“Não se habita impunemente um outro país, não se vive no seio de uma outra sociedade, uma outra economia, em um outro mundo, em suma, sem que se sofra mais ou menos intensa e profundamente, conforme as modalidades do contato, os domínios, as experiências e as sensibilidades individuais, por vezes, mesmo não se dando conta delas, e, outras vezes, estando plenamente consciente dos efeitos.”

- Abdelmalek Sayad

INTRODUCTION: “DREAMS IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS”

This dissertation is an attempt to investigate Anglo-Americans\(^1\) (vulg. “gringos”) – living in Rio de Janeiro. The problem with talking about these people is that many Brazilians have firm ideas about who they are and what they represent. The word “American” in particular is a concept magnet: whenever it pops up other symbols follow in train. “Imperialism” for example. Or “wealth”, “arrogance”, “efficiency”, “racism”, “individualism” and so on. Then there are those items and products which are considered to be quintessentially American: “McDonalds”, “Coca-Cola”, “Surf”, “Barra da Tijuca”, “Hollywood”, “rock”, or “country”. In other words, Americans in Rio de Janeiro – and by extension Australians, British, Canadians, New Zealanders and Irish – are overdetermined objects of discourse. There’s no need to study them because we common-sensically know all we need to know about their presence in our city.

Many Brazilians exhibit a certain reaction when the word “American” appears in conversation linked to the United States of America. The attitude they display on these occasions is illustrative of the troublesome and contradictory knot of ideologies which surround the word and, indeed, Americans in Brazil. Time and again, well-meaning colleagues have told me that my use of “American” as an adjectival form of “United States” is wrong and offensive. “We’re all Americans in this hemisphere,” I’m notified. “The term you should use is North American.” This is interesting as it’s common knowledge that Canada and Mexico are parts of the North American continent. If my correctors’ intent is to clarify my terminology, why then do they create another terminological error? Furthermore, why go on using “American”, as many of these same people do in other contexts to describe things and people from the U.S? Why not just say “United Statesian”?\(^2\)

\(^1\) My use of this term is intended include English speaking citizens of Great Britain or any of her former “settler nation” colonies where English is an official language, including – but not necessarily limited to – the United States, Ireland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

\(^2\) Even the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics doesn’t quite know what to call Americans. The IBGE’s counts of foreigners entering Brazil alternate between listing “Americans”, “United Statesians” and “North Americans” - this last term sometimes used concurrently with “Canadians” and “Mexicans”. I wish to make it clear that I will use “American” as an adjectival form for “United States” throughout this paper as 1) I can’t stomach the horrid neologism “United Statesian” and 2) it is a native category, used by my Americans to
Dissertation organization

Due to space restrictions stipulated by PPGAS, I’ve written much more material than I can conceivably include here. Most of this supplementary information has been excised from the dissertation. It’s my belief that the work presented here can stand on its own merits within the 100 page limit imposed by PPGAS. For those who are interested in further reading, however, I’ve attached some of my additional material in appendixes.

Furthermore, this dissertation includes many sidebars (like the one you’re reading) which include parenthetical observations or additional information. Both sidebars and appendixes can be cheerfully ignored by readers in a hurry however.

Anonymity

Many of my informants wish to remain anonymous. I’ve given these people pseudonyms. Likewise, the names of certain places have been altered (along with a few identifying details). In these cases, I’ve written the pseudonyms in bold face. To prevent the irritation of having to read bold face names in every other sentence however, pseudonyms are only in bold face on the first occasion in which they appear in a given chapter.

The answer lies in the fact that the correction is not made to clear up etymological difficulties but rather to indicate a basic split in the organization of the New World. The logic behind the use of “North American” is that Canada is inseparable from the United States while Mexico pertains to another entity entirely. The first megaconglomerate is labeled “Anglo-Saxon” (conveniently ignoring the existence of Quebec and the millions of non-Anglo-Saxons who live within the borders of Canada and the U.S.) while the second is understood to be “Latin American”. Where the states of the Caribbean and northeastern rim of South America fit into this cosmology is not usually specified. They seem to be glossed over as part of “Latin America”, something which must come as a surprise to the residents of Jamaica and the ex-British Guyanas.

This terminological confusion reflects an underlying dichotic view of the world which is further expressed by such pairs as “rich/poor”, “first world/third world”, “developed/underdeveloped”, “imperial/colonial” and “victimizer/victim”. It’s common essence lies in the belief that a people are a state are a nation are a culture and that the majority or “mainstream” determines how such groupings are to be judged and compared. The United States and Canada are thus “white”, “developed”, “rich”, “first world” and “imperialist” nations while Brazil and Mexico (indeed, all of “Latin America”) are their polar opposites.

The trouble with this world-view is that it often locates phenomena and people that have little or no real connection as interchangeable parts of homogenous nations and cultures. Furthermore, it completely edits out those who do not fit the stereotypes, declaring them to be of marginal importance in determining the nature of the countries being described and compared. Finally, though it often masquerades as progressive and “multi-culturalist”, proposing a basic respect for diversity, this worldview’s underlying essentialism and reductionism frequently close off describe themselves. Furthermore (all considerations of political correctness aside) “American” is still used by most Brazilians to describe U.S. nationals.

3 On two occasions I’ve had Brazilians tell me that Canada was a state of the U.S. (No Brazilian social scientists ever made this mistake, I hasten to add.)

4 It is interesting to note that “Anglo-Saxon” itself is a word that has different meanings in the U.S. and Brazil. In the U.S. it tends to have class, ethnic and geographic connotations: it does not necessarily mean “white Americans”, which is what it is usually means in Brazil. For example my father’s family, mostly working class white German/Irish/French descended Catholics from the Midwestern U.S. would never call themselves “Anglo-Saxon” or worse yet, “White Anglo-Saxon Protestants”. To them, WASPs are stereotypically wealthy northeastern seaboard “puritans” of Anglo-Saxon descent. Nor does the U.S. census use WASP as a synonym for “white”.

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investigation by prematurely adjudging the nations/peoples/cultures on both sides of the dichotic divide to be incomparably separate and unique. One of the most common opinions I heard during my research was “You can’t compare Brazil to the United States [or England, Australia, etc.]” Oddly enough, most of the people who say this generally evidence no problems in doing just that as long as the comparisons involved are limited to the stereotypical and superficial: i.e. “Brazilians are much warmer than Americans”. It is when one attempts to deepen comparisons, pointing out qualities or interpretations other than those commonly accepted that the disclaimer is made.⁵

I do not want to be seen as someone who’s radically opposed to the use of terms like “American” and “Brazilian”. Nor do I deny that there are similarities between nations, peoples and cultures that in some circumstances might be fruitfully tagged as “Latin American” or “Anglo-American”. These can be useful reference marks when employed conscientiously, place holders to indicate in shorthand phenomena emanating from certain regions.

Additionally, I’m not denying that there are important and perhaps overwhelming differences in power, wealth and Weberian “prestige” (Weber, “Ensaios de Sociologia”: 188-189) between nations or that individual citizens of nations share to a greater or lesser degree in the repercussions brought about by these differences. The history of the interference of Anglo-American power and capital in Brazil has been well, if not thoroughly, documented. I’m quite aware, for example, that sectors of the U.S. State had integral roles in the production and maintenance of a military government in Brazil for twenty years and that certain American corporations and individuals have benefited from Brazil’s apparently endless national debt.

However, I believe that such considerations often miss the point. For example, the Brazilian military regime didn’t come about simply because of the power and prestige differentials extant between Brazil and the U.S. in the 1960s: it also came about because certain sectors of the Brazilian State and elites had common interests with some of their American counterparts (Moreira Alves, X).

⁵ Furthermore, as Kenan Malik points out in The Meaning of Race, essentialism masquerading as multiculturalism has strong philosophical correlates with the Victorian racist theories of human difference, which underpinned social Darwinism.
In this sense and case, American “Imperialism” in Brazil can be seen as having been articulated through similarities between non-representative populations of both nations.

Instead of the traditional dichotic, essentialist and reductionist view of the Brazil/U.S. nexus, I believe that the kind of analysis Frederik Barth used to describe cod fishing in Norway might be more useful in a quest to understand the multitude of relationships linking these two nations and their citizens. In his essay, "Models of Social Organization", Barth shows how the functioning of a cod fishing fleet can be better grasped by looking at the “outliers”, the relative handful of boats which do not follow the majority’s movements and seemingly strike out on their own. Their actions can only be understood by a thoroughgoing analysis of how labor and power are relationally structured on a fishing boat. Once this is taken into consideration, the outlying boats can in fact be seen as an integral part of a greater pattern involving the whole fleet.

It is thus by studying the marginal and apparently idiosyncratic elements of complex social systems that we can create denser, more penetrating views of the systems themselves. This is in a sense a contemporary reformulation of Malinowski’s famous junction that we as anthropologists should pay attention to “the small facts” (Malinowski, 1916).

Within the common sense worldview Anglo-American/Brazilian relations, I can think of no more odd, idiosyncratic individual than he who in these times of mass Brazilian exmigration to countries of what are popularly held to be the “first world”\(^6\), chooses to follow the reverse route to come live in Brazil.

Most of my Brazilian friends and colleagues know very little about the Anglo-American presence in Rio, though many of them imagine and presume quite a bit. This was driven home to me at the 1999 ANPOCS conference when Dra. Maura Pardini Bicudo Veras, in the midst of an excellent presentation about contemporary migration in São Paulo, claimed that there were only 3333 “North-Americans” (excluding Mexicans) resident in that city (Veras, 1999:30). According to Dra. Veras, “Este grupo obviamente representa a força do capital internacional infiltrado em São
Brazilian Fantasies

While it’s true that the ignorance many Americans display of Brazil is probably greater than that displayed by many Brazilians regarding the U.S., what is intriguing are the differences in the ways in which these misconceptions are formulated.

Brazilian ignorance of the United States is based upon an overwhelming amount of decontextualized and often false information about happenings in that nation. In such a situation, it is quite easy for an individual to select those images which he finds most appealing as paradigmatic of life in the U.S. Other, contradictory information is often then ignored. So, for example, a demonstration by a handful of white supremacists may be upheld as “typically American” while simultaneous mass counter-demonstrations are barely noticed (or vice versa).

In short, many Brazilians believe that they have an adequate grasp of American native categories without ever having lived in or studied the history or literature of that nation. They then apply the categories they call “American” to critique or praise life in Brazil.

Anglo-Americans in Brazil are not immigrants in any traditional sense of the word. They certainly do not feel “inferior” with respect to the Brazilians around them and historically they’ve not suffered from persecution (social, economic or otherwise) based upon their national origin (in fact, one can say that arbitrary behavior on the part of Brazilian authorities has often aided Anglo-Americans in Brazil⁹). They generally do not come here looking for work and most of them don’t see themselves as immigrants. Living in Brazil tends to be an episode in their lives, often proceeded and/or followed by sojourns in other foreign countries. Most of them probably leave Brazil within three years after arrival, though it is impossible to quote exact numbers regarding their “permanency” here.

Significant numbers of Anglo-Americans in Rio aren’t (directly at least) representatives of international capital or tourists, however. If it’s true that the niches which these people occupy...
within the carioca economy are far from the worst, it’s equally true that their employment opportunities are mostly situated within the secondary job market and offer little in the way of stability or career prospects. Furthermore, though many of them end up leaving Brazil, a significant number stay on, deepening and strengthening their personal and professional ties in this country and becoming (in the words of one of my informants) “accidental immigrants”. Many more are involved in what Maxine Margolis calls “yo-yo immigration”: repeated visits to Brazil punctuated by returns to the country of origin (Margolis:263). In these respects, Anglo-Americans in Rio are similar in various ways to Brazilians currently living and working in the United States, Japan and Europe (Sales e Baeninger, Sales, Margolis, Braga Martes, Oliveira de Assis et al) Furthermore, a significant number of these international trajectories mirror those of Brazilian mates. The comparison between the two population flows is even more intriguing when one takes into consideration the increasing numbers of well-off Brazilians who seem to be “emigrating” to the United States. As a recent article in Brazziil magazine points out:

“Data from the INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service) show that 70 percent of Brazilians obtaining their green cards nowadays are getting it for professional reasons. A new study conducted by the New York City administration also shows this same trend. According to the report, 2,761 Brazilians obtained a green card in New York between 1995 and 1996. From these, 27 percent, the biggest concentration, were living in the Upper East Side, an upper scale area of Manhattan where monthly rentals for housing average $5,000...

“As an example of the new upscale Brazilians arriving in town, Veja cites composer and pianist Marcelo Zarvos, 30, who came to New York five years ago and keeps busy composing for the movies and appearing in concerts. ‘What unites the cultural cauldron of the city is the language,’ Zarvos says. ‘He who arrives here without speaking English will be condemned to live in a Brazilian ghetto. In this case, it’s better to stay in Brazil.’” (“Making it There”: January 2000)

While it’s still probably a good bet to say that the majority of Brazilians who head off to the first world to live go there to “fazer a casa” (i.e. work enough to get money to buy a house in Brazil and then return. Sales e Baeninger: 41) while the majority “first worlders” who come to Brazil come on business or vacation, a substantial number of individuals in both population flows are bucking these expectations.

Belgian journalist Christian Dutilleux10 is one such individual. The excerpt below is from an essay he wrote for Brazziil International Monthly Magazine’s October 2000 issue. I quote from it here extensively because it is a good description of the dilemma faced by many citizens of my informants when they try to talk about why they choose to live in Brazil:

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10 Correspondent for the newspaper Libération
"I arrived in Brazil in 1985, with a group of young Europeans. We came over here not running away from wars and poverty like our predecessors. I wanted to understand and study new cultures and maybe start a new life here. I hoped to find a new culture and a political revolution celebrating the end of a long dictatorship, like it happened in Spain after Franco's death. The turmoil of Collor's Cruzado Plan took me by surprise. I thought: how lucky I am, I arrived just in time in the land of future! I felt euphoric!

"But many Brazilian friends did not share my feelings. They dreamed of traveling to Miami, wished for a scholarship in Canada, wanted to get a job in Milan. Our wishes went in the opposite direction.... After a while I managed to feel what they meant when I discovered strange expressions like 'The First World.'

"Quite a lot of Brazilians worship this concept. It divides the planet in two opposites. One where all is perfect, people are well bred, elegant, human rights are preserved, politicians are honest, companies are highly technical and all conversation is intelligent. The other is a poor and dim Carnaval parade displaying misery, violence, corruption and bad taste. Those who admire the first one, place the First World in the northern hemisphere. It's a large conglomerate of countries starting in western Europe and ending with Japan....

"These concepts are extremely harmful to Brazilians' state of mind, mainly because it obscures and weakens their vision of the world. The notion of First World wipes out history and geography as it stands, puts Japan and Portugal, Basques and Eskimos on the same level, is unable to notice the rich Arabs, the needy Americans, the Irish terrorism and France's strikes....

"Worse yet, these notions always place Brazil behind and below other countries, like a land condemned eternally to being outside this world. Unfortunately many Brazilians accept that thought. That is why I ask myself quite perplexed: why a native of the First World, a Belgian, would "land in Brazil?"

"Being here could only be a consequence of some inner problem, maybe an intimate disturbance. That was the general thought. Frequently they would try several explanations. It must be the sexual appeal of the mulatto woman, some fancied. All avoided questions concerning their belief in the existence of the First World that continued to be a near- paradise, and I who fled from earthly Eden must be some kind of oddball, maybe some degenerate....

"When, at any social meeting, I managed to avoid the subject of sex and mulatto, I inevitably fell into another trap: praise Brazil! Instantly answers showered. ‘Terrible. Insufferable.’ I was condemned to tiresome speeches on the country's ills. They even took turns attempting to ‘teach’ me how awful this country is and I should really be cautious they insisted. That's how I found out that Brazilians were merciless with their own country.

"But I had to deal with the other side of the coin. Months and years gone (I do not remember how many) I found out another aspect of Brazilian patriotism. Working as correspondent, at times I started small talk by mentioning some kind of misfortune encountered while doing my job. Instantly I was flooded with harsh words. All against me. Who was I to criticize Brazil in such a manner? And in
Belgium nothing unlawful happens? Pedophiles? Troublemakers? And people bathe daily? And again tiresome speeches defending the beloved homeland, which, if I understood well, is equal to the best in-the-world despite not-being-part-of-the-First-World.

"The relationship of love and hate with their country, the make believe of a better world on the outside and the permanent questioning of their national identity, are profound aspects of the Brazilian soul. Fifteen years gone, I still try to understand this country. Day after day, it fascinates me and angers me, I feel accepted and at the same time rejected; these feelings penetrate the blood in my veins permanently. I believe that somehow I became culturally... 'mulatto', and I still don't know why ‘I landed in Brazil". (Brazilian International Monthly Magazine. October 2000. All English errors in this quote are in the original).

The two most common reactions I’ve received from Brazilian friends who’ve looked over bits of my research have fit Dutilleux’ model. The first group tends to take offense at my informant’s commentaries. “Who are these gringos to say things like that?! My God, they come here and are welcomed with open arms... It’s not like they’re poor Angolans or Koreans – they’re rich for the love of God! Just look at how we’re treated in their countries! How dare they criticize this country which bends over backwards to accommodate them?!”

The second group generally snorts derisively: “Oh, the gringos like it here, do they? How much do they really know about Brazil? They never even leave the South Zone11 of Rio! They’re innocents who know nothing at all about life here and who make tons of money off of us...”

To critics of both groups, I caution that most of what those gringos who live in Brazil repeat about their host country they’ve learned from Brazilians, as Dutilleux’ comments on “teaching” betray. The most offensive,

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11 Depending on what’s being referenced, the “South Zone” can actually be the westernmost. Due to Rio’s tortured geography travel west along the cost from Pão de Açucar is frequently glossed as “south”. Thus Barra da Tijuca, the southwestern corner of the Rio metropolitan area, is almost always considered to be “deep south” even though it’s along the same general latitude as Ipanema. It’s also worth pointing out here that “south” is also considered to be a sign for wealth in Rio, with the North Zone supposedly being where the
stereotypical. Hollywood nurtured images of this country – so well documented by Tunico Amancio in *O Brasil dos Gringos* – are not sustained by most gringos for very long once they arrive here. These views are quickly augmented or even completely replaced by stereotypes “made in Brazil”, picked up from Brazilian friends and colleagues.¹²

I got to see this process at work quite often during my research, most dramatically in the case of *Carl*, an American in his thirties who came to Rio four years ago to escape drug charges in his home state. Whenever Carl talked about Brazil and the United States on his own, he was generally quite critical of his birth nation, praising the life he’d found in his new homeland. Whenever his Franco-Brazilian¹³ *wife* *Mara* would join in however, the conversation would shift to severe criticism of Brazil and Brazilians along the lines described by Dutilleux above. Once, when Carl had gone off to the men’s room in the middle of an interview, Mara turned to me and said, “I taught Carl everything he knows about Brazil. He used to have some really innocent ideas about this country, but I’ve helped him learn about how things really are here…”

**Carioca symbology and the “American” as fantasy**

As Lilia M. Schwarz points out regarding the importation of racialist theories by 19th century Brazilian academics, the foreign elements Brazilians choose to incorporate into their worldviews tend to be determined by the needs and desires those self-same Brazilians and not some mechanistic, monolithic process of “cultural imperialism”. (Schwarz: 15-19) We can see this selection process at work in manifestations of carioca culture which are popularly labeled as “American” in Rio de Janeiro. There’s a reason why Barra da Tijuca and the New York City Center are emblematic of the United States among certain cariocas, for example. Things like the NYCC’s giant fiberglass replica of the Statue of Liberty exist within our urban universe because some residents of Rio choose to dream of a Neverland of endless consumption and entertainment, untrammelled by reminders of urban poverty and chaos. The New York City Center becomes the “United States” and not just a collection of cheesy franchises in an over-priced, over-hyped poor live and the South Zone where the rich live. In this lexicon, the farther “south” one is, the wealthier one is.

¹² I do not wish to imply that Brazilian views are merely reproduced by foreigners, nor that all stereotypes carried into the country by foreigners completely disappear.

¹³ *Mara* has a French father and a Brazilian mother and has spent a considerable amount – if not the majority – of her life in Rio de Janeiro. She has Brazilian citizenship and phenotypically, linguistically and culturally doesn’t stand out from other Brazilians, especially middle-class, white, college educated ones from the city’s South Zone. Mara considers herself to be French, though others whom I’ve talked too unhesitatingly categorize her as Brazilian. The one time I tried to question Mara as to how much time she’d spent in France as a child, I received very evasive responses. The overall impression I received of Mara was that she saw France as being unquestionably superior to Brazil and that she wanted to make sure that she distanced herself from the latter country as much as possible, at least in the eyes of Brazilians.
shopping mall in the south-western carioca suburbs because it is a discourse on what some emerging middle-class¹⁴ cariocas would like their culture to be. Once these wishes are assigned a fixed coordinate in time and space – New York City, the USA – they are granted a solidity that can’t be brushed off as a pipe dream. At the same time, however, they are also removed from the everyday world. One can safely distance oneself from these symbols if need be, as one would shrug off a dream or fantasy when it turns into a nightmare.

The problem, of course, is that people (most specifically Americans but also anglophone gringos in general) are likewise assigned to the same phantasmagoria occupied by the NYCC. To the extent that they will never completely live up to its tantalizing promise – or down to its sordid imperialist image – they are bound to disappoint, disconcert and irritate those who are unwilling to see concrete lives in all their messy complexities rather than as easily digested symbols. This dissertation is an attempt to unravel some of the lives lived by Anglo-Americans in Rio by removing them from the fantasy realm of the symbolic and situating them within webs of history, power, money and law without trivializing individual agency. If it pushes cariocas who read it to think twice about the “gringos” they encounter in their day-to-day lives, then my goal will have been achieved.

Dissertation Overview

Innumerable themes might be explored within the category “Anglo-Americans in Rio de Janeiro” but due to space limitations only a few of them are touched upon within these pages. In my doctoral thesis, I plan to intensively investigate certain topics which I’ve only superficially dealt with here. For now, I’ve cut out almost all reflection upon sexual relations between Brazilians and Anglo-Americans, a survey of which would comprise an entire dissertation in and of itself. At least 60 additional pages would be needed to give even the briefest review of this topic, which has historically been one of the most pregnant (sometimes literally) nexuses around which Anglo-American and Brazilian perceptions of each other have revolved. For those who are interested in delving into such material, Parker’s Bodies, Pleasure and Passions is a good starting place, followed by Sean Patrick Larvie’s “Managing Desire” as a necessary corrective and critique of

¹⁴ The term “middle-class” as I’ve heard it used by my informants in Rio is completely different from the way I heard it used in the small Wisconsin town where I grew up. There, “middle-class” generally served as a code word for “majority”. It was often used to describe people and families who didn’t have that much money or who worked at traditionally working class jobs, but who ascribed to the general moral and political philosophy of the majority. In Rio, “middle-class” typically describes a well-paid urban professional with a consumerist, “western” lifestyle, someone who is probably within the wealthiest 5% of Brazil’s population and is thus very much within a minority. Often, Brazilians who by Wisconsin standards are flat out rich describe themselves as middle-class. When people describe Barra da Tijuca as “middle-class”, they generally mean that the neighborhood is very wealthy by local standards.
Parker. Sergio Sant’anna’s *Senhorita Simpson* and Erico Verissimo’s *Gato Preto em Campo de Neve/A Volta do Gato Preto* also touch upon this subject as do Tato’s *O Imperialismo Sedutor* and Amancio’s *O Brasil dos Gringos.* Finally, a recently published dissertation by Renata de Melo Rosa deals with carioca women who marry foreigners. It should be required reading for anyone interested in this topic.

I’ve also excised most discussion regarding Anglo-Americans and imperialism in Brazil. Originally, this was to be one of the dissertation’s keystones and I collected quite a lot of related material. I eventually decided to leave this subject for future exploration for three reasons. First of all, there was no way I could adequately deal with it in less than 100 pages. Secondly, "imperialism" wasn’t a “native category” expressed in most of my informants’ discourses. Finally, the more I began looking into the Anglo-American presence in Rio, the more I became aware of how little is known about it.

One can easily trivialize this presence, reducing it to a “mere” function of imperialism. “Of course there have always been lots of Yanks and Brits in Brazil,” one might say. “England and the U.S. have historically been the biggest players in the country’s economy. It’s only natural that they’d maintain significant colonies of nationals here in Rio, Brazil’s second largest city.” Even within the anthropological critique of imperialism, however, the economic or political projects of Anglo-Americans in Rio cannot be so easily disentangled from their “ethnic” and cultural impact. As Edward Said remarks about orientalism, imperialism is, rather than expresses, a certain will to understand, control and incorporate a manifestly different world. (Said: 12) For example, the way in which a colony educates its children, separating them (or not) from the natives has innumerable “cultural” effects – including the possibility of the revolt of those same children against strictures which they do not see as relevant in their day-to-day lives. A hard-hitting critique of how imperialism is expressed (or not) in the lives of Anglo-Americans in Rio can and should be written. Mostly, however, you will not find it here because I’ve chosen to concentrate on presenting more elementary material.

In Chapter 1, I talk about the genesis of my project and how I gradually came to be aware that national identity is often a secondary (or even a non-) category when relations between Brazilians and Anglo-Americans are discussed and effectuated. I describe the historical etymology of the word “gringo” and its multiple uses as a signifier, concluding that the word can be used to

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15 Verissimo’s insight into American and Brazilian views of women is particularly useful and piquant. It’s interesting to note that while this project was being prepared, Santanna’s novelette was finally brought to the silver screen. Thus *Senhorita Simpson,* a story which revolves around the sexual relations maintained (or not) between an American English teacher and her Brazilian students and which involves the rape of said teacher by the narrator became the tiresome, predictably sugar-sweet romance *Bossa Nova.*
mark a foreigner who is in a trajectory of approximation with Brazil. In other words, gringos are nor
born, they are made by contact with Brazilians and a gringo is someone who is among us but not of
us.

Despite the fact that Anglo-Americans have had a constant presence in Brazil, they are rarely
seen as immigrants or as a constituitive part of “what makes brazil, Brazil” (to steal a phrase from
Roberto da Matta). I discuss some of the reasons why this is so in Chapter 2, situating Anglo-
Americans within an ideological history of immigration to Brazil. As I’ve not enough space to write
a historical overview of the Anglo-American presence in Brazil, I’ve also seeded this chapter with
sidebars illustrating some of its highpoints. These do not strictly follow the layout or page
limitations PPGAS imposes on its master’s candidates, so please feel free to ignore them.

In Chapter 3, I begin with a brief discussion of gringos and “gringo space” as social
constructs which are created through interaction (or refusal of interaction) with Brazilians. I then
discuss gringo as a negative, accusatory category, linking it to "ianqui” and to Anglo-American
ideas regarding the "typical American”.I conclude Chapter 3 with a brief discussion of how a gringo
can become “one of us” (i.e. a provisory Brazilian) without necessarily losing his status as gringo.

Gringos are frequently seen by Brazilians as being a rather amorphous bunch. When
distinctions are noted between gringos, these are generally believed to occur due to national
differences. In Chapter 4, I show how at least two, mostly separate gringo nets of sociability exist
within Rio de Janeiro, using a situational analysis to look at two gringo parties separated by 300
meters, two months and immense class and attitudinal differences. I salient how these nets differ
primarily with regards to their members' connections to capital, power and prestige in their
countries of origin. In other words, I hope to show that when one talks about Anglo-Americans in
Rio, one needs to specify more than their nationality – or even their status as “gringos” – in order to
make sociological “sense” of their presence.

Chapter 5 focuses on what I’ve come to call the “local gringos” – Anglo-Americans who’ve
chosen to live and work in Rio in spite of the fact that they have not been guaranteed employment at
what would be considered first world salaries. This is a separate category of gringo from those
whom Dra. Veras labels the “representatives of international capital”, one which is less visible than
the stereotypical gringo tourist or businessman but perhaps more representative of the kind of
gringo that most cariocas are likely to socialize with. I describe how these people differentiate
themselves from tourists as well as the legal and economic hurdles they confront in order to
continue living in Rio. I also investigate with what one of my informants has called “the gringo
hierarchy”: the presumed stratification of experience and knowledge among gringos according to
time spent in Brazil and contact with certain aspects of what is considered to be “Brazilian culture”.

I conclude my dissertation with an analysis of the Anglo-American presence in Rio in light of some current theories regarding immigrants, transmigrants and transnationals, most particularly those mobilized to explain the current flow of Brazilian migrants to the United States.
CHAPTER 1: “ANY FOREIGNER'S A GRINGO HERE”

“Os negociantes ambulantes estrangeiros, no Brasil, passaram a ser conhecidos, em certas áreas, por “gringos” dentro da velha tradição peninsular de denominar-se “gringo” o cigano ou o vagabundo.”

-Gilberto Freyre, Sobrados e Mocambos

Dona Rita’s boarding house

I met my first gringo in Rio de Janeiro shortly after I moved to the city to study at the Programa de Pos-Graduação em Antropologia Social do Museu Nacional. The encounter was accidental. Looking through the pages of O Jornal do Brasil for a place to live, I found an ad for a rented room in a house in Botafogo. Calling ahead, I confirmed that the room was still available. By the time I got to the house however, I found that it had already been rented to a petite blond American woman: Sara. Luckily, I succeeded in convincing the landlady, Dona Rita, that I really needed a place to live - immediately. She agreed to rent the first floor maid’s quarters to me for a reasonable price and that’s how Sara became my housemate.

When I think back on my first contacts with Sara, I’m a bit embarrassed. As I recall, I spent the better part of two weeks speaking exclusively Portuguese with her before revealing that I, too, was a foreigner – one born in the United States to boot. At the time my rationale was that as a student of PPGAS I couldn’t afford to speak English as I needed to concentrate on improving my Portuguese – especially my reading and writing skills. However, another reason that I avoided identifying myself to Sara was that I didn’t want to be sucked into guiding a foreign newcomer around the city, translating for them and hanging out with their English speaking friends. In fact, the first thing I thought when Dona Rita informed me that Sara was engaged to be married to a Brazilian and was in Rio teaching English was “Great. Another one.” In other words, as a self-described assimilated American, I thought I was “beyond” mixing socially with foreigners. Of course, as luck or irony would have it, I later ended up spending the better part of a year socializing with gringos on a daily basis while collecting information for this dissertation. One of the first things I learned was that my arrogant reaction towards Sara was typical of the kind many “old gringos”16 display towards newcomers to the city.

It didn’t take long to learn that Sara was definitely not a “typical American” – if such a thing can be said to exist. First of all, she was struggling to learn all she could about Brazil and to this end had even studied Portuguese in universities in the U.S. Secondly, though her fiancé Cleison (whom she’d met in New York) was Brazilian, she’d not come to Rio because of him. For whatever reason,

16 This is a category I’ve heard some gringos apply to other gringos who’ve been living in Rio for extended periods of time. For example: “Oh, X is an old gringo. He’s been here forever.” There is, of course, no set amount of time after which one becomes an “old gringo”: the term is relational to the amount of time some other gringo has been here.
Sara had a deep and abiding interest in this country and had wanted to visit Brazil for some time before she had met Cleison (in fact, one can say that she met her fiancé because of her interest in things Brazilian). Finally, though Sara was teaching English in order to make ends meet in Rio, this was also her job back in New York. She had been trained to be a professional ESL\textsuperscript{17} tutor, something that set her apart from the majority of the English-teaching gringos I would later meet.

After a few months at Dona Rita’s, Sara moved to an apartment in Ipanema that she shared with several Brazilian actors and her boyfriend. Meanwhile, another English speaking foreign colleague of Sara’s – an Irishman named Garth – had moved into the house and he brought in a third English teacher to take Sara’s place: a Scotsman named Daniel. At the time, it seemed odd to me that so many English speakers would spontaneously show up in the same place. After I began to look into things a bit more, however, it became obvious how all four of us had ended up at Dona Rita’s.

Foreigners illegally working in Rio\textsuperscript{18} encounter great difficulties in acquiring any of the paperwork necessary in order to rent an apartment on their own. CPFs, carteiras de trabalho and contas bancárias are all pretty much out of the reach of illegally laboring gringos, especially ones newly arrived in the country. Furthermore, newcomers to any city in Brazil – even Brazilians – have a difficult time finding that \textit{sine qua non} of an apartment rental contract: a fiador. Foreigners are especially vulnerable in this respect as they rarely have networks of in-country friends and family who might be able to stand as fiador for them.\textsuperscript{19} Finally, even in those cases where a foreigner is able to muster the bureaucratic and financial resources necessary to rent an apartment, the 30 month contract which is currently the pattern in Rio is 5 times as long as tourist can legally stay in Brazil. Many foreigners living in Rio on tourist papers are unsure as to what they’re going to do when their time runs out. This makes them leery of accepting long housing contracts.

Dona Rosangela’s was a godsend to people in the above situation. Rent was paid monthly, one month in advance before moving in. Only thirty days prior notice was necessary before evacuating the premises. Telephone, cable TV and even internet services were available for those willing to pay extra for them. Furthermore, the house was only a couple of blocks away from the Botafogo metro station, giving easy access to both the Centro and the South Zone, the regions where most gringos work. Finally, the very manner in which Dona Rita decided to advertise her

\textsuperscript{17} English as a Second Language.
\textsuperscript{18} I was the only one of the four who possessed a visa that allowed legal work.
\textsuperscript{19} Very illustrative in this respect was the case of the fourth border at Dona Rita’s: a mineiro named Osmar who, like me, was a student at the UFRJ. Osmar got his vacancy because his family was very good friends with Dona Rita’s. Dona Rosangela told me that they originally took Osmar in as a favor to his family, not intending to rent to anyone else. When the Real plummeted in late 1998 however, heralding another of
vacancies skewed the demographic of potential customers: rather than advertising word of mouth, she put an announcement in the paper. One of the few places newly arrived gringos can look for jobs or housing is the “want ad” sections of Rio’s major papers. Once “on the map”, Dona Rosangela’s tended to attract further English-speaking foreign clients by word of mouth. When an earlier Brazilian boarder moved out, Sara advertised the vacancy at her English school as a favor for Dona Rita, bringing Garth into the house. When Sara moved out, Garth told Daniel and so on.20

The genesis of a project

Neither Sara nor I went out much with other foreigners, choosing instead to spend our free time with Brazilians. Sara was indirectly responsible for inciting me to take up the project of studying gringos in Rio, however, because it was through Garth, Daniel and most particularly Garth’s 27 year old bilingual Brazilian girlfriend Valéria that I came into contact with the majority of the people who I would interview during the course of my research. Garth and Valéria were part of a crowd of English speakers who I’d infrequently meet as they came into the house to pick the couple up.

Before coming to the Museu, I had already resolved that I was interested in investigating the contact interface between the United States and Brazil, most particularly the representations that both nations generated of each other. I wanted my master’s dissertation to reflect this interest but I also knew that I had to write not more than a hundred pages before the end of December 2000. Time and space constraints seemed to preclude such a complex undertaking as an overview of the relations and representations linking and dividing two huge conglomerate nations such as the U.S. and Brazil. To complicate matters, I very much wanted to get some experience in anthropologic fieldwork during

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20 Dona Rita apparently enjoyed having Sara and I as boarders, once telling me that “Gringos are very responsible”. Garth and Daniel made her change her opinion, however. After several nasty fights with the
the production of my thesis.

After studying with Dra. Giralda Seyferth and having had a chance to discuss this problem with Professor Adam Kuper during his visit to PPGAS in the winter of 1999, I began to see the “cultural” divide between Brazil and the United States in a new light. As Kuper says in his book *Culture:* “...Contrary to what [multiculturalist] theory predicts, the experience of crossing over from one cultural context to another does not necessarily heighten the sense of difference [between the two].”

“Despite what is taken to be the inescapable reality of alterity, and the force of cultural determinism, the fact is that immigrants, refugees, and traders seem in general to manage very well, given the chance, in their new homes – not forgetting their origins, but ever adaptable. They know what they are doing, they instruct greenhorns in tactics, and they write home to convey their experiences.... Success depends upon learning a language, asserting common interests, and grasping similarities, and at the same time learning to recognize where significant differences lie and what they mean, if only in order to minimize them, or to cope with them.” (Kuper: 243-244)

I wondered to what degree the experience of Americans living in Brazil could illustrate Kuper’s words. Fieldwork among these people would at the very least allow me to investigate a whole series of questions regarding how Americans saw Brazil and vice versa. Better still, this particular population of “natives” was in my own backyard: studying Americans in Rio would allow me to practice field technique without having to fly off to a distant location, generally the sine qua non of anthropological fieldwork.

I thus turned in my prospectus and by November of 1999 I was ready to take to the field. Originally, I intended to study Americans involved in teaching English in Rio de Janeiro. This seemed to be the logical place to start for several reasons. First of all, English teachers - especially “native speakers”22 - make a very good wage by carioca standards23. It is also possible (though technically illegal) to teach English without any official documents at all. English teaching in Rio is thus frequently a “porta de entrada” through which many Americans make their first contacts with Brazilians and establish themselves in the local job market. I thus expected to find many Americans who were actually living in Brazil working as English teachers.

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21 What Kuper means by “multiculturalism” is the semi-political tendency within cultural studies (and certain areas of anthropology) to emphasize differences between cultures rather than similarities as well as the corollary that cultures are essential entities to which one is naturally born.

22 This is concept borrowed from the English teaching lexicon. It means a person who was born and grew up in a country where the principal language is English.

23 Around 1000 to 3000 reais, monthly, depending on hours worked and whether or not one teaches independently or in an institute.
Additionally, many Brazilians believe that the ability to speak English is one of the prerequisites for personal economic success within the contemporary labor market. Furthermore, deslocation from Brazil to the United States has within the last generation become a common way of attempting to deal with un and underemployment in Brazil (what Glaúcia de Oliveira Assis calls “fazendo America” (130)). Within this context, English schools and their professors can attract all kinds of expectations and hopes for success, as well as resentments regarding “globalization” and American “imperialism”. Furthermore, transnational communities tend to form around them as personal linkages are forged among the teachers and students. All this means that “thinking” Brazil and the United States is a rather constant activity around English schools.

I began my research by asking Valeria – Garth’s ex-girlfriend (by this time, the couple had broken up and Garth had returned to Ireland) – to invite me to parties and happenings which her foreign acquaintances would be attending. I also started calling English schools, asking if they knew of any “native speaking” teachers whom I could interview. Finally, I started to go to places that had been pointed out to me as locations where Americans tended to congregate. I used the connections I made through these forays to meet still more people, building on the earlier contacts in snowball fashion.

Somewhat predictably, my original plan rapidly changed as I encountered the reality of fieldwork. First of all, I wasn’t able to get into many areas of peoples’ lives that were job related. Recent pressures by the Ministério de Trabalho made many of my informants quite wary about bringing an unknown person into their place of work. Originally, I had intended to pass around a survey among English teachers in order to collect basic data regarding their life and working conditions. After passing out over a hundred of them and receiving fewer than ten in return, I was told by a friend that many people were afraid to reveal that sort of data on paper for fear that somehow it would end up in the hands of the Federal Police. No one trusted that the data would remain anonymous because “You know how it is in Brazil...”

My “sociological” project thus put on hold, I resolved to concentrate on participant observation, watching and interviewing people outside of their job environment. I was able to collect quite a bit of data on English teaching in Rio, however, which I’ve included here in Chapter 5. From December of 1999 to July of 2000, I interviewed or talked intensively with around 50 English-speaking foreigners who were living in Rio, taking an estimated 75 trips into the field

24 Most English schools are in fact legally “institutes” as this places them within much more liberal legislation than “schools”. For one thing, teachers at official schools need to be certified by the MEC... Despite this, the common term used among teachers is “school”, which is also what I use here.

25 By this they meant that they couldn’t trust that I’d maintain my promise to keep the data anonymous because they saw “Brazil” as being a place where promises made on the institutional level are not to be trusted.
where I saw hundreds of others in action. Mostly I met with people in their homes, my home or in bars, clubs or other public areas. Prominent among these places were Lord Jim’s Pub, Letras e Expressões and the Emporium in Ipanema, the “Bunker” pousada in Leblon and several bars and private parties in Lapa, Santa Teresa and Barra da Tijuca. I also went to the American Society, the American School, Saint Andrew’s Church, meetings of the International Newcomers’ Club, the Sheraton Hotel, the Federal Police in Praça Mauá, the American Consulate, the British Consulate and the old English cemetery in Gamboá (no one there wanted to talk to me, however...). I spent several nights along Copacabana Beach in an attempt to come to grips with the tourism scene and I even interviewed the members of “O Movimento para a Valorização do Brazil”, recently famous for their city-wide campaign to reduce what they see as American imperialist influences in Brazil.26

Anglophone sociability and “gringos”

My field experiences showed me that I needed to revise my understanding of the population I was studying. Originally I had decided that I would look at Americans living and working in Rio. Once in the field, however, I quickly discovered that Americans rarely existed in isolation in Rio, being surrounded by the Irish, British, Canadians and Australians – indeed, by foreign and Brazilian English speakers in general. Furthermore, many of the English-speaking foreigners I was meeting around Rio de Janeiro seemed to have fairly complex personal and family histories of international deslocation. There was Carla for example, an American from Minneapolis whose parents were both Peruvian. And there was Andrew, another American citizen born in Russia to Russian parents. “Of course, the United States is full of immigrants as well,” I thought. “In any group of Americans some are bound to be first generation immigrants themselves.”

Looking at some of the other anglophones I had met however, the pattern seemed to persist. There was Paul, Canadian by birth and nationality but also Irish (“Especially so when the Irish national football team is playing”). There was Mara, French and Brazilian whose grandfather was a Polish refugee from Hitler’s Germany. Even more confusing was the case of Marina, born in the English-speaking colony of Harbin in China to Filipino and Spanish parents, married to a White Russian refugee and a refugee herself, coming to Brazil in 1950 after the communist victory in

26 For those not familiar with MV Brasil, they are the people responsible for recent demonstrations against the giant fiberglass Statue of Liberty in front of the New York City Center shopping mall in Barra da Tijuca. They’re also responsible for the plethora of posters containing “USA” with an “x” through it which covered the walls of downtown Rio de Janeiro during the course of this project. At the moment I am writing, MV Brasil is currently involving itself in drumming up support for projeto de lei #1676 introduced by deputado Aldo Rebelo of the PC do B, which would prohibit the use of foreign (read English) terms in the Brazilian media. See Veja, Aug. 30, 2000, p.86 for more information about this bill.
China. This didn’t even take into consideration those members of “stable”\textsuperscript{27} nationality whose identities were bound up with other nationalities in important – some might say primary – ways: Sara from New York engaged to a Brazilian – so gringa looking that shortly after she left Dona Rosangela’s she was chosen to be the Xuxa’s dublé in the 1999 film \textit{Xuxa Requebra}; Rick from Scotland, triumphantly so; Amber, English, born in Wales but always careful to state that she was in no way Welsh; Ansel, married to a Brazilian ex-immigrant to Britain... And how to take into account Brazilians like Valéria, who were very much a part of the day-to-day social life of the principal group which I was involved with?

In short, though almost all of my informants would unhesitatingly tell me they were “Canadian”, “British” or “American”, many times they qualified this information with another adjective or two. (And woe betide the poor researcher who called certain Scots, Welsh, or Northern Irish British!)

Additionally, though the people I met defined themselves as belonging to certain nationalities, in actual social life in Rio de Janeiro they rarely divided themselves into neat little groups of “British”, “Americans” or what have you. Even in the most nationally polarized gatherings (such as the American Society’s Fourth of July Party) there’d be a significant sprinkling of other nationalities. What one really noticed – what really set these people apart from other members of the carioca urban universe – was the language spoken when they got together: English.

Whether Brazilian, American, Canadian or Irish, the use of the English language in carioca settings is one of the major characteristics that defines this grouping of people(s). The football teams “Rio Rebels” and “Rio Soccer” are set apart from others in the city of Rio de Janeiro because their team languages are English. \textit{The Umbrella}, a newsletter published by the British and Commonwealth Society, bills itself as “A publication for the English-speaking Community of Rio de Janeiro” and runs the news from the American Society together with that from the Royal British Legion. It is, of course, printed in English. Lord Jim’s Pub, perhaps the most notorious anglophone watering hole in Rio, wears its transnational anglophonic sympathies right out front: though nominally a British pub, it flies the flags of Brazil, Scotland, Australia, Canada and the United States as well as the flag of Great Britain. On any given night in Lord Jim’s you can hear a half-dozen simultaneous conversations in English.

Finally, many Brazilians seem to have a certain difficulty in differentiating between the anglophonic nationalities. Several of my non-American anglophone informants related that they were tired of constantly being mistaken for Americans. As Paul says, “If you speak English,
Brazilians almost always assume that you’re an American, so frequently they don’t even bother to ask where you’re from.

The perceived division between “Luso-Brazilians” and “Anglo-Saxons” has a long and varied history in the Brazilian popular media and social sciences. Charting this history is beyond the scope of this paper, but a typical commentary may be found in Darcy Ribeiro’s *O Povo Brasileiro*:

“Os Estados Unidos da América e o Canadá são de fato mais parecidos e mais aparentados com a África do Sul branca e com a Austrália do que conheço....


Apparently, even one of the most beloved deacons of modern Brazilian anthropology thought it not in the least bit unusual to equate the anglophonic nations with one another and set them off in frank opposition to Brazil.

To tell the truth though, anglophones also have some trouble telling each other apart. Paul himself admits, “The other night I was sitting next to this gringa who thought I was an American because of my Canadian accent. It turns out she’s from the same county where I lived for twelve years in Ireland. That was a laugh!”

The more I saw, the more I became convinced that what I was looking at was not something that I could most productively tackle by focusing on a single nationality. Nationality was not these people’s primary concern in seeking out (or avoiding) companions: language was a far greater influence. What I was encountering were anglophonic spaces and nets of sociability, interlinked to a surprising degree (and sometimes - even more surprisingly - not linked up at all). It seemed to me that a focus upon these anglophonic spaces and nets of sociability would be a more fruitful approach, not in the least because it would allow an easier integration of Brazilians (and other non-anglophone nationalities) into the picture.

What to call these people, though? Anglophones? That seemed the politically correct route, but it was a bit of a forced and academic label. Worse, it was an adjective which none of my foreign informants and hardly any Brazilians recognized as natural. Anglo-Americans? One could easily

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28 See Blanchette, T. “Pensando América” for more information. This is a currently unpublished paper I wrote for the master’s program at PPGAS. It’s available to anyone who’s interested in its subject matter.

29 And not only in the sense of looking for other English speakers: many anglophones go out of their way to avoid dealing with English speakers...
imagine the Irish or Canadian reaction to such a term... Though both of these labels could be used in a pinch without too much misunderstanding, I had to find a word that my natives used to describe themselves or which Brazilians used to describe them. And that word – as betrayed by Paul’s comment above – is “gringo”.

**Gringos**

The term “gringo” generally causes raised eyebrows and poorly suppressed giggles among my friends and colleagues at the Museu. I can’t say that I blame them. There’s something about the very word that brings the ridiculous immediately to mind. Visions spring up of overweight, sunburned rednecks stuffed into polyester golf shirts and Hawaiian-print shorts, black nylon socks sagging over their patent leather loafers as they click snapshot after snapshot of Guanabara Bay from the peak of Corcovado. The visceral impact of such an image is mirth provoking, to say the least.

My use of “gringo” to describe anglophone foreigners in Rio de Janeiro might be politically incorrect in these times of heightened ethnic sensitivity, but I believe that it’s an adequate choice which best describes the people I observed during my fieldwork. Most of my informants are quite aware that Brazilians do not generally use “gringo” as an insult. Because of this, they cheerfully apply “gringo” to themselves and other foreigners, especially other anglophones, and they generally do not take offense when Brazilians apply it to them. The term is bandied about between Brazilians and Anglo-Americans with a surprising degree of naturalness, in fact. But if “gringo” is not necessarily an insult in Brazil, what, exactly, is it?

First and foremost, use of the word "gringo" is highly contextual. On the “South America” branch of “The Thorn Tree”, a website maintained by *The Lonely Planet* series of travel guidebooks, I asked what the word “gringo” meant and received a variety of responses. Those that cited familiarity with the term’s use in a tourist context generally thought it derogatory:

“For me "gringo" is today an awful word that put every single white people together, like, say, some use the word ‘latin’. And I have the feeling that too many times, in South America, it means kind of "stupid northern tourist".” - self-identified French woman.

“Being called a gringo is no problem for me living in the U.S. Because here I am referred to as honkie, juedo, howlie, pig and many other words.” - self-identified white North American male.

30 Within the Brazilian social sciences, several euphemisms have been used to broadly designate this group, including “anglo-saxão”, “ingleses e norte-americanos”, and even “brancos dolicoïdes” and other gems of racist double-speak. All of these terms – including Anglo-American - are problematic, but it is a fact is that a division between “luso-brasileiros” and “anglo-saxões” has historically been perceived on both sides of the divide, though the language used to describe it has changed over the centuries.
“[I’ve] been to South America and Mexico and I didn't feel "gringo" 'cause I'm not American, that's all. Anyway, it's like calling a white man a nigger....” – self-identified non-American.

However, those people who had more experience living in Latin America were less sure of the term’s offensiveness, taking care to salient the context in which it’s used:

“As a big ‘gringo’ I can't say that I take offense at the word. While it is a derogatory word, mostly intended to disparage guys from the United States who have meddled in Latin American affairs... Latin Americans are not as ‘PC’ as we in the U.S. and they, generally, see nothing wrong with identifying a person with their skin color.... Of course, the tone of voice can make a BIG difference, and the term can be meant to be directly offensive and a challenge to fight. ...” – self-identified white male American (New Yorker)

“I’ve been ‘gringa’ for almost a year now ... it took me a while in Peru to realize that I could call a friend ‘gordo’ without being offensive. Straight out of a ultra-liberal US university, my PC sensibilities took quite a beating in trying to get used to hearing people called ‘negro’ or any remotely Asian looking person called ‘chino’.... Everything’s relative.” – self-identified American woman.

“In South America we don't take these words like ‘gringo’ too serious. Most of the time it is just a short form to call somebody and it is not meant to offend. Lots of people call each other ‘gordo’ (fat), ‘flaco’ (thin), ‘negro’ (black), ‘chino’ and so on.... More important to be called a gringo is how it is meant, friendly or offensive, and that you will notice immediately in the tone of the voice.” – unidentified Latin American woman

Steve, a 25 year old Californian who had been living in Rio de Janeiro for little more than a year at the time I interviewed him, described his understanding of “gringo” in the following manner:

“Any foreigner’s a gringo here... At first I was shocked by the term, ‘cause in Mexico, it’s a total insult. Here, it’s like a nickname, you know? ‘Hey, go talk to the gringo over there...’ A Mexican’s a gringo here and so’s an Argentinian. It doesn’t matter. At first I was taken aback, though... ‘Shit! Man, it’s just like Mexico. They’re gonna kick my ass...’ But that wasn’t the case.

[risada] ‘I mean, I’m sure that everybody’s told you the story about the origin of the word ‘gringo’, yeah? ‘Green, go’, you know ‘Green, go home.’ Doesn’t make a whole lot of sense to me, but... [risadas, balança cabeça]. It’s all mythology, you know. People laugh at me when they tell me that story. Then I say ‘So you want me to go home?’

‘Oh! Nonono...’”

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31 Politically Correct
32 It’s worth mentioning that all those people on “The Thorn Tree” who talk about “gringo’s” political undertones associated the word with Americans. However, one unidentified person insisted on a distinction between gringos and Yankees: “As used now, [gringo] refers to any and all light-skinned foreigners, not just Americans. When leftist political activists want to refer to Americans, they use Yanqui or Yankee.”

Like many of the people on *The Thorn Tree*, Steve originally classified the term as a racial or ethnic insult, specifically used by Mexicans against white Americans and potentially associated with violence. Similar to others on *The Thorn Tree*, he changed his definition through contact with the term as it’s used in Rio; here he sees it as merely a nickname for any foreigner, including Mexicans and Argentineans. However, even Steve had to "jokingly" check to confirm the "friendly" position of the people labeling him as gringo. Furthermore, "though a Mexican's a gringo here", during all my contacts with Steve, I never once saw him use the word to refer to a foreigner from a non-anglophone nation.

It’s currently in fashion in anthropology to build up the “macro” from the “micro” and in this sense looking at gringos rather than at specific nationalities might seem anti-intuitive. By emphasizing gringos, however, I wish to utilize an analytic cut that is in fact more “micro” than first appearances would perhaps suggest. I’m using the term to describe people involved in actually observable webs of anglophone sociability use it and as it is applied to them by cariocas (another essentially relational and contextual category). I do not believe that what I’m describing here necessarily applies to “gringos” throughout Latin America or even throughout the rest of Brazil, for that matter.

In a sense “gringo” can be seen as the inverse of the term “latino”, used in most anglophone nations to describe any and all American peoples south of Texas. Both words are very abstract concepts. They imply shared values and relations to power that on closer examination may not exist in “life as it’s lived”. However, for all this they are no less “real” than the national labels typically used to divide up the world’s peoples. The popularly accepted notion of cultural identity may best be described as that of an indissoluble, natural link between the individual and the land of his or her birth. “Modernist” thinkers studying ethnicity and nationalism such as Fredrik Barth, Benedict Anderson and Ernest Gellner have challenged this supposition however, preferring to emphasize the contingency and modernity of the nation as a human phenomenon. In this sense, “gringos” or “latinos” are no more or less natural categories than “Americans” or “Brazilians”.

However, by using “gringo”, I do not wish to imply that nationality is not important among anglophones living in Rio. Most of my informants are quite emphatic about their national identities.

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33 It’s worth relating that throughout this study whenever the topic of “gringo” was brought up, Mexicans and Argentineans were the two nationalities most often pointed out as “also being gringos in Brazil” by my mostly Anglo-American informants. When my informants talk about “gringo” as a racial epithet, it’s use by Mexicans and Argentineans is also generally emphasized. Apparently, then, the classification of “gringo” as applied to Mexicans and Argentineans in Rio is seen as an ironic form of poetic justice....

as Americans, Canadians or New Zealanders, no matter how they may qualify these terms with hyphens and added adjectives. Nor do I wish to imply that anglophones are the only “gringos” out there – there are French and Spanish speaking “gringo” nets of sociability in Rio as well.\textsuperscript{35}

I think that a study of Americans in Rio (or of the Irish, Australians, South Africans...) would be a very worthwhile undertaking. There are many significant national differences that can probably be brought to light.\textsuperscript{36} But the necessary point of departure for such a study would be an explanation of what makes these anglophones different from the others surrounding them within the context of Rio de Janeiro. In my view, outside of the realm of ideology such differences are subtle, ephemeral and infinitely open to debate. Do the British enjoy football more than the Americans do? Well... probably, especially if one is talking in terms of pure numbers of football fans in both countries. Those Americans out there playing for Rio Soccer or the Rio Rebels are probably real enthusiasts, however. Dante Moreira Leite, in O Caráter Nacional Brasileiro, alerts us to the dangers inherent in presuming that such things as “national characteristics” exist:

“A crítica mais séria que se pode fazer aos estudos contemporâneos de caráter nacional é o fato de terem confundido... dois níveis, passando livremente do ideário e do comportamento de líderes políticos ocasionalmente no poder para as características profundas de um povo....

“Sob esse aspecto, os estudos contemporâneos do caráter nacional revelam, apesar de tudo o que dizem os seus autores, um nacionalismo exacerbado, capaz de substituir ideologicamente o racismo...” (127-128)

This is especially true when one attempts to analyze complex, polyphonic entities such as the United States or Kingdom which mobilize a vast display of extreme opinions among many, if not most, of the world’s inhabitants. The use of “gringo” (and, of course, “latino”) in this context often corresponds to emotional and ideological positions based upon these opinions: in these cases, it is an extraordinarily “thin” definition, bordering on a caricature. However, by focusing on gringos, one can neutralize the chimera of “national character” to a certain degree without dismissing it completely.

\textsuperscript{35} In fact, I see them in action among my Spanish speaking colleagues at Museum.

\textsuperscript{36} Those national differences that are taken into consideration and when they are taken into consideration are extremely important. In this sense, the more encompassing category of “gringo” primarily exists when placed in contrast with other all-encompassing categories such as “Brazilian”. Otherwise, gringos tend to separate based on nationality. When single-nation groups of gringos come together, the splits tend to revolve around regional (i.e. East Coast Americans vs. West Coast Americans vs. Southerners) or political/ethnic differences (i.e. blacks vs. whites, Democrat vs. Green...). These cleavages are often expressed by joking: i.e. Conrad, a conservative Englishman, calling Paul a “gun-running provo [IRA cadre]” and Paul responding with “This guy here’s a real Brit, you know. He still believes in the Empire and the Queen Mother...” The jocular nature of these relationships is often not obvious to outsiders. After witnessing an exchange similar to the one above,
The etymology and symbology of “gringo”

As the quote from Gilberto Freyre with which I began this chapter implies, there’s far more to the word “gringo” than meets the eye, especially in the Brazilian lexicon. Different from other nations in Latin America, “gringo” as it’s used in Brazil most basically means “foreigner”. The British are gringos to Brazilians but then again so are the Mexicans, Angolans and Argentineans, as many people have pointed out. This aside, however, it seems that even in Brazil the term is especially applicable to certain nationalities and physiognomies: all foreigners are gringos but some gringos are more gringo than others. Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and Northern Europeans seem to especially attract the use of the word, particularly if they have lighter colored skin, eyes and hair.

Carla for example, though a native-born U.S. citizen, is rarely called a gringa because of her straight black hair, morena skin color and noticeably Native American features. Amber, though a pale Englishwoman is petite and has dark, straight hair and brown eyes. She, too, is rarely called a gringa unless someone hears her accent. Amy, however, a tall American woman with blond hair and pale blue eyes is often catcalled “gringa” by strangers in the street. Amy attracts so much attention in fact, that Amber expresses a certain reluctance to be seen in public with her, even though the two women are friends:

“I find it interesting how people don’t accept Amy here. She’s constantly sexually harassed by men for being blond and blue eyed, yet she still feels that this is her home. That surprises me.... I could not feel at home in a place where if I walk around people shout ‘gringa’ at me. Which is what happens to Amy all the time. I hate that energy, that vibe.... Sometimes I don’t enjoy being around Amy because of this, just because of all the negative energy she gets. It’s horrible.

Like the emotions it gives rise to, the etymology of gringo is complicated. In Sobrados e Mocambos (460), Gilberto Freyre favored the theory that it was originally a label in Brazil for a Brazilian journalist writing an article about the gringo football teams described Paul as an “IRA sympathizer”.

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Some Theories Regarding the Origins of “Gringo”

Gringo Means “Green Go”

I’ve heard this one from several Brazilian friends and colleagues and also have seen it posted on “Ask Yahoo.com”. Basically, the theory is that brave native civilians (either Vietnamese or Mexican, depending on which version of the story is told) taunted invading American troops with cries of “Green go [home]!” The story is obviously apocryphal for two reasons: 1) “gringo” was being used before the U.S. invaded Mexico (and long before they invaded Vietnam), and 2) U.S. Army uniform colors at the time of both invasions of Mexico were not green but blue, gray, or khaki (dust colored)...

Robert Burns Comes to Latin America

This is a theory proposed by British historian W.H. Koebel and given some credence by Freyre in Sobrados e Mocambos (p.60). I’ve also seen it espoused on the website of the Scottish “Clan Sinclair” (www.mids.org/sinclair/history/mod/gringo). The theory proposes that British (or American) seafarers (or soldiers) singing Scotch poet Robert Burn’s “Green Grow the Rashes, O!” were overheard by Chileans (or Mexicans). The song’s chorus then became a nickname for the foreigners in much the same way as the English penchant for swearing things to Hell turned into the nickname for the British in Brazil: “godeme”. (Freyre, op cit p.61)

Though I’ve no doubt that English sailors and/or American soldiers sang “Green Grow the Rashes...” (probably not the Burns version but rather the popular Scottish pornographic song on which Burns based his poem), again the term was in use before Americans invaded Mexico or the British became involved in Chile.

Greenbacks

My favorite theory, the one I would have related before starting this project. I heard from Prof. McCormick in the American Foreign Relations course at the UW Madison. In this, “gringo” refers to a 19th century American slang for dollar: “greenback”. Unfortunately, the term was in use long before dollars were green.
wandering gypsy slave traders. With the opening of the ports and the subsequent appearance of foreigners – principally British – among the rural mascates, the term naturally transferred itself to foreigners in general. With all due respect to Freyre however (his explanation certainly makes more sense than of the some others I’ve heard - see sidebar), it seems that “gringo” has been around in the Iberian languages (and in Ibero-America) since at least the 18th century. Its exclusive association with gypsies is also in doubt. In the Spanish historian Terrenos y Pando’s Diccionario, compiled in the late 1700s, the term is described in the following fashion: "Gringo in Malaga, [is] what they call foreigners who [have] a certain kind of accent which prevents their speaking Spanish with ease and spontaneity; in Madrid the case is the same, and for some reason, especially with respect to the Irish."\(^{37}\) Apparently in use throughout Ibero-America by the beginning of the 19th century, the true etymological roots of “gringo” may perhaps be found in the Spanish “griego”, or Greek\(^ {38}\). All that can be said, then, is that the term probably originally applied to funny-looking itinerant speakers of an exceptionally unintelligible language. Or, as Freyre puts it, “...estrangeiro[s]... exótico[s], ordinariamente pouco familiarizado[s] com a língua da terra.” \(\text{(Freyre, Sobrados e Mocambos: p.60)}\)

“Gringo” is thus used today in Brazil in a manner remarkably similar to the way it was used two centuries ago in the Iberian Peninsula. Though it’s not usually meant as an open insult it certainly is not a compliment. It is a euphemism for “funny speaking/looking/acting outsider\(^ {39}\); a way of signifying what is not Brazilian and has little hope of ever being so. The term’s current preferential association with Americans, Canadians and Northern Europeans is thus perhaps more historically connected to the fact that these groups speak non-Latin languages (“...foreigners who have a certain kind of accent...”) than any physiognomic qualities per se.\(^ {40}\)

In one important way however, the use of “gringo” has changed since the 18th century. It now has a certain preferential association in Brazil with imperialism. Again, though any foreigner is a gringo, “true” gringos – the kind that are traditionally cursed at in popular left-orientated

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37 Interestingly enough, even in this earliest recorded use of “gringo”, it’s related as being particularly applicable to the Irish.... Found in Honduras This Week Online, #39, January 25th, 1997 (www.marrder.com /htw/jan97/editorial.htm). The original source for the article (written by one J.H. Coffman of Arizona) is an article in the University of Arizona historical quarterly "Arizona and the West," by Father Charles E. Ronan S.J. The information re:”gringo”/”griego” is taken from Father Ronan’s work. Several English language dictionaries apparently concur with this theory, which can be read about at www.word-detective.com.

38 English perhaps has a distant cousin of “gringo” in the popular expression “It’s Greek to me”, used to denote extreme incomprehension.

39 In short, a barbarian as the ancient Greeks would use the word. According to M.I Finley, barbaroi was a word meant to establish a restrictive division with pejorative overtones based upon differences in idiom, religion and other customs between the Greeks and the rest of the ancient world’s peoples. \(\text{(Finley: 127-128)}\)

40 Though as Immanuel Wallerstein remarks, physiognomy can easily become a marker of (oft-times supposed) cultural difference based upon the historical, geographical concentrations of the world’s division of labor. Wallerstein, I. “The Construction of Peoplehood”.
publications such as *Caros Amigos, Pasquim* or *Revista Bundas* – belong to nationalities which are generally seen as taking advantage of Brazil. When Raul Seixas sang “*Dar lugar pros gringo entrar/Esse imóvel está prá alugar...*”, he was not talking about renting Brazil out to the Angolans or Paraguayans as a solution to the national economic crisis. The imperialistic aspect of “gringo” is presented very clearly in the popular theories regarding the word’s origin that I’ve presented in the sidebar on page X. One theme that lurks in all of these stories is that “gringo” is a word invented in reaction to English (or American) military and/or economic imperialism in Latin America.

As we can see, “gringo” is thus a contextual term that corresponds to a set of idealized physical, cultural and political characteristics making up a stereotype. Furthermore, these characteristics have idealized counterparts that map to the configuration of a stereotypical “Brazilian”. A partial listing of these characteristics follows below:

“*Gringo*” characteristics

- Not born in Brazil
- Parent(s) isn’t/aren’t Brazilian citizens
- Speaker of a non-Latin based language
- Light skin, eyes and hair
- Citizen of an “imperialist” nation

“*Brazilian*” characteristics

- Born in Brazil
- Parent(s) is/are Brazilian citizens
- Portuguese speaker
- Dark skin, eyes and hair
- Brazilian citizen

42 A series of other characteristics could be added to these lists (such as innocent/malandro, relative degrees of make-up on women, or even certain types of clothing) but these appear to be the most common characteristics that people use to determine who’s who in day-to-day life in Rio. A further characteristic commonly attributed to gringos is “wealth” as opposed to Brazilian “poverty”. Wealth in and of itself, however, will not lead to an individual being called a “gringo” while any of the other categories listed here might.
To the degree that an individual’s actions and appearances correspond with more characteristics in one column than the other, he is more likely to have the label “gringo” or “Brazilian” attached to him by others. Note that within this schematic, “gringo” is not a word exclusively applied to foreigners. Dra. Giralda Seyferth recalls that Brazilian citizens of German descent in the highlands of Santa Catarina are frequently called gringos by the “Luso-Brazilians” who live along the coast.43

There is one further characteristic of the word “gringo” which merits attention however, one which is not immediately obvious but which lies at the root of the characterization which “gringo” implies. Though the gringo is not of us, he’s certainly among us. The term’s contemporary popular use makes no distinction between tourists, businessmen, travelers, or immigrants. Historically however, it has been associated with foreigners who have acquired a certain degree of consistent presence. Recall that according to Terrenos y Pando, “gringo” refers to foreigners who have an accent “which prevents their speaking Spanish with ease and spontaneity”. This situation presumes that they at least speak Spanish to some degree. Gilberto Freyre’s mascate theory postulates gringos that were savvy enough in their comprehension of native codes that they could wander around the backlands of 19th century Brazil as itinerant merchants – certainly not something our putative tourist atop Corcovado would feel comfortable doing even under today’s circumstances!

A gringo can thus also be seen as a foreigner engaged in a process of approximation with Brazil – a hesitant approach, appropriate to a “vagamundo” perhaps, but a definite drawing near. He wants or has to engage with Brazil, not merely observe. There’s a bit of Levi-Strauss’ concept of the floating signifier in the nature of the gringo (Lévi-Strauss: 1950). He is not of us nor are the things he brings, but we may use them and eventually make them our own. After a time, we may even forget that they were once ever gringo.

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43 Comment made during the 2000 PPGAS Students’ Seminar at the Museu Nacional
“On almost every street in Rio de Janeiro, some former Confederate found his home. Colonel C.B. Cenci, once a Rio Doce dweller, practiced medicine; Ben and Dalton Yancey established connections with American Business interests in the great city. Cogburn, Slaughter, Rader, Thompson, Knuse, Hall, Burns, ashee, Johnson, and Hawthorn, names prominent in the antebellum South, were not infrequently heard in the Brazilian city.”

L. Hill describing Confederate American immigration to Rio in the 1870s.

CHAPTER 2: “TEM MUITO POUCO AMERICANO AQUI”

Gringos as immigrants

The Anglo-American, as gringo por excelência, is a bit of a suspect character. What brings him to Brazil? It must be the desire to make a fortune in the brave new globalized economy (whatever that means this week). Or perhaps it’s mere tourism; a frantic chase after the exotic. Perhaps it’s even sex tourism. Whatever the reason, he’s certainly not perceived as being here merely because he’s looking for work or a new place to live.

My informants mobilize a vast array of heterogeneous reasons to explain their decisions to come to Brazil. A partial list of these would include the following:

1) Thought coming to Brazil would help her open up sensually and emotionally after losing her Christian faith.
2) Dreamed of going to Brazil. Believes she was Brazilian in a previous life and that supernatural forces pulled her here.
3) Thought of the worst thing he could ever do and did it.
4) He needed to find a country which didn’t have an extradition agreement with the United States in order to flee from criminal charges.
5) Came to see Carnaval.
6) Had always had an interest in Brazil which was sparked by Brazilian music and came here because it was his goal since late childhood.
7) Was teaching English as a way to see the world and came to Brazil as his next stop on a multinational journey.
8) Was hired by a company and sent here.
9) Arrived as a refugee.
10) His Brazilian wife wanted to come back to live near her family and he followed.
11) Wanted to study the effects of the internet on life in the favelas for her master’s thesis.
12) Came here to work for an NGO dealing with street children.
13) Came to study jazz with colleagues of Hermeto Pascoal.
14) Came to avoid military service in the Vietnam War.
15) Came to Rio as a traveler and fell in love with the city’s beauty and cultural life.
16) Was recruited as a teacher for the British school.
17) Came to Rio on vacation and fell in love with a resident of the city.
18) Came here as a retiree and stayed because he enjoyed the climate.

These explanations do not account for why some people continue on in Rio while others leave, however. A foreigner’s situation in Brazil is circumscribed by many factors including family, housing, ethnicity, class, education, language skills, nationality and – most particularly – work situation and visa. All of these impact upon how long and under what conditions he will live here as well his relative degree of “assimilation”44. They influence which Brazilians he will come into contact with and what circles of sociability involving other foreigners he’s liable to frequent (if any). Where the limits imposed (or the opportunities opened up) by these factors meet with the individual’s goals and desires, the decision to stay or leave Brazil is formed.

As Abdelmalek Sayad states in “Imigração e Convenções Internacionais”, “Se ‘estrangeiro’ é a definição jurídica de um estatuto, ‘imigrante’ é antes de tudo uma condição social. Se todos os imigrantes, no sentido pleno do termo, são necessariamente estrangeiros... muitos estrangeiros que moram e trabalham [no país] não são contudo imigrantes....”45

One of the first thing one notes when talking to gringos about their lives in Rio de Janeiro is that they rarely use the word “immigrant” to describe their situation. Rather, gringos use labels like “traveler”, “expatriate” or “foreigner living here” to describe themselves. These categories are constructed and reproduced in day-to-day life: they are rarely brought into the county in pristine form or maintained unchanged over the years.

Only two of my informants – Leila, an Englishwoman who’d lived three years in Brazil and Glenda, a 40 year old New Zealander recently arrived in Rio - spontaneously called themselves immigrants.46 This categorization wasn’t necessarily rejected out of hand by most of the others: they just seemed to never have thought of applying it to themselves. When I asked Daniel, an American who’d spent the past 15 years in Brazil, if he considered himself to be an immigrant he scratched

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44 By “assimilation” I mean an individual’s knowledge of the Portuguese language and ability to manipulate cultural categories native to Brazil. My use of “assimilation” is the opposite of that employed by such theorists as Emílio Willems in that I believe that an immigrant “absorbs” his host culture, not the other way around. An immigrant acquires a “toolbox” of language, concepts and categories which he can use (or not) to smooth his path within his host society. His use of these tools does not necessarily mean that he’s “replaced” his old cultural categories with new ones, however.
46 And even then, the term was used with some misgivings.... I also consider myself to be an immigrant. A third person contacted in the study, Marina, no longer considered herself to be an immigrant. After fifty years of life in Brazil she unhesitatingly applied the label “Brazilian” to herself, though she also described herself as “Spanish”, “Russian” and even “Chinese”.
his chin and said “Well, I guess I am, now that you mention it. Yeah.” Matt, a successful American
journalist who’d been living and working in country for the past eighteen years likewise paused to
think when I asked him the same question. “I suppose so,” he said. “It kinda comes down to what
language you use to scream at the neighbor’s dog when he wakes you up at 4 AM. I use
Portuguese…”

Some gringos are adamant about the fact that they are not immigrants, however. One night in
Lord Jim’s Pub in Ipanema I ran into an Englishman who, upon hearing that I was interested in
studying Anglo-American immigrants in Brazil, laughed in my face. “There is no English
immigration to Brazil!” he declared. “We sent all our sons to Australia, Canada and the States.
What would we want with a broken down country like Brazil that’s not even Anglo-Saxon?” This
same man had earlier in the evening been complaining about the fact that it was so difficult for him
to get residency status and a permanent visa, however...

“Immigrants” and “tourists” – an ideological dichotomy

If gringos rarely think of themselves as immigrants, the Brazilians surrounding them seem to
hold similar views. “Gringo”, as it’s applied to Anglo-Americans in Rio, seems to preclude the
concept of immigration as it’s popularly conceived within the context of Brazil.

Whenever colleagues hear that I’m interested in Anglo-American immigrants in Brazil, I
generally receive commentary along the lines of “Oh, really? Are there very many? I would think
there wouldn’t be…” Ironically enough, this type of statement is almost immediately followed by a
list of gringos the person knows who are either living or have lived in Brazil.

Even those members of the Federal Police in charge of overseeing the flow of foreigners into
and out of Brazil dismiss the notion that there might be a considerable inflow of Anglo-American
immigrants with a wave of the hand. “Tem muito pouco imigrante americano aqui no Rio,” said
Ivandro Mesquita, the head of the visa sector of the Rio federal police in a recent interview. “Um
certo crescimento no número de ingleses, houve, especialmente com a expansão recente do capital
estrangeiro na exploração de petróleo na Baia de Guanabara. E temos mais espanhóis, franceses,
chilenos e angolanos. E chineses. Chinês é igual gafanhoto: aparece em tudo lugar. Mas poucos
americanos…” (I couldn’t help but notice, however, that Ivandro’s sister had married an American.)

A characteristic of the word “immigrant” as it’s popularly conceived in Brazil is its
association with the era of mass migration to the Americas, a period understood (following J.
Carneiro) to have largely ended with the tightening of immigration controls during the Vargas
regime of the thirties. In Brazil today, “immigrant” is mostly treated as a historical category with the notable exception of its use in describing certain contemporary population flows from Asia and Latin America. Within this common sense understanding of immigration, the word’s application to Anglo-Americans is seen as being nonsensical.

Certain people and institutions (most importantly the Brazilian Federal Police) have a view of international population dislocation similar to that described by Abdelmalek Sayad:

“O que quer que digam os juristas, não são, assim, a situação individual da pessoa e o tempo de estadia..., apenas, que fazem a diferença entre um estrangeiro (que está apenas de passagem) e um imigrante (que se instalou... por mais tempo do que um turista): são principalmente e antes de mais nada a relação desigual (relação política, econômica, cultural, etc.), a relação de forças entre... dois países..., duas sociedades..., duas culturas. Considerando as coisas desse modo, pode-se dizer que o mundo está dividido em dois: de um lado, um mundo dominante (política e economicamente) que produziria apenas turistas – e todo estrangeiro oriundo desse mundo poderoso, mesmo se residir em país estrangeiro durante toda sua vida, seria tratado com o respeito devido a sua qualidade de “estrangeiro”--; de outro lado, um mundo dominado que só forneceria imigrantes, e todo estrangeiro proveniente desse mundo, mesmo se vier como turista e só permanecer durante o tempo autorizado ou o tempo atribuído aos turistas, é considerado como um imigrante virtual ou um “clandestino” virtual.”

Within the limits imposed by this world view, the Anglo-American nations cannot produce immigrants to Brazil because they belong to the “dominant world”, the “first world”. “Third world” Brazil is condemned to playing host to foreigners – gringos – while exporting sections of its own population as immigrants who leave in search of work and better life opportunities in the “first world” (Sales e Baeninger: 40). This formula underpins a great deal of the “common sense” understanding of the Brazilian population flow to the United States, Europe and Japan and prohibits a systematic critique of contemporary deslocation from those regions of the planet to Brazil. If we were to break this understanding down into its most basic precepts, we might state it in the following fashion: “Brazilians (in mass) emigrate to the First World while First Worlders (individually) come (temporarily) to Brazil.”

47 Some people place the end of this period in the 1950s with the drying up of mass Japanese immigration to Brazil. (Salles e Baeninger: 39)
48 See, for example, Braga Martes, p.21, footnote 1: “...Brasil ainda é um país receptor de imigrantes documentados e não-documentados de origem latino-americana... e asiática.”
49 It’s also apparent in the popular opinion that American immigration to Brazil began and ended with the founding of Americana. In fact, since 1940, more Americans have entered Brazil “em caráter permanente” in every 5 year period than in the entire decade long “wave” of Confederate immigration (presuming that 2000 Confederates came to Brazil at that time).
50 Sayad, “Imigração e Convenções Internacionais”. p.244. See also “O Que é um Imigrante?” p.54, footnote #7.
Interestingly enough, the “common sense” opinion of population dislocation between Brazil and the United States is based upon very shaky quantitative data. Though “common sensibly” we know there are many more Brazilians in the United States (for example) than Americans in Brazil, the numbers we have regarding these presences are nebulous to the point of non-existence.

The following are some statistics which are frequently quoted regarding Brazilian dislocation to the United States:

- Around 1 million Brazilians live in the United States in 2000, according to Veja.51
- 1.5 million Brazilians live overseas accroding to a 1996 “levantamento” carried out by the Ministério das Relações Exteriores. 38% of this total (or 570,000 Brazilians) live in the U.S. (Sales e Baeninger: 40)
- There were 150,000 Brazilian immigrants in Massachusetts in the ‘90s according to the Archdiocese of Boston. Braga Martes challenges this number because it is based on counts of tickets sold by travel agencies: “Tais agências não têm organização nem informação suficientes para [a tarefa de contagem de imigrantes].” (p.48) Teresa Sales also mentions this number in “Identidade Étnica entre Imigrantes Brasileiros na Região de Boston, EUA.” (p.36)
- 600,000 Brazilians living in the U.S. in the early ‘90s according to a March 18, 1990 by the Folha de São Paulo (Margolis, p.15).
- In 1992 (or thereabouts), 150,000-200,000 Brazilians were living in the Northeast Consular District, defined as New York, New Jersey, New England according to the New York City Brazilian Consulate. (Margolis, p.15)
- The same consulate now estimates that there are 300,000 Brazilians “living in the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Pennsylvania, the areas covered by that department [e.g the consulate]”. Note that the NYC consulate’s area of responsibility as defined above and here includes completely different states. Most importantly, in the second count Boston is excluded while it’s included in the previous count. (Brazzil Magazine, January 2000)
- 150,000 Brazilians live in Boston according to Veja magazine (Margolis, p15). No date or number ascribed.
- Maxine Margolis estimates the total Brazilian population of the United States at around 350,000 to 400,000.

From the above, we can see that there’s no solid consensus on the quantity of Brazilians living within the United States: the numbers range from 94,000 to 1,000,000. Note the reliance on data provided by sources which do not have the means to carry out accurate headcounts – the Brazilian Consulate, newspapers, magazines and tourism agencies. Additionally, these numbers seem to get passed around until they become “received wisdom”: both Sales and Braga Martes

51 8 de Novembro, 2000. p.117.
report the 150,000 figure for Boston as does Veja even though, as Braga Martes reports, this figure is highly questionable.52

Regarding the number of Americans in Brazil, things are just as muddled. The 1991 census reported 11,360 Americans as resident in Brazil. Veja magazine however, recently claimed that there are some 30,000 Americans living and working in Brazil as contract employees alone.53 To further complicate matters, the Ministério de Trabalho estimates that there were only around 5000 Americans in this category of “resident” in 1997.54 Finally, according to a computerized search in the Brazilian Federal Police’s records carried out on the 29th of August, 2000 by agent Ivandro Mesquita at my request, 46,077 Americans were listed as “resident” in Brazil (8712 in Rio). Note that all of these numbers assume that few Americans are “illegally” or irregularly living in Brazil, something almost always assumed in the case of Brazilians living in the U.S. My field research definitely puts this assumption in doubt.

Depending on the statistics one believes, then, the quantity of Americans living in Brazil is anywhere from one-half to 1/85th of the number of Brazilians living in the United States – an immense margin of difference, to be sure. If we accept Agent Mesquita’s numbers (which – seeing as how they come from the constantly updated database of the Polícia Federal - are probably fairly accurate) and assume that Ministério das Relações Exteriores estimate of 570,000 is correct for all practical purposes, we arrive at the conclusion that around ten times as many Brazilians live in the United States as Americans live in Brazil. Since roughly 18% of the American population is made up of foreigners as opposed to less than 2% of the Brazilian (again, according to Mesquita), the American presence in Brazil relative to the total foreign presence in that country can be said to be on par with its Brazilian counterpart in the United States.

52 I do not bring these numbers up to criticize the excellent work being done by those of my colleagues who are researching the flow of Brazilians into the U.S. I merely wish to salient what all researchers studying this phenomenon agree upon: the number of Brazilians resident in the United States is unknown. See Braga Martes, p.48. Margolis, pp.15-16.
53 Veja, April 26th, 2000 See also Rodolfo Espinoza’s piece written for the April 2000 issue of Brazzil Magazine, “Just Passing Through”.
54 Brazil International Monthly Magazine, October 2000. According to Agent Mesquita, the discrepancy between these two numbers might be partially resolved by the way the contract worker were counted. When the Federal Police give out a work visa, the entire family of the worker comes along as adjunct on the same visa. Thus 1 work visa could conceivably cover a number of people (only the visa holder has the right to work however). In this sense, 5000 work visas given out to Americans can in fact cover several times that number of actual Americans residing in Brazil.
55 This number includes permanent, student, work, cultural, correspondent, religious, and refugee visas. It does not include tourism, provisional, or business visas or naturalized citizens of Brazil.
Furthermore, from 1985-1990, some 1,177,820 Americans entered Brazil on tourist visas as opposed to 1,522,931 Brazilians leaving this country for travel on tourist visas in the U.S.\textsuperscript{56} Looking at these numbers, we can see that there is no solid data which \textit{a priori} supports the common sense affirmation that along the Brazilian-American axis of population dislocation Brazil solely exports immigrants and receives tourists while the U.S. exports tourists and receives immigrants. Substantial numbers of Americans appear to be living in Brazil while hundreds of thousands of Brazilians are sight-seeing in the U.S.

It is a fact, however, that Anglo-Americans in Brazil are often perceived (by Brazilians and themselves) as representatives of their home nations’ power and prestige, an advantage that their Brazilian counterparts overseas do not enjoy. Glenda, though classifying herself as an immigrant, associates herself with her country of origin when articulating her fears about violence in Rio: “I feel very protected, because I’m a New Zealand citizen... If anything happens to me, it’s pretty bad for the [people who would hurt me], isn’t it?” Furthermore, Glenda situates the Brazil/New Zealand axis in bluntly dichotomic terms:

“\begin{quote}
I’m from New Zealand. I don’t mean to sound snooty, but I can go back any time I like. I’m not really poor, compared to people here... I can get out of here whenever I like. I can go home and get a good job... I now realize that I’ve worked my way here, to come and live here if I want but I can get out tomorrow."
\end{quote}

Glenda’s comments salient the role the country of origin plays in the minds of many gringos living here. For many Anglo-Americans living in Rio, “the return” – a concept Sayad rightly situates as being integral to the project of immigration (Sayad, 2000) – is not necessarily associated with saudadismo or the idea of rebuilding a lost life in an idealized homeland. Instead, the idea of returning to one’s country of origin is mobilized in moments of stress (especially economic stress) along with the co-related concept of Brazil as a “loser” nation. One doesn’t \textit{need} to stay in Brazil: one can always “go home and get a better job.” Through this maneuver, the Anglo-American signals a sense of superiority. He doesn’t need Brazil: Brazil should be happy to have him.

As Sayad puts it, “A migração internacional – mesmo quando resultado harmônico de convenções bilaterais... é o produto de uma relação de forças.” In this sense, Anglo-Americans in Brazil are gringos in that they often represent, work for, or reference foreign structures of power and capital which are perceived as imperialist and which mobilize more prestige than their Brazilian counterparts. Even when this is not the case, an Anglo-American may still be able to play to popular

\textsuperscript{56} Data from the IBGE annuários of these years. The basic relationship also doesn't seem to have changed since then. According to “Brasil em Números, V.2, 1993”, 91,471 American tourists came to Brazil as opposed to 341,126 Brazilian tourists going to the U.S.
perceptions of gringos by associating himself with his country of origin in order to attempt to raise his perceived status in moments of conflict with authority.\textsuperscript{57}

Finally, even those gringos least associated with the structures of power, prestige and capital of their countries of origin frequently teach English. This position within the carioca job market is, of course, open to them principally because of that language's quasi-hegemonic position in international communications and entertainment, as well as the perception among many cariocas that it is a language of prestige and economic success (Oliveira e Paiva: 1996; Lima Bastos: 1996).

**Anglo-American “immigration” to Brazil in historical perspective**

“[Que] as Nações estrangeiras a virem engrandecer easte continente não só com sua população, mas ainda com seus cabedais e com seus préstimos, e talentos, na agricultura e nas artes de que devem resultar as mais felizes consequências para o crescimento e prosperidade do Brasil.”

*Dom João VI, na ocasião da abertura dos portos.*

When Dom João VI wrote the above quote in 1808, it was obvious that one of the most important groups of estrangeiros he had in mind were the British. For most of the 19\textsuperscript{th} century, that nation had a substantial and permanent presence in the Bahia da Guanabara, the physical remnants of which can still be seen today at Saint Andrew’s Church in Botafogo, the Gamboá Cemetery and the Niterói Cricket Club. Americans and members of other anglophone nations lived in, among and around the English colony. Eugene Harter recalls that as an anglophone child in post Great War Rio, he and his siblings “…sentimo-nos duplamente abençoados por gozamos das comemorações britânicas e da nossa barulhenta festividade de 4 de Julho no American Club, Visconde de Pirajá, Ipanema. Sempre convidávamos os ingleses para se juntarem a nós.” (Harter:101) After the Great War, the British presence in Rio began to suffer a decline, being replaced to a great degree by increased numbers of Americans and Canadians. This tendency increased dramatically after WWII. Today, however, the process seems to be reversing itself once again, at least partially. While overall numbers of Americans resident in Rio have dropped over the last decade or so, more British citizens are establishing themselves around the Bahia de Guanabara.\textsuperscript{58}

Despite the undeniable history of the Anglo-American presence in Brazil however, these people have traditionally been overlooked as immigrants. The idea that Anglo-American immigration to Brazil is and has historically been insignificant is deeply rooted for a series of

\textsuperscript{57} This is a risky move, however. Sometimes a foreigner may be selected as a victim precisely because he is a gringo. **Lawrence**, an Englishman who’d worked for a year in Salvador with an ONG dealing with street children was falsely accused of engaging in child prostitution by corrupt police looking for a bribe. Implicit in this maneuver was the stereotype of the gringo who comes to Brazil to sexually victimize Brazilians.
reasons, not all of which are explained by Sayad’s tourist/immigrant dichotomy. Most importantly, there’s a unique Brazilian tradition of “thinking” immigrants which precludes the inclusion of Anglo-Americans within this category except in a handful of very sharply defined cases.

In comparison with the sheer numbers of other nationalities that have entered Brazil – the Portuguese and Italians, for instance – the Anglo-American presence does pale to insignificance. Between 1884 and 1984, some 5,129,507 “immigrants” entered Brazil. 87,149 – or 1.70% - of them were Anglo-Americans. For this reason, most mentions of immigrants in the Brazilian social sciences generally stick to the 5 principal groups: the Portuguese, Italians, Spanish, Germans and Japanese. This in itself is not enough to explain the relative disregard with which the Anglo-American presence in Brazil is held, however. Many equally small ethnic groups (such as the Armenians or Syrians) have received the attentions of social scientists and the media. Even more telling, these groups are popularly considered to be integral parts of the “mixture of races” which make up the nation, a status generally denied the Anglo-Americans.

One reason why the presence of Anglo-Americans in Brazil has been overlooked is the fact that they founded few settler colonies here. The most successful of these (the one everyone who touches upon this subject mentions) was, of course, Americana in São Paulo, supposedly settled by Confederate refugees fleeing the aftermath of the American Civil War. Others – in Santarém,

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58 See Appendix A.
59 The numbers come from the IBGE Anuários from 1935 to 1990. A more detailed breakdown as to how I arrived at these numbers is in Appendix A. Of this number, 52,074 (59,75%) were Americans, 33,377 were English (38.30%) and 1698 (19.50%) were “others” (almost entirely Canadians).
61 I’m using this term as an ideological construct, the way that it is used by the Brazilian mass media and by many – if not most – Brazilians when they reflect upon the composition of their nation.
62 I say “supposedly” because the collection of American settlements that eventually grew into Americana was not a “planned” affair. Rather, “refugees” from previous American settlements along the coast in São Paulo and Santa Catarina drifted in to Americana when their settlements failed. There they were joined by other, non-Confederate, Americans including several “repeat” Irish and German immigrants who’d originally moved to the U.S. before continuing on to Brazil. To call Americana a “Confederate settlement” is thus to stretch the meaning of both words. As a matter of historically interesting trivia, Ballard S. Dunn, supposed Confederate author of *Brazil: Home for Southerners*, the “authority” most often quoted by Brazilian scholars of American immigration (see Buarque de Holanda, *Raízes do Brasil*, p.21), was claimed as “a native of the State of New York” by his daughter. In the only known probable picture of Dunn in fact, the redoubtable “knight of the silver flanks” is dressed in what appears to be a Union uniform... For more information on the founding of Americana and on American settlers during the years of the Brazilian Empire, see Goldman, Frank P. *Os Pioneiros Americanos no Brasil*. 1972. São Paulo: Livraria Pioneira Editora. The information re: Dunn can be found on pp.30-31. Other anthropological studies of the Americana “colony” include Costa de Oliveira, Ana Marié, O Destino (não) Manifesto, 1995. São Paulo: União Cultural Brasil-States Unidos and Gussi, Alcides Fernando, *Os Norte-Americanos (Confederados) do Brasil*, 1997. Campinas: Coleção Tempos e Memória, Unicamp. Books about the colony from a “native” perspective include Macknight Jones, Judith *Soldado, Descansa!* 1967. São Paulo: Editora Jarde and Harter, Eugene C. *A Colônia Perdida da Confederação*. 1985. Rio de Janeiro: Editorial Nórdica Ltda. This last book is especially interesting, not so
Paranagua, Cananeia, Itajaí-Mirim and the Vale do Juquiá (Seyferth, 1988: 37-41; Costa de Oliveira: 146; Goldman: 10, 210; Freyre, 1948: 65) - are also occasionally mentioned, though their existence was, as a rule, temporary.

The relative success of Americana failed to make much of an impact upon Brazilian culture as it has been popularly and academically conceived, however.\(^{63}\) The pattern of contact and acculturation among the Americans who founded the colony was similar to that adopted by other immigrants who settled in the same region. According to Emílio Willems, these people “...entered established currents of internal migration and soon occupied definite positions in the common social structure,” leading to their eventual absorption by a social system characterized as industrial, urban and classist. One of the reasons cited by Willems that this assimilation supposedly proceeded so smoothly in São Paulo was the fact that most of the immigrants there “brought [with them] cultures closely akin to that of the native society.” In other words the Italians, Spanish and Portuguese who settled in São Paulo were Catholic and “Latin”.\(^{64}\) Though at first glance, this may seem to exclude Americana’s settlers, it’s worth noting that discussions of Confederate American immigration to Brazil generally salient the fact that these people supposedly came here to continue their slave-holding, agrarian life-style.\(^{65}\) In any case, the relatively small number of Anglo-American settlers much for its views on American immigration and the “Confederado” presence in Brazil as for the author’s memories of growing up as a Brazilian-American in 1930s Rio de Janeiro and for his exhaustive listing of famous and influential Brazilian-Americans.

\(^{63}\) The major “cultural influences’ generally attributed to the settlers of Americana by mainstream Brazilian historiography are 1) the introduction of modern, light plows in rural São Paulo, 2) the modernization of Brazilian orthodontic technique and 3) rock musician Rita Lee Jones. (See Buarque de Holanda, Raízes do Brasil p. 21 and Caminhos e Fronteiras, p.205 as well as Goldman, pp. 139-145 for more information on plows and orthodontic technique.) Eugene C. Harter, however, claims several other cultural and technical influences for Brazilian-Americans, including the introduction of the watermelon (Harter, p.110) and the desmorramento do Morro do Castelo, as well as the subsequent filling in of the aterro near the Passeio Público in Rio de Janeiro. These last two feats were supposedly carried out by Harter’s “Tio Simeon Harris” with the help of Teddy Rooseveldt’s son, Kermit....

\(^{64}\) Willems, pp.210-221. I am quite aware that this model is showing it’s age. The division between “acculturated” and “assimilated” nuclei is more than a bit artificial, something Willems himself recognized when he declared that the “cohesive” southern nuclei were in fact “hybrid cultures”, made up of elements “transferred” from Europe e “borrowed” from Brazil (p.215). I repeat Willem’s ideas here not to attempt to breathe new life into old ideologies, but rather to point out why other extremely “gringo” immigrants (e.g. Germans and Poles) have been historically seen to have maintained their identities in Brazil while the American colonists of São Paulo are perceived as having “passed into the melting pot”, so to speak. The general applicability of Willem’s “assimilation” model to the colonists of Americana is attested to by Gussi’s study Os Norte-Americanos (Confederados) no Brasil (see pp.117, 152 particularly).

\(^{65}\) This story is apocryphal for several reasons. As mentioned above, many American settlers’ move to Brazil had nothing at all to do with the fall of Confederacy. Some were even ex-slaves. Furthermore, of the 10,000 Southern refugees who emigrated following the Civil War, a mere 2000 (or 25%) went to Brazil (apparently New Zealand got quite a few as well...). Of these, more than a thousand soon returned to the United States. Obviously, the possibility of continuing a slave-holding existence in Brazil was not the only – perhaps not even the main – thing attracting or repulsing American immigration. Goldman, ibid, in general but especially pp.10, 103. However, the “Confederados” maintained a myth of the founding of Americana that emphasized their unwillingness to accept post-reconstruction America. An integral part of this ideology was the
combined with their concentration in those regions most propitious for their absorption has helped to almost erase their existence from public memory.\(^{66}\)

The number of Anglo-Americans entering Brazil as “immigrants” has been relatively constant since the mid 19\(^{th}\) century, however. It’s significance is especially salient in those moments of Brazilian history (such as during and after the Second World War) in which the flow of the “big 5” immigrant groups has been interrupted. Even in those years when there has been massive inflow from the “big 5”, the U.S. and/or the U.K. have often been among the top 10 immigrant nations. This has led to a situation in which students of migration in Brazil have been forced to explain the Anglo-American presence in one way or another. The following selection from *Demografia Brasileira* by Paul Hugon is typical of the explanations that are given:

> “Trata-se, na maioria dos casos, de entradas de especialistas, operários e contramestres, que acompanham as máquinas importadas para a instalação de usinas nacionais ou de usinas filiais de sociedades americanas, como Ford e General Motors, no estado de São Paulo. Pode-se duvidar que se trate, nesse caso, de verdadeiros imigrantes. Sua permanência no país é, provavelmente, limitada ao cumprimento de uma tarefa determinada.”\(^{67}\)

Hugon’s explanation, though certainly attractive from a “common sense” point of view, is undermined by the very data which he provides on this phenomenon. In 1963, for example, Hugon lists 971 Americans as having entered into Brazil, a number which is confirmed in the IBGE’s *Anuário Estatístico do Brasil – 1965* on page 71 under the heading “Imigrantes entrando no Brasil, por nacionalidade, segundo vários aspectos.” On the very next page, however, one finds another, clearly separate table labeled “Estrangeiros entrados no Brasil, em caráter temporário, segundo os locais de desembarque, por unidades da federação”. In this, the categories which are explicitly listed as “temporary” include “pessoas em viagem de negócios” and “técnicos e professores contratados” – classifications meant to include the type of “immigrant” which Hugon is talking about.\(^{68}\)

In *Imigração e Colonização no Brasil*, J.F. Carneiro states his belief that even though the entry of American into Brazil was meaningful in terms of numbers, they were not a significant immigrant group because “pequeno tem sido seu coeficiente de fixação.” However, Carneiro then goes on to state “Claro que não nos referimos, sob este ponto de vista, aos norte-americanos que valorization of characteristics such as “romanticism, dignity, fanatic family cohesion, the love of courage and sentimental snobbery” (Harter, p.102)

\(^{66}\) For a general critique on Willem’s views on “assimilation”, see Seyferth,2000.


\(^{68}\) Obviously, one cannot determine exactly _what_ an individual is doing in Brazil based on visa classifications alone. It is quite possible that many workers brought into Brazil by Ford or other companies were given permanent instead of work visas. It is Hugon’s automatic assumption of this which I object too, especially given the fact that, if anything, the statistical evidence points to the opposite conclusion.
In their studies of Confederate immigration, both Costa de Oliveira (pp.141-145) and Goldman (p.103) estimate that large numbers of the “Confederados” – up to 50% perhaps – returned to the United States within a few years of arrival in Brazil. Eugene Harter’s family, descendants of these immigrants and most probably the sort of “norte-americanos radicados” which Carneiro had in mind, in fact “re-immigrated” back to the U.S. in 1935. Furthermore, “traditional” immigrant groups may have had a very much lower rate of “fixation” in Brazil than is commonly believed. Willems estimates that the return rate of German immigrants was over 49% (Willems, 1946: 66). Given this, one wonders exactly what degree of “fixação” a group would need in order for it to classify as “immigrant” in Dr. Carneiro’s eyes.

Even such an authority as Sergio Buarque de Holanda has downplayed the Anglo-American presence in Brazil. In Impressões do Brasil no Século XX, he had this to say about the English:

Etnicamente, a sua influência é quase nula, sendo raros os casamentos de ingleses fora da colônia. Eles formam uma sociedade a parte, com seus clubs esportivos e de diversões, com seus hábitos e trajes, sem ao menos adquirirem regularmente a língua do país, mesmo após de longos anos de permanência... No Rio de Janeiro, só vivem na Tijuca, em Santa Tereza, Laranjeiras ou Flamengo... Se a influência etnica dos ingleses é quase nula, a sua influência social, apesar do reduzido número, é considerável.  

Buarque de Holanda’s views on the English betray certain concepts that further disqualify Anglo-Americans as immigrants. These concepts are rooted in Brazilian ideologies of immigration that have historically been interlinked with theories of racial intermixture and cultural assimilation – a subject which Brazilian immigration scholar Giralda Seyferth has extensively explored. According to Seyferth the ideal immigrant to Brazil has traditionally been envisioned as white, peasant or artisan, sober, malable and resigned to the role assigned to him by the Brazilian State. Under the Empire, his role was to act as a “civilizing agent”, filling up the country’s empty spaces by settling on the agricultural frontier and substituting slave labor with that of his own. By the turn of the century, however, that role had changed. The immigrant was now to be a sort of catalyst in the formation of a “Brazilian race.” He was to mix with the local population, “whitening” it, and in the process lose his earlier cultural and ethnic identification. To the degree

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69 Carneiro, p. 63.
that he refused this role, he was a potential danger to the nation, a former of “ethnic cysts” which would reproduce “valores estranhos à brasilidade.”

Anglo-Americans have been historically concentrated among the upper and middle classes of coastal, urban Brazil. Furthermore, though there’s no evidence that they intermarried with Brazilians any less than members of other nations, as relatively wealthy foreigners they probably tended to keep to themselves. Emílio Willems observed that “There is little doubt that, so far as urban society is concerned, traditional values brought over by immigrants and preserved by their descendants found their greatest stronghold in the middle class.”

“Confined to local interests and closely integrated into the parish and the rather flourishing associational life of the community, the members of this class found little reward in substituting new values for traditional ones. Assimilation was not a matter of prestige and of economic or political interest, at least not so much as in the other strata of the community.... thus, for example, very few families may be found whose members do not have a fair command of the Portuguese language; but inside their homes, they may prefer their traditional dialect. Intermarriages are less common than in other classes...”

Furthermore, Anglo-Americans’ relations to Brazilian power structures have never been remotely describable as “resigned”. In fact, “arrogant” and “rebellious” are terms that have frequently been associated with them throughout Brazilian history. Given all this, they were definitely not ideal immigrants under the ideological model of immigration traditionally defended by the Brazilian State.

The above attempts to classify Anglo-Americans within the overall framework of immigration in Brazil beg the question of what exactly is meant by the term “immigrant” in this context. As Professors Wagner and Palmeira have noted in their study on Northeastern immigrants in urban Brazil, the idea of immigration as it has traditionally and popularly been conceived in Brazil comes freighted with a series of presuppositions which make its application to the real world phenomenon of population dislocation somewhat problematical. Abdelmalek Sayad remarks, “

73 Willems, p.220.
74 Since the 1845 Aberdeen Act, at the very least. See also Seyferth’s study of the failed Irish colony in Itajaí-Mirim (Seyferth, 1988), Carl Seidler’s accounts of the Irish during the rebellion of 1828 (Seidler: 165-180) and Holloway’s history of the police of Rio de Janeiro (Holloway:127,233).
75 Oddly enough, the original decree by which Dom João VI opened Brazil’s ports to foreign trade and visitors in 1808 invites both kinds of immigrants. (MJ, 1960:5)
presença não-nacional dentro da nação é pensada como presença necessariamente provisória, mesmo quando esse provisório possa ser indefinido, possa prolongar-se indefinidamente, criando, desta forma uma presença estrangeira permanentemente provisória...” (Sayad, 2000:20-21)

However, as Dr. Carneiro’s comments above betray, in Brazil immigration has traditionally been thought of as “imigração de povoamento” rather than “imigração de trabalho” (Sayad, 2000:24). Within this context, the concept of “the immigrant” carries overtones of failure and permanency: the immigrant has somehow failed to build a satisfactory life in his homeland so now he is coming to a different land to try again. His “impermanency” as an immigrant is not to be resolved by his return to his homeland, but rather by his assimilation to an idealized Luso-Brazilian norm.

This is perhaps one of the principal roots of the tendency to exclude Anglo-Americans from the category of “immigrant” in Brazil. Ironically enough, many Anglo-Americans in Brazil have historically been “imigrantes de trabalho” – in general relatively well-paid technicians or professionals, but work immigrants nonetheless. Because of this, they have traditionally been seen as temporary visitors and bearers of knowledge and/or capital who will hopefully leave one or both here when they return to their countries of origin, not as immigrants.

We can thus see why (with the previously mentioned exception of Americana) the movement of Anglo-Americans into and out of Brazil has not generally been considered to be a constitutive part of “o que faz brasil, Brasil”. Traditionally seen as being temporarily in the country, “de pequeno coeficiente de fixação”, with an ethnic influence that’s “quase nula” due to their supposed reluctance to miscegenate, Anglo-Americans are envisioned as transmitters of “social” or “technical” values – not as integral parts of the racial and cultural mix which makes up Brazil. Their impact has been seen as quite intense by some authors (something which the above quote by Buarque de Holanda attests to and which even a cursory reading of Gilberto Freyre’s Os Ingleses no Brasil will confirm76), and yet, curiously, as something somehow detached from their lives as lived in this country. Anglo-Americans in Brazil as they have traditionally been perceived are not immigrants and most emphatically are gringos in the sense that they are “among us, but not of us”.

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76 See Chapter 1, but pp.30-32 particularly. Freyre did not consider the ethnic influence of the English to be quite so “nula”, however, as witness the following quote from p. 77 of Inglese: “Alguns aqui casaram com moças ricas da terra... ou aqui deixaram descendência nem sempre rigorosamente ariana. Ou nem sempre constituída regularmente ou sobe as bençãos da Igreja.” It’s also worth mentioning that my informant Marina, arriving in Rio in 1950 from the colony of Harbin in China, considered marriages between English and Brazilians to be “quite common”, at least relative to their occurrence in Harbin...
Anglo-Americans in Brazil: A Timeline

“It is thus destiny itself which unites the fortunes of the British Lion and the Portuguese Cross of Malta.”
- Letter from Captain Joseph May to Dom Nuno de Arriaga, 1673. (PBB, p.12)

“When in doubt, blame the British.”
-Jim Goad, The Redneck Manifesto

The following is a brief timeline of incidents in Brazilian history pertaining to the question of Anglo-American immigration in Brazil. Of course, this listing is far from complete and doesn’t take into account all the machinations of business, culture and politics which have impacted the flow of Anglo-Americans into and out of Brazil. It should, however, give a brief notion as to the origins of some of the most important currents within this flow, as well as some of the most important external events influencing it.

1530 – William Hawkins – father of privateer John Hawkins – explores sections of the coast of Brazil, the first Englishman to land here of which we have record. (PBB p.12)

1579 – John Whithall settles in Santos with the permission of the Portuguese government, the first English settler of which we have record. (PBB p.13) Also, according to Gilberto Freyre, in 1618 the presence of an English farmer married to a Portuguese woman and some 4 decades resident in Brazil was duly noted by the Portuguese government: “Thomas babintão ingres [sic]. Memorial de todos os Extrangeiros q Vivem nas Cap.as do Rio Grande, Parahyba, Tamaracá & Pernambuco e Bahia dos quais se não pode ter sospeita.”

1580-1640 – British privateers ravage the coasts and shipping of Brazil during the years of the Portuguese union with Spain. (PBB p.14)

1654 – following the resumption of Portuguese independence, the British win the right to trade directly with Brazil – the first country to do so. They also gain the right of freedom of worship in Portugal. (PBB p.18)

Timeline, cont.

1661 – As part of the dowry Portuguese Princesa Catarina brings to her marriage with English King Charles II, Britain gains the right to maintain 4 families in residence in Rio, Salvador, Santos and Recife. (PBB p.19)

1787 – First reported incident of counterfeiting in Brazil carried out by Thomas Barret, an English criminal on his way to Australia as a deportee. (IB, p.60.)

1807 – On November 27th, the Portuguese royal family abandons Lisboa for Brazil under escort of the British Navy. For the next several years, the British maintain a large naval squadron in Guanabara Bay. Many of its sailors end up taking Brazilian wives and settling in the city of Rio de Janeiro. (PBB p.27)

1808 – January 28th, João VI opens Brazilian ports for trade and commerce. (RE, p.5) From this point on, Brazilian ports begin to receive increasing numbers of ships and people from all over the world. Rio de Janeiro in particular becomes a stop-off point for American whalers and — later on — clipper ships taking settlers to California via the Cape Horn route. Almost all British shipping in the South Atlantic likewise passes through Rio.

1808-22 – 4,234 foreign individuals and households enter Brazil. Of these, 600 are English, 100 “suíços e norte-americanos”, 25 Irish and 11 “dinamarquese ou escoceses”. (RE p.7) During this same period according to Gilberto Freyre, Brazil buys more British products than all of Asia. The British presence is very strong in port cities like Rio de Janeiro, Salvador and Recife. Many merchants and seamen stay on in Brazil, leaving numerous descendants. (PBB, p. 31; IB, pp.75-79.)

1821-23 – With the declaration of independence from Portugal, English mercenary admiral Lord Cochrane organizes a Brazilian fleet with 450 British officers. At least one American is hired as well: David Jewet, captain of the frigate Ipiranga. A unit of cavalry is raised by another Englishman, Col. Bacon, for Pedro I’s nascent army. Many of these mercenaries stay in Brazil after the war, taking Brazilian wives. (MG, p.243; PBB, pp.66-72; IB, p.45.)

1828 – Some of the 3000 Irish mercenaries hired by Pedro I for the war with Argentina join a revolt led by other foreign battalions in Rio de Janeiro. After 3 days of bloodshed, the rebellion is quelled with the use of French and British marines. (DAB, pp.165-169)

1831 – In this year of Dom Pedro I’s abdication, Rio de Janeiro’s has 100,000 residents. 40,000 of these are slaves and 20,000 are foreigners either in residence or passing through. (PBB, p.87)
**Timeline, cont.**

1840-79 – According to J.F. Carneiro, (ICB) over 6000 British and more than 3000 Americans immigrate to Brazil. Carneiro’s statistics, though not identical to those of the IBGE in every respect, are broadly comparable. (For example, he calculates 26,125 English entering Brazil between 1880 and 1949 while the IBGE’s count is 22,308 for the years 1884-1949.)

1845 – The British parliament passes the Aberdeen Act, giving the Royal Navy sanction to confiscate slave trading vessels in Brazilian waters. The Act strains Brazilian-British relations but more importantly (from our point of view), continues the tradition of an almost constant British naval presence in the Baia de Guanabara. (PBB, 90.)

1865-1870 – 10,000 Confederate Americans leave the United States in the immediate aftermath of the War of Succession. Of these, between 2,000 and 3,000 settle in Brazil. Several unsuccessful colonies are founded. 1000 “Confederados” eventually return to the U.S. and the rest consolidate in the “American” colony of Americana or in Rio and São Paulo. (PAB, p.10, DNM, pp.141-145; CPC, pp.25-26)

1874 – Charles Miller, future founder of Brazilian football, born in Brás in São Paulo to a Scottish father and a Brazilian/English mother.

1880-1910 – Intense British involvement in the development of Brazilian railroads leads to an increased flow of British engineers and technical workers into and out of Brazil. Settlements of these workers are founded in the Saide neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro and in Paranapiacaba in São Paulo. (PBB, pp.117-118; IB, pp.68-88) Gilberto Freyre had this to say about these men’s contribution to Brazilian life: “[O trabalhador comum inglês] não foi... uma figura desprezível em nossa vida, mas um portador de cultura, particularmente de técnica, britânica, que contribuiu não só para o avigoramento do capital inglês no Brasil como para o desenvolvimento material do nosso país. E vários deles aqui constituirão família. Aqui se dissolveram na população brasileira. Aqui se elevaram socialmente, mudando de status.” (IB, p.68.)

1892 – Blaine-Mendoçã Treaty between the United States and Brazil marks a intensification of commercial interests between the two nations.

1895 – U.S. Navy intervenes in support of Brazilian President Floriano Peixoto. In the tradition of Lord Cochrane, Charles Flint, an American private citizen considered by historian Steven Topik to be “virtually Brazil’s minister to the United States” organizes a mercenary fleet to chase down the remnants of the rebels. Oddly enough, American intervention was seen as positive by many contemporary Brazilians, especially the more liberal urban middle-classes and nascent working classes who supported Floriano. American military and political aid, it was supposed, might keep the Europeans (most particularly the English) from restoring the Brazilian monarchy. (TGD).

**Timeline, cont.**

1884-1913 – 6262 American and 10405 British immigrants enter Brazil. (AE)

1890-1910 – Increasing British involvement in the development of Brazilian railroads leads to an increased flow of British engineers and technical workers into and out of Brazil. Settlements of these workers are founded in the Saide neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro and in Paranapiacaba in São Paulo. (PBB, pp.117-118; IB, pp.68-88) Gilberto Freyre had this to say about these men’s contribution to Brazilian life: “[O trabalhador comum inglês] não foi... uma figura desprezível em nossa vida, mas um portador de cultura, particularmente de técnica, britânica, que contribuiu não só para o avigoramento do capital inglês no Brasil como para o desenvolvimento material do nosso país. E vários deles aqui constituirão família. Aqui se dissolveram na população brasileira. Aqui se elevaram socialmente, mudando de status.” (IB, p.68.)

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1914-1939 – 11428 British and 5747 Americans enter Brazil as immigrants. (AE)

1914-1940 – British economic influence in Brazil decreases dramatically in this period American and Canadian influence increases. Britain controlled 77% of the foreign investment in Brazil from 1860-1902 as opposed to only 1.5% controlled by the U.S. and 2.3% by Canada. By 1913, these numbers had changed to 51%, 19.9% and 11.1% respectively. (EEB, pp.99) Following the First World War, Britain is forced to sell out many of its Latin-American interests in order to pay off its war debt to the United States. This process only accelerates further with the outbreak of the Second World War. See A Invasão Econômica Americana for a general overview of this process. Pages 30-40 are particularly interesting.

1921 – Garveyite nationalists and other groups of black Americans entertain the notion of founding colonies in Brazil. Several of them travel here before the Brazilian government – informed by the American FBI – learns of the situation and refuses to issue further visas to any black Americans for the rest of the decade. (NF, p.64; SAAE, pp.92-99.)

1940-1964 – 25,684 Americans, 6721 British and 849 “other” anglophones (principally Canadians) enter Brazil. Anglo-American immigration accounts for about 4% of the total movement into Brazil during this period. Additionally, at least another 82,677 Americans, 13,755 British and 2610 “other” anglophones enter Brazil on “temporary” visas. I’ve not been able to find the IBGE statistics for temporary visas from 1955-1959. Extrapolating from the rest of the data however, probably around 130,000 gringos “temporarily” entered Brazil during this period, 15% of the total temporary entrances. (AE)

1942-1946 – Brazil enters WWII on Allied side. The U.S. military builds a major airbase at Paranamirim in Maranhão. Thousands of American personnel pass through Brazil on their way to the European theatre and the entrance of American civilians into Brazil begins to climb as well. (IB)
1964 – The U.S. government backs a military coup in Brazil, supporting the subsequent regime with loans and financial aid as well as military and police training which probably involves the teaching torture techniques. (DC, HT et al.)

1965-1985 – 14,791 American, 4,823 British and 849 “others” enter Brazil as immigrants. These numbers are almost certainly too low as from 1975 on “imigrantes permanentes” are no longer the category counted, being replaced by the category “permanências concedidas”. When this occurs, the numbers of immigrants fall by around 50%... Nevertheless, Anglo-Americans now make up about 10.8% of the total immigrant flow of 189,608 people. Some 1,808,994 Americans, 324,741 British and 337,725 “others” (principally Canadians, Australians and South Africans) enter Brazil on temporary visas. Again, this classification changes in 1975, after which only “tourists” are included in this category (earlier, businessmen, contract laborers and diplomats were also included, among others). The flow of “temporary” Anglo-Americans into Brazil is roughly 18.8% of the total number of entrances classified as temporary. (AE)

1980 – In the census of this year, 13,803 Americans, 4,275 British and 1,991 Canadians, Australians and Irish are counted as living in Brazil. 3043, 1339 and 428 of these (respectively) are living in Rio de Janeiro. (C1980)

1985-1994 – Though no longer counting immigrants, the IBGE reported that 1,628,763 Americans, 292,334 British and 348,901 “others” (again, principally South Africans, Australians and Canadians) entered Brazil as tourists during this period. This was 14.4% of the total of 11,741,250 tourists entering the country.

1986 – 30.18% of the US$27 billion of foreign investment in Brazil is American. Another 33.16% belongs to the countries of the European Economic Community, of which the United Kingdom is a member, while a further 5.08% belongs to Canada. In terms exports and imports, the U.S. and the CEE are almost tied. 18.6 billion dollars of Brazil’s foreign debt is owned by American private banks while another 8.5 and 4.7 billion are covered by British and Canadian private banks, respectively.

1991 – According to the Brazilian census of this year, some 11,360 Americans, 3476 British, and 1569 other anglophones (Irish, Canadians and Australians) are living in Brazil. More than 80% of this group lives in the Brazilian southeast and of these, 1934, 1137 and 226 (respectively) live in Rio de Janeiro. These numbers are almost certainly too low for the reasons pointed out in the principal text, but they do salient Rio de Janeiro’s relative loss of place to São Paulo as the center of Anglo-American concentration in Brazil. (C1991)

Sources:
AE – Anuário Estatístico do IBGE (vários)
C1980 – Censo do Brasil, 1980
CPC – A Colônia Perdida da Confederação
DAB – Dez Anos no Brasil
DC – Diário da CIA
DNM – O Destino (não) Manifesto
IB – Ingleses no Brasil
ICB – Imigração e Colonização no Brasil
IS – O Imperialismo Sedutor
MG – Diário de uma Viagem ao Brasil
PAB – Os Pionieros Americanos no Brasil
HT – Hidden Terrors
NF – “A New Frontier in a Racial Paradise”
PBB – PresençaBritânica no Brasil
RE – Registro de Estrangeiros
SAAE – “In Search of an African–American Eldorado.”
TGD – Trade, Gunboats and Diplomacy

Timeline, cont.

2000 – Based on statistics given to me by the Brazilian Federal Police in Rio de Janeiro, there are around 76,000 Americans, British, Canadians and Australians currently living in Brazil. This number does not include 1) tourists or businessmen (most particularly those who have overstayed their visas) 2) members of these nationalities which have naturalized themselves as Brazilians, 3) families of people here on work visas, 4) substantial quantities of South Africans, New Zealanders and Irish also living here 5) provisional visa holders 6) naturalized citizens of Brazil. When these numbers are taken into consideration, the amount of anglophone “gringos” living in Brazil is probably over 100,000. The total population of foreigners living in Brazil is estimated by Ivanho Hermsdoe of the Federal Police at less than 2% of the total, or something like 3,200,000, about 1/10th of the number of “latinos” living in the United States as estimated by Veja in an article published in the Nov. 8, 2000 number of the magazine.
“Today’s Tom Sawyer
He gets high on you,
And the space he invades,
He get’s by on you.
Though his mind is not for rent
To any god or government
Always hopeful yet discontent
Knows changes aren’t permanent
But change is.
- “Today’s Tom Sawyer”, Geddy Lee

“Well there’s no danger,
It’s a professional career.
And it could be arranged
With just a word in Mr. Churchill’s ear.
If you’re out of luck or out of work,
We could send you to Johannesburg...
Oliver’s Army is here to stay,
Oliver’s Army are on their way.
And I would rather be anywhere else
But here today...”
- “Oliver’s Army”, Elvis Costello

CHAPTER 3: “I LIKE THE CULTURE HERE AND I LIKE MY OWN CULTURE AS WELL.”

Gringo space: a social analysis

Gringos are not born: they are made through contact with Brazilians. Becoming a gringo is the result of a series of events and decisions which take a non-Brazilian into Brazil. As I’ve pointed out in Chapter 1, “gringo” is a term that principally impacts upon those foreign anglophone individuals who manifest a consistent presence in Rio. Tourists and occasional visitors are not likely to be affected by it as they are generally unable to engage in conversation with non-

77 I could say “...which takes an non-Brazilian into Brazilian dominated space” as it seems possible that an anglophone outside of Brazil might be called a gringo when he is among Brazilians. I’ve not seen this when I’ve been among Brazilians in the US, however. In fact I’ve had just the opposite occur: a Brazilian friend in Madison, Wisconsin once reacted to my self-application of gringo with “Não. Aqui eu sou o gringo.”
anglophonic Brazilians, placing them only occasionally outside anglophone spaces. In effect, they take their previous world along with them. They may be called gringos by others but this term is not internalized.

Furthermore, "gringo" is a term that is most often encountered concomitant with the formation of “gringo space”. Within the context of life in Rio de Janeiro, “gringo space” tends to form whenever many anglophones get together. Often, these spaces are semi-permanent areas (such as Lord Jim’s Pub in Ipanema) where anglophones may seek relief from the day-to-day pressures of living in a foreign environment and dealing with a foreign language. As Sal (a 32 year old American and professional English teacher from California, 3 years in Rio) says: “I definitely identify with foreigners in a way I don’t identify with locals... At this point I need both, because otherwise I’m going to lose my English if I don’t speak it to native speakers every now and again. And, though I like the culture here, I like my own culture as well.”

To a great degree, gringo space is similar to Mary Louise Pratt’s definition of the “contact zone” as “social spaces where disparate cultures meet, clash, and grapple with each other, often in highly asymmetrical relations of domination and power.” (Pratt:4) As a rule, relations between "gringo spaces" and the larger Brazilian ones surrounding and interpenetrating them are quite cordial. There are exceptions, however. Steve describes the formation of these spaces and their relationship to Brazilians in the following manner:

Unless I go out with a group of gringos, I usually don’t have problems and I fit right in. When I go out with a group of gringos however, we’re separate, of course. We start talking English and the Brazilians start talking Portuguese. That’s human nature. The Brazilians distance themselves then... I don’t like going out with a big group of gringos for that reason. One or two’s alright, though, if you both try to integrate yourselves and speak Portuguese. But if you go out with a group, you’ll inevitably be separate because someone will start speaking English and the other group will speak Portuguese... It just gets ugly. The vibe gets negative.

For example, Cleve’s girlfriend Nara doesn’t speak a lick of English. Just has no language ability whatsoever. I tried to teach her, but there’s just nothing there... We go out in a group of people – Cleve has been here six years and speaks good Portuguese, but he still goes out with his English friends. He invites her along, you know, which any decent boyfriend would do. But... when she comes out, she’ll sit there all night and not say a word and she’s got the meanest look on her face, yeah? Part of the reason is that the conversation is in English, which she doesn’t understand. So some of us will talk to her, translate parts of the conversation, but that doesn’t work very well, you know, in order to get someone into the conversation... So they fight.”

The above statements are quite revealing of the social context in which “gringo” is used to define a certain group of people in Rio de Janeiro. It is a term whose negative connotations become
manifest for Steve when he goes out with other foreigners who speak English around Brazilians. On these occasions, an anglophonic social space is formed which excludes those who don’t speak English. Sociability divides into Luso- and anglophone sections and “the Brazilians distance themselves.” A general feeling of mal estar may then spring up between the two sections, with “the vibe getting negative.” In this formulation, the impulse to speak English among other anglophones is seen as being natural but also contrary to “integration”, which would presumably occur if the anglophones stuck strictly to Portuguese.

Bilinguals who attempt to bridge the gap are seen by Steve as engaged in a sisyphean task: translation can’t include a mono-lingual individual into the conversation as it is always non-simultaneous. By the time the words are made understandable, talk has ranged far beyond the point that was translated. Immediate and equal access to the discussion for everyone is thus impossible unless conversation stops until all are made aware of its content.

In such a situation, the best a bilingual person can hope for is to participate in both the English and the Portuguese speaking groups. If many bilinguals are present, linkages between groups may be maintained as several individuals will constantly be flipping back and forth across the language barrier. When few bilinguals are present however, the split into two groups tends to deepen and widen and the situation, as Steve points out, may “get ugly.”

A few weeks before interviewing Steve, I had occasion to see “things get ugly” first hand when I accompanied him, Rick, Giselle (a 28 year old Swiss woman, fluent in both English and Portuguese) and Nair, (Rick’s Brazilian girlfriend) to a party a theater group was holding in Laranjeiras. Upon arrival, we discovered that we were the only gringos there. Rick is not phenotypically a “typical gringo”. As soon as he paid his respects to the party’s host, however, his accent became manifest and three young actors who were in the kitchen off to our right began speaking in an exageratedly accented pidgin English: “Oh! Yesse, yesse... Veri gude.... Mister, plis...” The message had been passed: they recognized that we were gringos and they were not impressed.

Of the four gringos present, only two (Giselle and myself) spoke Portuguese as fluently as the Brazilians (albeit with an accent). Because Giselle was accompanying Scott however, she spent most of the evening near him, speaking English. The party quickly separated into two different social spaces. The gringos (and Nair) congregated in the living room and conversations there were mostly in heavily accented English or Portuguese. In the back bedroom, the actors (mostly middle-class white Brazilians from 22-35 years of age) sat conversing in Portuguese. Every once in a while, an anglophone Brazilian would venture into the living room to chat (most particularly Clara, the party’s hostess, who was a friend of both Rick and Steve) and on these occaisions, the gringos
would switch into Portuguese. However, the conversation quickly reverted back to English as it became obvious that most of the anglophone Brazilians spoke that language better than Steve spoke Portuguese.

After an hour or so of this, I decided to venture into the back bedroom. As I entered, most of the half-dozen occupants studiously ignored me. Two young men on the bed briefly made eye contact, smiled politely and then looked away. At first I thought that the cool reception was due to the fact that I wasn’t a member of the theater troupe. No one knew me, so why bother being sociable? As soon as I sat down against the wall to listen in on the conversation, however, it became obvious that there were other reasons for the cool treatment I received.

“Pô, cara, a sala ‘tá cheia de gringos.”
“Sei. ‘Ta bravo...”

After I had spent about five minutes of sipping my beer, smiling and listening, a young woman off to my left smiled at me, leaned over in my direction and asked “Quanto tempo que você está no Brasil?” She spoke slowly, enunciating very carefully.

“Uns 11 anos.”
“Ah! Então cê fala português...”
“Falo.”

The young woman, Elena, was very polite, yet still somewhat cool. We chatted desultorily until I mentioned that I’d spent my first year in Brazil in Ribeirão Preto in the state of São Paulo.

“Jura?! Sou de lá! Você conhece o Bar Pinguim?”
“Claro que conheço! Passei altas madrugadas lá. Você morava onde no Ribeirão...?”

Our conversation became quite animated as Elena and I traded places and people which we both knew. All of a sudden, I was no longer a gringo, but a ribeirense. After about ten minutes of this, I suddenly noticed that the other conversation in the room had stopped and one of the actors was trying to get my attention by looking fixedly at me.

“Você fala português muito bem, cara,” he said in a tone that was half an accusation.
“Falo, mas ainda tenho um puta sotaque....”

From that point on, I was integrated into the larger social circle of the room. The rest of the evening passed in this fashion, with the gringos mostly in the living room, the Brazilians mostly in the bedroom and a couple of individuals passing back and forth between the two areas. Eventually, the entire party moved into the living room (the bedroom’s occupant wanted to sleep) and at that point, most group conversation stopped entirely to be replaced by dancing. The music chosen was a
mix of Brazilian and Anglo-American groups, though the selections made in the second category were mostly of bands which wouldn’t be played at a similar get-together in the U.S.\textsuperscript{78}

One final incident occurred as we were preparing to go and Rick was taking leave of Clara. Upon hearing Rick’s accent, a young Brazilian man who had just arrived at the party stuck his face in mine and yelled “Ianqui go home”\textsuperscript{79}. He immediately laughed to defuse the situation, but again, the message had been passed.

“Mas aqui é o meu lar.” I responded calmly.

“Não é, não,” he said, suddenly very serious and perhaps a bit taken aback by the fact that I spoke Portuguese. “Aqui é o Brasil. Seu lar é os Estados Unidos.” Once again, I was struck by the assumption that all anglophone gringos are Americans.

“Escuta, cara,” I said, somewhat defensively. “Tenho um visto de permanência e estou me naturalizando. Portanto, aqui é tanto meu país quanto seu. Se você fosse um brasileiro nos EUA, fazendo o mesmo, eu apoiaria seu direito de chamar aquilo de sua pátria.”

“Tenho um primo nos States. Já fui visitar ele, e seus amigos americanos sempre diziam que lá não é nosso lugar, que devemos voltar ao Brasil. Concordo com eles.”

“Well, I don’t think much of your cousin’s American friends then,” I said, in English. “They sound like racist fucks to me.” I then kissed our hostess on the cheek and exited into the corridor before the situation degenerated into a fight.

A barrier tends to spring up between the English speakers and those Brazilians around them on occasions like the one described above. Steve sees the “distancing” which occurs during these moments as being due to a Brazilian reaction to the “gringo space” which has formed in their midst. Brazilians may also attempt to correct the deviant behavior of the anglophones. This is the context in which one generally hears such comments as “Eles não estão no país deles. Devem falar a nossa língua...” coming out of the mouths of Brazilians, especially those who are not friends of the gringos being referred to. Of course, most gringos living in Brazil speak at least some Portuguese and many speak it very well. During the party, both Steve and Rick spoke in that language when

\textsuperscript{78} Late ‘60s, early ‘70s rock bands like the Doors and Led Zeppelin were the main choices, as well as singer Janis Joplin. To put it bluntly, this is music that my mother and father would have played at their parties around 1972. At one point a young Brazilian man came up to me with a Led Zeppelin CD case in hand: “Essa banda é a melhor que seu país já produziu.” LZ is, of course, an English band and the young man knew that I was an American citizen. Later on, someone mentioned that they were going to play a song by their “favorite American band”, and then slipped Australian rock band Men-at-Works’ “Cargo” CD into the player. These incidents once again point out the lack of distinction many Brazilians see between the U.S., England and other anglophone nations. Furthermore, they point out Brazilian manipulation of categories and phenomena presumed to be “American” in completely non-American ways. One will find very few events in the U.S. attended by a 20-30 year old crowd graced with a soundtrack similar to that displayed at this party.

\textsuperscript{79} I was perhaps singled out for this treatment because Gisele and Scott were already in the corridor outside the party, kissing, and I am slightly more phenotypically a gringo than Rick.
addressed in it. However, the assumption on the part of many Brazilians is that gringos can’t and don’t speak Portuguese. Occasionally, this belief is so strongly held that a gringo who does speak the language can find himself in trouble. As Carl relates:

“One night I was in this bar with a chick. We were talking a mix of English and Portuguese and this drunk jiu jitsu guy started harassing me: ‘Ah, you’re an American. Just because you speak a little bit of Portuguese you think you’re better than me...’ And he went on and on... So we just paid our bill and left. As I came out of the club, he came up and pushed me from behind, so we had a fight. I fought him and his friend... You get the extremes directed at you when you’re a gringo. Or you’re treated really well or you’re treated like absolute shit.”

In the above situation, it was Carl’s ability to speak Portuguese that was seized upon as a reason for a fight. Even when reactions are not this strong, it’s not unheard of for a Brazilian to not realize that the gringo he’s speaking with can speak Portuguese even as the gringo is speaking in that language. “Occasionally people refuse to speak Portuguese with me,” says Carl.

“We met a guy in the elevator who’d lived in Santa Barbara for three years. Mara said, ‘A gente fala português” and he didn’t even hear what she said. He continued speaking in English. It just went right over his head....”

Though in this case, it’s possible that the Brazilian in question merely wanted to practice his English, I’ve occasionally found myself in situations bordering on the surreal due to the stereotype of the non-lusophone gringo. Once a young gentleman engaged me in conversation in Portuguese for a minute or so before asking “O senhor é brasileiro?”

“Bem, nasci nos Estados Unidos.”

“Ah. Mas o senhor fala português...?”

It is considered normal for gringos to be ill at ease among Brazilians for after all they are in Brazil, presumably by choice. A reversal of this situation is considered to be “anti-natural” – something which Steve’s comments on “integration” implicitly recognize. As my experience at the party shows, the linguistic divide can give rise to the expression of two commonly held beliefs, the first that “a nation is a culture is a people” and the second “que cada macaco fica em seu galho.” A gringo who attempts to integrate himself to the Brazilian norms around him – most particularly by not associating with other gringos or speaking his mother tongue in public – is following a role which many Brazilians see as being natural and correct. It is important to note that these “norms” are highly contextual, depending upon what the Brazilians in contact with gringo wish to emphasize as “Brazilian”. What does not change is the presumed right that they, as natives, have to channel and direct the behavior of foreigners in ways they find agreeable. Gringos who react against this

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80 As my accuser at the party rightly pointed out, this syndrome is in no way particular to Brazil...
or ignore their “responsability” to assimilate themselves to Brazilian stipulated patterns should “go home” – Brazil being “naturally” not their home.

As my final encounter at the party demonstrates, Brazilian experience with being “a stranger in a strange land” does not necessarily mean greater tolerance towards gringos. For example, Miriam, a thirty year old Brazilian who lived for several years in London, says “Sei como é ser estrangeira. Segui as regras quando morava lá: aprendi a lingua e tudo.” In this formulation, the experience of having lived in a foreign land is seen as a form of voluntary submission to the "rules" of an alien way of life. Those who do not submit are not “following the rules” which stipulate that “natives” should be able to channel foreign behavior. This attitude is similar to (and probably reflects) those historical Brazilian nationalist ideologies of immigrant assimilation identified by Giralda Seyferth:

“[O] efeito prática esperado pelos idealizadores [dessa] tese... era a assimilação cultural e biológica dos imigrantes.... Nessa configuração, a heterogeneidade étnica era incompatível com a identidade nacional brasileira, apesar da cidadania estar assegurada pelo jus soli ou pela naturalização....

“[A] assimilação foi entendida como um processo de nacionalização de alienígenas que... precisavam incorporar o ‘espírito nacional’...” (Seyferth, 2000:46-47)

Following Hobsbawm (1990) and Guibernau (1997), Seyferth salients the importance of language as a formative element of national identity, noting that in past moments of increased nationalist sentiments, the Brazilian state has in fact outlawed the public enunciation of certain foreign idioms. Though obviously not as harsh as the measures carried out against German and Japanese Brazilians during the Estado Novo era, Senator Aldo Rebelo’s currently pending congressional initiative to ban the public written use of foreign languages (principally English) treads uncomfortably close to the xenophobic path travelled by the Vargas administration. Insofar as the formation of “gringo space” based upon the public enunciation of the English language by foreigners can thus be seen as an attack upon Brazilian identity (and, more importantly, upon beliefs as to what is the proper foreign role within Brazil: assimilated and quiet), we can expect to see attacks upon and public violence against gringos increase if these measures gain any degree of popular support

**Big gringos.**

In general, gringos are circumspect with their complaints about life in Brazil. (And it is almost always Brazil – very few of my informants articulate their understanding of life here in

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81 In many cases themselves the descendants of immigrants.
terms of Rio de Janeiro.) In fact, it is not unusual for gringos to find themselves in the ironic position of defending Brazil from Brazilian criticism. As Amy puts it, “I rode with this kombi driver yesterday and he kept on trying to impress me with his knowledge of the States while running down Brazil. All I could think was, ‘C’mon, guy. I’m here. Obviously I think there’s something special about this country if I’m here.”

When gringos do complain to Brazilians, they are likely to find their criticisms immediately contradicted, as Sara remarks:

“[I]f I essay the slightest critique [about Brazil], people will say ‘I don’t know if you know what you’re talking about, Sara.’ They might be correct, but I also am an intelligent person who knows how to form valid opinions based on the evidence presented to her. You don’t want to just come here and be the big gringo, saying ‘Well, Brazil is this and America is that and I know because I’m an American and now I live here...’ But people disagree with anything I say about Brazil that’s not merely pretty and flowery. And most of the things I say about Brazil are pretty damn pretty and flowery. I’m in love with this country!”

Sara’s comments disclose several elements which are commonly found in critical conversations about Brazil between gringos and Brazilians. One is a negation by Brazilians of foreign critique based on the presumed superior understanding that they, as natives, have of their homeland. Another element is the gringo fear of being perceived as a “big gringo” (or to use another one of Sara’s phrases, an “ugly American”). The “big gringo” in this formulation is a gringo who can’t or won’t understand Brazil within its own frame of reference, choosing instead to try to force Brazilian situations into the frame of reference of his homeland. The “big gringo” can also be a gringo who presumes a superior understanding of Brazil simply because they are a gringo and thus (subtended) more “civilized” or “educated”, though it would be rare to find a gringo openly expressing this kind of opinion in today’s Rio de Janeiro. A third element is the gringo description of self as “um apaixonado por Brasil”, perhaps as a way of emphasizing that they are not “a big gringo”: an “apaixonado” loves Brazil and is thus presumably open to learning about it. By declaring themselves “apaixonado por Brasil”, the gringo signals that their critique is meant to be constructive.

Things can be even more complicated than Sara’s remarks indicate, however. According to Jack, an American who’s spent the past 30 years in Brazil:

“If you as a foreigner start talking about the good things that Brazil has, then Brazilians will start talking about everything that’s bad. But if you open your mouth to criticize the country, then you’ll see a defense that you wouldn’t believe possible...

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82 Agradeço Dra. Lygia Sigaud para este “insight”...
“[For example] here, in Brazil, people are very, very conscious and outspoken about how Brazil has basically been fucked by having been colonized by the Portuguese, how if it had been another country things would have been better. They’re willing to say that. But if you say it... Well, then my God. You’re a racist and you’re an imperialist.”

In other words, in critical discussions about Brazil between gringos and Brazilians, a certain type of Barthian “boundary forming behavior” (Barth:1969) can quickly become manifest. Brazilians may attempt to disqualify the opinion of the foreigner based upon his status as an outsider. Confronting such a maneuver opens the foreigner to the charge of being a “big gringo” – someone who doesn’t properly respect Brazil.

The shadow of the "big gringo" is an important element present in the barrier forming behavior between Brazilians and gringos: the suspicion always exists that one or both parties in the conversation holds notions of gringo “superiority”. Paul believes that “Brazilians can’t take criticism of their country and culture when it comes from a gringo. They don’t see themselves as validated and want us to do that for them, you know? Like if an American goes off about England to a Brit or vice versa, the Brit will just shrug his shoulders, right? Not people here...”

“For example, one night... Mitchell, this new guy here, was continually asking questions about Brazil and I was trying to answer them in the nicest way possible because my girlfriend’s sitting beside me. Niles, my other friend, was with us and he’s just keeping his mouth shut, saying nothing, because he’s incredibly critical about Brazil, but he knew that’d piss Sandra [Paul’s girlfriend] off. I tried to give Mitchell as many positive answers as I could and I could see Niles, who was driving, trying to control himself, getting more and more angrier. Finally Mitchell said ‘I was down on Copacabana today and there was this Capoeira thing going on. And they weren’t using instruments, but I thought they used an instrument. What’s it called again?’ Now I knew the name at the time: it’s a berimbau. Neal meanwhile was controlling himself... So I temporized, describing the instrument. Then Mitchell asked ‘What’s it sound like?’ Niles couldn’t resist: ‘It goes ‘twang, twang, twang.’ What the fuck do you think a one-stringed instrument sounds like?’ [risadas] He just couldn’t contain himself any longer...

“My girlfriend got pissed off. You know when you’re trying to repress yourself and then you lose it? I just exploded in laughter. Neal exploded, he had tears coming out of his eyes. Mitchell was confused and my girlfriend wanted to kill us both. She had three years of Niles continuously making nasty comments about Brazil in her presence so she was really pissed off. He had been containing himself all this time, wanting to say something negative every time I opened my mouth to talk about Brazil...”

Part of the “explosion” of laughter shared by Paul and Niles is a joke at Sandra’s expense. There’s no reason for her to get “pissed off” by Neal’s portrayal of a berimbau as “a one-stringed instrument” that “goes twang-twang-twang” unless she was reading an unexpressed mordant comment about Brazil into the description. Both Paul and Neal are aware that Sandra has received
this comment without it ever being verbally expressed, which is a great part of their amusement. Mitchel on the other hand, a new gringo in town, was confused by the entire display. Such unexpressed notions of superiority and inferiority are at play in another story involving Paul and Sandra, one which also points out how perceived commentaries by gringos about Brazil can be used as way to start an argument among couples of mixed nationalities:

“One day I was in the car with Sandra and this guy came driving toward us through the traffic, going in the wrong direction and wearing sunglasses. It was twilight. It was getting very dark. So I nudged my girlfriend and said ‘Would you look at that fuckin’ asshole? What a classic fuckin’ idiot...’ And she said ‘People are the same in your country.’

“Of course they are, I’m not saying... I’d call him an idiot in Canada, too. Or Ireland, or England.’

“But she took offense because I’m a gringo and saying things like that is something I’m not supposed to do.”

Gringos are by and large aware that their negative opinions of Brazil are not generally well received by Brazilians. The force of Paul’s reaction in his first story comes from the fact that he was trying to repress what he knew was transgressive behavior. As he himself admits, saying negative things about Brazil is not something a gringo is supposed to do. Because of this, gringos will generally forego pushing a point of this nature with a Brazilian unless drunk, under extreme stress or unless the Brazilian is someone who they greatly trust. Even then, their confidence may come back to haunt them: Sandra’s dig at Paul in the second anecdote is effective precisely because she’s probably heard him categorizing similar displays of behavior as being “typically Brazilian”.

The sharpest gringo critiques of life in Rio are thus generally articulated among gringos. In fact, one of the major functions of “gringo space” may be to allow the individual to “blow off steam” generated by the friction of contact. Many times, the opinions expressed on these occasions are not the only (or even the most predominant) ones the gringo in question holds. however, as Sayad recognizes, a foreigner’s “proper” role is to be neutral (or at most, enthusiastic) when expressing their opinions regarding their host nation. (Sayad, 2000:22) Brazilians who hear gringos blowing off steam are not likely to be amused, even if they hold those exact same opinions themselves.

This is the context, then, of the “big gringo”, of “the ugly American”, of “Ianqui go home.” “Ianqui” is a term unambiguously linked to the idea of the “bad gringo”, the gringo of popular legend: the American imperialist adventurer. Unlike a Angloan, Korean, or Bolivian living in Brazil, an Anglo-American who is disqualified as a “bad foreigner” is disqualified by asserting that he is a foreigner who is here to exploit Brazil and Brazilians through relations involving superior
power, prestige and capital. No one currently exemplifies this stereotype better than the “typical American”.

**Yanks, Brits, Ozzies, Kiwis, Canucks and Mazombos**

"The only culture in America is agriculture."
-Anonymous posting on the Thorn Tree

If a gringo is an anglophone in a trajectory of approximation with Brazil, the “Ianqui” is the gringo’s evil twin brother: an anglophone who arrogantly dismisses Brazil and Brazilians, interrelating with them only insofar as necessary in order to turn a profit. Like “gringo”, “Ianqui” can be applied to any anglophone foreigner. Furthermore, the actual relations an individual gringo has with structures of power, prestige and capital in his land of birth are not usually weighed when the epithet is thrown. All gringos are presumed to equally represent empire, at least potentially. However, personal behavior they display vis-à-vis Brazil and Brazilians is more important than their actual connections to the structures of empire in determining who gets tagged with the “ianqui” label. In this way, an American businessman in Rio to attend a privatization auction can – if he plays his cards right and minds his tongue – be seen as a “better” gringo by some Brazilians than, say, an Irish-Canadian English teacher who unfortunately can’t keep his criticisms to himself.

If “Ianqui” is a Brazilian desqualificatory epithet applied to gringos, “typical American” (or often just “American”) is the corresponding gringo invective for the same. Many gringos like to believe that most friction between Brazilians and anglophone foreigners is the responsibility of those “stupid, fat, racist, loud, obnoxious Americans.” Non-American anglophones often criticize citizens from their countries of origin. When they do, however, it is rare to hear them describe these people as “typically British” (or Australian, etc.): other, non-national, terms are employed. For example, when Leila describes her encounter with some rude English fans of Manchester United on Copacabana beach, she calls them “typical hooligans”, not “typically British” or even “typically English”. This degree of differentiation is rarely made in the case of Americans, even by other Americans.

The following series of comments culled from The Thorn Tree illustrate how many anglophones perceive “typical Americans”:

“My friends and I recently had a vote about annoying nationalities we had met during our travels in South America. The overwhelming result was that citizens of the USA are by far the most

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83 I do not wish to imply that the non-American anglophones do not criticize other citizens from their countries of origin. When they do, however, it is rare to hear them describe these people as “typically British” (or Australians or whatever): other disqualificatory categories are employed. For example, when Leila describes her encounter with some rude English fans of Manchester United Football Club on Copacabana beach, she calls them “typical hooligans”, not “typically British” or even “typically English”. This degree of differentiation is rarely made in the case of Americans.
irritating and loud-mouthed bunch of travellers around (may I add that this poll included 4 Americans?)” Self-described Britisher.

“I have been travelling around South America for 2 years and I have been dumbfounded almost on a daily basis by the stupid antics, offensive behaviour and arrogant bullshit of Americans.” Anonymous (but non-Canadian or American).

“The only culture in America is agriculture.” Anonymous.

“American people just come across, in the same way as all the European colonies did in their day, as big headed, superior, arrogant and we know it all.... Unfortunately the main culprits of this today are TV media and Hollywood movies. And that loud mouth, rude, rich American, who’s the only voice that can be heard. Reflects badly on the rest... Personnally I just simply hate the self rightous bastards.” Self-described Englishman.

“Most Americans - seriously - equate ‘world travel’ with a trip to Epcot Center (but still would prefer to spend most of their time in Disneyland proper.)” Self-described American.

“I went to an international college and now everytime I meet an American I try to tell myself that this one may be different, this one may not be an arrogant, self-amused, self serving, fascist dick, but everytime I am mistaken. I will keep trying not to generalise but fear I will never be proven wrong.” Self-described Australian.

[In response to a particularly racist and offensive posting:] “Let me guess, you are an American?” Anonymous.

A “typical American” is held to be so arrogant and insensitive that he runs rough-shod over the national sentiments of others. As the above comments reveal, this view of things is commonly internalized by gringos from the U.S. as well. Most American gringos are aware of their unsavory reputation, so much so that many of them even tell strangers that they’re Canadian in order to avoid problems. In fact, veteran American travellers on The Thorn Tree routinely advise greenhorns to sew Canadian flag patches on their backpacks so that people will think that they are citizens of that nation.

To tell the truth, I carried the stereotype of the “typical American” into the field with me. I fully expected that the "worst" gringos I’d encounter would be Americans. However, it didn’t take

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84 It must be admitted that many of the American responses to these posts did indeed fulfill every possible stereotype of that country’s citizens' ignorance and arrogance. To give the Devil his due, however, it’s hard to tell which of these “patriotic” posts by Americans were sincere and which were posted purely to irritate members of the other anglophone nationalities...
me long to discover that if the typical American gringo did in fact exist, he was certainly keeping a low profile. Ironically enough, the two most unpleasant encounters that I had with gringos during my research turned out to be with Britishers.

“Typical Americans” are a lot like witches: one doesn’t have to meet one in order to wholeheartedly believe that they exist. This faith is sometimes strong enough to make them appear out of thin air, in fact. Matt, a 26 year old Australian recently arrived in Rio, once claimed that I asked him what language was spoken in Australia on the night we first met. (Ironically enough, I was later able to ascertain that I knew more Australian history than Matt himself did.) He confided to me that he hated Americans: “I’m sorry, but they’re the most obnoxious, arrogant and loud group of people imaginable. Current company excepted, of course.”

Matt’s last statement is telling. Despite the overwhelmingly negative opinions non-American anglophones living in Rio express about U.S. citizens, many of them maintain friendships with Americans. By and large, relations between citizens of different anglophone nations as they are expressed in day-to-day sociability in Rio can best be described as “jocular”. This is most clearly displayed by the familiar popular terms gringos use to refer to one another’s nationalities. Americans are generally “Yanks” (from Yankees) or “Septics” (from Cockney rhyming slang: “septic tanks” = “yanks”, “seppo” being the Australian term). Citizens of Great Britain are “Brits”, “Poms” (an Australian term which supposedly means “Prisoner of [her] Majesty”) or occasionally “Limeys”, from the old British naval habit of spiking rum with lime to ward off scurvy (see sidebar, however). Canadians are universally “Canucks” (according to www.word-detective.com, perhaps a combination of “Canadian” and the Inuit word for man: “inuck”) while Australians are “Ozzies”(from Australia but also from the idea of "Oz" being a surreal land "where everything is upside down") and New Zealanders “Kiwis” (a small ground bird native to those islands – not the eponymous fruit).

Oddly enough, the only anglophone nation which doesn’t have a corresponding “jocular” nickname for its citizens is South Africa. This is perhaps due to the fact that until recently South Africa was the pariah nation of the anglophone “family”. Because of apartheid, South African citizens had difficulties traveling outside the boundaries of that nation. The South Africans also seem to be underrepresented in the gringo networks of sociability in Rio: though the IBGE’s statistics indicate that they are in Rio in relatively large numbers, curiously enough, I didn’t meet any during my fieldwork.85

85 Interestingly enough, Brazil was one of the few countries to have received many South African tourists during apartheid. Why they seem to be absent from the current anglophone webs of sociability in Rio is an open question which I intend to investigate in my doctoral thesis.
Other anglophones of different nationalities or markedly non-European ethnic decent may also enter into these kind of jocular relations, receiving “insulting” nicknames which relate to their ethnicity.\textsuperscript{86} One day while interviewing gringos at Posto 9 on Ipanema Beach I struck up a friendship with Van, a Vietnamese-American from California. We made plans to meet up with some of the other gringos on the beach later that evening at the Feria de São Cristovão, but at the last moment Van decided not to go. Later the following week, one of the people who’d been chatting with us at Posto 9 asked me “So what happened to ‘Ho Chi Minh’? He decide to give the Feira a miss?” Though such comments could be construed as ethnic slurs, it’s difficult to see that intent in them. In the case of Van, the gringo who called him “Ho Chi Minh” was honestly interested in continuing friendly relations. In this sense, the ethnic nicknames flung about by many Anglo-Americans can designate inclusion as well as distance. In particular, the British are notorious for their use of “unpolitically correct” ethnic labels, as Paul relates:

It’s a real Irish and British trait to be cynical, rude and humorous... All my British friends call me “Provo Paul” [an allusion to the provisional army of the IRA] And Amber’s boyfriend, the Iranian [an American citizen from California whose parents were Iranian]? I call him ‘the Ayatollah’. We just sort of do that. It’s not meant to be insulting but other cultures find it a bit heavy... This sense of humor can sometimes get us into trouble…”

Given the widespread sociability among anglophone gringos, it’s an open question as to why they universally claim to despise Americans: the ideology expressed is certainly not supported by the behavior observed. A comprehensive answer to this question is, of course, beyond the scope of this dissertation and is one of the things I intend to tackle in my doctoral thesis. However, I believe that one of the factors involved is a gringo desire to position oneself as a “good gringo” – the opposite of the “Ianqui”. Being that the United States is the center of a global economic and military empire which many Brazilians believes acts to the detriment of their interests, it is often to a gringo’s advantage to locate himself as far away as possible from icons perceived to be American. For a non-U.S. citizen, this task is simplified: one only has to emphasize one’s identity as a member of a fellow “victim nation” without necessarily adopting any particular political position. This is perhaps one of the reasons for Rick’s mordant commentaries to Brazilians on the “Americanization of Canada”, given his expressed admiration for NAFTA and the policies of George Bush.

The impulse to distance oneself from the U.S. which many gringos demonstrate seems to feed off of and reflect back upon a tendency of certain Brazilian towards what Vianna Moog calls “mazombismo”: the glorification of Europe and the denigration of the Americas among members of the Brazilian middle and upper classes (Moog, X:X; Tota, X:X).

\textsuperscript{86} As a rule however, I did not see much sociability expressed between black and white Anglo-Americans. I
“No fundo, o mazombo... [é] ainda um europeu extraviado em terras brasileiras. Do Brasil e da América, de suas histórias, de suas necessidades, de seus problemas, nada ou pouco sabia, porque vivia no litoral, mentalmente de costas voltadas para o País....

“E fôsse alguém timidamente arriscar que na América do Norte também se inventava [culturalmente]... o mazombo, medularmente europeu, tomaria a afirmação como desconsideração a sua pessoa.

“Cultura nos Estados Unidos? Era só o que faltava. Depois estava seguramente informado de que havia ‘mais civilização num beco de Paris do que em tôda a vasta New York.’” (122-123)

Much has changed in Brazil since 1966 when Moog wrote the above words. For one thing, the cultural and economic influence of the United States in Brazil has vastly increased. The phenomenon Moog pointed out has not been essentially transfigured, however. Today, an increasingly large section of the emerging carioca upper and middle-classes (popularly associated with the southwestern neighborhood of Barra da Tijuca) seems to have chosen the United States as the preferred backdrop for “mazombeiro” projection while another, more traditional sector continues to look towards Europe, shaking their heads at the poor taste displayed by the city’s “emergentes”. Current outcries in the popular media and political arena against the “Americanization” of Rio de Janeiro may be better understood within this context. It’s interesting to note that in these debates, “American culture” is always represented by McDonalds, Hollywood and shopping centers, not, for example, by micro-breweries, the blues and rummage sales. “American leaders” are George Bush, Bill Gates and Bill Clinton, not Winona Laduke, Ralph Nader or Jesse Jackson. In other words, “Americanized” mazombos and their critics seem to have a very particular United States in mind when they talk about that nation – one which is not necessarily recognized by significant numbers of U.S. citizens. In the eyes of the “Americanized” mazomeiros and their critics, the American “mercado cultural” is seen as being coterminous with American culture - a view of things also supported by Mexican Nobel prize winner and author Otávio Paz (Paz, x).
Many American gringos are repulsed by what they consider to be Brazilian understandings of the United States. The neighborhood of Barra da Tijuca, in particular, comes is severely criticized by them. “It’s like they’ve taken the worst aspects of the U.S. and concentrated them in one place”, says Sara. Even those gringos who live in the neighborhood are often less than enchanted with it. Carl and Mara had the following to say about Barra shortly after moving there:

[M] “Now we’re living in Barra da Tijuca, and it’s considered to be the ‘Miami of Rio’...
You’ve been to our apartment. You’ve seen Avenida das Americas, right? It’s like this huge American street, with McDonalds signs. We feel like we’re living in America. But this week there were 5 people hanging out in our building’s playground, talking shit about Americans. In Barra da Tijuca. They’d just come from New York City and only had bad things to say about Americans...”

[C] “But the next time they travel, where are they going to go? The United States."

[M] “Now we have the New York City Center in Barra da Tijuca. A huge...”

[C] “...grotesque...”


[C] “With a Gameworks, an Outback...”


[C] “Women wearing Gap sweaters with ‘USA’ written on them...”

[M] “And all those people buying bad American beer and thinking it’s chique...”

Though it’s common to hear Brazilians claim that “Brazilians love anything that comes from the U.S.”, the “American-loving Brazilian” is another witch-like character: often referred to, he is rarely encountered in real life. Most Brazilians are rather quite critical of the United States, for all that the seem to enjoy consuming products which are popularly seen as “American”. One common reaction many Americans (especially those in the lower income tax brackets) display when confronted by Brazilian criticism is the consistent reiteration of public mea culpas, as exemplified by the following, culled from The Thorn Tree:

“I am ashamed of what [the U.S.] has done in order to advance itself. I.e., destroying the rainforest, littering Latin America with corporations, stripping nations of their resources, etc. I am most appauled at what the CIA did to my family and friends in Uruguay (Dirty War torture, Dan Mitrione).”

Even many of the Brazilians who live Barra da Tijuca are not quite as mentally “colonized” as some of their co-citizens would like to believe, a fact betrayed by Carl and Mara’s comments regarding their neighbor’s views about the United States. A recent series of lectures celebrating the 500th Anniversary of the European “discovery” of Brazil was opened by a choral group from a closed condominium in the neighborhood. After singing a selection of MPB hits, their leader took to the podium and, with tears in his eyes, thanked us for allowing them to strike a blow against “the cultural slavery imposed upon our beautiful nation by the United States.” I was quite moved that the group had been given a night’s liberty from their senzala in Barra to come sing for us, to be sure...

For the record, I am not ashamed: I am pissed off. The United States of the CIA and Dan Mitrione is not “my United States”. In fact, I see this America to be the mortal enemy of whatever positive things may still be
Most denunciations by Americans in Brazil of American imperialism seem to have a rather ritualistic ring to them, however. Though American governments and corporations have certainly been involved in a multitude of sordid activities in this country (for example, Dan Mitrione was a police trainer in Belo Horizonte before being reassigned to Montevideo (X:X)), it’s rare to see an American follow up such sentiments with action, even of the most banal kind. Furthermore, this “ritual of denunciation” is also found among those Americans who manifestly do not profess anti-imperialist sentiments of any sort. While at a meeting of the American Society, I heard one American apologize to a Brazilian colleague for what he called “American protectionism”. “The damn unions are up in arms,” he said, describing recent popular protests in Seattle against the World Trade Organization. “They’re worried that globalization will cost them jobs and power and are doing what they can to block legislation on free trade in Washington. It’s typically American…”

In other words, from what might be called the “left” to the “right” of the American political spectrum, Americans in Brazil are often apologetic to their Brazilian friends and colleagues regarding the perceived actions of their country of origin. The message which is passed at these moments is “I am not a ‘ianqui’. Don’t judge me by the actions of those idiots in the U.S.”

**Gringos as Brazilians**

Ernest Renan grasped the essential nature of the nation in his work when he said that “[a] nation is a soul, a spiritual principle.”

“Two things, which in truth are but one, constitute this soul or spiritual principle... One is the possession in common of a rich legacy of memories, the other is present day consent, the desire to live together, the will to perpetuate the value of the heritage that one has received in an undivided form.... A nation’s existence is, if you will pardon the metaphor, a daily plebiscite...”

Or, as Ernest Gellner put it, a nation is made up of will and culture. According to him, two men may be said to be of the same nation if they share the same culture (Renan’s “rich legacy of memories”) and if they recognize each other as belonging to the same nation (will; or Renan’s “daily plebiscite”).

The popularly accepted notion of cultural identity may best be described as that of an indissoluble, natural link between the individual and the land of his or her birth. As Richard Handler remarks in his study of nationalism in Quebec, “…[O]ne’s native soil is thought to be perpetually

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found within the American experience. Shame, to me, indicates a certain degree of familiarity and complicity: we are ashamed of family members, not strangers. Dan Mitrione – and the America he represents – are in no way shape or form family to me.

93Gellner, p.53.
Within this view of nationality, the decision to adopt a new culture is questionable because it means altering “naturally given” personal attributes. “Any attempt to impose new habits upon oneself is unnatural and, for that reason, doomed to failure.” Choice is seen as subordinate to essence. French Philosopher Alexis de Toqueville describes "national feeling" in the following way:

“There is a patriotism which mainly springs from the disinterested, undefinable, and unpondered feeling that ties a man’s heart to the place where he was born. This instinctive love is mingled with a taste for old habits, respect for ancestors, and memories of the past; those who feel it love one’s country as one loves one’s father’s house.”

This view presents us with some difficulties, however, the most immediate being that two men who are considered to be co-national may, in fact, be much more culturally, politically and economically distant from each other than two citizens of different, mutually hostile nations. Furthermore, cultural identity is to a great degree something which may be changed by individual choice. As Michael Banton states in The Idea of Race, “No one is obliged to be a member of the same ethnic or religious [group] as his parents, because if the individual is sufficiently determined he can break with this identity and integrate himself with any other group.”

All considerations of conscious attempts to change apart, culture itself is subject to unconscious transmission and reception. Alongside the Durkheimian notion of the contagiousness of the sacred there exists a corresponding “contagiousness of the profane”, a fact recognized by Abdelmalek Sayad:

“Não se habita impunemente um outro país, não se vive no seio de uma outra sociedade, uma outra economia, em um outro mundo, em suma, sem que se sofra mais ou menos intensa e profundamente, conforme as modalidades do contato, os domínios, as experiências e as sensibilidades individuais, por vezes, mesmo não se dando conta delas, e, outras vezes, estando plenamente consciente dos efeitos.” (Sayad, 2000:14)

Lifestyles and codes of conduct considered to be normative by a society tend to be learned by individuals immersed in them. This absorption is to a large degree unconscious, but no less real nor transformative for all of that.

Thus, if both “shared culture” and “will” are necessary preconditions of nationality, questions of “will” (or politics) are of more fundamental importance during the process of transforming one’s

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95 Handler, p.34.
96 Ibid, p. 35.
97 De Tocqueville, p.235. Reading this statement, I’m once again struck by the common formulation “father=country” explicit in the notion of pátřia. Perhaps, as I’ve mentioned above in footnote #5, the post-modern transformation of sex roles and the destruction of the traditional family has more than a passing connection with the transformation of contemporary notions of nation and ethnicity.
99 Banton, p.169.
nationality. Culture can be learned by the individual but acceptance must be won from others. Will, as Gellner defines it, can be said to be two people’s mutual recognition that they are of the same nation. What happens, however, once one has one’s “papers”, once one has been “naturalized” as a citizen of a foreign nation? Does one then share the same nationality as one’s fellow citizens? The answer appears to be no. One needs to be recognized as a fellow citizen, too. This means that even once a gringo is legally a resident, or even a naturalized citizen, he is still not a “Brazilian”. Or, as A. D. Smith puts it, “...the newly arrived, though formal citizens, [can] never be part of the pays real, of the solidary community of residents by birth,” no matter how hard they tries.100

Intriguingly however, a strong association between an individual Anglo-American and phenomena or people which are considered to be quintessentially Brazilian can sometimes be enough to effect a transfer from the category of gringo to that of successful immigrant (what Sayad calls “bons imigrantes” – 2000:28). For example, Charles Miller, the founder of Brazilian football and the son of a Scottish father and an English-Brazilian mother, is frequently described as the son of English immigrants (Duarte, 1996; Miranda Pereira, 2000; Coutinho, 1990).101 My friend and informant Sara, who got a job as the double of Brazilian mega-star Xuxa shortly after leaving Dona Rita's house, was described as “an American immigrant” in the Extra article written about her (Sept.4, 1999).

The status of “bom imigrante” can also be achieved – at least in a purely localized fashion – through the forging of what are perceived to be permanent and primary social connections with Brazilians. This is most often accomplished through marriage to a Brazilian – particularly if the Brazilian in question has a darker physiognomy than their gringo partner.102 Obviously, the gringo who does this is treading very close to the path of the “bom imigrante” as defined by Brazilian nationalist ideologies of assimilation and miscegenation (Seyferth,2000). In these cases, “gringo” stops being a social classification and becomes an endearing term which indicates inclusion rather

100Smith, p.136.
101Duarte describes Miller as “um paulista descendente de ingleses e escoceses” (p.214). Miranda Pereira calls him "um brasileiro com nome anglo-saxão" (p.16) while Coutinho classifies him as "[um] jovem paulista (do Brás)... filho de ingleses" (p.52). Even more intriguing is the fact that Miller’s father, an employee for the British owned São Paulo railway system and latter for the Canadian owned Light and Power, was a classic example of the British engineer in Brazil for work related reasons, not a “immigrant” in the socially approved sense of the word.
102I see this in action in my own life. Recall that miscibility is popularly and even academically viewed as being the quintessential Brazilian characteristic. I was married to a woman phenotypically darker than me. Frequently Brazilians who had just met us would, upon learning that I was a foreigner, turn to me, clap my shoulder and say “Ééééé... Mas você já é brasileiro neh, rapaz?” This would often occur without any other words having been passed between us (in other words, the individual in question had no “cultural” or linguistic information upon which to base his observation). Since I’ve been divorced, this has never happened when I’ve dated women who’re more or less as “white” as me, though it has still occasionally occurred when
than distance. This kind of gringo is often called “our gringo” and is frequently described by his Brazilian compatriots as “um gringo que é mais brasileiro que um brasileiro”. It is important to recognize however, that even in these instances the individual in question will not be universally recognized as “our gringo”, reverting back to the status of simply “gringo” among those who “não sabem com quem estão falando.”

As Sayad remarks, “...uma presença naturalizada [é] jamais uma presença natural.”

“[É] uma presença que resulta de uma constante operação de naturalização (no sentido em que se fala da naturalização dos fatos sociais) e de justificação, a presença estrangeira sendo apena uma presença legitimada... mas nunca uma presença intrínseca e fundamentalmente legitima....” (Sayad, 2000:21)

Seyferth observes that “para manter-se na arena política fora da comunidade local, um descendente de imigrantes precisava, mais do que nunca em tempos de campanha de nacionalização, demonstrar sua condição inequívoca de brasileiro – isto é, de assimilado.” (Seyferth, 2000:49) This is manifestly true of those gringos who strive to be “bons imigrantes”.

An example of this kind of situation (though not one involving Anglo-Americans) appeared in a recent article in O Jornal do Brasil. Though Austrian, the Olympic beach volleyball player Oliver Stamm was described by the newspaper as an “austriaco com sotaque bem brasileiro” due to the fact that he’d trained in Rio de Janeiro with the técnico António Leão.

The article goes on to say that Stamm considers himself to be a Brazilian, but that “Meu problema no Brasil é que, apesar de ter aprendido a língua e andar para tudo que é lado, vou ser sempre um gringo.” Insofar that his success in the Olympics reflects glory back upon the country in which he has trained, Stamm is “our gringo” – “um austriaco com sotaque bem brasileiro”. Stamm himself would like to be classified as “Brazilian” however, and mobilizes in support of this his assimilation in the sense of being able to speak Portuguese and successfully manipulate native categories (i.e. “andar para tudo que é lado”). However, he will “always be a gringo” in the sense that this category is potentially attachable to him at any instant, removing him to the realm of the “other”, the non-Brazilian. This situation is perhaps the root of the feeling of being simultaneously accepted and rejected of which Christian Dutilleux speaks: even the most assimilated gringo is never really a Brazilian to everybody.

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I’ve gone out with women who are darker than me. See also Seyferth, 2000:46 regarding miscegenation and the historical role of the European immigrant.

103 I thank Dra. Lygia Sigaud for this insight.

104 DaMatta, Carnavais Malandros e Herois.

105 JB, 23/09/2000. Thanks to Miriam Santos for providing me with this article.
“Today’s Tom Sawyer
He gets high on you,
And the space he invades,
He gets by on you.
Though his mind is not for rent
To any god or government
Always hopeful yet discontent
Knows changes aren’t permanent
But change is.

- “Today’s Tom Sawyer”, Rush

“Well there’s no danger,
It’s a professional career.
And it could be arranged
With just a word in Mr. Churchill’s ear.
If you’re out of luck or out of work,
We could send you to Johannesburg...
Oliver’s Army is here to stay,
Oliver’s Army are on their way.
And I would rather be anywhere else
But here today...”

- “Oliver’s Army”, Elvis Costello

CHAPTER 4: “EVERYONE WHO’S LIVING HERE NOW IS PRETTY MUCH PERMANENT - AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING”

Different webs of sociability

Though Brazilians often see the Anglo-Americans present in Rio as amorphous “gringos”, there’s actually quite a few different gringo webs of sociability active in the city. The relationships which these webs maintain with the larger communities arround them and the kind of “gringo spaces” which they form are strikingly varied.

One certainly can’t speak of a “gringo community” in Rio as there are in fact several different, mostly separate webs of anglophonic sociability. In my time in the field I was able to partially explore two of these, which I’ve somewhat arbitrarily labeled “locals” (because members of this group generally describe themselves as “living in Rio”) and “expats” (because the members of this ground generally call themselves “expatriates”). These two are by no means the only ones to
be found, and I’d like to clarify that the categorizations I present here are not exhaustive or exclusive. There are other anglophonic webs of sociability in Rio de Janeiro which I’ve not yet explored. For example, ONG workers and students gravitate towards the “locals” when they socialize with other gringos but also generate their own, mostly separate social circles based upon their host universities, universities of origin, or political affinities. Likewise, there is a major split between “field” and “office” contract workers within the “expat” circle, with the second type being more represented within that web of sociability.106

As a rule, the division between “locals” and “expats” is perceived by very few of my informants. Most individual anglophone foreigners generally stick to one of these webs and basically ignore the existence of the other. There are individuals, groups and places which belong to both webs of sociability, however. Teachers at the various English institutes or at the American or British schools may socialize within one or the other webs. Paul, an English teacher who principally mixes with “locals”, also cultivates a wide range of friends in expat circles. Likewise, certain “gringo spaces” like Lord Jim’s Pub in Ipanema might contain representative groups of both webs on any given night.

These rare points of contact only tend to emphasize the general separateness of the two webs, however. For example, on one occasion at Lord Jim’s, I found three different tables of gringos drinking and socializing on the first floor. The first group was made up of contract workers (executive level – not field workers) in the Petroleum industry. The second table was occupied by a band of British sailors off the HMS Southampton, a frigate recently called up from the Malvinas to participate in Brazil’s 500th anniversary celebration. At the third table, I found Paul, Valéria, Amy, Cal, Vincente and Patí (two anglophone Brazilian friends of Paul), Kelly and Jenna (two young women - one Canadian, one American - who taught at the American school) and Darrel, an American contract field worker off of a petroleum rig in the Bahia de Guanabara. Three different webs of sociability were on display in Lord Jim’s that night, all made up of several anglophone

106 Daniel, an American who came to Rio 15 years ago as a contract worker in the petroleum industry describes this split in the following manner: “Field workers tend to work in a rhythm of two months on, one month off. When they’re working they are constantly in the field, on site, working 12 hours a day. When they’re off, a lot of them go home to the countries they came from. Consequently, they don’t see much of Brazil: only 2-3 days when they’re coming on or off a shift. That’s when they’re in contact with Brazilian culture, which for them is basically Copa and the whore bars... Field workers often don’t have any contact with their company’s office personnel.... Field workers, as a rule, are more liberal, more rowdy and less formally educated. There’s kind of a yuppy/redneck divide going on between the field and office workers though this isn’t always the case, of course... Office workers have a more constant presence in Rio. The company maintains apartments for them in the city or pays them a housing stipend. They work long hours, but generally get the weekends off and can participate in the city’s nightlife... Office people are surrounded by Brazilian culture but most don’t adapt to it very well.”
nationalities, all mostly separate from each other and all containing the presence of anglophone Brazilians.¹⁰⁷

Paul knew some of the sailors through the Rio Rebels football club (apparently the Rebels play the crew of the Southampton whenever she is in port) and chatted with them throughout the evening. Darrel was accompanying Kelly – I’d not met him before that night and I never saw him again afterwards. I was to see the rest of the core group at the third table together on several other occasions during my trips to the field, however. Although I frequently observed these people socializing together, when I interviewed its individual members, none of them thought that a group, per se, existed. Paul saw Vincente, Patí as friends – the rest of the group were just acquaintances. Valéria knew everybody at the table except the two woman from the American School and Darrel. Later she would become more intimate with Amy and Cal. None of the people at the table that night were members of who she classified as her “gang”, however. Amy and Cal were housemates. Amy knew Paul and Valéria but Cal, new in town, was only acquainted with Amy. Kelly and Jena were co-workers and both had met Paul at certain beer tent at Posto 9 known as “o ponto dos gringos”. Rick, Nair, Steve, and Conrad, not present that evening, also hung out around the same beer tent on weekends and were acquainted with most everyone at Paul’s table in Lord Jim’s that night. In other words, though this group of gringos was socializing together, they didn’t see themselves as composing a cohesive group. Furthermore, aside from Paul and Darrel no one at the table knew any of the gringos at the other tables.

Though a given gringo may frequent one or another anglophonic web of sociability, this does not mean that he does not also participate in Brazilian webs of sociability. As a rule, most people seem to have “gringo friends” and “Brazilian friends” – these two categories may or may not intermix. There are many gringos who do not frequent any web of anglophonic sociability at all. This seems to be the case of most of the long-term gringo residents of Rio de Janeiro whom I’ve interviewed, especially those frequently classified as “our gringos” by their Brazilian friends, relatives and colleagues, but it was also true of Sara, a relative newcomer to the city. In these cases, Brazilian webs of sociability form the predominant circles in which the individual travels, though he may occasionally frequent one or another anglophonic circle for brief periods. For example, Jack, an American in his 40s who’s lived in Brazil for almost 30 years, told me “I really never socialize with other Americans.” He bought a raffle ticket for the 2000 American Society 4th of July, however, as one of his colleagues at the English institute where he works is “a big supporter of the event,” and he also gave me several useful contacts in the “expat” social circle.

¹⁰⁷ Even the sailors from the Southampton had non-British acquaintances such as Paul in the pub. Both the sailors and the oilmen were accompanied by a handful of English-speaking Brazilian women and the oilmen
Over the years, an individual gringo may pass back and forth between several webs of sociability. The case of one American I met on the beach in Ipanema is illustrative as to how complicated an individual gringo's history of sociability in Brazil may be. This young man originally came into Rio as a “traveler” on a tourist visa. He later upgraded to a student visa in order to stay in the country, achieving this status through paying for an advanced Portuguese course. During this time, he socialized principally with local gringos. Finally, he returned to the U.S., finished his degree, got an M.B.A. and came back to Brazil as a contract worker (with a work visa) for a multinational corporation in São Paulo. At the moment I met him, he was in Rio to spend some time with his old “local” gringo friends. He told me that he rarely socialized with gringos in São Paulo and was seriously considering marrying his girlfriend in order to get a permanent visa. Living with his Brazilian girlfriend was decreasing the importance of the gringo social networks in his life. Within a few years, it’s quite possible that this young man will become a “bom imigrante” without ever consciously trying for that status. It would not surprise me, however, if his job took him into frequent contact with the “expat” web of sociability in São Paulo, despite his personal wishes.

**Locals and Expats**

The principal web of anglophonic sociability which I investigated in Rio de Janeiro, “the locals”, consists of gringos who are “living their lives” here in the sense that they do not see their stay as short-term, thus differentiating themselves from tourists. Within this web, the people I encountered tend to classify themselves as “travelers” or “local foreigners”, though the dividing line between these two categories is nebulous, at best. Most of these people have a university level education with the vast majority of them possessing the equivalent of a Bachelors of Arts degree. Individuals who work are generally involved in some way or another with the English language – either as teachers, translators or journalists. The principle characteristic that these people have in common is that they view their presence in Brazil as an end in itself rather than a means to an end.

The second web – the “expats” – is also made up of anglophonic foreigners who see their lives in Rio as stretching beyond the purely short-term. However, though these people might be “living their lives in Brazil”, their principal social, economic and cultural references are foreign or transnational. Again, most of the individuals in this group have a university level education, the most common degrees being in technology, engineering, or administration. Workers in this group

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108 One might also include certain teachers at the British or American schools within this category. The characteristic which principally separates them from their Brazilian colleagues is the fact that they were hired as “native speaking” teachers for classrooms where subjects are taught in English.
tend to be well paid professionals in administration or fields relating to high technology – particularly petroleum exploration and telecommunications. The principal characteristic of this group is that they see their stay in Brazil as part of a larger project, generally involving a career. Brazil just happens to be where their job is at the moment. This is the Paul Hugon’s class of “especialistas, operários e contramestres” who come to Brazil to fulfill a determined economic function.

The difference between locals and expats seems to revolve around income and attitude. Expats are well paid for their work (even by their home country’s standards) while locals live in Rio in spite of perhaps having better paying job opportunities elsewhere. Daniel, an American who worked for several years in the petroleum industry in Brazil before marrying a carioca and “retiring” to Teresopolis has the following to say about expatriate office workers in his old company:

“Maybe 70% still see Brazil as being weird and exotic, even after living here for years.... Out of the 20-30% who adapt, maybe 5% ‘go native’, which is basically what happened to me. Many of the rest end up marrying Brazilians and going back to the States. Usually their wives don’t adapt well - they don’t learn English and they end up getting mean and ornery - and they get divorced shortly after.... Americans working for multinationals in Brazil make lots of extra cash, bonuses up to 20-30%. And money goes a lot further here, too. When they get back to the States, their Brazilian wives become surprised when they’re suddenly demoted to the working class....”

David’s comments point out that expatriates in the petroleum industry receive bonuses in order to induce subjection to work in Brazil. By contrast, several of the teachers I met who worked at the British or American schools took substantial wage cuts in order to receive the privilege of teaching in Rio. In short, locals work in order to live in Rio while expats live in Rio in order to work. This is, of course, an ideal typification. Most locals aspire to jobs that will allow them to live in Brazil while earning salaries commensurate to what they’d receive for similar work in their countries of origin. Likewise, most expats have a choice as to whether or not their company will send them to Brazil.

It would be wrong to claim that either group is more “acculturated” than the other. Both locals and expats share many of the characteristics and habits of the Brazilians who surround them. Expats generally socialize with more upper class Brazilians than the locals, however.109 That said, there does seem to be an “attitudinal” divide which lies between locals and expats and which might

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109 Both Sal and his American colleague Mitch object to this classification. “I’ve gone out with a lot of my wealthy students,” Sal says. “We get invited to their parties all the time,” says Mitch. “OK,” I asked. “But are you invited as equals or are you invited in along with the rest of their ‘friends’ who are in fact their employees, such as their hairdressers, stylists, personal trainers and etc.? Are you invited into the family’s
best be described – as Daniel does, above – as willingness "to go native". Expats are similar to the stereotypical Anglo-American “non-immigrant” as defined by Carneiro, Hugon and others in that they see themselves as being here to do a set job, after which they expect to leave. They hope to have a good time while they are here, but enjoying Rio de Janeiro is not a prerequisite to their continued presence in the city. "Understanding Brazil” is not a major expat project: it is with the local gringos. In short, expats appear to be people who for better or worse have established themselves in their societies of origin while locals seem to be somewhat at odds with these societies and are searching for other paradigms. This perception is shared by many of my informants. One night while discussing English teachers in Rio and the general net of sociability surrounding them, Jan, a 38 year old Englishman who’s lived 5 years in Brazil described local gringos (particularly English teachers) as "Brazilophiles... who drop here and go ‘Oh...!’ You know, they go through a period of saying ‘This is all that was missing from the culture of my society!’ They're searching for something. Or rather, perhaps they’re trying to ignore something."

When locals engage in contests of status among themselves, one of the major axis around which competition turns is what could be called “comparative assimilation”. In other words, locals frequently try to “out Brazilian” one another (see Chapter 5: the gringo heirarchy). For this reason perhaps, locals are more likely to call themselves “gringos” than expats: a gringo can be seen as a foreigner who – for whatever reason – engages with Brazil. Expats can comfortably isolate themselves within what is in all respects a colony, keeping Brazil and Brazilians at arms length and engaging with them only when it’s convenient or absolutely necessary. For some expats, “gringo” thus has the quality of an ethnic slur.

Two parties

“It’s easy to love humanity. Loving your neighbors: now that’s difficult!"

Henry Fonda

It might seem as if I am trying to articulate an intense dichotic divide between locals and expats. To tell the truth, the divide is one of degree. In fact, it closely parallels the class divisions observable in the larger carioca context which surrounds these gringo nets of sociability.

The differences and similarities between locals and expats might best be made apparent through the juxtaposition of two parties which I attended in Vidigal. As luck would have it, the locales of both happenings were within 300 meters of each other: one could literally look out the windows of the one and see into the windows of the other. Furthermore, both of these locales mobilize intense opinions among their neighbors in the favelas of Vidigal and Chácara do Céu.
Finally, though the two parties were attended by dozens of gringos, not a single gringo I knew went
to both. This division was repeated in other events of both groups which I also observed.

The party at the “Bunker”: Sal’s 32nd birthday, 20/05/00

I first learned about Sal’s birthday party from Amy, who told me about it some two weeks
prior to the event: “You gotta come to this one: parties at the Bunker are always cool.” On the day
of the happening, I arranged to meet Paul and Valéria at Lord Jim’s Pub at 10PM. There we were
joined by a group of anglophones which included Brazilians, Australians, British, Americans and a
Swede who had also heard about the party (some of the barmaids from LJ’s had been invited and
from there the word spread out to a goodly portion of the bar’s clients). I headed out to Vidigal at
midnight with Valéria and Matt, catching a ride with Caio, an English-speaking Brazilian friend of
Paul’s.

On the road up to the party, we passed the entrance to the Vidigal favela on our left. Caio
began to tell Matt and I (in English) about how Vidigal was very safe, even though it was situated
right next to Rocinha. I mentioned that a friend of mine lived there and that she agreed with his
opinion. Talk then switched to Portuguese as Caio said “Aqui é o próprio ‘favela bairro.’ Tem até
McDonalds.”

“E uma agência do Banco do Brasil,” his brother chimed in.

“Pois é, rapaz. Daqui alguns anos, tudo isto será condomínio.”

What was interesting about this exchange was the fact that Caio seemed to feel a need to
calm gringo fears about going to a party near a favela. When I indicated in Portuguese that I knew
about the neighborhood, Caio immediately changed languages and vernaculars, bringing up the
caroica political category of “favela bairro”. In short, in this one quick exchange, I passed (at least
 provisionally and contextually) from “gringo” to “carioca”. Matt, recently arrived in Rio,
understood the exchange linguistically but didn’t catch the reference “favela bairro”, as I later
confirmed.

The party was in a spacious two story house below the “Chacara do Ceu” favela. Called “The
Bunker”, the place was now a pousada run by Leila, an English woman in her thirties who had
rented the house a year ago. According to Amy (whose story I later confirmed with Leila), the
house had been abandoned by its owner, a Brazilian woman whose husband had been shot and
killed on the way home from work. Leila took over the reoccupation and rehabilitation of the
premises practically for free and now rented rooms to a mostly transient and foreign crowd.¹¹⁰ She

¹¹⁰ This was made obvious by the notice hung on the second floor bathroom door, which advised guests that
they were to make special arrangements if they planned on paying their room fees in reais.
did a lot of “word of mouth” advertising over the Lonely Planet’s *Thorn Tree*. Though daily charges ran US$20 to 25 (phone, internet and breakfast included), cheaper rent could be had at monthly rates in the off-season for people who wanted to stay there long term. In this sense, the Bunker was similar to Dona Rita’s house and not really a pousada as several local gringos called the Bunker their home. On the night of the party, Amy, Cal and Sal were living at the Bunker, Sal as a permanent and Amy and Cal as semi-permanent residents.

The Bunker was constructed by its original owner/architect to be a highly defensible space. “This place is built like a bunker,” Leila told me. “Its walls can absorb any stray bullets which might happen by. A good thing too, as the PMs often park their cars right behind it when they’re keeping an eye on the favela...” Despite the building’s solid appearance, the pousada itself is rather open. On many different occasions, I was to witness residents of Chácara do Céu being greeted from the Bunker’s veranda by or conversing on the stoop with pousada dwellers. The key to the building’s front gate is often kept in the mailbox, where any passerby can reach in and take it.

As it happens, the Bunker occupies a rather liminal position in the surrounding environment, which interestingly enough matches its residents’ status as gringos in the “among us but not of us” sense of the word. 50 meters above the Bunker lies the Chacara do Céu favela, whose residents have a complicated and multi-faceted relationship with the pousada’s dwellers. Sal – the 32 year old American who’s birthday we were to celebrate – teaches English in the favela and often goes up there to spend his evenings drinking beer and relaxing with certain residents who are his friends. Leila also has acquaintances in the favela. As she puts it, however “There’s people I trust up there and people whom I do not trust.” Additionally, as the operator of a pousada which relies heavily on tourist money, Leila has severe reservations about becoming too intimate with Chácara do Céu’s residents. Amy describes the situation in the following way:

“Leila’s not trying to be snotty... In her opinion, you can’t mix [with the favela]. You can sit there and hang out... you can teach classes or whatever, but you can’t intermingle your lives [with the people from the favela]... [Y]ou’re dealing with people who you don’t know... To go in there and offer something, to offer English classes, to offer your life... and then suddenly take it back... [makes] people resentful... [Y]ou [then] find you’re dealing with people who don’t have limits....

Amy’s comments are interesting in that they reveal a perception that insofar as the favela and the pousada are concerned, neighbors are neighbors and friends are something else again. Amy perceived Leila as fearing that too great a degree of intimacy with the favela residents would lead to a situation where the favela would “take over” the pousada. This, in turn, would destroy the pousada as a business venture, something which had almost happened in the recent past:

“When Leila had a full running pousada here, she was making really good money. She stopped it because a couple guys who lived here were hanging out with people from the favela and they were
hanging out right in front of the door.... Leila was like ‘I don’t mind this, but you know what? I’m trying to run a business here. And it’s hard enough to get people in here when you’re living across from the favela. Now I have everybody from the favela down in front of our door, playing their music, at all hours. And I’ve got guests that don’t want to see that and don’t want to hear that at three o’clock in the morning.’ She actually closed down for a bit to try to get all that worked out... Everyone who’s living here now is pretty much permanent. At least for the time being.”

When I talked to Leila about the situation, however, I got another view of the story.

“I used to rent principally to Brazilian tourists. The fact that we were right below the favela however, made that somewhat complicated. You know, rich Brazilians are afraid of favelados... So I closed down for awhile and when I reopened I started to rent almost exclusively to gringos... Living below a favela is not quite so scary for them. Some of them think it’s cool, in fact. And that’s the problem...

Leila’s solution of renting mostly to gringos rather than Brazilians solved some of her problems and created others. Though many of the foreign travelers who stay at the “Bunker” are in fact more interested than scared of the favela, this led to indiscriminate relations with favela residents which Leila felt put the pousada at potential risk:

“I’d get kids who’d be in town for a couple of weeks on vacation, clubbing around, getting drunk every night... For them it was ‘Oooooh. The favela!’ They’d be up there inviting people back to their rooms to smoke pot... Then they’d leave town, happy because they’d proved to themselves how ‘democratic’ they really are.

“But living here is a delicate situation. I don’t want to sound snobbish, but these people [itinerant gringos] don’t live here. This is my home. It may be a nice idea to teach English and make friends in the favela, but what happens when someone involved in organized crime threatens someone else’s family to get into my house? These people will be long gone when and if that happens, but I’ll still be living here. Sooner or later, this situation will cause trouble.”

One particular problem Leila had involved drugs:

“A gringa had her birthday party here. Of course, she invited all her middle-class carioca friends to come on up. All night long, we had these nice ‘carro zeros’ parked in front of the house, music blaring out... The girl who was having the party didn’t even think about security or anything. There was no one at the door. Somehow word got up to Chácara do Céu that someone was down at the party dealing [drugs]. Suddenly, there were three armed men downstairs, threatening to come up and shoot whoever was cutting in on their territory. I had to go down, talk to them, calm things over... Eventually the situation worked itself out, but you can just imagine if it hadn’t!”

Leila wasn’t obverse to letting certain people from the favela use the pousada as a recreational space, however. Two weeks after Sal’s birthday, I caught her setting up a “teen dance” for Chácara do Céu’s adolescents in her spacious living room.
“There are correct ways to have parties. In this case, Junior, a very good friend of mine from up there [indicates the favela] came to me and asked to put on a party. He’s organized events like this in the past and has an excellent reputation for having on secure and responsible parties. More importantly, he knows practically everyone up there and can keep an eye out for trouble.

“I’m not against having gringo parties here where the favela people are invited. But again, there are ways and there are ways. One doesn’t just run up there and say ‘Hey, come on down, you’re all invited.’ One has to take into consideration how things are up there.”

As an example of “taking into consideration how things are up there,” Leila mentioned the solution that was hit upon during the previously mentioned drug dealing crisis:

“We let the local gang know that we weren’t allowing any dealing inside the party. They were welcome to send José [one of their members] in to confirm that. If they wanted to supply the chemical needs of party-goers, that was their affair, but they couldn’t do it on the Pousada’s property. So they set up shop on the stairs up to the favela and we told people where they could be found. That was the end of that.”

Leila’s comments point out to a rather sophisticated understanding of life within Chácara do Céu and her household’s relation to it. The “favela” in her eyes is not an amorphous mass: there are people inside it she feels she can trust and people she feels she can’t. These individuals have names, faces and reputations. What Leila doesn’t want in her house is repercussions from indiscriminate relationships forged by temporary boarders with the residents of Chácara do Céu.

On the occasion of Sal’s birthday party, Leila’s understanding of “proper” relations with the favela was to collide with that of Sal. To begin with, entertainment was being supplied by Sal’s friends from Chácara do Céu. Pagode boomed out of the Bunker as we walk up to it.

Valéria was disappointed: “Odeio este tipo de música!”

“Qual tipo de música se preferia?” I asked.

“Sei lá. Qualquer coisa. Música normal, como nas outras vezes que fui para uma festa aqui. Acho que vou embora logo, tá?”

We walked up a charming iron circular staircase and into a common room, where a group was playing batucada and pagode. The party was about half gringo, half Brazilian, with heavy representation from the favela on the Brazilian side, but also with several obviously upper middle class Brazilians in attendance as well.¹¹¹

I headed over to the styrofoam beer cooler on the Bunker’s veranda to dump off my beverages. A small black man dressed in black dress slacks, a white t-shirt, a black ski-cap and sporting a gold chain around his neck sauntered by. He punched me playfully in the arm as he
scooped up one of the cans of “Bohemia” that I’d just tossed into the cooler. “’Mano, ‘tá dando mulher p’ra rodó aqui, cê não acha? Tá cheia!”

There were plenty of gringos at the Bunker that night, including the following:

Rick (Canadian)  Sharon (American)
Paul (Irish-Canadian)  Sal (American)
Conrad (British)  Emma (Australian)
Hengst (Swedish)  Ronald (Scottish)
Abdul (Egyptian)  Leila (English-Irish)
Mathew (Australian)  Demetrius (Salvadoran)
Amy (American)  Cal (American)

There were also at least a half-dozen more whom I didn’t recognize as well as many English speaking Brazilians. English was being spoken during the party almost as much as Portuguese, but in no way did the second language lose its dominance.

I wandered over to the balcony. The view of the ocean under moonlight was breathtaking: from the Bunker’s balcony, one can take in a 180 degree panorama of the Atlantic. A ski-cap wearing young white Brazilian man who seemed to be middle class (his style of dress could charitably be described as “funqueiro de butique”) turned to me and said (in Portuguese) “Pô, cara. Essa festa não tem mulher, não. Vou embora...”

I looked around: there seemed to be about a 50/50 mix of males and females to my eye (Sal would later object to this opinion, claiming that the party “was about 40/60, women/men”). However, the vast majority of the women at the party were either gringas or very morena brasileiras. The first group was hanging around other gringos or were already accompanied by Brazilian boyfriends, the second group seemed to be primarily from the favela.

Within the next two hours, most of the middle-class Brazilians (mostly the friends, students and colleagues of gringos in attendance) left the Bunker along with a few gringos. As Valéria’s comments about the music and the young “funqueiro’s” comments about the women reveal, there was a definite feeling in the air that the party just “wasn’t their space”. This feeling was generated by the presence of the residents of “Chácara do Céu”. In particular, music and beer were the salient conflict points between the different classes. Amy described the situation in the following manner:

“Leila goes around and asks everybody ‘Alright, we’re gonna get more beer,’ and she got attitude from people, you know? People saying ‘Why are you asking me for money? I’m from the favela! Of course I don’t have money!’ But at the same time, all of our friends would show up with 24

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111 The fact that they were wearing name-brand clothes, were the owners of new cars and the fact that several of them had gone to see a concert by Gilberto Gil (at 25 reais a ticket) before coming to the party indicated the general class level of these Brazilians to me.
beers, put them in the cooler, and they never saw one... In a thirty minute period, 2 or 3 of my friends showed up all with beer. I went to the cooler and there was nothing...

“But you can’t explain that to them here [the favela residents]... It’s give and take. And they were... taking and not giving.

“See that’s the thing. [The pagode band] sell themselves as the entertainment when really, after a certain period of time, we didn’t want any entertainment anymore. I really enjoy that kind of thing, but not all night.”

What bothered Amy was a perceived lack of reciprocity on the part of the favela residents: “They were taking and not giving.” Furthermore, they were perceived as being insensitive to other party-goers’ musical sensibilities. Even after the band had stopped playing, the clash of tastes and values continued. At one point, I witnessed a Brazilian woman who was an English student of one of the many professors present get into a brief but intense argument with a woman from Chácara do Céu over what music was to be played on the party’s sound system: the first woman wanted to play the Beatles while the second wanted the Fugees.

When I had a chance to talk to some of the band members a couple of weeks later, their perception was that they had provided the live music so it was common sensibly someone else’s responsibility to provide the refreshments. From their point of view, reciprocity hadn’t been fulfilled by “aquela galeira da festa” [which didn’t include their friends, relatives, neighbors, or Sal]. Sal also saw the favela residents presence through the lens of friendship and reciprocity:

“On my birthday, [my students] offered to come play at the party. Leila was really upset about it. At the beginning, she offered to have the party here, and I said that’d be cool, but I warned her that I wanted to have a lot of people attending. She said that was fine, ‘But you can’t invite them’ [the favelados]. So I wasn’t even sure if I wanted to have the party or not, because it would be so offensive to have a party and not invite them...

“So Leila then said it would be OK if they came to help out with the music and stuff and they could watch the place and stuff like that. That seemed like an opening to me, so I told people that they could come.

“It turned out that I couldn’t invite the people that I invited... So there ended up being a list of twelve people I could invite. They were my students. They were the twelve that were “legitimate”. Then there was the band that was going to come play. I mean, they offered, how am I going to turn them down...? The band was going to play somewhere else that night but they were willing to cancel the gig to play here... The father and little brother of one of the students came. What, I’m supposed to say “no” to them? Can’t do that... Junior came, but that’s Leila’s deal: they’re friends... I didn’t invite him, though. He brought Nilton. Nilton is super cool: he owns a bar at the top of the favela, super cool guy. I was glad he came. But no, I shouldn’t have had the party under those conditions. If I’m going to have a party I want to invite who I want to invite....
“If I’d had the party and snubbed everyone, then Leila would have had a reason to feel nervous about living here. And some people made it to the party who I didn’t invite and I had to save face talking to them, ‘Oh, you know: it happened at the last minute...’

"I don’t come from a family or a city or a local culture where you think like that. You know, “I’m nervous, so I’m going to lock my door and buy a bigger dog.” I think, if I’m nervous, I need to go meet the people, find out that they’re humans, and then go be their friends. And I meet so many people here... Like I meet people at the bus stop in the morning and I say “hi” to them. Because, you’re fuckin’ walkin’ down the street and someone’s about to rob you, but you said “hi” to the guy next to them, so they don’t. who knows why?

Sal believed that once he had accepted his students’ friends offer to play at the party, he could no longer back out without being unacceptably rude, even though he knew that once open to some of the favela residents, the party would automatically draw in others. Leila later confirmed what Amy told me: her major fear was that because of an itinerant gringo’s actions, the pousada would appear to the residents as having offered something (space, sociability, etc.) and then suddenly withdrawing it. The underlying message which always potentially hangs in the background in the relationships between the residents of the Bunker and those of Chácara do Céu is “We don’t want you down here because we’re afraid of you.” Because of this, Leila feels that relationships between the house and the favela must be carefully managed by inviting in only those residents of Chácara do Céu who have proven their responsibility. Sal feels that social divisions need to be crossed, not necessarily because he wants to “see how the other half lives”, but because he believes that’s the best way to reduce tension and protect oneself from violence: “don’t buy a bigger dog, get to know people, find they are humans and become their friends”. Sal thinks that he was acting in the best interests of the Pousadas’ residents because “If I’d had the party and snubbed everyone, then Leila would have had a reason to feel nervous about living here.”

Regarding the reactions of his Brazilian middle-class friends and students, Sal was aware that his party had the potential to discomfort some of them:

I’ve had parties in Latin America before, so I knew that culture mixing – I mean, level mixing – can be a problem. I’ve had parties where nobody’s showed up just because they knew that there’d be a lot of people from the other class there. But... fuck it, I don’t care. So I told my [middle-class English] students where I live and that scared a lot of them off right off the bat. Many of them wouldn’t even come to Vidigal. Other students I didn’t even bother inviting ‘cause I just knew what their reaction would be. Other students and teachers I knew would come. Most of my friends I knew would come... For me, no problem, because if you wanted to be at a party like that, great! If you wouldn’t like that kind of party, great! Don’t come, that’s cool... So it was a mix of people and it was a great party for me.
Sal’s response to middle-class discomfort with the favela residents' presence was “Fuck it, I don’t care... If you don’t like that kind of party, great! Don’t come.” In this case, Sal conscientiously violated what he knew to be the preferences and prejudices of several of his middle-class colleagues and friends. It’s not that he blundered in his manipulation of cultural categories: he chose not to follow what he understood to be one particular group of Brazilians’ norms because he doesn’t believe in them. However, it would be difficult to classify Sal as someone who “exoticizes” or “romaniticizes” the residents of Chácara do Céu, as his story of his approximation to the favela bears out:

“I always wanted to teach in a favela... So I went to the programs that teach in the favelas and informed myself. If I were to work with them, [however,] I’d have to go to a favela somewhere else. So I just waited for the opportunity to come up. I met a couple of guys out in front of the house right after I started living here. Started talking to them and they started asking for classes. I blew it off for awhile to see if they were really serious, ‘cause I knew I wanted to do it. They kept asking, so I said “Alright,” and we started. Now we do it once a week. We’ve been going for nine weeks or so. I had wanted to enter the favela, but I wasn’t just going to walk in there, you know? I was going to wait, like any neighborhood, and go up there to visit someone who I’d met. So I met these guys and started going up there. Now I meet more people every time I go. It’s just another neighborhood. It’s my neighborhood now.

Sal sees the favela as part of his neighborhood and classifies Leila’s reservations as “snobbish”. It’s important to recognize, however, that he is at a loss to explain how and why this supposedly “snobbish” woman agreed to hosting a party for the favela’s teens two weeks after his birthday. It seems to me that the both Sal and Leila have fairly “dense” understanding of life in Chácara do Céu. Note that this doesn’t necessarily mean that they agree upon how the pousada and it’s residents should deal with the favela and its residents, however... Listening to both gringos, I was very much reminded of Claude Levi-Strauss’ comment regarding the total nature of reciprocity, in which nothing is held back from a "good" group of outsiders while a "bad" group can expect violence and perhaps death (Lévi-Strauss, 1949:60). Both Sal and Leila are very aware of the key role reciprocity (or lack thereof) plays in the pousada dwellers relationships to the residents of Chácara do Céu. Their different attitudes towards the "proper" degree of intermixture do not stem from snobbery or innocence, but rather from the different positions both occupy within the pousada's internal heirarchy -Leila as pousada owner and Sal as resident.

It’s worth mentioning that Sal grew up in Berkely, California in the late ‘60s and early 70s:

"That’s not mainstream America by anybody’s definition. I consider myself to be a better representative of that sort of culture than American culture. It’s the same shit, but the details change... I
was taught to be very flexible and tolerant of cultural difference and ethnic diversity and all that stuff that later turned into “political correctness”. Humanism, in general...

Sal classifies his values as not “America culture”, but they do in fact come from a tradition as “American” as any, one which is increasingly, erroneously branded as “politically correct” these days. The roots of this tradition are beyond the scope of this dissertation, but can be found in the anarchism of Henry David Thoreau, the passivism of the Quakers, the radical democracy of industrial syndicalism of the early 20th century and the cultural/political militancy of the Yippies, Diggers and other “hippy” groups active in the San Francisco Bay area during Sal’s youth (Peck, 1985; Yippie Book Collective, 1983; Zinn, 1971) In short, Sal expresses values that come from a tradition of what might be called “American political romanitic egalitarianism”. The fact that he doesn’t classify these values as “American” speaks volumes as to how the United States is popularly percieved these days, even among Americans.

The American Society 4th of July party, Sheraton Hotel, 01/07/00

The Bunker is not the only gringo space in the neighborhood of the Chácara do Céu favela, however. Hulking almost directly beneath the pousada is the glass and concrete bulk of one of Rio’s most famous international luxury: the Rio Sheraton. On the night of Sal’s party, I observed a statuesque woman in a black leather jacket and high heels playfully teasing a chubby thirteen year old boy in a black t-shirt. Both were residents of Chácara do Céu.

“Cê ‘tá me dizendo que consiga nadar aquilo tudo?” said the woman, indicating the stretch of ocean from the Sheraton hotel to Leblon with a sweep of her beer bottle.

“Consigo, sim,” responded the boy, nodding his head. “Consigo sim. Nadamos lá sempre. Pode perguntar p’ra meu pai. Só tem que tomar cuidado do esgoto que sai de lá.” He points a finger at the Sheraton.

“Ô, filhos d’uma puta,” said the woman after a pause, sucking at her beer and glaring at the hotel.

Two months later, I got a chance to see the Sheraton close up when I attended another gringo party, this one hosted by the American Society of Rio de Janeiro.

Members of the American business and consular expatriate community in Rio do not believe in wasting a day on festivities, even if those festivities are to commemorate the founding of the nation they claim to enthusiastically support. One supposes that for just this reason the American Society’s Annual 4th of July shindig at the Sheraton Hotel in Leblon was scheduled for July 1st, the first Saturday before U.S. Independence Day.
To understand this party, one needs to first understand the Sheraton. It is a concrete and glass slab spiked into the rock face of the lower slopes of Dois Irmãos hill just below and across the road from Chácara do Céu. Looking out the hotel’s windows, one can peer across the same enormous stretch of ocean that's visible from the Bunker's balcony. Unfortunately, the breathtaking view is often marred by a slick of floating gray scum which bobs over the tops of the waves rolling up to crash along the cove beach at the Sheraton’s feet.

Though the hotel is right across the road and down the hill from the Bunker, the pousada’s residents rarely frequent its premises. Amy’s parents stayed at the Sheraton when they came to visit, a fact which caused her no small amount of embarrassment among her gringo friends. Amy and Leila both told me that they’d occasionally use the hotel’s pool. As both women are very white and quite blond, they were able to walk into Sheraton as if they were guests without ever being challenged. As Leila describes it:

“I’d just slip into my ‘gringo tourist’ mode and go right in. It was odd: I could look up the hill at my house, see what people were doing there and feel totally detached. It was another world. I had to become another person to go in there.

“My God. If I had a tape recorder back then, you wouldn’t have to do any fieldwork now, my boy... You’d see these Americans come down to the pool and one would say to the other: ‘So how was that whore last night?’

’”Oh, she was great...’

“Then they’d go get drinks at that little kiosk near the pool and look up the hill, past my house towards the favela. Then one would say to the other: ‘God... How can people live like that? What would be the worst thing for you if you had to live like that?’

“I think the smell from the open sewers...’

“What a bunch of idiots! They had no conception at all of what life was like up there.”

The hotel is hard to get to. The narrow, two lane road which hugs the mountain face in front of the Sheraton is frequently jammed with traffic creeping around Dois Irmãos, heading down the coast towards the middle-class neighborhoods of São Conrado and Barra da Tijuca. The road has literally been blasted out of the living rock of the mountainside. Sidewalks are an afterthought, made out of plywood planking and metal tube supports which jut out over the ocean. Bus service to the hotel is poor, especially coming down from the North Zone of Rio. But from the Sheraton management’s point of view, that’s OK: anyone who’s liable to use the hotel’s services either has their own car or can spring for a taxi. Furthermore, there is no direct sidewalk connection between the hotel and the neighboring favelas of Vidigal and Chácara do Céu. A person wishing to cross over to the hotel’s side of the road must play tag with the intense, two-way traffic passing along the road.
The Sheraton gives every indication of having been constructed with the environment in mind – both physical and social. It’s truly an impressive edifice – some thirty stories tall – visible for kilometers around when viewed from the surrounding mountains and from the sea. The hotel is situated in such a way that three of its window covered faces take in a breathtaking panoramic view of the Atlantic Ocean while exposing them as little as possible to the neighboring favelas. Despite its imposing presence when seen from afar however, the angle of the Sheraton together with its almost featureless “public” face allows this immense building to “hide” from the view of pedestrian passerbys at road level. The side it presents to the roadway (and the favela) is a plain concrete wall, broken only by four small windows which look suspiciously like a lookout. The Sheraton thus employs an architectural lexicon which very successfully combines stealth and arrogance. As Mike Davis remarks regarding the public architecture of Los Angeles, “A semiótica do assim chamado ‘espaço defensível’ é, em muitas instâncias, quase tão sútil quanto um arrogante meganha branco.” On other occasions, however:

“Os pseudo-espacos públicos para os consumidores ricos de nossos dias - suntuosos shopping, centros de escritórios, acrópoles culturais, e assim sucessivamente - estão repletos de sinais invisíveis que impedem a entrada do ‘Outro’ da subclasse. Embora os críticos da arquitetura não prestem em geral atenção a como um ambiente construído contribui para a segregação, os grupos de párias... leêm o sentido imediatamente.” (Davis:207)

The hotel applies both architectural vocabularies lavishly.

As Leila’s comments about “slipping into gringo tourist mode” reveal, the Sheraton is potentially a resource and a meeting space for the pousada’s residents, presuming they decide to act like gringo tourists. This cannot be said of the residents of Chácara do Céu.

Many of the favela residents consider the trash floating upon the ocean in front of the Sheraton to be the output of the hotel itself. One of them once told me that before the hotel was built the waters of the cove were clean. “Now,” he said “we swim in the Sheraton’s shit.” Whether this is true or not, (and to give the hotel its due, most of the filth probably originates in the outflow channel from the highly polluted Rodrigo Freitas lagoon, about two kilometers east), it’s easy to see how the luxuriously appointed Sheraton can mobilize the antagonisms of the shantytown residents who live just above it and daily watch the comings and goings of the international elite who use its services. This antagonism was increased by the hotel’s attempts to close off the cove and fence in what is basically a public beach. The beach is still barely accessible to the shantytown residents however, and often a couple of them can be seen bobbing in the scum-covered waves from the

113 A friend who lived in Vidigal at the time told me “A Sheraton tentou fechar tudo aquilo ali e transformar-lo em uma praia privada. O pessoal tinha que abrir à força. Tentarem fechar, mas tiveram que reabrir, pois era contra a lei.”
Sheraton’s swimming pool deck. During the entire time I spent in the Sheraton, the only darker-skinned humans I would see would be a relative handful of black (mostly American) business and consular elite and the hotel’s help. One can only imagine the reception a black resident of the neighboring favela would receive if he were to try to enter the hotel because none are stupid enough to try. The Sheraton is well guarded, with its own security force stationed within its walls. A guardpost for Rio’s military police is situated right in front of the building’s entrance.

I’d been to the Sheraton only once before (on the previous day, in fact) in order to attend the International Newcomer’s Club monthly general meeting. The hotel acts as a sort of community center for the Anglo-American expatriate community in Rio de Janeiro. Not only does it host most of the American Society’s parties (Thanksgiving, 4th of July) and the INC general meetings, it also figures heavily in ads in both the INC’s newsletter and the Umbrella, Rio’s most widely distributed English language newsletter. Once inside the hotel it’s easy to see why the Sheraton holds a special place among wealthier anglophones in Rio. Overall, the effect is “Dorothy, we’re not in Kansas anymore. It sure looks like Topeka, though...” English is spoken almost as often as Portuguese within the hotel’s walls and aside from the prevalence of the later language, there is little to indicate that this particular hotel isn’t in Tokyo, Moscow, Cairo, or even Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The Sheraton makes its money by functioning as sort of an upscale version of a motel. Where a tired business traveler goes, she knows that within its walls, the service, food, and atmosphere will not be a degree above or below that offered in other Sheratons around the world.

The hotel is a security blanket of sorts for American “accidental tourists” looking for a first world haven away from home. The prices the Sheraton charges are also commensurably first world above or below that offered in other Sheratons around the world. For me and for many local gringos, the Sheraton is an inconvenient place to host a party. It’s too far away from the Anglo-American crowd (so to speak), which runs from São Conrado down to Ipanema. Most members of the Anglo-American community, which includes the Bunker’s party rarely travel farther down the coast than Leblon, even though several of them live in that neighborhood. At the INC meeting however, I found out that many people attending the American Society’s party rarely go “north” of Ipanema except on business. São Conrado and Barra da Tijuca in fact, two of the wealthiest, most modern areas of Rio – regions by and large avoided by local gringos. Seeing as how most of the Sheraton’s guests have their own cars or can easily pay for taxis, the Sheraton is convenient and located within the range of their day affairs.

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114 See footnote #9. The Sheraton is far enough “south” – in both sense of the word – that it’s not inappropriate for someone like me.

115 Meaning (to steal a term from ecology) the geographic region in which they travel, rather than their day affairs.
at the Sheraton. A couple of months prior to the party I attended, an auction of petroleum exploration rights in Guanabara Bay took place at the hotel. An American photographer whom I had interviewed covered the event and the subsequent protests for AP International. “The place was packed to the rim with gringo representatives of gringo oil companies,” he remarked.

I walked into the Sheraton’s lobby and took the elevator down to the pool level along with two women and a pair of children. The adults were speaking in southern accented American English interspersed with Portuguese words while the kids rattled on in flawless carioca accented Portuguese. When the older woman, obviously the mom, spoke to the children she made a point of speaking solely in English (even though her Portuguese was quite good, as I later confirmed). The kids responded promptly, always in Portuguese, with an air about them that was a minor transgression (Sayaad:1991).116

The swimming pool level at the Sheraton is a wide concrete patio containing gardens, the pool, a drinks pagoda and a series of canvas-roofed pavilions for special events and parties. It overlooks the beach cove below the hotel with a 12 foot drop off. The poolside crowd was very white, middle-class and predominantly foreign, judging by the clothes and the voices. From the Sheraton pool, one can look straight up the hill towards the houses and shanties of Chácara do Ceu. In fact, one can look straight into one of the Bunker’s communal bathrooms.

The party was being held in the largest pavilion. In front of the door there was a welcome table where American Society t-shirts were on sale. Once through the door, there was another table literally full to overflowing with corporate sponsor material. There were close to 40 sponsors (36 to be exact) for the event and their banners and propaganda covered the pavilion’s walls, along with red, white and blue bunting. Some of the more prominent sponsors were Kerr-McGee, Sam’s Club (i.e. Walmart) and several petroleum/energy companies including BP Amoco, British Gas, Chevron, Enron Gas do Brasil, ESSO and SFR Petroleum. As far as I could figure, fully 25% of the party’s sponsors were energy corporations.117 Another heavily represented group were airlines and international transport companies, including American Airlines, British Airways, Continental Airlines, K.R. International Travel, Varig, Metropolitan Transports, Transocean Brasil, Transportes Fink and Transcontrol Relocation. In other words, a very representative chunk of the Anglo-American multi-national corporations operating in Brazil was underwriting the American Society’s festivity.

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116 Basically, the kids were ignoring their mother, with their backs turned to her and never making eye contact. They responded sharply and curtly, always in Portuguese, as if to point out that they could speak it perfectly while their mother couldn’t.

117 Non-cariocas should know that an immense deposit of petroleum has recently been found in Guanabara Bay.
At the indoor welcome table one could buy raffle tickets for the prizes the corporate sponsors were putting up. These were sold 5 reais for 1, 25 for 6 and 50 for 13 tickets. As I watched, 50 real notes fell onto the table without ceremony – it was not unusual for some of the partygoers to spend a hundred reais or more on the raffle. Karen (who I had met through the INC) was holding out at the welcome table dressed in a sort of “Uncle Sam” style outfit. A big, outgoing American woman whose cheerful disposition is only matched by her dogged determination to get things done, Karen is an employee of Transportes Fink, a company that specializes in physically relocating entire households across international distances. For Karen, being sociable with the AS community is also good business sense: at these events, her clients get to meet her face-to-face.

Behind the table a stage had been set up surrounded by huge stacks of speakers. In front of this, there was a series of concrete risers going up and out in a half-circle towards the pavilion’s walls. Two buffets were laid out on these, one on each wing, along with about 20 or 30 tables each set for around 9 people or so. Some of these were empty, but not many. There was a little pencil can of American flags set out in the middle of each table. The wait staff were all dressed up in white suits with black ties while the American Society helpers were wearing “stars and stripes” motif bibs and Uncle Sam hats.

There were about 200 people in the party pavilion, mostly foreigners, about 80% of them Americans but with a very substantial sprinkling of the other angophonic nationalities as well. English was the principal language spoken in public conversation, but Portuguese was also very much in evidence, especially among the children and younger party-goers. Marina was at the event, as were a couple of other women that I had met at the International Newcomer’s Club. Other than that, not a single gringo that I’d met or interviewed in Rio up to that point was present. When I later asked the Bunker residents and other informants about the party, none of them even knew that it had occurred.

The festivities began with a color guard: 4 marines arrayed in full dress uniform entered the pavilion carrying the American and Marine Corps’ flags. The marines presented arms to the podium where Consul Adrienne O’Neal prepares to present President Clinton’s 4th of July speech to Americans living overseas at the American society of Rio de Janeiro’s 4th of July party. Photo from the American Societies website.
the Brazilian flag was, standing rigidly to attention. The Brazilian national anthem was played, then the American. Few people stood for either. More people sang the Brazilian anthem than its American counterpart, though this may be due to the fact that the American national anthem is unsingable for all but opera stars.... After the anthems, the Marines turned around marched back to the pavilion’s doorway. Shortly afterwards the marines rejoined the festivities, now dressed in golf shirts, shorts and loafers. Their presence at the party reinforced the American myth of the "citizen-soldier".

Consul General Adrienne O’Neal, a middle-aged African-American woman got up on the podium to read President William Jefferson Clinton’s official 4th of July address to Americans living overseas. It’s worth remarking that O’Neal seemed to be the only African-American in the room with the exception of a man at her table (who I assumed was her consort) and some of the Brazilian wait staff. Hardly anyone stopped their dinner conversations in order to listen to the vice-consul. O’Neal herself didn’t seem enthused to be there. She read Clinton’s speech with the intonation of an elementary school teacher lecturing to a classroom full of six-year olds. She didn’t make eye contact with her audience.

“Every year, the President of the United States on the occasion of the 4th of July makes an inspirational declaration, something that we read in all of our installations abroad. Because those of us who are not home for the 4th of July need to know that from the very top, from the highest leadership, it is recognized that there are Americans abroad and that they, too, should be inspired by the President’s words. So I’m going to read his presidential declaration now, after which we’ll continue to eat, drink and be merry: [People didn’t stop eating, drinking and being merry while she talked.]

“I am pleased and proud to join my fellow Americans across the nation and around the world by celebrating Independence Day. When our founders set their hands to the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and gave life to the United States of America, they took an enormous leap of faith. They placed great trust not only in their fellow citizens, but also in all Americans who would follow in their footsteps. That trust has been passed from generation to generation, and it has been honored by millions of men and women whose hard work, sacrifice, generous spirit and love of country have seen us safely through more than two centuries of great challenge and change. As we come together once again to celebrate the birth of our great nation, we reflect upon the remarkable achievements that have placed us in a position of unparalleled world leadership.

“For the peace and prosperity we enjoy today, we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to the great patriots who came before us. As twenty-first century Americans, we are not only the beneficiaries of their courage and vision, we are also the stewards of their sacrifice. It is up to us to preserve the freedom that so many brave Americans have risked their lives to secure. It is up to us to realize our country’s highest ideals of justice, equality and human dignity. [The country n’ western band starts tuning up behind Ms. Adrienne at this point] It is up to us to reject the forces of hatred that
seek to divide us and instead embrace our common humanity as well as the history and heritage that we share as Americans. Our nation’s journey to form a more perfect union is far from over [there was a nice bit of microphone feedback at this point, followed by another chord from the band] but strengthened by our founders’ vision and inspired by our... we are sure to reach our destination. On this Independence Day, as we celebrate the past, present and future of America, Hillary joins me in sending best wishes to all for a wonderful 4th of July.”

As far as inspirational speeches go, this one quite clearly fell into that sub-category which celebrates the American “civil religion” emphasizing democracy and “E.Plurbis Unum”. It also contained overtones of what Sacvan Berkovitch calls “The American Jeremiad” - the invocation of a providential American mission for political purposes (Berkovitch, 1978). Clinton’s address stressed themes of “we are one people, united”, following a prescribed, glorious destiny arm in arm. By accepting greater unity through the rejection of “the forces of hatred which seek to divide us”, Americans are “sure to reach our destination.” But what destination is that? Which “forces” divide, exactly? A million different interpretations of Clinton’s words are possible. The address was a masterful piece of saying nothing while hitting all the themes which Americans have come to expect to hear at moments such as these: their great shared past, their glorious future, the sacrifice of their ancestors and their prosperous, free, present as citizens of the most powerful nation on Earth.

As I mentioned above, the vast majority of the Americans present ignored O’Neal. The crowd's reaction to the speech illustrates several important elements of the American Society 4th of July Party as a gringo event. It was probably penned by a paid speech writer for a Democratic president who likely didn’t give it more than a brief look before authorizing its distribution. It was enunciated by a black woman to a white, Republican audience who gave every indication that they would have been just as happy to not have heard it. Ironically, it was the non-Americans, Brazilians in particular, who politely kept quiet during the consul’s 5 minute speech. The country & western band tuned up behind O’Neal on the podium while she talked, adding injury to insult.118 In short,

[118 The unexpressed yet ever-present nature of racism in the American business community can best be illustrated by an experience I had several days after the party at a Mexican restaurant in Leblon, when I inadvertently eavesdropped on an American businessman describing his reception by the Rio Consulate to a Brazilian couple. “Yeah, this guy called me from the Consulate. I didn’t call him, he called me. And he said ‘Hello! My name’s Weismann. I heard you’re going up to Brasilia. We can help you: we’ve got a lot of projects up there...’” The man snorted. “Weismann! Huh! What does that name tell you?” His Brazilian companions looked puzzled. “Star of David,” the man explained, tracing one on his chest. “You know?” When his companions still didn’t seem to get the picture he said “He’s a Jew. You know, if I do a lot for him, he’ll do a little for me.” The Brazilian woman sitting across the table from him looked very slightly sem graça, as if the American had just admitted to a penchant for pedophilia in the midst of polite company. It seemed to me that the American picked up on this immediately. He dropped back in his chair a bit and eyed the woman. “I’m not saying the Jews are anti-ethical, you know, just that they’ll do everything they can to help themselves. They don’t work illegally, you know,” he said, snorting again and leaning forward as the
contrary to what many Brazilians might believe, the 4th of July Party was not a patriotic affair: it was a social function for the anglophone expatriate business and consular community in Rio. It was an occasion to get to know colleagues' spouses, meet their children and, perhaps, make a few useful business contacts on the side. From the highest levels of the ritual (Bill Clinton) down to the lowest, I was hard pressed to observe any manifestations of patriotism beyond the absolutely superficial (e.g. Karen and the helpers' "Uncle Sam" clothes and the red, white and blue decor).

After the speech, the consul went back to her table and everyone settled down to drink free beer while the “good ol’ boys” (from Tennessee by way of Niteroi) up on stage launched into a country and western version of the old blue-grass chestnut, “Rocky Top”. A table mate (a 60s something man with a Boston accent who came to the party alone) struck up a conversation with me. He’d been in Brazil since 1960 on and off (“That was the Cold War then, you know. Between communism and democracy...”) and had apparently been to several official consulate events in other countries, too. We talked about violence and corruption in Brazil, which he insisted had increased since he’d been here last. My tablemate didn’t seem to think much about the batch of Brazilian politicians then in power:

“The sad thing is that Pitta [the current mayor of São Paulo, under investigation at the time for financial and bribery scandals] studied public administration at Harvard, you know. Got his master’s there. Then he gets caught up in this crap in São Paulo. Look at Ciro Gomes: same thing. He goes up there for a year, comes back and you really don’t see anything intelligent coming out of that guy., know what I mean? You see these people – a lot of Brazilians have been exposed to U.S. education, and it’s almost like the military generals: it doesn’t seem to rub off on them. Except a few like Malan or Fraga. Fraga was making more than a million dollars a year at Soros, you know? For a guy like him to come down here... I mean these guys are well known and rightly so in their respective fields and they come down here to try and help their country, but then they run up against the politicians. Something simple, like ‘we have to balance the budget’ goes right out the window...

“Another guy that went to Harvard: Conde. He studied urban renewal and, son-of-a-gun, whereas Rio used to be a beautiful city without too much visual pollution, now we’ve got outdoor signs and all sorts of... you can’t even see the ocean anymore. And look at Barra da Tijuca... Now that’s gonna get a lot worse.”

My tablemate’s ideas regarding politics in Brazil struck me as very disturbing, especially given that he had been living in Brazil and “Latin America” for several years – perhaps decades. Foremost among these ideas was the notion that elite American universities such as Harvard have somehow failed to transmit appropriate values (“democracy” and open dealing with public funds...
being key among these) to their Brazilian students. Apparently, my tablemate held this to be due to a persistent inability of certain members of the Brazilian elite to learn from what are presumably their American betters. In this view of the world, Brazilians are incapable of managing their nation's affairs without American aid: they must go to the U.S. to learn how to appropriately administer Brazil. Even then, however, “U.S. education... doesn’t seem to rub off on them”. There are a few Brazilians like Malan and Fraga, who have apparently learned their lessons correctly. Even they are incapable of "helping their country" however, because the local incompetent and corrupt politicians stop them.

The backdrop of this conversation was the then ongoing Federal employees’ strike, which my tablemate disapproved of because “it made Brazil lose credit in the eyes of foreign investors”. The discussion was a typical example of the sort of circular logic displayed by many gringos who believe in the panacea of the free market. It goes something like this: "Brazilians dislike their government’s actions and rebel against it. Revolts just cause more trouble because the government’s foreign backers lose faith in the nation. This state of affairs is unacceptable because the major problems facing this country are economic in nature and the current government is doing the best job possible to solve those problems. A better - or faster - job of solving those problems cannot be done because problems linked to Brazilian ‘culture’, principally endemic corruption, stand in the way. [Culture is almost always the word used to describe these things]". Unfortunately, one presumes that these problems can only be solved by a certain degree of revolt by Brazilians, which then leads to the above response that revolt will only lead to foreign “mistrust” of Brazil.

If one short circuits this logical loop, however, one finds that at its base lies an a priori definition of Brazil as a “loser nation”. This view of things is in no way limited to expats (or even gringos, for that matter). As one of my “local” informants put it in a moment of extreme candor and revolt:

“You know what Brazilians are? They’re cretins. Cretins in the original Greek sense of the word: people who are genetically uncivilizable. There’s something up there [pointing to his head] that’s stopping these people from being common-sensical. I mean, you know why I don’t speak these peoples language? Why should I? What do I have in common with a bunch of cretins?

“Brazil is a failed country. Or like my friend said, ‘It’s the most imperfect of countries’. I mean, Jesus Christ, I’m not even sure I’m going to be able to get home alright without getting killed or mugged tonight! How can this be in a supposedly ‘civilized’ nation?

“Living here in Brazil is like living in Bongo Bongo Land. It’s fuckin’ depressing. I gotta get out of here before I meet another 7 year old who’s trying to sell me breath mints.”

A nation so defined has no alternative other than go to it’s betters, hat in hand, hoping that someone will take notice and help it. This is the sentiment underlying many of my tablemate’s
comments. Missing from this worldview, of course, is any concept of how Brazil’s status as a “loser” nation may actually be maintained, at least in part, by the influence of power and prestige external to Brazil.\textsuperscript{119}

By the end of the party, the few remaining guests had moved out to the poolside drinks pagoda. I joined the margins of a crowd of a dozen people made up mostly of single American men and Brazilian women engaged in flirting and conversation. As was the case with most of the gringos I saw during the evening, the majority of the men seemed to work in the telecommunications and petroleum industries. One of the women asked one of the men if he spoke Portuguese.

“Hablo português!” he responded with a heavy Spanish accent. When she said “No. Portuguese!” he repeated “Hablo español muy bien.”

“Some Brazilians don’t like you to speak Spanish,” she said, frowning.

“Well they should learn it,” he laughed.

Many of the men involved in the discussion had come to Rio following other assignments in Latin America. They spoke Spanish fluently (two were married to Venezuelan and Argentinean wives) and conversed with Brazilians in that language or English. Some of them at least didn’t see any pressing need to learn their new host country’s language and they didn’t seem to care if their comments offended Brazilians. During the party almost all public conversation was in English, with Portuguese being a decidedly secondary language. In fact, if we define “gringo space” as anglophonic sociability occurring in the midst of lusophone sociability, it would be difficult to classify the American Society’s event as “gringo space”, except in the most vaguest sense. The Sheraton in general and the party in particular were insulated from Brazilian presence and pressure to a very great degree, though many Brazilians participated in the event. This, then, is the context of the quip that “Brazilians should learn Spanish”: such a comment in typical gringo space could expect to be met with a strongly negative Brazilian reaction. Here, however, reaction – though negative – was muted, perhaps due to the fact that the Brazilian party-goers were heavily in the minority.

The Brazilian woman frowned and took a step back, but an employee of Transportes Fink (and a long-term bilingual resident of Rio de Janeiro) jumped in with a story, apparently to help break the tension. “Someone called us once and asked me ‘Do your movers speak English?’” And I

\textsuperscript{119} I will not go into the many fallacies and assumptions which underlie this worldview. As I’m writing these words, however, George W. Bush has apparently won the presidency of the United States even though his opponent received more votes. To add insult to injury, Bush’s win was decided in Florida, a state whose governor is his brother and where victory was decided by a margin of less than 1000 votes amidst vociferous charges of vote fraud. Given all this, it seems unlikely to me that the American political and economic elite is in any position to teach their Brazilian counterparts about public morality...
answered, ‘Si...’” Everyone, Brazilians and Americans, laughed appreciatively at this. The Brazilian woman then turned back to the Spanish speaking American and essayed another conversational tact: “I have a friend in Colombia...”

“Is she still alive?”

“Yes...” she said, slightly puzzled.

“Well, tell her to get the hell out of Colombia.” Most of the Americans laughed heartily at this, but few of the Brazilians joined in.

I found this exchange chilling given the rumblings then being heard in the international media regarding the possibility of direct American military intervention in Colombia. The comments reveal a view of the world where war and American military intervention are seen, at worst, as acts of God or nature which mortals cannot prevent. Since the U.S. government had decided to put an end to “narcoterrorism” in Colombia, the only response left to the citizens of that nation was to “get the fuck out” of it. The heartfelt American laughter which greeted this comment discloses an ignorance of, an apathy towards, or a complicity with the U.S. government’s plans for Colombia. The humor displayed by these Americans was gallows humor - the kind displayed by the hangman, however, and not the condemned. These attitudes are light-years removed from Sal’s belief that one needs “to go meet the people, find out that they’re humans, and then go be their friends.”

As the party ended, I reflected upon the irony that at one point in the late 19th century the 4th of July had been an official Brazilian holiday as well. Marshal Floriano Peixoto, then the president of Brazil, had declared it to be so by way of thanks for the U.S. government’s military support against rebels who had threatened to oust the quasi-dictator from the presidential palace.

In 1894, U.S. intervention in Brazil’s troubles was seen by Americans as necessary for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. It was, in the words of then U.S. minister to Brazil Thomas Thompson, something which would “…let the European nations generally know that we would maintain [the Doctrine] even at the deplorable cost of war.” This event was the beginning of the American “gunboat diplomacy” which would result in some dozens of armed interventions throughout Latin America and the Caribbean over the next hundred years. As historian Steven Topik puts it, “Benham’s actions in Guanabara Bay were an important first step in asserting American supremacy over the British in Latin America.” Though American troops would never

120 The ideological traditions behind Sal’s comments are not above criticism, however. For a trenchant look at North American pacifism and its precepts today, see Ward Churchill’s 1981 article, “Pacificism as Pathology”, a large chunk of which is on display at www.angelfire.com/tx/kaosneverfades/peace.html.
121 Topik, Steven C. Trade and Gunboats: The United States and Brazil in the Age of Empire, p.176.
122 Topik, p.150.
123 Topik, p.153. See also William Appleman Williams, who considers the event to be one of the nine crucial events which consolidated America’s expansionist outlook. (In: Williams, American Empire, p.35).
again fire upon Brazilian troops,\textsuperscript{124} this armed corollary to American political and economic muscle has cast a long and deep shadow over the way many Brazilians perceive the United States and Americans.\textsuperscript{125}

70 years later, the United States Navy sent a carrier task force to intervene in the 1964 military coup in Brazil. This time, the enemy was not the supposed spread of “John Bull”, but that of communism which the American government was convinced it was fighting. The coup was preceded by CIA covert actions which undermined elected Brazilian authorities. It was followed up by massive programs of military and economic aid that helped stabilize the generals’ rule (which was highlighted by the institutional use of torture and disappearance of political opponents) for over twenty years. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the United States has become associated in many Brazilians’ eyes as a negative imperialist influence in Brazil.\textsuperscript{126}

The gringos who were celebrating the 4\textsuperscript{th} of July at the Sheraton gave no indications of being aware of any of this history. Reading the \textit{Umbrella}, the “official voice of the English speaking community in Rio”, one is struck by the cheerful, even booster-like, descriptions of the U.S. Navy’s participation in the recent celebrations surrounding the 500\textsuperscript{th} anniversary of the discovery of Brazil:

“The American Society of Rio stood proud and tall, ready to welcome the US Navy ship Estocin upon it’s arrival in Rio.

\textsuperscript{124} Intentionally, that is. There were several friendly fire incidents between the U.S. Army and the Brazilian Expeditionary Force in Italy, during WWII. See [find documentation: try \textit{O Dicionário das Batalhas Brasileiras}]

\textsuperscript{125} I do not wish to somehow imply that Benham’s actions in 1894 have had a direct effect on the way in which Brazilians perceive the U.S. and Americans. The revolt against Floriano Peixoto has been completely lost in the mists of time for most Brazilians who, truth be told, have probably never even heard of the event. Even most Brazilians with extensive, excellent university education are unaware of the occurrence. When several of my friends kidded me about my going to “celebrate” an American national holiday, they were totally unprepared for my return gibe that it was the celebration of a Brazilian holiday that I was going to witness. Only one of them had even heard about the American intervention in 1894 and some of them even mistook the naval revolt against Floriano for the Chibata Revolt, another revolt entirely.

\textsuperscript{126} Check \textit{A Revolução de 1964, Comentada pela Casa Branca}, Moreira Alves’ \textit{Estado e Resistência no Brasil Militar} and Agee, \textit{Inside the Company} for the dirty details. Also see \textit{Hidden Terrors} for information on U.S. coplicity with the training of Brazilian torturers.
The Estocin was in Rio... to help celebrate the 500 year anniversary of Brazil....

“Long dear to the hearts of the American community here in Rio is the Insituto Central do Povo, located not far from the port...

“Knowing of the exceptional work done and the proud reputation of the US Navy when visiting foreign countries, the American Society of Rio presented it with some of the needs of the Institute [sic]. Beyond anyone’s wildest expectations, the Navy agreed to get the entire job done. The US Navy took on the task of renovating the cafeteria and playground areas. Together with the sailors, the American community took up paint brushes, tools, and determination over the course of three days. The Navy generously supplied all of the materials.

“This concrete example of a "good neighbor" will remain in the memories of the children and the hearts of those struggling to overcome great odds for a long time after the U.S. Estocin has sailed out of port. Let us hope the ripples will be evident for a long time.”

Obviously, armed intervention in the domestic politics of Brazil is not what the Umbrella means when it talks about the U.S. Navy’s “proud tradition” of upholding American virtue in foreign ports and to bring up that history within the expat social circle which the Umbrella targets would be seen as the height of poor taste. In the view of the world put forth by Umbrella (a jornal heavily subsidized by the American Society, British Legion and International Newcomers Society), individual examples of “good neighbor” politics (American sailors reforming an orphanage) outweigh more macro-sociopolitical phenomenon (fiscal belt-tightening enforced upon the Brazilian government by the American dominated International Monetary Fund). These latter concerns are basically absent from the pages of Umbrella and, indeed, from the discourses of most American at the Society’s 4\textsuperscript{th} of July party. The power, prestige and capital which they represent are largely seen as being blameless in the construction of Brazil (and Latin America) as we find it today.

However, it would be an error to blindly ascribe the above attitudes and events to a unilateral, monolithic “imperialism”: the elites of Brazil have had a long history of inviting Anglo-American military and economic intervention in behalf of what they perceive as Brazilian interests. As Topik documents in Trade and Gunboats, President Floriano Peixoto hired a mercenary fleet organized by

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\textsuperscript{127} The Umbrella, Vol VII, Jun 00, p.4. For a better vision of what the term “good neighbor” has historically meant in a Brazilian context, see Tota, O Imperialismo Sedutor. Interestingly enough, the AS’ reception of the Estocin and the British Legion’s simultaneous soiree on Her Majesty’s frigate Southampton (described by the jornal as “enjoying the summer in the Falklands”) are strikingly reminiscent of the early 19\textsuperscript{th} century parties so well described by Maria Graham thrown by English carioca society for the officers of British warships anchored in Guanabara Bay. Apparently, this nautically related tradition has lived on into the twenty first century together with the tradition of ceremonially firing the canons of the Rio’s forts in salute of foreign warship approaching the bay entrance....
American businessman Charles Flint to finish off Admiral de Mello’s rebels. Three quarters of a century earlier, Dom Pedro I hired retired British Admiral Lord Cochrane to fight for Brazilian independence with a fleet principally officered by anglophone foreigners. The first captain of the Brazilian navy was in fact an American: Thomas Jewitt. 70 years after the debut of “Flint’s Fleet”, Brazilian generals looked to the United States to support their coup de etat against elected president João Goulart. In the 1860s, Richard Burton witnessed the importation of foreign technicians and engineers (many English) to improve Brazilian roads and maintain equipment during the war with Paraguay much in the same way that foreign technicians are now being imported to help set up and maintain Brazil’s new telecommunications network. If the gringos at the American Society’s 4th of July party find that they don’t need to watch their tongues, this is to a great degree due to the fact that those relatively few Brazilians attending the party held more-or-less the same opinions. Several of the Brazilians whom I met at this and other expat functions were quite outspoken in their views of Brazil as a perpetual nation “que não tem jeito”.

Because of this, despite the fact that many individuals in the expat social circle have very stable and intense connections with the structures of power, prestige and capital in their homelands, they are not more likely to be disqualified as imperialists than local gringos. Their interaction with Brazilian webs of sociability is much more rarified than their local gringo counterparts and the values they express are not necessarily different from those of the Brazilians with whom they socialize.

If it is true, as Abdelmalak Sayad suggests, no one can live with impunity in a foreign nation, expats seem determined to try. An expat can easily structure their life in Rio to follow the familiar patterns of their homeland. This is the class of anglophones who, according to Emílio Willems, finds “little reward in substituting traditional values for new ones,” to whom “assimilation was not a matter of prestige or economic interest.” Such conservatism can reach levels which border on the surreal. For example, Transportes FINK – a company specialized in the international transportation of entire households – exists because of an expat desire to maintain furniture, decorations and all the trappings of home stable throughout processes of international dislocation.

However, it would be wrong to label expats as completely “unassimilated”. Though it is true that they do not meet Willem’s definition of the word, they are often able to manipulate Brazilian “native categories” more competently than the local gringos. Despite the comments quoted above, significant numbers of expats do speak Portuguese quite fluently. The women, in particular, are often blessed with enough income and freetime to dedicate a certain portion of their day to intensive study of Brazilian history, literature, arts and – most importantly – the Portuguese language. Expats can thus possess a degree of fluency in native categories that is the envy of many local gringos.
Ironically enough, then, the anglophones who who most objectively fit the description of “ianqui imperialist” are also likely to be able to defend themselves by appearing to be “assimilated” (i.e. “good”) foreigners.

An article in *Brazzil Magazine’s* April 2000 issue claims that “The number of foreigners who were given authorization to work in Brazil since 1997 has increased by 56 percent, according to the Labor and Employment Ministry. While there were 24,503 foreigners working legally in Brazil in 1997 (20 percent of them were from the US), today there are 38,310 of them.”

“...The daily average of work permits given to foreigners has increased from 34 in 1999 to 63 this year. If the same rhythm of the first semester is maintained throughout the year, Brazil will end 2000 with 23,000 new foreign workers.... Late August, in an effort to make it harder for a foreigner to get a permit, Brazilian House of Representative’s Foreign Relations Committee passed a bill that would allow foreign workers only from countries that would also admit Brazilian to work there. The measure based on the reciprocity principle would require studies by the government. To become law the bill still has to be approved by the full senate and President Fernando Henrique Cardoso. Curiously, 27 percent of all the work authorizations are being given to experts in underwater exploration. From the 1389 foreign workers who entered Brazil form January to March, 364 were engineers, 256 were managers and 199 were chemist and physicists.”

Current Brazilian popular and legal manifestations against foreign workers have not made much of an impact upon the corporations which employ expats. Furthermore, the corporations which hire many expats have legal departments and connections with the Brazilian State which often enable them to successfully intervene in favor of their international employees’ continued presence in Brazil. As Terrence, a Scottish contract worker for Petrobras who’s lived in Rio for the past four years puts it “I don’t even know where I should go to get my visa renewed. The company takes care of all that.” Locals, however, have suffered when English schools were recently subjected to increased fiscalization from the Ministério de Trabalho. Political pressure applied against what’s popularly considered to be “ianqui imperialism” thus in fact often harms precisely those gringos who do not have any institutional or personal connections with foreign structures of power, prestige or capital while leaving those who do essentially untouched. While expats may blithely live in Brazil, cushioned by well-paid employment, relative isolation and corporate connections, locals are subjected to the full force of Brazilian immigration law and the ups and downs of the economy.
CHAPTER 5: "TEACHING ENGLISH IS THE PRICE I PAY TO LIVE IN BRAZIL"

Most of my time in the field I spent with local gringos. Partially, this is because I lacked the financial (and to a great degree symbolic) capital necessary to keep up with the expats. Mostly, however, I chose to focus on local gringos because they represent the type of Anglo-American living in Brazil that is mostly ignored by immigration scholars. These are the gringos who come to Rio de Janeiro on student or tourist visas and who decide to stay, often living on irregular papers and working illegally for years before finally leaving or regularizing their situation through marriage or amnesty programs. Consequently, these gringos are to a very great degree “off the screen” of those organizations (such as the Polícia Federal) who are responsible for monitoring the flow of foreigners into and out of Brazil. The best way in which their presence can be adequately studied is through the intense qualitative focus of anthropologic fieldwork.

There is no clear dividing line which separates a gringo living in Brazil from one just passing through. It is quite normal for people who describe themselves as travellers to slip into a routine of life in Rio, staying on year after year and becoming, in effect, “accidental immigrants”. Likewise, a gringo who’s lived here for years might suddenly leave due to a family, personal or economic crisis. In order to understand local gringos, then, one must first understand the sub-category of “traveler” as this is a label which most locals at one time or another applied to themselves.

Travelers

Several of my local gringos informants classified themselves as “travelers”. Many more of them mentioned that they’d originally come to Rio as “travelers”. None described themselves as tourists – even the most unprepared, ephemeral visitors. “Tourist” was used as an epithet to classify other gringos, most particularly Americans, and in this sense it shares some of the same characteristics as the gringo category of “typical American”. The split between “tourist” and “traveler” can best be illustrated by the comments Amy (an American in her mid-twenties and self-described traveler with a year and a half of life experience in Brazil and Peru) used to describe her relatives on their recent trip to visit her in Rio. Entitled “The Family’s Visit to a 3rd World Country... Oh My” it was sent out as an e-mail to her friends and relatives. The following is a heavily edited version:

“I go to meet them at their hotel that first day, which is right across the street from my house [the “Bunker” pousada in Leblon]. I couldn’t find them... [they were] at H. Stern,... giddy from their purchases of overpriced jewelry...
“I was dressed like usual, which is a little different from home.... with shell and bead jewelry, skirt and a low cut shirt with no back, just shoulder straps that tie with a string. [My family] noticed and poked at it: ‘Where is the rest of your shirt?’ I thought that if they have a problem with the shirt, maybe they shouldn’t see the bikini... Aunt Connie was the non-prude, telling them to relax, that I was dressed like a local... 128

“I met them that night for dinner at a restaurant that I would naturally never be able to afford [by myself]. Then it was time to take them out... I went to hail taxis for us. I felt like I was putting my children into the car, terrified I would lose them in a teeming urban center where they would be helpless... I demanded the cabs stay together since [my family] screamed ‘tourist’ (literally – Americans are loud!)...

“The next day the group was dropped off at H-Stern AGAIN. 3 days in the city and the tour encouraged [that] 2 of them [be spent] in a jewelry store... Then it was time for Corcovado... We got to the top and everyone was stressing out, cueing up for the perfect pictures, while I’m trying to point out everything in the city... Nobody was taking time to kick back and enjoy it... They were always worried about what they had to do next instead of just enjoying the moment. Then it was time for the downtown tour. The only thing we deboarded [from the tour bus] for was 5 minutes in a church. That’s what probably bugged me the most: the best thing about travel is meeting the locals. I wanted them to hang out in the local dingy pit where people greet you with a hug and a kiss and even the poorest people will buy a big bottle of beer to split with you, pulling up extra chairs to their table for you and talking about futbol [sic]129, etc. And even if you do end up with other travelers, they are from another part of the world. The diversity is what it’s all about and yet the tour only allowed for them to see the city from a bus and hang out with people just like them: upper middle class white Americans...

“Also, the upper class Brasilian tour guide that accompanied [us] was your typical rich Carioca with a very rich Carioca perspective about his city. Not that I disagreed with everything he said, but you can always tell a snobbish local take on the city... I know you might scoff at me for saying this as he is a local and I’m not but honestly, the fact is I do know another side to the city that he would never associate with... Then, of course, when he tells Dad that he may be able to help me stay in the country, Dad thinks this guy is the answer to my visa problems... It’s out of his hands unless he intends to marry me...

128 Among the women whom I’ve interviewed, the dress habits of certain carioca women have frequently come up for discussion. Originally perceived as “slutty” or “tartish”, this carioca fashion is later touted by gringas as “practical, especially in this heat” after very little time in Rio. Those who are headed back out of Brazil also wonder if they can get away with dressing in their “Brazilian” clothes in their countries of origin. As Alice puts it: “My Brazilian wardrobe: what to do with it?... Here, people are more chilled out, sensual... When I first arrived, I left the airport and it was like... wow... nobody was wearing any clothes! I knew it was because of the climate and all, but still. In London, you can construct a little story about everyone based on what they’re wearing. And women dressed like that [indicates a tube top and shorts] would be considered slappers, [a woman who has sex with anyone].”

129 A Portuguese transfer to English. In this case, one can presume that as the author is American, she’s trying to differentiate international from American-style football. By avoiding the use of the word “soccer”, she signals yet another sympathetic approximation to values understood as Brazilian.
“I just wanted [my family] to question things, think for themselves, not be handed their opinion of the country...

“Another thing about the tour: they hand out complimentary bags to lug around stuff... [they are] bright red with WORLDLY TOURS scrawled in big letters. It’s the kind of bag that screams ‘My $500.00 Nikon with telephoto lens is right inside’... They might as well have handed out Bermuda shorts and dark socks. The bus then arrived at Copacabana where everyone was herded off... for the group photo. In Copa?! The tourist/thieving capital of the world?! I don’t even like going to Copa. Then the [tour] leader starts yelling “ALL WORLDLY TOUR PEOPLE, RIGHT THIS WAY FOR THE GROUP PHOTO.” He may as well have screamed “CONSPICUOUSLY LINE UP RIGHT HERE SO THAT EVERY THIEF IN RIO CAN SEE THIS BIG GROUP OF WEALTHY TOURISTS AND MAKE THEIR WAY OVER.” Which is exactly what they did, along with every hat and t-shirt vendor. I’m used to trying like crazy to blend in, so this was horrifying...

“We went to a very nice, rather quite, restaurant. The first thing they saw [is another couple from the tour] and they screamed like family members that hadn’t seen each other in decades. I couldn’t quite explain to Mom that we were not at Jim Bob’s... As we are sitting there, it’s suggested that the video camera be taken out to film the buffet. God. Of course, we just don’t have nice food like that in Redneckville. That’s what we looked like. Uncle Bud said that Karen once called them a bunch of ‘Fred and Ethel’ tourists. That is exactly what [they] are. They are the typical stereotype of the Japanese tourist. Mom and Aunt Connie were trying to get the waiters in the shot as I’m slipping under the table. But of course I was requested to join them. Uncle Bud, sensing my embarrassment, went one step further for my benefit, saying “Goooooool-ly!” in his best ‘Gomer Pyle’ impersonation. He achieved his objective and a red-faced Amy quickly pretended she was a tour guide and not a relative...

“On the way back that night, we hail another cab. The minute the doors close, I notice [the meter is not turned on]. The tell-tale sign of a thief. Of course, when I ask him for the price, it’s tripled. I want to get out of the cab right there, but for the sake of ‘time’ and ‘convenience’ they just let him rip us off. I really hate that... it ruins things for people like me who really can’t afford the tourist price... I’ve never been ripped off by a cab driver... until now. The only times I have been were with the family. So as you can see, they have blending in down to an art form...

“I’m not trying to sound like a complete snob, it’s just that I’m so used to doing things on my own now... I’m more than happy that [my family] enjoyed themselves, but listening to Mom go on and on about how adventurous she and the rest were, it was all I could do to not say ‘Mom, you got the best ‘adventure’ money could buy.’ Translation: you have not roughed it or gone without the comfort of the United States for one second.”

A traveler generally comes to Brazil believing that her stay will be prolonged but temporary. The stated purpose of many travelers is to “open their horizons by seeing other countries.” Often travelers come to Brazil as part of a greater project of “seeing the world”, arriving here after living in other foreign nations and leaving Brazil to continue on to other locales. (In Amy’s case, she
entered Brazil from and left to Peru after her tourist visa expired.) In this sense, travelers possess
many of the same characteristics as Hannerz’ “metropolitans” (Hannerz, 1996) We can clearly see
this in Amy’s insistence that “diversity is what it’s all about.” Whereas a tourist wants to see the
sights while maintaining their comfort, a traveler “kicks back (i.e. relaxes) and enjoys” the
experience of being in a foreign country for it’s own sake, “meeting the locals” in the “local dingy
pit” to drink beer and talk about football. In short, a tourist goes to see the sights and a traveler goes
to meet the people.

The traveler, while not adverse to some discreet sight-seeing, wants to see life as it’s lived –
get behind the curtain into the backstage, in the words of Hannerz (1996:105). Consequently, one of
the traveler’s principal worries is “blending in” so that they will not be taken for a tourist. The
consequences of failed “blending in” are described by Amy as “horribly” and principally involve
being seen as a target for theft and for “rip offs”. This last term is principally used in the context of
overcharging for services – particularly taxi cabs. Almost every gringo I talked to pointed out the
taxis of Rio de Janeiro as prime ground in which to get “ripped off”. Another place where “gringo
surcharges” where commonly reported were bar tabs. As Carl reports,

“Where I always get tapped as a gringo... is with the waiters... You always have to confirm the
bill and like 90% of the time there’s a discrepancy... Especially if you’re drinking and speaking
English: I can guarantee you that there’ll be an extra five to ten reais on that bill... I deal with it now by
starting to speak Portuguese [with the waiter]. Then it’s like “Ah, desculpe! Foi um erro da gente...”
Yeah, sure. [risadas] It’s like “Oh, I didn’t know you spoke Portuguese...” We’ve sat down and only
spoken Portuguese, too, and when we’ve done that, we’ve never had a problem.”

The traveler blends in by adopting a protective coloring (tube tops and skirts instead of
“Bermuda shorts and black socks”), by avoiding places where tourism is intense (“Copacabana...
the tourist/thieving capital of the world... I don’t even like going to Copa.”), by not drawing
attention to oneself (not being a “loud American”), by mastering native categories (noticing when a
taxi meter is turned on) and – most importantly, as the above commentary by Carl indicates – by
speaking the native language and conversing freely with the natives. Speaking Portuguese and not
English (“Americans are loud” – the reaction here is not so much to the noise as to noise in English)
is perhaps the most important way a gringo traveler can “blend in” and avoid a rip off.

Travelers do not spend their days shopping at H. Stern or seeing Rio from Corcovado: they
are too busy learning how to navigate in the city without the help of tour guides (for example).
According to travelers, tourists spend money on things travelers can’t or won’t – “overpriced
jewelry” and “unaffordable restaurants”. Tourists don’t argue with cabbies, even when they know
they’re being ripped off – a point of honor with travelers. The subtext here is that tourists do not
understand the true value of things in the country they are visiting. They are “children” who are “helpless” without the services of an experienced guide.

A traveler may perceive tourists as Hannerzian “locals” (Hannerz, 1996) lost in the wide world: they are “out of their element”, so to speak, and probably should stay at home where they belong. This view is made apparent in Amy’s story of her relatives’ at dinner. “Jim Bob” is a southern American name with strong associations of rural unworldliness and ignorance, obviously chosen by Amy to describe the kind of Americans she feels should not be let out of the U.S. The whole series of classifications used by Amy in this section (“redneck”, “Gomer Pyle”, “Fred and Ethel”) also relate to stereotypes of the rural American south or working class. The fact that Amy herself is from North Carolina – a state whose inhabitants are often stereotyped as rural, ignorant and unworldly – allows her to apply these classifications to her family without appearing overly prejudiced. It’s interesting to note that this kind of classification is similar to those made by Brazilians – especially mineiros – in Boston who classify “improper immigrants” from their homeland as ignorant “roceiros”. 

Perhaps by accentuating the “locality” of other foreigners from their homeland, the traveler hopes to underline her contrasting “metropolitan” behavior and ethos. Interestingly enough, the stereotype of the “Japanese tourist“, popularly considered to be the “most authentically tourist” of tourists, is trotted out by Amy at this point to illustrate the nadir to which her relatives sunk. Though “typical Americans” may be bad tourists, here we are presented with an even “worse” – though non-Anglo-American – category.

Finally, a traveler is distinguished from a tourist by the fact that a traveler’s understanding of a given country should allow them to discriminate between native opinions. A traveler knows the true worth of things – including the natives. Within the context of Rio de Janeiro, no native opinion seems to be more despised among travelers (and local gringos in general) than the “typical rich [or middle-class] carioca perspective”. As Jan, an Englishman in his late thirties who’s lived in Rio on and off for five years would have it, “A lot of gringos like to hang around poor people. All that NGO work... They all hate rich Brazilians.”

It’s quite common to hear travelers proudly state that “I go places where most of my Brazilian acquaintances won’t” – generally this means into favelas or the seedier areas of the Centro (it’s difficult to find any gringos who go farther north in Rio de Janeiro than the Feira de São

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130 Braga Martes, p.163.
131 Possibly due to the fact that Japanese tourists are seen as having an especial penchant for recording their voyages with multiple cameras...
132 Jan has this to say about the gringo view of the Brazilian middle-class: “I’m a gringo in Brazil and slagging off the Brazilian elite comes very easily to me... Whenever a gringo starts rattling on about the Brazilian elite [however], one needs to not defend them [the Brazilians], but put it into perspective... Most of
Cristovão, however). This comment betrays two important points: the first is that despite their stated willingness to penetrate into social groups and areas of Rio which they conceive as beyond the reach of the carioca middle class, most travelers’ Brazilian acquaintances come from that same middle class.

The second point is, despite their obvious reluctance to be associated with “tourism”, travelers are in fact looking for many of the same things as tourists. The idea of “adventure”, in particular, stands out as common ground among both tourists and travelers. Amy’s criticism of her family’s reaction to Brazil does not revolve around the fact that they consider Brazil to be “a land of adventure”. Rather, Amy criticizes her family “for having the best ‘adventure’ money can buy” (in short, no adventure at all), for not “going without the comfort of the United States for one second.”

A traveler, then, finds her own adventure and adventure cannot be bought: it must be discovered. In the case of Brazil, this means “going without comfort” which in turn means staying away from things classified as belonging to “the United States” (Barra da Tijuca stands out particularly in this regard). This leads to a supervalorization among travelers of those things they consider to be truly Brazilian – which tend to be those things that are most exotic from the traveler’s point of view. As I’ve mentioned above, in the case of Anglo-Americans this generally means that phenomena and people ideologically associated with the African, Indian and especially the poor (or “underdeveloped” – a favored gringo euphemism) poles of Brazil become overdetermined as symbols of Brazilianess. Highly valued within this scheme of things are:

1) Primary associations (friendship, sexual relations, or love) with Brazilians, especially with poorer, darker Brazilians.

2) Fluency in Portuguese.

3) Living situations where the gringo is surrounded by Brazilians (again, preferentially poorer and darker)

4) Housing near or just within a favela

5) The ability to “pass” for a Brazilian. It’s extremely common to hear gringos proudly declare that “Brazilians think I’m from Santa Catarina.”

6) Association with cultural manifestations which are popularly viewed as “popular” and “non-European” such as capoeira and afro-brasiliera religiosity.

the gringo population here is full of the same prejudices, but with a liberal twist to them. [They display] the same sort of racial, reactionary thinking that was more easily identifiable 20 or 30 years ago.”

133 In the light of Dr. Seyferth’s observation that the “Teuto-Brazilians” of that state are frequently called “gringos” by their Luso-Brazilian or “caboclo” neighbors, exchanging an Anglo-American identity for that of a German-descended Catarense can be seen as an exchange of six for a half-dozen....
Demonstrated mastery of these symbols becomes a shorthand way of proving one’s credentials as traveler who can “blend in”. Conspicuously absent from travelers’ discourses about Brazil are several native categories many Brazilians consider to be “essentially Brazilian”. In other words, travelers see samba or bossa nova as representing “Brazil” – not the music of Villa Lobos. Umbanda is Brazilian but penecostal churches like the “Assembléia de Deus” aren’t. The favelas are Brazilian but not “The South Zone” (and certainly not Barra da Tijuca...) Travelers read the Lonely Planet Guide to Brazil or popular novels about the destruction of the Amazon rainforest, not Casa Grande e Senzala or the works of Guimarães Rosa.\textsuperscript{134}

Furthermore, the traveler ethic is essentially experientialist. Bibliographic or academic study are largely absent from travelers’ discourses as a means through which one might acquire knowledge of Brazil. Apparently, one does not read about Brazil – one lives it.\textsuperscript{135} “I know a lot of people who have half-baked ideas about every aspect of Brazilian life...” says Jan:

“The standard intro to any NGO book will begin with, you know, ‘The rich live in apartments surrounded by wire fences and the poor live in the favelas under conditions of social apartheid.’ Etc, etc, etc... No understanding of Brazilian history. No understanding at all of how Brazil has got to where it’s got to....People don’t read enough anymore, so they don’t write good books anymore. It’s all ‘I feel globalization is this...’ They don’t think that they have to study economy, study social relations, study history... I’m so sick of meeting gringos who tell me shite like ‘Oooh. I just love Brazil. Brazil is... is... indescribable. It’s a mystery that must be lived to be understood. But I like it!’”

\textsuperscript{134} An alternative though perhaps related explanation for this mindset can be found in what Adam Kuper sees as an increased emphasis on “cultural studies” in the social sciences, especially in the United States and Britain. As Kuper would have it “...official high culture is [seen as] suspect, and mass-produced culture condemned as ersatz , if not irredeemably corrupt,... but popular culture is treated sympathetically” when seen through the lens of cultural studies (Kuper: 229) Given the fact that almost all of the local gringos I’ve met and interviewed are college educated, mostly within the arts and human sciences, it’s perhaps not surprising that the views many of them express regarding “Brazilian culture” seem to favor popular cultural forms. In this sense, cultural artifacts such as “samba” and “capoeira” represent the “real” Brazil as they are generally seen as organic expressions of popular culture whose locus is believed to be the favela. Cultural works such as those of Guimarães Rosa and Villa Lobos are not seen as “really Brazilian” because as one gringo told me “How many Brazilians read or listen to that stuff?” Likewise, things like telenovelas, middle class shopping centers and Barra da Tijuca are dismissed as “consumerist crap” (or – worse yet –the effects of “Americanization”, regarding which, see Kuper’s comments on p.232 of Culture.). The “cultural studies” explanation does not quite cover all bases, however: very few gringos have pointed out pagode or pentecostal churches as “really Brazilian”, even though these are indisputably manifestations of popular culture on display in many favelas. To be “really Brazilian” then, culture must exotic as well as popular; two attributes which the favela seems to reunite in the eyes of many – if not most – gringos.

\textsuperscript{135} Of all the gringos I met and talked to in my fieldwork, only five were attempting to aggressively expand their understanding of Brazil and Rio through reading and study. Two of these individuals were working on masters projects for foreign universities, one was a journalist (18 years living in country) with extensive writings published about Brazil and one had been living here for almost thirty years, having originally come to Rio as a student of Latin American studies in the ‘70s. The fifth individual was Paul, who was trying to produce the “definitive film documentary of the gringo experience in Rio.” Of these five, only two had read any of the classics generally considered to be “required reading” for the PPGAS “Estrutura Social do Brasil” class.
The gringo hierarchy

Amy classifies gringo competitive manipulation of symbols seen as “Brazilian” as “the gringo hierarchy”:

“Basically, there’s a hierarchy of gringos here and it starts out with the package tour people. They’re the bottom of the ladder... Breeze in, led around with a tour guide holding their hands, blow a lot of money, breeze out. Above them, you have the two-weekers who don’t do a package deal. They’re like ‘I’m not a package tourist. I’m doing this on my own.’ Then you’ve got the back-packers who hang out in the cheap hotels down in Gloria, with their *Lonely Planet Guide*, and they’re gonna be here for a few months and they’re like ‘I’m not a tourist, I’m a *traveler*.” Then you’ve got the ‘local foreigners’ who are living here and they go ‘I’m not a backpacker: I’m a local.’ The root of all this is basically the absolute fear and dread of being mistaken for a tourist which, in the final analysis, is what everybody is.

Everybody starts with their first visit here and I get really tired of meeting the people who’ve been here for... I find someone like you [o entrevistador] to be in a different league all together because you really have relocated here. You’ve been here for eleven years. Most of the other people, like Leila or Sal, well... Two years is a long time but they really haven’t made the full move. Maybe they’ll live here the rest of their lives and maybe they won’t.... I have a hard time listening to the people who have more experience in Brazil, whether they’ve been here three or four times or are living here, and for that reason act completely above any other tourist... And then you get the person who... [when] another gringo [turns to them] and asks ‘Do you mind telling me what that person just said? I’m not really sure...’ [says] ‘Yeah. I do mind’... I’ve seen that happen. And I feel ‘Who the hell do you think you are? You’re not Brazilian.’

“Marcie was telling me about this girl she met in Salvador. American, has been living here for four months studying capoeira and suddenly she is completely Brazilian. She will not speak English, she’s a complete bitch... to all the foreign women who were hanging around her [Brazilian] boyfriend. And not because they were women: because they were foreigners. She had been to some candomblé ceremonies and thought that she had suddenly experienced an orixá. [laughter] It’s like, “You’ve been here four months and the spirit is going to enter into your body. Oh, yes. Of course...” I get really sick of meeting these types who are snotty with the other foreigners just because they haven’t been here as long as they have... I’m not on the same level as they are. When if they’d really talk to me, they might find out that I have some interesting experiences of my own here in areas of Brazil they’ve never seen.

Within the terms of the gringo hierarchy then, travelers are seen as being above tourists and below the “local foreigners” – those gringos who are are “living in Rio”. Above them lie the foreigners “who’ve made the full move” and are seen as being permanently in Brazil (“living the rest of their lives here”). Those higher up on the hierarchy are often seen as “acting completely above” those on its lower rungs by claiming a deeper and fuller understanding of Brazil, frequently
expressed through their fluency in Portuguese and their supposed understanding of “typically” Brazilian categories. The constant qualifications, however, are “time in Brazil” and “experience in Brazil”: those who’ve been in Rio longer are perceived as “knowing more about Brazil”. Contempt is expressed for the prematurely acculturated individual – the gringo who claims to manipulate native categories which would seem to be beyond their ken, given the time they’ve spent in-country.

As time passes in-country, knowledge of “Brazilian” categories is presumed to increase globally. Amy punctures this presumption by arguing that each individual’s experience in Brazil is different. However, she maintains a hierarchical structure by supposing that Brazilians occupy an ultimate position of authority within this status game. (“Who the hell do you think you are? You’re not Brazilian.”)

**Living in Brazil**

Travelers generally don’t work in Brazil and their living situations are quite temporary – usually involving hotels, pousadas, or the apartments of friends. (Especially Brazilian friends: within the traveler ethos, it is obviously better to live with Brazilians than with other gringos and this kind of living situation seems to be particularly sought out.) Some travelers rent out rooms in apartments or houses from Brazilians or other foreigners. No traveler that I met entered into rental obligations in one place for longer than six months and most seem to change lodgings every two months or so.

Some gringos do not come to Rio as travelers however: they come here with the specific intent to “live in Brazil”, at least for the foreseeable future. Furthermore, many travelers who arrive here decide to stay on in the city, postponing return to their countries of origin, perhaps indefinitely. These people then become foreigners “living in Brazil” though not – as Sayad points out – necessarily immigrants.

Many of my informants would say that their desire to remain in Rio is the only factor that keeps them here. In a sense, this is true. However, whenever local gringos get to talking among themselves, two subjects quickly arise: work and visas. In other words, though the reasons which bring Anglo-Americans to Rio and keep them here are legion, almost every gringo (unless he is independently wealthy) has to deal with making enough money to allow himself to live in the city

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136 Some do to make extra cash, however. For those interested in working and traveling, *The Lonely Planet Guide to Brazil* cites English teaching as the most likely possibility of employment. My in-field experience conforms this, though some travelers I met have also worked as translators or musicians. Amy – who considers herself to be a traveler – worked for awhile at an internet cafe in Copacabana for 15 reais a day.
in what he considers to be an acceptable lifestyle and must also deal with the legalities of remaining in Rio as foreigners.

Visas

While getting into Brazil is actually quite easy, staying in Rio over the long term requires a gringo to leap through a series of bureaucratic rings which are often not clearly demarcated. This problem is particularly accentuated if the gringo in question does not have the legal department (and most importantly the despachantes) of a large corporation to support his efforts.

The most obvious obstacle to living in Brazil is the visa barrier. Currently, the category of “immigrant” has no legal status in Brazil. A gringo entering the Brazil must simultaneously become a tourist, contract worker, missionary, exchange student, consulate employee, foreign businessman, visiting artist, visiting researcher, or resident – some of the many categories through which the entry of foreigners into Brazil is regularized by Brazilian authorities. Each of these categories has its own visa type and corresponding regulations which limit the person’s stay in country and the types of activities which he may engage in while here.  

Turistas, negociantes e artistas

A “tourist” according to the Federal Police is someone who temporarily enters Brazil for purposes of pleasure or sightseeing and who does not work while here:

“O visto de turista possibilita estada no País de até 90 (noventa) dias, mas sua validade pode ser de até 5 (cinco) anos, dependendo de reciprocidade. Destina-se a viagem de caráter recreativo ou de visita, sem finalidade imigratória. É intransformável, podendo ser prorrogado uma só vez. Neste caso, é vedado o exercício de atividade produtiva remunerada.”

Tourist visas are available at any Brazilian Consulate with the presentation of a two-way ticket, passport and the appropriate filled out forms and processing fee. A “business traveler” is someone who is in Brazil in function of legitimate commercial or financial transactions. Technically described as a “Temporários II e III”, business and artistic visas are effectively the same as their tourist counterparts with the additional proviso that the visa holder must prove the “artistic” or “business” related nature of their voyage. Many businessmen and artists thus come into Brazil on tourist visas due to the fact that these are marginally easier to acquire. Tourists, artists and business travelers may not engage in any paid activity on pain of expulsion from Brazil. My informants

137 Brazil also emits transit, courtesy, diplomatic and official visas. None of my informants entered the country under these visas categories however. All visa information in this section was confirmed with the “Divisão de Permanência de Estrangeiros” and “Brazilian embassy: Washingtons” homepages: www.mj.gov.br/estrangeiros and brasemb.org respectively.
consider tourist visas to be the easiest kind of visa to achieve – no one reported being denied a tourist visa.

Major problems with these kind of visas include the fact that they must be extended three months after arrival in Brazil. This is usually a routine procedure which takes the better part of an afternoon of waiting in lines at the Federal Police station in Praça Mauá. After 180 days in Brazil, however, tourists theoretically must return to their country of origin and stay out of Brazil for at least 180 days.

**Temporários**

These visa types are numbered from I to VII and correspond to cultural, business, artistic, student, work, journalist and missionary visas, respectively. Types II and III (business and artistic visas) are fundamentally similar to tourist visas and are dealt with above. Extensions of temporary visas (other than types II and III) pass through the Ministry of Justice’s Foreigner’s Division.

“I - viagem cultural ou missão de estudos, até 2 (dois) anos;
II - viagem de negócios, até 5 (cinco) anos, com estadas de 90 dias por ano;
III - artistas ou desportistas, até 90 (noventa) dias;
IV - estudantes, até 1 (um) ano;
V - cientistas, professores, técnicos ou profissionais de outra categoria, sob regime de contrato, até 2 (dois) anos;
VI - correspondente de jornal, revista, rádio, televisão ou agência noticiosa estrangeira, até 4 (quatro) anos;
VII - ministro de confissão religiosa ou membro de instituto de vida consagrada e de congregação ou ordem religiosa, até 1 (um ano).”

The major problem with temporary visa types I and V-VII is that proof must be offered that the applicant is in fact carrying out the activity referred to. Of these, student visas seem to be the easiest to get: a registered school can sponsor a foreign student for a temporary visa. (Unfortunately, most language “institutes” are not “schools” for visa purposes.)

Work visas are much harder to obtain. According to several of my informants, work visa applicants must prove that they’ve acquired a certain degree of professionalism in the their field, generally three years of documented work *outside* of Brazil. However, visa category V, though generally applied to expatriate contract workers, is also applicable to ONG volunteer workers:

“...travelers holding an employment contract with a Brazilian organization or corporation; *volunteers engaging in community work in Brazil* (services provided must not be paid by organizations/corporations established in Brazil, except per diem allowances); and travelers whenever the trip involves the provision of technical assistance services of any nature in Brazil. The technical
assistance is defined as a performance of tasks within the applicant's field of expertise.” [my emphasis.]

For this reason, many gringos wanting to stay in Rio end up volunteering for work in registered charity organizations such as orphanages and other NGOs.

**Permanentes**

Spouses, parents, children, grandparents and single siblings or grandchildren of Brazilians can apply for permanent visa status as can retirees over 60 years of age as long as they can prove a monthly sustenance of 2000 dollars or more. Finally “high level researchers or specialists in science and technology” can also apply for residency status.

With the exception of marriage and/or children, all of these categories are pretty much closed off to my local gringo informants.

**Irregulars, “dodges” and the Policia Federal**

Gringos who overstay their visas become “irregular” (not “illegal”, which is a separate category referring to foreigners who’ve entered Brazil without the requisite documentation) and must pay a substantial fine if they ever leave the country. Non-payment of this fine means that they will be banned from returning to Brazil in the future.

Because they see themselves as being temporarily in Brazil, travelers generally do not worry about visas until they have to renew them after having been in Brazil for 90 days. Then they learn that they’ll have to leave the country, come what may, in three months or become irregular. This forces a decision: “do I really want to live in Brazil for the foreseeable future or not?” Amy describes the dilemma of the traveler wishing to stay on in Brazil in the following manner:

“Let’s face it, I can’t stay here as long as I want because of the visa problem, unless I’m completely willing to overstay and wait for amnesty and never visit home. Look at people like Leila or Carl, I mean, they haven’t gone home in something like two, three, four years. I’d love to stay here, but there’s a wall: I can’t really do that.”

A foreigner may decide to shrug his shoulders and ignore the fine. In this case, the Federal Police will generally not take any steps to deport the person in question unless forced to acknowledge their presence (see sidebar). However, as Amy's comments betray, a foreigner who is irregularly in Brazil must somehow regularize their situation if they wish to leave the country and subsequently return to it. In this case, even marriage to a Brazilian won’t completely resolve the problem: accumulated fines must be paid before the Brazilian State will grant a foreigner residency. The only hope an irregular gringo can hold to if he can't pay his fine is that eventually Brazil will declare an amnesty in which he will be included. The popular belief among many of my informants
is that amnestys happen quite regularly in Brazil. According to agent Mesquita, however, they have only occurred twice in recent history and there’s no guarantee that they will ever be declared again.

While one is irregular even the most commonplace bureaucratic transactions become unbelievably complicated. To begin with, it’s difficult if not impossible to activate a CPF. Additionally, any transactions requiring a carteira de identidade become potentially invalidated by the outdated visa clearly indicated on said card. One need only reflect on the gamut of services in Brazil which are accessible only with valid CPFs and ID cards in order to understand the severe restrictions which irregular status can impose on an individual’s life. Thus it comes as no suprise that gringos living in Rio will resort to a panapoly of legal, semi-legal and illegal “dodges” to try to maintain some semblance of legal presence in Brazil.

“I’ve had just about every kind of visa you can have,” says Abel, a thirty-five year old American who’s been living in Rio for four years. Abel originally came to Rio as a traveler on a tourist visa but he then decided to stay on. (“I Liked the city and could make good money teaching English, so...”) He was irregular for awhile, but then married a Brazilian in order to get a permanent visa. Unfortunately, Abel also had a jealous girlfriend who happened to work for the Federal Police and she turned him in before he could be regularized. He was deported back to the U.S., but came back to Rio within a year on a student visa, ostensibly to “study Portuguese”. Still married, he applied again for a permanent visa, but apparently his application got “lost” somehow during a strike by the Federal Police.

One day Abel met prefeito Conde at a public function he’d been invited to by one of his students. He approached the mayor and told him his situation. (“I thought, ‘What the hell – maybe he can help me....”) Conde gave Abel his office phone number and told him to call. “Wheels then began to turn...”

Unfortunately, Abel’s carta de comprovação de boas antecedentes (necessary for a permanent visa) had overrun it’s 90 day validity limit. By the time he’d gotten that problem cleared up, his wife had left him. When the Federal Police thus came to his apartment to confirm his conjugal situation, Abel was found to be living alone and his permanent visa was again denied. Now, back together with his wife. Abel’s valiantly trying to get all his paperwork together to make another run at achieving residency status. “Don’t ask me what my current legal status is,” he told me. “Even the feds shake their heads in bewilderment when they open my file...”

The ways local gringos maintain their legality in Brazil are multitudinous and range from marriage to Brazilians to bribes to “people who know people” at the Federal Police. One of my informants described the latter situation in the following manner:
“My boss at Northumbria [a well-known English institute] helped me with trying to get my visa illegally stamped, but I knew someone cheaper... I was expecting this kind of cliché ante-room, whooshing fans, a hairy chested, greasy guy with an open shirt and a gold chain waiting for me with a cigar dangling from the corner of his mouth. [risadas] A real stereotype. But it was this old, sweet little man... And I was like “how the fuck is this guy going to solve my visa problems?” But he knows people at the airport...

“He took my passport, went to the airport, talked to the people there, gave me a new card, saying I arrived on that day and that was it. He can make you 'leave' or 'arrive' whenever necessary. It takes two days with a day’s notice... It ended up costing 200 reais and a lot of people have used this dodge... So he’s my man. [risadas]”

Most dodges are a lot more prosaic and less flagrantly illegal, however. A favorite tactic is to go to Paraguay, “lose” one’s passport, acquire a new one at one’s consulate in Assuncion, and return to Brazil with a “clean record”.

“A Polícia Federal detém um bom controle sobre o fluxo dos estrangeiros através das fronteiras do Brasil, especialmente comparado com o controle que os Estados Unidos e outros países exercem...”138 says agent Ivandro Mesquita. However, even Ivandro admitted that there were blind spots along the Brazilian frontier which the Federal Police only nominally control. Paraguay, in particular, was a problem: “Paraguay é nosso Canadá: chegando lá, você chega no Brasil, sem maiores dificuldades.” I forbore to mention to Ivandro that several of my informants – myself included, before I received my permanent visa – had used a quick border crossing into Paraguay as a way of renewing their theoretically unrenewable visas. Additionally, a quick perusal on “The Thorn Tree”, a website for travelers run by the “Lonely Planet” series of guidebooks, showed that many travelers intended to enter or leave Brazil via border crossings even more remote than those in Paraguay. As I talked to Ivandro, one of my informants was preparing to cross over into Peru through the Amazon basin, perhaps to come back via the same route.

According to Mesquita, the Polícia Federal has for some time been trying to complete the computerization of their database. When this is accomplished, it will theoretically be possible to

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138 The recent “language purity” bill introduced by Aldo Rebelo in the Brazilian congress has highlighted an increased sense of frustration among many that Brazilian culture is being diluted or even eliminated by foreign competition, principally perceived as American. Furthermore, over the last two years, a series of articles appeared in magazines such as Veja and Istoé questioning a perceived increased in the use of highly paid foreign executives and technicians, supposedly eliminating job opportunities for similarly trained Brazilians. Delegado Ivandro went to great lengths to debunk Veja’s estimate of “over 30,000 American executives in Brazil”, saying that such a count was impossible, “...amenos que você inclui todos os membros das famílias desses caras também. Eles entram no mesmo visto de trabalho, mas não tem o direito de trabalhar. São essas aqui, por exemplo...” Ivandro then indicated with a nudge of his hand a 10 cm thick stack of paper slips atop his desk. These slips (as far as I could confirm) contained the pictures and basic data of mostly female and juvenile Western European or North American foreigners. “Você pode ver, então, que estes ’30,000’ podem significar algo em torno de 7000 trabalhadores. Se for isto..”
Only two people I talked to during this study were ever deported. One was turned in by his ex-girlfriend (who happened to work for the Federal Police) while he was irregular and the other was turned in by a bitter ex-employer for working illegally (he was teaching English independently and undercutting the ex-employer's prices). In the second case, it took 2 weeks of daily telephone calls to the PF before they finally moved on the tip and took the rogue English teacher down to Praça Mauá. Once there, they cancelled his visa and gave him 5 days to leave the country. “They were cool though. They could see I was a harmless English teacher. I went back and chorei and they gave me an extra ten days. Then an extra twelve. They said ‘Desculpe por tudo isto. A gente veja que você gosta daqui, que você é gente boa, mas é a lei...’ The Feds were actually quite lovable in a bored, bureaucratic sort of way...”

track any foreigner’s border crossings without having to resort to physically inspecting the stamp on their passport:

“O problema é o seguinte: as vezes o fluxo de estrangeiros entrando por um determinado posto da fronteira é tão pesado que o funcionário responsável da PF não tem como confirmar os dados de cada viajante com o sistema. Por isto, a manobra [de perder o passaporte] funciona até as vezes naqueles lugares onde o sistema já está instalado.

“Mas se não pegamos o sujeito neste momento, o pegaremos quando ele tenta prorrogar ou transformar seu visto. Muitas vezes um estrangeiro vem aqui com o maior cara de inocente, só para ter seu visto cancelado quando descobrimos que ele entrou irregularmente no Brasil. Quer dizer, o erro de liberar a entrada foi nosso, mas não preciso complicar ainda mais prorrogando sua estadia através de um visto conseguido por fraude...”

Many gringos have a very low opinion of the Federal Police, claiming that the PFs are corrupt and not to be trusted. However, I heard few stories involving actual corruption by members of the Federal Police during my fieldwork. Mostly, the gringos I talked to complained about the vagueness and mutability of the visa regulations.

“Everytime I go on down to Praça Mauá, it’s like opening up a ‘Kinder Ovo’,” says Tony, an American softwear translator with three years of living in Rio. “There’s always a surprise waiting there for me...”

Certainly, the complex and changing nature of Brazilian visa regulations help maintain the PF’s reputation as incompetent: often the law changes so quickly that even the PF seems unable to keep up. Tony, for example, originally entered Brazil on a Type II business visa:

“The feds told me that I could stay up to 180 days a year.

“Calendar year or 360 day period?” I asked.

“Oh. Calendar...’

“So I thought I was safe staying for 180 days from July to December in one year and then 180 days in the immediately following year. When I went back to the PF’s in January to prorrogar my visa, however, I was told I had five days to leave the country.

“What?! But I was told that the 180 day period was for every calendar year...!’

“Ihhhhhh... Alguem te informou errado, então. É que essas informações chegarem aqui num esclarecimento recente vindo de Brasilia....”

In my own case, in 1992, visa law was modified with such speed that even the American Consulate hadn’t been informed about the changes. Overnight, I found that I had 5 days in which to wrap up my life in São Paulo (then going on 2 years) and leave the country.
What one needs in order to extend the 1998 visto provisório...

I - Preenchimento completo do Formulário DPF – 154, original, fornecido pela Polícia Federal;
II - Prova de capacidade financeira, através de um dos seguintes documentos:
   - Carteira de trabalho
   - Declaração de "pró-labore", com firma reconhecida;
   - Declaração do empregador onde conste salário e função exercida pelo estrangeiro;
   - Declaração bancária, onde conste numerário suficiente para manutenção própria e da família; ou
   - Contrato social
III - Certidão do Cartório de Distribuições Criminais obtida no Fórum Criminal da cidade onde reside
IV - Certidão Estadual de Execução Criminal:
V - Certidão de Distribuição de Ações da Justiça Federal.
VI - Certidão Negativa de Tributos Federais da Receita Federal
VII - Declaração, sob as penas da Lei, de ausência de antecedentes criminais do país de origem (de residência), no exterior; [As far as I know, this is only obtainable in the exterior and has a validity of 30 days.]
VIII - Original da Carteira de Identidade Provisória ou o Protocolo, caso não tenha recebido.
IX - Comprovante de recolhimento da taxa de pedido de prorrogação no valor de R$ 22,08
X - Comprovante de recolhimento da taxa de substituição da Cédula de Identidade Provisória no valor de R$ 69,02,
XI - Original e cópia autenticada do documento de viagem (passaporte ou equivalente, conforme o caso);
XII - 02 (duas) fotos recentes, 3x4

(All information from www.mj.gov.br/estrangeiros)

Anistia

In 1998, amnesty was given to some 40,000 foreigners irregularly living in Brazil as a human rights measure, principally directed towards the citizens of fellow Mercosul members. The major immigrant groups to benefit from this were the Bolivians (14,000 irregulars), the Chinese (10,000) and the Koreans (3000). Also taking advantage of the amnesty were around 500 irregular Americans and a commensurate number os other Anglo-Americans.140

Those foreigners applying for amnesty had to fill out several reams of paperwork and, if accepted, received “vistos provisórios” allowing them to live and work in Brazil for the stipulated period. Originally the Brazilian federal government made no guarantees that these visas would be renewed at the end of the two years. However, in the winter of 2000, it was decided to extend them for another two years –

139 It’s significant that the day I met with agent Mesquita, a gentleman who’s forthrightness and competency very much impressed me, he was supervising a maintenance crew’s replacement of a couple of dozen burntout overhead flourescent lamps in the Praça Mauá building. Mesquita is a department chief. The fact that he had to direct what should have been a routine automatically carried out by people far below him on the organizational ladder and the incredibly large number of lightbulbs which were being replaced was telling of the general penny-pinching and disorganization apparent in the PF’s infrastructure.

140 This information and the following quote comes from the Ministerio da Justiça’s website: www.mj.gov.br/estrangeiros. The information regarding Americans in the amnesty program comes from Agent Mesquita, who counted 472 of them in Brazil on the 29th of August, 2000. Since I personally know 4 Americans with provisory visas who were not in the country on that date and thus not tallied in Mesquita’s count, I think that 500 is a safe – probably low – estimate for the number of Americans who actually acquired amnesty.
providing that the visa holders would consent to another pass through the same exhausting bureaucratic process that they were subjected to under the original amnesty (see sidebar).

Diretor do Departamento de Estrangeiros do Ministério da Justiça, Luiz Paulo Teles Ferreira Barreto, describes the rationale behind the extension in the following manner:

"Essa alteração... vai facilitar a vida dos estrangeiros que foram anistiados. A anistia foi formulada em duas etapas, já que as pessoas que estavam ilegais no país não eram conhecidas. O registro provisório, assim, teve validade inicial de 2 anos, devendo agora ser renovado. Ao fim da renovação, o registro poderá ser transformado em permanente se o estrangeiro continuar residindo no Brasil, estar trabalhando licitamente e não cometer crimes, enfim, espera-se que seja útil à sociedade."

In other words, at the end of the four year amnesty process, the Brazilian government hopes that foreigners who are serious about living in Brazil will become “útil a sociedade” by transforming themselves into Brazilian subjects.

Several of my informants possess “vistos provisórios”. None of them, however, saw such a legal condition as being a first step towards immigration. Sal, for example, more or less “lucked in” to getting his provisório. His story, however, is quite typical of gringos with provisional visas:

“I was really lucky: right after I arrived there was an amnesty program. So I was ‘illega[/irregular] at first, but I quickly became legal. I was here for six months on the tourist visa, totally legal except for the fact that I was working, then I spent three months irregular before getting on the program....”

In the case of Tony, the American mentioned above whose business visa was summarily yanked due to a bureaucratic error on the part of the Federal Police, the amnesty came as the solution to his troubles. At the time, he took a “visto provisório” thinking to leave the country in another six months. Immediately after receiving his visa, however, he found a job he liked and decided to stay on in Brazil indefinitely. In this case, amnesty may have helped turned someone who wasn’t thinking of a long term stay in Brazil into an immigrant!

In any case, almost all of the gringos I interviewed regarding the “provisório” agreed about one thing: “getting it was a major pain in the ass.”

Paul describes his experience with the amnesty program:

“Oh my God... You could make a fuckin’ film out of it. That was the day I should’ve been carrying around my camera.

“They send you to one building, then another... four fuckin’ delagacias...

"First I ask the guy behind the guiché if I can have the forms for amnesty.

“Sure. Do you have your passport?’

“Well, that was a mistake, I admit it. I didn’t have my passport because I normally don’t walk around with it. But all I wanted was the forms to fill out, right? It shouldn’t have been such a big deal.
One evening, I was introduced to a British English teacher in Lord Jim’s Pub by a mutual friend. When I very politely asked him if he’d mind filling out the survey, he called me police agent. Another British friend of his grabbed me by the shoulder and for a minute I thought I was going to be thrown out of the bar head first. Both men were very aggressive and heaped abuse upon me for a minute or so before calming down.

When I asked them why they were so nervous, the first one muttered something about how “one couldn’t trust anybody in this bloody country. In three months I’ll be legal, but now I’m running scared.” I asked how he was going to become legal: “Why should I bloody tell you? I don’t even know you!”

“I don’t know you, either,” I countered. “You can spare me the details, like your name and everything. How can you be hurt by it? The Federal Police don’t send undercover agents around bars like this looking for people like you. That’s not even how the American INS works in the States and they have a hell of a lot more resources...”

“Yeah, but they’re after Mexicans,” the second man countered. “Mexicans are poor. They go up to the States to stop working and get on the dole. We’re wealthy here and make big targets. Gringos get deported all the time here. I saw 5 Germans get arrested in a hotel in Salvador myself...”

Though the second man later admitted that he had a work visa and was living in Brazil, working for a telecommunications company, the first man “who was running scared” was an English teacher and also apparently moonlighted as a barman in another Ipanema bar. Hardly the kind to attract huge amounts of attention from the Federal Police if that was, indeed, all that he did. I was left with the definite impression that both men’s nervousness had little to do with their visas, or lack thereof...

The interaction was interesting however in that it shows the contradictory way in which many gringo view Brazilian State agencies like the Federal Police: on the one hand, they’re seen as “run down, incompetent and corrupt”. On the other, they’re reputedly capable of undercover actions that would be hard for agencies with ten times their funding, training and efficiency levels to pull off.

So I ask him to just give me the form to fill out and I’ll come back later with the passport and hand it in.

“He just looks at me. ‘What do you think this is?’

“I shrug. ‘It’s a police station.’

“You’re supposed to give me the passport before you can get the forms.’

“Why? What’s the big deal? I mean, isn’t the passport necessary when I come back with the forms all filled out? I just want the forms...’ To me, I equated the whole process to going into the American Consulate and asking them for the forms for a visa. I mean, this is the kind of thing that you’d think they’d have a big pile of, just sitting around for people to take and fill out...

So I say ‘Alright.’ And I come back the next day, this time with my passport. I hand it to the man behind the guiché and the first thing he says is ‘I don’t need that. Here, just take the forms.’ I had queued up in a fuckin’ queue for like twenty minutes and the guy says to me ‘What are you doing in that queue?’

“Oh, I want to get the forms.’

“No. That’s the queue for the people who are coming back with the forms filled out.

“So I’m fuckin’ fuming. I’ve been there now for two days and only after two days have I managed to get the bloody forms...

“I went [to get get my atestados de bons antecedentes] the next day. They have twelve booths there and you have to go to three of them. When you get there, the first thing you see is that the booths are numbered in this order: 1, 7, 3, 9, 11, 6... I mean, they’re not numbered 1 to 12, OK? And there’s two lines at each booth. So I queue up at number 1 – the good thing about it is that our forms are at booths 1, 2 and 3. It’s just that 1, 2 and 3 aren’t all together in a row – I finally get to the guy after 20 minutes. He looks at me: ‘Has nobody told you?’

“What?’

“Booth number 7 is number 1 today because we’re very busy with the amnesty.’

“Couldn’t they put a fucking sign up, saying that or something?

“Thank you...’

“So I go to number seven and queue up again for 20 fucking minutes, right? I finally hand in the forms, give him the fucking money... So I go to number two. After 20 minutes of queuing up there, the guy goes ‘Has nobody told you...?’

“Fuckin’ hell... Of course.’
“’Doze is number two today.’

“So I go to number 12 and I’m fuckin’ fuming, man.... Then I go to booth number three, but this time I’m smart. I push my way to the front of the queue first to talk to the man whose stamping the documents: ‘Desculpe, desculpe, desculpe... Please. Where is booth number three today?’

“And he goes ‘Aqui mesmo, pô. Que você acha?’ Like ‘What, are you fuckin’ stupid or something?’

“And I’m like.... [clenches fists, bites lower lip and turns beet red.]

“You know, I mean... Terry Gilliam. That is Brazil [Brasil, O Filme]. That’s the fuckin’ film, you know what I mean? If I put that in a film, everybody would say it was a bad imitation of a Monty Python sketch.

“And then I figured, well as long as I’ve missed all my classes, I’m going to go down to the Feds and get this all out of my way. And at the Feds, there’s only one queue that’s serving everyone for everything... So I queue up and as I’m waiting this guy comes up, taps me on the shoulder: ‘Do you know if this is the queue to turn the shit in or get it back?’ I say ‘Well I don’t know. You’re a Brazilian and I’m here for the amnesty...’

“’No, it’s all the same line, but I’m doing it for something else...’

‘’Why don’t you go up front and ask?’

‘’I’ll go and find out.’

“He heads off to the front of the queue and I’m waiting. At this point, I’ve spent the whole fuckin’ afternoon being run around like an idiot. I’m fuming. It’s almost like they’re saying ‘Hey, here’s the gringo. Let’s fuck him.’ Know what I mean? You almost feel like that’s what’s going on....

“So the man comes back and slips into line ahead of me. I tap him on the shoulder. ‘Excuse me. I think you were behind me.’

“’Qué isso? Puta que pariu, cara. Estressado, né ‘mano. Pô, gringo é foda...’

“And everyone in the line’s nodding their heads, agreeing with him! Everyone fuckin’ agrees with him that I’m a stressed out gringo for not letting him cut in line in front of me....

“If I could’ve filmed that, it would’ve made Terry Gilliam look tame by comparison.”

Again, experiences like Paul’s are the grist of the rumor mill which produces the Federal Police’s corrupt and incompetent reputation among many gringos. As Paul says, it’s hard not to feel in such a situation that the Powers That Be aren’t doing everything in their power to “fuck the gringo”.

Brazilians will recognize the above story as being common to dealings with any of the multitudinous State bureaucracies in Brazil. However, though such run-arounds, foul-ups and frustrations are not solely the realm of the Federal Police and the Ministério de Justiça’s Divisão de Estrangeiros, they have a special added impact upon the lives of gringos who encounter them in the context of such things as the amnesty program. Recall that without an adequate, legal visa a gringo whose irregular status is acknowledged by the Federal Police has 5 days to leave Brazil before
being deported. An unsuccessful navigation of the bureaucratic labyrinths leading to regular status can thus be seen as the equivalent of a sort of “death”: failure means summary removal from Brazil and one’s life as constructed therein.

Though extremely dramatic stories involving gringos and deportation are few and far between, it is thus no wonder that many gringos look upon the Brazilian Federal Police with a mixture of fear and loathing.

**Work and the English teaching ghetto**

Aside from a legitimate visa, a gringo needs to be able to access enough money in order to maintain what he considers to be an adequate lifestyle if he is to stay in Rio. Unless he is independently wealthy, this generally entails working in Brazil. No work is more typical of the local gringo than work as an English teacher or translator.

> “Quando eu morava no Brasil [em 1935], todos os americanos eram considerados ricos ou, no mínimo, profundamente respeitados na sua profissão. Parecia que a língua inglesa era a chave para o sucesso. Parecia-me, então, que os americanos simplesmente jamais trabalharam com as mãos...”

The situation that Eugene Harter described is even more true to today. Even those gringos who do not work as highly paid functionaries for multi-national corporations indirectly benefit from the fruits of the United States’ prestige as the current center of global capitalism in the sense that their services are highly sought after in the English teaching and translating market.

Slightly before I began my fieldwork (according to Brazilian employees of three different English institutes), the Ministério de Trabalho began a crack down on foreign employees of English schools – hitherto a field that had been more-or-less ignored by the fiscais except in the cases of very large institutes. (‘After you get above a certain size, you have to maintain a clean nose or the fiscais begin to smell blood...” as one diretor de ensino for an English school put it.) It is so common for foreigners with tourist visas to teach languages in Rio that the *Lonely Planet Guide to Brazil* has wholeheartedly recommended teaching as a way for travelers to get some extra spending cash. The current edition of the *LPGB* doesn’t even mention that teaching without the proper visa classification is illegal.

Until recently, it was also relatively easy for foreigners to get work visas to teach English in Brazil: **Avalon**, a prominent carioca English school, promised **Amber** such papers 6 months before I began my study. According to several other “old gringos” who had worked for Avalon in the past, this was something of a routine procedure. Slightly before I entered into the field, however, such documentation became much more difficult to obtain. When I asked the diretor de ensino of another

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school if it would be possible to get work papers for a foreigner wishing to teach English, he said told me no. “Muitas escolas prometem mundos e fundos, mas no final não providenciam nada”, he said, blaming “uma crescente onda de anti-estrangeirismo no Brasil” as a factor that had prompted closer fiscalization of English schools. In Amber’s case, this turned out to be true:

“Avalon tried to get me a work visa, but it was no use. Basically, I need to have three years of work experience in the field in order to get a visa. They were willing to fake a year for me, “gathering” it from other people, but I’d have to teach a year somewhere else before I could come back and have them apply for a visa.”

By December 1999, none of the schools I contacted would admit to employing foreigners “other than one or two who’re married to Brazilians or have been here for years.” In several cases, employees of schools where informants of mine were illegally working told me that they had no native speakers on the payroll whatsoever! As Sal would have it, however:

When I was looking for a job [without an appropriate visa], I just started calling schools out of the phone book... Some places said ‘you need a visa’, some didn’t, some said they weren’t looking for anyone at the moment.... What it comes down to is: does the school need somebody? If they do, they’ll hire you whether or not you have a permit.”

English teachers in Rio de Janeiro can expect to make anywhere from 15 to 40 reais for an hour to two hour long class, depending upon their skills and reputation. Teachers with formal training as ESL (English as a Second Language) professors generally make more than gringos who have no prior training. Furthermore, independant teachers make considerably more than those who are associated with schools, but are also subjected to greater risks in the sense that they are personally responsible for collecting their fees from students. Nevertheless, the rewards for freelancing can be considerable: several of the independant English teachers I talked to made more than 3000 reais a month. As Sara says:

“I worked 28 hours a week here. 4 days a week, twelve hours a day, when you take into consideration travel times and prep time and waiting for students. I never had much free time. But the actual time I actually got paid for was 28 hours a week and on that I managed to save up almost 3000 dollars here. While paying for rent, food, entertainment and everything else. It’s good money!”

Typically, an English teacher must work long hours if they want to make “good money” however. The job can be brutal in fact, as Sara points out, especially when one takes into consideration travel times to and from class. Furthermore, many gringos do not own a car, necessitating long hours spent in buses and subways. Paul describes the effects of a typical day teaching English on a gringo’s social life:

A lot of people don’t realize that when you’re an English teacher you need to schedule back-to-back classes if you really want to make good money. You need two classes in the morning, two at
lunchtime and two in the evening. So there’s six hours right there. But you can also squeeze in four more. I usually squeeze in another in the afternoon and one in mid-morning, so that’s eight or nine hours. Now I’m sitting down with you [sweeps his hand over our table in Letras and Expressões Café] and you’re a friend and this is called socializing, so we talk and that’s life. Imagine talking for nine hours to people you really don’t want to talk to. [risadas] Nine fuckin’ hours. Nine hours! Of talking. Think about what your brain would be like at the end of that day.

Some time I come in here and there’s this guy from Chile... Now he’s a sweet guy, a nice guy but he knows fuck all English and he’s always trying to practice with me. You almost want to have a taxi meter to put on the table. Or a baseball bat. [risadas] It’s like ‘fuck off and leave me alone...!’

“So he was offended. I said, “Listen, I just came in from ten hours of English teaching. I don’t even want to speak with my own mother right now. I’m sorry if I’m being offensive. Fine. But I don’t want to speak to fuckin’ nobody, let alone sit down and do another fuckin’ English class for free. Next time I meet you, you’ll find me to be the most friendliest and happiest guy, but I am completely drained right now.”

You have to protect yourself. It was very difficult for me to do that, but you have to protect your brain.”

Paul’s comments point out three perils of English teaching which tend to restrict teachers to what one of them called an “English-speaking ghetto”. First of all, the hours necessary to make “good money” pretty much preclude any other work or study. This means that the English teaching gringo has little time to perfect his understanding of Portuguese. Furthermore, the typical English teacher spends his whole day speaking English, limiting his practice of what Portuguese he does know. Finally, as a “people orientated job”, English teaching is socially intensive and very enervating, typically leaving the gringo teacher with very little energy for further sociability at the end of the day. English teaching gringos can thus find themselves locked into an anglophone world. Paradoxically, their conditions of work permit them to continue living in Brazil but also push them towards an “unassimilated” style of life and into “gringo space” to relax. In this sense, the very conditions of labor within the English teaching market conspire to reproduce the status of “gringo” as an individual who is “among us but not of us.”

Within the limits of the “gringo hierarchy”, English teaching is seen as a fairly low status profession. Most of the teachers I talked to themselves agree that it was not their first choice of profession. As one of them said, "Teaching English is the price I pay to live in Brazil."

Some local gringos who’ve managed to achieve other employment evidence a very low opinion of English teachers, as the following comments by Jan betray:

“Brazil’s a dumping ground for wankers, in my experience. [laughter] English teachers are the fucking worst...Here you can survive. You can make do. There’s enough things to do, enough bars, enough cheap beer, enough smiling faces – there’s enough diversion, shall we say – for you to get by.
And it you can do that for only so long. I mean, if you’ve got a brain, it will soon tell you that “enough is enough.” But a lot of people seem to make it last even a lifetime, maybe.”

Commenting on Jan’s views, Amber (a good friend of Jan’s) said “Jan says he doesn’t like hanging out with English teachers because it’s a rubbish bin of lost gringos....”

“I don’t know if the ‘average gringo’ really exists, but the stereotype is Jan’s description of the loser: totally lost. English teaching as the rubbish bin. The idea that they’re only out here English teaching because they can’t do anything at home...

Amber evidenced a more positive opinion of the English teaching experience: “Working at Avalon was good to ground me. It was a proper job, I had to be there, it was a responsibility. And that made me feel as if I was not just passing through.” However, even she felt pressured by Jan and other "old gringos" to avoid the English teaching ghetto:

"There are gringos living out here, not just passing through. Gringos who are trying to build their lives here and we can see these issues going on in their lives. Issues like: ‘OK. I’m here. Am I a loser for being here? Is this what I am?’ And so many conversations between gringos have this subtext: ‘Well, are you a loser? After all, you’re just teaching English... you’re not getting on with your life.’ I run into this all the time among English teachers. Now I look for it. I realize it’s an issue for a lot of the people who live out here, so I watch for it. Just the kind of questions people ask, like ‘How long have you been out here?’ or ‘I want to finish teaching, because I enjoy teaching, but it’s not what I want to do with my life. I’m still young. I can do other things.’ I feel that a lot of the other gringos look at me, thinking:’Ooh. Does she really have what it takes to do something else? Will she just be a lowly English teacher like the rest of us or will she be able to get out of it?’ You can just feel it in the way people ask questions, this sense of ‘Is she a loser or is she going to get out of English teaching?’

“I don’t like hanging around with English teachers because I feel, man, there’s so much more... But Jan avoids them because he’s afraid of being a failure. Which is odd – he’s working his ass off in his film production company but he’s not earning. However, it’s not English teaching, so he feels better about himself.

"Recently, one or two people have mentioned things which I’ve felt flattering, about me “not being your average gringo”. Paul, for example.... And another friend of mine kept saying t ‘Me and Paul would sit down and try to work out why your here. We can usually can work out why people are here; they’re out here ‘cause they couldn’t do this at home and dadadadada.... Escaspism and such. We can’t work out why your here....’

“They’re totally saying that anyone who’s in Brazil is here because they have some sort of problem. Nobody’s in Brazil because they want to be in Brazil. Anyone who’s here is sort of here by default. And Paul and Jason still haven’t worked out why I’m here. [risadas] But the worst thing is, I must somehow agree with this kind of theory because I find it flattering. I’m pleased when I hear that kind of statement...
“I have this friend, Ansel, and he’s the total English loser: he’s not happy in England and can’t deal with life there. So he’s come here and now he has this Brazilian girlfriend who just moved into his place and he’s changed. He’s happy, he’s got a new job, he’s got a girlfriend who he’s living with, so why is he a loser? He’s achieved what he wants to achieve. Bur here’s a classic example of someone who wouldn’t survive very well in British society. He’s a really sensitive guy, he’s not that attractive... He’s a really nice guy who’d probably get walked on at home, but here he’s got this good life. Some people would frown on that, because he’s someone who couldn’t make it at home....

“And people think that’s horrible. As if you should uphold your own country’s values as the right ones and stuff and if you don’t somehow fit into that you’re somehow not quite ‘making it’.

Amber’s comments strike at the root of one of the key assumptions underpinning the “gringo hierarchy”: one should be able to “pass for” a Brazilian but one should also not “go native”. A gringo who’s only able to function in Brazil is a “loser”: real success is measured by the standards of the country of origin. In this sense, the logic of the “loser nation” which permeates expat circles also invades the world view of some local gringos.

Some local gringos may be in Rio because - like Ansel - they honestly feel that there are no better opportunities waiting for them in their country of origin. It’s tempting to view local gringos as “kids” who are “just going through a phase” of wandering around the world before settling down to a career and family in their countries of origin. To a certain degree, this perception is not wrong – many of my younger informants do indeed seem to be going through a phase of “seeing the world.” However, the age distribution between the locals and expats I observed was not radically different: the average local seems to be in the late twenties to early thirties while the average expat might be five years older. There are many outliers in both groups as well.

Significantly, a large number of the locals I met were in their early to mid thirties. This places them, in general, as ten years out of the university. It’s worth remembering that as of ten years ago the current “informática” related economic boom had not yet started in the United States and Canada. Furthermore, most of the gringos I interviewed who participated in the “local” web of sociability had received their university degrees in the arts and humanities: not fields which are currently held in high esteem in the English or North American job markets, even taking into consideration the recent improvement in those nation's economies. Jan sees the local gringo presence in Rio as being intimately linked to changing life expectations and work conditions in the United States and Britain:

“[Something's] gone wrong for young people in the U.K. ...[Y]ou get a sense that at least qualitatively, more young people no longer feel that there’s a lifetime of work ahead of them. They certainly don’t feel as if they’re going to be doing only one thing for the rest of their life...
“...Not only have things gone to hell in a structural sense – the economy and work – but there’s no longer a sense of “who I am” that’s related to social institutions and meanings that one takes part in. It’s all been blown out of the water. A lot of people go back into education... – getting loans, studying, putting off the inevitable fact that they can’t find work. People working in ten different jobs a year make it sound like they’re doing it because it’s exciting when in fact, they can’t find a decent job for a decent wage.

And a lot of people travel. Maybe the perspective on traveling has changed as well... [Now] it doesn’t end. Maybe that was the difference in the sixties: this phase would end, people would find a decent job, get married and settle down. “I did my walk about. Spent my load. Shagged a hundred women. Seen Thailand, taken some drugs, sat on the beach and now I’m ready to get on with something serious.” But now people seem to be wandering while they’re walking and then they go home and they wander continually there... ...[P]eople are conscious about the fact that things are not good, things could be better. Some people are conscious about the fact that they want more, but they’ve got no clue as to what’s the first step to get more, to make life better. I wouldn’t say we’re all a bunch of pessimists but there’s a general downing of expectations as to what one can get from life.

Jan’s comments seem to be upheld by those of many of my other informants. During my time in the field, I often heard local gringos state that their job choices in life were “teaching English in Rio or selling shoes back home.” The salary paid “to sell shoes” was not seen as being worth more than what they currently received teaching English, especially when the relative costs of living in Rio and their cities of origin were taken into consideration.

In other words, it seems that while better economic conditions are not a necessary impulse behind living in Rio, gringos certainly don’t usually suffer economically in order to live here. Many also view the natural and social charms of the city as tangible benefit of living here. As Sal has it:

“I stay here because I like Brazilian people, I like Latin culture, I like Brazilian culture... I like Rio’s culture. I like the sports scene here – a million sports going on. And though everyone says they like the natural beauty of Rio, it is beautiful here, and I take advantage of it. I ride my bike all over, up in the mountains... It’s wonderful...”

Furthermore it is not hard for a gringo with a BA from even a second rank university in his country of origin to rise in class and status in Rio. English teachers generally socialize with upper-class Brazilians and are frequently invited to parties and happenings that would almost certainly be beyond their reach in their cities of origin (it is doubtful, for example, that Abel would have ever met the mayor of his hometown of San Francisco). In this sense, gringos local gringos can be seen as reversing the “from mistress to servant” trajectory that Maxine Margolis classifies as being typical among Brazilian immigrants in New York City, (Margolis, 1994) though in this case the trajectory could perhaps better be labeled as “from salesperson to young urban professional”.
One night while at a bar in Baixa Gávea I met Jules, a 25 year old Englishman who has been living in Rio for six years. We got to talking about his situation in Brazil and I mentioned Jan’s theory that many people of our generation were choosing to live over seas because, frankly, their prospects at home weren’t all that bright.

“He’s right,” Jules said, shrugging his shoulders. “50 years ago in England, I’d have been tax officer or something, making a good living and having a decent life style. Now however, even though I have a university degree, there’s just not much there for me that’s all that exciting except for a series of relatively low-paying jobs. I don’t want to be an over-educated waiter. Look, in Rio I can be a 25 year old guy who’s independant enough to have a flat of his own. I’d have to be 40 years old and making much more money to live in the flat I live in if I were in London.”

Jules leaned back in his chair, sipped his beer and smiled at me. “So I’m here, right? Who are you calling a tourist?”
“Exile is fruitful if one belongs to both cultures at once, without identifying oneself with either; but if a whole society consists of exiles the dialogue of culture ceases: it is replaced by eclecticism and comparativism, by the capacity to love everything a little, of flaccidly sympathizing with each option without ever embracing any.”

Tzvetan Todorov, The Conquest of America, p.251

“...Whether in the company of Englishmen... or of Brazilians, I feel equally among my countrymen.”


CONCLUSION

I began this dissertation by pointing out how the United States, Canada, Great Britain and the other Anglo descended nations are frequently perceived as pertaining to an order of reality which is both quantatively and qualitatively different from that in which Brazil and the nations of Latin America are situated. Furthermore, I pointed how the one reality is frequently positioned against the other in a dichotic, frankly antagonistic relationship. Within this view of the world, Latin America exports immigrants to Anglo-America. Anglo-America, on the other hand, sends tourists and businessmen to Latin America. These individuals are often popularly perceived as icons of Brazil’s subordination to the Anglophone first world.

However, as we’ve seen, sociability between gringos and Brazilians does not typically revolve around considerations of international power, prestige and capital. Rather, Brazilians tend to consider “good” gringos to be those who, in moments and spaces of contact, lessen their alterity by trying to blend in, principally by speaking Portuguese, not criticizing Brazil and by allying themselves with icons and people considered to be essentially Brazilian.

We’ve also seen that – far from representing the penetration of international capital – a significant number of Anglo-Americans who live in Rio work within the secondary job market as employees for Brazilian companies and individuals, principally teaching English or translating. Many of these gringos in fact fit a profile that’s very similar to that described by Teresa Sales and Rosana Baeninger as being typical for Brazilian immigrants to Europe, Japan and the United States:

“[O] perfil do emigrante internacional... é constituído de jovens de classe média, detentores de nível médio de escolaridade, que no Brasil eram comerciários, bancários, professores de Escolas Primárias e Secundárias, [e] estudantes...” (Sales e Baeninger: 41)

Furthermore, we’ve seen that we can not rule out a classic, economicist interpretation of these gringos’ presence in Rio. This is especially true when one takes into consideration the fact that by working in Brazil these individuals’ social status can easily rise from lower middle class to firmly middle class.
Very of the gringos I met during the course of my fieldwork claimed to be immigrants. Most people seemed to see themselves as “living in” Brazil. This is quite similar to certain attitudes expounded by Brazilians living in the United States as recorded by Maxine Margolis (1994), Teresa Sales (1999), and Ana Cristina Braga Martes among others. Unlike most Brazilian immigrants however, “local gringos” do not show a desire to “trabalhar aqui feito um animal de carga... voltar... e montar um negócio” (as one of Teresa Sales’ informants put it 1999:18). In fact, from the very beginning of their stay in Rio, the successful manipulation of cultural categories considered to be Brazilian is a mark of status among them; work is a secondary consideration. The idea of “the return”, when it enters into their discourses at all, is often similar to that “redefinition of temporal expectations” which Sales associates with “veteran” Brazilian immigrants who’ve begun to see living in the United States as a way of life. Within this new notion of time, the return is not seen as immanent but indefinite: “[É] um projeto que não exclui a possibilidade da volta,... mas joga-a para um futuro mais distante....”

In “Estar aqui..., estar lá: uma cartographia da emigração valadarense para os EUA”, Glâucia de Oliveira Assis prefers to use the term “transmigration” to describe this situation.

“(p.154)

I mostly agree with Oliveira de Assis’ analysis, but question the use of the words “global” and “social”, at least as far as the gringos I met in Rio are concerned. It seems to me that these people are involved in processes which link localities, not the global and the local. Rio de Janeiro, New York City, Curitiba and Montgomery Alabama, in the case of Cleison and Sara, for example. Or Berkley and Chácara do Céu in the case of Sal... Furthermore, I wonder if these processes are truly “complex webs of relations” between societies: the complexity seems to be centered on the body and representation(s) of the transmigrant himself. Very little has changed in the way my family or Cleison’s view our respective adopted nations, for example, and Ireland has not suddenly

sprung a whole new web of connections with Brazil merely because Paul is living in Rio. What connections have been built between Brazil and other nations due to transmigration tend to be articulated through individuals: we do not so much put Brazil, the U.S., Ireland and Canada into contact as we ourselves become an additional contact point between two societies already intimately interrelated with one another. Finally, as the works of the 19th century "viajantes" illustrate, the interrelatedness between Brazil and the Anglo-American nations has been on-going for at least the last two centuries.

**Immigrants, Transmigrants, Transnationals, or Gringos?**

As Ulf Hannerz points out, the growth of transnational cultures and social networks has generated more individuals whose lives transgress national frontiers. Furthermore, these individuals are increasingly from populations and classes who until recently had very little international presence. This is certainly true in the majority of the cases I encountered. Most of the local gringos that I met wouldn’t have been able to fund their trajectories of deslocation as recently as fifty years ago. But the advent of cheap airfares puts trans-oceanic voyages conceivably within the reach of practically anyone. Even a Brazilian who earns as little as four minimum wages could have bought a ticket to New York City in 1997 with the expenditure of one month’s salary. Indeed, it wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that the price of a ticket to NYC or Miami is not absolutely beyond the means of almost any Brazilian. In such a situation, political factors (i.e. the availability of visas), time constraints (“Can I get away from my job?”) and social concerns (“Who will take care of my sick mother?”) become more significant factors limiting transnational deslocation than money.

But the intensification of global interconnectedness has also generated something else. Even “traditional” transnationals (immigrants, tourists, expatriate businessmen etc.) are having their roles redefined by increased global mobility. Is a Brazilian still a foreigner in the United States when New York City is more accessible to him than, say, Belém? Or does New York become, in this situation, more of a shopping annex for the Brazilian upper middle class instead of an exotic locale? Is an immigrant really an immigrant when he can fly between his host country and country of origin in less time than it would take him to travel by bus between two metropoli in either nation? Maybe in such a world the obtaining of a permanent visa can be better seen as a purely bureaucratic function (on par with getting one’s carteira de trabalho in Brazil); not a qualitative change in who one is but rather a useful rubber stamp that allows one to live one’s life the way one wants. If this formulation is correct, it is in distinct conflict with what the nation states involved in legitimizing
transnational dislocation seem to feel the process should be. It’s also a break with the way immigration has traditionally been seen as occurring. As Hannerz states:

“Many of our notions of human migration are by now actually rather quaint and old-fashioned.... A great many people of the kind we have thought of as typical immigrants, people in search of work and a better life, return to where they came from after some years, not because they have failed but because that is the way they have always planned it. And others come back to visit with some regularity, postponing an answer to the question of where they really belong, or simply making the question irrelevant.”

As Banton reminds us, however, even in those cases where the migrant intends to permanently live in the host country, developments in global means of commerce and communication means that he can maintain a high degree of contact with his country of origin if he so wishes. Though he was not speaking about international migration, A D Smith perfectly captures the dilemma of many of today’s migrants: “The result is a state of vacillation in which many ethnic members remain deeply attached to their communities while seeking to organize their lives and careers according to the norms of the nation state [where they reside].”

Perhaps, as Hannerz implies, the question of where one “really” belongs is increasingly irrelevant to many transnationals – Brazilians, gringos and others. But why then is such a state so often considered to be “transitory” or “vacillating” as a matter of common sense? In the study “Projeto Emprego e Mudança Sócio Econômica no Nordeste”, Moacyr Palm eira and Alfredo Wagner point out the rather arbitrary and “commonsense” nature of the concepts associated with “immigration”:

“O par imigração/emigração funciona como um sinalizador binário de um movimento cuja natureza lhe escapa. Todo seu papel se resume em distinguir entradas e saídas. É sintomático que os seus derivados imigrante, emigrante e emigrado o sejam apenas em termos gramaticais; sua utilização conceitual independe de qualquer referência a imigração ou emigração...

...Imigração/emigração referem-se a processos, se é que tem sentido aqui falarmos de processo, não “naturais” e não necessariamente regulares. No caso específico da imigração, por exemplo, que o processo em questão seja regular ou irregular, o problema da assimilação do imigrante, individual ou coletivo, sempre se coloca. O fato é que imigração/emigração nunca ocupam uma posição de “centro” de um conjunto de conceitos. No centro sempre estarão conceitos que remetem ao lugar de chegada ou partida.”

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143 Hannerz, Cultural Complexity, p.241.
144 Hannerz, Cultural Complexity, p.247.
145 Banton, p.163.
146 Smith, Éthinic Origins,” p.151.
147 Palmeira e Wagner, pp.64-64
If the immigration/emigration pair is too focused upon places of arrival or departure, then “migration”, a concept which seeks to avoid some of the above problems though centering on the process of dislocation\textsuperscript{148} is also problematical. As Palmeira and Wagner point out, such a word/concept centers on the process of translocation and not on life as it’s conducted within and across boundaries. In other words, the unit of reference is always the nation states (or in the case of Palmeira and Wagner, the internal regions) which send and receive migrants, not the migrants themselves.

However, it would be wrong to see a bland, homogenous “globalism” in all this. Perhaps a more productive way of approaching this question is to investigate how people’s lives are increasingly overflowing the boundaries of the frame of reference which nationality provides. The projects which individuals are engaged in – the possibilities available in their lives – are becoming much larger than the national identities meant to contain them. This may have always been the case in the course of human affairs. However, the increased international fluidity brought about by the vast new developments in the means of communication has created a situation in which transnationality is becoming less of an exceptional experience.

As the quote from Sayaad with which we began this section suggests, transnational dislocation still retains much of its power as a profoundly transformative experience. We would be wrong to think, however, that people are transforming their identities by moving from one national category to another. People are not so much immigrating and assimilating as they are stretching themselves across localities. The experience of living outside of the nation of their birth \textit{adds} to people's identities: it does not replace the old with the new.

In such a situation, it is possible that a “new”\textsuperscript{149} category is coalescing somewhere outside of the axis formed by Hannerz’ “cosmopolitan” and “local” (Hannerz, 1996) and the ideologies of assimilation/alienation traditionally presupposed by the category “immigrant”: the “bi-local”. A bi-local is the cosmopolitan as “hedgehog” (to borrow Hannerz’ metaphor): he has a deep and abiding connection with (at least) two internationally separated regions but not many more – if any. He is not a traditional immigrant because his life defers a “choice” of nationality. He was born \textit{here} but lives \textit{there}. He comes back \textit{here} to visit his friends and family but, through affective connections, he also has friends and family \textit{there}. If things go bad \textit{there}, he may decide to return \textit{here} or even go elsewhere, at least temporarily. When he travels beyond the boundaries of his universe, he may go as a tourist and snaps pictures of sights with the cheerful, unselfconscious abandon of one who does not pretend to cosmopolitan ambitions. The bi-local may know more about the culture, history and

\textsuperscript{148} Ibid, p.
society of the area where he lives than he does of other areas within the country of his birth. Nevertheless, his connections with either of the nations in which he lives may be filtered through specific locales, rather than the nation as a whole. Most particularly, the bi-local does not structure his life – or even his discourse – around the concept of “the return” to his country of origin: he is precisely where he wants to be.

Though “globalization” is generally presented as an economic and/or cultural process it is also a phenomenon carried out via the dramas of everyday individual life, including marriage, kinship and affinity. This has, of course, always been the case throughout human history. New developments in the means of communications, however, have created a situation where transnational deslocation is losing force as a marginal and marginalizing experience. The radical contact with “otherness” that such experiences have traditionally represented has been diminished, yet at the same time, “assimilation” and "migration" are more sharply separated than ever before. More than ever, a stranger in a strange land can (and in some cases, is even forced to) maintain his alterity. In such a world, to be a gringo is an increasingly normal state of affairs.

Anglo-Americans living in Rio are not necessarily immigrants, at least as that word has traditionally been used. However, many of them don’t seem to be in any particular hurry to return to their countries of origin, either. As the years pass, if and as relationships with Brazilian social networks begin to augment or replace their connections with anglophone social networks, some of these people might slip over into the category of “our gringo” without even meaning to. At this point, an individual might find – much to his surprise – that the cost of remigration back to his “homeland” might be more than he is willing to spend. In the parlance of 19th European colonial endeavors, he has “gone native”. In short, for better or for worse, Brazil has now become his country of origin.

149 I say “new” reservedly because the indications are that this category has, in fact, many characteristics in common with what used to be called “colonies”.
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Moreira Alves, X

APÊNDICE A: CONTANDO OS GRINGOS

How many Anglo-Americans have come into Brazil? Though “not of us” the presence of Anglo-American gringos has been constant and intense throughout Brazilian history, at least as far back as the Dom Pedro VI’s opening of the ports to trade in 1808 and possibly much farther back as well. The sidebars presented throughout Chapter 2 – though obviously nothing more than a cursory list – show the depth, numbers and tendencies involved in this population flow. To what degree – if any – could these people be considered immigrants? Is such a classification even useful as an attempt to unweave the complex net of transnational relationships linking Brazil to other nations, most particularly the anglophonic ones?

Statistical Research

Research into the immigration statistics of the IBGE has led me to believe that a statistical approach to this phenomenon is fraught with problems. The numbers reported by the IBGE are very muddled, with the category “immigrant” changing over time together with the laws regulating the entry of foreigners into Brazil. The types of people counted within this category in 1935 are not the same as those being counted 50 or even 30 years later. To make matters even more confused, the IBGE’s most detailed records of immigration (included in the Anuário Estatístico) stop listing “imigrantes” in 1975 and cut the reporting of “permanências concedidas” (e.g. the number of permanent visas given out by the Federal Police within Brazil) in 1984. From that date forward the only listing of “foreigners living in Brazil” by the IBGE occurs in the once-a-decade census reports – and even then the classifications changes with every report! The census itself is a dubious source of information regarding this problem: I’ve lived through two censuses in Brazil and have been registered in neither as a “resident foreigner”. Many of my informants report that they were likewise “skipped” in the 2000 census.

More precise records regarding the number of foreigners in Brazil are presumably in the hands of the Federal Police and the Ministry of Justice. Unfortunately, these two organizations are not exactly well known for making their records available to the public...

Furthermore, if my experience and the experience of many of my informants was any guide, many of the gringos living in Brazil are also probably irregular or even illegal. Obviously, these people weren’t going to be picked up in any official report – most particularly the ones provided by the Federal Police. Portanto, os resultados da minha pesquisa, aqui apresentadas, não devem ser considerados como conclusivos, de forma alguma.

Raros são os casos em que o IBGE apresenta alguma explicação para suas categorias. Não existe nenhuma definição das diferenças entre “imigrantes temporários” e “imigrantes
permanentes”, ou entre “imigrantes permanentes de primeiro estabelecimento” e “imigrantes com licença de retorno”. Essas e outros quebra-cabeças terminológicos são apresentadas nos anuários como se fossem auto-explicativos.

Todos os dados aqui apresentados vêm dos “anuários estatísticos” publicados pelo IBGE entre 1935 e 1995. Penso que os anuários são um pouco mais precisos para esta questão, pois recolhiam seus dados dos ministérios responsáveis para com o controle do fluxo migratório no Brasil, invés de uma contagem de “residentes” que poderiam deixar o país no dia seguinte.


A quantidade de naturalizações de anglo-americanos registrado pelo IBGE é extremamente baixo: um total de 183 americanos e 449 ingleses de 1884 até 1984. Isto pode aparecer extremamente baixa, especialmente quando tomamos em consideração o fato de que 2156
americanos e 727 ingleses são listados como “naturalizados” no censo de 1991, também elaborado pelo IBGE. Penso que a divergência entre estes números resolve-se da seguinte maneira: os anuários não contam os brasileiros naturalizados como ingleses ou americanos no exterior enquanto o censo também conta auto-afirmações. Muitos brasileiros sem ter a cidadania americana ou inglesa legalmente reconhecida poderiam ter se rotulados como “naturalizado” pelo fato de ter um ou ambos os pais “gringos”. Finalmente, os anuários param de especificar as naturalizações de anglo-americanos a partir de 1961, deixando em dúvida quanto as naturalizações categorizadas como “diversas” pertencem à nacionalidades anglo-americanas. No caso dos americanos também vale a pena lembrar que até bem recentemente (199x), o governo brasileiro não reconhecia a cidadania dupla. Isto significava que um americano corria o risco de perder sua cidadania natal caso se naturalizasse brasileiro...

Em ambas as tabelas, os dados são apresentados da seguinte maneira: cada categoria é relatada em números brutos e também em termos de sua porcentagem do total dos estrangeiros entrando no Brasil como “permanentes” ou “temporários” naquele período. Uma caixa cinza significa um problema – ou a falta de dados ou a inclusão de dados estimados. Seu significado é relacionado nas notas escritas embaixo da tabela. Em ambas as tabelas, a categoria “outros” inclui irlandeses, australianos, canadenses, novo zelandenses e sul africanos. A grande maioria destes porém, especialmente na tabela de “permanentes”, é constituída por canadenses.

Nas tabelas, os rótulos “permanentes” e “temporários” são meus e não significam – é claro – que os indivíduos contados de fato se fixaram no Brasil ou não. Vários dos “permanentes” provavelmente voltaram aos seus países de origem – entretanto, é bem capaz que um número significativo dos “temporários” resolveram ficar por aqui. Devemos sempre lembrar que os números do IBGE são artefatos construídos por uma agência governamental. Portanto, são sujeitos às influências das estruturas políticas e burocráticas momentaneamente vigentes no estado brasileiro - particularmente às leis de imigração. Na melhor das hipóteses, estes dados representam apenas as várias maneiras através do qual o governo brasileiro, por intermédio de suas agências de controle fronteiriças, tentou classificar a quase infinita variedade de razões pelas quais os anglo-americanos vieram ao Brasil.

Levando tudo isto em consideração, porém, creio que é possível enxergar pelo menos os largos traços do perfil do deslocamento anglo-americano ao Brasil através das estatísticas aqui apresentadas. De qualquer maneira, os números aqui indicados são mais completos e precisos do que normalmente são apresentados em trabalhos que tratam da “imigração” anglo-americana ao Brasil (por exemplo, veja meus comentários sobre Hugon na página X acima).
Historical Bibliographical Research

Likewise, an approach based on historical bibliographical research into the numbers and types of Anglo-Americans coming into Rio is fraught with difficulties. Though many English and American travelers have written down their impressions of Brazil over the last two centuries, uncritical use of such material is liable to lead to a distorted view of events. It is imperative that one follow Professor João Pacheco’s advice to situate such “traveler’s” testimonies within a political universe wherein these people appear not merely as witnesses but as agents with their own prejudices and agendas before using “traveler’s” accounts to gain insight into the historical dimensions of Anglo-American immigration to Brazil.\(^\text{150}\)

It’s very clear that one of the major problems with using travel writings as testimony to the Anglo-American presence in Brazil is the fact almost all of the authors belonged to relatively privileged classes within their societies and were treated as such here in Brazil. Richard Burton, for example, was a professional adventurer and foreign service worker\(^\text{151}\). Walsh and Kidder were respected clergymen (Kidder a missionary) and Luccock a merchant\(^\text{152}\). Maria Graham was the widow of a British sea captain who spent most of her days in Brazil among the country’s nobrearquia\(^\text{153}\). Assis was a professor of an elite American university, so highly regarded that when he gave a lecture at the Colégio Pedro II, the namesake of the school and Brazil’s reigning emperor attended\(^\text{154}\). Theodore Roosevelt was, of course, an ex-president of the United States, able to command the services of no less a personage than Cândido Rondon as his guide through the Amazon\(^\text{155}\). Rudyard Kipling, future poet laureate of Britain, was given a red-carpet reception at the Brazilian Academy of Letters, attended by future dictator and president Getúlio Vargas as well as the cream of the country’s literary elite\(^\text{156}\). Eugene Harter was a particularly interesting example. An anglophone Brazilian born of descendants of Confederate immigrants to Brazil, Harter reimmigrated with his parents to the United States in 1935, returning to Brazil in 1971 were he served as the U.S. consul in São Paulo. His book, A Colônia Perdida da Confederação is an interesting portrayal of a man attempting to come to grips with an ethnic self-definition – American born in Brazil – which is not widely recognized in either country.\(^\text{157}\)

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\(^\text{150}\) Pacheco, João. XXXXXXX
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\(^\text{156}\) Kipling, Rudyard. XXXXX. Reading Kipling’s description of the event, one is appalled at the fact that the Academia forced this XX year old man who didn’t speak a word of Portuguese to sit through a XX hour long presentation in that language without the aid of translator. Apparently, being a high status gringo in Brazil is not all flowers and sunshine....
\(^\text{157}\) Harter, entire.
Not only were the travelers mostly upper class, they were usually self-consciously associated with foreign projects of projection of power and influence into Brazil. This is more than obvious, for example, in Burton’s miniscule, encyclopedic description of the unexploited mineral riches of São Paulo, Maria Graham’s careful training of the ship’s boys to be officers and gentlemen worthy of His Majesty’s Navy, or Kipling’s reassurance of his English audience that Brazil was in the hands of the “right sort of gentleman.” Kidder, of course, originally arrived in Rio as a protestant missionary for the Bible Tract Society while Luccock was here for purely commercial reasons. In short, the travelers’ vision of Brazil is that of temporary visitors to these parts – people arriving here with a definite goal in mind, secure with their place in the world and assured that they will be leaving soon.

The salient exception to this – Maria Graham – underlines the general rule. On her first voyage to Brazil, Graham’s sympathies are obviously with the British. However, on her second voyage, following her husband’s death in Chile, she presented herself as a “lady in distress” to the Empresa Leopoldina and was taken under the wing of some of Rio de Janeiro’s finest families. The glowing portrait she paints of them is quite at odds with the observations made of the same class of Brazilians on her initial voyage. Furthermore, she takes obvious pride in declaring that she was one of the first to applaud at a patriotic manifestation held to honor the Emperor. Graham’s sense of dislocation and the uncertainty she had as to how her situation was eventually going to be resolved comes through quite strongly in the second half of her book. It is thus interesting that one of the most sensitive and revealing portraits of Brazil yet written by a foreigner (according to Gilberto Freyre) was penned by a British woman somewhat at loose ends in the world, without any clear idea as to how – or if – she was going to make it back to her homeland.

In general, however, the anglophone travel writers are high status individuals intimately attached to projects of power projection into Brazil. They typically don’t know much Portuguese (with the sterling exception of Burton), so they spend a good deal of their time among other foreigners and English speaking Brazilians and rarely – if ever – seem to associate with members of the lowers classes (of any nationality). Their trajectories in Brazil seem to confirm most of the
points made by Buarque de Holanda, Carneiro and Hugon which I’ve quoted above. These people are, in short, what would probably be called “expatriates” today.

One thing that struck me while reading the travelers’ narratives was the persistent portrayals of an anglophone web of sociability in Rio de Janeiro which included Americans, British and members of the Brazilian elite. Apparently, this network used to be bilingual, at least to a certain degree, including in its strands several of Rio de Janeiro’s francophones as well. As Maria Graham describes the situation,

“xxxxxxxx”

In an era in which a good English (or Brazilian or American) gentleman learned French as a matter of course, it is not surprising to find that the transnational elite of Rio spoke both French and English. Later narratives from the twentieth century don’t seem to emphasize bi-linguality, however, as the following comment by Teddy Rooseveldt betrays:

“xxxxx”

By the end of the First World War the anglophone nets of sociability in Rio seem to have been pretty well separated from their francophone counterparts – except, perhaps, in certain restricted circles. At the same time, the United States seems to have overtaken Great Britain as the predominant Anglo-American power in Brazil. This position is not only reflected in the amount of American capital invested in the country but also in the numbers of Americans entering Brazil: for the first time, the American inflow began to outpace the British (see sidebars). The social divisions between British and Americans in Rio were probably not that great, however. Eugene Harter recalls that as an anglophone child in post Great War Rio, he and his siblings “...sentimo-nos duplamente abençoados por gozamos das comemorações britânicas e da nossa barulhenta festividade de 4 de Julho no American Club, Visconde de Pirajá, Ipanema. Sempre convidávamos os ingleses para se juntarem a nós.”

Largely missing from the travelers’ writings is any sense of what the non-traveling gringos were doing in Brazil, especially the members of the relatively lower classes. The general lack of contact between upper and lower class gringos (and their Brazilian descendants) is perhaps best illustrated by the following quote from Harter:

“Certa vez em 1935, chamamos um bombeiro para concertar um cano furado. O homem que apareceu em nossa casa era americano. A aparência de alguém da terra de nossos antepassados, falando inglês, carregando ferramentas e trabalhando com as mãos era desconcertante. Toda a família ficou à sua volta para dar uma espiada naquela estranha criatura marciana. Ficamos sabendo que tinha
That poorer Anglo-Americans individuals were living in Brazil as well as the wealthy expatriates and travelers, there is no doubt, as Harter’s comments betray. One gets occasional glimpses of them peeking through the pages of other travel narratives. There are, for example, the common English seamen that Maria Graham reports jumping ship in Salvador and the foreign mariners she describes inside the “English style pubs” in what is today the centro.\(^\text{166}\) We read also of the widow of an Irish mercenary whom Kidder hires as a maid and who eventually ends up in jail for public rowdiness, sending a card asking for her employer’s aid via an English cellmate.\(^\text{167}\) There are the English laborers in the Morro Velho works, described (rather distastefully) by Burton\(^\text{168}\) and a constant stream of Anglo-Americans described as “long term residents of Brazil” woven in and out of the pages of other travel narratives. They show up as guides, hotel owners, translators... suddenly appearing, almost in fact as if they were secondary characters in a romance novel. We are shown next to nothing about their lives, histories or fortunes by the travel writers, however, and are left largely to guess at why, exactly, they were living in Brazil and how long they stayed here.

\(^{165}\) Harter, p.101.

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### Tabela 1 – Anglo-Americanos entrando no Brasil em caráter “permanente”: 1884-1984

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1) Todos os dados aqui referentes vêm dos “Anuários Estatísticos” publicados entre os anos 1935 e 1995.
2) Os dados para os anos 1884-1933 vêm do “Movimento geral da imigração, 1884-1939”, na página 1307 do Anuário do IBGE 1939/1940.
3) Em 1937, o IBGE lista somente "entradas", sem divisão entre "imigrantes" e "não imigrantes". Para completar o quadro, calculei as porcentagens de ambas categorias baseado nos resultados dos anos 1935-36 e 1938-39. Em seguida, multipliquei-as pelo total de 1937.
4) Os dados para os anos 1952 e 1953 foram estimados calculados como no “3” acima.
5) Muitos “outros” devem estar escondidos na categoria “diversos” do IBGE. Portanto, os números aqui apresentados para a categoria “outros” são incompletos.
### Tabela 1 – Anglo-Americanos entrando Brasil como em caráter “temporário”: 1884-1984

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1) Todos os dados aqui referentes vêm dos “Anuários Estatísticos” publicados entre os anos 1935 e 1995.

2) Não existem dados para os anos entre 1954 e 1963.