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AN URBAN FAMILY IN BRAZIL: A CASE STUDY OF UPWARD SOCIAL MOBILITY

by

Julia R. Carman

A THESIS SUBMITTED
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

Doctor of Philosophy

Thesis Director's signature:

Houston, Texas

May, 1973
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CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

Statement of Purpose

This study is primarily an ethnographic account of a middle class family in the City of Salvador of Northwestern Brazil, presented against a background of urban Brazilian life. In addition to giving information on modern conditions of life of a representative family, this study attempts to describe and interpret the conditions which have fostered upward social movement by the family. These "conditions" include economic circumstances, familial relations, the ties of the family to the larger society, and values that have bearing on familial life and also upon economic development. For purposes of contrast the study includes a limited amount of comparable information on a poor urban family. The first family is a beneficiary of the current economic development in Brazil which is creating new opportunities for upward mobility. The second family is representative of many Brazilians for whom the basic conditions of life seem little improved despite the creation of new social and economic programs designed to lift the nation and its people.

The social classifications and ethnic backgrounds of the two families are complex, subjects that will later be discussed (Chapter Seven). Both families may, however, be described as representative, if not typical of urban Brazil, the first family representing the modern
middle class of Salvador and the second representing the lower class of the city.

In order to place the family of principal concern in the proper perspective, it is useful as a preliminary step to relate an assessment of the transitional social structure of Brazil by Charles Wagley, a long-time specialist in the study of Brazilian culture:

...until very recently Brazil was a highly stable society and people were seldom able to change their circumstances. The son of a poor man was poor and the son of an illiterate remained illiterate; thus membership in a social class was in a sense, hereditary. People were very conscious of family as a criterion for placing an individual in his proper class, and they tended to marry within their own class, thus perpetuating class solidarity.

All observers of the Brazilian scene since World War II agree that the traditional Brazilian class structure is changing in a significant and fairly rapid fashion. To me, the direction of change is quite clear. New social sectors and even a new social class are appearing, and the quality of the relationship among all classes is being affected by the growth of impersonal, large-scale, industrial forms of wage employment, and the exigencies of a mass society. Brazil is no longer a stable society without social mobility, but a highly dynamic society in a state of rapid flux. The traditional lower class is splitting into an agricultural peasantry, a new factory in the field proletariat, and a rapidly expanding metropolitan lower class which includes industrial workers. A new metropolitan upper class whose power stems from the ownership of industrial plants and commercial enterprises is taking the place of the traditional elite. A new middle class consisting of salaried professionals and white collar workers is appearing (Wagley 1964: 100-101).

The principal family of this study, to which I have given the surname Sampaio, belongs to the new middle class of salaried professionals and white-collar workers described by Wagley. The technological changes which have affected the history of this family are trends of Brazilian society in general. Thus, in some measure, this study may also be said to concern Brazil in general.
The social history of Brazil, including the current transition is, in many ways, a reflection of its economic history. In outline, it may be said that this history is one of "boom and bust", of intense concentration on a dominant economic pursuit until collapse. Diversified economic growth is an antidote to this problem. But Brazil began as a colony to serve Portugal's economic needs; the requirements of its own healthy development were not an issue. The common pattern of exploiting rather than developing the land became ingrained in the Brazilian culture so that long after independence (in 1889) it remained as the economic modus operandi.

Brazil's colonial history began with sugar-cane agriculture in a few spots, mainly along the northeast coast. The native forest was cleared for fields and burned to fuel the sugar mills. The originally fertile land was abused for four hundred years and its productive capacity declined drastically. Today "yields per acre are among the lowest to be found in any of the sugar-producing regions of the world. In fact, the Northeast has been able to continue selling sugar on the domestic market ... only because of the government policy of providing protection through tax measures (James 1969:720)."

The discovery of gold in 1697, and a bit later diamonds, shifted the focus of settlement to central interior Brazil, draining away much of the coastal population in the process.

After the mining deposits were worked out, settlements were reformed around agriculture, but in a pattern different from the earlier one. The new developments included a move back to the littoral region and a revival of agriculture there. Another development was a radiating dispersion from the inland mining center into agricultural and cattle
settlements within the interior of the central Brazilian states of Minas Gerais and Goias. In addition, there was a resettlement of the São Paulo plateau to the south, with activity centered on cattle and the next big economic chapter—the production of coffee. Coffee was overplanted, and again placed Brazilian dependence in international commerce on one economic activity, a problem which continued to plague Brazil until very recently.

However, for some years around the turn of the last century a rubber boom in the Amazon Valley overshadowed all else. A few decades later, Malayan competition brought the Brazilian rubber commerce almost to an end.

Industry then began to hold economic importance for the nation, developing first in São Paulo. From small beginnings around the turn of the century this region has burgeoned into the largest industrial center of all Latin America.

Until after World War II it was said that São Paulo was the engine which pulled the dead weight of the rest of the nation, particularly the underdeveloped northeast. Since that time, particularly since the revolution of 1964, heavy pressure has been exerted to "get the northeast moving", to diversify and stabilize the economy as a whole, and to integrate and modernize Brazil (1). The primary accent has been upon industrialization. The development of education and agriculture have moved up as primary goals as the drive for industrialization bore visible results. Brazil is now at last moving out from under the economic shadow of its colonial past. The old depreciation of Brazil, "the nation of the future—and it always will be", is no longer true. As compared with the conditions of the past, the economy of modern Brazil may be
described as tending toward a diversification with an increasing emphasis upon industry.

"In the past few years gross national product has risen a healthy nine per cent annually, and inflation, although still considerable, by developed-country standards, has been reduced to a relatively manageable level [about 19 per cent]. As of the past year [1971], Brazil has outstripped Japan as the fastest growing economy in the world" (Copithorne 1972:5).

The Sampaio family fits into the economic and social history of Brazil at several points. 1) The sugar-cane culture of the Northeast Coast was the matrix of Mother Sampaio's young life and of the childhood of her older children. It is now fading into relative insignificance as it is superseded by national and local industrial development. 2) Her son-in-law, Helio, came from the immediate hinterland of these coastal concentrations of population, outgrowths of the sugar industry. Cattle raising and accompanying subsistence agriculture were the economic modes which shaped the social forms here.

3) The rising industrial development which includes significant automobile production provides the livelihood for four of Senhora Sampaio's five sons. One daughter is employed as a social worker ministering to workers in the new industrial area rising just outside Salvador. Industrial growth and concomitant economic development in banking and pharmaceutics support two of her four sons-in-law.

4) The reconstruction and expansion of Brazil's educational system furnishes employment for three of her five daughters and is currently training the remaining two of her adult children.

The poor family included in this study for comparative purposes, which I am identifying by the surname Ferrado, fits into the socio-economic history of Brazil in the sugar area. The female head of this husband-
less family was born, reared and worked briefly on a sugar plantation, and occasionally she returns to them when the struggle for survival in the city becomes too intense.

Methods

Data were gathered in the field between October, 1971 and July, 1972 in the rapidly growing city of Salvador in the State of Bahia.

Techniques of gathering information prominently included participant observation. I lived as part of the middle class family of study for seven and one-half months. During the first weeks I was housed in the extended family compound, a modern Brazilian duplex house situated in a very old bairro (section, district) of this old city. Later I moved to private quarters nearby where I slept and compiled data, continuing to eat meals with the family and to spend the major part of each day in the household or accompanying some member of the family on daily rounds.

Interviews of informants on all subjects of inquiry were employed as another primary method of gathering information. Interviews were of two kinds, formally structured and informally open-ended.

Life histories were also taken, by written notes and taped recordings, of nine adult members of the Sampaio family. These histories provided cross-checks, from the perspective of the older and the younger generations, of events of importance in the lives of the members of the family. In addition, life histories of six other persons, unrelated but living in the same neighborhood were recorded, as well as the life histories of two lower class people employed by the family but living in one of the worst slums in the city.
A detailed personal diary of activities was kept by an informant for one week at my request. This record helped me to balance my perceptions, those of a foreigner, against the "inside" view of a native middle class Brazilian.

The methodology of Oscar Lewis has been lauded for the light it casts on the inner workings of family life (1). It has also been criticized as inadequate for illuminating the larger socio-cultural system because of Lewis's almost exclusive concentration on the family as the proper unit of study. Essentially this judgment states that it is unsound to formulate generalizations about the larger society from observations of the family, which is the only one cell in the larger system (Valentine, 1968). However, it is also generally found that the family is the most important agent for transmission of the culture to the young, and is thus a good reflection of the culture. My procedure consisted of gathering data at both the level of the family and of the formal institutional framework of the culture within which family life is played out.

Following Lewis and others, informal networks of relationships of various kinds that involve the family and relate it to the formal social structure of the larger society have been traced from the family outward (Lewis 1966:xx; Wolf 1966:2-4). Mitchell offers another mapping perspective of social networks of the individuals which I have also used to describe the social scene: 1) participation in formal structures, of which (for the Sampaioes) those connected with employment and education are the most important beyond the extended family; 2) placement in social categories (e.g., race or social class); and 3) personal networks (Mitchell 1966: 51-56).
CHAPTER TWO

SETTING THE SCENE

Geographical and Historical Setting

Brazil's territory comprises about one-half of the entire South American continent [3,286,169 square miles (James 1969:685)], exceeds in size the continental United States less Alaska, and it is only somewhat smaller than Europe including the European portion of the Soviet Union. Its rapidly growing population [2.7 per cent per year in 1970, down from 3.1 per cent in 1960 (Indice-0 Banco de Dados 1971:13)] ranks among the largest in the world [92,237,570 (Indice-0 Banco de Dados 1971:11)] being smaller only than those of China, India, the United States, Russia, Pakistan and Japan. Brazil's population is larger than that of any African, Latin American, or European nation, excluding Russia.....

Industrial production since the Second World War has grown many-fold. Brazil has become, since that time, self-sufficient in virtually every category of manufacturing and industrial products. Substantial new sources of energy, particularly hydro-electric, have been created, and industrial production is now a major sector of the economy. It is, indeed, no longer accurate to speak of Brazil, as a whole, as an underdeveloped country. The southern states, in particular, have achieved levels of development that require more careful characterization, while the northeastern states unquestionably deserve[6] that designation [until very recently when serious remedial action was undertaken] (Saunders 1971:vii).

It is in the latter region of the Northeast that this study is focused.

In prehistoric times this was the home of a fierce and cannibalistic people, the Tupinambá, who extended their agricultural villages along the lush Brazilian coast from somewhat south of the Amazon as far as the border of modern Uruguay (Steward and Faron 1959:285). Today,
in this area, their mark is almost obliterated. As elsewhere in the New World, the aboriginal Indians did not prove satisfactory as slaves and were either wiped out or pushed out. What remains are some place names and words. An occasional burial site is unearthed in the course of construction. Only infrequently is this Indian heritage revealed in the features of Salvador's present inhabitants. One must go farther north or inland to find these traces.

The coming of the Portuguese colonists, about 1530, brought the cultural stamp of Iberia. Sugar-cane plantations and a baronial lifestyle reminiscent of that associated with ante-bellum Southern United States were established in three principal clusters along the coast: in the vicinity of modern Rio de Janeiro, farther north in the present state of Pernambuco, and in between around the large Bay of All Saints.

It was to these plantations that black slaves were introduced between 1530 and 1538, perhaps thirty years after their introduction into the islands of the Caribbean. By 1585 close to 25 per cent of the total population of the Brazilian colonies (57,000) was composed of African slaves. For the next one hundred years, the slave trade continued unabated. Slaves were not emancipated in Brazil until 1888. The slaves of the Northeast were largely drawn from Sudanese cultures, with the "Dahoman City... of Whyday and the Yoruban port of Lagos became the most important points for this traffic along the Guinea coast" (Ramos 1939:12) The ties with this African culture were constantly renewed by a lively trade across the South Atlantic. In food, art and music, dress, and in particular religion and festive life, African influence remains vital to this day (1). With over four hundred years of undisturbed blending, things Portuguese have remained
predominant. But African influence is so great as to have created a unique cultural and biological meld.

Behind these racial and cultural transplants lies the natural geographical environment which shaped this Brazilian adaptation.

The Northeast has long been described as one of the major poverty spots in Latin America. . . . The stark contrast between the prosperous life-style of the coastal cities and the impoverishment of the interior is founded in hard geographical facts of soil and rainfall . . . .

..........................

...the belt of dependable rainfall [mostly over 40 inches annual average] along the coast south of Natal . . . originally supported a dense forest growth, now almost entirely removed. . . . In contrast to this coastal zone is the zone of the 'Caatingas' [or sertão] , the land of recurring droughts and disastrous floods, a land covered with drought-resistant scruffy trees and brush (James 1969: 721-722).

The San Francisco river flows through the sertão in Bahia (see map). Away from the river the soil is hard and sandy. Until very recently, this area of backlands has supported little more than subsistence squatter horticulture (sad little patches of beans and manioc) and a thin spread of cattle grazing much like that found in the most arid regions of West Texas. Those ill-favored by society pushed inland from the coast to open up this inhospitable land (2).

The narrow strip of fertile, reddish clay soil around the perimeter of the Bay of All Saints is known as the Reconcovo. This well-watered band of approximately thirty miles width was well suited to sugar-cane agriculture and the growth of an ostentatious planter society based on slave labor.

Salvador, the capital of the Reconcovo and the present state of Bahia, is distinguished as the oldest capital city in the Americas (James 1950:35). Officially founded in 1549, it was designated capital
of Brazil until 1763, when Rio de Janeiro succeeded to the honor (Boxer 1969:126-127). It is a lovely old-new city built on two levels, the original wharf-commercial area below, and the residential-administrative region above. Crystalline bluffs rise out of the sea and undulate inland in a series of ridges and valleys now covered by the sprawl of the city. The magnificent bay of Todos os Santos (All Saints) is comparable to that of San Francisco, California. It served as base and shelter for the U. S. South Atlantic Fleet during World War II. The bay, a complex of drowned estuaries, deeply indents the coastline for many miles. The upper city rests on a promontory which overlooks the bay and its several islands. Located approximately thirteen degrees south of the equator, the beauty of the tropics characterizes Salvador. Baroque buildings--churches, forts, administrative palaces, decaying mansions--reveal the origins and pretentions of this colonial capital. A profusion of tropical trees and plants line the old cobbled streets (some now covered with asphalt).

Today the old mansions are rapidly being crowded out by burgeoning skyscraper apartments. Cheek-by-jowl they compete in unregulated fashion for the sweeping sea-view and the cooling ocean-breezes, new ones preempting the eastward exposure of their predecessors. The once gracious old avenues are converted to frenzies of congested traffic. The valleys and hollows separating the ridges were formerly the domain of the poor with their shanties and truck farms which supplied the city. Cut off from the sea-breeze, these pockets can become quite uncomfortable. The shanties and their gardens have given ground, for the most part, to a system of interconnected landscaped freeways which were constructed during the recent tenure of a forceful mayor. A product of the middle
class, this gentleman has gone to become the governor of his state and is as dedicated to the modernization of Bahia as he was to that of its capital, Salvador. New suburbs stretch away from the old nucleus in several directions to accommodate the explosive growth in population. (The 1970 census counted Salvador as a city of just over one million inhabitants (Indice-O-Banco de dados 1971:13). The figures from the 1950 census place its population at over 500,000 (Davies 1958:315). However, Brazilian informants believe that the largest part of this growth has taken place in the last five years in an ever accelerating pattern.) From the most miserable of squatter slums (favelas), created by quick "invasions" (3), to the most luxurious new neighborhoods of new and old wealth, there is a suburb for every level of income. Many of the fast growing middle-class live in blocks of government apartments, utilitarian and raw, clustered tightly on land grown immensely valuable by reason of population pressure. New single-family dwellings for this class are also conspicuous features of the landscape. A few kilometers north of Salvador the largest industrial park in the north of Brazil has recently sprouted from the landscape. Called Aratú, it is also "the largest project of its kind in South America [and] is zoned for light, medium, and heavy industry, housing, and parks.... [It] will eventually cover 168 square miles" (Copithorne 1972:5). Row on row of spanking new workers' bungalows, many with television aerials, march over the hills. Aratú is a project of SUDENE (Superintendency for the Development of the Northeast).

"In 1959 the Brazilian government established SUDENE. Its purpose was to speed up the process of development in the Northeast, to diminish the great gap between the levels of living in this region and those of the country in and around Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. SUDENE represents Brazil's
effort to do something about the poverty of its own people in what was generally conceded to be the major poverty spot in the hemisphere". (James 1969:740).

Closer in, between Aratú and Salvador proper, a new administrative center is being built to which all city and state offices will be removed. The accelerating strangulation of the city's center by auto traffic will thus be relieved, and the original nucleus of old, colonial buildings will be preserved as an historical monument. But already Salvador's new suburbs are growing out along the traffic arteries to meet the new administrative satellite. Salvador is being "Los Angelized", thanks to its automotive industry.

This is the external (geographical and historical) setting in which the Sampaio family struggles for upward mobility. But before we begin their story, there is another setting to be considered--the internal setting (or "set") which they carry around inside their heads. This internal "set" molds their behavior as surely as any external constraint to which they must adapt. It is sometimes called a "world view", "ethos", or "cultural design", and is discussed in the next section.
Chapter Two -- Part Two

Theoretical Considerations

Cultural Design and Social Interaction

Every society operates in approximate accord with an implicit cultural design of some sort—the received wisdom of its forebears. Whatever the means by which a given culture first comes into being, once established in its most rudimentary form it becomes an approximate regulator of social behavior.

No man ever looks at the world with pristine eyes. He sees it edited by a definite set of customs and institutions and ways of thinking. (Benedict 1934:2).

The cultural design has been likened to a master plan or an organizational blueprint. The plan includes all the operational guidelines and concomitant knowledge by which the overlapping areas of thinking, feeling, and acting of the society's members are organized. Cognitive perceptions are patterned into classifications of thought characteristic of the culture; for example, primitive tribesmen do not perceive a solar eclipse or the origin of disease in the same way as do members of a technologically sophisticated society. Strong emotion is attached to certain beliefs and values of the culture. The cultural design incorporates both "ideal" and "actual" standards of behavior, that which one "ought" to do as well as the norms for what most people "really" do. It likewise subsumes "explicit" and "implicit" expectations of behavior. Explicitly children may be expected
to go to school, fathers to work, and mothers to stay home and keep house. Implicit expectations of behavior are those imbedded in the lower levels of consciousness, often almost beyond articulation, that which one feels in his bones is right and proper.

The web of interlacing and articulating social positions we call social structure ensures a place in the social firmament for each individual, from grandfather to baby, and chief to beggar (Mitchell 1966:1969).

The general cultural design is not only a grand plan for all, it is also a mosaic of many complementary scripts for behavior tailored to the multitude of specific social roles and positions of which every society is constituted. The social drama goes on because of the implicit "cultural contract" whereby all the players sustain their roles in complementary interaction with all the others. Knowledge of social roles other than one's own allows for predictability, without which one could not coordinate with others in an effective system. By analogy, in a baseball game the outfielder does not possess the pitcher's skill or "knowhow", but he well understands the pitcher's role and his own necessary support of that role as well as of all the other players in the game. Thus diversity is blended into an interlocking, articulating, congruent whole, a self-sustaining system. "Each society tends to produce the kind of people it needs to keep it going, so that the role an individual must play, he generally wants to play." (Eric Fromm 1967:104).

**Culture Change**

The foregoing discussion of cultural patterns and webs of social interaction may leave the impression of a fixed design in culture, a
static social system, and of cultural change as being solely the independently willful acts of individuals. From another interpretive viewpoint widely held in anthropology, culture and societies evolve by invention, diffusion, and concomitant internal change. Culture is "an open system in a state of stable but moving equilibrium", a design in gradual but continuous modification in response to various changes which impinge upon it, (Wallace 1961:42).

In common with views of open systems held in other sciences, anthropologists study the system called culture which evolves in accord with changes generated from within the system or coming from outside the system.

From the viewpoint of the actors, the members of society, however, such cultural change is often planned and purposeful, solely the acts of individuals. If social reality is "constructed", it seems to the members of society most dramatically the work of individuals when powerful rulers set out to redesign the culture by which their people's lives are ordered. Contemporary Russia and China offer instructive examples of the purposeful re-construction of social reality, and also of the exaltation of leaders. At time of drastic change, the entire hierarchy of social positions may appear to be upended, and traditional values, and norms drummed out of respectability or permissibility. The old matrix of meanings which serves as the individual's social compass no longer serves as a reliable instrument of predictibility for him. This is a radical and traumatic experience for those caught in the midst of such transition, much more so for the middle-aged and older than for those still young and relatively "unformed". The central figure in the following study of social transformation in Brazil, a woman of fifty-six,
once said, "I don't understand the world today, and I DON'T WANT TO!"

From the viewpoint of the prevailing anthropological interpretation of
cultural growth technological advance is a major influence toward
change in other aspects of culture, including values and attitudes such
as those expressed in the preceding paragraphs. Developing nations,
by direct import of the newest technology from industrialized nations,
leap over the more gradual evolution which helped ease the changes in
social roles and meanings for those societies which pioneered the
industrial revolution (Service 1960). Brazilian society today is
experiencing the full force of planned technological change and a concomi-
tant purposeful reconstruction of its social reality. Its leaders are
powerful and dedicated. Their goal is transformation of the old Brazil,
step-child of colonial exploitation, into a sophisticated technological
society, a leader to be reckoned with in the world of modern nations.
New knowledge is being crammed into Brazilian heads as fast as educa-
tional institutions can gear up to the task. Old cognitive categories
and perceptions are being replaced by new ones; new values are over-
whelming old norms and feelings. The strains of sudden torsion are
evident, so are the joys of new awakenings.

As we have noted, much of this change is planned and purposeful, the
conscious doing of leaders and followers. From the interpretive view-
point of anthropology, these leaders and followers act in response to
cultural stimuli. In the account which follows attention will be given
to both views of cultural and social change, as the planned acts of
individuals, and as the acts of individuals as agents of the system of
culture.
The Neighborhood of Residence

The neighborhood in which the Sampaio family lives is an old one. I have given it the fictitious name, Mangueirinha. Geographically it lies almost directly inland from the center of the original settlement, and astride a ridge defined fore and aft by two deep ravines (see map). One of the ravines still remains largely devoted to truck gardening. It is said that one of Brazil's famous poets, Castro Alves, scion of a wealthy Bahian family, composed much of his poetry in the tower of the family mansion located on an adjacent ridge. From this vantage point he could see the ships entering and leaving Salvador's harbor, as well as the site of the old slave market. Today the family mansion and the poet's sanctuary have melded into the city which has grown out past them. The sea vista has long since been obscured, but not its smell or its afternoon breeze.

The major streets run parallel along the ridge, accompanied and joined by several small ones. One is roughly cobbled in the original manner for half its length, the other half remaining bare earth as it has been within the memory of one resident of fifty-eight years. The other major street has been asphalted over in order to serve as an important throughfare in the city's tortuous auto traffic pattern.

Though the neighborhood is evaluated as a slightly lower than middle-class area by some natives, its dwellings range from a few extremely commodious duplexes to a few miserable squatter shanties stuck about in interstitial spaces. A few armazens (corner grocery bar), a butcher shop, a small school, and several hole-in-the-wall auto repair yards are sandwiched in here and there between the dwellings.
A very few empty garden spaces remain behind or beside some of the largest homes. These are devoted to the characteristic garden-orchard where grow many banana trees, a few huge old mangos and other tropical fruit trees, a bit of manioc and lots of flowers. Donkeys are tethered on grassy slopes nearby. Many door-yards boast flowering hibiscus. The tiled roofs and paste-stuccoed walls give the whole a pleasant aspect, especially from a distance. Unlike some newer residential neighborhoods in Salvador, zoning regulations have not deprived this old neighborhood of its variety and liveliness.

At almost any time except late at night there is a lot of activity in the streets. A favorite weekend activity is car washing. The automobile is still a novelty to most Brazilians, especially those of the middle class. As a status symbol it is unsurpassed. Keeping one's small Volkswagon or Willys shiny as a new pin is a labor of love. Shirtless men, clad in shorts and occasionally a girl in jeans and shirt enjoy neighborly camaraderie as they swab away at curbside in front of their homes.

The men and youths gather at the open armazems to drink and joke together, especially on Saturday and Sunday. These are, for the most part, male places—with females appearing only occasionally in the role of clerk, or as shoppers or users of the pay telephone. Like as not, there is a soccer game in progress in the adjacent street, the drinkers serving as a cheering section. The autos come and go with considerable frequency, and the game melts away momentarily to let them pass. The sidewalk corner opposite one of the armazems is the "domino" club corner for some of the poorer boys and old men who do not have employment. Here also is a special, though not exclusive, place for the explosion of
firecrackers on the several *festa* (festival or holiday) occasions requiring fireworks.

Very early in the morning one may see fresh pasteurized milk, packaged in plastic bags, being delivered by wheel-barrow to some of the houses. A little later the dusky-skinned, bandanaed maids appear en route to the nearby bakeries for fresh breakfast bread. Shortly uniformed school children will appear, as will their fathers in well-pressed suits, all off for the day's work. The not so well-pressed fathers who also live here begin to go out in the taxis they own, or down the hill to the bus stop. Now the hawkers begin their rounds, their musical cries calling out fresh fruit, fresh produce, fresh fish; or *rapadura*, blocks of crude brown sugar of molasses-like flavor so delightful for chewing. The hawkers come in all sizes, ages, and colors; sometimes with huge baskets atop their heads. Every few days the produce man with the donkey comes through the neighborhood, his little beast laden with overflowing wooden paniers. Wooden shutters open to the calls, and the lady of the house leans over her sill to bargain the price down a trifle, the whole transaction often completed through the open window.

During the busy morning little children, especially poorer ones or those who live at street level, may be seen playing about their front doors. At street level these open nearly directly onto the street from the row houses. Maids sing out the popular songs in uninhibited fashion as they go about their work. The smell of the mid-day bean pot begins to waft through the air. Suddenly it is noon and the traffic rush is on, bringing everybody home for the day's big meal. The sound of animated conversation of families gathering, the rush of shower water as they
bathe and change for the afternoon's work, the clank of dishes— all these spell noontime.

After the workers and the children attending the afternoon half-day school session go out between 1:30 and 2:00 p.m., a drowsy quiet settles over the neighborhood. This is the time for naps or less demanding housework. The afternoon breeze springs up, the hawkers of fresh-fruit flavored ice-blocks (popsicles, carried in styrofoam back-boxes) begin to circulate, or the knife-sharpenner with the stone wheel and tin-whistle appears. Perhaps the plumber walks by calling out the service he has for sale (in high demand in this land of poor plumbing). Middle-sized boys begin the junior soccer game in the street; in season they will fly tiny home-made kites. The modern city garbage truck with its orange-uniformed workmen may grind by on its daily trip, collecting the contents of open containers left at the stoop by the householders. About twice a month the gas truck comes by laden with cylinders of butane for those whose cooking supply may be exhausted. Now the nursemaids may take their freshly dressed small charges for short strolls. Piano or flute practice, or the loud music of radio with peppy Brazilian songs or the frenzied narration of a soccer game may add to the street sounds.

As afternoon wears into evening the light evening meal is served to various family members as they drift in from work. Now is the time for television and the evening novelas or soap operas. Through unscreened doors and windows families are seen gathered around the "tube". During the dry season some individuals prefer sitting on the front stoop or leaning over the windowsill visiting with their neighbors. Teen-agers of both sexes enjoy each others company in this way, as do many housewives and old women who seem housebound much of the rest of the time. Now is
the time of the sweethearts, often the maids, who have finished up the
day's chores and are free to romance with their young men. One slightly
secluded old street leading into the ravine is known as lover's lane,
for here is a favorite spot (just beyond the neighborhood corner garbage
dump with its rats and scrawny cats) where one can share leaning space
against the old wall with other enamored couples. All these outdoor
activities are extremely pleasant on a mild tropical night when the
stars—seemingly so much nearer in these latitudes—twinkle above and the
lights of the city glitter below.

By eleven o'clock most of the folk are in with their shutters
closed tight against thieves. The faint street light helps the night
watchman on his rounds as he blows a little police whistle to signal
that all is well.

The Sampaio's had not lived here long, scarcely more than a year
at the time my study began. Their dwelling is a family compound—a
modern two-story duplex apartment. Mother Sampaio and her four remaining
adult, unmarried children live in the lower unit. Daughter Dalva, her
husband Helio, and their three children have lived in the upper apartment
slightly longer.

The building site was purchased jointly some eight years earlier by
Helio and his brother-in-law, Gregorio, the husband of Dalva's
eldest sister, Ursulina. When they were financially able, construc-
tion of the duplex began. The lower section was finished and occupied
erlier by Ursulina, Gregorio, and their child and maid. A year or more
later Dalva and Helio and their entourage took occupancy. There was
a bit of friction between the two families. In addition, Ursulina and
Gregorio were desirious of "moving up" another notch. They began
purchase of an apartment in a new high rise building in a more fashionable part of the city. Mother Sampaio was persuaded to leave her old and cramped quarters in the distant suburb of Boqueirão in order that her unmarried children might be spared the long and inconvenient bus ride to school and work, and in order that Ursulina's lovely apartment be preserved "in the family". With mixed feelings Mother Sampaio left her old intimates and the familiar neighborhood life to which she had grown accustomed over nearly twenty years. It was grand to move into such comparatively spacious quarters--with a marble-floored bathroom! But she no longer lived "in the center of things", with the baker, grocer, feira (street-market), and church just at the corner. She felt a bit of unease in her new surroundings. Her natural resilience came to her rescue, however, and she is happy in the center of her family.

The Sampaios have little interaction with their neighbors. This is partly so because they are new here, they live in one of the nicer homes, and there has not been time to develop ties. Another factor has to do with the physical setting: In the old neighborhood families lived packed so closely together that it was difficult not to fall all over one's neighbors. In the present location the Sampaios own a lot forty feet rather than twelve feet wide. Furthermore, they do not dwell at street level as do many of the residents. This space is reserved for a garage which will someday be built when funds permit. All the family activity takes place on the outside terraces or the interior rooms of the two overhead apartments, connected to each other and ground level by a steep stairwell.
A third factor which militates against neighborhood interaction has to do with the present age-grading of the Sampaio family. In contrast to a house full of children spilling over into the street of a generation ago, there are now only two children of the "playmate" age resident in the family compound. They do their playing on the terraces, thus forfeiting the contacts which would work to draw the adults into interaction with their neighbors. All the resident adult members of the family go out to work or school every day and have almost no time for casual socializing with their neighbors.

Furthermore, the cultural ideal is social interaction within the extended family or the intimate network of fictive kin and friends. For this middle class, "quality" is preserved by standing a bit aloof from possible social contamination of the streets.

Against this backdrop—historical, geographical, theoretical, and residential—a closer examination of a segment of Brazilian society in transition begins.
THE MIDDLE CLASS FAMILY

Cast of Characters

Francesca Sampaio, or
Mother Sampaio, about 56
the central figure

Antonio, later called Tio Toni
Jose, later called Tio Jose
Francesca's siblings

Aristo
Ignacio
Aurelina

Marcelo
Francesca's youthful sweetheart

Bernardo Sampaio
Francesca's dead husband

The Machado Family
wealthy plantation owners, employers of Bernardo Sampaio

Dona Eliana
Bernardo's mother

Dona Selina
Bernardo's first wife

Marinalva
children of Bernardo and
Catarina
his first wife

Fernando

Augusto

Ursulina, about 40*
children of Francesca and
Madalena, about 40*
Bernardo, of which there are
Bernardinho, about 39
three pairs of twin*

Demetrio, about 38

Jandira, about 35

Dalva, about 33

Cesario, about 30*

Julio, about 30*

Mario, about 25*

Maria da Conceição, about 25*

Dona Lavina

primary school teacher of the
Dona Elena
four oldest Sampaio children

Francesca's comadre, and Dalva's
godmother of baptism
Gregorio
Cleonice
João
Helio
Claudio

Lucila, about 10
Ana, about 9
Isabel, about 4
Marcelino, the baby
Rosa, about 24
Regina, about 23
Julieta, about 29
Zelinda, about 24
Dr. Silva
Iracema, about 30
Teresa, age 15
Nilza Ferrado, age 30

husband of Ursulina
wife of Bernardino
husband of Jandira
husband of Dalva
fiancée, and later husband of Maria da Conceição
daughter of Ursulina and Gregorio
children of Dalva and Helio
Helio's cousin--resident and housekeeper in his home
Rosa's sister
the maid-of-all-work in Francesca's household
Julieta's sister, and maid in Dalva's household
Madalena's godfather-of-graduation
a one-time maid of the Sampaios
Iracema's daughter
a temporary cook in the Sampaio household

Places in Which the Story Takes Place

Santa Barbara
the small provincial city near which Francesca lived the first thirty-four years of her life

Boqueirão
the suburb of Salvador to which Francesca moved with her children after her husband's death

Fazenda São Miguel
the plantation on which Bernardo Sampaio lived and worked as overseer, and on which his family lived until shortly before his death.

Paradiso
the slum suburb of Salvador in which Nilza and Iracema lived with their children
CHAPTER THREE

PORTRAIT OF A MIDDLE CLASS FAMILY

Members of the Sampaio family include a widow of late middle age, and her five adult sons and five adult daughters. A larger family extends beyond this nuclear core. The larger group includes the spouses and offspring of the Sampaio siblings who are married, and sometimes their "in-laws". Other persons who have played significant roles in the early history of the family are Senhor Sampaio, the dead husband and father, his children by his first wife, and siblings of the Widow Sampaio. Reference to the "cast of characters" will acquaint the reader with the names, ages and relationships of the principals in this family drama.

The Widow Sampaio is a matriarch of fifty years. She springs from the ubiquitous Brazilian blend of Negro (slave) and Portuguese (colonist) blood. Her grandfather was an immigrant owner of several slaves, whose half-caste children found mates from among their own kind and lived as squatters on the land—the prevalent pattern for the "little people" of Brazil (Smith 1963). As a child she and her siblings worked in her father's manioc and bean patch, wresting a bare living from the soil. Yet there were always memories and fantasies of her grandfather as a "planter". Married young to a widower more than twice her age, she became the stepmother of six legitimate children who were almost her contemporaries. Her beauty had carried her up the social scale by several notches, and into a common pattern of family and marriage. Widowed and swindled of her husband's small estate at thirty-three, she was left with ten young children ranging from thirteen years to ten months of
age. Brazil's pre-modern social security system swung into action; her own siblings came to her rescue. Only she had risen out of the poverty of her natal family. Now she returned. She moved her brood from the provincial center of the sugar plantations to the slums of the coastal capital. The older children were divided between the households of two of her brothers. A tiny two-roomed house with earthen floor and panel windows was rented for her and the younger children. Here began the struggle to regain the status and security once miraculously gained and now lost. In 1972, about a quarter of a century later, the children are adults. They have struggled incredibly and successfully to pull the family back up. The transition in the life of Mother Sampaio reflects the transition in Brazil: from rural to urban, from lower to middle class, from traditional past to modern present.

Chapter Three - Part One

Mother Sampaio speaks for herself:

The Past: Mother's Story

My name is Francesca Sampaio. I have ten living children and ten grandchildren. I look forward to more grandchildren. My parents lived in the município [analogous though not synonymous with county] of Santa Barbara, the center of the sugar fazendas [plantations] in this region. My father's people were farmers, simple people of the soil. My maternal grandfather came from Portugal. He was a hard man who treated his Negro and mulatto slaves very badly. He had one favorite female slave; and from this slave came my mother. This grandmother's name was Dalva, as is the name of my fourth living daughter.

My mother was a person with a special kind of temperament. She liked to read very much and it was considered at one time to send her back to Portugal to be educated. She was a very proper person who never forgot the social standards of life.

My father was an administrador do campo [overseer in charge of
agricultural property belonging to other persons. He worked for a very rich family named Machado who owned the most sugar fazendas in the region of Santa Barbara. Everything about my life was centered about Santa Barbara until I came to live here in Salvador; my birth and marriage and the births of all of my children except one who was born in a maternity hospital here in the capital because of complications in my previous pregnancy.

My mother was very strict. She had fifteen children. Two of them died early. Of the remaining thirteen, two died in youth of heart attacks. The eldest son, like my father, was employed on the sugar fazenda, São Miguel. This brother, Aristo, liked to play futebol [soccer] as most Brazilian boys do. On All Saints' Day when he was twenty years old, there was a special soccer game for the holiday. While at play he suddenly fell dead of a heart attack. He was almost engaged to a very nice girl, poor thing. He was buried next day on All Souls' Day (November 2), when we Brazilians honor our dead kin. What a coincidence! I was eight years old at the time.

Shortly before this when I was about six years old, my mother took me to the real [a small village, now an obsolete term] where the employees of the Fazenda São Miguel and the usina [sugar mill] lived. My mother took me to the real for my christening ceremony. You understand that a baptismal ceremony is one thing, but a christening ceremony is another. At the ceremony my madrinha de crisma [godmother of the christening] gave me a little book to read. I couldn't read. And she, troubled about this, asked my mother if I could come to live in her household in the real, as there was no school out in the country where my family lived on our roca [squatter's plot]. My mother consented, and so it was that I went to live with this lady. I lived with her for about two years.

This kind of arrangement is extremely common in Brazil. Fictive kinship often binds social superior to inferior, as in this case, into a reciprocal patron-client relationship. The child is furnished with education, etc., and the patroness with companionship and household services. The child is the principal economic beneficiary, with the patron compensated by his feeling of noblesse oblige fulfilled. (See Wagley 1964). Most Brazilians truly love children, and feel good having extra children about the house. As an adult, Mother Sampaio has often taken children into her home to keep for varying lengths of time. Several she has raised to adulthood.
I had a younger brother, Ignacio, whom this couple also asked to come into their household to receive schooling. He came and later at age fifteen was taken by the Senhor to the city of Ilheus in southern Bahia to become a traveling salesman. The Senhor equipped him with the goods, the horse and the responsibility for this work.

Such traveling peddlers were the common mechanism of merchandising throughout Brazil's Northeast during the era when roads were few and poor, an era barely past (Harris 1956; Prado 1971; Smith 1963). This economic role was, till recently, virtually monopolized by Brazil's immigrants from the Middle East—the turcos—a small but functionally important minority.

The coastal city of Ilheus in Southern Bahia seems to have a concentration of these people. The city is likewise distinguished as the landfall of the first Portuguese to reach the shores of Brazil.

My parents did not know that Ignacio had been put to work as a traveling salesman. He contracted a fever and died at the age of sixteen. By the time my parents knew of the fever, Ignacio was already dead. This was a second great shock to my mother. A third brother died of a heart attack as a young man who had been married but two months. One day he was walking in the street and spied the body of a dead chicken. He stopped over to look and fell dead. From this time forward my mother herself began to suffer from a bad heart, she had sustained so many shocks.

Shortly afterward my parents decided it would be necessary for my mother to move to the real and establish a household there in order to provide the education for the rest of the children. My father continued to live out on the fazenda. For by now he had become a subaltern, in charge of one of the five sugar fazendas of the Machado family. [Each fazenda had its own subaltern.] A master manager was in charge of the whole agricultural operation, all five fazendas. Later on my future husband came from the employ of another wealthy family to take this position. A different manager was in charge of the sugar mills. Back in those days the Machado family operated a usina [sugar mill] for each fazenda. Later some of the usinas were improved, with better machinery, and did the work for more than one fazenda. The smaller and older usinas were closed. Today they are all closed except the largest one of all which has been sold and completely modernized. In fact the Machados grow very little sugar these days. They just run a few cattle on what used to be those beautiful waving fields of sugar cane.

The old folks have died and the young ones have mostly gone off to Rio de Janeiro. They say money can no longer be made growing sugar;
the land is all worn out, or the price of sugar is too low, or the cost of labor is too high, or something. Some say the younger Machados just don't care for anything but the high life in Rio. My son, Demetrio, who knows about business, says the family has gone into banking and real estate. I don't know. But it makes me sad to see the big house falling into wrack and ruin. The roof tiles are falling off; sheep are allowed to wander over the terrace and some of the old field hands that have nowhere else to go have moved into two rooms of the big house.

For a detailed examination of the transition in the agriculture of this region, see Hutchinson 1957. Hutchinson's study was done in 1950 and 1951. In the ensuing twenty years the early warning signs appear to have become accelerated into definite decline in the sugar industry.

...But I am getting ahead of my story, I was talking about our schooling. When I was about ten years old, I had a terrible experience at this school. I was apparently a cute girl, and I always had a proud way of walking and comporting myself. There was a train [small gauge] that passed through our little town. This line was built by a European company as a part of the investment-development flurry of the nineteenth century. "These railway networks, sparse as they were, served an important function in linking interior to coast." (James 1969).

Another informant in his late middle age told me of the use made of a Bahian line by his father, a wholesale merchant. Goods of all types, suitable for a general country store, were purchased in the capital city of Salvador. Thence they were transported by native saveiros (sailboats, not unlike dhows of the Indian Ocean) up the bay to the tip of its most interior arm. Here the little railroad started its path into the true interior. Consignments of general merchandise were dropped at various points along the line and transported by solid wooden-wheeled ox carts to their ultimate destinations. The transshipment of these goods from sailing vessel to the little train for the journey into the interior was always an exciting event for the boy.
Hector Villa-Lobos, an internationally known Brazilian who composes classical music from ethnic themes, has utilized these narrow-gauge railways in his *Little Train of the Caipira*.

Three of my girlfriends said I was in love with the conductor of the train. Perhaps this young man had noticed me, but I did not even know that he existed. My schoolmates spread this gossip all over the school. One day when I was in confession the priest said to me, 'Francesca, you are a very pretty girl. Do you realize that you are capable of committing sin? You should pray to Santa Theresa that a pimple should appear on your cheek.' I did not even know the meaning of the word ulcer. I hardly knew what he was talking about. Imagine telling a ten year old girl such things when she was not old enough to even know what was going on in the world...even though I was a buxom child and very developed for my age. The result of all of this gossip was that I was suspended from school for six months. However, one of my teachers in the school understood that I was too innocent to have been involved in such things, and arranged for me to be reinstated.

My future husband [unbeknownst to me] and his family also lived in this real. He had six children by his legal wife and two natural [illegitimate] children. The two natural children were mothered by just any girls about the town, but they were reared by his old mother, Dona Eliana. They were just my age and classmates at school. The other six children were younger. Everybody in town knew everybody else. I played familiarly with these two, back and forth at their home and mine. However, I never ate at their house, though I was often invited, because my mother had taught me that it was bad manners.

Mother Sampaio has successfully inculcated this bit of antiquated etiquette in at least one of her children, one of the least socially successful. He has few invitations to dine with friends and so speaks bravely of his disinclination to eat away from home because it is bad manners to do so.

...I well remember one strange incident at the house of my [then unknown] future husband. Dona Selina, his first wife, was in bed after the birth of her sixth child, still a tiny infant. The children of this household passed familiarly into her room, as I did with them. When she saw me [then about eleven years old] she gave me an extremely displeased look and immediately turned over on her side with her back toward me, in order to show her displeasure with me. Do you suppose that she could have had a premonition that I would follow her as Bernardo's wife? Shortly after that she died. Some people said she died because a bad spirit had entered her body
and destroyed it. Bernardo did not believe in such things, and did not like to hear them. I believe she probably died of the effects of childbirth. For after each parturition, she seemed to grow more and more weary, so that she hardly arose from the bed between pregnancies which followed one upon the other. Mother Sampaio is proud of the fact that she has retained great vigor and general good health despite the number of her own pregnancies. In this land of widespread poverty and malnutrition, a strong body is regarded as a mark of personal intrinsic worth in a sense completely foreign to most Americans.

One day some time after the death of Dona Selina, I was playing in a ring of children, a chanting circle game. Among my playmates was Marinalva, the eldest of Bernardo's illegitimate daughters. As we circled Marinalva whispered in my ear, "Papai quer casar com vocé!" ['Papa wants to marry you!']. I said, 'What kind of craziness is this, Marinalva?' And she repeated again, 'It's not crazy. Papa really does want to marry you.' At this time I was twelve years old.

Within a short time of Dona Selina's death my father had invited Bernardo, his boss, to come to dinner in order to assuage his loneliness. As I have said before, Bernardo was the head foreman over all five of the Machado fazendas, and my father was one of his five subalterns, in charge of just one of the fazendas. Bernardo and my father and mother played cards together after dinner in order to take his mind off his bereavement. It was on several of such occasions that Bernardo caught sight of me and began to fix his attentions on me. Imagine, me a twelve-year-old girl with three sisters older than myself! However, I was not yet fully aware of his interest.

After Marinalva's shocking revelation of her father's interest in me, the incident passed and I didn't think of it any more. Some months later Bernardo's son, Fernando, delivered a bilette [note] to me from Bernardo himself, in which he announced in writing his desire to marry me. Another great shock! I didn't show the note to my mother. This son, Fernando, later married Francesca's younger sister, making her a reliable and lifelong husband, fathering her four children, and leaving her comfortably provided for upon his death a few years ago.

After this incident I began to be afraid of Bernardo; to have a horror of him and to feel a sense of shame around him. Formerly my brothers and sisters and I had the custom of asking his blessing when we passed him to say 'Good morning' or 'Good evening'. Now I was fearful in his presence to speak and I always ran and hid when he came to our house.

This was a colonial custom in the old days. Slaves or underlings asked the blessing of their masters or social superiors, as children did of their parents. Vestiges of this custom
remain today. The nine-year-old daughter of my maid was reminded consistently by her mother to kiss the Senhora's hand upon arriving or leaving for the day. The custom was, and is, a matter of etiquette or "respect", visible evidence of a world in proper social order. Respeito [respect] is a favorite word and important concept in Mother Sampaio's scheme of things. She frequently rails about servants and children, neither of whom any longer show the proper respeito to their betters. In her day, she has said, she and her siblings stood with meek and mild mein, eyes downcast, before their parents, did what they were told and SHOWED RESPECT.

In those days we lived in a large and comfortable house provided for us by the subaltern of the fazenda. It had many rooms, lots of windows, and a veranda all around. There was a large bedroom for us five sisters, each with our own bed, and another such bedroom for the five boys. The girls' bedroom looked onto the horta [orchards]. It had every kind of fruit tree imaginable--mango, avocado, banana, guava [plus Brazilian fruits unknown to the United States]. We girls had a special maid who was responsible for the care of our bedroom and clothing. There was also a special maid for the care of the boys' room and clothing, another charged with the care of the rest of the house, and a cook. Whenever Bernardo appeared, I ran around to the side of the house which overlooked the orchard and jumped into the girls' room through the open window and hid under my bed. Mama and Papa wanted me to talk to Bernardo when he came to call. But I had no idea what to say to him; and I was too shy and embarrassed. My parents liked Bernardo very much for he was very good to my father on the job, and besides, he was an important man.

One day there was a festa in Santa Barbara. I had never attended it before, but on this particular occasion I went with my sisters. Also at the festa were various young men students from the school of agronomy there at Santa Barbara. Here agricultural experiments were made for the benefit of the regional agriculture.

This school has since been moved away from Santa Barbara in keeping with the decline of the sugar industry and the importance of the regional center. The extensive buildings stand now in complete ruin, a matter of sadness to Mother Sampaio.
Among the group of students at the festa was a young man named Marcelo. Today he is a very important man with a high position in Rio [de Janeiro]. Marcelo noticed me at the festa; we became acquainted, and he began to call on me at my home with great frequency. One of my sisters advised me that this was probably a bit dangerous considering Bernardo’s announced interest and intentions toward me. Although I knew this was true, I didn’t care because I liked Marcelo. He was a very attractive young man much closer to my own age, probably between eighteen and twenty. I must have been about thirteen. My elder brother, Aristo, was a great friend of Bernardo’s. He told Bernardo about Marcelo and me, wherefore Bernardo sent a big strong black to beat up Marcelo to scare him off. He succeeded, for Marcelo never came to see me again.

Bernardo continued his suit. On one occasion he quoted this little proverb to me: 'Aqua mole e pedra dura, tanto de até que fura'. ['Though water is soft and stone is hard, persistent water will at last penetrate stone']. From this point on I was horrified of Bernardo. I felt trapped. My mother was alarmed at the strength of my feeling and to give me protection she sent me away from Santa Barbara to stay with a friend. While I was gone Bernardo pined so at my absence that he grew very thin and drawn. I felt a great pity for him when I heard this, and returned home. Now I no longer hid from him when he came to our house, but began to go to the sala to converse with him. He brought me so many presents; and did so many things for my brothers and sisters and my parents. He did not do things to delude or seduce me, but because of love for me.

As we moved closer to the point of marriage he "arranged" a hope-chest ensemble so fine you cannot imagine.

"Arranged" is a hard-working phrase in the Brazilian vernacular, which explains a lot about modus operandi in this society. It means expedited, "fixed up", obtained, wangled, set in order, often by another. The nature of the economic and status structure in Brazilian society has made this kind of dependency relationship a functional adaptation now supported by social values—the "caring" way to do things. The American expectation or value of self-reliance does not resonate well in the Brazilian psyche. It is regarded with ambivalence: on the one hand as a source of the much admired American "know-how" and material well-being; on the other as evidence of the "cold uncaring" nature of the American character.
Everything was of the finest Belgian linen and cambric. He sent all the way to Salvador to the finest store in the city for all these materials. My sisters and I sewed and embroidered for months to make all the necessary sheets, pillowcases, and household linens to completely stock a home. I was now sixteen years old, the same year in which I was married.

My wedding was the great social occasion of the year in Santa Barbara. The guests used every existing mode of transportation to come to the festivities: car, boat, train, oxcart, only excepting the airplane. The wedding car was a marvel. It belonged to Bernardo's brother. First the wedding party went to the church for the religious ceremony, and immediately afterward returned to the house where the judge was waiting to perform the civil ceremony. The ceremonies took place in the afternoon, and afterward the celebration began. There were two orchestras to play continuously, one to spell the other. One came from a town to the south of Salvador along the coast, a kind of suburb of the capital...The other was a smaller band from the local usina. Every kind of meat imaginable was killed and prepared for eating, pork, chicken, duck, beef, and mutton. Tables were set up all over the house to serve the guests. It was a large house, the one in which Bernardo had lived with his first wife and children, and which he had ordered completely remodeled for me.

The complete refurbishing of an existing structure in preparation for a new bride seems a rather common marriage custom, a goal to be striven for as demonstration of the "quality" of the intentions, the relationship and parties concerned. The impoverished fiancé, Helio, of Mother Sampaio's older daughter, Dalva, labored for a year to rebuild the parental cottage as a fitting home for his bride. The work was done only on weekends when the two men were free of their regular jobs. The fiancé worked nights during the week to purchase new furnishings befitting the new home. His parents, having raised their family, moved into a smaller and poorer cottage in order that the dignity of this ritual might be served. Meantime, the bride purchased and personally sewed all the hope-chest materials for the new home. Times and financial conditions had changed by the time Mother Sampaio's youngest daughter was married in 1971. The preparatory purchase of a comfortable apartment
in one of the new high-rise buildings of Salvador was the project of the young couple, both teachers. They likewise purchased most of the basic furniture required. This bride-to-be did not hand-sew her hope-chest ensemble or trousseau. What was not given to her, she had made. This behavior is middle class. In affluent families, the apartment and its furnishings are given to the newlyweds by his or her parents, or both. The poor have neither the means nor, in general, the intentions to engage in such long-range planning. For anyone with pretentions to middle class status, such preparation is a hallmark of respectability.

It was here that the civil ceremony took place and the celebration afterward. The first act of celebration was a champagne toast for everyone. The supper, music, more food...and so it went on for three days and two nights...Saturday, Sunday and finally on Monday the guests began to return to their homes. One large bedroom was arranged for the children who grew tired and sleepy from time to time. It was here that I retired with the other children. I was too shy, as well as too tired to stay out in the midst of all that company. At one point the company called for the bride in order to make a toast. I was nowhere to be found. Eventually I was discovered there, asleep among the children, still dressed in my bridal finery-- veil and all. Bernardo and my parents were out there with all those distinguished guests...those rich folk, conversing, laughing, playing the proper role of host, which I did not yet know how to play. Rubbing sleep from my eyes I hustled out to stand dumb beside my new husband while the glasses were raised. Then I was allowed to go back to bed with the children.

I still didn't know what a marriage meant. After the party was over, when all the guests had gone home, Bernardo took me out to our bedchamber. When he first knew me...Ave Maria! Have patience!

All these things took place in Bernardo's home, and now my home, where we continued to live for many years until shortly before his death. Here my first four children were born in short order. No more children arrived for five years after that.

It was during this interval that I took a criança de criação [foster child] to raise for a woman who had died in childbirth. I never saw the mother. The tiny baby was brought to me, the most miserable scabby infant you can imagine. I nursed her and washed her sores and she did grow up. But she was very black and always very rebellious. She didn't appreciate at all what I had done for her, no matter how much I reminded her of her good fortune.
and her obligation of respect. She got into one scrape after another, causing us no end of trouble. Finally she ran off to live with a young preto [black]. We heard that she died by drowning in a fit of rage. She was just a wild one, that's all.

A criança de criação is one taken to be raised by someone other than the biological parent. These children fall into two categories, or gradations in between, in which (1) the status of the child is very low and he functions as a kind of slave in return for his keep; or (2) the child has a status very nearly on a par with the legitimate children of the home, and he receives all the benefits of education, deference, etc., to which the other children are privy. It is very common for such a child to be taken to fill the nest of a childless couple or an older couple whose children are grown. Motherhood, children, and child bond are still exalted values in Brazilian society. Awareness of the hazards of population growth, the rewards of "women's lib" and of female fulfillment in some role other than that of the idealized mother have scarcely scratched the surface of public consciousness. (For a fuller discussion of the importance of criança de criação, see Wagley 1964).

When I became pregnant with Jandira, my sixth child, my husband sent me to a fine hospital in Salvador. I had been very ill with complications of phlebitis during my last pregnancy. The child of that pregnancy had died, the only one I lost. So the doctors wished to take no chances. The maternity hospital in Salvador had been built by a former governor of the state in honor of his wife's parturition not long before Jandira's birth. I had a suite completely furnished in pink—the walls, bed linens, satin coverlet, and the baby's bassinet. It was so elegant. Jandira's layette was lovely. Bernardo had spared nothing to make this confinement safe and happy. I knew I was a real lady of quality now!

Mother Sampaio refers frequently and nostalgically to this episode in her life. It seems to represent a pinnacle of status-achievement. The next pregnancy, close on the heels of this triumph, did not represent such happiness, however. Daughter Dalva, fruit of the next
conception, spoke of her mother's shame during her seventh gestation. Francesca's disinclination was so great that she made no preparation whatsoever for the coming baby. Finally one of Francesca's sisters sewed up a minimal layette in a last-minute move. Dalva explains this behavior as shame at the frequency of the pregnancies, proof positive of cohabitation, regarded by "good" women as "animal" behavior. Dalva's assessment of her mother's outlook on such matters was borne out by conversations during the course of the field work in the months preceding the wedding of the youngest daughter, Maria da Conceição, in late 1971. Maria da Conceição was eager to marry her attractive fiancé. But she was most apprehensive about the marriage bed, to the point of developing psychosomatic symptoms such as immobilizing abdominal pains, frequent headaches, spells of faintness, etc. In the casual women's talk on the terrace after supper Maria da Conceição, her mother, and an older unmarried sister frequently expressed the view of the natural bestial nature of all males, and the married woman's role as that of patient submitter to the inevitable.

Helio is Dalva's husband, bulwark of strength to the whole clan into which he has married, an unusually insightful and empathetic person. In a very privileged conversation with Dalva and Helio they explained this culturally-patterned Puritanism as a prime factor in the failure of Jandira's marriage, the relative estrangement in the marriage of another of the sisters, and the cause of great heartache and strain in their own marriage. With great effort at understanding Dalva had come to see the sexual relationship of man and wife in the light of mutuality. Mutuality in all things was their aim and the basis for their obviously happy marriage. Here was another index to the changing
cultural patterns of a society in transition.

During these years life was good. How I loved my flower garden and our home. It was a big house with a tile roof and a veranda all around, built in the style common to big houses of the fazenda. At one end of the house was a big kitchen with a big stone stove built right out of the floor. It opened onto the copa [breakfast room]. Here the children took their meals supervised by one of Bernardo's older daughters, Catarina. Catarina taught the children table manners. The adults dined in the sala de jantar [dining room], which adjoined the copa. How many times important men of business who had come to confer with Bernardo sat at our table! On these occasions I always saw that my women [servants] prepared a whole piglet or fish in that big stone oven. How beautiful the fish would look laid out on the big platter. There were always plenty of beans and rice from our storehouse out back. Nobody ever went away from our table hungry. I saw to it that the guests ate a lot.

To urge, to demand that the guest eat a lot is a mark of gracious hospitality. To consume too much is an act of polite appreciation. The requirements of etiquette often work a hardship on the purse of the host and the gastro-intestinal tract of the guest.

Of fruit and vegetables we had plenty from our garden and orchard. I raised so much eggplant that to this day my children say they can't eat any more. By this time I was not the least bit shy to take my proper role as dona da casa [mistress of the house]. I was proud to sit at my husband's table supervising to see that all the guests were amply and properly served. I know that he was proud of me. After we had eaten the children were called for, that the guests might meet them. Their ba bá [nursemaid] had bathed and dressed them in their best, all freshly starched and pressed. The children were taught to stand quietly and respectfully beside me while the men talked. Sometimes they became restless. At such times it was necessary to pinch them, for it was imperative that they learn proper respect in the company of guests.

From the dining room a hall ran the length of the rest of the house to the front veranda. On either side were bedrooms; one for Bernardo's daughters, Catarina and Marinalva; another for our little boys, Bernardinho [diminutive of Bernardo] and Demetrio; a third for the twins, Ursulina and Madalena and Jandira after Dalva was born to take her place in the baby cradle in the fourth bedroom with Bernardo and me. We reserved a fifth bedroom for guests. At the front was a small parlour where we received guests, and across the hall Bernardo's gabinete [cabinet, study].

The view from the front terrace refreshed my spirit. I loved to
go there for a moment in the early morning to see the neblina [mist] hang over the little hills across the river. The rows of green sugar-cane made a beautiful pattern; the air was so fresh and all the birds were singing at that hour. The little river made a U-shaped sweep around our big front garden, so that actually we were nearly surrounded by water on three sides. There were several huge old mango trees in the front overhanging the water. The children loved to play there. Madalena especially liked to climb up high into the branches to sit hidden from view all afternoon, sucking the sweet juice out of the mangos. Sometimes we couldn't find her for supper, and then a favorite maid would go to look and coax her to reveal herself. A hedge of hibiscus surrounded this grassy lawn where the children ran races, played and tumbled together. It is never cold here, and so the hedge was always covered with blossoms.

At the river's edge Bernardo had ordered a bathing place to be constructed for the children—some large smooth stone blocks which descended into the water to a sandy area. Just beside this spot was a tall, thick stand of bamboo. Oh, how those little imps loved to swing out over the water on that bamboo, falling into the water at the proper moment. Madalena and Bernardinho were especially daring. Those two fearlessly dropped from a mango branch overhanging the water at a great height.

For all my apprehension I knew this exercise was good for their lungs. Tuberculosis was very prevalent in those days; there is still a lot of it around, though not so much. In order to protect the children against it we established a daily regimen. Upon waking the four older ones were sent down for a quick swim. The shock of the cold water was good for their lungs. Then the maid hustled them up to the veranda where they were required to drink a cupful of fresh milk from a black cow mixed with an infusion of juice squeezed from a certain weed. How they hated that drink! Never mind. Only one of those four ever contracted tuberculosis, and that was years later when we had moved to the unhealthy atmosphere of that wretched slum in Salvador.

A little bridge crossed the river just at the front of the house. Demetrio says that he remembers the sound of his father's heavy riding boots crossing that bridge as he came home from his rounds of the fields. Whatever Demetrio was playing—even his dearly loved futebol—he came running to greet Bernardo. A few years ago, long after we had moved away, that bridge collapsed under the weight of an ox and cart. The few old retainers of the Machado family still living on the deserted property had failed to replace the timbers, and the ox was hurt, though no one was killed. All gone...it's sad.

In those days there was a permanent wooden cross surrounded by a low brick wall standing across the river on the grass, near the entrance to the bridge. Here people prayed as they passed by.
Here we held our midnight mass on Christmas Eve. Every year, a few days before December 24, the little wall supporting the cross was freshly whitewashed. In the late afternoon of December 24 emprendados [servants] constructed a Christmas altar in front of the cross. An open shelter of palm fronds was constructed over the cross, and fresh flowers and ribbons were added as decoration. The altar was laid with a lovely altar cloth for this occasion. It was beautiful.

Beginning early in the morning my women and I began cooking and baking the food for the feast after the mass. We prepared mountains of good things: cheese, cakes, cocada [a rich coconut candy], empada [little pastries stuffed with various fillings, meat or sweet mixtures], baked chicken, duck, and turkey. No one was supposed to eat anything after lunch on the twenty-fourth until the feast after midnight mass. But sometimes those children would sneak a bite from the heaping platters we put out on the tables all over the house as we prepared the food. Madalena, however, always took this obligation of fasting very seriously, especially after she made her first communion. She always had a special feeling for the church and the holy mysteries, at least until she was grown.

Relatives and friends arrived through the early evening. The workers and their families from the "quarters" out back began to gather round the front as the hour drew near. We all dressed in our best. The children grew feverish with excitement. The padre generally arrived sometime between 10 p.m. and midnight. Sometimes he was later, for he had a long way to come and other masses to say on this important day. When this happened we could hardly contain the children. They raced around with their playmates, the little pretos [blacks] from the quarters, and with their cousins. Finally the priest would come, and then the mood changed. A hush fell over the crowd as he began the sacrament before our Christmas altar. Those who had made their first communion took communion this night.

After mass the family and guests went into the house which we had decorated with flowers and greenery as well as food. How we feasted! The padre ate like a good fellow! After eating he left. Food was sent out to the emprendados [workers]. Then the children were put to bed, for by this time it was very late. They were told that they would find no presents in the shoes they had left beside their beds if they did not go to sleep promptly. And though I often suspected some of them were only feigning sleep, we filled up their shoes with trinkets and left the larger gifts beside the shoes on the floor. We adults stayed up all night, feasting and visiting. At dawn the children were awake, excitedly opening and showing their gifts. We had a festive breakfast; the children played outside and in. The visiting continued until the festive lunch at midday. There was more baked turkey as well as the mounds of food prepared the day before. After lunch the children played on, but we adults napped. Guests began to drift away. For
those still left we made another festive supper of the leavings of the holiday food, somewhat bedraggled by now. After this meal almost everyone took leave. We were all tired but happy—the end of a glorious Christmas!

In those days we did not use Christmas trees. Sometime since we moved to Salvador we began to use a little artificial fir tree which we purchased at the "dime" store. We learned this from seeing American films at the cinema. Today, in our house in Salvador, I use lots of fruit displays as the principal Christmas decoration for the house. We put the little tree in the center of the table and put our family gifts under it, though the most important gifts for the children still go in their shoes beside their beds.

That was our Christmas, a beautiful memory of those wonderful days now long gone. But there are other memories as well. Market day in a large interior town not too distant from Santa Barbara always fell on Monday. This feira (open-air market) was and still is famous for its size; it rivals the great market here in Salvador, the capital. Every Monday Bernardo loaded up all the things the empregadas had produced under my supervision during the last week. We always had dozens of eggs beyond those required for home consumption. And there were the fowls themselves. We put them in big round wicker baskets with their legs tied together for the ride to market. In season we had lots of surplus fruit from the various fruit trees in the orchard, as well as surplus manioc from our garden. I also made requei jão, a kind of cheese, to send to market—great round cakes of it. That was always a time of great satisfaction, those mornings when Bernardo would have the men load up all my produce in the fazenda truck. At the feira Bernardo would buy the things I needed and bring them to me on his return at night.

I remember my four little children marching off to school in their fresh school uniforms. They walked across the bridge with some of the children from the quarters who also attended the little primary school down the road. The school had just one room for all four grades. The teacher was a great friend of mine, a woman of respect and charm. She was determined to do her job well and teach the children correctly. Madalena insisted upon writing with her left hand. Dona Lavinia was equally insistent that she write correctly, right. Every morning I sent a large clean white handkerchief to school with Madalena for Dona Lavinia to bind up that errant left hand. How Madalena hated wearing that thing. She seemed to go wild with rage at the other children during the recess periods. She grew sulky; she came to hate school while her twin, Ursulina, was always at the head of the class. We decided that something drastic must be done. Augusto, Bernardo's eldest son, was living with us during a part of this period. It was his suggestion that Madalena be locked in Bernardo's gabinete every afternoon after school to do her schoolwork with the sling on her left hand. More
practice, closely supervised, should have done the trick. Ursulina was always a most responsible child who looked out for her twin like a little mother. She was set to supervise Madalena in the gabinete while doing her own homework. Afterwards Augusto checked the work and gave Madalena a swat for every error on the paper. But nothing did any good. Madalena's marks only continued to fall. She was no longer allowed to sit beside her twin, but was sent to sit among the "dummies" at the foot of the class. To this day she writes with her left hand. Furthermore, she suffers from deep depression and sometimes has a terrible temper. Though none of my children has been more considerate of me. She is so unhappy! I worry about her. But I am digressing.

I didn't know it then, but the happy time was drawing to a close. About this time there was a new development in Bernardo's life. A new manager came to work at the usina. There began to be more and more inequality between him and Bernardo, with the result that they did not get along well together. Before long the new man was the true manager, and Bernardo was "bought off"; that is, he was relieved of his responsibility as manager, though he remained on salary without work. This did not sit well with him, of course. For a man accustomed to responsibility and work all his life this was a very bad situation. Bernardo began to grow thin with discontent and worry until finally he became ill. Shortly afterward he developed kidney trouble and died within a year. Oh woe! I was scarcely over thirty with ten young children to raise. The eldest girls were thirteen and the baby twins about ten months old. Though stricken with grief, at least I had the security of feeling that Bernardo had provided for us and that we would not suffer in this way. But little did I know. And here begins another story: how I happened to be cheated out of my inheritance and left destitute.

Bernardo was always a very forward-looking man. He had made provision for his two daughters of the first wife by arranging positions for them in the office of the usina. Even more, he had taken the interest of one of his elder sons to heart by providing him with a very responsible post in the same office. This son, Augusto, became Bernardo's business protégé. Augusto had a good head for business and Bernardo had great confidence in him. He taught him all about his business affairs so that Augusto could look after the financial affairs of me and Bernardo's young children, should it ever become necessary. Bernardo knew I had not head for business. It was this very Augusto, in whom his father had placed greatest trust, who fleeced me and my little children of everything.

Not long after the burial Augusto appeared with some papers and explained to me, with great solicitude, that he was looking out after my best interests, and that it was necessary for me to sign some paper in order for him to proceed. In all my foolish trust I did so. Soon afterward Sr. Simões, the local government agent charged with handling government pensions, sent for me to warn me of
Augusto. Sr. Simões told me that Augusto had approached him trying to get his hands on the pension. Sr. Simões saw through his schemes, however, and warned me under no conditions to sign any paper Augusto should give me. I had already signed a procuração [power of attorney], and was soon to discover that in so doing I had lost my house and would be turned out.

Because Augusto did not succeed in absconding with Mother Sampaio's widow's pension she will continue to receive it until her death. Beginning approximately twenty-five years ago her pension has ridden up and down--mostly down--with Brazil's economic fluctuations and currency revaluations. In 1972 Mother Sampaio's pension paid her eighty-nine cruzados per month, which equalled about $18.50 (U.S.) at the current exchange rate. (This figure does not pretend to reflect the equivalent U.S. value in Brazilian buying power--an evaluation beyond the competence of the writer). In the past this pension has been amended by payments for each child under eighteen years of age. The pension has been increased little by little over the years in an attempt to keep pace with Brazil's inflation. Mother Sampaio says that even so, it was always behind its original value.

Following is a thumbnail sketch of Brazilian social security in its larger aspect. President Getulio Vargas, beginning with his first administration in 1930, became the first real champion of the working man. He passed various social welfare measures, among them the first minimum wage laws and the eight-hour working day. From this beginning came various social welfare institutes providing such benefits as medical care, pensions, etc. In earlier days specific categories of workers had specific though parallel institutes, each with its own system of hospitals, and its own bureaucracy. There was one such institute for bank workers, another for the commercial workers, another for factory
workers, etc. Soon after the Revolution of 1964 all these social welfare institutes were centralized into one single organ and renamed the INSTITUTO NACIONAL DE PROVIDÊNCIA, or more simply, N.I.P.S. (National Institute of Social Welfare, very much like our own Social Security Administration).

At present NIPS benefits provide medical care, unemployment insurance during the time of hospitalization and recovery until the worker is able to return to work, pensions equal to the salary level at the time of retirement. A worker is eligible to retire after thirty years service. Upon his death the widow may receive his pension unless and until she legally marries again. This does not prevent her from living with another man quite openly, but she may not legally marry and continue to receive the benefits. In the event of the widow's death also, the orphaned minor children of the deceased worker may continue to receive their portion of the pension until their eighteenth birthday.

The financing of these benefits comes from a fund administered by NIPS, into which all workers and their employers are obliged to pay by law. The employee pays 8% of his salary, and the employer pays 15.3%. This is effected through a withholding tax, just as in the United States.

Sure enough, Augusto arrived within the week asking me to sign another power of attorney, with a big rush act. He told me he was on his way to the government office to arrange for my pension to begin payment, that he had a car waiting outside for him, etc. When he saw that I was adamant and would not sign he gave me such a string of insults and ugly stories about members of my own family as you cannot imagine. I had never heard these things before, and I didn't know whether they were true or not. When Augusto had finished this diatribe I asked him why he was treating me in such an ugly way. He answered that such matters had no explanation, went out the door slamming it behind him, and out of my life—so I thought. However, Augusto had not quite finished his dirty work. Unbeknownst to me he sold my telephone to another party in Santa Barbara. Though the local manager of the telephone company
sympathized with my plight, there was nothing he could do but dis-
connect my phone.

The national telephone service of Brazil is a government-owned
corporation. The lines belong to the government. For operation and
other equipment, the government contracts with private corporations in
various parts of the country, often state-wide in territory. Formerly
many of these were foreign owned. The appropriation of these foreign-
owned corporations has been a source of considerable discomfort in Bra-
zil's recent foreign relations.

In Brazil the client does not rent the monthly use of a phone in-
stallation. One leases a telephone for life. The phone is installed
and the number assigned, recorded, and published in the public telephone
directory. According to law this telephone and its number remain as-
signed to the original leaseholder for life; it may not be reassigned,
but reverts to the government upon death. In practice, however, tele-
phones do change hands though the official records show no change. The
telephone directory will continue to show the original listing. When
the original lessee moves to another city he sells his phone to a buyer,
who will undoubtedly have to pay more for it than did the original
lessee. The telephone system has been badly underdeveloped in Brazil
for many years, and expansion has not begun to keep up with demand. A
telephone is extremely hard to get, though the situation is easing some-
what now. Thus Augusto was able to use the Widow Sampaio's power of
attorney to sell her phone and pocket the profit that resulted. The
family tells me that to this day the Santa Barbara telephone directory
shows that phone number listed to Bernardo Sampaio, Sr.

The demand is so great that the black market price of a telephone
has been driven far beyond that of the official government price of a
new phone. In 1972-73 the Brazilian telephone corporation for this area
is installing about 10,000 new phones in Salvador. It is estimated that
this is only about one-third of the current demand, which is growing at
an accelerating rate. In the five year period 1968-1972 the cost of a
telephone lease increased by a factor of nearly thirty.

Augusto’s ugly actions continued to cause me trouble. I became
the object of gossip because of his treatment of me. One day a
good friend of mine came to visit and said, 'Excuse me for asking,
but were you legally married to Bernardo Sampaio?' I answered,
'Why, of course, why do you ask?' 'Well if that is the case',
said my friend, 'how is it that he left you unprovided for, with
no house, etc.? Bernardo was a well-to-do man who would certainly
have provided for a LEGAL wife'.

In Brazil "free unions" are very common, especially among the lower
classes. A man is often legally married to one wife, but keeps a second
wife and family. A common law wife has no legal protection, no right to
government pensions, property, etc., when her husband leaves her through
death or decamping, the latter being a common occurrence. Thus the neigh-
bors's suspicions were not unrealistic.

Back To Poverty: I was notified that I had to leave my house,
for I no longer had a right to it. Bernardo's brothers gave me no
help at all. They had always considered that he had married beneath
his class. One day in desperation I sent to the house of one of
them to ask for a bit of milk to feed the babies that night, for
there was nothing to feed them. The pail was sent back empty with
the answer that there was none in the household; no offer of a bit
of money or anything with which to buy it! And that brother is very
nearly a rich man! There was nothing for me to do but turn to my
own brothers, poor men all, who were now living in the capital,
Salvador.

So it was arranged. My brother Antonio, called Tio Tonio by the
children, installed me and the five little ones in a tiny, miser-
able house. It had no coverings for the windows except the cloth
curtains we made. The floors were of hard-packed earth; and there
were only four small rooms with a sort of cook shed in the back.
There was a very large back lot full of weeds and an open ditch
where the refuse from kitchen and toilet was deposited. The road
along which the house was built was hardly more than an earthen
trail down a hill. When it rained it became a sea of red mud. The house was ugly, the surroundings awful, the situation horrible; for in this immediate area congregated some of the worst criminals in the entire city. It was in one of the poorest sections of the city, called Boqueirão, to which many of the immigrants from the interior came. Antonio paid the rent on this miserable shelter, and gave me 200 milreis [a now obsolete unit of money] each week to feed us. Though this was a pittance, it was all my brother could afford. He lived a short distance away, in the same section with his wife and four daughters. He had a tiny auto mechanic business next to his own house. The five older children were divided up between Antonio's household and that of another brother, José. Oh, how I was humiliated—to come to this! I cried night and day and could not bring myself to show my face outdoors for six months. I insisted that the curtains be drawn at all times, for I wished no one to see my degradation. My children asked me why I never wished to see the outdoors. I answered, 'What is there to see in this dump of a slum where we must live?'

The Long Struggle Back: Upward Mobility: So it went. The two oldest twins, Ursulina and Madalena, continued to go to school. They were working as hard as they could to finish ginásio [secondary school] in order to begin earning for the family. Bernardinho, the eldest boy, began working immediately. He had just finished primary school at the time of his father's death. At age twelve he became a mechanic's helper assisting my brother in his little business. He often worked till midnight or later. At sixteen he began driving a city bus for long hours every day. This is not a very high-class job, but at least he was earning and helping to feed us. The second boy, Demetrio, was working with him as a ticket taker...walking up and down the aisle all day long.

Ursulina, Substitute Mother: Ursulina had always been very bright in school, and it was her aim to forward her education as soon as possible in order to start a little private primary school. This would give her a source of income and the possibility of reuniting the family under one roof. By the time she was about seventeen or eighteen she had accomplished her goal. With her first earnings, together with the support coming from Antonio and the earnings of Bernardinho and Demetrio, she was able to rent a little house down by the beach, a good distance from our first miserable location. We stayed there for about a year. The house seemed very grand after the hovel into which we had been crammed. It had a real sala [all-purpose living room] and a large bedroom.

As Ursulina's earnings increased she moved us into even better quarters back in Boqueirão near my brothers. Another of my brothers, José, never married. He shared a very ample apartment with our unmarried sister, and her 'natural' [illegitimate] child. Ursulina made an arrangement with him to share the rent.
and the space. Here there was a very large sala, a kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms and a veranda. The apartment was on one of the busiest corners in the suburb, close to a bakery, a furniture shop, the feira—everything was just under our noses. It was so convenient and so wonderful to have all the children together again. Well, almost all of them.

Jandira, the Beauty: My brother Antonio would not give up Jandira, the beauty among my daughters. Though he had four daughters of his own it seemed that Jandira was his favorite. He treated her like a princess. She had clothes, piano lessons, private schooling, all the things that could not be provided for the rest of the children. How we fought over her. My mother's heart was breaking. I wanted my daughter with me...I was afraid she would forget her true mother. It seemed that she grew closer to Antonio and more distant from me. Antonio had been very good to me; but I will never forgive him for keeping my child from me. Jandira has had a very unhappy life since her marriage; she who was the gayest, liveliest, happiest of all my children. Some of them say she is selfish because she was indulged in childhood, and this is part of the reason for her unhappy marriage. I believe it may be because she was kept from her mother. I don't know. I do know that her husband is a scoundrel for taking a mistress and disgracing her. That 'low woman' gave birth to his child only days before Jandira's baby was born. Imagine! My daughter is like one dead now. There is no light in those eyes once so merry.

But I am getting away from my story. Except for Jandira we were all there together, not only all my own children but two foster children as well, plus Tio José, Tia Aurelina and her daughter. It was a full house, but we were happy. We were no longer living in the disgrace of complete poverty. Though we lived in the same suburb not far from that first miserable hovel we now lived in a respectable condition, and people no longer looked down on us as paupers. I made many good friends in this neighborhood, living near the same corner for over twenty years before Ursulina moved me and my still unmarried children into our present apartment in a better suburb just last year. I know this neighborhood is much better than the old area; but I miss my old friends and the convenience of being right in the center of things.

Ursulina, meantime, went on to a post-secondary specialized course in pedagogy while she was teaching primary and nursery students in her little private school. From the course in pedagogy she went on to enter university and to graduate with a bachelor's degree in Portuguese literature and language. Today she is a professor of literature and language with appointments at both the federal and private universities in Salvador. How proud I am of her.

All the while before she was married, Ursulina was as much like a mother as a daughter. She it was who took charge of things. Even
as a little girl she had this capacity. She directed the children and organized the household; we had moved out of my brother's apartment into one of our own just across the street. She became engaged to a fine young man of good family who waited for her ten years. During that time he stepped in like a father and took a great deal of responsibility for the younger children right along with Ursulina. Together they sometimes took the whole band to the beach on Sunday. He, Gregorio, began to purchase a little cottage on one of the islands in our beautiful bay. Sometimes they took the whole family there for overnight or a holiday! At Christmas or the festa [festival] of São João, Gregorio helped Ursulina buy the decorations to decorate our house and make a real party for the children. When one of the younger boys, Julio, got into trouble with the police for stealing to buy a uniform for his futebol team, Gregorio immediately came to set the matter right. He persuaded the police to release Julio into his care; he counseled with Julio. I was nearly hysterical with fear for my son and with shame and horror at his act. Gregorio immediately perceived my need and the very next day sent me and the younger children to his cottage on the island where I might find peace and comfort. I spent a great deal of time on my knees in the little church there. I made a promessa [vow] to the virgin that I would honor her with some special homage if she would only set Julio in the right path. I really must fulfill that promessa, for Julio has become a fine man now at thirty.

Maria da Conceição: Later on, after Ursulina and Gregorio were married, they took my youngest daughter, Maria da Conceição, into their home to act as baía [nursemaid] to their baby daughter. They were also able to give Maria da Conceição special benefits such as music lessons, etc. Ursulina continued to make all Maria's clothing as she had done since our earliest days in Boqueirão. Even after Maria da Conceição moved back home Gregorio continued to look out after her needs as if she were his own daughter. He paid her tuition for the special preparatory course for the college entrance exam [vestibular], and for several years at a private course in the English language. The bond between Maria da Conceição and her eldest sister and brother-in-law is very close. She chose them to be her madrinha and padrinho [godparents of the marriage, ceremonial sponsors] at her wedding last month. And she chose their daughter, her former charge, as her special wedding attendant. One does not make such choices lightly, for they signify great esteem. I have always taught my children that the first obligation is to sacrifice in order to take care of each other. How else can a poor family succeed? The greatest satisfaction of my life is the knowledge that my children have done this. They are more to each other than brother and sister; they are like little parents one to another. My sufferings have been worth it.

Today Maria da Conceição is also a teacher of Portuguese language
and literature, having followed her sister’s example. She is married to a fine young man, Claudio, with a bright future in the field of pharmacy. They live in a plush apartment near here which they have purchased together with their joint earnings. Claudio and two doctors are in process of establishing three laboratories for medical examinations, one here and two in towns in the interior. He also teaches chemistry at a private colegio [secondary school] run by his brother. Of course a job teaching Portuguese grammar was also provided there for Maria da Conceição. Claudio aims to be a well-to-do man by middle age, and with his ambition and drive he will be. He spends half of each week traveling to the two new clinics in the interior. He drives so hard that my children sometimes ridicule him behind his back. They say that he has the soul of an American. Maria da Conceição is beginning to feel neglected. After all, she is still a bride. But Claudio will achieve a fine position. He is called ‘Doctor Claudio’, and brings honor to our family. There is just one thing: he insists upon taking Maria da Conceição to dine with him at his mother’s house, and they should come here more often. I do not like that at all. But he does bring me many little presents.

Demetrio, Substitute Father: So now I have told you of my wonderful daughter, Ursulina, who was like a mother to her brothers and sisters when I was disoriented with grief and shame—especially to her youngest sister, Maria da Conceição, and to her twin, Madalena.

I have not yet told you of my second son, Demetrio, the thinker in the family, who stepped in like a father beside Ursulina. Bernardinho, the eldest son, always helped support the family. But he married fairly young and did not live at home after that. Demetrio, who married much later, took charge of the children’s training and guarded his sisters’ moral character. Oh, he was very strict. He did not allow the girls to stop to visit with any friends on their way home from school. Straight to school and straight home again, where good girls belonged, was his rule. My brother, Antonio, had been just as strict with the older girls when they lived with him. Families of good breeding are not lax with their daughters.

Neither were the girls allowed to read quadrinhos [a cheap magazine given to romantic love stories, a kind of cross between the American comic books and True Story magazine]. Even though I like to read them now myself, such things are not fit for young girls. I know that occasionally one of the girls would hide a quadrinho under her mattress. All the same Ursulina and Demetrio saw to it that they knew and observed propriety. Even today Ursulina is just as strict with her own ten-year-old daughter, though it is more difficult. Young folk today do not know what proper respect is.
Demetrio saw to it that the children, especially the girls, did their homework and were in bed by 10 p.m. Madalena, Ursulina's twin, was by this time working as a bookkeeper. She kept her own hours because she was older. And the younger boys, well they were not the students that Maria da Conceição was.

Ursulina and Demetrio really showed their sense of responsibility during Dalva's courtship with Helio, her present husband. Helio is a wonderful husband. Now we know we were all mistaken about him. But he did come of a very poor family, and...well, he is a shade darker, if you understand my meaning. Jandira's sweetheart was the son of a federal legislator who had connections with some of the really important politicians in Brazil. She was about to make such an excellent marriage. And Dalva wanted to throw herself away on a boy from the interior who could offer her no position, no nothing. Yet she persisted, as did Helio, for almost ten years. The family opposed him from the beginning. Demetrio, Ursulina, and I forbad Dalva to see Helio. They had become acquainted at the public school when Dalva was only thirteen. So hard did we try that Ursulina made an arrangement with the principal of the school, a friend of hers, to keep Dalva in her office during the school recess so that she could not talk to Helio at all. Still their feeling persisted. Then Dalva developed tuberculosis, and we were able to explain to her that it was only honorable of her to release Helio from his vow to her. But four years later, when she was fully recovered, Helio was still waiting and hoping. Demetrio stood firm against the match to the end. Even after we could resist no more and they were engaged Demetrio would never allow Dalva to go anywhere with Helio alone; always some other member of the family was in attendance. Infrequently Helio was allowed to come to our house to see Dalva. Then Demetrio saw to it that she never went beyond the bottom step to say goodnight to him, and always under his careful surveillance. Finally we had to give in; and today Demetrio and Helio have a deep and special regard for each other. I think it is because they are the same type of individual—wise, understanding, steady, deeply responsible. Dalva is the happiest of my daughters, married to the most wonderful of husbands. And Jandira the most unhappy. Ah, the cruelty of fate.

All this fatherly responsibility Demetrio assumed while working very hard. Part of the time he was working too hard to continue his own schooling. He worked with his older brother as a ticket taker on the bus Bernardino was driving. During another year he worked for my brother, José, in his gasoline station. From 5 a.m. until midnight he worked at the station. José had a heart condition and had to rely considerably on Demetrio. It was Demetrio who closed up and brought the money home each night. So much did José trust him that he sent him down to the docks to order the week's supply of gasoline for the station. Demetrio had two Sundays off each month, but sometimes José felt so poorly
that he had to ask Demetrio to take over for him on his Sundays as well. Today Demetrio is the chief manager of a large auto-parts firm. Like all my children he started at the bottom and worked up entirely on his own. His brother did get his beginning job for him, but after that it was Demetrio's own trustworthiness and ability that pushed him upward. He learned these capacities because we had to rely on him.

There is much more to tell of the struggles and triumphs of my other children. We will save that for another day. We will have economic problems, that is true. But all my children have turned out well and for a mother that is a great blessing. I taught them, above all, to help one another and to have respect for their mother. Because each has helped and been helped in turn, we have come through our time of great troubles. After many ups and downs we are so much better off now than in the situation just after my husband's death. We have risen from low and difficult circumstances. My life is full and I am a happy, satisfied woman.

Stated in general terms it is obvious that technological change brings social change in its wake. But in an ethnographic study it is important to substantiate such statements by linking them to specific modifications in the lives of ordinary people. Today Mother Sampaio leads a relatively sheltered life. Yet her daily life is different from what it might have been because of socio-economic alterations brought by advancing technology. She was born about 1915 and spent her childhood and young womanhood in an ambient society based on sugar production by methods now obsolete. The reader's attention is drawn to the mention of increasing mechanization of the sugar mills and to a lesser extent, of field production of sugar cane (see chapter three, p. 28 and 29). The economics of the gradual shift from labor intensive to machine intensive production pushed the ownership of both land and mill toward increasing consolidation and warped the traditional socio-economic structure which kept the large landed families tied more closely to their plantations. One result of such a trend toward
mechanized "agri-factories" is to drive more and more people off the land, as in the United States. The proximate cause of Mother Sampaio's move into the city and off the plantation where her husband was chief overseer of field work was his early retirement and death. However, had he lived, it is very likely that this trend toward mechanization and consolidation would have displaced his job and her way of life before the year 1972. Hutchinson notes that

"...new managers have put the relations between managers and labor on a strictly business basis and have removed all elements of paternalism...Administrators, mechanics, and bookkeepers, most of whom had seen twenty years or more of service, were dispatched...Time clocks were installed...Social legislation—a new factor in rural, agricultural Brazil—was invoked to take the place of paternalism" (1957:180).

Mother Sampaio mourns the lost beauty of that way of life (see chapter three, p. 29). Her son, Demetrio, drove Mother Sampaio, me, and other members of the family back to see the old plantation house where they had lived, the mill—now idle, the fields—now fallow, and all the old haunts, in order to satisfy my curiosity about these changes. It was as Mother Sampaio had said: the old ways and the old, easy relationships are gone. One modern sugar mill now does the work for the five that operated during her youth. Hutchinson's study, *Village and Plantation Life in Northeastern Brazil*, done in this region in 1959 and 1951, details this process for those who wish to pursue it further (See Hutchinson 1957:3-8 and 179-182).

In other ways technology has altered the daily patterns of Mother Sampaio's life. While a comfortably well-off young matron, the baking for her household was done in a large cement oven which could (and did) cook whole piglets. Today she uses a butane stove, the fuel for which
is delivered in metal cylinders by truck. As a young woman her cooking and marketing were not affected by refrigeration. Hence she could not begin the massive preparations for the Christmas Eve feast until early on that same day. Today she boasts a full-size electric refrigerator with freezer top. She makes weekly trips to the local super-market and purchases pre-frozen meats which are stored in her freezer for use at her convenience. In like manner she is freed to store left-over dishes from feast days or to begin her food preparation well in advance of the time of consumption. She uses an electric blender, a kitchen appliance I observed to be a common and well-used fixture in other households. Today an electric fan cools her brow when she sleeps during Salvador's hot midsummer. She uses her electric sewing machine for mending and sewing. Forty years ago her own trousseau and all the household linens for her hope-chest were hand-sewn.

Television came to Salvador about twelve years ago. A great part of her recreation and information today comes from television viewing which consumes an average of two to three hours of her time each day. She has access and exposure to what is going on in her nation and the world at large. She, together with her family, has watched astronauts landing on the moon. During her youth Francesca Sampaio had little access and less interest in what was happening in the larger world. Today these happenings confront her daily on her television screen because her children keep the set on for the news at both 6 and 10 p.m. (Mesmerized from the preceding soap opera, she does not leave the room immediately).
The means of transport have seen a great change during Mother Sampaio's lifetime. She tells of guests coming to her wedding in oxcarts. Nobody came to her daughter's 1971 wedding by oxcart; they arrived by private automobile, taxi, or public bus.

One of her sons is a traveling salesman who spends most of his time on the road placing orders for Brazilian-made motorcycles and bicycles in the hinterland of the state of Bahia and adjacent states. He drives a Volkswagen on these rounds; occasionally he takes the modern Mercedes Benz bus, and sometimes he flies. Mother Sampaio speaks of her young brother's career as a traveling salesman in Southern Bahia about 1930. He used a horse on his rounds. Marvin Harris discusses this commercial network of the Brazilian hinterland, held together by itinerant salesmen who peddled the products of small craft shops. This was back in the old days (before World War II and even later) before the system of vehicular roads had opened up provincial markets to the cheap machined merchandise available from the coastal cities. Once the roads and the motor vehicles had multiplied sufficiently the hand labor of the provincial craft shops was no longer competitive and fell on hard times (Harris 1956). Mother Sampaio's young brother was an affiliate of the earlier economic mode which dealt heavily in hand-worked goods and used non-mechanized transport. Her son is an agent of the present economic system which peddles mostly machine-made goods by means of machine transport.

In the same manner that modern truck and bus transport have dealt mortal blows to the railroads in the United States, the old narrow-gauge railways built before 1900 in Brazil are showing the same
kind of competitive pressure. The little train that traveled between Santa Barbara and Salvador still runs. But today those who do not travel by private automobile on the new highway prefer the swift and comfortable bus to the slow and old-fashioned train. Likewise passenger travel by boat (both native sailboat and motorized launch) between points around the bay has greatly decreased with the coming of good roads and motor vehicles.

The technology of modern cinema has altered the central symbol of the Christmas celebration in the Sampaio household. On the plantation it was the palm-thatched altar; today it is the artificial Christmas tree adopted from American movies, so Madalena Sampaio told me.

Technological change has touched Mother Sampaio in significant ways. It has touched the lives of her children and their families even more surely.
Chapter Three - Part Two

Upward Mobility into the Present -
From Sertão to City: Helio's Antecedents

Helio is Mother Sampaio's son-in-law. He is in his middle thirties. The difference between his beginnings and his present life also show great contrast because of technological change. He, his wife, children, housekeeper-cousin, and the maid live in the upper portion of the family duplex above Mother Sampaio and her remaining unmarried, grown children. Unlike the family into which he married his origins do not lie. in the Reconcovo, the well watered sugar-raising belt around the Bay of All Saints (Bahia de Todos os Santos). He was born near the town of Mundo Novo, about one hundred fifty miles west of Salvador in the arid sertão, but not in the region of severe drought farther north.

Helio speaks of his beginnings:

I was born, literally, beside the road in a shed, a sun shelter for travelers. My other and father were en route to a neighboring town when I made my appearance without medical attention or the assistance of any other person. My father knew the skill of brick laying, and my mother worked in our field of beans and manioc. It was by these means that we subsisted. My mother was completely illiterate and my father could read only a little, though I do not apologize for anything.

My maternal grandparents had a bakery in the town not far from my birthplace. In their time there was very little coinage in circulation. Most transactions were conducted by exchange of commodities, by barter. For the bread my grandfather sold from the bakery he took other goods, mostly food, in exchange. Once per week my grandparents traded at the feira [market-fair] these bartered goods they had accumulated during the week as proceeds from the bakery. The most common good bartered among the people were the basic food stocks of farinha [manioc flour], feijão [beans], milho [corn], carne seca [dried meat], and sal [salt]. Salt was a precious and most important product. It was difficult to come by, for all of it had to come from the capitol of Salvador. Salt was essential; for in those days before refrigeration everything had to be preserved by salt.
My paternal grandparents from this same region were petty traders. Their business consisted of bringing together needed items which were not common and easily available stock in stores or at the feira. For example, if salt was in short supply, as it often was, traders of this kind made it their business to get salt and make it available.

In my own parents' time things had changed somewhat. There was now a little more coinage in circulation; the number of barter transactions was reduced, though barter had by no means disappeared. My parents did barter, almost exclusively with their neighbors, for basic food products which could be advantageously exchanged among them. For example, eggs might be traded for milk.

As I have said earlier, my mother worked as a roceira [a field-worker] and my father as a pedreiro [stone-mason, brick-layer]. In those days the roça system [subsistence farming] worked this way: A poor family in need of a piece of ground on which to farm simply "squatted" on a likely looking plot. Nobody worried about who might have legal claim on the land--or even if there existed a legal claim. For practical purposes the land belonged to nobody.

In that time it was the custom for the wife to stay at home and take care of the quintal and orta [back-yard garden and orchard]. Feijão and café [coffee] were raised, especially café; for Brazilians consumed a great deal of it then. There were also chickens and eggs, and usually a pig. The man went out to do other work outside the home.

In my grandparents' time nearly everybody was illiterate, not merely the petty traders and bakers. The only literate persons were the priest, the doctor, and perhaps the sheriff. These three persons were the only important people in the town.

My parents grew up in this atmosphere, a small community of persons who met once a week at the local market-fair--perhaps a bit more often for persons who lived directly in the town rather than out on the roça [squatter farm-field]. The farm families were small and isolated. They did not participate in the community in more than a minimal way. The education of my parents was administered by their parents. It was an education based upon personal experience, not upon the experience of other persons codified into books, as in a formal school situation.

My father was essentially illiterate. His parents did not have the means to give him a proper education. He was given a traditional upbringing, rigid and rigorous. His parents believed their patterns and values to be certain and correct. These they transmitted to him. In that time children were not given freedom for self-expression; children were considered objects. For example, it was common for parents to arrange the marriage of their daughter to a young man of their choice, whether she liked him or not. Love in that time appears to me to have been created after, not before,
marriage. Young people did not have the opportunity to fall in love, to discover if they had a mutual liking for each other. My parents were both educated in this kind of environment with these perspectives. However, they later moved into the town proper where the houses were closer together. There they had opportunity to observe and interact with other people and so modify their restricted personal education. In this way they learned from the experience of others as well as from the private experience of their own immediate family.

Over the many years my parents lived out in the roça [farm] my father had saved most of the proceeds from his masonry employment. The family had subsisted mostly off the production of the roça, looked after by my mother. Now they planned to open a little armazém [general store-corner grocery].

For three or four years the store prospered. Things were looking up for the family. Then disaster struck. Luis Carlos Prestes, the communist hero of Brazil and an early arch-enemy of former president Getulio Vargas, undertook his famous 1,000 mile political march through Brazil. Part of that famous "Prestes Column" [about twenty men] marched through our area looting and sacking as they went. My father had to stand by helplessly while they ripped out and ruined absolutely everything in his store. He was ruined, he had to go back to the work of stone masonry with no hope of accumulating enough to start over again; for there were not enough years of life left.

Not long after these events my family determined to leave the interior and go to the capital, Salvador. I was four years old at the time. My mother was suffering from cataracts of the eyes, and treatment for such a condition was virtually impossible in the interior. In the city we had many difficulties. A workman like my father did not have the same opportunities for employment as exist today, much less a woman who had worked in the fields, like my mother. We stayed for some time in the house of a relative. When, in time, my father found work, we bought a piece of ground in the suburb called Boqueirão. We constructed a mud and wattle hut, a house of the most minimal condition. We had no water, no light, a floor of beaten earth, not even a solid door. The doorway and windows were covered with cloth only. Ours was one of the first houses on the street. Today that street is well built up with houses. Today the suburb of Boqueirão is very large. Much of it has the look of permanence, solidness and respectability. Many sections of the suburb started as the shacks of squatter invasions, a practice now forbidden in Salvador. Gradually these have been transformed into durable structures as the immigrant-owners, mostly from the interior, found work and were able, little by little, to improve and rebuild their homes. [Manguin Oct. 1967].

Thus we lived. My father was without regular employment; he got odd jobs here and there as he could. We passed through a series of tribulations, some very large ones. My two elder sisters and I
continued to study in the public school in the suburb. I completed my primary and intermediate schooling—about 8 years in all.

Beginning about 1948, after World War II, my father found regular employment at the docks of Salvador. During this period, when I was about ten or eleven years old, I walked down to the docks to join my father each Saturday afternoon. We would go together to the city's huge wholesale feira nearby where produce from the entire region around the bay and the interior was brought. There my father would buy the staples for the week at the lowest possible price. We would fill a large round basket with these purchases. It was my job to carry it home on my head—up a long steep hill which rises immediately from the waterfront, and for a long distance beyond that to the bairro of Boqueirão. The view from the top of that hill is one of the most beautiful in the city. But in those days I did not appreciate it. How I hated that hill.

In 1950 we were able to move to a different and somewhat better house in the same suburb. Our condition improved a little. We now had water and lights, a cement floor, and a house of better construction. I passed the remainder of my childhood and my adolescence in this house.

After completing primario [primary] and gynásio [intermediate] school, I continued into secondary school for an additional four years. However, my sisters stopped, not for lack of feeling for study, but more from ignorance of its importance. Immediately they arranged to be married, and today continue in the same state of poverty equal or similar to that in which they lived when unmarried. My sisters had to do without all those "good things of life" which young girls like and need because of our poverty—clothing beyond minimal covering, little trips, etc. They thought that by marrying they would obtain these things from their husbands. But they did not succeed. The intellectual capacity and financial level of my sisters' husbands was only equal to or even inferior to our own. Thus marriage did not represent progress for my sisters; on the contrary life became a retrogression for them.

Helio continues to provide intermittent support for the families of both his sisters. He and his wife remain on the lookout for job opportunities for the young adults among his nephews and nieces. Helio has, in the past, provided considerable sustained financial aid to one of his brothers-in-law who attempted to start a little business, without success. It was Helio's assessment that the venture failed because the brother-in-law lacked the personal capacities necessary to make it succeed. Today virtually the whole of Helio's salary is dispersed in support of his
aged parents and other relatives.

I, the male, continued to study. After secondary school I took the university entrance examination in medicine. I did not pass. I believe this was because of the poor quality of instruction I received in the secondary school of our bairro. I eventually found a full-time job at a bank after working at lesser jobs here and there. All the while it was my intention to prepare myself for a second try at the university entrance examination. However, I enjoyed my work at the bank and I was rewarded with promotions and increasing responsibility. Dalva and I had been working and waiting for some years now until we had sufficient economic security to be married. So I resolved to follow up the professional opportunities I had found in my employment at the bank rather than thinking more of medicine. Dalva and I were married soon afterwards.

I continued to progress through various responsibilities at my bank and at various of its branches including the position of manager. The economic life of the city and the region was growing, and the banking business was expanding. The small bank for which I worked was purchased, together with a number of other small ones, and incorporated into one banking concern with many branches about this time. This banking concern continues to expand by opening up new branches in various cities in the interior and farther north along the coast.

Beginning in early 1972 Helio was sent on increasingly frequent trips to the branch banks in adjoining states of the northeast to set up a new departmental service in which he was specialized. On December 11, 1971 he told me with pride that at a morning meeting of administrative personnel from his bank it was announced that Russia had bought a large lot of Brazilian commercial paper offered on the international market. This was a first, and a significant demonstration of confidence in Brazil's economic development. "To Brazilians," he said, "this means we are being taken seriously."

In 1966 I resolved to continue my higher education along lines that would aid my profession in banking. I undertook a specialized course in statistics at a private school offering professional business training. I completed three of the four years of this course, and will complete the final year when my financial condition permits. However, at this time my wife, Dalva, started a course in professional social service training. I decided to suspend my course work in order to help Dalva continue with hers. Financially it was more advantageous for her to become certificated as a social
worker than for me to complete the preparation in statistics. That is, she would receive a much larger salary increase after certification than I would.

In 1968 I started the construction of the house in which we now live, one much better than that which we had in the early years of our marriage. Today I have a pattern of life very different from the one in which I was reared. I have owned a car but sold it to assist a relative with a financial problem. I will own another car someday. I am saving little by little for a tour of Brazil that Dalva and I will make together. After that, some time in the future, I would like to see the remainder of South America with Dalva.

I came out of a childhood of poverty into the middle class well-being which I now enjoy and am able to give to my children. Though my childhood was one of poverty and hardship, it was also one of happiness. For my parents gave me the love which they had created together. I consider my childhood normal as that of other children—without the material comforts of other children—but with the same measure of true happiness.

Technological development and consequent social change are reflected in Helio's history as dramatically as in that of his mother-in-law. The contrast between the circumstances and place of his birth and that of his own children is symbolic. It is a long step from an unattended parturition beside the road to the fully equipped delivery room of a modern hospital, complete to obstetrician and full pre- and post-natal medical care.

The impact of economic development is equally apparent in the transition from a barter economy of his grandparents' time to the sophisticated banking techniques by which Helio earns his livelihood today.

Another index to technological development and social change lies in the contrast between occupations. Helio's grandparents were bakers and petty traders; his parents worked at stone-masonry and in the fields; he is a bank administrator. They worked with their hands and their backs; he works with his head. It is not a new idea that a modernizing nation grades through distinct phases of technological development,
however unevenly: 1) The majority of the population is engaged in agriculture, largely unmechanized. 2) Emphasis shifts to the industrial sector which increasingly replaces men with machines. 3) The service sector moves to the fore. It is accentuated by a) specializing demands of a more complex and affluent economy and b) by the increased supply of manpower released from the industrial sector by more sophisticated machines. As technological maturation moves a society along this continuum fewer manual laborers and more "brain" workers are required. The two generations of Helio's predecessors represent the first and most primitive phase of economic endeavor. He is representative of the third and most sophisticated stage.

The matter of education gears into this transitional economic scheme. Book learning is not necessary for most back and hand labor, the kind of practical education received by Helio's father was sufficient for the economic productivity required of him. Training in the subtleties of statistics is not a matter for illiterates: it is a tool for some who deal with sophisticated finance, like Helio.

The arranged marriage of grandmothers' day contrasts with the autonomy in romantic matters demonstrated by Helio's courtship of his wife, Dalva. The link of this social effect to technological cause is somewhat tenuous. However, a case can be made that indirectly, through the association of increasing literacy and communications technology, the more modern value of self-determination is diffused and has pushed arranged marriage off the social scene in Brazil.

Salt for his grandparents served the same purpose that the electric refrigerator does for Helio. Both preserve food. Technological advance has changed the method. Without belaboring the obvious, the list of
modern appliances in Helio's present home are parallel to those found in his mother-in-law's home in the apartment below. They were discussed in the preceding section.

As a child Helio carried the weekly groceries home from the market-fair in a large basket on his head. Today he and Dalva occasionally visit that same wholesale market on weekends and regularly patronize the modern supermarket. Their purchases are carried home in his sister-in-law's automobile or in a taxi.

Many of his years of childhood were spent in a mud and wattle hut, without electricity, running water, "proper" covering for door or windows, and no floor other than the hard-packed earth. Today Helio's maid polishes the parquet wood in his home to shining glory with the aid of an electric buffer. He watches his television set daily, has owned an automobile and expects to own another. He is saving little by little for a tour of Brazil with his wife—a second honeymoon, and has ambitions to travel in the rest of South America. All of these things were completely beyond the realm of possibility for his father, a functional illiterate. The basic difference is economic growth and development. When Helio's father came out of the interior about 1940 he could find no regular employment for his semi-skilled labor until the economic upturn after World War II.

Between that time and the present Brazil has suffered wild economic oscillations and social chaos as a result of runaway inflation. Beginning with the revolution of April, 1964, efforts were begun toward stabilization and controlled growth. The ensuing economic expansion has created opportunities and a life-style for Helio that were non-existent for his father. The burgeoning bank business in which Helio
finds employment and the Russian purchase of Brazilian commercial paper on the international market are expressions of that economic and technological growth.

**Upward Mobility into the Present - Rags Toward Riches: Bernardinho's Story**

Mother Sampaio's oldest son, Bernardinho, has achieved the brightest "success" of her children. He is a rather slight man with quick, intense movements. One of his brothers describes him: "His electric energy seems to fill any room he enters." His voice is often gravelly from strain. His is a real Horatio Alger story of hard work and personal merit rewarded by achieved status and material gain. That such could happen is evidence of the breakdown of traditional norms of ascribed status in favor of individual worth—a demand of industrial development and an index to modernization.

As narrated in Mother Sampaio's story, Bernardinho assumed more than a twelve-hour-work day at age twelve. He had finished primary school (five grades) about the time of his father's death and the family's abrupt loss of comfortable circumstances. From mechanic's helper in his uncle's hole-in-the-wall auto-shop, he progressed to ticket-taker on a city bus, and to bus driver at about age sixteen. The tremendous crush of people both inside and outside these buses makes this an exhausting job; the heat and humidity of the tropics adds to the strain. In addition, this is considered a low-class job by the family. Mother Sampaio relates that the pressures of this job, plus the harsh and demanding treatment accorded the boy by his employer-uncle, left Bernardinho full of complexes.

In due course the family "employment agency" (in this case his older sister, Madalena) found Bernardinho a more promising job as a
janitor in the largest auto-parts supply house in the city. (With the onset of automobile production in Brazil this firm became perhaps the largest auto agency in Salvador, as well). Madalena had earlier procured her own clerical job with this firm through competitive examination, (another mark of a modernizing, rationalizing economy). In the discreet Brazilian way her friends within the firm were able to "arrange" employment for her younger brother. The family was well pleased. For although Bernadinho would begin with menial work, this was a firm of prestige with opportunities for advancement for the capable.

Mother Sampaio had no doubts of her son's capability, and in less than twenty years he proved her right. Today he is manager of the whole operation with all the perquisites of office: three phones on his desk; a pretty, young, highly efficient secretary who is his right hand and also his mistress; two cars, membership in at least two exclusive clubs, a beautifully-dressed wife, and children enrolled in one of the best private schools in the city. He operates at high speed and under high tension, makes frequent flying trips to the south of Brazil (São Paulo area) for his firm, and will soon be sent to Europe on a business mission. He has been wooed by one of Brazil's wealthiest industrialists from São Paulo whose burgeoning empire is now diversifying into mineral extraction in the state of Bahia. He has entertained one of the leading industrialists of the United States with whom his firm is affiliated at a swank luncheon party in a very posh private club. Previously his wife had been carefully groomed in table manners and "savior faire" at a short course for incipient "ladies of quality" offered by a private "finishing school" in Salvador. In short, Bernadinho has "made it". While making this incredible climb he helped support his mother and siblings, married the
sweetheart of his adolescence, a girl of even more humble circumstances than his own.

Mother Sampaio explained to me that this daughter-in-law, Deolinda, had not gone beyond primary education (as she herself had not), and that Deolinda's family was crude--without "culture". The social standing of the Sampaio family was superior because, although poor, they had always felt themselves to be gente (somebody--genteeel). Manners, respect, and their former social position made the difference. Mother Sampaio had opposed the marriage but could scarcely do other than go along with it. She continued to harbor feelings of superiority toward this daughter-in-law, also a spirited individual who did not take kindly to the evaluation.

Intermittently, as his employment permitted, Bernardinho continued his education at night school, an extremely common pattern in this social class. In 1971, at thirty-eight years of age, he graduated as valedictorian of his class with a baccalaureate degree in economics. On Tuesday evening preceding the Friday graduation, a dozen members of his natal family crowded into his mother's sala to hear him rehearse his valedictory address. Bernardinho spoke in the customary grandiloquent oratory of Brazil's glowing future and national greatness, of the toil and sacrifice required of her sons and daughters that this goal might be realized, and of the elation of hope almost achieved. Long before he finished there was not a dry eye in the group, and his own breaking voice had stopped him. Though such histrionics are associated with commencement, Bernardinho's words were not conventional rhetoric to this audience. His words came to life in the immensity of his personal achievement, and by extension, their achievement. Today genuine hope for a better future is realistic, and for many it has become a kind of euphoria.
But for Bernardinho there was a price to be paid. His blood pressure rose so high that his doctor, a personal friend, forbade him to appear at commencement exercises. (In the end he did give the speech with his doctor sitting in the front row, prepared for emergency). This prohibition was not unreasonable in view of Bernardinho's medical history. Only five months earlier he had suffered a 'nervous breakdown' requiring several days' hospitalization. While confined to bed he kept things humming at the office through frequent and lengthy bedside consultations with his secretary. This had precipitated the affair with his secretary and a violent rift with his wife. The resultant embroilment kept him skipping between the psychiatrist (for enlightenment) and his mother and siblings (for support). Not infrequently Bernardinho appeared at his mother's dinner table, the time and place marked for serious visiting in this culture of the still extant two-hour mid-day dinner break. With everyone seemingly talking at once, Bernardinho's agonies were analyzed and, for the most part, he was defended. Deolinda received scant sympathy from most members of this group, where the cultural ideal of the mother-child is demonstrably stronger than competing bonds (Hsu 1961). In due course the psychiatrist contacted certain of the siblings and pled for detachment and greater consideration to Bernardinho's marital bond, (another mark of the cultural re-orientation of a developing society). Deolinda, determined to return to secondary school and to remodel herself as a "modern" woman, recognizing that her husband had expanded his educational horizons so far that he had grown beyond and away from her. She asked for and received help on her homework from her thirteen-year-old daughter. (This act also represents a considerable break with the traditional norms of woman's role in the past, the more so because
it was not prompted by economic pressure as in the case of the other Sampaio women.

In more ways than one Bernadinho is slipping into the pattern of his North-American counterpart, the self-made man.

The relevant technological change in this story segment is Brazil's burgeoning auto industry. According to one Brazilian source production began in 1958 with a total output of 2,189 passenger cars for that year (Indice - O Banco de Dados 1971:87).

[A North American source adds that] Between 1967 and 1970, production increased 85 per cent from about 225,000 to more than 400,000 units. [Presumably these are automotive units not restricted to passenger vehicles only]. In 1971 it hit the half million mark. There are now three million cars in Brazil, as anyone who has tried to find parking space in a large city is well aware. Volkswagen do Brasil, S. A. accounts for more than half the passenger-car sales, but Ford-Willys, General Motors, and Chrysler are making significant inroads. Predictions are that by 1980 Brazil will be manufacturing more than a million cars a year and will have developed an export market in other Latin American countries. Against this day, Brazil's ten vehicle manufacturers are investing heavily in expansion of their plants.

São Paulo's huge Volkswagen plant produces approximately 1,200 cars a day...Over 99 per cent of the components used in manufacturing these automobiles are produced in Brazil. (Copithorne 1972: 14).

Bernadinho Sampaio heads the distributorship in Salvador of one of these major auto brands--both auto parts and new and used vehicles. This position did not exist before technology had created the need for it. Bernadinho's job is more prestigious than that of his North-American counterpart; for he dispenses not merely wheels but an important symbol of Brazil's new national pride.

The changes in educational requirements and opportunities accompanying technological change in a developing nation also have relevance to Bernadinho's life. In this connection it has been
suggested that training of personnel to man the new jobs necessary to
economic development can more efficiently be managed by on-the-job
training than by more generalized public school education. While this
may well be true, it seems that countries pushing toward rapid econ-
omic development nevertheless put high value on raising the general
education level. Whether for reason of prestige or economic efficiency,
these two developments tend to go hand in hand.

An interview with a young typewriter repairman in Salvador yielded
the following observation on this subject.

Drastic changes have taken place here in Salvador within the
last five years, perhaps even within the last three years.
For example, since five years ago it is impossible for any-
one to rise to be head of a firm or even an office without
a university degree. For this reason, though I am earning
well in my present job as repairman of (Brand X) electric
typewriters, I am going to take the university entrance
examination the next time it is offered. It is my inten-
tion to major in Economics or Business Administration in
order to work toward my ambition of becoming the head of
a firm, perhaps of (Brand X). I think I may have a good
chance of succeeding if I couple a university with my
practical knowledge of the working side of the business.

My boss is a man with a "high school" education. Today
nobody is hired in that office for even the most lowly
position who hasn't graduated from high school. Five
years ago or less that wasn't the case. People were hired
into offices who were not even fully literate.....They
could only barely read or write, but managed to make out
with their half knowledge. Often the boss of the shop
would create employment for some unfortunate youth who
desperately needed a job, but who had to go to school
to learn literacy before he could be sent on to take
the technical training course supplied by the company.
Today, in these last very few years, all this has changed.
This kind of paternalism no longer exists. You must
already be educated and ready to start when you come
on the job. Today in Salvador even the garbage collec-
tors are not hired unless they are literate. Imagine,
since only two or three years ago this change has come
about. Often, an office will require evidence of
graduation from high school. In addition they will
give the applicant a test of their own. This test
examines the applicants proficiency in reading, writing, arithmetic calculation; and usually also the proper use of Portuguese grammar.

In São Paulo changes of this kind came earlier and are far more intense than here. One must not only be graduated to get a job, but must already have training in a work specialty. There is a job market in São Paulo, but only for the worker that as a specialty to offer. Specialization is the watchword. I learned all this when I went to São Paulo to learn my skill as a specialized (Brand X) typewriter repairman, super-specialized in the repair of only two of the electric typewriter models my company produces.

Bernardinho Sampaio is well aware of these new facts of life and has tailored his own academic preparation to his life ambitions.
Upward Mobility Into the Present—
The Traditional Female Route: Jandira's Story

Jandira is, by common consent, the family beauty. Just as Mother Sampaio had risen from the class into which she was born by virtue of her beauty, so she had vicarious hopes for Jandira. As a girl Jandira had been the beneficiary of treatment afforded to none of the other children. When the family fell on hard times and the children were divided up among the relatives for support, Jandira, with three of the older ones, went to live with Tio Antonio. As the older children began to earn and gather the family back together under their mother's roof only Jandira did not return. Tio Antonio was very attached to her, some say even more than to his own four daughters. He argued that he could provide Jandira with many special advantages which she would miss if she returned to her mother's still impoverished household. There was an emotional tug-of-war between Antonio and his sister, Francesca Sampaio. In the end, Jandira remained in her uncle's home. (For more detail see p. 48, Mother's Story.)

Without doubt, Tio Antonio was very good to her. Everyone who talks about those days uses the phrase, "Jandira grew up like a princess. She did not work like the rest of us." Tio Antonio provided her with every advantage he could possibly afford—music and dancing lessons, and tuition at a prestigious private girl's school. For a family in these circumstances these were great luxuries. Jandira was hob-nobbing with girls of a higher class. Because of her beauty and vivacity she was very popular and well accepted. This was precisely the strategy; for through contacts
she might marry her way up. By chance, this is just what Jandira did. The young man was all that might have been hoped for. He was handsome and fair, personable, and the son of a very well-to-do and well-connected man. His father's connections, it was assumed, had had at least something to do with the fact that he obtained an outstanding position in a most prestigious enterprise, and was definitely a young man on the rise. And then, the old story. The human frailties of each began to surface; marital discord replaced honeymoon bliss; the "other" woman entered the picture. To assuage his conscience he built the house of her dreams, an expenditure wildly beyond his ability to pay, beg, or borrow. So, head over heels in debt, estranged from his father, and spending more and more of his time away from his job, frantically attempting to wheel and deal his way out of difficulty, the net closed in upon him. He lost his job and was publicly listed as a debtor, a situation which virtually precluded the possibility of landing another job. Meantime loss of the house through mortgage foreclosure threatened, and with it the last vestige of traditional respectability for Jandira. For the ultimate scandal had been visited upon her; her rival had given birth to her husband's child within days of the birth of her own second baby.

In short, the grand design flopped. Instead of having made it as a granfina (a grand lady), Jandira joined the ranks of the desquites (those "taken leave of", i.e. "cast off"). In Brazilian society the woman of quality deserted by her husband has no respectable place to go. There is no divorce, though the law allows for legal separation (also known as a desquite). But she may not remarry, nor may she respectably
take another mate for financial or other reasons. Frequently she is financially abandoned, in whole or part. Without a natal family for protection she is hard pressed. Fortunately for Jandira she had such protection. Though she had lost status and the great dream of even higher status as the wife of a "big man", her family closed around her. Her fine house was saved.

Jandira joined the ranks of the desquites and returned to school to prepare herself with a university degree that she might earn to support her children and herself. She is sad, for she lives under an onus. But because of her strong family and her mother's high valuation of "respectability", it is unlikely that Jandira will join the many in her position who elect to form stable though illegal second unions.

More than one Brazilian woman of "high moral standards" is beginning to rethink the social desirability of the prohibition on divorce which creates the undesirable conditions for illegal unions or loneliness among women of the middle and upper classes. They compare the high incidence of the desquite phenomenon in Brazil with the high incidence of divorce in the United States, and wonder if it isn't better to have the advantages of legal freedom to remarry on ones' side. The stirrings of "Women's Liberation" are here.

In Jandira's case the growing development of technology does not show the same dramatic effects as in the lives of her mother and elder brother. However, she did not grow up in a household which always had an electric refrigerator. Nor was television a part of her daily life and
a "baby-sitter" for her children till about two years ago. At that time her mother gave her an old set to help while away the lonely hours of her husband's absence. Mother Sampaio had herself been given a newer portable television by her children during a lengthy stay in the hospital.

Had Jandira's marriage worked out as all had hoped she would have led something like the traditional life of a well-to-do woman of the upper class. For such persons the purchase and use of the material products of technology have long been a part of everyday life. This group had the money to buy foreign imports long before domestic production made them more generally available to the Brazilian consumer. However, given the fact that her marriage and this life-style failed, Jandira returned to the university to prepare herself to be a self-supporting white-collar worker. Cultural expectations concerning woman's place and co-education are different now than they were a generation earlier. Her widowed mother was not expected to prepare herself to go into the world of work in support of herself and her children; her place was in the home and her brothers closed around her in protection. The relevant cultural guidelines for this situation were observed.

A case can be made that the increase in technological sophistication of communications media bears some relation to the change in cultural expectations for the position of middle-class women, both educationally and in the world of work. By the same token, increasing feminine dissatisfaction with the socially vulnerable position of the deserted wife and the legal prohibition against divorce which works to her disadvantage can be related to the same cause.
to this ideal. Data speaks:

strength of "personhood" has increased because of her husband's dedication
spinner, to sustain the role of woman alone. Paradoxically, her husband
because of this she is better equipped than her sister Madhena, the
can't in a society strongly patriarchal except in the lowest classes.
putative separate from that of accessibility to a male role. (This is stupid—
the others because she has come to conceive of herself as an identity
their mother was conditioned. Yet data is a freer thinker than any of
They are far removed from the clustered milieu and mentality in which
All the Sampato sisters except Jandira are working and earning.
this wife to "do her own thing.""
shares these feelings to a considerable extent, and has likewise conceived
realization, integrity, and identity for everybody. (Demerito Sampato
her husband's strength, somewhat atypical feelings concerning self-
into a traditional behavioral mold, she has been further emasculated by
agress her elder sister Ursula, the well-intentioned efforts to push her
System for a discussion of her professional life. (Always rebellious
Sampato daughters. (See chapter seven, section on the National Worker
society-worker and undoubtedly the most "interbred" thinker among the
Bala is a year younger than Jandira. She is a professional

The New Professional Woman: Bala

Upward Mobility into the Present
ten years ago, we have used this procedure. We agreed that we
would devote the largest part of Helio's salary to support
the financial needs of other family members, and mine would
go to assume the major support of our own household.

Our salaries are nearly the same. I earn 2000 cruzeiros per
month working two separate half-day jobs as a social worker.
Helio earns 2200 cruzeiros working the same five day week,
full time, as the chief of a department in his branch bank.

We enjoy working together. Every Friday night we go to the
supermarket to do the shopping for our weekly staples. The maid
buys fresh produce, meat, and bread from the neighborhood
feira and bakery throughout the week. Often we borrow my sister's
car and drive out to the supermarket near the beach. It's so
beautiful it's a pleasure to go there.

Supermarkets are still something of a novelty here. The first
primitive one appeared in the city about fifteen years ago. An enterprising
family of Salvador has built this beginning into a string of supermarkets
which, in the newest buildings, use all the tricks of glitter, organization,
and slick packaging one finds in any North American city. For those
Brazilians not yet jaded to such marvels, an outing in a new supermarket
has all the glamor that a "Saturday night in town" held for the North
American farm family of thirty years ago. The same festive air is to
be observed.

With our present income of 4200 cruzeiros per month [roughly $800
in 1971] we are probably a bit above the middle of the middle class.
If we devoted all of our income to ourselves, rather than using
half of it to help our families, we could own a car, join a country
club, and live at a considerably more luxurious level. However, I
am quite happy as we are.

At the time I was married my income was very small and uncertain.
Public school teachers like me could not be certain they would
receive their salaries at the regularly specified intervals. This
was at the time when Brazil's economic stability was passing rapidly
into the inflationary chaos which culminated in the revolution of
1964. If there was insufficient money in the state treasury we
simply didn't get paid until there was money. Dalva's brother
Cesario, the secondary school-teacher, found himself in exactly
this position in 1970-71 when he was not recompensed for his teaching at a public gymnasium. Because of the inadequacy of my income Helio paid almost all our household expenses. I helped as I could. Helio and I agreed that I should go back to school in the afternoon and at night to earn my degree in social work so that I could command a more substantial income. I did this for four years, working in the mornings at my elementary teaching job. It was a good move even though it was difficult to balance all this responsibility and the birth of our first baby; for it has almost doubled our family income. In times past the woman didn't work. Her place was in the home, quite cloistered (Boxer 1969; Hutchinson 1957). My own mother led such a life, and even today is uncomfortable outside her home or the approved settings of her upbringing. During the years we lived up the bay at Santa Barbara I remember when she sent out for samples of yard goods for a dress to be brought to our home so that she wouldn't have to be crude and show herself on the streets of the town. She was the plaything of my father.

During that time the man paid all the household expenses, naturally. Now, as more and more women begin to work, many use their earnings for their own personal use—clothing, adornment, etc. The woman's income is usually less than that of the man. As their earnings creep up the salary scale women are increasingly helping out with household expenses and no longer consider their earnings as strictly personal "fun money". However, they do not hand over their salary checks to their husbands. They give only what they want to.

This business of female financial independence is a bit hard on the male ego. Even my husband, Helio, occasionally feels a twinge of discomfort. And he is an exceptionally open-minded, fair, and psychologically secure person.

Since the early 1950's when it first became the thing for young women to go to university to prepare themselves professionally, I estimate that perhaps 70% of women of my generation now work and are financially independent. I qualify this as a strictly personal evaluation based on no reading or statistical information.

I believe it is very important for a person to do what he or she wants to do, to be self-directing. The woman is emerging from the cloistering of the home. She is going to school and preparing herself for a career. Education and work opportunities are changing the traditional roles and relationships between the sexes in our society. I believe mine is the first generation to demonstrate this change in anything like significant quantity.

I know one couple, married about a year, who both work, have no maid, and who divide all the work of their apartment between them. Each washes his own personal clothing that is not sent out to the
laundress. One washes the dishes, the other dries. They are crazy about each other.

Dalva gives every indication of being a fulfilled person both by her own verbal admission and her demeanor. She is happy in her marriage and considers herself exceptionally fortunate in the husband she has found; he is approving and supportive of what she is doing. With her husband she shares delight in their children. As the chief designer-decorator of the birthday cakes and goodies for the children of the extended family, as well as family bridal and layette consultant, there is ample outlet for her considerable artistic talents. In professional work she finds a channel for her forceful personality. There she uses her directive and persuasive powers in the education and organization of industrial workers into accident-prevention clubs, and poor women into "Mothers' Clubs" which stress home-economics training (See chapter eight). In both cases she makes a significant contribution to Brazil's progress and is deeply gratified by the effort. She takes satisfaction from helping her family in terms of money and advice, and from the inter-familial status this gives her. Though she is dog-tired at the end of each working day this does not distress her. She accepts it as natural and awakens refreshed and ready for each new day. For, with Helio, she shares the philosophy that fulfillment in life consists of full participation in and contribution to it—to the limit of one's strength and capacities.

Dalva's life-style has been more heavily influenced by the social "spin-off" from technological change than has her sisters; and it is a considerable departure from that of her mother's. She is a modern, "emancipated" woman; her mother is a woman of the traditional order.
The daughter feels at her best as she reaches outward; the mother is uneasy unless she remains close within the circle of home. Beyond idiosyncratic differences, changing social values (in particular, the cultural definition of woman's role) have influenced the conditioning process of these two individuals. Dalva said, "My mother was the plaything of my father (an accessory to the male role). Her place was in the home....For myself, I believe it is important for a person to do what he or she wants to do, to be self-directing....(personal autonomy).

To lay the contrast in these two personalities at the door of technological development is more difficult than to show that the difference in preservation of food (by salt) has changed with the coming of electricity (by refrigeration). The shift from salt to refrigeration follows a linear, cause-and-effect pattern. The change from a cloistered to an emancipated female role--reinforced by the culture--is an effect of "circular feed-back". The circular pattern would go something like this: The economic-technological base of the society shifts from emphasis upon non-mechanized agriculture to industrialization. This shift is accompanied by a rising valuation of literacy and expanded educational opportunity. The diffusion of more sophisticated industrial technology includes an expansion of communications technology--e.g. radio, cinema, television, geographic mobility. Through these channels different cultural values, including different (cultural) definitions of the proper female role, are disseminated. The seeds of new ideas take root, sprout, and are transformed into a new kind of woman.

Dalva expressed the circular feed-back process thus:

Education and work opportunities are changing the traditional roles and relationships...in our society.....I believe mine is the first generation to demonstrate this change in anything
like significant quantity. [In respect to educational opportunities she says...] In the early 1950's...it first became the thing for young women to go to the university to prepare themselves professionally.

In respect to work opportunities, the job by which Dalva earns much of her salary exists by virtue of technological change. The steel mill in which she recently organized an accident-prevention program for workers is only eleven years old. (It is part of the new industrial complex being developed by government design to "get the Northeast moving"). Brazilian law requires that any factory employing as many as one hundred employees must institute an accident-prevention program.

In the late 1960's the part of Brazil enjoying the fastest rate of economic growth was the Northeast. About half of the new capital was coming from the Brazilian government, which was receiving financial aid from the United States as a part of the program of the Alliance for Progress. Brazil was also increasing its collection of domestic taxes. In addition, some 35 percent of the new capital was coming from private Brazilian investors, and about 15 percent was coming from foreign countries...[To stimulate private investment, in 1967 the government announced] that any corporation in Brazil would be permitted to deduct 50 percent of its income tax liability each year, provided that the equivalent amount of money be invested in the Northeast for approved industrial development (James 1969: 741-742).

Further, financial compensation for the new jobs created by economic technological development is further reinforcing the role of emancipated woman. Dalva earns virtually the same salary as her husband and as the chief engineer of the aforementioned steel mill (who was incredulous when the fact came out in casual conversation between them.) She feels considerable satisfaction in her economic independence. In speaking of these matters Dalva told me that Brazilian law now provides legal protection for a woman's property rights, in contrast to times past when a woman's property belonged to her husband.
So much for the impact of the new technology on the feminine role outside the home. The impact within the home, through modern appliances, has already been discussed at the end of Mother's Story. However, it may be added here that the possession of an electric blender has expedited the preparation of baby food. Dalva is conscious of vitamins and nutrition. She regularly uses her blender to prepare liquid foods for Marcelino which contain various combinations of many different fruits and vegetables. A favorite combines oranges, apples, carrots, and bananas; others include tomato. Dalva is quick to apply this labor-saving device to the lengthy preparation of festival foods. For example, vatapá, a Bahian favorite, combines ground peanuts, dried shrimp, and spices, among other ingredients. Formerly these were ground and sieved by hand. Today the Sampaio women use a metal food mill, turned by hand, for the first grinding, followed by a brief whirl in the blender to complete the process—a saving of considerable time and effort. Likewise, the ubiquitous beans left over from the midday meal are regularly transformed into bean soup for supper in the twinkling of a blender.
CHAPTER FOUR

THE DAILY ROUND

The large patterns in the history of a family are made up of many individual days--some very special and most quite ordinary like the day in 1972, described here.

It is 5:30 a.m. Julieta, the maid-of-all work, emerges from her airless cubicle in the small service area behind the main house. Sleepily she descends into the kitchen to start the coffee for the first of several breakfasts she must serve. As she ties a rag over her disheveled, kinky hair she walks to the front terrace to breathe in the freshness of morning. On the hill opposite stand the royal palms and the bell towers of the church of the Silesian Fathers. The city lies sprawled before her, a patchwork of roofs and walls covering the ridges and hollows. Old and new, modern, baroque, shanty: it is a jumble of beauty and squalor. Julieta gazes west at the new football stadium and its klieg lights. The newer freeway winds around it and the historic lake beyond, sacred to the devotees of the water goddess. A rooster, then a donkey calls from some squatter's plot in the green ravine below; the night odor of Mother Sampaio's jasmine vine lingers. The Silesian bells strike six and Julieta is roused from reverie. Cesario will be demanding his warmed, buttered bread and coffee soon.

Cesario must leave the house by 6:30 in order to bus to work in the lower city, the comercio, by 7 a.m. He is a clerk in the federal social-security office, typing out endless forms on an ancient typewriter by the widespread Brazilian hunt-and-peck method. At thirty Cesario is
also a secondary school teacher, of geography, at a private high school adjacent to the Silesian school across the ravine. At noon he leaves his ill-paying government job to join the noon traffic rush home for a two-hour lunch. Twice a week he walks to his school by 2 p.m. to don the white smock and (ill-paying) professorial role he loves best. Housed in a mouldering baroque building, Cesario delightedly banters with his adolescent pupils and lectures them about the fine points of latitude and longitude while they smoke and chat unconcernedly. Their concerns are the fit of their blue-jeans, worn as school uniform with their identical emblemed shirts; the exploits of their boy-friends, and the savoir-faire with which they can handle a cigarette. But they are appreciative of the zest and good-will with which Cesario projects Brazilian camaraderie. Cesario is very much at ease in a situation which would reduce the average American school teacher to a pulp of impotent rage. He understands the principal function of the classroom is as a meeting place for friends—a kind of catchment basin for the overflow of irrepressible Brazilian warmth and raillery—however the situation may be formally defined.

Cesario has still a third formal role to fulfill each evening. He is a fourth-year university student, in Human Geography, who will achieve the baccalaureate degree at the end of this academic year. Though Human Geography studies have taught him cartography, something of city-planning, population studies, sociology, etc., he is concerned now with practical preparation for hard-to-find employment. He is toying with the idea of starting from the beginning again to prepare himself as an engineer (in high demand in Brazil's current building boom).

Mother Sampaio is proud of this son's scholarly pursuits and ambitions. He is, thereby, "a gentleman". However, his eldest sister,
Madalena, is horrified at his thoughts of engineering. For she is tired of half-supporting him while he finishes his lengthy education. Cesario realizes that marriage is not for him until he is "established", and contents himself with the recreational interests of one much younger. Like youth in many contemporary societies, for economic reasons Cesario has had to postpone the perquisites and attitudes of adulthood. He is concerned with finding a satisfactory position for himself in a society that has too many people and too few jobs.

While Cesario rouses from sleep and Julieta prepares breakfast there are stirrings in the upper duplex. Cesario's next elder married sister, Dalga, and her family go through similar motions. There is no dalliance, for the two little girls must be readied for school and the adults for work. In any case, Baby Marcelino has been crowing the new day from the crib in his parent's bedroom since 4:30 a.m. (His fond mother has nicknamed him "the little rooster"). Dalva nuzzles the baby as she diapers him and calls husband Helio's attention to Marcelino's gleeful blue eyes, a point of considerable family pride in this predominantly brown-eyed population.

Rosa calls that she is ready to feed Marcelino. She has prepared his fruit-fortified gruel from the electric blender. Dalva is very conscious of good nutrition. Indeed, teaching nutrition is one of her duties as a social-worker employed by the federal government. The smiling baby is passed into another pair of adoring arms. Rosa is Helio's cousin from the interior. She will fill the role of maiden-aunt and home-manager in this busy household in order that Dalva may continue as a professional social worker. Rosa's position is not unusual. As for many another young country-woman without prospects, the extended
family has located a "position" in the city for one of its own. By this move Rosa has probably achieved the full extent of her upward mobility. Lovingly, competently, and cheerfully she mothers the children, provides companionship for Mother Sampaio downstairs, and generally takes up the slack for a harried Dalva. In return she is provided with all the basic necessities and a place in society. Already she has fed and dressed four-year-old Isabel in her spotless white school uniform.

Eight-year-old Ana is proud of her self-sufficiency in this regard, for Helio has taken care to teach his children pride in competency and contribution. There is a special bond between calm, steady Helio and his pretty daughter. They exchange jokes as he shaves.

By 7:20 a.m. Zelinda, the maid, is pouring her own coffee. Helio, Dalva, and the two little girls are breakfasted and dressed. They descend to grandmother's kitchen to bid a hasty good morning to the family assembled around the breakfast table: the twenty-five year old twins, Mario, an auto-parts salesman, and Maria da Conceição, a teacher of Portuguese grammar and Brazilian literature; Madalena, the unmarried eldest sister of thirty-nine who works too hard as an administrative assistant at the university, tired and out-of-sorts as usual; and Mother Sampaio herself. The children are kissed and admired, the morning greetings exchanged, and the key to Madalena's Volkswagen "bug" transmitted to Helio. A neighbor-boy waits in the street below for a lift to his job near the private nursery-primary school attended by the girls.

 Everywhere there are uniformed school-children, ragged mulattas bearing head-baskets of fruits from the outdoor markets, shiny new Mercedes buses carrying commuters, and above all, swarms of buzzing Volkswagens. The day has reached full swing, and the narrow cobbled
streets are bursting with a melange of traffic they were never designed
to bear. With it all there seems to be an aura of shared excitement,
zest, almost exultation. The cries of street-vendors, the expansive
greetings of friends, the roar of buses: here amid the color of the
flame trees and the mildew of old walls is the movimento so dear to
Brazilian hearts, the magnet which draws them to the city by thousands.
The plethor of autos in the street is the visible evidence of Brazil's
technological development, that magic key to the new, "good life" which
fuels the pride and efforts of those, like Helio and Dalva, who believe
they are working for the bright future of their country and their children.

Having deposited the girls at school and Dalva at the handsome new
service building of the federal institute for industrial workers, Helio
returns the car to Madalena at home. He walks the half mile to the
branch bank in his spiffy summer suit, a happy man. He enjoys the walk
for he has trained himself to notice and enjoy the little things which
delight the senses. Though he cannot now afford a car he believes that
someday he will. Meanwhile he cherishes the fullness of life in the
present, the respect in which he is held by his employers, and the pros-
pect of a rosy future.

At home, Maria, the irrepresible, has sambaed her way down the
stairs and off to her secondary-school students via taxi. Always buoyant,
she is living on love now as she awaits her pending wedding to a young
graduate pharmacist. Claudio, her fiancee, is another of the new Braz-
ilian breed, an entrepreneur. He teaches chemistry in the private
school of which his brother is owner and principal, as does Maria. In
addition, he is in process of establishing a small chain of medical
laboratories in the capital and smaller cities of the interior in
conjunction with two doctors. With tropical maladies still afflicting a very large proportion of Brazil's population, this venture offers great commercial potential in a modernizing nation newly conscious of the health of the masses.

Claudio works and travels hard. He and Maria have almost paid off a new, commodious apartment they have purchased as their future home. Shrewdly he has rented out the apartment to help meet its payments during the two years of his engagement to Maria. Future-oriented, he is participating in a national pioneering pharmaceutical professional society. He says, "I wish to arrange my life now in order that I may take my ease at middle-age." The family is immensely proud of Claudio. (He is called by the honorific term "doctor" by social inferiors.) But Maria's family is concerned that Claudio may neglect her in his entrepreneurial zeal. Among themselves they joke about him as that man who should be shipped off to the United States because he is confusing the central Brazilian business of enjoying life with the short-sighted American work-ethic. But Claudio can give as good as he gets, and his wit adds to the hilarity of the family board. Without a doubt Claudio is going places; and he will carry Maria and, vicariously, her family, with him.

By 8:30 a.m. Mario has left for his beat of the auto-parts retailers in the lower city; and Madalena has departed for the first of her three jobs at the university. She will work temporarily in one administrative department until noon preparing for the semi-annual college entrance examination, a huge task not yet computerized. In the afternoon she acts as administrative assistant in one of the university's divisions. With no break for supper she dons her third hat till 9 p.m., or later, as head of yet another division for evening students.
This morning Madalena is tired and grumpy as usual, and her mother worries about her health and self-sacrifice. But with them all gone it is easy for Mother Sampaio to relax into her happy putterings with the dozen caged birds she and Mario keep, or with her beloved flowers which she grows from clippings given her or surreptitiously pinched off in public gardens. Then there are the maid, retainers or mendicants (e.g. former maids, now unemployed, come to visit or ask a favor) to organize, order, and harangue. In so doing she relives the happiest days in her life—that bygone time before her husband died—when she was more than a mere *dona de casa* or housewife. Then she saw herself as "mistress of the manor"—a woman of position and substance. Today the pickaninnies (2) and maids who pass through her life and house must serve as supporting cast for this role, diminished though it is. There is the marketing at the *feira* (neighborhood out-door market) to be planned and discharged; the big meal of the day, lunch, to be prepared; the weekly washerwoman to be dealt with, and Baby Marcelino to be played with. By Brazilian mores Mother Sampaio is the hub of the wheel, the jewel in the crown, the center of her family universe. She is supported, shielded, respected, and pampered by her children—as the principal beneficiary of the family system she loves her position. Indeed, she exploits it; for not infrequently she berates one of her married children for passing a leisure day with his spouse and in-laws rather than with her, or pouts until some whim is acceded to. She complains lustily about the burdens of her role, but secretly confides that she loves being the center of attention. Her offspring divulge private feelings about her ignorance, foolishness and self-indulgence, but they are utterly dependent upon her approval and can deny her nothing within their reasonable power to
give. Among some of these adult offspring there remain feelings of competitive jealousy for her favor.

By twelve noon the daily pots of beans and rice are ready, together with a side dish of meat, fish, or eggs when the household purse permits. Occasionally a vegetable dish of okra, or eggplant, may also be served, though vegetables do not form an important part of the Brazilian diet. Nonetheless, Saturday is *cosida* day in the Sampaio household. (*Cosida* is a delicious vegetable-meat stew, not unlike a "New-England-boiled dinner", which utilizes spiced sausages, plantain bananas, pumpkin, potatoes, and cabbage among other ingredients. In some regions of Brazil this dish probably runs a close second to the national dish, *feijoada*, which is a highly spiced bean stew utilizing several varieties of dried meat and sausage.)

The mid-day spread is the only substantial meal of the day. It is also reserved as an important social occasion. For at this time Brazilians dine at each other's homes. The adult children are encouraged and expected to bring their friends home for lunch; mother is hurt if her married children do not bring their spouses to dine with some regularity. There are petulant scenes at the table where Mother vents her jealousy when someone is absent by reason of attendance at the table of a mother-in-law. There is seldom advance notice of extra mouths to feed; it is a mark of Brazilian pride and hospitality that there is always enough in the pot for all comers. This extends to servants and mendicants. For at this hour a former maid, down on her luck, or a now grown "child of creation" (foster child) often shows up to pay his respects to Mother Sampaio, to have a friendly visit, and to join in with the current house servant(s) at the second or third sitting. For this reason it is important that
the pot of beans always be large. (Like the loaves and fishes, it can always be stretched to feed a multitude.)

Left-overs of meat from the first or second family table will not be served to the servants or medicants, for meat is too costly. The meat left-overs will be put aside for the supper of the family. After all the family and their guests have eaten and departed the kitchen Mother Sampaio carefully ladles up plates full of soupy beans over dry, white rice, and sprinkles the whole with manioc flour (farinha) for each of these social inferiors. These poor, often ragged, and usually black folk stir the mass around with their fingers so that the liquid may be absorbed by the farinha. Plates and fingers--not forks--are the customary utensils for this class. The ubiquitous banana is often eaten with this meal and serves as the accompaniment to the main entree as bread does in North American society. For these poor folk there will not be fresh fruit punch in season as for the family. Nor will they have a bit of super-sweet milk pudding (cooked almost to the candy stage), or fresh pineapple for dessert, a frequent feature of the main meal. For them it is the invariable beans, rice, farinha and little else. An after dinner demi-tasse of thick strong coffee heavily sweetened is, however, part of their fare.

Social interaction at the lunch table reveals the family pecking order. Those who contribute most to the support of the family receive special favors of food--a special tidbit will be urged upon them by Mother Sampaio. Conversely, those who contribute least, or who have not brought honor to the family through scholarly pursuits, are under unspoken constraint to leave the expensive items of food alone. Madalena and Maria are currently the two principal contributors to their mother's
household purse. It is they who pay for the electricity, gas, and telephone. They finance the weekly staples brought home from the supermarket, and the fresh produce and meat purchased several times weekly from the neighborhood feira. A shiny red refrigerator, jewel of the kitchen, was a joint gift from them to their mother. Mother Sampaio fusses over them at the table and sees to it that choice left-overs are earmarked for their supper. Cesario, the student, occupies an intermediate position in this hierarchy of favor. He is able to contribute almost nothing from his meager earnings. But because his mother is proud of his gentlemanly status she does not deny him. In this manner she overrides the resentment of his elder sister. Mario, the youngest boy, has only recently become an auto-parts salesman. For years before he occupied the role of family ne'er-do-well. Successive academic problems, truancy and inability to hold a job placed him among the "street boys". At twenty-four much of his time was still spent flying kites, lounging, and drinking beer with younger boys and those, like himself, unable to find or hold a place of adult responsibility. Sometimes he worked as an itinerant street vendor, a matter of deep disgrace to his mother. Repeatedly Bernadinho, the successful, had found him work; and repeatedly Mario had defaulted on the job. Regarded with something bordering on contempt by the three dominant females in the maternal household, he continued to receive food and shelter only upon sufferance. He was routinely relegated to the second sitting and to rice and beans. When occasionally he would dare to help himself to finer foods he was verbally pounced upon and scolded for his laziness. Mario was far from insensitive, and the indignity of his position was painful to see. When Mario made good on his opportunity as an auto-parts salesman
the situation changed considerably. He became one of the principal contributors; his mother's warmth and favor increased (though she bemoaned the fact that he had not found "gentleman's" work); and by tacit agreement his diet changed. In a family only recently risen from extreme poverty, the use of food as the ultimate instrument of reward or punishment illustrated the principle of reciprocity with great clarity.

When there are guests luncheon can be an hilarious affair. Brazilian expansiveness mounts and mounts. Everybody talks at once. Mother Sampaio does not usually serve the plates of the diners at first table. Nor is it Brazilian etiquette to pass the serving dishes around the table before serving oneself. The normal procedure is to reach out and dig in. Etiquette does require, however, that a guest consume great quantities of food. A plate heaped to overflowing more than once is almost de riguer. To do otherwise is to be unappreciative of the hospitality, and to call down the negative amazement of Mother Sampaio and other family members that one is "eating nothing at all". No protests of sufficiency will do. The guest's plate may be forceably taken and refilled, actively settling the discussion. (Visiting anthropologists discover that through this mechanism alone, travel is indeed broadening.)

Sometimes the luncheon clan-gathering serves as a forum to solve difficult family problems. Marital or economic dilemmas rank high on this agenda. The family is exceedingly close-knit, and the problem of one is the responsibility of all, even or especially those who have flown the nest. For it is precisely these who have gained greater earning capacity or contacts who are in a position to render geater
assistance. The peccadillos and financial irresponsibility of Joselica's husband, or the chronic marital friction between eldest-son Bernardino and his wife, Deolinda, serve as staple conversational grist. A fine display of righteous indignation by Mother Sampaio over her daughter-in-law's crass ingratitude is often enough to soothe Bernardino. Sometimes it is more serious, however, and in this event the clear head and calming influence of brother-in-law Helio are necessary.

Helio serves as balance for the family. While the crescendo of competing voices and gesticulation rises until communication is nearly impossible, Helio sits quietly by saying nothing and observing all. Finally, when conversation reaches maximum heat and pitch, and the participants are nearly exhausted, there is a pause. Almost as one they turn to him and ask, in effect, what shall we do? His low-keyed answer is brief and succinct. A calm seems to replace the tumult--a solution is at hand. But often as not, there is no prompt follow-up action and the old distress is rehearsed again in the same dramatic fashion. Everybody relaxes back into the same old patterns, generating more of the same difficulty. But when action can no longer be avoided, chances are good that Helio's counsel will be followed.

Whatever the particular focus for the day, luncheon is a ritual of social intensification.

By 1:45 p.m. the working members of the family have all taken a shower and changed into fresh clothes for the afternoon's employ. Baby Marcelino has been brought down from his lunch upstairs and handed round by adoring aunts and uncles. Ana and Isabela have reported on their exploits of the morning at school to a fascinated audience. It is time for the great traffic rush back to work. The old city groans under the bumper-to-bumper concentration of vehicles, and quiet settles
over Mother Sampaio's domain. It is time for her nap and her afternoon soap opera on the transistor radio.

In the kitchen the maids and mendicants finish their lunch and wash up the dishes in a drowsy, pleasant atmosphere of chit-chat. The heavy work of the day is now behind them. In another hour or so Mother Sampaio will come out to the terrace to piece a quilt or crochet as the children play round her feet and up and down the stairs. The morning's oppressive heat is replaced by the afternoon sea breeze, and the colorful singing birds and the flowers make this a delightful retreat. All is tranquility.

By 5 or 6 p.m. the maids and children have bathed and the television set has been tuned up for the evening. Now begins another rite of social intensification. Rosa descends to catch the early novela or soap opera with Mother Sampaio and the children in the sala. Julieta and Zelinda, the maids, pop in and out as they prepare the simple supper. This meal usually consists of soup with warmed, buttered bread and cheese, coffee served up with boiled milk, and whatever small leftovers there may be. Boiled plantains often appear on the table, as do a kind of semi-sweet unleavened cracker made with coconut milk. In this frugal family the soup is frequently made of the black beans from lunch. On occasion Mother Sampaio or Rosa has prepared a heavy, sweet cake made with coconut milk, or a batch of empadas—small, salty pastries filled with a ground meat or fish mixture. These latter are special displays from the repertoire of domestic arts upon which Mother Sampaio and Rosa pride themselves.

Supper is a casual affair served up by the maid or Mother Sampaio to each individual family member as he or she trickles in from work.
The meal is sandwiched in around the television novelas, which continue back-to-back from about 6 p.m. until the 10 p.m. news and the following late and late-late movies.

Television arrived in Salvador about ten years ago and now boasts two channels. During the first years the evening novelas began in the late afternoon. But merchants found that their business evaporated because everyone was dashing home to catch the latest episode. Upon appeal to the authorities the novelas were rescheduled for after-business hours when the national mania could be indulged without detriment to business. This passion appears to be a cross-class phenomenon. Ordinary casual conversation among almost any urban Brazilians will likely include some reference to the current TV novela or star.

By 8 p.m. family viewing has reached peak participation. The working members have showered and changed into their lounging clothes as they may have done at noon: shirtless shorts and sandals for the men, and old houserobes, sandals, and old nylon stocking caps for the women. (These caps aid in the constant fight to keep the hair smooth and free of kinks, a mark of Negro blood and social inferiority. Occasionally the men wear them.)

Brazilians do much of their communication by physical contact. At this hour of family togetherness Dalva is often leaning an elbow on her mother's or husband's shoulder, a gesture of intimacy entirely pleasing and unconscious to both. Helio usually has a lap full of children. Baby Marcelino is dandled by the assembled adults and children; and Uncle Mario will catch him up to perform an expert, spontaneous samba to the accompaniment of TV music and the cheers of the family. Maria's fiancee, Claudio, may be visiting. Fourteen or fifteen people
are often crowded into the small sala or leaning over the sill from
the adjacent terrace—guests, maids, and family. All are truly involved
with the agonies or joys of the play's protagonists on the screen before
them. A happy outcome is important to these spectators, for they are a
long way from the blase detachment of a North American audience. Unlike
North American soap-operas, Brazilian novelas do not drag on interminably.
They follow a story line which may be played out in three to eighteen
months, to be followed by another distinct novela. Whether from the
novelty of the medium or the freshness of the story line, these folk
do a lot of vicarious living through the fictional characters of TV.

Gradually the spectators slip away to bed. The ten p.m. news is
generally of slight interest to all but Helio unless the president of
Brazil is speaking. Then the living symbol of national hope holds them
to the image on the screen as they listen attentively to an explanation
of the latest project for national development—educational, agricultural,
or industrial. Recharged with enthusiasm for tomorrow's labors and
Brazil's greatness they lie down to rest.

Mother Sampaio may be the first to her narrow bed in the single
small bedroom she shares with her two unmarried daughters. She covers
herself with a coarse sheet even on the hot, airless nights of midsummer
(January). For the louvered shutters must be locked tight against the
omnipresent hazard of petty thieves. No box springs for her, she lies
on a mattress of a type that may be stuffed with coarse grass. Some-
times she lights a candle before the small glass case of saints' images
she keeps on her bedside dresser. The TV continues to blare in the adja-
cent sala. But Mother Sampaio has no need to close the door. Like all
her family she grew up adapted to close quarters and confusion. The
light is turned on and off in the bedroom as her children come and go in their own bedtime preparations. Mother Sampaio remains asleep.

Cesario and Mario set up their folding cots stored behind the door. Now there is scarcely space to walk in the sala as the cots are crowded around the non-functional dining set in the center, and the china display case and buffet table along two sides. The rough, makeshift bookshelf along the third wall is always in danger of falling and spilling its load of accumulated school books (and little other reading material) at this hour. (For this family is not intellectually oriented. They are far too busy scrambling upward.) The boys stretch out and view the dancing images through glazed eyes.

Finally only Madalena remains watching from the single overstuffed chair in the room along the fourth wall. She shifts the bouquet of paper roses (manufactured by Mother Sampaio) out of her line of vision and settles in for the late movie. Tears come to her eyes as she blends her personal loneliness and frustration with the pathos on the screen before her. As late as 2 a.m. her mother may be awakened by sobs and rush into the sala alarmed. Can Madalena be ill? "No, Mother, not ill. Only so happy-sad that the heroine has found love (and meaning) in her life." Mother's clucking concern helps the pain of anguish now. But tomorrow Madalena will rise, exhausted to continue her role of self-sacrificing, overworked martyr. She struggles thus to ensure a place in the affections of her family and a respected status in her society, as well as to fill the emptiness of her spinster's life with a sense of significance. Her brothers' sexual exploits and the illegitimate pregnancies of the maids will call down her explosive wrath, for Madalena has a high flash point. She will wrestle with jealousy over her married
sisters' happiness, and seek to lose herself in compulsive overwork, smoking and eating. But fatigue-induced illness at least carries the compensatory reward of sympathetic attention.

And so the new day will begin around the breakfast table, with Mother Sampaio fussing over her eldest's fatigue. The daily round has come full circle.

Perhaps the "cultural design" and the "script" for Mother's role in this Brazilian cultural drama has shown through the telling of her story, and perhaps not. The reader may recall from the section on the theoretical model that "the general cultural design is not only a grand plan for all, it is also a mosaic of many complementary scripts for behavior tailored to...(a)...multitude of specific social roles and positions" (chapter two, part 2).

Brazil's cultural design bestows on Mother Sampaio a central and important role—something like that of the queen bee. As a young matron and wife of a man of some material substance she acceded to the position of a minor "grand dame". The prerogatives of her position increased considerably with this rise in status from that of daughter of a poor man. Now she had an entourage of servants to command, i.e. a large "supporting cast". The cultural prescriptions for her behavior in this new role were like a brand new script; she had new cultural expectations to fulfill. She was expected to switch from the somewhat obsequious deference of a poor girl to the rather pompous demeanor of a well-to-do matron. From a giver of 
respeito (respect, i.e. social esteem) she became a receiver.

As a good woman of quality the "ideal" standards in her culture likewise required certain specific behaviors of her. e.g. 1) She was expected to remain more or less cloistered within her home; (hence she
sent out for samples of dress material rather than showing herself on
the street to make the purchase. 2) She was expected to remain chaste
before marriage and submissive afterwards, i.e. at least spiritually
she was to remain "above" all things sexual, on the pedestal of purity,
as it were; hence the discomforture which, at her fifth pregnancy,
was so great that she refused to accord the pregnancy tacit recognition
by preparing a layette for the coming baby. 3) She was expected to
show generosity to those less fortunate than herself; hence she prepared
great mounds of festive food, some of which was distributed on Christmas
Eve and other great occasions to workers under her husband's authority.
In similar conformity to cultural expectations for one in her position
she took in and raised eight different impoverished foster children,
though the tale of only one is recounted in this study.

All this reflects "ideal" standards of behavior—a total expecta-
tion of graciousness and goodness for this role of a "lady of the manor". 
However, the "actual" standard of behavior allowed Francesca Sampaio to
1) go outside her cloistered home to make purchases "in the street"
with some frequency; 2) to get down off the pedestal of sexual "purity"
with sufficient frequency to bear ten living children; 3) to berate the
foster children she took in as underlings unworthy of the generosity she
bestowed upon them.

The examples of "ideal" and "actual" expectations for performance
of her culturally defined role can be multiplied by the reader. Some
of these same examples will serve as "explicit": prescriptions for behav-
ior. Illustrative of an "implicit" prescription for this role is the
extreme respect with which it is generally expected she will be treated
by children and servants alike—a treatment which she certainly expects
and in fact receives from them. "Each society tends to produce the
kind of people it needs to keep it going, so that the role an individual
must play he generally wants to play" (chapter two part 2, p. 3.)

Mother Sampaio certainly wants to play the role society has set for her. In so doing she reinforces and perpetuates the cultural design, the cultural drama, by her social interaction with others.

Mother's story is primarily a story of the past. To think of the implications of the theoretical model of "cultural design" only in terms of her earlier life might leave one with the impression that the design is fixed and the social system it represents is static. Brazilian society and culture, like all others, has evolved by invention and borrowings. "Culture is an open system in a state of stable but moving equilibrium, a design in gradual but continuous modification in response to various changes which impinge upon it" (see chapter two, p. 16).

Changes of this sort have come to Brazil in the later part of Mother Sampaio's life. They have affected the expectations for behavior—or the scripts in Brazil's "drama of real life"—for her children a good deal more than for her. Maria da Conceição, the youngest daughter, has married into a position somewhat analogous to that her mother achieved forty years earlier. Yet today's "ideal" standards for the young matron's behavior do not cloister Maria. Indeed, they have so far changed that she may not only appear on the streets and eschew cloistering in the home, she is rather expected to go out and earn—and in the now fashionable trousers (slacks). Such behavior and such garb would have been out of the question in her mother's time. Further, Maria smokes—though not in her mother's presence. Her elder sister, Madalena, does smoke—heavily—in Francesca's presence. In Mother's day it was expected that only "bad" women would do such a thing. Now it is rather elegant for "good" women, and women of high status to smoke. Such a reversal of "ideal" and "explicit" standards of behavior furnish a rather dramatic example of
change in cultural design or pattern.

Styles in dress and mannered behavior (such as smoking for females) may be regarded as somewhat superficial expressions of behavioral pro-
scriptions or prescriptions. (Note: trousers and smoking for women were absolutely proscribed in Mother's day; today the pressure of fashion is such that they are almost prescribed for modish young women.) A change in the cultural expectation for female behavior which cuts deeper is illustrated best by daughter Dalva. Dalva's self-concept has so far modified from that of her mother that she may properly be regarded as an incipient Women's Liberationist. This is a real reversal of cultural design from the traditional design of Brazil's patriarchal society.

Another example of the change in the cultural patterning of "ideal" and "actual" behavior is illustrated by the eldest son, Bernardino. Traditional ideal behavior for a male of quality did not include a career in commerce, as this was beneath the dignity of a gentleman. By "actual" standards, of course, only the wealthy could afford to pass up such an occupation if opportunity for a good livelihood was presented. Nonetheless, the "ideal" of the wealthy classes remained the ideal behavior toward which the lower classes aspired. Manual or commercial work was to be avoided if possible. Thus Mother Sampaio remains proud of her son, Cesario, the perennial (and penniless) student, because he is engaged in gentlemanly pursuits which bring honor to her family. She continues to withhold full approval from her son, Mario, for though he contributes heavily to the family purse now, he does so by means of the ungentlemanly occupation of street-walking salesman who wears callouses on his hands in line of duty.
Out of hard necessity Bernardinho has had to work at manual labor—
as a greasemonkey, janitor, and bus-driver. Today he is a sort of minor
"king of commerce" and is vastly admired for the position he holds. The
times have changed; wealth, and thus status, are no longer to be gained
as a gentleman sugar-planter, but as a captain of industry. Hence,
"ideal" expectations—prescriptions and proscriptions—for the male role
have changed. By such means the entire "design" of a society evolves
over time.

To this point the discussion has selected out examples of "ideal",
"actual", "explicit", and "implicit" expectations of behavior. It has
pointed up ways in which the "cultural design" evolves, such that it is
not a fixed pattern but an open system in a state of stable but moving
equilibrium.

The next section, Social Ritual, will illustrate another aspect of
the theoretical model: the fact that it is "...a grand plan for all,
.....a mosaic of many complementary scripts for behavior tailored to...
(a) multitude of specific social roles and positions.....The social
drama goes on because of this implicit 'cultural contract' whereby all
the players sustain their roles in complementary interaction with all
the others" (see chapter two, p.15). Nowhere is this statement demon-
strated more clearly than in the formalized rites of passage, whether
of the drama of birth itself, or the ceremonies of baptism, confirmation,
graduation, marriage, etc. Here the actors are acutely aware of their
carefully coordinated interaction with all other participants in the
drama.

In other forms of social ritual, less formally cast, the relation-
ship of social roles is no less carefully coordinated in terms of
stimulus and response. But the interaction does proceed from a kind of subconscious awareness of what behavior is expected rather than from the almost "memorized lines" of the formal nuptial mass, for example. As in the analogy of a baseball game, each player knows the part to be played by all other participants, and so can predict what his own response should be in the event of a specific act on the part of any of the other players, though he cannot "memorize his lines" in advance as he would for his part in a wedding ceremony. Thus a participant in Brazil's annual carnival celebration knows how to respond to the overtures of a fellow reveler who is also a perfect stranger, because his understanding of the cultural design has properly prepared him. This same understanding teaches him a very different response to a (this same) perfect stranger who he chances to meet on the same street corner when it is not carnival time. In like manner, knowledge of this "mosaic of complementary scripts for behavior tailored to the multitude of specific.....roles and positions (and situations).....of which every society is constituted" (see chapter two, p. 15), prepares him for smooth interaction with his fellow participants in any of the wide range of social rituals in which he is likely to be drawn.....whether it be as a parent or a child; godfather, a godchild; a guest, host, or a maid at a dinner party; a mendicant supplicant or a medium in a Spiritualist religious encounter; a black man, brown man, or white man; a rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief--he knows his role; the role of the others, and he knows automatically how they all fit together in the way an outsider can only learn laboriously and imperfectly. This is the complementary aspect of the cultural mosaic--the mutually supportive matrix which "blends social diversity into an interlocking, articulating,
congruent whole—a self sustaining system" (see chapter two, p. 15).

In the section about to begin the reader will doubtless discover many more illustrations of these theoretical propositions concerning the cultural master plan by which this society is regulated.
CHAPTER FIVE

SOCIAL RITUAL, THEN AND NOW

The concept of social ritual is especially compatible with the theoretical model discussed in chapter two.

The general cultural design is not only a grand plan for all, it is also a mosaic of many complementary scripts for behavior tailored to the multitude of specific social roles and positions of which every society is constituted. The social drama goes on because of this implicit "cultural complementary interaction with all the others. Knowledge of social roles other than one's own allows for predictability, without which one could not coordinate with others in an effective system" chapter two, page 15

The ceremonial rites of passage which mark the life-cycle are particularly illustrative of the notion of cultural design as social drama in which the actors play out mutually supportive roles from a script known by all.

The Sampaio are expressive people given to vivid speech and gestures. This is a quality they share with many Brazilians. Most of them enjoy the theatrical quality of the ritual ceremonies, religious observances, and holidays which furnish their lives with structure as well as respite from ordinary events of everyday life. Though the pressure of time which accompanies industrialization and modernization threatens to dampen the flair with which the family moves through these events in the life-cycle, the old zest in rituals is resistant.
Social Ritual, Then and Now -- Birth

Mother Sampaio speaks of the drama of birth which placed her in center stage on seven occasions. Though each occasion was important, she dwells on the birth of her third daughter as one of the peak experiences of her life. In this instance the theatrical setting allowed her to play the queenly role to the maximum. For each pregnancy it was the custom to prepare an extensive layette for the infant, all made by hand from the finest cambric and embroidered with great skill. The mother, her female relatives, and women servants of her own household or hired embroideresses might be engaged in the manufacture of the finery, (not unlike this same practice in the United States of fifty years ago). Aesthetic creation rather than functionality seemed to have priority in this enterprise. The sociability of women's talk made these sewing sessions very pleasant and especially gratifying for the woman who was the center of the impending drama. The preparations for Jandira's birth were grand beyond anything that had gone before. Bernardo wished to "make up" to his young wife for this pregnancy, for she was frightened because of complications in her previous parturition. When the time for her confinement drew near she was taken to Salvador and installed in a private and ostentatious room in the finest maternity hospital in the capital. This was a departure from the usual setting in the small local hospital in the provincial city near them. Everything in the room was coordinated in the same monochromatic color scheme of rosy pink. The spread on the mother's bed was of satin with net panniers; the baby's bassinet was a miniature duplicate. The draperies, the lounge area for guests, the wall color all combined into an appropriate background for the heroine of the piece. Jandira
proved to be the most beautiful of all the babies; Francesca's multiple relatives already resident in Salvador kept her room filled with visitors the clock around (the appropriate state of things in this culture); and because of the luxury of her surroundings Francesca knew that now she really was what she most desired to be--a lady of position.

Some thirty years later Francesca's daughter, Dalva, was delivered of her fourth child in a somewhat different setting in the same city. By this time Brazil's social welfare institute, INPS, revitalized since the revolution of 1964, was poised to pay the full expense of Dalva's hospitalization and delivery. For Dalva was an employee of the federal government, one of the groups of workers entitled to comprehensive medical, retirement and other benefits from a huge government fund which absorbs a large portion of the federal budget. To receive these free benefits Dalva went to a specific maternity hospital operated by the government for its own employees. Dalva was pleased with the medical care she received. Private medical care is very expensive for a middle class income, and out of the question for the poor.

Though the physical setting of this hospital was not so luxurious as that which Mother Sampaio had enjoyed a generation earlier, the same social ritual was maintained. It was arranged by the family that Dalva never be alone. A couch in her room was provided for this purpose, for it is part of Brazilian tradition that the simpler ministrations of nursing care be provided by someone near and dear. Indeed, the notion of necessary privacy for rest, or as respite from the strain of presenting a "public" face, is foreign here. To leave one alone, sick or well, is to punish him--to deprive him of that most important human comfort; togetherness. In portraying this value a Brazilian informant joked,
"A hospital room is a place where friends of the patient meet other friends of the patient they had not known before."

The poorest classes present still another scenario for the ritual of birth. Scientific medicine has generally been unavailable to them, and folk medicine the accepted mode. There have been sporadic attempts to create virtually free public health clinics for the poor, especially in the cities. President, (beginning in 1930) and later Dictator, Getulio Vargas is much beloved by the little folk because he made valiant efforts at social welfare legislation in their behalf which waxed and waned with his political fortunes. Semi-defunct medical clinics was one of his legacies, now reactivated by the present regime. Though their numbers put tremendous pressure on the facilities, nonetheless, the urban poor now have greatly increased access to scientific medicine through this network of clinics, one of the benefits which give them hope for the future. However, old ways die slowly. Reliance upon folk practitioners and their medicine is still the primary recourse for the poor.

North Americans faintly remember the mid-wife as an important actor in the drama of birth. For the higher classes in Brazil she has only recently yielded her important role to the doctor alone. She is known as the parteira (from the latin root of parturition), and she officiates at the parto or birth. For a long while she hung on among the well-to-do as a necessary fixture, though without essential function. Even today she is finding a new role as a practical nurse who brings her special talents into the home of the newborn infant, as his special keeper, for the first few weeks of his life.

Among the lowly the parteira is still the high priestess of this
first rite of passage, if they can afford even her bargain rates. The lower the socio-economic class, the more likely the parteira will mix magical practices into her ministrations. Though the Sampaioos have by no means entirely succumbed to scientific rationalism, episodes in the life history of a cook in their household better illustrates the magical rituals and taboos surrounding the experience of childbirth in the poorest class.

My first baby aborted at four months. He was perfectly formed, but his mouth was open. The reason for the miscarriage was his hunger, apparent from his open mouth. A short while before my sudden confinement I was seized with a great desire to eat acaraje' [cakes made of black bean mush and deep fried in the oil of the dent'e palm]. Because I lacked money I did not eat the acaraje.' This is what killed my baby. When the fetus will eat only what it prefers and doesn't receive that food, it dies. This is what happened to my first baby. I felt pity for that little thing, my first baby.

Because I was working in the house of a fine lady in Salvador at this time my first child was born in the charity hospital. It was very crowded. I was given a shot by the doctor after the miscarriage, [an antibiotic] given routinely as a hedge against tetanus, hemorrhage, bad odors, etc. I felt no more pain, and after three days returned to full work in my patroa's [female employer] house.

Shortly thereafter I was pregnant again by my sailor. In the third month of my pregnancy I stood on the dock waving goodbye to his ship. For a year I heard not a word from him...not a letter, not a speck of money for his child, nor anything.

In the eight month of pregnancy I became so heavy that I could not work easily, and so returned to my native place on the fazenda [plantation] to be near my mother. I lived alone in my own cottage in the field-hands' village, doing light work such as washing clothes for bachelor-workers, carrying water to the men in the fields, fixing people's hair, etc. I was also preparing the baby's clothing and all the things needed for the birth.

When I knew the hour was at hand I sent for my mother and the parteira, an old woman who lived on the fazenda and was skilled in these matters.

It is our practice to have the woman in labor lie on a low bed. The parteira has the responsibility for massaging the abdomen to assist the birth. The object is to do everything possible
to speed the delivery. Sometimes a home-brewed tea of various leaves is given to the woman in labor to make her pains stronger. These "hot" [strong] pains will ensure more rapid action and are to be preferred to the weaker "cold" pains. Sometimes cachaca [raw, strong sugar-cane rum] mixed with black pepper is given to induce "hot" pains.

After the baby is born the parteira gives a complete bath to the newly-delivered woman and the infant with boiled, hot water. Afterwards the bed linen is changed and the placenta is buried just inside the kitchen door in the beaten-earth floor.

The burial of the placenta is extremely important, for it protects the newly delivered woman from after-pains of colic. An exposed placenta can be used by a colic sufferer for displacing her own misery into the body of a victim [via the vulnerable placenta]. The mode of displacing colic pains is thus; The sufferer must jump over the placenta of another newly-delivered woman, this act ensuring the passage of her own pains onto the owner of the placenta which may be buried or not. For this reason the placenta is buried within the house and surveillance of its owner. However, the placenta remains vulnerable to such hexing for only two days.

This danger of contagious colic from the placenta can work in both directions. That is, a visitor to the newly delivered mother should never sit on her bed for fear of catching whatever colic she may have. Even if the visitor is not pregnant, and may not become pregnant for years to come, the potential danger remains from this exposure. Likewise, a woman suffering from colic may come, presumably to visit, and by sitting on the bed transmit her colic to the new mother in bed. However, if neither woman is afflicted with colic, there is danger to neither. Thus it is that visitors do sometimes sit on the bed.

It is the duty of the parteira and the new grandmother together to see that the placenta is immediately buried. The midwife or the grandmother likewise prepares special food to be given to the parida [newly delivered mother] immediately after delivery. During this food preparation the parida may sometimes arise from her labor and administer her own bath. In general, however, she is expected to remain in bed about three days.

The first meal of the parida, prepared at once by the midwife or grandmother is strictly prescribed. A chicken is freshly killed and put to stew with these and only these seasonings: salt, black pepper, garlic, and onion. After the meat is tender some of the juice is taken out of the pot, mixed with water and added to manioc flour which thickens into a gruel or mush called pirão. Onto the top of the pirao is served some of the chicken meat. This is eaten by the parida. At night and in the morning she takes bread and coffee. For the first three days after the birth this, with water, is her strict and exclusive diet. Any deviation from this diet is
harmful. After three days she may return to any ordinary diet she likes.

Helio, Mother Sampaio's son-in-law, fleshed out the mystique surrounding the ritual of birth by recollections from his own background. Helio, it will be recalled, had come from the relatively dry interior beyond the sugar-cane belt.

I was literally born beside the road without medical aid or attention. My father and mother were on a journey to a neighboring town where my mother would stay with a friend while awaiting my birth. They believed this to be necessary because my mother was much disturbed by the sight of a neighbor she could not avoid in our own home. Sight of the neighbor caused my mother to vomit, sign of a maleficent influence which would damage the unborn child. This kind of vomiting was very common among pregnant women at this time. Even the husband was sometimes the presumed cause of the malady. I believe this was a superstition of the time which caused the physiological reaction. Such happenings are quite rare these days.

Another important belief had to do with disposal of the umbilical cord after the birth. In my 
terra [native place] it was thought imperative that the remains be thrown in the sea, no matter how far away. My mother saved my umbilical cord for four years until we moved from the interior to Salvador where it was then properly dispatched. The reason for this was protection of the child from the evil eye; for persons wishing to hex the child would use his discarded cord as an instrument of evil against him.

Helio went on the observe that such beliefs and practices had diffused into the interior from the coastal area where the African cult religion (candomble') remains vital. In the process the emphasis changed. For here in Salvador he believed candomble' to be used for both black and white magic purposes, with the balance perhaps tipped in favor of beneficent white magic. However, in the interior it was solely employed for black magic.

In respect to food prescriptions and proscriptions, Helio explained that he himself had prepared for his pregnant sister a mixture of cachaca (crude rum), honey, and several specified herbs in order to ease her difficulties. From his wife's experience as a social-worker among the poor of Salvador, Helio had gleaned further relevant information.
There existed a strong taboo against eating any organ foods of animals (heart, liver, etc.) for one year after delivery. This taboo extended to certain "hot" food, such as pineapple, jack fruit, and certain foods which figured in the preparation of the ritual food of certain religious observances, for example, okra.

Social Ritual, Then and Now--Baptism:

Having ushered the child (and his mother) past the first marker on life's passage, it is necessary to consecrate him at the second. This ritual partakes almost exclusively of the tradition of the Catholic church. The Sampaio children were all baptized in the cathedral of the old provincial center of Santa Barbara. I had the good fortune to participate in baptismal ceremonies in the cathedral of Salvador, and later at the home, in honor of the first-born of a family friend. The ritual seemed little changed from that described by Mother Sampaio for her own children a generation earlier.

A routine Sunday morning mass, at which the parents took communion, at about 10:15 a.m., after most of the congregation had drifted away, the baptism began in the rear of the cathedral near the entrance. It was here, gathered around the carved screen that three sets of parents, the three children to be consecrated, and a godfather and godmother of baptism for each child assembled before the priest.

These fictive kin fill important and functional roles in the extended social networks which are still basic to the structure of transitional society. In Brazil there is not a single set of godparents for each child; there are a number of pairs of godparents--each specific to a particular rite of passage. (See the section on Fictive Kinship and Personal Networks later in this same chapter for more detail.)
(The racial democracy of Brazil was evident in this assemblage, for there was considerable assortment of color, ethnic characteristics and material well-being represented both within and between the three family groups present. Though the dress of all marked their varying socio-economic stations no female in the group nor among their invited guests, the spectators, wore a head covering--formerly required for entrance into a Catholic sanctuary. One of the three mothers wore a pantssuit, unthinkable in this society until very recently. Further evidence of social change was the language of this ceremony: Portuguese, the popular language, rather than Latin, the sacred language--swept away by the edict of Pope John XXIII. However, the costume of the priest, principal actor in this religious drama, remained intact. He was clad in a lacy white smock over his long black cassock, the whole topped with a velvet-like tan cloak lined in red.

A preliminary sermonette was delivered to the parents and god-parents concerning their solemn responsibilities to the child: to provide not only for material needs, but to instill within the child a deep Christian faith during his formative years. This was followed by a formal reading of the service. Next an adult male assistant clad in short-sleeved sport-shirt (another departure from the traditional robes of the acolyte) presented a dish containing salt and another of oil. The priest put a small portion of salt on his finger and passed it onto the lips and tongue of each child in turn. Then he doused a bit of cotton in the oil and made the sign of the cross on the neck or breast of each child. At this point in the ritual the entire crowd moved from the carved screen to the font of holy water. There the priest once again anointed each child with oil upon the chest, back, and forehead, and then poured a goodly portion of
water over the head of each. Each operation was interspaced with prayers, the concluding prayer being the Lord's Prayer, recited in unison by guests and principals alike.

Another guest, a woman of sixty (who had emigrated from the Azores to California, and later to Brazil and back again), interpreted the significance of the ritual to me. Salt signified constancy of faith, she believed. Holy oil was administered only at the first and again, at the last rites just before death—for the coming-in and the going-out. The holy water was so basic a part of the ritual that she was at a loss to explain its specific significance. Later the baby's young mother was queried as to the special meaning of these symbolic elements. She found the questions hard to answer, as did her female relatives. For the ritual was such an accustomed part of their lives that probing of its precise meanings had never occurred to them. Yet, upon reflection, they opined that the salt probably signified the flavor of life, of spiritual life. Thus, the touch of salt was to endow the baby with a good, full, well-seasoned life.

**Social Ritual, Then and Now—The Baptismal Festa**

Following the religious ceremony the company dispersed. A few of the closest friends reassembled immediately at the modern apartment of this well-to-do young couple for the baptismal dinner. Here the young mother displayed with pride the culinary arts she had learned in California (in order to show her modernity) eschewing traditional Portuguese or Brazilian dishes.

The afternoon was spent in contented small talk, the viewing and admiring of the baby and the expensive photo-album covering the young couple's elaborate wedding the previous year, and a review of their life plans which
had included the celebration of a first baptism on the first anniversary of their wedding. There were wonderful tales of ritual festas and family life in the Azores; of the differences and similarities in these Portuguese patterns as between the homeland, Brazil, and California; and of the hardships encountered and overcome by the uncle who had begun the prosperous family business here in Salvador thirty years earlier. The gentlemen drifted off to see a soccer match at the new stadium, leaving the ladies to relax and receive the trays of catered goodies being delivered in preparation for the evening's festivities. Catering is a time-honored home industry in this city. Baianas are famed for their cuisine, and the doceira (maker of sweet-meats) is an historic figure in this culture. In its colonial days the nuns of certain convents in the city were renowned for their skill in this art, a tradition which still flourishes. It is among the arts taught by the nuns to the daughters of the elite and to the destitute girls whom they house. The demand for the product remains high, for this was originally a society of aristocratic planters who set the pattern of the lavish salon. Approximations of the form persist. Many a lady reduced to gentile poverty makes her way by catering quantities of artistic confections for the many festival occasions which punctuate the Brazilian calendar. The Sampaio women take delight in such preparations for their own family festas, for these are the gentle arts which mark a lady. On this occasion the good things included empadas with both sweet and non-sweet fillings (see chapter 3, p. 40 for detail); tiny individual cakes made from coconut milk and rich with egg yolks and butter; tiny balls of a candy-like substance made from boiled sweetened condensed milk with chocolate or coconut; miniature cream-puffs. All were individually placed in fluted paper cups and arranged on trays. There were also trays
of sliced meat and fowl of many kinds, decorated by tomatoes cut into flower shapes. Case after case of soft drinks, beer, and champagne arrived. Finally there was virtually no place left to deposit more prepared food; it was essential that the big dance of the evening begin on the terrace below in order that some of the food be consumed and the storage problem relieved.

And so it was. Small tables, chairs and benches appeared below. A hired orchestra with an electric microphone tuned up. A crowd of perhaps eighty people began to arrive--grandparents, adults, adolescents in pairs, children--all kinds of groups. There were lower-status blacks and high-status whites among the celebrants; business friends, family friends, acquaintances, and friends of friends. Only those in the closer circle went upstairs to the apartment where they were offered champagne and first chance at the platters of food. The beer and soda-water flowed freely on the terrace, as the somewhat disarranged hors d'oeuvres were passed about by almost anyone. The band played at top pitch, alternating between fast-paced Brazilian sambas and more sedate Portuguese "fados" (Portuguese folk dances). There were many natives shuffling circle-dance, cheered by their Brazilian grandchildren. Then it was the youngsters' turn to shimmy through a samba. As a high point in the evening, a demure Portuguese folk dance was performed by the young parents of the honored infant, long since asleep. Spontaneous exhibitions of dancing skill burst out as the evening wore on, the crowd clearing to make room. The children danced with their elders, all joined in singing out the lyrics to popular Brazilian carnival tunes as the band slid from one to another. Only the elder ladies sat on the sidelines, maintaining the propriety of their position. Finally, dripping with perspiration and good cheer we took our departure at
This particular baptism was a reasonable representation of that practiced by Brazilians of means today, as well as a fair reflection of the ceremonial form of a generation past. Nonetheless, drastic departures from this mode are appearing as part of the general social transition. In many ways Helio and Dalva, daughter and son-in-law of Mother Sampaio, are very modern in their thinking. This extends to their feelings about Catholic doctrine and ritual. In their view the priest is not a creature set apart, deserving of special reverence because of his vocation, but merely a human being like all others. The ceremonial observances of the church have been made less formal.

This couple chose to invite a personal friend, a priest of modern persuasions, to come to their home for the baptismal ceremony of their baby son, Marcelino. It was a small family affair, with everyone dressed informally, including the priest in a sport shirt. The joy centered upon this baby and his significance was no less than in the case of the infant baptized with firm adherence to the older, formal tradition. Change in form demonstrated a trend toward a secular ethic which so often accompanies the widespread application of scientific technology and industrialization. Such trends, and the changing religious beliefs of several of her children worry Mother Sampaio. She is unp comprehending and uneasy. Though ties to the deity may loosen, those to other humans remain firm. Marcelino had godparents, his maternal aunt and uncle, who feel great honor with their responsibilities.

The reciprocal honorific and economic aspects of the baptismal ritual are more sharply illustrated by another involvement of the Sampaios. Ursulina has frequent contact and great rapport with the poor fisher
folk of the island in the bay where her husband, Gregorio, has long owned a weekend cottage. The work of enlargement and maintenance of this small house has been performed by the islanders, their neighbors. Such sporadic employment provides one of the few sources of cash income for these folk, who otherwise subsist on the fish they catch and the few foods they grow. Ursulina and Gregorio are thus thrust into the role of patrão and patroa (patrons), like it or not. Though she often feels overwhelmed with the expense and obligation to buy an unwanted three eggs or to donate funds for a desperately needed roof, the islanders' need is great and Ursulina is not insensitive. Besides, noblesse oblige carries considerable advantage. For example, there is her need for water, carried from one of two wells on the island. She is offered the finest fish from the daily catch, or the choicest mangos from the islands' groves, frequently as a gift. A rare catch of sea turtle for soup, or armadillo for stew, will almost surely be presented as a gift—the understood right of the patroa. Likewise, when any of the Sampaio women need a special garment of handmade lace, their order will immediately be given first priority at a special price. Perhaps most important of all, Ursuline is frequently asked to serve as madrinhia (godmother) of baptism for one of the island babes. This is very meaningful to her and a role she accepts with grace and sincerity. She will feel honor-bound to pay close attention to the development of these children, furnishing clothing for confirmation, small amounts of money for other special needs, and placement in jobs or homes as the child grows ready to leave the island for a try on the mainland. Her husband, Gregorio, enters into his role with only slightly less enthusiasm.

Ursulina's youngest brother, Mario, is a frequent guest at the cottage. The same gift of sociability that has made him a successful salesman
also endears him to the heart of the islanders. He can drink and dance and sing with the best of them. Besides, he is related to the patrão and in personal need of some ego-boosting. All this makes him a very good candidate for the honorific position of patrão of baptism. With great elation he accepts position after position, more caught up in the glory than in sober thought of the implicit obligations he is assuming. But then, Mario is new to the business of being a success in life, and it takes a little time to settle into a new status.

Social Ritual, Then and Now--Confirmation

Madalena, now in early middle age, remembers her confirmation as perhaps the happiest day of her life. She tells of a life-long mystical attachment to the church, which seems always to have enveloped her in a shield of comfort and strength in hours of need. Because she is unmarried she does not fit well into her culture and suffers from the implicit denigration of her status as spinster. Indeed, her brothers sometimes make rather cruel jokes about her condition. In moments of confidence she speaks movingly of her sense of aloneness and the continuing pain of the loss of her father. She seeks emotional shelter in the relationship with her "godfather of graduation". He, her beloved professor of law, became her padrinho da formatura (godfather of graduation), and later her employer and counselor. He gives freely of his wisdom and strength as she wrestles with the life problems which threaten to crush her. Madalena is searching for a surrogate parent.

"What a wonderful day that was, the day of our first communion. Ursulina [her twin] and I were nine years old. The one thing I ever did better than Ursulina was to learn the catechism. She never did believe much in God, even as a little girl. But I did. We wore long white dresses and crowns made of white carnations. Ursulina's hair was so smooth and straight, just like an Indian's
hair. Mine never was good like that. In fact, hers was so smooth that it wouldn't hold a bobby pin. Mother had to put a lot of lemon juice on her hair to make it stiff enough to hold the crown of flowers. I knew father loved me because he spent all that money on our first communion. Several of our playmates, the children of the field hands who lived out in the quarters behind our big house, were also to receive their first communion that day. But Ursulina and I were kind of the head of the group. We all boarded the little train that carried the cut cane from the depository near our house to the sugar mill on another of the five fazenda father supervised. What a gay time we made of that short journey! In the little settlement around the mill was a small chapel where the service was to be held. We carried the special lunch mother had prepared for us for the occasion—a fried egg sandwich, something we didn't see very often. The service was beautiful. I felt near to God. And I didn't forget a word of the things I had learned in catechism class. I wish all my life could be as beautiful as that day."

Maria de Conceição, Mother Sampaio's youngest daughter, tells of her first communion nearly fifteen years later. At this point in time the Sampaios were living a hand-to-mouth existence. There was not well-placed father to provide the finery for this important occasion. Yet it was as important for Maria as for Madalena to be provided with the necessary trappings of this ritual act. The network of personal relationships swung into action. Maria da Conceição recalls:

"In 1957 I made my first communion. I didn't have the proper clothing, dress, anything. Neither my mother nor any of the three oldest ones [siblings] now bringing in wages had the money to buy these things. The clothing for confirmation is expensive. Therefore I wore the communion dress of a well-to-do cousin of my own age who had made her communion earlier. I was very satisfied to have her dress. My middle-school and primary teachers liked my mother very much. They thought her a very good and admirable person, a woman of real moral fiber to have educated ten children in her situation as a penniless widow. For this reason they gave me everything I needed to complete my communion outfit—veil, book, shoes, etc.—everything I needed except the dress which I had from my cousin. Until even today I have kept my veil and book as souvenirs from my confirmation."

In 1973 Dalva's nine-year-old daughter, Ana, will prepare for her first communion. Though neither Dalva nor Ana's father, Helio, feel the same awe for the holy mysteries as did Ana's Aunt Madalena, they hold in
great respect the ritual markers in the human life-cycle and the ethical commitments which these symbolize. Ana had been reared with a sense of reverence for these symbolic commitments and the human responsibilities which they signify. She is more fortunate than her Aunt Maria, for her parents are able and anxious to outfit her properly in this performance of her first communion. A modiste will make Ana's gown, and artistic Dalva will design and manufacture her daughter's headpiece of veiling and plastic flowers. Ana is very excited as the great day draws closer. She has learned her catechism well and warms her elders' hearts with the sincerity of her feeling. Though her first communion service will follow a form not much changed from her mother's generation, it will differ in being conducted in Portuguese and not Latin.

Social Ritual, Then and Now--Birthdays

From many accounts birthdays have long provided an important occasion for celebration (Hutchinson 1957). The middle class Sampaio's family in modern Brazil is no exception. Most of the Sampaio's sisters, Mother Sampaio, and the house servants in her family compound, will prepare goodies of the type described earlier for the baptismal festa. Often Jaudira will bring her young children and their nursemaid to Dalva's house early in the morning and these two close sisters will spend a happy day together preparing for the festivities of the evening. They fashion storybook scenes on the large birthday cake, entrancing to any child. Mirrored platters of goodies are arranged to simulate fanciful trees or flowers. The house is polished to shining glory; Helio strings bunches of balloons around. Dalva brings out her most prized handmade-lace tablecloth, reserved for such important occasions; and the trays of
sweets are arranged on it around the scenic cake on the main table in the sala.

Because they must keep office hours, a Saturday or Sunday late afternoon is the most convenient time for a party. On such a day the birthday party of Dalva and Helio's four-year-old daughter, Isabel, was celebrated. The guests were mostly members of the extended family, fictive kin, or very close friends. Though Isabel and her small guests were obviously the center of things, the birthday party provided an excuse for an adult get-together. Isabel's guests were not her pals from school or the neighborhood, as the case would probably be in the United States. They were her cousins, for the kindred is the effective social group. The few exceptions included an important cleric to whom Aunt Madalena is attached by ties of employment and close friendship approaching the quality of fictive kinship—a kind of patron-client, or father-daughter relationship. The padre brought Isabel a holy medal from his recent trip to Rome, and at a later family party gifted Mother Sampaio with a printed papal blessing.

Preparations for the party melded into the celebration itself as early guests trickled in and joined the final clean-up efforts while some of the Sampaios finished their dressing. The women kissed, the men embraced, and the children jumped with excitement. Guests gave wrapped gifts as they arrived. Isabella opened them on the spot. The gifts ran heavily to clothing, in far greater abundance than the little girl had need for, rather than toys. For this middle class, recently emerged from a condition of scarcity, it is not yet fashionable to dress their little children like careless Huck Finns.

After about an hour, during which guests arrived and were greeted, the crowd of mostly women and children gathered around the big birthday
cake and sang "Happy Birthday to You", first in normal cadence and again in
double time with hand-clapping accompaniment. Starry-eyed Isabel blew out
the candles, and the food was served. The mothers loaded up the paper
plates with one of each kind of the numerous sweets and pastries. The
children were served these first, after which soft drinks and sandwich
platters were passed. After the children had eaten many of them gradually
retired to Mother Sampaio's back terrace to organize an informal game that
looked something like red rover. The trays of goodies were refilled to
look beautiful again, and gradually the adults began to gather around to
fill their own plates, to eat, and chat. The men, husbands and fathers
of the guests at the earlier phase of the party, began to appear, to help
themselves or be served by the ladies. All this happened with no clear-
cut organization; one phase of the party simply merged into the next, with
people arriving and leaving nearly continuously. Having been called for
6 p.m. only a few stragglers remained at the party by 8:45 p.m. The maids
began the clean-up before the last had gone.

Dalva later explained to me that she had done something she really
could not afford by spending the equivalent of nearly $100 U.S. on Is-
bel's party. (In addition to the great mass of refreshments she and other
family members had prepared, she had purchased a large variety of delicacy-
cies from the nuns of a particular convent, specialists in this art since
colonial days.) Because of her daughter's particular problems of sibling
jealousy, Dalva had felt it important to demonstrate Isabel's importance
in the family by this extra-special display. She said that among those
who were more financially secure expenditures for children's birthday parties
commonly ran many hundreds of dollars.

I observed the truth of this statement not long afterward when
Ursulina Sampaio and her husband, Gregorio, prepared a birthday spectacular for their ten-year-old daughter, Lucila. This event demonstrated the older tradition of Mother Sampaio's generation and before, when noblesse oblige figured importantly in many celebrations of Bahia's aristocratic planter families.

Lucila's birthday party was staged at her father's cottage on the island, for the city apartment simply could not accommodate the numbers of invited guests. Furthermore, Ursulina and Gregorio used this as an opportunity to fete the fisherfolk their island neighbors and retainers, as well as to entertain their kindred and honor their daughter.

Gregario had borrowed a huge pan from the high school where he taught. Outside the cottage he built a fire in which the festive stew of caruru would be cooked. All the ingredients had been purchased at the mainland wholesale produce market near the docks. All morning long the female relatives and many of the island neighbors helped prepare the caruru. The chopping of the okra, the main ingredient, is a huge task in itself. For several hours Gregorio watched and stirred the steaming pot. By 1 p.m. it was almost ready, and it was time for the birthday cake.

Since it was near Easter some member of the family prepared a huge cake decorated to resemble an Easter egg. (Though decorated eggs are an important motif in Easter decoration, the hunting of eggs takes no place in Easter observance in Brazil so far as I could ascertain). The cake was placed on a broad window sill facing the beach where the honoree perched beside it. Scores of children from the island and from among the Sampaio's indred gathered below on the beach to sing Happy Birthday to Lucila. There were well over one hundred; and Lucila was so overcome that she cried. The cake was cut into tiny pieces and passed out to the crowd. Next the
they have, to a considerable extent, earned. For Ursulina contributes much
charity to the small needs of these folk for house repairs, special clothing for baptismal occasions, etc. Gregorio has for years searched out jobs
and educational opportunities on the mainland for the more enterprising
of the young men; he has made loans to help establish on in a now-thriving
island-business. The islanders reciprocate. In addition to helping with
various renovations of Gregorio's cottage and household assistance to
Ursulina when the family is in residence (for which they are paid), they
contribute gifts from their orchards and the sea. The relationship is long-
standing and reciprocal.

The birthday caruru was not only a rite of passage but also a ritual
of social intensification, further reinforcing the network constructed from
patron-client ties.

Social Ritual, Then and Now--Graduation

The rite of university graduation is not greatly different from that
to which North Americans are accustomed, but it does offer a few distinctive
features worthy of note.

Foremost among these is the figure of the godfather of graduation,
padrinho da formatura, who acts as an honorary sponsor of the graduate.
Apparently this is a role which may be more or less emphasized, depending
upon the desire of the graduate who requests performance of the office
from someone he wishes to honor, or who may help him to "get on in life".
In the case of Madalena Meio, the padrinho of graduation was and continues
to be an important figure in her life, a gentleman who was her professor
and who has assisted her professional career with genuine fatherly concern.
(See chapter 5, section on Fictive Kin and Personal Networks). Maria da
caruru was served on paper plates to a double file of diners, children first. Together with their caruru and a plastic cupful of Coca-Cola, the children received a packaged party favor consisting of a school notebook, a cheap ballpoint pen, a pencil, eraser, toothbrush, and toothpaste. The Sampaio ladies had worked as a team to assemble the packages the day before. To the small-fry of the island this was quite a windfall.

After the children came the adults who were served caruru and a whole bottle of soft drink. Beer, whiskey, and batida (sugar-cane rum with lime juice) had been served during the late morning period before lunch, as the work of preparation had proceeded.

Aunt Jandira had prepared a pinata (called _jarro de barro_, or jar of clay in Brazil). The container had been decorated with colored crepe paper and filled with more erasers, pencils, little wrapped candies and small coins. After lunch the children enjoyed the fun of swinging at the _jarro de barro_ until it broke and the scramble for the contents ensued, much to the delight of all including the adults. Uncle Julio Sampaio took charge of this activity, and afterwards had the fun of throwing several of his adult siblings and in-laws, fully clothed, into the sea.

Mario Sampaio said afterward that Ursulina and Gregorio had spent a great sum of money on the party, and without doubt the expenditure stretched the family budget considerably. However, it was in the finest Brazilian tradition and had brought great happiness to Lucila and honor to her parents, the hosts. Ursulina had long desired to offer such a feast to "her people", as she refers to the islanders in the hamlet where Gregorio's cottage is situated. This move surely consolidated her position and Gregorio's as patroes (patrons) in this little settlement, a role which they both enjoy, which the villagers seem to project upon them, and which
Conceição Sampaio also has a close bond with her padrinho da formatura, who is likewise her eldest brother-in-law and much like a father to her in many ways.

I witnessed one graduation during my fieldwork, that of thirty-eight-year-old Bernardinho Sampaio, the eldest son. The prelude to his graduation is in chapter 3, *(Bernardinho's Story)*. So far as I could discover Bernardinho did not have a personal padrinho of graduation, perhaps because by this point in his life he was already a successful man and in no need of special help of this kind.

However, he did extend the invitation to a wealthy Brazilian industrialist to serve as the patron of graduation for the class as a whole, an office called paraninfo. The invitation was accepted; the duties consisted of sitting on the platform with other dignitaries during the graduation ceremonies, and financing an elaborate graduation ball at a plush country club on the night following graduation. For financial reasons, so I was informed, a wealthy person is always invited to accept this honor.

In the case of Bernardinho the honorary sponsor also offered him an excellent job opportunity in his personal business empire, perhaps completely unexpected by Bernardinho and perhaps not. Bernardinho was valedictorian of his class, and already the general manager of the local branch of a prestigious national firm. Bernardinho refused the outstanding monetary offer because he would probably have had to move to southern Brazil, and more importantly because the new position was not so visibly prestigious as that which he now held.

A baccalaureate service was set for the hours of 6 to 8 p.m. in the cathedral of the city. By formal tradition the three religions prominent in academic circles in Brazil were represented here: Catholic, Protestant,
and Spiritualist. Sometimes, I was told, a Judaic service is also held.

At 8:30 p.m., at another location, the academic ceremony began.
The graduates were dressed in academic robes and were seated in the first few rows of the auditorium with eight or more dignitaries on stage: representatives of the governor and mayor, rector of the university, dean of their own faculty, the archbishop, the three representative clerics of the earlier religious service, and the honorary sponsor of the graduating class. Each spoke emphasizing the usual graduation charge of responsibility for the future and congratulations on the recent educational accomplishment. Bernardinho spoke as representative of the graduating class. The diplomas were delivered to each graduate while the audience stood, and the national anthem was sung by all.

Afterwards there were a few small private parties given at the homes of a few of the graduates for some of their classmates and their wives.

The following evening, Saturday, the festivities started with a gala cocktail party for all the graduates and their wives plus important officials, at the nicest hotel in the city. Beginning about 11:30 p.m. the grand ball sponsored by the padrinho of graduation, the wealthy industrialist, got underway and ran on until dawn. Each graduate was given ten free tickets to distribute to family and friends. Dancing, refreshments, two orchestras--everything was laid on in grand style. Bernardinho, his wife and teen-age daughter shared a table with the industrialist and his wife. Dances were exchanged between the two families; Bernardinho arranged that Sr. Rich would dance with his sister, Madalena, as well. Everyone was much impressed.
Social Ritual, Then and Now--The Wedding

The rite of marriage has been discussed elsewhere in this report. In chapter 3, section 1, *Mother's Story*, a traditional "old fashioned" provincial wedding is described. In chapter 5, section 4, two recent weddings of middle class style are discussed from the perspective of fictive kinship.

The wedding of Maria da Conceição, youngest of the Sampaio daughters, was arranged for her twenty-fifth birthday. It seems not to be unusual for both men and women of today's upwardly-mobile middle class to delay marriage to this age, and in the case of the men even later, for economic reasons. This is quite a change from the age of marriage, whether legal or free, of women in the generation earlier or of the poor in the present generation. Maria's mother was sixteen at marriage. This change in the customary pattern of age at marriage may well have some relation to changes in Brazil's birth rate. (For more detail see Appendix 2).

In broad outline, Maria's wedding was not greatly different from a Catholic wedding in the United States. But there are some details that are distinctive and worthy of note here.

There was a "kitchen" shower several weeks beforehand, given jointly by several of her sisters. It was quite like the same procedure in the United States, I thought. Ladies only were invited; their gentlemen friends remained visiting together and listening to the soccer game on Mother Sampaio's terrace while the ladies made gay in Dalva's dwelling above. But I discovered an innovation which I had never heard of in North America-- a "party game" in which the honoree was the principal actress.

The wrapped gifts were deposited on the table in a pile. Maria was
blindfolded and given the task of guessing the contents of each package, by handling, shaking, etc. Those she guessed correctly were put aside, but the wrong guesses were reserved for a second go-round. At the second try a secretary kept account of Maria's responses, and though reduced, the pile of incorrectly identified parcels was still appreciable. Now the fun began. The donor of each of the unidentified packages was privileged to exact a fine from Maria. One or another of the kinder souls among them asked her to sing a song, or perform some other trivial stunt. But the real fun of the game, obviously, was its "strip-poker" aspect, and most of the forfeits prescribed were for some article of her clothing. Maria was stripped right down to her briefs amid gales of hilarity. She was a good sport, but blushing furiously the while. Her mother found it too much, and had to leave the room. After the last forfeit was paid Maria was re-dressed and opened the packages. Those which she had incorrectly identified came first, with the secretary calling out the discrepancy of her guess as the contents of each package was revealed in turn. This was cause for fresh merriment, which turned to admiring comments as she worked her way through the gifts about which there was no mystery. Everyone was pleased that Maria's kitchen would now be so well equipped. Platters of sandwiches and goodies of all kinds were brought out. These were of the general variety already described in the section on the baptismal party, earlier in this chapter. Bottled soft drinks and beer were also served. With this the ladies began to disperse, and male members of the family and their few close friends waiting on the terrace below came upstairs to enjoy the refreshments with the children. All told, the "shower" had lasted not more than two hours and was all over by about 6 p.m. on a Sunday evening. Mother Sampaio was a little nervous about the shower game, explaining to
me that it had only become popular within the last very few years. She was curious to know if American women played such games at wedding showers.

In other ways I found a break with the traditional format of the marriage ritual. Some weeks earlier Maria and Claudio, her fiancé, had sent out their wedding announcements. Maria, in consultation with Claudio, had designed the announcement, and they advised me that it was very untraditional. The stiff white card showed a cartoon of Olive Oyle and Popeye, cartoon characters from the United States and long since a part of the Brazilian scene as well. Olive is shown dragging an unwilling Popeye toward the church and marriage. The written inscription underneath is also a joke: "Come witness our act of bravery in which we are going to contribute to the demographic explosion." Place and time of the wedding ceremony were given; names of the widowed mothers of the bridal pair, and the signatures of Claudio and Maria. This was followed by an inscription at the bottom of the card giving the new residential address of the couple after marriage.

Preparations of the bridal costumes started months ahead of time. In most regards Maria's long white gown was quite traditional. But she chose to wear a red lace redingote over her severely plain gown. Her sisters were a bit ruffled by this break with tradition; but they were soothed by the fact that it had been hand made by the women on the island in the bay where they were wont to go for special finery expressive of tradition. Maria told me that it cost the equivalent of $70 to $90 United States. She commented that her headdress, of long white ribbons and artificial flowers over her long flowing hair, was very "hippy". But that's the way she wanted it. Her artistic sister, Dalva, designed and made the headgear and the matching bouquet of artificial flowers, as well as those adornments
for Maria's two small attendants, her nieces. All Maria's sisters, though not participants in the ceremony, had new "party" dresses made by a modiste for the occasion. Mother Sampaio had a long satin gown made, for she had been selected to serve as Maria's madrinha of marriage. (See chapter 5--section on Fictive Kinship and Social Networks for detail.)

Maria and Claudio delayed their wedding by a full year, resetting the date twice, in order to have their apartment more nearly paid for and their furniture purchased before marriage. Maria tells me such careful planning and economic preparation for the future home is quite usual in this social class, though few couples have come so close as she and Claudio to having things nearly paid for before hand. In the more affluent upper class the apartment and furniture is usually a gift to the newlyweds from the family of one or both, whichever can better afford the expenditure. It has been noted elsewhere that Brazilians still prefer to live close to their relatives. As the affluent have moved in off the sugar fazendas and out of the old mansions maintained in the city for the "social season" (Hutchinson 1957), they have purchased or built modern apartment houses in which several related nuclear families could live close together "under one roof", as it were. This pattern is aped by the middle class as they are financially able to do so. Maria's new apartment home was within five to ten minutes walk of her mother's home, a fact which she explained in terms of the normal Brazilian desire to remain near "family".

The activities on the actual day of the wedding were not very dis-similar to those familiar to most Americans. But certain noteworthy taboos and prescriptions did come to light. (1) It is the custom that the brides underclothing must all be white. (2) By custom, the bride does not
dress herself for her wedding. (3) It is also the custom that the bride may not return to her mother's house, where she has dressed for the wedding, after the wedding ceremony. Therefore, the clothes for the wedding trip must be packed and sent to some other home or place where the bride may change clothing afterwards. In Maria's case, this place was the apartment of her sister, Ursulina, who prepared a small wedding supper for the most important members of the wedding party, but not for all the family. (4) The groom may not see the bride on the wedding day until the moment at the church when she is delivered to him by her father (or father-substitute). (5) No one but the bride and the driver, usually the bride's father, may ride in the bridal car to the church. (6) Usually there is only one priest to perform the religious ceremony. But, as in the United States, this practice is sometimes revised for good cause, such as the need to create an honorary role for two close friends or relatives, both of whom are clerics, as was the case with Maria and Claudio. (7) The ceremonial role of the father is finished when he delivers the bride to her future husband at the church door. (Maria and Claudio had selected one of Salvador's oldest and most beautiful baroque churches as the site of their wedding). In the ceremony proper the father's place is taken by two actors who do not figure in the common North American ritual: the madrinha and padrinho of marriage, one pair selected by the bride and another by the groom. These padrinhos may best be understood as honorary sponsors, and during the ceremony they stand beside the principal to whom they are sponsors. (See chapter 5, section 4, *Fictive Kinship and Personal Networks* for more detail.)

Music for the wedding proper is quite similar to that commonly used in the United States. There is an organist and a female singer (or singers).
If means permit, a stringed group is also engaged. The vocal selection precedes the wedding march which has traditionally been Wagner's Wedding March from Lohengrin, however, Maria tells me that in recent years, as in the United States, it has been losing popularity; she chose a selection of Bach's sacred music: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring".

The processional starts with the padrinhos of the groom, arm and arm, first down the aisle. They are followed by the padrinhos of the bride, by the maids of honor (which may be one or many), and last of all by the bride and groom, arm in arm. As the bridal couple enter the church the guests rise and remain standing until they have reached the altar.

The recitation of the wedding service at the altar was little different from a Catholic wedding service in Houston, Texas. The recessional was the traditional Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and is always used, so Maria told me. Photographs are traditionally taken on the church steps at this point. Then it's on to the civil ceremony in the adjacent church parlor, the legally significant portion of the ritual. The religious ceremony is today used only for reasons of sentimental attachment, religious feeling, and pomp and show, according to Maria.

The civil ceremony is very brief, consisting of the signing of the marriage document by the bridal pair, the judge, and the legal witnesses. The padrinhos play no part in the civic rites, but remain standing in the background with the assembled guests. After the signing the judge reads aloud the bare facts presented on the marriage certificate and pronounce the couple wed by authority of the state. (For the special honorary significance attaching to the role of the legal witnesses see the section in Fictive Kinship cited above.) The judge is the first to offer his congratulations to the newlyweds, and afterwards all the guests do likewise.
as they file by the assembled reception line. More photos are usually taken at this time. (Even more than in the United States, it seems, an expensive and lavish book of wedding photos is cherished by the bride and groom.)

Beginning about 1968, so Maria says, the custom of the wedding reception began to fade, and not primarily as an economy measure by those in straitened circumstances. Maria estimates that 50 to 70 per cent of weddings in Salvador are no longer accompanied by the reception. In its place is arising the newer custom of the intimate dinner party for close friends and both families at the new home of the newlyweds shortly after their return from the honeymoon. It is also customary to send out printed announcements to a wide circle of friends giving the new address and inviting the friends to "drop in" for a visit at any time. When the reception is held, however, it may be staged at home, in the church hall, or at a hired club, the latter being the most popular. This change in custom is still an urban phenomenon, Maria says. In the interior the traditional reception with baked turkey, champagne, plus the usual Brazilian party goodies is obligatory.

The chivari tricks familiar to American readers are a traditional part of the marriage scenario in Brazil also, according to my informant. For this reason the location of the first night's nuptial bedroom is a closely guarded secret. This may sometimes be a hotel preparatory to a honeymoon journey commencing next day. However, if there is no formal honeymoon, it may be spent in the couple's new home which has been carefully prepared before the wedding day.
Chapter Five - Part Two

Recreation

Recreation is an important part of life for the ebullient people I observed. Though the very poor, represented in this study chiefly by those described in chapter six, sometimes lack the means or the energy to enter into the festive life of the city, one has the impression that a proclivity for good fun is "in the bones" of most people of all classes in this region.

Personal interaction, particularly family interaction, ranks high on the list of activities from which Brazilians gain satisfaction and recreation. They like to be together--talking, touching, joking, singing, dancing, arguing. (The joke about the Brazilian bagunça [see chapter nine, part five, under Togetherness] captures the essence of this notion. The dictionary defines the slang usage of the word bagunça as "confusion or disorder", as in "What a mess!" Times of family togetherness for the Sampaioes are described by one of the daughters as "one big bagunça". The family members are inclined to talk all at once, to gesticulate wildly, and to raise their voices higher and higher in the effort to command the attention of the others. The result is certainly "confusion and disorder", and also a satisfying kind of emotional contact which many Brazilians miss in a more restrained culture.)

With the coming of television (about ten years ago in Salvador), television watching en famille has become an important part of personal recreation (See chapter four, The Daily Round, for a discussion of this recreational interaction.)

The Brazilian propensity for festivity finds expression in many
rites of passage (chapter five, part one) which serve as vehicles for intensification of familial interaction. Though these rites are important as transitional markers in the life status of the individual in question, it seems that they may be even more important as recreation for the observers and lesser participants.

Recreational visiting within the network of the extended family or family outings might not seem so foreign to Americans rather used to this kind of recreational activity in their own society. Salvador's Bay of All Saints is dotted with lovely tropical islands that offer weekend havens to many from the city who own a cottage or have relatives and friends among the fisherfolk inhabitants. The Sampaio family frequently journeys in small groups or sometimes en masse to the cottage owned by a son-in-law for surfing, lounging, eating, drinking, and visiting. Sometimes as many as fifty people somehow connected to the family network will pass through the small house for some part of a long weekend. The logistics of feeding and bedding the throng are remarkable. They come home laden with bananas, coconuts, or mangos from the island, and they are tanned, relaxed, and "lifted" by the familial intensification. Those few family members who come away feeling "squashed" by the intensity don't go very often.

Excursions to other towns, states, or historic-scenic points are becoming more and more popular as the network of roadways rapidly expands and as Brazilians have more automobiles and income. The desire to know their own country and to travel the newly completed highways grows with the increase in national pride. To visit Paulo Afonso Dam on the São Francisco River is a kind of pilgrimage for many. (Paulo Afonso is the major source of electricity for the Northeast and a
patriotic symbol.) To tour Brasilia, the new inland capital, is a hope. And everybody wants to travel to Rio—city of dreams—at least once.

Travel agencies are springing up. Package excursions in new buses are offered to coincide with school holidays. In no time a busload of Brazilian tourists has become one big happy family busy cracking jokes and sharing the excitement of the outing.

Many "new" middle class Brazilians of my acquaintance expressed great interest in "seeing Brazil first." This attitude reflected patriotic pride.

Excursions for other classes is a different phenomenon. Foreign travel for upper class Brazilians is commonplace. The poorest classes travel for business, not pleasure—from the interior to the coastal cities, and from the north to the south in search of economic opportunity.

Soccer, called futebol, rates as more than recreation in Brazil: it is a national passion. No other sport touches its popularity. The little Brazilian boy is rare who does not begin to kick around a ball (or that failing, a can) when he is very young. The beaches are covered with informal futebol games on every weekend and frequently in between. Any vacant lot becomes a field; a common sight in almost any barrio is a soccer game in the street. Brazilian futebol, unlike American football or baseball, remains a participative sport for older men as well as boys and youths. The artistry with which sandlot players manipulate the ball with their feet is worth any spectator's time. There is a quality of ballet—or samba—rather than brute force, in the skill.

Though informal participation in futebol seems to run through every social class and section of Brazil, the big focus is on the professional team. Any city with civic pride will try to mount one or more. These
are supported by team "clubs", to which any citizen may belong if he
wishes to contribute the small membership fee. In addition to financial
support, the clubs serve as boosters; members turn out faithfully at the
frequent games informally clad in team colors and perhaps carrying a
huge team flag which will be twirled and flapped at moments of triumph
during the play. After the game these banners will be displayed from
auto windows as the victorious supporters roar up and down the streets
with flags flying and horns honking. A great esprit de corps unites
club members and binds strangers into brothers, wherever they may meet.

All this enthusiasm has paid off in terms of competitive excellence.
Brazil has twice in recent years won the world championship. The Pres-
ident of Brazil declared a national holiday in honor of the occasion,
and with one clever stroke pushed the cause of national unity forward
by quantums. Are Brazilians second class citizens of a second class
nation? No indeed; they are world champions! There was dancing and
embracing in the streets scarcely equalled by Carnival.

The big futebol games at the city stadium in Salvador take place in
a circus atmosphere. A bit like an important college game in the United
States, it is more intense in Brazil. Hawkers of all the native snack
foods described elsewhere cluster around the outside of the stadium,
selling their wares to the crowd as it gathers. This continues inside
during the game, so that eating is second in importance only to being
a spectator.

For five cruzeiros (approximately $1 U.S.) a general admission can
be purchased. For the poor there is a steep hill on one side of the
stadium from which the play can be witnessed. The hill seems always
to be well populated. In addition to this bare hill the bowl is
surrounded by apartment buildings built on adjacent ridges. Colorful booster banners are draped from balconies by the residents, who hang over their flags watching the play in comfort. The flat rooftops of the buildings are likewise crowded with non-paying spectators.

In the stands women and children accompany the father of the family. All are informally clad; the men and children often in shorts, sport shirts, and sandals; the women usually in slacks. Lots of young couples or young men in groups swell the crowd. This crowd works even harder at participation in the play than one typical of a football game in the United States. This struck me as odd, since the game score is usually zero to zero, so skilled are the players. The spectators are attuned to the fine points of play and enthuse over this in much the same way that an Italian opera audience can respond to the prima donna's trills. The banners, the balconies, the color are reminiscent of the Palio, Italy's ancient and spectacular horserace at Siena.

Mario Sampaio is a soccer fan par excellence. Regularly he dons his tri-colored team shirt and goes off after work to practice. He rarely misses a big game in the city stadium not far from his home. At noontime he frequently carries his transistor radio to the table where the frenzied voice of the announcer broadcasts the progress of an important game in some other part of Brazil to the rest of the Sampaio engaged in their usual mid-day bagunça (see this chapter, p. 94) Nobody seems to mind until suddenly it is discovered that, even at top volume, the diners cannot out-shout the announcer. Then Mario is pounced upon. The other male members of the household frequently accompany Mario to the mid-week or Sunday games in the stadium. Occasionally Dalva and Madalena go along and come home, like the men,
enthusiastic over the action. For important games one can walk down a residential street and see virtually every television screen on the block tuned to the game. When a critical goal is made the street rings with shouts of jubilation. In Brazil soccer is a gay and serious business.

The great Christian holidays of Christmas and Easter are important recreational events. Easter is a comparatively restrained holiday in which religious devotion and filial piety are emphasized, though even here Brazilian exuberance intrudes. In the very recent past it was the custom to cover the saints' images both in the churches and at home one week before Easter Sunday. These were uncovered on Easter Sunday morning. Good Friday is the big day. It begins with mass in the morning which focuses on the suffering of Christ. As the people enter the church they kiss the feet of a prone image of the dead and bloody Christ, and sprinkle it with holy water. The religious procession so common throughout the Catholic world is the major feature of Good Friday afternoon in Brazil. The image of the crucified Christ is taken from the church and paraded throughout the town and back to its place in church. The religious brotherhood attached to the church is responsible for the arrangements. (A shorthand description of these brotherhoods is as analogy to the altar guilds, ladies aid, or men's Holy Name societies. familiar to North Americans.) The priest and his acolytes lead the procession. Next comes the image bourne by members of the brotherhood. All are dressed in white as are the next in line, barefoot penitents fulfilling a vow. The townsfolk dressed in their Sunday best fall in at the end of the procession as it passes by, so that upon return to the church the file is very long.
Saturday morning may see an alelulia mass, in which joyous singing in celebration of the resurrection is the theme. This mass appears to have much less importance and celebration than the Good Friday mass. Until very recently when it was outlawed by the Pope, Saturday night featured a batuque or batucada—essentially a samba line in which children used whatever percussion instrument they could find (usually a tin can and a stick) to beat out the rhythm of celebration as they snaked through the neighborhood. My informant told me that the celebrants had the impression they were celebrating the birth of Christ, the true ritual meaning having become garbled. This was advanced as one of the reasons the Pope put a stop to it. In the opinion of the informant it was unfortunate that the children no longer had this outlet for their tensions, pent-up until 10 p.m. on Saturday before which they were required to be very quiet and dolorous.

The burning of Judas in effigy is another Easter Saturday event generally staged about midnight on Saturday. Traditionally anyone who wished took it upon himself to construct the effigy and to hang it from a tree. The batucada started the evening's gaiety which culminated in the burning of Judas generally stuffed with firecrackers. All the folk of the neighborhood gathered around to enjoy the fun. With regret my informant told me this practice, like so many other such festas, was falling into increasing disuse with the advance in technological progress and modern material well-being. Such folk customs hang on in the poorer barrios of Salvador as well as in towns of the interior.

Fromm and Maccoby (1970) make the same regretful observation in their study of a Mexican village.
By Easter Sunday morning the religious celebrating is all over. There is an ordinary Sunday mass, nothing more. However, the expression of filial piety continues into this day. The occasion is often marked by a special meal attended by grown children who have traveled long distances to be with mother and to present her with a gift on this occasion. Such a meal is more often staged on Good Friday, but may spill over into Saturday or Sunday.

A traditional provincial Christmas is described in chapter three, Mother's Story. The present celebration of Christmas in the city seems a pale version of this. Much of the religious ritual is gone; the palm-covered altar has been replaced by an artificial Christmas tree purchased at the dime store (an idea copied from American movies.) Mother Sampaio festoons her home with all available varieties of tropical fruit, Christmas being mid-summer and the height of the fruit season. This numerous family exchange names so that each adult receives one gift from a "secret pal", all placed under the tree and opened amid laughter and jokes. The children receive lots of gifts placed in and around the shoes left at bedside. The family says juvenile behavior improves around this time for there is always the danger that the naughty child will find empty shoes on Christmas morning. Feasting on baked turkey and other out-of-the-ordinary good things begins around mid-day and continues as the extended family gathers for conversation, drinks, and togetherness.

Bahia enjoys a very rich festival life, said to be the most intense in Brazil. The rest of the nation is rediscovering the ethnic color of these festas, and Salvador is becoming a tourist mecca for Brazilians who want to see the "real thing."
TRADITIONAL FESTIVALS OF SALVADOR

Mid-winter Festivals

June
- Festival of St. Anthony
- Festival of St. John
- Festival of St. Peter

July
- Festival of July 2 (Bahian Independence Day)

September
- Festival of Saints Cosme and Damião

Pre-Carnival Festivals

December
- 4 Festival of Santa Barbara
- 8 Festival of Our Lady of Conception of the Beach
- 13 Festival of Santa Lucía

January
- 1 Festival of Our Lord of the Seamen
- 6 Festival of the Kings
  - Festival of Our Lord of the Good Ending
  - (Starts on the second Sunday in January and lasts for ten days)

February
- 2 Festival of the Mother of Water--Iemanjá
- Rio Vermelho's Festival
  - (Held two Sundays before Carnival)
- Carnival's Warnings, (Gritos de Carnaval)
  - (Held almost every weekend from January to Carnival at different public squares and in private clubs and homes)

Carnival
  - (Begins the Saturday before, and ends on Ash Wednesday)

Other Major Holidays

Easter

Christmas
Before treating the cycle of celebrations which lead up to Carnival proper, mention should be made of the mid-winter cluster of festivals. The Feast of Saint Anthony is held in June and emphasizes prayer meetings before flower-decked altars in private homes. The prayers are sung and are followed by the eating of Bahian foods traditionally associated with this celebration—canjica, a corn pudding made with coconut milk which tastes very much like packaged vanilla pudding. A fermented native fruit liquor is also characteristic. Such a home observance, to which friends are invited, is frequently a means of fulfilling a vow to St. Anthony, who is asked to perform some service in return. For example, the mother of a deaf girl continues to hold such a "party" year after year in the eternal hope that St. Anthony will heed her plea on behalf of her now adult daughter.

St. John is feted late in June with a festival perhaps only second in popularity to Carnival itself. Fireworks, frevo—an energetic dance associated with the Brazilian "hillbilly"—and costume parties built around this theme distinguish the holiday. A bonfire, which may be jumped over by any pair of people in pledge of undying friendship, is another feature and another mechanism for creating fictive kinship. (This aspect of St. John's celebration has now been reduced to a kind of joke, not really taken seriously anymore.) The featured food is virtually the same as for St. Anthony's festa, for this is the height of the corn harvest. The streets are thick with the smoke of fireworks and bonfires built in front of many homes. In addition to the frevo dance executed with an umbrella, there are old quadrilles and round dances into which any North American square dancer could enter with ease. The frevo leans heavily on African rhythms, but the quadrilles
are straight out of the European heritage. Some of the figures are even called in French—as in the United States—(e.g. allemande left.) Until recently, when they were outlawed, huge paper balloons painted with clown's faces were lofted by the convectional currents created by a large lighted candle inside. The balloons were beautiful and dangerous, not uncommonly coming to rest on a flimsy shack or a fireworks stand with disastrous results.

St. Peter's follows close on the heels of St. John's feast, and is a pale reflection of the same.

A Bahian "Fourth of July" (on July 2) marks the expulsion of the last Portuguese troops from Brazil in 1823 and is given over to speech-making and parades, rather mundane by comparison to other holidays.

The Festa of Saints Cosme and Damion in September is described in detail in chapter five, part five, *Religion and Supernatural Beliefs*.

When Bahians speak of the festa season, they mean the cycle which begins in early December with a three-day celebration in honor of Santa Barbara. At almost weekly intervals a new festival follows on the heels of the last until the mounting exhilaration explodes in the orgy of Carnival in February, the culmination of the season. Many of these festas are traditionally located in a particular bairro, while others are celebrated simultaneously almost anywhere in the city. The syncretism of Catholic-African religions is most apparent in these festas. Santa Barbara, for example, is also feted during the December observance as the African candomblé goddess, Iansán. The music of samba rings in the market place of the old bairro Baixa dos Sapateiros (the low place of the cobblers—i.e., Shoemaker's Row); and elsewhere in the city the ritual drums of candomblé throb for those who seek religious
trance.

A week later the feast of Our Lady of Conception of the Beach (also sometimes identified with Iemanjá, goddess of water) brings thousands of celebrants to the great praça (plaza) in front of the church for dancing, drinking, singing, and spontaneous participation in the gymnastic ballet of capoeira, a form of foot-fighting.

And so it goes, the Festa of Our Lord of the Seamen, which features a colorful procession of boats across the bay bearing a saint's image from one church to another; the outwardly similar Festa of the Mother of Waters, Iemanjá, when gifts of flowers, cosmetics, jewelry, and articles pleasing to a siren of a goddess are ritually deposited far out in the bay by boatloads of celebrants who dance and chant the afternoon away while the throngs on shore await their return. Sometimes Iemanjá is feted at night when lighted candles are stuck into the sand awaiting the high tide when the goddess will collect them. Floral and other offerings are bestowed by waders who make a good night of it.

Complete description of each festa is a work in itself. Suffice it to say here that certain common elements appear over and over in these jubilations, but in varying combinations. Sometimes the Catholic traits receive heavier emphasis, and sometimes the African. Very frequently portable stalls appear overnight in the square or before the church upon which the proceedings are focused. For several days and nights great volumes of refreshment are dispensed: beer, rum, soda-pop, fresh fruit drinks, boiled crab, boiled peanuts, short lengths of fresh sugar-cane, all the characteristic dishes such as deep-fried bean cakes (acaraje), bean stew (feijjoada), vatapá, caruru (described elsewhere), and on and on. In some of these festas great mounds of the
colorful fruits of mid-summer are an integral part, giving the whole the aspect of a harvest or "first fruits" ritual. To overindulge in dripping slices of field-fresh pineapple or cups of sugar-cane juice pressed on the spot by a crude crusher is part of the expectation. To wallow in plenty, to exult in bounty, to give oneself over to sensuous delights of all kinds is the essence, so like the great annual festivals recorded in many cultures. The lid is off, the repressions accumulated throughout the year are expelled, and the society is renewed for the serious business of everyday living (Turner, 1969.)

An inevitable feature of this scene is the Baianas, often magnificent, corpulent black women dressed in snowy satin and lace complete to bandana, who sit in queenly fashion before their pots of boiling oil to dispense the foods uniquely Bahian. The most regal among them may be priestesses of the candomble temples who play a commercial as well as religious role. Samba music blares from loudspeakers; drinkers at the little tables before the stalls beat out the rythm by hand; files of dancers weave through the dense crowd syncopating the time with anything that will serve as percussion instrument; hawkers call and wave their cheap carnival goods to attract attention. Everywhere are swarms of human beings, mostly the poorer classes....swarming, like a literal sea of moving human flesh surging uphill and downhill in close-packed opposition. Everybody is mostly "people-watching" and enjoying the movimento, the great Brazilian recreation. Baianas sit erect and asleep at their posts. Others are wide awake but shielding sleeping children of all sizes beneath their sweeping skirts, laid out on a small cloth or on the bare ground, exhausted from the continuous excitement. The heavy odors of tropical fruits and flowers and perspiring
humans mingle with that of broiling churrasco (something like shish-kabob) to an intoxicating blend.

By now the reader has the flavor of Bahian festivals. However, vignettes from the celebration of Carnival, the greatest of the holidays, may add a fuller dimension to the picture.

Carnival officially begins on the Saturday morning before Ash Wednesday, and runs steadily for four days and nights, though the exhaustion of the participants does slow things down a bit in the early hours before dawn. By late Friday afternoon the center of the city was impassable to vehicular traffic as masked revelers began to take over the streets. In our neighborhood intermittent files of children sambaed through the streets in a batuque (see chapter five, part two, p. 142 for definition.) The excitement rose like a fever. Early on Saturday morning the two unmarried brothers living under their mother's roof departed for the city center and the movimento. They returned for supper in the evening exhilarated and exhausted. Cesario was a little drunk and sang ribald Carnival songs at the table, much to the embarrassment of the female and glee of the male members of the family. The youngest twins, Mario and Maria, shut him up to sing a catchy Carnival hit tune with tongue-twisting lyrics worthy of a Danny Kaye. Mario's transistor radio continued to blare out Carnival sambas as he beat out the rhythm with knife and spoon, at last grabbing his sister in an excess of enthusiasm as the acclaimed family experts shimmied around the kitchen to the cheers of the family. Carnival was off and running.

Several of the older Sampaio children had decamped to the island retreat to escape the heat of summer and the noise of the holiday. This is a festival which requires stamina, and though oldsters love it
they can't quite take it.

The preparation of fancy costumes is very much a part of the excitement, and Dalva had made two different costumes for each of her little girls. During the day they wore their clown costumes as they capered around the house throwing confetti on each other and the little servant girls temporarily attached to the household. The portable radio furnished them Carnival music wherever they went. They were wild with excitement and happiness. In the late afternoon, after their parents had returned from a foray into the streets, the little girls were changed into their pierrotette skirts, had their hair decorated with artificial flowers and their faces heavily rouged in preparation for the family expedition to see the parade of samba schools (clubs) in the main street of the town. We were equipped with little net bags of confetti, piled into Madalena's Volkswagen, and drove as close as possible to the crush in the city center.

For six months before the start of Carnival the samba clubs begin their practicing. They work out elaborate costumes and dance formations. They gather at traditional meeting places, and form a class-stratified hierarchy of social organizations, the overt purpose of which is the Carnival presentation. The dock workers, the "Sons of the Sea", presented themselves as fisherman, complete with gilt bamboo fishing poles and big straw hats. The "Sons of Ghandi" jounced along, fifty or sixty strong, all identically wrapped in sheets. The elite group composed of university students and bank workers, "The Internationals", were identically clad as Aztecs or ancient Egyptians, it was a little unclear which. The din was deafening as loudspeakers strung at intervals along the street competed with each other and the percussion bands of the
samba clubs to furnish Carnival music. To decide which syncopated beat to follow was the problem.

The little girls were almost smothered or trampled underfoot as the cross-currents of joyful watchers sambaed along or in place, as the waves of bodies allowed. Mother Sampaio was completely caught up; she wormed her way to the front near the judges' reviewing stand and gave way to an enthusiastic samba herself. She was in no way conspicuous, because everybody else was doing exactly the same thing...younger, old, black, white, and all shades of brown.

Though all the watchers were not costumed, most made some gesture to costume. A common sight was a band of ten or more friends dressed in identical outfits styled along the lines of the Ku Klux Klan garb. However, bright identical prints rather than white was the preferred attire. Hippy themes such as "peace and love" were often crudely painted across the costumes.

The careta, or masked "boogie-man" who likes to eat children, is a Carnival fixture. The caretas, usually young men, like to approach a pretty girl on the streets, and in their falsetto voices comment on her charms and invite her to come along. This behavior is almost routinized; it allows for all kinds of street assignations without necessity or benefit of any previous social contact. Dalva told me that the maternity hospitals of Salvador are filled to overflowing nine months after Carnival.

There are many private "country" clubs in Salvador, as in Rio. Those who can afford it celebrate Carnival inside where the elaboration of the costumes is a wonder to behold. These clubs are loosely graded
by social class, money being the principal but not the sole divider. The more expensive the club the fewer the really dark faces. Dalva had been invited to a middle class club by a professional colleague and looked forward to the first such Carnival experience of her life. After midnight we arrived, showed our official identification cards to the state police at the door, and plunged into the melee. The action was much like that on the streets. The band had been playing non-stop since 10 p.m. and would continue until 5 a.m., various instrumentalists and dancers sitting out a few choruses to regain their wind. There was no intermission. The dancers wheeled counter-clockwise round the open-air floor, dancing singly or sometimes in side-by-side pairs, singing out the words to the tunes as they danced. Around the edge of the floor the infirm or exhausted sat at tables sipping beer and nibbling goodies, fanning themselves with paper fans and mopping their brows with paper-towels thoughtfully provided by the management. A woman in advanced pregnancy danced in place without pause, fanning and drinking. She had been at it till the wee hours the night before and a good bit of the day, so those around me commented approvingly. I began to sense that the "marathon" spirit was part of the Carnival mystique.

At 3 a.m. we took our departure. The vestibule area was filled with casualties from the dance floor; figures were sprawled about on the ground asleep or in utter fatigue. The adjacent park was likewise decorated with such "dead soldiers"--couples, singles, baianas asleep beside their trays of food. I was told that some celebrants never go home from Saturday to Ash Wednesday morning, sleeping in snatches on the streets or dance floors until it's all over. We drove through nearly empty streets at this hour. Hordes of men with brooms were
following behind garbage trucks sweeping up the litter, a change from years past when it was left until Carnival was finished.

Next day we were out in the streets again—where the "real" Carnival, the people's Carnival is, so the Sampaio told me. There was no parade now, only street dancing. Today was the time for rodas—ring dances. Spectators were drawn into the rings, and only poor sports declined. Live bands in elevated bandstands were scattered here and there supplemented by broadcast recorded music.

Of a sudden things were gay no more. A young man standing on the curb suddenly began to fall to the ground. The crowd reached out and eased him down where he lay gasping, writhing, perspiring profusely. I assumed this must be what too much Carnival ultimately did. Not so, I was informed. This man was suffering from lack of food. The crowd pressed too close, craning to see. Someone fanned, someone else fetched a piece of ice to his lips until a carbonated drink arrived. Half conscious though he was, he gulped it greedily. Another soft drink; he began to revive. One cruzeiro notes (20¢ U.S.) were outstretched by sympathetic hands. A frankfurter heavily laced with onions, tomatoes, and hot pepper sauce arrived. He devoured it fast, sitting by this time. The crowd piled more food and a little more money on his lap and leaned him up against a statue in the little plaza behind. He was warned not to eat any more now, but to wait a bit. And then they turned back to merrymaking. Helio explained that the youth had come out of the interior to Salvador to find work. He had not eaten for three days. This episode was a common occurrence, he explained.

The following night at one of Salvador's most expensive new clubs
I had a look at another stratum of society. The chief difference was the elaborateness of the costumes, the luxury of the setting, and the paucity of dark faces—though there were some. ("Money whitens", it is said in Brazil.)

Here also the excess emotional expenditure began to show. At the edge of the beach for a breath of air, I noticed a beautiful young woman clad in the disarray of her scanty costume about to walk into the surf over her depth. At the strategic moment two young men scrambled over the club's fence to pull her, protesting, from the water. She was not subdued without a bit of struggle, and pulled, sobbing, back into the club's grounds by a small crowd that now gathered to assist.

This was the last night of Carnival and one simply did not quit before daybreak. At first light our host conveyed his guests to his well-appointed apartment for a sumptuous breakfast. Afterwards he drove us home en route to work at his own job. On the way we passed weary revelers dragging along in well-used costumes, some just released from the jail where they had been gathered in for an excess of high spirits during Carnival. Now the fun was over; high emotion and energy were spent; dispirited and drooping it was back to the workaday world until another year. The great period of festas beginning in December and continuing almost without surcease had finished.

One somewhat embittered young Brazilian aristocrat said of these festas, "They are like the Roman bread and circuses thrown to the rabble to keep it quiet...The people are like cattle who have no thought but for festas and their stomachs...Festas are the opium of the Brazilian people..." Perhaps. But there is another way to look at them. The cycle of festas, particularly Carnival, serves as a massive rite of
social intensification and promotes the purpose of national unity. They also reflect and enhance the Brazilian capacity for participative, child-like delight, a renewing experience. According to Fromm (1970) this is not such a bad thing, especially when compared to the passivity fostered by the vicarious participation of the spectator, the more characteristic form of festivity in "modernized" societies. The spectator is deprived of the revitalizing experience of active participation, and is the poorer because of it.

Chapter Five - Part Three

Transitional Child-Rearing Practices

Among many North Americans who have experienced Brazilian culture, Brazilians enjoy the reputation of being a people especially fond of children in general. They are open, demonstrative, spontaneous, and warm (or even hotly intense) in relations with children. All this is in contrast to the characterization often made of North Americans as detached, carefully regulated, cool or rather disinterested in children unless they be one's own children...

On the face of it, then, it would appear that Brazilians and North Americans are rather far apart on this index. Nonetheless, there appears to have been a shift in the mode of child-rearing in Brazil over the last fifty years which parallels that apparent in the United States. The idea can be represented as a transition from victorian repression ("Children should be seen and not heard") to an emphasis upon developing or "actualizing" the self. The Sampaio family contains contrasts between the generations in child-raising concepts
and styles which graphically illustrate this transition.

The word *respeito* (respect) is often on Mother Sampaio's lips. Like older people in many places in the world she must grapple with changing mores. Frequently she demonstrates her unease and slight feelings of disorientation by the pronouncement that an unaccustomed behavior shows "lack of respect." An important cultural value of her youth --rather rigid social relationships based on ascribed status--is giving ground to newer patterns of relationship based upon achieved status. The corresponding notion of the intrinsic worth of the individual--as a mass of glorious potential just waiting to be released--is somewhat strange to her. As these ideas gain increasing acceptance and application, Mother Sampaio suffers the psychological jarrings that come with incongruency between her belief system and the facts of her present life. (Aronson 1972; chapter 4; Brown 1965, chapter 11.) In particular moments of stress she calls up the image of her own childhood, in which she was afraid (she says) to speak of her deepest feelings to her mother because it would be a "lack of respect" to do so. It was expected that she remain mute and passively acceptant of her parents' admonitions. And that was to be the end of it! Mother Sampaio's life history reveals that she complied with her parents' wish to marry a man much older than herself, of whom they approved, even though her heart originally belonged to a youth near her own age (ultimately scared off by her future husband.)

Mother Sampaio raised her own children in accord with this credo. Daughter Madalena recalls the visitor routine from her own early childhood when her father was alive and the family was prosperous. The children were bathed and dressed in their "company clothes" and fetched
into the parlor by the maids to stand (not sit) beside their mother. Mother sat at her husband's side beautifully dressed, all smiles and graciousness, while Father did the talking. On such "state" occasions the guests were likely to be business associates of Sr. Sampaio. Madalena tells of standing thus for long periods. Should she, her twin sister or her two younger brothers wiggle or whisper, Mother surreptitiously pinched them back into propriety. To permit any other behavior would have demonstrated "lack of respect" to the guests.

Madalena remembers other examples of such discipline from her early experience. She is left-handed, an accident of nature which has caused her great misery. She recalls being forced to carry a clean white handkerchief to school each day in which the teacher bound her left hand so that she would be forced to write with her right. The penalties for non-compliance were severe, both at school and at home. Madalena believes that her poor showing then in all school subjects stemmed from the great confusion and anger she felt at being forced into a mold which she couldn't fit. Her experience is expressive of the tabula rasa philosophy of child-rearing, in contrast to the "release-the-uniqueness-that-is-within" concept gaining currency today in Brazil and elsewhere.

Demetrio, the second son, tells of being caught out in a mild schoolboy prank in the classroom when he was under ten years of age.

Another student had stuck a little toothpick-like object in my ear. I returned the trick on him. The teacher caught me at it, but she hadn't seen the other boy. As punishment she told me I must come and sit under her desk. I said I wouldn't do it. I disobeyed her.

For this disobedience, this lack of respect to my teacher my parents passed a severe punishment on me. I shall never forget it. I was suspended from school for eight days. During
this time I was not allowed to play with anyone, or to play at
all. I was required to work out in the large vegetable garden
all day long. I was awakened at 6 a.m. or earlier. Immediately
I went out to work. After everybody else had breakfasted I was
called in to eat alone, at about 8 a.m. After breakfast I re-
turned to the garden and worked till mid-day. Again I lunched
alone, after everyone had finished. After lunch it was back
to the garden work till about 5 or 6 p.m.; after which I dined
alone after all the others. Then I bathed and went immediately
to bed. This went on for eight days during which time I
couldn't play with anyone or go outside the front door.

Our father hardly ever spanked us. But he found other kinds
of punishments for us, like this one. A breach of respect to
a teacher was a serious matter. For a teacher was like a
second mother.

[It appears that Mother Sampaio did a good little bit of spontaneous
cuffing of her children, unlike her husband who is portrayed as a much
more even-tempered, less combustible individual.]

In response to the question "What would have been the punishment
for a student who struck a teacher?" Demetrio answered that he remem-
bered such an incident at this same little country school.

A student hit back a teacher who was beating him for some in-
fraction. The student was permanently expelled from school,
not just temporarily suspended.

Today Demetrio is uniformly respected and beloved by his entire
family because of his calm, loving responsibility toward them all. He
is enjoying a rapid rise in his chosen career because he brings these
qualities to the job. Today he evaluates his punishment as severe,
perhaps, but entirely fitting within its context. These same canons
of respect and strict propriety he employed in his job as surrogate
parent (with older sister, Ursulina) to his younger siblings, after his
father's death and the family's move to Salvador. (See chapter three,
Mother's Story.) However, he is raising his own small son very much in
accord with the new philosophy of "releasing the inner potential" rather
than "imposing an external form." As he ruminates with Ursulina over their joint experience as surrogate parents he says, "We did the best we knew at the time."

Maria da Conceição, the youngest daughter, describes the severity of her raising by Demetrio.

Demetrio took charge of the family, of our education, our upbringing. He was very good to us, but also very strict, rigid, and exacting. I had a terror of Demetrio. He did not allow us to stay up past 10 p.m., to read magazines (for fear they would be immoral and contaminate our minds), to play with the neighbor children, etc. He did not allow me to go out with friends, to have boyfriends, to stop off at a girlfriend's house on the way home from school. In fact, I was to go straight to and from school and spend all the rest of the time in the house preparing my lessons, etc.

To this day Dalva Sampaio harbors some resentment of the strictness with which notions of respect and propriety were applied to her, especially by mother-surrogate Ursulina, by Mother Sampaio, as well as Demetrio. These came into play especially in regard to Dalva's courtship by Helio (her husband.) This great emphasis reflects the family's concern with social status and advantageous marriages as much as with obedience, or "respect." By and large the Sampaios do not have Negro physical traits which are more or less common in a large percentage of Bahians. Though racial democracy is much closer to fact in Brazil than the United States, "lighter is better" still operates as an important social criterion. Dalva's fair skin, blue eyes, and "good" hair are all points of pride in her family, and Helio is olive-skinned and his hair a bit curlier. In addition, his parents had come out of the more arid and distant interior with no pretensions to past grandeur. The match was opposed relentlessly for more than six years till true love finally won through all obstacles. Helio has come to be respected as
the finest of husbands. Dalva speaks of the strictness with which she was handled during adolescence.

Ursulina, who now occupied the position of maternal authority in the household, went so far as to forbid me to go out on the school yard at recess time so that I couldn't have any contact at all with Helio. She arranged with a friend of hers on the school staff for me to be kept in the school office during these hours. This situation went on for a whole year. However, Helio and I were not deterred. We continued to care for each other from the time I was fourteen until we were married after I was twenty-two.

The family opposition continued throughout this entire period. Demetrio put his friends up to spying on me to prevent my association with Helio. Ursulina said I was showing a lack of respect to continue going with Helio.

When Helio came to make a formal request for my hand in marriage he was not wearing a tie, being too poor to buy one. My mother said she could not speak with him because he was showing a lack of respect for her to appear without a tie. [Until the last few years the best hotel in Salvador would not permit males in the dining room without coat and tie, though this is a very humid, tropical climate.] She referred him to her older brother, who said he had no objection to the match. That statement broke the family resistance somewhat.

During the next year Helio and his father worked all the weekends renovating his parents' home, which they had vacated for a smaller one in order that Helio might have a suitable home for his bride. One of my younger brothers was helping them with the remodeling. I wanted to take lunch to them, the customary thing to do. I was not allowed to do this. I had to sneak out of the house to take them food. The family was still opposed to the match.

When Helio came to call on me I was not allowed off the last step of the porch of our house to say goodnight to him...because I might kiss him! And this would be showing lack of respect for Demetrio! All my sisters were allowed much more freedom with their beaux.

In many respects Dalva and Helio espouse a more "modern" philosophy than most of the family members. They conscientiously apply these views in the handling of their young children.
Following Ursulina's lead, they have sent their two young daughters (now aged nine and four) to a private nursery-primary school which emphasizes not respect and obedience to authority, but loving regard for the child's own potential and intrinsic worth. Parent-teacher meetings revolve around this theme, as do the mottos hung about on the walls of the school. Following are some samples:

"You are very welcome in our sala (room)." "We are happy with your presence." "Education is not a work of science; it is a work of love." "Take care of our books. They are our friends."

Their modern orientation as parents is even more dramatically illustrated by their reliance on a professional female child-psychologist in the treatment of a behavior problem of four-year-old Isabel. Isabel is a small and delicate child given to asthmatic seizures. She is often very demanding of attention in the struggle for the limelight with her older sister, Ana, and especially her baby brother, Marcelino. Both Ana and Marcelino were born sunny, endearing babies according to their parents. But Isabel was born with a pout on her face. Though asthma is a maternally inherited malady (from Dalva's father), Ana has outgrown it, and Marcelino is unafflicted. Isabel seems to use it as a tool when thwarted. The asthmatic attacks can come on very suddenly and very frighteningly. The parents have learned avoidance of known allergenic substances, but have a harder time with sibling rivalry. Through her professional contacts as a social worker Dalva learned of the young child-psychologist. About $13.00 for Isabel's one-hour weekly visit represents a heavy financial burden to her family. But Isabel's parents have no doubt of its importance. At home they continue the therapist's treatment by rewarding Isabel's "sharing" behavior, building
her pride in helpful contribution, and showering her with lots of loving attention and security. Helio has no doubt that she will respond in time, nor that the psychologist's services are beneficial.

Thus both the goals and techniques of child-rearing in this transitional family have shown significant change within thirty years time.

Chapter Five - Part Four

Fictive Kin and Personal Networks

Every society has its own characteristic pattern of social structure, those "ties that bind" and give it cohesion. It has often been noted that this pattern in traditional societies tends toward more personalized relationships, while societies in an advanced state of modernization have rationalized institutions with social patterns emphasizing secondary, or depersonalized, relationships.

A theoretical perspective useful for perceiving both personal and impersonal relationships as part of one integrated social system has been offered by Barnes (1954) and Mitchell (1966 and 1969. Also see chapter one, p. 8). It is termed the social, or personal, network. This model of society may be conceptualized as a seamless web of social relationships composed of many overlapping concentric circles, each of which has one person at its center. Each such circle is the egocentric or personal network which contains three orders or zones of relationship. Those intimates on the inner circle and closest to ego constitute his intimate network. Within the second zone from the center, labeled the effective network, are those acquaintances, friends, and more distant relatives whom ego knows less well and from whom he can expect
less. At the third remove are virtual strangers, constituents of ego's extended network. In the main these people belong to the intimate network of persons within ego's own intimate network. Should necessity arise ego could easily make the acquaintance of these folk through his close intermediaries. He could likewise make contact with total strangers by exploiting his relationship with members of his own effective network (the middle ring) to reach people in their extended networks.

The sum total of persons within ego's intimate, effective and extended network zones form ego's personal network. The intimate and effective networks form bounded zones. The number of persons who fall within each of these two ranges fluctuates and shifts, but their number remains finite, and their presence known. The extended network, on the other hand, is unbounded. Ego's personal network is thus 'open-ended' (Boussevain 1968:547).

Bearing these definitions in mind we may consider the interplay between formal institutional structures and personal networks. For it is these personal networks which both mediate between and link together the individual and the larger entities of society. For example, personal networks have much to do with how well, and by what means, an individual may solve the personal problems he encounters in dealing with the formal institutions of employment, education, etc. He must often fall back upon friends or "contacts" in his efforts to "get on in life". Conversely, within the formal apparatus of large organizations there exist informal relationships which are personal and which have a lot to do with whether the formal structure functions efficiently, is subverted, or operates in some mode intermediate between these two extremes (Roethlisberger and Dickson 1939). Eric Wolf remarks the diagnostic importance of these networks: "Complex societies of the modern world differ less in the formal organization of their economic or legal
or political system than in the character of their supplementary interpersonal sets" (Gluckman and Eggar 1966).

As Brazil moves into the world of modernized, industrialized societies it brings with it patterns of interstitial informal networks unique to its own past tradition, however apparently similar these patterns may appear to those found in other developing societies. Anthony Leeds has made some acute observations as to how very well these informal networks serve Brazilians in the furtherance of personal careers (Leeds 1965). The point in his article, as in my own observations of this phenomenon, is that a great deal of society's work in Brazil is done on the basis of the personal, in comparison with the mode in the United States, for example. Brazilians refer to their national leaders by first name; persons in high-status positions are addressed by their personal name preceded by the respect title, (for example, Dr. Antonio). To a considerable degree Brazilians feel themselves to be in personal relationships with their fellows, even though there are certainly social categories and ranks which divide and order their society (see chapter seven).

The large, extended family has been an important primary organ of Brazilian social structure. In the absence of governmental social welfare, the family has been the mechanism of social security—as in most pre-modern societies. Fictive kinship represents an extension of this basic vehicle. In Brazil fictive kinship, coupled with the proclivity for the personalized, is a widespread and highly functional instrument of social cohesion. Known as compadrazgo in Spanish speaking Latin America, the Brazilian equivalent is compadrio (Wagley 1964). Though giving ground before the pressures of modernization the institution of
fictive kinship is still very much alive in Brazil. The Sampaio family, in their relationships to blood and fictive kin, serve well as illustration. In Brazil, as in some other societies, there is not always one but may be several sets of godparents specific to a particular rite of passage (baptism, graduation, marriage, etc.). In addition, the bond between the biological parent and the godparent may often be more important than that between the godparent and the child or youth whom he sponsors (Wagley 1964). So it is that Dalva's godmother (madrinha de batismo) is primarily a bosom friend to Dalva's mother. In the hour of Francesca Sampaio's greatest trials, Dona Elena was at her side. Mother Sampaio recounts the trauma of the deaths of her own mother and husband, and the support and comfort rendered by this truest of friends. The two young women were first friends through contact in the provincial city of Santa Barbara. After Sr. Sampaio's death and the family's move into poverty in Salvador certain fair-weather friends fell away, but not Dona Elena. Though the journey from Santa Barbara to Salvador required considerable effort, Dona Elena did not lose contact over the years with her unfortunate comadre. Today--Dona Elena is a stately lady with snow-white hair. She lives as an honored maiden-aunt in the home of a well-fixed relative in a distant suburb of Salvador. At least once a year she comes to spend several days visiting in the home of her old friend. The two women demonstrate deep affection for each other and address each other as "comadre" rather than by given name. Mother Sampaio used the occasion of Dona Elena's recent visit to seek advice in the matter of the current problem which weighs most heavily on her heart, that of the marital and economic mess which blights the life of Jandera, her favorite daughter, (so say some of her other children). Cool detachment is not
part of Mother Sampaio's makeup, and her tendency is to use frenzied (if ineffectual) efforts to protect her child. In so doing she exacerbates the difficulty, and has been repeatedly advised to keep hands off. But not until her comadre counseled restraint could she accept the idea as the proper course. Thus we see the power of trust in this relationship.

In this large family the godmother and godfather (padrinho) are often, and preferably, chosen from among the numerous blood kin. The close ties of blood are further overlain with bonds of honor and obligation. For example, Dalva chose her youngest brother, Mario, as padrinho of her adored baby son because she knew that Mario's sagging self-respect needed a strong boost. Mario is inordinately proud of his nephew and his role.

As another example, Maria da Conceição, the youngest daughter and Mario's twin, was the special charge of her oldest sister, Ursulina. Before Ursulina's marriage it was she who made all the clothing for Maria, the baby of the family. After Ursulina's marriage to Gregorio and the birth of their only child Maria went to live with them. By this mutually convenient arrangement Maria was able to take special charge of the new baby, a task not entrusted to just anyone, and to receive special benefits from her surrogate parents, Ursulina and Gregorio. In the morning Maria gave the baby her bath, prepared her food, cared for her clothes, gave her outings, and otherwise filled the role of "ba ba" or junior nursemaid while attending school in the afternoon. Maria's aid was a great help to Ursulina who continued to teach. Reciprocally, Maria received very special benefits from her brother-in-law, who paid for her piano lessons and several years of tuition at a private English-language school. He likewise gave her a gala party upon graduation from
her post-high school pedagogic (normal school) course. When she failed the university entrance examination on the first try (the normal experience in this society where there are many more applicants than places in the university), it was Gregorio who paid her tuition to the special one-year college-preparatory exam course which would prepare her for passing this exam (comparable to the S.A.T. or A.C.T. university exams in our own society). Gregorio's sponsorship is not uncommon in this society where family social security is still the mode. His continuing concern filled Maria with the desire to honor her brother-in-law. She has done this by naming him the padrinho of her university graduation, (normally a position restricted to a male sponsor only), as well as the padrinho of her marriage, with Ursulina as her madrinha of marriage. Lucila, their nine-year-old daughter, Maria's cousin and infant charge, served as Maria's principal wedding attendant. The bestowal of these honorary roles was culturally prescribed, and also Maria's way of emphasizing her feeling of special closeness and gratitude to these individuals. Had there been financial need to provide for any of the bridal finery, the obligation would have fallen on these honorary sponsors. As it was, Ursulina prepared and served the wedding supper, as befitted her role as madrinha. In speaking of all this Maria said, "Ursulina was more like a mother to me than my own mother sometimes; and Gregorio was the only father I ever knew."

Maria's groom, Caludio, also had his own padrinho and madrinha who stood at his side during the wedding. This pair seems to replace the "best man" and the "maid of honor" as we know them in our own society. In addition, there are female attendants, often very young girls rather analogous to "flower girls" as we know them. Brazilian law requires a
civil ceremony for legality, the religious ceremony being optional for those attached to tradition. For those who opt for legal marriage a double ceremony is the usual procedure. The required witnesses to the civil ceremony may be multiplied to provide several extra honorary positions bestowed upon those with whom there are already familial or fictive ties, or with whom it is wished to initiate such bonds. In the case of Maria and Claudio, each chose persons from his intimate and extended network, close blood kin as well as non-related persons of higher social status who are in position to assist their upward mobility, specifically, Claudio's career.

Maria's choice fell on an individual who holds a high position in academic circles in the city and is also connected to one of Salvador's prestigious families. Dr. Silva had consented to act as the godfather of university graduation for her older sister, Madalena, some years before. Since, he has been instrumental in obtaining somewhat prestigious employment for Madalena, who now acts as both official and unofficial administrative assistant to him. Madalena feels a desperate emotional need for a father figure as well as for practical guidance in grappling with her heavy family responsibilities. Her wise and compassionate padrinho responds to the need, for he is deeply committed to the ethic of human and humane concern for the individual, a value which shines through the Brazilian system of fictive kinship. An intellectual and at heart a philosopher, this man is passionately attached to his native land and its ethos of personalism. When asked why he did not take advantage of professional opportunities to travel in the United States he answered that he felt he would die of homesickness for his native land. For her part, Madalena responds by sparing no effort of
energy or loyalty to fulfill her debt of gratitude and reciprocity.

The original bond between Madalena and her padrinho has extended into both families. Thus Dr. Silva's grown daughter was a guest at the bridal shower of Madalena's sister, Maria. He and his wife served as honorary witnesses at Maria's wedding, and members of the two families sometimes appear at festas given in the home of either. Senhora Silva is a gracious lady in the old Brazilian tradition who strengthens the tie in her own special way. She does beautiful needlework and contributed of her art to the wedding regalia of Regina, a poor cousin of Helio's. (Dalva has taken this girl under her wing.) Senhora Silva's delicate beadwork made an elegant garment of Regina's simple gown. By these various strands the genuine warmth of the relationship between the two families is demonstrated; but the Sampaio's deferential manner toward the Silva's underscores the status difference which separates them.

The pervasive quality of these personal networks, and important ingredient in social cohesion, is evidenced in the linkage of three social classes through the relationship of Dalva to both Senhora Silva and Regina. Thus the resources of those who have (Senhora Silva's skill and leisure) are funneled to those who need (Regina's economic need for bridal finery), in the service of instrumental, material needs as well as affective esteem needs. All this is geared into the social ritual of marriage, which gives structure and function to the seamless web of human relationships in this cultural system.

The foregoing examples point up both the horizontal dimension of these honorific relationships, as between near status equals, and the vertical dimension, as between various classes.
The relationship between the middle class Sampaios and the upper class Silvas is roughly paralleled by that between the Sampaios, through Dalva and Helio, and Regina at a lower socio-economic level. Dalva and Helio served as Regina's madrinha and padrinho of marriage. And, because of Regina's considerable need for assistance with the economics and savoir-faire of a wedding, Dalva contributed actively to its planning, preparation, staging, and financing. Dalva designed and helped make the bridal ensembles and the bouquets of artificial flowers. Her daughter, Ana, served as bridal attendant; and the wedding reception was held at Dalva and Helio's home. Regina depended heavily upon Dalva's counsel. Within the following months, as Regina's first pregnancy progressed, Dalva's guidance as to matters of pre-natal care and preparation figured importantly in Regina's life. Dalva spent many hours preparing beautifully embroidered articles for the layette, as well as assembling very practical articles for infant care. In short, she felt something of the responsibility of a mother for her newly married daughter--Dalva rose fully to her role as madrinha.

Such honorific obligations are powerful regulators of social behavior in Brazilian culture. It is certainly true that such obligations are sometimes honored more by word than deed, and that there is considerable variation among individuals as to how seriously they take such obligations. Brazilians find it difficult to respond negatively to a request for aid that carries any overtones of nobleness oblige. Preservation of Brazilian self-respect in such cases seems almost to require the munificent reply; it would somehow be crude to do otherwise. However, once having managed the face-to-face encounter without the embarrassment of a flat "no", discharge of the promise can be delayed until somehow it
fades away. The amenities have been observed. One has the impression that there is no premeditated hypocrisy involved; the promise is made with considerable sincerity. But "follow-through" does not carry the same cultural importance as does the preservation of immediate affability. The cultural rules prescribe this mode of etiquette in contrast to other cultures in which a higher value is placed upon a clear statement of intention, even at the price of immediate brusqueness. As Mother Sampaio once explained, "Sometimes it is necessary to bend the facts, perhaps considerably. For one cannot be rude."

This culturally approved mode of honoring obligations in the breach rather than in the observance, if inexpedient to do otherwise, serves the needs of social cohesion as well as those of personal convenience. Links in the social network need not be broken because of defaulted performance, and the mechanism for future transactions remains intact. When the need arises one still has channels to the necessary resources; no bridges have been burned. Thus the graceful word may be in one sense a social fiction, and in another a social facilitator.

Against this background behavior incomprehensible because inconsistent to a foreign observer falls into place. An example: it may be recalled from Mother Sampaio's story how Augusto, her step-son swindled her out of all the estate left by her husband, and reduced her and her young children to penury. Yet for all the ugliness that had passed between them, this same Augusto has been entertained in Mother Sampaio's present home. Further, Augusto was appealed to by the family when Julio, one of the younger boys, ran away to Rio from the consequences of his "wild oats" in Salvador. For the several years that Julio remained in Rio essentially out of touch with his immediate family, Augusto kept tabs on him, even to the extent of shelling out his own
money. Yet again, shortly before Maria's wedding, Augusto phoned his congratu-
lations long distance. And on a delayed honeymoon-business trip to Rio, 
Maria and her new husband were lodged and dined by Augusto or through 
his auspices. This apparent inconsistency is explained by the following 
fact: Augusto was named Maria's padrinho of baptism before the ugliness 
following his father's death.

Reciprocally, two young women, one of whom was vaguely related to 
Augusto, simply appeared one day at Mother Sampaio's door. In his name 
they asked for lodging, for they had come to Salvador from their home in 
Rio to participate in the opening of Salvador's religious festa season. 
Commercial lodging is costly for most middle incomes, and the Brazilian 
tradition of hospitality circumvents the need. No family of good breed-
ing could refuse such a request. And so special cooking and arranging 
was done for the two girls. Tired Madalena took time off from her 
harrried schedule to chauffeur them around to the tourist spots, all the 
while complaining bitterly of this extra burden which fate has foisted 
upon her. When I asked why she didn't explain to them, quite openly 
and sincerely, that she was in the middle of her busiest season, she 
answered that she could not. This was her obligation. Only Dalva, per-
haps the most modern in her views, regarded this as an outrageous imposi-
tion in view of Augusto's villainous behavoir twenty-five years before.

Madalena's youngest brother, Mario, likewise inconvenienced himself 
very considerably and quite beyond the need to guide me about the city 
as I negotiated the chores of getting settled. When able to function 
unassisted I protested his sacrifice. Neither he, nor any of his family, 
were dissuaded in the least. "It is a matter of honor. It is my 
OBLIGATION", he explained. I had been assigned the role of honored,
high-status guest. The operant code of ethics would permit of nothing less.

The system of personal networks functions in the service of even more basic need— that of material support and even survival. When Mother Sampaio was left penniless it is hard to imagine how she would have sustained her brood but for the support of her personal network— her siblings, who shared out of their own meager resources. Over and over the Sampaio children used each other's contacts and resources for support and survival; their upward climb from the slums would scarcely have been possible without such mutual help. Respect and love for Mother, and the requirement to make any sacrifice necessary to help one another up the ladder had been taught them as transcendent values.

The effectiveness of the personal network system is further bolstered by the sanction of certain religious beliefs: the pervasive spiritualist concept of living in order to "fulfill a mission in life, known or unknown", in order to win merit in the next cycle of reincarnation. (See next section, Religion and Supernatural Beliefs, fuller discussion.) Frequently this mission is felt to be the obligation to "help my fellow man". Here is an example of the integration of various cultural elements into an articulating, functional whole. The pragmatic fact of survival power in cooperation is thus reinforced by religious sanction.

There are endless examples of the use of personal networks in fulfillment of material needs, especially as an employment agency, or as a source of food and clothing when no job can be found. There are far from enough jobs to go around in this developing society. And as more and more people leave subsistence-existence on the land to seek their fortunes
in the city, the pressure of people upon urban resources seems to increase
despite heroic efforts by both public and private agencies.

For example, Dalva is constantly asking both friends and strangers
with whom she has professional contact for job possibilities. At any
given time she has several persons on her mental list who need employment.
And she frequently succeeds in her efforts.

It may be recalled that Bernardinho, the eldest Sampaio son and the
most successful of all, got his start as scrub-boy at the branch firm of
which he is now executive manager through the contacts of his sister,
Madalena, who was a clerical employee of the firm. Repeatedly
Bernardinho has used his present influence to place various members of
his family. Demetrio, the second son, is enjoying a promising career as
a manager "on the way up" in the same field as his brother. Demetrio got
his start through Bernardinho's auspices. Repeatedly Bernardinho has
found jobs for his youngest brother, Mario, who did not "take hold"
until his twenty-fifth year. Now Mario is making good on a salesman's
job located by Demetrio--in the same field of auto-parts in which the two
oldest brothers have well developed personal networks.

Jandera's case, recounted before, furnishes another prime example
of the personal network as a protective device. Mother Sampaio's con-
cern for Jandera's unhappy marital situation is shared by her other child-
ren. They recognize that the resolution of the estrangement between
Jandera and her husband is problematical--though they have not entirely
given up on that. However, the economic stress of the situation is more
responsive to their intervention; and four of them have assumed financial
responsibility for the huge and threatening debt incurred by Jandera's
husband, João. Restoration of João's self-respect, as well as relief
from the heavy burden of his debt, depends upon his finding work—a feat difficult to accomplish in this culture where large unpaid debts carry a special onus. Newspapers regularly publish lists of such debtors, and in this saturated labor market, new employment is virtually denied to such persons. Only by 1) clearing the debt, 2) fleeing to the anonymity of another city, or 3) enjoying extreme influence or great good luck can one overcome the terrible obstical of bad debts. Bernardinho found a job for João.

João's father holds a high position in the federal government. He has contacts among the high-placed and wealthy. He is quite well-to-do himself. Back in the courtship days of João and Jandira, long before the present estrangement between João and his father, a local position as social-worker for the federal Ministry of Health came to his attention. He was aware of the Sampaio's constant need for job opportunities, and this was a rare one. He offered the lead and his influence to Jandira, his future daughter-in-law. She was not in a position to accept this plum, but her sister Dalva was even needier at the time. "Could Dalva try for the job in her stead?" It was agreed. Dalva got the job and her future career orientation. She entered university to win a professional degree in social work, while working at this job, and is today a graduate and seasoned professional with a bright future in this field.

Maria da Conceição, the youngest Sampaio daughter, is a teacher of Portuguese grammar and Brazilian literature. One of her jobs is in the private school where her fiance, and later husband, teaches chemistry. This school is owned and operated by her husband's brother.
Another of the Sampaços is employed in one of Salvador's important service institutions. The administrative roster for this institution puts one in mind of "the family firm", a fact which flows directly from a family member who occupies a peak position in the institutional hierarchy. Whatever the circumstantial connection, the person at the peak comes, it is said, from an old family of historic eminence in the region. By common acknowledgment, most of these top administrators are persons of considerable competence. It is understood that they will fill lesser positions in their domains with those to whom they have obligations of blood, fictive kinship, or close friendship. But there is great discontent with one administrative division headed by a close relative widely adjudged incompetent and abusive of his power. Because of this there is great discontent and low morale among many in the lower, dependent ranks of the organization. The situation is very disruptive of smooth and effective institutional functioning. "That institution exists primarily to take care of the little clique that runs it and not the service it purports to perform", is an evaluation made by one particularly embittered individual. This is an overstatement, but it contains an element of truth. When asked why those caring and competent individuals at the top would not, in due course, roust out the source of the trouble, it was replied that the strength of family and fictive obligations would never allow such a solution. Here is the typical, traditional pattern of a tight, personal network in action. We call it nepotism. It is, perhaps, the dark side of the coin stamped "In cooperation there is survival power". In modernized, rationalized enterprises where highest premium is put on competent performance and not on family obligation the system tends to die out, and in time, to spawn a new set
of values.

Thus it was that the brother of the eldest Sampaio son-in-law refused to use his influence in obtaining employment for family members in one of the most prestigious and well-paying new "glamour" firms in Salvador. Mother Sampaio could not understand his obtuseness on this score, for she regarded him as otherwise the kindest and most compassionate of individuals. The dangers inherent in nepotism were quite beyond her understanding; for her experience had acquainted her only with the social security benefits of personal networks.

The husband of a poor cousin to the Sampaio's holds a factory job at Aratu, the brand new industrial center just outside Salvador, which was heavily financed by International Development Funds. His firm is highly rationalized and prohibits the old customs of paternalism. It also pays very well and provides a number of fringe benefits under the new social welfare laws for industrial workers. This young man finds it a bit unfeeling that his firm strictly limits time off for attendance to sick relatives, prohibits personal loans to employees, etc. However, he is most enthusiastic about his good pay and his company benefits, including the favorable purchase plan which allows him to live in a spanking-new-tract bungalow in the center's planned residential community for workers. He owns a television set and an electric refrigerator, as well as other small appliances. He points with pride to the soccer field where he enjoys regular play with his fellow workers. He points out the sea of television aerials which sprout from the hundreds of single-family, free-standing houses which look very much like a tile-roofed working-class suburb in the United States. No traditional attached row-houses, these.
He is equally proud of the modern new community school which his future children will attend, and the federal medical benefits which will provide for the birth of his first child. He is proud of his skill as a mechanic, charged with the responsibility to "keep the mill rolling". He feels himself a man among men, by reason of the personal competence upon which he places his security. His ties with his own family (of orientation) are weakening somewhat, for he has less need now of the security which the family network provides. The new values are taking root in him for he says, "People who believe in luck are foolish, for a man is what he makes of himself."

Even with such new outlooks emerging it will be awhile before the intimate network of the family goes out of style. Dalva's social service work brought the following case to my attention. An illiterate worker in a new industrial plant fell ill with a debilitating ailment. He desperately needed surgery and disability benefits to support his family during convalescence. These were available to him through his company affiliation. But he could not be persuaded to take advantage of them rather than returning to the subsistence squatter plot of his aged parents in the interior. His faith lay with his experience, though it was explained that he could never work again without the surgery, and probably would not live long. "At least", he said, "I know that my family will not starve there, however poorly they may eat. For my parents will share with us whatever they have."

The Brazilian words arranjar (to arrange), and jeito, (as in dar um jeito, to fix things up, to arrange by special tact, resource, or "pull") appear often in everyday affairs. They mark and shape the cultural concept that others with whom one has personalized contact will "arrange" for
one's need through exercise of his special influence or network of contacts. This is the way things are accomplished. Impersonal, public channels are seldom fruitful (though this is changing a little as the society becomes more rationalized). So it is prudent to cast or construe as many relationships as possible in a form that carries bonds of mutual concern, obligation and honor. When one is in desperate need one has an ultimate resource. Hence, the multiplication of kinship bonds into forms of formal and informal fictive kinship.

Though the well defined networks traceable from these bonds blur out into the general society, the norm of the personalized relationship, and the ethic of concern for the other, (where any semblance of a personal claim can be established), remains a characteristic of Brazilian society.

Dalva illustrates the normative behavior by repeatedly finding employment for a woman of the poorest class who came out of the interior as a fourteen-year-old girl and found her first job in the employ of Mother Sampaio. Sixteen years and six children later, the Sampaios remain the surest source of security in her precarious life and the lives of her children, all of whom are now defined as sort of sub-strata members at the fringes of the Sampaio family circle.

Demetrio Sampaio well expressed this cultural value and its normative expression.

What things in life do I most value? To help others. I do not damage my own family; but beyond this point I help others all I can. To help in this way is the normal thing in Brazil. It is true, we cannot help everyone in the world solve all his problems. But even if we have no money to give, we can always find some little way to help. We can give a little food, or cast-off clothes, or try to find a little job for them through our friends, or something. We can always help in some small way if not in a big way.
It may well be said that this behavior is a cultural ideal rather than a constant reality in Brazil. Nonetheless, it remains an important yardstick against which most Brazilians are measured by their fellows and against which they measure themselves. As such, it makes a difference in everyday Brazilian behavior.

Another neighborhood resident contributed the following comment:

Charles DeGaulle paid a state visit to Brazil within the last ten to fifteen years. While here he perceived this quality in the Brazilian people. In interviews following the visit he remarked on it to this effect.

'By their warmth and concern for their fellow men, Brazilians have an important lesson to teach the rest of us as we struggle to find ways to get along together in this world grown small.'
Chapter Five - Part Five

Religion and Supernatural Beliefs

Some major orientations in the world view of the subjects of this study have been partially revealed. In this chapter these will be made more explicit, as will the conflicts and inconsistencies growing out of the present social transition.

It is said that Salvador has a church for every day in the year. That is not quite true; but the city does boast a great many beautiful baroque churches, heritage of its position as original colonial capital.

Brazilian culture, particularly in this region, incorporates a vivid religious heritage from Africa brought by the slaves and kept vital by continuing contact with West Africa. Though there has been a syncretic blending of the African and Catholic into a pantheon of saints with double identity, the candomblé (called macumba in Rio) cults remain heavily weighted with what the tourist would perceive as voodoo rituals, and very similar in detail to extant native religions in West Africa - (Verger 1964). In addition, the indigenous Indian has left his mark on some of these cults, especially farther north. In recent years this influence appears to be making more headway in the Reconcovo proper as the strength of the "pure" African heritage is increasingly diluted with the growing mobility of the population.

Salvador continues to be a mecca for anthropologists interested in religious phenomena and cultural confluence (Landes 1947; Pierson 1942; Ramos 1939).

The arid interior of Northeast Brazil, a land of recurrent drought and historic misery, has spawned numbers of fanatical, mystical move-
ments which anthropologists would label millenarian (Cunha 1944).

Protestantism, carried by missionaries and German immigrants, has made headway in Brazil, though less in the north than in the better developed south (Bastide 1951: 349-352; Rivera 1971: 113-116).

Spiritualism however, is a most important religious element of the contemporary scene in Salvador, and will be treated in detail below.

Catholicism whatever its competition, is the most important factor on the religious scene. For it was not only the religion of the dominant group, it is the cultural matrix for the entire society.

With the coming of the Portuguese, Brazil became a Catholic country. But it was from the beginning a softer, earthier, more familial Catholicism than that transplanted by the Spaniards to all the rest of Latin America. That the Inquisition never attained the excesses in Brazil as elsewhere underscores the point. To be sure, the Catholicism of the religious orders did and does regard the "superstitions" of the popular religion as regrettable or worse. (This comes from a personal communication with a Jesuit educator in Brazil, as well as general reading.) But the people's stamp was on Catholicism, and it was highly resistant.

In colonial days when large families lived widely separated on their plantations, the priest could scarcely travel fast enough to serve his scattered flock, nor could the seminaries produce enough graduates to meet the need. The solution became part of the mores: one son, frequently the youngest, became a padre and lived on at the family estate to perform the necessary priestly functions.

[He found his social role] less through religious vocation than in obedience to custom....Rare among them were those who did not take concubines and who did not have children by them who they reared openly....
...This familial Catholicism possessed neither inflexibility of
dogma nor puritanism of conduct. It was all indulgence, softened
by the heat of the tropics and by the sensuality of the Negro wo-
men. It let itself be contaminated by the superstitions of the
Indians and the religions of the Africans, beliefs in forest spir-
its, water mothers, love potions. It did not prevent the cruelty
of the masters toward their slaves, nor the polygyny of the whites,
nor the sadism of the mother of the family, jealous of her husband's
colored mistresses. In a word, it was a Catholicism that was more
a climate of feeling than an education for the spiritual life....

...The Catholic saints who were adored received that worship only
to the extent that they also integrated themselves in the domestic
life and took on the character of protectors of the family (Bastide
1951: 336).

...[Religious] processions, while they distinguished among sexes,
ages, races, and classes and arranged them in hierarchies, unified
them by making them participate in the same mystic happiness.
First came the brotherhoods of the blacks, then those of the mulat-
toes, and finally those of the whites, the associations of artisans,
guilds of tradesmen] with their saints and dances, the soldiers,
and, at the very end,...the aristocracy....

[This was a] festive and humane religion...more social than
religious, more directed toward the things of the earth, the Bra-
zilian earth, than toward the supernatural (Bastide 1951: 338-339).

(Today Brazilians have a joke to the effect that Brazil can't lose,
because God is a Brazilian.) This colonial heritage bears strong resem-
blance to rural practices today, and to those of urbanites either poor
or conditioned in the rural areas.

[Thus, Catholicism is a] promise made to a healing saint if he
grants such and such a grace, a boon, a good marriage, an abundant
harvest. The promise consists, if the saint responds to the prayer,
of making a pilgrimage, of begging aims to provide a feast for the
saint, or of depositing an ex-voto in such and such a chapel.
Hence, there is an abundance of churches to which 'miracle rooms'
are attached, with legs, hands, or heads in wax or crudely carved
in wood by some rural image maker....(Bastide 1951: 346).

[There is an] opposition between peasant and sophisticated re-
ligion.... As Max Weber pointed out, from the point of view of the
religious specialist the peasant tendency to apply his religion
concretely to the problems of life is replete with magical cruditi-
ties, devoid of those ethical rationalizations and higher-order
meanings towards which the ideological specialists strove (Wolf
1966: 105).
This is the religion of Mother Sampaio. Example after example can be drawn from her life story (See chapter three). Witness the traditional religious celebration of Christmas at the plantation during the family's prosperous days, or earlier than that, the Brazilian Catholic ritual of her own wedding.

On the bureau beside her bed Mother Sampaio keeps the small glass case in which various small saint's images are housed with a few other objects with religio-magical powers. Among them are her chosen patron saints, the twins Cosme and Damião (Damion). These seem never to have held official position on the official list of Catholic saints, and their origin is obscure. It appears that they may be local inventions, perhaps partially spun out of the African religious heritage. Whatever the source, this pair is extremely popular in Salvador. As they are patron deities of twins, their choice as personal protectors was quite logical for one who had mothered three sets of twins. Frequently Francesca places flowers before this oratory, and at night a lighted candle may appear. Sometimes small bowls of festive and religiously significant food are set out.

The traditional Catholic calendar is replete with feast days. These have been embraced and embroidered upon by Brazilian culture--especially in Bahia where African influence has accented the spontaneous and the colorful. No opportunity for merrymaking is lost; and government attempts to diminish the number of festival holidays (disruptive of business efficiency) is not making much headway, according to some disgruntled businessmen. Most true Bahians love the festas and respond with joy, none more so than Francesca Sampaio.
Each such day is occasion for happy preparation. The house is shined and polished to a fare-thee-well; fresh flowers are purchased by her children and presented to their delighted mother who festoons them throughout the rooms. She and Rosa (Daughter Dalva's home-manager and cousin-in-law from upstairs) indulge in an orgy of special cooking of the particular traditional dishes associated with the holiday. The maids are drawn into the happy frenzy of activity. Good smells and sparkling eyes lift everyone's spirits even before the holiday visiting begins.

When the occasion happens to be the feast of Cosme and Damião, preparation becomes a really big operation with most of the daughters returning to their Mother's house to help. Though the accepted date for this holiday falls near the end of September, there is considerable latitude of celebration. Mother Sampaio offers two celebrations. First, she offers a caruru dinner to seven invited children (a magical number) on September 27, the official date. Later, on the birthday of her eldest twins, she offers a big birthday dinner party to between fifty and seventy five guests. This is a common pattern in Salvador, and consists of the traditional caruru menu featuring the favorite dish of the gods by that same name. Of necessity the affair becomes a sort of continuous buffet in order to feed the multitude arriving and leaving on a relaxed schedule. This observance allows one to (1) fulfill one's vow (or promessa) to the twin saints for services rendered, past and future, (2) to repay one's social obligations to friends with one big blast, and (3) to have a very good time in the bargain. Eating, visiting, and television watching comprise the entertainment, and preparation is half the fun.
The menu consists of traditional Bahian cuisine, distinctive in Brazil. In addition to the main dish, caruru, there will probably be stewed chicken—often poached in a blood sauce; plain boiled rice and black beans, fried bananas, chips of fresh coconut, and short lengths of fresh sugar-cane to chew and suck with the contentment that can come only of happy childhood memories associated with a specific and special food. There will be lots of bottled soft drinks and beer, and maybe more expensive hard liquor or a batida of the local rum mixed with lime juice. Sometimes a very "ethnic" and very rich dish called vatapá will be served. It is essentially a mixture of peanuts and dried shrimp, ground and mixed together with certain herbs and the orange colored oil of the dendé palm. This palm oil is the local substitute for the olive oil of the Mediterranean, or the cotton-seed or corn oil of the United States and is used for all cooking purposes. Caruru itself is based upon okra, dendé oil, and sometimes whole dried shrimp rehydrated (partially) in the cooking. After participating fully in such a feast one knows one has eaten—for quite a while afterward.

Great quantities of raw ingredients are purchased the day before at the huge wholesale produce market down near the wharves. In the old days these might have been transported to the home in a huge basket atop the head of a human beast of burden, a carregador or carrier; or as in the case of a family poor but not too poor to put on the feast, atop the head of a young son of the family—(Dalva Sampaio's husband, Helio, tells of this hated family chore which fell to him weekly as a boy.) Today, however, the Sampaio's produce purchases will be transported in the auto of daughter Madalena or of Ursulina's husband.
Early on the great day all female hands turn to chop, grind, peel, stew; and afterwards to sweep, mop, polish, and decorate the house. At about 6 p.m. the first guests begin to arrive and, if they are female intimates of the family, will help in the unfinished preparations while Mother Sampaio or one of the daughters may be finishing her bathing and dressing. The drinks begin and chairs are carried to the terraces. The arriving guests, male and female, greet each other with warm embrace and much enthusiasm; the women kiss. It is very pleasant to sit among friends under tropical stars to exchange endless stories. There are many jokes and much laughter. The food-laden plates are passed about by the sisters and other female guests, while others wash up dirty dishes as fast as possible to keep ahead of the new arrivals. With two floors and three terraces to choose from, the guests may crudely sort themselves out into various status groups, by sex or by rank. On this occasion the guest list includes a great many disparate people within the collective family network. A cleric of high position has brought Mother Sampaio a printed blessing signed by the Pope from his recent visit to Rome. She is overwhelmed, and reverently places it in the family oratory. Later, at a birthday party for Dalva's daughter, Isabel, this same cleric will present the child with a holy medal from Rome.

All too soon, perhaps by 11 to 11:45 p.m. the guests may all have taken their leave and nothing is left but the cleanup. This is no ordinary process, but is guided by specific magico-religious requirements. The leftover scrapings from the guests' plates, together with the same stale foods offered the saints' images, may not be thrown out as common garbage. They are sacred. Having been carefully segregated in their own receptacle the leftovers are wrapped in paper and, when opportunity
offers, transported to a deep bush (not too hard to find in this city of ridges and deep ravines), or to the sea where they are thrown back to the source. Simultaneously one makes a request of Cosme and Damião, and likewise announces to them another vow. Very likely it will be a promise to offer another caruru feast in their honor the following year; or it may be a promise to burn candles for them in a specific chapel, walking a long distance to do it, etc.

Francesca Sampaio is convinced of the efficacy of her saints' powers and feels she has placed her trust in good hands. She related the following anecdote as proof.

To show you how powerful these twin saints are, listen to this true story that happened to my husband. Once in Santa Barbara, he was going about his business and started to walk across a bridge in the vicinity. Two little boys were playing by the roadside not far from the bridge, and they looked up at him and said, 'Do not cross that bridge'. He had never seen them before and paid no attention. In the middle of the bridge he met a big, strong Negro who stopped him saying that he had been sent to kill him. But since the man knew and liked my husband, he said he didn't have the heart to do it. My husband gave him a money tip, and rather shaken, came home to tell me about it. Obviously, it must have been St. Cosme and Damião, my patron saints, who protected him. He later found out it was an old enemy who had given orders to kill him.

A daughter tells of another instance when faith in Cosme and Damião apparently saved the lives of her younger twin brothers, then about six months old.

It was the time for the annual caruru dinner Mother always gave in honor of her saints. But the babies, sickly since birth, were on the point of death. She didn't have the heart for the celebration. My half-sister suggested that perhaps Cosme and Damião would pay special attention to the grave situation if Mother made a great effort to do them honor now. So Mother pulled herself together and gave a small caruru dinner. That very night the babies got better and today are hale and hearty men!

Francesca sees spiritual power in the turn-around of one of her sons from a life apparently headed for crime. As a young adolescent
he engaged in an act of petty theft in order to pay for uniforms for his soccer team. (Natty uniforms are, traditionally, a very important source of esteem in this culture.) Caught red-handed by his awakened victim, the neighborhood baker who had known him and esteemed his family for years, the boy would have been booked, jailed, and permanently labeled but for the intervention of Gregorio, future husband of his eldest sister, Ursulina. Gregorio used jeito (special adroitness, "pull") to smooth things over with the authorities and the baker. He also ministered to Mother Sampaio's near emotional breakdown by taking her away to his island retreat for several days of quiet repose. While there she spent many hours on her knees praying for help in the tiny chapel built on the spot of a vision wherein the virgin was revealed.

For the next several years after this initial incident the boy lost job after job as he wrote hot checks. When the family could no longer cover for him he ran away to Rio where an older and established stepson kept an eye on him. (See chapter three, Mother's Story, for a fuller version of this episode; also chapter four, Fictive Kinship for certain other implications.) More than a decade later the prodigal son returned home, privately fell on his knees before his mother's saints on her bedroom bureau, and turned over a new leaf. Armed with his conversion to faith and the help of friends, he eventually found a job. Applying the full force of his considerable intelligence and passionate personality, he is today well on the way to positions of high responsibility and remuneration. Though deeply attracted to mysticism, philosophy, and drama, he is grateful for a job which allows him to buy a car, a modern apartment, and plan for a first baby with his pretty new wife. He is a happy man, deeply attached to Spiritualism because he
knows it was "faith" that saved him. As he has remarked on many occasions, "In the struggle of life what is important is to have faith."

As for his mother, she reminds herself that she must make good on her vows in his behalf, for her ardent prayers have been answered. One day she will go with her son to the Church of Our Lord of Good End in Salvador, a sanctuary dedicated to the characterization of Jesus as a suffering, crucified spirit-- (a concept which almost sets this Jesus apart as an intercessory being distinct from other portrayals of him... and analogous to the many characterizations of the Mother of God as Our Lady of the Roses, The Virgin of Carmo, Our Lady of Fatima, of Guadalupe, etc.). There she will deposit a properly inscribed photograph of this child returned to the fold, or some other suitable symbol. It will hang from the wall or ceiling in the room with other such photos and plastic (formerly plaster or wood) representations of various afflicted limbs and organs miraculously healed. Francesca Sampaio's religion includes the straightforward biblical teachings of creation as well as the manipulative techniques of saints' worship discussed above. These beliefs also include specific magico-health remedies to be detailed later. In her own words,

My religious beliefs were taught me by my parents. They are the beliefs I have always had and always will have. All of us made our first communion and we are all baptized. Until about one year ago when we moved from another suburb to this present house I always went to 7 a.m. mass every Sunday, and when the children were young I took them with me. Now I seldom go because it is too difficult to get to church. I have to depend upon my children to take me, and they are not church-goers. They don't believe in the padre, and they question some basic tenets of the faith.

Within this family the transition in their world is revealed by the spectrum of perceptions and religious beliefs held by various members.
The strong and passionate faith of the prodigal son who perceives himself as literally saved by faith is focused on Spiritualism. He found his way to it through his wife's family, and has stirred the interest of various of his siblings and his mother, though none feel quite the pull that he does.

Madalena, the left-handed elder sister who started life seeing herself as ill-favored and inferior, likewise feels a mystic attraction to the holy. But in her case the pull is to the physical sanctuary of Mother Church where she drops in to pray in private when the stresses of her life are especially acute. She makes promessas when asking help for something very serious, such as passing an important exam; and she habitually crosses herself whenever starting off anywhere in her car—protection for a safe return. At the head of her bed, like her mother's and many others in Brazil, is a picture or small protective image of the virgin, a saint, or Jesus in one of the varied local personifications. However, like all her siblings she has little use for priests as special intermediaries to God. This ancient religious assumption (and mechanism of control) seems to have lost almost all credence in this culture. But clerics as respected teachers, beloved friends, or as individuals of high social status are something else again. In these cases, special deference accrues to them through some other facet of their role than that of holy mediator.

By contrast to Madalena, her twin, Ursulina, seems to have been an agnostic from childhood. Perhaps because she was bright, highly capable, and always well esteemed as such, she never had her twin's need for spiritual sanctuary. She was entrusted with pseudo-maternal responsibilities even before her father's death and her mother's emotional collapse into
dependency. The quality was strengthened as she assumed full position as
theredmer-surrte. Ursulina confides that on their wedding night her new
husband wet the pillow with tears of conflict and anguish as he grieved
over the hurt he had done his devout Catholic mother by marrying his
strong-willed, agnostic fiancée.

The belief of Cesario, one of the younger sons, comes closest to the
position of scientific rationalism. His university education seems to
have contributed heavily to his position.

I believe religion is a form of belief. I also believe that we
all need to believe in something superior to give us a reason for
living. Without such a belief we would not have the strength to
struggle, to overcome our problems and keep going. But whether our
belief is Hebraic, Spiritualist, Catholic, Presbyterian, or whatever
doesn't matter. For, in reality, all these various deities are one
and the same. I believe in one God, the grand creator of all things.

I am a Catholic, but I am not a practicing Catholic. More than
50 per cent of the people abandon regular church-going when they be-
come adult in their thinking. That is, they become more knowledge-
able and culturally sophisticated.

After I learned about Darwin's theory of biological evolution,
after I had studied Human Geography [including the rudiments of
anthropology] I could no longer accept the biblical story of Creation
as literal truth. I was about twenty-three years old when I came to
this point of view.

I do believe in the existence of God. I do not believe that
original creation could have been a matter of bio-chemical happen-
stance alone. But from the point of original creation forward, I
believe that it was the workings of nature, as detailed by Darwin's
scientific theory, which best explains the world.

I believe that mankind needs God as a point of social reference--
as the factor which makes social cohesion possible. I, like all men,
need the hope that belief in God provides to give me strength to con-
tinue the struggle of life. For this reason I believe in Jesus Christ.

["I needed to believe, therefore I believed" (Vonnegut, 1963).
"If God did not exist, man would have to invent him" (Voltaire).]

I do not believe in the salvation of the soul. The man who is
saved is saved by his own acts and his own conscience, not by some
divine power above. Then, if salvation exists, it is we ourselves
who 'appropriate' it through our own consciences, through our own
modes of living, our inter-familial education, our respect, through the education we give to our children, and the relations we have with our brother--our honesty. This is the salvation of man.

The physical body is mortal. But the influence that we leave on culture or history during our mortal lifetime--either for good or evil--constitutes our immortality. For example, Abraham Lincoln and Caryl Chessman, the red-light rapist who wrote a book before he died in the gas chamber at San Quentin, are both immortal because of the influence or impact their mortal activities left on the culture. For we less famous humans, the memories we leave behind us in the minds of other living people constitute our immortality.

I have never made a promessa or vow, because I do not believe in that kind of religion.

Ethical Philosophy: A Syncretism

The overriding ethical rule or "ideal value" of many Brazilians with whom I talked seems to be a blend of "the golden rule", via Catholic catechistic instruction, and Spiritualist doctrine. It is stated in more or less the following form by a wide spectrum of Brazilians: "The purpose or mission in life is to serve one's fellow man". While some informants stated that they had learned the concept in preparation for their first communion, many others related it to Spiritualist teachings. A lunchtime conversation with four members of the Sampaio family yielded the following consensual statement, articulated by Madalena.

Catholicism no longer gives us satisfying answers to our questions and needs because it is based more on fear than is Spiritualism. When we seek answers to the inexplicable injustices and sufferings of life, Spiritualism gives us a more logical and acceptable answer.

The Spiritualist concept of reincarnation makes sense to me. We are here in this life with a mission to accomplish. That is the purpose of our life, and the reason behind the seemingly inexplicable injustices and sufferings. For instance, why do good parents produce a child who grows into an abomination, bringing them only suffering which they do not deserve? The Spiritualist answer is that the parents are two souls who are paying in this life for some debt they incurred in an earlier existence.

I often wonder why it is that I have such a miserable, empty, joyless life. I need an answer to this question, and Spiritualism tells me what it is. My father left me with a mission--to take care
of his widow and his young children with whatever strength and ability I can muster. This is my mission, and therefore an acceptable reason for the superficial meaninglessness of my life.

Helio offered other examples of his Spiritualist doctrine.

A very good person, personification of all that is deserving in human character, nevertheless is dealt one blow after another by circumstances. His life is one long sequence of suffering. [Here is the prototypical Job of the Hebraic Old Testament.] How can this be explained in terms of Catholic doctrine which tells us that there is a good God who has mercy and pity for his creatures? A much more logical explanation is offered by Spiritualism which tells us that this human soul, good as he may be in this life, is paying off heavy debts incurred from a past existence. Such an explanation is much more satisfying and logical, for there is justice in such a situation. [The Hebraic explanation of Job's dilemma was quite different, and grew out of a different cultural concept of God and of justice.]

As another example, some time ago a commercial airliner went down killing all thirty-six passengers aboard. These thirty-six people were unknown to each other. The only thing they seemed to have in common was the fact that they were, by chance, all traveling on the same flight together. As facts concerning the background of these passengers came to light it became obvious that each one of them had committed some terrible sin. Spiritualism showed us that there was more than chance in the fact that they had all been gathered together to ride the same ill-fated aircraft. They had been selected to pay off their debts in the same conflagration.

However Dalva, in answer to my direct question as to her position on Spiritualism and its doctrine of reincarnation said "I do not understand it." Later she gave me the following printed poem, (here translated from Portuguese but not unfamiliar to North American readers in its thought) which she said well expressed her own religious philosophy.

Father,
Give me prudence in my undertakings,
courage in danger,
humility in prosperity.

Make me see
how small are the things of the earth,
how large that which is of God,
how brief is time
how long is eternity.
Spiritualism and Social Structure

Because of the importance of Spiritualism in the group I studied a background sketch is in order here. The evaluation of sociologist Roger Bastide tallies with my findings in Salvador.

Spiritualism is a sociological phenomenon of the first order. The first Spiritualists appeared in the northern state of Ceará, and then in Bahia in 1865...Spiritualism especially in the beginning, did not attack Catholicism, and the greater part of its members thought themselves good Catholics, but little by little a line of demarcation has been established and there remains of Catholicism only a certain syncretism in the worship.

Spiritualism is an essentially urban phenomenon...[It] is stratified, and this stratification corresponds to that of the social classes. At the top is a Spiritualism called scientific, which is preoccupied with metaphysical phenomena, cultivated by doctors, lawyers, intellectuals, and people of good society, but which does not end in religion, though always tending in that direction. At the bottom is the Spiritualism of Alan Kardec [a European of the last century whose writings have been imported wholesale and in quantity, and who is THE authority in the Spiritualist groups or conversations with which I had any contact in Salvador. This variety of Spiritualism] constitutes the religion of people belonging to the lower middle class and the lower class, with petty functionaries, employees, workers, and servants indiscriminately attending the meetings...The liturgy includes...the reading of the Gospel according to Kardec, prayer or the confession of sins, and finally the taking possession--around the table--of the bodies of the mediums by the spirits of the dead, which are interrogated by the President through their 'apparatus'. This last phenomenon is the center of the cult. The spirits answer questions from the public, give remedies, consolation, or counsel....The spirits of the dead tend to become similar to those of the Amerindians [Indians] or to the African gods or supernatural powers; and Spiritualism tends toward the communion of the human and the divine through the intermediary of the mystic trance. Another important element is the receiving of medical prescriptions, which is an influence of the medicine man, and this is explained by the survival of medical magic and the idea that maladies always have a supernatural cause, coming from the presence of evil spirits. But these elements of the mentality called primitive are going to take a still greater place in the third Spiritualism, called 'low Spiritualism', where traces subsist of the Amerind-African religion called macumba. [The Bahian version is called candomblé] In proportion as the class of blacks, mixed bloods, and mixtures with whites rises through education and the raising of salaries, it rationalizes the macumba [condomblé] by uniting it to Spiritualism, which is the religion of the whites, to create the Spiritualism of Umbanda. [I was not able to make contact with a group given to this version of Spiritualism.]...Thus
the various religions of Brazil reflect well the structure of the society with its diversity of classes and areas. (Bastide 1951: 352-354).

**Mystical Healing**

This aspect of Spiritualism forms a most important and practical element in its appeal. Credence in such healing appears to be widespread in this culture where the tenets of scientific rationalism have not had the same long-term effect as in the United States. When surrounded by a cultural ambience of belief in miracles, such notions seem less far-fetched than in another culture where the pressures to conformity bend in the opposite direction (Aronson 1972: chapter 2). "Each different way of life makes its own assumptions about...ways by which knowledge may be obtained...about what human beings have a right to expect from each other and the gods...Some of these assumptions are made explicit in the lore of the folk..." (Kluckhohn 1949).

Instances of miraculous healing are frequently reported and discussed by the media--magazine, newspaper, radio, television. Particularly, bloodless excision of diseased organs by Spiritualist surgeons receives much attention. A popular Brazilian magazine, perhaps roughly equivalent to Look in the United States, ran a pictorial series on such a case (Leoni 1972). Abdominal surgery was performed on an unanesthetized female journalist from São Paulo, southern Brazil, and recorded by her photographer-assistant as the acid test of her investigation of a particularly famed healer in the Philippines. The article was brought to my attention by two members of the Sampaio family.

One of my university student interviewers intended to use the money she earned for Spiritualist surgery on a troublesome ulcer.
Helio, Dalva Sampaio's husband, cited a case of such healing from within the Sampaio family itself.

There are human beings who have been chosen, quite beyond their own will or wishes, to receive a spirit which gives the medium the power of healing in miraculous ways. For example, the seven-year-old daughter of my brother-in-law had a very bad case of adenoids. About three years ago her mother took the child to such a Spiritualist healer here in Salvador, a man of German extraction. This man has no medical training. He charges nothing for his services. In fact, he wishes he were not tied by this spirit. But because he is, he gives the services to whoever seeks them. For it is not his service, but that of another spirit of which he is but the medium.

In the case of this child, her breathing was very much congested by the infected adenoids. The medium, with no medical instrument at all, simply passed his thumb over the spot where an incision should be made, reached in and took out the adenoids. There was no blood, no mark left on the child's skin. But the problem of the adenoids had been corrected.

These phenomena are not as crazy as one might think. For modern science, in the form of para-psychology, is investigating them. The conclusion has been reached, I believe, that there does exist a sixth sense which is often manifested in phenomena of this nature, and which is receiving serious attention from scientific investigators (Ostrander and Schroeder 1971).

The farther down the social scale, the more intense becomes the emphasis upon magical solutions to practical problems; for the problems of the miserably poor are more omnipresent and acute, and their alternative resources much fewer.

Iracema, now twenty nine years old, had become attached to the Sampaio family about sixteen years ago when she came out of the interior to seek her fortune in the capital. Within a short time she was the deserted mother of a child out of wedlock—the modal pattern for this class—and in need of employment which would allow for the simultaneous care of her infant. She found it in Mother Sampaio's household. Iracema was pretty, minimally literate, hard-working, and very respectful. She permanently ingratiated herself with Mother Sampaio, who delighted in entertaining
herself with the appealing baby and feeding upon Iracema's extreme re-
spect of her. When the Sampaio's income fell by the small amount they
paid Iracema she had to move on to other employment; but Mother Sampaio
kept and personally cared for Baby Teresa for a year afterwards. This
provided diversion for the housebound Francesca and respite for the over-
burdened Iracema. Teresa was not the name which Iracema had bestowed
upon her baby, but it was the pet name supplied by Francesca Sampaio,
and it stuck.

At age fourteen Teresa is a forceful adolescent, in full rebellion
against the impossible odds of her social position. When I first knew
her she existed with her mother and five half-siblings, all of different
fathers, in the rented one-fourth of a squatter's shack in Paraiso (see
map of Salvador), the worst slum in Salvador, in a cubicle perhaps 6 x 10
feet. Built out over the water in a stagnant finger of the bay, marsh
flies rise at night through the wide cracks in the floor boards to madd-
en the sleepers. The odors and infections generated by the waste from
this non-sewered suburb of thousands of people sicken its inhabitants.
Though she only paid 25 cruzeiros (approximately $5) per month, Iracema
and her brood could scarcely afford to live elsewhere on her tiny and
precarious income.

When a maturing Teresa began to awaken to her future, her obedient,
helpful demeanor altered drastically. Formerly her mother's right hand
and mainstay, she became unpredictable--subject to frenzied, screaming
nightmares in which she clutched her mother and begged her not to die
and leave her deserted and alone. No longer could Iracema go off to
work tranquil in the knowledge that Teresa would look after the little
ones with care. On the contrary, she had uncontrollable temper fits;
one day she threw a burning coal from the charcoal burner (a hibachi-like apparatus) into her brother's face narrowly missing his eye. Now she became huffily insistent that she must go to school every day, even when no neighbor could be found to watch the babies. She persisted in doing her homework—no matter that there was water to be carried. For the distracted mother there seemed only one logical explanation of the dramatic change in her daughter's behavior—possession by a bad spirit. For this there existed a remedy, albeit a costly one—a treatment by the healer resident in the same neighborhood. For this service she charged 120 cruzeiros (about $25) an amount impossible for one in Iracema's position.

Through the mediation of Dalva Sampaio's informal "employment service" (see part four of chapter five, Fictive Kin and Social Networks), Iracema had become my laundress and I her current social-welfare agent. The installment financing of Teresa's cure seemed a plausible research expense. Negotiations were begun with the exorcist, a stipulation of payment being my observation of the treatment. On the weekly visit from her distant suburb Iracema brought the progress report on the negotiations to me along with the clean laundry. Things became more vague with passing time, however. The selection of an auspicious night on the spur of the moment, when the signs were all right, seemed one of the obstacles to a definite arrangement. It was finally worked out that a monetary advance should be made to allow for purchase of the necessary materials—a new, white cloth as well as certain imperishable organic remedies. (Though not without drawbacks, at least this step was moving things forward, I reasoned.) Because of their magical potency the materials could not be bought and stored too far in advance. Rather it would be necessary to strike when the iron was hot—and under these conditions it had to get
hot pretty soon. When the time was right Teresa's younger brother would be sent by city bus to fetch me for the ritual. Whether he ever came and missed me, or only said he did I could never determine. Iracema's generalized description of the proceedings was as close as I ever got to the exorcism. Magical words, trances, the passing of some of the materials over the victim's body, etc., seemed to be the general routine. Worst of all, the exorcism appeared to have only temporary effect. The bad spirit didn't stay away, for Teresa's symptoms returned. Her great anger at her surroundings and their symbolic message of indignity to her own sense of worth became fixed on her mother as the only finite, comprehensible cause of it all.

In desperate response Iracema resolved on an extreme course. She went into debt by over 2500 cruzeiros (approximately $400.00) and the equivalent of more than fourteen months of her total regular salary as a janitor at a school. With the money she bought a few pieces of shiny new modern furniture. These she moved into the two room "apartment" with beaten-earth floor which she had rented (for 75 cruzeiros per month, or about $15 U.S.) in a better section of the same slum suburb. Perhaps now Teresa would feel like "somebody", would no longer curse her mother with threats of returning to her biological father, a fireman married to someone else. Perhaps Teresa would become once more the dependable daughter who would see her mother through the hell of raising the little ones and provide for her in her old age. For not only did Iracema desperately need her eldest daughter's assistance, she loved her and was proud of her. This child was her jewel.

Teresa seemed to sense more accurately than her mother that education (and regular attendance at school), rather than magical remedies,
was the better solution to her predicament. It seems problematical that Teresa can escape her situation by continuing to fight for the little schooling available to her. Almost everything in her situation pressures her to conform to the social role her mother bears. How long before Teresa, too, succumbs to despair or awakens to her womanhood and her social destiny? However, resigned acceptance of her lot seems as improbable as escape from it. For Teresa shows nothing of her mother's patient pliancy. Unlike her mother, Teresa's formative years have been spent in the city where she has been exposed to the aura of rising expectations all about her. She has seen a lot of television at the houses of her mother's employ and even in neighbors' homes in her slum suburb, and she has been sold on its message that the good life is real and available. The old religious magic does not satisfy Teresa. She wants a piece of that good life, because she identifies with it. And there are millions of Teresa's in Latin America.

But Iracema cannot dream or even fight. Her only recourse is to cope as best she may with the only resources she knows. Her teeth are terribly decayed, the common condition for people of her class and age. Frequently their infection flares into great pain. If she has the money she may buy a pain-killing remedy from the pharmacy. But medicines are a luxury for this class. An herb tea, home remedy, may be tried; or as often, the services of the rezadora (female with special powers of prayer), who is her neighbor and friend. If the pain does not go away, at least she is comforted by the concerned efforts of her friend.
THE LOWER CLASS FAMILY

Cast of Characters

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<th>Description</th>
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<td>Nilza Ferrado, age 30</td>
<td>the central figure of this autobiography</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dona Regina</td>
<td>Nilza's first <em>patrao</em> (mistress)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senhor Carlos</td>
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CHAPTER SIX

A LOWER-CLASS FAMILY

According to one source, "As of the past year, Brazil has outstripped Japan as the fastest growing economy in the world.....However, signs of uneven distribution of wealth are evident, as are insufficient housing and educational facilities, inadequate medical care, and both unemployment and underemployment. Contrasts are often dramatic: .... hillside slums rise behind handsome new industrial buildings..... [President Emilio Garrastazu Medici stated in March 1970:] 'The economy may be going strongly, but most of the people are still not going so well!'" (Capithorne 1942:5).

Here is the life story of one who, unlike the Sampaios, has not caught the upward tide. She was employed as their cook during part of my stay in Salvador.

My name is Nilza Ferrado. I was born thirty years ago on the Fazenda Birimbau in the district of Santa Barbara in my mother's house. [This is the same district in which the Sampaios spent their prosperous years.] My parents were field workers on this sugar fazenda.

Life on a Sugar-Cane Plantation

The hours for this work began at about 4 a.m. The workers carried their lunch into the fields with them. At 11 a.m. the sugar mill whistle blew for a lunch rest. About thirty minutes later the whistle blew again for work to resume. However, the workers were free to keep their own hours and were not bound by the whistle. They were paid by piecework which was accounted for by an overseer. A worker might leave the fields anytime from 1 to 4 p.m.

The workers were paid every two weeks. [I do not inject the salary earned because the rate of exchange has fluctuated so wildly it would be very hard to pin this down to a meaningful figure.] Purchases made at the company store were deducted before payment. The labor union paid for medical care in case
of accident plus an annual paid vacation of two to four weeks. The worker might work during his vacation and receive double pay. See Hutchinson, 1957, for a discussion of how the union and other signs of modernization came to the sugar plantations in this area.

My parents put each of their children to work in the fields beside them at about eight or nine years of age. However, several of we girls preferred domestic service in the house of the whites in Santa Barbara to field work. I went to work in such a house when I was ten years old.

During the afternoons, after work in the fields, my mother earned an extra five cruzados per week washing clothes for the administrators of the fazenda. My father worked in the small garden plot given free, together with free house rent, to each plantation worker. On this plot he raised beans, manioc, and sometimes corn which we set aside for the annual corn festival at the end of June, the Festa of São João (St. John).

My father never liked me much. I think it was because I was my mother's favorite child, and he was jealous. We children liked my mother better than our father because he was always hit-time us in punishment for the least little thing. She only beat us when it was really necessary. Because of this jealousy my father picked a big fight with my mother and insisted that I be sent out of the house. So when I was about two years old I went to live in the house of my mother's father, which was very close to my parents' own house. I was raised by my grandparents until I was ten when I went to work for a branca [white lady] in Santa Barbara. [Nilza is very dark.]

My First Job

Dona Regina treated me very well, almost like a daughter of the family. She had a bad heart and spent a lot of time in her room in repose. Her husband, Sr. Carlos, was often very short with me, almost abusive. But he never hit me. He wanted me to perform his commands fast. Since I was just a little girl I couldn't easily reach up high to feed the birds in their cages, a task which fell to me when one of the children of the family didn't assume his responsibility. It was a long reach for me to that bird cage so high up...I'll never forget. The senhor would get very angry and sometimes swear at me because it took me so long.

After I had been in the house a few years, Dona Regina sent me to school at night. I learned what I know of reading and writing there. I finished the first year of primary school and started the second, but never finished it. I left and returned to my grandparent's home because Dona Regina died and I didn't want to stay in that house alone with Sr. Carlos and his two sons who were now in their teens. My mother didn't trust them, and neither did I. My mother always looked after me well. She walked into Santa Barbara every Monday
afternoon to the feira [open market] and to see me while I was in Dona Regina's house. She couldn't stay long because the walk took about six hours each way.

I was sad when Dona Regina died, for she was my friend. My main purpose, in fact, was to be a companion to her. She paid no salary but she maintained me, buying my clothes and shoes, etc. Sr. Carlos was an employee in the bank there. Dona Regina finally died, I think, over worry and anger that Sr. Carlos had a mistress, a young woman. But she had a wonderfully fine funeral and burial.

Within a week of my return home my mother had arranged new employment for me in the house of a white professora [female teacher] in another interior town not too far away. My job there was to do all the work of the house except the cooking. This included drawing water from a well by hand—there was a windlass—and washing clothes, for all eight members of the family as well as my own clothing. It was heavy work, and I especially hated drawing water for I hardly had the strength to lift the heavy bucket. It seemed that almost every hour of the day the Dona sent me to draw water. I was afraid to let go of the handle for fear it would spin away with the force of the descending full water bucket, hit me in the chest, and knock me into the well. I was really afraid of it...for I hardly had the strength to wind it all the way to the top. Yet I was afraid to let go of it because of this danger. One day, sure enough, it happened. But luckily for me the handle knocked me off to one side rather than down the well. At the same time, as I stepped backward to avoid the blow, I stepped on a nail sticking up in a board and pierced my foot deeply. The pain was so terrible that no one in the house had the courage to pull it out, nor did I. It became badly infected. My mother was sent for to fetch me home. But even though I was given many injections at the health post connected to the sugar mill I still had terrible pain from the infection. I groaned and screamed so with pain that nobody could sleep. After six weeks I was well and able to walk normally.

My First Man

About this time I began to romance with a young man who worked on the highway under construction adjacent to our fazenda. It would connect with the major highway between Santa Barbara and Salvador. We arranged to run away together. He had constructed a little house for us to live in on a neighboring fazenda where his parents lived. By prearrangement one night between midnight and 1 a.m. he came to fetch me in the truck that he drove on his highway job. Domingo was his name. He had originally come in from the sertão [arid backlands]. We ran off because my parents didn't like him and would never have permitted our marriage. Anyway, most people didn't get married; they ran off like this. Of my eight sisters there were only two married legally, in a
church and all. Four, like me, have entered free unions. My remaining two sisters are still too young. My parents were never legally married, but partners of many years in free union. My father never had another woman on the side, so far as I know.

At the beginning Domingo and I were very happy together. He must have been about twenty two and I between eighteen and nineteen. His work required that he be away from home, returning only two days and nights per week. Later his work allowed him to return home only once every fifteen days. This wasn't good. I was lonely there in the house he had built for us. After about three months Domingo began to romance with my married sister, Maria José. She had been married for a bit more than a year when she began the affair with Domingo. She had no children yet, nor had I. Domingo also had no children by any previous arrangement. However, Maria José did have a child by Domingo. It died almost at the instant of birth. The baby was dreadfully deformed, looking like a beast, so they said. I never saw her. I believe this tragedy was a punishment to my sister for what she did. She had left her husband to live with Domingo on the same fazenda where I was born, Fazenda Birimbau. My sister's true husband wanted to kill both her and Domingo. When I discovered Domingo's duplicity with my sister I sent him a stiff note that I was leaving. However, I will say this for him: Up to the time that I discovered this he sent me money with absolute regularity every week.

Arriving back home I engaged a house of my own near my parents and grandparents and went to work as a field hand in the cane fields. In the meantime Domingo and Maria José had a falling out, and Domingo began to come after me trying to persuade me to return to live with him. But after that fickleness I didn't want to see his face again. But he wouldn't leave me alone. What he really wanted was to move into my house on Fazenda Birimbau. I said nothing doing. He said, 'Well, then, if you won't live with me I won't let you live with anyone.' And I answered, 'That's fine with me. For my experience with you has cured me. I don't want to live with anyone, but to live alone without any worries.' Even so, he wouldn't leave me alone. Finally I came to Salvador to be rid of him and his constant bothering.

Several months after this he and Maria José, my sister, went back together and lived in the little house near his parents that Domingo had built for me. They lived together for about six months. He began to beat and abuse her, and she left him for good to return to Fazenda Birimbau where she took up with another man by whom she had two pairs of twins. This man has been good to her and she has been living with him now for about six years.

Nilza Moves to the Big City (1958)

I was accompanied to Salvador by a professora who taught in the school maintained by the owner of the fazenda for his employee's children. She had relatives here in Salvador who were looking for a nursemaid for their newborn baby. News of this opportunity came at just the right time for me to escape from Domingo. We came on
the bus. I had never been to Salvador before, and I like the city very much. I was paid far more than I had ever earned before--1500 cruzeiros plus all my clothes and board and room. My *patroa* [mistress] took me with her and her husband in his jeep on excursions around the city. I learned my way around this way. He was an employee of Petrobrás [the government corporation which owns and controls nearly all aspects of the petroleum industry in Brazil]. He worked in a fine new office building in the lower city. I liked my *patroa* very much.

**Nilza's First Baby Is Born**

During my time off I liked to go to festas in the city. It was at one of these that I met and fell in love with a sailor, a *preto* [black] like me, named Arnaldo do Teixeira Martins. I became pregnant. My *patroa* discovered my condition, but she didn't haul me out like so many would. Instead she sent me to the health post for examination and paid for my expenses without charging me anything out of my salary as most *patroas* would do. I liked her very much. To this day I go to visit her.

When I was about four months pregnant I began to have bad pains one day at work. After several hours blood began to show. I told my *patroa*, and she knew that I must be on the point of miscarriage. I was without experience, this being my first child, and I didn't know anything. My *patroa* called a taxi and sent another *empregada* maid with me to the city charity hospital. Within perhaps thirty minutes a baby boy was born, dead, but perfectly formed. A full discussion of the details, folk-rituals and beliefs surrounding birth are recounted by Nilza and included in chapter five, pt. 1, *Rites of Passage: Birth*. For continuity the interested reader should turn to this section.

.................. ........................................................

Shortly thereafter I was pregnant by my sailor again. He sailed off with his ship, and I did not hear a word from him. So I returned to the *fazenda* to be near my mother for this second birth.

**The Third Husband**

After the baby was born I did not return to Salvador but began living with a man there on the *fazenda* named Miguel. He was a sort of minor overseer of the field workers. He treated me very well and I was content with him.

When my first child was about eight months old her true father, the sailor, Arnaldo, returned to Salvador with his ship. He traced me to the *fazenda* and arrived bearing a pretty dress for the baby and a beautiful enlargement of a photograph of me
I had given him before. He wanted me to return to Salvador to live with him. But I was content and more secure with Miguel there on the fazenda. I didn't go. What I didn't know at the time was that Arnaldo [the sailor] had married during his recent absence in the south of Brazil. Later on, after the baby was older and able to leave her true mother, he asked me for his daughter. He wanted to take her to live with his legal wife and children in the south. But until this time he sent money and clothing to his brother, an employee in the state security department in Salvador, to be transmitted to me for the baby who is a living picture of her father.

When I began to live with Miguel I was about twenty three years old and he more than forty two. He had children older than I and a wife with whom he was no longer living. For the first three years we had a very happy life together. He was wonderful to me and treated me like a queen. He taught me many useful things from his life and experience. Always he gave me money for household expenses, bought clothes for me and for my little daughter, and later for the children I had by him. He took me driving in the truck he bought. We went for pleasure rides, to visit in the home of his parents, and to pass Easter week with them. [Note: This was a real mark of respect. For usually a kept woman or mancha, literally "stain", is financially maintained by the man but is not introduced into the respectable circle of his family of orientation or his legal family of procreation. That Miguel should have taken Nilza to pass Easter week, with his relatives probably demonstrated considerable feeling for her. For Semana Santa is traditionally a 'family togetherness' time, where family respect and filial piety are the cultural values honored and reinforced by this observance. Unlike many other holidays, this one is not a boisterous affair.]

After about three years, however, Miguel took another young girl, sixteen years old, who was living at home with her parents. After having seduced her he bought a house and set her up with furniture and chickens to raise. He married her in a legal civil ceremony, having married his first wife, now old, in a religious ceremony only. [Since it is the civil ceremony that has legality in the eyes of the law, his sixteen-year-old bride became his legal wife to whom all financial benefit will accrue.] This girl's family would have killed Miguel if he had not married her and set her up after the seduction. To me he gave nothing.

After this event our life definitely turned sour. There was nothing but fights from morning till night, whenever he set foot in the house. I already had two children by him, and later a third. Miguel became terribly jealous, accusing me of taking up with Arnaldo, the father of my first child. There was nothing to this. Miguel continued to give me household expense money; but the fighting was continuous.
The Big Marital Row

His jealousy reached the point where he was hiding around the house trying to catch me in an act of infidelity. He insisted that I speak to no male. I speak to everybody in a friendly way, but nothing more. Miguel wouldn't let me go out of the house to any festas, or for visiting. It reached the point where he wouldn't even let me go to do the weekly marketing at the feira [open-air market], but sent one of his employees or a neighbor.

One Sunday I did go to a small feira we had there on the fazenda to buy fresh vegetables to prepare a special Sunday lunch. Sunday is the day we all like to prepare something a little special. During my absence at the feira my next door neighbor observed Miguel slip into the house. She knew he had been hiding to spy on me previously, though I didn't know it. On my way home she intercepted me and told me that he must be about somewhere.

I went into the house and started my cooking. Afterwards I picked up the broom and began to sweep the house, suspecting that he might be beneath the bed, for there was no place else to hide. Sure enough, there he was, with a revolver. When I bent down pretending to sweep and saw him there I said, 'What kind of low man is this to hide under the bed to spy on his own faithful woman?' He didn't immediately reply, but wriggled out from under the bed. Then the fight began, each verbally abusing and swearing at the other. He accused me of infidelity and said he would shoot me for it. I said, 'Alright, if I deserve it, go ahead and shoot me. If not, don't shoot me but get out of my house.' With that he hit me very hard on the jaw. I fell unconscious to the floor, narrowly missing the hot stove. He ran out of the house and the children ran to call a neighbor. Immediately the house was full of neighbors, coming to see what the fuss was all about. When I returned to my senses I had a terrible tooth ache that continued unabated for two days.

Folk Magic

As soon as I was conscious again and realized that Miguel had given me that terrible tooth ache I resolved to pay him back. I made a praga, that is, a wish to God that Miguel should suffer a tooth ache twice as bad as the one he had made me suffer. Sure enough, two months later he did suffer a terrible tooth ache, much worse than mine.

A praga can be made as a request to God or any saint only for due cause. It is a kind of repayment by the wronged person to the one who did the harm for the suffering caused. Sometimes really bad persons can wish such a curse on an innocent person who has done nothing to deserve it. But such a praga is without effect. The praga is rendered in this manner: I said, 'I have faith in God
[or St. George or St. Anthony or whoever] that the pain I have suffered because of Miguel will return twofold to plague him in the same way, in the tooth.'

After two days I went to the dental clinic maintained by the owner of the sugar mill there on the fazenda and discovered that the tooth was broken and abscessed.

[The teeth of the very poor in Brazil, at least in this area, are almost uniformly terrible—half rotted away at an early age. They cannot afford a diet adequate to maintain good teeth, and the cultural food patterns militate against sturdy teeth. Neither can they afford repair of decayed teeth. The only remedies in wide use are an occasional pain-killing pill, and later extraction of the paining tooth. At thirty Nilza has very few of her upper teeth left. The lower ones could not be discreetly observed.]

Miguel did not appear again until about three months later, much calmer. He was fighting with his sixteen-year-old wife and wanted to live with me again. I didn't want him, but in he came. And immediately I was pregnant again. Soon the fighting began again, however. I stood it until his third child was born and then I sent him packing. He never returned again.

Nilza Comes to Salvador to Live a Second Time

When Miguel's third child was three weeks old I set off with my four little children on the bus for Salvador. They were then seven, five, one and one-half years old, and the new infant. As I got on the bus the conductor said to me and the world in general, 'Oh look. comes a sow loaded with her piglets.' I hardly deigned to answer him. Any person who talks like that is stupid and brutal. They understand nothing, and it does no good to talk to them...only causes more trouble.

I arrived at the home of one of my friends in Paraiso, a suburb of Salvador. [Paraiso is one of the worst slums of Salvador (see map of Salvador), the same one in which Irecema lives with her daughter, Teresa, whose problem of rebellion against poverty was discussed in chapter five, part 5, Religion and Supernatural Beliefs.] She took me in and I stayed for a month while I looked for work and a room to rent for me and my children. My friend arranged a job for me as a cook in the house of a professora near Paraiso. She took care of my children while I worked and didn't charge me anything, for we are close friends. She is closer to me than my own sisters. We poor people do not charge each other
for these services, for none of us has the money to pay for such things. We help each other out of friendship and necessity. [Here is another example of the "effective" personal network in action.] After a month I rented a little room for 25 cruzeiros per month, but had to pay 50 cruzeiros in advance, half of it as entrance fee and the other half as the rent in advance. I lived in this room with my children for several months before I could find a little shack, a bit bigger. We lived here perhaps for six months when the great rains came.

Devastation by Flood

[In May, 1971, Salvador suffered torrential rains such as nobody in the city remembers. The first day the entire city was shut down; nothing ran. On the third day the rain diminished but continued to fall without ceasing for a total of eight days. The total saturation caused many houses to fall down, particularly the makeshift shanties of the very poor. Many hills caved in. Nilza encapsulated the experience when she said:] My own little house was gone and I lost everything I owned.

My patroa let me go home early when the radio news was announcing a real flood. She gave me all kinds of food to take home to my children. I caught a bus, loaded down with that food. But by the time the bus reached the beginning of my bairro [district] the water was already entering into the body of the bus and the driver could go no farther. We who lived there jumped out to walk the remainder of the distance to our homes. It was a long way and the rain was coming down like daggers. I left my parcel and my shoes with a neighbor who lived on slightly higher ground while I waded into my area to fetch my children, left with my near neighbor. Upon arrival I saw that my house and that of my next door neighbor had completely collapsed. The house where my children were staying was still standing, but water was filling the house up to the level of my armpits. All the children were perched on tables or anything at all to keep from drowning. Everybody and everything was completely drenched. A whole group of us there in the same fix resolved to take our children and strike out for high ground where there was a city-bus garage that might furnish shelter.

A night-watchman for the bus company allowed us to enter and sleep in the buses. A white woman who lived nearby took pity on us and brought clothing for my children. She also gave me 5 cruzeiros [a little under $1 at that time] to buy food for the children. I was the poorest of all in that group of thirty neighbors. The rest had at least a little money for food but I had nothing. All thirty of us slept in the buses for two nights and sheltered there for another day until the rain diminished. On the third day we returned to the house of my friend and neighbor where the water was now only knee deep rather than shoulder deep. There we stayed the remaining five days of the rain and flood.
The Aftermath: Attempts at Free Help From the City

The news was out that the city was offering free help to those who had suffered dreadfully from the rain. Building materials and building help were supposed to be among the things offered. My friend, Iracema, [the author's laundress] and I went on foot in the last day or so of the rain to wait in line, for the buses were not yet running. That first day we arrived at 5:30 a.m., but others had been there since 4 a.m. We waited in line till midday and then had to leave. We both had jobs beginning at 2 p.m., but without food for the children we had no alternative but to leave the line and earn some money for food. Beginning at 2 p.m. the lines opened again when the staff returned from lunch. But there were so many people in that line that the assistance given hardly made a dent in it. The second day we arrived at 4 a.m. taking the bus that was running by now. This was the eighth and last day of the rain. We waited again until midday, without ever being waited upon, and again had to return to work. Fights broke out in that line as people pushed and argued over first place. Everyone was desperate for help.

Every morning for a week I returned early to that line hoping to receive help. My employer allowed me to skip work in the morning in order to take advantage of the free help the city was supposed to be offering. Every day it was the same story—too many people and too few clerks. Finally, on about the eighth day, one of the clerks told me that there was really no possibility that they could help me. There were just too many people for the resources at their disposal. And the help had to go only to those people who were true victims of the flood, that is, people who had suffered death or serious injury in their families as a result of the deluge.

There was another aspect to help, however. I had heard that the city firemen were helping out with emergency situations. My house had fallen over on its side and was collapsed on top of and leaning against the house of my next door neighbor. It was a very dangerous situation, for it could completely collapse and crush the house against which it was leaning, hurting the people inside. My neighbor implored me to remove my house and the danger. I had no male help at all. How could I, a woman alone, find the strength and balance to remove some of the timbers that required the strength of two men to lift? For this reason, I went to the fireman's post, arriving there about 1 p.m. I walked all the way from where I had been in line all morning. I was very hungry and weak, discouraged and desperate over my condition, without money to buy food or help. When I arrived the firemen told me they could not help me, but directed me to a private firm that was offering free help. Though I had to wait until the men returned from their lunch hour my luck did turn up. They did indeed help, by driving me to my house in their truck. Six men came along and dismantled my house, piling the materials on my ground so that I could reuse them for reconstruction. At least the immediate danger was removed.
I Rebuild My House

There was no recourse but for me to build my house again as best I could. As soon as the six men left I set about the reconstruction. I worked for the rest of that day, part of the night, and all of the second day. The second night my children and I slept in the house. It was not very well built—pretty rickety. But it sufficed to cover us. It stood for about six months and then began to lean and be dangerous again.

About this time the owner of the ground on which my house stood began construction of a house for his daughter, soon to be married, on the space in front of my house. My house was completely surrounded now, without passage to the outside. In the end we resolved the problem this way: the owner of the ground said that I should scout out a new location for my house, and he would arrange to dismantle and rebuild my house on the new site. This we did. I had found a new site on the reclaimed fill-land made from dumping the city's garbage. The owner of the old terrain asked me to pay him, little by little, the 50 cruzeiros necessary for new building materials, for my old ones were worn out. Only the roof tiles were reusable. These I transported to the new location, some distance away, on my head. The new wood was delivered to the site by the store from which it was purchased. The owner of the old site from which I was moving paid a workman to rebuild the house. But the workman did such a terrible job of it that the house was almost useless. Every time I spoke about it to him he flew into a rage. It did no good. In the end I just shut up. The first night my children and I slept in the house we didn't stay in it the whole night. I was afraid the roof would collapse and fall in on us.

The next morning I went to explain the situation to the gentleman who was responsible for helping me out in this situation. He came and had a look, and agreed that the structure was unsafe. So, with 70 more cruzeiros from his pocket, more material was purchased at the lumber yard. This I carried on my head to the site. The gentleman himself, and the same workman he had previously hired to do the job, came and shored up the house, reinforcing the roof support and the sides until the house was better. The gentleman did not charge for his own service, only for the additional material. I repaid all this to him out of my wages little by little, as I was able. Twice I was able to pay back 20 cruzeiros per month. At other times it was as little as 5 cruzeiros per month that I could afford. I finished paying off that debt just about two months ago.

However, though better, the house was still far from secure. I knew the gentleman would not give me any more help at all. I remembered a friend of Aranaldo, the father of my first child, who was also in the navy and stationed here in Salvador. I went looking for him, asking for some help to finish the necessary fixings of the
house. He said he would help me when he received his next paycheck, in about a month. In return for this promised help he moved in on me, and left me pregnant. As soon as that payday came and went Geraldo, that was his name, disappeared and I never saw him again. He never gave me any money at all...only another baby. I am now five months pregnant with his child. I knew it was useless to go looking for him at the naval station here. Besides, I have my pride. I will just leave this on his conscience. In the meantime, if I am able, I will soon begin to prepare a layette for the new baby, with embroidery. I learned how to do all this several years ago when I helped a patroa of mine prepare the layette for her baby. She taught me.

I have four children already, and this baby, if it lives, will make five. My oldest child is nine and the youngest two. One of my boys was born with a hair lip. He is a handsome little fellow except for this. I think the state will give him a free operation to fix it. I am going to look into it. The youngest is very tiny and skinny. He does not walk or talk yet, and his skin doesn't look right. I think there is something the matter with him. I don't know what. He eats all right, but his development is very retarded.

My present salary of 90 cruzeiros per month [about $15 from Mother Sampaio] goes almost entirely for food, beans and farinha [manioc flour], which is about all I can afford.

Earlier when I assessed my situation—four children to support and no husband to help—I realized that I couldn't possibly pay rent. My employment is always uncertain; and even when I do have work my wage could only buy beans and farinha to feed my children. There wouldn't be enough to pay rent too, so I would have to arrange free housing somehow. The squatter area was the only answer, the place where I could build my own little shack.

I have been told by reliable sources that the city no longer allows squatter "invasions", very common in the early 1950's. Now new "invasions" are strictly prohibited and razed by the police (Mangun, 1967). However, Salvador still allows squatter houses to be built on a small remaining area adjacent to the slum suburb of Paraiso which is in process of becoming solid ground through deposition of the city's garbage. Houses may also be built on stilts over open water in this general area. In addition, the city is engaged in the construction and partial financing of low-cost housing on some of the fill ground in
this area. However, even though it is intended for the poor, the thousands of people like Nilza and Iracema cannot afford it.

Nilza takes her family to the neighborhood free health clinic when necessary. They exist in every neighborhood, and Nilza considers them very good. There is also a place where free medicines can be had if they are in stock, frequently not the case. In this event they must be purchased by prescription order. A single such prescription may cost as much as 20 cruzeiros or more. In general the poor cannot afford such a cost and must do without unless an employer gives them the funds, which is often the case.

Nilza's Values and Beliefs

Following the recitation of her life story I asked Nilza a series of questions about her values and beliefs. These, and her answers, are appended here. (The interested reader may compare Nilza's values and beliefs, representative of the very poor, with those of Sampaios, representative of those whose fortunes have benefited from the changes taking place in Brazil. See chapter 9, Ethos, and to a lesser extent chapter 5, part 5, Religion and Supernatural Beliefs.)

Values and Beliefs:

Question: For what end or objective do you believe we are born into this world?

Answer: For me, this must be only to suffer or to die. For others there may be other objectives. But since there exist absolutely no benefits in this life for me, and in my future I can see only increased suffering as I have more children and my age and health run out, this can be the only end. Perhaps in the future God will hear my pleas and my luck will change. But beyond this, only suffering and death can be my end in life.

Question: What is the most important thing in life for you?
Answer: (Nilza pondered this a minute before answering:) For me, I think the most important thing is to find bread for my children to eat. Because you see, and you know, that the work I do and the life I live can never give me more than barely enough bread to keep my children alive. There are many people who do not have the courage to keep at this struggle. At times, when things seem to close in on me and I think there is no where else to turn for bread, something turns up as long as I keep looking. Then maybe I will find good employment and things will get a little better before they take a turn for the worse again. But the long and short of it is, for me the most important thing in life is to be able to provide bread for my children to eat...that is, food for them to eat.

Question: In your opinion what is the worst vice that exists?

Answer: For me, personally, it is smoking. [Nilza smokes heavily when she can scrounge the cigarettes. She feels that it is bad for the health, she is somewhat worried about the cough that she has to a slight degree. She says that she is on the lookout for a drug she hears one can take that will give one a revulsion for smoking so that the habit can be broken.]

However, for humanity in general, I think robbery is the worst vice. This stems from laziness for honest work. And to take from the poor who are struggling to stay alive by honest work is a real vice.

Question: In your opinion, which do you think is more important for success in life, luck or personal effort and force?

Answer: Sometimes it is both. For the building of my house with my own hands was not a matter of luck, but of my own effort. Other times, luck can have a lot to do with one's success. Therefore, I think it is both.

Ambitions:

Question: What are your principal ambitions for the future?

Answer: All I really want in the future is a good house...no not even a really good house, just one that is really a house. For the shelter that we have now is not really a house, it's just an inadequate, temporary shelter.

As for a husband, this I don't care about. This is a matter of luck. So far I have had no luck at all. I have suffered much from the men in my life and I want no more suffering from them. I know how to work to support myself and my children, and I don't want to take on any more suffering. However, if luck would have it that a good husband should come into my life, well that would be helpful. But my only really ambition is to have a good house to cover my head and my children.
Question: What career would you like for your children to follow when they are grown?

Answer: For the boys, I would like them to be in the navy. For the girls, I would like each one to be a professor [teacher]. I think this would be beautiful.

It is really a wonderful thing for a young man to be in the navy. Because, in the first place, it pays well. Furthermore, when he comes out of the navy he is well trained in all kinds of things that he needs in life. He knows how to write. He is trained in how to build a house, he can work as an electrician. In fact, every practical training that he needs to get on well in life he receives in the navy.

Satisfactions in Life:

Question: In what do you find the greatest satisfaction in life? Work, family life, leisure, diversion, or other?

Answer: This is hard for me to answer. [She pondered a bit]. I have absolutely no satisfaction in work...no happiness there. I think my only satisfaction in this life is being with my children...in whatever happiness they have. For I have no satisfaction with my own mother and father. I have had no satisfaction with the men in my life...only a worsening of my condition. But, thanks be to God, I have always had good health. This gives me satisfaction, and my children. That's all.

Question: What experience in your life gave you the most happiness?

Answer: [Nilza pondered quite a bit. Finally she said.] I cannot remember any such experience of real happiness. Everything in my life has been work or suffering. When we began construction of the house in which I now live I had a fleeting sensation of happiness, for I thought it was going to be a real house. But it isn't...just an unsafe shack with insufficient support. Beyond that, nothing. I have no answer to this question.

Question: If you had any opportunity at all, what career would you prefer to follow?

Answer: [Nilza had no trouble at all coming up with an answer for this one. I got an instant and intense reaction to this question.] I would like to be a lawyer for the defense of people who have suffered injustice...for the good of humanity. For I have seen so much injustice in my life, for which there was no recourse, that I would like to be able to provide help and justice for those who have suffered terrible injustice, as I have myself. If such help exists, I have never found it, or I don't know where or how to look for it. But I think there should be a public defender who would act on behalf of the poor and miserable, to do something about these terrible injustices they suffer all the time.
Question: If you had the opportunity now, what would you like to learn or study?

Answer: My first choice would be to study law, for the reasons cited above. My second choice would be to study medicine, in order to help the sick and miserable of the poor.
CHAPTER SEVEN

RACE AND CLASS

Having looked at something of the life-styles of two different social groups, it may be helpful to place them more precisely in the overall social structure of Brazil and in the theoretical framework of this study (see chapter one, page 7). Charles Wagley's (1963) analysis of Brazilian race and class can hardly be improved upon, judging from my own field experience, and it furnishes the background for the following discussion.

It is almost true to say that traditionally there were two classes in Brazil—the rich and the poor—with little in between. However, a tiny middle class probably did exist, especially in the south of Brazil among the European immigrants. Since World War II all this has been changing. New economic developments have caused considerable modification of the composition of the traditional upper class as well as a trend toward the emergence of a large middle class.

A traditional upper class filled the niche vacated by the nobility after independence (1889). It played the dominant role in the economic, political, and social life of the nation and often held the key to success in these fields. This group was tightly knit by ties of marriage and common interest, and had both regional and nation-wide interconnections. Its values were aristocratic, paternalistic, and based upon ostentation and lavish hospitality.
There was also a local upper class which, in the case of some families, was included among those in the national upper class. Prominent among these were large land-owners and planters of sugar, coffee, cacao (chocolate), as well as merchants and bureaucrats. However, the economic focus has shifted from agriculture to industry, and the local elite are increasingly hard pressed to keep up with the costly lifestyle of the metropolitan upper class. Thus, unless it can affiliate with the new industrial rich through marriage, the old landed gentry is often forced out of its former position. There is, in fact, a good deal of intermarriage between these two groups (as described by Hutchinson, 1957, in Bahia). Nonetheless, the new upper class shows a different alignment of forces from the old traditional upper class based primarily upon the landed gentry. The dead Bernardo Sampaio was employed by the Machado family of Bahia, a good example of the old traditional upper class. His son, Bernardinho, was offered a position at the time of his university graduation by a wealthy industrialist of Sao Paulo, as example of the new upper class.

The traditional lower class has always included the great mass of Brazilians. Illiteracy and dependency upon the upper class through patron-client relationships has characterized these often miserably poor people. Though protective social welfare legislation has made great strides since 1964, the patrão complex is by no means dead. The poor worker turned to his patrão (employer) for the only source of social security he knew. These patron-client ties often supported very warm and personal relationships—and still do in much of Brazil. The relationship between Iracema and the Sampaios is somewhat illustrative of this point.
With the increasing mechanization of rural agriculture (see Hutchinson, 1957) the old personal ties are giving way to the impersonality of time clocks, labor unions, etc., and some of the traditional rural poor are becoming "rural proletariat".

As these poor flock into the already bursting shanty towns of the cities they form one of the fastest growing social groups in modern Brazil. Most remain miserably poor, for there are neither sufficient jobs or city services to support them.

...As such favelas (shanty towns) become permanent parts of the great cities, a further step is taken. The residents begin to improve their property and to build more permanent dwellings. This is especially noticeable in Bahia, where shacks are turned into adobe houses; next, a painted facade is added, and then the municipality paves the streets and arranges for electricity and other services to be brought to the area. Finally, the invasão (invasion) that was a slum becomes a permanent residential district for the better-off members of the city's lower class. (Wagley 1963; 119-121). (See also Manguin 1967; 21-29).

It will be recalled that Nilza, the central figure in chapter 6 A LOWER CLASS FAMILY, and Iracema, who had been a mendicant of the Sampaio's since she first entered their employ as a teen-ager fresh out of the interior, both live in just such an area in Salvador with their children. Helio, and the Sampaio's themselves, spent many years of their earlier lives in a somewhat older, more stabilized, and hence more respectable area which had begun, in part, as an invasion. Today Salvador's city government absolutely prohibits such invasions (spontaneous slum-settlements), sending police to destroy them when they are attempted. Further, the city of São Paulo, in southern Brazil, is so nearly swamped by the influx of poor from the interior that the mayor is said to have suggested that a system of domestic visas may have to be initiated to control the situation.
These favelas are potential tinder boxes of social unrest. The old fatalistic submission of the rural poor is not always the style of the new urban poor. For many of them were raised with exposure to television and the aura of rising expectations for a better life. Iracema's problem with the rebellious dissatisfaction of her fourteen-year-old daughter, Teresa (see chapter five, part five) illustrates the point.

The new middle class is exemplified by the Sampaios. A tiny middle class probably dates from the early eighteen hundreds. Government clerks and European immigrants (especially to southern Brazil) dating from around 1850, account for much of this group.

With the expansion of industrial activity, government services, and economic and professional opportunity since World War II, the middle class has enlarged rapidly. It is coming to resemble the middle classes of Europe and the United States in many external aspects of its lifestyle including its desire for consumer goods. However, it remains oriented to values of the traditional aristocracy in the importance it places upon lavish hospitality (an economic hardship for this class), and in its disdain of manual labor. (Mother Sampaio strongly supports these values.)

The middle class likewise places high value upon things French and North American, (though preference for French culture is fast losing ground). At the same time, the middle class is most patriotic and nationalistic. For example, English language courses are all the rage in Salvador—especially within this class, and American movie stars and popular entertainers are subjects of great interest and admiration. In contrast to this is frequent expression of criticism and suspicion (especially of the C.I.A.), as well as envy of the material standard of living in the
United States. These ambivalent feelings were articulated among the Sampaio family especially by Mario, and to a lesser extent, by Madalena.

The Sampaio family certainly qualifies for a position in the new middle class. By virtue of her marriage, Francesca Sampaio rose from the traditional lower class into a fractional group that might be classified as part of a provincial middle class. As overseer of five plantations belonging to the upper class Machado family, Senhor Sampaio would have been ranked socially with the petty bureaucrats of any small town.

After his death, his widow and children plummeted back into poverty. The move into the slum of Salvador cast them into the urban lower class. Francesca Sampaio never let her children forget that they had higher origins, however, "We are gente (somebody)", she constantly reminded them. Within their means they strove to maintain a style of life commensurate with their assessment of themselves. The reader may remember the strictness with which the younger girls were "protected from the degrading influence" of the "rabble" all around them. It was against this cloistering that Dalva rebelled, and to which Maria da Conceicao submitted because she said, "I knew no other life". It seems probable that this self-image, together with the new economic opportunities, contributed as much as any single factor to the drive which returned the Sampaio family to their present middle class status.

Helio's story identifies him as a member of the traditional rural lower class who became a part of the urban lower class upon migration to Salvador with his family. It was partly because he had no pretensions to anything but lower class economic status that his marriage to Dalva was so hotly opposed. It is upon this same basis that Mother Sampaio opposed the marriage of her son, Bernardinho, to his wife, Deolinda.
The old valuation rankles still, and relations between Deolinda and her
mother-in-law remain strained. The chronic marital trouble between
Deolinda and Bernardinho has at least something to do with this feeling
of disparity in their social worth. Mother Sampaio's feeling toward
the spouses of her other children also reveals some relation to their
social origins, though her feeling is certainly tempered by the personal
qualities of the individual in question. These social origins are
measured not only in terms of the economic aspect of social status, but
also by the racial index. Helio's suit was opposed not only because he
had always been poor, but also because he is a shade darker than most
of the Sampaios, most especially his fair-skinned, blue-eyed wife.
Which brings us to consideration of Wagley's analysis of the relation of
race to social class.

Race and Social Class

Actually, one cannot understand social and economic strati-
fication in Brazil without referring to race relations, for in Brazil
race and class relations are historically and functionally interrela-
ted. The traditional Brazilian two-class system was closely associated
with the two-fold racial division of the Brazilian people. The landed
gentry, the traditional upper class, was predominately of Caucasoid
ancestry, as its descendants still are. The slaves, the peasants,
manual workers, and dependents of all kinds were historically of Negroid,
American Indian, or mixed ancestry. In modern Brazil, the newly formed
classes and social segments continue to have racial overtones. In
general, as one moves down the social hierarchy, the number of racially
mixed or otherwise nonwhite individuals gradually increases.

At no point in the social and economic hierarchy does one encounter
a homogeneous group. Individuals of mixed ancestry occur even among the
upper classes, and many whites are found in the lower social strata....
Since the abolition of slavery in 1888, there has been no legal form of
racial discrimination or segregation in Brazil.... (Wagley 1963; 132)
The casual observer may feel that Brazil does, indeed, enjoy a racial democracy, a cherished theme in Brazil. However, a closer look at the complexities of race and class reveal some flaws in this concept.

A telling fact is the popular and intricately-graded classification of various combinations of physical characteristics: hair (color and quality), skin color (graded from very black to white), and facial features such as shape of nose or thickness of lips. In Brazil the relatively undisturbed gene pool of Negro, Caucasoid, and Amerindian elements blended into a very finely graded mix of all three strains over a four-hundred-year period. There are popular terms, understood instantly by the inhabitants, which categorize each one of these types. These classifications vary somewhat from region to region. But the fact that they exist and are important in social ranking is most revealing.

For example, in a particular provincial town of Bahia they recognized in addition to 'whites' and 'Negroe' five other types: 'moreno', 'chulo', 'mulato', 'creolo' and 'caboverde'.... The moreno has wavy hair with the skin coloring of a heavily sunburnt white. The mulato has crisp, curly hair and is darker than the moreno. The chulo has crisp, rolled hair and his skin is the 'color of burnt sugar or tobacco'. The creolo has fine wavy hair, is almost as dark as the chulo, but has smoother skin. The cabo verde has very straight hair and is the color of the Negro. (Harris 1956:119).

The interested reader will find additional specific detail on Brazilian race and class in the following works: Azevedo 1963; Hutchinson 1957; 117-126; Pierson 1944; Smith and Marchant 1951; Wagley 1963.

...for Brazil as a whole, and speaking generally, the old Brazilian rule of thumb still stands: "The darker the skin the lower the class and the lighter the skin the higher the class." (Wagley 1963: 135-136).

The claims for a Brazilian racial democracy must be judged also against widely documented color prejudice in almost every part of the nation....Almost all studies of race relations in Brazil have cited the traditional derogatory sayings about

Dalva Sampaio recited one such saying to me in a discussion about race prejudice: "O preto, quando nao suja na entrada suja na saida."

(The black, when he doesn't dirty things when he enters, pollutes them when he exits. That is, a black will always show a lack of social quality.)

There is a vast difference, however, between the social effect of these attitudes and stereotypes in the United States and in Brazil. In the United States, they are aimed against all people of known Negro ancestry, regardless of physical appearance.... In Brazil there is a "race prejudice of mark" (i.e., prejudice of appearance) rather than "race prejudice of origin."... Color prejudice or "prejudice of mark" decreases as the skin lightens.... (Wagley, 1963: 140).

Color differences between spouse matters least among the lower classes and most among the highest classes. However, it is not at all unusual to see an exchange of advantage in the marriage of a darker man who is moving up in business or professional life to a whiter wife.

This accords with what Dalva told me about such matters and of the SampaioS, e.g. A sister of Mother Sampaio's is married to a dark black preto by whom she has four children.

Though such marriages occur, to legitimize such a relationship is a matter of some seriousness. For example, a friend told of the great opposition her father brought to two successive fiancees. They were admirable young men in all respects except for skin color a trifle darker than her own. The father threatened to cut off his daughter's ear should she run off and be married. She broke off the relationship. The third fiancee was totally approved because his skin color was a shade lighter. My friend tells me that in moments of anger her husband chides her with her inferior hue. "However", she says, I spit right back at him by pointing out that I have better (i.e., straighter) hair than he."
Dalva, in an argument with Helio over the preto sweetheart of his niece, pointed out that it was precisely upon such grounds that her family opposed her marriage to him, and that she felt he was being rather hypocritical to fault his niece for her choice of fiancee. At the same time, Dalva is proud of her own appearance, a close reproduction of her dead father's caucasian features—fair skin, blue eyes, finely chiseled profile, and "good" hair. She bemoans the one evidence of Negroid genes she may have inherited from her mother: broad nostrils.

...perhaps the most important difference between race relations in Brazil and in the United States is that color is but one of the criteria by which people are placed in the total social hierarchy....Other criteria, such as income, education, family connections, and even personal charm and special abilities or aptitudes come into play when placing a person in terms of the prestige hierarchy or even of social class...."Money whitens the skin". (is expressive of this whole cluster of social criteria)....This means, in effect, that there are no Brazilian social groups based on skin color alone. (Wagley 1963: 142-143).

Thus, in Brazil, race relations and social class are intertwined in an intricate manner. They are not separate phenomena as they are apt to be elsewhere....(Though) physical appearance is an added disability, (it is) negligible as compared to other countries. For nowhere in Brazil does one's physical appearance, one's race, constitute an impossible barrier to upward mobility. (Wagley 1963: 144).

The Sampaio's racial origins are both Caucasian and Negroid, for Francesca Sampaio's grandmother was a favorite Negro slave of her European grandfather. Francesca herself shows only minor traces of her Negro heritage. Her husband's photograph and his similarity to a living brother reveal him as phenotypically Caucasian. Some of the ten children worry a bit about their "too curly" hair, and wear stocking caps in the seclusion of the home to make it lie smooth and flat. None of them are impeded from upward mobility because of these trace characteristics. Like other Brazilians they demonstrate ambivalent feelings about their genetic
background. On the one hand they are proud of Brazil's racial democracy, but they are well aware that "darker is lower".

In a discussion concerning the relation of color to social status Dalva spoke to me quite candidly about her mother's propensity to use color contrast to elevate her own sense of social worth.

My mother loves to have a house full of people. She has raised eight different children, all Negro, as foster children. As an interesting sidelight, she despises Negroes; she considers them very inferior. Yet these are the very ones with which she surrounds herself. She has never raised a white child.

During my stay there were two little black girls, sisters, resident in Mother Sampaio's house for a few weeks. Their mother was a friend of Francesca Sampaio's daughter, Ursulina. The friendship seemed to be an asymmetrical relationship of the patron-client sort. The younger of the girls was suffering from a lingering, though not totally debilitating, infection for which there was no adequate treatment in the interior area where the family lived. The mother called upon her relationship to Ursulina to place the child, and her older sister as "caretaker", in the city where she could receive treatment. It was understood that the girls would give house service in return for their keep and the treatment. Ursulina did not find it convenient at the moment to keep both girls in her smallish apartment, but she was genuinely concerned to assist her "client"-friend and the ailing child. She worked out the perfect solution by placing the children with her mother, who was always delighted to have a full house—especially of people to whom she could play the grand dame. The girls were kept busy fetching and carrying. At the same time Francesca was most diligent in her medication of the sick child; and the visits to the doctor were financed from the Sampaio family purse. When Selina was well and returned to her home in the interior, Francesca
missed her company and her status-supportive role. (In this same context, the reader may recall the tale of the black baby raised by Francesca as a young matron, out on the plantation. Francesca could not understand why this child did not appreciate her great good fortune in having been taken in by a white family, no matter how often she was reminded of the fact.)

This anecdote illustrates the use of color as the definer of social status. The next anecdote demonstrates Wagley's thesis, that other qualities frequently outweigh color.

Maria da Conceição, Mother Sampaio's youngest daughter, had great fun in setting up her household as a new bride. Among other things, she needed a maid to complete the furnishings. Through the network of friends she obtained a girl from the near interior who, by chance, shared her own maiden name, Sampaio. The girl proved to be an ideal maid. She was efficient, intelligent, clean and neat, as well as fair-skinned and blue-eyed. Only her hair was a little "bad" (kinky); but she wore a head scarf most of the time to cover it. The two young women were about the same age; they had much time together alone in the new apartment, and one day they fell into conversation about their origins. They made a great discovery, they were cousins by way of Maria's paternal uncle who had begat this illegitimate daughter, now his niece's maid. The maid had inherited the paternal characteristics of blue eyes and Maria had not. But Maria had the better good fortune to inherit family legitimacy, the superior social status.

Social Rankings and Deference

(Wagley observes that) Race discrimination is...relatively
mild and equivocal in Brazil, but class discrimination produces
disabilities and inequalities of a sharp, incisive nature that
can be shocking to North Americans. Some of the more subtle
aspects of the relations between the upper and lower classes
have been described by the Brazilian anthropologist Thales de
Azevedo for the traditional city of Salvador in Bahia. He
writes:

The people of the lower class are obliged to address
the superior group with the title 'Dona' for women and 'O
senhor' for men, terms which indicate subordination in this
context....The greetings with kisses among women, the little
goodbye signal made with the fingers, the handshake and em-
bace between men are rarely employed in asymmetrical rela-
tions (between classes)....A member of the lower class may
be received into the house of the upper- or middle-class
person, but rarely will he sit in the living room or at the
dinner table (Wagley 1963: 144-145). (See also Chapter 4).

I discovered these facts for myself. The Sampaio's, to a man,
insisted upon calling me 'Dona', despite my protestations. However,
with the exception of Mother Sampaio, they would not allow me to address
them by the terms Dona or O senhor. In other ways, I was accorded signs
of social deference which indicated the Sampaio's social definition of
the situation. After I had been living with the Sampaio's for some months,
I happened to be invited to dinner at the home of an upper class family.
This invitation to me was a matter of considerable interest and satisfac-
tion to the Sampaio's. During the course of conversation my hosts and
their guests did not address me as Dona, but by my given name. In other
ways they indicated that they defined me as certainly no higher in the
social scale, and probably a bit lower. This in no way diminished their
kindness and courtesy; it merely indicated a different definition of
social ranking.

Helio has not entirely escaped from the ambivalent feelings of
social inferiority implicit in his origins, and he keenly feels the in-
justice of an evaluation of personal worth based on ascription—a fact
revealed in his personal philosophy. He acts upon his convictions
concerning social democracy at the bank where, he explained, he does not require the subordinates in his department to address him as O senhor, though most administrative personnel do so.

Dalva explained to me that the great emphasis her mother placed upon respeito (respect) was tied into the matter of social ranking. She allowed me to address her as Dona Francesca because she was older than I, and age received considerable priority in the status hierarchy. The parental position also received extra weight in the ranking system. So strong were these feelings among the Sampaio family that the two eldest sons did not smoke in their mother’s presence until they were over thirty years old, and twenty-five-year-old Maria still does not do so. It was expected that a younger person would obey the wishes of an older one of the same status level, even though both were grown adults. In any case, to smoke in a lady’s presence was a mark of disrespect. These social norms are now beginning to seem quite "quaint", even in the most conservative middle class. Brazilian adolescents and young adults of the middle and upper classes, who are fashionably dressed in U. S. Army-type fatigues, and who smoke heavily as part of the costume, would dismiss Mother Sampaio’s standards concerning respect as ja era--(that which was, antiquated, long-gone).
CHAPTER EIGHT

INSTITUTIONS IN TRANSITION

Though this study has focused principally on the family as a microcosm or, more accurately, a sub-set of the culture under scrutiny, it must also take note of the formal institutional framework within which family life is embedded and enacted. The picture will, of necessity, be incomplete. But as members of this family participated in the larger institutions of their community and of their nation it was possible for me to tag along and observe something of those institutions in operation. This participation by individual family members represents the strands by which the family cell is integrated into the "seamless web" of the larger system (see chapter one). In Brazilian society, where the personal tie is the preferred means by which so much of society's work is done, this means of studying the formal institutional framework is especially useful. The individual members of this family through the personal networks of which they are a part, weave the family into this larger framework.

The Educational Institution

This was the institution within which half the adult Sampaioes found a public role, and to which I was offered greatest entrée. In addition, it was through the doors of this institution that all the Sampaio children and now grandchildren first moved into the larger life of society.

By "going to school" with various of the school-goers in the family I was led into observations and contacts which showed me how education works in this culture, and how the great transformations in progress are intended to improve the efficiency of this institution. A veritable
educational revolution is underway in Brazil.

A brief discussion of the background against which this revolution is being played out will clarify its problems and aims. Brazil is a nation of young people. With a population in excess of ninety-two million it has one of the highest birth rates in the world. According to 1970 census figures the birth rate is 2.7 percent per year, a drop from the figure 3.17 percent per year shown in the 1960 census (Índice O Banco de Dados 1971:13).

With the high rate of increase in population, greater demands are made each year on the educational system so that plans made for even projected situations are often inadequate long before their implementation can become a reality.

Most of Brazil's population is concentrated near the coast, leaving vast areas with such sparse population that it is impossible for even small, one-room schools to function. Even in the rural areas, near the coast, population density is usually not sufficient to support more than one or two-room schools. Road systems are still not developed enough to permit daily transportation of students to school; [a factor fast mending;] and if they were adequate, economic factors would prohibit the operation of school busses. Substantial percentages of the total population in 1960 were located in these rural areas.

Another demographic factor of importance is the age distribution of the population. With more than half of the population age nineteen or younger, and about 35 percent in the elementary and middle-level school-age groups, the nation would have had to invest a large proportion of its material resources and of its trained man-power in the school system, if all of these groups had been in school. Considering also the schools of higher education and their enrollment with the lower-level groups, Brazil would have been confronted with education as almost its primary activity (Harrell 1967:7).

In 1962 it was reported that only about 50 percent of Brazil's children between the ages of seven and fourteen (7.5 million of 14 million) were enrolled in elementary schools. Some in this age group were enrolled in middle school; but allowing for these "it was clear that more than one-third of Brazilian children between the ages of seven and fourteen were not enrolled in [any] school" (Harrell 1967:13).
State by state, enrollment was very uneven. In general greater educational opportunities and enrollments are to be found in the south and, as is clear from the foregoing, in the urban areas. Conversely, the lowest in educational quality and quantity is located in the north and the rural regions—the traditional division on almost all indices of development. However, computed on the basis of a national average, 74 percent of elementary school students were concentrated in the first two grades. Of those who entered first grade more than 80 percent dropped out before reaching the fourth (Harrell 1967:13).

The foregoing figures were largely computed from 1960 census information. The 1970 figures show little change. Approximately 25 percent of all Brazilians over six years of age were listed as illiterate (4) (Índice - 0 Banco de Dados 1971:113). (In addition, it is said that many more would have to be classed as functionally illiterate). Though somewhat improved, the high attrition rate at every level of schooling continued into 1970. Less than 1 percent of those who entered primary school made it into university (Índice - 0 Banco de Dados 1971:110).

In an effort to change this dismal picture the national government has devoted increasing attention and resources to the problem, such that 5 percent of Brazil's "Gross Internal Product" (G.N.P.) was devoted to education in 1970 (Índice - 0 Banco de Dados 1971:11).

Against this statistical information, a crude verbal sketch of how the school system worked may further orient the reader. For many years past elementary education in Brazil has been divided into the primary course of four or five years, depending upon the locality, and the intermediate or gymnasial (junior high) course of four years. The child started primary school around six to eight years of age, depending
somewhat on whether he was attending a public or private school. Until fairly recently the pupil took a qualifying examination before he passed from the primary into the intermediate school. Because of the classical rigor of the exam, the generally poor quality of instruction, as well as the problems associated with poverty, the attrition rate was extremely high.

For those who survived gymnasium the next step was a specialized three or four year course (roughly comparable to "high school") in a variety of fields which can be summarized as 1) teacher-training; 2) technology (chemistry, electricity, mechanical principals, etc.); 3) commercial training (accounting, statistics, business administration, etc.); and 4) college preparatory in either science or "classical humanities" which would include languages and literature. Having completed this level the student might opt to enter the vocational world in his chosen area—if he could find a job—or try for university entrance.

University education in Brazil has always been for an extremely small minority, traditionally, elite. As Brazil began to modernize it had greater need for more highly educated people. The process of industrialization and of modernizing education started in the south of Brazil, particularly in the São Paulo area, hub of Latin America's largest industrial complex. Traditionally there has been a stiff university entrance exam designed to filter out all but the elite. Today, as education at the lower levels is gearing up to handle more and more students, the pressure upon the universities is tremendous. All along the line, from top to bottom, the educational system is simultaneously expanding and restructuring. But the universities, particularly,
cannot begin to keep up with the demand. The entrance examination remains stiff—the competition fierce, and the schemes for cheating ingenious. E.g. One particularly resourceful student was apprehended in the examination room with a tiny two-way radio upon which he was receiving information from a confederate outside. Of necessity, the available places are awarded to those who pass highest on the exam. Though more places are created for university students every year, the number of applicants increases even faster. A popular Brazilian news magazine reported that the national university entrance examination (vestibular) for the Brazilian academic year beginning 1973 was administered in early January to approximately 400,000 applicants. For these hopefuls there existed approximately 200,000 places nation-wide (Veja Jan. 10, 1972:36). In some universities this ratio is very much more critical. The picture is clarified by the additional information that the applicant must select the major course he wishes to pursue at university, and take an entrance exam tailored to that major. Some courses are in particularly high demand, such as medicine; so that the ratio of vacancies to applicants is extremely high in this field; nineteen to one (índice 0 Banco de Dados 1971:116). The nation sweats not only from midsummer heat in January, but from vestibular tension as well. The high rate of necessary failure has given rise to the vestibular school whose sole purpose is to coach students for the university entrance examination. Given the situation, it is no disgrace to fail the vestibular the first time; in fact, that is the normal situation. One expects to spend a year at vestibular school, always a private, fee-paying commercial enterprise. Everyone seems to know of a hapless, or persistent, colleague who sat the vestibular three or four times.
With great determination the ambitious Brazilian braves all odds, often holding down a job as well, and eventually graduates from university. Even so, increasingly he cannot find "quality" employment. For though the economy is expanding fast, it cannot create jobs fast enough. One hears more and more frequently of students changing from the prestigious but overpopulated vocation of law, for example. A degree in engineering, economics, business administration, or medicine is believed to have more practical advantage in today's job market.

In line with the new needs of an industrializing society, Brazilian primary and intermediate (gymnasial) schools are being consolidated into one continuous elementary course of eight years duration. (Law effective 6-25-71) (Índice - 0 Banco de Dados 1971:115). The old post-gymnasial collegial courses have likewise been consolidated into a three or four year course with the basic purpose that of preparing every "high school" graduate "for the exercise of a profession, independent of his desire to go on to university or not." (Veja Mar. 29, 1972:44). Hopefully this will reduce the numbers of high school graduates who cannot find a job, as well as furnishing Brazil with some of the vocationally trained, as opposed to "educated," manpower it needs.

University education is being restructured to resemble the model offered by the United States, and is forsaking its traditional European format. Thus the separate and autonomous faculties of medicine, law, philosophy, etc., are being consolidated in such a way that they may be physically grouped together on one campus to pool classroom and library facilities, etc., where feasible. As in European universities, Brazilian faculties have been scattered all over town creating great problems of logistics, economy, and efficiency. The federal government
has for a decade been embarked upon a program of rebuilding and vastly enlarging a system of federal universities. Thus many states boast an extremely modern university plant which displays aspects of Brazil's avant garde architectural style. The Federal University at the new national capital of Brasilia is an outstanding example. Students at the federal universities attend tuition-free. There are many private and smaller universities in Brazil, most notably the extensive chain of Catholic universities. These receive very little aid from the federal government, and they must operate on a shoestring. Tuition is charged, and although seemingly nominal and hardly adequate for operational needs, it works a great hardship on many impecunious students who must make great sacrifices to pay their fees. As a result, fee-paying is always in arrears and professors are required to administer onerous regulations to exact the fee before, for example, an important examination may be taken. Students also devise all kinds of dodges and ruses to continue in university without paying their fees. Eventually the day of reckoning comes, and on such occasions there is a terrible uproar, with much wailing and displays of righteous indignation on both sides. Final examinations are posted on ten minutes notice, and the students are exhorted to pay-up before the rescheduled date. In one case a young student sold her wedding ring and her daughter's necklace, a christening gift, in order to take the final exam, get the course-credit, and continue her dogged pursuit of a teacher's certificate—and an expanded income.

Of necessity classes are held in old buildings, often religious relics of Bahia's days of colonial glory. This says a great deal about the obstacles to teaching and learning inherent in crowding, noise, classrooms which must sometimes also serve as traffic-carrying corridors,
etc. It says even more about the dedicated determination of those who must use it to "overcome".

Many anecdotes could contribute depth to the picture of university student life. Perhaps a single sketch of what goes on in many a university classroom will suffice. Though getting a university degree is a deadly serious business because of its importance to life chances, Brazilian joie de vivre is not repressed, even in this setting. The expression of camaraderie seems at least as important as the formal function of the class. As a result it requires great powers of personality or spell-binding persuasion for the lecturer to overcome the buzz of visiting among students. Often it rises to the point where the lecturer has difficulty being heard above it. More often than by exhortation the professor can capture the attention of his class by humor, a highly prized quality in Brazil. In the hands of a skillful teacher the exchange of humor becomes a means to an effective teaching-learning dialogue, and everybody has a wonderful time.

It is not unusual for students to call through an open classroom door (Salvador is a hot and humid place) to a friend in the class, to deliver a message, arrange a date, etc.

Then there is "righteous indignation". Students have traditionally been activists in Latin America. Almost any occasion seems to provide opportunity or excuse for a walk-out, a demonstration, or an extemporaneous class holiday. As a fledgling "visiting lecturer in anthropology" I was incredulous at a student demonstration protesting the reassignment of one student group to the classroom of another in order to achieve a better fit between number of students and size of classroom. What I didn't grasp at first was the element of prestige involved. One classroom
had more modern desks, was more commodious, and therefore more prestigious. Hence, there were student rights and status to be protected! The remainder of that evening was spent in a huge bagunça (uproar, confusion) between administrative functionaries and student representatives of both groups. Such a confrontation was a wonder to behold.

A description of a classroom scene at the "high school" level may be found in chapter four, The Daily Round, where Cesario Sampaio held forth as a teacher of geography. The most striking thing about it, to a foreign observer, was the same quality of easy humor and cameraderie between students and teacher which is a hallmark of interpersonal relationships in much of Brazil.

Maria da Conceição Sampaio, a teacher of Portuguese grammar and literature, is a particularly successful teacher because she is especially gifted in the use of repartee. Her students love it and her, and they attend to her teaching because of it. Already she has made entrée into part-time teaching at the university level, and with further preparation will undoubtedly move up professionally to join her elder sister, Ursulina, who teaches these same subjects full time at the university. With the acquisition of her master's degree Ursulina will be invited to make even more presentations at professional symposia in other universities than she now does. Those of her colleagues who hold advanced degrees from foreign, chiefly North American universities are the elite of this profession.

There is lots of prestige but not very much pay attached to most professorial positions. Indeed, a great deal of teaching is paid on a "per-class-hour" basis, and the rates are miserably low. The result is a scramble to garner as many class-hour teaching assignments as possible,
at more than one teaching institution, and at both day and night classes. So much for the harried university instructor. The students, as already mentioned, are also holding down another occupation, many of them teachers at the primary level struggling to become college graduates and thus qualified to teach at the better-paying secondary level. In short, virtually everybody involved in the educational effort must do double or triple duty.

Moving down the ladder to the elementary level, I observed classroom settings ranging from the most modern of new public school plants, much like what one might find in Houston, Texas, to the most decrepit imaginable in the rented quarters of a poor quality private school. Part of Brazil's great push is to eliminate these inferior schools which have served to fill a great gap that would have been worse without them. There are likewise many fine private schools, often run by religious orders. The most prestigious middle-level and secondary school in Sal- vador is a religious institution. Classroom behavior and the learning that presumably issued from it showed a wide variance that one could guess was roughly correlated with the physical setting and the socio-economic background of the students.

The number of private nursery schools, for those who can afford them, has proliferated tremendously within the last fifteen years. The content and procedures in these schools is not at all unlike what one would expect to find in the United States, albeit with Brazilian flavor. More information on such a school is contained in chapter five, section three, Transitional Child Rearing Practices.

One characteristic of almost all the schools of lower class children was the presence of students well beyond the "normal" age for that level
of schooling. It was explained to me that because of the disruptions
demic to the lives of those in poverty it was the usual case that a
child frequently had to drop out, picking up where he left off a year
or more later. Hence there were many more over-age students in any
given class than one might expect to find in the classrooms of an af-
fluent society, and there was not quite the same onus on being the
overgrown "dummy".

Brazil is attacking its educational deficiencies not only through
the usual channels of education, but through a nationwide federal pro-
gram for adult illiterates as well. The program has started into its
third year. Estimates reckon that 70,000 to 80,000 attained literacy
in the first year and a larger number in the second year. Mobral, or
Movimento Brasileiro de Alfabetização (Brazilian Movement for Literacy),
is an organ of the Ministry of Education and Culture.

The goal of Mobral is to train its students in the basic skills
of reading, writing, and figuring within a scheduled six months period.
They may continue beyond that time to hone their skills a bit finer.

Shortly after my arrival in the Sampaio home a house-to-house can-
vasser called at the door one evening inquiring for any illiterates
within, and inviting them to attend the nightly course beginning the
following week in the rented quarters of a small private elementary
school only two blocks away. Julieta and Zelinda, the two illiterate
maids in the family compound did start the next week, and one of them
stuck with it to achieve at least minimal literacy.

Four cheap paperback primers were supplied free to all comers.
These included a beginning reader, a more advanced reader (distributed
later on when needed), a "penmanship" manual, and a simple arithmetic
book covering the abstract concept of number, the four basic operations, and some practice drill in "thought" problems.

The class was set for 7 to 9 p.m. in order to coincide with the "after-work" time of most of the pupils. However, in rather typical fashion, it did not get off to a punctual start on the evening I attended. By 7:30 when the instructress commenced there were only eight students present; but almost thirty had trickled in by 7:50 p.m. These people were definitely of the lower class. They ranged in age from one female over forty to an undersized boy of perhaps twelve to fifteen. Only about 30 percent of the students in this class were males. By and large the females were extremely serious about their learning, while several of the males scarcely paid attention. The method of teaching was a rote reading of the printed page by the teacher, a follow-up rote chanting by teacher with pupils, and finally a solo reading of the same page by each pupil in turn. A similar new page was introduced in like manner with the instruction to study it at home. Then there was a period of silent practice at permanship as the teacher circulated to correct mistakes in the characters. The method of presenting the arithmetic material was not exhibited that evening.

From the uneven quality of performance among the pupils it seemed apparent that there were a lot of missed lessons and stops and starts, a fact confirmed by the teacher who mentioned the high drop-out rate. This fact was most understandable in view of what I witnessed in the Sampaio household. Mother Sampaio was loud in her praise of Brazil's push toward literacy, until it meant that Julieta had to hurry a bit with her supper duties in order to get to class. Mother Sampaio was displeased when she observed the girl with school book in hand, studying in
the slack hours of the day. At such times one would hear a comment or a full lecture on the subject of "Respect"...of servants for their duty, which wasn't always to be studying, etc.

Beyond learning the basic three R's, the course aimed to teach basic concepts which would help pull the miserably poor into responsible, participating, contributing, and prideful citizenship. (By law, only the literate can vote. Hence, by definition, an illiterate cannot participate in the "decision-making" process which governs him).

Training in nutrition and sanitation are a very fundamental part of this program. Brazil's poor have traditionally been malnourished because of poor food habits, as well as because of their poverty. These food habits do not take advantage of the vegetables and fruits which do exist—and Bahia has an extremely wide variety of natural and cultivated fruits. The traditional diet has consisted largely of beans, rice, and farinha (manioc flour), with a little dried meat or fish as it could be afforded. Bananas are used with some regularity when cheaply available.

Traditional and largely unrelieved poverty and misery have made the Brazilian peasant passive, dependent upon the patrão or the "government," and fatalistic. To overcome these characteristically "backward" traits of the very poor, the contents of the primers' printed pages harped on the themes of (1) food and health practices. These included: (2) diet, cleanliness, first aid, procuring prompt medical treatment at the neighborhood medical posts; (3) importance of basic literacy; (4) self-reliance; (5) cooperation and pride in national progress; and (6) the importance of recreation and sports as a necessary balance of work. This same sports theme is touted elsewhere as an important aspect of behavior for the population of a progressive nation, specifically in
the promotional literature for various of the workers' comprehensive service institutes).

The last few lessons of the first primer finished with very practical readings on: (1) how to answer ads for employment; (2) how to write a letter; (3) how to write a check; and (4) the uses and virtues of saving money. Congratulations on having accomplished the goal of literacy were linked with the new opportunities now open. Specific directives were given on steps to take for fuller integration into participating society.

Now you know how to read and write. You are literate. You are able to take out your professional identification card [theoretically required as a prerequisite for all employment] and your title as a voter. The professional [I.D.] card will help you to obtain employment and it will be useful when you are not able to work. With the title of voter you will be able to vote. From now on, you also will be able to decide!...

...You will be able to change your certificate of military service for another that will carry the inscription, LITERATE (Livro de Leitura, Alfabetização, 4th ed., page 63).

The second more advanced reader used somewhat more complicated vocabulary, but its message-content was more of the same with more specific directions for self-help, "do-it-yourself" projects. These were made very clear with diagrams and pictures. Following are some examples: (1) how to make wooden-soled sandals, in order to avoid worms contracted through bare feet; (2) how to construct and repair simple furniture; (3) how to construct a privy, together with the reasons required by good health for its use and placement away from the water supply; (4) how to utilize and conserve leftover food without spoilage; (5) how to properly care for garbage, for protection against flies, disease, etc., or how to utilize it as compost; (6) how to prepare garden fertilizer from human or animal excrement, together with explanation
of the benefits of raising a home vegetable garden; (7) how to prepare and conserve pure drinking water (boiling and filtering), and reasons for so doing... (i.e. the concept of germs is by no means generally understood among the poor--and others--of Brazil); (8) how to construct a homemade shower, and good health reasons for daily showering, i.e. germ-free skin; (9) infant and child care, cleanliness and diet; (10) judicious use of money--with suggested priorities for spending and saving (It was clear to me that if Iracema, the Sampaio's long time "retainer" and my laundress was any example, the Brazilian poor had very scant idea of how to make the best use of what little money they did have); (11) suggested occupation for those of minimal education as a self-help measure, i.e. orientation into available occupations; and (12) a list of legal documents which should be produced at the cost of a small fee. (The poor have not bothered with these, for the most part, although most employment beyond human "donkey work" requires these documents, and to lack them is a deterrent to upward job mobility).

Little homilies were printed at the bottom of every page in the second, more advanced reader. The message was the same as before, "self-help for self-betterment". e.g. "Renovate the air in your house." "Nursing bottles should always be sterilized." "Mosquitoes transmit various diseases." "Take advantage of the fruits of the entire year."

In addition to the Mobral program aimed at illiterates, there is yet another program, Minerva (goddess of wisdom), which is broadcast throughout the nation at various hours. This program is aimed to provide both general cultural information and regular lessons at more advanced levels than those of Mobral (Veja May 17, 1972:51-52). It mails out a weekly printed pamphlet (about the size and thickness of a comic
book) to subscribers, and is also available at newsstands at one-half cruzeiro per week (approximately eight cents). Most broadcasts are correlated with the printed lessons in order that the serious student may actually progress through the grade levels of primary and middle school.

Cesario Sampaio informed me that examinations might be taken by suitable arrangement in order that course work be credited. Taxi drivers were not infrequently listening to this program, I noted in my use of taxis. Helio commented that rural workers on the land often carried tiny transistor radios with them to the field and absorbed Minerva's teachings as they hoed. He is of the opinion that these little radios have had more effect in changing the fatalistic attitude of peasants than any other single item. He told me that these transistors are commonplace in the interior. (I saw them everywhere in Salvador stridently blatting the soccer game of the hour).

The observation has been made that developing societies, faced with the problem of drawing their illiterate, fatalistic masses into a sense of nationhood, have discovered that it is possible to accomplish this goal in much less time than it would take to teach literacy—first—via the transistor radio.

The common denominator in all "social-studies" type texts that I saw, in the private nursery-primary schools attended by Helio and Dalva's small daughters, as well as in the Mobral and Minerva literature, was the advocacy of belief in Brazil—hope for the future; pride in Brazil's achievement, in her rich heritage and her vast resources, and the individual's proudfull place in the great forward movement. These messages, repeated over and over in school books, were likewise
posted as slogans in all public places—busses, auto bumper stickers, post-offices. "Brazil: love it or leave it"; and "Remember, YOU are helping to build Brazil."

All kinds of methods, in addition to those formally defined as educational, are used to educate the Brazilian public to this sense of national pride and cohesion. An agreement was made between Brazil and Portugal for the return to Brazil of the mortal remains of Dom Pedro I, son and heir of Dom João VI who was exiled to Brazil by the Napoleonic invasion of Portugal. Dom Pedro had been left behind as the royal ruler of Brazil on the royal family's eventual return to Portugal. It was the youthful Dom Pedro who, shortly after his father's departure, had issued the famous cry of independence (The "Shout of Ipiranga," analogous to the "Shot Heard Round the World" at Concord Bridge), which signaled the break with the mother country. The one hundred fiftieth anniversary of this independence was celebrated by elaborate parades and religious services designed around the panoplied sarcophagus. The remains were flown from city to city that all the people might participate in the renewed sense of emancipation from subservient status and emergence into the condition of national greatness. Ana, Dalva's daughter, was exhilarated from the experience of watching the parade in Salvador with her school class. The color and grandeur of the cathedral mass moved many people to tears (Manchete April 29, 1972:4-14).

As part of this celebration Brazil and Portugal agreed that citizens of both countries might freely pass back and forth without the necessity of passports, that they might enjoy most of the rights of citizenship in either country including the right to be elected to the highest office in either nation. The Sampaioes were very proud of this development. It
seemed to symbolize to thoughtful Brazilians that at last their nation had come of age, that they were no longer a second-class, colonial, or inferior people.

Another device designed for this same purpose was the designation of April 21, 1972 as the date for celebration of Brazil's one hundred fiftieth "birthday". The celebration of birthdays is made much of in Brazil, so this scheme struck a responsive chord. A day or two before the announced hour small pamphlets with the printed words of the national anthem were slipped under residential front doors. At 6:30 p.m. all TV sets were to be tuned to any station, for all carried the same program nationwide. The president of Brazil had requested all Brazilians to stand up at this hour and sing simultaneously with all the other ninety-two million Brazilians their national anthem. Mother Sampaio, Ana, and Isabel did just that, the other adult members of the family who were at home feeling slightly sheepish about it. At the same hour there was a mass rally in the sports stadium where the colors were trooped, dignitaries made speeches, and lottery prizes were given away before the culmination of the program with group singing of the anthem. As a holiday it didn't have quite the same zip as the old ones. But then, it was just beginning.

Another part of the great educational effort to pull the masses into identification with and vigorous participation in Brazil's "great leap forward" is an organization called RONDON PROJECT. To call it Brazil's VISTA will immediately clue the reader as to its operational method. Its members are university students, its target the impoverished peasants of the interior. Twice a year, during the long summer
holiday (January) and the shorter winter break, bus and plane loads of students trek from the university towns of the coast to small settlements in the interior. There they work in small teams to renovate schools, construct sanitary water systems, hold village meetings where the concepts of nutrition, sanitation, literacy, progress, and national unity are implanted through lectures and discussions. Medical students give free injections, examinations, and medical care as facilities permit; dental students fix teeth.

During the remainder of the year, back in their university setting, these student-members of RONDON PROJECT hold meetings, training sessions, and enjoy a group feeling of special esprit de corps. During Carnival Cesario Sampaio joined with his Rondon comrades to parade en masse in special Rondon shirts, as a club. Thus Brazil capitalizes on the youthful energy and idealism of its future leaders to pull them more strongly into the fold as they perform the same function for their less fortunate brothers in the interior. Cesario Sampaio is very proud and enthusiastic about his involvement with RONDON PROJECT. He has participated in village projects for about two years now, and has gained enough experience to be appointed a group leader. In July, 1972 he was in charge of some forty students who would split into many smaller teams upon arrival at some central point in the interior. Cesario was very pleased with his appointment for several reasons. He would be able to go back to the same town where he had met a sweetheart; he enjoyed and needed the status and esteem that this unpaid position gave him (for at home he was something of a low man in the pecking order); and Cesario was genuinely involved in the vision of Brazil's future. Likewise, this experience and its contacts might lead to a desirable employment
opportunity. He, like so many Brazilians, was buoyed by the sense of belonging to and building for the greatness of Brazil. He expressed it well when he said to me, "We feel that we are young, just awakening into the strength of young adulthood; but the giant, the United States, is beginning to slide past middle age. We have not yet crested the ridge; you are over the hill."

The National Welfare System

Various organs of the national welfare institution have been centralized to a considerable degree under the umbrella of NIPS, Nacional Instituto para Provedência Social (National Social Welfare Institute). The reader may refer to chapter three, p. 44 Mother's Story for a discussion of NIPS, the parent organ. Formerly these agencies were largely autonomous, and there was inefficiency through overlapping and parallel facilities and programs. In 1972 NIPS financed its many schemes by collecting 23.3 percent withholding tax from salaries—8 percent from the worker and 15.3 percent from his employer.

There are many social security type benefits accruing to all federal workers from NIPS, e.g. all medical costs entailed in hospitalization, retirement, certain loss funds, etc. In addition there are specific benefits for special categories of workers. e.g. Industrial workers who are members of a subsidiary institute, SESI, Servico Social Industrial; and commercial workers who are members of SESC, Servico Social Comercial.

These two institutes provide such services as (1) preventive health care, e.g. vaccinations, medical examinations, prenatal care, dental
repair; (2) health education; (3) medicines offered at cost; (4) educational services of all kinds such as those described above under MOBRAL, as well as practical vocational training for a wide variety of occupations. Domestic arts education (of the "artsy-craftsy", make-it-out-of-an-egg-carton variety) is offered to the wives and daughters of worker-members, together with classes in pattern-drafting, sewing, and cooking; (5) legal-aid services are offered; and (6) first class recreational and sports facilities are maintained by both SESI and SESC, and special sports-training programs for youth are promoted.

Another subsidiary institute which marks the importance which Brazilian leaders place on its children—the greatest resource for the future—is LBA, the Brazilian Legion of Assistance (for children only). This agency does not restrict its ministrations to the children of any occupational group. Anyone may apply for its services; but in practice it is the poor who use it. LBA receives only 1 percent of the huge NIPS general fund; but it does garner the lion's share of the proceeds from the national lottery. Traditionally the numbers game, or "Game of the Beasts" has been the national addiction. Where a stroke of blind luck was the only way to make it out of hopeless poverty the soil was fertile for such a "habit". The present government has chosen to turn this ingrained cultural pattern to good use, and the nation's children are the beneficiaries through LBA.

Dalva Sampaio is a certified professional social-worker. She holds two half-day jobs. In the morning she is employed by SESI, the social-service institute for industrial workers; and in the afternoon by the National Ministry of Health. She told me that though her activities
are different she is performing the same basic educational function: that
of orientating the poor to new concepts in health and national partici-
pation. Her specific function as an employee of SESI is to travel to
various new industrial plants in the area to set up "accident preven-
tion clubs" for the workers. For a population unaccustomed to the ex-
perience of heavy machinery, there exists a serious problem of indus-
trial accidents. The primary purpose of these clubs is to create an
active awareness of on-the-job hazards in order to lower the accident
rate and increase productive efficiency. An equally important, though
less obvious purpose, is to use these clubs as a vehicle for bringing
all the new concepts outlined in the MOBRAL primer to the workers, and
through auxiliary clubs for their wives, to their families as well.
It's a matter of nurturing the attitudes and feelings of the "modern"
man, as much as imparting specific information. In this activity lies
the "micro-process" of cultural change—the peasant is transformed into
a modern steel-worker. Many of these new industrial plants maintain
MOBRAL classrooms and teachers, doctors and dispensaries, social-worker-
counselors, club rooms for various activities, etc., on their grounds
for their workers. These companies mingle their resources and efforts
with those of the national government.

Dalva must move fast to finish up an organizational meeting with a
room full of industrial workers at some distant factory in the morning
and make it home in time for lunch, shower, and clothes-change before
zipping off to one of her "Mothers' Club" meetings in the afternoon.
Beginning shortly after 2 p.m. women gather who have responded to
placards placed around town, in churches, etc., for a session in 1) 
sewing, pattern-drafting, or handwork of many varieties; 2) cooking
(to be accomplished in the unique cuisine of Bahia is to gain status); or 3) arts and crafts (egg-crates, plastic bottles, etc.). The meeting places are spotted around the city in order to be maximally accessible to the poor, the chief clients. The basement of the most beautiful and famed church in Salvador was the meeting place which I visited; its use had been donated by the Franciscan fathers. The ladies went about their tasks while members of a religious brotherhood sacked beans and old clothing for distribution to the poor at this same site next morning. An old and tonsured Franciscan wandered through, smiling benevolently on the various activities. He was one of the few clerics one still sees in Salvador wearing the long robe, and as such, a hold-out to the changes begun in the international institution of the Catholic church by Pope John XXIII. His appearance was congruent with the thick walls and wide, worn planks of this sixteenth century building.

As the ladies were finishing up their particular project of the day Dalva skillfully and casually turned the conversation to some topic of nutrition, or infant care. Perhaps it had to do with a vegetable currently in season, and cheap, but not much used in the common diet. She spoke of a marvelous and easy recipe, how it was prepared, how it contained certain vitamins (and elaborated on the concept of what vitamins were); how these aided in protection of health. In short, she was indoctrinating these women in the new knowledge (for them) upon which the new Brazil would be built—the same message the government seeks to get to the population by any and all means.
Religion

A full treatment of the participation of the Sampaio Family in the institutions of religion has already been covered in chapter five, part five, Religion and Supernatural Beliefs.

Economic and Commercial Institutions

I did not have opportunity to observe closely the workings of the economic and commercial institutions in which the male members of the family are involved. As a female "tag-a-long" I would have been an embarrassment to them. However, three are employed in various capacities by jobs generated by Brazil's new automotive industry, one is in banking, and another is a traveling salesman in the interior of the state of Bahia and into adjacent states who represents a firm which manufactures motorcycles and bicycles. A son-in-law is affiliated with Brazil's pharmaceutical industry as a co-founder and owner of a small chain of medical laboratories.

Law

One of the daughters is a trained lawyer. But in this over-staffed field she, like several other professionally qualified Brazilian women of my acquaintance, has little opportunity to practice her profession. She earns her living in the field of education and picks up the occasional legal job here and there.

Here then, is a description of some of the ways by which the Sampaios integrate themselves and their family into the institutional fabric of their society via the personal networks in which they interact.
CHAPTER NINE

ETHOS: TRADITIONALISM TO MODERNISM

...when we speak of the ethos of a culture, we...refer not so much to the specific ethics or moral code of the culture as to its total quality, to what would constitute disposition or character in an individual, to the system of ideals and values that dominate the culture and so tend to control the type of behavior of its members...ethos deals with qualities that prevade the whole culture--like a flavor.... (Kroeber 1948:294).

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, fifth edition, defines ethos more frugally as "The distinguishing character or tone of a racial, religious, social, or other group". Religious and supernatural beliefs (treated in chapter 5 of this paper) are certainly a part, but as Kroeber notes, not the whole of ethos. Brazilians, like most other people, are governed by secular norms as well as sacred or ethical values, though often it is difficult to keep the two categories neatly separated. Following is a discussion of some of the secular values--visible among the subjects of this study--which are bending to conform to the pressures of a changing society.

Struggle for a Better Life

The entire thrust of the story of Mother Sampaio and her children is a story of struggle for a better life. Whatever their original motivation to make such a fight, it seems clear that the impact of industrialization and modernization upon Brazilian society created opportunities and rewards for those, like the Sampaios, who could rise through achieved merit
rather than remain in a static ascribed status, as they would have in
the old traditional order. Helio gives expression to this impact in the
recitation of his own life story.

The problems and changes which World War II brought to the
internal life of our country modified my form of life. My
youth was accompanied by the progress of my country, and today
I continue in the same spirit....

I was brought up with the personality of a fighter, that is,
a person willing to make the struggle for a better life; and not
only me, but also my childhood friends. We all came from poor
families; and today all of my school colleagues are in situations
very much better than during our childhood, and tremendously
better than the life situation of our parents....

I did not learn this manner of getting ahead in life only
from the example of my parents. I learned much also from my
colleagues. When we got together just to chat we discussed our
similar problems and shared ideas. From these discussions we
came up with new conclusions. With us it wasn't like it is with
the youth of today who discuss music, art, etc., when they get
together. In my time we were most interested in how to get out
of our poor economic situation. That is what we mostly dis-
cussed, and our energies were directed to this end.

Help One Another to the Utmost in the Struggle Upward

This is primarily a familial ethic as exemplified by the Sampaio's
story but it carries strong weight as it moves beyond the nuclear family
into the extended family, networks of fictive kinship, and friendship.
It was strongly emphasized by Mother Sampaio in her maternal teachings
(see the end of her life story, chapter 3), and is detailed
also in the discussion of Fictive Kin and Personal Networks (Chapter 5,
Part 4).

The Sampaios have given a great deal more than lip service to
"serving one's fellow man", and none more than Helio and Dalva. At pre-
sent more than half their joint income goes to the support of various
family members. Helio contributes heavily to the support of his aged
parents. He is buying a new cottage in the country for them. At various times he has carried other members of his own family. Small regular contributions are also made to Mother Sampaio's support, though her need is not so great now because of the present earning power of Madalena and Mario, and (before her recent wedding) Maria da Conceição. The large cut goes to make twenty-five per cent of the monthly mortgage payments on the luxurious home of Dalva's sister, Jandira. It will be recalled that her husband had lost his job and, for practical purposes, abandoned the support of his wife. The mortgage was about to be foreclosed and the house lost.

The family closed ranks around one of their own again; the four co-signers of the mortgage note, Jandira's siblings Bernardinho, Demetrio, Madalena, and her brother-in-law Helio, undertook to meet the large monthly payment until such time as the marital and economic mess could be worked out. Strenuous efforts were made by all to find work for Jandira's husband, as well as to patch things up between him and their sister. Nothing seemed to work, and the crushing monthly burden to the co-signers kept the whole family in turmoil. It was difficult to understand the reasoning that prevented the "obvious" solution—the sale or rental of a house too expensive to live in. Dalva's answer to the question illustrates something of the ethical guide derived from Mother Sampaio's admonitions to mutual support and the religious ethic of serving one's fellow man.

We all feel sorry for Jandira. She is very unhappy in her marital situation. For my part, I feel I have everything—a good husband with whom I am very happy, three healthy children, a job and a profession I enjoy; plenty to eat, a satisfactory house; and money enough for the necessities and some of the little pleasures. I am a happy and fortunate woman, for I have everything that matters. Jandira has nothing except that house. If I can help give her something to hang onto, it makes me happy.
to do so."

Madalena expresses her motive for support as part of her mission in life—her dead father's implicit charge to care for his widow and younger children.

**Use Education as the Most Direct Route to the Better Life**

One has the strong impression that most Brazilians of this upwardly-mobile middle to lower middle-class have adopted education as the means to their goal. The streets are full of young and even middle-aged adults who go to school at night and work full time during the day as a way of life. The school uniform, school emblem sewed on the pocket, of school books give high visibility to this group. The buses are jammed with young clerks studying their lessons through the noise and crush of rush-hour traffic. They are tired but dogged.

English has replaced French as the foreign language of prestige, as well as the practical extra language of business. As a result, private, fee-paying English language schools have become a big business. To study English is the "in" thing to do.

Four of the five Sampaio daughters are college graduates, and the fifth one is close to her bachelor's degree. (She, Jandira, did not persist originally because she made a very good marriage to a rich man's son. But the marriage went bad and her economic security with it. She is training to become a teacher of history.) Of the other four, all are working and one is studying for her master's degree.

Of the five Sampaio sons, two are college graduates. One graduated at thirty-eight as valedictorian of his class, having simultaneously worked his way up to the position of executive director of the local
branch of his firm while supporting his mother and younger siblings at the beginning, and later his wife and four children. His incredible struggle is detailed in Chapter 3, Bernadinho's Story. Two of the remaining three sons have discussed plans to return for a college degree. But their present career success may make this step unnecessary.

It is important to note that a college education among this group is, in the main, viewed as a means to get a good job and a better life. One doesn't hear much about the glories of higher education and the liberation of intellectual potential. That's not the idea as far as the students are concerned. They have to work far too hard to be much interested in such impractical (for them) luxuries. The college diploma is increasingly a union card, and that's what they are after.

Take Time to "Live".

Helio cast this idea in a neat little phrase: "Lutar para viver, nao viver para lutar" (work...(struggle)...to live, don't live to work.) Here is the classic notion of traditional Brazilian society which is set off so dramatically from the work ethic of North-American society. One often hears gentle derogation of the benighted American who spends his life in an orgy of work--for what? There is a feeling that Americans have got life's ends and means all mixed up, a notion reflected by many young people in the United States today (Norbeck 1971).

Helio points out that in Salvador many prosperous businesses are owned by Portuguese or Spanish immigrants who arrived poor and worked like dogs to get ahead, training their sons to do likewise. One has the impression that a very large percentage of little corner grocery stores and bakeries are operated by such persons. By contrast, says Helio,
Brazilians often remain less well-to-do, because they value the living of life more than the working to get ready to live. Time for joie de vivre, for carinho, or (the expression of affection and loving-kindness,...and friendship). These things are high on the Brazilian list of what living is all about. By way of example, Helio pointed out that although city buses display a notice which reads "Prohibited to stop except at official bus stops", the driver will frequently stop--on a hill--to let a blind person off close to his destination. All kinds of citizens will respond in similar manner to whatever the need may be. Because of this the blind person doesn't need a dog, nor does he need to be segregated away from the mainstream of life for his own safety, (though special institutions do exist). The crowd will look out for him. Helio feels pride and satisfaction in the correctness of the priorities of life as he relates this information.

This gears into the ethic of "serving ones' fellow man" as discussed in the section above on religious beliefs.

Helio approves the Brazilian propensity for the joy of festa. He makes a point of training his children thus.

Togetherness

It is abundantly clear by now that Brazilians receive a great deal of their satisfaction in life from interaction with each other. Indeed, the desire to be alone or apart is almost beyond Mother Sampaio's ken. Rather than showing consideration for another's feelings by discreetly making oneself scarce, to leave another by himself is regarded as punishing him.
There are jokes which underscore this Brazilian value, e.g., "The hospital room is the place where friends of the patient visit with other friends of the patient."....and by implication, NOT the place where priorities of 1) protection from the germs of others, and 2) quiet and repose essential for convalescence are given much attention. e.g.
When asked what it was about his country that he missed most, a cultured Brazilian resident of the United States reflected a bit before answering, "That old Brazilian bagunça (Bagunça can best be illustrated by return to the scene around the Sampaio dinner-table when everybody is talking and gesticulating at top volume and hectic confusion reigns supreme. It is what might be regarded as very intense Togetherness—where one knows he is really in contact with others, even if he can't understand a word they are saying because of the din. (Be it understood that hectic confusion, or bagunca is by no means restricted to dinner-time activity. But it may occur there as elsewhere.)

Respect

This is one of the traditional values. As evaluated in the section on Transitional Child-Rearing Practices, (chapter 5, part 3), it is clear that this cornerstone of the traditional social order based on ascription is fast giving ground to freer attitudes. (More detail may be found in chapter 7 in the discussion of status and role.)

Fatalism

This is a philosophical or religious attitude rather adaptive to the hard facts of reality in a society where things don't change much, and where the chance or even hope of bettering one's condition in life is not very realistic. So it is that belief in luck or fate rather than
personal effort are more often associated with traditional societies in which the masses are bogged down in unremitting poverty. (Hence, the popularity of the "Game of the Beasts"—numbers game or lottery with the masses of Brazil.) But where hope for betterment in this life is viable, the attitude of fatalism begins to melt away. George Foster, who has written on the Theory of Limited Good as an expression of fatalistic adaptation among the peasants of Mexico, has likewise noted its diminution where change permits. (Foster 1964).

The reader of this study has undoubtedly formed the impression that though there are variances among them, the younger Sampaio are transitional beings no longer so steeped in the magico-religious beliefs of the previous generation as is their mother. Mother Sampaio still regularly bid me goodnight with a wish for a good night's rest and a reunion next morning, "If God wills it".

The difference between the poor washer woman, twenty-nine-year-old Iracema, and her fourteen-year-old daughter Teresa, also illustrates the newer orientation to life in which personal effort (schooling in this case) is perceived as a more likely answer to one's needs than reliance upon magical cures. (See the earlier section of this chapter.)

Reference has also been made earlier to the young maintenance mechanic in a factory in Salvador's spanking new industrial park. Pleased with his job, his pay, and his bright prospects for the future he stated categorically that "I do not have faith in luck. It's a matter of opportunity. If opportunity arises, then grab it."
However, not only the traditional values of respect and fatalism are giving way in Salvador. The old notion of "work to live", rather than its opposite, is beginning to see a reversal. Where status is gained through achievement (hard work) rather than through ascription, the stage is set for a reconditioning of older attitudes. Hard work to achieve specific ends grades over into hard work for its own sake; for material rewards become progressively less important than the immaterial rewards of ever-increasing esteem for the new admired behavior of productive work. We are told by some psychologists that once the fundamental human needs of food, safety, etc. are satisfied, the human desire for esteem by his fellows because a powerful behavioral drive. (Maslow 1954: chapter 5). In an industrializing society, where production is all important to the pre-eminent economic goals. The most efficient, productive worker is on the way to becoming the most esteemed type. "Most individuals want to do what their society needs them to do in order to insure its survival. (Fromm in Honigmann 1967: 104). It would appear that the process of industrialization, then, brings with it the concomitant high value placed upon work; and by the process of material and immaterial rewards, shapes human behavior to its requirements.

Bernardinho Sampaio is a compulsive worker and likewise a big success by these standards. Madalena Sampaio is likewise a compulsive worker; she fills the emptiness of her life by extreme dedication to her job in the effort to win for herself gratitude, esteem, and status in the hearts of her family and colleagues. Indeed, she is endangering her health by overwork. It is as if both she and Barnardinho are saying "See how valuable I am because I work so hard". It all begins to sound like the old puritan work ethic wherein the individual sought assurance
of God's saving grace and favor by earthly success through unremitting labor.

Maria Sampaio's new husband, Claudio, is another who is gently teased for his hard work and entrepreneurial spirit. "He belongs in the United States," the family jokes. Nonetheless, they are genuinely worried that he is neglecting his new wife too much as he ardently pursues his professional and business career. Claudio is young and happy; he is not driven to fill an empty life. He states his motive as the desire to arrange his life now so that by middle-age he can take his ease in luxury.

Even the high value placed on Togetherness and Help one another is showing some erosion. Family interaction as intense as that of the Sampaios is bound to produce friction deplored by individual members at times. However, until recently it seemed unthinkable to make changes in living arrangements to avoid this disadvantage and the financial "drag" of such great economic inter-dependency.

"He who travels fastest travels alone." To be sure, there is survival power in cooperation, as the Sampaio's saga illustrates. But past a point it can be a definite drag on the upwardly mobile individual, a fact recognized by the modernizing man in more than one developing society. (Marris 1967).

The stirrings of such thought are mirrored by Dalva and Helio. Dalva speaks:

"I like living close to my family in one way; but it creates many frictions. I really would like to be free of these constant frictions and constant demands for help."

Helio, in discussing the financial problem of Jandira's house and
other family demands, observed that, "For practical purposes, Dalva and I have given up 'living' for two years in order to help others."

Dalva chimed in to say, "I no longer feel this is just. Hello and I have agreed that in the future we will not permit ourselves to be dragged in so deeply in commitment to others. I wish to continue to help my family with basic necessities, such as sickness, education, etc., but no longer for luxuries such as this house."

Hello added, "If it were not for the fact that my aged parents who must be dependent upon me are rooted here near Salvador, I would take my immediate family and move far away from Salvador in order to be free of the demands and dependencies and entanglements with my own family and Dalva's. Always people come to us for help, principally financial help."

Maria da Conceicao, also, seems definitely to be moving away from her family's orbit, a fact not lost on them.

Mother Sampaio rather poignantly observed one day, "After I am gone, do you suppose my children will still stick together?"

"How modern has traditional man become in Salvador, Bahia, Brazil?"

I can address this question, of course, only in terms of my experience. Joseph Kahl, in his work *The Measurement of Modernism*, delineates a profile of the modern man compiled from quantitative data gathered in Brazil and Mexico. It is built upon several defining qualities, discussed below. This profile provides a useful device against which my qualitative findings may be measured.

**Activism (versus fatalism)**

A modern man...believes in making plans in advance for important
parts of his life, and he has a sense of security that he can usually bring those plans to fruition....unlike the fatalistic peasant... (Kahl 1968:133).

The collective life story of the Sampaio family is illustrative of this point; it is a story of intense effort to bring advance planning to fruition. Maria Sampaio's new husband, Claudio, puts it in a nutshell: "I wish to arrange my life now in order that I may take my ease at middle-age."

**Low Integration with Relatives**

The modern man is willing to move away from his relatives and to depend upon his own initiative. For him, nepotism is more a burdensome responsibility than a mechanism of security....(Kahl 1968:133).

The Sampaios are only beginning to move away from the tradition of mutual help, i.e. nepotism. Indeed, it seems most unlikely that they could have reached their present position without heavy reliance upon reciprocal support. But now, having reached this point, the disadvantages begin to weigh heavily against the advantages. Dalva Sampaio speaks,

I like living close to my family in one way; but it creates many frictions. I really would like to be free of these constant frictions and constant demands for help.

Her husband, Helio adds,

If it were not for the fact that my aged parents who must be dependent upon me are rooted here near Salvador, I would take my immediate family and move far away from Salvador in order to be free of the demands, dependencies, and entanglements with my own family and Dalva's. Always people come to us for help, principally financial help.

Mother Sampaio, sensing the stirrings toward nucleation, individualism and away from family solidarity among her children asks plaintively, "After I am gone will they stick together?"
Preference for Urban Life

"The modern man...finds that the stimulation of urban life and its opportunities is strong..." (Kahl 1968:133).

Demetrio Sampaio voiced this outlook when he said,

We left Santa Barbara because there was nothing for us there. Today most of the old sugar mills are shut down and many of the fazendas stand fallow. Our only chance was in the city. [From a personal interview with Demetrio which was not used in the body of the report.]

Nilza, the Sampaio's one-time cook who is narrator for the poor in Chapter Five, A Lower Class Family, articulated the motive offered by virtually every Brazilian who seeks the city, "I liked the movimento [action, stimulation] of the city."

Low Community Stratification

[The modern man]...sees life chances or career opportunities as open rather than closed....[He] perceives the city as a place which is not rigidly stratified—that is,...as open to influence by ordinary citizens like himself (Kahl 1968:133).

Though this index does not tally so strongly with the feelings of individuals in my sample as some of the other indices, it is vicariously reflected by them. Helio points with pride to the tremendous modernizations (e.g. freeway system) wrought in Salvador by the recent mayor, now governor of the state, who is himself the son of an impecunious teacher and a product of the middle class. With equal pride the Sampaios follow the projections and progress in plans for great modernizations in the state of Bahia, and in Brazil.

High Mass Media Participation

[The modern man]...participates in urban life by actively availing
himself of the mass media. He reads newspapers, listens to the radio, discusses civic affairs (Kahl 1968:133).

The Sampaio family subscribe to a daily paper and they read it. The radio is on some part of every day. Virtually every evening is spent watching television. Although the fare is mostly light entertainment, the news programs receive regular and serious attention from Helio and Cesario, intermittent attention from Mario, and occasional attention from the others. The men regularly called my attention to some news item of national or international interest, and were anxious to discuss it. They were particularly attuned to news of the United States; for example, the war in Viet Nam, lunar exploration, and the economic affairs of the United States—both internal and external. When the President of Brazil speaks to the nation via television and radio the family gathers with the same reverence to hear the plans for the next move forward as did North-American democrats during the reconstructing-New-Deal days of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Low Stratification of Life Chances

[The modern man]...sees life chances or career opportunities as open rather than closed; a man of humble background has a chance to fulfill his dreams and rise within the system (Kahl 1968:133).

The young mechanic working in the great new industrial park near Salvador (who was distantly related to Helio by marriage) speaks to this point when he says, "I do not have faith in luck. It's a matter of opportunity. If opportunity arises, then grab it."

Individualism

Helio's personal self-esteem is deeply rooted in this philosophy. "I
took much of my personal philosophy from a series of popular books" [similar to the Zane Grey series popular in the United States].

He fetched a yellowed pulp magazine saved from his boyhood and quoted this passage:

I do not believe we inherit great things from our ancestors, apart from the money that they leave us. I do not give importance to this business of ancestors. I believe that each man is dignified by the reputation that he makes for himself. The biggest fools I ever knew were sons of very intelligent men.

[He added in his own words] A man is what he makes of himself, given the environmental possibilities within which he must work. (From a personal interview.)

Thus the modern man, through the way he perceives the world around him and its opportunities for himself, and through the way he chooses which paths to follow, is a man who seeks to control his life plan his future, climb up a bit in the status hierarchy, and improve his material circumstances—because these ends are desirable and also because they are seen as obtainable.

The traditional man is the opposite. He perceives himself as permanently stuck in a life which does not change and which cannot be controlled to any great extent. Therefore he seeks little and expects to gain little; he takes what the fates may bring; he pursues security through close personal ties, primarily with relatives but also with a patronos in high positions who will protect him so long as he stays in his place. To this exchange he brings resignation and gains safety (Kahl 1968:133-134).

As a collective group the Sampaioes are neither wholly modern, as defined by Joseph Kahl (above), nor wholly traditional. There are individual differences among them—they are a transitional family. Yet by contrast to individuals from the poorest class in Salvador they appear very modern.

Nilza, the Sampaioes ex-cook speaks:

For me [the only end in life] must be to suffer or to die. For others there may be other objectives. But since there exist absolutely no benefits in this life for me, and in my future I can see only increased suffering as I have more children and my age and health run out, this can be the only end. Perhaps in the future God will hear my pleas and my luck will change. But beyond this, only suffering and death can be my end in life.
Kahl makes a final and highly salient point in his analysis which showed up in my field data.

The more I study the role of values in social structure, the more I become convinced that their function is closer to means than to ends. I think we have in the past overstressed values as abstract goals which men seek, and we have understressed the way in which perceptions and values shape the selection of realistic alternatives. For example, Melvin Tumin has shown that in Puerto Rico, in a general way everybody thinks that education is a good thing for his children. Yet some families are much more likely than others to feel that a high-school diploma is a practical goal, and much more likely to organize their day-to-day behavior in ways that help their children obtain the diploma. Indeed, although everybody thinks education is a good thing, some people in fact define "education" as attendance at primary school, others think in terms of the high-school diploma, and still others in terms of a college degree" (Kahl 1968:146-147).

Iracema, the poor woman who attached herself to the Sampaio family sixteen years ago when she first came out of the interior to seek her fortune in the city, became my laundress through the intermediation of Dalva Sampaio. Now the mother of six children by different fathers, frequently at the ragged edge of starvation, she knows that education is a good and necessary thing for her children. However, unlike the Sampaio family, she will keep her children home from school over things trivial and insufficient in their scheme of things: warm rain, lack of school uniform, need to carry water for household use, etc. By contrast Dalva Sampaio attended school for over a year while secretly convalescing from tuberculosis--so intent was she and her family on protecting her education. She rose from bed only to attend classes. The matter of schooling as a first priority is a cause of conflict between Iracema and her eldest daughter, Teresa. For Teresa perceives more clearly than her mother that one must aim for the educational top (she aspires to law school) and allows nothing to take precedence.

I came away from my participant-observation in the Sampaio family
convinced that I had seen traditional man nearly transformed into full-blown modern man in newly middle-class Salvador, Bahia, Brazil. Here was evidence of the micro-processes of changing cultural patterns of which I had gone in search.

The macro-processes of radical reform in some of Brazil's formal institutions I had also mapped from observation, participation, and reading. Foremost among these were the sweeping changes in educational institutions. Likewise I saw radical reform in the economic institutions of Brazilian society when I visited various new factories with Dalva. Here I observed industrial workers still learning how to revise the pre-modern perceptions of their earlier lives as subsistence agriculturists. Abraham Kardiner (in Honigmann 1968:106) regarded child-training practices as primary institutions. I saw these in process of radical reform as Dalva Sampaio sought the aid of a professional child psychologist for a behavioral disorder for her daughter, while the domestic, Iracema, sought the help of an exorcist for hers.

The reforms in the national welfare institution were interpreted for me by the Sampaios who were participants and beneficiaries of these reforms.

I saw only a tiny bit of the changes in the national health care system, a subdivision of the overall national welfare system. Because of the fragmentary nature of my data and lack of space these were not discussed. But without doubt, they are undergoing considerable change.

The changes in the commercial institutions of Brazil in which the Sampaios were involved I heard about from the male members of the family, rather than directly observed. As a female tag-a-long, I would have been something of an embarrassment to them on the job. However, gross evidence
of these changes was evident to the most unpracticed eye. New commercial and residential skyscrapers, streets swarming with new cars, a great variety and plenty of consumer goods all stood in great contrast to the situation in Salvador when I lived there during the period, 1957-59.

Radical reforms in the religious institution of Brazil are synonymous with official changes in the Catholic church. Dating from the influence of Pope John XXIII mass is now said in the popular language (Portuguese) rather than Latin. Clerics are free to doff flowing, traditional habits for clothing scarcely different from that of the common people. In 1957-59 the streets of Salvador were full of robed nuns and priests. Today there are few, and these mostly old. Female parishioners at mass no longer cover their heads and arms as formerly required (and as I observed in 1957-59). Today they often wear slacks. Today Catholicism is the nominal, not the vital religion of Brazil. How much these radical changes are cause and how much effect of the diminished vitality is beyond my scope. However, from talking to the Sampaio family I have the impression that popular devotion was waning already. One can speculate that the reforms may have been instituted in an effort to retard loss of churchly participation in the face of accelerating secular influences.

The conceptual tool of social network has been used to integrate the data from the smaller unit of study, the Sampaio family, into that from the larger unit examined, the formal institutional structure. Writ large or writ small, the message is the same: Brazilian society is changing rapidly.
CHAPTER TEN

SUMMARY

This account of the life of the Sampaio Family has been used to show something of how industrialization and urbanization have created modifications in cultural patterns for the segment of Brazilian society which this family represents. The account has dealt with specific technological changes and their effects on the Brazilian population, especially as exemplified by the Sampaio family. The account has also concerned attitudes and values, of Brazil and of the members of the Sampaio family. The economic conditions and the sets of values described herein manifestly have fostered upward social movement of the family. A lesser facet of this account similarly discusses the circumstances of another family, one which has not moved upward socially.

No claims are made here that the families in question are typical of Brazil. It may be said with assurance, however, that the nation and particularly Northeastern Brazil include many families of essentially identical or closely similar composition whose histories of social movement or lack of movement are also similar. At the least, the families represent distinguishable types. Moreover, much of their culture is common Brazilian heritage, and certainly the planned and unplanned changes in culture which have affected them have also affected the nation in general.

In the ways implied in the preceding sentences, it is hoped that hoped that this description and interpretation have value in gaining an understanding of the cultural change which Brazil is undergoing.
Restating implication in explicit words, I wish to say that—as a case study presenting details of ordinary daily life and also of events that are extraordinary or critical but nevertheless customary in the life cycle—I hope this work serves in some measure as a contribution to knowledge. The lack of detailed accounts of urban life in Brazil has been cited as a conspicuous gap in our knowledge. Anthropologists have "tended to avoid those subcultures which have emerged from most recent developments" (Strickon 1964:141).

The subject of motivation toward achievement has not been a concern of this study, yet it appears obvious that the data presented herein are potentially relevant to its understanding. I shall note in passing that the circumstances described by David McClelland (1961) as fostering a drive toward achievement in the United States do not appear to have existed prominently in Brazil. I shall also note the interpretation of Brazil along similar lines by Rosen (1962) which centers on the authoritarian role of the Brazilian father as inhibiting the development of a strong drive toward achievement. Rosen's formulation does not describe the circumstances of the Sampaio family.

In conclusion, on the basis of my experience in the study of Brazil, and in some measure, my training in the social sciences, I shall suggest that certain trends of sociocultural development appear probable in the future in Salvador and probably general in Brazil. It is my impression that conditions of family life, social life in general, and accompanying values and attitudes already give evidence of following trends found elsewhere, wherever industrialization has developed. Among these are a relative weakening of the traditional social hierarchy, of the nation as a whole as it is organized in
social classes and of hierarchies of authority within social groups such as the family. Although clear or quantified supporting data are not available, it appears that the role of kinship may also be diminishing somewhat in importance. It is my impression that the family—certainly, the conception of the ideal family—is smaller than it formerly was. Institutions such as banks, and social welfare programs that perform roles once filled primarily by kin have become important to much of the nation. These are all trends noted in other "modern" or "modernizing" nations. Even when the specific forms of these impersonal institutions are consciously modeled after those of other nations, they appear to be fundamentally concomitants of industrialization rather than examples of copying. It is my impression that, as elsewhere in the world among nations under similar conditions, these trends will continue to develop.
Chapter One. Introduction

1. In April, 1964, a military junta took over leadership of Brazil and continues in this position to the present. This development was precipitated by a disastrous inflation which had reached proportions of over 100 per cent per year, according to some reports. Strikes were rampant, services of all kinds had broken down, and society was in a state of anarchy and chaos.

Chapter Two. Setting the Scene

1. The continuing close parallels in religious sects and observances have been photographically documented by Pierre Verger, in Dieux D'Afrique.

2. This region and the life it spawned have been vividly portrayed in a classic novel of Brazil, Vidas Secas, (Dry Lives), by Graciliano Ramos, later made into a prize-winning film.

3. For further detail on the phenomenon of the "invasion" the interested reader is referred to a fictional account in Amado, J., "The Battle of Cat Hill" in Shepherds of the Night. See also Manguin, October 1967.

Chapter Three. Portrait of a Middle Class Family

1. Brazil's current reconstruction of its educational system first emphasized broadening and reorganizing the base for general mass education. These developments were followed by a requirement of practical, vocational training for all high school graduates. This latter requirement was passed into law in 1971. For more detail the reader is referred to chapter eight, Institutions in Transition.
2. The phenomenon of the desquite or abandoned wife is widespread in Brazil. Multiple concubines with or without a wife seems to have been a longstanding cultural pattern in Brazil dating from the earliest colonial days when there were few Portuguese women in the new land. The African woman, or more accurately, the "beautiful morena" (mulata), has long been an idealized and sought-after feminine type, and because of her inferior social position, she was readily available. The mystique surrounding her rings familiarly from the history of Southern United States.

From these beginnings the pattern has carried down to the present day. It is common for a Brazilian male to have more than one nuclear family going simultaneously or serially, often with overlap. Depending on his class, the class of the woman, and his own personal standards of responsibility, he may support all or some of his broods in greater or lesser degree. Among the lowest socioeconomic classes a modal family pattern is the female and her offspring by a succession of males. See chapter six, A Lower-Class Family.

Higher up the social ladder, as in the extended family circle of the Sampaio, a number of examples of multiple nuclear families by the same father may be found. 1) Jandira's own father, Mother Sampaio's husband, fathered two "natural" (illegitimate) children before his first wife died and before he married Francesca. The Sampaio made only fleeting reference to these two, and felt in no way connected with them. For their mother (or mothers) were not women of any social standing. Therefore, no particular account needed to be taken of them. 2) Tio Antonio, Francesca's brother,
had never been legally married, but now in his sixties, was raising his third family of young children. A man with a strong sense of responsibility, he had always worked very hard to provide for all of them during their years of dependency. (Whether or not he was still contributing to the support of his first mate, now old, or whether this task had been assumed by her now grown daughters, I did not discover. 3) The father of Demetrio Sampaio's wife was another like Tio Antonio who was in process of raising his third brood of young children. The now adult and middle-aged children of his first wife took in their young half-siblings of the second set when father moved on to mate number three, abandoning his still dependent children by mate number two. Demetrio and his wife were about to initiate legal adoption procedures for her lovely adolescent half-sister who they love as dearly as their own four-year-old son. 4) Ursulina Sampaio's husband was son of a judge, a social position of eminence, who maintained his legal family in Salvador and another family in the interior where he frequently needed to visit in conjunction with his circuit-riding professional duties. 5) Bernardinho Sampaio is currently engaged in a running marital battle with his wife, ostensibly because of the mistress he has taken. 6) Jandira's father-in-law maintained a mistress throughout the greater part of his adult life, a pattern now reflected in the behavior of his son, (Jandira's husband) who, unlike his father, cannot financially afford the upkeep on two establishments. 7) Maria da Conceição, recently married youngest daughter of the Sampaio's told me of an amazing discovery she had made about her new and capable maid, recently arrived from the interior.
Chloris, the maid, was blue-eyed and very light-skinned, a little unusual in one of this class. In a chatty conversation between mistress and maid, it came to light that Chloris was a biological cousin of Maria's, for Chloris was the illegitimate offspring of a brother of Maria's father—hence her blue eyes and fair skin. (For a fuller discussion of the Brazilian family structure in various classes see Azevedo, 1963: chapter one).

Chapter Four. The Daily Round

1. Salvador has almost doubled its population within the last fifteen years, from about 500,000 in 1950 (Davies 1958: 315) to over one million in 1970 (Índice - O Banco de Dados 1971:13). According to inhabitants of Salvador the trend has accelerated in the last five years.

2. Pickanniny is probably a modification from the Portuguese diminutive pequeninho, meaning (very small, or small one).

Chapter Five. Social Ritual, Then and Now

1. The young parents of this child were both immigrants from the Azores Islands, a source of population for both Brazil and the United States. The mother had gone to the Central Valley of the state of California with her parents at age eleven, and had grown up feeling herself an American. Upon high-school graduation she returned to her island home to visit a grandmother. While there she met her future husband, also returned (from Salvador) to visit relatives. The baptismal ritual they chose for their first-born was practiced in California, the Azores, and Brazil, and was familiar and comfortable for participants and guests alike. Every person attending seemed attuned to the "social intensification"
implicit in the ancient acts—a graphic example of the social cohesion, spanning time and distance, implicit in an enduring institution.

2. Mother Sampaio was one of thirteen children. She has given birth to eleven children, one of whom died. Half her living children are now married, and none has more than four offspring. One of Maria's older married sisters expressed the thought that she did not wish more children because of the expense of providing them with education, clothing, etc. The characteristic demographic pattern of economic development accompanied by a falling birth rate was first noted in Western and Northern Europe where the effects of the Industrial Revolution were first felt. It seems safe to conjecture that this same pattern is beginning to show up in Brazil among those classes which are moving toward urbanism and affluence. The conjecture is reinforced by the slight drop in the national birthrate which showed up in the 1960 census as 3.1 per cent annual increase in population, and in the 1970 figures as 2.7 per cent (Índice -- O Banco de Dados 1971).


Manchete, No. 1.045, April 29, 1972, pp. 54-55.


*Veja*, No. 176, January 10, 1972, pp. 36-37.


