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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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*Ulysses*—abstains from all publicity generated on his behalf. No, Joyce's manner doesn't simply conform to the passing predilections of a fickle, snobbish public. Rather, something more moves him that demands our attention. Precisely, we must recognize that at the birth of Joyce's fame, Scandal, Style, and Criticism converge by consent—and, not by chance, Criticism has intervened the least thus far. But it need hardly be noted that we are dealing with prestigious and insightful criticism that merits such a name and such transcendence—and that has been so effective in this respect—that today no one is surprised to read our author's name (as in fact it already has been seen) amid a group of supreme literary "beacons" [*faros*]: Calderón, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and Joyce—to the letter, a worthy signature among them.

It is curious to observe how the most cautious, sober criticism has unpacked, in Joyce's honor, the gilded themes kept in his coffers. Havelock Ellis in *The Dance of Life* writes that Joyce "marks a date in the history of British literature." And [John] Middleton Murry affirms that "*À la recherche du temps perdu* and *Ulysses* are the two invaluable documents from which one can comprehend the end of our civilization." We see, then, that, like Proust, Joyce garners superlative honors everywhere. His work both separates and links two literary generations; among the younger, he is "the greatest." T. S. Eliot rightly assures us that "this work closes a cycle of English literature, but opens a new one in its place." Such overwhelming praise might irritate us and warn us against him, because—naturally—we resist seeing in a contemporary writer (such is the case with Anatole France)[a] the sense of absolute predestination that would designate him the indubitable representative of our epoch in the History of Universal Literature: "if only one of all contemporary writers could be passed on to posterity, it must be Joyce," recently declared Valery Larbaud, who has been Joyce's most fervent interpreter and biographer.

High praise, doubtless, but: do we not risk deceiving our readers should Joyce's works not arouse such a response in them all? We must broach this question, for water so blessed must hold something marvelous. But before opening his works, let us settle a previous question: that of the supposed scandal that accompanies his texts and that, had it not been linked to such literary integrity, could have brought serious harm to this author. In facing Joyce's work, let us approach the mystery that has become his: the process of producing these very works. . . .

James Joyce published a small volume of poems, *Chamber Music* (1907),[1] that associated him with the imagists.[b] With these he opened (and in a moment closed) his lyrical vein—with no more consequence than a faint aftertaste of them in his intercalations of verse and song in his prose since then. He next dedicated his literary activity to writing some short stories. They soon constituted a volume ready for publication, but an obstacle delayed this. Every publisher who read the manuscript declined to print it. The reason: in this series, more than a few "Dubliners" were immediately recognizable, for the author used their real names and addresses. Furthermore, the liberties he took in some scenes, and particularly the audacity that Joyce showed in one story by using certain details from the private life of Edward VII, made the publishers pull back, fearful of scandal and confiscation. In the face of such objections, Joyce went directly to the royalty: he sent the manuscript to the palace, laid out his complaint, and asked for a response. But royal protocol denied him an answer. Finally, one publisher, after guarantees from Joyce, launched a printing—and the very day it was printed, he received a visit from a mysterious, unknown man who bought the entire printing and burned it on the spot, saving one copy to return to the author. Who was that unknown buyer? No one knows; no one has ever known, but one might suspect without fear of error that a "sovereign impulse" moved him.

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Time passed, and, in 1914, the collection of stories appeared, published in London with the title *Dubliners*.[2] Later, an elite London journal called the *Egoist*—like [George] Meredith's novel—began to publish *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.[3] But let us leave that work for later and move instead to the next of his works to appear: *Exiles*,[4] a three-act drama performed in Munich, and, finally, *Ulysses*,[5] the work that American puritanism has relentlessly persecuted. Four times, legal complaints forced the suspension of *Ulysses*'s publication in the *Little Review*, which in 1918 had begun serializing the novel in the United States, and demanded that Joyce appear before the high courts, defended by the famous patron of modern Irish art John Quinn, who recently died in New York [in July 1924]. Because of these delays, *Ulysses* did not appear as a book until it was printed in Paris in 1922 by Shakespeare and Company's press, thanks to the decision of the bold bookseller Miss Sylvia Beach.

What is it that causes Joyce's works to be persecuted with such bitter determination? Of course it is neither lewdness nor excessive liberties. Such things are absent in his books, and one would be mistaken to search through them for cheap, sinful thrills. It is well-known that good novels are not written for the average "novel reader," and this author's are so arduous and so dense that they remain long only in the hands of those who have developed a taste for philosophical and literary questions. That which might be considered scandalous matter in his work is, in fact, the same that is explored without shame in a work of medicine—and toward a purely scientific end. The rawness of expression and the desire to transcribe reality with absolute truthfulness occasioned these persecutions of Joyce and—even more damaging—motivated those who would suppose that Joyce was, like George Moore, a naturalist epigone, a faded echo of Médan.[c] Without fail, his realism—and we use the word provisionally, since we shall return to it—has no source other than his determination to bring to artistic creation elements that, through his rigorous authenticity, possess a documentary value that the modern sensibility requires; and to achieve it, he cuts through everything in his way, conventional or not. An overflow of exceedingly direct expressions and intuitions, of Greek and English classics—especially those such as *The Odyssey* and *Troilus and Cressida*—offers us a view of the true fonts of this writer's art. Those and—as Larbaud has said—the works of our Spanish casuists Sánchez and Escobar.[d]

This final point will perhaps explain the unusual fact that Joyce's works, while they were denounced by the moralizing societies of North America, received intelligent accolades from some representatives of the Catholic orthodoxy in his country;[6] and, despite recalcitrant puritanism's branding Joyce a pornographic writer, his colleagues have seen him as a "Jesuit"—and even Joyce portrays himself as such in his works.

Of old Irish stock, James Joyce was born in Dublin in 1882. As a very young boy, he found himself boarded [*internado*] at a religious school in which he received strict instruction that made him well-versed in dead languages, Greek philosophy, and scholasticism—and made him observant of the essential elements of their tradition. But as soon as he became a man, the author of *Exiles* revealed his true calling: expatriotism. He left the oppressive surroundings of his homeland and ventured on a difficult, wandering journey. He would become an assiduous reader at the public libraries in Rome, in Trieste, in Zurich, in Paris, and by chance in Madrid, where he accidentally stayed for a time.[e] An uncloistered humanist, he buried himself in his studies of theology, medicine, and literature, and he devoted himself fully to his own prolix labor. In all his work, this religious preoccupation is always tangible: as a good Irishman, he is obsessed by religion, and echoes of his priestly training reveal themselves in his choice of themes and taste for quotations in Greek and in Latin.

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But let us take up now the book that we mentioned before: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, where we find the most authentic portrait of the definitive adolescent experience that formed this writer. Here is a book so autobiographical that it could be composed wholly of remembered elements; and in it, here is a protagonist, Stephen Dedalus, a faithful copy of the author. James Joyce traces this subtle self-re-creation [*autorecreación*] meticulously. . . . Stephen Dedalus . . . embodies a yearning soul whose sensitivity surpasses by far the nascent possibilities of his own understanding. We see this boy, misanthropic and taciturn, pass hazardously through the chasms of school; and—turning the page—we watch how he isolates and shelters himself, this spirit given to reflection and soliloquy, and from there tries to understand his existence through sensibilities that are bleak and tarnished, but delicate and very fragile—like the clouded lenses of this sad schoolboy's glasses.

In spite of Joyce's portrayal of life in a religious school, his book does not resemble others with which we might compare it—it has no false semblance of surroundings or of place. The purpose here is distinct, and the author, limiting himself to exposition—to showing, not demonstrating—avoids interjecting any arguments between the reader and the work.

It's useless to look in literature for Stephen's spiritual brothers, even if we could find them easily in almost all "memoirs." There is one, however, that comes the closest: Arkady Dolgoruky, the protagonist of Dostoevsky's *Adolescent* [or *A Raw Youth* (1875)], who, overwhelmed by his childhood at Touchard, yearns for "personal liberty" above all. But the humiliation that turned Dolgoruky into an egoist impels Dedalus—every child is humiliated—toward Art. Stephen, lost in thought [*ensimismado*], yearns to find the skills that he must acquire for his aesthetic flight. It has been rightly said that he who searches runs the grave risk of discovery, and Stephen, sacrificing his humanity to discover his artistry, commits—like all schoolboys in life—his corresponding attempt at escape. . . . Here ends an adolescence, laboriously unfolded through these copious pages. On the final page, an artist dedicated to living as "a voluntary exile" [*un destierro voluntario*] embarks on his flight invoking the aid of the authors and artisans of his homeland. Do we give Dedalus up as lost forever? His spiritual restlessness will now become a technical concern.

Stephen Dedalus, lost by design [*perdidizo*], reappears in Joyce's next work, *Ulysses*, and although in it he plays the role of Telemachus and continues masking the author, he gives way to a new character who captures and reflects more fully James Joyce: Ulysses himself, here called Bloom. A difficult plot, skillfully interspersed with keys and symbols, is woven around this main character, and from the plot emerges *The Odyssey* of the real Ulysses in a manner subtle and complete. The Ulysses that Joyce now presents to us comes in modern dress—as depictions of him in other eras featured anachronistic doublets or tights—and his odyssey is reduced to a single day, a day in the life of Dublin. Meticulously laying out the arbitrary details of Dublin's quotidian existence, Joyce invites us to follow him and not to lose the thread in his complex work.

But following Bloom proves exhausting, precisely because his pace is so slow. All the action of this enormous novel takes place in several hours: from eight in the morning until three the following morning. Has a book's action ever been executed more slowly? Some extraordinary examples come to mind: Proust's winding style—not grandiose, but boundless—which recuperates, one by one, swiftly wasted seconds; the first volume of [Ivan Alexandrovich] Goncharov's *Oblomov* [1859], composed wholly of the divagations that the protagonist experiences from the time he awakens until he decides to get out of bed a little later; *Rahab* [1922], Waldo Frank's compelling novel in which Joyce's techniques have left visible footprints;[f] and, finally, *5,000*

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[or *5.000, récit sportif* (1924)], the recent work by Dominique Braga in which the plot moves very slowly yet races by because the story attempts to register all the things that pass through the mind of a runner in the time taken to complete a five-thousand-meter race. . . . Art is not a falsification but an equivalence, and the slices of reality itself [in *Ulysses*], which frequently appear to be without boundaries, constitute true touchstones that signal the limits of what in reality is art and what is art in reality. There are fragments in *Ulysses* and in *Portrait* . . . (the spiritual exercises, for example) that displace a time identical to the one they occupy in real life—and furthermore retain its very nature.

In the book of Dedalus there is no real course of time because there is no plot, strictly speaking. It is a portrait, and the author does not narrate but draws out a prolonged presence: an intensification. The progress is principally psychological; we witness the development of an individual but not of a journey. "Children have neither a past nor a future: they rejoice in the present," said [Jean de] La Bruyère. . . . It will be another matter when the painter is confronted with Bloom, who is already a man—a fleeting "pose," requiring greater attention—thus, how much more swiftly his character passes by, how much more abundant and prolix will be the account of all the perceptions and observations gathered for his interior monologue.

The "interior monologue": Joyce's most discussed contribution—if it is he who contributed it. It seems that a Frenchman took it from an Englishman, who, in turn, had taken it from a Frenchman—and the tradition remains in France. Joyce himself has said to his follower Larbaud that he had been inspired by É[douard] Dujardin's novel *We'll to the Woods No More* [*Les lauriers sont coupés* (1888)], which appeared at the height of the symbolist period and went almost unnoticed by Dujardin's contemporaries, who were unable to see in its boldness another confession—one more disordered than others, perhaps. However, R[emy] de Gourmont observed that "were it written thus, *Sentimental Education* [1869] would require a hundred volumes"; and today, given that Flaubert is quoted so often in discussions of Joyce, it serves us well to remember this subtle prophecy of the critic of *The Masks* [1896–98].

Invoking other precedents of this literary form, an array of names has been cited: Montaigne and Poe, Dostoevsky and Browning, mystics and even German expressionists. In looking precisely at the broken and confused declarations of some of Browning's characters in *The Ring and the Book* [1868–69] (Pompilia, Guido) or "Mr. Sludge, 'the Medium'" [1864], we find in the "dramatic monologue" a living kinship with this new "interior monologue." The same occurs within the Russian literary heritage and, in general, within the work of every writer who, having been surprised by "talking alone," might transcribe faithfully the soliloquy that, at the moment of its production, does not suppose the presence of a listener. We can assert, without a hint of irony, that until now, those who demonstrated the "interior monologue" form did so without knowing it, or, at least, without knowing the limits and transcendence that this form implies.

For our part, having had the chance to consider possible analogies with previous forms that the style now before us might offer (complete with suggestions, evocations, perceptions, and associations of ideas, of feelings, etc.), we have noted the similarities between the norms of written introspection and the practice of experimental psychology. . . . There is, perhaps, one thing that signals confusion to us when we think of the "interior monologue": its very name—which seems inexact and provisional. Anyone who follows to the letter terms such as *Gothic*, *impressionist*, *cubist*, and so forth in order to unravel their spirits does so in error. The same occurs with the subject before us. If we focus on a soliloquy of this type, we soon perceive, in the gentle flow of its course, a thick, confused clamor caused

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by the plurality of voices that arise everywhere and—even though they form one voice when conjoined—that make legible the existence of a tightly woven braid of crossings and contacts in rapid succession. This explains as well the fact that in the interior monologue the narration passes from one person to another without leaving the author—as occurs in the old English ballad "Turpin Hero" (which begins in the first person but ends in the third),[g] in which we ought to find the most authentic precedent of the interior monologue, since this poem is invoked by Stephen Dedalus himself in his thesis on Saint Thomas's aesthetic rules and their derivatives.

In the rich realm of the interior monologue, we see its components parade rhythmically, blooming forth from consciousness, and we discern the most unexpected formation of pristine, natural thought. To watch this unguarded sleep is to settle oneself in the deepest and most remote fountains, then to marvel at their spontaneous integration into unified flow. . . . The difficulty is in aesthetically evaluating these genuine, completely wild materials. When looking at them, we tend to stumble over a preliterary crudeness because the poet (maker) [*el poeta (hacedor)*] does not make but simply feels by instinct. In such moments we tread along the boundaries between science and art. Proust's *My Wakings*, for example, delves into the confines of wakefulness and sleep, and, by transcribing the results of his analysis, he brings forth a document of dual interest: scientific and literary. By the same measure, in the last pages of *Ulysses* Joyce relates the awakening of Molly Bloom in an interior monologue—incoherent, one that could be called, to modify Proust's *Watching Her Sleeping, Listening to Her Sleeping*.[h]

We approach it, then, with a soft step and an attentive ear; it reads:

> [E]l cuarto qué hora no de este mundo me figuro quese levantan en este momento en China peinan sus coletas para todoel día bueno pronto oiremosa las hermanas tocar elángelus no tienenadie que vengaperturbar susueño si no esun curaodós para su oficio nocturno el despertar dela gente deaquialado con su cacareo que hace estallar la cabeza vamosaver si pudiera volvermea dormir 1 2 3 4 5 quésesa specie de flor quehan inventado como las estrellas el papel de tapicería de la calle Lombard era más bonito el delantal que meha dado erauna cosasi solo que melohe puesto dos ve[c]es nadamás lo que debía hacer es bajar esta lámpara intentar otra vez para poder levantarme temprano iré a casa de los Lambes allí cerca de Findlaters y haré quenos envíen algunas flores para colocar en la casa si lo trae mañana quiero decirhoy no no el viernes esun mal día quiero arreglar la casase llena de polvo mientras duermo y podemos tocar y fumar puedo acompañarley primero hace falta que limpie las teclas con leche qué llevaré llevaré una rosa blanca oesos pasteles de casa de Liptons me gusta el olor de una tienda grande y buena a quince perras la libra olos otros con cerezas dentro a 22 perras las dos libras naturalmente una bonita planta paraponer enmedio de lamesa la encontraría más barata en casa de vamosdondehe visto yoaver eso hace poco me gustan las flores me gustaría que todala casa nadase en rosas.[i] . . .
>
> [Y] los que dicen no hay Dios yono daría niesto por toda su ciencia por qué no se ponen a crear alguna cosa les he preguntado yo algunas veces los ateos o como quieran llamarse quempiezean por ir aque les quiten la grasa yen seguida llamar al curagritos cuando se mueren y por qué por qué porque tienen miedo del infierno por culpa de su mala conciencia ay si que bien conozco quien hasido la primera persona enel universo que queantes que nohubiera nadie loha hecho todo que ah eso nolo saben ni yo tampoco iya podía seguneso impedir que saliera mañana por la mañana el sol brilla portí me dijo eldiaquél questábamos echados en los rhododendros en el cabo de Howth con su traje gris isusombrero de paja el día que le hice que se me declarase lehabía dado yo… etc.[j]

In translation, we lose the true interweaving of Molly's words and the changes of

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thought prompted by analogous words as she dozes. However, we can see the transcendence of Joyce's contribution to literature of oneiric elements that others before him (Jean Paul and Hebbel, especially)[k] valued, though they employed them without such efficacy and skill.

At times, Joyce uses a technique of questions and answers, creating in them a display of his rare virtuosity. Here, to explain the relation that exists between the respective ages of the characters, he answers his question:

> 16 años antes, en el año 1888, cuando Bloom tenía la edad actual de Stephen, éste tenía 6 años. 16 años después, en 1920, cuando Stephen tuviese la edad actual de Bloom, éste tendría 54 años. En 1936, cuando Bloom tuviese 70 años y Stephen 54, su edad, inicialmente en la relación de 16 a 0, sería como 17 y ½ a 13 y ½, aumentando la proporción y disminuyendo la diferencia, según que fuesen añadidos futuros años arbitrarios, pues si la proporción que existía en 1883 hubiera continuado inmutable, y suponiendo que fuese posible, hasta el actual de 1904, cuando Stephen tenía 22 años, Bloom tendría 374, y en 1920, cuando Stephen tuviese 38 años, que son los que Bloom tenía actualmente, Bloom tendría 646 años; por otra parte, en 1952, cuando Stephen hubiese alcanzado el máximo de edad postdiluviana de 70 años, Bloom, habiendo vivido 1.190 años y habiendo nacido en el año 714, hubiera sobrepasado en 221 años el máximo de edad antediluviana, la edad de Matusalén, 969 años, en tanto que si Stephen hubiera continuado viviendo hasta que hubiese alcanzado esa edad en el año 3072 después de J. C., Bloom hubiera necesitado vivir 83.300 años, habiendo tenido que nacer en el año 81.396, antes de J. C.[l]

Such originalities abound in Joyce. In *Ulysses*, one can search for and constantly list details (water motifs, for example) or analogies (between women and the moon), and one can find very complicated word games—untranslatable on the whole. Let us quote one: "Simbad el Marino y Timbad el Tarino y Yimbad el Yarino y Whinbad el Wharino y Nimbad el Narino y Fimbad el Farino y Bimbad el Barino y Pimbad el Parino y Mimbad el Malino y Uinbad el Uarino y Rimbad el Rarino y Dimbad el Karino y Kimbad el Carino y Cimbad el Jarino y Ximbad el Sarino."[m]

But, playing with the words, Joyce plays with ideas at the same time—and we are now in the realms of surrealism and of Dada. The heavy and serious games of his rare British mentality correlate to the aesthetics of the restless modern French spirit. . . . Surrealism, at once born from and torn by schisms, launched its manifesto with a cry proclaiming the necessity of welcoming into art all elements that might be capable of representing the subconscious as revealed in dreams. We greet that fairly enough. Its art has precedents in Apollinaire, its spirit in Freud. But Joyce worked diligently to form and incorporate these same elements in his early writings well before the surrealists. Certainly they undergo vigorous transformations later in his work; and in Joyce—as in Valéry—the most pristine appears united with the most distilled. Their devices were not simply the first moments of something now defined by the surrealists or the hyperrealists as "living documents," better described as dead. They did more than risk inspiration in hazardous games to create the work of art: to create is to sacrifice oneself. "The only art is the spontaneous subjected to the conscious," as Juan Ramón Jiménez defines it.

If we group together—and then separate—Joyce and the young surrealists, we do so to erase the label "naturalism" that weighs on his works in order to understand fully Dedalus's closing words in *Portrait*, which launch his quest to find "la realidad de la experiencia y modelar en la forja de mi alma la conciencia increada de mi raza" ["the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (217)]. And now, let us discuss this forging and this race.

What is it that, like a soaked cloak, confines the fervent adolescence of Stephen Dedalus? A construction; a baroque, labyrinthine

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order—"pure will made of stone," in Jesuit style. . . . [A] labyrinth is neither a tangle nor a knot but an architectural perfection: a difficult design whose only end consists precisely in finding its exit. . . . In the labyrinth of Crete—clear, dazzling, alabastrine—its own author became lost. . . . Look now at Stephen Dedalus, monster [*monstruo*][n] of his labyrinth, buffeted by the anguish of his own struggles, desiring to rise above the indeterminate limits of his existence. His temerity will impede him from reaching the enticing feminine figure that he glimpsed in ecstasy. . . . When he tries to liberate himself, Faith fails him, Grace is lacking, and he falls violently both in nature and afterward in craft.

Man of flesh and bone, to detach himself and to fly above the earth—the very earth from which he is made—his own misery denies him weightlessness. He does not have strength to find—that is, to search. *Dédalus*[o] ends with an invitation to a voyage—which is the trick solution for all who harbor a profoundly mystical discontent and believe that a definitive, permanent course exists in the ephemeral and the provisional. In the final words of the novel, Stephen has stopped invoking God and instead invokes the primitive artisan of his craft—from a distant tradition—as his patron saint. He emancipates himself from a dogma to serve the most rigorous discipline, and he does not silence his inner tormenter. Joyce's calling is artistic, but his concern is principally religious. It is not his habit that oppresses him in Ireland but his skin.

It is possible that this deep yearning also explains the vogue that this book now enjoys. Long years of persecution and of obscurity[7] give way today to moments of unprecedented esteem. . . . From whom follows this good favor, found in the most select cenacles? The drama of Dedalus is the effort of an obstinate spirit to overexert itself, to supersede the limits imposed on him by his birth, his education, his nationality. He proposes to himself that he will attain this ideal, and—by the love of his art—he reaches toward it. Very well; does this not seem to be snobbery?

"God made the world, and with it the snobs," writes Thackeray, their most authorized chronicler.[p] . . . [The snob] is attracted . . . by the incomprehensible, the monstrously ingenious [*lo inabarcable, lo monstruoso*]: Dostoevsky, Joyce, Proust. But if "snobbery" becomes a discredited word for us, we may put in its place "Bovarism" (in [Jules de] Gaultier's formulation), and the idea will perhaps gain precision. The characters of *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, of *Sentimental Education*, and of others are naive beings that fail by not attaining the exalted ideals that they themselves have conceived. And in this respect—more than in technique—Joyce and Flaubert resemble one another.

In Joyce's work one must account for another factor to which we have alluded: opposition. From a certain perspective, his case could be reduced to the drama of an Irishman insistent on not being one. Attracted by the spell of Europe, he rejects the traditional elements that took root in him. But what happens to him in his country is something analogous to what happens in the United States to a Masters or to a Dreiser. The difficulty is not in reacting against one's surroundings but in escaping from them while bearing away their constitutive elements. Thus, what terrifies Dedalus when he plans his escape is his solitude—his only company.

In English-speaking countries, this same tension of religious problems forces out the most dynamic spirits, those most saturated with creative potential. Thus we find among religious writers [like Chesterton and Blake] such extremes of values[—and] in Blake a divine celebration of the naked human form. . . . The Christian who shows himself unclothed offers a spectacle of his poverty: "Ah! Seigneur! donnez-moi la force et le courage / De contempler mon cœur et mon corps sans dégoût!"[q] With its audacities, with its crudeness, Joyce's work presents to us man, aban-

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doned and frozen stiff, because it is a work essentially Christian in its roots.

It has been said, with truth, that this work is a *Summa*. It is not only well nourished by Thomism and its modern followers [*renovadores*], who are continually cited;[8] it is also emblazoned by the most complex flora and most detailed fauna that sprout—petrified—on cathedrals. A plethora of symbols, of emblems, of significations, Joyce's work encloses a world both exalted and grotesque.

Ezra Pound—Joyce's friend from the beginning—says of the drunken characters in *Ulysses*, "[T]he full grotesquerie of their thought appears naked; for the first time since Dante, we find harpies, living furies, symbols taken from actual reality. . . ." And this swarm of gargoyles and chimeras ends the work with its presence and fills it with unspoken meaning. Making faces in an impotent effort, the gesticulating and obscene figure that tries to uproot itself from the temple and, though permanently stuck to it, to pour through its jaws the revolting and turbulent waters—and, above all, to round out in its absurd gestures the imperturbable grandeur of the church—seems to us a finished image of this enormous and meticulous edifice that Joyce has constructed.

Like Francis Thompson (with whom he is also united through a devotion to liturgical symbolism and analytic detail, to "the minute particular"), James Joyce, hounded first by his persecutors, later by his enthusiasts, and by Grace always, might well revive the song of that cornered poet in "The Hound of Heaven": "I have fled from Him, through the daedal [*dédalo*] of my own spirit."[r]

## Notes

1. *Música de cámara*.

2. A French version is being prepared: *Gens de Dublin*.

3. *Retrato del artista de joven*, entitled *Dédalus* in the 1924 French translation by Ludmila Savitzky. There is also a Swedish translation and one in Spanish in preparation.

4. There is an Italian version.

5. Several fragments have been translated in the new journal *Commerce* (Paris, 1924).

6. A biographical truth must be noted here: the best critical article with which *Portrait* was welcomed appeared in a journal inspired by the Irish clergy: *Dublin Review*.

7. [Herbert] Gorman is publishing a book about the first forty years of Joyce's life.

8. Especially P[adre Francisco] Suárez, Jesuit of Granada (1548–1617).

## Translator's Notes

a. Anatole France, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1921, died on 12 October 1924, only weeks before this article appeared and almost certainly after it was finalized for publication. Marichalar deleted this reference in the later editions of the article.

b. Marichalar makes this association retroactively and circuitously, since the imagists were scarcely organized by 1907 and Joyce had limited contact with them.

c. The Irish poet and novelist George Moore (1852–1933), a self-made disciple of French realism and a social provocateur, was an important early influence on Joyce. "Médan" refers to a group of six French naturalist authors (named after Émile Zola's residence near Paris) who published the collection *Les soirées de Médan* (1880).

d. Tomás Sánchez (or Thomas Sanchez [1550–1610]) was an early Spanish Jesuit, the author of controversial works on marriage and lying; Antonio Escobar y Mendoza (1589–1669) was a Spanish Jesuit and the author of treatises on morality condemned by Pascal and others.

e. In the later editions of this article, Marichalar retracts the uncorroborated speculation that Joyce spent time in Madrid.

f. Frank passed through Madrid in the early 1920s and befriended Marichalar and Ortega, making a serious impression on both. Ortega began publishing Spanish translations of Frank's works shortly afterward.

g. "Turpin Hero" or "The Ballad of Dick Turpin" tells of the rogue English highwayman Dick Turpin and his fugitive ride on his horse Black Bess. Joyce's title for the earlier version of *Portrait* was *Stephen Hero*. Both *Portrait* (184) and *Ulysses* (ch. 12, lines 193–94) refer to the ballad and character.

h. Marichalar refers to Proust's "La regarder dormir" and "Mes réveils," published in the *Nouvelle revue française* in November 1922, the month of the author's death.

i. "a quarter after what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out their pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus theyve nobody coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two for his night office or the alarmclock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out of

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itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what kind of flowers are those they invented like the stars the wallpaper in Lombard street was much nicer the apron he gave me was like that something only I only wore it twice better lower this lamp and try again so as I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside Findlaters and get them to send us some flowers to put about the place in case he brings him home tomorrow today I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first I want to do the place up someway the dust grows in it I think while Im asleep then we can have music and cigarettes I can accompany him first I must clean the keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear shall I wear a white rose or those fairy cakes in Liptons I love the smell of a rich big shop at 7½d a lb or the other ones with the cherries in them and the pinky sugar 11d a couple of lbs of those a nice plant for the middle of the table Id get that cheaper in wait wheres this I saw them not long ago I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses . . ." (ch. 18, lines 1540–58).

j. "as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me . . ." (ch. 18, lines 1564–74).

k. Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825) was a German writer of eccentric and imaginative novels and stories. Christian Friedrich Hebbel (1813–63) was a German poet and dramatist known for his psychological and sometimes grotesque themes.

l. "16 years before in 1888 when Bloom was of Stephen's present age Stephen was 6. 16 years after in 1920 when Stephen would be of Bloom's present age Bloom would be 54. In 1936 when Bloom would be 70 and Stephen 54 their ages initially in the ratio of 16 to 0 would be as 17½ to 13½, the proportion increasing and the disparity diminishing according as arbitrary future years were added, for if the proportion existing in 1883 had continued immutable, conceiving that to be possible, till then 1904 when Stephen was 22 Bloom would be 374 and in 1920 when Stephen would be 38, as Bloom then was, Bloom would be 646 while in 1952 when Stephen would have attained the maximum postdiluvian age of 70 Bloom, being 1190 years alive having been born in the year 714, would have surpassed by 221 years the maximum antediluvian age, that of Methusalah, 969 years, while, if Stephen would continue to live until he would attain that age in the year 3072 A.D., Bloom would have been obliged to have been alive 83,300 years, having been obliged to have been born in the year 81,396 B.C." (ch. 17, lines 447–61).

m. "Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer" (ch. 17, lines 2322–26).

n. *Monstruo* means "giant," "genius," or "monster," a play on the enormity (literal and figurative) of Joyce's work, the genius of writers like those Marichalar discusses, and the minotaur in Daedalus's labyrinth.

o. As was fairly common in Spanish and French criticism at the time, Marichalar refers here to *Portrait* by its protagonist's name.

p. In *The Book of Snobs* (1848), the original reads, "First, the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs" (2). Marichalar alters Thackeray's line by beginning with "Dios hizo el mundo" (literally, "God made the world"), thus extending the thematic tension between divine creation and hubris that he treats in the article.

q. The closing lines of Baudelaire's "A Voyage to Cythera" (1857): "O Lord! Give me the strength and the courage / To contemplate my heart and my body without disgust!" (lines 59–60).

r. Marichalar translates and partially rewrites two lines from the English poet Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" (1890), which explores Catholic and ascetic themes. Thompson's poet/speaker attempts in vain to hide from God's calling: "I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways / Of my own mind" (lines 3–4). Marichalar translates the title as "Lebrel celestial" and the first two lines as "He huído de El, a través del dédalo / de mi propio espíritu," also playing on *través*, "misfortune" or "travesty."

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