



## Rejoyce

Edited by Martin Levin

### Miss Moore at Assembly

(Based, with a derived scrupulosity, upon an item in the *New York Times*, describing Marianne Moore's lecture appearance before the students of a Brooklyn high school)

A "chattering, gum-snapping audience"  
held rapt by poetess, hat  
tricorn, "gigantic white orchid  
fluttering at her shoulder"—that  
suffices, in mid-  
century, to tax one's fittingness's sense.

But why? . . . Birds heard Francis. Who else could come  
to Eastern District High School  
("slum," "gum-snapping") and, white-haired, stand—  
tobacco-eschewer but Bol-  
lingen-Prize-winner—and  
say, "I've always wanted to play a snare drum?"

—JOHN UPDIKE.

### Encore! Bis! Ciacciac!

EVERYONE who has followed with care the wanderings of Mr. Leopold Bloom in the *Ulysses* of James Joyce knows that Simon, father of Stephen Dedalus, was a fine lyric tenor and that on the afternoon of June 16, 1904, at the urging of friends in the bar of the Ormond Hotel, Ormond Quay, Dublin, he sang that singularly sweet aria, *M'appari*, from Flotow's *Martha*.

The small audience, which included Mr. Bloom and the barmaids, Miss Lydia Douce and Miss Mina Kennedy, was deeply affected, and after one of the number had shouted a conventional "Bravo!" the applause was general: Clapclap . . . Clappyclapclap . . . Clapclipclap . . . Clapclapclap.

That is the sound the Irish make when they strike their hands together to signify approval, and it is also the sound made by the English and by Americans. But in the Italian translation of *Ulysses*, known as *Ulisse*, the impact of hand against hand produces a sound that goes: Ciacciac . . . Ciacciacciac . . . Ciacciacciac . . . Ciaccioccac, which, were you to put it in English, would be: Chockchock . . . Chockchockchock . . . Chockchickchock . . . Chockchokechock.

Much as I like *Ulisse*, I have doubts about Ciacciac. I have many Italian friends and I have never heard one applaud with a Ciacciac or a Ciacciociac. I have watched them at the Metropolitan and in theaters and listened to them,

and one and all go Clapclap or Clappy-clapclap or Clapclapclap, depending on their mood and the degree of their enthusiasm. It might be argued that in deference to me, an American, they applaud in my native language, but I doubt it.

Is there something wrong with the Italian ear? The blind piano tuner who comes to the Ormond walks with a cane that goes Tap. Tap. Tap. Every Dubliner recognizes the sound—Tap. Tap. Tap. Yet the translators of *Ulysses* hear it as Tic. Tic. Tic.

I can understand the difficulty of translating into Italian the sentence Joyce uses to bring to a halt in Glasnevin Cemetery the carriage in which Mr. Bloom rides at the funeral of the lamented Paddy Dignam. "The felly harshed against the curbstone" becomes "*L'orlo della ruota stridette contro il marciapiede*," which is no better than saying the flange of the wheel creaked against the sidewalk. But who could do justice to "felly harshed"?

On the other hand, the sound of clinking glasses which Joyce hears as Tschink-tschunk becomes in *Ulisse* Cincian, or approximately Chin-chon. My own experience with glasses, Irish and Italian, is that they sound Tschink-tschunk.

Mr. Bloom's cat cries "Mkgnao," and in the Italian version *la gatta* also cries "Mkgnao," a curious circumstance until we remember that one of Joyce's critics, an Irishman, disputed Joyce's rendering

of the cat's cry. I think I have found the answer. We know that domestic animals and birds always express themselves in the language of the land where they live, a fact that explains why a German scholar of great renown who visited England in the nineteenth century could not identify a bird that called Twit twit jug jug jug jug jug towhit towahoo. "Your English birds do not sing as well as our German birds," he said.

In the matter of Mr. Bloom's cat it is evident that Joyce, who had lived for years in Trieste and spoke Italian fluently, had carelessly allowed an Irish cat to speak the tongue of Dante and Petrarch. Naturally, the translators let the word stand. One can imagine how pleased they must have been on finding in Dublin a cat that spoke Italian.

—JOHN FERRIS.

### Through the Looking Glass

ON this somewhat isolated farm there are, I admit, only a few of the inventions which one understands make life really worthwhile. An absent amenity has been color TV. A neighbor who reaches a high plateau in my estimation by owning a forty-two-inch lawnmower he can sit on was sweet-talked recently into buying a color set. He is a person who sees guile in no man.

A few neighbors gathered for the premiere viewing. I had seen color several years ago when lodged more or less at ease in Manhattan. At the time I was in television myself, with thoughts so streaked by black and white that color seemed one more whimsy, like an orange wig on the Beatles.

I am an admirer of color, e.g., the red in a rooster's comb, but nature cannot hold a bayberry candle to the new art shades on television. I submit, for example, the blonde girl seen in an episode of *The Virginian*. She walked down a street in God's country, the while her dress changed from light blue to a bright cherry red and back again. Her hair alternated cleverly between clear strawberry and pale ash-blonde. Her face ranged from dark Charles Addams green under the cheekbones to pastel Bermuda green around the nose and eyes. The pink in her lips moved on and off at will. Remarkable.

A horse galloping over a field showed subtle gradations of chestnut violet in his mane, and on to a stunning purple tail. I had never seen a purple tail. If this is a spectacular sample of what one can expect, I surely want color TV. The forty-two-inch lawnmower was simply an envious dream, like baked Alaska to a sharecropper.

Unlike my neighbor, I am a man who sees guile in everyone, so no salesman need call. I am already sold.

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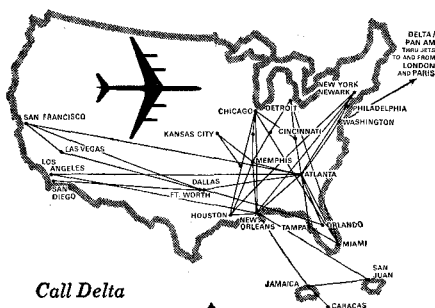
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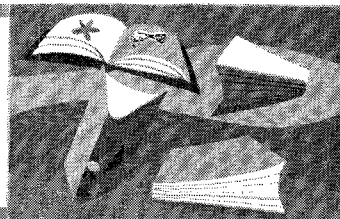
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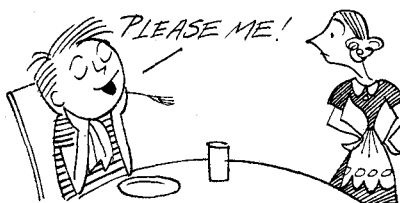
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## Trade Winds



We are happy to welcome Chase's *Calendar of Annual Events* (Apple Tree Press, Flint, Michigan) again. Without it, we would be in the dark about many things. January, you will be happy to know, launches the beginning of Pest Control Month, Kid-Pleasin' Meals Time, and Rook Month—"to mark the popularity of the Rook Game," of all things. February is host to Frozen Potato Month and



National Kraut and Frankfurter Week, while March, wholly by coincidence, manages to put together two events of great mutual assistance. They are National Salesman's Week and National Shoe Care Week. The latter is bound to help the former in pounding the pavements. We are sure that there is no insidious correlation between two events in May: Mother-in-Law Day and Be Kind to Animals Week, or even one other celebration of that month, National Insect Electrocuter Week.

There is, however, a direct tie-in between Thanksgiving Day and National Indigestion Week, as the baking soda sponsors of the latter occasion freely admit.

To find a common coefficient can sometimes be great sport if you're not interested in sleeping. We've run across a couple of lists that admirably illustrate the point.

For instance, the following are authors, but they have one, and only one, other thing in common:

John Locke, Oliver Goldsmith, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Charles Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Thomas Huxley, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Havelock Ellis, Gertrude Stein, Somerset Maugham, Zane Grey, Warwick Deeping, James Joyce, William Carlos Williams, Robinson Jeffers, Michael Arlen, A. J. Cronin, Frank Slaughter.

The following also have one, and only one, thing in common: George Washington, Grover Cleveland, James Buchanan, John Adams, Fred Freed, Andrew Jackson, Irving Gitlin, James Madison, Franklin Pierce.

And this short list follows the same pattern: Skelton, Robards, Todd.

Answers will follow in a future TRADE WINDS column, but we hasten to add that no soda biscuits whatever are offered as prizes.

By now, incidentally, each TRADE WINDS reader who qualified for the contest involving a new sentence to replace "The quick brown fox . . ." should have received his share of the two and a half tons of gourmet cookies which Arnold Bakers of Greenwich, Connecticut, supplied for the winners. If there has been any slip-up somewhere, we'd be glad to see that justice is done. Alan Beerbower of Westfield, New Jersey, sums up the whole incident for us very aptly:

The quick brown fox has jumped  
and gone,  
The empty liquor jugs remain;  
But still the pangrams jingle on  
Like clinkers from the fevered brain.

And indeed they do. We walked by the offices of the Olivetti Underwood typewriter company on Fifth Avenue recently, where a sidewalk typewriter is available for any passer-by to test. The



company carefully preserves these graffiti in a file—but only rarely does "The quick brown fox . . ." appear.

Instead, we found some other morsels, which are reproduced below with faithful accuracy:

HOWIE—WHERE ARE YOU? EX-  
CELSIOR, YOU FATHEAD!!! THIS  
IS NO NIGHT TO BE OUT WITH-  
OUT AN UMBRELLA.

my daddy ate three dinners his name  
is tubby.

Look at me, I can type/ (almost).  
Please help me, I've been eaten by  
a typewriter.

Elizabeth Taylor should marry Nor-  
man Mailer if not a sailor.

Beethove received a rousing ova-  
tion upon the performing of his immar-  
tal ninth symphony . . .

One tablet 3 times daily with water.  
YOU ARE A FINK FOR READING  
THIS.

This is ridiculous if you think about