

DRESSING FOR LULA

In a heavily fortified boutique, São Paulo's richest women shop on.

BY REBECCA MEAD

It was hard, in the weeks before the landslide victory last October of Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, the left-wing candidate in Brazil's recent Presidential election, to find anyone who was very enthusiastic about his opponent, José Serra. Serra was a well-regarded economist and former health minister whose record of public service was accompanied by a deficit of charisma so severe that even his supporters noted his physical resemblance to Uncle Fester of the Addams Family. It was hard to find support for Serra, but not impossible, and a good place to look was within the cream-colored, heavily guarded walls of Daslu, a women's clothing store in a wealthy residential district of São Paulo. The store—which is windowless and has clusters of unsmiling security guards standing at its entrances, as if it were the embassy of a particularly beleaguered nation—caters to rich Brazilians, members of the ten per cent of the population who command nearly half the national income, and wear Chanel, Valentino, or Dolce & Gabbana. The Daslu customer does not speak in the voice of the man or woman on the street, not least because Daslu customers don't actually walk on the street but are driven around in Mercedeses that have been equipped with bulletproof windows and armored panels and, in some cases, gun-carrying chauffeurs. So, with the inevitable victory of Lula, as the new President is known, drawing near, the political chatter in the store ran to resigned humor at the dark days to come.

Six days before the election, a customer named Ruthinha Malzoni was at Daslu, making her selections from the designer collections that had just arrived from Europe. Malzoni is one of the city's better-known society figures, on account of her striking beauty, her startling agelessness, her personal charm, and her svelte aplomb when it comes to wearing the latest designer creations.

She had arrived at the store wearing a white silk Dolce & Gabbana tailored suit and a vividly colored bustier by Dior, a massive crucifix of Brazilian gems resting on a cantilevered bosom, and had settled into a curtained area with a rackful of clothes and a small gaggle of salesgirls, who rushed back and forth with armfuls of finery. Every so often, a maid in a black dress with a white lace collar and cuffs would appear with a tray, offering cups of espresso and glasses of water.

The real had slipped to its lowest point yet, almost four to the dollar; but the nation's financial crisis did not appear to be having any effect on Malzoni's life style. She didn't need to try on any Chanel outfits, she said, because she'd been in Paris a month earlier, staying at the Plaza Athénée, and had been unable to resist popping across the street to the Chanel boutique. She was in the market for clothes for a New Year's trip to Hawaii, though she declared the gauzy four-and-a-half-thousand-real Blumarine dress she tried on for that purpose to be ugly. "I look like I could be taking care of children in this dress," she said. More to her liking was a fifteen-thousand-real beaver-fur bomber jacket by Dolce & Gabbana that could be worn only in the cold Northern Hemisphere, and a seven-thousand-real sequined skirt by Blumarine that could be worn only after dark. Stripped to a thong and hopping in and out of outfits as swiftly as if she were playing a dozen characters in a one-woman show, she also purchased a black Valentino pants suit that tied in front, a bias-cut Prada skirt, a pair of velvet pants from Chloé, and a pair of high-heeled Dolce & Gabbana sandals that were adorned with enough dangling jewels to equip a chandelier.

Malzoni and her husband live in an apartment in a modern, high-security high-rise in São Paulo which has the at-

mosphere of a Parisian mansion from a more gracious era, with heavy swag curtains and antiqued mirror panels and gray-painted walls hung with twentieth-century Brazilian art. The Malzonis spend their weekends at the family “farm,” an estate an hour outside São Paulo. Their large mansard-roofed house faces a lake and is surrounded by an

parties.” Either that or the parties would be ones she couldn’t bring herself to go to—like the fund-raiser for Lula a week earlier, which the Malzonis had declined to attend. The host was an industrialist who appeared to nurture hopes of a position in the new government; his wife was thought to have her eye on an ambassadorship in Paris or Rome. “I heard

from all angles, and said, “Oh, we have to pray for the guy to be eliminated by an angel.”

The Lula dress turned out not to be a good fit—“For this you need big boobs and a permissive husband,” Malzoni said. Instead, she tried on a narrow black Galliano gown with a thick, low-slung belt in bright colors. “Now all



Ruthinha Malzoni at Daslu, where the salesgirls come from the same social class as the customers. Photograph by Gillian Laub.

eighteen-hole golf course, built to Paulo Malzoni’s design. Paulo, who is Malzoni’s third husband, develops shopping malls in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, but Ruthinha comes from a political family—her father was a senator, and her grandfather was the governor of a southern Brazilian state.

“I don’t think we’re going to have as many parties as we have clothes once Lula is elected,” she said, trying on a pair of black-and-gold evening pants. “The husbands are all going to be too upset for

that when Lula thanked the hostess at the end of the evening he addressed her as ‘Compañero,’” Malzoni said, shuddering. One of the salesgirls brought out a dramatic Galliano dress with a daring gash across the front, exposing cleavage and the underside of one breast. The dress was deep red, the color that had been on the Socialist billboards and flags all over São Paulo that season, and Malzoni shrieked when she saw it. “This red one is the Lula dress!” she said. She wriggled into it, examined herself

I need are parties to go to, and a country happy enough for us to go dancing,” she said.

Brazil is a country of huge economic disparities, in which the poorest forty per cent of the population command only eight per cent of the wealth, and those in the richest tier are as pampered as the nobility in pre-Revolutionary France. The Malzonis employ, in their two homes, ten household workers, including a man who looks after the golf

course and its enormous clubhouse. (The sitting room of the clubhouse is hung with photographs of golfing visitors to the Malzoni farm, such as Bill Clinton and Anthony Hopkins. Holding pride of place is a vintage photograph showing Fidel Castro, Raul Castro, and Che Guevara playing golf.) The rich make semi-annual shopping trips to Europe, timed to coincide with the arrival of the new fall and spring clothes. Wealthy Brazilians keep homes in Florida, and shuttle back and forth to New York as easily as a busy Brooklyn congressman—though the Malzonis have not been to New York since September 11, 2001, for fear of further terrorist attacks. They did visit Las Vegas last year, where they were obliged to submit to security checks. “They made me take off my Jimmy Choo shoes!” Ruthinha recalled. “The soles on those are so thin you couldn’t fit a bomb in there!”

Within the precincts of the wealthy in São Paulo, Daslu is an institution, a provider of necessities to those who want for nothing. It was founded forty-five years ago by Lucia Piva de Albuquerque, the wife of a well-to-do lawyer, who started out by selling fashionable clothes to her friends in her home, donating part of the proceeds to charity. Lucia, an abbreviation of which provided the name for the store, died nine-

teen years ago, and was succeeded by her daughter Eliana Tranchesi, under whose direction the store has metastasized, engulfing an entire row of houses that have been joined together to form a warren of interconnected salons stuffed with merchandise, all hidden behind the bunker-like exterior wall.

For rich residents of São Paulo, all of life is conducted indoors, since it’s only at private homes or in the right restaurants or stores that it is safe to wear a watch or jewelry; and Daslu—with its plushly furnished anteroom, where there are couches and book-piled coffee tables and sprays of orchids, and its racks of pretty clothes—is a universe of luxury largely insulated from the outside world. (Insulated, that is, except when the intrusion of that world is unavoidable, such as the time in 1990 when inflation rates of eighty per cent in one month rendered price tags on the clothes meaningless, because a gown would cost one amount in the morning and another by the end of the afternoon.) Daslu’s Chanel shop has one of the highest turnovers per square foot of any Chanel store in the world; in the Prada department, shoes in all sizes and colors are piled on racks, as if they were in a very expensive branch of Payless.

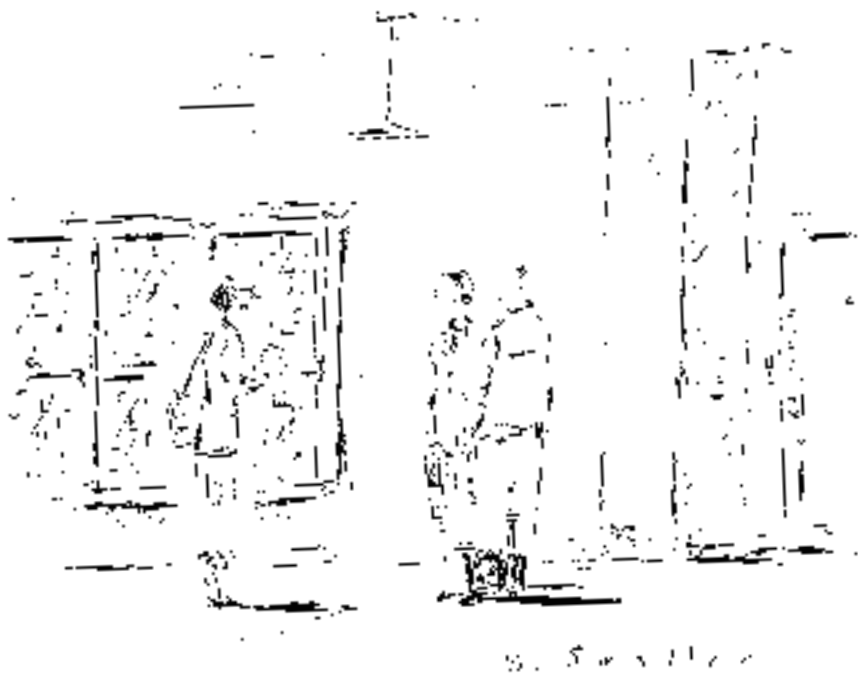
Because the store consists of small rooms that once belonged to real houses,

it feels intimate, but, at eleven thousand square feet, it is enormous. Part of that space is dedicated to international designers; the larger section is taken up with clothes sold under Daslu’s own label: gauzy tops and low-cut jeans and fringed skirts and strappy beaded evening dresses. The Daslu collection is arranged by color—a khaki room, a pink room—so as to ease outfit coordination and more perfectly contrive the Daslu look, which is sexy and flirty and young, even when the women wearing the clothes sometimes share none of those characteristics.

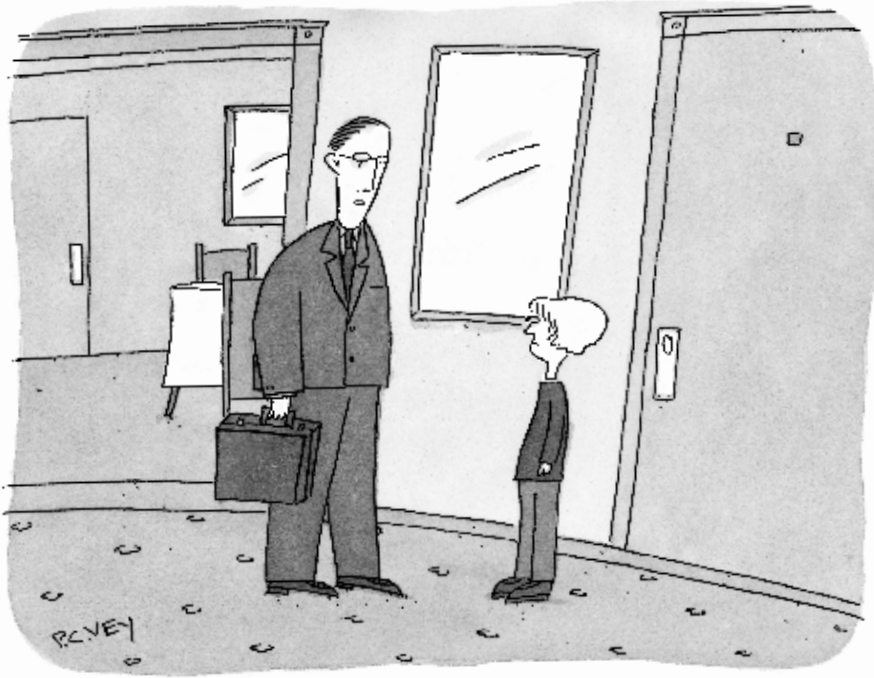
The inside of Daslu has an even more rarefied character than most São Paulo environments, since not only the poor are excluded but also the men. Because there are no dressing rooms, men are not permitted beyond the coffee bar and the cash registers. On a busy day, the aisles are filled with women, from teen-agers to matrons, in various stages of undress and having undergone varying degrees of ingenious trussing, their undergarments ranging from what look like flesh-colored bike shorts to a pair of Nippits, a kind of disk-shaped Band-Aid that is plastered over the nipple, permitting its wearer to go braless without sacrificing the Barbie-doll-like regularity of form that is the Brazilian ideal.

The customers, who come from what are unflinchingly referred to as the best families, are attended by glossy-looking salesgirls from the same social class: Daslu functions as a kind of finishing school for the daughters of the rich and powerful in São Paulo; it is as if Bergdorf Goodman were staffed by the Hilton sisters and the Bush girls. Among the current Dasluzetes, as the salesgirls are called, are Sofia Alckmin, whose father has just been reelected governor of the State of São Paulo, and who missed a day of work just before the election, after armed assailants attacked her brother’s car and killed one of his bodyguards. The grunt work of the store is done by an army of maids, who commute each day from the poor, outlying districts of São Paulo to fold clothes and serve coffee.

Eight years ago, Tranchesi opened Daslu Homem, a men’s store, across the street. It carries Zegna, Burberry, and many other European labels. The same building houses the Daslu Home collection; Daslu for kids, with tiny Tod’s



“The view is all prewar brick.”



"Daddy's going off to defeat terrorism in subtler, economic ways."

shoes and scaled-down Dolce & Gabbana leather jackets; and Daslu for pets, with coordinating leashes and canine sweaters. There's a bookstore of imported books, mostly concerned with international travel and design; several jewellers selling Brazilian gems; a wine store run by Tranchesi's brother, who is Brazil's largest importer of wine; a chocolate shop run by Tranchesi's sister-in-law; and a real-estate desk, where Daslu customers can find apartments to rent in Paris, London, and Rome.

Tranchesi has become one of the most prominent businesswomen in Brazil. (She and her three children are accompanied at all times by a pair of bodyguards apiece, so great is the fear of kidnapping.) Daslu has become a favorite destination for international fashion types, including Naomi Campbell and Mario Testino. Tranchesi, a divorcee, is forty-seven years old, with blond hair and a dewy complexion; she is admired in equal measure for her kindness and her shrewdness. Three days before Lula's Workers' Party, known as the P.T. party, swept the election, she sat in her cream-colored office, on the second floor of the store, and said, "We have always been expanding at Daslu. I have always been listening to my father, who

says, 'This will be a year of crisis. Take care, this will be a hard year.' And instead we have always been increasing and increasing."

The poorest people of São Paulo live in the favelas, sprawling shantytowns, pitched into corners of cities. Many inhabitants make do without basic services, and the rule of law is that exercised by drug dealers. One of the consequences of the Third World condition of much of Brazil is that labor is cheap: the minimum wage is two hundred and ten reals (about sixty dollars) a month. Among the items available at Daslu is a tan leather vest punched with decorative holes that was made in one of the favelas in Rio de Janeiro, where dense villages perch precariously on the city's mountainsides. Daslu's own collection, which is created by a team of sixteen designers working to Eliana Tranchesi's specifications, is far cheaper than those from the international designers but is still beyond the reach of any but the wealthiest. A pair of velvet cargo pants costs 300 reals, which would be about a third of the monthly salary of the average Brazilian schoolteacher.

Among the best customers of the store are the salesgirls, who, for the most

part, would not need their salaries to pay the rent even if they did not live in their parents' comfortable homes. "We go out a lot, and we see new clothes every day, and it's hard not to buy," one of them, Carolina Nunes, explained, while hanging out by the Chanel bags, checking her beeper occasionally to see whether a lawyer customer had shown up for her appointment yet. Nunes is a tall, slender, tan twenty-six-year-old whose father sells apartments in São Paulo, whose mother owns a chain of bistros, and whose boyfriend is an international sailing champion, a calling that requires Nunes to put in considerable time at the Rio de Janeiro yacht club. "We go to the beach every weekend, so we buy a new bikini every weekend," she said. "And we love sandals. At least half the money we make we spend on clothes." The previous day, she'd bought an eight-hundred-real suede jacket moments after it arrived in the store, as had a number of other salesgirls, and that afternoon the jacket kept parading by, accessorized in different ways—open over a skintight white tank top on one girl, tied modishly around the hips of another.

Like every Dasluzete, Nunes has a roster of personal clients; she earns a commission on every sale. Sometimes she is extremely busy, as when a customer from northern Brazil flies in for a day of shopping and orders the same Valentino sweater in four colors, or when the new Daslu collections arrive and the store is as crowded as Filene's Basement on sale day. At other times, Nunes might wait an entire afternoon for a client, lounging on the couch by the store's coffee counter with other underemployed Dasluzetes, as if they were high-end call girls killing time before a date.

The salesgirls also appear in the Daslu magazine, a catalogue that is sent to regular shoppers six times a year and that features photo spreads of the clothes, in addition to stories about the social lives of the Dasluzetes. A recent issue included an article about the trip Carolina Nunes and four other girls took to Turkey, where they were photographed in long white skirts and turquoise pendants outside Hagia Sophia. Four days after Lula's election, photographs for the Christmas edition of the magazine were shot at Eliana Tranchesi's home, a handsome Italianate mansion in an exclusive hilly district

of São Paulo, which had been decked out with a massive Christmas tree surrounded by gifts, urns stuffed with roses, and tables laden with bowls of apples. Thousands of rose petals had been scattered over the swimming pool and were floating on the water's surface like a velvety coverlet.

By early evening, after many rolls of film and many bottles of champagne, some of the Dasluzetes had crashed on the white couches of a sitting room, where they huddled under silky blankets and chatted, while, on the large flat-screen TV, the evening news reported that the real had held steady and was even increasing in value against the dollar. A staff member of the magazine passed through and said to them, "You look like something from a favela!" The roses in the urns would be donated to a foundation begun by Mrs. Maria Lúcia Alckmin, the Governor's wife. Mrs. Alckmin had sought to find a way to make use of the leftover flowers from state functions, as well as from the private parties and weddings of her friends. She had established flower-arranging classes for residents of the favelas, so that they might be equipped to find work with one of São Paulo's florists.

A few days before the election, an e-mail began circulating in São Paulo which contained an image of Lula after a digital makeover. His grizzled beard and thatch of gray hair were tinted to a perfect blond, his weathered skin was smooth and tan, his eyes were sky blue, he wore a handsome blue suit and red tie, and the image was captioned "Daslula—O Candidato Perfeito."

The satire referred to the transformation that Lula, a metalworker turned trade-union leader, had undergone in terms of both appearance and politics in the run-up to the election, which was his fourth attempt at the Presidency. He exchanged his workingman's shirtsleeves for tailored suits (which, it was rumored among the salesgirls at Daslu, he had bought at the Zegna store in Daslu Homem) and began promoting a notably less radical political program, forging alliances with Brazilian industrialists. Lula's victory was a cause for celebration on a par with Brazil's triumph in the World Cup earlier in the year, and on Election Day, a Sunday, the

main commercial street in São Paulo, Avenida Paulista, was filled with cars cruising up and down, the drivers honking their horns while gleeful back-seat occupants brandished enormous P.T. flags from the car windows and Lula-supporting pedestrians danced by the roadside.

To the poor, Lula had promised improved health-care, education, and unemployment benefits. The social system that generally prevails in Brazil, however, is one of *noblesse oblige*, in which the wealthy take care of the individuals in their personal employ. The rich consider this to be an absolute duty, though they tend not to see a similar obligation to submit to a fairer distribution of wealth on a national scale. Wealthy Brazilians often speak of their servants as being like members of the family. This does not mean, for example, that the houseboy at the Malzoni farm sits down to eat with the Malzonis, but it does mean that Ruthinha Malzoni continues to keep her son's former nanny on the payroll, complete with health benefits, even though her son is now twenty-five years old. For poor Brazilians, a steady job with an employer who will help pay for your children's education, help you find a job for a cousin or a sister, and step in should you have emergency medical bills has always been a more effective route to personal betterment than waiting for economic and political reform.

For this reason, the maids' positions at Daslu are as highly coveted as the salesgirls' positions, though by a notably different demographic; the head of staff of the maids, for example, is a woman of thirty-six whose first job, at the age of twelve, was as a nanny. There are a hundred and twenty maids at the store, and their role is to operate as support staff for the salesgirls—though it is generally acknowledged that the maids, who work full time rather than the six-hour shifts of the salesgirls, are far more familiar with the store's merchandise. (Their official title is "assistant," but they are known by the affectionate diminutive *aventalzinho*, or "little apron.") Unlike the salesgirls, the maids receive no commission; their salary is two thousand reais a month, and benefits include medical and dental care. Each month, they are also given a basket of staple

goods, including rice, beans, and sugar.

Some years ago, after the fifteen-year-old son of one maid was shot to death by drug dealers, Eliana Tranchesí founded an educational program for the children of her employees, using money she received as a birthday gift. At a private school nearby, Tranchesí pays the fees of fifty or so Daslu children. She has also established her own day-care center, just around the corner from the store, where babies as young as four months can be installed. Some Dasluzetes volunteer their services at the center, schooling a half-dozen four-year-olds in basic English or conducting a ballet class in which six or eight little girls totter around in pink tutus bought with funds donated by the salesgirls.

The maids are distinguished from the Dasluzetes not merely by skin color—lower income tends to correlate with darker complexions in Brazil—but by their outfits, which are a version of the uniform traditionally worn by domestic help: a black short-sleeved dress worn with white tights and flat white shoes. Within the store, the maids are always at work, folding sweaters or rehangng dresses; unlike the salesgirls, they are not permitted to sit on any of the chairs or sofas in the store. When a salesgirl is at work with a client, characterizing the chicness of this Gucci shoe or that Prada bag, the maids hover nearby, ready to procure a needed item, in the manner of nurses attending a surgeon performing a delicate operation.

The maids are not supposed to address the clients, and are not in the habit of socializing with the salesgirls, since they take their breaks in a building across the street, while the salesgirls have a private lounge inside the store. Still, fraternization of a sort does occur. “When something new comes into the store, the maids say to us, ‘Please put it on, we want to see how it looks,’” Carolina Nunes said. Within Daslu, it is regarded as evidence of Eliana Tranchesí’s lack of snobbishness that, at the Christmas party she gives for all the staff, she dances with the man in charge of the store’s valet parking.

Nancy Tonello, one of Daslu’s longest-serving maids, used to be a seamstress and speaks of working at Daslu as a privilege. “I got to know a whole world that is very different from the outside

world, and I was enchanted,” she said one day. “What is interesting about rich people is that they have a whole tradition—their families, and everything.” Exposure to the customers has been an education for Tonello, who is fifty. “We can’t go abroad every three months, but we can listen to them describing their trips,” she said. “I have seen their behavior—small details, like how they take their coffee—and I have changed my own behavior because of that.”

Tonello said that the maids did not resent the rich for having so much more than they did. “When we begin working here, we are taught to understand the differences between people—that some people have money, and that we shouldn’t mind that, because that is the only way the store can exist,” she said. After starting at Daslu eleven years ago, Tonello has worked her way up to assistant in the imported-lingerie department. There was, Tonello said, no higher position to which she could be promoted. At Daslu, no maid has ever become a salesgirl; though there is no house rule forbidding the possibility, it has never occurred to the management to propose such a promotion, and it has never occurred to any maid to ask for one.

What the coming political changes in Brazil mean for Daslu is still unclear, but so far, Tranchesí says, Brazil’s economic problems have had no impact on the buying habits of her customers. “In Brazil, it is very hard to give up clothes,” Tranchesí said a few days after the election. In fact, because the wealthy are not foolish enough to keep their money in reals, they have been able to take advantage of bargain prices, thanks



to the exchange rate. “I think we are going to have a year of recession, and what happens to our client is that she doesn’t feel the lack of money, but she feels the atmosphere,” Tranchesí said.

Tranchesí’s most immediate political problem is a more parochial one. The block on which Daslu sits is zoned for residential use only, and in recent years a neighborhood association has been protesting the expansion of the store. A week before the election, the *Folha de São Paulo* reported that it had been determined that Daslu was in violation of the zoning laws, and that, in spite of repeated efforts over the years by the store’s powerful supporters to insure that it could continue business, Tranchesí had finally been given five days to close. That closure was postponed—Tranchesí said that it was never a serious proposition—but this spring a judge will rule on whether the São Paulo zoning laws are outdated, as Tranchesí and her supporters claim. Meanwhile, Tranchesí has been visiting with residents’ groups, pointing out the benefits of having her establishment in the neighborhood; for instance, on the blocks immediately surrounding Daslu, crime has dropped to zero, an unheard-of figure in São Paulo, and one that, Tranchesí argues, more than compensates for the double-parked Mercedeses at her door.

The future of the store was one of the topics of conversation at a lunch that Ruthinha Malzoni shared, at her São Paulo apartment, with her longtime friend Kika Rivetti a few days after the election. Rivetti, too, runs a boutique, called *Eclat*, and she met Malzoni in the late sixties at a party, at which they found themselves wearing the same Zandra Rhodes dress. As lunch was served—champagne and pasta infused with bits of truffle, packets of which Malzoni had brought back from Paris—the two friends discussed the latest news in the gossip columns. A recent item described a dinner party given by a woman who suspected her husband of having an affair and had seated him opposite the woman in question, first sprinkling the floor under the table with talcum powder. “When he stood up, he had little white footprints all over his pants!” Malzoni said.

They talked about the report on Daslu in the *Folha de São Paulo*, and won-

dered whether the fact that the mayor of São Paulo, Marta Suplicy, was a Daslu customer would help Eliana Tranchesi in her bid to stay put, or whether Suplicy, a member of Lula's P.T. party, would not want to be seen doing anything to help the rich. Rivetti had gone to the fundraising party for Lula that Malzoni had declined to attend. She had been impressed by Lula, in spite of herself. "If he does half of what he says he's going to do, it will be good," she said.

"If he does a third of what he says he's going to do," Malzoni said, skeptically.

"It's time for a change in Brazil," Rivetti replied. "But don't think I voted for him, my dear."

When the real started its descent against the dollar last year, Tranchesi's established practice of buying designer clothes in France and Italy and New York suddenly became a lot more difficult. Fifty per cent of Daslu's revenues are generated from imported goods, and Tranchesi has been forced to strike deals with her European suppliers to stagger her payments for the fifty thousand pieces she imports every year. "They are understanding, and are giving us more days to pay," she said.

But she has also decided that she must start bringing dollars into the business; this spring, for the first time, a small selection of Daslu clothes will be available in high-end boutiques around the world. No New York store has picked them up, though they will be for sale at Saks, in Chevy Chase, Maryland; Browns, in London; and Villa Moda in Kuwait, among other locations. The decision to export was a last-minute one. "We decided to do it in August, when the dollar started going up," Tranchesi said.

One Saturday, Tranchesi was invited to a casual lunch for a few friends at the home of Nizan Guanaes, a well-known adman in São Paulo who had worked on the doomed campaign of José Serra. Guanaes lives not far from Daslu in an elegant house surrounded by high walls, at which guests must check in with a guard before passing through two heavy, clanking gates. In a month's time, Guanaes was to marry Tranchesi's right-hand woman at Daslu, Donata Meirelles, and Tranchesi was to be Meirelles's maid of honor. The wedding would be a big event on the São Paulo social calendar,

and many of the choicest clothes at Daslu were hung with tags that read, "Don't sell to anyone for Donata's wedding," indicating that another customer had claimed the outfit. The planning for the wedding was still incomplete, and Meirelles wanted her guests to help her decide which chocolates would be offered at the reception; so after lunch had been served and everyone had retired to a table in the garden for coffee, a large box of fancy chocolates was added to the dessert offerings that had already been set out by a servant—a platter piled with slices of fresh fruit, and a large crystal bowl filled with scoops of mango, chocolate, and strawberry ice cream.

Guanaes, helping himself to dessert, said that Serra would have been a good President but was a terrible candidate. The country had been on the right economic track, and would have continued that way with Serra, and though public support for Lula was hardly surprising, it was misguided. "Look at me—I am fat," he said. "When I am on a diet, all my vital signs are better, but I feel miserable. That is what it has been like for the country."

The conversation turned to Daslu and the question of what would be the best marketing campaign for Tranchesi, now that she was attempting to make an international shopping public aware of her brand by selling Daslu clothes overseas. "What does the rest of the world think about when they think about Brazil?" Guanaes said. "Sex, the body, beautiful people, and soccer. You should show the Brazilian soccer team in your clothes, and Brazilian models." No less than Lula, Daslu needed a revamped image—not one that stressed the exclusiveness of the store, the inaccessibility of the world of Daslu to all but the elite, but one that reached out to ordinary people. "You should tell people that you have the best jeans in the world," Guanaes said, and a servant came around with more tiny cups of espresso, while the scoops of ice cream in the bowl melted into each other, resolving into a thick, liquid blur of yellow and brown and pink. ♦

From the Modesto (Calif.) Bee.

Gustav Mahler will not play with the Stockton Symphony this season, as reported on Page E-5 on Sunday. He died in 1911.

Always excuses with Gustav.