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## 9- Bibliografia literária sugerida

Devido à dificuldade de escolha do corpus de análise exatamente pelo grande número de obras existentes que nos possibilita a realização dessas análises, decidimos criar uma lista resumida de indicações bibliográficas como sugestão ao leitor e/ou a futuros pesquisadores que se sintam inclinados a investigar as questões que essa área fronteiriça de estudos permite abordar.

É importante que o leitor/pesquisador tenha como obter boas edições destas obras, especialmente se trabalhar com traduções, uma vez que em muitas delas não foi possível uma análise completa por não apresentar notas de rodapé ou glossários para as palavras e expressões em línguas estrangeiras, como ocorreu com as citações em guarani da obra *Filho do homem*, de Augusto Roa Bastos, infelizmente distantes de nosso conhecimento lingüístico.

O leitor também deverá perceber que esta bibliografia não contempla os escritores pós-coloniais oriundos de ex-metrópoles, mas somente alguns poucos originários de ex-colônias.

Inúmeras outras obras poderiam ser citadas, mas esta lista resumida tem somente a pretensão de despertar o desejo para a realização de futuras pesquisas e ser uma alternativa inicial para estas investigações.

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## 10- Anexo

Seguem as citações extraídas da versão original em inglês do livro *If today be sweet*, de Thrity Umrigar, correspondentes às citações que se encontram no capítulo 4, referentes à tradução do livro de Umrigar para o português, intitulado *A doçura do mundo*.

1) “Ah, fill the Cup: - what boots it to repeat  
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:  
Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday,  
Why fret about them if Today be Sweet!” (UMRIGAR, 2007:  
p. III)

2) “She also wanted to say: That’s what’s wrong with you Americans, deekra, you all think too much of laughter and play, as if life was a Walt Disney movie. Something a child would make up. Whereas in India, life is a Bollywood melodrama – full of loss and sadness. And so everyone rejects Bollywood for Disney. Even my Sorab was seduced by your Disney life - all this pursuit of happiness and pursuit of money and pursuit of this and that.” (Ibidem, p. 8)

3) “Tehmina wanted to ask Susan about whether she believed that Tara had meant to disparage Sorab; she wanted to thank her for leaping to her husband’s defense. She wanted to know more about this kind of casual racism, how common it was and whether it made Susan vulnerable, being married to a brown man. And if Susan felt it and had experienced it, surely it meant that Sorab – Sorab, despite his pressed clothes, his groomed fingernails, his American accent, his gold watch, his good job, his many degrees – surely her Sorab experienced it, too. Tehmina’s stomach clenched at the thought of some ignorant fool like Tara spewing poison that could affect even a hair on her son’s precious head.” (Ibidem, p. 19)

4) “You think you know me, my daughter-in-law, but you don’t.” (Ibidem, p. 20)

5) “What can you expect, Tammy? Your daughter-in-law, nothing against her, but she’s a goy. These white people – they’re good at making the buses run on time. Everything else, anything that needs a ticking heart, forget it. But you’re white, Tehmina protested. Yes, but not white like Susan. Not like my daughter-in-law. I’m more like you, Tammy. I know the world is made of blood and pus and sweat and shit. And I’m not afraid of that. People like your daughter-in-law, they think the world is sugar and



spice. And the strange thing is, that for people like them, that's the face the world wears." (Ibidem, p. 34)

6) "And yet... Bombay is my home. Here, I am afraid that I will always be a stranger, that I will never get used to all these ways." (Ibidem, p. 32)

7) "(...) my God, Tammy, don't be a fool. Your son and his wife want you here, so stay. And how can you call yourself a stranger here? A stranger is someone who comes to America, clicks a few pictures of the Statue of Liberty, rides the trolley in San Francisco, and then returns home thinking they know America – that's a stranger. Whereas you and your late husband have been here so many times you know the price of milk at the grocery store. And if you lived here, I would teach you to drive. Your son can buy you your own car, so as you can be independent." (Idem)

8) "See, there, in Bombay, I feel like a person – a person whose life has meaning, whose life follows a path. Here, despite all of Sorab's efforts, I can't help but feel like an ornament, a decoration. Sort of like a package that someone has dropped off at his door. I think – what I'm saying, Eva, is – I don't feel needed here. Apart from the occasional worry, the children will be perfectly happy without me here." (Idem)

9) "Oh, honey. It's okay. Oh, my dear Tammy, this is so hard, I know. You know, they call us Jews a wandering people. We're used to living like birds, I suppose, going from place to place. But you... most people have only one place they call home. I understand, honey, I swear I do. This is a big decision to make." (Ibidem, p. 33)

10) "She felt as if she had rejoined the human race, that she was engaged in an activity that connected her with the rest of the world." (Ibidem, p. 36)

11) "In this crowd, it was easy to disappear, to leave behind her own body and become as vacant, as limitless, as expansive as the sky." (Ibidem, p. 37)

12) "She was self-conscious of her body, felt the weight of her head as it balanced on her neck, the heaviness of her hands as they hung by her sides, the tingling pressure of her brown skin." (Idem)

13) "(...) uniformly similar." (Idem)

14) “What’re you doing, walking around and talking to – people. She flung a contemptuous look at Tehmina.

Tehmina could feel her face flush at the obvious insult. The children were just being polite, she said, hearing the frostiness in her own voice. They recognized me and just came up to say hello.

Tara looked at the older woman insolently, letting her glance fall slowly from the top of Tehmina’s head to her feet and then looking her straight in the face. Tehmina fought the urge to squirm under Tara’s dismissive gaze. Oh yeah? She said indifferently. Well, they’re not allowed to talk to strangers.” (Ibidem, pp. 41-42)

15) “You know, I kinda wish I did have a place of my own – just a getaway place when Cooke and – and everything else – gets too much to handle.” (Ibidem, p. 59)

16) “Some differences were so great that they were beyond language, beyond explanation.” (Ibidem, p. 60)

17) “(...) so that he felt as if his head was touching the skies of America while his feet were rooted in Bombay, as if he was straddling two continents.” (Ibidem, p. 61)

18- “Susan, please stop treating me like I’m some third-world bumpkin. What do you think, I don’t appreciate a clean bathroom? It’s just that other things – like peace at home, f’instance – matter as much to me. You don’t know how you come across with Mamma at times – like you’re some white-skinned princess ordering her underlings around.” (Ibidem, p. 63)

19) “My name is not Cavas, he sang. It’s Cookie. And don’t use Gujarati words when you talk to me. I’m an American boy and I only understand English.” (Ibidem, p.71)

20) “No, I’m not, he said, stomping his foot. Indians are old and they speak funny. Mommy says I’m an all-American boy.” (Idem)

21) “I love you so much that you are part of my own liver, immediately realizing from Cavas’s disgusted expression that translating the sentiment from Gujarati to English was a mistake.” (Ibidem, p. 75)

22) “Why do you always talk about Bombay? Here we’re trying so hard to make you feel at home, Granna, but you just keep talking about Bombay and stuff.” (Ibidem, pp. 73-74)

23) “Because Bombay’s my home, you understand? She said, not trying to keep the fierceness out of her voice. Just like this is your home. I’ve spent all my life there. And while others may only see a dirty, filthy city where the buses break down and the electricity doesn’t work, the true Bombayite sees past all that, sees the city’s bid, generous heart. And that’s what most people can’t see.” (Ibidem, p. 74)

24) “Her son had been a good, proper Indian boy, whereas her grandson was so – what was the word? – so *American*. Yes, that was the best word to describe Cavas. She never felt as excruciatingly, painfully Indian as she did when she was around Cavas. Rustom, on the other hand, had simply taken his grandson on his own terms. How effortlessly Rustom had adapted to life in America.” (Ibidem, p. 75)

25) “Rain and snow. The perfect way to describe the difference between Bombay and America, Tehmina thought. One was loud, chaotic, tumultuous, and erratic. The other was calm, antiseptic, genteel, and polite.” (Ibidem, p. 87)

26) “She had so hoped that Sorab would have settled down with a nice Parsi girl, someone that Tehmina could love unreservedly as her daughter.” (Ibidem, p. 188)

27) “A white American girl named Susan.” (Idem)

28) “(...) she realized with a pang. He now belongs to this other family, also.” (Ibidem, p. 101)

29) “He’s changed, Tehmina thought, and her eyes inexplicably stung with tears. This country has changed him. There was a time when my Sorab would have never stood by and watched a little child being abused by that brute of a man. But he’s... duller now. Not that sharp young man from Bombay who saw injustice on every street corner.” (Ibidem, p. 124)

30) “Home, she thought, and the solitary word singed like a fire. I need to be home.” (Ibidem, p. 120)

31) “Perhaps it was one of the reasons he had fled India for America, so that he could leave behind the doughy softness of childhood and harden into a man. And America had been good for him – it had toughened him up, made him competitive,

independent, eager to get ahead, single-minded in his pursuit of success. It had unleashed something in him. Whereas in India people were always telling him not to appear to be too ambitious, too hungry, here in America that ambition and hunger were revered, encouraged, and rewarded.” (Ibidem, p. 138)

32) “And for the first time, Tehmina felt grateful to America. She and Rustom had given Percy a shot at life, but America had given him his life. It was amazing the transformation that happened to all these young people when they came here.” (Ibidem, pp. 150-151)

33) “Maybe she’ll decide to go back, after all. Sorab was running a hasty hand through his hair when the treacherous thought hit him. He stared at himself in the mirror, appalled. Is that what you want, you bastard? He asked himself. If that’s the case, why are you putting Mamma and Susan and everybody else through all this drama? He looked with distant at a face that suddenly seemed weak and shifty to him. Who are you? He said to his reflection. What do you want? Who have you become? When there was no answer, he forced himself to imagine the house without his mother in it and was gratified at the pang of loss and loneliness that accompanied that image. But the next second he imagined the relief – the relief of not having to be quiet when he made love to his wife, the relief of not having to entertain his mother when he returned home after a long day at work, the relief of not having to move into a bigger house, of not having to get entangled into more debt, a larger mortgage. But then he thought of his mother alone in that apartment in Bombay, (...)” (Ibidem, p. 183)

34) “(...) those shapeless, formless lines of the street people who lined the pavements of Bombay, sleeping on the hard sidewalks through all kinds of weather.” (Ibidem, p. 84)

35) “The moving finger writes and having writ  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.” (Ibidem, pp. 216-217)

36) “Women, Sorab thought with a shake of his head. What treacherous creatures they could be. Unbidden, a picture of Grace Butler’s well-coiffed face rose before him. She would probably see or hear about this story. He felt sick at the thought. He knew what show would think. Who except a third-world ignoramus would do something as uncouth as jump over a fence to go spy on a neighbor? Mamma had just guaranteed

Gerry Frazier's promotion. Sorab knew *Gerry's* mother would never do such an impulsive, thoughtless thing." (Ibidem, pp. 225-226)

37) "For a weak moment, an image rose before Sorab's eyes – a picture of his parents welcoming a lost, forlorn Percy into their home. How proud he had been then. But this is different, he told himself fiercely. Here, she is a stranger in this country, doesn't even have her immigration papers straightened out." (Ibidem, pp. 226-227)

38) "Tehmina was suddenly struck by a thought: Susan was becoming more like all of them, she realized. More emotional, more sentimental, more – well, more Parsi. Less American. Less white. It was as if Sorab's influence on her was finally showing." (Ibidem, p. 243)

39) "Did she know the story? Every Parsi child who had ever drunk at her mother's breast knew the legend of how the small, tired group of Persians fleeing Islamic persecution in Iran had arrived in the small Indian town of Sanjan, seeking political refuge. The Hindu ruler, unable to make this group of Farsi-speaking foreigners understand that he couldn't possibly accommodate any newcomers, had greeted them on the beach with a glass of milk filled to the brim. No vacancy, the full glass was supposed to symbolize. But the Zoroastrian head priest was a brilliant man. Removing a small quantity of sugar from their supplies, he dissolved the sugar in the glass, careful not to spill a drop of milk. This was his famous answer – the answer that became a source of pride and a blueprint for future generations: Like sugar in milk, our presence will sweeten the flavor of your life, without displacing you or causing you any trouble. And so they were allowed to stay and became the Parsis of India." (Ibidem, pp. 255-256)

40) "Ah! My Beloved, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears  
To-morrow? – Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years." (Ibidem, p. 291)

41) "Home, she thought. Where is my home? Where do I belong? She thought of her apartment in Bombay (...). Bombay suddenly loomed large in her imagination. She forgot the squalor, the slums, the black cloud of pollution, the unbearable heat, the dizzying crowds. Instead, she saw the golden shyness at twilight, (...); instead of the overcrowded, dangerous buses, she remembered streets festive with people, with life-affirming humanity, such a contrast to the dead, empty streets that greeted her in Rosemont Heights each

evening. But then she thought: And who among those millions of people out on the streets of Bombay cares if I live or die: Her best friend, Zinobia, would care some of the neighbors like Persis would care, the heads of the institutions where she volunteered would care. But who else? Whereas here, despite the barrenness of civic life, despite the cold winters and the deserted streets, despite the fact that there were housing complexes built without sidewalks, there were people who cared very much about her well-being. Who worried, who fretted, who had their own lives and destinies tied up in hers. And – and now she forced herself to swallow her natural modesty – here there were people who, despite what she had earlier believed, needed her. She could see that now. Cooke needed her, needed what only a grandmother could give him. Susan's mother lived too far away to give him the gift of her consistent presence. Susan needed her, to polish some of her rough edges, to coax out of her the softness that a hectic schedule and too many responsibilities had buried. As for the boys – Percy, Sorab, and now maybe even Joe – Tehmina knew she had enough love for all of them.

She knew another thing also. She would stay. Here in America. It wasn't so much a decision as an acknowledgment of something she already knew, a logical culmination of her thought process. Unlike the movies, no drums thundered in the background, no trumpets heralded her arriving at her decision. Because, in fact, the decision had been made a few days ago. When she had loosened her grip on that fence, when she had found the courage to jump, she had landed in more than Antonio's yard. She had landed in America. The fence had been the dividing line between the past and the future, between India and America. Tehmina marveled at the fact that she hadn't known this until a second ago, that her body, her mind, were only now catching up with her destiny. The moving finger writes, she thought. The room was quiet as Tehmina splashed water on her face. For the first time in months that nervous, agitated feeling that was lodged in her stomach left her." (Ibidem, pp. 292-293)