

Estudos em Escrita Criativa

# Os mundos de dentro



material de apoio

**STUDIES  
ON  
CREATIVE  
WRITING  
– THE WORLDS WITHIN**

Supporting material for the online and free course given by:  
Patricia Gonçalves Tenório

Revision:  
Ana Lucia Gusmão & Sandra Freitas

Translation: João Augusto Lira

Recife, 2021

**STUDIES ON CREATIVE WRITING**  
**– THE WORLDS WITHIN**  
**PATRICIA GONÇALVES TENÓRIO**

In 2016, the poets, writers and specialists in Creative Writing (Unicap/ PUCRS) Bernadete Bruto and Elba Lins set me a challenge:

– Why don't you design a course in order to share what you have been learning at PUCRS?

It was the beginning of my doctoral studies in the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and the beginning of a cycle with my researcher friends (2016 and 2017), then at Livraria Cultura (Recife and Porto Alegre, in 2018), at Unicap (extension course in 2019.1, and first specialization group in 2019.2), in addition to online and free courses in 2020 and 2021.

For Frankfurter Buchmesse 2023, I gathered the supporting material developed by me for the 2021 online and free course, "The worlds within", in bilingual edition (Portuguese and English), revised by Ana Lucia Gusmão and Sandra Freitas, and translated by João Augusto Lira. The twelve modules of the course address the houses of Brazilian writers, eight of them visited by me in 2021, and how much these sets of four walls contributed to the corresponding creation processes. They are: Osman Lins, Manuel Bandeira, Ferreira Gullar, Graciliano Ramos, Vinicius de Moraes, Jorge Amado, Cora Coralina, Hilda Hilst, Mário de Andrade, Carlos Drummond de Andrade, João Guimarães Rosa, and Mario Quintana.

And here it is the course *Studies on Creative Writing – The worlds within*.

**JANUARY 2021**  
**OSMAN LINS**

## *Os gestos* ["The gestures"]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JdgPvripL9A>

There are two images by the Dutch graphic artist Maurits Cornelis Escher that impact me deeply. The first one is *Relativity* from 1956. It is a set of impossible stairs at different angles forming a paradox that was presented in the film *Inception* by Christopher Nolan, in the voice of the character Ariadne (Ellen Page), pupil of the architect of dreams Dom Cobb (Leonardo DiCaprio).<sup>211</sup>

The second striking image by Escher is *Drawing Hands*, from 1948. One hand draws another hand, *ad infinitum*, causing an endless vertigo, like mirrors before each other, similar to the Russian dolls, the *mamuskas*, which we take one out the other, like the *mise-en-abîme* effect of one story within another, concept developed by French writer André Gide.

It is with this image and the memory of some of the concepts previously researched that we open the Studies on Creative Writing Online 2021, focusing on the work, life and home of the author of short stories, novels, narratives, travel books and plays, the writer from Pernambuco Osman Lins.

The purpose to visit the homes of Brazilian writers during 2021, at least in their pages and virtually, include several trips undertaken since 2016 in our EECs. The topic of the trip, in particular, was extensively worked on in the Online Studies of 2020, and the Covid-19 pandemic imposed isolation between the four walls within our homes. Particularly, putting aside the need for the other that we humans have, being alone in our homes, with our thoughts, anguishes, dreams, we find out the raw material to broaden our writing.

And nothing better than opening the 2021 course with an exemplary book, which deals, at the same time, with the deep diving inside the characters and the limits that we humans inexorably have, starting with the body itself, starting with death itself. In this almost inaugural book by Osman Lins (the author wrote at a young age), we find out very refined techniques of Creative Writing that we can (and should) use in our studies, as well

---

<sup>211</sup> *Inception*. 2010. 148 min. USA and United Kingdom. Direction: Christopher Nolan. Starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Ken Watanabe, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Marion Cotillard, Ellen Page, Tom Hardy, Cillian Murphy, Dileep Rao, Tom Berenger, and Michael Caine. Trailer: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0PIg7ttyegA>

as trying to align with other arts (see Escher's drawings and Nolan's film) and other areas of knowledge. The details of the work of the author visited will be given by the writer, professor, filmmaker and one of the coordinators of the *lato sensu* specialization on Creative Writing at Unicap/PUCRS, Adriano Portela.

*Os gestos* ["The gestures"] was first published in 1957. It is a book composed of thirteen short stories, some shorter (about three pages), other longer ones (about twenty). Right at the presentation, the author, in 1975, revisits the work itself and confirms one of the most present facts in the pandemic period and, therefore, so current: hopelessness.

When I wrote the short stories gathered here, all alluding to the theme of the hopelessness of the human being (before the elements, before the eyes of a dead person, before language, etc.), my ambition focused on two items: a) to make a sentence as clear as possible; b) and not ignoring the voice of Aristotle, to fuse in a unique, privileged instant, the threads of each brief composition, as if all the past was there.<sup>212</sup>

Two concepts stand out in the opening short story that gives name to the book. The first one is the concept of possibility that Aristotle points out in chapter 9 of his *Poetics*.

From what has been said, it is also evident that it is not the poet's function to make an account of events, but rather of what could happen and that is possible within probability or necessity. The historian and the poet are not differentiated by the fact that one uses prose and the other, verses. The work of Herodotus could be versified, with what would be no less work of history, being the metric present or not. The difference lies in the fact that the first relates what actually happened, while the second, what could have happened.<sup>213</sup>

In the opening story that names the book, we find the elderly André in lying in his bed, unable to speak, unable to tell his feelings to his daughters and wife, but feeling all sensations of the outside world, accepting the prison that his own body and disease impose on him, consuming time and possibilities that it encompasses in words, in the lives of loved ones around.

"Forever exiled," he thought. "My words died, only the gestures survive. I will drown my memories; I will not write a single sentence again. Equally remote those who ignore me and those who love me. Only gestures, poor gestures..."<sup>214</sup>

---

<sup>212</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] 4th edição. São Paulo: Moderna, 2003, p. 8 – Coleção Veredas.

<sup>213</sup> ARISTÓTELES. *Poética*. ["Poetics"] Translation, complementary texts and notes: Edson Bini. São Paulo: Edipro, 2011, p. 54-55 – Clássicos Edipro.

<sup>214</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 13.

Mariana, the youngest - and favorite - daughter gets into the room to take care of her father; to give food to him; to close the window; to watch his sleep. And the observation of the elderly André, the slightest gestures of his daughter, makes him realize the very the moment in which she turns from a child-adolescent to an adult woman.

The elderly André opened his eyes. Mariana had her back to the window, her elbows to the windowsill and her hands crossed over the belly. Behind her, on the outer line of the fascia, sparkled drops of water; they grew trembling, slipped, joined, and dropped. An opaline clarity rose from her neck, hit the girl's chin, bathed her right cheek and extinguished in the fluff of the fountain. The rest of the features were barely perceived; but it was evident that something was announced, a single, secret event - and he held his breath. [...] The father was not mistaken, that was a unique moment, she crossed a limit: when she walked away, the last gestures of childhood would be dead.<sup>215</sup>

## The time

And this is the second concept that we find not only in the short story *Os gestos* ["The gestures"], as sliding through the other twelve stories of the homonymous book. The concept of triple present that the philosopher, theologian and bishop of Hippo Aurelius Augustine presents us in book XI of his *Confessions*.

No time is coeternal to you, because you remain unchanging, and if times remain so, they are no longer times. What is time about? Who will be able to explain it clearly and briefly? Who will be able to grasp it, even only with thought, and then translate its concept into words? [...] What, therefore, is time? If no one asks me, I know; if I want to explain it to whoever asks me the question, I no longer know. But I dare to declare, without fear of contestation, that if nothing were to survive, there would be no future time, and if there were nothing now, there would be no present time.<sup>216</sup>

Augustine says that there is neither the past nor the future, only the very moment of the present that, coming from the future of expectation, crosses the perception of the senses and inscribes itself in our memories, as if it were a tattoo. The characters of Osman Lins in *Os gestos* ["The gestures"] make this attempt to capture the time mentioned and reflected to exhaustion by Augustine. And we bring some examples in the book we studied of the author from Pernambuco as illustration of that.

In *Reencontro* ["Reencounter"], two childhood friends cross time and space to relive memories of the past. He still looks at her as his first love. But it is in the gestures

---

<sup>215</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 20-21.

<sup>216</sup> AGOSTINHO. *Confissões*. ["Confessions"] Translation: J. Oliveira and A. Ambrósio de Pina. 2nd ed. Petrópolis, RJ: Vozes, 2013, p. 274 – (Vozes de Bolso).

of Zilda that once again Osman Lins makes us realize the inexorable passage of time.

In silence, I review our return, the joy fused in sadness and the noisy farewells to the places and things we could never see again. "Without us knowing it", I think, "we almost left our childhood there." Because what came to pass a few days later made me suspect, not without bitterness, that something was dead for us; and that in its place it was emerged another thing that we still did not understand well.<sup>217</sup>

*A partida* ["The departure"] of a grandson who feels oppressed by so much love is the theme of this short story that was masterfully transposed to the cinema by the Pernambuco filmmaker Sandra Ribeiro.<sup>218</sup> The passage from the time of the young adolescent to the adult man is expressed in the simple gesture of almost a hug.

Anyway, I kissed her hand, hit her slightly on the head. I think I surprised her with a gesture of closeness, certainly hoping for a final hug. I dodged, picked up the suitcase and, in doing so, I threw a quick glance at the table (carefully laid for two, with the humble plates of the great days and the old white tablecloth, embroidered, which was only used on our birthday parties).<sup>219</sup>

But one of the short stories that confirms the oppression of time, the impossibility of the body is *O navio* ["The ship"]. It tells the story of an extremely sensitive young man who decides to throw himself into the night sea of the new moon in the hope for the freedom of the pier, so that the ship, even if shipwrecked, does not rot in the arms and legs of an eighteen-year-old boy.

A shooting star rushed into the water. As if he would fetch it, he dived into the sea. But the seabed was dark, deserted. He went back swimming, slowly. "The ship leaves the port behind port full of plague," he thought. "It goes away to the high seas. Not to escape death. It is to escape torture, from the anguish of the plague. The ship goes away. It does not wish to get rotten on the pier. It'd rather sink in the sea and anchor to a star. The ship goes away."<sup>220</sup>

The last story of the book reveals a huge hopelessness, the most symbolic and at the same time fluid residence of our spirit: the *Lembrança* ["Remembrance"]. It tells the story of a prankish boy that the narrator was once. And at that moment lost in memory,

---

<sup>217</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 27.

<sup>218</sup> *A partida* ["The departure"]. 2003. 15 min. Brasil. Direction: Sandra Ribeiro. Starring: Paulo Autran, Geninha da Rosa Borges, Marcelo Lacerda.

<sup>219</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 40.

<sup>220</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 83.



in which he prepares to shoot the canary so desired, the farewell to childhood is set.

I let go of the shot, there was a flicker of wings, a flicker of water droplets, and the bird fell. I shouted, ran out through the wet yard. After that, the memory kind of falls asleep. I awake with the figure of a cousin on vacation, much older than me: one night, pretending to be ghosts from the other world, she rose from her bed and came to embrace with me. She had bare feet.<sup>221</sup>

### The house

Osman Lins was born on July 5th, 1924, in the city of Vitória de Santo Antão, Pernambuco. His mother died sixteen days later due to labor complications.

At the age of seventeen (1941), he moved to Recife. At thirty-six (1961), he lived for six months in France. Upon returning, he settled in São Paulo. And we visited, in a virtual or real way, two of his houses, impregnated with writing, as the artist from Québec, Hélène Rochette, said in *Maisons d'Écrivains et d'Artistes*.<sup>222</sup>

The homes of writers and artists retain the face-to-face impression of matter. Here, in the secret of the palace, they were composed the works whose genius would only appear in the eyes of the world a little later. Far from the noise, consecrations and praise, these inhabited places still vibrate with the aroma of a presence. As if time had stopped, it is expected to surprise the painter on his easel, the writer on the desk. Quiet resorts bathed in the great skies of the Ile-de-France "that make you dream of eternity", dark attics nestled in the depths of the city, discreet retreats little accessible to creditors of all kinds... these houses tell the fate - glorious or cursed - of their famous occupants. Opening the door promises a sensitive and wandering discovery of the cradles of creation.<sup>223</sup>

The literary work of Osman Lins is divided into two phases. The first, from 1955 to 1963 – the period of *Os gestos* ["The gestures"] –, is considered that of the traditional narrative, while the second, from *Nove, novena* ["Nine, novena"] in 1966, when he experiences new techniques, crossed by reflections of the literary and fiction work itself.

---

<sup>221</sup> LINS, Osman. *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 102.

<sup>222</sup> Interesting to mention that in France, especially in Paris, we find everywhere signs informing the location of the artists' residences, like the hotel where Voltaire, the poet Charles Baudelaire lived for a time, and here is a following excerpt from his best-known book:

*The chilling dawn in pink and green robes was advancing slowly over the deserted Seine and gloomy Paris, when rubbing his eyes, he wielded his tools, old worker.*

(The flowers of evil, "The twilight of the morning", Charles Baudelaire, author's translation.)

<sup>223</sup> ROCHETTE, Hélène. *Maisons d'Écrivains et d'Artistes*. Paris et ses alentours. Illustrations: Pascal Paillardet. Paris: Parigramme, 2005, 4<sup>th</sup> cover – Translation of the author.

We know how much the four walls of residences instigate poetic images that guide the writing in different ways. It did not happen differently with Osman Lins. When he launched himself to the world, from the small town of Vitória de Santo Antão to the capital of Pernambuco and France, returning and settling in São Paulo – the documentary *Um grão de claridade* [“A grain of clarity”],<sup>224</sup> by Elizabeth Hazin and Teresa Dias, presents this universe accurately –, he turns the interior and exterior of the four walls into raw material for his settings, characters, plots, writing.

And the proposal of our Studies on Creative Writing Online 2021 could not be different. After isolating ourselves for almost six months in our homes, in caring for each other and ourselves avoiding Covid-19, we were impregnated with writing, bathed in fiction, poetry, reports of rooms, objects, appliances, impossibilities, but which occupy, at the same time, the possibilities of the *poiesis* greater than history and praised, since ancient times, by one of the fathers of the narrative, the Greek philosopher Aristotle.

### **Films on Osman Lins’s works and Creative Writing:**

- 1) *Lisbela e o prisioneiro* [“Lisbela and the prisoner”] (2003):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Rhroj4p7iQ>
- 2) *A partida* [“The departure”] (2003):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=18Bej7A3N3I> (part I) and  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CCMJ199sjuc> (part II)
- 3) *Um grão de claridade* [“A grain of clarity”] (2018):  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p7YWYXgoksI&feature=emb\\_logo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p7YWYXgoksI&feature=emb_logo)

### **Unblocking Exercise**

I do remember that one day you worked hard and went to bed early. I was reading and when sleep came I closed the doors. There was such a silence! The furniture was shining, there was no dust on the floor; everything in order, clean, careful. I paused for a moment in the dining room, as if a mystery was coming. I contemplated the jar of flowers on the table. You had picked them yourself in the morning. I felt your diligent presence in the cleaning, in the flowers; the affection you placed in

---

<sup>224</sup> *Um grão de claridade*: [“A grain of clarity”]: drawing the path of Osman Lins. 2018. Brasil. Documentary, digital, color, 20 min. With Elizabeth Hazin and Teresa Dias. Production and direction: Joel Yamaji. Conception and screenplay: Elizabeth Hazin, Teresa Dias, Joel Yamaji. Cinematography: Marcelo Domingues. Direct sound: Alan Zilli. Executive Production: Davi Heller, Jônia. Music: Vivaldi – *Winter* (The four seasons).

everything. And I realized that there was something around me: I was surrounded by a principle of anguish. In the kitchen, I looked at the fire: it had gone out. By day, it had been burning, hot. Now, it was dead. It was gray. What happened next was so ridiculous and subtle, so hard to express, I never told you. I cried, honey.<sup>225</sup>

From the contact with the short stories within the book *Os gestos* ["The gestures"] and some of Osman Lins' homes, create a fictional text, or a short video, or podcast narrating a gesture of everyday life, an object, setting of your homes that instigated you to write during the pandemic.

---

<sup>225</sup> LINS, Osman. *Elegíada*. In: *Os gestos*. ["The gestures"] Op. cit., p. 95.

**FEBRUARY 2021**  
**MANUEL BANDEIRA**

## Going around

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yIF69J76IUM>

Coming by the *José Estelita* pier, we go over the bridge of the *Cinco Pontas* fortress, in which Frei Caneca was executed in 1825 for having been one of the leaders of Pernambuco Revolution and Ecuador Confederation; we turn the left in the *Santa Rita* pier and we passed by the *Imperador* pier, where Dom Pedro II and his daughters landed in November 1859; we went around the Republic Square, where we pass by the *Campo das Princesas* Palace, the *Santa Isabel* theater. and the baobab that inspired Antoine Saint-Exupéry in the writing of *The Little Prince*. We turn left again, then we go past the *Leite* restaurant, the Culture House and the Central Railway Station, both built in 1850; we go over the Old Bridge and turn right on the Dawn Street, we see the *São Luiz* cinema and its stained glass finished in 1937, and the Riachuelo Street, that go cross and where starts the Union Street.

In a short turning around, we went through almost two hundred years of history and arrived at number 263 of Union Street, where Antonio José da Costa Ribeiro lived, the maternal grandfather of one of the greatest Brazilian poets, and where he lived from the age of six to ten years old, forging in the physical space his poetic imaginary, his personal mythology. This is Manuel Carneiro de Souza Bandeira Filho, or simply, Manuel Bandeira.

Bandeira chanted our city in his poetry. He knew our city as if it were in the palm of his hand. Or rather: like a foreigner, or even a terminally ill patient who visited the city of Recife on the last day of his life.

By offering this guide to the public, we reaffirm our conviction that we only know the city and its monuments when we walk, discovering the details, feeling the peculiarities, speculating about the past and projecting the future.<sup>226</sup>

As Plínio Santos-Filho and Francisco Carneiro da Cunha offered us the book *A day in Recife*, we will try to travel with Bandeira, through his poems, through his precious

---

<sup>226</sup> The information provided here was collected from the walks of SANTOS-FILHO, Plínio; CUNHA, Francisco Carneiro da. *A day in Recife*. Olinda: AERPA Editora, 2008, p. 7. The authors also provided hiking information on the close city in *A day in Olinda*. Olinda: AERPA Editora, 2008.

chants to the city of his heart, that he chanted so much in his verses, the city that most inspired the poet, and that is possible, together with the techniques of Creative Writing by the reading of the anthology organized by the PhD in Brazilian Literature by UFRGS Mara Jardim, inspire us as well.

### **The architect**

If João Cabral de Melo Neto was the engineer of the verses, Manuel Bandeira was the architect. An architect frustrated in vocation, but that became a great poet. Tuberculosis condemned him to early death, and so to the abandonment of architecture studies, resulting in the essential diving to survive through his poems, and building up the imaginary city of Poetry.

Well-born was I. Boy,  
I was, like the others, happy.  
Afterwards, bad fate came  
And made of me what wanted.<sup>227</sup>

Pain and suffering are the cement and bricks of his poetic creation, the basis that makes him be able to stand his fragile and scarce life.

Only pain ennobles for being great and pure.  
Learn to love her so you will do it one day.  
Then she will be all your joy,  
And will be, she alone, thy bliss...<sup>228</sup>

Not only of suffering is a city forged. It is also made of dreams, and Carnival; and the verses vibrating, between laughter and irony during the Week of Modern Art, by the mouth of Ronald de Carvalho.

There, fleeing from the world,  
With no glory, neither faith,  
Down to the deep cliff  
And lonely is

When weeps thee,  
Perished with cold,  
Poor toad

---

<sup>227</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Epígrafe*. [“Epigraph”] In: *A cinza das horas*. [“The ash of the hours”] In *Bandeira de bolso: uma antologia poética*. Porto Alegre, RS: L&PM, (1917 in) 2008, p. 25. [Excerpt above translated by João Augusto Lira]

<sup>228</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Renúncia*[“Renunciation”]. In *A cinza das horas*. [“The ash of the hours”] In *Op. cit.*, (1917 in) 2008, p. 39.

By the edge of river...<sup>229</sup>

Bandeira dialogues to the chorus of Edgar Allan Poe,<sup>230</sup> then the effect, tone and intention of the poet of North America reverberate through the South American poet, as if it were an echo within four walls.

While the meek afternoon agonizes,  
Through the cold sea mist  
All my soul runs away the breeze:  
I want to kill myself!

Oh, wishing to kill yourself...  
It is something you might not say.  
What else can life give me?  
I am so happy!<sup>231</sup>

But in *Libertinage*, in the 1930s, Bandeira, perhaps tired, perhaps conformed to the fate of waiting for the “White Lady”, who never arrives, he comes out of himself and looks through the window of Poetry-Home, the one which has been forged with the cement of verses, silence and pain.

I am fed up of measured lyricism.  
Well-behaved lyricism.  
Civil servant lyricism with timebook  
[expedient protocol and expressions of appreciation to Mr. Director  
I am fed up of lyricism stopping to look up  
[dictionary vernacular of a word  
Down with the purists<sup>232</sup>

## The home

In *The bow and the lyre*, the Mexican poet and essayist Octavio Paz presents us with the home forged with verses, silence and pain.

---

<sup>229</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. Os sapos. [“The frogs”] In *Carnaval*. [“Carnival”] In Op. cit., (1920 in) 2008, p. 43.

<sup>230</sup> In the module on the English Language of EECs Online 2020, we found out in POE, Edgar Allan, The philosophy of composition, In Poems and essays, Translation: Oscar Mendes and Milton Amado, Review and notes: Carmen Vera Cirne Lima, 3rd ed. Revista, São Paulo: Globo, 1999, that the North American poet presents us, without reservation, the construction of his best-known poem, “The raven”, using the resource of the chorus “Never more” in different situations and senses.

<sup>231</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Felicidade* [“Happiness”]. In *O ritmo dissoluto*. [“The dissolute rhythm”] In Op. cit., (1924 in) 2008, p. 55, underline added.

<sup>232</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Poetics*. In *Libertinage*. [“Libertinage”] In Op. cit., (1930 in) 2008, p. 74-75.

Poetry is knowledge, salvation, power, abandonment. Operation capable of changing the world, the poetic activity is revolutionary by nature; spiritual exercise, it is a method of inner liberation. Poetry reveals this world; it creates another. Bread of the chosen, cursed food. It isolates; it unites. Invitation to travel; return to the homeland. Inspiration, breathing, muscle work-out. Praying to emptiness, dialogue with absence: boredom, anguish and despair feed it.<sup>233</sup>

Likewise, still in *Libertinage*, from the window of the apartment on the old *Curvelo* street, within the neighborhood of Santa Teresa in the city of Rio de Janeiro, Bandeira carries out his revolution; practices such an inner liberation by rebuilding the streets of Recife in his childhood, starting with the walls of her maternal grandfather's house on Union Street...

Union Street where I played hide and seek  
 [sometimes breaking panes upon Mrs. Aninha Viegas' house  
 Totônio Rodrigues was very old and put the pince-nez  
   [on the tip of his nose  
 After dinner families took to the sidewalk with  
   [with chairs, gossip, flirting and laughter<sup>234</sup>

... and evoke the streets of his childhood by their names...<sup>235</sup>

Union Street...  
 How beautiful they were the names of my childhood streets  
 Sun Street  
 (I fear whether today it may be called Mr. So-and-So)  
 Behind the house you were at Longing Street...  
   ... where you shall go smoking secretly  
 Opposite to it you were on the pier of Dawn Street...  
   ... where you shall go fishing secretly<sup>236</sup>

...until he gets to the imaginary country, the utopian non-place named Pasárgada.<sup>237</sup>

<sup>233</sup> PAZ, Octavio. *Poetry and poem*. In *O arco e a lira*. [“The bow and the lyre”] Translation: Ari Roitman and Paulina Wacht. São Paulo: Cosac Naify, 2012, p. 21.

<sup>234</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Evocação do Recife*. [“Evocation of Recife”]. In *Libertinagem*. [“Libertinage”] In Op. cit. (1930 in) 2008, p. 80.

<sup>235</sup> Bandeira is one of the poets honored in the Poetry Circuit in the city of Recife. There are life-size sculptures of Pernambuco writers and poets, among them Ascenso Ferreira, Carlos Pena Filho, Clarice Lispector, João Cabral de Melo Neto and Luiz Gonzaga. Further information: <http://www2.recife.pe.gov.br/servico/circuito-da-poesia?op=MTMy>

<sup>236</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Evocação do Recife*. [“Evocation to Recife”]. In *Libertinagem*. [“Libertinage”] In Op. cit., (1930 in) 2008, p. 81.

<sup>237</sup> In an interview with Patricia Gonçalves Tenório and Isabele Macor-Filarska in *Calibán Magazine*, n. 10, Rio de Janeiro: Calibán, 2007, p. 9-10, the French poet Yves Bonnefoy describes this imaginary country also quoted by Bandeira: “The country I dreamed of under that name



I am on my way to Pasárgada  
 There I am a friend of the king.  
 There I have the woman I wish  
 In the bed I will say mine  
 I am on my way to Pasárgada

[...]

And when I may be much sadder  
 I mean sad hopelessly  
 When coming the night  
 I wish to take off my life  
 – There I am a friend of the king –  
 I will have the woman I wish  
 In the bed I will say mine  
 I am on my way to Pasárgada.<sup>238</sup>

And the daydream about the language of Manuel Bandeira, Yves Bonnefoy... and so many other poets who carry in their verses their Poetry-Homes, seem to occupy two places at once, as if obeying the laws of quantum physics.

Thou art in everything I think,  
 Thou art in my imagination:  
 Thou art on the immense horizon,  
 Thou art in the tiny grain.

[...]

Thou art in all, not even rest,  
 Oh thou! As much the same as much diverse!  
 (Thou wert at the beginning of things,  
 Thou will be at the end of universe.)

[...] <sup>239</sup>

Finally, this time-space relationship, time so present in the first writer studied in the Studies on Creative Writing Online, Osman Lins, follows the brother-poet from

---

would be a part of our world, that is, anything as real as the place where I would live with the same trees, the same stones. He, for example, could have one of his regions in a valley in the middle of that central Italy that I once traveled. Here, the relationship of beings speaking to natural and social reality would be different, precisely because there is another relationship with language, about which I imagined there to be, in its depth, unknown possibilities of us who live 'here'. The country-before, in my book, in my thinking, it is essentially a daydream about language.”

<sup>238</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Vou-me embora pra Pasárgada*. [“I am on my way to Pasárgada.”] In *Libertinagem*. [“Libertinage”] In Op. cit., (1930 in) 2008, p. 89 e 90-91.

<sup>239</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Ubiquidade*. [“Ubiquity”] In *Lira dos Cinquent’anos*. [“Lyre of Fifties”] In Op. cit., (1940 in) 2008, p. 110-111.

Pernambuco, Manuel Bandeira, when, approaching the meeting with the always (although undesirable) awaited "White Lady", collects verses from the rooms, the living room, kitchen, balcony of the Poetry-Homes that inhabited their whole life; life against all probabilities, which ends at the age of 82 (eighty-two).

Life  
 It is not worth the pain of being lived.  
 Bodies understand each other but souls do not.  
 The only thing to do is playing an Argentine tango.

I am on my way to Pasárgada!  
 I am not happy here.  
 I want to forget all that:  
 The pain of being a man...  
 This vain and infinite eagerness  
 Of possessing what possesses me.

[...]

When the Undesirable by the people arrives  
 It will find the field plowed; the house clean.  
 The table set,  
 With each thing in its right place.<sup>240</sup>

### Films on Manuel Bandeira and Creative Writing

- 1) *The castle poet* (1959): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PCzyBUthBxM>
- 2) *Cleonice Berardinelli speaks about Manuel Bandeira* (2015):  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KlutFmMz\\_wM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KlutFmMz_wM)
- 3) *Poetry Notebook II, Maria Betânia* (2016):  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IiI15n\\_WKek](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IiI15n_WKek)

### Unblocking Exercise

Following the example of Plínio Santos-Filho and Francisco Carneiro da Cunha, and inspired by the lines of Manuel Bandeira, go for a walk along the streets of your hometowns, physically or through imagination, and describe what you see, what you feel, what makes it vibrate within you. You can do so in the format of poems, fiction or non-fiction, either in writing or photographic as well as video images.

---

<sup>240</sup> BANDEIRA, Manuel. Antologia. ["Anthology"] In: *Estrela da tarde*. ["Afternoon star"] In Op. cit., (1960 in) 2008, p. 144-145.

**MARCH 2021**  
**FERREIRA GULLAR**

## Shall it be art?

<https://youtu.be/IF0UFCuypQc>

August 12th, 2008. Paraty, Flip. A huge waiting line. Next to the authors' it was set rectangular tables, long ones, for writers to sign their books. I was with a friend we anxiously waiting for the line keep going, step after step, approaching that man with chin-length – gray almost white – hair. One meter seventy tall, he continues sitting waiting for all of us. He translates himself into all (his) poetry:

my 1.70m tall body my size in the world  
 my body made of water  
 and ash  
 that makes me look at Andromeda, Sirius, Mercury  
 and feel like mixed  
 to all this hydrogen and helium mass  
 that disintegrates and reintegrates  
 without knowing what for <sup>241</sup>

José Ribamar Ferreira was born on September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1930, in the city of São Luís do Maranhão. At the age of 20, he moved to Rio de Janeiro, becoming one of the most northeastern *cariocas*.

But São Luís never got away from Ferreira Gullar or his poetic imagination. He chants his hometown, exposing the colors of his hometown as a visual artist and his brush, as a photographer and his camera in an aerial photograph over São Luís.

I must have heard  
 or even seen  
 the plane like a bird  
 white  
 breaking the sky  
 fast flying over the colors of the island  
 at a glance passing by

---

<sup>241</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. *Poema sujo*. [“Dirty poem”] In *Toda poesia* [“All poetry”] (1950-1999). 15th ed. Rio de Janeiro: José Olympio, (1975 in) 2006, p. 239.

at the window angle  
 as whatever fact  
     I must have heard that plane  
     that at three ten in an afternoon  
 thirty years ago  
     photographed our city <sup>242</sup>

We learn through Gullar's lines the blue tiles of his São Luís do Maranhão. But not only that. The poet translates into writing his gaze of the world, questioning art itself, noting it down in the form of poetic prose, also setting such a kind of *gullarian* vocabulary.

Because I am dead I can say: rotting is sublime and terrible. But there are those who do not rot. Those who betray the only wonderful event of their existence. Those who, suddenly, in search of themselves, they are not... These are murderers of beauty, the weak ones. The frustrated angels, shit-eaters! Oh how pale they are!

Listen: the art is a betrayal.<sup>243</sup>

One of the best-known paintings by the Belgian artist René Magritte is called “The betrayal of images” (1928-1929) – betrayal that is set by the *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*<sup>244</sup> that Magritte put as a subtitle for the drawing of a pipe.<sup>245</sup> And that is also Gullar's betrayal. Making use of “dirty words” such as leprosy, urine, rotten, piss, rust, mud, etc.,

---

<sup>242</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Uma fotografia aérea [“Na aerial photograph”]. In *Dentro da noite veloz*. [“Within the fast night”] In Op. cit., (1962-1975 in) 2006, p. 212-213.

<sup>243</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Carta do morto pobre. [“Letter from an unwealthy dead”] In: Um programa de homicídio. [“A murder program”] *A luta corporal*. [“The body fight”] In Op. cit., (1950-1953 in) 2006, p. 22.

<sup>244</sup> In *Isto não é um cachimbo* [“This is not a pipe”], Translated by Jorge Coli, Rio de Janeiro: Paz e Terra, 1988, the French philosopher Michel Foucault analyzes thoroughly René Magritte's emblematic painting “The betrayal of images” and presents it to us with the same bewildering (but transformative) uncertainty that we will find in the poetry of Ferreira Gullar.

<sup>245</sup> Another emblematic image of Magritte and that deals with this same break of certainties in Gullar is the “The Empire of Lights” (1954), which the Belgian researcher in Art History Julie Waseige presents it to us in *Le Musée Magritte*, Bruxelles, Ludion, 2014, p. 82: “This bright daytime sky hanging over this nocturnal landscape offers a solution to the following problem: how to represent both the interior and the exterior?” – (translated from the author's free translation from French into Portuguese).

he scours their essences, doubts of their certainties, setting his own vocabulary and turning the dirty words into others like stone, gold, sun, and sea.

The children laugh in the fruit splendor, Vina,  
 the sun is cheerful.  
 This road, this dirt road  
 where old homeless women turn into birds. The sun  
 is cheerful.  
 Tell me about science. The ripe breath  
 which leaves grow aware of their death.  
 [...]  
 I cannot tell you: 'Let's go' – except here.  
 Childhood within the light of a moss that bugs  
 eat with their mouth.  
 I hear the sea; blow, walk on the foliage.  
 Staring at us clearly in the fright of hidden waters!,  
 The joy beneath the words.<sup>246</sup>

### **The objects**

Gullar does not only clean dirty words, does not only turn mud into gold dust. Making use of technique of listing objects, that we already studied in the Japan module of Studies on Creative Writing Online 2020 with Sei Shônagon, Gullar guides the readers through the multiple meanings that the objects he uses go on revealing and seducing us.

Then a serious man came in and said: good morning  
 Then another serious man answered: good morning  
 Then the serious woman answered: good morning  
 Then the little girl on the ground replied: good morning

---

<sup>246</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. *A fala*. [“The speech”] In *A luta corporal*. [“The body fight”] In Op. cit., (1950-1953 in) 2006, p. 40 and 41.

Then all of them laughed at once  
 But not the two chairs, the table, the vase, the flowers, the walls,  
 the clock, the lamp, the portrait, the books, the blotter,  
 the shoes, the ties, the shirts, the handkerchiefs.<sup>247</sup>

[We notice the chorus “good morning” in the mouth of different characters (the serious men, the woman, the little girl), in each character a different effect, as narrated by Edgar Allan Poe in “The Philosophy of Composition” about “The Raven”, that we studied in the English Language module in 2020 and in the February 2021 module of Manuel Bandeira in the Online EECs.]

In *Romances of Cordel*, Gullar introduce us to some of the strongest and most popular forms of São Luís, stories of struggling and suffering of poor people; suffering that he will make a point of revealing in the core of all (his) poetry, until the last consequences: the persecution during the Brazilian dictatorship and the exile in Argentina.

In one piece of *Cordel*, he narrates how a dreamy and slum young woman set fire to her own garments.

Aparecida, this girl  
 whose story I will tell,  
 had no glory or fame  
 that you can talk about.  
 She had no distinct name:  
 she child played in the mud,  
 she woman never had a bed,  
 she was born in *Praia do Pinto*,  
 she also died right there.<sup>248</sup>

---

<sup>247</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Ocorrência. [“Occurrence”] In *O vil metal*. [“The vile metal”] In Op. cit., (1954-1960 in) 2006, p. 72.

<sup>248</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Quem matou Aparecida: história de uma favelada que ateou fogo às vestes. [“Who killed Aparecida: history of a slum woman who set fire on her own garments.”] In *Romances de cordel*. In Op. cit., (1962-1967 in) 2006, p. 123.

[Gullar presents in these pieces of *Cordel*, in the first stanza, the synopsis of the entire narrative.]

Gullar's objects are cause and consequence for the fate of his characters. It was because of an object that Aparecida goes through her plight.

And so it was that Aparecida  
has become a young woman.  
She told her mom she wished  
to win a little child.  
Since a doll was expensive  
And money she did not have,  
having a baby would be easier  
to make it on her own.<sup>249</sup>

Following the precepts of a philosophy of the absent body, that we also find in Jacques Rancière and his *Writing Policies*,<sup>250</sup> we find the embodiment of the breath of life in the surrounding objects, which one day will disappear with our own death.

If I die  
the universe fades as they fade  
the things in this room  
if I switch off the lamp:  
the Asian shoes, the shirts  
and wars on the chair, the Andes

---

<sup>249</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Idem, p. 125.

<sup>250</sup> In *Políticas da escrita* ["Writing policies"] (Translation: Raquel Ramalhe... [et al], Rio de Janeiro: Ed. 34, 1995, p. 41), Jacques Rancière presents to us this writing of the orphaned letter, absent from the discourse that Ferreira Gullar prints throughout (his) poetry: "Before being polysemy or dissemination, writing is division. And it is this division that literature gives form to, by continually reposing the question of the father of discourse and the body of the letter. It has its act in the gesture that undoes the established relationship between reality and fiction, or philosophy and poetry, to restore all matter of fiction or all poetic rhythm to the status of the abandoned letter: emancipated letter that erases the division of legitimacy in the indifferent community of speaking beings, orphaned letter in search of its body of truth."



Jacket,  
                   billions of quadrillions of beings  
 and of suns  
                   die with me.

Or not:  
                   the sun will mark again  
                   this same spot on the floor  
                   where my foot has been;  
                                   in this room  
                   you will hear noise of buses in the street;  
                   a new city  
                   will rise within this one  
                   like a tree within the tree.

But no one can read in the shredding of these clouds  
 the same story I have read quite moved.<sup>251</sup>

## The home

But I had a great childhood. I lived fishing in the river and making tricks in the street. São Luís is a very beautiful city, full of wind, palm trees. Life was a wonderful thing from the point of view of animal experience. I was horrified of becoming an adult.<sup>252</sup>

Perhaps by the force of the wind, or because it was unmistakable, the whistle of the boys who cut the afternoon of São Luís in the mid-40s seemed too loud. Indoors, entrenched between papers and books, the boy resisted the call of colleagues. “I can’t!” he shouted. After a few minutes, the whistlers, unmoved, breathless, dry mouth, armed themselves with stones and began to attack the incomprehensible fortress. [...] Finally, they would understand. The friend, José Ribamar Ferreira, the “Parakeet”, the future Ferreira Gullar [...], would only attend one call: that of literature.<sup>253</sup>

---

<sup>251</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Poema. [“Poem”] In *Dentro da noite veloz*. [“Within the fast night”] In Op. cit., (1962-1975 in) 2006, p. 217.

<sup>252</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. *Special Edition – 10 year of “Cadernos de Literatura Brasileira”*. Number 22. Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Moreira Salles, July 2007, p. 96.

<sup>253</sup> “*Cadernos de Literatura Brasileira*” – Ferreira Gullar. Number 6. Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Moreira Salles, September 1998, p. 5.

Gullar's poems draw an affective map of the city of São Luís do Maranhão as well as that of São Sebastião do Rio de Janeiro. We are approaching these cities and the homes on which walls he inscribed his "iron poems".

And on the wood boards  
 our life, our furniture,  
 the rocking chair, the dining table,  
 the wardrobe  
 with its mirror on which the afternoon danced laughing  
 like a girl  
 And the open windows  
 through which the inside like a bird  
 fled  
 flying over the houses and heading  
 in a dream  
 to the cities in the south.<sup>254</sup>

The misery, the finitude and the smallness of life weave their greatest banner, both in the city of tiles...

Oh, my dirty city  
 of much pain in a low voice  
 of shame that family hide  
 in their deepest drawers  
 of faded dresses  
 of badly knit shirts  
 of so many humiliated people  
 eating a little  
 but still embroidering of flowers  
 their tablecloths

---

<sup>254</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. A casa. ["The house"] In *Dentro da noite veloz*. ["Within the fast night"] In Op. cit., (1962-1975 in) 2006, p. 220.

Their coffee table cloths.<sup>255</sup>

... as in the “wonderful city” (Rio de Janeiro! – in the death of a dear friend) ...

While you were being buried in the Jewish  
 cemetery of Caju  
 (and the flashing of your buried eyes  
 still resisting)  
 the taxi driving me along the edge of Lagoa  
 towards Botafogo  
 And the stones the clouds the trees  
 in the wind  
 showing off cheerfully that  
 they did not depend on us <sup>256</sup>

... until returning to the poetic imaginary which had been woven in his childhood  
 in São Luís, in the house of wood boards, poverty, but beauty, which only all (one) poetry  
 is able to encompass.

I think I imagine myself more  
 than I really am  
 or what I am does not fit  
 in what I come to be  
 and it just burns  
 behind this dark mask  
 that was once a boy’s face.

I orchestrate  
 under my skin  
 a fire of one meter seventy tall.

I do not want to scare anyone.  
 But if everyone hides themselves in their smile  
 in the measured word

---

<sup>255</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. *Poema sujo*. [“Dirty poem”] In Op. cit., (1975 in) 2006, p. 277.

<sup>256</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. *Morte de Clarice Lispector*. [“Death of Clarice Lispector”] In *Na vertigem do dia*. [“In the vertigo of day”] In Op. cit., (1975-1980 in) 2006, p. 303.

I must say  
 that the poet Gullar is a child  
 that does not get to die.<sup>257</sup>

### Films on Ferreira Gullar and Creative Writing

- 4) *Ferreira Gullar: Traduzir-se* [“Translate yourself”] (2016):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qdlvu6z8WaI>
- 5) *Ferreira Gullar: The necessity of art* (2015):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yRLDFOjxRWc>
- 6) *Ferreira Gullar – “Roda Viva”* (2011):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JOZIS-Pwxo>

### Unblocking exercise

From the transformation of dirty words into gold dust of Ferreira Gullar, make poems, short stories, non-fictional reflections in writing form, and either photographic images or short videos.

---

<sup>257</sup> GULLAR, Ferreira. Detrás do rosto. [“Behind the face”] In *Barulhos*. [“Noises”] In Op. cit., (1980-1987 in) 2006, p. 370.

**APRIL 2021**  
**GRACILIANO RAMOS**

## Two Brazilian types

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ku4YHLHkoKw>

When the artist Candido Portinari traveled to France with the sponsorship of an award, he only managed to paint the *palaninho* – a type of the countryside of São Paulo, from the city of Brodosqui –, who was a short guy, quite weak-like, and whitish face by paling.

In a certain way, Portinari dialogues, not only in one of his best-known paintings, *Os Retirantes* [“The Retirees”] (1944) – but also in the alter ego of the *palaninho* –, with one of the most celebrated books by the writer from Alagoas, Graciliano Ramos: the book *Vidas Secas* [“Dry lives”]

In the book of the writer from the city of Quebrangulo, we have the character Fabiano, a guy from the backlands of Alagoas, a kind of cowboy, and who moves away to escape from the drought.

They dragged themselves there, slowly, Sinhá Vitória with the youngest son wide hung on her waist and the trunk made of leaf on her head, Fabiano, gloomy, with the *aió*, a kind of hunting bag, on a shoulder strap, the gourd hanging on a strap attached to the belt, the flint rifle on his shoulder. The older boy and the female dog *Baleia* went after them.<sup>258</sup>

Making use of visceral metaphors, Graciliano reveals the transforming power of the word in the human being. When they find an abandoned farm and take possession of it, Fabiano tries to find out what he really is.

Fabiano was satisfied. Yes sir, he got ready. He had got in that situation, with the family starving, eating roots. He had ended up at the end of the courtyard, under a Juazeiro tree, then they had kept the deserted house. He, his wife and children had got used to the dark chamber, like rats – and the remembrance of past sufferings faded away.

He stepped firmly on the cracked floor, pulled out the edged knife, squeezed his dirty nails. He took out a piece of tobacco from the *aió*, pricked it, rolled up a cigarette with corn straw, lit it with a *binga*, a kind of handmade lighter, and began to smoke it indulgently.

---

<sup>258</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. *Vidas secas*. [“Dry Lives”] Afterword: Hermenegildo Bastos. 123rd ed. Rio de Janeiro: Record, (1938 in) 2013, p. 9.

– Fabiano, you are a man. He spoke aloud.<sup>259</sup>

Candido and Graciliano converge. The first, using the type of the *palaninho*; the latter, that type of the northeastern cowboy Fabiano. The two artists seeking a poetic carcass<sup>260</sup> to meet themselves, the alter ego that can experience what they have never experienced by the fact of being from different social class, despite knowing the types of characters deeply well. And they invite us to get into their minds so that we also may recognize and meet ourselves.

If I learned anything, I would need to learn more, and I would never be satisfied.

He remembered Sinhô Tomás of *bolandeira*. Out of the men from the backlands the most devastated was Sinhô Tomás of *bolandeira*. Why? It was only because he used to read too much. He, Fabiano, had often said: “– Sinhô Tomás, you are not in your right mind. Why so much paper? When doom comes, Sinhô Tomás cracks, just like the others.” For the drought had come, and the poor old man, so good and so read, had lost everything, walked around, forceless. Maybe he had already given up struggling with all that because people like him could not stand quite tough summer.<sup>261</sup>

Fabiano lets himself be carried away by emotions and has difficulties to organize his thought, transform what he thinks into intelligible words, and thereby be able to communicate. Because of the monosyllabic grunts, the lack of temperance, the cowboy gets into a fight with a soldier and finds himself trapped in the four walls of his own being.

He was rude, yes sir, he had never learned, he could not explain. He was in prison by this? How come? So you put a man in jail because he cannot speak correctly? What harm would his rudeness do? He lived working as a slave. He unclogged the water dispenser, fixed the fences, healed the animals – he did his best with a worthless farm. All in order, anyone could see. Was it his fault for being rude? Who was to blame?

If it were not for that... I did not even know it. The thread of the idea grew, thickened – and broke. It is quite hard to think.<sup>262</sup>

---

<sup>259</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 18.

<sup>260</sup> At the meeting on the English Language of the Online Creative Writing Studies 2020, in *Ode to Melancholy and Other Poems*, foreword, organization, and translation by Péricles Eugênio da Silva Ramos, São Paulo, Hedra, 2010, we found a letter from John Keats to Woodhouse (1818), in which he asserts that the poet is the least poetic of God's creatures; he always lives emptying himself and filling himself with the sun, moon, nightingales, in short, with poetry. As if he were a carcass.

<sup>261</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 22.

<sup>262</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 35.

## A theory of emotions

While Fabiano has difficulty to correct his thinking, Sinhá Vitória, his wife, manages to keep it flowing, capable of complex reflections. It is true that during the period in which they were retirees and really starved, she had not been able to think. But when they settled on the farm, the thought came strongly and poignant: she wanted a leather bed just like Tomás of *bolandeira*.

At first she did not mind. Dizzy, exhausted of working, she would lie down on nails. However, a beginning of prosperity had come. They were eating and growing fat. They had nothing: if they went away, they would take only the clothes, the rifle, the trunk made of leaf, and small pieces. But they were living, in the grace of God, the master trusted them – and they were almost happy. It was missing only a bed. It was what made Sinhá Vitória be upset. Since she was no longer in heavy duty, she spent a piece of the night screwing. And the habit of ducking in at dusk was not right, that no one is a hen.<sup>263</sup>

Graciliano presents us through fiction, one of the fundamentals of the Existentialism of the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre. In *Draft for a theory of emotions*, it seems that Sartre, when criticizing psychology, is narrating Fabiano and his family; he seems to know Fabiano and family as close friends.

The notion of man that it [psychology] accepts is entirely empirical: there are in the world a number of creatures that offer to experience analogous characters. [...] Indeed, the means of information available about them are more easily accessible because they live in society, have a language and give testimonies.<sup>264</sup>

Not only Sinhá Vitória seems to better organize thoughts. The eldest boy, from a word (“hell”), develops the whole *sartrean* philosophy.

He had been in the bar with his brother, making little animals of clay, smearing himself. He left the toy and went to ask Sinhá Vitória. A disaster. The guilty was Sinhá Terta, who on the day before, after curing Fabiano’s spinal cord with prayers, she had uttered a strange word, squeaking, the straw of the pipe stuck in the toothless gums. He had wished the word to become a thing and had been disappointed when

---

<sup>263</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 45.

<sup>264</sup> SARTRE, Jean-Paul. *Esboço para uma teoria das emoções*. [“Draft for a theory of emoticons”] Translation: Paulo Neves. Porto Alegre: L&PM, (1939 in) 2006, p. 14, square bracket added.



his mother had referred to a bad place full of skewers and bonfires. So he grumbled, waiting for her to make hell turn into other thing.<sup>265</sup>

For Sartre, as for Heidegger, it is necessary to go into the very things, to their essences, because similarly to Fabiano in the corresponding quotation on footnote number 47 of our brief study, “I become a man as I understand myself one as such” (SARTRE, (1939 in) 2006, p. 23).

The minds of Fabiano and Sinhá Vitória dialogue without even needing words, as if they went back to the time of the caves and communicated through the first signs, symbols, gestures.

It was not exactly talking: they were loose sentences, spaced, with repetitions and inconsistencies. Sometimes a guttural interjection gave energy to ambiguous speech. In fact, none of them paid attention to the words of the other: they were displaying the images that came up to their minds, and the images followed, deforming themselves; there was no way to master them. As the resources of expression were diminished, they tried to remedy the deficiency by speaking loudly.<sup>266</sup>

Sartre believes (and so does Husserl) that “to exist for consciousness is about appearing to itself” (SARTRE, (1939 in) 2006, p. 24, italics of the edition). The French philosopher does not believe in God, in a superior creature who leads our fate, but in the human being himself, whose emotions must be assumed and directed to the world, in the most extreme solitude, but also in the purest freedom.

Thus, it is impossible to consider emotion as a psychophysiological disorder. It has its essence, its particular structures, its laws of emergence, its significance. It could not come from *outside* to human reality. On the contrary, it is man who *assumes* his emotion, and therefore emotion is an organized form of human existence.<sup>267</sup>

## **The home**

Graciliano Ramos was born in Quebrangulo, Alagoas, in 1892. At the age of seven he moved with his family to Viçosa. In 1905, he moved to Maceió because of his

---

<sup>265</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 57-58.

<sup>266</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 64.

<sup>267</sup> SARTRE, Jean-Paul. Op. cit., (1939 in) 2006, p. 27.

studies, and from 1910 to 1914, he lives for the first time in Palmeira dos Índios; then, he spends a year in Rio de Janeiro, returning in 1915 and taking over the family business.

It is in the José Pinto de Barros Street, number 90, center of Palmeira dos Índios, that we find its house-museum. Graciliano experienced the most extreme social isolation – which we, except in its proportions, also experienced during the pandemic. In the film of the same name of the posthumous book *Memories of imprisonment*,<sup>268</sup> the actor Carlos Vereza show us the experiences of extreme social isolation that Graciliano had in the Penal Colony of Ilha Grande, Rio de Janeiro.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p0Gy67\\_6kJc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p0Gy67_6kJc)

Considering the pandemic as a great metaphor for life, imprisoned within the four walls of our homes, we know a tiny part of what Graciliano suffered in real life; and what Fabiano experienced trapped in his own clothes within the four walls of the human being in fiction.

Fabiano was in silence, looking at the images and the lit candles, embarrassed in the new clothes, his neck stretched, stepping on burning coals. The crowd squeezed him tighter than his clothes, embarrassing him. With leggings, *gibão*, a kind of raw leather coat, and breastplate. He seemed to walk in a box, like an armadillo, but rode on the back of an animal and flew into the caatinga. Now he could not turn anyway: hands and arms grazing his body. He remembered the beating he had taken the night before in jail. The feeling he experienced did not differ much from what he had had when he was arrested.<sup>269</sup>

The prison of clothes in much resembles the prison of words. And how many new words for the children, the youngest and the oldest, are reached and appropriated in this immense world of God...

The youngest boy had a question and presented it shyly to his brother. Could all that have been done by people? The eldest boy hesitated, peeked at the shops, the lighted awnings, the well-dressed girls. He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps all that had been done by people. New difficulty came to his mind, and he blew it into his brother's ear. Probably those things had names. The youngest boy questioned him only with the eyes. Yes, certainly such precious things that were displayed on the altars of the

---

<sup>268</sup> *Memórias do cárcere*. [“Memories of imprisonment”] 1984. 185 min. Brasil. Direction and Screenplay: Nelson Pereira dos Santos. Starring: Carlos Vereza, Glória Pires, Nildo Parente, José Dumont, among others.

<sup>269</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 75.

church and on the shelves of the shops had names. They began to discuss the intricate question. How could men keep too many words?<sup>270</sup>

The words are prison for Fabiano and Sinhá Vitória. We recall the narratives of former prisoners of the Nazi concentration camps that the Brazilian translator, theorist and literary critic Márcio Seligmann-Silva presents us in his book *History, Memory, Literature: the testimony in the era of catastrophes...*

Robert Antelme opens with these words his account of his experience in the Nazi concentration camps which – as one of the first – he wrote as early in 1947. This passage describes the field of forces on which the testimony literature is articulated: on the one hand, the pressing need to narrate the lived experience; on the other hand, the perception of both the insufficiency of language before (unspeakable) facts as well as – and with a much more tragic sense – the perception of the unimaginable character of the same ones and of its consequent untruthfulness.<sup>271</sup>

...but words are at the same time freedom, for Graciliano Ramos, Fabiano and Sinhá Vitória.

Sinhá Vitória weakened, an immense tenderness filled her heart. She revived, tried to free herself from sad thoughts and talk to her husband by monosyllables. Despite having a good tip of the tongue, she felt a tightness in her throat and could not explain it. But she was helpless and lonely, needed help, someone to give her courage. Indispensable to hear any sound. The morning, without birds, without leaves and without wind, went forward in a death silence. The red band disappeared, diluted in the blue that filled the sky. Sinhá Vitória needed to speak. If she remained in silence, it would be like a *Mandacaru* plant drying up, dying.<sup>272</sup>

## Films on Graciliano Ramos and Creative Writing

### 4) *Vidas Secas* [“Dry Lives”] (1963):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m5fsDcFOdwQ>

---

<sup>270</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 82.

<sup>271</sup> SELIGMANN-SILVA, Márcio. *História, memória, literatura: o testemunho na era das catástrofes*. [“History, memory, literature: the testimony in the era of catastrophes”] 1st ed. Campinas: Editora Unicamp, 2017, p. 46.

<sup>272</sup> RAMOS, Graciliano. Op. cit., (1938 in) 2013, p. 120.

- 5) *São Bernardo* (1971): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Uu43gZZ44>
- 6) *O universo Graciliano* [“The Graciliano universe”] (2013):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=coDCmZdqMg>

### **Unblocking Exercise**

Bringing the experience on the exhaustion of words before the four walls of the prison of Graciliano Ramos, both in the fiction of *Dry Lives*, and in the non-fiction of *Memories of imprisonment*, write, film, draw, record your own voice of some material produced at home during the isolation of the Covid-19 pandemic.

**MAY 2021**  
**VINICIUS DE MORAES**

## If everyone in the world were like you

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BMP3TrqZCoY>

I have firstly known about Vinicius de Moraes when I was very young, still a girl, and I had no idea that I would find out within his words, songs, film reviews, plays, poems, an inexhaustible source of techniques of good writing, masterful ways of Creative Writing.

In the documentary *Vinicius de Moraes*,<sup>273</sup> which trailer opens the module of our course in May 2021, we rescue the biography of one of the most important and complete Brazilian artists. The documentary was directed by Miguel Faria Júnior, who also wrote the screenplay with the collaboration of Diana Vasconcellos and the poet and professor of Brazilian Literature at UFRJ Eucanaã Ferraz. The documentary has the participation of artists such as Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, Maria Bethânia, Adriana Calcanhotto, Chico Buarque, and poetry theorists as Antonio Candido and Ferreira Gullar – our Ferreira Gullar, who we studied in module of March. Along the lesson, we will unveil the process of creation of (Marcus) Vinicius de Moraes, born in 1913, in the neighborhood of Gávea, in the city of São Sebastião of Rio de Janeiro.

Vinicius wrote more than four hundred poems published in twelve books and translated worldwide. He was also a diplomat of Ministry of Foreign Affairs – Itamaraty. He started writing within the tradition of the romantic poets. His father, Clodoaldo Pereira da Silva Moraes, was a poet, the first and great influence on his son’s career; and his mother, Lydia Cruz de Moraes, was an amateur pianist. Vinicius won the National Poetry Award with his second book *Forma e exegese* [“Form and exegesis”] (1935), competing with Jorge Amado’s book, *Mar Morto* [“Dead Sea”] (1936). Ferreira Gullar usually states, with all his might, that Vinicius helps us live.

---

<sup>273</sup> *Vinicius de Moraes*. 2005. 121 min. Brasil. Direction: Miguel Faria Júnior. Screenplay: Miguel Faria Júnior, Diana Vasconcellos, Eucanaã Ferraz. Opening Text: Rubem Braga. The documentary has the participation of Camila Morgado, Ricardo Blat, Yamandu Costa, Ferreira Gullar, Antonio Candido, Chico Buarque, Miúcha, Caetano Veloso, Maria Bethânia, Adriana Calcanhotto, Tônia Carrero, Olivia Byington, Edu Lobo, Gilberto Gil, Mônica Salmaso, Carlos Lyra, Mariana de Moraes, Susana de Moraes, Baden Powell, among others.

The poet Eucanaã Ferraz, collaborator to the film about the "Poetinha" (beloved poet), also guides us in his work *Vinicius de Moraes: collect works*.<sup>274</sup> In the Editorial Note, he explains how he organized the numerous texts of our author studied and brings up the Introduction/Foreword of Vinicius' youngest sister, Laetitia Cruz de Moraes.

I see, when recalling things of childhood, a shredding of home numbers, starting at 114, Lopes Quintas Street, where my parents went newlyweds, and the following was at 192, Voluntários da Pátria Street, the number 100, Passagem Street, then 132, Real Grandeza Street, linked to the tragic story of a vision unveiled to Monsignor Monte. Later it came the 195, also Voluntários da Pátria Street, the number 109-A of Cocotá Beach, on the Ilha do Governador, and the return to Gávea, to the house at 110, Lopes Quintas Street, also owned by our maternal grandparents. And, finally, 87, Acácias Street, from where the children left to marry.<sup>275</sup>

The purpose of our Studies on Creative Writing Online – The Worlds Within is to look over Creative Writing techniques of great Brazilian poets and writers, especially within the four walls of their houses where their literary work was created. And the material chosen to give support to our classes – book and documentary – meets our intention to unveil the intimate universe of these authors and how their corresponding home environments influenced on their writing – we who had to stay at home and produce inspired by objects, rooms, walls of our homes during the Covid-19 pandemic.

I invite you, dearest scribes, to follow me on this path, which I promise to be as kind as the author studied.

### **Affection Theory**

– Vinicius worked at the core of affection.

The sentence above is part of the documentary previously mentioned and it was uttered by the artist from Bahia Gilberto Gil. He states that Vinicius wished to gather blacks and whites. I add to Gil's statement: Vinicius wished to gather theory and poetry.

---

<sup>274</sup> *Vinicius de Moraes: collected works*. Org. Eucanaã Ferraz. 1st ed. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 2017.

<sup>275</sup> MORAES, Laetitia Cruz de. In *Op. cit.*, (1961 in) 2017, p. 14. The Introduction/Foreword by Laetitia deserves to be read with extreme attention, affection, care and appreciation. As if you were drinking a good wine.

Influenced by Greek myths, French poets and traditional Brazilian popular music, Vinicius went through the erudite universe without putting aside the everyday, simple life, but not falling into the error of the commonplace.

His first book, *O caminho para a distância* ["The way to distance"] (1933), reverberates the Catholic education within Colégio Santo Inácio, where he studied up to the secondary school.

Full is the air of mysterious murmuring  
 Within the clear mist of things, a vague sense of spiritualizing...  
 Full is everything of sleepy noises  
 Coming from the sky, coming from the ground  
 For crushing my everlasting despair.<sup>276</sup>

Throughout his life, Vinicius will bring away in his body and soul this continuous struggle between the sacred and the mundane, between the erudite and the popular, between theory and poetry.

The poet's life has a distinct pace  
 Continuum it is such distressing pain.  
 Destined is the poet for suffering  
 The same that clears his vision of beauty  
 His soul is fellow of the distant infinite  
 Infinite that no one reaches and no one sees.<sup>277</sup>

In 2018, for the Studies in Creative Writing on Music, we studied the baroque Affection Theory.

The Affection Theory or Doctrine (in German, *Affektenlehre*) dates back to ancient times, when the Greeks directed the music to extract the desired feelings and to get a better result from the spectacles and, thus, a greater efficiency of catharsis. Plato enumerated four affections: Pleasure, Suffering, Desire, and Fear.

---

<sup>276</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. Místico. *O caminho para a distância*. ["The way to distance"] In Op. cit., (1933 in) 2017, p. 41.

<sup>277</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. O poeta. *O caminho para a distância*. ["The way to distance"] In Op. cit., (1933 in) 2017, p. 53.



During the Renaissance, several Greco-Roman ideas were brought to light, updated, and among there was the Affection Theory, used in *Reservata* at the houses of patrons and illustrious supporters of Art. Probably, the baroque Affection Theory is an evolution of that of the Renaissance, having as a basic difference between them. In the Renaissance, harmony was master of the word and, in the Baroque, the word was master of harmony, having in the case of Baroque a greater intensity of feelings.<sup>278</sup>

In the Studies on Creative Writing Online 2021, we go further. We study the contemporary Affection Theory – or as it is better defined by the professor of Communication Studies at Millersville University, USA, Gregory J. Seigworth, “the affection theories” – from the *Ethics*<sup>279</sup> by the Dutch philosopher Baruch Spinoza and the concept of unfinished process, always in motion that we find in the work/body of postmodern artists.

In what has undoubtedly become one of the most quoted sentences about affection, Baruch Spinoza stated: “No one has yet determined what the body can do” (1959: 87). Two key aspects are immediately worth emphasizing, or re-emphasizing, here: firstly, the body’s ability is never defined by the body alone, but is always supported and stimulated by, and fits with the context field of its force relations; and, secondly, the “not yet” of “knowing the body” is still much with us more than 330 years after Spinoza wrote his *Ethics*. But, as Spinoza acknowledged, this question is never the generic figure of “the body” (not whatever body), but, much more singularly, strive to configure a body and its affections (in a broad sense), its continuous affective composition of a world, not that of a world and a body.<sup>280</sup>

We find in the life and work of Vinicius de Moraes this same “not yet”, or the concept of process, of unfinished, a being in eternal movement, from erudite to popular, from bossa nova to afro-music, without clinging to the genres and styles created by him, between theory and poetry, between tradition and everyday life, as stated by Antonio Candido in the documentary studied in this module...

Hours would go by and within hours such peak of every suffering moment

Hours would go by until such returning time for loving souls

---

<sup>278</sup> TENÓRIO, Patricia Gonçalves. Estudos em Escrita Criativa, 2018 [“Studies on Creative Writing, 2018”] – A música. In *I5*. Recife: Raio de Sol, 2019, p. 134.

<sup>279</sup> ESPINOSA, Bento de. *Ethics*. Introduction and notes: Joaquim de Carvalho. Translation: Part I: Joaquim de Carvalho; Parte II and III: Joaquim Ferreira Gomes; Parte IV and V: António Simões. Lisboa, Portugal: Relógio D’Água Editores, 1992.

<sup>280</sup> SEIGWORTH J., Gregory & GREGG, Melissa. An Inventory of Shimmers. In *The Affect Theory Reader*. Edited by Melissa Gregg and Gregory J. Seigworth. Several authors. North Carolina, USA: Duke University Press, 2010, p. 3 – Free translation of the author.

Going by with them up to the next night.

No movement – one must not be awoken from being asleep standing vigil in spirit

We must forget such poetry to be harvested on long roads.

No thought – mobility will be such horror of every night

One must be happy in immobility.<sup>281</sup>

... a human being in transit, nine marriages, always seeking the beloved one...

Thou will fall over taming me but I will resist thee

Cause' my nature is more powerful than thy.

My embrace thou will try to be condense in force – I will be only looking at thee

Softly I will caress thy cold back, my desire shaping thee

Under the sun thou will be wide open for marrying.

Thou will be a woman to a man

Great cries of joy will spread thy love to the blue sky and the golden forests.

I will hold my arms high to thy stone breasts<sup>282</sup>

We can consider the poetry of Vinicius affecting and being affected by five areas: Sacred/Erudite, Erotic/Sensual, Popular, Visual Arts, and Children's. Here are some few examples.

Sacred/Erudite:

But behold, a fierce wolf rises from behind a distant mountain

And going upon the sacred animal, terrified it slims in a naked woman

And enslaving the wolf, already hung swinging slowly in the wind [Judas]

The naked woman [Salome] dances for an Arab chief [Herod], who cuts her head with a sword

Throwing it on the lap of Jesus there among the little children.<sup>283</sup>

---

<sup>281</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. O prisioneiro. [“The prisoner”] *Forma e exegeze*. [“Form and exegesis”] In Op. cit., (1935 in) 2017, p. 83.

<sup>282</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. A queda. [“The fall”] *Forma e exegeze*. [“Form and exegesis”] In Op. cit., (1935 in) 2017, p. 92.

<sup>283</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. A última parábola. [“The last parable”] *Forma e exegeze*. [“Form and exegesis”] In Op. cit., (1935 in) 2017, p. 99, square brackets added. Notice how Vinicius turn the parables into possibilities – Herod cuts off Salome’s head instead of John the Baptist’s one, etc.

Erotic/Sensual:

God, I wish that woman passing by.

Her cold back is a field of lilies

I see seven colors in her hair

Seven hopes in a fresh mouth!

Oh! How lovely thee, passing-by woman

Satiating and executing me

Nights and days within!<sup>284</sup>

Popular:

For everything to my love, I am all attention

Prior, every such zeal, and ever, and plenty

That even in face of great enchantment

The more enchanted will be all my perception.

I wish to live its every vain moment

And for thy praise I will fully spread my song

And laugh my laughter and pour my tear pond

Either to your sorrow or contentment.<sup>285</sup>

We will focus on the last two affection groups of Vinicius's poetry: the Visual Arts and the Poetry for Children. Vinicius, in addition to evoking poets such as Rainer Maria Rilke, Manuel Bandeira, João Cabral de Melo Neto; he also evoked visual artists of his affection, such as Almir Castro, Di Cavalcante, Alfredo Volpi, Candido Portinari, Lasar Segall.

Visual Arts:

What secret lies beneath such old patina

Through where light is filtered almost shy

From the silent space you have carved

---

<sup>284</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. The woman passing by. *New poems*. In Op. cit., (1938 in) 2017, p. 146.

<sup>285</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. Sonnet of fidelity. *Poems, sonnets and ballads*. In Op. cit., (1946 in) 2017, p. 191.

For painting with no scarlet screams  
 Within the deep revolt against the crime  
 From those who made life sorrowful? ...<sup>286</sup>

But the two groups merge when we get to the poetry for children, as if they inhabited the same house.

### The home

Still in the Introduction/Foreword of the book in which we focus on this brief study, the youngest sister of the Poet, Laetitia, presents us the family environment and how the homes, their objects, and the people who inhabited them influenced the poetic imaginary of Vinicius.

Here I would like to open a parenthesis to describe the environment, perhaps unique, that reigned there, by the influence it had upon Vinicius' life. I would like to start by the house that, despite successive changes, it remained always the same: a single floor, a habitable - or almost - basement, windows opening out to the street, internal corridor skylight. Its residents were all special people. There was the kind grandfather, always in opposition (he was a staunch monarchist), an excellent confectioner and a collector of strings, books by Paulo de Kock and novels by Michel Zevaco, whose characters intensely populated our children imagination.<sup>287</sup>

It seems that Vinicius, our beloved poet, was born old and was rejuvenating; and this reverberates in his poetry – but a poet is a child forever. I remember the TV special program on Rede Globo called *Vinicius for Children*,<sup>288</sup> that I watched when I was eleven. So, on the page 441 of the book we chose as the basis of our study, I had a surprise: I came across *The Noah's ark*.

---

<sup>286</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. Sonnet to Lasar Segall. *Book of sonnets*. In Op. cit., (1957/1967 in) 2017, p. 305.

<sup>287</sup> MORAES, Laetitia Cruz de. In Op. cit., (1961 in) 2017, p. 15.

<sup>288</sup> The TV special program *Vinicius for Children* was broadcasted by Rede Globo on 10/10/198 at 9 pm. It was directed by Ewaldo Ruy and general direction by Augusto César Vanucci. It had the special participation of Aretha Marcos, Alceu Valença, Chico Buarque, Fábio Júnior, Milton Nascimento, MPB4 and many other artists. Here is the link for the opening trailer:

<https://memoriaglobo.globo.com/entretenimento/infantojuvenil/vinicius-para-crianca-a-arca-de-noe/>

Suddenly, seven in color  
 The rainbow fully untying  
 In the clearly content water  
 From forest stream shining.

The sun at transparent veil  
 Of gold and silver raining  
 Light brightly glowing  
 In sky, on ground, waterfalling.

The door of the Ark opens  
 In pairs: sincere they are  
 The joy and white beard  
 Of the prudent patriarch.<sup>289</sup>

Vinicius presents it in a childish, but intelligent way – being careful not to underestimate the ability of children to apprehend poetry – , a whole universe to which Noah’s ark refers us: the recreation of the world after the flood. That is quite interesting to use this metaphor in poetic writing, especially for children. I believe there is nothing more original than that. Everything has already been created, but not under our perspective, our subjectivity, and our reading as well as life background.

Lion! Lion! Lion!  
 Roaring like thunder  
 Jumped upon, and bye-bye  
 Little baby mountain goat.

Lion! Lion! Lion!  
 King of creation so you are!<sup>290</sup>

Thus, we got to the promised relation between the affection of visual arts and Vinicius' poetry for children. We cannot put aside the comparison of “The lion” with the

---

<sup>289</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. A arca de Noé [“The Noah’s ark”]. *A arca de Noé*. In Op. cit., (1970 in) 2017, p. 443.

<sup>290</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. O leão. [“The lion”] In Op. cit., (1970 in) 2017, p. 450.

poem and the illuminated printing “The Tyger” by the English poet and artist William Blake, from whom Vinicius reveals his inspiration.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright!  
 In the forests of the night;  
 What immortal hand or eye,  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?<sup>291</sup>

Notice that they are poems for readers of different ages, written by poets in different languages, but that have in common the same essence of poetry, showing us that art has no age, and the most important thing is about reaching those who read us.

And we complete our study of Vinicius de Moraes' poetry with a poem that refers to the main purpose of our Studies on Creative Writing Online – The worlds within: How do the homes – our own and those from the writers here studied – affect or affected our writing?

It was a house  
 Quite funny  
 Had no roof  
 Had nothing  
 Nobody could  
 Get into it  
 Because the house  
 Had no floor in it  
 Nobody could  
 On hammock sleep  
 Because the house  
 Had no wall in it  
 Nobody could  
 Not even pee  
 Because a potty  
 Had not in it

---

<sup>291</sup> BLAKE, W. *William Blake*. The British Museum. London: The Random House, 2005, p.32

But it was built  
 Very carefully  
 At number Zero  
 On Fools Street.<sup>292</sup>

### Films on Vinicius de Moraes and Creative Writing

- 1) *Vinicius, the poet I* (2014): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DL4Q6MMTN1E>
- 2) *Vinicius, the poet II* (2014): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DL4Q6MMTN1E>
- 3) *Vinicius de Moraes / Poesia e Prosa com Maria Bethânia*: [“Poetry and Prose with Maria Bethânia”] <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P18VXvzb5bw>

### Unblocking exercise

*Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos*  
*Te pareces al mundo em tu actitud de entrega.*  
 Of such coordinates and such great horizons  
 Thus, immersed in love, you are an Atlantis!<sup>293</sup>

*Extracted from a column of*  
*cinema gossips from Los Angeles*  
 Daily News

Bubbles Hornblow  
 Wife of Myrna Loy’s last husband  
 Current Wife of Gene Markey

---

<sup>292</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. A casa. [“The house”] In Op. cit., (1970 in) 2017, p. 456.

<sup>293</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. Um poema-canção de amor desesperado. [“A song-poem of a desperate love”] *História natural de Pablo Neruda*. [“Natural history of Pablo Neruda”] In Op. cit., (1974 in) 2017, p. 475-476.

Who is the last husband of Joan Benett<sup>294</sup>

All of love in me has been given.  
 All of love speaking in me has been said.  
 Out of nothing in me love has set the infinite  
 That for long has enslaved me.<sup>295</sup>

Following the examples above of Vinicius de Moraes' dialogues with other languages, other poets and other media, create poems, short stories, theatrical presentations in writing form, or photographic images, or short videos, in four hands, with another scribe. If you choose photographic images or short videos, try to insert written words in the material, if possible.

---

<sup>294</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. O eterno retorno. ["The eternal recurrence"]. *Dispersos*. ["Dispersed ones"] In Op. cit., 2017, p. 518, *itálico da edição*.

<sup>295</sup> MORAES, Vinicius de. Soneto a quatro mãos ["Sonnet in four hands"] (with Paulo Mendes Campos). *Dispersos*. ["Dispersed ones"] In Op. cit., 2017, p. 546.



**JUNE 2021**  
**JORGE AMADO**

## The smell of clove, the color of Gabriela: chronicle of an announced novel

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KqBRcHU0xAI>

March 1994. I walk through the streets of Ilhéus and I come across the bar *Vesúvio*, the same as the Arab Nacib's bar name, with the smell of *quibe* and delicacies made by Gabriela. I had moved in a few days ago to the city where Jorge Amado lived and wrote one of his best-known stories: *Gabriela, cravo e canela* ["Gabriela, clove and cinnamon"].<sup>296</sup>

I did not watch the 1975 Globo soap opera.<sup>297</sup> (I was a six-year-old child) and I had not read the book yet. But now, after finishing its reading, it is like I could see Gabriela coming down the slope with her tray of delicacies, going down from her house to the Nacib's bar; a red flower in her hair, walking sly like those who know how to be seen, aware of the beauty of her smile that mirrors all that. Gloria, the mistress of Colonel Coriolano Ribeiro, over there on a balcony overlooking the same square of the bar *Vesúvio* and the San Sebastian church.

*Gabriela* was written in 1958. The novel could be read as a chronicle of fictionalized habits and customs, in which we recognize a variety of techniques to enhance our online course "The worlds within", writing in progress, our process of creation. Starting with the form of a theater play, with a prologue contextualizing the history of the city transformation in the golden age of cocoa...

This love story – by curious coincidence, as Dona Arminda would say – began on the same clear day of spring sun, when the farmer Jesuíno Mendonça killed with gunshots Dona Sinhazinha Guedes Mendonça, his wife, exponent of local society, brunette more to fat, quite fond of church parties, and Dr. Osmundo Pimentel, a dentist surgeon who arrived in Ilhéus a few months before, an elegant young man, who loved to act like a poet. [...] Making the city forget the other matters to comment: the stranding of the Coast ship in the morning at the entrance of the bay, the establishment of the first bus line connecting Ilhéus to Itabuna, the recent great ball

---

<sup>296</sup> AMADO, Jorge. *Gabriela, cravo e canela: crônica de uma cidade do interior*. ["Gabriela, clove and cinnamon: chronicle of a countryside city."] Foreword: José Paulo Paes. 2nd ed. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2012.

<sup>297</sup> *Gabriela*. 1975. 132 episodes of 50 min each. Brazil. Adaptation: Walter George Durst. Direction: Walter Avancini. Com Sônia Braga, Armando Bógus, Paulo Gracindo, Nívea Maria, José Wilker, Elizabeth Savalla, Marco Nanini, Marcos Paulo, Maria Fernanda, Angela Leal, Eloísa Mafalda, Dina Sfat, Fúlvio Stefanini, Rubens de Falco, Milton Gonçalves, among others.

in the Progress Club, and even the enthusiastic question raised by Mundinho Falcão of the dredging vessels to the bay...<sup>298</sup>

... and a show opening poster on the first page of Chapter One.

ADVENTURES & MISADVENTURES OF A GOOD BRAZILIAN MAN  
(BORN IN SYRIA) IN THE CITY OF ILHÉUS, IN 1925, WHEN COCOA  
FLOURISHED & PROGRESS PREVAILED,  
WITH  
AFFAIRS, MURDERS, BANQUETS, NATIVITY SCENES,  
VARIED STORIES FOR ALL TASTES,  
A REMOTE GLORIOUS PAST  
OF SUPERB NOBLES & SCOUNDRELS,  
A RECENT PAST  
OF RICH FARMERS & FAMOUS JAGUNÇOS,  
WITH  
LONELINESS & SIGHS, DESIRE, REVENGE, RAGE,  
WITH  
RAIN AND SUN  
&  
WITH  
MOONLIGHT, INFLEXIBLE LAWS, POLITICAL MANEUVERS,  
THE EXCITING CASE OF THE BARRA,  
WITH  
CONJURER, DANCER, MIRACLE  
&  
OTHER MAGIC TRICKS  
OR  
A BRAZILIAN OF ARABIA<sup>299</sup>

In addition to the anticipation of events in the opening of the chapters, in the format of calls (as if they were announcements from the newspapers of the narrative - *Jornal do Sul* or *Diário de Ilhéus*) or poems (as if they were written by one of the characters, the teacher and poet Josu), Jorge Amado will guide us through the streets of one of his beloved cities, dressing the skin and multiple perspectives of his characters, until we arrive in one of his houses in the center of Ilhéus...

When the procession finally got to the San Sebastian Square, stopping before the small white church, when Gloria crossed herself three times smiling from her cursed window, when the Arab Nacib came out his empty bar to better enjoy the event, then it has happened the so commented miracle. No, the blue sky did not get dull of black clouds, the rain did not start falling. Undoubtedly not to spoil the procession. But a

---

<sup>298</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 9, brackets added.

<sup>299</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 11.

dimmed daytime moon appeared in the sky, so perfectly visible despite the blinding brightness of the sun.<sup>300</sup>

... or even the journalistic resource and the television series of the subtitles – HOW NACIB WOKE UP WITHOUT A COOK; GABRIELA ON THE WAY; PARENTHESIS OF THE WARNING; CLOSING THE PARENTHESIS, WE ARRIVE AT THE BANQUET – until we arrive at the teachings on non-fiction techniques so similar to the fiction by the professor of PUCRS, a Gaucho writer and one of the first PhDs in Creative Writing in Brazil, Bernardo de Moraes Bueno.<sup>301</sup>

Bueno teaches us that non-fiction as well as fiction narrative are stories; and therefore, they use the same techniques because one of the wishes of writing, since the time of the scribes in ancient Egypt, is to overcome death through writing. Some examples of the techniques: it is better to write in scenes (show and not to say); we must establish a pact with the reader (in fiction, the reader knows that the story is not real; in non-fiction, he knows that it is real); it is necessary to choose a frame – in fiction as well as in non-fiction, it would be the time/space that starts the story.

(It is important to open these parentheses in order to comment about the beautiful work of the guest writer of the module on Jorge Amado, from São Paulo, based in Porto Alegre, Frederico Linardi, master and PhD in Creative Writing by PUCRS. Fred, with his partner Regina Rapacci, created Biographies & Prophecies, a publisher company that transforms into biography the narrative of anonymous people who wish to record their stories for posterity, using the same techniques that Bueno teaches us a little above.)

In *Gabriela*, Jorge Amado follows the opposite way. In a fictional work, he uses the journalistic techniques of non-fiction, weaving the chronicle of an announced novel, as if we were reading through those pages of old periodicals and following the narrative of the photographs.

After the Jesuit priests had brought the first cocoa seedlings. When the men arrived seeking fortune, they threw themselves into the woods and fought, in the mouth of the repetitions and the parabellum, for the possession of every inch of land. When

---

<sup>300</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 17.

<sup>301</sup> The following techniques were extracted from the classes given by Professor Bernardo Bueno in the subject Creation Workshop: the non-fiction text and other languages, from the first group of the Specialization course in Creative Writing Unicap/ PUCRS, in May/June 2020.

the Badarós, the Oliveiras, the Braz Damásio, the Teodoros das Baraúnas, and many others, crossed the ways, opening paths, ahead of the *jagunços* [gunmen] facing mortal combats. When the forests were pulled down and the cocoa trees planted over corpses and blood. When the *caxixe* [wish of owning lands] reigned, justice was put at the service of the interests of the land conquerors, when every great tree hid a sniper in the den, waiting for his victim.<sup>302</sup>

Jorge Amado himself comments in an interview to the *Cadernos de Literatura* [“Journals of Literature”] of the Moreira Salles’ Institute about this natural turn from reality to fiction and vice versa, from the outside world to the worlds within who writes.

This connection of literature with reality, with the time I lived, this was already in me since the beginning.

[...]

What happened was that I passed by a place, saw certain things and that influenced me. I never went to a region with a systematic proposal to collect data for a novel. I traveled because I found it pleasant and not for the purpose that it would be useful for my work.<sup>303</sup>

### **The worlds within Melanie Klein or For an affection learning in Jorge Amado**

The Austrian psychoanalyst Melanie Klein studied these worlds within, captured from the outside world by writers like Jorge Amado. Klein believed that individuals, in their early childhood – from the moment of breastfeeding –, continually turn external objects into internal ones, which is in literary terms, reality into fiction.

The internal world, it must be said, is not only the subjective reflection of the external world, the representation of its double. Jean Laplanche, one of the greatest masters of contemporary psychoanalysis, comments: “These (internal) images are not the memory of older real experiences; they are the introjected input of these experiences but modified by the process of introjection itself.” Thus, the inner representation that the baby makes of the world is the result from the very process through which he/she has internalized him/herself, which in turn is governed by the nature of the anxiety that generated him. That which will be introjected, in turn, will be again projected

---

<sup>302</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 21. Square bracket added.

<sup>303</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Mar de histórias. [“Sea of histories”] In: *Edição especial – 10 anos de CADERNOS DE LITERATURA BRASILEIRA*, number 22. Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Moreira Salles, July 2007, p. 54 and 55, square bracket added.

and will color the nature of the receiver of its projection, and can be introjected again, modified and so on.<sup>304</sup>

We find this movement of projection (to the external world) and continuous introjection (to the internal world) in the main character of Amado's novel. Gabriela, a rose that cannot be trapped in the vase, of an infinite freedom, proper to a child, brings to the center the maximum desire of the author himself: the freedom of races, genders, sexualities, religions, social classes for the Brazilian people.

She was walking home. Dressed in a spinster, stuffed in shoes, stockings and everything. In front of the church, in the square, children played with wheel toys.  
[...]

Gabriela was walking, that song she used to sing when she was just a girl. She stopped for listening, watching the spinning wheel. Before the death of her father and mother, before going to the house of her uncle and aunt. What a beauty the small feet on the floor dancing! Her feet complained, they wanted to dance. She could not resist; she loved playing with wheel toys. She tore off her shoes, dropped them on the sidewalk, and ran to the boys.

[...]

Singing, spinning, clapping hands, Gabriela the girl.<sup>305</sup>

Gabriela puts us in doubt about the limit between reality and fiction when, in front of the bird's cage, she announces the future betrayal to her husband Nacib with the gallant Tónico, at the same time that she justifies the need to be free that we carry for life since we were children.

When Nacib left, she sat before the cage. Seu Nacib was good, she thought, jealous. She smiled, sticking her finger through the cage bars, the frightened bird trying to escape from her. He was jealous, how funny... She was not. If he would like to, he could sleep with another woman. At first it was like that, she knew about it. He went to bed with her and the others. She did not mind. He could go with another one. Not to stay, only to sleep. Seu Nacib was jealous, it was funny. Which part would Josué take off if he touched her hand? If Seu Tónico, quite handsome guy!, so serious for Seu Nacib, and on his back, he tried to kiss her neck? If Seu Epaminondas asked for a date, if Seu Ari gave candy to her, or if he touched her chin? With all of them she slept every night, with them and those before them too, except her uncle, within the

---

<sup>304</sup> BARROS, Elias Mallet da Rocha. BARROS, Elizabeth Lima da Rocha. Significado de Melanie Klein ["Meaning in Melaine Klein"]. In: *Viver Mente & Cérebro* ["Living Mind & Brain"] – Memória da Psicanálise – Nº 3 – Melanie Klein. São Paulo: Duetto Editorial, 2009, p. 10.

<sup>305</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 204.

arms of Seu Nacib. Once with one, another time with another, more often with the boy Bebinho and Seu Tônico. It was so good, she only needed to imagine that.<sup>306</sup>

We could consider Amado's novel as a manifesto for female freedom, especially in the figures of Gabriela, Gloria and Malvina – the daughter of Colonel Melk Tavares who did not allow her to date with the married engineer Romulo and he expelled him out from the city threatening him with a whip.

Malvina was waiting at the top of the cliffs. Underneath, the waves were calling somehow. He would not come, he was terrified in the afternoon, and now she understood why. She looked at the wave foam up in the air, the waters were calling, for a moment she thought of throwing herself down. It would put an end in everything. But she wanted to live, she wanted to go away from Ilhéus, to work, to be someone, a whole world to conquer. What good was dying? In the waves she threw away the plans made, the seduction of Rômulo, his words and the note he had written her some days after landing. Malvina realized the mistake she had made: to get out of there, she could only see a way, which was being taken by a man, a husband, or a lover. Why? Was not it still Ilhéus acting on her, causing her not to trust herself? Why leaving only being taken by someone, tied to a commitment, such a great debt? Why not leaving by her own, alone, a world to conquer? So it would come out. Not through the door of death, she wanted to live, passionately, free as the boundless sea. She picked up her shoes, came down the cliff, and began to draw a plan. She felt relieved. Better than anything that he did not come, how could she live with a coward man?<sup>307</sup>

The continuous movement of projection to the external world and introjection to the internal world of Melanie Klein happens, above all, with the female characters, but also with the male ones, bringing to the center of history, the forgiveness, the regretting, the desire for brotherhood among human beings in the work of Jorge Amado.

It was after the siesta. Before the afternoon time to have a drink, at that empty time, between three and four and a half. When Nacib used to do the cash accounts, separate the money, calculate the profits. That is when Gabriela, finishing the job, left home. The Swedish sailor, a blonde man almost two meters tall, entered the bar, blew a heavy breath of alcohol in the face of Nacib and pointed with his finger to the bottles of cachaça. [...] He swept the Swedish blond man's pockets, and no sign of money. But he find out a funny brooch, a golden mermaid. On the counter, he put the Nordic mother of water, Iemanjá of Stockholm. The eyes of the Arab stared at Gabriela turning on the corner behind the church. He stared at the mermaid, her fishtail. [...] He took the bottle of cachaça, filled up a thick glass, the sailor lifted his arm, greeted him in Swedish, blunted in two swallows, and spat. Nacib put the golden mermaid

---

<sup>306</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 183.

<sup>307</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 199.

into his pocket, smiling. Gabriela would laugh happily, she would say groaning: “No need, handsome boy...”<sup>308</sup>

## The home

Heavy Austrian chairs, of high backrest, black and turned ones, leather worked in fire. They seemed to be put there to be watched and admired, not to sit on the. Anyone else would be intimidated. Standing, Colonel Altino Brandão once again admired the room. On the wall, as in his house, colorful portraits – made by a flourishing São Paulo company – of Colonel Ramiro and his deceased wife, a mirror between them two. At an angle, a niche with saints. Instead of candles, tiny electric lamps, blue, green, red, a quite pretty thing. On the other wall, it could be seen small Japanese bamboo mats, on which you could see postcards, portraits of relatives, stampings. A piano in the background, covered with a black shawl with figures of blood-colored branches.<sup>309</sup>

If you want to know a city, go to the highest place. If you want to know a writer, visit his home.

Jorge Amado had several ones. He was born in Ferradas, Itabuna district. He spent his childhood and adolescence between Ilhéus and Salvador, moving in, as a young adult, to Rio de Janeiro. In the wonderful city, he began to write – the novella *Lenita*, in partnership with Dias da Costa and Edison Carneiro. He publishes *O país do carnaval* [“The country of carnival”], *Jubiabá*, *Capitães de areia* [“Captains of sand”] and *Terras do sem fim* [“Lands of endless”], being considered one of the main exponents of regionalism in the 1930s. He joined the Communist Party, he was elected federal deputy, but his term was revoked in 1948. He moved in voluntary exile to Paris with Zélia Gattai, his second wife. *Gabriela* and other novels, such as *Tenda dos milagres* [“Tent of miracles”], come exactly at this time of Amado’s life and work; and he initiates the imaginary of a tropical Brazil, with its big mill houses, racial miscegenation and religious syncretism.

What if we could visit the houses in Ilhéus and Salvador of the creator of *Gabriela*? What would we see? What would we choose to narrate? In pandemic times of social isolation, of the impossibility of entering the worlds outside of the chosen, loved, and studied writers, how could we seize their homes and submerge in their worlds within? That is what we will see in our unblocking exercise.

---

<sup>308</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 320-321.

<sup>309</sup> AMADO, Jorge. Op. cit., (1958 in) 2012, p. 184.



### **Films on Jorge Amado and Creative Writing**

1) *100 years of Jorge Amado* (2012):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OZ42SkMli38>

2) *Jorge Amado: the writer and the character* (2012):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5DD0pZiD-yM>

3) *Capitães da areia* [“Captains of sand”] (2011):

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VTav\\_7PbnpU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VTav_7PbnpU)

### **Unblocking exercise**

Make believe that we can travel to Ilhéus. Make believe that we are in Salvador. We sail along Jorge Amado Street, in the center of Ilhéus, and we arrive at number 21. We go up to Pelourinho, in Salvador, and take a rest in Alagoinhas Street at number 33. On today’s unblocking exercise, we will imagine this/these trip(s), we will write non-fiction material using the imagination and techniques of fiction.

**JULY 2021**  
**CORA CORALINA**

## The lady of Goiás

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mxzEe\\_xDOnc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mxzEe_xDOnc)

A girl was born in the month of August. The year, 1889. The city, Goiás Velho or the ancient Vila Boa, in the Brazilian state of Goiás. The name, Anna Lins dos Guimarães Peixoto Brêtas. Or, as we know her, Cora Coralina.

The story of Cora Coralina is intertwined with that of the city of Goiás, with that of *Casa Velha da Ponte* where she was born, on the banks of the Vermelho River, mixing with the history of all of us, writers, women, from all times and spaces. It is also mixed with the creation process of.

And nothing is more appropriate for our 2021 Studies on Creative Writing – The Worlds Within – than to engage in a dialogue (although, reluctantly, due to the size of this article) between Cora Coralina’s writing, the lady from Goiás, and that of the young contemporary writer invited for module 7, a poet, and Creative Writing teacher at PUCRS, hailing from Mato Grosso do Sul, Moema Vilela.

Because, just as Almir Sater and Renato Teixeira state in the opening video of the module 7 lessons about Cora Coralina...

Penso que cumprir a vida

Seja simplesmente

Compreender a marcha

E ir tocando em frente

...our course enters within the heartland time, slows down the hours, and drinks from the purest and limpid poetry.

## The theories

So we shall begin with the *ekphrasis* and the writing of the lady from Goiás.

From the Greek *εκφραζειν*, “to explain in full”, that is, a phenomenon of verbal representation of a visual representation, there are many examples of *ekphrasis* in the

West, having its origin in Homer's description of Achilles' shield in the Iliad (9th century BC), captivating us with Lessing's *Laocoön* (1766), passing through the Romantics, with the English poet John Keats in *Ode to a Grecian Urn* (1820),<sup>310</sup> until we get to the poetry and prose of Cora Coralina.

Right at the beginning of one of the books studied for preparing the lessons of module 7, *Melhores Poemas* (“Best Poems”),<sup>311</sup> we find the verbal representation of the visual representation of a dove blue porcelain plate, which belonged to her great-grandmother, that the girl Anna accidentally broke.

This was an original plate,  
 very big, out of proportion,  
 somewhat oval.  
 A centerpiece plate, from old noble family tables.  
 From wedding banquets and christening days.

Heavy. With two handles to hold.  
 A plate for sweet delicacies like *mães-bentas*.  
 [...]  
 It was, indeed, a delight.  
 It had its designs  
 in delicate miniatures.  
 All in strong blue,  
 on a light background,  
 in semi-relief.  
 Branches of trees and stylized flowers.  
 A temple adorned with lanterns.  
 Round figures of interludes.

---

<sup>310</sup> In *History of Ugliness*, translated by Eliana Aguiar, Rio de Janeiro, Record, 2007, p. 271, the Italian novelist and semiotician Umberto Eco presents Lessing's analysis of *Laocoön*, a Greek sculpture from the 1st century BC, located in the Vatican Museum. In *History of Beauty*, also translated by Eliana Aguiar, Rio de Janeiro, Record, 2004, p. 315, the same Umberto Eco presents the relationship between truth and myth in John Keats' “Ode to a Grecian Urn”.

<sup>311</sup> CORALINA, Cora. *Melhores poemas Cora Coralina*. [“Best poems Cora Coralina”] Selection: Darcy França Denófrío. Direction: Edla Van Steen. 4<sup>a</sup> ed. São Paulo: Global, 2017.

An island. A latticed kiosk.  
 An arm of the sea.  
 A pagoda and a Chinese palace.  
 A bridge.  
 A boat with its silk canopy.  
 And pigeons flying over.<sup>312</sup>

Note that Coralina intertwines pure poetic description, or verbal representation of the visual representation of the blue-dove plate, or simply ekphrasis, with reminiscences in the form of narratives, as if those objects were the starting point for the storyteller, and the verses were spun like Penelope's never-ending loom, waiting for her Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey*.

Or even the description of the decay of the *Casa Velha da Ponte* ["Old House of the Bridge"] on the banks of the *Vermelho* ["Red"] River, a place once filled with grandeur and wealth.

Closed. Abandoned.  
 The old colonial townhouse  
 of five balconies,  
 of forged iron,  
 yields.  
 [...]  
 The Past...  
 [...]  
 Rooms. Old sofas.  
 Chairs in order.  
 On the walls lined with paper,  
 drawings of cherubs holding  
 cornucopia and ribbons.  
 Portraits of ancestors,  
 solemn, erect ones,

---

<sup>312</sup> CORALINA, Cora. O prato azul-pombinho ["The dove blue plate"]. In *Nos reinos de Goiás* ["In the Kingdom of Goiás"]. In *Op. cit.*, 2017, p. 35, square bracket added.

People from the past.

[...]

People passing indifferently,  
looking from afar, at the turning of corners,  
the beams that collapse.

- What matters the townhouse for them?

Who sees on the old balconies  
of forged iron  
the shadows leaning over?<sup>313</sup>

It is when we get to the second theory of module 7. A practical theory, indeed. Nevertheless, a theory. In module 2, about Manuel Bandeira, we revealed my encounter (through letters and an interview) with the French poet Yves Bonnefoy, thanks to the French poetess Isabelle Macor. In this module 7, we recall the recommended reading (also from Isabelle) of *Les Roses de la Solitude* (“The Roses of Solitude”) by the philosopher, fiction writer, the first woman to teach at the Collège de France, and the second woman to join the Académie Française, Jacqueline de Romilly.

This book is made of memories and daydreams: it evokes familiar objects, each of which carries the trace of what my life once was.

Normally, we can hardly see them; we are accustomed to them, and we do not pay attention. But sometimes, in the event of anything at all and with a fleeting moment of attention, we stumble upon fragments of memories that have clung to them over the years. It is a very simple and unique experience. I wanted to try to describe it, without altering the truth in any way; sometimes it's simple, sometimes naive, but it doesn't matter: for the first time, I wanted to express exactly how it was, without inventing anything, without adding or correcting anything.<sup>314</sup>

---

<sup>313</sup> CORALINA, Cora. Velho sobrado [“Old Townhouse”]. [“In *Nos reinos de Goiás*. [“In the Kingdom of Goiás”] In Op. cit., 2017, p. 42, 43, 44 e 46, colchetes nossos.

<sup>314</sup> ROMILLY, Jacqueline de. *Les Roses de la Solitude*. Paris: Éditions de Fallois, 2006, 4ª capa – Tradução livre minha.

Jacqueline describes sculptures, tapestries, antique furniture, as if she were seeing them for the first time, with the pure gaze of a child, and she tries to extract from the objects their deepest essence.

We find this same unraveling of reminiscence-words from object-things in the poetry-narrative or poetic prose of (Anna) Cora Coralina...

Always empty piggy bank.

Empty closets

Their mysteries contradicted.

Broken, torn locks.

Old drawers from antique  
tables in austere empty rooms.

The carvings they once held,

sold, pawned,

with no return.

The old drawers

always keep a residue of things

that cling to old houses and end up even in dumps.<sup>315</sup>

... immersing in the essences of object-microtales-reminiscences by the Mato Grosso do Sul-Gaúcha writer-poet-creative writing teacher Moema Vilela in *A dupla vida de Dadá* [“The double life of Dadá”].

During the day, she worked at the cigarette factory, and at night, she posed as a model for a famous photographer. Back in her apartment, she embraced the door, the table, the walls, the chairs, the books, and the clothes that slowly undressed her body, one by one, until that only one ring remained. The ring was thrown high up with a casual and generous gesture, like rice for newlyweds. The artist saw the madness of the objects and summoned it to speak further: she opened the cabinets, the sink faucet, the shower, the gas stove, barked at the dog Pinky, and followed the dance of life until carbon monoxide silenced her lungs.<sup>316</sup>

---

<sup>315</sup> CORALINA, Cora. Moinho do tempo. [“Mill of time”] In *Canto de Aninha*. [“Aninha’s chant”] In Op. cit., 2017, p. 72.

<sup>316</sup> VILELA, Moema. A dupla vida de Dadá. [“The double life of Dadá”]. In *A dupla vida de Dadá*. Guaratinguetá, SP: Penaluz, 2018, p. 45.

... until we reach the third theory in module 7 about Cora Coralina: the masterful analysis of the painting by the Spanish artist Diego Velázquez, “Las Meniñas” (1656), in *The Order of Things* by the French philosopher Michel Foucault.

By presenting the characters who are absent from the painting (the king and queen, parents of “las meniñas”) and whose existence we know through the central mirror, Foucault brings to light the (deepest) essence of Velázquez’s image-things, which we can apply to the poetry-prose of Coralina and Vilela.

Perhaps in this Velázquez’s painting, there is a representation of classical representation and the definition of the space it opens. Indeed, it seeks to represent itself in all its elements, with its images, the gazes it offers itself to, the faces it makes visible, the gestures that bring it into being. However, in this dispersion that it gathers and displays as a whole, an essential void is imperatively indicated in all directions: the necessary disappearance that founds it – of the one to whom it resembles and of the one for whom it is nothing more than resemblance. This subject itself – which is the same – has been elided. And set free, finally, from this relation that chained it, representation can present itself as pure representation.<sup>317</sup>

## The houses

Old Bridge House...

I look and see your vigorous and sound old age.

I review your body weathered by time, marked by the scars of old age. Since when you became like this?<sup>318</sup>

In the rustic yard of Paradise Farm,  
during my adolescence years,  
that annual communication was certain and expected.  
The return of the couple of *joão-de-barro* birds,  
to build their new homes  
on the branches of the large *jenipapo* tree.

---

<sup>317</sup> FOUCAULT, Michel. Las meninas. In: The order of things: an archeology of human sciences. Translation: Salma Tannus Muchail. 9th ed. São Paulo: Martins Fontes, 2007, p. 20-21 (Coleção Tópicos).

<sup>318</sup> CORALINA, Cora. Casa Velha da Ponte [“Old House of the Bridge”]. In: Estórias da Casa Velha da Ponte [“Old House of the Bridge Stories”]. 14<sup>a</sup> ed. São Paulo: Global, 2013, p. 7.



They rarely repaired any old house  
 among those ones that resisted on the forks.  
 They preferred to make new ones. They arrived in excitement,  
 cheerful shouters. Home familiar people, my grandfather said with a laugh.  
 It was the sacred time of reproduction.<sup>319</sup>

Cora Coralina had many houses. In Goiás Velho. In Fazenda Paraíso [“Paradise Farm”]. In São Paulo, Jaboticabal, Penápolis, Andradina, until she returned, forty-five years after eloping with her future husband and father of her six children, the divorced lawyer Dr. Cantídio Tolentino de Figueiredo Brêtas, to her hometown, Goiás Velho.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xkqA\\_TIPqm4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xkqA_TIPqm4)

The literary work of Cora Coralina also takes many turns and she had to wait. She publishes her first book at the age of 76, despite having been writing since she was a young girl. She is considered a minor poet, with little education, until she is nationally recognized by Carlos Drummond de Andrade at the age of 91 – the same Carlos Drummond we will study in module 10 of our course “The worlds within”.

The way Coralina writes poetry and prose intertwines, blends, and fades like colored chalk on a blank paper – we observe this assertion in the two examples (considered prose and poetry, respectively) that open the subchapter “The Houses” in this module. But above all, Coralina teaches us persistence, the belief in one's own writing, regardless of recognition, regardless of whether she is considered a minor poet.

I was born to write, but the environment,  
 the timing, other creatures, and factors  
 countermarked my life.

I am more of a confectioner and cook  
 than a writer, as culinary arts  
 are the noblest of all Arts:

---

<sup>319</sup> CORALINA, Cora. As maravilhas da Fazenda Paraíso [“The wonders of Paradise Farm”]. In *Paraíso perdido* [“Lost Paradise”]. In Op. cit., 2017, p. 130.

objective, concrete, never abstract,  
 linked to life and  
 human health.<sup>320</sup>

May the example of Cora Coralina accompany all of us, enthusiastic scribes, just as the recognition, at least within ourselves, so that we may bring forth, whether in prose or poetry, our oldest reminiscence-things, our deepest essence-words from our unique and individual worlds within.

### **Films on Cora Coralina and Criative Writing**

1) *Cora Coralina – Todas as vidas* [“Cora Coralina – All lives”] (2017):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WhFjzxLeThg>

2) *O colar de Coralina* [“The necklace of Coralina”] (2018):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N-58pWxNEow>

3) *Interview on Vox Populi – Part I* (1983):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MVi9MFLIfnE>

### **Unblocking exercise**

Using the techniques of *ekphrasis* from the Greeks, and/or the reminiscences in ancient objects by Jacqueline de Romilly, and/or the pure representation of words in things by Michel Foucault that we find in the poetry and prose of Cora Coralina and Moema Vilela, write a poem, a story, or a philosophical reflection in the form of text, video, or photograph, always remembering to bring words to the forefront. After all, our course is about Creative Writing.

---

<sup>320</sup> CORALINA, Cora. Cora Coralina, quem é você? [“Cora Coralina, who are you?”] In: *Entre pedras e flores* [“Amid stones and flowers”]. In Op. cit., 2017, p. 125.

**AUGUST 2021**  
**HILDA HILST**

## Hooves & caresses by Hilda Hilst

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=h5HVvEu56oQ><sup>321</sup>

Right at the beginning of *132 chronicles: Hooves & caresses and other writings*,<sup>322</sup> – by the writer from São Paulo, born in the city of Jaú, Hilda de Almeida Prado Hilst –, Zélia Duncan, the singer born in Niterói, Rio de Janeiro, and that opens the module 8 dos of our SCWs 2021 – The worlds within, assumes her passion for Hilda and her chronicles.

I consider myself a loyal reader of Hilda, albeit a late one. I found out her work in the 1990s, and after obtaining a meager book of poetry, it was precisely the chronicles, in a corner of a used bookstore in São Paulo, that fell into my hands and swept me away forever. I was unaware of this phase of her writing and plunged headlong into those impressions about the world, Brazil, and its woes, the self-defenses, the attacks, the apparent confessions. I say apparent because writers invent, and the more brilliant they are, the more they make us believe.<sup>323</sup>

In module 6 of our course, focused on Jorge Amado, we delved into the techniques of non-fiction, so similar and borrowed from fiction. In this module 8, we will go through the nuances of one of the Brazilian most radiant (and lunar) writers, and we will grasp in her chronicles much of the origin of her texts, poems, plays, fictions, and even the weekly chronicles written for the newspaper *Correio Popular* in Campinas, São Paulo, from July 1992 to July 1995. Ultimately, we will follow her genetic criticism.

### What does Genetic Criticism mean?

---

<sup>321</sup> *Catedral*. Cathedral Song (Warner Chappell Music, Inc). In: *Zélia Duncan*. Composers: Zelia Cristina Goncalves Moreira, Christiaan Willem De Marez Oyens, Tanita Tikaram. 1994.

<sup>322</sup> HILST, Hilda. *132 crônicas: Cascos & carícias e outros escritos* [“132 chronicles: Hooves & caresses and other writings”]. Foreword: Zélia Duncan. Introduction: Ana Chiara. 1st ed. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 2018.

<sup>323</sup> DUNCAN, Zélia. “Informe-se!” [“Get informed!”] In HILST, Hilda. Op. cit., 2018, p. 9.

Still in the introduction to *132 chronicles*, Ana Chiara, adjunct professor of Brazilian Literature at the State University of Rio de Janeiro (UERJ), enlightens us about the material we are about to start reading.

As the title suggests, it is a book of gatherings, a notebook of annotations, an artist's journal. Hybrid in nature, it exposes Hilda's process of writing-assembling, as she was also a reader of newspapers. It consists of comments on everyday life, excerpts from her fiction that she uses as if they were validation tests to see if the reader follows along; challenges and provocations to the audience, beautiful poems that contrast with the mess of public life (the time of Collor as president and the National Congress "dwarfs"), and hovering over all of this, the writer's reflections on the act of writing, a constant figure throughout her literary life. Why do I write, for whom, and how?<sup>324</sup>

Genetic Criticism started in France in 1968 with Louis Hay and Almuth Grésillon, when the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique (CNRS) created a multidisciplinary team to organize the manuscripts of the German poet Heinrich Heine. In Brazil, genetic studies were initiated in 1985 with the I Colloquium on Textual Criticism: the Modern Manuscript and Editions at the University of São Paulo (USP). Philippe Willemart, Ph.D. in Language & Arts (French Language and Literature) and full professor of French Literature at USP, was the organizer of the Colloquium and has been investigating the manuscripts of Gustave Flaubert for some time.

Trying to summarize as much as possible what Genetic Criticism is about, imagine that you write a chronicle today. The first writing is free from judgments and considerations. Tomorrow or next week, you will be back to this same chronicle. You scribble here, take out other words there, either manually (paper and pencil/pen) or on the computer (saving several copies). In ten years' time, a person will research your creation process and look into all the stages of making up this chronicle, which you titled "Exercise". Every change, every deletion or inclusion in "Exercise" will be recorded by the researcher, and there will be an attempt at analysis based on some theory of Genetic Criticism, for example, on the studies of Philippe Willemart, or even by the PhD in Applied Linguistics and Language Studies from the Pontifical Catholic University of São Paulo (PUCSP), where she currently teaches in the Postgraduate Program in Communication and Semiotics, Cecilia Almeida Salles.

---

<sup>324</sup> CHIARA, Ana. Espasmos da língua. ["Spasms of language"] In HILST, Hilda. Op. cit., 2018, p. 13.

It is always interesting to remember that the history of these studies has had these well-defined dates if we consider the official nature, in the scientific world, of the expression Genetic Criticism. Many other thinkers, however, have carried out studies on the creation process based on artists' "manuscripts". Rudolf Arnheim published, in 1962, *The Genesis of Painting: Picasso's Guernica*, in which the sketches of *Guernica* are scrutinized to understand the emergence, movements, and relationships of the characters in Picasso's piece of work. Others, like Italo Calvino, also performed Genetic Criticism unknowingly. In his book *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, Calvino (1990) sees Leonardo da Vinci's manuscripts as opening a glimpse into the functioning of his imagination.<sup>325</sup>

Hilda Hilst has also performed Genetic Criticism unknowingly. In *132 chronicles*, that we studied for this module 8, we have seen the author defending her own creation, which she considers misunderstood and unrecognized.

This humble newspaper writer, who is myself, has written beautiful and understandable texts and poems, yet so few have read or bought my books... But now, with these chronicles... what a difference! How they call indignantly to the ecstatic editor of this section, saying that I am repulsive! Thank you, reader; for making me feel much more alive and, on top of that, repulsive! This is so much more, so much more than nothing!<sup>326</sup>

Besides lovely poems, Hilda presents us with short fictions in which she applies several writing techniques, including the incorporation of the character into the language itself.

– And now –

Here it comes the spirit of Doctor Fritz!

You sirrr insinuates that I likke rootten eggs and flaatulence from Sir Henry the Eighthies. Nonn sirrr, I dooo not. But, when childd, did you not did sooo? Did you not piiiick yourr nose? Nonn? Be carefuler then! Be'cause that otheer one born in 'Braunau upon the Inn,' that Adolf, also when childd, did noon piick his nose or flaatulate, but later, when grouwnn, he would defeecate on the heads of mistresses!<sup>327</sup>

---

<sup>325</sup> SALLES, Cecilia Almeida. *Crítica Genética: fundamentos dos estudos genéticos sobre o processo de criação artística*. [“Genetic Criticism: foundations of genetic studies on the artistic creation process.”] 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. magazine. São Paulo: EDUC, 2008, p. 14, italics in the edition.

<sup>326</sup> HILST, Hilda. Por que, hein? [“Why, then?”] In Op. cit., 2018, p. 25-26.

<sup>327</sup> HILST, Hilda. Musa Cavendish. [“Cavendish Muse”] In Op. cit., 2018, p. 41.

Hilda applies excessive irony in several chronicles and in countless poems, the kind that investigates (and shatters), in the most lucid (and bearable) way, the absurd reality.

Wolves? They are many.  
 But you can still  
 The word on the language  
 Quiet them.  
 Dead ones? The world.  
 But you can awaken it  
 Enchantment of life  
 In the written word.  
 Lucid ones? They are a few.  
 But they will be thousands  
 If to the lucidity of a few  
 You join yourself.<sup>328</sup>

She blends reality with poetic-fiction, transforming the chronicle itself into a non-genre, a non-place, or even a no-where, as we saw in Yves Bonnefoy's former-country, or in the utopian-imaginary-country of Pasárgada by Manuel Bandeira in the module 2 of our course.

I like to write from the reverse side of people, from the reverse side of things, what no one sees. I enjoy talking about rare individuals, those daringly mad in that sense, the mad out of compassion, for instance, such as that admirable Mara Thereza who went to a circus last week and found three sad, too thin and skeletal lions, and one was so hungry that has eaten the tail of another; and then she tells me that she is looking for someone to look after the three lions... [...] Meanwhile, as this does not happen, we may play of “as if”.

Shall we play, my friends  
 Of seeing beauty in things.  
 Beauty in the nonsense  
 In your careless love  
 Beauty so much beauty

---

<sup>328</sup> HILST, Hilda. Poemas aos homens do nosso tempo. [“Poems to the men of our time.”] In *O verme no cerne*. [“The worm in the core.”] In *Op. cit.*, 2018, p. 54.

In poverty.<sup>329</sup>

She encourages the pursuit of knowledge, the pleasure in learning, not in the noise of the outside world, but in the inner world, this House of Pleasure, a bottomless well, even if everything has already been written – but not with our perspective, our background of reading, of life, of Hilda Hilst.

*Eager for having, men and women  
Walk along the streets. The somnambulist friends  
Invaded by an even greater desire  
Lean casually against the curved shop windows  
A sudden question  
While you walk along the streets. I ask you:  
And the entrails?  
From yourself, from a power you were given  
Has anything clear emerged? Or because everything was lost  
Is it yourself that you seek in the curved shop windows,  
Possessed by dream, yourself infinite, enchantress,  
Your adventure of being so forgotten?  
Why not explore that well from within  
The immeasurable, a vehement stroll through life?  
  
Your other face. Unique. Primary. And enchanted  
For having your true face, you would desire nothing.<sup>330</sup>*

## House of the Sun

In 1966, Hilda Hilst completed the construction of her *Casa do Sol* [“House of the Sun”], in a site within her maternal family’s farm. The house was built to be a space for

---

<sup>329</sup> HILST, Hilda. *Minha feliz invenção*. [“My happy invention.”] In *Op. cit.*, 2018, p. 71, square brackets added.

<sup>330</sup> HILST, Hilda. “*Casa do Prazer*” [“House of Pleasure”]. In *Op. cit.*, 2018, p. 104, italics in the edition.



creation, a welcoming place for artists, such as Bruno Tolentino and Caio Fernando Abreu.

This house is stunning. Many things have already happened here. But it will depend on whether people will believe me or not. [...] I used to see people who did not exist. One day, I was walking with a friend along the promenade, and a man suddenly appeared before us. He was very handsome, about 18 years old, I suppose. I almost fainted. All that assured me that there is indeed life after death. That is why I wanted to build the foundation. Then writers interested in these matters would come here, carry out studies, hold conferences. I would leave this house, some plots of land, and such to support this foundation.<sup>331</sup>

Hilda asserts that her entire literary work relates to her father, Apolonio de Almeida Prado Hilst, a significant figure in her childhood and adolescence, who was distanced and interned in psychiatric clinics due to schizophrenia. When he was told of Hilda's mother's pregnancy, Bedecilda Vaz Cardoso, he uttered the words that would forever mark his struggle for recognition of his daughter: “Bad luck”.

But Hilda goes further. Within the four walls (and beyond) of the House of the Sun, she makes up a deep and consistent job (she did not like to call it a kind of work), and through this, she overcomes the lack of recognition from critics and readers. Even from her own father.

I survived the successive death of the things in thy room.  
 I saw for the first time the useless symmetry of carpets and such diluted blue,  
 Blue-white of the walls. And a crack of a darkened green  
 In the silver frame. And within it, my adolescent and worn picture.  
 And the closed drawers. And within them, that silent and rare entirety  
 Like a boat with wings. How hungry of touching thee in the old papers!  
 [...]  
 There is so much to tell thee now! My eyes have worn out  
 Searching for the word in the figures, in the texts, in the stories.  
 It was necessary to travel and, rising in renunciations, rediscover death.  
 [...]  
 It will be necessary to forget the outline of certain forms I saw: naves, portals

---

<sup>331</sup> HILST, Hilda. *Da obra e das sombras* [“From the work and the shadows”]. In *Edição especial – 10 anos dos Cadernos de Literatura Brasileira*, number 22. Rio de Janeiro: IMS, July 2007, p. 125, square bracket added.

And the large chrysanthemum on the narrow strip of the flowerbed.  
 Through the fence, on the terrace of time I perceive thee.  
 And even if the windows close, my father, it is certain that dawn breaks.<sup>332</sup>

And, just like Osman Lins, Manuel Bandeira, Ferreira Gullar, Graciliano Ramos, Vinicius de Moraes, Jorge Amado, Cora Coralina, the world within of Hilda Hilst spills into the external world of the prose-poetry-body-house, which was both cause and consequence of life, and will remain even after death.

It is good to be like this, Dionysus, that you do not come,  
 Voice and wind only  
 From things out there

And suppose alone  
 That if it were within

That significant voice and that wind  
 From the branches outside

I would never hear.<sup>333</sup>

My House is the guardian of my body  
 And protector of all my burning desires.  
 And it transmutes into words  
 Passion and fervor.

My mouth turns into a silver spring  
 Even if I shout to the House that I only exist  
 To drink from the water of your mouth.

---

<sup>332</sup> HILST, Hilda. *Trajectoria poética do ser* ["Poetic journey of being"]. In "Só para raros". In Op. cit., 2018, p. 120 and 121, square bracket added.

<sup>333</sup> HILST, Hilda. *Ode descontinua e remota para flauta e oboé* ["Des-continuous and remote ode for flute and oboe"]. De Ariana para Dionísio. I and II. In Op. cit., 2018, p. 267.

My House, Dionysus, laments you  
 And it guides me to ask you directly:  
 To a woman who sings sunnily  
 And who is sonorous, a multiple Argonaut,  
 Why do you refuse love and permanence?<sup>334</sup>

### **Films on Hilda Hilst and Criative Writing**

- 1) *Hilda asks contact* (2018): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QTHs1QL-eTs>
- 2) *The universe of Hilda Hilst in the film Unicórnio* [“Unicorn”] (2018):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6twpsAiSyz4>
- 3) *Casa do Sol* [“The House of the Sun”] – *Occupation Hilst* (2015):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OAPr0I241PA>

### **Unblocking exercise**

Write a chronicle, a poem, a fiction in the style of Hilda Hilst, that is, self-analyzing, in a kind of genetic critique of yourself, adding photographic or video images of the moments of creation, revision, or even reading and interpreting the text itself, within the rooms of your own home.

---

<sup>334</sup> HILST, Hilda. *Ode descontinua e remota para flauta e oboé* [“Des-continuous and remote ode for flute and oboe”] De Ariana para Dionísio. III and IV. In Op. cit., 2018, p. 269.

**SEPTEMBER 2021**  
**MÁRIO DE ANDRADE**

## How to write an idyll

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t4pl079t548><sup>335</sup>

Carlos is a fifteen-year-old young man who is at risk of getting lost in the streets and sexual adventures of the city of São Paulo. He lives in Higienópolis, an elite neighborhood, in a bright two-story house. He has three younger sisters, Maria Luísa, Laurita, and Aldinha. His father, Felisberto, and his mother, Laura – the name of the neighborhood they live in – hire Fräulein Elza, a German governess who will initiate the young boy into the arts of love, or rather, the intransitive verb “to love”.

This module will not be theoretical, dearest scribes. Especially because the special guest for the month of September in “The worlds within” is Maria do Carmo Nino, a visual artist and a professor for over twenty years at the Federal University of Pernambuco (UFPE), in the Departments of Arts, Communication, and Literature. She will treat us to the creation of the shelter that is an artist's residence – an annex of her own home.

For the practicality of our perspective, we will delve into major Creative Writing manuals to accompany, along with the author of module 9, the construction of the debut novel-house *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio* [“Love, intransitive verb: idyll”],<sup>336</sup> by the Brazilian poet, novelist, musicologist, art historian, critic, and photographer Mário Raul de Moraes Andrade, better known as Mário de Andrade<sup>337</sup> in our course.

### The manuals

In the very first of the *Letters to a Young Novelist* by the Peruvian novelist, journalist and professor Mario Vargas Llosa, we find the need for art that the German

---

<sup>335</sup> Sampa. In *Muito – Dentro da Estrela Azulada*. [“Much – Within the Blued Star”] Composers: Caetano Veloso and Gilberto Gil. 1978.

<sup>336</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio*. [“Love, verb intransitive: idyll”] Establishment of text: Marlene Gomes Mendes. Rio de Janeiro: Agir, 2008.

<sup>337</sup> The other *Andrade* is also another *Carlos: Drummond*.

poet Rainer Maria Rilke warns us about in his (also) *Letters to a Young Poet*. As it follows, we make up a dialogue between the two scribes:

– So, dear Rilke, “the writer feels deeply that writing is the best thing that has ever happened and can happen to him because writing, regardless of the social, political, and financial results it may achieve, means to him the best possible way of living”.<sup>338</sup>

– I agree with you, dear Llosa. “There is but one path. Seek to enter into yourself. Examine the reason that commands you to write; investigate whether it stretches its roots into the deepest corners of your soul; ask yourself: would you die if writing were forbidden to you?”<sup>339</sup>

We shall take the author-house-idyll chosen for us to delve into in the September module, the month of spring in the Northern Hemisphere, Mário de Andrade. We shall take *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio*.

In his debut novel, Mário inaugurates a new language driven by the pure necessity of a more Brazilian form of expression. He attempts to cut the umbilical cord with Portugal.

Afterword. The language I used. It came to hear a new melody. Being a new melody does not mean that it is ugly. Firstly, one needs to get accustomed to it. I sought to improve my way of speaking, and now that I am used to reading it written, I like it very much, and nothing hurts my ear, which has already forgotten the Lusitanian tune. I did not want to create any language. I only intended to use the materials that my land provided me, my land from the Amazon to the Plata. I carefully avoided writing in a São Paulo style, using expressions spoken in different regions of Brazil and slang or expressions more or less widespread within the country. Certainly, I made many mistakes, but that should be much forgiven for someone who embarks on a new journey where no one has ever been before!<sup>340</sup>

---

<sup>338</sup> VARGAS LLOSA, Mario. *Cartas a um jovem escritor*: “toda vida merece um livro” [“Letters to a young writer: “every life deserves a book”]. Translation: Regina Lyra. Rio de Janeiro: Elsevier, 2006, p. 5.

<sup>339</sup> RILKE, Rainer Maria. *Cartas a um jovem poeta* [“Letters to a young poet”] and *A canção de amor e de morte do porta-estandarte Cristóvão Rilke*. [“The song of love and death of the standard-bearer Cristóvão Rilke”]. Translation: Paulo Rónai and Cecília Meireles. São Paulo: Globo, 2001, p. 26.

<sup>340</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 151, italics in the edition.

Mário works towards a truly Brazilian artistic expression. And in his creation process, he forges sentence-words with a new perspective. Through the practicality of this outlook, he forges a new book. A new character.

If this book has 51 readers, it happens that in this place of reading, there are already 51 Elzas. It is quite unpleasant, but right after the first scene, each one had his own Fräulein in mind. Against that, I can do nothing, and it would have been indiscreet if, before any familiarity with the young lady, I described her in all her physical details – I do not do that. Another problem arose: each one created their Fräulein according to their own imagination, and currently, we have 51 heroines for a single idyll.<sup>341</sup>

One of the Andrades from our course, Mário, develops in his debut novel, what the writer, professor at PUCRS, and from the pioneering literary workshop still active in this academic field (since 1985), Luiz Antonio de Assis Brasil, teaches us about what is supposed to be the most important element in a good story: the character.

If you read a great novel ten years ago, you will quickly recall, with strength and vividness, the central character and the conflict, but you will curse your own memory as you cannot remember the sequence of events. Leave your memory alone and thank it for it has kept what truly matters.<sup>342</sup>

Following Assis Brasil's advice, Mário de Andrade goes gradually and consistently building the great teacher in the arts of love, so profound that it contains within itself the intransitive verb: unconditionally.

The body of my Fräulein is neither classical nor perfect. Slightly larger than the average woman's body. And full in its parts. This makes it heavy and quite sensual. Far, however, from that divine weight of Italian Renaissance nudes or the sensuality of figures by Scopas and Leucippus. That is it: more like Rembrandt, almost Cranach. No spirituality.<sup>343</sup>

Although I promised not to discuss theories in this module, I have to compare the concept of the man-of-dream/man-of-life that *fräulein* Elza carries within herself...

---

<sup>341</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 29.

<sup>342</sup> BRASIL, Luiz Antonio de Assis. *Escrever ficção: um manual de criação literária*. [“Writing fiction: a manual of literary creation.”] Collaboration: Luís Roberto Amabile. 1st ed. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2019, p. 33.

<sup>343</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 30.

Here Fraülein realizes that gradually the man-of-dream had replaced the man-of-life once again. That is because the latter only appears when it is about living, moving, and acting. The other is internal, as I mentioned before. As thinking is internal, it is not even volition, which already takes part in the action. The man-of-life acts, does not think. Fraülein is thinking. Neither the man-of-life, properly speaking, told her that she only teaches the first steps of love; he only implies it, by the way she stubbornly and silently behaves. Sincerity: that is what she practices, just that and nothing else.<sup>344</sup>

...with the concept of superman of another German writer, the philosopher and poet Friedrich Nietzsche, in his novel of formation *Thus spoke Zarathustra*.

The most concerned ones ask today: ‘How to conserve man?’ But Zarathustra asks – and he is the first and only one to do so: – ‘How to do so that man is *overcome*?’

The superman is what I carry in my heart, it is my first and only, and not man: not the next, not the poorest, not the most afflicted, not the best one.

My brothers, what I can love in man is for him to be a transition and a decline. And in you, too, there are many things that make me love and hope.<sup>345</sup>

But we must return to the selected manuals and the grand manual of the new Brazilian language,<sup>346</sup> *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio* [“Love, intransitive verb: idyll”]. Mário has steadily constructed his characters (which is what matters most) in a consistent manner, as Assis Brasil suggests. He goes forging his worlds from within, as if they were independent, as if they did not depend from an author.

One day, it was a Wednesday, Fraülein appeared before me and told me her story. What she said is here with a few commas, accommodating vernacular and spelling. The characters, it is possible that a particular and momentary disposition of my mind accepted the sums they presented, that shortcoming is all mine. However, I assure you that they are creatures already made and that they moved without me. They are characters who choose their authors, and not these authors are those who make up

---

<sup>344</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 39.

<sup>345</sup> NIETZSCHE, Friedrich. *Assim falava Zarathustra: um livro para todos e para ninguém*. [“Thus spoke Zarathustra: a book for everybody and for nobody.”] Translation: Mário Ferreira dos Santos. Petrópolis, RJ: Vozes, 2011, p. 324, italics in the edition – (Coleção Vozes de Bolso).

<sup>346</sup> Even in the following passage we can notice one of the breaks in the grammar that Mário de Andrade performs in the whole novel: the exclusion of commas – he will also exchange question mark for exclamation and period. That is interesting to read the presentation of this edition of *Amar, verbo intransitivo* [“Love, intransitive verb”] by the retired professor of the Fluminense Federal University and researcher of Textual Criticism and Genetic Criticism, Marlene Gomes Mendes, when she narrates the consultation made by Andrade to his uncle/cousin Pio, great connoisseur of Portuguese grammar.



their heroines. They merely use commas on them, so that people can have enough knowledge of them.<sup>347</sup>

That is (certainly) according to Mário (de Andrade) and (Luiz Antonio de) Assis Brasil. There is (perhaps)<sup>348</sup> some influence from (Luigi) Pirandello and his *Six characters looking for author*.

### THE FATHER

But that is where all the evil lies! In the words! We all have within us a world of things; each one has a world of their own things! And how can we understand each other, Mr. Director, if in the words I speak, I give the meaning and value of things as they are within me; while those who hear them, they inevitably perceive them with the meaning and value they have for themselves, from the world they carry within themselves?<sup>349</sup>

Besides repeating the chorus “Nobody will ever know” several times, Mário (de Andrade) focuses on the musical content that made him one of the greatest researchers of genuinely Brazilian music, rescuing the folklore of the backlands and Northeast of the country, and a pioneer in the field of ethnomusicology. We shall check it.

Carlos is (falsely) caught by his father in a moment of intimacy with *fräulein* Elza. Felisberto and Laura try to convince him (the father) and comfort her (the mother) of the departure of the German governess the next day. The young man, desperate for passion, tries to talk to his beloved.

– Fräulein!

Evidently she wasn't sleeping.

---

<sup>347</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 58.

<sup>348</sup> The two books were practically written at the same time. *Six Characters*, in 1921, and *Amar, verbo intransitivo*, between 1923 and 1926. In a letter to Manuel Bandeira in November 1923, Mário says: “I am writing a novel, Manuel. That's *Fräulein*. It's quite advanced. All time I have, I dedicate it to the new book. I am satisfied with myself. As soon as I finish, before the final editorial, I will send it to you, the *Imprimatur*.” (ANDRADE, Mário de. BANDEIRA, Manuel. *Correspondence of Mário de Andrade & Manuel Bandeira*. Organization, introduction and notes: Marcos Antonio de Moraes. São Paulo: Publisher of the University of São Paulo: Institute of Brazilian Studies. University of São Paulo, 2nd ed, 2001, p. 104, italics of the edition – (Collection of Correspondence by Mário de Andrade).

<sup>349</sup> PIRANDELLO, Luigi. *Seis personagens à procura de autor*. [“Six characters looking for author”] Translation: Sérgio Flaksman. 1st ed. São Paulo: Peixoto Neto, 2004, p. 60 – (Os grandes dramaturgos) [“The great playwrights”].

- Who is it?
- Open this door!
- Carlos, I can't! Go to bed!
- Open this door, I've already said it!
- Mein Gott! Your father will hear, Carlos. Go away!
- I'll break this door down, Fräulein! Open the door!
- My son, what is that?! Don't do that!
- Mama let me go! Let me go! I want to open this door, I said so!
- My son, be patient!
- Open the door, Fräulein!
- Bass clef [...] <sup>350</sup>

Both in module 2 about Manuel Bandeira and in module 3 about Ferreira Gullar of “The worlds within”, 2021, and also in the module about the English Language, 2020, we realize the tone, the effect, and the intention of Edgar Allan Poe (in “The philosophy of composition”) within the choruses “No one will ever know” and “Bass clef” from Mário de Andrade’s debut novel; what reminds us of another manual of Creative Writing, *The secrets of fiction* by the novelist, journalist and teacher of literary workshops (since 1989) Raimundo Carrero, when he approaches, based on Poe’s work, the importance of prior preparation to write a good story.

However, one can only sit down to “work on the combination of events” if one knows their narrative voice. Firstly, I tell the beginner authors who do not even have a narrative voice because they have been denied all the attributes since childhood. You have to seek it. Then, I make considerations about the need for the sketch as an exercise, even when you have a plot. And the argument, from the moment this plot requires composition. <sup>351</sup>

But it all begins, irretrievably, with the reading of good books, or as they are usually called, “the classical ones”, or as the writer and professor of literature and literary creation for more than twenty years at universities such as Harvard, Columbia and Iowa (USA), Francine Prose says:

---

<sup>350</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 131-132, underline added.

<sup>351</sup> CARRERO, Raimundo. *Os segredos da ficção: um guia da arte de escrever narrativas*. [“The secrets of fiction: a guide for writing narratives.”] Rio de Janeiro: Agir, 2005, p. 107.

Like most writers, perhaps all of them, I learned to write by reading, taking books as examples.

Long before the idea of writers' lectures passed through one's mind, writers learned by reading the work of their predecessors. They studied metrics with Ovid, plot building with Homer, comedy with Aristophanes; refined their style by absorbing clear sentences of Montaigne and Samuel Johnson. And who could have had better teachers: generous, non-critical, blessed with wisdom and genius, as infinitely magnanimous as only the dead ones can be?<sup>352</sup>

### **An artist's residence**

Fräulein got into the car still trembling with nervous sobs. They were leaving for good. She leaned out of the little door:

– My Carlos...

Nothing. Only Tanaka closing the gate, laughing. And a closed house, all in a polite, lordly yellow. VILA LAURA. She wanted to fight. It was foolish to suffer without reason. She slumped back, utterly miserable. Souza Costa looked at his sideways, not understanding.<sup>353</sup>

The street name is Lopes Chaves, number 546, the neighborhood, Barra Funda, in the city of São Paulo. In this place, Mário de Andrade lived between 1921 and 1945, and he had as guests on Tuesdays, Tarsila do Amaral, Oswald de Andrade, Anita Malfatti and Menotti del Picchia, making up the Group of Five (intellectuals who defended the ideals of the Modern Art Week of 1922). Currently, the property is listed by the Secretary of Culture of the State of São Paulo and it is called *Oficina Cultural Casa Mário de Andrade*.

It is in the residences of artists that our course “The worlds within” is focused on these places that welcomed our poetic, literary, theoretical, our writing, even in pandemic times. Mainly in pandemic times.

---

<sup>352</sup> PROSE, Francine. *Para ler como um escritor: um guia para quem gosta de livros e para quem quer escrevê-los*. [“For reading as a writer: a guide for whom likes books and for whom wants to write them.”] Translation: Maria Luisa X. de A. Borges. Rio de Janeiro: Jorge Zahar, 2008, p. 14-15.

<sup>353</sup> ANDRADE, Mário de. Op. cit., 2008, p. 134-135.

In order to better approach the artists' residences and the space/time of sheltering, we will have as guest with great affection and gratitude, our master's advisor, the professor and artist Maria do Carmo Nino.

### **Films on Mário de Andrade and Creative Writing**

1) *Rare record of Mário de Andrade* in video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eR5XPpU6U6o>

2) *Mário de Andrade Canal Curta* ["Curta Channel"]:

[https://canalcurta.tv.br/filme/?name=mario\\_de\\_andrade](https://canalcurta.tv.br/filme/?name=mario_de_andrade)

3) *Biographies / Mário de Andrade*:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y9ysmrBFpIU>

### **Unblocking exercise**

As in the building steps of an artist's residence, draft an idea of a novel or novella (longer narratives), in which the process of writing is in evidence, as we have in *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio* ["Love, intransitive verb: idyll"] by Mário de Andrade. You can make use of resources such as photographs, videos, podcasts, but always having in mind to use especially the written word, by the fact it is the reason and purpose of our course "The worlds within".

**OCTOBER 2021**  
**CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE**

## ABC Drummond

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-xd507b9QYk><sup>354</sup>

April. 2021. I wrote about the author of module 10 six months before the video lessons of the Studies on Creative Writing Studies online course – The worlds within. I can almost touch the future, or it is the future that nearly comes down at my feet, as if it were a wave of the sea in the spring?

I write imagining that I have not read the author of module 10 yet, as if I were a little child and were just learning to read, finding out the first words of the poet who was born in Itabira do Mato Dentro, Minas Gerais, almost a hundred and twenty years ago (in 2022), on October 31st: Carlos Drummond de Andrade

And, as if I were a little child and were embracing my *Drummondian* self, I take in my hands a collection, designed for young people, of chronicles, short stories, and poems written by the poet of the middle of the way, he, a stone; and I, a river. I drink *As palavras que ninguém diz* [“The words that no one says”].<sup>355</sup>

The selection by the PhD in Literary Theory and Comparative Literature from USP and author, among many works, of *Machado de Assis – As artimanhas do humano* [“Machado de Assis – The artifices of the humans”] (2006), Luzia de Maria, guides us through the chronicles of the poet from Minas Gerais, as if one chronicle points to another, as if we were little children learning to read the world.

A keen gaze, the one of the chronicle writer. An observing gaze like that of a child discovering the world; an investigating gaze like that of a scientist confirming suspicions; a privileged gaze like that of painters who carry light in their eyes; a caring gaze like that of lovers, capable of sprinkling tenderness on the small frailties of human nature; a sharp gaze like that of card players who grasp fleeting, minute details at a glance; a magician's gaze, capable of melding small portions of life with an equal measure of imagination, adding the patient labor of words and conjuring from the sleeve or top hat the story that surprises us, the reflection that awakens us,

---

<sup>354</sup> E agora, José? [“And now, Joseph?”] In *E agora, José?* Paulo Diniz. 1972.

<sup>355</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *As palavras que ninguém diz*. [“The words no one says”] Selection: Luzia de Maria. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 1999 – (*Mineiramente Drummond*; Chronicle).

the evidence we hadn't seen, the chronicle that, once read, lingers within us, accompanies us, and seduces us.<sup>356</sup>

Besides the attentive eyes of the chronicler, the magician's gaze that pulls out of the sleeve the story that surprises us and follows us along our life, both into the future and into the past, Drummond offers us, within the selection of chronicles made by Luzia de Maria, highly refined techniques of Creative Writing. We shall read them.

Secondly (or perhaps firstly, shifting the above reason to secondly?), because he felt such love for Cly, being a typical and traditional case of a feeling that dates back to the beginning of the world and therefore it is at risk of seeming trivial or outdated, when it is not even denied by individuals who are willing to reform the structure of life, reducing it to a bundle of obligations and ambitions, those who create conflicts and wars, in which money and power take over the leadership of the world (wow, but this sentence is longer than the Brasília-Belém highway), feeling this, Bob thought it was a good precept to oppose his sign of 24 square meters of tenderness to so many signs of dehumanization.<sup>357</sup>

Note (in the underlined parts) that Drummond takes up the thought from the beginning of the longer period than the one of Belém-Brasília, so that the reader does not get lost, does not lose the thread of the narrative-in-increasing-and-intelligent ellipsis of the author from Minas Gerais.

Furthermore, later on, Drummond offers us to what we also approached in module 8 about Hilda Hilst in our course “The worlds within”: the transmutation of character features into language.

## I

They were chatting in the long line at the cinema:

– And your affair with Belmira?

– Over, after an omphalic incident. I pointed out to her that it was not appropriate to go to the beach wearing a thong when she was still recovering from that problem with her *cirs omphalus*.

– And she?

– She did not like it, and we broke up. Our relationship came to a celiac end.

---

<sup>356</sup> MARIA, Luzia de. *Da manga ou da cartola a história nos surpreende*. [“From sleeve or top hat the story surprises us.”]. In ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. Op. cit., 1999, p. 14.

<sup>357</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Declaração de amor em outdoor*. [“Declaration of love on billboard”]. In Op. cit., 1999, p. 41, underlined added.

[...]

## II

I got this letter:

“Ignorant chronicler, I greet you with sympathy. So, you overheard that conversation in the cinema line and you did not understand a thing? Quite simple, my dear. If you had a faint knowledge of Latin and Greek, instead of cruising through the human sciences like a bus driver running over the traffic lights when it was red, you would have got everything the two physicians (they were physicians, as you can see) were speaking without affectation. They were using professional language, can you see? And this language has nothing hermetic about it. With the help of prefixes and roots of Greek and Latin origin, they form words suitable for the different parts of the human body and the diseases that visit them. [...]”<sup>358</sup>

But wait: does not the chronicle above seem to be a short story? Does it not seem to be those tales we put up our ears to hear as much as possible from the table next to the Café (at the time when we used to go to Cafés)? Yes, Drummond blurs the genres, and later on, we will also see that he disrupts the timelines, to leave us, whether it is a chronicle, a short story, or a poem, with these small portions of life that we will bring away forever in our hearts. Shall we take a look?

In *Histórias para o rei* [“Stories for the king”],<sup>359</sup> we find a confession and at the same time a declaration of love for the genre of tale.

There is much thing to mend in my tales. Sometimes, they are the contrary from what they intended to tell. They usually get better, but not always.

[...]

Only one of my tales follows me everywhere I go, like a loyal cat, without doing so to ask for food. It is a silly, dwarf tale, content with life. It is in my pocket. I do not read it to anyone. Its warmth keeps me cozy; I no longer remember what it says, as I never reread it, but I know that it is exceedingly rare for a text to be a friend of the author, and as for this one, I have no doubt. My best friend is a blank short tale, with a simple plot, entirely set on the left antenna of a grasshopper.<sup>360</sup>

---

<sup>358</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Conversa na fila*. [“Chatting in the line”]. In Op. cit., 1999, p. 57 and 60, square bracket added.

<sup>359</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Histórias para o rei*. [“Stories for the king”]. Selection: Luzia de Maria. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 1999 – (*Mineiramente Drummond*; Short stories).

<sup>360</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Estes contos*. [“These tales”] In Op. cit., 1999, p. 19, square brackets added.



Or even the exercise-challenge (that I have done once)<sup>361</sup> of writing/creating at least a tale per day.

I could never have imagined that the role of storytelling could be so enjoyable, a role for which I was appointed by royal decree. The appointment caught me by surprise, as I had never exercised before the gifts of imagination and I even struggle with verbal expression to some extent. However, as soon as the King trusted me, stories flowed from my mouth like running water. There was no need to invent them. They invented themselves.<sup>362</sup>

But *A palavra mágica* [“The magic word”]<sup>363</sup> by Drummond is the same as poetry. We go through it without fear, shame, decency, and despite we are being lectured in a collection of book for young people, we feel the voluptuousness with which his words involve our eyes, fingers, and our heart...

But I read, I read. In philosophies  
 I stumble and fall, ride again  
 my green book, in chivalries  
 I get lost, medieval; in tales, poems  
 I see myself living. How I devour you,  
 green pasture. Or rather a carriage  
 to flee from myself and bring myself back home at any time  
 in a closing of pages?<sup>364</sup>

... bringing up to our memory a poem not much unknown...

Loving what is lost

---

<sup>361</sup> In the book *13*, Recife: Raio de Sol, 2019, *Coleção Cinco Livros* [“Five Books Collection”], I challenged myself to write fifty short stories within a month (more than one a day) for celebrating my fifty-year-old birthday.

<sup>362</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Histórias para o rei*. [“Histories for the king”] In Op. cit., 1999, p. 50.

<sup>363</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *A palavra mágica*. [“The magical word”] Selection: Luzia de Maria. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 1999 – (*Mineiramente Drummond*; Poetry).

<sup>364</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. Biblioteca verde [“Green library”]. In: *With delight I became a child again*. In Op. cit., 1999, p. 31.

leaves this heart  
bewildered.

Nothing can oblivion  
against the senseless  
appeal of No.

Tangible things  
become insensitive  
to the palm of the hand.

But things that have ended,  
much more than lovely,  
these ones will remain.<sup>365</sup>

...until we anchor ourselves in the present and get prepared for the theoretical part of Module 10 about Carlos Drummond de Andrade, and the poem that opens this supporting material, in the voice of the singer from Pernambuco, Paulo Diniz.

And now, José?  
The party's over,  
the light went out,  
the people have gone,  
the night got cold,  
and now, José?  
and now, you?  
you who have no name,  
who mocks the others,  
you who write lines,  
who loves, who protests,

---

<sup>365</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Memória* ["Memory"]. In: *Que verdura é amor?* ["Which verdancy is love?"] In *Op. cit.*, 1999, p. 60.

and now, José?<sup>366</sup>

### Duration and simultaneity

– *Oh future life, we create thee!*

(Great world, Carlos Drummond de Andrade)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3XLw8cCSPIo><sup>367</sup>

The film *Radioactive* inspired me to make the relation between the work of Carlos Drummond de Andrade and a theory. We follow in Paris, the love story and scientific discoveries on radio and radioactivity by Marie and Pierre Curie, interpreted by the British stars Rosamund Pike and Sam Riley. The Iranian director and graphic novelist Marjane Satrapi presents us Marie in 1934, having future visions as a result of her discoveries: radiotherapy for fighting cancer in 1965; the explosion of the atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945; nuclear test in Nevada (USA) in 1961; the Chernobyl nuclear plant accident in 1985. But she also shows scenes from the past: meetings in 1893 with Pierre Curie (the love of her life), and in 1927, during the Solvay Conference (about quantum physics and radioactivity), in Brussels, Belgium, with Albert Einstein.

In the foreword of *Sentimento do mundo* [“Feeling of the world”],<sup>368</sup> by Carlos Drummond de Andrade, the novelist, poet, essayist, and professor from Minas Gerais, Silviano Santiago presents us a bridge between the discoveries by Marie Curie and Albert Einstein, and the poetry of the writer in the module 10 of our course “The worlds within”.

After Machado de Assis, Drummond with his *Feeling of the World* is the one who has a *simultaneous* and *responsible* view of sociopolitical and economic events on the planet Earth. It is worth saying: his poetry expresses a kind of *certainty* about world space and geography, about universal time and history. (In the writing of

---

<sup>366</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. José. In: *O tempo é a minha matéria, o tempo presente, os homens presentes, a vida presente*. [“Time is my matter, present time, present men, present life.”] In Op. cit., 1999, p. 99.

<sup>367</sup> *Radioactive*. 2019. United Kingdom. 109 min. Direction: Marjane Satrapi. Starring: Rosamund Pike, Sam Riley, Aneurin Barnard, Anya Taylor-Joy, among others.

<sup>368</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Sentimento do mundo* [“Feeling of the world”]. Foreword: Silviano Santiago. 7th ed. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 2005.

Machado and Drummond, intellectuals who refused the pleasures of transcontinental journey for better and more lucidly traveling through space and time, the world view expressed by the double simultaneity can only be a thing of a language wizard.)<sup>369</sup>

We bring to our module two sources that match with the responsible simultaneity and the theory of the journey through space and time found in *Radioactive*, and especially in Drummond's poetry.

The first source is from the father of the Theory of Relativity, the Jewish-German scientist Albert Einstein.

Lightning struck at two distant points *A* and *B* of our railroad. I also assure that the lightning struck the railways twice *at the same time*. If I ask you, dear reader, if the statement before makes sense, you will surely answer with conviction that it does. But if I ask you then to explain more precisely what it means, you will realize after thinking a bit more that the answer is not as easy as it seemed to be at first.<sup>370</sup>

Einstein will explain didactically for laypeople, relativity and simultaneity of time, which depends on the space where the watcher is located or, bringing to the context of our course, the space where the reader is located.

Bringing it to the context of Drummond's work, in the opening poem (and with the same name) of this intriguing book – later I will explain why –, the author presents the anguish of every human being: that one of wishing to occupy two places at the same time.

I have only two hands  
and the feeling of the world,  
but I am full of slaves,  
my memories run down  
and my body compromises  
at the confluence of love.<sup>371</sup>

---

<sup>369</sup> SANTIAGO, Silviano. Prefácio [“Foreword”]. In ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. Op. cit., 2005, p. 11.

<sup>370</sup> EINSTEIN, Albert. *A teoria da relatividade: sobre a teoria da relatividade especial e geral (para leigos)*. [“The theory of relativity: on the theory of special and general relativity (for laypeople).”] Translation: Silvio Levy. Porto Alegre, RS: L&PM, 2013, p. 34, italics from the edition.

<sup>371</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Sentimento do mundo* [“Feeling of the world”]. In Op. cit., 2005, p. 17.

This feeling that encompasses the whole world and makes it unique, bringing the bodies together in the distance of time, of pandemic and of space: love. And that is exactly love, the pure duration, that leads us to the second theoretical source of this module: the French diplomat and philosopher, winner of Nobel Prize in Literature (1927), Henri Bergson, in his book *Duration and simultaneity*.

However, from the simultaneity of two flows, we would never move to two instants of time if we stayed in pure duration, because every duration is thick: real time has no instants. But we naturally make the idea of instant, and also of simultaneous instants since we acquired the habit of converting time into space.<sup>372</sup>

Drummond travels in time and space and meets Bandeira, the author studied in module 2 of our course, and pays tribute on his fiftieth birthday.

So we suffer: for the message you trust us with  
amid bus, muffled by newspaper traffic and a thousand workers' claims;  
this insistent but discreet message  
which, at the age of fifty, you poet, bring to us;  
and such fidelity to yourself with which you show up  
without any complaint, on the meanwhile experienced face,  
firm hand extended for fraternal grip  
– the poet beyond war and hatred among men –,  
the poet still able to love Esmeralda although the soul dusks,  
the poet better than all of us, the strongest poet  
– but shall have space for poetry?<sup>373</sup>

---

<sup>372</sup> BERGSON, Henri. *Duração e simultaneidade: a propósito da teoria de Einstein*. [“*Duration and simultaneity: about Einstein’s theory*.”] Translation: Claudia Berliner. Technical Revision: Bento Prado Neto. São Paulo: Martins Fontes, 2006, p. 62 – (Tópicos). Both Einstein and Bergson and the Theory of Relativity were investigated in the second chapter about time, part of my master’s dissertation in Theory of Literature (UFPE). *O retrato de Dorian Gray*, de Oscar Wilde: um romance indicial, agostiniano e prefigural. [“*The Picture of Dorian Gray*” by Oscar Wilde: An indexical, augustinian, and prefigural Novel.”] Novas Edições Acadêmicas/OmniScriptum GmbH & Co. KG, Saarbrücken, Alemanha, 2016.

<sup>373</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Ode no cinquentenário do poeta brasileiro*. [“Ode to the fifty-year-old birthday of the Brazilian poet.”] In Op. cit., 2005, p. 55.

First time and space travel. We go back to 2019, and the poem from *14*, another book of the *Coleção Cinco Livros* ["Five Books Collection"], in honor of my fiftieth birthday and fifteenth anniversary of my writing career. As if the poems/texts we thought to write before we read the others, they were like brothers...

I was asked

To tell

My secret

But a secret

It is a petal

Of a flower

That in revealing itself

It dies

That when telling

It lies

I do not know anymore

To lie really

With butterfly wings

Sunflower stalks

So I question

The ladybugs

Which inhabit

Each of us

How is it made

Poetry?<sup>374</sup>

... until we reach the conjunction of time and space that Drummond's love-poem provoked in me (I note the date and location in pencil annotations in the book *Sentimento do mundo* ["Feeling of the world"]) both in the year I first came into contact with Creative Writing in Porto Alegre, at the Literary Workshop by Luiz Antonio de Assis Brasil; right before launching my second book *As joaninhas não mentem* ["Ladybugs do not lie"] (2006); and traveling to Paris and studying at the Sorbonne, as well as in these years (2020, 2021...) of the Covid-19 pandemic

The children looked at the sky: it wasn't forbidden.  
 Their mouths, noses, and eyes were open. There was no danger.  
 The dangers Clara feared were the flu, the heat, the insects.  
 Clara was afraid of missing the 11 o'clock tram,  
 waiting for letters that took a long time to arrive,  
 she couldn't always wear a new dress. But she strolled in the garden in the morning!!!  
 There were gardens, there were mornings in those times!!!<sup>375</sup>

### A house from Minas Gerais

I lived in Itabira for some years.  
 Mostly, I was born in Itabira.  
 That's why I'm sad, proud: like iron.  
 Ninety percent of iron within the sidewalks.  
 Eighty percent of iron within the souls.  
 And this detachment from what in life is porosity and communication.<sup>376</sup>

---

<sup>374</sup> And *As joaninhas não mentem* ["Ladybugs do not lie"], in *14*, Recife: Raio de Sol, 2019, p. 24, coleção Cinco Livros ["Five Books Collection"].

<sup>375</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Lembrança do mundo antigo* ["Remembrance of na antique world"] In Op. cit., 2005, p. 71.

<sup>376</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond de. *Confidência do itabirano*. ["Confidences of a man from Itabira"]. In Op. cit., 2005, p. 19.

Located at Praça do Centenário, 137, Centro, Itabira, the Casa Fundação Carlos Drummond de Andrade housed the Minas Gerais poet from the age of two to thirteen and inspired him throughout his life. The house-museum carries out a similar mission to that of another Minas Gerais writer, whom we will explore in Module 11 – the next one – João Guimarães Rosa. In Rosa's museum, we encounter the "minguilins," children and adolescents who learn excerpts from Rosa's work and recite them to visitors. Children and adolescents are also taught to grasp Drummond's poems, thus becoming "drummonzinhos."

We can taste the verses of the author from Module 10 as if they were “pão de queijo” (cheese bread), “queijo de minas” (Minas cheese), or creamy “doce de leite” (sweet milk). We can, while sitting in our chairs on a rainy day, imbibe the spirit of Minas Gerais with its delights, whether they are culinary/physical or poetic/intellectual. We can prepare ourselves for the film recommendations, the unblocking exercise, and the online meeting with the poet, performance artist, and Creative Writing specialist, Bernadete Bruto, who, alongside Elba Lins (also a poet and Creative Writing specialist, who shared her passion for Vinicius de Moraes in Module 5), are the greatest supporters and motivators of this course in Studies on Creative Writing, which is coming to an end soon.

### **Films on Carlos Drummond de Andrade and Creative Writing**

1) *Life and Poetry of Carlos Drummond de Andrade* (2020):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TgSoN0Y5IUA>

2) *Consideration of poem* (2020):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bUWRv1yu6aM>

3) *The last poem* (2015):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=REDL2FsZ9BU>

### **Unblocking exercise**

Write letters to the poet of Itabira telling him about your process of creation, the theorists, fictionists and poets who most influenced in you literary/poetic making. Write



in the form of videos, photographs, podcasts, or even simple and essential paper and pen, screen and keyboard, without forgetting (in the case of videos, photographs, podcasts) the written word, central star of our course “The worlds within”.

**NOVEMBER 2021**  
**JOÃO GUIMARÃES ROSA**

## Traverse

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tBa2Z28oPRU><sup>377</sup>

We are getting to the end of our online course (Studies on Creative Writing 2021 – The worlds within. We have covered so much ground, delved into so many paths, and we feel bigger, better, perhaps at our writing, or least at reading wonderful Brazilian writers.

And today, we start the eleventh out of the twelve modules of the course. It seems that the Brazilian singer and composer Milton Nascimento captured the essence of the novel of over six hundred pages that I finished rereading yesterday, on May 22, 2021, six months ahead of the reading that you, the scribe, will do of my texts and watch my video lessons.

Milton Nascimento really captured the essence of the literary piece of work that is *Grande sertão: veredas* [“The Great Backlands and Their Paths”]<sup>378</sup> by João Guimarães Rosa, and that, boldly, I come to analyze the writing techniques, facilitate ways, go through the paths of the great novel that, besides representing the whole life of the author, it summarizes how much we learned within the almost twenty modules of this online course since 2020.

But we shall see why it is like this.

João Guimarães Rosa was born on 27th June 1908,<sup>379</sup> in the city of Cordisburgo, between Curvelo and Sete Lagoas, nearly the Gruta do Maquiné. Son of Mrs. Francisca Guimarães Rosa (*Dona Chiquitinha*) and Mr. Florduardo Pinto Rosa (*Seu Fulô*); he grew up around the father’s grocery store, part of the house where he was born (and where today it is located the Guimarães Rosa House-Museum), listening to stories of cowboys

---

<sup>377</sup> Travessia [“Traverse”] in *Travessia* (Album name), 1967, a song by Milton Nascimento and Fernando Brant, musical arrangements by Luiz Eça.

<sup>378</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. *Grande sertão: veredas*. [“The Great Backlands and Their Paths”] 19th ed. Foreword: Paulo Rónai. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 2001.

<sup>379</sup> All biography information about the author studied in this module was taken from *Veredas* [“Paths”] by *Viator*. In: *Cadernos de Literatura Brasileira – João Guimarães Rosa*. Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Moreira Salles, 2006.

and gunmen from the backlands, and that will be part of his whole life, being the central theme of his literary work.

In addition to his ease in learning numerous languages (starting with French, Dutch, and German at the age of nine), Rosa navigates through various literary genres, including poetry, and in 1936, he receives first place in the Literary Contest of the Brazilian Academy of Letters with the book of poems called *Magma* – a genre that is also transposed into the work we have chosen to delve into in Module 11 of our course.

He met several writers from “The worlds within”: Carlos Drummond de Andrade, who studied at the same school – Colégio Arnaldo – in Belo Horizonte; Graciliano Ramos, from whom he receives harsh criticism for the first version of the short story collection called *Sagarana* (Graciliano approves the final version); and Ferreira Gullar, who, like other writers, found the language of *The Great Backlands and Their Paths* quite hermetic. He was a friend of Manuel Bandeira and admired by Clarice Lispector (the Clarice of the 2020 Online Studies on Creative Writing, in the module on Brazil).

But what really matters for this brief article about the magnificent and giant masterpiece of over six hundred pages is finding various techniques addressed in our course. It is the book that Guimarães Rosa built throughout his life, whether in listening to the tales at the grocery store of *Seu Fulô* and in the letter-interviews exchanged throughout his life with his father, whether in the transmutation of real personalities into fictional characters (Colonel Hermógenes, from João Pinheiro; Colonel Ricardo Gregório, from Curalinho, now Corinto; Colonel Ornelas, from Goiás), whether in the creation of a new language (recall Module 9 with Mário de Andrade), very close to the unconscious, converging languages from around the world into a language that lies beneath the words, beyond meanings, and that makes us emerge as larger and better individuals after our deep immersion and reading.

### **How to write a biographical novel**

*Was João a fabulist?*

*fabulous?*

*fable?*

*Mystical backlands shooting*

*into the exile of common language?*<sup>380</sup>

We shall start with interviews. A notebook, all the time. This is how the hidden character – a young man from the big city, cultured – that Guimarães portrays and positions as the interlocutor of the old Riobaldo, a former outlaw, nicknamed Tatarana – fire caterpillar – or Urutu Branco – a dangerous snake.

In the notes taken during the journey through the backlands of Minas Gerais in May 1952, Guimarães gathers extensive material to fill his Bible or attempt to answer the main question of his work – and perhaps of his entire life: Does the Devil exist?

Let me explain to you, sir: the devil dwells within man, the crookedness of man – whether it's the ruined man or the man turned inside out. Let him free, on his own, a citizen has no devil in him. None! – that's what I say. Do you agree, sir? Tell me everything openly – it's a great favor you're doing me: and I can ask it earnestly. This matter – strange as they may see me – it's of some importance to me. I wish it weren't... But don't tell me that you, a sensible and educated person, believe in his existence?! No? I thank you! Your high opinion adds to my wealth.<sup>381</sup>

In real life, Rosa structures the novel well (as suggested by Assis Brasil and Raimundo Carrero in Module 9) also through interviews and repeatedly asks his father to send details about the backlands that he will revisit during his sabbatical year in 1952.

[...] even though I'm in this highly coveted and contested city [Chamonix, Switzerland], I dream of the day when I will return to Brazil, in four years' time, to take my vacation bonus leave year and dedicate it to traveling through the backlands of Minas: going down the Velhas River in a canoe, visiting Paracatu, and other excursions.<sup>382</sup>

Guimarães makes use of chorus – see Edgar Allan Poe in “The Philosophy of Composition”, which we studied in Modules 2, 3, and 9 of “The worlds within” – when he repeats, *ad infinitum*, “Living is very dangerous” and “The devil in the street, in the midst of the whirlwind...”.

---

<sup>380</sup> ANDRADE, Carlos Drummond. *Um chamado João*. [“A so-called João.”] In ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 11, italics added.

<sup>381</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 26.

<sup>382</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., 2006, p. 26, brackets with name of the city added.

He continues to weave the construction of an expansive novel, giving us the impression that he is doing it as he writes through the alter ego of the young man from the big city who listens to Riobaldo, much like the making-doing of our Mário de Andrade from Module 9 in his *Amar, verbo intransitivo: idílio* [“Love, intransitive verb: idyll”].

I'm telling out, wandering things. In you sir shall I believe? Until then, until then. Tell me, guardian angel... But, as I came along: afterward I found out that even the soldiers of the Lieutenant and the men of Colonel Adalvino ended up respecting Joé Cazuzo's breath. And he turned out to be the most peaceful man in the world, an olive oil maker and a sacristan, in São Domingos Branco. Times!<sup>383</sup>

He introduces the characters, contextualizing them in future events so that we don't get lost in the labyrinth of reading.<sup>384</sup>

On this side, there's Alaripe's gang: if you knew what a rifle and knife fight a Ceará man like this can put up! Then there's João Nonato, Quipes, Pacamã-de-Presas. And Fafafa – he was really something, always by my side in the old Tamanduá-tão battle: we cleared the wind of those who had no orders to breathe before we circled around them... Fafafa has a mule. He breeds good horses. A bit farther, in the foothills, with my group were Sesfrêdo, Jesualdo, Nelson, and João Concliz. Triol... Am I not worth anything?<sup>385</sup>

We can assume that the central theme of the novel is the impossible love for the outlaw Reinaldo/Diadorim. Or the struggle between good and evil, where neither side necessarily has to win. Or even the reconstruction of memory. Or the vastness of the backlands itself, a place that cannot be categorized as good or evil, belonging to God or the Devil, in the midst of a whirlwind.

Backlands. You see, sir, the backland is where a person's thoughts become stronger than the power of the place. Living is very dangerous...<sup>386</sup>

[...]

---

<sup>383</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 37.

<sup>384</sup> It is interesting to go though, in childhood, the habit of reading aloud, beating the pages of the books with two chopsticks, and that Rosa will take to adulthood in the readings of excerpts from his books still being written for friends.

<sup>385</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 40.

<sup>386</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 41.

Love, in itself, is a kind of regret. I embraced Diadorim, like the wings of all birds. For the sake of his father's name, Joca Ramiro, I would now kill and die, if need be.<sup>387</sup>

[...]

So that's what I say: I, as you've already seen, have a memory that doesn't fail me; I remember everything from my childhood. It was good. I remember it with pleasure, but without nostalgia. Because a breeze of chance quickly clouds it. There's no peace in the past....<sup>388</sup>

[...]

We live in repetition, in what's repeated, and, slippery, in a moment, we're already pushed onto another branch... reality doesn't reside at the beginning or the end; it's found in the middle of the traverse.<sup>389</sup>

[...]

Good or evil, it depends on who's doing it; it's not in the effects they produce.<sup>390</sup>

The zigzagging narrative from the present to the past, from the past to the future, which old Riobaldo pours out to the young man from the big city, who also represents us, the lovers and enthusiasts of reading and writing, is very much like the technique of free associations described by the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud.

I'm telling you, who needs an explanation. Thinking poorly is easy because this life is murky. I believe we live mainly to become disillusioned and demystify. Shamelessness reigns, so lightly and properly, that at first, one can't believe in sincerity without malice. But I give you my word: as much of a man as I was, and a man through women! – I've never had an inclination for disordered vices. I reject what's without restraint. So – you might ask me – what was that, then?<sup>391</sup>

And it seems that we hear the songs-poetry of Vinicius de Moraes, there in module 5, echoing in the songs of "if travel and sing, war and sing" of the gunmen of Guimarães.

*“Olerereêe, Bai-hi*

*an...*

*I was going and*

---

<sup>387</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 57.

<sup>388</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 58.

<sup>389</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 80, square bracket added.

<sup>390</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 113.

<sup>391</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 162.

*now no going anymore:  
I ma-  
ke believe going inside, oh Bahian,  
and return  
from middle  
to backward...''<sup>392</sup>*

Guimarães confirms the difficulty of transmuting reality, whether from the past or the present, into fictional or non-fictional narrative, as we saw in Hilda Hilst's chronicles in module 8 of 2021.

Ah, but I speak falsely. Do you feel it, sir? Disprove it? I disprove. Telling it is very, very difficult. Not because of the years that have already passed. But because of the cunning that certain past things have – they sway; they shift from their places. Was what I said accurate? It was. But would it have been? Now, I think not. There are so many hours of people, so many things in so many times, all intricately intertwined.<sup>393</sup>

Rosa teaches us, with his zigzags between the future, the past, and the present, what Assis Brasil confirms in his literary workshops in academic settings since 1985: that we can know the end of a novel at the beginning of the reading to learn how the writer constructed their story and broaden our writing.

The nine ones [leagues]. Plus ten, to Lagoa do Amargoso. And seven, to reach a waterfall in Gorutuba. And ten ones, ranching between Whom-Whom and Solitude; and many marches back and forth: always the backlands. The backlands is this: you push it back, but suddenly it circles you from the sides. The backlands is when you least expect it; I say.<sup>394</sup>

Or even, despite Rosa's labyrinthine novel lacking chapters, the warnings throughout the text remind us of mainstream TV series, when at the end of an episode it anticipates what will happen later in the story or provides a retrospective of the previous

---

<sup>392</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 193, italics of the edition.

<sup>393</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 200.

<sup>394</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 302, brackets added.



episode, just like the author of module 6, Jorge Amado, in his *Gabriela, cravo e canela* ["Gabriela, clove and cinnamon"].

But it was in this place, at the time spoken of, that my destinies were sealed. Is there a certain point from which we can no longer turn back? The traverse of my life. Guararavacã – you see, you write. The great things, before they happen. Now the world wants to be without the backlands. Caixeirópolis, I heard. I think things like that don't happen anymore. If one day it does, the world will end. You listen.<sup>395</sup>

The novel as if it were a great circle. Or rather, the symbol of infinity at the end of the book, and the cycles that close, for example, that of Riobaldo's fiancée, Otacília.

What I remember, I have. I've been coming from old joys. The Santa Catarina farm was close to heaven – a blue sky, repainted, with clouds that don't move. It was May. I love these Mays, the good sun, the healthy cold, the flowers in the field, the gentle May winds.<sup>396</sup>

[...]

And that, with our fatigue, following, without me even knowing, God's itinerary in the Gerais mountains, we kept climbing until we suddenly got to Santa Catarina Farm, in Buritis-Altos, at the source of the paths. What butterflies! And it was in May, we stayed there for two days, everything in bloom, so subtle and sweet, in my acquaintance with Otacília. You heard me. How Otacília and I came to like each other, talking, agreeing on our engagement, and the following morning, I bid her farewell, she with her little cat-like head, fair at the top of the porch, giving me the light of her eyes; and from there, I left, with Diadorim and the others.<sup>397</sup>

The repetitions in *Grande Sertão* ["The Great Backlands..."] to keep us from getting lost in the sprawling novel (as if young Guimarães were reading out loud with the two little sticks), don't just come in choruses (as we saw with Edgar Allan Poe), or even in the cycles that close (as we saw in the above example), but they come in "additions," as we can see in the example below.

They fired a shot from a rifle, farther away. That I knew. I always know when a shot is a shot – that is – when others are going to follow. They fired many shots. I tightened my belt around my waist. I tightened my belt around my waist, and the following added: I don't even know how it happened. Before knowing what it was, I

---

<sup>395</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 305.

<sup>396</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 204-205.

<sup>397</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 323.

armed myself with my weapons. What I had was hunger. What I had was hunger, and I was already wrapped up, ready.<sup>398</sup>

And the present of writing this brief article, on May 24th and 25th, 2021, in a café at Casa Forte Square, Recife – PE, being divined, context (the worldwide Covid-19 pandemic), and structure (the Recife heat in Casa Forte's café), by the second writer from Minas Gerais of our course.

The heat was scorching. But, between the slopes, in the sly-tailed little stream that we passed, along the black soil edges, only the animals drank to quench their thirst because we were even afraid of the running water. Where did the plague come from? Even in the air. Dust and misery. Faded, worn-out blue, without highlights. The sun hastening to age the leaves beforehand – the beginning of June already gave the appearance of late August.<sup>399</sup>

The fictionalized biography of a *jagunço* [“gunman”] that João Guimarães Rosa exhaustively researched throughout his entire life, either by collecting stories from his father in the letters-interviews he received while traveling as a diplomat around the world, or by experiencing firsthand (and noting in his notebooks) life in the book's setting, is a metaphor for the processing of trauma through the telling of one's own story, as we saw with Márcio Selligman-Silva in module 4 about Graciliano Ramos.

All of this, for you, sir, doesn't make sense, nor does it matter. But I am repeating very minutely, experiencing what was missing for me. So many small things, I know. Did the moon die? But I am from the sense and re-lost. I am from the forgotten. How I wander. And many small events happened.

As it was. I tell; you put a period after me.<sup>400</sup>

## One more house from Minas Gerais

*The House of Tucanos endured the battles, that house so vast and grand, with ten windows on each side, and deepened even in piçarrão stones, the digging of the foundations. I think the house spoke a speech – a response to the whistling – when a gunshot cracks in two, two.*

[...]

---

<sup>398</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 340, underline added.

<sup>399</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 407-408.

<sup>400</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 546.

*My homeland was far from there, in the rest of the world. The hinterland has no place.*<sup>401</sup>

The Guimarães Rosa's House Museum is located at 744 Padre João Avenue, in Cordisburgo – the city of the heart – right in front of a train station, as if foreseeing the little João's future: traveling the whole world, especially his Minas Gerais. The House Museum Casa consists of the house where Guimarães was born and lived until the age of nine – with an album of photos, a collection of illustrious bow ties, approximately seven hundred textual documents, his entire literary work, original manuscripts or typed drafts, woodcut matrices used in books, a sword, sheath, and diploma from the Brazilian Academy of Letters, a typewriter, drafts of works, and other personal objects – and his father's store, *Seu Fulô*, next door. And, as we mentioned in module 10 about Carlos Drummond de Andrade, in the House Museum, we can listen to excerpts from Guimarães' books from the mouths of young adolescents, the *miguilins*.

In 2009, in the company of a friend from that time, I traveled the Guimarães Rosa Circuit, consisting of eleven municipalities (twelve if we include Cordisburgo): Araçá, Buritizeiro, Corinto, Curvelo, Felixlândia, Inimutaba, Morro da Garça, Pirapora, Presidente Juscelino, Pompéu, and Ponto Chique – located at the confluence of three mesoregions of the state: north, central, and the metropolitan area of Belo Horizonte.

It is an indescribable experience. Or rather, Guimarães' words, imbued in and with the cities where he lived and traveled during his childhood and adulthood, inspired the writing of *Oráculo* ["Oracle"], a text presented in the module on Brazil of the Studies on Creative Writing in 2020.

On the way to Três Marias, I asked Adélcio to drive. Him guiding me, him telling me what was right and wrong, and from listening so much, I memorized his steps, I taught his name.

The plateau. The buriti palms. From one moment to the next, all the mystery was revealed, and what was to come later became the present. I kept the flowers to give back to Laura, who told me earlier who I really was and didn't even know yet.

Photos, photos, photos. And it's impossible to capture my feeling of the hinterland. – "It won't take ten minutes, and the São Francisco River will be here."

The sweet sea. I asked in the name of the Father that He baptize me again: I don't believe I have the things I desire, but I have my desire in things. I smiled at the cold water on my neck, barefoot, jeans rolled up to my knees. On my knees, I rebuilt myself, and the new man rose from the rocks and built his path upon the rocks.

---

<sup>401</sup> ROSA, João Guimarães. Op. cit., (1956 in) 2001, p. 369 e 370, italics added.

And if Manuelzão didn't want to receive me in Andréquicé? A new João asked him, to sigh some secret among his long beards? André's Quicé, perhaps Maria's. Who knows of João who knew he didn't know?<sup>402</sup>

As we prepare for the virtual meeting of module 11, we ask the same question as the lawyer, master's degree in Literature (UFRGS), Ph.D. in Creative Writing (PUCRS), and Gaúcho writer Gustavo Melo Czekster, in the theoretical essay of his *A nota amarela* ["The yellow note"]:

– Should I be the Author of the novel I imagined?

Being the Author of a book? It is about making a leap of faith. Without delving much into the field of philosophy, I borrow from Søren Kierkegaard the notion of a "leap of faith" to illustrate this statement: for the Danish philosopher, the man who finds himself in the ethical stage of existence can move to the religious stage through a "leap of faith," throwing himself towards the unknown, trusting that salvation will be waiting for him.<sup>403</sup>

– So, we shall take the leap.

### Films on João Guimarães Rosa and Creative Writing

- 1) *Grande sertão: veredas* – Rede Globo TV Series (1985):  
<https://memoriaglobo.globo.com/entretenimento/minisseries/grande-sertao-veredas/>
- 2) *Guimarães Rosa* | TV Cultura:  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MUGLZ4euUzI>
- 3) *Visiting museums* | Episode 8 | Guimarães Rosa's House Museum:  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jxuZ6sioA5k>

### Unblocking exercise

---

<sup>402</sup> TENÓRIO, Patricia Gonçalves. *Oráculo* ["Oracle"]. In *Diálogos* ["Dialogues"]. In *7 por 11*. Recife: Raio de Sol, 2019, p. 263-264.

<sup>403</sup> CZEKSTER, Gustavo Melo. *A nota amarela*: seguida de "Sobre a escrita – um ensaio à moda de Montaigne" ["The yellow note: followed by "About writing – an essay in Montaigne's style"]. Porto Alegre, RS: Zouk, 2021, p. 133.

Continuing with the exercise in module 9 about Mário de Andrade, present, through interviews, photographs, videos, podcasts, the structure of a (auto)biographical novel or a fictionalized (auto)biography, following the suggestions of João Guimarães Rosa studied by us in *Grande sertão: veredas* [“The great Backlands and The Paths”] in module 11 of our course, which is getting to the end, “The worlds within”.

**DECEMBER 2021**  
**MARIO QUINTANA**

## **I will go to Porto Alegre**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VX60ai0h5II><sup>404</sup>

We have reached the end of our course “The worlds within”. We have arrived in Porto Alegre, where I first encountered Creative Writing in 2006.

We have not only completed the twelve online modules in 2021, but we have also concluded the course Studies on Creative Writing, which has been running since 2016. It all began with (and was encouraged by) my friends Bernadete Bruto and Elba Lins after a circular dance at Jaqueira Park in Recife, Pernambuco.

Everything in life is part of a cycle. Today, 6<sup>th</sup> June 2021, nearly five years after that day at Jaqueira Park, I am writing the lessons for the final module of the course, all in a single day, about the writer, poet, journalist, translator born in Alegrete, Rio Grande do Sul, Mario Quintana.

And I write it with a dream. In the face of the Covid-19 pandemic, which has consumed so many lives and affected countless artists (bodies, souls, and job opportunities), I dream of hosting, on 15<sup>th</sup> December 2021, the live session related to Module 12 at the residence of the poet, writer, actress, theater director, master's, and doctoral candidate at PUCRS, Gisela Rodriguez, in Porto Alegre.

As “a dream is the only right that cannot be prohibited” (Glauber Rocha), I start writing the final module of the course that explored the inner worlds of Brazilian writers, who have taught us so much, so that we may have the opportunity – if the pandemic allow us – to venture into the outer worlds.

And there is no one better than Mario Quintana to assist us on this journey.

## **From the serenity of the soul**

---

<sup>404</sup> *Deu pra ti* [“Enough for you”] In: *Kleitton & Kledir*, 1981, de Kleitton Alves Ramil e Kledir Alves Ramil.

I had contact with Mario Quintana's work during my first visit to Porto Alegre and my first journey in search of Creative Writing and its sources in the country. It was when I met Luiz Antonio de Assis Brasil.

I attended Raimundo Carrero's workshop for two years, stayed in Porto Alegre for a month to attend Assis Brasil's workshop as a listener, and I was preparing myself for going to France in order to participate in a workshop at the Sorbonne, at the Université de Paris IV. I was starting my literary journey. I had published one and a half books – *As joaninhas não mentem* ["Ladybugs do not lie"] in 2006 and I had attempted to launch (but it was forbidden) *O major – eterno é o espírito* ["The major – eternal is the soul"] in 2005.

There is line written by Mario Quintana that beautifully illustrates the alignment of thoughts, life, and poetry that I feel with the Gaucho writer.

– *Eles passarão, eu passarinho*. ["They'll pass it over fadingly, I'll fly them over shiningly."] <sup>405</sup>

It is this serenity of the soul that Mario conveys to us, whether in his lines or in his own life, and that helps us (and will help us) conclude the cycle of this course, of this book that we launched in the last live session of the year. <sup>406</sup>

I write before the open window.  
My pen is the color of the blinds:  
Green!... And how light, beautiful trceries  
The sun draws on the desert page!

I do not know which madcap landscape artist  
Mixes the hues... gets them right... then wrong...  
Always in search of a new discovery,

---

<sup>405</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Poeminho do Contra. ["Little Poem of Against"] In: *Caderno H*. In: *Mario Quintana: Poesia Completa*. São Paulo, SP: Editora Nova Aguilar, p. 257.

<sup>406</sup> If the pandemic allows, we will be launching on December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2021, the volume *Studies on Creative Writing*. Organization by Patricia Gonçalves Tenório. Texts by Adriano Portela, Altair Martins, Bernadete Bruto, Elba Lins, Gisela Rodriguez et al., Recife: Raio de Sol, 2021, with texts from the invited writers and the supporting material of the course *The worlds within* at the residence of Gisela Rodriguez in Porto Alegre.



They paint the everyday hours...<sup>407</sup>

The organizer of the book I read in 2006 and I am rereading now, fifteen years later, the former full professor of Literary Theory at UFRGS, with a master's degree in Portuguese Language Literatures from UFRGS, a PhD in Literary Theory and Comparative Literature from USP, and post-doctoral studies at the Université de Paris IV (yes, the same Sorbonne that I boldly attended in 2006), Tania Carvalhal, points us the theme of the book we have in our hands, which is also the theme of our course: the poet's street/home.

It can be immediately seen that its title refers to the poems that deal with his street, the one he gazes at from the open window, the *little street* that the poet cradles and describes day and night, the place where life unfolds, as one reads in the first sonnets. It is the street of street cries, of noise, of the crowd, and also of tranquility, of high roofs where *weathervanes* spin, of trams and street lamps.<sup>408</sup>

We will see later, in a testimony to Edla van Stein, how much Quintana valued the work above his own life, the inner above the outer, how the poet's isolation within the four walls of the house-hotel-street reflects the deep dive into oneself, so necessary for anyone who seeks salvation in reading and writing.

I understand nothing of social matters.  
 I am merely a part of it, nothing more...  
 And I only know of my own woes,  
 Which are not really the woes of everyone,  
  
 Nor are they of this Earth... By the way,  
 The world remains indifferent to them!  
 And my Guardian Angel, only he,

---

<sup>407</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. *Escrevo diante da janela aberta*. [“I write before the open window.”]. In: *A rua dos cataventos* [“The street of weathervanes”]. Org., plan of edition, setting of text, chronology and bibliography: Tania Franco Carvalhal, 2nd ed. São Paulo, SP: Globo, 2005, p. 19 – (Mario Quintana Collection).

<sup>408</sup> CARVALHAL, Tania Franco. Leitura dos sonetos inaugurais [“Reading of inaugural sonnets”]. In: QUINTANA, Mario. Op. cit., 2005, p. 8, italics of the edition.

Is the one who reads my verses in the end...<sup>409</sup>

The fact that Quintana was a sickly child, the mandatory isolation due to health reasons made him savor every tiny moment of social interaction, of the external world, sipping life's every tiny, unnoticed detail – just as we will do when we venture out into the world, still taking proper precautions, once we are vaccinated.

In my street, there is a sick little boy.  
 While the others head off to school,  
 By the window, dreamily,  
 He listens to the cobbler hammer soles.  
 [...]  
 But in this street, there is a sad laborer:  
 [...]  
 He works silently...  
 And he is composing this sonnet now,  
 For the kind soul of the sick little boy...<sup>410</sup>

In addition to Quintana representing himself in his verses (he only knows his own pain, which is not quite the pain of everyone), besides giving us the impression of writing at the very moment we read the printed words in the book organized for the centenary of the poet's birth by Professor Tania Carvalhal, the eternal child from Alegrete engages in a dialogue with other poets/writers from around the world, who are also ours/mine.

We shall see only three of them:

Mario Quintana & Alberto Caiero:

The Boy had fallen asleep... But the singing,  
 Natural as the waters, continued on...  
 And it was purifying, like a river,

---

<sup>409</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Eu nada entendo... [“I do not understand...”]. In: Op. cit., 2005, p. 23.

<sup>410</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Na minha rua... [“On my street...”]. In Op. cit., 2005, p. 24, brackets added.

My heart, which had grown so dark...

It was the voice I heard when I was quite little...

And it was Mary, by the stream,

Washing the clothes of the Baby Jesus...<sup>411</sup>

One day when God was sleeping,

And the Holy Spirit was flying,

He went to the box of miracles and stole three.

With the first one, he made it so that no one knew he had escaped.

With the second, he made himself eternally human and a child.

With the third, he created a Christ eternally on the cross,

And he left him nailed to the cross in the sky,

Serving as a model for the others.

Then he escaped to the sun,

And he descended through the first lightning he caught.<sup>412</sup>

Mario Quintana & Carlos Pena Filho:

I placed my shoes on the high windowsill,

On the ledge... only Heaven is lacking

For them to bear this rough existence!

And they dream, motionless, in wonder,

That they are two old boats, beached

On the calm bank of a dam...<sup>413</sup>

So, I painted my shoes blue

---

<sup>411</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Tudo tão vago... [“Everything so vague...”] In: Op. cit., 2005, p. 30.

<sup>412</sup> PESSOA, Fernando. O guardador de rebanhos [“The herd keeper”]. In: *Poesia completa de Alberto Caeiro*. [“Complete Poetry by Alberto Caeiro”]. Edition: Fernando Cabral Martins, Richard Zenith. São Paulo, SP: Companhia das Letras, 2005, p. 29.

<sup>413</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. O dia abriu seu para-sol bordado. [“The day opened its embroidered parasol”] In: Op. cit., 2005, p. 33.

Because I couldn't paint the streets blue,  
 Then, I put on my foolish gestures  
 And colored my hands and yours.  
 [...]  
 And lost in blue, we gazed at each other  
 And saw that between us, a south was born  
 Dizzily blue. Blue.<sup>414</sup>

Mario Quintana & Hermann Hesse:

When I die and in the coolness of the moon  
 Of the new house, I remain alone,  
 Leave me in peace on my quiet street...  
 I want nothing more to do with any of you!

I want only to stay with some crooked poems  
 That I've been trying in vain to straighten...  
 How beautiful Eternity is, my dead friends,  
 For the slow torments of Expression!...<sup>415</sup>

– It is a joy for me, my dear Harry, to have you as a guest for a moment. You have often been disheartened with life and have longed to leave it, haven't you? You have yearned to abandon this time, this world, this reality, and enter another reality that suits you better, a timeless world. Well, my friend, I invite you to do just that. You already know where this other world hides; you already know that the world you seek is your own soul. Only within your own self does that other reality you long for exist. I can give you nothing that does not already exist within you; I cannot open to you a world of images beyond what resides in your own soul. I can offer you nothing except the opportunity, the impulse, the key. I will help you make your own world visible, and that is all.<sup>416</sup>

---

<sup>414</sup> FILHO, Carlos Pena. Soneto do dismantelo azul. In: *Livro geral*. Org. and selection of texts: Tania Carneiro Leão. Recife, PE: Atma Comunicações, 2010, p. 79.

<sup>415</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Quando eu morrer... [“When I die...”] In: Op. cit., 2005, p. 53.

<sup>416</sup> HESSE, Hermann. *O lobo da estepe*. [“Steppenwolf”] Translation and Foreword: Ivo Barroso. 29<sup>a</sup> ed. Rio de Janeiro, RJ: Record, 2005, p. 189.

## Majestic House-Hotel--Museum

*... but I wished I had been born in one of those half-timbered houses  
 with the roof descending just after the facades  
 only with a front door and window  
 which, in the century, affectionately bore  
 the nickname of sitting dogs.  
 However, I was born in a mansion of lions.  
 (... staircases, hallways, attics, basements, all of it...)  
 I couldn't be a street child...  
 In fact, the house frightened me more than the world outside.  
 The house was larger than the world!<sup>417</sup>*

The *Casa de Cultura Mario Quintana* (Rua dos Andradas, 736 – Centro Histórico), originally the Majestic Hotel, is a historical Brazilian building and a cultural center in the city of Porto Alegre. Although he was born in Alegrete, Mario adopted the capital of Rio Grande do Sul as his beloved city. The poet from Module 12 of our course lived in the hotel, room 217, between 1968 and 1980.

In a testimonial interview to the writer of short stories, novels, plays, and art books, Edla van Steen, Mario Quintana narrates the difficulty of venturing into the world after being confined in childhood for so long due to health issues.

EDLA: Tell us a bit about your childhood and adolescence.

MARIO: I don't know if I had a childhood. I was a sickly boy, behind a window. I believe it was to him that I later dedicated a sonnet from *A rua dos cataventos* ["The street of weathervanes"]. My "element" was poetry. I started to be a poet like a dog that falls into the water and didn't know it knew how to swim. (It knew.) And the family environment helped. Both my father and mother, as well as my siblings Milton and Marieta, to whom I dedicated my first book, liked poetry. I never had the classic misunderstanding with the family that some poets boast about. In fact, it was my own brother Milton, fifteen years older than me, who taught me how to meter. Since my childhood was very confined due to precarious health, when I could, I set myself free in the world. It was a shock. I was raised in an aviary and released into a paddock. Hence perhaps the explanation for my subsequent and prolonged bohemian lifestyle.<sup>418</sup>

<sup>417</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. Big house In *Quintana de bolso*. Porto Alegre, RS: L&PM, 2010, p. 109.

<sup>418</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. In STEEN, Edla van. *Viver & escrever: volume 1* ["Living & writing": volume 1"]. 2nd ed. Porto Alegre, RS: L&PM, 2008, p. 12.

As I promised at the beginning of this brief article that concludes the course Studies on Creative Writing, Mario Quintana helps us to venture out into the world, to leave behind the tomb-house of post-writing (as Clarice Lispector put it after publishing *A hora da estrela* [“Hour of the Star”]), to overcome post-pandemic panic (or whatever remains of it for many years).

Because it is necessary to keep in motion, to always be on a journey, in a continuous change of our inner Being, in search of better writing, broader reading, navigating through Literature, Poetry, and other arts, as well as other areas of knowledge, starting anew with every sunrise, as if it were a new world. And the word, the pure word, emerging from our depths, will set us free.

The crazy commotion of the eve of departure!  
 With the children's racket messing everything up  
 And us forgetting what we should bring,  
 Bringing things that should leave behind...  
 But it is because things want to depart as well,  
 Things also want to arrive  
 Anywhere! – as long as it is not  
 This eternal same place...  
 And in vain, the Father tries to take charge:  
 But authority has come to an end...  
 In the world, there is only one great novelty:  
 TRAVELING!<sup>419</sup>

And Gisela Rodriguez, like a dream, *Breve como tudo* [“Brief as everything”], waiting for me at the door of the house in Porto Alegre in order to celebrate the end of one cycle and the beginning of another; the beginning of a new writing in the worlds within each one of you.

Then, I remembered my father's typewriter, which had been under my control since I was fourteen. I got up again, telling myself that I was alive. I pulled it from the top of the closet, and I was so weak that it almost fell on top of me. I composed myself after avoiding smashing the typewriter or my head. I inserted a sheet of paper. I sighed deeply, feeling my chest aching from the continuous and hidden crying of the

---

<sup>419</sup> QUINTANA, Mario. [The crazy commotion of the eve of departure]. In Op. cit., 2010, p. 120.

past days and nights. I stretched out my fingers and could almost start. But nothing pushed me to bring the words out. I got up and opened the curtain. It was a sunny and windy day. The wind stirred the treetops that opened up over the neighbor's roof; the tangerine tree leaned slightly, and its leaves trembled. The fruits swayed and almost fell but remained on the branches. The world continued the same way. I put on my boots and went to the garage in my pajamas. I needed to recreate myself. *Time would heal everything.*<sup>420</sup>

### **Films on Mario Quintana and Creative Writing**

1) *Mario Quintana | Arranged Meeting* (1990's):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ujJHrfxuwyc>

2) *Sciences and languages | Mario Quintana* (2015):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-eyM7jazHJc>

3) *Casa de Cultura Mario Quintana | 30 years of history* (2020):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7WFbr1q2BaM>

### **Unblocking exercise**

Imagine a post-pandemic trip, or even one during the pandemic, but with vaccinations and all the necessary precautions. Then, create poems, stories, or even journals describing what you see, feel, and perceive with all your senses, using photographs, videos, podcasts, but always remembering that the written word is the main star.

---

<sup>420</sup> RODRIGUEZ, Gisela. *Brief as everything*. Porto Alegre, RS: Class/Bestiário, 2021, p. 109-110, italics of edition.

## Biografias / Biographies

**ANA LUCIA GUSMÃO** (João Pessoa/PB) é jornalista e revisora de textos. Bacharel em Comunicação Social pela Pontifícia Universidade Católica do Rio de Janeiro (PUC-RJ), tem especialização em Língua Portuguesa pela Faculdade de São Bento do Rio de Janeiro. Contato: [algcm.machado@gmail.com](mailto:algcm.machado@gmail.com)

**ANA LUCIA GUSMÃO** (João Pessoa/PB) is a journalist and text editor. She holds a Bachelor's degree in Social Communication from the Pontifical Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro (PUC-RJ) and has a specialization in the Portuguese language from the Faculty of São Bento in Rio de Janeiro. Contact: [algcm.machado@gmail.com](mailto:algcm.machado@gmail.com)

**JOÃO AUGUSTO DE MEDEIROS LIRA** (Recife/PE, 1968) é tradutor, professor, escritor, ator profissional e produtor cultural. Graduado em Tradução (UFPE/2000), com especialização em Literaturas de Língua Inglesa (FAFIRE/2007), mestrado (UFPE/2011) e doutorado (UFPE/2018) em Teoria da Literatura pela Universidade Federal de Pernambuco/UFPE. Autor do livro *Poética do Grito & Geografia da Vertigem* – Um olhar sobre a dramaturgia de João Denys (2018), publicado pela CEPE Editora, obra que faz parte das publicações do SESC/PE. Tradutor profissional em diversas áreas desde 2000. Entre os trabalhos mais recentes, destaque para a tradução das seguintes obras da escritora Patrícia Gonçalves Tenório, a novela *Samanta*, o livro de narrativas curtas *Breves estórias do tempo*, as coletâneas *Prosa reunida* e *Poesia reunida*, e a coletânea de ensaios *Os livros* (Coleção Trinta Livros, 2023). Contatos: [joaoaugustolira@hotmail.com](mailto:joaoaugustolira@hotmail.com); [joaoaugustolira@gmail.com](mailto:joaoaugustolira@gmail.com)

**JOÃO AUGUSTO DE MEDEIROS LIRA** (Recife/PE, 1968) is a translator, professor, writer, professional actor and cultural producer. He has bachelor's degree in Translation (UFPE/2000) with specialization in English Language Literatures (FAFIRE/2007), Master's degree (UFPE/2011) and PhD (UFPE/2018) in Theory of Literature at the Federal University of Pernambuco/UFPE. Author of the book *Poetics of the Howl & Geography of Vertigo* – A look over the dramaturgy of João Denys (2018), published by CEPE Editora, work that is part of the publishings of SESC/ PE. Professional translator in several areas since 2000. Among the most recent works, we highlight the translation of the following works by the writer Patrícia Gonçalves Tenório, the novella *Samantha*, the book of short narratives *Brief stories of time*, the collections *Selected Prose* and *Selected Poetry*, and the collection of essays *The books* (Thirty Books Collection, 2023). Contact: [joaoaugustolira@hotmail.com](mailto:joaoaugustolira@hotmail.com); [joaoaugustolira@gmail.com](mailto:joaoaugustolira@gmail.com)

**PATRICIA GONÇALVES TENÓRIO** (Recife/PE, 1969) tem trinta livros publicados, entre eles *Samanta*, *Breves estórias do tempo*, *Prosa reunida*, *Poesia reunida* e *Os livros* (coleção Trinta Livros, 2023). Recebeu prêmios no Brasil e no exterior por *As joaninhas não mentem* (Accademia Internazionale Il Convivio, 2008), *Grãos* (UBE/RJ, 2008), *Como se Ícaro falasse* (Academia Pernambucana de Letras, 2012), *A menina do olho verde* (Accademia Internazionale Il Convivio, 2017), pelo conjunto da obra (UBE/RJ, 2013) e pelo Projeto Literário On-line Estudos em Escrita Criativa (Câmara Brasileira de Desenvolvimento Cultural/Flipo, 2022). Graduada em Ciências da Computação (Unicap), mestre em Teoria da Literatura (UFPE), doutora em Escrita Criativa (PUCRS), ministrou, de 2016 a 2021, cursos on-line e presenciais do grupo de Estudos em Escrita Criativa, e uma das idealizadoras, coordenadoras e professoras da primeira turma de especialização *lato sensu* em Escrita Criativa (Unicap/PUCRS). Organizadora da trilogia *Sobre a escrita criativa* (2017, 2018, 2020) e dos *Estudos em Escrita Criativa* (2021). Contatos: [grupodeestudos.escritacriativa@gmail.com](mailto:grupodeestudos.escritacriativa@gmail.com), <https://www.youtube.com/estudosemescritacriativa>, [patriciatenorio@uol.com.br](mailto:patriciatenorio@uol.com.br) e [www.patriciatenorio.com.br](http://www.patriciatenorio.com.br)

**PATRICIA GONÇALVES TENÓRIO** (Recife/PE, 1969) is a Brazilian writer. She has



published thirty books, which we have among them *Samantha*, *Brief stories of time*, *Selected Prose*, *Selected Poetry* and *The books* (Thirty Books Collection, 2023). Patricia Tenório received awards in Brazil as well as abroad for *O major – eterno é o espírito* [‘The major – eternal is the spirit’] (2005), *As joaninhas não mentem* [‘Ladybugs do not lie’] (2006), *Grãos* [‘Grains’] (2007), *Como se Ícaro falasse* [‘As if Icarus spoke’] (2012), and *A menina do olho verde* [‘The green eyed girl’] (2016). She received in 2013 the award for her complete writings so far. She received in 2022 the “Best of 2022 Award” of the Brazilian Chamber of Cultural Development within the scope of FLIPO for her Online Project of Studies on Creative Writing. She has graduation in Computer Science (UNICAP), master’s degree in Theory of Literature (UFPE) and PhD in Creative Writing (PUCRS). She gave on-line and in-person classes in the course of Studies on Creative Writing from 2016 to 2021. She was one of the creators of the specialization course of Creative Writing at Unicap/PUCRS and the publishing organizer of the trilogy *Sobre a escrita criativa* [‘On Creative Writing’] (2017, 2018, 2020), *Estudos em Escrita Criativa* [‘Studies on Creative Writing’] (2021) and *Estudos em Escrita Criativa no Brasil* [‘Studies on Creative Writing in Brazil’] (2023). Contacts: [grupodeestudos.escritacriativa@gmail.com](mailto:grupodeestudos.escritacriativa@gmail.com), <https://www.youtube.com/estudosemescritacriativa>, [patriciatenorio@uol.com.br](mailto:patriciatenorio@uol.com.br) and [www.patriciatenorio.com.br](http://www.patriciatenorio.com.br)

**SANDRA FREITAS** (Rio de Janeiro/RJ) é jornalista e revisora de textos. Bacharel em Comunicação Social pela Pontifícia Universidade Católica do Rio de Janeiro (PUC-RJ). Especialização em Língua Portuguesa pela Faculdade de São Bento do Rio de Janeiro. Contato: [sandmfreitas@gmail.com](mailto:sandmfreitas@gmail.com)

**SANDRA FREITAS** (Rio de Janeiro/RJ) is a journalist and text editor. She holds a Bachelor's degree in Social Communication from the Pontifical Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro (PUC-RJ) and has a specialization in the Portuguese language from the Faculty of São Bento in Rio de Janeiro. Contact: [sandmfreitas@gmail.com](mailto:sandmfreitas@gmail.com)