

Aula 9

THE LITERARY TALE

META

To introduce the tale as a literary genre.

OBJETIVO

Ao final desta aula, espera-se que você seja capaz de:

To outline the elements that distinguish the literary from the popular tale; and to recognize the main characteristics of the former, understanding them in their historical and non-prescriptive character.

To read an African tale with a theoretical basis.

PRERREQUISITO

Notions about the narrative tradition, from the epic to the modern novel.

Notions about the narrative focus.

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INTRODUÇÃO

Hello, dear student. In today's class, we will have to remember that storytelling should be understood as one of the oldest socio-cultural practice, for it can be found in every known civilization. Next, you will see how such a practice developed in the West, coming to assume, after the advent of a written literary culture, artistic and literary aspects.

In the second part of the lesson, you will learn how to identify some of the features that differentiate the popular tale from the literary one, not forgetting to look at the way the main theorists of this literary genre - Poe, Jolles, Propp - understood the question.

At the conclusion, we shall attempt to define the basic elements of the tale as a literary genre, being careful not to give the impression of its being about rules or prescriptions of the writing of the tale, since the intention is to show that each tale is unique, that is to say, each one, insofar as it is attached to the socio-historical conditions of its production, circulation and reception, represents a certain vision of the world, which is inscribed on the very act of narrating, as well as in its narrative structure.

STORYTELLING

As we saw in our seventh lesson, the beginning of the narrative art in the West is probably related to the moment when, for the first time, the man repeated a vocal expression that gave him pleasure, even before thinking about recording it or (re) updating it in special circumstances. Thus, we can think of storytelling as one of the oldest socio-cultural practice, present in all known civilizations, whether orally, in writing, through verbal devices, or through other codes, such as cave paintings from the so-called prehistoric period.

According to Gotlib (1999, p. 6), for some, the “magical tales” of Egyptians would have been the oldest, since they must have appeared about four thousand years before the birth of Christ. Biblical stories such as that of Cain and Abel, for example, or the small narratives that made up the Iliad and the Odyssey, which, before gaining written form, were probably circulated for a long time orally, remaining however their indications of orality in the written texts that represent them, as we saw in the aforementioned seventh lesson, which dealt with the question of oral narrative.

A frequently cited example in works dealing with the tale as a literary genre is the Thousand and One Nights, which circulated in Persia in the tenth century, in Egypt in the twelfth century and throughout Europe from the eighteenth century onwards. Disappointed by his wife's betrayal, King Shariar decided to marry a virgin by night, killing each one the next morn-

ing, so that no other woman could betray him again. But when he married Sherazade, she managed to devise a plan that saved her from premature death, for she told him stories that aroused his curiosity in such a way that he, instead of killing her the following day, would ask her to continue the stories the next night, until the king, perceiving himself in love with Sherazade, gives up his plan.

It is believed that *Thousand and One Nights*, like so many other tales, were of oral origin, being told and recounted on moonlit nights or around a campfire, where people gathered to kill time. Such a representation is present not only in certain pictures or engravings of past epochs, in which one sees this idealized scene, but also in literary narratives that take up this artifice to recount old stories or to tell new stories as if they were traditional. This is the case with *Dona Benta* or *Sinhá Nastácia*, almost legendary characters of the work of **Monteiro Lobato (1882-1948)**.

In English literature, the minstrels are known to perform such a function, entertaining and informing the nobles or the people with their stories, as represented in *Beowulf* or in the *Caedmon myth* (see lesson 7), not to mention the romances of British and French cavalry from the 12th century onwards, generally metrified, dealing with the deeds of Julius Caesar (100-44 BC), Charlemagne (747-814), King Arthur or Robin Hood.

A famous literary representation of storytellers occurs in *Decameron* (1350), of Boccaccio. Here in Florence in the fourteenth century, a group of seven women and three men, all young, fleeing from a funeral procession, a social event of the greatest importance at the time, took refuge in a property, deciding to spend afternoons telling some stories to others. Thus, the ten characters, during ten days, make up the hundred narratives of the work, which, in addition to the traditional and popular element, bring very modern aspects, such as the malicious irony of the author. According to Reis (1984, pp. 9-10), we see in Boccaccio's work two sides of the tale: its simple form, as an expression of the wonderful, transmitted orally from generation to generation, and the literary tale that moves from the universe of tradition for the writer's individual universe.

A very similar case occurs in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in which some pilgrims bound to the tomb of Thomas Becket in Canterbury meet in a tavern in the Tabard, South of London, and, for safety reasons, decide to travel together the next day. The tavern owner proposes that each one of them tell two stories on their way to and two on their way back, so that the trip would go pleasantly, promising a free dinner to whoever tells the best story. The greatness of Chaucer, as well as that of Boccaccio, by whom the English author was inspired to write his book, lies in narrating each story according to the style, culture and temperament of each character, using their voices, as if he were a playwright, to creatively construct a panorama of the literary genres of the time (see lesson 5).

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In fact, the word “tale” in the Portuguese language serves both to designate its popular or folk form, the result of a collective and cultural creation of language, as to its artistic form, creation of a peculiar and individual style. Such a duplicity of meaning does not occur in the English language, in which the word tale signifies the popular tale - although Poe uses it to speak of the literary tale, in his tale theory, as we shall see - and short story is used for designating narratives with literary characteristics. In German, we have *erzählung* or *novelle* for literary tales and *märchen* for folktales. The same occurs in Italian, in which *novelle* means literary tale and *racconto* popular tale, in Spanish - novel and short story and in French - *nouvelle* and *conte*.

For Gotlib (1999, p.11), the word “tale” can assume three possible meanings: 1) a report of an event; 2) an oral or written narration of a false event; 3) a fable that children are told to amuse them. Although they point to diverse characterizations and to important distinctions, such as those between fact and fiction, artistic and popular, the three meanings have one common feature: they are ways of telling something, and therefore, narrative types. Let us concentrate, for the time being, on the distinction between popular tale and literary tale (or short story in English).

THE POPULAR TALE AND THE LITERARY TALE (OR SHORT STORY)

From the second half of the eighteenth century onwards, the popular tale became the object of attention of scholars from many countries who, seeking to affirm the national identity of their respective states, started to see folk manifestations as genuine repositories of the imaginary of their peoples and consequently of the “spirit” of their nations. So, whether by taking advantage of ready-made compilations, such as **Charles Perrault’s (1628-1703)**, *Tales of the Mother Goose*, 1697, and **Jacob Grimm’s (1785-1863)**, *Children’s and Family Tales*, 1812, or researching and publishing new collections, these scholars theorized and classified popular tales as representatives of their simpler forms.

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Indeed, it was a “simple form” that André Jolles (1874-1946) called the wonderful tale - one that tells how things should happen, rather than narrating them as they really are - alongside the legend, saga, myth, riddles, memorable case and the joke. Such simple forms, for the author, differed from “artistic,” “elaborated by the talent and individual creativity of certain authors, because they remain essentially the same, despite the varied ways of counting them, through the ages. Its main characteristics would be as follows: historical indetermination of characters, places and times, something exemplified by “once upon a time ...” which usually initiates such stories; the presence of a “naive morality”, which would oppose the “real

tragic”; and the absence of an “ethics of action”, since the characters they do not do what they should do, since all depends on the circumstances. In this way, every simple form would have mobility, given its fluid and mobile character; generality, for its easy understanding by all; and plurality, by the different ways in which it can be counted (JOLLES, 1976).

Vladimir Propp (1895-1970), in turn, when studying the “morphology of the tale, “found that the characters in the wonderful tale, regardless of age, sex, or their general characteristics, performed the same actions in different stories, which he called” functions”. By studying the Russian tales, he classified thirty-one functions and seven characters, each with its sphere of action: the antagonist; the donor; the auxiliary; the princess and her father; the agent; the hero and the false hero (PROPP, 1978). As for the functions, we can exemplify one of them with any fairy tale. In all of them there is the presence of a hero and an interdiction that cannot be infringed.

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This function can also be seen in many movies and soap operas, whose stories usually begin with the interdiction of a loving pair, which faces several obstacles until the happy ending.

Propp also dealt with the origins of the tale, recognizing two phases in its evolution: a first, in which the tale is confused with the sacred account, for here the account is part of the religious ritual, transforming itself into a kind of “verbal amulet” through which it can “magically operate the world”; and one in which the sacred account becomes profane. In this second phase, narrators, former priests or older people, become ordinary people who, free from religious convention, receive their impulse from social factors.

According to Gotlib (1999: 25), Propp followed the line of the Marxist materialism in studying the religious origin of tales, since the rite disappears when the prey disappears as the only resource for subsistence. Thus, the wonderful tale belongs to a world in which the phenomena and representations of society are prior to the castes. When it becomes the patrimony of the ruling classes, in the Middle Ages, it is manipulated from top to bottom. Thus, the theorist recognizes two times in the Russians folk tales: before and after the Revolution of 1917. Formerly it was the creation of oppressed classes, and then it became a truly popular creation.

As for the literary tale, Poe was his first theorist, in the preface to the reprint of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s (1804-1864) *Twice-told tales* (1842), in which he developed a theory based on the principle of unity of effect, which would be a state of excitement or exaltation of the soul. For the famous storyteller, it is necessary to measure the work so that this excitation lasts a certain time, being more diluted or denser depending on its extension, long or short, respectively. Thus, in order to achieve unity of effect, it would be necessary for the work to be read “in one sitting”, something impossible to accomplish in a long novel, for example, unlike the tale: In the short story, the author is capable of achieving the fullness of his intention, whatever

it may be. During the hour of careful reading, the soul of the reader is under the control of the writer. There is no external or extrinsic influence resulting from fatigue or disruption (apud GOTLIB, p. 34).

According to Poe, the main concern of a writer, when writing a tale, is the effect that it intends to cause in the reader, having, for that, to calculate in detail all the narrative elements, dosing them properly, in order to reach his objective. Although his considerations on the general tale can be applied to any type of tale, his theory is more suited to police or terror tales, his two main specialties, for the single effect, or unit of effect, is more explicit in those genres, since it depends on the reader's expectation of the mystery or suspense that is unraveled, or further strengthened, in the end.

READ THE SHORT STORY BELOW VERY CAREFULLY

I AM NOT MY SKIN

by Neema Komba

What is a one-arm Zeruzeru doing at a security guard interview? I could sense their disbelief but I didn't let their gaze deter me. I had travelled far for this job. I needed it.

I'd put on my best outfit – a dark blue polo shirt tucked in my combat-green cadet trousers. I adjusted my sun hat and waited in line.

'Yona Kazadi,' the receptionist called.

My heart was thumping but with my head held high, I walked into the interview room. Two men sat beside a woman behind a large wooden table. They had stacks of paper in front of them. I held out my hand to greet them. The woman asked me to sit. I took off my sunglasses and sun hat, and sat on the wooden chair in front of them. The room was quiet except for the buzz of the ceiling fan, as its blades sliced through the heat of the room.

Dressed in a yellow hijab and a dark blue long sleeved dress, the woman introduced herself as Miriam, the human resources manager. The men were superintendents. From the way they looked at me, I knew they wanted to know just one thing: what in the hell made me – a man with a missing arm – want to be a security guard?

'Tell us about yourself,' the woman said.

And so, I sat before them and told them.

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It was the dead of the night, I said. I lay awake on my thin sponge

Dodoma mattress listening to the sound of rats running on the plywood above me. I tried to force myself to sleep. I had been having trouble sleeping since Baba Joseph told me it was time to move out of the home. I was almost 18, he explained – an adult in the eyes of the law, and old enough to survive the streets. But I wasn't ready; I didn't know what I would do to survive in Serema – a town seething with hate for people of my kind.

The faint squeak of the rusting hinges of our front gate broke into my thoughts. It might have been my mind playing tricks. It's hard not to be paranoid when you've been hunted all your life. I heard footsteps outside my window. I held my breath and forced myself to lay still. Sweat ran down my brow, and my mind began to churn with images of the massacre of the thirty children asleep in the rooms of this asylum – and me, Yona Kazadi, unable to protect them.

I tried to pray but God has always been elusive to me, even though my grandmother and Baba Joseph, our guardian, insisted he was real. From infancy, I was called a child of the devil. They said my mother slept with Shetani, which is why my skin and eyes are pale, and my hair the colour of maize. People pointed when I passed and called me Zeruzeru. They spat into their clothing whenever they were close, to protect themselves from the evil they thought I carried. They feared my blinking eyes, and the wobbling of my head.

But that night I clutched the rosary beads my grandmother gave me, and said, 'God, if you exist, if you hear me, protect us.'

It felt like a defeat – an acceptance of my own weakness – but I wanted to believe that someone out there was more powerful than the evil in the hearts of men. Where was God all these years we have been ridiculed and killed? Where was his power when machetes chopped off our limbs? And when he created us, did he run out of melanin?

The abduction and killings had started with people calling albinos dili. Witch doctors had told them that potions made with albino bones could make them rich, and the younger the zeruzeru, the more potent the potion.

I was living with Bibi Ghasia, my grandmother, in Siwanda when the rumour started. Siwanda was a village on the plains, with a handful of trees and red mud huts with thatched grass roofs. The red plains rolled all the way into the clouds.

We lived on one of the hills, kept chickens, grew cassava and cultivated millet on a small patch of land in front of our house. Abandoned pits of old gold mines pockmarked the bare valley beneath us. In the distance, we could see the shiny aluminium roofs of Victoria Gold – the Mzungu's mine. People weren't allowed near it but, occasionally,

locals broke in to steal gold.

I'd just started primary school when news of albino abductions became commonplace. The prime minister begged people to stop the killings, but that didn't help.

My school was 5 kilometres from our house on the other side of the valley, where the Christian mission and the church were. With a khanga draped over my head to protect me from the sun, my grandmother walked me to school every morning. She was old but strong, and was never without her panga – a machete secured to her waist by a tight khanga. She wore a red rosary on her neck. I always felt safe with her. People feared her; they called her a witch. But Bibi told me to ignore them. One day they will get tired of their own ignorance.

It wasn't long before the superstition about albinos reached Siwanda. Impoverished miners began seeking our bones.

My grandmother and I were walking to school one morning when two miners wielding machetes launched themselves at us from a fence. I can still hear the scream from my grandmother when they caught me. I remember her charging with her panga, and trying to drag me from their hands. I remember the crack of bones as a blunt panga shredded my flesh. I remember the blood, the sharp dizzying pain, and my grandmother's shivering body against mine. I remember the silence from her God.

A worker from the mission found me later – my grandmother had died protecting me. They said it was a miracle I was alive. My forearm was barely attached to my elbow. They brought me to Lubondo hospital where, they said, it had to be amputated. I was later taken to Kivulini asylum.

Kivulini means 'under the shade'. I was nine years old when they took me to live there. It was in the outskirts of Serema. A red-bricked wall topped with broken glass enclosed a half-acre compound, which consisted of a large dormitory for children, a few classrooms, a chicken hut, a pigsty, and a small vegetable garden. Baba Joseph opened the doors to this place in 2007, after his wife and son had been murdered by a gang of men. He doesn't talk about what happened, but I'd seen the story in the newspaper. We all have similar stories: fugitives running from human poachers – some even from their own parents.

I got up from my mattress; I couldn't just lay there and wait for something to happen.

'Courage is not the absence of fear, my children,' Baba Joseph told us. 'I know you are afraid, but you must learn to live even when you are afraid.'

I tiptoed to the corner of the room and grabbed a spear from the stash of weapons I kept there. A machete would make me more like

them, and I refused to be like them. I tiptoed to the door, and with a shaking hand, I turned the key of the Solex padlock. The door opened into the room where all the boys slept. The girls' dormitory was on the other side of the wall, but they left and entered through a different door. Sophia, the only other adult, took care of the girls and helped in the kitchen.

I thought about alerting the children and Baba Joseph – whose house was just beyond the walls of the asylum – by blowing the whistle that I kept around my neck. But I decided that this was my chance to prove that I was man enough to stand on my own. I sneaked my way to the guard's post – a thatched gazebo near the metal gate. Saimoni, our watchman, wasn't there. The gate was slightly open, and the padlock and key were hanging on the open latch. He'd clearly let the intruder in. My heart was somersaulting with fear, but I resolved that I wasn't the one dying that night. I eased the gate close, put the latch and padlock in place, and stashed the key in my pocket. Then I began tiptoeing around the house.

There was no one in sight. The bright moonlight cast thick shadows of the trees on the ground.

I went around the children's classrooms. They were all locked. I looked in the chicken hut and the piggery, but the animals looked undisturbed. There was no one at the garbage pit, or in the vegetable garden. The only place left was the graveyard.

A little girl, Lina, had died of malaria a week before. We had buried her bondeni on the south side of the compound, behind the chicken hut under the big mkungu tree. The poachers exhumed our dead too, and took away their body parts. Lina's mother had brought her to the asylum when she was two months old. She was among the few children that had all their limbs intact. The asylum kept her safe from people outside but it couldn't protect her from the mosquitoes.

At the burial, her mother had cried inconsolably at the loss of her child. I doubted her sincerity. She, like my mother, had abandoned her offspring. In the four years Lina had lived with us, the woman had never once visited. It was Sophia who had bathed her when she was sick, and tried to nurse her back to health. It was Sophia, who – despite the risks – had taken the child to the Serema hospital and stayed with her until she took her last breath.

The other children had cried for Lina. Some were too young to understand death; some had mourned briefly and moved on with life. I felt sad for Lina but also relieved that she had died a normal death. I hoped for that kind of death myself – the kind that doesn't befall me because of my skin.

The thought of Saimoni and the intruder digging up Lina's body made my stomach churn.

The intruder was a woman. She was swaying as if rocking a child to sleep while Saimoni dug. Their backs were turned to me. I could hear the woman sobbing softly, and the sound of her whimpering enraged me. I couldn't decide who to kill first – our gatekeeper, or the woman. I stood there for what felt like an eternity until I couldn't bear it anymore. I took aim, and launched the spear. It struck Saimoni in the back, glanced off his body and hit the ground. He screamed, dropped the shovel and fell writhing. The woman offered him no help. She simply remained where she was, sobbing while holding on to something wrapped in a khanga.

I had imagined a different reaction – perhaps guilt, or shame; even rage. But the gatekeeper, struggling to get back on his feet, looked shocked and terrified. The woman simply stared. I retrieved the blood-stained weapon and aimed it again at Saimoni. But I couldn't kill him. I sprinted towards the house blowing on the whistle.

Children ran about the dorm crying. Many had been attacked before, so the old demons came back. I ordered them to assemble in the dining room. Sophia and the older girls watched over them while the boys gathered weapons and stood guard at the door. Baba Joseph came running with some neighbours. He carried a rifle in his hands. I let them in and locked the gate again.

Breathless, I told them about Saimoni and the woman. Baba Joseph phoned the police.

We found the two at the same spot. Saimoni was on his knees, his face twisted in pain. 'Please don't kill us; I can explain,' he cried.

Baba Joseph stood back, rifle at the ready, and let him talk.

The woman had walked 20 kilometres from Kanzera to the asylum with the body of her three-week-old son, he told us. It was election season, and baby parts were in high demand. Her husband had wanted to sell the corpse. The midwife had told her about Kivulini, and so she took her child and left at nightfall. He was only helping her.

When the police arrived, they buried the child, took Saimoni to the hospital, and left to arrest the husband and the witch doctor.

It was almost 4 in the morning when we put the children back to bed. After they'd all gone back to sleep, I sat at the guard post and watched the sunrise. Though the sun is my enemy, dawn always holds a promise of better things to come. Perhaps Baba Joseph was right. Perhaps it was time for me to step beyond the safety of these walls.

I'd heard of a man who travelled around villages asking people to touch his skin.

'I am human,' he told them. 'What wealth could there be in my limbs if I am poor myself? I carry no evil. I carry no magic. I blink because of the brightness of the sun. I am not my skin.'

Maybe that is what it meant to be brave – to look your enemy in the eye, let them see the human in you.

In the morning, I told Baba Joseph I was going to Dar – the city where anything is possible. He said I'd be safe with his relative in Mbagala.

In the bus, I sat beside a Masai man who worked as a security guard. He told me there were plenty of security jobs in the city. I applied.

Now here I am.

After the interview, I went to the bus station to board a daladala to Mbagala. It was buzzing with people and vehicles. I found myself in the middle of the crush. No one looked at me; no one cared about my arm, or my skin. There was something magical about being ignored, something extraordinary about being ordinary. And there, in a bus full of strangers, I felt for the first, time, human.

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It was a long month until Sekei Security called me back. They had decided to give me a chance. I told them that a chance is all anyone could ask for.

Edited by Jacob Ross

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Fonte: <https://www.addastories.org/i-am-not-my-skin/>

CONCLUSION

We could say, in principle, that the tale as a literary genre is characterized by being a short narrative piece “longo o romance, curto o conto e a novela um meio termo entre os dois” wrote Bandeira (1940), in his *Noções de história das literaturas* -, presenting as its main elements, besides of those typical of a narrative work - the narrator and a story to be told -, brevity and brevity.

In this sense, every writer, when writing a short story, thinks of the length of his narrative, since it cannot be delayed in digressions or descriptions characteristic of the novel. Thus, it seeks to conduct its story in such a way that the principle of economics becomes preponderant, while at the same time seeking to give depth to the little that it narrates. All to cause in the reader a single effect, or a unit of effect, to speak like Poe.

Despite many attempts by some theorists to prescribe the rules of a good short story, there is no recipe or ideal model for its writing. The most varied forms have already been tried, from the most traditional, with beginning, middle and end, and with unity of action, time and space, as Aristotle wanted with regard to tragedy, until the most contemporary ones, which mix different genres. Thus, to use an expression of Gotlib (1999, 82), each short story is a case, for each one represents a peculiar way of narrating, which in turn is characteristic of its respective socio-historical context, that is, of its material conditions of production, circulation and reception.

Although we find, to this day, short stories that follow the model traditional narrative, with beginning, middle, and end, the most blatant tendency, so to speak, from the twentieth century onwards - and with some exceptions of the nineteenth century, like Machado - is the ambiguity, the plurality of possible meanings that the narrative suggests, hence the preponderant place that the reader has played in the last decades in Literary Theory, as well as the material practices of reading, which often interfere in the very process of construction of the meaning of texts.



RESUMO

In this lesson, we saw that the socio-cultural practice of storytelling is as old as civilization itself, and that each society, as well as each specific epoch, has its own way of telling stories, that is, its own narrative structure. In this way, we learn that, with the advent of the written culture, the tales, once a collective creation of language - more often than not, oral - have assumed an artistic-literary character. Then, based on the positions of the main theorists as a literary genre, we had the opportunity to note that there

are elements through which we can identify the distinction between the popular tale and the literary tale, observing its most relevant characteristics. For this purpose, some concepts of Jolles, Propp and Poe were of extreme importance.



Based on the content of the story you have just read, and taking into account the previous classes about narrative structure, answer the questions below:

- 1) What is the main theme of the tale, in your opinion? Explain yourself.
- 2) How is the story narrated?
- 3) Who are the characters of the story and what is their importance?
- 4) Is there any moral of the story? How could you explain that?

COMENTARIO SOBRE AS ATIVIDADES

Esta atividade tem por finalidade principal fazer com que você construa uma síntese dos principais conteúdos desta aula e do curso, desenvolvendo o senso interpretativo e o senso crítico. Antes de fazer esta atividade, no entanto, o tutor deverá aproveitar-se da experiência de leitura dos alunos, através de fóruns ou de chats, buscando ver que tipo de narrativa eles mais lêem, com o intuito de, a partir de tais informações, discutir as questões levantadas pelo texto com base nas narrativas por eles lidas (ou assistidas, no caso dos filmes).

GLOSSARY

Monteiro Lobato (1882-1948): he was the precursor of Brazilian children's literature. He became popularly known by the educational as well as the humoristic character of his of children's books, which would be approximately half of its literary production. The other half, consisting of innumerable and delightful tales.

Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375): Italian poet. Son of a merchant, Boccaccio did not engage in commerce, as his father wished, preferring to cultivate his literary talent that manifested itself early on.

Charles Perrault (1628-1703): French writer and poet. He laid the foundations for a new literary genre, the fairy tale, which gave him

the title of Father of Children's Literature. Author of works such as Little Red Riding Hood, The Sleeping Beauty.

Jacob Grimm (1786-1859): German scholar, scholar of literature and philology. He became known, along with his brother, Wilhelm, for compiling tales like Sleeping Beauty, The White of Snow, etc.

Vladimir Propp (1895-1970): He was a Russian structuralist scholar. He analyzed the basic components of Russian folktales' plot in order to identify their simpler and indivisible narrative elements.

Álvares de Azevedo (1831-1852): Brazilian romantic writer. It stands out ease of learning languages and the jovial spirit and sentimental.

Lima Barreto (1881-1922): Brazilian writer, considered to be the successor of Machado de Assis, but who had the candidacy rejected by the Brazilian Academy of Letters.

Mário de Andrade (1893-1945): Poet, novelist, art critic, folklorist, musicologist and Brazilian essayist. He was one of the most prominent figures of the Modern Art Week in 1922.

Guimarães Rosa (1908-1967): Besides being a writer, he was also a doctor and diplomat. His short stories and novels are almost all set in the so-called Brazilian hinterland.



PRÓXIMA AULA

THE AFRICAN LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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