NOTES

Eugene Jolas (1894–1952), Franco-American publisher of the review *transition*, and a friend of Joyce.

1. In November 1931.
2. Ready for the press.

Homage to James Joyce*

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT

Neither time nor space can maintain an absolute value before a manifestation of the spirit. What can one say about a man's age? It is little more than the occasion for recollections, little more than a milestone.

It was therefore with surprise, with shock and admiration that I learned that James Joyce was only fifty years old. Already historians have seized upon this life for the purpose of disseminating their own viewpoints and suppositions. But Joyce's friends, more comprehending, are thinking of his health, of his sadness. And joining with them, I come to him strong in my friendship, and in the respectful and intimate affection which binds me to this unclassifiable man, to this man who is strong in his weakness, to this great writer who is, first of all, a man who suffers and smiles. Behind him move, as though against a stage curtain, the shadows of Dedalus, of Bloom, of Anna Livia.

Is it true? I no longer know if Joyce is fifty years old. On this day, like any other, I offer him my admiration, my faith and my friendship.

NOTE

Philippe Soupault (1897–), French writer who, with André Breton, founded the Surrealist movement in literature. He became a friend of Joyce and helped with the earliest French translations of *Ulysses*.

* *transition* (Paris), no. 21 (March 1932) 255.