

THE NEW WORLD: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE NATION-STATE

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Abstract: THE NEW WORLD is a story of realignment. It is an attempt to mark what is quite visibly the end of the dialectic between the nation-state and alliance (i.e., the US and the North-Atlantic) and between the nation-state and alternatives (e.g., Brazil and Latin America), a recognition that the paradigm of containment has failed (with China), and that a restructuring of partnerships is coming (with the Americas headed toward a rapprochement).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Eudes is a cultural anthropologist, an editor, and a writer. He holds a bachelor's degree in anthropology and public policy at Princeton University. His research interests focus on the cultural relevance of elite knowledge and its stakes for the afterlives of the nation-state.

To *mamãe* and *papai*

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This dissertation begins and ends with a chorus, only the chorus begins before it begins, here in this universe of collegiality and love.

This project would not have been possible without the institutional support of Cornell University and the Department of Anthropology that supported me and my PhD.

The university context was a choral context. There were silences and echoes that rang through the halls of not just disciplines but research networks, a select few of which I was privileged to be a part.

Meridian 180 was one such network. Then housed at the Cornell Law School, it was a fast-paced, meaningful entrée as I began to take seriously the stakes of building communities beyond the nation-state. Here I owe a special debt of gratitude to Annelise Riles.

My research would take many unexpected turns, but it started with an empirical focus on finance, its global aspects, as well as its particular nuances. The Global Finance Initiative, then under the auspices of the Cornell Einaudi Center, was an important such instance. It sharpened my own thinking around how to widen frames of inquiry appropriate for the scale of finance. My thanks to Hirokazu Miyazaki for his time at its helm.

From there, that place of conviction that knowledge must be made collaboratively across professional domains, I came to the Emerging Markets Institute at the S.C. Johnson School of Business, a site of research and teaching excellence that still serves as an important reference in my life.

Here I must single out the extraordinary leadership of Lourdes Casanova. The world of business can be invigorating at times, if not all-consuming. It tests your faith even as it demands it. Given all the battles we waged, all the work we produced, to still come out at the other end with the level of trust we share is a testament to the almost sacred nature of our bond.

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There is of course an aspect to this project that is always personal. Brazil, after all, is hardly represented in the academy—much less the Brazil I know. So while the text lends itself to the third person singular—my identity as a young scholar, so desperate to find a home that made room for my full story, was always central.

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PREFACE

It was that time of year: day and night, winter and spring, longing and yearning, laid betwixt.¹

The images came in droves, each more fantastical than the next. The fire blazed as if it were a spectacle, commanding a perverse sense of awe from its spectators. Incredulity gave way to dismay. All that stood between forever and nevermore were mere hands, too few, desperately salvaging whatever could be before the ravaging was complete.

A site of unique historical import, the now incinerated MUSEU NACIONAL² was once the grand residence of the Portuguese Royal Family,³ and the Brazilian Imperial Family in turn.⁴ As abolition spelled the demise of the monarchy, it was within these palace edifices where the world's largest—and last American—slavedom ushered in its first republic.⁵ Yet, in the crucible of the moment, this history seemed eerily distant.

¹ Prefatory note: Unless otherwise specified, for the entirety of the dissertation, all translations are my own.

² The National Museum of Brazil (Museu Nacional), formerly the Palace of Saint Christopher (Palácio Imperial de São Cristóvão) caught fire on September 2nd, 2018 (Alegretti and Pamplona 2018).

³ João VI of the Portuguese Royal Family (House of Braganza) would take possession of the *Quinta da Boa Vista* estate, becoming the official place of residency of the monarchy after his arrival in 1808 (Lima 2015).

⁴ Only little more than a decade after the Napoleonic invasion of Portugal in 1807 and the transference of the Portuguese Court to Brazil, the palace would be remodeled as the residence of Emperor Pedro I in 1822 in the newly independent Empire of Brazil (Nordenson 2018).

⁵ The coup d'état that exiled the House of Braganza out of the Empire in 1889 would stage the writing of the new constitution against the backdrop of the Paço de São Cristóvão (Hélio Silva 1983).

Rather, the eyes of the nation, and the world, were fixed on what was materially lost: the troves of archaeological pieces once dutifully preserved, the vast chronicles of indigenous languages long extinct, the reams of colonial records deposited by the millions, and much besides. As the breadth of the devastation burst into view, the chorus of grief, outrage, and even fascination, reached its fever pitch over a lone skeletal artifact buried within their midst—LUZIA.⁶

Years earlier, Luzia's very facticity had captured the imagination of a generation of Latin-American archaeologists. Her interpretive stakes would go on to lend credence to the theory that an undetected wave of migrants populated the Americas, prior even to the crossing of the Bering Strait by the ancestors of Amerindians today.⁷ As evidence mounted to the contrary,⁸ Luzia proved robust in her imputed promise, a symbol of diversity and complexity not yet wholly accounted for in our past's most distant bounds.

Her ensnarement within the smoldering flames struck a chord far deeper than did even the blight of the once treasured imperial artifacts, consigned to the literal ash heaps. Among the allied communities, indigenous researchers were quick to

⁶ The most ancient skeletal remain found in the Americas, excavated in the Lagoa Santa cave in Minas Gerais, Brazil (Rohter 1999).

⁷ Luzia was first found by French archeologist Annette Laming-Emperaire in 1974 (Esteves 2017). Since her discovery, the carbon-dating proved contested, with the charcoal samples collected contemplating a range, of which the oldest interval would (if proven) predate the then-known skeletons found in the Americas (Esteves 2017). Later craniometric analyses, including the Neves and Pucciarelli hypothesis, would go on to entertain the theory that Luzia could belong to an entirely undiscovered migratory wave given her more African and Australian morphology (Neves and Pucciarelli 1991).

⁸ More recent DNA studies would contest the Neves and Pucciarelli hypothesis (see e.g., Cosimo Posth et al. 2018).

rally in support of what was left of the building, a show of solidarity amid the throes of the “second extinction” (Zarur 2018). The mayor expressed his own regret, but only for the implications for the imperial family’s archive, a gesture that would invite thunder into the fray.

The dizzying scale of the tragedy nearly betrayed its ever growing mundanity in the context of the times. Beyond the fervor and zeal of the moment, as experts scrambled to make sense of how much knowledge would forever lay to waste, a less material, more everyday rite was on full display. Hidden beneath the salience of the debates over loss, memory, and conscience, was a routine memorialization—all too familiar—of the passing of a bygone world. The high drama notwithstanding, this ritual was of a piece with representations everywhere, speaking to a shared underlying truth: *the transmigration of the nation-state cosmos to its beyond*.

Now and again, seasoned observers are wont to misread these signs. After all, the familiar terms upon which the modern state form has long been contested, its classic liberal language of critique, have hardly disappeared. Conventional idioms of austerity and exclusion are challenged accordingly, the legitimacy of those in positions of public trust coheres around expectations for redress, and the liberal order, harping at reconciliation’s doorstep, is duly guided towards renewal. So it goes. Yet, the core conceit of this dissertation is that the dialectical pull at the foreground of the moment promises something else entirely.

What is AMERICA? Who are our ancestors? To whom does community

extend? Where do borders begin and end? Whose time is coming? These opening gambits are here to stay, and as we shall see, they portend a broadly rooted challenge to federalism's constitutive terms. My thesis is that a reincarnation of the collective (and its reach) is well underway, an empirical claim featured in, and fractured across, the multiple registers of analysis that follow. THE NEW WORLD—its emergent language, repertoires and imaginative arc—is both my means and ends.

INTRODUCTION

THE EPISTEMIC CRISIS⁹ reached the order of the global at a moment's notice.

The bang, widely sourced to the nuclei of finance, arrested minds from across the most distant quarters, and wrought doubts once unthinkable. Yet it was the aftershocks that beckoned the greatest consequences.

At peril was THE GLOBAL IMAGINARY.¹⁰ It holds where narrative and power overlay the otherwise. Here, in this highest of registers, the stakes reign supreme, the risks lay most bare, and the implicated come without spare.

But what if an alternative, as overarching and far-reaching, is awakened in its stead? What if a countervailing force tugs so deeply at the threads of the collective consciousness, it unravels?

This is a story of such a realignment. It begins from the place of the nation only to discover its uncanny absence. What lingers meanwhile is the central question around which the text orbits.

My point of departure is the AMERICAS, as the idiom of financial crisis whirled across the hemisphere into ubiquity. As shall be made plain, the experiment that followed would move beyond the state, toward a broader

⁹ Popularly referred to as the 2008-2009 Global Financial Crisis (GFC).

¹⁰ Here I align with Michel-Rolph Trouillot's notion of the global as a time- and space- specific worlding process—that “if by globalization we mean the massive flow of goods, peoples, information, and capital across huge areas of the earth's surface in ways that make the parts dependent on the whole,” he writes, “then the world has been global since the sixteenth century” (2003, 47).

cosmology, yet still under guise.

THE NATION

It strained credulity. Across the spectrum, the Brazilian policy elite converged, like magic, around a dovish mandate. The stimulus would yield mightily all the while activating a more tenebrous fissure. The crisis came to be felt not by its first blow, but by the deep intellectual bind conjured out of its response.¹¹

The great unwinding came at the heels of what the new consensus set in motion. Amid the troubled waters overseas, a shared language of uncertainty and instability was briskly articulated. Bridging ever distant moral currents, the ruling coalition would pivot toward ambitious federal projects, harkening forward (and back) to a renewed protagonism of the state in industry.¹²

Even the towering punditry embraced the implications, gesturing to the dawning of a yet elusive horizon—the BRICS—now speaking back against the once unassailable doctrines of international affairs. Questions abounded: Were the storied giants of the global south brushing past the scrim of the NORTH-ATLANTIC ALLIANCE? A triumph of globalization, or a breach of the post-World War II bulwark?

¹¹ Our only reference to events contextualized around the timescale of *the national* (see e.g., Munasinghe 2001) centers on a period of crisis-response (2009-2013) following the collapse of the *too big to fail* financial institutions. Only here, we narrate consequences from outside the very landscape from which the turmoil emanated.

¹² The policies in question (see Chapter 1) are mostly sourced to the first administration of President Dilma Rousseff (2011-2014).

The fascination would subside, if only for a moment. As Latin America moved swiftly to rally nations toward new multilateral architectures, Brazil, its largest nation, would find itself engulfed from within. The mighty June 2013 protests proved a canary in the coal mine—an omen for an impasse closing in, should the growing ambitions of change not fulfill their promised course.¹³

The echoes of paradigm shift rang across institutions. Latin American luminaries heralded the stimulus as prologue for a new age, a summon that would hurtle powerful forces toward a democratic reckoning. The focal points crystallized around the place of the CENTRAL BANK and of the state's financial underwriters for nation-building. The spirit of design, in its broadest sense, was in resurgence.

With haste, the widening of the scope of debate roused the critical purchase of a reactionary discourse, rendered newly relevant amidst a nascent episteme peering into the mainstream. An epochal call loomed ever larger, threatening to open possibility's very furrow. DEVELOPMENTALISM long banished to the distant seas, would heave back in sight, at last.¹⁴

The trench lines drew into sharp relief rifts so deep-seated, they would betray the animus of vested interests the world over. Popular movements mobilized en masse around the felt stakes of the emergent compact, even while censored out of the meticulously policed air-waves. Amid the high drama, what pierced the

¹³ Otherwise known as the “Brazilian Spring” (see Bevins 2018).

¹⁴ DEVELOPMENTALISM can be understood as both a political ideology and intellectual school of thought based on the economics of dependency theory (see Bielchowsky 2008).

firewall, ever abiding, were the affects, finding their way to the far corners of the collective imagination toward victory.

But the dream would be taken by nightmare.

THE ALTERNATIVE

An instinct borne of crisis, DEVELOPMENTALISM is but a feeling too fleeting. Never lasting, it feigns access to worlds beyond, as if the trappings of the times may clear. Somewhere between the ebb and flow, truth and fantasy, *what was* and *what could be*, it lives everywhere and nowhere, as though the twain shall meet.¹⁵

The Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean (ECLAC) proved an unlikely refuge. Amid the burgeoning post-war alliance, reforming spirits scurried across an Atlantic newly divided. THE NORTH barreled to the fore, while THE SOUTH receded to the margin. As if at once, LATIN AMERICA would come alive as one—rearing a language of structural unity, the conceit of lost history, and the predicament of peripheral fixity.

In the thick of ECLAC's early days, an *esprit de corps* would flourish. Hailing from disparate corners, willing minds converged around a yet uncertain starting point, established on the basis of a shared inquiry: How could the mysteries of development show such patterned imprints over nations so vast, territories so far?

¹⁵ This definition recontextualizes the concept of DEVELOPMENTALISM around our framework of THE ALTERNATIVE (see Chapter 2).

Here, in the expansion of consciousness, the comparative sensitivity springs. Laying siege to the shroud of fog, the void of context, the drift of loss, an avant-garde claws to its bearings. Flights of fancy take off, projecting new meaning onto worlds sworn otherwise, as knowledge bends toward art.

LATIN AMERICA would face the music, if not the truth. The moment greeted a passage, into the sounds, the hymns, the wails of histories, yet unsung. To the throughline, a widening frame hinged, taking in the legacies, the indignities, the dependencies arriving at the present.

Into the eye of a sharper needle, the threads at the seams would hook. Bondage—the fabric of the collective—would come to grips with scrutiny. A nexus hewed, between theory and language, time and epoch, nation and civilization, where a new conscience seared.

UNDERDEVELOPMENT¹⁶ spelled the conundrum, but also the point. An imaginary borne of *The Middle Passage*, consigned to extract, could its story beheld, be told, be whole?

The pledge would be set. The gambit would be waged.

¹⁶ Brazilian economist Celso Furtado famously classified UNDERDEVELOPMENT, not as “an endogenous transformation of a pre-capitalistic economy but [as] a process of grafting onto the latter one or more enterprises connected with the commercial activity of industrialized economies in a state of expansion... [A] development by external induction... different from the classic formation process of the European capitalistic economies” (1964, 142). Of note too is its resignification by Guyanese historian Walter Rodney as a prologue of sorts for debates around Pan-Africanism (see Rodney 2018).

THE ALLIANCE

The post-war mandate unveiled a world at the bridge of federation and confederation. THE NATION-STATE proved the locus, but also the gap. Power stood at the shoulders of the agreements: security, trade, and otherwise. Coalitions would crown the victors, only to impose the terms.

FEDERALISM, the late modern site of collective action and imagination, unwound to a terrain of contest beyond. The stars would realign, as the gravitational pulls drifted outward. The axis of anointed states claimed the center, against which all resistance would now be set.

The scope of federal power would move in tandem with its constituent partners. Its relations to social order, economic structure and political possibility sealed a hegemony of a particular kind. The national would cede the floor to the multi-national, as the stage gave way to the screen.

THE NORTH-ATLANTIC ALLIANCE helmed the new architecture.¹⁷ Its coveted circle would succeed the former LEAGUE OF NATIONS, preserving the status of its diasporic descendants the world over. The effort to grind integration to a halt would stay, but threats less familiar sprung apart.

From the Long March to Lenin's Return—the appropriation of THE NATION-STATE for other ends promised to reel in independent orbits of the post-colony (Mbembe 2001). THE ALLIANCE would govern to their silence—if not erasure.

¹⁷ Hereafter THE ALLIANCE (see Chapter 3).

The lines of defense would stretch as far as the specter of rival now swept.

The era would bargain for the globalization of membership as the means and ends for containment. The alterities within would be managed by supremacy without. Only amid the risk of fracture at the edge would the match of inclusion be lit at the core.

LATIN AMERICA fell through the cracks, in thrall to its northern gatekeepers. Never a stranger, yet always unwelcome, its position laid chained, as if the hold of empire to The East rendered still moot the pull of union to The South. THE ALLIANCE hung in the balance.

THE AMERICAS tore by design.

THE NEW WORLD

The cusp of change is as much a problem of knowledge as of time. The prospect no longer serves. The retrospect yet awaits. The moment is but amiss, before denial encounters embrace, loss surrenders to gain, doubt gives into faith.

To the Pacific the silk roads now pave and the new economy so spins. An overhaul of the globe's material conditions runs its course and THE ALLIANCE enters its climax. As if together, THE ONE-CHINA POLICY nears completion; THE EUROPEAN UNION faces contingency; and THE AMERICAS collide in reckoning.

With a bang, not a whimper—FEDERALISM self-defeats.¹⁸ Its promise of equality proved as much its *to be* as its *not to be*. Its meaning presumed a future. Its fulfillment bore to the nation to truth, only to give place to its wake.

The endpoint was ever but the start.

CHAPTER OVERVIEW

Chapter 1

THE NATION-STATE *dialectic*

LIBERALISM & DEVELOPMENT —

We shall fill in the points, the points of charge and discharge, drawing in the current, the flow between, between NATION and STATE, life and death.

Chapter 2

THE ALTERNATIVE *crossing*

DEVELOPMENTALISM —

We shall snatch from THE NATION-STATE, from the stages of death, THE ALTERNATIVE,

¹⁸ Here I do not just mean the political philosophy and practice of “dividing powers between member units and common institutions” (Follesdal 2018, paragraph 1). For federalism functions too as a “fundamental ambiguity” (Greenhouse 2011, 267), at once a promise and a fact, based on the temporal evolution of powers and membership. We shall recontextualize this theory of time with our own (see Chapter 3).

the life that got away, the life of LATIN AMERICA.

Chapter 3

THE ALLIANCE *duality*

FEDERALISM —

We shall yield to the second life, the post-humous act, THE NATION-STATE, dead asleep,
its progression, deadly possessed, in THE ALLIANCE, under its duress.

Conclusion

THE NEW WORLD *synthesis*

AMERICA —

We shall hew to the groundings, the roots, the place of reach, the “place which one longs
to reach” (“America, n.” 2020)

CHAPTER 1 – THE NATION-STATE

[Choral Line 1]

The hyphen (-) holds the key. Between nation and state, it spans art and myth, story and history, language and law. Through it, the collective flows. In it, the conscience wholes.

This chapter builds on the narrative arc of THE NEW WORLD, laid out in the preface and introduction. The latter previewed the temporalities (THE NATION-STATE, THE ALTERNATIVE, THE ALLIANCE, THE NEW WORLD) now featured sequentially in the three chapters and conclusion. Throughout, the foreground of the text draws on the aesthetic of the *choral register*, with layered commentaries running below in parallel.

By *choral register*, the chapters hew not to the classic Greek tradition per se, even as its performative functions may find some echoes here. As the Belgian playwright Emile Cammaerts notes, in the context of Greek tragedy, “[the chorus] aims at creating a timely diversion in order to relax the tension of the tragedy, and give the audience some breathing space in order to realize all that is past and to prepare themselves for what is to come” (1922, 217). In this rendition, the chorus lurks in the background, peering in, as if to punctuate the pace of the drama unfolding.

In the Sophoclean canon, however, the chorus features more prominently—more like a collectivized character, than a detached rhetorical placement. It is configured in the *mis-en-scene*, only to shape the course of the tragedy. According to humanist Kevin Hawthorne, “the [Sophoclean] choruses are more than disinterested judges or even interested observers. Whether willing or not, they become embroiled in the conflicts

between characters... The choruses really are implicated in the issues and the characters' conflicts involve whole communities, not individuals alone" (2009, 44).

Yet even in this more active mode, the Greek chorus departs from what takes the foreground in these chapters. A closer look at the history of the choral traditions in the 5th century hints more closely at the spirit of this text. American classicist Helen Bacon captures this context. She writes:

Choral songs and dances... become drama when instead of narrating or singing *about an event* the dancers *enact it*. This transformation apparently took place when the leader separating himself from the group impersonated an *individual* with whom the chorus, impersonating a *group* of individuals, could engage in spoken and sung dialogue. At the point in this evolution when improvisation and traditional song gave way to specially composed and rehearsed music, words, and dance, drama as a 'literary' form began to take shape. (Bacon 1994, 7-8)

It is toward *this* transformation—the collective extension of the other into the self—that we consider here. The thread running between then and now speaks to a curation of sorts, of stories we welcome in, of projections we cast out. It lives in what would become of the very concept of culture. What we learn from others *about ourselves* (Wagner 1975; Clifford 1988; Strathern 1988).

This leads us full circle, as a renaissance of representational practice now rages. Across the arts and sciences, the pretense of objectivity fades and transparency so reigns (Marcus and Clifford 1986; Comaroff and Comaroff 1992; Greenhouse 2011); collaboration shows promise and distance still wanes (Rabinow 2011; Riles 2013); experimentation proves vital and awakens new frames (Erber 2014; Tsing 2015; Alvarez et. al 2019).

What follows is but an outgrowth of transformations of these kinds, where cultural knowledge is seen afresh, mediated by fields evolving (Geertz 1985), by

findings slipping (Boon 1982). As the ends blur, the starting points clear. The center no longer holds, and the peripheries so near (Asad 1973; Said 1979; Comaroff and Comaroff 2012).

We have been here before. What might appear inventive now is only but the natural course for fields of inquiry responsive to their times. And yet, the excitement that has come from innovation all too often writes off the histories borne out of the scientific gambit. We are not the first—nor will we be the last—to rethink the protocols and reimagine their (re)presentations. Indeed, *here*, we find ourselves in good company (Durkheim 1996; Mauss 2000; Boas 1987; Benedict 2006).

But what of now, in these times, marked as much by loss as duty? How might we learn from what has come before, while not losing sight of all that has changed? How science inevitably roots itself in collectivities—what might come next, amid the erosions well underway?

These questions cue the *choral register*. As we shall see, it appears only to uncover what has yet to appear, toward that elusive object still slipping away from scrutiny —THE NEW WORLD. The question at hand—how structural forces can be brought to light, if not to bear (Trouillot 2003)—is as timely now as ever.

Hence, the chorus—its literariness lends itself more to analytical rigor, than lyrical fancy. Amid worlds of realignment, it behooves the social scientist to match the scale and scope of the dislocation with the frame and form at its reach. Simply put, it is the object that must prefigure the script—the rest is just what follows.

[Choral Line 2]

*This chapter turns to the pulls. It begins at the point of charge, the life of liberalism.
It ends at the point of discharge, the death of development.*

This brings us to CHAPTER ONE. It begins with THE NATION-STATE, mired in its own conflictual rise and fall. THE NEW WORLD is featured here, too, insofar as the chorus allows for time *before, after and beyond* THE NATION. What flows, meanwhile, is the push-and-pull—the subject to which we now turn.

[Choral Line 3]

*What follows is a voyage, to and fro. Like sand in the hourglass, the passage would
sway. Like the hand of the market, the sides would swing. As we shall see, THE
NATION-STATE lived in between.*

The dialectic of LIBERALISM and DEVELOPMENT is central to how THE NATION-STATE is presented in this chapter. Here, I depart from what has become a mainstay of political ethnography, whereby subjectivity, or the mediation of the state *through* social relations (see Corrigan and Sayer 1985), anchors much of anthropological inquiry. Nor is the emphasis on the *illusoriness of the state*—that is, its capacity to stand somehow above and beyond the institutions that make up its whole (Abrams 1988). Even the ambition toward a definitional construct, as the mainstreaming of histories and identities

into a fictional body (see Gellner 1983), or as the constitution of events into a wider lexicon of meaning (Hobsbawm 1996), strays from the focus for our purposes.

Rather, the access to the state as an object of analysis is made available here only as a result of a *temporal vantage point* that the chorus enables. In presuming an epochal transition in the present, the text rhetorically crafts the conditions for the retrospective gaze. The result is instructive, in ways that approach, while still diverging from, Marx's classic historical materialism (Marx and Engels 1998). His timescale presumed the afterlife of the social structures behind the state, too, only it famously placed *production*—and its means—as the determinative force behind the movement of time.

In the *choral register*, time is likewise made visible analytically, insofar as the state is flanked by what came before and by what comes after. Yet the chorus does not move through a productivist telos, at least not exclusively. THE NEW WORLD encircles THE NATION-STATE, as if to shed light on a dialectic of a different kind—materialist only in part, if not primarily cosmological (see Durkheim 1995).

Hence, the competing pulls—LIBERALISM and DEVELOPMENT—manifest not as a back and forth from within, but as movement forward and back, or toward and away from the state as a *temporal cosmos*. Life and afterlife—they become the defining arbiters of time's movement, with the state itself standing for the meanwhile, as a placeholder, wedged between THE NEW WORLD as historical fantasy, and THE NEW WORLD as lived experience.

Ethnography thus works its way in—not to demystify a fallacious imaginary, but to track the temporalities, diversely diffused, with and for the signs that *tell time*. Here, the very pretense to know the hour circles back to a wider clock—a recognition

that the state does not *hold time* per se, but stands as its swing, its winding back and forward, until the ticker stops (see Greenhouse 1996).

My thesis is that *after* time ends, another one can begin—THE NEW WORLD. To access it, we must delve deeply into how THE NATION-STATE functions, how it flows with *and* against resurrection, how it is always concealing *and* revealing, looking forward *and* back. As we shall see, its liberal powers cohere around institutions and subjectivities structured *for time within its bounds*, all while its developmentalist promise stakes a claim *for time without its limits*—toward worlds too expansive, stretching beyond its continuum.

Patrimony

[Choral Line 4]

It came as a breach of peace. The first female president betrayed the cardinal rule.

The market's free reign over the spread, the lynchpin of capital, stood in jeopardy.

April 30th, 2012, Brasília — President Dilma Rousseff, during a pronouncement to pay homage to the upcoming national holiday, *Dia do Trabalhador*, otherwise known as International Worker's Day, seized the moment to broadcast forthcoming decrees pertaining to the Brazilian financial industry.

She declared.

Banks cannot continue to charge the same [high] interest rates for companies as they do for consumers—this while the benchmark rate [a Taxa Básica Selic]

drops, the economy proves stable, and the vast majority of Brazilians honor promptly and dutifully, their commitments. The financial sector is simply incapable of explaining this perverse logic to Brazilians—low rates, inflation in check, all while interest for payday loans, installment sales, and credit cards, are left uncurbed. (Portal G1 2012)

The shock to the system was immediate for it was clear that the tools of the federal government lent credibility to the threat. The very unthinkability of this moment was not without reason. It was the *sine qua non* of the governance pact the Worker's Party established with moneyed elites in the financial sector and beyond (Silva 2003), if not the very precondition for the party's rise to power, clinched by the election of Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva in 2002.

The matter in dispute—interest rates—had been consigned to the markets, when since the 1990s, the so-called WASHINGTON CONSENSUS prevailed above all else—building on antecedents already then felt (see Franco 2012). Here, the task of regulating price would mostly fade from the realm of political contest, moving instead to the domain of technocratic oversight (Holmes 2013). Any bid to dislodge such a fixed understanding would be treated as a menace—as a blow to the order, to the set ways of high finance.

What was at stake brushed past the idiom of partisan contest, where the intricacies of monetary and fiscal policy long gave fodder to sprawling traditions of debate around state-market arrangements and their implications (Furtado 1961; Campos 1963; Tavares 1972; Bielschowsky 2008). These legacies run not just through institutions of federal power but to broader entanglements with social movements and coalitions beyond (Cardoso 2006; Singer 2012; Nobre 2013).

Yet even these competing constellations of discourse, or narratives on behalf of the nation structured around a material contest over the state, fall short in accounting for the depth of the rupture in order. To give sense to what would come to defy the senses, the chorus now flows into *national time*, as if to set the scene for the wider temporal backdrop approaching. As we shall see, it was at the moment of this very pronouncement that the pulls of LIBERALISM and DEVELOPMENT stretched beyond their working limits. What follows are the effects, at times surreal, as the grip of the modern body politik releases.

[Choral Line 5]

To every patron's ear, a siren's call rang. With each tip, fear would awaken. With each tell, faith would be shaken. Confidence, the market's sacred grounds, now trembled.

The timeline of my research encompasses the post-Global Financial Crisis era. The formal field investigation pitched its start in Brazil, moving in and out of the cities of São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Campinas, principally around the following sites—The Brazilian National Development Bank (BNDES), The Brazilian Central Bank (BCB), The Center for Telecommunications Research and Development (CPqD) and The Brazilian National Policy Think Tank (IPEA).

From the outset, I diverged from the now well-established approaches to fieldwork in the anthropology and sociology of finance, Science and Technology

Studies (STS), business case studies, and applied research conventions. My scope was not bound by expert tools, techniques or knowledge practices (Riles 2011; Miyazaki 2013). It was not based on privileged datasets, devices or raw materials (Callon et al. 2007; Knorr Cetina 2009). Nor was it centered on corporate strategy, management, or planning (e.g., Buena 2019).

Rather, finance was my ethnographic concern only insofar as its cultural landscape doubled as the state—or as its extension. These are professionals, intellectuals, thinkers, all in positions of clout over far-reaching debates on federal statutory language, rules and regulatory procedures, even consequential party disputes. But these are public figures, and while they include directors and executives, my focus was on the stakes of those best positioned to mobilize discourse—not on power around the chain of command.

Thus, the mechanics moved beyond closed meetings and office interviews—most of the dialogue would take shape over the course of public events. Indeed, much of what is said more privately still makes its way into the public domain, but like all cultural fields—immersion, exposure, and relationships matter.¹⁹

Subject position is of the essence here too. What makes the fissures above particularly visible to me is that they run through my own story, beginning in my native Brazil, as well as in my trajectories since—from my schooling in Europe, to my affiliations with Policy, Law and Business Schools in the United States. These horizons would shape not just my access to the field, but my sense of its key portals.

¹⁹ Only what is already part of the public domain is included in this dissertation.

Now, the fault lines would rupture as this project progressed, specifically in this choral moment. The sense of the future, always somehow nearing among Brazilian elites, would rapidly be questioned. A reversal almost unimaginable prior to these developments. How Brazil came to exemplify the future of THE NATION-STATE, only to signal its end, is the quandary that drives the ongoing choral procession.

Finally, the neoliberal frame of *the institution*, or *agentive actors*, is deliberately left out. Some of this is for ethical purposes as these informants largely defy anonymity. But more critically, the chorus recontextualizes these objects, not to extend their expertise onto yet another discursive terrain, as much as to think past it. Only thus do we approach the wider source of their unease.

[Choral Line 6]

The state sealed its fate, but not without first striking a bargain—relief for reform, assurance for adjustment, protection for power. Out on the table and into the light, the cards laid still.

August 2nd, 2011, Brasília — Dilma Rousseff, during the unveiling of her first major public initiative, *Plano Brasil Maior*, a landmark policy package, overhauled the Brazilian Tax Code, particularly payroll taxes incurred by employers across a wide swath of industries. The ruling coalition, led by the radical Worker's Party (PT), appeared poised to address the most regressive tax system in the industrialized world (Lavinas 2017).

Rousseff announced:

In the face of an international backdrop still marked by uncertainty, it is incumbent upon us to cross all borders and confront the competition in global markets; achieving technological leadership in strategic sectors; internationalizing our companies, all while welcoming foreign competition to invest more and more in R&D in Brazil. (Rousseff 2011)

In the pomp and circumstance of the moment, the launch was a remarkable success. One by one, the decrees would follow, without drawing much ire from the grassroots alliances that powered the Worker's Party into the presidential palace, while enjoying a major boost from special interests, who still approached the executive cautiously, even after nearly a decade at the helm of government.

Indeed, Rousseff appeared to be building on the strategy that marked her predecessor's administration, who championed incremental change dovetailed with reconciliation. In a nation riven by yawning racial, cultural and socio-economic divides, this gamble appeared to be paying off. Even as the ruling coalition managed to squeeze out of a perennially conservative congress anti-poverty programs, racial quotas, and industrial policies (see e.g., Casanova and Kassum 2014; Heringer 2015; Lavinias 2017), the PT's political fortunes held intact (Exame 2011).

Only the substance proved thorny—massive fiscal subsidies, tax credits, and outright giveaways to the nation's most entrenched interests. The result, a redistributive system, already on its knees, would tilt even further toward its highest earners. Public coffers would take a hit. Little did the beneficiaries know what would be expected of them in return—that the byzantine protectionist schemes would not be doled out without conditionalities.

The press would catch on, coining the emerging bargain the “new economic matrix” (Abreu 2012). It imagined a new role for the private sector—beyond the usual tussle over the tax base, as if the state were prepared to cede on the fiscal front, to reward industries of all kinds, with almost no prerequisite, at least not publicly. But privately, as we would come to learn, key figures in the highest echelons of the state would start to make overtures to the power brokers of the market—the movers and shakers of finance.

What follows are the structures behind the negotiations—their *liberal* terms, where the chorus takes us to next.

[Choral Line 7]

The undertow of deals pulled with the shifting currents. Could an emboldened public be trusted? Would it pay the promised dues or break free from established ways?

THE LIBERAL ORDER was founded on an array of axioms, a matrix of sorts, based as much on normative precepts, as imagined fantasies. The genealogies run long—and extend wide—spanning diverse currents of political philosophy (e.g., Smith 2003; Locke 1988; Mill 2021) and economic thought (e.g., Malthus 2004; Ricardo 2004; Marshall 2009). Throughout, empire provided the ballast, the empirical grounds upon which the *liberal* market would pass muster as both knowledge and mystery, desire and reverie, spirit and theology (Comaroff and Comaroff 2001).

Yet far from a divine force whose powers derive from self-fulfilling prophecies, the market's cudgel cuts with the weight of particular diasporic histories—imprints borne out of institutions, out of legacies patched, over and again. More than a sphere of activity—it lives on in the abstract, like an installation, long-curated, only it speaks back (Hayek 1948).

Hence, its mystique, a marker of status that still feigns renewal. Those who condition it—the lineages under whose tutelage it operates—fear less the forces of supply and demand, as the winds of politics and war. The contest of consequence, weightier even than the ups and downs of the bottom line, lies elsewhere. It hides in plain sight, in congressional halls, in palace corridors, only to blast through to the airwaves of prominence.

In but the shortest of windows will shifts in leverage even be contemplated. After all, the state is designed to lay bare the pressure points, to spell out the *rapport de force*. As the pendulum swings, the guardrails hold, not through inertia so much as coercion. Only when all the pieces fall into place, will the offensives suddenly show.

It begins with a phone call—a sounding out of the red lines and the green lights. As is custom in public affairs, the highest ranks are owed to those who know the limits of their tools—those whose instincts are sharpened by what not to touch and by what not to say. Positions of trust are predicated on this understanding. Language (in private), discourse (in public)—these registers define power, checked by constant surveillance.

By the time the bargains spill over, as the wider alliances parse the terms, the lines of division come already drawn. The fleetingness of the moment belies the

enormity of the stakes. On a whim, whole coalitions fix or fracture, swayed by the implications of the fledgling course of action.

Here, it was the magnates of finance who proved most recalcitrant. Once the privileged trust of support for the Worker's Party, these forces would abandon ship, laying the groundwork for a new regime in its place. As we shall see, Rouseff would prove unwavering, intent on amending the agreements on which her hold on power still hung.

The chorus turns now to the nub of that impasse, to the crux of FINANCIALIZATION. What broke the truce, if not the balance of power itself.

[Choral Line 8]

The die was cast before the hash was settled. The favors rolled, through the treasury, across the industries. The orders fired, from the ministries, to the balance sheets.

The rise of FINANCIALIZATION, a hallmark feature of late-industrial capitalism, is a story line overshadowing the progression (Krippner 2011; Fine 2013; Palley 2013). Seeping into widespread popular accounts of globalization, this narrative arc grapples with a persistent conundrum of the times—how production collapsed as the structural basis for the economy. At the point at which capital and its rents supersede, or outright suppress, value generated through other means, the liberal bargain—the thinking goes—stands to perish (see Piketty 2013).

Yet this commentary, moving through the academy, into ever wider circuits, misses the epistemologies anchoring the life of finance. Beyond their vast functional and material implications, the financial markets source their powers to something deeper, to a regime of knowledge, to a purveyor of aesthetics—INFLATION TARGETING. Founded on a set of frameworks, tools, and discourse, this paradigm would recast the state, more like a contractor, than as the social contract.

Here, the central bank took precedence. It, along with its capital market collaborators, endowed the market with a world of *expectations*. The state would demonstrate due deference—lending authority to bureaucracies of expertise, all but free from congressional oversight (Tett 2009). The instruments proved mighty, from bank reserves to benchmark rates—they guided, or paced, near futures for private capital (Holmes 2013).

Even as finance's professional practice prioritized *interests*, its political practice prioritized *transparency*—not of internal dealings, but of a world crafted in its own image, of a language predicated on its own vision. Time and again, institutions, both public and private, would be reframed, reformed, reimagined, so as to meet its prerogatives, so as to match its imperatives (Riles 2011).

FINANCIALIZATION is thus dually configured, with the state and finance melding as sides to the same coin—a marriage centered on price, on who is sanctioned to pressure it. Hence, any of the possible alternatives would need to be exhausted, if not deemed illegitimate—particularly, a more aggressive collection and deployment of *public* capital. Much of what became of INFLATION TARGETING would function as such,

as the anti-thesis to STATE-PLANNING. Policy was to be structured around the real-time *discovery* of market consensus, no longer around its prospective *design*.

Rousseff was prepared to challenge these protocols in the form of a compromise. Capital markets would benefit from the proliferation of collateralized assets—this by way of new state-backed guarantees for a wide-range of credit instruments. In return, state-owned enterprises, development banks, and sovereign wealth funds would grow—not as complements, but as competitors, looming large in the exchanges, if not more radically, in the marketplace of knowledge and ideas.

Without an agreement, Rousseff moved forward—setting in motion an ambitious program to revive *public* capital. The pact with finance was at its end. The fallout with markets had only just begun. The chorus turns to what got stirred in its wake.

[Choral Line 9]

A storm would set in. The martyrs, the media, the measures swarmed, only thus to cohere. What could not be, now was here. What could not wake, now made haste.

The universe of capital markets—investment and commercial banks, pension and hedge funds, private equity and VC firms, institutional and retail investors—is, most often, fixed on humdrum developments (e.g., currency fluctuations, price inconsistencies, corporate filings, earnings reports, among other disclosures and trends).

Yet, there are moments when all that fades. A sequence of events that consumes the focus and attention of every stakeholder. It is something like a reckoning, when finance reveals itself *to itself*, when analysts, associates, executives turn to the heavyweights, to those best positioned to qualify the stakes of the uncertainties before them.

These are not financial crises per se, nor volatility activated by recession. They arise out of a force more paralyzing. There are figures in the market positioned to emerge in these instances, to speak to the variables now jeopardizing the integrity of the order. Agents who stand somehow above the market, while still deeply wedded within it.

They move in and out of the central bank. They tack back and forth from the regulatory commissions. They swing to and from the federal ministries. They manage the mightiest funds. They mentor the weightiest interests. They work the airwaves. They frame the debates. They keep the tabs. They hold the receipts.

They are THE MAGNATES of finance. The intellectual architects of INFLATION TARGETING. The elites market professionals all heed, not for knowledge so much as reassurance. The *credibility* of the status quo is contingent on their affirmation. Like the highest courts, they adjudicate meaning, knowing when to contain doubts and when to arouse suspicions.

Herein lies the nexus where the politics and practice of finance blur. Private capital is designed to project into the future, folding the price of what will be into the price of now. It speeds time and contests it—exchanging what will be for what already has become. Likewise, with politics, not a single move is made outside of all that it

portends. Policies come and go, blunted not for what they do, but for the pathways they signal.

Hence, THE MAGNATES—they know when to sound the alarms, when whole careers are at stake, when full mandates fall to peril. It is their gaze that permeates and prevails across the markets, setting the tone for all that might come, should the state telegraph its defiance. Thus, THE MAGNATES do not so much control the market as seize it, the moment it speaks as one.

This choral moment arrayed the anxieties, the passions, and the interests, against a shared pariah. In private conversations—as well as in public ones—the discourse would turn existential. The responses needed to be swift. The tactics needed to be extreme.

The chorus takes us now to the closing sprint, to the final jolt, to the last break, before the siege would thunder.

[Choral Line 10]

At issue was THE EXECUTIVE—bent on mischief. To the astonishment of elites, public banks turned the tables. To the awe of experts, the central bank flipped the script.

October 17th, 2012, Brasília — The Brazilian Central Bank’s Monetary Policy Committee (COPOM) released its long-awaited statement on the benchmark rate, announcing its final round of easing, ending a year-long cycle that would bring rates to

their lowest levels in history. Only this time, there was dissent, as three members broke with the majority.

The statement read:

From the perspective of three members of the Committee, the prospective scenario for inflation should not have called for additional easing to monetary policy...

A minority of the members of the COPOM deduced that a recovery in economic activity will already be sustained by the monetary, fiscal and credit-based stimuli introduced into the economy thus far. Eventually, the demand pressures and the costs might drive inflation. (COPOM 2012a, paragraphs 32 and 34)

By then, the central bank was several months into breaking from orthodox monetary policy. Lowering the benchmark rate, even as inflationary risks mounted, all under strict orders from the executive. The pillars of INFLATION TARGETING, particularly the independence of the central bank, had corroded. The new language for monetary policy had emerged, somehow not bound only to matters of price, but *development*, too, both social and economic.

This, after Caixa Econômica Federal and Banco do Brasil, the largest public banks in Latin America, bucked market forces—lowering the *spread* of credit instruments across their balance sheets, only to pressure capital markets to do the same. Hence, the statement from the central bank—it would prove monumental, signaling that the effort to curb Rousseff's bold experiment could be near, should the cracks keep surfacing.

December 5th, 2012, Brasília — The Brazilian Central Bank's Monetary Policy Committee (COPOM) released the final statement for the year.

It read:

The COPOM understands that the current landscape is marked by more intense domestic activity this semester, with risks of misalignment in the rates of growth of both supply and demand. It sees, however, only a narrow margin of idle capacity in the labor market, and in such circumstances, there is a possibility of wage increases that are incompatible with productivity gains—with negative repercussions on inflation...

The COPOM thus determines unanimously the maintenance of the Selic rate. (COPOM 2012b, paragraphs 25 and 27)

It came as a vindication—as a call to arms, as if the verdict came early, with permission now given to nip the rogue state from its bud. The executive had, until then, corralled the central bank to play along, to lower rates as part of a larger strategy—a vision for the state that would reconcile *the developmental south* and *the liberal north*, a mandate for the public that would break *the hold of dependency* and *the grip of austerity*.

All that remained was a final act—something to spell the experiment's demise, to restore the order, where the chorus draws the chapter to a close.

[Choral Line 11]

The buildup, the breakdown, would teeter on the brink. The precipice, the edge, would lurch into sight.

June 17th, 2013, São Paulo — After protests had erupted over the increase in public transportation fares, the Military Police—ever quick to repress demonstrations in the streets—would suddenly and inexplicably withdraw. This, following weeks of

intensifying activism, demanding the decommodification of public transportation, and even more radical progressive causes.

Only four days earlier, the nation's largest newspapers had written scathing editorials, calling upon the governor to bring back law and order, to contain the vandalism, to end what they considered to be an invasion of the most prized public spaces of Latin America's financial capital. The result was predictable, at least in the immediate aftermath—tear gas, rubber bullets, and violent arrests.

Yet the mood would change. Public opinion appeared somehow more divided about these particular protests—not like most others, almost instantly spun by the barons as acts of misfit by the undeserving. Nor was this like the uprisings across the urban peripheries, much more frequent, if also less visible, silenced by the might of the militarized state.

Indeed, there was a shift in protocol. Rather than treat this staging of malcontent, led by students of the upper-middle class, with the swift blow of police violence, then a common arsenal of the governor's mansion, the oppositional authorities of São Paulo would take up a different strategy, something unheard of in one of the major intersections of THE SOUTH and THE NORTH—free rein to the activists.

It rang like victory, only to spill over across the cities of the nation. One by one, the metropolises would fall to the movements, seizing the public squares, the roads, even the legislative houses. As if at once, the nation became visible to itself, once the material and discursive instruments of division suspended, if only fleetingly, rallying the diverse quarters of urban life together.

Only there was something else in store for this moment, something more puzzling on the face of it. Trickling into the demonstrations was a far more conservative professional class, beginning to raise causes unthinkable to the organizers—the return of military rule, *coup d'état* against the ruling coalition, even fascist calls for a new ethno-nationalist order.

The markets were ebullient. As they hoped—and some planned—the act to sound the death knell of the Rousseff administration, of the state's deviation from the liberal order, was here—successfully coopted for the ends of private capital, just in time for the election cycle nearing. Like clockwork, the approval ratings collapsed, and Rousseff, resistant to responding to the streets, was left with no choice but to address the protests, knowing it could only be quelled through promises she now had lost the power to keep, all but ensuring her downfall.

The success of the reprisal was becoming clear. It was nothing more than a matter of time before the regime would be brought to a close, before THE NATION-STATE would die.

[Choral Line 12]

A-changin' times, whose arrows—drew apart.

CHAPTER 2 – THE ALTERNATIVE

[Choral Line 1]

The crossing comes in waves, in ebb and flow. It plays to phases, to fast and slow. It caps off with changes, with highs and low.

The chorus moves to the passage over the uncharted, to the bridge over the unknown. It builds on the progression still underway—THE NEW WORLD as past frontier (Preface), THE NATION-STATE as pastime cleared (Chapter One). It previews endings coming our way—THE ALLIANCE as time escape (Chapter Three), THE NEW WORLD as futures placed (Conclusion).

In between lies THE ALTERNATIVE state, the subject whose turn it is to face (Chapter Two). Here past THE NATION-STATE—the back and forth, the forward and back—we brush. To understand THE ALTERNATIVE we must anticipate THE ALLIANCE—its contours, its corners, its cracks. We must meet its match.

Quite simply, THE ALTERNATIVE would exist where THE ALLIANCE stood amiss, would persist where the center still slipped—making space, giving voice, finding room for those still rooted out, out of the modular base, out of the order of time. It bore their basis for resistance, their conditions of opposition.

Hence the crossing—THE ALTERNATIVE spoke as if in a whisper. As fragile as it was strong, as policed as it was free, it stood *for* the odds against, *against* total obsolescence.

We circle back, back to Brazil, poised to think NATION-STATES otherwise, to recontextualize their stakes—not as evolutions of the *inner selves*, but as conduits for the *wider self*. THE ALTERNATIVE stood for that nexus, for that passage to the collective—to LATIN AMERICA.

The chorus takes us there, to the edges of reality and fantasy, setting the scene for a particular time and place—the space of adventure, the spirit of design, the beginnings of the post-War world. A moment caught between promises, wrought between times.

What follows is that play for constructions and co-constructions, federations and confederations, dependencies and interdependencies—a place, a mood, a tense, all to come next.

[Choral Line 2]

This chapter turns to the holes, to the absence, the death of the nation. It moves to the whole, to the essence, the life of LATIN AMERICA.

We arrive now at historical time, to the sweeps of promise, to the swoops of demise, in that stretch between the 1930s and the 1960s, in that opening between revolutions and devolutions.

The dialectic is now paused, as if the chorus brings time to a halt, brings its movement to a standstill. We arrive not at THE NATION-STATE caught in the middle, in between THE NEW WORLDS, but at *contemporaneous* forces, at their countervailing pulls—a momentary fork in the course of things.

What follows is not so much a reading of events, records, and histories *as a grounding of times, their parallel concurrence, their relative simultaneity*. The chorus moves through such a continuum, a continuum of imaginaries—THE ALLIANCE on one end, THE ALTERNATIVE on the other.

Only one could set the scope, map the territory, fix the time. Only one could speak, *speak* as THE ONE. But what if that hegemony—that supremacy—were placed at risk? What if the hold of THE ALLIANCE, its centuries-long, worldwide, mold stood in peril?

This chapter encounters that moment, that brief window, when *it* would come to life, when THE ALTERNATIVE lapsed into consciousness. The chorus accesses this past, this *état d'esprit*—its stakes then, its implications since.

What we find is not so much an *El Dorado*, a hidden universe set apart, but the beginnings of the suspicions, the doubts about the one dealt. It is, as anthropologists Jean and John Comaroff write,

[That] realm of partial recognition, of inchoate awareness, of ambiguous perception... that liminal space of human experience in which people discern acts and facts but cannot or do not order them into narrative descriptions or even into articulate conceptions of the world; in which signs and events are observed, but in a hazy, translucent light; in which individuals or groups know that something is happening to them but find it difficult to put their fingers on quite what it is. (Comaroff and Comaroff 1988, 29)

Here, in the twist and twirl, in the coil and recoil, the chorus moves closer, closer to the import, the import of life, of death—the life *of* death. The search for something else, the need for something more, it begins here, in those liminal edges, those tenuous spaces, where the nation—*what takes its place*—is neither found, nor lost. It is felt.

Hence LATIN AMERICA—an object nowhere to be seen, yet to be mustered. The chorus will not so much claim it as trace it, not so much clasp it as taste it—its genesis in death, its birth in demise, all that must give way, all that must give in, for *it* to live.

The progression follows accordingly, according to cycles of death, the death of the colony, the nation, the state. We move beyond the past in the simple, indicative tense. The chorus tells the story of *the subjunctive pretense*—its wishful knowledge, its dying wishes.

It all lies ahead, ahead of what might—*just might*—be left.

[Choral Line 3]

What follows is the slippage, the spillage. Like pressure released, stress unleashed—
DEVELOPMENT *aired in the breach.*

They spelled the fissures, the vicissitudes. The 1930s—they betrayed the throughline. To understand what held it together—*what held the deaths*—we go to the moment, the point in time, when everything that was forever, everything that was for keeps, was no more.

Of greater consequence there could be nothing. The cause and effect of empire, the doctrines of comparative advantage—they met the brute force of a rude awakening, the depression, a global division of labor, slipping from the clutches.

It was the hand that rocked the cradle, that ruled the world systems. It was the paradigm of public affairs, of international commerce, that reigned in full view, only to fall, fall on its own sword.

The metropole, the structures behind its status—they were founded on asymmetrical terms of exchange, the leading edge of advanced industries, the cusp of the supply chains, all for the extractive base, the primary good, the root of the commodity form. Only the depression, the collapse of the metropolitan consumer—it would throw the entire balance, *the balance of empire*, off poise.

What of its wake? What would take its place? How to resuscitate the NATION-STATE, the historic centers, without compromising the epistemic foundations, the *laissez-faire*, holding the peripheries into place?

It was the quandary of the 1930s. The solution to the malaise—an expansionist phase—risked awakening the colonial base. The imperial powers were suddenly caught, caught between the orthodoxy they still preached (see Sraffa 1951, on RICARDO) and the heterodoxy they so beseeched (see Carter 2020, on KEYNES).

The center's newfound salvation—*the rise of the leveraged state*—it spelled an end to the original liberalism, to its worldmaking grip. To risk the holdings of empire, to imperil its word, its ideologies—it could only be, only stand, should *continuity* prove somehow more hazardous, more dangerous, than *discontinuity*.

Hence DEVELOPMENT—it emerged in the colony as the unifying thread, the organizing principle, to take the place, the place of the liberal fates. Out of the twists, it all began, a new motif, taking us out, out of the colony, into the *post-colony* (Mbembe 2001)—a world, *a whole world*, of NATION-STATES.

DEVELOPMENT contemplated that passage. With it, a language was borne, borne of parity, of convergence, of autonomy. Through it, we see the beginning—*the* NATION-STATES *to come, without* THE ALLIANCE. In it, we see the ends—*the* NATION-STATES *of reach, within* THE ALTERNATIVE.

Thus, to gesture toward LATIN AMERICA, toward THE ALTERNATIVE—it means to follow the *transmigrations*, to find what lives amid the ruins. It means to follow the *reincarnations*, to uncover what survives above the remains.

DEVELOPMENT, as we shall see, is all that holds. Its arc, as we shall picture, is all that endures. Neither a state, nor its suspension—DEVELOPMENT was but the crossing.

The crossing the chorus covers—and recovers—next.

Matrimony

[Choral Line 4]

It stung like a cri de coeur. The new nation was born, found already dead.

August 24th, 1954, Rio de Janeiro—Getúlio Vargas, the statesman, the dictator, the republican—*he* pulled the trigger. It was the final act, the ultimate sacrifice, the fatal coup. The note—the upset his adversaries would most rue, the move his rivals could hardly undo—it fell like a bomb, but it seared far deeper, like a burning touch, straight to the heart.

I have fought month to month, day by day, hour after hour, resisting pressure, so constant, so incessant, bearing it all in silence, brushing it off within, all to defend a people, now disarmed. There is but my own blood left to give. The

birds of prey, if there is blood they wish, it is of the Brazilian people. Take mine, my life, in their place.

I choose this plane to be forever with you. When they humiliate, feel this soul suffering by your side... When they vilify, feel my thoughts, the force to respond...

To those who see in this my defeat, I grant only my victory... I gave the people my life. Now I must offer my death. (Neto 2014, 225)

These words hung. They held. Altered by aides, spun by allies—the true letter would be released generations later, once the political stakes, the emotional weight, had passed. What lingered then was the shock. The felt import of the act itself—it shifted the course of history, defusing the military coup, thwarting what was coming, for now (see Santos 1962).

It was a second independence. Suddenly, the oligarchs, those under the heels of foreign pressures, foreign interests, those whose relevance were premised on reining in Getúlio Vargas, were caught. All at once, the pawns, icons, assets, the pieces for ending *Vargismo*, for stamping out its implications, were exposed.

Getúlio, after all, was the tried-and-true target. His dominion—Brazil—was a NATION-STATE in name only when he seized it, seized power. Indeed, the *First Republic*—it was born decades earlier, born in the wake of abolition, only it was chartered to silence, silence the implications, silence the NATION.

Then came the revolution. In the shambles of the depression, the coffee barons, the plantation masters—the *patrons* lost their patrons. Independence, it could only come from here, only begin from *this*, a rupture not so much from the edifice of law, as from the bind of oligarchic force.

Hence the *new* NATION—*O Estado Novo*—Getúlio would bring it to life in acts, only by concentrating power, torturing dissidents with one hand, instituting social rights with the other. Through it all, he set in motion the conditions, the language of recognition, *of a public, of a people*, long pried apart.

It is the paradox of the world *outside* THE ALLIANCE. *These* NATION-STATES—the ones the times now contemplated—they could only ever live, only ever be, *through* their own sacrifice.

His life spanned the NATION’S life. His death marked the NATION’S death. What comes after death?

The chorus shall attest.

[Choral Line 5]

How to grieve what had to go? What awakened to be forsaken.

The research timeline now pulls back. We move beyond the post-Global Financial Crisis era (Chapter 1). We find ourselves in a different world of crisis.

Yet here too the formal field investigation pitches its start in Brazil. Here too we source our inquiry to particular sites—The Brazilian National Development Bank (BNDES), The Brazilian Central Bank (BCB), The Institute for Economics (UFRJ). Here too we work within the past—the still recent past.

Finance—it is again of ethnographic concern. Only this time the chorus tells the prequel, the contested origin story. History for some, living memory for others—the

sequence, it runs not to profess the truth so much as to draw it out, draw out its scope, the scope of its dispute.

Here, ethnography is of the essence. It is the method at the center of the choral purpose. It can be conflated with comparison, with cross-cultural interpretation. It can be held out as empirical art (Tsing et al. 2019), as investigative modes (Geertz 1977). It can be tethered to sites (Riles 2005), to fields (Ferguson and Gupta 1997), to remote distance, to near pertinence.

Only there is more. Ethnography—it is somehow more basic and profound, somehow more primary and sophisticated. It speaks to something more fundamental, more central, that human instinct to know, know her groundings, know her relativities, know her infinities.

We go away not to run away. We go so far not to be so far. We go to come closer—closer to who we are. Our legacies—they are as fraught as our identities. Our identities—they are as defined as our horizons. How we define ourselves—*that* is the point, the point of our entry.

Hence the chorus—it sets the scope of the collective, the scope of our unit. It travels in time and space but is bound to *a space and time*. Our purpose—it is to reset the measure, the measure of distance. Our objective—it is to find the enclosures, the enclosures of *our* instance.

This choral moment—Getúlio's suicide, it was both the beginning and the end of the *new* NATION-STATE. The NATION-STATE that could never be, that could never exist. The one yet to land in THE ALTERNATIVE, still snuffed out of THE ALLIANCE.

The chorus tells *this* story for it is the story of LATIN AMERICA. It tells the story of LATIN AMERICA for it is the story of THE NEW WORLD—a story not for others, for *other* selves, a story for us, for *our* selves.

The chorus—it comes out of ethnography, but it becomes something else, somehow punched out, out of the contemporary moment, out of its drawl, hitched to somewhere else, to THE NEW WORLD, to sights time has yet to reach, yet to meet.

Ethnography—it begins in the scrim of the present, but it is not the present the chorus seeks. It is the stretches—the stretches of time, space, community *made present*. It is the whole taken together—the *new* NATION-STATE *and* THE ALTERNATIVE (CHAPTER 2), the *old* NATION-STATE *and* THE ALLIANCE (CHAPTER 3). It is THE NEW WORLD.

But all in due course—first we swing back, back to our choral recourse.

[Choral Line 6]

Presence mothered absence. Absence fathered loss. What's left? Only what's in store

May 1st, 1954, Rio de Janeiro—Only months before his parting pact, his vanishing act, Getúlio would wager it all, all his power, on an intimate compact.

Your will, as citizens, it shall weigh with your ballot. Your imprints, as classes, it shall bear with your suffrage, with your strength, with your numbers. The majority, it is yours, yours by constitution. Today, you stand with your government. Tomorrow, you *shall be* government. (Aguiar 2004, 208)

Class consciousness—the shared sense that value *was* labor, that labor *was* value— it once simmered, but now culminated. *This* pronouncement, *his*

announcement, the doubling of the minimum wage, the most consequential play since abolition—it somehow crossed and stretched the lines, the outermost bounds, the limits of what could be contemplated, be tolerated.

It was not the first time, not in these shores, a horizon set upon from capture, to place the captives. Here, the monarchy sourced its supremacy, its legitimacy, in far away reigns. Here, the diaspora discovered its terrain, its most fertile terrain, in the sugarcanes.

The union—it was premised on slavery, on a monarchy intent on its preservation, on stemming the abolitionist tides. Only there was a twist. In the waning years, it slipped. The bang, *the big bang*—it was not just that abolition came by decree, but that it would be made a spectacle (!), as if to sanction popular will, as if to lend credence to popular governance.

It proved unbearable, intolerable, unforgivable. To THE MASTERS, to their horror, it embittered, like a token of mortification, like the stamp of humiliation.

Hence the loss—it begins with the near miss. It proceeds with the sense of premature bliss. The republican *coup d'état*—it swiftly followed, usurping the menace, the popular menace, ensuring the balance, the oligarchic balance.

But what if this time were different? What if Getúlio, in death, stopped it, *the retaliation*, in its very tracks? What if this time *he* stunted it, *the reprisal*, in his final act? Could this be it, the punted future, in fact?

His successor would hear it. He would heed it, even hasten it—DEVELOPMENT, *fifty years in five*. He claimed it.

Brasília—it was a spirit in search of a form, a purpose in search of a mission. THE NATION, it did not disappear, nor reappear. It peered, lending perspective, keeping reference, in reach to the breach.

What held the body—it was fantasy. What held her integrity—it was reverie, that sense the real, *that reality*, was still concealed, that certainty *the real was not real*, that it would still congeal.

The conditions—they came to pass. The politics—they broke the impasse. Only there was one hurdle left to clear, one impediment left to cleave. THE STATE—it needed to be brought, brought to heel.

We turn now to it, that fateful test, the DEVELOPMENTALIST context. The chorus—it draws us back, back but also forward, to THE STATE'S capture, to the break, *the near break*, from THE MASTERS.

[Choral Line 7]

To hear the call, to brave the haul, toward one and all—it sprawled.

DEVELOPMENTALISM, a current of economic thought, a lens for what history wrought—it emerged in the tropics, in the 30s, amid the dire onslaught. The *new* NATION—it came, came with such fashions, such passions, nearly matching them.

Only the DEVELOPMENTALISTS could never quite fit, never quite stick, not to the script. They spoke too much, too freely. They went too far, too eagerly.

They fled the capitals—what was old and transactional. They found in Santiago—what was new and transnational. In a whiff, with a taste—LATIN AMERICA,

it aired, in the articles (see e.g., Furtado 1961; Noyola Vásquez 1956; Pinto 1965; Prebisch 1949).

This DEVELOPMENT, its meaning, its language, its scope—the *implications it set forth*—it accorded artistic force. These were scientists, only they were dreamers. These were fighters, only they were healers.

THE STATE, that was their target. Its overhaul, that was their problem. How to undo it, its age-old course, its centuries of plunder and horror? How to outwit them, THE MASTERS, the powers under their orders?

L'état, c'est moi—theirs, their law. Could a new science define it, their lot, their silence? It was but knowledge, but it was knowledge in defiance.

Hence the call—to reverse the balance of trade, commercial terms ready-made, it would take *new frames*.

Hence the haul—to break from the extractivist position, the weight of foreign impositions, it would necessitate a transition, *alternative compositions*.

But first THE STATE, its bind—to outmaneuver it meant to assume it, to pass through it meant to make room for it. *It* had to be checked, something THE MASTERS would never let.

Then came the death—Getúlio's last breath. It consecrated his most sacred pledge—INDUSTRIALIZATION, the homestretch.

It was time to rake in the bets. *This* revolution—it came, not to pit masses against THE MASTERS, as much as to detach them, to render new classes.

The DEVELOPMENTALISTS, they swung back, back to the capitals, tempted by an establishment, now willing to surpass *it*—UNDERDEVELOPMENT—the structures of ongoing capture.

Was this it—THE STATE, now breaking through, *through* that which caused its causes, *through* that which held *it* hostage?

What once was impenetrable, now proved amenable—*inclusion, integration, innovation.*

What once was unworkable, now seemed incontrovertible—*coordination, cooperation, collaboration.*

It was the crossing in action, the heat of effervescence in practice. THE STATE was in ascent—*an ascendance to transcendence.*

Only there was a catch. The imperial powers were still intact, ready to conjure the demons back.

LIBERALISM—a *new* LIBERALISM—it broke the final act. The chorus will end this chapter on *that.*

[Choral Line 8]

To hear the call, to brave the haul, toward one and all—it sprawled.

March 19th, 1964, São Paulo—They came spilling in the streets, in the hundreds, the hundreds of thousands. This march, it burst onto the scene, so timed, so scripted, it was almost dismissed. Nothing more than the drop of a hint, to rein the syndicalisms, the radicalisms, to rein them in.

It came in the wake of the act. That pledge Getúlio set to enact. That promise his newest successor now summoned back.

Land reform—it is not an indulgence of government, of party. It is but the fruits of necessity, of inevitability.

The market, it lives in expansion, but it survives, survives within, *only with progression*. (Pinheiro 2001, 25)

This address, it rhymed, rhymed with history, rhymed with reason. It spoke of, it keyed to, to the junctures, the junctions of populism, of structuralism.

Its conjunction—DEVELOPMENTALISM—was circulating, ferally. Beyond sanctioned domains, past the expert terrains, it moved up the coastal plains, piercing even the rural barricades.

The decrees—they were passing. Their expropriations—they were *blasphemy*. To THE MASTERS—it was trespassing.

With a threat so clear, the opposition cohered. Military conspiracies, they circled around it. Conservative deputies, they plotted to stop it.

Hence the storm—*this* was the market's progression, as if breaking past its limits now was in its interests, as if incorporating new lineages now was the condition, the conditions for industrial transition.

The crisis—it was mounting, heightening the stakes, shortening restraints. The call for reformation, the cry for restoration, the ends were sharpening. Long-term investments, inflationary pressures, the times were spiraling.

THE STATE had arrived—*arrived at its ends*. Would the legacies of obstruction still find their function or were centuries of abduction now to be confronted?

LATIN AMERICA, its apparition, its fruition, it could only come from this, from the land, its reuse. It could only live through this, through the spirits, through what THE SOUTH would infuse.

But THE ALLIANCE had other propositions. The march as it turned out was of its volition. They found their way back, back to *their* order, their *new* order.

The assets were in place, but this time free, free from *his* surprises, from *his* sacrifices.

The coup—it was swift, consecrated without a blip.

[Choral Line 9]

The crossing's crest—stirred the hornet's nest.

CHAPTER 3 – THE ALLIANCE

[Choral Line 1]

The duality motions, in fits and starts. It blends together, like life and art. Sworn it tells itself apart.

The chorus moves to the brakes—*the brakes of time*—to timelessness, only implied. We plan out the escape— the spirit of non-compliance, fate’s attempted defiance. Before we skip ahead, before THE NEW WORLD sets, we settle it, THE NATION, its debts, *its hideaway from death*.

THE ALLIANCE sustains it, the maintenance, death’s containment. We part from the life cut short, from THE ALTERNATIVE, a world so amateur. We come to the life kept forth, THE ALLIANCE, a world so certain, so sure.

What we meet is not THE NATION, but its plastination. What we find is not life, but its perpetuation. THE NATION is not alive. Nor is it dead. It is *survived*, intubated to a league, to a trust of NATIONS, to states of hallucination.

What would wither and spoil, if not entirely decompose—THE ALLIANCE would conserve. But only if it bundled them, THE NATIONS, their terms. To hold the nerve, to preserve their verve—it must collateralize them, their reserves.

Hence the duality—it speaks to what lives through the other, to what bleeds into one, one another. It would be seen, not as pieces, nor parts, but *for so long*, so long as it, its twain, never comes apart.

THE ALLIANCE—it never so much claims a place as fills a gap, the *impossible* gap, between life and *life everlasting*, between death and *the death of death*. Neither in, nor out—it surrounds, like a work around, keeping this leap, somehow, within bounds.

What follows is how—the chorus proceeds all the same, only this time out of step, out of style. For here—THE ALLIANCE, were it to meet its end, *the dead end*, THE NATION would end. The curtain would draw. *The End*.

THE ALLIANCE would do it all—*everything*—to stop it. As we shall see, to cork it, death—time would be modeled, alternatives would be throttled, life in THE NATION, it would be stored and bottled.

This chapter embarks on it, the crusade, all that it squandered, before THE NEW WORLD—the afterlife—before *the future* found her.

The chorus now charts it—*forever's charter*—through to the ends, the final end, where THE ALLIANCE faltered.

[Choral Line 2]

This chapter turns to the lease on life, the feats of great powers. It moves to the life on leash, the seats of empire.

We come now to *The Great War*—the war from all ends, the war over more than means and ends, over THE NATION, its circle, its *circle of friends*. We crash in, into the aftermath, where we lie, in truce and suspense, in wait for settlement.

The Treaty of Versailles—to understand it, we must turn the clock, wind it back. For before we chart the matter at heart, we must confront, THE NATION, its start, its proper arc.

From airs of antiquity, to winds to the west, West Indies—THE NATION flowed, not like poles, but worlds, once apart, made as one, just like art. With time and space, all the more displaced—*what was made*—was here to stay.

Only this, this encounter—it would hardly exist, more simply, persist. For as long as they figured—WORLDS OLD, NEW—in the mix, THE NATION would live, *split*, tucked in, in between them, their myths.

But what of the lapse, the time in the midst? Until when would it hold, the life in the mists?

What then—once spent—would be clinched? The afterlife, or some half-death, met yet missed?

Could there be a kind, of two minds? A death somewhat alive, survived only by the death of time?

Hence *Versailles*—it pooled together the allies, the powers on standby. *These* NATIONS—the leads for THE NATION—they lived, lived out the part, set stages so far, only to drop, dead, struck straight in the heart.

Dead, but not departed—it is our point of departure. We find ourselves beyond life's pulls (Chapter 1), death's throes (Chapter 2), yet still, somehow, of this world, *pas encore* in it, THE NEW WORLD (Conclusion).

And what exactly is this world? A world without time, a world where time no longer flies, not like history and life, nor missions for Christ? What happens when THE NATION defies, stakes a claim against time?

It latches. The world fastens. And just like that, THE ALLIANCE passes.

Where it ventures and pressures, how it lengthens and tethers, this chapter shall measure. Death is here stripped, stripped of its successor, yet life is now gripped, as if it were forever.

‘Tis the endeavor. THE ALLIANCE, its game is to *possess*, to sever death, the state from the effect.

But only should time rest. Should THE NATION, what is left, be compressed. Should alternatives, to progress, be suppressed.

As we shall see, a new map would take effect—THE NORTH-ATLANTIC—the blueprint for the house of death.

We now appraise it, its address, the perimeter from which time is kept, kept in check.

The chorus invites us in, in where it never just ends, never just yet.

Death continues, next.

[Choral Line 3]

What follows only but ratchets. Battening down hatches, stirring up passions, FEDERALISM foundered in fascism.

THE NORTH-ATLANTIC—it is to THE ALLIANCE, what LATIN AMERICA is to THE ALTERNATIVE. Like language and speech, *langue* and *parole*, only together is the meaning whole.

Here—we reside, where the dead is dead at its prime, where death stands still—out of time.

A new orbit would align. THE ALLIANCE came to life. And like a star turned satellite, THE NATION fell, mid-flight.

But why—why was gravity so inclined? Why from this spacetime—would death keep confined?

To see it first we must sweep it. For we have seen how LIBERALISM gave life. How DEVELOPMENT paved death (Chapter 1).

We have seen how death takes hold. How its gravity unfolds. How a *new* LIBERALISM outpulled it, in turn (Chapter 2).

Only we have yet to see it berthed. How death could never be reversed. How it could only be deferred (Chapter 3).

We traverse it—what looms from death, once birthed. What could have been its path (THE ALTERNATIVE). What still will come to pass (THE NEW WORLD). What now we must get past (THE ALLIANCE).

It was not always so certain. The afterlife was once just around the corner—its imminence giving in, into the stand-in, its order.

THE NORTH-ATLANTIC (ALLIANCE)—it spread along an axis curving what death could put forward. Outstretched—its shape contorted, thrown against—*against death*—if only to preserve it.

The world was in a deadly fervor. The *American*, the *Russian*, revolutionary quarters, it would take a singularity to condense them, especially the formers.

We now take notice. For here it was—THE NATION, dead, angling for more—more than closure.

Time moved northward. *The Great Migration*—its flow, would tip death over.

The powers coalesced to thwart it. Only there was no overturning death, only burying it (*cf. Munasinghe forthcoming*).

It would take a vacuum, a corridor, something of a preservative. Together—what became THE NORTH-ATLANTIC—was unheard of.

There had been life, time, sightings of death, afterlife—never denial, death masquerading as survival.

Until now—with futures shuttered, alternatives muzzled—death left only but murmurs. Time stopped yet still encircled.

Hence FEDERALISM—like whispers of the breeze, signs hidden in the trees, it gave timelessness a beat, glimpsed at life after peace.

We now spell it, the endless end, the beginning and the end, the between that never ends.

As we shall see, FEDERALISM—radicalisms—would fracture. THE ALLIANCE would smother them, their tracks, their traction.

Only the chorus—THE NEW WORLD—outlasts it.

Somehow forever... still passes.

Sanctimony

[Choral Line 4]

*It ghosted the chance. With eternity at hand, THE NATION lost it, command, its own
Neverland.*

Dead or alive—disabled, wearied, or out of his mind?

This stroke was different. Now he had collapsed, paralyzed. Now *Versailles* was lost, rejected, denied.

Everything had gone wrong. The state, its head, laid, if not dead, only just living—living dead.

Here was the powerful bound to his death bed. Here was his moment, broken, instead.

It was never supposed to be this way. Woodrow Wilson built his life on the game, on terms he set before he played.

He was the mage drawn to weapons of shame. His was the gaze behind a one world stage.

Versailles was his, his forever, his fate. How could it all fall apart in his name? How could his turn, could eternity, just fade?

Hence the stroke came. Epic tragedy—or was this the end only beginning to be made?

Wilsonianism—dead—or was the point he ends somehow the point he stays?

It was not the first taste. THE NATION long toyed with *Neverland*, with defiance of death, with suspensions of change (*see* Greenhouse 1989).

The balance of powers—it never could sustain it, order, orderly faith. Time and again, it betrayed, its unyielding commands, its unwieldy chains.

But this was *The Great War. The war to end all wars*. Surely *Versailles* would formalize it. Wilson was sure.

Only the U.S. Congress proved less stirred. After all, if it could hold the door, *The Open Door*, could it not just demur? Why share the two, bind old and new, if *one* NATION—*du jour*—could write them, the rules?

It would not come so easy. The powers recouped, back on the move, firming assets, channels, the holds they strangled.

THE AMERICAS, meanwhile, tangoed. Diaspora, migration, miscegenation—in death, its preamble—THE NEW WORLD—it dangled.

Only how could it—death. How could it be rendered, dismembered, only still recentered; migrating, *transmigrating*, only still reviving?

It was crisis—Wilson had seen it. He proposed a league, a run around, a mystique to conceal it.

The League—it insisted, if not on life—on ties, ties out of time, ties tying the rest of time.

It was central to *Versailles*. Death would have to pass—pass for life. The powers would have to stop—stop all time.

And yet—*Versailles* just died... FEDERALISM neglected it, neglected to comply.

We now face it—the deadliest time.

Somehow the chorus makes it out alive.

[Choral Line 5]

The bells now toll. Death still holds. For how long, who knows...

The research now draws to a close. We move beyond the field (Chapter 1), beyond its context (Chapter 2). We find ourselves at the center, what frames it, its prospects.

Here the investigation pulls back. Here we source our inquiry North—The Princeton School of Public and International Affairs (The Woodrow Wilson School), The Cornell Law School (Meridian 180), and the S.C. Johnson School of Business (Emerging Markets Institute).

Finance—it is conspicuously absent. This time, the chorus, it tells the interlude, the story between, between liberalisms, old and new.

The sequence—it runs short. For what we are after is not exhaustive. Nor does it get there, the root, as if there were a bottom.

This chapter—*what we are after*—it is THE ALLIANCE, the silence, the time of time's defiance.

Secrets, deterrence, assassinations, internments—what became of *Versailles*, it was somehow more urgent.

Moles, agents—targeted murder—THE NATION merged, over and over.

Silencing—*it was because of alternatives*, because time *could* move, fulfilling death's conversion.

It was not just traversings (*see* Chapter 2). To silence time, there could not be radicals, their thoughts, their yearnings (*see* Boyce Davies 2011).

Radicalism—it propels time. For there to be death, death after life, for there to be life, life after death, there must be those, yet ahead, *ahead of eternity*.

Hence THE NATION—THE NATION-*cum*-ALLIANCE—it now brings death, endlessly.

Leaving what rests—a long suspense—meaning made of passage, order, of entropy.

FEDERALISM—it is where we suspend, where the chorus carries on, if only between ends.

The end and *The End*—the twain to meet.

Time to be.

[*Choral Line 6*]

Until we meet again —

CONCLUSION

The dawn—it never just breaks. It blues.

THE NEW WORLD—we arrive. Only this time, we find not just *a* spirit, not just *a* place. We find *our* time and space.

Containment—it now has failed. THE SILK ROAD—it integrates to the East. THE NEW WORLD—it begins to the West.

As *One Country, Two Systems* expires (2047), as what remains of THE ALLIANCE mires—THE NEW WORLD resurrects—made entire.

The chapters (THE NATION, THE ALTERNATIVE, THE ALLIANCE), they told the meanwhile. They told the story of why, why now, what took THE NEW WORLD this long, long a while.

The chorus—it held us together. But it—*we*—now begin again, telling a story where death is no longer, not the only end.

Saudades—it is a *New World* word. It moves from creole with and through diasporizations of Brazil.

It means to miss. It means to yearn. It means to long for what cannot be. What could have been. What never was.

It means to mourn, mourn time, mourn loss. It means to live with irreconcilability, with bodies out of time, with bodies torn and bound.

It means to die. To find meaning in life, even while we die.

To make community out of *saudades* is the work of *making* time, rescuing if only something of what was lost all this time.

Community—it means structure. It means scale. It means conditions for the fullness of the human, for all that we entail (Wynter 1994).

It means THE NEW WORLD (the Caribbean and the Americas), equitable integration, division of labor, a single market, securing rights, without favor.

It means taking up what began long ago, from our Haitian, Bolivarian, from our revolutionary neighbors.

It means reckoning with what was—romantic ideals, never free from fascist, supremacist, nationalist appeals.

Making time—it is only but the beginning of the acknowledgment of those who were stripped of life, life and time.

THE NEW WORLD is but the baseline.

NOTES TO THE PREFACE

THE NEW WORLD is a dissertation written in prose poem. The Preface is constituted through storytelling in episodic prose. The Introduction—as well as Chapters 2 and 3—are held together as epic poems; Chapter 1 is threaded as a sequence of events in lyrical prose; and the Conclusion is crafted through the oral poetics of a statement.

What sustains the breath of the whole is *the choral register* (see Chapter 1). It is at once the methodology and epistemology of THE NEW WORLD. By methodology, I mean it structures *how* I sequence the knowledge, what to include and occlude. By epistemology, I mean that it *is* (in the fictional sense) the underlying whole—both the parts of the whole and the whole of the parts.

The simultaneity—it functions at once as the frame and the mirror of our object—THE NEW WORLD. We begin already somehow unmoored, never quite in keeping with the dominant literary conventions of social science. The structure—it comes not so much as the intent as the effect—the consequence of making knowledge on the basis of the passing—the death of THE NATION.

Here, our purpose is not to find some way to sidestep, nor to trade more abiding frameworks for more adjacent, vernacular ones (Chakrabarty 2000; Maurer 2005; Strathern 1988). Indeed, there is recognition of THE NATION, a nod even to its centrality—to the sense that the very literariness of social science is predicated on its form, style, and narrative structure. Only still there is breakage, still some other fate. Once we understand time—its remaking—there is still escape.

Hence the transmigration—in beginning in the place of a collective situated in the future (THE NEW WORLD, 2047), all while looking at our present *as if it were past*, the chorus (if only fictionally) sets its starting point *outside* of THE NATION, rendering itself (the choral literary form), with, for, and about *The End*—its implication.

The Preface—it only but inducts us into that sense of movement in, out, between times—*time-spaces*. The fire—our opening episode—it begins and ends with drama, but it is the everydayness of what it portends that we seek to model.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

It is here we establish our central motifs—THE NATION, THE ALTERNATIVE, THE ALLIANCE, THE NEW WORLD.

THE NEW WORLD is our whole. It is both a historical imaginary (1492) and a future entity (2047). The chapters are structured on that basis, lending context for the placeholders that occupied the meanwhile (Chapter 1, THE NATION; Chapter 2, THE ALTERNATIVE; Chapter 3, THE ALLIANCE).

More concretely, THE NEW WORLD is the entirety of the Americas and the Caribbean, the historic frontier and the future single market (see Conclusion). It is a land that is globalized as one through 1492—*the Atlantic moment* (Trouillot 2003). It is an imaginary sundered—if not altogether obfuscated in time—by THE NATION, the worldwide transplantation of its modern form.

Accordingly, the distance we claim from THE NATION is meant not as a theoretical move, but perhaps more radically, as an empirical affirmation of what now looms. What is new in this invocation of THE NEW WORLD is not so much the form as the resurrection—the acknowledgement of the ongoing collapse of the structure on which THE NATION-STATE hinged in the meantime.

Hence THE ALTERNATIVE and THE ALLIANCE—they speak to forces even more illusory than THE NATION. For the latter is built and founded on the eradication of the former, of the conditions that *could* allow for the passing of THE NATION—setting in motion our dialectic around time (see Chapters 1, 2, and 3).

Of note is the specification of a singular alternative—*THE ALTERNATIVE*. Indeed, we are interested in elucidating *the one* that emerged from within THE NEW WORLD, honing not on the Cuban, Haitian and Bolivarian revolutionary contexts, but the moment a structure of analogous scope and scale to THE ALLIANCE (i.e., LATIN AMERICA) was most imminently in order.

NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE

We begin with the first central motif—THE NATION—our subject, only never quite exclusively. It comes still with company, that of our conceptual schema (THE NATION, THE ALTERNATIVE, THE ALLIANCE, THE NEW WORLD). Here, THE NATION sets the scale of our discussion even as it gestures toward the rest, the whole referential set.

Only there is more. The nature of the parts, their explication—they are never quite as homologous (Levi-Strauss 1983), nor as functional (Radcliffe-Brown 1965), as our whole, here now introduced to the reader through its mediation—our chorus.

The chorus—it is structural(ist), *only it is performative* (Callon 1998). While it renders language through the connection (the dialogue between the parts and the whole), it also *enacts* partialities, as if somewhat oblivious to holistic functions and effects. Put differently, it follows our central story as participant and observer—living the plot from the inside *and* emplotting the object from the outside.

Hence, the dialectic—the chorus bookends THE NATION so as to render it. It comes to the back side of its end, its death, while performing the front side of its beginning, its life.

The movement, meanwhile, is time—but not in the secular, linear sense. Our theory of time—it is but a marker that gauges the distance from one time-space cosmos (THE NATION-STATE) to the next (THE NEW WORLD).

The events the chorus narrates moves in accordance with it—with life and death. The closer we move toward the death of one cosmological form toward its successor,

the quicker time passes, lending greater urgency to stop, to contain death—the chapter's final act.

Taken together, *THE NATION* is understood as the meantime, the continuous oscillation between liberal life and developmental death.

NOTES TO CHAPTER TWO

We move to the second central motif—THE ALTERNATIVE—lending deeper context for how life barrels toward death, only going further than Chapter 1, further into *the passage*—what *could* come after death.

Hence, THE ALTERNATIVE—the crossing—it is here we mark the import of a moment between life and afterlife (1930-1960s), one whose stakes tug at threads so deep, they hint at a social fabric wider than what our current nation-centric language can account for.

We begin with the act, that notion of binding crack, of a underlying collective made visible through a “[total] social fact” (Durkheim 2014; Mauss 2000). This premise—it has long been a cornerstone of anthropological and sociological readings of events, often in relation to the third-person singular (e.g., *culture*, *society*) with and around THE NATION (here, too, *communities of nations* also apply).

Only, by hitching our vantage point to THE NEW WORLD, we somehow look to a different order of events, one that strikes not just the collective consciousness that harken THE NATION, but its relation to a cosmos even more constitutive.

Varguismo—the nature of his death, his sacrifice—it is given special attention for what it enabled—that is, the very contemplation of a pass-through beyond THE NATION—the DEVELOPMENTALIST *state*. Here I capture the period of its most credible manifestation, how the very nature of its embodiment of the national already prefigured the *post-national*.

In other words, the chorus—it speaks to more than the historical implications of a most consequential period of Brazilian state power. For here, the reconfiguration of the state now brushed at something larger than its representative body politik—hybridities so entangled they cannot but spill over, given the nature of the diaspora, Latin-American fluidity, and integrationism (see Gonzalez 1988).

Thus, to think *Varguismo* in its full context, the chorus utters an idiom that accounts for a wider form (THE ALTERNATIVE), understood on the basis of its original, its antithesis (THE ALLIANCE, see Chapter 3), and too, of the whole by which they are both flanked (THE NEW WORLD).

NOTES TO CHAPTER THREE

We turn to the third central motif—THE ALLIANCE—where we delve into the retainer that *holds* death, drawing the distinction between the old life of THE NATION (the old liberalism) and its *second* life (the new liberalism).

Only as this chapter explains, there never was a revival, a revival of life. Once THE NATION developed—it died. All that was left was the illusion of ongoing life...

Hence THE ALLIANCE—the formation of a structure that could keep death “alive” —we locate it around the time of *Versailles*, when we claim that death *all but died*.

Here we harp not so much on the old liberalism, which we make brief reference to in relation to the former *balance of powers*. Nor do we turn to the implications for the new liberalism that emerged, featured only in the final act of the previous chapter.

Rather, our focus is on speaking to the moment when the original liberalism met death in the heart of THE NATION, *before* THE ALTERNATIVE. More specifically, our interest is in the historical crossroads of the United States, then caught between migrations beyond death—THE NEW WORLD—and *the death of death*—THE ALLIANCE.

The chorus here juxtaposes the countervailing vectors of *The Great Migration* and *Versailles*—the former already pointing to the future, while the latter clamoring for the conditions for its concealment.

Throughout, finance, the institutional manifestations of liberalisms (old and new), is “backstage” as the imperative to equip liberalism with a more concerted, non-liberal means of silencing intensified (Murray 1955).

The chapter ends with that acknowledgement. It is understated given the very nature of silencing, that is, its systematic obscurity (see Trouillot 2015), limiting what and how much the chorus can say.

Indeed, for as long as THE ALLIANCE still reigned, the radicals who defied it—*the time of time's defiance*—could only too incompletely be honored for their service, their non-compliance.

NOTES TO THE CONCLUSION

We arrive at the final, most central, motif—THE NEW WORLD. Here at last we turn to its concreteness, its date of arrival. Our story—it revolved around the life and death of THE NATION, but only as we end do we locate the locus from which we departed all along.

Yet even here we make only brief allusion to the underlying force, that which we attribute to the second coming of THE NEW WORLD—the completion of the One-China Policy.

Hence 2047—it only but specifies the timeline that is before us as THE NATION is eclipsed and a new, far more integrative scale for the collective takes its place. Naturally, the language is mostly left open, left to be written, but already, as a consequence of this new world system (Wallerstein 2004), we can anticipate it should require a single market across the Americas and the Caribbean.

It is worth here distinguishing 2047 from 2049 (the final date of the so-called *Two Centenaries*). The latter holds deep symbolic import in the Chinese context as a fulfillment of a mandate with and for the civilizational whole, in defiance of longstanding efforts by THE ALLIANCE to reframe colonial connections as separate parts in the name of THE NATION-STATE.

These fates are sensitive. They are fraught. Our focus is not on prognosticating what only time will tell. Rather, we affirm what we already know, that containment has failed (Casanova and Miroux 2019). Whether the One-China Policy is anticipated

before 2047 is not our central concern, so much as the recognition that its developments now outpull the new liberalism, the final force that still held THE NATION intact.

What we build now in its place is our end. It is not set to a vacuum but to the scale of the reordering of world affairs well underway—The Silk Road.

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