

Brazilian Fiction Today: A Point of Departure

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This essay seeks to understand the Brazilian literary production of the 1980s and 1990s through a contextual dialogue between languages that make the visual image their axis of articulation and development. However, although I concentrate on the moment when image and text come together, it is important not to lose sight of the context of simultaneity in which this encounter occurs. For this reason, my attention returns at the end of this study to a more general perspective that places these works on an open plain, leaving a reading of them as fictional texts for another time.

The synthesis with which I am working comes from statements made by Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht in an interview with the *Jornal do Brasil* on September 3, 1988. Gumbrecht took the intellectual, political and moral pulse of Brazil at that moment and rendered it in acutely comprehensible terms. During this particular visit to Brazil, Gumbrecht saw a country assaulted by the despair, disillusionment, and disintegration that seemed to characterize culture at the end of the millennium. In this so-called lost decade, we relived our illusions. The keen eyes of a well-read, well-traveled foreigner perceived this situation at once, and Gumbrecht immediately entered the debate. Quoting Habermas, he reinforced the idea of an opaque state of affairs, dense and dark. He commented, "we are approaching something akin to paralysis, since the post-modern is the era of the end of great myths, of great cosmological models to explain the world."¹ Perhaps it was a time of crisis for ideology, a time of crisis for utopian visions of the future, and a time of crisis for the avant-garde. Along the same lines, Silviano Santiago noted that "the social fabric is composed of passionate

differences, and thus the negation of difference is itself the massacre of individual liberties, the repression of more authentic means of being human.”² These two quotations contradict and complete each other. Gumbrecht inscribes the image of a particular moment into the overall picture of ideas in motion; Santiago sees in the unified text divergent signs that call attention to the potential risks. At the same time, all means of communication are limited to registering this crisis without being able to provide instruments to see through the fog. And it is in this context that the intervention of literary texts should be conjured up, here and there, like an unnerving voice calling out from the chorus of perplexities and general paralysis that constitute this fog.

In a world without values, assaulted by the general breakdown of patterns and paradigms, every gesture is measured by its effect. More than ever, it remains difficult to identify criteria for evaluation that allow us to line up, side by side, arranged in an understandable way, lines of divergence and contrast, contradictions and multiple incongruities. Assuming the volatility of the situation, shifts in taste place art on the horizon of the probable, and the idea of an enduring work disappears. Even the classics are constantly revised, and consecrated patterns assume the precariousness of the fleeting. Is it possible that literature or poetry still have a place in this extremely mutable world? What sense is there in so many apparent breakdowns? These and other questions haunt me when I interrogate the recent prose fiction produced in Brazil. Is the immediately obvious sense of formal anarchy a symptom of agony or a symbol of regeneration? With the exhaustion of the experimentation of the avant-garde, the desecration of the inspirational sources of the sublime and of Romantic idealism, the anachronism of patterns of mimetic reproduction, what angles remain for literary narrative to pursue? Yet, despite all this, we can still see signs of life in this altered body. I believe, like Octavio Paz, that poetry and literature—although compelled to bury themselves in tombs impervious to the ceremony and pomp of the world at large—live on, unmistakable in accent and tone, as *the other voice*.³

I now want to return to the map laid out by Gumbrecht, whose components of despair, disillusionment, and disintegration turn up quite startlingly in a narrative typical of the mood in Brazil during the 1980s—João Gilberto Noll’s *Hotel Atlântico*. In this text, the novelist attempts to perform the impossible task of fixing in words the mutability of a world without values, disinherited of utopias and weighed down by ideologies in crisis.

Hotel Atlântico is the story of a journey without end—and, apparently, without direction—by an outcast from the world of the money, of work, and of fashion. The plot is dull and prosaic: an unemployed actor, quitting Rio de Janeiro, takes a bus along the paved roads of the South-Southeast and gets off at a hotel along the southern coast. Without knowing the reason for this trip, the protagonist finds himself in extravagant settings and becomes involved in strange scenes. The persecuted and the persecutor fuse into a single figure in this half dreamy, half sleepless journey in which anxiety and pleasure, distraction and tension, sex and death, are juxtaposed. Surveying the alienated conscience of all this, in this trip full of banalities and hallucinations, there is a sharp eye that follows him like the eye of a camera compelled to record, microscopically, his every motion. Behind the camera lies a narrator-director who is busy choosing images, developing snapshots and splicing fragments. Readers find themselves faced with a fictional game of whose rules they are ignorant. If they wish to capture the spirit of this new dynamic, they must redevelop their pact with the text, since this text, without ceasing to be literary, is no longer exclusively literary.

I want to connect my intuition with regard to this type of narrative to Umberto Eco's *Six Walks in the Fictional Woods*:

... the reader must tacitly accept a fictional agreement... The reader has to know that what is being narrated is an imaginary story, but he must not therefore believe that the writer is telling lies. According to John Searle, the author simply *pretends* to be telling the truth. We accept the fictional agreement and we *pretend* that what is narrated has really taken place.⁴

Accepting this fictional agreement, sustained by Noll's concrete imaginary, readers appropriate for themselves an agile gaze that focuses on the character and that allows them to dislocate themselves pleasurably in this movable scene. It is a game of representation in crisis, played equally by both the reader and the writer. Yet multiple meanings collide in the twists of this text of apparent nonsense. The drifting ex-actor inhabits a liminal space. Amidst hotels, dead bodies, lovers, haphazard routes, the reader witnesses the gradual immobilization of this I-in-motion, forced to use crutches and a wheelchair, forced into silence and into the simultaneous interruption of a geographical and verbal flux of images that we read/see forming and decomposing in unstable motion. At this semiotic junction, Noll's narrative methods suddenly seem similar to the

cinematic narrative scheme of Wim Wenders. In *The Logic of Images*, Wenders states, "A lot of my films start off with roadmaps instead of scripts. Sometimes it feels like flying blind without instruments. You fly all night and in the morning you arrive somewhere."⁵ In *Paris, Texas* and *Hotel Atlântico* the image and the word fly all night, without instruments. In both, we see the construction of characters devoid of human attributes, removed from fixed links with time and space. A blind, unguided flight marks the trajectory of Noll's character in transit and in trouble: "I started walking with my stick again. Along the same path as before, as one who could not be scattered like an earthly object, as one who puts up with a blindness that puts him in contact with the powers that be. Stopping would have been an insult."⁶

To the paradox of blindness, which—instead of sealing off—opens up possibilities of contact, Noll adds the fatality of wandering, a sort of blessed curse for the victim, who finds in it the reason for his existence. Bare, dry, and terse language accentuates the psychological and physical destruction of the protagonist-narrator. Such is Noll's prose: unpoetic ground. The creator of images that create him, as an author Noll perceives the modern world in visual terms; it is a compact and concentrated world.

To better situate the idea of thinking through images that is so central to Noll's style, I now want to consider literature that places itself at the border with other forms of artistic expression. *Notas de Manfredo Rangel, Repórter (A Respeito de Kramer)* by Sérgio Sant'Anna (1973), is a key title in this respect not only because it signals the rise of a new writer, but above all because Sant'Anna's work of fiction is born out of a highly successful intersemiotic mélange of languages. Running through the twenty-one narrative strands that make up the text gives a sense of the significance of this type of writing. The discontinuity of the narrative discourse is revealed through the repetition of multiple fractures, through reminiscences, repeated clichés, rhetorical emphases, bits of news footage, films, plays, and television. It is impossible not to invoke the notion of the simulacrum here to prove that Sant'Anna operates in an area once removed from the field of representation. The representation of representations, his fiction makes no attempt to conquer virgin territory. From the very first story, entitled "Pela Janela," the narrator calls attention to such repetition:

The old woman kept talking. She acted as if the man already knew exactly what she was going to say. As if it were a book he had already read many times before.

The man had the impression that he and the old woman weren't real. They were just characters in some morbid and grotesque story, which was repeated day after day without any possibility of changing the tiniest phrase or element of their destiny.⁷

In this doubling of the text back onto itself, the crisis of representation centers around discourses that have become boring, atrophied, and emptied of signification. "O Espetáculo Não Pode Parar," the last story of the book, closes the circle with a paragraph that offers a key to the reading of the text I have proposed:

The spectacle is horrible: grotesque, vulgar, and even obvious, at times practically trash. The spectacle is, above all, pathological. But the public loves it. It takes place every day, except Mondays.⁸

In this fragment of a monologue, the actor-narrator joins, within the transparency of the simulacrum, clichés of critical jargon with an account of a theatrical display that, in turn, presupposes a confidential chat about a particular experience, incorporating into his discussion elements of other discussions, anonymous and impersonal expressions. It is exactly what the eponymous reporter-narrator Manfredo Rangel says in the title story: "I began to understand that anything that is said or written, even real personal details, always becomes mythical, exaggerated, and arbitrary."⁹ The stakes of this declaration are clarified in the narrative's "Supplementary Notes," a sort of an Afterword. After juxtaposing hypotheses, extracts of testimony, interviews, proclamations, intimate confessions, public acclamations, scenes from television, rumors and the grapevine, news and notices—all jumbled together in the manner of an unfinished news documentary—the narrative approaches, in its notes in the margins, the double nature of rehearsal that characterizes this type of prose. It is a rehearsal in the theatrical sense of preparatory exercises for a spectacle and in the metalinguistic sense of self-reflexive discourse. From this perspective Sant'Anna's work opens itself up to a combination of influences: the site of various confluences, his fiction reveals itself as invaded and developed by the media of film, newspapers, radio, and television. Instead of rejecting these influences in the name of an untenable literary specificity, the writer draws strength from hybridity and goes on to fix the text at the junction of a multisemiotic grammar. Open to the iconic-

audio-scenic signs of forms of mass communication, the literary text establishes an ironic and critical dialogue with them, thereby adding to the value of the simulacrum:

A Psychological Analysis of Kramer: when Fio jumped above Brito in the goalbox and headed the ball to make the winning goal in the match between Flamengo and Botafogo, Kramer's happiness, embracing everyone in the Maracanã stadium, seemed totally spontaneous. A politician is an actor. And a good politician is an excellent actor along Stanislavski's model. In other words, he identifies himself with the character, fully assuming his role, to such an extent that he actually comes to feel and act exactly how he wants—and needs—to feel and act. Kramer's happiness when Flamengo scored was almost real.¹⁰

All this opportunism and mystification of Kramer, the character-object of Rangel's notes—and all these ambiguities, additions, and omissions of the reporter, the character-subject of the narration—are crucial attributes of a discourse that, by exposing the reader to the method of composition, offers a critique as much of the character being depicted as of the character doing the depicting. The writer mystifies / demystifies images following a course devoid of subtext, in conformity with the reporter's other postscript: "These abbreviated notes are really like a film script. It's as if I was trying to find Kramer's most photogenic angles. Of course I imagined a really powerful final scene: Kramer whipped and crucified on a polling post in Recife-Pernambuco."¹¹

"No Último Minuto," the second text of the anthology, presents a forceful and economic image-synthesis of modes of expression synchronized with the moment under focus. The timeframe for the scene, which is never directly staged, is less than a minute: a goal shot in the last minute of a soccer match. The moment of the kick itself is filmed by three television stations, and is played and replayed from various angles, in normal time and in slow motion, from the perspective of the goalie. The obsessive and tormenting image of the goal is multiplied and fixed forever by television. It is clear that this story is not a sadomasochistic digression. The story simulates the practices of mass communication, which—obsessed as they are with audience ratings—lower themselves to the point at which they transform healthy social outlets into pathology. Thus Sérgio Sant'Anna stamps a pop feature on the literary output of a decade ruled by mass media. A great deal of *Manfredo*

Rangel's originality and inventiveness stems from the recurrent appropriation of resources from a wide range of discursive practices.

In the list of literary innovators influenced by film, Rubem Fonseca is undoubtedly a critical figure. The influence of film stems not only from his work with the medium as a scriptwriter, but also from the cinematographic syntax he employs in his short stories and novels. His familiarity with the language of film led him to present his 1994 novel, *O Selvagem da Ópera*, in the form of a script waiting to be filmed. The author explains this decision towards the beginning of the book:

This is a film, or better yet, the text of a film that takes opera as its subject matter. The main character is a musician once praised and beloved by all, who has been forgotten and abandoned. It is a film which asks whether someone can become something they aren't. It is a film that talks about the strength needed to do something and the fear of failure.¹²

As early as his first collection of stories, *Os Prisioneiros* (1963), we can see the hallmarks of his narrative style. This style reveals an obsession with adapting visual images to literature. His style also involves the frequent use of cuts and montage. The juxtaposition of fragments for the purposes of analogy or contrast and the insertion of abrupt ellipses that punctuate the discontinuity of action are common techniques of the author's narrative economy. Readers familiar with his works can identify, in these forms of expression, traces of a brutal language appropriate to the raw material that the author collects from the criminal underworld, as well as from the highest social circles, where violent perversions lay hidden. This refreshing form of expression—one that he constantly reinterprets—first crops up in the fifteen short stories that make up *Feliz Ano Novo* (1975), each one in itself a good example of Fonseca's cutting sense of humor. There are traces of this technique even in his earliest efforts, but over time Fonseca perfects this process, gaining the clear control over the means of expression that his mature work evinces. "Duzentas e Vinte Cinco Gramas" illustrates this point. The story depicts the cruel coldness of a lawyer who, after repeatedly turning over the body of a young girl who has been murdered, starts to tear apart her body. Suddenly, like a butcher, he throws some of the organs he has wrenched out on a scale to illustrate, in a metonymic fashion, the work of the narrator, who is always immersed in bits of shocking material, which he pulls from a

shattered corpse and rudely exposes to the reader. An affinity with film is even more evident in the title story "Lúcia McCartney" (1970), in which bits of different discussions, of telephone conversations, of love letters, and flashes of encounters and misencounters occupy the narrative space as literary alternatives to the cinematic techniques of cut and montage. Referring to the plurality of voices "that melt together, alternate, and confuse" in the work of Fonseca, Boris Schnaiderman places particular emphasis on "A Opção," which appears in the book *A Coleira do Cão*:

In addition to the speeches of each character, an interior voice in confrontation with the voices of the culture arises, warped in one place or another by quotation. The voice of the narrator is abruptly cut off at the end of the story, as if to demand the reader's collaboration in interpreting the outcome. And the entire narrative unfolds in short cuts, marked by the voices of different characters.¹³

Allow me to add, from the vantage point in which I am situating my reading of these texts, that in addition to working with the notion of polyphony, Fonseca employs *poliedolia*, that is, phonic images that come coupled with visual ones. There is perhaps no better work in which the author refines this mixing of sound and image than his story "Olhar," which appears in the collection *Romance Negro* (1992). Littering the text with allusions to writers and composers, to musical and literary works, the narrator parades a train of visual images in front of the reader, each one accompanied by classical music, offering clues to the complex movement of the plot. Narrated in the first person, the story's point of view neatly shifts from subjective considerations to a detailed description of the world of objects. Representing himself as a classical writer interested in bibliographic rarities, the character-narrator builds a literary-musical wall around himself that protects him from crude contact with the world at large. Having discovered an "interesting synergy between music and literature," he spends his days at home writing or "listening to music and rereading Petrarch, or Bach and Dante, or Brahms and Saint Thomas Aquinas, or Chopin and Camões."¹⁴ He thinks of film as a lesser art—a "cultural manifestation incapable of producing a true classic" (62). Yet the great project of his life is to break the cycle of educated alienation, which he describes as "sublime fruition," and enter into communion with his animal side. This shift from contemplative passivity to instinctive activity, or this descent from culture to

barbarism (in Schnaiderman's terms) takes place through the gaze. "Art is hunger" (65), Dr. Goldblum has told him pointedly, just before inviting him to dine at the city's best fish restaurant. It is not the restaurant itself, but rather "an enormous aquarium filled with blue trout" (65) that becomes the node for redirecting the arc of this polite character's trajectory, for transforming this lover of the classics. Suddenly, at the precise moment in which his gaze crosses that of a fish that "swam more elegantly than any of the others," he is touched by a sense of novelty. From that moment on, his life is split between the ritual of the classics and the pleasures of the table. Yet the only dishes that whet his appetite are those prepared with the flesh of animals that, before being killed, engage in a moment of profound communion, eye-to-eye, with their devourer. Pleasure, formerly found in "sublime fruition," is now located in the satiating of impulsive appetites. And it is the visual senses that are compromised by this change. The gaze thus falls from the ethereal level at which it has hovered to the solid ground of instinctive acts. As the narrative progresses, the gaze turns patently perverse and, at its climax, it freezes on a blood ritual—the slaughter, skinning, and evisceration of a rabbit. This scene, in all its sadomasochistic glory, takes place in the bathroom to the tune of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The synergy between music and literature is here transformed into a transgressive celebration, into the cacophonous collision of the sublime and the cruel. The scene's elements—the setting in a bathroom, the cruel sacrifice of the rabbit, and the musical score of Beethoven's Ninth—result in a shocking montage of dramatic impact. In this expressive synthesis of aesthetics and dissonance, this piling up of misplaced objects, "Olhar" denounces the cultural conditions that, in the West, destroyed harmonious human development by privileging only the conceptual senses (vision and hearing). At the same time, it signals the sense of modernity contained within Fonseca's prose, which, through an aesthetics of shock, aims to arouse the numbed sensibility of our time. In fact, I would go so far as to say that in this story the novelist offers a devastating critique of Western culture, historically implicated in the mythification of the civilized gaze through a pattern of behavior that stretches from the ancient classics to the present day. Between a gaze fetishized by the shadows at the back of Plato's cave and a gaze hypnotized by shadows dancing around the rectangular box of the television lie fifteen centuries of theory and praxis around images. Nothing better could be found to denounce the erosion of values implicit in the intellectual perversion of our time than the banalization

of Mozart's celebrated *Symphony 41*, "Jupiter," used as table music ("Tafelmusik") while the educated man seasons and heartily eats the rabbit that he has sacrificed and stewed.

Saturated by films and videos, photos and TVs, cartoons and animation, billboards and neon signs, "posters and graffiti," culture in the age of techniques of mechanical reproduction has given rise to the expression "the age of the image." This label, forced and sustained acritically by mass forms of communication, requires some explanation. In seeking to discuss literary fiction as it has been contaminated by cinematic language, I have sought to point out the captive presence of the visual image in literature of this period. However, I do not mean to suggest that this aspect by itself explains the complexity of prose fiction, nor that it serves as the exclusive index for all texts produced during this time. Certainly, the ubiquity of the image has provoked critical and theoretical reflections for a long time, given the primacy of the visual to the twentieth century's various means of communication. What most interests me about this topic, however, is the way in which film has influenced changes in the mode through which texts are accessed and in the means through which they disseminate and interact with readers. In his seminal essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," Walter Benjamin pinpoints film's role in changing an audience's relation to a text. Establishing a parallel to Freud's works, Benjamin notes, "For the entire spectrum of optical, and now also acoustical, perception the film has brought about a similar deepening of appreciation."¹⁵

If, Benjamin suggests, the techniques of reproduction as applied to the work of art as art "chang[e] the reaction of the masses towards art" (688), it can easily be imagined how much this affects an author's imagination. Edgar Telles Ribeiro's *O Criado-mudo* (1991) provides a good example of this interaction of different languages. Through an emphasis on detail, the narrative's four characters capture the reader's gaze, as if a camera were pointed right at them. Statements and commentaries by writers about the influence of film on contemporary fiction are relatively clear. Italo Calvino, for instance, under the title of "Visibility," dedicates the fourth of his five *Lezioni Americane (Six Memos for the Next Millennium)* to the fundamental role of the visual image in the process of literary invention.¹⁶ Confessing himself to be enthralled by film, he refers to the productive activity of the imagination that he calls "mental cinema" as the human mind's trans-historical mode of perception. He cites verse 25, canto XVII of Dante's

Purgatory, “Poi piovve dentro a l’alta fantasia” (“Then rained down into the high fantasy”) and questions the signification of images that, in the context of Dante, form themselves directly in the author’s mind.¹⁷

This digression to Calvino offers a scheme under which the production of images described by an author, bombarded by images on all sides, can be visualized not only from an historical perspective, but also from the context of the possibilities present. The idea of a mental cinema that predates the invention of film brings the visual image back to its real source: the imagination. Greek philosophy’s distinction between “phantasm” and “fantasy”—one being the image and the other the faculty that produces it—brings the most diverse manifestations of the imaginary back to a common source, in accordance with the theories of Jean Starobinski.¹⁸ According to this perspective, intersemiotic exchange is the agent that revitalizes the literary, in that it diversifies and enriches the languages of our era. The works discussed above provide a clear demonstration of this process.

I would now like to return to João Gilberto Noll. He seems to write while glancing over his shoulder at film, rearticulating word and image through the creative imagination. The language of the stories that make up *O Cego e a Dançarina* (1980) imprints on the written text the presence of neon signs, films, striptease shows, TV and radio programs, video games, and the like. “Marilyn no Inferno” is one of the stories in which word and image are intertwined. Here, the author works with characters without depth; he imagines a protagonist drawn from the first Western filmed in Brazil—indeed, the main character of this short story is an extra (“*figurante*”) of the movie. The Baixada Fluminense simulates the prairies of Arizona, and, in the same tableau, mixes together stars from Hollywood, Eisenstein, and Kung Fu: “The guy casually raised the shotgun and wounded the blue sky of the Baixada Fluminense” (36). The director recalled Eisenstein and wanted to make it an homage to the Soviet moviemaker. Daydreams become coupled with childhood memories, with what the child loved to hear:

... the uncle also loved to tell stories about Hollywood stars, like do you know how film directors there treat stars? Shit, Bette Davis got slapped in the face, she left the shoot all red when she forgot her lines or couldn’t get the gesture or the walk right. When they were filming *The Seven Year Itch*, Billy Wilder whipped Marilyn. They say that he tied her to a post and gave her 37 lashes, and she was a real mess, but that’s how she learned and made such a beautiful film. (37)

The narrative—a kind of cinematic take without the camera—blends together flashbacks, the brief involvement of the figure from the Western of the Baixada Fluminense, daydreams, and two-dimensional images drawn from posters and magazines, all of which the character wants to use to transform himself. And transformation arrives in the form of a huge billboard at a movie theater in Caxias announcing Kung Fu, the obstacle that strikes the extra, the static image that breaks the boy's body in motion: "Kung Fu against the sword swipes of Damascus, Kung Fu! repeated the little boy, who could not bear so much glory, and he hurled a big gob of spit at the poster, which tore and sent a big jet of blood into Kung Fu's eye" (39).

Imitating the movement of the camera, the speed of the narrative shocks with its static image of a paper Kung Fu felling the toy soldier. The moving body of this extra, provoking an explosion in space, at the same time ends the daydream. In this way, he puts into practice the recycling of used images, one of the alternatives proposed by Calvino. It is not by chance that the scenario for this pastiche is the Baixada Fluminense. For it is there, on the edge of the big city, that tons of images of the poorest quality manufactured for acritical consumption by the masses (deprived of access to liberatory sources of emancipatory energy) get thrown away every day. Indirectly and hyperbolically, Noll's story denounces this situation, creating a simulacrum of alienated deformity out of a cinematic parable. During an interview with the *Jornal de Brasília* on October 31, 1990, Noll responded to a question about film's role in his life and work as follows:

Film was the great utopian breath blowing against the limitations of day-to-day life for the middle class of my day... At Sunday matinées, you could see there were other worlds out there, other ways to escape from the apathy of the stupid schools we had to attend. It was an escape from our families, too. I immersed myself not only in foreign films, but also in the films of Atlântida.

Autobiographical reminiscences help the author to revisit his adolescence, as if these memories were the best way to explain his deepest motives for writing. The passion for film that grabbed hold of the teenager lives on in the referential nature of his fictional oeuvre. The reader's interest in following the journey of protagonists who are always in transit conjures memories of scenes of flight and persecution. The writer signals the opportune nature of this type of approach in his final comment in the interview above:

I write wishing I were doing something else: making a movie. There's definitely a cinematic simulacrum in my prose. I am really more interested in making films than in writing literature. The only reason I did not go into film is that it's much easier to write fiction, and anyway I was very shy. But between Antonioni and Thomas Mann, I'll stick with Antonioni. In spite of the fact that Thomas Mann moves me to tears. The poetic charge of the word is just as emancipatory as that of film.

I could probably find no better quotation to end this essay, for in it we find the three keywords that I have made my focus: simulacrum, film, and literature.

Notes

- ¹ Gumbrecht 10-11.
- ² Santiago 35.
- ³ Paz 133-148.
- ⁴ Eco 75.
- ⁵ Wenders, *The Logic of Images*.
- ⁶ Noll, *Hotel Atlântico* 66.
- ⁷ Sant'Anna 9.
- ⁸ Sant'Anna 212.
- ⁹ Sant'Anna 205.
- ¹⁰ Sant'Anna 187.
- ¹¹ Sant'Anna 205.
- ¹² Fonseca, *O Selvagem da Ópera* 10-11.
- ¹³ Schnaiderman 777.
- ¹⁴ Fonseca, *Romance Negro* 10-11.
- ¹⁵ Benjamin 689.
- ¹⁶ Calvino, *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*.
- ¹⁷ Calvino 81.
- ¹⁸ Starobinski, "L'Empire de l'Imaginaire."

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