英译汉（文学翻译）

The work Joyce produced in *Portrait of the Artist,* his *Kunstlerroman,* his formative novel, is not without ambivalence. In one of the first scenes, he who will become the artist is in open opposition to the law and to authority. We have to look at the word "law" and render it more flexible. We have to analyze who lays down the law and who is in the law's place. In this respect, there is a difference between Joyce and Kafka. In Kafka, the law is not figured by anyone. In Joyce there are specific authorities. In the first page of his novel, the women threaten him with castration but, as in Clarice Lispector, the question of the father is important too. In Clarice's "Sunday, before falling asleep," the father is really a father/mother and everything is organized in the direction of the father. Genesis takes place in a maternal and paternal mode of production. In Joyce, something analogous is related to the very possibility of the formation of the artist. Which father produces the artist? The question is related to the superego. Yet it is not always the same self that has a repressive figure.

The first two pages *of Portrait of the Artist* can be approached through a kind of multiple reading, which is what Joycean writing asks for. We read word for word, line by line, but at the same time it has to be read —because that is how it is written —as a kind of embryonic scene. The entire book is contained in the first pages, which constitute a nuclear passage. The ensemble of Joyce's work is here like an egg or an opaque shell of calcium. An innocent reading will lead us to believe that these pages are hermetic. One understands everything and nothing; everything because there is really nothing obscure, nothing because there are many referents. Perhaps Irish people would find it more accessible, at least if they know their history well. Here, we have something *of a coup d'ecriture,* with many signs of the ruse of the artist. The text is presented in an apparent naivete — like Clarice's "Sunday, before falling asleep"— but nothing is more condensed, or more allusive. It is already a cosmos.

Joyce denied using psychoanalysis in his work, yet he was impregnated by it. It is as if Joyce, though writing when Freud's texts were not yet well known, was in a kind of intellectual echo with him.

The story of A *Portrait of the Artist* is both that of a portrait being made and that of a finished portrait. The title indicates this kind of permanent duplicity. The reader is told that it is the portrait of an artist, not of a young man, which raises the question of the self-portrait of the artist, of the coming and going of the look, of the self, of the mirror and the self in the mirror.

*A Portrait of the Artist* is a genesis, like Clarice's text. But hers was a genesis as much of the artist as of the world, and the artist-world relation went through that of father-daughter. In *Portrait of the Artist,* one first sees a series of births, inscribed through the motif of evasion, of flight, and that is how the artist is made. The first and the fifth chapters resemble each other most. In those chapters, writing is much more disseminated, dislocated, than in the others. The successive stories of birth are stories of the breaking of an eggshell, in relation with a parental structure. In the first scene, there is a kind of elementary kinship structure. The scene opens little by little. In this story of the eye and of birds, not the real but the symbolic father marks the artist as genetic parent.

The text begins with an enormous *O* that recurs in the first pages. It can be taken as a feminine, masculine, or neuter sign, as zero. The *o* is everywhere. One can work on the *o-a,* on *the fort-da.* I insist on the graphic and phonic o's because the text tells me to do so. With all its italics and its typography, the text asks the reader to listen. There is also a series of poems. The last one, with its system of inversions and inclusions and exclusions, ends in an apotheosis with "apologise."

In these two pages we have everything needed to make a world and its history, in particular that of the artist. The text begins with: ' 'Once upon a time . . . baby tuckoo" (3). We are in the animal world. / begins with a moocow. Daedalus constructed his maze not without relation to a cow. It was built to contain the Minotaurus, the child of a (false) cow. We are in the labyrinth. There is no sexual hesitation and the first structure puts Oedipus in place. A cow and a little boy form a dual structure. We go on rapidly to the formation of the subject through the intervention of a third term. We go through the history of the mirror stage and of the cleavage, which is much funnier in Joyce than in Lacan.

In "His father told him that story:" the colon and the organization of the sentence are important since they speak at all levels. "His father looked at him through a glass:" a window separates without separating. With mirror and glasses we are already in the complex space of the history of blindness and of identificatory images. His father told him this story. The reader waits to hear what the father thinks but at that very moment the father is seen: "He had a hairy face." This is brought about by the father's look cast upon the boy. We are reminded of Kafka's keeper of the law, who was also said to have a hairy face. Our first perception of the father focuses on the glasses and on hair.

"He was baby tuckoo": not cuckoo, but tuckoo, a failed bird linked through its double *o* to the moocow that is walking down the road. His song falls from the sky, in the guise of a failed phonic signifier.

We go on to a succession of personal pronouns and adjectives:' 'His mother put on the oilsheet." She functions as an anal mother. She is at the center of a moment of corporeal perceptions: cold, warm, wet, smell. The bottom of the body and the odor are feminine but the mother is on the side of a certain orality as well.