

Between the concrete and the invisible: the space of the house
in the narrative of Natalia Ginzburg /
*Entre o concreto e o invisível: o espaço da casa na narrativa de
Natalia Ginzburg*

Ionara Satin *

PhD in Letters from São Paulo State University (UNESP), School of Sciences and Languages in Assis with an exchange of studies at Università degli Studi Roma Tre. Currently develops postdoctoral research in the area of Italian Literature by the program of School of Sciences and Languages in Araraquara (UNESP/FCLAr).

 <https://orcid.org/0000-0002-2215-6087>

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ABSTRACT

In *Il figlio dell'uomo*, essay first published in the newspaper *Unità* in 1946, Natalia Ginzburg states that her generation is close to the substance of things. This statement could give rise to all her writings. Ginzburg's narrative is extremely connected to the concrete, the palpable, the everyday life. Her writing follows the rhythm of a breath, without flowery contours, falling periods or sugary lyricism. Even so, camouflaged in this naturalness, a certain depth of discourse seems to be hidden, which goes beyond the barriers of the visible, of the surface. Perhaps not exactly camouflaged or hidden, but the result of a rhythm of writing and precise choices. Considering this substance of things, the present research intends to analyze the most evident symbol in Natalia Ginzburg's texts: the house. The purpose of this study is to analyze the narrative and thematic space of the house in three of the writer's novels, *La strada che va in città*, *Lessico Familiare* and *La città e la casa*, aiming to understand the importance of this space in the construction of her narrative as well as how the way she presents the house can show/hide the depth of her speech. For this purpose, the studies of Antonio Dimas (1987), Gaston Bachelard (2000) and Luis Alberto Brandão (2013) on the narrative space will be extremely important.

KEYWORDS: Space; Italian Literature; Natalia Ginzburg.

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 ionarasatin@gmail.com

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RESUMO

Em ensaio intitulado *Il figlio dell'uomo* publicado primeiramente no jornal *Unità* em 1946, Natalia Ginzburg afirma que a sua geração está perto da substância das coisas. Esta frase poderia ensejar todos os seus escritos. A narrativa de Ginzburg é extremamente ligada ao concreto, ao palpável, ao cotidiano. Sua escrita segue o ritmo de uma respiração, sem contornos rebuscados, períodos cadentes ou lirismo açucarado. Ainda assim, camuflado nessa naturalidade, parece esconder-se uma certa profundidade do discurso, que ultrapassa as barreiras do visível, da superfície. Talvez não exatamente camuflado ou escondido, mas resultado de um ritmo de escrita e de escolhas precisas. Pensando nessa substância das coisas, esta pesquisa pretende analisar o símbolo mais evidente nos textos de Natalia Ginzburg: a casa. O objetivo deste estudo é analisar o espaço narrativo e temático da casa em três romances da escritora, *La strada che va in città*, *Lessico Familiare* e *La città e la casa*, tentando buscar entender a importância desse espaço na construção de sua narrativa e em que medida a forma como ela apresenta a casa pode mostrar/esconder a profundidade de seu discurso. Para isso, serão de extrema importância os estudos de Antonio Dimas (1987), Gaston Bachelard (2000) e Luis Alberto Brandão (2013) sobre o espaço narrativo.

PALAVRAS-CHAVE: Espaço; Literatura Italiana; Natalia Ginzburg.

1 Introduction

If we were to choose a single word to define Natalia Ginzburg's work, the word 'house' would most likely come up with enormous frequency. There is no doubt that the household, the family environment, is Ginzburg's world. Her narrative does not offer sublime scenarios, it starts from the internal, from the simple. There are no exaggerations. The house is her quintessential narrative space. Her literature is made under the low light of stuffy rooms, transiting between the living room and the kitchen, entering spaces that we readers know very well. Sometimes the narrative turns to the garden or backyard, but without delay, it immediately returns indoors, taking shelter under the roof and walls of a house. It rarely leads to other spaces, with contours that are also not extravagant, such as a square, a movie theater or an ice cream shop, but, likewise, it does not linger. In addition to a narrative space, the house is her thematic universe. According to the Italian critic Piero Citati¹, for example, no Italian writer has managed to understand what a family is like her.

With an extremely palpable theme, the writer starts from a point that we all recognize and experience, the family relationships, the internal. This theme and this space, so close to us, set the tone of Natalia Ginzburg's narrative: the tone of daily conversation, the noise of the kitchen, the whispering in the halls, the routine of a family and the silence of empty rooms. Her writing follows the rhythm of a breath, neither breathless nor too slow. Short sentences, without falling periods and precise choices. Even so, camouflaged in such naturalness, a certain depth of discourse seems to

¹ "Nessuno ha compreso come la Ginzburg il senso della famiglia", In: *Il Giorno*, Milan, December 19th, 1962.

be hidden, going beyond the barriers of the visible, of the surface. Something that the readers most likely do not know how to explain, but that affects them. Perhaps not exactly camouflaged or hidden, but a result of this rhythm of writing and narrative choices. The narrative voice expresses itself very naturally, even with certain colloquialism, and at the same time, it shows, almost unintentionally, in the middle, in the breach of the narrative, the depth of the discourse. Her writing movement seems to always start from the extremely concrete, from the ground, almost like a chronicle of the day, which without any pretension transcends. At this starting point, seems to be home. It is believed that the Italian writer's narrative goes through the movement from the concrete to the abstract, with this abstraction outside the visible instances of the text. For the Italian critic Domenico Scarpa (2010) everything that happens in her novels, even though it is visible on the extremely concrete surface, actually happens in the deepest reality of the text, it goes underneath the words.

This article intends to analyze the narrative and thematic space of the house in three of the writer's novels, *La strada che va in città*, *Lessico Familiare* and *La città e la casa*, trying to understand the importance of this recurrent space in the construction of her narrative and how the way she presents the house can show/hide the depth of her speech.

The choice of these novels is justified precisely because they cover all of Ginzburg's production. Each of them comprises a period of the writer's production, and thus represents a kind of timeline that aligns her entire production, as a general design of her work: first novel (1942); novel from her middle production (1963) and last novel (1984).

2 *The road to the city: the house under construction*

La strada che va in città is her first novel, published in 1942. With a first-person narration, it tells the story of Delia, a 16-year-old teenager who carries the fixed idea of leaving her parents' house in the countryside and settling in the city. The possible way to that will be a pregnancy and a marriage. We see an extremely concrete world emerging from these pages, represented by the description of places and the evocation of various objects, such as, for example, a coveted sky-blue dress or her sister Azelea's hats, which always cross the narrative. The presence of the protagonist's house immediately opens the novel and is portrayed as an alien and unpleasant place. The precise choice of vocabulary, always economical and always accurate, manages to show the reader clear images of this environment: monotonous, tough and cold, and at the same time, chaotic, alive and pulsating.

Nini [...] had been with us ever since he was a little boy. After the death of his parents he went first to live with his grandfather, but the old man used to beat him with a broomstick and he was always running away to our **house**. [...] They say that big families are happy, but I could never see anything particularly happy about ours. [...] Our **house** was red with a pergola in front of it, and we hung our clothes on the banisters because we didn't have enough cupboards. 'Shoo, shoo!' my mother would say as she chased the hens out of the kitchen. 'Shoo, shoo!' All day long the gramophone played the same record over and over again: (GINZBURG, 1998, p. 13, our translation and emphasis)²

The word house is repeated in this first paragraph of the novel. This, by the way, will be a very common practice in Natalia Ginzburg's writing: the repetitions that somehow develop the rhythm of her texts, and which can often provoke a kind of refrain or cause a certain discomfort in the reader. It is important to emphasize, right from the start, the author's meaningful work with language, its apparent simplicity, revealing, at the same time, a meticulous and precise work with form. For this reason, this repetition should not go unnoticed, in her narrative there are no offcuts or exaggerations – everything is extremely placed in its proper place –, nothing can be wasted, including the physical space itself, as we will see throughout this study. Eleonora Marangoni (2018) will say that Natalia Ginzburg's words are meticulous and selected, what she defines as “*parole-mondo*”, that they exercise a direct and honest relationship with the world. The Italian critic Italo Calvino (2015), on the other hand, will say that Natalia Ginzburg “does not say words, but names things, always”³:

When she says "veil" it is "veil", when she says "shoe" it is "shoe". She is one of the few people who still believes in things today. It is for this reason that, in her pages, we are constantly faced with objects, isolated and distinct, almost a tracing of human stories. Natalia has the same **moving passion for concreteness** that animated Rousseau. (CALVINO, 2015, our translation and emphasis)⁴

Thinking about this concrete aspect, we can say that Natalia Ginzburg's narrative is extremely palpable. The world of the Italian writer is mundane. The space of the house seems to

² Il Nini abitava con noi fin da quando era piccolo [...]. Non aveva più i genitori ad avrebbe dovuto vivere col nonno, ma il nonno lo picchiava con una scopa e lui scappava e veniva da noi [...] Si dice che una casa dove ci sono molti figli è allegra, ma io non trovo niente di allegro nella nostra casa. [...] La nostra casa era una casa rossa, con un pergolato davanti. Tenevamo i nostri vestiti sulla ringhiera delle scale, perché eravamo in molti e non c'erano armadi abbastanza. “Sciò sciò, - diceva mia madre, scacciando le galline dalla cucina, - sciò sciò...” Il gramofono era tutto il giorno in moto e siccome non avevamo che un disco, la canzone era sempre la stessa e diceva: (GINZBURG, 1998, p. 83)

³ Natalia non dice parole: nomina delle cose, sempre. (CALVINO, 2015)

⁴ Quando dice “veletta” è “veletta” quando dice “scarpa” è “scarpa”. È una delle pochissime persone che credono ancora alle cose, oggi, e perciò nelle sua pagina ci imbattiamo di continuo in oggetti, isolati, distinti, quasi campiti sul filo delle storie umane. Natalia ha la stessa **struggente passione di concretezza** che animava il Doganiere Rousseau. (CALVINO, 2015, our emphasis)

be the broadest symbol of her “*passione per la concretezza*”. For Ginzburg, the house is not a setting, the backdrop to the narrative; the house is what sustains and gives movement to her texts, it is where the reader can touch, stay and, at the same time, move. Her narrative usually makes a kind of drawing of each house in the story. Natalia Ginzburg's reader can very well visualize and enter each house that is depicted, as is the case of the first paragraph of her first novel. Those repetitions seem to announce the drawing that the narrator will make at the end of the paragraph of the house in which she lives against her will. If we went a little further, perhaps, we could also say that these repetitions announce not only the concentration of the plot of the entire novel, but of all of her work. Just as any writer in training, it is natural for Ginzburg's writing to be continually improved over the years. We can say, however, that ever since her first novel she manages to put her entire project into practice, especially with regard to the presence of the house.

The drawing of the house is presented to the reader without many details, but sufficiently so that we can imagine it and keep it in our memory throughout the reading. We go through the whole novel with that image of those dresses on the banister of the stairs, we never forget, even if it is not mentioned again, the red house with the pergola in front of it. At the same time that the image resonates in the reader's memory, while reading, it seems to disturb the narrator: it deeply disturbs her because her desire is to have a house in the city and leave this space that for her was depressing. According to the critic Cesare Garboli (2015), in Ginzburg there is always the idea of destroying a first burrow, primitive and paradigmatic, for the construction of a next one. However, in Delia's story, the transfer to this second burrow “is outlined with some frivolity” and the protagonist continues to feel alienated from the place, there is no belonging (PINHEIRO, 2019, p. 14). Delia projects herself at all times in search of an ideal future, trying to leave behind all her present, her past, her old home and her memory. Incidentally, here the character tries throughout the novel to erase her past and the search for a new home is part of this process of trying to forget. We will see later on in other characters and in other books a similar position: the desire for a new house empty of memories.

When we think about studying narrative space, it is almost impossible not to think of two words: setting and description. The first point that this article elaborates on is the idea that in Natalia Ginzburg's work the house will not only be a setting, the backdrop to the narrative, but its support, as previously said, developing a central role within the text, it is in the front, it is the entrance door; it is, at the same time, the frame and the content, it is where the narrative unfolds and accommodates itself. Antonio Dimas, in his study *Espaço e Romance*, talks about the risk that the

detailed description can often cause in the text. For him, this type of practice can lead the narrative to inertia, causing a vacuum in the text:

[...] the most vulnerable side of the description, and which critics do not shy away from exploring, is its strong tendency towards detailing, towards the objectification and freezing of beings and things and towards inertia, as opposed to the dynamism of the narration, always interested in a fact that is potentially charged with tension. (DIMAS, 1987, p. 41, our translation)⁵

Natalia Ginzburg manages to do just the opposite. Let us return, for example, to the allusion to the gramophone mentioned in the fragment of the novel quoted above: this object was in motion, it worked every day in her parents' house, it is not a stagnant object, even though it always sang the same song. It seems important, at this point, to consider the word “movement”: its descriptions will not be static, however contradictory it may seem. The movement could even be a “*fraseggio monorcorde come la pioggia*”, as Cesare Garboli will say about the rhythm of Ginzburg's narrative, or, still, we can think of the repetitive movement of the gramophone that always played the same record. There is no inertia, there is no vacuum in her texts, and the space of the house will always be described from a rhythmic movement. In this example, in addition to the gramophone, we can mention the words of the narrator's mother, highlighted through direct speech, which also give rhythm to the text. Or, even, the use of the narrative tenses, the time of continuity, a time that, as Alcides Villaça (2017) said, clocks could not keep and that continues without us noticing its end, the time of continuous movement.

In addition to Antonio Dimas, we should also mention the studies by Luís Alberto Brandão (2013) on the narrative space: *The theory of literary space*. Brandão (2013) kinds of systematize four ways of approaching space in literature, focusing on Western literary studies of the 20th century, namely: representation of space; space as a form of textual structure; space as focus and space of language. In this research, at first, we are interested in the first approach. According to Brandão (2013), in this case, it is not questioned what space is, the debate falls on “its functions, the types and effects generated by descriptive procedures as opposed to narrative procedures (the spatial issue tends to be predominantly seen as a problem of description)” (BRANDÃO, 2013, p. 59, our translation). In the same way, Antonio Dimas (1987) will also discuss the issue of the *usefulness and uselessness* of the decorative resources employed by the narrative instance “in its

⁵ [...] o lado mais vulnerável da descrição, e que a crítica não se furta de explorar, é a sua forte tendência para o detalhismo, para a objetificação e congelamento dos seres e coisas e para a inércia, em contraposição ao dinamismo da narração, sempre interessada num fato potencialmente carregado de tensão. (DIMAS, 1987, p. 41)

attempt to situate the action of the novel” and will raise the following questions, also relevant to this article: “What is accidental and extrinsic to action; what is essential and therefore intrinsic to it? What is, after all, the degree of organicity/inorganicity of a given narrative element?” (Dimas, 1987, p. 33, our translation). In other words, we seek to unravel how the Italian writer manages, with a description, done in the Ginzburghian way, to eliminate the weight that this type of practice can generate in the text and, above all, transpose the space to a category that goes beyond the limits of mere accessory of the narrative.

3 *Family Lexicon: home and memory*

Lessico Familiare, published in 1963, is also based on the environment and theme of the house. Unlike the other novels, it can be considered an autobiography. However, it is an autobiography of an author who does not want to show herself, who apparently hides in the corners of her home. The reader is invited to go beyond the walls of the Levis’ household, the Ginzburg family, to sit down at the table, stroll through the garden, enter the most private rooms and, above all, share stories and memories. The book tells the story of the Levis, a Jewish family, and its unfolding, periods of war and persecution, turbulent years, deeply sad events in the Italian history and which were lived by Natalia Ginzburg. In this sense, the novel presents the history of Ginzburg’s family and at the same time the history of Italy, but the readers, even completely distanced, always finds something that belongs to them inside the narrative and the protagonist’s house. If in the previous novel the image of the red house lingers in our memory, despite the protagonist’s dismay, here it is practically impossible for the reader not to continue to remember, after reading, the house on *Pastrengo* Street or on *Pallamaglio* Street, which, unlike the first, are repeated almost like a refrain in the narrative and, also unlike the first novel, want to be remembered by the narrator and her family. On the first pages of the novel, the narrator evokes the “good and very happy times”, according to Lídia, the mother, when they lived in the house on *Pastrengo* Street, naming them “the time of *Pastrengo* Street”: “[. . .] and the house was dank and dark, she always spoke of them as good and very happy times. — The time of *Pastrengo* Street — she would say later, to define that time: *Pastrengo* Street was where we lived then” (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 25, our translation)⁶.

⁶ [...] la casa era umida e buia, ne parlava sempre come di anni bellissimi, e molto felici. — Il tempo di via *Pastrengo*, — diceva più tardi, per definire quell’epoca: via *Pastrengo* era la strada dove abitavamo allora. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 25)

The following paragraph opens with a description, in the Ginzburghian style, of the house on Pastrengo Street. And, again, without dwelling too much on the description and choosing her words very carefully, Ginzburg manages to fix this image in the reader's reading memory:

The house on Pastrengo Street was very large. There were ten or twelve rooms, a yard, a garden and a glassed-in porch overlooking the garden; however, it was very dark and certainly damp, as two or three mushrooms sprouted in the bathroom one winter. These mushrooms caused a lot of talk in the family: my brothers told my paternal grandmother, our guest at that time, that we had cooked and then eaten them; my grandmother, although not believing it, got scared, disgusted, and said: — In this house, everything is bedraggled. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 25, our translation)⁷

In this case, the description is accompanied by a family anecdote and a sentence said by the grandmother that will be repeated throughout the novel, precisely because this book is a novel of voices, or even of Natalia Ginzburg's hearing. The writer herself addresses this fact in the warning that opens the novel: "books extracted from reality are often nothing more than tenuous glimpses and splinters of everything we have seen and heard" (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 16, our translation).

The plot develops and sustains itself in the unfolding of the lexicon of this family. The narrator constantly evokes ways of saying of the members of her family group or some words frequently used by them. These words heard and repeated in the space of the writer's house support the narrative. In this novel, the space of the house seems to be supported by this lexicon, which, resisting time, creates a place of belonging both for the Levi family and for the reader. In addition to walking around the house and entering this space, the readers recognize themselves in the lexicon of the other. This probably happens because, as Domenico Scarpa (2010) will say, in this novel there is a transparent wall between the reader and the work that enables a contagion of memories, so much so that Alejandro Zambra states that the *Family Lexicon* provokes in readers the desire to write and that it is impossible to read it without imagining another book of our own, which we readers "should, out of pure gratitude, write" (ZAMBRA, 2018, p. 12, our translation). This invisible wall places the readers inside the world of the Levi family and at the same time transports them to search for their own lexicon.

⁷ La casa di via Pastrengo era molto grande. C'erano dieci o dodici stanze, un cortile, un giardino e una veranda a vetri, che guardava sul giardino; era però molto buia, e certo umida, perché un inverso, nel cesso, crebbero due o tre funghi. Di quei funghi si fece, in famigli, un gran parlare: i miei fratelli dissero alla mia nonna paterna, nostra ospite in quel periodo, che li avremmo cucinati e mangiati; e mia nonna, sebbene incredula, era tuttavia spaventata e schifata, e diceva: - In questa casa si fa bordello di tutto. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 25)

It is worth mentioning that in this novel of voices, the house is also present in one of the poems that Lídia taught her children, a very common practice among them. The poem concerned the flooding of houses on the Po plain and like every poem and song taught or invented will constantly be returned to and will resonate through the pages of this book as a kind of refrain.

After the house on *Pastrengo Street*, the new home of the Levi family is the house on *Pallamaglio Street*, which is again presented based on the impressions and words of Lídia, the mother, who complained about the name, saying the following: “— What a horrible name! my mother kept saying. "What a horrible street!" I hate these streets, Campana Street, Saluzzo Street! And on Pastrengo Street, at least, we had the garden!” (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 71, our translation)⁸. Again, the next paragraph opens with a description of the house on *Pallamaglio Street* and is likewise accompanied by an anecdote and quotes from her family:

The new house was on the top floor and overlooked a square, where there was a large, ugly church, a paint factory, and a public bathing establishment; nothing seemed more miserable to my mother than seeing, through the windows, men entering public baths with a towel under their arms. My father had bought that house just like that, because he said it was cheap and not pretty, but it had advantages, it was very close to the station and it was big, with many rooms.

My mother said:

— What's the use of living close to the station if we never take the train? (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 71, our translation)⁹

The economical choice of vocabulary with the addition of an anecdote, quotes or movements, as is the case of the gramophone in the example of the previous novel, causes her way of describing the physical space to distance itself from a description that could weigh in the text, creating such inertia as stated by Antonio Dimas (1987) and Luis Alberto Brandão (2013). Eugenio Montale (2001) once said that the writer manages to lower the tone without ever falling into the realistic phonogram. Calvino (2015), resuming Montale's statement, affirms that one of the most serious plagues of contemporary Italian narrative is to record, like a tape recorder, the speeches of the people. For him, the author escapes this pestilence unharmed, because she is able to make us listen only to the music that flows in the background, the one that is underneath

⁸ Che brutto nome! – diceva sempre mia madre. – Che brutta strada! Non posso soffrire queste strade, Via Campana, via Saluzzo! E almeno in via Pastrengo avevamo il giardino! (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 71)

⁹ La nuova casa era all'ultimo piano e guada su una piazza, dove c'era una brutta e grossa chiesa, una fabbrica di vernicie uno stabilimento di bagni pubblici; e a minha madre nulla sembrava più squallido che vedere, dalle finestre, uomini che entravano ai bagni pubblici con un asciugamano sotto il braccio. Mio padre, quella casa, l'aveva addirittura comprata, perché diceva che costava poco, e che non era bella ma aveva dei vantaggi, era molto vicina alla stazione, ed era grande, aveva tante stanze.

Mia madre disse:

- Cosa importa che siamo vicino alla stazione, noi che non partiamo mai? (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 71)

the words, the gestures and the record of customs. Montale defined this music as gray, monotonous and painful, saying that this is all that matters to the writer in people's speech. Both writers were referring to the recording of customs and the presentation of a character. However, we could also borrow these critical comments to talk about the narrative space. Firstly, because we did not find descriptions made in a realistic way, that is, she is not concerned with describing the space as a perfect photograph in all its details. It is possible to say that her focus is more like a filmmaker who shifts her gaze to just one element of the scene, but not to describe its details in an exhaustive way. The narrator-filmmaker wants to show the essentials, direct the readers' gaze to what she knows they will be able to retain in their memory. These are the words of someone who wants to keep time, but in that time only the essentials fit. It seems to be something that goes against what Gaston Bachelard (1993) says in his study *The poetics of space*: "in its countless alveoli space contains compressed time", it suspends the flight of time (1993, p. 28, our translation). That is, it is as if every object in every house described or every corner of these houses could harbor a story, a look, a pain, a curiosity or any everyday repetition, which, at first, only the inhabitants of that house, that space, can share. A little later in the novel, the narrator describes the house of some childhood friends and this description, perhaps, can help us to understand this so-called "compressed time" that Bachelard told us about:

The fascination that that house always open to everyone held for me, with the narrow and dark corridor where one would trip over the father's bicycle, with the small living room filled with pompous and worn furniture, Hebrew candlesticks and small red apples from the property of Sassi, strewn across the floor over the threadbare rugs, was deep and constant. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 135, our translation)¹⁰

In addition to the narrative tense that cradles the repeated stumbles on the bicycle, once again making the description spin amid the static and spectacular furniture, it is worth highlighting the pair of adjectives to qualify the fascination that the house held for the narrator: deep and constant. We dare to borrow the text's own words to explain what the house represents in Ginzburg's narrative for us readers as well. We note that, in this book and also in the other two that constitute the corpus of this study, space harbors an experience, a humanity, despite the large number of objects at play. The house carries an experience, a history, and for that reason, manages to touch a deep reality. However, the writer does not start from the human aspect, from the

¹⁰ Il fascino di quella casa sempre aperta a tutti, con lo stretto e buio corridoio in cui s'inciampava nella bicicletta del padre, col salottino ingombro di mobili fastosi e consunti, di lumi ebraici e di piccole mele rosse della proprietà di Sassi, atese a terra sui logori tappeti, era su di me profondo e costante. (GINZBURG, 1999, p.135)

psychological world or from the different possibilities of symbolism of the space of the house. Ginzburg starts from the physical, from the concrete. She does not dig into the solid walls of the house to reveal the depth of the speech, making a kind of observation about these symbols. In this sense, we could say, to get out of this image of the submerged, of the hidden, and keep our gaze on the surface, that, in addition to these solid walls, her house is also supported by pillars of the invisible, something that we cannot see, at least not with an organ of vision, but which somehow supports her narrative. Calvino (2002), in one of his *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, when discussing the value of “exactness”, will say that, in order to achieve imprecision (we can call in this study “pillars of the invisible” or the depth of discourse), extremely precise and meticulous attention is required “in the composition of each image, in the meticulous definition of details, in the choice of objects, lighting, atmosphere” (2002, p. 77, our translation). In the same essay, he quotes a sentence by the philosopher Hofmannsthal (2002, p. 79, our translation) saying the following: “Depth is hidden. Where? On the surface”.

The strength of Ginzburg's text is in the concrete, on the surface. It is in this tangible world that the writer focuses precisely. However, we must remember that this precision (or accuracy, as defined by Italo Calvino) does not refer to a realistic description. The importance here is not in the exhaustive description, but in the choice of details that can show the depth of the discourse within the universe of the house – its pillars of the invisible – the music that flows from the words and not the photograph of reality. Elisabetta Menetti (2017) defined Ginzburg's writing as honest and transparent, saying, by the way, that the writer plays a kind of trick with language: “by leaning on reality with a crystalline glass”, in fact, she aims at better seeing its imperfections, which “are highlighted through a free and unpredictable stroke of fantasy” (MENETTI, 2017, p. 1, our translation)¹¹.

4 *The city and the house: fragmented houses*

The third and last novel by the Italian writer has the word “house” in the title and was published in 1984: *La città e la casa*, composed only of letters. Giuseppe, Lucrezia, Albina, Egisto, Ferruccio, Piero, Roberta, Ignazio, Alberico and Serena are the authors of the letters exchanged throughout the novel, which focuses on the figure of Giuseppe and Lucrezia. The opening letter

¹¹ Voglio solo guardare da vicino questo trucco della sua scrittura trasparente, che sembra appoggiarsi sulla realtà come un vetro cristallino. Questa scrittura di vetro ha lo scopo di far vedere meglio le imperfezioni della realtà, che sono messe in evidenza da una pennellata di fantasia, del tutto libera ed imprevedibile. (MENETTI, 2017, p. 1)

crosses the Atlantic, from Rome to Princeton, or from Giuseppe to his brother Ferruccio, with the aim of informing his brother about his departure for America. The letter is dated October 15th and the trip only takes place in early December. During these days before the trip, Giuseppe decides what to do with his house. He lived in an apartment in Rome on Nazario Sauro Street and would like to sell it before the trip. His cousin Roberta is completely against this decision, as, according to her, no one should dispose of a property, but Giuseppe ends up selling it to a couple of psychologists, the Lanzaras, who transform the house into a home office. Later, Giuseppe's son, Alberico, with whom he had a very distant relationship, ends up renting the house from the new owners and moves in with two friends, Nádia and Salvatore, who do not write any letters in the novel. Before that, it should be mentioned that he visits his father's old house as a patient of the new owner. As the story unfolds, Alberico thinks about buying the apartment, but does not. Lucrezia, Giuseppe's friend and former lover, also considers buying the apartment, but she does not do it either. At the end of the novel, a character who is not very central to the story, named Ippo, who is not the author of any letter either, ends up buying Giuseppe's old house. Giuseppe, in turn, continues to live at his brother's house in Princeton.

In view of this brief trajectory of Giuseppe's house, we realize that he was not the only character within this theme permeated by space, since everyone, in some way, pursues this place of belonging. Lucrezia, for example, moves house during the course of the entire novel and the search for a second “burrow” will be incessantly resumed, including considering buying Giuseppe's house. The old house of Lucrezia and her ex-husband Piero will also be another important space in the narrative: a meeting place for this group of friends, their house, called *Le Margherite*, will have its name echoed in these correspondences; the house receives a word for itself, further crystallizing its presence in these texts. It is important to say that, for the character Giuseppe, “houses can be sold or even abandoned, but they remain forever within us” (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 178, our translation)¹². These words written by Giuseppe to his son Alberico help to solidify the image of the house in this text and also in the other two novels, because we soon realize that the house overflows the limits of the tangible and, beyond its solid brick pillars (or concrete), we discover, little by little, the existence of its pillars of the invisible. Giuseppe's words to his son reiterate what Gaston Bachelard says in his previously cited study and bring more data to try to

¹² Uno le case può venderle o cederle ad altri finché vuole, ma le conserva ugualmente per sempre dentro di sé. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 178)

understand the importance of the house in the Italian writer's narrative, especially in what gradually detaches itself from the concrete:

In the life of a man, the house thrusts aside contingencies, its councils of continuity are unceasing. Without it, man would be a dispersed being. It maintains him through the storms of the heavens and through those of life. It is body and soul. It is the human being's first world. (BACHELARD, 1993, p. 26, our translation)¹³

It is curious that, in her latest novel, in which perhaps the house appears more prominently, there is not exactly a conventional physical space. As they are letters, we could say that space is time, the void, the crossing time between one letter and another. It would be possible to think, at this moment, about the systematization that the critic Luís Alberto Brandão makes in his book *The theory of literary space* to define four ways of approaching space in literature. Although we concentrated our analysis on the first approach, the representation of space, this book makes us bring the second approach up for discussion: space as a form of textual structuring. According to Brandão (2013), turning to the studies of Joseph Frank (1991) and Georges Poulet (1992), the foundation of the modern literary text is the fragmentation, its mosaic character, of a series of discontinuous elements. The letters, in this sense, could be considered as isolated spaces, “displayed on the same wall, which are offered simultaneously to the eye”¹⁴. However, even in this fragmented and isolated configuration, the space of the house overlaps the space of the letter. There is no doubt that they are pieces of houses, as well as fragments of paper that travel through time and space. But despite the wanderings, the desire of each character is to settle down, to search for belonging, exactly in that space, often shattered, however, the only one that gives unity to all the letters: the house.

It is possible to say that the house imposes itself with perhaps greater force than in the other two novels because, in addition to the usual descriptions of the physical space, the house, as seen, is the motif of the book. It will undoubtedly be the most talked about subject among them, especially talked about in its physical sense. However, we can find some comments about its value, as Giuseppe does in the example mentioned above and who throughout the narrative also asks his friends and son for news about his house, as if it were a part of him: “body and soul”, in the words of Bachelard (1993). It is worth pointing out that these words, although they may help to

¹³ Na vida do homem, a casa afasta contingências, multiplica seus conselhos de continuidade. Sem ela, o homem seria um ser disperso. Ela mantém o homem através das tempestades de céu e das tempestades da vida. É o corpo e a alma. É o primeiro mundo do ser humano (BACHELARD, 1993, p. 26).

¹⁴ With these words, Georges Poulet was referring to the work of Marcel Proust.

understand a little more the issue of the house within Natalia Ginzburg's novels, would hardly be said in a text by the writer; this type of introspection will not be formulated in this way in her writings, it will only be suggested in the surface of the text, in the concreteness of its space. Her narrative, when she takes this more introspective path, is not prolonged, and this type of reflection will never be a constant in her texts, it is almost a loose sentence amidst the heap of furniture and scattered things, always from the concrete to the abstract, but this abstract will never be explored in an exhaustive and declared way, it will face a certain invisibility, it will be suggested. In a letter dated December 16th from Egisto and Abina to Giuseppe, for example, after talking about one of the rooms in Lucrezia's old house, much mentioned throughout the book, which had a chest of drawers with tortoiseshells and bedspreads with dragons, we find the following: "Goodbye, we stop writing because we realize we are piling up useless stuff." (GINZBURG, 2022, p. 69)

Another example of these comments can be found in the letter exchanged between Egisto and Giuseppe on November 10th. Egisto tells his friend of a night when he found his son Alberico and Lucrezia. He then begins to expound on what they talked about:

They endlessly talked to each other about movies, I got bored and picked up a book to read. Then they talked about houses. How they went from movies to a house I don't know, but Lucrezia now thinks a lot about houses and talks about them a lot, because soon she will have to leave the apartment where she is. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 203)¹⁵

Egisto continues to discuss this subject for two more paragraphs, showing Lucrezia's anguish and the difficulties encountered in trying to move house. He talks about prices, search in the newspapers and describes some apartments that were for sale, including Giuseppe's old house. All this in the voice of Alberico and Lucrezia. Egisto is telling his friend what he heard. At a certain point, Lucrezia refutes the idea of buying Giuseppe's old house, says Egisto, because she would rather buy "a house completely virgin of memories, and unknown". There, in that house, she has been so many times, she knew it too well, she even says she broke an ashtray one time. Egisto also mentions that Alberico would also prefer an unknown house to live in, but at the same time, for him, "the houses where we have been in other times can be somehow comforting." (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 204, our translation)¹⁶

¹⁵ Hanno preso a parlare fra loro, di film, e io m'annoiavo e mi sono messo a leggere un libro. Poi hanno parlato di case. Come siano passati dai film alle case, non lo so, ma Lucrezia adesso pensa molto alle case e ne parla molto, perché dall'appartamento dove sta se ne divrà andare via fra poco. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 203)

¹⁶ le case dove già siamo stati in altre epoche possono essere in qualche modo rassicuranti. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 204)

We understand that, in her last novel, she manages to focus clearly on the space of the house in a much more declared way, but we cannot fail to mention that these ideas were already suggested in the other two novels. Delia, from *La strada che va in città*, similarly to Lucrezia, prefers a house empty of memory. On the other hand, Delia seems more sure of her will and decisions, while the character Lucrezia perhaps represses her desire to actually buy Giuseppe's house because the memories are more painful for her. Delia does not want to remember, Lucrezia just wants to remember, both the house and Giuseppe. It is no coincidence that the novel ends with his recollection of his friend with the verb “to remember” in the present tense: “I remember you as if you were in front of my eyes. Your sparse and long hair. Your glasses. Your long nose. Your long, skinny legs. Your big hands. They were always cold, even when it was hot. That's how I remember you”¹⁷ (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 236, our translation). On the other hand, the narrator Natalia and her entire family from *Family Lexicon* seem to be much more similar to Alberico's thinking. The comfort provoked by the known space, including the lexicon, makes them recognize themselves even in a dark cave and makes the names of the streets of memory, *Pastrengo* and *Pallamaglio*, resonate with sweetness and lightness in the memory of the whole family.

5 The house, the simplicity, the concrete and the invisible

In all the novels, the way she presents the physical space is very similar, and in *La città e la casa* it is no different, despite the epistolary form. We also find descriptions that transport us to the environment and make these images carry us away, not because of their grandiosity, but because of the subtlety of someone who knows how to keep time in its purest simplicity. And perhaps this is where Natalia Ginzburg's genius lies: to enrapture us with the simple, the banal, the ordinary. It is almost like an invitation to the reader to look into what our eyes are used to seeing, but that maybe there could be something significant, invisible to our tired eyes. The critic and writer Italo Calvino, who imprinted 55 invisible cities in our memory, may be able to help us think: his *Invisible Cities* are also not visible with the organ of vision, however, we cannot deny their existence because we are urged to sharpen other skills to be able to concretize these images in our memory. This article relies on Italo Calvino to draw attention to what is invisible in the space of the Italian writer's houses and which can only be seen from the exploration of the concrete surface, exactly

¹⁷ Ti ricordo come se ti avessi davanti. I tuoi pochi e lunghi capelli. I tuoi occhiali. Il tuo lungo naso. Le tue gambe lunghe e magre. Le tue mani grandi. Erano sempre fredde, anche quando faceva caldo. Così ti ricordo. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 236)

as Calvino does with the description of his cities or in the dialogs between the characters Marco Polo and Kublai Kan.

In Calvino's book, there is a moment in which Emperor Kublai Kan, already tired of the digressions of the Venetian traveler Marco Polo who was describing a bridge to him, stone by stone, asks Polo which stone holds the bridge together. The traveler replies that the bridge is not supported by one stone or another, but by the line of the arch they form. The answer makes him even more impatient and he immediately asks Marco Polo not to tell him about the stones because only the arch matters to him. At this moment, the sagacious traveler, who was responsible for describing to the emperor the extent of his domains in terms of grandeur, evils and beauty, replies: "without stones there is no arch" (CALVINO, 1990, p. 79, our translation). The starting point for the traveler Marco Polo to provide the emperor with the descriptions will always be something concrete. At the beginning of the book, for example, as they did not speak the same language, Marco Polo described the cities by means of objects. The work of Italo Calvino demonstrates his belonging to the geometric world, full of shapes, constructions and also objects. The way to reach abstraction – to the arch – necessarily passes through concrete, through *stone*, or, as the author¹⁸ himself says, through an image. When we started reading the work of the writer Natalia Ginzburg, we immediately felt the strength of stone, that is, of objects, of concrete. No wonder, in a letter to her friend Calvino, recently discovered by the critic Domenico Scarpa¹⁹, Ginzburg claims that this is her favorite part of the book *Invisible Cities*. But, unlike Calvino, these concrete elements are in the simplicity and interior of a house and not in the geometry of a city also built with a geometric and even mathematical language. About her rapture with the simple, we also highlight, in the novel *La città e la casa*, the description of the character's house, Ippo, Ignazio Fegiz's girlfriend. Fegiz was a friend of Egisto's and later also had a romance with Lucrezia. It is curious to note that Ippo does not sign any of the letters in the novel and does not play a very important role in the narrative, but even so, her house will be present and will be introduced as follows:

Dopo la cena siamo andati da lei. Abita a Porta Cavalleggeri. Ci siamo seduti sulla terrazza. La casa è piccolissima e tutta piena di quadri. Sono tutti quadri suoi. Sono paesaggi. Sono di un colore rosso oro, come se lei sempre avesse in testa dei tramonti, e dopo un poco tutto quel rosso oro ti affatica gli occhi. La terrazza è fresca." (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 110)²⁰

¹⁸ CALVINO, Italo. Visibility. In: *Six memos for the next millennium*. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2002.

¹⁹ SCARPA, Domenico. Postfazione. In: GINZBURG, Natalia. *La città e la casa*. Torino: Giulio Einaudi editore, 2019.

²⁰ We chose to make this quote available in the original language because the translation would modify some sentence structures and we thought it important, in this case, to keep the original cuts to show the strength of its description. The

Another curious fact in this book is that many people write the letters, but the descriptions are similar, the style, in general, seems to be the same. Here we notice the short sentences and the abrupt change in the flow of thought, in the case of “a terrazza è fresca” after one of her reflections amidst a pile of paintings. It is worth mentioning that, although it is not the corpus of this article, this relationship between house, painting and malaise will also be present in the 1973 novel *Caro Michele*. There, too, there is contamination between painting and narration, a transparency between these two worlds, art ends up penetrating “reality” and vice versa. Furthermore, in both examples the painting is not abstract, it is the concrete, the palpable. The following is an example of how this happens in *Caro Michele*:

Those pictures you make, with those collapsing houses and flying owls, I don't think they're very pretty. Your father says they're pretty and I don't understand paintings. I think they look like the pictures your father painted when he was young, but worse. I don't know. [...] but this basement is too dark to paint. You'll see that's why you make all those owls, because you're there painting with the light on and you think it's night outside. (GINZBURG, 2021, p. 11, our translation)

If in the novel *Lessico Familiare* the house was in poetry, in *La città e la casa* it is in the setting of the film produced by Alberico. The character Lucrezia, when telling Giuseppe about the film, says that it is well done and that it takes place in a renovated mansion in the center: “The rooms are large and half empty, with flowing white curtains and a tiled floor. It always has a great white light. I'm not telling the plot, also because I didn't understand everything, the sound was bad and I was sitting in one of the last rows” (2009, p. 182, our translation)²¹. According to her, the film causes anguish because little by little everyone dies, but above all, what causes the most anguish is the light, the white walls, the tiled floor and the curtains. That is, the space of the house provokes this sensation and she chooses concrete elements to express her agony.

In an interview with Severino Cesari²², Ginzburg states that *La città e la casa* is a pragmatist novel: “destinies collapse, things remain”²³. She also says that the novel begins with an image of stability: the former home of Lucrezia and ex-husband Piero, *Le Margherite*. Lucrezia takes objects

translation follows: “The house is very small and full of pictures. They're almost all hers. They are golden red landscapes, as if she always thinks about the sunset, and after a while all that golden red tires her eyes. The terrace is cool.” (GINZBURG, 2021, p. 11)

²¹ Le stanze sono grandi e mezze vuote, con tende bianche svolazzanti e pavimentindi cotto. C'è sempre una gran luce bianca. L'intreccio non sto a raccontartelo, anche perché non ho capito tutto, il sonoro era difettoso e io ero seduta nelle ultime file al fondo. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 182)

²² Interview given by Natalia Ginzburg to Severino Cesari. Published in *Il manifesto* on December 18th, 1984.

²³ Crollano i destini, restano le cose. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 138)

and furniture from the old house to the new one, which are included in the writing of all the senders. Stability is broken, everything falls apart, “everyone's sentences remain, repeated to others, these scattered objects remain, furniture floating on an overflowing river” (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 241, our translation)²⁴. What remains, likewise, is the desire to belong in the face of empty houses and shattered destinies.

Final considerations

Considering everything presented in this article, we can say that, without the presence of the house, Ginzburg's text does not sustain itself, it collapses. By the way, this verb seems to be quite recurrent in her texts. In the essay *Il figlio dell'uomo*, published in 1946, the writer states: “there was the war and we saw many houses collapse and now we no longer feel as safe at home as it used to be, when we were quiet and safe. There is something that cannot be cured. And the years go by, but we never heal” (GINZBURG, 2015, p. 51, our translation)²⁵. We find something very similar in the novel *Lessico Familiare*, when we read:

We thought the war would immediately turn everyone's lives upside down. For years, on the contrary, many people remained undisturbed in their homes [...]. Suddenly, when everyone thought, deep down, that they had barely escaped and there would be no trouble, no houses destroyed, no escapes or pursuits, bombs and mines exploded everywhere and houses collapsed, the streets were filled with ruins, with soldiers and fugitives. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 147)²⁶

We must point out the importance of thinking about this context linked to wars as a reading key for this article. Ginzburg herself will suggest in the essay mentioned above that her proximity to the substance of things was the only asset the war gave her. In fact, the writer says this evoking the first person plural, “gave our generation”, stating that the experience of war removes the masks and veils that cover reality, making us approach “reality in its true substance” (2015, p. 66, our translation).

²⁴ Poi si sfascia tutto, restano le frasi di ciascuno, ripetute all'altro, restano questi oggetti sparsi, masserizie che galleggiano su un fiume in piena. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 241)

²⁵ C'è stata la guerra e la gente ha visto crollare tante case e adesso non si sente più sicura nella sua casa com'era quieta e sicura una volta. (GINZBURG, 2015, p. 51)

²⁶ La guerra, noi pensavamo che avrebbe immediatamente rovesciato e capovolto la vita di tutti. Invece per anni molta gente rimase indisturbata nella sua casa [...] Quando ormai ciascuno pensava che in fondo se l'era cavata con poco e non ci sarebbero stati sconvolgimento ndi sorta, né case distrutte, né fughe e persecuzione di colpo esplosero bombe e mine dovunque e le case crollarono, e le strade furono piene di rovine, di soldati e di profughi. (GINZBURG, 1999, p. 147)

Domenico Scarpa will say, for example, that the 20th century is the century of inventory, of catalog, and that Natalia Ginzburg masterfully uses this technique in her texts. To arrive at this consideration, the Italian critic starts from the book *Filosofia dell'Arredamento* by Mario Praz, in which the author studies works from the 19th century and states that there are few books in which the inventory has a value. According to Domenico Scarpa, Mario Praz would have changed his mind if he had contemplated the whole of the 20th century in his studies, which, under two world wars, gives the inventory the due “*dignità letteraria*”, being, therefore, a common practice among many writers of the time. Scarpa also states that by registering what there is, the inventory actually indicates what is missing. (SCARPA, 2019, p. 256, our translation)

Having experienced the war left deep marks on Ginzburg's writing, both in essays and fiction. In these three novels, the houses do not collapse, because it is the fate of the characters that is most susceptible to collapse. In any case, we cannot deny that there is in these texts “the atrocious figure of the fallen house” (GINZBURG, 2020, p. 64, our translation), it is inevitable to think about it in her literature. Patricia Peterle (2012) will say, for example, that the narrative of the Italian writer gradually gains, in the course of her production, a more vigorous narration, the result of experiences lived in the foreground: “intimate concerns, but also related to the essence of the human being, shaped by the touch and sensitivity of their look and testimony” (PETERLE, 2012, p. 333).

There is no doubt that her testimonial gaze contributes to touching the depth of the text, especially “the figure of the fallen house”, which in some way, we cannot deny is one of the pillars of the invisible in her texts. But beyond that, we must above all consider the form, as we have demonstrated throughout this article: how it manages to move from the concrete to the abstract, without leaving the surface. Natalia is not the writer of abstraction. Italo Calvino (2015, p. 11, our translation) will say, for example, that her relationship with the world “will never be psychologized, never intellectualized, never lyrical”, always visible on the surface of the text. The character Lucrezia, from *La città e la casa*, helps us in this attempt to tie all the threads that this article brought up for discussion. At a certain point in the novel, Lucrezia made a critical remark on the book written by her friend Giuseppe:

[...] I liked your novel [...]. But I wasn't a good reader, because while I was reading I was thinking about myself. I didn't skip anything, not even the descriptions, but to tell you the truth, I was reading with my eyes and my thoughts were elsewhere. There are a bit too many descriptions, and I can't stand the descriptions, in the novels. It seems to me that sometimes you go too long without saying anything serious. He tastes one thing, smells another, he goes to and fro, but he doesn't find a single living soul and nothing happens to

him, until the end when there's all that chaos, and then it's finished and left with a lot of confusion in the head. All that mess comes a little too late. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 169-170)²⁷

If the concern with form is in the mouth of the character Lucrezia, it is certainly in the writer's pen. For Lucrezia, the excess of description hinders the progress of the narrative; for Antonio Dimas, it can create a vacuum in the text when done without formal responsibility; for Bachelard, the excess of picturesqueness in a household can hide its intimacy. Besides that, for him, only poetry manages to touch the deep layers of our being, precisely because it knows how to keep the penumbra, "revealing values of shelter that are deeply rooted in our unconsciousness" (BACHELARD, 1993, p. 32, our translation). Natalia Ginzburg follows the lesson of the three, managing to transpose the reader into this intimacy even in prose: guarding the instant - the "compressed time" - from the precise and calculated choice of her honest *parole-mondo*; giving the narrative its own and continuous rhythm that eliminates any textual vacuum. All this concise language, shaped by the essentials and simplicity of everyday life, is able to make the music that flows from the words resound and connects the reader with something extremely intimate.

But this transposition, which goes beyond the palpable and visible, showing that the house can also be a "soul", takes place thanks to another factor: the fact that the writer chose a space which the reader knows, just as she does, in its depth. In addition, there is a certain unpretentiousness in the encounter with her work, at the same time that we know the space of a house, we are used to it and we imagine that nothing else, there, can surprise us. Natalia Ginzburg's work also teaches us, always based on form, to look at the space of the house from another prism. She knows we know every crevice, crack, scratch in a house. She does not want to take us down that path that crosses the surface. Her perspective is that of someone who does not need to leave the surface to reveal the interior. It is on the concrete surface that her pillars of the invisible are deposited - the music that flows from the words - in the experience that is shared together. For Elisabetta Menetti, Ginzburg creates in the reader a certain illusion of belonging to her world, of recognizing her voice in each new story and sharing, as if they were our own, her feelings and emotions. The evidence of this identification, according to the researcher, is part of the magic of

²⁷ Il tuo romanzo mi è piaciuto [...]. Io però non l'ho letto bene, perché leggendolo pensavo a me stessa. Non ho saltato mai niente, nemmeno le descrizioni, ma a dirti il vero leggevo con gli occhi e intanto avevo il pensiero altrove. Descrizione ce ne sono un po' troppe, e io le descrizioni, nei romanzi, non le sopporto. Mi sembra che certe volte la fai troppo lunga senza dir niente di serio. Quello sente il sapore d'una cosa, l'odore d'un'altra, va lì e va là, ma non incontra un cane e non gli succede niente, fino all'ultimo quando c'è tutto quel casino, e allora è finito e rimani con una gran confusione in testa. Arriva un po'troppo tardi tutto quel casino. (GINZBURG, 2009, p. 169-170)

her honest and transparent writing, which does not create separations, but unites “us” to “her” (MENETTI, 2017, p. 2, our translation)²⁸. In this case, we can say that familiarity with the space of the house contributes to this identification with the other. The house can be seen, in this sense, as a space for exchanging stories and experiences. We are drawn to the work of Natalia Ginzburg because we become part of a network, invincible and complicit, of habits lived together²⁹, precisely because she manages to create this illusion that we are inside all her houses sharing her/our stories, without necessarily realizing it.

CRedit

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²⁸ “L'evidenza di questa identificazione è parte dell'incantesimo della sua scrittura naturale e trasparente, che non crea apparentemente separazioni ma unisce Noi a lei”. (MENETTI, 2017, p. 2)

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