

**A WOMAN'S JOURNEY INWARDS IN
*V A' DOVE TI PORTA IL CUORE***

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Va' dove ti porta il cuore by Susanna Tamaro has sold over two million copies in Italy alone and around five million worldwide. It has been translated into at least thirty languages, and the title, *Follow your heart*, has become a coined phrase. The book's market success contrasted with the Italian intelligentsia's acrimonious and even visceral reaction against it. Italian literary critics perceived it as consumerist literature, reactionary, and plagued with commonplaces. According to one, it follows the best and worst recipe for market success: "adottare una politica tanto vaga da non allontanare nessuno ma intanto, con tutti i mezzi possibili, rendere il feuilleton letterario tanto attraente da attirare a tutti" (Petronio cited by Senardi LXVII) (to adopt an ambiguous policy that will push no one away, and at the same time, with every possible means, render the literary *feuilleton* so very appealing as to seduce everyone). If not a cynical attempt to make money, it has been considered sentimental, superficial and naïve.¹ Tamaro's critics went as far as publishing a book entitled *Pornografia del cuore: Le romanzesche cazzate scritte da Susanna Tamaro* (Pornography of the heart: The sappy drivel written by Susanna Tamaro), a scathing reading of Tamaro's works. Disapproval of her lack of political alignment² seems to have earned her nothing but scorn from Italian intellectuals.

However, from a feminist perspective, this deceptively simple text is a woman's call to arms. The autobiographical mode in which the story is told elicits the emergence of a truer feminine self devoid of pre-conceived constants about herself and about her interaction with a patriarchal society. This original self has the possibility of re-writing

its destiny. According to Nancy Stanford Friedman, "Alienation from the historically imposed image of the self is what motivates the writing, the creation of an alternate self in the autobiographical act. Writing shatters the cultural hall of mirrors and breaks the silence imposed by male speech" (Smith and Watson 76). Tamaro's proposal, decried for gross sentimentality, is one founded on spirituality.

Vu' dove ti porta il cuore is the story of an octogenarian, Olga, who sees death approaching and wants to leave a memoir for her estranged granddaughter whom she raised after her daughter's death. Now alone in a big house, Olga writes a diary in the form of letters addressed to her granddaughter, hoping she will read them upon her death. In the letters, Olga tells the story of four generations of women against the background of historical events that took place in the 1900's. By sharing the history of the women in her family, Olga provides her granddaughter with a wealth of feminine experiences geared to strengthen the girl's sense of identity. The memories constitute a spiritual journey that takes the protagonist to the core of the self: the heart. Tamaro's deliberate choice of this word subverts its most common connotations (emotionalism, sentimentality, cliché ideas of love), which provoke negative responses from most people and especially from literary critics; Tamaro calls for its defamiliarization:

La parola 'cuore' nel nostro linguaggio è considerata una parola frustra, vilipesa, da canzonette, da baci perugina, sdolcinata e melensa. Sapevo di fare cosa estremamente grave quando ho scelto questo termine per il titolo. Una provocazione insomma, ho acceso un fiammifero e l'ho buttato nel pagliaio... E il pagliaio ha preso subito fuoco (Gaglione 14-15).

In our language, the word 'heart' is considered out-dated, contemptuous, a word that belongs in corny songs. Hershey kisses; it is dopey and mawkish, I knew I was doing something extremely dangerous when I chose this term for the title. It was a provocation, basically. I lit a match and I threw it to the haystack... And the haystack caught fire immediately.

By stripping the word of popular connotations, Tamaro invalidates the equation heart=sentiment(ality), or the belief that the heart is the counterpart to reason. Rather, the heart becomes the repository of the essential nature of a being, the spirit. Olga told both daughter and granddaughter: “Il cuore è il centro dello spirito” (72) (“The heart is the center of the spirit”; Cullen 29).

Western culture, for Tamaro, relies solely on reason to relate to the world around. However, if reason is a construct of language, and language potentially clarifies but also obfuscates the experience of knowledge, it can produce a limited interpretation of reality. Olga says:

Succede un po' la stessa cosa con le radioline che trovi in omaggio nei detersivi: sebbene sul quadrante siano disegnate tutte le stazioni, in realtà muovendo il sintonizzatore riesci a riceverne non più di una o due, tutte le altre continuano a ronzare nell'aria. Ho l'impressione che l'uso eccessivo della mente produca più o meno lo stesso effetto: di tutta la realtà che ci circonda si riesce a cogliere soltanto una parte ristretta. E in questa parte spesso impera la confusione perché è tutta piena di parole, e le parole, il più delle volte, invece di condurci in qualche luogo più ampio ci fanno soltanto fare un girotondo. (Tamaro 73-74)

I thought that people are becoming more and more like radios that can tune in to only one station, rather like what happens with the mini-radios you get as prizes in boxes of soap powder: although the whole range of frequencies is marked on the dial, you won't be able to pick up more than one or two stations: all the others will just keep buzzing around in the air. Well, I've got the impression that excessive use of the mind produces the same effect: we succeed in picking up only a limited portion of all the reality that surrounds us. Confusion often reigns in this small portion because it's crammed full of words, and words usually make us go round in circles instead of leading us to some higher ground. (Cullen 92)

The heart, for Tamarò, represents a human being's most profound essence, where reason and emotion come together harmoniously and become something greater.

Excessive emphasis on reason causes indifference towards spirituality. Tamarò's message then – to get in touch with oneself by reaching inwards, to the core of one's self – may not be heard. Furthermore, the habit of embracing different ideologies is hard to overcome. Women have at their disposal a myriad of self-search books and self-help guides whose purpose is to tell a woman what to do, how to behave, what to feel and what to think. The message may be to pull away from a patriarchal framework, but it is still trying to shape someone's consciousness. Even feminism can become a manipulative force for a woman if she is not secure in her identity before she embarks on a feminist journey. Olga's daughter, a child of the sixties, bounces from dogma to dogma, falls prey to a pseudo-therapist, and finally, utterly unhappy, causes her own death.

Tamarò resorts to traditional feminine forms of discourse to achieve her goal and plunges into the feminine domain of domestic life. Olga's analogical language feeds from ordinary everyday occurrences to communicate with her granddaughter and, consequently, the reader. Although women writers no longer have limitations as to what genre they choose, Susanna Tamarò utilizes the fictional autobiographical form and the epistolary subgenre to convey her message. If the purpose of a fictional autobiography is to share the most intimate personal experiences as an instrument of self-analysis and self-creation, Tamarò's voice is intermingled with her protagonist in *Va' dove ti porta il cuore*. As the narrator in the first person, she has an ambiguous identity that is at once contingent and privileged. She brings the text into existence though she yet has no existence outside the text. As a narrator of a fictional autobiography, the narrator's identity becomes even more ambiguous. So, what is the relationship between the author and her protagonist? Tamarò's avoidance of an obvious identification with Olga (Tamarò was thirty-five at the time she wrote it) is a twofold intention. By creating a protagonist so much older than she, Tamarò distances

herself from her protagonist: Olga stands alone in her confessional self. Also, Olga's age makes it possible to open up a whole century of women's experiences. Through her, the reader is informed not only of Olga's experiences, but also those of her mother, her daughter and her granddaughter. The reader, as well as the addressee, becomes a witness to how the past shapes the present.

The essence of this character inescapably transcends the limits of a fictional work and permeates the reality of Tamaro as well. As Susan Friedman writes, "the formal characteristics of the autobiographical texts are inseparable from the concept of the self held by the writer. And these are in turn determined by the circumstances of women's [...] lives" (72). By bringing to life an autobiography of a woman on the threshold of death, Tamaro elucidates the experiences of other women that helped shape Olga's life, and women readers can see their lives reflected in hers. By creating a commonality among women within the pages of the autobiography, Tamaro elicits the sessions of consciousness-raising so important during the feminist movement.³ The objectives are to consolidate a woman's identity and to create a place where women can coexist, not just subsist. According to Friedman: "Women's autobiographies come alive as a literary tradition of self-creation when we approach these texts from a perspective based on the lives of women" (174).

The canon for autobiographies is intimately connected to gender. Leigh Gilmore suggests:

The near absence of women's self-representational texts from the critical histories that authorize autobiography indicates the extent to which the genre that functions as the closest textual version of the political ideology of individualism is gendered as 'male.' The differing codes of masculinity woven through the discursive body of autobiography's 'representative man' in his roles as poet, scholar, citizen, politician, and hero can be described as an autobiographical effect. (Gilmore 1)

Women's self-referential texts, then, are read against a male-gendered context. The gendered vision of the autobiographer affects the production and reception of these texts. Tamaro's *I* assumes authority in a subversive way. Her subject, an older woman, a housewife who never went to university, whose discourse is delivered in home and garden metaphors, defies the autobiographical *effect*. It constructs a drastically different referential code that requires, by force, a new context against which it can be read. The unimportant elderly woman becomes as important as other subjects of autobiographies.

Tamaro's choice of the epistle furthers her intent. The epistolary subgenre serves the purpose of the autobiography extremely well. Historically, the epistle was associated with women's writing because it was the most viable medium to communicate "domestic," non-transcendental information. Until the 1960's, women wrote in a hostile environment. Patriarchal ideology marginalized women, muffling their voice and impeding incursions into new forms of writing. Although women now experiment with every genre, the epistle, utilized in a subversive manner, can be a powerful tool for disseminating a message. As a missive, it establishes an emissary and a recipient who defines the implied reader of the text more specifically than any other form of writing: the letter is addressed to an identified addressee, the fictional reader. The granddaughter, who curiously remains unnamed, shares a commonality with the *I* of the letters; both are women. Gilmore notes that an autobiography (a male's) is read against a corpus of expectations that echoes the author's:

Interpretative frames that make autobiography knowable as a truth script for the representative man incorporate critical ideologies that take the subject and object of autobiography studies to be a man regarded by another man regarding *himself* (Where *himself* is the shared referent of critic and autobiographer) (2).

Va' dove ti porta il cuore identifies its addressee as another woman; thus the subject and agent are feminine, the reader and critic are also feminine, and the authority of the narrator is established. The link

created between both women is everyday reality. The background against which this reality should be read does not belong to a male-defined construct, but to a world traditionally inhabited by women.

Tamaro's epistolary fictional autobiography sabotages the autobiographical canon in form as well as in content. Confessional writing in an epistolary form creates the intimacy necessary to draw the reader closer to the narrator, as if she/he was a confidant, often creating a common ground on which the critic identifies with the autobiographer. Furthermore, we have established that having a woman receptor allows for different expectations, those that rise from women's experiences and not from a male-formulated reality. Thus, this autobiography requires a reader to reject preconceptions formed outside a woman's world. Defining a world shared by many, Olga says:

L'infelicità abitualmente segue la linea femminile. Come certe anomalie genetiche, passa di madre in figlia. Passando, invece di smorzarsi, diviene via via più intensa, più inestirpabile e profonda. Per gli uomini quella volta era molto diverso, avevano la professione, la politica, la guerra; la loro energia poteva andare fuori, espandersi. Noi no. Noi per generazioni e generazioni, abbiamo frequentato soltanto la stanza da letto, la cucina, il bagno; abbiamo compiuto migliaia di passi, di gesti portandoci dietro lo stesso rancore, la stessa insodisfazione. (Tamaro 39)

Unhappiness is generally transmitted through the female line, passing from mother to daughter the way some genetic abnormalities do. And instead of diminishing as it passes, it steadily grows more intense, more ineradicable and profound. That era was very different for men; they had their professions, their politics, their wars, they had outlets for their energy. Not us. For countless generations we've been confined to the bedroom, the kitchen, and the bathroom; we've taken millions of steps, made millions of gestures, each one encumbered by the same rancor and the same dissatisfaction. (Cullen 49-50)

Tamaro refers to a world confined to the private, the unimportant, where women have no chance to develop themselves, intellectually or otherwise. They are limited to the private space of the home which is culturally constructed, not a magical place exempt from the values and demands of the public space. It is, in reality, an extension of these values and demands in somewhat different form. Powerless to define the space they inhabit, Tamaro's women harbor bitterness and dissatisfaction. The intensity of Tamaro's statement is reinforced by comparison to a genetic anomaly beyond human control. This anomaly is conditioned by a patriarchal ideology that, as Adrienne Rich points out, "drenches us in its assumptions to the point where we cannot see our prejudices - we understand them, as I have said, as natural" (qtd. in Bayuk Rosenman 40). The effect of this analogy goes further: according to Tamaro, it is the mother, not the father that passes on to the daughter the unhappiness of being a woman: *woman*, in this case, refers to the gender construct. It is then by example that a girl becomes a woman and not merely by being born female. This corresponds with the psychoanalytical theory that Nancy Chodorow develops. According to her, the mother-daughter relationship is essential to the process of female identity development:

Mothers tend to experience their daughters as more like, and continuous with themselves. Correspondingly, girls tend to remain part of the dyadic primary mother-child relationship itself. This means that a girl continues to experience herself as involved in issues of merging and separation, and in an attachment characterized by primary identification and the fusion of identification and object choice. (Chodorow 166)

Thus, by perpetuating gender roles, women have been responsible for shaping their daughters' lives and passing on unhappiness. This may set women apart, as is the case with Olga and her mother, María and her mother, and the granddaughter and grandmother. Instead of acknowledging the fact that their ancestors have been victims of oppression, that they lived under conditions that generated their

submission, women turn against their own. This idea will be revisited later on.

Olga writes to her granddaughter in the hope that she will not repeat her mistakes. Her confession is a way to vindicate herself in her own eyes, to give meaning to her own life. Olga shares with her granddaughter the secrets that ruined her own life, ruined her daughter's life, and could now ruin the life of the young woman. Born into a cold, aristocratic Jewish family that converted to Christianity for practical reasons, Olga's mother grows up with the certainty that she is a mere shadow of her brother who died when she was born. She is dressed in mourning throughout her childhood, and a big portrait of her deceased brother presides over her bed. When her time comes to marry, she chooses status over love. Raised without affection in a space populated by silences, Olga's self is maimed by social appearances and by a religious institution that instills guilt and fear. She grows up into a solitary woman who finds solace in books though she is forbidden to attend university. Her suitors vanish when she expresses herself intelligently:

A dire il vero, verso i diciotto-vent'anni, dato che ero carina e anche piuttosto benestante, avevo nugoli di spasimanti intorno a me. Appena dimostravo di sapere parlare però, appena aprivo loro il cuore con i pensieri che vi si agitavano dentro, intorno a me si formava il vuoto. Volevo un'amicizia amorosa e in questo ero molto virile, virile nel senso antico. Era il rapporto paritario, credo, che incuteva terrore ai miei corteggiatori. (94-96)

To tell the truth, between the ages of eighteen and twenty seeing that I was pretty and from a fairly well to do family – I was surrounded by hordes of suitors. But as soon as I showed I knew how to speak, as soon as I opened my heart and talked about what was on my mind, I found myself surrounded by empty space. I wanted a loving friendship with a man, the kind of relationship between equals that men often have with one another. It was this masculine attitude, I believe, that struck terror into my suitors' hearts. (Cullen 117-119)

If intuitively she yearns for an egalitarian relationship, her reality denies her that right. “Ai miei tempi, l’intelligenza per una donna era una dote assai negativa ai fini del matrimonio; per i costumi dell’epoca una moglie non doveva essere altro che una fattrice statica e adorante” (94) (“Back then, intelligence didn’t rate a very high position among the attributes of a marriageable woman; it was customary for a wife to be an inert, adoring broodmare, nothing more”: Cullen 117). At thirty, she weds a much older man who seems to promise dialogue if not friendship. However, once married, he abandons Olga to her solitude. They move away to a hostile region that views her as an outsider, a “German.” Removed from her familiar environment, in a parallel life with a man who hardly acknowledges her presence, Olga finds herself again silenced by indifference. It is not cruelty that guides her husband’s actions: “Lui era soltanto mortalmente metodico e prevedibile; a parte questo, nel profondo era gentile e buono” (129) (“...but he was only predictable and stupefyingly methodical; apart from that, he was at bottom a good and gentle man”: Cullen 162). The total disregard for her feelings or her emotional and physical needs exemplifies her object-like condition. After three years of marriage, she can think only of death (105). Searching for health and solitude, Olga journeys to the hot springs of Porretta where she meets Ernesto, the love of her life. They live a clandestine, intense love story that grows stronger with the letters they manage to send each other when they cannot meet. A daughter is born of this relationship, and Olga manages to convince her husband – or so she assumes – that the child is his, and the lies take over.

When the child is a toddler, her real father dies in a car accident. When Olga learns of his death, she plunges into a deep depression that lasts for years. She dwells in her misery, rejecting her daughter and abandoning her emotionally to a father (her husband) who, in turn, hands her to a caretaker. Searching for an inner peace that seems to elude her, she turns to religion. Her meetings with a priest do not offer consolation but disappointment: “Le sue parole (del confessore) erano dolciastre, inneggiavano alla forza della fede come se la fede fosse un genere alimentare in vendita nel primo negozio sulla strada” (137).

("He used cloying, sugary words to celebrate the power of faith, as if faith were an item you could pick up in any grocery store"; Cullen 171). Just as when she was a child, institutionalized religion is incapable of giving her spiritual comfort. Tamaro suggests that the truest consolation should come from within; spiritual strength is not a result of external forces, whether a lover, a parent, a therapist or an institution.

Another principle that Tamaro considers essential in the journey to self-knowledge is the awareness of the histories on one's feminine lineage. She resorts to the image of a tree, often an oak tree, to symbolize the power of self-knowledge and the necessity of acknowledging one's origins. A tree stands firm with its branches spreading wide, aiming to the sky. However, as it grows up, it grows inward: it is deeply rooted:

[. . .] pensa agli alberi, ricordati del loro modo di crescere. Ricordati che un albero con molta chioma e poche radici viene sradicato al primo colpo di vento, mentre in un albero con molte radici e poca chioma la linfa scorre a stento. Radici e chioma devono crescere in egual misura. devi stare nelle cose e stareci sopra, solo così potrai offrire ombra e riparo, solo così all stagione giusta potrai coprirti di fiori e di frutti. (165)

Remember that a tree with lots of branches and few roots will get toppled by the first strong wind, while the sap hardly moves in a tree with many roots and few branches. Roots and branches must grow in equal measure, you have to stand both inside of things and above them, because only then will you be able to offer shade and shelter, only then will you be able to cover yourself with leaves and fruit at the proper season. (Cullen 204)

Conscious of her roots, a woman is better equipped to face her destiny. Ignoring her past weakens her sense of identity and makes her susceptible to any trendy ideology, as happens with Olga's daughter, Ilaria. A woman who relives the past does not have the chance to

shape a destiny of her own. Being in touch with the deepest and darkest secrets of the soul, however, requires courage. Accepting responsibility for one's faults is also very hard to do. In Olga's words: "questo è l'unico modo per andare avanti. Se la vita è un percorso, è un percorso che si svolge sempre in salita" (143) ("And yet, as I've said before, this is the only way to go forward. If life's a road we travel, it's uphill all the way"; Cullen 178).

Another object that becomes meaningful in the story is a baking mold that belonged to Olga's own grandmother; she leaves it for her granddaughter as a reminder of the women of their family:

Questo stampo apparteneva a mia nonna cioè alla tua trisavola ed è l'unico oggetto rimasto di tutta la storia femminile della nostra famiglia...Pensa quante volte nella sua esistenza è entrato e uscito dal forno, quanti mani diverse eppure simili l'hanno riempito con l'impasto. L'ho portato giù per farlo vivere ancora, perché tu lo usi e magari, a tua volta, lo lasci in uso alle tue figlie, perché nella sua storia di oggetto utile riassume e ricordi la storia delle nostre generazioni. (159)

This pan belonged to my grandmother - your great-great-grandmother - and it's the only object we have left to show for all the female side of our family history.... Think how many times in its existence it's gone in and out of the oven, how many different (yet similar) hands have filled it with batter. I've brought it down so it can live again, so you can use it and maybe leave it to your own daughters when the time comes, because the history of this humble object sums up and reflects the history of our family's generations. (198-199)

This quote has inspired contradicting interpretations.⁴ The mold has been seen as a symbol of the "life of restraint and captivity destined to those women who had willingly embraced their subjection to patriarchy" (Lombardi 242). According to this interpretation, by leaving it with

her granddaughter, Olga seems to wish her granddaughter and the women that will come after her the same disfranchisement she and her ancestors experienced. However, if Tamaro's concept of a rooted life is taken into consideration, the opposite meaning is inscribed. The mold holds no value in a man's world; it is a humble, rusty baking mold, an object that summarizes the lives of so many women who, indeed, were subjected to patriarchy. That same object, however, could serve as a reminder of what once was and as a physical link connecting women of different times. It certainly speaks of the oppression and limitations women endured. If Olga leaves it for her granddaughter, it is not to perpetuate in her their slavery but to acknowledge the victimization of her ancestors, cherish the work they performed, and appreciate its significance. Using it will bring her closer to them. Awareness precedes knowledge, and knowledge is power. The granddaughter is better prepared to face her life, though still defined by a patriarchal ideology, because she is conscious of her past and of her present; she will be able to fight the pre-conceived gender limitations. The shapeless dough that goes into the mold will not represent her life, as it did for Olga who only followed the road traced for her. What the granddaughter and her daughters will bake in it will depend on the circumstances that they create for themselves. In other words, the mold, charged with negative connotations, becomes a positive emblem of female experience. It reunites the individual experience with the communal one.

Tamaro ends Olga's letters with a message of common sense:

Ogni volta in cui, crescendo, avrai voglia di cambiare le cose sbagliate in cose giuste, ricordati che la prima rivoluzione da fare è quella dentro se stessi, la prima e la più importante. Lottare per un'idea senza avere un'idea di sé è una delle cose più pericolose che si possa fare. (165)

As you grow up, you'll often get the urge to change things, to right wrongs, but every time you do, remember that the first revolution, the first and the most important, has to take place within yourself. Fighting for an idea without

having an idea of yourself is one of the most dangerous things you can do. (203-204)

From a feminist perspective this old message acquires new meaning. As beings upon which a self has been instilled by outside forces, awareness of one's essence allows women to reject a social construct, gender, which defines their relationship with themselves and with the world. Thorough self-analysis allows a woman to be in touch with her true self, and this leads to self-love. Denying the self, Tamaro believes, leads to self-contempt, and it is a short step from self-contempt to anger that is usually directed inward. According to Ferguson, a woman's ultimate goal should be to reject gendered pre-conceptions that constrain her to be someone else. Achieving this empowers a woman to embrace her personal choices:

Our ultimate goal must be the degenderizing of every aspect of social life. Only this can empower women to develop our potentials as unique individuals not constrained by a social definition which sees our essential nature to be to serve men. However, we cannot achieve this goal without a collective, public process which first empowers women by creating a higher public value for feminine skills and interests. (Ferguson 71)

Va' dove ti porta il cuore speaks of a spiritual essence as the source of self-knowledge, and as a channel for the interaction with others. Tamaro sees the heart as the core of the self where the spirit resides, and cancels connotations of sentimentality or emotionalism. At another level, this text calls for women's solidarity and for the need for a feminine historical awareness. It brings forth a century's worth of women's experiences that speak of powerlessness and frustration. Tamaro believes that women should not perceive themselves as isolated, as do the women in Olga's letters; instead, they constitute a community of similar experience and share a past populated by other women who endured even greater limitations. If a tree represents a woman at peace

in her self-knowledge, its roots represent womanhood.

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NOTES

¹ See Lombardi, Giancarlo. "Thou Shalt Not Break the Mold: Patriarchal Discourse in *Va'dove ti porta il cuore*," *Romance Languages Annual* 9, 1997, 238-43; Di Stefano, Paolo. "L'Italia al tempo della Tamaro: Arte o Kitsch?" *Corriere della Sera*, 20 settembre 1994; Fiori, Cinzia. "Tamaro: 'Io, vittima di un linciaggio'" *Corriere della sera*, 13 dicembre 1995; Senardi, Fulvio. "Nonne e Giardini: La narrativa di Susanna Tamaro, ovvero come si costruisce il successo letterario," *Periodico Quadrimestrale di Cultura*, 102, 1995, 180-99.

² When asked if literature should be committed, Tamaro answered: "Sì, se per impegno si intende ciò che di più lontana può esservi dalle ideologie: lo scavare doloroso dentro il proprio cuore - e quindi dentro una unicità che è per se stessa eversiva - e il senso di responsabilità nei confronti del lettore, in particolare dei deboli e degli oppressi" (Gaglianone jacket notes).

³ As cited by Hester Eisenstein, Alix Kates Shulman describes the consciousness-raising sessions as "really fact-gathering sessions, research sessions on our feelings. We wanted to get at the truth about how women felt, how we viewed our lives, what was done to us, and how we functioned in the world. Not how we were supposed to feel but how we really did feel. This knowledge, gained through honest examination of our own personal experience, we would pool to help us figure out how to change the situation of women" (Eisenstein 35).

⁴ See Lombardi, Giancarlo. "Thou Shalt Not Break the Mold: Patriarchal Discourse in *Va'dove ti porta il cuore*," *Romance Languages Annual*, 9, 1997, 238-43.

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