Also by GILBERTO FREYRE

THE MASTERS AND THE SLAVES • *A Study in the Development of Brazilian Civilization* (1946, 1956)

NEW WORLD IN THE TROPICS (1959)

THE MANSIONS AND THE SHANTIES • *The Making of Modern Brazil* (1963)

MOTHER AND SON • *A Brazilian Tale* (1967)

ORDER AND PROGRESS • *Brazil from Monarchy to Republic* (1970)

These are BORZOI BOOKS *published in New York by* ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE
Gilberto Freyre
READER

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Varied Writings by the Author
of the Brazilian Classics
The Masters and the Slaves,
The Mansions and the Shanties,
and Order and Progress

Translated by
BARBARA SHELBY

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VII TRAVELS

FOREWORD

BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

ONE DAY IN 1941 I wandered up to Morningside Heights to attend the ceremony in the Low Library of Columbia University that marked the awarding of the Maria Moore Cabot Prizes to Latin-American journalists. It was in the midst of World War II, I was beginning to feel a growing lack of interest in Western Europe, and it occurred to me that afternoon that perhaps we ought to look to Latin America for books that we could profitably, or at any rate with some distinction, publish in English translations. (Two of the awards went to the Bittencourts, owners of the distinguished Rio daily *Corréio da Manhã*. He was, I believe, the publisher-editor, and she contributed a column.) Blanche took my idea to her great friend Sumner Welles, Under Secretary of State and himself a longtime specialist in the field of our relations with Latin-American countries. The Under Secretary was enthusiastic about the idea and said immediately that one of us ought to make a tour of Latin America, though he discreetly refused to say which one of us it should be. Blanche and I settled that she would go, while I would remain at home and watch the store. A world war was raging, travel by air was a long, long way from what it has since become, but soon thereafter she left for Bogotá, Colombia, staying overnight en route at both Miami and Panama. In Bogotá she met Herschel Brickell, an

old friend who was Cultural Attaché at our embassy there, and made a new one in Germán Arciniegas, Minister of Education, a historian of parts, and later a distinguished diplomat. In due course, by way of Lima, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo, she reached Rio de Janeiro and soon met that prince of Brazilian publishers, José Olympio. It was through talk with him and his wife, Vera Jordão, that she first heard of Gilberto Freyre and his classic *Casa-Grande e Senzala*, or *The Masters and the Slaves* (ours is not perhaps the ideal rendition of the Portuguese). But since she did not go to Recife and consequently did not meet him, it was not until 1944 that we signed a contract with him to publish his masterpiece in English. Superbly translated by Samuel Putnam, a remarkable scholar who was responsible also for an extended introductory essay and innumerable valuable notes, the work was brought out by us in 1946.

Freyre, who had taken a Bachelor of Arts degree at Baylor University in Texas and had done graduate work at Columbia under Franz Boas, Franklin Henry Giddings, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Edwin R. A. Seligman, traveled widely in Western Europe and the United States as visiting professor or lecturer at many universities, including San Marcos (Lima), Coimbra (Portugal), King's College (London), the Sorbonne, Heidelberg, Berlin, Hamburg, Stanford, Princeton, Michigan, Columbia, and Indiana. At the last named he delivered in 1944–45 the Patten Foundation Lectures, *Brazil: An Interpretation*, which we published the following year. We met him for the first time on that trip, and our great friendship began. He served in the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies for four years from 1946; it was 1949, when he was a delegate from Brazil to the General Assembly of the U.N. with the rank of Ambassador, before we saw one another again.

Freyre had written a special preface for our edition of *Casa-Grande*. It ran to a few lines over six pages. But when in 1956 we came to a second printing and asked him if he had any corrections or alterations to make in our text he added a fifty-

page introduction which, he said, fused all the prefaces he had written over the years for the several Brazilian editions into "this single synthetic preface." This might have made a small book by itself.

In 1959 we published his *New World in the Tropics*, so complete a rewriting and expansion of the lectures of 1944–45 as to make it essentially a new book.

In 1961 the Freyres with their two children came to California (he had been invited by the Fund for the Republic) and crossed the continent. In New York we met again, as rather old friends now. One of his greatest admirers was Frank Tannenbaum, professor of Latin-American history at Columbia, to whom I was also devoted. During the talk at a small dinner which Frank gave in honor of Gilberto at the Columbia University Club, I found myself greatly taken by and in full agreement with so many of his ideas that suddenly, almost on the spur of the moment, I told Gilberto that I would visit him in Recife during the Christmas holidays—provided only that this would be entirely agreeable to him and his wife. He was enthusiastic, genuinely so, I knew. I had discovered that the S.S. *Argentina* (she and her sister ship, the *Brazil*, were still in regular service) would make a most irregular stop at Recife a few days before Christmas. I began hundreds of hours of hard work with good teachers in an all-but-vain attempt to learn to speak and read Portuguese. Over the years the cost, per word, to me has been immense.

I was quite unprepared for the welcome with which Gilberto received me when the ship docked. Accompanied by a group including Douglas Elleby, then our U.S.I.A. man at Recife, he cleared my baggage through customs and whisked me off to my hotel on the beach at Boa Viagem and then to the famous restaurant Leite, where during lunch he handed me my program for the week. It was an elaborate one. I was to have a young student as my interpreter and guide and a small car with chauffeur at my disposal at all times as well—and to be a guest of the State of Pernambuco. We had, as was to be ex-

pected, an admirable meal, a famous dish named after Gilberto, accompanied by one of the fine dry white Portuguese wines about which he knew so much. I had my first taste of Brazilian hospitality that evening at an immense dinner given by the painter Lula Cardoso Ayres and his wife, Lourdes, at their home, which was only a couple of hundred yards down the beach from my hotel, and thus began what a week later one of the Recife newspapers called in a bold headline "Semana Knopf." I was with Gilberto wherever I went until on Christmas Eve, as we were talking quietly on the veranda and smoking big Havana cigars, of which he was as fond as I, he was summoned to the hospital where his brother was mortally ill. Thus we missed Christmas luncheon together but had the evening meal with the family at his home.

Meanwhile, we wanted to bring out an English version of *Sobrados e Mucambos*, which had been published by Olympio in 1936—the second volume of the great trilogy of which *Casa-Grande* was the first. We were fortunate in being able to persuade Harriet de Onís, our old friend and adviser (she probably read and reported to us on more books written in Spanish or Portuguese than all our other readers combined), to undertake this formidable task. Her taste was almost impeccable, as was her scholarship, and as a translator she stood alone in her field. She worked from the text of the second, 1951, edition, and her version, which she reduced somewhat from the Portuguese original, had been read and approved by Freyre. And so in 1963 we published *The Mansions and the Shanties: The Making of Modern Brazil.*

In 1963, Gilberto's daughter Sônia Maria bore Ana Cecília, his first grandchild. He advised me that I was Ana's godfather, a responsibility which Brazilians do not take lightly. So the next year Blanche and I spent a few days in Recife and saw all of what Gilberto always calls "the tribe," he and I always addressing each other as "compadre." He confided to Blanche that he had written a novel—he called it "a seminovel at least . . . almost everything in it was invented, imagined . . . not al-

ways invented, however, but sometimes discovered rather than invented." Barbara Shelby, who as a translator now enjoys the reputation that was Harriet de Onís's in her day, translated *Dona Sinhá e o Filho Padre* as *Mother and Son*, and we published it in 1967, when Freyre was here with his wife, Magdalena, to accept the Aspen Award, probably the most prestigious as well as one of the richest of American prizes.

There remained for us to complete the trilogy we had started more than twenty years before. We were again fortunate to find Rod W. Horton, a scholar who had lived in Recife and was thoroughly familiar with Freyre's work, to edit and translate *Ordem e Progresso*, and so in 1970 we brought out *Order and Progress: Brazil from Monarchy to Republic.*

In 1971, Queen Elizabeth awarded Freyre an honorary knighthood. And he has never been without honor in his own country. For a long time he resisted the pull of the South, Rio and São Paulo, which attracted so many young writers and scholars, remaining in the Apipucos section of his native and beloved Recife. Here in his elegant ancestral house he is surrounded by a great library, fine old furniture, and rooms whose walls are covered with the most beautiful old Portuguese tiles. Portuguese law forbids ordinary mortals to take such tiles out of the country, but the government, by declaring that where Freyre is, there is Portugal, enabled him to take them to Recife. He told us that he had booked a cabin next to his to make sure that the tiles arrived at Recife safely. He has always been a conservative but refused to take the position in the present Brazilian government that was offered to him soon after the revolution of 1964.

In his later years he has told me frankly that he finds the attitude toward and the appreciation of his work more sympathetic in the countries of Western Europe than in the United States, and when one sees the kind of critical reception his work gets there as compared with its treatment here, one can understand this. But Brazilian studies are spreading widely in the United States, and if I had to sum up the importance of

Freyre's work in a single sentence, I would say that you can hardly hope to embark on the slightest study of Brazil without almost immediately coming on his name and his work.

Our edition of *The Mansions and the Shanties* bears an introduction by the late Frank Tannenbaum in which he speaks of the volume published in Brazil to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of *The Masters and the Slaves*: "576 pages of comments, criticism, eulogy, and sheer jubilation over [its] first appearance . . . sixty-seven separate essays, written by eminent historians, economists, sociologists, anthropologists, novelists, poets, artists, musicians, architects, city planners, educators, doctors of medicine, geographers, linguists, diplomats, public servants, and others. . . . a tribute by the major intellectual figures of the nation to a national event—an epoch in Brazilian history. It is obvious from the subjects dealt with that Gilberto Freyre's influence has touched the nation's life at many points. . . . What has long seemed to me the broad significance of his work is that he has succeeded in changing Brazil's image of itself. This is a remarkable accomplishment. In only a few instances can it be said that one man, in his own lifetime, changed a great and populous nation's image of itself. . . . They no longer wish to be Europeans, and their intellectuals no longer escape to Paris to find something to write about." And Tannenbaum continues, "It [Freyre's writing] has all of the craft, documentation, and 'jargon' that goes by the name of science in the social sciences. But in addition, it has something of the Bergsonian intuition of the poet's insight and the artist's vision. And here form becomes almost as important as substance. The literary style that carries the subject matter . . . is like a flowing stream after a storm; it is full, deep, and sparkling. It is also intimate; it has the sensitivity of sterling verse and at the same time the richness and variety of a mosaic or a tapestry, except that it is alive, changing. . . . It reminds one of Proust at his best, but it is more robust, more vivid and all-embracing. It has a wider

range and a greater depth. It reveals and embraces an entire culture in formation."

Of late, Gilberto, past seventy, has launched himself in a new career—that of painter—and all I hear about him from many of my Brazilian friends indicates that he has scored a great success and sells everything he exhibits for what are regarded as very good prices indeed.

Only the other day, I received from the Galeria Portal of São Paulo a handsome brochure which contained small reproductions in full color of some of Gilberto's recent paintings. Its cover bore the following legend: *Homenagem de São Paulo a Gilberto Freyre, Proustiana Brasileira.*

Alfred A. Knopf

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Publisher's Note

The English version of *Seleta para Jovens* departs slightly from the Brazilian original selected and arranged by Maria Elisa Dias Collier and Gilberto Freyre. Some of the notes and text have been deleted and replaced by material more useful to the English-language reader. This has been accomplished with the assistance of the translator, Barbara Shelby, and by permission and agreement of the author, Gilberto Freyre.

[I]

Brazil

The Portuguese in Brazil

(From *Uma Cultura Ameaçada: A Luso-Brasileira*, Recife, 1940.)

Seeing enemies in the sea, enemies in the Indians, enemies in the plants and animals of America, the Nordic, Puritan Christian who left Europe to come to America closed his mind, soul, and body to every different, strange, exotic element that might have compromised his European integrity or his Christian orthodoxy; to everything that might have softened him or drawn him closer to nature and to men in a pagan state.

The Portuguese Christian in Brazil, on the other hand, soon made the Indians' manioc his second, sometimes his only, bread; the Indian or African woman *his* woman, and sometimes his wife; the Indian water sprite a projection of his own "enchanted Moorish girl" or a deformed version of Our Lady of the Navigators. Cashew juice became his dentifrice; the armadillo his pork; the turtle his raw material for a series of gastronomic experiments in the tradition of the Portuguese cuisine. Of carob leaves, burned and reduced to a powder like charcoal ash, he concocted a remedy to shrink yaws, a sickness from which the sixteenth-century Portuguese seem to have suffered nearly as much as the natives. He substituted coconut milk for cow's milk and cashew wine for port—although this last substitution, even today, bears slight resemblance to the original. He knew the adventure of forgetting old habits in the routines of preserving life. He frater-

nized with the exotic while perpetuating the traditional. Here were Franciscanism-Naturalism-Lyricism-Universalism blended with regionalism—a combination which begins to look more and more like the best solution to the problems men have in adjusting to one another and for making the wisest use of the natural resources, vegetable, animal, and mineral, of every region.

Manioc and maize, cashew and genipap, passionflower fruit and guavas, were integrated by the Brazilian Portuguese into old European, Oriental, and African ways of preparing bread, couscous, cakes, wines, and liqueurs; the cashew was made into a jam like the fig preserves of the old country. Indian and Negro women were little by little relieved of hard labor in the fields and made domestic servants in the traditional mode of Christian Europe; while mestizo sons, mulattoes or caboclos, were often sent to religious schools together with the white sons of European families and orphans who had come from Lisbon.

In today's world there are eagles, bears, lions, and other animals that symbolize nations. Less powerful peoples do well to take precautions against the realities they represent. For the dangers are real. Not so much the dangers of nation warring against nation—these are transitory—or of one class against another—these are still more superficial—but the perils inherent in the clash of cultures, the threat that technologically stronger groups will violently impose their cultural values and forms of social organization on weaker groups until these are reduced to vassals of their vanquishers, either because they are of mixed race or because they are felt to be corrupt, or for whatever reason is adduced.

Color and Anticolor in the Forming of Brazil

(From *The Mansions and the Shanties*,
New York, 1963,
translated by harriet de onís,
with additions from the 4th Brazilian edition,
Rio, 1968.)

There were nativists who rejoiced over the violently anti-European action of yellow fever, a terrible scourge which, sparing the native, was remorseless toward the foreigner—especially the blond, blue-eyed, freckled people.

But the fair foreigner dug himself into the hostile land with a heroisim which has not yet been duly honored. Only today, visiting some of the old Protestant cemeteries—those of Recife or Salvador or Rio de Janeiro—which date from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and seeing the number of victims buried in those damp grounds, overgrown by rubber plants, shaded by huge palms, can one form an idea of the hardihood with which the English, to conquer the Brazilian market and establish a new zone of influence for their imperialism, risked death from the yellow fever, which was so virulent in this part of the tropics. The inscriptions follow one another with melancholy monotony: "James Adcock, architect and civil engineer, who after nearly three years of residence died here of yellow

fever in the 39th year of his age." "In memory of Robert Short, fifth son of William Short of Harrogate, died of yellow fever, aged 19 years." "In loving memory of my beloved husband Ernest Renge Williams who died of yellow fever, aged 26. . . ."

In Salvador the first mate of the *Whitecloud* was among those who died of yellow fever in 1849, at the age of thirty-two; five men from the *Dorcas* also succumbed; the *Hopewell* lost four youths, and so did the *Wanderer*; Alex Frazer, a clerk in a business firm, died at the age of forty-two, and an Anglican minister, J. Williamson, at twenty-six. Dozens of technicians fell victims to the fever. W. H. Chapman committed suicide.

Once the reconquest of Brazil by Europe began, it did not stop. Even today it overwhelms us, with the European of Europe now being substituted for by the quasi-European of the United States. The blond martyrs have triumphed in part, at least, in the battle joined in Brazil between the Nordics and the tropics. It was the yellow fever that was vanquished. And this reconquest brought about a change in the Brazilian scene in all its aspects.

The re-Europeanization began by dimming the African, Asiatic, or indigenous elements in our life, whose bright colorfulness was typical of our landscape, attire, and habits. Of the color of our houses: the favored color was oxblood red. Others were painted green or purple; some were yellow; many boasted colored tiles. The gold and crimson palanquins and litters and the curtains that hung about them. The bright shades of women's shawls and men's ponchos; their homemade woven slippers; the ribbons men wore in their hats, their opulent embroidered waistcoats, and the calico dressing gowns they wore at home over long underwear. The flowers girls wore in their hair. The purples, golds, and crimsons in the interior of the churches (there was a church with frankly Oriental embellishments in Minas Gerais); the feathered hammocks; the dishes from India and China; the yellow and scarlet hues

of matrimonial bedspreads. The furniture stained red or white, even when made of the finest rosewood.

All this, which gave such an Oriental tone to our daily living, began to fade as it came into contact with the new Europe; it turned drab, or became the exception—the color for feast days, processions, Carnival, military parades. The new Europe imposed upon a still rustic Brazil, which cooked and worked with wood, the black, the brown, the gray, the navy blue of its carboniferous civilization. Iron-color, coal-color; the blacks and grays of the "paleotechnical" civilizations that Lewis Mumford speaks of; black and gray like the iron stoves, top hats, boots, and carriages of nineteenth-century Europe. Perhaps, as the American sociologist suggests, this excess of blackness, in objects and wearing apparel, which was characteristic of bourgeois Europe and particularly of Victorian England, was a form of protective coloration. Or was it a consequence of a "repression of the senses" under industrial capitalism? Whatever it was, the fact is that this grayness was upon us before we knew it, even before coal and iron had come to our most economically developed regions to supplant the wood that stoked our furnaces, built our houses, and furnished the presses for our sugar and manioc mills.

Black frock coats, black boots, black top hats, black carriages sombered our existence almost overnight, made of our attire, in the cities during the Empire, almost heavy mourning. This period of the re-Europeanization of our landscape by the introduction of blacks and grays—civilized, urban, middle-class colors, in contrast to the rustic, Oriental, African, plebeian—began with Dom João VI, but became even more pronounced under Dom Pedro II. The second emperor of Brazil, when but a stripling of fifteen, already dressed and thought like an old man; at the age of twenty-odd he was "the saddest monarch in the world," according to a European traveler. He seemed to feel comfortable only in his Prince Albert and black silk hat; and uncomfortable, ridiculous, out of character, in his royal robes and crown. He felt comfortable only in European

attire and in accord with the new civilization of Europe, the industrial, the gray, the English, the French, which finally, through one of its victims, the poet Verlaine, begged for "no color, merely the nuance." With the Gothic, military civilization, the Catholic and ecclesiastical, Dom Pedro's links were very tenuous. He did not even like to ride horseback; he was the typical city European.

Regional Houses in Brazil

(From *Problemas Brasileiros de Antropologia*, 2d edition, Rio, 1942.)

Domestic architecture in Brazil is in a stage of transition between the patriarchal and the postpatriarchal. In Rio de Janeiro, northern Brazil, and other regions, this adaptation to postpatriarchal circumstances has been handled clumsily from the point of view of both hygiene and aesthetics. Jarring, unecologically viable architectural styles have replaced those which harmonized in essential ways with the landscape of each region.

Brazilian architecture since 1900 should for the most part have been a readaptation, feasible though difficult, of our domestic architecture—and our official and ecclesiastical architecture as well—to modern conditions of both social and geometric space. If this had been done, the *sobrado*, the familiar two-story house of Pôrto Alegre or Rio de Janeiro, Salvador or Recife, would have made the transition from private to civic architecture. Its good points would have been preserved wherever possible, instead of being submerged in the wave of new buildings, designed with sublime indifference to regional features of life and landscape, which has invaded our large cities to such an extent that they are now dominated by North American skyscrapers and German Bauhaus buildings. While Brazilian architects have achieved some authentic triumphs of experimental architecture in their desire to find Brazilian

solutions for problems of construction and modern living, these victories have all taken place in the field of public, not domestic, architecture.

A zone or region without its own traditional style of house (a style which can, of course, be altered to conform to the necessities of space and living habits imposed by new techniques of production and transportation and improved sanitary arrangements, though never in violent opposition to the nature of the region or to an accommodation with nature reached only by an architecture tested by time) is an inert piece of land, subject to every kind of architectural vagary. Thus the necessity of valuing and preserving what is useful in our architectural past.

It was among peoples who felt a profound identity with the houses they lived in that A. Meitzen, a pioneer in the modern study of the relationship between house and landscape, succeeded in establishing the criteria of differentiation among European cultural zones which are so lavishly documented in the pages of that luxurious cartographic tome, *Siedlung und Agrarwesen der Westgermanen und Ostgermanen, der Kelten, Römer, Finnen und Slawin* (1895),[1] a work complemented in France by another jewel of historical and geographic history: Alfred Foville's two-volume *Les Maisons-Types* (1894–99).

A much more modest work, but one which shares the same aims though in the simplest kind of outline, is being carried out for the first time among us: a sketch of patriarchal Brazil as reflected in its predominant regional types of houses, both rural and urban. An attempt to pin down the regional peculiarities which led to the building of each type of home is indispensable to such a study. Plantation and ranch houses still await accurate study and comparison with other types of Brazilian dwellings.

This, then, is a job for cultural anthropology, to be carried

[1] *Settlements and Agriculture of West and East Germans, Celts, Romans, Finns and Slavs.* (Translator.)

out as objectively as possible—up to a certain point. Beyond that point it must also be subjective; it must deal with the ways in which these dwellings harmonized with the nature of the surrounding region, and this brings aesthetic factors into play along with cultural, particularly urban, geography. For general orientation there are some works in French and German which are now almost classics; but in order for them to be useful in Brazil they need in a sense to be born again. For comparable work here new criteria must be added to the equation, with special attention given to the peculiar conditions in which European aesthetic values were brought into contact with those of the Africans and native Indians, and with a tropical American nature void of the monumental buildings found by the discoverers of other areas of the South American continent.

Sorcery in Colonial Brazil

(From *The Masters and the Slaves*, 2d English-language edition, revised, New York, 1956, translated by Samuel Putnam, with additions from the 9th Brazilian edition, Rio, 1958.)

The frequent occurrence of sorcery and sexual magic among us is a trait that is looked upon as being exclusively of African origin; but meanwhile the first volume of documents relative to the activities of the Holy Office in Brazil records many cases of Portuguese witches. Their practices might have undergone an African influence, but in essence they were expressions of a European Satanism that to this day is to be met with in our country, mingled with Negro or Indian rites. Antônia Fernandes, known as Nobrega, stated that she was allied with the devil; and at her consultations the responses were given for her by "a certain thing that talked, kept in a glass." This is medieval magic of the purest European variety. Another Portuguese woman, Isabel Rodrigues, nicknamed "Wry-Mouth," furnished miraculous powders and taught powerful prayers. The most famous of all, Maria Gonçalves, whose sobriquet was "Burn-Tail," took the greatest familiarities with Satan. With much burying and digging up of kegs, Burn-Tail's witchcraft was almost wholly

concerned with problems of impotence and sterility; for it would appear that the clientele of these colonial sorcerers was very largely made up of the lovelorn, those who were unhappy or insatiable in their passions.

In Portugal, for that matter, it is known that the most cultivated and illustrious personages were involved in witchcraft. Júlio Dantas portrays Dom Nunho da Cunha himself, Grand Inquisitor of the realm in the time of João V, as swathed in his cardinal's purple—"like a kind of silkworm," as the chronicler puts it—and trembling with fear of sorcerers and witches. And grave physicians, the advanced minds of their age, like Curvo Semedo, would recommend to their patients, as a remedy against conjugal infidelity, "a certain witches' brew made of the shoe-soles of the woman and her husband." "Crafty apothecaries in black-spotted capes and with big silver buckles on their shoes made a fortune selling the herb known as 'pombinha,' which was cast upon hot tiles and fumigated along with the teeth of a dead man—a strange practice, designed to awaken love in the decrepit organisms of old men and to thaw the disdainful frigidity of youths."[1]

Love was the great motive around which witchcraft revolved in Portugal. So far as that is concerned, it is not hard to understand the vogue of sorcerers, witches, and witch doctors, specialists in aphrodisiac spells, in a land that had been so drained of people and that only by an extraordinary effort of virility was still able to colonize Brazil. Witches and their art were among the stimuli that, in their manner, contributed to the sexual superexcitation that was to result, legitimately or illegitimately, in filling the enormous gaps left in the scant population of the kingdom by war and pestilence. As a result, the Portuguese colonists came to Brazil already imbued with a belief in spells. As for that variety of witchcraft which is of direct African origin, it was to develop here upon a European base of medieval superstitions and beliefs.

[1] Júlio Dantas; *Figuras de Ontem e de Hoje* (Lisbon, 1914).

As was the case in Portugal, witchcraft or sorcery in Brazil, after it had come to be dominated by the Negro, continued to center in the love motive and the interests of generation and fecundity. It was concerned with protecting the life of the pregnant woman and that of the child, threatened by so many things—by fevers, cramps, blood ailments, snakebite, fallen sternum, the evil eye. The pregnant woman, for her part, was to be prophylactically safeguarded from these and other afflictions by a set of practices in which African influences, frequently shorn of their original character, were mingled with traces of the Catholic liturgy and survivals of native rituals.

Brought here from Portugal, the various beliefs and forms of sexual magic proceeded to expand: the belief that the mandrake root attracts fecundity and undoes evil spells against the home and the propagation of families; the custom of pregnant women of hanging a small bag of "altar stones"[2] about their necks; the care taken by such women not to pass under ladders lest the child should fail to grow; their habit of donning St. Francis's girdle as they feel the pangs of parturition coming on; the promises made to Our Lady of Childbirth, of the Blessed Event, of Expectation, of the Conception, of the Pangs, in order that childbed may be easier or the child a comely one. And when Our Lady hears the request, the promise is kept. This consists, sometimes, in the child's taking the name of Maria; whence the many Marias in Brazil: Maria das Dores (of the Pangs); Maria dos Anjos (of the Angels); da Conceição (of the Conception); de Lourdes (Our Lady of Lourdes); das Graças (of the Favors).[3] At other times it con-

[2] "Holy stones from the center of the altar." Hildebrando de Lima and Gustavo Barroso, *Pequeno Dicionário Brasileiro da Lingua Portuguesa*, 5th edition, revised by Manuel Bandeira and José Baptista da Luz (Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Bahia, 1944). (Translator.)

[3] A study should be made in Brazil of the promises to saints, as a reflection of the aesthetic tendencies of our people, their predilections with regard to color, names, etc. Affonso Arinos has given us some exceedingly interesting pages on the "cult of Mary in the popular language of Brazil." "Each family," he tells us, "with rare exceptions, has one or many Marias." Af-

sists in the child's going clad as an angel or a saint in some procession; in his studying for the priesthood, or in her becoming a nun; in letting the hair grow in long clusters, which then are offered to the image of Our Good Lord Jesus of the Cross; or the child, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, may wear nothing but blue and white, or white alone, in homage to the Virgin Mary.[4]

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fonso Arinos, *Lendas e Tradições Brasileiras* [*Brazilian Legends and Traditions*] (São Paulo, 1917). Many of these Marias are the result of promises made to Our Lady. Similarly, the names of many places in Brazil are the result either of such promises or of the cult of Mary in general: names like Graça, Penha, Conceição, Monserrate, which render the geographic nomenclature of our country so much more picturesque than that of the United States, with its Minneapolises, its Indianapolises, and other names ending in *-polis*, which Matthew Arnold found to be so horribly inexpressive.

[4] This form of fulfilling promises is to be found also among the Negro fetishists, with respect to their deities known as Orixás. Fernando Ortiz found among the Cuban Negroes the custom of wearing only white in such cases, and Nina Rodrigues and Manuel Querino encountered similar observances in Bahia, where the garments worn by the "holy daughters" vary in color to conform to the particular *orixá*.

The Northeast and Its Massapé[1]

(From *Nordeste*, 4th edition, Rio, 1967.)

The word "Northeast" has been so distorted in Brazil by overuse of the phrase "projects for the Northeast," which really means "drought-control projects," that now the word hardly suggests anything except droughts. Droughts, and the dry sand of the *sertões*[2] crunching beneath one's feet; the harsh landscape of the *sertões* making one's eyes ache; the cactuses; the bony cattle and horses; the tenuous shadows like ghosts from another world, fearful of the sun.

But the *sertões*, with their men and beasts elongated like figures by El Greco, are only one side of the Northeast—the other Northeast. There is another and much older Northeast of big trees, deep shadows, tranquil oxen, and slow-moving people, often made round as Sancho Panza by the sugar-cane syrup, the fish cooked with manioc flour, the everlasting sameness of the work, the hookworm, the *aguardiente*, the sugar-cane brandy, the beans cooked with coconut, the worms, the erysipelas, the languor, the sicknesses that make people swell up, the sickness of eating earth.

In this Northeast you can always see a patch of water: an

[1] Black, clayey soil. (Translator.)
[2] Backlands, bush. (Translator.)

arm of the sea, a river, a stream, a greenish lagoon. In this Northeast the water does what it wills with the soft, yielding earth: invents islands, crumbles away isthmuses and capes, changes the conventional geography of the atlases just as it likes.

Here is a Northeast where the tile-roofed houses are whitewashed with sea-pebble lime, where large numbers of people make their living from fishing or gathering mussels or crabs, where the women in the shanties wash their cooking pots and their children in the river water, and an occasional cranky old man still lights his hut with fish oil.

This is an oily Northeast, where on moonlit nights a rich oil seems to stream from people and things: from the earth, from the black hair of the mulattoes and the caboclos, from the trees dripping with resin; from the water; from the brown bodies of the men who work in the sea and the rivers, or pressing the sugar cane on the plantations, or on the Apolo Wharf, or in the sugar mills of Maceió.

This Northeast with its fat land and oily air is the Northeast of sugar cane, of great plantation houses, of two-story town houses adorned with tiles; of *mucambos* thatched with coconut palm fronds or tall river grass. It is the Northeast of the first Brazilian sugar mill, whose name has been lost, and probably of the first whitewashed stone house, the first Brazilian church, the first Portuguese woman to bring up a child or make jam in America, the site of the rebel slave Zumbí's Palmares, a whole republic of *mucambos*. The Northeast that extends from the Recôncavo to Maranhão, with Pernambuco at its heart.

Actually there are several Northeasts and not one, much less the monolithic North that is so much talked about and oversimplified in the South. When the special life, culture, and physical type of each Brazilian region are described according to rigorous canons of ecology or regional sociology, these exaggerations will be corrected and it will be found that within the essential unity that binds us together, the differences are sometimes profound.

Nothing could be more different from the Northeast of hard-baked earth and arid sand than the other Northeast with its *massapé*, its clay, its fatty humus. Here the earth is as sticky as honey, clinging to a man like a woman aroused. At the same time, the earth seems to like being hurt and trampled on by people's feet and the hoofs of oxen and horses. It lets itself be marked by even a child's foot as he plays or runs with a kite, or by the wheels of an old curricle jolting along from some sugar mill where the fire is out to a station on the Great Western line.

For four hundred years the *massapé* of the Northeast has been pulling into itself the sugar-cane stalks, men's feet, hoofs of oxen, the slow wheels of carts, mango and jacktree roots, the foundations of houses and churches; allowing itself, more than any other land in the tropics, to be penetrated by the agrarian culture of the Portuguese.

Massapé is accommodating, a gentle land even today. It has none of that gritty sand of the other Northeast, which seems to repel the European's boot or the African's foot, the ox's or horse's hoof, the root of an Indian mango tree or a tender cane shoot, as impatiently as a man rebuffing an insult or an intrusion. The gentleness of the black earth, the *massapé*, is a dramatic contrast to the terrible gritty rage of the dry sand of the *sertões*.

Not that *massapé* goes to the extreme of the mangrove swamps, which are hardly earth at all they are so sticky, so soft and indecisive, so that the water in them rots the forest and the roots; or of the alluvial clay, which can swallow up a locomotive or suck down a whole train on a rainy day.

Massapé is more tenacious and more noble. It has depths to it. The land is gentle but still *terra firma*; firm enough for solid houses, sugar mills, and chapels to have been built on it.

Those patches of sticky earth were a firm enough foundation on which to build a modern civilization with more tenacity and more flexibility than any other founded in the tropics. The richness of the soil went deep: generations of plantation

lords could follow one another on the same plantation, grow stronger, and put down roots in the form of stone and plaster houses. There was no need for the agrarian nomadism practiced elsewhere, where less fertile land, soon exhausted by monoculture, made the farmer a virtual gypsy, perpetually seeking virgin land—a Don Juan of the soil.

The 100,000 or 120,000 chests of sugar imported into Lisbon before 1670, when Brazilian sugar already "exceeded in beauty and advantage that of the East Indies, the only sugar to appear in European markets in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries," was almost all from the Northeast, and its fine quality was attributed to the richness of our land. José Silvestre Rebelo noted in a treatise on sugar more than a hundred years ago: "Père Labat writes that the Brazilian earth was so succulent that sugar cane matured there in three months, while in the Antilles the process took from sixteen to seventeen months."

Without *massapé*, or clay, or humus, the landscape of the Northeast, from Bahia's Recôncavo to some parts of Maranhão, would never have changed so decisively as it did after the middle of the sixteenth century. The earth nourished the sugar cane, and the sugar brought the stone and plaster mansions.

Rich soil facilitated the civilizing advance of sugar cane in other regions of Brazil. However, the stability of this culture in the extreme Northeast and the Recôncavo can be explained by peculiarly favorable conditions of soil, atmosphere, and geography. In the other areas where sugar cane seems to have been planted for the first time—more, perhaps, as a measure against "sicknesses of the sea," particularly scurvy, than as a base for colonial agriculture, much less industry—its cultivation could never have been established so firmly as that which, in a few years, made of Nova Lusitânia a colony of such solid wealth and solid men, with such a susurrus of silk and so many gleaming rubies, such fine stone-and-plaster houses with tiled upper stories, such churches garnished with rosewood and gold.

Recife: The City's Character

(From *Guia Prático, Histórico e Sentimental da Cidade do Recife*, 4th edition, Rio, 1968.)

The traveler arriving in Recife by sea or train is not welcomed by a wide-open city eager for the admiration of eyes avid for local color and the picturesque. No seaport in Brazil offers less to the tourist. Anyone fresh from Rio or Bahia, those frankly photogenic, theatrically beautiful cities where every day seems a holiday, where even the churches are fatter than Recife's, where houses climb the hills one on top of another like people jostling one another to have their pictures taken for a magazine, where hospitality is both lavish and effortless, is almost bound to be disappointed in Recife at first.

The city hides bashfully behind its coconut trees in almost Moorish modesty, and it is an angular city, with thin churches and narrow houses. Some of these still have handleless earthenware water jugs at the windows and birdcages with parrots and macaws hung on the walls next to balconies with wrought-iron railings, third- or fourth-story balconies in houses of prostitution where mulatto girls appear naked at dawn to tempt young seminary students at their early morning devotions. Recife is a city without projections or salient points, all of

it on one plane, flat among the thickets of banana trees rising from the yards of middle-class mansions and the mango, sapodilla, and jackfruit trees around the houses on the periphery of the town.

A traveler arriving by plane receives a more lively first impression; Recife offers itself a little more, with great patches of blue and green water to gladden the eye.

To no one, however, does the city give itself immediately: its greatest charm lies in its reluctance to be won. As a city, it prefers sentimental lovers to admirers bowled over at first sight. It offers no salient inducement except perhaps its lighthouse, or the spires of churches like Espírito Santo, famous in other days for the vivid colors of the pennants that told the citizens of Recife when a ship was coming: a steamship from Europe, from the South, from Africa or the other Americas.

Still, few travelers have either the time or the inclination for such leisurely love affairs. Many are those who leave Recife with a single monotonous impression of dazzling, sun-drenched streets, modern bridges, and dark-skinned people. The other Recife remains hidden to them—the Recife sacked in the sixteenth century by the British pirate James Lancaster, who lost no time installing himself in storehouses filled with sugar and obliging the Portuguese to pull his wagons, making them the first tailless donkeys in Brazil. Or where in the seventeenth century Count Maurice of Nassau, with his train of blond Dutchmen whose descendants are still plainly to be seen, built the first astronomical observatory in America as well as the first zoo; and also two palaces on the riverbank, one of which, Vrijburg, is surrounded by coconut palms and the tallest trees in the tropics. Where, under this prince, there flourished painters like Franz Post, scientists like Piso and Marcgraf, erudite men such as the Protestant pastor Plante, Friar Manuel do Salvador, and the rabbi Aboab da Fonseca.

The site of the first center of Jewish culture in America, and the first political assembly; the city which for many years was home to the most heterogeneous population on the Amer-

ican continent—fair-haired, dark-haired, brown and black; Catholic, Protestant, Jew; Portuguese, Indian half-breed, Flemish, African, English, German; hidalgos, soldiers of fortune, Jewish converts to Christianity, adventurers, plebeians, expatriates—people of the most diverse origins, creeds, and cultures, all mingling in Recife to create a pronounced Brazilian type. The Recife of crimes and revolutions and ghosts, with its corpses of priestly ideologues rolling on the ground, its phantasmagorical naked women appearing before the eyes of dissolute monks, its child-snatching bogeymen and jealous wife-stabbing husbands, its serenades sung by young men on moonlit nights on the banks of the Capibaribe. Of this romantic, dramatic, dream-haunted Recife the tourist catches not a glimpse. Not that most tourists, whether foreign or Brazilian, would not be interested in these things, which could so enormously enrich their impression of the city; but how can they learn about them except by reading historical compendiums and scholarly publications—those weighty, solemn tomes which every traveler worthy of the name avoids, preferring to fill his suitcases with objects of daily use, bottles of salts, and light novels?

A French Engineer's First Contact with Recife

(From *Um Engenheiro Francês no Brasil*, 2d edition, Rio, 1960.)

Let us return to Vauthier's arrival in Recife and try to recapture the French engineer's impressions upon his first contact with Brazil.

As we know from his personal diary, Vauthier saw Pernambuco for the first time on the morning of September 8, 1840, after a not wholly uneventful voyage. We also learn from the diary that he loved this strange tropical land from the moment when his European gaze first rested on it: "*J'étais loin de m'attendre à un si gracieux aspect*," he confesses in his journal.

He was impressed by "the strange aspect of the port. On one side the waves smashed on the reef, while the other was almost entirely taken up with sandy beaches . . . , houses had been built with no apparent order."

Vauthier sensed Recife's charm even before he landed—an unusual reaction to a city so flat, so meager, so lacking in inducements to European eyes hungry for the tropical and exotic. The beauty of Recife, if one can call it that, is a kind of *beauté du diable*, awkward and unfinished. Nothing could be more different from the alluring charm of Rio or Bahia.

Vauthier was one of the very few foreigners to feel and

understand Recife's beauty. Perhaps it was because the city's unfinished meagerness and boniness gave his engineer's and artist's imagination free rein to draw a finished picture of the sketchy town in his own head.

The city's attraction for him continued after he had disembarked, and grew stronger as he rode through the streets and observed "the singular aspect of the streets of Pernambuco, with their sandy thoroughfares, brick sidewalks, houses quite clean and elegant, and Negro population." When he saw coconut palms and banana trees, he remarked: "Nature here is striking to a Frenchman because it manifests a force that is much more vigorous than any he has known." And without forgetting man's place on earth, without forgetting Vauthier in Recife: "*Que l'homme pourrait être heureux au milieu de ces splendeurs!*"

What the opening pages of Vauthier's diary do not tell us, but bureaucratic documents and, still more, announcements and official bulletins reveal to us, is how and where the French engineer first settled in Recife—where he lived, where he had his office, how he did his work.

Revealing at first a French sense of economy, he hoped to make his living quarters in the building in Fora de Portas which had been designated by the Provincial Government as the office of the group of French engineers. He was dissuaded from this plan by an official communication dated June 9, 1841, informing him that "in view of the report of the Provincial Revenue Inspector, of which a copy is enclosed, it will be impossible to grant your request of May 28 ult.; and since it is not the Presidency's responsibility to lodge you and your assistant, we must ask you to vacate the house in which you are living so that it can be occupied by the three engineers who have recently arrived, said house being the only Treasury building available and henceforth to be utilized as an office for all the engineers, for which purpose the Presidency will contribute the necessary funds in accordance with Art. 13 of your

contract." And on June 14: " . . . no other public edifice where the three engineers who have recently arrived in this city can live and have their respective offices being available other than that occupied by the said engineer (Vauthier), and since it is inopportune to overburden the Treasury with further expenses at the present time, this request (for removal) cannot be deferred. . . . "

The "escriptório" of the French engineers employed by the Province of Pernambuco was finally and definitively installed in the "turret of the customs house," which had been adapted for this purpose by the Inspector of the Treasury in compliance with orders issued by the Provincial Governor.

Vauthier's first private residence—maintained, apparently, at his own expense—was located in the Rua Formosa, "in the house where the *Illmo. Senhor Commandante das Armas* once lived," according to an announcement in the *Diário de Pernambuco* on November 16, 1841. A colleague, Boulitreau, shared the house.

Vauthier later moved to No. 12, Rua do Aragão, where he installed himself in comfort and resided until his departure for France in November, 1846. This took place after his marriage in the French Consulate to his beloved Elise.

A newspaper advertisement dated November 7 of the same year gives us a glimpse inside the engineer's house: it announced an auction sale of his furniture before he retired to Europe. Among Vauthier's belongings—first as a bachelor and then as a married man, who was later joined by his brother Eugène—were a "fine piano," and a vast quantity of furniture: cane settees, straight chairs, rocking chairs, sideboards, dining tables, card tables, center tables, big mirrors, "a very fine patented English table clock," an iron safe, china, glass, "several articles of silver," and "many other utensils of prime necessity for running a household," as well as "several slaves of both sexes." Such a "multiplicity of objects," in short, that, as an "extraordinary announcement" in the *Diário de Pernambuco*

of November 10 informs us, "the sale of the remainder will continue today and tomorrow in the house in the Rua do Aragão."

It must be made plain at the start that an auction prolonged for so many days must have caused a scandal in Recife. How the French engineer's enemies must have thundered: "Didn't we say so? He has more blondes than he knows what to do with!" Blond goldpieces, that is; for where women were concerned, Vauthier in his bachelor days was eclectic.

As for his office, Vauthier wanted at hand there all the tools of his trade which he thought necessary to his work—renovating the old Convento do Carmo, designing roads and bridges, constructing a theater. He asked the government for a compass, a spirit level, "an artificial horizon," and a nautical almanac. The ever vigilant Office of Provincial Revenue, however, informed the government that only the last two articles should be ordered: "for since the Office of Topography already has compasses, there is no need to order more. Vauthier also asked that two Archimedes pumps be ordered from London. These were sent for but apparently did not arrive, judging by the engineer's note of protest to the Revenue Office.

These new instruments gradually found their way to the engineer's office until little by little the office of the Inspector General of Works, Lieutenant Colonel Âncora, began to pale by comparison, becoming little more than a bureaucratic department. Âncora, the elderly engineer, grew pale with anger, spite, and envy at the ascendancy of the French architect and engineer—a foreigner, twenty-five years old. Naturally the inevitable happened: a wave of criticism began to build up against the innovator.

Water and Reefs of Boa Viagem Beach

(From *Guia Prático, Histórico e Sentimental da Cidade do Recife*, 4th edition, Rio, 1968.)

Child, youth, or old man, it's a pleasure to walk along the reefs and shoals of Boa Viagem when the tide is out and the schools of little fish, some blue and others yellow striped with black, show themselves in all their glorious colors as they swim in the green-tinted pools heated by the sun. When it's summer and the tide is out, the sun warms the water in the tidal pools that form a string of natural swimming pools between the reefs and the beach. It is just as if someone were running a bath in those pools, some mysterious chambermaid heating the sea water in them to just the right temperature, to the delight of all the *ioiôs* and *iaiás*[1] native to Recife or who come up from the South or from foreign countries and find that the water here isn't cold the way it is in Europe or even on Copacabana Beach. Our water is warm and green. A swim at Boa Viagem is one of the best gifts Recife can offer to newcomers and natives alike. One of the most typical experiences a stranger in Recife can have is simply to enjoy the sea with its warm water, a sun that soon bronzes the body of

[1] *Ioiô, iaiá*: massa, missy. (Translator.)

the European or the southern Brazilian, a fresh wind, the reefs, and the sargasso. The good clean smell of fresh sargasso often greets the tourist.

On days when the sun beats down and a soft breeze blows and the tide starts coming in, you can feel more than one temperature in those pools; the warm water at the edge of the beach is blended deliciously with other kinds of water: lukewarm and even cold. You have the feeling that you are taking an enchanted, magic bath: not just an ordinary bath drawn by a mysterious chambermaid for her master or mistress, but a special bath prepared by a Moorish woman for her beloved in some fantastic tale; and the beloved is every single person—poor, rich, native, or tourist—who steps into the sea in one of those pools. No one strokes the tourist's head, it's true; but sometimes a voluptuous breeze blowing in from the sea ruffles the hair of even the most impervious to blandishments, as caressingly as a woman fondling her lover, a lover immersed in the coastal water of Recife.

Landscape Viewed from Olinda

(From *Olinda—2º Guia Prático, Histórico e Sentimental da Cidade Brasileira,* 4th edition, Rio, 1968.)

The landscape which Joaquim Nabuco offered to the gaze of the Portuguese writer Ramalho Ortigão is undeniaby not, as the author himself pointed out, "a sweeping panorama like that seen from Corcovado," nor "one of those giddy vistas in which the sea is so far below the feet of the spectator that its movement and life are lost. . . . " The Brazilian landscape one sees from the heights of Olinda is a far cry from the grandiose panoramas of Rio de Janeiro or the mountain range between Santos and São Paulo, or the outskirts of Belo Horizonte, or the immense landscapes of the Amazon. It does not overwhelm us with a grandeur that dissolves the spectator in a universal whole so indefinite that he loses sight of regional idiosyncrasies of houses, the traditional lines of churches, the historic profiles of old fortresses, the national meaning of the ruins. The heights of Olinda do not lift us above Brazilian history; on the contrary, they drench us in it. The whole wide slice of Brazilian landscape visible from the top of the Sé or Misericórdia—so wide that it embraces the Santo Agostinho lighthouse—is a piece of tropical nature dotted with human victories over brute forces, Portuguese victories over

the virgin forest. There are glimpses of white churches set among cashew trees—houses—lighthouses—fountains—barges —remains of forts and sugar mills—the chimneys of factories —the huts of fishermen—and not only the white sails of catamarans in which Nabuco perceived "solitary feathers from the great wings of courage and sacrifice, and also of human necessity."

More importantly, the landscape seen from the Olinda heights is one made whole by man. Children flying kites on the slopes of the hills. Women in bright red dresses gathering twigs. Men fishing in the mangrove swamps. Old Negroes catching crabs in mud as black as themselves. Franciscan friars on their way to the monastery. Each of these figures seems not an intrusion but as essential a part of the landscape as the churches, the houses, the fishing boats, the coconut palms, the cashew trees, the water, and the barges, one of which is so near that without much effort we can read its name: *Tabu*. All we see unites in Franciscan brotherhood to form this landscape, at once Christian and Brazilian.

From the heights of Olinda a sweeping gaze can encompass the four hundred years of history that have gone into making Brazil what it is today, from the creeks to the factory chimneys, from Indian canoes to American trucks.

Brazilian Football and the Dance

(From *New World in the Tropics*, New York, 1959.)

A few years ago I suggested that a psychosociological characterization of Brazilian regional types might be based on the various Brazilian ways of dancing their Carnival dances. Carnival is enthusiastically celebrated in Brazil, and the celebration lasts for three days. People dance in the clubs and theaters and in the squares and streets. In some areas classes, races, sexes, and ages mingle as they do not do on ordinary days, with such free democratic exuberance and joy in fraternizing that one does not know how pagan it is, or how lyrically Christian; though largely pagan, it seems to have something Christian about it. But Carnival dances are only superficially the same throughout vast Brazil. In some areas they are "Dionysian," to use the old word revived by an American anthropologist to denote a well-known type of human behavior; in other areas they are "Apollonian" of an intermediate type.

Based on the assumption that Carnival for the Brazilians is only an exaggeration—sometimes, I admit, a morbid exaggeration—of their ordinary and characteristic behavior, I have suggested that through a careful study of the ways in which they dance their Carnival dances it is possible to classify their re-

gional and subregional differences of temperament, ethos, and personality, as well as to recognize their Brazilian unity of behavior and their universality of human personality. The first results of such a study seem to indicate a considerable difference in the temperament or personality of such close neighbors as the *gaúchos* and the *missioneros*[1] of the Rio Grande do Sul region. Along with this study, I have suggested also a study of the characteristic Brazilian way of playing the very Anglo-Saxon game of association football, or soccer. The Brazilians play it as if it were a dance. This is probably the result of the influence of those Brazilians who have African blood or are predominantly African in their culture, for such Brazilians tend to reduce everything to dance, work and play alike, and this tendency, apparently becoming more and more general in Brazil, is not solely the characteristic of an ethnic or regional group.

Since I published my first notes on these two subjects—the regional ways of dancing and of playing football, as a dance with something African to it—I have read Mr. Waldo Frank's brilliant comment on the tango, "a *sculptural* dance-music"; and elsewhere he tells us that, watching a group of men in Brazil playing soccer, he observed that they played "weaving the ball intricately (like the melodic line of a *samba*) to the goal."[2] It is almost the same remark that I had made in an article written in 1938, which I am sure Mr. Frank never saw, just as he never saw the one I published in 1940 about the Brazilian ways of dancing Carnival dances. I rejoice at the coincidence of his observation with mine, for I consider the author of *South American Journey* one of the few Americans who have written really illuminating pages on Brazil—illuminating for outsiders and for the Brazilians themselves. I know that sometimes he turns bombastic; but in his best pages he is enlightening, and

[1] *Missioneros*: from the mission compounds established by the Jesuits for Indians in southern Brazil and Paraguay, which flourished until the expulsion of the Jesuits in the eighteenth century. (Translator.)

[2] Waldo Frank, *South American Journey* (New York, 1943), p. 50.

we should be thankful to him for them, and thankful also for his realization of Brazilian complexity and diversity, his respect for what regions and provinces mean in an intricate culture such as that of Brazil. Too many foreign observers tend to see only what is metropolitan or picturesque, what is very progressive or very primitive or archaic: São Paulo or Rio, naked savages or the Amazon River. But it is between these antagonistic extremes that the real Brazil lies, with its variety of regional situations.

Now, as under the Empire, there is a tendency to repress regional and provincial diversity to the advantage of political centralization and unity. On the other hand, there are reformers who are against all centralization; they favor the total effacement of national as well as regional differences. In Brazil regional energies seem to be too powerful to be easily repressed by mere political coercion or mere ideological wish. Getulio Vargas, for some time so powerful in Brazil, was too shrewd a politician to wish to be a new Philip II; and today there are fewer reformers impatient or intolerant of regional differences than some years ago. Some of them see that even the Soviet Union is returning to an intelligent policy of combining internationalism with regionalism.

The study of Brazilian social history and social conditions seems to show that there, as in other vast and complex nations, each man should be allowed to develop a particular loyalty to his basic community, region, or province. Though in his transnational attachments he may go so far as to become a true citizen of the world, yet his status as member of a primary locality group seems essential to his personal and social health.

Signs of Brazilianization

(From *O Mundo que o Português Criou*, Rio, 1940.)

More than once, in Rio Grande do Sul, I have seen blond men dressed as *gaúchos* quietly drinking their yerba maté. Germans, Italians, Poles wearing ponchos and boots and sucking their maté in the traditional southern Brazilian way. Some of them had already acquired the same voluptuous slowness and even the mystic, Oriental, Levantine air some *gaúchos* assume during the celebration of this rite. In the southern provinces of Rio Grande and Santa Catarina I have seen other blond men using the deliberate gestures of northern Brazil—following the calm ritual of Bahia or the liturgy of Minas Gerais—when eating their good old Brazilian *feijoada* between gulps of *aguardiente* and splashes of pepper sauce. I have seen slippers—I mean Bahian slippers—dangling from the toes of blond women with blue eyes and Nordic features. I have seen clogs on the feet of factory workers who were not descendants of the Azoreans but sons and grandsons of Germans, ruddy, freckled, snub-nosed adolescents. I have seen the toothpick (nothing could be more Luso-Brazilian than a toothpick) in the mouths of many a descendant of Italian, Polish, and northern European immigrants. And I have seen large numbers of them relishing their guava paste with cheese —and no dessert could be more orthodox for a Brazilian than guava paste and cheese.

Every time I surprised an immigrant's son in one of these

acts, which seem so trivial and are yet so rich in sociological significance, I thought of Pascal. And in fact during most of my travels through the southern states, I found myself mentally giving the French thinker's ideas a sociological turn.

I remember that when we arrived at Blumenau my traveling companion, José Lins do Rêgo (the author of *Plantation Boy*), remarked that everything looked German to him: the architecture of the houses and the people's physical type. And that is one's first impression of Blumenau, even more than of Joinville or of Santa Cruz: a German town.

But once you begin to watch the way the people walk, you have no doubt that you are in Brazil. People in Blumenau don't walk like Germans any more, but like Brazilians. They have the same gait, gestures, rhythms. These other signs denote another way of looking at life. One can feel Brazil, with its mainly Portuguese culture, working on these descendants of northern Europeans and softening whatever their fathers or grandfathers brought with them that was hard, stiff, and angular.

The British Imperialist in Brazil

(From *Inglêses no Brasil*, Rio, 1948.)

The English diplomats who disembarked in Brazil in 1792 on their way to China and who were, like all good diplomats, good spies—that is, individuals who serve their government and people wherever they may be—were surprised to find in Rio de Janeiro the capital of another China, of which Europe was almost as ignorant as of the Orient, where English glassware, ironware, cutlery, and ink might find a worthwhile market. Here was a land that was gratifying to the palate of the Don Juan of trade that British imperialism was in those days: virgin, plump, and ripe for penetration by the imperial commerce of His Britannic Majesty's subjects.

In these pages my aim is to portray those Englishmen who were most a part of the Brazilian past: the British engineer, His Britannic Majesty's Consul, the mister, the *godeme*, the importer of machines, the sailor on a brig or frigate, the "Bible," the "buck," the *baeta*, the *bicho*,[1] whose fingers and toes should be counted to make sure he was not Satan in person —the British imperialist in Brazil.

[1] *Baeta*: perhaps from the baize garments worn by early travelers; *bicho*: beast, "critter." (Translator.)

British Engineers in Brazil

(From *Inglêses no Brasil*, Rio, 1948.)

The history of the Great Western Railroad, like that of other railroad lines constructed by the British in the wild, sparsely settled backlands of Brazil, is full of English engineers like the Mr. Hasting Charles Dent who lived and labored in Minas Gerais a hundred years ago, who found themselves gaped at by the local rustics as objects of curiosity, totally exotic beings, heretics who probably had webbed feet—in short, "Inglêzes." Mr. Frederick James Stevenson, whose work took him to the still wild and woolly interior of the state of Alagoas in 1867, was dubbed simply "O Inglêz." One day while going up the Panema River in a boat, he heard the crew complaining: "Santa Maria! These English heretics are devils!"

In Barra de Panema, Stevenson found a lad who was willing to guide "O Inglêz" through the local wilderness. This adolescent, like the grown men of the place, wore a long knife at his waist. "What is that knife for?" asked the engineer. The boy answered that he kept it handy to kill people who insulted him. We can be sure the British engineer did not waste this golden opportunity of giving the young Brazilian rustic a

lesson in British ethics: "In England we don't kill people who insult us; we only knock them down." This was, perhaps, the first lesson in fisticuffs given by an English railroad engineer to a Brazilian youth armed with a knife.

In Minas Gerais another railroad engineer, the aforementioned Mr. Dent, came to be known not merely as "O Inglêz" but as "Senhor Doutor" or "Doutor Inglêz," consistent with the Brazilian habit of calling any educated man a doctor. And so Dent became known in those parts as "O Senhor Doutor," the "English Doctor," and as a consequence of his title was frequently consulted about matters which had little or nothing to do with railroads.

Uncertain as to how far this ritual Brazilian courtesy might extend, Dent must have lived in fear of some urgent call to cure a smallpox victim or help a woman in childbirth or pull a hillbilly's tooth out or attend to an ox with maggot sores. Or worse still, to mediate as a lawyer in some dangerous backwoods vendetta. And the call might be reinforced by the gleam of a knife blade or poniard. Apparently in order to live up, insofar as was possible, to the medical overtones the title of "doctor" suggested to his English ears, Mr. Dent conscientiously boned up on Chernoviz's *Dictionary of Popular Medicine*, from whose pages he extracted some notion of how to ameliorate, in himself at least, the effects of certain bodily misfortunes to which his construction work on the railroad exposed him: ticks, chiggers, leeches, even botfly. He took special care to protect himself from smallpox, which was then very common in Brazil, and from yellow fever, the terror of all foreigners, but especially the British—that is, English engineers or technical experts who were obliged to travel in the interior of the country, not businessmen with established residences in the more healthful vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, Recife, or Bahia.

Messrs. Dent and Stevenson were not the first British railroad engineers to come to Brazil; their predecessors were known sometimes as "doctors," and sometimes as "misters,"

depending on how impressive a figure they cut in Brazilian eyes. How could one be sure what they were, since they did not wear doctors' rings and frock coats like Brazilian university graduates? Some of these Englishmen left journals of their adventures as Englishmen and technicians in tropical Brazil: a Brazil where no one, in the remote regions to which their profession took them, knew anything at all about either Englishmen or locomotives. The only machines these rustic Brazilians were familiar with were the old winches used to make cane sugar or the crude mills used to press the poison out of manioc flour. One of these engineers took up residence in São Paulo and wrote a fine translation of *The Lusiads* in his free time, between sips of São Paulo coffee or Scotch whiskey or both.

Few more absorbing books on Brazil have been written than that of the British railway construction specialist Thomas P. Bigg-Wither, who was also an enthusiastic partisan of the colonization of Paraná by English farmers. The author of this book, entitled *Pioneering in South Brazil* (London, 1878), reveals himself as a typically British engineer, a representative not only of his country but of his profession and his time: imperial England at the zenith of Queen Victoria's reign—Robert Louis Stevenson's Great Britain. The spirit of adventure that fired young Englishmen in those days was not solely a boyhood yearning for piratical or quasi-piratical adventure on the high seas, as it had been in the age of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, but a desire for equally romantic, though less theatrical, more mercantile adventures in new or backward countries in need of British capital and technical assistance and, so some Englishmen thought, of British Bibles and missionaries as well.

James Wells, an engineer belonging to the same generation as Bigg-Wither, confessed that the day he set out for the Brazilian interior he felt as if he were being carried up to heaven. His boyhood dream had come true: he was slashing his way into the tropical jungle. He held Defoe and his Rob-

inson Crusoe, Captain Mayne Reid, and other authors of swashbuckling tales of adventure responsible for encouraging countless English lads to set sail for the tropics and countless Englishmen to roam the world in search of adventure—in fact, for encouraging the expansion of the British Empire itself. According to this theory, the mystique of British expansion has deep literary as well as economic roots. Wells remarked that since his early youth he had been one of those Englishmen singled out by destiny to leave their native land, partly in search of adventure, partly impelled by a desire to find better opportunities than "the crowded ranks of home seemed to offer." And Brazil had lured him "with the glamour of romantic imaginings of its wondrous tropical life. . . ."

And it was to Brazil that he came, this English engineer in the flower of his youth, his head filled with rosy, not golden, dreams: dreams of adventure and the imparting of his expertise to others rather than material dreams of easy profits in cash. Not for Wells the gentle, dreamy Brazil of Petrópolis, where at that time the more refined and delicate foreigners took shelter from the sun and the heat, the malaria and the snakes or vipers, and lived under a sort of enormous English glass dome. He chose the Brazil of yellow fever, of food cooked with a plebeian abundance of grease, onions, and garlic; of rugged hikes through malarial swamplands; of white rum instead of port wine. The Brazil of backwoodsmen who lived in poverty, even misery ("If London has her scenes of awful misery, so have the backwoods of Brazil," wrote Wells), and looked on every Englishman they saw, even the youthful engineer with his blond sideburns, as a veritable Rothschild. He was bound to be rich. The backcountry rustics could not get it through their heads that the young engineer had come to face unheard-of perils in the wilderness not from love of adventure alone but to earn enough money by his own backbreaking labor to establish a comfortable middle-class home back in England. Rich though they were reputed to be, the British engineers were welcomed by almost everyone in Brazil with a

truly Christian hospitality. Rarely indeed were they victimized by the cupidity of rough backwoodsmen or half-breeds.

James W. Wells was the full name of this Englishman whose romantic temperament did not stand in the way of his being tremendously practical in his own technical field, with the hands of a workman as well as a diploma in mathematics. From diaries kept in Brazil he wrote a book in two volumes (like Bigg-Wither's) entitled *Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil, from Rio de Janeiro to Maranhão*, published in London many years after his first residence in the Brazilian Empire from 1868 to 1873. In fact, he began work on the book in Olinda and finished it in Kent.

One of the Brazilian events described by Wells in his book took place one day during construction work on the Pedro II Railroad, when he saw fit to take off his jacket and roll up his shirt sleeves to show a group of workmen a better way of making bricks. He noticed that from that day on he was no longer "doctor" to his assistants, a group of young Brazilian engineering graduates, but only "Mister Wells." His associates could not imagine any doctor rolling up his sleeves, dirtying his hands with clay, and mingling with workmen as if he were no better than they.

Brazils, Brazil, Brasília

(From *Brasis, Brasil, Brasília*, 1st edition in Brazil and 2d in Portuguese, Rio, 1968.)

Amazonian Brazil is witnessing the healthy advent of that kind of modern yet at the same time regional and traditional architecture which is one of the aims of the Regionalist, Traditionalist, "Modernist" movement, which began in Recife in 1924 and has found in the architect Henrique Mindlin its most authoritative interpreter and executor in the period of transition through which our country is passing. Transition here should not, in the view of the specialists in various arts and sciences who are trying to give it direction, be a process of modernization pure and simple, but rather modernization combined with useful features of the Luso-tropical tradition and suitably modified by the tropical or semitropical climate of the different regions of Brazil, whether wet, arid, or subtropical. Thus Brazil's situation should be seen as a synthesis in which the criteria of modernity are ideally enriched by those of regional tradition.

May the errors of Brasília, where tradition and regional characteristics were sacrificed to an ostentatious urban modern architecture which is not even consistently modern but only aesthetically or sculpturally so, serve as a warning to all the other Brazils undergoing modernization or urbanization. Not that Brasília should be repudiated, of course: it represents too great a Brazilian achievement for its mistakes to be permitted

to outweigh its virtues. But we should take care not to repeat what were mistakes. In our architecture we should think not only in modern terms but in regional, traditional terms as well, reinforcing our own valid experience with forms of excellence from whatever technologies can be appropriately adapted to conditions of Brazil as a whole and to regional conditions in particular.

This is true not only of architecture, of course, but of the whole complex of cultural forms that constitutes a national style of life: in cuisine, clothing, recreation, furnishings, hygiene, and the arts.

Brazil is not monolithic but various. The Brazilian tropics are not all alike; they vary considerably from one region to another. The astonishing socioecological phenomenon of Brazilian unity is nourished by this very diversity of regions—Brazils in the plural—which intermingle and are fulfilled in one single Brazil.

No one has been more conscious of this plural-singular dichotomy—Brazils, Brazil—than the composer Heitor Villa-Lobos, who planned to set to music a "Brazilian Archipelago." The only thing he could not have foreseen was a sense of the meaning of Brasília, not in the city's festive but flawed beginnings but as the "ideal type," in the sociological sense of that expression, what it might have been and may yet become: the center of expression, both practical and poetic, of the many Brazils in one.

In this connection it should be pointed out that in the musical and choreographic as well as the culinary branches of culture, Brazilians have developed a sensitivity which, besides being Euro-tropical, national, or pan-Brazilian, contains regional variations that, far from weakening the whole, enrich it. This was the view of Heitor Villa-Lobos, who hoped, when he was nearing the end of his life, to compose the "Brazilian Archipelago" in collaboration with the author of this book, whom he had asked to write an accompanying "poetico-sociological" or "visionary-sociological" text.

The "Brazilian Archipelago" was to be nothing less than the creation of a national music after the manner of Bach: the manner described by Ralph Vaughan Williams in his *National Music* (London, 1935) as the adaptation of traditional, popular, regional melodies to creative impulses at once modern and universal but nonetheless imbued with a sensitivity for regional or national folk music. As Luís Cosme tells us in his *Introdução a Música* (Rio, 1954), before Villa-Lobos's imagination had conceived the idea of an interregional "Archipelago," he had already taken "indisputable liberties in his *Bachianas Brasileiras* by applying certain processes of counterpoint to Brazilian folk music." It should be added that our folk music, like all Brazilian folklore, is characteristically interregional or pluriregional: a manifestation of several Brazils within the greater Brazil, with alternating moods of Indian plaintiveness, Luso-tropical voluptuousness, and carioca piquancy. It was precisely these manifestations of regionalism in the Brazilian national whole that Villa-Lobos hoped to capture in a more specific way through his musical genius in the "Brazilian Archipelago," that composition which was to be a musical witness to the Brazil that embraces and is nourished by many Brazils. The same thesis is defended with critical acumen by the writer Viana Moog as regards Brazilian literature, which is just as pluri-regional, or interregional, as it is national.

Here it may be opportune to recall that an idea similar to that of Villa-Lobos inspired Serge Lifar with a desire to create a modern ballet based on the popular and regional dances of Brazil, "the American Russia." His plan was to study these dances in the company of the author—sociological research integrated with romantic creativity—provided, that is, the then Minister João Alberto Lins de Barros kept his promise to secure government sponsorship for a project so replete with interesting possibilities. But the project died a-borning, in the Waldorf-Astoria suite where the three of us met to discuss it in 1939. There the author introduced Lifar to a João Alberto who was at first very reluctant (what a conventional ex-revolu-

tionary he was in those days, the good but ingenuous João!), Lifar having been described to him falsely as "terribly effeminate." He changed his mind, however, and indeed became a great enthusiast of Lifar. But in the Brazil of 1939, João Alberto lacked the political power to keep his commitment to the author and Serge Lifar by placing the full weight of government prestige behind the creation of the kind of work we had planned. In such a ballet the traditional dance pageant of the *bumba-meu-boi*, for instance, would have been shown in its northeastern as well as in its Amazonian guise. The emphasis would have shifted now to the festival of fire (the Eve of St. John), now the Feast of the Nativity (the Messiah celebrated in the tropical out of doors), according to the aesthetic dictates of the dances. For the climatically conditioned aspects of the popular celebration of St. John's Feast and Christmas in Brazil vary from one region to another: crèches and masses and shepherds' pageants in the open air are clearly tropical in origin and have a special importance in the North and Northeast, where Santa Claus and Christmas trees are antiecological intrusions; in southern Brazil, on the other hand, in Paraná, fir trees are native to the landscape. Villa-Lobos, like the good pan-Brazilian he was, could not fail to be aware of its lyrical regional suggestiveness.

In an essay on Villa-Lobos which is found in a book edited by David Ewen, *Marvels of Modern Music* (translated into Portuguese by João Henrique Chaves Lopes and published in Brazil in 1959), the critic Eurico Nogueira França emphasizes the popular or folk (and he might have added regional) origins of the composer's symphonic works known as "chôros," and traces their roots to the "*chorões*"[1] of serenaders of the streets and hills of Rio de Janeiro. He even goes to the extreme of perceiving in these lyrical inspirations "the primitive impulses of our racial psyche." The critic discovers a "specific Brazilian lyricism" in the *Bachianas*, a bold attempt to transpose "native

[1] *Chorões*: plaintive ballads. (Translator.)

populism" to the "higher plane" without transcending what he calls its "tropical voluptuousness": a tropicality which, it should be added, is fundamental, telluric, ecological. He goes on to point out that in the *Lenda do Caboclo* Villa-Lobos, by transposing to what he calls a "higher plane" (signifying, perhaps, a slightly different kind of regional inspiration from that of the carioca "*chorões*"), has crystallized "the peculiar poignancy and poetic languor latent in Brazilian musical sensibility."

And that sensibility has a common theme which is developed according to the regional variations of popular expression. The explanation for this lies in the fact that what is erroneously called the Brazilian "racial psyche" (erroneously, because that "psyche" is cultural rather than ethnic or racial) consists of a complex containing many regional expressions which vary in emphasis: among the *gaúchos*, for example, the emphasis is Luso-Amerindian; Amerindian in the Amazon valley; Luso-African in Bahia and Minas Gerais; Luso-Afro-Amerindian in the rest of the Northeast; Luso-African in a different way in Rio de Janeiro. It was this diversified unity that Villa-Lobos hoped to interpret in his projected "Archipelago."

[II]

Freyre on Freyre

What Is a Writer?

(From *Como e Porque sou e não sou Sociólogo*, Brasília, 1968.)

What am I primarily? A writer, I think; a literary writer. The sociologist, the anthropologist, the historian, the social scientist, the possible thinker, are ancillaries of the writer in me. Whether I am a good writer or a bad one is another matter. In the pages that follow I shall try to set down as a deposition or apologia of possible sociological interest some of the directions in which, partly because of my own experience, I feel a writer must go in order to affirm himself as a writer. On them rests my own hope of being a writer, even if not precisely a belletrist.

To be a writer means to carry on an activity which has nothing bureaucratic about it. It is always more adventure than routine. However, the sociology of the act of writing remains to be studied. The difficulty of doing so lies in the fact that writers tend to be very different from other men, both those engaged in what we call the liberal professions and those who labor in the arts and at other callings. The writer must be a little of all of these without belonging specifically to any professional group. He is insecure by the nature of his calling. Insurance companies have been known to insure the hands of pianists for large sums of money; but not the hands of writers.

A writer will be individualistic, sometimes vociferously so, because he prizes his independence. He should not restrict

his development to one class or race or narrow, exclusive ideology. Ideally, his contacts and experiences should be multiple and as varied as possible, although we know of exceptional individuals who became writers though living in virtually total isolation from the world: the Brontë sisters, St. Theresa, shy eccentrics like Thoreau, and Lima Barreto, in his way, in Brazil.

Someone who writes from information gathered from other, authoritative books, instead of describing life or nature as he himself sees, feels, observes, experiences, and re-creates it, is not a genuine writer at all but literally a man of letters. Hence those "unruly faculties," the hallmarks of the authentic writer, which the illustrious Portuguese critic Maria Amália Vaz de Carvalho descried in "the authors of the North," principally in those of Anglo-Saxon race. She neglected Iberians like Cervantes and Fernão Mendes Pinto, not to mention Unamuno, who at the time when she wrote was yet to attain full greatness and recognition as a writer. And yet it is Unamuno who best illustrates her description of a writer "so closely identified with his work that the two form an inseparable whole."

Writers of this kind write, in effect, not only to "pour out the exuberance of a vital force that they cannot exhaust in any other way" but also to "make the world the confidant of their hyperacute impressions." Inauthentic writers, on the other hand, are men of letters or literati or belletrists rather than original writers. They may be the kind of "petty bourgeois who know nothing about life except what they learned in books" (to quote Maria Amália Vaz de Carvalho once again); or the worldly littérateur, the sophisticated man of the world who frequents only salons, elegant clubs, academies—society, in a word; or the ideological malcontent or frustrated theorist whose acquaintance is equally restricted to a little circle in which he feels ideologically at home. All are virtually without experience or a grasp of life, and their written work almost always runs counter to what active existence could teach.

The foregoing illustrates the complexity of the material which would have to be used to develop a sociology to be

applied to writers who are genuinely writers, after first taking care to separate the creative, vital, experimental writer from the bookish belletrist or the man of letters who may work with the classics, but in a purely parasitic way.

If I am to be admitted to the ranks of valid literary writers—and this, according to some critics, is a proposition not worth entertaining even as a hypothesis—to what literary tradition do I belong? To what constant? To what type? Impelled by what vocation, what decisive motivation? Coexisting in what way with the anthropologist (inseparably linked with the psychologist), the sociologist, the historian, the systematic thinker formed in universities?

It is my belief that I belong primarily to the Iberian tradition of writing. In this I second Professor Fernand Braudel of the Collège de France, who thinks of me as a Brazilian who writes more in the Spanish manner than the Portuguese. In my case and that of a few others—a Santayana or a Camilo José Cela, for example—the tradition has been colored by some English influence, a little French, and even German; but it is the Iberian constant that predominates.

There are in fact certain affinities between the two traditions of literary expression, the Iberian and the Anglo-Saxon, most especially in the literary essay, but also in the drama, and even in poetry and the novel.

Both traditions differ from the French in that they are freer of those conventions which Boileau made almost canonical for his literary compatriots but which to some of us seem excessively academic—correctness of phrasing, a preoccupation with measure, and elegance in choice of words and turn of phrase. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that this orthodox school, which is perhaps less exclusively characteristic of French intellectual life than it seems, does not include Montaigne (who was, by the way, of Iberian stock), nor Pascal, nor Villon, nor Rimbaud, nor Michelet, nor Proust. While all of these writers were French—very French—some of them wrote French in a style that is more akin to the

language of some Spanish writers than it is to the French of Boileau's formulas. Others show more affinity with the English of certain English writers than with the French hallowed by the French Academy as exemplary and classic, that art of perfectly polished composition, to depart from which is thoroughly unpatriotic. Some French authors even commit the sin of falling into the shameless impetuosity and reckless innovation of writers in English like Swift or Carlyle, or for that matter Whitman, Gertrude Stein, and Joyce; or of writers in Spanish like St. Theresa, Cervantes, Unamuno, Rubén Darío, Ramón del Valle Inclán, García Lorca; or such Portuguese as Fernão Mendes Pinto, Eça de Queirós, or Euclides da Cunha.

A writer in the purest Spanish tradition is a man—or a woman, in St. Theresa's case—who writes out of a need to complete or intensify himself as a person, as a man (or woman), just as others who are part of that same tradition may choose to paint, or fight bulls, or give themselves to the Catholic Church or to the State, or devote their lives to rebellion against the Church or the State, while never losing their character or becoming any less Spanish no matter what extreme they may choose. This tradition has no room for the aloof littérateur *au-dessus de la mêlée*, or even for the polished man of letters. The Spanish or Portuguese writer is first of all a person, a man who writes words to fit his personality instead of adjusting his personality to some set of artistic or literary conventions to which every respectable man of letters is expected to conform. The supreme example for us all is Cervantes and after him Camões, and Gil Vicente, and Fernão Mendes Pinto; but their great forerunner was Ramón Llull.

It is well known that among the authors of romances, or novels—a literary genre, incidentally, to which Spaniards are not much given—Cervantes is not noted for the literary polish of his works; his is not the art of the professional man of letters, nor the highly finished product of the littérateur. As critics have not failed to observe, *Don Quixote* is full of

structural defects which repel the orthodox literary analysts—hairsplitters, some of us are tempted to call them, who are overcritical of other writers. And yet, apropos of Cervantes, it has been pointed out more than once that none of the novels of Flaubert, with all their perfection of literary style, can hold a candle to the great, imperfect, often careless Spanish novel in wisdom, humor, or poetic force. Nor is it surpassed, in the opinion of experts in comparative literature, by any of the most powerful English novels, such as *Tristram Shandy*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Tom Jones;* nor by Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Yet Cervantes wrote his book in a most Iberian way, ignoring almost every literary convention there was: he took a few old tales of heroic deeds and added a lot that was picturesque and much more that was crude and common. Cervantes took the picaresque, the vulgar, and the crude out of the mouths of the people and threw them into relief by means of effects that were sociologically symbolic and psychologically true to reality. Such intense reality can be created in fiction only by poets who combine a direct experience of life with the analytical and lyrical power to understand it, dramatize it, and interpret it. All this the Portuguese writer Gil Vicente achieved in another literary genre.

My Way of Being a Writer

(From *Como e Porque sou e não sou Sociólogo*, Brasília, 1968.)

As a writer, or an apprentice constantly learning how to write, I have always tried to use varied and often simultaneous perspectives in attempting to pinpoint and interpret certain aspects of the human condition in general through the example of tropical man in particular—especially Brazilian man. Hence the confusion, the lack of order and continuity, which some literary critics have found in my work. Hence too, perhaps, the lack of understanding on the part of a number of others of the juxtaposition of scientific and humanistic *aperçus* in my work, the repetitions and lack of order of the literary expression and organization of these sometimes simultaneous *aperçus*. According to some critics this form of expression gives my writings an artistic or poetic quality; according to others it reduces them to a chaotic heap of images which lack both scientific validity and literary insight.

I must admit that these criticisms are not unfounded, for besides the disorder and repetitiveness of my work there is in it a denial of conventionally literary virtues on the one hand and of conventionally scientific ones on the other—conventional in the sense of pure, chaste virtues in their academic or orthodox garb. If I am a writer at all, I am one who is not easily classified; and in this, perhaps, I may be Iberian to the point of caricature. Some critics complain that the style which

they find characteristic of my writing is no model of scientific style—as if I ever aimed at a scientific rather than a literary style. In fact, in purely scientific works the ideal seems to be a virtual absence of style. I confess that I am anarchic, individualistic, rather impure, rather contradictory, rather disorderly, and, in these defects, a caricature of those Iberian writers who still defy classification, including Unamuno, whose centenary has recently been commemorated.

The truth is, in fact, that what I have always tried to be is not primarily an anthropologist or a sociologist or a historian or an "institutional" thinker who happens to write, but a writer who makes his education and whatever scientific knowledge he has, especially of anthropology, the handmaid of his writing. Such is the case with many Hispanic writers—this hybrid, flexible, rather anarchic condition. It is equally true of someone like Lawrence of Arabia, that English cousin of the Spaniards even in his empathetic way of embracing Arab culture. Among us Brazilians, it is true of Euclides da Cunha. Hence my assumption of freedom to express myself first and foremost as a writer—a writer with literary pretensions—while feeling nonetheless the responsibility of my education and profession as a scientist, and perhaps also—*excusez du peu*—in a modest way, a thinker. A scientist with no university department to head—I have always denied myself that honor—but never out of contact with universities in his own country and abroad. A thinker unattached to any closed or systematic ideology, but always actively engaged in thought, analysis, and criticism.

In what way does a writer of this sort, an Iberian kind of writer, differ from other intellectuals—from intellectuals who are neither writers nor Iberians? I believe the difference lies in that quality which a German critic, Rolf Schroers, calls "spontaneity": that quality, or defect, so characteristic of the Hispanic people. Such spontaneity is almost the same thing as creativity; and the latter, by its very nature, almost invariably rebels against strictly academic norms and rigidly institutional

styles of intellectual behavior. Personalism. Individualism. Perhaps—I repeat—a certain intellectual anarchism paradoxically bordering on the attachment those who may be termed conservative revolutionaries feel for certain traditions, certain constants, which to them represent eternal values. At any rate, such spontaneous rather than institutionalized individuals probably act as a healthy counterweight to the academic, institutional excesses of other intellectuals or "intellectuaries" —that is, intellectual bureaucrats who submit to the bureaucratic rigidities of institutions or ideologies.

The German critic cites university-educated scientists, technicians, scholars, specialists in this or that, whose "admirably trained intelligence," each in his own special field of expertise, lacks neither systematic knowledge nor scientific discipline. What they do seem to lack, if they are to be not only writers but intellectuals in the purely Iberian sense of what a writer or an intellectual should be, is spontaneity. Creativity. Or that readiness to lead an independent and therefore creative intellectual life which made Santayana suddenly abandon Harvard one fine day for an Italian convent so that he could become, at the end of his life, not a convert to the Church but an independent intellectual, a gypsy free of commitments to official or officious institutions of science or learning.

An Author's Relationship with His Readers

(From *Inglêses no Brasil*, Rio, 1948.)

My point of view when interpreting the history of Brazilian man is still that of one who sees in the formation of that man not only the biological process of miscegenation, but also, and almost independently, the action, expansion, development of a social process: a synthesis of cultures. This process has had the effect, not so much of causing the disintegration or degradation of any of the cultures which have had a part in making us what we are, as of integrating all of them into a new, hybrid society and culture, many-faceted and bewilderingly rich in its heritage, its modes of developing, and its values and ways of life, whether moral, intellectual, aesthetic, or material.

The method I have followed in my essays on the English in Brazil has been one of combining an attempt at psychological interpretation with that of historical and sociological reconstruction. Both attempts—the reconstruction and the interpretation—are made with full awareness of the more curious readers and of critics who demand the greatest meticulousness as to sources and methods; in fact, I appreciate their vigilant collaboration. There are, I repeat, no barriers between the writer and his most demanding and critical readers. Readers and

critics alike are welcome to climb the same scaffolding the writer has used and verify with their own eyes and feel with their own hands the evidence he has put forth.

It is precisely for this reason that the unsightly scaffolding has been suffered to remain in this book just as it was in the writer's earlier essays, which have the same unfinished look, as if they were always either under construction or undergoing repairs, even though this has caused annoyance to a different group of readers and critics: those who persist in viewing as a boastful parading of erudition or pedantry the writer's many quotations from primary sources, and his numerous bibliographical references, which may seem excessive but which in truth are essential if one is to build a house of more than a single story.

Literature or Only Science?

(From *Como e Porque sou e não sou Sociólogo*, Brasília, 1968.)

I should not hide my very early flirtations with aesthetic forms of literary expression of which traces may be found in the prose of *Casa-Grande e Senzala*[1] (traces which strict belletrists may, of course, not consider aesthetic at all). My fondness for them goes back to early childhood; I was still a boy when in sonnets like "Jangada Triste" I tried to imitate both Camões and José de Alencar. Later, in my early twenties, I wrote "Bahia de Todos os Santos e de Quase Todos os Pecados" ["Bay of All Saints and Almost All Sins"] under the influence, as to literary form of expression, of imagists writing in English, most especially Walt Whitman, the poet-sociologist. I was also influenced by the poet-philosopher Nietzsche, not by the substance of his philosophy but by the aesthetic form it took, which in its turn was inspired in great part by the Spanish thinker Gracián and by another very Spanish Spaniard, Ramón Llull.

My flirtations were, I confess, with belles-lettres as such. But since the anthropological character of my works of scientific and philosophic anthropology put me in the category of a writer of the conventionally strong sex, intellectually

[1] *The Masters and the Slaves*. Literally, "Big House and Slave Quarters." (Translator.)

speaking, I can obviously, in the eyes of those who are purists when it comes to genres, be only marginally in the field of literature. If logic must be absolutely separate from aesthetics, those passing love affairs of mine must, in a way, have been against nature, for the essay in its most vigorous expressive form—as in Pascal, Vives, Bacon, Montaigne, Newman, Carlyle, Emerson, Unamuno—is, by the conventions of literary sex, thought to be a masculine form of creative expression, while poems, plays, and novels are "feminine." Sheer convention. Neither Santayana in his novel, nor Bertrand Russell in his short stories, nor Gilberto Amado in his poems and novels, ever lost his masculine literary vigor as an essayist and thinker because he occasionally, but always powerfully, adopted forms of art or literary expression conventionally held to be feminine. Not that I claim to be of the same intellectual rank as the bisexual authors I have cited; but their example surely justifies whatever traces of belletrism may be found in a book like *The Masters and the Slaves*, which would seem by reason of what is "strong and ugly" rather than "beautiful and charming" in it to have been written by a predominantly masculine author.

With the notable exception of a few Brazilians such as João Ribeiro and Prudente de Morais III, it was not until its publication in English, French, and Spanish that critics who had completely misunderstood what I was doing in *The Masters and the Slaves* suddenly recognized that I might have consciously chosen both the form and the language of what was, after all, an original work rather than merely a passive application of "North American anthropology," "German philosophy," or "French sociology" to Brazil, as they had first assumed. One of the first critical reviews of *Maîtres et Esclaves* to appear in French was an astonishingly generous as well as understanding one by Father Retif, S.J., in *Études*. It came out at almost the same time that the *Nouvelle Revue Française* introduced this Brazilian book to the French in terms that assured for it a firm place as a literary work as well as a

scientific one; and according to this authoritative critic, literature with a classic flavor. Specialized experts though the French are in perceiving flavors in books as well as wines, it is of course true that the masters can sometimes be deceived when either book or wine is very new. The real critic of the book with pretensions of being a classic, as of wine—the critic who truly hallows a wine or an author—is, as we all know, none other than Time. And to Time, *Casa-Grande e Senzala* is still only a child: petted by some, but still avoided, like a mischievous child, by the more cautious.

An Author in Search of Himself

(From *Como e Porque sou e não sou Sociólogo*, Brasília, 1968.)

What is there in common between, on the one hand, an anthropologist of the Lawrence of Arabia type, or more accurately, the Robert Redfield type, or a social historian like Marc Bloch or a sociologist like Simmel; and a writer of novels like Tolstoy or Proust or the Brazilians Machado de Assis and Raúl Pompéia, on the other? I think the trait they all have in common is a kind of empathy that consists in the ability of a person to see himself in others and others in himself, with a perspective that implies looking outward from within as well as looking inward from without. What Ortega y Gasset, the illustrious Spanish intellectual whose German education should be borne in mind, calls "perspectivism" is possible only when based on that empathy so characteristic of the Spaniards who are most Spanish: writers as remote as Ramón Llull or as modern as Miguel de Unamuno (if modern is the right word to use for one who seems so timeless) and without forgetting Cervantes, of course; or painters like the profoundly Hispanicized El Greco, the quintessentially Spanish Goya, or the half-Portuguese Velásquez; or poets turned play-

wrights, such as Lope de Vega in the Golden Age and Federico García Lorca in our own.

It is a question of what modern students call "consciousness expansion"—let the neologism stand—on the part of the author who adds something creative to a power of exact observation and an analysis in depth of whatever subject-object or object-subject has aroused his curiosity; an ability to plumb one aspect or another of some complex social or human reality. In such cases the creator or the analyst or the interpreter of the reality in question utilizes the technique of projecting other hypothetical personalities onto his own in order to complement and enrich it with fresh perspectives of a single reality. He tries to see that reality through other real people or kinds of personalities or perhaps in the Weberian form of "ideal types" with whom he identifies empathetically in order to perceive aspects of reality which he could not hope to understand if he remained sealed in his own unique personality, or sex, or race, or culture, or class.

The author of *Casa-Grande e Senzala* [*The Masters and the Slaves*] (who agrees with Professor Fernand Braudel that essentially he belongs to the Spanish tradition of Ramón Llull, the Mallorcan who empathized himself into a Moor in order to comprehend Islam) attempted in that book to develop other personalities which would complement his own and thus help him to perceive a complex, multifarious reality. He carried this unfolding of his personality to the risky, even hazardous extreme of directing an ethnocultural and sociocultural personality which was essentially European and aristocratic in origin and education into quite other channels: endeavoring to feel as if his background and his very ethos were menial as well as aristocratic; non-European as well as European. He tried to feel as if he were specifically Indian, Moor, Jew, Negro, African; and more than that: woman, child, slave, oppressed, exploited, abused, in both ethos and status, by patriarchs and masters. That is why *Casa-Grande e Senzala*

is a book of multiple points of view, some of them contradictory; and why it is open to the charge of being Negrophile. It was the author's hope that these different contradictory perspectives might complement one another and act to some extent as a corrective to whatever might otherwise be exclusively imperial or monolithic in the author's personality; and thus unfold, when dealing with certain subjects, in such a way that the writer is less one single author than a rather Pirandellian cluster of authors. By such empathy he endeavored to perceive a single reality by circling around it and considering it from different and complementary points of view: that of the adult white man, surely; but also that of the child, the woman, the Indian, the Negro, the homosexual, the slave. In interpreting the Brazilian experience some of these points of view had probably never before been admitted, certainly not in depth and in conjunction with one another.

And yet these opposed points of view are an essential complement to the perspective of a Brazilian who is biologically and sociologically white and European, as well as Catholic and a member of a dominant race and class. Taken all together they have given the author a far wider perspective than any conventional analysis could have done.

Among the new or innovative features of *Casa-Grande e Senzala,* none perhaps is more significant than one heretofore neglected by the critics: that is, the multifarious and sometimes simultaneous perspectives responsible for one of the faults most often pointed out in a book which is admittedly badly organized: its repetitiousness. A novel feature of *Casa-Grande e Senzala* when it first appeared was the variety of different methods to which its author had recourse in putting it together. This variety astonished and displeased the Anglo-Saxon critics of thirty years ago because of their hostility to an intermingling of social disciplines which is now quite the fashion among their compatriots in the social sciences; on the other hand, it delighted those European critics, particularly the French, who were already in rebellion against the exces-

sive, hermetic specialization of their European (and more particularly, their Anglo-Saxon) colleagues, who dealt with sociological material as if they were working in the natural and not the social sciences. They had forgotten that the stuff of man's social life, unlike the natural world of inanimate objects, plants, and animals when studied apart from their qualitative or symbolic values, cannot sensibly be fragmented into particles and scrutinized by specialists using purely mathematical methods or techniques of quantitative analysis.

It was an eminent Brazilian critic, Professor Gilberto Amado, who observed that *Casa-Grande e Senzala* is characterized by the prominence it gives to facts: to pure, unvarnished facts, if I have understood the distinguished critic aright. It is true that the book's theme is built upon a ballast of facts drawn in the main from daily Brazilian experience during the centuries when a stable, profoundly patriarchal society was being formed in Portuguese America. Most of these facts recurred again and again over a long period of time which is viewed in the book from the perspective of its social rhythm rather than as a historical sequence; because those facts were recurrent, they are social rather than historic. That is why the French sociologist Balandier wrote of *Casa-Grande e Senzala* that this Brazilian book could lay the foundation for a "sociology of daily life" in depth. One might say in depth and time, for it was another French sociologist who declared that a subsequent work of the author, *Ordem e Progresso*, has laid the groundwork for a "sociology of time."

The author of *Casa-Grande e Senzala* certainly did not limit himself to presenting facts of that nature—that is, recurring daily routines—to the exclusion of exceptional events. He attempted to go further by trying to discover, determine, and isolate those elements in these facts which had symbolic value and significance, some of them linked primarily to the present and others tied mainly to a past which, because these symbols have persisted during successive or discontinuous

phases of human experience (in this case Brazilian), has transcended history and entered the realm of suprahistorical reality. Such is the societal complex that gave its title to the book in question: a society studied through some of the manifestations of its psychosocial processes, in particular the accommodation or intermingling of apparently irreconcilable ethnocultural elements.

The title phrase itself—*Casa-Grande e Senzala*—is specifically and historically authentic. It can be found in wills and inventories dating from Brazil's colonial and imperial past, where it is simply a description of the goods or property belonging to rural or sometimes urban masters. But this specific historicity would not suffice to give symbolic value to the phrase were it not for the fact that it has taken root in the spoken language and come to mean not only material goods or property but a social reality and by extension a societal symbol—almost an "ideal type" in Max Weber's sociological sense. By entitling his book *Casa-Grande e Senzala*, the author gave symbolic value to a phrase which was already a part of the living language of almost every region of Brazil, and especially of the sugar-cane country of the Northeast. What he did was add to this descriptive phrase a symbology which is unusually significant in its wealth of implications and social connotations.

Four Characters Drawn by an Author

(From a newspaper article, 1967.)

The novelist Aluísio de Azevedo is said to have drawn portraits of almost all of the characters he created. Azevedo had an almost exclusively visual mind: he needed the drawings to bring the reality of the words in his own novels to life before his eyes. A reader of Azevedo's novels has the impression that he is seeing what the author incisively describes rather than hearing the different voices he evokes.

As for myself, I make no pretense of being a novelist of Aluísio's unilinear type. I belong to quite another breed, so different from his that I have no choice but to think of myself as amphibian: half novelist, half nonnovelist. Seminovelist. Not unilinear but plurilinear.

It is not so much out of humility in regard to other, unilinear novelists that I classify myself in this way, but because, in this field of human endeavor as in others, I judge the hybrid (and here I do not include myself) to be capable of a vitality which is often superior to that of authors who are exclusively this, that, or the other. Such hybrids seem to be an essential part of the periodic renewal of the arts and letters.

However, the fact that my seminovelistic style is not unilinear does not keep me from being plurilinear in my own

special way, or from sketching my characters, like Aluísio, doing my best to draw their profiles with psychological accuracy to complement an attempt at art which is, in my case, purely instrumental.

After I had finished writing *Dona Sinhá e o Filho Padre* [*Mother and Son: A Brazilian Tale*], I sketched portraits of the four main characters in my little tale. Until now these drawings have been seen only by my intimate friends and by my admirable American translator, Barbara Shelby.

What was my friends' reaction to the four portraits drawn by the author of this seminovel? What was Barbara Shelby's reaction?

All of them told me that three of the portraits corresponded closely to the idea they had formed of the characters. But not all of them thought the same of Dona Sinhá. In fact, some of them felt that my picture of Dona Sinhá bore an arrogant expression which was surely not characteristic. Barbara Shelby, too—astute, sensitive, resembling an English novelist herself in that she combines sensitivity with analytic skill—apparently shares this view that the author's sketch of Dona Sinhá lacks the flirtatious sweetness and charm that Dona Sinhá, the gently reared plantation missy, must surely have had.

Can the author have been unfaithful in his sketch to the psychological picture he had drawn in words of one of his most important characters? Possibly so. It should be pointed out, though, that when Brazilian ladies of Dona Sinhá's era were widowed they often lost their overwhelmingly feminine charm and to some extent adopted the authoritarian ways of the father or husband, whose place they felt a psychological and, up to a point, a social obligation to fill.

A Little Quixote Talks About Himself

(From a speech made at the Federal University of Pernambuco after being named *doctor honoris causa*, 1971.)

A psychologist interested in trivial facts could probably explain my itinerant wanderings since adolescence from one university to another as those of an individual who from an early age has felt an anarchical, even bohemian impulse to affirm his freedom experimentally, in his own way. That impulse was never to leave him. When he ran away from home at the age of six, it was as if some eternal restlessness had awakened in the child at that tender age. He was destined to be a gypsy, to risk his life in more than one "rendezvous with death": in Recife, several times; on the Atlantic during World War II; in Spain during the Civil War. He was to remain an adventurous nomad all his life—but a nomad who would invariably go back to his own country, brothers, wife, and children, to his own maternal province, his own rustic suburb, alternately leaving them and returning to their embrace.

It is hard to say whether this nomad in academic gown has been more of a romantic, though minor, Don Quixote—a little quixote always eager for adventure and, though lacking a firm religious faith, always hopeful without knowing exactly

why—or an unromantic Sancho Panza tied to the pedestrian round of his province and his suburb. One thing is certainly true of this semiquixote: that he never set out in quest of pure fantasy but, even in his seminovel[1] which touched the unimpressionable *New York Times*, of the real that is realer than real. This is how we should interpret the words that a contemporary French writer puts, in a very French fashion, in the mouth of the Spanish Quixote: "What *merde* this world would be if it were only what it seems to be." For the great reality of human life is that it almost invariably gives the lie to what is real and only real.

[1] *Dona Sinhá e o Filho Padre* [*Mother and Son*]. (Translator.)

An Interview with Freyre by Renato Campos

(From an interview by the writer Renato Carneiro Campos, published in 1970 in the newspapers *Diário da Noite* (Recife) and *Corréio da Manhã* (Rio) and printed in pamphlet form by the Federal University of Pernambuco, Recife, 1970.)

R.C.—Is the influence of the Regionalist and Traditionalist movement in Recife still apparent in the newest literary generation in Brazil?

G.F.—Certainly, the spirit of that movement is alive and well, and its success in reconciling regionalism and traditionalism with modernism is of special importance today. This modernism, by the way, was brought directly from the United States, Paris, Oxford, and Munich (think of "New Poetry," "New Criticism," "New History," Imagism, Expressionism, Post-Cubism) by those who launched the movement in Recife: Gilberto Freyre and Vicente and Joaquim do Rego Monteiro. In Paris these three were always in contact with Tarsila, Brecheret, and Oswald de Andrade of São Paulo, and all of them were subject to the artistic and intellectual influences, modernistic or not, then current in Paris, which each group was later to develop in its own way in Brazil. It is a gross error

to link the Recife movement to that of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro.

R.C.—Do you agree with those who consider Guimarães Rosa the greatest Brazilian writer of fiction?

G.F.—He is certainly the most complex, and perhaps one should add the most complete. It should be noted that the spirit of regional traditionalism, combined with modernism, has found clearer expression in the cosmopolitan *mineiro*[1] Rosa than in the more linear modernism of Rio and São Paulo.

R.C.—Are the movies and television intensifying the effects of literature, promoting it, forcing us to reappraise it, or are these media actually changing it?

G.F.—The movies, television, and radio, too—we mustn't forget radio!—certainly are having an effect on literature, in the sense that they tend to set a higher value on its oral elements. But so far this has not resulted in any substantial loss of prestige for the graphic elements in literature. Certainly there is more experimentation going on now in the interpretation of the oral and graphic elements in literature, linked to the new possibilities for the dramatization in the live theater, over the radio, on television, in films, of the work of writers of the graphic type. But it is just as true that certain ultramodern poets, instead of becoming more aural, are taking pains to give aesthetic or psychologically graphic forms to their work.

R.C.—Do you agree with those critics who predict the total downfall of the written word, especially in the form of books?

G.F.—I don't see that "the written word" is under sentence of death. To say that a mixed language, part oral, part written, is being brought to the forefront by technical improvements in the oral, visual, imagistic means of publicizing intellectual

[1] A native of the state of Minas Gerais (Translator.)

works, many of which were written masterpieces before becoming sound, oral expression, gesture, image, or color, is to speak of a future that is already here. But I don't see why this phenomenon should result in the demise of the written word in a literary sense, "especially in the form of books." The psychological and aesthetic link between certain literary values and their graphic—not necessarily written—representation is clearly indestructible. The refinements in graphic art and the presentation of literary works in the form of books—including a variety of "pocket books"—which we have witnessed in the past few years are obviously not taking place in a vacuum: they fill a need, a receptivity, a positive growing taste, not a declining one.

R.C.—Why are you still not a member of any academic institution?

G.F.—Because I lack an academic vocation, not because I have anything against academies. Then, too, I suspect that living in an academic atmosphere might jeopardize my anarchical independence.

R.C.—Do you see anything provocative about the close association between Jorge Amado and José Mauro de Vasconcelos?

G.F.—I'd like to answer indirectly, first by pointing out that there are two or three Jorge Amados, not just one. The author of *Terras do Sem Fim*[2] is one. The Amado who wrote *Seara Vermelha* is another. One is strongly literary, the other not. And it is possible to associate the one who is not with authors who are only marginally literary but who must be taken seriously as sociologists, like José Mauro de Vasconcelos, whose best-selling book[3] enjoyed a popular success in Brazil that is

[2] Translated into English as *The Violent Land*. (Translator.)
[3] *Rosinha minha Canoa*, published 1965 by Melhoramentos. (Translator.)

comparable—although of course on a smaller scale—to the success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the United States a hundred years ago.

R.C.—Do you believe in supernatural forces? In "the occult"?

G.F.—Yes, I believe in the supernatural; and I also believe—how out of date it sounds to say this!—in God. As for the so-called occult forces, they are natural phenomena to be studied scientifically, not supernatural manifestations outside the realm of science.

R.C.—Will there be a place for magic in the world of the future? And why is the image of the devil becoming more and more discredited?

G.F.—As long as human beings are human there will be a place for magic in their lives and culture. As for the devil, I don't agree that he is "more and more discredited." Certain representations, certain conventional images of the devil, perhaps. But not the demoniacal. Not the Fiend. It is no secret that magic—black magic included—is enjoying a revival in Paris right now. All we need is a new Huysmans brave enough to give literary expression to the phenomenon. A new Huysmans or a new Milton.

R.C.—Do you think of yourself as popular rather than aristocratic? Can the two be reconciled?

G.F.—I think of myself as a mixture of what may be called popular and what may be called aristocratic. I think that mixture is revealed in my behavior, in my life, in my choice of friends and acquaintances, and finally in my literary work and in my anthropology, which runs the gamut from sciences to philosophy, including sociology. My work is inseparable from my personality—which often ruffles its scientific purity or purism—and from my life. My own literary style is a mixture of the popular (including the use of popular phraseology) and the aristocratic (including values assimilated from classic

and modern authors who are noteworthy for their high standards and sometimes for their unpopular virtues). In a word, paradox.

R.C.—Is your antiracism merely an intellectual attitude of mind? What does *morenidade* mean to Brazil?

G.F.—I consider myself an antiracist through and through. What I identified some time ago as *morenidade* is a growing tendency on the part of Brazilians—there are exceptions, of course; I refer to the average Brazilian—to make no distinction among the differences in skin color which correspond, in the Brazilian population, to ethnic differences common to all persons of color, from near-white to ink-black, and to call all of them *morenos*. This semantic phenomenon exhibits sociologically meaningful characteristics which substantiate the theory that a racial democracy is developing in Brazil. It exists today, but it is not yet perfect. It is tending, nevertheless, to become broader and more effective—at least I think so.

R.C.—Are you in favor of the sexual revolution taking place among the young?

G.F.—What is happening today is a new variation in the series of sexual revolutions—revolutions almost always followed by counterrevolutions—which recurrently take place in the social history of mankind. Sometimes a tendency toward unisex manifests itself in opposition to the bisexual, without any decisive victory for one side or the other. The modern acceptance, in some milieus, of homosexual love as normal is nothing new, sociologically: the Greeks accepted it too. The present-day broadening of the concept of what is normal human sexual behavior, and the subsequent reduction of the area of abnormality to trivial or rare examples, seems to me a healthy development.

R.C.—Do you think an agrarian reform is urgently needed in Brazil?

G.F.—Yes. I have expressed myself at length on this subject before. However, I would make "agrarian reform in Brazil" plural rather than singular. In this case as in many others, it would be foolish to sacrifice pluralism or regionalism for uniformity. The Brazilian Northeast or far North obviously needs a different kind of agrarian reform from states like São Paulo or Paraná, although both are necessary. But no region in Brazil stands in more urgent need of intelligent agrarian reform, free of simplistic solutions and ideological demagoguery, than the Northeast.

R.C.—Is there any place for simple housewives in this age of electronic computers?

G.F.—Simple housewives are going to have trouble coexisting with computers: they will become obsolete. A socially archaic form of life. But I don't see why the so-called housewifely occupations should no longer be valued in the postmodern world foreshadowed in our own, a world in which automation, free time, and leisure will allow men as well as women to devote themselves to such arts as cooking, sewing, embroidery, or concocting homemade jam or wine or cordials, all of which happen to be the kind of skill or hobby ordinarily classified among the housewifely arts. We should learn to think of the future in postmodern, not contemporary, terms. This, by the way, is the subject examined in a book I am working on now: *Além do Apenas Moderno* [*Beyond the Merely Modern*]. I have already quoted parts of it in lectures given in Europe and here in Brazil.

R.C.—Do you think of yourself as conservative or avant-garde?

G.F.—I am both. Sometimes one side of me has the upper hand, sometimes the other. I think my tendency toward renovation and innovation, my readiness to experiment, my taste for adventure and risk, have predominated in the main; but they are not the whole story. I have been preserved from their

excesses by a taste for tradition, for continuity, even for routine. That is another of my contradictions.

Sometimes I cannot repress a wry smile when certain reactionaries—worshipers, for example, of the totalitarian regime maintained by political police in the Soviet Union, so admirable in other ways—unthinkingly classify me as a "reactionary." Or as "obsolete."

R.C.—Would you like to see Brazil become a great imperial power?

G.F.—I would like to see Brazil fulfill more effectively her beneficent mission to mankind at large. Brazil's mission should cross national borders and make the Brazilian presence felt in many areas of the world, particularly those whose populations, cultures, past, and probable future are closest to our own. Brazil is already carrying out this mission in the persons of some of her writers and artists—Villa-Lobos, for example—but not through any coherent government policy, not even cultural policy. Mexico is far ahead of Brazil in this respect, though lacking the humanistic breadth of the message Brazil might send to other countries in such a way as to earn political as well as cultural prestige.

R.C.—Does Luso-tropicology have a politicophilosophical content?

G.F.—Yes, indeed. The Luso-tropicology which systematically developed from theoretical study, applied within the framework of a possible general science of tropicology, with a special and pronounced development in Brazil, and with Hispano-tropicology as an intermediary, clearly has a philosophicopolitical content. Once the forms which gave this discipline its anthropological as well as ecological configuration are accepted as scientifically valid, there will begin to emerge from those forms a philosophicopolitical pattern which coincides with traditions, aspirations, interests, and problems common to the various sociocultural groups that make up the

Luso-tropical complex—a world of which Brazil is in many ways fitted to become the leader. It is a case of political responsibility conditioned by an anthropoecological philosophy.

R.C.—Do you ever read the comic strips?

G.F.—I used to read *Tico-Tico* when I was a child. Years later—but still a long time ago—when I was writing about children's literature in Brazil, I had to criticize that same early comic strip because for years one of its main characters, Chiquinho, was drawn as a tow-headed, pink-faced little boy. Chiquinho was an exception to the typical brown-skinned Brazilian child. When I wrote that criticism I was already thinking in terms of *morenidade*.

R.C.—Do you ever watch serials on television?

G.F.—Yes, I do. *Cara Suja* is one of the Brazilian serials that particularly stands out in my mind. I am an admirer of both Sérgio Cardoso and Chico Anísio.[4] However, some of these serials have a repugnant habit of making their black characters the butt of ridicule. Obviously their writers have been influenced by the old Yankee vaudeville routines with their darky figures of fun. Television censorship in Brazil is falling down on the job by not keeping a watchful eye out for such anti-Brazilian antics, which may very well be intentional or calculated. Don't forget that some magazines and newspapers are trying to introduce the myth of Negritude into Brazil with sectarian, ideological intent.

R.C.—Do elegance and intelligence always go together? Can the term "elegant" be applied to a man of the people?

G.F.—No, elegance and intelligence do not always go together. Of course the term "elegant" can be applied to a "man of the people." I have known more than one who was elegant

[4] Popular actors and television entertainers. (Translator.)

with bare feet and dirty nails. What's more, I know of no woman in the Portuguese aristocracy or upper middle class with more elegance of figure, gait, and posture, or a greater flair for wearing clothes, than the fishwives of Lisbon or the *tricanas* of Coimbra. The same thing is true of our *bahianas*, who are women of the people, like the Portuguese *tricanas* and *varinas*.[5] The "ten best-dressed women of the year" have their photographs in color in the magazines, but the *bahianas* are more elegant than any of them.

R.C.—What is the formula for making a great nation of Brazil?

G.F.—I don't believe in formulas for making nations great.

R.C.—Are four-letter words necessary?

G.F.—When spoken at the right time, yes, they are. There is no substitute for them. At such moments they might be called, in physiological terms, the equivalent of a belch or a fart. And like a belch or fart, they relieve the individual who emits it while offending the noses and ears of those bystanders who do not happen to feel the same necessity for physiological release just then. Therefore, their use should be restricted to the inevitable—in real life, and by analogy, in literature and the theater. When a four-letter word is irreplaceable or inevitable, then let's have the four-letter word. There isn't any useful substitute for "fuck" or "shit."

R.C.—How do you feel as you approach the age of seventy?

G.F.—I enjoy such excellent health that I have to oppose arithmetic to biology to persuade myself that I'll soon be seventy. The fact is that it has been years since I went through a crisis of discouragement anything like as painful as the transition from adolescence to young manhood. Restless, tortured, full of worries, even anguish—I still feel all that, of

[5] *Bahianas*, *tricanas*, *varinas*: women of the poorer classes in Bahia, Coimbra, and Lisbon. (Translator.)

course. I have not achieved serenity. I am as introspective as ever. But I am just as truly an observer, sometimes a voluptuous observer, of the outward appearances of life and the world. An observer, and a participant. A mystic, and at the same time a sensualist, just as much so as I approach seventy as when I was twenty, thirty, or forty. Some people call me libidinous. I don't deny it. But I don't let my libido run wild. Part of it is repressed and, in Freudian language, sublimated. The malicious might point out that after the age of seventy there surely isn't very much to repress. The best retort to such malice is the example of Goethe.

[III]

Race and Slavery

Man Situated in the Tropics: Metarace and Brown Skins

(From a lecture given on May 29, 1970, at the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon.)

Attempting again to characterize Brazilian man from a combined anthropological and sociological viewpoint, I suggest that this national variant of mankind is a living example of what should be thought of as man *in situ* or ecological man rather than ethnic or racial man, or even subcultural man, sub-European man, an uprooted castaway in the tropics.

There are significant aspects of the present condition of this human type and fairly predictable possibilities for his development which allow us to think of him as a metaethnic or metaracial type without straying from the criterion of Brazil as a nation increasingly conscious that its metaracial population is more than the sum of those factors and conditionings in its formation and contemporary circumstances which are properly termed racial.

Apropos of the foregoing, it should be pointed out that both the concept of man situated in the tropics—the basis of an anthropology which specializes in the study of man so situated—and that of the metarace (which should not be confused with the rather rhetorical concept of a "cosmic race"

put forward by the Mexican anthropologist Vasconcelos) are Brazilian in origin. The former was recognized as scientifically valid by official decree of the Sorbonne, while the latter was first broached by a Brazilian (the writer) in a lecture given first in English at the University of Sussex, England, and later at the Swiss universities of Zurich and Saint Gallen and the University of Münster in Germany.

These two new anthropological concepts are complemented by a third, the equally Brazilian idea of *morenidade*. It should be understood at the outset that the word *moreno*[1] has undergone a semantic transformation in Brazil which corresponds to an increasing indifference on the part of a great many Brazilians to whatever distinctions might be made among the descendants of whites, blacks, and browns, and a growing tendency to think of themselves as *morenos*. This is true not only of fair-skinned brunets, as it has always been, but of brown-skinned mestizos of every hue from light to dark, and even of blacks. Since this anthropological and sociological current has been swollen in the last few years by the increasing number of whites who bronze their skin under the tropical sun of Copacabana and other Brazilian beaches, *morenidade* is definitely on the upswing. To Brazilians it means a denial of race and an affirmation of metarace. As a metaracial human type, the Brazilian is a living retort to any exclusivist mystique of racial purity such as the Aryan ideal, or Negritude, or the mystique of "yellow power" embraced by certain imperialist groups in the Far East. Apropos of "yellow power," though, it should be pointed out that the sallow hue of the so-called Brazilian *amarelo* is not always the result of malaria or some other pathological condition but is as often as not an ecological, and therefore healthy, yellow. It should further be stated that the invariable association of rosy cheeks with health, vigor, and beauty in human beings is just another European conven-

[1] Dark-skinned brunet. In Brazil the word can refer, as the author explains, to any shade from full-blooded Negro to white-skinned brunet. (Translator.)

tion. There are recent studies by physical anthropologists which utterly give the lie to this mythical association and instead laud the dusky shade, often more yellow than brown, so characteristic of many populations native to the tropics, whether autochthonous or principally mestizo, as in Brazil.

Combined anthropological and sociological research has had a remarkable development in Brazil, partly through the reconciliation on the part of Brazilian social scientists of contrasting European and North American criteria in analyzing human problems. The development of such research was indeed almost inevitable, given the fact that the prevailing human type in Brazil, whose background is essentially Portuguese, is, when viewed both anthropologically and sociologically, one of the most important witnesses to interracialism in the modern world; and his metaracial character is one of the most vigorous elements working for peace among men in an age rent by racial hatred.

On Brazilians as Luso-Tropical Men

(From *O Luso e o Trópico*, Lisbon, 1961.)

"Luso-tropical" is a term for the Brazilians of many shades who today make up one of the most ethnically and aesthetically diversified populations in the world, with such varied types of feminine beauty and male physique that it is increasingly difficult to say which is the most typically Brazilian. All of them, however—from the Gaúcho to the Paulista, from the Fluminense to the Pernambucan, from the Bahian to the Paraense, from the Mineiro to the Alagoan—tend to shade into a tropical or quasi-tropical brown-skinned hue.

Hence the recent criticism I ventured to voice not long ago of the Virgins, saints, and Holy Families being painted in Brazil by that great master artist of mural painting and portraiture, my friend Cândido Portinari. His Virgins, saints, and Holy Families are consistently fair-haired, rosy, and white-skinned—the very opposite of the predominant (I will not say exclusive because there are numerous fair-skinned, blond Brazilians) type of women, men, and children in Brazil. More than any other Brazilian artist, this admirable painter, socialistic in his ideology and nationalistic in his cultural sentiments, should feel an obligation to communicate these preponderant characteristics realistically, ecologically, in his murals

and church panels; they should be symbols of the prevailing national reality rather than expressions of local exceptions.

Christianity, in Brazil as in the Orient and in Portuguese Africa, should reflect a reality conditioned by the presence in our background of a Luso-tropical norm, a reality which, both ethnically and culturally, tends to become more and more extra-European though in no sense anti-European. This reality is characterized by the predominance of a physical type and cultural content which have modified the northern European or even Greco-Latin forms of civilization. These modifications have been gradually drawing us away from what is purely European in the traditions of medieval Christianity, while conversely drawing us closer to the extra-European origins and manifestations of the Faith. These extra-European origins and manifestations of Christianity, in turn, draw us closer to the Asiatic or African origins and manifestations of many of the values of our Luso-tropical culture: including the "*vária côr*," the "multicolor" extolled by Camões. *Vária côr* in men, in women, in children, in landscapes, in the sea, the sky, the land, the earth, revealed to painters in their full magnificence only in the tropics, where burning colors prevail over Verlainean subtlety and delicate nuance.

Concerning Amerindians

(From the preface to the catalog of the 1970 Exhibition of Indigenous Art in the Museum of Modern Art of Rio de Janeiro.)

There was a time when Brazilian public opinion, then in its infancy, was romantically Indianophile—so much so that cartoonists for illustrated magazines portrayed Brazil as a lovely Indian maiden or a stalwart brave with feathered headdress.

This admiring attitude was echoed by poets like Gonçalves Dias and novelists like José de Alencar, who glorified the Indians in their verses and novels. Many Brazilians named their children Pery, Cecy, or Iracema instead of Antônio, Ana, or Maria. Others changed their European family names for surnames redolent of the Amerindian wilderness: Santos, Silvas, and Ferreiras became Tocantins, Tupinambás, and Tibiriçás. An indigenous spirit pervaded Brazilian life, affecting even its so-called practical aspects, where romantic impulse prevailed over classical norms.

This once prevalent attitude is in striking contrast to the indifference with which contemporary Brazilians—some of whose family trees bristle with Indian ancestors—have lately come to regard this source of national life and culture. One might almost think that Europeans and Africans had settled

a country empty of natives and native culture—which is far from being the truth.

The obvious injustice of this view explains why there are those in Brazil today who are concerned with reappraising and emphasizing the Amerindian origins of Brazilian culture; in saving the living values of that culture from social extinction; in giving voice to them by developing and nurturing an authentically Brazilian art and way of life, genuinely telluric, genuinely Brazilian, interesting and appealing enough to attract the interest and admiration of other peoples—and in preserving some Amerindian forms of culture in their native, even virgin state wherever it is possible to do so.

This and this alone is the significance of the exhibition now on view in the Museum of Modern Art of Rio de Janeiro, and of a book, soon to be published, on the Indian art of Brazil, with admirable illustrations by Noêmia Mourão to which I added, at her request, a short essay on the subject.

As for the Wellington exhibit (Sandra Wellington is a young artist, an English girl in her twenties who lives in Brazil), it is a truly significant event, both artistically and sociologically; for it emphasizes not only the aesthetic values of the Amerindian culture of Brazil but other, nonaesthetic values which have an equal claim on our attention. Furthermore, it plainly shows the disingenuousness of the present campaign against Brazil in certain European circles, which have it that "civilized men" are systematically killing "savages" in Brazil.

The social organization of our country has glaring deficiencies; but that is not one of them. The destruction of human life in Brazil, as in the United States and Europe, occurs much more frequently between civilized men than between civilized men and "savages."

The fact is that we are fortunate enough to have in our population both civilized and uncivilized men, the former being the products of a civilization many of whose advances

have originated in Europe and the United States. From the Indians we had already assimilated much that was contrary to these European "improvements": hammocks, not only European beds; manioc, not only wheat; pitanga cherries and cashew fruit, not only grapes and apples brought from Europe; and Indian ipecac, *guaraná*, cider, and genipap. We need to assimilate still more, above all to learn from these supreme teachers something of the art of living in harmony with tropical nature.

More people are talking about ecology in the United States and Europe today than ever before in history. We Brazilians have an invaluable native resource: forest dwellers who will give us practical lessons in ecology, if we can summon the humility to learn from them the ecological wisdom which is so lacking in ourselves.

Brazil in Its Beginnings: Indian Women

(From *The Masters and the Slaves*, 2d English-language edition, revised, New York, 1956, translated by Samuel Putnam.)

The milieu in which Brazilian life began was one of sexual intoxication.

No sooner had the European leaped ashore than he found his feet slipping among the naked Indian women, and the very Fathers of the Society of Jesus had to take care not to sink into the carnal mire, for many of the clergy did permit themselves to become contaminated with licentiousness. The women were the first to offer themselves to the whites, the more ardent ones going to rub themselves against the legs of these beings whom they supposed to be gods. They would give themselves to the European for a comb or a broken mirror.

This was a wholly physical love, a taste for the flesh, and from it resulted offspring whose Christian fathers were at little pains to educate them or to bring them up in the European manner, under the wing of the Church. These young ones grew up as best they might, in the forest; and some of them were of so ruddy a complexion, with skins so light, that when they and their progeny were later discovered among the natives by colonists at the end of the sixteenth century, they were

readily identified as the descendants of Normans and Bretons.

The native woman must be regarded not merely as the physical basis of the Brazilian family, upon whom, drawing strength from her and multiplying itself, rested the energy of a limited number of European settlers; she must also be considered a worthwhile cultural element, at least so far as material culture goes, in the formation of Brazilian society. Thanks to her, Brazilian life was enriched with a number of foods that are still in use today, with drugs and household remedies, with traditions that are bound up with the development of the child, with a set of kitchen utensils, and with processes having to do with tropical hygiene—including the frequent or at least daily bath, which must greatly have scandalized the sixteenth-century European, who was so filthy in his own personal habits.

She gave us also the hammock, which still rocks the Brazilian to sleep or serves him as a voluptuous couch. She brought coconut oil for women's hair and a group of domestic animals tamed by her hand.

From the *cunhã*, or Tupí-Guaraní woman, has come the best of our indigenous culture. Personal neatness. Bodily hygiene. Corn. The cashew. *Mingau*, or porridge. The Brazilian of today, a lover of the bath and always with a comb and mirror in his pocket, his hair gleaming with lotion or coconut oil, is reflecting the influence of his remote grandmothers.

On Seeing Negroes in Africa

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

Unhappily, the Portuguese, who seem to have excelled in fifteenth-century Europe as painters of psychological portraits of their compatriots, took that art of portraiture neither to Africa nor to the East nor to Brazil to apply it, as the Dutch did, to the statuesque black women, the gigantic Negroes, the nubile virgins, the Hindu women, the Chinese, Arabs, and Amerindians in whom the first chroniclers found charms of color, form, and movement; and whom they compared to white women without feeling inevitably obliged to think the white women superior to those of other colors.

Here in Guinea, so many of the black men and women I see have given me such a sense of déjà vu that I sometimes wonder if I hadn't been searching for years for this black man or that black woman, as if they had somehow belonged to me in Brazil and we had lost each other. I attribute this proprietary, though literary, illusion to the many notices of runaway slaves I have read in Brazilian publications, linked to sociological studies and anthropological soundings in which such material was used for the first time with aims that were anthropological or sociological as well as historical or philological. More than one Negro I meet in the streets of Bissau or the straw huts of

Guinea strikes me as a fugitive from those old newspaper notices—a fugitive from Brazil who has taken refuge in maternal Africa. Some of them might be runaways from the homes of distant relatives of mine. Once I found, in a newspaper published during the first half of the nineteenth century, a notice describing a slave who had fled from the house of a great-uncle of mine. The Negro was described as having the marks of whip scars on his back, a sure sign that my elderly relative—or his wife—was one of those slaveowners who sadistically punished or brutalized his slaves. Here in Guinea I constantly have the impression that I am meeting the relatives of slaves who were punished by Brazilian masters, the impression that some of those I meet are filled with hatred against me when they learn I am Brazilian: the son of a nation which tore so many blacks from the gentle land of Africa.

Brazilianization of the Portuguese Language in Early Colonial Brazil

(From *The Masters and the Slaves*, 2d English-language edition, revised, New York, 1956, translated by Samuel Putnam.)

The Negro nurse did very often with words what she did with food: she mashed them, removed the bones, took away their hardness, and left them as soft and pleasing syllables in the mouth of the white child. For this reason Portuguese as spoken in the North of Brazil, principally, is one of the most melodious forms of speech to be found anywhere in the world. Without double *r*'s or double *s*'s; the final syllables soft; the words all but chewed up in the mouth. The language of the Brazilian young, and the same is true of Portuguese children, has a flavor that is almost African: *cacá* (excrement); *pipí* (urine); *bumbum* (a buzz); *tenten* or *tem-tem* (the motions a child makes in learning to walk); *nenem* (a child); *tatá*, *papá* (daddy); *papato* (shoe); *lili* and *mimi* (personal pronouns); *au-au* (a dog); *bambanho* (bath); *cocô* (excrement); *dindinho* (godfather or grandfather); *bimbinha* (child's penis). This softening effect was largely due to the influence of the Negro nurse over the child, of the black slave over the white master's son. Proper names are among those that show

this softening most; they lose their solemnity and are charmingly dissolved in the mouth of the slave. The Antônios and Antônias become Dondons, Tonhinhas, Totonhas; the Teresas, Tetés; the Manuels: Nezinhos, Mandús, Manés; the Franciscos: Chico, Chiquinho, Chicó; the Pedros, Pepés; the Albertos: Bebetos, Betinhos. This is not to speak of the Iaiás, the Ioiós, the Sinhás, the Manús, Calús, Bembems, Dedés, Marocas, Nocas, Nonocas, Gegês.[1]

And it was not merely the language of children that was softened in this fashion, but the language in general, the serious, dignified speech of adults; the idiom as a whole in Brazil, through the contact of master with slave, went through a softening process, the results of which at times are extremely pleasant to the ear. The English and French languages, in other parts of America, were similarly influenced by the African Negro and by the hot climate, but principally by the Negro. In the Antilles and in Louisiana, "*bonnes vieilles négresses*" took away the harshness from the French, the unpleasing nasal sound and the trilled *r*'s; while in the southern United States "old mammies"[2] gave to the rough and grating English syllables an oily smoothness. In the streets of New Orleans, in its old restaurants, one may still hear the names of cakes, sweets, and other dishes in a French that is more lyric than that of France: "*pralines de pacanes*," "*bon café tout chaud*," "*blanches tablettes à fleur d'oranger.*" The influence of those "*bonnes vieilles négresses.*"

Caldcleugh, who was in Brazil early in the nineteenth century, was delighted with colonial Portuguese. A Portuguese grown fat and lazy. He quickly was able to distinguish it from that of the metropolis. The pronunciation of Brazilians impressed him as being less nasal than that of the Portuguese themselves, and "not so Jewish" in the manner of pronouncing the *s*'s; "and on the whole is a more agreeable language than in

[1] These are all familiar terms of endearment or personal nicknames. (Translator.)

[2] The words are in English. (Translator.)

the mouth of a native."[3] A fact that Caldcleugh attributes wholly to the climate, the heat of the tropics. The climate appeared to him to confer upon the speech of Brazilians, as upon their mental activity, a high degree of lassitude. It is curious, however, that while he is so attentive to the influence of the Jews upon the pronunciation of the letter *s* in Portugal, Caldcleugh does not note the Negro influence upon the Portuguese of Brazil, although the blacks were greater enemies than the climate to the double *r*'s and double *s*'s and were greater corrupters of the tongue so far as its languid quality is concerned. Negro mothers and slave girls, allies of the lads and lasses, the young ladies of the Big Houses, created a Portuguese that was different from the stiff and grammatical tongue that the Jesuits endeavored to teach to the young Indian and semiwhite pupils in their schools: the Portuguese of the Realm, which the padres dreamed of preserving intact in Brazil. After them, but with less rigor, the priestly schoolmasters and plantation chaplains sought to counteract the influence of the slaves by setting over against the latter's idiom what one might call a hothouse Portuguese. Their efforts were in vain, however.

While it may have failed, this attempt on the part of the Jesuits contributed, meanwhile, to that disparity between the written and the spoken language in Brazil, with the written idiom withdrawing like a scrupulous old maid from the slightest contact with the speech of the people, the language in current use. There were even, for a time, two spoken tongues: one of the Big Houses, the other of the slave huts. But the alliance of Negro nurse and white child, of slave girl and young mistress, of young master and slave lad, ended by doing away with this double character. For it was not possible to separate by the glass shards of the purist's prejudices two forces that were in the habit of fraternizing so frequently and so intimately. In the relaxed atmosphere of Brazilian slavery the African tongues, without any

[3] Alexander Caldcleugh, *Travels in South America during the Years 1819–1820–21, Containing an Account of the Present State of Brazil, Buenos Aires and Chili* (London, 1825).

motive for continuing a separate existence in opposition to the language of the whites, became dissolved in the latter, enriching it with expressive modes of speech and with a whole set of delightfully picturesque terms that were new and untamed in flavor and that, many times, advantageously replaced Portuguese words that were worn and spoiled with usage. Let João Ribeiro tell it, for he is an authority on Portuguese and the history of the national idiom: "A large number of African words made their way into the Portuguese language, especially in Brazil, as a result of the relations set up with the Negro races." Nor was it merely single, disconnected words that were added to the tongue of the European colonizer; there took place also alterations "sufficiently profound, not only with respect to vocabulary, but even with regard to the grammar of the language."[4]

It is true that the differences that came to separate, more and more, Brazilian Portuguese from the language of Portugal were not, all of them, the result of the African influence, but of that of the native as well; that "of the gypsies"; that "of the Spaniards"; and, Ribeiro adds: "of the climate, of new necessities, new perspectives, new things, and new industries." But no influence was greater than the Negro's.

[4] João Ribeiro, *Dicionário Gramatical contendo em resumo as materials que se referem ao estudo histórico-comparativo* [*Grammatical Dictionary, Containing a Summary of Materials Relating to Comparative Historical Studies*] (Rio de Janeiro, 1889). See also, regarding the influence of the African tongues on Brazilian Portuguese, the paper by A. J. de Macedo Soares, "Estudos Lexicográficos do Dialeto Brasileiro" ["Lexicographical Studies of the Brazilian Dialect"], *Revista Brasileira*, Vol. IV (Rio de Janeiro, 1880). Among recent works may be noted: that of Jacques Raimundo, *O Elemento Afro-Negro na Lingua Portuguesa* [*The African Negro Element in the Portuguese Language*] (Rio de Janeiro, 1933); and the one by Renato Mendonça, *A Influência Africana no Português do Brasil* [*The African Influence in Brazilian Portuguese*] (Rio de Janeiro, 1933). A notable contribution to these studies is one by Professor Mário Marroquim, *A Lingua do Nordeste—Alagoas e Pernambuco* [*The Language of the Northeast—Alagoas and Pernambuco*] (São Paulo, 1934). Mário Marroquim protests against "bilingualism within a single idiom" and against grammatical rules "based on linguistic facts isolated from man."

Slaves in Newspaper Ads

(From *O Escravo nos Anúncios de Jornais Brasileiros do Século XIX*, Recife, 1963.)

When it comes to dealing with demographic history or the anthropological past—a past which constantly casts a shadow before it onto the present and the future—advertisements are the best fresh material available for the study and interpretation of certain aspects of the nineteenth century in Brazil. Not only can they help us to interpret the period; they throw light on many little-known facets of our collective psychology. For example, they are helpful to a study of the development of the Brazilian language. Not until well along in the twentieth century does the literary language of our fiction and poetry reveal anything like the spontaneity and independence found in newspaper advertisements throughout the nineteenth century. These were then already full of African and Tupí-Guaraní words and pungent Brazilianisms: *sapiranga* [blepharitis (inflammation of the eyelids)], *cassaco* [mill or railroad worker], *cambiteiro* [splindleshanks], *açа* or *assa* [very light mulatto], *xexeu* [stink], *troncho* [stump], *perequeté* [dapper], *mulambo* [rag or weakling], *munganga* [grimace or sweet talk], *cambado* [bandy-legged], *zambo* [sambo], *cangulo* [bucktoothed], *tacheiro* [millhand], *engurujado* [dried up], *banguê* [sugar mill or litter for dead slaves], *banzeiro* [unruly or homesick for Africa], *batuque* [Afro-Brazilian dance or gathering], *munheca* [strong, vigorous man], *batucar* [pound, beat, or hammer].

The notices in the gazettes which our great-grandfathers used to read so tranquilly by the light of a candle or an oil lamp were written the way people talked: Portuguese was already being written in a Brazilian way. Just compare the language of advertisements in 1825 with the stale purity of speeches by the members of the Imperial Government: they are diametrically opposed, two languages at sword's point. Compare the phrasing of political articles or literary features with that of an advertisement in the same newspaper: the superiority of forceful expressiveness and, I will go so far as to say, the beauty of the advertisements is enormous. If George Borrow had visited Brazil he would have said, as he did of Spain, that the language of this people is greater, far greater, than its literature. The language of the paid announcements in Brazilian newspapers in the last days of Portuguese rule and of the Empire often seem to me to be superior as an expression of the Brazilian nation to the whole of our literature of the same period, including the novels about *moreninhas* and *iaiás* who were beginning to be a little less Portuguese than their predecessors. If I had the authority to do so, this is what I would advise young people to read to counteract the influence, no doubt indispensable up to a point, of the Portuguese classics: newspaper announcements from the days of the Empire. They constitute our first classic literature, above all the announcements about slaves, which are the frankest, the liveliest, and the richest in Brazilian flavor.

Whoever has the leisure to leaf through a collection of any of our newspapers from the beginning or the middle of the nineteenth century—leisure and caution, because the paper often crumbles from rottenness or old age in the fingers of the careless researcher—whoever is patient enough and careful enough to do this is bound to reach the same conclusion: far more clearly than in history books or novels, the internal history of Brazil in the nineteenth century is preserved in the commercial pages of its newspapers. A great part of that history during most of the century is the history of the exploita-

tion of slaves—though this was done with a measure of indulgence, for Brazil has never been a country of extremes, all things tending to melt into temporization and soften into compromise: by the plantation owner, usually stout and rather flabby, with occasional outbursts of cruelty; by his wife, also stout, sometimes obese, at times terribly jealous of the slave girls; by the sons and daughters of the house, the chaplain, the overseer, and the man in charge of catching runaway slaves. And since the economic history of Brazil before abolition is to a great extent the history of Negro workers, the significance of notices concerning slaves is of capital importance. There was a time when these notices took up a third or even half of the pages not devoted to news. They were incomparably the most vivid, humanly interesting part of the paper: the one most closely linked to the patriarchal, agrarian economy of the age and to life as it was lived by Brazilians, whether in the towns or, more commonly, on the plantations and the farms large and small, and in farm or plantation houses big enough to need slaves, if not slave cabins. . . . Many of the slaves described in the newspapers were men or women on whom excessive hard work had left deep scars or deformities. This is so true that among the identifying marks of runaway slaves were color: black, high yellow, whitish, or mulatto (generally mulatto); character: smart, sly, or ignorant; hair: woolly, frizzy, straight, curly, Indian, light, reddish, even blond; size and shape of hands and feet: usually large, with widespread toes; shape of nose: not always flat, but sometimes sharp like those of the half-castes in the now classic study of Eugen Fischer;[1] teeth: almost invariably white and whole; tribe or "nation": distinguished by self-inflicted gashes, cuts, and scars. The stigmata of hard labor are often emphasized: the professional deformities, one might say, of the slaves' hands, feet, gait, and form.

Notices such as these frequently appeared: "Caetano, run-

[1] *Rasse und Rassenentstehung bein Menschen* (Berlin, 1927). (Translator.)

away, age 12 more or less, Angola nation, last seen wearing tow pantaloons and cotton shirt, has a cross branded on his left arm and hair worn off the middle of his head from carrying weight . . ." (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 1/23/1830). This little twelve-year-old slave boy who already had a tonsure which had not been shaved off with pomp and ritual like those of the white boys who went off to the seminary to study for the priesthood, but had been worn bald by the weight of heavy loads, ran away from a dress goods store at No. 13, Rua do Queimado, in Recife. Here is another notice of the same kind: "Runaway slave in the Province of Alagoas . . . with the following marks: name Joaquim, toes missing through kneading lime with the same; lime-opened sores and rotted toes. . . ."

The notice of Joaquim's escape goes on to say that he was a man "black in color, with whitish hair, broad face, big eyes . . . Cacanje nation, easy to understand when he talks because he came over as a pickaninny, has whip marks and hobbles a little when he walks" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 3/31/45). In addition there are the fugitive slaves from workshops and dockyards in the towns, like Manoel Congo, eighteen years old, sinewy arms, long broad feet, and "callused hand" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 6/2/34), and Antônio Cacanje, with "very crooked callused hands, he being a carpenter" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 6/16/34), or again a high yellow, "Manoel by name, calls himself Moraes"—so runs a notice in the *Jornal do Commércio* on the third of January, 1833—"tailor's journeyman, you can tell by his fingers." The cases of professional deformities, more pronounced in slaves than in other men, are too numerous to mention. Many of the notices describe young millhands whose hands had been cut off at the wrist by the grinder, and innumerable men with bald spots rubbed by the heavy weights they had to carry on their heads—boards, bricks, sand, "shitbarrels," water butts. One slave in Recife who ran away on June 14, 1836, was a black

man named João, nicknamed Smarty, Cabinda nation, thirty-six years old, average height, sparse beard, big eyes, right leg a little bowed, hurried in gait and speech, with stammering speech and trembling hips—a canoemaker, he too had his martyr's crown: "a round bald spot from carrying weight on his head" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 11/23/36). In the September 24, 1830, edition of the same newspaper is a notice of two runaway boys, both with "bald spots on their pates from carrying sand." The Negro Luis, announces an ad in the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro* of January 2, 1833, had "his fingers pricked all over by the needle because his job is to trim wooden clogs." Francisco, a boy of the Angolan nation, above average height, mulatto, low brow, new scars from a bullwhip on his back, no beard, is described by his master as having "calluses on the joints of his fingers from kneading bread" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 8/8/33). The same was true of Pedro, also Angolan: calluses on his fingers from kneading bread, besides the marks of a chain to keep him from running away. Pedro had escaped from a bakery in the Rua de Cinco Pontas in Recife. There are also examples of runaway tailor's apprentices with "scars on their fingers from sewing with a needle" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 8/9/30). Maria, a Benguela slave, age forty, short stature, head flattened from carrying heavy weights, already trembled and walked with a limp (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 9/10/31). Apolinária—Brazilian-born Negress, tall, stout, mulatto, with an ugly face, fleshy lower lip, no teeth missing in front, large breasts—had "such fat arms, feet, and hands they look swollen" (*Diário de Pernambuco*, 1/30/30). Actually, such big, swollen, deformed hands and feet were so common that fugitive slaves could hardly ever be identified by those marks alone. Truly rare were slaves with "little hands" or "long, muscular feet." Occasionally some favorite female house slave with a "pretty figure," who had been brought up almost like a daughter, would run away, with her mulatto swain perhaps, and leave

her white master lonely and missing her fingers in his hair, her pretty ways and endearments. Little black Luisa was such a one, with her thin lips, big eyes, small feet, tall slender figure, and pert pointed breasts. She ran away from the Rua das Violas, right here in São Cristóvão, in 1833 (*Jornal do Commércio*, 1/8/33).

Slave, Animal, and Machine

(From *The Mansions and the Shanties*,
New York, 1963,
translated by Harriet de Onís, with additions from
the 4th Brazilian edition, Rio, 1968.)

The cult of St. George in Brazil has, among other sociological connotations, that of having been the cult of the rider, the noble, the warrior, the strong man, the slayer of dragons. This cult was the equivalent, in the upper social strata of the whites and in the culturally more enlightened zone of the Negroes, of the cult of the ox, the companion or helper of the passive slave and of the Negro who accepted his serf status and, at the same time, of the more culturally backward Brazilian of the grazing regions, characterized, too, by his affection for the nanny goat, "the mother goat" of the poor backlanders.

The *bumba-meu-boi*—the folk pageant in which the ox takes a leading part—and the cult of St. George, in its Christian aspect or in the veiled form of the cult of Ogun, came into being in Brazil as opposites or rivals and, at the same time, as dramatic expression of the same sentiment of man's identification with the animals most closely linked to his own status or to his endeavor to transcend it. Horse and ox, goat

and mule, were animals which, in our social development, contributed to lightening the burden of work for both slave and poor free man, and kept the master from having to depend exclusively on the work, the energy, the milk of slaves.

To be sure, slave or forced labor was little lightened among us by the increased use of these animals on plantations, ranches, for the transportation of persons and freight, the feeding of children and the nourishment of the sick, the convalescent, and even well persons in the form of fresh milk, curds, and cheese. The work of the slaves would be superseded only with the development of the machine, a kind of sublimation, effected among us mainly by the English, of animal energy into steam-powered energy. Especially horsepower, consecrated by the initials H.P. as the symbol or measure of motor power or traction. With the generalization of the use of the machine, the Negro's liberation from slavery and serfdom began, and the higher valuation of the animal, so long treated with a cruelty that made a deplorable impression on the more tender-hearted foreigners who visited us.

The development of the machine did not eliminate, as something contemptible or unimportant, the moral factor or the sentimental aspect, despite the theory of the historic materialists most unswerving in their economic interpretation of history. It is not without significance that the English, from whom, incidentally, we took over the cult of St. George-on-Horseback, should have outdone other nations in their affection for the noble animal of war and peace, of recreation and utility, to the point of having developed the "English trot," which, according to a well-known authority on the subject, is the gait which more than any other prevents the horse from being galled or bruised by the rider.[1] So the historian with the eye of a psychologist, and not merely of an economist, might discern in the English trot the first sign of a

[1] Lefebvre des Noëttes, *L'Attelage, le Cheval de selle à travers les Ages: Contribution à l'Histoire de l'Esclavage*, I (Paris, 1931), p. 257.

moral or sentimental impulse—without, of course, discounting the action of other stimuli—toward the invention of machines designed to substitute or supersede the horse, and along with the horse, the donkey, the mule, the ox, and the camel as beasts of burden, as well as of warfare, and as the driving force of mills. These animals were cruelly worked and even mistreated not only in slaveholding civilizations, such as the Arab in bygone times, and the Brazilian in modern days, but also in those where human slavery no longer existed, but at the cost of the greater exploitation or utilization of animal power. As was the case of English civilization before the machine horse, the steam H.P., had replaced the animal horse.

It was upon hearing the noise of the powerful motors "made in England" that Livio de Castro, in the final years of the Empire, rejoiced at the arrival of the "steam horse": "the steam horse appears on all four corners of the horizon like a frightening inundation. . . ."[2] An inundation capable of reducing the patriarchal system of Brazil, which had been based on human labor rather than animal, to the state of shipwreck. The new systems of family and society would have to be based on machines, on coal, on the steam horse.

It is claimed here that the English contributed through the development of the techniques of production and transport—developments as much of a technical as of a moral nature—to the abolition of slavery. This does not mean that in their struggle, somewhat vague at first, later systematic, against slavery in Brazil, frank economic rivalry did not play its part. Machine production was still more expensive than that of slave labor, given the situation of the slave in tropical areas as compared with that of the worker in cool climates, where living is more expensive.

Among those early developments—those bearing upon transportation, which were closely connected with those of production by animal power or energy and with those of

[2] Livio de Castro, *A Mulher e a Sociologia* (Rio de Janeiro, n.d.), p. 350.

interregional trade—we have already mentioned the English trot. Another, which made its appearance in the eighteenth century, was the English saddle. By that time English horses were already divided into two classes or breeds: riding horses and work horses. The riding horses were bred for military, political purposes—including the rapid delivery of urgent correspondence of the ruling class—and for aristocratic diversion, for agility, speed, and elegance of form, bearing, and gait. The work horses, for faster haulage than by ox team and for the safe transport of large loads or heavy cargo. This same differentiation of horses by "class" or "race," according to their use, soon appeared in Portugal, where, however, the large ones were used for hauling and the small and medium were preferred for war or as fashionable mounts. The saddle horse was supposed to be "sixteen and a half hands high, to make mounting and dismounting easier . . . and as a rule we have seen that these are fleeter than large horses, which are less spirited." The blooded horse should be "bay or dark chestnut, not white, roan, or light sorrel, because these are visible from a distance."[3] The large horse, considered less spirited than the medium-sized or small, and, at the same time, stronger, gradually became a work horse in certain countries. And, as such, the substitute of the human slave in a number of activities. In Brazil, however, it was the mule which, in the capacity of beast of burden, proved to be man's best slave. The best and, together with the ox, the most ruthlessly exploited.

Never were the same eloquent voices raised on its behalf as on that of the horse—"that noble animal"—which many considered to be as unfit by nature for a servile existence as "the noble savage" or the "proud Indian." Voices like that of the editor of the *Diário de Pernambuco*'s "Review of the Week," who wrote on the fifth of February, 1859, apropos of

[3] José de Barros Paiva, *Manejo Real, Escola Moderna da Cavallaria da Brida, etc.* (1762), p. 10.

horses exhausted by pulling carts or tramways from the center of capital cities to the suburbs, that it would be ". . . appropriate to regulate the use of hired coaches by fixing, for example, the number of journeys a carriage can make in a day from here to Poco or Monteiro." He added: "Hence, too, the necessity of prescribing rules for the treatment of horses. Our equine race is healthy and robust, but our practice of feeding it on cane juice instead of solids such as corn, pumpkins, or manioc may gradually weaken it to the point where it will be unfit to pull heavy loads." For one reason or another, the horse was not an animal to be abandoned, like the mule, to a servile condition without special care.

Toward a Mestizo Type

(From *The Racial Factor in Contemporary Politics*, Research Unit for the Study of Multi-Racial Societies, University of Sussex, 1966.)

There is in the modern world an increasing development of a mestizo type; different expressions of it in terms of individuals, and of an already considerable number of mestizo cultures, make the simple division—ethnic, cultural, or political—of the world, between whites and blacks or yellows or browns or reds, an inadequate one. Even some of the champions of certain racialist movements in favor of a pure black race, or of a pure African Negro culture, are mestizos. Some of the most capable young leaders in emerging nations are mestizos. One may even suggest that mestizos are, perhaps, becoming the decisive force, political and cultural, in a considerable part of the world; and that human aesthetic tastes in regard to human form and particularly to feminine beauty are being greatly affected by the increasing racial mixture that is going on, not only in a large continental area like Brazil, but in other areas as well. These are producing combinations of form and color that are no longer regarded with emphasis on their cacogenic, negative, effects, but on their sometimes impressively eugenic, and hence physically positive, aesthetic, effects. I belong to the number of those who think that this

aesthetic aspect should not be underestimated: increasing numbers of people are paying attention to it, and since they belong to different ethnic groups and cultures, such an attitude may contribute greatly to giving a new dimension to the processes of cultural interpretation and racial mixture in areas of the world where this process has been slow or almost ineffective.

As a white American of the United States, a well-known sociologist, Professor Everett C. Hughes, said recently (1963), in a presidential address to the American Sociological Association, most Americans of the United States "apparently go about tacitly accepting the cliché that whites and Negroes don't want to marry each other and that white women are never attracted sexually by Negro men, without considering the circumstances in which it would no longer be true (if it is indeed true now)." And he adds, about this, that certain novelists—meaning American novelists of the United States—have dealt already with this theme, "not merely frankly, but with penetration and some sense of the aesthetics of it." The "aesthetics of it" seems to some of us to be of increasing importance, since the last powerful argument against racial mixture, now that theories of the mental inferiority of nonwhites in relation to whites have lost most of their prestige, was the supposed cacogenic, mongrel, repulsive aspect of the majority of mestizos. This argument, too, is rapidly losing its prestige, and one observes at present the tendency of creators of fashions for women in Paris and Rome, and even in Germany, to reinterpret the racial characteristics of nonwhite women as positive, eugenic traits, in which they are finding inspiration for fashions of dress, hair dressing, and jewelry to be adapted for the white world. This adaptation, however, is being made possible, to a large extent, by mestizo types who are becoming, on the aesthetic level, plastic mediators between extremes. And what is happening on the aesthetic level is happening, to some extent, on the political level. In a number of areas where new national states are developing, new,

mestizo, political forms are being found. These are not, on the one hand, a passive return to tribal, nonwhite crude systems of government—if "systems" they can be called—and are not, on the other hand, passive imitations by nonwhites of purely European or purely North American models.

Morenidade

(From *The Racial Factor in Contemporary Politics*, Research Unit for the Study of Multi-Racial Societies, University of Sussex, 1966.)

In Brazil, the new very supple or elastic use of the word *moreno* has become one of the most expressive semantic-sociological happenings that has ever characterized the development of Portuguese America as a society whose multiracial composition is increasingly becoming what an inventor of new words would perhaps be so bold as to describe as metaracial. That is, a society where instead of sociological preoccupation with minute characterizations of multiracial intermediates or nuance types, between white and black, white and red, white and yellow, the tendency is, or begins to be, for those not absolutely white, or absolutely black, or absolutely red-skinned, or absolutely yellow members of the Brazilian society or community to be described, and to consider themselves almost without discrimination, as *morenos*. This word was originally used, in the Portuguese language, to describe men or women of a Moorish complexion and, later, specially applied to white brunets in contrast to *louros*, or blonds. This same word, however, is now having a sociologically supple and biologically elastic use—so elastic that even black Negroes are now being described, in Brazil, as *morenos*, not so much because *Negro* and *mulatto* are words that, for typical or *castizo*

Brazilians, sound like a purely racial characterization (as they do to European, especially to Anglo-Saxon, ears), but because *Negro*, to Brazilian ears, and even *mulatto*, still sound, in numerous instances, like equivalents of *slave*: as verbal survivals of that past, not so remote, when an owner of slaves in that country was said to own not so many slaves but so many Negroes (*Negros*) or so many blacks (*Pretos*) or so many *Cabras*—even in cases when the slaves were of a lighter color than their owners. The fact, however, is that the word *Negro* is beginning to mean to a number of Latin Americans something that has little to do with slavery: a race and a culture older than Spanish or Portuguese America.

[IV]

Childhood

The Child and the Man

(From *Retalhos de Jornais Velhos*,
2d edition, Rio, 1964.)

1924.

I cannot recall what sect it is that believes man to be a degenerate child, contrary to the general idea that the child is the man in embryo. No, said those ancient mystics: the child is a perfect being who is deformed little by little into a man.

It is a most interesting question. The superficial thinker will not hesitate to take the following point of view: if the child imitates the man, how can the man be a degenerate child? It is the imperfect being who imitates the finished type.

The superficial thinker should consider this: if the child imitates the man, the man imitates the child much more. It is a simple question of arithmetic. Add up the years during which the child pretends to be a grownup and makes believe he is "daddy," "mommy," "teacher," "bus driver," "general": he doesn't do it for very long.

We adults spend a much bigger part of our lives imitating children. I remember going to an important meeting once when I was very young. My mind was fresh and eager for the impressions of that great day. But there was no initiation. Nothing could have been more like the meetings of our high school literary society than that august assembly. I was left with the impression that old people imitated us, and rather badly at that.

Ever since then I have observed adults striking attitudes at dinners, banquets, teas, in idle conversation, traveling, playing cards. And my impression has always been the same: we are unfortunate mimics of our children. I say unfortunate because, as I see it, it is the worst qualities of young people that their elders choose to imitate.

Only a mediocre mind could view a child as simply "an unformed man," "the man of the future," "the man of tomorrow." The artist or the psychologist is wise enough to recognize in the child values in which he may well be superior to the finished adult. Joaquim Nabuco sensed this in his own life; and he tells us he did not believe he had ever gone beyond the four or five first strong impressions of his life.

It might well be said that children rule the world. The forty-year-old Mussolini was a caricature of the eight-year-old, and the result was the little postcard Napoleon who saved Italy from Communism. When a man is being heroic he is usually imitating a child.

But the place where men seem to me to be comically, not heroically, infantile is in Brazilian and Portuguese politics. When I first arrived in Lisbon, having gone to Portugal from England because I was ill, I was surprised by posters stuck on walls proclaiming the Republicans' vow to cut the monarchists' ears off. And I had just come from a country whose statesmen have a reputation for being childish because they play golf with the enthusiasm of youngsters!

Brazilian politics, at best, has the air of a continuously unfolding caricature of the worst impulses of a child. Men of forty and fifty years of age take such infantile revenge on their enemies, make such imbecilic remarks in speeches and newspaper articles, print such remarkable things on their visiting cards, write such incredible reports on financial and administrative matters, that I can only conclude, like the mystics of the old primitive sect, that man is a degenerate child, without a child's charm.

Books for Children

(From *Retalhos de Jornais Velhos*,
2d edition, Rio, 1964.)

Little Brazilians have hardly any childhood. They have no toys. They have no books. They have no place to play.

A sort of Frau Sorge casts a grayish blight on their fondest childhood pleasures, except that of eating. No country in the world offers more for a child's gluttony to feast on than Brazil, the land of the most delicious fruits and tropical jams and jellies in the world.

In the old days Brazilian children could play on the farm or in the backyard, under the old mangoes or the big jackfruit trees. Today a real house is a rare luxury in cities where buildings proliferate, and space is reduced without the corresponding compensation of public parks.

Indeed, the need for setting aside free recreation areas for children becomes more acute in Recife day by day. I ask myself, without getting an answer, how long our municipal aesthetes will go on cluttering up what little free space we have left with bandstands, little statues of Mercury, rustic bridges, and artificial ruins.

Another of our lacks is children's books: there aren't any in Portuguese. The interesting article which my friend Luis Cedro devotes to the subject in the last issue of *Revista Pernambucana* prompts me to return to it again.

The truth is that Brazilian children have nothing to read. Since this is the case, the best thing a child's father can do for him is teach him German, English, or French so that his imagination will not suffer from malnutrition. In other days the need was filled by stories told by a child's grandma or old black mammy; but there are hardly any grandmothers or old black mammies left to tell stories anymore.

I don't mean to imply that the life of a child in yesterday's Brazil was any less drab than it is today. On the contrary, it was even grimmer to be a child in those days. The rules were more rigid and the books were more tiresome.

However, there was one advantage that children lack today: stories told by word of mouth, a healthy, exciting stimulus for our grandfathers when they were children. Those stories told by the old mammies to their little charges are gone, and we do not have even the beginnings of a children's literature to take their place. When the old stories disappeared, they left childish imaginations to the mercy of the movies and Nick Carter novels, or at best to the adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

Nick and Sherlock are only the leavings of what is perhaps the richest of all languages in books for children: some of the best English and American authors have written delightful books for children or about them. Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe*; Dickens wrote sentimental novels in which orphaned lads or schoolboys are the heroes; Cooper wrote *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pilot*, novels permeated with a strong scent of the forest and that smell of the sea which is also the greatest charm in some of Stevenson's writings. Stevenson spent much of his time as a tuberculosis patient writing in the shade of the coconut palms of Valima, stories about pirates, lookouts, seafaring men, tales about sailing ships and tropical islands, all for children, though his *Treasure Island* is a treat for the adult imagination, too.

There are books by Mark Twain and Booth Tarkington that hold a special charm for adolescents; and everyone knows

how children have benefited from the adaptation of the book in which Swift distilled the purest acid of his world-weariness: *Gulliver's Travels.*

But not all the good books are in English. The language to which our own is a sort of poor relation—I mean Spanish—can boast of a classic, flavorful literature for children, too. Calderón de la Barca's *La Vida es Sueño* has been adapted for schoolchildren, an honor which we might well bestow on Fernão Mendes Pinto's *Peregrinação.*

In contrast to all these riches, the poverty of Portuguese in this respect is bleak indeed; almost the only decent writer we have had is Fernando Trancoso, and that was in the sixteenth century. And yet (good or bad) Portuguese and Brazilian history is full of episodes which could interest children and excite adolescents.

Another possibility is the literature on the oceans annotated and criticized by Fidelino de Figueiredo in his provocative study *Maneiras de Ver o Mar* [*Ways of Looking at the Sea*], out of which someone could make a delightful anthology for children, as long as there are no special books available on the subject.

In his article Luis Cedro points out that schoolbooks in Portuguese bristle with horrible examples of gongoristic bad taste: "radiant orb" for the sun; "rosy streaks of dawn" for morning light.

And yet, our language might have been invented expressly for children's books, possessing as it does such rare tenderness of expression. Diminutives take the harshness out of every word, and the language was softened still further in the mouths of old black mammies who had no use for *r*'s and *s*'s. And the "ão" endings have delightful connotations of giants and monsters in fairy tales and animal stories. All these qualities have been ignored by the cretins who write books for children, and this is the result: Brazilian children have nothing in their own language that is fit to read.

The Child in the Patriarchal Family

(From *Vida Social no Brasil nos Meados do Século XIX*, Recife, 1964, translated from Valdemar Valente's *Social Life in Brazil in the Middle of the 19th Century*, Baltimore, 1922, revised and expanded by the author.)

Boys grew up so that they acted like adults or little men by the age of eight. At ten they were caricatures of men. Daguerreotypes of the period have brought down to us the doleful little faces of children who matured into men before their time.

The precocity of Dom Pedro II may be taken as an example. He became emperor at fifteen and soon turned grave and pensive. In his twenties he was already an old man with the beard and expression of a grandfather. Youth fled from him at a gallop. In the orthodoxically patriarchal Brazil of the mid-nineteenth century, Brazilian education tended to force children into premature adulthood.

At an early age boys of patriarchal families, whether wealthy, rich, or simply middle class, were sent to boarding school. Even if a boy's home was near the school, he was only rarely—usually once a month—permitted to visit his family. He would often receive boxes of cakes and goodies from home, but

never toys. Toys were for children. If he was nine or ten years old, he was already a little man, almost an adult.

In general, the mid-nineteenth-century schoolboy worked hard at his studies: his Latin grammar, rhetoric, French classics, sacred history, geography. When the momentous day of final exams arrived he usually shone, answering promptly and well when Father Such-and-Such asked him about Horace, Noah, Rebecca, rules of punctuation, or the verb *amare*, or Professor So-and-So questioned him about Racine, Vesuvius, and all the rest of it. On that occasion sons of well-read families would be given a present: *The Lusiads* or *Paradise Lost.*

He went to Mass on Sundays, sometimes serving as an altar boy in a scarlet cassock. Though still little more than a child, this small caricature of a man commonly paraded down the street in a hard black hat swinging a cane. When the child was even younger and could hardly be expected to wear the clothes of a man, his parents dressed him in garments that were a little less severe. There was at that time among elegant Brazilian families in the towns a vogue for dressing children under nine in fantastic Carnival garb. Sometimes their costumes were patterned after those worn by the protagonists in the fashionable operas of the day most favored by the aristocrats of the Empire. Or else—advertisements in mid-nineteenth-century newspapers permit us to follow these Wildean imitations of art by life—there was a choice of "velvet jackets à l'espagnole," "Puritan," "Troubadour," "Zouave," "Prussian"; and for little girls, "Traviata," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Queen Victoria," or "Empress of the French."

The Reverend J. C. Fletcher has this to say about Brazilian boys in the 1850s: ". . . before he is twelve years old he looks like a little old man with his hard black hat, his stand-up collar and his cane; in town he struts about as if everyone were looking at him and he were wearing a corset. He doesn't run, he doesn't jump, he doesn't roll a hoop and doesn't throw stones like boys in Europe and America." In school, besides the "or-

dinary rudiments of education," he learns, writes Reverend Fletcher, "to write in a fine hand," which was then "a universal ability among Brazilians." Many of the boys in the higher classes were also "fine musicians."

Dr. Rendu, a French physician who was familiar with imperial Brazil during the first half of the nineteenth century, vents his caustic humor on Brazilian boys: "At seven years of age," he writes, "the young Brazilian already has the austere mien of an adult. He walks with a majestic air, cane in hand, proud of the clothes he wears, which make him look more like a puppet in a fair than a human being."

Let us look at photographs of Brazilian children in the middle of the last century. They are gentle-eyed, mournful, seraphic-looking creatures with hair plastered down by brilliantine in the fashion of the day; those over nine are dressed like adults and trying to look like their elders in Brazilian family albums put together in the earliest days of photography. Or at daguerreotypes, those daguerreotypes that were so in vogue among elegant Brazilians after the 1840s and that give Brazilians of today such vivid images of our ancestors' appearance and dress. Some of them are the work of a European daguerreotypist, J. Evans, who was already active in Brazil in 1843; still more were by Augusto C. Stahl, who made daguerreotypes of many upper-class Brazilians, including the Emperor Dom Pedro II and the Empress. Their studios were called, in contemporary newspaper advertisements, "offices" or "daguerreotype galleries."

Boys graduated from high school at fifteen or sixteen. Then it was time to go on to higher studies. To the Academy, as it was called: the Academy of Law, the Academy of Medicine. A student in one of those academies was no common student; he was a *Senhor Acadêmico*.

Just as with daughters' betrothals, the choice of a boy's career or profession that usually prevailed was that of his father, that of the family. The common practice was to parcel the sons out among different schools so that the patriarchal

family might be represented in each of the important professions. One was chosen to study law or politics or diplomacy in Pernambuco or São Paulo; another to enter medical school in Bahia or Rio de Janeiro; a third to be a cadet at military school; a fourth to go into a seminary. In very religious families, not to have a son who was a religious or a priest was both a social and a moral sin of omission. Often it was the youngest son who had to be the scapegoat, whether he had a vocation for religious life or not. The family must have a priest willy-nilly. As for a son whose intelligence was primitive or whose manners were crude, prudent parents generally steered him into trade, which was then looked down upon by people of breeding.

In nineteenth-century Brazil the son who was the flower of the family, in intelligence at least, was almost always sent to the Academy of Law, where statecraft as well as jurisprudence was taught not only to future lawyers and magistrates but to young men who aspired to enter the imperial parliament, one of the ministries, public administration, or diplomacy.

Pedro II as a Child

(From *Perfil de Euclides e outros Perfis*, Rio, 1944.)

The freedom to play—the greatest or at any rate the best of all freedoms—was unknown to Dom Pedro II, son of an emperor. Sad and lonely emperor's son, almost without companions to play with, he was never allowed to play merry-go-round on the well-sweep with his little black companions, like the sons of plantation owners, to set traps with slices of banana to catch birds, or to swim in the river and eat juicy ripe cashew fruit, to fly kites or spin a top or buy sections of sugar cane or coconut candy from the black women who sold homemade sweets, like boys in town. And no old black woman in a lace-trimmed collar ever told him fairy tales or ghost stories or stories about water sprites and *sacis*.[1] All he ever heard were La Fontaine's fables told by Monsieur Boiret in his official pedagogic French that was all bones and no meat.

He had no freedom as a child, just as he would have no freedom as a man. Dom Pedro II's childhood had no flavor of childhood about it. It was smothered, dreary, lonely, regulated in every detail. At seven o'clock in the morning he was to get up, make his toilet, and pray, giving thanks to God. At eight he breakfasted in the company of a doctor whose duty it was to examine his food and not let him eat too much. He rested until nine and studied from nine to eleven thirty. After

[1] In Brazilian folklore, mischievous three-legged black imps. (Translator.)

that—here the *Service Regulations of the Palace* softened a little—he might amuse himself and walk around the palace grounds until one thirty, at which time he prepared to eat dinner, which was served at two o'clock sharp in the presence of the doctor and the chamberlain and, when possible, the chief lady-in-waiting. Conversation at table was restricted to scientific or edifying topics. After dinner—here the *Regulations* were terrible—he was not to run and jump or, in fact, do anything, not even sleep. At four thirty or five, if it was a sunny day, he might walk in the garden, but he must be sure to come in early, before dusk. After his walk he was expected to read books "compatible with his age and intellectual development, and his reading should tend progressively toward deeper and deeper matters." At eight o'clock in the evening it was again time for prayers, at nine he had supper, and by nine thirty or ten o'clock he was in bed.

He had no say as to what clothes he should put on because, according to the *Regulations*, a servant was entrusted with the task of choosing what garments he should wear depending on the weather. The same was true of his bath: by order of the *Regulations*, it was the doctor who made sure it was the proper temperature. And since Pedro lived under the same roof with his sisters in São Cristóvão Palace, the fierce *Regulations* forbade him to visit their rooms until after dinner.

A huge crown soon lay heavy on the head of the slender, fragile, pale, and bookish adolescent who had been brought up more in shadow than in sunlight. A huge crown wrested by the powerful hand of Diogo Antônio Feijó—Diogo Antônio: the name sounds Roman!—from the fury of the demagogues, thus completing the admirable work of José Bonifácio.

Dom Pedro II was a curious surprise after Pedro I. While the first Pedro was all instinct and lust for power, barely able to read, barely able to write, with the loud voice and oaths of the captain of a brig, prognathous jaw, cheeks like a cornet player, and the sharp profile of a satyr, Pedro II shrank both from glorious feats of action and from gallant feats of love. He

was scornful of power, although from an early age he had an instinct for command. He had the voice of a child at fifty and the face of a grandfather at twenty-five. Bookish from eight years on, at eleven or twelve he knew more French, geography, Latin, and arithmetic than his free and august father.

History is full of such surprises, of course; and it is delightful when they confound the generalizations of the *mesdames de Thèbes* of sociology, like that idiot Gustave Le Bon. Nothing could be more surprising than St. Louis Gonzaga as a descendant of Vincenzo Gonzaga. In contrast to Vincenzo, whose court was so voluptuous that the food was always scented so that no mouth would ever be unperfumed for a kiss, Luigi put ashes in his food and refused, while still a child, to take part in the game of kissing the shadow of a girl on the wall. Dom Pedro II did not go as far as the saint, but he scattered a good many ashes on his own life and that of the imperial court, and—so it is said—fled from the shadow of many a woman who might easily have been his.

Dona Sinhá and José Maria as a Child

(From *Mother and Son*, New York, 1967, translated by Barbara Shelby.)

Yes, she would live only for her son, she thought. So the neighbors recognized and the family proclaimed, letting it be known that she was not only a mother to José Maria but grandmother and nursemaid as well. She did not like anyone to touch her little naked baby or change his diapers, not even black Inácia, who had come with her from the plantation as a wedding present from her father and in whom she trusted absolutely. The other Negro women had to admire the little white master, the pure little darling, from a distance. He was as pure as a Baby Jesus lying in a manger. So fine, with hair almost as light as his mother's. Even his little penis was just the kind a Baby Jesus would have. Sinhá would gaze at him as though he really were a Baby Jesus. She treated him as though he were one. And as the little boy grew, she covered him with blue ribbons as though he had been a real live Baby Jesus, and let his hair grow long like the hair of angels and little girls. When José Maria came down with an attack of diarrhea that was not at all angelic, and Sinhá had to call the

doctor, buy medicine with French names, and let Inácia help her change the bedclothes—on a bed that was always kept white, pure, and immaculate, with its linens edged in lace and trimmed with blue ribbon, as though it were a horizontal altar on which the saint could take his rest after the manner of ordinary tired mortals—she ordered that a novena be said in the house. Father Zacarias was called in; quantities of candles were lighted; prayers were sung as though it had been a night in May, the month of Mary; and the sorely afflicted Sinhá, clinging to the Lady of Sorrows, promised the saint that if her child survived his diarrhea—probably a treacherous touch of colic, which the doctor in his black frock coat and the medicines with French names seemed powerless to cure—then he would be a priest, a servant of Our Lady of Sorrows.

José Maria survived. His illness left him very weak and very pale. His eyes seemed to become sadder, more lackluster than those of other children. For some time he could hardly see at all. But his little hands grew more restless, more sensitive, more inquisitive than anyone else's, as though he could see more through his fingertips than through his eyes. It was almost as if he were blind; as if he sensed the world—the people he touched; the cats he petted; the birds he took out of their cages so that he could feed them himself from one cupped hand while holding them, warm, eager, and quivering, in the other; his mother's soft arm, to which he loved to cling as he fell asleep; the purple plush collars on Dona Sinhá's dresses which he liked to stroke—in a way that was uniquely his own. And so José Maria grew up in São José do Ribamar, a singular boy, different from other children, a sort of blind-man's guide to himself.

Every so often Inácia would take him to the courtyard of the church to play with the other little boys. But it was no use; the children saw in Dona Sinhá's son a playmate who was not like them. If his presence did not annoy them, neither did they particularly welcome it. José Maria, for his part, hardly felt strong enough to take part in the games the boys

in the churchyard played. He would ask Inácia to take him out of the yard, and they would walk as far as the edge of the water, which strongly attracted him. He loved any contact with the water—almost pure ocean water—that lapped São José; the cold water and especially the warm, heated by the sun, that was like the water that Inácia heated in the kitchen kettle for his bath in the wooden tub. He feared the deep water, but mingled with his fear was a vague desire to descend into its mystery—protected, of course, by Iemanjá.

For Inácia often spoke to him of Iemanjá, the Lady of the Waters.[1] Dona Sinhá, orthodox and a little French in her Catholicism as a former pupil of the nuns of São José (*those Dorothean nuns of São José, the protégées of Dom Vital, with one of whom, Mother Virgínia, he was said by evil gossips to be in love*), never missed a chance to remind him that those stories about Iemanjá were nigger talk. Inácia was a fine person, who had been brought up on the plantation as though she were the master's own adopted daughter, but she was a Negro all the same. Her mother had been a slave straight from Africa who had spoken nothing but Nagô[2] and had had a hard time learning to pray in Portuguese. José Maria was not to believe any of that nigger talk. All that business about Iemanjá was just a story the Negroes had made up. There was only one Lady of the waters, the dry land, men, beasts, even snakes, and she was the Mother of Jesus and Mother to all who followed Jesus and honored His holy Mother.

The first time a Ribamar fisherman presented him with a little fish, still alive and struggling to get back into the water, José Maria grasped it eagerly, shouting that the fishie belonged to him and nobody else. He carried it home, very proud of himself; and after that he started raising fishes in a glass vase that Dona Sinhá gave him, a mock aquarium.

[1] The sea goddess Iemanjá, or Janaína, holds in the Afro-Brazilian religious cults a revered place corresponding to that of the Mother of God in Catholicism. (Translator.)

[2] The language of the Yoruba tribe. (Translator.)

Even more than the caged birds in the house, the fish in his aquarium became, aside from the caresses his mother gave him and those he gave his mother, the greatest pleasure of José Maria's childhood. Dona Sinhá seemed happy to think that they were her only rivals for her son's affection, although of course she never neglected her efforts to increase his devotion to Our Lady—and to the good Lord Jesus and the saints too, naturally; but to Our Lady above all. The image of Our Lady was on the medal of finest gold that hung around José Maria's neck, and his fingers caressed it with the tenderness of one who sensed the presence of a holy celestial Mother in that gold—his other mother. Or perhaps she was the same person. Perhaps the two mothers were one and the same.

When José Maria turned six, Dona Sinhá felt that it was time to start teaching him to read and write. She took charge of this duty herself—not an easy one, for the boy was still a convalescent. He was still thin and frail and ate very little. "Picky," Inácia called him. She sometimes gave him cakes which she patted into balls out of manioc mush, rude, plebeian food, which José Maria ate with a fairly good appetite, as though he enjoyed a holiday from the aristocratic gruel and porridge prepared for him by Dona Sinhá from the finest flour sold at the grocery stores on the Rua Nova.

José Maria was not as interested in the primer, the copybook, or the multiplication tables as he was in the birds he still cared for with his own hands or the Ribamar fishes, which he still raised lovingly in his little aquarium, picking them up, patting them, and even squeezing them almost with cruelty at times, only to let them escape from his momentarily cruel fingers back to the comforting maternal water to recover after their adventures.

Even so, the boy slowly learned to spell, to count, to read, to write, and to scrawl pictures with colored pencils. But Dona Sinhá made sure that he did not work too hard over any of these exercises. She warned her son not to tire himself out but to rest from the dry, uninteresting lessons by playing with the

birds or with the fish in his aquarium, and she sent him out for walks in the Ribamar courtyard or along its paved streets, with Inácia holding his hand. Sometimes José Maria was taken to the priest's house—so that he would become accustomed to a priest's life, his mother said—where he was invariably given a little medal or a holy picture.

At the priest's house every Sunday there were orthodox fritters—the kind that is always served in priests' houses—fried by an old Negro woman of whom José Maria grew as fond as he was of the fritters. Fluffy and light, they were just like the fritters Dona Sinhá sometimes made for him, and they turned to manna in the little boy's mouth. The manna that Our Lord sent down to His people must have tasted just like those fritters, thought José Maria, who was learning Bible stories from his mother.

José Maria found the Father good company too, all the more so as he already loved to hear Mass and follow the gestures of the priest in his snow-white lace and vestments whose greens, purples, and bright yellows began to mean something to the child, to whom Dona Sinhá explained everything that was holy or had to do with churches and religious processions.

José Maria had already gone with her to the Penha Church, which was being rebuilt at that time and was full of scaffolding. He had visited the altars of the brand-new saints one by one and had run his hand down the massive columns of Italian marble, still new and smoother than anything else in the world. The friars raised the gooseflesh on him at first. It was not so much their beards that frightened him as the terrible solemnity of their countenances, their gestures, and their voices as missionary preachers of the Holy Word. Even though he did not as yet know the meaning of sin, he clung to his mother in fear, a fear that was partly Inácia's. She was terrified of the cords with which the Capuchins whipped people who were possessed by devils. But Dona Sinhá called the good friars by name: "This is Brother So-and-So, dear. This is Brother Such-and-Such. Ask for his blessing." When he heard their sonorous,

sweet-sounding names and saw the smiles of the friars who were friends of Dona Sinhá, the little boy's fear of those gruff-looking Italians was assuaged. He would go back home, impatient to tell people that he had been with the friars, had been given their blessing, and had even pulled on the cords of the custodian's St. Francis habit, and that the friar had smiled at him just as he smiled at Dona Sinhá, saying: "That's for little boys who don't obey their mothers." He was in no danger of being punished for disobedience. Even when his mother gave him nasty medicine and covered his nose herself so he wouldn't notice its sticky-sweet smell, didn't he take it like a good boy?

From the Diary of an Adolescent Girl

(From the anthology *Cuento Hispanoamericano*, Valencia, Spain, 1969.)

The diary recalled her love affair with that naval officer who was now—my goodness, what was he? A captain or a lieutenant in the navy, an aide to some minister. An important man. An achiever. She had never seen such a good-looking young man in her life. When he was wearing his uniform he could have swept a nun off her feet. He had wanted to marry Dulce. It wasn't just a silly romance. He had given her a wonderful feeling of being superior to all the other girls. But she had asked her godmother for advice. Dona Olívia had a sister who was married to a naval officer who lived in Rio, and she was not at all enthusiastic at the thought of her goddaughter marrying a sailor. Sailors, she explained, could never be counted on. They felt more at home on the ocean than they did on dry land, and when they were on dry land they thought more about other women than about their own wives. "Listen, Dulcinha, you're too young. You just tell him that. Tell him you're too young and you don't want to be married before you've had a chance to enjoy your youth." Now her suitor was that magnificent man. Sometimes she saw his picture in the papers, standing near the President himself,

looking handsomer than ever in his uniform. Dulcinha could have been Mme. Capitão S.M.: S.M. was what they called him in the papers. To tell the truth, Dona Dulce had a hard time remembering the name of the dashing young man in navy blues. His last name might have been Malagueta: some awful name like that. Had she been right or wrong when she took her godmother's advice and drove away that beautiful man who had gone straight to the top, whose picture was in all the papers?

The diary mentioned other sweethearts. Dona Dulce was amazed: there were so many of them! Had she really had that many? She had lost track of some of them completely. Manuel de Sousa Sobrinho, for example. What had become of Manuel de Sousa Sobrinho? Thinking of him for the first time with the judgment of a grown woman, she had the impression that Manuel de Sousa Sobrinho, for all his Portuguese sales-clerk's name, had had more character and masculine drive than any other admirer she had ever had. And yet he had dropped out of her life. Was he still alive? She had never heard his name mentioned in all those years. He came from a good but modest family; his father was a government employee. He had worked his way through medical school. He had graduated. He had gone to Paraná. He had been so much in love with Dulcinha! Dulcinha pictured him married now, to some little Brazilian daughter of an Italian or Polish immigrant, practicing medicine in the interior of Paraná or Santa Catarina.

Pedro Luís! Pedro Luís de Toledo e Sá. He had a hidalgo's name and the soul of a petty bourgeois. Why had she married Pedro Luís? Partly to spite her mother, who couldn't bear to hear his name because she was so fond of that good-looking Sílvio—Dulcinha still couldn't remember Sílvio's last name; maybe it *was* Malagueta. Pedro Luís had been a good-looking boy too and was still a fine figure of a man, though he couldn't be compared with Sílvio, of course. He was not really intelligent and had none of Raul's talent for going up in the world. As for character and energy, Dona Dulce would have to

admit, if she was going to be as honest with herself as a grown woman as she had been to her diary when she was a girl, that he was no match for Manuel. But he wasn't so bad. True, he was incapable of carrying on a conversation with her. Nor was he the romantic husband she would have liked him to be. Instead of flinging himself into the Capibaribe River to save the child he had seen drowning, he had just run to the nearest telephone and called the Fire Department. He had no use for books. He preferred Switzerland to Spain. But he was all right. He liked films. He took Dona Dulce and their daughter to the movies once a week, a creature of habit in that as in everything else. And he had a name that would be just right for a hero in a novel, the novel Dona Dulce hoped to write some day: Pedro Luís.

All in a flutter from the forgotten diary she had just read, Dona Dulce, instead of returning it to the bottom of the old trunk, carried it to the living room in her left hand. In her right was the mantilla she had been searching for to give her daughter. The lovely Spanish mantilla. The golden mantilla. She spread it out on the couch. Leaving it spread out there, with the sun coming through the window giving an exquisite gleam to the gold lace, she went into the backyard with the book—her book! Her diary. The book she had written when she was only a schoolgirl. It occurred to her that Gilberto Freyre would have liked to read those scribblings of hers, but she didn't think she ought to keep them any longer.

She poured kerosene on the little volume, saw the flames rise and the book turn into ashes. Then she went back to the living room, put the golden mantilla on her head, and looked at herself in the mirror. She still looked pretty, she thought, but rather sad.

[V]

Sociology

Objective Sociology: How Far Can It Go?

(From *Sociologia*, 2d edition, Rio, 1957.)

A word about objectivity. There are those who think that every book with scientific pretensions must needs be absolutely objective and impersonal, in order that it not reflect the ideas, feelings, or prejudices of its author. The writer of such a book is expected, indeed, to go to the extreme of suppressing any style he may have to begin with, since "style is the man" or at least an "expression of the personality." He must go still further, in fact: ideally, if he is to follow to the letter the ideal preached by those disciples of Pareto who are so much better Paretians than their master, he should see to it that the reader forgets him entirely in the course of pages no less anonymous than those of a dictionary or an encyclopedia.

And yet, this austere ideal is so difficult to attain that not even dictionaries and encyclopedias achieve it absolutely. In Morais's dictionary, for example, one finds evidences of anti-royalist bias on the part of this Muribeca plantation owner whose work is, even so, as truly a classic for the Portuguese language of Brazil as that of Webster is for the English language of North America: in fact, a scientific work of what could be called the natural history of the Portuguese language transplanted to Brazil. Bello's *Gramática de la Lengua Castellana*

Destinada al Uso de los Americanos [*Grammar of the Castilian Language for the Use of Americans*] reflects his own pan-Castilianism; and implicit in the simple fact of the Spanish Academy's having changed, in 1922, not only the name of the former *Dictionary of the Castilian Language* (henceforth to be known as the *Dictionary of the Spanish Language*), but also the criteria by which it was edited, is that one feeling or mystique as to the purpose of the Spanish language was being exchanged for another feeling or mystique, less national and more international, less imperial and more federal.

Even in scientific textbooks, on mathematics, physics, chemistry, and geology, the ideas, feelings, and prejudices of their authors may be apparent. In Pareto's texts on "mathematical sociology" and economics can be found the germs of the fascism which was to flourish in Italy after that great scholar's death; and the explanation for Pareto's antidemocratic prejudices lies apparently in a "realistic" reaction against the ingenuous "idealism" of his own father. J. B. S. Haldane goes even further: he makes no bones about flaunting his disillusioned aristocrat's Marxism and communicating it to the science of biology, in which nevertheless he is one of our greatest contemporary masters; and Professor J. D. Bernal, too, transfers his Marxist sentiments, or bias, to physics and chemistry. Professor Haldane, when accused by Professor A. P. Lerner of the London School of Economics of trying to subordinate biology to Marxism, did not hesitate to answer with all due British courtesy, phlegm, and humor that he had read and appreciated the professor's "stimulating criticism," but that he would have appreciated it even more had it been voiced not by an economist but by a biologist engaged in the same sort of research as himself, and who had also, like himself, embraced Marxist principles and benefited from them. This reply has been said to resemble the replies of mystics or converts to the doubts of skeptics.

Let us hope the following pages are free from any kind of sectarianism; but not from prejudices, feelings, and indi-

viduality. The writer's prejudices are not Marxist, certainly; but neither are they anti-Marxist. He reacts against the sort of Marxist imperialism in social studies or research into social problems which tries to make of sociology a simple branch of economics, and of economics, in turn, a Marxist or socialist "science"; but he equally disapproves of the tendency of a certain kind of sociological scientistic orthodoxy which considers Marx's work extrasociological, extrascientific, or supplanted by the statistics of Pareto. It seems to him that Marx's place is by the side of Hegel, Saint-Simon, Comte, Ward, and Spencer; in other words, in the rank of the founders of modern sociology. Marx is more relevant today than any of the others, with the exception of Spencer, simply because Spencer, though without Marx's genius, surpassed him in making his understanding of other cultures besides those of Europe and the West a basis for sociological generalizations.

Marx was totally lacking in knowledge of the criteria of social or cultural anthropology which might have led him to a closer understanding of man's social problems; while Spencer, though held back by evolutionary prejudices, did recognize the need for ethnological research if sociology was to develop into a science.

Thoughts on Some Sociological Concepts

(From *Sociologia*, 2d edition, Rio, 1957.)

In considering the development of the personality in this or that society or culture, whether in our own age or another, the concept of happiness, like those of normality and status, can be seen to operate very much as does the society's attitude toward those physical traits which are held in esteem at different times or in different societies or cultures. Plumpness in women used to be the fashion among us Brazilians; but today a fat Brazilian woman feels inferior, since physical grossness is considered abnormal and is associated with unpleasant social traits: idleness, gluttony, sloth. The physical type of the normal, happy, well-thought-of woman in Brazil today is that of the slender or shapely woman who exhibits the physical traits and social habits associated with the tall slim person rather than the short stout one. Obesity in women, and in men too, is a social disgrace in contemporary Brazil: the obese are ridiculed and scorned. The life styles and personality traits which were esteemed at various times, as evidenced by fads and fashions through the years—long beards or bushy mustaches for men, tiny feet and jutting posteriors for women—reflect not merely the whims of those who manufacture shoes, cosmetics, hats, and dresses, but changing

social ideals of what a man's or a woman's personality should be. These in turn reflect alterations in the general culture, particularly its economy.

When dealing with the personality, we must not forget that it preserves ancestral roots and that it is through its temperamental reactions to the prevailing climate, environment, and cultural ambiance that it defines itself with regard to the characteristic forms of expression of what may be called the cultural and social norms: normality in time (dominant styles and institutions of the age) and normality in space (national or regional customs, dwelling places, institutions). Thus certain personalities are abnormal for certain cultural environments. And what we have said of *personalities* can equally well be said of their biosocial or psychosocial syntheses, or *human types*. When physical and social spaces permit, the human tendency seemingly is for each of these *types* (in the sense of varying personalities, or syntheses) to seek those "norms" that correspond most closely to its own biosocial characteristics. In an earlier work the writer ventured the suggestion, based on his study of regional history and on observation of present conditions in the Brazilian Northeast, that the so-called *brevilinear* type tends to fixed agriculture in the sugar zone, and the so-called *longilinear* type to sheep herding and exploration, a theory which would seem to be confirmed by the research on biotypes being carried out by Captain Dr. Alvaro Ferraz.

It is not uncommon for Brazilians from Rio Grande do Sul to find their social ideal of normality in the capital of Bahia; nor for Brazilians from Bahia, who are stifled and oppressed by the predominantly urban, bureaucratic social norm prevailing in the old Brazilian metropolis, to feel free and truly normal for the first time on the ranges of Rio Grande do Sul.

Professor Ruth Benedict has tried to demonstrate in a number of works, some of which are now classics, that three primitive societies she has studied, two of the Dionysian type (individuality, action, enthronement of the emotions) and

a third Apollonian (relatively formalized, highly socialized, moderate, little given to violence or displays of sentiment), all appreciate, or at least tolerate, social personalities which are judged abnormal in our own culture. One kind of personality esteemed by the primitive Apollonian culture would be thought paranoid in our own; homosexuals, tolerated by the Zuñis, are exposed to ostracism or ridicule among us. Benedict reminds us, however, that a susceptibility to the state of trance, which is highly valued by some primitive cultures, was also held in high esteem in our own culture during the Middle Ages of Christianity. And homosexuality in its highest forms was not, of course, unappreciated in Plato's Greece.

For convenience, let us use Professor Benedict's descriptive terms, Dionysian and Apollonian, and say that if a person is considered "abnormal" within the configuration of a society of either cultural type, he will nonetheless be able to function there and, with at least relative ease, find creative, innovative ways of improving his personality in his time and place provided his "abnormality," though not admired, is at least tolerated. Leonardo da Vinci is a case in point; and Rimbaud, and Thoreau. Those same personalities, in another age or culture, might well have suffered martyrdom and death (as antisocial elements), and not merely imprisonment, ostracism, and scorn. (The term here might better be anticultural rather than antisocial.) The field of what can rigorously be termed social pathology is very narrow, since the notion of what is normal and abnormal varies from one age and environment to another, with alternatives of better or worse possibilities for adjustment on the part of those temperaments who, because of their reactions to outside stimuli, have developed in a different way from that of the statistical norm of their group or generation.

Confronted with these personality conflicts with cultures, groups, or social organizations, we cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that as products, principally, of the integration of an individual with another or other individuals,

personalities, like persons and indeed social types, are also made up equally importantly of the habits, attitudes, and ideals of the social and cultural environment to which they are exposed, though endowed by their biological inheritance with unequal abilities and predispositions within the cultural heritage of the environment or the social norm. It is not uncommon for a man who has been educated in a different environment from that of his ancestors to discover in his voice or handwriting (if he is literate) some characteristic of his father's, or great-grandfather's, voice or handwriting. And yet, the timbre of one's voice or the strokes of one's handwriting are, in the main, cultural conventions developed from a minimum of hereditary invariables and biological potentialities. The consistency lies in one's predispositions.

The Civilization of Man Sitting

(From *Sociologia da Medicina*, Lisbon, 1967.)

When we characterize our Western civilization as a "civilization of man sitting," we should consider the following points of medical and sociological interest: first, ours is an excessively sedentary civilization, since it obliges large numbers of its members to perform sedentary work, devotions, and recreation, in much of which the participants are required to remain seated in chairs of one kind or another for hours at a time; second, its origin is predominantly if not wholly European or North American, insofar as it is a technological civilization (even the materials used in the manufacture of standardized armchairs and couches are hot materials suitable for cold and temperate regions but not for the tropics, where colonial cultures have adopted them nevertheless, with all the subsequent hygienic and sanitary drawbacks which might have been expected); third, since our civilization has been until very recently imperially European and North American toward other civilizations and cultures—imperial in a positive as well as a negative sense—during this still not wholly extinct imperial phase, these hot materials for overstuffed chairs and couches, as well as those used in making clothes, hats, and footwear for men, women, and children,

have attained the sanction of being superior, as has the very posture of the person sitting in those chairs and couches, so that that posture and those materials became the "civilized" posture and materials *par excellence* for modern man within the urban-industrial mode of civilization, to the neglect of tropical ecologies and the hygienic implications of those ecologies when they differed from those of Europe and North America; fourth, for this very reason, our civilization has consistently disapproved of, and scorned as uncivilized, not only tropical materials with which chairs, armchairs, cane-bottomed settees, and couches for people who live in tropical regions might be made, but also any positions for work, repose, or recreation which do not resemble the sanctioned orthodox position of the man seated like a European or a North American—such as, for example, the positions the body takes when a person is reclining on a divan, a rug, or a mat, or is sitting cross-legged on rugs or cushions, for conversation, meals, work, or sociability, as practiced in a number of civilized areas of the East; or lying in a hammock of Amerindian origin or style; or squatting, as do the Indians and their descendants, called caboclos, in Brazil, as well as natives of other tropical regions whose people and cultures we call primitive.

And yet, these positions of the body appear to be hygienically superior to that of the orthodox European or North American man sitting. At least they can be advantageously adopted as a health measure in many cases as a corrective to the constant, exclusive posture of the seated man so typical of today's urban, industrial civilizations and their projections into areas and tropical regions where natural postures are being replaced by that of the European or North American model, to the possible detriment of the physical health in particular, and the psychological health in general, of the native population.

It is clear from these hints that the complex problem of the "seated man" who sits in a European or North American way, and his identification with the figure of the "civilized man" as

contrasted with those who have not been civilized, is really a psychosocial and sociocultural problem with important hygienic or sanitary aspects, of evident interest to students of medicosociological problems in their widest ramifications. Some aspects of this problem, as of others of a similar nature, which may appear to be merely humorous or trivial, are in reality often linked to others which give the sociological interpretation of man as formed by his environment its notable interest and relevance. They are related, for example, to the decolonization process of tropical peoples from former imperial European or North American civilizations—a process in which politicians, ideologues, and demagogues alike single out as serious, even solemn, only those aspects easily identified as being political and legal, while neglecting less obvious aspects of the process which are of deeper psychosocial and sociocultural—and even hygienic and sanitary—significance, but which have little to do with the objectives of the benevolent medical campaigns carried out in the last few decades, in which European and North American techniques are used to combat so-called tropical diseases, uses, and habits.

The fact is that an inseparable part of these campaigns has been the European and North American attitude toward tropical peoples, civilizations, and cultures: one of almost systematic disdain for whatever is specifically native to those civilizations and cultures or different from European and North American custom, including bodily postures in work, repose, or recreation that are different from those sanctioned as "civilized" by the civilizations of cold and temperate climates—which are, I repeat, those of man seated in the European, North American manner, in expensive, orthodox upholstered chairs made from stuffy materials. Hence the scorn as inferior, uncivilized, or even ridiculous of positions assumed by the human body for labor, rest, or recreation which differ from those sanctioned as civilized in Europe and the United States. Furthermore, in non-European cultures labor, rest, and recreation are often carried out while one is on one's feet:

the dance, for instance, is projected into life and culture in a way that it is not in the culture of urbanized, industrialized Europeans and Americans. Thus these non-Europeans would seem to be superior to Europeans in the sense of possessing sound notions of how to live and carry on a healthy communal life.

When one singles out these aspects of this complex problem from among those elements which make the question of man in his environment one of the liveliest issues in the fields of anthropology and sociology, including the sociology of medicine, it should not be with the intention of trying to Orientalize what the West had brought the East, or to tropicalize all that Europe has brought to the tropics. By no means. Many of the values and techniques of Western origin, of European make or North American stamp, brought by Europeans to non-European areas and populations through the process of domination or even of coercion, have become essential to the development of those peoples, not only in a technological but in a general sociocultural sense. Their value has been proved beyond question.

This, however, should not keep non-European peoples, including Oriental societies, from carrying out a critical review of all that Western civilization has imposed upon them in the way of "superior" values and techniques. Almost always, these values and techniques have not only not been adapted in any way to Oriental or tropical conditions; they have caused a massive displacement of values and techniques native to those conditions and in some cases replete with advantages of an ecological order which it would be to the advantage of Oriental or tropical peoples to preserve or to perfect by combining them with imported values and techniques. Everything which has been said can be applied not only to the positions assumed by the human body for work, play, and rest, but to the care of the hair, to dwellings and food: in short, to a whole sociocultural cluster of great interest to the sociologist, including medical sociologists; in fact, sometimes *chiefly* to medical sociologists.

The case of the excessively sedentary life implied by the scarcely varying position of the seated man in modern Western civilization is a specifically medical problem, besides being of interest to medical sociologists. The pathology is countered by the treatment called "movement therapy."

Toward a Sociology of Things Past

(From *Order and Progress*, New York, 1970, translated by Rod W. Horton, with additions from the Brazilian edition, Rio, 1959.)

To interpret an age it is not enough for the would-be analyst to double as an interpreter by familiarizing himself with the facts as they happened, or with values as things. He must also, insofar as possible, become an intimate of the relationships between those values and the people of that age; between the people and their intangible values; between the people and the most characteristic symbols of their age. The knowledge of reality sought by the social scientist should be based more on an interpretation of reality than on a mere description of it. Thus he must try to penetrate the reality of that society through the direct study of individuals (biography) or as they interacted through others (sociological biography); through indirect study of those persons by means of an analysis of symbols, words, and statistics which can be applied to them, and through "sympathetic penetration," as Professor Earl Johnson[1] puts it, or empathy, as I have said for years, having been the first to use that expressive Greek-derived word in

[1] Earl S. Johnson, *Theory and Practice of the Social Studies* (New York, 1956).

Portuguese. Surely there is no one left today who believes it possible to see life or the past as rational and fully explicable through solely rational, logical, mathematical methods.

This work is an attempt to interpret an era sociologically, anthropologically, and psychologically through a study of symbols and values current at the time as well as through the conventional assembly of historical facts. The result is therefore less a pure history than an attempt to reconstruct the essential social order existing between 1870 and 1920 through its value system, reflected in material things: houses, money, furniture, vehicles, clothing, jewelry, appliances, common household objects, as well as in such factors as political and social ideologies, notions of honor, patriotism, race, family, and religion. The combination of these values, as accepted more or less automatically by the majority, or by various significant minorities, constitutes altogether the most valid picture of a national culture.

Such values are, naturally, constantly in transition, making it necessary for the investigator to accept the idea of constant transmutation, to echo the words of Professor Johnson,[2] as "a basic historical concept," but at the same time to preserve an awareness of the overall cultural patterns and processes within which these changes take place. To study this social fluidity more closely, it is necessary to subordinate the conventional preoccupation with fact to an empathetic study of the past as a living thing, expressing its existence through a vibrant complex of values and symbols. It is for this reason that Professor Johnson encourages his readers to "try your best to create a nostalgia for the past";[3] in other words, to cultivate the antisociological "sin" of which Brazilian scholars have frequently been accused—that of too close an emotional identification with the period under study. Professor Johnson

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 60.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 341.

recognizes the necessity for this close identification if we are to understand how, through the centuries, the past has extended into the present. Perhaps it was precisely the continuing impact of these past values and symbols which the Positivists had in mind when they stated: "The living are governed by the dead."

The Big House Completed by the Slave Cabins as a Social System

(From the Preface to the 2d English-language edition of *The Masters and the Slaves*, New York, 1956, with additions from the 9th Brazilian edition, Rio, 1958.)

The Big House completed by the slave shed represents an entire economic, social, and political system: a system of production (a latifundiary monoculture); a system of labor (slavery); a system of transport (the ox cart, the *banguê*,[1] the hammock, the horse); a system of religion (a family Catholicism, with the chaplain subordinated to the paterfamilias, with a cult of the dead, etc.); a system of sexual and family life (polygamous patriarchalism); a system of bodily and household hygiene (the "tiger,"[2] the banana stalk, the river bath, the tub bath, the sitting bath, the foot bath); and a system of

[1] In northeastern Brazil the *banguê* was a variety of litter with leather top and curtains. (Translator.)

[2] The "*tigre*" was a vessel for the depositing and carrying away of fecal matter. (Translator.)

politics (*compadrismo*).[3] The Big House was thus at one and the same time a fortress, a bank, a cemetery, a hospital, a school, and a house of charity giving shelter to the aged, the widow, and the orphan. The Big House of the Noruega plantation in Pernambuco, with its many rooms, drawing rooms, and corridors, its two convent kitchens, its dispensary, its chapel, and its annexes, impresses me as being the sincere and complete expression of the absorptive patriarchalism of colonial times. An expression of the gentle and subdued patriarchalism of the eighteenth century, without the air of a fortress that characterized the first Big Houses of the sixteenth century.

The Big House in Brazil, in the impulse that it manifested from the very start to be the mistress of the land, overcame the church. It overcame the Jesuit as well, leaving the lord of the manor as almost the sole dominating figure in the colony, the true lord of Brazil, or nearer to being than either the viceroys or the bishops.

For power came to be concentrated in the hands of these country squires. They were the lords of the earth and of men. The lords of women, also. Their houses were the expression of an enormous feudal might. "Ugly and strong." Thick walls. Deep foundations, anointed with whale oil. There is a legend in the Northeast to the effect that a certain plantation owner, more anxious than usual to assure the perpetuity of his dwelling, was not content until he had had a couple of slaves killed and buried beneath the foundation stones. The sweat and at times the blood of Negroes was the oil, rather than that of the whale, that helped to give the Big House foundations their fortresslike consistency.

The custom of burying the dead underneath the house—beneath the chapel, which was an annex of the house—is quite characteristic of the patriarchal spirit of family cohesiveness.

[3] *Compadrismo* was a system of oligarchic nepotism and patronage. From *compadre*: literally, a godfather or sponsor, a friend, etc. (Translator.)

The dead thus remained under the same roof as the living, amid the saints and the floral offerings of the devout. The saints and the dead were, indeed, a part of the family. In Portuguese and Brazilian cradle songs mothers never hesitated to make of their infant sons the younger brothers of Jesus, with the same rights to Mary's care, to the guardianship of Joseph, and the doting ministrations of St. Anne. St. Joseph was the one who was called upon with the least ceremony to rock the cradle or hammock of the child:

Rock, Joseph, rock,
For the Lady, she is out:
She's gone to Belem creek,
To wash the baby's clout.[4]

As for St. Anne, she was supposed to take the little ones on her lap and cuddle them:

Mistress St. Anne, come tend
My little daughter here;
Just see how pretty she is
And what a little dear.

This little girl of mine
Does not sleep in a bed;
She sleeps in the blessed lap
Of the good St. Anne instead.[5]

[4] *Embala, José, embala,*
que a Senhora logo vem:
foi lavar seu cueirinho
no riacho de Belem.

[5] *Senhora Sant' Ana,*
ninai minha filha;
vede que lindeza
e que maravilha.

Esta menina
não dorme na cama,
dorme no regaço
do Senhora Sant' Ana.

So much liberty was taken with the saints that to them was entrusted the task of protecting the jars of preserves against the ants:

Praise St. Benedict, 'tis a sin
That ants should come here
To enter in.[6]

Such was the inscription that was posted on the pantry door. Another was put up on the windows and house doors:

Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Pray for us, do, who have recourse to you.[7]

Whenever a thimble, a coin, or object of value was lost, it was St. Anthony who had to account for it. In Brazilian patriarchal society, even more than in Portugal, there never ceased to be this perfect intimacy with the saints. About the only thing the Infant Jesus did not do was to get down on all fours with the children of the household, smear himself with guava jelly, and play with the Negro lads. The Portuguese nuns in their ecstasies would often feel him seated on their laps and playing with their sewing or tasting the sweets that they were preparing.[8]

Beneath the saints and above the living in the patriarchal hierarchy were the dead, who insofar as possible ruled and kept watch over the lives of their children, grandchildren, and

[6] *Em louvor de S. Bento*
que não venham as formigas
cá dentro.

[7] *Jesús, Maria, José,*
rogai por nós que recorremos a vós.

[8] The Infant Jesus used to come to aid Sister Mariana de Beija in "winding her wool and thread" as she sewed, and the same thing happened to the Venerable Mother Rosa Maria de Sto. St. Anthony would put in an appearance to play with the spinning wheel, etc. Gustavo de Matos Sequeira: *Relação de Varios Casos Notaveis e Curiosos Sucedidos em Tempo na Cidade de Lisboa,* etc. [*Account of Various Notable and Curious Happenings in the City of Lisbon,* etc.] (Coimbra, 1925).

great-grandchildren. In many a Big House their portraits were preserved in the sanctuary among the images of the saints, with a right to the same votive lamp and the same flowers. Relics of the dead—women's locks or the ringlets of angel children—were piously preserved, in a domestic cult of the dead reminiscent of that of Greece or Rome.

But the patriarchal Big House was not only fortress, chapel, school, workshop, hospital, harem, convent, guesthouse. It fulfilled yet another important function in the Brazilian economy: that of bank. In its thick walls, under its tiles or mosaics or floorboards, money was buried and jewels, gold, and valuable documents were kept hidden. Jewels were sometimes left in the chapel to adorn the saints. Thus the many images of Our Lady laden down like *bahianas* with golden chains, hearts, puppies, little horses, and all manner of gewgaws.

Women and Men

(From *The Mansion and the Shanties*, New York, 1963, translated by Harriet de Onís.)

It was also characteristic of the patriarchal regime for man to make of woman a being as different from himself as possible. He the strong, she the weak; he the noble, she the beautiful. But the beauty he prized was a somewhat morbid beauty. The delicate, almost sickly girl. Or the plump, soft, domestic, motherly woman, ample of hips and buttocks. Without a trace of masculine vigor and agility, with the greatest possible differentiation in figure and dress between the two sexes.

Perhaps the psychological reasons for preferring this type of soft, plump woman had economic roots, principally the desire (concealed, naturally) of eliminating possible competition by women for the economic and political control wielded by men in patriarchal societies.

The exploitation of woman by man, characteristic of other types of society or social organization too, but notably of the patriarchal-agrarian type which prevailed for a long time in Brazil, is favored by marked specialization or differentiation of the sexes. This justifies a double standard of morality, permitting man complete freedom in the pleasures of carnal love and permitting the woman only to go to bed with her husband when he feels like procreating. And for the woman this

pleasure goes hand in hand with the obligation to conceive, give birth to, and rear the child.

This double standard of morality allows the man every opportunity for initiative, social intercourse, contacts of many sorts, while it limits those of the woman to domestic duties and activities, to contacts with her children, relatives, nurses, old women, slaves. And from time to time, in a Catholic society such as that of Brazil, with her confessor.

In the light of certain more generally accepted findings of psychoanalysis, the confessional in patriarchal society, where the reclusion or oppression of woman is the norm, may be credited with serving a useful hygienic function, or, to be more exact, one of mental therapy. Through it many anxieties, many repressed desires, find their outlet, which otherwise would fester within the oppressed and repressed person.

Many a Brazilian woman was probably saved from insanity, which seems to have had a higher incidence among the women of the Puritan colonies in North America than among us, thanks to the confessional. Pyrard, who visited Brazil in the seventeenth century, was struck in Bahia by the number of women who went to confession, and deduced from this that sin must flourish among them. Their sinning was neither greater nor more frequent than among European women of the same period, only more toxic for the poor sinners, condemned to a more recluded and segregated existence than those of Western Europe, who were by this time frankly bourgeois. Confession was a way of relieving, purging themselves. It was a cathartic for their nerves, and not merely for their souls, longing for heaven, where their little angel children were awaiting them.

Thus the plantation or ranch mistress, and even the lady of the town house in Brazil, became an artificial, morbid being. A sickly person, deformed by her role of servant to her men and doll of flesh and blood to her husband.

Nevertheless, there were magnificent examples of extremely able women in town mansion as well as in plantation house.

It is to the early plantation mistresses who had come out from Portugal that the Brazilians owe a series of comforts in their way of living, of happy assimilations and adaptations, of ancillary cultural values. These assimilations, adaptations, and combinations of values were later to distinguish the areas colonized by married folk from those in which the Portuguese established themselves alone, unmarried, or at least without the company of white women. What happened was that in the rugged early days of the settlement of the coast, when men and women were confronted with an awe-inspiring virgin land waiting to be conquered, women enjoyed greater freedom of action. And this greater freedom of action took the form of a variety of creative activities. It was during this period of relative nondifferentiation that one of the important captaincies—New Lusitania—was governed by an illustrious matron, Dona Brites, the wife of Duarte Coelho.

But throughout the entire patriarchal period—when delicate women spent their days indoors, sewing, lolling in the hammock, tasting and passing opinion on preserves and jellies, calling for their slave girls, playing with their lapdogs, watching male visitors through the crack of the door, smoking cigarettes and sometimes cigars, bearing children, and dying in childbirth—there were also women, especially plantation mistresses, with a fund not merely of domestic but of social energy greater than that of most men. The energy to run a plantation, as did Dona Joaquina do Pompeu; to direct the political activities of the family throughout an entire region, like Dona Francisca de Rio Formoso; martial energy, such as that the matrons of Pernambuco displayed during the war with the Dutch, not only on the two marches on Alagoas and Bahia, through the jungle and across deep rivers, but also in Tejucupapo,[1] where tradition has it that they fought bravely against the heretics.

[1] Site of a battle in the seventeenth century between Portuguese Brazilians and Dutch, in which women are said to have taken an active part. (Translator.)

The Portuguese Effort in the Tropics as Judged by an Indian Sociologist

(From *Integração Portuguesa nos Trópicos*, Lisbon, 1958.)

When the Indian sociologist Panikkar observes in his recently published book *Asia and Western Dominance* that in the sixteenth century "some of the greatest figures in the history of Christian missionary activity in the Orient adopted Portugal as their second homeland: Xavier, Vagliano, Ricco," he apparently recognizes the fact that the Portuguese were Christ-centered rather than ethnocentric in their effort to prepare themselves for the gigantic task of not so much Europeanizing as Christianizing the tropics and the Orient. Those he mentions, as well as other Europeans, prepared themselves for their mission in the Orient by going either to Coimbra or to Goa (which very early became a center of Luso-tropical learning) for what we would today call post-graduate study in philosophy and perhaps, too, the philosophical counterpart of our parapsychology, a conscious effort to

study the problems of human societies outside Europe, and of how Christians might dwell in harmony with non-Christians. That those missionaries were remarkable pioneers in the fields of Oriental ethnology and social anthropology, of both cold and tropical climates, there can be no doubt; and they were pioneers as well in the partly sociological art or science of how European Christians could best give a Christian education to non-European children and adolescents while at the same time assimilating, from both children and adults, those tropical or Oriental customs—including those of a medical or sanitary nature—thought worthwhile for Europeans who were determined to make their homes in the Orient or the tropics, an aim which implied some measure of de-Europeanization and tropicalization.

One result of this double enterprise has been that modern sociologist-historians like the Indian Panikkar, who have studied the European expansion into Asia, have recognized virtues in the Portuguese or Hispanic efforts which they deny to those of the northern Europeans such as the Dutch, who, as Panikkar points out on page 114 of the book cited above, "took no interest in the education of the Indonesians," a fact which explained "the miserable degradation to which the people of Java were reduced" and from which indifference "the virile inspiration of Islam" was to save them. To this he adds, perhaps with some Oriental exaggeration: "The Dutch alone of the European nations of the East carried out a policy which systematically reduced whole populations to the status of plantation labour, without recognizing any moral or legal obligation to them." This, no doubt, was because of that conviction, emphasized by Panikkar, of "final and enduring racial superiority" on the part of most Europeans in the Orient, which appears to have reached its apex in the Dutch. It was just this ethnocentric animus which was almost always overcome or overwhelmed, in the Portuguese in particular and the Iberian in general, by the sociological Christ-centered drive.

If, therefore, the contemporary indigenistic movements

toward pan-Asianism and pan-Africanism are a reaction to ethnocentric animus on the part of the Europeans, that reaction is directed only partially at the Iberians: only to what is European in them and, thus, to our way of thinking, inferior to what has been since the earliest times peculiarly Hispanic and Hispano-Christian, and even sociologically Christ-centered, during the centuries of their greatest creative flowering. Panikkar understands how it has come about that the old European solidarity or "European-ness" is now confronted with Asian solidarity in the form of "Asian-ness." And one can only lament the fact when some Spaniard or Portuguese who has been weaned away from the best Hispanic traditions tries to include Hispanic civilization in that "European solidarity" to which his civilization belongs only secondarily. That the one constant factor of this civilization in its dealings with non-European peoples has been not the ethnocentric European factor but the Hispanically Christ-centered one is a thesis which—speaking in academic terms—would not seem difficult to defend, naturally not by taking into account every single fact that might be brought up, but rather the predominant, characteristic tendency of the sum of the facts.

Christianity and Islam in Black Africa

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

I will always remember Professor Olívio Montenegro's perspicacious, cautionary comment on alcohol: it is man who degrades alcohol, not alcohol that degrades man. One might claim with equal truth that it is not the tropics that degrade man, but man who degrades the tropics—above all, the European in the tropics. Avid for easy profits, easy living, and easy women, he is virtually blind to everything else. Blind and insensitive to his own lack of harmony with his new environment.

Christianity, which was not originally a European religion at all but, on the contrary, had something tropical about its ecological beginnings—its human beginnings—allowed itself to be Europeanized to such an extent that the white conquistadors of the tropics, whether Spanish, Portuguese, English, Italian, French, or Dutch, brought with them, along with their missionaries, a constellation of peculiarly European values. When tropical man adopted this religion, it was nearly always as a form of adherence to the particular type of imperial European culture to which he agreed, bending to one kind of pressure or another, to subordinate or affiliate his own. It is the continuing conscious or subconscious tendency on the

part of the conquered people, while yielding to such pressure, to preserve part of the content of their old religious or tropical cults under the cloak of Christian form and ritual which has given domestic or popular Christianity among the Christianized peoples of the tropics a regional flavor which, while it does not necessarily jeopardize Christian orthodoxy in its purely theological form, does almost always go against the grain of its sociological European content.

It is precisely in this regard that Islam seems to me to have an advantage, in Africa in particular and among tropical peoples in general, over the sociologically Europeanized Christianity which has been propagated among those peoples by Catholic priests and still more so by Protestant educators and missionaries: in comparison with the form of Christianity of the latter, Islam enters into the mouth of the people's spirit like a fish from which the bones have been removed, while Christianity is a fish bristling with formidable middle-class European bones which the receptive native must either remove or break in two if he is not to suffer such acute indigestion from the novel food that he will gladly go back to eating dirt or raw clay or the flesh of his neighbors.

There is about Islam something socially plastic, culturally boneless, easily adapted to cultures and natures more tropical than that of the Arabs; and this social plasticity seems to pave the way for the popularity, among animistic African peoples, of a monotheism more austere than that of Christianity. Why should the African object to worshiping one God as the Muslims do instead of countless caricatures of God as the animists or so-called fetishists do, provided that this harsh theological severity is tempered, as it is in Islam, by a more than Christian tolerance of primitive and ecologically tropical forms of human society? Bourgeois society, consecrated by European Christianity in the decisive era of European expansion into the tropics, shrinks from these tropical societies with a loathing or repugnance which has sociological, not theological, roots. This being so, it is not hard to understand

why Muslims have expanded into Africa with greater ease than Christian missionaries, many of whom are fatally compromised in their Christianity by the European and bourgeois forms of culture and society which they symbolize in African eyes. To such a degree do they embody that society that not a few of them are more European than Christian, while the Arabs melt so thoroughly into their Muslim patterns of culture that they are more Muslim than Arab; and it is as Muslims in soul and principle that they blend their bodies or bodily forms into those of peoples whom in the end they not only Islamize but Arabize.

From what I have observed of the more ostensible or visible traces of Muslim influence on Africans in Senegal and now in Guinea, I am inclined to agree with Thurnwald that since the collapse of native animism among the Africans, it is Islam that holds the greatest attraction for the younger generations; and that the Muslim expansionist movement has often profited from the disintegration of indigenous culture caused by the Europeans and their religious missions by gathering these fragments of shattered cultures and reshaping them to a Muslim mold. While demanding relatively slight changes in conduct on the part of their converts to Islam, the Muslims bestow on them in return that social prestige the young people most long for as they watch the disintegration of the old patterns of culture into which they were born. Converts are forbidden to eat pork, which is eaten relatively little in black Africa to begin with; they are required to fast once a year and to give up drinking palm wine. In return for these sacrifices they are permitted to go on being polygamous. And among primitive Africans—less sensual, perhaps, than Europeans in regard to frequency of sexual intercourse—polygamy is cherished as an affirmation of social prestige, a prestige denied to them by Christianity, although many Christians in Africa are notorious polygamists. This may enhance their prestige as individuals in the eyes of the natives but compromises the orthodox monogamous, and monotheistic, Chris-

tianity of which they are the standard-bearers and exemplars.

However, the principal reason for the ease with which Islam outdistances Christianity in Africa probably stems from a circumstance already observed by Thurnwald and other sociologists and recently confirmed by my own observations as a traveler in areas whose culture and social conditions were already familiar to me through sociological study: the circumstance that Islam has been spread among the black Africans by propagandists who belong to the same social "set" as the natives, who mix with them socially and by marriage, who do not stand out by reason of their supposed "superiority" as representatives of a politically and economically imperial culture but rather as the bearers and transmitters of cultural patterns which are more attractive and promising for the future than native patterns which are in the process of crumbling or rotting away. Thus it becomes possible for Africans living through this drama of disintegration to attenuate its impact by carrying over into Muslim patterns of culture—patterns receptive to tropical customs which are equally adaptable to inferior and superior cultures—whatever of substance they can manage to save from the wreckage of their own cultures, crushed under the technical and economic weight of European imperialism. *Ethnocentric* European imperialism, incapable of admitting Africans as the equals of Europeans, even after Christianizing and baptizing those same Africans into the religion the Europeans proclaim to be the center of their culture.

If the Portuguese, in their attempts to attract the animistic black peoples of Africa to Christianity and Lusitanian culture—which is, sociologically speaking, probably more Christocentric than any other European culture—have not always followed the European norms of imperial behavior, it is very likely because they have absorbed, from their contact with the Arabs, Muslim ways of dealing with primitive or pagan populations. Hence the decisive sociological influence of the Muslims in this aspect of Portuguese and Spanish conduct in

Africa and America. It is a point that deserves the most careful study, and one to which I have felt attracted for many years: in fact, since the days when my old teacher, the German-educated anthropologist Franz Boas, was still alive and encouraged me to apply myself to this study with all my might. However, it seemed to me that such a study, even a superficial one, would be impossible without direct knowledge and observation of Africa. Until I had been to Africa I could not risk any such daring interpretation as the one I have ventured to outline elsewhere under the inspiration of living contact with Guinea and other parts of the African continent which had suffered both Islamization and Lusitanization or Christianization: specifically, in the introduction of a companion volume to this book entitled *A Brazilian in Portuguese Lands*, an introduction to a possible Luso-tropicology.

I will restrict myself here to pointing out this aspect of Portuguese contact with Africa, using what seems to me to have been an imitation of Muslim methods of expansion into the tropics to explain or clarify other manifestations of Portuguese behavior stemming from the sociologically Christocentric nature of their culture. Portuguese behavior has more than once diverged from that of the other European peoples who colonized Africa and approached that of the Muslims, who are probably unequaled in the art of coming to terms with the tropics, closely followed by the Portuguese and Spanish in their most sociologically Christian moments. What a pity that the Portuguese have lately been regressing in this regard, losing the courage to be sociologically Christ-centered rather than ethnocentric when introducing their culture into Africa and beginning instead to ape the English, French, or Belgians—so many of whom would imitate the Portuguese in their relations with the blacks, if they could, and become Europeans capable of shedding their European habits, keeping only their sociologically Christian forms of behavior, capable of mixing with the Africans, of taking African women to wife, and adopting African cultural values.

Age and Experience Versus Youth

(From *Região e Tradição*, 2d edition, Rio, 1968.)

Joaquim Nabuco once wrote that "even before his fortieth year, a Brazilian begins to defer to the opinions of youths fifteen to twenty-five years old." To Nabuco, it was almost as if France were to let itself be governed by the *quartier latin*. Brazil was a country where "abortive precociousness" prevailed "in every field of intelligence." "It must be difficult for any of our brighter students," Nabuco remarked in 1895, "to use a microscope for the first time without immediately discovering some new organism that scholars in laboratories all over Europe have been searching for in vain for years." And revealing an ironic sense of humor which was later to lose all its piquancy under the Olympian impassivity assumed by the minister plenipotentiary (and eventually ambassador) of Brazil, and the distinguished Catholic layman, Nabuco concluded his objections to the Brazilian "neocracy," which he held responsible for our well-known shortcomings of improvisation, rashness, and lack of discipline: "I tremble for the day when we have a Brazilian cardinal. If the Sacred College of Cardinals in conclave refuses to yield to the superior reasoning of our impulsive representative, he will threaten to go to the press with the tale of irregularities in the counting of the

ballots, and so ruffle the 2,000-year-old tranquillity of the election of St. Peter's successor. If a fellow countryman of ours should perchance receive the tiara some day, then without blasphemy, not even the Holy Ghost would be able to restrain him from a thoroughgoing reform of the Church. It would never have taken so many centuries to proclaim the dogma of infallibility if the popes had been Brazilian."

The sly humor of these unbiased words is certainly delightful. Unbiased because they come from a man who was then close to fifty years of age but who had performed reckless deeds enough in his youth. He had been so conspicuous in the abolitionist campaign, as a revolutionary, radical reformer, and critic of landowners, slaveowners, and even the clergy, that he had earned a reputation as a dangerous agitator—though one who nevertheless was soon to prove himself capable of writing a work like *Um Estadista do Império* [*A Statesman of the Empire*], an admirably intelligent piece of writing which is admirable too in the stolid placidity, almost like that of an old-time monk, with which he organized family papers and made use of public documents. Here is indeed the ideal combination: that a people, a senate or a supreme court, the papacy or the Presbyterian synod, should have a soupçon of the spirit of the *quartier latin*; and that in individual character, patience should conjoin with originality, and prudence with courage.

Courage in ideas, attitudes, and even words—how often it is buried under excessive literary, intellectual, or civic prudence or naked physical cowardice. The courage of a man of forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, not to kowtow to one of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five—the representative of another generation—but to respect the audaciousness of youth, whether in his own past adolescence or in men younger than himself, and to tolerate its recklessness and exuberance. For disrespect for youth on the one hand—one's own or another's—and intolerance of its recklessness on the other can lead to the rigidity which calcifies overprudent men into statues, too

afraid of jeopardizing their intellectual dignity or their soft bourgeois comfort by involving themselves in everyday life to take part in mankind's struggles and to color with their own personalities the dramatic events of our time.

"My dear, audacious Moore," wrote Walter Pater to George Moore when the latter sent him a copy of *Confessions of a Young Man*—a rather brilliant book, not without interest, though superficial and full of exuberantly unpruned writing which must have grated on the sensibilities of the author of *Marius the Epicurean*, that novel which is unequaled for its harmonious integration of a courageous philosophy with the most mature and serene of the arts. Yet the semimonk of Oxford was capable of admiring the "unfailing liveliness" of the wild young Irishman's book. This seems to me the proper attitude for a man of forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy years to assume toward a man of twenty or a boy of fifteen; and toward himself also, when curiosity or some third person obliges him to read his own boyhood or adolescent effusions. If he can overlook the shallowness, the overwrought exuberance, the jumping to conclusions, the mature adult can still find in his younger self at twenty, or at fifteen, something to admire, something perhaps worth keeping if he can: liveliness, for example. And the sincerity, frankness, and courage that so often wither with age and bourgeois success.

Neocracy, no; but on the other hand, advancing age alone should not hold absolute sway over a man's life or men's lives. Let us always leave room for adolescence. Let every one of us keep something in him of the adolescent; may none of the world's peoples lose contact with its adolescents. Here is an ideal to be reconciled with the individual wisdom of each of us and the social wisdom of all of us: the wisdom to grow old without becoming fossilized—for example, the wisdom shown by João Ribeiro, among Brazilian intellectuals who are almost our contemporaries, as the critic Alvaro Lins intelligently pointed out not long ago; and among today's peoples, by the British.

Automation and the Future of Humanity

(From the final lecture of a course on futurology at the Federal University of Brasília, 1966.)

Today we know that the strictly Marxist concept of world revolution leading to a new social order in the world is almost totally passé, although it must not be forgotten that this type of Marxism has achieved some of its main objectives. The "proletarian" and the "bourgeois capitalist" are archaic figures who no longer exist in most of the world and whose days are numbered everywhere. More and more they are becoming rhetorical figures of speech, lifeless statues in the museum of sociology. Consequently, "laborism," too, is becoming just another outmoded ism. We are heading for a new social order, no doubt about it, but not through a purely Marxist social revolution—such a solution no longer has any validity—rather it will be a total revolution brought on, stimulated, precipitated by what is destined at the same time to be its chief instrument: automation.

Automation holds out the promise of enabling man to free himself little by little from both the bourgeois elements in contemporary civilization and the so-called antibourgeois labor movement, whose narrow aim is to glorify a single element of

civilization, the worker, who, since human labor is the mainspring of modern civilization, must be hailed as the master of his former masters. However, this mastery never seems to be exercised directly by the worker but by those who, with more effrontery than superior virtue or fitness for the role, take it upon themselves to speak for him.

The best sociological evidence available to us indicates that in an automatized civilization—a postmodern civilization—the old antagonism between worker and capitalist will most probably give way to new kinds of relationships between one human being and another, and that the crucial problem for these human beings (including Brazilians, for whom many futurologists predict an important role in the society of the future)—the greatest challenge to their intelligence, their genius, their science, their art, and their technical skill—will be not to organize their work but to organize their leisure. Leisure time will have to be organized in such a way as to take into account a variety of aptitudes, preferences, and inclinations, so that individual tastes can be harmonized with the collective welfare and each man and woman may participate in music, art, religious devotions, study, experiments, and speculative ventures in accordance with his or her abilities or taste.

That is the prospect before us, futurologically speaking: a postmodern civilization toward which we are advancing at a forced march under the goad of many sorts of stimuli and pressures, among which the revolutionary pressure of automation looms large. In the face of this prospect, both Russian communism and British socialism are dying isms.

Apropos of Hispanic Man

(From a speech given in December, 1967, at the Lisbon Academy of Science.)

There is much talk today about the "rediscovery of the specific" in connection with the study of man—usually contemporary man, but historical man too, for one is inseparable from the other. In this rediscovery I think I can see a renewal of the traditionally Iberian method of studying man, less as an abstract than as a being *in situ*, one who belongs to a specific regional environment or milieu of which he becomes an inseparable part, and as such is susceptible of being comprehended in his totality—including the totality of time, where there is no rigid separation between present, past, and future. Thus man becomes comprehensible as a whole and not measurable only in certain aspects of his simultaneously panhuman and regional, perhaps tropical, circumstances. The tropical element in these circumstances has been important for Iberian Europeans since the sixteenth century.

The Brazilian conception of a tropical anthropology (which was given formal recognition not many years ago by the Sorbonne in the form of an academic degree bestowed on a representative of this new discipline, and to which is linked the concept of tropicology, subdivided in turn into Hispano-

tropicology and, more importantly, Luso-tropicology) is based on this criterion of totality, to which it attempts to give new breadth and scope as well as its own methodology, still in the process of being developed. It is not a question, of course, of improvising a supposedly scientifically dynamic methodology and then making it official by parliamentary decree: "A discipline of tropicology or Hispano-tropicology or Luso-tropicology is hereby established, and all dispositions to the contrary are repealed." No, we must give our methodology time enough to take root.

This method consists principally of a comprehensive or empathic method of analysis which serves as the foundation of a new conception of the study of man not only placed but integrated into a tropical milieu, along with his baggage of extratropical values; a method which stems in part from Islam and was developed in Spain through the exposure of Christians to Judaic as well as Islamic values. On page 231 of Professor Américo Castro's *La Realidad Histórica de España* (Mexico, 1954), the author, in referring to "the structure of the Hispano-Christian" (Hispanic man in his precise meaning of "Iberian"), emphasizes the point that within this structure the reality of what is "objective" and what is "experienced" is crisscrossed with a subtle arabesque of affective and sensorial experience which is "never rational and discriminatory." Therefore time itself (and not long ago I published an essay, in English and more recently in German, "On the Iberian Concept of Time") becomes to Hispanic man less a quality to be measured than one to be observed, lived, and felt. Dawn,[1] for instance, becomes for Iberian man "a vital objective-subjective phenomenon" permeated with his own affections and sensations, so that the individual himself, and not only time as a thing distinct from himself, may "dawn feeling good" or "dawn with a headache." To Iberian man—or rather to that

[1] The word for "dawn" or "daybreak" (*amanhecer/amanecer*) is both noun and verb in Portuguese and Spanish. (Translator.)

part of him that has been Islamized, and the part that has been Judaized or Orientalized by the Jewish Semite—reality is "lived by the whole person," and a day is not, as Professor Castro so cleverly puts it, "a certain quantity of time that happens outside of the self. . . ." It is this concept of space-time that the Iberian European, and especially the Portuguese, brought to the tropics, one in which he projected himself in a vividly creative way as the bearer of a culture that could easily mingle with others.

While deficient in the so-called natural sciences in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, Portuguese and Spaniards went on creating a sort of presystematics of criticism and interpretation of the human personality and its relationships with natural environments—tropical environments particularly—which owe no apology to modern northern European sociologists: a methodology which scandalizes some of these European men of science who pride themselves on their scientific orthodoxy (though not, however, the Claude Lévi-Strauss of *Tristes Tropiques*) because it embraces the autobiographical elements along with that of the anthropologist; and this not out of excessive vanity or narcissism on the part of the analyst but because this fusion of elements is part of his understanding of a process which is not only analytic but creative—"integrationist," some modern authors would call it. By it the artist or the mystic or the scientist interprets man-placed-in-his-environment insofar as this is possible, an environment which may be that of the interpreter as well.

Hence Velásquez (who was half Portuguese, as his good second surname of Silva makes plain) was acting like a true Iberian when he painted himself, with his easel and palette, and in the act of painting this very specific scene, onto the great canvas of *Las Meninas*, and thus projected his person into future time through the medium of one of his own creations. His doing so caused Professor Américo Castro, a Spaniard born in Rio de Janeiro, which is perhaps why he almost always thinks in an Iberian and not an exclusively

Spanish way, to observe that it is in this intrusion of the interpreter among those he interprets—an intrusion which, it should be emphasized, is also that of an individual from the ephemeral present into the lasting future through the identification of himself with his art—that the Islamic tradition is kept alive among artists, thinkers, scholars, and above all in Iberian men of the people, who are Westernized to a lesser degree. It is a tradition suffused with "autobiographism," with "Sufism," with the "integration of consciousness into the totality of the individual and the circumstances around him," as Américo Castro expresses it; a tradition which has given rise to Iberian forms of expression which the distinguished philologist and interpreter of Iberian culture does not hesitate to call, on page 327 of his essay *La Realidad Histórica de España*, "overflowing" and "orgiastic."

"Overflowing" and "orgiastic" are just what many Portuguese, Brazilians, and Luso-tropicals have been. Fernão Mendes Pinto is a great example of overflowing plenitude as a pioneer geographer and anthropologist who was at the same time autobiographical in his descriptions of places and people unknown to the Europeans of his time. Euclides da Cunha is a Brazilian example. Camões, Garcia d'Orta, Nóbrega, Gabriel Soares de Sousa, Vieira, Bocage, Garrett, and, more nearly our contemporaries, Oliveira Martins, Eça de Queirós, Antero, Ramalho Ortigão, Gonçalves Dias, Machado de Assis, Antônio Nobre, Teixeira de Pascoais, and Fernando Pessoa (some less orgiastic and some more so than Fernão Mendes Pinto or Euclides da Cunha) all "overflowed" at one time or another and were almost always autobiographical insofar as they included themselves in the circumstances of time and space of which they have left to us empathetic interpretations or evocations. Some of them painted themselves next to other *meninas* —including tropical, dusky *meninas*—without the intrusion's adversely affecting the reality being evoked or interpreted.

On the Iberian Concept of Time

(From "On the Iberian Concept of Time," *The American Scholar*, Volume 32, Number 3, Summer, 1963.)

Automation has given to the West European and even to the North American conception of human well-being a different direction, with leisure as a tremendous reality that, instead of meaning an economic and an ethical deficiency in human culture and in social organization, means social and cultural development on a higher plane. For it means—some modern social philosophers and social scientists are inclined to think—social and cultural development to a point that makes organization of labor or idealization of constant toil for increasing production and dependence of economic production upon clock time in so extreme a way signify also a constant sacrifice of the present to the future. Extreme idealization of toil has become an archaic tendency. Therefore, it is not the Iberian conception of time that is now archaic, with regard to the most advanced forms of civilized life, but the Anglo-Saxon conception that went to the extreme of identifying, not only in Europe but in the imperial activities of Europeans in Africa, Asia, and America, time with money.

The Iberian sense of time seems to be one explanation for

the fact that, for the Spaniards and for the Portuguese in their activities both in Europe and overseas, persons and things have been not only what they seem to be but seen, considered, and treated through what an able interpreter of Iberian psychology, apparently applying a medieval philosophical saying, has described as "a double truth," that of the immediate detail—an objective, realistic truth—and that of the poetic whole: a truth that includes an interpretation of things and persons as a constant, though extremely slow development in a triad—past, present, and future. It was because they saw Africans, Asians, Amerindians, both as a poetic truth and as an immediate truth, and acted according to a double vision of these non-European realities, that the Portuguese as well as the Spaniards were, from the beginning of their activities in Africa, Asia, and America, more creative than other Europeans engaged in similar activities. The Iberians had the courage not only to build a monumental city like Goa, in India, in the sixteenth century, but to build fortresses, universities, cathedrals, and entire cities in America and in Africa that have survived, as monuments and institutions, a severe conflict with tropical climate and with non-European social time. They have also established themselves in tropical spaces, believing, in a way more poetic than scientific—although also scientific, in some cases—in the possibilities of developing enduring cultures or permanent civilizations in these spaces, through a bold mixture of men and cultures: the ones taken from Europe to Asia, Africa, and America and the ones found outside Europe.

What did the English, the Dutch, the French see in a population of naked Amerindians like the one that was found by Europeans in Brazil? Nothing but an inferior people who aroused no interest in progressive Europeans. What did the Iberians see in them? A people who when a Mass was said in their presence in a forest gave the Portuguese the impression of taking a lively interest in that Christian demonstration of religion and culture. Consequently, Christians and civilized persons in potential. At the same time, the brown Amerindian

women were considered beautiful by the newcomers: such brown women reminded the Portuguese of some of their own women with Moorish blood.

"That which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a barber's basin and perhaps another man may take it to be something else," Don Quixote once told Sancho. Never was a merely realistic vision of persons and things put under a sharper analysis than this one, by a Don Quixote who, like some other psychopaths, had something in him of a shrewd psychologist. Of the European or rather sociologically Christian vision of extra-European persons and things that has made the series of contacts of the Iberians with Africans, Asians, and Amerindians a greater sociological or human success than similar contacts of other Europeans with the same non-European peoples, it may be said that it has been a Quixotic poetic vision completed, but not dominated, by a Sancho-realistic one.

On Intellectual Contacts Between Latin Americans and North Americans

(From a newspaper article, 1970.)

I once received an interesting letter from the Reverend William J. Rooney on behalf of a Catholic committee in Washington concerned with intellectual and cultural affairs, requesting my suggestions for a cultural exchange program between the United States and Latin America being organized by the committee. The deadline came and went some time ago, but here are a few suggestions for what they are worth.

I am firmly convinced that Catholics in the United States have an important role to play in developing intellectual relationships between the United States and Latin America, particularly in the study of the social sciences.

In the best Catholic centers of higher learning, including universities in Canada as well as the United States—and in the Harvards, the Yales, the Princetons, but less so in average or even "superior" North American universities—the study of the social sciences is pursued in harmony with the study of philosophy or history or letters, and not at cross-purposes with these subjects, which are despised by certain Ph.D. specialists as simplistic or passé. In other words, the social sciences are

studied just as they are in Latin America or wherever the best tendencies in Latin thought and culture prevail—where it is inconceivable for a sociologist, let us say, or an economist, or an anthropologist, to ignore the humanistic knowledge related to scientific sociological, economic, or anthropological knowledge.

The keenest disappointment that can afflict serious Latin-American intellectuals in their contacts with a considerable number of social scientists in the United States stems from the almost total lack of humanistic preparation on the part of the latter, many of whom might more properly be termed statisticians or quantitativists than scientists. And yet such knowledge is considered indispensable, not only by Latins in Europe and America, but by the Germans, the British, and Western Europeans in general, for specialization in any of what are termed the human sciences.

However, it is nonetheless true that many Catholics in the United States—not all of them, needless to say—seem to have avoided the rut of narrow specialization in the average university more successfully than their non-Catholic counterparts. The difference is reflected in cultural reviews and specialized publications in the social sciences.

If the foregoing observations are accurate, there exists an affinity which should not be overlooked between intellectual Catholics in the United States and the most highly qualified and responsible Latin-American intellectuals: an affinity which resides in the tendency of these Latins and those Catholics to join humanistic to scientific knowledge when dealing with the social sciences. If it is impossible any longer to conceive of a social science that does not smack of so-called empirical science, it is equally unimaginable that a contemporary social scientist should make a fetish of empirical sectarianism or statistics and not feel an imperative obligation to become familiar with the philosophy, the history, and the literature without which a deep understanding of social man—his condition, his problems, the regional diversity of his environment—is unattainable.

One-track specialization on the part of American social scientists sometimes makes it difficult for them to work harmoniously, or even engage in meaningful dialogue, with their Latin-American colleagues. However, it must be pointed out that American social scientists educated in good Catholic universities are seldom characterized by narrowly scientific overspecialization. Hence the humanistic tone of their sociological or anthropological essays.

Toward a New Leisure

(From *Arte, Ciência e Trópico*, São Paulo, 1962.)

At this moment in time, perhaps the strongest tendency evinced by the sociology which has made its field of study the relationships between art and space, and between art and social time, is a growing, nonsectarian preoccupation with the future: a future which is already leaving its mark on the present. We find ourselves confronted with a social future in which leisure will mean boredom, anguish, suicide, and crime unless we find means of filling it with rich material of new significance for man's existence and new and meaningful motivations for human action. What we need is an art, a science, a philosophy, a religion which will begin today to exercise hegemony over creative activity, which, ever since the so-called Industrial Revolution, has been in the hands, first, of the lords of commerce and, more recently, of the kings of industry, finance, and the labor unions. The lords are dead, and the kings may already be dying.

[VI]

Literature and Art

In Heidelberg: Thinking of Death

1956.

I think of the German poet who called Death
"sweet Death" and said
". . . Come, sweet Death."
I cannot call Death sweet
I know that she is bitter
with the bitterness of roots.
All I ask of bitter Death is that she come sweetly,
gently, peacefully to find me.[1]

[1] Penso no alemão que chamou a Morte de
"doce Morte" e disse
"—Vem, doce Morte."
Eu não chamo a Morte de doce
Sei que Ela é amarga
(O amargor das raízes.)
O que eu digo à amarga Morte é que venha docemente.

In Salamanca: Death and Hope

1956.

Salamanca
teacher to Don Miguel
teach me to die
to die but perhaps not to perish.[1]

[1] Salamanca
mestra de Don Miguel
me ensina a morrer
sem a certeza de perecer.

Plantation Boy

1925.

No doubt about it: a plantation boy
lived a happier life
than a city-bred child;
lived a carefree life, and dressed as he pleased.

With his little black comrades
he played carrousel
on the old well-sweep:
and the music box
for that merry-go-round
was the mule driver's song.

He could ride a horse
and roam in the woods
with the pickaninnies,
and hunt curiós.[1]

When the cane was ripe
there was always a farm hand
who'd cut him a fine juicy joint to suck.

He'd crouch by the millrace
and set flies and crickets adrift in paper boats
and pretend to himself they were pirate heroes

[1] *Curiós*: Brazilian songbirds. (Translator.)

in tales of adventure he'd read.
And then one day came a naked black slave girl
to launch the plantation boy
on his first adventure in love.[2]

[2] O menino de engenho era decerto
criatura menos sacrificada à gravidade
de trajo e vida que o nascido nas cidades.

Nas almanjarras,
com os muleques
seus camaradas
leva-pancadas
brincava de carrossel
um carrossel
a que servia
de caixa de música
e cantiga do tangedor.

Montava a cavalo
saía pelo mato
com o muleque
a pegar curiós.

No tempo de cana madura
chupava com delícia os rolêtes
que lhe torneavam a faca
os negros do engenho.

Gostava de fazer navegar
na água das levadas
em navios de papel
môscas e grilos
personagens dos romances de aventura
que inventava
antes de conhecer negras nuas
e viver seus primeiros romances de amor.

The English Language

(From *Inglêses*, Rio, 1942.)

Apart from its literature, the English language, more than any other, seems to me to possess an angelic quality. A language almost without grammar, it tends to draw men together—surely a fit task for angels—while languages of diabolical complexity tend to separate them.

English is truly the simplest of modern tongues. Its grammar is a virtual fish without bones for the mouths of children in the four corners of the world. And yet it was in English that works of profound density and complexity were conceived and written by poets like Milton and Robert Browning, novelists like Defoe, Meredith, and Joyce, essayists like Newman, Pater, and Matthew Arnold, mystics like Blake and Bunyan, scientists like the elder Huxley, philosophers like Hume and Whitehead. And it is to the English of Shakespeare that legends and dramas hidden in obscure languages almost without public life, domestic languages like Danish, Polish, Bengali, Gaelic, or old Scottish, have flowed and still flow, as to a river-sea. Even Proust wrote in French that was more than a little English.

Eça and Ramalho

(From the preface to *As Farpas: Eça de Queirós*, in the Coleção Clássicos e Contemporâneos, Rio, no date.)

Eça de Queirós in the last phase of his writing sometimes impresses us as a parvenu or arriviste in the Portuguese setting of landscape and villages: a parvenu who was not raised on honey as a child. Neither on honey nor on the rich broth that gave Ramalho [Ortigão] his fire-breathing energy, but exclusively on tea.

And yet there was in this Portuguese writer brought up on English tea a capacity to love, understand, and interpret the Portuguese earth and its poorest village dwellers—almost earth themselves—which was in no way inferior to that of Ramalho in his moments of tenderness for provincial things. The arriviste, the convert, the new Christian discovering the nature of his native land, succeeds in communicating to us the feel, the color, the very life of people and values discovered by himself only in his old age, with a truly extraordinary power of empathy which took the place, in Eça, of the telluric background of Ramalho, [José Valentim] Fialho [de Almeida], and Camilo [Castelo Branco].

Ramalho's roots in his own soil were a never-failing source of energy which gave this writer the strength to defend himself against the perils of dissolute cosmopolitan life and an exaggerated enthusiasm for the "hypercivilization" of Europe, as

it was called then and still is called, rather provincially, in Lisbon's Chiado: the old Chiado where men who looked toward France, toward England, toward Germany, toward the foreign capitals which had kept Portugal for so long in a passive, inferior role on the edges of Europe. Eça was almost totally lacking in telluric ballast, but not in the power of empathy which was to bring him home again to Portugal.

Now it is my belief that the greatest strength of a writer lies not so much in a simple power of human sympathy or feeling for his native soil, nor in that sheer almost sensual receptivity to the powerful emanations of a living act, a landscape, or even of the past—all of which goes by the conventional name of "impressionism"—but in the scope and depth of what the Greeks called empathy. By empathy I mean that an author identifies himself intimately with a body of beings, things, and values taken either from nature in the raw or the city, from the past, whether still warm, still present and reaching for the future, or remote, and keeps those things alive with all their color, sap, and sinew, in an essay, a novel, or a poem.

Such power was achieved more than once by the authors of the literary review *As Farpas*. In its pages can be found some of the most robust examples of a writer's identification with his milieu ever written in our language; a milieu defined by the leading writer of these pamphlets in one of his articles of literary and artistic criticism as "soil, climate, aspects of the landscape, sex, age, temperament, idiosyncrasies, heredity, and social influences: institutions, customs, family, education, and profession." In these words Ramalho was referring to Eça de Queirós, whose novelistic method he compares with that of a historian and concludes that they are essentially the same, for "to paint a character is to reveal what in that person is formed and molded within the contours delineated in a given portion of space and time by a certain set of social conditions." It is not hard to discover in those words a profession of ecological faith. (I hope devotees of Eça will forgive me for the

pedantry of this new Greek expression, here used scientifically; from Ramalho's devotees I need, in this case, no indulgence.) These two writers who created *As Farpas* (that monument of criticism, but also of the social history of their time and country, which was later pursued in Eça's novels *Os Maias*, *A Cidade e as Serras*, and *A Ilustre Casa de Ramires*) were writers with a truly ecological sense of their ministry, or of their art. For Ramalho it was primarily a ministry; for Eça primarily an art, though this did not ever keep him from envisioning a world in which old people would have a house to live in and children would have bread.

Both writers were ecologists in an almost literal sense. All through the issues of *As Farpas* the house, the dwelling place, the hearth, the family, food, bread, the kitchen, and man's roots in his native earth are the principal vantage point of observation; the fulcrum of the two critics and quasi-historians; their prime concern as revolutionary conservatives, as social reformers, as satirists of Portuguese life and scenes, who were nonetheless imbued with filial, fraternal, or paternal love in their treatment of Portuguese subjects.

Ramalho was interested in Dutch paintings and Dutch life, mainly, it seems, because of the predominance of domestic themes in them, their ideal of a sane and balanced life. Again, the title Eça gave his own short-lived little magazine was *O Serão*;[1] and its cover showed the peaceful interior of a Portuguese house with its old chair, its stout table with round, polished legs, its oil lamp and soft candlelight. We must not forget, either, that Eça's best and most ambitious novel[2] is the history of a noble Portuguese house: Ramalhete. The house is the main character in the book. The men who give the book its name live their fictional lives around the dramatic house in which the living and the dead, men and landscapes, land and sea, are gathered. This is indeed the most vivid reality of the

[1] "Early evening gathering of family or friends"—*Dicionário* BARSA (Appleton-Century-Crofts). (Translator.)

[2] *Os Maias*. (Translator.)

drama: the home in its widest sense. In *A Ilustre Casa de Ramires*, too, the most solid reality is the nobleman's house with its tower. And in *A Cidade e as Serras*, the drama is based on the contrast between sophisticated life in a foreign city and that of the traditional, simple household rooted in its native earth. Always there is a concern with the house as an extension of the human being. Always there is the welcome shade of the house shielding us against the crude sunlight that often dazzles us so in the pages of Fialho that we cannot clearly see the strong colors or his men and women of the people. Always an ecological sense of life: the home in relation to the environment, the milieu, the region, the past and whole existence of man.

Euclides da Cunha and the Sertão

(From *Vida, Forma e Côr*, Rio, 1962.)

It was only natural that Euclides da Cunha should have chosen to have himself portrayed, bony and romantic, beside the "burning sands" of the *sertões*[1] with their cereus and cactus and monk's-head plants: his "kingdom" was there, the kingdom to which he was to refer on one occasion when speaking half-disdainfully about poets. The geologist John Casper Branner, applauded by Afrânio Peixoto, was to make use of those words with a touch of irony when praising the poet-author of *Os Sertões*[2] in an incisive criticism of his book: "The poet is sovereign in the little kingdom where his fantasy enthrones him."

The backlands were truly the kingdom of the poet Euclides da Cunha—his Passegarde, as Manuel Bandeira would say. Other poets and novelists before him had been sympathizers, even enthusiasts, of the Brazilian landscape: José de Alencar was the greatest. But the author of *Os Sertões* was the first case

[1] *Sertões*: the arid backlands of northeast Brazil. (Translator.)

[2] *Rebellion in the Backlands* by Euclides da Cunha, translated and with an introduction and notes by Samuel Putnam (University of Chicago Press, 1944). (Translator.)

of true empathy. Not sympathy; empathy. Euclides da Cunha did more than add himself to the landscape of the backlands; he made the backlands forever a part of himself and the "Brazilian character" of which he was one of the loftiest and most vital examples. One might call him a martyr.

It was in the *sertões* that the skinny, awkward fellow who seemed to have a hundred left hands and who had once bent a sword in a moment of rage—and who knows how many hundreds of pens in other less spectacular moments of anger—first knew real self-discipline under the force of a powerful vocation: that of a writer of the Brazilian landscape, which became for him, even more than an "image of the Republic" (which was also important to Euclides in a mystic sense), a sort of prolongation of the maternal image, and at the same time of his own.

It is impossible to separate Euclides from the mother-landscape which allowed itself to be interpreted by him, as by no one else, by his love of it and his narcissism.

When describing the *sertões* the scientist was to err in details of geography, geology, botany, and anthropology; the sociologist was to make trifling errors when explaining the people of the backlands and diagnosing their society. But these technical errors are redeemed by Euclides da Cunha the poet, the prophet, the artist, replete with intuitive genius; the Euclides who was to find, in the landscape and men of the *sertões*, values far beyond the rights and wrongs of scientific grammar.

The poet saw the backlands with a deeper gaze than that of any mere geographer; than any mere geologist or botanist; than any anthropologist.

The prophet cried out in the wilderness of the *sertões* and gave them a Brazilian significance, beyond their meaning as landscape or undifferentiated humanity.

The artist interpreted them with words powerful enough to pierce the ears and stir the souls of the languid, pale young men of the littoral, with the clamor of a young voice, at times

a hard voice, pleading imperiously for the unknown desert, for the abandoned *sertões*, for their inhabitants the *sertanejos*, forgotten in the wilderness.

For his was the voice that cried out for the Brazilian wilderness: Make straight the ways of Brazil. (Brazil was Euclides da Cunha's "Lord.") He meant the ways leading from the desert to the town. This was Euclides's great message: that the *sertão* and the seaboard must be united, not for mutual self-knowledge alone, but for the salvation of Brazil. The *sertão* was the "savior": his own savior and the savior of Brazil. That was the message broadcast to the men of the Republic of '89 in the words of an artist engaged in politics. This message was later to be deformed by those who made a virtual mystique of the *sertão* itself, regardless of its communication with the agrarian coast, a sort of Protestant sect of missionaries intent on saving Brazil with water from the reservoirs of the Northeast—a project on which sums have been spent which may well be disproportionate to its social value to the Brazilian nation. Euclides felt a kind of repugnance for what was rounded, plenteous, and full in the vegetation of the tropics and the landscape, dominated by sugar plantations: the softness of their forms; their yielding quality, like flesh; the spongy earth; the unresisting *massapé*, the black clay soil where sugar cane can grow. He was attracted to what was angular, bony, and rigid in the ascetic, dryly masculine contours of the arid *agreste* and the *sertões*. From among the variety of human types and scenery of the *sertão*, he chooses the hardest, most angular contours and throws them into relief in words that are unyielding, words that hardly flow at all, words that are almost asexual. Sometimes he adorns those words with glorified arabesques, monumental idealized exaggerations, banal landmarks in the geometry of rhetoric: "Olympic beauty," "choice statuary," "the ideal features of a man of destiny," "the virile flash of his gaze illuminated his countenance." Even at its worst, though, his writing has a certain rugged distinction.

It is always impressive and almost always vigorous, with a vigor new to our language—a sculptural vigor.

For Euclides da Cunha is, in fact, a kind of El Greco or Alonso Berruguete of Brazilian prose. He makes the most of the sculptural possibilities of each word, although in order to do so he must often sacrifice the qualities of discrimination and nuance—qualities possessed in abundance by his great Brazilian contemporaries Machado de Assis, Joaquim Nabuco, and Raúl d'Avila Pompéia. Such qualities are almost impossible to one with a love of sounding brass, of all that is sculptural, geometrical, rigid, angular, qualities in which Euclides fervently excels, as if under the spell of a mystical obsession to avoid what is fleshly: curves and the inconstancy of flesh, the passing moment, the daily routine.

José de Alencar and the Portuguese Language

(From *Vida, Forma e Côr*, Rio, 1962.)

As an adolescent writing a university thesis in English on the patriarchal society of Brazil in the middle of the nineteenth century in which I suggested that Brazilian slaves at that time were treated better by their rural masters than were European factory workers of the same period, I think I was unconsciously following the lead of José de Alencar, whose books I had read with enthusiasm, even fervor, as a child. I was so excited by them that I recall keeping a secret notebook with eleven-year-old scribblings of words copied from their pages, words whose charm for me had something purely physical and sinfully sensual about it—something that not only appealed to the green imagination and intelligence but brought a physical delight to the eyes, the ears, and in a sense, the palate and even the sex of a sensually literary child.

I still remember some of those characteristic words of Alencar. The most alluring of them, to the visual sensibility of a child who was a bookworm at the age of eleven and who, like Huysmans, was apt to forget to pay attention to the playing of a great pianist at a concert out of fascination for the printed

format of the program, were, even more than those in which sweet, round vowels follow one another, filling the ears like oil and almost dissolving inside them—*névoa*, *aura*, *níveo*—those that were animated by *y*'s and *v*'s, *z*'s and *u*'s, *l*'s and *f*'s, *i*'s and *r*'s, like *efflúvio*, *topázio*, *enflorar*, *refrangir*, *electrizar*, *alumbre*, *trescalar*, *aljofrar*, *fulgor*, *sylpho*, *hymeneu*, *laivo*, *nupcial*, *diáphano*, *zephyro*, *glycerina*, *acrysolar*, *fulvo*, *pulchro*, *pulchritude*, *ogival*.

Those words seemed to dance on the paper for the sole, intimate, secret delight of a child to whose eyes they seemed angular, truly young, beside those other round, plump, ripe ones, maternal and tenderly soft whatever their meaning: *mágoa*, *gemma*, *mimo*, *gozo*, *colo*, *coxa*, *sinhá*, *mingau*, *maná*.

For if Alencar did not actually make the Portuguese language feminine while making it Brazilian, he undeniably softened it by doing away with the excessive Portuguese *ão*'s and hard pronouns always placed in an authoritative, masculine way.

Conversation with Tagore

(From *Retalhos de Jornais Velhos*,
2d edition, Rio, 1964.)

I first met Tagore in New York, at a tea to which a few students from Columbia University had been invited. At that time he was as old as I am now. His face seemed to me then surprisingly young, although his long beard and long hair were already completely white. Dazzlingly white. I remember, too, that his voice was almost that of a girl, contrasting oddly with his virile, biblical prophet's air.

What did we talk about at that tea, the students and one of the world's greatest living poets? About many things. There was some talk about politics: India's relations with the British. But principally we discussed art. Literature. Religion. Philosophy.

I was already interested in the theme of regionalism in art, literature, and culture, a theme to which I had been drawn mainly in response to the stimulating influence of William Butler Yeats—another great poet with whom I had the good fortune to be personally acquainted. More than anyone else, Yeats gave me, a restless young South American eager to learn, the impression of a man of genius, although in the great Irish poet genius did not make itself known by either wide, staring eyes or wild, unkempt hair; Yeats was urbanity personified. That strange glitter in the eyes that Terman in his studies of

geniuses admits to be characteristic of those individuals could be surprised in Yeats; but it was hardly a scandalous glitter.

The same could be said of Tagore. In his eyes, though, even more than in the eyes of Yeats, there was something of the gaze of an eternal child—and in his smile as well.

What charmed me most about the Tagore I met in New York was his international spirit, his desire that the West should comprehend the East, and the East, the West. I was no less delighted by the loyalty of this great Indian intellectual educated in England, not so much to an amorphous, total India as to Calcutta; and in Calcutta, to Santiniketan. Santiniketan: a corner of India that held cherished memories of his old father, the saintly Devendranath. The admirable Brazilian poet Cecília Meireles has described in a delightful article how it was there that Tagore, with the little fortune the Nobel Prize had given him, chose to found a unique school of meditation, art, and work. This school was to become on the one hand a focus of the Indian liberation movement from imperial British domination and on the other a meeting place of East and West; a center for strengthening Indian cultural values; a living example of the possibility of reconciling Indianism and internationalism.

It was mainly of this reconciliation that I heard Tagore speak that afternoon when I, as a simple Columbia University student, drank Indian tea in his company after he had greeted me with: "As for you, you look like an Indian. Where are you from?" I told him I was from Brazil. He only said in his mellifluous voice: "Ah, yes, from Brazil," as if reluctant to reveal either his knowledge of a country that was so remote or his curiosity about what was then a *terra incognita* to even the most knowing Orientals.

Dante, Romantic and Antiromantic

(From the lecture
"Dante Romántico e Anti-romántico,"
given in 1965 on the occasion of the commemoration
of Dante's septicentennial in Brazil,
published by the Federal University of Pernambuco.)

When Dante broke with the classic conventions by audaciously interpolating in his supreme work, the *Divina Commedia*, a whole series of novelesque, fanciful, troubadourish episodes and allusions, some of which he had gleaned from folklore and the language of the people; when he fashioned the *Commedia* (a work which contains more theology than philosophy and more philosophy than sociology) into what may rightfully be called a precursor of the novels of Balzac and Proust, Tolstoy and Dickens, Joyce and Gide, he never lost sight of the effect of love—romantic love included—on the relationships between human beings. The episode of Paolo and Francesca speaks for itself: Dante gives to this episode an intensity which cannot fail to move us.

However, we should not fail to note, as did Poggioli, that while Dante encompasses the romantic he does not subordinate himself to it. His strong sense of reality does not permit him to do so, although since his view of the relationships among

human beings is a universal one, he takes whatever is romantic in those relationships and out of his own empathy gives it a pararomantic interpretation through voices which might be the voices of troubadours or, most justly, of participants in intrigues or romantic plots. It has already been remarked that it is Francesca, the feminine component of the Paolo-Francesca episode, who is evoked by Dante as the dominant character in the story, with Paolo, "*tutto tremante*," almost too romantically intimidated to kiss the lips of his beloved. This sets the stage for Dante to realize, both romantically and antiromantically, the potentialities of sinful love in this amorous episode; not in clinical, simplistically realistic, Zolaesque terms, with the male gripping the breasts of the female and letting his impatient fingers press downward to the young girl's eager sex, overpowering her with the violence that she longs for. With Dante, it is otherwise. After portraying this romantic love in explicitly non-Platonic terms, he shows us a Paolo who is no conventional male animal but a timid, hesitant, almost effeminate lover: an exponent of courtly love, in fact. A romantic who is so Platonic he becomes almost antiromantic.

Still, perhaps it is a bit too simple to interpret thus the manner in which Dante, who is always complex and never simple, describes the episode. In this connection Professor Poggioli reminds us of the words that Tolstoy puts in the mouth of the masculine protagonist in *Anna Karenina*, to the effect that those who are capable of understanding only non-Platonic love (which includes most modern literary critics when dealing with novels about love even when they do not descend to the vulgar subclinical sexuality of a Henry Miller, to take a contemporary example, or the authors of "naturalistic" novels like Zola's, or George Moore's, or the Brazilian Júlio Ribeiro's *A Carne*) can never know love in its fullest intensity, love that is also Platonic. Love in which everything on the physical plane has yet to take place, and only half of this perspective is fulfilled, the other half remaining intensely Platonic.

There are those, indeed, who think of this short but great seminovel of Paolo and Francesca inserted by Dante into the *Divine Comedy* as a *contre-roman:* an antinovel. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say of this episode and of the whole *Divine Comedy* itself, which is full of other novelesque incidents, that while in monumental scale of conception and grandeur of execution it is beyond comparison to any mere novel or antinovel, it is in fact put together like a huge, complex seminovel in which the conventionally tragic themes of the troubadour's ballads and the novels derived from them (including the obscene ones so notable in Boccaccio) are turned into "realistic," "naturalistic," and even antiromantic novels. And yet this is precisely what the poet and seminovelist of the *Divina Commedia*, in his constant preoccupation with ethics and theology, most sought to avoid. For Dante the Platonic element in human behavior was no less significant than the non-Platonic.

Cervantes' Example

(From *Como e Porque sou e não sou Sociólogo*, Brasília, 1968.)

The supreme lesson that Cervantes and other Spanish or Iberian writers less important but no less significant than Cervantes have taught us is that it is never easy to separate, within that most characteristic Iberian literature tradition, the writer from the man, the artist from the person. This kind of writer is almost invariably a strong personality to whom art, attained by means which are not always either academic or conventional, is only one expression; and one, moreover, almost never achieved by the kind of painful exercise through which Flaubert perfected his art. Eça de Queirós, for example, as he became more French, lost the Iberian potency which he was paradoxically to recapture only when he grew old and the adventure of Frenchifying himself was succeeded by that of becoming Portuguese again.

A writer in the Iberian tradition is thus almost always a writer of the open air rather than the study: the very negation of the typical abstract littérateur, often given to the life of the cafés, or at least to rubbing shoulders with the bohemian tumult of café life, street life. Actually, cafés in the Iberian Peninsula are an even more democratic institution than their French counterparts in that some of the former are even today frequented by the most diverse kinds of people—bullfighters, politicians, actors, artists, composers, and of course writers—

instead of one café's being set aside for one kind of intellectual, another for a different kind, so that each café has its circle of literary aristocrats and its little air of an exclusive club.

It is supposed that Cervantes was obsessed with the idea—or the necessity?—of writing *Don Quixote* when he was imprisoned in La Mancha. As we all know from his biographers, he was fifty-eight years old, on the eve of his old age, when he published the first part of what struck people at the time as an exceedingly strange piece of fiction. It was so novel, so *outré* by the literary conventions then prevailing in every European country, that it seemed more the work of an impulsive boy than of a prudent elder. Its very contradictions make it recognizably the work of a characteristic Hispanic or Iberian writer: one who is ever present in his work and very concrete in his descriptions, which are nonetheless stretched into new forms in order to effect a synthesis or a symbolic intensification of simple reality, or to be expressive of this or that specific aspect of reality, an expressionism of the same type as El Greco's in painting, or De Falla's or Villa-Lobos's in music, or Aleijadinho's in sculpture. This is an attitude characteristic of the man who has traveled, as it is also what distinguishes a historian like Oliveira Martins or a writer such as Fernão Mendes Pinto from the merely objective reporter or the chronicler who just sticks to his dates, or a playwright à la García Lorca from the routinely realistic writer for the theater.

Even in what were assumed to be pure invention, but which were, rather, his real life experiences slightly desiccated or purified by the use of a literary technique that is very Iberian, Cervantes, like Fernão Mendes Pinto in Portuguese, was a forerunner of Gide and Pirandello in the specific literary technique of autobiography which apparently consists of the non-I imagined by the I and projected into literature. Similarly, speaking of art in its wider sense, he was a precursor of the Cubists in his mode of substituting for one unique perspective several empathetic, simultaneous perceptions of the same reality. Within the single writer of fiction Cervantes contains some-

thing not only of the essayist but of the historian and even of the social psychologist; his aim is never simply to entertain the reader by inventing or relating tales which, if they did not happen exactly as he tells them, are still based on an intensification of real facts, a mingling of different times and persons and new narrative combinations of scenes and characters which are real, even historical. It is not only that these facts and stories actually took place; they happened over and over, in the sociological sense of recurring patterns of human behavior and in specifically Iberian—or more exactly, Spanish—circumstances, some of which could occur only at a time of transition of conduct, when certain ways of life were crumbling and there was great uncertainty as to what would take their place: the age of Don Quixote.

Writers of the purest Iberian tradition—of which Cervantes remains the loftiest classical exponent—are not characterized by the kind of Byzantine literary composition that results in rigorously polished works of the aptly named "tortured" style. Hence the observation by the sagacious English psychologist Havelock Ellis to the effect that Spanish writers, including Cervantes, are traditionally "apt to neglect the more minute graces of style."

In this particular, I am sure that some Brazilian writers—including, within extremely modest limits, myself—are more a part of the Iberian literary tradition than of any other. In my own case, however, it is true that I do feel myself to be an irredeemably poor relation of Proust, who is thought by some people not to be very French. Foreign critics, mostly French, have found this relationship between us, and if I am indeed related to this French writer (who to my way of thinking is hardly representative of the purest school of French writing and is, on the contrary, rather Iberian in his introspective, empathetic way—a sort of unfrocked Jesuit who, though he has lost his faith, has not forgotten the training in psychological casuistry he received from the Society of Jesus and even keeps up his *Spiritual Exercises* as an empathetic

technique applied to the novel), the relationship surely lies in a penchant, awkward on my part and masterly on his, for catching, in the individuals and groups of human beings we observe, the subtle, almost secret intimacies that characterize their behavior and not simply its more obvious aspects. Another similarity lies in the somewhat negligent manner in which we both try to give expression to new adventures in the search not only for things past, but for the men and women lost in times gone by.

Another perspicacious observation by Havelock Ellis, the English psychologist who is so great an admirer of the Spanish mystics, is this: that the Iberian writer, as a rule, comes into his own in middle age rather than in youth. One might add, as a postscript to Ellis's remark, that the reason for this is that Iberian writers are usually autobiographical, not inventors of myths—which means that they are not writers of fiction at all in the usual sense of the term. Everything in their writing tends to be based on their own very personal experience: life as they lived, saw, heard, loved, suffered, touched, felt, observed it. Life as they learned it, with all its contrasts from the sordid to the angelic; from the plebeian to the hidalgo; from the sensual to the religious. Hence the sensual mysticism of certain Iberian writers, St. Theresa among them; sublimated sensuality of course.

A characteristically Iberian writer is repelled by the art of writing carried to refinements of tight, esoteric, sectarian nicety which make of it an art of writers for other writers. The Hispanic writer tends rather to adopt a realistic style bordering on expressionism, scornful in its expressive interpretation or literary intensification of life lived or experience experienced, of anything that smacks of stylistic hairsplitting or artistic chinoiseries. As a writer, therefore, he is often guilty of wrong sentence structure, sloppiness in grammar, vulgarisms—some of them obscene—inappropriate to academy or drawing room, as he describes the living flow of events or reduces them to equally living, active symbols.

Joaquim Nabuco in His Autobiography

(From the introduction to *Minha Formação*, by Joaquim Nabuco, Editôra da Universidade de Brasília, 1963.)

Aristocratic Brazilians at the turn of the century found it repugnant that one of their own class should write about himself and his background. Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Russians did so, it was true, the last even going to the extreme of pointing out the flaws in their education. But they were foreigners. In Brazil it was different. While José de Alencar informed his readers how and why he had become a novelist, he did so in a few discreet pages, confining himself to setting down a record of his literary experiments in the field of fiction, a genre that had yet to be accorded full intellectual dignity by Brazilians. It was nothing less than an act of humility for a prominent statesman like the author of *Iracema* to call himself a novelist and explain why he enjoyed writing romantic novels more than he did making speeches in Parliament or drafting juridicopolitical briefs.

Joaquim Nabuco was courageous enough to make plain, in his incomplete but expressive autobiography, that he had been born an aristocrat, that he had grown up on a sugar plantation, in the shadow of a godmother who might properly be termed

a matriarch by virtue of her imposing figure and ample prestige, and that an Apollonian, patrician vocation for high-level politics as practiced by his father "at the top of the hierarchical structure . . ." had attracted him to public life. However, in his early youth that vocation led him into Dionysian rather than Apollonian activities which he passes over rather lightly in his autobiography, *Minha Formação*. As a young man, far from contenting himself with being an abolitionist, he audaciously took up the cudgels as a social reformer against the interests of his own caste—the territorial nobility, the slavocrat aristocracy, the white and near-white elite of the agrarian Empire to which he belonged. His actions at that age may, in fact, have represented a *deformation*, a deflection from the general course of development in his personality evinced both before and after his abolitionist days. His sympathetic interest in the slaves stemmed from his early childhood as a plantation boy reared by his quasi-matriarchal Pernambuco godmother not only to be more son than godson (and more grandson, perhaps, than son) but more girl than boy—so much so that in Maçangana he never learned to ride a horse. There was something sweetly feminine in the humanitarian, sentimental, tender turn his interest took; and this truth enlarges rather than diminishes the towering, apostolic figure of Joaquim Nabuco, the leading abolitionist of his day. He left to other, conventionally masculinoid politicians the exclusively political or solely economic view of the problem of slavery in Brazil, surpassing them all in the social, human, suprapartisan scope of his antislavery crusade. It was this apostolate which turned him into a radical and something of a socialist—an ethical socialist—in his strictures against the prevailing system of labor and property in Brazil under the Empire: men owning other men, whole vast territories under the feudal dominion of a few privileged families, slavery, large landed estates. "Putting a stop to slavery is not enough," Nabuco said in a speech during the "social reformer" phase described, if rather abstractly (and sketchily), in Chapters XXI and XXII of *Minha Formação*.

And he added: "The evil consequences of slavery must be destroyed." By this he meant the tragic expression, the pernicious remains, of a system which, to do it justice, had not only produced Joaquim Nabuco but had firmly established Brazil as a nation at once aristocratic and democratic. . . . It is no exaggeration to call the scenes evoked in *Minha Formação* the most Brazilian of landscapes. Here are the cane fields, the wet tropics whose sugar cane nourished the first civilization to be recognized in the world as Brazilian: a civilization of sugar cane and sugar mills, Big Houses, slave cabins, plantation chapels, and of rivers harnessed to serve the plantations and mills. Here is the landscape painted by that Brazilianized Dutchman Franz Post and preserved in the Flemish oil canvases of Teles Junior, the seascapes of Rosalvo Ribeiro, and the sweeping vistas of Lassally.

Other landscapes characteristic of a still savage country and later of a Brazil Europeanized by newer methods of production would take their place beside it: farms; mines; cattle ranches; coffee, cacao, and rubber plantations. But the landscape that formed Joaquim Nabuco was the setting in which Brazil developed its first forms of national culture, those of a familial, patriarchal society, and its international economy too, that of a plantation economy based on the cultivation of sugar cane and the production of unrefined sugar.

From a Dialogue with Aldous Huxley

(From *Brasis, Brasil, Brasília*, 1st edition in Brazil and 2d in Portuguese, Rio, 1968.)

G.F.—And how would you sum up your impressions of Brazil?

A.H.—This is one of the most improbable countries I have ever visited. The things I've seen here entirely transcend the realm of the probable and leave me bewildered by their implausibility. I don't understand the indefinite value put on land, for example. I'm afraid there's something false about that. And I don't see how Brazil, in its present stage of development, can compete with countries where there is forced labor without making forced labor its capital. By compete I mean make rapid progress in industrialization, which, by the way, I am not at all convinced is entirely a good thing at such a rapid rate of growth.

G.F.—Determinists don't know how much perspective they lose by not taking the improbable into account. That's where the mystic has an advantage over the scientist in the laboratory: he can respect laboratory truth without denying other kinds of truth. This explains the unique complexity of your own work: you combine literature and science, just as your grand-

father was beginning to do. His essay *On a Piece of Chalk* is over there in that bookcase, with my annotations and comments. Or philosophy and science. Or even mysticism and science. Yours is the kind of work that is very demoralizing to closed truths. On the contrary, it bravely puts a higher value on the open truths, the kind that meet at the border and cross over from one field into another. Within my own limitations, that is what I have been trying to do in my attempt to interpret modern civilized man in the tropics, and that includes his sense of time as simply a sense of life. Life rather than progress. There lies one of the dangers of full-speed industrialization in the tropics: it may destroy the sense of time and life in tropical man. Let us hope that China can help us in that respect. China, India, the Orient.

A.H.—Time! How right you are in linking it to life! Can you imagine a more terrible phrase than this: to kill time? What can possibly be more precious to man than time? And we talk of killing time with all kinds of inanities. One of the most futile is television, as it is organized at present. Everything you have written on this subject—on man and time—interests me enormously. By the way: I think that your literary work would make a film of extraordinary human interest, since it is artistic besides being sociological or anthropological, with an epic and poetic sense as well—as has been said many times before.

Reminiscences of Amy Lowell

(From *Vida, Forma e Côr*, Rio, 1962.)

I first met Amy Lowell in the very stronghold of the Lowells, in Boston, where I, a callow Columbia University student, had gone at the invitation of the poet. Her house in Brookline had belonged for many generations to that old New England family which, after giving to the country many notable public figures made austere and gray by a Puritan education, had exploded in Amy Lowell the anti-Puritan, greedy for bright colors and pagan images, fond of savoring French delicacies and smoking Manila cigars, who lived in the midst of Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings, Chinese jars, Japanese fans, Indian plates, and Persian carpets. She invited her friends in Brookline to excellent dinners accompanied by wines, liqueurs, and fine cigars which were kept on shelves next to her rare books under the severe painted gaze of her ancestors.

My hostess—perhaps in order to punish herself in orthodox Puritan fashion for the sin of being voluptuously fat and amply rich in the vagaries of the autumn of her life—was at that time devoting herself to the biography of an orthodoxly poetic poet: Keats. Orthodoxly poetic in his thinness and pallor, his poverty, his romantic adolescent profile to which there could

have been no greater contrast than that of Amy Lowell. This biography was the chief subject of our conversation, but she had previously written another, highly interesting book: an interpretation and criticism of some of the American modernist poets who had embarked with her on that high adventure of literary experimentation which heralded in the United States (as was later to happen in Brazil) a renaissance of letters. First came poetry, then prose; the poetry effacing itself in the second phase, as if the innovative poets were withdrawing to make way for the victorious new prose to affirm itself and dominate the scene. But it was a poetic prose made possible by the revolution in poetry, which in turn was facilitated by an equally revolutionary criticism. Amy Lowell's talent was assured in prose as well as in poetry, in criticism as well as in the so-called pure creative writing misnamed by those who mistakenly insist on the separation of "criticism" from "creative work" and an absolute separation of "prose" from "poetry." I believe that Lowell's development of "polyphonic prose" had some influence on my own first attempts at prose, which in turn influenced other young Brazilian writers who were searching for new ways to express themselves: new forms, new music, a new rhythm, new kinds of adjustment to the equally new forms of plastic art.

Amy Lowell, whose interesting letters written over a three-year period I still treasure among my correspondence, may be said to belong in a sense to the revolutionary generation of critics by virtue of the study she dedicated to new American poetry—and to prose, the so-called polyphonic prose—to which her name must above all be linked.

As sense, as substance, as experience, Lowell's poetry may not come so close to human relevance as that of Vachel Lindsay, or Carl Sandburg, or the great Negro poet Claude McKay. (A Brazilian critic would have to treat the black cultural revolt in the United States through poetry and music as a separate theme of study.) But her experiments as an artist, her unastonished acceptance of new attitudes, her concentrated,

lucid, sharply defined vision of men and things—even her scorn for the ostensibly didactic and the conventionally ethical —imbue her art with strong revolutionary significance.

As the Irish critic Padraic Colum has pointed out (I met Colum in my student days in New York, after close acquaintance with the greatest Irish writer of his time, William Butler Yeats), it was Amy Lowell who freed American poetry from "the traditional rhythms of English poetry" and gave it independent speech, cleansed at last of the taint of colonial fustiness, and fitted it for the lyrical necessities of the sons of immigrants from Sweden, Russia, Syria, and Greece. She created a new music, a new rhythm, that was distinctively American. Much combated at first—even, curiously enough, by critics like my friend H. L. Mencken, whom I worshiped in my student days—her poetry does strike us today as being excessively embellished with technical tricks; but her activity in behalf of the "cultural revolution" could not be more highly significant.

It is only natural that Amy Lowell's first poems should have scandalized ears accustomed to traditionally English forms. The poet herself maintained a sublime self-confidence and never doubted that her innovations were good. I remember a letter in which she commented on an article I had written, while studying at Baylor University, about her first volumes of "new poetry" (the article was first published in English, in an Anglo-American literary review, and later rewritten and amplified in Portuguese): "It is pleasant indeed to meet with so much appreciation and understanding and I am happy to know that you find melody in my work as well as pictorial qualities. I know it has it, but few people have ears delicate enough to hear as well as you have done." And from another letter: "I am also glad to know that you liked Gavotte in D minor because that is one of my favorites . . . the reviewers, as a rule, have passed it by. I suppose it is too subtile for them" (a shaft aimed at Mencken and other critics).

In Memoriam: In Praise of a Generalist

(From a newspaper article, 1970.)

The contagion of overspecialization characteristic of German universities toward the end of the nineteenth century, which spread in the early years of the twentieth to American colleges in the form of ever more involuted topics for Ph.D. theses, became in the end a virtual negation of university learning and a peril to science itself. Extreme specialization produced veritable monsters, like the one caricatured by Eça de Queirós in a famous passage. The reaction to such overspecialization is being felt today in Europe as well as in the United States, accompanied by a sort of rehabilitation of the generalist —of generalists like Menéndez Pidal in Spain and João Ribeiro in Brazil.

Our contemporary Toynbee, who defies classification, is a generalist: by some considered a historian, by others a sociologist, by still others a historical philosopher. Quite obviously he is all of these, as were his German predecessors, the brilliant Spengler and the great, broad, and solid Max Weber. Croce was a generalist. So was Havelock Ellis, though he was sometimes categorized as simply a sexologist. Santayana was a generalist who capped his career by writing a novel, *The Last Puritan,* in his own peculiar style. Lewis Mumford is a gen-

eralist today, and for that reason is regarded with suspicion by certain retarded fellow American specialists in the kind of sociology which consists of unleavened statistics. Our contemporary, Bertrand Russell, was a generalist. And a generalist was the recently deceased Sir Herbert Read.

He was a fascinating figure of a generalist, this Englishman of genius who had been a minor public functionary along with everything else: "assistant to His Majesty's Treasury"—a spiritual colleague of the many Brazilian intellectuals who have been, or continue to be, customs or revenue inspectors in the Brazilian government: Múcio Leão, José Lins do Rego, Viana Moog.

Read was also connected with the Victoria and Albert Museum, where he worked for ten years as a "fine arts expert" in the ceramics division. Here he acquired the intimate knowledge of ceramics and stained glass which was to make him one of the foremost British authorities on both. Only later did he develop into an itinerant professor, a guest lecturer at British and American universities: Cambridge, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Harvard.

Far and away his most important activity, however, was writing. It is as a writer that what we may call his creative genius was affirmed—as a multiple writer, a generalist; the bold, unabashed, triumphant negation of the specialist.

What was the specialty of this multifaceted writer? Criticism, perhaps. But Read criticized art as well as literature. "Scholar, critic and poet," as he is acclaimed in the *Literary Supplement* of the still austere and reticent *Times*.

The plain truth is that even this broad characterization does not suffice to define the extraordinary various man of letters Sir Herbert Read. He is the author of works that are highly esteemed not only for their erudition, poetry, or criticism, but as philosophy, as pedagogy, as political literature, and finally as autobiography.

For if Herbert Read was an exceptionally astute analyst of ancient and modern masterpieces and their creators, he was

always and constantly self-analyst as well—of the phenomenon of Herbert Read. Even as he analyzed others, a major part of his attention and interest was concentrated on an analysis of self. He was, in fact, an autobiographical writer, thus following a tradition which is both very English and very Spanish.

Cícero Dias, Painter of Brazilian Light

(From a newspaper article, 1970.)

Cícero Dias's most recent paintings are the work of an artist whose audacious temperament has always belonged to the future but who now has come full circle to the lyrically Brazilian subjects of Pernambuco, Recife, and Olinda characteristic of his first, "Proustian," phase: the search for times past and lost to him for years; times past to which his nostalgia has guided him—a nostalgia which paradoxically foreshadows the future.

When I write about Cícero Dias it is as if I were writing about myself. We are deeply akin in many things, including our way of seeking the forgotten past through postmodern methods of recapturing a time long gone and to all appearances dead, and of trying to bring it back to life again by linking it to present and future time: time, after all, is a triad and we are the connecting link that makes all three times one.

We are drawn together in kinship by what we feel belongs more to us than to anyone else in Pernambuco and Brazil, and more specifically in the family inheritance of a common past. My mother used to say that of all my friends, her feeling for Cícero and José Lins do Rego was that they were as much a part of the family as her own children. As for myself, when I

visited the old plantation house belonging to Cícero's grandparents, the Santos Diases, in Judía, I felt as much at home as I did on my Rocha Wanderley grandparents' Mangueira plantation in Serinhaem: Agua Preta de Serinhaem.

I speak of these intimate recollections of a common family past because Cícero's painting is as full of them as my own fiction, or my sociology, or whatever there may be of poetry in my writing.

I am not ashamed of whatever in my writing expresses a poetic knowledge of nature, or man. I make no pretense of being strictly scientific in either my literary works or my anthropology. In the same way, the transcendence of Cícero Dias's painting lies in his poetic power to capture and interpret the subtle qualities, ignored or unperceived by others, to be found in landscapes, people, animals, and things.

What other painter has given such poetic expression to those hitherto undefined experiences which formed and still form Brazilians, Pernambucans in particular: fields of sugar cane, plantation homes, slave cabins, the relations of slave-owners with black women, the companionship of children with animals, the affection of boy cousin for girl cousin, the flavor of fruit preserves and other homemade treats, the carnivals, processions, street frolics seen first from a balcony and later as participants? To these collective memories and experiences were added our own very personal adventures whose impact can be observed in Cícero's painting and my writing, which are so akin that one would think there had been a sort of intuitive, spontaneous collaboration at work.

Cícero's paintings (and the same can be said of another admirable artist, Lula Cardoso Ayres) are so universal, yet so true to his native earth (as my interpretations of Recife and Olinda bear witness), that Recife and Olinda could not have found a better interpreter of all that is most poetically meaningful in their forms and colors than he. In Cícero's paintings the houses of Olinda and the mansions of Recife take on a quality "more real than reality" that brings them fully to life.

They are intensified into symbols. They become not houses but House; not mansions but Mansion.

Cícero Dias is far and away the most Brazilian of all our contemporary painters in the tropical luminosity of his work. He is the most vibrantly our own in the Brazilian light that suffuses his paintings, and at the same time as universal as the best of them in sheer artistic genius. In Paris his genius has been acknowledged by masters like Picasso, and by poets well versed in the painters' art, like Éluard. These have singled him out from the many South American artists who restrict themselves to good or bad imitations of European artists in vogue.

[VII]

Travels

A Negro Burned

(From a diary, "Tempo Morto e Outros Tempos.")

WACO, 1919.

What a macabre journey I've just made to Dallas . . . I went with other biology and preanthropology students for a class in dissecting cadavers. The corpses didn't bother me as much as I thought they would. They were green, incredibly green, and looked like dolls: I had no feeling that they had once been men and women, but just dolls made to be studied, examined, and taken apart in gleaming white, antiseptic rooms.

What did give me gooseflesh on the way back to Waco, when we passed through a little town called Waxahaxie[1] (I think that's how you write that peculiar name—I guess it's an Indian name, like Waco), was an overpowering smell of burned flesh. They told me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that it was "a nigger the boys had just burned"! I never thought that such a horrible thing was possible in today's United States. But it is. They still lynch, kill, burn Negroes here.

[1] Waxahachie. (Translator.)

Among Englishmen in Oxford

(From a diary, "Tempo Morto e Outros Tempos.")

OXFORD, 1922.

Spitting blood. Either I am very much mistaken, or I have been attacked by some terrible disease which shows no mercy to a son of the tropics who has lived so long in cold and misty lands. What I ought to do is leave these mists, these fogs, these London moons as quickly as I can and go back to Brazil and its sun. Maybe I could go to Portugal for a while. I have letters for the Count of Sabugosa, Fidelino, João Lúcio de Azevedo, Antero de Figueiredo, and the secretary of the University of Coimbra. Esme Howard, Jr., tells me I would feel like a Spaniard if I went to Spain.

What a pity this should happen just now when I feel so much a part of Oxford, as if this were the ideal environment for me. After Oxford, everything else will seem petty. It's here that I have found again the stimulation and understanding which as a child I found only in an Englishman, Mr. Williams. At least, in him more than in anyone else. And now, among these Englishmen in Oxford, I feel a sense of my own worth again, as I have in no other place, among no other people.

Oxford Again

(From a diary, "Tempo Morto e Outros Tempos.")

OXFORD, 1922.

I am wooed here, not only by pretty English girls but by more than one blond English boy, and have been ever since I came to England. A dark Romeo among blond Juliets of all kinds who sometimes kiss their Romeo. That is how dances end here, not only when boys dance with girls, but when boys dance with boys, which often occurs at Oxford. These dances are enlivened by plenty of port wine, which for the English is the wine of wines, and lead to outbursts of affection in which the sex is more sublimated than not. I must say, though, that such outbursts don't seem to be as frequent here as in postwar Germany. With Englishmen like these at Oxford, many of whom come from aristocratic families, what you usually find instead are intense friendships between boys, something like those between romantic girls in girls' schools in Latin countries like Brazil. There may be something homosexual in these friendships, but it is a transitory homosexuality, and it almost always seems to be Platonic.

Sir Walter Scott's House

(From *Vida, Forma e Côr*, Rio, 1962.)

One afternoon in Scotland our kind friends the Hackeys took us to tea in an old hotel which had once been elegant, worldly, and bustling, but which had gradually over the years been lulled into a kind of peaceful sanatorium. Lying at a fair distance from Edinburgh, it was mainly frequented by the elderly or those seeking a rest cure.

As dusk was falling our friends announced: "Let's go see Sir Walter Scott's house," and we went. It was a beautiful late afternoon, for during our stay in Scotland the weather treated us with romantic chivalry. True, it was cold, because almost everywhere in Europe that summer of 1956 was really an autumn disguised as summer. But at least it was not raining. As everyone knows, it is the rain that makes the cold so disagreeable in Scotland: the horrible Scottish rain against which, more than against other rains, the waterproofs called mackintoshes seem to have been invented.

Under the benison of this lovely, chilly, but rainless afternoon, we set out for the house where Sir Walter Scott had lived for many years. We were received (it was not a visiting day) by a descendant of Sir Walter who resides in the ancestral home and lavishes on it the most tender care, a young woman so naturally refined that even though we surprised her in an apron washing dishes, she impressed us as a born aristocrat. She was alone in the house except for an enormous, properly

British police dog. The whole scene was straight out of an English novel.

Sir Walter's charming descendant gave us a royal welcome. She gave us a thorough tour of the house, showing us every corner in which the shade of the great novelist still lingered. His favorite chair. His books. The window where he took delight in gazing out at the landscape on autumn days and winter evenings.

Then she showed us the private chapel, a real Roman Catholic Apostolic chapel. It did not date from Sir Walter's time: the family was converted to Catholicism during Newman's days at Oxford. A grandson of the novelist, then a student at the ancient university, was so impressed by the future cardinal that he and his family became Roman Catholics —Roman Catholics in the best romantic tradition of Sir Walter.

A Brazilian in India

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

Colonial Brazil maintained numerous contacts with the Orient, particularly with India. Old documents, many of them unpublished, reveal that it was the anticipation of Portugal's Indian adventure that inspired the Lusitanian colonists to launch that other enterprise in the tropics: the conquest of a New World.

Other documents indicate that it was not long before the Portuguese introduced American plants into the Orient and Oriental plants into America. The revolution caused by the introduction of American, or Brazilian, maize into Portgual, so graphically described by Professor Orlando Ribeiro, had its counterpart in similar upheavals caused by the bringing of Brazilian plants to the Orient. I have been informed that the Brazilian sweet potato, which the Portuguese transplanted to the Orient in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, has been mitigating famine ever since, in an area of the world where the effects of such catastrophes are notoriously long-lasting. The whole matter deserves serious study.

The Brazilian cashew tree is today an important natural resource for the Luso-Brazilian economy, just as the Indian palm tree is now a mainstay of the economy of certain coastal regions in Brazil's Northeast—a tropical littoral so Orientalized since the sixteenth century that a present-day Brazilian's first impression on setting foot in India is a strong sense of déjà vu.

It would be a most fitting contribution to the development of good relations among those peoples who share a common Luso-tropical culture were Brazilian essays on the cashew, like those of Professor Dante Costa of Rio and Professor Osvaldo Gonçalves Lima and the geographer Mauro Mota of Recife, to be made known in India; conversely, Brazil would benefit from a knowledge of the modern Indian techniques for processing cashew nuts and those for improving mangoes through grafting. The heart-shaped Indian mangoes known as *afonsas*, the *colaças* and the *fernandinas*, resembling pears, are royal queens compared to which Brazilian mangoes are mere princesses and Guinea mangoes ladies-in-waiting, at best.

Far more than Portugal, Brazil adopted many features of Oriental culture to its style of life: techniques of decoration, if not of construction, of its houses and churches; ways of protecting people and buildings from the excessive light, heat, and sun of the tropics. Verandas, Indian matting and Indian jalousies, palanquins, sunhats, fans, cool fabrics, prophylatic plants such as basil, concave tiles, church porches as shelters against violent rain, sun, and light, certain leaves and flowers to ward off the evil eye and the noxious vapors of "bad air"—these are some Oriental traces still visible on the face of Brazil. It may be that those covered porches on churches and houses in Brazil, like the porches on Indian pagodas, were originally intended as obstacles to intruders in the temples, unprepared for contact with the holy places of Hinduism or Christianity.

Of the prophylactic plants that are authentically Hindu—basil is Muslim—the most important is *tulossi*, placed for religious reasons at the doors of private abodes and on the sites where corpses are burned—corpses exposed to the vultures atop the Parsees' "towers of silence."

Among the Hindus

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

The Hindus of Queula welcome me to their ancient pagoda with the kind of religious merrymaking that we used to see in Brazil and don't see very often any more—the novenas to the saints and the banners hoisted in the churchyard. The din of firecrakers and rockets and exploding gunpowder is enough to drive a quiet-loving Englishman mad. Not that the Hindus don't appreciate quiet themselves; but they can make more racket than the Andalusians of Seville when they put their minds to it, when it's a question of showing hospitality to a stranger whom they wish to honor. After all, my fellow guest at the Queula pagoda is the Governor General of India. Greeted by this festive uproar, I understand viscerally, for the first time, why we Brazilians call a wild party a *pagodeira.* And the thousand and one courteous attentions we are shown bring home to me in the flesh the original Oriental meaning of Portuguese words like *zumbaia*, *salamaleque*, *pagode.*[1]

Inside the pagoda the *pagodeira* stops. Silence falls. The holy place is respected. We stand before the prelate, a boy no more than seventeen, with legs crossed in Oriental fashion and the gentle, slightly fearful eyes of one who has had to assume the hieratic posture of a high priest while still a child. The young

[1] Salaams, kowtowing, revelry. (Translator.)

boy is a swami, a sort of Hindu bishop; and one who is obeyed and venerated by many Hindus in Portuguese India and the other, greater India that surrounds it. His arms as well as his legs are rigidly crossed. No one is allowed to touch his hand, for it is sacred. He does not smile. He scarcely moves. And yet his eyes, I repeat, are still the eyes of a child and not of a full-fledged priest. They gaze curiously at their surroundings and hold no scorn for profane things.

One of the headmen of the pagoda rises to his feet and reads in the Marathi language a salutation from the boy-priest to the Governor General of India. The episcopal message contains a reference to the visitor from Brazil that, according to a Hindu who understands erudite Marathi (which seems to bear the same relation to ordinary spoken Marathi as Latin does to Portuguese), is most gracious and calls for an appreciative reply.

Portugal and Spain: Similarities and Contrasts

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

The soup served to us in Elvas is worthy of a Don Juan of the palate, however jaded by conventional French *potages*. Hearty yet delicate in its complex commingling of flavors, it is unmistakably the product of a border cuisine: to something irreducibly Portuguese has been added a vigorous touch of Spain.

The great German-Portuguese philologist Karoline Michaelis [de Vasconcellos] admirably and tenaciously defended a thesis of literary bilingualism in the Iberian Peninsula: two languages long served the same peninsular culture, one being preferred for lyrical, the other for epic, manifestations of literary art. We might claim with equal logic that the Iberian palate is bilingual too, some dishes tending to the Spanish mode and others to the Portuguese, but all of them sharing a common, and traditional, Iberian taste. On the whole, the soups of the peninsula seem to be predominantly Spanish, in contrast to desserts and to those dishes enlivened by the telltale red of the tomato, whose pronounced presence in a fish or chicken-and-rice concoction is enough for any European to identify the dish as fish or chicken *à la portugaise*. Furthermore, in Portugal the word "tomatoes" has another, nonculinary, sexual

meaning that verges on the obscene: the equivalent of "eggs" in Brazilian Portuguese (or "nuts" in American English).

But to return to soup as a primarily Spanish rather than Portuguese manifestation of culture within the peninsular complex. True, there is *canja*, that quintessentially Portuguese chicken broth. But within the historical context of Portugal's relations with the other peoples of the world, *canja* symbolizes the Oriental adventure that interrupted the peninsular cultural alliance whose outstanding expression was its bilingual literature. *Canja* was assimilated by the Portuguese from India; its pedigree is not Iberian. An example of a soup of pure Portuguese lineage is the kale broth which was perfected and Hispanized in accordance with a sort of sociological culinary law: the law of assimilation of the simple by the complex, or of the lyrical by the dramatic.

The excellence of the Spanish culinary art lies not in its sophistication, as in French cuisine, but in the art of putting things together, of which the *olla podrida* and the *puchero* are vivid, even dramatic examples and the Portuguese bouillabaisse, the *caldeirada*, may be termed a poor relation. For any truly Portuguese dish, however plebeian, tends to be the culinary equivalent of a watercolor, with its harmonious blending of colors; while in the richer Spanish compositions the ingredients keep their distance, each staying inside its own fruit bowl, so to speak. They can be separated into autonomous colors, flavors, aromas, and shapes far more easily than the contents of Portuguese dishes; so much so that each separate ingredient can be relished by itself: rice apart from chicken, chicken apart from greens, and greens separate from both.

I vividly recall the adventures I had when roaming the Spanish countryside during the late Civil War, catching people in attitudes and situations that seemed remarkable but were in reality strongly characteristic of the Spaniards, sometimes more so than their peacetime equivalents. One of the practices of Spain at war that impressed me was the *plato único*: one day a week, as a voluntary sacrifice on the part of the Spanish

people in time of war, it was customary to serve a single dish in private homes and restaurants. However, that one dish was only an exaggerated version of a typical Spanish meal—the *puchero* or boiled dinner, for example—carried to greater lengths in the variety, but not the harmony, of its ingredients. It contained a little of everything, and it would have been a simple matter to break it down into several different kinds of food, all equally delicious, just as one breaks down a Cubist painting—and just as one breaks down a *puchero*, the normal daily *plato único* of Spain.

Breaking down a typically Portuguese dish strikes me as a far more difficult matter altogether, for every one of them is a harmony of elements which, once separated, no longer tempt the appetite nor please the eye. The rice or green vegetables that go with certain fish and certain fowl in Portugal are essentially uninteresting outside the context of the lyrically traditional compositions of which they are a part. Served by themselves they are practically devoid of charm. In pictorial terms, then, the Portuguese cuisine is characteristic of the style of painting which in its recent exaggerated form has been conventionally classified as expressionist, while the cuisine of Spain might aptly be termed cubist. Perhaps Picasso was inspired by that pronounced culinary tendency toward dramatic composition of flavors and colors when he developed, in his own manner, but also in the Spanish manner and goaded by other stimuli as well, his cubist style of painting.

Still in Elvas, with its view of Badajoz across the border, I continue to reflect on the differences between Portuguese and Spaniards, and on the ways in which they are alike; similarities and differences clothed in attitudes and ways of doing things which at times appear to be exactly alike and at others seem to demand of each people its own style or language, the better to express a national identity: the psychological peculiarities of each of the two temperaments that combine to form the peninsular, Hispanic, Iberian ethos, sometimes independently of political borders and strictly national circumstances. These

two temperaments—I realize I am not saying anything new—are the lyrical and the dramatic.

Needless to say there are some Spaniards, and some Spanish values, which are predominantly lyrical, just as there are Portuguese who are predominantly dramatic. If we take the liberty of defining Spaniards as dramatic in relation to the lyrical Portuguese, it is simply in consideration of what appear to be the salient characteristics of one people as compared to the other, while neither excluding nor disdaining the constant interpenetration of the two, so constant that there is possibly no Portuguese alive who has nothing of the Spaniard in him, and vice versa.

It was in Elvas, looking out over both Portugal and Spain, that my friend Antônio Sardinha remarked, as if with the naked eye, those constant interpenetrations so consistently ignored by other essayists who have concentrated solely on the differences between the two peoples. He concluded, as had Oliveira Martins before him, that there is a unified Iberian culture, limited in his view to "culture" in the restricted sense of a cluster of erudite values and not "culture" in the broader modern sociological sense, which includes daily, rural, common traits as well as those of the educated classes. When one adopts this criterion, I believe, the bases of peninsular unity are seen to have a depth which is yet to be sounded. Oliveira Martins, Moniz Barreto, and Antônio Sardinha have observed that unity with particular attention to exclusively noble or political phenomena; precisely those that have favored a rapprochement between the two peoples which has been erratic rather than constant.

While speaking of these constant interpenetrations in the intellectual culture of the Iberian Peninsula, of which literary bilingualism appears to be the most striking example, it would not do to forget a fact pointed out by Sardinha: that some Spanish experts on painting consider the Portuguese artist Nuno Gonçalves to be the progenitor of all painting thought of as most genuinely Spanish in its naturalistic realism; just as

in the opinion of other experts another Portuguese, Gil Vicente, was responsible for the development of the popular, rustic speech which gives Spanish drama its finest natural flavor. If this is true, then the paucity of superior Portuguese painting and drama would be not absolute but relative to the emphatic superiority attained by those arts in Spain; and thus at no time did Portugal fail to contribute decisively, regionally, to a common Iberian culture. Such contributions are known to have been made at higher levels, though always with the same tendency towards naturalness of form and expression: for example, in the dress of aristocratic women. Sardinha quotes a Frenchwoman who, having studied portraits of *infantas* in Spain—some of them painted by Portuguese artists—identified several of the most prominent characteristics of the dress of Spanish noblewomen as genuinely Portuguese.

While on the subject of painting and Portuguese painters I must not forget to point out that Velásquez was also a Silva and the son of a Portuguese father, and that the influential though less famous artist Sanches Coelho was Portuguese too. If Velásquez and Sanches Coelho did not enrich the quality of painting in Portugal, the failure was due not only to differences in temperament but also, and principally perhaps, to differences in education and in taste on the part of the monarchs and the public in the two kingdoms. The love of painting, as of the theater, grew to be so marked in Spain that it waned in Portugal, to the point of becoming actually counterproductive and sterile for those with a vocation for either of these arts.

This said, I must admit that I still find it inexplicable that in a country like Portugal, with its striking visual advantages, there did not develop from the beginning a school of painting which would have become, one would have thought, even more characteristic of the people than the poetic lyricism that inspired the title of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Why did the Portuguese fail to develop a school of painting as decidedly Portuguese in its depiction of the life,

the character, and the light of that region as the Dutch did in a little corner of Europe no bigger than Portugal? The mystery returns to haunt me in Évora. Gazing at a landscape which, though not Portuguese in politics or expression, might well be Portuguese in its characteristic color, form, and light, I rack my brains to comprehend why it should be that when we cross a border which is, after all, nothing but a convention, we should suddenly find ourselves in a land of great painters; or why great painters—with the exception of an occasional Nuno Gonçalves—should be so conspicuously lacking in Portugal, today as in the past, both in the overseas colonies and in the mother country.

We Portuguese and descendants of Portuguese must console ourselves with the contemporary homage paid in Europe to that Portuguese pioneer of Hispanic painting, Nuno Gonçalves; or with the discovery by conscientious European researchers of a "Portuguese school" of vigorously earthy realistic pioneers at the root of Iberian painting, forerunners of the school that was to give birth to Carreño de Miranda and later to the Luso-Spaniard Velásquez. Apparently this Portuguese school, having assimiliated some of the techniques of Van Eyck, anticipated the Spaniards in adapting Nordic processes to the influence, already observed in Portugual by Portuguese artists, of light on the human figure and on landscapes. From this Portuguese adaptation of Nordic techniques to an almost tropical illumination of figures and landscapes there developed a wealth of new technique, apparently Spanish but actually Luso-Spanish at the source, within the cultural system common to both nations—a system to which all of us, Portuguese and Spanish Americans alike, belong. The beginnings of Peruvian culture are liberally sprinkled with good Lusitanian names; the unfolding of Brazilian culture is marked by the influence of numerous Spanish traits, lately and justly singled out by Professor Sílvio Júlio.

In Elvas again, I leave off contemplating the Spanish landscape lying before my gaze like a prolongation of Portugal and

close my eyes like the mystics, endeavoring to see more clearly the future of Portuguese painting: so poor in Portugal, yet having contributed so generously to the opulence of Spanish painting; the future of that remote labor of adaptation of northern European techniques of painting to the fruit of observation, by Portuguese eyes, of an almost tropical light, the light of southern Portugal and Spain, illuminating men and things.

I believe that the future of this remote labor of our Portuguese ancestors, taken up and magnificently developed by Spaniards and Luso-Spaniards, is bound to find fulfillment in those tropical regions colonized by the Portuguese, where the Luso-Spanish tradition is beginning to find expression in vigorous artists like Tarsila do Amaral and Cândido Portinari; in Cícero Dias, Lula Cardoso Ayres, Pancetti, Rosa Maria: artists who are adapting that tradition to the tropical Brazilian light.

In Portugal

(From *Aventura e Rotina*, Rio, 1953.)

AUGUST, 1951.

When I wrote the other day about the blue of the ocean that extends from Praia das Maçãs to Estoril, a blue and blue-green you don't see anywhere in Europe except in Portugal, I don't think I was writing empty words. People who have grown up feeling the caress of such soft sand on their bare feet on the edge of blues and greens that are really tropical, not European at all, could hardly help being attracted, by sensual longing and not mere interest or curiosity, to the Ultramar: the sea beyond the sea where these blues and greens commingle, as they mingle in the tropics, with others, perhaps even more lyrical and more replete with voluptuous suggestions.

Someone once observed that the air is so pure and clear along these Portuguese shores that European eyes seem to perceive colors more distinctly than in the foggy lands to the north. And here I am tempted to comment upon an aspect of the Portuguese overseas adventure that has been rather neglected, and it is this: that it is to the Portuguese that Europeans owe the revelation of numerous new colors which they were the first to encounter in the tropics or to name in a European tongue. Some, it is true, they learned from the Arabs, who seem to have been richer and more expressive than the Greeks in words for

describing colors, thus leading some scholars to conclude that the Hellenes—such masters of form—were poor in their perception and knowledge of colors.

Without going so far as this, we recognize in the Arabs a certain superiority over the Greeks, not in the perception of colors but in their description. Evidently the Arabs were the forerunners of the Portuguese, who were richer than other Europeans in their naming in a European language of colors discovered, one might say, by the Lusitanians during their first contacts with the tropics and the Orient, where they found colored fruits, trees, plants, animals, gems, and other precious things unknown to Europe. Some of these colors—not to mention "crimson," "cramoisy," "amber," "coffee-colored," "olive green"—color words which the Portuguese and other Europeans seem to have borrowed from the Arabs—are indigo, parrot green, brazilwood red, the purple "ruby-of-Brazil," annatto red, cinnamon-colored, genipap dun, saffron gold, sapota brown, pumpkin-colored, topaz, rosewood. . . . Cane green, it seems, was known to the Portuguese, thanks to the Arabs, before they went to the tropics; and it is curious to find that color, from an even more remote time, on Arab tiles like that of the Paço in Cintra, whose green could be that of the cane fields in northern Brazil or the waters off the Portuguese Praia das Maçãs. (This identification of the green within the blues of the Praia das Maçãs with the green of the tiles in the Paço in Cintra has been remarked upon by Smithes in his book on Portugal.) The "green sea of the cane fields" so dear to Brazilian oratory is not very far from the truth: there are stretches of sea off Portugal and northern Brazil of a green exactly like that of a tropical cane field. The green of the shallows off some of its whitest shores seems to have been a harbinger for the inhabitants of Portugal of that green which was to be, in certain tropical seas and latitudes, the predominant expression of their economic reign over landscapes marked by the presence of other variegated greens.

I remember reading, in a journal of impressions kept by

Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied on a voyage to Brazil, that traveler's remarking that the light-green off the Brazilian coast was the same tropical light-green of the seas off the Cabo da Roca and Espichel in Portugal. His explanation for this was that the green color of the coastal waters of Brazil was caused by "an abundance of plankton," rare in the high seas where the water is deep blue. I recall, too, what another scientific prince, the Prince of Monaco, who was fascinated by the sea of Portugal, told me when I was a student: "What attracts me most about Brazilian waters is the sight of that green." Green—a favorite color of the Arabs—appears to have had a role hovering between the aesthetic and the economic, the social and the psychological, in the sense in which it symbolized the Portuguese adventure: a spilling over into waters and lands as green as the tropics.

AUGUST, 1951.

WENT TO THE COVE where the fishermen take shelter from the roughest winds from the northwest. These waters are so friendly to men, and even to children, that one longs to stay here for months instead of days. We went out in rowboats that are provided not so much for tourists as for the Portuguese themselves, who love these quiet corners of their country, still undrooled over by tourists, where they can enjoy a sea that we are told is always calm except when it is ruffled by winds from the south. The landscape had something Alpine about it, but softened by the Moors and the monks. We could see Lisbon in the distance, with its indefinable air of gentle melancholy, which comes, no doubt, from the *saudades* of all the Portuguese from so many different parts of the world, who have longed for their Ulysseia for lo these many centuries. So many Ulysses, yearning for Ulysseia.

A lunch of fresh-caught fish and other seafood was waiting for us in Setúbal. The finishing touch was added by the sight,

smell, and taste of an ocean which seems to want to bind us fast to this corner of Portugal, not only through our eyes but our noses and palates—our whole bodies. It is truly one's whole body that one wants to abandon to this Portuguese seashore, where the land has something carnal about it and the sea is not unlike a Turkish bath. I am reminded of the famous oranges, too; I would guess that in April, when the orange trees are in bloom, Setúbal's customary sweetness must be enhanced by a voluptuously festive note.

The Moors left something of themselves here, and so did the monks. The friars built a monastery on the heights of Arrábida, where they must have sinned with their eyes if not with their palates as they drank in far-off landscapes which were not all either harsh or mystical: some of them are almost as sensual as women in their curving shapes. I don't know whether or not the local fish found its way from the beach to their tables, a fish which is so rosy and plump it could very well, like the Pernambuco fish called *cavala*, be nicknamed "girl's leg." To the mortification of the friars, the Arabs seem to have lent to the oranges, the grapes, the melons, and most of all the fish a certain fleshly taste, or a suggestion of feminine forms. Instead of conquering the Moors, the monks assimilated them. Thus this landscape has preserved the sensuality given it by an invader with the Mohammedan sense of life; and the concomitant destruction of the forests by the Saracen, who was less an enemy of Christ than of the trees, goes on unchecked to this day.

NOVEMBER, 1951.

I SAW THAT OLD SQUARE, the Terreiro do Paço, again. It was like revisiting something belonging to me in that mysterious way that no logic can define or describe, but which makes a traveler come to feel somehow that he owns certain landscapes for which he has a predilection, with which he fell in love at

first sight. A kind of squatter's rights; Platonic, not Aristotelian at all.

When the wanderer revisits those landscapes, the meeting takes place between those who are not strangers but old acquaintances: the landscape allows itself to be seen by him and caressed by his eyes, the eyes of a special friend, as though it truly, secretly belonged to him, and had kept for his senses and sentiments alone charms not revealed to others—even certain perfumes that others cannot smell.

I remember how I reveled in my first encounters with Lisbon seen from the top of São Pedro de Alcântara, the view of the Avenida da Liberdade from the Avenida Palace, the Terreiro do Paço. I first saw them years and years ago.

In the intervening time, the two first views have changed almost beyond recognition. The view of the Terreiro do Paço, though, is still the same as when I saw it first—faithful to itself and to its ardent old admirers who enjoy the illusion, when they return to such friendly spots, of beholding again a treasure which, unlike the treasures of this world scorned by the Scriptures, has magnificently withstood the ravages of time, wind, and the reformers.

Landscapes of such loveliness and so faithful to themselves are rare. To someone who is old, or beginning to be old, it is a pleasure—a bittersweet pleasure at times, like the "delicious pangs" the poet speaks of—to visit them again. Through their constancy of form and sometimes color, such landscapes seem to belong in a secret and mysterious way to those who can see them once again as they really are because, now old, they have been constant in their love for the discoveries of adolescence.

There is a special delight in returning to places whose charms were first perceived by the child's, the adolescent's, eyes and in finding them unchanged, or almost so.

Reseeing, then, is like rereading: it has pleasures that the simple act of seeing or of reading cannot afford.

And so I revisit the Terreiro do Paço, finding beauties in its old outlines which had escaped a gaze once more curious

than loving. Now when I gaze at this old plaza in Lisbon—one of the most beautiful in Europe—there is almost no curiosity at all, but only love. Love tried by time and absence.

DECEMBER, 1951.

If it were a European city and nothing more, Lisbon would be banal. Its charm derives from the fact that its history and character are so drenched in colors, flavors, scents, and traces of the Orient and Africa, of America and the Atlantic islands, that although it is in Europe it is not only European. The overseas Portuguese on his first trip to Europe finds in Lisbon something of the Asian or African province he has left, not just another European corner of Europe.

The Lisbon of today is reminiscent of the days when Portugal was still throbbing with the excitement of the Discoveries. Then it was not merely the seat of a European kingdom, but the capital of an empire sprawled across half the globe.

The greens and blues of a city surrounded by forests and gentle European waters were joined by the greens, blues, reds, yellows, and purples of other forests, other waters, other lands. They came not as exotic intruders, but naturally, with full rights as Portuguese citizens: greens of Oriental trees, blue of indigo, red of brazilwood, yellow gold of Sofala, light-brown cinnamon.

To the precious things of Europe were added a thousand and one new treasures from beyond the seas, many of which acquired Lusitanian citizenship before becoming universally prized. Ivory from Guinea, silk and porcelain from China, sandalwood from Timor, Sofala gold, Ceylon cinnamon, Malacca pepper, gum benzoin, amber, lacquers from Achem, woven cloth from Bengal, sweets and medicines from Brazil, were concentrated in Lisbon in quantities not found, perhaps, in any other European city.

No other city in Europe gathered and assimilated such a

diversity of overseas merchandise to add to its traditional wares. Lisbon dealt with things as she dealt with persons and with animals, extending to all of them the protection of Portuguese citizenship. In her eyes all were Portuguese. And once they were Portuguese, some of them became European and were used by everyone. The tea which became a thriving trade in the hands of other Europeans was brought to Europe from the Orient by the Portuguese.

The Rua Nova dos Mercadores was for a time a kind of Rue de la Paix; but instead of Orienting Occidental women's fashions in hats and dresses, it could be said to have Oriented the whole gamut of Western adaptations of merchandise brought by the Portuguese from the Orient; a gorgeous panoply of harmonious Occidental and Oriental life styles. From that time on, Lisbon has gently taught the world a different lesson from that which Kipling tried to impose on us through the *y*'s and *w*'s of his English, the arrogantly didactic English of an imperialist poet-pedagogue: "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

They met in Lisbon. They met in Goa and Macao. But the most surprising place for them to have met is Lisbon, a Lisbon at once so Western and so Eastern in its way of being a city and the amplitude—sociologically, not legally, speaking, of course—of its citizenship. A far-flung citizenship extended to persons, animals, and things from the Orient and Africa: persons, things, and animals which to this day are still so remote, so strange, so exotic in other great imperial cities of Europe, that a European seeing them on the street or at large in his squares and gardens imagines them to be stray museum pieces from an ethnographic exhibition, or runaway animals from a circus cage.

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gilberto de Mello Freyre was born at Recife (Pernambuco) on March 15, 1900. He studied under private tutors and at the Colégio Americano Gilreath in his native city. In 1920 he took a Bachelor of Arts degree at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, and in 1922 an M.A. at Columbia University, where he did graduate work under Franz Boas, Franklin Henry Giddings, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Edwin R. A. Seligman.

Freyre has been visiting professor or lecturer at many of the leading universities of Europe and America—among them Leland Stanford, Princeton, Columbia, Michigan, San Marcos (Lima), Coimbra (Portugal), King's College (London), the Sorbonne, Heidelberg, Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Bonn, and Indiana. Freyre was a member in 1946 of the National Assembly that drew up the present constitution of Brazil. From 1946 to 1950, he served in the Chamber of Deputies and on its Committee on Cultural and Educational Matters. In 1949 he was a delegate, with the rank of Ambassador, from Brazil to the General Assembly of the United Nations. In 1967, Freyre was the recipient of the Aspen Award for his outstanding contribution to the advancement of the humanities.

Earlier books by Gilberto Freyre published in English include *The Masters and the Slaves* (1946, 1956); *New World in the Tropics* (1959); *The Mansions and the Shanties* (1963); *Mother and Son* (1967); and *Order and Progress* (1970).

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

The text of this book was set on the Linotype in Janson, a recutting made direct from type cast from matrices long thought to have been made by the Dutchman Anton Janson, who was a practicing type founder in Leipzig during the years 1668–87. However, it has been conclusively demonstrated that these types are actually the work of Nicholas Kis (1650–1702), a Hungarian, who most probably learned his trade from the master Dutch type founder Dirk Voskens. The type is an excellent example of the influential and sturdy Dutch types that prevailed in England up to the time William Caslon developed his own incomparable designs from them.

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