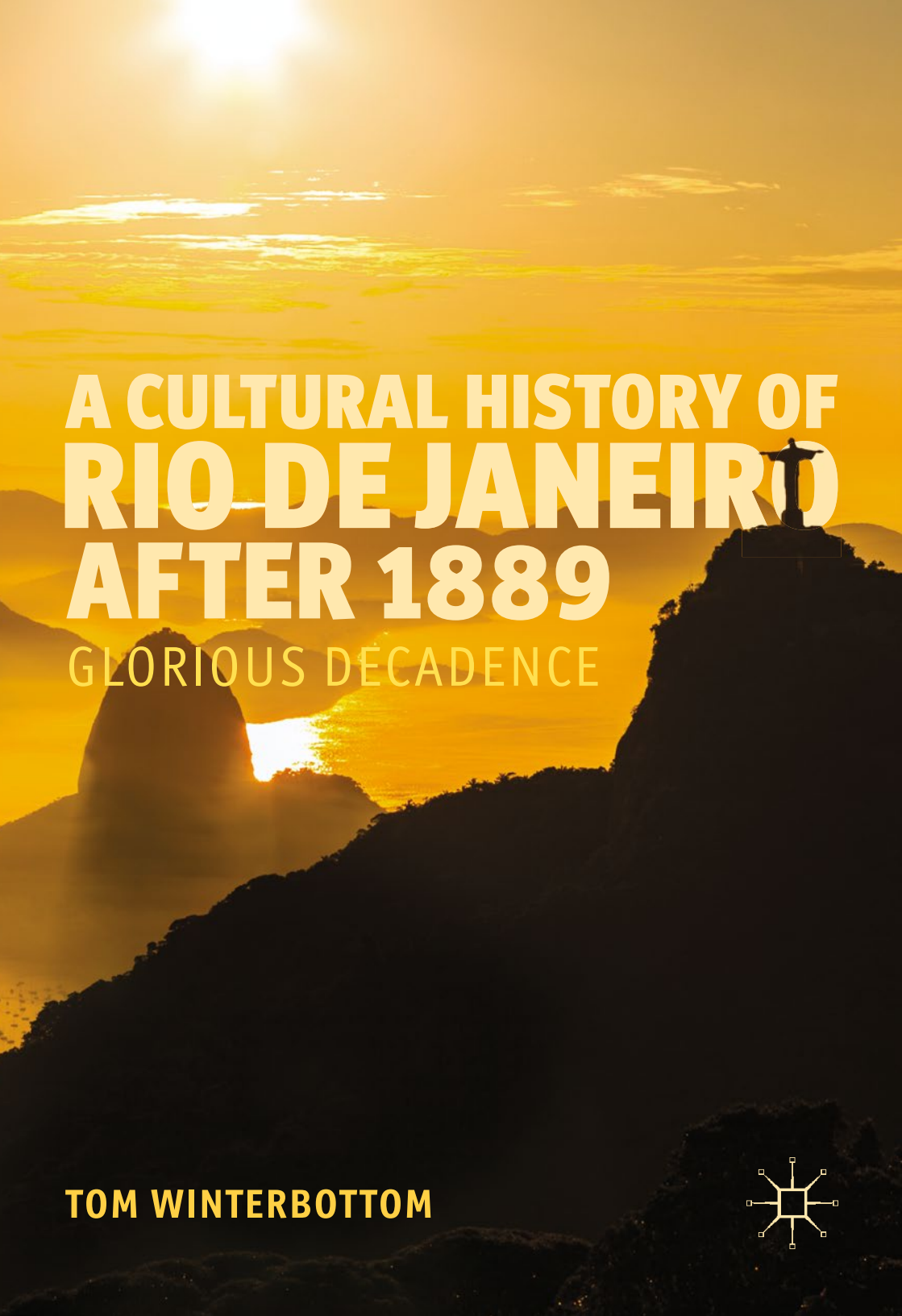

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF RIO DE JANEIRO AFTER 1889

GLORIOUS DECADENCE

TOM WINTERBOTTOM

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Glorious Decadence

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Landing in the Marvellous City

I take my first look at the city again from the air, on my way to the Tom Jobim International Airport, named after one of Brazil's most famous musicians. The flyover brings to my mind the dulcet, delicate, nostalgic voice that shapes the subtle, rhythmic instrumentation of bossa nova. The "new trend," as the term loosely translates, of Brazilian music that flourished in the 1960s is an evocative blend of samba, jazz, and poetry. Jobim, along with Vinicius de Moraes, João Gilberto, Astrud Gilberto, and the American saxophonist Stan Getz, was fundamental in popularizing this new music form, the poetic vocals over a guitar track guided by a delicate drumbeat and typically augmented by another instrument playing a melody. It is as much a mood as it is a style, emanating subtle rhythm. The genre's most famous song, and the first international hit, "A Garota de Ipanema" ("The Girl from Ipanema"), suitably expresses a nostalgic tale of love and desire set to a breezy beat that is so characteristic of bossa nova, a form that originated in Rio de Janeiro.

As the plane is about to land, though, I feel a long way from Ipanema. It is Saturday morning, and layers of hazy, tree-clad mountains rise up in the winter morning light, with jagged peaks and jungle far off in the distance. Below is the city, spreading out and coming into focus, with the Guanabara Bay visible in front, and the Atlantic Ocean a little further away. Welcome to Rio de Janeiro. To the north is the urban sprawl: busy roads, informal housing, hilltops dotted with dirt football pitches, and rooftops punctuated by blue water tanks. Touching down on the runway,

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I see the faded concrete of the airport, discoloured and stark, which contrasts with bossa nova's romantic musical portrayal. Galeão Airport, as it is more commonly known, makes an impression, whether you are arriving for the first time or the fiftieth time, whether you are visiting or you live there. It is the entrance to, and initial point of contact with, the city, and the sensation on landing there is unmistakable. I hear a lady's sultry voice over the public address system, with its idiosyncratic flow of Portuguese, and see an antiquated airport that seems to be perpetually under renovation and yet still disorganized, non-intuitive, and outdated, a mix of the old and the new, the formal and the informal.

At once familiar and distant, the sentiments that the city elicits run deep. I am, and always will be, a foreigner here, and yet I feel emotively connected to this city. It goes far beyond the facile portrayal of an exotic or a tropical city; the experience is much more complex and nuanced than that. Jobim, and others, sing about the *saudades* that this city brings, a beautifully untranslatable term in Portuguese that defines this city's identity. Jobim was always struck by those *saudades* on seeing his beloved city again, as he sang in his song "Samba do Avião" ("Airplane Samba"). What is it that generates this plentiful and so idiosyncratically Brazilian sensation of *saudades*—a complex emotive state of absence, melancholy, and nostalgia—for both locals and foreigners? The beauty of the city and its unique rhythm are somehow always accompanied by this sensation. At the airport, the bags were delayed, there were ongoing projects to upgrade and modernize the infrastructure, and the recently installed ceiling panels in passport control were already peeling despite the project still not being finished. As I waited around and then got lost in the airport, Tom Jobim's music was in my head, its minor tones and delicate dynamics conjuring up conflicting images of the city, and I felt anxious in anticipation of what awaited me.

As with any city, there is much more to Rio de Janeiro than the stereotypes that are so commonly associated with it. When you arrive, the brutalist and isolating concrete architecture of the airport, with its discoloured, block lighting towers stained from the weather, has cracks and chunks missing, and grass and weeds could be seen coming up through cracks in the tarmac. There is an ongoing construction inside, with antiquated "Exit" signs and the dated, analogue weighing scales somehow harmoniously existing along with the brand-new, yet not quite finished, duty-free shops and escalators. The identifying dynamics of old and new are apparent not only in the physical structures but also in its personality and character. The customs official offered me a taxi, which belonged to

his friend, which I declined; I was surprised, and the gesture reminded me of the unique experience in a city that I love. In one corner of the partially updated arrivals hall, whilst looking for the woman in the booth where I had to pay for a taxi and who asked if I would change some dollars for her, rested a couple of homeless men, topless, alongside the various construction projects. The dynamics of intense development and ideals of progress on the one hand, and relaxed nostalgia and a sense of stagnated timelessness on the other, define the character of the city in its modern history.

What is it about this place, I thought—its incredible beauty, the natural landscape, its undeniable and corporeal attraction, the way in which it welcomes you with both visceral and expressive beauty. At the same time, the contrasts that exist between old and new, natural and urban, formal and informal, developed and underdeveloped, rich and poor, preservation and neglect, and so on are often abundantly clear and form an integral part of the city's identity. Rio de Janeiro has an appeal that comes from the abundant and varied sounds, sights, and experiences of the city's landscape. It is a place of stark sensorial stimulation.

Having got into a taxi, I drive in through a section of Rio's sprawling North Zone. I see the Complexo da Maré favela community with its multi-storey cinderblock houses underneath corrugated roofs delineated with busy, bustling streets. It is the neighbourhoods of the North Zone where most of Rio's population lives, very different from the imposing gates and well-appointed apartment blocks of much of the South Zone (where Copacabana and Ipanema are) and the West Zone (the home of the Olympics), or from the high-rises downtown, or the crumbling old houses in the hilltop neighbourhood of Santa Teresa, which is my home every time I come to Rio. Moving down near the centre of the town, I am immediately immersed in the landscape that I remember so well; Rio, undoubtedly, possesses one of the most striking natural settings of any city (Fig. 0). In 2012, Rio was named as a UNESCO World Heritage Site for its "Carioca Landscapes between the Mountain and the Sea," recognized not only for its "exceptional urban setting" and "exceptionally dramatic landscape," but also for "the artistic inspiration it has provided to musicians, landscapers and urbanists."[1]

The jungle-clad hills rising up from the beaches that are caressed by the Atlantic Ocean are here, of course, a little further down the road, along with "The Girl from Ipanema." For now, though, this was not the never-ending coastline or the Christ the Redeemer statue or Sugarloaf Mountain, sights that are so commonly invoked. Driving through the city, I pass close to the

Fig. 0 A map of Rio de Janeiro. *1.* Hotel Glória. *2.* Copacabana Palace. *3.* The Ministry Building. *4.* The Maracanã

main Novo Rio ("New Rio") bus terminal, built in 1965 and, like the airport, showing both creeping neglect and ongoing renovation in perpetual interaction. I see an urban space that incorporates busy, bustling highways punctuated by car horns, derelict buildings, and garbage by the side of the road. The multi-lane road dissects neighbourhoods where the houses are stacked one on top of the other, including some favela communities and some scrappy social housing projects. The Guanabara Bay, to my left, is polluted and uninviting. Something else has been happening, too, as was also apparent at the airport: clear signs of intense development and huge infrastructure projects, such as the redevelopment of the whole port area, new cable cars connecting hilly favela communities, and a "Bus Rapid Transit" system undergoing construction. It feels deeply "in progress."

As I pass the bus station and the port area, I see the Providência ("Providence") favela community, the oldest community of Rio, rising up on a hill to my left. As part of the contemporary push for development and modernization, the city council installed and inaugurated a brand-new cable car to transport community residents and visitors up and down this hard-to-navigate and poorly connected favela. The completion was delayed by two years, and when I passed it on a trip there recently, just over one month after inauguration, there was no sign of any movement, the gates were locked,

and it already *looked* old and outdated. "The tropics are less exotic than out of date [*démodés*]," Claude Lévi-Strauss famously wrote of his trip to Latin America in the 1930s, when travelling there involved "moving back imperceptibly in time," a subtle, but definite, shift on the temporal spectrum where "the towns of the New World … pass from freshness to decay without ever being simply old."[2] As I pass through Rio and arrive in Santa Teresa, I do not feel like I have moved *back* in time, but rather that I have stepped into a *different* time, and sense of time, altogether.

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It is as though Rio de Janeiro is continually and perpetually under construction and yet already somehow a ruin, as Caetano Veloso, another of Brazil's most famous musicians, sings in his song "Fora da Ordem" ("Out of Order"). It is precisely this dynamic tension—the cracks in the walls, the peeling paint, and the overgrown buildings alongside the ideals and images of change, progress, and development—which lends Rio de Janeiro its identity. The ever-moving present in Rio is somewhere within that complex temporality that is at once "in construction" and "in ruin." This is true, of course, in all cities; however, I see it as being particularly apparent and acute in the former Brazilian capital in which it acts as a defining feature of its appealing and unique character. Seen so, how can we understand that tension to move beyond the simple binaries—of rich and poor, developed and underdeveloped, formal and informal, and so on—to get to a more nuanced vision of the city in its history?

It is a distinct relationship to time that I see in the spirit of this city. It has a distinct rhythm of life, it is a place where people "speak with their bodies," as one author puts it, and where the past and the future exist in a present that is perpetually "in progress" in the creation of a deeply layered and complex temporality.[3] Within that, I see an identifiable feature of decadence as a productive way of reading and conceptualizing the city in its history post-1889. Exploring the time and space of the Carioca—the term used to describe someone or something from Rio—landscape and the sensation of a present that is somehow outdated or incomplete forms the backbone of my understanding of Rio de Janeiro and of this book. In constructing a cultural history that views the contemporary city as part of, and within its, historical continuum, a complex temporality becomes apparent. That temporality has decadence, as I understand it, both as a prominent feature and as an aesthetic result, an identifiable characteristic that has been present as a

central part of the urban landscape post-1889 and continues to define the city today, even in the so-called global moment that the Olympics represent. Understanding the depth and complexity of Rio's temporality and its decadence can best be illustrated by analyzing its manifestation in architecture and literature over the course of more than a century. Post-1889, the year of revolution in Brazil when the political system ruptured from monarchy to republic, the city and its temporality (that is, its relationship to time, namely, how the past is viewed, the future projected, and the present experienced) changed. In short, we can better understand the contemporary city through this reading of its post-1889 history.

With that in mind, from that 1889 moment, *saudades,* a term I unpack shortly, came to be an identifiable and fundamental aspect of the city's essence and identity; remembrance of other times and that melancholic thought, so central to bossa nova, became as fundamental as the ideologies of progress and modernity, which also came to the fore at that moment. A cultural analysis of architecture and literature sheds light on that dynamic, on how *saudades* within the unique context of Rio de Janeiro interact with notions of progress and development to create a historical picture of the city, which reaches into the present day. The awarding of the right to host the 2016 Olympic Games ushered in a contemporary period of rapid and intense development, which heralded speculation that the city was about to somehow "fulfil its potential" or "reach its future." What, precisely, does that mean? Not only have there been other such moments in Rio's history post-1889—in which the future seemed so tantalisingly close—but such discourses also affirm the vacuousness of the notion that there is some desired or achievable telos of development and modernity, an attainable goal that "should" somehow be reached through "progress."

Rather, I propose that in Rio there is a remarkably intense and complex ongoing projection towards the future mediated by the characteristic of *saudades.* This specific relationship to, and experience of, time produces a present that is defined by a sensation of incompleteness, looking back to the past, or aspiring to the future and doing both at the same time. It is there that an identifiable sense of absence in the present emerges as a constant in the conceptual and atmospheric realm as part of this Latin American city's identity. The never-quite-inaugurated present day of Rio de Janeiro and the deep nostalgia for something absent create its glorious decadence. This is precisely the image of the city that the airport or the bus station hints at from the moment of arrival—a modern, but crumbling, construction, soon-to-be-inaugurated, but somehow already ges-

turing towards ruin, the future and the past starkly together. The distinct temporality, curated by the city's intense tropicality and its natural environment, creates a sense of remoteness and outdatedness in the present. This is not, as might be imagined, a negative aspect of the city; rather, it is aesthetically rich.

Indeed, getting away from these problematic binaries such as positive or negative, modern or backwards, and making them more complex are vital for understanding contemporary urban environments all over the world. I am not simply observing and describing the city; instead, I seek to complicate perceived notions of modernization, development, and decay, in an observation of *difference* that is manifest through a distinct relationship to time. Within this dynamic, decadence, a term I will shortly redefine as an aesthetic consideration, is instead understood as one of the most stimulating and fundamental elements of the city's cultural identity, currently and in its modern history.

A Different Feeling of Time in the *Tristes Tropiques*

Regarding Brazilian culture, and as Haroldo de Campos wrote, we see,

> the necessity of thinking the *difference*, nationalism as a dialogic movement of difference (and not as the Platonic anointing of origin and a conveniently homogenizing strickle). The need to think the uncharacter, instead of the character; the rupture instead of the linear course; historiography as the seismic graph of subversive fragmentation rather than the tautological homologation of the homogenous. A rejection of the substantialist metaphor of natural, gradual, and harmonious evolution, a new idea of tradition (antitradition) functioning as counterrevolution, as a countercurrent as opposed to the glorious, prestigious canon.[4]

If a little verbose and inventive in his vocabulary, de Campos does gesture towards an important feature of Brazilian identity. When thinking outside of the teleological constraint, we can envision Rio's temporality (of "difference") according to its unique aesthetic expression that comes from the unexpected. Counter-discursively, Rio's version and vision of the potential for "progress," its dominant ideology post-1889, is undermined by cultural and social expressions, which inherently demonstrate a complex relationship to time that is most succinctly encapsulated in the notion of *saudades*. This temporality challenges how we might think

about these ideologies in the urban context, as much in 2016 as in 1889. In architecture and literature, the physical and the abstract, and across different forms within those media, distinct aspects of Rio's complex temporal landscape become apparent. Exploring the "Space and Time of Rio de Janeiro" occupies Part I of this book, including an unpacking of the central concepts in play—*saudades*, decadence, and landscape—as well as presenting a view of the city, currently and in its history.

In Part II, "Decadence in Architecture," the Hotel Glória, the Copacabana Palace Hotel, the Ministry of Education and Health Building, and the Maracanã stadium provide four physical examples—buildings—of Rio's decadence, and each has a remarkably distinct history and status currently. Analyzing them, and their relationship to the geography of the city and other neighbourhoods, establishes a metonymical view of Rio's urban environment. The Hotel Glória (1922) currently stands as a derelict building site and a ruin, the glorious embodiment of an ambitious, but failed, vision of modernization to create, in theory, the most luxurious hotel in Latin America. A project of the (also ruined) tycoon, Eike Batista, this "monument of progress" was at once an attempt to recapture the indulgent glory of its past days whilst also trying to be the best hotel in the city. It was simultaneously attempting to be "of the past" and "of the future," and ended up as a completely decayed ruin in the present. (It is, despite, or indeed because of that, incredibly beautiful). The Copacabana Palace (1923), on the contrary, is a symbol of old-world opulence and a cornerstone of indulgent luxury, a purposeful physical expression of a nostalgia for something "unpresent," to follow de Campos, that is out of its time and also out of place, today and ever since its inauguration.

The Ministry of Education and Health Building (inaugurated 1945) heralded Brazilian Modernism as a global architectural aesthetic, considered avant-garde and "of the future" by international audiences. Moreover, it was a state-sponsored aesthetic, part of Getúlio Vargas' authoritarian plan to develop and modernize proactively in the middle of the twentieth century. Following the transfer of capital city from Rio to Brasília in 1960, however, it lost much of its meaning as a ministry, devoid of its principal function, and suddenly a monument to history, a condition that it maintains currently. At that moment, it passed from being "of the future" to "of the past," almost instantly. The Maracanã, meanwhile, inaugurated in 1950 for the World Cup of that year, was constructed as a symbol of Brazil's mid-century prowess—the world's biggest football stadium built with the expectation and conviction of a Brazilian victory in the tourna-

ment. It was rushed to inauguration, built in less than two years (but not actually completed until 1965, by which time it was already old), only for Brazil to lose in the final and leave its original raison d'être unfulfilled. Indeed, even now, it is questionable whether it has ever *actually* been "completed" and become "of the present"; it is under perpetual construction. In the twenty-first century, the stadium is once again a symbolic centre of Brazil, having hosted the final of the 2014 World Cup, and as a centrepiece stadium for the Olympics, most notably as the venue for the opening and closing ceremonies. The recent renovations, also plagued by delays and a sense of not having been completed, relied on a nostalgic indulging of its past to rebuild the stadium based on what it once was and what it signified. We can observe a certain temporality that defines the physical structures, and each construction is in its own way decadent. Through these four specific buildings, then, we can get a broader picture of the architectural history of the modern city.

In Part III, "Reading and Writing Rio de Janeiro," close readings of works of literature inform a study of (abstract) temporality and decadence. I start with Machado de Assis' *Memorial de Aires* (*The Wager*: *Aires' Journal*) (1908), a fictional diary from 1888 to 1889 of an old diplomat who has returned to a city on the brink of revolution to live out the last days of his life. Following that, in Lima Barreto's *O Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* (*The Sad End of Policarpo Quaresma*, 1911), a blend of fiction and history, we read the satirical story of the eponymous protagonist who recounts his comically difficult experiences living in Rio de Janeiro in the early years of Brazil's First Republic between 1891 and 1894. Both novels were written towards the end of the first period of intense development and "progress" in the modern city, that is, post-1889, and yet both are also laden with a definite nostalgia, a sense of otherness and reflection. They are aesthetic and abstract meditations on the relationship with time in the city in its early republican history.

In the middle of the twentieth century, the American poet Elizabeth Bishop lived in and around Rio de Janeiro. She had intended to visit for a matter of weeks, but ended up living in Brazil for 16 years, from 1951 until 1967. She lived in Petrópolis, near Rio, and kept frequent correspondence with the poet Robert Lowell. Studying her impressions and reflections in that correspondence, published in the collection *Words in Air* (2008), as well as the poems in the volume *Questions of Travel* (1965), tell us about her experiences of Rio's "remoteness" in the spatial and temporal sense. She saw, first hand, the coming together of Rio's impulse for modernity (and, particularly, Modernism as a movement) and its "back-

wardness" (as she calls it) in creating an attractive and indulgent, but somehow dislocated, present. Travelling to Rio was not, then, necessarily about moving back in time, as Lévi-Strauss said, but did involve engaging with a distinct relationship to time, as we can read from Bishop's writing.

Finally, two short stories, "*O Rio Sua*" ("Blazing Sun") by Tatiana Salem Levy, and "*Antes da Queda*" ("Before the Fall") by JP Cuenca, were both published in 2012, and portray contemporary Rio in different ways, and yet are defined by a distinct, layered temporality. In Levy's text, a defining nostalgia for her city compels the protagonist to return home, leaving behind her life abroad, in what the author called a "love letter" to her city. In Cuenca's text, written from a post-Olympic perspective, on the contrary, the city that underwent rapid change in preparation for the Olympics forces its protagonist to leave. Uniting both stories, however, are the temporal dialogues between what the city was, is, and will be. These are dialogues that imply a perpetually incomplete and in-progress present moving towards something desired, which vitally remains absent and always characterized by a deep, corporeal nostalgia, mediated by the unique landscape of the city itself. By way of a postscript, then, these stories affirm the city's decadence as a vital part of its ongoing identity creation even in this moment (once again) of intense development and change in preparation for the Olympics. By considering various forms of literature—principally correspondence, novel, and short story—we see a broad picture of the city emerge that spans its entire, and ongoing, modern history. It is a purposefully broad historical range of works that highlight the two historical moments—in the early- and mid-twentieth centuries—with which the contemporary moment shows stark resonances.

Architecture and literature, very different though they are as aesthetic renderings, can both be "read" in the context of Rio's post-1889 time and space in creating an innovative cultural history of the city. In literature, and as M.M. Bakhtin wrote in *The Dialogic Imagination*, we can read for the "chronotope" of the novel—literally the "time–space"—which refers to "the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature."[5] Time and space—through temporality and landscape, and those two elements in constant conjunction—in Rio is manifest in both physical (architecture) and abstract (literature) forms, and these forms consistently evoke an atmosphere of decadence, which, in turn, becomes a fundamental and identifiable characteristic. Whilst, of course, every city is a place of complex and multiple relationships to time and space, it is the intensity and expression of those interactions that are remarkable in the Carioca context. The idea of leaving the past behind

and pushing on to the future is, then, discursively problematic, both currently and in the city's history. In Rio de Janeiro, the "third way" of Brazilian identity is reaffirmed: it exists somewhere in-between, a mix of, and indulgence in, the contrasts and tensions that have come to define it, what Haroldo de Campos called the "difference" that lies, if you will, on Guimarães Rosa's "third bank of the river."[6]

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Let me clarify what this book is and is not. I do not critique the Olympic Games and their direct impact on the city; I don't want to try to "understand" or "explain" the city in its entirety, or to project an idealized perspective—through exploring what is easily considered "beautiful" for a humanities scholar looking in from the outside—on the intricacies of a complex society. I am not exploring or analysing in detail contemporary developments or affairs in the city, and neither am I looking in detail at the specificity of projects and their potential benefits or shortcomings. I am not writing a traditional chronological history of the city. My aim is not to write a prognosis; rather, this is an observation on their context, a reflection on Rio's distinct and attractive temporality, a conviction about a vital feature of the city in the present day, into the future, and in its recent history. I use observational and cultural analyses to highlight a trend that is a fundamental constituent part of a place's historical identity. In so doing, I am considering historical trends from a cultural perspective as opposed to the specifics of social, political, or economic policies.

My in-depth look at certain buildings and works of literature, across a historical and formal spectrum, creates a broad conceptualization of the cultural identity of the city within its historical continuum. That is, I aim to explore the characteristics and identity of the city by looking at the relationship to time in its post-1889 history to create a "character study" of Rio de Janeiro. With that intention in mind, it is a purposefully broad sweep that uses a cultural lens to situate the city and to, hopefully, generate an envisioning of the city that moves beyond facile stereotypes and avoids perpetuating overly simplistic dichotomies. Rather, Rio de Janeiro, like any city, is a complex, continually evolving entity, and I see its distinct temporality as being a constant point of reference post-1889. The unique collection of buildings and texts that I present here, and their associated stories, bring that temporality that is a defining feature of Rio's cultural history into clear relief. Rio de Janeiro serves as one fascinating example of an urban environment in the age of urban environments.

That is not to deny, of course, that the social inequality, evictions, corruption, problems in education, security, and healthcare, amongst other things, that have been and continue to be issues in the city, need to be sustainably addressed and improved. But, I am not going to suggest what should or could happen, or project where the city might be in years from now, or to proclaim that, to use prevalent and deeply problematic discourse that is itself by now already outdated, this "emerging country" is *finally* "achieving its potential" as it "progresses" into a "promised future." I see these terms as semantically empty in terms of developmentalist discourse, but also—paradoxically—a foundational part of the city's decadent historical condition and identity that has appeared recurrently post-1889. As such, I seek to conceptualize the context within which such an urban environment has grown; that is, to see the city in its space and its time.

The prevalence and recurrence of the discourses in which Rio is almost at the point of "catching up" or of somehow becoming "modern" are remarkable. Rather, it *is* already at that point, in its own way in which the "future" exists as always "of the future" and the present is perpetually seemingly "in progress," a relationship mediated by nostalgia that is particularly acute in Rio. By elaborating a case study of one city, perhaps providing a framework for studying others, we can observe difference to conceptualize how we might think about the process of development, its relationship to time, and how it takes on explicitly different forms according to context. In Rio, post-1889 and up to the present, cultural identity is defined by the sense of inherent remoteness and outdatedness, a semantic and epistemological affirmation of Roberto Schwarz's notion of having ideas that are "out of place." Moreover, if this outdatedness can positively identify the city (as opposed to a desire to "move away" from it in a process of generic "modernization"), then we can think about Rio de Janeiro, and its future, in a more long-term, sustainable manner. Rio's beauty lies in the decadence that has been a fundamental feature of the city's history post-1889, and which is brought about by the specific temporal landscape we can observe in the city.

Notes

1. "Rio de Janeiro: Carioca Landscapes between the Mountain and the Sea." *World Heritage Convention*. UNESCO, 2012. http://whc.unesco.org/en/list/1100
2. Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes Tropiques*, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (London: Penguin, 1992), 87 and 95.

3. The quotation comes from Tatiana Salem Levy's 2012 short story, "*O Rio Sua*" ["Blazing Sun," literally translated as "Rio Sweats"], a story I look at in more detail in Part III. Tatiana Salem Levy, "Blazing Sun," trans. Alison Entrekin, in *Granta 121*: *The Best of Young Brazilian Novelists*, ed. John Freeman (London: Sigrid Rausing, 2012), 37–51.
4. Haroldo de Campos, "Anthropophagous Reason: Dialogue and Difference in Brazilian Culture," *Novas*: *Selected Writings*, trans. and eds. Antonio Sergio Bessos and Odile Cisneros (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 2007), 162.
5. M.M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination*: *Four Essays*, ed. Michael Holquist, trans. Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981), 84.
6. Guimarães Rosa, the wonderful Brazilian writer, has a story called "*A Terceira Margem do Rio*"—"The Third Bank of the River"—in his 1962 short story collection *Primeiras Estórias*.

Part I: Space and Time of Rio de Janeiro

The sensation of a distinct temporality in a layered, and seemingly dislocated, present has been explored before in the Brazilian context, particularly with reference to Brasília. The inauguration of the ultra-modern utopic capital conceived and constructed in the middle of the country in the late 1950s seemed outdated even before its inauguration in 1960, and even more acutely in subsequent years. "This city," Marília Librandi-Rocha writes, "the 'capital of hope' as André Malraux [1971] expressed at its inauguration, was described as early as 1967 as a 'futuristic ruin.'"[1] In Rio, a city that has consistently—and particularly acutely in recent years leading up to the Olympics—maintained a symbolic affinity with Brazil as a whole, Beatriz Jaguaribe wrote of the "modernist ruin" of buildings in the city, referring to the "moment positioned between their former newness and their ultimate implosion—or restoration," a temporal in-betweenness.[2] Given its semantic implications and referential imprecision, the concept of the ruin is one that I will not explore in depth here; rather, time, and the passage of time and relationship to it, are particularly relevant in the cultural history of Rio after the revolution of 1889. When the capital moved from Rio to Brasília in 1960, Rio suffered something of an identity crisis in which the sensation of "outdatedness" became even more acute. No longer the federal or administrative capital, institutionally de-centred in the national context, a *former* capital city, it was by definition left dislocated. However, Rio's distinct temporality is not simply a

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post-capital condition. It goes much deeper, much earlier, to the beginning of the history of the modern city, and continues in the present. It is an identifiable and remarkable element of this city's identity.

Post-1889, a temporally dynamic discourse—of a future full of possibilities and potential, of leaving behind the past—became defining, and whilst that mentality existed before 1889, its nature and prominence changed after the Republican Revolution. The discourse and ideology of progress and of a utopic future was adopted as a motif, and the monarchical past was confined, it was thought, to the past. However, and paradoxically, it was also at that moment that the past, through nostalgia, memory, remembrance, *saudades*, and the "republic that was not" (as José de Murilo Carvalho calls it), became more acutely and integrally part of the present. The 1889 moment, which theoretically signalled a rupture away from the past, was instead marked by the beginning of a deep memorializing tendency that interacted with those (ideological) gestures towards progress. The examples I use from architecture and literature consistently highlight this complexity in the city's temporality and its impact on the perpetually evolving present. They are effectively examples of counter-discourses against what François Lyotard theorized as "*grands récits*" ("grand narratives"), in this case those of historicist destiny and the development of Rio under the banner of progress that were fundamental in and after 1889.[3] The tension between projections and imaginations of the future and a melancholic nostalgia for something other has remained as a broad, identifiable characteristic of the city in creating a layered and sensorially decadent present.

In that sense, and following Bakhtin, space and time are inseparable, where time seems to thicken and become visible in space, and space, in turn, responds to movements of time and history. Not only do we see this in Carioca literature but also in its architecture. It is precisely the specific, dynamic coming together of old and new, "advanced" and "backward," and natural and urban, which mediate the social construction of time and space in Rio. As Claude Lévi-Strauss reflected on his trip to Brazil in the 1930s, there is "outdatedness" in the present of the human experience in Brazilian cities, particularly in the big cities of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Outdatedness refers not only to "not being of your time" in the (somewhat negative) sense of "not being up to date," as Lévi-Strauss implied, but also to an attractive aesthetic condition that has defined the modern cultural history of those same big cities.

Rather than interpreting Lévi-Strauss in an inherently critical light, then, his observations are instead symptomatic of the acute relationship

in Rio de Janeiro between intense pushes towards the future coupled with a state of emotive nostalgia for something "other" and "absent" in the present that is fundamental to the city's cultural identity. The moment of inauguration, of ribbon-cutting, and of being "present" is, therefore, a problematic one: the Maracanã football stadium, for example, was "inaugurated" for the World Cup in 1950, although not "completed" until 1965. Then, it was under almost constant repair, and then completely renovated throughout the 2000s before being reinaugurated, although again not "completed," in 2013. We will see this tendency as a recurring motif in different guises in much more detail subsequently, so much so that we can understand it as an inherent trait of the city's character.

As such, Lévi-Strauss' *Tristes Tropiques* ["sad tropics"] is not simply *démodés* in that they are behind the times (even though he wrote of "travelling back in time") or that they were aiming to "catch up" with Europe. Rather, on his visits there, he experienced something *different*, a sensation that permeates his 1955 work and to which he easily and problematically attributed "backwardness," which Elizabeth Bishop also did. The difference that he saw, however, was precisely the tension—and the beauty in that tension—between being new and being old (encapsulated in his term *démodé*). It is, then, a question of being "of the present," and what that signifies and implies, that is at play. Indeed, the identity of the present is, in fact, found precisely in the sensation of "unpresentness," which we regularly encounter in Rio de Janeiro. The memory of the past and the image of the future are visible in the present day urban fabric, both on a physical level (as the French anthropologist observed) and on the narrative, abstract level. This historical trend applies as much in the early twenty-first century, as it did when Lévi-Strauss visited, or when Getúlio Vargas ruled, or when the city transformed into the republican capital in 1889, or in the city's post-capital situation. Put simply, it is a productive way to envision Rio's history.

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Bruno Carvalho, in his book *Porous City*, writes about the *Cidade Nova* ["New Town"] neighbourhood, which borders the port area and Providência.[4] The Cidade Nova is one of the (historic) heartlands of the city, a birthplace of samba, and a historically vibrant space, which in the 2000s is a somewhat abandoned and lifeless part of Rio de Janeiro. This part of the city, developed between the Centre and the North Zones and

split in half by the wide, east–west Avenida Presidente Vargas, was inaugurated in 1944, and marked by the Oscar Niemeyer-designed Sambadrome, from 1984, a paradoxically depressing concrete structure built to host the proclaimed biggest party on earth. Through the swings between intense modernization in certain periods and neglect in others, the Cidade Nova, the port area, and Providência "became increasingly cut off from the rest of the city and entered a period of accelerated decadence," and, as the city sprawled after 1960, they became "devalued" places.[5] Recently, with the new cable car or the huge port redevelopment still going on (to give just two examples), there has been a swing once again towards directed modernization orientated around the notion of progress; this, though, simply marks the next curve in a historical cycle.

Vitally, Carvalho hints at the concept of "decadence" in reading the city, a term he does not elaborate; instead, he constructed his book around the notion of "porosity." That Rio is porous is a central intuition, not only on the social or spatial level, but also on the temporal plane; porosity permeates between the future and the past, new and old, as well as on the levels that Carvalho elaborates in moving away from the over-simplistic binaries that often appear in writing about the city.[6] Extrapolating from that, we can also problematize the developmentalist binary, which is centred on the notion of the city somehow "catching up" to the supposedly desirable end of the binary, which is the opposite of "backwardness." Instead, we can again understand Rio's complex temporality as marked by a present that is seemingly, perpetually, and acutely "in progress" as a vital feature of its historical and ongoing identity.

Beatriz Jaguaribe also implied a complex, distinct temporality at play. She wrote that the Ministry of Education and Health Building in the city's downtown demonstrates a "repertoire of decadence [as] the former icon of modernist architecture in Brazil," again invoking "decadence" as a relevant, albeit not elaborated, aesthetic consideration in the city.[7] In her reading, broken tiles, rusty steel, and growing weeds in this once-modern building constitute what she labels as decadence without exploring the complexities of that term and how it differs from, for example, decay or ruin. As such, perhaps we can reconceptualise decadence according to temporal parameters and implications to uncover a new perspective in the cultural and aesthetic realm that constitutes a vital part of the city's identity creation.

In early 2014, as if to highlight the temporal tensions at play in the city, construction workers hit on an old slave burial site of historical and

archaeological importance amidst work to lay the foundations for new condominiums and skyscrapers in the rapidly developing port area. The "future"—the "new" city—is permeated, inextricably and inevitably, by the "old" city, with an acute porosity existing between the two ends of the spectrum in creating an "outdated" present marked by a layered temporality. The *Porto Maravilha* ("Marvellous Port," drawing on Rio's alter ego as the "Marvellous City") project aims to make that area a new centre of the city, the "New Port," perhaps. The interaction between new and old, and the past and future, is present and vibrant, and an identifying and identifiable, feature of the city. The *New York Times*, in March 2014, inadvertently signalled the tension that is vital to Rio's cultural identity and that touched on a complex temporal and historical implication:

> But as developers press ahead in the surroundings of the unearthed slave port—with futuristic projects like the Museum of Tomorrow, costing about $100 million and designed in the shape of a fish by the Spanish architect Santiago Calatrava—the frenzied overhaul is setting off a debate over whether Rio is neglecting its past in the all-consuming rush to build its future.[8]

This push towards the future is a theme that Rio has witnessed before. Coupled with that rush, however, is the prevailing atmosphere of the city. Channelling Charles Baudelaire, Jane Jacobs wrote about the vitality and intensity—the commotion—that she found in chaotic cities, with her critique based on the sterile suburbanization of the United States in the 1950s. Elizabeth Bishop thought of Rio as a "glorious mess," based on a letter she wrote to Robert Lowell, in which Rio's contrasts, commotion, complexities, and the dominant sense of difference appealed to her.[9]

Rubem Fonseca, in his 1990 novel *Agosto*, writes about the chaos of the month of August 1954, which culminated in the suicide of Getúlio Vargas, as though that chaos and commotion has a normality about it. He creates an atmosphere of social and political breakdown in Rio in which the moral compass is askew for almost every character. Crime, power, money, and corruption play central roles in this history-based narrative written by a former detective and one of Brazil's most famous authors. Fonseca paints a picture of the gritty underbelly of the city in which one character—the fictional detective Alberto Mattos—tries to challenge the endemic corruption in the city, and ends up killed by a hired gun for his troubles. After all that happens in a few tumultuous weeks, Fonseca conveys how quickly and easily the city carried

on in its normal way: "The city experienced a day of calm. Business was considered very good by the Federal District Shopkeepers Union. Government offices, banks, factories, and commercial offices also functioned normally. Movie theatres enjoyed a great influx of customers, more than usual for a Thursday."[10] And that is precisely the point. That sense of chaos in the present, taken to an extreme point in Fonseca's novel, is vital in the dynamic attraction of the city, drawing residents and visitors in because of, and not despite, that commotion. Fonseca's narrator continues, "The one thousand and seven hundred tourists who had disembarked from the ship *Santa Maria* visited the main touristic spots of the city and all enthusiastically agreed that Rio deserved its title of the Wonderful City."[11] Rather than the exception, then, this chaotic atmosphere is fundamental to the identity of Rio de Janeiro; it is a feature that lends the city its vibrancy and attraction. Chaos and incipient crisis implies a sense of instability in the present, a moment as though on the edge of breakdown or on the brink of change, subject to the pulls of the past and the pushes of the future. It is within that dynamic that Rio de Janeiro has existed since 1889.

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Rio de Janeiro is a busy, bustling, intense, and stimulating metropolis set within a tropical climate and landscape, bordered by jungle, mountains, and ocean. Such a natural setting for an urban environment already negates establishing any distinct binary between urban and natural; the two coexist, together, in a dynamic and evolving whole. As Henry James wrote about London, it is impossible to ever "understand" or "explain" a city:

> It is difficult to speak adequately or justly of London. It is not a pleasant place; it is not agreeable, or cheerful, or easy, or exempt from reproach. It is only magnificent. You can draw up a tremendous list of reasons why it should be insupportable. The fogs, the smoke, the dirt, the darkness, the wet, the distances, the ugliness, the brutal size of the place, the horrible numerosity of society, the manner in which this senseless bigness is fatal to amenity, to convenience, to conversation, to good manners—all this and much more you may expatiate upon. You may call it dreary, heavy, stupid, dull, inhuman, vulgar at heart and tiresome in form.[12]

Alternatively, in his novelistic homage to São Paulo, Luiz Ruffato's *Eles Eram Muitos Cavalos* [*They Were Many Horses*] portrays the Brazilian

metropolis that welcomed so many migrants like himself with a prescribed (lack of) literary structure, reflecting the impossibility of reproducing the complexity and dynamic of the city in any holistic manner. Rio de Janeiro is also "magnificent," as James wrote of London, and it draws the nickname of "The Marvellous City," and is deeply complex in its own way. Cities exist as idiosyncrasies, perpetually incomplete places and always "in progress," oftentimes attractive despite, or because of, that vivacity. I see that tendency as being particularly acute in Rio de Janeiro, where the natural and urban, formal and informal, and past and future, to give a few points of reference, come together in dynamic dialogue. If the density and intensity of cities prohibit any quantifiable "understanding" of them as a whole, then what of the cultural and aesthetic approach as a method to establish a conceptual framework around the city? Examining culture and cultural expressions over the course of Rio's modern history allows for the elaboration of a broad vision of a recurring, and prominent, aspect of its identity. I cannot fully capture the city by any means (and nor do I intend to), but decadence is one vital element of it.

As Henry James said of London, the charm of a place lies in those seemingly inexplicable contrasts and in the defying of logic in which a city is "stupid," "inhuman," and "vulgar," but also, essentially, "magnificent." With that in mind, what can we say about Rio de Janeiro and how can we express it? It is a city that has garnered various epithets, from "marvellous," to "divided," to "porous."[13] It has also been, at least since the 1890s, defined by a complex and multifaceted form of *mestiçagem* (mixing), in which we can envision its identity as somewhere inherently *between* old and new, black and white, rich and poor, modern and backwards, foreign and local, and not on either end of those spectra. In the poem "Ash Wednesday," T.S. Eliot wrote "Because I know that time is always time / And place is always and only place," that "what is actual is actual only for one time / And only for one place."[14] Let us use this idea as a base to approach Rio de Janeiro in its space and time after 1889, an evocative and intriguing city whose identity is enveloped by three key concepts: *saudades*, landscape, and decadence.

Saudades and Absence

If we elaborate the notion of incompleteness in the present, we can say that Rio de Janeiro is characterized by absence; that is, the projection of a longing for something not present. A sense of melancholy, longing, and absence exists

as a fundamental part of that "out-of-the-present" lived experience, which is impacted by remembrances of the past and projections of the future. The time–space of Rio is characterized not, then, solely by the future or the past, but rather by a more general and profound sense of absence in its identity.

Indeed, Portuguese has a term—and one that is employed constantly in Brazil—for the Carioca atmosphere, which encapsulates a certain nostalgia-based longing for something that once was or that could be. It is the indulgence in something drawn from the passing of time, a luxury in the remembrance of something that is not present or tangible *in that moment*, implying a temporal disconnect. *Saudade*, in Barbara Cassin's *Dictionary of Untranslatables*, is a deep emotional state of nostalgic or profoundly melancholic longing for something absent that one loves. As Cassin writes, "*saudade* proceeds from a memory that wants to renew the present by means of the past." It is "a feeling located at the intersection of two affections that present absence: the memory of a cherished past that is no more and the desire for this happiness, which is lacking. Pleasure and anxiety: the result is a displaced, melancholic state that aspires to move beyond the finitude of the moment and the errancy of distance."[15] We can understand that distance not only in the physical sense but also temporally and symbolically. It is an emotive state that is defined by dislocation, out of place and out of time, fundamentally nostalgic in its essence and with a sense of projected and imagined presence.

According to the *Dicionário Houaiss da Língua Portuguesa*, it is "a somewhat melancholic feeling of incompleteness. It is related to thinking back on situations of privation due to the absence of someone or something, to move away from a place or thing, or to the absence of a set of particular and desirable experiences and pleasures once lived."[16] Often thought of in English with the sense of malaise or melancholy that lends it an ostensibly negative aspect, as is also the case with the concept of decadence, we can instead understand it as an expression of longing that recognizes absence as a vital feature and one that is a positive defining characteristic. Jobim's *saudades*, for example, when he sings about Rio de Janeiro in his bossa, come from a corporeal and sensory imagining and reintegration with the city, the mix of anxiety and happiness preceding the arrival just before it is satiated or in a post-event nostalgic recollection of that moment, that person, that place. That imagined moment, of cathartic re-encounter or of a projected ideal, is always, by its nature, not of the present; it is a melancholic and loving longing. Whether from

a distance, or from close by, *saudade* is a temporal and existential consideration, a part of identity that is vital to modern Portuguese language and the Brazilian personality. The sense of melancholy, which is fundamental to *saudades*, is evident in another Jobim song, "A Felicidade" ["Happiness"], with lyrics by Vinicius de Moraes, which portrays sadness as an interminable feeling and happiness as very much limited. Or, to conceive of it as Machado de Assis does in *Dom Casmurro* (1899), "*saudade* is exactly that; it is the going over, and going over again, of old memories" with a melancholic eye.[17]

Saudade is about absence and its temporal associations such as incompleteness, remoteness, outdatedness, and dislocation, which serve as a framework to approach the city. More than that, however, that precise (and seemingly paradoxical) presence of absence acts as a nourishing, vital feature of personality. "*Que saudades*" is a greeting used when you haven't seen somebody or something in a while, either to express how much you still miss them or how deeply you felt their absence. It is a mix of relief and anxiety, melancholy and joy, in emotive and unique combination. As a turn of phrase, it is used constantly in Brazilian Portuguese. It is not a weight, or a negative emotion, but rather a part of the localized human experience and something to be indulged and enjoyed in its own way. It is in the character of people *and* places, and one can have *saudades* for people, places, and things. It is neither a lacking, and nor is it something that is undesirable. Carlos Drummond de Andrade, in his poem "Ausência" ["Absence"], captures what it means: "For a long time, I thought that absence meant lacking something," he writes, lamenting that sense of lacking, before realizing that "there is no lacking in absence," and that, in fact, "Absence is a being within me."[18] One assimilates absence into personality as a vital and nourishing feature rather than thinking about it as undesirable.

Marília Librandi-Rocha goes fundamentally and vitally further into the term's implications concerning time, seeing *saudade* "as a 'temporal landscape', i.e. a feeling of intimacy related simultaneously to the environment in which we live, move, and breathe, and to the passage of time."[19] S*audade* not only relates to the past but also to the future, with the "acute awareness of change and of the losses that occur before one can receive the hoped-for benefits of a future that, being the future, never arrives."[20] There are, then, three temporal (and, as it turns out, predictable) levels to the temporal landscape of *saudades*. Firstly, *saudades* that relate to a feeling that concerns looking back with

melancholy, the sensation of a continual production and remembrance of pasts. Secondly, *saudades* for the future, where the impulse towards the future is continually renewed in a present that "never corresponds to the dreamed expectations," the notion that what is ideal has not happened but could have, in what is a somewhat utopic gesture.[21] Thirdly, most traditionally but also most profoundly given the previous two aspects of its temporality, *saudades* is a way of being in the present that relates inherently to both past and future. In this case, *saudades* come from the feeling of an incomplete and remote present, which is defined by the (imagined) future that is still to come and by the remembered past, and it is such a strong, and yet somewhat elusive, term that has become a fundamental part of the Brazilian character. It is the strongest symbol of what Librandi-Rocha calls the "temporal landscape," where the passage of, and relationship to, time is inherently linked to the complex environment in which we live. That leaves, however, another term—landscape—that merits a more nuanced understanding, particularly in the context of Rio de Janeiro.

Landscape

To succinctly view Rio de Janeiro, we need a more precise vocabulary that takes into account the interactive construction of space and time in the city. It is within and amongst such intense urban and natural environments—between ocean, mountains, jungle, and city—that we see a dialogic and interactive *landscape* come into clear relief. In Rio, nature takes over buildings, the old and the new come together, and the city influences and impacts humans in a consistently bidirectional and continuously evolving process. Rio de Janeiro is not just the backdrop to people's lives (those who live there or visit), rather, as much as any other city, it speaks to people and has a personality. Its presence and commotion act as existential markers in people's lives. In the cultural realm and most clearly shown in architecture and literature, the city does not simply stay in the background as nothing more than a convenient setting or an object to be described from an ontological distance. Rather, it is part of a dynamic dialogue between the human and the non-human in one complex whole. If *saudade* has more of a bearing on time, then "landscape" relates to locus—the place or space in which that time unfolds, but where "space" and "place" are terms that lack precision. With that in mind, how can we understand landscape?

The social anthropologist Tim Ingold proposes a conceptualization of landscape that can be applied to Rio in which people and place are in constant interaction to constantly and dynamically create and recreate the urban environment. Within that process, of course, time and temporality play a fundamental role; indeed, they are the defining features and are mediated, in the case of Rio de Janeiro, by *saudades*. The natural and urban come together, not as separated binary opposites or defined by fundamental, opposing contrast. Rather, they come together as one metamorphosing, internally interacting, and dynamic whole within which contrasts are an inherent part of the identity of the city.

Ingold proposes a conceptualization of landscape "to move beyond the sterile opposition between the naturalistic view of the landscape as a neutral, external backdrop to human activities, and the culturalistic view that every landscape is a particular cognitive or symbolic ordering of space."[22] Landscape, therefore, comes to occupy an active role in human and cultural relations, becoming a place that "tells—or rather *is*—a story."[23] Thus, the landscape is an interactive part of (human) experience, constantly defining and redefining its inhabitants, but concurrently and constantly being defined and redefined itself; it is as much for this reason that a city can never be "captured" or "understood." The landscape becomes, then, an active locus of human experience, where "neither is the landscape identical to nature, nor is it on the side of humanity *against* nature. As the familiar domain of our dwelling, it is *with* us, not against us, but it is no less real for that."[24] To ally landscape with "nature" or "land" is also problematic, as they are different. Nature implies a separated space, an "ontological foundation" that is based on a subject/object separation between the person (humanity) and the environment.[25] Land is also not synonymous with landscape, as land implies a "lowest common denominator of the phenomenal world," a point of reference that is universally present and known by everyone, but which is also so vague as to be impossible to specifically define. Land contrasts, most basically, with non-land (water, the oceans, and so on), whereas landscape,

> becomes a part of us, just as we are part of it. Moreover, what goes for the human component goes for other components as well. In a world constructed as nature, every object is a self-contained entity, interacting with others through some kind of external contact. But in a landscape, each component enfolds within its essence the totality of its relations with each and every other. In short: whereas the order of nature is explicate, the order of the landscape is implicate.[26]

It is, therefore, a real and interactive, content-defined and content-defining locus for human and natural experience. Considering the city purely as space and as a static (stereotype-defined) image, simply as the "backdrop," neglects this vital aspect from which we can view the city and its temporality.

In literature, the relationship can be understood as being more complex than simply "setting" and "action"; instead, we can open up a discursive space that recognizes reciprocity as a feature of Rio's identity, where nature is not separate (and inferior) to humanity, but rather an integral part of the same whole.[27] It is for this reason, and not merely for description, that the urban environment—that is, the city and nature in constant interaction, the human and the non-human, the man-made and the natural—is a central trope in Carioca fiction. In architecture, it is even more concretely obvious—nature takes over buildings, creates ruins, and defines the shift from "freshness to decay" that Lévi-Strauss wrote about. If Lévi-Strauss thought of it as an instant change, however, from one state to the other, the two states can instead be thought as interacting within the larger whole that is defined by a perpetual incompleteness and absence.

In the case of Rio de Janeiro, and particularly in its architecture and literature, we can see the city emerge as a world in itself, defined by a complex amalgamation of the natural and the urban—to take just one oversimplified binary—as part of a dynamic whole. Within the landscape, a temporality comes to the fore, characterized by a present that is somehow out of place or out of time, dislocated, and defined by absence. As such, we can understand landscape according to a temporal configuration, moving beyond the natural, humanistic, and environmental realm, and into the historical. The projected, desired future interacts with the everyday present and the ever-present past in a constant dialogue that impacts the city's continuously evolving landscape. The human and the natural interact as part of a larger entity, which is defined by a complex relationship to time. We can again turn to Carlos Drummond de Andrade, and this time to his poem "Canto do Rio em Sol" ["Song of a Sunny Rio"], published just after the transfer of capital in 1960, where he wrote that "I've never seen such human land, nor such floral people," capturing the city and its landscape beautifully.[28] The tactile and sensory aspect of the city's appeal, its visual and auditory aspects, its contrasts and intensities, its landscape and layered temporality, its vivacity and intrigue, make for a remarkable

city. Spatiality and temporality come together in Rio, and through their specific interaction as seen through landscape and *saudades,* a recognizable and identifiable aesthetic of decadence comes to the fore.

Decadence

Within the constructive tension between time and space, landscape and *saudades*, between progress and the future and a nostalgic absence in the present, decadence takes on more than a physical and spatial expression; it also relates fundamentally to temporality in the urban environment. A sensation of not quite being "of the present," of dislocation, is fundamental to the identity of the city, whether through a crumbling building or a melancholic tale centred on absence. I propose that decadence is that which defines and shapes this sensation. It is a term that is regularly used by Carvalho and Jaguaribe, for example, and yet often in an ambiguous way, typically as though directly synonymous with "decay" or "ruin," and relating only to a physical condition or state. Instead, we can conceptualize it according to a complex temporal and spatial framework in which to be decadent is to be somehow out of date and out of place; it is a characteristic, a fundamental feature of identity. It is an aesthetic part of the city's modern cultural history, which is perpetually regenerated by the complex relationship to the passing of time. Decadence is not simply synonymous with ruin or breakdown, but rather refers abstractly to a condition in which "unpresentness" becomes acutely apparent as a result of a specific temporal sensibility.

We can understand decadence according to its traditional definition—relating to decay and decline—in dialogue with a more complex definition, which has a fundamentally temporal aspect and implies a different sensation of the passage of time. Etymologically, the word comes from the French *décadence*, which, according to the *Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française*, came from the medieval Latin "*decadentia*" around the year 1413. Its initial meaning referred to the "*sens concret*" ("concrete meaning"), that is, the "state of a building that is in decay." Later, in the fifteenth century, its more figurative meaning came to prominence in which decadence conveyed a sense of decline, ruin, or decay, whilst also implying a "reflection on history."[29] Its aspect as a meditation on the passing of time thus became apparent.

It was in the nineteenth century, particularly starting with Charles Baudelaire in the 1850s, that the term took on a social—and subse-

quent aesthetic—meaning. Decadence allowed a "freedom from social conventions in search of the new," as the *Dictionnaire Historique* states, a sense of indulgence in the metaphorical realm of what *might* or *could* be, a sentiment of aspiration and connotation of hope and idealism.[30] In literature, decadence became a derogatory term used by critics to label certain writers (such as Oscar Wilde and Joris-Karl Huysmans) who were seen to indulge an over-refined, embellished genre centred on artifice and complexity. It went against, and was asynchronous with, the focus on nature and simplicity that defined Romanticism and, later, Naturalism. The sense of "indulgence," in itself a frequently invoked idea in Rio, is vital to decadence, and it implies being somehow out of, or disconnected from, the present in a distinct relationship to time.

In Huysmans' *À Rebours* (*Against Nature*, 1884), for example, the high-tasted central protagonist detests bourgeois society, seeking to escape it at all costs and preferring to withdraw into, and indulge in, an idealized, invented, and eccentric world. He wants to be literally not-of-the-present. Whilst I am not proposing a direct connection between the (European) decadent movement in literature of the late nineteenth century and Rio's cultural history, the unexplored temporal aspects of decadence as a concept are highly relevant. In literary history, David Weir presents decadence as "a cultural mode of transition from Romanticism to Modernism," but also recognizes that any solid definition of decadence as a cultural term has, since the late nineteenth century, been hard to come by.[31] It has been characterized as demonstrating "a hedonistic embrace of self-destructive indulgence and a glorification of our ephemeral human sensibility," a stark generalization in vagueness that Richard Gilman, in *Decadence: the Strange Life of an Epithet*, recognized, seeing it predominantly as a carelessly applied epithet rather than a solid aesthetic, social, or political concept.[32] It is, then, a wide-ranging and frequently used term, which has been variously and liberally applied in many contexts. With that in mind, how can we better understand decadence as a concept, particularly in the context of urban aesthetics?

The prominent discourses of progress, as well as intense development and modernization projects such as those in Brazil, have a resonance in cultural and artistic production. The two exist in dynamic dialogue. As such, we can rethink decadence as relating to more than literature or literary genre. We can also move beyond thinking about it as simply synonymous to decay and ruin on the one hand, and an idealized or escapist utopia on the other. Instead, we can specifically

conceptualize decadence as an aesthetic that coexists conflictingly with the concept of progress and that implies a sensation or feeling of decline and deterioration and of indulgence. It is defined by a complex temporal framework, in which decadence appears as somehow discordant with dominant discourse, as though it belongs to another time. In other words, we think about decadence not only in the cultural sense but also in the context of the construction of identity and its impact on notions of temporality and spatiality. Decadence, through evoking a sensation of absence in the present, is defined by an indulgence in something that "is not"—a sense of incompleteness and an acutely apparent condition of being "not of the present." In Rio de Janeiro, the sensation of being in a "different" time and indulging a distinct temporality dominates. As such, we can employ a rethought version of decadence to understand the relationship to time in the city and how that temporality is manifest in the physical and abstract world of the city. In short, decadence, as a deeply temporal aspect of the landscape, defines Rio de Janeiro post-1889.

1889: Progress, Utopia, and the Future

The year 1889 marked the rupture between monarchy and republic and the beginning of "modern" Rio de Janeiro. Since that year, the motif of "progress" has been fundamental to Brazilian identity. The term was employed following Auguste Comte's motto of positivism: "Love as the principle and order as the basis; progress as the goal."[33] Brazil's First Republic, which overthrew the monarchy of the Empire of Brazil in 1889, adopted a new flag with the motto of "Order and Progress" written on the band that spans the blue circle in the middle of the flag. It was that blue circle, complete with white stars to represent each state, that replaced the imperial coat of arms on an otherwise unchanged flag in the Republican Revolution. The familiar green, yellow, and blue flag remains the same today. The ideology of "progress" and the doctrine of positivism have accompanied Brazil throughout its modern iteration.

Pedro II, Emperor from 1831 to 1889, steadied the Brazilian Empire after independence in 1822 and then steadfastly grew it. Eusébio de Queirós, a lawyer and prominent figure in the nineteenth century, wrote in 1853 that "Brazil is decidedly developing, showing progress in every respect. If only I might sleep for a hundred years!"[34] Had he done so, his shock would have been palpable; he would have woken with Brazil as

a republic and shortly before Getúlio Vargas' suicide, 64 years after the word "progress" had taken on a more charged, ideological meaning in the Brazilian context.

Emperor Dom Pedro II did not resist the Republican Revolution despite his widespread popular support and despite the fact that his overthrow came from a small, disenfranchised sector of society, namely, members of the military and large landowners. The revolution led to a series of weak governments and economic and political crises. Yet, the "Order and Progress" of the new flag imagined a new future. On the ground, Rio de Janeiro had become destabilized through a political rupture that marked a change in the relationship to time and history; that is, what the future promised and how the past was viewed. The Republican Revolution (1889), the Brazilian Naval Revolt (1891–2), and the Canudos War (1896–7) marked a focusing in on positivism and on the notion of "progress" as an ideological gesture in which the Brazilian nation sought to proactively "catch up" with how modernity was imagined by way of a reinvented identity. Two distinct ideologies, between the "old" way of life of the monarchy and the "new," came into stark dialogue.[35]

These events, and their fallouts and ramifications, marked a transitional period that constituted conditions nearing civil war, all brought about by a new republican and urban sensibility. Bradford Burns observes that the changes in the 1888–97 period "shared a common denominator: modernization. Their conglomerate recognized the end to the centuries ambiguously combining neo-capitalism and neo-feudalism [and celebrating] the triumph of capitalism and modernity."[36] Trams were electrified, more tramways were built, roads were constructed, and the city's demographics and geography expanded markedly. The "new" and the "modern," under the ideological umbrella of "progress," defined the nascent republic.

It was an epochal shift that ended what republicans considered an antiquated nation and set the direction and the goals for the modern city, the period in which the intense forward-looking impulse came to the fore in a utopic imagining of a better future. In this specific period, Beatriz Jaguaribe writes, "the tourists that visited what was then the federal capital from the backlands of Brazil were only moderately concerned with the tropical scenery. Instead, they were eagerly purchasing postcards that depicted the emblems of national progress"—trams, monuments, and large-scale buildings, for example.[37] Urban and industrial progress was the dominant motif of the postcards, whereas Corcovado, Tijuca Forest, or the Botanical Gardens were, as Gilberto Freyre wrote, "marvels that were more for Englishmen rather than Brazilians to see."[38]

Indeed, in Rio de Janeiro, the ideological impulse for "progress" was present before the transition to republic; in 1881, the *Igreja Positivista* (Positivist Church) was founded in the Glória neighbourhood and became a place for early republicans and abolitionists to meet. It was branded as a religion to which some of the influential members of the First Republic subscribed. The praise was not to an omnipotent god but rather to the doctrine focused on "humanity," a collective entity formed by humans to contribute to civilization's progress. It has positivist slogans and motifs covering the fencing and the façade, including a compass on the ground just outside the front door whose navigation points to Paris. (In the 2010s, the building is undergoing renovation, closed down, with a chain around the gate, and a sign saying it will reopen soon, a perfect example of Rio's dislocation and perpetual incompleteness as part of its atmosphere of decadence. A French guide, who I bumped into at the church, told me that the crowds, of more than 200 in the 1890s, its heyday, diminished to fewer than ten in the 2000s, before it was closed. The "Temple of Humanity," as it is also known, stands as a beautiful contradiction).

In that 1889 moment, the idealized future suddenly appeared as a horizon of possibilities and opportunity to be chosen from, a shift that sought to leave behind the past. As we will see shortly, symptomatic in its architecture and literature are unfulfilled expressions of the future that are also containers of, and for, the past, which permeate and persist in a layered present that is imperceptibly short. In that present moment, decadence emerged as the dominant and defining characteristic. As such, the examples that I have chosen reflect the complexity of the changes after 1889, and are symbolic of a much greater trend in the city.

There is the sense that an ever-present, evolving rhetoric of progress has been a defining feature of Rio since its modern inception, from its original invocation as the ideological cornerstone of the new republic. To embellish that gesture of progress, rapid and fundamental changes in the predominantly urban context—with Rio as the capital of the new republic—sought to project an image of intense development, drawing on European (and particularly French) inspiration, to "catch up" with other parts of the world. Within that framework, *saudades* emerged as a powerful and counter-discursive characteristic; rather than only looking to an imagined and idealized future, an impulse gained strength in Brazilian identity that was fundamentally nostalgic and melancholic. As such, projections of the past and the future were mediated by this complex characteristic, which implies a sense of absence, a dislocation,

a status of not-quite-being-completed, in a layered present temporality. It is here, within this relationship to time, that we can view Rio de Janeiro post-1889.

The pursuit of a future of abundant possibility was not limited to Comte's positivist ideology of progress. When Filippo Tommaso Marinetti wrote the *Futurist Manifesto* in Italy in 1909, it was immediately translated and adopted as an important point of reference in Brazil, particularly in Rio. In it, he eschewed any indulgence in, or incorporation of, the past in favour of the fast-paced pursuit of the future. João Cezar de Castro Rocha importantly makes clear that "it is not an influence of Futurism, but a decisive presence of the 'futurist moment' that can be pinpointed" in Brazil.[39] That "moment" had the "span of some twenty years," when it "underwent full circle from Almachio Diniz's translation of *The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism* [into Portuguese, also in 1909] to a blooming period immediately before and after the Week of Modern Art [in São Paulo, 1922], and declining at the end of the decade."[40] Marinetti, the Italian founder of Futurism, on a tour to South America in 1926, (questionably) located the centre of Brazilian modernity (where "the future" was) in Rio de Janeiro, and not São Paulo; "Rio de Janeiro," he wrote, "is a tropical fruit whose delicious juice is the speed of its automobiles."[41] Quickly, though, even that most futuristic of futures was confined to the past; it was left behind as the "'future past' of the new Brazilian nation," particularly as Modernism's impact and influence grew.[42] The reception and impact of the "futurist moment," particularly in Rio de Janeiro, more so than in São Paulo, at least in the early twentieth century, was vital in cementing a dominant forward-looking ideology. Even though Futurism was also quickly "left behind" in the Brazilian context, the discourses of Futurism and of progress suggest a focus on what the future *could* hold. If there was that "look to the future" on a sociopolitical level, then it is no surprise that in the works of Machado de Assis and Lima Barreto, for example, an identifiable *olhar pra trás* ("backwards look") is apparent.

The temporality aspect of Rio de Janeiro has been remarkably unexplored despite the temporal scale at play in the city. That impulse to be "of the future" creates a sense of unease in the present and a specific, layered, and idiosyncratic aesthetic. Historiographically, however, the "future" (and its associations with other points on the temporal scale) has been, and remains, seen as an achievable telos *where identity can*

then be formed as opposed to that precise condition as being fundamental in the ongoing process of identity creation.

Colin MacLachlan's *A History of Modern Brazil: the Past against the Future* (2003) inadvertently highlights this dialogic and interactive aspect between past and future, which is fundamental, in particular, to Rio's identity, without conceptually elaborating the choice of sub-title. Why do authors and observers consistently talk of *The Country of the Future* (the title of Stefan Zweig's 1942 book), *Brazil on the Rise* (2010), *A New Brazil* (2010), *Brazil: A Reversal of Fortune* (2013), *Brazil: the Troubled Rise of a Global Power* (2014), or—to revisit the airport from the opening paragraphs—of "Brazil taking off," as a famous headline in *The Economist* (2009) had it? What future, the rise to where, reversing what, and what—precisely—is new, and why the obsession with this notion of rapid and shape-shifting change hurtling towards a promised future? These periods of "obsessive promotion of the new and the modern," as Jaguaribe calls it, are paradoxically nothing new since the transition to republic.[43] Between the beginning of this history, in 1889, and until the ongoing present day—marked by the time I am writing this, in between the 2014 World Cup and the 2016 Olympics, two events centred in the Carioca and global imaginary—the tendency to project and imagine the "progress" towards the "future" remains, different from 1889, but still there. With that imagined future as a consistent and changing feature on the horizon, the complex and intense temporality that defines the city is expressed as a central consideration in identity creation. Whilst I understand that temporality as a general, post-1889 condition, there are three particularly intense moments when it is more acutely apparent: the 1900s, the 1950s, and the 2010s.

Three Moments in History

These three moments situate Rio de Janeiro within a historical trajectory that is ongoing, implying a continued unfolding of history where we see contemporary Rio *within* its historical continuum. The three particular instances where the distinct temporality is most apparent, albeit according to differing parameters, can delineate three separate, but interlinked, historical moments in which Rio's identifiable condition of decadence comes most clearly to the fore. Conveniently, the period leading up to, and including, the transfer of capital (starting in 1955, and until Brasília's inauguration in 1960) approximately marks the central moment of that continuing trajectory.

The first period, 1889–1922, begins with the transition to Republic in 1889, and ends with the Rio de Janeiro World's Fair, planned to commemorate the country's centenary in 1922, the date that also marked the avant-garde Modern Art Week in São Paulo. More specifically, in the 1890s and then, under mayor Pereira Passos, from 1902–6, the first intense, directed modernization and urbanization impulse took hold in Rio, a clear expression of the ideology of progress and modernization. It was then that Rio began to take on the urban form still apparent today, with avenues and buildings constructed in a fast-paced development aiming to create a "Tropical Paris," with a belle-époque cosmopolitanism that "sought to transform the antiquated capital into a modest version of the Parisian ideal."[44] That moment provided the backdrop for texts written by Machado de Assis and Lima Barreto, and culminated in the construction of Rio's first two grand hotels, the Glória and the Copacabana Palace, both built in 1922. There was, in this period, a marked desire to be "of the moment." Starting with Comte's positivist notions, there was an emulatory and projectionist desire to be, put simply, more like France. The allusion to Paris, and its cosmopolitan connotations, was not by chance.

For much of the nineteenth century, Rio's architecture was an eclectic array of buildings and styles, the colonial legacy combining with new imperial buildings. As the city's population boomed in the late century, so the pressure on the urban environment increased to accommodate new arrivals and incipient urbanism, and it was then that the first favelas were settled. Post-1889, and into the early twentieth century, the urban plan for the city changed to suit its identity of "growth" and "modernity." During this historical period, the central focus was on *emulation*; that is, incorporating the best styles from abroad in the Rio context to bring about urban transformation and, ultimately, a sensation of progress and of rupturing with the pre-1889 period. In Rio, the influence came from France, particularly from Georges-Eugène Haussmann's renovation of Paris between 1853 and 1870, which provided the blueprint for Pereira Passos' vision of a new Rio.

In the French capital, the reforms had a social function of power, initiated by Napoleon III, to open up the dense network of medieval streets in the city centre to repress street rebellions and to facilitate control. Francisco Pereira Passos first went to Europe in 1857–60 to study engineering, where he witnessed, first-hand, Haussmann's early modifications in Paris. He returned to Brazil and became a prominent engineer, mostly on the railroads, but frequently visited Europe and, above all, France. In Rio, Haussmann's idea

was modified, and "Pereira Passos included plans of a counter-traditional nature"—that is, actively leaving behind the past in search of progress—"in his blueprints for efficiency, health, and beauty *à la européenne*—he attacked bastions of an essentially Brazilian milieu and its Afro-Brazilian culture." Less a development in order to control a potentially rebellious urban populace, in Rio the booming population and discourses of progress and change, of shedding the past, tacitly demanded changes to the urban design: the belief was that Rio "began her rebirth and demonstrated her potential for joining a triumphant, universal Civilization."[45] Positivism and progress had its concrete existence.

The most vital consideration linking Haussmann and Rio, though, lies not in stretching the similarities and clear differences between the urban projects in their contemporary moments; rather, it is in their legacy in the modern cities: Haussmann's plan for Paris is at the heart of the Paris that we still see today. The changes in Rio remain defining features of central Rio in the twenty-first century; the area around the historic centre of Cinelândia changed in this period, for example, in a rupturing with the colonial and imperial history that had defined the area until that point. It was, as such, a way of physically marking the ideological shift to transformation, modernization, and progress, which "left the past behind" as the city's belle-époque culture grew.

Amongst the projects, Passos widened some streets like the Rua Marechal (which now runs alongside the much larger Avenida Presidente Vargas, inaugurated during a different moment of modernization in 1950) and the Rua Uruguaiana. But, most importantly, he oversaw the planning of the Avenida Central (now called Avenida Rio Branco), which was inaugurated in 1904 and was more than a mile long and more than 30 metres wide, making it the most extensive paved street in the city. The Avenida Mem de Sá was also built, crossing the heart of the old colonial city. It was a drastic change, and one that led to the removal of many tenements, houses, and older streets to make way for the road and other buildings. Amongst other policies, Passos and his health secretary, Oswaldo Cruz, sought to "sanitize" the city, beginning a process of dislocating numerous, mostly poor, residents who had arrived in the city to the *cortiços*—tenement housing—and those who settled the first favelas, which were both growing rapidly. Their urban projects led to the construction of many of Rio's (still standing) landmark buildings: the National Library (1910; although founded earlier, it was moved to that location for expansion), the National Fine Arts Museum (1908), and the Municipal Theatre (1909), all

located on, or around, Praça Cinelândia, which sits at one end of Avenida Rio Branco and became the city's main square. The old nucleus around the insalubrious and chaotic Morro do Castelo, the historic hilltop centre of the city in the middle of downtown that had changed little in the previous century, was refocused onto a "new" centre, albeit in close geographic proximity. Pereira Passos' extensive urbanization project founded modern Rio de Janeiro, the republican capital we still broadly see now, and laid the groundwork for future developments. In 1922, for example, the Morro do Castelo was razed and confined to memory and history as a symbol of the old city in order to rebuild downtown and to beautify the city for that year's World's Fair, both a celebration of the centenary of independence and a projection of the image of progress in the city to attract investment.[46] The year also marks the construction of the two hotels that I analyse shortly. Therefore, 1922 marks the end of the period of cosmopolitan and emulatory eclecticism, and its associated vision of the future, which marked Rio's early modern history.

The second period, 1930–1964, begins with the authoritarian, nationalist rule of Getúlio Vargas, and ends when the military took power in 1964 and includes the transfer of the Brazilian capital city from Rio to Brasília in 1960. Vargas, who took power and sought to rupture with the oligarch politics of the First Republic, undertook massive urban infrastructure projects, culminating in Brazil being written about as the "country of the future" (by Austrian author Stefan Zweig, writing from near Rio in 1942) and as an international point of reference for its avant-garde state-sponsored Modernist aesthetics in architecture. At this moment, to reaffirm the rhetoric, there was another concerted developmentalist push to be "of the future," but in a more nationalized, less emulatory, manner. Juscelino Kubitschek, for example, president from 1956 to 1961, undertook the building of Brasília and famously sought "fifty years [of development] in five." The Ministry of Education and Health Building (inaugurated in 1945) and the Maracanã stadium (1950) were two large-scale, state-sponsored architecture projects that marked this period, and Elizabeth Bishop casts an intriguing eye over the atmosphere that captures the mid-century moment in Brazil.

Under Getúlio Vargas' authoritarian government from 1930–45 and 1951–4, a clear "rupture with previous cosmopolitan aspirations of the Old Republic [1889–1930]" permitted the development in Rio of a state-sponsored and nationalist Modernist aesthetic as opposed to an imitation and emulation of the foreign model.[47] Nonetheless, and just like in the

recent past, some controversial changes marked the city, which saw the destruction and rebuilding of certain areas. To give one example, Vargas ordered the Avenida Presidente Vargas to be built through the heart of historic downtown, stretching 2.5 miles and forcing the eviction or relocation of many residents in order to connect the centre of the city, via car and bus, to residential areas. Vargas encharged Enrique Dodsworth with the project in 1942–3, and that avenue still absorbs the bulk of the traffic on the northern side of downtown. Avenida Brasil, another multi-lane road that links the North Zone with the city, was also partially constructed in that period. Similar in *broad* motivation to Pereira Passos, who drew on eclectic, European-influenced architectural styles to create an impulse towards a cosmopolitan Carioca belle-époque, Vargas' (controversial) developments were accompanied by the creation of an architectural style *sui generis*. It was a rejection of what came previously and focused on the "new" as a symbol of progress and development, refuting overt foreign emulation. From here came the Modernist aesthetic in architecture, embodied by Lúcio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer, a style that has deeply influenced Rio's architecture ever since, breaking from the similarly intense, earlier impulse for Parisian-inspired architecture.

After Brasília was inaugurated as the nation's capital in 1960, Rio's geographic and demographic growth continued into the residential, poorer North Zone, to the richer, new West Zone, and beyond official city limits into the Baixada Fluminense, with hillside favelas also becoming more densely populated. Under Carlos Lacerda, governor from 1960 to 1965, two new tunnels were built to link to the South Zone, and work was completed on the huge landfill Flamengo Park project in 1966. With the loss of institutional and federal power, however, the state-sponsored nationalist project—the Ministry Building being a defining example—ended. The Modernist influence remained, as an aesthetic, but following 1960 its parameters changed, as it "came to directly convey the fabrication of a new national ethos," one in which the real-estate market and private interests, rather than the state, played a defining role.[48] In the 1960s and 1970s, Lúcio Costa designed and developed the West Zone to be the "new" part of the city, a remedy to the post-capital hangover, whilst other parts of the city entered a period of socioeconomic decline during the authoritarian military government that began in 1964. The West Zone's growth in the 1970s up to the 1990s, and its increasing prominence with the Olympic project in the first two decades of the twenty-first century, represented the beginning

of a shift into a globalized realm of modernization and development, of market forces and real estate, which remain defining in contemporary Rio de Janeiro.

The third, and ongoing, period begins in 2002, and is characterized by the contemporary push for modernization and progress. It starts with the election of Lula in 2002, continuing through the award of the World Cup and Olympics to Brazil and Rio, respectively, which recast Rio again as a foremost symbol of the nation and as the spectacular image of development. This period is again witnessing large-scale infrastructure projects, some of which are highly controversial and exclusionary, seeking to position Rio on the global stage through two of the most global events. The discourse of progress and intense modernization again came to the fore in a contemporary reappropriation of Kubitschek's maxim, as Rio seeks to cast off its years of decline and finally "achieve its potential" and to be "of the (global) time." Rio de Janeiro is the *Cidade Olímpica*, an Olympic City, marked by an ideology of global aspirations in which a globalized, market-led framework becomes central to the city's projections, with booms (and upcoming busts) in real estate and development projects. The contemporary gestures have resonance with the past, a trend to which the author J.P. Cuenca alludes in his short story *Before the Fall*. In the "early years of the twentieth century the narrow streets and the thousands of tenements in the city centre, focal points of diseases like smallpox and the poor, were demolished to make room for Haussmannian boulevards surrounded by mansions and art nouveau buildings," he writes. The beginning of the twenty-first century saw conditions that "weren't all that different from the tenements of a hundred years earlier: piles of garbage, inadequate sewers, violence, tuberculosis, urban chaos," a historical cycle in the city that seems like "a vicious circle, an uroboros not of a snake but of a dog chasing its tail—a very common sight in the streets of Rio de Janeiro at any time."[49]

In each of these moments, the political and social ideologies concerned what was "not of the present" in the sense of an imagined and potential future. That temporal gesture creates a sense of remoteness in the present—which is what Lévi-Strauss saw as *démodé* and what I consider more complexly and identifiably decadent. Post-1889, there has been a marked tendency in certain moments to promote numerous concurrent large-scale projects in a short-term push, forcing development and modernization at an unsustainable and inorganic rate, a tendency linked to the idea of rupturing with the past. Ambitious and wide-ranging projects such as, currently, the "Morar Carioca" project, the Bus

Rapid Transit system, the Metro, or the Port project have started, but are often left only partially completed compared to their original grand designs.[50] We can, therefore, understand Rio's ongoing history as one that is defined by that complex temporality in which the sense of incompleteness in the present is curated by an atmosphere of nostalgia, inundated by the past, with an intensity of being continually "in progress," as opposed to "progress," a place that is perpetually under construction. It is within that framework that decadence emerged as a fundamental and identifiable sensation in the city.

Onwards

To give one example of the presence of *saudades* in the Brazilian cultural personality, coupled with the emotive gesture that it implies, we can look to Brazil's massive defeat against Germany in the 2014 World Cup. Before the match, all the starting players wore baseball caps branded with the name of the team's star player, Neymar, who was out of the tournament after an injury in the previous game. Then, during the national anthem, they held up a shirt bearing his name—remembering him, longing for him, and stuck with the thought of "what could have been," even before that vital match started. It was intended as motivational, but it also marked a fundamental absence that made not only Neymar but, by extension, the whole team "not present" for the game. As my father noted as we watched those famed yellow jerseys capitulate, the Brazilians were going to be in for a tough night. It seemed that the whole team was somehow elsewhere. It finished 7-1 in Belo Horizonte's Mineirão stadium, one of the World Cup's all-time most spectacular and unexpected results.

Rio de Janeiro, the city that *The Brazil Reader* dramatically described as "the steadily declining former capital and tourist mecca" where the "beaches are polluted, and residents cope with an alarmingly high frequency of crime, centred in the drug-ridden hillside shantytowns that look down on the beautiful city," is experiencing an intriguing historical moment once more.[51] Between the sensation of a "steady decline" and the post-2002 projects aimed at reducing drugs, pollution, and violence, and to put forward an image of progress and development for the global gaze in preparation for the Olympics, we can see the city and how those two timeframes interact. The layered temporality of the present seems outdated because of the push and pull of time, a complex amalgamation of indulgences in the past and projected aspirations for the future. To think

of it simply in "steady decline," however, is to miss the point; the city is decadent, always on that level that *implies* decline and seemingly on the brink of crumbling, when, in fact, that is one of its most vital and vivacious features throughout its modern history.

Gaby Amarantos, a well-known singer, summed up, perhaps unintentionally, the temporal aspect that permeates Brazilian identity more broadly in an interview, saying that "Brazil is living in a moment of confusion. I don't have the slightest idea where Brazil will go and what will happen."[52] As crisis once again takes hold in 2015 and into 2016, a probable harbinger of what will come after the Olympics, it seems that it was not only she who did not know. Rather than this being an abnormal aspect of the national identity, however, it is an important and dynamic part of it now and in its post-1889 history. Most pertinently, in Rio, the touted magnificence of the city lies in the present that is seemingly on the brink, dislocated, remote, and outdated, defined by a constant and evolving nostalgia.

Rio, the symbol and host of the global events, is at the centre of Brazil in the 2010s, with large-scale projects that aim, for example, to turn a derelict and dangerous part of town into a beautiful waterfront. The "*Museu do Amanhã*" ("Museum of Tomorrow"), the Santiago Calatrava-designed centrepiece for the waterfront that is under construction, has the epithet "today is tomorrow" on its branding, a suitably accurate vision of the nuanced temporal dynamic that continues to define the city at present.

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When arriving at Galeão airport in the (Southern Hemisphere) winter of 2016, there will be nowhere else quite like it. The eyes of the world will fall on Rio for a few weeks, a beautiful, picture postcard, and complex city. People will be ushered into licensed taxis or onto new bus systems, but the paint will still be wet and symbolically the ribbon will be cut, regardless of whether or not the projects have been completed. The Games will likely pass off as a success, remembered for the sporting achievements that tend to define these temporary, spectacular events, even if much of the infrastructure remains incomplete in a limbo between the "old" and the "new," the "modern" and the "backward." A sustainable legacy will be eschewed in favour of hosting a spectacular, impressive, and deeply conflicted two-week event

Ever since I first visited in 2002, when I spent New Year's Eve on Copacabana Beach, it has felt like a foreign, yet familiar, place to me. I lived there in 2005–6, working in and around the Morro dos Prazeres favela, further up the hill from the Santa Teresa neighbourhood and overlooking

the city, and have returned many times since. The 2002–6 period was a different time for Rio, before the successful World Cup and Olympic bids and towards the end of Lula's first term. I had volunteered for an NGO in favela community centres as an English teacher and music teacher, and the NGO had a close link to the Prazeres favela, and so already able to speak little Portuguese, I quickly became close to many of the residents and spent a lot of time there. Despite being a comparatively affluent favela, it still had a reputation for crime, drugs, and danger, and I was pre-occupied with the city and my well-being there as I tried to find my feet.[53] "So, what's it like here really?" I remember asking my friend Márcio, a born and bred native of Prazeres. He responded, "Oh, it's fine." There was a pause, and then he said, "I mean, don't get me wrong, it's the most dangerous city in the world." Right, OK then, I thought. Good to know. Exaggerating or not, and without much to go by as a relative comparison, those words have always stuck with me.

He took me into the drug gang-run favela to see what I had heard rumour of before my trip. At the entrance to the favela were the heavily armed men and boys, with bowls of cocaine and huge bags of marijuana, a heavily controlled and well-run operation and itself a by-product of a globalized, interconnected economy. On the one hand, this city was touted and sold as the *Cidade Maravilhosa*, with ample striking images of its wonderful natural setting that looked attractive and tropical in tourist brochures. I had seen those pictures, but I had also read the stories of the favelas, which seemed exotic and almost fictionalized. When I arrived, it was a hotbed of crime and violence, full of fear and of extreme socioeconomic division that was a way of life. The views from Prazeres were some of *the* picture postcards, but it was still relatively off-limits for outsiders due to the gang that ran it. I initially lived in a volunteer residence, an incongruous four-floor mansion, with rooftop hot tub and deck and views of Sugarloaf Mountain, just a few hundred yards from several of the local neglected favela neighbourhoods. I moved out of the house, as I wanted a cheaper and more intimate home, and soon after it was attacked and robbed by local *favelados*. However, the volunteers who lived there brought a lot to the community, and so the robbery did not go down well. The perpetrators were found, forced to return the goods, and executed by the main traffickers in Prazeres. It was not uncommon to hear about such things.

That was my first experience of the violence, and many other occasions followed. At a party in Prazeres, I found myself outside when a group of kids who were fully charged on cocaine stopped nearby, armed with AK47s, shooting them over the walls in the general direction of another,

rival favela. My experience of the city was becoming much more complex than my first and previous visit there, when I stayed in a hotel on the beach for the *reveillón* (New Year's Eve) celebrations in 2002, and had not left the South Zone. The city is both things, and more, to me: the beach and the high-rise beach neighbourhoods, cafés in Leblon, and also the informal communities that I know well in the North Zone, Maré and Jardim América, all anchored in Santa Teresa and by my friends in nearby Fallet and Prazeres favelas. It is new and old, rich and poor, formal and informal, and exists—gloriously—somewhere in seemingly perpetual dislocation.

On more recent visits to Rio in 2013 and 2014, I took the bus up the cobbled streets of the hilltop Santa Teresa neighbourhood and got off at the central Largo dos Guimarães. It was there, years previously, that I had seen my first dead body on a bloodied street after a gang gunfight, but now the cleaner streets hosted the entrances for many bars, cafes, bookstores, shops, and restaurants, where I heard as much German and English as I did Portuguese. It was then that the Jeep Tours rumbled through—four of them in one go, stopping just long enough for some photos—on the way to a favela tour.

I carried on up the hill and arrived at Prazeres and walked straight into the favela I knew well. The entrance that had previously welcomed guests with guns and drugs was now home to permanent police cabins and armed Pacifying Units, part of the municipal UPP (Pacifying Police Units) program designed to take back control of certain favelas from drug gangs.[54] I went up the steep staircase, wondering if I would remember my way through the tight passages of the favela. I did, and banged on the door. Márcio greeted me, and straight away showed me two things: his two-year-old granddaughter (he was 35 years old at the time) and the upstairs extension to his house. He has gone from a hand-to-mouth jack-of-all-trades and part-time graffiti artist to a recognized artist, commissioned to do murals, city projects, and canvasses for patrons. He had got his first passport in 2012, and travelled as an invited guest to art festivals all over Europe, to Abu Dhabi, and to *Art Basel* in Miami. He showed me his studio, with a view I knew well but still something to behold: Christ the Redeemer up to the right, Sugarloaf straight ahead, and downtown with the Guanabara Bay to the left. He lights up the grill, puts on some music, and says, "*ó*" ["look"], gesturing out to the Marvellous City, humming down below us, to the ocean out front and the jungle continuing up the steep slopes behind us. Let us get into the marvellous, complex, ever-changing city of Rio de Janeiro.

Notes

1. Marília Librandi-Rocha, "Sertão, City, Saudade," in *The New Ruralism: an Epistemology of Transformed Space*, eds. Joan Ramon Resina and William Viestenz (Madrid: Iberoamericana, 2012), 62.
2. Beatriz Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins: National Narratives and Architectural Forms," *Public Culture* 11, no. 1 (1999): 298.
3. Jean-François Lyotard, *The Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowledge*, trans. Geoffrey Bennington and Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1984), 7.
4. In a continuation of this naming trend, the development of Barra de Tijuca, part of the West Zone, in the 1960s and 1970s under the direction of Lúcio Costa, has the "New Ipanema" and "New Leblon" neighbourhoods, as well as the aforementioned "New Rio" bus station near downtown. Vargas' authoritarian plan for the nation was the *Estado Novo* (the New State), again implying a sense of newness and future projections in leaving behind the past on an ideological level in order to "break with history" and "achieve the future."
5. Bruno Carvalho, *Porous City: A Cultural History of Rio de Janeiro* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2013), 192–3.
6. See this author's book review of Carvalho's work, in *Portuguese Literary and Cultural Studies* 27 (2015), for elaboration of how Carvalho uses the notion of porosity to question binary understandings of the city.
7. Beatriz Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins: National Narratives and Architectural Forms," *Public Culture* 11, no. 1 (1999): 308.
8. Simon Romero, "Rio's Race to Future Intersects Slave Past." *New York Times*, 8 March 2014.
9. I will go into much more detail of Bishop's correspondence subsequently. She describes the period around Carnaval as a "glorious mess" in *Words in Air: The Complete Correspondence between Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell*, eds. Thomas Travisano and Saskia Hamilton (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2008), 314. Jane Jacobs writes about sub-urbanization in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (New York: Random House, 1961).
10. Rubem Fonseca, *Crimes of August*, trans. Clifford E. Landers (Dartmouth: Tagus Press, 2014), 286.
11. Ibid.
12. Henry James, *The Complete Notebooks of Henry James* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), 218.
13. As we have seen, Carvalho termed it as "porous," and it is commonly called "the Marvellous City" ["*a Cidade Maravilhosa*"]. "Divided" comes

from Zuenir Ventura's book *Cidade Partida* (São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 1994).

14. T.S. Eliot, "Ash Wednesday," *Ash Wednesday*: *Six Poems* (London: Faber & Faber, 1930).
15. Barbara Cassin, *Dictionary of Untranslatables*: *a Philosophical Lexicon*, trans. Steven Rendall (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2014), 929.
16. *Dicionário Houaiss da Língua Portuguesa*, ed. Antônio Houaiss, (Rio de Janeiro: Objetiva, 2001).
17. "Mas a saudade é isto mesmo; é o passar e repassar das memórias antigas." Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, *Dom Casmurro* (Brasília: Ministério da Educação, 1994), PDF e-book, 35.
18. Carlos Drummond de Andrade, "Ausência," *Corpo*: *Novos Poemas* (Editora Record: Rio de Janeiro, 1984).
19. Marília Librandi-Rocha, "Sertão, City, Saudade," in *The New Ruralism*: *an Epistemology of Transformed Space*, eds. Joan Ramon Resina and William Viestenz (Madrid: Iberoamericana, 2012), 61.
20. Ibid., 61–2.
21. Ibid., 62.
22. Tim Ingold, "The Temporality of Landscape," *World Archaeology* 25, no. 2 (1993): 152.
23. Ibid., 154.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid.
27. Elizabeth Lowe (in *The City in Brazilian Literature* (London: Associated University Presses, 1982), 72) wrote that "the tendency in Brazilian criticism has been to regard the city writer as a 'landscape artist,' who uses the urban setting as a static and predictable backdrop to the action of the narrative," a tendency often embellished with lush, romantic description but where the urban setting falls into a disregarded and assumed background.
28. "Nunca vi terra tão gente / nem gente tão florival" is the wonderful original phrasing. Carlos Drummond de Andrade, "Canto do Rio em sol," *Lição de Coisas* (José Olympio: Rio de Janeiro, 1962), 63.
29. Alain Rey, *Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française* (Paris: Le Robert, 2006), 1004.
30. Ibid.
31. David Weir, *Decadence and the Making of Modernism* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), xvii.
32. Chris Baldick and Jane Desmarais, *Decadence*: *An Annotated Anthology* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2012), 5.
33. "L'amour pour principe et l'ordre pour base; le progrès pour but." For his thoughts on what constituted positivism, see Auguste Comte, *A General*

View of Positivism, trans. John Henry Bridges (London: Routledge, 1908), e-book. The original French version was published in 1848.

34. Quoted in Roderick J. Barman, *Brazil, the Forging of a Nation, 1798–1852* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1988), 242.
35. The Brazilian Naval Revolt was a standoff between the new Republican government of Deodoro da Fonseca (who had closed Congress and was ostensibly a dictator bankrolled by rich São Paulo ranchers) and disenfranchised Navy generals, who resented the new Republican government. They threatened to bombard Rio, leading Deodoro to resign. There was another revolt, violently repressed, against the subsequent government of Floriano Peixoto. Lima Barreto's novel, *O Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma*, fictionalizes this moment. The Canudos War provides a fitting example of the new paradigm of modernity and development that occurred *within* Brazil (as opposed to the international, regional wars earlier in the century), as though achieving progress required the killing of the messianic Antônio Conselheiro and the repression of difference to create the new, modern, unified, and cosmopolitan Republican nation. In the Canudos War, a Brazilian army offensive aimed to destroy a large group of settlers who had formed a semi-autonomous community in the *sertão* (backlands) of Brazil's northeast under the guidance of Antônio Conselheiro. It was a brutal end to the community, covered in the classic 1902 work *Os Sertões* [*Rebellion in the Backlands*] by Euclides da Cunha.
36. E Bradford Burns, *A History of Brazil* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1970), 197–8.
37. Beatriz Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins: National Narratives and Architectural Forms," *Public Culture* 11, no. 1 (1999): 295.
38. The quotation comes from Gilberto Freyre's *Ordem e Progresso* (1957), quoted in Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 295. That book is the third part of his famous trilogy on Brazilian society, also containing *Casa Grande e Senzala* [*The Masters and the Slaves*] (1933) and *Sobrados e Mucambos* [*The Mansions and the Shanties*] (1936). As an aside, the expression derives from "*é para inglês ver*" ["for the English to see"], a common turn of phrase in Brazil that emerged earlier than Freyre's usage. In the 1800s, it came from laws that were conceived but never implemented regarding slave trafficking. Pressure came from England to battle trafficking, and so in Brazil the appearance of doing something about it was created without being acted on. The laws were created "for the English to see," as a façade and nothing more.
39. João Cezar de Castro Rocha, "'Future's Past': On the Reception and Impact of Futurism in Brazil," in *International Futurism in Arts and Literature*, ed. Günter Berghaus (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 2000), 205.
40. Ibid., 221.

41. Ibid.
42. Ibid.
43. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 301.
44. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 296. There was also a population boom in this period, in Rio, as in other Latin American cities such as Buenos Aires and São Paulo, partly from immigration. Particularly in Rio, following the abolition of slavery, there was mass rural migration, and between 1870 and the early 1890s, the population of the city practically doubled to more than 500,000, and the old city centre of the new republic became a bustling centre with a large informal economy. In short, 1889 was a fundamental watershed moment for the city: for demographics, politics, geography, ideology, and identity. See Silvia Damazio (1996) for more insight on social change in the early republic, as well as José Murilo de Carvalho (2005). For a closer view of (late) nineteenth-century Rio history, see George Ermakoff's wonderful photographic edition, *Rio de Janeiro, 1840–1900: uma Crônica Fotográfica* (2006), Jeffrey Needell's *A Tropical Belle Époque* (1987), and Jaime Benchimol's *Pereira Passos: um Haussmann Tropical* (1990).
45. Jeffrey Needell, *A Tropical Belle Époque: Elite Culture and Society in Turn of the Century Rio de Janeiro* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 50.
46. World's Fairs, or International Expositions, are international events that started in London in 1851 at The Crystal Palace during the height of Britain's industrial age. The Fairs provide stages for nations to exhibit their culture and industry, and they have been hosted, with varying levels of success and credibility, by many prominent cities, including New York in 1939, for which Lúcio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer designed the Brazilian pavilion, the first example of Brazilian Modernism abroad. For the most part, World's Fairs are controlled and conservative expositions of projected national images and stereotypes, and not focused on individual and/or innovative cultural creativity. That Rio hosted the World's Fair whilst São Paulo was hosting the Modern Art Week, a statement of the cultural avant-garde, is telling.
47. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 296.
48. Ibid., 297.
49. João Paulo Cuenca, "Before the Fall," trans. Clifford E. Landers, in *Granta 121: The Best of Young Brazilian Novelists*, ed. John Freeman (London: Sigrid Rausing, 2012), 218.
50. As I mentioned in the Introduction, the port project is a massive ongoing development aiming to completely redefine the waterfront, hugely ambitious and costly. "Morar Carioca" was launched in 2010 as a plan to integrate all of the city's favelas into the urban fabric by 2020, a centrepiece of

the social legacy of the Olympics. It was the most comprehensive such programme in the city's history, and hugely optimistic, aiming to provide sanitation, drainage, lighting, road surfacing, transportation links, as well as constructing public and green spaces in most favelas to make them part of the formal city. The intention is important, in the sense of improving social well-being, but it was unrealistic in such a timeframe and methodology, and duly it has fragmented into a series of smaller, less focused, and politically entangled projects. It is a far cry from the "Commandment Number 3: A city of the future has to be socially integrated" that Mayor Eduardo Paes presented internationally at his 2012 TED Talk. The Metro and Bus Rapid Transit networks in Rio, and the nationwide R$143 billion Urban Mobility Pact, have been plagued by delays and questions about viability, upkeep, and legacy. They are all projects that aimed to do a great deal all at once, very quickly, and on a large, city-wide scale, rather like the developments under Pereira Passos in the early twentieth century and Vargas in the mid-century, regardless of their conflicting social cost and the mountains of red tape and corruption.

51. Robert M. Levine and John Crocitti, eds., *The Brazil Reader*: *History*, *Culture*, *Politics* (Duke: Duke University Press, 1999), 4.
52. Joe Leahy, "Gaby Amarantos Gives Voice to Brazil's New North," *Financial Times* (London, England), 15 May 2014.
53. The term "favela" has often been thought of as synonymous with poverty, gangs, drugs, and violence, and often carelessly translated as "slums." This translation fails to take into account vital aspects of these urban spaces, more frequently known as "*comunidades*" [communities] within Rio. As Bryan McCann (2014) discusses in *Hard Times in the Marvellous City*, favelas are not slums, as poverty is no longer a consistent identifying characteristic. Indeed, the term favela is arguably an untranslatable one, referring as it does to diverse communities with a shared history, the earliest of which stretches back to the early years of the Republic. Having begun as unplanned and unserviced settlements that met (and meet) a key need for affordable housing, for years they have been home to a wide range of people and incomes, but, nonetheless, often remain on the wrong end of prejudice and judgement, excluded from the urban fabric. In preparation for the World Cup and Olympics, the favelas "*para inglês ver*"—where foreigners would pass—received the most attention. Many of the less prominent North Zone favelas remain largely unchanged.
54. "Pacification" refers to the "Pacifying Police Units" (UPPs), a law enforcement and social services program implemented in 2008 that aims to make favelas more secure and incorporate them into the urban environment, the idea being to reduce violence, control drug trafficking, and increase order and security. Its implementation has been complex and controversial.

Part II: Decadence in Architecture

This chapter goes through the streets of Rio de Janeiro to establish a geography of the city and to explore the stories behind four emblematic buildings in its twentieth- and twenty-first-century history. Firstly, I look at the Hotel Glória and the Copacabana Palace, two hotels built for the 1922 World's Fair to mark Brazil's independence centenary. Following that, a study of the Ministry of Education and Health Building (1945), and then the Maracanã Stadium (1950), allows for a perspective on how these four buildings encompass a century of architecture in the city and distinctly embody the "concrete" sense of decadence as emblems of Rio's temporality. The four buildings are all notable landmarks in different parts of the city: the Copacabana Palace, the grandest of Rio's hotels, is in the South Zone; the Hotel Glória is near to the historic centre of the city, relatively near to the Ministry Building; and the Maracanã is at the southern frontier of Rio's sprawling North Zone. Vitally, these buildings continue to figure in the urban landscape in the 2010s; that is, they have all played an important historical role in the city and they are still standing and are used to some degree today.

A Brief Geography of the City

Rio de Janeiro is divided into *zonas*. Broadly speaking, the huge North Zone, including Galeão airport, is generally lower- and lower-middle class, dotted with favela communities and extending all the way to the northern frontier of the city and the Baixada Fluminense.[1] The South

T. Winterbottom, *A Cultural History of Rio de Janeiro after 1889*,
DOI 10.1007/978-3-319-31201-9_3

Zone (comprising, most famously, Ipanema and Copacabana, amongst other neighbourhoods) is broadly well-to-do, expensive, and desirable, where most of the famous sights are almost constantly visible. The Christ the Redeemer statue looms over, Sugarloaf Mountain and the striking Dois Irmãos peaks bookend the beaches, with favelas rising up on many of the surrounding hillsides. During the early- to mid-twentieth century, these neighbourhoods boomed, and today, Ipanema and neighbouring Leblon, Lagoa, and Jardim Botânico maintain much of their appeal as some of the wealthiest parts of the city. Copacabana, on the contrary, is somewhat dishevelled and rough, relying largely on what it once was and its impressive setting to draw visitors. Throughout the South Zone, between the pounding waves and beach on one side and the hills on the other, aside from few city blocks, there is nowhere else for the city to grow, with the magnificent proximity of the man-made and the natural clear to see.

The oldest part of the city, the Centro downtown area, and the surrounding Botafogo, Flamengo, Cosme Velho, Laranjeiras, and Glória neighbourhoods, stands between the North and South Zones. The Centro is the busy heart of the city, where much of the early- and mid-twentieth-century modernization was focused. The state-sponsored Modernist architecture is mostly around the central area, with the Maracanã a few miles out to the west. Throughout this area, old crumbling colonial era buildings sit next to an eclectic mix of newer constructions, dissected by the various multi-lane roads, with the Cidade Nova and port area marking the northern limit of the Central Zone.

The newest part of the city, the West Zone, distinguished by its condominiums, shopping centres, and appealing beaches, is a wealthy, US-style development, and includes Barra da Tijuca, the hub of the 2016 Olympics. As such, it is a work in progress, with cranes and new buildings rising up. It is the latest chic beach neighbourhood in Rio, having been designed and built only since the 1970s, with particular intensity in recent years as the "new" extension of the city in its contemporary (and globalized) push for modernization. The urban planner Lúcio Costa aimed to design Barra as a car city, a suburban part of Rio for the aspiring middle and upper class, the select and aspirational *nouveaux riche*, to be a symbol again of progress and development, of fortified apartment blocks, and symbolic of more recent development paradigms and the property boom. Private developers, such as Carlos Carvalho, own huge swathes of land and stand to make millions as part of a highly questionable Olympic legacy. As Jaguaribe

notes, Barra represents "the spectacle of globalized consumerism under the full sway of the market," also occupying a paradoxical position in relation to the rest of the city:

> On the one hand, the Barra da Tijuca is the quintessence of the new: a 'newness' that is continuously spectacularized in real estate propaganda, in the inauguration of mega shopping malls, in the construction of new facilities; a 'newness' that attempts to create an amnesiac utopia of consumerism crystallized in the globalized scenario of the shopping mall and protected by an architecture of fear … In its lack of historical density, however, the Barra da Tijuca attempts to create its own mythology as a former Rio that *never quite existed* but that is now being repackaged. Faced with the increasing violence and menace of the explosive city, the New Leblon and New Ipanema condominiums offer a secluded protective space, a suburban retreat that offers the mythology of a false past whilst cancelling what Baudelaire used to call the commotion of the modern: the vision of the modern city with its assortment of strangers, buildings, and unexpected encounters.[2]

We see here the iteration of Rio's contemporary modernization as adhering not only to a globalized, sub-urbanized impulse, but also to a de-historicized (or at least mythologized) one, that which "never quite existed." This is a vital intuition concerning the construction of, and relationship to, time in Rio. The idea of the "new" is sought by rupturing with and forgetting the past, and yet to make an obvious point, that imagined future is often packaged in semantically continuous nomenclature. In other words, the ideological impulse to look forward and to leave behind the past (whichever "past" that may be), but also the fundamental centrality of "newness" as a concept, defines the West Zone, as it did in other areas at other moments, with that area only the most recent example post-1889.

In recent years, Rio was awarded the Olympics, a large-scale development project predominantly hosted in the West Zone. Barra (where the Olympic village is, as well as the Olympic Park where most event venues are situated) represents the ultimate possibility to construct and project that "newness." In this light, Barra becomes symbolic once again of the "promised future" and of "progress" in the most global of contexts, the aspirational aim for the contemporary global age: to live in condos, have cars, go to shopping malls, and so on. (Of course, and fittingly, this way of life already seems somewhat outdated). It is a rather soulless place, acutely gentrified and almost without charm, an embodiment of Jane Jacobs' classic critique of urban planning policy in *The Death and Life of Great*

American Cities set in Rio. It is the contemporary neighbourhood that best exemplifies the present-day impulse for development to be "of the future," brought about, and encapsulated, by the Olympics.

At the other end of the spectrum, if there is a neighbourhood that captures Rio's backwards look and sense of nostalgia in its outdatedness regarding its appearance and nod to the past, it is Santa Teresa. It is the hilltop neighbourhood in the middle of the city between the North and South Zones and next to downtown. There is, of course, newness—some building, renovations, and road works to get the beloved *bonde* tram back up and running, for example. But, it is the romantically and nostalgically old—crumbling buildings, bars spilling onto the cobbled streets, and graffiti describing the walls—that creates the sensation of a beautiful and charming decadence. Favela communities (now mostly "pacified" in this area) sit next to mansions or apartment blocks, many looking as though they are in need of some paint, or sporting cracks in the walls. It was in the nineteenth century before the beach became cool and the *Zona Sul* was integrated into the city that people came here to see the views and breathe the fresh air, where mansions overlooked the seat of the monarchy below. Since 1889, however, it has retained a historical and bohemian charm that encapsulates some of the contrasts that define this city; it is, in comparison to Barra, fundamentally nostalgic, and little changed in its appearance for much of its modern history. Here, and down the hill in nearby Lapa and into the Centro, is the most historically vibrant part of Rio. As such, it is here where we can feel a part of the old city, *saudades* for the past in the "country of the future." Between the West Zone and Santa Teresa, between being "of the future" and "of the past," we can find a fundamental part of the city's identity. With that in mind, Santa Teresa's famous tram (*o bonde*), and its nostalgic, old-world appeal, is a fine example of the past and the future in dialogue in Rio de Janeiro.

O Bonde de Santa Teresa

As I wind my way along the steep, cobbled streets up towards Santa Teresa, I feel a sense of homecoming and of belonging. It is here that I have lived for most of the time that I have spent in Rio de Janeiro. For me, fittingly, it is deeply nostalgic. Stopping in the quaint Largo dos Guimarães, now very much a bohemian-chic centre of the neighbourhood, but one that was once, when I first came, rather edgy, I see the crumbling mansions, the new

boutique hotels, and the tiny bookshop and café, which I love so much, with its wild garden up to my left. There are the old bars and restaurants and, of course, new businesses. Santa Teresa has an attractive charm about it. However, there is something missing, an absence in the fabric of the neighbourhood. The works of art on the walls tell even the first-time visitor of that absence and the nostalgia that permeates up here: "*Cadê o bonde*?" ("Where's the tram?"), "*Queremos o nosso bonde!*" ("We want our tram!"), and "*Mais amor por favor*" ("More love please") (Fig. 1).

Whilst the Santa Teresa *bonde* is now as much a tourist attraction as means of public transportation, since the inauguration of its first stretch in 1875, its electrification in 1896, and later extension, it has been a means to travel from the hilltop neighbourhoods into the city centre. It is the oldest remaining electric tramline in Latin America and the only original metropolitan tramline still operating in Brazil. Its electrification and extension connected it to the city centre, running on the rails 43 metres above

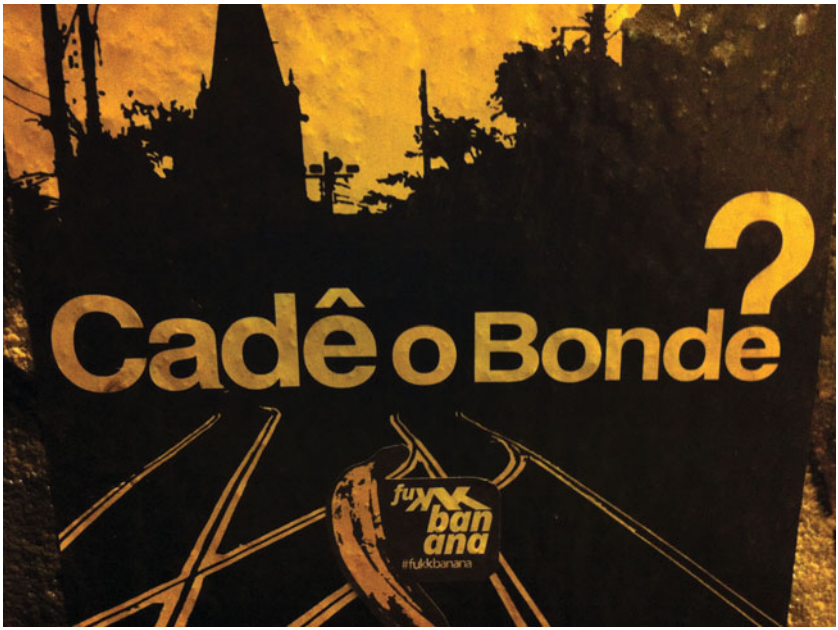

Fig. 1 *Saudades* for the *bonde* on the walls of Santa Teresa

the ground on top of the iconic seventeenth-century Lapa Arches.[3] Today, it is a classically nostalgic symbol of times past in one of the most historic neighbourhoods in the city, existing in stark contrast to the architecture and ethos of the West Zone and yet part of the same dynamic, evolving city.

The tram was once the cheapest and most practical way to the city centre, helping quickly and directly to connect Santa Teresa to downtown. The *bonde* is, and has been for some time, a romantic indulgence in the past. Streetcars once spread throughout much of the city, providing the first transportation to Corcovado in 1885, and to Copacabana in 1892 (amongst other lines), but later ceded importance as automobile culture became more entrenched in the middle of the twentieth century. Outside of Santa Teresa, no other original lines remain. It is a slice of the old world, to such a point that the historic look of the cars has always been maintained. In 2011, a derailment near the Lapa Arches killed six people and injured 60, stopping the service immediately and bringing about extensive (and inevitably delayed) upgrades to the line. The accident, and the subsequent absence, has generated the intense "*bonde saudades*," which now fundamentally define the neighbourhood, a story told by the posters and graffiti throughout the neighbourhood. Indeed, Santa Teresa's contemporary identity has been rejuvenated by something that once was; for the time being, the precise absence of the *bonde* has redefined the neighbourhood's essence. Its absence has generated a particularly acute sense of nostalgia in a neighbourhood that is already known and identifiable for its atmosphere of creeping neglect.

Since the accident, and in the tram's absence, its existence is marked everywhere as a fundamental part of the neighbourhood. The platforms and rails are still there, and T-shirts with the *bonde* on are still being sold as they were before the accident. However, there are also the more recent, post-2011 additions; on platforms and adjacent to the tracks there are big murals laden with slogans, as well as a poster plastered everywhere of the front of the streetcar that has a tear coming down, as though the *bonde* is crying. The imagery is a powerful, dominant feature in the area, and it seems that the *bonde*'s absence has elicited the strongest emotional attachment to it. The tracks still dictate the streets, even more so now when the repairs are diverting most other traffic, and they punctuate the neighbourhood, carving the shape of the central Largo dos Guimarães. The community seems to have bonded over the *bonde*, partly for its heritage, partly for the way it shapes the neighbourhood and its identity, partly down to its absence and its inherent outdatedness as a mode of trans-

port (it is, by name, a "historic" or "heritage" tram line), and for how it transports the neighbourhood into a different time. Temporally, then, the *bonde* and Santa Teresa more broadly symbolize the strength of nostalgia in the perennial city of the future, and to go to this neighbourhood engages a distinct, layered temporality.

Testing of new cars on the updated tracks began in late 2014. If, and when, it reopens fully, now scheduled for 2017 in another inauguration process that has been delayed various times, it will have modern cars that will resemble the old ones (the wooden benches, the familiar yellow hue), a purposeful reminiscence and recognition of it as a historic tramway. The emotive and sentimental attraction for this historically valued means of transportation, perhaps seems excessive, but it is a part of the attraction of the neighbourhood; it lends Santa Teresa charm, connecting the slightly crumbling, isolated, and beautiful neighbourhood of colonial buildings with other parts of the city, in a slightly rickety and rumbly tram, which is at once in ruin and under construction. Whether it returns or not, and what the experience is like, is not my concern here. Rather, the impact that its absence has had, and what that means to the neighbourhood and its cultural identity, highlight *saudades* as a way of life in the Carioca sensibility. With that in mind, we can now look at the four buildings to get a feeling for how this interaction between past, present, and future is remarkably intense in Rio de Janeiro.

Two Hotels, Two Stories

Two of Latin America's most famous hotels, the Copacabana Palace and the Hotel Glória, opened around the same time during a construction phase in Rio to mark the city's first World's Fair, organized on the centenary of Brazil's independence. Concurrent to the building of the hotels, São Paulo hosted its ground-breaking Modern Art Week, the event that established that city as the centre of the Brazilian cultural avant-garde and effectively launched Brazilian Modernism as an influential aesthetic and the most important of the twentieth-century cultural movements in Brazil. In cultural terms, the year 1922 marked a paradigm shift and, yet, in Rio, the capital, a focus on emulatory eclecticism persisted, a blending of the old and the new, in part modelled on France and, to a lesser extent, the USA, and also incorporating older architectural aesthetics. These two idiosyncratically Art Deco hotels, designed by the French architect Joseph Gire, were ostensibly "mod-

ern" at the moment of their inauguration, but were, at that same point, also outdated. The buildings sought to convey an image of "progress" at the World's Fair and the centenary, a year that also saw work begin on the Christ the Redeemer statue. Paradoxically, "progress" in Rio, and the projection of its image, came through the emulation of foreign style in a way that relied extensively on historical aesthetics in dialogue with avant-garde engineering techniques.

It was only in 1968 that Bevis Hillier succinctly characterized and defined what we now know as Art Deco. He wrote of it as "an assertively modern style [that] ran to symmetry rather than asymmetry, and to the rectilinear rather than the curvilinear; it responded to the demands of the machine and of new material [and] the requirements of mass production."[4] As a style, it emphasizes geometric forms, often in symmetrical patterns, featuring lavish ornamentation, rich colours, and bold design, and, during its boom in the interwar period, it came to represent development and industry, the faith in progress, as well as luxury, glamour, and elegance, features that are present in the two hotels.

However, Rio's version of Art Deco was not solely forward-looking or progressive. Indeed, it was defined as much by imitation as innovation, a hybrid eclecticism that saw the construction of large, imposing, classically influenced monuments that combined new techniques with inspiration drawn from various historical influences. These two structures highlight this blend of past and future, innovation and imitation, foreign and local, in a unique blend, which created a specific Carioca Art Deco style. Moreover, their relevance continues at present: both hotels are still standing, decadent in their continuing outdatedness in very different ways. The Hotel Glória is a ruin following a failed renovation project, and the Copacabana Palace remains among the most exclusive, indulgent, and overdone classic hotels of the world. To go to both is as though you are stepping into another time.

Hotel Glória: Luxury, Indulgence, and Ruin

As you walk towards the Hotel Glória in the 2010s, there is a sense of sudden abandonment. It is strikingly beautiful, a ruin, with a yellow crane looming over the worksite, as though, one day, the operator got a call that the project was off, and so the operator came down, went home, and never returned. The busy road in front churns with traffic. But, there is a stillness about the hotel: vines are taking over the back of the building,

greenery comes out of frames where once there were windows, and the scaffolding still stands with scraps and tatters of old banners promoting the now-abandoned project fluttering in the wind (Fig. 2).

It is huge. There are two, big, ruined buildings and a section razed to the ground, which make up a 66,000-square metre parcel of urban real estate, now shut down and overgrown. The tagged scrawls of "*Eike Fascista*" ("Eike the Fascist") and "*Eike Merda*" ("Eike the Shit"), referencing the former billionaire owner of the hotel, Eike Batista, as well as an advert for someone selling frog's meat, now adorn the front walls.[5] Part of the building has been torn down, walls are ripped into two, and metal poles protrude from both the old building and where new construction had been progressing. One light flickers behind the boarded up entrance, but apart from that it is completely still and silent; nothing happens. There is a complete sense of incompleteness. From what was, once, the hotel of choice in Rio for dignitaries and visitors to the nation's capital, there is now a ruined shell, a gloriously decadent symbol of the city in the twenty-first century. Somehow, this extremity of faded glory fits in perfectly.

Fig. 2 The abandoned Hotel Glória

The Hotel Glória was built explicitly for Rio's first and only World's Fair. In a reference to his earlier hotels in France, its architect Joseph Gire incorporated elements of Art Nouveau and Neoclassicism in creating a style that was at once innovative and of the future, and an indulgence of the past.[6] The hotel had an eclectic manner that appealed to Rio's cosmopolitan and belle-époque impulse in the early-century moment, a symbol of progress that served as luxury accommodation for the world to see at the World's Fair, and for important visitors thereafter. At the same time, that symbol of coming to the fore in an international context was an eclectic, foreign-inspired construction and projection of progress, which used imported, old-world European-style luxury and ornament at its heart.

Gire's choice for a large, imposing, standalone building expresses the Neoclassicist element of the construction, with Greek style pillars and high ceilings in the grand open spaces. In the decorative aspects of the (interior of the) hotel, Art Nouveau choices for much of the furniture, light fittings, graphic art, textiles and interior design, as well as using (imitation) Louis Quinze furniture in the lobby and the rooms, made the new construction (or, perhaps, the construction of newness) in Rio feel deeply permeated by an eclectic appropriation of past, and imported, styles. As such, as a symbol of forward-looking progress in the early twentieth century, we see a building that combined Neoclassicist and Art Nouveau motifs, as well as Rococo imitation, at once emulating European style and also creating its own "new" iteration of Art Deco style that became part of Rio's idiosyncratic urban landscape.

The Hotel Glória opened on 15 August 1922, a huge construction of German engineering, French design, and reportedly the first reinforced concrete building in South America. It was the principal top-end hotel that was close to Rio's political and financial centre, just across from the Guanabara Bay, boasting an enviable location and impressive vistas over the Bay and Sugarloaf Mountain, welcoming politicians, heads of state, and other famous visitors. It was, paradoxically, the most modern and "of the time" hotel in Rio, but also, purposefully, "old world" in its style and associations. By its nature, the Hotel Glória was fundamentally outdated from the moment of its inauguration, seeking to be at once ahead of time and deeply defined by the sense of being behind the times, an indulgence of the old world very much centred in the new world.

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Until the 1960s, the Hotel Glória continued as the host hotel for the most eminent and important visitors to the nation's capital. In the political and institutional context, however, when Brazil's capital shifted from Rio to Brasília, the hotel suffered something of an identity crisis. It went from having been the most important political and institutional hotel, right around the corner from the republican Presidential Palace, to being suddenly formally distant from the centre of the nation's action. That change was also compounded by a geographic shift. The huge new landfill Flamengo Park (*Aterro do Flamengo*), constructed in the early 1960s and inaugurated in 1965, removed the hotel from its desirable bay-front location and left it in the middle of an increasingly run-down, disjointed neighbourhood, fronted by a busy road, with views over an infill park rather than the Bay.[7] Despite continuing as an important landmark, its stark change of context in the 1960s made it even more incongruous, a former symbol of progress that now served as a container of history that harked back to a different time. It maintained that existence until it became a ruin in recent years (Fig. 3).

The movement into more manifestly visible decay began following the transition of the capital, a moment that made it more acutely out of date and out of place. The original functionality of the hotel as a place for official visitors was largely altered, and its aspect of outdated indulgence became its primary identifying feature. The nearby Presidential Palace, the Palácio do Catete (where Getúlio Vargas shot himself), shares a similar history; if the capital is no longer in that city, then what happens to the Presidential Palace? It now houses the Museu da República, a remembrance and memory of what once was, a place that recollects the story of that building and a container of its history.[8] These are, then, fundamentally nostalgic spaces on a variety of levels. For the Hotel Glória, it was, paradoxically, a modern slice of the old world at its inauguration in 1922, an existence that became memorialized further by the transfer of capital in 1960. It was spatially and temporally in-between in the 1922–60 period, well maintained and desirable, but also a purposefully luxurious and historically infused space of both architectural innovation and emulation. It was, at once, a representation of the future and of the past. After the transfer of capital, it became, yet further, an expensive and indulgent act of luxurious time travel in which the cracking walls and the creeping sense of neglect were increasingly central. The process, as a lifecycle, now has a beautiful manifestation of paradoxical completeness, standing derelict and vacant.

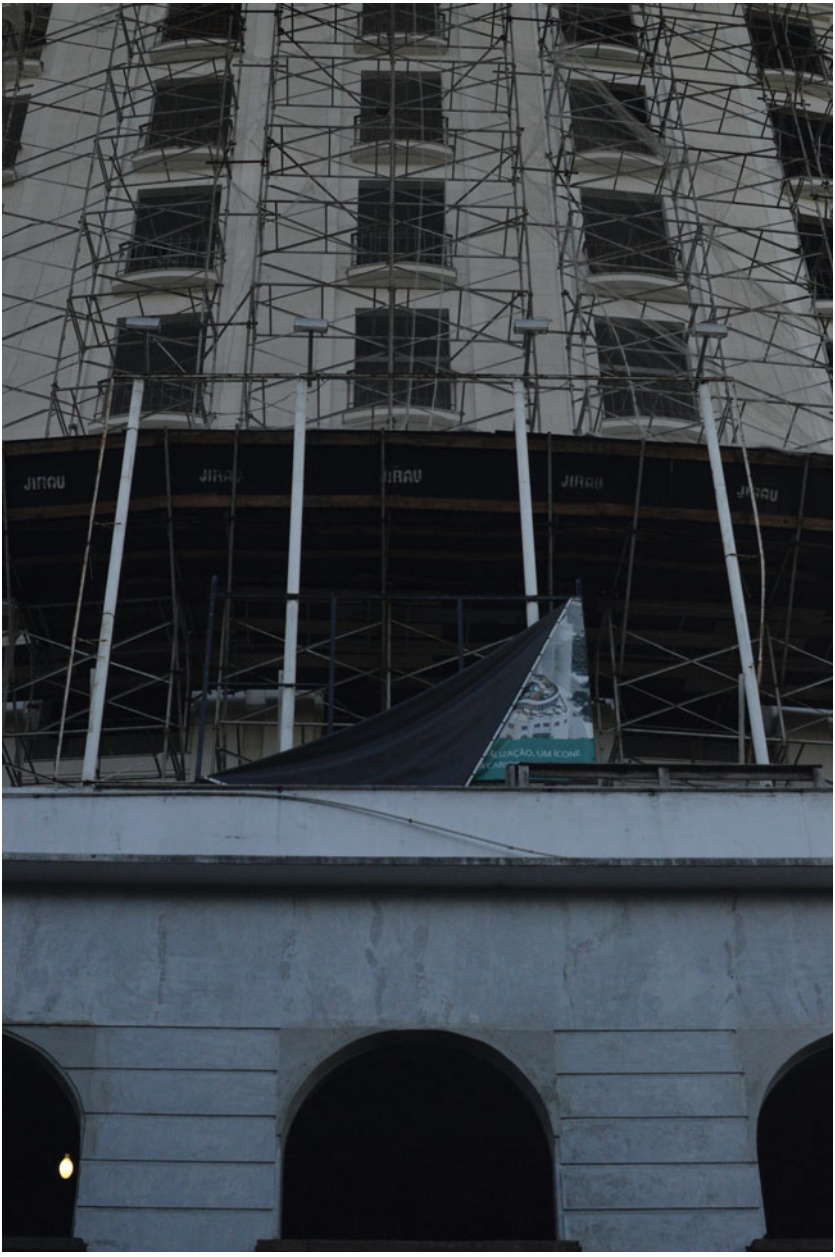

Fig. 3 The exterior of the Hotel Glória

In the case of the Hotel Glória, the surrounding embassies, downtown, and the Presidential Palace—complete with President and all, in the nation's capital—had meant that the hotel was ideally located for politicians and political visitors. After its primary functional aspect was taken away, the feeling of decline, decay, and indulgence became more clearly visible. Its gravitas, based on its profound outdatedness, kept it in business; presidents and politicians still met there, and universities would host visitors there who precisely wanted a sense of Rio's decadence. However, this impressive historical building was now in a part of Rio where poorly maintained, crumbling imperial and early-century buildings mixed with unimpressive apartment blocks, and where the historic centre of the republican capital—the neighbourhoods of Catete and Glória in particular—had a starkly unkempt atmosphere.

Unlike the Copacabana Palace, still sitting almost on the beach and the Atlantic Ocean, the Hotel Glória was deprived of its location after the 1960s, facing not the water, but instead the six-lane Praia de Flamengo road and a landfill urban recreation area that was traversed by the new eight-lane Avenida Infante Dom Henrique. Not only was the Hotel Glória now more acutely in-between in its temporal aspect, a symbol of progress throughout its ongoing existence and also defined by, and acting as, a container of its history, but it was also spatially and geographically in-between, devoid of its original location, and now within a changing and ostensibly decaying neighbourhood.

What had been a luxurious and elegant hotel at the heart of the capital and overlooking the bay, a place for decision-making and meetings whilst surrounded by old-world grand architecture and emulatory style, progressively became a shadow of what it once was in the modern context of the city through to its complete ruin at present. From the beginning, and accentuated after 1960, updates and renovations were infrequent. As such, the hotel became increasingly characterized as a place of one-time elegance and luxury, which was still expensive and still had a certain social attraction, despite, or perhaps, precisely because the facilities and upkeep certainly were not the best in the city. Staying in the hotel, then, was always an indulgence, but post-1960, it came with an ever-increasing hint of nostalgia in the pursuit of a faded glamour, which is so archetypally fitting for Rio.

As a place where many politicians continued to have suites, even after their jobs moved to the middle of the country, the Hotel Glória was not short on business, but its decadent nature had taken deeper hold. Despite the distance from the bay and a beach, and, indeed, despite the

unappealing nature of the water, which had become dangerously polluted around Flamengo Park, there were still beach towels in the rooms until the day it closed, harking back to the days when it was a stone's throw from a nice swim in the Bay. *Saudades*—for something other, in another time—have continually defined the hotel, a place that holds a sense of progressively crumbling beauty that has become progressively more acute and most clearly apparent in the present moment.

Just before the entrepreneur Eike Batista bought the Hotel Glória in 2008 and closed its doors for renovation, the hotel appeared in the *Time Out* guide to Rio:

> The Glória's glory days came and went between the wars, meaning that you're unlikely to see many celebrities or dignitaries here these days—though they do provide a helipad on the roof for anyone who fancies a shot at the high life. The hotel still puts on a great front with its gleaming white façade, but the maintenance of the 600-plus rooms is haphazard, as is the service, and these days the majority of the hotel's guests are on a corporate or academic junket… The communal facilities are better than the rooms (mostly cream and chintz, with the occasional Louis Quinze imitation in the suites), the views of Sugar Loaf and Guanabara Bay are special, and those with a fetish for faded glamour will love this place.[9]

The temporal aspect that is so central to the hotel's identity—and as a symbol of the city more broadly—is clear to see. The "fetish for faded glamour" could almost be a maxim for the quintessential experience of Rio, which seemingly exists always as though either on the brink of breakdown or in anticipation of something great around the corner. The experience of the present is always hinting towards something other, a nostalgic nod in which the glamour is always and vitally somehow faded. Of course, with the hotel now ruined, its faded glamour reaches an extreme end-point. It is in that ever-evolving condition, however, where the attractive charm of this city lies. The Hotel Glória serves as an extreme example.

When I took a taxi past the hotel in 2010, the driver said to me, "Oh that. That's the Hotel Glória. They're making it into the best hotel in Latin America again, six stars, something out of this world." I was a little taken aback; I knew the hotel and a little of its history, but knew nothing about these new developments. A fundamental remodelling of the hotel started in 2010 to bring it up-to-date and establish it as a signature accommodation for the World Cup and the Olympics. According to the designer, Jeffrey Beers, and the now-defunct official website, "the Glória

Palace Hotel will be unparalleled in Rio" when it is "reborn … upon reopening in 2014." After several delays, in February 2013, *A Folha de São Paulo* reported that it would not open in time for the World Cup, as planned, and subsequently *O Globo* reported in June 2013, that work had stopped and the hotel had been put up for sale. The downfall of Eike Batista, as I will explore shortly, signalled the end of the hotel's redevelopment, and it now heads into an unknown future, which will likely see it bought and remodelled simply as another generic 5-star chain hotel or completely refashioned for another use (Fig. 4).

For now, however, it stands as a historically charged symbolic space, a container of history in its ruin, an enduring memory and reminder of times past, and representative of the historical and present-day impulses for the future in the Olympic-era city. It is a ruin in the middle of what was once the centre of this "tropical Paris." The hotel, which in its inauguration was itself a symbol the "new" for the World's Fair, a sign of progress, and representing the vogue of modernization in 1922, but already somewhat outdated even then, is now a ruin. The hotel marks a variety of deca-

Fig. 4 The Hotel Glória in its context, now set back far from the Guanabara Bay

dent expressions, now more than ever before. In the early 2010s, it was a shell of a building with the projected façade of the unrealized future hotel draped over the scaffolding, tattered and graffitied. It is, in its way, incredibly beautiful, with vines snaking up the walls, shrubs emerging where once there were windows, and half of the building torn apart, before it was seemingly, one day, simply abandoned *in medias res*. Whatever future awaits the Hotel Glória, its history, particularly in the 1922, 1960, and 2008 moments, represents a concrete expression of decadence in the historical trajectory of modern Rio de Janeiro. The Olympics provided a rationale and a motivation for a future-looking development in which, seemingly, progress was again the defining element: the potential and possibilities for the hotel, its owner Batista, and the city more broadly seemed endless. What resulted, though, and despite Batista's lofty intentions, was a most profound example of the complex relationship to the passing of time in Rio, an outdated ruin that beautifully and gloriously somehow fits in perfectly with this city that has decadence at its heart.

Eike Batista's Rise and Ruin

Deeply entwined in the Hotel Glória's early twenty-first century history is the story of Eike Batista, now infamous as the person who lost the most wealth most quickly in history. His character story is perfectly decadent, to an extreme, absurd point, as is the status of his flagship Hotel Glória. His rise (and fall) in the contemporary global moment of development suggests symbolic affinities with Brazil, and specifically Rio, in the 2010s; his story of boom and bust resembles a parable for the global age staged in Rio de Janeiro.

Brazil, according to general consensus, was a booming country in the 2000s, with Rio at its new global heart.[10] There was double-digit growth year after year, and it emerged onto the global radar as an emerging market *par excellence*, a land of opportunity and a place where the "future of the country of the future had finally arrived," as J.P. Cuenca ironically writes in "Before the Fall," a short story I return to later. Eike Batista represents the forward-looking tendency that we have seen in Brazil since 1889, where the ideal of future potentiality and promise defines and shapes the present in the city, a projection towards something other and, the theory goes, "better." His meteoric rise, and fall, as a businessman is symbolic in its scale and ambition of the present-day modernizing push in the city more broadly. Batista, like Rio de Janeiro and the whole nation,

economically speaking, promised so much, aimed so high, and yet has had a turbulent time as the 2010s have progressed, once again leaving the projected, promised future unfulfilled, where there was so much "potential" for "progress" just a few years ago.

Batista was at the forefront of Brazil's global development and became, at least on paper and according to *Forbes* magazine, the seventh richest man in the world who had outspoken pretensions on the number one spot. However, in 2012–13, he lost 99% of his wealth as his speculation-based group of companies crashed, earning the infamous accolade of becoming the person who has lost the most money, most quickly, ever. He faces charges of market manipulation and fraud, and is bankrupt, having tried to engage as deeply and as extremely as possible with the global market economy during Brazil's boom to make his fortune. His projected, imagined future was disconnected from the on-the-ground reality around him, sharing affinities with the city that was his stage. Dilma Rousseff used Batista as a poster boy, representing the success of Brazil when he was exploring for oil off the coast of Rio; Batista, for his part, was also an integral figure in the proposals for, and success of, the Rio Olympic bid. As the city once again struggles to live up to the supposed "expectations" of development, the Olympics being another "missed opportunity" in the sense that many proposed projects remain incomplete, perhaps we can read Batista's story as symptomatic of the ideological attitude in the city and its governance more broadly that sees a historically recurring trait of a desired, but inherently and perpetually unfulfilled, ideal of progress.

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Ernesto Sirolli, an authority on sustainable economic development, told me in a 2014 interview that he briefly met Batista in 2008 when he had just bought both the Hotel Glória and, more impactingly, the oil licenses for a billion dollars off the coast of Brazil in very deep water. This "huge gamble" was what finally undid him: "he was counting on revenue from oil to basically keep his whole empire of companies afloat." Batista, who comes from a wealthy and talented background (his father was a great engineer, as well as a former Minister of Mining and Energy and head of Brazilian mining giant Vale), made his early fortune in commodities, particularly in iron ore and gold mining.[11] He subsequently set up a series of publicly traded companies, including listed companies known by their three-letter acronyms ending in "X" (representing, Batista said, the multi-

plication of wealth), which diversified his interests and included OGX (oil and gas), OSX (shipbuilding and offshore enterprise), MPX (energy), LLX (logistics), and MMX (mining) under the conglomerate of EBX. He is an extreme example of a global capitalist; his wealth boomed, founded on the notion that the majority of the investments would pay off, and some would pay off big. He received multimillion-dollar payouts from the listing of his companies based on their purported projections. Sirolli goes on, "When there were some initial reports from explorations off the coast that looked very promising. He was really hoping that the billion-dollar gamble would pay off. I was there at a fantastic time for him, when everything seemed to be going his way." Since then, however, through "bad luck" (as Batista put it), mismanagement, and the decline of his enterprises and international commodity prices, his companies failed to make enough money to service their debt, and he was forced to sell or liquidate them, including the Hotel Glória. Perhaps also at play, in light of the recent Petrobras corruption debacle, was the very promising intelligence that fed Batista's impetuous character: "Eike had former Petrobras oil engineers working for him. I wonder if he was the victim of unscrupulous people who made him believe that the prospects for finding oil were better than they were. At the time of our meeting, reports of offshore drilling were brought to Eike by a group of ex Petrobras engineers and there were celebrations all around." He was willing to bet the farm on getting to the oil so close to Rio's coastline.

His loss of wealth also comes down to a loss in credibility. He did not provide what he promised when he listed his companies. OGX, for example, promised to be able to pump 750,000 barrels of oil a day from the newly discovered oilfields. It was soon discovered, however, that extracting the oil was much more difficult than envisaged, and the infrastructure was not there or not ready, so it was possible to extract only 15,000 per day. As such, what was actually possible in reality was far disconnected from what was projected and imagined as the basis of the boom. Batista lived to excess, always looking for more opportunities, diversifying, seeking to make as much money (and, it turns out, lose it) as quickly as possible. The show of wealth, an external and projected image that demonstrates success, was also present in his personal life. He holds powerboating records, had a Carnaval queen wife (now divorced), and kept a luxury McLaren-Mercedes SLR in his living room, one of the most expensive cars ever made.[12]

In Brazil, in the 2000s and into the 2010s, it was a rollercoaster ride of grand, but unrealistic, aims to produce a country, and particularly a city, that was "ready" to be global, a dynamic part of the world that wanted

to prove that it had somehow "caught up" according to globalized capitalist paradigms. Batista is a potent symbol of that misguided trait. Rio was to be a place ready for visitors, for business, for investment, made, as quickly as possible, the predominant and exemplary Latin American city, finally unshackled from its history (or so the theory went). There was great temptation to buy into it—this beautiful, tropical city, with wonderful beaches, a great climate, a centre for business, and billions of dollars of oil sitting deep in the ocean off the coast, as well as a booming tourist economy with the two big upcoming sporting events. The aspect of charisma, as well as the sensation of speed, rapidity, and excitement for the future, was fundamental to Batista's growth, with Rio as a stage and symbolic centre.

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Sirolli met him at a salient moment, and he was exposed to the full impact of Batista's charm and personality. From a 15-minute introduction, their projects were suddenly speeding along, like Marinetti's automobiles a century earlier. "It was like going from 0 to 100 mph in no time at all," Sirolli told me. "That was the power of the personality and the charisma of Eike Batista. It's like there is a king who can give you whatever you want." It was all somewhat unplanned and improvised, a "rollercoaster ride": quite what was happening or the implications were not the central concern; instead, the *idea* seemed watertight, and the potential or the possibilities were outstanding and worth pursuing as quickly as possible.

As Sirolli told me, the intimate experience of riding the rollercoaster was at once exhilarating and draining, but ultimately laden with the sense of an unknown destination and a lack of control as to where the ship was sailing, albeit with a sometimes brilliant and charismatic captain at the helm:

> The feeling of the people in the room with Eike Batista was that they were on a rollercoaster that was the scariest thing they've ever been on, but also the most exciting and frightening and hysterical thing they have ever been part of. There is no real way to describe it. The only analogy is that it is the biggest rollercoaster of your life, where you're at the mercy of speed and you have to react very, very fast, but sometimes the feeling is negative as you are absolutely out of control. The only thing you can do to avoid it is get off. Either hold on or get off. There is no other possibility and nothing else you can do as you do not, and will never, control it. It is breathtaking

> because of the vision and the speed of things. Not only did he want to set up a university for me after knowing me for 15 minutes, but he had already bought the land.

The idea of speed—harking back to "fifty years in five" and futurism—implies a desire to move rapidly in time, away from the past and into the future of promise, a trope that is consistent throughout Rio's modern history. That trait of seeking the future—is a recurring feature, part of the acute dynamic and productive dialogic tension between the future and the past in the city's decadence.

In the world of Batista's boom, things had to be done quickly ("He said to me, What are you doing on Monday? No matter what your plans are, he would say, Could you postpone it? Come with me instead as we can jump on my plane to see the governor for discussions"), but the infrastructure backing up the long-term interests of his various business interests faded into the background. The set-up of the whole enterprise was rather chaotic:

> When I went back to Brazil I went to his house. He was absolutely present with us guests from various companies and businesses. He was busy, and easily distracted with so much going on, and so I asked if there was someone in his company I could call who I could rely on. Calling Eike would not have worked. I was given the name of and introduced to one of his managers. He was 35 years old, and I tried to get him to explain to me how things work inside the group of companies. But he was a little distracted as, at 35, Eike Batista had asked him to do a number of things, too many. One of the things he had been asked to do by Eike was to set up a naval industry to build supertankers, whilst he was also organizing the building of a city, and then linking the port for the supertankers to the rest of Brazil.[13] He was a point of contact for me, but you are talking about really stressed people, people who are working at a breathtakingly high speed and scope of vision and trying to do too much.

Around Eike, however, there was a culture in which he was surrounded by employees who could not say no to him, by people who were paid to do what he says; they only wanted to give him good news. Progressing forward and making the most of the opportunity was the most important element, no matter what that desire was based on:

> There were no checks and balances. Everybody around Eike Batista described him as breathtaking. It was a universally agreed point. I think that the rollercoaster—and the idea that you can only hang on or get off, with no control—is central to understanding Eike, and the best way to describe my experience. Zero, zero, zero control. From my experience all over the world, Eike Batista stands out because of the size of his entrepreneurial ambition and vision. I have met many, many entrepreneurs, but none as visionary, self-assured or as arrogant as Batista. He has always been an entrepreneur.

In this sense, it was all about looking forward to progress and growth, no matter what, and where the image of development and modernization was important, and hope for what the future might bring. Batista wanted to be seen as a success and a pinnacle of entrepreneurism, who could generate wealth from nothing in the heart of this booming country, based on the idea that his investments and speculations would pay off. However, as Sirolli says, it was the absence of preparedness and the desire to grow as quickly (and as unsustainably) as possible, which caused a myopic vision of the state of affairs in his business, a decadent and disconnected protagonist in his own fiction:

> I do not even know whether he sees himself the way other people see him. When I went to his house, I saw the McLaren-Mercedes that he had in his living room, he also took me down to his garage where there was a bizarre Peugeot-based 4WD made by French company Auverland and used by the French army, that he had restored, developed and that was beautifully kept. He had bought the rights years before and then manufactured them in Brazil with his company JPX, and he totally failed as he could not sell them. But the way he described it was as though it was normal; it was just something he did because he liked it. Of course, it did not go anywhere but so what.

That company, JPX, operated from 1992 to 2002, and, despite some military contracts, hardly sold at all. Similarly, OGX failed based on unfulfilled projections for the amount of oil that would be (readily and realistically) accessible in the short term, and the Hotel Glória failed due to unrealistic and disconnected aims and aspirations for its renovation. Speed, not sustainability, was the defining attribute for Batista's projects, trying to reinvent and leave behind the past for an improved (economic) future. Couple that desire for speed with Brazil's infamous and stalling bureaucracy, one of the most limiting aspects of its economic environment, and the result is an unsustainable set of aims that were—like so many projects—destined to fail. As one Batista

associate reported to *Bloomberg* in 2013, "he set goals that should have taken 5 to 10 years to achieve but was managing them as if he were running the 400 meters."[14] It is in this sense that Batista's symbolic value plays into the trajectory of the country and the city around him; the desire to force expectations and to force wealth were more important than any other aspect. He had to be the richest man, and he wanted to do it as quickly as possible. The impulse towards "progress" and "the future" in Brazil has been synonymous with speed, a trait that is mediated and tempered by the identifiably nostalgic impulse, which is also a fundamental part of Rio's identity, and the two exist in a constant dialogue that create its atmosphere of idiosyncratic decadence.

"Just like Brazil, he has promised too much and has delivered little. He created a business plan that was too good to be true, and it never ended up materializing," the *Forbes* journalist Anderson Antunes wrote in June 2014, in an article sub-titled "the 'country of the future' is still hostage to its past."[15] The free-market expansionist policies of the 2000s sought to grow and to progress (or at least, to project growth on the global level), given human form by Batista who became a poster boy for the emergence of a new Brazil. That discourse of "newness," mutually informed by Batista and his stage in Rio de Janeiro, was again proven as a fallible construct, not the telos, but instead as an inherent part of a much more complex temporality represented to the extreme by a man who once was what the future looked like; he is ruined now, but perhaps he will rise again. It turns out he was an extreme symbol of the present all along.

Copacabana Palace Hotel: Indulging in Decadence

Despite its impressive history, the Hotel Glória has always had a more illustrious counterpart. Also inaugurated for the 1922–3 World's Fair, the Copacabana Palace is Rio's most famous hotel, a landmark of luxury and indulgence, and a destination for the rich and famous, royalty and rock stars. The Hotel Glória, for its proximity to the then Presidential Palace and downtown, was typically more for visiting dignitaries; the Copacabana Palace has always been for celebrity visitors to see-and-be-seen, from Brigitte Bardot and Orson Welles to the Rolling Stones and Rod Stewart, as well as thousands of other well-heeled tourists wanting a slice of "classic Rio." The hotel was conceived to be an icon, Brazil and Latin America's most opulent and luxurious hotel, designed to have an old-world decadent appeal, an aspect that it fundamentally maintains as a foremost symbol of the city. The two hotels, designed in the same period by the same architect, share remarkable similarities in terms of their architecture and aesthetics,

but are different in their recognition of, and relationship to, time, resulting in their very contrasting statuses in the present day. Whilst the Hotel Glória is a ruin, the Copacabana Palace is still a five-star, old-world luxury hotel.

As you walk down the Avenida Atlântica, you see, amongst the high-rises, a huge, white building that stands out for its imposing architecture and for the real estate that it occupies. The Copacabana Palace Hotel stands on most of a city block, with extensive frontage to the ocean, and retains the same main building and façade as when it opened in 1923. (An additional wing was added in a later expansion.) The streets behind the hotel are bustling and hectic, and you seem a long way away from the luxurious sensation of seaside escape that used to define the Copacabana neighbourhood. Back then, the hotel's only neighbours were a few mansions set within an otherwise sparse area. Now, with buses racing down Avenida Nossa Senhora de Copacabana and electronics shops crammed in next to ugly apartment buildings, juice stands, and furniture shops, the Copacabana Palace Hotel has stood on the seafront for more than 90 years, little changed, with its grand, striking building reminding visitors of past times in the city. When renovating the Copacabana Palace, as has happened at various points in its history, the aim was *not* to modernize and to make it the "best" hotel or to completely reinvent it as completely "new," as Batista aimed to do with the Hotel Glória. Rather, the intention was to integrally maintain its identity in its various rejuvenations. The sensation of old-world elegance, of luxurious indulgence, and the feeling of stepping into another time in a construction—and mentality—that is laden with history and stories is vital. There are slicker and more trendy options in the city, such as The Fasano or the Hotel Santa Teresa, but trendiness is not the reason for staying at the Copacabana Palace; a sensation of decadent timelessness is (Fig. 5).

History, luxury, and a feeling of outdated indulgence are what continue to draw guests who want to stay in a grand hotel in which some of the most illustrious visitors to Rio have stayed. The Copacabana Palace is an indulgent slice of history and remains the city's most prestigious hotel. It has been "of the moment" in Rio since 1923, somehow "up to date" according to the context of this "outdated" city, and it is within that temporality that we find its charm and appeal. It has *always* been identified by that sensation of seemingly stepping into a different time, even now when it is surrounded by hustle and bustle and the acutely faded glamour of the Copacabana neighbourhood.

Joseph Gire also designed the Copacabana Palace, and the hotel opened shortly after the Hotel Glória, on 13 August 1923, marking an important moment in the expansion of the city, and at the tail end of the early-century

Fig. 5 The Copacabana Palace

expansionist and emulatory reforms of the old republic (1889–1930). As Bruno Carvalho notes, "the Pereira Passos reforms (1902–6) helped to create the conditions that would enable the South Zone's emergence and consolidation as the city's wealthiest area."[16] Despite the first tunnel between Botafogo and Copacabana opening in 1892 (the Alaor Prata Tunnel), and another opening in 1906 (the New Tunnel, which remains the main route to Copacabana), it was not until the 1920s that the city's growth in the South Zone boomed. The Copacabana Palace was, moreover, the first grand construction in the area, and its inauguration heralded and symbolized the commencement of Rio's (touristic) golden age. It became the centre of Rio's attraction as a tropical, beach culture city in the 1920s and in subsequent decades, with hints of a historical old-world Europe in its architecture.

The hotel's opening came when Copacabana was effectively a high-end seaside town, and it quickly became a prominent attraction, which established Copacabana, and to an extent Rio, as a tourist destination. It was a landmark building, a grand and imposing construction in eclectic,

idiosyncratic, Carioca Art Deco style. Architecturally, it was similar in size and general design to the Hotel Glória, and, as with the Hotel Glória, was in its essence an eclectic blend of Neoclassical and Art Nouveau motifs in the exterior ornamentation and interior decoration and furnishings, crafted alongside the innovative aspects of Art Deco. Alongside the avant-garde construction techniques, which made for an impressive sight on its inauguration, it is through its eclectic aesthetics that we can see an incorporation of the remarkable temporality of Rio into the edifice, a demonstration that old-world opulence and luxury was the best way to mark Rio's supposed emergence and progress at the World's Fair.

Beatriz Jaguaribe observes that the "obsessive promotion of the new and the modern" is a defining feature of the city now, as at various moments of its past. However, particularly in the 1922–3 moment in Rio, the "vogue mirage of modernity" could be seen in the eclectic architecture where "stylized techniques of ornamentation that recalled the past were incorporated not because they nostalgically signalled the opulence of former eras in the bleakness of modernity but because they were the newest trend in France."[17] It was not a project to be "modern," as such, but sought principally to emulate French style done in an idiosyncratically Carioca way. The construction looked to the future, to progress, through a modern building that was in its essence Rio's version and vision of French style, which, in itself, incorporated references to other more distant pasts. Its eclectic backward-looking glance showed an interest in the "opulence of former eras" through Gire, not as a countering to modernity, but, rather, as an inherent part of Rio's version of it, fundamental in the image creation of the tropical city. It was, vitally, "of the past" and "of the future" from the moment of its inauguration, continually defined by an atmosphere of *saudades*—a nostalgia for something other, something absent that is not of the moment, but that is projected as something desirable. In other words, the Copacabana Palace is fundamentally defined by a desire to indulge in the sensation of a bygone, constructed time, which is not and never was of the present. It has always been a place to stay precisely because of its outdatedness, a trait that remains to the present day, showing a remarkable synchronicity with the city's unique temporality.

It developed its status as the most opulent, luxurious, and indulgent place to stay throughout the 1920s. The hotel was made internationally famous by the 1933 film *Flying Down to Rio*, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in their first on-screen partnership, with much of the film

set inside the hotel. (It was, however, Dolores del Rio, the higher-billed and then more famous star in that film, who would later re-appear in the hotel's folklore. After she fought with Orson Welles, who was in Rio to film a never-finished documentary in 1942, and broke up with him, he proceeded to throw most of the contents of his suite, including the piano, into the pool from six floors up.) In the film, as with other cinematic descriptions of the city (as seen, for example, most clearly, in subsequent years, through Carmen Miranda's characters, or in hit film *Black Orpheus*), the city emerges as a tropical landscape of plenitude and indulgence, marked by a certain *joie de vivre*. This sense of outdated and idiosyncratic indulgence is captured in the Copacabana Palace Hotel. The hotel, for its old-world opulence and stylistic affinities with Gire's other hotels and its aspirations of emulation of older classic hotels and architectural styles, has always been an indulgence in luxury that comes about from the sensation of moving into a different time when passing through its gilded doors. The Copacabana Palace continues to contain visions of the past and the future within its walls in the ongoing creation of a gloriously decadent identity (Fig. 6).

Fig. 6 Up close to the Copacabana Palace: the old in the new

As the surrounding Copacabana neighbourhood grew in the 1940s and 1950s, steadily the hotel came to stand out even more as a container and expresser of the city's specific temporality. Soon the hotel was surrounded by high-rises and wide avenues filling with traffic, as the glitz and glamour of Copacabana faded. In the 1960–80 period, Copacabana continued to grow as a neighbourhood as more and more people went to live there and businesses opened up. As such, the area around the Copacabana Palace became much busier as tower blocks rose around it, shading that famous swimming pool. Other newer and more ostensibly modern 5-star luxury hotels opened as Rio became a firm part of Latin American tourism. Indeed, as a neighbourhood, Copacabana became quite dangerous, dirty, and down-at-heel, still with the picture postcard beach, but now with bustle in the dense streets just behind.

In the same period, the socioeconomic status of the neighbourhood, and the city more broadly, accelerated in its feeling of decline; favelas around the South Zone grew, lower-end apartment blocks and businesses opened in Copacabana, population density increased, and it lost its exclusivity. By the 1970s, the atmosphere around the Copacabana Palace was increasingly dangerous, and in the 2010s, it is, despite the beachfront setting, a neighbourhood no longer marked by the small Riviera atmosphere, but rather a busy, bustling place in which the Copacabana Palace stands as something of an old-world anomaly. Today, if you go just a block or two back from the beach (and beyond), the neighbourhood has a run-down feeling to it, and the differences between Copacabana, Ipanema, Leblon, and Barra are marked. But, rather than these changes ruining the Copacabana Palace, the sensation afforded precisely by stepping into another time when crossing the hotel's threshold was secured and propagated as the central part of its identity. More than ever, it represents the chance to step away from the hustle and bustle and into an evolving, long-standing container of time, which is an acute emblem of the city's temporality. It serves, then, as a paradigmatic example of Rio's complex, but attractive, time–space, a slice of another time within an urban fabric that goes from beach to favela, and hotel to high-rise in just a couple of city blocks, all set in one of the most evocative neighbourhoods in the world.

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Throughout the latter half of the twentieth century, the city (and middle- and upper-class populations) continued going south and west

to Ipanema, Leblon, Jardim Botânico, and Lagoa as the city changed and grew, and as Copacabana's reputation and status went down. In the 2000s, and now in the run up to the Olympics, that growth has accelerated and intensified in the West Zone and in Barra da Tijuca, where the main Olympics sites are.

And yet, what of the Copacabana Palace? It remains as a reputable and indulgent place of luxury accommodation, a container and maintainer of history amidst the world around it. It is, just as at its inauguration, still outdated. It has many of the same old fittings, the neoclassic design, some Art Deco traits, and an old elevator that has purposefully not been upgraded. It becomes, then, a question of reinvention. The Hotel Glória, on the one hand, attempted a reinvention of its identity, which was firmly based on its historical attributes and associated imaginary, to become the leading luxury hotel in the city—modern, new, and of the future. It now stands a ruin, having been unable to authentically entertain both temporalities of "oldness" and "newness" in mutually exclusive dialogue in the renovation that Batista envisioned. The owners of the Copacabana Palace Hotel, on the other hand, explicitly did not reinvent its identity and rather maintained the outdatedness and the element of indulgence in an old-world sense of luxury, which has always defined the hotel, ever since it was "new" in 1923. Its dialogue between old and new has always been mutually inclusive. Since then, it has been renovated to be not the most modern or the best hotel in the city, but rather kept "like new"; that is, outdated and as an indulgent symbol, which recognize the complex temporal and spatial dynamics that the city has experienced post-1889.

We can engage Robert Harrison's terms of "rejuvenation" for the Copacabana Palace and "juvenilization" for the Hotel Glória.[18] Seen so, the Copacabana Palace has kept up its historical position as the go-to hotel for luxury and for status, even though, in terms of facilities, size, value, and location, it is not the best hotel in the city. However, the charm and timelessness that are fundamental have been sensitively maintained. It has retained its reputation, despite fluctuating levels of upkeep in recent years, as an opulent indulgence in old-school style and luxury surrounded by a now-changed neighbourhood. By the 1980s, the hotel had not been renovated, and its owners considered demolishing it for the valuable real estate and to offset the expenses incurred in running such a hotel. But, its reinvention, its rejuvenation, and ongoing success came precisely from its lack of profound changes and instead by reinventing itself through recognizing temporal context. In other words, assuring the maintenance of how

it used to feel, of how it used to look, and how it acts as part of a temporal landscape, and indulging that distant and unspecific historical image for its ongoing identification into a successful future, are just as vital now as at other stages in its history.

Rather than demolishing the hotel, the original owners (the Guinle family) sold it to the Orient-Express (now Belmond) hotel group in 1989, and the hotel's future was apparently secured; it would be maintained as a profitable and iconic place to stay. Unlike the Hotel Glória almost 20 years later, in which Batista sought to make the hotel new by distancing it from its time and space, the new owners did not gut and rebuild the hotel from the inside-out to be the best hotel around; there was, after all, extensive stiff competition in the neighbourhood and broader city. The idea, still fundamental to the hotel, was to indulge absence and recapture the past, and not just its moment of origin or golden age in the 1920s and 1930s. It also extended to what that original image was based upon; that is, an eclectic and indulgent sense of old-world, time-travelling luxury, a decadent experience of something other. As such, its "newness" is a recognition of various aspects of how the hotel in the contemporary moment relates to the past and the future.

A 2013 *New York Times* review described the hotel, which was renovated in 2012, and its location as,

> A piece of Old World elegance amid the allure—and menace—of Copacabana Beach … that still conjures the glamour of the days when Marlene Dietrich and Orson Welles were guests. In many ways, the combination is spot-on: the glistening pool deck, for example, is hip (and gorgeous); the maddening wait for one of the two clunky elevators in the lobby, however, is an irritating throwback to the technology of yesteryear.[19]

That is precisely the point—a "spot on" combination in a hotel that provides a snapshot of a different time that is reliant on its decadence, reputation, and image as vital features of its ongoing existence. Indeed, in many ways, it is not spectacular—the overdone and often slow service, the small rooms, the good-but-not-fantastic food, and the now risky locale. However, these are all paradoxically positive attributes that mark the Copacabana Palace as one of the quintessential landmarks of a tropically decadent Rio de Janeiro.

Let me be clear, though. This is not simply a ploy based on nostalgia to attract guests; rather, it is integral to its ongoing existence and identity, an authentic expression of presentness. The same can be said of the city more broadly; the contrasts and the idiosyncratic coming together of old

and new, formal and informal, rich and poor have defined, and continue to define, the city in an expression that is manifest through a complex temporal landscape. Incorporating the past is not just nostalgically to signal times gone by, but rather to recognize the need to incorporate the past into the present, making the contemporary moment one that is infused with the past and that has dialogue with ideals of progress and change. These traits come into even clearer relief and relevance when, now as in other moments in Rio's history, there are intense urges for modernization and development precisely to progress away from and leave behind that past. The identity of the Copacabana Palace can be understood not simply in terms of being sold to tourists and celebrities as a kitsch indulgence (although that is, of course, how it makes its money). Rather, it means much more than that, serving as a container of the complex relationship to the past and the future on Rio de Janeiro's temporal landscape throughout the city's modern history, a symbol of its glorious decadence.

Visiting the hotel indulges the (slightly faded) glamour and luxury of the past, a feeling of "going back in time," but it is more than that. Rather than simply or exclusively going backwards, however, it instead represents a *different* experience of time, and its sensation of temporal remoteness in the present is its most attractive feature. To give one example, when the Rolling Stones went to Rio in 2006 to play a huge free show on Copacabana Beach with approximately a million people in attendance, they stayed at the Copacabana Palace Hotel. Moreover, to avoid the bedlam, they had a bridge specially constructed, which went directly from the hotel to the backstage area so that they could get in and out as easily as possible.[20] The hotel and, by extension, the stage and beach area became an island for the illustrious visitors in town, a container of space and time in an otherwise hectic environment. It is as though a fundamental aspect of Rio's time–space is encapsulated in this landmark building.

Unlike the Hotel Glória's renovation, which attempted to recapture and recast its past *and* become the best hotel in the city, the Copacabana Palace is defined by a complex relationship to the past and the future, which has been continually reinvented since its inauguration. The question as to why one hotel is now a ruin and the other an ongoing success is fundamental. The answer can be found in their relationship to time since the 1920s, and how that changed for the Hotel Glória in recent years, after Batista bought it, but that has vitally never changed for the Copacabana Palace Hotel. A look at its "Golden Book," and you can see signatures from the illustrious, A-list guests. Some of their portraits line the lobby's walls. Why stay

there, however, and not in another hotel in the city, in a better location and with better amenities, particularly given Copacabana's relative scruffiness and tackiness? The attraction of the hotel is clear from its own branding on a promotional brochure that I picked up—it is a place of "sheer, old-fashioned glamour set against a backdrop of breathtaking natural beauty. Certain hotels embody the glamour of a city and keep its history alive and the Copacabana Palace is one of them." In that same brochure and across thousands of reviews, the hotel is labelled as "the best place to stay in Rio," a notion of "the best" that is not based on "newness," or "modernity," or on it being in the ideal location or with the most up-to-date features. Indeed, its notion of being "the best" is based precisely on the glamour—the same "faded glamour" that was once so important to the Hotel Glória, which has marked it throughout the hotel's history. Ever since 1922–3, the maintaining of the hotel as a purposefully remote and escapist space, beautifully disconnected from the world around it, has made it a famously decadent symbol of the city that surrounds it.

Mid-century Modernism: The Future Found in Rio de Janeiro

The Ministry of Education and Health Building opened in 1945, and it is the paradigmatic building of Brazilian Modernism.[21] Moreover, it was the pre-eminent building in Brazil's state-sponsored modernization and development initiatives in the mid-twentieth century that centred on the then-capital Rio. If a broadly eclectic Art Deco tailored according to Rio's own temporality was the style that defined Carioca architecture in the 1920s and into 1930s, then Modernism was very much the mid-twentieth-century architectural style and one that has maintained a deep aesthetic legacy. In the early twentieth century, there was a trend to progress as a new republic through eclectic emulation as a break from the old ways of the monarchy. In the mid-century, we see a different break.

The rupture with the past away from the old republic, initiated by Vargas in 1930, focused conversely on leaving behind that foreign-inspired and emulatory eclecticism, which was fundamental to the construction of the Hotel Glória and the Copacabana Palace, in pursuit of something more profoundly and explicitly national that drew on a variety of inspirations. The "contact with the European avant-garde, the valorisation of the primitive, and the desire to seek the specificity of cultural interactions outside the European norm led to a severe critique of the cosmopolitanism of the

belle-époque," leading to a new idealized projection of what modernity should look like in the Brazilian context.[22] Vargas made a purposeful move to create a state architectural aesthetic, which was undeniably innovative and avant-garde and which had Rio at its centre. More than that, however, in his process of directed development, he proactively sought to create a style *of the future*, which would be recognized as such by the world. Rather like with the subsequent construction of Brasília, there was a concerted push to not only be "of the moment" or "of the time," but also the desire and intention—in the post–World War II global atmosphere—to establish and define the future according to a Brazilian paradigm.

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Brazil Builds, a 1943 exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York, marked the international emergence of a Brazilian style. The Ministry Building, still undergoing construction at that moment, was the foremost example of that style. Philip Goodwin, an American architect, and other representatives from the MoMA visited Rio in 1942 to see what could be learnt from this unprecedented avant-garde architectural aesthetic in the South, a trip that culminated in the exhibition a year later. It was as though a utopic architectural future was breaking ground in Rio. Of the Ministry building, he wrote in the press release for the MoMA that "its fearless departure from the slavery of traditionalism has put a depth charge under the antiquated routine of governmental thought and set free the creative spirit of design."[23] This state-funded and essentially administrative building was, at the time, recognized internationally for its innovative architecture, something seemingly from the future. Under Vargas' governments between 1930–45 and 1951–4, Rio was the centre of architectural Modernism and developmentalism, where a rhetoric of "progress" towards a projected and desired future defined the projects (Fig. 7). "Brazilian government leads Western Hemisphere in encouraging modern architecture," the title of the press release reads, and in Rio "the construction of impressive new buildings to house all government and public service departments [includes] the most beautiful government building in the world." The "progressive architecture" sees "other capital cities of the world lag far behind Rio de Janeiro … Brazil has had the courage to break away from safe and easy conservatism."[24]

Brazil's most famous figures in architecture and urban planning, Oscar Niemeyer and Lúcio Costa, were the main forces behind the construction

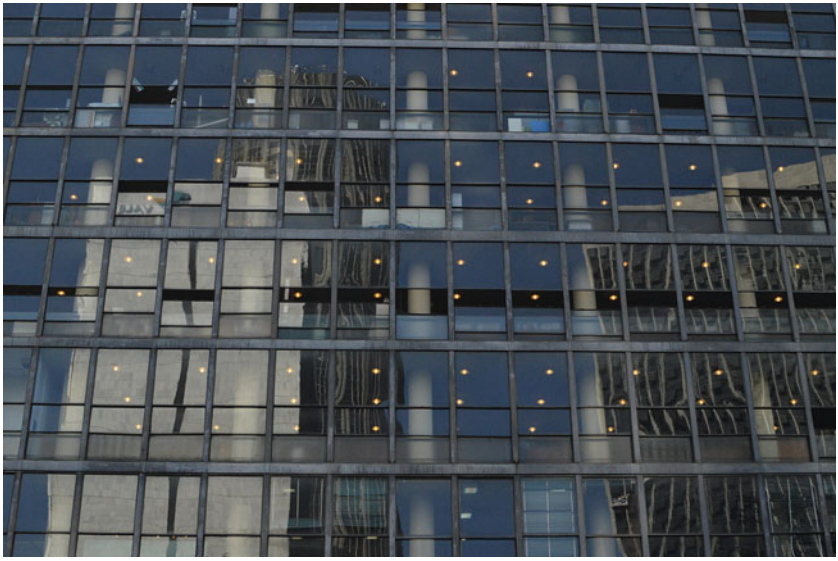

Fig. 7 The Modernist Ministry building

of the Ministry Building. It was an early and defining project for them and their future careers; it also set the tone for Brazilian architecture throughout the rest of the twentieth and into the twenty-first century. Of course, the reach of Modernism extended beyond these two figures and beyond Rio. Costa and Niemeyer were early proponents of a golden generation, who often worked collaboratively, including Roberto Burle Marx, João Batista Vilanova Artigas, Lina Bo Bardi, Paulo Mendes da Rocha, Affonso Eduardo Reidy, Olavo Redig de Campos, and Rino Levi, amongst others. The Ministry Building was an archetypal Modernist project involving multiple artists and inspirations according to an innovative and evolved style. This was a group of artists and architects who developed the Modernist aesthetic, especially in Rio, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, and, by design, Brasília, which became the dominant style throughout Brazil and remains so currently because of these architects and their successors.[25]

The international context of the Modernist emergence in Brazil, and particularly its then-capital Rio, saw Europe and North America embroiled in World War II and, post-1945, in extensive ruin and rebuilding. For the MoMA press release, Goodwin noted, “the capitals of the world that will

need rebuilding after the war can look to no finer models than the capital city of Brazil."[26] Brazil, with Rio at its centre and the Ministry Building at the centre of that city, was seen as the image of the future, and modern cities could envisage how they *should* look based on a model developed and curated in Rio. In that sense, this city of contrasts became outdated not because of how it was perceived to lag behind the times, as Lévi-Strauss had it, or as the "old world" opulence of the hotels could be construed, but rather because it was extremely futuristic. Now, suddenly, Rio, and particularly the Ministry Building, was a model for the world to aspire to in the aftermath of World War II, something that was yet to be "in date." In this wartime and post-war period, Rio de Janeiro, and particularly the Ministry Building, offered up a constructive idea as to how to move towards the future under the leadership of the nationalist developmentalist, and authoritarian, Vargas, a way to progress after the destruction of war. Temporally, there had been a fundamental shift in Rio.

The Ministry Building has generated extensive scholarly attention already, typically from a formal architectural perspective.[27] How about considering it as part of a more cultural context to see how the architectural and artistic creativity embodied by such an important building fits into a historical continuum of the city and its temporal landscape? Two principal historical points guide my thinking about the Ministry Building. Firstly, the history and status of the building from the 1930s until the 1950s when it was being built, garnering attention, and operating as a functional home for the *national* Ministry was a period when Rio was a "city of the future" at the centre of Zweig's "country of the future." As such, we can analyse the Ministry Building in the context of this period when the discourse of utopic futures was most concentrated and Rio was in the avant-garde of (post-war) developmentalism and modernization. Secondly, following 1960, the building became acutely symbolic of Rio's post-capital status, relying on its history, when it was a federally important institution in the years before Brasília and what it once meant in the context of architectural history, for its ongoing identity creation in the present. There is again a complex temporal layering at play: "The MES was built to be a building that would appear to have been inaugurated daily. Time should not count in the congealed space of the future," an intuition that frames its persistent outdatedness.[28] In conceptual terms relating to temporality, it has never been "of the present" and is, instead, a striking example of both the once-perceived future and the ever-present past in the city, shifting dynamically between the two. In that way, the present-

day Ministry Building is a symbol of a promised, potential future *and* a nostalgic recollection of what once was. It is within the dialogue between these two points that the Ministry Building serves as an extreme reflection of the temporality that remains defining in the contemporary city.

It is worth remembering that the cultural avant-garde of Modernism, particularly in literature and art, came from São Paulo, not Rio, and was then adopted by Vargas in an intellectual, political, and architectural appropriation in the capital. The Modern Art Week in February 1922 in São Paulo initiated Brazil's Modernism, a period when certain artists emerged as influential and controversial proponents of a new movement. Mostly emanating from São Paulo, the authors and poets Oswald de Andrade (publisher of the foundational "*Manifesto Antropófago*" ["Cannibal Manifesto"] in 1928), Mário de Andrade (author of *Paulicéia Desvairada*, 1922, and *Macunaíma*, 1928), and Menotti del Picchia were central protagonists, along with the painters Emiliano di Cavalcanti, Anita Malfatti, and Tarsila do Amaral, amongst others. Although by the end of the 1920s, the São Paulo Modernist movement had unravelled or dispersed somewhat, certain figures, such as Carlos Drummond de Andrade and, for a short period, Mário de Andrade, went to Rio in the 1930s and became formal or informal representatives of the "new" Brazilian style, which was soon to be adopted by the Brazilian government.

In the 1920s, the "Green-Yellow movement," named so in honour of Brazil's flag, organized by Cassiano Ricardo, del Picchia, and Plínio Salgado, wanted no foreign influence in their art and in the creation of a true Brazilian style. On the contrary, the two Andrades (not familiarly related) focused on and found value in the purposeful cannibalizing of European influences to create a different, "third way" of culture.[29] This notion emerged, without doubt, as the most influential, established vision of Brazilian cultural identity through its consumption, digestion, and regurgitation of foreign influence, most prominently sourced from Europe, but also from the United States and indigenous cultures. It gave Brazilian Modernism its own idiosyncratic and hybrid identity whose value lies precisely in "what is not mine," as the manifesto has it, but that becomes ours.[30] In the manifesto, those words are written next to a sketch by Tarsila do Amaral, which she later developed into a painting called "Abaporu," a Tupí-Guaraní word, meaning "the man that eats people." Fittingly, she gave the painting as a gift to her partner, Oswald de Andrade.

This is not to establish explicit and direct affinities between Rio's architectural Modernism and the *Semana de Arte Moderna*, or between the

painting and literature of the 1920s and the buildings from the 1930s and 1940s. Rather, this is about understanding an environment and a period from which a group of artists and intellectuals emerged, and how that emergence came to be adopted by, and to influence, the cultural and political realms in Rio de Janeiro. As such, I specifically seek to envision how the cultural mentality that emerged in this period, principally in São Paulo, was adopted in the first influential, state-sponsored Modernist building in Rio in the 1930s, and how its utopic, explicitly futuristic premises play into the complex temporal landscape of Rio de Janeiro. With Oswald de Andrade's manifesto in mind, the Ministry building "was not necessarily synonymous with the eradication of the past. The 'new' modernity of the MES was inserted into a pattern of allegorical prefigurations wherein the 'new' referred to the past in order to project the future."[31] If that is the case, then the historical framework that shapes that moment is still fundamentally defined by a complicated and intense interaction between the past and the future, which is defined by a production of outdatedness in the present.

The ideas behind Brazilian Modernism, particularly of cultural cannibalism, were encapsulated by Tarsila do Amaral, who had studied in Paris, and Oswald de Andrade. Their travels together through Europe and Brazil developed, in particular, Tarsila's style and afforded her a broad education and experience in arts and culture, concurrently spurring a certain "Brazilianness." In 1923, she wrote to her family, "I feel myself ever more Brazilian. I want to be the painter of my country. How grateful I am for having spent all my childhood on the farm. The memories of these times have become precious for me. I want, in art, to be the little girl from São Bernardo, playing with straw dolls."[32] Having married Oswald in 1926 after years working and travelling together; they observed that the combination of the international and the national could create a third way for the future, one which was, in definition, uniquely Brazilian and which was based on *mestiçagem*. The mixed incorporation and integration of an indigenous past and the European avant-garde, principally in São Paulo, spurred a utopic and forward-looking premise for Brazilian culture.

It was in Rio de Janeiro, however, and drawing from that origin, where the government would construct the most quintessentially Modernist building, and its design and construction has the hallmarks of the anthropophagy that the authors and painters portrayed in earlier years. Moreover, that which would by the 1940s be considered avant-garde "Brazilian Style" in international artistic circles, particularly after the

MoMA exhibition, was founded on (architectural) innovation and based in Rio, and spearheaded by a state that proactively wanted to be "of the future." Richard Williams makes the point that Brazil,

> was the most modern country in the world. That is not to say the most developed (it was not) or the most socially advanced (it was in most respects little changed from the colonial period), but that it was the country that had bought into the idea of modernity most comprehensively, and it wished to remake itself in that image … The country was self-consciously modern.[33]

Whilst São Paulo is also an obvious home of Modernism, the architectural expression of Modernism in Rio was fundamental as a state-sponsored enterprise of progress. Being "self-consciously modern" implies a concerted projection towards, and adoption of, a new style that is "of the future," through cannibalizing and incorporating domestic and foreign historical influences.

Aside from the Ministry Building, there are other Modernist buildings clustered close together downtown, which were constructed in that period, including the Brazilian Press Association, Santos Dumont Airport, and the Ferry Station. Whereas São Paulo was where Brazil's Modernist ethos emerged, and it also saw extensive Modernist development in architecture later on in the 1940s and 1950s, the buildings were mostly commissioned by private institutions and designed by architects with different aspirations and varied sponsors. In São Paulo, Modernist architecture showed "its strong Italian ties … more eclectic in its allegiances and more pragmatic," with fewer examples of the striking state-sponsored buildings that characterized Rio in the mid-century.[34] The reasons were political, and status- and image-based; "Rio de Janeiro was the capital of Brazil and thus received the patronage from a government anxious to promote itself as progressive by investing in Modern architecture."[35]

This question of progress, of being "progressive," and of creating an image of progress was vital for Vargas, as it was for governments earlier in the century, and as it is again presently. It is a foundational aspect of a Carioca temporality, regardless of whether the surrounding atmosphere is emulatory, utopic, or globalized. In 1930s Rio, the architectural avant-garde manifested how Oswald de Andrade had foreseen it: firstly, there was influence from abroad, and, secondly, those influences from abroad were anthropophagically incorporated to create something that was uniquely Brazilian and pushing the frontier, globally, of architectural

Modernism. It creatively incorporated history, not leaving it behind in the name of progress, instead selectively appropriating it in the state-sponsored utopic ideal that was paradoxically defined by Vargas, according to a paradigm of progress in a rupture from the past. Modernism recognized foreign and indigenous influences and innovatively made them part of a Brazilian aesthetic, which found value in the local, national, and foreign, in achieving an aesthetic that was self-consciously futuristic in how it was adopted by the state in the nation's capital.

On the Ground

Downtown Rio currently is a melting pot of styles, with hastily erected tower blocks, protruding air conditioning units, and some notable, if not pleasing, buildings. The Ministry Building always stood out to me. Not because it was immediately the most striking; I was initially drawn to the impressive, imposing belle-époque buildings like the Municipal Theatre. Nor did I find it particularly beautiful; indeed, from afar, it looked somewhat like other generic office blocks in the area, and was in a suitable state of unkemptness in the early 2000s to match those other buildings.

However, downtown, one day in 2005, I saw the *pilotis* (pillars) hoisting the building 30-feet into the air and was drawn to raise my head, my eyes falling first on Portinari's *azulejos* (tiles) and then out to Burle Marx's sculpted garden. I saw the subtlety and functionality of the architecture, and I at least sensed, if not, perhaps, seeing it as such, that it housed and was art in itself. In the colonnade, the impact of the structure and its impressiveness had something more intuitive and more delicate to it than the eclectic belle-époque and Art Deco buildings. Then, when I next saw it from afar, what I had taken to be a concrete box (which, in many ways, it is), I saw the *brise-soleil* (sunblinds) on the windows, instead of the unsightly dangling air conditioning units. There was glass across the two longer façades, with gentle curves in certain parts of the building (the rooftop water tanks and in the ornamentation) playing into an austere, right-angled whole, all fortified by reinforced concrete on the shorter sides of the 16-storey building. Getting to know a little about the Ministry Building was my first foray into Modernism.

Stylistically, Modernist architecture is characterized by its clean and clear lines, based on the notion that function takes precedence over form, with its apparent minimalism enjoying an absence of frills and decoration in creating a bold and striking look. The Ministry has a straight-edged

design, with no curves in the main solid reinforced concrete structure, which allowed the two long sides to be all windows. Having the two longer walls made mostly of glass, and the shorter walls and the *pilotis* supporting the structure, was innovative in its scale and design. But, it was the *brise-soleil* of the Ministry that exemplify the blend of avant-garde functionality with noteworthy style and aesthetic appeal. They are highly functional, and are also a form of decoration and adornment; they keep the offices cool and are aesthetically pleasing. They received particular recognition in the MoMA show in 1943. Indeed, "the central section of the exhibition is devoted to Brazil's great contribution to modern architecture: the control of heat and light externally through sun breaks rather than internally through expensive artificial air cooling or Venetian blinds."[36] This was innovation: "it was the Brazilians who first put theory into practice [and] in no case has the sunshade been more successfully integrated with the architecture than in the Ministry."[37] Moreover, the wonderful tile work by Portinari in the colonnade of that same building and the landscaped gardens full of Burle Marx's curves suggest that Brazilian Modernism's style lies in subtle ornamentation, and not in its absence. This place of work, central to the state, rethought how architecture in the city could and should be (Fig. 8).

Modernist structures, often involving multiple artists and architects, became not only functional buildings but also spaces for, and of, Modernism. The Ministry Building is deeply symbolic of this trend. Gustavo Capanema, the head of the Ministry when it was being built, was quoted as saying in the *Jornal do Brasil* at the ground-breaking for the construction of the Ministry in 1937 that it was to be "a great architectural monument … envisaging the double objective of making a work of art and a house for work."[38] As such, "with the combined efforts of so many and varied talents," many of them young, avant-garde, and who would go on to establish and represent the aesthetic, "the building may be regarded as a true *gesamtkunstwerk* of Brazilian Modernism."[39] But, more importantly, this was the ultimate Modernist construction, a creator-of-style, before Modernism, in the architectural sense, really existed: it was, as the MoMA recognized, in the avant-garde and a constituent element of Zweig's future envisaged and created. The building is at once the influence, pre-cursor, fundamental representation, symbol, and pinnacle of Brazilian Modernism that foundationally influenced the Brazilian style of the 1940s and subsequent decades (Fig. 9).

Fig. 8 The colonnade of the Ministry Building

Fig. 9 The Bruno Giorgi sculpture looking onto the Ministry Building

This building, now known as the Gustavo Capanema Palace, was built between 1937 and 1945 at the behest of its current namesake, who was the minister in charge of the department, and who wanted a new building for the newly established Ministry of Education and Health. (Vargas created numerous new government departments as he consolidated his power.) In 1935–6, architects submitted proposals for its design. The jury in charge of making the decision initially supported a different plan by Archimedes Memoria; Capanema, however, deemed it too conservative and academic, relying on a monumental, historical, and eclectic approach that relied on old ideas more in keeping with the early twentieth-century mentality. Memoria's plan struck a dissonant tone in the context of mid-century development. In 1936, Capanema, along with his secretary (1934–45), the poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade, moved "behind the scenes to free himself of the winning project: he persuaded Vargas to revoke the law he had just passed requiring public buildings to be chosen in competition."[40] Instead, they invited the young Lúcio Costa (born 1902), the architecture graduate from, and former director of, the National School of Fine Arts in Rio, to put together a team that had innovation and nascent Modernism firmly in their mind. This was not about rehashing the past or about simply using or incorporating old ideas; rather, the construction of this building was about actively forging a modern future based on utopic aspirations and about being outdated by being ahead of the time.[41]

The group that Costa assembled would become fundamental to the Brazilian Modernist aesthetic. Alongside the landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx and the artist Cândido Portinari, he included architects Affonso Eduardo Reidy, Carlos Leão, Jorge Moreira, and Ernani Vasconcellos to be part of his team, as well as a young employee in his studio named Oscar Niemeyer (born 1907) who insisted on being included. Moreover, Costa asked Capanema for permission to invite the famous Swiss architect and urban planner, Le Corbusier, to Rio to look at the initial plans that his architecture studio had put together, and he arrived as a consultant. (He had been to Brazil on a previous trip in 1929. Le Corbusier, who, in part, inspired and curated Rio's early Modernism, stayed in the Hotel Glória on both occasions and swam in the Bay every day.) Niemeyer worked closely with Le Corbusier on architectural drafts, and after the Swiss' short stay in Rio, Niemeyer became a more central figure, working with and adapting some of Le Corbusier's plans. Costa appointed Niemeyer as the head

of the project in 1939, and so the two most famous names in Brazilian architecture came closely together for the first time.

They worked together on numerous fundamental projects in Brazilian architectural expression (the New York World's Fair pavilion in 1939, the Ministry, and Brasília, amongst others), and they were both young men at this juncture. Costa, soon to be one of the nation's most senior urban planners, was 33 years when he submitted his plan for the Ministry in 1935; Niemeyer was 32 years old when he was made project director in 1939. Costa, aside from being an urban planner and architect, was extensively involved in the politics of architecture and questions of patrimony and heritage as both a former director of the Fine Arts School and active member of the National Institute of Historical and Artistic Heritage (SPHAN), a body founded in 1937 by the politician and intellectual Capanema. Niemeyer was an aesthete; he was an artist and an architect who, his potential recognized by Costa, became an avant-garde architect who envisioned environments and buildings interacting therein. Costa would work with the planning and administration, as well as with design; Niemeyer existed as a "sculptor of monuments" who was "not attracted to straight angles or to the straight line, hard and inflexible, created by man. I am attracted to free-flowing, sensual curves. The curves that I find in the mountains of my country, in the sinuousness of its rivers, in the waves of the ocean, and on the body of the beloved woman."[42]

Niemeyer, after his quick rise to prominence at the Ministry, developed an incomparable portfolio of Modernism. Having designed the Grand Hotel in historic Ouro Preto in 1938 in a Modernist style (under the mayorship of the later President Juscelino Kubitschek), Niemeyer then designed the Pampulha area of Belo Horizonte, including the Church of St Francis of Assisi, in the early 1940s, with input from Burle Marx and Portinari. Then, in 1950s, he completed the UN Headquarters in New York, a Modernist masterpiece, and the impressive Copan Building in São Paulo, followed by Brasília, and so on, to build up a defining portfolio. It all started in Rio in the 1930s.

At that time, the direct, close interaction between Le Corbusier and Niemeyer—between a master and apprentice—represented a cannibalistic moment in the Andradean, literary sense. Niemeyer, the young intern, used the input from the esteemed European consultant to influence his own, Brazilian, architectural aesthetic, which was the forerunner to, and utmost example of, Brazilian Modernism. The delicacy of Le Corbusier's

role is vital in the characterization of the new aesthetic; the city of Rio was not, especially under Vargas' increasingly nationalistic rule, "a client seeking his services as an architect, rather … architects themselves looking for support from a much-admired fellow professional."[43] The delicate wording of the inscription on a commemorative plaque at the Ministry makes the dynamic clear:

> Under the President of the Republic, Getúlio Vargas, and the Minister of Education and Health, Gustavo Capanema, the construction of this building was ordered for the headquarters of the Ministry of Education and Health, designed by the architects Oscar Niemeyer, Affonso Reidy, Jorge Moreira, Carlos Leão, Lúcio Costa and Ernani Vasconcellos, after an original sketch by Le Corbusier, 1937–45.

Le Corbusier's role, fundamentally underplayed here, cannot be underestimated. The building was the biggest and most universally acclaimed example of Modernist architecture to date, which contained what he had classified in 1923 as his five points of architecture in *Vers une Architecture* (*Toward a New Architecture*), namely, the *pilotis* in the colonnade, the roof or terrace gardens, the free design of façade (with the adjustable *brise-soleil*, for example), the free design of the ground plan (with few internal walls), and the use of horizontal windows across the entirety of the longer sides of the building to provide ample and equal amounts of natural light. These are hallmarks of Le Corbusier's proposed aesthetic, redefining how humans interacted with buildings and their environments. Costa and Niemeyer saw these aspects as fundamental in their new Modernist monument.

It was in the mix of his input and the local conditioning of "climate and geography" that his collaboration was "especially fruitful." Le Corbusier served "as a catalyst, encouraging the architects to identify national or regional characteristics which could be adapted to enhance their designs."[44] His Ville Savoye, built near Paris in 1931, was the first example of a recognizable style. The Ministry was, in part, a product of the nationalistic, state-sponsored modernization, happening under Vargas, aiming to selectively appropriate a national history in a collective, government-led architectural expression, which also relied fundamentally on the input and consultancy of an enthusiastic foreign consultant. The look of the future that was achieved with the Ministry Building resonates with the cultural paradigm that first emerged in São Paulo, where Modernism

was in the avant-garde, but actively incorporated the past and future into present identification, blending and cannibalizing a multiplicity of influences to create something "new." It is clear to see the reluctance—indeed, impossibility—of putting Le Corbusier's name at the top of the list, overly prominent. The state-sponsored architectural "future" should be a movement that was created in and by Brazil, in and as part of its own idiosyncratic temporality and self-identification.

The Ministry Building officially opened on 3 October 1945, and it was the tallest state-sponsored skyscraper in the world, and already famous. It had been occupied as early as in 1942 by SPHAN, and founded five years earlier. It involved a range of artists, exemplifying how incorporated the varied intellectual movements of the late 1930s and 1940s were into the political and cultural machinations of the Vargas government, especially in Rio de Janeiro. As a history of the institution puts it,

> in the first years of SPHAN, its director [Rodrigo Mello Franco de Andrade] counted on the collaboration of Mario de Andrade … Lúcio Costa … Carlos Drummond de Andrade … Gilberto Freire … Vinícius de Morais [and] Sérgio Buarque de Holanda. They formed themselves into a team of researchers, historians, lawyers, architects, engineers, conservationists, restorers, foremen.[45]

From 1942, the Ministry quickly became recognized as a fundamentally important, and futuristic, expression of the Modernism aesthetic. When the representatives from MoMA visited in 1942 (later producing the catalogue *Brazil Builds*), they noted the "façade on modern buildings such as the Ministry" that used techniques and aesthetics "far in advance of anything they had encountered in the United States."[46] In the context of World War II and its aftermath, Rio became a Mecca of Modernism, a style that was seen as being in the avant-garde internationally, so much so that Le Corbusier and Niemeyer, as symbols of futuristic style, went to New York to design one of the most important buildings in the immediate post-War, the UN Headquarters. In a sense, therefore, the future was arriving from Brazil (Fig. 10).

The building was, then, functional as a government office but also a museum in itself (to hold work by young, increasingly prominent Modernist artists), *and* an object of beauty of high aesthetic impact. A contemporary of Philip Goodwin's, Robert C. Smith, stated that what was going on in Rio constituted "a whole new school" of architecture.[47] With

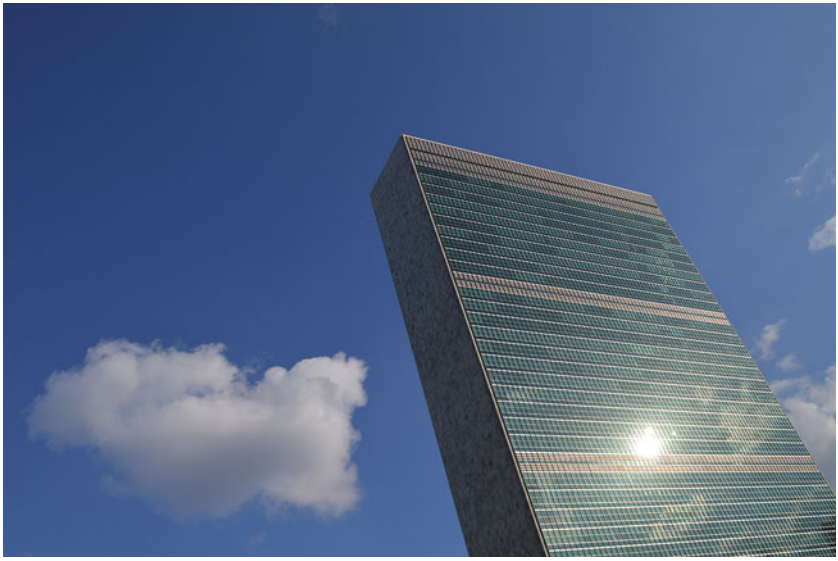

Fig. 10 The UN building, New York

some perspective, years later, Siegfried Giedion saw that the Ministry "not only marked an important point in the development of South American architecture, it has also had a far-reaching influence on the design of large buildings all over the world."[48] The curatorial value of the building, that not only was the building in itself an art piece but that its symbolism also goes beyond its concrete, brick-and-mortar existence (much as Le Corbusier would have liked), is clear: "it was not just a building therefore, but a showcase of Modernist visual culture."[49] Not only were local architects and engineers involved, but also artists, for example, Portinari, and, in Burle Marx's landscaped gardens, there are sculptures by Bruno Giorgi and Celso Antônio. The very building that was constructed to house the national Ministry of Education and Health was also the home of the Culture ministry, with Capanema and his colleagues largely coming from a cultural, more than a political, background. This multifaceted building was the first and foremost example of what became recognized as Brazilian Modernism.[50] Local materials, local artists, local motifs, as well as avant-garde technologies and techniques moved Brazilian architecture far away from imitation or emulation, and into innovation. Cultural can-

nibalism now had a present, state-sponsored, and famous physical existence. Every day, it constantly and self-consciously reinvented its futuristic identity, outdated and remote, always seeking to be in the avant-garde as a progressive government department and a government building. In one remarkable and insightful moment of transition, however, in 1960, the Ministry Building almost imperceptibly passed from being "of the future" to being "of the past," thus coming to reflect, yet more profoundly, the passage of time in post-1889 Rio de Janeiro.

Rio Becomes Ex-capital; Ministry Becomes Ex-Ministry

The post-1960 history of the Ministry Building stays within the realm of cultural significance, but moves on from initial architectural impact to its symbolic significance. Firstly, the Ministry encapsulates the existential dilemma (an identity crisis) that faced Rio in the post-1960 period, as we saw with the (former) Presidential Palace and the (ruined) Hotel Glória. What is a building that was a Ministry if the ministers and the Ministry are no longer present? And how has this status affected its identity throughout the post-1960 period and into the twenty-first century?

Beatriz Jaguaribe recognized the contemporary temporal paradox of the historical trajectory of the building and its significance. "Paradoxically, the modernist building of the former MES reflected in its decadence a unique 'aura' of past modernity that is expressed in the memory of unfulfilled utopias, in an evocation of an imagined national modernity."[51] Its "aura" has always been one of non-present, imagined modernities—at once being constantly of the future but also already of the past, acting as a symbol of Brazilian Modernism's impulse to appropriate the past and project something of a utopic future, even in its architectural adoption by the state in Rio. Its "decadence" is not simply synonymous with the fact that, when Jaguaribe wrote her article in the 1990s and when I first saw the building in the early 2000s, it was almost a ruin and seemingly in perpetual and unkempt decline. Is not a building always, by nature, in decay (or the slow process of ruin) from the moment that the plans leave the architect's office and the first stone is laid? Rather, then, decadence implies a moment when unpresentness and outdatedness become acutely apparent. The Ministry Building, as a space that firstly projected the future and then suddenly and extremely shifted to memorialize its own history, acts as a container that quintessentially expresses Rio's decadence, per-

haps, even more apparently so when the physical structure of the building is clearly decaying. Decadence in Rio de Janeiro relates to the sense of not being "of the time," which comes from an intensity in the transition from "freshness" to "decay" (as Lévi-Strauss wrote), from the architect's office to the completed building. It is within that movement, which may culminate in a ruin (like the Hotel Glória) or a nostalgic sense of reinvented glamour (like the Copacabana Palace), that we can find the architectural expression of Rio's temporality.

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The building, a fundamental architectural landmark, helped to create and establish an aesthetic and marked the beginning of a period of architectural creativity, which stemmed from that city in that moment and whose influence stretched far beyond the city and far beyond that moment. Indeed, walking the streets of Rio de Janeiro at present, many of the recent constructions from the 1950s until the present share some of Le Corbusier's basic tenets of Modernism, and particularly the manner in which Costa and Niemeyer adapted them. That it was this "self-consciously modern" aesthetic that was adopted as a state-sponsored and architecturally important expression confirms the complex identity that marks the temporal landscape in Brazil, and particularly in Rio de Janeiro. As a style it looks to the future and belongs in the avant-garde, and so, to an extent, always remains there even when it clearly shifts to become a symbol of the past, still gesturing towards a future, but now from the memorialized position of relative antiquity. The experience of time, and of what it means to be in the "present," is compressed by the imperceptible difference between those gestures towards the future and those remembrances of the past, which come together on the landscape in one evolving, temporally dynamic whole.

Nowhere is that trend clearer than in Brasília. Juscelino Kubitschek took office in 1956 amidst political turmoil after Vargas had shot himself in the Presidential Palace in August 1954 and a series of unstable, interim governments ensued. Kubitschek held office for five years, and with him the de-centralization of Rio began, culminating in the building of Brasília.[52] His most famous motto, "fifty years [of development] in five" was part of his *Plano de Metas* (*Aims and Objectives*), which sought to stimulate and diversify the Brazilian economy and industry. It was fundamentally focused on the integration of the national territory; that is, to get away from the

myopic focus on coastal areas that centred on the cities of Rio and São Paulo, the two traditional focal points and biggest cities in Brazil.

The *Plano* had 31 aims split into five areas (energy, transport, food/agriculture, industry, and education), encompassing economic and industrial development (and reducing public debt) from Rio Grande do Sul to Roraima and everywhere in between. Nonetheless, his most ambitious and famous project was the construction of a new federal capital—Brasília—in the state of Goiás, approximately equidistant on the north–south span, and almost 1000 km west of the coast, implying neutrality in federal administration and location. Lúcio Costa won the tender with his master plan for the city, the "*Plano Piloto*" (the "Pilot Plan," referring to the shape of the airplane-like city plan), and Oscar Niemeyer was the main architect (along with Burle Marx's landscapes) of the new, utopic Modernist capital, which was inaugurated in April 1960 after only 41 months of construction.[53] The rapid speed of development and federal change had one quick and irredeemable effect on Rio de Janeiro; by April 1960 it was no longer the capital city of Brazil, and now Brasília was how the future should look. Brasília was the paradigmatic global expression of large, state-sponsored architectural Modernism, seeking to construct and control the urban environment in its entirety, a utopian (or, perhaps, dystopian) aim in the ultimate "city of the future" that never achieved its presentness. By nature, it was both "of the future" and also emerging as a historic symbol of that imagined future—that is, belonging to the past—at the same time.

When the institution of power shifted in 1960, the Ministry Building became, from one day to the next, a subsidiary, a regional office of the Ministry and no longer its headquarters. It was that moment which symbolized extreme symbolic decay for the Ministry Building; it lost the large part of its significance as a government, and state-sponsored, building and quickly became a memorial to Vargas' Rio-centric developmentalist impulse. Therefore, and in contrast to the Hotel Glória and the Copacabana Palace, for example, which had a gradual change of status post-1960, the Ministry immediately suffered an existential crisis related to utility. The building, a functional, state-sponsored government building and a space of, and for, art, representing Vargas' push for development and a new sense of progress, became most notably (and instantly) a museum of Modernism, a container of history that memorialized its past status. As a subsidiary, the building, and the surrounding district, lost a large chunk of its importance and significance. A building that had been symbolically "of the future" became outdated at the other end of the temporal scale. The year 1960 marks a key watershed in Rio's cultural history, and the Ministry build-

ing encapsulates the temporal dynamics—between projections of the past, present, and future—in play at that particularly acute moment.

In the early twenty-first century moment, the Ministry is a historical monument. It receives recognition because of what it once was, both in the functional sense (as a Ministry) and for its significance in the founding of an influential style that set the tone for Brazilian architecture for years to come and that still dominates many cities in its legacy. The temporality of the Ministry Building and the style that it influenced again indicate a way of approaching Rio de Janeiro through its buildings according to their interaction with both space and time. Physically, Carioca buildings frequently display an aspect of unkemptness; the cracks in the walls and the peeling paint are partly a result of the impact of nature and the tropical environment, conveying a sense of age before much time has passed. The Ministry Building, both physically and symbolically, has decayed according to Rio's specific temporality, especially after much of its functional importance was taken away in 1960. That temporality is a feature of the urban aesthetic *not only in ruin or decay,* but as an identifiable and attractive feature throughout the urban environment, where the present moment is characterized by a sense of absence and remoteness, a sensation that shows itself most acutely in particular moments (such as 1960) and in particular forms (such as the Ministry Building).

If in 1945, the building was the archetype of "the future," in the 2010s, it is a complex remembrance of what that future once looked like. (The same can be said of Brasília in 1960 and now). In a building constructed to be of, and for, the future, there now stands a monument to history, a symbolic museum that remembers and embodies the complex temporal landscape that has permeated Rio's history since 1889, subtly and dynamically traversing between the future and the past. Since the Ministry Building is no longer the Ministry, it has been given a different official name; it is now the Gustavo Capanema Palace, a "palace of culture," as the Culture Minister recently put it to again invoke that grand word. This semantic choice—palace—implies in itself a monument to the past, and, indeed, an ongoing allegorical connection to pre-republic times. The nomenclature and implication of the building as a "palace" hints at the imperial past, a recognition and identifiable integration of old-world sensibilities, of colonial and nineteenth-century history, an incorporation of old ideas even in the (former) avant-garde building of progress. The use of the term palace is commonplace in Brazil; the Copacabana Palace and the Catete Palace, as well as the Alvorada Palace, Jabiru Palace, and Planalto Palace in Brasília, the latter three all official buildings designed

by Niemeyer, come to mind. Even in this obvious observation, the amalgamation of two temporal frames is clear to see, and it is no surprise, then, that a "self-consciously" and aspirationally modern country ("of the future") is also so self-consciously and inherently memorializing and laden with the past. Rio's identity is, then, defined by a twofold nostalgic desire for something not-of-the-present, which contributes to its aesthetic of glorious decadence.

The Maracanã: Tragedy in Incompleteness

The Maracanã is the home of Brazilian football. Built for the 1950 World Cup, it hosts all the main games for Rio's clubs, was the main venue for the 2014 World Cup, and will host the opening and closing ceremonies of the 2016 Olympics.[54] Since the wholly unexpected and traumatic defeat for Brazil in the final of the 1950 World Cup against Uruguay, regarded as a national "tragedy" ("*a tragedia nacional*"), the stadium has been a "temple" and a "sacred space" of football, a "mythic" space that "will ever recall its rich history."[55] It is a stadium where Brazil's "*jogo bonito*" ("the beautiful game") was developed and curated, a place where players became legends, and a place whose stories are absorbed into the physical fabric of the stadium. The stadium can be read for its intense spatial and temporal dynamics in which both the physical structure of the stadium space and the experiences produced within it play a defining role. Unpacking the nature of those dynamics, and particularly how the stadium seems to have never been truly "completed" as a venue, defines the next few pages and contributes to our understanding of temporality and decadence in the cultural history of modern Rio de Janeiro.

It is almost all concrete, a huge swathe that extends in a bowl shape around the pitch. In the 1950s, it was remarkable for the innovative engineering required to build it and for its sheer size. Currently, the structure covers the same space as the original stadium did, and although it has been extensively renovated, it is still a huge concrete bowl that relies on the same essential structure as in 1950. Approaching from the metro station, you cross a bridge over a multi-lane road, dropping down on the other side to the entrance gates, which have changed little over time, and through the old turnstiles, which have been updated with only new metal and a lick of paint. The parking lots and freeway, which now surround the stadium, as well as its generic appearance, strike you, and when I went there after the most recent renovations, I could not help but be disappointed. It felt like I was visiting a museum, or perhaps visiting a sacred space lost in time.

Fig. 11 The Maracanã stadium, under renovation

Then I walked up the same, original, massive concrete walkways into the interior of the stadium, which is now a mix of the new (elevators, lacquered wood panelling, flat screen TVs on every wall, and so on) within the same, old, basic structure. Then, finding your seat in the stands and watching the teams emerge, it feels vacuous, with the pitch a distance away and the half-capacity crowd attempting to generate an atmosphere. This is it, I thought, the stadium that is so iconic? It is a space that appears to have never been completed and that is under constant, ongoing renovation (Fig. 11). With that in mind, how does the stadium fit into Rio's cultural and temporal landscape?

In 2014, Brazil hosted the World Cup for the second time, a tournament that Germany won by beating Argentina in the final in the Maracanã after embarrassing the hosts in the semi-final. The Maracanã was most recently renovated in 2013, in time for the Confederations Cup in June and July of that year, and its central role in 2014 and 2016, respectively. It is a place of great history, as Garrincha's stage, the witness to Pelé's

1000th goal, Zico's strikes, and classic matches such as the Flamengo-Fluminense derby of 1963, "*o clássico das multidões*" ("the peoples' derby"), as journalist Mário Filho put it, a match attended by 194,603 spectators. Currently, the stadium is a monument to that history, and its contemporary construction is a container of history, a place that tells the stories of what has happened there, a place of memory, and a symbol of the temporal landscape of the city. It has been reconstructed to *seem* new on numerous occasions, and yet it has always been filled with the nostalgia towards something other, a process that started with its very first iteration. It was constructed to host an expected Brazilian victory in the 1950 World Cup, a reality that remained dramatically unfulfilled.

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The stadium, when built in 1950, was bigger and bolder than other stadia, a brutalist building of concrete that made a statement and that became a spiritual home of football. When the stadium opened, it had an instant impact as the most capacious stadium in the world and one that was opened, or, at least, ready to be played in, in under two years: it was not completed until 1965. It was a statement by the Brazilian government under Eurico Dutra, President of Brazil from 1946 to 1951, between Vargas' two terms. The Maracanã was another gesture of progress, of the future, in the mid-century capital of Brazil, a statement about how big and bold stadiums could be, and how a team could host (and supposedly win) the tournament to mark a national emergence on the international scene. That it was not completed in 1950 again invokes the ribbon-cutting metaphor that is so central to Carioca temporality. The "present" of the stadium was experienced through incompleteness; it went from being "of the future" during its construction, the soon-to-be world's biggest stadium, to being an inaugurated and "in use" venue, which began its transition into historical and symbolic football folklore without ever being complete. It is both a symbol of a potential, unrealized future and a memorialization of that history.

The stadium marked the post–World War II global era with the first major football tournament and the second major sporting event, after the London Olympics in 1948. Whilst Europe was embroiled in the aftermath of, and fallout from, World War II, Brazil hosted the 1950 World Cup and celebrated it by building an impressive stadium to host it. Like the Ministry Building a few years before, the stadium helped reinforce

that, perhaps, Brazil, with Rio at its centre, was indeed the country of the future. Rio (and Brazil) was building bold, state-sponsored Modernist constructions, showing an architectural confidence, which tended to build quickly and build big to make a statement, creating the huge bowl to host a multitude of people to experience national events.

The first stone of the Maracanã stadium was laid on 2 August 1948. In less than two years, and despite construction falling behind schedule and going over budget, the stadium was basically ready to host games in the competition, including the final, despite its inauguration anticipating its actual readiness. The 1950 match remains the highest-attended football match in history, estimated to be more than 200,000 in a stadium with an official capacity of 199,854 at its inauguration. It was built on an old horseracing track, close to the downtown of the city and in an area that was growing under the mid-century modernizations out towards the North Zone. Its big concrete bowl, wrapped around the pitch, did not offer much intimacy or luxury in viewing games (the toilets were barely ready for use in 1950, and the exterior of the stadium was not completed), and architecturally it was not particularly inspired aside from its sheer size. In its moment of national emergence, Brazil did get to the World Cup final, but not only did they "tragically" lose (as it was reported at the time and afterwards), but that loss also took place in an unfinished stadium. The sense of incompleteness was, from that moment, doubly apparent and relevant as a way to define the lived experience of the stadium. Not only was the building incomplete, but also the mission to win the World Cup on home soil—the ultimate goal—was left incomplete. Go forward more than 60 years, and Brazil's massive loss to Germany in the semi-finals in 2014 was such a dramatic result in part as it reinforced the dramatic legacy of that 1950 moment.

The Maracanã was not much different, in its ethos and design, from the Estadio Centenario in Montevideo, Uruguay, which was built in less than a year, at great cost, and for 90,000 spectators, with the intention of hosting all the fixtures in the 1930 World Cup. It was also not *really* completed or ready to host games; indeed, the delays were such that it only hosted later pool games and then the semi-finals and final, whilst the other games took place at Parque Central, Nacional's home ground, or Pocitos Stadium, of Peñarol, both also in Montevideo. Whilst smaller than the Maracanã and with no roof at all, the Centenario's most distinctive feature—the stadium is little changed now—is the 100-metre tall concrete tower that rises above the stadium, a bold and ambitious architectural statement to mark the inter-

national event. The *Torre de los Homenajes* ("Homage Tower") rises from the Tribuna Olímpica stand, with its nine windows echoing the nine stripes of the Uruguayan flag, a national monument paying tribute to the independent nation to mark both its centenary and the World Cup. Its design was an inspiration in the construction of the Maracanã.

Both stadiums, the Maracanã and the Centenario, stand out mostly for their sheer size and the position that they would occupy in the national imaginary and international projections during and following the respective World Cups of 1930 and 1950, and beyond. That they were both incomplete is notable, but the vital difference is that in 1930, Uruguay won the World Cup, and in 1950, it was Uruguay who defeated Brazil in the Maracanã to lay the symbolic foundation of that stadium. The Centenario, despite not being completed, was architecturally innovative in its time, and it hosted a triumphant Uruguayan team, one of the best ever to play the game. In the Maracanã's moment of origin, and since, the incomplete and relatively uninspired stadium never quite fulfilled the reason behind its existence, and it is this memory that has stayed with it. Until the present day, the Maracanã maintains a sensation of incompleteness.

Like the Centenario, the Maracanã was a rushed project, undertaken over budget and at human cost to make a stadium for the World Cup with the intention of making an international impression. It was a push to seemingly perpetual incompleteness, in which the stadium was inaugurated significantly before its readiness. It was reinaugurated in 1965, and then consistently renovated from that date, a trend that continues. When I last visited in 2014, it still had a sense of not being complete, with wobbly seats and exposed wires throughout, and it feels to be perpetually in that state. In 1950, the wet paint, cracks, and lack of toilets were not enough to delay the opening of the stadium, as history would not wait for the city's triumphal emergence through the projected World Cup victory. It is from there that the current stadium grew, towards the World Cup in 2014, and into the celebratory ceremonies of the Olympics and all which they signify (Fig. 12).

In 1950, and often forgotten by history in place of the results on the pitch and as a result of the impact of the spectacle in historical remembrance, construction was dogged by opposition and problems. Congressman Carlos Lacerda criticized the expense and location of the stadium, and intellectuals opposed the uninhibited investment in stadia instead of schools and hospitals, a trend with clear resonances in the 2010s, and particularly the protests of June 2013. Vital to the stadium's construction in

Fig. 12 Loose wires in the Maracanã, 2015

1950 was popular and unopposed media support, particularly from Mário Filho, a Brazilian sports writer and journalist who chronicled the building of an ongoing "engineering marvel."[56] He encouraged and garnered popular support for the World Cup and the stadium project. (In homage to its most important popular supporter, after Filho's death in 1966, the stadium was renamed from the Municipal Stadium to the Mário Filho Stadium, although it is typically referred to simply as the Maracanã.) In 1948, when the project was announced on the radio, hundreds of workers arrived at the site looking for work. The construction ramped up, with more and more workers arriving, employed round-the-clock and staying in temporary accommodations on site. Dozens of workers lost their lives to make the stadium just about ready to use on the eve of the World Cup. The image of the stadium in foreign projections, particularly coming from the capital city of a booming nation, was vital. The Maracanã, "a grandiose stadium in the capital city, was also important for its external image [that] would complete the 'capital landscape' of Rio and symbolize to a global audience the capacity of the city and country to construct monumental buildings for the rigorous pursuit of national glory through sport."[57]

Just before the first match, the *A Noite* newspaper heralded the construction and near-completion of the stadium specifically for the ("victorious") World Cup and the impacting statement it made. "Today Brazil has the biggest and most perfect stadium in the world, dignifying the competence of its people and its evolution in all branches of human activity," despite it not being completed. "Brazil," writes Alex Bellos, "so often called the land of the future, could have been excused the thought that it was almost there."[58] Perhaps then, like with the Ministry Building just a few years before, the future, at least in terms of spectacle, statement, and recognition, had *finally* arrived. It was not, of course, that straightforward. The defeat to Uruguay scuppered any such notions and helped to memorialize the Maracanã as a seemingly perpetually incomplete space, one whose existence "in the present," a place that truly "had its moment," never quite came to the fore.

En Route to the Final

On 16 June 1950, in the first game at the Maracanã, the Rio de Janeiro All-Stars beat São Paulo 3-1, with Didi scoring the first goal in the new stadium. In the first competitive match at the beginning of the World Cup on 24 June, more than 80,000 fans went to the stadium to see Brazil beat Mexico 4-0. Ademir scored twice, setting himself up for the golden boot, with Baltasar and Jair also getting on the scoresheet. Brazil's only dropped points, aside from the famous final, came in their one game away from the Maracanã in a 2-2 draw against Switzerland. An emerging and proud generation of Brazilian footballers, increasingly famous and feted, found their home in the Maracanã, gaining momentum, and leading up to the final in 1950. Other than that dropped point, with wins were worth two points and draws one, the Brazilians were imperious: they beat Yugoslavia 2-0 in their final pool match, then in the final group section they beat Sweden 7-1 (with four goals from Ademir), and then Spain 6-1. They lined up for the final match, a decider in which Brazil only needed a draw, against Uruguay. The nation was expectant, and a record attendance from across the Brazilian class spectrum went to the stadium to watch them lift the trophy.[59]

However, the world's biggest stadium, whether finished or not, never completely had its moment, a fulfilment of the *raison d'être* behind its construction, the projected satisfaction of the nation's coming to the fore. This massive new stadium represented so much in mid-century Brazil,

conveying a *potential* that was unbounded and that would have been partly fulfilled had Brazil managed to win the World Cup on home soil. Moreover, the grand stadium projected an image of progress and prominence to the world. It is beautifully idiosyncratic that, on the one hand, the stadium was not complete, and, on the other, that they fell so dramatically at the last hurdle in the tournament, an emotional and endearing rollercoaster in which the imagined fulfilment is seemingly so tantalizingly close, and yet not attainable. Despite the delays and the controversies, and opting for size over style, the stadium advertised the state and fomented nationalistic feeling. The nation then just needed the expected victory in the final of the World Cup for the moment to be complete. Rather than glory, it was tragedy, sorrow, and silence that emerged from the Maracanã on 16 July 1950.

"Everywhere has its irremediable national catastrophe, something like a Hiroshima. Our catastrophe, our Hiroshima, was the defeat by Uruguay in 1950," wrote Nelson Rodrigues, Brazil's most famous playwright, in the years after the World Cup.[60] Whilst irrevocably hyperbolic, Rodrigues' statement, widely referred to around the 2014 World Cup, dramatically highlights what was at stake and the impact of the loss. Pivotal to Rodrigues' perspective was also that Uruguay were the victors, and not any other team. (Perhaps, the only worse opponents to lose to would be, in the present context, Argentina. In 1950, however, Uruguay, more so than Argentina, had the international pedigree having been the most successful Latin American, and arguably global, footballing nation in the first half of the twentieth century.) A nearby Latin American neighbour, sometimes harbouring a tense relationship, defeated them and served to question the mentality of progress in the post-World War II international context. They had built the biggest stadium, crafted a team, garnered the enthusiasm and expectation, but the potential realization was left tragically unfulfilled in the Maracanã.

The 1950 tournament was only the fourth World Cup, and the second held in Latin America since the inaugural tournament 20 years earlier in Uruguay. Although Germany was banned from the tournament, it was the first time the exporters of football to Latin America, England, played in the World Cup, and Mexico, the USA, and Chile were amongst the 13 teams. Uruguay had won the right to host the first World Cup in 1930, having taken home the gold medal in football at the two previous Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 and then in Amsterdam in 1928, the biggest international football tournament until the inauguration of the

World Cup. They were the best and most advanced team in the world in the 1924–30 period, winning three consecutive tournaments, beating Argentina in 1928 and 1930. In the process they developed a new style of football and tactics, and had racially diverse teams, putting them thoroughly in the sporting avant-garde. After a tour to Europe in the 1920s, people flocked to see them. As the (Uruguayan) writer and essayist Eduardo Galeano notes: "The crowd jostled to see those men, slippery as squirrels, who played chess with a ball. The English squad had perfected the long pass and the high ball, but these disinherited children from far-off America didn't walk in their father's footsteps. They chose to invent a game of close passes directly to the foot, with lightning changes in rhythm and high-speed dribbling."[61]

Such a description could well apply later to the Brazilian team from 1958 to 1970, a period in which they won three of four World Cups. Their direct and highly successful antecedent, however, in the Latin American and international context, was Uruguay. In 1934 and 1938, with the tournament in Italy and then France, respectively, Uruguay did not enter as the tournament was in Europe, and they did not want to travel, leaving Italy to win both tournaments. Uruguay was, therefore, a football team with pedigree going into the 1950 World Cup. Indeed, at that point, historically they were the most successful team in the world, with some of the best players.

In that 1950 tournament, however, the Brazilian team generated seemingly impervious momentum towards victory in the final. They had assembled an impressive and high-performing team, with Ademir prolific in front of goal, Moacyr Barbosa in goal, Jair in attacking midfield, and Zizinho, the "best Brazilian player never to have won a World Cup," and they dominated teams in the group stages. Despite their form, however, and the home support, they dramatically lost in the final against Uruguay. The moment of glory for the Maracanã, as a venue, and for Rio as the centre of a country pushing national pride and progress through sport, was missed and left perpetually incomplete. At least, that is, until the opportunity they missed in 2014. Brazil's statement of intent on a global level, in a new, huge, and unifying stadium on its home turf in the nation's most important and symbolic city ended in an intense feeling of unfulfilment. The manner in which the game unfolded was suitably dramatic.

The "Maracanazo": Brazil 1-2 Uruguay

It was a display of tactical expertise and nous by Uruguay, often seen as an upset within Brazil and for many commentators. That does Uruguay a disservice. Having beaten Bolivia 8-0 in their only pool game (France withdrew, leaving that pool, already the only pool with three, not four, teams, now with only two teams), Uruguay came from behind to draw 2-2 with Spain, with talismanic captain Obdulio Varela scoring the equalizer. In the next game, they again came from behind to beat Sweden 3-2, with the winning goal coming five minutes from time. Brazil had easily beaten these two latter teams earlier in the tournament, setting the expectation that their victory over Uruguay was assured and relatively straightforward. Sport does not work like that, and, indeed, one could think of Uruguay's ability to grind out a result and their comeback victories to have, instead, set them up perfectly for their performance in the final. Going 1-0 down against Brazil at the beginning of the second half of the final, then, was not such a bad situation, despite them needing two goals. In the final, on 16 July 1950, Friaça, a forward, scored his only career goal for Brazil when he broke through the tough Uruguayan backline after two second-half minutes and slipped the ball past Roque Máspoli, the Uruguayan goalkeeper, and into the bottom corner. Most acutely from that point onwards, the Uruguayans revelled in their status as the gritty underdogs.

The crowd erupted and 200,000 fans experienced, in community, a shared moment of jubilation, an ecstatic moment, in which it seemed, briefly, that the victory was about to fulfil all the pre-game bravado. Brazil, who had relied on attacking momentum in their demolition of Spain and Sweden, wanted to get the game going again to keep up the pressure on the Uruguayans and get a second as quickly as possible. Most probably, in that environment, it would have been too big a deficit for Uruguay to recover. Then steps in Obdulio Varela, Uruguay's captain, tactician, leader, and inspiration.[62] He embodied the skilful ability of Uruguay's players, but also, most importantly, their mental and physical toughness. The "*garra*"—tenacity, grit, guts—became, starting in the 1920s and still today, the hallmark of Uruguayan football. It is an intense desire for victory by whatever means. (It began earlier than Varela, with Uruguay's first great player, José Leandro Andrade. It remains so in the twenty-first century, aptly embodied by their latest superstar, Luis Suárez, who is known as much for his goal scoring and talent as for his misdemeanours. He bit Italian defender Chiellini in the 2014 World Cup, and was twice previously

guilty of the same infringement, as well as denying Ghana a goal—and getting himself sent off—by saving the ball with his arm on the line in the 2010 World Cup quarterfinals. Asamoah Gyan missed the resulting penalty, allowing Uruguay to win the shootout and progress, with Suárez having shown an intense expression of dedication to the cause, sacrificing himself for the team.) The final in 1950 was, however, the most salient manifestation of Uruguay's *garra*.

Before the game, the Rio state governor Angelo Mendes de Moraes addressed the expectant crowd, fuelling desire and expectation when he said: "You Brazilians, whom I consider victors of the tournament … You players who in less than a few hours will be acclaimed champions by millions of your compatriots … You who have no equals in the terrestrial hemisphere … You who are so superior to every other competitor … You whom I already salute as conquerors."[63] There was, then, no option but to win. The stadium, absorbing and experiencing all of the expectation, only to be dramatically unfulfilled, became an intense symbolic environment. The expectation was unrivalled, with a sense of manifest destiny and progress weighing heavy over the Maracanã. The future was, perhaps, about to be achieved.

Uruguay's coach, Juan Lopez, had seen how Switzerland, the only team to take points from Brazil in the tournament, had organized themselves, by stifling and subduing the attacking verve. As such, when not in possession (understandably quite a lot of the time in this type of game), they dropped deep behind the ball, employing a *libero* (essentially a defensive sweeper) to add extra defensive protection and cover.[64] Off the ball, Lopez instructed the fullback Matias Gonzalez to stay deep and allow Eusebio Tejera, the other fullback, to drift more to the centre to nullify Brazil's central attacking channels. The two wing-halves, Schubert Gambetta and Victor Andrade, man-marked Chico and Friaça, the dangerous Brazilian wingers who provided for the prolific striker Ademir, and allowing captain Varela to revel in the classic holding midfielder position and direct the play. The forward players, including Ghiggia and Schiaffino, could also drop deeper than usual when necessary to create a densely packed defence and then break quickly, establishing a hard work ethic, which eventually wore out the nervous Brazilians.

For Uruguay, then, the goal just after half time was not a catastrophe, although it meant they had to score two goals to deny Brazil the trophy. However, it was at that moment when Varela came into his own, slowly walking to the net and picking up the ball and then starting an

argument with the English referee, George Reader. He protested that the goal should not stand, even though he knew it was legitimate. It was classic *garra*, even citing linguistic and translational difficulties at one point to ensure it would take that bit longer. He wanted to slow the game down, let the crowd quieten down, take the momentum away from Brazil and the wind out of their sails, and stop them from getting a second goal. It was five minutes until the game kicked off again, with the crowd in the Maracanã having shifted from euphoria to quiet anxiety and confusion.[65]

With 24 minutes remaining, Alcides Ghiggia accelerated on the right side and crossed low for Juan Schiaffino to sweep the ball in at the near post, equalizing for Uruguay. As it stood at that point, Brazil would still win the tournament due to the round-robin group format in which they needed only one point. The atmosphere in the stadium changed from expectation and hope to one of anxiety and fear, all experienced as a collective whole within an iconic, albeit incomplete, venue. Flavio Costa, Brazil's coach, said that there was "silence in the Maracanã, which terrified our players."[66] Eleven minutes from time, Ghiggia exchanged passes with Júlio Perez, and continued his run, past the defender Bigode. Moacir Barbosa, the Brazilian goalkeeper, anticipated a cross, and moved out slightly from his goal, opening up the space for Ghiggia to slip a bobbling shot in at the near post. As any goalkeeper knows, being beaten at your near post is rarely acceptable. For Barbosa, it made him a symbol of the defeat. "The maximum punishment for a crime in Brazil is thirty years in prison. I have been paying for a crime I did not commit for 43 years," he is often quoted as saying in 1993. He was blamed until his death in 2000 for the defeat that became a part of Brazilian folklore, being turned away from the commentary box or from the training pitch for fear of jinxing the team.

They had lost a football match, nothing more than that, but the *maracanazo,* as the result came to be known, was (and remains) a vital moment in the history and symbolic status of the stadium, the city, and the nation. In the short term, the reaction was to change the colour of the national team's jerseys; in 1950 and earlier, Brazil played in white shirts with blue collars. Following the defeat, those colours were not sufficiently nationalistic and symbolized the tragedy, and so it was after this match that they got the yellow (and green) shirts that are so well known, symbolic of the *seleção*'s style and the Brazilian flag. Indeed, the *Correio da Manhã* newspaper wrote that those earlier shirts suffered from a "psychological and moral lack of symbolism."[67]

The after-effects of that match were felt for a long time and remain a defining element of the stadium's existence in the 2010s. The coming-to-the-fore on the pitch of Brazil's national team was incomplete, as was the stadium in which the game took place. That feeling of incompleteness in the present, of projecting towards something other as part of its identity, lends the Maracanã its decadent identity. The construction and impact of the stadium in 1950, and the defeat in the World Cup final that same year, created the original and foundational myth of the Maracanã. That is not to say that the stadium only remembers that moment, where that moment solely constitutes its identity and our memory of it, but the impact of that defeat on the stadium and what it meant to the nation around it produced an intense resonance, particularly in the context of the mid-century push for the future. It is from that complex relationship between the start of its construction in 1948 and the subsequent defeat that the stadium's physical and symbolic foundations were constructed, which remain to the present day. Precisely because the stadium has been renovated to keep it essentially the same as it was when it was built, that sense of nostalgia permeates.

In 1950, the unimaginable unfolding of events dramatically (and tragically) tempered the crowd in the unfinished stadium, detrimentally affecting the rhetoric of development and progress; this was a massive let-down in the world's biggest stadium, an embarrassment and chastening defeat against tiny (albeit thoroughbred) neighbours Uruguay. The push for the future, culminating in the moment of the final of 1950, was left unrealized, leaving space only for a *saudade*-inspired nostalgia about "what could have been," a trait that we have seen as defining in the modern city.

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A subtly different sensation defines one of the greatest footballers who has ever played the game, and for whom, fittingly, Rio de Janeiro was home. Garrincha, Brazil's most cherished footballer, was a mixed-race poor man when he was born, and he died as a bankrupt alcoholic. His second home, the Maracanã stadium, was a suitable venue for his remarkable exploits, both on and off the field, and he is a perfectly idiosyncratic character as the Brazilian football story moved on after the 1950 World Cup. A footballing genius, he was not concerned with being the "best" or performing well, as part of a team, but rather he loved to play football and the life it afforded him. He was an intriguing, tragic character, full of

natural talent, but also subject to the vices and temptations that were open to him; he loved to drink, to joke around, and was a womanizing socialite. As a professional footballer, whilst hugely successful for the national team, his fame and career were cut short by his off-the-field indulgences. His mercurial and nonchalant rise was just as marked as his decline and fall. During his peak years, Garrincha inspired Brazil to win his, and their, second World Cup with one of the great performances of all time. He left no sensation of "what could have been" as a footballer as he guided Brazil to the biggest prize possible and enthralled the crowds, but his life story was marked by his beautiful, ultimately tragic decadence. As with Eike Batista, albeit very different, there was a sensation of extremity to his rise and fall.

It is 13 June 1962 in Santiago de Chile, the semi-finals of the World Cup. Garrincha, Brazil's most beloved footballer, is at his unquestionable peak, and he scores twice in the opening 32 minutes to send Brazil on their way to a 4-2 victory over hosts Chile. "What planet is Garrincha from?" the headline from Chilean newspaper *El Mercurio* read the following morning. Whilst Pelé is "*o rei*"—the king—of Brazilian football, and its most famous protagonist outside of Brazil, it is Garrincha who stole the hearts of the football-loving Brazilian population. He guided Brazil to the 1958 and 1962 World Cups as Brazil's most inspired player, and led a successful period for the club, Botafogo, where he played for the majority of his career and during which time the Maracanã was the stage where many of his most important games took place.

Garrincha was instrumental throughout the 1962 tournament, which Brazil won at a canter despite Pelé's injury in the group stages that ended his tournament. Garrincha scored two goals in the 3-1 win over England in the quarter-final, as well as an assist for the other goal. Then, after the match against Chile, he dictated the play in a 3-1 victory over Czechoslovakia in the final. He was voted the player of the tournament. Brazil retained the trophy, and the team was crowned World Cup winners for consecutive tournaments. Not only is it rare for a player who was ostensibly a winger to be joint top scorer at a World Cup (which he was in 1962), it was also how he performed; he was the creative force behind Brazil and an embodiment of a new style, with previously unseen ability and natural confidence with the ball at his feet. On the international scene, this moment represented the culmination of his career, a nonchalant, natural brilliance on the pitch, which left opponents in awe. He had a natural, uncanny ability for skills that others could not imagine and could not defend against, be it close-control dribbling, the jinking and

angled runs that completely uprooted defences, or crossing (setting up goals for his strikers), shooting (his "banana shot" that beat England to cap an individual masterclass at the 1962 World Cup, for example), and set pieces. All this made Garrincha a footballing genius.

However, throughout his career, and particularly post-1962, his off-the-field lifestyle was as important as what happened on the pitch. When he stopped playing regularly post-1962, he descended into a sad obscurity for years before officially hanging up his boots, leaving only nostalgic recollections of his great talent and moments of brilliance. In an era of nascent professionalism and a projected centrality of sports in the national narrative, Garrincha was beautifully discordant, the most amateur player in a professional game, surrounded by many of Brazil's best players in a golden period for Botafogo, but not impacted by his situation or status. In that sense, he is a decadent character, characterized by indulgent brilliance and decline, and disconnected from the reality around him. He just played, and played well, and then went to the bar with friends. Pelé is generally considered the greatest player of all time, having been a prolific goal scorer and epitomizing a new style of football as part of a hugely successful and revolutionary Brazilian team in the late 1950s and 1960s, culminating in the 1970 final. If Pelé was the golden one, the face of Brazilian football that everyone knows, then Garrincha was more the people's player—so much so that one of his nicknames was "*a alegria do povo*," "the joy of the people." If Pelé is "the king," and perhaps a little clinical for it despite his incredible achievements and ability, then Garrincha was more the imperfect, but boundlessly talented, character, at once brilliant and tragic, and endlessly appealing for it. (The two were also savagely effective together: Brazil never lost when Garrincha and Pelé were in the same starting lineup.)

It is, more than anything, his personality that interests me here, the allegory and the nature of his appeal and speed of his projection into the limelight and subsequent fall from it. He was discovered only at age 19 by a Botafogo scout, having not been picked up by the other big Rio teams, and quickly settled into his style of playing for the love of the game. He was little interested in money or tactics, and often missed training to go and play with his friends back in rural Pau Grande. He became a footballing icon post-1953 for Botafogo, before gaining wider recognition for his performances in the 1958 World Cup in Sweden, in particular during the first three minutes of their final group game against a strong USSR team when he and Pelé first combined to mesmerizing effect. They had been held back for the first two games, Pelé because of injury and

Garrincha for ill-discipline, but they made an immediate impact. Garrincha was particularly impressive, tying the opponents in knots with his style of dribble and close control, turning the world onto a new style of football. After the game, however, Garrincha was unaware that Brazil—and him, in particular—had knocked the Soviets out of the competition and helped Brazil qualify, thinking there would be another match between the teams to decide the result. Those details, no matter how important the game, did not matter to him. Beating the hosts in the final, Garrincha ushered in a golden generation of Brazilian football.

In 1962, he was again the *seleção*'s talisman, leading them to another title. After the World Cup, he returned to Rio to play for Botafogo, taking them to the Campeonato Carioca. Indeed, 1962 was his irrefutable peak and his brilliant best; he was joint top goal scorer and voted the best player at the World Cup, as well as being voted the best player of the Brazilian Championship, the Carioca Championship, the Rio-São Paulo tournament, and the Interstate Club Champions Cup. As Ruy Castro states, after that World Cup win, and only five months later in Rio, "no one could have guessed it, neither Garrincha himself nor any of the 146,287 spectators in the Maracanã that day, but Botafogo vs. Flamengo on 15 December 1962 would, in some ways, be Garrincha's final match."[68] He continued to play for Brazil until 1966, and in domestic football until 1973, but post-1962 his seasonal appearances were in single figures, the goals and flair dried up, and his footballing charisma had waned, replaced instead by his alcoholism and declining physical condition. By the end, he cut a tragic figure, and it was the combination of his natural gift and fallibility that lent him his popular appeal.

After a glorious career—winning two World Cups and three Carioca championships—he died in 1983, aged 49, of liver cirrhosis after years of alcoholism in bankruptcy as a semi-forgotten hero, a shadow of what he once was. In the 1980 Mangueira Samba School Carnival Parade, which was under the theme "*Coisas Nossas*" ["Our Things"], he sits slouched on the float, unable to stand up, seemingly drunk, dosed up on medication, being carted out atop one of the main floats as the "*alegria do povo*." From his 1962 peak, Brazil's most famous number seven had reached a tragic, soon-to-be-fatal low.

However, his legacy and appeal come from his imperfections, and not in spite of them. Born in the small, rural town of Pau Grande, outside Rio, and where he would frequently return to see his old friends, Garrincha got another nickname, "*o anjo das pernas tortas*," "the angel with the contorted legs." He was born with a disability, and accord-

ing to journalist Juca Kfouri, in the documentary *Garrincha*, "he was a physical impossibility … one knee going in and one going out; in theory, he shouldn't have been able to really walk." For his whole life, he lived and died in and around Rio as a Carioca hero and myth, leaving only for very short and unsuccessful playing spells in São Paulo and Barranquilla. In his first-team debut for Botafogo in 1953, he scored a hat trick against Bonsucesso. He was, according to his teammates, the dressing room joker who did not take anything seriously. "That's just how he was, a massive joker," said Mengálvio, a teammate, in the documentary *Garrincha*, who then mentions having his trousers pulled down by him in a live press conference.

His life was marked by womanizing and alcohol, as well as by a deeply authentic nonchalance that came across in his demeanour. He had a genuine take-it-or-leave-it attitude, already a father and husband when he made his debut for Botafogo, having been signed after dribbling past Nilton Santos during his trial, one of Brazil's best defensive players at the time. But, that seems to have been just another kick-around in the park for Garrincha. He soon made his way into the Brazil team. Joking around with teammates, drinking heavily the night before games, and fathering many children with multiple women, Garrincha often did not know what game he was playing in or its significance; he just played, and between 1953 and 1962 tended to play incredibly well, one of the greatest of all time, and becoming the world's best player in 1962.

From his birth defect to international glory and then to decline, Garrincha has an allegorical resonance with the city that was his home and the stadium that was his stage. He was the complete player in many respects. But, through the combination of his lifestyle and talent, he generates a sensation of *complete imperfection*. That is, in addition to his myriad achievements on the football pitch, he maintained and added to his appeal precisely because of his characteristics, both during his magnificent professional career and in his sad decline afterwards, and he was all the more glorious for it. For his whole life, he was as talented on the pitch as he was wild off it, always drinking, and "mischievous, audacious, and dripping with sex appeal," as Castro writes in the synopsis of his indispensable biography. His affair and marriage to the samba singer, Elza Soares, in the 1960s caught the imagination of the nation.

The Maracanã became Garrincha's home for many of the games he played for Botafogo with more than one hundred thousand fans regularly populating the people's stadium to watch the people's player in the

people's game. For the duration of his career, in the still-incomplete stadium, Garrincha exhibited his natural talent. It is fitting that this character is one of the main protagonists in Brazil's footballing history. It is even more fitting that the Maracanã stadium found a symbolic, tragic hero in him. His influence continues to permeate the stadium as well as what constitutes the quintessential Brazilian style of football, in itself a central part of national identity.

2014: The "New" Maracanã

The current stadium has impressive new features such as a new roof and big screens. Moreover, it hosted what commentators thought of as a successful World Cup in 2014. As a recently renovated and ostensibly modern stadium, however, there is a definite sense of nostalgia permeating its concrete structure. Its current iteration, recently renovated, already feels old, with wobbly seats, broken elevators, and a huge wait to get in via the security checks and old-style turnstiles (and some new ones). The old—the sweeping concrete bowl, the broken installations—and the new blend together in a stadium that seems perpetually incomplete. Ill-fitting, brand new wood imitation doors punctuate an old, scruffy concrete corridor near the player's tunnel, before that same old wall comes up against a new-looking wood-panelled wall just near the changing rooms, which have themselves been partially refitted and updated (Fig. 13).

The "new" stadium is essentially a touching-up of the old stadium, creating the sense that in the 2010s the stadium's redevelopment relied fundamentally on its historical significance for its identification and image in the present. The Maracanã was built as the largest football stadium ever, a symbol of progress and a mid-century statement by the government to host Brazil's World Cup victory post–World War II amidst a rhetoric of national progress. It is now a generic and expansive stadium, not the world's biggest or most modern, an old-style stadium that, like in its original construction, seems to be somewhat unfinished, somewhere in-between what it once signified and what it could be, defined and shaped by that 1950 game and everything since.

The spiritual home of Garrincha and the most recognizable space in Brazilian football, the Maracanã is a "temple of football," as it has been called frequently, a home and point of reference of the game. In this sense, the "sacred" Maracanã carries a heavy symbolic value, with its space having absorbed, contained, and forever evoking its foundational moment

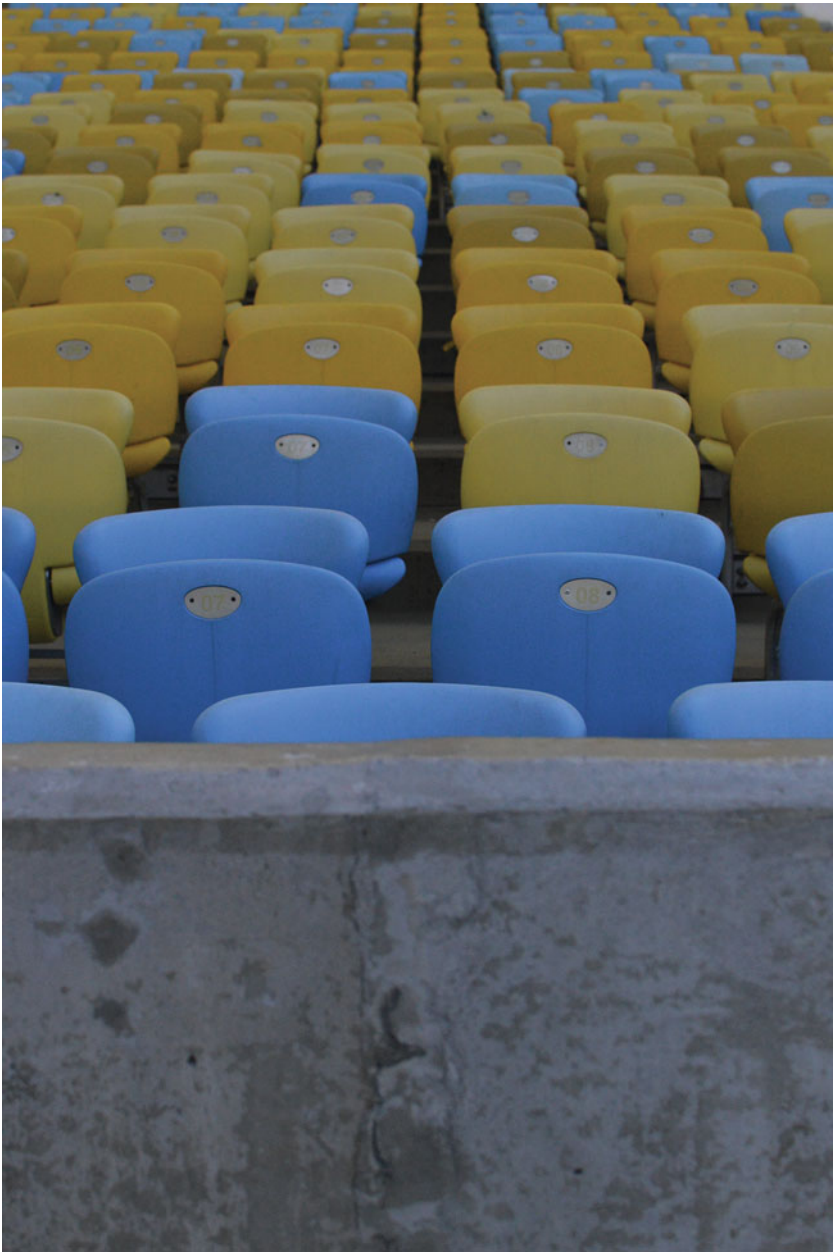

Fig. 13 Wobbly seats in the "new" Maracanã

in 1950, Garrincha's wanton majesty, and the 2014 World Cup. That the stadium was not completely and fundamentally renovated in its most recent iteration, or indeed destroyed and replaced with a more up-to-date construction, allows that historical trajectory to remain vitally significant in the present. Instead, the renovations identify the Maracanã more than ever as a storyteller of history based on what it once was, which was an incomplete, but huge, concrete bowl that was never given either physical completeness (similar to the Centenario, in that sense) or, and here differing from the Uruguayan stadium, symbolic completeness.[69]

Before the 1950 final, the front pages were written, the shirts were sold, and the team had pre-emptively received gold watches commemorating the victory that did not come. Instead of jubilant celebrations of (expected) fulfilment, there was instead silence, and the largest crowd ever to attend a football match became mute. The extreme communion (in terms of sheer size and expectation) between spectators and athletes was cast in tragedy, a negative, disbelieving, and unimaginable unfolding. Despite the successes on the pitch that followed, there was never the projected catharsis (a World Cup win on home soil). That unfulfilment plays into a greater trend in the city's modern history more broadly, which has symbolically been defined by absence or a sense of unfulfilment in a complex temporal environment in which the rhetoric of progress—manifested as victory in sporting events, especially football—is so present. Whilst the stadium has hosted thousands of other matches, concerts, and events, they pale in terms of intensity compared to the 1950 moment—a moment that would have been partially exorcized had Brazil won in 2014. The stadium and experiences therein, capped by the majestic and tragic Garrincha, is defined by a lingering sense of incompleteness, both in terms of the physical structure and its symbolic associations. The ongoing present of the stadium space continues as one that is, then, forever remembering or imagining "what could have been," a shade of decadence that contributes to the contemporary city's identity.

Notes

1. It is worth noting that Rio is a metropolis whose greater urban area of almost 12 million people extends into the Baixada Fluminense, across the bay to Niterói and São Gonçalo, as well as the so-called more distant West Zone, which are also densely populated and growing areas. I primarily focus on the areas and zones outlined here, which officially delineate the

city and which have changed significantly in the post-1889 period and where the buildings and works of literature are situated.

2. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 299 and 310–11. Emphasis added.
3. Much of my information and inspiration here is garnered from the wonderfully detailed and deeply researched book by Allen Morrison, *The Tramways of Brazil: a 130-year Survey* (Bonde Press: New York, 1989), particularly pages 93–97. The late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century period also coincided with the electrification of many of the routes. Where previously there were horsecars, the Rua do Catete (1893), Santa Teresa (1896), and Copacabana (1901) lines were electrified, amongst others. In Copacabana, in particular, this completely transformed "the barren shady strip along the Atlantic Ocean into a densely populated beach resort," according to Morrison, *The Tramways*, 97.
4. Bevis Hillier, *Art Deco of the 20s and 30s* (London: Studio Vista, 1968), 13.
5. The references to the entrepreneur Eike Batista are discussed in the next section. The "Carne de rã" ["frog's meat"] signs, with a phone number, are of unknown origin and veracity: *O Globo* spent a few days trying to call the number, eventually getting through to an unknown and unreceptive interlocutor.
6. Joseph Gire was a French architect who established his reputation by building luxury hotels in his native France, including the Negresco in Nice (1913) and the Carlton in Cannes (1911). He was an early, and influential, migrant of architectural design, innovative and accentuating the *nouveau* in architecture (both Rio hotels were remarkable for their engineering of concrete), whilst also drawing influence from previous architectural styles. From 1909, Gire, who tends to be overlooked in favour of later, more famous foreign architects who came to Rio such as Le Corbusier, started coming to Latin America, particularly to Rio and Buenos Aires. In addition to the two hotels, he designed the Laranjeiras Palace (1913), the *A Noite* building in Praça Mauá (1929; the tallest skyscraper in Latin America when inaugurated), and the Brocoió Palace (1930) on Brocoió Island at the north-end of Guanabara Bay. These buildings, along with the Christ the Redeemer Statue (built by Heitor da Silva Costa, created by the French sculptor Paul Landowski, and engineered by Albert Caquot), constitute an impressive array of Carioca-style Art Deco architecture.
7. Lota de Macedo Soares, a friend of Rio's governor, Carlos Lacerda, and the partner of poet Elizabeth Bishop, was decisive in guiding the park's construction, a project that was designed by the landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx.
8. The Museu da República also has a hotel-based history that coincides with the Old Republic. It was originally built as a palace in 1858, and then bought in 1889 by Companhia do Grande Hotel Internacional to construct a grand hotel, but the project was not completed due to financial

problems. In 1896, Conselheiro Mayrink, a businessman, sold the neoclassical palace to the government, with Brazil's executive power moving from Itamaraty Palace to Friburgo Palace, as it was then called, in 1897. It was renamed Catete Palace, and was used by 16 presidents from 1897 to 1960. Vargas committed suicide there in 1954, before its federal power was removed and quickly memorialized in 1960.

9. *Time Out Guide to Rio de Janeiro*, (New York: Time Out Guides, 2007), 37.
10. It was denoted as one of the BRIC economies, a convenient but essentially vacuous joining of emerging economies that became commonplace parlance in global development discourse. The grouping was put forward in 2001 by Jim O'Neill, a British economist and chairman of Goldman Sachs, to recognize that other countries outside of the traditional G7 grouping have an impact on global economic markets. Since 2010, unsurprisingly, Brazil's growth has drastically slowed as it slips from being a darling of global economics to a symbol of "what could have been," with institutionalized corruption and miles of red tape stagnating the eternal country of the future.
11. Sirolli, on Batista's father: "One of the most extraordinary people I met there was Eike Batista's father, who was at the time in his eighties and an extraordinary gentleman. He had the reputation of being one of the greatest mining engineers ever. He was the general manager of Vale, one of the most famous Brazilian companies. Mr. Batista Sr. was this extraordinary human being who was completely different from his son. He spoke perfect Italian as he had studied opera in Verona, and so Eike Jr. came from a classical and highly educated background. My highlight was having a private conversation with his father."
12. His wife, from 1991 to 2004, was Luma de Oliveira, a former Carnaval queen and supermodel, and he has a penchant for speed.In the 1990s, he was the Brazilian, US, and World Champion in the Super Offshore Powerboat series, and set the world record time for power boating between Rio de Janeiro and Santos. In early 2015, court authorities seized some of his cars, including the McLaren and a Lamborghini. Not only did he live the life of success, he also preached it. He was the chronicler of his own legend, developing the hubris surrounding his extravagances and wealth and coming across as arrogant in interviews. He wrote a book (*O X da Questão* [*The Heart of the Matter*], 2011) offering tips for budding entrepreneurs and outlining his rise to international prominence and great wealth, just months before the collapse.
13. Sirolli refers here to one of Batista's most ambitious projects. The Açu Superport project—250 miles up the coast from Rio—was an LLX project, under the broader remit of EBX, initiated to speed up the time of getting the iron ore from his mines to the coast and onto ships. The project was dubbed a "highway to China," when China's demand for raw materials was at its peak, and it aimed to reduce inefficiencies and bottlenecks when

exporting goods from Brazil, mostly iron ore, soybeans, and oil. LLX sold its controlling stake to US-based EIG Global Energy Partners in 2013, a big step in the break-up of this former energy and mining empire.

14. Juan Pablo Spinetto, "How Brazil's Richest Man Lost $34.5 Billion," *Bloomberg Business*, 3 October 2013.
15. Anderson Antunes, "The Awful Truth about Brazil's Protests: the 'Country of the Future' is still Hostage to its Past," *Forbes*, 18 June 2013.
16. Bruno Carvalho, *Porous City: A Cultural History of Rio de Janeiro* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2013), 75.
17. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 299 and 301.
18. Robert Pogue Harrison, *Juvenescence: A Cultural History of Our Age* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2014). These terms are drawn from throughout Harrison's study.
19. Sam Borden, "Hotel Review: Copacabana Palace in Rio de Janeiro," *Times* (New York, NY), 23 October 2013.
20. This show has an even bigger precedent (but without the bridge) from when Rod Stewart played on New Year's Eve 1994 in front of one of the largest concert crowds ever, estimated to be around 3.5 million people. The beach has become an iconic venue for concerts and large-scale events. The Pope held closing Mass there on World Youth Day in 2013, one of the largest religious gatherings in history. The New Year's Eve celebrations routinely attract millions.
21. As per its name in Portuguese, the "Ministério da Educação e Saúde," it is also often referred to as the MES. I will refer to it as the "Ministry Building."
22. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 308.
23. "Brazilian Government Leads Western Hemisphere in Encouraging Modern Architecture, Exhibition of Brazilian Architecture Opens at Museum of Modern Art," *MoMA Archive*, 12 January 1943, 1.
24. Ibid.
25. Costa and Niemeyer have been the subject of numerous studies, which I purposefully do not go into here. Brasília, for all its utopic premises, to me feels isolating and isolated, a place of functionality that works according to theory but that "forgets" the human aspect in its deep impersonality. I see that as a trend that defines much of Niemeyer's work, where the buildings appeal but their physical existence can be alienating and impractical, fluctuating over time from a symbol of the future to a monument to the past almost imperceptibly. The Contemporary Art Museum in Niterói, for example, is a wonderful and impressive building but is not a particularly good place to host exhibitions or to view art.
26. "Brazilian Government Leads Western Hemisphere," 1. Brazil joined World War II in 1942 on the side of the Allies, suffering comparatively few casualties and sending relatively few troops—although, along with Mexico, they were the only Latin American country to send troops, the Brazilian

Expeditionary Force, in 1944, and Navy units. It was, of course, far away from the theatres of war.

27. See, for example, Henrique Ephim Mindlin's *Modern Architecture in Brazil* (1956), Alberto Xavier's *Arquitetura Moderna no Rio de Janeiro* (1991), and Fernando Lara's *The Rise of Popular Modernist Architecture in Brazil* (2008). There are many volumes on Costa and Niemeyer, such as David Underwood's *Oscar Niemeyer and the Architecture of Brazil* (1994) and Otavio Leonídio's *Carradas de Razões*: *Lúcio Costa e a Arquitetura Moderna Brasileira* (*1924–1951*) (2007).
28. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 308.
29. For fundamental appraisals of the emergence of Brazilian Modernism in the 1920s, see Eduardo Jardim's texts, *A Brasilidade Modernista* (1978) and *Limites do Moderno. O Pensamento Estético de Mário de Andrade* (1999).
30. Oswald de Andrade, "Manifesto Antropófago," *Revista de Antropofagia*, May 1928, 3.
31. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 304.
32. Quoted in Edward Lucie-Smith, *Latin American Art of the 20th Century* (London: Thames & Hudson Ltd., 2004), 42.
33. Richard Williams, *Brazil*: *Modern Architectures in History* (London: Reaktion Books, 2009), 3.
34. Zilah Quezado Deckker, *Brazil Built*: *The Architecture of the Modern Movement in Brazil* (London: Spon Press, 2001), 64.
35. Ibid.
36. "Brazilian Government Leads Western Hemisphere," 2.
37. Ibid., 3.
38. Quoted in Quezado Deckker, *Brazil Built*, 44.
39. Ibid., 46.
40. Ibid., 29.
41. It is worth remembering that this was deep in Vargas' era (1930–45), a period that saw Getúlio Vargas come to power in 1930 and progressively amend the constitution. He then established the *Estado Novo* (the "New State," with a semantic continuity again focusing on "newness") in the 1937–45 period, which saw him adopt authoritarian and dictatorial powers, not too far from fascism and deeply nationalistic. Active modernization was a key tenet of his rule, although, of course, not without controversy and deep-rooted sociocultural issues. In downtown and in relative proximity to the Ministry building, for example, and other government buildings, big modernizing projects—in order to "progress" the country as a country of the future—took place. The Cidade Nova (the "New Town" in the "New State") was constructed, and the Avenida Presidente Vargas became the biggest avenue in the city. Both projects forced massive destruction of older parts of the city, and the forced relocation of many (poorer) residents, not unlike what Passos did earlier in

the century and what was seen with favela evictions and demolitions in the run up to the 2016 Olympics. See Robert M. Levine's two indispensable historical works, *The Vargas Regime: The Critical Years 1934–1938* (1970) and *Father of the Poor? Vargas and his Era* (1998).

42. Oscar Niemeyer, *The Curves of Time: The Memoirs of Oscar Niemeyer* (London: Phaidon, 2000), 169–70.
43. Quoted in Quezado Deckker, *Brazil Built*, 34.
44. Valerie Fraser, *Building the New World: Studies in the Modern Architecture of Latin America 1930–1960* (New York: Verso, 2001), 156.
45. Quoted in Quezado Deckker, *Brazil Built*, 20.
46. Williams, *Brazil*, 10.
47. Quoted in Quezado Deckker, *Brazil Built*, 13.
48. *A Decade of New Architecture*, ed. Siegfried Giedion, (Zurich: Girsberger, 1951), 134.
49. Williams, *Brazil*, 10.
50. In 1953, a separate government Ministry of Health was created, and thus Costa's building became the Ministry of Education and Culture. Later in the century, there would be three separate departments (Education, Health, and Culture), as it remains in the 2010s, and the building is now a regional office for the Ministry of Culture.
51. Jaguaribe, "Modernist Ruins," 312.
52. Brazil, and Rio, despite the deep modernizing impulse, was in political upheaval for much of the 1950s and 1960s. Following Vargas' suicide, there were a series of short-lived unstable governments and political wrangling. Then, after Kubitschek, Jânio Quadros took office for just seven months in 1961, and then João Goulart until 1964, before the military regime came to power from 1964 to 1985. Kubitschek represented a period of stability amidst a generally turbulent political atmosphere—itself not uncommon in the history of modern Brazil.
53. It is a fascinating, but alienating, place. It was an attempt to create a fully functional, "ultra-modern," administrative centre, a futuristic city that demonstrates a distinct form of urban planning, which has numbered blocks, a Hotel Sector, an Embassy Sector, and a Banking Sector, navigated most easily by car and on big roads. It has 124 foreign embassies, and is the home of the three branches of the Federal Government: the President, the Congress, and the Supreme Court. It is still, perhaps, a city of the future. There had been ideas, since at least the 1820s, and particularly in the 1890s and 1920s, to relocate the Brazilian capital from Rio de Janeiro into the Central-West region, finally brought to fruition by Kubitschek. For more on Brasília, about which a lot has been written, see James Holston *The Modernist City: an Anthropological Critique of Brasília* (1989). The indispensable photographic portrait of the city is, without doubt, René Burri's *Brasília* (2011).

54. It is the home ground of two of Rio's most famous teams, Flamengo and Fluminense. The red and black of Flamengo is considered the "*clube do povo*", the "people's club," where the "povo" is understood as the poorer sectors of society; it is the working class, black, and *favelado*'s club before anything else. They are the most widely supported team in Rio, and came into existence in 1911 after a group of fans broke away from Fluminense, dissatisfied with the exclusionary—racist—nature then at that club. Fluminense, the *tricolor*, originally played in the Laranjeiras Stadium in the high-end part of the city where Oscar Cox, a Brazilian aristocrat with English heritage, founded the club in 1902. Since the 1950s, Fla and Flu have played their home games in the Maracanã, which is also used for other big *clássicos* involving the other two main carioca teams, Botafogo and Vasco de Gama.
55. Eli Jelly-Schapiro, "'The Stands Bereft of People': The Cultural Politics of World Cup Stadia" *Transition* 109, no.1 (2012), 100. See also Cláudio Vieira, *Maracanã*: *Templo dos Deuses Brasileiros* (2000) and Christopher Gaffney, *Temples of the Earthbound Gods*: *Stadiums in the Cultural Landscapes of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires* (2008) for insightful analyses of the Maracanã.
56. Christopher Gaffney, *Temples of the Earthbound Gods*: *Stadiums in the Cultural Landscapes of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2008), 71. Mário Filho came from a family of writers: he was the brother of one of Brazil's most well-known playwrights, Nelson Rodrigues, who famously wrote that the defeat to Uruguay in 1950 was a "national tragedy." Currently, the stadium is best known by its colloquial nickname, the Maracanã, taking its name from the neighbourhood and a small river that ran through that neighbourhood, which, in turn, takes its name from an Amazonian bird, the blue-winged Macaw.
57. Gaffney, *Temples of the Earthbound Gods*, 70.
58. Quoted in Alex Bellos, *Futebol*: *The Brazilian Way of Life* (London: Bloomsbury, 2002), 60.
59. This was the only World Cup that did not have a one-match final. The 16 teams were divided into four pools, and the winner of each pool went into the final group. This was a round-robin format of four teams, a draw worth one point and a win two. Going into the final group match of that final group, both teams had played two games, and Brazil had four points and Uruguay three. As such, Brazil just needed a draw. Uruguay won the Jules Rimet trophy, named so for this tournament for the 25th anniversary of his presidency of FIFA, finishing with five points to Brazil's four.
60. Quoted in Bellos, *Futebol*, 42.
61. Eduardo Galeano, *Fútbol a Sol y Sombra* (Bogotá: TM Editores, 1995), 95.
62. When he was playing, Uruguay never lost a World Cup match. In 1954, when they went out against Hungary in the semi-finals, he was injured. According to football writer Jonathan Wilson (2010), Varela saw early

editions of *O Mundo* newspaper at the newsstand in the team's hotel, with the pre-emptive headline "These are the world champions," in reference to Brazil's inevitable victory. "He was so enraged that he bought every copy they had, took them back to his room, laid them out on his bathroom floor and encouraged his teammates to urinate on them. That was *garra*."

63. Jonathan Wilson, *Inverting the Pyramid*: *The History of Soccer Tactics* (New York: Nation, 2013), 109.
64. The Italian term for the sweeper position, *libero*, gained prominence later as part of the famed *catenaccio* defensive system of the 1960s, when they had the meanest defence in world football, a trait they are still known for. Uruguay's tactical display against the Brazilians preceded this.
65. Momentum, in the sporting sense, is a fascinating—and enigmatic—concept. It is, perhaps, the collective embodiment of being in the "zone," when sportsmen can seemingly detach from the environment around them and focus on the matter at hand. Momentum can be understood either as nothing more than luck, or a random sequence of events, or as an unquantifiable concept with a tangible impact. As a sports fan, and having witnessed Arsenal complete a remarkable unbeaten season in 2003–4, momentum exists, particularly for sports teams, although it is hard to define, qualify, and explain, and it can be broken. It is frequently invoked by commentators and critics, and yet it is deeply and inherently fragile, and injuries, confidence, and belief all play a role in it, as does the support and atmosphere coming from fans in a stadium. Varela's action in the final, in front of an expectant and emotionally fluxing crowd, served to take away the potentiality for Brazil's momentum to continue, and in so doing swung the pendulum over to the Uruguayan side for them to go on to victory.
66. Quoted in Wilson, *Inverting the Pyramid*, 112.
67. Quoted in Bellos, *Futebol*, 64.
68. Ruy Castro, *Garrincha*: *The Triumph and Tragedy of Brazil's Footballing Hero* (London: Yellow Jersey, 2004), 216.
69. Other stadiums in the city bear witness to that trend of incompleteness or outdatedness to varying degrees. The old Flamengo stadium from the 1920s, on prime real estate in Gávea, stands as an overgrown ruin; the São Januário stadium, Vasco de Gama's home ground, has also been neglected since its construction in the 1920s; and the Laranjeiras stadium, dating from 1905 and the old home of Fluminense, is now barely used but still standing—in a great location—as a monument to the past. The "new" Engenhão stadium, built and opened for the 2007 PanAmerican Games, was promptly closed in order to resolve fundamental engineering problems. When the Maracanã was built, and continuing presently, it created an associated periphery of stadiums and forced clubs to move around, playing their big games at the Maracanã as their home stadiums became secondary and neglected. There is, then, a strong sensation of architectural decadence that marks the city's football stadiums.

Part III: Reading and Writing Rio de Janeiro

There is a temptation simply to look at literature that has Rio as its setting and to talk about the "representation" of the city in literature, based on the premise that the story takes place there and presents a descriptive image of what is a beautifully impacting city. Rio elicits and inspires emotive depictions of its natural and urban environments and the complexities therein, and there are fewer more sensory stimulating cities. Indeed, its natural setting and wonder welcomes descriptions of the lush and tropical city; the rising peaks, the ocean, the jungle, as well as a dense urban environment that is marked at once by an intensity of inequality and conviviality. There is a certain splendour.

With that idea in mind, we can undertake a more specific reading of Rio de Janeiro that seeks not a painting of the city but, instead, an understanding of the elements that help to create the painting. The mentality and lived experience of being in the city, which I see as being fundamentally curated by a specific relationship to time, is conveyed in the following works that, in part, paint the contemporary "reality" of the city. More fundamentally, however, they shed light on an identifiable historical aspect of the city post-1889.

In looking at a variety of literary works published between 1908 and 2012, I establish the temporal landscape—that is, a dynamic temporal tension between past and future that is characterized by nostalgia—of Rio as a vital consideration in viewing the city, now and in its history. Despite their differences in form and their various ages, there is a basic underlying

T. Winterbottom, *A Cultural History of Rio de Janeiro after 1889*,
DOI 10.1007/978-3-319-31201-9_4

commonality in the works that revolves around a pre-occupation with time. Moreover, the texts all centre on the space of Rio de Janeiro and, whilst they are all "set" at one moment or another, I see that, rather than only containing meditations on the contemporary period of their authorship or subject, these texts contribute to a larger picture of the temporality of decadence in Rio de Janeiro. There is much more to these texts than lush, romanticized descriptions.

As Robert Alter writes in *Imagined Cities*, we should be wary of how critics are often "predisposed to speak about how the novel 'represents' or 'reflects' the reality of the city," particularly when we consider the multiplicity of ways in which Rio is and has been written about, from colonial and nineteenth-century Naturalism and Romanticism to glorified indulgences in "favela fiction."[1] Moreover, the dynamism of any city, the constant evolution, makes any overarching thesis about the contemporary "reality" of a city problematic. As such, whether the literature I analyse is broadly considered "realist" (it mostly is), or otherwise, does not matter. I am not trying to capture a moment in the city. Instead, by moving away from that interpretative paradigm I can indulge in a reading of the city that takes it not only as a described space but, most importantly, as a temporally and spatially complex landscape in which a specific interaction with time is a defining and recurrent feature. These works, then, provide insights into lived experience and cultural interpretation of a given moment, but they also fundamentally contain a reflection on, and of, nostalgia and decadence as part of the broad historical identity of the post-1889 city. As with the four buildings, these literary works are temporally and spatially complex to the extent that they create a sense of being dislocated in the present, where the (acute, but dynamically and idiosyncratically productive) tension between, and relationship with, the past and the future create a nostalgic and melancholic present. How do these texts convey the experience of the present in Rio? That is the guiding question in my readings of these texts.

In Rio's architecture we saw four iterations of concrete decadence. Each building exhibited a distinct sense of outdatedness through which a sense of nostalgia is present in that the buildings act both as containers and expressers of the past and also as complex, layered visions of the future. Through yet-to-be-completed brand-new constructions, ruins, and everything in between, one can see the physical manifestation of the temporality of this city's landscape in its buildings. Works of literature do not "decay" in the sense that a physical construction does; nor do they need to be laboriously preserved; notable works tend to remain as such, often gain-

ing more recognition as time passes and viewed as important historical and creative visions of a given moment, but also transcending that time. Moreover, buildings are less connected to their authors (the architects) than a novel or a piece of literature is to its author. The oeuvre of Machado de Assis, Clarice Lispector, and Guimarães Rosa, for example, will always exist and be perpetuated, with their names linked to their specific body of writing. As such, whilst there is not the concrete sense of "creeping neglect" or of passing from "newness to ruin," as is the case with a building, in literature we read this same idea abstractly. In my reading, I see it through the complex and abstract portrayal of time in the city. Vitally, as snapshots written at a certain time in a certain place, literary works are at once of a time and also transverse time, providing insight into a specific moment and also elaborating a vision that transgresses that particular moment in their perpetuation; they are, in an abstract sense, inherently of their moment and also dislocated from it in time. With that in mind, how does Carioca literature convey, and in what ways, the decadence that defines Rio's post-1889 identity?

Snapshots in Different Forms and Different Times

To begin with, I look at Machado de Assis, considered Brazil's most important author and one who scarcely left Rio during his lifetime and made it a largely non-descript setting for his work. His last work, *Memorial de Aires* (1908) (*The Wager*: *Aires' Journal* [1990]), provides a literary snapshot of Rio as a city, and Carioca society, in the turn of the twentieth-century period. Machado wrote his story, the fictional journal of an elderly diplomat called Aires, in 1908, recounting the diplomat's life and his return to Rio de Janeiro as he grows old and re-experiences the city in the years 1888–9. These are historically relevant years; they mark the abolition of slavery (1888) as well as the transition from monarchy to republic and the beginning of "modern" Rio de Janeiro. Machado's is a classic example; it is a non-descriptive portrayal of the city and purposefully bereft of action, and instead focuses in on Aires as symbolic character and protagonist. Within that supposed "emptiness" in the present, he constructs a complex meditation on time, which is laden with nostalgia and melancholy.

From there, and providing another perspective on the early republic, is Lima Barreto's satirical novel, *Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* (*The Sad End of Policarpo Quaresma*), published in 1911. It tells the story of Policarpo Quaresma, a military man and lover of his patria, in the prob-

lematic first years of the Republic (1891–4), and particularly during the Brazilian Naval Revolt of 1893. For both Machado and Barreto, the historical subject matter and the contemporary period of the authors' writing (coming soon after Pereira Passos' modernization) offer an analytical perspective on this moment in Rio's modern history through a close reading. How is Carioca social identity and national history conveyed through this writing, and what visions of the city emerge both from that period and transcending that period? Like Machado, Barreto elaborates his vision of the city through the profound characterization of his protagonist, Policarpo Quaresma, whom the author constructs as a deeply nostalgic character driven by his disconnected imagination and visions of better, seemingly imagined, times that are *saudade*-inspired projections. For both Machado and Barreto, being (temporally) lost in the present, through a sensation of nostalgic absence, is a vital concern as part of their subtle reflection on Carioca temporality.

After that, we jump forward to the mid-twentieth-century moment for a foreign perspective on time in the city. Whereas Machado and Lima Barreto were authors from, of, and about Rio, Elizabeth Bishop came from North America to spend an extended and happy period there; indeed, she said it was the place where she felt most at home. Bishop experienced a profound and complex attraction to Rio from the outside with a foreign, exterior gaze, and she lived there from 1951 to 1967 through the transformative mid-century moment. I draw mostly from her extensive correspondence with Robert Lowell (published in *Words in Air* in 2008) and reference her poetry collection, *Questions of Travel* (1965), which demonstrate both the power and presence of the Brazilian landscape and the sense of being somewhere other or different, a sense of being "out of place" and in a different time. In this regard, Elizabeth Bishop, who initially was to visit Brazil for two weeks in 1951 but who stayed for 16 years, experiences deep nostalgia that is much more than her simply "missing" where she is from, but is, instead, a complex experiential and existential status that is permeated throughout by both absence and abundance. During her time in and around Rio de Janeiro, she existed in an in-between position: between the USA and Brazil, happiness and sadness, intense presence and absence, amongst other spectra. She experienced, on the one hand, the "superb underdevelopment" of Brazil, as a friend of hers called it, feeling as though she had travelled back in time. At the same time, she was living with her partner (the Modernist architect and socialite Lota

de Macedo Soares) in an ultra-modern house. As such, her experience was existentially defined by a flux between seemingly travelling back in time and looking to, and living, the future, all set within a lush tropicality. It was a magnificent paradox for her. At the same time, it became her home and a dislocated refuge, which allowed her to indulge in a new way of life. It was exactly that different relationship to, and experience of, time that appealed to her, and it was something that she "lolled" in, as she wrote to Lowell.

Finally, and by way of a postscript, my focus moves to the early twenty-first century and to young, living authors. Particularly, I look at a short story by J.P. Cuenca ("*Antes da Queda*," translated as "Before the Fall") and Tatiana Salem Levy ("*O Rio Sua*," translated as "Blazing Sun"), both published in 2012. In the stories, Rio is an active space that has agency over the protagonists and that itself protagonizes the characters' experiences, albeit in different manners. In Cuenca's story, the city "forces" the protagonist to leave; in Levy's text, the corporeal attraction of the city calls for the protagonist to leave her lover behind abroad, compelling her to return to Rio in a process of reintegrating with her city, her home. The natural condition and corporeality of Rio is a central concern in both, and Rio and its personality emerge as much more than just a setting for the action. It has an existential definition over its characters. Nostalgia defines both stories in sharply distinct manners: Cuenca's text is a story set in the post-2016 future, which reminiscences the pre-Olympic city through a literary critique of development; Levy's work is framed by a historically charged sense of absence that the protagonist feels. Vitally, these works also situate the complex relationship with time, and particularly the sense of absence in the present up to the contemporary Olympic moment, establishing a thematic continuity that begins with Machado de Assis and that transcends each work's own moment.

Rio emerges as much more than just a setting in these works. As such, description, in the sense of the natural environment and romanticized visions of the city, falls into the background. Into the foreground comes Rio's landscape as a dialogic and integral part of the urban environment on which temporal interactions play a fundamental role. So, why study literature as opposed to other, more quantifiable interpretations of the city? "The unmasking of society's self-serving fictions," Robert Harrison writes in *Gardens*, "as well as the destruction of false idols, has been the principal task of artists, poets, and philosophers of the modern era. Many of them, situating themselves

on society's margins, saw it as their calling to challenge the bad faith of the age."[2] It is to this task, in different ways and in different moments, that these authors write about *their* city. In so doing, they challenge the "bad faith" in the notion of progress (Brazil's own adopted "self-serving fiction") that has marked Rio's post-1889 history in three broad moments with which these authors correlate: the First Republic, then Vargas, and now the global Olympic moment. We see, through these texts, a reappropriating of history, a creative rewriting and revisioning of society from a counter-discursive cultural position that shapes identity in the past, present, and into the future.

Machado de Assis and Memorial de Aires: Chronicling Change

Machado de Assis' final novel is steeped in temporal complexity. Nostalgia plays a fundamental role in the narrative. It is manifested not only through what is portrayed in the novel (indeed, the plot is simple), but also through its form and structure (as a fictional journal) and through its temporal localization in Rio de Janeiro. *Memorial de Aires* is the fictional journal of the retired diplomat Aires. Machado wrote the novel in 1908 when the city was undergoing a period of intense modernization following Pereira Passos' focused and intense urbanization projects. It is set, however, in 1888–9, when slavery was abolished and the country transitioned from monarchy to republic. The story finishes a few months before the revolution, the moment that marks the beginning of the republic and the ideological shift towards progress and development, moving away, in a supposed rupture, from the age of the monarchy.

The novel is an explicit coming together between what is old and of the past (Aires and his personality) and what is new and of the future (the city on the brink of change); the present of the narration exists in a position of flux where these two temporal projections come together. Machado constantly and explicitly tempers ideologies of progress through his focus on, and the salience of, nostalgia and melancholy. The passing of time as part of Rio's changing landscape forms the backbone of the work.

The story recounts Aires' impressions of his return to Rio after living abroad for more than 30 years. Now widowed and alone, he decides to embark on writing a journal a year after his return. In it, he recounts his ongoing experiences of meeting up with old friends and experiencing the city again. Aguiar and Dona Carmo, a stable, reflective old couple, are his closest friends. One day, they invite him to dinner, where he meets

the young widow Fidélia, who is one of the old couple's two "replacement children" ("*filho postiço*"). They have no children themselves despite having always longed for them. Fidélia, after her husband's premature death, is estranged from her family as her previous marriage was seen as socially unacceptable; Aguiar welcomes her, and Aires quietly falls for the much younger woman. His love goes unrequited, and even in this obvious example we see a character structure that is defined by absence.

We learn through Aires that the Aguiars' godchild Tristão is their other *filho postiço* whom they helped raise. He is away in Portugal visiting his Brazilian parents where he is soon to take up an important political position. Tristão returns to Rio, and when Tristão and Fidélia meet later, they fall in love and their marriage is arranged—as are their plans to move to Europe so that Tristão can take up his job. They get married and leave for Europe for his political position in the old metropolis, leaving the older figures, Aguiar, Carmo, and Aires, in Rio to live out their lives in solitude with a sense of absence generated by the departure of the dynamic younger couple. Whether they will ever return is unclear, but the sensation of remoteness in Rio is abundantly clear. Moreover, being a journal, the whole story is told by Aires at a distance from the action; the reader is made absent from the key events that Machado implies occur elsewhere and at a distance from our subjective narrator.

The young couple channel what action there is in the novel despite the narration not directly focusing on them. They seek a future away from Rio, in Portugal, with Rio de Janeiro depicted as a place of *saudades*. It is seemingly far removed from Europe, which is conveyed as the imagined centre of the world where the action happens. As such, Rio, and Machado, sit on the "periphery," as Roberto Schwarz has written.[3] Recognizing and indulging that disconnectedness or remoteness is Machado's speciality. As João Cezar de Castro Rocha writes, "precisely by not being located at the centre of the capitalist world in his provincial Rio de Janeiro … Machado is able to direct an especially keen critical gaze at notions that were presumed to be universal," including, progress, republicanism, and so on.[4] His position, as an author from Rio de Janeiro, afforded him an important perspective during the turn-of-the-twentieth-century historical moment, a perspective that not only related to universal notions but also to the city that was his birthplace and lifelong home.

By writing in 1908, when he published *Memorial de Aires*, and recounting the 1888–9 period, Machado implies a continuation of dislocation. Rio, in its inherent characteristics, is distanced in both

moments from the perceived centre. In so doing, Machado also creates an implicit critique of that division between centre and periphery. How can we, he surreptitiously asks, get to that centre if we are unsure quite where or what it is? The process of subtly critiquing that supposed division—in which Brazil came to desire to be like the imagined centre—involves a critique of his own society and his own city. The urban changes, the political upheaval, and the ideology of progress and change are all within his ironic gaze. As Antonio Candido said about Machado, "in inverse ratio to the elegance and discretion of his prose, to his humorous yet academic tone, the attentive reader will find the most disconcerting surprises" in his narratives, whereby what is at stake is not quite as it seems. It is with this in mind that somehow separating a "local Machado" versus a "universal Machado" is a redundant contrast in what Candido calls his "almost timeless enchantment."[5] Likewise, establishing a distinction between the so-called centre and periphery also comes across as a futile task for Machado; the indefinable centre exists as a continual projection of the Brazilian periphery, a self-perpetuating desire to achieve something that does not exist in tangible form. With that relationship in mind, the two elements (the imaginary centre and lived reality) constantly interact and intermingle in a productive, dynamic whole in which Rio's supposed peripherality is defined by questions of time, space, and character. With that framework in mind, it is no surprise that a sense of absence and nostalgic lament define Machado's works.

With reference also to Candido's words, when, in *Quincas Borba*, there is a scene when a poor woman is sitting weeping next to her still-burning cottage and a drunken man approaches, asking if he can light his cigar in the flames, we might sense that the moral of the story concerns the notion of individualism and our propensity to think about ourselves over others. Machado takes it further: the drunkard pays due diligence regarding "the principle of property—to the point of not lighting his cigar without first asking permission of the owner of the ruins."[6] As such, with Machado (and his subtly crafted critique) we are not sure what is at stake; it is not directly or obviously casting judgement, but rather a subtle observation, in this case, perhaps, regarding individualism, property, (moral) principle, or something else, in an intimate observation of character. As has been widely suggested, his satire and irony transcends local boundaries, a wise social critique that is laden

with a sense of melancholy. It is for this ironic and insightful humanism that readers continue to be drawn to him.

What if we take that notion and apply it to his city? He does not descriptively embellish the city; instead, time and nostalgia—themes that serve to critique the dominant ideologies—come through as central features, particularly in Machado's last novel. In *Memorial de Aires*, we are again not quite sure what precisely is at stake, but we do see Machado's city emerge as one that has a complex relationship with time and where the binary of centre and periphery, and of progress, is spotlighted by what H.U. Gumbrecht calls "the beautiful form of sadness."[7] Temporal and spatial remoteness define the work. The melancholy of Aguiar, Carmo, and Aires, and of Rio more broadly, identifies a certain decentred lament and nostalgia as a constituent part of happiness and historical identity, which is related to the sense of longing, generated by the passing of that time, by memory, by the coming together of two worlds (the "old" and the "new"), and by the projection of progress. It is within that subtle dialogue that Machado voiced *Memorial de Aires.*

We learn all of this from Aires' perspective. He writes about the younger couple and the Aguiars as a way of existing with his solitude in old age, expressing himself through his journal. Machado chose the form of the journal as a way of portraying the emotions and reflections of his old narrator Aires, a purposefully subjective and memorializing form, which highlights the nostalgic nature of Machado's piece. In other words, the journal allows for the narrator, through Machado, to indulge selectively in reflections on (only) certain aspects of the past whilst also choosing not to say certain things and to project about what could have been. Absence (in the present) is again vital, and it is mediated by nostalgia. The journal, in and of itself, is fundamentally fragmented: it is a series of not necessarily flowing entries. Machado plays with that idea, as well as the fact that a journal is also reflective and subjective, a form of literature that is often thought of as private. Reading it in that way, time—and most manifestly the passing of time in history—permeates in *Memorial de Aires*, a novel defined by nostalgia.

Looking Back at History

Reviewing the historical contexts that underwrite both the setting of *Memorial de Aires* (the 1888–9 period) and the writing of it (the 1906–8 period) allows for a clearer understanding of the profound temporal aspect in Machado's last masterpiece. The novel was written at a time of intense

modernization in Rio de Janeiro when the city was being urbanized and remodelled following Pereira Passos' tenure as mayor. Yet, Machado writes a story where nostalgia, old age, and historical reflection are the key features, where old people stay and young people leave, all within a framework defined by absence. There is no speed of progress and no movement to the future.

Aires, his narrator, arrived back in Rio in 1888 after more than 30 years as a diplomat living in various places abroad. When Aires left the city, in the 1850s, it was a different place. Rio was the capital of the Empire of Brazil, a representative parliamentary constitutional monarchy, which basically saw only two rulers, Dom Pedro I and then Dom Pedro II, both part of the House of Braganza. When, in the narrative, Aires takes a trip, he goes to Petrópolis (where the Imperial Palace was) and stays in the Hotel Bragança, as if to reaffirm the ongoing presence of colonial and imperial history. That history, he nostalgically recalls through Aires, is very much still there, whether we like it or not. Machado, even more than Aires, lived through a transitional period in Brazil—particularly 1889—and reflected on that moment and the time surrounding it through his protagonist Aires by situating him in that period. Steeping in that history and nostalgia defines Aires and his journal, a gesture far removed from the ideologies of progress that Machado knew so well.

Emperor Dom Pedro II oversaw a period of prosperity and stability, particularly in the later 1800s and before the 1889 revolution, having inherited an Empire in a state of disarray as a child in 1831. Political stability and economic growth, through railroad, telegraph, and trade developments, allowed Brazil to emerge as a hemispheric power, as did success in wars against Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay. Throughout his rule, slavery (and its abolition) remained a delicate subject, and whilst he wanted to abolish it (and he took measures in the 1850s and 1870s to reduce it), it was problematic openly to advocate abolition. Friction developed between (military) republicans—often linked to large landowners—and the monarchy. It was not until 1888 that slavery was fully and conclusively abolished with the *Lei Áurea* (the "Golden Law"), to the chagrin of the republicans.

The law unsettled plantation owners and much of the conservative upper class who were instrumental in the *coup d'état* the following year, which would establish the Brazilian Republic. These republican groups and other anti-abolitionists pressured military generals to seize the moment and rupture with the past in 1889. Dom Pedro II did not oppose the coup and did not support any attempt to restore the monarchy afterwards, and he was

exiled. This 1888–9 period, then, marked a fundamental shift between the "old" and "new" Brazil, with implications on social, cultural, political, and economic levels. It was also with the new republic that an ideology of "progress" emerged as a dominant discourse; Brazil must move forward into the future as a modern and developed republic, the theory went. Machado, whilst not overtly political, was an incredible observer. He encapsulates the atmosphere of *his* city and opens up a productive reading of Rio de Janeiro in its late imperial and early modern history.

A supporter of the monarchy, and having worked for the government, Machado was a critical observer of his country's supposed "progress." In his narrative, Aires, who left Brazil as the country began a period of impressive growth and sustainability, would return and write his journal in the midst of that shift between two worlds. Machado contrasts characterizations of the young generation—the active, alive, and influential existence of Tristão and Fidélia who marry and move to Portugal—versus the stoic, reflective older generation. He also presents the text from the perspective of a symbol of the old world and older man, Aires, reflecting on his life and times. It becomes, then, a narrative of absence and of nostalgia. Times were very much changing, a clear intersection and tension between past, present, and future, a temporal landscape in which Machado explicitly chose to locate his work after the relative stability of the previous 30 years of the monarchy. Following 1889, the relationship with time in Brazil, and particularly Rio, would not be the same, and aspirations for something "other," based on projections and emulations and defined by absence as a historical condition of identity, came to dominate.

Machado had also lived through this change and seen how the ideals of the republic were manifested in a series of unsatisfactory governments. These early years of "progress" were defined by minimal democratic representation, widespread *coronelismo* (patronage politics characterized by military rule), and a series of authoritarian leaders who drew extensive influence from the military and landed oligarchs. It was known as the "*café com leite*" ("coffee with milk") way of doing business, focused on agriculture and landholders who sought to get rich from the growing republic.[8] This was the "First Brazilian Republic" (also known later as the "Old Republic") of 1889–1930, essentially run by oligarchs and fronted up by military governments. This period also witnessed the development of a more city-centric urban consciousness, which saw floods of people arriving in Brazil's cities from rural areas and from abroad. Rio, as the capital, underwent the nation's first extensive urban modernization in the republic under

mayor Pereira Passos and the (slightly more stable, legitimate, and interventionist) governments of Rodrigues Alves and Afonso Pena (1902–9), which Machado witnessed first-hand. It fundamentally changed Machado's city, which was now home to a burgeoning population as the first favelas emerged and the old Empire faded from memory as emulatory urban aesthetics concretely manifested the capital's supposed progress. As such, Machado writes *Memorial de Aires* as a double reflection on both his situation around the time of penning it and on the context of the previous 60 years of Carioca history, including the tumultuous 1889 moment, and since the moment Aires left in the 1850s. Here, implicitly, the narrative starts.

That whole history, nonetheless, is only a bystander in the work. In typical Machadian style, the focus is not on plot or geographical and historical setting, but, instead, on characters and his subtle construction and critique of society. Only in passing does he reference historical context in *Memorial de Aires*, but it is latent throughout as a backdrop. Instead, Machado's meditation on Rio de Janeiro at a point when supposedly it was becoming modern in 1888–9 comes from an old man towards the end of his life. The abolition of slavery, in the most important moment in this period of Brazilian history takes place a short way into the story:

> *7 May* Today the Ministry presented their proposal of abolition to the Chamber. It is abolition pure and simple, and they say that within a few days it will be law
> *13 May*: It's law at last. I never was, neither would my official position allow me to be, an open advocate of abolition, but I confess to feeling enormous pleasure when I heard of the final vote in the Senate and the Regent's sanction. I was in the Rua do Ouvidor, where there were celebrations and a great tumult.[9]

The word slavery is not mentioned, but the reference to it by Aires represents the most substantial historical localization in the work. The novel finishes a couple of months before the overthrow of the monarchy, with the last dated entry on 30 August and the revolution happening on 17 November 1889. Between the confirmation of abolition and the end of the novel, the historical circumstances take a sub-textual position in a narrative about social, political, and cultural changes in a foundational moment of the new, modern Brazil, which Machado explores through Aires. Ending the narrative *before* the coup explicitly avoids a historical commentary or even mentioning it; instead, by locating the narrative at this juncture and through the eyes of this old man, the delicacy of his literary technique tells a story

about the passing of time, age, change, and memory, with the faint, but fundamental, backdrop of the past lingering with intent in the background. The presence of history and nostalgia is vital and purposeful as it shapes the narrative and provides the subtle social realism of Machado's piece.

The scholar John Gledson has written that "as far as the plot is concerned, there seems no real reason for Machado to have set his novel in 1888–9. Though the significance of the period could hardly be lost to the reader … history seems to have little to do with the plot."[10] As he goes on to say, and as I mentioned, the abolition of slavery and impending transition to republic, as well as the developments in the 1900s, do not form key events in the novel. They do, however, play a subtle, integral role in the plot, as they provide the clear temporal pivots for Machado's acute observations. There is actually a very clear reason to set the novel when he does and to plot it how he does. If, as Gledson concludes, "Machado's most polite, measured, sober novel is his most unrelentingly pessimistic—his final condemnation of his time and lament for the country in whose existence as a nation he hardly believed," then his nostalgic and melancholic vision of Rio plays a key role in form, content, and plot, which are parts of a complex temporal layering, inclusive of when he wrote it, set it, and the time before, in-between, and after.[11] It is as much a "condemnation" as it is a subtle and ironic reflective observation on the process of history and the relationship to time that is a fundamental aspect of his city's identity.

Melancholy Through Narrative Form

Aires and the Aguiars, his elderly and only friends, are symbols of the monarchy, the old guard left behind in Rio, a city on the brink of change. The younger, more vibrant couple, Tristão and Fidélia, leave the city, and it is through the dynamic between the two generations that Machado constructs a nostalgic and melancholic atmosphere. However, the young couple are not, as might be expected, symbols of the young vibrant future for Brazil and the Brazilian Republic that the year 1889 supposedly marked. Rather, they are symbols of absence. They leave on the brink of that change, and are not given voice in Machado's work. The older generation see Tristão and Fidélia, and they seem to live their lives, as if vicariously, through the comparatively unpresent younger couple. As such, the younger generation creates the nostalgia for what could have been, for looking back on life, in the older characters. In addition, if the younger couple represent the future of the country, then the fact that Machado

barely gives them voice—and that they choose to leave this country on the brink of modernizing change—is telling. Perhaps, it was not such a rupture after all.

When Machado wrote the novel in 1908, not only did he choose to voice it through one of the old guard but he also authored the departure of the young couple to better things abroad in Portugal, a return "home," back to the "centre," and away from the perpetual Brazilian "periphery." Machado explores this ever-present dynamic to critique the fundamentals of the "modern" republic. Both in 1889—on the brink of revolution and republic—and in 1908—during intense modernization and its belle-époque—it is a place of *saudades*, beautiful sadness, and of being outdated, despite the impending revolution and subsequent rhetoric of progress. It is, in both cases, remote and defined by outdatedness and decadence. Machado establishes this trait as a fundamental part of the city's identity.

Machado creates, therefore, a situation in which Rio comes across as inherently and identifiably peripheral in its space and time, seemingly far from the centre and permeated by a nostalgic reflection on the past and projections of what "could have been" by the older protagonists. In the novel, the Aguiars have an unfulfilled desire for children, and Aires harbours an impossible desire for Fidélia. By voicing the story through Aires, Machado—himself an old man looking back on life and soon to die—constructs a strong critique of a city. Here we have, he is telling us, a society that is pulled forwards and backwards. Forward by the dominant notions of progress, change, and the future in sociopolitical rhetoric, and backwards by nostalgia, memory, and reflection as fundamental character traits of identity and the Brazilian personality. On that temporal landscape, the city's identity is dislocated from the present in its sense of incompleteness and temporal and geographic remoteness.

A fundamental example from the text illustrates the complex temporality that Machado constructs. In the novel's closing lines, narrated in the final, undated journal entry when he sees the Aguiars, Aires writes: "As I passed through the gate into the street I saw on their faces and in their attitude an expression which I find it impossible to describe. This is what it seemed to me: they were trying to smile, but barely succeeded in comforting each other. Memories were their only consolation."[12] In Portuguese, however, the final line is much more complex and nuanced, as H.U. Gumbrecht has noted. In English, Gumbrecht translates it as "Through the door onto the street, I saw, in their faces and movements, an expression for which I can find no fitting expression. I

can only say how the scene affected me. It was as if they wanted to smile but could not console themselves. What consoled them instead was the nostalgic recollection of their own lives."[13] The words, in the original, are "*consolava-os a saudade de si mesmos*," which could be translated literally as "their own loneliness and nostalgia was what comforted them," where once again *saudade* appears as an untranslatable term but one which projects a complex temporality onto the situation. Gumbrecht takes a more complex meaning of the final words and reaches an understanding of it as an existential paradox, which is replete with history, memory, and remembrance within the intimate space of a confused present: "what gave them comfort was the realization that their selves and their lives were lost forever," in a deep and fundamental absence.[14] This beautiful lament, aesthetically manifested as decadence, is part of the Carioca personality.

In whichever way we read it or translate it, the nostalgic impulse is clear. But, as Pedro Meira Monteiro says, "it is not just about what happened, what came before, or about longing for times past. It is the speed of the impressions that Aires talks about and, through that, the old society that he reports, which is paradoxically present in the ruins of time."[15] It is not just about looking back; it is about speed and presentness. The temporal layering, purposefully manifested, is vital in *Memorial de Aires*. It comes across as a literary technique in which nostalgia and *saudade* are, in fact, fundamental, defining features of the present—both for what has been (past) and what could be (the future), again invoking Librandi-Rocha's temporality of *saudade* we saw in Part I. The "ruins of time," therefore, emerge as not only Aires' present, but also that to which Machado—and Rio, in perpetuity—belong. The passing of time in both 1889 and 1908 and ever since are marked by an increased "speed" of that post-1889 time, the accelerated confluence of past, present, and future on the altered temporal landscape in which nostalgia became fundamental. The combination of the "ruins of time" and the republican discourses of progress marked, and continue to mark, the city—a tension that Machado keenly observed and that remains relevant. Through his slow pacing of the work, and with the lack of any major plot, Machado undermines those discourses of speed and change.

A defining presence of memory and the past—how it was to be young, a melancholy of what could have been, a sense of powerlessness about the passing of time and old age—comes after the marriage of Tristão and Fidélia and their departure from Rio. It leaves absence and only the elderly Aires

and the Aguiars in the frame, looking back on their lives, both collectively and individually. Counter-intuitively, though, the pain felt by the characters and conveyed by Aires is something beautiful and, indeed, integral to their existence. It is not to be seen in a negative light or to be erased—an impossible task. Rather, Machado recognizes it as a fundamental aspect of existence in which nostalgia and a melancholic appropriation of it plays a defining role. As such, it is not an abnormal aspect, an anomaly, rather it is a Brazilian condition that Machado explores through his characterizations and which can be transplanted as an observation on his nation's capital city and its distinct temporality.

Nostalgia, in this sense, is defining on at least three levels. Firstly, the Aguiars simply have nothing left in their lives except for reflecting on and thinking about the past and their life story. Secondly, Aires reflects on this by authoring it in his journal, a process which involves not only seeing the Aguiars and capturing their moment (as, perhaps, an omniscient narrator would), but also then—one imagines—returning home to subjectively author it as the fictional narrator who controls what he writes. He is remembering and writing down what he saw through memory. That is, what we read on the page, authored by Machado's hand, has passed through a filtering and authoring process by our narrator, Aires, who has "seen" and then "thought about" what he will then convey in his journal, what to include, what to take out, and how to write it. It is a remarkable literary technique and form that Machado employs and absolutely fundamental to the text and its temporal vision. Thirdly, whilst there is nothing ostensibly autobiographical about the content of *Memorial de Aires*, in terms of form and approach, there is a presence of (nostalgic) memory and a sense of the past—and the passing of time—in the text for the author. Machado was an old man, who had lost his wife Carolina at the time of writing (she died in 1904), and Machado would die the same year as the book's publication (1908), having written it entirely in 1907.[16] Thus, in the author's voice and choice of approach to the novel's form, there is a sense of extra-textual reflection in which Machado also looks at his life, the changes in his city, and his existence in a nostalgic, and temporally complex, impulse. Looking at some more examples from the text will serve to make these intuitions more apparent.

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Machado implicitly reflects on his choice for structuring the novel as a series of journal entries by drawing attention to its form and its inherent fictional subjectivity. Indeed, Aires calls himself out on it: "If I were writing a novel I would omit the pages referring to the 12th and 22nd of this month. In a novel such coincidences would not be allowed."[17] Then, shortly after, the selectivity of memory is highlighted: "today being my birthday I shall not leave the house. Today makes me sixty… don't write the whole figure, dear old chap … don't write everything, dear friend," even though (in form) it is a private journal reflection.[18] Machado purposefully highlights the deep subjectivity and authorship on Aires' part, a selectivity that relies on absence and omissions. What we have, then, is a narrator who tells the story of his return to, and reintegration with, Rio de Janeiro, a retired diplomat who is "alone, completely alone," his wife "lying beneath the earth in a Viennese graveyard," and with no children: "Most of my time was spent in different countries overseas. I imagined I would end up not being able to accustom myself to life here again. But I did. To be sure, I often think of distant friends and places, customs and pastimes, but I can't say I miss them. Here is where I am; here I live, and here I shall die."[19]

His solitude is symbolic of an existential remoteness. He "thinks" about his friends, but their absence does not constitute him "missing" them. His nostalgia fundamentally gestures not only to the past but also to the future, with solitude playing a key role. Carmo and Aguiar at least have each other and their "replacement children." He, on the other hand, has a dead wife, and children who never "emerged from non-existence."[20] What unites both the Aguiars *and* Aires, however, is their nostalgia and the sense of (beautiful) sadness, a longing and absence for *something* that defines them, whether that looks to the past or the future, or—as my thesis goes—to a complex conjunction of the two in a temporality defined by nostalgia. Machado saw this as a trait that was relevant in his city and chose to express it through Aires. Why, then, would Machado choose to voice his story in that manner and through such a narrator?

If we look a little closer at the principal characters in the story, we see that there is a clear generational gap, reflecting on a changing history in the city. There are two younger and more interesting characters in Fidélia and Tristão, and, indeed, the plot of Machado's work revolves around them. The Aguiars' "replacement children," having had none themselves (just like the Machados and Aires), end up marrying each other and leaving Rio. Tristão and Fidélia are the main characters, the location of

the action, and the source of the Aguiars' and Aires' last happiness and connection. The story, however, is not told from the perspective of that younger generation. Instead, we have an unreliable, subjective narrator, who recounts the events that he is involved in, such as the dinner at the Aguiars when he first sees Fidélia, or bumping into Tristão on the Rua do Ouvidor, on a semi-frequent basis.

More pertinently, sometimes Aires writes even though he has nothing to write about, highlighting the purposeful absence of action or plot that Machado constructed in his temporal landscape, in which absence or remoteness, and the nostalgia associated with it, is precisely the point:

> *13 July.* Seven days without writing a single word, fact or observation, or I should say eight days, since today I still have nothing worthy of note. I'm only writing this so as not to lose the habit. It's not a bad habit to note down what one thinks and sees, and to do so even when you think and see nothing at all.[21]

The entry ends there, and it is five days until he returns to his journal. Memory and reflection are the only consolation and they are vital parts of his expression and contemporary existence, even if they are defined by what "is not." That nostalgia, and how he incorporates it into a present in which he has not seen or thought anything at all, permeates in Aires' reflections, which he conveys through writing. Moreover, the city and his existence there, in Rio, both now and in the past (we hear nothing about his time abroad, except that his wife is dead and that he travelled significantly), permits that sense of indulgence in a melancholy and nostalgia for another time. It is fundamentally reflective and infused with a sense of *saudades*.

The choice of form by Machado evokes Flaubert, in the sense of writing a "book about nothing;" that is, a novel that does not need plot or implications on reality as a driving force. However, as Gumbrecht notes, what was more an aesthetic challenge for Flaubert is different for Machado: "Aires seems to recommend that regular writing—even writing about nothing and without a clear direction (as if one were wandering)—can give our existence a form."[22] We can take this a step further. Memorialization and absence emerge as a trope and fundamental element of form in *Memorial de Aires* (and, for that matter, in *The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas*), converting the presence and power of passing time and memory into a feature of the work's apparent realism.[23] In other words, its purposeful

distance from the "realistic action"—easier to formulate in the descriptive and narrative sense—and the employment of the journal as recollective form, serve to highlight the importance of nostalgia, defined by absence, in Machado's Brazilian (and particularly carioca) realism.

As such, rather than choose a third-person narrator or to write it in a journal form from either Tristão's or Fidélia's perspective, he prescriptively wrote it from Aires' viewpoint. The central elements of the plot occur outside of his journal entries and outside of his gaze. It is really a work about Tristão and Fidélia, their coming together, Tristão's professional development, their marriage, and their departure; in reality, however, it is a book about "nothing." Absence and incompleteness are forms of existence. Aires lives through the younger characters, and the events of their lives become defining aspects of his life; indeed, rather than dating the entry prior to *their* departure (not his) in a regular way, he dates it as the "eve of embarkation."[24] Their actions shape his life and his story. But, we are at a narrative distance and what we have on the page is a journal that separates the reader from those events and historicizes them. The work is much less about its plot and much more about its contexts and characterizations and their complex temporality.

The gesture of giving voice to the older, less interesting character has implications for the content, but that is precisely the point. Moreover, what we could call the "plot" (or absence of it) is brought into clearer relief precisely because of the historical situation that Machado chooses in 1888–9 when the distinction between new and old comes into clearer relief. We do not see any particular action in *Memorial de Aires*. Again, that is precisely the point. It is a work about age, reflection, memory, and looking back on the past and thinking of the future, with a sense of melancholic nostalgia in contrast to the sense of change, upheaval, and "newness" that permeated in Rio in 1888–9 and 1908, in which discourses of progress and reinvention were deeply present. The only latent love interest of Aires, Fidélia, goes unrequited and almost not admitted even in the journal, leaving him and the reader with a sense of "what could have been" had Aires been 30 years younger. The passing of time, and the production of *saudades* associated with that process, emerge as the defining features in Machado's forming of this work.

As such, plot might seem to take a secondary position in this story. However, if we take the plot and the action of the novel to be Tristão and Fidélia's courting and marriage, then it remains the backbone of the work, but one subtly manifested through Machado's treatment of it. By

writing at a distance from the action, Machado creates a novel about, and defined by, absence, which, in turn, becomes its own plot. There are clues in the text such as the incipient relationship between Tristão and Fidélia, their marriage, and departure that marks the end of the work, much as it would if the story were told from their perspective. But, rather than that, Machado makes the journal entries become vague and lacklustre, defiantly and purposefully inconclusive, before eventually petering out with a final, undated reflection that encapsulates both Aires' emotional sensibility and that of the Aguiars. Remember the closing lines, when, for the Aguiars, "their own loneliness and nostalgia was what comforted them," where *saudade*—a complex form of absence, melancholy, memory, and projection—is that which expresses the consolation. It is that with which we, the readers, are left at the end of the work. Barely any plot or action in the book about nothing, and yet we get a feeling of *saudades*. When the young couple, representative of a new generation and of the perpetually projected "centre," depart, there is no more journal and no more life. The final scene for the remaining characters is one of a beautiful sadness, as Gumbrecht has it, where a sense of nostalgia for both the past and future is simply a fundamental constituent in existence and all that remains for Machado and for the reader. All this nostalgic otherness finds its home deep in Rio de Janeiro. The city that Machado had known his whole life was changing, and the elderly author accompanied these changes towards the end of his life, writing this book as his last creative work. From the author's position, the book also represents a nod towards, and a reflection on, the changing ambience of the city around him, framed by nostalgic memories and projections.

An Observer of the Times

Rio, the capital and the nation's most important city, was the heartland of changes in Brazil post-1889. Machado witnessed those changes first-hand, and the city served as the (changing) backdrop for Machado's life and his stories. He lived in, and very rarely left Rio, his whole life. It is also worth noting that four of his five commonly accepted masterpiece novels, with the exception of *The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas* (1881), were published post-1889. These also were his most ironic, satirical, subtly complex, and ostensibly realist works, constituting what is typically considered "Machadian" style. As in the case of an obvious plot, extensive description of the setting and the city rarely ever appears in Machado; that is not, after

all, his style. Rather, through his delicate characterizations, often pertaining to the social realm, we get a *feeling* for the city whose presence is notable throughout his writing. The subtle (and undescriptive) treatment of Rio's landscape, and voicing that historical moment through old Aires, served to avoid a more obvious and technically lacklustre realist portrayal of a city in transition, which would, most likely, be a more straightforward, but less rewarding, work to read. This is confirmed by the (sometimes painfully) slow development of the narrative in which not much happens, as though time is meandering to its inevitable conclusion for the Aguiars and Aires. But that is precisely the point.

Machado, in typical style, wonderfully captures the essence of the temporal tension of the moment:

> *30 June*. I went to the Aguiars', where we were talking neither about the past, nor the present, but only about the future. At the end of the evening I noticed that everyone was talking except the newlyweds, who, after a few desultory words, simply whispered and muttered among themselves.[25]

All that is left is for the future to be talked about and dreamed of in a way that will never come to be, relating to both the impending end of the Empire—that with no future—and, more pertinently, to the emergent discourses of urban progress that Machado critiques. The older, melancholic, and nostalgic characters are the only ones to talk of the future, and paradoxically it is the younger characters—those never given voice—who negate talk of the future and who end up abroad, away from Rio. Despite this, it is them, more than anyone, who represent the future and "progress" of this soon-to-be-modern nation that Machado knew so well. Nothing is ever quite as it seems with Machado, and so it proves again as he constructs a complex portrayal of the Marvellous City and its constant transitions.

The setting of the story, mostly in Catete and Flamengo around the central Rua do Ouvidor, had changed little since Aires' fictional departure in the 1850s until the start of the narrative. His absence represented one of the most stable, wealthy periods in the city's history. On his return in 1887 (on 9 January 1888, he writes "Fancy that, it's exactly a year to the day since my return from Europe," in the work's opening lines), the city is about to witness abolition, and then a revolution, which would completely change the city. Moreover, when Machado, who himself had experienced those changes, writes about them, the urban space has already

changed fundamentally through the urban developments and modernizations under Pereira Passos. The old imperial city was almost left behind.

This period was Brazil's first gesture of "progress," as the new flag would have it, but, vitally, Machado sets his action in the *most* historical and oldest part of the city. It represents a sort of tacit recognition of a specific, but increasingly, distant past and its pertinence in his life, his narrative, and the city more broadly. Rua do Ouvidor, one of the oldest thoroughfares in the city, is the place in the narrative to bump into people and a place to talk. When Machado wrote *Memorial de Aires*, it was already a street representative of the past, superseded in importance and in decline, a symbol of the old city and the Empire, with abandoned newspaper offices and the bustling population now frequenting newer, wider, and more modern avenues and areas of the city. The old city, then, lives on in Machado's nostalgic narrative.

When eventually Tristão and Fidélia do leave, for their future out of the Brazilian periphery, it seems to be forever. His election to a political post in Portugal is assured, and he asked his Rio "parents" to accompany him. Vitally, they refuse to leave, "waiting for their [Tristão and Fidélia's] return."[26] Whether they ever will or not is unclear, something that Machado purposefully leaves unanswered as the Aguiars live out the rest of their days in hope and beautiful sadness. As Tristão describes, "in life the unexpected happens, and we are pulled one way and the other…," with the ellipsis being delicately and delightfully included as Tristão's final gesture in the narrative. Rio and its characters are left to live their lives, defined by absence and nostalgia, in a perpetually incomplete present torn between a nostalgic past and the promised future in that city on the periphery.

If *Memorial de Aires* is not the "malpractice of an elderly writer," but rather, as Pedro Meira Monteiro writes, "a survey of a confident, ambitious time that did not realize that the promises made could never be fulfilled," then Rio de Janeiro emerges through Machado's astute observations as a temporally complex space in which the future remains, by nature, out of reach.[27] Indeed, the "failure of these promises is, for all intents and purposes, the failure of our future," as Monteiro writes.[28] But it is not a "failure," as such, as that presupposes a future that could be achieved. Rather, that future, under the guise of republican ideology and continuing up to the present day, is out of reach according to its premise and definition, a projection of aspiration that lends itself as an integral part of post-1889 Carioca identity, in which nostalgia occupies a central position. It was that

nuanced temporality that Machado conveyed, and it is within that complex temporality that we can feel the atmosphere of decadence.

In one long entry, Aires recounts a trip he takes to Petrópolis, the home of the imperial palace. On the way there on the ferry, he meets his estranged friend Judge Campos, who talks with Aires and helps him forget his bad mood through their talk of old times, even though their "different lives have completed the work of time and separation [*ausência*]." During their journey over land and sea, the two "managed to straighten the old ties" through nostalgic recollection of their school days together, "sufficient to enable us to forget our old age for a while." When they get off the ferry and catch the train up to Petrópolis, their perspectives diverge regarding the new technology—the train—that defines their experience in the present. Aires is nostalgic for the old times even in this brand-new train, something that his friend—symbolic of progress and the speed of modernity—does not share: "I confessed that I liked it better when we made the trip in carriages drawn by mules, one behind the other, not for the sake of the vehicle itself, but because of the glorious views of the sea and the city that were gradually unfolded far below. The train carries you up in one frantic rush right to Petrópolis station," which Campos sees as its best feature: "'Think of the time we save,'" he says to Aires.

After their disagreement, Aires changes the subject—to "progress," of all things—so that they "both arrived highly pleased with ourselves in the highland city." Aires finds comfort and solace in the presence of an old friend, where the chatter—and Aires' recollection of it in the journal—always seems to swing to the past: "Referring to the old days, I mentioned the Aguiars and that Rita had told me he knew them well when they were both young. I said I considered them a perfect example of a happily married couple … He could talk of nothing but the Aguiars. I listened patiently because after his first few words I began to take an interest, and the Judge himself is an agreeable speaker." On their catching up during a stroll after dinner at their hotel, the Bragança, Machado, through Aires, teases us, leaving unsaid what Campos tells him despite his interest being piqued, and plays with the journal form: "But it is too late to record what he said. I'll leave it for another day when the first impression has passed and my memory will have retained only the essentials."[29] This long entry in the fictional journal quintessentially encapsulates the form, characterizations, and temporal complexity—that coming together of past and future in creating a layered and perpetually "in progress" present—that define Machado's last work and post-1889 Rio de Janeiro.

Aires is an unreliable narrator who leaves the reader hanging and who lets his own memory impact what he writes and conveys to the reader of his journal; it is deeply subjective. Nostalgia, and thinking about what is worthwhile "retaining" in the journal for the old man, is, firstly, precisely the memory of what he once was, and, secondly, and most vitally, of what could have been. The novel serves as an intimate snapshot of one character that the sharp-eyed Machado constructed to paint a larger social picture of Rio. This brief interaction between Campos and Aires, two contrasting, but similarly nostalgic, figures, encapsulates the elements at play in the temporal landscape of Machado's city. Time, absence, memory, reflection, colonial and imperial past, the future, and progress create a counter-discursive and complexly layered image of the present city, for both Aires and Machado, in which death is the only element that is not absent. It is all that remains. The emotive state of "beautiful sadness" extends its reach far beyond this novel and into the cultural identity of Rio de Janeiro.

Lima Barreto: Dreaming of the Future in a Tragic Present

Whereas Machado's fictional memoir takes us until a few months before the coup that deposed the monarchy in favour of the republic, Lima Barreto's novel *Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* is set in the aftermath of that moment. The story pivots around another notable historical event: the Naval Revolt of 1893, in which the government, particularly in Rio, came under attack by the Brazilian Navy. The country lurched close to civil war. Barreto conveys the rupture from "old" to "new" in 1889 as a problematic transition centred on Rio; the city exists in a confused and contested state, which Barreto portrays in a satirical and critical way. That said, it is not simply a parodic portrayal of a moment of transition. Rather, it is a broader observation by Barreto on how the relationship to time changed in Rio de Janeiro post-1889.

Barreto constructs his protagonist, Quaresma, as an idealistic, naïve, middle-class older man nearing retirement, who imagines and projects Brazil as a bountiful and productive nation. It is, to the protagonist's eyes, full of potential. Quaresma's desires, however, remain unfulfilled as they sought fundamental change in the running of a nation that had not, contrary to the rhetoric, moved any closer to a utopic and ideal future. Quaresma, meanwhile, firmly and steadfastly believes in the new republican government and in the possibility and potential for the future, which lends

his existence a tragic hue. In contrast to Machado's tone of subtle irony and playful form, Barreto—battling depression, alcoholism, and criticism, leading to his being interned later in his young life (he died in 1922)—writes a simple third-person narration that is laden with bitter, tragic satire. It is a critique of its hapless, idealistic protagonist and his stage. This is what "progress" *really* looks like, Barreto tells us. Fundamentally, Quaresma's life is defined by a sense of nostalgia for something that is absent, be that a time that has now passed—he is a big fan of indigenous culture, for example—or a potential future that he imagines. Both gestures are dislocated from the contemporary context of the First Republic that Barreto knew so well. It is as though Quaresma's life in the novel is a fiction in itself.

Like Machado, Barreto fictionally reappropriates a moment from his living memory. He also creates a distinct critique of both that moment and the city as he finds it when he writes the work. First published as a novel in 1915, it appeared serialized in the *Jornal do Commercio* in late 1911. The projected ideologies and progress, modernization, and change in that extended period, between the 1890s and the 1910s, contrast with Barreto's deep, parodying critique. Set in the early 1890s, the three sections of the novel each end with a tragic element in which the naively hopeful protagonist emerges as a total failure. Policarpo Quaresma is a lover of his patria and dreams of a proud and powerful nation that draws more exclusively on its own land and culture for its self-identification. Let us find the great future for our nation, he implies, given that there is such great potential. It does not, however, work out well.

At the end of the first section, situated shortly after the proclamation of the republic, he ends up in an asylum for trying to change the national language to Tupi. At the end of the second, having tried the rural life as a farmer aiming to reap all that the Brazilian land has to offer, he emerges in failure. He does not understand why, especially as the land is so fertile. The narrator informs us that, really, he knows nothing about farming. At the end of the third section, the work's finale in the aftermath of the Brazilian Naval Revolt in 1893, he is ignominiously executed for treason due to military wrongdoing. After returning to the capital, following his failure in the fields, he goes to serve the republican government and falls out of favour with the military. He is killed by the nation that he blindly supported and believed in, a nation that seems to ridicule him throughout the novel.

Quaresma is broadly disillusioned with how life is in the Brazilian republic in the sense that he wants it to change. Rather than using an overtly negative or critical approach, Barreto constructs Quaresma as

blindly idealistic; he believes in the nation and what is possible. Each of the three sections of the novel represents one area of change that Quaresma imagines: culture, agriculture, and politics. Through his failed exploits, Quaresma persists as an individual who always hopes for, and projects, a better future, which ultimately does not materialize. Quaresma, a naïve, perhaps unrealistic, protagonist comes across as being defined by a nostalgic imagining and hope for something better; there is a sensation of *what could be* or *what could have been* in the novel, in which the present emerges as an incomplete, decaying space and time. Written by Barreto in the aftermath of intense modernization in Rio in the first decade of the twentieth century, and after the first 20 years of the republic, his satirical story paints a historical picture of Rio defined by tragic unfulfilment and the sensation of unrealized potential, the dream and projection of "something better" now and into the future. Three aspects from the work highlight that idea: firstly, Quaresma's character and his downfall; secondly, the way in which time and fiction interact in Barreto's story; and, thirdly, how the city of Rio de Janeiro is portrayed as a temporally complex city.

Three Stories of Unfulfilment

Quaresma, a misanthrope and somewhat anti-social elderly man, lives by his routine. He works as an undersecretary in the military barracks in central Rio de Janeiro, taking the same tram home to the suburbs at the same time every day, leading a quiet life living with his sister Dona Adelaide. He starts to take guitar lessons at home with Ricardo Coração dos Outros, "Richard, Heart of Others," a teacher and balladeer, who becomes Quaresma's closest and most faithful friend. His neighbours, through the distant third-person narrator, comment that it is not a particularly respectable pastime, and they portray him as "such a serious man involved in these shenanigans [*malandragens*]."[30] The guitar, at the time, was a popular instrument associated with singing frivolous *modinhas*—popular folk songs—that are not fitting for a supposedly respectable man in a respectable suburban community and part of the early republican bourgeoisie. That gentle social critique is not picked up on by Quaresma, who, instead, points out to Ricardo that more traditional, inherently national instruments should be respected: the *maracá* and *inúbia* are "the only instruments that are truly the most national; instruments of our ancestors, those valiant people who fought and still fight to own this lovely land: the *caboclos*!"[31]

The scenes with the instruments, a dominant theme in the opening section, highlight Quaresma's character. Leaving behind the guitar, he goes in (figurative) search of Brazil's roots, mostly through reading. He is, at once, a studious man who reads and learns about Brazil through its authors, again attracting criticism from his neighbours who cannot understand why this man, with no academic title, would spend so much time reading. His bookshelves are full of works, but only works by Brazilians or about Brazil; he has everything by José de Alencar and Gonçalves Dias, archetypal figures of Romanticism and Indianism. It is through these authors, and by talking about musical instruments, that he can learn about and divulge the prospective bounty of his nation through its history. That action, at once, attracts the ridicule of his suburban, bourgeois neighbours and local bystanders, as well as fuelling his conviction that Brazil's potential future is close at hand and can be sourced from within. Having studied Brazil and her history for the last 30 years in his free time, he has decided to improve Brazilian government and society and to renationalize it, looking inwards for the future of the country. Of course, in that regard, Quaresma is disconnected from the government of his country to an extreme degree. The two broad interpretations of time and history—looking backwards and inwards for Quaresma, and forwards and outwards for the government—represent Barreto's vision of the two poles of the temporal spectrum that define Rio's urban landscape in the early republican moment. Even if they are both looking to the future, their means of getting there are very different. Quaresma's idealized view of the world is remarkably discordant.

In one moment, Quaresma writes a letter to the government requesting that Tupi, an indigenous language, becomes the official language, as Portuguese is a European import and not sufficiently nationalistic, and Tupi is more pure. He sends his letter to Congress, and somehow it comes into the public domain. Not only is the request ignored, but Quaresma is also satirized and ridiculed by the press and outcast from the (sub)urban bourgeoisie that he unequivocally occupies. Barreto creates a spectrum of extremity between Quaresma and the ruling classes he comes up against throughout the novel; the people in charge of Rio are dutifully, self-centredly ignorant of their country, whilst Quaresma is idealistically and naively aware of certain over-romanticized aspects of his country. It is along this spectrum of difference that the novel moves in creating an inherently disconnected and discordant present, which Barreto intentionally parodies. In another moment, Quaresma talks of wanting to "chop off a few kilome-

tres of the Nile" to make the Amazon River, "his river," the longest in the world.[32] When, a little later, Quaresma accidentally sends a different, official document to his Ministry in Tupi, they are not quite aware of what it is: "You cannot imagine the commotion that this thing caused there. What language was it? They consulted Dr. Rocha, the most astute man in the department, about the issue at hand. He cleaned his pince-nez, took hold of the piece of paper, turned it back and forth and upside down, and concluded that it was Greek, because of the 'yy.'"[33] They go on to check whether it is permitted for ministries and officials to communicate in a foreign language. Quaresma, who is "sweet, good, and modest," is promptly fired and declared insane, institutionalized for this misdemeanour.[34] The barbarity of the supposedly educated and modern government officials is clear to see.

His next nationalistic endeavour, in the novel's second section, is to promote the rural vitality and agricultural fertility of the great Brazil. Sometime after his release from the asylum, we find him retired and in good spirits, having left the city to buy a ranch (called "Sossego" ["peace and quiet"]) nearby: "there are so many unused fields out there," he says. "Our country has the most fertile land in all the world," he continues, before his god-daughter exposes his limited, naïve vision: "are there not, my dear godfather, fertile lands all over the world?"[35] Undeterred by the observation or by his lack of know-how, he tries to improve and promote agriculture in Brazil to spur economic growth. For Quaresma, the diverse land could be harnessed for everyone's benefit, a departure from the dominant oligarchs and from coffee farming, the mass agriculture that was vital in that period. Once more, there is a spectrum of difference, between different visions of working the land, along which Barreto takes the reader. Despite his impassioned efforts to use the land for everyone and to bring national economic growth, his plan fails—ants, invasive plants, and the weather take over. The land he wanted to cultivate ends up dominating him. Once again, neighbours and local politicians, whom he thinks of as small-minded and they of him as completely disconnected, ridicule him as eccentric, unrealistic, and crazy. The small-town mentality does not correspond with Quaresma's well-read, but naïve, ideas. He eventually abandons the property, in ruin, leaving his sister there, to return to Rio to support the president and the republican government against insurgents from the Navy.

The third section portrays the Second Naval Revolt in Rio and Quaresma's involvement. The President Floriano Peixoto (both in history and fiction) receives him on his return, and Quaresma takes the opportunity to present a document to him (not in Tupi this time) about

the difficulties and potential of Brazilian agriculture. Peixoto basically ignores it (he is "very bored" whilst listening to him and is, of course, supported by large landowners), but still placates him, calling him "a visionary" immediately after their meeting. As a result, Peixoto puts him in charge of a squadron despite Quaresma having little military experience and having been a mediocre bureaucrat his whole life.[36] Ricardo Coração dos Outros and other soldiers who had previously been forced to enlist to defend Rio join his squadron. As the Revolt takes place and is repressed, Quaresma becomes disillusioned with the realities of battle and the emptiness of politics. He sees the violence and murder that the regime commits, with him as part of it, coupled with political wrangling and brutality.

After the Revolt is suppressed, Quaresma is put in charge of a prison housing many of the rebels. A government official comes and chooses 12 of them to be executed, which irks Quaresma and inspires him to send a letter to Peixoto denouncing this act. He thinks he is exposing the situation to a president who was, perhaps, unaware of it. Peixoto, it turns out, had ordered it directly, and promptly accuses Quaresma of treason, has him arrested, sends him to prison on the Ilha das Cobras, and has him executed. Whilst in prison, reflecting on his life, Quaresma "remembered that a good hundred years ago, there, in that same place where he was, perhaps in that very same prison, other generous and illustrious men had been imprisoned for their desire to make things better in their time."[37] As such, he projects a meaning of greatness onto his endeavour, which ended, instead, in silent, lonely, and tragic death, and one which had no impact on the outcome of the revolt or the treatment of prisoners, let alone on the future of his country. He is constructed, then, as a protagonist, whose disconnectedness defines him. His potentially worthy, yet idealistic, aims are unfounded in a reality in which he is left behind, into history, as just another average, unimportant man, and who dies still thinking that he has followed his worthy aims and that Brazil could still reach its promised future. To the end, he is a dreamer.

Well-intentioned perhaps, he fails in all of his grand endeavours, and he ends up executed by the new nation that he subscribed to and which he thought of as great. Quaresma comes across as a man who is out of his own time and who longs for that other time, idealized and utopic, that has never existed but is rather a reimagining of what Brazil *could* be, based on nostalgia, and disconnected from the world around him. Executed for treason, Barreto satirically and critically casts Quaresma as an anti-hero, a tragic, romantic, and naive victim of his country in a melancholic vision of Brazilian, and particularly Carioca, society.

History and Fiction

Following the revolution in 1889, Deodoro da Fonseca, a military man, became president, but resigned under mounting pressure in 1891. The Brazilian Navy had threatened an insurgent attack as he tried to shut Congress down to bring more power to the landed oligarchs, the most important figures in the republican economy. The new republic was in crisis. Following his resignation, the Vice President, Floriano Peixoto, took the presidency amid economic and political disquiet. This disquiet was only sharpened when Peixoto did not, as the new constitution stated he should, hold democratic elections, having assumed the presidency by default and not by votes. It was not, then, a true republic, and was crippled from the outset by inefficient and unaccountable political machinations. As such, in March 1892, a total of 13 disenfranchised generals sent a letter and manifesto to Peixoto, outlining their issues with how the new republic was taking shape and making their demands for a dispersal of power, as well as highlighting that they had built up a rebel fleet ready to attack its own country. On the ground, this was the "progress," through political disunity and a distraught economy, which the republic was delivering. In his book on the "republic that never was," José Murilo de Carvalho (2005) writes that "it is no exaggeration to say that the city of Rio de Janeiro experienced, during the first decade of the republic, the most turbulent period of its history."[38]

In 1893, the *Revolta da Armada*, the Brazilian Naval Revolt, took hold, and was eventually suppressed by the government only after a prolonged fight off the coast of Rio de Janeiro, from September 1893 until March 1894. The government side, having lost the support of most of the Navy, needed to build up a new fleet and counted on the support of US warships. Ultimately, they managed to quell the revolt. After his heavy-handed and unrelenting approach, Floriano Peixoto received the name "*Marechal de Ferro,*" or "Iron Marshall." As someone who worked for the government and army, and who returned to lead a squadron, Quaresma, as a fictional character constructed by Barreto to interact with that historical event, was one of the many faces who was part of these battles and who met a tragic end as part of the new Brazilian republic.

The protagonist in Barreto's novel is another ageing and nostalgic Brazilian, as Aires was. He lived most of his life in the Empire (not Republic) of Brazil. Also like Aires, he saw that much better times lay outside of the present, that there was potential for his country to be

much better through his idealized, but unrealistic, perspective. A certain melancholy becomes, then, a transcendental trope—despite, or because of, the historical changes of the period—in these two works. Barreto's protagonist, unlike Aires, represents the notion of hope, progress, and unfulfilled potentiality in Brazil, in which the "could be" or the possibility for something "other," for the future of the country, serves as a defining feature in the post-1889 context.

Lima Barreto, a born and raised Carioca, who was nine years old when the coup happened, wrote the work in 1911 when Rio de Janeiro had urbanized extensively. Reading the work as an overt critique of the republican government, its contradictions and its bureaucracy, comes from how Barreto constructs Queresma and the relationship to time and progress that he has. In that sense, Policarpo Quaresma emerges at once as a potent embodiment and contradictory symbol of a Brazilian ideology—of progress, change, hope, and the future—that was present both when the book was set and when it was written. Quaresma, and his downfall as a character, symbolize the incompatibility of beliefs, particularly after the shift in dominant (political) philosophy following the revolution that fundamentally altered the city. He was a character who wanted radical change and believed integrally in Brazil, projecting towards a promised future. His deep nationalist ideas, however, were unwelcome in, and incompatible with, a political and social atmosphere that had some of the same aims in mind, but that operated according to a different philosophy. Barreto, importantly, conveys the two temporalities as being fundamentally contrasting and interacting aspects of Rio's urban environment in that moment and as part of a larger temporal landscape.

Quaresma's perspective is one that is firmly not of the present; indeed, he only refers to what he has learnt in books or how the country *should* be. The ("real") world that he lives in is dissonant with his ideals and aims, with his position in the country's capital city emerging as the counterpoint to the protagonist's desires. The new republican government, however, is also dictated by doctrines of possibility, of hope and change in the future, and of ideas coming from abroad, in which promise and potential were driving forces in ideology. That paradox, of two forms of future aspiration, defines Barreto's work. What happened, the author asks implicitly, between 1890 and 1911? Is this the progress that "the people" wanted or that was imagined? It is in that sense that Barreto constructs a critique, through both Quaresma and the government, of two subtly different and interacting aspects of Rio's turn-of-the-century moment. In both

cases, however, the notion of being on the brink of something "better," of potentially achieving a sort of historical telos, of "catching up," permeates as a dominant feature. The lived "reality" that Barreto constructs, however, is rather different.

The temporal landscape is again fundamental, and Barreto chose a transformative moment in Rio de Janeiro's history as his stage, and the nostalgic, dislocated Quaresma as his protagonist. The world Quaresma continues to occupy is no longer one of the present, and he exists as a person who is out of date with his time, and whose nostalgia (in this case a naïve and over-idealized longing for something that cannot be) defines his entire existence. By constructing a protagonist in such a way, and by choosing to set the novel when he does, Barreto himself indulges in a certain nostalgia for his country's history, which implies a disquiet with his present moment. By reflecting on and portraying that period in a satirical, almost ridiculous manner (with the threefold tragedy of Quaresma), his view of history—of what once was or of how it could be, as well as by blending fiction with historical events—shows a desire to look back and counter-discursively recapitulate what happened in that period as a way of reflecting on his own time. This, he critically implied to his readers in the *Jornal do Commercio*, is where we came from; so much for progress! The picture of the city, with Rio as a rapidly growing centre in this 1893–1911 period, is again one of a layered and complex present, defined by the intense and dynamic dialogue between the past, present, and future in an atmosphere of perpetually regenerated decadence.

The Narrative Centre in the Suburbs

How does Rio de Janeiro figure in the historical fiction that Barreto writes? As in Machado, the Rua do Ouvidor forms a key avenue in the centre of the city, but, vitally, Barreto creates an early suburban critique that purposefully localizes the protagonist in his city. Rather than downtown, he makes São Januário his protagonist's home, which, between the early 1890s and the 1910s, was a suburban area of the new republican capital city. Rather than situating his protagonist as a central actor in his personal and professional life, here we have an undersecretary living on the outskirts of the city, who gets his knowledge from classic Brazilian texts, exerts his form of power by writing letters, and who fails in his endeavours. Of the suburbs, Barreto writes that they are "the most curious of things regarding the building of the city … There is nothing more irregular, more capricious, without any

sort of a plan that can be imagined." The suburbs have buildings that are as though "they had been randomly sown and, according to those ragtag houses, the streets too came about. Some of them start as wide boulevards and end as narrow as alleyways; they go round in circles, useless circuits that seem to want to escape any straight line with a bloody and tenacious thirst. Sometimes the streets are all bunched up, irritatingly so, whilst other areas are spread out, leaving spaces in-between which are closed off by the houses." The social divisions are also not far from the narrator's eyes: "On one stretch, there are houses stacked one on top of the other in a small and distressing space, and right in front a large space that opens onto a wide-ranging view."[39]

That environment, exemplified by the "far-away street in São Janúario" where Quaresma lives as part of the "high suburban society," is distanced from the action in the centre of the city and is essentially a chaotic mess.[40] After Quaresma's time, Pereira Passos undertook his urban redevelopment and was the man who "subalterned the suburbs," as Julia O'Donnell has said.[41] The suburbanization of the city was a vital feature of Rio's post-1889 development process, both in the early 1890s and increasingly in the city that Barreto lived in and experienced. The suburbs, moreover, were not part of the image-creation of the city in that they were far removed from the *carte postale* areas: they exist, inherently, at a distance, discursively decentred from the important activity of the city.[42] As such, Quaresma is not only disconnected in time (i.e. in his experience of the present), but also in space. He views his neighbours as local, unimportant, and unremarkable figures, some of whom are military bureaucrats, as Quaresma is himself. Indeed, Barreto parodies him as a man of all talk, with little to back it up: "He was a man just like all the others, except those who have political ambition or who are wealthy, as Quaresma had neither of those things."[43]

The landscape of the Rio suburbs acts as a protagonist in characterizing Quaresma and definitively influencing him. He is, by his nature, peripheral to the action. And so emerges a figure who is away from the true action, someone unremarkable, who lives and dies defined by a sense of utopic, but situationally unrealistic, idealism: "Outside the suburbs, on Rua do Ouvidor, in the theatres, in the big commotion of the centre, there are people who starve and who disappear from sight, so much so that even the women and children there lose the beauty with which shine the beautiful gentlemen who frequent the seemingly endless dances in that part of town."[44] Barreto sets up this sentence with "outside the suburbs," introducing a semantic reversal to

the expected point of reference ("outside the centre"), whereby the suburbs become the centre of the city for the narrative but estranged from the action. Unlike Aires, who is geographically central in the narrative, Quaresma has the suburbs as his centre and the usually protagonistic Rua do Ouvidor as his periphery. But, the binary is not important in itself; rather, it is Barreto's decision to write his work from that perspective of remoteness that serves as a commentary on sociocultural identity and implies a sensation of spatial and temporal disconnectedness. Quaresma's discordancy is profound.

Narratively, Aires and Quaresma are similar characters; both aged men, who have lived from monarchy into republic, and who find themselves peripheral to the narrative action of their respective novels. Time has left them behind, leaving only absence, in different ways. That notion, as such, becomes through these authors a feature of Carioca identity. Barreto constructs his image of the city away from the dynamic centre of the action and recasts it into those suburbs that have become the centre of attention and of existence for Quaresma, who seems to live out his time until death. Barreto's work is, then, a meditation on how the 1889 moment left Quaresma out of date and doubly distanced from the city, a critique of the nascent gestures towards suburban ideals and an emergent republican bourgeoisie.

The novel is set in a city that was substantially changing, as observed on the final page: "There had been big and innumerable modifications" in the city, a sort of "progress," although, perhaps, not the promised future that anyone—the politicians, Barreto, and, particularly, Quaresma—had expected.[45] Both protagonists, Quaresma and the city, emerge as incomplete, and the dominant discourses of progress and modernization are satirized as redundant, but powerful, foundations that defined the 1889–1930 period. The present emerges as a confused, almost incomplete temporal space, or at least one that is in partly defined by absence. Nonetheless, the sense of nostalgia, for both Aires and Quaresma in different ways, is a defining feature. For Aires, it is a reflection on life, melancholically looking back over the years and thinking about what could have been; for Quaresma, until his tragic death, it is about naively and idealistically dreaming about what could be and what might happen. Both, in their own way, essentially exist outside of, but alongside, the action of their city and as flâneurs of this growing metropolitan environment. We have, through these two authors, a two-layered meditation on urban identity through their protagonists and the city they live in, both of which come across as having adopted a deeply complex relationship with the passing of time in the moment between 1889 and 1930. If that imagined future is

always out of reach because of the very nature of the projection that brings about a reflective nostalgia, then what becomes of the experience of, and in, the present?

Born in 1881, Barreto died still young in 1922 after a heart attack, and following time in and out of asylums. It is fitting that he died just after the Morro do Castelo, the oldest and foundational part of the city and about which he wrote extensively in 1905 (he wrote about its tunnels and subterranean parts that were, in effect, repositories of history), was razed to the ground by the government. That modernizing action was part of Brazil's centenary celebrations and aimed to project the image of a great city for the World's Fair of 1922. It serves as a perfect irony for Barreto's deep social and political critique.

With the World's Fair in Rio, the Modern Art Week in São Paulo, as well as Barreto's death, 1922 can serve as a point of transition into Brazil's mid-century moment. Particularly post-1930, when Vargas took power, another rupture with the past sought to leave behind the military republicanism that had dominated since 1889. Vargas, instead, through authoritarian and dictatorial measures, aimed to create a prosperous, forcibly nationalistic, industrialized, and centralized country with Rio as its capital. The next works survey the later part of that moment, particularly the 1950s and 1960s. It was during this fascinating period that Vargas committed suicide (1954), Rio lost its status as capital (1960), and the military dictatorship took over (1964). It was a time when the idea of the "country of the future" emerged as a dominant discourse, a status that has defined Brazil, and especially Rio, ever since.

Elizabeth Bishop: Traveller and Observer of Difference

Elizabeth Bishop left the United States in 1951, with the intention of spending two weeks in Brazil to visit friends before continuing her trip round Cape Horn. Having disembarked in Santos, she stayed in Brazil and lived in and around Rio for 16 years. Bishop experienced an intense relationship with the new landscape and an often tempestuous homosexual relationship with the architect Lota de Macedo Soares. The abundance of nature and her extreme happiness in Brazil, on the one hand, interacted with a sense of non-belonging that was marked by her experiences of being somewhere foreign to her. As a foreigner, and seeing Rio and its landscape for the first time, Elizabeth Bishop wrote poetry, particularly

in *Questions of Travel* (1965), influenced by her impressions of the new southern environment. More extensively and revealingly, however, she maintained profound and extended correspondence with Robert Lowell, published in *Words in Air* (2008), which tells the story of her personal, intimate, and literary interaction with Rio de Janeiro and its environs.

Bishop and Lota lived together near Petrópolis, an hour away from Rio de Janeiro, and kept a *pied-à-terre* in Copacabana. The relationship that the American author developed with the city, impacted by the intense natural surroundings, came through as being something of an escape for Bishop. There she could be herself precisely by being distanced from what we can think of as her time and her place; that is, North America and her traditional literary circles. However, she never felt at home there. For her, she found attraction in Rio de Janeiro—personal and physical, spiritual and subconscious—that she had been unable to find previously, and was unable to find again after her time there. Her years in Brazil were, she said, her happiest, and it was in its decadence (i.e. through a sensation of time travel) where she encountered that emotional state. Rio's "superb underdevelopment," its "glorious mess," as she put it, was an aesthetic and existential refuge for her. She "lolled" in its atmosphere. Her experience of Rio's distinct temporality, its incompleteness and remoteness, was complex and challenging, and ended in a bitter, tragic way. Nonetheless, we can read her time there as finding certain emotional resonance and intrigue with an environment that was simply *different* for her, not better or worse, and that was marked by a distinct, and idiosyncratic, experience of time.

Why did she stay for so long? What did she find there? And how did her personal and contextual situation change? Through her work produced in Rio, we are afforded an insight into what lent so much attraction to her experience, and an important temporal aspect emerges. The sense of otherness, indulgence, and difference—its "backwardness," as she problematically calls it—that she felt in her adopted environment was deeply attractive. As the 1960s progressed, that sensation became more acute and more negative, and the increasingly dominant sense of a declining, unravelling environment around her and her relationships created a general atmosphere of decline. The double experience of Rio over the course of her time there comes into clear relief from her foreign perspective and, particularly, through the intimacy and interiority of her (private) exchanges with Lowell.

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Nature and corporeality—that is, bodily attraction and the interactive natural and human aspects of the landscape—were fundamental to Bishop's existence in her adopted home and her feeling of attraction to it. The intensity of Brazil's natural environment was unlike anything she had previously experienced. In *Question of Travel*'s eponymous poem, there is a sense of the power that the natural environment exerted onto the protagonist, a natural abundance influencing her physical and emotional state. The environs of Rio, out near Petrópolis, see "too many waterfalls," where "the crowded streams hurry too rapidly down to the sea." The skies in Brazil are not like those she encountered elsewhere, but rather "the pressure of so many clouds on the mountaintops," as she writes, "makes them spill over the sides in soft slow motion." The emotive and corporeal imagery continues, as those same clouds turn "to waterfalls under our very eyes."[46]

As per Ingold's conceptualization we read in Part I, it is an archetypal landscape. Nature is not just a backdrop or a setting for Bishop in Rio, but rather a present and interactive factor in her existence. Its abundance disconcerts her. The first poem in *Questions of Travel*, "Arrival at Santos," also depicts the power and personality of the natural world through the intense use of adjectives that attribute physical and emotive characteristics to nature. In this poem, the scenery is "impractically shaped," the mountains "self-pitying," the greenery "frivolous," the pink and blue colours "feeble," and the palm trees "tall, uncertain." "Oh, tourist, is this how this country is going to answer you."[47]

Those poems convey a sense of (over-)abundance and of gesturing towards being overwhelmed. However, it was also in that dynamic—of how it contrasted with her "home" environment in the United States—that she found attraction. That difference was for her like stepping into another time, which the lush and complex city and region of Rio had afforded her. In the film *Reaching for the Moon* (2013), which depicts Bishop's time in Brazil and her relationship with Lota, a monologue attributed to Bishop gets to the heart of the difference that both appealed to her and frustrated her. It was this dynamic that lent her adopted environment its charm but also provided its otherness. After some years in Brazil, and nearing the end of her time in Petrópolis in 1966 as her relationship and the political situation around her were coming under

intense pressure, Bishop stands up to give a speech to a dinner party of friends and acquaintances:

> How can one live in a place where stamps come unglued, soap melts almost before you can use it, and rivers run too fast to the sea? I would like to understand this unbearable joy Brazilians have, this constant urge to celebrate. And there's your melancholy, its drama, its flamboyance; … it's out of proportion, excessive… But when the military coup happened, and you lost your freedom, I was there, I saw it, and you went on playing soccer on the beach. The longer you stay in one place, the less you understand it.

In the film, her exasperation naturally elicited an awkward reaction from the guests, but it highlights the crux of Bishop's existential dilemma during her time there. It also underlines the idiosyncratic identity of her adopted home and its precise attraction, the "excessive" flamboyance that she revelled in without ever quite belonging. In Brazil, she experienced something unique as so many visitors do. Bishop, unlike most visitors, spent a lot of time thinking about it.

The otherness of Brazil was at once both appealing—leading her to stay—and the source of her frustration. That tension, between her accustomed and often unsettled existence that came before and after her time in Brazil, and her indulgence in a new and generally happy life whilst in Brazil, defined her unexpected experience there. The notion of there being "too many" waterfalls going "too rapidly," or—as she wrote on 13 July 1953 to some English friends—that the light and "lolloping mountains" were "too fantastic," provokes a sense of impossibility or unreality.[48] It was a disconnected and remote reality that she lived in, a new time and rhythm of life into which she walked and found a complex existential resonance there. This was, for example, incomprehensible to Lowell. And yet, she felt a deeply emotive connotation (things "turning to waterfalls under our very eyes," as she wrote in "Questions of Travel") with Brazil, which she found deeply attractive. How to comprehend that "unbearable joy" that was "out of proportion, excessive" in dialogue with the intense "melancholy," as the movie monologue has it? For Bishop, there was an acute sense of incomprehensible, but glorious, difference, almost a perverse feeling of happiness and being in a decadent relationship that she developed with Rio de Janeiro.

After a few years of transience (Paris, New York, Key West, and Mexico City), she experienced Rio in the 1950s and 1960s. This was a moment

of intense historical change. She arrived in the mid-century nationalist modernizing moment in Brazil led by Getúlio Vargas, who committed suicide in 1954. This led to a period of upheaval, before Kubitschek came to power, built Brasília, and moved the nation's capital to the middle of the country. Following that, she was in Brazil for the military *coup d'état* in 1964, which deposed João Goulart and brought about economic crisis, political fallout, and repression. It was in that moment that the experience shifted from one of indulgent happiness to one of frustrated melancholy. Rio's decline, from a city of the future in the 1950s to extreme post-capital decline in the 1960s, accompanies Bishop's experience of the city. Where she had once been able to "loll" in her new environment, despite—or, more likely, precisely because of—it being a "glorious mess," following the deterioration of her relationship with Lota and with Rio de Janeiro, she abandoned the city in the late 1960s.

What was it about the city, and what she experienced there, that appealed to her so much? Having arrived to visit Brazil and see friends for two weeks, she fell ill following an allergic reaction. Lota, one of her few acquaintances, looked after Bishop and helped her recuperate. Their relationship soon became amorous, and Bishop permanently moved in with her near Petrópolis. At the time, Lota was having an "ultra-modern" house—as Bishop wrote—called *Samambaia* constructed deep within the jungle. From here, her prolonged stay came about, little by little, as she found herself surprisingly at home in this new world of contrasts and where she indulged in a different, but corporeally appealing, lived experience.

Attractions in the Contrasts: Bishop's Time Travel

The sense of attraction in the difference—a feeling of being out of place and out of your time, experiencing a distinct temporality disconnected from her "normal" environment—comes across clearly in her visions of the new environment around her. She uncovered in herself a child-like sensation of indulgence coupled with the feeling of other-worldliness. When she visited a friend who was recuperating in hospital after yellow fever, the friend looked out of the window and commented that the scenery could have been something conjured or imagined by an eight-year-old boy. Bishop notes,

> And it did look like a child's drawing! Four or five unreal peaks; two cable cars dangling on wires; planes landing and taking off; lights coming on all

> round the bay and a huge signboard giving the hours and the news…. Goats lounging on a little footbridge, looking down enthralled by the "roosh"—all the elements were there to delight the heart of a child—and yet altogether a delicate and slightly mad beauty.[49]

The "unreal" and the clear mix of the old and the new—the airport and the goats, the speed of the automobiles and the peaks—sees delight not only for a child but also for Bishop herself, who found existential resonance in the "mad beauty," almost as though she felt like she had travelled in time. It was all happening in this tropical city in the South, she thought. Santos Dumont airport, a futuristic Modernist building completed in 1947, sat juxtaposed with the goats on the bridge and nature all around. The new cars raced along one of Vargas' new roads just like Marinetti had imagined. Living in this environment was, for her, an otherworldly indulgence in a life that she had not experienced before; it was both beautiful but also impossible to comprehend. Bishop revelled in that dynamic.

The essence of her attraction, as well as her recognition and reflection of the difference of her adopted environment and its fundamental pull on her being, comes across in "Questions of Travel." "Think of the long trip home," she writes, "Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?" But, she asks, what is this "breath of life" in our bodies that brings out a certain "childishness" that makes us "rush to see the sun the other way around?"[50] The attraction that she felt, coupled with this sense of both indulgence and reflection, was vital to her time in Brazil, and she more than once refers to it as a childish impulse. It was around Rio and its attractive decadence that she consistently stayed for the longest period in her adult life. Her hemispheric transition plays on her and was a constant point of reference throughout the time that she was not "at home." We always know, after all, where we are from, whether we like it or not. Bishop's relationship with a place and an individual, and her way of reflecting on her status there through correspondence and poetry to an outside audience, affords the sensation of both belonging and not belonging. Where was her home, though, if not in the unreal, mad, and disconnected beauty that she found in Brazil, the one place where she was (self-confessedly) happy?

It was in Brazil, and particularly in and around Rio, that she found her home. A sense of nostalgia defined her experience there, either for how things were different in Brazil (for better or worse) from how they were in the United States, how they could be better in Brazil (her frustrations), or how happy she had somehow found herself in that strange,

adopted environment (her indulgence). Within that emotional framework, temporality is vital to her experience there. On the intimate and personal level, by moving to this seemingly decadent environment of inexplicable and unforeseen contrasts, a place of complete imperfection, she felt as though she had travelled in time. She indulged in Brazil's apparent outdatedness, and it allowed her to express her childishness. It was, at once, the Modernist country of the future, where she lived in an avant-garde house and lived with a Modernist, and yet it was also a "poor country with its feudal Portuguese adventurers trying to pretend they're 20th century democrats."[51]

The extreme happiness she found in Brazil contrasts with her having been "miserably lonely" in New York, leading her to "feel as if I must have died and gone to heaven without deserving to" when she got to Brazil.[52] This sensation relates to indulging in Lévi-Strauss' expression of "*démodé*": not old, as such, but in some way outdated. Her travelling to the South represented a fruitful symbolic temporal shift for Bishop who (initially) revelled in the difference of her new environment, which was defined by the sensation of it being on a different temporal plane, a shift that she could indulge in based on her past and her experience. The feeling of travelling forward in time, to an ostensibly modernizing nation of state-sponsored, futuristic Modernism, was confused by what she saw on the ground, such as the goats, the poverty, and the favelas, which struck her as backward and stuck in the past. It is in that contrast, and that aspect of temporal complexity, that Bishop experienced Rio de Janeiro. She never quite felt as though she (fully) belonged there, and it is on that temporal landscape that a sensation of decadence emerges

Bishop, living mostly in her favoured rural environment in Petrópolis and spending significant time in Ouro Preto, was privy to, but also outside of, the intense modernization and development underway in nearby Rio, something that she saw from an outsider's and a counter-discursive perspective. The "country of the future," as Zweig had called it (also writing from Petrópolis), was, in fact, a curious and intriguing mix of the old and the new, the past and the future, and conveyed, throughout Bishop's time there, a sense of outdatedness that she intimately lived and reproduced through her writing.

On arrival in Rio, Bishop was faced with surprises. She found a concertedly developing city. The Ministry Building had just redefined Western state-sponsored architecture and the Maracanã had recently hosted the World Cup. What most stood out for Bishop, however, was not the blatant

push for development and (mostly urban) progress and modernity, but, rather, the tropical, natural, and rural appeal, which she found in and around the city. The natural abundance was unlike anything she had experienced before. As such, the dominant rhetoric of progress and of rapid development seemed a long way from her eyes, which, instead, saw those distant gestures as a fundamental, interactive, and inexplicable part of the glorious decadence that she encountered and that so appealed to her. It was not all happy, however.

Contrasts in Character: Lota de Macedo Soares and Bishop

The tragic aspect of Bishop's experience in Rio is embodied by her homosexual relationship with Lota. Bishop, a somewhat introverted and meticulous North American, encountered Carlota de Macedo Soares, a brash, charismatic, bold, and funny Brazilian socialite, on her first days in Rio de Janeiro. Lota came from a prominent family, influential and well connected, and she counted amongst her close friends Carlos Lacerda, the provocative journalist and later governor of Rio de Janeiro. (He appointed her to help in the design of Flamengo Park, the large landfill park in front of the Hotel Glória.) Bishop, meanwhile, was effectively an orphan, her father having died when she was less than a year old, and her mother institutionalized four years later. This resulted in Bishop moving from Massachusetts to live with her grandparents in Nova Scotia before subsequent frequent moves around the American northeast. In terms of personality, they were rather different. Along with the impact of the new environment on her, it was her relationship and nascent intimacy with Lota that led Bishop to stay—happily—in Brazil. The feeling of decadent escapism, of leading an expressive, indulgent, upper-class life there, of getting away from her stifling northern reality, was vital. She was able to express herself in a different way and according to a different rhythm.

With Bishop having moved in with Lota soon after her arrival (Lota was at the time living with another woman, Mary Morse), they soon lived together as lovers. Lota, with her status and connections, afforded Bishop a peaceful, rural space to write, as well as a readymade network of friends and acquaintances—a "family," as Bishop called it. From this personal stability, and a complete indulgence in a lifestyle that she had not felt free to express in her former contexts, came Bishop's happiness. She wrote, travelled on occasional trips abroad (and frequently to Ouro

Preto, where she bought a house in 1965), and removed herself from many of the social and personal restraints that she had encountered elsewhere, as well as working at battling her chronic illnesses and alcoholism. In 1952, months after arriving, she looked out from her room "at seven in the morning" to see her "hostess in a bathrobe directing the blowing up of a huge boulder," presumably in the building of their new house set within the jungle. She found, in Lota, a kinship that helped her work more and drink less, a result of her hostess' "good sense and kindness."[53] Different though they were, in their contrasts they found an emotional connection and resonance.

As time passed, however, the situation deteriorated. For both, the heavy drinking resumed. Adultery and bitter fights became part of their relationship. Lota saw many of her relationships with acquaintances sour following the military coup, and for Bishop the contrasting and increasingly tense environment around her brought pressure onto their relationship, eventually leading to a breakdown. From what had been an indulgent, harmonious relationship of expression and general happiness found in the contrasts, we see a transition into decline and deterioration, which culminated in Bishop having to abandon Brazil, rejected and alone. The charismatic, larger-than-life Lota, meanwhile, had fallen into a drastic depression and, whilst in the United States in 1967, trying to reconcile their relationship following Bishop's return to the bottle and infidelity, she committed suicide.

In 1968, Bishop published "Going to the Bakery," and her earlier rural sensibility and the positive emotive impact from the previously happy environment, characterized by the abundance of nature in her earlier poems, is replaced by a gritty, urban, and depressed picture of the Brazil with which she had fallen out of grace. The lights in the bakery are now dim due to the rationed electricity, and even the cakes "look about to faint" and the tarts "are red and sore," both made out of flour, which is now "adulterated with cornmeal."[54] The different rhythm of life and the novel temporal experience are now exacerbated and frustrating. There is suddenly an aesthetic of hunger and scarcity, not abundance, where an atmosphere of (urban) decline has replaced spectacular and resplendent nature, and in which her foreignness suddenly becomes acute; she feels compelled, later in the poem, to give a drunken, black beggar "seven cents in *my* terrific money."[55] If she had never "belonged" in Rio, feeling out of place and in a different time, then by the end of her time there it was very apparent, the feeling of difference too much to bear.

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The emotional fluctuation, encapsulated in the one broad brushstroke from a fairy tale beginning to the tragic ending, coupled with the sense of contrast, was vital for Bishop, if also often frustratingly incomprehensible. If her poetry was sometimes discreet, relatively neutral, and self-abnegating (and, in that way, also creating a subtle sense of displacement), then her letters offer a different glimpse of the years she lived in Brazil. It is for this reason that it is worth considering her correspondence with Lowell. Like other forms of literature, and especially the fictional journal of Aires that we saw earlier, correspondence implies selectivity, subjectivity, and privacy, a certain presentation of the self and (an often descriptive) discussion of one's surroundings. It provides an intimate reflection as she chronicled her thoughts about her new environment in depth. In that sense, then, correspondence serves as an intriguing way to see Rio de Janeiro and its environs, particularly from the perspective of a writer, whose poetry is subtly sparse and personally distant. Through her correspondence with Lowell, we get an intimate perspective on her relationship with the city and her place there, as well as what she feels is most important subjectively to convey to her friend, what appealed to her, and what frustrated her. Lowell did not like to travel and found it hard to understand Bishop's stay in Brazil, due, in most part, to its very otherness: they were both successful, white, North American poets, so why go south? That question defines her time there and lingers whilst never being fully answered. This border-crossing communication, in both the literal and figurative sense, also crossed temporalities, and told of her impressions and the relationship she developed with her adopted home, characterized at once by frustration and passion.

"Write soon and tell us about Brazil. Why Brazil? That's what everyone asks us."[56] This is the first (and ever-present) question that Robert Lowell posed to Elizabeth Bishop on learning that she was going to "visit Rio for a while," encapsulating his perplexity. Travel, and its associated intrigue and otherness, became a fundamental element of Bishop's writing, particularly after her arrival in Brazil. "I wasn't even particularly interested in Brazil to start with," she replies, having only stopped there for a brief visit, and then it draws her in: "Lota de M-S—my hostess, has an apartment there [in Rio] on that famous carte postale beach but lives mostly in the country, though that gentle expression scarcely seems to fit, in Petrópolis, a mountain resort about 40 miles off—magnificent and wild. She is building an ultra-modern house up on the side of a black granite mountain."[57]

Nature, and its impact, permeates her writing with a sense of being somewhere "wild," which is at the same time inevitably "magnificent." The contrast is fascinating: within the jungle, an indescribable space where "that gentle expression ['the country'] scarcely seems to fit," she lives in an "ultra-modern" house designed by Sérgio Bernardes. It was an avant-garde Modernist home in a country that was, in 1952, famous for its architectural Modernism. As such, her first experiential contrast arises between the lush natural world and ultra-modern architecture. It is reinforced as an existential consideration for Bishop in her poem "Song for the Rainy Season," in which she observes her house that is "hidden in the high fog … beneath the magnetic rock," where nature is abundant and overpowering: "bromelias, lichens, / owls, and the lint/of the waterfalls cling, / familiar, unbidden."[58]

For the cosmopolitan North American writer visiting the (tropical) south, the abundant natural world strikes her as does the contrast between that world and the built environment around her. More prosaically, the food is also a remarkable contrast: "un-shelled, unblanched, un-skinned, or un-dead," and there she learned "to cook goat …, with wine sauce," an exotic sensation of difference. The vitality and otherness of her surroundings evoke lengthy descriptive reflections. "I find it hard to stop when I get to describing," she wrote, struck by the novelty of her new world and its sensory impact. "It is starting to get dark and I am up at my *estudio* without a lamp, and I don't hear any signs of our generator's being started, so I must clamber down the mountain and start it myself … In six months or so there will be electricity all the way up here."[59] Bishop, preferring the rural life, clearly enjoyed how the incipient ultra-modern style ("of the future") contrasted with the present experience of rural withdrawal and of perceived backwardness; she revels in the rustic appeal that she does not have electricity yet in her office. That state of flux—the sensation of unpresentness and displacement—that she found in Brazil was an atmosphere that was deeply, emotively, and sometimes seemingly illogically appealing to her.

A trend that defines most of her time there is the difficulty to come to terms with the place whilst also being unable to leave. There is good reason why she cannot leave: "Here I am extremely happy for the first time in my life … I find the people frank, startlingly so … extremely affectionate, an atmosphere I just lap up—no I guess I mean loll in."[60] The *joie de vivre* and the sense of having discovered herself in this new environment are apparent, at least on the intimate and personal level concerning her emo-

tional state. She enjoyed her relationship with Lota and their high-class life was satisfying and expressive, at least in the earlier years. When she starts to think about Brazil, and particularly Rio, more broadly, the tone sours: "But Brazil really is a horror; but sometime I must tell you more. You would be really fascinated by the family histories. Rio society is beyond belief. Proust in the tropics with a samba instead of Vinteuil's little phrase—no that's cheap,—but sort of."[61] That impression of society, particularly from her position in a very well-to-do and wealthy circle, builds on an impression that she wrote weeks earlier about "how it simplifies things to have almost no middle class."[62] The contrasting aspect of Brazilian, and particularly Carioca, society had a rapid and profound impact on her, and she moves between happiness and concern, contentedness and frustration, and so on.

Through the abundant nature, the mix of the future and of backwardness, and the intense inequality, we find Bishop living an almost surreal and temporally disconnected existence. We have an American poet who has come and fallen in love with Rio and its environs, and who is happy there, but yet witnesses and talks about its contradictions and idiosyncrasies frequently. Those contradictions, which she experienced as a foreigner and wrote about, produce an implicit nostalgia that projects elsewhere and that she conveys to Lowell. She often compares Brazil to how life is somewhere else (Europe or North America), where existence is marked by temporalities that are very different from what she lived in and around Rio. It is also precisely these idiosyncrasies, which, for Bishop and many other foreign visitors, generate part of the charm and happiness.

It is not only for the displaced Bishop that being happy dialogued with that sense of absence. Despite the abundance, plenitude, and indulgence, there is the sensation that something was also missing for Lota. She talks (through our narrator in the letters) of her frustration with the country, but is also unable to abandon it for good: "[Lota is] very fed up with Brazil, as all the Brazilians I've met are. They yearn for 1. Paris, 2. New York. (NY is a recent taste, just 10 years old—it was considered rather vulgar to go there before)."[63] A feeling of disquiet and projection elsewhere defines the present, but it is also, for Lota and Bishop at least, the sensation of contrast that lent it part of its attraction. It was an indulgence that led them to stay there, happy for the most part, whilst also feeling nostalgia for something perceived not to be there—a defining and ongoing feeling of *saudades*.

"Superb Underdevelopment"

The contrasts, and the freshness of the foreign gaze with which Bishop saw them, inspired her to stay longer. Those contrasts, and the sensation of time travel that they imparted, were a central part of her experience. It was an experience that went both backwards, like Lévi-Strauss wrote, *and* "forwards," as Zweig, nudged by Vargas, had it. It was an interaction with a new temporality, and she found resonance in that sense of movement along the temporal spectrum. Brazil, despite being "full of Brazilian drivers, who never bother to learn at all," is "wonderful for me now, and it really looks as though I'd stay. By next spring I think I'll be able to go away—probably to Europe, for about six months. The next trip will be to New York, for a winter, I imagine. But I don't feel 'out of touch' or 'expatriated' or anything like that, or suffer from a lack of intellectual life, etc."[64]

As a writer, she needed to feel "in touch" (to be able to send articles and work to her publishers), and she managed, despite the inefficient postal service and bureaucratic customs (which she talks about at another moment). It is not that she is out of touch, then, but rather connected to the world in a new, different way, and existing in a different timeframe. Here, it is implied, life transpires according to alternative parameters and adheres to a different rhythm when compared to the United States or Europe; being corporeally and aesthetically "in touch" but also "backwards" in terms of getting things done, showing "excessive, unbearable joy," coupled with "dramatic and flamboyant melancholy." These are not opposites; indeed, quite the reverse. They are vital, identifying elements in a dynamic, evolving, attractively frustrating whole that is idiosyncratic in its beauty. When the Eucharist Congress comes to town, she explicitly notes that there are "600,000 pilgrims expected, a dreadful water-shortage, not much food, and either typhus or typhoid, I don't know which, already going. It promises to be too, too medieval." Around that same time, relatively early in her time in Rio, "food prices have gone up 300% since I've been here—most things accordingly."[65] Yet, she felt liberated by her experience of that new temporality.

The almost contradictory nature of life there, the difference that she found, is reaffirmed by the architectural and developmental contrast on her own doorstep. She lived with Lota in their ultra-modern house, but when talking about trying to get to town from their house, she stops the

trip as "it's two miles or so down to the highway, and so I abandoned it until our road would be finished. Now it is, *almost*."[66] Alongside the avant-garde aesthetics, there is also a sense of ongoing development and perpetual incompleteness in the present moment; the "almost" seems destined to remain exactly that in an atmosphere that is attractively defined by the sensation of what I termed earlier as "incomplete perfection," or, perhaps better, "complete imperfection." Bishop herself sums it up wonderfully. When referring to an art installation that was created near their Petrópolis house, she writes: "the best of the 'modern' architects did it. But everything here is that confusing mixture of good and bad taste, the absurd and the sad, and the natural and spontaneous & charming."[67] Summing up her unexpected and hard-to-rationalize attraction, she wrote to Lowell that "I am extremely happy here, although I can't quite get used to being 'happy.'"[68]

Towards the end of her time there, as the sociopolitical situation declined further around her, the city became less hospitable. "It is fearfully HOT here & we have water-rationing and light-rationing—sit with candles and a hot oil lamp from 8 to 10 each night. City life is getting worse & worse—we really can't take it."[69] She had already channelled an ingenious way of conceptualizing the country: "[Bernard] Rudofsky (he used to live here, you know) is funny—[he] speaks of a 'superbly underdeveloped country'—(I am using this in a poem)."[70] Her very happiness stemmed from that sensation of non-belonging and of being as an outsider in which she found her adopted home both "superb" and "underdeveloped." Her impression of supposed "underdevelopment," whilst at times frustrating for her, was not negative or something to be necessarily changed; it was just different, an expression of her idiosyncratic experience there. It was in those contrasts and differences that she found existential resonance, and for the rest of her life she maintained a romantic feeling of attraction towards Brazil.

The idea of "superb underdevelopment" wonderfully captures the condition of decadence in Rio de Janeiro. It is a notion that incorporates the incompleteness and outdatedness of the city, which is both deeply defined by the future and by the past; in other words, it is a beautiful urban environment that is, to an extreme point, perpetually in a temporally complex historical process, which persists as gloriously decadent in its present. If we think of "superb underdevelopment" as relating to aesthetic aspects of the city (as opposed to political, social, or infrastructural parameters), then the term "underdevelopment" is not negative; it does not imply that

its sense of incompleteness is in some way lacking or not desired. Rather, the "absence" that Drummond de Andrade wrote about in his eponymous poem, and that I quoted earlier, is implied in the semantic association of the term "underdevelopment" and its link to incompleteness. As such, "superb underdevelopment" can be read as an attractive aesthetic consideration seen in the (physical) mix of crumbling buildings and ruins existing alongside the ultra-modern and the new, a trope that is explored by Bishop in her poetry and correspondence whilst in Brazil.

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In the late 1950s, we see the clearest contrast of "modern" as opposed to "backwards" during Bishop's time in Brazil. Whilst she lived in Rio, Brasília was being built. At the same time, she found Rio "crazier than ever. There is no water in parts of the city, and the gas has been going off; one elevator works in each building and there are endless queues, blocks long, to get on every tiny brilliantly enameled bus or every old open trolley car." As she sees the decay before her eyes, the talk of the far-away capital piques her interest: "Brazil is constructing a brand-new *capital* away off in the interior where there wasn't even a road until a year ago. They say it is exactly like a frontier town in the movies at present, a line of temporary wooden buildings, bars and motels, and a street of mud. I'd like to go see it."[71] She wrote this in 1958 in April, 18 months after construction began, and she was not in favour of the building of Brasília. She argued with John Dos Passos, who had come to write a piece about it for the US press ("our opinions on Brasília were violently opposed," she wrote), before accompanying Aldous Huxley and his second wife on a trip there.

It was not, however, the emerging city that got her attention: "They were sent on a trip to Brasília and then beyond, with the Air Force, to see some Indians, and I went along, the best trip I've made here so far. I don't know how you feel about Indians. I had expected to be depressed by them, the most primitive people alive except for the pygmies, but actually we had a wonderful cheerful time. It's only depressing to think about their future."[72] She seems to see for the first time—rather than focusing on the new, futuristic capital being built—the presumed antithesis to forward-looking modernity. Again she experiences an unexpected attraction. Surprised, if a little depressed, by her reaction to the indigenous peoples, including those with whom she spent time with alongside Huxley on the Xingu river, she unwittingly implies an important observation. The complex coming together of

these two distinct timeframes, the "new" capital "of the future" and the "old" culture of the peoples "of the past," is the backbone of the nation's post-1889 identity, perpetually and dynamically evolving in a present that always seems "almost" about to change.

Back in Rio, and with the pressure of Brasília present, Bishop's relationship with the city and its people develops. Her attachment to it remains. At the "Negro Samba Night" in 1958, "everything was so late, hours behind schedule, that we didn't see the best things," and then, in response to Lowell's question about whether she had seen Marcel Camus' film, "Yes, I saw the *Orpheus* movie; it opened here a year ago … I liked the views of Rio at dawn, and they picked the best slum, of course, but had to build their own hovels, and Carnival isn't like that. It's much, much better … Carnival's one big glorious mess, but a more orderly and artistic mess, really."[73] The notion of the "glorious mess" that is "orderly and artistic" is a wonderful insight, rather like "superb underdevelopment." On the one hand, there is a hectic and chaotic aspect to the city that lends to its charm and is somehow pleasing, and yet, on the other hand, it is frustrating. Both contribute to the sheer beauty of the city and its vibrant life and aesthetic appeal, where "at night the lovers on the mosaic sidewalk cast enormous long shadows over the soiled sand." She writes to Lowell: "I think you'd like it."[74]

Bitter Tragedy, but Still Fond

"Things in Brazil still sound a bit confused," Lowell wrote to Bishop as the social and political situation became ever more complex following 1964.[75] He could not have said it better. As much as the national social and political context, he was also struck by Bishop's mood swings in her letters, from passion and attachment to increasing frustration and rejection. The different temporalities, accentuated by political and social decline around Bishop, made the alienation increasingly acute, particularly as her personal situation with Lota and their friends, such as Carlos Lacerda, became tenser. Despite the breakdown of her situation and the tragic death of Lota, which meant Bishop never returned to live in Brazil, the poet maintained a fond attraction to the environment she had made her home.

"I am utterly sick of public Brazil, political Brazil," she writes, and then, "I'm horribly depressed about what's going to be happening here and my one thought is to get away from it for awhile."[76] The positive reflections become less and less apparent in her correspondence as the 1960s progress. Concurrently, the more time she spent there made her

existentially and nostalgically reflect on her situation. "This *isn't* my world—or is it?" she asks herself, before rapidly and resoundingly coming up with her answer less than a month later.[77] From a physical and mental distance, and just prior to Lota's suicide, she writes: "WHAT a relief to get away from this poor country with its feudal Portuguese adventurers trying to pretend they're 20th century democrats, etc.—I send you lots of love and lots of fond but jumbled emotions, like nostalgia, etc."[78] Her status and situation were more confused than ever as she felt an extremity of temporal dislocation and deep melancholy. It is another version of the "beautiful sadness" that forms a vital part of the cultural identity of Brazil.

Her frustration also came to the fore in that moment; she becomes increasingly defined not by affection but rather by a feeling of superiority. Rio becomes more backward, more (negatively) outdated, and a more difficult place to exist—she implies—populated by less-cultured people. "If you never see a real Picasso, you pretend Portinari's good—or if you have never in your life heard any good music—you pretend 'Bossa Nova' is good, or Villa Lobos the greatest, etc."[79] In this manner, her sense of difference becomes acute to the point of being stifling and hierarchical. Where previously those contrasts and that difference had been the source of her attraction, they now repel her from her adopted home. Her disdain, and distance, are cemented: "how awful to be a Brazilian, is all I can think."[80] This "home" where she was "happy" and had a "family" descended into a state of existential disrepair. Both conditions, broadly of happiness and then unhappiness, were defined by the complex sense of temporality that she experienced in Brazil. Tragedy, as author William Boyd wrote, is barely apt enough a word for the conclusion to Bishop's Brazilian adventure:

> Tragedy seems almost too bland a word to describe Lota's death and its consequences on Bishop. Blame, guilt, incomprehension, complete emotional trauma, personal collapse all swept in. Bishop went back to Brazil but was greeted with overt hostility by Lota's family and friends. Somehow she was seen as responsible for Lota's death, however unfair that judgment was. Even Ouro Preto and the cherished, problematic house had lost its familiar charm. Everything seemed to be going wrong. Bishop enlisted Suzanne Bowen's help and flew her out to Brazil to try to settle her affairs (this did not look good to Lota's family, as can be imagined). Then Suzanne had a breakdown and had to be hospitalised herself. Bishop's eventual departure from the place that she had loved, and that had made her as a poet, was fraught, shaming and embittering.[81]

As the sensation of decline and decay around her increased, and Bishop's relationship with Lota foundered due to smouldering affairs and alcoholism in an increasingly destructive atmosphere, the American poet sought out a new *Samambaia*. In Ouro Preto, one of her favoured destinations, she bought a semi-ruined house in 1965 and set about restoring it. Lota did not like Ouro Preto, or the house, and the schism between them was reiterated by Bishop's desire to get away from Rio. When Lota travelled to New York to visit Bishop in 1967 to try to repair their relationship, the trip ended in tragedy when she overdosed and died a few days later. Bishop went back to Brazil, briefly, to take care of her business, but never returned to live either in Petrópolis or Ouro Preto.

The bitterness surrounding Brazil did not subside after her departure. In a letter to Lowell, she wrote, "well, backward countries produce backward and irrational people, as I should have learned by now … Oh god—the awful *waste* of a country like that—ours, too, but surely not as bad…"[82] Such a stark, damning vision (marked by an intuition of bitter superiority) affirms the sense of otherness that she felt on a temporal as much as geographic level. Where once she had *felt* like she belonged, enjoyed herself, and been able to indulge in a desired, decadent lifestyle, the change in relationships and politics around her caused her rejection by, and ejection from, the country. It was more than simply a decline, and, instead, it was a complete destruction of an emotional environment. "But all the business in Brazil hangs over me, a very black cloud indeed. It is strange to feel so misunderstood, even hated, there."[83] Her friends, or "people I had thought were my friends for almost 16 years," abandon her, and the city abandons her. Lowell writes to her, "Darling, forget your troubles in Brazil," and with that her personal and intimate connection ends. Bishop still owned the house in Ouro Preto, and returned there in 1970–1, and on her last trip to Brazil in 1974, but was increasingly ill and isolated. It was around Rio where she had felt most happy and most at home, and then abandoned and alone. Yet, all the time what she had enjoyed was the precise sensation of escapism, of feeling out of place and out of her time, in a landscape where she could live her life and belong, even if it ended in breakdown.

Impressions

In *Questions of Travel* (1965), the poetry collection that she wrote based on her time in Brazil, we get a deeper sense of her aesthetic perspectives on her adopted environment. Expressions of concern with the

social state of Brazil are present within her poetic view of this seemingly exotic and chaotic country, one in which the natural environment exerts a deep, protagonistic influence on her. In Brazil, Bishop found happiness, and it was there that she wrote one of the only four slim volumes of poetry that she published in her life.

The first half of the collection, dedicated to Lota, is entitled "Brazil" (the second half is entitled "Elsewhere"). The collection's eponymous poem talks of the "too many waterfalls" and of the overt and impressing presence of nature. However, there is also a subtle treatment of Brazil in terms of its identity and characteristic qualities, a sense of the otherness and difference of her new home, a place where life—for better or for worse, but ultimately attractive to Bishop—is not always in harmony. When in the poem they stop for gas, she hears the "sad, two-noted, wooden tune/of disparate wooden clogs" on the stained and oily floor of the gas station, and adds a parenthetical aside that highlights how different she found Brazil: "(In another country the clogs would all be tested. /Each pair would have identical pitch.)"[84] That the clogs have different pitches again imply Brazil as being temporally and rhythmically out of step for Bishop. That difference was the root of both the appeal and the frustration in Bishop's experience. The contrasts in the natural environment, its plenitude and abundance and clogs that are not tested for their pitch, spoke to Bishop for the detachment from her sense of reality and the feeling that she had in Brazil.

"On the fair green hills of Rio," she writes in "The Burglar of Babylon," "there grows a fearful stain: the poor who come to Rio/And can't go home again."[85] The poem tells the story of Micuçú, a burglar and killer and "enemy of society," who escaped from prison and is trying to avoid being recaptured. The poem delicately portrays the interaction and coexistence of rich and poor in the city, the socioeconomic contrast, and the reaction of the police searching for him. They are hunting him down, circling above the favelas in helicopters, whilst rich residents watch the drama unfolding from the safety of their apartments. One of the police officers, who is nervous, accidentally shoots and kills the officer in command, and the hunt goes on until Micuçú is found and killed with just a revolver in his hand, the clothes on his back, and a couple of coins in his pocket. Bishop, no doubt, heard of such stories, and it contributed to a sensation of tropical difference for her and her (North American and European) audience.

From his perch hiding on the "hill of Babylon" (the *Morro da Babilônia* favela), he sees the beachside apartments and people swimming in the ocean. In return, the "rich people in apartments/Watched through bin-

oculars."[86] From where he is, he uses the natural world—the hills, the grass, the birds—to find solace and to hide himself from the police helicopter circling above. The contrast, between natural and urban and rich and poor, is acutely present within one condensed whole in Rio. It was in this context that Bishop experienced intimate, aesthetic attraction *and* frustration, contributing to her sense of seemingly surreal intimacy with the city. It was, somehow, a perfect relationship in its improbability, and she finds fascination in the different sociocultural world that she finds in Brazil. "There are wonderful birds now," she wrote to Lowell in a letter, "One a blood-red, very quick, who perches on the very tops of the trees and screams to his *two* mates—wife and mistress I presume, again in the Brazilian manner."[87]

Why Brazil? The question that Lowell posed lingers. For all the complexities of Bishop's experiences there and her poetic production, an answer is even less pragmatically obvious. Why there and not elsewhere? For her foreign eyes—when she first arrived, with a couple of contacts and not really knowing what to expect—she found an enigmatic, but confused and nostalgic, happiness based on difference. From her perspectives and her upbringing, she considered Rio and its environs—the nature, city, people (its landscape)—as backward and hard to comprehend, in that it was not as "advanced" or as "modern" or as easy to live in as the USA or Europe. But, at the same time, it was also "superb," "glorious," and deeply attractive, punctuated both by its underdevelopment and its futuristic, ultra-Modernist tendencies, its wonderful nature and inexplicable vibrancy of personality. It was precisely that distinct temporality and newfound rhythm of life that appealed to her. In her desire to stay and to satiate her passion for the unknown, she revealed part of the attraction of the city: in the cracks and the potential to indulge, the contrasts and the outdatedness, existed the vitality of Rio, where a specifically and gloriously decadent aspect of its difference was precisely what was appealing.

In her famous poem "One Art," published in 1976, years after she left, she reconciles her mixed emotions of loss, love, and happiness, in a strikingly nostalgic reflection, with her classic poetic subtlety. "The art of losing isn't hard to master," she writes, and it is something that we must practice doing, "losing farther, losing faster." It will not, after all, "bring disaster." And then she gets personal: "I lost two cities, lovely ones," before alluding to her relationship with Lota: "—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture/I love) I shan't have lied," because even though it may look "like disaster," losing someone, something, or some place is

actually just another art that is "not too hard to master," despite how it makes one feel.[88] This villanelle coincides with Bishop's relationship with Alice Methfessel, a younger partner with whom Bishop travelled and lived from 1971 until the poet's death in 1979, and yet the sentiment of loss—of an older woman looking back—is as much about Brazil as it is about Bishop's final years, and it embodies her nostalgic and descriptive, yet subtly reflective, observation. For a time, in Brazil, she had her happiness, and if nothing else she mastered the art of loss, absence, and *saudades*.

Bishop's attraction to Brazil came from its decadent appeal; it was an opportunity to revel in the contrasts and to exist as a foreigner in a different environment and different time. She recognized the "glorious mess" or "slightly mad beauty" or the "superb underdevelopment" or the "wild magnificence" of Brazil, as she variously described it, as a vital facet of Rio's charm and the opportunity to indulge. It was those same features that also challenged her. After the breakdown of her relationship with Lota and her life in Rio, she tried to live in Ouro Preto, but it was not possible; it was around Rio de Janeiro during a tumultuous period that she was able to experience a life that she desired and to be happy. For Bishop, Brazil was a seemingly unreal place where child-like dreams could become a reality and fantasies lived. She absorbed and was nourished by the decadence of the local environment, and she found it surprising, challenging, exciting, and melancholic. The extreme contrasts, so acute in Brazil inspired and frustrated her. But why? It was the attractive experience of time in Brazil, from the first moment she saw Lota in Rio to their modern house in the abundant and tropical forest, which appealed to her so profoundly. The pragmatic push of progress and the emotional pull of nostalgia. It is this dynamic that contributes to the cultural identity of modern Rio de Janeiro.

Postscript: Nostalgia and the Future in "New" Brazilian Literature

This short journey through Carioca literary history has been purposefully broad and diverse. The early twentieth century saw the emergence of realist authors fictionalizing and complexifying that complex moment of concerted development: the push to the future was exposed as flawed by the tendencies and personalities of the characters. The mid-twentieth century saw Elizabeth Bishop experience and live through an intense push for the future whilst herself being impacted by the strong emotions of

nostalgia and melancholy—the best terms that we can employ in English that come close to *saudades*. These trends are not confined to history or some anomalous occurrence; rather, they recur as an identifiable feature of the city, which is always under a particularly acute push and pull dynamic in the ongoing present. In the early twenty-first century, there was again a concerted push for the future in light of the World Cup and Olympics. But, there is no way for that process to be that simple, given what we have learnt from those other two moments. As such, it is no surprise that again we can see a pull of *saudades* in contemporary Rio, which serves as a counter-discourse against the dominant and well-publicized talk of progress and development. It is precisely that dynamic that continues to create the decadence of this city.

The sensation of being on the cusp of "the future" is again relevant in Rio in the 2010s, as though the contemporary moment is something of a historical precipice that delineates the "old" Rio and the "new," global, Olympic Rio. By now, it is obvious that such breaks are not so clear-cut. Within that context, we continue to see the presence and vitality of a distinct Carioca temporality, one defined by the push of the future coming into contact with a deep nostalgia. At the present-day historical juncture that sees the city rapidly changing in preparation for the Olympics in 2016, two short stories interact with an urban landscape, which has been impacted by a rhetoric of "progress," of achieving "potential," and of reaching "the future." Those same discourses continue to come into contact with a nostalgic, historicizing tendency in a present that is identifiable according to its decadence. It is vital to recognize, as I hope to have done, that in both architecture and literature, those traits are not only historical; instead, they contribute to ongoing identity creation in the city.

In architecture, we see it through the present-day ruin of the Hotel Glória, to give the most salient and extreme example; the acutely distinct relationship to time in Rio is manifested by the physical presence of a structure like the Hotel Glória. In literature, having observed the treatment and presence of temporal considerations of the early- and mid-twentieth-century moments of intense and directed development, and found continuities therein, we can also see how those traits are identifiable in two more recent works. Whilst my exploration of texts has by no means been exhaustive—quite the opposite, in fact—it has observed a vital trend concerning temporality that delineates the cultural history of the city post-1889 and continuing in the present day. To that end, two short stories by young Carioca authors serve as a postscript to this chapter by exploring

the literary reflection of the contemporary global moment. As with the other works, these stories take place against the backdrop of a city in a period of growth and development, this time for the Olympics, and they highlight a productive concern with the nature of time in the Carioca context.The two stories, "*Antes da Queda*" ("Before the Fall") by J.P. Cuenca and "*O Rio Sua*" ("Blazing Sun") by Tatiana Salem Levy were published in 2012. They are very different stories, contrasting in both their plot and in their tone and style. In Cuenca's narrative, written from a post-Olympic future perspective, the protagonist is forced out by, and of, the city, as his lifelong tenure there comes to an end. Told though precise, sharp, and critical prose and with the author's voice seemingly only just below the surface, the decadent protagonist Tomás Anselmo, and the social strata he represents, no longer belongs in the city as it changes, and he is pushed out. On the contrary, in Levy's text of lyric fragments, Rio de Janeiro compels—through its absence in the narrator's psyche—the unnamed protagonist to return to and corporeally reengage with "her" city. The author again seems to lie just below the surface of the text. Cuenca's text is written as though it was a journalistic opinion piece, easily reading as a fierce critique of the contemporary moment in the city and the unsettling nature of fast-paced development for the Olympic project. Levy's writing, in contrast, is an intimate reintegration with, and reanimation by, the city that is defined by a sense of intense closeness.

But, there is one striking similarity between the texts: their treatment of time. Cuenca's text portrays a pre-occupation with the city by playing with time. He uses literary license to write about the contemporary city by jumping forward to an unspecified post-2016 perspective. By engaging with Rio's temporal landscape, he creates a sense of nostalgia for, and perspective on, a city that is currently undergoing rapid and insensitive development according to the globalized paradigm of the Olympics; what has happened to our city, he implicitly asks, given all of these short-sighted developments that we were so blind to at the time? He also questions, bluntly, the lack of memory or historical remembrance in the city, implying that the desire to break with the past was again a defining feature of Carioca development. This time, it was in pursuit of the Olympic project that would *finally* allow Brazil, the theory goes, with Rio at its imagined centre, to achieve that future. The other times, it was in pursuit of French-inspired progress or an authoritarian push for modernity. The story is the same in 2010s. In both Cuenca's authoring (2012) and setting (post-2016) of the story, there is an absence in the present; the unfulfilled

potential and naivety of the promise of the Olympics project, both leading up to it and in its aftermath and a pervading sense of "what could have been" emerge as the defining motif of his story.

Subtly and productively treated through absence and nostalgia, a meditation on the passing of time also defines Levy's story. One day, the Carioca protagonist awakens, living in a foreign country with a partner, to realize that Rio is simply absent from her life and that she needs to move back there to satiate that desire. As she reintegrates with the city, she slowly realizes what constituted that absence for her and what precisely she missed about it. The time that has passed since she left has generated a sense of absence within her. That absence is characterized by a nostalgia for the past, which defines the protagonist's present. Thus, between them, although the texts are rather different, we see a complementary meditation on Rio's temporal landscape in the contemporary moment; they both imply a present defined by a sensation of absence and nostalgia. The city is portrayed as if on a precipice and en route towards becoming a vacuous shell of its former self, bereft of life, a "tomb of ideas," as Cuenca writes, and what Levy describes as a "mere vestige of a marvellous city." By writing very different treatments of absence within a context of rapid change and development, both authors contribute to a history of Carioca literature in which an exploration of *saudades* and temporality is vital. As if to affirm the sensation of disquiet in the "present" moment of the stories, both narratives also project an alternative version and vision of the future, a sense of foreboding about the perils of globalized development.

Boom and Bust in Rio, the "Tomb of Ideas"

From a post-Olympic future perspective, Cuenca's story fictionalizes the crisis of an almost-apocalyptic Rio. There is an end-of-an-era atmosphere in the city, a breakdown post-2016, which brings into relief the problems associated with the rapid push for development that naively accompanied the preparation for the global events. The story's protagonist, Tomás Anselmo, is constructed as a quintessentially Carioca character, a personality who belongs and is at home in the city through his extravagances and indulgences. The changes in the city force his departure from Rio. His rejection by the city is a literary way to critique the push towards the future that once again characterized the city in the 2000s. This is not really, however, a character story; it is about the atmosphere of Rio de Janeiro in the 2010s. With the all-consuming push to the future,

Cuenca implies, the city is at risk of becoming a vacuous city bereft of its personality and vivacity. With so many changes, he says, we endanger the vibrant social and cultural identity of our city.

"It was believed that the future of the country of the future had arrived," Cuenca ironically writes, in a moment when "we believed at that moment that we were condemned to prosperity—and unfortunately that was not our last ingenuous act."[89] His recasting of Zweig is vital as it demonstrates a continuity with that "futurist" rhetoric, which again came to the fore in the post-2002 moment of growth. Throughout, and with Anselmo's story falling into the background, Cuenca's observations of Rio are strikingly negative. He shows little attraction to the push for development and modernization in the 2010s, a feeling that—from speaking with him—the author reiterates in person. The globalization and commodification of the city are causing damage to its identity and image: Rio, undergoing these changes, becomes a shadow of what it once was. Again, then, through Cuenca's text, there is a yearning, a nostalgia, for what could have been. It was, however, the promise of the future that served as the justification for the large-scale projects. By writing from a future perspective where that potential is precisely unrealized, Cuenca undermines the recurrent discourses of progress, which have featured in Rio post-1889. Moreover, by constructing Anselmo as his protagonist, he creates a nostalgia for times past. What happens once all the characters that make up the city have been forced to leave as the city rapidly and intensely gentrifies, to be replaced by an incoming and dislocated global middle class?

To realize the promised future, there was, in the 2010s, amongst other things, a "real-estate boom, which transformed shacks in the shanty towns of Rio's South Zone into boutique inns run by Frenchmen in the post-tropical Mykonos that the favelas suggested in the days of the new armed peace was already part of an irreversible process."[90] This "irreversible process" is a vital insight: extreme, over-paced development in pursuit of the future threatens the identity of a place. Paradoxically, however, that same aspiration is also part of the complex temporal landscape in the city on the conceptual level. The promise of what the future holds is a perpetuating fiction, which is vital to the identity of the city, particularly in how it dialogues with the characteristic of *saudades*. In Rio de Janeiro, there is a constant nostalgia for the "old city," as represented by Anselmo, and how it relates to the future that is, always, just out of reach. That the bust is already well under way in Rio, even before the Olympics begin, implies that this present moment is simply the next installment of a story that has clear antecedents in Rio's history. It

is an ongoing story of rapid booms and rapid busts, a dynamic that creates that idiosyncratic atmosphere in the city.

In a more direct critique of the recent push for the future, Cuenca problematizes the social aspect of rapid development and uses his story to give voice and visibility to individuals. Alongside his decadent, middle-class protagonist, he also writes about the favela populations. For those residents, the result of the forward-looking development was not positive: "They had spent decades in a ghetto dominated by drug traffickers at war with the police and rival factions, now only to lose their houses and street corners … They ended up selling their houses and leaving for obscure outskirts without asking the obvious question: Why is it that now, when life has improved, we have to go away?"[91] The question is vital. Those same people who form a vital part of the urban fabric, be it Anselmo or the community residents, are forced out, unvoiced, whilst the new, emergent, and growing populations, such as the super wealthy or the incoming, globalized middle class, are incorporated. For Cuenca, the social disparity and the rejection of past members of society in favour of the "new" and the "future" chime a stark warning signal for the city. The lack of history and of historical recognition—simply evicting residents, destroying old neighbourhoods, as well as permitting and promoting uninhibited gentrification—is fundamental to understanding Rio now and since the early days of the republic, and is based on the naïve, but oft-recasted and reshaped, notion of progress. It is to that point that Cuenca draws our attention.

The 2010s, Cuenca writes, "was Rio's version of gentrification, the occupation of a degraded urban area by a richer social class through displacement of its original inhabitants: Hackney, Greenwich Village, Williamsburg, Kreuzberg, Canal Saint-Martin, Vidigal, Cantagalo, Rocinha, Pavão-Pavãozinho, Chapéu Mangueira, Providência, Saúde," creating a comparative framework of problematic urban change.[92] But, likewise, that could be the 1900s in downtown, the 1920s around the Morro do Castelo, or the 1950s in the Cidade Nova. Such pushes for progress are nothing new, but in their most salient moments, they make visible the specific temporality that is so fundamentally at play in Carioca identity and throughout its cultural history. With that framework in mind, nostalgia—a projection for something other—emerges as a key characteristic of that historical condition, and the city's aesthetic and temporally infused decadence is the cultural reflection of that tendency.

Cuenca's story problematizes the quick and seemingly unsustainable rise of Rio de Janeiro, portraying the changes in his city with disdain.

Instead of taking its own idiosyncratic path of modernization, the city instead seeks to emulate or develop in a certain way, typically perceived as being "modern Western." However, that same method fails to take into account the complexities and nuances of Rio's history and social situation, thus setting up for "failure" when, in fact, the intentions themselves were initially awry. Such a paradox has been present in Rio since 1889, and it lends to the complexity of the temporal landscape. Cuenca's story, importantly, is an example of a strong, fictional, critical vision, which gives voice to the present, but suppressed, vision of the (negatively) changing human experience within the urban environment as that process transpires: "In the North Zone and the outskirts, invisible to the media and rather less crystallized in Rio's for-export imagination, the process of expelling the original population was faster and less subtle than in the favelas of the South Zone, without the risk of unfamiliar intimacy." It was easy to rationalize the push for progress: "Under the pretext of revitalization, a word that in pre-Olympics times could justify all kinds of atrocities, removals and arbitrary displacements, tens of thousands of people were ejected from their homes to create unlimited space for the new absolute owners of those areas: developers and their armed political allies."[93]

Those developers who stand to make millions surely cannot argue. The notion of "for-export" imagination is vital in viewing the city currently in its problematic paradigm of development; the process is more for foreign eyes, *para inglês ver*. That is just as it was for the World's Fair in 1922, the 1950 World Cup, and so on. "What comes after the Olympics?" is Cuenca's intimated question, and one to which his story implies an answer. The "promised future" and the "potential" already appear impossible, and indeed they always were, and the boom of the city will end in a bust. The city will return to "normal," with some of those new Olympics buildings passing to beautiful ruin almost instantaneously, and people will talk about "what could have been." Paradoxically, it is this same dynamic that generates the complexly attractive decadence of the city.

In the social and cultural realms, embarking on a rapid and insensitive process of development runs the risk of making Rio a place that is a "tomb of ideas with the atmosphere of a public bathroom."[94] Through not recognizing history and what it is that identifies the city, there is a fundamental challenge to the cultural identity of the city. But, the social impact is also great. In the name of progress, human rights abuses, evictions, and other factors are just "some of the marks of that decade [2010s] that cariocas chose to ignore, corrupted by the promise of a World Cup,

an Olympics, four subway stations, expressways, a pair of museums and stadiums—the provincial desire to be Londoners or New Yorkers in the tropics, to emulate cosmopolitanism through an urban plastic surgery that never came to be but was widely depicted in colourful graphics in the newspapers."[95]

At the end of his story, Cuenca alludes to the destruction of the city, stating that "soon everything would disappear."[96] In the Rio de Janeiro context, that apocalyptic intuition, which is also recast in Levy's text, can be read as a counter-discursive incursion that sheds a fragment of light on the contemporary city in which the complex and changing identity of the city came under destructive pressure as a push for development and modernity took hold. Destruction, of course, not in the sense of physical destruction but rather a destruction of history and of identity that produces the "tomb of ideas," a place inherently lacking in clear and authentic cultural identifiers. The city that both Levy and Cuenca write about is *their* wonderful city, but they see it as a present in which Rio is teetering on an edge of globalized vacuousness. Taking lessons from history, however, and indeed from Cuenca's post-Olympic projection, we can see that this is nothing other than the next chapter in Rio's decadent history where that unreal, projected future telos will remain, by definition, in the future. The only shame in the contemporary city is the process by which that intuition becomes apparent and its associated social cost, although, again, that is nothing new.

Nostalgic Attraction: The Body in Rio

In Tatiana Salem Levy's text, the protagonist is compelled and profoundly attracted to return to "her" city. If Cuenca's text has a negative tone regarding his narrator's impression of contemporary Rio de Janeiro, then Levy's is rather a recognition of its beauty and its appeal. "Here, in Rio de Janeiro, my body feels at home," says the unnamed female narrator.[97] In an interview on America's National Public Radio in 2013, Levy described the story as her "love letter" to Rio; she was born in Lisbon, and lives between Rio de Janeiro, her adopted home and nationality, and the Portuguese capital.[98] Levy's work is about identifying with a city, feeling at home there, and rediscovering identification and attraction through experiential regeneration; her need to return to Rio is catalysed by a desire to experience and live in it once again. In terms of its attraction, she implies, its special atmosphere is unlike anywhere else.

Absence and nostalgia define her experience. She wakes up one day, in an unnamed foreign city, and feels that Rio is missing from her life and

that she needs to return. The sensation comes from nostalgia, based on what the city once was, what it meant to her, and how it was missing from her life. The movement, from city to city and back home to Rio, is the reanimating and reinvigorating factor, and Rio de Janeiro serves as the avenue to being able to breathe again, to live again, despite (or, rather because of) its chaos, confusion, and intense experiential nature. For all its contrasts and complexities, there is nowhere else quite like it. It is alive, and it is exactly that vivacity that is attractive and a central part of its identity. The narrator's body, originally from Rio and now back home there, feels a corporeal liberation through the process of reintegrating with the city. Through this literary gesture—of going back to that city precisely to breathe—the intimate aspect of Rio's landscape comes into relief. The city, its natural environment, and its character exert influence onto its residents.

After seven years living abroad, the protagonist feels reinvigorated and reanimated, and fittingly a definite corporeality pervades Levy's story (her "body breathes" there). There are also constant references to nature and climate. There is "a layer of mildew," "a musty smell," and "muggy air" in Rio that "envelops the body," and her "blood stirs, aroused by the month of December."[99] She is moistened with sweat, which "lubricates the muscles; it makes us move," and she has solidarity not from other individuals necessarily, but rather from the city with which she interacts, that wraps around her, where "fluids run even from solid objects" in stark contrast to the "dry European air."[100] Body language, quite literally, is central to existing in Rio, where people "speak with their bodies [and] the body never lies."[101] These bodies interact with that city environment, both constituting part of a dialogically and reciprocally interactive landscape. "On the telephone, you tell me my voice is different. It's the humidity, I say. It purifies the voice."[102] The power and potency of nature lend the city the different sensation; it is tropical, remote, and somehow it operates according to a different rhythm of life, but is all the more attractive for it. The city, in this sense, brings her clarity and freedom, rather than stifling her. It is liberation not asphyxiation.

Time and the idea of a distinct temporality are central to Levy's text. By moving "home," from Europe to Rio de Janeiro, she is also moving through time to engage with a distinct temporality, one that implies a sense of being different—more remote, somehow—from the place that she felt compelled to leave. "I want to spend a little time there," the protagonist explains to her partner, as they "both tried to cling to the word time. Just a little time."[103] The two split, the partner left behind as Levy's protagonist goes back to Rio, and there is a tacit recognition that

they are now living according to distinct rhythms of life. The backbone of her attraction to the city is based on a sensory reintegration coming from a nostalgic appreciation of the absence that this city generated in her and that one day became so apparent. "Me, of all people, who has always made people my home. Suddenly I hear the rumbling voice of a city, like the voice of a former lover that comes to life again with the violence of things stowed from sight."[104] It being stowed away is central to this idea: the attraction is not visual, or present, or inspired by a recent trip there; rather, it suddenly exploded into her consciousness, based on her feelings for the city that were generated years earlier. Indeed, its "voice," its personality, spoke to her. She is nostalgically imagining the city partly based on her history and experience there, but also through a fundamental corporeal attraction and existential necessity developed and curated over time.

As such, intimacy and an intense sensation of identity between the two protagonists—the city and the narrator—become central discursive features of the text:

> How is one melancholic in Rio de Janeiro? You lower your head, but on your right side a hill rises up, majestic; on the left side, scandalous nature makes its presence felt; in front of you, the infinite line of the sea. You try, but your right eye stubbornly wants to see the landscape; the left is drawn to the greenery. And you know that if you happen to lift your head and look at the horizon, there'll be no way out: you will smile.
>
> One must, therefore, find the melancholic corners of the city, those in which you can look down without being sucked in by the landscape (but where?)[105]

The place calls her name and exerts power over its residents and visitors, eliciting the *saudades* that are such a fundamental part of the modern Brazilian character. There is an undeniable and overwhelming beauty within that distinct, and attractive, atmosphere that defines Rio de Janeiro. The experience of time there is simply *different*, not faster, slower or backwards, but simply passing according to a distinct, corporeal rhythm, and it is there, deep within that, where she feels at home: "If it weren't for the green paths traced by the mould, I'd say the interval separating my departure from my return never existed."[106]

It was not as though the protagonist's time abroad had simply withered to an inevitable conclusion that resulted in her returning home. She had a life abroad, a house and a partner, yet Rio called out to her to come

back. At the start of the story, the narrator admits that "It's never easy to trade one love for another," and then confirms the trade in a phone conversation with the now ex-lover: "On the other end of the line, the shaky, faltering voice, slightly stammering asks: are you trading me for a city?" to which the narrator responds: "Yes, I have traded you for a city."[107] There is a strong, life-defining presence in the city that exerts an influence over its inhabitants. Rio, for all its stereotypes and complexities, emerges, with all its character and potency, as a landscape that demands adherence to a different rhythm of life. The city is not defined by a take-it-or-leave-it sensibility; rather, it asks an existential question.

"You will soon see nature's strength unleashed, supreme, reminding us of how fragile and fleeting we are," she says in her description of the beauty of a rainstorm, a theme she revisits at the end of her story.[108] In the last fragments, and where it resonates most obviously with Cuenca's text, there is the sense of being at a historical point of rupture. Although the text is Levy's "love letter" to the city, that same city is also fragile: the story imagines the end for the city in which a "tsunami on a summer Sunday" submerges it and leaves a "limpid Rio, translucent beneath the water, the extreme beauty of the disaster."[109] All told, "Rio de Janeiro would be a mere vestige of a marvellous city, lost in the ocean's depths, inhabited by fish and corals, which would make its debris their new abode."[110] Here, we can read a recognition in her love letter that what creates that attraction and that appeal is inherently temporary. Its essence is fragile and at risk. As a counter-discursive incursion, we see a subtle critique of the impulse for intense, and insensitive, modernization and development that has been a feature of Rio since the transition to republic. Those impulses threaten something of the authentic attraction of the city in its unstable and continually evolving present. It is a "mere vestige" of its former self—a sterile, inauthentically recreated pastiche of its identifiable and attractive characteristics—and a nightmare in which the city becomes vacuous, a memory of a destroyed civilization.

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Ultimately, these stories represent a personal concern with *their* (the authors') city as cultural producers writing within the framework that the contemporary moment offers. These two incursions afford us a sense of contemporary Rio, and it comes across as a precarious place at a confluent

and seemingly transformative moment in its history, a moment that has broad historical precedent from the early- and mid-twentieth centuries.

On the levels of plot and style, the two stories contrast; one is about attraction, the other repulsion; one talks about happiness, the other a deep malaise. In terms of form, the two texts are also notably different; a third-person narrator, with a cynical, ironic tone in Cuenca's story, compared to a first-person, corporeally emotive voice in "*O Rio Sua*." Both of them, however, are fundamentally concerned with the nature of time in Rio; the rhetoric of the promise of the future dominates Cuenca's text, and the deep, defining nostalgia generated by absence underlines Levy's narrative. As such, both imply a city that shows a distinct rhythm of life. It is a place that, in these moments of intense growth and development, forgets its identity in pursuit of that promised, and perpetually out-of-reach, future. When that happens, we are reminded through the pull of nostalgia that it is that imagined future which is—more than any of the texts presented here—the real fiction, and that the contemporary moment is not a break into that promised future but rather the next chapter in Rio's decadent history.

Notes

1. Robert Alter, *Imagined Cities*: *Urban Experience and the Language of the Novel* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2005), ix.
2. Robert Pogue Harrison, *Gardens*: *an Essay on the Human Condition* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2008), 159.
3. For more on the concept of periphery, and particularly with regard to Machado, see Roberto Schwarz *A Master on the Periphery of Capitalism* (2001), which deals primarily with *The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas* (1881). Also see João Cezar de Castro Rocha, "Introduction: Machado de Assis—the Location of an Author," *The Author as Plagiarist—The Case of Machado de Assis* (2006).
4. João Cezar de Castro Rocha, *The Author as Plagiarist*: *The Case of Machado de Assis* (Dartmouth: Center for Portuguese Studies and Culture, 2006), xxxi.
5. Antonio Candido, *On Literature and Society*, trans. and ed. Howard S. Becker (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1995), 106.
6. Ibid., 168.
7. Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht, *Atmosphere*, *Mood*, *Stimmung. On a Hidden Potential of Literature*, trans. Erik Butler (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2012), 82.

8. *Café com leite* refers to a style of politics that was dominated by ranchers and landowners from São Paulo (where coffee was the dominant product) and Minas Gerais (where it was dairy). The most important voices in Brazilian politics from 1889 to 1930 were these agrarian oligarchs, with policy tightly related and favourable to these industries. This, in turn, created *coronelismo*, where local agricultural chiefs offered help and support to their *de facto* constituents in exchange for loyalty and in lieu of official federal or state political representation. It would be Vargas, emerging as an authoritarian populist in 1930, who would forcefully centralize Brazil.
9. Machado de Assis, *The Wager*: *Aires' Journal*, trans. R.L. Scott-Buccleuch (London: Peter Owen, 1990), 42. Translations, except when otherwise noted, come from this version. For the original Portuguese, see *Memorial de Aires* (Brasília: Ministério da Educação, 1994), PDF e-book.
10. John Gledson, "The Last Betrayal of Machado de Assis: Memorial de Aires," *Portuguese Studies* 1 (1985): 122–3.
11. Ibid., 150.
12. Ibid., 165.
13. Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht, *Atmosphere*, *Mood*, *Stimmung. On a Hidden Potential of Literature*, trans. Erik Butler (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2012), 90.
14. Ibid., 91.
15. "Não se trata contudo de simples anterioridade, ou de saudades do tempo passado. É à velocidade das impressões que se refere Aires e, através dela, é à sociedade passada, paradoxalmente presente nas ruínas do tempo, que ele se reporta." Pedro Meira Monteiro, "O Futuro Abolido: Anotações sobre Tempo no *Memorial de Aires*," *Machado de Assis em Linha*. 1.1 (2008): 41.
16. For an in-depth study of the interaction of Machado's life with his last novel, see Helen Caldwell, *Machado de Assis*: *The Brazilian Master and His Novels* (1970), and particularly the chapter "Assis's Odyssey or Caroline's Head," in which Caldwell aligns biographical information with Machado's last two novels.
17. Machado de Assis, *The Wager*: *Aires' Journal*, trans. R.L. Scott-Buccleuch (London: Peter Owen, 1990), 97.
18. Ibid., 105.
19. Ibid., 13, 17, and 98.
20. Ibid., 98.
21. Ibid., 64.
22. Gumbrecht, *Atmosphere*, *Mood*, *Stimmung*, 88.
23. *The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas*, published in 1881, marks a watershed in Brazilian literature, from Romanticism and Naturalism to sharp Realist and pre-Modern prose. In that novel, Machado innovatively tells

the story of the protagonist from beyond the grave, recounting in short, erratic chapters his somewhat inconsequential life in all of its non-Romantic glory.

24. Machado de Assis, *The Wager*: *Aires' Journal*, 161.
25. Ibid., 159.
26. Ibid., 162.
27. Monteiro, "O Futuro Abolido," 55.
28. Ibid.
29. All of the quotations here are taken from one entry. Machado de Assis, *The Wager*: *Aires' Journal*, 25–6.
30. Lima Barreto, *Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma* (Brasília: Ministério da Educação, 1994), PDF e-book, 9.
31. Ibid., 57.
32. Ibid., 16.
33. Ibid., 103.
34. Ibid., 107.
35. Ibid., 138–9.
36. Ibib., 297.
37. Ibid., 389.
38. José Murilo de Carvalho, *Os Bestializados*: *o Rio de Janeiro e a República que Não Foi* (São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2005), 15.
39. All of these quotations about the suburbs come from one page. Barreto, *Triste Fim*, 159.
40. Ibid., 7 and 21.
41. Julia O'Donnell, "A Década de 1910 e a Invenção dos Subúrbios Cariocas" (presentation, Brazilian Studies Association, London, 21 August 2014).
42. That is not to say, of course, that cities have only one centre or that a centre is necessarily easy to define. Indeed, cities have multiple centres and axes of activity and action. The specificity of the *suburbs* referenced by Barreto and home to the bourgeois Quaresma, especially defined by its residential aspects and distance from the "centre," implies a neighbourhood and personality that is at a distance from the cultural, political, and social centres of Rio de Janeiro.
43. Barreto, *Triste Fim*, 19.
44. Ibid., 22.
45. Ibid., 404.
46. Elizabeth Bishop, *Questions of Travel* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1965), 8.
47. Ibid., 4.
48. Quoted in Lorrie Goldensohn, *Elizabeth Bishop*: *the Biography of a Poetry* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1993), 4.
49. Ibid., 3–4.

50. Bishop, *Questions of Travel*, 4.
51. *Words in Air*: *The Complete Correspondence between Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell*, eds. Thomas Travisano and Saskia Hamilton (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2008), 536.
52. Quoted in Goldensohn, *Elizabeth Bishop*, 9.
53. Ibid., 10.
54. Elizabeth Bishop, *Poems* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2011), 173.
55. Ibid., 174.
56. *Words in Air*, 133.
57. Ibid., 129 and 134.
58. Bishop, *Questions of Travel*, 16.
59. *Words in Air*, 155.
60. Ibid., 143.
61. Ibid.
62. Ibid., 135.
63. Ibid., 134.
64. Ibid., 142.
65. Ibid., 159 and 148.
66. Ibid., 159. My emphasis.
67. Ibid., 166.
68. Ibid., 164.
69. Ibid., 616.
70. Ibid., 566.
71. Ibid., 255.
72. Ibid., 264.
73. Ibid., 256 and 314.
74. Ibid., 274.
75. Ibid., 448.
76. Ibid., 458 and 526.
77. Ibid., 531.
78. Ibid., 536.
79. Ibid., 472.
80. Ibid., 538.
81. William Boyd, "'Must We Dream Our Dreams?'" *The Guardian* (London), 11 September 2010.
82. *Words in Air*, 637.
83. Ibid., 640.
84. Bishop, *Questions of Travel*, 9.
85. Ibid., 27.
86. Ibid., 30.
87. *Words in Air*, 275.
88. Bishop, *Poems*, 198–99.

89. João Paulo Cuenca, "Before the Fall," trans. Clifford E. Landers, *Granta 121*: *The Best of Young Brazilian Novelists*, ed. John Freeman (London: Sigrid Rausing, 2012), 222.
90. Ibid., 217–8.
91. Ibid., 219.
92. Ibid., 219.
93. Ibid., 220.
94. Ibid., 225.
95. Ibid., 221.
96. Ibid., 226.
97. Tatiana Salem Levy, "Blazing Sun," trans. Alison Entrekin, *Granta 121*: *The Best of Young Brazilian Novelists*, ed. John Freeman (London: Sigrid Rausing, 2012), 40.
98. Tatiana Salem Levy, "A Brazilian Writer's Love Letter to Rio de Janeiro," *NPR*, 13 September 2013.
99. Levy, "Blazing Sun," 39.
100. Ibid.
101. Ibid., 45.
102. Ibid., 50.
103. Ibid., 39.
104. Ibid., 40.
105. Ibid., 47.
106. Ibid.
107. Ibid., 40, 47, and 51.
108. Ibid., 41.
109. Ibid., 51.
110. Ibid.

Past, Present, and Future Rio de Janeiro

Through what Elizabeth Bishop thought of as a "glorious but artistic and orderly mess" in its "superb underdevelopment," earlier seen by Lévi-Strauss as being "*démodé*," and seen as "beautiful sadness" in *Memorial de Aires*, we can establish a novel way of approaching the cultural history of Rio according to its rhythm of life and the experience of time. The works of architecture and literature I have brought together convey a sensation of incompleteness in the present in different ways. This gesture—a feeling of missing something, someone, or sometime—shapes all of the buildings and works. Those same creations act as examples that allow us to think about the city more broadly, as they most clearly demonstrate the push and pull of Rio's idiosyncratic relationship to time. Post-1889, there have been various moments of acute pushes towards the future, which have been antagonised by an ever-present and identifiable nostalgia for something other, something not rooted in a fleeting present that always seems to be on the brink of change.

The intense atmosphere of Rio de Janeiro is created and curated, on the one hand, by the historically recurrent impulses for "progress" and "the future" that seek to rupture with the past. On the other hand, throughout Rio's modern history, there has been a historicizing impulse; that is, a characteristic that looks back, that is deeply nostalgic, and that abstractly memorializes the past in ongoing identity creation. Seen so, the present moment becomes one that is almost imperceptibly short. It is always seemingly incomplete and perpetually "in progress." There is, as I have termed it, a trend of complete imperfection in the cultural history of

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Rio de Janeiro. It is from this basis that the familiar quip—"Brazil is the country of the future … and always will be"—emerged, based on Zweig's famous phrase and employed as a regular taunt by Brazil's Latin American neighbours. It is a notion that remains relevant today.

It is within this idea that we can more specifically understand Rio de Janeiro as a decadent city. What has been used as a vacuous and carelessly applied term can instead be considered as *the aesthetic manifestation of a specific relationship to time*. In Rio, that distinct relationship is very clearly expressed—as complete imperfection—through the examples that I have looked at. It is about incompleteness and outdatedness. It is an experience of the present as though it is not quite "of the present." There is, then, a fundamental discordance that recurs in the cultural history of modern Rio de Janeiro, a trend to always look to something absent, which results in an ever-evolving and perpetual atmosphere of being "in progress." There is a gesture of unpresentness, which brings about the sensation of chaotic breakdown in the life of the city, an atmosphere that is a defining and deeply attractive aspect of its identity. At least in the Carioca context, decadence—thought of according to my definition—serves as a productive way of reading the city.

I see the broader cultural history of the modern city as being defined by the atmosphere of decadence. The four buildings I looked at in detail are symbols that resonate with that broader history as they relate to time in a specific and clearly identifiable way. They have all been symbols of the future and of the hope and potential that goes with it; likewise, they all demonstrate a specific relationship to the past in their current existences. These buildings are somehow always—and beautifully—incomplete, because layers of the future and the past are so deeply contained within them. As metonyms, they serve as examples to think about the physical, constructed world of Rio de Janeiro more broadly. In a more abstract way, the works of literature I have explored highlight a unique relationship to time in which a motif that looks nostalgically to something other, to something absent, is very much present. That motif implies a present moment as if it is lacking something. That sensation of incompleteness is precisely something that is so gloriously attractive about the cultural identity of this city; it will never be complete precisely because it is already complete, albeit in its own idiosyncratic way. Remember Carlos Drummond de Andrade's words about absence: "For a long time, I thought that absence meant lacking something," he wrote in his poem "*Ausência*." That lacking is not something to be "lamented," he says. "There is no lacking in absence," but rather, "Absence is a being within me."[1]

We can take his words to elaborate a cultural identity that is based on the premise of absence. In architecture and literature—and taking those examples to think about the city more broadly—the feeling of something missing, of a projection towards something other, is vital. On the intimate level, it is expressed as *saudades*; on the more macro level, it is visible in the ongoing historical process that is fundamentally looking to the future—always of hope, aspiration, potential—but that is also defined by strong historicizing tendencies. This has been the case whether we think about the early republican years, or the Vargas years, or, importantly, the present moment. It is a way to think about Rio in its historical continuum.

It is no surprise that a wealth of writing was produced in the 2000s that suggested that the future was finally about to arrive. But that notion is, according to my thesis, redundant. If we look at the history of Rio de Janeiro post-1889, we can see that, in its essence, the Olympic moment is not drastically different from what came before. There has been a boom in development and modernization projects—"progress"—but they are subject to the same historical conditions that have prevailed post-1889, particularly in certain moments. The very ideal of a future that is always out of reach creates the temporal dynamic within which the city's decadence is exposed. Getting close to the brink of "catching up" and then drastically retreating from that imagined precipice is a dynamic that has been a constant in the city's modern history.

Unfortunately, the social impact of the three particularly intense historical moments of forward-looking development was high: people are evicted, relocated, killed. That is a tragedy, and one that should not be forgotten, and it has come about as a result of insensitive ways of developing the city. The issue at hand is not development per se; indeed, cities are always evolving and developing. Rather, it is *how* that process takes place; throughout the history of modern Rio de Janeiro, development and modernization have been governed to take place at breakneck speed, to leave the past behind, and to proactively seek to "catch up" with some idealized—and imagined—projection at no matter what cost. However, it is that premise that is amiss. Development has to take place not according to some imagined parameters. Rather, it must come about according to a framework that is sensitive to place and local conditions, and that incorporates the city and is recognizant of its history and identity. The World Cup and the Olympics were a huge missed opportunity to do that. They were taken as just another attempt to externally project an image of progress, which is itself a fallible notion. It was a chance to host an austere

Olympics, or to challenge the extensive and questionable demands of FIFA and the IOC, or to use the Olympic moment as a means to battle political corruption and extreme social stratification in a unifying expression of Brazilian cultural identity. But, instead, the global Olympic moment has only served to reaffirm political corruption and intensify social divisions in Rio de Janeiro. The infamous social and political environment of the city will be even more entrenched—not eased—after the supposed glory of hosting the Olympics. That is no legacy.

That there will be a crisis and period of accelerated decline post-2016 is not in doubt. It is already well under way, more dramatically than could have been imagined. The growth from the mid-2000s until 2013 was unsustainable and unfounded in its attempt to project such an image. Already, with a plethora of problems impacting the government—corruption, scandals, economic woe, impeachment, Rio state's bankruptcy—the weakness of Brazilian "progress" in its current iteration has been exposed even as I write this in the first days of 2016. Until there are fundamental systemic developments, including decreased bureaucracy, increased transparency, and more sustainable, inclusive, and localized social and economic visions, the nation will suffer these intense swings between boom and bust. The famous *Economist* magazine cover and headline of "Brazil Takes Off" from 2009 was replaced in the first issue of 2016 with a remarkable turnaround. The cover headline now reads "Brazil's Fall." Where once Christ the Redeemer was launching off his perch, he now slouches with his head in his hands. In the city's history, this dynamic between taking off towards the future and falling back down to the ground has been marked and identifiable, and it is within that history that a complex and idiosyncratic relationship to time recurs as a defining feature of this city. To make matters more complex, the aesthetic expression of that relationship to time—decadence—is at once strikingly beautiful and frustrating, leaving a mark on the reader of, and visitor to, Rio de Janeiro as a fundamental part of its atmosphere. The layered and multifaceted interaction between the natural and the man-made, the past and the future, "*saudades*" and "progress," and so on, creates a city landscape that is amongst the most beautiful—and complex—in the world.

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The beauty of Rio de Janeiro is clear from the moment you land at Galeão or take a walk through the city. You are immersed in its atmosphere.

Of course, there is a pre-dominant visual element in the aesthetic foreground: the topography, geography, and climate—rolling hills and the hazy peaks, the intense rainstorms, the beaches and the ocean, and the city that is crammed in—make for a dramatic cityscape. When coming into land, or walking the streets, or swimming in the ocean, or residing there, there is an unmistakable sensation that you are *in* Rio de Janeiro. The atmosphere is immersive and interactive, and its presence is something that you know and feel—you could not be anywhere else but a part of that landscape. The feeling is not just one of a detached beauty that is pleasant and agreeable; it is not only "aesthetically pleasing." It is more demanding than that.

The experience is more intense: the feeling of "being there" is not simply beautiful but rather glorious, gesturing towards what Immanuel Kant thought of as the "sublime." The unbounded and intense experiential impact of the atmosphere of the city and its contrasts and complexities influence both visitors and residents. It is not just pleasant and joyous—as could be mistaken through the beauty of its form—but, rather, it has a more nuanced aspect to it: of over-abundance, of melancholy, of splendour, and of an atmosphere that is enveloping. The city does not overwhelm or terrify us like the Kantian sublime might, but it is more than simply a detached beauty for us to enjoy. It is not at a subjective distance from us, but, rather, it becomes part of the subject. Its environment deeply impacts the inhabitant, whether visiting or living there, and brings about an interactive and corporeal sensation. Between the "beautiful" and the "sublime," then, we can invoke "glorious" as a term that captures the vibrancy of Rio de Janeiro. We do not only "see" Rio de Janeiro according to its form—that is, its natural surroundings and how it appears and how that appearance is appreciated in a subjective, and visual, aesthetic consideration—and from a distance. In terms of the city's landscape, its glorious decadence is the sensation of closely experiencing a challenging, but attractive, temporality that is laden with contradictions and contrasts. This makes for an incredibly vibrant city, a dynamic and evolving whole that has a wide-ranging and integral sensory impact.

The sensation of unpresentness and incompleteness—coming from the feeling of being imperceptibly between the past and the future—is deeply present in the works of architecture and literature that I have analysed. If beauty is a certain, unpredictable combination of qualities that pleases the senses, particularly sight, then we can think of Rio's glorious decadence according not only to its visual beauty but also to an atmosphere *that envelops us.* It transcends architecture, literature, geography, music, and so on,

to become part of the cultural identity of a place in its dynamic and evolving rhythm. And rhythm is a term that can fundamentally be associated with Rio de Janeiro. Just think, for example, of the nostalgic lamenting of absence in samba or bossa nova, which is also somehow punctuated with an intense and beautiful joy and an easy swagger, music that is more mood than style. We can go beyond the simple observation of aesthetic impact (that the city is "beautiful") to approaching this urban space and the profound sensation of being there according to the production of that feeling from the intense spatial and temporal interactions that mark its landscape. It is within that dynamic that we find its vivacity and its decadence.

This condition is part of an ongoing history of Rio de Janeiro that began post-1889, and will continue into the future. I see it as being particularly acute in Rio de Janeiro given the intensity of the interactions and contrasts—between natural and urban, old and new, and so on—that are a foundational part of its identity. Nonetheless, if we take the thesis of there being distinct temporalities as a feature of cities, then it serves as a framework that stretches beyond Rio de Janeiro to approach other Brazilian landscapes and other Latin American cities, if not further. Cities of the "global South"—that is, those not belonging to what is often called the "developed" world and in which processes of "development" operate according to distinct temporal and historical paradigms—are approachable according to their complex individual temporalities. Rio de Janeiro has bought into and adapted ideologies of "progress" and "the future" profoundly and consistently over its modern history whilst also, paradoxically, the presence of a deep nostalgia has influenced those same ideologies. A push to the future and the pull of the past lie deep in the city's character; a tropical, abundant, and imposing natural environment lies around the built city. Here, within this framework, time seems, in many ways, to stand still whilst also being fleeting.

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The Olympics mark only the most recent push for progress in Rio de Janeiro. These particularly acute moments have been seen previously and yet always the future—by definition—remains out of reach. These pushes have been marked by a noticeably intense series of projects and developments: changes that seek to completely redefine the city as quickly as possible. In the context of large-scale events, there is the question as to whether the Olympics necessitated urban redevelopment, or, conversely,

that redevelopment—as a way of justification—necessitated the Olympics. Like the World's Fair in 1922 or the World Cup in 1950, a big event provides the justification for large-scale projects. And the Olympics, the first time it will be hosted in South America is in Rio in 2016, is the biggest such event and is located in just one urban environment, unlike the World Cup. The changes in the appearance and the character of the city have been immense: the hundreds of development and infrastructure projects, alongside mass relocations and evictions of citizens, are part of a huge reformative process. Redevelopment necessitated a grand statement—a *grand récit*, perhaps—such as the Olympics, a justification for the latest iteration of political rhetoric and development focused on lucrative real estate, which again centred on a version of the concept of "progress."

The process and the results will be the same. An all-consuming rush to build that future, to catch up with some imagined and inherently unreachable point, means that too many projects across too wide a spectrum were taken on at once. Building projects, transport projects, social programmes, business development, and so on, have created a particularly acute sensation of the city being "in progress." The issue, at this contemporary Olympic moment as at other points in history, is that none of those projects will be fully or sustainably completed, and that their process has brought about unfortunate and ill-addressed effects, just as it did in history. There was no systematic plan to accompany the "progress."

Currently, the cracks have already appeared and the walls are peeling in projects that have not even been finished; whether they can ever be "finished" is another question. The social programmes, for example, were launched in a robust economic period for Brazil; what happens now that the economy has slowed down and the political infrastructure remains as turgid as it was before? After the Olympics, and all its associated projects, there will be a whole generation of buildings and projects that are abandoned—rather like in Athens, 2004—and a period of accentuated decadence. Indeed, the boom of Brazil has already faltered, and that is even before the Olympics, which were supposed to mark the high point of that boom. It is not, I imagine, what Lula or others thought when they announced so joyously that the Olympics marked Brazil's successful emergence onto the global stage. Unfortunately, the insensitive paradigms of contemporary development, largely construed to project an image of progress to an outside audience for the Olympics, do not reflect the lived experience for most residents of this magnificent city. Perhaps, post-2016, a more sustainable and long-term vision for the future of the city, and all

of its inhabitants, can be created, one that is sensitive to the city, its history, and its idiosyncratic identity. That would be a legacy.

The dynamic between the pull of the past and the push of the future, to put it simply, has been present since 1889, and particularly marked in certain moments. Rio, as a result of this dynamic, exists in perpetuity in the ruins of time, perpetually in construction and in ruin concurrently, and there is a continually regenerated sensation of incompleteness that lends the city much of its appeal and attraction. Rio's evolving decadence has been a defining aspect of its identity; it is what differentiates it and one aspect that makes the city distinctive. The city, rather than finally emerging and catching up in the 2010s, will rather continue to exist in perpetuating decadence *for as long as the discourses of progress remain intact and alive in Brazil*. That notion of progress is itself already very much outdated and yet it is still invoked to an intense point in Brazil. As H.U. Gumbrecht writes, "the chronotope of progress already imploded decades ago, even if our discourses, for purposes of communication and self-understanding, still perpetuate it."[2] In Rio, "progress" still defines the developmentalist ideals that pervade, just as it did in the 1890s, as though there is the hope for some "better future," which is waiting just around history's corner, an achievable and desirable telos, even if that is by now a vacuous notion that only serves as an ideological cover for more exclusive and focused gain.

It is through that interaction between the driving grand narrative of "progress" and the presence of a dominant nostalgia that we can situate contemporary Rio de Janeiro. Rather than its decadence being thought of as a process of decline—the opposite of progress—we can, instead, think about decadence as a state of acute perpetual incompleteness, which itself is constantly and dynamically recreated on the urban landscape. It is a fundamental part of that same ideology of progress. What is happening in Rio now is not drastically different from any of the other such moments post-1889, despite the de-historicized tendency to think of this moment as somehow being "new" and "on the brink" of some change and promised future. That, as I hope to have shown, is patently not the case.

Rather, the contemporary situation in Rio de Janeiro adheres to the maxim that Rubem Fonseca reproduces as part of a dialogue in his novel *Agosto*: "Don't think you can change Brazil. The French, an intelligent people, invented the perfect maxim, which becomes more true the older it gets: *plus ça change*, *plus c'est la même chose*."[3] Rather than marking the beginning of a "new" Rio de Janeiro, the Olympics, instead, play into the complex temporality that has defined the post-1889 city, simply another part of Rio's historical continuum and its condition of decadence. This is

fundamentally a city in which, despite what the rhetoric might be and how far-reaching the changes aim to be, "the more things change, the more they stay the same." It would take a radical political and ideological shift to change that reality, not just a series of half-hearted, overly ambitious projects that masquerade as benevolent urban reinvention under the disguise of an Olympic project that is centred on corporate capitalism and real estate speculation as much as anything else. Post-2016, the pronounced "boom" of the early 2000s, coupled with the changes in the socioeconomic scenario, will be further challenged, the push "for the future" replaced instead with a malaise about "what could have been," or about what has been lost and is now absent. However, let me be clear—it is that precise interaction which has, in different guises, been present throughout Rio's modern history and that is consistently present as a vital feature of the city's identity. The intensity of the incompleteness, of absence, and the desire for something "other" has been a perpetually evolving, but consistent, part of the city's history, as much in 2016 as in 1889.

If decadence is the result of a specific relationship to time that I see in Rio de Janeiro, then we can also very briefly consider other cities as a way to think about "progress" and how different cities and areas operate according to distinct temporalities. In San Francisco, for example, where I wrote a large part of this manuscript during Silicon Valley's boom as the heartland of innovation in the Information Age, the "new" is a vital feature of the cultural landscape. Old styles and outdated technology are only fashionably retro in an environment where the dominant ideological focus is on how "new" technology can "make your life better." It is as though by leaving behind already-dated technology there is an existential benevolence to be found in exchange for contributing to capitalist, profit- and market-driven corporations. It is "here" that "the future" is created and exported, with a tagline of changing the world for the better. As a driving ideology of the present iteration of globalized capitalism, particularly in the social realm, a "better" and more conscious and sustainable future is to be found through constant, demanded, and wide-ranging technological innovation that is purposefully and markedly "futuristic." Such an environment, often at the expense of cultural and social diversity and heterogeneity, is a naively future-facing world of innovation and unfettered global consumer capitalism, a distinct temporality that is fast-paced, "of the moment," and that belongs to a seemingly rapid evolutionary cycle, no matter its positive or negative ramifications (of which there are many).

And how, to take a Western hemisphere counterpoint as one obvious example, is time experienced in Havana, Cuba? Is it, as many people like

to say, "preserved" in time and stuck in the 1950s, old, outdated, and backwards in its decay; or rather has its post-1959 history simply brought about a distinct temporality in which the experience of the present is no better or worse than more capitalistically advanced nations nearby but simply *different*? Between these two examples, somewhat proximate in geography if not in other ways, we can see a spectrum of temporality emerge: what is different about their relationship to time, and what ramifications does that have on historical and aesthetic processes? Like the protagonist in Alejo Carpentier's *Los Pasos Perdidos* (*The Lost Steps*) (1953), the movement from north to south represents a different rhythm of life, the engagement with a distinct temporality *as though* it were a movement back in time, which both Bishop and Lévi-Strauss alluded to based on their experiences in Latin America. It is an observation of the movement into a different time and a different rhythm of life with distinct aesthetic implications. Is one of these iterations of "modernity" or "development" or "progress" inherently "better," and what do these terms refer to in different temporalities? In our global context, it is clear that such divided and assuming binaries are no longer a possibility.

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To think about the impact of the Olympics on Rio, let us look to the recent World Cup for guidance. In Brasília, the Mané Garrincha National Stadium, rebuilt at tremendous cost, now exists as a monument to the World Cup's legacy in the city that exists as a monument to Brazil's state-sponsored and utopic pursuit of the future. Less than two years after the World Cup, half of the 12 stadiums are underused and in financial difficulty. The state-of-the-art renovations of, for example, the stadium in Brasília saw it shift almost imperceptibly from being "brand new" for the World Cup to being left unused and in decay following the expensive and extensive renovation of the 72,000-seat ground. It has not been used to capacity since the World Cup; indeed, Brasília does not have any prominent or successful teams, and, anyway, the running costs of the stadium are now too high for it to make any financial sense. Indeed, the combined total attendance of all 80 matches, played elsewhere in smaller stadiums, in a recent local championship would not have filled the stadium. It is unused, except for the odd exhibition match or concert, and has recently passed "from freshness to decay"—as Lévi-Strauss would have observed—with a rough, unmaintained pitch and

a car park being used as a bus depot. The sunburnt grass around the stadium has not been cut in months, and the impressive stadium architecture is covered in scaffolding at one end and crumbling at the other.[4]

As J.P. Cuenca wrote in "Before the Fall," the developments in this global moment represent the "provincial desire" to be something *other*, to "emulate cosmopolitanism" based on the promise and potential of development and modernization projects for the spectacular event of the Olympics.[5] The *image* of progress and development was again a defining motif of the contemporary moment and its "for export" sensibility; paradoxically, the aesthetic result of that same push for the future and associated pull of nostalgia is the creation of Rio's idiosyncratic and attractive decadence. The World Cup and the Olympics, unfortunate in their social cost and related financial wastefulness, mark the latest iteration of such a trend in the city's history. There have been numerous occasions of particularly acute pushes to rupture with the supposedly less desirable aspects of the city's past by way of their repression or destruction rather than their recognition. Think about, for example, Pereira Passos' reforms in the early twentieth century, the razing of Castelo hill, Vargas' intense and driven development, the construction of the Cidade Nova, the Maracanã, or the Sambodrome, or—most recently—the Olympic park. In that last example, one of the city's oldest and most traditional favela communities—Vila Autódrmo—has been forcefully and unaccountably evicted and razed to the ground to make way for the Olympic project.

It is from within that temporal landscape—of those fast-paced intentions of development in certain moments and their associated nostalgia—that the cultural identity of the so-called Marvellous City emerges. Within that atmosphere, it is the "premature ageing," and not "the newness of these places," as Lévi-Strauss wrote, that strikes anyone who visits.[6] It is where the transfer from being in construction to a ruin, as Caetano had it, is gloriously imperceptible, both in the physical and abstract realms, a sense of complex incompleteness that is identifiably and beautifully marked. The threshold between "new" and "old" is weak and easily transcended, and both aspects flood the present in creating an identifiable incompleteness that I have explored here. Within that tropical climate of seemingly faded glory, still pulsating with life, exists a city of contrasts and complexities, which leaves residents and visitors in awe through its sensation of complete imperfection, its chaos and commotion coupled with its intense—yet nostalgic and relaxed—experience of the present.

On my most recent visit there, my friend Márcio and his wife think it is foolish for me to make my own way from Prazeres and over to one of my favourite places in Rio de Janeiro. I hop on the bus to Silvestre and go past some impressive murals on the crumbling walls, taking it to the end of the line up above Cosme Velho, where I continue on foot on the Estrada das Paineiras and into the Tijuca National Park. I'm suddenly surrounded by forest. The road crosses over the Corcovado tram route where, a little down the line, I can see the fittingly named "*Morro do Inglés*" ("English Hill") station. After a few hundred metres, I take a left and walk—in the pounding morning heat—up to the Dona Marta viewpoint.

From here, the vibrant, rhythmic city is majestic. Behind me is thick rainforest rising up the steep hillsides to the Christ the Redeemer statue, punctuated at points by sheer granite faces. Out to the left, I can see Prazeres and Santa Teresa, and stretching beyond that the Maracanã, the international airport, and the North Zone, as well as the bridge over the bay to Niterói. A little closer in, I see Santos Dumont airport and Flamengo Park—the ruined Hotel Glória lurking there—with the density of downtown and the port area blocked from view by another forest-covered hill. Down below me I see the old and beautifully dated Laranjeiras stadium surrounded by the eponymous neighbourhood as well as Glória, Catete, Flamengo, and Botafogo, the white high-rises curving around the limits of the hills and the water. Favela communities climb up some of those hillsides. Right out in front, Guanabara Bay and Sugarloaf Mountain coexist beautifully, the sharp curve of the Bay distinguished by the granite slab that rises up almost vertically. Beyond, in the distance on the other side of the Bay, are those hazy, jagged peaks that continue seemingly to infinity. To my right, the horizon is a long, gentle curve—the Atlantic Ocean—and between more green and granite hills I see snippets of Copacabana and Ipanema.

The streets hum below, and there is a rhythm of the city; it speaks to you. From here, the coexistence of those elements that make the city so idiosyncratically what it is can be felt in the atmosphere. The natural setting and tropical climate interact with the urban world, and this view has a timelessness over the vibrant city that seems to be perpetually "in progress," more than any other city I have experienced. It makes for a strangely resonant existential experience. Sitting up here, I cannot help but feel the *saudades* for how intensely I somehow already feel the absence of this glorious landscape, this time, and this moment.

Notes

1. Carlos Drummond de Andrade, "Ausência," *Corpo*: *Novos Poemas*, (Editora Record: Rio de Janeiro, 1984).
2. Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht, *Our Broad Present* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2014), 31. It is put another way by Matei Călinescu in the synopsis to *The Five Faces of Modernity* (1987): "The concept of modernity—the notion that we, the living, are different and somehow superior to our predecessors and that our civilization is likely to be succeeded by one even superior to ours—is a relatively recent Western invention and one whose time may already have passed, if we believe its postmodern challengers."
3. Rubem Fonseca, *Crimes of August*, trans. Clifford E. Landers (Dartmouth: Tagus Press, 2014), 246.
4. It is a common theme. As of the end of 2015, the Maracanã is running at a loss (for this season's state championship, average attendance was 3,600 for all teams except Flamengo, who attracted an average of 16,000). In Cuiabá, the Pantanal Arena closed for 3 months of urgent repair in early 2015, following renovations for the World Cup. The stadium in Manaus faces a similar, slightly less extreme, problem as in Brasília. In Salvador, the private operating company is being investigated on corruption charges, leaving the administrative future of the stadium in doubt. In Natal, disappointing attendances have led to matches being played at the older, smaller Estádio Frasqueirão, and the "new" stadium is poorly maintained.
5. João Paulo Cuenca, "Before the Fall," trans. Clifford E. Landers, *Granta 121*: *The Best of Young Brazilian Novelists*, ed. John Freeman (London: Sigrid Rausing, 2012), 221.
6. Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes Tropiques*, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (London: Penguin, 1992), 96.

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