Death Without Weeping
Has Poverty Ravaged Mother Love in the Shantytowns of Brazil?

NANCY SCHEPER-HUGHES

I have seen death without weeping
The dying of the Northeast is death
Cattle they kill
To the people they do something worse

ANONYMOUS BRAZILIAN SINGER (1966)

"W"hy do the church bells ring so
often?" I asked Nairita de Arruda
soon after I moved into a corner of
her tiny mud-walled but near the top of the shan-
tytown called the Alto do Cruzeiro (Cru-cifix Hill). It was then a Peacem Corps volunteer and a
community development/health worker. It was
the dry and blazing hot summer of 1965, the
months following the military coup in Brazil, and
so for the rusty, clanging bells of N.S. da Dones
Church, an eerie quiet had settled over the mar-
ket town that I call Bom Jesus da Mata. Beneath
the quiet, however, there was chaos and panic.
"It's nothing," replied Nairita, "just another little
angel gone to heaven."

Nairita had sent more than her share of little
angels to heaven, and sometimes at night I could
hear her engaged in a truffled but passionate dis-
course with one of them, two-year-old Joana.
Joana's photograph, taken as she lay propped up
in her tiny cardboard coffin, her eyes open, hung
on a wall next to one of Nairita and Ze Antonio
taken on the day they eloped.

Nairita could barely remember the other infans
and babies who came and went in close succession.

Most had died unnamed and were hastily baptiz-
ed in their coffins. Few lived more than a month or
two. Only Joana, properly baptized in church at the
close of her first year and placed under the protec-
tion of a powerful saint, Joan of Arc, had been
expected to live. And Nairita had dangerously
allowed herself to love the little girl.

In addressing the dead child, Nairita's voice
would range from fearful imploring to angry
reprimand: "Why did you leave me? Was your
patron saint so greedy, that she could not allow one
child on this earth?" Ze Antonito advised me to
ignore Nairita's odd behavior, which he under-
stood as a kind of madness that, like the birth and
death of children, came and went. Indeed, the pre-
mature birth of a stillborn son some months later
"cured" Nairita of her "inappropriate" grief, and
the day came when she removed Joana's photo and
carefully packed it away.

More than fifteen years elapsed before I
returned to the Alto do Cruzeiro, and it was
anthropology that provided the vehicle of my
return. Since 1982 I have returned several times
in order to pursue a problem that first attracted
my attention in the 1960s. My involvement with
the people of the Alto do Cruzeiro now spans a
quarter of a century and three generations of par-
enting in a community where mothers and
daughters are often simultaneously pregnant.
The Alto do Cruzeiro is one of three shanty-
towns surrounding the large market town of Bom

From Nancy Scherher-Hughes, "Death Without Weeping: Has Poverty Ravaged Mother Love in the
Nancy Scherher-Hughes. Reproduced by permission of Oxford Publishing Inc.
Jesus in the sugar plantation zone of Pernambuco in Northeast Brazil, one of the many zones of neglect that have emerged in the shadow of the now tarnished economic miracle of Brazil. For the women and children of the Alto do Cruzeiro the only miracle is that some of them have managed to stay alive at all.

The northeast is a region of vast proportions (approximately twice the size of Texas) and of equally vast social and developmental problems. The nine states that make up the region are the poorest in the country and are representative of the Third World within a dynamic and rapidly industrializing nation. Despite waves of migrations from the interior to the teeming shantytowns of coastal cities, the majority still live in rural areas on farms and ranches, sugar plantations and mills.

Life expectancy in the Northeast is only forty years, largely because of the appalling high rate of infant and child mortality. Approximately one million children in Brazil under the age of five die each year. The children of the Northeast, especially those born in shantytowns on the periphery of urban life, are at a very high risk of death. In these areas, children are born without the traditional protection of breast-feeding, subsistence gardens, stable marriages, and multiple adult caretakers that exist in the interior. In the hillside shantytowns that spring up around cities or, in this case, interior market towns, marriages are brittle, single parenting is the norm, and women are frequently forced into the shadow economy of domestic work in the homes of the rich or into unprotected and oftentimes "scab" wage labor on the surrounding sugar plantations, where they clear land for planting and weed for a pittance, sometimes less than a dollar a day. The women of the Alto may not bring their babies with them into the homes of the wealthy, where the often-sick infants are considered sources of contamination, and they cannot carry the little ones to the riverbanks where they wash clothes because the river is heavily infested with schistosomiasis and other deadly parasites. Nor can they carry their young children to the plantations, which are often several miles away. At wages of a dollar a day, the women of the Alto cannot hire baby sitters. Older children who are not in school will sometimes serve as somewhat indifferent caretakers. But any child not in school is also expected to find wage work. In most cases, babies are simply left at home—alone, the door securely fastened. And so many also die alone and unattended.

Bom Jesus da Mata, centrally located in the plantation zone of Pernambuco, is within commuting distance of several sugar plantations and mills. Consequently, Bom Jesus has been a magnet for rural workers forced off their small subsistence plots by large landowners wanting to use every available piece of land for sugar cultivation. Initially, the rural migrants to Bom Jesus were squatters who were given tacit approval by the mayor to put up temporary straw huts on each of the three hills overlooking the town. The Alto do Cruzeiro is the oldest, the largest, and the poorest of the shantytowns. Over the past three decades many of the original migrants have become permanent residents, and the primitive and temporary straw huts have been replaced by small homes (usually of two rooms) made of wattle and daub, sometimes covered with plaster. The more affluent residents use bricks and tiles. In most Alto homes, dangerous kerosene lamps have been replaced by light bulbs. The once tattered rural garb, often fashioned from used sugar sacks, has likewise been replaced by store-bought clothes, often acquired from a wealthy patron (boss). The trappings are modern, but the hunger, sickness, and death that they conceal are traditional, deeply rooted in a history of feudalism, exploitation, and institutionalized dependency.

My research agenda never wavered. The questions I addressed first crystallized during a veritable "die-off" of Alto babies during a severe drought in 1965. The food and water shortages and the political and economic chaos occasioned by the military coup were reflected in the hard-written entries of births and deaths in the dusty, yellowed pages of the ledger books kept at the public registry office in Bom Jesus. More than 350 babies died in the Alto during 1965 alone—this from a shantytown population of little more than 5,000. But that wasn't what surprised me.
There were reasons enough for the deaths in the miserable conditions of shantytown life. What puzzled me was the seeming indifference of Alto women to the death of their infants, and their willingness to attribute to their own tiny off-spring an aversion to life that made their death seem wholly natural, indeed all but anticipated.

Although I found that it was possible, and hardly difficult, to rescue infants and toddlers from death by diarrhea and dehydration with a simple sugar, salt, and water solution (even boiled Coca-Cola worked fine), it was more difficult to enlist a mother herself in the rescue of a child she perceived as ill-fated for life or better off dead, or to convince her to take back into her threatened and besieged home a baby she had already come to think of as an angel rather than as a son or daughter.

I learned the high expectancy of death, and the ability to face child death with equanimity, produced patterns of nurturing that differentiated between those infants thought of as thrivers and survivors and those thought of as born already "wasting to die." The survivors were nurtured, while stigmatized, doomed infants were left to die, as mothers say, a minutosa, "of neglect." Mothers stepped back and allowed nature to take its course. This pattern, which I call mental selective neglect, is called passive infanticide by anthropologist Marvin Harris. The Alto straitton, although culturally specific in the form that it takes, is not unique to Third World shantytown communities and may have its correlates in our own impoverished urban communities in some cases of "failure to thrive" infants.

I use as an example the story of Zeeninho, the thirteen-month-old toddler of one of my neighbors, Louandes. I became involved with Zeeninho when I was called in to help Louande in the delivery of another child, this one a fair and robust little tyke with a lusty cry. I noted that while Louandes showed great interest in the newborn, she totally ignored Zeeninho who, wasted and severely malnourished, was curled up in a fetal position on a piece of urine- and feces-soaked cardboard placed under his mother's hammock. Eyes open and vacant, mouth slack, the little boy seemed doomed.

When I carried Zeeninho up to the community day-care center at the top of the hill, the Alto women who took turns caring for another child's children (in order to free themselves for part-time work in the cane fields or washing clothes) laughed at my efforts to save Ze, agreeing with Louandes that here was a baby without a ghost of a chance. Leave him alone, they cautioned. It makes no sense to fight with death. But I did do battle with Ze, and after several weeks of force-feeding (malnourished babies lose their interest in food), Ze began to succumb to my ministrations. He acquired some flesh across his taut chest bones, learned to sit up, and even tried to smile. When he seemed well enough, I returned him to Louandes in her miserable scrap-material lean-to, but not without guilt about what I had done. I wondered whether returning Ze was at all fair to Louandes and to his little brother. But I was busy and washed my hands of the matter. And Louandes did seem more interested in Ze now that he was looking more human.

When I returned in 1982, there was Louandes among the women who formed my sample of Alto mothers—still struggling to put together some semblance of life for a now grown Ze and her five other surviving children. Much was made of my reunion with Ze in 1982, and everyone enjoyed retelling the story of Ze's rescue and of how his mother had given him up for dead. Ze would laugh the loudest when told how I had had to force-feed him like a fiesta turkey. There was no hint of guilt on the part of Louandes and no resentment on the part of Ze. In fact, when questioned in private as to who was the best friend he ever had in life, Ze took a long drag on his cigarette and answered without a trace of irony, "Why my mother, of course." "But of course," I replied.

Part of learning how to mother in the Alto do Cruzeiro is learning when to let go of a child who shows that it "wants" to die or that it has no "knack" or no "taste" for life. Another part is learning when it is safe to let oneself love a child. Frequent child death remains a powerful shaper of maternal thinking and practice. In the absence of firm expectation that a child will survive, mother
love as we conceptualize it (whether in popular terms or in the psychological notion of mater- nal bonding) is attenuated and deluded with con- sequences for infant survival. In an environment already precarious to young life, the emotional detachment of mothers toward some of their babies contributes even further to the spiral of high mortality—high fertility in a kind of macabre lock-step dance of death.

The average woman of the Alto experiences 9.5 pregnancies, 3.5 child deaths, and 1.5 still- births. Seventy percent of all child deaths in the Alto occur in the first six months of life, and 82 percent by the end of the first year. Of all deaths in the community each year, about 45 percent are of children under the age of five.

Women in the Alto distinguish between child deaths understood as natural (caused by diarrhea and communicable diseases) and those resulting from sorcery, the evil eye, or other magical or supernatural afflictions. They also recognize a large category of infant deaths seen as fitted and inevitable. These hopeless cases are classified by mothers under the folk terminology "child sickness" or "child attack." Women say that there are at least fourteen different types of hopeless child sickness, but most can be subsumed under two cat- egories—chronic and acute. The chronic cases refer to infants who are born small and wasted. They are deadly pale, mothers say, as well as weak and passive. They demonstrate no vital force, no liveliness. They do not suck vigorously; they hardly cry. Such babies can be this way at birth or they can be born sound but then show no resistance, no "fight" against the common crises of infancy: diarrhea, respiratory infections, tropical fevers.

The acute cases are those doomed infants who die suddenly and violently. They are taken by stealth overnight, often following convulsions that bring on head bashing, shaking, grimacing, and shrieking. Women say it is horrible to look at such a baby. If the infant begins to foam at the mouth or grish its teeth or go rigid with its eyes turned back inside its head, there is absolutely no hope. The infant is "put aside"—left alone—often on the floor in a back room, and allowed to die. These symptoms (which accompany high fever, dehydration, third-stage malnutrition, and encephalitis) are equated by Alto women with madness, epilepsy, and worst of all, rabies, which is greatly feared and highly stigmatized.

Most of the infants presented to me as suffer- ing from chronic child sickness were tiny, wasted form victims, while those labeled as victims of acute child attack seemed to be infants suffering from the delirium of high fever or the convulsions that can accompany electrolyte imbalance in dehydrated babies.

Local midwives and traditional healers, pray- ing women, as they are called, advise Alto women on when to allow a baby to die. One midwife explained, "If I can see that a baby was born unfortunately, I tell the mother that she need not wash the infant or give it a cleaning tea. I tell her just to dust the infant with baby powder and wait for it to die." Allowing nature to take its course is not seen as sinful by these very devout Catholic women. Rather, it is understood as cooperating with God's plan.

Often I have been asked how consciously women of the Alto behave in this regard. I would have to say that consciousness is always shifting between allowed and disallowed levels of aware- ness. For example, I was awakened early one morn- ing in 1987 by two neighborhood children who had been sent to fetch me to a hastily organized wake for a two-month-old infant whose mother I had unsuccessfully urged to breast-feed. The infant was being sustained on sugar water, which the mother referred to as sim (termite), using a medical term of the infant's starvation regime in light of his chronic diarrhea. I had cautioned the mother that an infant could not live on sim forever.

The two girls urged me to console the young mother by telling her that it was "too bad" that her infant was so weak that Jesus had to take him. They were coaching me in proper Alto etiquette. I agreed, of course, but asked, "And what do you think?" Xena, the eleven-year-old, looked down at her dusty flip-flops and blurted out, "Oh, Dona Nanc, that baby never got enough to eat, but you must never say that!" And so the death of hungry babies remains one of the best kept secrets of life in Iloa Jesus da Mota.

Most victims are buried quickly and with a minimum of ceremony. No tears are shed, and the
neighborhood children form a tiny procession, carrying the baby to the town graveyard where it will join a multitude of others. Although a few fresh flowers may be scattered over the tiny grave, no stone or wooden cross will mark the place, and the same spot will be reused within a few months' time. The mother will never visit the grave, which soon becomes an anonymous one.

What, then, can be said of these women? What emotions, what sentiments motivate them? How are they able to do what, in fact, must be done? What does mother love mean in this inhospitable context? Are grief, mourning, and melancholia present, although deeply repressed? If so, where shall we look for them? And if not, how are we to understand the moral visions and moral sensibilities that guide their actions?

I have been criticized more than once for presenting an unflattering portrait of poor Brazilian women, women who are, after all, themselves the victims of severe social and institutional neglect. I have described these women as allowing some of their children to die, as if this were an atavistic and inhuman act rather than, as I would assert, the way any one of us might act, reasonably and rationally, under similarly desperate conditions. Perhaps I have not emphasized enough the real pathologies in this environment of high risk: poverty, deprivation, sexism, chronic hunger, and economic exploitation. If mother love is, as many psychologists and some feminists believe, a seemingly natural and universal maternal script, what does it mean to women for whom scarcity, loss, sickness, and deprivation have made that love frantic and robbed them of their grief, seeming to turn their hearts to stone?

Throughout much of human history—as in a great deal of the impoverished Third World today—women have had to give birth and to nurture children under ecological conditions and social arrangements hostile to child survival, as well as to their own well-being. Under circumstances of high childhood mortality, patterns of selective neglect and passive infanticide may be seen as adaptive survival strategies. They also seem to be fairly common practices historically and across cultures. In societies characterized by high childhood mortality and by a correspondingly high (replacement) fertility, cultural practices of infant and child care tend to be organized primarily around survival goals. But what this means is a pragmatic recognition that not all of one’s children can be expected to live. The nervousness about child survival in areas of northeast Brazil, northern India, or Bangladesh, where a 30 percent or 40 percent mortality rate in the first years of life is common, can lead to forms of delayed attachment and a casual or benign neglect that serves to weed out the worst bugs so as to enhance the life chances of healthier siblings, including those yet to be born. Practices similar to those that I am describing have been recorded for parts of Africa, India, and Central America.

Life in the Ato do Cruzeiro resembles nothing so much as a battlefield or an emergency room in an overcrowded inner-city public hospital. Consequently, morality is guided by a kind of “lifeboat ethics,” the morality of triage. The seemingly stoical indifference toward the suffering of some of their infants, conveyed in such sayings as “little critics have no feelings,” is understandable in light of these women’s obligation to carry on with their reproductive and nurturing lives.

In their slowness to anthropomorphize and personalize their infants, everything is mobilized so as to prevent maternal overattachment and, therefore, grief at death. The bereaved mother is told not to cry, that her tears will dampen the wings of her little angel so that she cannot fly up to her heavenly home. Grief at the death of an angel is not only inappropriate, it is a symptom of madness and of a profound lack of faith.

Infant death becomes routine in an environment in which death is anticipated and bets are hedged. While the routinization of death in the context of shantytown life is not hard to understand, its routinization in the formal institutions of public life in Born Jesus is not as easy to accept uncritically. Here the social production of indifference takes on a different, even a malevolent, cast.

In a society where triplicates of every form are required for the most banal events (registering a car, for example), the registration of infant and child death is informal, incomplete, and rapid. It requires no documentation, takes less than five
Children bury children in Bom Jesus da Mata. In this most Catholic of communities, the coffin is handed to the disabled and irritable municipal gravedigger, who often chezes the children for one reason or another. It may be that the coffin is larger than expected and the gravedigger can find no appropriate space. The children do not wait for the gravedigger to complete his task. No prayers are recited and no sign of the cross made as the tiny coffin goes into its shallow grave.

When I asked the local priest, Padre Marcos, about the lack of church ceremony surrounding infant and childhood death today in Bom Jesus, he replied: “In the old days, child death was richly celebrated. But those were the banque customs of a conservative church that wallowed in death and misery. The new church is a church of hope and joy. We no longer celebrate the death of child angels. We try to tell mothers that Jesus doesn’t want all the dead babies they send him.” Similarly, the new church has changed its baptismal customs, now often refusing to baptize dying babies brought to the back door of a church in poverty. The mothers are sided by church attendants and told to go home and take care of their sick babies. Baptism, they are told, is for the living; it is not to be confused with the sacrament of extreme unction, which is the anointing of the dying. And so it appears to the women of the Alto that even the church has turned away from them, denying the traditional comfort of folk Catholicism.

The contemporary Catholic church is caught in the clutches of a double bind. The new theology of liberation imagines a kingdom of God on earth based on justice and equality, a world without hunger, sickness, or childhood mortality. At the same time, the church has not changed its official position on sexuality and reproduction, including its sanctions against birth control, abortion, and sterilization. The padre of Bom Jesus da Mata recognizes this contradiction, intuitively, although he shies away from discussions on the topic, saying that he prefers to leave questions of family planning to the discretion and the “good consciences” of his impoverished parishioners. But this, of course, steps the extent to which those good consciences have been shaped by traditional church teachings in Bom Jesus, especially by his recent predecessors.
Hence, we can begin to see that the seeming indifference of Alto mothers toward the death of some of their infants is but a pale reflection of the official indifference of church and state to the plight of poor women and children.

Nonetheless, the women of Born Jesus are survivors. One woman, Biu, told me her life history, returning again and again to the themes of child death, her first husband’s suicide, abandonment by her father and later by her second husband, and all the other losses and disappointments she had suffered in her long forty-five years. She concluded with great force, reflecting on the day of Carnaval ‘88 that were fast approaching:

No, Dona Nanci, I won’t cry, and I won’t waste my life thinking about it from morning to night. . . . Can I argue with God for the state that I’m in? No! And so I’ll dance and I’ll jump and I’ll play Carnaval! And yes, I’ll laugh and people will wonder at a pobre like me who can have such a good time.

And no one did blame Biu for dancing in the streets during the four days of Carnaval—not even on Ash Wednesday, the day following Carnaval ‘88 when we all assembled hurriedly to assist in the burial of Merce, Biu’s beloved cosuela, her last-born daughter who had died at home of pneumonia during the festivities. The rest of the family barely had time to change out of their costumes. Severino, the child’s uncle and godfather, sprinkled holy water over the little angel while he prayed: “Merce, I don’t know whether you were called, taken, or thrown out of this world. But look down at us from your heavenly home with tenderness, with pity, and with mercy.” So be it.