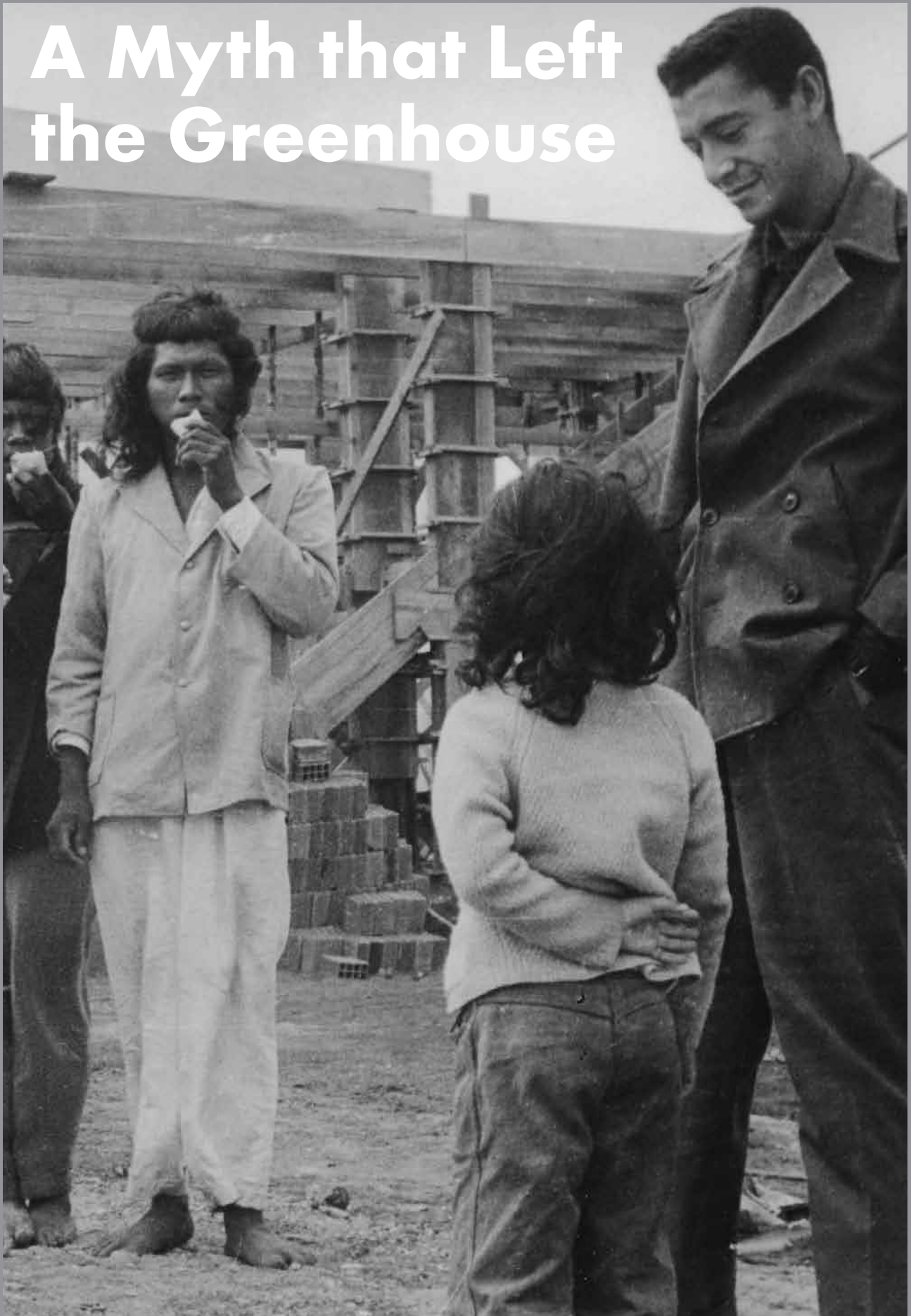


A Myth that Left the Greenhouse



This is a selection of some writings by authors that visited, commented and analyzed Brasilia, collected mainly in non-Brazilian literature. Testimonies and judgments, most of them expressing mistrust, disbelief, disapproval and prejudice about the embryonic capital, and the change of the nature of the critique, looking to a complex city with half a century of existence. Quotations are presented in chronological order and in a dialectic array, contrasting points of views at distinctive moments of the city.

By Hugo Segawa

At the dawn of Brasilia, an epic dimension was attributed by governmental discourse, as the “capital of the future and of hope,” advertised throughout the world.¹ Such idealized propaganda backfired: it created an international expectation that the loose urbanity of the early days frustrated even visitors with goodwill. The end of Kubitschek’s presidential tenure and the coup d’état in 1964 altered both the course of the country and the city. The military dictatorship did not abandon Brasilia, and even continued developing the original planning in a way or another; but it emptied the cultural magnitude of the undertaking. From mid-1960s on, Brazilian architecture and Brasilia withered from the international scene. The decrease of discussion froze those early antipathetic narratives and established an imaginary to Brasilia that mutated to prejudices reproduced all over. Brasilia was the presumed example of the failure of modern urbanism. In fifty years of existence, Brasilia is still a synthesis of the paradoxes of a nation that is at once hyper developed and underdeveloped. It did not surpass its contradictions, but it is not anymore an announced utopia: it became a real city. A changing city, as dynamic as historiography and criticism must be. As well, Brasilia is a case of misunderstandings, misgivings and lack of knowledge in the history of architecture and history of the city. This writing is a short recount of the critique on Brasilia.

First Year

In 1960, Adolfo Bioy Casares (1914–1999), intellectual fellow and collaborator of Jorge Luis Borges (1899–1986), traveled to Brazil for a Pen Club congress. The first four days he was supposed to take part of the boring meeting. But two days after his arrival in Rio de Janeiro, he made a reservation to a one-day round-trip to Brasilia.

On Wednesday, July 27th, he woke up at 5 o’clock in the morning to take the flight to the new capital. What could thrill an Argentinean writer to move about 1.150 kilometers to visit Brasilia? In his memoirs,² Bioy Casares did not justify the decision. The city had been inaugurated three months before. He captured it at its very beginning: *Brasilia actually consists in a certain number of dwellings in construction—not very few, I alert, as it seems from the air view—very apart one from the other. It carries nothing of a modern art dream of an imaginative functionary; or perhaps, of an imaginative demagogue. I ignore to a certain extent how necessary is the new capital and how the consequent extravagance will affect the economy of Brazil; I can corroborate how resentful and unhappy must be the people obliged to move from Rio to Brasilia. They say that destroying customs and changing everyday life is a crime. Brasilia is an operation of a satrap insensitive to the feelings of thousands and thousands of persons settled down in Rio that must disrupt this life to start again in another place; likewise, it is a demagogic operation, because the multitudes, not at the moment directly affected, feel proud with impassioned patriotism. Brasilia is ambitious, future, pitiful of present results, a nuisance. [...]. I photographed, I don’t know with what results, houses worthy of the worst (or the best, it doesn’t matter) Le Corbusier, and native Indians, with perforated one palm-size ears, who were three years ago the sole inhabitants of the zone.*³ It is uncertain, but probably Bioy Casares notes were written during or a bit after the travel. The eight dull days diary of Bioy Casares was issued only in 1991 in a limited edition, without images. Nine of the photos he mentioned came out in the second affordable edition in 2010. His disappointed critique is comprehensible facing the desolate landscape and people he saw, recorded by the few shots published. Publicized later on, the Argentinean testimony did not shape the early imaginary of Brasilia diffused all over; otherwise, its contents coincide with contemporary descriptions in its bitterness, uneasiness and disapproval.

A week after Bioy Casares left São Paulo back to Buenos Aires, one of the most admired couples at their heyday landed in Brazil: Jean-Paul Sartre (1905–1980) and Simone de Beauvoir (1908–1986). Guided by the Brazilian writer Jorge Amado (1912–2001), they traveled throughout Brazil for more than two months, including a visit to Brasilia. Beauvoir shared her misgivings and unsympathetic review of the city in the autobiography *La*

< Photo by Adolfo Bioy Casares, published in *Unos días en el Brasil (Diario de viaje)*, La Compañía, Buenos Aires and Páginas de Espuma, Madrid, 2010.

Force des Choses, published 1963: "A life-size model", I noted down. I learned with regret that I had overlapped Lacerda's phrase: "An architectural exhibition, life-size".⁴ She was uneasy to agree with Carlos Lacerda (1914–1977), an anti-communist politician, opposition to Juscelino Kubitschek. Hers is one of the earliest testimonies spread all over the world: *This inhumanity is the first thing that strikes one. The main avenue, 400 feet wide and 16 miles long, is curved, so slightly that it seems quite straight; all the other main roads are parallel to it or cross it at right angles, all danger of collision being removed by the use of cloverleaf crossovers. The only way to get around is by car.*⁵ Aware of the American way of life, avenues of Brasilia did not inspire Beauvoir to relate the new capital circulation system to the automobile culture of the United States. Her point of view was traditionalist: *They intend to build a section for pedestrians only, on the model of Venice and its network of calle; so you'll have to get in a car and drive six miles just to be able to walk. But the street, that meeting ground of riverside dwellers and passers-by, of stores and houses, of vehicles and pedestrians—thanks to the capricious, always unexpectedly changing mixture—the street, as fascinating in Chicago as in Rome, in London as in Peking, in Bahia as in Rio, sometimes deserted and dreaming, but alive even in its silence, the streets do not exist in Brasilia and never will.*⁶

Brasilia, five months after its inauguration, was a disperse city, more to an encampment than to a place with real urban life. A scenario for social comments by Beauvoir: *While he was with us, Niemeyer sadly wondered out loud: "Is it possible to create Socialist architecture in a non-Socialist country?"; he answered his own question: "obviously not." Social segregation here is more radical than in any other city, since there are luxury blocks, middle-income blocks and low-income blocks. The people who live in them do not mix; rich children do not rub elbows with poor children on the school benches; nor does the wife of the highly placed civil servant brush against the clerk's wife at the market or in the church. As in American suburbia, these communities allow their members only the absolute minimum of privacy; since they are all the same, they have nothing to hide from each other. Brasilia is like the crystal city Zamiatine envisaged in *Nous Autres*: great glass windows take up the whole façade of the buildings and people feel no need to draw their curtains; in the evening, the avenues are so wide that you can see all the families from top to bottom of the buildings living inside their brightly lighted rooms.*⁷ *Nous Autres* is a science-fiction dystopian novel by Russian levgueni Zamiatine (1884–1937), written in 1920–1921 as a critique to the Soviet Revolution totalitarianism.

While Beauvoir was skeptical to the accomplishment of the residential superblocks ("In any case, what possible interest could there be in wandering about among the six-or eight (sic) story quadra and super quadra, raised on stilts and all, despite superficial variations, exuding the same air of elegant monotony?")⁸, she was excited about the main monumental architecture: *However, each of the public buildings Niemeyer had designed is individually very fine: the Palace of Government, the High Court building, the two skyscrapers of offices, the inverted hemispheres containing the House of Representatives and the Senate, the cathedral in the form of a crown of thorns. They are made to balance*

*and harmonize with each other by a series of subtle asymmetries and bold contrasts that are completely satisfying to the eye.*⁹

Seclusion and distances were other negative features pointed out by Beauvoir: *The Brasilia Palace, half a mile from the Dawn Palace, is also a Niemeyer building and very lovely, but suffocating inside; and what a long way to go! Even by car, buying a bottle of ink or a lipstick was an arduous expedition because of the heat and the dust. The wind and the soil have not proved amenable to the planners' decisions, which are flouted everywhere by incandescent whirlwinds of dust. On the Plaza of the Three Powers it would take fortunes to cover the red laterite with asphalt. Man wrested this most arbitrary of cities from the desert, and the desert will take it back from him if ever his determination begins to weaken; it lies there on every side, menacing. The artificial lake is no refreshment to the eye; this sheet of blue water seems no more than an earthly reflection of the burning sky.*¹⁰

What Beauvoir calls desert is in fact the cerrado, a savannah-like landscape, the second greatest biome in Brazil. Its climate is hot, semi-humid, with a dry winter season between May and October. Sartre and Beauvoir were visiting Brasilia on September 23rd, during the driest seasonal period. Adding up to human devastating action to build the new city, the landscape Beauvoir saw made her compare (or confound) it with a desert, as well as to the Western United States "Far West": *If you need an airplane ticket, medicine or anything at all, you go about twelve miles out the "free city" where building is not officially regulated. As soon as the plan of Brasilia had been laid out, the workmen hurried threw up a lot of wooden huts which were made into stores, hotels, restaurants, agencies, homes. It looks almost a frontier town, except that instead of horses and carts, there is a deafening stream of automobiles, vans and trucks plowing up the red roads, stores belch out ear-shattering music, the advertising vans shriek slogans at you. The sidewalks are a madhouse; your feet get trampled, the dust turns your shoes red, gets in your ears, and makes your eyes smart, while the sun bludgeons the top of your head; yet you are happy here, simply because you are back in the land of men. Often there are conflagrations; wood, in such dry weather, ignites quickly; just before we got there, a whole neighborhood had burned down; no victims, but charred remnants, twisted wood, blackened furniture, ironwork, disemboweled mattresses.*¹¹ And she highlighted the paradoxes: *The gloom of these sights was dispelled, however, as we watched the *candagos*¹² slapping each other on the shoulder in the street. No one laughs in Brasilia. During the day, people worked; sometimes in the evening they would wander dimly around this world that they were building and that was not for them.*¹³ Her insights were supported by the current debates within the country and were a preview for many other paradoxes discussed thereafter: *I heard many discussions about Brasilia. [...] His opponents reply that the work has already cost a sum, in human lives as well as in *cruzeiros*,¹⁴ that no practical advantage can ever repay [...]. The capital that has been sunk into Brasilia should have been used to give the Northeast a network of local roads, to irrigate it and set up industries there. [Jorge] Amado admitted that Brasilia was a myth, but he added, Kubitschek was able to obtain support, credit and sacrifices from the people only because it was a myth he was selling; any more rational, less fascinating project, and the nation would have rejected outright. Perhaps. I*

still retain the impression of having seen the birth of a monster whose heart and lungs are made to function artificially by methods devised at breathtaking cost. In any case, if Brasília survives it will fall prey to speculators. The lands along the lake, which in Lúcio Costa's original plan were to remain public property, are already being sold off by the municipality to private buyers. Yet another example of the contradictions prevalent in Brazil: the number-one city of this capitalist country was built by architects who were also adherents of the Socialist cause. They have accomplished beautiful work and built a great dream, but it was never possible for them to win out.¹⁵ In an intimate and sharp-tongued letter to her American affair, Nelson Algren, Simone de Beauvoir recalled in few sentences what she later wrote down in *La Force de Choses*, and confided: *I'm in Brasília, the most insane lucubration that human mind ever conceived [...]. But I will leave Brasília with great pleasure— this city will never have soul, heart, flesh or blood.*¹⁶

Sartre and Beauvoir were the archetypes of leftist political engagement and intellectual activism at the time. The leading position of both made them spokespersons of Marxist circles, authoritative and influential in the 1950s and the 1960s.

Opinions coming from dissimilar ideological spectrums found common ground on criticizing Brasília in its early days. Bioy Casares and Beauvoir echoed several remarks that circulated at that moment, and their personal comments sounded like distinctive voices in a choir of incredulity and unfavorable criticism.

First Decade: Suspense

Those early years were of uncertainty and anxiety to the consolidation of the new capital. The military coup in Brazil in 1964 changed the expectations over the new era Brasília symbolized. After the incertitude about the political destinies ruled by the coup d'état, Oscar Niemeyer recalled the comment by (the minister of culture affairs of France) André Malraux to Le Corbusier: "reportedly, Brasília will be abandoned. It's a pity, but what a wondrous ruins it would become."¹⁷ In 1970, Clarice Lispector (1920–1977), a cult following novelist enthroned to the Brazilian literary canon recently, chronicled in "The primordial beginnings of Brasília" her amazement at the embryonic city: "I look at Brasília as I look at Rome: Brasília begun as an ultimate simplification of ruins. The Ivy has not grown yet. [...] Brasília is of a splendorous past that does not exist any more."¹⁸ It was Clarice Lispector who better formulated the Brasília's riddle: *If I say Brasília is beautiful, you immediately would know I liked Brasília. But if I say Brasília is the image of my insomnia, people presume it as an accusation; however my insomnia is neither beautiful nor ugly—my insomnia is I, myself, it is experienced, it is my astonishment. Both architects did not think in building glamour, it would be easy; they raised their astonishment, and they left astonishment unexplained. The creation is not a comprehension, it is a new mystery.*¹⁹ Her puzzling challenge was above the current comments: *Brasília is artifi-*

*cial. As artificial as it would have been when the world was created. When the world was created, it was necessary to specially create a human being to that world. We are all deformed by the adaptation to God's freedom. We don't know how we could be if we were created first, and thereafter the world deformed according to our requirements. Brasília does not have yet the man of Brasília.*²⁰

Second Decade: Suspicion

Artificial city, a city of artifices: Brasília was a target to specialized international criticism in mid-1970s. *Modern Architecture*, a textbook by Manfredo Tafuri (1934–1994) and Francesco Dal Co (b. 1945), epitomizes corrosive judgments on the new capital: *[It] was sited in the interior of the country, beyond the jungle (sic). Born out of demagogic intentions, as symbol of pioneer vitality dressed in bureaucratic garb, it was laid out by Costa on a puerile allegorical ground plan—that of an airplane—and filled with a system of residential superblocks perhaps intended to reinterpret the urbanistic model tried out in the Soviet Union beginning in the 1930s. Niemeyer produced the Plaza of the Three Powers—a pair of skyscrapers flanked by a spherical vault and by the slice of inverted cupola of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies—along with the cathedral, presidential palace, and other public buildings. In these, the gratuitous is tinged with sophistication. Although they make a fine show, it is one of superfluous velleities.*²¹

Tafuri never visited Brasília, and Dal Co probably not at the time they wrote the book. They must have read and reproduced comments propagated in European media, as perceived in the "jungle" recurrence or the flaw in Soviet background to the superblocks. Maybe Simone de Beauvoir's memoir was a source.

A full-fledged cliché approach was spread out by BBC television series broadcasted in 1980, *The Shock of the New*, written by the Australian-born documentary maker Robert Hughes (b. 1938). To the passionate examiner of key cultural movements of the 20th century, Brasília was the *Only city in the west that had ever been built from scratch along the strict, new capital: it was necessary, in the opinion of its leader—a narcissistic and touchy supreme named Kubitschek—to show the world some economic vigour by conspicuously "opening up" the interior.*²² Hughes supposed that *Le Corbusier's two most gifted South American followers designed it, under the more or less direct inspiration of the Form-giver [...]. Niemeyer and Costa came up with a Carioca parody (sic) of La Ville Radieuse: the administrative buildings along one axis, and the main traffic artery sweeping across, with the workers' flat on stilts strung along it. The zoning was clear and rigid. One thing in one place. It looked splendid in the drawings and the photographs: the most photogenic New Town on earth. With its sweeping avenues and climatic dome, saucer towers, and reflecting pools, Brasília seemed to the reconciliation of Utopian modernism with the ceremonial State architecture that the Beaux-Arts had wanted to symbolize a century before.*²³ And he stood out the ruined condition of the city in a less metaphorical point of view than Malraux's or Lispector's: *The reality of the place is markedly less noble. Brasília was finished, or at any rate officially opened in 1960, and ever since then it has been falling to bits at one end while be-*

ing listlessly constructed at the other: a façade, a ceremonial slum of rusting metal, spilling concrete, and cracked stone veneers, put together on the cheap by contractors and bureaucrats on the take. It is a vast example of what happens when people design for an imagined Future, rather than for a real world. In the Future, everyone would have a car and so the car, as in Corbusier's dreams, would abolish the street. This was carried out to the letter in Brasília, which has many miles of multi-lane highways, with scarcely any footpaths or pavements. By design, the pedestrian is an irrelevance—a majority irrelevance, however, since only one person in eight there owns or has access to a car and, Brazil, being Brazil, the public transport system is wretched. So the freeways are empty most of the day, except at peak hours, when all the cars in Brasília briefly jam them at the very moment when the rest of the working population is trying, without benefit of pedestrian crossings or underpasses, to get across the road to work.²⁴ The critic's conclusion is apocalyptic and moralist: Thus Brasília, in less than twenty years, ceased to be the City of Tomorrow and turned into yesterday's science fiction. It is an expensive and ugly testimony to the fact that, when men think in terms of abstract space rather than real place, of single rather than multiple meanings, and of political aspirations instead of human needs, they tend to produce miles of jerry-built nowhere, infested with Volkswagens. The experiment, one may hope, will not be repeated; the Utopian buck stops here.²⁵

Third Decade: Vindication

An article published in *Progressive Architecture* in 1991 is probably one of the first international revisionist considerations about Brasília. It was written by Alan Hess (b. 1952), an American architect, lately dedicated to modern American and Brazilian architectures. It was a statement acknowledging the factor time: "Brasília, that architectural Rorschach test, embodied all the passions and most of the signs of Modern architecture as its inauguration 30 years ago. Now that the Brazilian capital has reached a less radioactive half-life, it is safe to journey back for another look".²⁶

Hess knew the restricted literature about Brasília. He endorsed with a relative position and questioned Robert Hugues' analysis on *The Shock of the New: It is always informative to see visions built. They usually fall short, but the reasons are always fascinating. A few cracked columns do not constitute a penetrating criticism of Brasília; all of Brazil is rusting these days. Economic chaos takes a toll on visionary architecture. That sort of contradiction has always been part of Brasília: founded under a democracy, the city has spent most of its existence as the capital of a military dictatorship; behind the dazzling façades its offices are overstaffed, but underequipped; in a city designed for the car, most citizens still cannot afford one.*²⁷ Yet in counter-argument to Hughes: Brasília is a city wedded to the landscape. Towering clouds dominate the blue skies over a bowl-shaped horizon, yet nature's prominence does not dwarf Oscar Niemeyer's herd of white monuments visible in the distance; instead they focus the landscape's qualities. The bureaucracy may mirror Kafka's, but the city itself is anything but claustrophobic. Widely-spaced monuments distant panoramas to flow into the public spaces in ways Beaux-Arts planning never made possible. The rectilinear Congress towers, the shallow white domes and

bowls of Senate and Assembly—these are abstracted echoes of their surroundings.²⁸ Referring to Simone de Beauvoir's critique on the lack of traditional streets: "The streets do not exist in Brasília and never will", complaint Simone de Beauvoir, but she was wrong. Streets in the Parisian sense may be absent, but today it is clear that streets in the Los Angeles sense are the glue that holds the city together. Lúcio Costa's initial sketch for the city was a savvy transportation diagram that skillfully distinguished the dual function and ceremonial roles of the car in the modern city. Brasília was the first Roadside Capital.²⁹

An American point of view throws light on another way to envisage Lúcio Costa's proposal: *Imagine Los Angeles built to the program of Washington, D.C. But instead of carwashes and gas stations, Brasília applies the architectural rules of the road to ministries and monuments. The sprawl is artfully composed. North Americans have invented the strip, but Brazilians first grasped its monumental potential.*³⁰ In the following consideration on the superquadras, he argued with Hugues, Beauvoir, and to Tafuri & Dal Co-like critique: *The superquadras, hallmarks of Brasília's housing scheme, are surprises too. Instead of becoming desolate Pruitt-Igoes,*³¹ *they turned into real neighborhoods. Schools, churches, and shopping streets are all within an easy walk. Thought suffering from a general lack of maintenance, the standardized six-story blocks aren't overwhelming; the car-less courts and gardens that tie several residential buildings into one superblock are a model of urban diversity.*³² Alen Hess' report was far from a defense of Brasília. He expressed criticisms extracted from what he experienced from the city. The same way as Bioy Casares and Beauvoir did thirty years before. But in another circumstance, noted by the American: "Yet fears—and hopes—that it would crumble into Brazil's Planalto have proved unfounded. Brasília has become a city".³³

One of the more diffused analyses and deep criticism of Brasília is a Ph.D. thesis presented at Yale University by the American anthropologist James Holston, professor at the University of California, Berkeley. *The Modernist City: an Anthropological Critique of Brasília* was published in 1989³⁴ and translated into Portuguese with wide audience in Brazil. It was elaborated after two years of field survey (1980–1982), which assured a more consistent background than quick round-trips and documentary sojourns impressions. However, that thesis is being disputed by another thesis, presented in 1998 at the Bartlett School of Architecture and Planning in London by the Brazilian Frederico de Holanda (b. 1944), a professor at the University of Brasília: [Holston] correctly identified a set of myths about the Brazilian capital, but at last he offered what he declared he wanted most to avoid: a reductionist and dogmatic vision of the city and the representations of the city carried by the many social classes.³⁵ Holanda investigated various studies produced after the 1980s, some of them drawing attention to the positive reception of the city by its inhabitants. According to the Brazilian professor: *Holston saw only the opposite: his material detaches exclusively towards a radical critique made by part of people that live in Brasília,*

which obviously do not correspond to reality. I worked with evidences that will show that his material was extremely selective. Moreover, Holston induced as if all social classes had the same expectation about the form of the city. He ignored the many modes of insertion of social agents acting in a contradictory society, which implies distinctive ways of living and, therefore, distinctive ways to produce, use and evaluate the urban space.³⁶ In his field survey, Holanda found that living in the Federal District is “good” or “optimum” for the majority in all social classes and/or income range, contradicting what he calls “dogmatic criticism”, as Holston’s.³⁷

Fourth Decade: Realization

In 2005 the Getúlio Vargas Foundation publicized a ranking of the 27 Brazilian capital cities’ satisfaction degree of the residents. The survey analyzed twelve indicators: total family income; amount, types of food consumption; electrical supply, water, sewage and drainage systems; street illumination; waste collection service; street issues as noisy neighborhoods; contamination or environmental issues caused by traffic or industry; issues on disturbance and vandalism in residential areas; family habitation conditions. Rio de Janeiro ranked at the 10th position, evaluated 20,50% above the national average. São Paulo stood at the following position, with 18,91%. Brasilia reached the best evaluation, ranking at first, with 113,52% above the national average. It means that for

those who live in the Brazilian capital, they are statistically more than two times fulfilled with its city compared to the inhabitants of other capitals.³⁸

Lúcio Costa (1902–1998) for a long time was a lone-some defender of Brasilia. He kept himself far from the city during the military dictatorship and until his return to the capital in 1987. The urban vitality he saw made him declare: “Brasilia has Brazilian roots; it is not a *flor de estufa*”. “*Flor de estufa*” in literal translation means “greenhouse flower”. In Portuguese, this expression is used to describe a person that grew up without contact to the hard reality of life. He was perplexed admiring the life exuberance after more than twenty year away: “Brasilia is working and it will work more and more. As a matter of fact, the dream was smaller than the reality. Reality was greater and more beautiful”.³⁹ Not anymore a dream, nor a utopia, neither the City of Tomorrow or yesterday’s science fiction. Brasilia did not become a dystopia, or a wondrous ruin. It is not an ugly testimony of abstract space. It is a city with soul, heart, flesh and blood, besides the unavoidable paradoxes and unsolvable contradictions.

Did the “man of Brasilia”, previewed by Clarice Lispector, emerge between the Brasilia of Simone de Beauvoir and the Brasilia of Frederico de Holanda?

Notes

- Hugo Segawa, “After the miracle: Brazilian architecture 1960–2000”, in *Brazil Body and Soul*, edited by Edward J. Sullivan, New York, Guggenheim Museum, 2001, 558–569.
- Adolfo Bioy Casares, *Unos días en el Brasil (diario de viaje)*, Buenos Aires, La Compañía de los Libros, 2010.
- Ibid., 40–41. Translated from Spanish by the author.
- Simone de Beauvoir, *Hard times: force of circumstance, volume II: 1954–1962*, New York, Da Capo Press, 1994, 272–273.
- Ibid., 273 / 6. Ibid. / 7. Ibid. / 8. Ibid., 274 / 9. Ibid. / 10. Ibid., 274–275 / 11. Ibid., 275.
- Candango* is the nickname of the first workers who came from other parts of Brazil to build Brasilia.
- Simone de Beauvoir, 275.
- Cruzeiro* was the Brazilian currency at the time.
- Beauvoir, 276–277.
- Simone de Beauvoir, *Cartas a Nelson Algren: um amor transatlântico 1947–1964*, Rio de Janeiro, Nova Fronteira, 2000, 525. Translated from Portuguese by the author. Original title: *Lettres a Nelson Algren: un amour transatlantique – 1947–1964*.
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- Clarice Lispector, *A descoberta do mundo*, Rio de Janeiro, Rocco, 1999, 293, translated from Portuguese by the author.
- Ibid., 293 / 20. Ibid., 292.
- Manfredo Tafuri, Francesco Dal Co, *Modern architecture/2*, New York, Rizzoli, 1979, 354.
- Robert Hughes, *The shock of the new: art and the century change*, updated and enlarged edition, London, Thames&Hudson, 1991, 209
- Ibid. / 24. Ibid., 210–211 / 25. Ibid., 211.
- Alan Hess, “Report: back to Brasilia”, *Progressive Architecture* 72, no. 10 (Oct. 1991): 96.
- Ibid. / 28. Ibid. / 29. Ibid., 96 / 30. Ibid., 97.
- The imploded American CIAM-inspired housing complex considered by Charles Jencks in his *The Language of Post-modern Architecture* the starting point to post-modernism.
- Alan Hess, 97. / 33. Ibid.
- James Holston, *The modernist city: an anthropological critique of Brasilia*, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1989.
- Frederico de Holanda, *O espaço da exceção*, Brasília, Editora da Universidade de Brasília, 2002, 41. Translated from Portuguese by the author.
- Ibid. / 37. Ibid., 350.
- “São Paulo é só o 11º no ranking de satisfação,” *Folha de S. Paulo*, 28 Oct. 2005, p. C1. Also <<http://www1.folha.uol.com.br/folha/dinheiro/ult91u101796.shtml>>.
- Relatório do Plano Piloto de Brasília*, Brasília, GDF, 1991, 8.

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