

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse...

Constantin George Sandulescu:

Welcome Back



edited by Lidia Vianu



CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE PRESS
Editura pentru Literatură Contemporană

București 2011

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Bucharest 11 February 2011



Foreword

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse... is, first and foremost, an *Heureux anniversaire* wish. The MA Programme for the Translation of the Contemporary Literary Text and the Contemporary Literature Press (both under Bucharest University), together with the Editor – who takes full responsibility for this initiative – wish Professor George Sandulescu *Happy Birthday, 11 February 2011.*

This volume includes testimonies of present and former members of the English Department of Bucharest University, who have known C. George Sandulescu as a colleague or teacher; it also publishes impressions written by present students – of the English Department and of the MA Programme – who have read C. George Sandulescu's online books. It is a homage paid to a member of the Bucharest English Department who has



paved the way towards a new approach both in the study of linguistics and of Modernist literature.

Our English Department owes Professor Sandulescu many of its present achievements. Alongside with Leon Levițchi and Dan Duțescu, he has had a significant contribution to the way the English language and literature are taught in Romania nowadays. This book proves that, although living in Monaco now, George Sandulescu is very much present, and has always had followers in the Department he was part of until 1969. The book also reveals a solid intellectual connection between Professor Sandulescu and the younger generation of Romanian students, who know him from his books.

George Sandulescu has lived, worked, and conducted research and teaching in major institutions in Romania, Sweden, Great Britain, the United States and Italy. After the death in 1982 of Princess Grace of Monaco, he substantially assisted in founding the Monaco Library bearing her name, and organised important International Conferences there devoted to James Joyce (1985 and 1990), William Butler Yeats (1987), Samuel Beckett (1991), and Oscar Wilde (1993).

The Monaco part of his life is evoked here by the words of Nadia Lacoste (née Mărculescu), the founder of the Press Office of the Principality of Monaco, which she set up upon her arrival in Monaco at the time of Princess Grace's marriage to Prince Rainier. She was its Director for fifty years. She is Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur. Nadia Lacoste was also



born in Romania. She was a close friend of one of the best Romanian playwrights, Mihail Sebastian, whose plays she has been promoting ever since she left the country, in 1940.

Last but not least, this collection of memories, appreciations, reactions to the author's critical texts, and selections from the texts themselves, is the best way of thanking George Sandulescu for making Contemporary Literature Press what it is today.

11 February 2011

The Editor



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“Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage...”

I can think of several ways in which my short introduction should not begin. One is, “I knew Dinu Sandulescu when I was his student, in the late 1960s” – I wonder if I really knew him back then. I attended his course on English morphology – probably the most fascinating in my entire student life and after. Knowing so much less than he did, I could only feel the intellectual delight, not find its roots. Which means, I liked the professor’s mind, but that was all I knew.

I could, then, start by saying, “I came to know George Sandulescu when I read his book on *Ulysses, The Joycean Monologue*”. That would be closer to the truth.

But I was introduced to Constantin Sandulescu, author of *Exerciții de gramatică engleză*, long before that, in my teens. When I was studying for my entrance examination at the English Department of Bucharest University. I can still remember how very useful that book was to me. I think I solved it three times in a row, and could have gone on indefinitely.



It taught me practically everything I am teaching my students these days. It was the beginning of my initiation into the grammar of a foreign language. Though 'grammar' is not the right word. I ought to say 'thinking.'

And here we come to the core of the matter. Which no list of publications can point at. The extent to which a teacher's mind can work on yours.

He practically paved my way. He started me on Joseph Conrad – a choice whose complex reasons I was to understand so much later. He started me on *The Stream of Consciousness*. If I teach contemporary British literature today, that is where it all started. With Conrad's *Victory*, read in August 1969, not knowing that Professor Sandulescu was just about to leave Romania for good.

Before I had managed to know him really. A brief encounter. The underexposed image of a mind that brushed mine, and, now, forty years later, is doing it all over again.

The Bucharest University online publishing house, *Contemporary Literature Press*, whose Executive Advisor he is, has brought Constantin Sandulescu back – for the benefit of the students who have never yet met him. He has written and edited there seven books in less than two years.

Before he came along, I had no idea what a publishing house meant. He brought a sense of perspective, he brought his standards to an erratic beginning. He turned a frail attempt into a promising adventure, *un beau voyage*.

I am not sure I shall ever know George Sandulescu now. Not in the



way his colleagues knew him. But he left me with the most valuable thing a student can learn: and that is the addiction to intellectual surprise.

Now, speaking of surprise – this is how the idea of this *Heureux anniversaire* book began. We meant to surprise him on his 11 February birthday, and welcome him back to a place where he will always belong.

Bucharest, 11 February 2011

Lidia Vianu



Lidia Vianu, with C. George Sandulescu

19 + 33

“I Never Left Rumania! Rumania had left me!”

(cf Q. 32)

□ 1. You were born in Romania. Life took you all around the world, and your books have a story to tell which is as eloquent as the Ancient Mariner's. *The Joycean Monologue*, *The Language of the Devil* (to name just two of your books) are fascinating adventures of the mind and intellectual feasts. You are a famous Joycean scholar, you founded the Irish Library in Monaco, you organised so many famous international conferences there. Your origin is on the border of the Danube, and now you live several paces away from the Mediterranean. A true water bearer (your sign)... Where do you feel you belong?



I prefer to belong to the utopian territory anciently called "A FREE HARBOUR." My grandfather was the boss of one. For Sulina in the Danube Delta and its *Commission Européenne du Danube* was the easy equivalent then of the Brussels of today, and its overBureaucratic Common Market of swingwing size... Sulina was that especially in the golden days before aviation and rail transport. Trieste was another, and that's precisely why Joyce went straight there... And before that there was Genoa, and there was Venice... with all its merchants. Monaco narrowly failed to be a Free Harbour. What a pity! *Le p'tit maréchal méchant*, called Napoléon (nicknamed *Poils-au-nez!* at school), was largely at fault for that. But the Conradian romance remains in all these places: little Sulina, pretty Trieste, imposing Venice, amazing Genoa, unpredictable Monaco (hiding under the mantle of Monte Carlo). Utopian territories where everything was free and unimposed from above – language in the first place, and then the current currencies. And above all, the no-questions-asked attitude. It was all so very unlike the abiding totalitarian attitudes inevitably brought about by the world wars.

□ 2. What are you first of all: an academic, a master librarian, an editor, a scholar, a roamer? A learner, you said once...

Quoting Emerson, I would very much like to be considered "a Professor of Books". Hence, the epigraph of my webSite: "*Tout, au*



monde, existe pour aboutir à un livre," said Stéphane Mallarmé. I am firmly convinced that even the end of the world... will be a book. The counterpart of *The Genesis*.

□ 3. Who are your literary friends, as I know you have so many of them, and they are all so well known?

The present tense is out of place! For they are all dead. They were all around here: Anthony Burgess, Graham Greene, Lawrence Durrell.

The first two used to fight like wild cats. But it was so elegantly done that nobody ever noticed... Greene said of Burgess, behind his back, of course: "All MY books have been made into films; except one. All HIS books have NOT been made into films. Except one!" Which was, of course, absolutely true. Then, Burgess retaliated, right into *The Daily Telegraph* obituary: "He was a convert. I, for one, I am a BORN Catholic!" And then Burgess himself died soon after. But my most favourite kind of writer friends – both dead – were William Empson (whom I loved for his conversational Ambiguities) and the Argentinian Jose Luis Borges, who spoke splendid English, and sided with the British during the Falkland Conflict (La Guerre des Malouines), in the days of Maggie Thatcher, the Iron Lady. The Argentinians never forgave him for that intellectual desertion.

(Once he stated that the Argentinians had lost for lack of bullets. When asked to retract, he gently said: Every Argentine soldier had shot



ONE bullet... And that was that!). To listen to Burgess and Borges at Joyce Congresses, conversing spontaneously while sipping their respective drinks (*thé* versus scotch), was an absolute delight.

Then, I befriended Ezra Pound's so active daughter at my 1990 Joyce Congress in Monaco. And Stephen Joyce too, a most remarkable personality, at war with all Joyceans except myself.

In this connection, I am proud to say that I organised the Yeats, Joyce, Beckett, and Wilde Congresses with the active participation of their respective families. *En plus*, the Beckett and Wilde Events were easy Firsts: to my great surprise, nobody had ever done Congresses on them before. I wish I had done one on Ezra Pound. Burgess always regretted we never did one on Joyce and Stravinsky.

□ 4. Is Monte Carlo – your current residence – a refuge or a favourite?

Neither. It is a monastic retreat. Hence the name of "Monaco"... Better work out what it means in Italian. Then, Monte Carlo is next best to Monte Christo – my most favourite book at all times of my life.

□ 5. How many universities around the world have you taught at?
Which were they? How many languages?

Many for short spells (57 and a half to be precise: the half of a University is The Principality of Monaco, just because it has no



university whatever... except a business school!). A dozen or so for more than one term. Mainly the United States and Italy. I really prefer Torino; I would go back there any time. (Just because The Turin Shroud was right next door the Forresteria – the accommodation given me there by the University.) But now I am far too old: I belong to the previous century. No languages. Just like Joseph Conrad: I only think, write, and speak in English. For reasons of psychological affinity. Never snobbishness.

□ 6. Why did you leave Bucharest University, where you were (still are) one of the few important professors who changed the fate of teaching English (language and literature), together with your friends Dan Duțescu and Leon Levițchi?

Fate wanted it that way. No further comments.

□ 7. Before becoming a student, in preparation for the entrance test in English (diabolically difficult in 1965), I learned a lot from your *Exerciții de gramatică engleză* (*English Grammar Exercises*), published in 1964 at Editura Stiintifică. It had sold out in a few months and was sold on the black market. The best we had. What made you write that?



I was asked to do that by the Publishing House. I was recommended for the job by my friend and teacher Leon Levițchi. I did the best I could, which was not very much at the time.

□ 8. I was a fourth year student when you left the country. You had already become a Joycean scholar, and had fans. I think Andrei Brezianu, my older fellow and friend, was one of them. The same as you, he read nothing else but *Ulysses*. Are you still faithful to Joyce?

Yes. And it was on the strength of it Anthony Burgess recommended me to Prince Rainier III of Monaco to start all preliminary work for the setting up of *The Princess Grace Irish Library* in the fatidic year 1984. The Princess had just died...

□ 9. Where did you study for your PhD, and where did you defend your dissertation?

I consider I have three Ph D's: one Romanian, one Swedish, one British. The first and the last are valid. For Sweden, I refused certain procedures leading to the disputation. I autocratically decided that a British Ph D remains the best of all.

□ 10. Tell me more about all the figures in English letters you came to know. Modernists, after-Modernists, novelists, poets, critics...



Too many to be named here: I suggest you print the Tables of Contents of the Conventions I organised in Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Monaco in that order, either about Linguistics – in the North – or about Literature – in the South... Especially, Yeats, Joyce, Beckett, and Wilde – my favourites!

□ 11. What memories do you have of Romania, Bucharest streets, the house you lived in (not far from mine – but I had no idea at the time), gardens, such as Grădina Icoanei, Bucharest lakes like Snagov, and, last but not least, the faculty building in Pitar Moș?

Remember nothing.

□ 12. Were you happy as a pupil in Mihai Viteazu high school?

Yes. Very.

□ 13. Was it any better (or worse) as a student at Pitar Moș?

I was never a student at Pitar Moș. I did all my undergraduate studies in the old university building. La Statuia Brătianu...



□ 14. You translated for international conferences for a while. What did it feel like, to be an official translator from communist Romanian (you usually were the 'pilot', weren't you?) into a language of the free West?

**Working for the Communists was hell come true and tangible!
Dante's Ninth Circle of the Inferno.**

□ 15. Which of your fellows in the English department in Bucharest do you remember?

I only remember the nicknames...

□ 16. What did it feel like to change countries? How did the passage from Communism to freedom affect your formation?

I was born free! Communism never affected my mind an iota! I was too Joyce-cunning for that! Whatever a Communist says YOU MUST UNDERSTAND IT UPSIDE-DOWN: that way, everything becomes TRUE & CLEAR!

□ 17. Do you still have Romanian friends in the country, not abroad?



No. Except Mircea Mavrik – the most Romanian Swede I have ever known, holding such an inter-cultural RECORD that he is worth including into *The Guinness Book of Records*...

□ 18. Tell me more about your family, who they were, where they were coming from... The Danube port Sulina is a city that means something to you, does it not?

My mother's family is all there in the book *Neamul Noica* by former Government Minister Nicolae St. Noica. My father's family – you find it all in symbolic Sulina: I hope to write a book about it myself after I am dead and gone... if God will be so kind to give me computer-access, whatever I might happen to be... at that time! For I firmly believe in Dante and His Divine Tragic Trilogy! See you there somewhere... in a few years' time.

□ 19. What was C. George Sandulescu like when he was called Dinu (short from Constantin in Romanian) and he was still a student, which must have been between 1952 and 1957?

I wish to copy Joyce, and say "I have been a student all my life!", and I hope to remain like that for the rest of my unnumbered days... For any genuine "Professor of Books", as Emerson himself devises the phrase, should simply be a modest monastic student all his life... Just



remember Eminescu, and Noica, and his son Răzvan/Rafail, and the name of the locality where I live – Monaco, which means a ‘a monastic Man’, of the kind Robert Browning was describing in his poem “A Grammarian’s Funeral,” so beautifully translated into Romanian by Leon Levițchi.

□ 20. Did you resent Communism as a pupil, a student, a teaching assistant, a translator, an author?

I strongly resent and firmly repel INSTITUTIONALISED Communism as a philosopher. I have no bone to pick with idealised, or utopian, Communism. I do not, for instance, object to Thomas More, though I do not practise him as an author.

□ 21. Did you leave because of Communism or did you have other reasons, professional, family, private life?

There are no other reasons at a time when Communism was an all-meddling disease: With books from Moscow only, with many family in prison, and with any acquaintance under suspicion, one was, as René Descartes rightly says “*un homme seul dans les ténébres*”. My luck was that I rightly considered Communism a corpse worth dissecting. Proof of that? As a student I took all my lecture notes – and the best notes they were – for all Marxist Courses in the English language. No wonder that



at the end of five years I had all Marxist terminology and phrasing at my fingertips IN ENGLISH! Nobody in this whole wide world has ever done that – before, or after!

□ 22. Was it difficult for a young Joycean scholar coming from an isolated Romania to get a PhD, and publish in England?

At the University of Essex, Colchester. For two reasons. (1) Essex had one Department for All Literatures, and one single Department for ALL Languages. I was astride on both Departments. My External Examiners for the Disputation were two: One coming from Literature, One coming from Linguistics. That way my INTER-DISCIPLINARY specialization was established. (2) The family reason was that my aunt – Wendy Muston – lived near Colchester, at Tolleshunt D'Arcy. She was the wife of philosopher Constantin Noica, and her son Răzvan/Rafail was in the Orthodox Monastery nearby. That's how, going to Monastery Sunday Mass every other week, I wrote the book *The Language of the Devil*, which is half Literature, half Philosophy, half Linguistics... half whatever else you may wish it to be! Including the Irish-Romanian DRACULA!

□ 23. You first spent some time in Sweden when you came to Europe. What other countries did you live in? Which is closest to your heart? Why Monaco?



(1) I never came to Europe! I am a born European. (2) Any European country speaking English! (3) I have no heart any more: Communism has killed it. When they made me "*un cosmopolite!*" That was an insult, which I turned into its opposite. (4) Because Monaco is the last FREE HARBOUR in the world: all nationalities welcome, all languages welcome! all moneys welcome! All Royalty and Aristocracy most welcome, by Prince Rainier himself! The Epitome, in a word, of cosmopolitism.

□ 24. Have you ever returned to Bucharest since September 1969, when you left it?

Yes. Twice. Round the turn of the Millennium! Once accompanied by my solicitor; the second time invited by the Writers' Union. In both cases I categorically and flatly refused to see any family or any friends. I consider myself an alien in an alien place in Bucharest. That is indeed a Communist achievement: a life-long trauma!

I spent most of my time there in the Academy Library, where the toilets were as dirty as in the old days of the 1950's. And Stalin was still amply on the shelves... Then, I barely failed to be bitten by the over-many stray dogs all over the place. They were both human, or animal...

□ 25. Where is your home now? Your family?



Nowhere! No family! I am the very last male offspring of two very large and memorable families. With a member of the Romanian Academy (sic!) on either side: Constantin Noica and Georges Sandulescu, about whom I am bound to write again and again. I am a mere human blob, in the shadow of two great uncles – one a great philosopher, the other a great chemist who laid the concrete foundations of the Contraceptive Pill. And the climax of coincidence is that he did that the very day that I was born. And the very day Adolf Hitler came to power too. Both events happening on 11 February 1933! Even Joyce would have been shattered by such a COINCIDENCE! Hence, my proposed TITLE for this interview. And 2011 is equally symbolic... But coincidences is a never-ending job, particularly when looking at things in retrospect, as I do most of the time...

□ 26. Does it matter to you that you were born in Romania, that your uncle was a remarkable Romanian philosopher, Constantin Noica?

I live in the shameful shadow, as I already said, of two Great Uncles: on my mother's side – the philosopher. On my father's side, the brilliant Researcher: Inventor, Discoverer whatever: ten patents registered in ten years (1930-1940) for progesteron etc. By the side of these two Gullivers I am the pygmy that I am. A book-worm, *un colporteur des idées dans une époque privée du sens des valeurs... aussi dans un monde excessivement électronisé...*



□ 27. What Romanian friends, family, teachers, fellows, students do you remember fondly today, almost forty years after your departure?

A handful of students who still care to keep in touch with an old man like me, in an Age when “History is a Nightmare”... Also, a fellow-student – Doina Trandabur – who lives in Nice and Paris, and whose daughter is today a more than famous French theatre actress – Michelle Laroque.

□ 28. If you were to do things all over again, where would you want to be born, where would you choose to study, what would your profession be, what family would you like to have around?

I am a genuine Sam. Beckett addict. In a world in which “there is nothing to express, nothing to express it with, nobody to express it to” etc., I quite prefer not to have existed at all. Ever so many of those who have existed since the beginning of the world, have never really existed for any of us! We live today just in order to discredit humanity.

□ 29. You are an important member of the British Association of Monaco. You know the Riviera better than most. You write for BAM News. You have a column, *Language corner – Ask George*. So, I am asking George: Has life been good to you? Are you at peace with it, at this point in time?



No, in that sense I feel very British to say "Carry on regardless!" "Like flies are we to the Gods! They kill us for their sport"... said wise Shakespeare, echo'd by Thomas Hardy in most of his novels.

I am never at peace with the world, nor is the world with me. Proof thereof is the above Question I'm desperately trying to give a coherent reply to.

Dylan Thomas was right about Death:

"Do not go gentle into that Good Night" !!!!

And Mircea Eliade is right too, when he says: "Death is such a waste!" Not a tragedy, but "waste". Ultimately, a job worth undertaking for the genuine ECOLOGISTS! Though they never, never look that way.

□ 30. Are you answering these questions about Romania, England, Monaco (and so much more) as George (the name your west European friends use) or Constantin (your first name, which you used in Romania)? Does anyone still know you were Dinu in your early thirties?.. A Dinu incredibly full of life, a fascinating mind, a burning though very private person, with a story he never told.

I have given this answer in the book *Neamul Noica* by my cousin Nicolae: "Dinu was the philosopher Constantin Noica, Dan was the Man of Law Dan Noica, who lived on Strada Pictor Luchian, so I had to be a



mere Den"... That is where the cunning is coming from in English, if you see what I foxy-mean!

□ 31. If Dinu/Constantin comes from your uncle Noica, you must have a story with him, too?

I am the man of many Names... The one I liked best was Johnson, after the American President. And next best was "The Killer", particularly at major international Congresses. Otherwise, if I start listing them, here are some of them: Constantin, Gheorghe, George, Geo, Dinu, Dino (for the Italians & the Swedes), Deno (for my Greek friends), and lastly Den.

And only God knows what names the students may have appended to me over the years.

Nicknames? They range from Dracula to Sandy.

□ 32. I know I have been bold in these questions. You have never said anything about these things. There are many more I have not been intelligent enough to bring up. Tell me something I would not even begin to imagine about Dinu/George? Surprise this interviewer as you always do...

I wish I had never left Romania; but it is Rumania that had left me! For I find the rest of the world far worse than the Orient of the Balkans



where “*tout est pris à la légère*”! As Anthony Burgess used to say “absolutely everybody is crooks!” in sheep’s clothing... This is what Human Civilization is about... and... and... and... Long Live Schopenhauer! (It was the Communist top-up that was... the last drop, as regards Rumania! I was among the first to vomit it out of my personality.)

□ 33. Question added by me, as part of my Fragestellung mania, to make a rounder, more memorable number!

My favourite QUESTION? Quo vadis? in the Heidegger spirit.

‘QUO VADIS?’ was grumbling ULYSSES himself all his life, even before HOMER started up with him, and all the way afterwards, when HOMER was blind to “Ulysses living a kingly happy married life everafter”. The way any fairy tale ends in modern Europe. As grim as The Grimm Brothers...

Bucharest-Monaco

18 June 2010





We know

George – Dinu - Den Sandulescu...



Nadia Lacoste

George Sandulescu is a man who comes from another planet: he has nothing but qualities; I am looking for defects, yet can find none.

I am grateful, and will be forever grateful to him, because, without him, the Princess Grace Irish Library would never have progressed.

Paris, 8 February 2011

Nadia Lacoste was Director of the Palace Press Office in Monaco for fifty years, and *Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur*.



Geta Dumitriu

I met Professor Constantin-George Sandulescu in the late 1950s. At the time he was already a celebrity among undergraduates like myself: he was known to be working for the Romanian Radio, though he had not graduated yet. That he had been selected to broadcast a number of programmes meant, to me at least, that he belonged with the specialists in English. Hence the interest he aroused whenever he showed up in the entrance hall of the Faculty of Philology or in the corridor on the second floor. A tall, spectacled young man, he would head for the Department library on the right side of the corridor or for a seminar room, greeting his acquaintances in an urbane manner, but seldom stopping for a chat.

As I realized later, he was a dedicated scholar, apart from being a very good speaker of English. His competence in many fields, especially linguistics and translation, was unanimously acknowledged. He excelled none the less in literary studies. Shortly after he had joined the Department of English as an assistant lecturer in the early 1960, his career as a Joyce critic and historian was beginning to take shape. His research on Joyce for his Ph.D. thesis had an immediate impact: the lectures and talks he so



generously gave on the subject never failed to whet the interest in the Irish writer's work of his younger colleagues. I can still see the famous Dublin itineraries which one day he charted on at Pitar Mos blackboard and hear his baritone voice disentangle in faultless English the intricacies of the Joycean world. Impressions stored in a safe corner of memory, it seems.

It was only in the 1980s that I learned a few things about his subsequent career. A senior colleague who had met him abroad showed me upon her return a booklet issued by the Grace Kelly foundation. It mainly featured the library. At a glance I recognized in a photo the specialist in English whom I looked up to when I was an undergraduate. What I was told about his career, the books he had authored or edited up to that time – others were to follow in the next decades – enhanced my admiration for his extraordinary achievements.

15 February 2011

Geta Dumitriu, Professor PhD, was Deputy Dean of the Faculty for foreign Languages and Literatures (1976-1981), Head of the English Department of Bucharest University (1885-1990). She is a 19th c American literature specialist.



Florica Bancila (Leucuția)

I met Den Sandulescu in 1953, and we were fellow-students of the English Department for five years, between 1953 and 1958, when we graduated from the Faculty of Philology of the University C.I. Parhon (as it was called then) in Bucharest. As there were only 13 of us then, I think, and we tended to attend all classes, we were all together a lot of time while at school and even at occasional parties.

I remember Den as one of the best of us. I soon came to admire his maturity. After all, he was two years our senior; the rest of us had become students at seventeen, and, at the beginning, I at least was a little awed by what was happening to me in the transition from high school to university. But Den seemed to know very well from the beginning what he wanted to do. His English was very good, he had a clear sense of purpose, and I think he also had a good knowledge of how to use his time. He did not only attend classes, but he was also a member of what we called then the students' debating society. And he advised and encouraged some of us to join the society and put more effort into our work.

Another thing I remember very clearly about him as a student is the fact that, unlike the rest of us, he seemed to be equally interested in the language as well as literature part of our studies. I admired him for that



too. And now it is clear to anyone that his whole career has been built on his ability to turn this twofold interest into high-level research. As a detail, I remember that, in those difficult and almost incredible years, Den was the first to mention to me the name of James Joyce.

Five years after our graduation, we became colleagues again as members of the English Department of the University of Bucharest. I think Den was then doing linguistics and was involved in other projects too, as his career was already well under way. It is my conviction that, had he not decided to leave the country, he would have contributed substantially as a teacher and researcher to raising the prestige of the Department.

The next twenty years were a blank for me, in that I only had sporadic and indirect news of Den. It was only with the advent of the computer that I discovered the full breadth and diversity of his scholarly research. From this point of view, Den Sandulescu has had a full and fulfilled life.

9 February 2011

Florica Băncilă, Professor PhD, is the specialist of the Bucharest University English Department in the History of the English Language.



Domnica Șerban

*[a- ble- t- get- for]- UN (scrambled variant of *unforgettable*;
UN also stands for *UNIQUE*)*

It was in the early autumn of 1963 that we, the second year students in the English Department of the Faculty of Germanic Languages, were feeling more and more inhibited by our great professors, among whom late Professor Ana Cartianu, late Professors Leon Levițchi or Dan Duțescu, to quote just the first three in the hierarchy. I remember we were almost haunted by the idea that young age and the mastery of English were incompatible.

One day in October, however, we discovered with perplexity, while attending the lectures and seminars of English morphology (or syntax?), that a young, apparently *native* (more precisely *British*) assistant lecturer managed to outshine the above-mentioned VIPs in the domain of English studies. To crown all, this ‘native speaker’ turned out to be by far more updated in the subjects he taught us than our great masters, both in point of theory and practice. To our even greater surprise, he proved to be



conversant with the frame of Chomsky's Generative Grammar, which had been launched only 'a minute before', in the early sixties.

So, we concluded the young scholar had probably got specialized in the States and by some miracle, had been sent to Bucharest, Romania on a humanitarian mission! He looked thirty and thirty he was, as he let us know when we asked him. We, the 'sophomores', were only ten years younger than him.

Continuously perplexing us, he often took part in our scientific societies, contributing with most insightful papers on Joyce's works: DN, AP, US and even FW!

Our syllabus did not include Joyce at the time, but to a large extent owing to him, the following year we came to study, for the first time in communistic Romania, the works of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. The only male student in our group, whom I married the following year (!), Mihai Spariosu, got so enthusiastic with the Joycean world that he immediately embarked on an MA research meant to uncover the literary kinship between Laurence Sterne and James Joyce.

Before the first term ended, we found out the young scholar's name and identity, which betrayed his genuine Romanian descent: Constantin-George Sandulescu. But we continued to call him Den.

When I and my husband became assistant lecturers in the selfsame department of the Faculty of Germanic Languages in 1968, we no longer met him at the faculty. He vanished like a Carrollian Cheshire Cat smile. We later found out that he had defected to Sweden. Three years later, my



first husband, at present Distinguished Research Professor at the University of Georgia, Athens defected to the States. Our former lecturer and close friend, late Professor Matei Calinescu, followed him in the same year. Professor Stefan Stoenescu followed in their footsteps.

All of us, myself in particular, deeply felt that huge loss. However, years after, we have gradually managed to get those wounds healed one by one. They, the then most brilliant younger members of our professional family, have come back home, joining and supporting our academic and cultural communities.

...And here we are again, we, their Romanian family, never failing to wait for them 'at the airport' in order to welcome them most heartfully.
Welcome, Den!

19 February 2011

Domnica Spăriosu-Șerban (born Sterian), Professor Phd, was Deputy Dean of the Faculty for Foreign Languages and Literatures of Spiru Haret Private University (2000-2008). She is currently Director of the Research Centre for Multilingualism and Intercultural Studies at the Faculty of Letters of the Spiru Haret Private University.



Irina Panovf (Iancovici)

I met Den Sandulescu in 1954. He had been admitted as a student of the English Department, the University of Bucharest, a year before me. Since I had two good friends who were his fellow-students, I used to hear about Den frequently, and listen to their opinions on him. Such an interesting person! (We were still in our teens.) So, somehow indirectly, I benefited from his knowledge and experience myself before we really met and talked.

He was open-hearted and polite, though a little bit distant. I felt I could rely on his correct English and his information about literature as well as his clear, well- founded opinions on lots of things young people are eager to know.

When he graduated in 1958, I only had sporadic news about his activities until I met him again about five or six years later. This time he was 'an author' - as we used to call the people who wrote books which were published by “Editura Științifică”, the publishing house where I worked as an editor at the time, in the Department of Linguistics. During



this short time, I had the opportunity to read some of his works on English grammar and linguistics.

We met a few times at my work to talk about different technical aspects, and I remember that I was always looking forward to some of his new, very intelligent observations.

But, after a short time, it was common knowledge that Den Sandulescu had left the country for good. I also know that he sent me a postcard after a while, but I cannot remember what it was about. What I do remember is the deep feeling of loss, since I was sure that there were slim chances for me to see and talk again to a real personality in the field of English studies in our country whom I had had the good fortune to meet.

11 February, 2011

Irina Panovf, Lecturer PhD, specializes in the English Language. She compiled numerous dictionaries, and is the author of numerous dictionaries, grammar books and books of grammar exercises.



Ioana Ieronim

I happened to be a student of English studies at the Bucharest University between 1965 and 1970: those were the few relatively relaxed years, a kind of little “Renaissance” sandwiched in between the post-WWII East-European repression and the special brand of Ceausescu totalitarianism which was going to become ever more severely oppressive after 1971. It was indeed lucky, it was most enlightening and rewarding to be a student of English in our country at that time of relative détente, due to the wonderful intellectual and creative momentum attained quite remarkably at that point. Cultural values that had been frozen came to the fore, with some of the older, highly distinguished and until then silenced intelligentsia, and the younger generation of scholars, artists, university wits were able to connect to the world trends in their respective fields in real time as it were, bringing over the fresh air of the most topical current Western preoccupations.

Thinking back, it is astonishing to note that the familiarity with the developments in the Western humanities at the moment was gained with a



vengeance and in such a short time, in spite of the fact that Romania was still, politically, part of the separate and ideologically controlled world of Eastern Europe. It was certainly due to individual people, to their endeavours and commitment that we could experience the joy and elation of discovering the then emerging ideas that defined an epoch. For us, students of the foreign language department of our University, that happened due to a number of extraordinary minds leading us into the wonderland of the cultural past, and of a deeply transformative present - which was in fact swiftly generating a future world very unlike the one surrounding us.

George Sandulescu, a young member of the English faculty in the Pitar Mos Street of Bucharest, was certainly one of these leading minds, guiding us, via the applied study of language, towards the seminal thinking of the time. Linguistics had become a star among the human sciences and George Sandulescu was the one who made us truly understand why. Even an introduction to such approaches as generative grammar, contrastive analysis etc. became for us much more than a fashion, or a dry abstraction, through the way in which George Sandulescu alluded to them. For, while he analyzed words and grammatical structures, his thinking bridged over to the workings of the human mind and to the major substance of literature. Thus we learned about Chomsky at the time when he was becoming the significant personality we know, and who had promoted correlated studies and an integrational approach in the study of language. George Sandulescu was uniquely well equipped to bear such a



torch in our Eastern part of Europe: he had had a solid European education (which is a general trait among Romanian intellectuals, but it is even more emphatically true for him through his family traditions); one detail is that he could speak many languages quite early on. The scope of his cultural knowledge was outstanding among his peers, and his insight, his commitment to his intellectual quests impressed us. His early professional years in Bucharest practically contained the seeds for his admirable international career that was to come. While his beginnings were mainly (though not exclusively) devoted to the study of language, he became an accomplished critic – often weaving his sophisticated awareness of language and command of linguistic analysis in his critical and theoretical studies. Hence his groundbreaking pages on Joyce especially, but also Beckett and quite a few others.

In my student years I focused on the study of literature, I was going to be a writer myself, and the study of grammar and linguistics had not been of special interest to me. But George Sandulescu opened my eyes towards this comprehensive, interdisciplinary *Weltanschauung* and towards issues of expression that stayed with me ever since. That is because he himself had interiorized the deeply and genuinely relevant connection between what was traditionally (and still tends to be...) approached separately – and disjunctively – the study of language and that of literature. As he said in an interview a while ago – inspired by Ezra Pound's definition of poetry – after all, "Literature IS Language, and Language IS Literature." Professor Sandulescu, a visionary and a doer,



seems to have faithfully pursued the path of his own intellectual beliefs - not excluding, but including his various fields of interest and expertise, enriching their dialogue and expanding their fusion.

16 February 2011

Ioana Ieronim is a poet, translator and playwright. She was Romania's Cultural Attaché to Washington DC (1992-1996) and Fulbright program director, Bucharest. A member of the Writers' Union and a member (also former secretary) of the PEN Club, Romania.



Monica Bottez

I met Prof C. George (Den) Sandulescu when I was a fourth-year student of English at the University of Bucharest. He was then a young lecturer who delivered an optional course on Modernism, one of the most interesting that I attended throughout my five-year study programme.

I remember that it was back in 1968, when there was a “thawing” of the tight ideological grip that had prevailed until then in all cultural and educational institutions and Romania's refusal to participate at Moscow's order in the Warsaw Pact countries' invasion of Czechoslovakia made the Western European states single out this country and pay it some attention. So a team of British journalists came to visit our Department of English and make a short documentary film. They attended one of Prof. Sandulescu's lectures and were quite impressed: they told us they had had the impression they were at a leading English University.

Then in 1969 I heard that Prof. Sandulescu had “defected” to Sweden, which was a great loss for the Department, which by that time I had joined as a young teaching assistant.



I could follow his career only after the December 1989 Revolution when communism was overthrown in Romania, and I read his remarkable book on Joyce. He will always be a professional model for me.

These reminiscences are a good opportunity for me to wish him Many Happy Returns of the Day and to congratulate him on an outstanding academic career.

10 February 2011

Monica Bottez, Professor PhD, specializes in 19th and 20th c British literature and Canadian literature. She is Director of the Canadian Studies Centre. She is the author of studies on British and Canadian fiction.



Mircea Mavriki

I was born in Stockholm, of a Swedish mother, first Professor at the Academy for Physiotherapy and Physical Education in Romania when it was founded, in 1923. My father was a Captain of the *Vânători de Munte* (mountain troops). They had met while practising winter sports.

I grew up in Romania till the age of eighteen, when I graduated from high school. For the first nine years, I lived in Braşov, then moved to Bucharest. Swedish is my second mother tongue, I learned it as a child. In 1933, then 1937 and 1939, I spent three summer months each year in Sweden. In July 1944, I left for Sweden to avoid Allied air raids, and got caught there when Romania capitulated. So I attended high school in Stockholm for one year.

In Sweden I did my military service and I graduated from an engineering school and the Stockholm School of Economics. Thereafter I was all my life a Swedish export man in machinery and equipments. I never had much to do with literature or art.

About Dinu, now. For about six or seven years I lived in Vienna and Geneva. In 1974, I returned to Stockholm with my Belgian-Romanian wife



and two children. George lived in Uppsala at the time, and I first met him at a reception given by the Romanian Embassy in January 1975. He was Associate Professor at the time, specializing in English literature, mainly Shakespeare. We became close, even though our fields were so different.

It really beats me how Dinu could speak such perfect English, with an impeccable pronunciation. Also, how a newly arrived immigrant could get such an important job, at the oldest, best renowned Swedish University, when quite a number of natives, well educated for long periods of time in England, must have competed with him – I have absolutely no idea.

I met Dinu's mother as well – quite a lady. She lived in Stockholm. Dinu was her only child, and she had had him rather late in life. He also had an unmarried aunt, educated in Paris, an academic, in the field of chemistry I believe. I saw her repeatedly in Bucharest, with errands from Dinu. I wish I could remember her name. Quite a lady – like Dinu's own mother. Both were first cousins of the Romanian philosopher Constantin Noica.

A brother of theirs went to study in France at the beginning of the twentieth century and then settled down in Nice. He was a remarkable chemist, with many patents in the field of pharmaceuticals. He died without heirs in the '70s and left Dinu all he had. Dinu moved with his mother to Monaco, and was able to devote his energy solely to pursuing his research.

While in Monte Carlo, he became the close friend of Anthony Burgess, and continued his research on James Joyce, on whom he wrote books and



gave quite a number of lectures. He is probably the best authority on Joyce nowadays.

Before he left Sweden, we did not live in the same town, so we only met from time to time. It was always a pleasure for us to meet, and he made this very obvious. Talking to him involved intelligence, erudition and a sense of humour – three qualities he never lacked. My wife and I took the listening side. When he left, his bicycle was left in my keeping – I still have it, back in Stockholm.

We met once in London, then in Uppsala, several times in Nice... We kept constantly in touch – at various intervals – by phone and email. This is how I know that Dinu writes monthly contributions for the magazine of the British Association in Monaco. He has his own column there, entitled “Ask George”. One finds there questions about the English language, which he, a Romanian, answers with much more than a native’s expertise. And I also know he wrote a most impressive necrologue when Prince Rainier III of Monaco died in 2005.

Bruxelles, 8 February 2011



2011 Students Are Reading George Sandulescu's Online Books.



Cristina Petrescu

Postgraduate

I would say many Romanians my age have heard about Noica. Some of them wear funny T-shirts with his name. A few even read his books.

As for myself, I have read complicated articles about his writings. I smiled when I saw the T-shirts. I have even read a couple of articles about books about his works! But I never actually read them. Out of fear, you see. Fear of my own ignorance, of my limitations. All those articles had made me believe that in order to read Noica one needed to be a scholar and a philosopher.

And then I chanced to notice a few words on the cover of the Noica anthology, as edited by Professor C. George Sandulescu. They were: “for the benefit of the students that Noica was never allowed to have”. It dawned on me that maybe it's okay that I'm not a scholar or a distinguished professor, that even if I won't understand everything, or not even a lot, I could always try. So I did.



I was directly charmed by the introduction. I seldom read introductory texts, but what better way to muster up the courage to read a great author than by looking at him through the eyes of someone who knew and loved him? It is misleading to call it an introduction, really; it is a beautiful family scene. You gain admittance into a few days of someone's life. As you walk in those rooms, you hear them discussing language and politics. You see Noica whispering something with a mischievous smile in his neighbour's ear. You hear Eliade grumbling about the broken elevator. The kitchen is filled with a delicious smell. You are surrounded by the intimacy of love and understanding.

And then it begins. The door that was open wide turns to cold iron, the welcoming walls become hard cement. The Philosopher is there. He is pale, but there's a soft smile sparkling in his eyes. He is looking at a young man, who is pouting because his cell mate turned out to be a "pedagogue" (what a compliment!) and tries to teach him things like the difference between *important* and *serious*, and compassion for his torturers, who deny their victims their humanity thus losing their own. The spying guards hear bits of stories of cruel beatings, but also of fairy tales. Where are the arid texts that you expected, the fruitless musings about angels on needle tips? There is no such thing here. And you slowly begin to understand how the narrowest cell may very well contain a man who is truly free.

This is already too long, so I'll just end by saying a warm and grateful thank you to Mrs. Vianu for her efforts in publishing this book, to Mrs. Muston for an amazing translation (I can't believe I can so easily share



these wonderful texts with my foreign friends) and of course to Professor George Sandulescu, who is not just the editor, but also the author of that most captivating introduction (and more), and thus guided my baby steps into these valuable volumes. The young generation needed this. I needed this. Thank you.

9 February 2011



Loredana Malic

Graduate student

Words of the Past for Generations of the Future

A people's past, be it cultural, political, social or religious, is what helps shape that people's future. The present generation tends to distance itself more and more from a past that has not always been productive or tolerant, and face a future full of opportunities. However, the Romanian culture has a past that must never be forgotten for it helped create the present and probably the future.

The dark period of Communism has left a powerful mark on Romania's history and its people, and the gap between past generations and the present one is an obstacle that must be surmounted with the help of men of culture such as C. George Sandulescu. The unwritten rule of all cultures is that there can be no future if there is no past, and however hard Romanians try to break free from their memories of Communism, they



must realize that everything they have lived and experienced has shaped their present and their future.

Professor Sandulescu, by writing a book on two of the greatest translators our country ever had, Dan Duțescu and Leon Levițchi, by editing books on Constantin Noica and Mihail C. Vlădescu, has managed to bring down the wall dividing past knowledge from future knowledge, thus ensuring the normal flow of Romanian history. What the present generation must understand is that our lives and the opportunities we encounter at every step are the result of years and years of struggle during the Communist regime, the struggle people like Duțescu, Levițchi and Noica had to deal with. George Sandulescu draws the attention of young people to the intellectual effervescence of the 60s and 70s, challenging us to surpass our own condition and perhaps become even greater translators. If not, then at least we must know where we come from and where we are heading to.

Another one of George Sandulescu's books, *The Joycean Monologue*, is a critic's guide to understanding James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and also an innovative approach to literary criticism. As several generations of students have tried and failed to look *Ulysses* in the eye, their efforts must not be forgotten and *Ulysses* forsaken. Young literary critics must also know where they are coming from, and where they are going, before actually coming up with something innovative in the field. George Sandulescu makes their jobs easier and helps them understand Joyce, all in



a simple but meaningful language that cannot get past the present generation without being understood.

As Noica, Vladescu, Levițchi and Duțescu represent an important part of our cultural past, brought forth with George Sandulescu's help, it depends on us to become an important factor that will influence Romania's cultural future. As words of the past influence the present generation, so will words of the present influence generations of the future.

10 February 2011



Petronela Corobleanu

Graduate student

To say that Leon Levițchi and Dan Duțescu were brilliant would be an understatement. George Sandulescu manages to elegantly point that out in his memento *Two Great Translators into English – Levițchi and Duțescu – Two Personalities to Remember*. Leon Levițchi's translations first sparked my interest while I was working for my diploma paper, entitled "The Language of Good and Evil in Some Shakespearian Plays". One cannot study Shakespeare and not be familiar with L. Levițchi's work; that is what good a translator he was.

In the aforementioned essay, George Sandulescu manages to pinpoint some of the aspects that made the two translators so brilliant, aspects that other translators should take into consideration the moment they roll up their sleeves and start working. After reading the translations of L. Levițchi and D. Duțescu into English, one comes to realize how important a translator can be to the cultural background of his country, because, he is a cultural mediator, especially when it comes to the translation of literary texts. That can be a lot of pressure and one cannot embark on such a project without being aware of the importance of the aspects that Professor Sandulescu explained so clearly in his essay: Integrity, Excellence, Equivalence, Collocability, Idiomaticity or Language

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Gap. It is no easy task; however we at least have examples of how passion can lead to excellence. The truth is that for years to come we will still be learning from personalities such as L. Levițchi and D. Duțescu.

The most interesting aspect of George Sandulescu's essay is the fact that he challenges us to ask ourselves which is our purpose as translators, and makes us question whether we are really aware of what being a good translator involves, which is indeed very inspiring. In the end we dedicate our lives to the study of English Language and English Literature; however we are representatives of Romanian literature as well.

I strongly recommend George Sandulescu's essay to all translators, as for some of us it can prove to be mind-blowing, and can make us revise our perception of what our future career involves. It is a domain in which one has constantly something new to learn. Being a translator is not a job that can be done superficially, and Professor Sandulescu makes it very clear.

Had it not been for personalities like Levițchi, Duțescu and Professor Sandulescu himself, translation would probably not be as significant as it is today, which makes one realize what an honour it is to have G. Sandulescu among us.

20 February 2011



Corina Gâdiuță

Graduate student

I admit to having approached Professor Sandulescu's *The Joycean Monologue* with all the respectful reserve an English philology student is inclined to embrace, upon coming across a piece of critical analysis produced by a reputed scholar – on a subject that has proved a tough nut to crack for way brighter minds. Like the many generations of students before me, I too have read *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* during my undergraduate years. More than once, the pleasure of this experience was dimmed by the myriad tomes of literary criticism that had made it to the recommended bibliography list and that would examine Joyce's work from all possible angles – ranging from classical mythology, religion and philosophy, to modernist aesthetics. The result was such, that while there was indeed some light shed on the intricacies of the text, the abstruse and often contradictory interpretations had partly killed the very lyrical appeal of the original. Added to that, the heavy conceptual layering, especially where *Ulysses* is concerned, appeared terribly overwrought – raising questions as to whether the critic was in to make a point, or merely assert his intellectual preeminence.

This time, though, I was in for a huge surprise. George Sandulescu's exquisite study on Joyce's labyrinth of language and literary devices – most



notably, the interior monologue, as conceived within the framework of his stream-of-consciousness fiction – manages to provide (as remarked by Prof. Lidia Vianu in the foreword to the 2010 online edition) a genuine guiding thread for neophytes and enthusiasts alike. While acknowledging the importance of the complicated network of myths and archetypes for the general understanding of Joyce's mature works, Sandulescu feels however that the Homeric pattern has been overestimated. It is, he argues, "a structural method *par excellence*" (p. 186), meant to give order and shape to "apparent textual chaos" (p. 181). Yet, structure alone cannot, especially in the case of stream-of-consciousness fiction, account for a complex analysis of Joyce's aesthetic choices without the complementing category of texture. Sandulescu retains the latter to be the prerogative of poetry and hence deems it responsible for the lyricism that infuses the Joycean interior monologue. At this point, the critic's flow of (well argued!) thought exhibits a fascination for words similar to that of Joyce's would-be poet-characters. It is through language that the characters reveal themselves to the reader, and it is by dismantling the mechanisms of language that the reader recreates the writer's *modus operandi*. The critic himself becomes more than a master of ceremonies in this process, for his line of reasoning goes beyond dry scrutiny and into the intimate nature of Joyce's characters. Their thoughts trigger his own, permanently challenging previous angles of vision and fictional realities.

But *The Joycean Monologue* is just one of the several facets of the renowned anglist George Sandulescu. To the student interested in



observing more inquisitive, word-sensitive minds at work, I would recommend downloading off the Contemporary Literature Press' website the three volumes that make up *The Noica Anthology*, edited and prefaced by the same George Sandulescu, as well as his tribute to two other great Romanian professors of the last century, this time in the field of Translation: Levițchi and Duțescu. Literary criticism, philosophy and translation have never been this closely intertwined in a collection of essays that aims at setting up heartfelt examples of personal and professional integrity, and excellence.

15 February 2011



Monica Rusu

Graduate student

Out of C. George Sandulescu's works on literary criticism, one in particular speaks to me – *Two Great Translators into English – Levițchi and Duțescu*. For I have just started the long journey in search of my golden fleece – becoming a *good* translator, as I dare not say an *excellent* one.

While paying tribute to Leon Levițchi and Dan Duțescu, G. Sandulescu teaches a valuable lesson in what it means to be an almost perfect translator by explaining a number of principles, key-terms and qualities that make or break a translator: integrity, precision, excellence, equivalence, idiomacity, language gaps and versification. Sandulescu puts his translation theory in a nutshell, but this is just a roadmap for understanding Levițchi and Duțescu's translations, which are examples as to what it means to live by and respect those key-elements.

C.G. Sandulescu's *Two Great Translators into English – Levițchi and Duțescu* is the perfect way to begin discovering three great Romanian academics, to set high standards for yourself and aim at excellence.

17 February 2011



Stela Cucu

Graduate student

It is with *The Joycean Monologue* that professor George Sandulescu initiates us, the common readers, into the mechanisms of fiction's modern loom. Succeeding where others have failed, by virtue of his dedication to the art of the novel, we feel encouraged to follow the Joycean thread everywhere it takes us and at our own pace.

However, as we are often reminded throughout his study, this is not an easy task. The Joycean thread is not visible to the human eye, but to the reader's heart, as professor G. Sandulescu beautifully persuades us. He flawlessly unravels what Joyce wove in such an artful manner for us readers, but most importantly, for Modern literature.

Through his study, we can hear and absorb the interior monologue of Joyce's work, the voice of a writer that has changed forever our entire perspective on how we read and perceive Modern fiction. *The Joycean Monologue* resonates entirely with Joyce's voice, and in a certain way, with our own heartbeat.

17 February 2011



Raluca Mizdrea

Graduate student

I did not know who Constantin George Sandulescu was until I started the MA Programme for the Translation of the Contemporary Literary Text, and began working for the *Contemporary Literature Press*. The first book written by George Sandulescu that I read page by page was *Two Great Translators into English – Levițchi and Duțescu – Two Personalities to Remember*.

Manual de conversație în limba engleză, published by Editura Științifică și Enciclopedică in 1976, was one of my first English books, which I accidentally found in my grandmother's dusty attic, when I was six years old. Levițchi's dictionaries and grammar books have been of great help to me throughout highschool and faculty. The fact that G. Sandulescu actually worked with both Dan Duțescu and Leon Levițchi, made me even more eager to read his book.

George Sandulescu explains why these two were, still are, a translator-to-be's role models. He reminds us that translating from one language to another involves fulfilling certain requirements and respecting certain principles. He made me understand that a few years of academic



study are not enough for a true translator. He showed me where to look for guidance. He made me see that literary translation is synonymous with lifelong learning.

20 February 2011

Gabriela Lungu

Graduate student

Great minds are known to build walls around themselves. George Sandulescu's work is a bridge between great minds and young, unshaped ones trying to understand them. And, if even literary critics needed a book to understand *Ulysses*, then it is clear students did as well. With *The Joycean Monologue* students who otherwise may partly understand James Joyce learn to grasp it completely.

20 February 2011



Iulian Arabagiu

Graduate student

Accompany me on a journey of imagination. Imagine the future without the present. Imagine the present without the past. Utopia, right? Or rather a dystopia. Now imagine the struggles of a student, an honest, hardworking, dedicated student, faced with the insurmountable challenge of living up to his predecessor's fame. How? The answer is at hand: following the guidance of scholars like Professor C. George Sandulescu. He has helped us make peace with some of the most puzzling and intriguing texts. I could not have fully deciphered Joyce's *Ulysses* without him, nor would I have grown to admire as I do now two of the most important professors that Romania ever had, Levițchi, and Duțescu. Thank you, Professor Sandulescu, for helping me become a better person.

20 February 2011



Mirona Palas

Graduate student

I have never met Professor Sandulescu. And I will probably never do it in person. I would certainly have been a fortunate person to get to know him. And most certainly wiser if I had learned from him. His CV is more than impressive, it is intimidating. Reading about George Sandulescu's life and work, I can only think that it would take me a century or maybe even longer to achieve at least a quarter of what he has done so far, a thousand years to be able to write a single book and maybe an eternity to manage to read as much as he has done in his life. He is to me an example of consistency and fortitude!

To my shame, I must admit I have always hated Joyce. He said: 'I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality.' I believe I was afraid to open this novel lest I should become an average reader who did not understand a word. There was no substance for me in it. Literature has to flow, but in this case it did not. It never touched my understanding.



I still believe it is like faith. Like conversation. There comes a time when you are ready to open the doors of your soul and your mind to a full understanding of an idea. I should thank George Sandulescu for having decoded Joyce for me...

20 February 2011

Ana-Maria Nica

Second year student

George Sandulescu explained to me the universe of James Joyce. He made me see that, when reading a book, I must pay attention to the meanings that words can have, and how they can change my view. When we read, we all look for a private path. George Sandulescu has taught me how to find my own way...

20 February 2011



Sorina Cimpoeu

Second year student

Many people need a little firefly when they are reading. I am one of them. However, for a James Joyce's novel you need sheer light towers to segment different levels of interest in the atmosphere within. George Sandulescu is that light. I am grateful for his guidance.

20 February 2011

Diana Raicev

Second year student

George Sandulescu's *The Joycean Monologue* has clarified to me the Joycean rendering of the seemingly chaotic inner workings of human consciousness. The critic manages to preserve the Joycean charm by escaping the pretentious dissection of it, and skilfully unfolds the substance of the text by using a refreshing approach. This critical guide has been for me both an enlightening guide and a delightfully creative expedition into a fascinating realm.

20 February 2011



Laura David

Second year student

Professor George Sandulescu's critical approach to Joyce has made me see the meaning of modernism. *The Joycean Monologue* explains Joyce in a way I can relate to. I particularly enjoyed reading about Joyce's early epiphanies, with the comparative analysis of texts. Now I know at last why critics talk so much about the innovation that Joyce brought to the novel, what 'innovation' actually means.

20 February 2011



Raluca Bercea

Second year student

The study of Modernism and Post-Modernism meant to me a rethinking of literature and its history, focusing on the new “modern” assessment on human mind and spirit.

Studying the history of literature, I’ve discovered various, provocative and interesting movements, but Modernism and Post-Modernism seem to me to be the most concerned with human mind and the projection of an individual’s thoughts through the power of “consciousness”.

Professor Sandulescu’s *The Joycean Monologue* has helped me understand the importance of analysis and the mutual forces that reign in the mind of an individual. Thanks to his coherent and systematic analysis, I have grasped the meaning of the syntagm “stream of consciousness” and its relevance in the study of modern literature.

I have learned a new concept and I have learned how to apply it in understanding literary works. I also perceived that the art and the study of language function together in evaluating Joyce’s work. *The Joycean Monologue* has really worked for me.

20 February 2011





Selections from C. George Sandulescu's published interviews

Source: <http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>



Interview given to the British Association of Monaco in December 2004.

(Published in MONACO NEWS, the December 2004 issue, written for the British Association of Monaco by Miss Lois Bolton, a Canada-born resident of the Principality, actively publishing in most of the English-language periodicals of the French Riviera.)

Even Jules Verne's Phileas Fogg would be hard put to keep up with C. George Sandulescu. George is Greek by origin, Rumanian by birth, Swedish by nationality, British by education, European by preference, and Monegasque by residence. Not surprisingly, given such an oddly mixed heritage, George's passion is languages: he speaks and writes in ten of them, and he understands several more.

Languages had come naturally to an inquiring lad closely connected to the Danube Delta, a major European traffic hub, where George's grandfather was one of the men in charge of the *European Commission of the Danube* (it was one of Europe's absolutely biggest international port authorities at the time, before World War I). As a youngster, George could identify twenty languages without understanding a word of any of them, without having seen them written, or without knowing anyone who spoke them; as he was a radio-listening addict on short waves, his ability lay in recognizing the way certain vowels and



consonants were glued together. Which probably makes him one of the few people able to assimilate and enjoy the aesthetic values of the forty or so languages used in Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, without mind-bending effort. "I took it to be a universal language book. I am one of the rare persons who reads *Finnegans Wake* for the multitude of languages rather than for the story."

Despite his precocious grasp of languages, George, as a young man, was torn between following a career in sciences or a career in the humanities. His ambivalence was nourished by admiration for his paternal uncle, Georges, a scientist after whom he was named, and a maternal uncle, Constantin Noica (to whom George owes his middle name), a well-known philosopher of the language (and a close friend of Eugene Ionesco, Emil Cioran and Mircea Eliade). "The scientists in the family were making patents, the humanists were publishing books. Uncle George was able to separate male and female hormones of which the contraceptive pill is a natural consequence. That procedure is well-known in French University text-books nowadays under the name of "La Méthode Sandulesco pour la séparation des hormones." In the 1930's, British and American Universities would write to him asking to buy a few grams of progesterone. My initial intention was to study medicine and endocrinology. One thing is wishful thinking. Materializing it is quite another matter."

Like so many children of his generation, George found his life radically altered by World War II. "I saw with my own eyes the Germans moving in, and then about four years afterwards, I saw them moving out!



Then I saw the British and the Americans – a handful of them – moving in (for our house in Bucharest was at a stone's throw from their respective Military Missions). And I saw the Russians moving in too – in hordes –, but never saw them move out again.” After the world conflict, his father dead, the Sandulescu family moved to Sweden, by which time George had chosen the humanities over sciences, and English Studies “just because it hadn’t been forcibly imposed upon me!”.

Attempting to sum up his subsequent career, the novelist Anthony Burgess – George's personal friend of long standing – described George as “a Joycean Scholar”. But the definition is restrictive, as a glance at his website reveals. George's career specialization in the English language, and the corresponding English and Irish literatures, has led him to teaching positions in Swedish, British, Italian and American universities, as well as to the publication of 20 to 25 books, and more than 100 research papers. He was also Director of the Princess Grace Irish Library in Monaco for twelve solid years, during which time he organised about half a dozen International Congresses in the Principality, including the first ever International Conference on Oscar Wilde, one of George's “gang of four” Irish authors, along with Yeats, Joyce, and Beckett. “Some 2,000 papers and books and two or three major congresses are devoted **every year** to James Joyce, but not much at all to Oscar Wilde. I always wonder why...”

If asked to sum up his own career and his professional achievements, George is most likely to describe himself as a learner – rather than a teacher – and a bit of a trouble maker: “I like to ask the difficult



questions, particularly the unanswerable ones!". Predictably, one of the areas he questions is Language. "We are watching languages – all languages – shrinking with every passing day. The Bible used 16,000 different words (but today's people simplify it!), and Shakespeare used twice as many, but the average active speaker of today only resorts to much less than 5,000 words. And so does a radio or television announcer. Look at the so-called cultural area, look at the TV newsreaders and professional public speakers. "**Public BARKING**," in George's own phrase, "strives towards Beckettian Minimalism, in its far more than stubborn quest for political correctness". For in Shakespeare's time practically everybody in the pit was largely illiterate. Did Shakespeare care?" A good writer never writes **down** to public taste... The writer's job is to bring people **up** to another level. And then, Shakespeare could afford to be *anti* this and *anti* that, and get so easily away with it. But could we still afford to do it today?"

In the past few years – ever since he had left the Director's job of the Princess Grace Library of Monaco –, the learner and trouble-maker has been moving into other fields, such as **Communication Studies**; his website is one of the vehicles. "The phenomenon of communication is like health: when it is fully there, it doesn't exist! You, as an outsider, only know something is wrong when Communication collapses. And then, even wonder why!"

<http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>



C. George Sandulescu Answers, on Riviera Radio, 3 July 1988

I am Greek by origin, Rumanian by birth, Swedish by nationality, British by education, Monegasque by place of residence, and European by preference.

My grandmother was Greek, from the Island of Rhodos, and she refused stubbornly to speak any other language, except Greek, all her life, though she was in the Danube Delta, where my grandfather, on my father's side, her husband, was a senior official of the European Commission of the Danube. The language at home was Greek, for my father and all his family. So, I was born in Rumania, and I remember quite well the atmosphere there before, just before, the Second World War in the Danube Delta, which I used to visit quite often as a small child.

After Rumania came Sweden, for political reasons quite easy to understand, and I spent a lot of time there, first learning, then teaching. I think this is all I've done in Sweden: one stage, long stage, of learning, and



another stage of teaching, probably equally long. And I did my university studies though in Britain, so I hold British degrees from several British universities, and as such, I would place my education under that language, or geographical area, or whatever, and of course in Monaco I take myself as a Monegasque by residence, not at all as a Monegasque by birth to be sure.

I was just under seven years old, I suppose, when the war started, and what I remember best is the First of September 1939, that is the day I remember best in my childhood. I remember the shore of the Black Sea, the sandy Beach, the Battleship and the background... The grown-ups around me were discussing, to judge by their faces, about highly serious matters. I think the first day of the war is clearer to me than any other day of the war, though I took from very early in life an interest in political events, and whatever was happening around me. So, I watched with fascination the German army marching in, and years afterwards I watched with equal fascination the German army marching out. In the meantime, I became, probably thanks to the war, a compulsive radio listener.

My father was a very good speaker of English, owing to his American Education, at Robert College in Constantinople – nowadays Istanbul, and he was a vital source of information, as the English language broadcasts were the only one which were not jammed by the German occupation army.



The BBC I used to listen at the same time with my father. Then, my hobby was to identify the various languages, for the BBC itself was transmitting in more than fifty languages at the time... Later, much later, I gave interviews in Bush House in London, and met the Supervisor of Foreign Language Broadcasts of the BBC World Service, who became a good friend of mine – George L. Campbell: he could master SIXTY languages! I have this inclination myself, and, at the time, I could identify fifteen to twenty languages, just by the sound of them, without understanding a single word of what was being said.

I recognized the way certain sounds – vowels or consonants – were put together, and now I realize, much later on in life, that this led me to *Finnegans Wake*, because this is what Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* is all about: it is made up of different words from at least forty languages, all these languages acknowledged by Joyce.

I was understanding some Greek, I was speaking Rumanian, I was using English with my father, and taking intensive courses in French at home. German and then Russian were also forced upon me by an authoritarian school system...

The only thing I remember with pleasure at school was that I was taken to be the language man, so any language question was automatically referred to me. And I remember, as a teenage boy, I was very fond of a quotation from Bernard Shaw, because I realized that at school “my reputation grew with every failure”. For, in language studies, it is the



failure that counts more than the success: constant training being the ultimate secret...

Sweden was where some of my relatives were, and this was the beginning of my "Sentimental Journey"... I found, again, a fascination for the Swedish language, which is quite different from any other language, and Sweden too, as a European culture is quite non-central-European. I was interested in the schooling system, and I decided, at that time, that I would get involved in teaching, eventually. So, I soon realized that my strongest card was the range of languages that I could master. So I channelled my efforts in that direction. I could, I suppose, make a statement to the effect that I am a speaker of Swedish, Norwegian and Danish, though I speak them all with the same Swedish pronunciation. All in Swedish, in a word.

Moving from Rumania to Sweden, the change that I remember best is the transition from a talkative culture, like a Latinate one, to a phlegmatic, or semi-silent culture, where words have different values, and were used far more sparingly. Interjections – of assent, or dissent – can replace quite a lot of other words... Sweden is a country, and was even at the time a country, where nothing happened quickly. (Except perhaps the assassination of Olof Palme...) Whereas Rumania was a semi-oriental country, and still is. What Poincaré, the famous Frenchman, said about Bucharest, and Rumania, was that "Nous sommes ici aux portes de



l'Orient, où tout est pris à la légère...”, a statement which, in my opinion, and now, I would apply to the whole of the Mediterranean – east and west. But never to Sweden!

The Mediterranean is the Gates of the Orient. In the same way in which the Danube Delta was, to me, the Gates to the... rest of the world. And I find perhaps a silly analogy between life in the Danube Delta, and life in Monaco: I find them both very very international... The multitude of languages, which is the multitude of cultures, and the multitude of different people harmoniously combined together is what make these free harbours so picturesque.

I had decided that I would use the English language as a language for written, and largely spoken, communication, and obviously the British university system was the best place to refine this medium, and the knowledge going with it, and for studying English literature, or English and Irish literature, what other place can one choose except the country of origin?

I studied English literature and English language, becoming qualified to teach English at all levels. To teach the English language on the one hand, and to teach English literature of all periods, on the other hand. It was the time when I was reading a lot of Joyce, and I was fascinated by Joyce's statement which I consider true that “**History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake**”, and my innovation in teaching was, and is,



to teach literature backwards! It's far more successful than teaching literature chronologically. Thus I started with the Twentieth Century, and never got round to the Nineteenth... except for examination obligations.

I taught in Sweden basically, after I finished studies at the University of Leeds. And then, later on, I went to Britain for spells of teaching, like the University of Essex, or London, and also to the United States, at the University of Austin, Texas. And of course in New England, various universities in New England, Massachusetts in particular.

Literature people frown on the language people, and language people do not take literature people with facility. But I was working on a beautiful quotation, or assumption, from Ezra Pound, which was in fact Ezra Pound's definition of poetry, which is "Poetry is language packed, or charged, with meaning to the utmost possible degree." If this is accepted, then there is no border, or no barrier, or no frontier between Language and Literature. Literature IS Language, and Language IS Literature.

When I was preparing my Ph.D., I had the luck to meet Leonard Woolf, Virginia Woolf's husband, who was still around in a small flat, opposite Victoria Station in London. He had been a Deputy Governor of Ceylon in his early days. He received me with great kindness and patience, and we spent half a day together going through the family documents. Later on, I met people like Graham Greene in Antibes. And when I was at the University, John Braine, the author of *Room at the Top*, was still a



Librarian at Leeds City Library. Also while in Leeds, the famous Dr Leavis from Cambridge was on the way to retiring in York, and he was calling often on us with fairly biting lectures. Lastly, or last but not least, were people like William Empson, who was a fashionable poet at the time, and head of the English Department at Sheffield. And also of course, in my Monaco days, since 1977, Anthony Burgess.

I was interested in a literary trend called *The Stream of Consciousness*. And that's how I started on Virginia Woolf, and William Faulkner, and of course, James Joyce. And it didn't take me a long time to realize that I couldn't handle all three in a mere two-hundred-page doctoral dissertation. So inevitably, I had to drop Virginia Woolf, though I was in Britain, and I decided to drop Faulkner as well, and concentrated on James Joyce only, his writings being ample material for more than one Ph.D. dissertation. And inevitably, in Monaco, knowing, or sharing with Anthony Burgess the same interests for this particular Irish writer, we gave a series of lectures, and Princess Grace came to one of them. And she was very much interested, so much interested that she stayed the whole afternoon, from three o'clock until just about midnight. And obviously, this was the beginning of my Irish connection in Monaco.

Princess Grace, after her children were born, started collecting things Irish. And she was very attached to Irish music, and Irish books. She collected hundreds of Irish books, and upon her untimely death a decision was taken – a wise decision – by Prince Rainier to put together all she had



collected in a place which, on a suggestion from Anthony Burgess, was made public. So everybody had access to Princess Grace's collections, and one could have events, like evening lectures, or annual international conferences, or music evenings around the topics that were of interest to herself. It is all published in a little book.

<http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>



Tatsuo Hamada

Who's Afraid of *Finnegans Wake*?

2001. Japan

*An interview done in July 2001 by **Tatsuo Hamada**, and published in Japan, in the Abiko Annual (formerly Abiko Quarterly) No. 21 (2001), pages 131 to 151)*

*Can you read **Finnegans Wake** to the end? Are there many parts which one cannot understand?*

Yes, *Finnegans Wake* is indeed meant to be read through. There are parts of the Book which are more readily understood than others, without any doubt. But if Joyce is sure to have understood everything, so can we! We are still, sixty years after, most humbly learning from him: In all respects. The ones who still reject any part of Joyce's writings considering them as failures will one day repent. If they are still alive.

Would you explain about the meaning of understanding: Does the best understanding mean to know exactly what the author thought or felt or planned?



Or is it a more subjective and a more creative act in the reader's mind? From your context you may support the former.

The understanding of understanding – or Understanding Understanding, for short – is a HERMENEUTIC problem which, I thought, stands, on account of its complexity, quite outside the scope of the present interview; initially I had a passage about it which I left out, its being too philosophical. Here is a quick tentative reply to your query: A text once definitive stands on its two feet – be they Form & Content... The fundamental problem is that, in FW, Joyce fuses the two inextricably: the thing obtained circulates, but in another Cosmic dimension. That baffles Critics and Readers alike. And nonMaterialized (in the Text!) authorial intentions come to naught. They simply do not exist! Mine is a text-oriented approach. Not an author-oriented one. But Joyce's mind was so linguistically vast that no careful Reader can ever hope to find something in there that Joyce had not envisaged at least in part. Just scrutinize the Beckett "Come in!" controversy, as told by Nat Halper.

Can you understand the plot while you are reading?

Let me tell you the following story: Somebody went to Joyce once and said "I've read your *Ulysses* and I don't understand it!" And Joyce asked in his turn "How many times have you read it?". And the man said:



"I've read it twice over, sir." "Then read it **ten** times over!", replied Joyce commandingly.

It is the same with *Finn W*: which reading are we talking about – the very first, or the very twelfth? Each and every one of us have so far done hundreds of readings of it, in part or in toto, and every time we discover new things.

I'll tell you another one: Sergiu Celibidache – the famous Rumanian-German conductor of the Berlin, Munich, & Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestras, who never made a single intentional recording in his life, out of pure principle – said the following to the press: "When I scan a music score of genius the very first time, I don't understand absolutely anything. I read it ten times over: that's when I begin to understand its underlying patterns. I read it a hundred times: I know it better than its author!" Not quite so with Joyce, where even the two editors of the Wake Newslitter gave up in despair, and stopped publication of their most useful periodical more or less at the same time with the collapse of the Soviet Union, after a solid quarter century of endeavours. But **the Celibidache procedure** helps a lot: for, as the saying is, 'to travel hopefully is better than to arrive.' Another important point here: *Finnegans Wake*, just like *Ulysses*, is thoroughly episodic; so was in part *Dubliners* (mere sketches!), and the *Portrait of the Artist* (ultimately, a carefully hidden set of "prospective" & retrospective Diary entries & jottings down). And last of all the Epiphanies: so very short, but so overwhelmingly important.



*What is the Celibidache procedure? Would you explain more about your assertion that FW, like **Ulysses**, is thoroughly episodic? Can you recognize the narrative structure or plot which binds each episode in the whole book? Compared with **Ulysses** such narrative structure of FW appears to be invisible.*

(a) Both a Music score & a Literature text have this in common that they have a script. But the music score has the advantage of carrying no stable semantic component. What a Conductor of genius does is simply to appropriate the “syntax” of music: melodic patterns and other patterns. Celibidache takes in EVERYTHING that is there, but no more: the FW Reader should do the same. Remember that an Opera is easier to direct than a Play: there are TWO Scripts.

(b) **Ulysses** is not at all divided into Chapters! It is made up of EPISODES! For Pragmatic features – Time, Place, Person, and **Manner** – are discontinued: the narrative thread is thus totally disrupted.

(c) In FW, there are still so many macro- & micro- elements to be interConnected: once that done, the Reading will become plain sailing. (Never give Windows Millennium to a French or Italian old-age pensioner who’d never seen a keyboard in his life before: I was as frustrated when I read Kafka’s *Metamorphosis* as a 12-year-old!).

Footnote: For Manner, or MODE, SEE Stuart Gilbert. 1930. And James Joyce's **Ulysses**, passim.

If so, what did Joyce want to describe in the book?



Finnegans Wake is the very first cosmopolitan Epic of the Global Village – together perhaps with Ezra Pound's a hundred and twenty or so *Cantos*. It is about EveryWoMan in the Eternal City of the World Village PanEpiphanizing in Time, Place and Person. Quite a mouthful this, for the average litCritic to swallow with contentment. Hence, the FW battle... But: In order to answer this question, you must first think in terms of Browning's *The Ring and the Book* (perhaps compared with his *Sordello*), Pound's *Cantos*, Eliot's *Waste Land* & Sam Beckett's two *Trilogies* – only in order to stay reasonably within the end of the previous Millennium; to say nothing of Nabokov's *Lolita*, which was the first text ever to have an *Annotations* volume published during the Author's own lifetime.

How well do you know these texts? If you haven't scanned them properly, then it is high time to get cracking, and do it now. Perhaps before proceeding to handle Finn W. Stop messing around with Shirley Conran's laces & P.D. James' devices, the flaming bonds & blondes, Folletts & Forsyths and that ilk of best sellers. As that guy Burgess put it, 'you must get it well into your head that, never for a second, Joyce ever intended to have his *Finnegans Wake* book available for Airport purchase & inflight reading'. For you'll have to work hard at your forty (European?) languages, even before starting scanning the... Books at the Wake, the whole lot. (I find it more than weird how every reader is supposed to "know", even remotely, the... actual Books at the Wake, but nobody – ever – is equally supposed to be at all conversant with any of the forty languages...) And



then, How many learners in this world of internet speeds & ubiquitous addresses are indeed prepared to invest so much time and so much effort? Only the philosophers... and the Joyce nuts.

Do you think FW is too much concerned with sex?

It must be understood once and for all that the 20th Century and its Great War (the First) brought about the collapse of the Victorian Puritanism in Literature and social morals, which had put Oscar Wilde into prison just before the *Fin de Siècle* (though it is still lingering on in some non-European cultural and political Establishments, such as China and Cuba, and certain related areas). In the forefront of this change were writers like D. H. Lawrence & Henry Miller. Joyce had **identical intuitions** with them and, in consequence, most, if not all, of his early books were banned for precisely the same reasons.

The literary panorama nowadays is to such an extent **overtolerant** that the Joycean descriptions - in *Ulysses* - of Poldy's defecation, Stephen's & Poldy's respective micturitions, and Molly's menstruation (there's symmetry in all that!) look so benign by the side of the current literary output of, say, Anais Nin, Erica Jong, Régine Desforbes, and even... Alberto Moravia.

To end this answer with a rhetorical question: how important is sex to current television programmes all over the world, with few totalitarian exceptions? It ultimately was Joyce who opened our literary eyes wide to it,



though Stanley Kubrick wound it all up with his eyes wide shut (which, by the way, is, ultimately, a quotation from FW...).

Then, **on a lighter note**, though wife sex & parents sex are never talked about in public, unless deviant, we shouldn't forget that we owe our own individual lives to our own parents' more than adequate sex life (singular, rather than plural; mutual & interactive, rather than individualistic & narrowly hedonistic). Joyce was more than aware as to how important Sex was to the newly set up Kingdom of Darwin, and, in incommunicado connivance with Lawrence (not the one of Arabia), helped bring down for ever the World Empire of Victorian Puritanism (which still survives in large pockets of the greenest Island of purest Ireland, where proper obstetrics is still practised **only** on board the Dutch ships...).

No, there is never enough Sex in the highBrow Dantesque Circle where our friend under scrutiny – *Finn W* – sits. Just reRead the Honuphrius Episode (FW, pp 572-3)!

*Do you think that the treatment of sex in FW is different from that in **Ulysses**?*

Joyce is the same: though his Freedom of Expression (on Sex) is far greater on account of his CRYPTIC discourse: that may well have started it all! His cryptic stance, I mean!

*What, in your opinion, is **FW**'s destiny in the 21st Century?*



With some luck (which it never had, because of the outbreak of the Second World War), it may still be the Book of Literature which had witnessed **the Linguistic Pool of the World**: The Global Village idea didn't start when it started, nor did the Common Market; let us be honest about it: they all started in 1939, with the publication of *Finnegans Wake*: How many realized that? Practically nobody. For it is in there that **the Spirit of the Age** first nested: Chaos & Babel come again: sprouting in Brussels & Bruxelles, Belgium. But with Order superImposed: quite Administratively so; the Euro kangaroo, qv, provided The Concordance of Maastricht, as it were...

Footnote: According to the O. E. D., and to most Australians, the Euro is the standard name of a kangaroo the size of a Labrador... (Look it up, if you don't believe me!)

*Can one learn anything by reading **Finnegans Wake**?*

I defy anybody in this world who may say that Something – let us call it x – is not there: All Languages are there (Joyce listed at least 40 or so). All Great Authors & Texts are there (cf Atherton's 1959 Books at the Wake). All major philosophic-historic-scientific-psychologic ideas are there: (from Vico to quark to young Jung to Freund Freud to Beria...). The very specialized branches of Scholarship are there too: (even Topometry & Geodesy, & Topography, according to Clive H, Motifs... (1962/1971 : 95; 117; 249).



Do you think that Lucia's madness affected Joyce's writing?

Not at all. Neither the direction of his work, nor its very essence: He was far too single-minded for that. He was set on his course like a space rocket is set on its course: Linguistic acrobatics was, beyond doubt, Joyce's forte, and he was sure to go the whole hog. Give me six months, and I'll have any language. Volubly. Joyce was the same. Not even his wife ("Jim, how about writing a best-seller?"), the War, the European mess, the Irish mess could set him off his course. He finished *FW*, published it, as usual, on his Birthday, had it reviewed in the TLS in the very same issue with Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and then, not having much else by way of plans, chose to pass away (13 January) his work completed. With a little effort he could even have managed to die on his Holy Birthday (**2 February**): Like Shakespeare (**23 April (both ways!)** & St George, Patron Saint of England).

Are there any literary techniques in FW worth imitating, or, at least, letting oneself be influenced by...?

All. Everything. Stuart Gilbert (1930/1969: 172-176) pointed to many... It is only a pity that scholarship hasn't got that far yet. But it will come. It will sure come. When the period of linguistic-discourse debasement by the media will have spent its force... And it is here that the Internet will help. Stuart Gilbert brought circumstantial evidence to prove



that ALL figures of speech were there within the span of a single episode of *Ulysses*. Later a contributor to the *Wake NewsLitter* proved beyond a shade of doubt that all these, and more, were to be discovered within one single page of *Finn W*! Though they were both speaking in terms of 50, or so, literary **devices**, rather than in terms of the existing 500 or more, their point was proven beyond doubt, and their evidence is very, very relevant.

Do you recommend FW to other people? If so, how should they handle it?

God forbid *Finnegans Wake* is ever recommended as Obligatory Reading by any Educational Establishment well-established through Government push anywhere in the World! Anywhere! For that would kill it the way it has quite quite killed Shakespeare & Flaubert & Proust & Blake in the eyes, ears & hearts of so many millions of little boys & girls plodding unwillingly to school, in ever so many schools all round the world...

I do recommend it most warmly, **but only by implication...** and occasional hints: For imposition *ex cathedra* kills Literature. *Irrémédiablement.*

Do you think that Joyce wanted FW to be read by general readers who have no profound knowledge in languages?



He thought – together with Eliot and Pound – that the whole world would gradually get more & more educated: our own parents thought so too. Instead, the whole world gets more illiterate with pulp fiction generating cheap television (with a range of vocabulary of 3,000 American words or even less), & Government Education foregrounding the Here & Now to the detriment of a panChronic Wetanschauung (with Thunder taught as part of Environment Studies), and Poetry having disappeared from the Media absolutely everywhere. Paradoxically, a Reader today is far less equipped culturally than a Reader 100 years ago. Then, WHY did Joyce study Italian (& French), and not English, like you and me? And not Irish either?

If you think the reading is difficult, what are the causes?

I explained this in my book *The Language of the Devil*: the paradox is that the more difficult the text, the faster the very first reading must be (forget the Reader's Guides!): just like driving a car on a bumpy road – going faster: you may kill the car, but you get there with less hiccups **in your breast...**

How to describe your experience of reading FW?

Exhilarating! Quite probably it is the most “charged-with-meaning” Book in the whole of World Literature. Always remember Ezra Pound’s so



very relevant definition of Literature “Great literature is simply **language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree.**” (in: ‘How to Read’, in: *Literary Essays*. 1918/1968. p.23.)

Would you tell me about your first experience of reading FW: when, how, and why?

As a small child during the war (1941-1944), my favourite hobby was to identify foreign languages on short-wave radio. Having had a smattering of Greek from earliest days (my paternal grandmother came from the Island of Rhodos), and speaking English with my father most of the time (he had received an American education at Constantinople), I could identify up to twenty languages on the radio without ever having seen them written, or without having met any people who were native speakers of them. In secondary school, I was the best pupil at languages: first German, during the occupation, then Rumanian, Latin, some Russian, a lot of private lessons of French at home, and finally massive English at the end of the war. Throughout my schooling days, and University, I was the acknowledged multiLanguage expert. I then learnt Swedish in six months (after my father died), and thus easily understood both Danish and Norwegian. I tried Finnish without any success. It is against this language background that I came to FW as a teenager: I took it to be the universal language book. For I am one of the rare persons who reads FW for



multiLanguage rather than for the Story: and I have remained like that all my life, I'm afraid.

The fundamental attraction of my first reading of FW, fragmentary of course, was the rather childish research Question "How can so many languages & so many difficult words be in one single head? That of Author Joyce?" And I have stayed with this Question. To put it bluntly, I think I am at the opposite pole of scholars like Adaline Glasheen & Bernie Benstock who concentrated on WHO'S WHO in the Book and were almost exclusively digging for the Story, which was then so elegantly displayed by Anthony Burgess, my neighbour here in Monaco, in his book *A Shorter FW*. The Story is vastly important of course, but there are also other structural elements, like Clive Hart's motifs, which give the book Shape & Symmetry. Then I discovered by myself that it is not the Story that is so important but rather the Characters, headed by the protean HCE. But usually I do not adopt other people's ready-made conclusions: I prefer to read & re-read FW until I reach conclusions of my own. That is why I always have a copy of it at hand.

Is Finnegans Wake translatable?

Most faithfully & absolutely accurately, **NEVER!** (Nor can Shakespeare, within the same **narrow Range of Rigour**, with Pentameters, (non)Rhyme, Alliteration, Pun, etc met on an ABSOLUTE parity basis.)



(No! No genuinely great literary text ever is: except perhaps by Beckett his own work only.)

But very, very approximatively, **MAYBE!** If we define journalistic subediting of press agency fax & teleprint pulp as **intraLanguage paraphrase**, then Translation becomes almost automatically what we should call **interLanguage paraphrase**, the prerequisite of which is to define the Language first. Let us state the following: There is genuine consensus that Dickens wrote in English. Balzac wrote in French. Equally clearly. Which means that the Languages of Dickens & Balzac are **Constants**.

In the 20th Century however, the language picture changes drastically, as Sam Beckett would be Dickens & Balzac in one, sending his English manuscripts to Publisher John Calder in London & his French manuscripts to Publisher Jérôme Lindon in Paris, equally famous. (There is then here the subsidiary question – Was Beckett translating himself? If so, **from what** Language into what Language? On that point, all Critics either fumble, or remain quasiSilent.)

Bearing all this well in mind, we must then ask the question: How about Joyce in *Finnegans Wake*? Where is the Language Constant? It is not at all by mere chance that he clearly appended his List of 40 Languages right at the end of his (British Museum Library) *Finnegans Wake* Manuscript. Why did he do that? To ram the point home with the finesse of a dull sledge hammer that it was these 40 Languages (and perhaps a little more) that was **his** Constant. Quite idiosyncratically so.



What is the place of FW in World Literature?

I am using the term **Weltliteratur** in the Goethe/Eckermann sense, qv, and I consider it superior to the overSubjective overCirculated **Comparative Literature**, for global-village mentality & ways of thinking do in the long run impose World Literature as one. Within this optic *Finnegans Wake* is still patiently expecting its doom in the Great Dentist's waiting room, with Joyce non-novices doing far too little to ensure it pride of place. This sustained interest in Japan for Joyce & ALL his work amply proves my point.

Not quite agreeing with Vladimir Nabokov, who extols *Ulysses*, but not *Finnegans Wake*, this is exactly what I for one am trying to do. A quixotesque undertaking? In this world of semiLiteracy & avalanche of pulp fiction, perhaps. The book may have been half killed by Hitler & his War, but my conviction is that the 1939 artistic & literary standards are not history yet. FW is sure to come into its own when –

- (1) non-translation attitudes will carry the day,
- (2) individual European Languages will all of them be thriving
all over the world, and
- (3) Rhetoric as a complex Theory of Literary Devices will again be
what it used to be in the good old days...

Could you tell us who are your favourite authors apart from Joyce?



Favourite Authors? I like to discuss William Blake or Joseph Conrad with my students: years ago, in a series of lectures at the University of Turin I gave an Analysis of Blake's Prose for a whole term. Other names of authors have already cropped up in my Answers to your Questions here, which I entitled "Who's Afraid of *Finnegans Wake*?" I am at the moment preparing for a couple of lectures on Ezra Pound, whom I consider to be, with Eliot, even more important than Joyce or Beckett in point of weighty theoretical statements. Beckett, of course: I gave about ten lectures on Beckett in Stockholm & Uppsala in December 1969, when he got the Nobel Prize. In Monaco, at the Princess Grace Library, where I had been appointed Director by Prince Rainier III, I organised the following international Congresses: (a) Gabler's 1984 *Ulysses*, in 1985; (b) William Butler Yeats (with Norman Jeffares, who even sent an invitation to attend to the Crown Princess of Japan), in 1987; (c) the Joyce Symposium, for 500 participants, in June 1990; (d) the first ever Congress on Samuel Beckett, in 1991; (e) the first ever Congress on Oscar Wilde, in 1993. (All Proceedings Volumes were published by Colin Smythe.) My research interest at the moment is focused on Writers who Wrote in Languages Other than Their Own:

(a) Tristan Tzara, Eugene Ionesco, Mircea Eliade & Emile Cioran (coming to French from a Rumanian background);

(b) Elias Canetti, Nobel Prize 1981 (coming to German from Bulgarian & Spanish, via English?);



(c) Vladimir Nabokov (coming to English from a clear Russian background);

(d) even the poet Dylan Thomas, whose Welsh language is omnipresent in his English...

They are practically all 20th Century writers.

From previous centuries I would first name Dante Aligheri, who wrote everything in Latin, except the *Commedia* (I am lucky to be so close to Italy, and have the opportunity to polish my Italian all the time). And, of course, Black & Browning. esp, *The Ring & the Book*... and *Sordello*...

<http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>





C. George Sandulescu: Online Works.



The Joycean Monologue, A Study of Character and Monologue in Joyce's *Ulysses* against the Background of Literary Tradition.

1.0 Introduction

Even before the turn of the century a new approach to the writing of fiction was making itself manifest in Europe. It developed along the line of limiting and even completely suppressing overt interventions by the author, with the attention mainly focused on the characters' inner life. During the years of the First World War and afterwards, this tendency gained in scope, and several novelists working independently in different countries of Europe produced novels, evincing a manifest break with so far established fictional tradition. But it was only in the early twenties, especially after the publication of James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1922, that the profound implications of this new direction began to make themselves more generally felt, and the sources and early beginnings were more clearly detected.



As this tendency dominated the experimental novel of the twenties and the thirties of the 20th century, it is well worth a closer scrutiny and analysis. One of its most striking characteristics is the writer's assumption of what Leon Edel call the mind's-eye view, his growing emphasis on the inner workings of the human mind, but concurrently receding his omniscient presence as far into the background as was aesthetically possible within the conventions of the genre. This endeavour provided fiction with a new method of writing – to become gradually known under the name of 'stream of consciousness' –, the practical consequences of which were quite considerable in the sense that it brought about a great change in novel writing, revolutionising the art and giving birth to new techniques and a renewed use of existing devices.

It is practically impossible, I suppose, to deny the fact that the period since about 1880 has been one of unprecedented technical experiment in the novel. The names of Henry James, Conrad, Proust, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Faulkner are irrefutable proofs in support of that statement; such novelists have not only turned the novel into a serious art form, but also explored its possibilities beyond previously set boundaries and considerably broadened its horizons. And once the novel became a serious and acknowledged art form in its own right, the novelist, in his turn, becoming fully conscious of his craft, the concern with the internal organization of the novel becomes manifest and innovation in character presentation has the upper hand.



The shift that revolutionized the art of fiction, providing new purposes as well as new perspective and technical means started with Henry James. He was the first to object to authorial intrusion in the form of editorial asides and devised his post-of-observation method to bypass it; by doing so he not only laid particular emphasis on the characters' inner life in the past-present-future perspective, but also increased the reader's active participation. It is not an exaggeration to state that James shared these preoccupations with Joseph Conrad, whom he greatly influenced, and with Proust; and it is these very features that will form the core and starting point of Joyce's aesthetic strategy. In fact, all these aspects are crystallised in the conception of aesthetic distance and point of view. It is this very question of both distancing and multiple points of view in relation to reality that is handled in an interesting way by Ortega y Gasset in this book *The Dehumanization of Art: and Notes on the Novel*.

To distinguish between the emotion one feels in a 'lived' situation and aesthetic emotion, Ortega expands on the idea of aesthetic distance. Let us imagine, he says, a human situation – a death-bed scene for example, when those present include the widow, a doctor, a reporter, and an artist. All see the event in a different way; as many points of view, so many diverse angles of vision. Which in the last analysis are the most reliable and faithful? Any choice must obviously be arbitrary. But at least we can distinguish the degrees of emotional involvement in the event. The widow will be the most deeply engaged in the situation; hers will be the 'lived' human reality. The doctor and the reporter will be less involved since



theirs is primarily a professional concern. The painter will be involved least of all; he will be primarily concerned, *qua* artist, with mass, texture, colour, light and shade.

In this scale, the degree of closeness is equivalent to the degree of feeling participation; the degree of remoteness, on the other hand, marks the degree to which we have freed ourselves from the real event, thus objectifying it and turning it into a theme of pure observation.¹

As the widow and the artist have different perspectives on the same event, which results in different degrees of emotional involvement, so different perspectives are possible as between the reader and the work of art.

This, I think, is the essence of the problem that links the writers of stream-of-consciousness fiction – James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, William Faulkner – to their direct but wildly different predecessors – Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Marcel Proust.

They all shared the same preoccupation with fiction as a serious art form, but it was James Joyce who took a decisive step in a different direction, adapting rather than rejecting the preoccupation of his predecessors to his own purposes.

¹ Ortega y Gasset, *The Dehumanization of Art; and Notes on the Novel*, Princeton University Press, 1948, p.170, p.170 ff; The problem is also discussed by W.J. Harvey, *Character and the Novel*, London, 1965.



With James Joyce multiple perspectivism became all-pervading. Its essence was the constant shift in the angle of vision, supplemented by shifts at all other levels: in addition to rapid switching from one mind to another, there are rapid changes of scenery derived from episodic construction, doubled by a parallel and almost simultaneous use of direction and indirection in rendering the characters' thoughts, and reinforced by the use of parody and pastiche as a stylistic illustration of yet another type of change in the angle of vision. The linguistic perspectivism creates what might be called 'telescope-microscope' effects, brought about by his sudden and unexpected placing of word and phrase under the magnifying lens and making it radiate with a brilliance that lends it an emblematic aura over the whole stretch of statement.

It is this kaleidoscopic richness, so far insufficiently discussed and systematically analysed from a consistent point of view that makes Joyce's *Ulysses* an important and seminal work. It not only brought fiction closer to the realm of poetry, but its permanent emphasis on the angle of vision, subordinating formal composition, and strengthened by the symbolic structure, made it be both praised and attacked and its author appreciated and blamed for this extreme eagerness to put everything in this 'chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle' (US 554) (14.1412).

It is for these and many other reasons that *Ulysses* is in T.S. Eliot's opinion 'the most considerable work of imagination in English in our time', and he starts his famous essay on *Ulysses* by stating



I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted and from which none of us can escape. These are postulates for anything that I have to say about it.¹

Ezra Pound in his turn paraphrased the first line of the *Odyssey* to suit his very high assessment of Joyce's novel.²

From quite a different angle, *Ulysses* has been called 'the novel to end all novels' precisely for the reason that it went so deep into the character and presentation of character that, in this respect at least, certain critics³ have advanced the remarkable but unfounded view that it has exhausted the possibilities of the genre. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of this subjective statement, but one thing is certain: *Ulysses* is noted, and has even become notorious, for the extreme depth of character presentation.

And in this connection it is necessary again to emphasize Joyce's conception of his craft as always subordinated to delineation of character. In his passionate concern to aim at the perfect fusion between matter and manner, looming gigantic behind Joyce are the outstanding figures of the nineteenth-century novel – Stendhal and Flaubert –, whose concern for the novel as a conscious art form and the supreme importance of style is well

¹ T.S. Eliot, *Ulysses, Order and Myth*, in Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York, 1948

² Ezra Pound, *Literary Essays*, London, 1954, p. 403 ff.

³ Cyril Connolly and J. Isaacs, in J. Isaacs, *An Assessment of Twentieth-Century Literature*, London, 1951, p.76.



known. These two basic aspects of their conception found in Joyce not only a worthy and staunch supporter, but also a daring innovator.

Morton D. Zabel in the rather ambiguous title of one of his books emphasizes the close relationship between craft and character as follows:

Craft and Character has the appearance of an equation... There is a profound and inescapable connection between what the artist essentially is (quite apart from any personal information, legend or reputation that may attach to him) and the work he produces.¹

In this study I will take the terms to have the same appearance of an equation, but change the values ascribed to each without altering or modifying the validity of the equation as a whole. Rejecting Zabel's reference to the artist's personality as immaterial and in a sense already postulated in the work of art, the terms should be exclusively and directly applied to the work itself in order to emphasize the close, indissoluble relationship between character delineation and the technical means provided for the purpose by the craft of fiction. It is the harmonious blend with mathematical precision of the two terms in this latter Flaubertian sense that made the work as a whole successful.

¹ Morton D. Zabel, *Craft and Character*, London, 1957, p. XI.



Consequently, a study of character and monologue in Joyce's *Ulysses* will be a study of the contribution of artistic method as embodied in specific means with a view to achieving the pregnant emergence of character, an undertaking performed against the background of both genre conventions and their rejections.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/joyce.sandulescu.html>



The Joycean Monologue, A Study of Character and Monologue in Joyce's *Ulysses* against the Background of Literary Tradition.

2.4 The Joycean Monologue

It was only after the publication of *Ulysses*, in 1922, that *monologue intérieur* was coined as a suitable literary term to designate the new literary phenomenon; *stream-of-consciousness* too, left the relative obscurity of May Sinclair's review of Dorothy Richardson, and William James' tracts of psychology and acquired considerable currency in the world of letters. And this for the simple reason that following the publication of the book, interior monologue was one of its most discussed features.

Joyce himself had to make statements about it, and as the writing and publishing of literary criticism on himself and others, in Eliot or Virginia Woolf fashion, was completely alien to him, the only description of his intention was in the conversations with his friends. One very simple, but extremely relevant, statement he made in this respect was recorded as follows by his friend and biographer Frank Budgen. Speaking about the



intention behind his adoption of interior monologue as a method for writing fiction, Joyce stated:

I try to give the unspoken, unacted thoughts of people in the way they occur.¹

It is extremely symptomatic that Joyce himself in one of his rare comments on the subjects emphasizes the 'interior' aspect – the unspoken in contradistinction to spoken. It had so far been a fictionally unexplored realm, a very faithful, or apparently faithful, method of artistic representation, though at the time it was highly popular with psychologists and psychoanalysts.

But the central problem for psychology and psychoanalysis was not so much the opposition spoken vs. unspoken, but rather the degree of remoteness of a certain psychological phenomenon from the central area of consciousness – the area of conscious attention. The more remote it was, the more interesting it became for the psychoanalysts. But once the given psychological phenomenon was outside the area of conscious attention, it is highly controversial, in terms of psychology, whether it was, or could be expressed by means of words.

As the writer, however, had at his disposal words only, it is doubtful whether the psychoanalytical subtleties could have any tangible impact

¹ Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*, London, 1937, p. 94.



with directly practical effects. And as can be seen from his letters, Joyce was totally adverse to psychoanalysis, and Virginia Woolf candidly confessed in a letter addressed to Floris Delattre:

Save for reading Plato, without any grammatical accuracy, I have read very little philosophy. Thus I have never read a word of Bergson. I have neither read Freud or Young' (sic)¹.

To come back to the above quotation from Joyce, we should assume that Joyce was privately interested, for social and moral reasons too, in what was unspoken by the people of Dublin, rather than in any psychoanalytical subtleties, which have a far lesser relevance to art.²

Interior monologue, in general is characterized in fiction by certain essential distinctive features. Two basic factors can be detected: **angle of vision** and **texture** of discourse. They distinguish it not only from what is commonly, though improperly, called internal analysis in fiction, but also from the indirect monologue sequences. In more specific terms, they distinguish it from the achievement of either James or Proust, whose point in common is the permanence and stability of a unique post of observation, not the writer's.

¹ Floris Delattre, *Feux d'Automne*, Paris, 1950, Didier, p. 239.

² cf Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness*, Yale University Press, Newhaven, 1955, passim.; cf also Frederic Hoffman, *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, Louisiana State University Press, 1945.



The interior monologue as conceived within the framework of stream-of-consciousness fiction emphasizes specific angle of vision, not the writer's angle, but the characters'; in its more evolved and more successful forms, however, it will not emphasize the uniqueness of this angle, but rather its multiplicity in order to give a kaleidoscopic vision of reality.

To give the illusion of "*l'instant pris à la gorge*", as Mallarmé called it, the stream-of-consciousness writer resorts to a disruption of the logical sequence of deliberately and minutely patterned discourse, particularly as it appears in its written form. The emphasis at this stage should in fact, presumably, be placed on an artistic representation of unspoken sequences as different from the spoken, and not on degrees of awareness of reality and levels of attention, as classified under preconscious, subconscious, unconscious, etc. Joyce himself in the above quotation emphasized the opposition unspoken-spoken, rather than anything else.

The disruption of discourse is evident in the nature of the reflections presented as well as in the manner in which they are presented. To oppose the logically connected flow of thoughts as expressed in pleasantly connected words in an ordinary piece of writing, be it fiction or non-fiction, the stream-of-consciousness writer emphasizes disconnectedness and unexpected juxtaposition in both content and the manner of presenting the content. Apparently random associationism is accompanied, in certain cases, most of Bloom's monologue sequences in *Ulysses* for instance, by extreme syntactical ellipsis. With other writers, the emphasis may be solely on completely random associationism of thought, which in an indirect form



of presentation takes a more conventional pattern of discourse. The best example in this respect is Virginia Woolf, whose sentences “flow” differently from those of Joyce.

The disrupted texture of discourse is meant to transpose in fiction “the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall”¹, and as such to picture in fiction the disrupted and chaotic character of the very ‘texture of experience’, as Harvey called it.² But this is always done from the angle of vision of one character only, at least one at a time – not a simultaneously parallel run-on flow in dialogue fashion, for instance. Thus, the singleness of point of observation and, directly deriving from it, the unity of the character’s world outlook, is meant to make up for both the apparently random associationism of the character’s thoughts and the seeming chaos of literary texture. Or, as Theodore Spencer puts it, ‘the diffuseness of real life is controlled and ordered by being presented from a single point of view’.³ From the reader’s point of view, the clue to understanding character – and, from the writer’s viewpoint, the essence of delineating character in pregnant and highly individuated manner – lie in the hidden Ariadne’s thread behind the labyrinth of associations and idiosyncratic literary texture. As Ezra Pound once stated, ‘Joyce’s characters not only speak their own language, but they think their own language’.⁴

¹ Virginia Woolf, *Modern Fiction*, first published in April 1919, and later included in *Common Reader*, I.

² W.J. Harvey, *Character and the Novel*, London, 1965, Chatto and Windus, p. 23.

³ Preface to *Stephen Hero*, London, 1966, Four Square Edition, p. 13.

⁴ Ezra Pound, ‘Ulysses’, *Literary Essays*, edited by T.S. Eliot, London, 1954, p. 404.



The discussion of Dujardin's and Richardson's novels had dealt with the disadvantages of singleness of point of view in stream-of-consciousness fiction in contradistinction to the advantages the procedure might have had with James and Proust. After completing the *Portrait* and starting on *Ulysses*, James Joyce made marked and consistent attempts to bypass this drawback by placing the post of observation severally in the mind of each of his major characters – Stephen in the opening part of the book, Bloom dominating, but not monopolising, the middle part, and Molly, his wife, taking the limelight in the third and final part.

Thus, instead of a unique post of observation, which, when doubled by stream-of-consciousness texture, as for instance with Daniel Prince and Miriam Henderson, gives a strong impression of subjectivism and even solipsism, James Joyce resorted to the multiple point of view with the express purpose of creating a stereoscopic vision of reality and all the kaleidoscopic richness it will bring with it.

The daily life of Dublin is therefore presented not from the angle of vision of Stephen alone, but Stephen's vision, which comes first, is contrasted with Bloom's vision and world outlook, which in turn is reinforced by that of Molly, with the purpose of creating as it were, a tri-dimensional reality in the reader's imagination, not a flat one. In addition to the dimensional advantages, the textural monotony of singleness of point of view tends to give a static impression of reality, while the multiple



point of view, characterised substantially by variety of manner, will reinforce a dynamic presentation of events.

But Joyce goes further than that in the sense that he does not limit his posts of observation to his three major characters; several of the supporting characters, too, are provided with highly individuated monologue sequences to strengthen the already created panoramic and kaleidoscopic effects. Rendered in either direct or indirect fashion, the monologues of Father Conmee (10.1 to 205) or that of Dignam's son (10.1121 to 1174) throw in flashes of light from distinct and carefully selected directions – an inward angle of the church establishment itself, and the angle of the rank and file Dubliner of tomorrow. As such, Gerty McDowell's indirect sequences (13.78 to 771) stand somewhere between the angle of Dignam's son, providing his counterpart of the other sex, and the angle of Molly Bloom, the picture of whom in very incipient form she tends to be.

Through this highly intricate multiplicity of angles of vision, briefly and incompletely sketched above, the impression is given that surrounding reality is viewed neither through omniscient eyes nor through a single pair, but through the eyes of a wider cross-section of characters. Hence the impression of heightened objectivity that the method, and the novel, is meant to achieve.

Robert Humphrey in his book on the stream-of-consciousness novel discusses multiple point of view strictly and exclusively in cinematic terms¹

¹ Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, University of California Press, 1965, p. 49 ff.



on hints given as far back as Eisenstein.¹ But the borrowing of cinematographic terminology is complete: everything is crammed under the heading *Time-and-Space Montage*; point of view becomes 'camera eye', and is treated on a par with 'flashback' and 'close-up'. But thus Joyce's reliance on a certain literary tradition can in no way be pointed out. In addition, a distinction is necessary as 'flashback', 'flashforward' etc. are basically textural devices, significant only for the moment, whereas point of view, particularly in its multiple variant, is a structural procedure, vital for the whole book.

Stream-of-consciousness fiction as a whole may owe something to cinematography and radio, but the description of achievements cannot be undertaken solely and exclusively in terms of the cinema and cinematic vocabulary. Joyce often resorts to montage, the episodic technique, among others, is clear proof thereof, but it is a different kind of montage, adapted to the requirements of the medium, and considerably restricted by the limitations of the literary genre.

This of course, has a bearing on the way the material in *Ulysses* is used to prove the point. Starting from the idea of montage, and thinking basically in cinematographic terms, Humphrey illustrates his point by references to the 'Streets' or 'Wandering Rocks' episode (No 10.*passim*) which, particularly when perused very rapidly, comes closest to giving the impression of montage, in true cinematic fashion.

¹ cf Sergei Eisenstein, *Film Form*, New York, 1949, p. 104 ff.



But with reference to the angle of vision, as exemplified in multiplicity of point of view, the best illustration undoubtedly is the whole novel, viewed in its division into three parts, more or less devoted to the three characters, as was emphasised earlier.

Virginia Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway*, following closely in the steps of Joyce, adopts a very similar multiplicity of point of view, moulded on the same trinity of characters, and achieving, in spite of the great differences between the two writers, a panoramic view of surrounding reality, and a binding pattern for the whole novel.

The multiplicity of point of view at the level of structure is coupled with outbursts of lyrical effusion at the level of texture. In Joyce they often emerge from the omniscient sentences; in Virginia Woolf omniscience is ambiguously fused with the rest, they pervade the whole novel.

Granting that novels are usually associated with storytelling, the concept of lyricism in the novel, or even the concept of lyrical novel¹, may be a paradox or a contradiction in terms. But in the type of fiction discussed here, the lyrical tonalities primarily emerge from the textural design of images and motifs, which, in their turn, are the direct outcome of the character's association of the mind.

Thus a new poetic diction, this time associated with prose, emerges and has a crucial importance in assessing the whole trend, as it paralyses

¹ cf Ralph Freedman, *The Lyrical Novel*, Studies in Hermann Hesse, André Gide, and Virginia Woolf, Princeton University Press, New Jersey, 1963.



traditional standards of critical judgment, and in a sense makes stream-of-consciousness writing bridge the gap between fiction and poetry.

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning
peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and
farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod
hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses,
two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their
twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the
dim tide. (US 9) (1.242)

This is no longer the texture of prose by any established standards;
yet, it is part and parcel of a novel, and totally subordinated to character.
Virginia Woolf too, attempts to create, in her own way, a similar
atmosphere:

There were flowers; delphiniums, sweet peas, bunches of
lilac; and carnations, masses of carnations. There were roses;
there were irises. /.../ And then, opening her eyes, how fresh,
like frilled linen clean from a laundry laid in wicker trays, the
roses looked; and dark and prim the red carnations, holding
their heads up; and all the sweet peas spreading in their bowls,



tinged violet, snow white, pale –as if it were the evening and girls in muslin frocks came out to pick sweet peas and roses...¹

This lyrical concentration in the expression of the character's inner life is indispensable in this type of fiction, both for the requirements of character presentation and for the more elusive demands of the newly established genre convention. And it is often there not as an expression of a distinct technique, easily describable, but as an express manifestation of monologue texture. Bloom's monologue sequences too have their own poetry, emphasized by the fact that they will be separated from that of the omniscient sentences.

With Virginia Woolf, as could be seen from the above quotation, monologue and omniscience are inextricably fused and blended; with Joyce, however, in the overwhelming majority of cases omniscience is clearly separated from monologue. Moreover, Joyce begins traditionally with omniscience and dialogue in *Ulysses*; on the first page at least, there seems to be nothing on first reading to indicate the revolutionary method of character presentation. In fact, Joyce's introduces his reader to it very carefully and gradually. First, he supplies a context containing at least some of the necessary references for understanding the monologue passages to come. He also prepares the readers by relying heavily on dialogue in the opening episodes.

¹ Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*, London, Hogarth Press, 1958, p. 16.



The book, therefore, starts slowly and cautiously only to end with a breath-taking race – Molly's final monologue – which in point of technique is rather at the antipodes of the first episode.

Returning, however, to the first page of the novel, one notices that the scene is highly visual: it is early morning; Mulligan appears on the top of Martello Tower at Sandycove, and, in priestlike fashion, carries his shaving utensils to perform there his daily shaving ritual. He calls up Stephen, and upon his sulky appearance, Mulligan's mocking pantomime turns into good humoured diatribe. The whole scene is meant to be highly pictorial and cinematic: Mulligan's attitude towards an abstraction as well as his patronizing haughtiness towards Stephen will acquire visual dimensions too. Everything is viewed from the outside, impartially and omnisciently. Then all of a sudden we read:

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. (US 1) (1.24)

Stated from the point of view of omniscience, everything is as pictorial as before. But then comes the single word: 'Chrysostomos'. And the reader is afforded an unexpected glimpse into Stephen's mind; the gold fillings in Mulligan's mouth have suggested to him the gold-mouthed



Greek orator, Dion Chrysostomos¹. After this single word, omniscience and the traditional angle of vision return, and any direct introspective glimpse will be held off till the third page.

But even when it appears again, it is rather sparingly used – a few words here, a few elliptical sentences there, which in the early stages at least will not be at all essential for an understanding of the general trend of events; their relative redundancy will definitely point to their introductory function with regard to the standards of the new convention. In other words, the monologue sequences in the opening episodes are there in the shape of a fair warning of what is to come later, in *Proteus* (No 3), *Lestrygonians* (No 8), and *Penelope* (No 18), which will all provide monologue climaxes for each of the three main characters.

Viewed in the light of Joyce's whole work, and interpreted along the line of the sustained metaphor of the stream, the single word *Chrysostomos* on the first page (Stephen's patristic reaction to Mulligan's gold teeth), is the stream at its source, from which Mrs. Bloom's river comes and what Tindall calls 'the Missisliffi of *Finnegans Wake*'.²

In the first episode of *Ulysses*, however, in addition to the examples already discussed, the most interesting and impressive instances of monologue will be the passages on Fergus, and the heretics.

To summarise: an unexpected juxtaposition of objective narrative and interior monologue, with monologue sequences sparingly used, switching

¹ A.D. 345-407; the name in Greek literally means 'golden mouth'.

² William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*, p. 139.



from one to the other without warning, is the procedure Joyce employed in the first two episodes. One discovers only in the third episode that this has all been preparation for an entire section of interior monologue. Indeed, throughout that third episode, with brief and poetic omniscient sentences here and there, the focus is constantly within Stephen's mind.

Before concluding this brief review of the essential features of the Joycean monologue, however, two points are perhaps worth making. First, the relation between dialogue and monologue within the economy of the novel, with reference to character presentation and particularly, with regard to one and the same character, the sublimation of dialogue into monologue or the dissociation of monologue into dialogue.

Whenever Stephen expounds theories, he will do so exclusively by means of Platonic dialogue, the opposite pole of his silent meditations. His theory of aesthetics is dramatically presented in both *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait*, and his theory of Shakespeare as pointing to the relationship between the artist and his art is even more dramatic. It again takes the form of a dialogue, this time between Stephen and the Dublin literary luminaries. Against the general monologue background of the novels, these dialogue sequences will stand out in bold relief.

But in the 'Nighttown' episode (No 15), paradoxically, the reverse process will take place, in the sense that the effects of interior monologue will be achieved through dialogue. Both the library discussion and this episode will, however, have one feature in common, an impression of



intense introspection will be achieved by a kind of rhetorical apostrophe, with Stephen addressing an abstract idea or an imaginary object.

Finally, the third possibility: while monologuing, Bloom, for instance, and Stephen too occasionally, will be prone to start silent dialogues with themselves, reminiscent of the curious convention of French romanticism – the dialogue of the soul itself, found in Rousseau's *Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques*, for instance, but also in Lamartine and Alfred de Musset.

The other point refers to the identity of the monologueur, in the sense that Joyce, for the sake of variation again, but also for enhancing complexity of structure, resorts to ambiguity of angle. There are passages in the 'Concert Room' episode (No 11), particularly the two opening pages, with regard to which one is perplexed as to the identity of the monologueur. At other times (US 307 ff) (10.720 to 800), there is an ambiguity of interlocutor, and one is not even at times sure whether the whole sequence is meant to be spoken or unspoken. On yet other occasions, as John Spencer has pointed out, 'the transitions from narrative to interior monologue are, perhaps deliberately, slightly blurred. The shift from one to the other /.../ is made by means of short segments whose status is not immediately apparent.'¹

But talking about ambiguity of angle and of level, not only the method of interior monologue but also its complexities have, from the

¹ John Spencer, *A Note on the 'Steady Monologuy of the Interiors'*, *A Review of English Literature*, April 1965, pp. 38-39.



technical point of view, yielded fruit in France in the shape of the *Nouveau Roman*. Here is an instance from Robbe-Grillet's novel *Le Voyeur* to show how the relation between omniscience and monologue may be solved by blurring the distinctions:

On arrivait là, désormais, comme on serait arrivé n'importe où. Il y avait une épicerie et, bien entendu, un débit de boissons, situé presque à l'entrée du village. Abandonnant sa bicyclette près de la poste, Mathias y pénétra.

La disposition intérieure était la même que dans tous les établissements de ce genre, à la campagne ou dans la banlieue de grandes villes – ou sur le quai de petits ports de pêche. La fille qui servait, derrière le bar, avait un visage peureux et des manières mal assurés de chien mal assurés de chien mal assurés de fille qui servait derrière le ...Derrière le bar, une grosse femme à la figure satisfaite et joviale, sous d'abondants cheveux gris, versait à boire à deux ouvriers en bleus de travail.¹

The general purpose of Joyce's art of the novel is to present character in the lesser known and more unexpected facets as well as from other angles of observation. Consequently, he resorts to interior monologue to

¹ Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Le Voyeur*, Paris. 1955. Editions de Minuit, pp. 106-7.



reveal his characters' 'unspoken and unacted thoughts in the way they occur'. And in order to do so, he embarks upon an arduous search for the possibility of saying much by saying little; and, by stating less, of implying everything.

Monologue, epiphany and myth are his most effective vehicles for reaching this goal.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/joyce.sandulescu.html>



The Joycean Monologue, A Study of Character and Monologue in Joyce's *Ulysses* against the Background of Literary Tradition.

6 Conclusion

More than half a century has passed since the publication of *Ulysses*, but the book continues to be in the focus of critical attention. Yet a final comprehensive, and what is more important, consistent assessment of it is not yet in sight. This is partly accounted for by the surprising dimensions and amplitude of Joyce's achievement, partly by the intrinsic difficulty and at times deliberate ambiguity of the Joycean text. Attention is thus divided between value judgment and commentary, but it happens rather seldom that the former is solidly and consistently based on the latter. And it is in an attempt to strike the right balance that studies of Joyce continue to appear.



Books, notes and reviews of his works averaged a total of about 300 a year¹, thus it is not that *Ulysses* lacks interpretation and discussion, but that what has been produced so far places him insufficiently against the background of literary tradition from which the novel, at least technically, directly derives.

In the second place, given the difficulty and complexity of the novel, and the novelty of the method, it has been considered imperative to understand the book in its own terms first, as a tight and self-contained whole, organically fused and harmoniously built, as a preliminary step before the critic enlarges the frame of reference for a consideration of its relation to life itself, to modern social, moral and artistic values, a step necessarily leading to value judgment. But the stylistic approach, similar to the one adopted in the present consideration, refers primarily to the stage at which the first critical compulsion is to understand in a consistent manner and from a consistent angle, 'the aesthetic relation of part to part or of the aesthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the aesthetic whole of which it is a part' (cf PA 191). Hence the necessity of making use of a system of concepts which fall into mutually related self-defining sets of categories. It clearly stated in the introduction that an analysis of character delineation in *Ulysses* has been undertaken.

For Joyce's primary concern in writing novels – *Finnegan's Wake* perhaps apart – was that of vividly and poignantly presenting character:

¹ Richard M. Kain, 'The Position of *Ulysses* Today', in Thomas F. Staley (ed.), *James Joyce Today*, Indiana University Press, 1966, p. 84.



everything in the novel – from epiphany to myth and archetype – is subordinated to character. As S.L. Goldberg has already pointed out,

A great many of the symbolic ‘themes’ in *Ulysses* are really devices to help create the characters themselves, not dark emblems to suggest mysterious significances...¹

In presenting character, Joyce’s aesthetic postulates as little authorial intrusion as possible within the conventions of the craft, in order to create for the reader the illusion of ‘*l’instant pris à la gorge*’. He must have firmly believed, as Ford Madox Ford puts it, that

Life does not narrate but makes impressions on our brains. We, in turn, if we wished to produce on you an effect of life, must not narrate but render impressions.²

Hence, his stream-of-consciousness method, and deriving directly from it interior monologue, **epiphany** and **myth**. It is the specificity of the method too that brought about the equally distributed twofold insistence on highly elaborate **texture** and **structure**, the latter in its multiple variety of character symmetry, myth, and archetype.

¹ S.L. Goldberg, *The Classical Temper*, London, 1963, p. 254.

² Ford Madox Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance*, London, 1924, p. 180.



In fact, the crucial issues of literary craftsmanship, vital for a deep and thorough understanding of Joyce, and of *Ulysses* in particular, are:

- his conception and use of epiphany;
- related to it, his use of myth and archetype, as ordering factors concurrently reinforcing typicality of character;
- interior monologue, as an exclusively literary device - of long standing tradition in its textural form, but an almost Joycean innovation in its structural function - to emphasize the opposition spoken vs. unspoken, rather than conscious vs. unconscious;
- finally, his interest in words and language; his fascination with the magic of words, and the large-scale use of language awareness for purposes of character delineation.

Structural complexity, the extensive exploitation of symbol, myth as well as the use of extra-fictional devices, such as the expressionistic ones used in the 'Nighttown' episode, easily and quite naturally lead critics to the question whether *Ulysses* is not so much a realistic or even naturalistic novel, but rather a symbolistic one, with tinges of expressionism and even surrealism. This discussion, by no means facilitated by the overlapping, confusion and subjective use of some of the terms, springs from the fact that, as pointed out by William York Tindall, some of the novels of our time are many-levelled in the sense that a reader may either concern himself with the surface, or go below it on several planes. He further adds



that such novels are organised like poems (hence the significance of texture), and consequently demand close reading.¹

With *Ulysses* the situation is different, in my opinion at least, in the sense that, as has been pointed out, everything converges on character and character projection; as such, the 'real' level is paramount by this very concentration of effects on a single plane. In other words, though many-levelled, the deeper scaffoldings always reinforce the surface.²

*

The impact of *Ulysses* upon the world of literature, at the time and in after years, has been tremendous. In terms of direct influence with regard to aspects of literary craftsmanship alone, it injected new blood into the moribund stream-of-consciousness fiction of Dujardin and Dorothy Richardson. It made the whole trend coalesce, and acquire aesthetic brilliancy in the work of outstanding followers like Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner, particularly in the years between 1925 and 1936.³

It also blazed a trail for a multitude of minor, less successful attempts undertaken by many other writers in the twenties and thirties, ranging from Waldo Frank and Conrad Aiken to André Maurois and William Carlos Williams, who even tried to write literary criticism in stream-of-

¹ William York Tindall, *The Symbolic Novel*, AD, 3 (1952), pp. 5-16.

² For a detailed analysis of the problem, cf Robert Martin Adams, *Surface and Symbol, The Consistency of James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, Oxford University Press, 1957.

³ Virginia Woolf: *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), *The Waves* (1931). William Faulkner: *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *As I Lay Dying* (1930), *Absalom, Absalom* (1936).



consciousness style.¹ If we were to interpret and define stream-of-consciousness fiction in the wider and more comprehensive framework of the lyrical novel, the list would be far longer, with multiple ramifications.²

In the years since the Second World War, most notable among the figures under the direct influence of Joyce, not only in point of craftsmanship, is Samuel Beckett. His versatility and success in the fields of both fiction and drama, have led to extensive use of interior monologue of a new type, but equally subordinated to character projection.³

By far the most interesting technical development in the realm of fiction in recent years is that of the *Nouveau Roman* in France,⁴ whose debt to James Joyce, though unquestionable and far-reaching, is still in the process of being analysed and fully assessed.⁵

An imposing construction, though by no means perfect, Joyce's *Ulysses* thus stands at the crossroads of the craft of fiction, marking a peak in the history of a major trend of the modern novel, in its evolution from the timid *tâtonnement* of Dujardin to André Gide and Alain Robbe-Grillet and from the modest attempts of Dorothy Richardson to William Faulkner

¹ Waldo Frank, *Rahab* (1922); *Holiday* (1923). Conrad Aiken, *Blue Voyage* (1927); *Great Circle* (1933). André Maurois, *La Machine à lire les pensées* (1937), William Carlos Williams, *The Great American Novel* (1923).

² cf Ralph Freedman, *The Lyrical Novel*, Studies in Herman Hesse, André Gide and Virginia Woolf, New Jersey, 1963, Princeton University Press: cf also Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood* (1936), which derives as much from poetry as from the novel.

³ cf *Murphy* (1938), *Molloy* (1951), *Malone Dies* (1951); cf also *Eh Joe*, a one-character play for television first produced 1966, first published 1967, which is an uninterrupted monologue, suggesting interiorization.

⁴ I particularly refer to Nathalie Sarraute, Alain Robbe-Gillet, Michel Butor.

⁵ cf Nathalie Sarraute, *L'Ere du soupçon* (1956); cf also Jacques Dubois, 'Avatars du monologue intérieur dans le nouveau roman', *La Revue des Lettres Modernes*, Nos, 94-99, 1964 (i), pp. 7-29.



and Samuel Beckett. It is against this *literary* background that the novel should be viewed and assessed.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/joyce.sandulescu.html>



Two Great Translators into English

— **Levițchi and Duțescu** —

Two Personalities to Remember.

Soon we commemorate 20 years since their deaths. For they were not only born the same year – 1918 – but they died almost at the same time; Levițchi saw the collapse of Communism in Romania, but died soon after – on the 16 October 1991. Duțescu closely followed him – he died only one year after, or probably less, in 1992.

They were fellow-students in Bucharest in the years of the Second World War, studying the same subject – English – in exactly the same year of academic study. And they remained lifelong friends. Close friends. Very close friends. And they lived, worked and suffered Communist persecution together.

Levițchi was the last descendant of a family of Greek-Orthodox priests from the far north of Romania. And his Russian language was practically as good as his native Romanian. All that was a great linguistic advantage, but was at the same time, a great political drawback. Refusing to play the petty Communist games, unlike some of his other fellow students of notorious renown in the Communist years, and being drawn



down by his religious family background (his signature, even throughout the worst years, ended in a subtly placed cross at the end of it!), he was constantly demoted throughout his university career. The most flagrant proof of systematically pushing him to the bottom is that his name was not even included in the *Dictionary of Romanian Linguists*, which was published some time in the 1970's or even early 1980's!

And both Leviṭchi and Duṭescu had the same professional orientation: just like myself, their attention was equally divided between **English Literature** and **English Language**, with special focus on the heavyweights of Poetry. Duṭescu took Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400), and made a lifetime target of the job of translating Chaucer's *Complete Works*. And he succeeded! Leviṭchi took the only other heavyweight left, and did the same: he translated into Romanian the complete works of William Shakespeare (1564-1616). And he succeeded even more brilliantly than his close friend Duṭescu, as he had managed to have a far longer academic career. And as such, far better access to the Establishment's Publishing Houses. And the stages of various theatres, by implication.

Now, these two are great personalities for, fundamentally, one single thing – namely, an extraordinary personal and professional integrity. I confess that, having left Romania, I have literally walked the entire academic camp of the West. On both sides of the Pond. But such integrity I have never again come across: they both remain unique to me in this so densely populated Academia of Today.



Why is that **integrity** so fundamentally important?

For the simple reason that professionally, culturally, and even personally, it remains the essential quality of an excellent translator, husband, father, or even personal friend. And believe me, I did discuss all the facets of the concept of *Excellence* with the English writer Anthony Burgess for nights on end and over endless bottles of whisky... It was when he was invited to The White House in Washington, D.C. by the newly elected President Ronald Reagan to speak on the very subject.

In a translator, Integrity leads to Excellence, and involves ever so many features that it takes days and weeks to discuss in full. We should begin with Precision, which directly leads to the philosophical concept of EQUIVALENCE – a vast subject in an inter-linguistic context.

But why talk? I have chosen, in order to commemorate these two great Friends of mine, two great Teachers of mine, and two great Moralists too, the following texts that they have translated into English.

Two gems of Romanian Literature! Gems of translation into English!

Learn them by heart, both of them, you, future translators, and try to understand – the hard way! – what Integrity, and Precision, and Excellence, and Equivalence really mean.

The nitty-gritty of it all. When you have done that, and it may take years, long years to get there, you can say that you have become translators verging on Excellence. But not before!



That is why, it is imperative to pay our tribute to the toil of these two – one of them called Levițchi, the other called Duțescu. Read carefully what they have done, compare their translations!

See how Levițchi managed to do Emerson into Romanian (published as early as 1968 in Bucharest). Work out how Duțescu managed to do Noica into English in the greater detail (translated at the philosopher's personal request).

And then answer the question: What is more difficult to translate – Is it Verse, or is it Philosophy?

In my younger days, Translation was never accepted as a topic for a Doctoral Dissertation. Except in the United States, where the academic standards have always been considerably lower than in Great Britain. But now that **TRANSLATION has gone up in the world**, with the European Union, and what not – it is up to you to make the most of it! And elevate it to new summits: but most certainly, not the French ones!

Let us respect the professional and moral integrity of our TWO predecessors... **Lev and Dan**. The ones who translated indiscriminately in BOTH directions. And did not wince or whine before a job, but rolled up their sleeves and got to work at once. Occasionally, working for free.

Monte Carlo, August 2010



P.S. Remember that by their side, we are all pygmies... Just a handful of humble admirers!

If you think for a second I am kowtowing to them, *study carefully* the following two gem-texts of our own literature. In both versions! And aim to match their multiple skills and talents.

C.G.S.

APPENDIX

(1) What is *Integrity*? It is the opposite of Corruption. You can have a corrupt deal, a corrupt man, a corrupt country, **a corrupt text**. For instance, Communism collapsed successively in Poland, Germany, Hungary, etc towards the turn of the Century because it was a thoroughly corrupt System, the corruption started in its very way of thinking philosophy... Institutionalised corrupt thinking is far more carastrophic than individually corrupt pockets. That's why Noica was in serious trouble: because he was an honest thinker, like so many other honest Romanian thinkers who got in trouble.



But here, we are concerned only with corrupt texts! Corrupt translations, too, do ultimately lead to **distorted collective thinking**, which gradually becomes a cultural danger. A standard instance? Most Shakespeare translations into French. Why? Quite simple: Shakespeare wrote in **iambic pentameters unrhymed**, and made extensive use of **alliteration** (which was a standard form of “rhyming” in Old English, and has lingered on considerably into both Middle and Modern English). The problem with French is partly objective, but the corruption remains... The prevailing form of versification in French is **the dactylic hexameter rhymed**; and the obligatorily **French stress** on the very last syllable makes alliteration practically inoperable. In consequence, most French translators over the centuries meekly followed public taste, and gave preference to the hexameter. The result? Hamlet, which is in itself a very long play, becomes **two syllables longer in every line**. Can you work out the extended length? And the extension in time, on stage? To counteract that, the French often have to make cuts... And the result of that is only an increased corruption of the text. A properly Frenchified text, particularly of Shakespearean descent, is hence, and ultimately, a bowdlerisation.

It is this kind of **text corruption** that both Levițchi and Duțescu were absolutely against. If you want proof of **their Translation Principles**, do study the two attached texts for a couple of weeks **at a stretch**, and you will find them out for yourselves... If your English is good enough. (I abstain from any comments about your Romanian...)



(2) What is *Excellence*? That is a hard one. Most probably, the shortest thing to say is that it means **to be slightly better than the standard best**. I mean for the moment the institutionalized best. And institutionalising the best has been standard practice in bureaucratic countries like France, Sweden, and Romania for quite some time. Why those three places in particular? The reason is that I am thinking of the successive setting up of their Academies – first France, then Sweden, and, lastly, Romania.

The further trouble is that the three settings-up are historically inter-related. But their purpose was invariably the same, namely the bringing together of all individuals evincing the ‘disease’ of Excellence. And to a certain extent keeping an eye on them... so that they don’t put their foot in it... Whatever IT means in every place... In France, it turned out to be Language in the first place, and Literature to a somewhat lesser degree. The forty members are called ‘les immortels’ on account of **the motto of this Institution being “À l’Immortalité”**. In Sweden, the Academy was somewhat more materialistic: they managed to hijack the Nobel Estate idea, and started dishing out the Prizes, which are today ever so famous, in the first place on account of the vast amounts of money involved for each of the five prizes. And also on account of the **magic Secrecy** involved in the whole operation (there are never any nominations, and never any runner-ups either!). They managed to get the King of Sweden into it too, the most



respectable among the most respectable. And so, it is only a most ceremonious job, solely between the King of Sweden and the lonely Winner... most secretly chosen. The Romanian Academy fares worst of the three: It started badly by rejecting Brâncuși! But its by far the most objectionable move came fairly recently: it was the proposition to set up **the position of “posthumous” membership**. Just in order to accomodate Mircea Eliade, and Constantin Noica, and a handful of others that had been made mincemeat of for more than half a century between 1944 and 1989.

But what about non-institutionalised Excellence? The case of Duțescu and Levițchi in the first place. And of the vast numbers of unknown poets and writers, and other Romanian talents who had died – unknown – on the Russian front? There is ever so much Romanian talent which had been deliberately buried alive for half a Century on account of the “tongue-tied” policies practised then. And now they are either too old, like some war veterans I know, or even dead. Remember Thomas Gray’s famous line **“full many a gem of purest ray serene the deep unfathomed caves of oceans bear,”** written in *Elegy in a Country Church Yard* (1751).

My discussion on *Excellency* with **Anthony Burgess** (1917-1993) while he was in the process of sorting out his ideas in order to be able to present them in coherent shape to President Ronald Reagan & Co at the White House, without treading too much on anybody’s toes, was the more than curious thing that certain professions do not definitely allow of *Excellence*. An excellent Poet, or an Excellent Teacher – YES! But never an



excellent Prime Minister. Not even an excellent ambassador... Though they are invariably addressed to as “Your Excellence”. WHY WAS THAT? We only got as far as the fact that “language does not allow it”, or rather “language use, or subtle usage, blocks it”. Or even, in order to be more technical – it is a question of COLLOCABILITY. A concept of Theoretical Linguistics as important as IDIOMATICITY. Thus, we got as far as saying that there is something wrong with the phrase “an excellent Prime Minister”, just because the two elements of the phrase do not currently collocate. In any Western Language that we could check. (God only knows about the non-Western ones, which are largely inaccessible to us.)

We are now in the area of subtlety. And it must be a point of agreement that Excellence does involve a lot of perceptual subtlety (most often materialised in Language). Hence, An Excellent Translator? YES, OF COURSE! Just look at how subtle he is, and how inventive in the extraordinary equivalents he discovers in his translation of *Meşterul Manole*. To say nothing of Leviţchi’s subtle rhymes in *Hyperion*.

How long did it take them to discover those finds? Does it matter? For the genetic researcher, YES it does. It is important to know that James Joyce spent between 17 and 19 years in the writing of *Finnegans Wake* (first published 1939). But for the average poor translator does it matter? In my opinion, YES it does. For I consider together with many ‘Creators’ that **“In a Work of Art, Time does not count!”**. James Joyce



firmly believed in this slogan, and so did Shakespeare, and Christopher Marlowe, and Robert Browning. And Eliot. And Ezra Pound.

And in my opinion, it should be the condition *sine qua non* in any Translation aiming at Excellence. If the final result gets there or not is quite another matter.

(3) What is **EQUIVALENCE**? It is what all translators aim at. And most of them fail!

Why? For the simple reason that **the following two propositions are simultaneously TRUE**; and that is not at all permitted by current formal Logic. They are the following:

- Any text CAN be translated.
- No text CAN, truly and genuinely, be translated.

Language punning in the first place: (E gol pușcă, dar e sănătos tun!)

I have days when I firmly believe in one of them. Other days when I equally and firmly believe in the other Proposition...

Why? I have spent more than forty years now speaking English practically all the time in Continental Europe (which contains no English-speaking country!). I never write in any other language – largely following the example set by Joseph Conrad in his private life. I only use the local language – be it Swedish, French, Italian, or Swiss German in order to buy either cigarettes, or postage stamps (both on the way out... one kicked out



forcibly by the respective Governments through their police force, the other gradually ousted by the Internet). But still, I cannot help being a fairly good speaker (and sometimes writer of Swedish, French, Italian, and German).

And my hobby is Equivalence: formulated as –

Is *x* in language A EQUIVALENT to *y* in language B?

And this applies at the level of all the Five Units of Language, which do involve translation decisions, namely: **Sentence, Clause, Group, Word, Morpheme.**

(Just remember that the shout of **HELP!**, uttered by a drowning man is a **Sentence**, which is a **Clause**, which is a **Group** (or Phrase!), which is a **Word**, which is a **Morpheme**. In English. Not so in other languages. Not at all so in French, or Romanian, or Italian.)

If Equivalence is there, the question of **Extent** arises, namely To what EXTENT they are equivalent?... For absolutely PERFECT equivalents do not exist.

And that is where Levițchi and Duțescu were the great artists.

In the above texts, and in everything else they did as translators, and teachers.



But let us turn to **The PERFECT TRANSLATOR!**

Who is the Perfect Translator, and does he exist? For me, and for practical, rather than theoretical reasons, I decided there was an embodiment on earth of the Perfect Translator. WHO was he? **Samuel Beckett** (1906-1989), I decided. WHY? The Author translating his own texts at the highest professional level possible...

Sam. Beckett is indeed a Dubliner who studied French in Dublin and Paris, and then became himself a university teacher of French. For a while. Which means he had all the professional qualifications. Then, he became a writer. And wrote almost indiscriminately in both French and English. Some of his texts were first written in French. Some others were first written in English. In my Bibliography of him (q.v.), I try to trace that, and it is not always easy. Eventually he translated himself: what had been French became English. What had been English became French. He never allowed anybody else to translate in his place. I had the honour of speaking in Stockholm about him the very night he received the Nobel Prize (in absentia, for he sent his French Publisher to pick the money, and avoid the speechifying...). I did speak at a stone's throw from the place the Nobel ceremonies were taking place: and, among others, I then made this very point: Beckett was, by definition, the Perfect Translator!

But was he? Let me give two examples: At the end of the Second World War, he wrote a play in Paris called ***En attendant Godot***, which became at once a resounding theatrical success. Not long after, he



translated the text himself into English, and the play *Waiting for Godot* became a great theatrical success in the West End of London. And eventually, New York followed suit. And the rest of the world too. And even the Alcatraz inmates acted it... and were delighted with it: "This is us!", they exclaimed, somewhat perplexed at their own delight.

So, we have the perfect translator, and the two bits of Language – their respective titles – in the two most accessible languages of the world. My question is (all conditions having been met!): Are the two titles **EQUIVALENT**? I say – NO! They are not, in spite of the general critical consensus that they are. I even discussed this point at the Beckett International Conference I organised in 1991 (which turned out to be the very first one about Beckett). WHY are the two titles not equivalent, in the strict sense? Because of the French particle **en**, which appears in the title that was done first! The EXACT English translation of the French title should be *While Waiting for Godot*. And that **While** is most important, because, in the play itself Godot never appears. The whole play is about the wait, a long dentist's wait leading nowhere. In consequence, **the English title is elliptical**, and as such clearly more ambiguous... But clearly, more English, more concise. This is all here in order to make you see things you have not seen, and emphasise the fact that, in order to function, **Equivalence must be precise. And exact. And accurate. And to the point.**



A second Beckett example, far more appalling this one: in 1969, the year of his Nobel Prize, Sam. Beckett publishes a small prose piece, again in French, enigmatically entitled *Sans* (a French preposition meaning **WITHOUT!**). I happened to obtain the text days after publication; I discussed it in a lecture, and wondered what the English title would eventually be when it would be published... And we all threw guesses at random. But we were all left speechless when the English version was published the year after: the English text was entitled *Lessness*. A word which became a **typically Beckett-specific equivalent**. The situation remains an extreme Equivalence surprise. Beckett had created a new English word. That's a **Perfect Translator** for you!

Bibliography: C.George Sandulescu, *A Beckett Synopsis*. Colin Smythe, Gerrards Cross. 1986.

(4) *What is Collocability?*

And this, too, applies at the level of all the Five Units of Language, which do involve translation, namely: **Sentence, Clause, Group, Word, Morpheme**.

Collocability is roughly **the degree of** (stylistic?, or better, cliché!) **match... or... mismatch!** The Welsh poet **Dylan Thomas** (1914-1953) was



famous for violating phrasal constraints, like in the following instances from his *Poems* –

- In the next room **so loud to** my own. (page 137)
- **A grief ago**. (page 54)
- Once it was **the colour of saying**. (page 89)
- **The shadow of a sound**. (page 101)
- For love, **the long ago she bird** rises. (page 121)
- In **the far ago land**. (page 122)
- **Once below a time**. (page 132a+159)
- **All the sun long**. (page 159)
- And **fire green as grass**. (page 159)

Dylan THOMAS, *Collected Poems 1934-1952*. J. M. Dent Ltd. London.

Noam Chomsky (b.1928, and still alive and kicking!) – or ‘Honski’ – as Roman Jakobson more than delighted in invariably calling him (by his genuinely BeloRussian name) –, made extensive use of **collocability** when he produced, out of his own pocket, the more than famous sentence –

Colourless green ideas sleep furiously.

just in order to prove that a Sentence can be syntactically impeccable, but still be an absolute mess from the point of view of meaning. He probably didn't quite know that he was doing exactly the same thing as Rudolf



Carnap (1891-1970) had done long before him in German, when analysing his self-invented sentence –

Piroten karulieren elatisch.

Homski never produced a single line of poetry of the Dylan Thomas kind. But it remains eternally true that his five elements in his own sentence **DO NOT IN ANY WAY COLLOCATE**: Ideas never sleep. Sleep is never furious. And green is never colourless. The nearest you can get to a collocation is that one can indeed be “green with fury”! And many academics were really so, particularly in the late 1960’s and early 1970’s when the Great Rift took place between Language Studies, on the one hand, and Literature Studies, on the other. Which was largely Homski’s own doing...

That Regrettable Homski-generated Rift turned professionals like Levițchi, and Duțescu, and myself and many others into **half-breeds**. There became a fashion for the Language people to be ‘illiterate’, and for the Literature people to be non-language-oriented. *Du tout. Du tout.* The Age of the over-versatile Ferdinand de Saussure (1857-1913), and of Roman Jakobson (1896-1982) had come to a sad end...

But Roman Jakobson’s criticism of Homski remains and will remain for ever not only the most virulent, but also the most lethal of them all: “What do you expect of him? He doesn’t know languages!” An attack within **the same single territory of linguistic ability**! (And that was said to me in a private conversation at table in the Staff Refectory of Harvard University.)



The conclusion, however, should be crystal-clear: **Collocability** does indeed lie **right on the borderline** between Language and Literature. And the Excellent translator must be proficient in **FOUR distinct domains**: not only the Two Languages, but also the Two Literatures. A very hard job that! That is why, the French are wise, when they fuse the two, naming their subject of study *Langue et civilization*.

(5) What is **Idiomacity**? Another hard nut to crack! It could be simply defined as “phrasal specificity to one particular Language or another” like **tiré à quatre épingles** in French, or **to cross your t’s and dot your i’s** in English, or **die Gelegenheit beim schopf fassen** in German. You want one in Romanian? **e cald nemțesc!**

If you move from phrasal level to sentence level, you gradually enter the field of **(national) Proverbs**, professionally called **Paremiology**. Some Proverbs may be identical in several languages, largely for enigmatic reasons, others are so very culture-specific that sometimes they have absolutely no equivalent in the target language. As both *Luceafărul* and *Meșterul Manole* are clearly folklore-oriented, I presume here to present you with a fairly wide variety of national Proverbs I happened to be collecting over the years. It would be a good idea to try and find some Romanian Equivalents. IF YOU CAN! (Do you find them downright **CRAZY**, or just **OUTLANDISH**?)

* **Empty gossip jumps with one leg.** [**Estonian**].



- * Dry pants catch no fish. [Bulgarian].
- * Mistakes ain't haystacks or there'd be more fat ponies than there is. [American].
- * When you see a village with nine houses and ten inns, flee from it. [Bulgarian].
- * The ground is always frozen for lazy pigs. [Danish].
- * He who depends on people hangs from a tree. [German].
- * Lying a little, stealing a little, will get you nicely through the world. [Estonian].
- * Barbers, doctors, pleaders, prostitutes: all must have cash down. [Indian].
- * Do not praise a day before sunset, a horse before a year, a wife before she's dead. [Czech].
- * When you shake hands with a Greek, count your fingers. [Albanian].



- * **Throw the fortunate man into the Nile and he will come out with a fish in his mouth.** [Egyptian].
- * **If a low-bred man obtains wealth, he will carry an umbrella at midnight.** [Tamil].
- * **Drink and sing: an inch before us is black night.** [Japanese].
- * **Why should a man without a head want a hat?** [Chilean].

The theoretical Conclusion is that **inter-language Full-Sentence Equivalence** is the one which is by far the most difficult to handle...

(6) What is *a Language Gap*? In the practical stage, there are certain words that have no equivalent in another language... For instance, several Latin-derived languages, like French or Romanian have no word for **brown**... whereas a fairly simple and insufficiently developed African language may have as many as seven different and specific words for brown!

Romanian has no single word for **toe**. Both French and English do!

Romanian has no word for **clock**, as distinct from **watch**.

There are almost hundreds of other instances that could be quoted



and analysed as part of a systematic discussion of language gaps... But the point has, I think, been more than amply made.

At the philosophical level, we must go to *Rostirea Românească*, an important book by Constantin Noica (1909-1987), who extensively discusses words like DOR etc. To begin at the beginning, the word *Rostirea* itself is hardly translatable into English! What can you say? Discourse is the closest you can get to it, but the equivalence in itself is no good at all!

Taking the two books, we can list a few words worth looking at. First, I quote at random a few chapter titles from the book *Creație și frumos în rostirea românească* (first published 1973):

- Introducere la *dor*.
- *Depărțișor*.
- *Ispitire*, *iscodire*, *iscusire*.
- *Răs*-bunare.
- *Lucru* și *lucrare*.
- A *săvârși*, *sfârși*, *desăvârși*.
- *Către* și apropierea.
- *Întru* și stihiiile.

And from the book entitled *Rostirea filozofică românească* (first published 1970):

- *Rost* și *rostire*.
- Trecere, *petrecere*.



- Vremea **vremuiește**.
- “Mă **paște** gândul”
- **Ne**bun și **ne**tot.
- **Com**unicare și **cum**inecare.

Try and translate them – either as such, separately, or alternatively in longer phrases or sentences...

Going a step further try to read some or all of these chapters and decide for yourselves whether they are translatable or not...

7) A CODA ON VERSIFICATION.

I used to meet Levițchi and Duțescu often and discuss. We used to discuss about everything under the sun – ranging from Unidentified Flying Objects (U. F. O.) to Madame Blavatsky. Except two topics, I noticed, that none of us three ever touched... What were they? Well, one was Politics. Simply because we all considered it, and quite rightly so, as subAcademic. But the other one was – paradoxically – Versification, both the practice and the theory of it. Why was that? It was indeed because of me: I was an almost self-confessed outsider to the subject. Levițchi even tested me once – as a student – with a fragment of *Hamlet* to translate, and I failed lamentably: only because I foolishly produced a text in plain prose, instead of the standard iambic pentameter unrhymed; and the choice of text had been a tricky one too...



It is only now, in later life, that I have started my studies of versification for the first time ever. And I am doing this in earnest, on account of an extraordinary book entitled *The Ode Less Travelled* by Stephen Fry, recently issued in London in print and sound simultaneously: just imagine nine hours of recorded theoretical discussion of the intricacies of versifying. A mini Academic Course.

I am spending time on it almost every day of the week – perhaps as a modest and solitary tribute to the memory of the two great poet-translators **Leon Levițchi** and **Dan Duțescu**.

Could I possibly induce you all to do the same? A collective tribute of effort to an almost forgotten Art – the strictly formalised rules of Poetry of so long ago.

C. G. S.

Stephen Fry. 2005. *The Ode Less Travelled*. Unlocking the Poet Within. Read by the Author. 7 CDs. Approx. 9 hours.
www.rbooks.co.uk

<http://editura.mtlc.ro/sandulescu.LevițchiDuțescu.html>



Atitudinea NOICA

(...) Dar ne-am cam depărtat de la subiectul inițial care era ATITUDINEA NOICA. Iat-o pe scurt:

Zâmbetul, de care vorbea Mitropolitul Antonie al Transilvaniei, la înmormântarea lui Noica.

Dragostea nemărginită **pentru idei**:

BUCURIA DE A GÂNDI.

Dinamismul spiritual excepțional.

O combativitate amabilă și cordială în orice discuție, presărată pe ici pe colo cu o ironie caldă și înțelegătoare.

Dar mai presus de orice, o pasionată curiozitate de adolescent în absolut toate domeniile, și toată viața. Cu el puteai discuta politică sau matematică, artă sau lingvistică... aproape în același timp. Și nu da niciodată vreun semn de oboselă sau plictiseală sau uitare.



În consecință, **definiția filosofiei**, dată de filosoful Noica – chiar în ultima propoziție a tezei sale de doctorat din 1940 – este

“considerarea vieții spiritului din perspectiva morții sale.”

Căci era obsedat de **o posibilă moarte a spiritului**.

Împotriva căreia lupta din toate puterile...

Să-l ajutăm și noi!

Prin **Atitudinea Noica** înțeleg deci în ultimă instanță un **uomo universalis** al Civilizației Românești... Să nu uităm că el însuși îl numea pe Eminescu **“omul deplin** al culturii românești.”

Această atracție spre universalitate – interpretată cu totul greșit de către Comuniști drept **cosmopolitism capitalist** – a fost pricina de seamă pentru care a trebuit să fie și el ‘tras pe roată’, suferind una și alta, precum atât de mulți dintre predecesorii săi.

<http://editura.mtlc.ro/noica.doing-time.html>



The Editor's ForeWord

to Noica Anthology Volume Two – General Philosophy.

1. Please note that there is a fundamental distinction to be made in this book between [Part One](#) and [Part Two](#): namely, the excerpts published in **Part One** had not been subjected to Communist censorship. Whereas the excerpts published under **Part Two** were indeed subjected to the censorship of the then Communist Establishment.

After so many years of obligatory domicile at Câmpulung Muscel, and after the years in jail, Noica was acutely aware, as he told me himself, of the existence of the finest restrictions & permissions of such “Cap Limpede, or C.L.” Censorship.

He was able to master it so well that he managed to beat it out of existence. Where? & How? In the book *Pray for Brother Alexander*, which is entirely made up of letters, the texts of which, sent to his own wife Wendy in England, managed to beat absolutely all his prison Censors. All, except one, who must have stopped one of the letters, as the Translator Wendy Noica points out in the Preface.

The point I am making here is that by the time he left prison, he was **a consummate Censor himself**, able to beat all the Agerpres ones! In his writings and in his Eminescu statements.



Everything he published after 1964 is minutely self-censored. Before it was officially censored. My Big Question at this stage is the following: Would Noica have written the same way, if he had not deliberately self-censored all his writings so carefully? And my answer is: **Certainly not.**

His wife Wendy testifies to it herself, when she writes in her brief biography of her husband that **he did not publish anything after he was let out of prison.** In a sense, she is right in saying that! Because she is in the know. His self-censorship had turned him into a philosopher that she was no longer able to recognise. A philosopher that was no longer himself as a free-thinker. They had both worked together, and translated together throughout the 1930's and a large part of the 1940's. And on the basis of that, she knew what she was talking about. And she knew full well the kind of philosopher that was in him. But he had learnt Censorship the hardest way, and was a past Master of it... I beg all Romanians to understand the complexity of this statement.



There is more than flagrant TEXTUAL proof of what I advance! Here it is:

It occurs in CONSTANTIN NOICA's **JURNAL FILOZOFIC**, published in 1944:



6. Noi nu avem un termen românesc pentru „devenire”. Avem câteva pentru ființă, dar nu avem pentru devenire. Am fi putut avea termenul de: petrecere (se petrece ceva, care e mai mult decât se întâmplă, are loc: are desfășurare). Dar l-au expropriat chefliei. Singura noastră devenire este în chef, în distracție, – în înstrăinare.

6. We do not have a Romanian term for “becoming”. We have a few for the term “being”, but we do not have one for “becoming”. We could have had the term “petrecere” (happening – something is happening, which is a little more than just occurring; for it has “development”). But it was taken up with other things... Our only development lies therefore in entertainment, in estrangement.

50. „Eu sunt cel ce sunt”, spune Dumnezeu lui Moise (Exodul 3,14). Nu-i spune: „Eu sunt cel ce este.” Chiar când îl îndeamnă să se ducă la ceilalți, Dumnezeu îl învață pe Moise să le vorbească despre „cel ce se numește Eu sunt”. Ce curios sună: „Eu sunt m-a trimis la voi”!

Căci Dumnezeu nu este. Numai noi știm ce e aceea „este”, ființa. În unele cazuri privilegiate, în filozofie, știm pe „ești”, ființa subiectivizată. În comunitate știm pe „suntem” sau „sunteți”. Numai Dumnezeu știe pe Eu sunt; ca să nu mai aibă nevoie de ești, este, suntem...



50. “I am what I am”, says God to Moses (*Exodus* 3 : 14). He does not say “I am He that IS”. Even when He pushes him to go to the others, God instructs Moses to refer to him as “the One who calls Himself I AM”. How curious it all sounds to say: “It is I AM who has sent me to speak to you”!

Just because God IS NOT. It is only us who know what it really means to be IS. In other words, The Being. In certain privileged cases in philosophy, we know only too well the “ARE”, in other words: the subjectivised being. When we are within the community, we know full well the “ARE” all over the place... But only God fully knows the “I AM”. So that He is never in need of any of the Other Items.

57. Nu există decât două filozofii mari: filozofia greacă și filozofia idealismului german; filozofia ființei și filozofia spiritului. Iar ce e interesant, e că amândouă s-au născut în marginea devenirii. Refuzând devenirea, filozofia greacă a găsit ființa. Integrând-o, cea germană a găsit spiritul. Poate că prima și ultima problemă a filozofiei e: curgerea, pierderea, viața.

57. There are only TWO great philosophies in the world, and two only: the Greek philosophy, and the philosophy of German Idealism. The Philosophy of Being, and The Philosophy of the Spirit, in other words. But



what is interesting in both of them is that they were – each separately – born on the fringes of the Concept of Becoming. The very first problem of philosophy as well as the very last problem of philosophy is the flowing, the passing away, Life itself.

Where is God and St. Augustine in the SECOND PART of this volume?

They are not at all there.

They have been removed by the invisible hand of Censorship.

2. That is the Major Reason, in more senses than one, for which a Noica *Bibliographie raisonnée* will never be possible. Many of his works had been conceived, part on paper, part in the Mind only, over the years, as I will be giving circumstantial proof further down.

Unlike living beings, a text is endowed with *several dates of birth*: The date of writing, the date of publication, and finally, the date of our own reception.

We do not possess the exact date of actual writing of many of his published texts. And we do not have any clear indications either about **the degree of censorship adjustment** the author himself performed on his nascent ideas over time.

Nobody practically talks about the actual Noica Manuscripts. Where are they? In addition, there is a lot of Noica correspondence, largely



addressed to his family and close friends, at the various periods of his life. No notables seem to be interested in all that at all, at all. This being just another symptom of the post-Communists tendency to deliberately marginalise a major Romanian thinker-writer.

The postCommunist Establishment tends to treat him like... **just another writer** – bracketed together with dozens upon dozens of others “as good or even better...”. He may be good enough for the making of some more money for one publishing house or another.

3. Both the principles and the details of the present **Anthology** have at length been discussed and agreed upon with philosopher Constantin Noica in person, during the days he spent holidaying in the Principality of Monaco, at my house, in September 1985. He instructed members of his family to cooperate in this major undertaking that he himself welcomed most enthusiastically (cf ***His Holograph List of Writings***).

The sole purpose of this Anthology is **to put excerpts of his writings at the disposal of as wide a public as is humanly possible** in the language of his own English wife. It so happens that now – almost a quarter of a Century after his death – **English** is the sole language worth the notice in the world, largely thanks to the internet and the world impact of the Olympic Games.



4. A last few words about **Jacqueline de Romilly**, *membre de l'Académie française*, who died yesterday, 97 years old. I used to know her fairly well for three reasons: She had given a few talks here in Monaco over the years, and Simina Noica had been her Personal Assistant for more than a quarter of a century. Lastly, Madame de Romilly was also present at the last Noica-Cioran-Eliade meeting in Paris in September 1985 (which I discussed in greater detail in the first volume of the present Anthology).

As a homage for her thought and work, Jacqueline de Romilly had been made a Greek citizen in 1995 and given a Greek passport, for her services to the country. How incomparably greater and more gentle a gesture, particularly when related to Noica being given a **posthumous seat** in the Romanian Academy... (Is there really an empty seat with his name on it over there, as Nobel did the other day in Oslo for the Chinese prisoner who received the Peace Prize?) Or is it just empty words?

C. George SANDULESCU

Monaco, 20 December 2010

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/noica.general-philosophy.html>



***Eminescu*Noica: Axiological Linguistics.**

Here is what Noica writes in an unexpectedly linguistic context:

Poate părea curios să revendicăm raționalitate pentru o limbă creată de omul din popor, cel puțin în stadiul ei prim de dezvoltare; dar dacă un lingvist cum era americanul Lee Whorf putea spune că limba *hopi* a pieilor roșii era, sub multe raporturi, mai potrivită pentru teoria relativității decât germana ori engleza, nu ne vom sfii să credem că o limbă de obârșia nobilă și dezvoltarea impresionantă a celei românești are a spune ceva rațiunii.

Sentimentul românesc al ființei, București, Editura Eminescu, 1978, p. 51.

The Romanians, quite typically, do NOT understand their own language. I mean: They do not understand at all the STATUS of their language... in relation to other languages.

For the simple reason that that forms the subject of a special field of study in Theoretical Linguistics they know nothing about. And they never cared about – systematically.

Anecdotaly – Yes. Perhaps they cared. We all hated the Russian language. Collectively. Just because it had been so brutally and forcibly



imposed upon us. Many – including myself, as a child, hated German for much the same reason: the language of the occupant... And somewhat before that, I remember there was another hate at school: My senior colleagues at the Lycée hated, in a quite different way, Latin and Greek. For the joint reason of outside imposition and apparent uselessness. And I also hated French and used to jump out of the window to escape my private teacher of French when she came for her regular lessons: just because I hated the teacher, poor woman, a Paris actress though she had been in her earlier married life... and a Bulandra.

We all have emotional global attitudes to languages. They are inescapable: “*horrid German,*” as Oscar Wilde asks one of his girly characters to say in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Ultimately, each and every one of us has likes and dislikes about languages. For the widest variety of reasons. Explicable... only with great difficulty.

And the same kind of animosity is manifest against individual words. I love Italian for instance, but if there is one word I hate most of all it is *cibo*... And then ever since I was a teenager I used to say aloud – just for fun and ridicule – certain other Italian words like *l’attaccapanni*, or *paracadutisti*.

To say nothing of Swedish, where **father** is *far*. **Grandfather**? *Farfar*. **Mother** is *mor*. **Grandmother** is *mormor*. A most common way of address is *hej*! But the reply to that is as commonly *hejhej*! So, to summarize: How about a hypothetical sentence like



Hejhej, mormor och farfar!

Quite correct. But how ridiculous... An idiosyncratic valuation...

We are now in the domain of **emotional language studies**. And that special field of research is called **Axiological Linguistics**. No teachers dare to teach it. Few dare even to speak about it.



About axiology, philosophers are sure to know a lot. In France, it is even called *déontologie*...

My former Mihai Viteazu school chum Ludwig Grünberg, now deceased, used to know a lot about it as a Professor of Marxist Philosophy, so much so that he was even elected President of the **World Association of Axiology** as far back as the 1960's.

And he was working with, and under, Tudor Bugnariu, who was Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Bucharest, in the high days of Ceaușescu. And they both once invited me to attend a special staff Seminar there. The topic, you may ask? It was about women, of all objects of study. Women philosophically dissected. I shouldn't say more, because if they were to know the exact topic, they are sure to skin me off. (For it was in the days before Feminism came about, and nobody had yet heard of "political correctness" on that particular side of the Iron Curtain.)



You are asking me why I mentioned Tudor Bugnariu? I am bound to talk about him not only because he was the boss of all the Professors of Marxist-Leninist Philosophy of the University of Bucharest in the days of glory of Old Nick, but he also happened to be the husband of Dorli Blaga.

And it was his family position and his professional status – both taken closely together and tightly knotted – that had saved the poet-philosopher Lucian Blaga from the Noica fate of doing a variable number of years in both prison and obligatory domicile. Or the other way round.

Well, what we are left with, after all the above axiology, is just another axiology.

That brand of axiology that is applied to LANGUAGES. The one that both Noica and Eminescu were hypnotised by and passioned for. So, let us start from there, and ask: What is Axiology?



Axiology is the study of value assignation. When you say “This wine is very pleasant,” you are clearly making an axiological statement. And when you say “I hate waiting”, you are making another. Women make far more axiological statements than men. And children of all ages make far more axiological statements – grounded, or groundless – than women do.



When Noica speaks so very highly about **întru**, he makes a value judgment.

When Noica speaks about “Miracolul eminescian”, he makes a most formidable value judgment.

The book *Cuvânt împreună despre Rostirea Românească*, the book *Rostirea filosofică românească*, the book *Creație și frumos în Rostirea Românească*, and culminating with the essay *Eminescu sau gânduri despre omul deplin al culturii românești*, are all complex systems of value judgments, carefully constructing the field of **Romanian Axiological Linguistics**. It is not at all **Linguistics**: Alexandru Rosetti himself pooh-pooh’ed it all to me in no end of disparaging professional items of diagnosis. It is not **Literary Criticism** either. For all, or most, literary critics are either puzzled or baffled or both. It is Axiological Linguistics of the highest possible quality.

You feel you want simpler proof? Let’s listen to Noica talking to the pupils of a Lycée *quelconque* in the city of Bucharest, one year before his untimely death. He refers in particular to *Rostirea filosofică românească*:

O întrebare veche: ce șanse are filosofia care utilizează o limbă de circulație restrânsă să ajungă o filosofie universală? De circulație universală nu știu dacă poate fi vorba, dar de bună filosofare – da! De pildă, limba cu cea mai mare circulație azi este engleza. Dar în limba engleză, astăzi, nu e filosofie. Ce s-a dezvoltat la ei mai mult e



lingvistica, filologia. Limba engleză nu are cuvinte, are numai sintagme, nu are adâncime. Pe când noi, sau, știu eu? **vreo limbă slavă, cu siguranță rusa, germana sunt limbi cu adâncime.** Și anume: sunt limbi în care cuvintele au biografie! Îmi pare rău că nu reușesc să-l conving pe editor să retipărească *Rostirea filosofică românească*; vedeți acolo vreo 30-40 de cuvinte românești care au o întreagă poveste a lor, cam de felul celor de care am pomenit mai înainte.

(cf his talk to the Bucharest pupils, published in Volume TWO of this Anthology.)

Putting Romanian on a par with Greek and German is no joke. It is a formidable value judgment, moreover when the discussion takes place in the specialised context of philosophy. The **Philosophy of Linguistics**, in particular.



When dealing with **Rostirea Românească**, Noica changes philosophical method radically. How many have noticed that, in as many words?

He clearly moves to a subjective, judgmental stance when dealing with the phenomenon of the **Miracle**. Which is just as elusive as Joyce's **epiphany**: it is not something that you can touch or count, even metaphorically speaking, at the most abstract level.





Axiological Linguistics is a subjective science. Wholly. And whether we want it or not, we must swallow the oxymoron.

Most statements connected with Language are subjective to a variable degree, when we come to think of it. Take any area of language study for instance. As I already pointed out in my book entitled *The Language of the Devil*, the fundamental philosophical construct in advanced research on Language is **Convention**.

One dialect is accepted and another is not, in much the same way in which one pronunciation of a single word is accepted, whereas another is not. That is why, [Acceptability](#) overrides Chomsky's [Competence](#). Moving from the area of Pronunciation to the area of Grammar, just think of the rather "whimsical" uses of the Subjunctive in French or in Italian. Compare them with their Latin counterparts, just to realise how arbitrary Language choices can be over larger spans of Time and Space. That is why Chomsky is right, in his idiosyncratic way, to ban the study of syntax over longer spans of Time. And his construct of **Linguistic Competence** eliminates of course the taking in of the "Foreign" Language, no matter how closely related it might happen to be. Just think at this stage of the relation in one particular language compartment between Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian. The two brands of Norwegian, to be precise. And in the closely



knit Europe, who could dare to leave out “Finlands svenska”, with its own quite specific Universities and Academies at Åbo / Turku?

Moving from [Pronunciation](#) and [Grammar](#) to the Lexis, or rather to [Lexicology](#), to use its name favoured by most Russian linguists, things get even worse. None of us were born with a mobile telephone in our pockets. It is a new gadget. Very new. Now, in this very silly Europe of ours, one would logically imagine that the sometimes bothersome contraption would carry the same name in all, or most, European languages. But is it so? Not at all. Not at all. It is called *mobile* in English, *cellphone* in American, *cellulare* in Italy, and worst of all, *portable* in French, and *handy* in Germany... So, Noica's folklore is definitively gone, as he admits himself, overboard. What are we left with today? The language mess on the Internet, in order to replace... Noica's folklore.

The point I am making is that it is Subjectivism that carries the value judgments. And ultimately, Noica was more proud of putting across a philosophical Way of Thinking, rather than a handful of dogmatic philosophical conclusions. His whole professional behaviour was tantamount to stating that **The Process is far more important than the Outcome** in the shape of a statement, more particularly so when the statement he was trying to undermine by his very Attitude was simply “Heil Hitler & Stalin” all in one. And now, that Stalin is gone out of the Moscow Mausoleum, there is persistent talk – in the News today – that the century-old body of embalmed Lenin will go too... – tangible dogma gone overboard.



That is why Noica was for the Process. Folklore was a process; it is gone. Eminescu was a miracle, hence a process. Thanks to the more than enigmatic mess surrounding the Princeps Edition of “Les Cahiers Eminescu”, the touch of Miracle is gone too. So, Romania as a country – after Noica – happens to be left with very little. And when the Romanians themselves marginalise their language in Europe, what are they really going to be left with?

The answer is in your hands.



The major significance of Noica lies in the fact that he discovered, described, and philosophically discussed the EMOTIONAL valencies of individual words – *get beget românești* – like **Dor** and **ÎNTRU**, and all the others.

Further, and perhaps more importantly, he pointed to the central fact that the MOTHER TONGUE should be scientifically looked at – and systematically as well – from a purely **emotional** viewpoint. He has learnt that from Eminescu, as soon as he was let out of prison – in the years 1964 and 1965 and 1966. It was precisely in those years that he started publishing both about Eminescu and about **Rostirea Românească**.

And it is there that the MIRACLE lies. In other words, the Eminescu Linguistic Miracle is, after Noica, adducible to scholarly – hence philosophical – investigation.



That Stance (*Atitudine*, in Romanian!) was never possible before the *EminescuNoica* miraculous fusion: one genius of one kind PLUS one genius of another kind. Stanley discovering Livingstone, and Livingstone discovering Stanley all in one.

Noica says in the BackCover blurb of the book *Introdúcere la Miracolul Eminescian* (a quotation from page 14):

În clipa de față Eminescu nu e decât cel mai mare poet al României. Avem temeiuri să credem că el poate fi transformat în PEDAGOG al ei dacă se pun la dispoziția oricui, și mai ales a tineretului, caietele cuprinse în cele 44 manuscrise de la Biblioteca Academiei Române.

Noica thus creates a NEW field of Research – that of Axiological Linguistics.

It is – conceivably – applicable to other languages, particularly in point of METHOD. Which is **PANCHRONIC** (q.v.) in its very essence. To understand the philosophical category of “panchronic” in the theoretical study of Languages, you must necessarily pitch Ferdinand de SAUSSURE, (q.v.) against Edward SAPIR & Noah CHOMSKY, (qq.v.), an antagonism which would in itself take two or even three hundred pages of discussion.

It was Saussure who put forth the options **synchronic vs diachronic** in his *Cours de Linguistique Générale* (passim).



It was Sapir & Chomsky who indignantly rejected the Diachronic, in the whole of American, and even World, Theoretical Linguistics, with rather disgraceful effects for staff and students alike.

In the past half century...

It is Noica, coming from outside Linguistics proper, who brings in a New Approach. The Past is gone, but let us take it with us “dead as a doornail” as it is, anyhow. That is what a **PANCHRONIC ATTITUDE** is about...

And as Ludwig Wittgenstein says in his very Epigraph to *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* –

*...und alles, was man weiß, nicht bloß, rauschen und brausen
gehört hat, läßt sich in drei Worten sagen.*

...and whatever a man knows, whatever is not mere rumbling and roaring that he has heard, can be said in three words.

Panchronism, therefore, is the simultaneous fusion, for what it's worth, of Saussure binary opposition, Roman Jakobson was so very fond of too.

It is Noica that fuses it at a higher, philosophical-above-linguistics level.





Axiological Linguistics can only operate panchronically.

Each and every other individual language should have a Noica in order to do for it what he himself has done for the Romanian Language: bringing it closer to the national heart, by subtly rejecting *tout langage patriotard...* and replacing that with a solid philosophical analysis.

The itemised languages of the Balkans should do the same – whatever is their daily variable number...

The countries of central Europe should do the same, particularly Switzerland and today-linguistically-ungovernable Belgium!

The European Union should take an example from Noica's Philosophy of Language and do the same, both individually, and *in toto*.

As to the United States, God protect them! Linguistically.

They need a *Noica-cum-Eminescu* to TEACH them how to philosophise – properly and seriously about Language. Panchronically, like Noica. Not at all narrowly SYNCHRONICALLY and over-positivistically, as transitory Chomsky does.

Take Noica as an example of **Linguistic Method**. And forget that Romanian itself is a **small language**, with a more than ailing economy... to make things worse. And international neglect automatically magnified.



Last but not least, do not forget that LA FRANCOPHONIE has done immense damage to the Romanian Language. By forcing more than everybody to forget that **“LATINA GINTĂ E REGINĂ.”**

That is a typical panchronic fact, not a chauvinistic opinion. Let all diplomats and politicians ponder deeply over it. (The Romanians are far too proud over *Le Congrès de la Francophonie* they recently organised in Ceaușescu’s Palace... without at all realising the damage that it has done.)

Forget the specific language: Noica still remains a world example in point of objective-cum-subjective research METHOD.



Languages are like a carpenter’s tools. Wittgenstein had noticed that in his lectures about Aesthetics. But remember that a carpenter’s tools are there, ALWAYS there, for specific jobs: some are good for certain operations – not at all for other operations. Noica says that clearly about languages in philosophy (cf his talk to the Bucharest pupils).

Certain Languages are no good to philosophise in. That is a Noica Statement. Take it or leave it. But remember that it is a value judgment made by a philosopher of repute.

For instance: Napoleon had said that England is “a nation of shopkeepers” (“*une nation des boutiquiers...*”). Noica says that – for complex ‘intrinsically linguistic’ reasons, English is not a language one can easily philosophise in. He even went as far as telling his wife Wendy that it is not



worth coming to England any more, simply because England – in the French sense of Great Britain – is a country practically without philosophers. And on his last visit to the West – in September 1985 – he did not even bother to go there. He came to Monaco. Indeed he did. But never went to England. Because it is “a country without philosophers”. The British and the Americans do go up in smoke whenever I try that statement on them, and the last I tried it on was no less than the most famous Cambridge University Professor of Literature. Who went up in smoke too...

But it happens to be so. England, by the side of ancient Greece and Germany, remains a country with just lightweight Philosophers.

Like France, with relatively lightweight Composers. And Italy, with a fairly insignificant Literature... at least according to Anthony Burgess.

Why are we so scared stiff, out of our wits, to stick our necks out – now in full Twenty-First Century – to make Statements like that? Noica never knew what **Fright** was... He was even trying to teach Immanuel Kant to Romanian secret-police ignoramuses. And they thought he was talking about the “Kent” cigarettes, and even wrote so in their police reports... He was **more than sincere** in his philosophising... And without that kind of courage, and that kind of bravado in the daring of it, Axiological Linguistics would never be possible. (And I doubt whether it is possible within the European Union. Or whether the ‘Homeland’ Department would allow it in the United States... without suspicion.)



Noica has been the only one in Romania to think language philosophically.

I for one have practically met all the major Western World linguists of the 20th Century, and had professional discussions with them, either in public, or in private. They are all positivists to the marrow of their bones, and the worst of them are the Swedes, and Scandinavians, who go for the Hardest Facts only. In the study of languages.

They are unable to think language philosophically. Belonging there too are the Romanians Alexandru Rosetti, Iorgu Iordan, and Alexandru Graur. I talked to all three of them together at the Vienna World Congress of Linguists in August 1977, when one little Romanian was elected President. They did not even wish to begin to understand – all three of them taken together – what Noica was trying to talk about. They failed even to conceive the possibility of the existence of such a thing as Axiological Linguistics.

(Solomon Marcus too cannot get out of his mathematics [his Linguistics has always been subsidiary...] in order to come anywhere near Noica's thinking.)

*



Towards a Definition? Any value judgment, be it at individual or collective (group, or whole-nation) level, incorporated into a Language as a **presupposition with regard to Language** can, and should, form the object of study of Axiological Linguistics.

Post Scriptum. What did Noica do when he got out of prison? He started working. Working on what? On philosophy. But what philosophy, he thought, would beat the Censorship? The Philosophy of EMINESCU. For nobody would dare touch Eminescu! He went to Eminescu to find, and publish, Eminescu's translation of Immanuel Kant. *La preuve?* The footnote placed at the end of The Introduction to *Mihai Eminescu, Lecturi Kantiene*, page 49, says the following: "**Fragmente din traducerea lui Eminescu au apărut în revista Ramuri (1968), editate de noi.**" Therefrom started **Rostirea Românească**. Therefrom started **The Eminescu Miracle**... Therefore the title of this Volume Three of the Noica Anthology. How many days after they let him out of prison did he do that? And **Rostirea filosofică românească** was on the market soon afterwards, in 1970... And remains unbeatable.

<http://editura.mtlc.ro/noica.rostirea-romaneasca.html>



A New Noica of Long Ago: Mihail C. Vlădescu (1886-1931)

He's been on my book-shelf for more than half a century. I remember having to cut some of the pages of the new plays upon my very first reading...



A forgotten man. A fairly good Romanian writer never remembered by anybody. Except by his own brothers and sisters. And by myself.



One of the very rare literary personalities revived direct by the Net.



Is he worth it? It's up to you all to judge... He may enrich Romanian literature. Or he may not.

One can never properly judge one's own!

For relatives usually lack the distancing required in order to relate in an objective manner.



What was he? He was many things: a devoted **Soldier** in the fight against the Nation's Enemy – something quite impossible to find in our days, where the Homeland – *La Patrie* – has etherised into near-total disappearance.

A passionate Member of Parliament – *un député* – fighting the high and mighty – Nicolae Iorga, for instance – by the skin of his teeth, for the right cause – I'm sure. What exactly was that 'right cause', you may ask. I reply, 'I haven't the slightest idea'... But for an officer like him – barely back from battle – it is quite, quite inconceivable that he would have stood up so staunchly for the wrong thing.

He must have been far too deeply marked by the Great War.

A meticulous **commentator** of war events from so many angles: the personal and intimate angle of the war-diarist; the highly analytical angle



of the consummate war scholar, in *Problemele Comandamentului*. And last, but not quite, from the purely fictional angle – from the highest viewpoint of all – the purely literary one, in his so very economically written dozen or so of short stories, entitled *În Retragere*.



What professions did he actually exert? For there is so much circumstantial evidence that he must most certainly have had more than one...

Having studied Law at the University of Bucharest before the First World War, he of course became ‘**un avocat**’, that is, in English terms, both a solicitor and a barrister, wrapped all in one.

I must humbly confess that I do not know absolutely anything about his achievements from my own family. (He had died three years or so before I was born...)

But considering he had been prospering financially – with an elegant villa at Braşov and even a German governess to take care of it (she took care of me too for a whole summer when I was old enough to remember her face and her memorable statements!), he was spoken of with the kind of respect that money almost automatically generated around him.



And then, he wrote. For the newspapers, of course. So he was also a **journalist**. Which newspapers? And what about?

I have absolutely no idea. For in my later years of adolescence and early youth I was so frantically busy hiding his intellect, his image, his very existence from the over-inquisitive Communist régime that had for half a century enveloped the whole country that no member of the family ever dared touch the subject, not even in the most private circumstances. We had all learned ever so quickly in the late 1940's that mentioning the Past was not only perfectly useless, but could also become extremely dangerous. Especially for the younger generation.

So, the blanket of total silence enveloped the personality of Mihail Vlădescu for the rest of the century.

It was only his private life that was softly whispered around me. With awe. But it was all so very low key, and ever so fragmentary that I could, barely and with difficulty, piece two and two together for my own secret understanding.

To hide your own relatives in the remotest corners of your heart the whole and entire world seems to understand and be in full agreement with.



When your own relatives happen to be evildoers, and downright criminals...

But for the very opposite reason, I never found any beginning of understanding anywhere – absolutely not anywhere. In the whole Western World, except the occasional embarrassed gesture of fairly superficial compassion, and the even more embarrassed shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by the even rarer statement – ‘I’m ever so glad that that never happened to us here... neither to me, nor to my family.’

The lack of empathy – genuine and complete empathy – *sautait aux yeux!*

The only form of compassion The Western World had developed for itself was Charity – the charity that Oscar Wilde was so very much against. Even long before he felt it on his own skin (he merely intuited that it would be there in the pipeline for him too in the months before his death).

The worst effect of Communism institutionalised for a solid half century in half Europe remains the irrecoverable **Silence**: the events, and feelings and opinions, that all those who lived them have taken to the grave with them.



So many of them people. So many of them events. So many of them emotions.

As the very last survivor of two large families numbering together more than two dozen, the number of questions I would like to ask the dead members of my mother's and my father's respective families about their past lives is more than infinite. More particularly so, when they include outstanding Philosophers, Academicians, and Parliamentarians.

And that is where Romanian history has a **Black Hole** extending over an interminable half century. How could the darkest Middle Ages be allowed to be 'made possible' right in the midst of Twentieth Century civilization, and right in the heart of the 'most civilized' of all the Five Continents?

Though having been dead for more than a dozen years **before** the advent of Communism in Romania, the case of Mihail C. Vlădescu remains that of a victim in point. Constructing his biography is a near impossibility. Or an achievement at the level of a super-Doctoral Dissertation. Judging only by the amount of research involved.

For this particular Noica wrote at a time when Noica-the-Philosopher was a mere nine-years-old, and The-Venerable-Monk Noica – the philosopher's son – was about fifteen years away from being born.



Last but not least, there is the mighty literary connection: Cei Trei Crai de la Răsărit – all of them *Crai de Curtea Veche* – were, in fact, four: as the group of three very close friends in the 1930's – NOICA + ELIADE + CIORAN – was over time completed by a fourth, namely by Eugen IONESCU. Or *Ionesco*, for short. The Unique Ionescu. *Membre de l'Académie Française!*

Have there been, I presume to ask, any invisible, imperceptible, unforeseen links to be established with the very Spirit in which this Vlădescu conceived and achieved the Writings assembled together in these five little volumes?

POST SCRIPTUM. *Mihail C. Vlădescu* uneori prefera ortografia **Michail**, cum se poate confirma pe coperta uneia din cele cinci cărți pe care și le-a publicat singur în deceniul care a urmat Primului Război Mondial. **Michail** sună atât de biblic, și atât de aproape de Arhanghelul Michail! Scria des și sub pseudonimul *Alexis V. Drăculea*. Unde **Alexis** reprezenta Alexandria, orașul de baștină al întregii familii Noica; inițiala **V** reprezintă, fără îndoială, patronimul Vlădescu. Dar **Drăculea**? E greu... Îmi aduc aminte vag că mama vorbea despre *o moșie Drăculești* pe care tatăl ei Constantin



Vlădescu, primar al oraşului Alexandria, o ţinuse în arendă o bună bucată de vreme înainte de anul 1900, sub domnia regelui Carol I.

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Lidia Vianu

The Secret in the Text

*The Joycean Monologue, A Study of Character and
Monologue in Joyce's **Ulysses** against the
Background of Literary Tradition,
by C. George Sandulescu*

Novels are stories, and stories create a world of heroes. Paradoxically, the master story of fiction seems to have been created by 20th century Modernism, the literary movement which programmatically challenged commonly used narrative conventions by means of the so-called method of Stream of Consciousness, by the discovery that the novelist could sneak into a hero's mind and allow us to overhear his interior monologue till we knew him inside out.

Since *Ulysses* was published, reading it has become an increasing challenge. Understanding Joyce has never been within everybody's reach. Explaining Joyce so that the common reader can enjoy his defiance of all



existing literary rules, stories and especially words has not been the priority of Joycean scholars so far.

George Sandulescu published *The Joycean Monologue* in 1979. It will soon be a hundred years since *Ulysses* was published and since it has been – more or less misguidedly – read, yet this critic's approach is the only reasonable way out of the maze and into the reader's soul. Or heart. Or whatever it is that makes us all embrace a text and go back to it as if it were for the first time.

Approach is a badly chosen term if it makes anyone think of structuralism, deconstruction, cultural studies, feminism, semiotics, etc. George Sandulescu is at home with approaches, but his criticism of Joyce is more than mechanical ranking of the text within preestablished values and norms. **His criticism creates its object.** The object of the *Joycean Monologue* is not merely the written page. It is a plea to look for Joyce's secret in his novel, and that secret, as spelt out in this book, which is probably a lot more than criticism – possibly the critic's own story – is James Joyce's own soul.

The Joycean Monologue, then, is an isolated case in the mass of criticism written on *Ulysses*. It is the only critical text so far that refuses to humour Joyce and follow the remark he made to one of his translators: 'I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality.' His words come very close to what T.S. Eliot meant when he stated, 'Poetry can communicate before it is understood.'

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The vast majority of Joycean scholars have fallen, are still falling unimaginatively in Joyce's trap. Unlike them, the author of this study has one major point to make: the reader must forget enigmas and simply *share* the story, a story which – the critic repeatedly proves – is there all right, as well as the heroes who derive from it. His critical study is, in fact, the perfect guide to finding them.

As G. Sandulescu warned me, '*Ulysses* is thoroughly a 1922 Paris novel' – which makes the critic wonder if Dublin was not, after all, 'just a pretext'. One key to place, time and meaning is the cover the author chose for *The Joycean Monologue*, which, among quite a number of other embedded major statements, contains Brancusi's second portrait of Joyce. Brancusi – the Romanian Paris-man, whom Joyce knew well. They both had trouble with the Courts of Law in much the same way, over values in Art...

From the heart of that image – which, the critic once said, reminds of the Paris *arrondissements* – Mallarmé's words, used by a Joyce hero in Episode 9, gush forth in syllables all mixed up in a typically Joycean confusing order, an order that resists understanding while teasing, tantalising it, making it exquisitely slow: '... li-sa-nt au li-vr-e de lu-i même...' – meaning, in English, 'reading the book of himself'.

Brancusi's second portrait of Joyce is just another prolongation of Mallarmé's words. His image pictures Joyce as a spiral of the internal ear. The Romanian-born artist is said to have tried to represent the Irish-born novelist listening to himself, 'en écoutant le livre de lui-même.'



Mallarmé wrote these words while referring to Hamlet, in 1896. They surfaced in *Ulysses* in 1922. We find them again as the best definition of Joyce's monologue, in 1979, on the cover of a critical book revised and republished online in 2010, attempting to tell us that everything Joyce writes can be understood both as 'words, words, words' and as excruciating experiences; that reading is a private, solitary decoding of words in order to reach souls.

G. Sandulescu's choice of cover for his Guide to *Ulysses* leads to the critic's website - <http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/> - whose motto is Mallarmé's statement: *'Tout, au monde, existe pour aboutir à un livre.'* To Joyce the world, all human life, did end up in a book, in the use of interior monologue as method: a method to hide a story and force readers to do intellectual research in order to find, at the end of the road, that the Joycean Monologue is placed within their own souls. Once a reader has retraced an author's way back from the book to whatever 'tout au monde' may mean, that book has proved itself. This is what G. Sandulescu's book ultimately postulates: Joyce is as complex, as human, as frail and as determined to survive, as endearingly mortal as we all are. Or, in the critic's own words, he is a 'highly introvert poetic novelist', who only opens up to those who are ready to see. Reading *The Joycean Monologue* is one way of finding out if we qualify.

We learn from this critical Guide to a novel which proves to be as immediate as life itself that Joyce's essential innovation - taken up by Virginia Woolf after his model, as the critic remarks - is the use of interior

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monologue for more than one hero. Instead of one stream of consciousness leading to one eventually pieced-up story, we have three monologues and three angles of vision to fight for. What is not present in the book is, maybe, the later feeling of the critic that the focus of Joyce's passion and art may not be on Bloom but on Stephen. This the critic himself took up and enlarged upon in a subsequent volume he wrote, on the *language of the devil* and on the *Joycean archetype* in *Finnegans Wake* (1987).

The major asset of this critical text is its structural originality. The reader is fascinated with the critic's mind seen *à vif*, at work, in this X-ray of Joyce's own intelligence. G. Sandulescu always finds the core of the text; he gives us the backbone of Joyce's work so that we can try to force the limits of literature with him.

A book of criticism that mixes sharp intelligence with intensely sympathising sensibility was bound to go against the grain. This approach has created its own object. The object of *The Joycean Monologue* is as fresh, as forceful, as true to the work as *Ulysses* was to life. Both *Ulysses* and *The Joycean Monologue* are snapshots – sometimes over-, sometimes under-exposed, both fascinating and lacerating – of the painfully uncertain, elusive, transient union of word, thought, heart and soul.

This volume includes three more essays which were written at a later date: *The Polyvalency of Joyce's Characters* (1984), *Joyce cet inconnu* (1982) and *The Joycean Archetype* (from *Manierismo e letteratura*, Torino, 1983, pp. 607 to 628). The critic enlarges there on ideas his first approach only hinted at, ideas which continued growing after the publication of *The Joycean*



Monologue, ideas which the author could not let go because they were major leads of his overall view.

The 1982 essay plays upon Joyce's 'unknown' side, in spite of the huge number of critical books that explain him. He can and yet he cannot be explained. 'Silence, exile and cunning' were the three tools he used in order to tantalize his readers' and critics' minds.

The 1984 essay finds the mystery of Joyce's creation in the 'polyvalency' of his characters, while doing something the critic has always been doing, namely 'foregrounding certain existing misdirections in current critical scholarship'. This critic's whole work on Joyce is at the same time a fierce tracing of the essentials of the Joycean text and a fight against critical windmills. The critical intelligence of the author puts up a gripping show of ideas that always hit the most painful spot and draw the most unexpected and yet the simplest, clearest, most obvious conclusions. His critical attitude is not only piercingly to the point intellectually speaking, but also endearingly, agonizingly sensitive when it comes to unveiling and yet preserving Joyce's *secret* as if it were the critic's own.

While decoding, George Sandulescu's critical intelligence handles Joyce's *silence* with both intellectual and emotional *cunning*, with a haunting intuition of the beyond: beyond text, beyond approximating the creator, beyond understanding, beyond literature, intellect and sensibility, beyond here and now, or, to put it in a nutshell, simply beyond. This line of thought brings us to the critic's post-Joycean-*Monologue* conclusion that 'it is Stephen/Joyce that comes closest to Ulysses/Odysseus. Not Bloom'.



In between Joyce, *le mal connu* – though very much loved, and his *polyvalent* characters, who all seem to focus on Stephen as Joyce's alter ego, the *Joycean Archetype* (1983) sums up the essence of the critical demonstration we find in this book, even though, or precisely because the critic has already moved to another book by Joyce, which is *Finnegans Wake*.

G. Sandulescu begins by saying that, in his last novel, Joyce's 'primary job is (...) to convey meaning, even perhaps far above normal limits: and the researcher's primary job is, of course, to record it, first of all, in lexicographic form.' Although the demonstration applies to *Finnegans Wake*, it seems to aim at *Ulysses* retrospectively. The conclusion is that, in *Finnegans Wake*

Joyce chose (...) to exert again his sense of freedom (as he had done in personal life in selecting a place of temporarily permanent residence) and prefer linguistic fluidity to linguistic stability, or invariance.

The consequence is that Joyce's text is like

the 'glittering eye' of the Almighty – be he Black, or be he White –, holding him there in his quest for more and more meaning. And it is through fixation upon it that meaning becomes a truly and genuinely diabolical instrument.



George Sandulescu probes, then, a diabolical text with tools of his own making, tools which are no less mysterious, forceful and not at all within everybody's reach. He longs for a forbidden creature, he touches the palpable skin and the impalpable mind of Joyce himself. The result for the reader is that the skin becomes inessential eventually, while the mind turns into the body and we move one step beyond merely understanding Joyce's secret, we learn how to be Joyce himself.

Bucharest, August 2010





C. G. Sandulescu: A Survey of Publications

C. George Sandulescu (11 February 1933) is one of the most important Joycean scholars in the world. His education includes a BA degree (Bucharest), M.Phil. (Leeds) and Ph.D. (Essex). He taught at Bucharest University between 1962-1969. He has lived, worked, and conducted research and teaching in major institutions in Romania, Sweden, Great Britain, the United States and Italy. After the death in 1983 of Princess Grace of Monaco, he substantially assisted in founding the Monaco Library bearing her name, and organised important International Conferences there devoted to James Joyce (1985 and 1990), William Butler Yeats (1987), Samuel Beckett (1991), and Oscar Wilde (1993).



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(co-autor) *Banking English Workbook, A Collection of Exercises*, TBV, Stockholm, 1971

(co-editor) *Modern Language Teaching to Adults: Language for Special Purposes*, AIMAV (Bruxelles) si DIDIER (Paris). 1973



Membership of professional associations:

GENERAL LINGUISTICS

- (1) AILA (Association Internationale de Linguistique Appliquée); since 1970.
- (2) ASLA (Association Suédoise de Linguistique Appliquée); since 1970.
- (3) FIPLV (Fédération Internationale des Professeurs de Langues Vivantes).
- (4) IATEFL (International Association of Teachers of English as a Foreign Language); since 1967.
- (5) ISPhS (International Society of Phonetic Sciences); since 1972.
- (6) LSA (Linguistic Society of America); since 1976.
- (7) MLA (Modern Language Association of America); since 1976.
- (8) NAL (Nordic Association of Linguists); since its inception in 1975: Member of the Board as Editor of its Bulletin.
- (9) Societa Linguistica Europaea; since 1977.
- (10) TESOL (Association of Teachers of English as a Second or Other Language of the United States); since 1976.

LITERATURE

- (1) FILLM (Fédération Internationale des Langues et Littératures Modernes); since 1978.
- (2) IASAIL (International Association for the Study of Anglo-Irish Literature); since 1973.
- (3) The James Joyce Foundation at Columbus, Ohio; since 1970.
- (4) The James Joyce Society of Sweden and Finland; since its foundation in 1976.

SEMIOTICS AND COMMUNICATION

- (1) IASS (International Association for Semiotic Studies); since 1974.
- (2) The Semiotic Society of America; since 1976.



Papers in Theoretical and Applied Linguistics

Theory of Discourse: 1972 to 1978

InterDisciplinary Aspects of Discourse Analysis, 1974 - Paper given at the Congress of Applied Linguistics which took place in Stuttgart in the summer of 1974. Proceedings edited by Gerhard Nickel and Albert Raasch.

Presupposition, Assertion and Discourse Structure, 1975 - Paper given at the Helsinki Conference, and published in *Reports on Text Linguistics: Approaches to Word Order*, edited by Nils-Erik Enkvist and Viljo Kohonen. Meddelanden från Åbo Akademi Forskningsinstitut, No. 8, pages 197 - 214.

Displacement Constraints on Discourse, 1975 - Paper given at the Second Scandinavian Conference of Linguistics held at Lysebu (outside Oslo) between 19 and 20 April 1975; and published in: *Papers from the Second Scandinavian Conference of Linguistics*, Lysebu, April 19-20, 1975, edited by Even Hovdhougen; issued by the Department of Linguistics of the University of Oslo, Norway, 411 pages.

Mapping Discourse Structure, 1976 - Paper given at the Third International Conference of Nordic and General Linguistics, held at the University of Texas at Austin between 5 and 9 April 1976, and published in *The Nordic Languages and Modern Linguistics 3, Proceedings of the Third International Conference of Nordic and General Linguistics*, edited by John Weinstock, pages 497-502.



Theory & Practice in Analysing Discourse, 1976 - Paper given at the Stuttgart Congress of Applied Linguistics in 1976, and published in the Proceedings of the Fourth International Congress of Applied Linguistics, pages 349 to 365.

Structuring Discourse Connectors, 1976 - Paper prepared for the Third Scandinavian Conference of Linguistics, which took place in Helsinki, in October 1976. Part Two of the present paper had by then already been submitted for presentation at the 1977 Vienna Congress of Linguists.

Linguistic Intuition, 1976 - Paper given in March 1976 at the 27th Annual Georgetown University Round Table on Languages and Linguistics, that year devoted to "Semantics: Theory & Application", The 'English for Special Purposes' Section.

Only Connect..., 1976 - Paper given in 1976, at the Third Scandinavian Conference of Linguistics, which took place at Hanasaari, near Helsinki, in Finland, between 1 and 3 October 1976; the Proceedings, edited by Fred KARLSSON were issued by the Text Linguistics Research Group of the Academy of Finland, Turku/Åbo, 1976, 404+16 pages.



Language Teaching Principles: 1971 to 1978

Contrastive Analysis, 1971 - Paper given in English at the Nordic Summer University (Nordiska sommaruniversitetet) in August 1971 at their session in Jyväskylä, Finland, within the Section devoted to Språkbeskrivning (Language Description).

Language for Special Purposes, 1973 - Published in *Modern Language Teaching to Adults: Language for Special Purposes*. edited by M. de Greve, M. Gorosch, C. G. Sandulescu and F. Van Passel. Being The Second AIMAV Seminar of ASLA, Stockholm, 27-30 April 1972. Printed by AIMAV in Bruxelles and DIDIER in Paris. 1973. Paperback. 290 pp. The above paper by C. George SANDULESCU appears in the book on pages 87 to 89.

Anatomy of Motivation, 1974 - Paper given at the IATEFL Conference, London, January 1974; the account was published in the IATEFL Newsletter No. 33, May 1974.

Readability, 1976 - Paper given at the Tenth Annual TESOL Convention (Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages), which took place in New York City from 1 to 7 March 1976. Published in the Conference Proceedings.

Semiotics of Modern Language Teaching, 1972 - Paper given at the Third International Congress of Applied Linguistics, The Section of Modern Language Teaching for Adults, which took place in Copenhagen, Denmark, from 21 to 26 August 1972. Published in the Congress Proceedings.



Mention versus Use, 1977 - Paper given at the Ninth International Conference of IATEFL (International Association of Teachers of English as a Foreign Language) held at Oxford in January 1977. Published in IATEFL Newsletter, The Bulletin of the International Association of Teachers of English as a Foreign Language, No. 51, January 1978, pages 31 to 34.

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<http://editura.mttlc.ro/>

