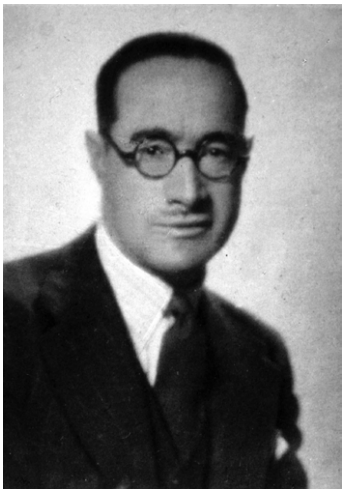
criticism in translation

James Joyce in His Labyrinth

ANTONIO MARICHALAR



ARCHIVO ESPASA CALPE

INTRODUCTION AND TRANSLATION BY GAYLE ROGERS

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Introduction

JORGE LUIS BORGES CLAIMED TO BE "THE FIRST HISPANIC ADVENTURER TO HAVE ARRIVED AT JOYCE'S [*ULYSSES*]" (3) WHEN HE PUBLISHED A translation of the novel's final page in the Argentine journal *Proa* in January 1925;[1] in fact, the Spaniard Antonio Marichalar was the first to translate passages of *Ulysses* into Spanish—just two months earlier, in the *Revista de Occidente* in Madrid. One of the finest literary critics and essayists of the 1920s and 1930s, Marichalar (1893–1973) was largely responsible for circulating the works and poetics of a number of anglophone writers, including Joyce, William Faulkner, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Liam O'Flaherty, Hart Crane, and D. H. Lawrence, among hispanophone audiences. Prior to 1924, Joyce had been mentioned briefly in the Spanish press by Marichalar, by the English travel writer Douglas Goldring, and by several others, but no one yet had substantially treated the Irish author whose work was at the center of a revolution in European literary aesthetics. Marichalar's groundbreaking article/review/translation "James Joyce in His Labyrinth" was a remarkable introduction to and adaptation of Joyce's modernist cosmopolitanism in Spain, where the author's influence remains profound.

Marichalar was able to initiate the Spanish-language reception of Joyce's work because of the intellectual and material resources of the post–Great War Europeanism that the philosopher José Ortega y Gasset cultivated in his native Spain, which he saw as culturally insular and backward. In the late 1910s and early 1920s, Marichalar frequented Ortega's *tertulias* ("conversation groups") and his symposia at the Residencia de Estudiantes, a progressive, Anglophilic residential college in Madrid modeled on Oxford and Cambridge. Influenced by Ortega's *Meditations on Quixote* (1914), he began publishing criticism in Spanish and French vanguard journals, most notably *Índice*, *Horizonte*, and *Intentions*. Ortega called on the young scholar in July 1923 when he launched the *Revista de Occidente*, the central medium of his effort to transform Spain from a forgotten margin to a vital home of new arts and literature in what he imagined as a cosmopolitan European republic. But a military coup in September 1923 brought to power the proto-fascist dicta-

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torship of Miguel Primo de Rivera and complicated Ortega's robust plans. Marichalar's sensibilities remained, as one of his British colleagues wrote, "trans-Pyrenean," and contemporary critics have seen him as a "double-agent between Spain and Europe" who often managed to work around state censorship (Calhoun; Gallego Roca and Serrano Asenjo 71). Through the *Revista*, he established himself as Spain's leading authority on anglophone literature—primarily British modernism—and became particularly interested in Joyce through his friendship with the Hispanist Valery Larbaud, who was helping to promote and translate Joyce's work in Paris. Larbaud's seminal lecture "The *Ulysses* of James Joyce" had appeared both in the *Nouvelle revue française* and in the first number of a new periodical founded in London in October 1922, T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*. The French critic put his British and Spanish colleagues in contact; soon, Marichalar was publishing columns under the heading "Contemporary Spanish Literature" in the *Criterion*. Marichalar's cross-cultural work realized the connections that Eliot and Ortega sought to create not only between their respective reviews but also with their continental counterparts such as the *Nouvelle revue française*, the *Nuova antologia* in Italy, and the *Europäische Revue* in Germany. In the article below, Marichalar implicitly allies the *Revista* with the *Egoist* and the *Little Review*, too, as a key disseminator and advocate of Joyce's controversial work.

"James Joyce in His Labyrinth" is an ambitious, creative, and syncretistic genealogical account of Joyce's works and his authorial persona, both of which Marichalar reads through Joyce's various metaphoric labyrinths. The article ranges from an impressionistic opening scene on Paris's dark streets, where Joyce's name attracts whispers and scandal, to accounts of the suppression of *Ulysses*, to the host of traditions, authors, and movements that Marichalar connects to Joyce's work. Placing his own critical work alongside the praise of Joyce issued by Eliot, Larbaud, John Middleton Murry, and Ezra Pound, Marichalar traces Joyce's use of the interior monologue not only through the innovations of Gustave Flaubert, Édouard Dujardin, and Marcel Proust but also through those of Robert Browning, Edgar Allan Poe, Guillaume Apollinaire, surrealism, Dadaism, the English ballad "Turpin Hero," the "oneiric" styles of Johann Paul Friedrich Richter and Christian Friedrich Hebbel, and more. Throughout, Marichalar highlights Joyce's Spanish connections—to Spain's persecuted sixteenth-century casuists, to Jesuit themes, and to the vanguardism of their contemporary Juan Ramón Jiménez. (He even speculates—overoptimistically and inaccurately—that Joyce spent time in Madrid.) Marichalar's greatest originality, perhaps, lies in his translations of three short segments of *Ulysses*. The first is from Molly Bloom's soliloquy, in which he provocatively fuses words and phrases (into such terms as *curagritos* for "howling for the priest" and *vengapertubar* for "coming in to spoil") to approximate the run-on effect of Joyce's unpunctuated prose. No other Spanish translator, to my knowledge, has rendered "Penelope" in such a manner. The second and third segments are from "Ithaca": a set of permutations on the relative ages of Stephen and Leopold and a word game on the name "Sinbad the Sailor."

Marichalar appreciates most Joyce's will to create a European aesthetics beyond Irish paradigms—his desire to fly beyond the limits of "his birth, his education, his nationality" while retaining his formative Irish experiences. Noting the many translations of Joyce's work that were being produced at the moment, Marichalar inscribes Joyce into the transnational intellectual vanguard that both Ortega and Eliot hoped to cultivate. He agrees, then, with Joyce's early biographer Herbert Gorman that the author's "cosmos extends farther than a single island. It embraces all Europe" (6). Thus, "James Joyce in His Labyrinth" was meant to serve as a model of criticism and writing for Marichalar's cosmopolitan generation of Spanish artists, and it circulated widely outside the *Revista de Occidente*. Marichalar first sent an advance copy to Joyce through their mutual friend Sylvia Beach. Beach wrote back on behalf of Joyce, who was recovering from cataract surgery, and sent along a reproduction of Patrick Tuohy's famous portrait of Joyce. Some eight months later, in slightly better health, Joyce himself wrote Marichalar, who had

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asked for some biographical clarifications. Noting that he was able to "decipher pretty well" Marichalar's article "thanks to my knowledge of Italian," Joyce offered to send "corrections to your article that will serve as preface to the Spanish edition of my novel."[2] Always eager to promote his work in new terrain, Joyce refers here to the revised, expanded version Marichalar produced once the article was selected as the introduction to Dámaso Alonso's pseudonymous translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in 1926. When this translation, *El artista adolescente (retrato)*, was published, an anonymous *Criterion* review noted that

> Señor Marichalar's introduction . . . is not only the best that could be imagined for readers in Catholic countries, it also—and the two things are not unconnected—has claims to being the best estimate of the intellectual significance of Joyce that has appeared in any language so far.[3]

The intriguing claim that a critic from another "Catholic countr[y]" on Europe's margins might have appraised best the "intellectual significance of Joyce" strengthens the Irish-Spanish affiliations that Marichalar makes—affiliations also embodied by Joyce's Irish-Spanish heroine Molly Bloom. More broadly, Marichalar sees in *Ulysses*'s grotesquerie not heresy but an effulgent Catholic spirit fashioning an avant-garde style that culminates a revisionary understanding of Europe's cultural heritage.

Marichalar's career as an intermediary among anglophone and Spanish writers flourished as he became the "European ambassador" of the Generation of '27—sometimes called the Generation of the Dictatorship—which included Jorge Guillén, Rafael Alberti, Pedro Salinas, Vicente Aleixandre, Luis Cernuda, Rosa Chacel, and Federico García Lorca (Ródenas de Moya xvii). Joyce influenced many of them, and his works sustain a thriving critical industry in Spanish universities and journals. For his part, Marichalar published regularly in both the *Revista de Occidente* and the *Criterion* until the former was shut down in 1936 by the Spanish Civil War and the latter in 1939 by the threat of another world war. He fled to France during the civil war; though able to return to Madrid after the hostilities because he came from a well-connected family (he was Marqués de Montesa), Marichalar's literary criticism was sparing under Franco's regime. "James Joyce in His Labyrinth" is part of an often overlooked archive, however, that evinces the roles of Spanish writers and thinkers in shaping, critiquing, and revising modernist aesthetics in the interwar period across anglophone, Hispanic, and European literary geographies.

Notes

All translations are mine, including those in the notes. The essay was originally published in the *Revista de Occidente* as "James Joyce en su laberinto" (6.17 [1924]: 177–202; print). I thank Don Luis Ignacio Marichalar de Silva, the Archivo Espasa Calpe, and the Fundación Santander Central Hispano (Colección Obra Fundamental) for generously granting permissions, and I thank Domingo Ródenas de Moya and Arantxa Gómez Sancho for their invaluable aid. My thanks also go to Christine Froula, Reginald Gibbons, Darío Fernández-Morera, Jordana Mendelson, Paul Breslin, Joanne Diaz, and Juan Gomez for their help.

1. Borges's article reads, "Soy el primero aventurero hispánico que ha arribado al libro de Joyce" (3).

2. I have found no other correspondence between the two to confirm whether Joyce followed up on his offer.

3. The anonymous reviewer was likely either Conrad Aiken or Charles K. Calhoun. Marichalar revised the article again for his own collection of essays, *Mentira desnuda (hitos)*, or "The Naked Lie (Milestones)," in 1933; this version is collected in his *Ensayos literarios*. I have translated below the original version with minor redactions for length.

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James Joyce in His Labyrinth

—Death? It's not interesting. What intrigues Paris at this moment surely is not Death; it is the interior monologue.

—Haven't you heard about the talk about Joyce?

—J[ean] Giraudoux (1924)

THE RAIN STOPS; THE LAST DROP FALLS ON THE rue de l'Odéon. Across the slick, shimmering atmosphere purrs a low, faint rumble. Suddenly, a glimmering light flows, slicing the gray glaze: in solemn silence a splendid Rolls arrives. It approaches, weightless, and dims the crystal mirage of its astonishing headlights. Like an endless sigh, it glides, seeping, stealthy, gentle. Quickly, a murmur [*rumor*] softly unglues the wheels from the damp pavement, and they take off smoothly. Cutting through the street along the stream of houses, the car moves on until it chances upon a banner that, feinting from a façade, obliges it to stop. It is detained before a bookstore whose sign reads, "Shakespeare and Company." On the poster hanging above, perpendicular and stylized, appears the sketched silhouette of Old Will.

The car is hushed to a dull snore. Its small door eases open, and from the sloping interior swirls out a faint aroma of skin, of pearls, of woman. The long, dangling rope of a necklace appears and swings deeply over the sunken curb. Just grazing the largest pearl, a foot—of the most elegant duchess in Paris—then ventures out. Her hand on the tinted window: crystals trembling; commotion. A schoolgirl, framed stark before the bookstore, bursts forth to meet her—bow-tied boots, turned-out collar, light shawl, wild frazzled hair. She's a captain: on the shelves, the rigid volumes, aligned, ordered, obey her voice.

The two women talk, and a book—a fateful book—makes its way to the front. The lady carries it off like a trophy. Hasn't she come in search of precisely what she's been offered? She returns to the car, clutching her treasure. The prestigious J. J. emblazoned on the book's cover corresponds exactly to the R. R. that flaunts on the sparkling grille of the hawklike car. James Joyce: Rolls Royce.

Drive on. The chauffeur tips his black cap that ends in a point like a little Eton jacket. The Rolls sets sail. Now it's gone, suspended in the fog, displacing the silence—rolling along the imperturbable trail of its own murmur.

Legend has it that lords sold their lands to buy *Ulysses* and that students had to spend four days in bed without food to purchase it. And this happened in our own storied times, in those lucky days that saw circulate some rare copies of this book by James Joyce—Irish author, our contemporary, better known for his cloudy legend than for his clear work. Certainly, his legend is also a work—essentially a work of its own, when we see that in the novel's gestation (as is the case at present) the artist-subject or "maker" [*hacedor*] does not intervene, but rather, working in the shadows for many long years—fifteen on

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