

Home, Monday, Dec. 27, 1948.

[...]

Please keep this letter between family or close friends who will understand that it is just a family chat and not a literary production for publication.

[...]

Very much love to all from all of us,
Evelyn.

Lar, Segunda-feira, 27 de dez. de 1948.

[...]

Por favor, mantenha esta carta entre a família ou amigos próximos que irão entender que é apenas um bate-papo familiar e não uma produção literária para publicação.

[...]

Muito amor para todos de todos nós,
Evelyn.

1 NO RELEVO DAS PALAVRAS: GEOGRAFIA E LITERATURA EPISTOLAR, ESSE LUGAR SEM FRONTEIRAS NO ENTRECRUZAMENTO DAS HUMANIDADES.

Mãe: [Mason está saindo para a faculdade] Esse é o pior dia de minha vida.

Mason: Como assim?

Mãe: [Começa a chorar] Eu sabia que esse dia estava chegando. Eu só... Eu não sabia que você iria ficar feliz pra caralho por estar indo.

Mason: Bem, não é que eu esteja assim tão feliz... o que você espera?

Mãe: Sabe o que estou percebendo? Minha vida está indo. Assim. Essa série de marcos. Casar. Ter filhos. Divorciar. O momento que eu pensei que você fosse disléxico. Quando eu te ensinei a andar de bicicleta. Divorciar... de novo. Ter meu título de mestre. Finalmente ter o trabalho que eu queria. Mandar Samantha para a faculdade. Mandar você para faculdade. Sabe o que vem depois? Hum? A merda do meu funeral! Vai logo, e deixa minha foto!

Mason: Você não está pulando, assim, uns 40 anos por aí?

Mãe: Eu só pensei que teria mais.⁴

Boyhood - Da infância à juventude

Em *Boyhood*, filme dirigido por Richard Linklater, acompanhamos a trajetória

⁴ Em tradução livre:

Mom: [Mason is leaving for college] This is the worst day of my life.

Mason: What are you talking about?

Mom: [Starts crying] I knew this day was coming. I just... I didn't know you were going to be so fucking happy to be leaving.

Mason: I mean it's not that I'm that happy... what do you expect?

Mom: You know what I'm realising? My life is just going to go. Like that. This series of milestones.

Getting married. Having kids. Getting divorced. The time that we thought you were dyslexic. When I taught you how to ride a bike. Getting divorced... again. Getting my masters degree. Finally getting the job I wanted. Sending Samantha off to college. Sending you off to college. You know what's next?

Huh? It's my fucking funeral! Just go, and leave my picture!

Mason: Aren't you jumping ahead by, like, 40 years or something?

Mom: I just thought there would be more.

dos personagens Mãe, Mason, Samantha e Pai de forma linear ao longo de doze anos. Por quase três horas, participamos de seus embates, conquistas, frustrações, amores, desencantos, enfim, singularidades de movimentos inerentes à própria vida. O destaque do filme é justo como se fundem a temporalidade ordinária e a temporalidade cinematográfica. Digo isto porque assistimos a um material resultado de uma filmagem que durou doze anos para os atores, projetando na tela em 165 minutos o crescimento, transformações e envelhecimento de cada um. Podemos conferir, então, a passagem de doze anos em dois cronômetros diferentes. *A vida está indo*. Casar, ter filhos, divorciar, ensinar, casar de novo, divorciar de novo, obter título de mestre, conquistar o trabalho desejado, mandar os filhos para a faculdade, envelhecer.... Acontecimentos que deixam marcas. Nesse sentido, eu poderia dizer que o verdadeiro personagem do filme é a temporalidade da vida cotidiana. Uma pergunta se impõe: como converter em cinematográfica a temporalidade ordinária? Em *Boyhood*, tornando visíveis de forma justaposta as marcas dessa passagem de tempo. Onde essas marcas se realizam? Por mais que acontecimentos e objetos marquem o tempo, é no corpo humano o lugar que melhor se faz presente essa temporalidade.

Rugas, cabelos brancos, troncos alongados, ou curvados, manchas de sol, arranhões: exemplos de marcas talhadas no corpo, resultado de um movimento inerente à própria natureza. As marcas no corpo carregam consigo os lugares de suas experiências - corpo humano, "esse guardador de lugares" (CHAVEIRO, 2012). Em *Boyhood*, as marcas são projetadas em tela grande. Aqui, nesta tese, estão inscritas em cartas. E de maneira semelhante ao filme, acompanhamos a saga de Evelyn Douglass Harper e Charles Roy Harper por trinta e cinco anos no Brasil. Uma diferença, crucial: não os acompanharemos de forma linear, mas seguiremos as pistas de seus afetos geografados, determinados pela experiência do lugar.

Neste ponto, uma nota. Entendo por afetos aquilo que foi cunhado por Bento de Espinosa (2015 [1677]). O filósofo do século XVII definiu em sua principal obra, *Ética*, que os corpos, em suas constantes relações com outros corpos, não param de afetar e serem afetados uns pelos outros, sendo afeto uma transição de um estado do corpo a outro estado. Deste modo, pode ocorrer de um corpo ao se encontrar com outro, aumente sua potência de agir e existir, havendo uma composição entre eles. Neste caso, trata-se de um bom encontro. Porém, também pode ocorrer de um corpo ao encontrar-se com outro, tenha diminuída sua potência

de agir e existir, havendo, assim, um mau encontro.

Os afetos, portanto, podem ser alegria, amor, tristeza, ódio, medo, encantamento, estranhamento, aconchego, conforto, comunhão, entre uma infinidade. No relevo dos afetos, a tese promove um entrecruzamento entre geografia e literatura, explorando as possibilidades desse encontro.

1.1 Geografia e literatura ou humanidades sem fronteiras

A aproximação entre geografia e literatura não é recente, se tornando mais pródiga em meados dos anos 1970. Nestes termos, Fernando Segismundo (1949, p. 327), um dos primeiros no Brasil a escrever sobre essa relação, ressalta, inclusive, que a “distinção entre atividade literária e atividade geográfica, especificamente consideradas, data de um século apenas”. O autor menciona como foram inseparáveis as duas atividades desde os documentos mais antigos, tomando como exemplo obra de Homero, uma literatura excelente e rica em contribuição geográfica, como faz questão de frisar. Por sua vez, Marc Brosseau (1996) ao realizar uma extensa revisão bibliográfica sobre o tema, menciona algumas obras do início do século XX que indicavam a possibilidade de se consultar o que era considerado como romances geográficos. Outros geógrafos da monta de John K. Wright (1924⁵; 1947) e Pierre Monbeig (1940) destacaram a importância da literatura para os estudos geográficos, uma vez que, para estes, os escritores seriam dotados de um instinto geográfico mais aguçado que os geógrafos profissionais, podendo elucidar a geografia de certos domínios de forma mais interessante e esclarecedora para o público em geral. O que podemos perceber nesses e em outros escritos seminais é o caráter complementar de “primeiro passo” atribuído à literatura, realçando sua utilização para fins didáticos, privilegiando a escala da região e destacando certa produção literária – o romance.

Nesse conjunto de pensadores que escreveram até 1970, cabe posicionar em destaque Eric Dardel e seu “L’homme e la terre: nature de la réalité géographique”.

⁵ Tradicionalmente essa publicação é atribuída a John K. Wright, embora não haja registro de autoria no citado artigo.

Publicado em 1952 (em versão brasileira desde 2011), é considerada por Holzer uma das obras precursoras da geografia humanista (HOLZER, 2016). Sua relação com a literatura consiste na busca de uma linguagem que registre aquilo considerado por ele como a experiência primeira. Para Dardel, esse intento poderia ser alcançado na linguagem do poeta, algo possível também aos geógrafos, como ocorre, em seu entender, com Vidal de La Blache em seus estudos (BROSSEAU, 2007).

Na década de 1970, o vicejar da geografia humanista apresentou outras possibilidades de tema e abordagens aos estudos geográficos. Esse acontecimento instaurou as condições de possibilidade para a proliferação de estudos em geografia e literatura. Resumidamente, a geografia humanista é o movimento levado a frente por geógrafos anglófonos, entre os quais podemos citar Yi-Fu Tuan, David Lowenthal, Anne Buttimer, Edward Relph, David Seamon, Douglas Pocock, entre outros. O contexto era de predominância dos estudos quantitativos em geografia, de acordo com os quais o espaço era reduzido à vontade do geômetra (MARANDOLA JR., 2013; MELLO, 1990). Em plena época que “homens eram contados aos montes como gado” (MELLO, 1990, p. 93), os geógrafos humanistas, em uma leitura das filosofias do significado, principalmente a(s) fenomenologia(s), buscavam entender o lugar – categoria privilegiada à época - a partir do indivíduo e grupos sociais. Em um período em que o sujeito só importava enquanto número, linhagens egocêntricas do pensamento filosófico eram a opção mais evidente na “crítica radical ao positivismo” (MELLO, 1990, p. 91). O lugar, em suas mais variadas escalas, passava a ser entendido, portanto, em sua relação com o sujeito, que atribui significado ao mundo. Dito isto, coerente e necessária a aproximação com a literatura, não só porque ela “nos fornece informação detalhada e minuciosa de como os seres humanos percebem seus mundos” (TUAN, 2012 [1974], p. 78), mas igualmente no que concerne ao estilo, mais uma contraposição à escrita dura e pouco inspirada da geografia científica, que por isso mesmo comunicava pouco a todos (DARDEL, 2011 [1952]; MEINIG, 1983; HOLZER, 2016; TUAN, 2012). Em 1976, portanto, inaugura-se o movimento com a publicação de vários artigos, entre eles *Humanistic Geography* (posteriormente se adota a nomenclatura *humanist geography*) de Yi-Fu Tuan, apresentando o horizonte humanista em geografia, seus temas, abordagens e perspectivas (TUAN, 1976). Com efeito,

valores, representações, intenções, subjetividade, identidade, enraizamento, experiência concreta e percepção eram noções mobilizadas para situar o sujeito no centro das preocupações dos geógrafos em suas reflexões sobre as relações homem-lugar (BROSSEAU, 2007, p. 29).

Com o decorrer do tempo, o movimento demonstrou mais do que o posicionamento crítico frente às abordagens positivas, contribuindo para a renovação do campo dos estudos geográficos como um todo (MARANDOLA JR., 2016).

Cabe aqui um merecido destaque. Em 1974, antes de inaugurada a geografia humanista, foi publicada a obra "*Topophilia: a study of environmental perception, attitudes, and values*". De autoria de Yi-Fu Tuan, considerado o principal nome da geografia humanista, laureado com o Vautrin Lud Prize em 2012, o livro é lançado antes mesmo de consolidado o movimento. *Topofilia* (1980 reeditado em 2012), conforme a tradução de Lívia de Oliveira, pode ser também considerado um marco nos estudos concernentes à geografia e literatura (MARANDOLA, Janaína, 2006). Em busca da singularidade das pessoas e de seus mundos particulares, Tuan mobiliza Dostoiévski, Tolstói, Shakespeare, C. S. Lewis, Homero, Virginia Woolf, Albert Camus, T. E. Lawrence entre outros escritores (TUAN, 2012). Vale dizer que desde os anos de 1960 Tuan já se coadunava com o que viriam a ser as intenções, propósitos e ações do movimento que seria fundando em 1976, ou seja, um verdadeiro precursor (HOLZER, 2016). Todavia, a relação de Tuan com a literatura é anterior a isso. A título de ilustração, na década de 1950 ele apontava a necessidade de pensar com a literatura, tendo relacionado o ciclo hidrológico com passagens da Bíblia. Esse empreendimento aponta a perda de poder metafórico do ciclo hidrológico ao se horizontalizar, há muito um "processo puramente físico, vazio de implicações transcendentais e simbólicas" (TUAN, 1980, p. 154). Finalmente, cabe apontar que o contato com obras literárias perpassa toda sua obra, tendo o autor sino-americano recorrido mais as obras literárias do que aquelas provenientes de estudos na geografia (PÁDUA, 2013).

Neste ponto, é preciso ressaltar, uma aproximação mais sólida entre geografia e literatura vinha se desenhando ao longo dos anos de 1970 (POCOCK, 1988). Não restam dúvidas, porém, que a geografia humanista foi fundamental para o estabelecimento desse diálogo (CORRÊA; ROSENDAHL, 2007; MARANDOLA, Janaína, 2006). Ao entender a obra literária como testemunho da experiência humana sobre lugares (LANDO, 1993) foi preparado o terreno para estudos mais

aprofundados e robustos (MARANDOLA, Janaína, 2006). Conforme remonta Pocock (1988), a partir de 1979 o *Institute of British Geographers* passa a organizar reuniões anuais, consolidando definitivamente o que para alguns consiste em um movimento (BROSSEAU, 2007) ou mesmo um sub-campo (STADLER; MITCHELL; CARLETON, 2016).

Neste momento, vale realçar duas contribuições de Douglas Pocock, ambas lançadas em 1981. A primeira, “Humanistic Geography and literature: essays on the experience of place” (“Geografia humanista e literatura: ensaios sobre a experiência do lugar”, tradução livre), organizada pelo geógrafo britânico da ala humanista, demonstrando a relevância que esse vínculo passou a adquirir. Neste livro são encontrados artigos não apenas de orientação humanista, mas também pautados em outros arcaísmos teóricos e compondo geografia e literatura nas mais diversas formas, no âmbito da geografia humanista e da geografia cultural renovada. Uma mostra disso está em como se concebe a produção artística, entendida por uns como criação de um gênio, produzida no âmbito individual, e por outros como decorrência de certas circunstâncias e condições de possibilidade, produto de uma construção social (MELLO, 1991; POCOCK, 1981b). A segunda publicação refere-se ao artigo “Place and the Novelist” (O lugar e o romancista, em tradução livre), veiculado em “Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers”. Nesse escrito, Pocock (1981c) compreende a literatura não apenas como recurso para o melhor entendimento sobre a relação entre o homem e o lugar, mas como fonte a ser usada para pensar essa relação, qualificada como simbiótica pelo geógrafo britânico.

No Brasil, imprescindível mencionar o trabalho desenvolvido por Livia de Oliveira, que muito contribuiu para os estudos em geografia e literatura. A professora emérita da Universidade Estadual Paulista, campus de Rio Claro, foi responsável pela tradução de algumas das mais importantes obras de Tuan. São elas: “Topofilia: um estudo da percepção, atitudes e valores do meio ambiente” (1980, reeditado em 2012), “Espaço e Lugar: a perspectiva da experiência” (1983; republicado em 2013) e “Paisagens do Medo” (2005). Nos anos de 1980, Oliveira e seus orientandos, entre outras pesquisas e temas, buscavam os espaços e lugares em romances brasileiros, de acordo com a perspectiva tuanina (MARANDOLA, Janaína, 2006).

Ainda neste horizonte, os estudos de João Baptista Ferreira de Mello (1991) e Werther Holzer (1998) merecem citação. Isto posto, Mello (1991, p. 59), “introduzindo a literatura musicada na corrente humanística”, empenhou-se em

explorar a perspectiva dos compositores da música popular brasileira acerca do espaço presente nesse cancionário no período entre 1928 e 1991. Por seu turno, Holzer (1998) edifica sua tese de doutoramento decodificando a paisagem e o lugar colonial brasileiro através das crônicas dos viajantes do século XVI.

Neste breve panorama, vale destacar o docente emérito da Universidade de São Paulo, professor Carlos Augusto Figueiredo Monteiro que, inspirado por Douglas Pocock (1988), criou os conceitos “trama” e “mapa” ao interpretar obras de Guimarães Rosa, Machado de Assis, Lima Barreto, Aluísio Azevedo e Graciliano Ramos, entre outros escritores brasileiros. Resumidamente, “trama” consiste na ação romanesca e “mapa” na malha de estrutura espacial na qual se projeta essa trama (MONTEIRO, 2002). O livro “O mapa e a trama” é considerado, portanto, como leitura indispensável para os interessados na temática (CORRÊA; ROSENDAHL, 2007). Ressalta-se, tanto em Livia de Oliveira e seus orientandos, referenciados nas páginas anteriores, quanto em Monteiro (2002), há o privilégio de pesquisas que analisem a fecunda obra de Guimarães Rosa, notadamente “Grande Sertão: Veredas”.

Necessário, ainda, mencionar o precioso trabalho realizado pelo Instituto Brasileiro de Geografia e Estatística – IBGE – intitulado *Atlas das representações literárias das regiões brasileiras*, em três volumes, que oferece ao público uma visão geográfica das regiões brasileiras através “dos olhos abertos da literatura” (IBGE, 2006, 2009, 2016).

Ao longo do tempo, a relação entre geografia e literatura difundiu-se para além do horizonte humanista. As mais diversas abordagens da geografia pesquisam com literatura para pensar espaço, região, lugar, paisagem e território (CORRÊA; ROSENDAHL, 2007; MARANDOLA JR.; GRATÃO, 2010a). Duas recentes publicações no Brasil constituem uma mostra dessa pluralidade. “Geografia e literatura: ensaios sobre a geograficidade, poética e imaginação” (MARANDOLA JR.; GRATÃO, 2010b) apresenta doze ensaios, cada um compondo com romance, prosa, poesia ou crônica. A segunda refere-se a uma coletânea em cinco volumes com artigos apresentados no II Simpósio Internacional sobre Geografia, Literatura e Arte, coordenado por Júlio César Suzuki (SUZUKI; LIMA; CHAVEIRO, 2016; SUZUKI; SILVA, 2016; SUZUKI; SILVA; FERRAZ, 2016; SUZUKI; SILVA, C., 2016; SUZUKI; COSTA; STEFANI, 2016).

Na relação entre geografia e literatura foram utilizados romances, crônicas,

poemas - textos inegavelmente literários. E quanto às cartas? Ao alocar a tese na relação entre geografia e literatura assumo, portanto, a produção das cartas enquanto produção literária, constituindo um gênero epistolar⁶. Dessa maneira, estou contrariando, igualmente, Evelyn Harper, em pedido que abre este capítulo presente na Carta 307, de 27 de dezembro de 1948, posto que quando se escreve cartas se faz literatura mesmo sem pretender (CASTRO, 2000).

Essa tese vem a somar com os estudos em geografia com literatura por se agenciar com as cartas e também por se inspirar em certos meios da literatura comparada, que desde sua constituição se notabiliza pela transversalidade, forçando uma inadequação da literatura em um saber compartimentado ao abarcar as relações entre a literatura e outras manifestações artísticas e entre literatura e outras áreas do conhecimento (COUTINHO; CARVALHAL, 2011 [1994]).

Nesse sentido, os pressupostos científicos da Academia podem ser limitadores da potencialidade de um pensamento com inspiração geográfica. O pensamento geográfico pode encontrar o seu lugar mais potente aproximando-se ainda mais de seu Fora (RIBEIRO, 2017), da filosofia e da arte, não apenas como objetos de estudo ou metodologias, mas aliando-se a elas. Aliás, tal não foi o passo dado pelos precursores geógrafos humanistas quando intencionaram criar um outro discurso geográfico para fazer frente aos positivismos dominantes?

Com efeito, pretendo contribuir no sentido da criação de um discurso geográfico, transitando por onde se encontram ciência, filosofia e arte, e seus respectivos modos de criação:

das frases ou de um equivalente, a filosofia tira conceitos (que não se confundem com ideias gerais ou abstratas), enquanto que a ciência tira prospectos (proposições que não se confundem com juízos), e a arte tira perceptos e afectos (que também não se confundem com percepções ou sentimentos). Em cada caso, a linguagem é submetida a provas e usos incomparáveis, mas que não definem a diferença entre as disciplinas sem construir também seus cruzamentos perpétuos (DELEUZE; GUATTARI, 2010, p. 32-33).

⁶ Há um debate sobre o gênero epistolar, inclusive se cartas, ou certas cartas, são mesmo literatura. Como exemplo menciono Castello (1999), os textos presentes em livro organizado por Walnice Galvão e Nádia Gotlib (2000a), Vitier (2003), Rouanet (2008), Candido (2009), Coutinho e Oliveira (2009), Lúcia Rebello (2013, 2014), Brigitte Diaz (2016), Geneviève Haroche-Bouzinac (2016) e Ana Cristina Cesar (2016). De qualquer maneira, concordo com Eagleton (2006 [1983]), para quem definir o que é literatura trata-se de uma questão de ideologia. Dito isto, há um tempo e um espaço que conduzem certos grupos em determinado local e época a considerarem ou não um texto como literatura. Algo a ser frisado, as discussões envolvendo gênero literário estão, em sua maioria, em prefácios de livros e de coletâneas, nariz de cera ou demais introduções a obras que se debruçam sobre cartas

Sobre entrelaçamentos sobre as formas de pensar nos escreve, igualmente, Paul Feyerabend (1989), ao dizer como somos treinados, em nossa vida escolar, a delimitar campos, em uma tentativa de “inibir intuições que possam implicar confusões de fronteiras” (FEYERABEND, 1989, p. 21). O filósofo austríaco continua, em passagem inspirada sobre as formas de se produzir conhecimento:

É possível, assim, criar uma tradição que se mantém una ou intacta, graças à observância de regras estritas, e que, até certo ponto, alcança êxito. Mas será desejável dar apoio a essa tradição, em detrimento de tudo mais? Devemos conceder-lhe direitos exclusivos de manipular o conhecimento, de tal modo que quaisquer resultados obtidos por outros métodos sejam, de imediato, ignorados? Essa é a indagação a que pretendo dar resposta neste ensaio. E minha resposta será um firme e vibrante NÃO (FEYERABEND, 1989, p. 21).

Sem fronteiras, esta pesquisa se move entre as formas de criar da ciência, da filosofia e da arte. Todavia, não se trata de “tentar fazer” ciência, arte ou filosofia, mas (des)localizar a geografia nessa disjunção mesma, ao pensá-la com o seu fora. Dessa maneira, a tese e as Cartas Harper se encontram com filmes, músicas, poesia e crônicas.

1.2 Geografia e gênero epistolar ou interpretar é criar

Hoje não escrevo mais cartas ou melhor escrevo sim.

Não posso mentir.

Mas descobri que o melhor é recebê-las.

Recebo-as aos montes.

Não por acaso, por não conseguir ou não me esforçar o suficiente para disfarçar, reconheço nelas minha letra, inconfundível

O Remetente, de Luiz Arraes

Vocês realmente não devem ficar mimados por causa da frequência com que estou escrevendo essas cartas, porque, na verdade, não posso acompanhar o ritmo quando eu chegar em terra. Não que eu não aprecie conversar com vocês todos os dias, mas haverá muitas coisas para fazer, muito mais do que aqui a bordo

C. Roy Harper, Carta 6, 8 de setembro de 1925

Em “O Remetente” (ARRAES, 2003), fragmento acima transcrito, podemos ter contato com um escritor de cartas compulsivo, que começa a escrever porque quer “ter influência sobre os acontecimentos, participar deles” (p. 7). De início escreve para o seu síndico, informando-o sobre um caso extraconjugal de sua mulher. O objetivo? “Mexer com a vida dos outros” muito embora “pouco me importavam os outros. Era a mim mesmo que eu queria provar que tinha meu dedo nas coisas ao meu redor” (p. 7). Em seguida, o remetente passa a escrever para ex-chefes, antigas namoradas e velhos conhecidos. Incansável, envia cartas para destinatários desconhecidos que encontra no catálogo de telefones, estabelecendo tais sendas na ânsia de dominar os seus impulsos e sentimentos, em um reencontro empático consigo próprio. Finalmente, passa a escrever a si mesmo. O gesto é bastante significativo.

Escrever uma carta e enviá-la remonta a um par de ações inerentes à sua feitura e finalidade. “Uma carta sempre chega ao seu destino”, como escreve Zizek (2010, p.18). O envio não significa necessariamente a recepção da missiva. Uma carta escrita, mas guardada, ou mesmo rasgada, foi expedida, de certa maneira. Reparem que não falo em destinatário, mas em destino, qual seja: escrever uma carta é ato de exercício do pensamento.

O remetente do citado poema não escreve um diário ou um texto qualquer. Ele redige uma carta e a envia para si mesmo. Eis uma imagem expressiva. Enviar uma carta para si não configura um gesto egoísta, uma exacerbação do eu. O mesmo posso dizer do início de uma carta avisando aos leitores que a motivação é a falta do que fazer (Carta 6). Em uma leitura do conjunto de missivas escritas do navio American Legion a caminho do Brasil (Cartas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, e 7), para além de um relato do que se passa na embarcação, é possível notar, de maneira sutil, a busca por assimilar a própria empreitada missionária. Dito isto, a imagem do remetente/destinatário ao lado da recomendação de Roy é pertinente para que pensemos sobre o ato de escrever e enviar uma carta para reafirmar posições (WERNECK, 2000) e delinear ideias.

De qualquer maneira, escreve-se para depois. O “verdadeiro interlocutor é a posteridade” (CASTELLO, 1999, p. 205). Quero dizer que o destinatário, se considerado na relação com o remetente configuraria um dos elementos chave definidores do gênero em questão (REBELLO, 2013; 2014), não é peça fundamental da escritura epistolar. Mesmo o registro – formal ou informal – e o conteúdo, à

primeira vista determinados por quem receberia a carta, compõem igualmente as fronteiras delimitadas no ato de escrever.

Já há algum tempo cartas são utilizadas como fonte para pesquisas. A forma como vou trabalhar com elas, contudo, marca uma diferença. Vale lembrar, a tese pretende interpretar as cartas escritas por Evelyn e Roy e assim atestar certa experiência de lugar. Neste ponto, devo dizer, primeiramente, quando falo da experiência vivida de alguém, isso não significa que devemos conhecer a biografia do autor, ou mesmo buscar compreender uma obra como reprodução direta de seu contexto. Experiência vivida não é biografia. Por mais que resulte em determinado artefato, é considerável assinalar que a experiência é algo que escapa por todos os lados e não poderá ser encontrada diretamente no resultado daquilo que produz. A experiência vivida deve ser compreendida nas dimensões do sensível, do pré-cognoscível, do corpo, das marcas do corpo, na narrativa e no discurso, mas é preciso ter em mente que, ainda assim, não será possível apreendê-la em sua totalidade (PELBART, 2015, 2017).

E por que experiência não é biografia? A experiência dos Harper no lugar multiescalar Brasil foi decisiva, mas não significa que haja uma transposição direta das experiências pessoais para a escrita, como se fosse uma autobiografia. As cartas partem de uma experiência pessoal, mas a transcendem, uma vez que escrever uma carta é uma experiência em si, de transformação de si, muito além, portanto, de uma reprodução direta da experiência exatamente como ocorreu (PELBART, 2015; 2016).

Devo dizer, ainda, que as Cartas Harper, assim como qualquer obra literária, emitem signos. Mas não intermitentemente: a depender dos encontros, os signos são emitidos, para o que for capaz de entender seus sinais (DELEUZE, 2010). Signos e textos, inclusive, equivalem a outros objetos, como “rochas”, “árvores” ou “quarks”:

as rochas e os quarks são justamente mais trigo no moinho do processo hermenêutico de criar objetos falando deles. Claro, uma das coisas que dizemos ao falar de rochas e quarks é que são anteriores a nós, mas muitas vezes dizemos isso também sobre sinais no papel. Portanto, 'fazer' não é a palavra certa, nem para rochas, nem para sinais, assim como 'descobrir' também não é. Não as fazemos exatamente, nem as descobrimos exatamente. O que fazemos é reagir aos estímulos emitindo frases que contêm sinais e ruídos como 'rocha', 'quark', 'sinal', 'ruído', 'frase', 'texto', 'metáfora' e assim por diante" (RORTY, 2012, p. 118).

No trecho a seguir fica evidente o agenciamento que há na leitura, ou em ler e em criar. Afinal, só pensamos através de encontros:

Ler textos é uma questão de lê-los à luz de outros textos, pessoas, obsessões, informações, ou o que for, e depois ver o que acontece. O que acontece pode ser algo fantástico e idiossincráticos demais para nos preocupar [...]. Ou pode ser estimulante e convincente [...]. Mas o que estimula e convence é uma função das necessidades e propósitos daqueles que são estimulados e convencidos. Por isso me parece mais simples descartar a distinção entre uso e interpretação, e distinguir apenas os usos feitos por diferentes pessoas para diferentes propósitos (RORTY, 2012, p. 124).

Entender que interpretar é reconstituir a intenção do texto, no caso desta tese, significa atestar signos geográficos, ou uma intenção geográfica das Cartas Harper, que me leva a criar um discurso geográfico. Eu suma, interpretar é atestar os signos geográficos das cartas que leva a reconstrução/criação de uma intenção/discurso geográfico.

Nesse caso, acabo por me aproximar do que escreve Richard Rorty (2012), pois quando ele nos desafia a abandonar as perguntas e nos lançarmos à interpretação/uso, nos convida, dessa maneira, a criar. Escreve Rorty (2012, p. 110): “interpretar alguma coisa, conhecer alguma coisa, [...] tudo isso são apenas diversas formas de descrever um processo para fazê-lo funcionar”. Em outras palavras, há um agenciamento da obra com aquele que se encontra com ela. Dito isto, o ato de interpretar as cartas cria um discurso de conteúdo geográfico.

Finalmente, a tese exigiu outra metodologia e o material primário acaba por ser interpretado enquanto criação. Nesses termos, a pesquisa pretende contribuir na abertura de temas e abordagens novas para a geografia, que encontra lugar na literatura, ou ainda, que na literatura epistolar encontra finalmente um lugar geográfico sem fronteiras e no entrecruzamento das mais diversas áreas das humanidades.

Neste momento, só me resta convidar a todos para o embarque rumo ao Rio de Janeiro em setembro de 1925.

Figura 9 - Carta 8 12/09/1925 (continua)

Please send all these to Annabela
& Dr. Wm. Thanks.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
Sept. 12, 1925. Saturday.

Dearest Folks:-

This is the beginning of our second full day in Brazil. At present I am seated in the most quaint and charming home of Mr. and Mrs. G.A. Landes pioneer missionaries. They are now retired and make their home here in Rio. How many years of service they have to look back over. They first came here in 1880. Think of that. They raised a family of ten children who are now widely scattered here and in the States and one daughter in Turkey. One son is Phillip Landes, whom Roy knew in Princeton when Landeses were on furlough and who is now located at Cuyaba in Matto Grossa. All the missionaries here seem sure that we are to be sent there after our language study at Curitiba.

[We caught our first glimpse of Rio when we awakened at 5:30 Thursday a.m. and looked out of our port hole. We found we were already anchored in the harbor. It wasn't light yet and what a thrill the lights of the city and all the steamers etc. in the harbor gave us. And such a scene when it did get light. One can readily see how a great city has grown up here where nature has provided such a harbor. It's like an enormous big lake opening on one side on the ocean. It's big enough to harbor all the fleets of the world, Roy says. Several little sail boats added picturesqueness to the scene. Two little tiny row boats with handsome Brazilian youths in them came out to our ship and looked us over. It reminded me of how the Indians canoed out to the Mayflower when the Pilgrims came. One thing we noticed before coming up to the dock was the abundance of color on the buildings and houses. It was all so much more picturesque it seemed to me than our American cities. Of course the high mountains round about with building and homes up on the mountain sides added to the beauty.]

[Before we could disembark the port doctor came on board and examined our vaccination certificates, etc.] When we drew up to the dock we were straining our eyes to see Murth King, (Greeley Girl for the benefit of the Douglasses) or someone who looked as if he were looking for us. We spied an elderly couple who we guessed were missionaries. Sure enough it was Dr. and Mrs. McLaren of the Union Seminary here. Mr and Mrs. Landes came soon. I'll let Roy tell about getting our goods thru the customs. Suffice it to say that I think we were very fortunate.

[It's hard to give my first impressions, but yet I feel as if I were in a dream, but in so many ways it seems just like another world yet there are so many things exactly like they are at home, it's confusing. Mother maybe you think I didn't stop still in my tracks when my eyes fell on a beautiful bed of little marigolds in a park on the "Avenida." I just swallowed hard and went on.]

[The city is beautiful. The long rows of palms and all the many beautiful flowers and shrubbery. Meryl, you would surely revel in Mrs. Landes' garden. Some one said one could plant doorknobs in Brazil and they'd grow. And it's easily believable. The Landes home is way up on a hill and the yard is terraced down to the street. What is most charming to me is that the vegetation in the yard is so wild looking--not in conventional designs at all. Mrs. Landes has everything here from forget-me-nots and geraniums to palms and banana trees. I'll enclose a piece of a banana leaf just for fun. There are many brilliantly colored flowers I've never seen before. There are huge big bushes flaming with our Amas poinsettia blooms--bushes as big as our snowball or lilac bushes. Even the parasites on the trees have beautiful lily-shaped flowers on them. I hope I won't be such an ignoramus in five years about this Brazilian plant life.]

[New York or Chicago has nothing on Rio for traffic. Rio decidedly has the traffic and lacks the regulations. Consequently every taxi driver uses his horn all the time, very unnecessarily, it seems to me, but what a racket constantly. And Frederick Bursche's driving is slow--you Chicago folks. The way a taxi driver took us out to Murth King's Thursday night was hair raising.]

[This whole place is such a mixture of modern civilization and the most primitive. The other day I saw a street car have to stop to keep from hitting a yoked team of

Figura 9 – Carta 8 12/09/1925 (conclusão)

The other day I saw a street car have to stop to keep from hitting a yoked team of oxen hauling a big wooden cart. And on the street one can see a bare footed woman with her head piled high with huge bundles, (I saw a man carrying a trunk on his head) right along side a woman dressed in the latest Paris styles. (By the way the shop windows are even more attractive to me than in N.Y. beautiful dresses, hats, etc.) And I've already picked out a dozen gifts for each of you to take home to you when we go.

(We've seen every shade of complexion here, from jet black to whiter than we are. Mrs. Landes pointed out to me two brothers---one a perfect picture of an African negro, and the other not much darker than I.)

(We're getting most anxious to learn the language.) To hear this jabber, jabber of an unknown tongue on every side just makes me feel like saying "Bla.bla." (Roy went down town by himself yesterday and learned a lot. It's the best way I guess-- putting yourself on your own resources.) He said the street car conductor was quite curious over his shoes. he couldn't figure out whether it was the size or color (tan) that attracted him. Mrs. Landes says probably both. The well dressed men wear pointed toed patent leather slippers or shoes. At any rate they're all this shape: It certainly tickles me to see two men embracing each other on the street. (Another thing I noticed was that several men on the street car removed their hats whenever we passed a church. T)

(The windows of the houses are big wide things with only shutters, no screens. Many of the finest residences have scenes painted on the outside walls. All the yards are enclosed by high walls or iron fences. Thieving is very common so nobody trusts any body else.)

Myrth King had classes at the Y.W. Thursday morning so couldn't meet our steamer. But we had a most delightful evening at her home Thursday. The distances here are as great as in Chicago. It took us two hours to get from Miss King's home to Landes'. Word came to the Landes' from the mission in Castro that we were to go to Paranaguá port of Curitiba by boat. We couldn't get a boat that stopped there and wasn't filled clear up until a week from tomorrow (Sabbath). So we'll not leave here (Rio) until Sept. 20. The steamer is just half as big as the "American Legion" and we're told the water is much more liable to be rough. But we hope for the best. We'll be mighty glad to get some mail in Curitiba. Will let Roy finish this. This carries much love to every one of you. (Evelyn)

(Monday p.m.)

(Dear Ones:-)

Have had a most interesting two days since I last wrote. Guess Roy told you about church yesterday. It was quite an experience. Certainly makes one feel strange to listen to a service in an unknown tongue. We each picked out a few familiar words tho. Believe Roy is going to get along better than I in getting it thru his ears. It's very hard for me. I always want to see it or know how it's spelled too. But I suppose our teacher in Curitiba will use several methods.

(Such a wonderful trip as we had today. We took an electric car, in company with Myrth King, up to the top of Corcovado, one of the highest mountains. A perfect view we had from the top, the city of Rio laid out on all sides way down below and a perspective of the harbor too we couldn't get except from such a position. We'll never forget it. We walked along an old aqueduct the source of the city's water supply in olden times for about 2 miles. It led thru a densely wooded place-- very different from the pine woods on our Rockies. We saw ferns fully 3 feet across and 8 or 9 feet in length. We all three enjoyed it so much. The water in the aqueduct comes from springs in the mountains. Much love to all, Evelyn.]

Figura 10 – Carta 9 13/09/1925 (continua)

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
Sabbath, Sept. 13, 1925.

Dear Ones in the States:-

This is Sabbath, our first one in Brazil, and you shall hear how we have spent it. First of all Evelyn and I arose about 8:30 and found the family at breakfast. We got around and finished our morning toilets in time to sit down around 9:30 and had oranges, bananas, some queer sort of breakfast food, cooked and served with milk and sugar, bread butter, an egg and coffee. You would like the coffee, although I am not so sure about all of you, either. It tastes much different from that of the states, for some reason. They roast it longer and grind it to a fine powder, and serve it hot with a lot of hot milk, plus the powdered sugar. It really is mighty good, I think, and even I drink it, I believe.

The church services began at 11:15 but we were a bit too late for the opening, for we got left on a streetcar, which failed to stop for us. The outside of this Brazilian church was very pretty, with its white walls, and its high iron gate and fence in front. Inside there was quite a good sized congregation made up of all kinds of people, some pretty, some well-dressed, others not so good-looking or not so well-groomed. Some were white, others were black and kinky headed, while still others were of different shades and hues. They could sing with enthusiasm, however, much better than the same sized congregation in the States would sing. at least it seemed so to me. I don't know that they are particularly musical, but regardless of that, they sang in church this morning, everyone seemingly taking a 1st part. Strange thing this, all sang the air, no one apparently trying to carry the different parts. There were over a hundred, maybe as many as 150 there. The church is growing under the leadership of a young Brazilian named Rev. Galdino Moreira. The church has just been enlarged and the new part is to be dedicated next Sunday morning.

Today Evelyn and I took notes on the sermon, which sounds strange, doesn't it? since we know so little Portuguese. But we would watch carefully and every time we would catch an entire word which we could separate from the sentence we would jot it down as it sounded to us. Both of us had quite a page full by the time the service was ended. When we reached the Landes home after service, we read these words to the family, who proceeded to tell us what they meant. Many of my words, as (I thought were words) proved to be nothing recognizable, but on the other hand I succeeded in catching several real words. Evelyn had better success, I believe, than I did, although she didn't put as many down. This system of jotting down words one hears everywhere is recommended by Dr. Cummings of the Biblical Seminary in N.Y. who gave us a few hours instruction in language last June.

The sermon was by a visiting pastor, not the one who belongs there, and he spoke on the new birth. I could hear him talking about Nicodemus so I surmised that he was dealing with some such topic, and Mr. Landes said afterward that such was his theme.

You ought to have seen the embracing and kissing which went on after the service. I seem to remember that I saw two men kiss each other on the cheeks, but I may have been mistaken. at least many women did it to one another, and many men patted each other on the back, as is their custom. Also many women embraced the minister that way, that is, by slipping their arms underneath his and patting him on the shoulder or back. I hope there are some pretty young ladies in my congregation, but of course we mustn't allow Evelyn to see that sentence.

We had dinner today about two or shortly after, I believe. Ordinarily the big meal is in the evening, say sometime around 7:30 or 8:00. There may be a lunch later on today, either before or after church, I am sure I don't know. We are going to the 1st Presbyterian church of Rio for the evening service, and that is located down town about an hour's ride from here.

Yesterday afternoon the Landes' took us to see the National Museum called the Quinta da Boa Vista, that is, the Park of the Good View, which was formerly the palace

Figura 10 – Carta 9 13/09/1925 (continuação)

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of the Emperor, Pedro II, before he was asked to quit the country in 1889 when the Republic was established. Both of the Landeses were here under the Emperor and have seen him. The grounds are very attractive with the green grass, the canals, the flowers, the wonderful trees, especially those tall, stately palms that grow so straight and have the branches up in the air, way at the top of the tree. Those palms against a Brazilian sky make a wonderful scene. There were coconut trees, bamboo trees, and a host of others whose names were told us but which I have forgotten. Inside the museum are many interesting collections of many things. Lots of rooms have relics of Indians in them, all kinds of garments made out of brilliantly colored bird feathers, etc. The usual run of things in a museum were there, but most of these cases were filled with S.A. or Brazilian stuff. We didn't get through by any means, and had to stop just as we were looking thru the animal and snake section.

Now about the customs. When we arrived early Thursday morning, we had our trunks and suit cases, the ones in our staterooms, brought into the customs house by a baggage man or so on the docks. These articles were all unlocked and opened and spread out on the low tables provided. The goods were not taken out of the bags, but the authorities went from one to the other and looked into a corner of this a bit of that, then passed it without a whimper. Then later in the day, along about 2:30 we went back to get the 31 boxes and three trunks which had been in the trunk room of the ship. These had to be opened, every single one of them, by a couple of fellows whose business it was so to do, but whom we had to pay, of course, of course, since everybody who does a single lick for the traveler in Brazil has to be given his tip. The beggars. The iron bands were cut and two or more boards pried so the inspector could pull out a few articles just to satisfy his inquisitive mind. When everything was open then the inspector began, but of course, he wouldn't stir until the last box had been opened. It was 3:30 when he began to look thru and they closed at 4:00 so the inspection was not very thoro, you may be sure. All the better for me, I suppose. Mrs. McLaren, who with her husband had met us at the docks, interpreted for me, and I would tell the official about what kind of stuff was in each box. I had the list of contents which I had made up in packing the boxes.

The seven boxes which I brought for other people I had to sort of guess at, altho in most instances I knew from what was written on the box or from papers given me by the Shipping Dep't, what they contained. There was no question on anything but a new Remington typewriter and on some seeds and a couple of small wooden buckets of tree tanglefoot, which Mr. Greene of Castro had ordered. Now I had never heard of tree tanglefoot, had you, but I told him I thought it was to put on trees to keep insects from crawling up the bark. I suppose that is the use of it. Well, he said that was the only thing which ought to be taxed, but since it was so small in value he would let it go. Consequently, the whole thing came in free of duty. The boxes, etc., are still in the custom house, awaiting next Friday when we shall take them to the Lloyd-Brasileiro steamship warehouse to be put aboard the Campos Salles, the steamer that takes us to Paranaguá. We leave the 20th and arrive the 22nd. It is cheaper and especially so for the baggage than by rail. Were we to go by rail the boxes would have to go by freight, an expensive and slow process.

Myrth was mighty glad to get the cake although it was a bit mouldy, I believe, and also the present. She and two other young women who are at the Y. have a lovely home out in a fashionable district along the ocean front. We had a good time the first night we were in Rio out there for dinner.

What do we eat here? I have already told you the breakfast menu, which has been more or less the same since coming, although the kind of warm breakfast food has varied. Mostly it has been oatmeal. Down town at 11:00 the men and women have care or coffee and sandwiches or milk and rice but out here yesterday we ate about 1:30, and had soup, cheese, bananas, tea, etc. The heavy meal is at night and is so late that both of us get sleepy soon after and go to bed with something on our stomachs. Rice and beans are seemingly often served, with steak, gravy, cauliflower, carrots, potatoes, corn, or a couple of Brazilian vegetables, whose names have slipped at present. The desserts are good. Bakes bananas one night, a sort of custard today, etc. There seems to be little of the American cake altho there are cakes, small sweet meats down town, which I see in

Figura 10 – Carta 9 13/09/1925 (continua)

3

shop windows.

Mr. Landes and I had our lunch down town one day in a Leiteira, which is a place where one can get hot or cold milk, cheese, and a rice pudding, cakes and other things of similar nature. It differs from a coffee shop that makes a specialty of soft drinks, sandwiches, etc. Well, I shall say goodnight, and wish for you the very best of which I can think. The Southern Cross leaves Rio next Wed. so this will go on it. I hope by the time we get to C. your letters will be awaiting us. (Love, Roy.)

(Tuesday. A.M.)

Goodmorning:-

I have been down here in sort of a study typing the inclosed letters this morning. I copied all of Evelyn's and also one I wrote to the Greeley folks last Sunday, which ends just above. When I wrote it, I couldn't find any carbon paper, but now I have some. Have we mentioned the fact that people stare at us, especially at Evelyn, and we think it may be because of our tortoise-rimmed glasses. Very few girls are seen on the street with this kind of spectacle, and that may perhaps cause the excitement. Or perhaps we just look queer and are dressed a bit different, although we can see no difference materially. One sees all kinds of people and dress on the streets. Many of the working people and street vendors wear no socks, and have wooden soled slippers, with only the toes covered. They look like a Chinese bedroom slipp in style, but the wooden sole makes a big clatter on the paved streets. I declare if I see how they can keep them on as well as they do.

(Coming home from the Museum Sat. we saw a bridal procession. Often I have seen funeral processions in the U.S. but never a bridal procession. First came the bride and groom, I judge, riding in an inclosed car with all the lights on inside the affair and dozens of flowers in vases hung inside where they sat. She wore a veil and he a silkhat. It was spectacular, all right. Following were a dozen cars filled with people in their best togs and tuckers. We are told they were likely going from the church, as the bride and the b.groom would not be together if going to the church.)

We are noticing more pretty girls and beautiful women than we saw at first. Met a young girl of 18, perhaps, yesterday at the Y. who is of French descent, and speaks English, French and Portuguese, who is beautiful, so E. and I thot. She is a stenographer here.

(Yes, we went to the 1st Pres. church Sabbath night and heard a mulatto preach. Of course he would be counted a Brazilian. Didn't get anything he said, of course, but we did enjoy seeing the church and witnessing the tremendous growth of Protestantism as evidenced by such a building and congregation, since it began in 1860 with no one in sympathy. 400-500 people were in attendance at the evening meeting. All colors and ranks, too. Mr. Landes thinks the congregation numbers over 300. The pastor just died recently and they are now candidating.

(The cinemas or movies are open Sunday nights and the crowds were large at the doors waiting to enter. Big, flaming posters announce the attraction, and are used even in more abundance than in the states. They are plastered all over the front of the building, in such profusion, that it is bewildering to me. Often see both English and Portuguese on the posters, the explanation being that the posters come here with the pictures from the States and bear English inscriptions, then have the text put on here, I suppose. The reading on the film is in Portuguese.

(Love,

Roy

Figura 11 – Carta 10 15/09/1925 (continua)

1

Rio, Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1925.

Dear Ones:-

I just ran out of that thin paper, and will have to use this, so I can't make as many copies, so will ask some of you to forward to others. The street cars are full most of the time and are overflowing at rush hours. The fares are cheap, in the city being 200 reis and outside 100. 300 reis makes about 5 cents. Shoe shines cost 300 reis. I got a shave on the Ouvidor, no just off it, for 1 milreis, about 14 cents at present exchange. The Ouvidor is the fifth ave of Rio and is a narrow street where all the best shops are located. No traffic is allowed on it at all, so all you hear is the pat, pat, pat of feet falling on the hard pavement or tiled walks. It is full of people most of the time. By traffic, I mean, autos or street cars, etc. Some of the streets are so narrow that when a street car comes down them, one has to watch his step or be bumped into.

The joke is told on a missionary here who was learning the language. He saw a sign on the theaters, "Hoje" and he told the Landees there must be a popular show on in town for all the cinemas had that picture. They had the laugh on him for that word simply means "Today." A woman learning the language was boarding a car and was suddenly precipitated into the lap of a strange man, by the sudden jerking of the car. She had learned several words and phrases, even as we are doing, and so she wished to say pardon me, but what she did say to him, was "Com licença," which means, "with your permission." Laughingly he replied "pois nao", meaning, "certainly." She was so embarrassed when she said it, for immediately she realized her mistake, that she alighted from the car and took another.

They have a funny custom here of clapping the hands when approaching a house whose inmates you wish to warn of your approach. One does this out at the gate or sometime before reaching the house. People do it here at the Landes home because they are afraid of the dog, which they hear, so they clap their hands and wait till someone goes down and escorts them up. I am speaking of Brazilians, not Americans, although out at Miss King's the Landes girls announced their approach that way. Such clapping carries distinctly. Last night coming home, I tried it, and lo, immediately half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood began howling, for you see they hear me and knew some one was approaching. It was funny. Mr. Landes came down stairs and light up the house to welcome the wayfarer and it was only his own household. Jessie, E. and I were together.

This afternoon we are going to ascend Sugar Loaf, a peculiarly shaped mountain which rises out of the bay. One goes to the top in a basket affair, riding thru the air on a steel cable. A splendid view of the city and harbor is promised us. The Sugar Loaf is a famous place and known wherever Rio and its harbor are known. One often sees pictures of it. Mr. L. is taking us, I think.

E. is drying her hair, now. Will close and read a bit. With love, Roy.

P.S. Munson steamer leaves tomorrow, and this mail will go on it. I received my 1st letter in Brazil yesterday. It was from one of the missionaries in Sao Paulo welcoming us. Love

Roy

Figura 12 – Carta 11 19/09/1925 (continua)

Rio. Sept. 19, 1925.

To Mommouth, Chicago, Long Beach, & back to Sterling

Dear Parents All:-

This is just to go to Greeley and Sterling, and if you wish to send it on you may. Tomorrow we are to sail again, hoping to escape seasickness once more and in the course of a couple of days to arrive at Paranagua. We are all ready as far as our things are concerned, having completed the transfer of the baggage yesterday. Surely have had a lot to do to get those boxes taken care of. The other steamship line would not accept them until yesterday, so we left them in the custom house. There were three boxes that belong to a man in Sao Paulo, who wanted them sent by water freight to that city, rather than go with us to Paranagua, so they had to be fished out and taken over to another dock. We did that Wednesday, and will you believe it, we haven't gotten the bill of ~~lading~~ lading and papers yet. Imagine a shipping firm in the states putting you off like that, making you come back day after day in order to finish the business. It is abominable, the way these Brazilians put off till tomorrow what we could do in a jiffy. But it seems to be universally characteristic of the race, we are told.

The excess baggage on three trunks and eighteen boxes from Rio to P. amounted to 390 milreis and 700 reis, or something over \$50.00, whereas the whole thing from N.Y. including the other three boxes only cost \$111.75. This will be only a two day trip and the other was 12 days, so the cost is out of all proportion, but that can not be helped. The Board will pay that anyway, so it is not our loss.

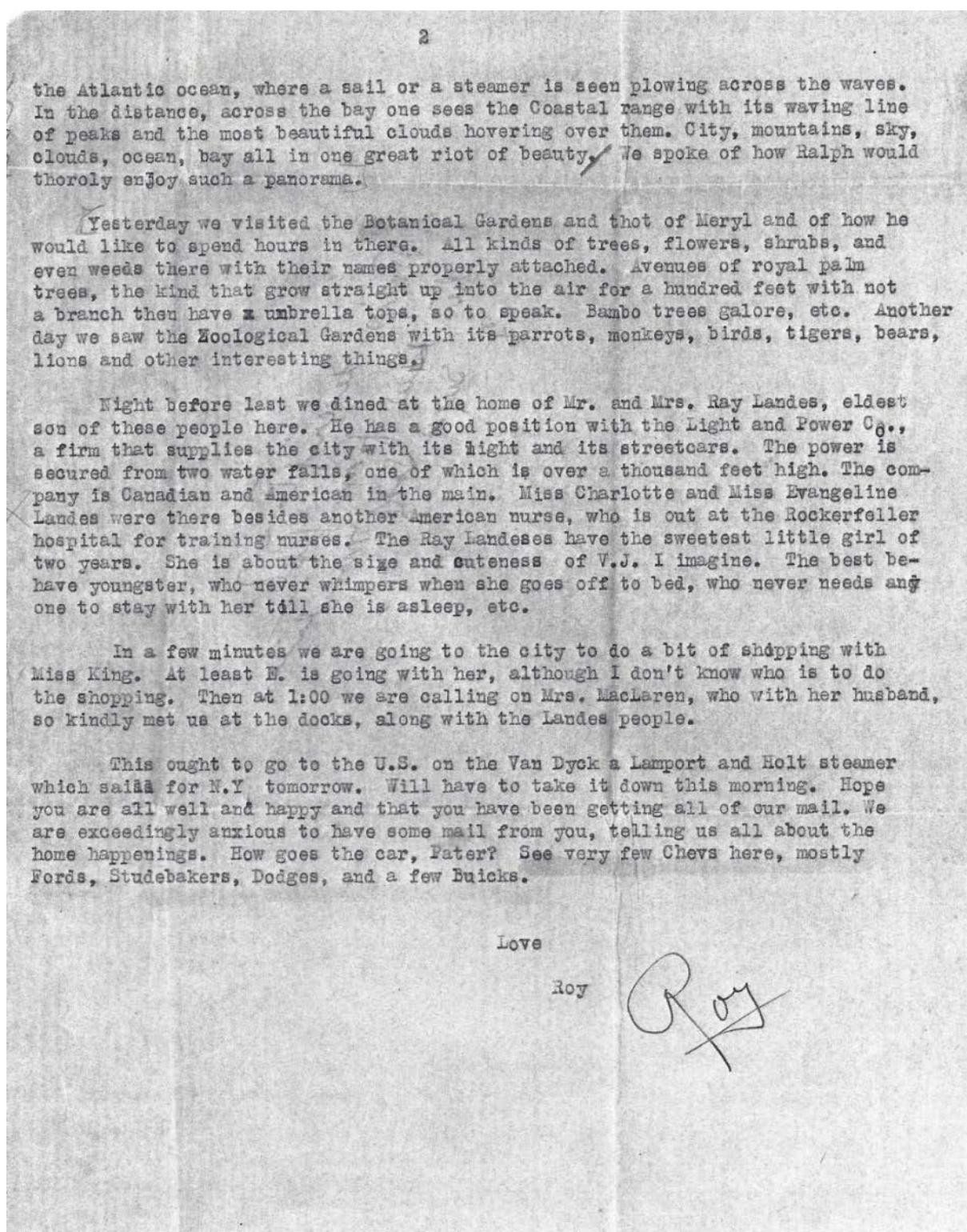
I wonder how we will get along on a strictly Brazilian boat, where Portuguese will be the tongue spoken, where the menus will be in P. or perhaps French, etc. You'll want to know how we come out won't you? Perhaps we'll just have to point to things on the menu and take our chances on the nature of the food.

ten

We have greatly enjoyed our ~~nine~~ days stop-over in Rio, whose beauties are magnificent. There are many places we haven't seen, but we have gotten around to the most important, I think. One afternoon we took in the Sugar Loaf mountain which rises out of the harbor to a height of 400 meters or over 1200 feet. It looks something like a loaf of sugar, I suppose, so that is what they call it. The top is reached by traveling in a car suspended under a steel cable. This trip is negotiated in two sections, the first car taking you to a smaller hill called Urca, which is quite large enough to have several buildings and some small garden plots on the top. From here one takes another cable car and is swung through mid-air, up up up hundreds of feet till finally he is landed on top Sugar Loaf. Looking out the hind window of these cars gives one a creepy feeling, and he wonders how much of himself would be worth picking up if the cable should break. But fortunately nothing happened, and we fully enjoyed the view from the top.

Now just let me put in a word of praise for that view. I have stood on top the Eiffel tower and seen all of Paris lying at my feet, with the Seine river meandering through the city; I have seen New York City from the heights of the Woolworth building, and Denver from the height of Daniels and Fisher's tower; I have been entranced at the scene which stretches out from the summit of some of those dear old Rocky mountains, with the snowcapped hills, the winding rivers, the deep valleys and the far-off plains. But never have I seen such a view as was spread out before us from the summit of Pao de Assucar. I think a city is charming, a mountain is awe inspiring, and a harbor is lovely, but when one sees all of these in one picture, it is immense. Rio is nestled up among the hills, and spread out on a dozen beaches; its many colored houses with their red roofs of tile go up the mountain side and around every valley; add to this the beauties of a harbor that is literally studded with islands, not flat things but mountains, rugged hills, that rise up out of the water. Off in another direction the eye stretches out over

Figura 12 – Carta 11 19/09/1925 (conclusão)



Fonte: Acervo particular da família Harper

Figura 13 – Carta 155 08/07/1927 (continua)

Carta 155

Excuse mistake - No time to correct

Rosario, July 8, 1927.

Dearest Mother and Mumsey:-

This is just going to be to the two mothers this time. I know you will be interested in some of the details of the birth that took place here last Sabbath. It was positively the most horrible scene I've ever witnessed and Roy and I never will forget it. We are both quite a bit wiser than we were. Today is about the first day that we have felt in a normal state of mind. Dona Rachel is well on the road to recovery now and past the danger. We certainly did pass some anxious days and nights. The experience at Burity when little Bobby Lahr died isn't to be compared to this.

One just can't imagine that such ignorance and superstition exists as we've found here. These people are just steeped in it. It is hard to imagine too, what it means for these people who have become Christians to break loose from it all. I learned, much to my surprise that some of the women in the church are still hanging on to some of their superstitions---ridiculous, nonsensical beliefs. Roy already wrote you telling what a hard time D. Rachel had. From the first, the midwives shook her, as they said to make the child come quicker. They made her get up on her feet and they shook her some more. I don't see how she lived through it. I had been reading up some on the subject but had never heard of shaking the mother and registered my disapproval several times but it didn't amount to much to these women. D. Rachel was pretty near all in after about twenty hours of the severest pain and rough handling when the child finally did come, one little foot first. By that time there were about eight women all wanting to help and offering suggestions. They were actually going to cut that baby's leg off but fortunately there wasn't a sharp knife in the house. To think of that last hour is a horrible night mare. I did my best to get that old midwife to disinfect her hands but she didn't do it. Instead she put her dirty hands with black fingernails inside D. Rachel's body and yanked that baby out. I can't help but think they killed the baby, because its little heart beat right up to the last. Right after the baby was born, one midwife made some motions above D. Rachel's head, repeating the words of some superstition.

Surely all that pulling and shaking had something to do with the fact that the after-birth didn't come until fourteen hours later. Of all the things they did to that poor girl. Right after the baby came, they made her get out of bed and sit down in a basin of hot salt water. Imagine how that hurt considering how she was torn. Then they gave her all kinds of teas made from various kinds of herbs, and other patent medicines. But listen to some of the things they wanted to do that we wouldn't let them. They call it "Sympathy" and some have actually blamed the baby's death on the fact that Snr. Augusto and Roy and I wouldn't let them use it. When D. Rachel was suffering so much, they wanted to go out on the street, take the hat from the head of the first man that passed, put it on D. Rachel's head, and they said the baby would be born immediately! Too, they said if we would just take a needle that had never been used, put it on a string and hang it around D. Rachel's neck, the after-birth would come out right away. For the husband to take off his trousers and lay them across the abdomen of the mother also is a sure way to make the birth "feliz" (happy). Soon after the baby was born, the midwife that was supposed to have had the case, came out to the diningroom where Snr. Augusto was and said, "Oh, if the cups in the cupboard had just been turned up instead of up-side-down, everything would have been alright."

Figura 13 – Carta 155 08/07/1927 (conclusão)

I have since learned that anything in the house turned up-side-down brings misfortune at the time of the birth of a child. How can anybody with a mind at all put any stock in such things. One woman said the reason the baby died was because D. Rachel made so many clothes for it. (She certainly had a very modest layette according to our standards, tho these women here don't believe in preparing anything until after the baby comes.) Lots of people have said that everything would have gone well if D. Rachel hadn't drunk so much lemonade during her pregnancy. They are just scared to death of lemonade off women, pregnant or not. That is the reason we don't buy lemons here but get all we want free. Today D. Rachel told me that it is believed that if a woman even goes under a lemon tree that she will turn into a man! Another thing not many Brazilian women will do is eat a double banana (you'll find one on nearly every bunch of bananas). If she does she is sure to have twins. I've been eating them ever since we came to Brazil.

Well, we can't say how thankful we are that we called the doctor when we did, tho we can't forgive ourselves for not doing it sooner. I really believe he saved her life. He said to dispense with all the midwives and also visitors and left her in Roy's and my care. It is just God's care that has kept her from having infection. According to the doctor's orders, I have bathed the lower part of her body twice a day, once with lukewarm water and castile soap, and once with a disinfectant. Roy has kept the record of pulse and temperature. She is better each day. The first day she was so bruised and sore, she couldn't even move her foot alone in bed, and also had a temperature of 102 and pulse of 122. It has been a lesson to us. We do want to learn something about obstetrics when we go home if possible. Too, we intend to buy a bedpan at the first opportunity. It makes lot of washing to have to use towels instead of one.

Tonight we are having another cold spell. Just now we are as cozy as can be in Roy's study with the windows and doors closed and the room nicely heated by using our kerosene stove and oven. In the daytime, we can't shut the windows because it makes it dark since the windows are wooden doors instead of glass. We wear our coats and sweaters around in the house and keep warm. We sleep like logs at night out in our airy bedroom. Last night, however, I couldn't keep the poor people off my mind all night long, because it was so windy they couldn't make fires in their thatch-roofed houses to keep warm. I have all the covers I can spare lent to the church members. I'll have to have a grand old washing "festa" when I get them back again.

I hope you are as well as we both are. Roy isn't gainig in weight like I am but is always well and strong. I certainly must be much stronger than I was for a while ar. I couldn't have come through this strain without some kind of a reaction. Roy as usual has helped so much. He has done my work here at home while I was waiting on D. Rachel. Mother, can you believe that I stayed awake for about forty hours? The second night Roy stayed up all night and I slept.

Going to read some now and then go to bed. This carries lots and lots of love from both of us to our mothers.

Erlyn

PS The next hired in the congregation is to be soon — a woman married for 22 years & just now having her first babe

Figura 14 – Carta 12 21/09/1925 (continua)

Carta 12
Santos, Brazil. Sept. 21. 1925.

Our Dear Ones in Norte America:-

Here we are in Santos, the greatest coffee exporting point in the world. São Paulo is the largest coffee producing state in the world and this port is her outlet to the sea. You see the state and also its capital are known as São Paulo. How did we get here? By sea, starting yesterday, Sabbath at 12 o'clock from Rio and arriving this morning about 7:30. The sea was a little rougher than coming down on the A. Legion, but I doubt if that was due to the waves, either, as much as to the smaller vessel. This one is not more than half the size of the other, if it is that. Our staterooms are small, and have four bunks in each one, with a little space in the middle in which to dress, with one small port hole and with one door. I said staterooms advisedly, for I'll have you know we aren't satisfied with only one but must have two, our station in life demands it, you know. In passing I might say that all the double rooms had been taken before I secured passage, and that these are rooms for four, hence four women bunk in one and four men in the other. It would have cost us another ten dollars or so to have gotten the whole room to ourselves. Doing it again, I think I should do that, but I didn't so consequently both of us have two other occupants to the respective rooms. We are just across the hall from each other.

Brasilians, we have been told on several occasions, are quite afraid of the night air, and hence close up their houses tight, instead of opening the windows and allowing the fresh air to circulate. Mrs. Landes said they often carry umbrellas over their heads at night on the streets to keep the dew off. So we found out the truth of that statement last night. I crawled into bed first, and when comfortably settled, that is as comfortably as one could be in a short bunk with a shorter matter that was far from soft, and a pillow that has been characterized as filled with layers of cold pancakes, in comes a young fellow who tried to strike up a conversation with me in Portuguese. I was not exceedingly susceptible to that treatment, although I did the best I could, and succeeded in telling him where I was going and finding out a little bit of information from him. He said we got to Santos at 7:00 in the morning, etc. He got to bed. Lights out. In comes the third roomer, who talked to no. 2, and he closed the door and crawled into his bunk, drawing the curtain tight behind him. Now it so happened that he was on the side of the only little window and behold if he didn't get up and close the only means of fresh air we had. Well, I thought plenty and proceeded to lean out and open the door, with some remarks to the effect that the air was good, and we needed plenty of it. The other fellow laughed, and no. 3 never peeped. Along in the night it got stuffy and hot, so I crawled out and tried to open that window, but couldn't negotiate it without making too much noise, so I satisfied myself by turning on the electric fan, which in itself made quite a racket, but produced the desired effect. Evelyn tells me she had a similar experience, since this air fiend's wife tried to close both the door and window, but E. wouldn't stand having the former closed.

She is not up yet, so I am in the Smoking room on top deck writing to you and waiting for her to arrive and go ashore. The boat stops here until 16 o'clock, and that reminds me to remark about the system of time. It seemed a bit strange to us to see time marked 16, 17, 23, 24 hours, etc., but they call it that. 24 hours in a day, 12 being noon 13 being one, 16 being 4, 24 being midnight, etc. Saves confusion about a.m. and p.m. at least. Time tables on a suburban railroad we rode on are listed that way. Mr. Landes said he that some of the railroads in

Figura 14 – Carta 12 21/09/1925 (conclusão)

the States had tried the system at one time. I know of none that are doing it now.

I just this moment made an interesting discovery. Unfortunately, at breakfast yesterday morning, I upset a small piece of bread in my lap, and a little butter adhered to my coat, the nice gray one I got at Chaffie Phillips store, and lo, just this minute I see some animal has removed that butter. Very thoughtful of him, I assure you, and it'll save me some trouble, for I had planned to put fuller's earth or something like that on it. Of course, this "bitchou", as they call any kind of animal, probably had lots of work to do last night, going through the clothes of so many passengers and cleaning them, so one really ought not to scold him for eating some of the cloth along with the butter. He did make a nasty little hole on the front of that coat, however, which Evelyn or some less skilled seamstress will have to repair.

In the Zoo last week I saw a funny sign, of course I would not have known its meaning, unless it had been translated, but on at least two cages was the notice reading, "To tease the animals is an indication of bad character." Now how is that for zoological ethics?

We enjoyed our stay at the Landeses so much. Mrs. L. is 68 and he is 75, but both are active mentally and physically and are lots of fun. She is just chuck full of funny stories and appropos sayings gleaned from her reading. She likes Mark Twain and we swapped many a yarn from his lander. Here is one of her stories. A girl was savagely criticising the Jews, and her mother began to remonstrate with her, telling her surely she knew that Jesus was a Jew. Oh, is that true, mother? I always knew that God was a Presbyterian but I never knew before that Christ was a Jew.

I must tell you what the porters and sundry obsequious servants say to one, in asking for a tip. In Portuguese he says he wants something to kill the "bitchou", that is the beast. He means the beast in his throat, the howling after liquor. Strange, isn't it? Mr. Landes told me once, it wasn't right to drink whiskey, and he said he'd get some coffee with it, then. Whereupon both laughed.

Our Portuguese is no doubt like Mark Twain's German, which he used one keeper at Heidelberg Castle once. The German told him his german was unique, and it was very rare, and he wanted to add it to his museum.

Regarding the efficient mail service in Brazil; this story comes to mind. On Sept. 18, while we were at the Landis' home, they received an invitation from the Y.M.C.A. to attend a program to be held at their building on Sept. 7th. Mrs. L. says that sort of delay in mails is not infrequent. However, we hope our mail from home and returning will not fall into such hands. We ought to have some mail from you people on the "Western World" which arrives this coming Thursday, I think. A few days later, at least by next Monday, surely we'll hear. You, in turn, will have all our letters written on the steamer and come in Rio on the "Southern Cross" which arrives in the States Sept. 28, next Monday. So by four days after that you will be steeped in correspondence.

This carries the best of love to all from Roy and Evelyn.

Figura 15 - Carta 79 08/05/1926 (continua)

Guraba, Brazil.
May 8, 1926.

Dearest Harpers:-

We missed the weekly letter from Munnsey, Meryl and Hazel, but we know, now, that the occasion was not an oversight but on account of sickness. We are hoping to hear next Monday that Munnsey has recovered and that Hazel still continues to improve.

Now, now, Peter, we aren't pleading guilty to all those indictments which your letter contained. Now, I'm glad I know you so well, and know how to read between the lines, else I might think you were giving us a terrible drubbing. All your say conforming as much as possible to the ways of the people, about living on an easier and less strenuous plane, about taking one's time in trying to change the people's customs, etc. is absolutely true. There is no one who appreciates that better than I, I believe. However, just to make contacts and be friendly with the people one is not called upon to forget the heritage of two or three hundred, which has taught us neatness in the home, sanitation, diet, etc. If we forget our training and lived as many Brazilians do, we'd sure be sick. Some of the little beggars in the street play around without a stitch of clothing on, they have worms in the stomach and intestines, as evidenced by big fat stomachs. Children are given coffee to drink as soon as they are a few months old. The food of Brazilians is rich in grease, and pepper; the staples are meat, meat, meat and rice and beans and a meal called farinha. You say what don't kill them won't kill us. I think there may be some doubt to that statement, because their systems have been trained to that sort of diet, while ours are used to such an entirely different diet that they get sick with such stuff.

That doesn't mean to say that we wouldn't eat it, if in a home where it was set before us. Your story of Mr. Martin and the man who wouldn't eat cornbread but had to have his wheat bread is very apt. Such a fellow ought to be shot. I agree, he ought to have eaten that cornbread, a little of it, without noise, even if he would have been sick. I've eaten a lot of junk here, that I don't care for. But that is no argument against serving dishes in our own home, which we like, and not cooking stuff which we don't crave, but which Brazilians like.

The fact that we don't have a servant in the house to cook for us and wash our dishes is certainly the business of no one who lives in Brazil. I don't think we are under obligation to hire someone who knows nothing about our ways, who couldn't cook to suit us, etc. just because most Brazilians of middle class and upper class (financially speaking) have servants. I mean, I really don't think such action on our part is going to hinder our work as missionaries. Later on, when we become more acclimated, we may feel like having a servant all the time, especially if we are privileged to have children. Now, we have a girl come in three days a week and do the heavy work, the washing, ironing, scrubbing, etc. She gets a pitifully small wages.

Figura 15 - Carta 79 08/05/1926 (continuação)

2

I think Evelyn made some remark about having an American home. Well, Brazilians get up early, drink a small cup of black coffee or some guarany (a native drink) and many of them hang out the window then, to see what is going on in the street. We don't care to imitate that example.

Many of them wipe their mouths on the table clothes, pick their teeth at the table, spit on the floor while at table, or in your home, or in God's house, many of them allow dogs to accompany them into the church and lie at their feet or play around in front of the congregation. Many of the men live immoral lives, while keeping an establishment of their own which they call home. We don't care to follow the customs here.

We don't feel that it will hurt our prestige or our witness to do some work about the house or to have some dishes that we like at our meals, such as rolled oats, prunes, cocon, lemonade (Many natives don't care for this drink) toast, salad of oranges and bananas (unknown to many Brazilians) etc. Regarding the work, the majority of men and women in Brazil, we are told and we have seen much evidence of it, do not like to carry bundles from the store to the house and many of the salaried class don't want to do manual labor. They consider it beneath them. Only servants and laborers do such work as will soil their hands. As a sign of gentility people let their finger nails, especially the little ones, grow extremely long. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I don't think so, when I go around town, buying fruit, vegetables, groceries, and carrying them home often myself. I work around the house and garden. Help Evelyn with the cooking, house sweeping, dishes, when few Brazilian men would, I believe. I made much of our kitchen and study furniture, and many of the natives of our standing wouldn't think of it. I think instead of being a detriment, it will be an incentive to our crentes to not look down on work.

We are just learning the customs of the people. Those we like we adopt, those we don't like we allow to pass on. One has to judge each one on its own merits. We don't want to be an offense to these people, and yet we don't have to live like pigs in dirty house and sleep in hammock, just because many of them do. Of course, many are otherwise. Most homes are shut tight at night, windows and doors barred. Night air is considered very bad. Would it help our preaching of the gospel to adopt this custom? Our house is wide open.

After all, I know you will agree with us in all the above, so why waste the paper. You'll be interested in it, anyway. Now as to that other business of taking things easier in a hotter climate. That is certainly a necessity. I think Evelyn notices it more than I do, for she isn't as strong as I am to start with. Undue exertion tires her. But she is going slow, getting nine to ten hours sleep most every night, and has no heavy work about the house to do. I relieve her all I can and the wash girl helps mightily. We find we can't go at things with the energy we can at home. I can't walk as briskly as at home, for it is too hot. One perspires freely and gets a bit tired. Inside the house it is often comfortable, with a few exceptions, some days. We are becoming acclimated and are trying to conserve our strength, for we realize without health we will be of little service.

Figura 15 – Carta 79 08/05/1926 (continuação)

3

Even so, I think there would be a different story to tell to-day, if the French Huguenots had succeeded in settling in Rio de Janeiro as they tried to do in the 1600s, or if the Dutch Calvinists had succeeded in maintaining a colony in Northern Brazil. Northern European blood, similar to ours, would put the push into this country that it needs. People have to go slower because of the climate, but they are too blessing lazy, to boot. Procrastinating, slow, and conspirating. A lot of them would rather beg than work.

Of yes, I wanted to say we are introducing these methods into other people's homes. We are studying the language and living in our own home, making calls upon the "orentes", helping in small ways in the church services, etc. But as far as telling people how much better we live than they, far be it from us. We hope later on to be of some assistance along even those lines, for instance in helping to eradicate hookworm, to care for babies better, etc.

This is sort of a defense, written to clear up any false impression in your mind about our attitude toward these people. We love them, and we love our Master, whom we feel has sent us to these people to tell them of His great love for them, and we certainly want to be able to say with Pa, if eating meat offend our neighbor, then we'll not eat meat. We desire to have the spirit of Livingstons who wrote: "I will place no value on anything I have or my possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving or keeping of it, I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity."

Thank you, Peter, for your words of counsel. We appreciate them.

I can see you working away on the farm, hauling out the manure, planting and plowing and drilling and milking, etc. I would love to be able to spend a summer with you again on the ranch. Maybe we can in 1930.

The more women I see down here and everywhere, the more I love my wife, and the better she looks up. She is one in a million and I am sure every husband can say the same thing about his true love. I'm satisfied and thankful to God for His gift, and I hope she can say the same of her husband, although in acknowledging him as one in a million she might be thinking in terms of the census taker.

So Ed Crawford passed away. It is better, since he was such a queer old chap and hard to get along with.

We would not have come down from Dixity that day if we had not wanted to get to Guyaba in time to go with Mr. Lander to Rosario. We were to start the Friday before, but since I couldn't come down he put off the going until the following Tuesday. To wait and come down Monday we felt would be too quick, both for me, unaccustomed as I was to riding, and for the mule.

With much love,

Figura 15 – Carta 79 08/05/1926 (conclusão)

SUPPLEMENT. Next day.

Regarding this business of manual work, may I add that Mr. Landes does it, too. He thinks, as do many other missionaries, that many Brazilians, too often Christians, as well, have a false pride which forbids their doing work. Some can't afford servants and yet are too proud to do manual work, would rather beg than work. He is a successful missionary, and his working hasn't hurt his influence, I dare say.

They try in their home to preserve the American atmosphere as much as possible. They want their children to be Americans, not Brazilians. They don't play with Brazilian children, except rarely when they give a party or something. They aren't allowed to go out in the street and play with native children. They don't go to the public schools, either, but are taught by the parents. The Martins thought they ought to let their children play with others, so they were allowed liberty in this regard with the result that they got hookworm, while the Landes youngsters have always been free from this malady. People speak highly of the Landes children, and I don't think the way they care for them hinders the influence of the parents.

I think one will find that missionaries try to maintain certain standards in their homes, regardless of the native customs. Of course one must conform to some customs, but one must be allowed a certain amount of liberty in his personal life.

I have raved on at quite a length, haven't I? I certainly haven't meant to offend you, Pater, in any thing I have said, and I am sure you will understand. I just want to show that, whereas in the abstract it is easy to say "Follow the customs of the country" it is different, sometimes, when one comes down to specific customs.

This carries much love to all.