Joyce Studies in Italy is a peer-reviewed review aimed at collecting materials which throw light upon Joyce's work and Joyce's world. It is open to the contributions of scholars from other academic institutions, both in Italy and abroad, and its broad intertextual approach is aimed at developing a better understanding of the literary and human figure of Joyce, who, both as an individual and a writer, still represents an all-important crossroads in Western culture. The project was initiated in the early Eighties by a research team at the University of Rome, 'La Sapienza', led by Giorgio Melchiori. In line with the editorial policy of JSI, no house style is imposed regarding the individual essays in the collection.

Under the auspices of honorary members Umberto Eco and Giorgio Melchiori, the James Joyce Italian Foundation was founded in 2006 (website: http://host.uniroma3.it/associazioni/jjif). The work of the Foundation, and the issues of the Piccola Biblioteca Joyciana series, are also intended to promote and further the work undertaken by Joyce Studies in Italy.

JOYCE STUDIES IN ITALY

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JOYCE IN/AND ITALY

edited by
Franca Ruggieri
Enrico Terrinoni

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jacques Aubert is Emeritus Professor of English and Modern Literature, Université Lyon 2, Member of the École de la Cause Freudienne and of the University Scientific Council, Director of the Centre d'Études et de Recherches Anglaises et Nord-Américaines. General Editor of James Joyce (1982-1995) and Virginia Woolf, Éditions Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade. Main publications on Joyce: *Introduction à L'estétique de James Joyce*, (1973); (with Maria Jolas) *Joyce & Paris. 1902… 1920-1940… 1975* (1979); *The Aesthetics of James Joyce* (1992); (with Fritz Senn) *James Joyce* (1986); James Joyce, *Ulysse*, traduction et édition sous le direction de Jacques Aubert; James Joyce, *Ulysse*, révision de la traduction et de l'appareil critique (2013).

Luca Aversano holds a PhD in Musicology from the University of Cologne. His thesis was on the spread of German-Austrian instrumental music in early nineteenth century Italy. Since October 2000 he has been conductor and artistic director of the Università di Parma orchestra, and since 2005 he has taught at the University of Roma Tre. In July 2012 he received the *Ladislaus Mittner* award for musicology from the Bundesministerium für Bildung und Forschung (BMBF).

Andrea Binelli obtained his PhD from the University of Pisa in 2004 and has taught English Language and Translation at the University of Trento ever since. His latest book is *Of Englishes and Styles*, a sociolinguistic investigation of why and how the advertising discourse and the English language are going increasingly global in the age of social media networks and electronic reproduction. He is co-editor of *The Internationalist Review of Irish Culture*.

Francesca Caraceni teaches English Literature at the University of Tuscia. She was awarded her PhD in 2013. Her dissertation on the Italian translations of *Finnegans Wake* will soon be published. Her main research interests include James Joyce, late Victorian literature and culture, the reception of Italian literature and culture in XIX century

England, Translation Studies and Film Studies. She published several essays, reviews and articles on James Joyce, Samuel Butler, Alessandro Manzoni.

Elisabetta d'Erme lives in Trieste. She is a Journalist and an Independent Scholar. Her research areas are James Joyce and Victorian culture. She is the author of "*Tit Bits. James Joyce, un'epoca e i suoi media*" (Bulzoni, Roma 2008). Her essays on Joyce have been published in various academic reviews. She spoke at the seminar "*Tradurre Ulysses di James Joyce*", organized in 2013 by the Università degli Studi di Genova, and at the Workshop "*Newspapers*" organized by the Zurich James Joyce Foundation (August 2013).

Gabriele Frasca was born in Naples in 1957. He is an eclectic writer, author of essays, novels, poetry and plays. He translated several works by Samuel Beckett (*Watt*, 1998; *Collected Poems*, 1999; *Murphy*, 2003 and *Nohow On*, 2008). He teaches Comparative Studies at the University of Salerno and has lately published the essay *Joyicity. Joyce con McLuhan e Lacan* (2013).

Francesco Marroni is Professor of English at the G. d'Annunzio University of Chieti-Pescara and director of the Centre for Victorian and Edwardian Studies. He has published widely on Victorian fiction and poetry. His most recent books are *Victorian Disharmonies: A Reconsideration of Nineteenth-Century English Fiction* (2010) and *Come leggere 'Jane Eyre'* (2013). He is editor of the Victorian and Edwardian Studies Series for Peter Lang Verlag.

Franco Marucci was a Professor of English in the Universities of Siena, Florence and Venice "Ca' Foscari" until 2010. His publications include *Il senso interrotto. Autonomia e codificazione nella poesia di Dylan Thomas* (Ravenna 1976), *The Fine Delight that Fathers Thought: Rhetoric and Medievalism in Gerard Manley Hopkins* (Washington 1994), *Joyce* (Rome 2013). He is currently writing *Storia della letteratura inglese* in eight volumes (Florence, 2003-), five of which (covering the period 1832-2000) have so far appeared.

John McCourt teaches at Università Roma Tre. He is the author of *James Joyce: A Passionate Exile* (1999) and of *The Years of Bloom: Joyce in Trieste 1904-1920* (2000). An extended Italian version, *James Joyce Gli Anni di Bloom* was published by Mondadori in 2004 and won the Comisso Price. He has been guest editor of the *James Joyce Quarterly* and is currently a Trustee of the International James Joyce Foundation. In February 2009 his edited collection, *James Joyce in Context*, was published by Cambridge University Press. He published *Questioni Biografiche: Le tante vite di Yeats and Joyce* in 2010. In the same year, his edited collection, *Roll Away the Reel World: James Joyce and the Cinema Volta* came out Cork University Press. He is currently completing a book on Anthony Trollope and Ireland.

Geert Lernout teaches comparative literature at the University of Antwerp, where he also leads the James Joyce Center. He has published articles and books on the French reception of Joyce and most recently on Joyce and religion. In Dutch he writes books on the history of the book and on religion. With Daniel Ferrer and Vincent Deane he is editing the *Buffalo Finnegans Wake Notebooks* (Brepols).

Fritz Senn has a world-wide reputation as a Joyce expert. He was President of the International James Joyce Foundation and co-editor of the Frankfurt Joyce Edition. Since 1985 he has been director of the James Joyce Foundation Zürich. He has received numerous awards and honours for his work. He is honorary trustee of the International James Joyce Foundation and of The James Joyce Italian Foundation. Main publications on Joyce: *Joyce's Dislocations. Essays on Reading as Translation* (1983); *Nichts gegen Joyce: Joyce versus Nothing* (1983); *Inductive Scrutinies: Focus on Joyce,* (1995); *Nicht nur Nichts gegen Joyce* (1999); *Ulyssean Close-ups* PBJ 2 (2007); *Joycean Murmoirs: Fritz Senn on James Joyce* (2007).

Enrico Terrinoni teaches at the University for Foreigners, Perugia. He has translated authors such as Brendan Behan, Muriel Spark, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Francis Bacon. He is the author of *Occult Joyce. The Hidden in Ulysses* (2007). His Italian translation of *Ulysses* won the "Premio Napoli" in 2012. He is a regular columnist for the newspaper *Il Manifesto*.

Franca Ruggieri

FOREWORD

Twenty-nine years have elapsed since 1984, the year Giorgio Melchiori published *Joyce in Rome: the Genesis of Ulysses,* a volume of interrelated contributions for the 1982 Joyce Centenary celebrations in Rome. This was the first of what would become the *Joyce Studies in Italy* series**,** "an occasional publication aimed at collecting materials, which throw light upon Joyce's work and Joyce's world". Open – at the outset – to the "contributions of scholars from other academic institutions, both in Italy and abroad", in the course of time *Joyce Studies in Italy* has become a point of reference for Joyceans of every rank and country: established scholars, successful critics, young researchers and PhD students.

Still affirming its original intertextual approach, the series has always aimed at "developing a better understanding of the literary and human figure of Joyce, who, both as an individual and a writer, [still] represents an all-important cross-roads in Western culture."

Particular consideration of the scientific interests of younger, would-be contributors – subject, as they are, to the recently adopted rules of the Italian evaluation system – is the reason for the present passage from the original form of occasional publication to that of a regular annual review. Our most heartfelt wish is that *Joyce Studies in Italy* might still continue to play its role on behalf of James Joyce – promoting a wider reading and a better understanding of his writing – and, at the same time, on behalf of his utopia of literature, intended as a key to human awareness, liberation and dignity.

From the wide range of Joyce's works and Joyce's criticism, contributions to the first number of this new series discuss a variety of topics, ranging from problems of translation with *Finnegans Wake* and *Ulysses*, to comparative readings of Joyce and Italian authors, such as Carlo Emilio Gadda and Stefano D'Arrigo, from Jacques Lacan and the Joyce effect, to Joyce's use of *In the Track of the Sun* as a source in *Ulysses,* and the "histrionic" dimension of language in *Ulysses.*

A new addition to the volume is the Book Review section, which, we hope, will become more substantial in the future.

Our personal thanks go to Peter Douglas for his patient support.

Joyce and/in Italy

Andrea Binelli

ISOTOPY AS A CRITICAL AND TRANSLATIONAL PARADIGM IN THE 'ITALIAN' *ULYSSES*

The two terms of the heading "Joyce" and "Italy" are respectively refor-mulated within the framework of this article as *Ulysses* and two quite special sub-groups of the Italian community of Joyce's readers: critics and transla-tors. In particular, this essay will focus on the notion of isotopy – one that was crucial to the work of several Joycean scholars in Italy, and especially of Umberto Eco, Paola Pugliatti and Romana Zacchi – in the attempt to question its validity as an interpretive and translational paradigm in the three Italian translations of *Ulysses*: the first, 'canonical', translation carried out by Giulio De Angelis – with the help of Glauco Cambon, Carlo Izzo and Giorgio Melchiori – and published by Mondadori in 1960; the more recent ones by Enrico Terrinoni, with the help of Carlo Bigazzi, for Newton Compton (2012), and by Gianni Celati for Einaudi (2013).

Algirdas J. Greimas drew the term "isotopy" from physics and intro-duced it to linguistics and literary theory through his *Sémantique structurale* (1966), a ground-breaking study which quickly turned into a seminal con-tribution to the establishment of contemporary semiotics. Here Greimas greatly expanded the formal description of the structure of language initi-ated by Ferdinand de Saussure in *Cours de linguistique générale* (1916) and subsequently developed by Louis Hjelmslev in *Prolegomena to a Theory of Language*.[1] In fact, the whole of Greimas's work seemed to take its cue from Hjelmslev's stated ambition to depart from a certain "linguistic science, cul-tivated by philologists with a transcendent objective and under the strong

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[1]   The original version of *Prolegomena* was published in Copenhagen in 1943 under the title *Omkring sprogteoriens groundlæggelse*. Several years later, an American scholar, Francis J. Whitfield, took an interest in the subject and translated it into English. His translation was published in *The International Journal of American Linguistics* in 1953. In this article, I will make reference to the English version published in 1961 by the University of Wisconsin Press and edited by both Hjelmslev and Whitfield during a stay of the former in the US.

influence of a humanism that has rejected the idea of system" (Hjelmslev 1961, 10). This tradition, as Hjelmslev explained in the opening pages of his *Prolegomena*, held that "humanistic, as opposed to natural, phenomena are not recurrent, and for that very reason cannot, like natural phenomena, be subjected to exact and generalizing treatment" (8). This *a priori* denial of structural regularities and the consequent failure "to recognize the legitimacy and possibility of any such systematization" (9), condemned traditional linguistics to a methodology that was "mere description, which would be nearer to poetry than to exact science" (8-9), and finally accounted for its "vague and subjective, metaphysical and æstheticizing" character (10). In contrast to such a "discursive" approach (9), Hjelmslev called for "a systematic, exact, and generalizing science" (9), maintained that the aim of linguistic theory should be "[t]he search for [...] an aggregating and integrating constancy" (8) and claimed that such constancy had to be sought within language itself, not "in some «reality» outside language" (8). In *Language: An Introduction*, a "more popular" work of his (Lepschy, vii-viii), Hjelmslev made it clear that, in order to understand language, it is necessary to "give an account of the relationships into which it enters or which enter into it. Such relationships, or dependences, registered by scientific description, we shall call functions" (1970, 8). As I hope this work will demonstrate, Greimas's exploration of discursive coherence and his subsequent conceptualization of linguistic isotopy are precisely the outcomes of an attempt to enforce the Danish linguist's research agenda.

What is of special interest to this essay is Greimas's inquiry into Hjelmslev's quadripartite development of the Saussurean signifier/signified dichotomy, including the following insights into the concepts of substance of content and form of content:

> The substance of content must not be then considered as an extralinguistic reality – psychic or physical – but as the linguistic manifestation of the content, situated at another level than the form. The opposition of the form and substance, then, can be entirely located in the analysis of the content; it is not the opposition of the signifier (form) and signified (content), as a long tradition of the nineteenth century wanted us to believe. Form is just as significative as substance, and it is surprising that this Hjelmslevian formulation has not yet found the audience it deserves (1966a, 27).

In discussing the aspects and nature of the relationships/functions articulated on the level of content, Greimas rethought some very basic as-

sumptions regarding linguistic communication and eventually seemed to question Hjelmslev's definition of language as a "system of figurae that can be used to construct signs" (Hjelmslev 1961, 47). As he pointed out, "it is at the level of the structures, and not at the level of the elements, that the elementary signifying units must be sought […] Language is, not a system of signs, but an assemblage […] of structures of signification" (Greimas 1983, 20). However, this only apparent departure from the Danish master can actually be already envisaged in the analytical methodology, or "principle of analysis" (1961, 21), laid down by Hjelmslev himself:

> Naïve realism would probably suppose that analysis consisted merely in dividing a given object into parts […] the important thing is not the division of an object into parts, but the conduct of the analysis so that it conforms to the mutual dependences between these parts, and permits us to give an adequate account of them […] both the object under examination and its parts have existence only by virtue of these dependences; the whole of the object under examination can be defined only by their sum total; and each of its parts can be defined only by the dependences joining it to other coordinated parts, to the whole, and to its parts of the next degree, and by the sum of the dependences that these parts of the next degree contract with each other. After we have recognized this, the "objects" of naïve realism are, from our point of view, nothing but intersections of bundles of such dependences. [...] A totality does not consist of things but of relationships (1961, 22-23).

It is thus clear that, when Greimas published *Sémantique structurale* and shifted the focus of linguistics – and consequently of semiotics – from signs to signification (Bertrand, 13), he was actually following Hjelmslev's suggestion, whereby the manifested units of language should no longer be regarded as the proper terms of linguistic meaning-making processes, but as mere intersections of dependences, or, in his own terms, as "forms in the manifestation of interrelations" (Greimas 1983, 42).

The theoretical assumptions which framed Hjelmslev's "principle of analysis" also provided the basis for Greimas's definition of message as a "*totalité de signification*" (1966a, 53) – "a meaningful whole" (1983, 59) – and for his analysis of content as the semiological universe shaped by interrelated functions within a structural model. Such analysis was meant to develop a consistent theory of signification, one that would explain the semantic arrangements – "the modes of existence and the modes of manifestation of signifying structures" (1983, 46) – that enable a listener / reader to carry

out a uniform and coherent interpretation of messages despite the multiple semantic virtualities these may express. Such theory of signification would certainly be welcomed by readers, critics and translators who have to deal with the wavering symbolism of *Ulysses*. As Eco famously claimed in *Le poetiche di Joyce*, intentional polysemy has always been a staple of literature and does not characterize the style of contemporary writers only, even though Joyce is surely an emblematic case in point (1966, 116). With respect to ambiguous and polysemous communicative acts, Greimas found out that homogeneous readings of texts result from the semantic relationships realised by linguistic elements on a discursive level (beyond the sentence) and on a nuclear level (within the word). In fact, lexical items – and, as we will see below, this also applies to such formal elements as phonological, morphological, syntactical and enunciative ones – often enter these relationships of coherence through their atomic level. This claim was made possible by a micro-analysis of the atoms of content that accounted for their contextual and therefore relative constituency. In particular, Greimas's dissection of the signifying potential of lexical units was to be known as "semic analysis" and was subsequently discussed by Bernard Pottier and Eco, among others.

In Greimas's terminology, "lexemes", or entries in the dictionary, are the minimum units of discourse: "unités de communication" (1966a, 42). Being a virtual unit of content, only when actualized within an utterance a lexeme can acquire a meaning, or better an "*effet de sens*" (1966a, 45). Meaning effects can be as many as the contexts[2] in which a lexeme is used. They are called "sememes" and each of them amounts to a sum of minimum units of signification, i.e. of "semes", or semantic markers. Semes are further distinguished into a) specific, permanent and invariant semes, called "nuclear semes", and b) generic, contextual and variable semes, called "classemes" (1983, 50-60).[3] Lexemes are usually graphically represented between slashes, as with /flowed/, sememes are represented between non-English quotation marks, as with «flowed», and semes are represented in italic type, as with *flowed*.

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[2]   In the footsteps of Henry Widdowson, the context is here assumed to be a "set of premises [...] a psychological construct, a subset of the hearer's assumptions about the world. It is these assumptions, of course, rather than the actual state of the world that affect the interpretation of a utterance" (115-16).

[3]   Bernard Pottier's classification of semes differed from Greimas's in that the former actually distinguished three subsets of semes: specific and constant (which he called semantemes), generic and variable (classemes), and connotative semes (virtuemes).

Greimas's semic analysis and the relative terminology are also employed in *Terribilia Meditans* by Pugliatti and Zacchi. In fact, both scholars drew heavily from structural semantics in their analysis of the interior monologue in *Ulysses*. For instance, according to Pugliatti, when found at the end of "Telemachus" the lexeme /flowed/ turns into a sememe, «flowed», whose semantic potential is composed by the interaction of several semes including the nuclear seme *fluidity*; the classemes *mutability*, *continuity*, *visibility*, and *audibility*; their opposites *stagnation*, *fixity*, *discontinuity*, *invisibility*, and *inaudibility*; and other semes. Most of these semes recur in the stream of consciousness that follows and are found to be relevant classemes of several sememes and phrases («water», «lake», «floating foampool», «swirling», and others). Moreover, these very semes are argued to be connotatively referred to on the formal level by the dissemination of the phonemes of /flowed/ in several lexemes or phrases (/*ful*lness/, /*li*fted/, /*l*ow/, /*fl*ooded/, /*l*et *fall*/, etc). and by morpho-syntactical features characterizing the fluent prose of the excerpt and symbolizing – acting as connotative signifiers of – the same fluidity expressed on the content level (34-63). With respect to these last two observations, Pugliatti contended that not only does the plane of expression partake in the textual meaning-making process by conveying connotative effects – a position that reminds of Halliday's "textual meaning" (23) – but also does so through semantic realizations that can be completely autonomous from those of the denotative content (17-18). Thus, in a Hjelmslevian fashion, she acknowledged that the formal level of Joyce's stream of consciousness is not separate from its content, as it actually carries significant meaning. All this considered, the experience of reading Stephen's interior monologue is reported to be strongly marked by a dogged and presumably central insistence on the idea of fluidity.

What is crucial to the theoretical considerations that will be looked into later on is that such insistence is induced by the almost constant iteration of manifested and non-manifested content units and formal properties that enter a range of conjunctive as well disjunctive (paradigmatic) relationships. In Pugliatti's interpretation, the excerpt she scrutinized in her work can ultimately be seen as the expansion of the sememe «fluidity» and of its three main denotations, *flowing*, *continuity*, *mutability*, through the recurrence of the following six predicates: *flows*, *stagnates*, *breathes*, *is visible*, *is audible*, *transforms* (62-65). Finally, her essay deliberately unfolds as a brilliant examination of the isotopies featuring in an excerpt from an interior

monologue in *Ulysses* and, especially, of the role covered by the isotopy of fluidity within the organized totality of that excerpt.[4]

Greimas termed "isotopy" such relationship of semantic coherence among lexemes, longer chunks of text and formal sometimes non-manifested elements including, for instance, the tense, the rhetorical devices and the syntactical properties that create either symmetry or imbalance throughout a text. In fact, his idea of isotopy was originally confined to the level of content and, more precisely, to the iterativeness[5] of classemes. His first definition was: an "ensemble redondant de catégories sémantiques qui rend possible la lecture uniforme du récit, telle qu'elle résulte des lectures partielles des énoncés après résolution de leurs ambiguïtés, cette résolution elle-même était guidée par la recherche de la lecture unique" (Greimas 1966b, 30). And what he meant by "catégories sémantiques" is better explained, once again, in *Sémantic structurale*:

> [...] what we understand by the isotopy of a text: it is the permanence of a hierarchical classematic base which, because the classematic categories are the opening of the paradigms, allows variations of the units of manifestation, variations which, instead of destroying the isotopy, on the contrary only confirm it (1983, 108).

Only afterwards did Greimas accept the suggestion by Michel Arrivé, Francois Rastier, Jean Marie Klinkenberg and Group M (1970; 1976) that the isotopies of the expression be addressed too, as they could be successfully exploited to interrogate the correlation between the level of form and that of content: "Théoriquement, rien ne s'oppose à l'emprunt au plan du contenu du concept d'isotopie [...] Un niveau phonémique donnant lieu à une lecture isotope semble pouvoir être postulé" (1972, 16). On the other hand, he expressed some doubts about Rastier's proposal to consider the isotopy as a property of the discourse produced on all textual levels – "produites à tous les niveaux d'un texte" (83) – one that would cover all iterations of any linguistic unit – "toute itération d'une unité linguistique" (82) – no matter

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[4]   Zacchi and Pugliatti repeatedly questioned the legitimacy – and the "methodological challenge" (68) – of selecting fragments from *Ulysses* and addressing them as texts. See 10-11; 16; 68; 118-19.

[5]   As one can read in Greimas and Courtés's *Dictionary*, "iterativenes is the reproduction, along the syntagmatic axis, of identical or comparable dimensions to be found on the same level of analysis" (173).

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whether these units belonged to the planes of content or of expression, and regardless of their semantic input (Greimas and Courtés, 173). To make an example of how the analysis of the level of the expression may disclose relevant information about the content of a text, it is worth quoting Group M and their reading of Molly Bloom's monologue in *Ulysses*: "[d]ans l'exemple de James Joyce, les ruptures non réévaluées connotent précisément le monologue intérieur et l'isotopie serait alors constituée par l'unité de l'instance énonciatrice. On parlera dans tous ces cas d'*isotopie de connotation*" (1976, 52). Likewise, Pugliatti defined "isotopia dell'espressione un significato di connotazione veicolato da una qualche manipolazione del significante la quale tenda, consapevolmente o no, ad opporre ostacoli alla irregolarità del livello espressivo della manifestazione linguistica" (31) and also focused on these very isotopies of the expression in her search for the semantic organization of Stephen's monologue at the end of "Telemachus".

As Denis Bertrand recorded, Greimas himself, while working on the isotopy, gradually widened his focus so as to include not only the iterativeness of classemes, but also that of other elements of signification within the scope of the isotopy (119). In so doing, he paved the way for discussions on the poly-isotopic nature of texts, the possibility to arrange hierarchies of isotopies, and the opportunity to select the most strategic ones, a heuristic process whose importance cannot be overemphasized when it comes to translating literary texts. A risk, for instance, would be that the original isotopic approach (from the classeme to the text, i.e., from the part to the whole) may turn into a whole-to-the-part approach with the selection of a certain isotopy accordingly guiding translators in a search for figures within the source text that may be consistent with their isotopic reading. In other terms, this approach would account for an inductive generative process whereby, following the thematization of certain figurative isotopies,[6] what remains of the text may then be questioned in the attempt to fit it in the interpretive framework provided by that thematization. Logically, this risk is inherent to any translation and can only be avoided by relying exclusively on textual evidence for one's interpretation, as is the case of the translations of *Ulysses* examined in this essay.

[6]   Figurative isotopies concern the figures of time, place, and actors to be found on the surface of a text and providing an effect of real. Their thematization is a more general and abstract interpretation, an act of hermeneutic appropriation that charges these figures with a narrative value and inscribes their sense within a precise framework (Bertrand 28).

However, if we agree with Eco's – and, as we have seen, with Pugliatti's – ideas of sememe as a "text-oriented instruction" and of text as the "expansion of a sememe" (Eco 1979, 19; 23), then, not only can we regard the isotopy as an effective criterion to erase ambiguities (Group M 1976, 44), but we can also see it as a means to identify what is at stakes in a text. According to Group M, Greimas's conceptualization of isotopy was in fact meant to revise the old and imprecise notions of "thème" and "sujet" – theme and subject – traditionally employed by critics (1976, 42). In Pozuelo Yvancos's view, its aim is part of a broader plan to employ more "scientific" tools in literary studies: "la descripción isotópica es una manera de ordenar más científicamente lo que en la teoría literaria se llamaba *tema* de un texto" (209). The similarities and differences between isotopy and topic are also discussed by Eco in *Lector in fabula*:

> [t]he topic is a meta-textual tool, an abductive scheme proposed by the reader (88) […] the identification of the topic is a matter of inference, that is of what Peirce would call abduction. To identify a topic means to formulate an hypothesis regarding a certain regularity in the textual behaviour. This type of regularity is what, we believe, fixes the limits and terms of coherence in a text (90). […] the topic is a pragmatic phenomenon while the isotopy is a semantic one. The topic is an hypothesis that depends on the reader […] Starting from the topic, the reader may decide either to magnify or narcotise the semantic properties of lexemes, thus establishing the level of interpretive coherence called isotopy (92).

Arguably, "the cooperative (pragmatic) movement that", in Eco's understanding, "prompts the reader to locate the isotopies" and to identify the theme/topic[7] of a text (1979, 101) overlaps the process of thematization as intended by semioticians: the abstract semantic investment of a syntactic form obtained through the conversion of figures into conceptual values (Courtés, 41-62). This semiotic perspective is consistent with Teun A. van Dijk's assertion that the main isotopic patterns of a given text can reproduce its deep semantic structures (180). How readers can trace an hierarchy of these isotopies[8] in order to appreciate the deep textual structures has been largely debat-

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7   Eco does not distinguish the concepts of topic and theme. Actually, while discussing Žolkovskij's work on the theme, he argues that no serious danger may come from using the two terms interchangeably (1979, 88).

8   According to Pugliatti, this possibility is a misunderstanding of Greimas's words, "hierarchical classematic base", that would actually refer to a hierarchy of classemes and not of isotopies (22).

ed. While Eco stressed the importance of the distribution of relevant sememes in strategic positions (1979, 91), van Dijk noticed that central isotopies are usually built on the classemes that recur in the highest number of sememes (202). This statistical criterion was also accepted by Arrivé.

It goes without saying that the central isotopies of literary texts are precisely what translators must not fail to focus on in their negotiation with the source texts so as to ensure the reproduction of their dianoetic nuclei in the target texts. One may even suggest that different translations are often accounted for by the selection of different isotopies by the translators and therefore by a different hierarchization of isotopies. For instance, this is clearly the case of sememes that are connected to more isotopies (also called shifters or *embrayeurs*) and are translated in the light of one isotopy and therefore of one classeme only. As a consequence, the context to which that classeme is considered to be more relevant by pragmatic inference is "magnified", whereas the other isotopic level(s) is/are subordinated or "narcotised" (Eco 2002, 139).

Despite its importance, the notion of isotopy has been unexpectedly neglected by translation theorists, with just few exceptions (Gerzymisch-Arbogast; Mudersbach and Gerzymisch-Arbogast; Nord). On the other hand, great translators seldom disregard the networks of semantic coherence that establish the isotopic levels of literary works, even though they are not always aware of their mechanisms and consequences. This unawareness should not surprise and merely mirrors the non-intentionality component that is intrinsic to all communicative acts, including literary ones (see Eco 2002 on *intentio operis*). At all rates, as Greimas pointed out, unintentional does not mean non-existent: "Whether the complex isotopy of discourse is caused by the conscious intention of the speaker or whether it is set there without his knowledge does not change anything about the very structure of its manifestation" (1983, 111).

The isotopies listed by Pugliatti and Zacchi in *Terribilia Meditans* can be found in all the Italian translations of Telemachus, even though with some critical differences. The complex isotopy of fluidity is somehow perceived to be so central in the translation process that sometimes terms were selected from the semantic field of water and related fields, even when the sememes in the source text would not directly justify this selection. This is, for instance, the case of De Angelis's "sguazza" for "slops", "rete" for "toil"; of Celati's "lasciate andar sul fondo" translating "let fall"; of Terrinoni's "squamata" for "leprous". These are typical examples of compensation in a

content-oriented translation and are determined by what Zacchi calls the "lexematic attraction" induced by isotopic lines (88): essentially these compensations unveil the paradigmatic role granted by the Italian translators to the complex isotopy of fluidity in their reconstructions of a possible world. In other terms, isotopies act as constraints on the work of translators and this property of theirs is a powerful tool that can greatly help guide translational choices. Isotopies can thus be thought of as gravitational centres around which the textual coherence of texts is organized. To a reader the isotopy is a map that tells you where you are. To a translator the isotopy is a compass that tells you where to go.

Isotopies can influence and 'prime' the lexical choices by a translator and be neglected by other translators when the interpretation is not so uniform as in the examples above. This occurs more frequently when only two lexemes or a brief phrase are concerned.[9] The following examples are however no less indicative of the important role of isotopies as interpretive and translational paradigms than the previous ones illustrating the structural force of central isotopies. For instance, Joyce's "long lassoes" at the beginning of a paragraph became "larghi giri di cappio" in Celati's version,[10] a solution that presumably owes much to the recurrence of the classeme *death* and to the relative isotopy manifested later in the source text passage through the lexemes /drowned/, /dead/, /corpse/, /corpsegas/, /stark/ and /grave/. The link between these figures is made possible – and the text is accordingly perceived by the reader as a semantic continuum – thanks to a frame or intertextual script that is stored in our memory. In Marvin Minsky's definition, frames are traces of previous experience stored in our knowledge which we identify according to the influence exerted by the context. It is therefore through a "contextual pressure" that readers and listeners recognize the recurrence of the classeme *death*, thematize «death» as the relevant topic in the communicative act, and eventually interpret other figures in the text in the light of this general frame or explanation (Eco 1984, 182-83). Should we use Eco's terms, the sememe «lassoes» is thus "disambiguated" according to a "contextual selection" (2003, 29-31): this is the selection of the contextual seme *dead* among the semes that our encyclopedic knowledge associates to «lassoes» as well as to the other sememe(s) of the text that is/are felt to be joined to (the understanding of) «lassoes» on account of Hjelmslevian se-

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[9] On the minimal conditions for the existence of isotopies, see Group M 1970.
[10] «Cappio» translates «noose».

mantic dependences. As a consequence of these dependences, the selection of /cappio/ finally sheds a lethal light on the overall Italian co-text or verbal environment. Moreover, it should be observed that Celati's dissemination of the isotopy of death in a place of the text where it is actually much less explicit was obviously an arbitrary choice of no small consequence, as it provided the scene with a funeral setting right from the beginning.

Celati was consistent with his choice and insisted on this isotopy also when it came to translating the unusual repetitions of forms of the verb 'to pass' in just one sentence: "will pass on", "passing", "passing". Accordingly, he translated "will pass on" into "scorrerà tutto", where the deliberate addition of "tutto" – everything – is arguably meant to articulate the fatalistic attitude typical of Stephen's personality and to hint at the transient nature of animate and inanimate beings all around the monologuing character. It is worth noting that De Angelis translated all three occurrences into forms of the verb /scorrere/,[11] thus inscribing also this sentence within the frame of the isotopy of fluidity, while Terrinoni safely opted for the polysemous, more ambiguous, and, as such, perfectly Joycean sememes «passeranno» and «passando», that encompass both the seme of *fluency* and that of *mortality*. These sememes amount to *embrayeurs* or shifters, as they enter more isotopies.

Also De Angelis carried out original lexical choices according to the isotopies he found to be temporarily prevalent in phrases or sentences. For instance, by translating "bounded in barrels" into "imbrigliata in barili", he semantically connected a complex metaphor to the metaphorical "rearing horses"[12] of the previous line. Moreover, his solution "plop, blop, blap: imbrigliata in barili" did not fail to reproduce a similarly euphonic pattern to the alliteration [b+vowel] of the original.

It should be evident by now how fundamental isotopies are in the translation of literary texts, also when these texts exhibit the apparently disconnected combinations along the syntagmatic axis that are distinctive of a stream of consciousness. Besides, by virtue of a range of morpho-syntactical peculiarities, the narrative technique of the stream of consciousness tends to be rich with isotopies of the expression. As far as *Ulysses* is concerned, also when the three Italian translators carried out different versions of this type of isotopies, their aim often seemed to be the same: to reproduce the meaning effects

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[11]   «Scorrere» translates «to run», «to flow», «to stream».
[12]   «Imbrigliata» denotatively translates «bridled».

conveyed by the phonetic, syntactical, prosodic or enunciative arrangements of the original. This is certainly what occurred with the Italian translations of the many onomatopoeias in Joyce's masterwork and with the reproduction of the phonosimbolic texture of several other phrases connotatively mimicking, reinforcing, or even ironically questioning the content. Just think of the idea of watery movement in De Angelis's "**Flu**isce *b*ar*b*ugl*i*ando, **flu**endo po*ss*ente, **fio**ttando **fio**cchi di *sp*uma, **fio**re *sb*occ*i*ante", or of the whispering waves in Terrinoni's "signore, sono stanche: e, **s**e **suss**u*rr*i lo*r*o, **so**spi*r*ano". Celati laid even more emphasis on this point. He actually devoted the entire – if brief – introduction to his *Ulisse* to explain the poetic and cultural reasons of his successful effort to maintain the phonetic iconicity (Boase-Beier, 11-12; 30) of Joyce's idiolect, i.e., the stylistic phenomenon by means of which formal aspects of a linguistic representation resembles what is represented.

As seen above, the textual features articulating this iconic property can be explored and consequently reproduced in translation through an isotopic analysis. The same can obviously be argued about the translation of several syntactical patterns. Celati and Terrinoni sometimes appeared to be more at ease than De Angelis when Joyce's hypotaxis and laconism had to be transferred into Italian. Suffice it to compare Terrinoni's "meglio farla finita subito" and De Angelis's "meglio finire questa faccenda presto" (that translate Joyce's "better get this job over quick") or Terrinoni's reformulation of demotic dialogues, "Eccolo qui. Aggancialo subito. […] Ce l'abbiamo. Piano ora" with De Angelis's apparent resistance against vernacular varieties of language: "Eccolo là. Uncìnalo presto. […] Lo teniamo. Piano ora". This difference can possibly be explained by the translators' relative familiarity with the low register often triggered by the rhetorical and syntactical qualities of Joyce's interior monologue.

Obviously enough, however interesting, the examples of translation of isotopies – these being thematic, of the expression, or metaphorical alike – would be too many for the size of this article. However, I hope that the above examples are sufficient to show that the notion of isotopy provides a key not only to the theme of the text but also to the formal – stylistic – elements that govern the relationship between the form and the content of *Ulysses*. In other terms, isotopies can be regarded as illustrative of an author's style, this being what characterizes a book beyond its content. Such connection between isotopy and style mirrors the relationship between the interpretation induced and oriented by a frame and the relative hierarchy of isotopies, on the one hand, and its figurative and even sensorial manifesta-

tion, on the other hand. An author's style can therefore be considered the outcome of references, knowledge, sensibilities, projections that are seldom made explicit in their writing and yet pervade and structure the possible world shaped in their representations. The paradigmatic role of isotopies in translating literature accordingly becomes evident if one agrees with Friedrich Schleiermacher's and many others' idea that to translate a literary text primarily means to translate its genius or style. In the same understading its validity as a means to analyse and evaluate translations is also paramount, as this essay may have demonstrated.

In *Terribilia Meditans*, Pugliatti argued that it is impossible to summarize *Ulysses*, to define its theme (15-16), unless we accept Eco's suggestion that one should thematize the stream of consciousness itself (1979, 90). Finally, the thesis of this article is that despite the impossibility to summarize what is to be found in *Ulysses*, it is possible, through the help of isotopies, to translate it into another language.

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FRANCESCA CARACENI

A STUDY OF ANTHONY BURGESS'S ITALIAN VERSION OF *FINNEGANS WAKE*'S INCIPIT.

Le devoir et la tâche d'un ecrivain sont ceux d'un traducteur.
Marcel Proust

"When *I* use a word", Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less".
"The question is", said Alice, "whether you CAN make words mean so many different things".
"The question is", said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all".

Lewis Carroll,
Through the Looking-Glass

A translator attempting to render *Finnegans Wake* (from now on: *FW*) must be aware he is undertaking a "babelian adventure" (1984, 153), to quote Derrida. Joyce's revolutionary use of language makes *FW* an atypical source text (ST). Its polysemy, multilingualism, syntactical dislocations, puns and distortions bend the language to an endlessly dynamic recreation of sense and meaning. Stephen Heath defined *FW* as a "permanent interplication", the open text par excellence, asking the reader to take an active role in it, "to become its actor" (1984, 32).

Reading *FW* is therefore a matter of re-encoding the text by means of one's cultural and linguistic possibilities. It could be said, in other words, that an attentive reading of Joyce's last work implicitly demands a translational act on the reader's part: "Joyce is involving himself and us in a stupendous act of retrospective translation, whereby the distinctions and differences between words and languages are collapsed into a basic, originary speech native to the subconscious, not the conscious, mind" (2004, 65).

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Schenoni's version has been the only systematic approach to a complete Italian translation of *FW* so far, while Wilcock, Celati, Diacono, Sanesi have provided their version of only some fragments of the book. So did Anthony Burgess, who published his translation of *FW*'s incipit in an article for the Times Literary Supplement, dated 1975 (1975, 1296). The purpose of this paper is to offer a close study of some of Burgess's translational strategies, an undertaking that can be better accomplished by making constant reference to his thorough study of Joyce's language, Joysprick (1973). Burgess's deep and keen commitment to the study of Joyce's works needs not to be further detailed here, while a possibly daring parallel may be drawn between his treatment of *Finnegans Wake*, and Joyce's self-translational strategies, as employed for the Italian version of Anna Livia Plurabelle, on which Risset, Eco and Bosinelli have provided the most complete studies so far (1979 & 1996).

Following Senn's suggestion that everything Joyce wrote is related to translation, Bosinelli commented on Joyce's Italian version of the Anna Livia Plurabelle chapter putting forth the hypothesis that the ST stands out simultaneously as an example of writing as translation, and of reading as translation (1996, 41); such a statement is based on Steiner's idea that "inside or between languages, human communication equals translation" (1975, 49). According to Eco, translating *FW* means accepting Joyce's challenge, that of re-inventing the language the text is being translated into. Joyce's translation, or rather "(re)creative self-translation" (2001, 23)—as Michael Oustinoff would define it—works in this precise direction. A (re)creative self-translation allows the author a greater degree of freedom since it entails a radical manipulation of the original. The target text becomes something different, because the self-translator can intervene on the narrative structure of the text, the status of the characters etc, ending up with a final draft so distant from the original that it may be hard to distinguish from the source text (2001, 34).

As a self-translator, Joyce does not remain faithful to his own text at all. On the contrary, he reworks syntactic and morphological patterns of the target language to convey the same "effect" as the original. The nominal morphology, for example, is disrupted through the creation of polysyllabic neologisms which replace syncopated, monosyllabic sentences and allow for linguistic condensation and economy of expression, thus enriching both the metaphorical power and the connotational range of words. This may be the reason why Luigi Schenoni did not show much enthusiasm for Joyce's version: "I think I am the only existing person who does not like it at all. It is a re-making, with its pros and cons" (1983, 143).

Jacqueline Risset remarks on Joyce's use of spoken Italian to make the language of the washerwomen even more idiomatic, especially by means of proverbs, popular sentences and regional dialects, such as Tuscan, Roman and Venetian (1979, 201). From a historical perspective, Joyce's betrayal of his original text can be interpreted as an act of cultural subversion against Mussolini's linguistic politics of "italianizzazione", which most gravely affected diglossic regions like Friuli[1]. It must not be forgotten that Joyce's self-translation was published in "Prospettive" on Feb 2nd, 1940, and that its appearance was seen/interpreted by some critics as a fierce attack on the Italian cultural system. The fact that such radical experimentations on the language were being proposed by an English-speaking writer in cooperation with an intellectual Jew, Nino Frank, was seen as the proof of a literary "revolt", and Italian newspapers lamented Joyce's "Literary Jewishness" (1939), which would serve as a means to remove "Roma Universa" from its cultural altar, and to substitute it with the "golden idol of Jewish internationalism" (1934, 18-19). Joyce's self-translation acquires, thus, the shades of a political protest against the regime (1996, 60), a linguistic and aesthetic earthquake conjured up to shake the foundations of the cultural system which was receiving it.

Burgess's and Joyce's translational processes show a high degree of affinity, even though it cannot be taken for granted that Burgess had read Anna Livia Plurabelle in Italian. He sticks to the reading of *FW* he gave in Joysprick, re-writing the text in Italian so as to unveil much of its "culturally loaded" words. He writes: "The real problems of *Finnegans Wake* are not semantic but referential. […] Our understanding of Joyce […] depends, as may now be dimly apparent, on other factors than a linguistic ingenuity that matches the author's own. There has to be curious learning - encyclopaedic rather than mere lexicographical knowledge" (1973, 138-143). Before proposing his translation, Burgess claims: "An Englishman will, notoriously, do things with a foreign language a native speaker would be shocked to dream of doing, and I have no shame of twisting the language of Dante into the first Italian oneiroglott" (1975), advocating for himself the same freedom Joyce allowed himself when it came to re-write in Italian Anna Livia Plurabelle: "May Father Dante forgive me, but I have proceeded from this technique of deformation to reach a kind of harmony able to win our intelligence, like music" (1955, 30).

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[1]   It is of extreme interest, in this respect, that Joyce referred to San Dorligo Della Valle, one of the many Slovenian toponyms which had been "Italianized" by the regime, as "San Ordorico Della Valle di Lacrime" in his 1924 letter to Svevo, while at the same time defining the character of Anna Livia Plurabelle as the "Pirra irlandese" (1974, 422).

Burgess presents his Italian version of *FW*'s incipit after a long introduction in which he recounts his experience as a foreign writer based in Rome, as a foreign reader of contemporary Italian literature, and finally as a translator from Roman vernacular into English. Burgess's idea is that "the weakness of a great deal of contemporary Italian writing has to do with its being ideologically engaged" to political parties. He observes that Italian authors tend to use their standard variety for political purposes, underestimating the aesthetic possibilities offered by regional dialects, which sound "diminishing and parochial" to native speakers. Burgess, then, credits the eighteenth century Roman vernacular poet, Gioacchino Belli, whom he was translating into English, for having written "richly obscene and blasphemous" sonnets, as part of his protest against "cant, hypocrisy and oppression in a very personal and non partisan manner". He then traces a parallel between Belli and Joyce, adding that, to unleash itself from its political paralysis, the Italian literary scene may need the same kind of "aesthetic shock that once came from Pavese's translation of Joyce", the same kind of aesthetic shock, I would add, Joyce himself pursued in writing and self-translating *FW*.

Burgess calls his paragraph *pHorbiCEtta*, as a metatextual homage to the protean character of *FW*, HCE, and at the same time as a possible translation for the character's surname, Earwicker, which is widely known as a reference to the earwig, an insect, in Italian forbicetta. In Burgess's words, "(*pHorbiC-Etta*) has HCE addressing the same world as His Holiness but still ending up as a forbicetta or earwig" (all preceding quotations are from Burgess, 1975).

The phrase "same world as His Holiness" refers to the Latin morpheme —orbi- in the word. This is surely an ironic twist, since the name *pHorbiC-Etta* embodies simultaneously the earthly qualities of Everybody/Earwicker, the acronym for High Church of England, and the Latin solemnity of the Papal institution and Rome, the principal city of the Catholic world. I will now proceed to the analysis by highlighting significative elements in each paragraph, while activating an intertextual exchange with Schenoni's translation —held as a tertium comparationis.

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from **s**werve of **sh**ore to **b**end of **b**ay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.	filafiume, dopo da Eva ed Adamo, da gi**r**o di **riv**a a cu**rv**a di **b**aia, ci riconduci per un vico giambattistamente comodo di ricirculazione al Chestello di Howth e dintorni.	fluidofiume, passato Eva ed Adamo, da spiaggia sinuosa a baia biancheggiante, ci conduce con un più commodus vicus di ricircolo di nuovo a Howth Castle Edintorni.

Burgess begins his translation by playing with the alliteration in the first lines: he preserves the prevalence of the fricative sound, abandoning the repetition of the alveolar —s- (which Schenoni maintains), replacing it with the labiodentals —v-. He then ignores the repetition of the bilabial plosive —b-, and concentrates on the rhotic sound, stressing the Italian "rolled" —r- (vibrant alveolar) in contrast with the retroflex approximant in "swerve of shore" - if read with an Irish accent. Burgess insists on the reference to Vico, "Italianizing" the philospher's Latin name and adding a neologism, the adjective "giambattistamente", possibly to compensate the loss of the reference to the Emperor Commodus, whose name Schenoni leaves almost untranslated. He keeps the initials HCE, inverted in the name Chestello, and transforms the Italian language into a fertile soil for punning, evoking the backside of the human body in his "ricirculazione".

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had **passencore rearrived** from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to **wielderfight** his penisolate war:	Signore Tristano, violatore d'amori, d'attraverso il mare corto, **non aveva ancora ancora gettato** dell'Amorica del Nord sul cisistmo scosceso dell'Europa Minore per **rimuovere la sua guerra** penisulata:	Sir Tristram, violista d'amores, da sopra il mar d'Irlanda **aveva passencore riraggiunto dall'Armorica** del Nord su questa sponda l'istmo scosceso d'Europa Minore per **wielderbattere** la sua guerra peni solata:

Another interesting pun Burgess conjures up is the translation of the term "rearrived", a semantically complex creation, for it evokes the act of arriving again, but it can also be considered as a compound between the words rear - back - and the past participle of the verb "to rive", a synonym for "to fracture". Burgess links the verb to "fr'over the short sea", "d'attraverso il mare corto", and translates it with "aveva ancora àncora gettato". He plays with the two possible accentuations of the Italian word ancora, using the time adverb ancòra to hold to "rearrived" as "arrived again", and the phrase àncora gettato to indicate the act of riving the sea and seabed by casting an anchor, possibly from the stern - the rear - of the ship. The anaphora, moreover, recalls the "passencore" of the original,

which has in itself the French word for the Italian ancòra. The term "wielderfight", which Schenoni leaves almost untranslated, in Burgess's Italian becomes "rimuovere […] guerra". "To wield", according to the Webster online, means "to hold something (such as a tool or weapon)", and the verb collocates quite often with the noun "war"; "to wield war" can be translated in Italian with "muovere guerra", a one-to-one equivalence. Moreover, Burgess adds another layer of meaning to his rendering of the word simply by adding the affix —ri-, which recalls the central —r- in "wielderfight", and may also suggest the simultaneity of wielding and fighting a war implied in Joyce's compound.

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
nor had **topsawyer's rocks** by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselse to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time:	neppure i **sassoni tomsayereschi huckfinneschi** sul ruscello Oconee ci erano esagerati al gorghi gorgoglianti di Laurens County (Gorgia) quando sempre dubitavano il loro proprio Dublino:	né le **topsawyer's rocks** presso il fiume Oconee s'alterrano ingrandite fino ai gorgi della Laurens County mentre continuavano a raddublinare per tutto il tempo il loro mùmpero:

Another translational key-phrase is the Italian for "topsawyer's rocks", "sassoni tomsawyereschi huckfinneschi". Such a choice may of course recall Joyce's Italian polysyllabic creations, but it also stands as an appropriation of the text by Burgess as a man of letters and Joycean scholar. The intertextual game Joyce activates with Twain was something Burgess himself had been investigating, arriving at the conclusion that, even though Joyce was well acquainted with Twain's works, his interest in them was "mainly verbal" (1995, 32). What is relevant from a translatological point of view, is that Burgess goes beyond Joyce's fleeting hint of Twain by creating and adding the adjective "huckfinneschi", which of course is constructed upon the name of Twain's novel, but at the same time serves as a metatextual device to go back to Finn Mac Cool, the giant of the legend on whose name the title of the book is constructed. Finn is the heroic Celtic fighter who fought back the "rocks" from Ireland, in Joyce's text; "i sassoni", in Burgess's version.

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf **thuartpeat-rick:**	neppure una voce di fuo-co fuori aveva soffittato mishe mishe a tauftauf **tu es Pietrorbiera;**	né 'navoce da 'nfoco aveva soffiorato mishe mishe al tauftauf **tusei-peatrizio:**

The final paragraph has significant and interesting solutions to some of the complex portmanteau words Joyce employs, and of course Burgess's inventive solutions testify to his considerable erudition both regarding Joyce and the Bible. The phrase "thuartpeatrick", for example, at once a verbal syntagm comprising the old English for "you are" and the noun "peatrick", could be a compound formed by "pea" and "trick", or by "peat" and "rick", and at the same time a paronomastic rendering of Patrick, Ireland's patron saint. Inter-estingly, Burgess proposes a similar structure for his translation, "tuesPietror-biera" but, while sticking to the original by choosing a Latin vulgar/regional form for "tu sei" —the equivalent for the old English "thuart", he attempts a cultural transposition of the Saint's name, directing his attention to the receiv-ing culture with a more familiar reference, St. Peter. Considering that Italian is a flectional language, and as such it is less prone to phonetic blends and shifts, Burgess tries to convey a similar paronomasic effect by matching St. Peter's name, Pietro, with the —r- in the center recalling the disjunctive conjunc-tion —or-, and with the noun "biera", at once evoking "peat", the French for "beer" as well as a Finnish variation of the name Peter, Biera.

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
not yet, though **venis-soon** after, had a **kid-scad butt**ended a **bland old isaac**: not yet, though all's fair in **van-essy**, were sosie **sesthers wroth** with twone na-thandjoe.	neppure ancora, comun-que caccagionamente, poco dopdoppio, aveva (alla pari! Alla pari!) coz-za **Buttato** un **cadeca-pretto** il **cieco vecchio Isaaco**; neppure, benche *(sic!)*(ah, Giuda Maca-betto) **una stella** possa essere vanesia, gemelle **rutesternavano stizza** a joenathan binuno (Pre-sto furioso).	non ancora, benché ve-nisson dopo, una cada-glia aveva butte stato un blando vecchio Isacco: non ancora, benché tut-to sia lecito in vanessità, le sosie sesterelle s'erano adirate con un duun na-tanti.

In Joysprick, Burgess reads this sentence as a complex ordeal of Biblical, Shakespearean and Irish cultural and literary references. Both "venissoon" and "vanessy" may suggest Inverness which, with the "sesthers", may call up the image of Macbeth and Banquo meeting the witches. "Venissoon" though, if linked to "kidscad" and "bland old Isaac" may conjure up a fairly well-known biblical image which naturally activates another onomastic layer within the "sesthers", evoking the name Esther. Other Biblical and literary characters lay inside "wroth", recalling Ruth and Lady Mary Wroth and in the name "nathandjoe", the anagram for Jonathan, which of course is Swift's name too. In the Italian version, Burgess reveals the Biblical name game in round brackets ("Giuda Macabetto") —also a cross-reference to Macbeth; choosing to leave aside Esther for a moment in favour of a more culturally acceptable "stella… gemelle", while loosening "wroth" into "rutesternavano" and "stizza", recovering at once both Ruth and Esther in rut- ester- navano, and "wrath" in "stizza". Meanwhile "bland old Isaac" becomes, in Italian, "cieco vecchio Isaaco"; the English double vowel in Isaaco is not lost, to match the name with "Buttato", a past participle evidently preserving the capital letter to recall the surname Butt, of Isaac Butt, the Irish politician and patriot.

JOYCE	BURGESS	SCHENONI
Rot a peck of **pa**'s **malt** had Jhem or Shen brewed by **arclight** and rory end to the **regginbrow** was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.	Niente (**no, no**, Noe) **malto di babbo** avevano ancora birrato Jhem neanche Shen sotto **lampade ad arcobaleno**, ed il **reggimbogenmento ettartico** non ancora girava sull'acquafaccia.	Rutta un poco del malto di pa' Jhem o Shen avevano fatto fermentare con luce d'arco e una rorida fine al regginbaleno si doveva ancora vedere ringsull'acquafaccia.

The following paragraph opens with a reference to Noah in an amplifying parenthesis which is totally absent in the ST. Burgess's "no, no, Noe" is to be interpreted as an addition to "malto di babbo", the translation for the original's "pa's malt". In the original, Joyce plays with the linguistic ambiguity evoked by "pa", which is the colloquial Italian abbreviation for "papa", and the English abbreviation for "grandpa". This "pa", then, is at once a father and a grandfather, and in Burgess's reading and translation this ambiguity is clarified in round brackets: the anaphora "no, no", if read aloud in

Italian, sounds exactly like "nonno", and Noah, the grandfather of humanity, is a winegod, the first to have learned how to brew after the flood and who passed on the secret to his sons, our fathers, which in the text are "Jhem" and "Shen", a linguistic 'impressionistic' assonance with Shem and Ham. The Biblical semantic field is reinforced in Joyce's original by the many references to the rainbow in "arclight", meaning of course "arc lamp", containing the same phoneme as "ark" and evoking, to the Italian reader, the image of a rainbow, which can be later on read in the "regginbrow … seen ringsome on the aquaface". Burgess attempts to recreate *FW*'s phonetic ambiguity and punning by creating polysyllabic words and by means of periphrasis: "arclight" becomes "lampade ad arcobaleno", while "regginbrow" is "reggimbogenmento ettartico". Regginbrow is a joycian compound built upon the German for rainbow, Regenbogen, and the anatomical part of the human face. Burgess builds upon the same structure his Italian equivalent "regginbogenmento", while "ettartico", the invented adjective qualifying in turn the invented name, refers to the alternative English word for rainbow, "heptharch".

Short and fragmentary as they may be, these findings are just a general snapshot of what could emerge from an attentive study of *FW*'s Italian translations. Similarities between the translational approaches adopted by Burgess and Joyce have been briefly outlined, particularly in terms of their cultural awareness towards the receiving system, but also as far as the manipulation and distortion of the target language is concerned. Burgess's version thus certainly signifies an interesting example of a very personal, target-oriented re-writing as translation.

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Gabriele Frasca

GADDA, A READER OF JOYCE?

ABSTRACT

The essay investigates the possible influence of Joyce's *Ulysses* on the finished version of *The Awful Mess on the Via Merulana*, whose writing Gadda interrupted in 1947. By then, only five sections had appeared in the journal *Letteratura*. It is a fact that Gadda did not go back to the writing of his work for some six years, and the first complete edition came out in 1957. What happened in those years? What changes were made to his own work in progress?

In one of Carlo Emilio Gadda's libraries we find the the 1948 reprint of the 1929 French translation of Joyce's work, though no account can be found in his personal writings that he had actually read the book. On April 3, 1948, he wrote to his friend, the great Italian philologist Gianfranco Contini, that "the *Pasticciaccio* had already been extended by a good section", an addition which he considered "superfluous" to the economy of the narrative, as well as in descriptive terms. Which section he had written by then is still a matter of dispute.

Unlike other contemporary Italian writers, such as D'Arrigo and Pizzuto, he seldom directly mentioned Joyce in his writings; and yet a number of stylistic and narrative techniques and features that are absent from five published sections of *Pasticciaccio*, seem to have been given some prominence in the final volume. This might point to the keen interest he must have taken in the Irish writer's intuitions, before going back to the writing of his own masterpiece.

Among the suspicious similarities between *Ulysses* and the final *Pasticciaccio* are the gradual "intrusions" of interior monologues. This happens mostly in the scattered thoughts often occurring in the middle of other considerations. Furthermore, we witness to the splitting of the protagonist into two minds and two characters—Ingravallo and Pestalozzi—who increas-

ingly, especially in the final sections of the book, like Bloom and Stephen, tend to regard the same events and scenes from two distant though parallel perspectives. Finally, we find a number of apparent narrative coincidences that recreate some kind of ideal simultaneity in the unfolding of the stories, a simultaneity that is similar to the use Joyce makes of this "topos" in his work.

As regards the first aspect, one notices that, often in the third-person descriptions of the environment surrounding the women at the center of the investigation, an intruding force springs directly from their minds, giving voice to not-too-random thoughts, petty aspirations and wishful expectations. This is the case of the prostitute Ines Cionini, when she is in the police station, but it also happens with regard to the "sad reflections" of Camilla Mattonari or the sentimental memories of her cousin Lavinia.

On the other hand, the ideal division of the protagonists' minds seems evident especially in the eighth chapter of *Pasticciaccio*, where agent Pestalozzi experiences a dream that has a similar outline to the visions and hallucinations in "Circe". Just like Stephen and Bloom, Pestalozzi and Ingravallo seem to communicate as from a distance, and therefore they often "act in unison" directing their attention to the same image, or, as it happens, to the same clouds. (Curiously, the oneiric nature of the language used in Joyce and Gadda is reflected in the English translation of *Pasticciaccio* by William Weaver, published in 1966).

This type of simultaneity is further developed in a number of striking narrative coincidences, like a scene in Gadda's work where the slow motions of a horse and cart, and their not-too-thoughtful driver, closely resemble a similar description in a passage of "Eumeus", especially towards the end of the episode where "trois boules fumantes de crottin" are dropped on the street by the animal.

A mediator between Joyce and the Italian writer is the aforementioned critic Contini, who had taken such a deep interest in the Irish master that in 1936 he even went to Paris to take part in the public presentations of *Work in Progress*. During the years Gadda had supposedly devoted to a keen reading of *Ulysses* in French (1947-48?), the Italian critic frequently quotes the work of Joyce in his writings, paying much attention to his "expressionism", which he often compares to a similar tendency in Gadda. The critic would only explicitly make the case for a literary parallel between the two authors in Espressionismo letterario in 1977.

In una lettera inviata il 3 aprile del 1948, Carlo Emilio Gadda confidava all'amico filologo Gianfranco Contini che «il *Pasticciaccio* era già stato allungato d'un bel tratto (forse un po' superfluo nell'economia narrativa, se non pure nella descrittiva)», e che in buona sostanza richiedeva, a quadrare i conti con lo sviluppo della vicenda, solo di «un tratto eguale a chiusura» (Contini, Gadda 2009, 145). Aggiungendo insomma alle cinque puntate apparse sulla rivista «Letteratura» fra il '46 e il '47 questi tratti di pari grandezza, l'uno compiuto e l'altro spavaldamente dichiarato «già scritto» sebbene da rifinire («ci vuol solo ripulirlo», commentava nel lamentarne lo stato di «rabesco-geroglifico-campo di battaglia»), il romanzo, *Quer pasticciaccio brutto de via Merulana*, era insomma per lui bell'e concluso. Le cose presero però tutt'altra piega, dando vita a una latenza dall'opera che si sarebbe protratta per più di sei anni. Ora, in assenza del manoscritto autografo del romanzo non è dato divinare in quale direzione l'ingegnere avesse «allungato» nel '48 il *Pasticciaccio*. Ma sapendo per certo che a quella data non era ancora avvenuta alcuna soppressione, il «tratto» già compiuto non avrebbe potuto che proseguire la quinta parte apparsa su «Letteratura» (il sesto capitolo della definitiva), che assicurava un preciso avanzamento alle indagini, dopo le esplicite acquisizioni per la risoluzione del caso contenute nella famigerata quarta puntata che Gadda successivamente espunse, a sua detta, per «la salvaguardia del suspense» (VM 506). La chiamata in causa di una presunta superfluità ai fini della storia, d'altra parte, poco aiuta a identificare questo «bel tratto» già composto in quella che sarà l'ultima stesura dell'opera, il cui nuovo materiale prende l'avvio, nel montaggio definitivo del maggio del '57 (e dunque pochi mesi prime dell'uscita dell'opera), con quello che sarebbe divenuto il settimo capitolo.

Difficile che parte possa esserne rinvenuta nel nuovo interrogatorio a Ines Cionini che lo occupa per intero, visto che la pista reperita per l'occasione, grazie all'affollarsi di tanti funzionari intorno alla malcapitata passeggiatrice, risulterà alla fin fine quella giusta, facendo convergere l'attenzione degl'inquirenti con decisione su Albano e zone limitrofe. «Il caso», commenterà in chiusa l'autore (sollecitando il lettore a prendere atto di uno snodo narrativo), «pareva esser proprio lui quella notte a sovvenire i perplessi, a raddrizzare le indagini, mutato spiro il vento» (P 185). Persino facendo a meno delle informazioni ricavate dalla puntata soppressa, difatti, il secondo interrogatorio della Cionini tutto è tranne che «superfluo nell'economia

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narrativa», come riprova fra l'altro la circostanza che lo stesso Gadda, in una lettera inviata all'edirore Garzanti il 23 aprile del 1955 (citata in Pinotti 1989, 1146), se ne vantasse esplicitamente non solo come di un lavoro appena concluso, ma «tra i più vivi» del romanzo.

Che lo sia è fuor di dubbio; sul perché, dato che altro non accade che la prosecuzione a poche ore di distanza dello stesso interrogatorio che occupava buona parte del capitolo precedente, varrà invece la pena soffermarsi. Un elemento del tutto inedito difatti balza agli occhi, quanto meno sul versante della tecnica narrativa: al di dà di una partitura dei diretti che raggiunge a volte la consistenza di un radiodramma, la macchina stessa del rilievo narrativo, che aveva in precedenza, con l'incalzare degl'inquirenti, attribuito alla «povera figliola» (P 160) lo stile impersonale di una deposizione (sia pure con opportune intrusioni d'autore), passerà in verità Ines Cionini letteralmente ai raggi x, strappandole via i pensieri fino a inarcare l'indiretto sempre più libero della corale romanesca che regge l'intero *Pasticciaccio* nel primo autentico monologo interiore dell'opera:

> Ma gli uomini, quegli uomini, la ricattavano col solo sguardo, accesso e rotto, a intervalli, dai segni e dai lampi, non pertinenti alla pratica, di una cupidità ripugnante. Quegli uomini, da lei, volevano udire, sapere. Dietro di loro c'era la giustizia: *na macchina! No strazzio, la giustizia. Mejo piuttosto la fame, e annà pe strada, e sentisse pioviccicà ne li capelli; mejo addormisse a na panchina de lungotevere, a Prati...* (*P* 170, c.m)..

E il miracolo non si compirà per lei sola; da questo momento in poi, brandelli di pensieri voleranno via da un bel po' di personaggi, esattamente come, all'opposto, la testa del commissario Ingravallo diverrà sorprendentemente stagna. Stupisce quanto la circostanza sia stata poco sottolineata: se nel primo getto del *Pasticciaccio* (quello da identificare con le cinque puntate apparse su «Letteratura») gli unici pensieri sono attribuiti al commissario (che talvolta deduce e traduce gli altrui), nel secondo, scivolato don Ciccio «dietro una catena di pensieri» (P 164) di cui nulla (per «la salvaguardia del suspense») sarà dato sapere (persino nel risolutivo decimo capitolo), spetterà ad altri il cómpito d'inforcare le soggettive dell'opera. Alle donne, innanzi tutto, perché solo il loro punto di vista metterà a giorno la «cupidità ripugnante» dei nostri bravi funzionari, denunciandone i pensieri più reconditi; e poi all'altro investigatore, il brigadiere dei carabinieri Guerrino Pestalozzi, dal quale, tetragono com'era nel primo getto dell'opera, persino di gesso, tutto ci saremmo attesi eccetto una tale evoluzione.

Già: Pestalozzi. È noto come a rappresentare il fantomatico «bel tratto» dichiarato concluso nel '48 sia stato candidato innanzi tutto il frammento dell'ottavo capitolo cui toccò in sorte, con la pubblicazione de *Il sogno del brigadiere* sulla rivista «L'Apollo errante» (1954), di risultare la prima porzione del romanzo data alle stampe dopo l'ultima puntata apparsa in rivista (Pinotti 1989, 1143). A rendere però difficile tale identificazione, resta il fatto che la cura ricostituente che farà di Pestalozzi qualcosa di più di un comprimario non sembrerebbe essergli ancora stata somministrata a quella data, come si evince dal ruolo assai defilato che il personaggio svolge nel *Palazzo degli ori* (sceneggiatura tratta dal romanzo ancora in corso che Gadda portò a termine giusto nel 1948), sostanzialmente simile fra l'altro alla sua apparizione (poco più di una comparsata) nella versione di «Letteratura». Sempre che il brigadiere non si sia in realtà impossessato del sogno di un altro, e forse persino di parte del suo carattere. Quel sogno così contorto ma sessualmente trasparente calzerebbe a pennello, lo si dica senza reticenze, alla psiche di Ingravallo, e alla sua costante necessità di «reprimere, reprimere» (P 20) i suoi stessi impulsi erotici; e se altrettanto si attaglia a quella di Pestalozzi, è perché una nuova decisione d'autore ha fatto sì che dal loro fugace incontro, a cavallo giusto fra il sesto e il settimo capitolo (e dunque sul crinale fra un getto e l'altro), i due prendessero a influenzarsi reciprocamente a distanza. E, potremmo chiederci, perché mai? Perché Gadda, ricominciando a scrivere il suo romanzo dopo quasi sei anni di latenza, sentì la necessità di creare un deuteragonista che fosse però intimamente collegato al commissario Ingravallo?

Le coincidenze dovrebbero metterci in allarme. La tecnica a sbalzo della fuoriuscita dei pensieri, sia pure mai incanalati in un vero e proprio flusso di coscienza (la coscienza, anzi l'incoscienza, nel *Pasticciaccio* è solo collettiva), il profilarsi del rovello freudiano per eccellenza su che cosa sia, e che cosa invero vuole, una donna, la duplicazione del personaggio in due poli separati ma misteriosamente intercomunicanti: troppi sono gli elementi che stendono sulla seconda parte del *Pasticciaccio* l'ombra dello *Ulysses*. Possibile? Gadda, che fu sempre assai parsimonioso nel citare Joyce, non ha mai denunciato, lo sappiamo, alcun debito contratto con l'autore irlandese (più vecchio di lui di soli 11 anni), come invece fu sempre pronto a fare il suo coetaneo Antonio Pizzuto (che già nel 1927 si era messo in testa niente meno di tradurre lo *Ulysses*), o come successivamente non avrebbe certo evitato di dichiarare Stefano D'Arrigo (classe 1911). Eppure colpisce non solo la circostanza dell'inocularsi delle tecniche proprie dello *stream of consciousness* nel polifonico indiretto libero gaddiano a partire giusto dal settimo capitolo

del *Pasticciaccio*, ma anche che fra i tanti depositari di pensieri (persino il tetragono Pestalozzi mugugnerà a mezza bocca i tanto desiderati gradi di maresciallo) spicchino in realtà le tre donne che contribuiranno a risolvere il caso. Di Ines Cionini, si è detto; ma ancora più evidente è l'affiorare della tecnica nel nono capitolo, in cui sorprendiamo i livridi pensieri di Camilla Mattonari alla ricerca del demone responsabile della sua improvvisa disgrazia, e quelli invece trepidanti della cugina Lavinia, in ansia per la sorte dell'uomo che ama (Enea Retalli), ma in grado al contempo di ricordare i bei momenti trascorsi con lui, e di condurci pertanto «dietro a un arbero, dietro a na fratta, là, proprio, indove s'ereno detti de sì» (P 243-244). Quel boschetto e quel dirsi di sì è certo un topos della prima volta, e non occorre scomodare il monologo di Molly per un'esperienza che sarà stata (e magari continua a essere) di tanti. Ma è pur vero che nella seconda parte del *Pasticciaccio* le donne, convocate nel primo getto a rappresentare la femminilizzazione di massa che Gadda (come nel coevo *Eros e Priapo*) riteneva alla base dell'affermazione del fascismo, acquistano tutt'altro spessore. Gadda, insomma, è come se dopo quel periodo di latenza si fosse un po' ravveduto su quell'ossessione della «vulveria collettiva» (EP 269) che aveva guidato i primi passi dell'opera, e avesse finito col rendersi conto, per dirla con una battuta dell'ignoto conducente del calesse apparso quasi a chiusa del *Pasticciaccio* (e ci ritorneremo), che «le donne bisogna studialle bene prima de comincià» (P 242). Almeno quanto le aveva studiate Joyce...

Ma procediamo con ordine. A dar credito alla seconda e ancora assai cerimoniosa lettera inviata a Gianfranco Contini, a quell'altezza, era il 20 luglio del 1934, Gadda non aveva letto di Joyce che i soli *Dubliners* (Contini, Gadda 2009, 102). Se si passa però in rassegna quanto è sopravvissuto ai tanti traslochi della sua biblioteca, oltre all'edizione Albatros (Hamburg-Paris-Milano) dell'opera citata (apparsa nel 1932) e alla sua traduzione italiana uscita per Corbaccio l'anno successivo, fanno bella mostra di loro la versione di Cesare Pavese del *Portrait of the Artist as Young Man* (*Dedalus*, Frassinelli 1933), e soprattutto la traduzione francese di Morel e Gilbert (rivista da Larbaud e dallo stesso Joyce) dello *Ulysses* (1929), nell'edizione ristampata da Gallimard proprio nel fatidico 1948 (Cortellessa, Patrizi 2001, 140). Colpisce l'eventualità che Gadda possa essere entrato in contatto col capolavoro joyciano sostanzialmente nel periodo di latenza del *Pasticciaccio*, ed è più che probabile che la rinnovata attenzione per l'autore irlandese si debba proprio alla mediazione di Contini, che s'era fra l'altro trovato catapultato a Parigi nel '36, nel periodo di più accesa militanza del

circolo joyciano, quando cioè s'infittivano le iniziative pubbliche per il *Work in Progress*, alle quali spesso partecipò lo stesso Paul Valéry, che il giovane filologo aveva preso a frequentare sin dal 6 luglio di quell'anno.

La circostanza parrebbe avere una sua conferma nel dato che proprio nei primi anni di stesura del *Pasticciaccio*, Contini è come se avesse incrementato in sede critica, nei suoi sempre più puntuali richiami a una «eterna "funzione Gadda"» (Contini 1947a, 539), i riferimenti all'autore irlandese, convocato a rappresentare il lato più contemporaneo di quel fenomeno letterario che il filologo italiano definiva «espressionismo», e che faceva risalire agli autori della grande tradizione umoristica cinquecentesca, a partire da Teofilo Folengo e François Rabelais. Contini, insomma, affratellò assai per tempo, e sciente-mente, Gadda a Joyce, ben prima di affidare la santificazione di tale connu-bio, pur fra mille distinguo, alla famosa voce *Espressionismo letterario* apparsa nel 1977 nell'Enciclopedia del Novecento. L'operazione era quella di stagliare l'amico in un contesto europeo (come sarebbe poi accaduto, allegando anche Proust e Musil, all'altezza del saggio per l'edizione Einaudi della *Cognizione*); ma vale qui la pena notare come per Contini il nome di Joyce occorra per ben due volte nel '47 a rendere conto non solo della «deformazione linguistica [...] al servizio di un'urgenza spirituale» (Contini 1947b:, 51-52) che sta alla base dell'espressionismo, ma anche del riaffiorare in Gadda della forma narrativa (il romanzo) da lui più perseguita, e negata (se non a bella posta fallita), quella per l'appunto che Joyce aveva magnificato sì, ma secondo un suo progetto di fuoriuscita dalla letteratura, e dalla sua spinta identitaria e nazionalista, che il *Pasticciaccio*, a sua volta fin troppo sospettoso nei confronti dell'istituzione letteraria, non avrebbe esitato a fare proprio.

Come sarebbe possibile, del resto, non postulare alla base del «sogno del brigadiere», cioè dell'inizio del capitolo ottavo del *Pasticciaccio*, la lettura del quindicesimo episodio («Circe») dello *Ulysses*? Non è tanto in questione la presenza della «contessa Circia ebriaca» (P 194) nel lungo rigurgito di sogno dell'appena desto Pestalozzi, e di tutto il parossismo erotico conseguente, quanto piuttosto la constatazione che le allucinazioni alla base dell'episodio joyciano, solo in minima parte dovute allo stato di ebbrezza di Stephen, altro non sono in verità che i pensieri di Bloom (sobrio ma stanchissimo e turbato) divenuti ossessivi, e in grado dunque di configurarsi in sketch paraipnotici, che non a caso tendono a prendere l'avvio mettendo in controcampo (sul fon-dale della realtà circostante) la forza stessa evocativa della parola, secondo un impiego inaspettatamente diegetico dell'autonomia del significante del lavoro onirico (così com'era stato descritto da Freud nell'*Interpretazione dei sogni*). Né

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più né meno di quanto farà Gadda col malcapitato motociclista posseduto da «quella specie di sogno capovolto che è il nostro percepire» (P 190). La tecnica, insomma, di partire dalla deformazione del significante («... che diavolo era stato capace di sognare?... uno strano essere: un pazzo: un topazzo. Aveva sognato un topazio [...]. È s'era involato lungo le rotaie cangiando sua figura in topaccio e ridarellava topo-topo-topo-topo», P 192) per giungere a una vera e propria allucinazione, è troppo simile a quella che anima l'intero episodio joyciano per supporre una poco credibile poligenesi del metodo. E del resto, basta dare un'occhiata a come William Weaver ha trattato l'intero episodio, e la sua patina linguistica, in *That Awful Mess on the Via Merulana* (1966), per rinvenire nella lingua stessa di Joyce le testimonianze di un debito contratto.

Ma non basta: il cielo e la terra della seconda parte del *Pasticciaccio*, dove non a caso Ingravallo e Pestalozzi comunicano a distanza, e agiscono all'unisono, esattamente come Bloom e Dedalus prima del loro definitivo incontro, si sovrappongono in un paio di circostanze al cielo e alla terra del fatidico giorno di giugno d'Irlanda. Quanto alla volta celeste, vi trascorrono nuvole (un'unica nello *Ulysses* in verità, prima del temporale, ma assai significativa), ed entrambi i «duumvirati», per usare un'espressione cara a Joyce (U 619), è attraverso di esse che proveranno a tenersi in contatto. Bloom e Dedalus, al mattino, avevano percepito il transito di quella nuvola «at first no bigger than a woman's hand» (U 620) allo stesso istante; ed è a quella stessa nuvola che Stephen attribuisce il suo improvviso mancamento («collapse») durante la colluttazione col soldato inglese. Pestalozzi e Ingravallo, invece, grazie a quelle stesse nuvole, che sono «flottiglie [...] orizzontali tutte arricciolate di cirri» (P 190) nella giornata di scirocco che chiude il *Pasticciaccio*, addirittura nello stesso istante è come se si guardassero: il primo, appena uscito dalla caserma di Marino, puntando gli occhi verso la vallata e dunque la città, il secondo dal finestrino dell'auto mentre transita per la fatidica via Merulana alla volta giusto della tenenza dei carabinieri di Marino (P 263-4). Nello stesso istante, appunto, e ognuno nella direzione dell'altro. E la scena si ripeterà poi dalle parti di Casal Bruciato col pennacchio di fumo di un treno, percepito dai due all'unisono a un solo passaggio a livello di distanza. Certo, è evidente, si tratta di un altro topos, quello della tanto perseguita all'epoca «simultaneità», su cui Stephen Kern ha scritto pagine memorabili: ma in entrambe le opere il transito delle nuvole non occorre solo a indicare la contemporaneità dell'azione, mettendo in realtà in contatto letteralmente i due personaggi, addirittura regolandone il comportamento, come se per davvero fra di loro agisse una di quelle «spooky actions at a distance» di cui

aveva parlato Einstein nella formulazione del famoso paradosso EPR. E del resto, quando Gadda aveva accarezzato la possibilità di adottare per l'opera un titolo non in romanesco, fra la mezza dozzina di proposte non spiccava un esplicito *Nuvole in fuga*? Il cielo, non c'è che dire, attira per disperderle entrambe le coppie di personaggi, come in qualche modo santifica «Itaca».

La terra, al solito, è più fededegna, ed è quasi dalle sue viscere che emerge in entrambe le opere un personaggio che è poco più di una comparsa, eppure tanto importante da essere invitato a chiudere un capitolo, e come se non bastasse nell'immediata vigilia della risoluzione della stessa storia: un «cavallo in tiro», una «povera creatura» (P 249), «qui n'avait pas l'air de valoir soixante-cinq guinées» (Ufr 588; «an horse not worth anything like sixtyfives guineas», U 615), e il suo «conducente» (o «conducteur») «citrullissimo» e affetto da «letargo del guidatore» (P 249), e dunque avvezzo a non pronunciare mai «une seule parole, bonne ou mauvaise ou quelconque» (Ufr 591; «The driver never said a word, good, bad or indifferent», U 618)). Che i due vetturini siano apparsi dal nulla a tendere un paio di orecchie d'autore, è un fatto, convocati come sono, inebetiti e tutto, a percepire dialoghi per loro incomprensibili (quelli concitati fra Bloom e Stephen su sirene e usurpatori, e quelli da «streghe isteriche» delle cugine Mattonari). Sorprende però che entrambi i capitoli, il terzultimo dello *Ulysses* («Eumeo») e il penultimo del *Pasticciaccio*, si affidino in chiusa, dopo aver armonizzato una sorta di basso continuo sfinterico, allo stallare di un ronzino, con relativa sosta del veicolo, per un «ippurico laghetto» (P 250) o per «trois boules fumantes de crottin» (Ufr 590; «three smoking globes of turds», U 618), o magari, e perché no, «un paio di bonbons» (P 223).

Passi per l'intrusione del monologo interiore, per l'inattesa scissione del personaggio e per la stessa rielaborazione narrativa del lavoro onirico freudiano, e persino per l'elaborata orchestrazione di emissioni (o «omissions», per scomodare un bel lapsus di Molly Bloom, U 720): ma che due opere di tale portata si precipitino a concludere attraverso l'identico fermo-immagine, e convocando a testimone lo stesso tipo di comparsa, non è un po' troppo fortunata per essere solo una coincidenza?

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Francesco Marroni

HORCYNUS ORCA AND *ULYSSES*: STEFANO D'ARRIGO'S DIALOGIC VORTEX

I.

Stefano D'Arrigo conceived *Horcynus Orca* as a monumental work of fiction whose meaning, language and plot were the result of painstaking elaboration, involving a continuous multilevel revision along with a constant textual expansion towards a totalizing system grafted on a *nostos* of epic proportions. Defined "un romanzo d'amore [...] amore per le parole" (Pedulla, 1983, 2009, 316)[1], *Horcynus Orca* is founded on a densely elaborated intertextuality ranging from the Scriptures to *Moby-Dick*, from Dante to Giovanni Verga, from the Sicilian Opera dei Pupi to Vittorini's *Conversazione in Sicilia*, and, above all, from Homer's *Odyssey* to Joyce's *Ulysses*. These are only a few of the many threads and allusions constituting the novel's complex structure, which, because of its ideological tension towards totality, urges us to define it as an "encyclopedic narrative" (Mendelson, 1976)[2]. It is undeniable, however, that such a rich intertextual combination of literary and nonliterary sources is encoded into a wholly original language stemming from D'Arrigo's mythopoeic imagination as well as his lifelong investigation into Sicilian and, in particular, into the diverse vernaculars of the populations living between Scylla and Charybdis. In fact, the peculiarly mythic valence of the location overdetermines the narrative arena in which many stories meet and merge so as to shape a complex novel whose semiotic fluidity seems to mirror the eventful and wild expanse of water known as the strait of Messina, which, characteristically, D'Arrigo prefers to rename with a single word, "duemari" ("two seas", i.e., the Ionian and Tyrrhenian seas).

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[1] Trans: "a novel of love [...] love for words".
[2] Among the masterpieces of the world literature to which Mendelson applies this definition are the *Divina Commedia*, Goethe's *Faust*, Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* and, of course, *Moby-Dick* and *Ulysses*.

Interestingly, when *Horcynus Orca* was published in 1975[3], Maria Corti noticed, in a concise but particularly perceptive review article, that the novel's linguistic virtuosity stems from "la coscienza che nelle parole è racchiuso l'inferno e il paradiso delle cose" (1975, 2009, 453)[4]. Here it may be worth remarking that, ten years after the novel's publication, D'Arrigo was willing to subscribe to Corti's definition, while complaining about the approach to *Horcynus Orca* of those critics who had overlooked "l'aspetto più impegnativo e, credo, più importante: la nascita di una lingua" (Lanuzza, 1985, 2009, 52)[5]. In many respects, D'Arrigo regarded himself as a writer who was not simply narrating a story of a tortuous homecoming set in the second world war, featuring a hero, 'Ndrja Cambrìa, whose destiny would anticlimactically culminate in his death by a stray bullet, shortly before reaching Charybdis, the place of his birth.

Indeed, during the novel's long gestation, D'Arrigo's artistic sensibility had increasingly espoused the conviction that only if he succeeded in creating a new language, different from Italian and also from any other language or dialect, would he be able to convey the full significance of his epic narrative. In this sense, D'Arrigo's inventiveness meant, first of all, the coinage of many words, idioms and phrases which were an integral part of his own tension towards a transition from multiplicity to oneness. As such, this oneness also entailed a textual inimitability that could be expressed only through a language unmistakably recognizable for its uniqueness. Essentially, it is this particular aspect of his poetics that establishes a relationship of dialogic closeness with Joyce. Because of their commitment and devotion to their respective literary projects, which absorbed every instant of their life, it is fair to hold that, mutatis mutandis, they shared the severe territory of a monomaniac linguistic and metalinguistic research carried to the extreme.

Following the Joycean notion of language as an unending process of combination, transformation and creation, D'Arrigo considered the lin-

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[3]   After waiting for over twenty years, Arnoldo Mondadori published the first edition of *Horcynus Orca* which was 1,257 pages long. The book launch was so shrewdly and well prepared by the publisher that D'Arrigo's novel was already famous and hotly debated even before its actual publication. On the genesis of *Horcynus Orca*, see, Sgavicchia (2012, 2013), and Nimis (2013).

[4]   Trans: "[D'Arrigo's] awareness that in words are encapsulated the hell and the paradise of things".

[5]   Trans: "the most engaging and, I deem, the most important aspect: the birth of a language".

guistic code as a "riverrun". In his view, the fluid nature of language always involved not only the possibility of a mythical circularity negating both history and its representations, but also a relationship of metaphorical continuity with the sea whose mutability and formlessness might be equated to life itself.[6] In this respect, in *Horcynus Orca* great emphasis is placed on the Mediterranean sea as the beginning and the end of everything: the duemari becomes the very centre of the Mediterranean whose epistemic and linguistic vortexes exceedingly fascinated D'Arrigo. Moreover, in his imagination, the coexistence of life and death between Scylla and Charybdis is a clear index of universality, while, on a more general level, the persistence of the sea and water mirrors the persistence of language as opposed to the transitoriness and brevity of human life. Significantly, in the "Ithaca" episode of *Ulysses*, Joyce's narrator expresses an attitude towards the sea which may have surfaced as a subliminal echo in D'Arrigo's inspiration, if not as a direct influence:

> What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier, returning to the range, admire?

> Its universality: its democratic equality and constancy to its nature in seeking its own level: its vastness in the ocean of Mercator's projection [...] its violence in seaquakes, waterspouts, Artesian wells, eruptions, torrents, eddies, freshets, spates, groundswells, watersheds, waterpartings, geysers, cataracts, whirlpools, maelstroms, inundations, deluges, cloudbursts [...] its infallibility as paradigm and paragon: its metamorphoses as vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow, hail: its strength in rigid hydrants: its variety of form in loughs and bays and gulfs and bights and guts and lagoons and atolls and archipelagos and sounds and fjords and minches and tidal estuaries and arms of sea: its solidity in glaciers, icebergs, icefloes [...] (*U*, 549).

Because of the intensely hybrid quality of the "Ithaca" chapter, it would not be an overstatement to claim that its structuring dialogic sequence –

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[6]   In Joyce's and D'Arrigo's conception of the art of the novel, language is much more than a matter of encoding and decoding messages – for them language meant culture and its manifold manifestation on every level of the social ladder. In this respect, what F. R. Leavis wrote on John Bunyan's prose may be fruitfully applied to Joyce and D'Arrigo: "A language is much more than such phrases as 'means of expression' or 'instrument of communication' suggest; it is a vehicle of collective wisdom and basic assumption, a currency of criteria and valuations collaboratively determined; itself it entails on the user a large measure of accepting participation in the culture of which he is an active living presence" (1967, 41).

"Joyce's appropriation of catechistical method" (Hampson, 1996, 230) – apparently simulates the movement of the sea whose "infallibility" suggests permanence in time, while its enormous violence seems to hark back to the universal flood, and to the time of Noah and biblical beginnings (Gen 6:5). However, there is no doubt that D'Arrigo was fascinated by the way *Ulysses* celebrates through the Ithacan narrator a "tension between a desire to amalgamate and an insistence on dispersion and separation, a will to harmonization and a principle of ongoing discord" (Gibson, 1996, 10). In fact, it is precisely this wavering, if not contradictory, attitude that corresponds to D'Arrigo's idea of novel writing. He aims to attain a degree of creativity capable of transforming epistemic hybridity into a strenuous quest after a harmonizing form, without neglecting his deeply ingrained awareness regarding "l'inafferrabile complessità del mondo, dove ognuno soffre le pene sue, secondo l'angolo in cui si trova nella matassa intricata" (Frasnedi, 2002, 45)[7]. On another level, the metalinguistic dynamic between centripetal forces (linguistic order, orthodoxy and conservation) and centrifugal ones (invention, transgression and new coinage), besides being the artistic lesson received from Joyce, configures a text constantly oscillating between progression and digression, in a sequence of circular fluctuations that are not very dissimilar from those textualized in *Ulysses*.

II.

D'Arrigo greatly admired Joyce. For him the author of *Ulysses* was a demiurge of words, the creator of a universe made of words. It is no surprise, therefore, to discover that D'Arrigo wrote an essay on Joyce which he left unpublished. In addition to confirming Joyce's towering 'shadow' in the making of *Horcynus Orca*, D'Arrigo is by no means hesitant about recognizing *Ulysses*'s stylistic perfection, while at the same time he evinces his extreme admiration for the final episode ("Penelope") in which "James Joyce, più che nel resto dello *Ulisses* [*sic*] accarezza il linguaggio come un bambino quando tocca l'erba" (2009, 71)[8]. What is more, after having admitted that Molly's

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[7] Trans: "the inapprehensible complexity of the world, in which everyone suffers his own pains, according to the corner he inhabits of the tangled skein".

[8] Trans: "James Joyce, more so than in the rest of *Ulysses*, caresses language as a child does when he touches grass".

long and "illogic" monologue is very taxing even for the best reader, he perceptively observes:

> Joyce organizza dunque il materiale linguistico con l'intento non solo di imitare la realtà ma di integrarla e arricchirla con l'esperienza della scrittura. Allora, nell'uguaglianza di forma e contenuto, non v'è scarto fra scrittura e lettura; il viaggio del testo e l'itinerario del viaggio viene scandito dal tempo degli eventi di cui è portatore Ulisse-Bloom (2009, 72).[9]

Underlying these concise remarks is a literary worldview which subordinates the real to artistic creativity. According to D'Arrigo's interpretation, Joyce is a perfect creator of languages: each of his words possesses a shaping force capable of radically transforming individual and collective experience. It is rather difficult to say to what extent D'Arrigo derives from *Ulysses* the idea of narrating a modern odyssey, but it is only too obvious that he was greatly impressed by the parodic parallelism between the hero of Homer's poem and Joyce's Leopold Bloom. Still, more than this, in the essay, a paramount key to literary convergence is represented by those lines in which he explicitly identifies with Joyce, whose biography as an artist and man becomes a model and a paradigm for D'Arrigo's life:

> E ora toccherebbe a me, lettore-scrittore e scrittore-lettore, spiegare perché amo più di ogni altro libro del Novecento questo primo, grande, rivoluzionario romanzo moderno, malgrado sia stato tanto e tanto alla cieca citato per il mio *Horcynus Orca*, sino a farci sentire, io a Joyce e lui a me, ostili. Semplicemente perché quando conobbi l'autore col suo libro [...] sentii immediatamente che né io a lui né lui avremmo mai potuto essere ostili. Sentivo ciò poiché da una prima conoscenza del romanzo avevo ricevuto l'impressione lucida, tenera quanto esaltante, che al suo autore il libro, nella sua imponenza e affascinante perfezione, nelle sue invenzioni lessicali a perdifiato, era costato lacrime e sangue. Ed io, così lontano da lui, mi trovavo a sprovare nelle sue lacrime e nel suo sangue le mie lacrime e il mio sangue (2009, 72)[10].

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[9] Trans: "Joyce organizes his linguistic material with the intent, not only to imitate reality, but to integrate and enrich it with the experience of writing. Thus, as is the case of equal relationship between form and content, there is no disparity between writing and reading: the journey of the text and the itinerary of the journey are marked by the time of the events whose bearer is Ulysses-Bloom".

[10] Trans: "And now it would be my turn, as reader-writer and writer-reader, to explain why I love this first great revolutionary modern novel above all the other books of the twentieth

Tellingly, D'Arrigo's words express more than simple admiration for Joyce. The passage is a sort of confession that, on the one hand, delineates an enthusiastic convergence entailing brotherhood and mutual understanding, so much so that their blood and tears seem to merge into a complete and gratifying artistic communion. On the other hand, D'Arrigo's essay reveals how, while writing *Horcynus Orca*, he felt the necessity of silently competing with his own model, whose "fascinating perfection" became a hidden cornerstone for his novel. The writing process, in fact, was marked by a deep-seated linguistic obsession along with an endless textual expansion aimed at giving a most refined expression to a great metaphor of the human predicament.

There is, at this juncture, another aspect which deserves attention. Indeed, what D'Arrigo writes in the concluding paragraph of the essay is symptomatic of the way he was strategically prepared to control the diverse intertextual presences and influences of his models: "a proposito delle quasi cento pagine del Monologo di Molly [...] per quanto splendide, eccelse esse siano, da quelle cento pagine dal flusso ininterrotto e scritte come in stato di raptus, io ho saputo sùbito di dovermi guardare" (2009, 73)[11]. Basically, the pages in *Ulysses* which had particularly stimulated his imaginative response were also the pages from which he consciously intended to guard himself in that he feared their direct influence on his writing. In brief, he aimed to write something which was to go far beyond his models – a coherent and fully original novel not only in terms of inspiration and method, but also in its linguistic texture which was to be the perfect interface between form and content. It must be said in this regard that one of D'Arrigo's main preoccupations while writing *Horcynus Orca* was to demonstrate the total autonomy of his own voice; indeed, especially when he considered the Italian literary tradition, he was very scrupulous in distinguishing and separating

century, in spite of the fact that it has been randomly cited again and again in connection with my own *Horcynus Orca*, to the point of making myself and Joyce feel hostile to each other. It is simply because when I first encountered the author and his book [...] I immediately felt that neither he nor I could ever be hostile to each other. I felt this because from my very first acquaintance with the novel I felt the lucid, tender as well as exhilarating impression that, in its imposing scale, its fascinating perfection and breathless lexical inventions, the book had cost its author tears and blood. And I myself, so distant from him, felt I was experiencing through his tears and his blood my own tears and my own blood".

[11]   Trans: "As for those almost one hundred pages of Molly's Monologue [...] splendid and sublime though they are, those hundred pages of uninterrupted flux and written as if carried away, made me immediately realise that I had to guard myself from them".

his stylistic choices from any genealogical line. Among the anecdotes which are part of D'Arrigo's biography is the account that, before beginning to write *Horcynus Orca*, he had prepared a note with the following cautionary phrase: "Non fare Verga, non fare Vittorini" (de Santis, 2002, 24-5).[12] From the very beginning D'Arrigo focuses attention on the problem of adopting a linguistic code corresponding to the "two seas" lore as well as to his attitude of radical scepticism regarding the readability of the world. Like him, Verga and Vittorini were Sicilian and therefore linguistically close to his sensibility. This is why they were 'dangerous' and could contaminate his active delving into the lexical sedimentation of the duemari. On the contrary, such writers as Joyce and Melville[13] did not pose any peril through any form of linguistic contagion, in spite of the fact that their novels and poetics may have exerted an exceptionally strong impact on D'Arrigo's imagination.

To some extent, however, it is pertinent to argue that, in its tension towards inclusiveness, *Horcynus Orca* breaks every sort of linguistic barrier and makes the most of its founding paradigms. Nemi D'Agostino is right in this regard when he observes that "D'Arrigo deriva da Melville, oltre all'invenzione del mostro allegorico ed alcuni schemi narrativi [...] soprattutto un linguaggio, quella mistura di stile alto e basso cui Melville seppe dare forti intensità metafisiche" (1977, 2009, 294).[14] All considered, it seems to me that *Horcynus Orca* can be regarded as a most protracted and strenuous literary effort to write a novel which accomplishes a perfect correspondence between the diegetic development and its linguistic code, without any waste of words, but simply by making the economy of the story coincide with the economy of language[15]. It is an uncharacteristic nostos

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[12]   Trans: "Don't try to imitate Verga, don't try to imitate Vittorini". According to Giuseppe Pontiggia, both Verga and Vittorini are an active presence in *Horcynus Orca*. The former for his pathos and lyrical rhythm of the narrative; the latter for his technique in representing popular polyphony, a multiplicity of voices which D'Arrigo invests with an epic dimension.

[13]   It may be of some interest to notice that, through Ishmael's voice, Melville unambiguously declares that the pages on cetology are not only a form of knowledge derived from a direct marine experience, but also the result of hard work in libraries: "I have swam through libraries and sailed through oceans [...] (Melville, 1967, 118).

[14]   Trans: "D'Arrigo derives from Melville, besides the invention of the allegoric sea monster and some narrative patterns [...] primarily a language, a mixture of high and low style which Melville invested with strong metaphysical intensities".

[15]   On the obsessive centrality of each word, see Pedullà (1983, 2009, 346): "La parola viene osservata da tutte le parti per una perlustrazione totale e microscopica di ogni parola [...] Dopo *Finnegans Wake* non c'è scrittore che abbia saputo più di D'Arrigo ricondurre la parola alla sua matrice e materia fonica". (Trans: "Words are observed from all angles for a total and

since it also involves a return to the word, which is discovered, verified, transformed and radically renovated in ways that bring 'Ndrja Cambrìa's journey towards a zero point, to a simultaneous ending of myth and history. This is why, almost four decades from its publication, critics refer to the peculiar code adopted by D'Arrigo as la lingua orcinusa (i.e., *Horcynus Orca*'s language). Again, this is why the author peremptorily rejected the idea of a glossary when the first two episodes were published by Vittorini in his literary review, *Il Menabò* in 1960. In a way, the lingua orcinusa can be neither translated nor glossed. The very beginning of the novel is written in a precise stylistic code which places emphasis at the same time on history and myth:

> Il sole tramontò quattro volte sul suo viaggio e alla fine del quarto giorno, che era il quattro di ottobre del millenovecentoquarantatre, il marinaio, nocchiero semplice della fu regia Marina 'Ndrja Cambrìa arrivò al paese delle Femmine, sui mari dello scill'e cariddi.

> Imbruniva a vista d'occhio e un filo di ventilazione alitava dal mare in rema sul basso promontorio. Per tutto quel giorno il mare si era allisciato ancora alla grande calmerìa di scirocco che durava, senza mutamento alcuno, sino dalla partenza da Napoli: levante, ponente e levante, ieri, oggi, domani e quello sventolio flacco flacco dell'onda grigia, d'argento o di ferro, ripetuta a perdita d'occhio (2003, 3).[16]

In addition to being characterised by evident Dantesque overtones, the prose of the first two paragraphs is intensely poetic. Its rhythm seems to imitate the movements of the sea while giving precise spatiotemporal coordinates to the reader who, on another level, cannot help perceiving a tension

microscopic searching of each lexical item [...] After *Finnegans Wake* there is no writer who has been finer than D'Arrigo in tracing words to their phonic matrix and matter").

[16] Trans: "The sun set four times over his journey and at the end of the fourth day, which was the fourth of October nineteen forty-three, the sailor, a simple helmsman of the ex-Royal Navy, 'Ndrja Cambrìa, arrived in the land of the Women, in the seas of *scylla 'n' charybdis.*

It was becoming visibly darker and a wisp of a breeze from the ebbing sea breathed onto the low headland. All that day the sea had never ceased to be smooth in the great lull of the sirocco that lasted, with no change whatsoever, until the departure for Naples: east, west and east, yesterday, today, tomorrow and that feeble flapping of the grey wave, of silver or iron, repeating itself as far as the eye could see". (Further references to this edition will be given in the text with page numbers following *HO*).

towards a mythical dimension connected with the hero's will and anxiety to leave behind him the nightmare of history. His one desire is to enter the seas of his lost innocence which, although still contaminated by the horrors of the Second World War, are also the seas in which, generation after generation, the prodigious harpooners of Charybdis have dominated and killed sea monsters as well as a rich variety of the cetological population.

III.

That D'Arrigo was significantly interested in the *Odyssey* as a mythic frame for his narration is clear. *Horcynus Orca* draws from Homer not only the idea of homecoming, but also, rhizomatically, many situations, characters and, at least in one case, a distorted onomastics – indeed, the mythic sorceress Circe is adumbrated in the name of a prostitute, Ciccina Circé, who will ferry 'Ndrja Cambrìa from Scylla to Charybdis overnight. It is not a matter of imitation. Rather, considering the all-embracing role played by the Mediterranean in D'Arrigo's imagination, the *Odyssey* becomes naturaliter a text from which he astutely absorbs diegetic segments, poetic suggestions and, on a more general level, inspirational traces which the reader will find disseminated in many pages of *Horcynus Orca*. It is not easy to determine the extent to which the *Odyssey* framework descended from Joyce, since D'Arrigo always proclaimed his autonomy from any other work, while insisting on the fact that the very frequent references by critics and reviewers to Joyce's masterpiece were only a misleading obstacle which precluded a genuine appreciation of his novel.

Even though the complex intertextual organization of *Horcynus Orca* seems to form an opaque if not impenetrable screen to its interpretation, in my view, *Ulysses* may be regarded as D'Arrigo's meaning-generating hypotext as far as his novel's transformation into a parodic work is concerned. In other words, *Ulysses* becomes an intermediate and fundamental step to a modernist appropriation of Homer's poem to D'Arrigo's literary horizon, an active hypotext whose meaning is built on another hypotext (Homer's *Odyssey*). In this respect, the episode which focuses on Ciccina Circé may be a case in point. Indeed, in its oscillation between dream and reality, and its uninterrupted flow of images, which are more often founded on an extravagant excess than on logical diegetic order and a minimum of interpretive transparency, these pages are very close to the "Circe" chapter in *Ulysses*. As a

consequence of the armistice signed on 8th October 1943, 'Ndrja Cambrìa discovers that he has been turned into one of the many disoriented soldiers of the disbanded Italian army, cast adrift, without guidance, without any purpose but a longing to reach home.

After a tiring and dangerous journey, 'Ndrja arrives at Scylla from where he hopes to cross the strait and embrace his father Caitanello, an old and distracted Laërtes, lost in a world of his own. He also hopes to see his promised bride Marosa,[17] a waiting Penelope whose main occupation is to slowly embroider centrepieces with colourful fish which are unthreaded and destroyed "non appena Dio voltava gli occhi" (*HO*, 712).[18] But, despite his pressing desire, 'Ndrja seems to be gradually drifting into a dreamy nocturnal world, in which images of sea monsters and underworld cemeteries intertwine. The oneiric valence of his psychophysical condition is clearly expressed by the narrator: "Il suo sonno era talmente arretrato e risentito, che non appena gli abbassava un poco la guardia davanti, subito, come nuvolosità nera di vento, gli dilagava nella mente" (*HO*, 138).[19] After wandering for quite some time along the Scylla shore, anxious to reach his village with its many sea tales and be again in contact with the mythic world of the "pellisquadre" (i.e., harpooners), dolphins and killer whales, the protagonist meets Ciccina Circé, the dark woman who will ferry him to Charybdis. Her mysterious ways immediately capture the young man's attention:[20]

[17]   The name Marosa is a feminilization of *maroso*, which means a heavy sea wave, a breaker – in Italian also *cavallone*, huge horse. Her life is connected with the sea and, therefore, it is no surprise that she likes to embroider fish. Her father, don Luigi Orioles, with some untranslatable punning, tells her: "Marosa ti chiami and maroso ti riveli, un cavallone che non c'è speranza che viene leggero" (*HO*, 339; trans: "Marosa is your name and as a breaker you reveal yourself: there is no hope that a breaker will arrive with a light foot").

[18]   Trans: "as soon as God turned his eyes".

[19]   Trans: "His sleep was so old and deep-seated that, as soon as it was less guarded, immediately, as a black cloudiness swept by wind, this sleep flooded into his mind".

[20]   Ciccina Circé represents an enigma for 'Ndrja Cambrìa: "«Ma allora, che andate a barattare in Sicilia? Per me, se vi devo dire, siete un vero mistero. Parola d'onore, mi piacerebbe capirvi...» «Ma voi non mi dovete capire» fece allora lei, parlando a labbro stretto, altezzosa. «Non dovete e non potete capire, pirdeu, pirdeu, che pretese, oh, veramente, pirdeu, pirdeu... » aggiunse in un mormorio". (Trans: "«So what are you going to go trading in Sicily for? For me, I must confess, you are a real mystery. Upon my word, I wish I could understand you...» «But you don't have to understand me» she said, talking through pursed lips, haughtily. «You don't have to and you can't understand me, good God, good God, how presumptuous, oh, really, good God, good God...» she added with a murmur").

C'era un che di sdegnoso e di rancoroso in questo suo figurare appartata dalle altre, come se lei non volesse avere nulla a che vedere e a che dividere con quelle. Di fronte a questa scognita, mezza mutangola, nera e sigillata come una cozza, quelle sembravano limpide e trasparenti come acque pure (*HO*, 280)[21].

More an enchantress than a woman, Ciccina Circé is a character whose words, lifestyle and sexuality, to a significant extent, seem to stem from a series of Joycean reverberations. D'Arrigo takes more than sixty pages to describe a crossing which culminates in their sexual intercourse during which, in a phantasmal atmosphere, 'Ndrja succumbs to the overflowing corporeality of the woman who seems to be taking him to Hades where he is metamorphosed into a ghost, sadly wandering between a dark and lifeless shore and a gaping underworld.

In many respects, the sailor's homecoming becomes a descent into the realm of the dead, in which he imaginatively experiences the iron in his soul before his sudden physical death at the end of the novel. Indeed, if it is true that the protagonist always hallucinates and his gaze gives shape to an invariable spectralization of whatever he sees, it is nonetheless true that his journey from Naples to Charybdis is marked by the same visionary and oneiric texture as the "Circe" episode in *Ulysses*. Significantly, while crossing the strait of Messina in Ciccina Circé's boat, she is perceived by 'Ndrja as a "deissa", a goddess, surfacing from the mythical context of the duemari, with long dark plaits and tiny pealing bells on their ends. But when the timeless dimension dwindles and historical events come to the fore, she reveals her identity: she is an experienced prostitute whose main occupation is to have sex with, and provide enjoyment for, the American soldiers in Messina. It is no surprise that the protagonist intends his homecoming to be a return to the pure and the innocent, whereas, once he is on the shore of his beloved village, he immediately understands that those values have been ousted by the impure and the corrupt. For 'Ndrja Cambrìa this is the beginning of his death.

Given the novel's densely linguistic and metalinguistic organization, each episode generates many levels of interpretation. Thus, the mythic method becomes an element of order in a text in which, at any given mo-

[21]   Trans: "There was something rather scornful and rancorous in the way she held herself aloof from the other women, as if she wanted to have nothing to do with them and nothing to share with them. Compared to this almost voiceless stranger, who was as black and withdrawn as a mussel shell, the others seemed to him as clear and transparent as pure water".

ment, meaning seems on the verge of deflagration, in a dialectic oscillation between diegetic progression and the urgent need to deepen personal histories, to delve stratigraphically into individual or collective pasts, to analyse incidents and points of time, to catalogue private conversations and historical events, hypotheses of reality, actual and potential catastrophes, folktales, names and nicknames, protagonists and minor figures of a society which is doomed to end. In this procedural flow, we can hear the voice of Melville, but there is also much of Joyce's way of anatomizing and encoding the real. After recognizing his exhausted son on the threshold of his house, 'Ndrja's father confesses to him that he wishes to tell him "two simple words" but, in fact, what the old man narrates is the endless fairylike story of his love for 'Ndrja's dead mother which takes up many pages of *Horcynus Orca* – "Due parolette, e gli contò l'arcalamecca, le mille una notte" (*HO*, 420).[22] As I have said, D'Arrigo worked rigorously on the novel, which absorbed all his energy for decades. Accordingly, his ability to transform two words into a long story was by no means the result of a strategy based on an artful expansion of an initial narrative segment. Rather, D'Arrigo was very selective in his lexical elaboration and he did not hesitate to eliminate words, paragraphs, and entire pages in order to attain a perfect correspondence between what he had in mind and the words which were necessary to express such a concept. In this sense, Joyce represented for him a genius of words, an inimitable writer who had taught him that the real can be significantly "enriched and integrated" by the power of words.

IV.

"The ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured sign. Limits of the diaphane" (*U*, 31): *Horcynus Orca* is a novel in which the shores are intensely semanticized just as they are in *Ulysses*. In the "Proteus" chapter, the line along which land and water meet is also the line capable of stimulating Stephen Dedalus's reflections on the visible and the audible. Joyce is aware that there is a peculiar connection between the strand

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[22]   Trans: "Two simple words and he narrated an astonishingly wondrous romance, the Arabian nights".

and human thought, considering that, vis-à-vis the sea horizon, one is inclined to turn one's own contingent condition into a timeless state whose effect conveys – as Stephen ironically declares – an epiphanic perception of eternity: "Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand?" (*U*, 31). In brief, the marine setting, more often than not, involves a meditative attitude which, in Stephen's case, is also an invitation to move from the visible to the invisible.

Although D'Arrigo would never admit that his literary imagination was directly inspired by the "Proteus" episode, it is my contention that the many pages he devotes to represent a hesitant and tired 'Ndrja Cambrìa who wanders like a tormented spirit on the Scylla strand, owe much to *Ulysses*. Indeed, the theme of the visible, whose ineluctability is voiced in the first line of "Proteus", seems to find a perfect narrative correspondence particularly in the character of an old man with whom 'Ndrja engages in a long conversation on the shore of Scylla. This solitary man is called "lo spiaggiatore" simply because the strand is his home: he knows everything about the life on the shore since he has lived on that stretch of land for many years – he has always been there night and day, ready to observe, scrutinize and register every sort of event, the bloodshed of the second world war included. In many ways, *Horcynus Orca* is a novel made up of things seen which, in turn, become objects of narrations which are heard and narrated again by hearers in a continuous textual expansion: this is precisely what "the ineluctable modality of the visible" means for D'Arrigo. The duemari people see the "orcaferone" (i.e., the killer whale) and from this vision many prodigious hyperbolic stories stem and propagate between Scylla and Charybdis. Of the many characters of *Horcynus Orca*, the beach man may be deemed to be a subtle interpreter of the nuances of the visible, of which his daily experience of the visible also includes his obsession for the mysterious women who survive by smuggling goods between Scylla and Carybdis. These women are called "le femminote", a matriarchal community whose role becomes extraordinarily relevant in terms of corporeality and sexuality in the beach man's imaginative drives. Simple and unemphatic as his words are, they often configure a philosophical meditation on the contrast between fiction and facts:

> Però, sino a che punto era veritiero quel sentitodire? Che assegnamento si poteva fare sopra un sentito dire? Capace che d'origine era una la barca persa e poi, di bocca in bocca, ognuno ci aggiunse la barca sua, del suo sentitodire.

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Doveva essere proprio una riffa, il sentitodire, aveva ragione lui, il vecchio spiaggiatore. Chissà quante volte in vita sua si era dovuto mettere sotto i piedi il sentitodire, per innalzare il solo vistocongliocchi, chissà quanti castelli di sabbia aveva parato il sentitodire, e poi magari aveva potuto spararli solo il vistocongliocchi. Si capiva che mostrasse tanto sprezzo per il sentitodire, che non si sognasse nemmeno di fondarsi su quello. Aveva 'sperienza di mondo, quel vecchio pezzentiere, doveva saperlo per scienza sua, scienza di spiaggiante, che sulle cose cogita e confronta, che nel sentitodire non c'è fondamento alcuno e che solo col vistocongliocchi uno si può dare una certa orientata e insomma, basarsi per questo o per quello (*HO*, 97).[23]

This epistemological lesson is what 'Ndrja receives from an old man who, in his detailed representation of the visible, will explain to the young man that, along with the words-heard and the seen-by-sight, there is a third possibility: the seen-by-the-mental-sight. It is this inner eye which allows him to penetrate the mystery of things and see what other people cannot see. Thus, in his lengthy narration, he will reveal to 'Ndrja that the war has transformed the sea into a hell by describing many sceneries of disheartening destruction and by preparing him for a marine setting dominated by death: "[...] l'ammazzammazza della ritirata fece arraggiare e fumigare di sangue e nafta lo scill'e cariddi, incatramato e rosseggiante come un mare d'inferno" (*HO*, 95).[24] On a more practical level, the old man tells 'Ndrja that if he wants to reach Charybdis there is only one possibility: one of the femminote could help him because they know how to cross the strait of Messina and, despite the risks of the war, they might safely take him to Sicily. But, more than this, it is important to notice how the pages focus-

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[23]   Trans: "And yet, to what extent were those words-heard truthful? How could you rely on words-heard? I bet at the very beginning it was only one boat that was lost and then, by word of mouth, everyone added his own boat, the one of his own words-heard. It must have really been a raffle, pure hearsay, he was right that old beach-man. Who knows how many times in his life he had to crush under his feet words-heard to promote instead only the things seen-by-sight, who knows how many sand castles had been protected by words-heard and which he then could shoot down only by what was seen-by-sight. You could tell he had a lot of scorn for words-heard, that he never dreamt of depending on them. He knew his way in the world, the old ragman did, he must have known from his own knowledge, from the knowledge of a beach man, who meditates on things and compares them, that there is no foundation whatsoever on words-heard and one can only find a certain orientation in what is seen-by-sight which, in brief, can help to understand this or that".

[24]   Trans: "[...] the endless slaughter of the retreat made the *scylla 'n' charybdis* vibrate and fume of blood and naphtha, tarred and reddened like an infernal sea".

ing on the spiaggiatore seem dialogically connected with Stephen Dedalus's meditations on the perception of reality – when he closes his eyes in order to assume another sensory perspective on the surrounding world, it is the audible which posits its language.

Nevertheless, it seems only too obvious to conclude that, as a response to different sounds, the images Stephen configures are the result of something which is seen by the mind's eye. He declares that he is on Sandymount strand in order to read "the signature of all things" and to see their essence behind the surface, as Jacob Boehme had postulated in his writings.[25] Apart from the densely intertextual structure of the "Proteus" chapter, which is rich in allusions and quotations, it seems to me that D'Arrigo derived from these pages at least the epistemological approach to visual experience which characterizes the old man's melancholy discourse. After decades of observation and meditation, what he sees in all things is not the imprint of God, but simply an intimation of death. That is why he equates each sunset of his life to a revelation of mortality:

> Si era posato nel tramonto, in quel momento di verità della sua vita, perché per nessuno, come per uno spiaggiatore, il tramonto sembrava cadere ogni volta non solo sul giorno breve di ore, ma su quello lungo della vita. E per lo spiaggiatore dev'essere ogni volta come trovarsi in punto di morte e ricordarsi del tempo vissuto e rivedere tutta la propria vita, come se il mare gliela rovesci, ondata su ondata, lì davanti, sulla riva, anni e anni, scoppi di spume che durano attimi (*HO*, 113).[26]

For the protagonist the old beach man is similar to a street storyteller, who is prone to fabulistic exaggeration and is practically capable of interpreting only the tragic side of events. Unsurprisingly, when he sees the spiaggiatore preparing himself for the night, he concludes that "faceva senso vedere come s'incarogniva alla calata del sole, come s'andava a insabbiare,

[25]   Jacob Boehme (1575-1624) published *Signatura Rerum* in 1621. On this point see Gabel (1977), Jaurretche (1997, 88-90), and Terrinoni (2007, 167-72).
[26]   Trans: "He had been gazing at the sunset, at that moment of truth in his life, because for no-one like a beach-man did the sun seem to go down every time not only on the short hours of the day but on the long day of his life. And every time for the beach-man it must have been like seeing himself on the point of death and remembering the time he had lived and looking back at his whole life, as if the sea were pouring it over him, wave after wave, there before him on the shore, year after year, bursts of foam lasting but short moments".

preparandosi per la notte come per la sua morte" (*HO*, 111).[27] This is 'Ndrja Cambrìa's interpretation of what he sees at nightfall: he sees only images of death which are an anticipation of his own end. On a psychological level, this spectralization of the landscape is a creation of his thanatological response to the situations and the people he meets. In a sense, in *Horcynus Orca* the recurring signature of all things is death. It is no coincidence that the story of the killing of the orcaferone is paralleled with the story of the protagonist's death whose destiny seems to subsume the end of everything – the end of the long agony of the monstrous killer whale close to the Charybdis strand, the end of the harpooners' lore and work, the end of Sicily and of the whole world. Because of these and many other aspects connected with a strong biblical intertextuality, *Horcynus Orca* has been defined an apocalyptic novel.

It stands to reason that, from such an angle as well as many others, D'Arrigo's novel is very different from *Ulysses*. It would be, of course, simplistic to look for precise analogies. Undoubtedly, a level of convergence in both novels must be seen in the way Joyce and D'Arrigo regarded their respective works as if they were writing a Great Code for the literature to come. In a way, *Ulysses* and *Horcynus Orca* share a common ground because of their search for a unifying principle whose intent is to attain a powerful meaning. As such, this principle was motivated by a complexity and connectedness of vision which, on a metanarrative plane, implies an investigation into the word intended as an epiphanic expression of the text itself: Joyce and D'Arrigo share the same epistemological posture whose proto-model, according to Frye, is the Bible: "That unifying principle, for a critic, would have to be one of shape rather than meaning; or, more accurately, no book can have a coherent meaning unless there is some coherence in its shape" (Frye, 1983, xi). For this reason, in my view, any sort of definition, ostensibly correct and pertinent though it may be, becomes a prison-house for such novels as *Ulysses* and *Horcynus Orca*, that is, more a limitation than an introduction to their reading.

On the other hand, if we consider the viewpoint of the reception of *Horcynus Orca* in Italy, we cannot help noticing the extent to which, since its first publication, the novel was immediately associated with Joyce's *Ulysses*. From then on, in a sort of orgiastic chain reaction, no one has ever omitted

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[27]   Trans: "it made him shudder to see how he became angry at the sunset, how he started to sink into the sand, preparing himself for the night as if for his own death".

to cite the Joycean model when reviewing or investigating the meaning of *Horcynus Orca*. However, this kind of critical response is not out of place. Given the explicit centrality of the Homeric model and the restricted time of the action (precisely four days), given also the remarkable elaboration of a unique and inimitable language, the association of D'Arrigo with Joyce is only too obvious. In my attempt to offer a closer look at the way in which *Ulysses* may have influenced *Horcynus Orca* it has been my primary purpose to avoid oversimplifications and shortcuts since, axiomatically, every masterpiece always goes far beyond influences and models in order to conquer a territory of its own.

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Franco Marucci

TRANSLATOR DE ANGELIS AND CRITIC PAGNINI ON HOW TO RENDER A PASSAGE IN *ULYSSES*

Marcello Pagnini (1921-2010) taught Joyce repeatedly in his courses on English Literature at the University of Florence until his retirement, but never wrote a book or a self-contained essay on the subject. I was one of his students when, in the early seventies, he, as was his usual academic method, gave a seminar that combined "Proteus" from *Ulysses* with *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*. However, on different occasions he gave no less than three public lectures on *Ulysses*, and his hand-written notes are still extant among his papers. Widely well-known as an expert on English and American Modernism, Pagnini saw Eliot and Pound as its main representatives, and left on them a few ground-breaking and magisterial essays (see my own *Il critico ben temperato. Saggio bibliografico sull'opera di Marcello Pagnini*, "Rivista di Letterature moderne e comparate", LXIV, 2, 2011, 205-223). Yet anyone checking the Index of names in Pagnini's books becomes aware of the high number of references to Joyce, and a whole section of the essay "Il continuo mentale nella sua rappresentazione narratologica" (now contained in his *Letteratura e ermeneutica*, Firenze 2002, 161-179) offers a sophisticated and insightful discussion of Joycean "stream of consciousness".

Giulio de Angelis, the first Italian translator of *Ulysses* in 1960, revised and updated his Mondadori translation in 1988 in the light of Gabler's "critical and synoptic edition" of the novel published in 1984. From the inception of this translation in the 1940s, as one can easily surmise, de Angelis had contacted and consulted several Joyce scholars abroad and especially in Italy to submit queries, solve problems and sound opinions about his linguistic choices and interpretive cruxes. I was recently fortunate enough to be able to view the whole of Pagnini's academic correspondence, and to my surprise I found the two letters that will be given below. Written in March 1988, they concern a passage in the "Eumaeus" episode of the novel which de Angelis suspected to be corrupted in previous English editions and

which, he thought, Gabler had made even more incomprehensible. Before I reproduce the two letters, along with a tentative translation, I append a few words of introduction.

The general Joyce reader knows very little—the bare bones—about Giulio de Angelis. Being myself interested at the moment in Joyce's relationships with Italian culture and literature, and in the problems of translation, I am one of those who would avidly welcome more information. It is almost certain that de Angelis never got to know Joyce personally: when Joyce died in 1941 de Angelis was 16 years old. He was born in Florence though his surname does not sound typically Florentine, and Tuscany is nowadays the seventh *regione* out of twenty in Italy in terms of frequency of the surname. He was certainly no academic, and this may be the reason for the cold, "standoffish treatment"—as an American friend of de Angelis said—he usually received from Italian scholars of the time. In Italy until the 1980s, English literature university courses were taught in Italian, and when in one of his seminars Pagnini once needed to read a passage from *Ulysses* in translation he hardly failed to suppress a note of diffidence and irony towards "il nostro buon de Angelis". To judge, however, from the tone of his letter, as will be seen, Pagnini had privately a far different opinion of the translator, and showed him esteem and courtesy. I remember that de Angelis' *Guida alla lettura dell'Ulisse*, today much revaluated from a historical perspective, was expressly not included among the set books of Pagnini's courses. In other words de Angelis had the fame of a foolhardy amateur in academic circles.[1]

In about 20 lines of an interest biosketch we are here informed that he was indeed born in Florence, moved to Genoa when he was 14, returned to Florence when the war broke out, studied Greek and Latin at the local liceo classico and was highly proficient in modern languages. He then took a degree in English in 1947, discussing a dissertation entitled "De Quincey e la lingua inglese" at Florence university under the supervision of one of the pioneers of English studies in Italy, Giordano Napoleone Orsini. Pagnini and de Angelis may have got to know each other at the Faculty of Letters of Florence university, since Pagnini, four years de Angelis' senior, graduated there in 1946 (with a certain delay owing to the war). Yet de Angelis never became an academic as I said, and possibly never tried to become one for all his talent (though we do not know why), and instead taught English for

[1]   See: http://siusa.archivi.beniculturali.it

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years in secondary schools. Apart from *Ulysses* he also translated works by Faulkner, G. Greene, Hawthorne, Steinbeck and Virginia Woolf. I happen to have edited in 1979, before I began studying Joyce seriously, de Angelis' translation of *The Waves* (Milan, Rizzoli, with an Introduction by Stephen Spender). Just to give an idea of his linguistic flair, de Angelis was also the translator of French and German works (including, no less, *Venus im Pelz* by von Sacher-Masoch!). And to testify to his curious eclecticism, in the Sixties he wrote on cinema and music in specialized journals, while also translating English librettos for the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. Guido Fink, visiting him in the late eighties, found a house inordinately full of books and records. Music was another passion de Angelis had in common with Pagnini.

Few probably know that de Angelis was not commissioned by Mondadori to translate *Ulysses* in collaboration with three eminent dons, Cambon, Izzo and Melchiori (in alphabetical order). Such a collaboration never took shape. On the contrary, as Anna Maria Aiazzi clearly indicates in her excellent article "Il plasmarsi di una traduzione memorabile: Giulio de Angelis traduce *Ulysses* di Joyce" ("Rivista di Letterature moderne e comparate", LXII, 4, 2009, 447-473), de Angelis began and completed the translation "blindfold", without any contract with a publisher, and only during the work or towards its completion did he submit it to Mondadori. I was myself until recently ignorant of this fact, having long wondered why Mondadori failed to get Alessandro Francini Bruni involved in the translation or to appoint him to the panel of revisers. Francini Bruni was no doubt, when the translation got under way, the closest surviving Italian friend of Joyce, and could thus provide plenty of background information. He had been living in Florence continuously since the early Twenties, but he does not appear to have been consulted by de Angelis in any way whatsoever. Strange and mysterious though it may seem, Signora de Angelis lately confirmed to me verbally that her husband had never heard of, let alone ever met, Alessandro Francini Bruni.

A letter de Angelis received from the American dramatist Thornton Wilder in 1949, and provided by Aiazzi in her article, proves that, despite the fact that the French and German translations of *Ulysses* had by then already appeared, influential writers and critics continued to consider *Ulysses* untranslatable, and that anyone who attempted such a task was a "madman". Wilder discouraged de Angelis because Joyce in person was not at his disposal for queries, as he had been for previous translators, and because he lacked a wide range of tools, such as books of criticism, dictionaries, and

"a great English-language library". But to know more of the actual progress of the work by de Angelis, of the equipment with which he worked, and of the variety of his contacts with experts, one would have to sift in depth the "fondo de Angelis" now at the Gabinetto Vieusseux in Florence—something which is beyond the scope of this essay.

As far as his approach to the Joycean text is concerned, Aiazzi, who received the information from Signora de Angelis, tells us that de Angelis did not deal with the single chapters in the order in which they appear in the novel; and also that he conceived the colossal project on his own initiative, and exclusively for his own pleasure. The first draft was typed by de Angelis' own mother, and it was then sent, with added hand-written revisions, to Mondadori. When the publication of this Italian *Ulisse* was approved, Mondadori asked for the advice of no less than five Joyce experts. As Aiazzi maintains, this close, police-like checking, decreases as the pages turn, as if the revisers had become a little tired and had gradually relented; and yet we cannot but agree that their revising policy is sometimes incoherent: the triumvirate—Cambon, Izzo and Melchiori—worked on the manuscript separately, and their corrections and suggestions were organized and finalised in Milan by Mondadori employees (people of the calibre of Debenedetti, Sereni and Vittorini). Comparing select excerpts, we find that in some cases they rendered more literal, in some others more colloquial and Tuscan-sounding, de Angelis' linguistic and stylistic options. How strange that the three professors, none of them Tuscan-born, should try to out-tuscanize a Tuscan!

As I anticipated, de Angelis wrote the following letter to Professor Pagnini in March 1988, a few months before the publication of his revised translation, and while reading the proofs. His own revisions, sent to Mondadori, were contained in 19 "most thick foolscap sheets" which G. Fink said he had once seen. De Angelis may have no doubt contacted many other eminent Joyce scholars in the course of this revision; to Pagnini he submitted a difficult passage from towards the end of the "Eumaeus" episode. No other letters between them survive, though some may have been lost. The tone of the two letters makes one think that Pagnini had been previously consulted by de Angelis. I am not in the position to state the degree of friendship between the two following their university years. Pagnini to be sure did not mention de Angelis frequently in his "table-talk". De Angelis' letter, however, reveals only moderate deference and even a little irony. Significantly, he opens the letter off-handedly with "Caro Pagnini"

and proceeds on first-name terms. Pagnini, far from considering the letter annoying, was evidently flattered by the query and answered promptly (after only three days, and in term time), as if wishing to prove his Joycean competence, and that he had carefully reread the passage in question. He sounds sure of what he says, even slightly patronizing. He responds to "Caro Pagnini" with a "Carissimo Giulio".

Here is de Angelis' hand-written letter:

18-3-88

Caro Pagnini,

scusa se ti faccio perdere un po' di tempo per una questione sulla quale mi servirebbe il tuo illuminatissimo parere.

Sta per uscire (a maggio) la nuova edizione di *Ulysses,* di cui sto rivedendo le bozze. È stato un lavoro improbo collazionare il testo definitivo (Penguin – Student Edition) col vecchio testo e rifare – tra l'altro – gran parte della punteggiatura, restituendo i moltissimi pezzi (parole singole, frasi, periodi spesso anche *trasposti*) e eliminando i molti errori (anche i miei di traduttore, con l'occasione).

Il nuovo testo in alcuni punti mi lascia perplesso (ad es. non mi convince molto una grafia del tipo tranqu*il*ity invece di *tranquillity* e tipo MUSTE*RR*ED invece di *MUSTERED.*

Ma c'è un passo sul quale – appunto – attirerei la tua attenzione perché *francamente* mi sembra incomprensibile sia nella *prima* versione, sia e ancor di più in quella definitiva che mi sembra peggiore.

Per semplificare trascrivo da p. 661 (Shakespeare & Co) e da p. 533 (Penguin):

Eumeo – 1ª versione

Marble could give the original, shoulders, back, all the symmetry. All the rest, yes, Puritanism.

2ª versione

Marble……………..all the symmetry, all the rest.

Mi sembra che *all the rest* non abbia senso dopo l'enumerazione *shoulders, back, all the symmetry*. Cosa sarebbe *all the rest*? Si parla come tu ricordi delle statue nude che Bloom ha ammirato (fine *Scilla e Cariddi*).

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Ma il guaio comincia ora

1ª versione

It does though, St. Joseph's sovereign…….. whereas no photo could, because it simply wasn't art, in a word.

Non ho mai capito molto bene quale possa essere la misteriosa parola nascosta dai *dots.*

2ª versione

Dopo *Puritanisme* (perché in francese?) il testo prosegue: *It* does though St. Joseph's THIEVERY, alors (Bandez!) FIGNE TOI TROP. Whereas no photo……..

Tra i tanti dubbi: che cos'è secondo te "*St. Joseph's thievery*"? (ladrocinio – furto – anche refurtiva?). Può alludere alla gravidanza di Maria e allo Spirito Santo?
E le parole francesi? *Bandez* mi risulta essere: Abbiate un'erezione o fatevelo rizzare. FIGNE è argot per *culo*, ma non esiste come verbo (ammenoché non si traduca *Inculate troppo*, che ovviamente non ha senso?
Non hai l'impressione che il testo sia corrotto e siamo di fronte ad un grosso pasticcio?
Scusa di nuovo, ma avevo bisogno di una consulenza ad altissimo livello.
Se per te è più semplice telefonami.
Grazie. Cordiali saluti Giulio de Angelis

And here is an English translation of the letter:

03/18/88

Dear Pagnini,
I'm sorry to waste some of your time with a question on which I need your most illuminating opinion.
My new edition of *Ulysses* is about to be published (in May), and I am reading the proofs. It was a daunting job collating the final text (Penguin – Student Edition) with the old text and redo – among other things – most of the punctuation, replacing the very many pieces (single words, phrases, periods often *transposed*) and eliminating many errors (also my own, as it happens).

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The new text leaves me perplexed in some places (e.g. I am left unconvinced by the transcription of "tranqui*l*ity" instead of "tranquillity", and of MUSTE*RRE*D instead of *MUSTERED.*

But there is a passage on which – to be sure – I would like to draw your attention because it frankly seems to me incomprehensible in the first version, and even more in the final one which I think is worse.

To make it easier I'll transcribe it from p. 661 (Shakespeare & Co.) and p. 533 (Penguin):

"Eumaeus" - 1st version

Marble could give the original, shoulder, back, all the symmetry. All the rest, yes, Puritanism.

2nd version

Marble .... all the symmetry, all the rest.

It seems to me that *all the rest* does not make sense after enumerating *shoulders, back, all the symmetry*. What could *all the rest* be? As you will remember the reference is here to the naked statues that Bloom admired (end of "Scylla and Charybdis").

But the trouble begins now:

1st version

It does though, St Joseph's sovereign...... whereas no photo could, because it simply was not art, in a word.

I've never been able to understand what the mysterious word hidden by the dots could be.

2nd version

After *Puritanisme* (why in French?) the text continues: It does though St. Joseph's thievery, alors (Bandez!) FIGNE TOI TROP. Whereas no photo ....

Among the many questions: what do you think "St. Joseph's thievery" is? (larceny – theft – even stolen goods?) May it allude to the pregnancy of Mary and to the Holy Spirit?

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And the French words? *Bandez* seems to me to signify "Have an erection or get it to be raised". FIGNE is slang for arse, but does not exist as a verb (unless one translates "Do fuck too much", which obviously does not make any sense? Don't you have the impression that the text is corrupt and that we are facing a big mess?

Sorry again, but I needed advice at the highest level.

If for you it's easier call me on the phone.

Thank you. Sincerely, Giulio de Angelis

This is Pagnini's typed answer:

Pistoia, 21 3 88

Carissimo Giulio

mancano i riferimenti contestuali, sia per l'una che per l'altra delle redazioni; e dunque il lavoro delle inferenze va, per forza di cose, a ruota libera.

A occhio e croce direi che il testo Shak. & Co. sia meno oscuro dell'altro. "Simmetry" direi che si riferisca, senz'altro al culo della statua. "Puritanism" potrebbe essere un vocativo – come dire "culo e tutto il resto (cioè anche la fica). Si signor Puritanesimo!" – la statuaria antica fa queste cose! – "E le fa, per la Sovrana di San Giuseppe (eufemismo per "per la Madonna!", e al contempo una paronomasia: *sovereign – suffering*)… meglio di una fotografia, data la superiorità dell'arte!"

Il testo Penguin puzza di guasti. A parte il *Puritanisme* (che non mi pare sia motivato eccetto forse dal fatto che, più avanti si passa dall'inglese al francese) "Joseph's thievery" può essere ancora un eufemismo, parallelo all'altro – il che farebbe pensare che il testo Shak. & Co. fosse un emendamento [*sic*] –, e cioè la 'refurtiva' di San Giuseppe con riferimento a Gesù Bambino, al momento della fuga in Egitto, e dunque il furto a Erode –, e allora l'imprecazione sarebbe "per il Bambino Gesù!". Infine, sempre pensando al culo della statua, "fattelo rizzare, e poi infilatici ben dentro!" Con l'ironia sulla buona resa dell'arte.

Tutte fantasie? Posso esser d'accordo: ma, in fondo, autorizzate.

Per "tranquility" e "masterred" direi che si tratta senz'altro di refusi!

Allego il saggio della Paola Gullì, che spalanca le aporie del nuovo "Joyce". […]

Un abbraccio in odore di antichità!

And here is the translation of Pagnini's answer:

Dearest Giulio,

contextual references, for both of the editions, are missing, and therefore the range of the inferences, given these circumstances, is immense.

At a guess I would say that the Shak. & Co. text is less obscure than the other. "Symmetry" I would take doubtless to mean the arse of the statue. "Puritanism" could be a vocative – as if one said "arse and everything else (i.e. even the pussy). Yes, Mr. Puritanism" – the ancient statuary does these things! –"And it makes them, for the sovereign of St. Joseph (euphemism for "Our Lady", and at the same time a paronomasia: *sovereign - suffering*) ... better than a photograph, given the superiority of art!".

The Penguin text smells of corruptions. Apart from *Puritanisme* (which does not seem to be motivated, except maybe for the fact that there is later a switch from English to French), "Joseph's thievery" may still be an understatement, parallel to the other – which suggests that the Shak. & Co. text is an emendation – namely the 'swag' of St. Joseph with reference to the Child Jesus at the time of the flight into Egypt, and therefore the theft to Herod – and then the curse would be "for the Child Jesus!". Finally, still having in mind the arse of the statue, "Make it stand on end, and then stick it all inside!" With irony on the good outcome of art.

All fantasies? I can agree: but, substantially, authorized.

As to "tranquillity" and "mastered" I would say that they are certainly typos!

I attach the essay by Paola Gullì, who opens up the aporias of the new "Joyce".

[...]

A hug in the odour of antiquity!

The passage in question had appeared in the 1960 translation as follows: "Il marmo sì rendeva l'originale, spalle, didietro, tutta la simmetria. Tutto il resto, via, era puritanesimo. Però, però il sovrano di San Giuseppe… laddove nessuna foto ci arriva perché non è arte, via, in una parola".

In the final result de Angelis adopted at least one of Pagnini's suggestions ("la sovrana" for "il sovrano"): "Il marmo sì rendeva l'originale, spalle, didietro, tutta la simmetria, tutto il resto. Via, era puritanisme. Però, però la sovrana di San Giuseppe alors (Bandez!) Figne toi trop… Laddove nessuna foto ci arriva perché non è arte via in una parola".

Joycean Gleanings

Jacques Aubert

LACAN AND THE JOYCE-EFFECT[1]

I

My starting point will surely be familiar to Joyceans: that Docteur Jacques Lacan, responding to my invitation, opened the V International Joyce Symposium at the Sorbonne on June 16th 1975; the topic he had chosen for his lecture was "Joyce le Symptôme". This choice in its turn, and rather to the surprise of his followers, led to his decision to change the topic of his seminar planned for the following season, and to choose as its title "Le Sinthome". The announcement of this seminar, duly posted in strategic places, also warned his audience that they should read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as soon as possible, and preferably in the Viking Critical edition. So it was that that seminar, together with the strange word that it promoted, proved to be a major landmark in the development of Lacan's teaching.

Actually we now have two versions of the Sorbonne talk. The first one is a transcript of a recording made on the spot, at my suggestion, by composer Jean-Yves Bosseur, who, later in the Symposium, staged a performance of a fragment of *Finnegans Wake*. Jean-Yves Bosseur played the recording of the lecture to Lacan, who did not like his performance at all, (though I took the liberty, later, to print it in a collection of essays, *Joyce avec Lacan*, 1987). But when a couple of years after the Symposium, collecting a few of the papers read at the Symposium, I asked his permission to print those pages, he immediately accepted, and delivered a document which had been not only typed properly, but corrected in his own hand: and the manuscript proved to be strikingly different in style, though not really in contents, from the initial transcript.…

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[1]   I am not particularly satisfied with the title of my paper, but after all it may be ambiguous enough to coincide with what both Joyce and Lacan represent in modern culture. Such is my purpose today, and I will begin by examining the Lacan-Joyce connection in the light of my personal experience.

Now, this clearly shows that Lacan's interest in Joyce was not accidental, not even of the type one can expect from a psychoanalyst confronted with an exceptional artist: the period I have just gone through cannot be considered apart from his formative years in the 1920s and 30s. Indeed, he himself, in both versions of "Joyce le Symptôme", told his audience that, when in his twenties, he had met Joyce on two occasions at Adrienne Monnier's bookshop: one at the launching of the book in December 1921, when he was barely twenty,[2] then on the occasion of the publication of the French translation in 1929, when he was a medical student beginnng to specialize in psychiatry.

This duality of interest, in art as well as medicine, was certainly common in his generation, but it was particularly remarkable in the case of Lacan, who obviously was not satisfied in the sole company of Adrienne Monnier's customers. He appears to have been particularly fascinated by an artist, who deserves mention at this point because he alludes to her in the revised version of the Sorbonne talk, in the course of a pastiche of *Wake* language:

> *LOM, LOM de base, LOM cahun corps et nan-na Kun.*
> [*cahun* stands for *qu'a un corps*, a familiar, colloquial spelling of *qui a un corps*]

Now this was an addition in the second version of the talk, and it obviously points out the presence of Lacan's major interests early in his development: not only an interest in the arts, but also his promotion of the concept of *jouissance*, which he explicitly associates with the body, and which he later detected at the very center of Joyce's case, as you will see in a moment. Claude Cahun was an artist whose studio[3] Lacan attended more or less regularly in the 20s and 30s. Her biographer has described her identity as "exotisme intérieur" (a term that had become a familiar concept in the psychiatric circles of the time), and there was much indeed in her personality to fascinate a medical student specialising in mental health. She was a libertarian in many aspects of her life, pleading against the assignation, or rather, she thought, the imposition of patronyms:

> *"La gêne des mots, et surtout des noms propres est un obstacle à mes relations avec autrui, c'est-à-dire à ma vie même. Obstacle si ancien qu'il m'apparaît en quelque sorte un trait congénital […] Ô mal nommés, je vous renomme ! Ô bien aimés, je*

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[2]   He obviously did not check the dates.
[3]   70bis rue Notre-Dame des Champs. Art exhibitions were held there, attracting a number of artists and intellectuals.

vous surnomme ! […] Ailleurs la modification ou suppression du nom propre m'est dictée par le sentiment profond du caractère <u>sacré</u> d'un être. Aucun nom, dès lors, n'est assez grand, n'est assez beau pour lui".

"The nuisance with words, and particularly names, is that they are an obstacle to my relations with others, that is to say to my life itself. Such an ancient obstacle in fact that it almost seems to be a genetic characteristic of mine […] Oh, you the badly-named, I re-name you! Oh, beloved ones, I nick-name you! […] What's more, the changing or suppression of proper names is dictated to me by a profound sense of the <u>sacred</u> nature of a being. From this it follows that no name is grand enough or beautiful enough for such a being".

What is no less remarkable is the fact that she not only rejected her patronym, but assumed a long series of pseudonyms. But in her case this attitude was coupled with the way she treated her own image, both in actual fact, when she deliberately distorted her features, and in the innumerable photographic self-portraits she then produced. For us Joyceans, both features (self-portrait and patronyms, the idea of **forging a name for himself**) not only echo some of Joyce's themes, especially *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which Lacan explicitly recommended to his prospective audience, but **foreshadow Lacan's reading of Joyce's case:** Cahun's <u>symptoms</u> were indeed exceptional, and were at **the crossroad of art, language and mental health**.

Lacan seems to have been still in contact with Claude Cahun in the 30s, especially on the occasion of more or less informal meetings (one of them, it seems, in Lacan's flat), where topics were political as well as connected with the most recent developments in psychiatric theory.

Those years, which proved to be so decisive for the western world, were also crucial in Lacan's history. In October 1932 he submitted his doctoral thesis on *De la psychose paranoïaque dans ses rapports avec la personnalité*. But, as early as 1931, several publication of his testified to his desire to connect his professional interests with the arts, and especially literature, which comes as no surprise in view of his contacts with the Surrealist group [4]:

- *"Ecrits 'inspirés': schizographie* […]», Annales médico-psychologiques, 1931, t.II, p.508-522.

[4]   André Breton himself had been a medical student.

- "Le problème du style et la conception psychiatrique des formes paranoïaques de l'expérience", Minotaure, n°1, 1933.
- "Motifs du crime paranoïaque", Minotaure, n°3, 1933.

The first article establishes a connection between a psychiatric case and poetic production, referring the reader to André Breton (*Manifeste du sur-réalisme*), André Breton and Paul Eluard (*L'Immaculée Conception*, 1930), Benjamin Péret and Robert Desnos. Like James Joyce himself at the time, Lacan insists on **"la lecture à haute voix"** which reveals the essential role played by rhythm. And, we may add, the **human voice**. But all this does not detract from his interest in epistemology: for instance he forges a new concept, "*schizographie*", a pun (already!) on the model of Kraepelin's "*schizophasie*". And on another page, he refers his reader to Henri Delacroix's book *La Langage et la pensée* (Alcan, 1930), a book which drew on Ferdinand de Saussure's *Cours de linguistique générale* (1915). And there is a real question I would like to ask: to what extent was Lacan already toying with the notions of "*signifiant*" and "*signifié*"? Was he not, in those days, in contact with Edouard Pichon, a linguist as well as an analyst?

In short, in 1975, there is ample proof that Jacques Lacan was clearly recollecting this earlier period, not on purely sentimental lines, but rather in terms of intellectual, theoretical investigation. For 1975 was the year when he finally decided to republish his out of print doctoral dissertation, and now completed with the articles I have just mentioned, which he had for years decided to ignore, and refused to republish.[5] But he was not nostalgic in any way. These memories were recurring because they echoed the questions which were then engrossing him. Among them, of course, James Joyce's works.

At this point, I would like to mention a problem that I failed to solve: to what extent had Lacan been previously familiar with the *Work in Progress* published in *transition* in the 30s? Had he already met the Jolases then? I missed the opportunity to ask Maria Jolas and/or Lacan, and Lacan's family could not tell me either. What I do know is that Maria and Jacques were on first name terms in 1975, and that their weekend houses were in the same part of the country. And Maria did encourage me, and helped me, to approach him. In short, this relationship made it appropriate for Maria to introduce him at the Sorbonne on the opening day of the Symposium.

[5]   See Lacan (1975). The volume he dedicated to me and my wife, is dated "Ce 23.VI.1975", the week after the Sorbonne lecture.

II

But enough of this historical background. Let us now have a look at the substance of the connection between Joyce and Lacan, and try to take a synthetic view of the issues involved.

There is ample proof that Joyce had been present in Lacan's thoughts and writings for years. But why? I think that, more or less consciously, Lacan felt that they had much in common, that they were more or less on the same track: their generations, though different, did to some extent overlap, and their Roman Catholic upbringing had much in common, with conseqences I will soon point out.

Symptom versus Symbol

At this point, I can perhaps sum up the matter by way of a little anecdote. Some time in May 1975, a couple of weeks before the Joyce Symposium, Jacques Lacan took me with him, on his way to consult a doctor. As we were travelling in a taxi, he said: "They are going to print invitations for my talk at the Sorbonne, and ask me what the title is going to be. Should I say '*Joyce le Symbole'* or '*Joyce le Symptôme*? What do you think?" Without giving the matter a thought, but asking "Like 'Jesus la Caille'?", I immediately answered "*Joyce le Symptôme"*, and Lacan answered, "Yes, you are right, it's what I had in mind", and then he added: "as could be expected", "they" would insist on "*symbole*" rather….

It was typical of Lacan, I was beginning to realize, that the signifier 'symptom' had to have pride of place as he was going to consult one of his colleagues.… But he was also addressing me as as a person who was also investigating "The Joyce case": the case of a writer who had been a medical student, had just failed to be a doctor in his own right, and had begun his career as a writer by presenting himself not only as the <u>reader</u> of his fellow-citizens in terms of a collection of symptoms, but as a <u>therapist</u> who could cure them through his writings. And Lacan somehow felt that he was on common ground with the writer, dealing with symptoms as **coincidences observed as both significant and enigmatic**.

Now, this was more or less Joyce's position with the epiphany, as the **blinding** <u>revelation of Meaning and Being</u>: a conception he had tried to connect with <u>aesthetic jouissance</u> in a global theory, trying to enlist Thomas

Aquinas for the greater glory of the said theory: and for the greater glory of James Joyce, forgetting that he was himself a Dubliner, virtually subject to the same treatment.

What he also gradually discovered, or rather re-discovered, was that ultimate 'jouissance' is not pleasure, but rather lies beyond satisfaction ("elle s'ajoute à l'acte, comme à la jeunesse sa fleur", "it is a supplement to the 'act', as fulfilment, just as youth is enhanced by its **bloom**"). It is enigmatic and opaque by nature, and that is what Joyce explores at the beginning of the "Proteus" episode, when he broods on the problem of transparence, the diaphane, and concludes on the importance of the "adiaphane", a forgery of his own based, however, on substantial philosophical lore. This provides the occasion for poking fun at his own epiphanies, in which he feels he has missed something essential: the blind moment attendant upon the supposedly sublime revelation of ultimate Meaning.

Now, here lies an epistemological problem, involving the contrasting concepts of real and reality, which Gaston Bachelard, in *Le Nouvel Esprit Scientifique*, has summed up in a famous formula: "*Le réel n'est jamais ce qu'on pourrait croire, mais toujours ce qu'on aurait dû penser*", "The real never is what you might believe [i.e. just anything], but always what you should have thought out [i.e. what you actually missed]". Lacan's conclusion would be that "reality is what you rely upon in order to go on dreaming". The best illustration of this is to be found in Joyce in the concluding pages of "The Dead", with the discovery of fundamental misunderstanding in the relation between the sexes. Gabriel Conroy, after asking the question "what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a *symbol* of?", discovers that such a woman, and probably any woman, is for any man more like a symptom. So that the next questions are: "what becomes of the symbolic relations between human beings?", "what becomes of language itself?", then "How is it that this woman is literally petrified? What has occurred in her mind, but also in her life, that is creating such an effect? And ultimately: how can one be so totally in the dark about the person who is supposed to be closest to you, about the **jouissance of this particular woman**?" Joyce's development as a writer began when he gave up his ambition to tell the whole Truth about Beauty he imagined he had experienced, and tried to write out what had been Real in his own particular, symptomatic experience, which, we know, was in fact not *La Femme*, but a particular woman, Nora.

Joyce among the analysts

In the summer of 1975, Lacan was still working on Joyce, and he and I remained in contact. I lent him, among other books, my much scribbled on working copy of *A Portrait*. He was then preparing a lecture he was due to give, in Geneva, early in October to a group of analysts[6]. The subject was 'Le Symptôme', in which he not only reminded his audience of some basic points, but insisted on such notions as ***jouissance***, when he says: "*Ce que Freud a apporté, c'est ceci, qu'il n'y a pas besoin de savoir qu'on sait pour jouir d'un savoir*", "Freud's contribution was, that there is no need to know what you know, in order to enjoy some knowledge". He insisted on the notion of 'symptom' as *événement de corps*, "body-event**"**: "*c'est toujours avec des mots que l'homme pense. Et c'est dans la rencontre de ces mots avec son corps que quelque chose se dessine*" "[Man always thinks with words. And it is in the encounter of these words with his body that something takes shape]". Hence his forging of the notion of 'moterialism' to describe his philosophical position.

Lacan's approach, however, led him to forge another, more central notion, ***lalangue***, which describes the condition of language before it has been organised and codified, when it lends itself to ambiguities and misapprehensions. And he adds: "*C'est dans la façon dont lalangue a été parlée et aussi entendue pour tel ou tel dans sa particularité que quelque chose, ensuite, ressortira en rêves, en toutes sortes de trébuchements, en toutes sortes de façon de dire*", "It is the way 'lalangue' has been spoken as well as heard by such and such individual, that something will come out later in dreams, in all sorts of slips of tongue and tripping-ups in expression". A reader of *Finnegans Wake* will be tempted to add "stutterings" to this list…

Le Sinthome

The next step in Lacan's reading of Joyce was the re-writing of his lecture, and, to begin with, of its title, which became "Joyce le Sinthome". By so doing, he not only revived an old spelling of "symptôme", but added to it a very Wakean polysemic dimension, created by phonetic ambiguity. A

[6] *Le Bloc-Notes de la psychanalyse*, review edited by Mario Cifali. All rights reserved.

French speaker when hearing "*saint homme*", will be reminded of Joyce's apparent reverence for Thomas Aquinas, of the centrality of Aquinas in his theorizing, and of the many references to sainthood as a possible stance of Stephen Dedalus. But what Lacan also does is to enhance the question of spelling, of the <u>ambiguous status of **the letter**</u>. Spelling, he says elsewhere, is a legacy of the turmoils of History, and is often born of errors and misapprehensions, and implies "the abnihilisation of the etym" (*FW* 353.22): it does not mean anything in itself. As Jacques-Alain Miller pointed out, "*le destin de la lettre se disjoint de la fonction du signifiant […] elle inclut cette <u>jouissance</u> que Freud découvre comme limite du pouvoir de l'interprétation*" (Aubert, 1987, 10-1).

Now, this was a way of pointing out that a symptom, being of the order of the letter, has less to do with the Word, with Meaning and Being, than with the writing process as a fundamentally enigmatic process: or, to use Lacanian categories, less with the Symbolic than with the Real. Let it be understood, at this point, that we must refine somewhat the concept of 'Real': Bachelard's definition, because it refers to science and truth, and although it quite rightly points out the idea of error, of failure, is not totally pertinent when we deal with the unconscious and jouissance. We all know how Joyce himself felt that 'error' and erring were part and parcel of an artistic vocation, as well as life: "*To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!*" (Joyce, 1977, 172)

Lacan's *sinthome* appears to suggest that there is a way of dealing with the Real in each particular experience through a particularized type of 'writing'. By so doing, quite logically, the emphasis will have to be on the enigmatic nature of enunciation, not on the supposed clarity of *énoncés*.

This is where Lacan proves to be revolutionary in his own field. Jacques-Alain Miller has pointed out, as early as 1987, that "*il s'agissait […] du questionnement le plus radical jamais formulé du fondement même de la psychanalyse, conduit à partir du symptôme comme hors-discours*" (Aubert, 1987, 11), "The matter in hand […] was the most radical questioning ever formulated of the fundamentals of psychoanalysis, taking the symptom, not discourse, as starting-point". This was the last phase of a radical revision of orthodox Lacanian theory, which had given absolute prominence to the Symbolic as the locus of the Other, a revision which had begun with Seminar XX.

Among the consequences of this new stance is Lacan's observation concerning Joyce's evolution, which, he says, remarkably enough,

took place without his having recourse to psychoanalysis. But that is another matter.

Moterialisme and literature

Lacan has observed that Joyce is heading towards the end of literature, and he was not the first to do so. But, contrary to many others, his 'sinthome' helps us to grasp what is at stake in Joyce's progress and ultimate production, *Finnegans Wake*. The motto here may be "moterialisme", a notion which is double-edged. On the one hand, it lays emphasis on reading as fundamentally litteral, non-idealistic, which is exactly what Joyce pointed out with his pun on 'letter' and 'litter'. On the other hand, as a consequence, he invites the reader to play that game, and to invest in the process his own symptom: his very body, his own relation to language, i.e. also his unconscious and history.

I will take as an example the sentence from *Finnegans Wake* quoted by Lacan in his lecture: "*Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly?*" As Joyce insisted, the text must be read aloud, is dependent on the voice of a speaker. But then, the possibility of giving meaning to the enigmatic sentence will depend on who and what he is, on his singularity. If he is French, he may possibly hear "*Où est ton cadeau, espèce d'imbécile?*", but a suspicion remains that the person is not actually French, but is speaking with some foreign accent. The question becomes: how should the person who is reading aloud pronounce the sentence? Which creates a suspension in the very utterance, a sort of hesitency affecting the meaning. And also a suspicion concerning the speaker, who sounds very much like a prostitute asking her customer to give the usual, traditional '*cadeau*', which is supposed to testify that the sexual act, beside its commercial aspect, implied, beside even its symbolic dimension, an additional *jouissance* (Lacan would say *plus-de-jouir*). In short, what Joyce offers the reader is a variety of coordinates, and it is the latter's task to organize them. Which leads me to my final observation.

The operative concept here may be '*encadrement*', that Lacan uses in conneection with the lists of correspondences for each episode of *Ulysses* Joyce publicised. The word suggests a desire to draw attention to an image or a statement, and invites the reader to participate in the reading process, invest his desire in the book (N.B. the negative form "*je ne peux pas l'encadrer*", meaning "*I just hate him*", provides confirmation). Which is exactly what many innocent readers of the book cannot possibly do.

To conclude

I would like to point out that some writers have been themselves drawn into the peculiar logic Joyce chose to develop when he abandoned the mysteries of the Church in favour of the enigmas of lalangue. They found in him subject matter for their own creative investigation into the possibilities of language, having been taught by Joyce that the Real is tantamount to 'the possible' as "what may <u>not</u> take place". Only, perhaps, be <u>dis</u>placed.

There is no doubt that James Joyce was both fascinated and somehow repelled by global systems, whether political (the British Empire, Irish nationalism), religious (the Roman Catholic Church) or even philosophical (Aristotle). It was difficult for him to conciliate universals and his singularity. His answer to the dilemma was symptomatic. On the one hand he based himself on the enigma specific to any symptom as totally outside accepted discourse, on the gap in meaning which attends it, since it seems to be inscribed in the body, not in written language. On the other hand, his whole effort, from *Dubliners* (explicitly symptomatic in approach) to *Finnegans Wake*, would seem to be to <u>re-integrate</u> it into such language, by exploiting all the possibilities offered by imaginative syntax and vagaries in lexicology. Such a re-integration is what one could describe, after Jacques Lacan, as "sinthome", with its suggestion of 'fault' (sin) and redemption (ascetic sainthood).

By so doing, he was taking his reader, willy-nilly, along the way he had opened for himself. The path was steep, too steep for many so-called common readers. But a number of writers found in his achievement, if not the model that it could not be, at least an enterprise consonant with their own predicament.[7]

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[7]   See Rios (2007) and Forest (2011).

Geert Lernout

IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN AND JOYCE'S USE OF SOURCES IN *ULYSSES*: A CASE-STUDY

Since the moment when T.S. Eliot told us, we have all known that *Ulysses* is essentially intertextual: the title of the novel is clear enough in itself, and from the book's first reception, readers have noted references to authors other than Homer. In the meantime, after more than ninety years of critical attention, we may have reached a point where we feel that we have a good idea of the web of intertextual references out of which Joyce wove his novel. This is obvious enough when we look at the details in standard guides such as *Ulysses Annotated* (2008) by Don Gifford and Robert J. Seidman or in annotated editions of the novel (with notes that more often than not ultimately derive from *Ulysses Annotated*.

In one handy volume, Gifford and Seidman collected all the evidence that had been found by previous scholars and we can be fairly sure that their book discusses most of the important source materials. But recent genetic studies (mostly but not exclusively drawing on the new manuscript materials in the National Library of Ireland) continue to demonstrate that *Ulysses* is intertextual in a manner that goes far beyond Eliot's famous "mythic method" in a way closely resembling Joyce's working strategies on *Finnegans Wake* that Vincent Deane, Daniel Ferrer and myself have tried to describe in our edition of the Buffalo Notebooks. New work in this field has been published, mostly online, on the *Genetic Joyce Studies* site and at *Joyce Online Notes* and readers will notice immediately that the intertextual study of Joyce has entered a completely new dimension. Because so many books and texts are now available online, internet searches make it possible to trace short phrases and even single words to a specific source.[1] In this brief note I want to show another aspect of this revolution: the digital availability of

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[1] See my article "Joyce World-Wide Intertext". *James Joyce Quarterly* 47 (Winter 2010), 247-53.

sometimes rather esoteric printed sources employed by Joyce, will allow a much closer and more productive study of those sources that have already been identified but that may not have been studied closely enough. This is the case with a book that we have known about for a very long time.

One of the first things we learn about Bloom in "Calypso" (apart from his culinary preferences and his love of cats), is his immediate bodily reaction to the warmth of the sun outside and the fairly detailed orientalist fantasies that accompany this enjoyment. When leaving the house on his way to the butcher, he first crosses to the bright side of the street, he sees and senses the sun's warmth, and he reflects that he feels it more because of his black clothes. He notices a breadvan delivering "our daily", but then his attention returns to the sun itself:

> Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Dander along all day. Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass (4:84-98).

First there is the fact that we meet a number of themes that we (and Bloom) will confront later in the day and at least one that we have already encountered: "old Royce" singing about the boy who can enjoy invisibility from *Turko the Terrible* is among the secrets of Stephen's mother that her son has preserved. But more importantly, this is almost a catalogue of nineteenth century romantic orientalism, all encapsulated in a description of a single day, from dawn to the night sky. There is the travel adventure, the exotic clothes, danger and eroticism.

Typically for Bloom, as we will discover in the rest of the book, fifteen lines of this are then interrupted by a more sober thought: "Not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the

titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself" (99-100). We have to wait fourteen chapters to discover in "Ithaca" that in his rather small library, Bloom really does have a book with that title, a copy missing the crucial title page, which in fact, as Gifford and Seidman point out, has a picture of a clearly Japanese lady playing an exotic instrument, facing a photograph of the statue of the Great Buddha in Daibutzu: this book is much more about the Far East than Bloom's Near East.

The subtitle of *In the Track of the Sun* is: "Readings from the Diary of a Globe Trotter" and this is what we get. Frederick Diodati Thompson was a New York lawyer, and the book, published in 1893 by Appleton in New York, was dedicated to Sultan Abdul-Hamid II of Turkey. In the same year the book was published, Thompson was the Turkish commissioner at the Chicago World Exhibition and in the book he described Abdul-Hamid II as "without doubt the ablest Padishah ruler that has reigned in the Ottoman Empire for many years; he is the ruler in fact as well as in name, and understands thoroughly every detail of the government of his country. […] In a remarkable degree he possesses the love of all around him, but every one feels instinctively his wonderful ability and his penetrating mind".(1893 <2013>, 204).

Thompson describes a trip of seven months from his home on the American east coast, first by sleeping car to Chicago and via Portland in Oregon to Tacoma in Washington state; then via Victoria by steamer to Yokohama, continuing on to China, Ceylon, Hindustan, India, Egypt, Palestine and then via Italy back to New York. Most of this time was spent in the Far East, and most of Bloom's images of the Orient have their counterpart in the book. Thompson did in fact travel in the track of the sun, so during the crossing of (a very tempestuous) Pacific the ship passed the one hundred and eightieth meridian on the first day of November: "There was no November 2d for us. We jumped to Tuesday, the 3d, and could say with the Roman emperor that we had lost a day—though not through any fault of our own" (17). And when Bloom imagines trekking over a strand, arriving at the city gates, Thompson describes several impressive gates in India, among them one in Jeypore, during a Muslim festival. This longer sensual passage can be compared to Bloom's imaginative reconstruction of the East:

> I then returned to luncheon, and spent the afternoon in driving through the streets and visiting shops and bazaars. Just before dark the scene in the market

place, outside the city walls, was the most characteristically Oriental spectacle that I can remember. It was a Mussulman festival, and the market place was crowded with people dressed in their gayest costumes. The Mohammedan women wore trousers of a red cotton material, tight at the ankles, and baggy from the knee to the hips; while the Hindu women's costume was a skirt and a small jacket, if it could be thus designated, which extended only halfway to the elbow, and covered the upper part of the bust, leaving a wide space of their stomachs uncovered. The women of each class had a long piece of cotton cloth over the head and extending to the knees, which they wore gracefully adjusted round their persons. As usual, all these women were covered, so to speak, with native jewellery and ornaments.

Many elephants and magnificent horses from the maharajah's stables were mixed up with the masses of human beings, while trains of camels wound their way along, carrying loads to far-distant places. As we were looking on at this curious gathering, suddenly through the city gate several carriages made their appearance, containing some native princes escorted by a guard of mounted spearmen, and the crowd fell back in haste to make a passage for the party (150-51).

The difference with Bloom's musings is of course that Thompson uses complete grammatical sentences, while Bloom paints the scene in short phrases. We get the impression that if Bloom does remember Thompson's book at this point, it is not so much for its language as for the descriptions and illustrations. Although there is no picture of a Tweedy-like "ranker" in the book, we do have a photo of a "Soudanese warrior" (172) holding a long spear, another one of the Damascus gate in Jerusalem (191) and of the Mosque of Omar (Al-Aqsa) both in Jerusalem. Of course the picture of the latter on page 194 shows the structure before its more recent renovations: in this version it is a rather drab building with lots of shadows and pillars, but there are no priests with rolled up scrolls.

Bloom's scene does seem to share in the multi-faith reality of Jerusalem as described by Thompson, who claims to have been shocked and saddened by the "disgraceful fights" between the different denominations. When visiting "temples of the heathen one has a contempt for the humbug with which those poor people are duped; but to find this foolish superstition at the fountain-head of our own true religion makes one feel heartsick and despondent" (192-3). It is strange that Bloom imagines a priest in this oriental setting, especially one carrying a rolled up scroll. Maybe he cannot

recall the correct term for a Muslim or Jewish religious functionary; at least both of these religions have Holy Books in the form of scrolls, but it is not very likely that they would carry them through the street. And anyway, from the beginning of their history, Christians have preferred the codex form for their own Scriptures.

We know that at a relatively late stage (the page proofs) Joyce changed the word "Turk" into "Turko the terrible" to link this, the first Bloom chapter, to the first Stephen chapter in the book. In fact there were two other additions at this level, here marked in bold type.

> Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. **Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically**. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, **Turko the terrible**, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Dander along all day. **Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him**. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass (3:84-98).

On the same occasion Joyce added both the initial reference to traveling ahead of the sun (also mentioned by Thompson) and the reference to meeting robbers, which shows that Araby, Ali Baba and the usual orientalist images play an important role in Bloom's sunny musings, quite like Thompson, who traveled from Jerusalem to Jericho in the company of a "representative of the sheik who was sent to guard us, for even now it is dangerous to go to Jericho unprotected, as one may still 'fall upon thieves'" (195-6). It is strange that both the longer additions contain a reference to a single male person that Bloom seems eager to stay away from, either by running away from him or by "meeting" him as a (suddenly singular) robber. The text does not tell us who this person is, although of course it is only further on in the chapter that Bloom finds out that Boylan will be visiting Molly later that day.

At the butcher's shop, Bloom's oriental fantasies are reinforced by the Zionist leaflet he picks up at Dlugacz's counter, but not at first, when Bloom's thoughts are still on the meat in the shop and on the next door girl's "moving hams". It is only after he steps outside and does not see her anywhere that he begins to read the pamphlet and this starts a train of thought that moves from Palestine to his Jewish friends. But then a cloud covers the sun (a second link with the first chapter and one that has a similar psychological effect on Bloom as it had on Stephen). Bloom now realizes that his image of the East may not be all that accurate.

> No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's, clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.
>
> Desolation.
>
> Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Yes, I am here now. Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of the bed. Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twentyeight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes.
>
> Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind (219-242).

Thompson also describes a brief visit to the Dead Sea, but these two descriptions only have the word "barren" in common. Although the intrepid American traveler goes for a swim in the salty sea, *In the Track of the Sun* does not mention the biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah. But Thompson does talk of Lot's wife and in this darker version of Bloom's oriental thoughts, the mother calling her children home and the girl playing

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the dulcimer have turned (with the land itself) into an old woman. This dead land "bore the oldest, the first race". It is at that moment that an *old* woman crosses the Dublin street, embodying the spent land. And then, at the deepest point of despair, Bloom himself seems to be in danger of sharing the fate of Lot's wife: "Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak" (231f).

First Bloom tries to keep the desolation at bay: he convinces himself that at the very least he is still alive and then he tries to explain the "grey horror" searing his flesh as a case of grumpiness ("wrong side of the bed"). In a second and third movement he does what we will see him do all through the day when confronted with unwanted thoughts or emotions: he tries to distract himself by concentrating hard on what he sees around him. In a final movement he returns to his initial thought about his own bodily presence, imagining the smell of breakfast and the physical presence of his wife's "bedwarmed flesh". It is at that moment that the sun, in the guise of a girl, comes running along the street to meet him, just at the moment when Bloom reaches the door of 7 Eccles Street. That, in this chapter, is the end of Bloom's orientalist fantasies, both in their positive (the girl playing a dulcimer) and their negative version (the grey sunken cunt of the world).

The next oriental fantasy is once more triggered by the sun. On the first page of "Lotus Eaters", Bloom is trying to retrieve the calling card from his hat, while looking into the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company, where he reads "choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands" (5:28f), which triggers a brief meditation on the far east. Although there are no direct echoes to the text, in his book Thompson describes a visit to Ceylon and he does mention the tea plantations, which are taking over from the production of coffee as one of the island's main exports.

In "Hades", the next chapter, there is another brief reference to the book, when Bloom is thinking about death and corpses, linking his thought immediately to his own reading:

A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds (6:981-7).

In "Ithaca" we will find out that the travel book about China by one "Viator" is in Bloom's library, but despite valiant efforts, the references to China and the book itself have not been definitively identified (Bazargan, 2011-12). But as Gifford and Seidman point out in their *Ulysses Annotated*, Thompson's book does contain a full description of the author's visit to Malabar Hill in Bombay:

> On Saturday morning, at 7.30, I arrived at Bombay, and was met at Church Gate Station by a porter and drove at once to the Esplanade Hotel, whither I had telegraphed for rooms. I rested until the afternoon, when I drove to the Towers of Silence, belonging to the Parsees. These towers, five in number, are on Malabar Hill, surrounded by a beautiful garden. The view of the city, the sea, and the neighbouring bungalows is one of the finest in Bombay. Perched on the top of the towers are usually a number of vultures waiting for the approach of a funeral. The procession stops near the tower; only the bearers of the corpse enter with the body, and lay it, with all its clothing removed, upon the tower's top. On their retirement the vultures immediately descend, and in a few minutes devour the flesh, leaving only the bones, which are thrown into a central pit of the tower, to resolve themselves into dust and ashes (155).

And on the next page, Thompson helpfully includes a photograph of vultures on top of such a "Tower of Silence" at Malabar.

In the long middle section of the book, there are fewer references to Thompson's book, but in one of the parodies that illustrate and interrupt the narrator's tale, we read:

> Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a fourleaved shamrock the excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the stern provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell ffrenchmullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away a furtive tear and was overheard, by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

—God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub what's waiting for me down Limehouse way (12:662-78).

The brief reference to the all-too-British officer's cruelty may well be based on an account of Thompson's visit to Cawnpore in a chapter entitled "Memorials of the Sepoy Rebellion":

On Tuesday morning I went out in a large landau, the driver being an old soldier who also had served in the Fifty-third Regiment and entered Cawnpore with Havelock. The various spots of interest were shown—Wheeler's intrenchment, which had been distinctly marked out, at the suggestion of the Prince of Wales; All Soul's Church; the Memorial Well (into which the unfortunate English victims were thrown, regardless of age or sex, the living with the dead); and the Suttee Choura Ghat, where the majority of the garrison were fired upon and were destroyed, after they had embarked in boats. The massacre was one of the most brutal in modern history, but the retribution inflicted on the perpetrators was swift and heavy. They were dragged by Havelock's infuriated soldiers through the blood they had spilled, which to a Brahman's mind was an unspeakable defilement; and after that they were lashed to the mouths of cannon and the guns were fired, which blew their bodies into shreds and scattered them to the wind. The severity of this punishment arose from their religious belief, which requires that the body have burial with proper ceremonies or the soul can never enter heaven (134-6).

Although Joyce changed the name of the commanding officer, in the process making him even more stereotypically upper-class English, the scene comments powerfully on the juxtaposition of brutal imperial violence and sentimentality in the chapter.

There are just a few more references to Thompson's book, apart from the appearance of the book itself as part of Bloom library in the "Ithaca" chapter. In "Circe" there is a brief scene in which Bloom's Jewish, oriental and erotic themes meet:

THE CIRCUMCISED

(In a dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit upon him, no flowers). Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad.

VOICES

(Sighing). So he's gone. Ah, yes. Yes, indeed. Bloom? Never heard of him. No? Queer kind of chap. There's the widow. That so? Ah, yes.

(From the suttee pyre the flame of gum camphire ascends. The pall of incense smoke screens and disperses. Out of her oak frame a nymph with hair unbound, lightly clad in teabrown artcolours, descends from her grotto and, passing under interlacing yews, stands over Bloom). (15:3226-36)

As we saw earlier, Thompson was no friend to non-protestant religions and when in Benares he witnessed priests sacrificing a goat, it led him to this judgment:

This finished the sight-seeing for the day, and I am sorry to admit that I was disappointed, on the whole, in the city, the temples, and the mosques. As for Brahmanism, it is too vile for description, the emblem of Siva being a fit symbol of its disgusting character. Its principles and practices are degrading, and it would be a great boon to India if these should be modified or abolished by the British rulers, as were *suttee*, or widow immolation, and child marriages (127).

Somewhat later in "Ithaca" we read about Bloom's interest in visiting certain attractive localities, divided into two lists, one in Ireland and one abroad. The latter ends with the Dead Sea (which we saw before) and starts with Ceylon.

Abroad?
Ceylon (with spicegardens supplying tea to Thomas Kernan, agent for Pulbrook, Robertson and Co, 2 Mincing Lane, London, E. C., 5 Dame street, Dublin), Jerusalem, the holy city (with mosque of Omar and gate of Damascus, goal of aspiration), the straits of Gibraltar (the unique birthplace of Marion Tweedy), the Parthenon (containing statues of nude Grecian divinities), … (17:1979-85).

The first two items on this travel list, Ceylon and Jerusalem, must have been inspired by Bloom's reading of *In the Track of the Sun*. We saw that Bloom was reminded of Ceylon when he was contemplating the teashop window in "Lotus Eaters" and we read in the same chapter of his book

that Thompson visited Cinnamon Gardens, a suburb of the island's capital Colombo (where there are no tea plantations). In addition, the two architectural attractions of the Holy City are not only mentioned explicitly by Thompson; as we saw earlier, his book contains photographs of both, on pages 194 and 191 respectively.

With this brief discussion I hope to have shown that interesting discoveries can be made even with those sources which we already know that Joyce had available while writing *Ulysses*, and I am confident that a close study of the other books in Bloom's library would yield similar results. On the basis of the new materials at the National Library of Ireland, young scholars like Ronan Crowley have demonstrated that Joyce's work is part of a much richer and much more diverse intertextual network than we had hitherto assumed. With the help of all the digital resources now available it has become much easier to detect Joyce's sources than ever before. We have not finished reading Joyce. In many ways, we have not even started.

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Fritz Senn

ULYSSEAN HISTRIONICS IN EVERYDAY LIFE[1]

Many readers may have been impressed by the verbal adroitness of characters in *Ulysses*, by their tendency to turn every statement into a brilliant event whether the result is successful or looks forced. At times showy eloquence appears more important than what is being conveyed. Conversation in *Ulysses* at any rate is bristling with well-turned phrases that draw attention to themselves *as* salient formulations. The manner of saying something tends to occlude what is being said, the emphasis moves from What to How—this in keeping with the evolution of the later episodes.

A suitable though rare term for the astute handling of words serves the present purposes. In antiquity "*logodaedalia*" meant the skill in adorning a speech, but in modern rare usage the term also describes an excessive nicety in words or an affectation in selective expression. Both uses, achievement or failure, will merge in the subsequent remarks. Since "logodaedalia" or Greek "*logodaidalia*" splits into "word" ("*logos*") and "cunning" ("*daidalos*"), the term seems appropriate for a writer of supreme verbal skill whose early alter ego was named after the artificer Daedalus and who prominently uses "cunning" as one of his "arms" in defence (P247).

It is no coincidence that the flamboyant mannerism is conspicuously flaunted in the rhetorical and wind-inflated "Aeolus" episode with its high level of studied eloquence. One character in particular, Lenehan, would never be caught saying anything in a straightforward way. Avoiding the obvious is his trademark and he is constantly aiming at verbal brilliance. Simple laughter is transposed to a sonant "O my rib risible"; a "brick" that killed the ancient King Pyrrhus is "received in the latter half of the matinée". Lenehan glibly interjects foreign language phrases ("the *anno Domini*", "*Entrez, mes enfants*") or their jocular semblance: "*Thanky vous*", "*Muchibus*

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[1]   The essay is an adaptation of a talk given at the Trieste James Joyce Summer School, June 2013.

thankibus" (U7.448, 374, 422, 507, 468, 780). At the most elementary he simply inverts letters ("Clamn dever", 7.695)) or syllables ("I hear feetstoops", 7.393). He elaborately presents a forced pun as a riddle: "—Silence! What opera resembles a railway line? Reflect, ponder, excogitate, reply", and provides both answer and explanation: "—*The Rose of Castile*. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!" (7.588). He uses "wheeze" in the sense of "joke", probably not aware that the witticism is in fact wheezy, devoid of Aeolian animation. It so happens that in *Dubliners* Lenehan was characterized by "little jets of wheezy laughter" (D49) as though in anticipation of his further expansion. Feeble as the play of words may be, on its own level it overlays modern reality ("rows of cast steel") with a work of art, an opera, in a book that deals with mundane affairs like traffic or newspapers but whose title recalls an ancient epic.

Whatever Lenehan's (and others') motives are, the verbal embellishments provide some sparkle, even glamour, to the drab lives that are otherwise devoid of it, their illusions call up a more glittering life than the actual one. Verbal vivacity counteracts pervasive dire circumstances.

Inflated oral wit with a decorative effect is on a par with stylistic embroideries in print as they are held up to ridicule when Dan Dawson's speech is read out from the newspaper and submitted to scathing comment:

> —Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way, tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest zephyrs, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. (7.243)

This aspires to poetic heights by means of classical set pieces like "zephyrs", "meanderings", or "Neptune's blue domain" for the sea (which is anything but blue and has already more aptly been depicted as "snotgreen"). But then we are in a novel or epic called "Ulysses" named after a hero whose divine enemy was Neptune (or Poseidon to Odysseus). The parody shows what a novel called "Ulysses" *could* have been like. Salient phrases like the "pensive bosom" will be echoed later. It is a short step from "overarching" to "overarsing leafage" (7.253), from the attempted sublime to the bathetically ridiculous. Note also in passing that the whole episode is meandering in its babbling way and full of digressive stony obstacles, and so, in extension, is all of *Ulysses*.

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"Puck Mulligan" (9.1142)

What Lenehan is in relation to Bloom Buck Mulligan is even more poignantly in relation to Stephen Dedalus, right from the start in the opening chapters and elsewhere. Both jesters are combined in one of the Cyclopean interpolations:

> Considerable amusement was caused by the favourite Dublin streetsingers L-n-h-n and M-ll-g-n who sang *The Night before Larry was Stretched* in their usual mirthprovoking fashion. (12.541)

Ironically these vocally prominent figures are named with all vocals suppressed. Their aim indeed is amusement and mirth. The ballad they perform is about a convict Larry who is being "stretched" in the sense of "hanged", but "stretched" might well apply to an often visibly strained endeavour by which the mirth is being provoked.

Logodaedalia is inaugurated by an effervescent Buck Mulligan whose almost every utterance is elevated to an ornate phrase. His opening exclamation is in unexpected Church Latin: "*Introibo ad altare Dei*", an obvious displacement from where such words must be spoken, with a blasphemous effect early readers were hardly prepared for. He soon pursues in a similar vein: "—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns …" (1.21). Every item is transposed, there is no congregation to address, whatever "Christine" stands for, it is certainly not "genuine". Imaginary phantoms have taken over and, incidentally, taken us somewhere else.

Buck Mulligan would never stoop to a commonplace like "Give me your handkerchief"; even such a simple demand has to be fancified: "Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor" (1.69), where "lend us a loan" has an Irish lilt and happens to be a "*figura etymologica*" (the use of words of the same derivation). Such surfeit extravagance for a trivial matter also makes it memorable. Mulligan, an excessive quoter, is exceedingly quotable.

Versatile Mulligan's logodaedalian spectrum is wide and varied, mainly religious as when his dishing out of three eggs is accompanied by a sacerdotal "*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*" (1.351). He is equally adept at a coronation song with a Cockney accent: "*O, won't we have a merry time* …" (1.299). In these two instances his targets are the Church and the State, Stephen's "two masters", "the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church" and the "imperial British state" (1.643). Readers are also taken elsewhere,

away from the location of the otherwise predominant realism, which Mulligan can also take in his mercurial stride. In a female role he assumes "an old woman's wheedling voice":

> —*When I makes tea I makes tea*, as old mother Grogan said. *And when I makes water I makes water*. …
> —*So I do, Ms Cahill*, says she. *Begob, ma'am*, says Mrs Cahill, *God send you don't make them in the same pot* (1.359).

Almost everything can trigger a joke or a parody. Leaving the tower becomes a momentous act; it is evidence of how Buck Mulligan's facile wit is in collusion with an author's latent purposes:

> Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait, saying, wellnigh with sorrow:
> —And going forth he met Butterly. (1.527)

The formality of the diction indicates another item of facetious ceremony in which contemporary readers of Joyce would have recognized the Biblical matrix, the passage where Peter, having betrayed Jesus Christ three times, becomes aware of his deception: "And going forth, he wept bitterly" (Mat. 26:75). The minimal phonetic change is substantial, what looked like the name of a person (when no person is within sight) turns out to be an adverb twisted and personified; an unspecified "he" becomes the disciple who was to succeed Jesus Christ and founded the Church. As a joke, most likely not an original one, it falls signally flat and has all the air of Mulligan's stock-in-trade repertoire, but its reverberations reach beyond the perpetrator. The episode in the Gospels also contained a remark made to Peter: "For even thy speech doth discover thee" ("Mat. 26:73, "bewrays"). In *Ulysses* discoveries are made by attention to speech and its inflections. But in a larger context it was Peter the disciple who—on the basis of his name ("That thou art Peter, and upon this rock [*petra*] I will build my church")—was elected: "And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven" (Mat. 16:18). This adds ecclesiastical resonances to the question of who should have the key to the tower in his possession: "Did you bring the key?" Buck Mulligan asks right afterwards, and he later on usurps it (1.722) and renders Stephen keyless for the rest of the day. In the Gospel Peter is chosen by way of a play on his name, and Joyce has followed suit through Mulligan's otherwise pointless witticism.

In their performances neither Lenehan nor Mulligan are dependent entirely on words; these are generally accompanied by conspicuous bodily

gestures. Logodaedalia is intricately mixed with theatrical comportment; appropriately the top of the Martello tower supplies a round stage. Mulligan's initial silent behaviour is odd and erratic:

> Then, catching sight[2] of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. (1.11)

Such antics are in need of explications that are not supplied by the text; in this case the most likely account is that the Buck playacts a sort of exorcism at the sight of a devil—a matter of interpretation. Stephen Dedalus, who turns up at this moment, in *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* after all has given up his faith in the wake of "*non serviam*: I will not serve" (P117, 239). As in Mulligan's verbal behaviour, the act is in grotesque excess of its occasion.

Mulligan's range is considerable, his performances can be priestly, military, or affected stage Irishness. Or else they are in tune with his nickname "Buck" and its animal overtones: the full name, "two dactyls", is "tripping and sunny like the buck himself" (1.42); at one moment "he capered before them" (1.600; to caper is to behave like a buck goat, Lat. *caper*). The animal in the name can become a copulative verb: "Readheaded women buck like goats" (1.704). In a comic fashion elsewhere he "sigh[s] tragically", as though to underline his theatrical mannerisms (1.502; etymologically a tragedy, *tragoidia*, is the song (*oidia*) of buck-goats ("*tragos*").

His histrionic nature is expressed by all the prominent adverbs in the "Telemachus" episode, most of them suggest a temporary role. Among them a few ("Solemnly", "gravely", "kindly", "impatiently", "vigorously", "tragically") will be echoed in the consistently theatrical episode "Circe" with its often elaborate stage directions. Out of them all, two complementary adverbs reoccur almost like minor motifs,

> *gaily*[3]: "The mockery of it, he said gaily" (1.34); "Primrosevested he greeted gaily with his doffed Panama as with a bauble" (9.489); "Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily to his laughter" (10.1065);

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[2]   Even "catching sight of" has a theatrical ring.

[3]   The corresponding noun gaiety ("blinking with mad gaiety"; "Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it", 1.581, 606) may be associated with the Gaiety Theatre, often in Bloom's memory: "Michael Gunn, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48, 49 South King street" (17.420).

gravely: [Buck Mulligan] "blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains" (1.10), "... looked gravely at his watcher" (1.30); "He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his own, ... and then gravely said, honeying malice" (9.1087).

Often they are paired:

"From the window of the D.B.C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely gazed down at the viceregal equipage" (10.1224)

PHILIP DRUNK

(*gravely*) *Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position, Philippe?*

PHILIP SOBER

(*gaily*) *C'est le pigeon, Philippe.* (15.2582)

Even Bloom is affected:

BLOOM: Dash it all. It's a way we gallants have in the navy. Uniform that does it. (*he turns gravely to the first watch*) Still, of course, you do get your Waterloo sometimes. Drop in some evening and have a glass of old Burgundy. (*to the second watch gaily*) I'll introduce you, inspector. (15.743)

Seen in the light of Ulyssean histrionics, "gravely" might stand for the Tragic Muse, Melpomene, and "gaily" for Thalia, the Comic one. The *Odyssey* begins with an appeal to the Muse, Buck Mulligan in turn seems to play one, ever intent on amusement: "Amused Buck Mulligan mused in pleasant murmur with himself" (9.1119). In many ways, Oliver St. John Gogarty, the real life prototype for Buck Mulligan, proved to be a Muse for Joyce who drew so much from his exuberant wit and humour and his versatility, possibly against his will: Gogarty was, as Odysseus is, "*polytropos*" (Od. 1:1, versatile, resourceful, all-round) and an arch-imitator and, incidentally, a wielder of rhetorical tropes.

He excels in theatricality on the slightest provocation. When Stephen Dedalus in the library wants to refer to Saint Thomas, Mulligan interrupts with a groan: "—*Ora pro nobis*" and drops into a routine of keening in what is now termed Hiberno-English: "—*Pogue mahone! Acushla machree!* It's destroyed we are from this day! It's destroyed we are surely" (9.772). In the liter-

ary episode, Scylla and Charybdis, even his name matches his flexibility; he becomes "Monk Mulligan", in tune with his momentary ecclesiastical part, he also transmutes easily into "Sunmulligan", "Cuck Mulligan", "Puck Mulligan" or "*Ballocky Mulligan*" according to context or script (9.773, 1025, 1125, 1141, 1176).

One of his chosen targets is Synge, the emerging playwright (Shakespeare becomes the "chap that writes like Synge", 9.510). Mulligan is able to slip into almost any role, as when he proclaims "in a querulous brogue":

> —It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were, Haines and myself, the time himself brought it in. 'Twas murmur we did for a gallus potion would rouse a friar, I'm thinking, and he limp with leching. And we one hour and two hours and three hours in Connery's sitting civil waiting for pints apiece. … (9.556)

The same skill surfaces among the multiple period refractions in "Oxen of the Sun", where the unheard words of Hibernophile Haines are transformed into a caricature of Synge's mannerisms:

> This is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting at all, he muttered thickly, and I tramping Dublin this while back with my share of songs and himself after me the like of a soulth or a bullawurrus? (14.1010)

A "jester at the court of his master", as Stephen sees him (2.44), he can suavely "do the Yeats touch" when he claims that, instead of giving his benefactress, Lady Gregory, a bad review, Stephen Dedalus should have written: "The most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time. One thinks of Homer" (chanted theatrically "with waving graceful arms", 9.1161). By devious ways, in a meta-narcissistic turn, the imagined verdict of a fictional character, based on a real one, puts words into Yeats's mouth that now prominently apply to the book in which all of this occurs.

It is no surprise that Mulligan, Muse, actor, jester, fool, imitator also conceives of a play at a moment of mock inspiration: "The Lord has spoken to Malachi" (9.1058). The result is a sketch of "a *national immorality in three orgasms*", entitled "*Everyman His Own Wife or A Honeymoon in the Hand*" by "*Ballocky Mulligan*" with an obscene cast (9.1171). Like Shakespeare he is a real life character, an actor, and a playwright *in nuce*.

Adaptable like Odysseus, in the Maternity Hospital he assumes a motherly role: he "smote himself bravely below the diaphragm, exclaim-

ing with an admirable droll mimic of Mother Grogan (the most excellent creature of her sex though 'tis pity she's a trollop: There's a belly that never bore a bastard" (14.731). In the Library as well as the Maternity episode human procreation is aligned with literary conception. In sweeping generalisation *Ulysses* might also be characterized by Mulliganesque traits as they are increasing and finally they suffuse the extravagant later parodic episodes.

"Midsummer Madness" (15.1768)

No detailed demonstration is needed to show that in "Circe" all histrionic elements combine to a protracted climax in which most of the characters and even objects or abstractions take a theatrical part in a drama that exceeds the possibilities of a stage. Joyce is out-Shakespearing Shakespeare by having more variety and an even wider cast. The episode is furthermore a rearrangement or permutation of preceding themes and topics. The stagey adverbs of "Telemachus" are magnified into elaborate stage directions that on occasions get completely out of control or spill over into the narrative.

Among the extended cast of "Circe" Buck Mulligan is just one actor among many, but at least initially, behind the scenes, he dominates ceremonious actions as he did in the first chapter. When Stephen is entering Nighttown he does not hold a shaving bowl aloft, but "*flourishing the ashplant, chants with joy the* introit *for paschal time".* In his turn he chooses ecclesiastical Latin: "*Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro. Alleluia*", to be followed by "*Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista*" (15.73, 84)—not necessarily normal procedure for young men entering a brothel district. The "*introit*" echoes Mulligan's initial "*Introibo*". The Mass, at any rate, in the view of believers, is a momentous drama behind the visible acts. In multiple ways the last episode of Book II echoes the beginning of Book I[4].

A few moments later Stephen answers Lynch's question "Where are we going", with "… to *la belle dame sans merci*, Georgina Johnson, *ad deam qui laetificat iuventutem meam*" (15.120). Conscious of it or not, he continues the opening as it is celebrated by Mulligan's "*Introibo ad altare Dei*" (1.5), which in the Mass is instantly completed by: "*Ad Deum qui laetificat iu-*

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[4]   Note that Mulligan's "long slow whistle of call" which is then answered by mysterious "two strong shrill whistles" (1.24—6) are echoed in "Whistles call and answers" right at the beginning of **"**Circe" at the end of the first stage direction (15.9).

ventutem meam". Two minimal changes, spelling "*Deum*" in lower case and making it female ("*deam*"), converts God into a human female, in keeping with the prevailing metamorphoses throughout the episode. So it is now a prostitute for whom Stephen is looking in vain, Georgina Johnson, who "gladdens [his] youth". In fact "Circe" is comprised of perversions, this both in the narrower psychopathological sense as well as in a general, mechanical one: a turning inside out, upside down.

This process reaches an extreme, lowest, point towards the end where, instead of the Mass intimated in the first chapter, a blasphemous Black Mass is celebrated where everything is turned into its opposite. Buck Mulligan fuses with Father O'Flynn from a jocular song, as

> (… *Father Malachi O'Flynn in a lace petticoat and reversed chasuble, his two left feet back to the front, celebrates camp mass. The Reverend Mr Hugh C Haines Love M. A. in a plain cassock and mortarboard, his head and collar back to the front, holds over the celebrant's head an open umbrella*). (15.4693)

The composite priest is paired with "the Reverend Mr Hugh C. Haines Love M. A."—which combines the Rev. Hugh C. Love, the clerical historian and landlord from Episode Ten, with Haines from whose name the French "*haine*", hatred, may be extracted—, so that Bloom's earlier scrambled definition of Love as "the opposite of hatred" (12.1485) also reverberates.

FATHER MALACHI O'FLYNN then inverts the opening words in yet another direction: "*Introibo ad altare diaboli*". THE REVEREND MR HAINES LOVE then antiphones: "To the devil which hath made glad my young days" (15.4688). The book of many turns becomes the book of many perversions, they infect the letters of the wording itself. THE VOICE OF ALL THE DAMNED chant, inverting the alphabetical order in accordance with Semitic usages:

Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella!

The ADONAI then call:

Dooooooooooog!

till THE VOICE OF ALL THE BLESSED set things back in their order:

Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!
From on high the voice of ADONAI calls
Gooooooooooood! (15.4707)

It plays into Joyce's hands that "God" ("Gooooooooooood") inverts into an elongated "Dooooooooooog" (but of course only in English so that translations lose some of the effortless and potent blasphemy) since the Homeric sorceress Kirke turned men, and, here it seems, now also divinities, into animals. Of course such an inversion[5], which reflects the different orientations of the Semitic and the Roman alphabet, only works on the literal and certainly not on the phonetic, spoken, level.

Stephen's entry into Nighttown was also accompanied by a magnificent gesture, "*He flourishes his ashplant, shivering the lamp image, shattering light over the world*"—in anticipation of his final smashing "*of the chandelie*r", inducing "*Time's livid final flame*" and "*ruin of all space*" (15.4243). This is followed by an erudite pronouncement:

So that gesture, not music, odour, would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm. (15.105)

and a few paces later an elaborately detailed gesture:

(*Stephen thrusts the ashplant on him and slowly holds out his hands, his head going back till both hands are a span from his breast, down turned, in planes intersecting, the fingers about to part, the left being higher*). (15.124)

The almost geometrical precision is untypical of Circean stage directions but reminiscent of the impassive diction of "Ithaca".

True to its theatrical nature, "Circe" is full of non-verbal gestures that easily escalate to unrealistic extravagances. Towards the end however, the noisy, dramatic and inconsequential events gradually calm down until finally the stage is left to the unconscious Stephen, solicitous Bloom, and Cornelius Kelleher and a jarvey, the physical world reasserts itself and fewer, but more real, words are spoken. Even those fade away and one

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[5]   Even stage direction follow suit; they are habitually in italics but words that would normally be in italics revert back to Roman type, as in "*the* introit *for paschal time*" (15.74). This of course is normal practice, but it seems appropriate.

scene has recourse to mere gestures and mute dumb show communication, "pantomimic merriment":

> *With thumb and palm Corny Kelleher reassures that the two bobbies will allow the sleep to continue for what else is to be done. With a slow nod Bloom conveys his gratitude as that is exactly what Stephen needs.* (15.4913)

The parody of a pantomime exaggerates the semantic reach of gestures. Beyond a general sense conveyed, it would take an immensely refined gestural code, or an advanced course in sign language, to transmit the niceties involved—with a nod or, even more with "thumb and palm"! What, for example, is "exactly" in "slow nod"?
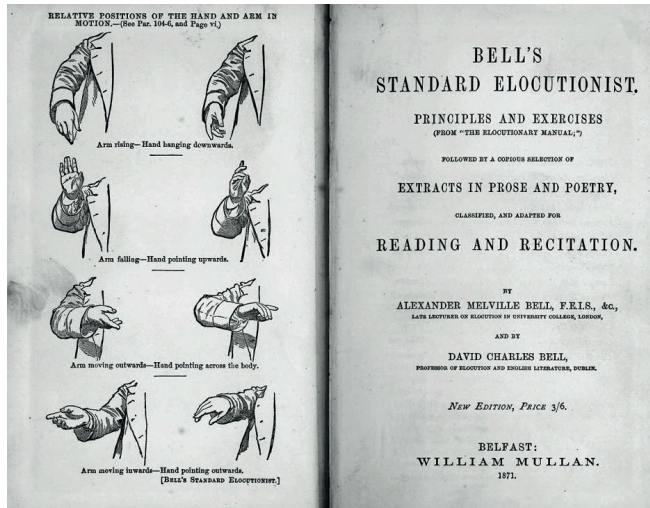
As though to counteract the caricatured mute communication, the rest of the stage direction has Kelleher's favourite lilt ("Corny Kelleher… Singing with his eyes shut… With my tooralroom, tooralroom, tooralroom, tooralroom", 5.12) spectrally infiltrate the wording:

> *The car jingles tooraloom round the corner of the tooraloom lane. Corny Kelleher again reassuralooms with his hand. Bloom with his hand assuralooms Corny Kelleher that he is reassuraloomtay. The tinkling hoofs and jingling harness grow fainter with their tooralooloo looloo lay.* (15.4916)

While sound is removed in the first part it obtrusively re-enters to distort the wording in a last flourish of fantasized stage directions.

Elocutionary Arms

Rhetorics are paired with gestures, and naturally they abound in "Aeolus" as they underline and reinforce the speech acts, as when "the editor … suddenly *stretched forth an arm amply*" (7.431). "—You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, *clenching his hand in emphasis*" (7.627); "*His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall*" (7.773); "… Myles Crawford said, *throwing out an arm for emphasis*" (7.981, the oratorical gestures are marked by italics). Professor McHugh at one point "extended *elocutionary arms*", anticlimactically, "from frayed stained shirtcuffs" (7.487). Elocution, the art and skill of expressive speech and articulation, was taught at schools, and one standard work, *Bell's Elocutionist,* was in wide circulation. It contained detailed instructions of what to do with arms and hands:

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RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE HAND AND ARM IN
MOTION.—(See Par. 104-6, and Page vi.)

Arm rising—Hand hanging downwards.

Arm falling—Hand pointing upwards.

Arm moving outwards—Hand pointing across the body.

Arm moving inwards—Hand pointing outwards.
[BELL'S STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST.]

BELL'S
STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST.

PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES
(FROM "THE ELOCUTIONARY MANUAL;")

FOLLOWED BY A COPIOUS SELECTION OF

EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

CLASSIFIED, AND ADAPTED FOR

READING AND RECITATION.

BY

ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL, F.E.I.S., &c.,
LATE LECTURER ON ELOCUTION IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,

AND BY

DAVID CHARLES BELL,
PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE, DUBLIN.

NEW EDITION, PRICE 3/6.

BELFAST:
WILLIAM MULLAN.
1871.

The manual also contains numerous exercises for recitation, mainly popular poems: One called "Nature's Gentlemen" is actually quoted, or echoed in the episode: "They were nature's gentlemen, J.J. O'Molloy murmured" (7.499)

The co-author, Alexander Melville Bell, an authority on phonetics and defective speech, was the father of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. It is apt that some of the elocutionary actions in the chapter take place while a telephone conversion is in progress. One implicit irony is that gestures cannot be passed on by sound transmission (a fact that in due course might even reach arm waving users of mobile phones).

Statues, incidentally, whether "*horned and terrible*", "stonehorned" (Moses, 7.768, 854) or "onehandled" (Nelson, 7.1018), in "Aeolus" (Senn, 1993) and elsewhere ("the stern stone hand of Grattan, bidding halt", 10.352) are usually shown in heroic postures, with arms theatrically stretched out.

As Good As Any Play

In "Cyclops" the last glimpse of Bloom—who is neither a great orator nor an accomplished actor—is "old sheepface … gesticulating" on the castle car (12.1907), no doubt in a more blundering than dignified way. "Cyclops" too is an episode full of exaggerated dramatics.

Its unnamed narrator is eloquent on his own charming vulgar level and ready with punchy hyperboles, but mainly in his thoughts. Most of the men gathering in the public house aim to give their saying an expressive twist, and Lenehan's adds his usual quota of attempted jocularities. Bloom once more is the odd one out, not witty, not a gifted speaker, but something of a nuisance with a habit to contribute tedious facts and the use of the occasional inappropriate term ("phenomenon", 12,465). He has little entertainment value, all of this on top of his not partaking in the treating habit.

As soon as Barney Kiernan's pub is entered the Citizen in residence stages a ritual, a ceremony that could easily be lost sight of in a dialogue that must have the semblance of ordinary talk. Hugh B. Staples long ago noticed that the journalist Joe Hynes, in the know, and the Citizen engage in the formulaic words and gestures by which the Ribbonmen, members of a secret rebel society, were able to identify their fellow conspirators (1966, 95-6):

—*Stand and deliver*, says he.
—That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.
—Pass, friends, says he.
Then *he rubs his hand in his eye* and says he:
—*What's your opinion of the times?*
Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.
—*I think the markets are on a ris*e, says he, *sliding his hand down his fork.*So begob the citizen *claps his paw on his knee* and he says:
—*Foreign wars is the cause of it.*
And says Joe, *sticking his thumb in his pocket*:
—*It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.* (12.129, the revelatory items are emphasized for clarity).

It is no wonder that the impatient and thirsty narrator tries to interrupt: "Arrah, give over your bloody codding, Joe, says I. I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown" (12.141)

The performance is indeed an act of "codding" or play-acting which, naturally, does not detract from historical reverberations. Further codding is to follow: "Are you codding, says I"; "Poor old sir Frederick, says Alf, you can cod him up to the two eyes" (12.307, 1096).[6]

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[6]   In "Circe" a "Writing on the wall: proclaims "Bloom is a cod" (15.1871).

In the same vein, the phrase "doing the …", for an imitation or pretence is frequent: "Doing the rapparee and the Rory of the hill"; "And Bob Doran starts doing the weeps"; "So of course Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him" (12.488); "and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her doing the mollycoddle playing bézique (12.506); "So J. J. puts in a word, doing the toff about one story was good till you heard another" (12.1341. 395, 506, 1192).

An alternative phrasing is "letting on" for the opposite of a histrionic display, the attempt to feign unconcern or ignorance. This happens to Bloom when the topic of Blazes Boylan crops up:

> —He [Boylan] knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's running a concert tour now up in the north.
> —He is, says Joe. Isn't he?
> —Who? says Bloom. Ah, yes. That's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer tour, you see. Just a holiday.
> —Mrs B. is the bright particular star, isn't she? says Joe.
> —My wife? says Bloom. She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success too. He's an excellent man to organise. Excellent. (12.988)

Quite transparently Bloom pretends ignorance of the unsettling topic at hand. This is the Bloom who is elsewhere described as "letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing" (12.1160). "Cyclops" is full of "letting on":

> "letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera"; "—*Na bacleis*, says the citizen, letting on to be modest"; "And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry"; "I was just looking around to see who the happy thought would strike when be damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry"; "pisser Burke was telling me card party and letting on the child was sick"; "… and him being in the middle of them letting on to be all at sea and up with them on the bloody jaunting car" (12.705, 884, 1103, 1160, 1566, 1754, 1769).

More specific codding takes place when courtroom scenes are enacted for jocular diversion. Alf Bergan, the likely perpetrator of the "U.P.:up" postcard hoax, is submitted to a cross examination:

> —Was it you did it, Alf? says Joe. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson.

—Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character.

—Whatever statement you make, says Joe, will be taken down in evidence against you. (12.1038, "nasturtiums" for "aspersions" is a commonplace example of trite logodaedalia).

The frequent ordering of drinks in the chapter appears to follow a tacit rule never to call a drink by its proper name but, avoiding the obvious, to use paraphrases.

—Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.
—Wine of the country, says he.
—What's yours? says Joe.
—Ditto MacAnaspey, says I.
—Three pints, Terry, says Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says he. (12.142)
—Hear, hear to that, says John Wyse. What will you have?
—An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion.
—Half one, Terry, says John Wyse, and a hands up. Terry! Are you asleep?
—Yes, sir, says Terry. Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir. (12.1318)

The non-naming looks like an internal code, known to the regulars but cryptic for outsiders. For clarity (and not to misunderstand an order), instant translations are offered. An "imperial yeomanry" is "Half one" or, more specifically, a small whisky. A "handsup" is translated phonetically, it sounds like (a bottle of) Allsop beer, and pictorially as it describes the label on the bottle which showed the Red Hand of Ulster. Historical rumblings can be heard behind the surface playfulness.

The perhaps most dramatic episode, "Cyclops", is situated near the Dublin court houses. Cases are discussed; the lawyer J.J. O'Molloy who offers unwanted legal opinions, and a courtroom scene with Sir Frederic Falkiner as judge ("you can cod him up to the two eyes", see above) is mockingly re-enacted:

And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry:
—A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How many children? Ten, did you say?
—Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid.
—And the wife with typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the court immediately, sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment. How dare you, sir, come up before

me and ask me to make an order! A poor hardworking industrious man! I dismiss the case. (12. 1103)

Some of the episode's characteristic interpolations could be described as extensions of the pervasive theatrical tendencies. The passing mention of a ghost for example conjures up an elaborate séance where defunct Dignam gives a report of the divide beyond in a lengthy paragraph (12.326-73). A session in the parliament of Westminster is given in facetious exaggeration (12.860-79). A wish for the re-afforestation of Ireland results in a formal Tree Wedding (12.1266-95).

A merely habitual toast ("Well, says Martin, rapping for his glass. God bless all here is my prayer") is taken at face value and instantly elevated into a ceremonial Benediction of the small public house in Little Britain Street with the full force of the Church attending, religious orders and saints—all in all some 852 words, ending in ponderous Latin (12.1676-1750). Not only are a bunch of saints with their paraphernalia summoned, but all the pub's momentary patrons are blessed in increasing specification: "… S. Martin of Todi and S. Martin of Tours and S. Alfred and S. Joseph and S. Denis and S. Cornelius and S. Leopold and S. Bernard and S. Terence and S. Edward", down to "S. Owen Caniculus" (12.1694). The Benediction even extends to the techniques of naming or misnaming and the prevalent logodaedalian devices: "… and S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous and S. Paronymous and S. Synonymous" (12.169). Naming and misnaming itself are being sanctified.

The narrator comments that the action going on is "as good as any bloody play in the Queen's royal theatre" (12.1843). The realistic part of the "Cyclops" chapter would probably the easiest one to transfer onto a stage.

Drama in Nostos

With "Circe" the momentous histrionics have come to an end. The Nostos episodes take different slants. There is no room or occasion for acting in Molly Bloom's monologue as there is no audience for appreciation. But Molly internally rehearses postures and techniques for her stage appearance to come:

… weeping tone once in the dear deaead days beyondre call close my eyes breath my lips forward kiss sad look eyes open piano ere oer the world the mists began I hate that istsbeg comes loves sweet soooooooooooong I'll let that out full when I get in front of the footlights again … ( ), … comes looooves old deep down chin back not too much make it double … (18.876)

Similarly she imagines a dramatic scene for the next morning:

… I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a bit now and then mi fa pieta Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son piu forte Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him Ill let him know if thats what he wanted … (18.1506)

In "Eumaeus" an Odyssean home-coming sailor with a flair for pithy expressions holds centre stage. He entertains the company in the cabmen's shelter with melodramatic incidents, one of them he claims to have witnessed in Trieste:

—And I seen a man killed in Trieste by an Italian chap. Knife in his back. Knife like that.
Whilst speaking he produced a dangerous looking claspknife quite in keeping with his character and held it in the striking position.
—In a knockingshop it was count of a tryon between two smugglers. Fellow hid behind a door, come up behind him. Like that. Prepare to meet your God, says he. Chuk! It went into his back up to the butt.
His heavy glance drowsily roaming about kind of defied their further questions even should they by any chance want to. (16.576)

He also vividly re-enacts a shooting trick in a circus act attributed to one Simon Dedalus that is unlikely to have taken place as reported (16.389-405). Even the sailor's skin seems to provide a kind of stage when it prominently exhibits a "figure sixteen and a young man's sideface looking frowningly rather". The tattooed face proves pliable in the subsequent demonstration:

There he is cursing the mate. And there he is now, he added, the same fellow, pulling the skin with his fingers, some special knack evidently, and he laughing at a yarn. … And in point of fact the young man named Antonio's livid face did actually look like forced smiling and the curious effect excited

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the unreserved admiration of everybody including Skin-the-Goat, who this time stretched[7] over. (16.673)

The formerly frowning and "cursing" expression turns into a "laughing" or "forced smiling" one—as though in faint reflection of the Tragic and the Comic Muse (echoing "gravely" and "gaily" above)—they now find an undignified habitat on a mariner's chest.

In the prolific and often wayward metaphors that "Eumaeus" flaunts a histrionic effort seems to have gone astray. A Bloomian streak can be discovered in the style which clearly aims "to contribute the humorous element" in the wake of Buck Mulligan (16.280). While Mulligan in one of his early impersonations "at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face" (1.579) the manner of "Eumaeus" can easily concoct an analogous figurative phrase of grotesque effect: "… evidently there was nothing for it but put a good face on the matter and foot it which they accordingly did" (16.1757). Such jarring collocations are on a par with "other high personages simply following in the footsteps of the head of the state" (16.1200). Bloom's praise of Mozart's *Gloria* almost asks to be put on a stage: "… being, to his mind, the acme of first class music as such, literally knocking everything else into a cocked hat" (16.1757); cocked hats generally appear on stages; an assurance like "literally" would mean that it actually could be done. Surrealist pictures may emerge when another hybrid metaphor unfolds: "Not, he parenthesised, that for the sake of filthy lucre he need necessarily embrace the lyric platform as a walk of life for any lengthy space of time" (16.1842). Platforms can serve as a stage.

In pointed contrast "Ithaca" attempts to be devoid of jocular levities, figurative digressions or erratic idioms, its factual diction precludes histrionic excesses. Even so an "attendant ceremony" is staged with Old Testament echoes in the "exodus from the house of bondage to the wilderness of inhabitation":

Lighted Candle in Stick borne by
BLOOM
Diaconal Hat on Ashplant borne by
STEPHEN (17.1023)

[7]   It looks like a Joycean touch that the exhibited transformation of a skin drawing is observed also by the historical character named Skin-the-Goat who, we read, "this time stretched over", where "stretched" obviously radiates back to the act related.

Again the ecclesiastical opening of *Ulysses* is called up, in each case with a formal intonation. A circle is closed. Mulligan had "intoned" Church Latin and Stephen's exit, "With what intonation *secreto* of what commemorative psalm[8]?, is answered by *"The 113th, modus peregrinus: In exitu Israêl de Egypto: domus Jacob de populo barbaro"* (17.1029)

The spurious geometrical precision of Stephen's leavetaking,

> Standing perpendicular at the same door and on different sides of its base, the lines of their valedictory arms, meeting at any point and forming any angle less than the sum of two right angles (17.1221)

contains "valedictory arms" that have an odd theatrical ring about them, not unlike the editor's "elucutionary arms" in "Aeolus" (7.487).

Bloom wisely refrained from contributing a song for a Christmas pantomime in the Gaiety theatre, which was possibly never more than a transient thought. But Stephen invents a scene which looks like a long stage direction reduced to bare bones without any decor:

> What suggested scene was then constructed by Stephen?
> Solitary hotel in mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit. In dark corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary. She sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks. On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks. She writes. She sighs. Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner. He seizes solitary paper. He holds it towards fire. Twilight. He reads. Solitary.
> What?
> In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's Hotel, Queen's Hotel, Queen's Hotel. Queen's Ho... (17.621)

Bloom, along with most readers, is struck by the coincidence of the hotel's name with that which his father owned and where he committed suicide. Yet what exactly is Stephen doing? Stage directions are essentially written, they may become the setting of a scene, but they are not heard. Would Stephen actually speak or mumble them for Bloom's benefit? It then would amount to Stephen's longest, and plainest utterance in the whole

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[8]   "*Introibo a altate Dei*" derives from Psalm 42:4.

chapter, even less ornate than the story he makes up in "Aeolus" (7.920-51, 1002-28, later to be entitled "The Parable of the Plums").

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

The focus so far has been on showy histrionics as they tend to embroider an ordinary day in Dublin with otherwise little occasion for jubilation. Acting can also become a real life strategy in awkward situations, as when Bloom is feigning ignorance in "Cyclops". When Blazes Boylan is seen from the funeral carriage, Bloom intensely "reviewed" his nails in a manifest show to cover his nervousness (6.200).

The dialogue with his wife, "Mrs Marion Bloom", in "Calypso" is fraught with submerged tension: Homeric Kalypso is the goddess of hiding (*kalyptein*). As he returns to the bedroom with the breakfast an innocent conversation is staged:

> A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.
> —Who was the letter from? he asked.
> Bold hand. Marion.
> —O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.
> —What are you singing?
> —*La ci darem* with J.C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song.* (U4.308)

Bloom of course already knows who sent the letter, it notably discomposed him when he entered the house (4.243). But conversation has to be made and so he asks his question in feigned ignorance, which of course Molly sees through: she knows that he knows in a collusion of pretence. She answers with a casually dismissive "O, Boylan" and states the purpose of her manager's visit. Bloom then enquires about the programme that is to be rehearsed in the afternoon; it is hard to believe that the couple did not discuss such an important affair before. A tacit agreement seems to prevail that discomforting subjects are to be avoided. In this light it is conceivable that Molly asks her husband about the difficult word "Metempsychosis" not out of philological curiosity, but to divert the conversation from an embarrassing subject.

Bloom, once he delivered the tea and the tablet near Molly's bed, could have retired without further talk. But as in the first encounter in the bedroom (4.255) he delays when he sees the semi-hidden envelope and finds a

reason to stay. "In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread" is somewhat clumsy phrasing. With hindsight we can make out that Bloom's remaining to talk is in fact an *act* of going, something staged to prepare for the dialogue that consists in communication and evasion.

Acts at times are close to acting. Buck Mulligan set the pace with his versatile playing of roles. As has been sketched out in increasing progression: "Speech, speech. But act. Act speech. They mock to try you. Act. Be acted on" (9.778). Speaking, acting and playacting are intricately interwoven.

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Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEWS

Mangialavori, Maria Domenica. 2012.
La memoria intermittente e la musica lontana. Joyce. Woolf, Berio
Roma: NEU – Nuova editrice universitaria

Other than being an essay on three famous authors / composers (Joyce, Woolf, Berio), the work by Maria Domenica Mangialavori is a book on the relationships between literature and music. It was very interesting for me – as a musicologist – to consider the point of view of a scholar in Comparative Literature on such a crucial subject in the history of music and arts. So I will start from this general topic before presenting in greater detail the three parts which compose her book.

Musicologists normally think of literature, and a verbal text in general, as a basis for musical composition (although there are cases – in the history of music – in which the composer writes a piece and then provides a text suitable to its inspiration). In such a perspective, the text can be considered a starting point which preexists, so to speak, the music itself. In other words, a musicologist usually pays attention to the following issue: how music can be inspired by literature or how the musician adapts sounds to a text, how he puts words in music. This can be done in many different forms: on the structural level, or on the expressive, narrative, phonic, metric-rhythmical level. The first autonomous forms of instrumental music, for example, followed the structure of vocal compositions. So the Baroque sonata developed from a Renaissance vocal genre, the canzone: playing it without human voices and without a verbal text, musicians transformed it into the *canzona da sonare*, an important precursor of the instrumental compositions of the 17th century. We also have many examples of musical structures following the classical expression of rhetorical discourse. And, if we think of theatrical music, arias and Italian opera music in general, there is the attempt to express passions and emotions pre-contained in the words of the libretto.

The book by Maria Domenica Mangialavori reverses this perspective and shows us how - in a particular moment of history, in the 1920s - literature strives for musical patterns. It was a great revolution if we compare this to the situation in the nineteenth century. Berlioz, in his *Symphonie Fantastique*, viewed the literary program as a descriptive verbal text which is part of the musical composition itself. Some years later Liszt created the so-called symphonic poem (*Symphonische Dichtung*), in which the composer had to grasp the poetic nucleus of a literary work and express it through sounds. In Joyce and Virginia Woolf, literature, on the contrary, assumes the architectural forms and expressive modes of music. This means that music is not only an important element of the tale, but also impresses the formal concept in the writing of many modernist authors. Based on this idea, Maria Domenica Mangialavori analyzes the structure of Joyce's "The Dead", to which the first part of her book is dedicated. Here music is the protagonist in several respects. Analysis highlights in particular the musical dimension of the story. The story itself becomes music, through the different rhythms of narration: allegro, adagio, rallentando, and some returns which are typical of a musical composition.

In this regard I would like to underline that the author also puts in evidence, with a wealth of references, the fundamental role of music in the entire work of Joyce. The presence of Joyce himself in the music of the second half of the twentieth century is very important. The third part of the book is addressed to this topic, considering especially Berio's relationship to Joyce, on the basis of the musical composition *Thema* (*Omaggio a Joyce*), which translates the "Sirens" episode from *Ulysses* into an electro-acoustic work. The analysis is carried out here on two levels. On the one hand, there is the formal problem of how writing tends to organize itself according to models of musical nature; on the other hand, the linguistic problem, the question of the boundary between music and the word and of the imaginary common origins of music and language. It is an ancient aesthetical-philosophical leit-motiv, of which Jean-Jacques Rousseau is one of the best interpreters.

Berio uses the form of a theme with variations and also multiple onomatopoeic structures. As Mangialavori suggests, these musical choices can illuminate the formal essence of Joyce's episode. At the same time they help us to understand the process of interpenetration between word and music: Joyce goes back to archaic word formations ranging from the meaningless to the transmutations of thought processes in a highly organized musical design.

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I have purposely left to the end of my brief discussion the second part of the book, which deals with the novel *To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf. From a thematic point of view, this is the heart of the work: the relationships between music and literature relate to the themes of memory and time. In particular, a paragraph in this second part has the title *Time passes: il tempo che distrugge e la musica che ristora*. In the novel by Woolf, *Time passes* highlights the dialectic between the destructive power of time and the revelatory and therapeutic power of music. Music is a symbol of life, and is opposed to the devastation inflicted by the flow of time. I think that here we are faced with a typical theme of the early German Romantics. In his *Phantasien über die Kunst*, Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder writes of *A Wondrous Oriental Tale of a Naked Saint*.[1] The story has the unreal element of the naked saint who is turning "the powerful rushing wheel" of time. The naked saint is also a rather mythical/uncommon character - he did not know how to act like a human being and is described as being "trapped in the whirlpool of his wild confusion". He has the magic and symbolic task or quest of always having to turn the wheel of time. And although he tries to resist the pull, he cannot until he hears the enlightening element of music. The transformation overcomes the saint after hearing music for the first time. This means that music has the power to stop time. In this perspective we can consider music as the art which gives us access to the dimension of the absolute, of eternity: another important theme of German romantic philosophy (I am now thinking of Schopenhauer).

The same work by Wackenroder evokes the theme of memory. Music, states Wackenroder, is the last remaining trace of the original innocence of man; it is the only art which has remained pure throughout the ages. Music is also the voice of all the memories and feelings stored in the mind of mankind. It is a gift from God, which has enabled man to express and understand his feelings.

In the end, memory is the condition of music par excellence: something which exists, but something that you cannot touch. Something which exists in a precise instant, but which is immediately past. And the word becomes music in so much as it trascends itself in order to enter a preconceptual and presemantic dimension, where time and space do not exist.

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[1] For an English version see, among others, Frank G. Ryder and Robert M. Browning (eds). 1983, 2002. *German Literary Fairy Tales*. New York: The Continuum Publishing Company, 47-51.

Memory is the presence of a true lost meaning which words can only really recall when they become music.

In conclusion, I would like to say that this work by Maria Domenica Mangialavori is extremely stimulating and is rich in cultural references and penetrating analyzes. Whoever loves music and literature will read it to advantage, and with pleasure. I have also gleaned from it an idea that I would like to propose as a mere scholar. At least in terms of their relationships to music, and beyond their formal and expressive experimentalism, I think we could place Joyce and Woolf in a fully romantic dimension, which Wackenroder describes in the following way:

And sometimes, - what a magnificent fullness of images! - sometimes music is for me entirely a picture of our life: - a touchingly brief joy, which arises out of the void and vanishes into the void, - which commences and passes away, why one does not know: - a little merry, green island, with sunshine, with singing and rejoicing, - which floats upon the dark, unfathomable ocean.[2]

Luca Aversano

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[2]   W. H. Wackenroder, *The Marvels of the Musical Art*, quoted from an English version published in Donnachie, Ian, Carmen Lavin (eds). 2004. *From Enlightenment to Romanticism: Anthology II*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 230-231.

Joyce, James. 2013.
Ulisse
Trans. Gianni Celati. Torino: Einaudi

During spring this year the Italian publishing market welcomed the long awaited publication of a new translation of *Ulysses* by the self confessed writer-translator Gianni Celati. The previous major translations were Enrico de Angelis' authorized one published by Mondadori in 1960, already a classic in its own right, and Enrico Terrinoni and Carlo Bigazzi's "democratic" one published by Newton Compton in 2012.

The initial expectations for this *Ulisse nella traduzione di Gianni Celati* were high. In Italy, Gianni Celati, born in Sondrio (Lombardy) in 1937, is a highly regarded writer, art director, literary critic and translator, who has also taught at Cornell University and at the DAM in Bologna. His many translations include works by Herman Melville, Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain and Joseph Conrad, authors that represent a very different class of writing, easy to understand in their intentions but lacking the intricate layers of meanings and references typical of Joyce's work.

It is possible to have a powerful experience of a work of art even in a modest translation, let alone a brilliant one. That is, after all, how most of the literate world has encountered the *Iliad* or *Hamlet*, and, though it is certainly preferable to read these works in their original languages, it is misguided to insist that there is no real access to them otherwise. To translate a narrative of such a complex nature as Joyce's requires extra stamina and a lot of knowledge. In Italy in the 1950s if a publisher wanted to publish a foreign author he was compelled to engage some of the leading writers of the time, like Cesare Pavese, Alberto Moravia or Elio Vittorini, who were familiar with other languages rather that Italian, but today what sense has a "traduzione d'autore", when there are armies of highly skilled professional translators, whose humble and precious work is often forgotten?

This question arises especially in the case of Joyce's works. Celati obviously plays with the author's original text, falling victim thereby to his own vanity. He almost seems to be competing with the original writing instead of trying to make himself invisible, as every translator should do. He tries to leave his mark everywhere in the text, putting himself in between the author and his readers. For example when Joyce quotes famous authors like W.B.Yeats, Ignazio Loyola or Thomas Aquinas, the translators should make

use of a canonic version, but Celati changes it, just as he changes recurring nouns, phrases, advertising copy, refrains of songs and much more. In *Ulysses* Joyce's meanings are often to be found in repetitions, like echoes. An important fact that Celati seems to have missed.

An example could be a quotation from W.B. Yeats' poem "Who goes with Fergus", which first appears in the "Telemachus" episode. Buck Mulligan, addressing Stephen Dedalus says: "Don't mope over it all day, (..). I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding". And then come the lines, "*And no more turn aside and brood / Upon love's bitter mistery / For Fergus rules the brazen cars*" (1, 235-45). Celati, while translating it (erroneously) with: "Non mugugnarci sopra per tutto il giorno, disse. Io parlo a vanvera. Dacci un taglio con queste ruminazioni musonesche". (..). "*E mai più appartato a rodersi/ sull'amaro mistero dell'amore/ Fergus guida i bronzi cocchi*" (1, 13 27) misses the whole sense of the quotation. In his version, the one who is supposed to stop brooding is Fergus, instead of the young pair in Yeats' original poem. He then keeps adopting different versions every time lines of that poem are quoted. For example in "Proteus": "*and no more turn aside and brood/ His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoff, nebeneinander*". (U 3, 445-7) is redered by Celati with "*E mai più appartato a ruminare/ Con lo sguardo indugiò ruminando sulle proprie scarpe a punta larga, avanzi di un caprone, nebeneinander*" (3, 67).

We are well aware that *Ulysses* is no mean challenge to a translator's imagination. Opening the gate to a number of different paths, following one might easily result in missing others: witness the many revised editions of *Ulysses Annotated* by Gifford and Seidman since its first printing in 1988. As a translator Gianni Celati's was certainly aware of the abundance of textual guidance in existence and decided to risk his luck by relying on his writer's instincts. The results of his gamble are uneven to the point that the first 300 pages of *Ulisse nella traduzione di Gianni Celati* could have a disheartening effect on the reader, both if he is already familiar with it or if he has never read it before. Particularly during the first episodes, the text at times seems almost incomprehensible.

Nonetheless, the perseverance of a steadfast reader will be rewarded if he can manage to overcome the "Wandering Rocks" of Scylla and Charybdis, as from the 10th episode on, Celati's version of Joyce's masterpiece begins to work as it should, giving justice to the magic writing of "Nausicaa", "Eumaeus" and "Ithaca". Such as in his opening of "Circe": "*Mabbot street, ingresso nel quartiere dei bordelli, innanzi al quale s'apre una rimessa di*

tramway, con selciato sconnesso, su scheletri di binari, con fuochi fatui rossi e verdi e segnali di pericolo". (15, 590) or in this passage of "Nausicaa": "Con mano cautelosa Mr Bloom rimise a posto la camicia bagnata. Diàmine, quel diavoletto zoppicante. La roba sta diventando fredda e vischiosa. Mica piacevole. Però si deve pur sfogare in qualche modo". (13, 507). Celati's translation sometimes flows best in those episodes where Joyce mocks literary styles of the past: "Nausicaa", "Cyclops" and "Eumaeus", or also where Joyce uses a peculiar language such as the scientific/catechetical one of "Ithaca". And even if at the end, in "Penelope", one has the feeling that Molly has just emerged from a course in basic grammar, the reader can close the book admiring the greatness of it.

According to Fritz Senn, "instead of expressing indignation or gloating over translators' mistakes, I find it more profitable to investigate into what in a text makes translators go a different way from the one we think correct. There is usually a reason, a complexity in the original, that puzzles or misleads translations. We can learn something about the originals from translators' errors or departures".

With this in mind we will try to follow some of Gianni Celati's "departures" where some of his stylistic or interpretative choices raise doubts.

Besides the already mentioned "missed" references to Yeats, there are also many to Homer or Shakespeare, as in the case of the famous opening of the novel:

"Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed" (1, 1-2) that Gianni Celati translates with: "Imponente e grassoccio, Buck Mulligan stava sbucando dal caposcala con in mano una tazza piena di schiuma (..)". (1, 5)

Grassoccio? Sbucando? Caposcala? Una tazza piena? All hints to a false start. Grassoccio: (besides being cacophonic) takes the reader far from the Shakespearian allusion to the plump jester Falstaff. Sbucando: Joyce does not use the gerundio *coming*, but the past *came*. Caposcala: an Italian reader would think of a condominio, but here Buck Mulligan has ascended the steps to an imaginary altar represented by the Martello Tower terrace, where he is performing a parody of the Catholic mass. What he has in his hands is not a "tazza piena", but a "bowl", a "ciotola" with all that is necessary for a shave, and "bowl" recurs in the episode as a chalice and as a symbol of illness and death when associated with Stephen's dying mother. Not to speak of the "fearful jesuit" that appears few lines below that is rendered with "disgustoso d'un gesuita".

Similar problems are to be found with the translation of the "snotgreen" Irish sea, Bloom's fat and animistic "kettle" (which becomes a "cuccuma"), "the cracked lookingglass of a servant", and of the toponymies and titles of Irish folk-songs. The ubiquitous names of places such as the Cabman's Shelter, the Dublin Bakery Company, or Philip Beaufoy's Playgoer's Club, are translated differently every time they appear in the text. This is also the case of refrains from late Victorian popular songs like "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?", "Those Lovely Seaside Girls" and "Love's Old Sweet Song".

Consider Leopold Bloom's obsession with the advertising for Plumtree's Potted Meat, "*What is home without/ Plumtree's Potted Meat?/ Incomplete./ With it an abode of bliss*" (5, 145-9).

As we know, the advertising line for this product reappears in the book many times, and it is obviously important to Joyce, helping him to point out Leopold Bloom's anxieties. In Celati's translation a different interpretation is used each time, first in "Calypso": "*Cos'è una casa senza/ la carne in scatola Plumtree?/ Ben povera credenza/ Anche se fosse quella del re*" (5, 100); followed by a new reference in "Lestrygonians": "Cos'è una casa senza la carne in scatola Plumtree?" (8 p. 235/6), where he omits to translate the word "*Incomplete*". Then in "Circe" we have: The home without potted meat is incomplete" (15, 495) as "Una casa senza carne in scatola non è una casa". (15, 606); in "Ithaca" the complete jingle is rendered as: "Cos'è una casa senza la carne in scatola Plumtree?/ Incompleta / Con quella siete in paradiso" (17, 850) where he also translates "some flakes of potted meat, re-cooked, which he removed" (17, 2124-5) with: "qualche minuzzolo di carne conservata, ri-cotta, ch'egli rimosse" (17, 913). After having played with synonyms throughout the book, in "Penelope", in translating "after the last time we took the port and potted meat it had a fine salty taste yes" (18, 131-2) with: "dopo l'ultimo giro di porto e quel pasticcio di carne buon gusto salato si" (18, 927) Celati finally manages to catch up with "pasticcio di carne" a more allusive translation for "potted meat" than "carne in scatola".

But the problem is that he is not only translating "potted meat" with "carne in scatola", mixing it up with "canned meat" (and thus missing all the sexual hints that the original offers which have been perfectly rendered with "pasta di carne" in the previous two translations by Enrico de Angelis and Enrico Terrinoni), here he is also offering (again) a different translation for the very same advertising copy and also censuring the word "incomplete", which is charged with many allusions, as the reader is made well aware of in "Ithaca", where we are eventually informed that between Molly and Poldy

"(..). there remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete, without ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ". (17, 2282-4)

Another reflection that needs to be made concerns the apparent mouldy quality of the translator's prose. While Joyce's language is rich in freshness, vitality and modernity, Celati adopted a style that by comparison appears antiquated by making wide use of unusual, archaic words and old northern Italian dialect terms such as: baito, sbiellarsi, sbiluciando, fruscoli, mòcchela, ambio, popone, mabrucca, gargagna, piola, far flanella, sguillar, entragne, balosa, baldente, polleggiare, mecco, sguanguere, pinguello, strambuzzo, guzza, marocca, sfrombo etc etc. This is what he does for instance when translating Joyce's plain "police" with "polizai", and "policeman" with "polismano", or when current English money denominations (penny, shillings and pounds) become "palanche", "ghelli" and "svanziche". He also translates "bloody and "gob" with "canchero" and "madosca".

The constant abuse of this same medley of neo-dialect language transforms a highly polyphonic text such as *Ulysses* into a boring monochord performance.

In Celati's version of *Ulysses*, the biggest "departures" from the text are caused by his compulsive use of synonyms. As it is well known, the overuse of synonyms is a major problem for whoever wants to translate Joyce. The abuse of synonyms prevents deciphering all the "semantic clusters" or "portmanteau words" that Joyce has scattered through the text. These, on the other hand, are very useful in helping the reader go through a text of almost 1,000 pages. Thus it is also important to decipher these "portmanteau words" from the very beginning in order to easily follow the path that they trace throughout the whole novel.

Let's take a final example, the famous wordplay around the noun throwaway.

In the 5th episode, "Lotus Eaters", the better Bantam Lyons stops Bloom in the street asking him to have a look at the *Freeman's Journal*, because he wants to see what horse is running in the Ascot Golden Cup. Bantam is an unpleasant greasy person, and Leopold thinks:

Better leave him the paper and get shut of him.
- You can keep it, Mr Bloom said.
- Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Half a mo. Maximum the second.

- I was going to throw it away, Mr Bloom said.
- Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.
- What's that? His sharp voice said.
- I say you can keep it, Mr Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away that moment.(5, 529-538)

Celati translates:

Meglio lasciargli il giornale e scantonare.
- Lo può tenere, disse Mr Bloom
- Ascot, Coppa d'Oro. Momento borbottava Bantam Lyons. Un secondo. Maximum II.
- Stavo proprio per buttarlo via, disse Mr Bloom.
Bantam Lyons d'un tratto alzò lo sguardo, con una fiacca occhiata di traverso.
- Che cosa? Disse la sua voce stridula?
- Dico che può tenerlo, rispose Mr Bloom. Stavo proprio per buttarlo via. (5, 115)

What has happened?

After some hours, at the beginning of the 8th episode, "Lestrygonians"—the watchful reader meets with another semantic lead, when: "A sombre Y.M.C.A. (..). placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom" that announces the arrival of Elijah (which Celati translates as: "Un tenebroso giovanotto dello Y.M.C.A. (..). ficcò un volantino in mano a Mr Bloom" (8, 206)). Bloom then throws the throwaway in the Liffey.

Only in the 12th episode, "Cyclops", are we informed that the Golden Cup at Ascot has been won by a complete outsider, the horse *Throwaway*.

- Who won, Lenehan? says Terry.
- Throwaway, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider. And the rest nowhere. (12, 1217-9)

and Celati's version is:

- Chi ha vinto, Mr Lenehan? Fa Terry.
- Throwaway, lui risponde, a venti contro uno. Un totale outsider. E gli altri ciccia. (12, 447).

In Bernard Kiernan's pub, customers look with hostility the innocent Bloom, who they think has won with a bet on the rank outsider. In the mid-

dle of the night, in the Cabman's Shelter, Leopold will read in the evening paper the results of the race, "Victory of outsider *Throwaway* recalls Derby of '92 (…)" (16, 1242) (translated as: "Ascot, *Throwaway* risveglia i ricordi del Derby '92" (16, 800, 17-18)) and he wonders about the throwaway that he had thrown in the river. The chain of chances will become clear to him only once back home, when he sees on the kitchen table Blazes Boylan's two torn betting tickets. He will then summarize the events of the day:

> Where had previous intimations of the results, effected or projected, been received by him?
>
> In Bernard Kiernan's licensed premises 8, 9 and 10 Little Britain street: in O'Connell street lower, outside Graham Lemon's when a dark man had placed in his hand a throwaway (subsequently thrown away), advertising Elijah, restorer of the church of Zion: in Lincoln place outside the premises of F. W. Sweny and Co (Limited) dispensing chemists, when, when Frederick M. (Bantam) Lyons had rapidly and successively requested, perused and restituted the copy of the current issue of the *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press* which he had been about to throw away (subsequently thrown away), he had proceeded towards the oriental edifice of the Turkish and Warm Baths, 11 Leinster street, with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the secret of the race, graven in the language of prediction. (17, 327-341)

Here is Celati's translation of the passage:

> Quali indicazioni precedenti su quel risultato, ipotetiche o effettive, erano state da lui ascoltate?
>
> Nel locale di Bernard Kiernan, ai numeri 8, 9 e 10 di Little Britain Street; in quello di David Byrne, al numero 14 di Duke Street; nella bassa O'Connell Street, innanzi al negozio di Graham Lemon quando un tizio scuro gli pose in mano un volantino (successivamente gettato via) annunciante l'arrivo di Elija, il restauratore della Chiesa di Sion; poi in Lincoln Place fuori del negozio di farmacisti F.W. Sweny & Co. Ltd, quando egli, dopo che Frederick M. (Bantam) Lyons gli aveva di gran fretta visto e successivamente richiesto, scorso e restituito una copia dell'edizione corrente del "Freeman's Journal" e "National Press" ch'egli era sul punto di gettar via (lo fece in seguito), s'era diretto verso l'edificio orientale dei Bagni Caldi e turchi, al numero 11 di

Leinster Street, con la luce dell'ispirazione sul volto, recando tra le braccia il segreto della propria razza, inciso nel linguaggio della predizione. (17, 839)

Previous translators have resolved the conundrum brilliantly: de Angelis calling the horse "Buttavia", playing with the misunderstanding "stavo per buttarlo via". Terrinoni called the horse "Volantino", thus adopting a very creative choice not completely faithful to the original: "Il volantino. Puoi tenerlo. Col volantino." but one that enables the reader to understand and follow the development of the semantic cluster throughout the whole novel.

Celati, not translating the name of the horse and using different terms for "throwaway" ("stavo per buttarlo via", "sul punto di gettar via" etc), deprives the reader of a crucial "portmanteau word" charged with meaning. This is scarcely an aid to someone who is approaching *Ulysses* for the first time and more a disappointment to anyone familiar with the original.

Elisabetta d'Erme

Ruggieri, Franca. 2012.
James Joyce, la vita, le opera
Milan: Franco Angeli

Professor Franca Ruggieri has long been one of Italy's leading Joyceans, a stalwart organizer of international Joyce conferences (including the sixteenth International James Joyce Symposium held in Rome in 1998 and of successive stagings of the James Joyce Birthday conference). Founder and president of the Italian James Joyce Foundation she is also the long-serving and energetic editor of both the occasional journal, Joyce Studies in Italy, and the book series entitled *La Piccola Biblioteca Joyceana* which has now published more than ten volumes.

Ruggieri has also published widely and consistently on Joyce and this publication of a revised edition of her *James Joyce, La Vita le Lettere* is indeed timely. Published by Francoangeli it is a revisitation of her earlier *Introduzione a James Joyce* published in 1990 by LaTerza, a standard work for Italian students of the great Irish author. One cannot or should not judge a book by its covers but it it worth stressing that at a time when academic publishing in the humanities in Italy has increasingly to take refuge with pay-as-you-go (and sometimes fly-by-night) small publishers, Ruggieri found both in 1990 and in 2013 two very serious and mainstream Italian publishers for her volume (She also edited *James Joyce, Poesie e Prose* for Mondadori's prestigious Meridiani series in 1992).

It is also true that Joyce studies is crowded with introductions to the author and his works, often written by younger scholars who do not always have the experience of a life reading Joyce necessary to to manage to distil the complexities of his writings into a compact, approachable form as Ruggieri has done. What also singles her work out is the constant making of connections between life, works, and letters. Ruggieri's work is an elegantly written, subtly-argued interpretation of Joyce, his works, his life, and of the delicate and complex relations between the life, the letters, and the creative works.

The volume leads the reader through Joyce's early formative years at home in Dublin and through his four decades of often difficult and never dull exile lived in Trieste, Rome, Zurich, Paris. The principal font of information is Joyce's own letters. Through them, Ruggieri traces the gradual and often painstaking assembly of his great literary works which are inevi-

tably interconnected with the biographical facts of his own existence. With Joyce as perhaps with no other author, there is no getting away from the chronological facts of his own life, there can be no easy marginalisation or wholesale dismissal of the biography.

This work is a valuable introduction both for those coming to Joyce for the first time but also for seasoned Joyce readers. Nothing is taken for granted, no reading is banal. Space here will allow me only to focus on a few particular "moments" in this volume which stresses what was for Joyce the necessity of art and contrasts how, in Joyce's view, one could learn to write but would could not learn to be an artist. The professional writer who knows how to work the market is not necessarily an artist. The artist aims higher than mere commerical or public recognition and seeks to ask greater questions. Not that Joyce believed in "uncontrolled inspiration"; no art was born only from the hard work of writing but moments of inspiration must be earned through steady slog. As Ruggieri points out, Joyce would have believed in the saying "la poesia si fa, non nasce" which we might translate as "poetry is made, not born".

Ruggieri is careful to distinguish between Joyce's real life and the life or lives of Stephen Dedalus pointing to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as a novel of formation which owes much to Joyce's own real life but at the same time treats that "real life" with great irony. She underlines the differences between Joyce and Stephen: "Stephen non è mai solo James, anche se da James ha origine: lo distanzia fino a vederlo come altro da sé, lo assorbe, lo supera, lo interpreta, lo ridimensiona, lo espone, lo difende, lo ridicolizza, lo esalta. Così Stephen che scrive la propria vita è sempre diverso da James che vive e pensa la propria via e la propria" (16). Or to put it in English: Stephen is never only James, even if he orginates in James: he distances himself from him to the point that he sees him as something different to himself, he absorbs, surpasses and interprets him, he cuts him down to size, he exposes him, he defends him, he makes fun of him, he exhalts him". Stephen writes Stephen's life – a life that is always different to that of Joyce himself.

Another useful aspect of this volume is the quantity and quality of its commentary on Joyce's (mostly early) critical writings, many of them penned in Italian and dating back to his long sojourn in Trieste. An example of this is the section on Joyce's early Dublin piece, "The Study of Languages" where the author sees the study of words as suggesting the history of men. From a very early age, Joyce is shown to have understood the importance of language study as a means to sharpen one's knowledge of one's own lan-

guage, of one's own style. In many ways Joyce's entire literary career is seen as an unceasing journey in and through language. After the historical literary enterprise that was *Ulysses*, a work which is, as Ruggieri reminds us, citing Fielding, 'a comic epic poem in prose', a vast analysis of the human condition told through its trinity of protagonists, Joyce does not rest on his laurels but departs once more:

> Ma ora, con *Work in Progress*, è come se, dopo il ritorno a Itaca, Ulisse-Joyce partisse di nuovo, come nella sequenza mitologica, alla scoperta di nuove terre inesplorate, "oltre I confini di quell'universo umano del quale il grande romanzo joyciano aveva fornito una mappa tanto dettagliata e accurata", oltre I confini dell'umano e del reale, oltre, appunto, quelle Colonne d'Ercole, che segnavano la fine della fabula mitologica dell'eroe omeico, oltre Gibilterra, spazio conosciuto e privilegiato della memoria e del sogno di Molly nel passto-present del monologo finale (141-2).

Here Ruggieri cites the ancient name for the two promontories at the eastern end of the Strait of Gibraltar and the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. They are usually identified as Gibraltar in Europe and Jebel Musa in North Africa, two columns that signal that end of the mythological fable of Homer's hero.

The author offers a revealing reflection on *Finnegans Wake* or *Work in Progress* as it for so long was, as 'il racconto del labirinto della storia, ovvero "meandertale" – meander = meandro e tale = racconto – e "meandertalistoria", the telling of the labyrinth of history, the real meandertale at the centre of which is the sense of story telling itself with its 'serpeggiante e infinito" qualities, its habit of twisting serpent-like into infinity. Ruggieri also describes Joyce's taste for the calembour, for wordplay and punning, for numeration, for lists – those of rivers, of geographical names, among many more - that sound similar to the religious recitations he heard echoing through his youth. She contrasts the corporeal materials of *Ulysses* – signposted immediately through "Stately", "plump" Buck Mulligan with the liquid non-corporeal metamorphosising fluidity of the rivverrun of the *Wake*, this 'opera aperta', this 'open work' to use Umberto Eco's famous term, this work that can be read, performed, mined, interpreted, but never exhausted and which is the perfect gift for Joyce's ideal reader who is also ideally, as Joyce put it, an insomniac.

Ruggieri's work suggests a rich continuity in Joyce's entire opus, from the early essays through to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and con-

cluding with the *Wake*. She also suggests the richness of this body of work, this 'human comedy', too often, in her opinion, hijacked by self-referential academics, but which is an inexhaustible source of meaning and should be open to all. Joyce she sees writing "a human comedy" following the tradition of Dante and later of Sterne, privileging a mental journey, imagining lierature as a necessary affirmation of the freedom of the individual.

Finally, while amply allowing the very human side of Joyce to emerge, Ruggieri's study crucially makes us want to go back to the Joycean text and, in doing so, reveals itself to be an exemplary work of criticism.

John McCourt

Cavecchi, Maria Cristina. 2011.
Cerchi e cicli. Sulle forme della memoria in Ulisse
Rome: Bulzoni

Baronti Marchiò, Roberto. 2011.
A Thought-Tormented Music. Browning and Joyce
Rome: Bulzoni

Tonetto, Maria Grazia. 2012.
The Beauty of Mortal Conditions
Rome: Bulzoni

The Italian series *Piccola Biblioteca Joyciana* (general editor: Franca Ruggieri) was inaugurated some years ago with one of the last critical contributions of Giorgio Melchiori. Over time, it has proved to be a promising forum for emerging and established Joyce scholars. It now includes several contributions from the likes of Fritz Senn, Timothy Martin, John McCourt, and many other renowned experts. The three most recent additions to the series—the books by Cavecchi, Baronti Marchiò and Tonetto—all investigate in their own ways themes that have surprisingly not always received the attention they deserve in full-length studies. These broad subjects (figurative memory, dramatic monologues and the beauty of the corporeal), though quite distinct from each other, seem to be covertly underwritten by subterranean connections and echoes.

Maria Cristina Cavecchi's book revolves around the fascinating hypothesis that the role played by images of circles in *Ulysses* can be seen as a reference to the pictorial universe of Futurism, Dadaism and Cubism. This helps to build bridges between literature as representation and the attempt to put forward ideas in an imagist way. This is perhaps why the book opens with a pointed reference to Brancusi, whose use of geometry appears to the author to be quite similar to what Joyce makes of this "art" in *Ulysses*—though he does so perhaps in a more esoteric way. All the circle images in Joyce's novel seem to entertain what can be labeled a "locomotory function", opposed to the "locomotor ataxy" which many have seen as one of the keys to *Ulysses*, it being the *signatura* of the Dublin paralysis we encounter early on in works by Joyce. Such images take the shape of tyres and wheels as in bicycles and carriages, and clearly point to the eternal return typical of the peculiar futurism of *Finnegans Wake*.

Circularity, which is the very soul of the *Wake*, is portrayed in *Ulysses*, in narrative terms, in Bloom's return home at night, the same home he has left in the morning vaguely hoping not to be cuckolded in the afternoon. Cavecchi takes circularity to be atmospheric too, and goes as far as suggesting that the cloud seen at the end of the novel might be the same cloud seen by Stephen and Bloom at the beginning of their day, so sealing the circle of the text in an imaginary communion of heaven and earth (as above, so below, Hermes Trismegistus would say).

The discussion of the many forms of circularity symbolized by the various bicycles in *Ulysses* is of particular interest. The author considers them allusions to the avant-garde movements in the figurative arts, especially the art of Duchamps. Perhaps, such images also point at another direction, unknown to Joyce to be sure, but quite revealing in terms of his Irishness: they might stand for a possible link to the presence of bicycles in another Irish writer who owes a lot to Joyce, Flann O'Brien. O'Brien in *The Third Policeman* portrays almost human bicycles that through an exchange of molecules and atoms become as one with their proprietors, and at times even end up groping the girls that stand by.

Through a discussion at length of the role of bicycles in *Ulysses*, Cavecchi interestingly contends that circles are also tools that help multiply the possibility of movement, just as writing in Joyce amplifies the semantic potential of language. From the technological implications of wheel-shaped objects in *Ulysses*, the author moves on to hint at the circle-centered iconography in occult sciences, alchemy and specifically Bruno's art of memory, in a fascinating blend of aesthetics and esotericism very typical of Joyce. This finally leads to reflections on circular cosmologies and the classic world, where images of circles and wheels are at the same time a metaphor for movement, and tools that help form a new and revolutionary interpretation of the world, so that another "fictional" universe becomes possible.

In typical Joycean vein, the debate on the cosmological value of circles leads ultimately back to the human and the carnal, in Bloom's contemplation of the rotundities of Molly's body. In this way, the scenario and the world inhabited by the characters of *Ulysses* becomes anthropomorphized, so to speak, with images of curves and globes that again remind us of the circular beginning of the *Wake*, with all its swerves of shores and bends of bay.

The book ends with a description of time, and again its circular mode, a chasing of minutes, hours, days, which keeps providing us with a new version of the same events over and over again. This is aptly symbolized by

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the many clocks featured in *Ulysses* which manage to stop the time while recording the inexorable chain of past, present and future—probably the most powerful message of Joyce's art.

A Thought-Tormented Music. Browning and Joyce by Roberto Baronti Marchiò is an intense study of a very delicate topic, the relation between two very different writers, and yet quite similar in many ways. The work convincingly argues that rather than any direct influence of Browning on Joyce, quite difficult to prove beyond single textual instances, one should look for affinities in the literary intentions lying beneath the composition of their works. This can indeed be done by resorting to the resources of intertextuality.

The fact that Browning is rarely directly quoted in Joyce's writings and letters makes the subject all the more tricky. This book is divided into three sections, which allow the reader to be gently led from the general to the specific. The first part is devoted to the heritage of Browning, his reputation as an obscure poet in the Victorian age but also a symbol of the poetic sensibility of the time. Browning could in fact be portrayed as the indefatigable perpetrator of the poetic values of a late Romanticism. In this, it is revealing to highlight, as this book does quite well, the tension between the objective and the subjective poet in Browning, the rejection of his poetry by many modernists, but also the legacy of his works and the use that modernist poets and artists (Ezra Pound foremost among them) make of the poetics of this great Victorian poet.

Knowing Joyce, one would suspect that he would have used Browning just to turn such a legacy upside down in his writings, to mock him, to make him the target of his literary scorn. In fact, the many differences in temper and artistic achievements are far too many to be dismissed. The good thing is, Baronti Marchiò does not dismiss them. He is very keen in stressing the distance between the two writers. At the same time, he makes use of such a distance to demonstrate that Browning is more present in Joyce's books than one might imagine.

First, we read about the ways in which the message of Browning is filtered, in Joyce, by his interest in Shelley, but also by Yeats's theory of the mask. Yeats's mask poems are presented somehow as another version of Browning's dramatic monologues. From here the author suggests a number of striking affinities between Browning's idea of dramatic poetry and Joyce's early conception of drama, art, poetry and life. This is all discussed in detail in the second part of the book, which functions in a way as the antithesis

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to the first part. By the end of the second part, the reader feels that Joyce and Browning are now no longer so distant. And this is where the general merges into the specific.

After a number of remarks on Rome, the eternal city so central to both Joyce and Browning, the third part is a close reading of "The Dead", in the light of the many echoes of Browning in the short story. They include the direct quotation in Gabriel's speech to the thought-tormented music of the title, which is in fact an oblique reference to Browning via Samuel Daniel, the many disguises of the surname Browning in the story, and the famous distant music which happens to be another reminiscence of Browning's "A toccata of Galuppi's". Following scholar John Feely, the central part of "The dead", and particularly Gabriel's speech, is presented as a reworking of Browning's "Epilogue", the poem which concludes *Asolando*.

This book certainly helps the reader to see the many affinities between Joyce's and Browning's techniques also in the light of their attention to psychology, always in balance between the subjective and the objective. It also points to very similar approaches to the representation of the plurality of the world, as well as the epiphanic potential of trivial details. Baronti Marchiò's book will help us make sense of the Browning in Joyce; and, rewriting Wilde's famous adage, it will lead to the discovery that Joyce is a prose Browning, and so is Browning.

Maria Grazia Tonetto's book has also a very fascinating title, *The Beauty of Mortal Conditions*. This bilingual study is about a very central topic in Joyce, the relation between body and soul, and specifically the way in which Joyce deals with both the Christian and Platonic metaphysical tradition. This considered the body as somewhat detached from the soul, of which it was taken to be just the container, and at the same time its mortal prison. Starting from Joyce's early ideas in the *Critical Writings*, the epiphanies and the early draft of his novel *Stephen Hero*, up to *Ulysses*, Tonetto's book gives a fair catalogue of the passages in which the soul-body relationship is excavated, used, manipulated, and continuously rewritten to show how Joyce manages to invert the traditional metaphysics in order to adopt a neo-Aristotelian position: the soul and the body are one thing.

Joyce's rereading of Aristotle, Aquinas and Bruno, as Tonetto contends, seems to suggest that the soul is the ultimate signature of individuality and of one's presence in the world. Of particular interest in this scenario is the beautiful chapter on "Circe", where the author makes us recognize how representations of the body and its functions move right from the uncanny, to

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then shape the internal structure of Joyce's comic realism. Such transfiguration becomes the essence of the glorification of the new man hailed by the narrative of *Ulysses*.

The glorious body of *Ulysses* is, of course, most of the time the body of Molly, a corporeal entity but also a spiritual one in her own peculiar materiality. Tonetto reminds us that Joyce was no materialist, but rather someone who, in the beauty of mortal conditions, found the dialectic solution to the body-soul dichotomy. Molly is therefore also an anti-narcissistic character in the sense that she inverts the classical equation between purity and beauty, being too concerned with the attempt to hide bodily matters in order to show that beauty and splendor often coincide with the obscene. This seems to be not only Joyce's provocative aesthetic lesson in much of *Ulysses*, but also the start of a new physical metaphysics, a new metaphysics of the body which puts together Bruno's understanding of Aristotle and a refined rejection of the sin-stained body of which St Augustine speaks.

Finally, in this finely written book, we encounter an ultimate transfiguration in the incarnation of language, the body becoming language, and consequently language being changed into the body. This final equation is better left to the words of the author: "*Ulysses* points that the body is situated at the limits of language, dangerously near to the point where the structure of signification breaks, since every act of writing is born from the writer's body to become the body of the text. Writing is the Eucharistic process whereby, from the absence of the body, the body is incarnated. As in "Proteus" Stephen's creative art is sealed by urination, and the kidneys are the first organ Joyce bestows to his man-book, writing is a natural process that shows, typographically transubstantiated, the absent body of the author. In an alchemic word, which has to be read as the trace of an absence, Joyce erects, eternally, his presence: James Augustine Aloysius Joyce turned himself into a book".

Enrico Terrinoni

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