



BRILL

Clarice Lispector in the Foreign Legion

*Vicissitudes of a Reception**

Gonzalo Aguilar

UBA—CONICET, Argentina

gonzalus2001@gmail.com

Abstract

Despite her recent recognition and translation into many languages, despite being crucial reading in the context of 1970s feminism, and despite being considered one of the most important writers of Brazil, Clarice Lispector is rarely present in critical texts on world literature. This article aims to address Lispector's marginal presence in world literature, underscoring her strangeness, her foreignness, the *condição estrangeira* that is central to her literature. Looking at Lispector's novels and columns, I trace this condition as the point of departure for a new critical map of world literature.

Keywords

Clarice Lispector – foreignness – world literature – Brazilian literature

• • •

And I am in the world as free and slender as a deer on the plain.

CLARICE LISPECTOR, *Near to the Wild Heart*

• •

* Translated by Ali Kulez.

There cannot be a world literature, nor a “republic of letters” without a notion of foreignness.¹ By foreignness, I am referring neither to a writer’s immigration status—though there *are* remarkable cases, like that of Vladimir Nabokov, Witold Gombrowicz, and Clarice Lispector herself, surprisingly absent from the two large volumes of Franco Moretti’s *The Novel*—nor to Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari’s suggestive formulation in their essay on Kafka—“to be a sort of stranger *within* one’s own language” (Deleuze and Guattari 26; original emphasis); nor, for that matter, to the prestige that the foreign (or the metropolitan) might have in the periphery, with its expected connotations of subalternity, dependency, or imitation. Instead, through the concept of foreignness, I would like to point to *texts* that are displaced from their national context, yet also remain strange to other literatures. Texts that are seen as foreign because they are strange, because they seem alien or indifferent to the exigencies and norms of a given national literature, because they arrive to us and we cannot recognize them, or arrive to us camouflaged—as if they had arrived from beyond or from nowhere. Strangers in their own national literature but also in all others: strangers, in other words, *to world literature*. Texts (novels, poems, or stories) that escape the dialectics of the metropolitan and the peripheral, the national and the worldly, the local and the global; texts that force us to think about these dialectical binaries with new maps, with the yet-to-be-created cartographies that their writing traces. This is this case with Clarice Lispector, whom I would like to discuss as a stranger to world literature.

In a comprehensive (though surely not exhaustive) survey that includes critical texts of already canonical status such as Franco Moretti’s “Conjectures on World Literature,” Pascale Casanova’s *The World Republic of Letters*, and the voluminous *The Novel* edited by Moretti himself, one notices that Lispector—despite being the internationally best-known Brazilian woman writer—is not studied, or even mentioned. Of course, my goal here is not to point to absences or exclusions: the discussion about world literature should not be focused on the constitution of a corpus but, as David Damrosch suggests, on “the modes of reading” that guide and determine the construction of such corpora (16). Nor should it be about rejecting or deriding the figure of the *informant*, of decisive importance for world literature as well as anthropology, or any other field of knowledge for that matter. We can, however, examine what is being

1 (Note by the translator) In the introduction, Aguilar plays with the etymology of the term *extranjería*, which refers to the state of being a “foreigner” (*extranjero*), but is ultimately connected to the adjective “strange” (*extraño*). I have translated *extranjero* either as “foreigner” or “stranger” according to context.

asked of the informants, what is demanded of them, what they are expected to say, and in what position they are placed. In the context of world literature, the question always involves a national framework and often implicitly introduces the difficult concept of “the representative,” be it of a nationality or a genre. For Casanova, the informant Walnice Nogueira Galvão presents Mário de Andrade as if she were an ambassador, a role more suited to the argument of *The World Republic of Letters* than to the Brazilian critic herself (284). In the case of Moretti’s work, another outstanding critic plays this role: here Roberto Schwarz not only discusses Machado de Assis as an author representative of the relations between the metropolis and the periphery, but also establishes a connection with his master Antonio Candido, the other Brazilian critic mentioned by Moretti (“Conjectures” 65–6). It might therefore seem natural that, vis-a-vis the question of national representativeness (the section titles of *The Novel* indicate the national origin of each included author), Lispector’s importance, so central to gender studies due to her representation of the feminine, should have faded from world literature. But rather than lament this regrettable exclusion, we should determine the *modes of reading* that led up to it, and ask, more ambitiously, what kind of friction her inclusion would entail and what we could say, with Lispector, about world literature.

Lispector was often called a “foreigner,” a displeasing appellation she had to tolerate. Though born in Ukraine, the author lived in Brazil since the age of two and always thought of herself as Brazilian. In her application for naturalization, Lispector tells Getúlio Vargas about her deep attachment to Brazil and, speaking in the third person, adds: “if she were to go back to Russia, she would inevitably feel like a foreigner there, without friends, without a job, without hopes” (Lispector *Correspondências* 33).² I am, however, not only referring to Lispector’s *foreignness* in terms of her birthplace, her strange pronunciation due to a speech impairment, or her appearance, which was also discussed in connection to her literature. Lêdo Ivo once said: “Clarice Lispector was a foreigner The foreignness of her prose is one of the most overwhelming facts of our literary history, and even of the history of our language” (quoted in Moser 193). Hélène Cixous, in her essay “Voir à ne pas savoir” (“Seeing to It Not to Know”), referred to Lispector’s double birth and her “foreignness” as a kind of destiny because “she was adopting the Brazilian language and discovering it anew in every phrase” (41). In the first book Assis Brasil devoted to her work,

2 (Note by the translator) Unless otherwise indicated, all translations from Lispector’s works that are not available in English, as well as from criticism in Spanish and Portuguese, are mine.

we read: "They accuse her of being alienated; the 'foreign' writer, dealing with motifs and themes that have nothing to do with her homeland, in a language that very much reminds one of the English writers" (58). In his monumental *Figures of Writing*, Carlos Mendes de Sousa considers this statement as the particular strength of Lispector's fiction, "the first and most radical affirmation of a *non-place* in Brazilian literature," and in the Deleuzian reading he does of her work, speaks of deterritorializing effects (14).

It is obvious that the accusation of foreignness was directed against Lispector's person, but only as a result of the opacity of her texts and her engagement with language. When Lispector, at only twenty-three, published her first novel *Perto do coração selvagem* (*Near to the Wild Heart*), critics were as disoriented as they were excited. The novel's epigraph, taken from James Joyce's *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, offered the typical lifesaver that comes to the rescue when the critic is about to drown: her work—it was then affirmed—could be read as a derivation of Joyce and Woolf. Indeed, in a letter where she refers to the influential critic Álvaro Lins's review, Lispector said: "They almost called me *the commercial representative* of Joyce, Woolf, and Proust" (Lispector *Correspondências* 39; original emphasis). Later, Lispector would disorient her readers even further by saying that she had not even read Joyce, and that the title and the epigraph (the title that comes from the epigraph) were suggested to her by a friend, the writer Lúcio Cardoso. Antonio Candido, who would later publish the classical work on the "formation"³ of Brazilian literature, wrote a review right after the publication of the novel, where he noted that he had been "shocked" by the work of an author whose identity and origin he did not know about (Candido "No raiar" 127).

The greatness of *Near to the Wild Heart*, according to Candido, consisted in its rejection of all the "already established positions," thereby becoming "a work of exception" (126). Lispector could not have been included in Candido's *The Formation of Brazilian Literature* due to the work's historical scope. But one might argue that her "exceptionality" is connected precisely with her resistance to being included in *the formation of national literature*, which in Brazil had its origin in neoclassicist poetry and above all in Romanticism, promoted as the official poetics and through which the empire of Dom Pedro II strived to insert itself into world literature. In 1849, the emperor posed the following question to the Brazilian Historic and Geographic Institute: "Does the study and imitation of the Romantic poets promote or impede the development of national poetry?" (Moritz Schwarcz 127).

3 See Candido, *Formação da literatura brasileira*.

Against the backdrop of a literary scene dominated by recurrent and almost mandatory references to Brazilianness (even in the work of avant-garde writers), Lispector published *Near to the Wild Heart*, which not only bypassed the two dominant poetics of the time (the avant-garde novel about Brazil's cosmopolitan condition and the north-eastern novel of social critique), but barely made any references to concrete situations. There were neither the usual Brazilian themes nor even an allusion to the global conflict that was unfolding at the moment and absorbing everyone's attention (the novel, let us remember, was published in 1943). The absence of references to her family's dramatic situation, which one of her sisters would have to deal with, and her unwillingness to create a national allegory made it sure that her international reception had its slips and detours: in the 60s, Lispector was unfortunately included in the so-called literature of the Boom and in the following decade her work received the recognition it enjoys today thanks to the reading of Hélène Cixous. Both readings focused on the (apparently) non-local character of Lispector's writing and her distance to the national question.

Lispector's introduction into Spanish was linked to the phenomenon of the Latin American Boom, which in the 60s played a fundamental role in forging continental identity narratives, and later served in the articulation of a world literature based on national or regional specificities. In the 70s, Sudamericana, which had published Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and the work of Julio Cortázar, put out—in the space of only two years—four of Lispector's books in Spanish: *El aprendizaje o el libro de placeres* (*An Apprenticeship Or The Book of Pleasures*) and *Lazos de familia* (*Family Ties*) in 1973, *La manzana en la oscuridad* (*The Apple in the Dark*) the following year, and finally *Agua Viva*—all in editions of 4,000 copies, adding to the short story collection *La legión extranjera*, which Monte Ávila had published in 1971. In 1975, the publisher Rueda released *El via crucis del cuerpo* (*The Via Crucis of the Body*) in 3,000 copies, Editorial de La Flor her children's book *El misterio del conejo que sabía pensar* (*The Mystery of the Thinking Rabbit*), and in 1977, Corregidor published *La araña* (*The Spider*), translated by Haydée Jofre Barroso. This avalanche of books grew even stronger with Lispector's visit to the Buenos Aires Book Fair in March 1976. But almost none of these translations are included in the specialized bibliographies of Lispector's, not even in that of *Cadernos*, the most thorough one. If this is an almost completely forgotten chapter—I exempt Nadia Battella Gotlib, who devotes a few pages to the period, which is curiously not mentioned in Benjamin Moser's biography—it is because it was a failure: although Lispector was already under contract with Carmen Barcells (the agent of almost all the Boom writers) when she arrived in Buenos Aires, it was not easy to situate her as an author; her writ-

ing lacked the local color that, above and beyond his experimentation with form, João Guimarães Rosa (the other Brazilian writer of the Boom) provided (Batella Gotlib 482–3). Lispector was invited along with the Argentine novelist Marta Lynch to a talk at the Center for Brazilian Studies, where Lynch said: “I have read Clarice Lispector ... I do not have an unrestrained admiration for Clarice—and don’t think that this is due to female antagonism—I do have profound admiration for Adonias Filho” (11). Interestingly, when considered in relation to other women writers, Lispector lost power. One could say that the question of gender, as opposed to what happened with her reception in France, here played a trick on her: Lispector not only remained in a marginal position with regard to the writers of the Boom, keen on putting out continental allegories where stereotypical representations of gender prevailed, but was also grouped together with women authors who were more closely associated with commercial literature than aesthetic risk. It was clear that Lispector, in contrast to Guimarães Rosa, did not offer any allegories of Brazil. In a world literature trapped by the dialectics of the national and the universal (found in João Guimarães Rosa, Juan Rulfo, Gabriel García Márquez, and, in the case of Brazil, above all in Mário de Andrade), Lispector once again seemed to remain silent.

In turn, the reading that would place Clarice in the orbit of international success reaffirmed the absence of “local themes” or national specificities, and foregrounded the “feminine” writing, or *l’écriture féminine*. Cixous read Lispector as a non-Brazilian writer, in a context of proximity and intimacy, in a *tête-à-tête* with her books fed by trans- or a-national theories. This was a surprising move, one that displaced the more likely choice of Virginia Woolf, with whom Lispector was compared, ironically, not for her “feminine” writing but for her use of the stream of consciousness technique.

The trajectory of Lispector’s works and canonization, which in Brazil took place in the 70s—that is to say, although Lispector was a recognized and even famous author before then, her canonization at the hands of fiction writers, critics, and the public happened after her death in 1977—allows us to invert this reading, and instead of asking *why* Lispector is not included in world literature, put forward the question of what we can say, through a reading of her works, *about* world literature. We naturally do not yet have a critical work on this subject, but the term “world” is key for Lispector’s lexical repertoire: the book that gathers together her columns written during the 60s is called *The Discovery of the World*, and there is not a text of Lispector’s where the “world” is not under siege. *The Apple in the Dark*, published in 1961, has more than a hundred instances of the word. Apart from having thirty-five instances, *The Hour of the Star* (the last novel published during Lispector’s lifetime) begins

with the following affirmation: “All the *world* began with a yes” (Lispector *Hour* 3; added emphasis). I was able to count fifty-six instances in *Água Viva*, almost one per page.

I enter the writing slowly as I once entered painting. It is a *world* tangled up in creepers, syllables, woodbine, colors and words—threshold of an ancestral cavern that is the womb of the *world* and from it I shall be born.

LISPECTOR *Água* 8; added emphasis

Writing and the world are interwoven in Lispector’s poetics, as expressed in her column about Yuri Gagarin, “Cosmonaut on Earth”:

From now on, whenever I refer to the Earth I shall no longer say indiscriminately “the world.” I shall consider the expression “world map” as being quite inappropriate; whenever I say “my world,” I shall remember with alarm and excitement that my map also needs to be modified, and that no one can guarantee that my world is not blue when seen from the outside. Some observations: before the appearance of the first cosmonaut, it would have been correct for someone to say, when speaking of their birth, “I came into the world.” But it is not at all long ago that we were born into the world. Feeling somewhat ill at ease.

LISPECTOR *Discovering* 35–6

It is neither a cartographic nor a distant vision (from a position of power), but a *violence of scales* that Lispector performs here. The world is the non-proper—“Suddenly I saw myself and saw the world. And I understood: the world is always someone else’s,” Lispector writes in *A Breath of Life*, and a few pages later she adds, “I’m like a foreigner in any part of the world. I am from the never”—as well as the intimate: it is beyond the dimensions captured by the gaze or suggested by cartography (Lispector *Breath* 34, 48). An improper yet intimate space that creates (already since her first novel) a *free zone* or *free port* where Lispector is not the commercial representative of anyone, but a singularity for whom the options of imitation/implementation/imposition and translation/adaptation/importation across national literatures are no longer meaningful. It is not that the problem is ignored or denied: Lispector simply needs this non-national free zone to escape from the organicity of formation, the arboreal logic of the transplant, in order to reveal other forms of domination: “a world tangled up in creepers,” with plants that are neither arboreal nor rhizomatic, but rather support one another to grow towards the light, and instead of repeating the mold, they modulate it in a way that is entirely new—just like Lispector did with the

novel genre (Lispector *Água* 8). If, as Mariano Siskind argues, the novel could be defined as “modern desire formally enclosed and regulated,” Lispector takes the issue concerning this desire to its limit, and to accomplish such a feat she needs a new landscape, one that is completely different from the one offered by the *national* literature of the time (Siskind 31).

The landscape of this world gives shape to a process that is of key importance for the “exceptionality” Antonio Candido writes about. From *Near to the Wild Heart*, her first novel, to *The Apple in the Dark* (her fourth novel, completed in Washington, D.C.), Lispector’s fiction is set in places that are difficult to identify. While *The Besieged City* takes place in a fictional city (São Geraldo), in *The Apple in the Dark* the descriptions seem to evoke a forest from Russian literature, although the novel takes place near Rio de Janeiro. The former book, written entirely in exile in Berna, Switzerland, describes the urban space as a scale model with distorted dimensions, where representation is brought to a collapse and the potentialities of fiction are explored. In the words of Carlos Mendes de Sousa, “the world of writing is spatially presented through territory-figures (cities, the sea, farms, houses, rooms, the mountain, the desert) and, since places shape the intensive relation with language, the space is subject to alterations” (141).

It is not that there is no nationality in Lispector’s text, but through silence, exile, and ingenuity the author remains indifferent to Brazilian literature’s scopic regime, which describes, differentiates, and dominates the landscape through a masculine logic. In fact, in the hardly picturesque and not at all regionalist landscape of *The Apple in the Dark*, the narrator all of a sudden observes that Martim, the protagonist, is at “the heart of Brazil” (Lispector *Apple* 13).⁴ This unexpected appearance—the term “Brazil” and its derivations do not appear in the previous three novels—this *wild heart* that is described as “of Brazil,” brings us to the central issue: the landscape of this non-place is not the consciousness but the territory; the free zone is not exterior to national literature, but redefines it from the inside. Strangers to Brazilian as well as world literature, Lispector’s works define a territory (a non-place, a free zone, a space of distorted scales) that, from her stories and *The Passion According to G.H.* onwards, becomes more explicitly located, though never visible.

The reasons behind Lispector’s exclusion from world literature (despite being Brazil’s best-known woman writer) allow us to discuss some of its underlying assumptions. The concept of foreignness is central to Moretti’s “Conjec-

4 There are far less appearances of the term “Brazil” and its derivations in the novel than the term “world.” The term itself does not appear again, though “Brazilian” is used once.

tures on World Literature”—appearing on diverse occasions throughout the essay, it plays a key role in the relation between form and content. Following Candido’s claim that the periphery “never create[s] original expressive forms” (quoted in Moretti “Conjectures” 65), Moretti proposes a formula where the peripheral novel emerges out of a compromise between foreign form, local material, and local form. Moretti’s triangle, proposed as a law of literary evolution, could hardly be applied to Lispector’s first novel: one cannot speak of an importation or a transplant in a text that, while falling under the novel genre, does not resemble any of its prescribed models; the local material (“local characters”) is scarce, the scenic references are deliberately emptied out, and—despite all this—one could say that we find ourselves before a “local narrative voice” (Moretti “Conjectures” 65). What are the operations at play in what I shall call the peripheral novel at the free zone?

The prevailing Brazilian figure in the world literature favored by Moretti is Machado de Assis, a figure offered by the critic’s informant Roberto Schwarz. This is not the proper place to discuss Schwarz’s “misplaced ideas” and their exceptional contribution to the theory of the peripheral novel, but I would indeed like to begin with his own reading of *Near to the Wild Heart* in 1959 (Schwarz “Misplaced Ideas” 19–33). In Schwarz’s review, written fifteen years after the publication of the novel, one can still feel the force of its impact, so strong that it leads him to argue—following the observations of Gottfried Benn—that there is “an essential human substrate, alien to and much more important than novelistic complication” (*A sereia* 53). In an analysis full of reservations, Schwarz highlights the “experience of solitude,” and argues that “[the protagonist’s] consciousness is the novel’s setting for the large part” (54–6). Finally, Schwarz ends up confining Lispector to Benn’s reading, signaling that *Near to the Wild Heart* is “an illuminating artistic reflection on the human condition,” which, coming from someone like Schwarz, is not without irony or reproach (57). It is significant that the critic does not make any references to nationality or social class (if one didn’t know Schwarz, he could be mistaken for a formalist) or question the political implications of the radically “existential” nature of the novel. Both dimensions are absent from his reading, and yet Schwarz’s major objection, which he underlines as the novel’s major weakness, opens up another path for us: “the novel’s only weak passage: the explanation of Joana’s voyage by a distant paternal inheritance” (55). Through his objection, Schwarz inadvertently closes up the story’s allegorical layer, which is concerned not with the nation, but with the paternal figure. The inheritance that the protagonist Joana squanders on a journey, which is none other than the journey of writing, articulates a political gesture that would only begin to be legible years later: a narrative project that raises itself against patriarchy as a *dispositif*

of power, as a mode of expressing sensations and of establishing an optical distance. For what this journey of literature reveals is that there is no interiority or exteriority (writing collapses the difference), but only a performance of the world. The setting, therefore, is not the consciousness, as Schwarz and a large number of critics argued (there is no trace of the psychological novel in Lispector). Moreover, this reduction to consciousness could be understood as occluding the political gesture that was meant to reveal, in the opposition of the feminine against the masculine, the rupture that women needed to accomplish with the dichotomy between the public and the private, and with assigned gender roles. It is not the consciousness but *the world* that is subject to a miniaturization, which is worked through in Lispector's writing by signs that are both abstract and precise.

In her extraordinary *Tal Brasil, qual romance? Uma ideologia estética e sua história: o naturalismo (As Brazil, Such Novel?)*, Flora Süssekind deconstructs the importance of naturalism and the narratives that represent the nation from Romanticism to the 1960s, and shows how *the inheritance* is always passed on from father to son, just as it is from the nation to the writer. "Paternity, authorship, and nationality," affirms Süssekind, "seem, therefore, to be never discussed as such" (32). *Near to the Wild Heart* is an orphan novel that begins with the father writing (the first chapter, "The Father," opens up: "Her father's typewriter went clack-clack ... clack-clack-clack ...") and ends with the squandering of his inheritance on a journey: "Not to run away, but to go. To use her father's untouched money, the inheritance abandoned until now, and roam, roam, be humble, suffer, be shaken to her core, without hopes. Above all without hopes" (Lispector *Near* 3, 189). Joana ends up without kids but with the "white moments" that she had mentioned at the beginning of the novel: "a great, still moment, with nothing inside it" (Lispector *Near* 3, 194). It is this *interval* that runs through the whole text and determines its form, as if Lispector were creating—against the Brazilian tradition—a *free zone* where the formation of national literature is suspended to produce an anomaly that will, in time, transform the form of this same literature.

There are no "foreign models," but foreign modulations: world literature gains its form from the outside and Lispector, who seems like a Gagarin reducing the world to a marble ball, performs that violence of scales with critical ends, as much to the patriarchal figure as to the national determination. The almost adolescent author who wrote a strange book once received with fear and admiration is the same one who, when she left, marked many of the present trends of that which we call Brazilian literature.

Works Cited

- Batella Gotlib, Nádia. *Clarice: Uma vida que se cuenta*. Trans. Álvaro Abós. Buenos Aires: Adriana Hidalgo, 2007.
- Brasil, Assis. *Clarice Lispector: Ensaio*. Rio de Janeiro: Organização Simões, 1969.
- Candido, Antonio. *Formação da literatura brasileira: momentos decisivos*. Belo Horizonte: Itatiaia, 1981.
- Candido, Antonio. "No raiar de Clarice Lispector." In *Vários escritos*. São Paulo: Duas Cidades, 1977, 125–31.
- Casanova, Pascale. *The World Republic of Letters*. Trans. M.B. DeBevoise. Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 2007.
- Cixous, Hélène. *Reading with Clarice Lispector*. Trans. Verena Andermatt Conley. Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1990.
- Cixous, Hélène. "Voir à ne pas savoir." *Revista Anthropos* (1997), 41–3.
- Damrosch, David. *How to Read World Literature?* Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2009.
- Deleuze, Gilles, and Félix Guattari. *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature*. Trans. Dana Polan. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1986.
- Instituto Moreira Salles, ed. *Cadernos de Literatura Brasileira: Clarice Lispector*, vol. 7. São Paulo: IMS, 2005.
- Lispector, Clarice. *Água Viva*. Trans. Stefan Tobler. New York: New Directions, 2012.
- Lispector, Clarice. *A Breath of Life*. Trans. Johnny Lorenz. New York: New Directions, 2012.
- Lispector, Clarice. *Correspondências*. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco, 2002.
- Lispector, Clarice. *Discovering the World*. Trans. Giovanni Pontiero. Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1992.
- Lispector, Clarice. *Near to the Wild Heart*. Trans. Alison Entrekin. New York: New Directions, 2012.
- Lispector, Clarice. *The Apple in the Dark*. Trans. Gregory Rabassa. London: Haus Publishing, 2009.
- Lispector, Clarice. *The Besieged City*. Trans. Giovanni Pontiero. Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1997.
- Lispector, Clarice. *The Hour of the Star*. Trans. Benjamin Moser. New York: New Directions, 2011.
- Lispector, Clarice. *The Passion According to G.H.* Trans. Idra Novey. New York: New Directions, 2012.
- Lynch, Marta. "La literatura de Brasil: ¿una extraña en hispanoamérica?" *Brasil/Cultura* 16 (1976), 11–5.
- Mendes de Sousa, Carlos. *Clarice Lispector: Figuras da escrita*. Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Moreira Salles, 2012.
- Montero, Teresa, ed. *Clarice Lispector: Correspondências*. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco, 2002.

- Moretti, Franco, ed. *The Novel: History, Geography, Culture*, vol. 1. Princeton: Princeton UP, 2007.
- Moretti, Franco, ed. *The Novel: Forms and Themes*, vol. 2. Princeton: Princeton UP, 2007.
- Moretti, Franco. "Conjectures on World Literature." *New Left Review* 1:1 (2000), 54–68.
- Moritz Schwarcz, Lilia. *As barbas do Imperador: D. Pedro II, um monarca nos trópicos*. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 1998.
- Moser, Benjamin. *Clarice, uma biografia*. São Paulo: Cosac Naify, 2009.
- Schwarcz, Roberto. "Misplaced Ideas: Literature and Society in Late Nineteenth-Century Brazil." In *Misplaced Ideas: Essays on Brazilian Culture*. Trans. Edmund Leites. London: Verso, 1992, 19–33.
- Schwarcz, Roberto. *A sereia o desconfiado*. Rio de Janeiro: Paz e Terra, 1981.
- Siskind, Mariano. *Cosmopolitan Desires: Global Modernity and World Literature in Latin America*. Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP, 2014.
- Süssekind, Flora. *Tal Brasil, qual romance? Uma ideologia estética e sua história: o naturalismo*. Rio de Janeiro: Achiamé, 1984.