Is it my German grandfather's legacy, that I do

not seem more of a Latin? Yet I always cher-

ished and even studied my language. But in

my early youth I was thrown around several

countries, and - my longings notwithstanding

- Florence I only saw in my fifties, and Rome

in my sixties . . . Thus for me the Italian idiom

was stuck to what still floats in my isolated

head. My fellow Triestini carry their dialect

along with themselves, but that is an Italian

dialect, and they are not as contaminated as I

am. When I was a young man my literary

friends called me the Barbarian. Hence my

Careful spelling

MASOLINO D'AMICO

Italo Svevo

LA COSCIENZA DI ZENO Edited by Beatrice Stast 429pp. Edizioni di Storia e Letteratura. €58. 978 88 8498 483 8

final product is much closer to Svevo's other

writings than to the faultless Tuscan to which

the writer paid lip service but which he never

attempted to emulate. Uncouth as Svevo's

phraseology appeared to the early critics of

his novels - the critical failure of the first two

discouraged him from attempting a third for a

quarter of a century - it has greater appeal to

our more catholic tastes. Svevo had more

luck abroad, as is well known. His friend

James Joyce recommended him to italiani-

sant Parisian intellectuals such as Benjamin

Crémieux and Valery Larbaud, the first of

whom promoted and followed the work of

Paul-Henri Michel, Svevo's first French

translator, with great solicitude. A German

translation was just as timely, and Beatrice

Stasi's introduction to her edition of the

novel quotes an important letter from Piero

Rismondo, who acknowledges the necessity

pseudonym, Italo Svevo. he elderly Zeno Cosini, narrator of La cascienza di Zeno, apologizes to the reader of his memoir in much the same way, but this quotation is from a letter which Zeno's creator, Ettore Schmitz, sent to Attilio Frescura, the writer and journalist. Schmitz's publisher, Licinis Cappelli, had asked Prescura to read and then to edit "Svevo"'s manuscript. Frescura was impressed by its "irony, paradoxes, freshness of images" (his italics), but found the language hopelessly strange. After attempting a first revision he wrote to the author: "like a stubborn German, the grandfather still inhabits the grandson's pages".

Svevo gratefully accepted Frescura's advice, it seems, but just how thorough that revision was is a matter of debate, as the original manuscript of the novel has vanished. Frescura's remarks quoted above came after he had worked on the first eighty pages of Zeno. As he went on, however, he seems to have found it less in need of corrections, or, indeed, to have been seduced by its style. The must create a new language of his own, a lan-

t Thow nwo rid in stage which donly enough Unlike the French and the Cerman, no 1919. lish version really afteropted to achieve an equivalent of Svevo's prose until, recently (2001), William Weaver's for Everyman.

Syevo died suddenly in 1928, shortly after receiving Rismondo's letter quoted above, and he did not see the complete German edition of Zeno nor was he able to supervise the first Italian reprint of the novel, which came out in 1930. This was undertaken by a new publisher, Giuseppe Morreale, who simply reproduced Cappelli's first edition of 1923. Subsequent publishers like Dall'Oglio (1938) did the same, although silently correcting many misprints and, increasingly, what seemed inaccuracies Svevo himself would have emended. The impetus for a critical edition sprang from f a necessity to distinguish between the printe 's errors and the writer's characteristic "oddities", which publishers likewise felt tempted to rectify. This is tricky ground, and Beatrice Stasi argues that some apparent contradictions in the text may be intentional as due to Zeno's mendacity - the man does not trust the psychoanalyst at whose bidding he is writing his recollections, and so enjoys lying to him. Thus no fewer than five different critical editions of La coscienza di Zeno followed Bruno Maier's seminal one of to create "il tedesco di Svevo" ("there is Goethe's German, there is Gottfried Keller's 1985, Stasi's is the sixth, and it is part of a planned national edition of Svevo's work in German, &c. That means that every writer nine volumes. It offers readings as close to

Svevo's presumed intentions as we are ever likely to get. Misprints are corrected, but after balancing each one of them against Svevo's practice elsewhere, and only if the case is pronameed mobjectionable. Svevo's peculiar spelling of certain words (for instance, the plus ral of words ending in sias "gumeic" instead of "grance") is often retained after checking it numest what was considered acceptable in Svevo's times, and indeed appeared in Policarpo Petrocchi's Italian dictionary of 1887-91, which Svevo knew and quoted admiringly. Interpretations of controversial passages are backed, in a few cases, by decisions taken by either the French or the German translator, who submitted questions to the author - to which they received answers.

But it is reassuring news that the text in this handsome volume is close to the familiar one. Restored paintings often reveal new and unsuspected beauties, but also tend to upset their staunchest admirers. There is no such danger in this case: Svevo's voice is still there, as genial and as sarcastic as ever.

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