

**Painting Growth:**  
**A Stylistic Analysis of *A Portrait of the*  
*Artist as a Young Man* and its Dutch  
Translations**

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# 1. Introduction

Although a staple genre in the literary field, the *Bildungsroman* as a type of novel has been a controversial subject over the centuries for both literary scholars and critics alike. Even its coinage, often ascribed to German philosopher Wilhelm Dilthey in 1870 but in reality the result of several lectures given by the critic Karl Morgenstern in 1819 and 1820, is not always agreed upon (Boes 231, 233). The same is true to an even greater extent for its typical characteristics which, according to some, should even be required before a novel can be considered to be part of the genre. For instance, the *Oxford English Dictionary* simply defines the 'novel of formation' as "[having] as its main theme the formative years or spiritual education of one person" (OED), but in 1974 Jerome Hamilton Buckley gave a list of characteristics in his work *Season of Youth: The Bildungsroman from Dickens to Golding*, from which, he argues, such a novel can only leave out a few for it to still be considered a Bildungsroman:

No single novel, of course, precisely follows this pattern. But none that ignores more than two or three of its principal elements – childhood, the conflict of generations, provinciality, the larger society, self education, alienation, ordeal by love, the search for a vocation and a working philosophy – answers the requirements of the Bildungsroman as I am here seeking to describe and define it. (18)

While definitions such as Buckley's – and even those less prescriptive – do give varying degrees of insight in the 'novel of formation' from a narratological point of view, the stylistic characteristics of the genre have been explored to a much lesser extent. In the field of literary translation, such an analysis could prove particularly fruitful in the sense that the growth of the protagonist cannot only be outlined narratologically, by way of its 'content', but also in the sense that the way in which this growth manifests itself in the 'form' of the novel can be mapped.

Despite the controversy surrounding the delineation of the genre, numerous novels have over the years been classified as Bildungsromans without much debate. To name but a few: Rousseau's *Emile, or On Education*, Charlotte Brönte's *Jane Eyre*, Dickens' *Great Expectations* and Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. To construct a means to explore the stylistic elements which make up the growth of the protagonist in such a novel, one of these 'archetypical' Bildungsromans has been selected. Subsequently, three of its Dutch translations are analysed so as to

investigate the ways in which literary translators have dealt with these stylistic building blocks over the years, as well as the evolution of their translation strategies.

The novel that will be used in the current investigation is James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916; henceforth: *Portrait*); its translations those by Max Schuchart (1962), Geraldine Franken and Leo Knuth (1972) and Erik Bindervoet and Robbert-Jan Henkes (2014). While there are, as outlined above, numerous others canonical Bildungsromans, Joyce's autobiographically based *Portrait* is certainly among the most influential in a cultural sense. To illustrate, it ranks third in the Modern Library hundred best novels of the twentieth century as "[a] bold, innovative experiment with both language and structure" – interestingly, Joyce's *Ulysses* tops the list – and lauded modern authors such as Karl Ove Knausgaard and Colm Tóibín respectively describe the novel as "perhaps the prime example of [the coming-of-age story]" and as "[having] refashioned fiction, to make it new" (Random House; Knausgaard; Tóibín). The modernist nature of the work may perhaps seem only a little unconventional to a twenty-first-century reader, but, through *Portrait*, Joyce did most certainly revolutionise fictional prose, the modernist and coming-of-age genres and the literary world as a whole. Furthermore, *Portrait* can be described as "a precursor of the stream of consciousness novel" (Simion 58).

The novel revolves primarily around Stephen's emotional development; his relation to family, religion, Dublin, art, education and romance. Regarding these themes, Seamus Deane writes in his introduction to the 1992 Penguin Classics edition of the novel that "Stephen, as child, as boy and as young man, is seduced time and again by siren voices – parental, political, religious, sexual, literary – but concedes ultimately only to his own voice" (vii). However, it cannot go unmentioned that the 'pull' these forces exert on Stephen coincides with a figurative 'push'. In fact, many of the 'siren voices' ultimately become subjected to Stephen's disapproval or even disdain. These contrary forces are a recurring theme in the novel. For instance, there is also a continuous rise and fall that occurs when it comes to Stephen's emotional world; as Weldon Thornton puts it, "each chapter involves a pattern of rising action or intensification, ending in a climactic scene that dramatically exemplifies [Stephen's] current sense of what is most real and most compelling in his experience" (88). These climaxes (or, in the case that the climax occurs during free indirect speech, the passage right before) make up the majority of the analysed matter in the current

investigation. Thornton lists them as follows: “In the first chapter [it] is his appeal to Father Conmee; in the second, his visit to the prostitute; in the third, his confession to the priest; in the fourth his vision of the wading girl” (ibid.).

The passages selected for analysis and each of their three translations can be found in the Appendix. A brief synopsis of each of the passages can be found in section 4.1. Ultimately, the primary question for the current investigation is as follows: How does the growth undergone by Stephen Dedalus in *Portrait* manifest itself on a stylistic level and how have these stylistic elements been dealt with by Dutch literary translators over the years?



## 2. Theoretical Framework

### 2.1 Hewson's Approach to Translation Criticism

In his work *An Approach to Translation Criticism*, Lance Hewson states that the traditional attitude to translation criticism can best be described as follows: "[T]ranslations are fundamentally flawed and should be dealt with as 'deficient' texts" (3). Hewson argues that the "interest in measuring 'quality' and in coming up with definitions of either what represents a 'good' translation', or what constitutes 'equivalence'" is a result of that. He goes on to describe several existing models for translation criticism – Reiß', McAlester's, Leuven-Zwart and Koster's, Frank's and lastly Berman's – and eventually suggests a new model that employs what he himself describes as a "double movement", "from general, macro-level considerations to the micro-level, and then progressively back to the macro-level", which ultimately "allows the critic to reach a satisfactory understanding both of the interpretative issues at stake and of the outcomes of translational decisions" (ibid., 24). The fact that Hewson's approach offers a way to analyse both the source and target texts, moves from the macro- to micro-level and back again and, most importantly, aims to offer insight into the interpretative paths and reasoning behind translational choices – rather than simply offering a means to judge the 'value' of a translation – means that it is an excellent tool for the present investigation; to analyse Stephen's growth in Joyce's *Portrait* on a stylistic level, to do the same for each of the three translations, to compare and contrast the ways in which the various (pairs of) translators deal with these stylistic elements and to identify varying interpretations and attitudes. Hewson's approach consists of six stages, five of which will be employed in their entirety in this research. The sixth, the testing of a previously formulated hypothesis on additional passages, will possibly serve as the basis for future investigations.

The first step in Hewson's model for translation criticism is what he describes as the assembly of 'preliminary data'. This step in turn consists of several smaller steps. The first of these smaller steps is to gather "basic" information about the source text, "from publishing history to editions available" (ibid.). This includes the editions used by the translator(s) and any documents he, she or they have released concerning the translation. Biographical information on the author and his or her entire body of work is also included in this step. The second part of the preliminary data is the delineation of "target-text parameters" (ibid., 25). Hewson offers several examples of such parameters: "Is it the first time the work has been translated . .

. Has the work been translated into other languages, and . . . with what kind of reception . . . Is the translation genuinely 'new' [and] [w]hat kind of reception was given to the translation?" (ibid.). In a comparative analysis such as this one, the fact that *Portrait* was translated several times is important to keep in mind, as the creation of subsequent translations comes to pass under entirely different circumstances than the first. To illustrate, those working on a translation that is not the first can, for instance, 'borrow' solutions or strategies from previous translations or deviate wildly from them, offer criticism on a previous translation or explain 'why a new translation was needed'. The third step in Hewson's gathering of preliminary data is the collection of information about the translator(s). As Antoine Berman and Cees Koster suggested before him, Hewson believes that "one should not be satisfied with the translator's traditional anonymity", but that data "should be collected on her linguistic and cultural background, with reference to other works, books written, etc." (ibid.). The fourth step is an analysis of "the whole apparatus surrounding" the translation, which includes elements such as paratexts, book covers, illustrations, introductions, publishers' and translators' notes, and so on (ibid.). Hewson argues that "this initial analysis builds up a picture of the framework metaphorically surrounding the source and target text(s)" (ibid.). The fifth part of the preliminary data consists of the gathering and analysis of critical reviews of the translations. This includes the initial reviews of the translations. Hewson believes it is possible to identify the "place" the work has in both the source and target cultures and that this identification could help determine possible strategies when it comes to interpretation (ibid.). The sixth and final part of the preliminary data is to construct "an overview of the macrostructure of the texts" (ibid., 26). This is done to ensure that any deviation from the source text that is not readily identifiable at the micro-level on the text is not overlooked by the critic.

The second step in Hewson's model for translation criticism is the construction of a critical framework that "constitutes the basis on which micro-level comparisons are carried out, micro- and meso-level effects established and macro-level observations made" (ibid.). This critical framework should offer insight into the primary stylistic elements of the source text so that the identification of possible interpretative paths of the translator(s) by the critic is limited to such an extent that possible interpretations can at the very least be hypothesized. In Hewson's words: "The aim is not to produce an interpretation *per se*, but to identify a limited number of elements that appear to have particular importance when interpretations are envisaged" (ibid.).

Hewson's third step consists of the micro- and meso-level analysis of the selected target-text passages. By meso-level, Hewson means the level that is 'in between' the micro- and macro-level structures, that is to say, the immediate effects the micro-level choices of the translator have. These effects, when combined, in turn make up the macro-level effect. Hewson states that the critic "cannot afford to undertake an exhaustive analysis" during this stage, so it is "necessary to work on the basis of an initial reading, reflecting the elements identified in the critical framework" (27). This is where the importance of the critical framework truly comes to light; to make an exhaustive analysis would be such an elaborate undertaking that not only would the entire endeavour take too vast an amount of time, but the critic would also risk being derailed by relatively irrelevant aspects of the translation. Hewson then suggests a division of the meso-level effects into two categories: "those that have an impact on the various voices that can be heard in the work . . . and those that modify the potential interpretations in various ways" (27).

The fourth and fifth steps of Hewson's model make up the 'macro-level analysis', where firstly the results of the micro- and meso-level analysis are used to construct an overview of the macro-level and subsequently the interpretative paths contained within the translation are uncovered so that, ultimately, the "nature of the translation" can be hypothesized. This last step is done by way of labelling a translation as showing one of four categories: "divergent similarity", "relative divergence", "radical divergence" or "adaptation" (27). The sixth step, as said, is then to test the hypotheses formulated in the fourth and fifth stages using different passages than before.

## 2.2 Stylistics

In order to make an as thorough stylistic analysis as possible, the concepts of 'style' and 'stylistics' first need to be clearly outlined. For the sake of brevity, only the literary variant of 'style' will be inspected more closely – although a simple definition of style as the one given by Peter Verdonk in *Stylistics*, it being "a distinctive manner of expression", is in fact applicable to the concept of 'style' as a whole (3). In other words, the style of a text is contingent on there being alternative ways of verbalising the same concept. It can be deduced from the author's choice between these alternatives, as the selection of one option over the others is typically made based on the *effect* the author is hoping to achieve. Stylistics, according to Verdonk, can then be "defined as the analysis of distinctive expression in language and the description of its purpose and effect" (4). Geoffrey Leech and Mick Short subscribe to a similar idea. Their exploration

of style, *Style in fiction: A linguistic introduction to English fictional prose*, is incredibly elaborate, but several aspects of style they explore are particularly relevant to the current investigation.

Lastly, the approach used in the current investigation is what Dan Shen would describe as a “mild” approach (2). Unfortunately, through various constraints, it is impossible to conduct a “parallel” investigation in which both stylistics and narratology are analysed exhaustively (ibid.). Nevertheless, narratology in *Portrait* cannot and should not simply be swept under the rug, especially because, here, the focal point is Stephen’s growth, which takes place over the course of the entire novel.

### 2.2.1 Levels of Style

The first of Leech and Short’s aspects of style used are the levels they identify. Leech and Short distinguish between four of these: the semantic, syntactic and graphological levels and the phonological effects (127-132). The first of these, the semantic level, is entirely contingent on the notion that there are different ways to phrase, portray or describe the same or a similar notion or thing, much like Verdonk argues. In turn, this gives relevance to the investigation into the motivation behind favouring one of these options over the others in a certain context, because when such a motivation turns out to be a tendency, micro-level analysis can lead to macro-level conclusions. A good example of semantic choices on the micro-level that are strongly linked to meso- and macro-level tendencies is the description of ‘dove girl’ in part IV of *Portrait*, shown in Passage Five. The countless ornithological references made on the micro-level in this passage – in particular when describing the girl in the stream – lead to a sense of fragility, it alludes to the perceived need to escape and implies that seeing the girl is an experience that is fleeting or otherwise difficult to catch, but perhaps more importantly, birds have a connotation of being either ‘caged’ or ‘(set) free’, a juxtaposition that Stephen experiences continuously over the course of the novel. Ornithology is also strongly connected to Stephen’s last name, which in turn is relevant on the macro-level as the bird-like rise and fall of Icarus and Daedalus shine through time and again in Stephen’s emotional highs and lows in each of the chapters. So, while the girl that stood in midstream could have been described in countless other ways which would all have portrayed her equally delicately on the semantic micro-level (perhaps by way of referencing to another class of animal or through a clichéd flower metaphor), Joyce’s choice to do so in this particular manner leads to very distinct connotations on the meso-level and subsequently to clear tendencies

and themes becoming apparent on what Hewson would describe as the macro-level.

The second level described by Leech and Short is the syntactic one. As is the case with the semantic and in fact all stylistic levels, style shines through on the syntactic level based in the sense that there are several ways to structure a text. This means that characteristics such as word order, word length, sentence length and emphasis influence the way the reader perceives the text. The very first passage of *Portrait*, the excerpt listed as Passage One in the Appendix, is riddled with syntactic anomalies that clearly show how such features can contribute to the style of a text. In the case of Passage One, the text is syntactically disorganised to such an extent that the reader is given the impression that the character through whose eyes the text world is perceived is incapable of structuring said world properly. Of course, there are many more effects that can be achieved through syntactic variation, such as tranquility, nervousness, indifference and excitement, all of which occur in the novel.

The graphological level is the third aspect of style that Leech and Short identify. Although it is shown as the lowest level of style in their figure and although Leech and Short describe graphological variation as “a relatively minor and superficial part of style”, it is in fact a very important aspect of the idiosyncratic way in which Stephen Dedalus is focalised in *Portrait* (131). Particularly the way in which punctuation is used in the novel is often unconventional, which makes the style of the text, as Leech and Short would put it, “noticeably expressive” in a graphological sense (*ibid.*). A clear example of this occurs early on in *Portrait*, where the use of punctuation in the passages where Stephen is youngest is one of the ways in which his focalisation comes across as disorganised and, subsequently, childish. Of course, that is not to say that graphological anomalies or idiosyncrasies are not also used to craft a certain ‘mind style’ – a notion upon which will be elaborated in the next paragraph – later on in the novel, but it is foregrounded particularly strongly in the first parts of the novel.

Lastly, Leech and Short underline the phonological effects even written words can have when it comes to stylistics. They justly say that these phonological effects are often less apparent in written text than the three actual ‘levels’ of style, but they do emphasise the “phonological potentials of the written word” (Leech & Short 132). Although it can be said that these phonological effects are generally less apparent in *Portrait* than the other stylistic levels, there are numerous instances where synchronicity between these effects and the other levels of style occurs on both the micro- and meso-levels.

An example of this is the repetition of the sentence “[t]he slide was shot back” as shown in Passage Four. Not only could this exact repetition be argued to be an indication of Stephen’s nervousness on both a semantic and syntactic level, the use of fricatives followed by plosives in these sentences makes for an almost onomatopoeic rendition of what is described, further emphasising Stephen’s tense awareness of his surroundings.

### 2.2.2 Mind Style

Seeing as how, in this investigation, the focus is on the personal growth that shines through in Stephen Dedalus’ focalisation, Roger Fowler’s notion of ‘mind style’ as employed by Leech and Short is important to take into account. As they put it, ‘mind style’ is the idea of “*how* [the fictional world] is apprehended, or conceptualized”, or as Fowler put it: “Cumulatively, consistent structural options, agreeing in cutting the presented world to one pattern or another, give rise to . . . a ‘mind style’” (Leech & Short 187-188).

Interestingly, one of the examples Leech and Short give to briefly outline such a mind style is an excerpt from another of Joyce’s works, *Ulysses*: “Bob Cowley’s outstretched talons gripped the black deep-sounding chords” (ibid.). They then point out the marked choices of using the bird metaphor – a recurring theme in Joyce’s oeuvre, it appears –, the curious choice of ‘chords’ over ‘keys’ and describing these chords as ‘black’. As Leech and Short put it: “Joyce causes a reader to rearrange standard linguistic categories through metaphorical interpretation” (ibid.).

All in all, the concept of mind style is an excellent means to describe tendencies in narration and focalisation on the meso- and macro-levels of a text, as it can only be construed as a culmination of various stylistic choices on the micro-level. In novels of formation such as *Portrait*, it is to be expected that this mind style evolves over the course of the work. As such, it is important, from an analytical standpoint, to constantly try to grasp the mind style that is at play at any point in said work, to compare current passages to previous and subsequent ones in this light and to gauge how such a mind style evolves throughout the work. This evolution is the essence of the current investigation.

### 3. Preliminary Data

#### 3.1 Step One: Basic information about the source text

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is James Joyce's first novel and was published in book form in 1916. It took ten years to finish, was discarded several times and ultimately published in a serialised form in *The Egoist* in 1914 and 1915. There are countless editions of the novel available, both critical and regular, scholarly and for the layman, so only the editions used in the current research are listed below. These include the editions that were used as reference works in the research as well as some that approximate the editions used as source texts by the translators. It must be noted, though, the investigation is flawed to an extent in this regard: it remains unknown which edition was used by Schuchart and the exact editions used by Franken and Knuth and Bindervoet and Henkes were not readily available, so the editions used in the current investigation appeared either, in the case of Franken and Knuth's, six years after its respective translation was published or, in the case of Bindervoet and Henkes', seven years before. However, it must be said that the 1974 Viking Press edition, which should correspond to the source text Franken and Knuth used, is not a critical edition, although the actual source text itself does appear to correspond to the one the translators used. The 1993 Garland Publishing edition, on the other hand, is a critical edition, which is more in line with the edition Bindervoet and Henkes actually used. The editions of the source text used in the current investigation are the following:

Joyce, James. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Ed. Chester G. Anderson. New York: The Viking Press, 1974.

Joyce, James. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Ed. Hans Walter Gabler & Walter Hettche. New York/London: Garland Publishing, 1993. Print.

Joyce, James. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Penguin Modern Classics. London: Penguin Books. 1992. Print.

#### 3.2 Step Two: Examination of target-text parameters

##### 3.2.1 *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar*

As Schuchart's translation is the oldest of the three analysed in this investigation and there are no other published translations of *Portrait*, his is naturally the first Dutch translation widely available. There were, however, translations already available in at least French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian (O'Neill).

The initial reception of Schuchart's translation is somewhat muddy: only a single review was discovered. It was found in a volume of the *Nieuwe Leidsche Courant* published in March 1963 and it reads: "Dit sterk-autiobiografische werk van de jonge rooms-katholieke Ier is nu in een door Max Schuchart goed verzorgde vertaling . . . verschenen" (J. v. H.). Other than that, however, the article focuses much more on Joyce and the source text than on the fact that it is a translation, and no other contemporary reviews were found.

More recent reviews tend to be rather negative, but it must be said that those were all published long after Franken and Knuth's translation had been made available. This means that it is unlikely that Schuchart's translation was critiqued exclusively on its own merits. Nevertheless, the few bits of criticism that were found are the following: according to Jack van der Weide, Schuchart's translation is "verre van briljant", far from brilliant, Geert Lernout and Wim van Mierlo state that Schuchart's translation is "ineptly titled" (146) and Cees Koster calls Schuchart's "een klassieke vlakvertaling" – but it must be said that this last article is a fond recollection of Franken and Knuth's translation, so the focus here is not on Schuchart's ("Dedalus in Haarlem"; 146; Koster 2006). Lastly, the very last sentence of the translators' note at the end of Franken and Knuth's translation could be construed as a jab at Schuchart. Here, Franken and Knuth stress that the novel is about *an*, 'een', artist rather than *the*, 'de', which is what Schuchart used in the title of his translation (329).

As a side note, it is curious to see that *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* is not even mentioned in Schuchart's Wikipedia entry. To claim that this piece of information is indicative of the reputation of Schuchart's translation is a stretch, but it could be argued that if had received enough critical acclaim, it possibly would have been included.

### 3.2.2 *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman*

Franken and Knuth's translation is much more a staple in the Dutch canon of literary translation than Schuchart's and it is fairly easy to see why. Indicative of this is not only the fact that it 'lasted' over forty years before another translation was made; there are also several reviews that are predominantly positive. Firstly, in the same article as the one mentioned above, Cees Koster describes Franken and Knuth's translation as a "durfvertaling", a daring one, which does indicate that it contains the occasional relative 'infidelity', but Koster goes on to say that Franken and Knuth's choices only add to the text and that they managed to perfectly capture the tone of the novel: "enigszins gedragen zonder archaisch te worden", which can be roughly translated as



'somewhat solemn without becoming archaic' (2006). Secondly, Jack van der Weide calls the translation "more precise but less fluent" than Schuchart's (2014, 525). Furthermore, he judges several passages to be "more accurate [than Schuchart's] but rather cumbersome" and as having "an archaic ring" (ibid., 526). Van der Weide's appears to hold the translation in a little lower esteem than Koster does, but it must be mentioned that Van der Weide's comments appear in a review of Bindervoet and Henkes' translation, in which the most recent translation is reviewed very positively and clearly favoured over the older two.

### 3.2.3 *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man*

The newest translation, the one by Bindervoet and Henkes, is far and away the most critically acclaimed of the three. It is likely that this has, at least to some extent, to do with the ease with which reviews can be both found and spread by way of the internet. Nevertheless, the overwhelming positivity of its critical reception is telling.

As said, one of the reviews of *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* was written by Jack van der Weide, stating that the duo "can . . . be proud of this particular work" as it is "an exemplary translation, restoring a measure of freshness to the book that had been lost in previous Dutch versions" (ibid., 527). Another, equally positive review of the most recent translation was produced by Arjan Peters for *de Volkskrant* in 2014. He briefly sums up his opinion on the matter as follows: "Zelfportret is een ideale introductie tot het universum van James Joyce"; an ideal introduction into James Joyce's universe (Peters). However, it is interesting to note that, as is often the case with Bindervoet and Henkes, they are praised for occasionally translating in ways that are unheard of or even generally considered to be controversial. A good example of this is their use of 'kakoetjeboe' in Passage One, a phrase that they had already used in their translation of *I Am The Walrus* by the Beatles. Joyce would have loved such an anachronism, Arjan Peters believes (ibid.).

## 3.3 Step Three: Contextualisation of the translator(s)

### 3.3.1 Max Schuchart

Prior to his work as a translator, Max Schuchart (1920) had already worked as a critic, poet and literary author, but the endeavour through which he first garnered considerable fame was his translation Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, of which the first Dutch instalment appeared in 1956 (Koster 2007). His

translation of Tolkien's title of the entire trilogy, *In de ban van de ring*, is preserved to this day and, as Cees Koster puts it, has become an "everseller" (ibid). Furthermore, for these efforts, Schuchart was awarded the Martinus Nijhoff Prijs in 1959 (ibid.). While Schuchart would proceed to translate many more works, his translations of Tolkien ultimately led to him being considered first and foremost a translator of fantasy, much to his chagrin. This may have to do with the fact that his next translation, James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, was received with not nearly as much critical acclaim.

When it comes to Schuchart's affinity with Joyce and his oeuvre, very little information can be found. At the least, it seems that Schuchart was not a 'scholar' of Joyce as, it will turn out, the other translators of *Portrait* are. Because of this lack of content when it comes to Schuchart's relation to Joyce, the contextualisation of Schuchart can only be supplemented by an (indirect) deduction of his poetics of translation. In particular, two sources offer some insight in this regard. The first is Tolkien's criticism of Schuchart's translation of his work, although it must be said that this should be taken with a grain of salt. After all, the translation strategies mentioned in Tolkien's criticism, regardless of its validity, do not come directly from the source. In that regard, Schuchart's expression of gratitude for receiving the aforementioned Martinus Nijhoff Prijs, offers more valuable insight. In particular, Schuchart's aforementioned acceptance speech will return in the critical framework.

### 3.3.2 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth

Although Schuchart was, as a Martinus Nijhoff prize laureate, by no means an inexperienced translator when he first embarked on the endeavour of translating Joyce, Franken and Knuth's credentials are perhaps even more impressive when it comes to this particular translation.

By the time the translation was published, Gerardine Franken had already become an established translator. Admittedly, unlike Schuchart, she had not been awarded the most prestigious prize in the field of Dutch literary translation, but that could be argued to be offset at least somewhat by the fact that she had prior experience translating Joyce, as well as other canonical modernist literature, whereas the bulk of Schuchart's experience in translation stemmed from his efforts translating fantasy novels. Only three years prior, Franken had already translated a posthumously published manuscript of Joyce, *Giacomo Joyce*, and, as said, her oeuvre includes translations of other modernist works, such as *Orlando: A Biography* and *The Waves*, both by Virginia Woolf (Koster 2006).

While Gerardine Franken brought translation experience to the table, Leo Knuth's supplemented that experience by way of his extensive knowledge of Joyce. A scholar of Joyce, Knuth published numerous academic works on both Joyce's personal life as well as his oeuvre, many of which appeared in the *James Joyce Quarterly* (ibid.). Subsequently, the fact that Franken and Knuth had much more information about Joyce at their disposal naturally follows from the fact that much of this insight appears to have been provided by Knuth in the first place. Furthermore, many of Knuth's publications are cited time and again by other such scholars, underlining his expertise. The choice, then, to couple an experienced translator who is already familiar with translating both Joyce and modernist works in general with a scholar whose primary area of expertise consists of everything that pertains to the Irish author seems like a particularly promising decision.

### 3.3.3 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes

While Franken's and Knuth's areas of expertise neatly supplemented each other for the purpose of translating *Portrait*, Erik Bindervoet and Robbert-Jan Henkes' dynamic is arguably even more desirable. While making their translation, they were both already experienced translators – in general, but in particular when it comes to translating Joyce – as well as scholars of Joyce.

Prior to their translation of *Portrait*, Bindervoet and Henkes had already translated *Finnegan's Wake* and *Ulysses*, their translations titled *Finnegans Wake* and *Ulixes* and respectively published in 2002 and 2012. In his review of their translation of *Finnegan's Wake*, Jack van der Weide points out that, due to "reputed lack of seriousness", they had difficulty finding a publisher willing to publish their translation (2003, 625). Nevertheless, when it was published, the two received "[almost unanimous praise] for having created a landmark in the history of Dutch literary translations" (ibid., 627). Bindervoet and Henkes have been held in high esteem as translators of Joyce since, as subsequent translations of Joyce have all received critical acclaim.

However, not only are Bindervoet and Henkes experienced translators of Joyce; they also appear to be scholars, much like Leo Knuth. This is not only evidenced by their endeavour to translate the entire 'core' of Joyce's work – their translation of *Dubliners* was published not long after *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* – but also underlined by another excerpt from Jack van der Weide's aforementioned review. He writes that, in interviews, Bindervoet and Henkes credited the Antwerp James Joyce Centre for "coaching, . . . reading drafts, . . . suggesting alternatives, . . . [and introducing them to] textual

genetics" (ibid.).

So, while Franken and Knuth as a duo both harnessed the power of an experienced translator (of Joyce) and a scholar, Bindervoet and Henkes do so too, but both of these aspects are utilised in twofold. Equally as important, however, is the fact that Bindervoet and Henkes are not only similarly experienced in these regards; they are also experienced in translating with each other. Whereas *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* was the first time Franken and Knuth worked together, Bindervoet and Henkes have done so over the course of many years and numerous projects, which can only be presumed to have an advantageous effect on their translation process.

### 3.4 Step Four: Apparatus Surrounding the Translations

#### 3.4.1 *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar*

**Edition used by the translator(s):** Unknown, presumably the then-current Jonathan Cape edition.

In the case of Schuchart's translation, there are next to no paratextual and peritextual elements surrounding the text. The front and back cover are predominantly black and white, without a single illustration. Furthermore, there is no introduction, no bibliography and no notes on or by the translator. In fact, even the epigraph is left out. The only peritextual element that is present is a note on the inside of the cover. It offers some information on the reception of the novel in the English-speaking world, some superficial insight into the plot and a few remarks pertaining to Joyce's style.

#### 3.4.2 *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman*

**Edition used:**

Joyce, James. Anderson, Chester G. (ed): *James Joyce: A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: Text, Criticism, and Notes*. Edited by Chester G. Anderson. New York: The Viking Critical Library, 1968.

Of all three of the translations, Franken and Knuth's is the one with the most para- and peritextual elements. The front cover has an arguably more pleasing aesthetic than Schuchart's, as it shows what appears to be a wooden door with peeling green and dark blue paint on it, which is somewhat reminiscent of the often colourfully painted Irish houses. The back cover consists entirely of a large close-up picture of Joyce in greyscale, which is completely free of text.

Contrary to what was the case in Schuchart's translation, the epigraph *is* included in this translation and there is a list of notes at the back of the book,

which are not linked to notes in the actual text, but instead are listed by page number. These primarily offer cultural insight, but there are also some that explain references to Joyce's cultural life and a few in which the translator's give their opinion on Joyce's writing. These notes are preceded by a second epigraph, presumably chosen by the translators, which says "*Met z'n tweek is beter dan alleen; dit geeft beiden een groot voordeel bij het werk. PREDIKER 4:9*" (Franken & Knuth 327; henceforth: F&K). Then, the translators' note follows in which the translator's shed some insight into their translation process. After that there is an introduction, which does appear to have been written by the translators and which primarily consists of biographical information on James Joyce, but, interestingly, it also includes two maps – one that shows the area surrounding Dublin; the other a part of the streets of Dublin – on which locations mentioned in the novel are marked. In the translator's note, it is mentioned that these are included for the sake of the reader's topographical orientation (ibid., 329). Lastly, a bibliography containing works that were "valuable" to the translators was included at the back of the book (ibid., 365).

### 3.4.3 *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man*

Joyce, James. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Edited by John Paul Riquelme. Text edited by Hans Walter Gabler with Walter Hettche, A Critical Edition. New York & London: W.W. Norton & Company, 2007.

Similarly to Franken and Knuth's, Bindervoet and Henkes' work shows a picture of James Joyce as well. This time, however, it is shown on the front cover; the back cover consists of white and grey texts on a black background. More worthy of mentioning, though, is the fact that, contrary to both previous translations, the names of the translators are visible on the front cover. Furthermore, both the translators as well as their previous works are praised on the back cover. It seems clear that the fact that these two translators are responsible for this translation is intended to be a selling point.

On the inside of the work, there is no introduction or biographical information on James Joyce. There is a translator's note in which Bindervoet and Henkes explain some of their translation choices from the very first passage – and in fact offer a small amount of critique of the previous two translations. Also, rather than using chronological notes at the back of the book, Bindervoet and Henkes use an alphabetically ordered list in which names, quotes and words that are featured in the text are explained. Although fewer in numbers, these notes are much longer on average than Franken and Knuth's. The opposite is true for the biography included at the back of the translation;

Bindervoet and Henkes have used considerably more sources than Franken and Knuth. Lastly, in their translator's note, they mention having used translations into other languages in their own translation process (Bindervoet & Henkes 2014, 301; henceforth: B&H 2014). Interestingly, their translation appears to be the only one in which this is the case.

### **3.5 Step Five: Critical apparatus**

For the sake of brevity, and because several components of the critical apparatus have already been discussed (i.e. the critical reception of the target texts was discussed in the sections relating to their respective target-text parameters), only a few more sources that are helpful when it comes to "formulating the critical framework" will be added (Hewson 25). It should be stressed, however, that with the amount of academic articles on Joyce and the amount of times his works have been translated and re-translated, the critical apparatus surrounding his oeuvre and its translations is immeasurably large.

There are several sources to be included in the critical apparatus that have not yet been discussed extensively. All but one of these have to do the translators' poetics of translations. The first is Max Schuchart's speech of gratitude for receiving the Martinus Nijhoff Prijs. In it, he states, roughly translated from Dutch, that "the literary translator is a recreator, looking for the same spark of inspiration instilled in the maker of the admired work, so that his recreation gains the same freshness and directness as the original piece of art" (Koster 2007). More important, he posits with slight exaggeration, that the translator is – once again roughly translated - "a prophet who subjects himself wholly to the author, whose work he echoes as faithfully as possible" (ibid.).

The second source is Franken and Knuth's translators' note. In it, they state that their aim was to follow the source text as faithfully as possible, without diminishing its readability (329). Furthermore, they claim that anyone who is willing to compare the two, will notice that the translators deviated as little from the source text as possible and, in a footnote, they say that where this did happen, it was done so consciously, for instance to preserve a 'thematic repetition', a pun or a certain phonological feature (ibid.).

Similarly to the translators' note above, Bindervoet and Henkes' note sheds some insight in their poetics of translation. One of the most telling pieces of insight they offer here is a very short description of Joyce's character. They state that Joyce did everything entirely on purpose (B&H 2014, 299). This seems to indicate a reluctance or even flat-out refusal to normalise any of Joyce's idiosyncratic tendencies. They voice their poetics of translation more

elaborately in their essay “De kunst van het niet-vertalen”, published in 2005. They argue that the Dutch literary translator tends to underestimate the reader, which leads to an oversimplification of the source text and an undesirable propensity to iron out the author’s idiosyncrasies (Bindervoet & Henkes 2005, 28; 35-36). As Silvie Groenen eloquently summarises it, translators such as these, according to Bindervoet and Henkes, translate in a way that is “completely fluent [and] grammatical . . . [which causes all translations] to sound like one another” (19).

A last source that will be reflected in the critical framework is “Towards a Critical Text of James Joyce’s: ‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’” by Hans Walter Gabler from 1974. In it, Gabler sheds light on the various different editions of the text, on the publishing history of the novel as a whole and on Joyce’s use of punctuation and the ways in which that was altered by editors and printers. He states that Joyce’s “original punctuation is both unorthodox and extremely light” (Gabler 1974, 30). As such, the addition of punctuation during the publishing process could be considered unwanted. In turn, this means that the translators’ use of punctuation should be inspected closely. One caveat here is that Gabler’s article was only published after the first two Dutch translations had already been made public, so only Bindervoet and Henkes could reasonably be expected to make use of the insight Gabler offers. That is not to say, of course, that a possible disregard of Joyce’s idiosyncratic use of punctuation in the older two translations is necessarily warranted.

### **3.6 Step Six: Macrostructural overview**

The macrostructures of all three translations follow the source text very closely. For instance, all three translations preserve the original division of the novel into five parts. Considering the fact that each of these chapters contains a clear rise and fall, as shown by Thornton’s explanation in the introduction, it seems only logical that the translators adhere to Joyce’s structure in this sense. Furthermore, there appear to be no major additions or eliminations in any of the three translations. The only thing that is noticeable when looking at the overview of the macrostructure of translations is the fact that Schuchart’s chapters are listed with numbers 1 to 5, whereas the source text as well as the other two translations all use roman numerals. This shift, however, is not strictly noticeable from a macrostructural view and should be considered more of a side note.

## 4. Critical Framework

As the current investigation serves not only as a translation critique, but also as an analysis of the ways in which Stephen Dedalus' growth manifests itself on a stylistic level in the source text, the critical framework of the investigation is perhaps slightly different from such frameworks in criticism that does not serve a similarly dual purpose. Nevertheless, it is of vital importance to outline exactly which aspects of the translations will be investigated. Therefore, the following questions are posed during the analysis of the translations:

- How are the poetics of translation of each of the translators reflected within these translations? For instance, does the translation appear to be consistent with the way in which the translators claim to (want to) translate, either in general or in the particular case of *Portrait*?
- How are key stylistic elements of the original handled in the target texts? For instance, as Gabler points out, Joyce's use of punctuation is highly idiosyncratic; to what extent and in which ways do the translators preserve this and how do their translations differ from one another in this regard?
- Which translation strategies appear to have been used by the translators? In *Denken over vertalen*, Andrew Chesterman offers a categorisation of such strategies which can be used to identify trends and tendencies unique to each of the (pairs of) translators. In turn, these may allow for the identification of historical shifts in Dutch translations of *Portrait*.
- Lastly and perhaps most importantly: are the ways in which Stephen Dedalus' growth manifests itself in the source text, as identified through the analysis of the original, maintained on both the micro- and meso-levels as well as on the macro-level of the translations?

As said, these matters will be investigated on the basis of five iconic passages dispersed throughout the novel. What follows is a brief summary of these passages as well as an elaboration on their iconicity and their relation to Stephen's growth.

### 4.1 The Five Passages Explained

#### 4.1.1 Passage One

The first passage included in the investigation is arguably among the most analysed of all of Joyce's works. It is the very first passage of *Portrait* and, in this investigation, is the only passage that does not take place either during or just



before the climax of the chapter. In it, a very young Stephen Dedalus is focalised. This leads to a very idiosyncratic style, as it is supposed to be reminiscent of the relatively unstructured mind of a child. Perhaps the most noticeable indication of this is the general scarcity of punctuation and the fact that, where it is used, it seems highly unconventional. Furthermore, the very first sentence of this passage – and thus of the novel as a whole – is one that has been traditionally difficult to translate in more or less any language. Tim Parks describes this as “the problem of finding an equivalent for the jolly raconteur’s expansion of the traditional ‘once upon a time’” (77). These are Stephen’s father’s words – he is the jolly raconteur – and not only is the repetition of ‘time’ problematic, the baby words ‘moocow’, ‘nicens’ and ‘baby tuckoo’ all require inventive language-specific solutions. All in all, the first passage is extremely important to Stephen’s growth, as it offers a starting point for his focalisation. Over the course of the rest of the work, said growth can partly be identified through the ways in which subsequent passages differ from or show similarities to this one when it comes to the varied stylistic idiosyncrasies shown here.

#### 4.1.2 Passage Two

The second passage is, like the first, still part of Chapter One of the novel, but it is more in line with the passages following in the sense that it shows the build-up to one of the climaxes of the novel. In fact, this is the very first climax of the novel. The reason the passage only contains the moments leading up to said climax is that the climax itself arguably occurs during a phase in which the novel is written in free indirect speech. Because it is difficult to chart the growth of the focalised party in dialogue, only passages have been selected in which (next to) no dialogue occurs.

What happens in Passage Two is that Stephen is going back and forth in his mind between whether he should talk to the rector about the unjust treatment he has received; he was corporally punished for a transgression he had not committed. He is very nervous – the analysis of the passage will show how this comes to pass on a stylistic level – but ultimately he does decide to literally take a turn on his way out of the refectory and onto the playground when continuing on – again, literally – would have been the least frightening and more expected option of the two. As it will turn out, this generally comes to somewhat of a surprise to the reader, as the nervous focalisation of Stephen prior to this seemed to hint at him being too afraid to take matters into his own hands. The decision not to silently endure the unfair treatment he receives and

instead stand up for himself is a premonition of Stephen's discontent with, and wish to escape from, various aspects of life later on in the novel.

#### **4.1.3 Passage Three**

As Thornton pointed out, the climax of the second chapter consists of Stephen's visit to the prostitute (88). Once again, the corresponding passage to be analysed in the current investigation includes the build-up to this visit rather than the actual visit itself, as the majority of what goes on during that visit remains implicit. Nevertheless, the moments leading up to this passage are very telling of Stephen's growth throughout the novel. Here, his detachment from his family is described explicitly, but more notably, it is an instance of Stephen completely giving in to his internal desires, his lusts, rather than prioritising external, societal norms. Interestingly, this build-up once again occurs while Stephen is physically underway to a destination where, upon reaching said destination, he will have decidedly chosen a path that is not in line with what would be expected of him. In this sense, passages Two and Three are similar, although it must be noted that, in Passage Two, Stephen did it to stand up for himself, to seek justice. In Passage Three, however, Stephen's motivation is not as noble or just; he is simply looking for physical satisfaction. Lastly, this is one of the first instances in which Stephen consciously and vehemently rejects religion, as he "cared little that he was in mortal sin" (Joyce 105).

#### **4.1.4 Passage Four**

Passage Four is once again similar to the previous two passages in the sense that the actual climax does not take place within the passage. In this instance, it occurs during his confession, which is shown by way of dialogue. Also, Stephen is not physically underway in this passage. However, that is primarily the case because he has already arrived at his destination; he is simply waiting for his turn to confess. In a sense, then, the second, third and fourth passages are all similar in the sense that they occur in anticipation of an interaction had by Stephen with an external party.

Here, Stephen has come to repent. He is looking to be absolved of the sins he committed in Passage Three and is extremely nervous as to whether God will forgive him or not. In a way, this nervousness is reminiscent of the anxiety Stephen endured in Passage Two, as he places his fate once again in the hands of another party. This time, however, he is expecting justice will not favour him, which is a sharp contrast from what he hoped to achieve in Passage Two.

#### 4.1.5 Passage Five

Unlike in the previous three passages, the climax of the fourth chapter does occur within the passage analysed in this investigation. This passage, known to many as the 'dove girl' passage, is arguably the most iconic passage of the entire novel. The epiphany Stephen experiences has him appreciating human beauty in a way that is neither fuelled by carnal desires nor restricted by his religious upbringing. For the first time, Stephen appears to truly be free from all internal and external forces that tormented him in previous parts of the novel.

What happens is that, soon after his decision to refuse the priesthood he is offered, he walks along the beach and sees a girl standing in the water. He is then overcome by joyous admiration at the sight of her beauty. After some time, he wanders on and, while marvelling at the wonders of the world, he ultimately finds peace with the world: "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out life!" (Joyce 186). This is where Stephen – as a young man – first finds his true calling of being an artist. Ultimately, this is what the growth portrayed in the previous passages led up to. Lastly, Passage Five is riddled with references and allusions that are significant to, and indicative of, both the overarching themes of the work as well as Stephen's growth throughout, which will be elaborated upon in the analysis of this passage.

## 5. Analysis

### 5.1 Analysis Passage One

#### 5.1.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

In this passage, several key stylistic elements are at play that indicate that Stephen is of a very young age. Even before looking at the semantic level of style as described by Leech and Short, several syntactical features instantly stand out.

Firstly, other than in dialogue – which is only uttered by adults – no commas have been used at all. This is the first indication of a lack of ‘mature’ structuring of this passage; the ease with which the reader reads is undermined. Generally, this comes down to either an unwillingness by the narrator to do so, a sort of negligence, or to show that whomever is focalised is incapable of structuring properly, for instance for being a child. In this case, it appears to be the latter.

Joyce’s use of colons achieves a similar effect. There are only two that do not precede spoken text and they both occur in the sentence “His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face” (Joyce 3). Conventionally, colons are used to indicate that a further explanation will follow. However, in this sentence, that is not the case. The three sentences can best be described as an associative stream of thoughts, and as such as an early precursor of what Joyce would perfect in the stream of consciousness technique in *Ulysses*: the first colon indicates that the story makes Stephen think of his father, the second recalls something his father used to do and the third what he used to look like. The conventional function of colons here does not apply, but Joyce’s punctuation is idiosyncratic throughout *Portrait*.

The last syntactic characteristic that is telling in this passage is sentence length. The sentences used tend to be either relatively long or relatively short. It is almost as if Joyce generally has Stephen favour shorter sentences, but when does not end them ‘in time’, Stephen does not seem to know when to stop at all. This extreme variance, instead of a more normalised syntax, is once again a means to portray Stephen’s linguistic inexperience.

On the semantic level, Stephen’s childish nature once again becomes apparent. The first sentence of the passage – the very first of the novel – is riddled with manners of phrasing that give this away. ‘Once upon a time’ is obviously the classic start to a fairy tale; a way of commencing a story that the young children will surely be familiar with. “[A]nd a very good time it was” is

Stephen echoing his father telling the story (ibid., Kenner 15).

Another example is the use of the word “moocow”. It seems likely that the Stephen once again echoes what his father says, seeing as how it is common for children to be taught the sound an animal makes in conjunction with its denomination (Joyce 3).

Apart from the first sentence, this passage contains several other semantic choices that seem typical for children. One that features very prominently is the use of repetition. The first instance of this is “moocow that was coming down along the road”, but “his father” is also repeated in the second sentence (albeit only once; it is replaced rather eloquently by “he” in the final clause), the “brush” is repeated rather than replaced by ‘the one with’ when Dante’s brushes are described and ‘Eileen’ is not replaced by ‘her’ on the second occasion her name is mentioned (ibid., 3-4). This use of repetition is typical in children’s speech, as they oftentimes simply lack the vocabulary to use alternatives.

Lastly, a single-word utterance that gives away the focaliser’s childish nature is the use of ‘in’ in “[t]he Vances lived in number seven” (ibid., 4). This may seem logical to a child, as people do live *inside* a house, but ‘at’ would be a more conventional preposition to use in this context.

### 5.1.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

The first syntactical feature that stood out in the corresponding passage in the source text, the infrequent and unconventional use of punctuation, appears to have been normalized to some extent by Max Schuchart. In the very first sentence, one that runs on with as little structuring as possible in the original, Schuchart has added dashes to indicate the fact that “and what a wonderful time it was” is an aside (ibid., 3). This is a relatively sophisticated way of using punctuation, which does not seem to correspond to the chaotic manner of writing in the original. This is particularly true because much of the punctuation in the source text is used relatively unconventionally, which is not the case in this instance in this translation. The effect here is that the reader does not immediately sense that a very young person is focalised, as is the case in the source text.

Additionally, there are two instances where Schuchart ‘adds’ a comma that is not there in the original, further increasing the discrepancy between the original and the translation when it comes to the extent to which the passage is structured neatly. These are: “Als je in bed plast,” and “[z]ij waren ouder dan zijn vader en moeder,” (Schuchart 5). Interestingly enough, there are several

occasions similar to these, where Schuchart could have added a comma in his translation, but did not, for example after 'bracht' in the following sentence: "Iedere keer dat hij haar een stukje zijdepapier bracht gaf Dante hem een snoepje" (ibid., 6). It seems as though Schuchart was aware of the lack of structuring in the original and did not want to negate that entirely in his translation, but it does appear somewhat inconsistent.

Schuchart's use of semi-colons in the second sentence has a similar effect to the dashes used previously; while it is not entirely conventional to use two in one sentence, it is certainly more acceptable to do so in this instance than to employ two colons. Here, once again, Schuchart appears to normalise the 'flawed' punctuation of the original.

However, when it comes to sentence length, Schuchart does not stray from the original. The content of each sentence in the translation accurately matches the corresponding sentence of the source text. No sentences have been split up and none of them were lengthened significantly.

When it comes to the semantic level of the translation, Schuchart once again appears to follow the original closely. The fairy tale opening of the story in the original is preserved in the translation in 'er was eens' and 'koetje-boe' is similar to 'moocow' in the sense that in Dutch, too, it is typical for a child to name animals by adding the sound they make. 'Koetje-boe' is the common way of doing so.

The repetition Joyce uses in the source text is, once again, followed to a tee by Schuchart. 'Vader' in the second sentence is repeated only once, Dante's 'borstel' is mentioned twice in the same sentence and 'Eileen' is 'Eileen' on both occasions.

Schuchart does, however, deviate from a marked semantical choice made in the source text on one occasion. Where the original says that the Vances "lived *in* number seven", it says that they live "*op* nummer zeven" in Schuchart's translation (Joyce 4, Schuchart 6, emphasis mine). In Dutch, this is the usual way of phrasing this, so here, too, Schuchart appears to normalize the original to some extent. Lastly, he also chooses to generalize the kind of candy sold by Betty Byrne; she now simply sells "zuurtjes" (Schuchart 5).

### 5.1.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* (1972)

It is interesting to see that Franken and Knuth have, similarly to Max Schuchart, added punctuation that is not there in the source text. It must be said, however, that they have done so to a much lesser extent than Schuchart did: Franken and Knuth only used one additional comma. What is also interesting, is that 'their' comma was not used at either of the two places of Schuchart's. Instead, it is used in the following sentence: "Zij speelde op de piano voor hem, een horlepiep om op te dansen" (F&K 7). Curiously enough, it would have been defensible to use a colon here, as it would have been in line with Joyce's use of colons previously. It seems that, while the translators apparently felt compelled to add punctuation for the reader's sake, they did not want to exaggerate the way in which it is used in the source text, choosing instead to 'correct' the original to a certain degree.

While Schuchart's use of semi-colons normalizes the colons in the source text somewhat, Franken and Knuth opted not to do so. Instead, the two colons in the second sentence are preserved. This translation is once again similar to Schuchart's (and the source text) when it comes to sentence length, however. The tendency to use either relatively short or very long sentences is preserved and, as was the case previously, the passage consists of exactly the same amount of sentences as the original, where the content of each sentence corresponds to said original as well.

Similarly, when it comes to the semantic level, the 1972 translation does show significant differences to the one from 1962. One key difference is the opening of the story. While Schuchart's translation had a fairy tale-esque opening similar to the source text, Franken and Knuth's is of a much higher register: "Eens in langvervlogen tijden en hoe goed waren die tijden niet..." (7). Interestingly, while the two translations differ quite considerably in these first ten or so words, a similar effect is achieved. Schuchart's use of dashes and Franken and Knuth's deviation from the fairy tale opening both delay the point at which the reader suspects he or she is reading the words of a child.

Not long after, the moocow appears. This is another key difference between the two translations; while Schuchart used a common childish Dutch phrasing, Franken and Knuth use the much more extraordinary "moekoe" (ibid.). Not only is this word in its entirety not something Dutch children would likely say – contrary to 'moocow' in English – 'moe' is not even what Dutch children are taught is the sound cows make. It seems here, then, that Franken and Knuth were reluctant to employ a naturalizing translation strategy. In a

sense, this could be considered somewhere in between a ‘false friend’ and what Chesterman would describe as a calque translation (155).

When it comes to repetition, the 1972 translation is in fact similar to Schuchart’s. The words repeated by Joyce – and Schuchart – are repeated by Franken and Knuth as well. The same is true for the house the Vances lived in; Franken and Knuth have them live “op nummer zeven” as well (8). They do, however, deviate from both the source text and Schuchart’s translation in this sentence in another way. It is no longer about ‘the Vances’, it is now about the “kinderen van Vance” (ibid.). It seems as though this choice was made because of the following sentence: “they had a different father and mother” implies that it is likely about the children, but that remains implicit in the source text (Joyce 4). It appears, then, that Franken and Knuth have made explicit a meaning that was not necessarily intended to be overt in the original.

#### 5.1.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

Contrary to Schuchart and Franken and Knuth, Bindervoet and Henkes’ use of punctuation does not serve to normalise the source text. In fact, it achieves quite the opposite effect. While they do add a comma that is, obviously as there are none in this passage, not there in the source text, Bindervoet and Henkes do so in order to be able to further stress the repetition of this first passage. A comma is required in Dutch when a finite verb form is followed by another, so Bindervoet and Henkes had no choice but to add one between ‘[af] kwam’ and ‘kwam [tegen]’. However, in doing so, they succeed in repeating the verb once more often than is the case in the source text; ‘coming’ is used twice in the original, ‘kwam’ is used three times in the 2014 translation. In this regard, the addition of a comma appears to be a (justified) trade-off when it comes to punctuation versus repetition, as both serve as means to ‘disorganise’.

Furthermore, while Schuchart normalised Joyce’s use of colons in the second sentence by replacing them with semi-colons and Franken and Knuth followed the original to a tee, Bindervoet and Henkes take the idiosyncratic use of colons in the source text one step further. They choose to omit the first colon of the second sentence, resulting in an even more disorganised focalisation of the young Stephen Dedalus. While they do explain the reasoning behind their translation of the very first sentence in their epilogue, their motive for the omission of this colon in the second sentence remains subject to speculation. Considering the fact that they do mention having to compensate for the loss of textual elements in said epilogue, it seems plausible that the omission of this



colon serves as compensation for adding the comma in the previous sentence (B&H 2014, 301).

Another instance where Bindervoet and Henkes up the disorganised nature of Stephen's focalisation is their translation of the description of the oil sheet. In the original, "[t]hat had the queer smell" (Joyce 3) can unproblematically become a main clause. However, it could also have served as a relative clause if the full stop that precedes it were to be left out: 'His mother put on the oil sheet that had the queer smell'. Bindervoet and Henkes choose to translate this sentence as a relative clause while still keeping it as a separate sentence. To the reader, this is confusing; it 'should' either be 'het zeiltje [...] dat zo raar rook' or 'het zeiltje [...]. Dat rook zo raar.' The plural nature of the original sentence – the fact that it can be used as a main clause as well as a relative clause without alteration, the two of which can only be differentiated between based on the punctuation used – is likely hardly problematic for a reader of the source text, but it does provide Dutch translators with the opportunity to further underline the childishness in the focalisation by diminishing the extent to which the text is properly structured, an opportunity Bindervoet and Henkes seized. In contrast, both Schuchart and Franken and Knuth opted for the most straightforward reading: the one in which the separate sentence serves as a main clause only.

When it comes to the fairy tale opening of the novel, Bindervoet and Henkes appear to succeed where the previous translation could both be argued to have failed, albeit in different ways. Like in Schuchart's translation – and unlike Franken and Knuth's –, the opening of the novel is kept intact, but unlike Schuchart's, Bindervoet and Henkes do not add structure to this sentence where there was none in the original – in which regard their translation *is* similar to Franken and Knuth's. Bindervoet and Henkes have effectively found a middle ground between the two previous translations; a middle ground that, out of all three translations, appears to be most in line with the original.

## 5.2 Analysis Passage Two

### 5.2.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

The focal point of this passage is Stephen's nervousness caused by the inability to decide what to do about the injustice he experienced previously. Mentally, he continuously goes back and forth between standing up for himself by speaking to the rector about the ordeal and not doing anything, hoping to be able to let it go.

Stephen's anxiety is foregrounded in several ways. One of the more straightforward ones is the use of repetition in the passage, which appears to be used in two ways. The first is to reassure himself that what he plans on doing is not only right, but also not as big of a deal as his nerves seem to indicate. A good example of this is the way the third sentence of the passage follows up on the second; the first says what "all he had to do" was, and the second affirms that "[h]e had nothing to do but that" (Joyce 55). Repetition is also used to emphasise Stephen's nerves by making him seem less coherent than he otherwise is, to render his thoughts less eloquent than usual. An example of this is the description of the "low dark narrow corridor that led to the castle", which, when referred to once more in the next paragraph, is described as a "narrow dark corridor" (Joyce 57). It is obvious that walking down this corridor is a constricting, almost paralysing, experience for Stephen which causes his thoughts to be presented in a rather in eloquent way. Moreover, the fact that this repetition is incomplete further underlines his anxiety; "low" is left out in the second instance and "dark" and "narrow" have switched positions.

Stephen's uneasiness is also foregrounded structurally. One way of doing so is by having Stephen respond to his own previously made statements. The first of these statements, the one that he 'responds' to most frequently is "[i]t was easy what he had to do" (Joyce 55). Two paragraphs later, it is said that "he could not go", that "[n]o, it was best to forget all about it" and that "[n]o, it was best to hide out of the way" (Joyce 56). In the next, Stephen deems it "impossible: he could not" (Joyce 56). Secondly, Stephen responds to his own question of what would happen, posed at the start of the second paragraph. The first of these responses is that "[t]he rector would side with the prefect of studies" and the second is that "if he went and was pandied all the same all the fellows would make fun of him" (Joyce 56). Interestingly, both of these initial statements are neutral or even optimistic, while each of the 'responses' is highly pessimistic. This makes the fact that Stephen does go in to see the rector all the more surprising and even more of a testament to his indecision.

Lastly, Stephen's nervousness is emphasised structurally by means of the associative nature of the passage. When Stephen thinks of the pandying he already received and the one he might still receive from Mr Gleeson, he quickly distracts himself by thinking of Corrigan in the bath and when he is walking down the corridor to the rector's office, he focuses on the portraits hanging on the wall so as to subdue the fear of what might come next.

### 5.2.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

Similar to what was the case in the first passage of his translation, Schuchart appears to use punctuation to add structure that is lacking in the source text. Admittedly, that is much less the case in this passage than in the previous one, but particularly the use (note: the addition) of semi-colons in the first paragraph diminishes Stephen's nervousness to some extent. Stephen's thoughts are more coherent here than they are in the source text. Similarly, Schuchart adds commas on several occasions that make Stephen seem much more calm, for instance: "[A]lleen zou het nog erger zijn omdat hij verschikkelijk nijdig zou zijn op een jongen, die zich over hem bij de rector had beklaagd. De jongens hadden hem gezegd dat hij moest gaan, maar zelf zouden ze het niet doen" (Schuchart 57; emphasis mine). The first of these two commas in particular adds a brief pause that diminishes the notion that Stephen's thoughts are racing. It must be said, however, that Schuchart does appear to attempt to make up for this on one occasion; the very first sentence of the last paragraph of the passage is not interrupted by punctuation in the translation as it is in the source text. Though, in doing so, Schuchart has failed to retain the repetition of the original: "He passed along the narrow dark corridor, passing little doors . . ." becomes "[h]ij liep de smalle donkere gang door en passeerde kleine deuren . . ." (Joyce 57; Schuchart 58; emphasis mine).

Schuchart does appear to largely have paid close attention to the stylistic elements that contributed to Stephen's anxiety. The repetition, other than 'passed/passing', is followed to a tee and Stephen's inner monologue, the responses to his own questions and assertions, is held intact, for example through Schuchart's use of "[n]ee" (Schuchart 57). Semantically, too, Schuchart approximates Stephen's idiomatic speech appropriate to an attendee of an boys' boarding school such as Clongowes. Some examples of this are: the use of 'er tussendoor glippen' for 'escape' and 'er bij te luizen' for 'to tell on'.

There are, however, several instances where Schuchart's translation deviates from the source text semantically. The first is the shift from "[h]e had nothing to do but that" to '[d]at was alles'. Although only a minor shift, the

source text subtly conveys a sense of inevitability, the idea that Stephen's standing up for himself is an absolute necessity, while the translation only downplays what it is he has to do – 'that was all'. A second minor shift takes place when Schuchart's translation says "de lange donkere smalle gang" (Schuchart 58; emphasis mine). 'Lage', which is obviously spelled very similarly to 'lange', would be a logical translation for 'low', which could indicate a simple spelling error. Although that is speculative, Schuchart does use 'lage' in the first paragraph, so it seems likely. In any case, the shift from the hallway being both low and narrow to it being long and narrow diminishes the sense that walking through it is constricting, trapping Stephen. The third, a more noticeable semantic shift is the use of 'doodgemakkelijk' for 'easy'. Here, Schuchart's translation magnifies what Stephen tells himself. Perhaps this was done to emphasise Stephen's self-encouragement, thereby underlining his insecurity, but the use of 'easy' in the original is not nearly as outspoken and foregrounds said insecurity more subtly. Lastly, Schuchart normalises Stephen's idiosyncratic description of the prefect of studies' eyes. While they are "nocoloured" in the source text, they are simply "geenkleurig", colourless, in the translation (Joyce 56; Schuchart 57)

### 5.2.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* (1972)

Similarly to the first passage, Franken and Knuth follow the punctuation of the source text more closely than Schuchart, thereby not increasing the extent to which the text is structured and thus keeping its 'rambling' nature intact. In fact, Franken and Knuth leave out one comma which is there in the source text, successfully emphasising Stephen's rambling: "De rector zou natuurlijk partij kiezen en dan zou de studieprefect toch iedere dag weer terugkomen maar het zou alleen maar erger worden omdat . . ." (66).

However, there are several instances where the 1972 translation 'deviates' from Joyce's original which do cause significant shifts. Most of these come down to increasing outspokenness of what Geoffrey Leech and Short would describe as Stephen's "mind style" (187). Firstly, Franken and Knuth introduce an increased use of repetition, for instance by using 'vlug' twice where the source text uses 'fast' and 'quickly'. This is a relatively unobtrusive shift – and it is certainly defensible in the light of Stephen's nervous mind style. The repetition of "hij hoefde alleen maar" in the second and third sentences is similar (F&K 66).

However, the exaggeration of Stephen's boyish speech quickly

diminishes his anxiety. For instance, much like Schuchart, Franken and Knuth have increased the emphasis of how ‘easy’ it was what Stephen had to do. In their translation, it is “gewoon niks aan” (66). This is repeated in the next sentence, even though that is not the case in source text, resulting in a subtle new connotation described in the analysis of that passage (replace with paragraph number). Although this phrasing appears to work when it comes Stephen’s attempt to encourage himself, it possibly defeats its purpose and makes him seem too relaxed. Several other phrases that make Stephen’s mind style perhaps too casual are: ‘Portugeesje’ for ‘Portuguese’, ‘dik’ and ‘vet’ for ‘big’ and ‘fat’ when describing Corrigan, ‘gluipertje’ for ‘schemer’ – a term of which its use by the prefect of studies seems highly unlikely – and the addition of ‘gewoon’ in “hij kon gewoon niet” and ‘vast’ in “[z]e waren het vast alweer vergeten” (F&K 66-68; emphasis mine). Stephen’s despair is diminished by the addition of ‘gewoon’ because it indicates that he resigns himself to being incapable of doing it and in the last example, by not emphasising ‘zij’ in the sense that *they* would have forgotten while *he* had not, the emphasis lies on ‘vast’, making it more accusatory than desperate.

#### 5.2.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

When it comes to punctuation, Bindervoet and Henkes’ translation appears to follow the source text closest of all three translation; no comma, colon or semi-colon is added and no colons are replaced with semi-colons. In fact, one comma from the source text is left out in the 2014 translation: “Hij liep door de nauwe donkere gang en passeerde kleine deuren die de deuren van de kamers . . .” (B&H 2014, 64).

The same is true for the semantic elements of the passage. While Schuchart tends to normalise the idiosyncrasies of the original and Franken and Knuth exaggerate Stephen’s boyish mind style to a certain extent, Bindervoet and Henkes do neither. For instance, the prefect of studies’ eyes that are ‘kleurloos’ in Schuchart’s translation are, as is the case in Franken and Knuth’s translation, “geenkleurig” but at the same time, the Portuguese in the 2014 translation is simply a ‘Portugees’ rather than Franken and Knuth’s ‘Portugeesje’ and the prefect of studies calls him a ‘gluiperd’, which seems to be more in line with that character’s idiomatic speech than ‘gluipertje’ (B&H 2014, 62, 64).

Perhaps the most telling difference between Bindervoet and Henkes’ translation of this passage and its two precursors, however, is their translation

of the very first sentence. Where both Schuchart and Franken and Knuth exaggerate how easy it was for Stephen to go see the rector so as to underline this need to encourage himself to do so, Bindervoet and Henkes follow the original much more closely by simply saying that what he had to do was “simpel” (B&H 2014, 62). This way, like in the source text, Stephen does attempt to be brave, but he is not fooling himself as brazenly as is the case in the older translations.

Another good example of where the most recent translation succeeds most in staying true to Joyce’s original is the fragment that, in the original, reads:

Was he not listening the first time or was it to make fun out of the name?  
The great men in history had names like that and nobody made fun of them. It was his own name that he should have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. (Joyce 56-57)

Here, ‘to make fun’ is repeated four times. The first three all include ‘of’, the last is used in a more general yet more uncommon sense, which gives the impression that Stephen, in his outrage, is unable to find a way to put it more eloquently. In Schuchart’s translation, the first instance is translated as ‘belachelijk maken’; the second as ‘er grappen over maken’; the third is largely omitted and the fourth as ‘grappig had willen zijn’. In Franken and Knuth’s, the first three are all translated as ‘belachelijk maken’, which is already considerably more in line with the source text than Schuchart’s, but the fourth is mostly left out. Bindervoet and Henkes have also used ‘belachelijk maken’ in the first three instances of ‘to make fun of’, but rather than leaving out the fourth, they use the verb ‘lachen’. The shared root of ‘lach’ in ‘belachelijk’ and ‘lachen’ achieves a similar effect to the source text; the fourth instance is not entirely like the others but is similar enough to give the impression that Stephen’s ability to express himself ‘properly’ is hindered by his indignation.

## 5.3 Analysis Passage Three

### 5.3.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

This third passage is an iconic one in *Portrait*, as it is one of the ones in which Stephen's repressed sexual desires are 'allowed' to surface completely. That is not to say that, even in this passage, these desires are fully let loose; the focalisation of Stephen still alternates to a certain extent between fully giving in to these desires and repressing them. In this passage, it is primarily the semantic level on which this notion is made visible. While there are several syntactical features that add to this, the constant mentions, allusions and connotations of the natural, the mystical, the physical, the sensory, the brutish and the bestial are centralised in this passage.

The first instance of this battle between civilised mankind versus the natural being alluded to occurs in the first paragraph of the passage, the second sentence. Stephen had attempted to build a dam, to keep out the natural flow of his sexual desires. To do so, he used man-made social constructs, desirable behaviours, such as "rules of conduct, active interest and new filial relations" and he attempted to "bridge" his shame and rancor (Joyce 104). However, as in reality, 'break-waters' require the most solid of foundations – which Stephen's figuratively certainly lacked – and even then nature often still prevails.

It is important to note that this first instance of man succumbing to nature is one where these natural forces are external. Of course, Stephen's desires are internalised, but the metaphor of the tides flowing over his dam is one where nature is supposed to be kept out, which ultimately leads to failure. However, after these tides have successfully flooded Stephen – washed over him so to speak – these natural forces take hold of him and, from that point onwards, the natural, bestial and sexual is internalised. Subsequent metaphors and allusions no longer portray Stephen's desires as outside forces trying to seize him; they now come from within.

The first metaphor used to portray the forces within Stephen is one in which bestial references – or of other 'inhuman' entities – are used. These include: the "fierce longings", "savage desire", his "brooding", "brutish joy", "brutal" words rushing forth, moaning to himself like "some baffled prowling beast", hands clenching and teeth setting together, a "slumber" (Joyce 105-107). Furthermore, his perception of other people shifts in this passage as well; Stephen no longer sees them as human but instead sees their shapes, much like a predatory force does its prey: "he moved among distorted images of the outer world", he feels presences and sees "figure[s]", "being[s]" and "form[s]" (Joyce

105-106).

The second metaphor used in this way pertains to the flesh. Similarly to the metaphor described above, this metaphor has a dehumanising function, although it is less prevalent than the previous one. Some examples include: to be of “one blood” with his relatives, that his life “had grown to be a *tissue* of subterfuge and falsehood”, lechery, blood in revolt (ibid.; emphasis mine). Lastly, it is interesting to note that the notion of ‘murmuring’ appears several times in this passage. In the next one, Passage Four, it is Stephen’s blood that is repeatedly said to murmur. Re-reading the third passage, it is difficult not to associate the murmuring here with the murmuring blood described later on.

### 5.3.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

While Schuchart’s translation of this third passage appears to show great fidelity at a first glance, there are several instances where the beastlike, inhuman undertone of the passage is diminished. This ultimately results in a passage that evokes significantly less savagery in the reader’s mind than the source text does. In turn, it seems as if Stephen himself judges these brutish desires and knows better, while in the source text these desires wash over and engulf him completely, rendering him much less human than is the case in the 1962 translation.

Much like in the previous passages, albeit less frequent, Joyce’s use of punctuation or lack thereof leads to a diminishing when it comes to the structure of this passage. While this results in a distinct sense of immaturity in Stephen’s focalisation, the lack of commas used when Stephen’s relatives are mentioned in the second paragraph adds – however slightly – to the dehumanisation, as there is a clear lack of structure in Stephen’s perception of this human social construct. However, much like in the previous passages, Schuchart does add a comma: “moeder, broer en zuster” (105).

More noticeable, however, is the way in which Stephen’s uncivilised emotions become much less animalistic than in the source text. While Stephen’s longings are “fierce” and his desire “savage” in the source text, they are “fel” and “woest” respectively in Schuchart’s translation (Joyce 105; Schuchart 105). While both of these Dutch phrases can be used to describe animals, they are much more widely applicable and subsequently less marked than Joyce’s original phrasings. Other examples include the loss of the animalistic connotation in ‘brooded’ (the same is true for ‘tissue’) and the notion that his “verlangen zweeg” (ibid). ‘Zwijgen’ alludes to a sense of ‘not speaking’, but speaking is an activity largely exclusive to humans. This creates the sense that



Stephen's desire is like a different personality which, although not entirely untrue, is not as beastlike as in the original. Furthermore, the notion that the image of Mercedes "traverses" the background of Stephen's memory, gives rise to the idea that it is one of many entities that wander in the wilderness that is Stephen's psyche (Joyce 105). This connotation is somewhat lost in Schuchart's translation, where the image simply 'comes up'. However, it must be said that said traversing appears to occur when Stephen's mind has calmed down and is more rational, so it is not as great a loss as it would have been if it occurred during the height of his furor. Lastly, the "dim memory of orgiastic riot" and "keen and humiliating sense of transgression" belong to the morning in the original, creating a disconnect between these human sentiments and Stephen (ibid.). In Schuchart's translation, this is more ambiguous: 'zijn' can also explicitly refer to Stephen, in which case these sentiments are in fact attributed to him. Admittedly, most of these examples lead to only minor shifts, but they do add up. The result is a significant diminution of the bestial nature of Stephen's carnal desires.

### 5.3.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* (1972)

In their translation of this passage, Franken and Knuth use several phrases also used in Schuchart's translation which somewhat diminish the emphasis of Stephen's bestial lust for the flesh. In other instances, their translation is noticeably more apt than Schuchart's in this regard. They also occasionally deviate significantly from the source text, which at times is successful but in other instances less so.

The first instance where the 1972 translation approaches the original significantly more so than Schuchart's is the use of "het gore getij van het leven" where the source text says "sordid tide of life" (F&K 123; Joyce 104). 'Lelijk' in the first translation has a connotation of aesthetics more than anything, where 'goor' encapsulates the underlying moral meaning of 'filthy' encapsulated in 'sordid'. Another instance is the use of "dreven" for 'led' in "[t]he veiled autumnal evenings led him from street to street" (F&K 125; Joyce 105). Coincidentally, this is also one of the instances where Franken and Knuth deviate from the source text, as 'drijven' strongly hints at the driving of cattle or repelling unwanted animals. However, seeing as how it is in reference to Stephen's lustful wanderings, it seems apt to use a verb here that indicates that he has little control over said wanderings. Another instance where Franken and Knuth's translation is a significant improvement over Schuchart's when it

comes to the emphasis on Stephen's lust is the use of "gutsten" for 'rushed' in "the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain" (F&K 125; Joyce 106). 'Gutsen' is probably best translated as 'gushing' in English, so it certainly is a noticeable deviation from the source text. However, much like the previous example, it is very fitting in this passage, as 'gutsen' – like 'gushing' – is often associated with blood. Another one of these is the use of "[h]ij wenste *vurig*", an adverb that is missing in the source text (F&K 124). 'Vurig' has a connotation of passion, which further emphasises Stephen's desperate need to appease his longings.

There are, however, also several instances where the 1972 translation is less successful. These are primarily the result of phrases that bear much less animalistic connotations than their counterparts in the source text. For instance, the original says that Stephen "wanted to sin with another of his *kind*", an almost zoological manner of phrasing, but here, 'iemand' is used, which is exclusively used to refer to humans (Joyce 106). Then, the dark presence Stephen feels becomes "[iets] ontastbaars", which, while the original evokes an image of a predatory beast looming in the shadows, has a more phantasmal connotation (F&K 126).

One last change that is interesting is the explicit mention of the Dublin Mountains where the original simply says 'mountains'. This is an inferral of realia where there were none in the source text. Chesterman would describe this as a shift in the level of abstraction and, frankly, it is difficult to guess why exactly it was added. It is mentioned during a description of when Stephen's mind is calm, so such a specific reference does not seem as out of place as it would in other parts of the passage – after all, when one is driven mad with lust, does it really matter *which* mountains? – but it is a noteworthy shift nonetheless.

#### 5.3.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

While the 1972 translation already put more emphasis on animal lusts for the flesh that Stephen experiences in this third passage, Bindervoet and Henkes do so even more and, at the same time, follow the source text more closely. What is more, there are several occasions on which they manage to emphasise the severity of Stephen's immorality and the futility of his attempts to overcome it, more so than one or both of the previous translations did.

There are two examples of this latter aspect of the source text that are particularly noticeable. The first is one where both Schuchart's and the 2014

translation are somewhat similar, but the two both differ significantly from Franken and Knuth's and it occurs at the dismissal of Stephen's attempts to build a 'break-water of order and elegance': "Useless" (Joyce 104). Here, Schuchart uses "[n]utteloos" and Bindervoet and Henkes use "[z]inloos", while Knuth and Franken use "[t]evergeefs" (154; 114; 123). While all three of these indicate that his attempt had failed, only the 1972 translation hints at the possibility of it being successful by effectively saying 'to no avail'; the other two translations both underline much more strongly the futility of the attempt: it would never have worked. There is also an instance where the most recent translation emphasises the severity of Stephen's transgressions more strongly than the other two. Where the original says that Stephen "was in mortal sin", the older two translations say that he was or lived in a 'state' of mortal sin. Bindervoet and Henkes do not do so: "Het deed hem weinig dat hij in doodzonde leefde" (114). It is but a slight difference, but the word 'state' is left out in the source text as well, and with good reason: Stephen's immorality appears to him not to be a state or a phase that will simply pass or that he can otherwise overcome. Instead, it subdues and engulfs him and, to Stephen, no end is in sight.

Then, there are several ways in which the animalistic references of this passage are emphasised more consistently in Bindervoet and Henkes' translation than in the other two. The first example of this occurs where both older translations state that Stephen's 'begeerte' or 'verlangen' 'zweeg' or 'tot zwijgen gekomen was' when the source text simply mentions the "pauses of [Stephen's] desire" (Joyce 105). Here, Bindervoet and Henkes use "de adempauzes van zijn begeerte" (115). An important difference here is that the two oldest translations personify Stephen's desire, something that Joyce does not do. Bindervoet and Henkes' translation is vague in this sense; 'adempauze' could either refer to Stephen managing to find some time to figuratively catch his breath, or that his desire rages so wildly that it occasionally needs to wind down before it can continue. The result is the same, Stephen is occasionally relieved from his desire for a short amount of time, but the ambiguity in the 2014 translation subtly hints at an anthropomorphisation of said desire, rather than using a personification.

Then, there are several more straightforward examples of the most recent translation underlining the animalistic references in this passage. The first is "het kronkelende donker" for "the winding darkness", (B&H 115; Joyce 105). This allusion to the slithering of snakes is not made in the other two translations. Admittedly, it is not there in source text either, but this addition

does seem justifiable when considered in the context of the rest of the passage. Then, there is “de . . . beestachtige woorden stormden” for Joyce’s “brutal words rushed” (B&H 2014, 115; Joyce 106). Here, the verb ‘stormden’ evokes an image of the stampede, for example of a herd of wildebeest. Schuchart’s ‘barstten’ does not allude to either the animal world or the flesh, but Franken and Knuth’s ‘gutsten’ is, as argued above, an allusion to the latter. In this sense, the 1972 and 2014 translations are arguably similarly successful, despite bearing connotations of different key elements of this passage.

## 5.4 Analysis Passage Four

### 5.4.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

In this passage, Stephen's anxiety as well as his attempts to calm himself are centralised once again. In that regard, Passage Four is quite similar to Passage Two. It must be said, though, that there is a distinct difference in theme between the two passages; while Stephen was afraid of the anger of a person in Passage Two, it is the wrath of God that terrifies him in this one. This religious theme causes a change to occur on the semantic level between these two passages, as the focus shifts towards references to hell and biblical suffering rather than the physical, earthly punishment in Passage Two.

Another difference between the two passages is visible on a more structural level and it is indicative of Stephen's growth. Where Stephen's nervousness and his attempts to reassure himself follow each other and alternate quite chaotically, this back and forth is structured much more neatly in this passage; each paragraph only contains either of the two. In fact, structurally, the paragraphs can be listed as follows: nervous, neutral, nervous, neutral, reassuring, reassuring, neutral (with a hint of nervousness near the end), reassuring.

One important stylistic element of which to be aware occurs on the semantic level: as was the case in Passage Two, Stephen's nervousness is emphasised heavily through the use of repetition. When it comes to his surroundings ("The slide was shot back"), it occasionally seems like Stephen is in a state of 'hyper-focus', almost as if a fight-or-flight response is triggered within him (Joyce 154). Also, Stephen's guilt is emphasised in a similar way, through repeated allusions to hell ("Flakes of fire", "powdery ashes", "little fiery flakes", "fine glowing ashes") and his repeated admission of guilt ("run, run, run", "shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts") (ibid.).

Interesting, too, is the repetition of 'murmuring' in this passage. As discussed before, this phrase was repeated several times in Passage Three. There, a murmuring force wanted to take hold of Stephen, but here it is Stephen's own blood that begins to murmur, indicating that Stephen has accepted that his sin is truly a part of him.

Lastly, a difference between the various editions that were used as source texts needs to be mentioned. In the 1974 Viking Press edition edited by Chester G. Anderson, the 2000 Penguin Modern Classics used for the passages in the Appendix and, presumably, the edition Schuchart used as a source text, two sentences are omitted that are there in the 1993 Garland edition edited by Hans

Walter Gabler and Walter Hettche. These sentences are situated as follows: “He could still escape from the shame. [O what shame! His face was burning with shame.]” (Gabler 166-167). As a result, only Bindervoet and Henkes have translated these two sentences, as they were the only ones to use an edition edited by Gabler.

#### 5.4.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

On the whole, Schuchart’s translation of this passage follows the source text closely. Both structurally, when it comes to Stephen’s nervousness and his attempts to reassure himself, as well as on a semantic level, when it comes to the allusions to hell, Schuchart does not stray far from the original.

There are, however, several instances where changes do occur in the 1962 translation which could be considered less successful. The first is the fact that Schuchart translates the sentence “[t]he slide was shot back” in two different ways, even though it is repeated in exactly the same way in the source text (Joyce 154). The first time around, Schuchart’s translation says: “Het schot werd weer neergeklapt” (155). The second time, it says: “De schuif werd weer opengedaan” (ibid.). Not only are these sentences semantically different enough from each other that the reader will most likely not realise that it is in fact the same event that is repeated, but, nearly equally importantly, even if the reader does do so, the variation in phrasing is indicative of a sort of eloquence, which is one of the things that Stephen’s nerves cause him to lack.

Another interesting deviation from the source text is Schuchart’s refusal to use repetition to an equal extent as the extent to which ‘run’ is repeated in the source text. Instead, Schuchart’s translation says: “... en dan rennen, door de donkere straten rennen” (ibid.) Here, Stephen’s panic is much less emphasised than in the original. In fact, the repetition used by Schuchart reads more like an afterthought, as if the narrator forgot to include *where* Stephen would be running. In the source text, however, the repetition of run underlines Stephen’s the gravity with which Stephen perceives his own sins, as well as how long he believes he would need to run before escaping said sins. Here – and in Schuchart’s refusal to use capitalisation for the relative pronoun in “God Who had made [him]” –, Schuchart’s tendency to normalise Joyce’s idiosyncrasies becomes apparent once more (Joyce 154).

Lastly, it is interesting to note that Schuchart does not use the same phrase as a translation of ‘murmur(ing/-ous)’ as he did in Passage Three; where he previously used ‘murmelen’, he now uses ‘murmureren’. Although the two words look similar, a slight semantic shift does occur.

### 5.4.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* (1972)

Similarly to Schuchart's, Franken and Knuth's translation neatly preserves the themes centralised in this passage. However, while Schuchart holds true to his tendency to employ a normalising translation strategy, Franken and Knuth continue to occasionally enrich the text by using strategies of which Chesterman would describe most as changes in emphasis.

The first shift that stands out is a change in sentence structure. The second and third sentences of the passage are combined into one in Franken and Knuth's translation. It is difficult to guess the reason behind doing so, because the fragment "vlokjes as . . . bedekten de huizen der mensen die zich verstoord bewogen" diminishes the ease with which the sentence is read, which is not the case in the original. Admittedly, Joyce's writing does so at times as well, but it is not the case here.

The second shift occurs where the source text describes Stephen's possible escape. Where Joyce's original says "run, run, run swiftly", Franken and Knuth shift the emphasis from the action to the result of said action: "wegrennen, weg, weg" (Joyce 154; F&K 182). As a result, Stephen's panic is underlined slightly more strongly in their translation, as the emphasis lies on the fact that he has to get *away*, more so than on *how* he would do so. Over all, this change is justifiable, as it does not detract from the notions that are foregrounded most in this passage. If anything, it foregrounds them more strongly.

Another shift in emphasis occurs where Joyce wrote "[s]hame covered him wholly like fine glowing ashes falling continually" (154). Here, Franken and Knuth evoke a much stronger image: "Hij werd helemaal door schande overdekt als door een nimmer ophoudende regen van fijne gloeiende as" (182). The addition of 'rain' and the notion that it is 'neverending' rather than simply 'falling continually', as well as the use of the somewhat archaic word 'nimmer', give this phrasing a somewhat biblical undertone. While this does seem fitting when considering the rest of the passage, it places such heavy emphasis on this particular sentence that it becomes quite marked, much more so than in the source text.

A final shift in emphasis occurs when Franken and Knuth translate "[h]e would . . . be happy" by saying that Stephen would be 'blij' (Joyce 154). While in some ways a 'literal' translation, both other translations use the more conventional 'gelukkig', which is also used in the Dutch equivalent of 'to live happily ever after' and implies being content more so than being explicitly

exuberant. Although this change seems fitting at first – Stephen does become ecstatic at the idea of being forgiven – he is also much more modest in those instances than this translation implies.

Lastly, as was the case in Schuchart's, Franken and Knuth's translation does not use the same word in the instances where the source text mentions 'murmuring' as it did in Passage Three. This means that here, too, the continuity of the source text is diminished.

#### 5.4.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

As was the case in previous passages, Bindervoet and Henkes' translation appears to find a middleground between the two very different strategies used in the previous translations. While all three translations succeed in the sense that Joyce's biblical evocations and use of repetition remain intact, Bindervoet and Henkes neither iron out Joyce's idiosyncrasies like Schuchart does, nor does their translation detract from the occasional 'matter-of-factness' of the source text like Franken and Knuth's.

An example that illustrates both of these points is Bindervoet and Henkes' translation of Joyce's repetition of 'run'. Here, their translation reads: "en dan rennen rennen rennen, weg door de donkere straten" (167). Immediately, it becomes clear that Bindervoet and Henkes do not 'rectify' Joyce's somewhat unconventional repetition here, unlike Schuchart. In fact, the lack of commas makes their translation perhaps even more 'Joycean' than the original was, considering the fact that previous passages have shown that Joyce often leaves them out. At the same time, the emphasis on the 2014 translation remains on the running, the *how* of Stephen's getting away, rather than on the *need* to get away as was the case in Franken and Knuth's. Interestingly enough, Bindervoet and Henkes do use the word 'weg', but they do not emphasise it like Franken and Knuth did.

There are several other, more minor examples that show how Bindervoet and Henkes found a middleground between Schuchart's translation and Franken and Knuth's in this passage, such as the fact that Joyce's repetition remains intact as opposed to Schuchart's, while 'their' fine glowing ashes simply fall incessantly as opposed to Franken and Knuth's shift to a neverending rain, but most of those would serve only to point out less successful parts of the other two translations. It is more interesting to point out instead that the recurrence of 'murmuring' in the source text was not kept intact by Bindervoet and Henkes either. As it turns out, all three (pairs of) translators



did not think that the murmuring of Stephen's blood in this passage is a continuation of the murmuring of Stephen's carnal desires in Passage Three.

## 5.5 Analysis Passage Five

### 5.5.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

This passage, affectionately named the ‘dove girl passage’, is in many ways the other side of the coin that is Stephen’s sexuality when compared to Passage Three. As the third passage did, Passage Five is full of zoological, supernatural and religious references. However, these references are now made from a much less savage, much more positive perspective: while the references to animals in Passage Three all pertained to Stephen and were predatory in nature, they now refer to the girl and pertain – much more delicately – to ornithology; where the waters previously “flowed over his barriers”, the tide now flows much more gently “with a low whisper of her waves”; where the biblical references were made in relation to sin and hell previously, Stephen now sees angels and experiences “the holy silence of his ecstasy” and where the supernatural was referenced by means of the “winding darkness of sleep” before, this is now done by way of “the wonder of mortal beauty” (Joyce 104-107, 185-187).

Another interesting difference between this passage and the third is the fact that repetition is much more prevalent here. This gives rise to the idea that here, in his ecstasy, Stephen muses over what he experiences and wants to do so again and again whereas his furor in Passage Three had him imagine all the different ways in which he wanted to sin.

Lastly, there are two phrases that indicate that Stephen’s lust is no longer torturing him. Both of these appear to be direct references to the third passage. The first is the fact that he lays down in the “sandy nook” so that “the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood”: clearly referencing to the fact that “[h]is blood was in revolt” two passages prior (187). ‘Riot’ arguably bears a less tumultuous connotation than ‘revolt’ as the former has the connotation of simply creating chaos, whereas the latter indicts overthrowing the powers that be. More importantly, however, Stephen has found a way to deal with the unrest of his blood. A second reference is the “languor of his sleep” (ibid.) It appears that this is in reference to the “softer languor” that previously only came in the “pauses of his desire” (187, 105). The context in which ‘languor’ is used in this passage is, like the ‘riot’ of Stephen’s blood, much more positive than was the case in Passage Three.

All in all, while it is obviously necessary to closely inspect the ways in which the translations deal with the usual elements that make this passage iconic – the ornithological references, the supernatural, the repetition – it is

interesting to see how the translators have dealt with the macro-structural shifts of which these reference are indicative.

### 5.5.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

Firstly, it must be said that Schuchart appears to have paid close attention to the many references to birds, supernatural forces and religion. There are only a few that Schuchart did not preserve. However, Schuchart's tendency to create a translation more conventional than the source text becomes apparent once again.

The first way in which is done is, once again, through the use of punctuation. While it seems at first that Schuchart has diminished the extent to which he employs a normalising translation strategy (because not every colon in the source text is replaced by a semi-colon in the translation), it becomes clear that there are still several ways in which Joyce uses punctuation that Schuchart refuses to follow. While the first colon of the passage is, almost as per usual, replaced by a semi-colon by Schuchart, the reverse is true for the first semi-colon Joyce uses: Schuchart uses a colon here. Furthermore, Schuchart seems willing to 'give in' to Joyce's idiosyncratic use of colons near the end of the second paragraph, as Schuchart ends this sentence as follows: "heen en weer: en een lichte blos trilde op haar wang" (188). It should be noted, however, that Joyce also used a semi-colon earlier in this sentence, which seems a bridge too far for Schuchart. All in all, Schuchart seems slightly less inclined to employ normalisation than before when it comes to punctuation, but the result is relatively inconsistent.

On the semantic level, however, Schuchart's inclination to normalise is unwavering. The first example of this is "softhued" (Joyce 185). This is not as unconventional a phrase as, for instance, 'darkplumaged' was, but it is typical of Joyce to use adjectives like these, where the adverb that modifies them is included within the adjective. Schuchart circumvents a similar construction in Dutch: "zacht van kleur" (187). Similarly, the 'flame' trembling on the girls cheek simply becomes a 'blos', as shown in the example given in the paragraph above. Lastly, the flower that "spread in endless succession of itself" simply becomes "spreidde zich eindeloos uit", which paints a much less kaleidoscopic picture (Joyce 187; Schuchart 189).

### 5.5.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman* (1972)

As was the case in Schuchart's translation, this passage in Franken and Knuth's shows a clear continuation of previously identified tendencies. Once again, Franken and Knuth add several elements that were not there in the source text, whether it be through figures of speech, increases in emphasis or semantic shifts. As was the case previously, some of these are more successful than others.

The first two examples combined cause a shift on a semantic level that could be argued to be undesirable when considering the theme of the passage. The first part is the choice to use "geul" where Joyce uses "midstream" (F&K 219; Joyce 185). Since a 'geul' does not necessarily contain water, it only becomes clear that she is standing in the water much later. However, more importantly, the result of this change is that the image of a nymph or other mystical creature is not instantly evoked while that is the case in the source text. Another semantic shift that is connected to this is the fact that Franken and Knuth elected to use "door toverij . . . verkregen" where the original says "whom magic had changed" (F&K 219; Joyce 184). Here, the use of the active rather than the passive coupled with the use of 'verkregen' gives the impression that the girl had wanted to become a "strange and beautiful sea-bird" (ibid.). It is as if she wished to look like this, which diminishes her innocence.

Lastly, there are also instances where Franken and Knuth deviate from the source text in a more successful way. A good example of this is the use of a chiasmus where there is none in the original: the original reads "hither and thither, hither and thither", Franken and Knuth write "her en der, der en her" (Joyce 186; F&K 219). While Joyce does not use a chiasmus himself here, *Portrait* is riddled with them on all levels, so it seems apt to use. Even more so, because the sentence describes the girl's motions, stirring the water, which can easily be imagined as chiastic in itself: from left to right, from right to left, from left to right and so on. Another successful shift in this sense is the following sentence: "Haar beeld had zich voor altijd in zijn ziel *genesteld*" (Franken and Knuth 220; emphasis mine). Here, an ornithological reference is added that was not there in the source text, but since these references are so abundant in this sentence, it seems only fitting to use insert an instance like this, whenever the Dutch language allows it.

#### 5.5.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

Once again, while Schuchart's translation tones down several aspects that make this passage typically Joycean and Franken and Knuth's emphasises 'the spirit of Joyce' at times, Bindervoet and Henkes' does not stray from the source text in either direction as much as the others do. The exact motive behind this strategy can only be speculated upon, but one possible reason could be the presumption that, for instance in the case of the chiasmus that Franken and Knuth added which was not there in the original despite Joyce's proclivity to use these, the structure, rhythm and phrasings of the source text must have been made to be as they are only after careful deliberation on Joyce's part.

A good syntactical example of this is Bindervoet and Henkes' translation of Joyce's repetition of 'on and on and on and on': "Voort en voort en voort en voort" (201-202). In the source text, 'on' is repeated four times on two occasions. Schuchart normalises these fragments to an extent, shortening the repetition to, respectively, two and three repetitions of 'verder'. Franken and Knuth, while also not making 'verder' return four times in both instances (three and four times, respectively), exaggerate the monotony of these fragments to an extent, simply because of the fact that 'verder' is bisyllabic while 'on' is monosyllabic. Bindervoet and Henkes, however, are the only ones not to use 'verder', instead opting for 'voorts', allowing their translation to not only stay true to the source text when it comes to the amount of repetitions, but also ensures the 'droning' in these sentences stays true to Joyce's.

Then, there are several – admittedly relatively minor – instances on the semantic level where the 2014 translation stays most true to the original. These are: the use of "aanbidding" for Joyce's "worship", as opposed to Schuchart's "bewondering" and Franken and Knuth's "verering" and using "geschreeuwd" for the life that had "cried to him" where Schuchart and Franken and Knuth both use '(tot) hem geroepen had'. Both of these manners of phrasing by Joyce are very strongly emotional and they are toned down to an extent in the first two translations.

## 6. Conclusion

### 6.1 James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

Over the course of the investigation, it has become clear that there are multiple ways in which Stephen Dedalus' growth manifests itself on a stylistic micro-level in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Some of these aspects are a constant factor in the mind style of the novel and there are others from which clear growth can be deduced and formulated through macro-level conclusions.

Firstly, the one figure of speech that is consistently prevalent is repetition. There are passages where it is used more frequently than it is in other parts of the book, for example during the parts of Passage Four in which Stephen's panic is most severe, but it is in fact a constant factor throughout the work. In part, this can be explained as being an idiosyncratic characteristic of Stephen, but it must also be said that even at the end of the book, Stephen is still only a young adult. He has certainly not yet reached adulthood, so, theoretically, this tendency could still be subject to change as Stephen gets even older.

In the first passage, the focalisation of Stephen is primarily characterised by way of Joyce's idiosyncratic writing on the syntactical and graphological levels. Firstly, the wildly varying sentence length is striking: sentences tend to be either very long or very short. Secondly, the way in which punctuation is used is strongly indicative of Stephen's age. No commas are used at all in the first passage and, although Joyce does use colons – which is a relatively sophisticated piece of punctuation in comparison to the comma – he did so primarily in a fairly unconventional manner.

Interestingly, this extremely marked way of using punctuation is heavily diminished by the time the second passage is reached. Here, it is most noticeable when Stephen is at his most nervous; that is when his focalisation, on a graphological level, becomes reminiscent of when he was younger. Instead, the one textual characteristic that is most telling of Stephen's frame of mind in this passage occurs on a more structural level. Stephen's mind is racing, so he constantly goes back and forth between reassuring himself, asking himself questions and spelling out the different ways in which he thinks it will all certainly go wrong for him. Curiously enough, while this characteristic shines through on a structural level, that is mostly the case because of how little structure there is in this passage. In Stephen's focalisation, the question is asked what will happen next, but the answer – or what Stephen thinks to be the answer – is only given two paragraphs later.

In the third passage, the emphasis in Stephen's focalisation lies on the semantic level of style. Stephen's focalisation has become sophisticated to the point where his emotions are often described through metaphors and references. Like repetition, this is another trait that will remain during the following passages. However, while this figurative language becomes a constant, only certain kinds of references remain throughout the rest of the novel. Others are only temporary. For instance, the predatory metaphors are exclusive to Passage Three, while the religious references remain a constant throughout.

In the light of Stephen's growth, Passage Four is particularly interesting. Here, there are all manner of things going on when it comes to Stephen's focalisation. Firstly, this is the first passage of these five in which alliteration becomes very prevalent; a feature that reappears over the course of the two last passages. However, there are also several signs of 'regression'. The first and most prevalent of these is the heavy use of repetition. While Stephen's focalisation was often phrased quite eloquently – even in spite of the intensity of his carnal desires – in Passage Three, the focalisation reverts back to the exact same phrasings over the course of this passage. Once again, this is a sign of Stephen's nervousness. Another indication of his anxiety is the fact that his focalisation becomes somewhat reminiscent of the way it was in Passage Two. There, Stephen's focalisation constantly jumped between several emotions and, although this passage is structured more neatly – an indication of growth, perhaps – something similar does occur. In Passage Four, Stephen's focalisation constantly jumps between his internal world and his perception of the world outside. This, combined with Stephen's sentiment that it "was better . . . to have remained always a child" clearly harkens back to Passage Two (Joyce 154).

The stylistic element that is most common in Passage Five is the metaphor. Here, the predatory animal metaphors of Passage Three have been replaced with much more positive metaphors regarding ornithology. The same is true for the supernatural and the religious metaphors; the tumultuous and dark sentiments have made way for soothing, nurturing references to celestial bodies and the fiery evocations of sin have become radiantly angelic. Through analysis, it has become increasingly clear that passages Three and Five are strongly connected; there are even some intratextual references in Passage Five which underline that notion.

## 6.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

When it comes to Joyce's use of repetition, Schuchart largely follows the original to a tee. He does, occasionally, tone it down a little when it is particularly 'egregious' in the source text, but it must be said that this stylistic element is as prevalent throughout Schuchart's translation as it is throughout the source text.

In the first passage, however, Schuchart's tendency to normalise Joyce's idiosyncrasies immediately becomes clear; Schuchart employs punctuation in a much more sophisticated, 'literary' fashion than Joyce did. In addition to this tendency to normalise, Schuchart also appears to naturalise somewhat – albeit admittedly to a lesser extent – as is evidenced by his translation of 'lemon platt'.

In Passage Two, Schuchart's once again adds punctuation that was not there in the source text. Because of this, the contrast both within Passage Two, where Joyce uses much more conventional punctuation at times than he did in Passage One, but still leaves it out entirely at times to emphasise Stephen's nervousness, and across the first two passages, is not nearly as clear in Schuchart's translation in the source text. This effectively means that, in this regard, Stephen appears to neither have grown over the course of these two passages, as there was little room for growth in the first place, nor does he come across as nervous in Schuchart's translation of Passage Two as he does in the original.

Where Schuchart's phrased Stephen's focalisation more eloquently than was the case in the source text in passages One and Two, primarily through a more correct use of punctuation, the bestial nature of Stephen's instincts is diminished in Passage Three of Schuchart's translation. Once more, this is partly the result of the addition of punctuation, but more so the result of less savage connotations on the semantic level. If Passage Three can be considered a 'low' in Stephen's growth, Schuchart considerably diminishes that sentiment by making Stephen seem significantly less animal than Joyce does.

In Passage Four, the repetition of the source text features once again less prominently in Schuchart's translation. It must be said, however, that Schuchart does follow Joyce when it comes to the introduction of very prominent alliteration.

Lastly, in Passage Five, Schuchart's translation noticeably diminishes the extent to which certain elements are embellished in Stephen's focalisation. The 'softhued' skin as well as the 'flame' on a cheek are translated relatively



mundanely. As a result, the artistic undertone of the passage is diminished, even though that originally is one of the main themes of the passage.

All in all, Schuchart's translation is, on the semantic level, largely faithful to Joyce's original. Also, Schuchart very much improved the 'readability' of the translation in comparison the source text by normalising several of Joyce's idiosyncrasies. However, whether this last tendency is desirable is questionable – Bindervoet and Henkes would likely argue that it is not, considering their essay in *De kunst van het niet-vertalen*. More importantly, however, is that this inclination to normalise results in a focalisation of Stephen that is not nearly as childish and otherwise flawed as is the case in the original. Subsequently, Stephen's growth seems not nearly as significant in Schuchart's translation; he was simply left rather little room to grow in the first place. Another result of this tendency is that Schuchart's translation poetics and his translation practice do not line up perfectly; at times, he certainly does not 'echo the work of the author as faithfully as possible'.

### 6.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman (1972)*

Franken and Knuth follow Joyce's idiosyncratic use of punctuation and repetition much more closely than Schuchart did. In that regard, Stephen's growth is a lot more apparent in the 1972 translation. However, it must also be said that Franken and Knuth have a tendency to embellish or exaggerate the style of the text on a semantic level, which makes the focalisation of Stephen as a child and young man somewhat less believable at times.

The first example of this occurs in Passage One: by electing to use 'moekoe' as their translation for 'moocow' – a word which is much less likely to be used by a Dutch child than 'koetjeboe' – Franken and Knuth stayed much 'closer' to Joyce in their translation, but did so at the expense of the natural child's speech of the original.

Something similar occurs in Passage Two. While Stephen is clearly trying to encourage himself to go up to the rector, the casual phrasing Franken and Knuth opt to use is exaggerated to such an extent that it seems unlikely for Stephen to tell himself. In particular, the emphasis on how simple it was what Stephen had to do, 'er was gewoon niks aan', the relaxed use of the diminutive in 'Portugeesje' and the casual tone in 'hij kon *gewoon* niet' all paint a picture of a Stephen that is much more relaxed than is the case in the source text.

In Passage Three, however, this tendency turns out very successfully. The use of 'drijven' and 'gutsten' as well as the addition of 'vurig' all seem perfectly in line with Stephen's frame of mind at that point in the novel, but more importantly, these examples are just within the limits of what would be considered 'too much'. These manners of phrasing are neither too sophisticated for Stephen, nor do they exaggerate his sentiments, nor are they so abundant that 'diminishing returns' occur when it comes to the connotations they bear.

It must be said, though, that in Passage Four, Franken and Knuth use several phrases that seem particularly 'literary' when compared to the source text. The most notable of these are the 'nimmer ophoudende regen van fijne gloeiende as' and the conjoining of the first two sentences. Both of these examples are arguably too sophisticated to truly fit in with the rest of Stephen's focalisation. Furthermore, Franken and Knuth allude to a prospect of Stephen being 'blij', which is very outspoken. This is somewhat similar to what happened in Passage Two; these manners of phrasing seem a little too optimistic for Stephen.

In the fifth passage, the overarching strategy of Franken and Knuth to

'add' to Joyce's style delivers mixed results. In particular, the addition of the chiasmus and the use of 'genesteld' seem very appropriate in this passage, but at the same time, the innocence of the girl standing in midstream is diminished by the use of 'goal' and by invoking the idea that she wanted to be changed by magic through the use of 'verkregen'.

All in all, it must be said that Franken and Knuth captured the essence of Joyce's style much more neatly than Schuchart did and, particularly on a graphological level, they interfered with the text to a much lesser extent. It certainly is, as Cees Koster put it, a 'daring' translation. However, it could be argued that they exaggerated Joyce's style at times, ultimately leading to the addition of stylistic elements that were not there in the first place. Whether these additions favour the source text varies per instance, but either way, a case is to be made that, somewhat similarly to Schuchart, Franken and Knuth's claim that they 'tinkered' with the text as little possible is not entirely true.

#### 6.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

Like Franken and Knuth, Bindervoet and Henkes appeared to have paid close attention to Joyce's idiosyncratic use of punctuation and repetition. Deviations from these tendencies are few and far between in their translation and, even when they do occur, the reasoning behind doing so is often clear.

One such instance occurs in their translation of Passage One. In the very first sentence of their translation, they add a comma that is not there in the source text. This is, however, mandated by the Dutch language, as Bindervoet and Henkes opted to repeat the word 'kwam' once more. As mentioned previously, this is a trade-off that seems justified; the unstructured nature of the focalisation is not diminished. Passage One also contains an example that illustrates how these translators follow their own belief that everything Joyce did was done on purpose: the fact that they use the relative clause 'dat rook zo raar' as a main clause.

Another example of this is their use of 'simpel' in Passage Two, where Joyce used 'simple'. Here, 'doodgemakkelijk' was used by Schuchart and 'er was gewoon niks aan' by Franken and Knuth. However, it was not a piece of cake in English, nor was it child's play; Joyce intended for it to simply be 'simple'. The same is true for Bindervoet and Henkes' use repetition of 'lachen' and 'belachelijk' in this passage. Theirs is by far most in line with Joyce's.

While in reality wildly different, there appears to be a striking similarity between Franken and Knuth's and Bindervoet and Henkes' translations of Passage Three on a more abstract level. As was the case in the previous translation, several additions were introduced in the 2014 translation when compared to the source text. However, here, too, these additions seem to favour the text more than anything. In particular, the allusion to snakes contained in 'kronkelende' is very fitting. There is, however, one way in which Bindervoet and Henkes follow Joyce's words more closely than both other translations; Stephen is simply said to live in mortal sin and Bindervoet and Henkes are the only ones not to add the word 'staat'.

Passage Four exemplifies how Bindervoet and Henkes find a middle ground between the two previous translations: Schuchart 'rectifies' Joyce's idiosyncratic repetition of 'run' by adding a comma and Franken and Knuth change the emphasis to the arguably more desperate 'weg'. Bindervoet and Henkes do neither. Instead, this repetition remains entirely intact.

Something very similar occurs in Passage Five. Here, Bindervoet and

Henkes' translation is the only one that maintains the exact amount of repetition of 'on', while also preserving the original amount of syllables. At the same time, the emotional manners of phrasing are kept intact more so in the 2014 translation than in the other two.

All in all, Bindervoet and Henkes appear to have stuck to their declared poetics of translation most faithfully of all three translating parties. They appear to live by the argument that everything Joyce wrote was written exactly that way for a reason, but interestingly enough follow Joyce most closely when his writing is most idiosyncratic; when the writing is a little more conventional, Bindervoet and Henkes appear to become a little more playful. If Arjan Peters' argument that Joyce would have loved an anachronism like the one in Bindervoet and Henkes' translation of 'moocow' is true, this perceived strategy seems a very apt one.

## 6.5 Answering the Research Question

All that is left, then, is to answer the research question posed at the start:

How does the growth undergone by Stephen Dedalus in *Portrait* manifest itself on a stylistic level and how have these stylistic elements been dealt with over the years by Dutch literary translators?

Firstly, the growth undergone by Stephen in *Portrait* manifests itself on all of Leech and Short's levels of style: on the semantic as well as the syntactical and graphological levels, and even some phonological effects have been identified. Interestingly, the graphological level plays an unusually large role in the novel, but it must be said that it is this level in particular that becomes less and less marked the more Stephen's focalization develops. The opposite is true for the semantic level; while there relatively few allusions, metaphors and figures of speech prior to Passage Three, the use of these elements becomes very marked from then onwards. What is more, there is a considerable evolution to be seen when it comes to the subject matter of these elements. Interestingly, the syntactic level neither shows a decline like the graphological level, nor such a rise as the semantic one, nor does it remain constant. The syntactic level is more or less equally marked in passages Two and Four, but those are the instances in which this particular level is by far most noticeable.

When it comes to the translations, quite a clear trend can be identified. It has been mentioned several times before: it quickly became apparent that Schuchart's is by far the most 'reader-friendly' of the three – taking into account the times in which the readers of each of the translations respectively lived – as many of Joyce's idiosyncrasies have been ironed out. In contrast, and perhaps as a result, Franken and Knuth's translation much more heavily emphasises 'the spirit of Joyce'; in their translation, this does not happen, but it does contain the occasional embellishment or exaggeration of the source text. With their most recent translation, Bindervoet and Henkes appear to have sought – and found – a middle ground. They do not offer the reader an 'easy way out' when it comes to Joyce's unique style, but they also do not add elements for which Joyce did not intend to be there in the first place.

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## 8. Appendix

### 8.1 Passages James Joyce – *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)

#### 8.1.1 Passage One (Part I, pp. 3-4)

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms  
On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

*O, the green wothe botheth.*

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

*Tralala lala  
Tralala tralalaladdy  
Tralala lala  
Tralala lala.*

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

-O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

-O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

*Pull out his eyes,  
Apologise,  
Apologise,  
Pull out his eyes.*

*Apologise,  
Pull out his eyes,  
Pull out his eyes,  
Apologise.*

### 8.1.2 Passage Two (Part I, pp. 55-57)

It was easy what he had to do. All he had to do was when the dinner was over and he came out in his turn to go on walking but not out to the corridor but up the staircase on the right that led to the castle. He had nothing to do but that: to turn to the right and walk fast up the staircase and in half a minute he would be in the low dark narrow corridor that led through the castle to the rector's room. And every fellow had said that it was unfair, even the fellow out of second of grammar who had said that about the senate and the Roman people.

What would happen? He heard the fellows of the higher line stand up at the top of the refectory and heard their steps as they came down the matting: Paddy Rath and Jimmy Magee and the Spaniard and the Portuguese and the fifth was big Corrigan who was going to be flogged by Mr Gleeson. That was why the prefect of studies had called him a schemer and pandied him for nothing: and, straining his weak eyes, tired with the tears, he watched big Corrigan's broad shoulders and big hanging black head passing in the file. But he had done something and besides Mr Gleeson would not flog him hard: and he remembered how big Corrigan looked in the bath. He had skin the same colour as the turf-coloured bogwater in the shallow end of the bath and when he walked along the side his feet slapped loudly on the wet tiles and at every step his thighs shook a little because he was fat.

The refectory was half empty and the fellows were still passing out in file. He could go up the staircase because there was never a priest or a prefect outside the refectory door. But he could not go. The rector would side with the prefect of studies and think it was a schoolboy trick and then the prefect of studies would come in every day the same, only it would be worse because he would be dreadfully waxy at any fellow going up to the rector about him. The fellows had told him to go but they would not go themselves. They had forgotten all about it. No, it was best to forget all about it and perhaps the prefect of studies had only said he would come in. No, it was best to hide out of the way because when you were small and young you could often escape that way.

The fellows at his table stood up. He stood up and passed out among them in the file. He had to decide. He was coming near the door. If he went on with the fellows he could never go up to the rector because he could not leave the playground for that. And if he went and was pandied all the same all the fellows would make fun and talk about young Dedalus going up to the rector to tell on the prefect of studies. He was walking down along the matting and he

saw the door before him. It was impossible: he could not. He thought of the baldy head of the prefect of studies with the cruel nocoloured eyes looking at him and he heard the voice of the prefect of studies asking him twice what his name was. Why could he not remember the name when he was told the first time? Was he not listening the first time or was it to make fun out of the name? The great men in the history had names like that and nobody made fun of them. It was his own name that he should have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. Dolan: it was like the name of a woman who washed clothes.

He had reached the door and, turning quickly up to the right, walked up the stairs and, before he could make up his mind to come back, he had entered the low dark narrow corridor that led to the castle. And as he crossed the threshold of the door of the corridor he saw, without turning his head to look, that all the fellows were looking after him as they went filing by.

He passed along the narrow dark corridor, passing little doors that were the doors of the rooms of the community. He peered in front of him and right and left through the gloom and thought that those must be portraits. It was dark and silent and his eyes were weak and tired with tears so that he could not see. But he thought they were the portraits of the saints and great men of the order who were looking down on him silently as he passed: saint Ignatius Loyola holding an open book and pointing to the words AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM in it; saint Francis Xavier pointing to his chest; Lorenzo Ricci with his berretta on his head like one of the prefects of the lines, the three patrons of holy youth—saint Stanislaus Kostka, saint Aloysius Gonzago, and Blessed John Berchmans, all with young faces because they died when they were young, and Father Peter Kenny sitting in a chair wrapped in a big cloak.

### 8.1.3 Passage Three (Part II, pp. 104-107)

How foolish his aim had been! He had tried to build a break-water of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interest and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the waters had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

He saw clearly too his own futile isolation. He had not gone one step nearer the lives he had sought to approach nor bridged the restless shame and rancor that had divided him from mother and brother and sister. He felt that he was hardly of the one blood with them but stood to them rather in the mystical kinship of fosterage, fosterchild and fosterbrother.

He turned to appease the fierce longings of his heart before which everything else was idle and alien. He cared little that he was in mortal sin, that his life had grown to be a tissue of subterfuge and falsehood. Beside the savage desire within him to realize the enormities which he brooded on nothing was sacred. He bore cynically with the shameful details of his secret riots in which he exulted to defile with patience whatever image had attracted his eyes. By day and by night he moved among distorted images of the outer world. A figure that had seemed to him by day demure and innocent came towards him by night through the winding darkness of sleep, her face transfigured by a lecherous cunning, her eyes bright with brutish joy. Only the morning pained him with its dim memory of dark orgiastic riot, its keen and humiliating sense of transgression.

He returned to his wanderings. The veiled autumnal evenings led him from street to street as they had led him years before along the quiet avenues of Blackrock. But no vision of trim front gardens or of kindly lights in the windows poured a tender influence upon him now. Only at times, in the pauses of his desire, when the luxury that was wasting him gave room to a softer languor, the image of Mercedes traversed the background of his memory. He saw again the small white house and the garden of rose-bushes on the road that led to the mountains and he remembered the sadly proud gesture of refusal which he was to make there, standing with her in the moonlit garden after years of estrangement and adventure. At those moments the soft speeches of Claude Melnotte rose to his lips and eased his unrest. A tender premonition touched him of the tryst he had then looked forward to and, in spite of the horrible reality which lay between his hope of then and now, of the holy encounter he had then imagined at which weakness and timidity and inexperience were to

fall from him.

Such moments passed and the wasting fires of lust sprang up again. The verses passed from his lips and the inarticulate cries and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slimy streets peering into the gloom of lanes and doorways, listening eagerly for any sound. He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling beast. He wanted to sin with another of his kind, to force another being to sin with him and to exult with her in sin. He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded him and incited him: and the cry had he had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wail of despair from a hell of sufferers and died in a wail of furious entreaty, a cry for an iniquitous abandonment, a cry which was but the echo of an obscene scrawl which he had read on the oozing wall of a urinal.

He had wandered into a maze of narrow and dirty streets. From the foul laneways he heard bursts of hoarse riot and wrangling and the drawling of drunken singers. He walked onward, dismayed, wondering whether he had strayed into the quarter of the Jews. Women and girls dressed in long vivid gowns traversed the street from house to house. They were leisurely and perfumed. A trembling seized him and his eyes grew dim. The yellow gas-flames arose before his troubled vision against the vapoury sky, burning as if before an altar. Before the doors and in the lighted halls groups were gathered arrayed as for some rite. He was in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries.

#### 8.1.4 Passage Four (Part III, pp. 153-155)

His blood began to murmur in his veins, murmuring like a sinful city summoned from its sleep to bear its doom. Little flakes of fire fell and powdery ashes fell softly, alighting on the houses of men. They stirred, waking from sleep, troubled by the heated air.

The slide was shot back. The penitent emerged from the side of the box. The farther side was drawn. A woman entered quietly and deftly where the first penitent had knelt. The faint murmur began again.

He could still leave the chapel. He could stand up, put one foot before the other and walk out softly and then run, run, run swiftly through the dark streets. He could still escape from the shame.<sup>1</sup> Had it been any terrible crime but that one sin! Had it been murder! Little fiery flakes fell and touched him at all points, shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts. Shame covered him wholly like fine glowing ashes falling continually. To say it in words! His soul, stifling and helpless, would cease to be.

The slide was shot back. A penitent emerged from the farther side of the box. The near slide was drawn. A penitent entered where the other penitent had come out. A soft whispering noise floated in vaporous cloudlets out of the box. It was the woman: soft whispering cloudlets, soft whispering vapour, whispering and vanishing.

He beat his breast with his fist humbly, secretly under cover of the wooden armrest. He would be at one with others and with God. He would love his neighbor. He would love God Who had made and loved him. He would kneel and pray with others and be happy. God would look down on him and on them and would love them all.

It was easy to be good. God's yoke was sweet and light. It was better never to have sinned, to have remained always a child, for God loved little children and suffered them to come to Him. It was a terrible and a sad thing to sin. But God was merciful to poor sinners who were truly sorry. How true that was! That was indeed goodness.

The slide was shot to suddenly. The penitent came out. He was next. He stood up in terror and walked blindly into the box.

At last it had come. He knelt in the silent gloom and raised his eyes to the white crucifix suspended above him. God could see that he was sorry. He

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<sup>1</sup> Here, the critical edition edited by Hans Walter Gabler and Walter Hettche differs from both the Viking Press and the Penguin Modern Classics. It includes the following two sentences that are omitted in the other editions: 'O what shame! His face was burning with shame' (Gabler 166-167). Presumably, it is also missing in the edition Schuchart used.



would tell all his sins. His confession would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel would know then what a sinner he had been. Let them know. It was true. But God had promised to forgive him if he was sorry. He was sorry. He clasped his hands and raised them towards the white form, praying with his darkened eyes, praying with all his trembling body, swaying his head to and fro like a lost creature, praying with whimpering lips.

### 8.1.5 Passage Five (Part IV, pp. 185-187)

A girl stood before him in midstream,<sup>2</sup> alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful sea-bird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and soft-hued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like featherings of soft white down. Her slate-blue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea; and when she felt his presence and the worship of his eyes her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. Long, long she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from his and bent them towards the stream, gently stirring the water with her foot hither and thither. The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither: and a faint flame trembled on her cheek.

-Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy.

He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the strand. His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling. On and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him.

Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!

He halted suddenly and heard his heart in the silence. How far had he walked? What hour was it?

There was no human figure near him nor any sound borne to him over the air. But the tide was near the turn and already the day was on the wane. He turned landward and ran towards the shore and, running up the sloping beach, reckless of the sharp shingle, found a sandy nook amid a ring of tufted

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<sup>2</sup> This is a colon in the Gabler and Barnes & Noble editions.

sandknolls and lay down there that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood.

He felt above him the vast indifferent dome and the calm processes of the heavenly bodies; and the earth beneath him, the earth that had borne him, had taken him to her breast.

He closed his eyes in the languor of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclic movement of the earth and her watchers, trembled as if they felt the strange light of some new world. His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudly shapes and beings. A world, a glimmer, or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than the other.

The evening had fallen when he woke and the sand and arid grasses of his bed glowed no longer. He rose slowly and, recalling the rapture of his sleep, sighed at its joy.

He climbed to the crest of the sandhill and gazed about him. Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of sky like the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools.

## 8.2 Max Schuchart – *Het portret van de jonge kunstenaar* (1962)

### 8.2.1 Passage One (Part 1, pp. 5-6)

1

Er was eens – en dat was een heerlijke tijd – een koetje-boe dat door de straat kwam gelopen en dat koetje-boe dat de straat doorliep kwam een aardig jongetje tegen dat broekeman heette...

Zijn vader vertelde hem dat verhaal; zijn vader keek hem aan door een stuk glas; hij had een heleboel haar op zijn gezicht.

Die broekeman was hij. Het koetje-boe kwam de straat door waar Betty Byrne woonde: zij verkocht citroenzuurtjes.

- *O de wilde rozebloesems*  
- *Op die kleine groene plek*

Hij zong dat liedje. Dat was zijn liedje.

- *O de goene woze boemes.*

Als je in bed plast, is het eerst warm en dan wordt het koud. Zijn moeder legde er een gummizeiltje over. Daar kwam die vreemde lucht vandaan.

Zijn moeder rook ook lekkerder dan zijn vader. Zij speelde de horlepijp voor hem op de piano om op te dansen. Hij danste:

- *Tralala lala*  
- *Tralala tralaladie*  
- *Tralala lala*  
- *Tralala lala*

Oom Charles en Dante klaptten. Zij waren ouder dan zijn vader en moeder, maar oom Charles was ouder dan Dante.

Dante had twee borstels in haar kast. De borstel met de kastanjebruin-fluwelen rug was voor Michael Davitt en de borstel met de groen-fluwelen rug was voor Parnell. Iedere keer dat hij haar een stukje zijdepapier bracht gaf Dante hem een snoepje.

De Vances woonden op nummer zeven. Zij hadden een andere vader en moeder. Dat waren Eileens vader en moeder. Als ze groot waren zou hij met Eileen gaan trouwen. Hij verstopte zich onder de tafel. Zijn moeder zei:

- O, Stephen moet zeggen dat het hem spijt.

Dante zei:

- En als hij het niet doet, dan komen de adelaars en pikken zijn ogen uit.

Pik ogen uit,  
Zeg dat 't je spijt,  
Zeg dat 't je spijt,  
Pik ogen uit.

Zeg dat 't je spijt,  
Pik ogen uit,  
Pik ogen uit,  
Zeg dat 't je spijt.

### 8.2.2 Passage Two (Part 1, pp. 56-58)

Wat hij moest doen was doodgemakkelijk. Al wat hij hoefde te doen was om na het avondeten, wanneer hij met zijn klas de refter uitkwam, door te lopen, niet de gang in, maar de trap rechts op die naar het kasteel leidde. Dat was alles; rechtsaf slaan en snel de trap op lopen; dan zou hij binnen de halve minuut in de lage donkere smalle gang zijn die door het kasteel naar de kamer van de rector leidde. Alle jongens hadden gezegd dat het oneerlijk was, zelfs de jongen uit de tweede van het gymnasium die dat van de senaat en het Romeinse volk had gezegd.

Wat zou er gebeuren? Hij hoorde de jongens uit de hoogste klas aan het einde van de refter opstaan en hoorde hun stappen toen zij over de matting liepen: Paddy Rath en Jimmy Magee en de Spanjaard en de Portugees en de vijfde was de grote Corrigan die door meneer Gleeson zou worden afgerost. Daarom had de studiefprefekt hem een konkelaar genoemd en hem voor niets geslagen; en toen hij zijn zwakke ogen, die moe van het tranen waren, inspande, zag hij Corrigans breede schouders en grote gebogen zwarte hoofd in de rij voorbijgaan. Maar hij had wel iets op zijn kerfstok en bovendien zou meneer Gleeson hem niet hard slaan. Hij herinnerde zich hoe groot Corrigan er in het bad had uitgezien: zijn huid had dezelfde kleur als het turfkleurige vuile water aan het ondiepe einde van het bassin en toen hij langs de kant liep kletsten zijn voeten hard op de natte tegels en bij iedere stap die hij deed trilden zijn dijen, omdat hij dik was.

De refter was half leeg en de jongens liepen nog steeds op een rij naar buiten. Hij kon de trap op gaan omdat er nooit een priester of prefekt bij de deur van de refter stond. Maar hij kon het niet doen. De rector zou partij kiezen voor de studiefprefekt en denken dat het een schooljongenslist was en dan zou de studiefprefekt toch iedere dag komen, alleen zou het nog erger zijn omdat hij verschrikkelijk nijdig zou zijn op een jongen, die zich over hem bij de rector had beklagd. De jongens hadden hem gezegd dat hij moest gaan, maar zelf zouden ze het niet doen. Zij dachten er al niet meer aan. Nee, het was het beste om de hele zaak maar te vergeten; misschien had de studiefprefekt maar gezegd dat hij zou komen. Nee, het was het beste om je gedrukt te houden, als je klein en jong was glipte je er op die manier vaak tussendoor.

De jongens aan zijn tafel stonden op. Hij stond ook op en liep met hen in de rij naar buiten. Hij moest een beslissing nemen. Hij naderde de deur. Als hij met de jongens meeliep kon hij nooit naar de rector gaan, omdat hij daarvoor het speelterrein niet mocht verlaten. En als hij ging en toch slaag kreeg, zouden alle jongens hem uitlachen en praten over dat jongetje Dedalus, dat naar de rector

was gegaan om de studiefprefekt er bij te luizen.

Hij liep over de matting en zag de deur voor zich. Het was onmogelijk; hij kon het niet. Hij dacht aan het kalende hoofd van de studiefprefekt met de wrede kleurloze ogen, die hem aankeken en hoorde de stem van de studiefprefekt die hem tot twee keer vroeg hoe hij heette. Waarom kon hij zich de naam niet na de eerste keer herinneren? Had hij de eerste keer niet geluisterd, of had hij het gedaan om zijn naam belachelijk te maken? De grote mannen uit de geschiedenis hadden net zulke namen maar niemand maakte er grappen over. Als hij grappig had willen zijn had hij dat met zijn eigen naam moeten doen: Dolan, net de naam van een wasvrouw.

Hij had nu de deur bereikt, hij sloeg snel rechts af en liep de trap op; voor hij kon besluiten terug te gaan, was hij de lange donkere smalle gang in gelopen, die naar het kasteel leidde. En toen hij de drempel van de deur van de gang overschreed zag hij, zonder zijn hoofd om te draaien, dat alle jongens in de rij hem nakeken.

Hij liep de smalle donkere gang door en passeerde kleine deuren die de deuren van de kamers van de gemeenschap waren. Hij tuurde rechts en links in de schemer voor zich uit en veronderstelde dat het portretten waren. Het was donker en stil en zijn ogen waren zwak en moe van het tranen, zodat hij niets kon zien. Maar hij meende dat het de portretten van de heiligen en groten van de orde waren, die zwijgend op hem neerkeken toen hij voorbijging: Sint Ignatius van Loyola die een open boek in de handen hield en op de woorden *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* duidde; Sint Francis Xavier, die op zijn borst wees; Lorenzo Ricci met zijn baret op het hoofd als een van de klasseprefekten; de drie beschermheiligen van de heilige jeugd, Sint Stanislaus Kostka, Sint Aloysius Gonzaga en de Gezegende John Berchmans, allen met jeugdige gezichten omdat zij jong gestorven waren en Pater Peter Kenny, die in een wijde mantel gehuld op een stoel zat.

### 8.2.3 Passage Three (Part 2, pp. 105-107)

Wat dom waren zijn bedoelingen geweest! Hij had getracht een dam van orde en bekoorlijkheid tegen het lelijke getij van het leven buiten hem te bouwen en door middel van gedragsregels, actieve belangstelling en nieuwe relaties met zijn familie de krachtige opkomst van het tij in zich af te dammen. Nutteloos. Zowel van buiten als van binnen was het water over zijn dammen gestroomd: en opnieuw woelden hun golven over de ingestorte beerdam.

Ook zag hij duidelijk zijn eigen futiele isolatie. Hij was de levens die hij had willen benaderen niet één stap naderbij gekomen en ook had hij de rusteloze schaamte en wrok niet overbrugd, die hem van zijn moeder, broer en zuster hadden verwijderd. Hij voelde zijn bloedverwantschap met hen nauwelijks, zijn verwantschap met hen had veeleer een mystiek karakter: die van pleegkind en pleegbroer.

Hij probeerde de felle verlangens van zijn hart, waartegenover al het andere ijdel en vreemd was, te doen bedaren. Het kon hem weinig schelen dat hij in een staat van doodzonde verkeerde, dat zijn leven een samenstel van uitvluchten en leugens was geworden. Behalve het woeste verlangen in hem om de enormiteiten te verwerklijken was er niets heilig. Cynisch legde hij zich neer bij de schandelijke details van zijn geheime uitspattingen waarbij hij er behagen in schepte om geduldig ieder beeld neer te halen dat zijn ogen had aangetrokken. Overdag en 's nachts bewoog hij zich tussen verwrongen beelden van de buitenwereld. Een gestalte die hem overdag ingetogen en onschuldig had toegeschenen, kwam 's nachts in het duistere doolhof van de slaap tot hem, haar gezicht vervormd door een wellustige sluwheid, haar ogen vurig met een dierlijk genot. Slechts de ochtend deed hem pijn met zijn vage herinnering aan donkere orgiastische losbandigheid, zijn scherpe, vernederende gevoel te hebben gezondigd.

Hij vatte zijn omzwervingen weer op. De gesluisde herfstavonden voerden hem van straat tot straat zoals zij hem jaren geleden langs de stille lanen van Blackrock hadden gevoerd. Maar nu was er geen visioen van keurige voortuintjes of vriendelijke lichten achter de ramen dat hem vertederde. Slechts af en toe, wanneer zijn verlangen zweeg, wanneer de weelderigheid die hem uitzoog plaats maakte voor een zachter verlangen, kwam het beeld van Mercedes weer in zijn hoofd op. Hij zag dan opnieuw het kleine witte huis en de tuin met de rozenstruiken aan de weg die naar de bergen leidde, en hij herinnerde zich het droevig-trotse weigerende gebaar dat hij daar zou maken terwijl hij, na jaren van verwijdering en avontuur, met haar in de maanovergoten tuin stond. Op dergelijke ogenblikken welden hem de zoete



verzen van Claude Melnotte naar de lippen en deden zijn onrust bedaren. Hij kreeg een teder voorgevoel van de ontmoeting waarop hij zich toen had verheugd, ondanks de afschuwelijke werkelijkheid die tussen zijn hoop van toen en nu lag, van de heilige ontmoeting die hij zich toen had voorgesteld, waarbij zwakheid, schuchterheid en onervarenheid van hem af zouden vallen. Maar ogenblikken als deze gingen voorbij en de verterende vlammen van de zinnelijkheid laaiden weer op. De verzen verdwenen van zijn lippen en de ongearticuleerde kreten en de onuitgesproken smerige woorden barstten uit zijn hersens om een uitweg te forceren. Zijn bloed was in opstand. Hij gluurde in het duister van steegjes en deuren, begerig om een geluid te horen. Hij kreunde in zichzelf als een verbijsterd rondsluipend dier. Hij wilde met een ander van zijn soort zondigen, een ander wezen dwingen zonde met hem te bedrijven en zich maar in zonde uit leven. Hij voelde dat een donkere aanwezigheid onweerstaanbaar uit de duisternis op hem inwerkte, een aanwezigheid, ongrijpbaar en murmelend als een stroom die hem geheel deed vol lopen. Het gemurmur drong zich aan zijn oren op als het gemurmur van een menigte in een droom; de ongrijpbare stromen doordrongen zijn wezen. En terwijl hij de pijn van doordringen onderging, balden zich krampachtig zijn handen en zijn tanden klemde zich op elkaar. Hij strekte de armen in de straat uit om de frêle zwijmelende gestalte vast te pakken die hem ontweek en had doen ontvlammen; en de kreet die hij zo lang in zijn keel had verstikt ontsnapte aan zijn lippen. Deze barstte uit hem los als een wanhopige jammerkreet uit een hel van martelingen en verstierf in een weeklacht van furieuze verzoeken, een kreet om een ontuchtige overgave, een kreet die slechts de echo was van een obscene opschrift dat hij op de druipende muur van een urinoir had gelezen. Hij was een doolhof van nauwe, smerige straatjes in gezwalkt. Uit de smerige stegen hoorde hij uitbarstingen van hese losbandigheid en gekrakeel en het gelal van dronken zeelieden. Hij liep verder, onverstoord, en vroeg zich af of hij de Jodenwijk was binnengelopen. Vrouwen en meisjes gekleed in lange opzichtige japonnen staken de straat over, van het ene huis naar het andere. Zij hadden niet te doen en waren geparfumeerd. Hij begon te beven en zijn ogen werden dof. De gele gasvlammen flakkerden voor zijn troebele ogen tegen de nevelige hemel, brandend als voor een altaar. Voor de deuren en in de verlichte gangen stonden groepjes tezamen alsof zij voor de een of andere rite waren opgesteld. Hij bevond zich in een andere wereld: hij was uit een slaap van eeuwen ontwaakt.

#### 8.2.4 Passage Four (Part 3, pp. 154-156)

Zijn bloed begon in zijn aderen te murmureren, murmurerend als een zondige stad die uit de slaap wordt gewekt om haar oordeel te vernemen. Kleine vuurvlokjes en poederige as vielen zacht, en daalden op de huizen van de mensen neer. Zij roerden zich, ontwakend uit de slaap, verontrust door de verhitte lucht.

Het schot werd weer neergeklapt. De biechteling kwam uit de biechtstoel tevoorschijn. De andere kant werd opgetrokken. Een vrouw ging rustig en zelfverzekerd naar binnen waar de eerste biechteling had neergeknield. Het zachte gemompel begon opnieuw.

Hij kon de kapel nog verlaten. Hij kon opstaan, de ene voet voor de andere zetten, zachtjes naar buiten lopen en dan rennen, door de donkere straten rennen. Hij nog steeds voor de schaamte wegluchten. Was het maar een andere verschrikkelijke misdaad geweest maar niet die zonde. Was het maar moord geweest. Kleine vurige vlokken vielen en kwamen overal op hem neer, beschamende gedachten, beschamende woorden, beschamende daden. Hij werd helemaal door schaamte bedekt als door fijne gloeiende as, die onafgebroken neerviel. Om het in woorden uit te drukken! Zijn ziel, verstrikkend en hulpeloos, zou ophouden te bestaan.

De schuif werd weer opengedaan. Een biechteling kwam uit de andere einde van de biechtstoel. Het andere rooster werd dichtgedaan. Een biechteling ging naar binnen waar de andere biechteling uit was gekomen. Een zacht fluisterend geluid steeg in dampige wolkjes uit de stoel op. Het was de vrouw: zachte fluisterende wolkjes, zachte fluisterende damp, fluisterend en verdwijnend. Hij sloeg zich nederig met de vuist op de borst, steeds onder dekking van de houten armsteun. Hij zou één worden met anderen en met God. Hij zou zijn naaste liefhebben. Hij zou God liefhebben die hem had gemaakt en hem had liefgehad. Hij zou neerknielen en met de anderen bidden en gelukkig zijn. God zou op hem neerkijken en op hen en zou hen allen liefhebben.

Het was gemakkelijk om braaf te zijn. Gods juk was zoet en licht. Het was beter nooit gezondigd te hebben, altijd een kind te zijn gebleven, want God hield van kleine kinderen en hen tot Zich komen. Het was iets afschuwelijks droevigs om te zondigen. Maar God was arme zondaren die werkelijk berouw hadden genadig. Hoe waar was dat! Dat was goedheid.

Het luikje werd plotseling dichtgeklapt. De biechteling kwam tevoorschijn. Nu was het zijn beurt. Hij stond angstig op en ging blindelings de biechtstoel binnen.

Eindelijk was het dan zover. Hij knielde in de stille schemering neer en hief de

ogen op naar het witte kruisbeeld dat boven hem hing. God kon zien dat hij berouw had. Hij zou al zijn zonden opbiechten. Zijn biecht zou lang zijn, heel lang. Iedereen in de kapel zou dan weten welk een zondaar hij was geweest. Zij mochten het gerust weten. Het was waar. Maar God had beloofd hem te vergeven als hij berouw had. En hij had berouw. Hij klemde de handen ineen en hief ze op naar de witte figuur, biddend met neergeslagen ogen, biddend met heel zijn bevende lichaam, het hoofd heen en weer wiegend als een verloren schepsel, biddend met trillende lippen.

### 8.2.5 Passage Five (Part 4, pp. 187-189)

Een meisje stond voor hem midden in de stroom, alleen en roerloos, en staarde naar de zee. Zij leek wel iemand die door tovenarij veranderd was in de gedaante van een vreemde, mooie zeevogel. Haar lange slanke blote benen waren rank als van een kraanvogel en smetteloos behalve waar een groene zeewierslinger zich als een teken op het vlees had gevormd. Haar dijen, voller en zacht van kleur als ivoor, waren bijna bloot tot aan de heupen waar de witte zomen van haar broekje als een rand van zacht wit verendons waren. Haar leiblauwe rok was strak om haar middel geslagen en sleepte achter haar aan. Haar boezem was als van een vogel, zacht en klein, klein en zacht als de borst van een donkergevederde duif. Maar haar lange blonde haar was meisjesachtig; en meisjesachtig, en aangeraakt door het wonder van sterfelijke schoonheid, haar gezicht.

Zij was alleen en roerloos, en staarde naar de zee: en toen zij zijn aanwezigheid en de bewondering in zijn ogen voelde keek zij hem aan en onderging zijn blik zonder schaamte of lichtzinnigheid. Lang, heel lang onderging zij zijn blik en wendde toen kalm haar ogen van de zijne af en richtte ze op de stroom, het water zachtjes met haar voet heen en weer bewegend. Het eerste zachte geluid van kalm kabbelend water verbrak de stilte, zacht, flauw en fluisterend, flauw als de klokken van de slaap, heen en weer, heen en weer: en een lichte blos trilde op haar wang.

- God in de hemel! riep Stephens ziel in een uitbarsting van profane vreugde uit.

Hij keerde haar plotseling de rug toe en liep over het strand weg. Zijn wangen gloeiden; zijn lichaam stond in brand; zijn ledematen trilden. Verder en verder, al verder liep hij, ver weg over het zand, wild zingend tot de zee, roepend om de komst van het leven te begroeten dat hem geroepen had.

Haar beeld was voor altijd in zijn ziel gegrift en geen woord had de heilige stilte van zijn verrukking verbroken. Haar ogen hadden hem geroepen en zijn ziel was bij die roep opgesprongen. Te leven, te dwalen, te vallen, te overwinnen, het leven uit het leven te herscheppen!

Een wilde engel was hem verschenen. De engel van sterflijke jeugd en schoonheid, een afgezante van de schitterende hoven van het leven, om in een ogenblik van verrukking de poorten van alle wegen van dwaling en glorie voor hem open te gooien. Verder en verder en verder!

Hij bleef plotseling staan en hoorde zijn hart in de stilte. Hoe ver had hij gelopen? Hoe laat was het?

Er was geen mens in de buurt te zien en geen enkel geluid kwam hem door de

lucht aanwaaien. Maar het tij stond op het punt te keren en de dag neeg ten einde. Hij keerde zich landwaarts en rende naar de oever en toen hij het glooiende strand oprende, zonder acht te slaan op het scherpe kiezel, vond hij een zanderig plekje temidden van een kring van puntige zandheuveltjes en vlijde zich daar neer opdat de vrede en stilte van de avond de opstand van zijn bloed zou doen bedaren.

Hij voelde boven zich de enorme onverschillige hemelkoepel en de kalme loop van de hemellichamen; en de aarde onder hem; de aarde die hem had voortgebracht had hem aan haar borst gedrukt.

Hij sloot de ogen in de loomheid van de slaap. Zijn oogleden trilden alsof zij de reusachtige cyclische beweging van de aarde en haar wachters voelden, beefden alsof zij het vreemde licht van een nieuwe wereld voelden. Zijn ziel zwijmelde in een nieuwe wereld, fantastisch, onduidelijk, onzeker als onder zee, doorkruist door wolkachtige vormen en wezens. Een wereld een schittering, of een bloem? Schitterend en bevend, bevend en openvouwend, een brekend licht, een opengaande bloem – hij spreidde zich eindeloos uit, barstte in vol purper open en ontvouwde zich, verbleekt tot het fletste rose, blaadje na blaadje en lichtgolf na lichtgolf, de gele hemel met zijn zachte blossen overspoelend, iedere volgende blos nog dieper dan de andere.

Toen hij wakker werd was de avond gevallen en het zand en het groene gras van zijn bed gloeiden niet langer. Hij stond langzaam op en toen hij zich de vervoering van zijn slaap herinnerde, zuchtte hij om de vreugde ervan.

Hij klom naar de top van het duin en keek om zich heen. De avond was gevallen. Een sikkeltje van de jonge maan doorsneed de bleke woestijn van de horizon, het sikkeltje van een zilveren hoepel gebed in grijs zand, en het tij kwam snel naar het land stromen met een zacht gefluister van haar golven, een paar laatste figuurtjes in verre plassen tot eilandjes makend.

### 8.3 Gerardine Franken & Leo Knuth – *Een portret van de kunstenaar als jongeman (1962)*

#### 8.3.1 Passage One (Part I, pp. 7-8)

Eens in langvervlogen tijden en hoe goed waren die tijden niet kwam er een moekoe door de straat en deze moekoe die zo maar eens door de straat kwam ontmoette een lief ietepieterig ventje dat baby toekoe heette...

Zijn vader vertelde hem dat verhaal: zijn vader keek naar hem door een glas: hij had een harig gezicht.

Die baby toekoe was hij. De moekoe kwam door de straat waar Betty Byrne woonde: zij verkocht citroenstokjes.

*O, de wilde rozen bloeien  
Op dat groene plekje daar.*

Hij zong dat liedje. Het was zijn liedje.

*O, de groene mozen boeien.*

Als je in bed plast is alles eerst warm dan wordt het koud. Zijn moeder legde er een zeiltje op. Dat had zo'n gek luchtje.

Zijn moeders luchtje was lekkerder dan dat van zijn vader. Zij speelde op de piano voor hem, een horlepiep om op te dansen. Hij danste:

*Tralala lala  
Tralala tralalieverd  
Tralala lala  
Tralala lala.*

Oom Charles en Dante klaptten erbij. Zij waren ouder dan zijn vader en moeder maar oom Charles was ouder dan Dante.

Dante had twee borstels in haar linnenkast. De borstel met het kastanjebruine fluweel op de achterkant was voor Michael Davitt en de borstel met het groene fluweel op de achterkant was voor Parnell. Dante gaf hem een cachoudropje iedere keer dat hij haar een stukje zijdepapier bracht.

De kinderen van Vance woonden op nummer zeven. Zij hadden een heel andere vader en moeder. Het waren de vader en moeder van Eileen. Als ze groot waren ging hij met Eileen trouwen. Hij verstopte zich onder de tafel. Zijn moeder zei:

-Stephen moet excuus vragen, vooruit.

Dante zei:

-En als hij het niet doet, komen de adelaars en rukken hem de ogen uit.

*Ruk hem de ogen uit,  
Excuus vooruit,  
Excuus vooruit,  
Ruk hem de ogen uit.*

*Excuus vooruit,  
Ruk hem de ogen uit,  
Ruk hem de ogen uit,  
Excuus vooruit.*

### 8.3.2 Passage Two (Part I, pp. 66-69)

Er was gewoon niks aan. Hij hoefde alleen maar na het middageten als hij op zijn beurt uit de refter kwam door te lopen, niet de gang in maar rechts de trap op die naar het kasteel leidde. Er was niks aan; hij hoefde alleen maar rechtsaf en vlug de trap op en dan zou hij in een halve minuut in de lage smalle donkere gang staan die door het kasteel naar de kamer van de rector liep. En alle jongens hadden gezegd dat het oneerlijk was, zelfs die jongen uit de tweede grammatica die dat over de Senaat en het Romeinse volk gezegd had.

Wat zou er gebeuren? Hij hoorde de jongens van de eerste cour aan het einde van de refter opstaan en hoorde hun stap toen zij de loper die in het midden van de refter lag afliepen: Paddy Rath en Jimmy Magee en de Spanjaard en het Portugeesje en als nummer vijf dikke Corrigan die van Mr Gleeson slaag zou krijgen. Daarom had de studiefprefect hem een gluiptertje genoemd en hem met de plak gegeven terwijl hij niets gedaan had: en hij keek gespannen met zijn zwakke ogen, die moe van het huilen waren, hoe dikke Corrigan's brede schouders en grote gebogen zwarte hoofd voorbijkwamen in de rij. Maar tenslotte had hij wat uitgevoerd en bovendien zou Mr Gleeson hem niet al te hard slaan: en hij zag in zijn gedachten hoe dikke Corrigan eruitzag in het zwembad. Zijn huid had dezelfde kleur als het turfkleurige veenwater in het ondiepe gedeelte en als hij langs de kant liep kletsten zijn voeten hard op de natte tegels en bij iedere stap drilden zijn dijen een beetje omdat hij zo vet was.

De refter was al half leeg en de jongens liepen nog steeds in de rij naar buiten. Hij kon zo de trap opgaan omdat er nooit een pater of een prefect bij de deur van de refter stond. Maar hij kon gewoon niet. De rector zou natuurlijk partij kiezen en dan zou de studiefprefect toch iedere dag weer terugkomen maar het zou alleen maar erger worden omdat hij verschrikkelijk giftig zou zijn op een jongen die naar boven was gegaan en zich bij de rector over hem beklaagd had. De jongens hadden hem aangeraden te gaan, maar zelf zouden ze het niet doen. Ze waren het vast alweer vergeten. Nee, hij moest het ook maar vergeten, dat was het beste, en misschien had de studiefprefect alleen maar gezegd dat hij terug zou komen. Nee, hij moest zich maar drukken, dat was het beste, want als je nog klein was dan glipte je er vaak tussendoor als je je drukte.

De jongens aan zijn tafel stonden op. Hij stond op en liep in de rij mee naar buiten. Hij moest nu beslissen. Hij was al bijna bij de deur. Als hij met de jongens meeliep kon hij nooit meer naar boven naar de rector gaan want daarvoor mocht hij het sportterrein niet vertalen. En als hij ging en toch met de plak kreeg zouden de jongens hem belachelijk maken en praten over dat jongetje van Dedalus dat naar boven naar de rector gegaan was om de



studieprefect erbij te lappen.

Hij liep over de loper en zag de deur steeds dichterbij komen. Het was onmogelijk: hij kon gewoon niet. Hij dacht aan het kalige hoofd van de studieprefect met de wrede geenkleur van zijn ogen die naar hem tuurden en hij hoorde de stem van de studieprefect die hem twee keer gevraagd had hoe hij heette. Waarom kon hij zich de naam niet na de eerste keer herinneren? Had hij de eerste keer niet geluisterd of probeerde hij de naam belachelijk te maken? De grote mannen in de geschiedenis hadden ook zulke namen en niemand had die belachelijk gemaakt. Hij had zijn eigen naam belachelijk kunnen maken als dat zo nodig moest. Dolan: net de naam van een wasvrouw.

Hij had de deur bereikt en vlug naar rechts gaand liep hij de trap op en nog voor hij kon besluiten terug te gaan stond hij al in de lage smalle donkere gang die naar het kasteel leidde. En toen hij over de drempel van de gangdeur stapte zag hij, zonder dat hij zijn hoofd hoefde om te draaien om te kijken, hoe alle jongens hem nakeken terwijl zij in de rij langs liepen.

Hij liep door de smalle donkere gang langs kleine deurtjes die de deuren van de kamers van de paters waren. Hij tuurde in het duister om zich heen en veronderstelde dat daar allemaal portretten hingen. Het was donker en stil en zijn ogen waren zwak en moe van het huilen zodat hij niets kon zien. Maar hij veronderstelde dat het portretten waren van de heiligen en grote mannen van de orde die stilzwijgend op hem neerzagen terwijl hij langs liep: de Heilige Ignatius van Loyola met ene open boek in de hand die op de bladzijde naar de woorden *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* wees, de Heilige Francisus Xaverius die naar zijn borst wees, Lorenzo Ricci met een baret op net als een prefect van een van de couren, de drie patroons van de deugdzaam jongelingschap, de Heilige Stanislaus Kostka, de Heilige Aloysius van Gonzaga en de zalige Joannes Berchmans, allen met jonge gezichten omdat ze jong gestorven waren, en Pater Peter Kenny die in een wijde mantel gehuld op een stoel zat.

### 8.3.3 Passage Three (Part II, pp. 123-127)

Hoe dwaas was zijn streven geweest! Hij had getracht een golfbreker van orde en goede smaak te bouwen ter kering van het gore getij van het leven en door gedragsregels en actieve belangstelling en een nieuwe houding ten opzichte van zijn ouders de steeds opnieuw onstuimig aanzwellende getijden in hem af te dammen. Vergeefs. Zowel naar binnen als naar buiten toe waren de wateren over de keringen gespoeld: en boven de verbrokkelde dam begonnen hun getijden opnieuw hevig tegen elkaar in te wielen en te woelen.

Ook zag hij duidelijk zijn zinloos alleenstaan. Hij was de levens die hij gezocht had te benaderen geen stap nader gekomen, noch had hij de rusteloze schaamte en wrok overbrugd die hem van zijn moeder en broer en zuster scheidde. Hij voelde dat hij hun nauwelijks in den bloede verwant was maar zag de betrekking waarin hij tot hen stond veeleer als een mystieke verwantschap en zichzelf als pleegkind en zoogbroeder.

Hij wenste vurig rust te schenken aan de hevige verlangens van zijn hart, vergeleken waarmee al het andere nutteloos en vreemd was. Het derde hem weinig dat hij in staat van doodzonde leefde en dat zijn bestaan een weefsel van uitvluchten en bedrog geworden was. Naast de felle begeerte die in hem leefde om de gruwelijke buitensporigheden welke zijn somber gepeins vervulden te verwezenlijken was niets heilig. Cynisch accepteerde hij de schandelijke details van zijn geheime uitspattingen waarbij hij er een groot behagen in schepte geduldig ieder beeld dat hem bekoord had te bezwaken. Dag en nacht bewoog hij zich tussen verwrongen beelden van de buitenwereld. Een gestalte die hem overdag onschuldig en ingetogen scheen kwam 's nachts door het wervelend duister van de slaap tot hem, haar gezicht door sluwe wulpsheid vervormd, haar ogen schitterend van dierlijk genot. Slechts de ochtenden kwelden hem met vage herinneringen aan duistere orgiastische uitspattingen, met een intens en vernederend zondebesef.

En weer begon hij rond te dwalen. De versluisde herfstavonden dreven hem de ene straat in de andere uit zoals zij hem jaren tevoren door de stille straten van Blackrock gedreven hadden. Doch geen beeld van keurige voortuintjes of vriendelijk lichtschijnsel achter de vensters vervulde hem nu met tedere mildheid. Slechts nu en dan, als zijn begeerte tot zwijgen gekomen was, als de lusten die hem verteerden plaats maakten voor een mild loom verlangen, gleed het beeld van Mercedes langs de achtergrond van zijn herinnering. Hij zag weer het kleine witgekalkte huisje en de tuin vol rozestruiken aan de weg die naar de Dublin Mountains voerde en herinnerde zich het afwijzend gebaar vol droeve trots dat hij daar zou maken terwijl hij met

haar in de maanverlichte tuin stond na jaren van vervreemding en avontuur. Op dergelijke ogenblikken rezen hem de milde woorden van Claude Melnotte naar de lippen en susten zijn onrust. Door zijn geest schemerde een tedere voorschouw van het herdersuurtje waar hij destijds naar uitgezien had en, ondanks de afschuwelijke werkelijkheid die tussen hoop van toen en het nu lag, van het heilige moment waar hij destijds van gedroomd had, het moment dat zij hem genaken zou en al zijn zwakheid en schuchterheid en onervarenheid hem ontvallen zouden.

Dergelijke momenten duurden slechts kort en weldra vlamde het verterende vuur van de wellust weer op. De verzen stilden op zijn lippen en de onsamenhangende kreten en ongesproken brute woorden gutsten uit zijn brein en zochten zich een uitweg te banen. Zijn bloed was in opstand. Hij zwierf door het slijk van donkere straten, keek spiedend in sombere stegen en portieken, luisterde gretig naar ieder geluid. Hij kreunde zacht als een hongerig zoekend dier. Hij wilde zondigen met iemand van zijn eigen soort, een ander wezen dwingen met hem te zondigen en met haar in zondige verrukking zwelgen. Hij voelde hoe iets duisters en ontastbaars hem dwingend uit de duisternis naderde, iets ontastbaars, murmelend en onmerkbaar als een stroom die zich in hem uitstortte, hem geheel vervullend. Het gemurmel belaagde zijn oren als het gemurmel van een slapende schare; de onmerkbare stromingen doordrongen zijn wezen. Zijn handen balden zich krampachtig en zijn tanden klemden zich opeen toen hij de schrijnende pijn dezer doordringing moest lijden. Hij breidde zijn armen uit naar de straat om de frêle zwijmende verschijning die hem zocht te ontwijken en te prikkelen vast te grijpen: en de kreet die hij reeds zo lang in zijn keel vermoord had ontsnapte aan zijn lippen. De kreet barstte uit hem los al een weklacht uit een hel van gepijnigden en verstierf in een klacht van wilde smeekbeden, een kreet om zondige overgave, een kreet die slechts de echo vormde van een obscene krabbel die hij op de zwetende muur van een urinoir gelezen had.

Hij was in een warnest van nauwe smerige straatjes beland. Vanuit de gore steegjes drongen uitbarstingen van rauwe losbandigheid en gekrakeel en het drenzerig gelal van zingende dronkelappen tot hem door. Hij wandelde verder, onvervaard, en vroeg zich af of hij in de jodenbuurt terechtgekomen was. Vrouwen en meisjes in lange felgekleurde japonnen bewogen zich kriskras over straat van het ene huis naar het andere. Ongehaast en geparfumeerd. Hij begon te beven en zijn ogen werden wazig. De gele gasvlammetjes flakkerden voor zijn vertroebelde blik tegen een nevelige hemel, brandden als voor een altaar. Voor de deuren en in de verlichte gangen stonden groepjes bijeen als

voor een rite uitgedost en gereed. Hij bevond zich in een andere wereld: hij was uit de slaap van eeuwen ontwaakt.

### 8.3.4 Passage Four (Part III, pp. 181-183)

Het bloed begon in zijn aderen te fluisteren, te fluisteren als een zondige stad, gewekt uit haar slaap om haar vonnis te horen. Kleine vallende vlokjes vuur en pulverige as, traag neerdalend, bedekten de huizen der mensen die zich verstoord bewogen, ontwakend uit hun slaap, door de hitte van de lucht verontrust.

Het schuifje schoot dicht. De biechteling kwam opzij van de biechtstoel te voorschijn. Het andere schuifje ging open. Een vrouw ging stil en vlug naar binnen aan de kant waar de eerste biechteling had geknield. Het zachte gefluister begon weer.

Hij kon de kerk nog uit. Hij kon opstaan, de ene voet voor de andere zetten en zachtjes naar buiten gaan en dan wegrennen, weg, weg, door de donkere straten. Hij kon de schande nog ontvluchten. Was het maar elke andere vreselijke misdaad geweest en niet juist deze zonde! Was het maar moord geweest! Kleine vuurvlokjes vielen neer en raakten hem overal, de schande van gedachten, de schande van woorden, de schande van daden. Hij werd helemaal door schande overdekt als door een nimmer ophoudende regen van fijne gloeiende as. Om het met woorden te zeggen! Zijn ziel, hulpeloos stikkend, zou het niet overleven.

Het schuifje schoot dicht. Een biechteling kwam te voorschijn aan de andere kant van de biechtstoel. Aan deze kant ging het schuifje open. Een biechteling ging naar binnen waar de vorige biechteling uit was gekomen. Een zacht fluisterend geluid dreef in wazige wolkjes de biechtstoel uit. Het was de vrouw: zacht fluisterende wolkjes, een zacht fluisterend waas, fluisterend en vervliegend.

Hij klopte zich met de vuist op de borst, nederig, heimelijk, onder beschutting van de houten armsteun. Hij zou één worden met anderen en met God. Hij zou zijn evennaaste beminnen. Hij zou God beminnen Die hem had gemaakt en bemind. Hij zou knielen en met anderen bidden en blij zijn. God zou neerblikken op hem en de anderen en hen allen beminnen.

Het was gemakkelijk om deugdzaam te zijn. Gods juk was zacht en licht. Het was beter nooit gezondigd te hebben, altijd een kind gebleven te zijn, want God had kinderen lief en liet hen tot Zich komen. Zondigen was iets vreselijks en iets treurigs. Maar god was arme zondaren die oprecht spijt hadden genadig. Hoe waar was dat! Dat was inderdaad goedheid..

Het schuifje schoot plotseling dicht. De biechteling kwam te voorschijn. Hij was de volgende. Doodsbang stond hij op en ging blindelings de biechtstoel binnen.

Eindelijk was het zover. Hij knielde in het stille duister en hief de ogen naar het witte kruisbeeld dat boven hem hing. God kon zien dat hij spijt had. Hij zou al zijn zonden belijden. Zijn biecht zou lang duren, heel lang. Iedereen in de kerk zou weten wat een zondaar hij was geweest. Ze mochten het gerust weten. Het was waar. Maar God had vergiffenis beloofd als hij spijt had. Hij had spijt. Hij klemde de handen ineen en hief ze op naar de witte figuur, terwijl hij met zijn verduisterde ogen bad, met heel zijn sidderend lichaam bad, wanhopig het hoofd heen en weer schudde als iemand die zich verloren weet, met klagende lippen bad.

### 8.3.5 Passage Five (Part IV, pp. 219-221)

Een meisje stond voor hem midden in de geul, alleen en roerloos, en staarde uit over de zee. Het was alsof zij door toverij de gedaante van een vreemde schone zeevogel had verkregen. Haar lange slanke blote benen waren rank als die van een kraanvogel en smetteloos behalve waar een smaragdgroene sliert zeewier zich tot een teken op haar vlees had gevormd. Haar dijen, voller en zachtgetint als ivoor, waren bijna tot de heup ontbloot waar de witte strookjes van haar broekje waren als een zachte witte donsbevedering. Haar leiblauwe rokken waren stoutweg om haar middel opgetrokken en vielen achter in een zwaluwstaart neer. Haar borst was als die van een vogel zacht en teer, teer en zacht als de borst van een donkergevederde duif. Maar haar lange blonde haar was meisjesachtig: meisjesachtig, en door het wonder van sterfelijke schoonheid beroerd, haar gezicht.

Zij stond daar alleen en roerloos, en staarde uit over de zee; en toen zij zijn aanwezigheid voelde en de verering in zijn ogen, keerden haar ogen zich tot hem en duldden zwijgend zijn blik, noch wulps, noch beschaamd. Lang, heel lang duldde zij zijn blik en toen wendde zij kalm haar ogen af van de zijne en richtte ze op de geul, terwijl zij zachtjes met haar voet het water bewoog, her en der. Het eerste flauwe geluid van zacht kabbelend water verbrak de stilte, zwak en flauw fluisterend, flauw als de klokjes der sluimering; her en der, der en her: en een flauwe vlam flakkerde op haar wang.

-Hemelse God! riep Stephen's ziel, in een uitbarsting van profane vreugde uit.

Hij keerde zich plotseling van haar af en verwijderde zich over het strand. Zijn wangen vlamden; zijn lichaam gloeide; zijn benen trilden. Verder en verder en verder schreed hij, ver weg over het verre zand, onstuimig zingend tot de zee, welkom roepend tot het naderende leven dat tot hem geroepen had.

Haar beeld had zich voor altijd in zijn ziel genesteld en geen woord had de heilige stilte van zijn extase verbroken. Haar ogen hadden tot hem geroepen en zijn ziel was plotseling opgeveerd bij die roep. Te leven, te falen, te vallen, te triomferen, het leven te herscheppen uit het leven! Een onstuimige engel was aan hem verschenen, de engel van de sterfelijke jeugd en schoonheid, gezonden door de heerlijke hoven van het leven, om in een moment van extase voor hem de poorten open te gooien tot al de wegen naar mislukking en glorie. Verder en verder en verder en verder!

Hij bleef plotseling staan en hoorde in de stilte zijn hart. Hoe ver had hij gelopen? Hoe laat was het?

Geen menselijk wezen was in zijn nabijheid en door de lucht drong ook geen geluid tot hem door. Maar nu zou het tij weer keren en de dag liep ten einde. Hij keerde landwaarts en rende terug naar de over en toen hij het glooiende strand op rende, zich niet om de scherpe steentjes bekommerend, vond hij een plekje zand, door begroeide heuveltjes omringd, en ging daar liggen om het razen van zijn bloed te laten bedaren in de vredige stilte van de avond.

Boven zich voelde hij het oneindige onverschillige hemelgewelf en de kalme loop der hemellichamen; en onder hem had de aarde, de aarde die hem had gebaard, hem aan haar boezem gedrukt.

Hij sloot de ogen, loom van de slaap. Zijn oogleden trilden alsof zij de oneindige kringloop van de aarde en haar wachters voelden, trilden alsof zij het vreemde licht van een nieuwe wereld voelden. Zwijmeldronken verhuisde zijn ziel naar een nieuwe wereld, fantastisch, wazig, onbestemd als onder de zee, waar nevelige gedaanten en wezens aan hem voorbij trokken. Een wereld, een glimp, of een bloem? Glimpend en trillend, trillend en ontluikend, een doorbraak van licht, een bloem die ontlook, uitwaaierend in een zich eindeloos herhalende reeks, zich vuurrood ontvouwend, ontluikend en verblekend tot heel bleek rozerood, blad na blad en lichtgolf na lichtgolf, heel de hemel overstromend met zachte blozing, bos na bos telkens dieper.

De avond was reeds gevallen toen hij ontwaakte en het licht was verdwenen van het zand en van het verdorde gras van zijn ligplaats. Hij stond langzaam op en toen hij zich de verrukking van zijn sluimer herinnerde, zuchtte hij om de vreugde ervan.

Hij klom naar de duintop en staarde om zich heen. De avond was gevallen. Een randje van de jonge maan spleet de vale woestenij van de hemel als het randje van een zilveren hoepel gebed in grijs zand; en het getij rees snel landinwaarts met zacht gefluister van golven, eilandjes makend van een paar laatste figuurtjes in verre poelen.



## 8.4 Erik Bindervoet & Robbert-Jan Henkes – *Zelfportret van de kunstenaar als jonge man* (2014)

### 8.4.1 Passage One (Part I, pp. 7-8)

Er was eens lang geleden in die goeie beste ouwe tijd een kakoetjeboe dat de weg af kwam en dat kakoetjeboe dat de weg af kwam, kwam een fijnfijn knulletje tegen dat baby broekmans heette....

Zijn vader vertelde hem dat verhaal zijn vader keek naar hem door een glas: hij had haar op zijn gezicht.

Hij was baby broekmans. Het kakoetjeboe kwam de weg af waar Betty Byrne woonde: zij verkocht citroenbrokken.

*O, de wilde rozebloesems*

*Op het kleine groene pad*

Hij zong dat liedje. Dat was zijn liedje.

*O, de goene woze bwoewef.*

Als je in je bed plast is het eerst warm en dan wordt het koud. Zijn moeder legde er het zeiltje op. Dat zo raar rook.

Zijn moeder rook lekkerder dan zijn vader. Ze speelde op de piano de zeemanshorlepiep om hem te laten dansen. Hij danste:

*Tralala lala*

*Tralala tralaloebas*

*Tralala lala*

*Tralala lala.*

Ome Charles en Dante klaptten. Die waren ouder dan zijn vader en moeder maar ome Charles was ouder dan Dante.

Dante had twee borstels in haar kast. De borstel met de kastanjebruine fluwelen rug was voor Michael Davitt en de borstel met de groene fluwelen rug was voor Parnell. Dante gaf hem een cachoudropje elke keer dat hij haar een papieren zakdoekje bracht.

De Vances woonden op nummer zeven. Die hadden een andere vader en moeder. Dat waren Eileens vader en moeder. Als ze later groot waren ging hij trouwen met Eileen.

Hij verstopte zich onder de tafel. Zijn moeder zei:

- O, Stephen zal zeggen dat het hem spijt.

Dante zei:

- O, anders komt de arend die z'n ogen uitrijt.

*Zijn ogen uitrijt,*

*Dat het hem spijt,  
Dat het hem spijt,  
Zijn ogen uitrijt.*

*Dat het hem spijt,  
Zijn ogen uitrijt,  
Zijn ogen utrijt,  
Dat het hem spijt.*

#### 8.4.2 Passage Two (Part I, pp. 62-64)

Wat hij moest doen was simpel. Als ze klaar waren met eten en het zijn beurt was om naar buiten te komen hoefde hij alleen maar door te lopen maar niet de gang door maar rechts de trap op naar het kasteel. Dat was het enige wat hij hoefde te doen: rechtsaf slaan en de trap op lopen en binnen dertig seconden zou hij in de lage donkere nauwe gang staan die door het kasteel naar de kamer van de rector liep. En alle jongens hadden gezegd dat het oneerlijk was, zelfs die jongen uit de tweede grammatica die dat had gezegd over de senaat en het Romeinse volk.

Wat zou er gebeuren? Hij hoorde de jongens van de bovenbouw opstaan aan het eind van de refter en hij hoorde hun voetstappen terwijl ze over de matten liepen: Paddy Rath en Jimmy Magee en de Spanjaard en de Portugees en de vijfde was grote Corrigan die zou worden afgeranseld door meneer Gleeson. Daarom had de studieprefect hem een gluiperd genoemd en hem voor niets met de plak gegeven: hij spande zijn zwakke ogen in, vermoeid van de tranen, en zag de brede schouders en het grote hangende zwarte hoofd van grote Corrigan langskomen in de rij. Maar hij had iets gedaan en bovendien zou meneer Gleeson hem niet hard zou<sup>3</sup> afranselen: en hij herinnerde zich hoe grote Corrigan eruitzag in het zwembad. Zijn huid had dezelfde kleur als het turfkleurige veenwater aan het ondiepe eind van het bad en als hij over de kant liep pletsten zijn voeten hard over de natte tegels en bij elke stap die hij zette schudden zijn dijnen een beetje omdat hij zo dik was.

De refter was half leeg en de jongens liepen nog steeds langs in de rij naar buiten. Hij kon de trap op lopen omdat er nooit een priester of een prefect voor de refterdeur stond. Maar hij kon niet gaan. De rector zou de kant van de studieprefect kiezen en denken dat het een trucje van schooljongens was en dan zou de studieprefect evengoed elke dag langskomen alleen dan zou het erger worden omdat hij dan verschrikkelijk uit zijn vel zou springen tegen iedere jongen die vanwege hem naar de rector ging. De jongens hadden gezegd dat hij moest gaan maar zelf gingen ze niet. Ze waren het helemaal vergeten. Nee, het was het beste om het helemaal te vergeten en misschien had de studieprefect alleen maar gezegd dat hij langs zou komen. Nee, het was het beste om je gedeisd te houden want als je klein en jong was kon je op die manier vaak ontsnappen.

De jongens aan zijn tafel stonden op. Hij stond op en liep met ze mee in de rij naar buiten. Hij moest een beslissing nemen. Hij kwam dichterbij de

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<sup>3</sup> *Sic.*

deur. Als hij met de jongens verder liep zou hij nooit naar boven naar de rector gaan want daarvoor mocht hij niet van het sportveld af. En als hij ging en evengoed met de plak kreeg zouden alle jongens hem belachelijk maken en het hebben over jonge Dedalus die naar de rector ging om de studiefprefect te verlinken.

Hij liep over de matten en zag de deur voor zich. Het was onmogelijk: hij kon het niet. Hij dacht aan het<sup>4</sup> kale kop van de studiefprefect met de wrede geenkleurige ogen die naar hem keken en hij hoorde de stem van de studiefprefect hem tot twee keer toe vragen hoe hij heette. Waarom kon hij zich de naam niet herinneren toen die hem de eerste keer verteld was? Luisterde hij de eerste keer niet of was het om zijn naam belachelijk te maken? De grote mannen in de geschiedenis hadden dat soort namen en niemand maakte ze belachelijk. Zijn eigen naam had hij belachelijk moeten maken als hij wilde lachen. Dolan: dat was net de naam van een vrouw die kleren waste.

Hij was bij de deur gekomen, sloeg snel rechtsaf, liep de trap op en nog voor hij kon besluiten terug te gaan, was hij de lage donkere nauwe gang in gelopen die naar het kasteel ging. En toen hij over de drempel van de gangdeur stapte zag hij, zonder zijn hoofd te hoeven omdraaien om te kijken, dat alle jongens hem nakeken terwijl ze voorbij liepen in de rij.

Hij liep door de nauwe donkere gang en passeerde kleine deuren die de deuren van de kamers van de gemeenschap waren. Hij tuurde in het donker voor zich uit en naar rechts en naar links en dacht dat dat portretten moesten zijn. Het was donker en stil en zijn ogen waren zwak en moe van tranen zodat hij het niet kon zien. Maar hij dacht dat het de portretten waren van de heiligen en de grote mannen van de orde die in stilte op hem neerkeken terwijl hij voorbijliep: Sint-Ignatius van Loyola die een open boek vasthield en wees naar de woorden die erin stonden, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, Sint-Fransiscus Xaverius die naar zijn borst wees, Lorenzo Ricci met zijn baret op zijn hoofd net als een van de klassenprefecten, de drie schutspatronen van de heilige jeugd, Sint-Stanislaus Kostka, Sint-Aloysius van Gonzaga en de zalige John Berchmans, allemaal met jonge gezichten omdat ze doodgingen toen ze nog jong waren, en pater Peter Kenny die gehuld in een grote mantel in een stoel zat.

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<sup>4</sup> Sic.

### 8.4.3 Passage Three (Part II, pp. 114-116)

Hoe krankzinnig was zijn plan geweest! Hij had een waterkering van orde en elegantie willen bouwen tegen het smerige tij van het bestaan buiten hem en door middel van gedragsregels en actieve interesses en nieuwe gezinsverhoudingen de tomeloze terugkeer van de getijden binnen in hem willen indammen. Zinloos. Vanbuiten zowel als vanbinnen had het water de barrières overstroomd: hun getijden begonnen opnieuw heftig te woelen boven de afgebrokkelde dam.

Ook zag hij duidelijk zijn eigen vruchteloze isolement. Hij was geen stap nader gekomen tot de levens waartoe hij toenadering had gezocht noch de rusteloze schaamte en wrok overbrugd die hem afzonderden van vader en moeder en broer en zus. Hij had het gevoel dat hij nauwelijks van hetzelfde bloed was als zij maar eerder in een mystieke adoptieve verwantschap tot ze stond, als pleegkind en pleegbroer.

Hij brandde van verlangen om de heftige begeerten van zijn hart tot bedaren te brengen waarvoor al het andere ijdel en wezensvreemd was. Het deed hem weinig dat hij in doodzonde leefde, dat zijn leven tot een weefsel van voorwendsels en bedrog was uitgegroeid. Naast de woeste begeerte binnen in hem om de gruweldaden te begaan waarop hij broedde was er niets heilig. Cynisch verdroeg hij de beschamende details van zijn geheime liederlijkheid waarin hij erin zwolg om geduldig ieder beeld te bezwadden dat zijn oog getrokken had. Dag en nacht bewoog hij zich tussen verwrongen beelden van de buitenwereld. Een gestalte die hem overdag kuis en onschuldig was voorgekomen kwam 's nachts tot hem door het kronkelende donker van de slaap met haar gezicht getransfigureerd tot een wellustige sluwheid, haar ogen stralend van dierlijk genot. Alleen de ochtend kwelde hem met de vage herinnering aan donkere orgiastische liederlijkheid, het vinnig en vernederend besef van zondiging.

Hij hernam zijn zwerftochten. De gesluisde herfstavonden dreven hem van straat tot straat zoals ze hem jaren eerder over de stille boulevards van Blackrock hadden gedreven. Maar geen aanblik van onderhouden voortuintjes of van goedertieren lichtjes achter het raam goten thans een milde invloed in hem uit. Alleen bij tijd en wijle, in de adempauzes van zijn begeerte, als de weelde die hem verteerde ruimte bood aan een zachter smachten, trok het beeld van Mercedes door de achtergrond van zijn geheugen. Hij zag opnieuw het kleine witte huisje en de tuin met rozenstruiken aan de weg die naar de bergen leidde en hij dacht aan het droevig trotse gebaar van afwijzing dat hij daar dan zou maken als hij met haar in de maanverlichte tuin stond na jaren van

vervreemding en avontuur. Op die momenten rezen hem de zachten clausen van Claude Melnotte naar de lippen en werd zijn onrust getemperd. Hij werd geraakt door een zoet voorgevoel van rendez-vous waar hij zich toen op had verheugd en, ondanks de gruwelijke werkelijkheid die er lag tussen zijn hoop toen en nu, van de heilige ontmoeting die hij zich toen had verbeeld waarop zwakte en verlegenheid en onervarenheid van hem af zouden vallen.

Zulke momenten gingen voorbij en de verwoestende vlammen van wellust laaiden weer op. De versregels kwamen niet meer over zijn lippen en de spraakloze kreten en de onuitgesproken beestachtige woorden stormden uit zijn brein tevoorschijn om zich doorgang te verschaffen. Zijn bloed kwam in opstand. Hij zwierf op en neer door de donkere slijmerige straten, tuurde de somberte van steegjes en portieken in, gretig luisterend of hij iets hoorde. Hij kreunde in zichzelf als een gefnuikt roofdier op sluipjacht. Hij wilde zondigen met een ander van zijn soort, een ander schepsel dwingen te zondigen met hem en met haar te zwelgen in zonde. Hij voelde een donkere aanwezigheid hem onweerstaanbaar naderen vanuit het donker, een aanwezigheid subtiel en murmelend als een vloed die hem geheel en al vulde met zichzelf. Het gemurmur bestormde zijn oren als het gemurmur van een mensenmassa in slaap; de subtiele stromen ervan doordrongen zijn wezen. Zijn handen balden zich verkrampd samen en zijn kiezen klemden zich op elkaar terwijl hij de pijn van de doordringing ondervond. Hij strekte op straat om de frêle bezwijmende vorm die hem ontsnapte en bezielde stevig vast te houden: en de kreet die hij zo lang in zijn keel had geworgd ontsnapte aan zijn lippen. Het barstte uit hem los als een wanhoopsklacht uit een hel van lijdenden en stierf weg in een klacht als een furieuze bede, een kreet om redeloze overgave, een kreet die slechts de echo was van een obscene krabbel die hij had gelezen op de sijpelende muur van een urinoir.

Hij was een doolhof van nauwe en vieze steegjes in gedwaald. In de gore stegen hoorde hij uitbarstingen van schorre liederlijkheid en bekvechten en het lallen van dronken zangers. Hij liep verder, onvervaard en vroeg zich af of hij in de jodenbuurt verzeild was geraakt. Vrouwen en meisjes gekleed in lange felle japonnen doorkruisten de straat van huis naar huis. Ze waren ongehaast en geparfumeerd. Een rilling beving hem en zijn ogen werden wazig. De gele gasvlammen rezen voor zijn vertroebelde blik tegen de nevelige hemel op, brandend als voor een altaar. Voor de deuren en in de verlichte voorportalen stonden groepjes, uitgedost als voor een of ander ritueel. Hij was in een andere wereld: hij was ontwaakt uit een sluimer van eeuwen.

#### 8.4.4 Passage Four (Part III, pp. 168-168)

Zijn bloed begon in zijn aderen te prevelen, te prevelen als een zondige stad die uit haar slaap werd gewekt om haar doem te vernemen. Zachtjes vielen er kleine vlokjes vuur en poederige as die neerdaalden op de huizen der mensen. Ze werden onrustig, ontwaakten uit hun slaap, verstoord door de verhitte lucht.

Het schot werd teruggeschoven. De biechteling kwam tevoorschijn uit de zijkant van het hokje. Het schot aan de andere kant werd weggeschoven. Kalm en vlot ging een vrouw naar binnen waar de eerste biechteling had geknield. Het zwakke geprevel begon weer.

Hij kon nog steeds weggaan uit de kapel. Hij kon opstaan, de ene voet voor de andere zetten en zachtjes weglopen en dan rennen rennen rennen, weg door de donkere straten. Hij kon nog steeds aan de schande ontkomen. O wat voor schande. Zijn gezicht brandde van schaamte. Was het maar om het even welke andere verschrikkelijke misdaad geweest en niet die ene zonde! Was het maar moord geweest! Er vielen kleine vurige vlokjes en ze raakten hem overal, schandalige gedachten, schandalige woorden, schandalige handelingen. Hij werd volledig door schande overdekt als door fijne gloeiende as die maar bleef vallen. Het uit te spreken in woorden! Verstikt en hulpeloos zou zijn ziel het begeven.

Het schot werd teruggeschoven. Een biechteling kwam tevoorschijn uit de andere kant van het hokje. Het dichtstbijzijnde schot werd weggeschoven. Een biechteling ging naar binnen waar een andere biechteling naar buiten was gekomen. Zacht fluisterende klanken zweefden in dampige wolkjes het hokje uit. Het was de vrouw: zacht fluisterende wolkjes, zacht fluisterende damp, fluisterend en verdwijnend.

Hij sloeg met zijn vuist op zijn borst, nederig, heimelijk, beschut door de houten armleuning. Hij zou één worden met anderen en met God. Hij zou zijn naaste liefhebben. Hij zou God liefhebben Die hem gemaakt had en Die hem liefhad. Hij zou knielen en bidden met anderen en gelukkig zijn. God zou op hem neerzien en op hen en Hij zou ze allemaal liefhebben.

Het was makkelijk om goed te zijn. Gods juk was zoet en licht. Het was beter om nooit te hebben gezondigd, om altijd een kind te zijn gebleven, want God had kindertjes lief en liet ze tot Hem komen. Zondigen was iets verschrikkelijks en treurigs. Maar God was genadig voor de arme zondaars die echt spijt hadden. Hoe waar was dat! Dat was inderdaad goedheid.

Het schot werd plotseling dichtgeschoven. De biechteling kwam naar buiten. Hij was aan de beurt. Hij stond in doodsangst op en liep blindelings het

hokje in.

Eindelijk was het zover. Hij knielde in het stille duister en richtte zijn blik op naar de witte crucifix die boven hem hing. God kon zien dat hij spijt had. Hij zou al zijn zonden belijden. Zijn biecht zou lang zijn, lang. Iedereen in de kapel zou dan weten wat een zondaar hij was geweest. Laat ze het maar weten. Het was waar. Maar God had beloofd hem te vergeven als hij spijt had. Hij had spijt. Hij vouwde zijn handen ineen, bracht ze omhoog naar de witte gedaante en bad met zijn verduisterde ogen, bad met heel zijn trillende lichaam, wiegde zijn hoofd heen en weer als een verloren schepsel, bad met jammerende lippen.



#### 8.4.5 Passage Five (Part IV, pp. 201-203)

Er stond een meisje voor hem midden in de stroom, alleen en stil, uit te kijken over de zee. Ze leek iemand die door tovenarij was veranderd in de gedaante van een vreemde en mooie zeevogel. Haar lange ranke blote benen waren tenger als van een kraanvogel en smetteloos behalve daar waar een smaragdgroene sliert zeewier zich gemodelleerd had als een teken op het vlees. Haar dijen, voller en zachtgetint als ivoor, waren bijna tot de heupen ontbloot waar de witte franjes van haar onderbroekje waren als gevederte van zacht wit dons. Haar leiblauwe rok was ongegeneerd tot haar middel opgeschort en viel in een zwaluwstaart achter haar. Haar boezem was als van een vogel zacht en teer, teer en zacht als de borst van een of andere donkergevederde duif. Maar haar lange blonde haar was meisjesachtig: en meisjesachtig, en aangeraakt door het wonder van de sterfelijke schoonheid, haar gezicht.

Ze was alleen en stil, en keek uit over de zee: en toen ze zijn aanwezigheid voelde en de aanbidding van zijn ogen, richtten haar ogen zich op hem en duldde ze rustig zijn blik, zonder schaamte of lichtzinnigheid. Lang, lang duldde ze zijn blik en wendde toen haar ogen rustig weer af van de zijne en richtte ze op de stroom, en ze klotste zachtjes met haar voet het water herwaarts en derwaarts. Het eerste flauwe geluid van zacht klotsend water verbrak de stilte, zwak en flauw en fluisterend, zwak als de klokjes van de slaap; herwaarts en derwaarts, herwaarts en derwaarts; en een zwakke vlam trilde op haar wang.

- Hemelse God! riep Stephens ziel in een uitbarsting van profane vreugde.

Plotseling keerde hij zich van haar af en liep verder over het strand. Zijn wangen stonden in vuur en vlam; zijn lichaam gloeide; zijn ledematen trilden. Voort en voort en voort en voort beende hij, ver weg over het zand, wild zingend tot de zee, schreeuwend ter begroeting van de blijde komst van het leven dat tot hem geschreeuwd had.

Haar beeld was voor altijd zijn ziel binnengegaan en geen woord had de heilige stilte van zijn extase verbroken. Haar ogen hadden hem geroepen en zijn ziel was op die roep opgesprongen. Leven, dwalen, vallen, overwinnen, leven uit leven herscheppen! Een wilde engel was aan hem verschenen, de engel van de sterfelijke jeugd en schoonheid, een gezant uit de schone hoven des levens, om in een moment van extase de poorten voor hem open te gooien naar alle wegen van dwaling en glorie. Voort en voort en voort en voort!

Hij bleef plotseling staan en hoorde zijn hart in de stilte. Hoe ver had hij gelopen? Hoe laat was het?

Er was geen menselijke gedaante bij hem in de buurt en geen geluid kwam hem door de lucht toegedreven. Maar het tij stond op keren en de dag liep al ten einde. Hij keerde landwaarts en rende naar de kust en vond, toen hij zonder om scherpe kiezels te malen het glooiende strand was opgerend, een beschutte zandplek tussen de met bosjes begroeide zandheuveltjes en ging er liggen zodat de vrede en stilte van de avond het oproer in zijn bloed konden stillen.

Hij voelde boven zich in de geweldige onverschillige koepel en de kalme voortgang van de hemellichamen: en de aarde onder hem, de aarde die hem had gebaard, had hem aan haar borst genomen.

Hij sloot zijn ogen in de loomheid van de slaap. Zijn oogleden trilden alsof ze de geweldige cyclische beweging van de aarde en haar wachters voelden, trilden alsof ze het vreemde licht van een nieuwe wereld voelden. Zijn ziel zwijmde weg in ene nieuwe wereld, fantastisch, vaag, onzeker als onder zee, doorkruist door wolkachtige vormen en wezens. Een wereld, een glinstering of een bloem? Glinsterend en trillend, trillend en zich ontvouwend, een licht dat doorbreekt, een ontluikende bloem, in eindeloze opeenvolging van zichzelf verspreidde het zich, brak uit in vol karmozijn en ontvouwde zich en verbleekte tot het bleekste roze, blaadje voor blaadje en golf van licht na golf van licht, alle hemelen overspoelend met haar zachte blossen, de ene blos nog dieper dan de andere.

De avond was gevallen toen hij wakker werd en het zand en de droge grassen van zijn bed glansden niet langer. Hij stond langzaam op en toen hij zich de vervoering van zijn slaap voor de geest haalde, zuchtte hij om de vreugde ervan.

Hij klom naar de top van het duin en tuurde om zich heen. De avond was gevallen. Een rand van de jonge maan doorkliefde de bleke woestenij van de hemel als de rand van een zilveren hoepel die was ingebed in het grijze zand; en met een zacht gefluister van haar golven kwam de vloed snel naar het land gestroomd en maakte van een paar laatste gestalten eilanden in verafgelegen poelen.