



# THE TRUTH

**BRAZILIAN STORIES**

**1 NOVEMBER 2010**

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My sincere thanks

- to each and every one of you for participating. (I sent invites to something short of 1.5 billion people, and only 75 took part, so you're a select bunch! Also, I'm really impressed by, and grateful for, the care and consideration that's gone into your comments.)
- James Carters, for creating this website

and for the expertise, encouragement and support of:

- my tutors at the University of Bristol, Adrienne Mason and David Brookshaw
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- Dr Lucia Pimentel of the Federal University of Minas Gerais, especially in respect of proof-reading my translations from English to Portuguese

# INTRODUCTION

Then I began to think about the house itself... Its new definition, as the house of a poet whose work I knew well, many of whose poems I knew by heart, gave it altogether a new appearance.

In Muriel Spark's short story 'The House of the Famous Poet', the narrator accepts an invitation from Elise, a domestic helper, to spend the weekend in the house of her employers, who are away. Elise doesn't tell her who her employers are and the narrator finds the house dispiriting until, fortuitously, she discovers...

In my case, rather than a house, I invited you to a 25-story apartment block where there were no names on the doors. My main interest was in assessing how your opinion, under those circumstances, would compare with established critical opinion, especially when the work was in translation.

I can now reveal, with a virtual roll of drums, that the Brazilian authors were Machado de Assis, Lima Barreto, Humberto de Campos, and Coelho Neto. In order to muddy the waters and add a touch of intrigue, the Scottish author Arthur Conan Doyle – who better?! – was added to the mix.

Short stories seemed good common ground. (Lima Barreto, for example, wasn't a poet and Humberto de Campos didn't write novels.) In the words of Arthur Conan Doyle himself, they're also an excellent genre for testing a writer's mettle:

There are far fewer supremely good short stories than there are supremely good long books. It takes more exquisite skill to carve the cameo than the statue.<sup>2</sup>

As some of you rightly point out, some of the works in this collection don't meet the purist definition of a short story; for example four of them have less than 1000 words and a few might be better defined as reminiscences. I plead guilty, but with extenuating circumstances:

- With respect to the short short stories, I was anxious to leave the door open to those without much time or patience
- Talking of reminiscences, that reminds me of a story...

I translated all the stories myself, partly because there are no published translations of most of them and partly to provide a level playing field. From the comments of many of you, however, it's clear that the translation factor created more background noise than I'd have wished<sup>3</sup>.

I also apologise for not coming up with more cheery stories, but at least the motif of death gives me an excuse to conclude this introduction with another quote from *The House of the Famous Poet*:

The angels of the Resurrection will invoke the dead man and the dead woman, but who will care to restore the fallen house of the famous poet if not myself?

*Francis Johnson*

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<sup>1</sup> Malcolm Bradbury (ed), *The Penguin Book of Modern British Short Stories*, 1988

<sup>2</sup> Daniel Stashower, *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle*, 1999

<sup>3</sup> I probably overused the present historic tense, for instance. There's been a debate in the Guardian Review about the use and abuse of the present historic, with Philip Putnam, on 18 September, appearing for the prosecution and John Mullan, the following week, for the defence. Witnesses for the defence included Charlotte Brontë and Charles Dickens, so at least I'm in good company.

# UNBEATING ABOUT THE BUSH

MACHADO DE ASSIS

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Looking After [The Nurse] / *O Enfermeiro*

in *Gazeta de Notícias*, 1884

---

With Muffled Drum [Funeral March] / *Marcha fúnebre*

in *Relíquias da casa velha*, 1906

---

Wedding Song / *Cantiga de esponsais*

in *Jornal das Famílias*, 1876

---

Life Eternal / *A Vida eterna*

in *Jornal das Famílias*, 1870

---

Fortune Toll [The Fortune Teller] / *A Cartomante*

in *Gazeta de Notícias*, 1884

---

Brother Simão / *Frei Simão*

in *Jornal das Famílias*, 1864

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## LIMA BARRETO

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The Man Who Spoke Javanese / *O Homem que sabia javanês*

in *Gazeta da Tarde*, 1911

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Late Bet [The Grave Number] / *O Número da sepultura*

in *Revista Sousa Cruz*, 1921

---

*Manuel de Oliveira*

in *Revista Sousa Cruz*, 1921

---

Revolver [Philanthropic Expense] / *Despesa filantrópica*

in *Histórias e sonhos*, 1920

---

Killer [Cazuza's Only Murder] / *O Único assassinato de Cazuza*

in *Feiras e mafuás*, 1953

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Engraved [The Cemetery] / *O Cemitério*

in ?

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## HUMBERTO DE CAMPOS

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By Time Itself [Oath] / *Juramento*

in *Grãos de mostarda*, 1926

---

Blue Rose / *A Rosa azul*

in *A Serpente de bronze*, 1921

---

Fish and Filossofy [The Dialogue of the Skulls] / *O Diálogo das caveiras*

in *Destinos*, 1935

---

In the Forests of the Night [Vengeance] / *Vingança*

in *A Serpente de bronze*, 1921

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Light of My Life [The Promise] / *A Promessa*

in *Destinos*, 1935

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Blacknwhite [Pleasure and Death] / *O Prazer e a morte*

in *Destinos*, 1935

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ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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One Night with You [The Brazilian Cat]<sup>4</sup> / *O Gato brasileiro*  
in *Tales of Terror and Mystery*, 1922

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COELHO NETO

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Lighthouse / *O Farol*  
in *Vesperal*, 1922

---

Me Too [The Double] / *O Duplo*  
in ?

---

Christmas Corral [Firmo, the Cowherd] / *Firmo, o vaqueiro*  
in *Sertão*, 1896

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Sore Point [The Ulcer] / *A Pevide*  
in ?

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Widows / *Viúvas*  
in *Água de juventia*, 1921

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Exit, Stage Left / *Emanuel*  
in *A Bico de pena*, 1904

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<sup>4</sup> The setting has been changed from England to Portugal and the characters names have been altered accordingly.

# BIOGRAPHIES

## MACHADO DE ASSIS



[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Machado\\_de\\_Assis\\_big\\_photo.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Machado_de_Assis_big_photo.jpg)

1839–1908

A journalist, writer of short stories and feuilletons, novelist, poet and playwright, Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis was born and died in Rio de Janeiro. He was President of the Brazilian Academy of Letters for more than ten years.

He was the son of Francisco José, a labourer, and Leopoldina Machado de Assis. His mother died when he was little, but information is scarce about his early years. He was brought up on Livramento Hill and was a server at Lampadosa Church.

Without the means to have proper schooling, he published his first literary work – a poem called ‘Ela’ – in the *Marmota Fluminense* magazine in 1855. The next year he got a job at the National Press Works as an apprentice typographer.

By 1859 he was a proof-reader and correspondent for the *Correio Mercantil* newspaper and in 1860 he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro* newspaper. He also wrote regularly for the magazine *O Espelho*, where he made his debut as a theatre critic, for the *Semana Ilustrada* – from 1860 to 1875 – and for the *Jornal das Famílias*, where he mainly published short stories.

His first book, *Queda que as mulheres têm para os tolos*, was printed by Paula Brito in 1861, although he was described as its translator. In 1862 he became the theatre censor, an unpaid role, but one which gave him free entry to performances. He also began to collaborate with *O Futuro*, which was produced by Faustino Xavier de Novais, the brother of his future wife.

His first book of poetry, *Crisálidas*, was published in 1864. In 1867 he was appointed Assistant Director of the government bulletin *Diário Oficial*. Three months after Faustino Xavier de Novais’ death in 1869, he married his friend’s sister, Carolina Augusta Xavier de Novais. She was a perfect companion during the remaining 35 years of his life and introduced him to the Portuguese classics and the works of various English authors.

His first novel, *Ressurreição*, was published in 1872. Shortly afterwards he was appointed First Official at the State Secretariat of the Ministry of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works, thus embarking upon the civil service career which would be his main source of income throughout the rest of his life.

In 1874 he began to publish in instalments, in the *Globo* newspaper, the novel *A Mão e a luva*. He also wrote feuilletons, short stories, poetry and serialised novels for newspapers and magazines such as *O Cruzeiro*, *A Estação* and *Revista Brasileira*.

One of his plays, *Tu, só tu, puro amor*, was staged at the Imperial Dom Pedro 2<sup>nd</sup> Theatre in 1880. From 1881 to 1897 he published his best feuilletons in the *Gazeta de Notícias*.

1881 saw the publication of the book which would give a new direction to his literary career – *Memórias póstumas de Brás Cubas*, which had been published in instalments in the *Revista Brasileira* from 1879 to 1880. He also revealed himself as an extraordinary short story writer in *Papéis avulsos* (1882) and in a number of subsequent collections of short stories.

In 1889 he was promoted to Director of Commerce at the Ministry.

He had continued to work for the *Revista Brasileira* in the period when it was under the direction of his great friend José Veríssimo. The group of intellectuals connected with the *Revista* had the idea for creating a Brazilian Academy of Letters and, when the Academy was inaugurated in 1879, he was elected President, a task he devoted himself to for the rest of his life.

His oeuvre covers practically all literary genres. His first works of poetry were the Romantic *Crisálidas* (1864) and *Falenas* (1870); this was followed by Indianism in *Americanas* (1875) and Parnasianism in *Ocidentais* (1901).

The *Contos fluminenses* were published in 1870 and the *Histórias da meia-noite* in 1873; the novel *Ressurreição* in 1872, *A Mão e a luva* in 1874, *Helena* in 1876 and *Iaiá Garcia* in 1878, all of which were considered part of his Romantic period. From that point onwards he moved into the phase of his masterpieces, which evade literary categorisation and which make him the greatest Brazilian writer and one of the greatest authors in the Portuguese language.

Oeuvre: *Desencantos*, comedy (1861); *Queda que as mulheres têm para os tolos*, prose satire (1861); two comic plays: *O Protocolo* and *O Caminho da porta* (1863); *Quase ministro*, comedy; *Crisálidas*, poetry (1864); *Os Deuses de casaca*, comedy (1866); *Falenas*, poetry (1870); *Contos fluminenses*, short stories (1870); *Ressurreição*, novel (1872); *Histórias da meia-noite*, short stories (1873); *A Mão e a luva*, novel (1874); *Americanas*, poetry (1875); *Helena*, novel (1876); *Iaiá Garcia*, novel (1878); *Memórias Póstumas de Brás Cubas*, novel (1881); *Tu, só tu, puro amor*, comedy (1881); *Papéis avulsos*, short stories (1882); *Histórias sem data*, short stories (1884); *Quincas Borba*, novel (1891); *Várias histórias*, short stories (1896); *Páginas recolhidas*, short stories, essays, plays (1899); *Dom Casmurro*, novel (1899); *Poesias completas* (1901); *Esau e Jacó*, novel (1904); *Relíquias da casa velha*, short stories, criticism, plays (1906); *Memorial de Aires*, novel (1908). Published posthumously: *Crítica* (1910); *Outras relíquias*, short stories, criticism, theatre (1932); *Crônicas*, feuilletons (1937); *Correspondência* (1932); *Crítica literária* (1937); *Páginas escolhidas* (1921); *Casa velha* (1944).<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Source: <http://www.academia.org.br/abl/cgi/cgilua.exe/sys/start.htm?infoid=659&sid=240>, accessed October 2010

## LIMA BARRETO



<http://literaturabrasileira2.wordpress.com/tag/lima-barreto/>

1881–1922

Afonso Henriques de Lima Barreto was born in Rio de Janeiro on 13 May 1881 and died in the same city on 1 November 1922. The son of a typographer at the National Printing Press, he was a mulatto and had his first lessons from his mother, who died when he was 7 years old.

He started school and, guided by his godfather, Viscount Ouro Preto, an Imperial Minister, he completed his studies at the Pedro 2nd National Secondary School and entered the Polytechnic in 1897, with the intention of becoming an engineer. However, he had to abandon the course in order to take over the running and support of his family, as a consequence of his father's suffering mental illness in 1902. (At the time, his father had been a storekeeper at the Governador Island Colony for the Mentally Ill.) In that year he had his debut in the student press. The family moved to the Rio de Janeiro suburb of Engenho de Dentro, where the future writer decided to apply for a vacant post in the War Department. Although he only came second in the public examination, the person who came first withdrew and Lima took up the post in 1903.

With his modest salary, he moved with the family to a simple house in the suburb of Todos os Santos where, in 1904, he began the first version of his novel *Recordações do escrívão Isaías Caminha*, which was published in Lisbon in 1909. He also published a series of reports in the *Correio da Manhã* newspaper. He began writing the novel *Vida e morte de M J Gonzaga de Sá*, which would not be published until 1919. He worked at the *Fon-Fon* magazine and, with some friends, launched the magazine *Floreal* towards the end of 1907. This only survived for four numbers, but it caught the attention of the literary critic José Veríssimo. At that time, Lima devoted himself to reading in the National Library: the great names of world literature and the European realist authors of his time – he was one of the few Brazilian writers who became acquainted with the Russian novelists.

In 1910 he was a jury member in the judgment on the participants in the episode called 'The Spring of Blood': some soldiers were condemned for the murder of a student, as a result of which Lima was subsequently overlooked for promotion in the War Department. In 1911 he wrote the novel *Triste fim de Policarpo Quaresma* in the space of three months; it was serialised in the *Jornal do Comércio*, which he wrote for, and also in the *Gazeta da Tarde*. In 1912 he published two instalments of *As Aventuras do Dr Bogoloff*, as well as two other small humorous books, one of which was published in the *O Riso* magazine.

Alcoholism was beginning to take hold of him, but it did not prevent him from working for the press where, in 1914, he began a series of daily feuilletons for the *Correio da Noite*. In 1915 the *A Noite* newspaper published his novel *Numa e a Ninfa* in instalments, and Lima

began a long period of work with political articles on a variety of subjects for the *Careta* magazine. In the first months of 1916, the novel *Triste fim de Policarpo Quaresma* was published as a book, together with some notable short stories, such as 'A Nova Colifórnia' and 'O Homem que sabia javanês'; this was well received by the critics, who saw, in Lima, the legitimate successor to Machado de Assis. He began to write for the political weekly ABC. In July 1917, after being hospitalised, he delivered the manuscript of the satirical *Os Bruzundangas* to his editor. This was not published until a month after his death, in 1922.

He applied for a vacancy in the Brazilian Academy of Letters, but his application was not even considered. He launched the second edition of *Isaiás Caminha*, followed by *Numa e a Ninfa* in book form. He went on to publish articles and feuilletons in the alternative press of the time: *A Lanterna*, ABC and *Brás Cubas*, which published an article by him in which he expressed sympathy for the revolutionary cause in Russia. After being diagnosed with toxic epilepsy, he was invalided out of the War Department in 1918 and moved to another house in Major Mascarenhas Road in Todos os Santos, where he lived until his death.

At the beginning of 1919, he suspended his work for the ABC weekly after it published a derogatory article about the black race. With the help of Monteiro Lobato, his novel *Vida e morte de M J Gonzaga de Sá* was published, this being the first time that one of his books had gone through the normal editing process before publication. He received a good payment for it and it had good publicity, as well as acclaim from critics both young and old, such as João Ribeiro and Alceu Amoroso Lima. It was against this background that he applied for membership of the Academy of Letters for a second time; his application was accepted, but he was not elected, although he had the permanent vote of João Ribeiro. Under the title 'As Mágoas e sonhos do povo', he began publishing feuilletons every week in the *Hoje* magazine, in the area of urban folklore, and he started working for *Careta* for a second period, which was only cut short by his death.

From December 1919 to January 1920 he was interned in a hospice as a result of a nervous breakdown. This experience resulted in the notes for the first chapters of the memoir *O Cemitério dos vivos*, which was not published until 1953, together with the memoirs of the *Diário íntimo*. In December 1920 he applied, with *Gonzaga de Sá*, for the prize of the Brazilian Academy of Letters for the best book of the previous year; he received an honorable mention. In the same month, the volume of short stories *Histórias e sonhos* was published and he delivered the manuscript of *Marginália* to his friend, the editor F Schettino; the latter brought together articles and feuilletons which had already been published in the periodic press, but they got lost and the book was not published until 1953.

In January 1921 a passage from *O Cemitério dos vivos* was published in the Souza Cruz magazine under the title 'As Origens' – a memoir that was not completed by the author. In April, he went to the town of Mirassol in the São Paulo State, where his friend, the doctor Ranulfo Prata, tried to get him back to health, but in vain. With his health undermined, his illness forced him to retreat to his modest house in Todos os Santos, where his friends would visit him and his devoted sister Evangelina looked after him. Whenever he could, however, he continued in his perambulations through the city he loved, reserving reading, meditation and writing for home, despite his father's mental illness, which was making itself felt through more and more frequent crises.

In July 1921 he applied for a third time for a vacancy in the Academy of Letters, but he withdrew his application "for entirely personal reasons." He delivered for publication the manuscript of *Bagatelas*; this was a compilation of his principal work for the press, i.e., from 1918 to 1922, in which he laid bare, with rare vision and clarity, the problems facing the country and the world after the 1st World War. Nevertheless, *Bagatelas* was not published until 1923. He published, in Souza Cruz, the text of a presentation he did not manage to make in Rio Preto, near Mirassol; the title was 'The Destiny of Literature.' In December he commenced the second version of the novel *Clara dos Anjos*, which he completed the following January. The manuscript of *Feiras e mafuás* was delivered, but the book was not published until 1953.

In May 1922, the *Mundo Literário* magazine published the first chapter of *Clara dos Anjos*, 'O Carteiro'. His health was continually worsening under the effects of alcoholism, rheumatism and other ailments, and he died on 1 November 1922 after a cardiac arrest. He was found to be holding a copy of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his favourite magazine. Two

days later, his father died. They were buried, according to Lima's wishes, in the São João Batista cemetery.

In 1953 some previously unpublished works of his were published. It was only in 1956, however, under the editorship of Francisco de Assis Barbosa, aided by Antônio Houaiss and M Cavalcanti Proença, that all his works were published, in 17 volumes, covering the novels mentioned above and also the titles which had not been published in his lifetime: *Os Bruzundangas*, *Feiras e mafuás*, *Impressões de leitura*, *Vida urbana*, *Coisas do Reino de Jambon*, *Diário íntimo*, *Marginália*, *Bagatelas*, *O Cemitério dos vivos* and two volumes containing all his correspondence.

In the following decades he has been the subject of study both in Brazil and abroad. His works, novels and short stories have been translated into English, French, Russian, Spanish, Czech, Japanese and German. Doctoral theses have been written about him in the USA and Germany. On the occasion of the centenary of his birth, in 1981, conferences were held about him all over Brazil, which resulted in numerous publications, including essays, bibliographies and psychological studies of the author and his work. There is currently a new interest in him among younger Brazilian writers. He is considered a pioneer of the social novel and his literary output – vast, considering his short life – is continually gaining him the prominence he deserves.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> Source: Antonio Arnoni Prado, *Literatura Comentada*, 1980

## HUMBERTO DE CAMPOS



<http://www.academia.org.br/abl/cgi/cgilua.exe/sys/start.htm?sid=221>

1886–1934

A journalist, critic and writer of short stories and memoirs, Humberto de Campos Veras was born in Miritiba (currently renamed after him) in the State of Maranhão. He died in Rio de Janeiro.

His parents were Joaquim Gomes de Faria Veras, a tradesman, and Ana de Campos Veras. His father died when he was six years old and his mother took him to the State capital, São Luís. Because they were poor, he began working when he was still a child.

At the age of 17, he went to live in the State of Pará, where he got a job as a correspondent and editor for the *Folha do Norte* newspaper and, shortly afterwards, for the *Província do Pará*. In 1910 he published his first book, a poetry collection called *Poeira*.

In 1912 he moved to Rio, where he got a job at the *Imparcial* newspaper at a time when a group of famous writers were working there as editors or correspondents. José Eduardo de Macedo Soares, the Director, was a part of the Second Civilian Campaign, and Humberto de Campos joined the movement.

However, he immediately transformed himself from a militant journalist into an intellectual under the pseudonym – amongst others – of ‘Conselheiro XX,’ with which he signed short stories and feuilletons that feature today in various collections. In 1923 he became a critic for the *Correio da Manhã* newspaper.

In 1920 he was elected Federal Deputy for Maranhão, but he lost his position when the Congress was dissolved after the revolution of 1930. President Getúlio Vargas, who admired Humberto’s talent, tried to ease his problems by making him a schools inspector and Director of the Casa de Rui Barbosa.

In 1933 he published what became his most famous book, *Memórias*, based on his early life. His *Diário secreto*, which was published posthumously, caused a scandal on account of the irreverence and sarcasm with which he referred to his contemporaries.

Self-taught, he was a voracious reader and acquired great erudition, which he used in his feuilletons. As a Neo-Parnasian poet, he was part of a transitional group before the advent of Modernism in Brazil with the Modern Art Week in São Paulo in 1922. *Poeira* was one of the last Parnasian books in Brazil. He also produced impressionistic literary criticism, which comprised, however, unfounded personal pronouncements.

His principal tactic for his feuilletons was to take well-known stories and give them a make-over via commentaries, digressions and comparisons with other works. His criticism was shallow and has not stood the test of time.

Oeuvre: *Poeira*, poetry, 2 series (1910 and 1917); *Da Seara de Booz*, feuilletons (1918); *Vale de Josaphat*, short stories (1918); *Tonel de Diógenes*, short stories (1920); *A Serpente de bronze*, short stories (1921); *Mealheiro de Agripa*, miscellaneous (1921); *Carvalhos e roseiras*, criticism (1923); *A Bacia de Pilatos*, short stories (1924); *Pombos de Maomé*, short stories (1925); *Antologia dos humoristas galantes* (1926); *Grãos de mostarda*, short stories

(1926); *Alcova e salão*, short stories (1927); *O Brasil anedótico*, anecdotes (1927); *Antologia da Academia Brasileira de Letras* (1928); *O monstro e outros contos*, short stories (1932); *Memórias 1886-1900* (1933); *Crítica*, 4 series (1933, 1935, 1936); *Os Países*, miscellaneous (1933); *Poesias completas* (1933); *À sombra das tamareiras*, short stories (1934); *Sombras que sofrem*, feuilletons (1934); *Um sonho de pobre*, memoirs (1935); *Destinos*, miscellaneous (1935); *Lagartas e libélulas*, miscellaneous (1935); *Memórias inacabadas* (1935); *Notas de um diarista*, 2 series (1935 and 1936); *Reminiscências*, memoirs (1935); *Sepultando os meus mortos*, memoirs (1935); *Últimas crônicas*, feuilletons (1936); *Perfis*, 2 series, biographies (1936); *Contrastes*, miscellaneous (1936); *O Arco de Esopo*, short stories (1943); *A Funda de Davi*, short stories (1943); *Gansos do Capitólio*, short stories (1943); *Fatos e feitos*, miscellaneous (1949); *Diário secreto*, 2 vols. (1954).<sup>7</sup>

PS about post-scriptums: Unlike Arthur Conan Doyle (see p. 16) and Coelho Neto (who converted to Spiritism in 1923), Humberto de Campos was hijacked by the Spirit World. The following is taken from the website of the Brazilian Spiritist Federation<sup>8</sup>:

‘...When he fell ill, he completely changed his style. He buried Conselheiro XX [his pseudonym] and a new Humberto was born, like a phoenix, full of pity, compassion and understanding for the weaknesses and suffering of his fellow human beings. The troubled soul of Brazil turned avidly to Humberto de Campos and was rewarded with consolation and hope. He received letters full of pain, despair and pleas for comfort and help. He responded to them all, in newspaper articles, with the utmost compassion, managing to reach out to thousands of readers who were in the same straightened and lamentable situation as himself. He came to be loved throughout Brazil, especially in Bahia and São Paulo. But his suffering increased. He became partially blind, he needed a series of operations, and he was living in a boarding-house, without the warmth of a family. His life had become nothing but pain and suffering. Nevertheless, he did not despair; he continued to write, for the consolation of many hearts.

‘On 5 December 1934, he passed over, leaving the bitter disappointments of the Earth behind him. Maranhão, his native state, had never taken him to its heart and was even hostile towards him.

‘Just three months after passing over, he returned from the Beyond via the young medium Chico Xavier. The latter, who was then only 24 years old, began to write – to the amazement of the whole country – Humberto’s chronicles from beyond the grave.

‘It was a public sensation. The newspapers in Rio de Janeiro and other states printed his messages, attracting great attention. Newspaper sellers cried out: “Extra, extra! Messages from Humberto de Campos from beyond the grave!” And people couldn’t get enough of it...

‘Aripino Grieco and other renowned literary critics thoroughly examined Humberto’s production from the Beyond and certified that the style was authentic. “It can only be Humberto de Campos!” they said.

‘That was when a new phase began for Spiritism [the Brazilian equivalent of Spiritualism]. Chico Xavier and the Federação Espírita Brasileira became famous and several books were published.

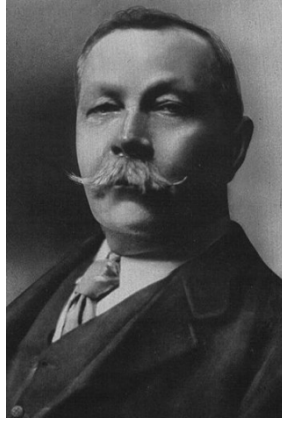
‘But something unexpected happened: Humberto’s relatives took legal action against the FEB, demanding copyright of the works by the dead author!..’

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<sup>7</sup> Source: <http://www.academia.org.br/abl/cgi/cgilua.exe/sys/start.htm?infoid=640&sid=221>, accessed October 2010.

<sup>8</sup> Source: <http://www.luzespirita.com/subpag/biografias/humberto.htm>, accessed October 2010.

## ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Conan\\_doyle.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Conan_doyle.jpg)

1859–1930

Educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh, he became a doctor and practised at Southsea, 1882–90. He is chiefly remembered for his widely celebrated creation of the subtle, hawk-eyed amateur detective Sherlock Holmes, whose brilliant solutions to a wide variety of crimes began in *A Study in Scarlet* (1887), continued through a long line of stories, chiefly in the Strand Magazine, and were collected in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1892), *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* (1894), *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902) and other works. His friend and foil, the stolid Dr Watson, with whom he shares rooms in Baker Street, attends him throughout most of his adventures.

As well as his Holmes stories, Doyle wrote a long series of historical and other romances. Notable among them are *Micah Clarke* (1889), *The White Company* (1891), *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* (1896), the first of many 'Gerard' tales, *Rodney Stone* (1896), and *The Lost World* (1912).

In 1902 Doyle wrote an influential pamphlet, 'The War in South Africa', which was much translated; and later many books on public themes, including a long history of the Flanders campaign in the First World War. His one-act play *Waterloo* provided Sir H Irving in 1894 with one of his most successful parts. In 1926 Doyle published his *History of Spiritualism*, one of several books he wrote on the subject, in which he was greatly interested: his interest in fairies is a connection with the work of his uncle Richard Doyle, illustrator of many fairy stories.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Source: Oxford Companion to English Literature, 6<sup>th</sup> Edition, 2000

## COELHO NETO



<http://www.academia.org.br/abl/cgi/cgilua.exe/sys/start.htm?sid=94>

1864–1934

**A** novelist, critic and playwright, Henrique Maximiano Coelho Neto was born in Caxias in the State of Maranhão [where the town of Coelho Neto is named after him] and died in Rio de Janeiro.

His parents were Antônio da Fonseca Coelho, a Portuguese, and Ana Silvestre Coelho, a native Indian. When he was six years old, the family moved to Rio, where he went to the Pedro the 2nd College. Afterwards he started to study medicine, but soon gave up.

In 1883 he enrolled at the São Paulo Law School. His rebellious spirit found fertile ground there and he got involved in a student movement against one of the professors. In order to avoid punishment, he transferred to Recife, where he finished the 1st Year of Law, with Tobias Barreto as his principal teacher.

He returned to São Paulo, where he identified himself with the campaigns for abolition of slavery and establishment of a republic. This brought him into conflict with some of the conservative teachers.

He moved to Rio de Janeiro in 1885, without completing the law course, and became part of the group comprising Olava Bilac, Luís Murat, Guimarães Passos and Paula Ney (which he portrayed in his novel *A Conquista* of 1899) and he joined in enthusiastically with José de Patrocínio in the Abolitionist Campaign.

He got a job at the *Gazeta da Tarde* newspaper and subsequently at the *Cidade do Rio* magazine, where he became Secretary, and it was about this time that he began publishing his literary works.

In 1890 he married Maria Gabriela Brandão, daughter of the educationalist Alberto Olympo Brandão. The couple had fourteen children.

He was appointed Secretary of the Government of the State of Rio de Janeiro and, the following year, Commercial Director of the State. In 1892 he was appointed History of Art Professor at the National Fine Arts School and, subsequently, Professor of Literature at the Pedro the 2nd School.

In 1920 he was appointed Professor of the History of Theatre and Dramatic Literature at the Drama School, where he became Director shortly afterwards.

In 1909 he was elected Federal Deputy for Maranhão, a post he was re-elected to in 1917. He was also Secretary General of the National Defence League and a Member of the Consultative Council of the City Theatre.

Apart from having various posts, Coelho Neto wrote assiduously for magazines and newspapers in Rio and other cities. In addition to his real name, he wrote under innumerable pseudonyms, including: Anselmo Ribas, Caliban, Ariel, Amador Santelmo, Blanco Canabarro, Charles Rouget, Democ, N Puck, Tartarin, Fur-Fur, Manés.

Having practised almost all the literary genres, he left a prolific body of work and was, for many years, the author with the largest circulation in Brazil. Despite the attacks he suffered from more recent generations, his presence in Brazilian literature has remained quite significant.

In 1928 he was elected 'Prince of Brazilian Prose Writers,' in a competition organised by the newspaper *O Malho*. When João Neves da Fontoura succeeded to Coelho Neto's chair in the Brazilian Academy of Letters in 1936, he made a speech which gave a good profile of the author:

'The two great strands in Coelho Neto's work are imagination and verbal power... His brain was like one of those modern movable stages that make magic possible. He was a unique prose improviser... Endowed with extraordinary energy, he worshipped form...'

Oeuvre: *Rapsódias*, stories (1891); *A Capital Federal*, novel (1893); *Baladilhas*, stories (1894); *Praga*, stories (1894); *Fruto proibido*, stories (1895); *Miragem*, novel (1895); *O Rei Fantasma*, novel (1895); *Sertão*, stories (1896); *Inverno em flor*, novel (1897); *Álbum de Caliban*, stories (1897); *O Morto*, novel (1898); *Romanceiro* (1898); *Seara de Rute* (1898); *A Descoberta da Índia*, historical narrative (1898); *O Rajá do Pendjab*, novel (1898); *A Conquista*, novel (1899); *Saldunis* (1900); *Tormenta*, novel (1901); *Apólogos* (1904); *A Bico de pena*, stories (1904); *Água juventa*, stories (1905); *Treva* (1906); *Turbilhão*, novel (1906); *As Sete dores de Nossa Senhora* (1907); *Fabulário* (1907); *Jardim das oliveiras* (1908); *Esfinge* (1908); *Vida mundana*, stories (1909); *Cenas e perfis* (1910); *Mistério do Natal* (1911); *Banzo*, stories (1913); *Meluzina* (1913); *Contos escolhidos* (1914); *Rei Negro*, novel (1914); *O Mistério* (1920); *Conversas* (1922); *Vesperal* (1922); *Amos* (1924); *Mano, Livro da saudade* [a sort of conversation with his deceased son Emmanuel, or 'Mano', a famous footballer, who died at the age of 24, in 1922, as the result of an injury sustained during a match] (1924); *O Povo*, novel (1924); *Imortalidade*, novel (1926); *O Sapato de Natal* (1927); *Contos da vida e da morte*, stories (1927); *Velhos e novos* (1928); *A Cidade Maravilhosa*, stories (1928); *Vencidos* (1928); *A Árvore da vida* (1929); *Fogo fátuo*, novel (1929).

Plays: *Teatro*, Vol. I: *O Relicário*, *Ao Raio X*, *O Diabo no corpo* (1911); Vol. II: *As Estações*, *Ao Luar*, *Ironia*, *A Mulher*, *Fim de raça* (1907); Vol. III: *Neve ao sol*, *A Muralha* (1907); Vol. IV: *Quebranto e nuvem* (1908); vol. V: *O Dinheiro*, *Bonança*, *O Intruso* (1918); vol. VI: *O Patinho torto*, *A Cigarra e a formiga*, *O Pedido*, *A Guerra*, *O Tango*, *Os Sapatos do defunto* (1924).

Feuilletons: *O Meio* (1899); *Bilhetes postais* (1894); *Lanterna mágica* (1898); *Por montes e vales* (1899); *Versa* (1917); *A Política* (1919); *Atlética* (1920); *Frutos do tempo* (1920); *O Meu dia* (1922); *Frechas* (1923); *As Quintas* (1924); *Feira livre* (1926); *Bazar* (1928).<sup>10</sup>

PS: Coelho Neto converted to Spiritism (the Brazilian equivalent of Spiritualism) in 1923.

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<sup>10</sup> Source: <http://www.academia.org.br/abl/cgi/cgilua.exe/sys/start.htm?infoid=417&sid=94>, accessed October 2010

# WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

## IN A WORD

Machado de Assis	Champion
Lima Barreto	Contender
Coelho Neto	Has-been
Humberto de Campos	Who?

## IN MORE WORDS

### ABOUT MACHADO DE ASSIS

Sílvio Romero, *Machado de Assis: Estudo comparativo de literatura brasileira*, 1897

Over and above everything else, [Machado de Assis] is our most complete example of a man of letters... He is resolute and passionate about the difficult art of writing; his love for writing is such that his talent for selection has got to the stage of a reflex action, to the stage of an overwhelming and almost exclusive passion.

It is a pleasure for a critic to be entertained by and engage with a spirit such as his.....

No writer in this country has ever received such demonstrations of admiration, homage, praise, adoration...

And rightly so: I'm not going to be the one to find exaggerated the incense which, in this country of died-in-the-wool petty politicians, almost completely indifferent to matters of the spirit, is burnt in front of a man who, in one way or another, is incontrovertibly one of the principle intellectuals of our nation. I just point out one thing... that this has always been the case in respect of Machado de Assis; right from the start, people have accustomed him to the same jubilation, the same music... the same whizz-bang firework display...

And that is the source of a lacuna in his career and a weakness in his work: he has not had to struggle even for a moment... which has resulted in an element of placidity, of quietude, of – I might almost add – stagnancy throughout his work...

That is one side of it; the other is the legitimate question: has the praise which has been heaped on him always been sincere? Is it not the case that it contains an element, no matter how small, of the whimsical, of the fashionable?..

I do not know whether Machado de Assis has noticed a very strange custom in our literary circles... Here in Brazil, with the habits of our press, there are writers whom it is fashionable, *de bom ton*, to praise continually – especially in public.

As far as appearances are concerned, they are the Chosen Ones...

He has been showered with praise, much of it perfectly banal; but he has not been analysed; he has been eulogised but not studied. And that is what a man of his merit needs. Who has studied him in the light of his social environment, of the influence of his education, of his psychology, of his physiological and ethnic heredity, showing the actual formation and orientation of his talent?

Who, up to now, has indicated his place in the spiritual history of the country? No-one, so far as I am aware.

Well, that is what should have been done for him, instead of wandering around asphyxiating him with encomiums lacking in taste and, often, sincerity...

Our novelist is the prime example of the ideas set out in the introduction to this work, where I argued that it is impossible for a truly talented person to show exactly what he is worth before the age of thirty...

His work up until 1869 is so inferior that, today, even he hides almost all of it away...

It should be said that if, by some misfortune, our novelist had died at the age of thirty, he would now be only a dim figure in Brazilian literature, hardly worth noticing.

And that is not all: the following decade, which I shall call his period of transition, is also nothing so special.

It is therefore justifiable to say that it was only after he passed forty years of age, only after 1879, that Machado de Assis took the place in Brazilian literature where we see him today, because it was only then that his talent struck the richest seam and that his spirit took on that special, distinct, aspect.

Thus, he is one of those who are a good example of how it is not enough to be born; you have to live, but living is also not enough; you have to produce, and produce a lot...

Today he is almost sixty years old and he is still on the up; his is a spirit in constant progress, always on the move: a good example for the young men of today...

There was another circumstance which constrained his talent. The poles of the literary world in Rio de Janeiro were, for many years, the two Josés (who cordially hated each other): José Castilho, a conceited Portuguese of almost no talent, who did us great harm, and José Alencar, the brilliant literary genius who is one of the glories of Brazil.

Machado de Assis, too timid, and fearful of everything ... found himself fundamentally transfixed between the two of them.

He was incapable of breaking away from either of them, let alone from both, and allowed himself to remain in a sort of mental submission. They were like a Greek chorus in his life and, whether he is aware of it or not, the death of both of them was a blessing for him...

He then embarked upon the great period of his maturity, which has covered the last twenty years, and in which the highlights are *Memórias póstumas de Brás Cubas*, *Quincas Borba*, *Papéis avulsos*, *Histórias sem data* and *Várias histórias*...

Veríssimo, José, *História da literatura brasileira: de Bento Teixeira (1601) a Machado de Assis (1908)*, 1916

...the highest expression of our literary genius, our most eminent literary figure.....

In fact, no-one has told – in Portuguese – short stories, anecdotes of pure fantasy or perfect realism with such elegant lightness, such fine spirit, such naturalness, such fertile and charming imagination, such psychological insight, in such an interesting way and so perfectly expressed, all of it covered and reinforced with a very special emotion, which varies between bitter and cheerful but is invariably discreet. Stories of love, of states of mind, of customs and characteristics, fiction taken from history or from life, crises of conscience, all sorts of personalities, people and habits, aspects of our life, our most intimate sentiments and oddest idiosyncrasies: it is all present in his stories in the most superior and excellent way through a miracle of artistic transposition. And without any trace of effort – naturally, in a marvellously vernacular, precise and elegant style...

Lima Barreto, 'O Conselho Municipal e a Arte' in the *Hoje* newspaper, 1920

[The City Council] has watched while the beautiful life's work passed by of such a person as Machado de Assis, a Carioca through and through, without giving him a single prize, without a single gesture of friendship, without a single word of applause or of pride that he's from here, from this beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro...

Lucia Miguel-Pereira, *Machado de Assis: Estudo critic e biográfico*, 1936

His books were even a big success in the bookshops – a rare event in Brazil. First published in 1891, with a thousand copies, *Quincas Borba* appeared in a second edition five years later. *Brás Cubas*... went through four editions during the author's life. Even mediocre novels of his first period, *A Mão e a luva* and *Iaiá Garcia*, were re-edited.

Of course, this was only relative success; but, bearing in mind the low level of education of our public and the lack of the habit of reading in Machado's time, it can be seen that he was not a writer without impact.

He was read and appreciated. Not only writers were interested in him, but the public as well. The number of requests for autographs in his correspondence is enormous. Including a touching letter: on a half sheet of poor-quality paper, a poor

man wrote to the great novelist asking for a copy of *Memorial de Aires*, which he had absolutely no way of buying.

No, Machado was not, as is generally claimed, just an author for the educated and the literati. Nor was he unknown among the ordinary people of his time. And it could not have been otherwise, because there exists in his work, alongside the bitter philosophy, a breath of life, a tone of suffering, which will surely always find an echo in the human heart...

William L Grossman, in his translator's introduction to *Epitaph of a Small Winner* [*Memórias póstumas de Brás Cubas*], 1953

For all his restraint and good humour, Machado de Assis hurls at his readers a fierce challenge, unrecognized by many, offensive to some, a joy to those who are strong enough to accept it. The challenge lies in Machado's vast iconoclasm, which is likely to involve destruction of the reader's own icons. In his best work, Machado is perhaps the most completely disenchanted writer in occidental literature. Sceptics generally destroy certain illusions in order to cling to others. Machado rejects everything mundane...

*Id.* in his introduction to the collection of short stories by Machado de Assis *The Psychiatrist and Other Stories*

Machado de Assis..., the shy, epileptic, mulatto who achieved universality within the provincial confines of nineteenth-century Rio de Janeiro, remained virtually unknown in the United States until 1952, when at long last an English translation of one of his novels was published. Now he is recognized here as (in Dudley Fitts's words) 'a literary force transcending nationality and language, comparable certainly to Flaubert, Hardy, or James.' Two universities in this country now give courses exclusively on his works. An increasing number of readers are coming to share Helen Caldwell's opinion that his *Dom Casmurro* is 'perhaps the finest of all American novels of either continent.' His *Epitaph of a Small Winner* has been included in great-books courses and enshrined in a library list of One Hundred Great Novels.

According to an eminent Machadian (the late Lúcia Miguel Pereira), however, 'it was undoubtedly as a short-story writer that Machado de Assis wrought his masterpieces.' Another scholar, Renard Perez, points out that the short story was the ideal form for so meticulous and concise a writer, who liked to attack his themes 'vertically.' 'It is the acuteness of his analyses,' says Perez, 'together with the originality of his themes and his perfection of form that make him a world master of the short story.'

Armando Correia Pacheco, *Machado de Assis: Romancista*, 1954

... the most discussed, the most contradictory, the most universal and, at the same time, the most national of Brazilian writers. With his 'half tones', his chiaroscuro, he continues to attract the attention of students, the patient dedication of critics, and the interest of readers, not only in Brazil but also abroad. An inexhaustible subject, one is always finding new aspects of him, new angles and new facets. No matter how persevering and deep the research is, it never gets to the bottom, never exhausts his interior riches, never uncovers his perpetual mystery... One might call him: 'Machado de Assis – The Unknown'. As a result, the enigma remains more and more puzzling of 'the greatest good fortune of our spiritual history,' in the nice phrase of Graça Aranha, who was one of the most active exegetes of the life and work of Machado.

This mark of incomprehensibility also extends to Machado's texts. Although, in the opinion of many, he is the greatest Brazilian writer, it seems unbelievable that no critical edition of his works has yet been published. His manuscripts also remain unknown, just like the author.

In the chapter about Braz Cubas' delirium – one of the most vibrant pages in the Portuguese language – there is formulated, unequivocally, the concept of life to which Machado subscribed: a glittering but cold synthesis...

In fact, Machado de Assis was unique in Brazil in undertaking an authentic 'spiritual adventure,' without any relation to day-to-day reality...

Helen Caldwell, *The Brazilian Othello of Machado de Assis: A study of Dom Casmurro*, 1960

The Brazilians have a jewel for all the world to envy, a veritable Kohinoor among writers of fiction – Machado de Assis. But, more than any other people, we of the English-speaking world should envy Brazil this writer who so constantly used our Shakespeare as his model – so neatly fused into his own stories the characters, plots and ideas of Shakespeare – that we may flatter ourselves that only we can truly appreciate the great Brazilian.

We find encouragement for this megalomania in the attitude of Brazilian writers, who are wont to refer to Machado de Assis as their 'enigma,' their 'myth,' their 'Sphinx.' Baffled by his subtlety, many of them have turned to his life, have tried to interpret his writings in terms of his humble origin and physical make-up. But Machado de Assis deliberately withheld the facts of his private life, because apparently he felt such facts had little to do with his life of the spirit and that a knowledge of them would only hinder appreciation of his works. He frequently tells us in effect: my writings are my life, by my works ye shall know me. And he cautions us to read carefully – for pattern and purpose are so artfully integrated in each of his writings that every part, however seemingly disconnected, goes to form the meaning of the whole...

*Id. Machado de Assis: The Brazilian Master and his novels*, 1970

Machado de Assis is no longer unknown among us. Four of his novels and some fifteen or so short stories have now appeared in English and have been greeted with a kind of indignant wonder that this Brazilian author who was born in 1839 and died in 1908 was not even a name to us...

Nelson Werneck Sodré, *História da literatura brasileira*, 1964

...the great literary figure of the time and the greatest that our country has known... His literary apprenticeship covered all the stages; it was long, meticulous and ever upwards...

His literary career had two distinct phases. In the first, he was still a Romantic, although one can see, here and there, his possession of those virtues that will become so outstanding in the second phase. After only a very brief interval, he evolved into an out-and-out Realist, although not linked to the form of expression that Realism adopted with the Naturalist school, which he – sensibly – disdained. In the beginning, he suffered from a certain submissiveness to the common taste and to literary preconceptions. In the second phase... he sets out his stall and often speaks his mind vehemently. At some points, his work looks like a lampoon. It certainly reflects reality, but it is clear that reality is not to his taste, it does not tempt him. The society in which he triumphed, which took him to its heart and set him on the way to glory, was not one he held in high esteem; he was not attuned to its customs, he felt its pettiness. That was why he looked sceptical, pessimistic, believing neither in life nor in mankind... When he declares that literature is 'more than a pastime and less than an apostolate', it is because he understands that the purpose of art is not to fill leisure hours, as was generally accepted at the time, but rather it has a mission to fulfil: to teach people about life. That mission, however, would lose force and would become diluted and unmanageable were it to take the form of an apostolate, were it to announce its intention. And thus, in an eventful phase of Brazil's development, he

produced his work, the best yet produced in our country and in which our country is most present.

Machado de Assis became known by the public of his day primarily – and this was confirmed by subsequent generations – as a master of the short story, in which his gifts of conciseness and vigorous economy of style are evident in unmatched splendour...

R L Scott-Buccleuch and Mário Teles de Oliveira, *An Anthology of Brazilian Prose*, 1970

Machado de Assis is one of a large group of writers who belong to Rio de Janeiro, whose works reflect the life and character of that fascinating city; but he is one of the very few who was able to transcend the limitations of time and place and join that distinct group whose message is relevant to all men all over the world. Not without reason he is called the father of the Brazilian novel...

Samuel Putnam, *Marvelous Journey: A survey of four centuries of Brazilian writing*, 1971

There are writers who mirror their age more or less directly and concretely, and many of them are justly called great, but there are others for whom any epoch, any land that may be traced upon a map is too small, and who claim as their own country no less a domain than the cramped, confined, yet constantly rebelling and expanding spirit of man. These latter are the greatest as distinguished from the great, and Machado de Assis is of that company...

Antônio Soares Amora, *História da literatura brasileira*, 1974

Even if we avoid any sort of exaggerated apologia, we cannot but recognise that Machado de Assis is the most legitimate glory of our fictional literature, on account both of the human content of his work and the artistry of his prose...

Alfredo Bosi, *História concisa da literatura brasileira*, 1975

The highpoint and the most balanced body of work in Brazilian Realist prose is to be found in the fiction of Machado de Assis... Through its formal harmony, Machado's fiction represents one of the permanent paths for Brazilian prose in the direction of depth and universality. But he should not be transformed into an idol; that would not be appropriate for an author who used literature to challenge every myth...

John Gledson, from the Foreword to his translation of Machado's *Dom Casmurro*, 1997

Machado de Assis is an anomaly among the great novelists of the nineteenth century: a Brazilian, but with no tropical lushness and grandiloquence to conform to 'Latin American' stereotypes of his day (and of our day if the enduring vogue for 'magical realism' is anything to go by); a realist, but one who constructed his greatest novels... in the wilfully digressive style of the antirealist Laurence Sterne; a conventional, happily married civil servant, with none of the dramatic life of a Dostoevsky, or even a Dickens or a Flaubert. True, he shared what he called, with typical discretion, in a letter, 'the same illness' with the first and the last of these: he was epileptic (the disease manifested itself from about the age of forty on) and, just as importantly, a great-grandchild of slaves and a mulatto, a fact he was apparently not keen to advertise... Machado was obsessively discreet, with none of the vast quantities of revealing correspondence other novelists of the period delight us with, no diary (unless he destroyed it along with his letters), not even many revealing anecdotes. Yet what the author did not leave tells us something: there was something to hide – a satirical contempt for what surrounded him akin to that of Jonathan Swift and which is often, I think most mistakenly, called pessimism.

In the tension between the notoriously polite and discreet public figure, founder of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, and the man who, in a story in a ladies' magazine, could drop an unmistakable reference to the rape of a twenty-four-year old bishop by the son of a sixteenth-century pope, lies both his greatness and the explanation of how late its recognition is in coming. Machado is a subtle and astonishingly subversive writer, as capable of surprising us as his own contemporary readers...

Arnaldo Saraiva, 'Machado de Assis in Portugal' in *The Author as Plagiarist – the case of Machado de Assis*, ed. João Cezar de Castro Rocha, 2005

In the nineteenth century it was as a poet that Machado de Assis became known in Portugal; nowadays it is as a novelist, who some illustrious novelists... rank higher than Eça de Queiroz. What no one in Portugal today seems to doubt is that Machado is a master of the Portuguese language as well as an expert in the art of describing internal tensions and the labyrinths of human emotion, his wisdom spreading outside Brazilian society and beyond the nineteenth century...

## ABOUT LIMA BARRETO

Nelson Werneck Sodr , *Hist ria da literatura brasileira*, 1964

Lima Barreto produced... very lively and profound social criticism and showed the injustice of society in his fiction – what was false and artificial, what was deforming society. With fine and acute perception, he sensed what was new, before others had noticed it.

His way of engaging and participating, through literary work, undoubtedly led him to excesses, flawed opinions and distortions of the truth. His tone is often heavy, campaigning, sarcastic and virulent. When he is like that, he is not at his best; that is not when one sees how he can pinpoint what is real and what is human. The caricatures... are the perishable part of his work, the least consistent part, where he does not manage to typify reality. He manages to do that when he lets go and transposes into fiction his little world, everything he saw around him and knew and loved. For that very reason, his most lively characters are not the ones who lived in the real world and whom he simply carried into the pages of his novels, merely changing their names. Rather, it was the others, the ordinary and humble people, whom he brought to life in those novels, as typical elements of a human landscape in which, individually, their voice was scarcely heard and they had minimal importance...

Although his work was of uneven quality, with grave and irreparable defects here and there, slipshod in terms of form and sometimes fragmentary, Lima Barreto caught precisely, in so far as was possible, the contrasts of a changing society...

Gregory Rabassa, *O Negro na fic o brasileira* (translated by Ana Maria Martins), 1965<sup>11</sup>

Lima Barreto is a novelist whose work transcends a timescale measured in decades and who, without doubt, will come to be seen as the best individual representative of the Rio de Janeiro novel at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. His novels are typical of urban novelists in Brazil in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, because he portrayed such varied facets of Rio life. His influence will be felt even more strongly in current novelists, as there has recently been a surge of renewed interest in his work and numerous new editions of his novels have appeared in the country after having been out of print for a long time. Although nothing of the kind has happened yet, it is very possible that, in the near future, he will gain the international reputation he deserves, in the same way as the belated interest in Machado de Assis...

...there is a stylistic difference between Lima and Machado, although their books sometimes deal with the same type of person and ambience, such as middle-class officials, but Lima Barreto tends to be more humble. Machado would try to insert himself into the novels he wrote and to free himself of the social organisation surrounding him. Lima Barreto is more reticent as an author and one can never be sure whether the opinions expressed are his or simply those of his various characters, leaving open the possibility of the author having a completely different opinion. In that respect, Lima Barreto was a more complete novelist than the 19<sup>th</sup> Century master, although he does not compare with Machado in style and subtlety of expression. It is interesting to note that, if somebody mentioned the possibility of an influence by Machado on his work, Lima Barreto would deny it emphatically. He never said that he did not consider Machado a great writer, but he would not admit to being influenced by him. He would happily admit being influenced by almost all the

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<sup>11</sup> The extracts below are my translations from the Portuguese translation. I don't have the English original to hand.

European writers of the 19th Century, and would reel them off in an incongruous list, but he always denied any influence of Machado on his work.

...Lima Barreto was a man of good taste, not only in his reading, but in his writing as well. At the same time, however, he sought the best way of expressing Rio de Janeiro and the personality of its inhabitants. Although he was completely divorced from the Modernists, in respect both of his age and his inclinations, a retrospective comparison of his work against the aims of that literary movement might, in a way, justify the statement that he was really the only one who met the Modernist objectives that were first set out in the Modern Art Week in São Paulo in 1922, when Graça Aranha called for a re-examination of Brazilian literary objectives and values.

...Lima Barreto's acute observations do not make him a folkloric or a regional novelist. The stories he tells take place in Rio de Janeiro and he is, in a way, the best chronicler of the life of the capital city since Machado de Assis. Like Machado's, however, Lima's narratives are, in truth, studies about the innermost roots of human beings...

Antonio Candido and J Aderaldo Castello, *Presença da literatura brasileira*, 1966

All his fictional oeuvre is situated in Rio de Janeiro. Its urban and, principally, suburban environment, from which he drew characters from the poor and the middle class, inspired him with a great feeling of love. We could call him the last novelist of Rio de Janeiro, in a line extending from the 19th Century, in the sense that he used the city as a way of looking at Brazilian reality. He expressed a patriotic ideal through a quixotic vision and through melancholy caricatures derived from national standards, values and institutions against a background of public administration, politics, the military, the press and even the countryside. His critical stance came to dominate, in this respect, to the point of often giving his work a pamphleteering feel and making the presence of the author in the work obtrusive. That is probably the main reason for the unevenness in his composition and structure, the lack of consistency, the blurring between feuilleton and fiction, and the puppet-like nature of some of his characters. On the other hand, there is his lack of literary concern, which reveals itself in the often careless way he treats the language. Nevertheless, these characteristics, whether negative or not, place his work in a position of reaction to previous attitudes, so much so that he became a favourite writer of the Modernists...

R L Scott-Bucpleuch and Mário Teles de Oliveira, *An Anthology of Brazilian Prose*, 1970

...he was ostracised socially and professionally, and was consequently never accorded the recognition in his lifetime to which his talents entitled him. Even today he is the least known of Brazil's great novelists, though there are signs that his work is slowly obtaining recognition...

All Lima Barreto's novels give the impression of being hastily written and in need of careful revision, but despite their imperfections the qualities of the author shine through. This is particularly true of his masterpiece, *O Triste fim de Policarpo Quaresma* (Rio, 1915), which alone would entitle him to a high rank in Brazilian letters...

Samuel Putnam, *Marvelous Journey: A survey of four centuries of Brazilian writing*, 1971

Of a good deal more importance than Graça Aranha, though it is only of late years that he has come into his own, is Lima Barreto... who won distinction as a storyteller, but whose view of life was so different from the one that is revealed by [Machado de Assis]... Barreto is a novelist of the city, or better, of the suburbs and the petty bourgeois types that dwell on the outskirts of the capital...

[Lima Barreto] was an anarchist with a highly developed intelligence. He hated pedantry. He employed a limited vocabulary in his novels, in contrast to Coelho Neto, where the variety of synonyms and the constant search for obsolete expressions make his novels cry out... for a translator.

... [Lima Barreto] does not tell stories: he lives them..... It is rare for a writer to reveal so much of himself on paper. His imagination made free with subjective reality, using objective reality merely as a hue. Nothing in him is purely cerebral. He was a well of contradictory emotions. If he had been able, he would not have expressed himself through grammar. He would have gone straight to his objective: immediate communication of his worries, anxieties, failures, hopes and daydreams, all combined as inner experience, and not as appearance would have one believe.

...Lima Barreto is beginning to be seen by the new generation – and will be by future generations – as the most Brazilian writer we possess.

...Lima Barreto was one of those sublime unfortunates. Nothing distanced him from writing. He was buffeted by every storm imaginable, but there was also happiness in his life. And today every secondary school pupil knows that what he signifies for Brazilian literature, in the same way as Noel Rosa for samba, is the rhythm of our people. No-one felt and saw Rio de Janeiro quite like Lima Barreto... The Rio suburbs are not presented in his books for documentary purposes; they are shown live, just as they were – and as they still are, regarding customs that have hardly changed at all...

Jaguar, Brazilian cartoonist, quoted in Carlos Erivany Fantinati, *O Profeta e o escritor: Estudo sobre Lima Barreto*, 1978

...the most remembered forgotten person in Brazil.

R J Oakley, *The Case of Lima Barreto and Realism in the Brazilian 'Belle Epoque'*, 1998

Lima Barreto believed, like several of the nineteenth-century writers and theorists he most admired, that content was more important than form.

... there is a crucial sense in which to dwell on the constant defeat or marginalization of the Tolstoyan artistic ideal in the prose fiction of Lima Barreto is to miss the point. Lima's own supreme artistic achievement lies in his portrayal of this struggle in a bewildering variety of ways and with astonishing ingenuity. The constant spectacle of the struggle - one that in its intensity may well be unique in the whole of Latin American prose fiction - is what makes him a writer of the first importance...

## ABOUT COELHO NETO

Lima Barreto, 'Histrião ou literato?' in *Revista Contemporânea*, 1918

Mr Neto is the most noxious individual to have appeared in our intellectual midst. Without a vision of our life, without sympathy for it, without any real study, without solid social or philosophical criteria, Mr Neto has transformed the whole art of writing into a pure *chinoiserie* of style and phrase. No-one should think of asking him for anything like a perfect understanding of any of the characteristics of our population: he wouldn't be able to provide it. Coelho Neto has become fossilised amidst the mould of what he calls style, period music, exotic images and other things which feature in the retinue of the art of writing, which are the means of communication, of seduction, but which are not the proper end of literature.

Mr Neto's studies were always insufficient; he hasn't noticed that a literary man, a novelist, cannot stay stuck at the level of his art which is about appearances; he has never realised that it's necessary to go beyond antitheses and brilliant comparisons. He's confused the cloud with Juno; hence his failure, the weakness of his books, the insufficiencies of his attempts to convey emotion. As a result, his books don't live on their own account, but through the *réclame* which surrounds them...

*Id.* 'Literatura e Política', *A Lanterna*, 1918)

Mr Neto, who burst upon literature in the last decades of the 20th Century, has been unimpressed with the most pressing contemporary concerns surrounding him.

The political, religious, social and moral thinking of his century has been a matter of complete indifference to him. In those years, when the greatest intellectual problem, a problem that engaged all the intelligent people from all sides of the spectrum, was social and moral reform, Mr Neto never stopped for a moment to examine the tragic anxieties around him, he didn't devote even a little of his great talent to studying proposed solutions, nor did he bother to become acquainted with Positivism, which would have spread his horizons. I suspect, myself, that Mr Neto is one of those who claim that Clotilde de Vaux was a prostitute...

In the matter of religion, the great novelist got stuck in a drab Deism if not, perhaps, in a singularly opportunistic Catholicism which, most oddly, caused him to be highly pleased with himself both when he was excommunicated by a Chilean archbishop... and when another of his works was praised by the highest ecclesiastical authority in Rio de Janeiro.

In a century of social criticism and latent renovation of our institutional foundations; in a century which has brought deep analysis of geometry, which has seen, little by little, the analysis of the mechanism of the State, of the Law, of the Country, in order to unmask the gross superstitions and unjustified compulsions which still operate today; in such a century, Mr Neto remains solely at the surface, hypnotised by the stylistic gimcracks of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, trying to paint with the written word, like the Goncourts, and continually fascinated by a Greece which, even if it really did exist, should only interest us as archaeology.

Today's world is richer and more complex...

Brito Broca, 'Coelho Neto, Romancista' in *Coelho Neto: Obra seleta*, 1958.

... his language is correct and precise to the point of pedantry, obscurity, preciousness. What can be argued validly is that he did not possess that rare ability to reach a genuine level of profundity. Without that virtue, which is a superior form of concision, it is not possible to resist the passage of time, i.e., towards an increasing consciousness of value, which leads more and more towards concentration on what is essential.

For all these reasons, an attempt to rehabilitate him looks quixotic – an effort which should be directed to a better cause; but understanding him in his historic context is a task which is perfectly worthwhile for today's critics...

Nelson Werneck Sodré, *História da literatura brasileira*, 1964

... lionised in his time and ridiculed afterwards, he suffered from being turned into a symbol in which the caricature substituted the real likeness of the writer... A re-examination of the work of Coelho Neto, however, will show, without doubt, that his deficiencies were nothing other than the quintessence of what the time and the milieu considered to be supreme values... A few of his books are worth reading and provide an approximate picture of urban Brazilian society as it passed through an interesting and eventful phase. He was an example of a writer at a time when literature itself was shifting, and he did not have the personal resources to overcome the transitory nature of everything that fascinated him and had the greatest effect on him. His prose style is incompatible with fiction, to the detriment of an enormous body of work produced with huge dedication. Literature was his dominant, if not his only, occupation, in a context where it was still undervalued, and he deserves respect for that...

Gregory Rabassa, *O Negro na ficção brasileira* (translated by Ana Maria Martins), 1965<sup>12</sup>

Although *Rei Negro* [*The Black King*] was the first novel in Brazil with a black theme, it is very primitive in its construction. It is as if Coelho Neto had decided to combine two themes in one novel and then, instead of joining them subtly and artistically, had passed from one to the other at the most crucial point in the narrative... The beginning is very promising as a picture of life in the plantations but, afterwards, it develops into a semi-historical novel, vaguely reminiscent of the history of the slave revolt which ended with the ill-fated Palmares Republic.

Many of Coelho Neto's short stories are better conceived formally than *Rei Negro*. There are many black characters, both as protagonists and as secondary figures, in the collection called *Sertão* (1911). These short stories are much more straight-forward than the novel and, consequently, the characters in them seem much more plausible...

Antonio Candido and J Aderaldo Castello, *Presença da literatura brasileira*, 1966

The author of a huge oeuvre: novels, short stories, feuilletons, fables, plays, memoirs. There is no doubt that he was a prolific writer, and although his imagination was relatively meagre and his capacity for observation rather sketchy or superficial, he demonstrates appreciable creative qualities, particularly as a novelist. What stands out is his ability to create an ambience and to give movement to his characters, who are frequently bound up in a heavy, ominous atmosphere, including supernatural and phantasmagorical elements. The normal is only a step away from the boundaries of delirium, of hallucinations or of atavistic forces or primordial acts. However, he does not really manage to give the requisite dramatic or tragic density to the atmosphere he conjures up in some of his short stories and novels...

His language imposes itself in an all-absorbing way. Although, on the one hand, it favours creation of the atmosphere for the novelist's worlds, on the other hand it sacrifices narrative – and particularly descriptive – detail in favour of a pressing concern for rare words, which are accumulated unnecessarily and lengthen or weigh down the sentences, making them prolix. One might almost say that, although this novelist was linked to the Realist tendencies of the end of the 19th Century, his main concern was with language that was tied to the tradition of 16th Century prose

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<sup>12</sup> The extracts below are my translations from the Portuguese translation. I don't have the English original to hand.

writers, whence the excessive influence of European Portuguese on his style. Nevertheless, there are moments when he simplifies things, greatly diluting the classical virtuosity of a cultivator of language and becoming light-hearted and humorous, perhaps as a result of his bohemian lifestyle, which he captures so well in two *romans à clef*, *A Conquista* and *Fogo fatuo*...

R L Scott-Buccleuch and Mário Teles de Oliveira, *An Anthology of Brazilian Prose*, 1970

With the success of so many of his novels and plays both at home and abroad Coelho Neto enjoyed immense prestige during his lifetime, though in later years this suffered a partial eclipse as a result of the bitter attacks of the modernists. His reputation declined further after his death, and it is only in recent years that his place in Brazilian literature has begun to be more coolly reassessed. With his enormous literary output (over 120 volumes) it is only natural that the quality should be uneven, but his gifts as a narrator, his imagination and his individual style have caused some critics to see in him one of the greatest of Brazilian novelists...

Alfredo Bosi, *História concisa da literatura brasileira*, 1975

The critical fortunes of Coelho Neto have passed through the extremes of contempt and adulation, from 'the most noxious individual to have appeared in our intellectual midst' (Lima Barreto) to 'the greatest Brazilian novelist' (Otávio de Faria)...

This writer from the State of Maranhão seemed cut out to demonstrate the range of taste which may be attributed to average educated readers during the First Republic. Readers who thought they loved reality when, in fact, what they were looking for were the trappings of that reality, presented a little less trivially than usual; readers who enjoyed the superficial and the virtuosic: fundamentally hedonistic readers, in short...

...the diffuse sensuality in the psychology of this writer was the reason why he got bogged down between the worldly and the wordy in a universe of objects: clothes, furniture, ornaments and knickknacks which reek of the musty smell of a *belle époque* boudoir, where plot development and the inner life of the characters often take place, as it were, in parentheses...

*O Turbilhão* [The Whirlwind]... represents the zenith of a career that was so full of highs and lows... It seems to me that this book on its own would warrant a distinguished place for Coelho Neto in Brazilian fiction...

## ABOUT HUMBERTO DE CAMPOS

Nelson Werneck Sodré, footnote in *História da literatura brasileira*, 1964

It was a period in which writers of superficial prose like Humberto de Campos and Paulo Setúbal became famous... [My underlining.]

## ... AND NOT FORGETTING ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Daniel Stashower, *Teller of Tales: The life of Arthur Conan Doyle*, 1999

... Many times over the past five years I've presented myself at British book shops and auction houses as a collector of Conan Doyle material... The response is invariably polite, but it generally carries a quiet note of sympathy, as though I'd just confessed some exotic intestinal complaint. 'Conan Doyle? Well, Sherlock Holmes was brilliant, but Doyle went a bit potty at the end, didn't he? Fairies, ghosts, and that.'

'Fairies, ghosts, and that' have been the millstone of Conan Doyle's reputation for the better part of a century. Towards the end of his life, Conan Doyle came to believe that communication with dead souls was possible. His efforts to spread this message, which he considered the most important work of his life, proved to be his undoing. The British public watched with growing incredulity as he made one foray after another into the spirit realm. On any given day he might pronounce upon a ghostly photograph of fallen World War I soldiers, or speculate on a possible literary collaboration with the late Charles Dickens. In America, where such reports were less frequent, it was possible to remain sympathetic, if bemused. In Britain, the general public's tolerance began to fray. 'Poor Sherlock Holmes,' ran one headline, 'Hopelessly Crazy?'

The result was inevitable. Though Sherlock Holmes remains a colossus among cultural icons, Conan Doyle, once the most popular author of his generation, has been sharply downgraded. In Edinburgh, where Walter Scott is commemorated with a towering Gothic monument, Conan Doyle's birthplace is marked by a statue of his fictional detective. *The White Company* and *Sir Nigel*, the books Conan Doyle regarded as his finest works, are seldom read. Conan Doyle's portrait is not currently displayed at London's National Portrait Gallery. Though such decisions owe something to the quality of the portraits involved, it seems curious that Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, and Daphne du Maurier are all on view while Conan Doyle remains in storage...

# WHAT YOU SAY

In response to 'How much did you enjoy reading this story?'

Key to grades:

- 5 Very much
- 4 Quite a lot
- 3 So so
- 2 Not very much
- 1 Not at all

## IN GENERAL

Author	No of Readers	No of Readings	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Arthur Conan Doyle	30	30	<b>4.20</b> <sup>13</sup>	0.85
Machado de Assis	46	164	<b>3.52</b>	1.17
Lima Barreto	56	171	<b>3.42</b>	1.14
Humberto de Campos	48	165	<b>3.37</b>	1.14
Coelho Neto	45	167	<b>3.13</b>	1.27

Story	No of Readers	Av. Grade	St. Dev.
One Night With You (Arthur Conan Doyle)	30	<b>4.20</b>	0.85
Brother Simão (Machado de Assis)	26	<b>3.92</b>	0.93
Looking After (Machado de Assis)	30	<b>3.77</b>	0.97
The Man Who Spoke Javanese (Lima Barreto)	34	<b>3.76</b>	1.07
Blue Rose (Humberto de Campos)	27	<b>3.74</b>	0.86
Manuel de Oliveira (Lima Barreto)	28	<b>3.71</b>	1.15
Late Bet (Lima Barreto)	29	<b>3.69</b>	1.23
Wedding Song (Machado de Assis)	28	<b>3.64</b>	1.03
Light of My Life (Humberto de Campos)	26	<b>3.62</b>	0.94
Fortune Toll (Machado de Assis)	28	<b>3.61</b>	1.26
Christmas Corral (Coelho Neto)	30	<b>3.57</b>	1.07
Life Eternal (Machado de Assis)	24	<b>3.54</b>	1.41
Blacknwhite (Humberto de Campos)	25	<b>3.36</b>	1.19
By Time Itself (Humberto de Campos)	35	<b>3.28</b>	1.28
Widows (Coelho Neto)	24	<b>3.25</b>	1.33
Sore Point (Coelho Neto)	27	<b>3.22</b>	1.09
Revolver (Lima Barreto)	28	<b>3.21</b>	0.92
Fish and Filossofy (Humberto de Campos)	31	<b>3.19</b>	1.14
Killer (Lima Barreto)	26	<b>3.08</b>	1.00
Lighthouse (Coelho Neto)	35	<b>3.06</b>	1.39
In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos)	21	<b>3.00</b>	1.30
Engraved (Lima Barreto)	26	<b>2.88</b>	1.21
Me Too (Coelho Neto)	28	<b>2.86</b>	1.24
Exit, Stage Left (Coelho Neto)	23	<b>2.74</b>	1.42
With Muffled Drum (Machado de Assis)	28	<b>2.64</b>	1.06

<sup>13</sup> Elementary, my dear Watson.

### BY AGE<sup>14</sup>

Age	No of Readers	Ave. No of Stories Read	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Under 20	1 (1%)	3	<b>4.33</b>	1.15
20-29	4 (5%)	1.0	<b>3.50</b>	0.58
30-39	10 (14%)	8.8	<b>3.05</b>	0.91
40-49	11 (15%)	9.0	<b>3.16</b>	1.24
50-59	15 (21%)	6.1	<b>3.66</b>	1.12
60-69	20 (27%)	11.1	<b>3.56</b>	1.15
70-79	9 (12%)	13.2	<b>3.50</b>	1.26
80 or over	3 (4%)	22.7	<b>3.00</b>	1.31

### BY GENDER

Gender	No of Readers	Ave. No of Stories Read	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Female	51 (68%)	8.9	<b>3.45</b>	1.25
Male	24 (32%)	10.2	<b>3.29</b>	1.07

### BY LANGUAGE

Language	No of Readers	Ave. No of Stories Read
English	<b>62</b> (83%)	10.4
Portuguese	<b>8</b> (11%)	2.2
Some stories in English and some in Portuguese <sup>15</sup>	<b>5</b> (7%)	5.4

Originals in:	No. of Readings	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
English	28	<b>4.18</b>	0.86
Portuguese	28	<b>3.93</b>	1.25
Translations in:			
English	639	<b>3.33</b>	1.18
Portuguese	2	<b>4.50</b>	0.71

<sup>14</sup> Because all the questions were entirely optional, the numbers of readers in some of the particular analyses may not add up to those shown in the general analyses.

<sup>15</sup> One reader read and evaluated one story in both the Portuguese original and the English translation.

### BY RELATIONSHIP TO LITERATURE

Relationship to Literature	No of Readers	Ave. No of Stories Read
Author	1 (1%)	1
Author/Critic	1 (1%)	1
Author/Illustrator/Teacher	1 (1%)	22
Author/Journalist/ Translator	1 (1%)	5
Author/Publisher/Translator	1 (1%)	1
Author/Student/Teacher/Translator	1 (1%)	3
Critic	1 (1%)	2
Critic/Lecturer/Student/Teacher/Translator	1 (1%)	3
Critic/Student	1 (1%)	3
Lecturer	3 (4%)	3.0
Lecturer/Teacher	2 (3%)	16.5
Lecturer/Translator	2 (3%)	13.0
Publisher/Student	1 (1%)	1
Publisher/Student/Translator	1 (1%)	1
Reader (without other designation)	42 (58%)	11.9
Student	1 (1%)	2
Student/Teacher	3 (4%)	8.7
Teacher	5 (7%)	3.8
Teacher/Translator	1 (1%)	2
Translator	3 (4%)	1.3

Relationship to Literature	No of Readers	No of Readings	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Just 'reader'	42	498	<b>3.29</b>	1.19
'Reader' and/or other designation	31	165	<b>3.67</b>	1.09

### BY SOURCE

Source	No of Readers	Ave. No. Of Stories Read	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Website	51 (68%)	4.9	<b>3.51</b>	1.10
Paper	24 (32%)	18.4	<b>3.33</b>	1.23

In response to the question 'Is this the sort of story you might enjoy re-reading?'

Key to grades:

- 3 Yes
- 2 Maybe
- 1 No

Author	No of Readers	No of Readings	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Arthur Conan Doyle	26	26	<b>2.31</b>	0.74
Machado de Assis	43	144	<b>1.95</b>	0.85
Humberto de Campos	43	146	<b>1.87</b>	0.85
Lima Barreto	54	158	<b>1.80</b>	0.81
Coelho Neto	41	147	<b>1.68</b>	0.81

Story Title	No of Readers	Ave. Grade	St. Dev.
Brother Simão (Machado de Assis)	24	<b>2.36</b>	0.70
One Night With You (Arthur Conan Doyle)	26	<b>2.31</b>	0.74
Blue Rose (Humberto de Campos)	24	<b>2.25</b>	0.79
Looking After (Machado de Assis)	28	<b>2.21</b>	0.79
Wedding Song (Machado de Assis)	23	<b>2.13</b>	0.87
Late Bet (Lima Barreto)	25	<b>2.00</b>	0.87
The Man Who Spoke Javanese (Lima Barreto)	32	<b>1.97</b>	0.86
Christmas Corral (Coelho Neto)	26	<b>1.96</b>	0.82
Manuel de Oliveira (Lima Barreto)	26	<b>1.96</b>	0.77
Light of My Life (Humberto de Campos)	23	<b>1.87</b>	0.76
By Time Itself (Humberto de Campos)	30	<b>1.87</b>	0.94
Fortune Toll (Machado de Assis)	25	<b>1.84</b>	0.85
Blacknwhite (Humberto de Campos)	23	<b>1.83</b>	0.83
Life Eternal (Machado de Assis)	20	<b>1.80</b>	0.83
Fish and Filossofy (Humberto de Campos)	27	<b>1.78</b>	0.85
Widows (Coelho Neto)	22	<b>1.77</b>	0.87
Killer (Lima Barreto)	23	<b>1.74</b>	0.86
Sore Point (Coelho Neto)	22	<b>1.73</b>	0.70
Lighthouse (Coelho Neto)	33	<b>1.70</b>	0.85
Revolver (Lima Barreto)	27	<b>1.67</b>	0.73
Exit, Stage Left (Coelho Neto)	21	<b>1.62</b>	0.86
In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos)	19	<b>1.58</b>	0.84
Engraved (Lima Barreto)	25	<b>1.44</b>	0.65
With Muffled Drum (Machado de Assis)	23	<b>1.26</b>	0.62
Me Too (Coelho Neto)	23	<b>1.26</b>	0.62

### Responses to 'Did you recognise any of the authors?'

Yes	0	0%
No	24	92%
Not sure	2	8%

Nevertheless, your comments on stories included individual conjectures that Machado de Assis was the author of:

- Brother Simão ✓
- Looking After ✓
- With Muffled Drum ✓
- Killer ✗
- Blacknwhite ✗

### Responses to 'Can you say, or guess, which stories were written by the same author?'

Yes	4	15.4%
No	11	42.3%
Not sure	11	42.3%

#### If yes, which stories were written by the same author?<sup>16</sup>

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One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle)  
and In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos) ✗

Widows (Coelho Neto)  
and By Time Itself (Humberto de Campos) ✗

Killer (Lima Barreto)  
and Revolver (Lima Barreto) ✓

Me Too – Coelho Neto  
and Sore Point – Coelho Neto ✓

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Looking After (Machado de Assis)  
and The Man Who Spoke Javanese (Lima Barreto) ✗

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Looking After (Machado de Assis),  
One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle)  
and In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos) ✗

---

One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle)  
and In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos) ✗

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Manuel de Oliveira (Lima Barreto)  
and Fortune Toll (Machado de Assis) ✗

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<sup>16</sup> Two Not Sures had a go as well.

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One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle),  
In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos)  
and Life Eternal (Machado de Assis) ✘

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Looking After (Machado de Assis),  
One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle),  
Blue Rose (Humberto de Campos),  
In the Forests of the Night (Humberto de Campos),  
Light of My Life (Humberto de Campos)  
and Brother Simão (Machado de Assis) ✓/✘

Killer (Lima Barreto),  
Revolver (Lima Barreto),  
and Christmas Corral (Coelho Neto) ✓/✘

Exit, Stage Left (Coelho Neto)  
and Fortune Toll (Machado de Assis) ✘

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Two other readers made the following links in their comments on individual stories:

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Fish and Filossofy (Humberto de Campos)  
and Blackwhite (Humberto de Campos) ✓

---

Life Eternal (Machado de Assis)  
and One Night with You (Arthur Conan Doyle) ✘

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**Responses to ‘Do you know which story was written by the British author?’**

Lighthouse	9
Exit, Stage Left	2
One Night with You	2
Engraved	1
Fish and Filossofy	1
Fortune Toll	1
Life Eternal	1
Manuel de Oliveira	1
The Man Who Spoke Javanese	1

**Responses to the question whether you prefer fiction or non-fiction:<sup>17</sup>**

Prefer fiction	21 (42%)
Prefer non-fiction	2 (4%)
No preference	27 (54%)

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<sup>17</sup> I forgot to add this one to the paper questionnaires.

## YOUR COMMENTS

Thank you again for the copious comments you wrote. They're fascinating, with lots of wisdom, humour and salutary lessons for me, the translator, and they will be an enormous help to me during the remainder of my research.

An attempt to summarise them in a few lines would be an injustice. As an example of the variety of response, however, your comments included the following memories and associations elicited by individual stories: the works of Peter Carey, G K Chesterton, Roald Dahl, Graham Greene, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Edgar Allan Poe (several times), Saki and Evelyn Waugh; *The Emperor's New Clothes* by Hans Christian Andersen; *Love in the Time of Cholera* by Gabriel García Márquez; Pushkin's short story *The Snowstorm*; Spike Milligan's *Puckoon*; *The Three Women of Antibes* by W Somerset Maugham; P G Wodehouse's characters Bertie Wooster and Jeeves; the film *Limits of Control* by Jim Jarmusch; the 'Man in Black' (host of the radio drama series *Suspense* - 1942–1962); Franz Lehár's operetta *The Merry Widow*; a geography lesson many years ago about the city of Manaus in its heyday; Charles Bonnet Syndrome; childhood in Brazil; and the lighthouse at Godrevy Head in Cornwall, the iterative refulgence of which...



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# WHITHER

FOR ME

The little matter of writing a dissertation.

FOR YOU

If it's not what you do already, have you thought about becoming a literary critic?  
I think you're very well qualified.

My sincere thanks, once again,  
and best wishes.

