or urban languages like jungle or dubstep. In Fomi 21 he ends up singing that «Road without direction is braku without fundu / Forti is txoru and mundu is duedu nes viagem», that is, «Road without direction is a bottomless hole / The cry is strong and the world is suffered in this journey», while in Un kuza runhu begins by saying «Servu dentu kaza grandi / Ou martir la meio di rua / Pan korrê e frontás ku fuska», that is, «Servo inside the big house / Or martyr in the middle of the street / I will run and face them armed», almost always interspersed with words of a combative nature, in a dirty realism that does not forget poetic forms.

The last two themes (Ora di bai and Badju venenu) turn out to be a bit diverse. Instead of cholera, lament and even a certain romanticism. The first one approaches the more traditional forms of funana. The second is an acoustic incursion. «This is me showing that this isn't just noise, beating, beating and madness,» she laughs. «It's field music, work music, something more suffered. Or maybe it's me wanting to show that I'm aware of my roots.»

If on disk there are moments of truce to the bodies, on stage that rarely happens. It's the very one that assumes that your music is to be experienced live, between the collective, in the physical and emotional interaction between stage and audience. He's never standing still, vociferously microphone or playing iron and accordion. Someone throws programming, rhythms, electronics, as a performer The Committee of the Regions would like to invite you to repeat the cry and the agitation. of people. «The training, in concert, has already varied, but this is the genesis, I don't want to stylize. It's me in my would yell, with the iron and concertina, at someone else in machinery and Marcia in performance.»

On the 31st of January there will be a concert at MusicBox in Lisbon. It's likely that in the audience, are friends and accomplices, side by side with anonymous audiences, among them also foreigners, perhaps seduced by this idea that it will be the emblem of a cosmopolitan image of the city. Could it be that, or just the will to abandon themselves to a serpentant, bodily music. One thing is certain: the music and stage presence of Scúru Fitchádu will not eliminate edges, tensions and antagonisms. On the contrary, it will try to transport them and until it accentuates. His music and the dystopian imaginary that transmits don't comfort, they provoke.

Even if he says he doesn't want to mean anything, it's as if living in the dark back of new hotels of Lisbon and the engalanadas parties of a lusotropicalism that erases traces of tension according to the self-image of an integrating country of difference, such as if racism, segregation and inequality were one thing from the past. The music of Scúru Fitchádu is the element disharmonious and strange of the party it ends up generating curiosity, because it is part of our good manners to relate- We see the difference, but where nothing seems coincide, which eventually coincide with the times troubled of today. «Sarbaji»? It's mi propi mi,» he shouts.

"I don't want to represent anything but myself at all. If possible, I prefer to maintain a certain naivety. I scream in Creole, I don't know a chord, but I have some things to say, while I play iron with a knife. And that's it, nothing else"

AFROPUNK.

AFROPUNK – March 12, 2019

Nathan Leigh

"With a punk ferocity and a jungle beat, "Oji Txuba ta txobê Molotova," the newest single from the Cape Verdian artist Scúru Fitchádu ("Deep Dark" in Capeverdian creole), is a frenetic antifascist anthem. The video, whose title means "Today, it rains molotovs" intersperses footage of kids playing soccer innocently with shots of antifa activists getting ready to fight to protect them. The song sounds like the homemade bomb of the title, one that detonates in your auditory cortex; and it's a stark reminder of what's at stake, as fascism continues its pernicious rise around the world. Scúru Fitchádu describes the song as a call to "fight against every form of racism and social oppression," citing "the moral obligation to not let this poison slide. Fascism is not [to be] discussed, it must be fought!" Hear! Hear!"



RIMAS E BATIDAS – February 4, 2019

Reb Team

"Luckily I've been playing a lot and the audience there has the perception of what Scúru Fitchádu really is about. I've been playing for audiences and what satisfies me the most is seeing a cross between guys that might be different in taste at first. I see old school punks at moshpit with the trance guys, the boiling bass music guys, girls from 'good families' crowdsurfing on top of the 'berdianus boys'. All in a very interesting salty to see and feel. This is what I make music for. I want to be The Specials of Almada! [Laughter]"





PUBLICO PORTUGAL – January 10, 2019

Scúru Fitchádu, Fogo Fogo and other Portuguese projects at EUROSONIC, reflection on exports

The national performance at the festival, which takes place from 16 to 19 January 2019 in Groningen, the Netherlands, also includes O Gajo, Keep Razors Sharp, Whales and Diron Animal.

After being the country highlighted in 2017 at the Eurosonic festival, a privileged showcase of European music, Portugal continues to be present at one of the largest events and fairs of this type in the world, with six national artists confirmed in the 2019 edition of the festival, which takes place in Groningen, the Netherlands, from 16 to 19 January.

These are Firefire, The Guy, Keep Razors Sharp, Scúru Fitchádu, Whales and Diron Animal, who, after having to cancel last year's performance due to bad weather, have been invited back by the organization.

As part of the integration of the WHY Portugal platform into two European networks of music export offices, the European Music Export Exchange and the European Talent Exchange Programme (ETEP), it is guaranteed that at least three Portuguese projects will be invited each year to Eurosonic, the final selection of projects being the responsibility of the event's programmer, Robert Meijerink, and his team. In 2019, this presence is reinforced, since there are already six confirmed names.

According to Why Portugal, the ETEP network is particularly important for artists who have the opportunity to perform at the festival, as the fact that they perform live in front of a professional audience and the direct contact they can have with them facilitates the organisation of European festivals in cooperation with the European Broadcasting Union, export offices and the media.





RIMAS E BATIDAS– September 29, 2018

ReB Team

Article translated from Portuguese

Scúru Fitchádu on "Simentera d'homis": "It means the urgency to find and focus on the men and women who really serve as role models for others."

«Simentera d'homis» is the second single from Scúru Fitchádu's upcoming album. The theme follows «Sorrizu Margôs», the first single from Un Kuza Runhu, his first long-lasting album.

This summer, Scúru Fitchádu's program has taken him to festivals such as Millions of Feast, ZigurFest, Avante, Imminent, FMM Sines and Soundville. With a unique approach that makes it a unique case in the Portuguese universe, Marcus Veiga mixes funaná, metal, drum'n'bass or punk and faces all preconceived ideas. After the initial strangeness, his music won over many fans. «It's very rewarding to have this love and especially to realize that it has an effect on those who look at this thing closely,» he revealed in a conversation with Rimas e Batidas.

The video, directed by João Garrinhas, «a brother of struggle», completes the song with dark and mysterious images that feed Scúru's «sonic» filiation. Load into the game, but with caution. **Tell us about the title of the song: what is this «Simentera d'homis»?**

«Simentera d'homis» literally means «semis d'hommes» in Cape Verdean Creole. This means the urgent need to find and focus on men and women who really serve as role models for others and for generations in the context of the «fast food» mentalities that currently exist. Focus on hard work, do it yourself, in the daily struggle for well-being, beyond money, or that the ego draws attention to examples like «reducing its expenses».

The ignorant populism in which we live is very worrying. We must value examples of citizens who still bring a little hope and it is in this concept that I support this theme: «Simentera d'homis ki n-tra nha tchapé». «Sowing seedlings of men to whom I take my hat off»].

We must value, support and take our hat off to the brothers and sisters who are fighting, who have the tomatoes on site! As the serious case of LBC Souljah and Kromo di Ghetto, who, even if they know that they are forever marked and that they will be forced to look constantly in the street for denouncing the savagery of the police against gratuitous attacks and abuses of authority. The members of the Alfragide team fight daily in a long and painful judicial process against a racist system and give priority in the first place to the version of the stick of 18 police officers involved. These are the terms combatants and front line fighters such as Platform Guetto, SOS Racism, Femafro or Immune. Let this fight be an example that we should not just sit around and do "like" on publications. The fight must be fought on all fronts, it is guaranteed! This world is not working for the best, but resigning oneself to inertia is a failure of any size. We must inculcate in future generations that there is more than what they show or impose. Cool and real is walking informed. Let's replace these terms of fashion and ignorant belonging "crazy life" or the stupid "it's noise" with "hard work". "Do it yourself", "get up and run".... "Open your eyes and move on."

No more drum'n' bass on this second single of the album: how does this musical genre appear in the equation?

The first single had more «metal» contours. I come here to release this new single with this sound almost like a statement. Drum'n'bass, or bass music in general, is actually one of the sources from which I draw most of my inspiration from the creative process, making it clear that the Scúru Fitchádu palette is more than what they have highlighted. «It's a kind of funaná with metal and I don't know what»... In fact, it doesn't have a drawer, I love not knowing what it is, I love hearing the theories about what it can be. It is to have this facility and freedom to be nothing and to be everything. It's to get on stage and for the different urban tribes to cradle this shit with me like there's no tomorrow. It's about fighting and purging music.

The video perfectly completes the song. How did you come up with this result?

I have a fighting brother (Garras de Outros Ângulos) whose vision and activist attitude are perfectly integrated into what I always want to transmit with each song of Scúru Fitchádu. He has already worked with me on the previous single and is almost an invisible part of it, whose contribution is made by transforming the themes of my themes into images. The guy fully understands my vision and direction and proposes ideas, details that only someone who is aware of current difficulties and urgent social priorities can propose. I couldn't give that to someone who was just a «very good guy and hipster of video», there had to be agreement, harmony of ideas and above all activism! I refuse to work with mercenaries, driven by money... there must be a pact with a brother in arms. To highlight the presence of my other older brother Lulas (Cachupa Psicadélica) who was invited to appear in this video.

I have always had a greater attraction for the dark and mysterious, for the bittersweet, for the foreigner. This cinematographic image typical of the streets of New York in winter, with figures and beggars warming themselves around a lit barrel, singing blues, screaming wounds, telling stories has always intrigued me. What are they singing? What are they singing about? What happens when everything in their past and their experience has failed? That's the question I tried to convey in this video. I have failed in my life, but I know where I have failed and why I have failed...

You've traveled a lot in the last few months. Were you surprised by people's reactions?

Certainly, I have had the opportunity to spread this poison with some regularity this year across the country. I think that at every concert, there are people who discover this, but there is still a lot to do! As a general rule, 90% of the public and some promoters are completely unaware of Scúru Fitchádu. It is my primary function to «walk hard on my floor» so that they come home, knowing what it is, who I am and, above all, that they realize what I am doing.

It's wonderful to be inserted in big posters of independent music festivals and you have people who tell you that they have travelled several kilometres from A to B to see Scúru in this festival. It is very rewarding to have this love and basically realize that it has an effect on those who are watching this thing up close. I reap these benefits, whether in acceptance by some, a change of opinion and conquest by others, recognition of artists and colleagues in the various hemispheres and sound degradation with many years of experience





PUBLICO PORTUGAL –October 27, 2017

Vitor Belanciano

Article translated from Portuguese

Scúru Fitchádu: Punk will not die listening to Funaná

At home, he listened to funaná and spoke Creole. On the street, he heard punk, metal or hip-hop. Today, at 37 years old, Marcus Veiga is Scúru Fitchádu and exposes these experiences, in one of the vital adventures of contemporary Portuguese music, to be experienced on Wednesday, at the MusicBox in Lisbon, on Jameson's urban roads

It's now, the percussion and electronics have given the bodies a little respite, there's almost tranquility in the piece, the singer's torn voice is collected, the audience sighs, but at any moment, everything will return to the initial frenzy.

And the ritual repeats itself. The sound is coming back. The bass seems to ricochet on the walls, the drums accelerate even more, there is noise and distortion, you can hear an accordion and iron in the background, while the singer shouts something imperceptible in Creole, but it is the anger he expresses that is recorded. Anyone who has ever seen Scúru Fitchádu on stage knows that it is an experience of limits.

The punk attitude and distortion intersect with the rhythms of Cape Verdean funaná, mediated by dub or hip-hop techniques and electronic metamorphoses. In Portugal, in recent months, it is difficult to find another musical adventure so vital. Behind it is the Portuguese Marcus Veiga, also known as Sette Sujidade, and now also known as Scúru Fitchádu.



ANTENA 3 – May 31, 2017

Bruno Martins

Article translated from Portuguese

Marcus Veiga is the name of Sette Sujidade's project, now better known as Scúru Fitchádu. A name in Creole to mark the strong link between this 37-year-old producer from Almada and Funaná in Cape Verde - who has always grown up in dark and closed places, never letting the celebration end. It's a feedback on these influences, but without separating the funaná from the punk, hip hop and metal with which Marcus Veiga grew up: "I'll look for the ground for harmonies - if they exist - he says! Scúru Fitchádu will open the evening of the second day of the MIL festival, at the Musicbox, in Cais do Sodré. "It's a venue I've wanted to play in for a long time. And it's going to be even heavier, because I'm going to open it for Linda Martini - so I'm going to try to blow up the stage so that Helio Moraes can say there's nowhere to put the battery."

You have adopted the artistic name Sette Sujidade and it is under this name that you have developed your work as a producer. At the MIL festival, you will perform with the Scuru Fitchádu project.

Sette" comes from when I was a child, when I played basketball and was number 7 - that was even before Ronaldo arrived (laughs). "Sujidade" is the name that comes from a small group of friends where I've always been the guy with the weirdest ideas! I come from a hip hop base, from the late 1990s, and I've always heard other things more distant, more lo-fi, with more distortion, that were running away from the more compact hip hop line. When I started writing, it was always in a lo-fi style, very punk. I've never been on the side of virtuosity, composition and samples. I would love to, but with all the rustic tools I had.....

And this is still the model you follow, now with Scuru Fitchádu?

Yeah, that's where the dirt comes from. It is to bring dirt into the harmonies - if they exist! I go directly to my influences: from Atari Teenage Riot, Prodigy, Tricky to the aesthetics of Tom Waits, less easy, more open-minded. I transposed all this into my Sette Sujidade language and now it translates into Scuru Fitchadu, which is a mixture of what I heard in the familiar part, the PALOP music, the semba, the funaná.

Scúru Fitchádu performs Friday at 10pm at the Musicbox in Lisbon, at the opening of the second day of the MIL festival

When did you first feel the need to do something to tinker with the memories of the music you heard at home when you were younger ?

Everything was in parallel: while I was listening to hip hop, I also heard Creole songs, funaná. And I started sampling these Cape Verdean records for my music. Then I had the chance to meet Nuno Faria - ex-Afonsinhos do Condado - a teacher at the ETIC. I showed him an instrument I had sampled at Ferro Gaita, he told me it was very good, but he asked me: "What about the real deal?" That's when I thought to myself: it's nice to have a concertina and learn to play a few little things just for me, to learn a more traditional and rural instrumental funaná - related to the island of Santiago. I finally deepened my research and started listening to Ferro Gaita and realizing where they came from; I discovered Bitori Nha Bibinha, who taught other players... I arrived in Bulimundo and Finaçon, to the electrification of funaná in the 80s... finally, it is this learning that started with the first experiences I could do at home in 2010.

What is the purpose of your Scuru Fitchadu project?

When I created this, I didn't try to do something that doesn't exist... Buraka Som Sistema, for example, brought this thing of progression to Kuduro, something that already existed, but they reaffirmed and exploded in the world. I didn't have the idea of doing something different, because it's something natural: I've always loved funaná and I've always loved beat music, so if something different came out of it, it wouldn't be me! That's why I put aside the idea of hip hop and mixtapes.

With hip hop, have you learned how to make this crossing?

Exactly, because hip hop is a school, practically. Educate, more and more. The sampling process is a research work, an almost musical anthropology! And then I started hearing Public Enemy and the Wu-Tang clan and looking for that little sound that had been heard there. «Al Green? And the funaná was the same thing: listening to Ferro Gaita and Bulimundo and attacking the masters. It is education and the unceasing quest every time I sit at the head of the PC or concertina to try to understand what I am going to do now.

«Funaná is very much linked to the marginal scene, to which it has been marginalized and put aside. Concertina musicians have a punk language, because until recently, there were no very virtuous guys: they were three or four chords that could last at least six hours or a full baptism.»

And above all, you have references that, in my opinion, also have something dark. When I hear Ferro Gaita or Bulimundo, my imagination always ends at neighbourhood parties, in dim light, where anything can happen! Also linked to this world of punching, with punk?

Exactly. When I present the Scúru Fitchádu project, the guys ask me which drawer I am in. I say "punk", and when you get there, you'll see what can come out. Funaná, that's what you say, but I also see a bit like this primary blues from New Orleans, bohemian, with a beat in the mix... funaná comes from this line, very linked to the marginal scene, to be marginalized, to be put aside. Concertists have a punk language, because until very recently there were no very virtuous guys playing: there were three or four chords that could last six full hours of dancing or a full baptism.

Have you shown older generations this revisit of funana? What did they tell you?

He hasn't reached these generations yet, but the little he has reached... well, they haven't had much fun there (laughs). After all, the Cape Verdean people are still a little conservative. And I understood. If a madman came here mixing fado and distortion...

But you also like being provocative.

Exactly: doing things without pretensions and that's why I assume a punk aesthetic in what I do. Not only in the sound, but in the attitude! The feedback is negative (laughs)..... but that's what gives strength. Only 20% of the remaining comments are excellent, it's people who understand what I'm doing. You have to be open-minded and know why you're doing this.

"Listening to hip hop, I also heard the Creole song, the funaná. And I started sampling these Cape Verdean albums for my music."

What have you already edited?

There was an EP last year, entitled Scúru Fitchádu.

«When I started writing, it was always in a lo-fi way, very punk. I've never been on the side of virtuosity, composition and samples.»

And this is the EP you're showing at the MIL festival?

Exactly! Exactly! But I'm already working on a next EP - maybe even before the summer, we'll see.

It goes to the same sound line, but those who heard the first and were in doubt about what they heard, this one explains why I say this verse or use this sample. At the MIL I'm going to present the complete EP and maybe make more jokes, with covers that I play.... it always goes well live!

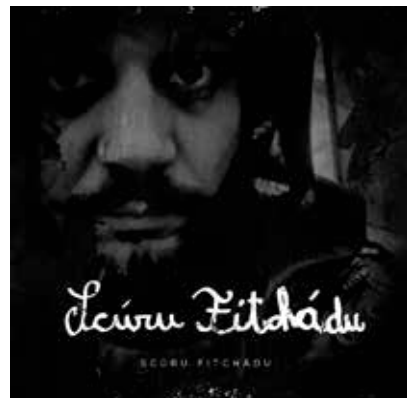
What does a Scúru Fitchádu concert look like?

Iron and concertina must always be present, even if they are only a few incursions into the concertina. But it essentially works with Ronnie[Ronaldo D'Alva Teixeira] on percussion and I have Chullage who accompanies me live to sample, shoot midi, other percussion and everything he wants to do, essentially.

February 5, 2018

Diogo Santos

Translated criticism from Portuguese



Fuck the cannons. Scúru Fitchádu means Festa Rija, in a non-academic and totally simplistic translation. But, in fact, the linguists who report Marcus Veiga and Sette Sujidade as possible and perhaps more plausible associations are also on the Internet. Basically, we must be able to accept all these differences in thinking. Especially since there is no other way when there is an EP of this caliber.

Scúru Fitchádu, an EP named after the author, is what is called in gastronomy something salty. Forget the negative connotations that can be associated with this term. Think more about salt thanks to one of these seaside resort bracelets that allows you to put on the same tray, and under the always curious gaze of the whole room, a cachupa, a doughnut, a pint and a bottle of ethyl alcohol to treat wounds. That is, funaná, hip hop, punk and metal. "Ken Ki Frâ", the opening title, translates as "Who said it" and is now the answer to give to all those jealous people who whisper when they see a brave man eating melon slices with scrambled eggs. Bold. Dense. Lots of diapers. In the typical bagpipe samples of the funaná there is a kind of urgency. A willingness to show that all you need to do to transform yourself is to be willing to do so. In that case, well done.



The recipe for this constructive destruction is extended by the four remaining pieces of the EP. «The «Ravoluçan Ketu» reminds us at one point of this salty dish so typical of Braga, Mão Morta. There's dirt everywhere. S'Ama Laba Burkan», at first, looks like the sound result of an electric sandpaper smoothing the eardrums. In the second, the irons and the harmonica - once again the harmonica - have already taken care of everything. You can't listen with headphones. It's not even music to listen to alone. It's a waste of money. A crime, I would say. «Scúru Fitchádu», the fourth mesh, extends the abrasive aesthetic and takes it to another level. The voice sample seems to come from one of Metallica's many concerts in Portugal.

"Lobus" ends with a huge dot. The sample harmonizes the track. And then there's something like that: they drink a boring coffee in Montmartre, in Paris, and then suddenly a dilapidated Renault 5 comes along and blows everything up. Bodies on the ground. Sparks sparkle from the toaster. There's smoke. The alarm is already going on. The sprinklers of the fire system start up and it rains on the coffee. The car radio is still on and seems to play a kind of Cape Verdean music that pleases. We all dance. "Are we resurrecting?" asks a young man who doesn't believe a young woman who is surprised. "We have risen from the dead! We are resurrected," shouts the dance floor. That's all I'm telling you. No one believes it.