

examples such as Maillol and Lipchitz—it is exceptional for a sculptor, however constant his anxiety to reascend from the particular to the general in the conquest of a plastic absolute, to give such passionate dedication to portraiture. But Marini combines the assurance of a plastic artist with the curiosity of a psychologist. And he has all a Tuscan's quick intuition, irony and malicious astuteness. And so the discovery of the form which is rendered by equivalents and bold abbreviations and distortions goes hand in hand with human discoveries of great freedom and—it must be added—implacable pitilessness. Now that he has freed himself from the restraints of fashionable propriety Marini only looks to rendering the character of the model with an absolutely single-minded search after expression and the pathos of expression. His gallery of heads is by and large worthy of a modern Saint Simon.

So Marini has now entered his age of maturity. He has passed beyond the artist's most dangerous moment, the time when he risks becoming a plagiarist of his own mannerisms through mechanically repeating some formula he found at the dawn of his career. His temperament is a Mediterranean one and reason and the senses are balanced in the equilibrium needed for vitality in a work of art. And his sculpture can accurately be called Mediterranean for it can stand up to the test of the full daylight of the piazza and the garden. Like every exact sculpture it has its exact weight and lives in space according to this weight.

[*Translated by* BERNARD WALL]

C. GIEDION-WELCKER

## JAMES JOYCE IN ZÜRICH

JAMES JOYCE stood in a personal and direct relationship to the structure and the myth of cities. They seemed to him like a collective individual, a story in space-dimension, a great coalescence of life. He embraced them from their past to their present as growing organisms, edifices of history built brick by brick. Even when on a temporary visit, he sought to penetrate into the nature and laws of a city's complex substance, and to listen to its eternal

rhythms. To be lord of a city, to hold the threads of its being in his hands, seemed to him direct vitality, and he considered it 'more organic' to be mayor of a town than king of a nation. Just as he could master countless tongues and dialects of the world, so he also knew its wines, dishes and sweetmeats. His interest ranged down to the special cakes of a provincial town, which he carefully fitted, as a regional characteristic apparently due to chance, into the general and coherent unity of landscape and history.

Dublin, Paris, Trieste and Zürich were the cities which played a fateful part in his life. The role of Zürich in this series is no insignificant one. In 1904, when twenty-two years old, he came for the first time to the Swiss town, on his wedding-trip with a handsome wife from Galway. For three weeks he explored, to no avail, the possibility of giving English lessons. A hotel-porter, whose power of persuasion was still vivid to Joyce after many years, directed the pair to a hotel (Speer) in the Lagerstrasse (No. 16), whose proprietor later—a special joke for Joyce—bore the name of Dubliner. Eleven years later Italy's entry into the war led the family, now four members strong, back the same way from Trieste. There followed a four years' sojourn, decisive for the development of the author. Joyce, the teacher of English and the author of *Ulysses*, wandered through Zürich: on the one hand a man tied down and struggling to make a living for his family, and already suffering from his eyes; and on the other a free Greco-Celtic philosopher and 'Phantasus', who out of the continuum of Europe created from the Homeric myth his complex epic of the twentieth century. From the primitive germ-cell of Greece—already in early times linked with his Irish home—arose the modern Europe. The Town became a vessel containing all events since the world began.

The Joyce family occupied several houses during its four-year stay in Zürich, in the Kreuzstrasse, Seefeldstrasse (73) and Universitätsstrasse (38) and (29). To his more intimate circle of Zürich friends belonged Philippe Jarnach, deputy orchestra conductor for Busoni, and the soprano Charlotte Saueremann, with whom the flat in Seefeldstrasse was shared. In addition there were pupils: Edmund Brauchbar, a model segment of the many-sided Leopold Bloom as regards his vitality and feeling for reality and wit, Georges Borach<sup>1</sup>, the devoted 'Eckermann', Paul Suter

<sup>1</sup>See G. Borach: *Talks with James Joyce*. Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 3 May 1931.

and Paul Ruggiero. The English painter and writer Frank Budgen<sup>1</sup>, then active at the British Legation, and the actor Claud Sykes and his wife were also there, as well as a number of young Greeks—Greeks were always regarded by Joyce as bringers of good luck and belonged at that time to the atmosphere of *Ulysses*—who lent to the group a national and lingual colour. Here was the variety which had always seemed to him particularly attractive in Switzerland. The constant meeting place during the First World War was the restaurant Pfauen. Later the 'Kronenhalle' became the regular rendezvous, where the Sion Fendant wine, which Joyce christened *Erzherzogin* (archduchess) because of its *Erzgeschmack* (brassy taste); or the Yvorne wine, gradually converted the mood from one of quiet conversation to a plane of joking and phantasy. Joyce's saying: 'Red wine is like beefsteak, white wine like electricity' was analogically applied to his estimation of the human voice, the tenor seeming to him a 'gift of God' a 'supernatural tongue', whilst the bass remained fettered by its healthy stability and the baritone by its beautiful naturalness. He praised the white wine of Switzerland on all occasions (often to the sorrow of his French friends) as the wine par excellence, as a 'hovering summer night's dream'. It was only when the sun had utterly gone down that the spirit of the earth of Switzerland rose for him.

All of the then extant prose works of the poet appeared in the *Rheinverlag* (Basel) between 1926–8, translated into German: *Dubliners*, *The Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses*. Switzerland again became the starting-point of his poetic expansion. His only play, *Exiles*, had been published in German by Rascher, Zürich, as early as 1919, a year after the English edition. Spurred by his work on this piece, Joyce had undertaken in 1918 in Zürich to introduce the Swiss public to English drama. Under his direction the 'English Players' was founded. In the Kaufleuten, the Pfauen Theatre and the Lucerne City Theatre, works of Oscar Wilde, Shaw and Synge were performed. *Exiles*, modestly placed last in the Irish series, was never produced, due to an internal dispute between actors and manager. In the Circe chapter of *Ulysses* the battles of this Zürich theatre period received their poetic transformation; and it was in front of the Zürich district court that

<sup>1</sup>Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*, London, Grayson & Grayson, 1934.

they came to their real conclusion, and that in favour of James Joyce.

Dublin, the *cité suprême*, eternally metamorphic and beautiful, often must have appeared before the voluntary exile in his wanderings by the lake of Zürich; just as to Victor Hugo, the French exile on the sands of Guernsey, Paris arose out of the sea, the distant, beloved town, *inoublable*. Apart from this, however, it was true to Joyce's way of thinking and feeling to always discover new similarities in men, history and landscapes, in spite of his already complete grasp of their individuality. The twelve o'clock Bahnhofstrasse, with the living, singular phenomena of the present, was synthesized with his native Dublin. The camera of his mind was always taking double exposures. Thus the fusion became the presentation of midday city life in that master-chapter of his *Odyssey*.

'What a city!' he would exclaim. 'A lake, a mountain and two rivers.' In this phrase he concentrated the characteristics, richness and universality of Zürich. It is said of Ireland 'Two voices are there, one of the sea and one of the mountains': he often stood contemplating as an event the meeting of the Limmat and the Sihl on his walks by the rivers. The wide lake was for him a mighty, self-evident Being. It lured him, especially in latter years, to frequent water excursions. That he was on these occasions concerned not with nature but above all with art was a fact that one was only later to learn. They were aquatic word-expeditions undertaken in motor-boats. The smell of fish, blue-green colour, misty haze, a bouquet of associations, must be resolved into one word. It was a question of finding this many-headed word, in order to reveal the genius of the place and hour. Whether the poet finally fished this pearl once and for all out of the Zürich lake must be determined from *Finnegans Wake*, of which he was then working out the last paragraphs; at the time, at any rate, he said nothing about it.

He had already woven various word-jokes about Zürich into the section concerning 'Anna Livia Plurabelle'. 'Well, that's the Limmat' (for limit) . . . 'You don't say the silly-post?' (for Sihlpost) . . . and 'legging a jig or so on the sihl . . . There's the Belle for Sexaloitez . . .' betrays the presence of this atmosphere and its witty transformation and translation into a new speech-dimension.

Mumming and folk-plays, all historical cults, were to Joyce in

their penetration of past and present an expression of historical vitality. The *Sechseläuten* (spring festival: literally 'Ringing of six o'clock' was always visited, as he usually stayed in Zürich at this time of the year, and he seismographically registered all of its phases. The watchmen with their wolf-hounds, who attended the last moments of the burning mystic *Bögg* (winter-demon), seemed to him in their sober reality woven into the fantastic symbolism as a special joke.

Once, in a Fendant-mood, he wanted to provide a new stage-setting for the last act of Rossini's *Tell* opera: an apotheosis of Switzerland, represented by countless hotel porters, was to round off the happy ending. Above all the Swiss hotel porter! For Joyce, he was a living information bureau of events of life and of the city, like a daily newspaper; a revelation and source of wit.

As a contrast to the wise and witty side of him, however, there was still a hidden core of primitive nature: the paradox. During thunder storms, richly bestowed by the Zürich summer, he was seized by an elementary mountain-fear, and crept into his hotel in the Bahnhofstrasse 'like the Pope into the Vatican'.<sup>1</sup> The Zürich mountain became a *mont noir* to him when the heavens discharged electricity and, 'like a drunken sailor, indiscriminately hurled down dynamite'.

Days—starting from his religious youth coloured by the changing symbols of the saints—and numbers had a manifold significance and life for him: legendary, historical, magic. All the dates of the calendar were observed according to their content, and the special ones were joyously celebrated. On Fridays a reluctance for travel or any other undertakings reigned. That James Joyce should have been taken ill on a Friday and should have died on the thirteenth of the month, touched all those who knew his attitude.

Joyce had waited impatiently in France to begin his last journey to Switzerland—'that nature preserve-park of the free spirit' as Hugo Ball called it in 1917—after being for many weeks the bewildered witness of a confused and wandering stream of humanity from all lands. 'Here we still know where we stand' he said, looking around him in a panelled Swiss inn a short time after his arrival. Here he died. On his desk lay two books marked

<sup>1</sup>His attitude during the bombing dangers of the war in France was quite other and totally different.

with fresh notes: an Irish one by the Irish doctor Oliver St. John Gogarty (Buck Mulligan), *I follow St. Patrick*; and a Greek lexicon. Ireland, Greece, Zürich . . .

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ADAM SORENSEN

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MARQUIS DE CUSTINE

THE Marquis de Custine's letters, published under the title *La Russie en 1839*, are like the travel letters of Erasmus or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, well worth reading for their own sake. But they are more than that. For those Westerners now living in the Soviet Union and trying to understand the fundamentals of that foreign and important polity, Custine has a peculiar value, an intense and often astonishing actuality. It is not merely the facts which he reports so vividly, but also his own reactions that are illuminating. For he reacted to the Russian scene just as so many Westerners do today; and this continuity of reaction has its own historical relevance. Custine, as it were, puts Russia into perspective, seen from the West.

I think the importance of these letters will be clearer if we first look at the outlook and the problems of the people who find them so relevant to their studies. It is very difficult for an individual journalist, or a small diplomatic mission, to form more than an individual opinion, or to cover more than a few aspects of the scene. The insight of these individuals is often keen; and their brains can be picked with profit. But to obtain a wide and deep picture, teamwork is really indispensable. And it is in the sifting process carried on by a large Embassy, with a staff of fifty or more, that Custine is most useful.

It is customary to say of Sophocles that he saw life steadily and saw it whole. And the aim of successful reporting by an Embassy back to a capital (at least where major powers are concerned) must also be to enable the Foreign Office, and the Government, to see the country in question steadily and to see it whole. During