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JOYCE STUDIES IN ITALY

20

**JAMES JOYCE
THE JOYS OF EXILE**

*Edited by
Franca Ruggieri*

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FRANCA RUGGIERI

FOREWORD

JOYCE'S EXILES AND THE JOYS OF EXILE

At first glance the title, *Joyce's Exiles and the Joys of Exile*, might simply seem a pun on words with clear oxymoronic and ironic overtones. But, apart from the easy joke, the phrase indeed characterizes the voluntary exile of James Joyce, the perfect representative of voluntary intellectual exile. The man who himself gives voice to the need for the philosophical concept of *coincidentia oppositorum*, both in his life and in the tormented success of his work that was mainly produced after he had left his Irish homeland.

In fact, exile represents what is perhaps the broadest instance of action combined with memory in the western world, comprising all levels of experience, running through all cultures, literatures, traditions, metamorphoses. Over the centuries it is the painful, varied experience of exile that links Homer's Ulysses, *Exodus* and the biblical wandering Jew, the great religious, political and ethnic upheavals of history with people escaping poverty, famine or danger, and the most recent massive flow of unknown millions from East to West, from South to North, for whom, we might add, and unlike for James Joyce, not many "joys" are reserved.

In *Minima Moralia*, Theodor Adorno, himself an exile fleeing Hitler's Germany, observed that exile was a condition of dislocation and maladjustment. This could be resolved by taking a distanced critical

stance that might lead the intellectual towards self-expression perhaps through literature or critical writing. However, he also added that this was something of an illusion as there can be no release in any writing that is divorced from the possibility of shared life; a writer is not allowed to live only in his writing.

On the other hand, Edward Said, an exile in the United States from his own Arab-Palestinian world, deals with both real and metaphorical exile in his two essays: *Reflections on Exile* (1984) and *Representations of the Intellectual* (1994), and explicitly states that in both contexts the intellectual is encouraged to see writing as his/her only home and fatherland.

In the case of Joyce, the experience of a real, voluntary exile – from his home, religion and nation – began at the early age of 22. It was a choice undertaken freely, a coherent, pervasive, problematic choice that at times would be *endured*, and at times *enjoyed* for the rest of his life. At the same time Joyce's actual exile was also a psychological metaphor for that perpetual state of exile that he, the "invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent" artist, narcissistically, eternally "paring his fingernails", had been fashioning since the early writing of "The Day of the Rabblement" in 1901.

In 1968, nine years after Ellmann's *James Joyce* (1959), Helen Cixous, an Algerian exile, and the daughter of a mother, who, in turn, was a German Jewish exile, published *The Exile of James Joyce*. Longer than *Ulysses* itself, a few years after its publication it was acclaimed by Julian Moynahan in *New York Times* (11th February 1973) as the most distinguished and prestigious critical writing on Joyce "that we have or are ever likely to get", "a masterpiece of modern criticism". Indeed, the book is a seminal record of Joyce's journey into exile from the earliest *Epiphanies* through to the 1904 *A Portrait of the Artist, Stephen Hero, Dubliners, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Exiles, Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. It was Cixous's opinion that through exile Joyce took his departure from Dublin into "the world of the book", "the limitless spaces of art, and that his journey entailed the full recreation of self and world in and through written language."

However, as is well known, Italo Svevo, himself an exile in Trieste, had stressed the importance of the project of exile in James Joyce's art as early as 1927. Joyce's choice of writing from this distance meant a new, different centrality for his hated/beloved Dublin, and helped transform the small capital of Ireland into a universal city.

This fundamental feature of Joyce's writing, the meeting of Irish/particular/local/provincial "scrupulous meanness" with a dimension that was European/universal/cosmopolitan/encyclopedic/all-embracing, is often found at the core of Joycean writing, as well as of Joycean criticism. And this is also recorded on the memorial plaque placed by the Comune di Roma, on the centenary of Joyce's birth (2nd February 1982), on the house in via Frattina, 52. It reads, in Giorgio Melchiori's words, "In this house in Rome, where he lived from August to December 1906, James Joyce, a voluntary exile evoked the story of Ulysses, making of his Dublin our universe".

However, any general reader of Joyce's biographies or essays on Joyce that link him and aspects of his work to various European towns – where he spent years, months, perhaps days in some cases, either actually or in his imagination – can only agree that it is a "truth universally acknowledged" that Joyce's exile was a choice that was both bitter and passionate, complex and impulsive. It enabled him to achieve the joys of true art: James Joyce is, at one and the same time, the Joyce and the Joys of exile, since exile, in all its multifarious aspects is the basic Joycean theme, consistently underpinning his writings.

A multifaceted theme in itself, exile is also a narrative strategy as well as a means of comparing the experiences of different writers: all strands that come together in the writings of Joyce, from *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to *Exiles*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

The papers collected in this book lead us to reflect on some of the many possible ways of considering the various dimensions and forms that the two exiles, both real and metaphorical, assumed in the life and the work of Joyce. From the notion of a "canon in exile" as the key to "present and problematize the flow of modernization in 20th century Serbian literature from the perspective of the creative reception of

James Joyce's works" to the reconstruction of "the public image of Joyce as a self-exiled genius and expatriate writer" shaped by French literary journals and international little magazines based in 1920s Paris; from an intense, allusive analysis inspired by the interplay of a witty mutation of the theme/word "exile" into "exisle" and the "angst of return" to an investigation exploring exilic identity through the use of narrative fetishism in *Finnegans Wake*. Other topics explored range from a stimulating new reflection on the women in *Exiles* to an original, thorough reading of *Giacomo Joyce* as a sample of "style in exile" that can be linked to William Hogarth's theories on the line of beauty and the serpentine line. An in-depth discussion of humour, music and the inter-relationship between two forms of exile in *Finnegans Wake* is followed by an article offering a fresh substantial view of "Cyclops" as a hologram of exile relating to the "Red Summer" and lynching culture in post-World War I America. Exile is further explored in terms of "lexile" in an undeniably seminal and enjoyable article, while another paper introduces an evocative parallel, in terms of exile and music – though by no means limited to that –, between Joyce and Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. And finally there is a rewarding journey into Joyce's languages as metaphors of exile, followed by a reinterpretation of "Oxen of the Sun", where the phrase "silence and cunning" leads to postcreation and exile.

In conclusion, as the list of contents shows, volume 20 of *Joyce Studies in Italy* follows a well-established tradition dating back to 1986, when its very first issue, *Joyce in Rome*, was published. As ever, the aim has been to publish essays by young researchers alongside papers by well-established scholars. And once again, the thanks of the editorial board go to Peter Douglas for his unfailing editorial support.

1.

**JAMES JOYCE
THE JOYS OF EXILE**

CANON IN EXILE:
JAMES JOYCE AND SERBIAN LITERATURE¹

The aim of this paper is to present and problematize the flow of modernization in 20th-century Serbian literature from the perspective of the creative reception² of James Joyce's works. The main hypothesis of this research raises the question of whether examples of modernity in Serbian prose of the 20th century bear an essential affinity with the definition of prose modernization, which in the theoretical texts of European and world literature scholars is supported with examples from works by James Joyce. This hypothesis further touches on the need of Serbian literature for an active dialogue with Joyce's works, which inevitably leads to original responses in the implicit and the explicit poetics of the 20th-century writers, especially Rastko Petrović (1898–1949) and Danilo Kiš (1935–1989), who are reckoned to be two key figures

¹ The present text was written as part of the research project "Change of Poetic Paradigms in Serbian Literature of the 20th Century: National and European Context" (178016), conducted by the Institute for Literature and Art in Belgrade. This project is funded by the Ministry of Education, Science and Technological Development of the Republic of Serbia.

² Creative reception includes not only an interpretation of the pure influence of one writer in another literature or simply tracking the critical and translatorial reception of a work in a foreign culture. It is a complex process that is followed by the interpretation of the poetic characteristics of a new work in the target national context, made after the creative reception of the piece of world literature. Such a process is contextualized by a discussion of changes when compared to the creatively received work and the authentic, original response of writers in the target culture. This deepens various aspects of the canons in national and world literature, affects the flow of modernization in literature and highlights innovative poetic paradigms (Ђурић 2017: 12–31).

involved in a creative dialogue with Joyce's works. In this paper I also discuss the flow of modernization of 20th-century Serbian prose in relation to the creative reception of James Joyce's literary works as a kind of "poetic exile" from the previous canonical tendencies in Serbian literature. The continuity of poetic changes in Serbian literature, from the modernization of the novel in the works of Petrović to the postmodern approach in the prose of Kiš, describes the 20th-century canon constituted after the creative reception of Joyce's works. It is a canon which is closely connected with the allotropic definition of exile, especially when the creative reception of Joyce in Serbian literature relates to the voluntarily chosen life or literary exile of certain authors, and when authentic responses provided in their texts motivate a "poetic exile" from the expected influences or familiar theoretical paradigms in complex historical and socio-cultural contexts. This paper also highlights the poetic importance of the "exilic" South Slavic heritage in Joyce's works, and the changes in Joyce's creative reception of South Slavic material as examples of processes of modernization in Joyce's prose.

Creative reception of Joyce's work in Serbian literature as "poetic exile" in the modernist paradigm

In 1930 Rastko Petrović worked as a diplomat in Rome. On 16th January 1930, in a letter to the poet Milan Rakić, Petrović wrote: "Mr. Counselor bought Joyce's *Ulysses* [...]. Now, with excitement, I'm looking at the book on his desk, waiting discreetly [...] for my turn to read it after him" (Петровић 2003: 198).³ After surrealist writer Marko Ristić's

³ This is not Petrović's only note from Rome which presents the city as a place of literary exile: "There is a travelogue from Rome, for instance, in which he writes about a dinner party during which Marcel Proust had been discussed. What else could one write home about from Rome? Those who might have read his travelogue from Rome, published in a Belgrade literary magazine had already seen Rome. Petrović wrote for a cosmopolitan generation which had its own memories of Toledo or Cordoba, whose members studied at European universities, served as diplomats in European capitals, reported from Europe as journalists, or simply travelled in Europe for the sake of their own pleasure. But not everybody might have heard of Proust, who in the twenties was not widely read even in Paris: this was something worth writing about from Rome" (Milutinović 2011: 181–182).

readings of parts of *Ulysses* in the French translation and Ristić's text on James Joyce, published in 1924 (Ристић 1924: 178–179), Petrović's introduction to *Ulysses* in Rome was extremely important in the process of the creative reception and modernization of 20th-century Serbian prose. The ideological circumstances in South-Eastern Europe in this period dictated the usual dogmatic interpretation of Joyce's work: this was particularly true around the time of the Soviet Writers' Congress in 1934 and Radek's polemic on Joyce (Radek 1935: 150–162). The negative remarks on the bourgeois tones in Joyce's novel and Lukács's criticism of the “formalism, subjectivism and irrationalism” of Joyce's work (Wicht 2004: 74) did not encourage a creative dialogue with Joyce's texts in South Slavic countries.⁴ This is why Petrović reading Joyce in Italy in 1930, as a alternative poetic figure in exile, is so important for the modernization of the canon in Serbian literature.

According to the testimony of Petrović's friend, the surrealist poet Milan Dedinac, Petrović also translated some of Joyce's poems (Дединац 2014: 657). In 1931, in a series of (auto)poetic essays on diverse topics (“The Reality in Foreign and Our Literature”, written on the problems of “Contemporary English Novel and Complex of Personality” and “Scientific-Philosophical Experiment and Great Contemporary Novel, Joyce, Proust, Huxley”), Petrović described the new prose techniques as changes influenced by various elements of Joyce's poetics (Петровић 1974: 270, 281–283). In his essay “Scientific-Philosophical Experiment and Great Contemporary Novel, Joyce, Proust, Huxley”, Petrović emphasizes “the evolution of the novel with a direct psychological reconstruction from Joyce's *Ulysses* to the unknown book of the future”, and defines Joyce's novelistic focus from “the psychological complex to its action” without any mediation of psychological analyses as “discovery” (Петровић 1974: 283, 281). The poetic changes described are clearly noticeable from a comparison of the first and second parts of Petrović's novel *The Sixth Day*.⁵ The first part of this novel

⁴ Cf. Меснóбер 2013: 21–22.

⁵ Cf. Мићић 2007: 191–211.

was written after Petrović had read *Ulysses*; its plot follows the main protagonist Stevan Papa-Katić and many other characters through 1915, during the First World War. Although the first part of the novel was finished in 1934, censorship and negative comments on the naturalistic descriptions of those disgraced in wartime,⁶ meant that the first part of Petrović's novel was only published posthumously, with some corrections, in 1961. The same year also saw the publication of the second part of the novel. The second part is set in 1938 and describes the tranquil life of Stevan, who has made a career as a famous palaeontologist in America. After the negative censorship of the 1930's, Petrović relinquished the narrative experiments that he had adopted in the first part of *The Sixth Day* after the creative reception of Joyce's *Ulysses*, and in the second part of his novel organizes the narrative closer to traditional paradigms. The following examples both describe moments of a walk taken by Stevan, and they illustrate the poetic shifts that have been made between the first and second parts of Petrović's novel. The first part of *The Sixth Day*, the section entitled "Stevan's 'Thought in the Storm' When It Reached Its Sense and Its Shape", was written after the creative reception of Joyce's work:

Everything was brought to a halt. By one single question: How many layers of thought were there in me? How many? There were two, three, four of them ... In this attempt to repeat the whole complex work of the brain. But words only come out of it luminously: How many layers of thought in me? How many layers? Oh, am I thinking about hate and stupidity at the same time now, to think about one thing or another that this man is saying? Am I thinking anything else? There, this is yet another thought. A thought that seeks to determine the other layers of thought. The sense of anger, of discomfort! Of having to walk, having to think, to think each thought separately. But I cannot determine anything else. All those thoughts may still be there, and here I am in their midst, perfectly confused. Come on, think, ever so slowly! And lo! at the same time you are changing

⁶ Cf. Петровић 2013: 171.

with your eye the whole vision of the world. Now that's a thought!"
(Петровић 2014: 177; italics in the original).

The second excerpt, from the second part of the novel and written after the censorship, reads:

Stevan walked on ahead of the others. For the first ten paces he felt brave, and then he became frightened that he might not be able to find the bridge and that he might fall over the cliff in the darkness. He tried to see what there was in front of him, but he couldn't make out a thing. The roaring of the water sounded as if it were directly beneath him. Stevan walked cautiously, one step at a time, waving his arms in the air and shouting to those behind him. There was a flash of lightning. Through the pouring rain he could see the purple mountains. He was on the edge of the road; a few steps farther on was the bridge, and a little beyond that, the mill. It was all much nearer than he had expected. He crawled forward now with greater determination. The mud under his hands was mixed with stones and acorns, and his clothes were soaked with mud and rain.”⁷

The creative reception of some of Joyce's strategies in the first part of Petrović's novel *The Sixth Day* influenced changes in various aspects of modernization in Serbian literature. Those changes combine many modernist techniques, including the encyclopedic spirit,⁸ linguistic innovation, destabilization of narrative instances, and considering the novel as an experiment. The important question is whether the stream of consciousness technique is also completely realized in the creative reception of Joyce in Petrović's novel. It seems that as a form

⁷ Petrović, Rastko. “*The Sixth Day*, Fragment of the novel”, translated by Albert Lord, <https://www.rastko.rs/knjizevnost/umetnicka/rpetrovic/proza/rpetrovic-sixth-day.html>.

⁸ For the encyclopedic aspect of Petrović's prose and its relation to Joyce's poetics, see Петровић 2013: 150–151, 163–260.

of “exile” from that technique and a re-consideration of Joyce’s narrative strategies, perhaps a more correct name for this type of inner speech in Petrović’s works is a fluctuation of ideas. Rather than the simultaneous interactive effect of observation, opinion, speech or unconsciousness in the stream of consciousness,⁹ the prime concern with the fluctuation of ideas is in the presentation of constant multiple changes of more or less coherent thoughts, as can be seen in the example from the first part of Petrović’s novel. The fluctuation of ideas does not represent simultaneity between observation and the process of consciousness, but rather observation condensed in order to constitute an idea within a flow of thoughts, as is suggested by very title of the section, “Stevan’s ‘Thought in the Storm’ When It Reached Its Sense and Its Shape”.¹⁰ In the fluctuation of ideas the privilege of experiences is established by a linguistic, pictorial, conceptual or symbolic conditionality that is concretized as the eventuality of thoughts.¹¹ It also determines the fact that the fluctuation of ideas is often more poetically knowing than the stream of consciousness, as also seen in the example from the first part of Petrović’s novel: “*Oh, am I thinking about hate and stupidity at the same time now, to think about one thing or another that this man is saying? Am I thinking anything else? There, this is yet another thought. A thought that seeks to determine the other layers of thought. The sense of anger, of discomfort! Of having to walk, having to think, to think each thought separately*”.¹²

Besides Petrović’s dialogue with avant-garde concepts regarding renewed language, Bergson’s philosophy of vitalism and Freud’s views on personality and liberation,¹³ the paradigms of modernity that he perceived, refracted through a creative dialogue with Joyce,

⁹ Cf. Joyce in Barnes 1922: 65.

¹⁰ Cf. Вучковић 2005: 224.

¹¹ Cf. Petrović 1964: 405–406.

¹² Petrović, Rastko. “*The Sixth Day*, Fragment of the novel”, translated by Albert Lord, <https://www.rastko.rs/knjizevnost/umetnicka/rpetrovic/proza/rpetrovic-sixth-day.html>.

¹³ Cf. Јовић 2005: 288–301, 304–309, 365–371.

constitute the key turning point in the canon and in the flow of modernization. Above all, this affected issues of language, narrative technique and new novelistic forms, which represent “poetic exile” from the traditional canonical examples in Serbian literature, which are largely rooted in a narrative heritage of realism, and on biological and sociological aspects including many elements of folklore. The high point of Petrović’s creative response to Joyce’s work can be found in the first part of *The Sixth Day* in a multilingual passage, a polyglossia of (non-)existent languages:

‘Ukeb uni emak frakaru brand ertlak klers bit pakra fre dus či šabe lundi katr e turb. Madr it lušme čak ši saled kan teli rublje fandī. Lulus por eti la made dema re. Lu drači sen tažiš kulfen či, či, či. Isazet di, fale šazet di, mut, ras boledi ču. Kos lalo de ajranadu va is te neporo i upra laj krun potovi parago. Krata jetoda tel mostakra ce (firi ki de), lo redidu krel rola. Ve so di vako lero. Riz de rodi. Ovo le ropep. Si’ (Петровић 2014: 186–187; transliterated; italics in the original).

This part of Petrović’s novel is about the dehumanized world at war, where every word of every language, or pure words from just one perspective, are damaged; the opportunity for a new world can only be created through an unknown hybrid language, but one that is possibly comprehensible to everyone. It comprises multilingual etymological combinations, and is embodied in the utopian idea of the interpretation and understanding of literature, especially for a plurality of readers, with polyglossia as an ideal hermeneutic-communicative form. This is also an important characteristic of Joyce’s texts.

The relative proportion of Joyce’s creation of a literary work (especially *Ulysses*), the process of its creative reception in the sense of “poetic exile” (in 1930, during Petrović’s stay in Rome) and new poetic solutions after this creative dialogue as “exile” from the previous paradigms (the awareness of “the evolution of the novel” with “a

psychological complex”, yet devoid of “the psychological analyses”,¹⁴ examples of fluctuation of ideas or the function of multilingualism in the first part of Petrović’s novel *The Sixth Day*) when seen in the process of literary modernization, is typologically an extremely complex “hermeneutical situation”.¹⁵ The creative reception of Joyce’s work and the original responses provided in Petrović’s novel had a significant role in modernist poetics, which also introduced innovations into the canon based on “exile” from the older techniques,¹⁶ forced changes in stylistic forms, and a marked modernization as the implicit result of the whole process.

Creative reception of Joyce’s work in Serbian literature as “poetic exile” into the postmodern paradigm

From the beginning of the 20th century to the aftermath of the Second World War typological similarities in realism/modernism saw the creative reception of the similar material (for example, works by Anton

¹⁴ Cf. Петровић 1974: 283, 281.

¹⁵ For the term “hermeneutical situation”, see Gadamer 2006: 301.

¹⁶ One of the possible examples of changing the traditional canon in Serbian literature is how the Homer versus Joyce template is received in the modernized conditions of Serbian literature, especially in poetry. The typologically related experience of the world after the First World War, the negation of the epic, warlike figure and the embodiment of a sad returnee are characteristics typologically similar to those of *Lyrics of Ithaca* (1919), a collection of poems by Miloš Crnjanski (1893–1977), and to Joyce’s novel. The avant-garde templates of the myth in the collection of poems *Ulysses* (1938), written by Rade Drainac (1899–1943) after reading Joyce’s novel, have problematized the homecoming to Ithaca, presenting an impossible return. In post-Second World War modernism, in *The Diary about Ulysses* (1954), written by Jovan Hristić (1933–2002), the absence of an ideal Ithaca can be noted, as well as the continuity of Ulysses in urban spaces as the impossible double in the discourse of subjectivity. In Serbian literature after 1970, literary exile is also part of the metapoetic perspective, not only as a one-sided return to the figure of Odysseus, but as a return to the potential of individual episodes and figures in *Odyssey* and *Ulysses*, usually through Joycean readings of Homer (Elpenor, Alcinoos, Nausicaa, Penelope). Bearing this in mind, it can also be concluded that there was an evidently changed Homeric canon of themes following the creative reception of Joyce’s work in Serbian literature. About “Homer influenced by Joyce”, see Senn in Mihálycsa, Wawrzycka, Senn 2012: 209.

Chekhov, Leo Tolstoy, Gustave Flaubert, Benedetto Croce etc.) in the texts of James Joyce and writers of Serbian literature. The continuity of dramatized action in the works of Chekhov, the technique of interior monologue in the works of Tolstoy, the distancing of the dominant omniscient perspective in the works of Flaubert, and the dedogmatized view of art in the works of Benedetto Croce – all creatively received by Joyce – had had a crucial impact in the processes of modernizing prose at the beginning of the 20th century. The creative reception of similar material after the Second World War in the works of Serbian literature constitutes a modernist deviation from the non-literary oriented attitudes of social realism¹⁷ and provides an opportunity to discuss the topic of post-war societies on the basis of poetic choices. This is an example of how materials and methods in a kind of literary exile “take on a new form as” they “travel abroad, showing new facets and features that are brought into view in its new surroundings” (Damrosch 2009: 513).

In 20th-century Serbian literature the dialectic arc is formed from the Joycean paradigm of the creative reception of modernist procedures in the works of Petrović, through the re-creation of modernism and modernist revitalizations in a Joycean manner after the Second World War, to the ambivalent response of anti-Joycean and/or meta-Joycean paradigms touching on postmodern Serbian literature, especially in the works of Danilo Kiš.¹⁸ After the negative tones of the bourgeois readings of Joycean prose, followed by Marxist-oriented criticism,¹⁹ the milestone of modernism after the Second World War

¹⁷ Cf. Josipović 2011: 93–104.

¹⁸ In this context, the modernist Joycean, postmodern anti-Joycean, and/or meta-Joycean paradigms in the creative reception of Joyce’s work in Serbian literature could also be described in terms of “interpretive communities” in the processes of creative reception and flows of modernization – “made up of those who share interpretive strategies not for reading (in the conventional sense) but for writing texts, for constituting their properties and assigning their intentions” (Fish 1980: 171).

¹⁹ See also Bloom’s observation about the problems of exiled aesthetics in the complex socio-cultural situations: “[...] all of us may be tempted to lose as we face the onslaught of instant masterpieces that threatens us at this moment when cultural justice is at work, enforcing the exile of aesthetic considerations” (Bloom 1994: 105).

attracted renewed scholarship, and theoretical and translating interest, which confirmed a new poetic view of Joyce's oeuvre. The syllabus of the Department of General Literature and Literary Theory at the University of Belgrade – re-established in 1954 – whose first graduate student was Danilo Kiš, also contained a text by James Joyce (Thompson 2013: 33). A rich syllabus of world literature was of great importance to Kiš's ideas, and it influenced his cosmopolitan interpretation of the European literary canon, which “would make room for Europe's smaller languages and their literatures” (Thompson 2013: 242–244). As early as 1959, Kiš presented in his short story “Mr Poppy Enjoys Himself” a creative autopoetic reading and metatextual interpretation of Joyce's work as an example of “poetic exile” of the world literature hypercanon²⁰ in another culture:

What does *Ulysses* have too much of?

Too much form.

What else?

Too much language. Too much subconscious, stream of consciousness, which can all be condensed into an effort of consciousness.

What else is there too much of?

Too much subtext. [...] Too much text. Too many tests... [...]

A parody of everything. Of the novel (without a novel), of Ulysses, of life, death, art, philosophy, metempsychosis, the process of writing, Daedalus, Dublin, Aryans, Jews, Irishmen, Englishmen, Consciousness, the Unconscious, [...] polyglottism, the Tower of Babel, earth, sea, mankind, womankind, the Church, me, you, him, us, them, a parody of Everything and Nothing. And then a parody of parodies. That's the whole point” (Kiš, in Thompson 2013: 34).

This extract from Kiš's short story “Mr Poppy Enjoys Himself” (1959) is organized as a metatextual investigation process, based on the structure of Joyce's “Ithaca”. The process was later incorporated in the

²⁰ See Damrosch 2009: 511.

novel *Hourglass* (1972). Examples from the novel also show how the structure of investigation is creatively received from Joyce's "Ithaca"²¹ and poetically changed in the work of Kiš.²²

Did E.S. postdate his letter?

After the name of his village he wrote the next day's date. His justification was that, according to his Longines watch, only sixteen minutes were left of the day, and consequently not only the anticipated end but even the beginning of the letter would fall on the following day. And it's true that this whole letter, begun at the end of one day, related to the next day, the following dawn, the daybreak to come.

Had he ever postdated a document before?

During the school year 1905–6, he postdated a doctor's certificate, thus extending his vacation by approximately a week; in 1912, he postdated a free second-class ticket on the Kameral Moravice-Zagreb express, extending its validity by almost four months; in 1924, he repeated this exploit, having (apparently) learned no lesson from his previous fine (of 1912), which he had apparently forgotten, and again postdated a train ticket, on this occasion first-class, reduced-fare ticket no. 755363, with a view to traveling free of charge on the Vrbovsko–Novi Sad and Novi Sad–Budapest (via Subotica) line, prolonging its validity by ten days in all, that is, from the first to the eleventh of November; in 1932, he once again postdated a document, medical certificate no. 2249, declaring him provisionally capable of taking care of himself, on condition that he submit every six months to a thorough medical examination – this document was postdated by a whole year (from 1932 to 1933); in 1934, he postdated several documents relating to the Subotica Brush Factory, of which he was part owner and a stockholder, etc. (Kiš 1997: 32–33).

Meta-Joycean and anti-Joycean paradigms of the investigation process in Kiš's short story "Mr Poppy Enjoys Himself" (1959) and in

²¹ Regarding relations between Joyce's "Ithaca" and the "Witness Interrogated" and "Criminal Investigation" chapters in Kiš's novel *Hourglass*, see Milivojević 2010: 153–164.

²² Cf. Bošković 2004: 45–131.

the novel *Hourglass* (1972) create important occasions in which certain characteristics of Joyce's prose have become inevitable points of reference for the (post)modern aspects of Kiš's poetics. At the same time, through the metanarrative and intertextual perspectives relating to Joyce's work, they demonstrate "poetic exile" from expected narrative structures. As can be seen in the example from the novel, the type of composition in *Hourglass*, based on the investigation process, was changed through the demythologization of the status of the investigation and the divinization of the investigative procedure, to the form of an investigation without investigating in the manner of postmodern discourse.

Some poetical changes following the creative reception of Joyce's work in Kiš's work represent literary exile from traditional genres, for example exile from the *Bildungsroman* and *Künstlerroman*.²³ The poetical contradictions of *Bildungsroman* in Serbian literature very often transform this genre into a novel about the development of the artist.²⁴ For that reason, on the metapoetic level of the genre, the creative reception of James Joyce's novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in Serbian literature was analysed with reference to elements of novels of aesthetic theory, which, in the case of other novels about the artist, can be described as explicit or implicit novel-theories. Thus, creative answers to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in Serbian literature are also instances of "poetic exile" from the *Künstlerroman*, especially when a novel about the artist becomes a novel about the diegesis of an aesthetic theory or a "*Bildungsroman* of a literary biography" (Киш 2001: 7), a novel about the theory of genre revaluation (a possible example being Kiš's short novel *The Garret: A Satirical Poem*) or a novel about the genesis of the poetic conflict between modernism and postmodernism (from *The Attic* to *Hourglass* in the works of Kiš, especially in the parts of Kiš's *Family Circus* – from *Early Sorrows* to *Garden, Ashes* and *Hourglass*). This indicates a modernization of literature through poetic changes in literary and theoretic paradigms, "exile"

²³ For Joyce's creative revisions of some elements of those genres, see Wawrzycka 2017: 233-247.

²⁴ See Stević 2004: 51-52.

from traditional paradigms (narrative structures, genre concepts), as the result of the voluntarily literary exiles of authors including, among others, Petrović and Kiš, and their creative receptions of Joyce's prose.

After *controversial* discussions about postmodern methods applied in the book *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich* (1976) and accusations of epigonic treatment of his predecessors and of plagiarism, in an interview given in 1986, "after many a year frequenting various émigré circles in Paris" (Zorić 2005: 364), Kiš wrote that his position was that of a "voluntarily chosen", a "Joycean exile" (Kiš 2012: 162). From the first sentence in the short story "The Apatride" – "He arrived in Paris on 28 of May 1938" to the statement – "Paris ist eine endlich Chance ... Ja, ja. Endlich ..." in the same story, written in 26 fragments, about a "gentleman without a fatherland, an apatride, a cosmopolitan", Kiš developed an idea of language as the only fatherland (Kiš 1995: 203–219). Paris as a literary city and a conceptual metaphor had an important role in Petrović's and Kiš's work and underlined the fact that some key places for Serbian literature over the centuries had been Trieste, Budapest, Leipzig, Vienna, Halle, London, Rome and Paris, (in)voluntary chosen places for life and literary exile.²⁵ The fragment "The Land of Eternity" in Kiš's story "The Sow That Eats Her Farrow"²⁶ from the collection of short stories *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich*, with the creative reception of text *Joyce par lui-même* written by Jean Paris in France,²⁷ shows "a mode of circulation" of literary work through the constitutive relationships of "shadow canon, countercanon, and hypercanon", as David Damrosch defines them, wherein "the counter-canon is composed of the subaltern and contestatory voices of writers in less-commonly-taught languages and in minor literatures within great-power languages" (Damrosch 2009: 511):

²⁵ Cf. Jerkov 2012: 16–17.

²⁶ For allusions of the title of this short story to Joyce's novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and for some further possible connections relating to the name of the main character in this story, see Mecsóber 2013: 37–38.

²⁷ For the intertextual presence of Paris and other authors in Kiš's story, see Бошковић 2008: 113–122.

The first act of the tragedy, or comedy (in the scholastic sense of the word), whose main character is a certain Gould Verschoyle, begins as all earthly tragedies do: with birth. The rejected positivist formula of milieu and race can be applied to human beings to the same degree as to Flemish art. Thus the first act of the tragedy begins in Ireland, ‘the ultima Thule, the land on the other side of knowledge,’ as one of Dedalus’s doubles calls it; in Ireland, ‘the land of sadness, hunger, despair, and violence,’ according to another explorer, who is less inclined to myth and more to laborious earthy prose. However, in him too a certain lyrical quality is not in harmony with the cruelty of the region: ‘The ultimate step of the sunset, Ireland is the last land to see the fading of the day. Night has already fallen on Europe while the slanting rays of the sun still purple the fjords and wastelands in the West. But let the dark clouds form, let a star fall, and suddenly the island again becomes as in a legend, that distant place covered with fog and darkness, which for so long marked the boundary of the known world to navigators. And on the other side is a break: the dark sea in which the dead once found their land of eternity. Their black ships on shores with strange names testify to a time when travel had something metaphysical about it: they summon up dreams without shores, without return’ (Kiš 2008: 17–18).

This part of Kiš’s short story, “The Sow That Eats Her Farrow”, is a postmodern collection of Joycean texts. It is also an important example of “delineating the concept of world literature” (Damrosch 2009: 496) and the opportunity of its metatextual interpretation through the creative reception of James Joyce and texts regarding his oeuvre among other written works in foreign cultures. In Kiš’s works Joyce and Joycean texts clearly motivate “poetic exiles” in relation to the cultural and traditional canon in processes regarding the (post)modernization of prose. This raises an important question: can the power of “poetic exile” after the creative reception of one author mediate the canon or establish the canonization of works of national or world literature? Being in the literary exile of the creative reception of Joyce’s literary works, the aforementioned texts by Petrović and Kiš influenced the canon of Serbian literature through a modernization process seen as “poetic exile”

from the expected canon and from familiar theoretical paradigms. If the creative responses of Petrović and Kiš are original in showing something different in the process of modernization in Serbian literature following the creative reception of James Joyce's literary works, especially in improving "illuminating analyses of creative conjunctions of distant works" (Damrosch 2009: 513), their texts should probably be required reading in the growing comparative study of Joycean poetics. Future projects on the comparative study of poetic changes in literary paradigms after the creative reception of a great author of world literature in one national context should also be a means to investigate ways of mediating the canon, both in national and world literature. In this context, an analysis of the creative reception of Joyce's works in Serbian literature could be used as a stimulus for re-reading canons and creative responses after the reception of Joyce's works in other literatures. The creative response of one literature, like the examples in the works of Petrović and Kiš after the process of creative reception of Joyce's works, might influence the constitution of a typology of creative receptions of Joyce's works in world literature. Furthermore, if these responses are original and authentic, it might also contribute to the expansion and redefinition of the canonizing works of world literature in the (re)formation of the (post)modernist corpus.

Creative reception of (South) Slavic material in Joyce's works as "poetic exile" in the processes of modernization

Serbian writers have provided creative answers, introduced changes in poetic paradigms and marked a literary exile from a traditionally determined canon following the creative reception of Joyce. On the other hand, Joyce also creatively incorporated certain canonical aspects of the (South) Slavic literal and cultural context in his works including some typical words, stylistic devices and famous songs. The presence, creative reception or "poetic exile" of certain (South) Slavic elements in Joyce show that his understanding of (South) Slavic material changes and becomes poetically modernized in his works – from the deconstructing tension of the (pre)modern reality in *Stephen Hero* to achieving a constituent tension in the (post)modernist segments in *Finnegans*

Wake. It meanders from the impossibility of conceiving a border town (like Pola or Trieste)²⁸ as a comparatively safe space of discourse, where the position of the “minor” language²⁹ is represented as semi-colonized – “[...] the capable aggressions of the Magyars upon the Latin and Slav and Teutonic populations, greater than themselves in number, which are politically allied to them” (*SH* 62),³⁰ through uncertain attempts at reaching the establishment of a transnational position overcoming intolerance – ontologically – in the “Cyclops” episode: “*hoch, banzai, eljen, zivio, chinchin, polla kronia, hiphip, vive, Allah [...] ev-viva*” (*U* 12.600–601; italics in the original) to the complete “comparative safety” (*FW* 114.9) of the text of associated marks by toponyms, originating in minority languages and possibly referencing postcolonial relations: “Bulgarad” (*FW* 114.5), “Lubliner” (*FW* 339.31), “Djublian” (*FW* 340.6), “Belgradia” (*FW* 534.22).³¹ The process of “poetic exile” of (South) Slavic material from its usual, unmarked, canonical context into Joyce’s work, is constructed through a process of modernization in the literary “worldliness”³² of Joyce’s texts.

The “exilic” recontextualization of an old stylistic device, which usually contains questions and negative and positive responses, also known in some traditions as the Slavic antithesis, is in *Finnegans Wake* a transcultural aspect of the process of modernization found in Joyce’s work. Marked by this figure’s structure, the folk ballad “Hassan Aga’s Wife’s Lament” was translated into Italian by Alberto Fortis in 1774, into German by Goethe in 1778, into English by Sir Walter Scott in 1798, into French by Prosper Mérimée in 1827, and partially translated into Russian by Pushkin in 1835:

What’s so white upon yon verdant forest?

²⁸ See McCourt 2012: 305.

²⁹ See Radović 2013: 169, 262.

³⁰ For interpretation of this point, see Mecsnóber 2013: 29.

³¹ On these examples, see Skrabanek 1972: 66; Leeming 1977: 290–294; Engelhart 2002: 114, 127; McHugh 2006: 114, 339, 340, 534; Sandulescu 2012.

³² For a discussion of the concept of “worldliness”, see Bulson 2009: 139–140.

Is it snow, or is it swans assembled?
Were it snow, it surely had been melted;
Were it swans, long since they had departed.
Lo! it is not swans, it is not snow there:
'Tis the tent of Aga, Hassan Aga" (Bowring 1827: 52).

A variation of this type of structure, an "exilic" recontextualization of this stylistic device in Joyce's work, can be found at the beginning of *Finnegans Wake*:

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fir'over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: **nor** had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: **nor** avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick: **not** yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: **not** yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie seshers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arlight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface (*FW* 3.4–14; emphasis mine).

This "exilic" structural recontextualization of the figure, which is also frequently used in South Slavic epic poems, in *Finnegans Wake* evidences Joyce's interest in the literal, cultural, ethnographical, mythical, religious and anthropological peculiarities of (South) Slavic traditions, languages and writings. It demonstrates how Joyce's creative readings and receptions of the (South) Slavic material in *Finnegans Wake* often keep "world literature" from being "selectively worldly" (Spivak, in Spivak, Damrosch 2011: 478). This also gives space to a creative reception of some characteristic aspects of so-called "less-commonly-taught languages" and "minor literatures" (Damrosch 2009: 511).

Certain intertextual connections with the Serbian cultural heritage can also be gleaned from a possible allusion found in the passage "Eh, selo moy" in *Finnegans Wake* (*FW* 340.16). There were various

assumptions made about the relationship of this passage to “[...] *O Sole mio*; the Hebrew *yom*, day, backwards, the title of an opera, *Salomé*, by Richard Strauss, and the Hebrew name of Solomon as a contained anagram (Shelomo, the title of a rhapsody for cello and orchestra by Ernest Bloch)” (Blish 1970: 39). Following on from this, Leeming, thanks to information provided by Stella Goldgart, came to a new conclusion about its relation to a song “Tamo daleko” [“There, far away”], known from the First World War (Leeming 1977: 295). A version of these verses “Tamo daleko, | daleko od mora | Tamo je selo moje, | tamo je Srbija” [“There, far away, | far away from the sea, | there is my village, | there is my Serbia”] was sung by Serbian soldiers in exile in Greece during the First World War and there is a chance that Joyce was aware of this fact (Leeming 1977: 295). The hypothesis that the segment “Eh, selo moy” (*FW* 340.16) might really originate from a song by exiled soldiers is also strengthened by the context of its position in *Finnegans Wake*. The “Butt and Taff” episode, which includes a great number of words of Slavic origin,³³ also contains an important reference in Taff’s previous sentence: “Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy” (*FW* 340.16). In the first sentence “Oh day of rath!”, the pre-Slavic origin of the word “rath” [rat]³⁴ (*FW* 340.16) can be recognized, which might provide the proof of the origin of the words in the whole passage. At the same time, this can also indicate Joyce’s interest in the aforementioned exilic song.

If the (in)voluntarily exiles of certain Serbian authors created possibilities for various receptions of world literature and poetic answers which changed traditional paradigms, then does a creative reception of some elements from the (South) Slavic context in the works of Joyce or other authors of world literature create a different self-awareness of the canon in Serbian, (South) Slavic and world literature? It seems that the terms of creative reception, “poetic exile” and modernization of the canon could be incorporated as the basis of

³³ Cf. Engelhart 1999: 138.

³⁴ The word is written in the form in which it appears in contemporary Serbian.

interdisciplinary studies of Slavic literatures and parts of “world literature”, which “can help reframe comparative studies” (Damrosch, in Spivak, Damrosch 2011: 481). As is well known, during the very period “in which he was first developing his ideas on *Weltliteratur* in his conversations with Eckermann”, Goethe “was reading a Chinese novel, in French translation, and a collection of Serbian poetry, in German translation” (Damrosch 2009: 506). The purpose of this paper has also been to incorporate 20th century Serbian literature into the discussion of comparative studies, and to interpret Serbian literature through the complexity of the issues and problems in the modernization and postmodernization of prose. Following on from Goethe, Joyce’s creative reception of (South) Slavic material in his work, in addition to his own work being creatively received in other literatures and shifting the paradigms of “poetic exile” from the expected canon, makes this possible, and not only for Serbian literature.

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BEING EXPATS TOGETHER:
JOYCE IN EXPATRIATE LITTLE MAGAZINES
AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

As the indications of time and place of composition given at the end of his major works clearly demonstrate, Joyce conceived both his life and his literary career as an uninterrupted trajectory on the European continent, characterised by perpetual absence from his native country, by change and dislocation. Although much has been said on the theme of Joyce's ambivalent attitude towards Ireland, as well as on his self-imposed exilic condition, it seems obvious to remark that between his first departure in 1904 and the publication of *Finnegans Wake* in 1939 Joyce wrote incessantly about his native country, but always while living elsewhere. Indeed, absence seems to have made Joyce's writing possible: if being away from Ireland ensures that the writer keeps Ireland vividly present in his own mind, the paradox appears to rest on a dialectical notion of presence in absence, which became even stronger in later life. In an interview with Philippe Soupault quoted by Ellmann, Joyce famously declared that going back to Dublin while living in Paris "would prevent [him] from writing about Dublin" (*JJII*: 643). Not only was the fact of being a voluntary exile from his native city an essential condition for making such city the eternal subject of his own works; Dublin also embodied, in Joyce's view, the whole universe: "I always write about Dublin", he told Arthur Power, "because if I can get to the heart of Dublin I can get to the heart of all the cities of the world" (in *JJII*: 505). However, it is equally noteworthy that, according to Ellmann, acquaintance with the work of an Irish expatriate living and writing in Paris was

also a basic requirement for taking part in a cosmopolitan cultural community, or even being *tout court* an expatriate in the stimulating intellectual milieu of 1920s Paris. As the biographer puts it, “to have read *Ulysses*, or parts of it, became the mark of the knowledgeable expatriate” (*JIII*: 527). But how did expats in Paris read (about) *Ulysses* and *Work in Progress*, or even become familiar with the mastermind that conceived such revered masterpieces? This essay attempts to show that the public image of Joyce as a self-exiled genius and expatriate writer in a cosmopolitan intellectual milieu was mainly shaped by the numerous instalments, reviews and critical articles which appeared in both French literary journals and international little magazines based in 1920s Paris, ranging from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which published the text of Valery Larbaud’s seminal lecture on *Ulysses* (where Joyce is contextualised as a European), to Ford Madox Ford’s *transatlantic review* and Eugene Jolas’s *transition*. While serial publication of Joyce’s masterpieces, along with translations¹, reviews and essays, contributed to the creation of the myth of Joyce as an exiled mastermind in cosmopolitan Paris, the numerous references to him within the tradition of the expatriate autobiography – Ford’s *It Was the Nightingale*, Robert McAlmon’s *Being Geniuses Together* and Jolas’s *Man from Babel*, to name but a few – mainly focused attention on the private side of his essentially public image. Several scholars – Monk (2001) and Rosenquist (2016), for instance – have pointed out that these literary memoirs often seek to draw the aura of high art and the exceptional

¹ By the end of 1922, five stories from *Dubliners*, translated into French by various hands, had been published in several periodicals, but the complete *Gens de Dublin* did not appear until 1926, the joint effort of Yva Fernandez, Hélène du Pasquier and Jacques-Paul Reynaud. *A Portrait* was translated by Ludmila Savitzky as *Dedalus: Portrait de l'artiste jeune par lui-même* in 1924, while the complete French *Ulysse* finally saw the light of day in 1929 after many years of toiling and squabbles between the translators Auguste Morel, Stuart Gilbert and Valery Larbaud, assisted by Joyce himself. The book-format publication under the imprint of Adrienne Monnier’s Maison des Amis des Livres was preceded by the appearance of some “fragments”, mainly translated by Larbaud and Morel, in such prestigious periodicals as *Commerce* (1924) and *La Nouvelle Revue Française* (1928). An analogous pre-book publication history characterised *Work in Progress*, with “Anna Livie Plurabelle”, for instance, published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1931.

artist into an area on the border between the public and the private, between mass circulation/public consumption of ordinary life and elitism or celebrity culture. As regards Joyce, the figure of the celebrated but also controversial author is mainly depicted in his private, everyday-life dimension, particularly through anecdotes and personal episodes, thus enacting a dialectical tension between the public and the private sphere.

Criticism has often underlined the importance of modernist literary reviews as part of a dynamic public culture both before the First World War and during the interwar years, as well as the significant role they played in spreading ideas across the continent, promoting movements and publishing avant-garde writers even before they were established as modernist icons². In this period, a number of expatriate Anglo-American little magazines were published in European cities, especially in the stimulating *milieu* of Paris, in order to favour contacts between Europe and America. To name but a few, there was *Secession* (1922-24), *transition* (1927-38), *Broom* (1921-24), *The Exile* (1927-28), the *transatlantic review* (1924) and *This Quarter* (1925-32), as well as the bilingual (Anglo-French) *Tambour* (1928-30) and *Échanges* (1929-32). The *Little Review* (1914-29), not truly an expatriate periodical, was edited by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap in Chicago and New York, but also printed in Paris, where the two women spent much of their time in the 1920s and where the final issue was also edited. This magazine – mainly pertinent to our discussion for its serialization of *Ulysses* in twenty-three instalments between March 1918 and December 1920³ –

² Among the many publications devoted to the subject, see Brooker and Thacker 2009, 2012, 2013; Churchill and McKible 2007; Morrisson 2001; Monk 1999; Aijmer Rysjö and Jonsson 2013.

³ As is well known, readers of the novel serialised in the *Little Review* – which ended abruptly with the first instalment of the “Oxen of the Sun” chapter in the September-December 1920 issue – never saw the last four episodes essentially for two reasons. First of all, in early 1921 the editors were prosecuted and fined by the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice for publishing the allegedly obscene “Nausicaa” episode. Secondly, the publication of *Ulysses* in book form was announced by Shakespeare and Company in autumn 1921, though it actually did not come out until February 1922 (on this point see Gaipa,

was aimed at establishing some intellectual communication between England, France and America by presenting the best of the post-war avant-gardism produced in those countries. In the Parisian literary scene of the 1920s, both the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (widely recognised as the greatest cultural organ in France during the interwar years) and Ford's *transatlantic review* (published simultaneously in Paris, London and New York from January to December 1924) played a significant role in spreading an ideal of literary modernism as a cosmopolitan movement caught between tradition and modernity. Later in the same decade, *transition* emphasised the international aspect of little magazines and actively campaigned for daring formal experimentalism. Edited in Paris by Jolas together with Elliot Paul (another American expatriate), the review featured contributors from many parts of Europe, including exponents of German expressionism, dadaism and French surrealism, and aimed to serve as a transatlantic link for the avant-garde.

As a considerable body of criticism began to grow around Joyce's work, largely in the form of interpretation, defence or attack, these periodicals all played a significant role in the creation of the public image of Joyce as a modernist icon. The editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Jacques Rivière, agreed to print the text of Valery Larbaud's seminal lecture on *Ulysses* – held at Adrienne Monnier's Maison des Amis des Livres on 7 December 1921 – in the issue for April 1922. Larbaud's essay – the fourth section of which was later translated as “The *Ulysses* of James Joyce” for the inaugural number of Eliot's *Criterion* (October 1922) – was followed by another article, entitled “À propos de James Joyce et de *Ulysses*: Réponse à M. Ernest Boyd”, in January 1925. The latter was essentially an answer to an attack by a fellow literary critic, who had disagreed with Larbaud's characterisation of Joyce as a European writer. Larbaud's propaganda was of particular importance in placing the work of the expatriate genius in a transnational *milieu*, more

Latham and Scholes 2015). In the meantime, extracts from chapters 2, 3, 6 and 10 were also serialised in Harriet Shaw Weaver's *The Egoist*, from January-February 1919 to December 1919. As McAlmon put it in his memoirs, “the *Little Review*, Sylvia Beach, and Harriet Weaver brought Joyce into print” (McAlmon and Boyle 1968: 82-83).

precisely in the context of Irish/English writers such as Swift, Sterne and Fielding or, in terms of the censorship that *Ulysses* had suffered, along with French authors like Flaubert and Baudelaire. From a stylistic point of view, moreover, Joyce – “the greatest currently living writer of the English language” (Larbaud, in Deming 2002: 252) – was further compared to the symbolists Lautréamont and Rimbaud, or to the naturalists Maupassant and Flaubert, an analogy also adumbrated in another significant piece of criticism by Ezra Pound for the *Mercure de France*, entitled “James Joyce et Pécuchet” (June 1922). In an interesting passage of his public talk later turned into an essay, Larbaud praised Joyce by calling him “a pure ‘Milesian’: Irish and Catholic of old stock, from the Ireland that benefits from some affinities with Spain, France and Italy, but for whom England is a strange land which cannot be made closer even by the commonality of language” (Larbaud 1922: 387, my translation). He finally concluded that “with the work of James Joyce and in particular with this *Ulysses* which is soon going to appear in Paris, Ireland is making a sensational re-entrance into high European literature” (Larbaud in Deming 2002: 253). Significantly enough, however, original excerpts from the novel or from *Work in Progress* never found a place in the respectable French periodical, which Joyce called “the Little Review of France (though it is now more conservative)” (*Letters I*: 161). During the 1920s and 1930s, Joyce frequently appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* as a foreign writer in translation: “Protée”, by Stuart Gilbert, Valery Larbaud and Auguste Morel, was published in August 1928; “Anna Livie Plurabelle”, by Samuel Beckett, Eugène Jolas, Philippe Soupault, Adrienne Monnier and others, in May 1931. Moreover, he was often the subject of critical essays/reviews/notes, for instance by Julien Green (“*Dedalus*, par James Joyce”, August 1924), Ernest Boyd (“À propos de James Joyce et de *Ulysses*”, March 1925), Stuart Gilbert (“Le troisième des dix-huit épisodes qui composent l’*Ulysses* de James Joyce...”, August 1928; “*Ulysse*, par James Joyce”, April 1929), Philippe Soupault (“À propos de la traduction d’Anna Livia Plurabelle”, May 1931) and Louis Gillet (“James Joyce”, November 1931).

As critics have frequently underlined, Ford conceived the *transatlantic review* as the materialisation of his ideal “International Republic of Letters”⁴. Aimed at three different readerships (British, American and French) but based in Paris, the review was meant to encourage intellectual communication between writers and artists across national boundaries and their equally diverse reading public in order to unite them in some sort of imaginary community and defend transcultural ideals. Accordingly, the *transatlantic review* published such a wide range of material such as the experimental works of Pound, Stein, Cummings, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Valéry, Cocteau, Soupault and – most relevant to our purpose – Joyce, whose yet unnamed *Finnegans Wake* famously began to appear serially under the provisional title *Work in Progress* that had been proposed by Ford himself. Ford the critic and editor – who, in a 1922 article for the *English Review* on “*Ulysses* and the Handling of Indecencies”, had already hailed Joyce’s novel as one of “the incredible labours of this incredible genius”, “a European work written in English” (in Deming 2002: 276, 278) – regarded the Irish author as “the greatest of all virtuosos of the word” (Ford 1929: 125-126), and praised his work mainly for its purely literary qualities. He valued it like the discovery of “a new continent with new traditions” (Saunders and Stang 2002: 217), arguing that its complexity made it “a bridge between Anglo-Saxondom and the continent of Europe” (*ibid.*: 220)⁵. Therefore, the major editorial success for Ford’s review was undoubtedly obtaining the “Mamalujo” episode of *Work in Progress*, the first pre-book publication of Joyce’s *magnum opus* which appeared in the literary supplement of the April issue.

⁴ His agenda is famously laid out in the much-quoted prospectus for the magazine: “the aim of the Review is to help in bringing about a state of things in which it will be considered that there are no English, no French – for the matter of that, no Russian, Italian, Asiatic or Teutonic – Literatures: there will be only Literature” (Ford qtd. in Judd 1990: 345). On this point, see Poli 1965; Rogers 2010; Lamberti 2010.

⁵ Ford’s words regarding Joyce underline the fundamental importance he attributed to such aesthetic ideals as internationalism and novelty built on tradition. On the relationship between the two writers, see Wiesenfarth 1991 and Cheng 1992.

Dirk Van Hulle (2016) has shown in detail that the printing of *Work in Progress* was initially sporadic, consisting of a few extracts in the *transatlantic review* (April 1924), Robert McAlmon's *Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers* ("Here Comes Everybody", June 1925), *The Criterion* (July 1925), Adrienne Monnier's *Le Navire d'Argent*⁶ ("Anna Livia Plurabelle", October 1925) and *This Quarter* (November 1925). After that, *transition* – the most prestigious expatriate little magazine of the interwar period – regularly began to serialise "Work in Progress", considered by Jolas as the most accomplished expression of the "Revolution of the Word" credo. The work that would become *Finnegans Wake* appeared in almost all numbers (with the exception of 9, 10, 14, 16-17, 19-20, 24, 25) along with a vast array of critical articles in support, promotion and defence of its author, especially when they were meant to be fierce attacks on detractors. As Van Hulle interestingly remarks, at that time "Joyce did not write so much as he was being written about" (2016: 100); as a response to hostile reception of his linguistic inventiveness – which, in any case, he judged better than utter indifference – he chose an interesting strategy: "instead of writing letters to the editors or giving interviews, he made others do the talking for him" (*ibid.*: 98-99). The list is quite long, but it is worth giving in full in order to recognise how Jolas's magazine became the principal propagandist organ for Joyce's *oeuvre* in the late twenties and thirties. Over nearly a decade, the following contributions appeared: William Carlos Williams's "A Note on the Recent Work of James Joyce" (November 1927); Elliot Paul's "Mr. Joyce's Treatment of Plot" (December 1927); Jolas's "The Revolution of Language and James Joyce" (February 1928); Marcel Brion's "The Idea of Time in the Work of James Joyce" (March 1928); Stuart Gilbert's "Prolegomena to *Work*

⁶ Though it cannot in the least be considered as an expatriate magazine, *Le Navire d'Argent* tried to introduce recent Anglo-American literature to a French audience. Four months prior to the publication of Joyce's excerpt (originally due to appear in *The Calendar of Modern Letters*, but eventually rejected by its editors Edgell Rickword and Douglas Garman), Monnier had published Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", translated by herself together with Sylvia Beach.

in Progress” and Frank Budgen’s “The *Work in Progress* of James Joyce and Old Norse Poetry” (Summer 1928); Thomas McGreevy’s “Note on *Work in Progress*” and John Rodker’s “The Word Structure of *Work in Progress*” (Fall 1928); Robert McAlmon’s “Mr. Joyce Directs an Irish Prose Ballet” (February 1929); Stuart Gilbert’s “Thesaurus Minusculus: A Short Commentary on a Paragraph of *Work in Progress*”, Samuel Beckett’s “Dante ... Bruno. Vico .. Joyce” and Ernst Robert Curtius’s “Technique and Thematic Development of James Joyce” (June 1929); Stuart Gilbert’s “The ‘Aeolus’ Episode of *Ulysses*”, “Function of Words” and Michael Stuart’s “The Dubliner and His Dowdili (A Note on the Sublime)” (November 1929); Carola Giedion-Welcker’s “*Work in Progress*: A Linguistic Experiment by James Joyce” (June 1930); four essays entitled “Homage to James Joyce” by Stuart Gilbert, Eugene Jolas, Thomas McGreevy, Philippe Soupault, and Louis Gillet’s “Mr. James Joyce and His New Novel” (March 1932); Jolas’s “Marginalia to James Joyce’s *Work in Progress*” (February 1933); Armand Petitjean’s “Joyce and Mythology: Mythology and Joyce” (July 1935) and Jolas’s “Homage to the Mythmaker” (April-May 1938). In these exegetical efforts Joyce is invariably presented as “an experimenter of linguistic possibilities of expression” (Giedion-Welcker in Deming 2005: 499), an appreciative judgement which resonates – amid the harsh condemnations of detractors – in other expatriate little magazines of the time. In a contribution to the March 1932 number, marking both Joyce’s fiftieth birthday and the tenth anniversary of the publication of *Ulysses*, Thomas McGreevy paid homage to his compatriot by affirming that “Joyce’s work is of universal significance” (in Mikhail 1990: 142). In the same context, Jolas discussed Joyce as “a mile-stone in the literature of the world”, who “has revolutionized literary expression”; his *oeuvre* is described as “a gigantic architecture of a subjective-objective cosmos” and *Work in Progress*, in particular, as a “Herculean task”, a “work without parallel in modern literary history” (in Deming 2005: 570). Such cosmic dimension of the book as *world* seems to have naturally evolved from Larbaud’s first appraisals – reiterated by several scholars throughout the years – of *Ulysses* as the

product of the European extent of Joyce's genius, closely related to his condition as an exiled writer.

While the history of modernism in the magazines reveals complex entanglements among high art, intellectual thought, mass culture and the commercial marketplace, where Joyce mainly appears in the public dimension as a *succès de scandale*, an analogous dichotomy between public and private, high and low, celebrity and mass culture can be observed in some examples of modernist expatriate autobiography. What seems distinctive of this tradition is essentially the fact that the sense of community and place plays a fundamental role: the focus on the personal, self-contained dimension, which is typical of life-writing as a genre, is enlarged and extends to a collective dimension, as these memoirs usually represent an emerging communal spirit rising from the shared experience of living as voluntary exiles in a cosmopolitan city, which is part of the narrative itself. It is perhaps for this reason that, in the autobiographies of friends, acquaintances and fellow expatriates, Joyce – the undisputed protagonist of the Parisian literary scene of the time – features prominently, but what is even more notable is that in these works Joyce the virtuoso writer is essentially portrayed alongside Joyce the man. For instance, in the partly fictionalised sketch of his own post-war life in England and (mainly) France entitled *It Was the Nightingale* (1934), Ford is primarily concerned with the artists that shaped his experience of Paris, and the impression of the city very much emerges from the interweaving of his personal affairs and the portraits of those artists. The account of his own arrival in “darkly tumultuous and crowded Paris” (Ford 1954: 180) is characterised by a vivid description of the vibrancy of the cosmopolitan intellectual milieu he found in a metropolis that “gyrated, seethed, clamoured, roared with the Arts” (*ibid.*: 259). Life-writing turns here into a depiction of what Ford himself calls “Paris’s literary geography” (*ibid.*: 181), where Ezra Pound and Sylvia Beach act as intermediaries and mentors introducing him to British, French and American writers of the Left Bank. Unsurprisingly, Joyce is immediately mentioned and presented in the guise of a sacred figure surrounded by ardent disciples, which gives us a clear idea of the high reputation he enjoyed in the public sphere:

I had my view of foreign literary life in Paris through Miss Sylvia Beach. That untiring lady battered me without ceasing. She demanded that I should write innumerable articles about *Ulysses* and, with lance in rest, slaughter all his English detractors. I did! So I had a view of Joyce enthroned with adorers, complete somewhere on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, which is one of the Seven Hills of Paris. And I was brought into contact with Mr. Valéry Larbaud, Joyce's chief Continental champion (*ibid.*: 181).

Ford's account of Sylvia Beach's attempt to enlist him in the coterie of friends who were primarily Joyce's supporters, promoters and defenders against detractors is as humorous as it is overstated. The Irish writer's central position in the expatriate cultural community settled in Paris is highlighted in multiple passages; however, despite his high visibility among devotees in the public, intellectual sphere, Joyce is portrayed as an artist secluded in an ivory tower, devoted to his private life and the cult of his own genius:

There was [...] at that date a great colony of Anglo-Saxon *littérateurs* and practitioners of the arts. The two centers for writers were Ezra Pound and James Joyce. [...] Mr. Joyce seemed to take little share in the rough and tumble of several vortices. As befitted the English writer of distinction, he sat as if wrapped in sacred shawls, a high priest on an altar at which one was instructed to offer homage. It was a good thing. It was salutary that the most distinguished Anglo-Saxon writer in Paris should observe an attitude of dignity. Some one there must be to preserve the cult of the sacred flame (*ibid.*: 183-184).

The focus on simple everyday incidents, as well as the idea of taking part in an animated coterie of self-exiled artists in Paris, relate Ford's impressionist memoirs to McAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together*, originally published in 1938 and unsystematically covering the years 1920-1934. Like Ford, McAlmon seems to use his autobiography particularly to record his (not always amiable) impressions of people and

places. For example, while he describes his early interactions with Lewis, Pound, Stein, Hemingway and other expatriates, geography is privileged to the point that Paris becomes a sort of character in the narrative, rather than its mere setting. Among friends and acquaintances, the presence of Joyce in *Being Geniuses Together* is quite diffuse; however, while, on the one hand, the imposing figure of the renowned modernist writer features prominently, on the other hand it is mainly his private and intimate qualities that are (often unfavourably) depicted. No sooner has McAlmon described his own arrival in Paris than he recalls paying due homage to Joyce, the acclaimed, but reserved, protagonist of the French literary scene, a man enjoying the company of other intellectuals while also refusing to join any movements or collaborative enterprises which were not aimed at his self-promotion:

In Paris I had a note from Harriet Weaver, publisher of the Egoist Press, to present to James Joyce. His *Dubliners* I much liked. The Stephen Dedalus of his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* struck me as precious, full of noble attitudinizations [...]. Nevertheless, the short stories made me feel that Joyce would be approachable, as indeed did passages of *Ulysses* which had already appeared in the *Little Review*. At his place on the Boulevard Raspail I was greeted by Mrs. Joyce [...]. Joyce finally appeared, having just got up from bed. Within a few minutes it was obvious that he and I would get on. Neither of us knew anybody much in Paris, and both of us liked companionship. As I was leaving he suggested that we have dinner together that night, and we met at eight for an apéritif and later went to dine. At that time Joyce was by no means a wordly man [...]. He had come but recently from Zurich, and before that Trieste, in both of which cities he had taught languages at the Berlitz School in order to support his family. He was still a Dublin-Irish provincial, as well as a Jesuit-Catholic provincial, although in revolt (McAlmon and Boyle 1968: 27-28).

McAlmon occasionally evokes moments of his professional relationship with Joyce that he considers as particularly significant in his self-

perception. For example, he relishes telling of his own changes to the “Penelope” episode of *Ulysses* while typing the manuscript, by making corrections haphazardly, rather than where Joyce had carefully dictated in his notebooks (*ibid.*: 130-131). Elsewhere, he recalls Joyce’s *séances* for reading extracts from the novel or, later, from *Work in Progress*, as well as his immense love of words:

He was working on *Ulysses* at the time and often would make appointments to read rather lengthy extracts of what he had most recently written. Probably he read to me about a third of the book. It was impressive to observe how everything was grist to his mill. He was constantly leaping upon phrases and bits of slang which came naturally from my American lips, and one night, when he was slightly spiffed, he wept a bit while explaining his love or infatuation for words, mere words. Long before this explanation I had recognized that malady in him, as probably every writer has had that disease at some time or other, generally in his younger years. Joyce never recovered (*ibid.*: 28).

Nevertheless, from these memoirs one gets the impression that the writer’s personal affairs (such as family, health and financial problems), rather than his writing, become alluring and deserve recording. For McAlmon, Joyce is more often than not the companion of a bohemian lifestyle, comprising expensive dinners in elegant restaurants and heavy drinking followed by squabbles with Nora, something that seems to have caused Joyce’s resentment – to the point that he later referred to McAlmon’s book as “the office boy’s revenge” (*JJII*: 672) – and a consequent cooling of their relationship. The account of the elite status of the modernist celebrity, therefore, does not exclude recounting ordinary situations and experiences.

Finally, *Man from Babel* – which Jolas started writing sometime in the 1930s, but which remained unpublished until much later – provides further evidence of the inherent tension within modernist expatriate autobiography, focusing on a collective dimension of life-writing and on the public face of the movement, while also aiming to present

more intimate and authentic portraits of modernist artists than those proliferating in the emerging media. The book affords valuable insights into literary friends and fellow expatriates as much as into the author himself. Therefore, Jolas's life in Paris appears to be deeply entwined with the lives of other exiled intellectuals in a cosmopolitan *milieu*. Among these, Joyce the celebrity modernist is portrayed as a figure who is both private and public, at once deeply ordinary and exceptionally remarkable. After a brief description of the literary scene Jolas found in Paris when he moved there in 1925 – where Beach, Larbaud, Stein, Hemingway and others as usual occupy pride of place – Joyce makes his first, obviously triumphal appearance in the memoirs as a man preceded by his own fame:

I never succeeded in interviewing James Joyce. In 1924, when I was presented to him by Sylvia Beach at a testimonial dinner given for Valéry Larbaud, he was already aureoled by the fame of *Ulysses*. [...] This, my first meeting with Joyce, was to be followed later by years of close friendship [...], but I did not get to know him well until several years later, when I launched *transition* with Elliot Paul (Jolas 1998: 76-77).

On the whole, however, the tone of Jolas's portrait of Joyce in *Man from Babel*, where the story of their friendship is told with warmth and affection, is quite different from Ford's detached decorum in *It Was the Nightingale*, or McAlmon's outspoken candour – and even self-betrayal – in *Being Geniuses Together*. In Jolas's memoirs, the boundaries between the public and the private sphere constantly blur for the essential reason that the story of his personal relationship with Joyce overlaps with that of the magazine *transition*. Here, for example, is the account of the emergence of an enduring private as well as professional alliance:

We went to the Shakespeare Bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon and asked Sylvia Beach to speak in our favor to James Joyce. This she very kindly did and within a few days, overjoyed, we held in our hands a bulky manuscript bearing the title "Work in Progress". One

Sunday afternoon, at the end of 1926, Joyce invited Miss Beach, Mlle Monnier, Paul, Maria and myself to his home in the Square Robiac, to listen to him read from the opening pages of his manuscript, which was subsequently to appear in the first issue of *transition*. [...] We were staggered by the revolutionary aspect of this fragment. [...] we were faced with a unique literary work, one before which all critical canons would have to be abandoned. For Joyce had apparently found a solution of his language problem that was essentially his own, a solution that was also exclusively applicable to the English language, to which he gave a polysynthetic quality (*ibid.*: 89).

Throughout the book, Joyce features as “our bellwether” (*ibid.*: 96), the leading proponent of new forms and techniques and great experimenter with words, whose prominent place in the cultural panorama of the time not even detractors could fail to recognise, mainly thanks to the visibility bestowed by the literary press. However, Jolas also allows us glimpses “behind-the-scenes” of both his life and literary career, revealing not only some peculiar aspects of Joyce’s compositional methods (such as his endless and apparently arbitrary additions to proofs), but also an intimate portrait of “a man of great warmth and charm” (*ibid.*: 101) who, especially towards the end of his life, was increasingly drawn into a private dimension, largely dominated by his own and his daughter Lucia’s health problems:

As a point of fact, it always took him some time to accept easy comradeship in social intercourse. At first he appeared to be on his guard, an attitude that was particularly noticeable during the explosion of fame that followed the publication of *Ulysses*. Later, as his own personal tragedy deepened, a dour and almost inhuman passion seemed to impinge on all his outside relationships, and he was able to live in his cavern of despair with what appeared to be pitiless indifference to events that did not touch him directly or, through friends, indirectly. [...] once he had left his anarchic, misanthropic isolation, he could enjoy the companionship of his friends with a conviviality that brought out his essential nature (*ibid.*: 101).

In later chapters of *Man from Babel*, Joyce's presence becomes – at least until his death in 1941 – so far-reaching that Jolas's autobiography almost turns into Joyce's biography or the story of an intimate friendship. The book, therefore, is also a remarkable example of the collaborative spirit of modernism, whose leading figures did not limit themselves to joining movements or signing manifestos, but also directed their efforts towards telling the stories of their joint lives and close associations.

It seems reasonable to conclude that the modernist expatriate autobiographies discussed in this brief analysis evidence not only the public image of the artist and his art, but also his intimate life in “off-duty” moments, thus crossing the boundaries between high and low culture, between the ordinary and the exceptional. In sharing details of the private lives of those mainly notable to the public for their high cultural achievements, these memoirs support the promotional culture, propaganda and mass circulation of literary portraits that little magazines ensured. In the specific case of Joyce, they provide a multifaceted picture of an artist that we feel we can identify as the archetype of the self-exiled genius, also thanks to the impressions of those who shared with him the experience of being expatriates together in a cosmopolitan intellectual *milieu*, and who made of their knowing him and his works a hallmark of that experience.

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EXISLE. THE ANGST OF RETURN

To set out on the journey of *Ulysses* – a journey, to be sure, at the end of which readers should also ‘recover’ themselves, provided they agree with Burgess, who said that the title should have the accent falling on the first syllable “*U > you*” (RJ 18) – means to revisit the turning point on the path along which Joyce tried to come out of literature into the very heart of the protracted twentieth-century trauma. Joyce, stateless by necessity, exiled by vocation – and even banished, as he liked to remark, just as the venerable Dante had been – could indeed pretend (and he liked to do so) that he was not interested in politics, after boasting for some time of his anarchosocialism. And yet, the traumatic birth of his monumental works during the long on-going conflict – which was certainly also a medial conflict – (*Ulysses* being written during the First World War, and *Finnegans Wake* in the *entre deux guerres* period) might perhaps have forced him to perceive what was actually running along the lines of the ““electricrery” (FW 579.6) agitating every “Demoncracy” (FW 167.25). The issue was surely a crucial one for him, as well as for some other keen artificers of his generation; not just for the aggressiveness of the narrative techniques of the electric media, which were gaining ground in those very years – and we know how enthusiastic Joyce was about them. Joyce had been compelled, in his own country, just like Stephen Dedalus, to feel the yoke of three masters (English political power, Catholic religious power, and the power of the conventions of Irish society) and, once in exile he was doomed by his own realistic compulsion to refound, and repopulate spectrally if you

like, that very strip of land he had lost. As a result, his entire discourse could not but involve the statute of the imaginary itself, taken to be a type of social bond. And, this had to involve literature, which indeed makes the imaginary concrete: a literature never ceasing to call itself “national”, as if this was its original sin.

“For all the good that frequent departures out of Ireland had done him, he might just as well have stayed there” (*W* 249). This sarcastic comment was made by Beckett during the Second World War. It is taken from the extra writings which finally found their place in the *Ad-denda* of his last great novel in English, *Watt*; and we don’t know whether Beckett, during the troubled editorial history of this work, between his involvement in the French Resistance and his *rocambolesque* escape from the Gestapo, might have thought of that with reference to his eponymous hero, to himself, or even to What a tempting thought, especially if we take into account the esteem and affection he had for his older fellow countryman. Or even if we think of the fact that such a strange novel – whose plot revolves around an apostolic succession in the service of that ultimate Nothing with which language uselessly claims the real – was begun in occupied Paris on 11th February 1941. This was less than a month after the death of the man who had taught him (according to a letter written in 1954), “ce que peut signifier: être artiste” (*SBL* 461). An artist, to be precise, not a writer; which helps us understand that without a radical questioning of language (as Beckett did at the end of the war), expatriation amounts to little or nothing. Of course, in rereading Joyce the two questions (that of a literature which is *always* national, and that of language seen as an escape) appear perfectly balanced and consistent. If, as a matter of fact, it might seem that a sort of “permanent Dublin” imposed itself on him at each and every distracted attempt at confronting the white page – as if the novel and the nation were concepts too inextricably linked for one to exist without the other – it is also true that to position the stories of *Ulysses* in their Homeric background meant for Joyce, among other things, to learn how to inhabit a vanishing point in time. It was a perspective to escape the nation once and for all, yet remain in the same place, just as a good realist should always do. The proof is *Finnegans Wake* which, by

keying such a temporal expatriation in the language itself, and therefore on a much more radical level, takes off like a rocket into the same orbit ... only to come back. It is social bond; and this is no trifle.

However, if this social bond cannot but proceed from the three patriarchal discourses born out of the persecution of the mother – objective and subjective genitive, naturally – seen as motherland, the holy Mother Church and the mother tongue, with Joyce we should get used to the idea that a subtle suturing thread keeps these three “veils” together, and renders them thin and stinging like a jellyfish. However thin, it is a thread that binds, a bondage, which chokes and charms at the same time. An episode as intensely opiate as “Lotus Eaters” should teach us something of this, at least due to the very fact that it is set at 10am, a time of day when our vigilant faculties are at their best. Since it flows, from the perspective of perception, along with Bloom and his *stream of consciousness*, the chapter, which is indeed an olfactory symphony, should alert us to be aware of the few characters who appear affected by some sort of consciousness. Bloom is, it cannot be denied, occasionally half asleep in his waking life, hypnotized as he is by his own thoughts which expand with the inconsistency of odours. It is a fact: there is a vegetable life in us (botanic and chemical, along with their medium, pharmacopoeia, the sciences according to the schemata) which breathes life into the plant living within us for an entire existence; and perhaps the only things we really do need are roots and air.

Besides, many narcotic smells are actually perceived in the episodes, in the spice shops, pharmacies and churches. However, the drugs on which Bloom reflects the most are already at our bodies’ disposal: they are endogenous, in the body of the flesh as well as in the social body. As reasserted by the first post-traumatic Ulysses after Joyce’s, that is, that summoned by Horkheimer and Adorno in order to illustrate the universal fungibility of the legacy of the Enlightenment, we appear to be addicted, on such an imaginary level, to everything that pays off on the value of variables: uniforms, routine gestures, rituals, commonplaces, stock phrases. More than anything, though, on the very primordial vegetable level according to which “we are flowers” (*U* 731) – not just Leopold Bloom, not just Henry Flower – narcotized as we are by

sexual drives, according to our so-called "... homme moyen sensual ..." (as a disgusted Pound remarked), we all repopulate the world as if in a state of trance. Father Conmee reinforces this thought in "Wandering Rocks" in his resigned Jesuitical mood; and both Bloom and Stephen, as we will see, will establish in "Ithaca" their "duumvirate" (*U* 619) on this very assertion. Going back to "Lotus Eaters", let us recall what Bloom thinks in the middle of the Eucharistic ritual: "Eunuch. One way out of it" (*U* 79). Quite a nice way to hightail it: to emasculate oneself at the right moment, so keeping our own voice from turning into the loud voice of our father. Is this also a way to cope with the generative imperative according to which we *have* to find an escape? And what about Bloom who, accepting conjugal joys in their extreme consequences, did not pursue that path, and yet now cherishes it and keeps it at hand? But the real question is, for whom is this done? "Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit" (*U* 181).

Exile then (here is Bloom's teaching), at least when it is voluntary and "on site", contrary to the ambivalent decisive gesture aimed at avoiding the possibility of being seized – as was the case of Joyce's modernist expatriation (a gesture Stephen wishes to make his own, and one against which the older man who's now back is perhaps warning him) – is rather a condition of the mind and is capable of emancipating us. No more, then, "silence, exile, and cunning" (*P* 208), which is at most a defensive strategy to allow for an exercise of style, but "brainpower" (*U* 588), as will be reasserted by Bloom in "Eumeus". Besides, there are too many somnambulists in *Ulysses*: the fact that the characters produced by the narrative machine just speak out (and think out) commonplaces, fashionable novels, headlines and women's magazines, well known songs, conformist refrains and political proclamations *à la page*, seems intended to avert the suspicion that Joyce's overt Flaubertism (already glorified in the epiphanic and epicletic method of *Dubliners*) might hide something more than a simple exposition. If one re-reads the three somnambulist episodes of *Ulysses* ("Sirens", "Cyclops" and "Nausicaa") all in a row – episodes in which Bloom is not surprisingly always aslant, or quite contrary, or "the gentleman opposite looking" to use Gerty McDowell's hyper-romantic words (*U* 340) – one

will surely grasp the charmed universe he has under his nose; and such a sight, contrary or aslant as it might be, is exactly what Joyce wishes to see fixed in the mind of his readers.

This also means that we don't have to wait for Joyce's last masterpiece to end up in a world that is half-asleep: there is a force which does not seem to belong to the individual characters of *Ulysses*, and yet it encompasses them all and shakes those self-moving statues: it carries them around the city, it has them visit cemeteries, newspaper offices, libraries, clinics, brothels and pubs of course, many pubs, so they can talk, think, sing. It's a force which takes over their lives, it dispossesses them of their own existence, and it is nothing but a theory of mistakes, or rather, of transparencies which already were cinematic: "a phantom city, phaked of philm pholk" (*FW* 264.15-20). This is also what the episode, which is the most deprived of thought, the tenth, "Wandering Rocks", teaches us. It is notably a crucial chapter, for besides being the exact point in which the work surpasses its model by adding the very adventure it lacks (Odysseus following Circe's advice, will set sail for Scylla and Charybdis without crossing the Wandering Rocks), and even given that the fact that it represents precisely, as rightly noted by Burgess, a sort of synthesis ("without plots") of *Dubliners* (*RJ* 133-134), it presents a sort of *Ulysses* within *Ulysses* (follow its paragraph structure and you'll see this), inviting for the umpteenth time the "doubling" spectre of *Hamlet* to enter the work (as if there was a need for this).

Thus, in what seems to be the most choral and simultaneous episode in the whole novel, it is indeed an ineludible oneiric force, capable of generating collective mirages (like Jason and the moving rocks about to crash against the vessel), the one that guides the meanderings of a plethora of characters, who are actually entranced, caught between the wandering rocks of political and religious power. It is an oneiric force which, on the other hand, has undoubtedly demonstrated its power in the twentieth century: it managed to line up, on a number of occasions, statues that were even more solid, in uniform, in harmony, for a parade, a march, a replacement of troops at the front, or a changing the guard in a death camp. This happened in real life, as we are often told, not in a representation of life, however stubbornly trustworthy. Bloom, though,

almost leaning over the pages and describing the world that was about to come, seems to be aware of this in "Ithaca", when listening to the anti-Semitic song ungracefully sung by Stephen: there he reflects on the "mitigating circumstances" which prompt people to commit crimes against humanity, these being "fanaticism, hypnotic suggestion and somnambulism" (*U* 645). This force, which blows through the small keyhole of the real, has been labelled in many ways: it has received the most conceptual justifications at those times when the wind changes, and the subsequent gusts have blown trumpets claiming it was defunct. On this, however, we should no longer have any doubts: there is no worse ideology than the one which sanctions the death of ideology, thus setting up a world based on the ineluctable. As I was saying, a thousand names were given to this ineludible oneiric force: a subtle thread linking everything ("ideology" is just one of them); many names, but the one that would fit perfectly (Joyce might have thought) is literature. This is the subtle thread, which from the eighteenth century onwards, has held together the imaginary, extending its boundaries to generously include anything that might be willing to take it on, as if it was a new dress, a new name abreast of those that were at hand. You the nameless ones, you who are "without yourselves": "you who are youlesses": nothing in your free existences keeps you together, you the anonymous and industrious ones, come and receive the title which is your due: Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and why not, Tristram Shandy.

Undoubtedly, such a distrust for a popular art, literature, is rooted in one of Stephen's expressions, reported by the usurper Mulligan, and so loved by Oxonian Haines, unsurprisingly a hunter of Dantean panthers. The symbol of Irish Art, Stephen says, after seeing himself reflected there, and finding out that he is faceless, can only be "the cracked lookingglass of a servant" (*U* 7). It cannot be otherwise, we commentators usually explain, for Irish people are compelled to express themselves in a language not their own, whose shades, given the way it gets distorted in the local speech, can only derive from a slow and estranging bookish exercise; therefore, it can only emerge from the dominators' culture. And to be sure, one's own language does not seem to exist, if the only one who speaks it, and who speaks it to the wind (even

the old milkwoman is not capable of grasping it), is a colourless representative of the oppressors, of the same colonizers who literally eradicated it in the nineteenth century. The Anglo-Saxon Haines, boasting about the Gaelic he learned in his studies, seems to be a demonstration of this (which is also Gabriel Conroy's hidden thought in the last story of *Dubliners*): every expropriated language is expropriated twice whenever it comes back as revival, a curiosity, folklore. And there's a corollary to this: every mother tongue, when one's *own* mother tongue has gone missing, is always the stuttering of an adulteress caught in the act.

But, are we sure that this is the exclusive condition of Irish writers (from time immemorial, we could add, since the whole of Celtic culture is predominantly oral) as well as of all those writers forced to write in a language not their own? Or is it also the condition of those who deliberately went for it (like those two excellent post-Joyceans, Beckett and Nabokov?) Is this not a question of perennially contrasting everyday language and written language, oral culture and the civilization of the written text, or even worse? Are there writers, even the keenest collectors of spoken language, who do not express themselves in a foreign language? Is it really possible for one to have one's own language without cracking its servile mirror? A dialect, a local variety? The family lexicon, perhaps that of a small family of the diaspora which manages to blend several languages? The idiolect unintelligible to others, if not previously interpreted? The question is a lot more complex, as Lacan has duly explained, given that language, before estranging (or finding) itself in writing, is nothing but the very expropriation which turns us into subjects at the exact moment in which it condemns us to look into a mirror that reflects us as servants.

We all have a first exile: our compulsion to meander for our entire life as foreigners in language. But there's also a second one, which dooms us to move about as if drugged, as refugees constantly searching for an image belonging to the other, to which we can conform and get away with it. Finally, although from a logical point of view this last stage precedes the previous two, there is the great generative diversion by which we try to escape, in vain, that very return which is our due: the sad Telemachiad that takes us back once and for all to our own

Calvary, our own eventual passion. And, if we ever were in need of an image to sum up the whole of *Ulysses*, it would be easy to find it (still in “Lotus Eaters”) in the scene that Bloom conjures up in his mind while walking on Lime Street, when the little boy appears with his bucket of offal, smoking a chewed fagbutt, and a little girl, tattered and dirty, is looking at him. Is he not too young to smoke? This is the question our pitying, paternal and (non) ordinary man asks himself. Will this do him harm? What does it matter, though, his life is going to be hell anyway. And then, according to his usual habit of dedicating to unknown people he meets in the street his thoughts and fragments of life (this being the method of his sympathetic machine), Bloom begins imagining that little worn-out figure, day after day in front of a pub door waiting for the emergence of his father. He even dedicates a scrap of direct speech to him, which explodes as if it was the monosyllabic motto of the whole work: “Come home to ma, da” (*U* 68). One is tempted to repeat: “No, mother. Let me be and let me live” (10) when one remains for the entire life subject to the “*Amor matris*: subjective and objective genitive” (28) until one is reduced to nothing but a “lovely mummer” (5).

The young Beckett was right, then, when he defined in *Dante... Bruno. Vico... Joyce* (1929) the work of his older countryman as “purgatorial”, in that it was characterized by an “absolute absence of the Absolute” (*DBVJ* 33). The Absolute is an escape with no return. It allows for repetitions, but never for returns; and it instantly takes one to the unredeemed stasis of damnation, or to the blessed quietude of the “glory of him who everything moves”. Purgatory, which already in Dante, if we are to credit Beckett’s story, appeared as “a flood of movement and vitality”, takes on a spherical shape in Joyce, a “non-directional – or multi-directional” one, in which every step forward is inevitably a step back. From Ireland or Ithaca, which is always the point of departure – and one returns only in order to leave – there is just one route: that of the purgatory where every father returns (“our Father who art in Purgatory”, *U* 180). And if this is true for the “reversion” (*river-run?*) of *Finnegans Wake*, it is all the more so for the ultimate conversion that *Ulysses* stages in the desperate attempt to disrupt time. The joys of exile are the angst of return: this is the grievous core of the

vertiginous and shining *joyicity* (*FW* 414.23). And, this is why the key to *Ulysses* is not the one Bloom forgets to bring with him, which is what will drive him to enter his own house as if he was an intruder. On the contrary, the key is the only one capable of opening the mysterious drawers waiting for us in the penultimate chapter, “Ithaca”.

It might seem odd, or just the ultimate extravagance of an author used to surprising, even maliciously at times, his first enthusiastic readers and mentors; but if James Joyce had to point them to just one chapter of his work capable of summarizing it all, he wouldn’t have hesitated: as he confessed to Frank Budgen, this would have been “Ithaca”, his favourite episode, though he spoke about it as “the ugly duckling of the book” (*JMU* 264). An ugly duckling, no doubt about it, among episodes which are more symphonic and magnificent! There’s a little mystery in this chapter. Again, as Joyce told Budgen, he was writing it in February 1921 “in the form of mathematical catechism” for the sole purpose of solving its events in their cosmic, physical and psychic equivalents, so as to let readers grasp the facts more crudely and coldly (“in the baldest and coldest way”) at the exact moment in which Bloom and Stephen would be transformed into celestial bodies, “wanderers like the stars at which they gaze” (*JL* 159-160). It is a hidden path undeniably leading to *Ulysses*, to its sidereal back alleys, before sinking in its own matrix.

This became clearer and clearer for Joyce, in the excitement of the year preceding the publication of the work, at least because the last two chapters, although he had begun them in their preordained succession, ended up being written in parallel, so as to disavow the actual order of the book. This was no accident. The crude and cold catechetical method, whose duty is to put a full stop in advance to the vicissitudes of an ordinary day (given the overt a-temporality of “Penelope”) had to take Bloom to his bed where, after assuming a foetal position (“the childman weary, the manchild in the womb”, *U* 688), he would be ready to encounter a new incarnation, fully taking on himself his own Ulyssean destiny: “Womb? Weary? / He rests. He has travelled” (*U* 689). And indeed, weary after the long journey as he is, and thinking of the famous pantomime of the day (just as, a couple of years later, a pub song would trigger Joyce’s ultimate masterpiece), Bloom will meet

“Sinbad the Sailor” and his various transmutations based on puns and on the autonomy of the signifier (“Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler...”), until confronting the very last of them, which is also the first: (“Darkinbad the Brightdayler”), a transmutation capable of projecting a ray of darkness (as if we were in the world of San Juan de la Cruz) into the light of day. We are far beyond Molly’s monologue here; we are in the word that flees in every direction to create worlds, as happens in the eve of every dream: we are already in the “meandertale” (*FW* 18.22) of *Finnegans Wake*.

In that bed, as we know, what awaits Bloom is a mix of doors and “a human form, female” of the sleeping wife. And Bloom enters reverently, because that is Odysseus’s nuptial bed, but also “the bed of conception and of birth, of consummation of marriage and of breach of marriage, of sleep and of death”. But, before slaying with the arrows of self-denial and fairness his own personal Proci, that is, his most intimate thoughts which surface by virtue of envy (if one still means to give pleasure to women) and jealousy (which can’t hide some sort of malignant pleasure), our (non) ordinary man will have to confront first of all “the imprint of a human form, male, not his”. He will do so by mocking the illusion that one is the first to get access to that tepid bed, and not “the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one”. To get into that bed, as Bloom knows only too well, means to become at the same time the first and the last “in a series originating in and repeated to infinity” (*U* 683). Here readers are compelled to come face to face with a crucial question: Joyce is involving them in the question of the difference between the sexes: well before the lesson of Jacques Lacan, Joyce is pronouncing the woman impossible, except as an entity “out of count”, and man identifiable only in a series (counting all for one).

In fact, what was the aim of those “parallel courses” (*U* 617) of the two male protagonists along the paths of the work, if not to create, in Bloom’s desires, a “duumvirate”? It is useless to add that there isn’t a more efficient way than to *evirate* (an archaic usage for “to emasculate...”) a man than “duumvirating” him, and so have him literally out of the patriarchal line which inevitably includes and weakens him. What

was Bloom's occasional proposal to the young artist, who cannot but turn down such an offer? Was it perhaps the eternal triangle, something for which the English, as the Romans did with the Greeks, were used to, putting the blame on their neighbours across the English Channel? No: what Bloom is displaying in front of Stephen and his still dreaming eyes is no less than ... the Real. If the grown-up man has indeed come back from the future to his own young self at least in order to accept the *Hamlet* theory which is "proved by algebra" (*U* 18) and has been "explicated" by Stephen in "Scylla and Charybdis", only on the surface did he do so in order to warn his young friend against what a man really has to offer his woman, that is, always some form of adultery. His task seems to be a lot subtler, and more ambitious too. It is the great converging diversion embodied in *Ulysses*: Bloom is trying to keep Stephen busy, on that day of days, to ensure that, unlike his author, he would *not* meet a woman. As a mission, it was brilliantly accomplished. What has happened to the fateful meeting of 16th June 1904? A day so meaningful for Joyce that by his own admission he was made "a man" then (and a hand was the only thing what he really needed for that). It was a day in which Bloom bloomed from a still dreaming Stephen – as the young man was then and as he would forever remain. That very day has been turned into a collapse, the waning of an artist knocked down at the end of "Circe" – a collapse Bloom publicly ascribed, when talking to a friend, to a mix of "gastric inanition" and overconsumption of alcohol (if not to some mysterious drugs given him by Mulligan). Stephen will account for the same breakdown by blaming the reappearance of a cloud they both had seen in the morning, but from two different places: a cloud which was "at first no bigger than a woman's hand" (*U* 620). That very hand, which one day would make him a man, is reduced to a cloud, whose passage, as always happens when the weight of reality suddenly reveals itself in diaphanous literary images, is capable of crushing the characters to the ground.

And now that we are finally into the early hours of 17th June, a Friday (an unlucky day for both Christians and Jews); now that the danger has been avoided, Bloom offers Stephen a woman who is in reality his own, and a woman one should lose in the imaginary. There, reduced

as she is to a phantom limb, she is aiming at the sky, as in the attempt to induce the man she was able to “duumvirate” to look in the same direction. Before parting, once they are out in the shadow of the garden, they both look at the stars; and Bloom, the amateur astronomer we have got to know well, begins his wide meditation on the universe. This is because to use our rational faculties, for that very matter which is our mind – here’s the whatness of the stream of consciousness – means first of all to desire, and to (*sidereally*) *consider*. The stars remain where they are: they let us see them; and in the meantime, it is as if they were transhumanizing the duumvirate which is about to split. In fact, if the stars’ appearance is indeed nothing more than “a past which possibly had ceased to exist as a present before its spectators had entered actual present existence” (*U* 654), we can still accept the view according to which the spectators framed in the “actual present existence”, while looking into a past which has now ceased to exist, can only be those very readers who make the story relevant every time they open the book. And this, to be sure, is quite a nice purgatory.

Finally, something happens in that garden under the canopy of heaven. It happens just a moment before they start peeing together, on Stephen’s initiative, just like the two stray dogs we saw at the beginning of the book – though not simultaneously – on Sandymount strand. Besides, there we had two dogs in the metaphor of it all: one was alive and the other was dead, the former sniffing the latter. What about here? We spot a source of light, the oil lamp suddenly appearing on the second floor of the house in Eccles Street, which immediately attracts Bloom’s attention, and Stephen’s too soon after. “A visible person” is revealed through “a visible splendid sign”. It’s Molly. A woman, *their* woman, fleetingly passing like a light cloud, veiled by light; and she is ideally repeating the work’s refrain (why need a woman, or even a man? what is needed is a duumvirate ...). Accordingly, the two men stop chatting, cloaked in the void as they are. They remain “silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces” (*U* 655). Are they *consubstantiating*? Are they the father and son of a gnostic trinity, in the luminous sign of Haghia Sophia? No, they are just acknowledging each other in the light of an invisible woman,

and they necessarily strive to discern their own faces made imprecise by years, past years and years to come. It is but a fleeting moment: the time they need to shake hands while the bells of St George's Church are ringing. Then Stephen will reach the night again. Nothing will be heard of him anymore.

"Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit". There's the rub: who is the spirit of whom, if it is young Dedalus who disappears like a ghost? He was offered a woman, or rather, he was offered the Real, promptly, as inexplicably, rejected by him while making his way to an unidentified celestial land of origin. Bloom is back home: he was shocked by that, he's not the same anymore. He knocks his scone against a piece of furniture which had been recently moved (his own house is so *unheimliche* now!). He looks at the musical score of "betrayal" ("*ad libitum, forte, pedal, animato, sustained, pedal, ritirando, close*", U 659), and he then pitifully regards the small little abominable things of bourgeois taste. One thing is for sure: Bloom will have the time to resort to his usual defensive strategies: he will allow himself to be ensnared by the little Narcissus figurine before moving on to calculations, fantasies about "Bloom Cottage", the usual *evagatio mentis*, and the dream of dreams for a man of his profession: creating the perfect ad. They are, to be sure, the same techniques he uses in ordinary life, but here their first aim is to relieve him from the strains of the day, and obtain as a result a "sound repose and renovated vitality" (U 672). However, for this to happen he has to accept his own fate first; for, if he is able to lose himself in a dreamy world whose protagonist is no longer "Darkinbad the Brightdayler", there will be one more test: the worst one. Let us remember that there are still two drawers waiting for him. A curse upon the day preceding the shabbath!

It is mandatory for him to open the first. This is where he keeps Martha Clifford's letters (alongside a lot of other trash), and he has a new one to hide now. But why open, albeit mentally, the second drawer? It should have stayed closed: it is the patriarchal Ark of the Covenant, and Bloom has never really been at ease with that stuff, during the day as well as in his entire life. What comes out of it is a failed sexual identity. First of all, we have his birth certificate in which, like a

James *Augusta* Joyce (what's in a mistake?) our (non) ordinary man has been registered, as is well known, as Leopold *Paula* Bloom, a "new womanly man" (*U* 465). Then we get the following items: the insurance policy for his daughter, receipts for the acquisition of a burial space in Glasnevin, a paper clipping stating Rudolph Virag's change of surname, an 1852 daguerreotype featuring Rudolph in Hungary in the company of his father Lipoti, a haggadah book with an old pair of spectacles, a pic of the hotel managed by his father where he would have committed suicide, and finally an envelope addressed to "*My Dear Son Leopold*" (*U* 675). Here, even he who gives the chapter its voice, the catechist Burgess called "inhuman" (*RJ* 170), gets confused, allowing his cold style to warm up in the few farewell sentences indelibly stamped on Bloom's memory.

His father had already received the doctor's verdict ("tomorrow will be a week that I received ...") concerning some illness we know not of, but one which, judging from the dementia symptoms surfacing here and there in the scanty memories his son provides us with, we can't help connecting to some kind of inflammation of the trigeminal nerve (given the use of aconite), but also to the nosography defined for the first time in 1907 at a congress in Tübingen by Alois Alzheimer. Whatever the case, why would a man who had been diligent and industrious, and already a widower after the departure of his beloved wife, choose to fight against an incredibly painful senility just to end up depending on somebody else, his very son, to be sure? It doesn't make sense: "... all for me is out ...", is what Bloom remembers of how his father's letter went on. He then remembers his prayer to take care of his old dog, Athos, but this is just a prelude to the three fragments in German which explode like missiles: "...*Das Herz... Gott... dein...*" (*U* 676). The patriarchal succession (the blood line, the old religion of the fathers, the handing in of an interchangeable possession such as a pronoun) becomes a verdict, when one is off the track of *pietas*. On his last day, Rudolph Virag (changed into Bloom) had bought a straw hat after having acquired the necessary dose of aconite, because when one is about to encounter death (as Beckett remembered at the end of *Happy Days*) one has to be "dressed to kill". But who was going to look at this father

who “dressed up to die”, with his lovely hat deserving to be worn at a meeting with a lady perhaps (as Boylan had done that very day)? Who will be in charge of the identification of a suicidal father, and one dressed like that – as if death wasn’t enough for him? His son, as we know, couldn’t go and look at the corpse, it was too much for him. Poor Bloom, abandoning the idea of the drawer, in that very drawer meets his own destiny (“... all for me is out ...”); a destiny he has saved Stephen from, perhaps, provided he had not come back from the past, in fact, in order to show him an escape route. This is the point: is it possible to shun all this, the eternal senescence that a father dooms himself to for the sake of his own son’s Calvary?

There are two ways to avoid it: “by decease (change of state), by departure (change of place)” (*U* 678). Bloom, perhaps with the straw hat still in mind, without hesitation wishes to abandon his wife. He wants to escape, to disappear, though there is no journey (as Tristram Shandy duly taught us) that is not tailed after by death. It is in him (“l’homme moyen sensuel”) that the correlative perception of sex as an insult is beginning to show in the form of the sudden disavowal of one’s own spouse. Such a perception seems to proceed from an unconscious decision (once one has run out of time) to pull out of the reproductive cycle. Once “increased and multiplied”, Bloom wonders, and after having led one’s children to reproductive age, what is a further “reunion” for (*U* 678)? The fact that he still desires Molly (having already desired her as an adulterer in the whole of *Ulysses*) and the fact that he still yearns for her, are all too obvious; but such desires are not as compelling as to turn carnal anymore. Let’s be straight: there is a quite overt gnostic thread in the whole work which makes our “homme moyen sensuel” a little puckish, though he could well find the whole thing disgusting after having had a taste of it. It is a thread leading one to pull out of the world, with its insatiable digestive apparatus, and its voracious sexual organs. Even Stephen, who is forever lacking appetite – and this is no accident – seems to do so, though now and then he still wonders when it would finally be his turn to meet *a* woman (“And my turn? When?”, *U* 183): when the first real occasion turns up, he heads for sidereal back alleys, leaving Bloom alone to cope with the question.

And, Bloom is a man, to be sure, who would have gladly “duumvirated” himself once and for all! One thing is for sure: poor Poldy will not accomplish his dream of escape. Conquered as he is at the end of the episode by Ulyssean compulsions – a constant for Odysseus in the post-Homeric cycle, exemplarily epitomized in Dantean rereadings – at most he might be faced by a transindividual world on a dreamy night: a world well beyond Molly’s Gibraltar. He will be heading for the purgatory of the fathers.

Let’s go back then for one last time to the beginning of “Ithaca”, when Bloom and Stephen, moving in parallel, and therefore in a conjugal way, so to speak, are about to reach the house (Bloom’s home). We hear them blather, especially about their mutual obsessions; and the “in-human catechist” lists their affinities and differences. There are a lot of things in which they differ, but they do agree on fundamentals. They are both sensitive to the arts, particularly music (how could it be otherwise, since this is the stuff they are made of in the hands of their author); the two (both being in their own ways foreigners, by choice or by origin) prefer a “cisatlantic” way of life, and profess themselves sceptics “in many orthodox religions”. Then, as happens in all male company, albeit only occasionally, they start talking about sex. And even there, they perfectly agree: “both admitted the alternately stimulating and obtunding influence of heterosexual magnetism” (*U* 619). Here though, whatever their harmony, there’s something wrong, at least from the reader’s point of view. Nothing wrong with the stimulating magnetism of sexual drives: it is impossible to escape it, even though it is at times just sublimated. But what is exactly the “obtunding” presence there? And more than that, why would such a dual (or rather alternating) characteristic be appropriate to heterosexual choices?

Of course, it might be that Stephen with apparent nonchalance has alluded to the effects on men of women’s charm, just to make sure that he shouldn’t get a “breechpad”, as Buck Mulligan suggested, in case he ended up being actually acquainted with the “wandering jew” (*U* 209). In fact, that Bloom stated that he was sensitive to the same type of magnetism would have reassured him. And yet, too many people in *Ulysses* are both stimulated and obtunded for us to avoid the

suspicion that what's at work is that very force, coated with an imaginary narcosis which is all the same perfectly perceivable in the two consecutive episodes "Sirens" and "Cyclops" (where Dubliners sing of love and boast of their own nationalism). That very force has surfaced in the work as the inertial principle against which art builds its sand castles, and which vainly occupies thought. It is to free themselves from all this that Bloom and Dedalus have duumvirated themselves, without managing to grasp, however, in the few hours they talked, which one of them was beating the time, and pointing to the other from an unthinkable present the escape route from his own past, or his own future. That force, on the other hand, is what makes the world turn, and by acknowledging it in this way, that is, at the same time stimulating and obtunding, the two are just replicating – as I already said – Father Conmee's resigned reflection which the day before, on that day of days, had marked the walk that actually inaugurated the "Wandering Rocks" episode.

As we know, the Jesuit, prefect of studies at Belvedere College had on that occasion been cheating time, as well as on his own prayers, making out stories and reflections from billboards and street names. He has just got off at the Howth Road stop (sheer chance?), and has begun walking along Malahide Road, which prompts him to go back to the long-gone times of the barony and the glorious admirals of that bend of bay; he has then started reflecting on the name of the college itself, thinking of a dark event that occurred in the eighteenth century. The first count of Belvedere had managed to have a verdict of adultery given against his own brother and his own wife, Mary Rochfort, and had her confined to his own landed properties till the day of her death. The spirit haunting Hamlet, then, does not seem to have been confined, one would believe, to the walls of the National Library in Kildare Street, given that we again have before us a similar family triangle. But did Mary Rochfort really commit adultery, Father Conmee wonders, with her husband's brother? Has all this, I would add, perhaps something to do with a strange annotation of December 1922 ("incest made crime 1908") in one of Joyce's notebooks? It is hard to say: "only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother". What we can all do, though, is to confine ourselves to thinking, just as Father Conmee did, "of that tyrannous

incontinence, needed however for men's race on earth" (*U* 214). A tyrannous incontinence which stimulates and obtunds us at the same time; it adulterates us, it even "*incests*" us (given that as sons of God we all cannot but be brothers). But this is a divine project, the very mechanism allowing our species to be: "copulation" > "population" (*U* 402). Is there a way of escaping all this without being more sinful than sin itself? Is this not at any rate the object of every story, as if they had to account, generation after generation, for the delivery of the same irritating principle? Of course, our Jesuit here won't hesitate to administer a comprehensive blessing to the ruffled couple (Punch Costello and his lover) he would soon see coming out from behind a bush.

When Bloom, finally cuddled up in *his* bed, almost lets "the imprint of a human form, male, not his" embrace him, on the one hand he is accepting his status as one in the series (a series which is itself adulterous and incestuous, in the name of the ineluctable "tyrannous incontinence"), while on the other he is making his way, with all the angst of return, towards the serial degeneration of that nonsensical low rumble of language we call dream. Within the layer of impersonal yet pressing consciousness into which he sinks, where Sin-bad is already he who bears the hallmark of "original sinse" (*FW* 239.2), there's only a small distance to cover. The inlet one sails from, only to return and then leave again, is, in patriarchal succession, always the same; and dreams reveal it for what it really is: a purgatory where every step forward is a step back, where every exile is an island. This is why *Ulysses* itself, as *Finnegans Wake* will testify, does not herald a return: perhaps, it might at best herald a general echoing of the same refrain, which is to be sure a little more than a sob: "Come home to ma, da".

Works cited and abbreviations

DVBJ = Samuel Beckett, *Dante... Vico. Bruno... Joyce*, in *Disjecta. Miscellaneous Writing and a Dramatic Fragment*, John Calder, London 1983.

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IN THE *WAKE* OF TRAUMA: EXPLORING EXILIC
IDENTITY THROUGH JAMES JOYCE'S USE
OF NARRATIVE FETISHISM

According to Cathy Caruth, trauma is a 'wound inflicted not upon the body but upon the mind', arising from an unknowable absence as the distressing event is experienced too 'soon' and too 'unexpectedly' to be known (Caruth 1996: 3, 4). As a result, a trauma victim experiences a metaphorical splitting of the self, leading to a fractured identity as they become both 'self' and 'Other'. To repair this psychological wound, an individual will often turn to narrative fetishism as a means of expunging the trauma, in the belief that by writing oneself anew a coherent identity can be reforged. In a study on the relationship between trauma and identity, Lynn Worsham articulates the role of narrative fetishism, noting how it 'substitutes for the painful work of mourning the *pleasure* of narrative', simulating a 'condition of wholeness' through 'its power to compose – and, indeed, impose – a sense of order, sequence, causality, coherence, and completion' (Worsham 2006: 178). Put simply, narrative enables trauma victims to dictate a sense of mastery over the event, giving order to the fractured self through story-telling and language. This process allows the victim to organise and manage the trauma, diminishing the difficult memories through the verbal or written act of narrative.

In *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce's use of narrative fetishism is highly complex and adaptable, operating microcosmically and macrocosmically as it is used in the context of individual trauma and collective history. As described by Roy Ellen, one way to interpret the notion of 'fetishism' is the 'appearance of value' that conceals the true nature of a commodity or event (Ellen, 1988: 216). Attempting to mask a fractured identity, the purpose of narrative fetishism can thus be seen to echo our use of historical grand narratives. Both employ storytelling as a means of achieving a sense of coherency and wholeness, concealing the fractured nature of identity through a false image of unity. For this reason, when I discuss Joyce's use of narrative fetishism I will do so in the context of trauma and in the context of history.

When examining *Finnegans Wake* alongside Caruth's trauma theory, a narrative of exile emerges as HCE is 'self-exiled in upon his ego' following an ambiguous rumour (*FW* 184.6-7). To comprehend this self-expulsion we must revise our understanding of the term 'exile', as HCE's banishment is unusual, unlike that of a typical expulsion as it diverges from its traditional definition.¹ This disparity hinges on the word 'ego', as, for HCE, this displacement is psychological rather than physical: it manifests itself internally, leading to a splitting of the self that echoes the experience of trauma victims. What emerges is a separation between the self and Other, as we are faced with waking Finnegan and his dreaming, exiled counterpart, HCE.² Cast out of a solid identity and unable to ground himself in one place, this interpretation follows the bid to repair HCE's fractured self, as narrative fetishism is used in an attempt to regain coherency. However, as Joyce demonstrates, this desire for wholeness is doomed to fail as narrative is a

¹ The traditional definition that I am referring to here is one which describes exile as a physical process of casting someone out of one's nation following political dispute.

² Whilst I am alert to the interpretations that lie beyond my reading of the narrative, for the purpose of this paper, I intend to examine HCE's exile on the assumption that the *Wake* is either a representation of a dream or a reconstruction of the night, a theory which enables the reader to reduce the multiplicity of text to a single plot line. It is also important to note that when I discuss the character of HCE, I am referring to him as a polysemic being, representing both an individual and a collective society.

problematic and flawed means of achieving wholeness. Beneath the superficial appearance of healing lies the fragility and uncertainty of history, demonstrated by the *Wake*'s fragmented and polysemic structure as it undermines any attempts of singularity and coherency.

Although the texture of the *Wake* provides countless routes for psychological and historical exploration, for the purpose of this paper I will be focusing on two large, yet interwoven, lines of enquiry. The first will analyse HCE's exilic identity in relation to gossip and rumour, determining how the dreamer's ambiguous persona is formed and distorted through the words of others. This will then be reexamined in the context of history, articulating how HCE's polysemic and unstable persona functions as a microcosm for the fragmented state of contemporary identity. The second line of enquiry will then examine this binary between history and identity in relation to narrative fetishism. Here I will demonstrate how Giambattista Vico's *New Science* is used in an attempt to stabilise and order this trauma, centering on T. S. Eliot's statement that myth is 'simply a way of controlling, of ordering, and of giving shape and significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history' (Eliot 1975: 177). Together, this bipartite exploration weaves a narrative of cyclical exile, showing how HCE's trauma appears to be superficially healed and left stagnant through Joyce's use of narrative fetishism.

Given the complexity of the *Wake*, it will first be useful to loosely outline HCE's exilic identity. His psychological exile can be observed on the first page of the novel, where he begins the narrative as Finnegan, a 'once wallstrait oldparr' who suffers a mysterious 'great fall' (*FW* 3.17-18). This descent is both literal and figurative, as he lays knocked 'out in the park' and 'laid to rust upon the green', whilst simultaneously suffering a fall from grace (*FW* 3.22-23). Unclear as to whether his fall is the result of a drunken stupor, spontaneous slumber, or a heinous park crime, Finnegan's reputation and social identity are left to rumour and community gossip as his status becomes a product of slander. Reflecting this destabilisation of identity is Joyce's use of name, where the move from conscious 'Finnegan' to sleeping 'HCE' embodies the new fluidity of the dreamer's exilic self. Taking the form of a polysemic

acronym, HCE undergoes over two-hundred transformations throughout the course of the text: he embodies place, society and object, representing a collective society in the form of 'Here Comes Everybody', whilst forming a Dublin landscape under the guise of 'Howth Castle and Environs' (*FW* 32.18-19, 3.03). Functioning under an image of multiple, mutating selves, HCE no longer holds a singular, stable identity, reflecting a condition of exile as he is unable to ground himself in one place.

In addition to echoing the dreamer's ambiguous identity, Joyce's use of 'Here Comes Everybody' implies that HCE's persona is both micro and macro as he represents both a singular individual and a collective society. This introduces the idea that the *Wake* embodies a shared identity crisis, extending the exile beyond the individual and towards a global sense of trauma. John Bishop reinforces this assertion, noting how HCE is a somebody who the night has 'rendered indistinct', and that 'in his identity-void drift through sleep, [HCE] becomes indirectly represented in the images of so many other people [...] that his mind eventually becomes a space made possible and cohabited by a world of people (Bishop 1986: 133, 212). Operating under multiple personas – 'some vote him Vike, some mote him Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn' – the abundance of names, characters and forms that HCE takes on throughout the course of the text magnifies the tale of exile, producing a commentary on modern civilisation as the dreamer takes on a shared, global, identity (*FW* 44.10-12).

To heighten this sense of fragmentation the reader only hears snippets of HCE's crime, blurring the distinction between truth and reality as the offence can only be translated through the words of others. This is best exemplified in Book One, Chapter Eight, as two washerwomen stand over Dublin's river Liffey, literally and figuratively airing HCE's dirty laundry. The women discuss the incident, mulling over, 'whatever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park', before declaring that 'he's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him! Look at the dirt of it! (*FW* 196.10-11). Blending two domains of discourse, the women debate HCE's muddled character through an

image of laundry, exemplifying the disfiguring nature of gossip as the slurs misshape the tale with each sentence. This visual deterioration takes place as the line 'he's an awful old reppe' is later recycled as, 'O, the rouhty old rappe!' (*FW* 196.11, 196.24). The simultaneous repetition and distortion of the line can be interpreted in multiple ways; firstly, the sentence is a direct reference to rivers, as the words 'rappe' and 'rouhty' – two slurs which allude to HCE's rowdy and promiscuous persona – are also the names of Russian and Irish rivers. Forming the shape of a human mouth, the capitalised 'O' can be interpreted as the mouth of a river, the point at which a river flows into the sea. This establishes a parallel between the flow of water and the nature of gossip, as HCE's tale is passed from one mouth to another, distorted with each murmur. Furthermore, when considered in relation to Ireland, the word 'rappe' alludes to the word 'rapparee', an Irish term used during the 17th century which refers to a bandit or outlaw. A link is thus created between geography, crime and status as the image of the river highlights HCE's social position as an exile, deeming him to be an outsider as the women destabilise his identity through rumour.

Functioning as microcosm for a larger social structure, HCE's tale questions the role and production of history, demonstrated as a connection emerges between rumour and reality. The slander which misshapes and splinters the dreamer's persona takes on a life of its own, highlighting the unreliable and subjective nature of historicism as the tale of 'Here Comes Everybody' is shaped through perception and gossip. Following a similar pattern of repetition and distortion to the one seen in the conversation between the washerwomen, the retellings maintain a basic plot which is slightly distorted with each whisper, as HCE, 'the father of fornicationists', is dubbed to have been 'Minxing marrage and making loof' in the park, or 'joulting by Wellinton's monument' (*FW* 4.12, 196.24, 47.07). These fractional changes demonstrate the gradual shaping and misshaping of history, articulating history's unstable nature as it bases itself on hearsay, rather than 'fact'. Observing this relationship between history and gossip, Janine Utell asserts that,

HCE is created through the linguistic performance of the community [...] through speech, letters, and ballads, the story is repeated, re-written, and passed around. The story of HCE must pass through the mouths of the people like linen through the hands of the washer-women. In the public eye, in the public mouth, gossip becomes history, community is created and sustained, and memory is given life (Utell 2004: p. 689).

Utell's articulation of the connection between the community's 'linguistic performance' and history is interesting; blending multiple modes of discourse, these letters, ballads and speeches collectively build a tale of trauma, reflecting the slippery nature of contemporary identity as multiple, divergent narratives are at play. Through the repetition of rumour and gossip, HCE's tale becomes a form of history as it gains momentum, illustrating how slander can easily be mistaken as truth.

This binary between truth and reality is outlined in the previous chapter when Shem, the presumed son of HCE, is deemed an 'outlex between the lines' (*FW* 168.3). Questioning the validity of news, Joyce writes that,

every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid actually was like to look at (*FW* 169.6-10).

By referring to Shem, the passage simultaneously outlines HCE's own unstable position by alluding to his 'back life' or origins. In the context of truth, the passage elucidates the scandal that surrounds the family, holding connotations of a newspaper as it refers to being written about in 'black and white'. Examining these two images of outlaw together – the first appearing in relation to the newspaper and the second emerging from the community gossip – a narrative of historical uncertainty develops, reflecting HCE's unstable identity as the reader is left to put 'truth and untruth together'. To shed clarity on HCE's tale, one must consider all the fragments, retellings and selections, balancing the

accounts in a futile attempt to reach a conclusion about HCE's waking persona.

The *Wake*'s interrogation of history resonates with R. G. Collingwood's argument that history is a concept with 'no fixed points' (Collingwood 1993: 243). Asserting that, 'in history, no achievement is final', Collingwood notes how 'every new generation must rewrite history in his own way [...] the historian is part of the process he is studying' (Collingwood 1993: 248). By refuting the possibility of finality, Collingwood suggests that history, much like HCE's tale, is part of an ongoing process, shaped and rewritten as it is passed through the community. Everyone has their own perception of history and this perception becomes part of the grand narrative it analyses. When examining this alongside the *Wake*, this notion of 'rewriting' history articulates the relationship between HCE's tale and the reader. Functioning as a type of historian, the reader must put truth and untruth together to uncover the identity of the allusive HCE. Each reading is a retelling and a rewriting of this history, leading to new versions of the truth as HCE is continually regenerated by those around him.

Alongside this micro juxtaposition between truth and reality is the macrocosm which is history itself, reinforcing individual destabilisation through a collective and enlarged view of the past. Throughout the text Joyce demonstrates history's subjective and incoherent nature, subverting historicism's singularity and coherency by multiplying its form. This is apparent in the first chapter of the text, where Joyce writes in the style of Irish annals, using the dates 566 A.D. and 1132 A.D. Beginning with 1132 A.D., Joyce records how 'Men like to ants or emmets wonder upon a root hwhide Whalfisk which lay in a runnel', which, when translated on a basic level, can be read as 'men alike to ants wonder upon a wide whale fish' (*FW* 13.33-34). Individually, the annal follows historical tradition, describing a series of events in a linear, chronological order. However, Joyce distorts tradition through the addition of another chronicle of the same date, describing how two sons 'at an hour were born until a goodman, and his hag' (*FW* 14.11). Although at a first glance these annals appear to have little significance, when reexamined they can be seen to exemplify the unstable and

unreliable nature of history. This stems from the relationship between the two dates, as they move from the later date, 1132 A.D., to the earlier, 566 A.D. Offering an additional commentary on the role of history, the non-sequential progression between the two dates disrupts the traditional narration of a historical event, which takes place in a chronological sequence. This, alongside the narration of two simultaneous histories, destabilises the appearance of ‘wholeness’ which an account of the past seeks to achieve, exemplifying how just as HCE’s persona is fragmented by the gossip and interpretation of others, history too is subject to multiple accounts and tales.

Furthering this, Joyce emphasises history’s singularity as he continues to question its continuity, stating that,

 somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antediluvius and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum) earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy duran. A scribicide then and there is led off (*FW* 14.16-21).

In Norse mythology, the ‘ginnaandgo gap’ (ginnungagap) is the primordial void noted in the *Gylfaginning*, an Eddiac text which records Norse cosmology. During the writing of the *Gylfaginning* the copyist went missing, highlighted in the *Wake* as he ‘fled with his scroll’. This leaves the historical text with an abyss, a missing ‘gap between antediluvius and annadominant’, which results in a loss of comprehension as the events cannot be known. By following the duplicate annals with an image of chasms and fragmentations, Joyce destabilises history, replacing objective certainty with subjective speculation. This provides numerous possibilities for interpretation, and history thus becomes a game of choice as we decide whether the ‘billy flood rose’ or an ‘elk charged him’. As a result, the attempt to establish a complete grand narrative is stunted, and the primordial void of Norse mythology functions as a metaphor for the fractured nature of history.

Considering this parallel between HCE and history, we can observe how Joyce's destabilisation of narrative leaves the dreamer in a position of psychological exile, unable to retain a stable persona as the tale is only presented in fragments. To eclipse this uncertain state of exile, Joyce appears to employ narrative fetishism as a means of writing oneself, or humanity, anew. This is where, unable to trace HCE's own origins due to his polysemic state, Vico's grand narrative of cyclical history is used to regain a sense of wholeness. The reason for doing so resides in history's ability to help us comprehend our identities, a notion elucidated by Peter Brooks in *Reading for the Plot*, where he declares that, 'we know what we are because we can say where we are, and we know this because we can say where we came from' (Brooks 2002: 275). If we cannot trace our origins or say 'where we came from', our identities become uncertain, leaving us unable to fully assimilate ourselves in reality as we cannot know 'where we are', let alone who we are. When an individual is unable to trace his own beginnings, Brooks asserts that one can attempt to 'make raids on a putative master plot in order to remedy the insufficiencies of his own unsatisfactory plot'. He does so, in the hope that this 'providential plot' will 'subsume his experience to that of mankind, to show the individual as a significant repetition of a story already endowed with meaning' (Brooks 2002: 280).

Brooks' elucidation of the relationship between history and identity recalls T. S. Eliot's statement that myth is 'a way of controlling, of ordering, and of giving shape and significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history' (Eliot 1975: 177). Reexamining this in the context of the *Wake*, we can argue how by 'making raids' on a 'putative master plot', Joyce can be seen to employ Giambattista Vico's philosophy of cyclical history as an insufficient substitute for the fractured state of identity, forming an example of narrative fetishism as it simulates a 'condition of wholeness'.

To briefly outline Vico's theory and how this operates in the *Wake*, it is useful to examine the novel's structure. The *Wake*'s circular framework echoes Vico's major text, the *New Science*, a philosophy which argues that civilisation progresses and develops in cycles, each of which are split into three distinct ages: the divine, the heroic and the

human, followed by a ricorso where the cycle is renewed. This results in the *Wake*'s four-part structure, where the novel begins following an age of renewal, highlighted in a return to divinity following the process of a 'commodius vicus of recirculation' (Vico's cyclical history) (*FW* 3.2). Here we are met with the first of ten thunderclaps, each serving as a biblical reminder of the dreamer's primitive form. From the first thunder, Finnegan suffers 'the great fall' where he takes the form of an 'overgrown babeling', 'laid to rust' in a long lost bed, experiencing his first polysemic transition into HCE, before becoming 'Haroun Childeric Eggberth' (*FW* 3.18, 6.31, 3.24, 6.26, 4.32). The thunder marks the beginning of the dreamer's social evolution, where in Vico's philosophy the undeveloped minds of early humans were triggered by fear, causing them to instinctively run into a cave for shelter. From this point, the connection between history and reason forms a domino effect, where from thunder came religion, from religion society and the beginnings of primitive family life. Society then extends outwards towards and beyond feudalism, democracy, anarchy, monarchy and finally towards a tendency to destruction, where the cycle is renewed.

HCE's tale of trauma becomes a repetition of Vico's theory, as Joyce alludes to the philosopher throughout the text, deeming him to be 'the producer (Mr. John Baptist Vickar)', casting an image of Vico as divinity, the maker of all things, a reincarnation of God (*FW* 255.27). The title of 'producer' – connoting a theatre or film producer – suggests that Vico is the driving force behind HCE's narrative, moving the dreamer towards renewal as he is assimilated with the story of another. To comprehend Vico's divine influence on the dreamer, we can return to HCE's early mutation into 'Haroun Childeric Eggberth', where towards the end of the text, Joyce takes the 'egg' from 'Eggberth' and recycles it with the phrase: 'eggburst, eggblend, egg burial and hatch-as-hatch can' (*FW* 614.32-22). Put simply, the sentence summarises HCE's journey through the Vichian ages, directly referencing Vico's three principles of history as the word 'burst' suggests thunder (or birth) and therefore the beginnings of religion, whilst 'blend' and 'burial' signify marriage and death. The connection between Vico's cyclical history and HCE's dream is cemented in the repetition of 'egg', which

connotes rebirth, fertility and the cycle of life. This implies that HCE's journey towards psychological repair will rely on Vico's historical cycles, as he must progress forwards through a 'wholemole millwheeling vicociclometer', in order to reach the 'wholeness' of the waking day (*FW* 489.35, 614.27).

By composing HCE's tale of exile alongside a grand narrative of evolution, Joyce structures the trauma with a familiar tale of man. Vico's narrative is all-encompassing, a story which assimilates the experience of everyman into a singular, coherent form, enabling Joyce to momentarily surpass the fragmentation of history as Vico's tale appears to 'simulate a condition of wholeness'. However – and here is where the problem lies – despite its apparent healing, this act of narrative fetishism merely 'substitutes for the painful work of mourning the *pleasure* of narrative', simulating coherence and structure whilst the trauma still lies beneath. As a result, the *Wake* produces an image of false progression, seen as HCE moves towards coherency at the end of the tale as he is 'changing sonhusband', before the tale forms as continuous loop as the first lines of the text complete the last (*FW* 627.01). Rather than coming to an end, HCE's trauma is simply renewed as he is carried by means of a 'commodius vicus of recirculation' back to the 'river past Eve and Adam's' of the first page of the novel, preventing a return to wholeness as the 'humpty hill head' and simply finds himself 'knocked out in the park' once more, caught in a permanent state of exile (*FW* 627.1, 628.15-16, 3.1). This dialectic between trauma and narrative reveals the false sense of unity that myth, or history, enables society to achieve. In the *Wake* there are thus two narratives in operation, one of fragmentation and one of unity, as Vico's grand narrative struggles to mask the inherent trauma of contemporary history.

In conclusion, HCE's tale of trauma is complex and enigmatic, representing a state of psychological exile as he remains caught between multiple identities yet is unable to assimilate himself in any. Functioning as both a microcosm for history and a representation of the individual, HCE symbolises a global trauma, articulating the crisis of contemporary history by demonstrating its unreliable and fragmented nature. To overcome this crisis, Vico's cyclical history provides an

opportunity for narrative fetishism, serving as a coherent framework on which the fractured self can be structured. Vico's philosophy represents both an attempt to repair this state of trauma and the impossibility of doing so. On the one hand, the narrative provides HCE and modern history with a structure, a means of filling the chasms in his tale with a story already rife with meaning, but on the other, this act of narrative fetishism simply 'simulates' wholeness, rather than healing the trauma itself. This is because narrative is a flawed means of achieving coherency, doomed to failure due to its subjective and reductive nature. As a result, HCE is caught in a permanent state of exile, unable to heal the fissure in his 'brainskin' as he states 'I'm not myself at all' (*FW* 563.13, 626.18).

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SEARCHING FOR THE WOMEN IN *EXILES*

Exiles has always held a puzzling place in Joyce's canon. Yeats dug into his stock of polite, meaningless words when he praised it as 'sincere and interesting,' rejecting it for the Abbey Theatre as being 'too far from the folk drama.'¹ Pound dismissed it as 'a side-step, necessary katharsis, clearance of mind from continental contemporary thought.'² Much subsequent criticism has agreed with Pound that *Exiles* marks a side-step on the journey to *Ulysses*. But there is one element of the play that is inescapable, and that is the important question for Joyce of the concept of exile. As Robert Hand's article about Richard Rowan affirms in Act III, 'There is an economic and a spiritual exile,'³ which is a strange assertion, because there is also the more terrible fate of compulsory governmental expulsion, neither economic nor spiritual. For Joyce, of course, spiritual exile was the important category. It appears that, for Joyce, exile was not to be understood in legal terms as nationally mandated banishment from one's country or culture, but was instead an

¹ James Joyce. (Ed. Richard Ellmann). *The Letters of James Joyce*. New York: Viking. 1966. Vol. 2, p.305.

² Ezra Pound. (Ed. T. S. Eliot). *The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*. New York: New Directions. 1954. pp. 415-416.

³ James Joyce. *Exiles*. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1924. p. 134.

attitude with which one regarded expatriation made unavoidable by a culturally oppressive homeland. Joyce was remarkably consistent in his view, from youth to age, although it exposed him to the allegation of affecting a pose:

Pause on that word ‘exile,’ a favorite one with Joyce. Why was it necessary for him to conjure up the grandiose image of his rejection by his countrymen? Ireland, though famous for flights of Wild Geese, banishes nobody, and Dublin had no quarrel with her Dante...still, a sensitive artist, reduced to impecunious despair as Joyce was at this period, might feel, in the very obscurity in which he was suffered to steal away from Dublin, a sentence of banishment no less stern in its indifference than Florence’s fiery sentence on her Dante.⁴

That deduction makes an intriguing hypothesis: Eglinton, if I read his meaning correctly, believed that part of the attraction of exile to Joyce was precisely the fact that Ireland took so little notice of his departure that he did not even merit expulsion. In other words, he wasn’t kicked out; nobody had noticed that he was gone. No one feels more rejected than the person who isn’t missed at all. This would, perhaps, also apply to Richard Rowan, whose extraction from Dublin with a young woman to pursue a literary ambition seems generally consistent with Joyce’s basic experience. Yet it should be noted that exile is, for most who undergo it, not a choice, but a condemnation; not a tool for making art, but an enforced vulnerability; not a cultural attitude, but a position of dependency and dislocation. And in that sense, this paper proposes a simple proposition: that if we apply basic considerations of what it means to be an exile, it is the women of the play who best fit that description, most notably Bertha. It is they who are subject to the choices made by others; they who move from location to location at the decisions of

⁴ John Eglinton. *Irish Literary Portraits*. Freeport, N.Y.: Books for Libraries Press. 1967. p.140-141.

others; they whose choices are almost entirely circumscribed by the dominant men around them and they who are defined by relations with men that they do not control. If Richard has selected ‘spiritual exile,’ Bertha has accepted the full exile that is entailed by undesired loss of homeland.

Let us consider at first the very basic notion of physical location as being normative for any conception of exile. The play begins in what Joyce describes as ‘the drawingroom in Richard Rowan’s house at Mer-rion, a suburb of Dublin.’⁵ Although one does not wish to place too much emphasis on what is, after all, a stage setting direction, it is none-theless revealing that even the home is described as ‘Richard Rowan’s house,’ not ‘the Rowans’ house’ or ‘the Rowan house.’ The play is physically located entirely on male property—both Acts 1 and 3 are specified as being in ‘Richard Rowan’s house,’ and Act 2 takes place in ‘Robert Hand’s cottage in Ranelagh.’ As we shall see throughout the play, the women are in somewhat unsettled circumstances, even in terms of simple physical location. The women are unfixed: it is unclear where Beatrice actually resides. She has just returned from a vacation period away, in which she apparently contemplated the revelation that Richard had been writing a series of literary sketches about her; it is a kind of appropriation to which she has not clearly given any consent and, indeed, she states early on that she has not seen the sketches, despite wanting to see them ‘very much.’⁶ Beatrice is also an unexpected arrival; almost all of her interlocutors comment on the fact that she was thought to be in Youghal, and surprised them by arriving back in Mer-rion. Indeed, she goes to Youghal to see her father—another location belonging to a man—yet Robert suggests that there is a penitential element to her traveling there: ‘She goes there on retreat, when the protestant strain in her prevails—gloom, seriousness, righteousness.’⁷

⁵ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 1.

⁶ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 6.

⁷ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 24.

Retreat from what? This is the flippancy of Robert, yet we also have reason to believe that part of Beatrice's withdrawal from Dublin relates to her unclear relations as an unsolicited muse to Richard.

Bertha too has an uncertain physical locality. Although the play begins and ends in what should be considered her home, she is not in when the play begins; indeed, her husband hosts an attractive woman in her absence. When she is left alone with Robert, he protests that she should persuade Richard to accept the post at Trinity College Dublin but, revealingly, he notes of Bertha that 'you are unhappy so far away.' She has followed Richard to Italy where, if Robert is correct (and we shall see that he is), she is distressed. She has accepted his choice of exile, despite that choice making her miserable. The exchange by which Robert and Richard discuss this point is revelatory:

Robert: [Also leans forward, quietly] Richard, have you been quite fair to her? It was her own free choice, you will say. But was she really free to choose? She was a mere girl. She accepted all that you proposed.

Richard: [Smiles] That is your way of saying that she proposed what I would not accept.

Robert: [Nods] I remember. And she went away with you. But was it of her own free choice? Answer me frankly.

Richard: [Turns to him, calmly] I played for her against all that you say or can say; and I won.⁸

There is nothing in the play that suggests Robert seriously feels concern about the lack of volition in Bertha's choice to accompany Richard. Yet more intriguing is the way in which Richard understands the question. He never answers the specific question of whether or not it was Bertha's choice to accompany him freely. Her intentions, or her choice, are essentially irrelevant, except in the sense that they indicate his victory—she is something to be won, in a sense, like a chess piece in some strange

⁸ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p.41.

confrontation between Richard and Robert. It is odd that, in discussing his wife's choice of a partner, he makes reference to Robert's opinion, not Bertha's own—'I played for her against all that you say or can say...'

This strange triangular relationship unnaturally intrudes into the discussion, even as Richard begins to discern Robert's plan for the assignation with Bertha. She raises the question that Robert had already raised, that of choice:

Bertha: [...] Because you take advantage of my simplicity as you did—the first time.

Richard: [Violently] And you have the courage to say that to me?

Bertha: [Facing him] Yes, I have! Both then and now. Because I am simple you think you can do what you like with me. [Gesticulating] Follow him now. Call him names. Make him be humble before you and make him despise me. Follow him!

Richard: [Controlling himself] You forget that I have allowed you complete liberty—and allow you it still.

Bertha: [Scornfully] Liberty!

Richard: Yes, complete. But he must know that I know.⁹

There are several points of interest in this exchange. First, we learn that it has long been her contention that she was led because of her simplicity, a point she describes as 'take advantage', which is something that she has stated 'both then and now.' This is one of the only reconstructable past discussions of the Rowans, and it does not seem to be as volitional a choice as Richard would like to assure himself that it was. Secondly, it is clear in this exchange who is the primary agent of choice: it is Richard who makes all the controlling decisions. Third, we notice again the weird preoccupation Richard has with using his wife to prove his superiority—or at least his romantic and sexual primacy—over Robert; when he affirms that he gives his wife 'complete liberty,' his next

⁹ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p.61.

comment is to vow that Robert ‘must know that I know.’ Finally, it is worth mentioning that one does not allow another liberty. That is the charity of a superior to an inferior. Richard’s repeated protestations that he ‘allows’ liberty and will not give Bertha instructions are cleverly wrapped up when she gives him the choice ‘tell me not to go and I will not,’ to which he must reply—as he does—that she is free to choose as she wishes. She has understood that his assertions that he gives her liberty are as much about his self-conception of his spirit than they are about her freedom of choice. But that he has been given the opportunity to forbid her is suggestive in itself of the true limits of her volition and freedom to choose.

Yet it is in Act Two, when Richard confronts Robert in the place of his intended assignation with Bertha, that we perceive the genuine lack of concern both men have for Bertha’s interests or desires. As they discuss her, it is remarkable that neither man mentions what she might want. Robert refers to her as ‘yours, your work.’ Richard replies that he would ‘Go away,’ and that ‘you, and not I, would be necessary to her’¹⁰—but this renunciation of his wife is to be based entirely upon Robert’s conviction that he is certain to be the better match for Bertha; what she feels or may not feel is not mentioned. Her husband explicitly states that he would ‘go away’ if another man was certain of his passion for her.

Rather oddly, Richard confesses his own infidelities to Robert, and notes that Bertha was in their home at the time he returned to confess; at least she, when she is tempted by Robert, leaves the house to pursue an assignation. It is at this moment that Richard observes that he may have killed ‘the virginity of her soul,’ and Robert remarks that Richard had a reputation for living wildly in Rome. Robert notes, uncontradicted, that ‘You know there were rumors here of your life

¹⁰ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 79.

abroad—a wild life. Some persons who knew you or met you or heard of you in Rome...Even I at times thought of her as a victim.’¹¹ Indeed, he then rather bafflingly articulates the idea that his seduction of Bertha be considered in the manner of a contest against falsity, ‘All life is a conquest, the victory of human passion over the commandments of cowardice.’¹² In the conversation, it is sometimes difficult to recollect that they are speaking about a human being, who may have desires and opinions of her own, and who might resist, or resent, being the object a strange sexual bartering that is intended to resolve the contradictions of their own disagreements.

In the context of exile, it is worth noting that, as Bertha arrives for the uncertain assignation with Robert, Richard greets her with the words, ‘Welcome back to old Ireland.’ The reference has an uncomfortable salience for Bertha in the play: her husband is referred to later in Robert’s article as ‘A Distinguished Irishman,’ but in this context Ireland represents betrayal, infidelity, and her recognition that even if she accepts Robert, the whole disgraceful scenario has been the construction of Richard, who expressed—to Robert—his longing to be betrayed: ‘in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her—in the dark, in the night—secretly, meanly, craftily.’¹³ She understands what the implications of this situation are, and she states them explicitly to Richard: ‘I am simply a tool for you. You have no respect for me.’

The association of Ireland with infidelity is also raised by the Act III discussion between Bertha and Beatrice, when Bertha observes ‘It looks as if it was you, Miss Justice, who brought my husband back to Ireland.’ In one of the more moving passages of the play, Bertha confesses that she has almost no clear connection to her husband: ‘I do not understand anything that he writes, when I cannot help him in any way,

¹¹ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 84.

¹² Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 89.

¹³ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 88.

when I don't even understand half of what he says to me sometimes!' Although Beatrice is asserted to have a closer intellectual connection with Richard—something we don't really witness in the play itself—Bertha notes that 'I gave up everything for him, religion, family, my own peace,' but adds 'I am only a thing he got entangled with and my son is—the nice name they give those children. Do you think I am a stone?'¹⁴ This is a telling comparison, because it is precisely a stone to which Robert rather unfeelingly compares Bertha: 'This stone, for instance. It is so cool, so polished, so delicate, like a woman's temple. It is silent, it suffers our passion; and it is beautiful. And so I kiss it because it is beautiful. And what is a woman? A work of nature, too, like a stone or a flower or a bird.'¹⁵ Robert could easily have been discussing Bertha's basic function in this peculiar struggle between Robert and Richard: silent, suffering male passion, and beautiful.

In a sense, *Exiles* is a play about women's subordination to the men in their lives, whether or not that was Joyce's intention. None of the women in the play seems to have personal control or agency over her own reality. Bertha is batted like a ball back and forth between Richard and Robert. Although she has clearly allied her fortunes with Richard, she also cries out at him, 'how I wish I had never met you! How I curse that day!' and 'You do not understand anything in me—not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger!'¹⁶ Beatrice apparently has feelings for Richard, although she cannot act upon them, and seems to have a financial need to give piano lessons. Brigid is a simple servant, but one who seems to have once been attached to Richard's home before he married Bertha, suggesting that she is also dependent upon Richard (at least the implication is that she worked previously for Richard's family prior to Bertha: 'Do you know that he used to tell me all about you and nothing to his mother, God rest

¹⁴ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 135.

¹⁵ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p. 43.

¹⁶ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. p.141.

her soul?'). Even the Fishwoman, whose strange presence disrupts the last discussion between Robert and Richard, at least suggests a woman for whom financial necessity has driven to sell herring as an itinerant fishmonger.

What is perhaps strangest in *Exiles* is the fact that so little attention is given to the concept of exile as an actual condition. The implication is that the main exiles being considered are the Rowans who, we infer, have left Ireland and lived in Rome for nine years, during which time Richard conducted affairs, became the subject of Dublin rumors, and wrote. We may also infer that Robert remained in Ireland, thus perhaps barbing the remark in his later article about Richard, having left Ireland 'in her hour of need.' Beatrice is also in Ireland, dividing her time between a cousin with whom she has uncertain relations, and her father in Youghal. But the main problem explored in the play is not exile, but homecoming; it is a play firmly rooted in the past of the characters, and what we observe in the three acts is the conclusion of a drama begun nine years previously. It is the perfect fantasy of the expatriate: everything has frozen, or fossilized, in exactly the same unresolved tensions that one left behind. Richard has progressed—he has become an author—but a stasis seems to have befallen all the other characters.

In Joyce's notes for *Exiles*, published later by Padraic Colum, Joyce offered two conceptions of the title *Exiles*. His first is:

Why the title *Exiles*? A nation exacts a penance from those who dared to leave her payable on their return. The elder brother in the fable of the Prodigal Son is Robert Hand. The father took the side of the prodigal. This is probably not the way of the world—certainly not in Ireland: but Jesus' Kingdom was not of this world nor was or is his wisdom.¹⁷

¹⁷ James Joyce. *Exiles*. New York: Viking Press. 1951. p.114.

The second is:

Exiles—also because at the end either Robert or Richard must go into exile. Perhaps the new Ireland cannot contain both. Robert will go. But her thoughts will they follow him into exile as those of her sister-in-love Isolde follow Tristan?¹⁸

Yet it is this fact that is perhaps worthy of notice, because the life of the Rowans abroad, although shared and not solitary, seems to have been purely Richard's choice, and one that brought unhappiness to Bertha. Richard refers to her as 'my bride in exile,' but there is little romance in her recollections. Her description is of a woman in a foreign country, left alone by her husband—perhaps during his assignations with other women—waiting with their son, and dreaming of her homeland:

Bertha: Yes, dear. I waited for you. Heavens, what I suffered then—when we lived in Rome! Do you remember the terrace of our house?

Richard: Yes.

Bertha: I used to sit there, waiting, with the poor child with his toys, waiting till he got sleepy. I could see all the roofs of the city and the river, the Tevere. What is its name?

Richard: The Tiber.

Bertha: [Caressing her cheek with his hand] It was lovely, Dick, only I was so sad. I was alone, Dick, forgotten by you and by all. I felt my life was ended.

Richard: It had not begun.

Bertha: And I used to look at the sky, so beautiful, without a cloud and the city you said was so old: and then I used to think of Ireland and about ourselves.¹⁹

It is a powerful image of exile, if only because it seems not to have been the intended focus of the play. The main thrust of the drama is the

¹⁸ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1951.p. 123.

¹⁹ Joyce. *Exiles*. 1924. pp. 152-153.

contest between Richard and Robert, with Bertha's involvement as being indicative of which contender has ascendancy in her affections. But the background of the play is really the story of Bertha: a woman sufficiently simple that she calls herself thus, who runs away with a young man whose friends think her a passing enthusiasm (and who refers to herself as 'a thing he got entangled with'), and who dreams of her homeland while waiting with their child for her man to come home. That, indeed, is the true exile of the play: the one image of the person who has lost her own ability to choose where she lives, or with whom, and in what conditions, and spends her time alone, forgotten 'by you and by all,' thinking of her native land.

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STYLE IN EXILE. THE EXILE OF STYLE.
GIACOMO JOYCE

“Beauty: it curves, curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires.” (*U* 8:920)

Fifty years ago, on 1st January 1968, *Giacomo Joyce* was published by Richard Ellmann for the first time as a text. After fifty years, the amount and the quality of scrutiny generated by this editorial event is unparalleled. Those 2,500 words (about 50 narrative blocks of very different lengths – the sum total of the text of *GJ*) have elicited a flood of criticism and images¹, arriving in waves, successively centring on biographical details, enquiries into *genres*, or intra-textuality. No doubt a success of sorts, considering the fact that Joyce *did not* want to publish or *thought better not* to publish the text during his lifetime. However, the puzzling nature of the text and of its publishing history continues to provoke critical reaction².

¹ *GJ* is, to my knowledge, the text in the Joycean canon that has triggered the greatest number of interpretations on the part of graphic designers’.

² Every critical essay devoted to *GJ* has managed to address its rich secondary bibliography; indeed, this is what I try to do in my *Fogli triestini*, but of course the output has not stopped in the meantime. See Guerra 2007: 11-27.

The “exile” of the title is of course here represented by Trieste: the city comes after Dublin at the close of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (“Dublin 1904 – Trieste 1914”). It is also the first city in the triad “Trieste – Zurich – Paris 1914-1921” at the close of *Ulysses*, and it is the main setting of *GJ* – in fact almost a character in it. *GJ* is actually the only Joycean text jotted down in Trieste (presumably between 1912 and 1914), and the only one that is set almost exclusively there. It virtually ignores Dublin, if we exclude a fleeting mention (“Easy now, Jamesy! Did you never walk the streets of Dublin at night sobbing another name?” (*GJ* 1968:6). The first half of my title, “style in exile”, thus points to the fact that Trieste was a stepping stone in Joyce’s biography and writing, the breeding ground of much of his works, the birthplace of his children, and the city whose dialect became the family language – the *omphalos* of large part of his creative activity. Trieste appears in the text of *GJ* as a network of streets and buildings, entrapping the subject in a web that is alluring and disturbing at the same time:

“her classmate, retwisting her twisted body, purrs in boneless Viennese Italian: *Che coltura!*”¹;

“*mia figlia ha una grandissima ammirazione per il suo maestro inglese*. The old man’s face, handsome, flushed [...] turns toward me as we walk down the hill together”⁵;

“*A gentle creature*. At midnight, after music, all the way up the via san Michele, these words were spoken softly”; “Corpses of Jews lie about me rotting [...] Pimpily Meissel brought me here”⁶;

“*The lady goes apace, apace, apace* ... Pure air on the upland road. Trieste is waking rawly”⁸;

“She thinks the Italian gentlemen were right to haul Ettore Albini, the critic of the *Secolo*, from the stalls” “[...] a leg-stretched web of stocking. *Si pol?*”⁹;

“I expound Shakespeare to docile Trieste”¹⁰;

“She stands black-robed at the telephone. [...] *Parlerò colla mamma*”; Loggione. The sodden walls [...] All night I have watched her”¹²;

“As I come out of Ralli’s house I come upon her suddenly [...] averting her black basilisk eyes” 14.

The web, the appeal and the perturbation provide a comprehensive system of imagery for an overall interpretation of the text.

With the second part of the title, “the exile of style”, I intend a reading of *GJ* as an exercise in voluntary stylistic exile, an abandonment of received notions of form and genre, starting of course with the formal layout and the materiality of the manuscript version (the only authorized version, in fact). Since these latter aspects have all received plenty of critical attention³, however, my present focus will be on how language and imagery bear on the peculiar nature of the text.

The web metaphor constitutes in my reading an isotopy underlying the otherwise disrupted balance of the 16 pages of *GJ*, the direction taken by my interpretation of the text. The lexeme *web* appears in the text on pages 1, 7 and 9, but its presence is implicated in images of convolution and entrapment that also come into view in other passages in various shapes, and more consistently in scenes of seduction of a sort (especially in connection with hair, as in *coil* 11 and 15, *knot* 11, *braided* and *pinnacled* 12).

This disseminated presence of images of intricacy has fostered a link with the eighteenth-century theorization of the “line of beauty” in Hogarth’s discussion of the serpentine line⁴. In *The Analysis of Beauty*

³ It is difficult within the remit of a single essay to provide an adequate review of the specific bibliographical references; however, mention must at least be made to the seminal chapter titled “The Jamesy Session: Giacomo Joyce” containing papers by Paola Pugliatti, Enrico Frattaroli, Giuseppe Martella and Donatella Pallotti, in Ruggieri 1999: 293-352.

⁴ I am perfectly aware of the fact that Joyce mentions Hogarth only twice and very briefly in his writings. Once in “The Centenary of Charles Dickens” the paper written for one of the exams he took in Padua when trying to enter the Italian State schools in April 1912, and published posthumous only in 1977 (Berrone 1977), where Dickens is defined a “great caricaturist in the sense that Hogarth is a great caricaturist”. The other occurrence is in a jokey passage in *Finnegans Wake* 435.07-09. But of course, the fact that Joyce does

(1753)⁵ Hogarth chooses this line as a symbol of his system, in connection with the idea of Variety. The word VARIETY⁶ is printed at the base of Hogarth's transparent prism enclosing an 'S', on the title page of *AB*, and follows a quote from *Paradise Lost*, Book IX, 516-18: "So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train/ Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,/ to lure her eye". The serpentine line drawn in the logo-gram suggests a connotation of transgression, thanks to its position just below the Miltonic quote: the ideal line linking the spiralling movement of the serpent Milton describes in the act of tempting Eve and the figure in the prism, together with the fascination (the general topic of the treatise is Beauty) connected to it is set as a presiding image for the whole of Hogarth's text. In *Analysis*, together with Variety, it is the principle of Intricacy, with its burden of connotations, with its enveloping, labyrinth-like and fascinating morphology, that also emerges as a primary guiding force towards a flexible rationality, the engine underlying the whole system. Prompted by a reading of *AB* as a reflection on how an intricate ontology can match a desire where the objects are not directly faced but obliquely addressed (Bottiroli 2003: v), I see *GJ* as a *mise en scene* of the theorization of the line of beauty. The opposite of symmetry and uniformity, Variety establishes the dominance of the visual.

Discussing the baroque form in his 1956 *Tightrope Walkers*, Giorgio Melchiori underlined its fixity, which, however, also accommodates a constant drive suggesting an upward, irregularly spiralling movement. This is emphasized by the use of recurrent words, counterpoint schemes, in sinuous, curving and intricate patterns. It is *wit* in its metaphysical form that guides thought through the maze of reason – the labyrinth along whose winding paths also the whole spool of the film

not mention Hogarth is not in itself telling: as Jay Clayton reminds us when quoting a conversation he had with Roy Gottfried, Joyce was "always good at hiding the influences that mattered most to him" (Clayton 1995: 329).

⁵ William Hogarth (1997). *The Analysis of Beauty* (1753¹). From now on, all references to Hogarth's essay will be given in the text and identified by *AB* followed by page or chapter number.

⁶ "I mean here, and every where indeed, a composed variety; for variety uncomposed, and without design, is confusion and deformity." *AB* chapter II.

of Giacomo's mind unreels. *GJ* offers an instance of such an elaborate texture: the lexeme "serpent" – a Miltonic echo in our connection – appears central to the nebula of meaning attached to the self-enveloping and ensnaring thoughts relating to the female body. A close reading of the 16 pages highlights a number of serpentine images connected with female figures that finally conflate in the picture of the alluring serpent woman in *GJ* 15:

"**Cobweb** handwriting, traced long and fine with quiet disdain and resignation [...] I launch forth on an easy **wave** of tepid speech [...] Her classmate, **retwisting her twisted body**, purrs in boneless Viennese Italian [...] high heels clack hollow on the resonant stone stairs [...] the windings of the **winding turret stairs**" 1;

"Padua far beyond the sea. [...] the whores' eyes spy out for fornicators. [...] **A dark wave of sense**, again and again and again" 3;

"Papa and the girls sliding downhill, astride of a toboggan: the Grand Turk and his harem. Tightly capped and jacketed, **boots laced in deft crisscross** over the flesh-warmed tongue...." 4;

"I hold the **websoft edges** of her gown and [...] I see through the opening of the black veil her lithe body" 7;

"A skirt caught back by her sudden moving knee; a white lace edging of an underskirt lifted unduly; a leg-**stretched web of stocking**" 9;

"She walks before me along the corridor and as she walks a **dark coil of her hair slowly uncoils** and falls. **Slowly uncoiling, falling hair**" 11;

"Loggione. [...] All night I have watched her, all night I shall see her: **braided and pinnaced hair** and olive oval face and calm soft eyes. A green fillet upon her hair and about her body a green broi-dered gown [...] the hair of graves" 12;

"**Whirling wreaths** of grey vapour upon the heath. Her face, how grey and grave! [...] Her lips press softly" 14;

"She **coils** towards me along the crumpled lounge. I cannot move or speak. **Coiling** approach of starborn flesh. [...] Soft sucking lips kiss my left armpit: **a coiling kiss** on myriad veins" [...] From my right

armpit a **fang of flames** leaps out. **A starry snake** has kissed me: a **cold nightsnake**" 15 (emphasis mine).

As the above quotations testify, the appearance of the serpentine line of whatever form is usually associated with images of lust or seduction. Hair also becomes a net of entrapment as in *GJ* 12, triggering a connection with uses of the image of hair in those late seventeenth-century Italian sonnets analysed by Melchiori (Melchiori 2007: 49-56). Hair is also discussed by Hogarth in his Chapter V devoted to Intricacy (and illustrated by him in Plate II accompanied by Plate I in the edition of *AB*). Fire flame (also a central image in Hogarth, as in *AB* 35) summons up the image of the serpentine line in many paintings, and is present in *GJ* 15, where it is coupled with the snake, the most explicit figure of the tempting serpent-woman. The whole scene described in *GJ* 15 conveys a strong flavor of transgression and of that merging of the sacred and the profane that echoes the perturbed imagery of much metaphysical poetry.

There is a voyeuristic quality in *GJ* that has been highlighted in many critical analyses⁷. The eroticism of the serpentine line of beauty that characterizes the woman/women described or simply evoked in *GJ*, increases in the gaze of the observer, who describes and fragments the bodies under examination, guiding the reader's gaze along the same path. There is a massive number of instances in which the bodies or the objects relating to them suffer fragmentation in *GJ*, just as there are parts of human bodies contained in the geometrical boxes lined along the borders of Plates I and II surrounding the central images. Here is a tentative list in *GJ*:

⁷ The voyeuristic quality of the text has received critical attention since 1968. A pre-2006 bibliographic survey is in Guerra 2007. If it is true that the iconographic strength of the word *web* must be related to the coeval Art Nouveau, *GJ* also invites a further suggestion – that of linking the drafting of the manuscript with the strong attraction cinema was starting to have on Joyce's imagination and his writings in those very years (his trip to Dublin to start the Cinema Volta was the spur for leaving Trieste for a while, in addition to introducing his child Giorgio to the family back home).

1. A pale face ... A brief beat of the eyelids ... quizzing-glasses ... a brief syllable. A brief laugh. A brief beat of the eyelids. Cobweb handwriting ... The long eyelids ... in the velvet iris ... High heels ... Tapping clacking heels.
2. She never blows her nose ... The wings of her drooping hat ... her false smile ... her falsely smiling face ... shadows under the jawbones ... on the moistened brow ... within the softened pulp of the eyes.
3. the whores' eyes ... eyes ... shapely haunches ... meek supple tendonous neck ... fine-boned skull
4. tightly-capped ... jacketed ... boots laced ... flesh-warmed tongue ... skirt... round knobs of the knees ... cheeks.
5. long lewdly leering lips.
7. her arms ... nape of her neck ... gown ... her lithe body ... slender buttocks ... fingers wet and calm and moving ... a voice.
8. Great bows on her slim bronze shoes ...
9. Skirt ... sudden moving knee ... white lace ... stocking... eyes... sucking mouths.
10. pale and chill ... her thin elbow ... her flesh ... cruel eyes ... her soul...
11. dark coil of her hair ... simple and proud ... in simple pride ... stainless of blood ... *my girdle this hair, in any simple knot* ... her entrails ... on her belly ... her full dark suffering eyes ... on her tongue ... happy laughter.
12. Black-robed ... little timid laughs ... little cries ... runs of speech ... braided and pinnaced hair ... olive oval face ... calm soft eyes ... a green fillet upon her hair ... embroidered gown.
13. My words in her mind ... those quiet cold fingers ... quiet and cold and pure fingers ... her body does not smell ... a cold pale hand ... dark languor flooded eyes ...
14. Her face, how grey and grave ... dank matted hair ... her lips ... her sighing breath ... my voice ... she leans back ... odalisque-featured ... her eyes have drunk my thoughts ... darkness of her womanhood ... liquid and abundant seed.
15. Her black basilisk eyes ... her sinking shoulders ... her sluggish side-long eyes a jet of liquorish venom ... a weak voice ... voice of wisdom ... soft sucking lips ... a coiling kiss ...

16. her voice ... a woman's hat, red-flowered ... umbrella, furred.

The voyeuristic gaze literally dis-members the object of observation, and gaze and object are both superseded by irregular spots of blankness: Giacomo scatters rhymes and bits and pieces of his women's bodies, or of the places and objects connected with them, across the text, just as Hogarth does with his anatomised fragments of human bodies and things in the two Plates: in both, variety is composed in a geometrical order. The anatomy of the love object pursued in *GJ* is recapitulated in the closing page of the manuscript (*GJ* 16), where the fragments are heaped up with the help of music and words.

Art is not meant to resolve chaos into order but actually to hold disorder in tension with creativity, since both the work of art and chaos are signs of the same urge that is planted in our natures. Disorder however, is always implicated within a geometrical order, that in Hogarth is a play with frames and circles, and in *GJ* with the layout of the 16 pages, mysteriously elaborate and asserting the absolute value of the visible.

The practice of fragmentation, of course, also has to do with cubism and modernism, but my point here is to complicate this voyeuristic attitude by coupling it with the theme of the chase to which Hogarth attributed a fundamental role in his theory. The chase, in point of fact, involves eyes and bodies as well, sketching a visual path that engages the observer in a playful pursuit that is essential to art and to understanding. In Hogarth's words:

[INTRICACY, V] "Pursuing is the business of our life; and even abstracted from any other view, gives pleasure. Every arising difficulty, that for a while attends and interrupts the pursuit, gives a sort of spring to the mind, enhances the pleasure, and makes what would else be toil and labor, become sport and recreation. Wherein would consist the joys of hunting, shooting, fishing, and many other favourite diversions, without the frequent turns and difficulties, and disappointments, that are daily met with in the pursuit? [...] This love of pursuit, merely as pursuit, is implanted in our natures, and

design'd, no doubt, for necessary, and useful purposes. Animals have it evidently by instinct. The hound dislikes the game he so eagerly pursues; and even cats will risk the losing of their prey to chase it over again. [...] It is a pleasing labour of the mind to solve the most difficult problems; allegories and riddles, trifling as they are, afford the mind amusement: and with what delight does it follow the well-connected thread of a play, or novel, which ever increases as the plot thickens, and ends most pleased, when that is most distinctly unravelled?" (*AB*: 41-42)

The passage illustrates how the pleasures of movement are involved in all visual perceptions of form – in life as well as in art. If we consider *GJ* as a chapter in Joyce's aesthetic meta-discourse, just as Hogarth's *AB* is part of a project aimed at "fixing the fluctuating Ideas of Taste" – as his subtitle reads – then its function and its content appear in an interesting light. It is well known that Joyce formulated his first statements on aesthetics quite early: while still in Dublin in June 1899 in "Ecce Homo", in 1900 in "Drama and Life", and, from Paris in February-March 1903, in the so-called *Paris Notebook*, where he issued a very conscious series of statements (accompanied by date and name) to be followed by the so-called *Pola Notebook*, in November 1904. In between (20th March 1903) he had written in a letter to his mother from Paris: "My book of songs will be published in the spring of 1907. My first comedy about five years later. My Aesthetics about five years later again" (*LII*: 38) – which means his theory of Aesthetics was being planned for 1917. The war delayed the schedule, but 1919-1920 is probably the last moment when Joyce was able to go back to Trieste for a short while and work on the manuscript of *GJ*, after the war years spent in Zurich and before moving to Paris⁸.

After 1905 Joyce stopped writing on aesthetics in independent essays and began using his narrative works as vehicles for his theories

⁸ Internal evidence shows that the passage in *GJ* 3 "Twilight. Crossing the piazza. ... The fine-boned skull" was used for *U* "Oxen of the Sun", while *GJ* 15 evidences different handwriting in the last paragraph.

when not as actual benchmarks to test them out on: the subsequent drafts leading to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* are a good case in point. Building on research carried out by Franca Ruggieri (Ruggieri, 1999: 177-193), Joyce's early aesthetic writings can be examined in connection with the impact the myth of the hunter Actaeon had on him, as he "received" it through the works of Giordano Bruno and Francis Bacon. Giordano Bruno repeatedly appears in Joyce's preoccupation with aesthetics, at least from 1901, when he famously opened "The Day of the Rabblement" with the sentence: "No man, said the Nolan, can be a lover of the true or the good unless he abhors the multitude" (*OCPW* 2000: 50). Bruno's *Degli Eroici Furori* (London 1585), that Joyce had certainly read at University College, Dublin (Ellmann 1959: 61, 93), was bought by Joyce in Trieste in the new Italian Sonzogno edition of 1906. Joyce's Trieste library also included English editions of "Bacon's *De sapientia veterum* and *New Atlantis* where brief tales of Dedalus' and Actaeon's challenge to truth and art are reported" (Ruggieri, 1999: 182-83). Therefore Joyce did necessarily come to terms with both Bruno's and Bacon's verbal representation of the myth of the hunter Actaeon⁹, and of his transformation into a stag to be torn to pieces by his own dogs, a hunter turned prey (as dealt with by so much Renaissance poetry and iconography). A similar chasing movement as that portrayed in the myth and in its narratives – in whatever artistic language – repeatedly turns the epiphanic moment in *GJ* into a cinematic tension leading the eye, of both the subject and the reader, simply by its natural curiosity, to constantly vary its path in the pursuit of beauty and pleasure. *GJ* is a worksite for this empirical process of searching for beauty, pleasure and meaning. An experience shared with the narrating-I by the reader, whose slow process of reading invites the eye to lose itself in the details and to return over and over to them. A detective eye, like that required by Hogarth's "readers". In the passage quoted above, Hogarth compares the pleasures animals feel in chasing their prey to the pleasure resulting from the process through which the reader extricates

⁹ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book III, 131-252. See the discussion in Ruggieri, 190.

himself from the thickening plot of a play or a novel. Thus, as Hogarth in his engravings/paintings invites the viewer along distinct visual paths engaging them in the chase schematized in *AB* and theorized as the only means of making art not only pleasurable, but also an instrument of knowledge, *GJ* exemplifies, or rather *actualizes* – turns into “situations” – what Joyce’s theoretical writings had already hinted at. Hunting images in point of fact had already appeared, as Franca Ruggieri has stressed, in the essay of 1904 (“A Portrait”) with a series of words and images connected with the lexical range of hunting¹⁰ and had been confirmed in 1906 in *Stephen Hero*¹¹. In *GJ* the reader is plunged directly into the same hunting activity that the subject himself carries on throughout the 16 pages. Theory has become creative text.

My hypothesis is that *GJ* – the text Joyce chose not to publish, but that was ready in a very clean manuscript – can be read as an accompanying document to both his creative and his theoretical statements. *GJ* is a metamorphic text – mutable and dynamic, the papers unnumbered, like the Sybil’s scattered leaves, the paragraphs running on irregularly with significant blank spaces pointing to a far from casual arrangement. But it is also a very ambiguous text: the opening monosyllable (*Who?*), the loose papers that invite the reader to a personal arrangement of the pages according to the desired meaning and the uncertain identity of his model(s?) all point to a reading of the text as a stylistic “workshop” carried out in the years Joyce spent in Trieste, and bound to be left on its own. Its meta-aesthetic quality emerges when we

¹⁰ “Field sports [...] are perhaps the most effective cure, but for the fantastic idealist, eluding the **grunting** booted apparition with a bound, the **mimic hunt** was no less ludicrous than unequal on a ground chosen to his disadvantage. [...] Let **the pack of enmities** come **tumbling** and **sniffing** to the **highlands** after their **game** – there was his **ground**: and he **flung** them disdain from **flashing antlers**” (“A Portrait of the Artist” 1904). Passage quoted in Ruggieri 1999: 191 (emphasis hers).

¹¹ “Field sports [...] are perhaps the most effective cure and Anglo-Saxon educators favour rather a system of hardy brutality. But for this fantastic idealist, eluding the grunting booted apparition with a bound, the mimic warfare was no less ludicrous than unequal in a ground chosen to his disadvantage. [...] Let the pack of enmities come tumbling and sniffing to my highlands after their game. There was his ground: and he flung them disdain from flashing antlers. Indeed he felt the morning in his blood” (*SH*: 35-36). Ruggieri 191-3.

read it as we read the two plates that accompany Hogarth's *AB* and as we consider that both can be appreciated independently.

Joyce's preoccupation with aesthetics dates back to his early university years: the new Italian edition of the letters and the essays clearly points to this concern (Terrinoni, 2016). The critical essays produced after a certain date focus on various topics, but the theoretical stance – the focus on aesthetics – seems to have migrated to the creative works. The divide could be probably set in the year 1904, after the so-called *Pola Notebook*. The date of course is also the beginning of Joyce's voluntary exile in Trieste. From 1904 to the publication of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* his reflections on aesthetics move from the original essay "A Portrait of the Artist" through *Stephen Hero* and *Epiphanies* to the final novel. In the meantime, *GJ* acts as the instrument of Joyce's "aesthetics in act", or as the *mise en scene* of principles to be developed in the works to come.

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THE JOYS OF DISABLED INTERNAL EXILE
IN *FINNEGANS WAKE*

In this article I identify two forms of exile in *Finnegans Wake*, and consider the interrelationship between them. The first of these is the internal exile of the disabled subject in society as textually performed throughout the narrative and universalised through the dysmorphic character of Shem. Joyce deploys the antinormative influence of disability both through the enactment in multiple personae of bodily deformity and malfunction, and through what I conceive as a musical semantic disabling of the English language itself. My second exile is that which results from Joyce's inward displacement in this novel or anti-novel of standard elements of literary coherence such as character, location and timeframe. I argue that it is from this subsemantic structural reconfiguration that much of the humour and the radical musicality of *Finnegans Wake* arises, and that this process of displacement leading to a joyously malfunctional lyricism displays a kinship with the melancholic dysmorphia of Arnold Schoenberg's dodecaphonic music.

While the *Wake* comically depicts and textualises the internal social exile of the disabled, it also subverts the ablenormative poetics of otherness, emphasising the ubiquity of disability while creating a comedy of impairment with disabled subjectivity at its centre. The "fun" had at 'Finnegan's Wake' in the song of that title largely involves near-death experience, dipsomania and Actual Bodily Harm. The familiar

strategy of seeking the humour in death, debility and injury lies at the heart of both the narrative and the aesthetic construction of Joyce's *Wake*. This is accompanied by the book's constant allusive, representational and imitative, but also often disruptive and deformative, invocation of music. This disabled, comic, musical sensibility is achieved in part through the addition across successive drafts of distorted song allusions, extrasemantic musicalised phrasing, and descriptions of vocal and instrumental performance in which players, audience and instruments are disgenically divided and intermingled.

The apparent instigators – and certainly the epitome – of this comic musical fracturing and recombination, are the “whackfolthediddlers” (*FW* 42.01) of chapter 1.2. Their ‘Whack fol’ conjures the refrain of the ostensibly thoroughly Irish ‘Finnegan’s Wake’, while their ‘diddle’ invokes quite another song, sometimes known as ‘God Bless England’. They ramble through the streets of Dublin, singing to the accompaniment of a “crewth fiddle” (*FW* 41.22) – a crude medieval instrument whose “Cremoaning and cronauning” (*FW* 41.22) somehow approximate to the tones of a fine Cremona-made Stradivari, Guarneri or Amati violin – and command the rapt awe of the city folk, perhaps with a loud distorted rendering of G. F. Handel’s oratorio *Messiah*, which was premiered in Dublin in 1742:

[...] to the thrummings of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds, heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger appraisal of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were only halfpast atsweeep and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the songster's truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house of call at Cujas Place, [...] where, the tale rambles along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further intentions apply tomorrow casual [...] (*FW* 41.21-42.03)

From these beginnings, an ill-assorted group of chimeric players and their hybrid instruments assembles to produce a poly(dis)phonic soundtrack for the un-stage-managed musical comedy of 1.2.

In defining a comic, musical, disgenic Wakean aesthetic, I will here touch upon the music and disability scholar Joseph N. Straus's conception – to which I return in more depth below – that the antinormative dodecaphonic music of Arnold Schoenberg, with its, as I argue, not un-Wakean poetics of exile, possesses what Straus calls “disablist”¹ characteristics. Straus hears Schoenbergian disruptions of traditional harmony as potential causes of aesthetic stimulation for listeners, but also as structural disablers within a composition.

My research demonstrates the ways in which Joyce's displacement of key narrative structural elements, such as protagonist and plot-point in favour of deconstructive compositional principles, compares to Schoenberg's exiling of the tonic – the key harmonic component of all earlier classical music.

A central aim has been to discover how the narrative profusion of bodily impairments in *Finnegans Wake* and the book's textual performance of these states and experiences distinguishes the resulting enactments of non-typical embodiment from those of for example the glasses-wearing young Stephen in *A Portrait of the Artist* or the blind piano tuner in “Sirens”. In these instances, while the character is physically impaired, the language is ablenormative, exhibiting little of the stammering, stumbling, Tourettic, dyspraxic musico-verbal dynamic of the *Wake*.

I have sought to establish what the disablist joys are that might be derived from the reorientations of sound and sense in *Finnegans Wake*, and how disablements both bodily and textual feed into the book's humour, its musicality, and its aesthetic of displacement. The

¹ Straus defines “disablist” as follows: “In using the term “disablist” here, I intend an analogy to the term “feminist”” (Straus, 2011: 150). In practice, Straus employs the term – as I do above – in a broader and more aesthetically inflected way than this simple definition may suggest.

somatic and psychic disorders experienced by so many of the dramatis personae of the *Wake* give rise to a rabblement of human variety and to a subordination of normative and hegemonic identities. The kinds of deformity, oddity, sickness, degeneracy and corruption attributed to Shem by his brother² and indeed to Joyce himself by some of his peers, speak of humanity in all its malfunctioning polyvalence. These pluralities in the *Wake* of bodily identity, experience and perspective are all the more remarkable for their broad contemporaneity with the eugenic attitudes and pronouncements of such authors and commentators as H. G. Wells, Wyndham Lewis and Virginia Woolf. Of these three, it was Wells who framed his ideas most explicitly and pragmatically, calling for the eradication of various human imperfections in terms of “the sterilisation of failure” and “an improvement of the human stock” (McLean, 2009: 171). Lewis made his feelings clear in more theoretical terms³ and Woolf’s leanings emerged through passing remarks both private and published. This said, it is perhaps Woolf’s instinctive eugenicism that is most striking, exposing as it may be seen to do, a broader tacit desire in modern Western humanity – during the interwar period and since – to erase certain traits, if not from its genepool, then from its public life and self image. In her diaries, Woolf described *Ulysses* as “an illiterate, underbred book” (Woolf, 1978: 189) – a choice of terms that, as Marion Quirici observes, “betrays her eugenic predilections as well as her class biases” (Quirici, 2016: 90). As Quirici goes on to say, “Illiteracy could refer to a lack of learning opportunities rather than an inability to learn to read, but the inclusion of the word “underbred” alongside “illiterate” implies an inborn deficiency” (Quirici, 2016: 91).

² “Shem’s bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his megagegg chin (sowman’s son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart [...]” (*FW* 169.11-17).

³ In *The Art of Being Ruled*, Wyndham Lewis conceived of a “willed sickness” and a “campaign against language and the articulate” in the experimental fiction of Joyce and Gertrude Stein.

Music is, in itself, illiterate, a purely aesthetic medium with no codifiable semantic capabilities. Joyce frequently plays on the sonic aesthetics of illiteracy in forming Wakean poetics. Far from seeking to eradicate anomalous or surplus elements, Joyce's Wakean sonic semantics elevate the traditionally secondary and tertiary in prose writing above the primary. They emphasise for example, the rhythms of phatic expression, ostensibly semi-nonsignificative subcultural modes, and the morphology of forgetting and misrecollection. Schoenberg's emancipation of the secondary and tertiary in Western harmony (notes from outside of the diatonic scale) and exiling of the primary (the tonic and dominant) is comparable to Joyce's linguistics of illiteracy in that now none but the most educated listening ear is easily able to find the components in the artwork that it had previously understood as essential to a work's construction and consumption. Thus, it is not the author, characters or narrative voices of the *Wake* who are functionally illiterate, nor the composition, motifs, or harmonic progressions in Schoenberg that are intrinsically disphonious. Rather, in each instance it is we the readers and/or listeners who may be thought of as, in a sense, impaired.

In her 1919 essay for *The Times Literary Supplement*, entitled 'Modern Novels', Woolf refers, speaking of Joyce, to the "comparative poverty of the writer's mind" (Woolf, 1970: 126). In one of many trans-morphic rejoinders in the *Wake* to critiques both of *Ulysses* and of its author's supposed character pathology, Joyce disfigures Woolf's judgement as, "horrible awful poverty of mind" (Quirici, 2016: 100). There is to Joyce's antisemantic musicalising of Woolf's words here something of the child's singsong mimicry of an adult's pompous admonishment. Joyce summons the sensibility of music in order to undermine the mere posture of criticism. The apparently weaker figure – the inferior, degenerate, or otherwise othered person – finds him or herself at home in the prelinguistic illiterate hinterland of music. In Woolf's responses to *Ulysses*, citations of cognitive or learning disability and what Quirici calls "abject embodiment" (Quirici, 2016: 104) are adduced by the author to back up her condemnation of Joyce's supposed lower class moral and spiritual constitution. The parlance of class in fact stands in

for that of disability, applied as it is to what Woolf conceives as Joyce's inherent inferior mental fitness.

The disabled person can never truly be made to conform, because otherness of form is his or her defining trait. Societies can exclude or confine gender identities, minority ethnicities or sexual deviancies; but the normate sibling that is strength, health, and bodily regularity, is inseparably conjoined with its sickly twin, deformity, illness and disability. In the *Wake*, Shem's disabled qualities provide his brother Shaun with both flattering binary opposites to his own virtues of health and fitness and a worrying family connection to those degenerate qualities. This extends in Chapter 3.3 to a sort of irresistible ventriloquism by Shaun of his brother. Brian Fox notes that, "Shaun's own physical characteristics attain qualities previously associated with Shem, [...] the Shem Shaun structural pairing exercising its potential for mimicry or impersonation" (Fox 2014: 98).

But it is perhaps the very nonbinary universality of disability that makes it, despite its horrors, so relatively safe and relatable as a locus of humour. This humour is, however, usually externalised – done "about" the disabled "without" their consent. In *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce substantially avoids this externalisation by absorbing disability into the language that describes and performs, not only that disability, but all persons, events, themes and locations in the text. Witness only the (disfunctionally) auditory mouths of the "subjects of King Saint Finerty", the messy 'agh!' of the diddlers' song, or the pro(s)thetic but "truly admirable" false orality of the songster. As a result, in the *Wake*, not only is nothing said or done "about us without us" (as demanded in one well known disability rights campaigning slogan⁴), but nothing is said or done without us at all because disability – or at least "object embodiment" – is encoded into the very genetic structure of the text.

Joseph Straus proposes that disability enters an ostensibly – as it were – able-bodied work of music in the form of what Arnold

⁴ "Nothing about us without us" originated in Central European politics. It was adopted into disability activism during the 1990s. See, for example, Charlton (1998).

Schoenberg called a “tonal problem” (Straus 2011: 48). The tonal problem is a musical disruption (often a note from outside the work’s main diatonic scale) that can lead to the destabilisation of a sense of key. In each instance, as Straus writes, “the music contrasts its normative content with a disruptive deviant intrusion whose behavior threatens the integrity and normal functioning of the musical body” (Straus 2011: 48-9). To my ear, this offers a compelling analogy for Joyce’s interposing of foreign words and neologisms into the relatively eugenic linguistics of the *Wake*’s early drafts.

As well as hearing alien elements in musical artworks as analogous with disruptive processes in the human body, Straus proposes the disabled experience in society as a model for many other kinds of outsider status or repression. Adapting Mitchell and Snyder, Straus upholds disability as a model of how best to be excluded (not in a normative, but in an emancipatory abnormative sense). He conceives that,

[...] femaleness, non whiteness, and gayness can all be understood as forms of disability [...] In this sense, disability is the “master trope of human disqualification,” the fundamental form of deviant Otherness of which gender, race, and sexual orientation are specific manifestations. (Straus, 2011: 10)

While I sympathise with the desire of Straus and others to universalise disability, to dissolve bodily abnormality into a generalised otherness of gender, racial, sexual and all other difference, I think that the master trope model both overestimates disability’s strength as a metaphor (or metacategory), and somewhat diminishes its inherent power in the real world as it stands.

With Shem, HCE and others in the *Wake*, Joyce enacts the social disqualification of the deviant body, but simultaneously affords a potent influence within the body of the text to deviant semantic elements. The internal displacement in the *Wake* of traditionally primary narrative elements chimes clearly with Straus’s conception of the replacement in

Schoenbergian serialism of tonic-dominant-based hierarchical scales by the antisequential basic set⁵. Straus writes of twelve tone music that,

For the listener approaching the piece from the outside, imbalance and unrest are sources of pleasure and interest, but from the point of view of the piece's tonic, its principal harmony, they are disruptive and potentially disabling events that must be contained, abnormalities that must be normalized. (Straus 2011: 49)

I explore this idea and its relevance to the *Wake* in depth in my doctoral thesis, identifying alignments between the uprooted root note in dodecaphonicism and the dislocated protagonist or plotpoint in *Finnegans Wake*. But I offer this analogy in brief here to enlighten my notion in this article of disabled, literary, internal displacement.

In my broader research I am seeking, through musico-literary analogy, to compare and contrast elements of coherence in the *Wake* and in dodecaphonic music. Specifically, I have considered how these elements are internally displaced or exiled within a work, and how a disablist aesthetics and perspectivalism might help both to locate and to integrate them within both disabled and nondisabled readings. In coming (partially) to understand *Finnegans Wake*, one is both seeking in earnest these inwardly exiled elements, and having, to some degree, to acknowledge both their presence under one's nose, and the impossibility of ever categorically locating them.

Exile, like disability, is experienced as a function not merely of self, nor of environment, but of a disabling dynamic between the two. Similarly, upheavals in art culture pose elements of artistic construction against their formal or generic context. Joyce wrote an antinovelistic novel in *Finnegans Wake*, and Arnold Schoenberg and Pierre Boulez composed harmonically transfigured works in sonata form. Each artist needed a home in which to lose, in Joyce's case character, location and

⁵ The "basic set" is the non-sequential, non-hierarchical replacement in Schoenbergian serialism for the conventional scale. It is also known as the "tone-row".

theme, and for the composers the tonic, the pitch interval and the melodic phrase.

The internal refugee, the disabled person and the modernist character or root note, has no fixed home, not even a ghetto, but remains paradoxically restrained within the porous and shifting borders of a hostile domain which he, she, or it, is nevertheless forced to treat as home.

The joys of internal disabled exile offered by *Finnegans Wake* emerge from an acknowledgement on the part of both author and reader that, even at home, objects, ideas, persons, symbols and sounds can be displaced, and that being oneself as a bodily individual, a character or a note of music can often clash with a sense of being at home.

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“CYCLOPS” AS A HOLOGRAM OF EXILE

As Richard Ellmann wrote in his preface to the corrected 1986 edition of *Ulysses*, “Joyce’s theme in *Ulysses* was simple. He invoked the most elaborate means to present it” (*U ix*). Nowhere is this more evident than in Episode 12, which employs the technique Joyce called Gigantism to parody various pompous, sensational, sentimental and otherwise fustian literary styles, from a child’s primer to the King James Bible, in order to illustrate the monstrosities that had driven him to self-exile. One of the effects of Joyce’s exile was the ability to train his vision with laser focus on the place from which he had been forced, portraying in cruelly precise detail the Ireland he left permanently in 1912. From the temporal, spatial, and cultural distance he had achieved by the time of writing *Ulysses*, James Joyce created a three-dimensional picture inferring not only his own exile but that of individuals and groups, from Dante to people in his own time. In addition to its celebrated documentation of myopia and unidimensionality, the Cyclops episode is in itself a stereoscopic artefact that Joyce created of news items and historical details that comprise a hologram of exile.

Joyce had finally completed “Sirens” in June 1919, after an incapacitating bout of eye inflammation. Harriet Shaw Weaver expressed reservations about Joyce’s departure from the technique of previous episodes that focused on Bloom’s wanderings, considering the episode a weakening of style. Joyce responded: “In the compass of one day to compress all these wanderings and clothe them in the form of this day

is for me only possible by such variation which I beg you to believe is not capricious [...] The elements will fuse only after a prolonged existence together” (Ellmann 1966: 128). Joyce similarly remarked to Ezra Pound that “the ingredients will not fuse until they have reached a certain temperature” (Ellmann 1982: 416). Later episodes were created like candles, dipped in layer after layer of Joyce's experiences and readings. As Phillip Herring notes, “like a patient scholar [Joyce] researched his subjects thoroughly, if sometimes credulously, making notes that suggested hitherto unforeseen possibilities for his art, trusting to genius for transforming trivia into the sublime” (Herring 1977: 4).

Like the Aeolus episode, “Cyclops” is characterized by newspaper conventions and references. Joyce’s conviction that “a writer should never write about the extraordinary. That is for the journalist” (Barnes 1922: 253) does not prevent him from creating of the journalism of his day a composite that structures the twelfth episode. Margot Backus has shown in a recent study that Joyce was singularly influenced by the scandal journalism that emerged in Britain and America during the late 1800s: “in his most famous published works, scandal recurs ... most significantly as a subterranean organizing principle unifying and hierarchizing a wide array of disparate image patterns” (Backus 2013: 5). Even more than “Aeolus,” “Cyclops” relies on journalism for both its form and subject matter, specifically the sensational journalism of such publications as *The National Police Gazette*, *Tit-Bits*, and *Photo-Bits*, a soft-core pornographic weekly billed in its heading as “Up to date, Bright, Sketchy, Smart, Witty, Pictorial, Pithy, Original, Spicy.”¹

Although he is present in the earliest manuscripts of “Cyclops,” Stephen Dedalus is pointedly expunged from the final version. His original role in the episode was to participate in the anti-Semitic mockery of Bloom; it is Stephen who answers the question “Why can [a Jew] not love his country?” with “when he’s quite sure which country it is”

¹ See Elizabetta d’Erme, “Bloom, the Dandy, the Nymph, and the Old Hag: *Tit-Bits* and *Photo-Bits*, Reflections of the Victorian Press in James Joyce’s *Ulysses*” in *Publishing in Joyce’s Ulysses: Newspapers, Advertising, and Printing*, ed. William S. Brockman, et al. (Leiden: Brill Rodopi, 2018) pp. 25-46.

(Herring 1977: 152). As Michael Groden observes, “It is hard to imagine how Joyce at this stage envisaged the rest of the book, including ... how he planned to reconcile Stephen’s character here with the young man who, in “Nestor,” resisted Garrett Deasy’s anti-Semitic stereotyping of Jews” (Groden 2007: 220). In the final version of “Cyclops,” Stephen’s presence may be suggested by the naming of Saint Stephen Protomartyr, but this only highlights the absurdity of a principal ascetic of the Church appearing in this episode. In “Cyclops” the reader is not given the option of an existentialist interpretation invited by episodes in which Stephen is present; carnivalesque defilement and degradation provide a more suitable context for the ritual exclusion with which the episode is infused.

Since the publication of Frank Budgen’s *The Making of Ulysses* in 1934, the narrator of “Cyclops” has been identified with the *Iliad*’s Thersites, a deformed and impudent Greek who verbalizes unspoken truths interspersed with grotesque caricatures of friends and foes alike. Joyce’s narrator is a prurient Dublin gossip and petty instigator (Ellmann 1972: 110); like Thersites in Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*, on whom Joyce modelled him specifically (Ellmann 1982: 459n), he celebrates conflict and lechery, reflecting on the various failures and sexual embarrassments of the other pub-goers while cadging pints. Replete with references to execution, torture, smug egotism, false heroism and trivial antagonism, “Cyclops” exposes both the excess and inanity of such genres as Irish heroic legend, current-events journalism, medieval romance, and sacred narrative. Joyce’s notes on “Cyclops” in the British Museum describe it as “Exaggeration of things previously given: Superlatives” (Herring 1972: 19).

Budgen recalls Joyce asking him of “Cyclops” in 1918, “Does this episode strike you as futuristic?” Budgen responded,

Rather cubist than Futurist...Every event is a many-sided object. You first state one view of it and then you draw it from another angle on another scale, and both aspects lie side by side in the same picture.” (Budgen 1961: 153)

As Budgen notes, “The multiplicity of technical devices is proof that Joyce subscribed to no limiting aesthetic creed” (153). James Joyce was an early adopter of technology; just as he admired the ideas of Futurism and was fascinated by recorded sound and film,² he understood that an image could not only be cubist in an artistic rendering but photographically precise, dimensionally complete, and scalable. In this way, he intuited the sense of a hologram, a three-dimensional recording of a light field focused on a particular object. Although holograms would not be described as scientific phenomena until the early 1960s, once they were they appeared very similar to Joyce’s holistic descriptions constructed of precisely focused perspectives. “Cyclops” features as its imagistic centerpiece one such verbal hologram, of an American spectacle lynching. This might seem irrelevant to Irish culture and politics, but in light of Joyce’s attention to race and nation, as well as genetic criticism of *Ulysses*, it is both the symbolic shorthand and somatic artefact of the episode’s meaning. “Cyclops” shows that the ultimate result of nationalism and identity politics is monstrosity, the ceding of humanity in the self as it is denied in the Other.

When the Citizen holds forth, a little over halfway through the episode, on Irish industries and resources destroyed by the English: “We had our trade with Spain and the French and with the Flemings before those mongrels were pupped,”³ John Wyse Nolan assuages his rancor by offering another round of drinks. He has to call the barman by name in order to get his attention, though, because Terry Ryan is “Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public.” One of the pictures the narrator spots is of a butting match, “one chap going for the other like a bull at a gate.” The other features the caption *Black Beast Burned in Omaha, Ga.* with an illustration that the narrator describes as “A lot of Deadwood Dicks

² See Patrick Casey, *Life Among the Machines: James Joyce’s Ulysses and Early Twentieth-Century Technology* (PhD thesis, Western Ontario University, 2011) pp. 28-9.

³ This Homeric reference is present in the earliest notes for “Cyclops,” as are the Citizen’s lists of Irish products and trading partners (See Herring, *Joyce’s Notes and Early Drafts for “Ulysses.”*).

in slouch hats and they firing at a Sambo strung up in a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea after and electrocute and crucify him to make sure of their job” (*U* 12, 269). The narrator is irritated not only that Terry’s attention is focused somewhere other than drink orders, but that its object is a scene of unedifying excess.

Joyce’s earliest note sheets and drafts of “Cyclops” include each element that appears in the final version of this scene: the “smutty Yankee pictures,” the butting match, the ordering of Allsop, the Keogh-Bennett match, the “trick of the loop” referencing Bloom’s impotence that ultimately came to describe Mrs. Norman Tupper’s tryst with Officer Taylor (Herring 1977: 141-162). But only in the final version, published in *The Little Review* in November 1919, does the “Deadwood Dicks” reference appear (Grodén 2007). “Deadwood Dick” is a dime-novel character from South Dakota created by the popular nineteenth-century American novelist Edward Lytton Wheeler (Gifford 1988: 357), a figure later personified by Nat Love, an African American cowboy and former slave who published an autobiography in 1907 titled *Life and Adventures of Nat Love, Better Known in the Cattle Country as “Deadwood Dick,” by Himself; a True History of Slavery Days, Life on the Great Cattle Ranges and on the Plains of the “Wild and Woolly” West, Based on Facts, and Personal Experiences of the Author.*

The narrator’s coarse description of a spectacle murder comprises Joyce’s most precise reference in *Ulysses* to the lynching epidemic that characterized the United States, particularly the American South, between 1880 and 1941. There are less direct references to this geographic region in *Ulysses*, such as the indolence and sensuality of Episode 5, as well as the hypnotic effect of religious ritual described throughout this episode. Gerty McDowell’s Victorian ideal of virginity in Episode 13 as well her consummation with Mr. Bloom incorporates the feminine modesty and robust sexuality required of the Southern belle. The appearance of the evangelical preacher Alexander J. Dowie in the “Lestrygonians”, “Oxen of the Sun”, “Circe”, and “Ithaca” episodes suggests American Pentecostal and evangelical sermons; Dowie’s rhetorical style at the end of “Oxen of the Sun” is as Gifford suggests reminiscent

of the “raft passage” in Mark Twain’s *Life on the Mississippi* (Gifford 1988: 449). The Christy minstrels Tom and Sam Bohee in “Circe” are products of Southern Jim Crow culture mass-produced for worldwide consumption. As Vincent Cheng has shown, these racist caricatures were many Irish people’s sole knowledge of African American culture (Cheng 1995: 174-5).

The ritual torture and murder of Black Americans considered disobedient and fractious pervaded the South in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, extending across America after the end of World War I. Called “lynching” after the Virginia judge Captain William Lynch, who in 1780 fined and imprisoned Tories without authority, the practice reached epidemic proportions in the early 1880s and lasted until America’s entry into World War II in 1941; it continued intermittently into the late 1960s.

Jon Suggs has noted that the lynchers Joyce invokes “are types of the citizen himself sighted on the American horizon ... the brutality of the American West displaced to the Jim Crow South” (Suggs 1973: 344). Noted for their extravagant sadism and excess, lynchings were carried out by anonymous mobs ostensibly for the purpose of keeping down race riots and punishing crimes committed by Blacks, the most common allegation being sexual assaults on white women. But as anti-lynching crusader Ida B. Wells wrote in 1895, “With the Southern white man, any alliance existing between a white woman and a colored man is a sufficient foundation for the charge of rape. The Southern white man says that it is impossible for a voluntary alliance to exist between a white woman and a colored man, and therefore, the fact of an alliance is a proof of force” (Wells 2004: 679). The rationale of protecting white womanhood was itself a foundation for what has been called the “folk pornography” of the South, which provided the prurient attraction of lynchings and their attendant stories, many of which were reported in the *National Police Gazette* (Dray 2002: 4). As these became increasingly prevalent from 1900 to 1920, “to kill the victim was not enough; the execution became public theater, a participatory ritual of torture and death, a voyeuristic spectacle” prolonged, in one case for seven hours, for the benefit of the crowd, who often took special excursion trains and

sent notes to school to excuse their children for the event (Litwack 2000: 15-16). The victim's eyes and genitals were often removed before the actual killing occurred. After the victim was dead, his body would typically be riddled with bullets, dismembered and its charred remains distributed to the crowd, appearing later as watch-chain ornaments and other fetishes (Dray 2002: 5).

The ascendance of lynch law in America was contemporaneous with Joyce's own lifespan. The early 1880s saw a gutting by the Supreme Court of the Reconstruction Amendments that formed the basis of new citizenship rights for Black Americans (Dray 2002: 53). Without the incentive to preserve the physical well-being of Black people, since they were no longer slaves, Southern whites began killing them wholesale, justifying the murders as fitting punishment for the "vicious and beast-like predators" Blacks were portrayed to be in the racist literature of the day (Vinekas 1999: 535). Lynch law peaked in terms of both numbers and violent spectacle in what is called the "Red Summer" of 1919 (Litwack 2000: 32), an epithet provided by the African American poet and NAACP president James Weldon Johnson for the systemic mob violence from May to late September 1919, in part as a result of Jim Crow laws in the American South being challenged by decorated African American soldiers returning from The Great War.

The London *Times* had reported the lynching of Blacks in America as early as 1853.⁴ When Ida B. Wells toured Britain in 1893 and 1894, an Anti-Lynching Committee headed by the Duke of Argyll was formed in London, the publications and petitions of which brought the issue to the attention of the British public and international press. The instance to which Joyce refers in "Cyclops" is in fact an amalgam of as

⁴ The *London Times* Digital Archive, 1785-1985. Gale Research/CENGAGE, Thomson Gale Databases, 2007. The *Times* of August 27, 1851 comments on the lawlessness of lynching, noting the "remarkable movement of opinion, in virtue of which what was once a barbarous process of vengeance or violence has been transformed into a recognized operation of popular justice. 'Lynching,' as most readers know, was the term applied in some back States of America to the infliction of capital punishments at the will of the mob. This expedient has been so far naturalized as to supersede for the moment the ordinary administration of the law."

many as seven different incidents: in 1863 in New York City; 1899 in Georgia; in February 1904 in Mississippi; in March 1904 in Arkansas; another in Georgia in July 1904; the others within a year and a half of each other in May 1918 (Georgia) and September 1919 (Nebraska), as Joyce was drafting the final manuscripts of “Cyclops” in Zurich (Crispi 2004: 4). The 1863 lynching was reported in *The Illustrated London News*; the Arkansas Massacre of 1904 was reported in the *London Times* in an article that noted eleven of the thirteen blacks killed were innocent of the charges of assault on a white man, but were mown down by the “insane fury of the mob.”⁵ Joyce’s immediate reference is to the lynching of William Brown in Omaha, Nebraska on 28 September 1919, but his description clearly infers additional incidents of racist terrorism.

John Simpson points out in *James Joyce Online Notes* that in the 1893 story of Mrs. Norman Tupper, the misbehaving society belle from the *National Police Gazette*, Joyce has his narrator describe a drawing of the article and its caption rather than quoting from the article itself. Such is the case with this reference. The *Illustrated London News* of 1863 supplied Joyce’s visual: a line drawing by Joel Tyler Headley⁶ depicting a lynching during the New York draft riots of the American Civil War. The *London Times*’s report on the William Brown lynching made what Don Gifford calls an “unaccountable substitution” of Georgia for Nebraska as the state in which the infamous lynching had occurred (Gifford 1988: 357). In the Nebraska murder, the victim William Brown had been accused, as most male lynching victims were, of molesting a young white woman. As James Allen comments,

When Omaha Mayor Edward P. Smith appeared to plead for calm, he was kidnapped by the mob, hung to a trolley pole, and nearly killed before police were able to cut him down. The rampaging mob

⁵ *London Times*, Tuesday, 29 March, 1904, 3. *The Times Digital Archive*.

⁶ *The Illustrated London News*, vol. 43, no. 1216, (August 8, 1863), 129. Reprinted in Joel Tyler Headley, *Pen and Pencil Sketches of the Great Riots. An illustrated history of the Railroad and other great American Riots* (New York: Treat, 1882), 228.

set the courthouse prison on fire and seized Brown. He was hung from a lamppost, mutilated, and his body riddled with bullets, then burned. Four other people were killed and fifty wounded before troops were able to restore order (Allen 2000: 201).

But the *Times* mistaking Georgia as the location of the William Brown murder is not exactly unaccountable. From 1882 to 1968, the Tuskegee University Lynching Archives record 531 lynchings in Georgia alone, 492 being murders of Black Americans. In 1899 near Macon, Georgia, Sam Hose was castrated, doused with kerosene, then burned alive. The *National Police Gazette*, Joyce's source for Mrs. Norman Tupper's affair, ran a two-page illustration of this lynching taken from eyewitness accounts (Arnold 2010: 113). In July 1904, a mob took over the town of Statesboro, Georgia for the sole purpose of burning two men, Paul Reed and Will Cato, who had been convicted of murdering a white family. The story of Mary Turner, who was murdered in a May 1918 lynch-mob rampage along with twelve others in Valdosta, Georgia, made international headlines and was discussed in Congress as a singularly barbaric killing (Meyers 2006: 214). As described in the NAACP's report *Thirty Years of Lynchings in the United States, 1889-1918*, Turner's husband Hayes was murdered by a mob looking for the killer of a local white farmer. When they could not lay hands on the primary suspect, the mob exacted revenge on Hayes, who was known to have disliked the farmer. Infuriated by her husband's death, Turner, who was eight months pregnant, vowed to seek justice. The sheriff in Valdosta arrested her, then gave her up to a mob that took her away into the woods to a place called Folsom's Bridge. "There, before a crowd that included women and children, Mary was stripped, hung upside down by the ankles, soaked with gasoline and oil from the mob's automobiles, and roasted to death" (Dray 2002: 246). After she was dead a white man opened her abdomen with a butcher's knife; her infant fell to the ground and cried briefly, whereupon a member of the mob crushed the baby's head beneath his heel. Then the mob fired hundreds of bullets into Turner's corpse (Meyers: 2006). The NAACP's representative Walter

White, who went to Georgia to investigate the case, was taken to the site of the lynching by a local white man. "Turner and her infant had been buried directly beneath the tree on which she died, and someone had set up an empty whiskey bottle with a half-smoked cigar in its neck as a 'tombstone'" (Dray 2002: 246).

No direct references to lynching appear in any of the early note sheets or manuscripts for "Cyclops." Early drafts do include expressions of outrage at the barbarity of the Robert Emmet execution by the F.O.T.E.I. foreign delegates called to witness, as well as the anonymity of the mob.⁷ The August, 1915 lynching of Leo Frank, a white Jewish man, in Marietta, Georgia for the alleged murder of a thirteen-year-old girl has been suggested as the most obvious source of the "Black Beast" reference, but this assumption is incorrect for two reasons. First, since the Frank lynching occurred four years before Joyce began work on "Cyclops," it does not make sense that Joyce's preliminary notes and drafts, in which the anti-Semitic baiting of Leopold Bloom figures prominently, make no reference to this or any other lynching. Second, and perhaps more importantly, Frank was a white man. His murder was conducted by twenty-five men who simply hanged him from a tree outside Atlanta after allowing him to pray. They did not strip, mutilate, dismember, castrate, burn, or riddle him with bullets. Since "Cyclops" is informed by carnivalesque excess, there is little to suggest that the "Black Beast" story was influenced by the Leo Frank case.

Joyce wrote the first drafts of "Cyclops" in June and July, 1919 (Crispi 2004: 4). Just as he knew of the Omaha lynching from the London *Times*, he would also have heard of the Georgia rampages, as the 1904 story was also covered extensively by the British press. Omaha is an unincorporated town in southwest Georgia, about three hours' drive from Valdosta today; the *Times* may have made its mistake due to the

⁷ See Phillip F. Herring, *Joyce's Ulysses Notesheets in the British Museum* (Charlottesville: Univ. Press of Virginia, 1972) and *Joyce's Notes and Early Drafts for Ulysses: Selections From the Buffalo Collection* (Charlottesville: Univ. Press of Virginia, 1977) as well as Michael Groden's "Joyce at Work on 'Cyclops': Toward a Biography of *Ulysses*," *JJQ* 44 no. 2 (Winter 2007), 217-245.

chronological proximity of the Nebraska-Georgia murders and the geographical proximity of the Georgia towns. In any case, Joyce used the paper's error to the benefit of *Ulysses*. As Declan Kiberd has pointed out, "It is his very openness to serendipity which allows Joyce to renew his styles and themes with each succeeding episode" (Kiberd 2009).

Viewed directly, Joyce's reference is to a single event: the lynching of Will Brown in Nebraska in September 1919 that received coverage in the London *Times*, which incorrectly reported the state as Georgia. But seen through the spectrum of affiliations that this reference infers, it is a verbal hologram, a three-dimensional portrait of exile. What Budgen identified in the episode was perhaps less a work of cubism than holography. Fritz Senn has pointed out that all blindness in Episode 12 is metaphorical; similarly, each degree of perspective or parallax in the hologram corresponds figuratively to a particular event from the contemporary news items gleaned during Joyce's composition of the episode, as well as during the time in which it is set.

In the kingdom of the one-eyed, the person with multi-dimensional vision is nothing but a nuisance, like the prisoner released from Plato's cave who goes up into the light and returns without his sight. Thus "Cyclops" critiques unidimensionality as it eulogizes those exiled by the ignorant. Joyce began writing the earliest drafts of the episode in mid-June 1919, when reports of the Red Summer of lynching in America were beginning to filter into news reports in Europe, added to the already prolific reports of the spectacle murders of African Americans that began around the turn of the century. Joyce created of this information a verbal hologram exhibiting temporal and spatial parallax, formed in the cave of the cyclops to illuminate the truth of the writer's own social displacement and resulting self-exile. Two decades later, Joyce would revisit this subject in *Finnegans Wake*, as the anti-hero HCE returns from exile and is let into his old home by Sackerson, in "the Wake's prototypical encounter" (Gordon 1986: 116). The original draft of this scene identifies Sackerson with the Anglo-Saxon constable Sigurdson, who guards the "dark twin" Shem and is detailed to "save him from lynch law & mob mauling" (Fordham 2007: 43). HCE crosses the threshold "imagined as the 'fire defenses' of a caveman's cave

because Sackerson is a ‘fire-tending brute’” modeled on American lynchers as well as Homer’s Cyclops (Gordon 1986: 116).

Joyce created multidimensionality from myopia using a verbal hologram of exile: passing the laser focus of his perception over the ultimate social paralysis of lynch law, articulating the ascendancy of displacement over victimhood. The rest of “Cyclops” is devoted to capturing the proliferation of exile as a labile and dynamic inference, similarly whole in the accuracy of its representation. Each dimension of exile is preserved intact by the outcast’s observation in order to be contemplated, its benefits and detriments weighed, its true identity and logical outcomes revealed. The final decision is not to flee but to transcend the system of ritually enforced paralysis via self-exile, while asserting the sovereignty of one’s identity in the holistic representation of that which would deny it.

Although he never set foot in the United States, James Joyce was by received information familiar with its particular brand of ceremonially-enforced social exile exemplified by lynching, so similar in its effects to that of his own culture. As American lynching culture was the ultimate result of being in exile from one’s own country, Joyce took a newspaper’s mistake and made of it a three-dimensional portrait of exclusion. As the most violent lynchings occurred in Joyce’s middle life, so does his portrait of bigotry and ignorance feature in its structure and at its core this hologram of exile.

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JOYCE IN TERMS OF LEXILE

For present purposes, I am extending the term “exile” (a resident or residence abroad, not in the original country) to the area of style or language, to whatever is lexically foreign or out of place. The focus is mainly on *Ulysses*. It cannot be separated from Joyce’s Dublin and yet it was composed in three different cities, in exile: “Trieste-Zürich-Paris / 1914–21” (*U* 18.1610).

I will consider any kind of displacement or foreignness or salient oddity within a given context as exile, and flatly treat it as a synonym to “foreign” or “alien”, even “unexpected”, concentrating on the lexical aspect, therefore “Lexile”. This particular approach is simply another way to describe some Joycean features.

Whoever might innocently have picked up a book called “Ulysses” — unlikely, given all the noise made around its publication in 1922 — might have expected one more of those tales about classical antiquity or mythology, as they were common, but would instead be taken to a modern (at the time) city in Ireland. The title already is a misdirection or indicates a large scale cultural transposition. The *Odyssey* itself remains a backdrop or structural schema to be called up or else neglected. In a reported speech of John F. Taylor in “Aeolus”, the analogy is not Homeric Greece, but the Egyptian empire.

It seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt ... (*U* 7.830)

Readers of *Ulysses* are (potentially) transported into a mythological place far remote that outside of literature never even existed.

Within a Homeric framework Leopold and Marion Bloom, along with Stephen Dedalus, are exiles, and so are Odysseus and Penelope in the Dublin of 1904. There is, literally, little of “Ulysses” in *Ulysses*; two occurrences of the name are accidental: “Ulysses Browne of Camus that was fieldmarshal to Maria Teresa”, was one of the Irish Wild Geese, archetypal exiles (*U* 12.1383); “general Ulysses Grant” may indicate how the Greek hero has migrated to become a not unusual first name.

Of the just two references in the literary episode, “Scylla and Charybdis”, a straight one surfaces in an imitation of Shakespearean diction: “What softens the heart of a man, Shipwrecked in storms dire, Tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles, prince of Tyre?” (*U* 9.403), possibly the most direct link.

The anachronism of John Eglinton’s statement —“Will’s way ... He puts Bohemia on the seacoast and makes Ulysses quote Aristotle” (*U* 9.994), where a Homeric hero anticipates Aristotle of several centuries later —, has often been pointed out, as just the wrong attribution of the quote to Ulysses instead of Hector, so the remark is exiled twice over. The *bona fide* Ulysses is a fake, the result of inexact quotation. The novel entitled *Ulysses*, however, *does* quote Aristotle in those very passages.

As it happens, the title “Ulysses” is already a deviation, it is neither the common Greek form “Odysseus” (with variants) nor the Latin “Ulixes”, but a hybrid usage of later origin which became the standard name in English, but can also be taken (and Joyce may well have done so) as result of cultural metamorphoses.

Joyce’s Homeric chapter titles that we tend to use in tacit collusion are imports from outside the published book. They served Joyce but never became part of any edition. Self-fulfilling propositions, they conveniently keep the episodes apart by distinctive labels. In other

words, there is no Hades in “Hades”, but we superimpose it. Oddly enough, they are integrated into *Finnegans Wake*:

Ukalepe. Loathers’ leave. Had days. Nemo in Patria. The Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck. From the Mermaids’ Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of Misery. Walpurgas Nackt. (FW229.13)

The twelve chapter non-titles of *Ulysses* are plugged into the *Wake*, they are external transplants and part of the scholia surrounding *Ulysses* (but not to be found in it), along with the Wakean distortions that add yet another remove. In a typical Joycean twist, recognition is delayed, if only minimally. I do not think anyone coming across “Ukalepe” would instantly extract “Calypso”; it *becomes* that Homeric tag only in retrospect as part of a compelling pattern.

Expectation

Joyce’s works are characterised by incongruities, parts that don’t fit and so are exiled from the mainstream. Joyce tampers with our expectations, an area that has hardly been charted. *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* also went beyond Joyce’s own original intentions; at the outset, he could hardly have anticipated to what length and extravagances he would go, venturing into techniques not yet known. Experiments like the musical “Sirens” or a quasi-scientific episode like “Ithaca” were not yet part of an original design.

Ulysses begins with surprises. Would anyone have imagined that a stately plump Buck Mulligan, alone on top of a tower, bearing a bowl of lather, holding it “aloft”, would first “intone” the opening words of the Catholic Mass: “*Introibo ad altare Dei*”? It is gratuitous, out of place and, on top of that, blasphemous, potentially shocking. The deviation sets the tone for the book, so that by the time we are reading “Circe” nothing can be entirely unexpected any more.

Book II, the Bloom part, sets off with a similar derailment, Bloom’s taste in food. Assuming we are not already familiar with the sentence that lists his preferences, “mutton kidneys which gave to his

palate a fine tang of faintly scented” —(?), whoever would have opted for “urine”, a misplaced substance not really at home in a palate. It is just as inapposite as the words of the Mass uttered by a man with a yellow, ungirdled, dressing gown. Typically, the Stephen episodes are introduced in the direction of religion and abstractions, while in the Bloom chapter the focus shifts to the human body.

Readers of an expensive deluxe first edition of *Ulysses* may have been upset by indelicate adjectives of potent impact, like “snotgreen”, or even a sonorously Homeric composite, “scrotumtightening”, most likely a new though apt coinage. But an earlier deviation from habitual procedures follows a close-up of Buck Mulligan — “his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos.” (U1.25). “Chrysostomos”, as a single outstanding word, not a sentence, as would be expected, disrupts the narrative flow, something unusual in a continuous tale. It is best accounted for as a mental translation of the gold teeth within an open mouth into a Greek compound: *chryso* (gold) - *stoma* (mouth), the first flash of interior monologue. If so, it is also a momentary change of perspective to Stephen’s view and his first association. The Greek epithet was attributed to gifted speakers, which Buck Mulligan undoubtedly is. That the word happens also to be an eponym for gifted orators in classical times has led commentators to call up a saint John Chrysostomos (who wrote enough books to enable forced relations). The one-word non-sentence exile word causes unrest and has provoked speculations.

Deviant Terms

Dubliners already foreshadow later techniques. The first paragraph of “The Sisters” has been invaded by foreign elements, spawned off by the (also Greek) term “paralysis”.

Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the word simony in the Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and

sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work. (*D* 9)

“Paralysis”, “gnomon” and “simony” are similar intruders, foreign by origin, opaque, and therefore disturbing, haunting. They have to be explained (the meaning of “gnomon” cannot be guessed, it has to be known¹); exiles often need annotation or justification). The impact of the foreign is so strong that the boy who tells the story (from the distance and vocabulary of a later stage) is erroneously confusing the signifier for the disease with its reality: it is certainly not the *word* “paralysis”, as the text literally has it, that is responsible for the deadly “work”, but what it stands for.

The most outlandish *outré* phrase in *Dubliners* is the one that looks definitely Irish, “Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!” (“Eveline”, *D* 40), but only approximately so, since expert speakers have not satisfactorily resolved, which makes it all the more hauntingly evocative.

Lexiles

Stephen Dedalus is fond of recondite or foreign words, in “Proteus” particularly: German (*nacheinander, nebeneinander*), Latin (*iniuria patiens*), Italian, Greek (*adiaphane, euge*), French (*Zut, nom de Dieu*), Gipsy, cant, etc. They are plug-ins from alien, often remote, areas. In groping for the most appropriate verb, Stephen tries out a series in English, German/Yiddish, French and Italian: “She trudges, schlepps, trains, trascines her load” (*U* 3.392), aiming for the best effect. We know from Frank Budgen that Joyce spent considerable time over the ideal wording for two quaint sentences: “Perfume of embraces all him

¹ All the more strange, because “gnomon” is based on the Greek root for knowing: “*gnó*”.

assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore” (*U* 8.638).²

The formula for Stephen’s guilt about his dying, “Agenbite of inwit”, has become a motif (*U* 1.481, *et passim*). As an import from Middle English, it is at a temporal remove and emotionally less direct and less painful. An obsolete English form which has not survived if it was ever in practical use. The Christian notion of an inner moral agency that judges our thoughts and behaviour, an additional knowledge (Latin “*con-sciencia*”), was a term that needed to be adapted for native believers, and it was literally translated as “in-wit”, an inner knowledge (“wit”), that metaphorically keeps biting you, Latin “*re-morsus*”, taken over literally as “agen-bite”. The *ad hoc* phrase did not replace “conscience” and “remorse”. A phrase, exiled in time, has been excavated.

“*Frauenzimmer*” (*U* 3.30), which Stephen associates to the two elderly women he views on the beach, is a case in point. Even as a German word it is peculiar and, incidentally, untranslatable, yet it perfectly fits the episode dealing with change. It does not mean what it appears to mean, it is not a room (“Zimmer”), as would be expected, but a woman. “*Frauenzimmer*” first signified the chamber for the ladies in a palace, then it came to designate the women in it collectively, finally it was narrowed down for a single woman. Originally a respectable term, it has come down to be disparaging or at best jocular so that it practically fell out of polite use – a vibrant Protean term with both a semantic and a social history.

Traces of Origin

Real exiles tend to retain some of their earlier habits and language. Bloom's father of Hungarian origin converted to Protestantism for commercial reasons, but still observed Jewish rites (*U* 7.203–14, 17.11897–

² Budgen 1960: 19–20. Actually, the published version is the result of more revisions; at the time the wording was “Perfumes of embraces **assailed him**. **His** hungered flesh obscurely, mutely craved to adore” (Rosenbach).

1904). He must have known German, which Bloom imagines his dead son could have learnt (*U* 6.84). The odd item in his library is Gustav Freytag's bestseller *Soll und Haben* (*U* 17.1384). It is the only one in German; a bestseller at its time, it is crassly and manifestly anti-Semitic. We know nothing of how the volume ended up in Bloom's library, but chances are that Rudolph Virag took it with him, possibly to become familiar with enemy ideology.

Bloom remembers snippets of phrases from his father's farewell letter:

Tomorrow will be a week that I received ... it is no use Leopold to be ... with your dear mother ... that is not more to stand ... to her ... all for me is out ... be kind to Athos, Leopold ... my dear son ... always ... of me ... das Herz ... Gott ... dein ... (*U* 17.1881)

In a regression to an earlier stage, the letter reverts to German in the end: "das Herz ... Gott ... dein ...". The language is adumbrated in an unidiomatic "that is not more to stand" (mark the "not more") which looks based on German usage: "Das ist nicht mehr auszuhalten"; "all for me is out" has an equally German ring: "alles für mich ist aus".

Another Jew, Moses Herzog, is mocked on account of faulty language. "I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me my moneys?* (*U* 12.31)

Modern Home Comforts

Perhaps the most exotic foreign intrusion occurs in the séance where Dignam's ghost is conjured up:

Interrogated as to whether life there resembled our experience in the flesh he stated that he had heard from more favoured beings now in

the spirit that their abodes were equipped with every modern³ home comfort such as tâlâfânâ, âlâvâtâr, hâtâkâldâ, wâtâklâsât and that the highest adepts were steeped in waves of voluptuery of the very purest nature. (U 12.351)

The most up to date equipment is expressed in a semblance of Sanskrit, the oldest recorded of all Indo-European languages, the one farthest removed from modernity.

Black Holes⁴

In many episodes, some passages seem to be differently crafted and set apart from the prevailing style, perhaps most strikingly so in the final paragraph of “Lotuseaters”:

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs rippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower. (U 5.567)

The language seems to preen itself complacently, with choice words outside Bloom’s habitual range; “reclined”, “laved”, “sustained”, elevate the style. The chapter ends on an untypical poetic note. “Aeolus” features another stylistic exile: “I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking of that match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives” (U 7.763). It does not seem in line with the episode’s prevalent diction.

“Eumaeus”, the chapter with the clumsiest constructions, circumlocutions, surprisingly also contains a paragraph of unembroidered

³ Coincidental perhaps, this is the first mention of the term “modern” in the “modernist” book.

⁴ See Senn 2004.

simplicity, of detailed realism in a reminiscence of Stephen Dedalus, elsewhere given to sophisticated and erudite utterances. His memory for once regresses to what could easily occur in *Stephen Hero*: "... Stephen's mind's eye being too busily engaged in repicturing his family hearth the last time he saw it with his sister Dilly sitting by the ingle, her hair hanging down, waiting for some weak Trinidad shell cocoa that was in the sootcoated kettle to be done so that she and he could drink it with the oatmealwater for milk after the Friday herrings they had eaten at two a penny with an egg apiece for Maggy, Boody and Katey ..." (*U* 16.269).

Aberrant Catalogues

Ulysses contains diverse enumerations, catalogues that partly nod to the Homeric ones. They are potentially tedious, which may be intentional in the list of the clergy attending a meeting in "Cyclops": "... the very rev. William Delany, S.J., L.L.D.; the rt rev. Gerald Malloy, D.D., ..." with an array of abbreviations and distinctions of "rev" (*U* 12.927). Most lists are vitalized by incongruous intruders. A long catalogue of "Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity" sports such exiles as "Goliath ... Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon Bonaparte, ... Patrick W. Shakespeare. Brian Confucius, Murtagh Gutenberg" and even "Sydney Parade" (*U* 12.181–99). They ensure that the list is given due attention.

In the parody of a public execution Joyce imports an international cast by inserting a foreign delegation from eighteen nations into the imagined scene; all the way from "Commendatore Bacibaci Beninobenone" to "Kriegfried Ueberallgemein" (*U* 12.556–69). The names are based on stereotypes and in part on xenophobic slurs. A Slavonic grand duke, "the Grandjoker Vladinmire Pokethankertscheff" looks like a personification of the Citizen's handkerchief as it is elaborately presented as an "Irish facecloth" (*U* 12.1434–65); it is matched by a Hapsburg name pattern, "the Archjoker Leopold Rudolph von Schwanzbad-Hodenthaler", the name is based on Bloom's patrilineal descent, with some obscenities thrown in ("Schwanz" as penis, "Hoden" as testicles). A Japanese "Hokopoko Harakiri" (foreign rituals are often considered hocus-pocus) has a Chinese equivalent, "Hi

Hung Chang”—not a bad appellation for an execution. “Pan Poleaxe Paddyrisk” may be the most complex character, the name approximates a Polish statesman Paderewski, crossed with an Irish (Paddy) kind of Polack (“wielding the sledded poleaxe”, *U* 9.131), and so is deeply embedded in the thematic network. “Herr Hurhausdirektorpresident Hans Chuechli-Steuerli” commemorates Joyce’s Zürich exile: though there is no such name, “Chuechli”, with the typical Swiss German guttural (“ch”), means a little cake. The whore in “Hurhaus” (instead of “Kurhaus”, a health resort) may be a dig at the straight-laced attitude of the city during Joyce’s sojourn.

The longest catalogue in “Cyclops” emanates from a casual toast, “God bless all here is my prayer”, which is taken at face value and transformed into a ceremonial ecclesiastical benediction. A multitude of orders and saints is summoned in such numbers that readers might be inclined to dismiss them as liturgical routine:

... S. Felix de Cantalice and S. Simon Stylites and S. Stephen Protomartyr and S. John of God and S. Ferreol and S. Leugarde and S. Theodotus and S. Vulmar and S. Richard and S. Vincent de Paul and S. Martin of Todi and S. Martin of Tours and S. Alfred and S. Joseph and S. Denis and S. Cornelius and S. Leopold and S. Bernard and S. Terence and S. Edward ...

At a certain point, and often by retrospection, some of the *bona fide* saints turn out to be duplicates: S. Simon Stylites and S. Stephen Protomartyr call up Simon and Stephen Dedalus, and it generally dawns on readers that *Martin* Cunningham, *Alfred* Bergan, *Joe* Hynes, *Denis* Breen, *Corney* Kelleher, *Leopold* Bloom, *Barney* Kiernan and *Ned* Lambert seem to be implicated in what could be termed “paronomasia” (literally a “name alongside”). To tie it home, “Owen Caniculus” dwarfs the fierce growling cur Garryowen and canonizes a canine member⁵, an oddity within the saintly context.

⁵ Another twist is that Garryowen, capable of human speech, and who in his poem utters the “curse of my curses” (*U* 12.740) is now enlisted in a blessing.

The saints then deviate into rhetorical abstractions:

... and S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous⁶ and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous and S. Paronymous and S. Synonymous and ...

In self-reflection, naming processes are canonised, along with devices and themes of the chapter, which withholds or changes and engages in word play. Joyce's techniques are sanctified.

Bloom in one of his outbreaks enumerates a hilarious short list of illustrious Jews:

—Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

—He had no father, says Martin.

...

—Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me. (*U* 12.1804)

Two in his list are on target, Mendelssohn and Jesus, but Spinoza and Marx were practically exiled from Jewishness. Marx is an awkward choice anyway and a name which would not have gone down too well in Catholic Dublin of 1904. On top of it, Bloom is confusing Mercadante with Meyerbeer, who was indeed Jewish. His amendment of the father of Jesus to "his uncle" is theologically awry and would not endear him at the best of times. Incidentally, if Bloom, on the spur of the moment, had come up with a more appropriate list it would lose its glorious memorability.

In "Eumaeus" the funeral report in the *Evening Telegraph* lists the attendants at Patrick Dignam's funeral with some latitude:

⁶ The name "Odysseus" itself is an eponym suggested by his grandfather Autolykos: "*Odysseus onom' esto epōnymon*" ("let the name by which the child is named be Odysseus", *Od.* 19.409).

*The obsequies, at which many friends of the deceased were present, were carried out by (certainly Hynes wrote it with a nudge from Corny) Messrs H. J. O'Neill and Son, 164 North Strand Road. The mourners included: Patk. Dignam (son), Bernard Corrigan (brother-in-law), Jno. Henry Menton, solr, Martin Cunningham, John Power,) eatondph 1/8 ador dorador douradora (must be where he called Monks the dayfather about Keyes's ad) Thomas Kernan, Simon Dedalus, **Stephen Dedalus B.**, Edw. J. Lambert, Cornelius T. Kelleher, Joseph M'C Hynes, **L. Boom, CP M'Coy, - M'Intosh** and several others.*

Out of twelve mourners it gets four wrong: Stephen was definitely not present, nor was M'Coy, Bloom obligingly puts him on the list; and "M'Intosh" is due to a misunderstanding (*U* 6.880–99). As far as we know there were no "several others". In another insult, Bloom is exiled once more by losing the letter "I" in his name, the same letter that intruded into Martha's "I do not like that other world" (*U* 5.245). The errant letter "I" may be another reminder that all literature is also an arrangement of the letters of the alphabet.

Textual Transfers

In "Sirens" first, and in "Circe" throughout, passages are internally transferred that are outside the actual characters' range; they function on a meta-level or, in this view, are exiles within the new context. When the blind piano tuner is mentioned in the Ormond Hotel, his angry outburst, "God's curse on you ... You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard", from the previous chapter (*U* 10.1119), is called up. A comment, "So sad to look at his face", triggers off "God's curse on bitch's bastard" (*U* 11.285) as a textual memory within a self-conscious artefact.

In "Circe", everything may turn up so that the episode is either all-exilic or non-exilic because nothing is essentially barred from it. When Bloom imagines his wife uttering what cannot be in his memory – "Nebrakada! Femininum! (*U* 15.319), from a formula that Stephen has read during the day: "—*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen* (*U* 10.840)—the echo is structural, not

psychological. The multilingual charm in itself contains approximations of foreign languages. Psychological verisimilitude is given up in the magic of “Circe”, which also turns into a carnival of permutations of whatever happened before.

That such meta-transfers occur in “Sirens” and “Circe” may have secondary Homeric reasons. The seductive Sirens “know all things” (*Od.* 12:191), and so does the sorceress Kirke whose inside knowledge helps to guide Odysseus on his return.

The errant “l” in “world”, missing in “Boom”, show that letters can go astray or play tricks, as when Bloom imagines himself as a waiter in a noble restaurant saying: “Do ptake some ptarmigan” (*U* 8.887). The odd spelling of “ptarmigan” is applied to a simple “take”. To the name of a bird, Gaelic “tarmachan”, a pseudo-Greek initial “p” was added (words beginning with *pt-* mean flying), and the silent p- is carried over by jocular analogy. Since the phrase is also a comment on accidental English orthography, it is practically untranslatable.

Denis Breen is one of those wayward characters who walk the streets of Dublin, accompanied by his wife. Originally Italian, he is the butt of practical and verbal jokes, one of them an anonymous postcard with nothing but “U.P.: up” on it, which he or most others do not understand and readers have speculated about. He attempts to sue for libel for a ridiculous sum. The exile is the butt of ridicule in “Cyclops”:

Picture of him on the wall with his Smashall Sweeney’s moustaches, the signior Brini from Summerhill, the eyetallyano, papal Zouave to the Holy Father, has left the quay and gone to Moss street. And who was he, tell us? A nobody, two pair back and passages, at seven shillings a week ... (*U* 12.1065)

It appears to me that he migrated from Italy and changed his name from Brini to Breen, similar to Nannetti who might potentially be called Nannan, to judge from the coupling of the two names (*U* 12.825). He is still disparaged as foreign: “the signior Brini from Summerhill, the eyetallyano”. This looks like an intentional mock-naïve English pronunciation of “italiano” — with a tall eye thrown in for good

Cyclopiian mesure. The misspelling, phonetic “signior” adds another alien touch.

Bloom wonders if his wife, singing from *Don Giovanni*, “pronounces that right: *voglio*” (*U* 4.327), which is clearly not his main concern about Molly’s impending adventures. Too tactful to ask her, he does not seem to have the answer himself when he considers, and rejects, asking the foreman Nannetti (*U* 7.152). One irony is that “*voglio*” does not even occur in Molly’s aria, but elsewhere in the opera so that Bloom seems to have heard enough Italian to import the word into a passage where it does not belong. He comes to grief over another fragment from the opera, the word “teco”, in a reasonable guess (“Tonight perhaps”, *U* 8.1052). He tries to impress Stephen with Italian phrases—“Why do you not write your poetry in that language? Bella Poetria! It is so melodious and full, Belladonna. *Voglio*.” (*U* 16.345). I wonder how he pronounces “*voglio*” on that occasion. But then, of course, “I will” is an important motif, when Molly applies it in her own language at the very end, “Yes I will yes”.

Exiled Gaelic

Irish, in Joyce’s time, had become the language of a minority and was in need of revival. Oddly enough, Haines, the Englishman, about to study the natives, is the one who speaks some of it, as he does to the milkwoman, assuming that old people would still be familiar with it.

- Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.
- ...
- Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?
- I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir?
- I am an Englishman, Haines answered.
- He’s English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.
- Sure we ought too, the old woman said, and I’m ashamed I don’t speak the language myself. I’m told it’s a grand language by them that knows.

As has long been pointed out, “Is there Gaelic on you?” is Mulligan’s parody of what is now called Hiberno-English, in this case a literal translation of a Gaelic syntactic pattern. The twisted interrelation of three languages implicates a side-view on the Irish situation. In a tower that was built by the English colonisers—and whose design was copied from Corsica—as a defence against a possible French assault, led by the Corsican Napoleon, a century later, an Englishman is speaking the local language in such a tower, and the Irish native takes it to be French. History has a way of going wrong.

In *Finnegans Wake* a distinction between what might be called natives and exiles would not make sense any more, since practically everything has multiple roots and everything has multiple origins. *Finnegans Wake* is pan-exilic.

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JOYCE AS MADAMA BUTTERFLY

“Sola e rinnegata, rinnegata e felice” (“alone and renounced, renounced and happy”): the words Madama Butterfly utters in Act 1 of Puccini’s opera could be a perfect foil to the felicitous and witty title of this conference, *The Joys of Exile*, because there may be, and paradoxically, may not be at all, joy and felicity in exile if exile is the necessary and complex process which the artist must submit to in order to repossess and recreate from afar, in art, what he has voluntarily abandoned and renounced.

One of the best interpreters of Joyce’s exilic art, Italo Svevo, himself an exile in Trieste just as most Triestines were (“they love their country when they are quite sure which country it is” *GJ* 9), in his 1927 lecture at “Il Convegno” in Milan, stressed the fact that Joyce’s art originated from, and relied on, elaborating the project of exile, intended as the building up of an artistically structured echoland in which strong cultural links and connections, simultaneous resonances of words, rhythms and musical harmonies, emerged and combined to allow for a constant “sounding” of his soul, of his intimate “desire”. Only by letting himself be entirely possessed and “carried away” by the “fire” of his imagination, and by the awareness of having touched chords deep down, could Joyce the artist be admitted into the domain of art:

His ear is both the poet's and the musician's. I know that when Joyce has written a page he thinks he has written a parallel one to a musical page that he particularly likes. I do not know whether this sentiment accompanies his inspiration, I only know that he follows it, sounding his desire. As far as music is concerned he is strangely eclectic. He understands German music, Italian ancient music and popular music wherever he can find it.¹

It is in the Dublin letters to Nora of 1909, that the themes of true love, love and marriage in modern times and artistic identity² rooted in the sentiment of exile, coalesce. They are built up and modulated according to rhythmic and musical themes resounding from afar in time and space:

I was singing an hour ago your song *The Lass of Aughrim*. The tears come into my eyes and my voice trembles with emotion when I sing that lovely air. It was worth to come to Ireland to have got it from your poor mother. It is perhaps in art, Nora dearest, that you and I will find a solace for our own love. I would wish you to be surrounded by everything that is fine and beautiful and noble in art (letter of 31 August 1909, *SL* 165).

“It is perhaps in art”: we could say that it is ‘only’ in the artistic, ‘cunningly’ designed and shaped space of exile that Stephen Daedalus, the *artifex*, Joyce’s alter ego, can find the possible “solace” from “longsuffering” and a passport for a “landscape” away from wilderness and into art (“It scenes like a landscape from Wildu Picturescu”, *FW* 53 01-02) that, leading to unknown territories and coming to terms with boundless “immarginable” ones (“in the broadest way immarginable”, *FW* 4.19), testifies to his feeling part of a “grand continuum” (*FW* 472 30) and to his being able to shape himself as a complete and sound work of art, both exilic (‘escaping’) and “postexilic” (‘returning’) (“ere he

¹ Italo Svevo, Conferenza, in *Scritti su Joyce*, ed. G. Mazzacurati, Parma, Pratiche, 1986, 51 (my translation).

² The very themes of his one play, *Exiles*.

retourneys postexilic ... after decades of longsuffering and decennia of brief glory" *FW* 472.34).

The quotation from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as the prefaced exergue to *A Portrait*, clearly announces the seminal role of art in the survival strategy of the Irish artist:

Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 188, P 5).

The entire plan for exile is formulated starting from the scrutiny of the "slow and dark birth" of the Irish soul:

The soul is born ... It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets (*P* 220).

Joyce's project was that of an exile *à deux*, in a sort of hermit-like exclusive artistic community in which the "trembling of souls one beside the other" and the feeling in unison, short-circuiting music and poetry, managed to intensify, to multiply echoes and perspectives through "images of spiritual purity and pity" to summon up the "beauty of the world" and make it appear:

I have felt her soul tremble beside mine, and have spoken her name softly to the night, and have wept to see the beauty of the world passing like a dream behind her eyes (letter of 19th November 1909, no salutation nor signature, *SL* 179).

Often emphasized in the letters, the sacredness of art is closely linked to intimate knowledge of the heart:

If I am to write something fine or noble in the future I shall do so only by listening to the doors of your heart. You are my only love.

You have me completely in your power until we grew to be one being together (letter of 25th October 1909 *SL* 173).

To enter the domain of art the artist needs the courage that could only come from listening to the heart of his bride. The woman should, in turn, feel reassured, encouraged and protected (“Do not fret”, postcard of 20th October 1909; *SL* 172. And again: “Do not fret, darling”, “promise me not to cry”, letter of 25th October, *SL* 173). It is precisely in the letter of 25th October that the long series of references to *Madama Butterfly* first emerges, linked to the theme of ‘giving courage’ and moral help to the artist in his enterprise (which is also the letter-writing itself):

Nora, my little bad-tempered bad mannered splendid little girl, promise me not to cry but to give me courage to go on with my work here. I wish you would go to Madame Butterfly and think of me when you hear the words “Un bel di”. Keep my letters to yourself, dear. They are written for you.

But, from the very start, Joyce finds the themes of *Madama Butterfly* referring to himself, the artist, intertwined with the musical and poetical themes of other operatic works, such as Massenet’s *Werther*:

Do you remember that Sunday evening coming home from *Werther* when the echo of that sad deathlike music was still playing in our memories that, lying on the bed in our room, I tried to say to you those verses I like so much of the *Connacht Love Song* which begins:

‘It is far and it is far

To Connemara where you are’

Do you remember that I could not finish the verses? The immense emotion of tender worship for your image which broke out in my voice as I repeated the lines was too much for me. My love for you is really a kind of adoration (letter of 27th October 1909, *SL* 175).

The sudden irruption of the motif of *Werther* in Italian (“Nel lieto di pensa a me”) – possibly also in combination with *Madama Butterfly*,

Un bel di – is reflected in the modalities by which it is transmitted, wired, in form of greetings, on 24th December 1909:

I have just wired you the beautiful motive from the last act of the opera you like so much *Werther* ‘Nel lieto di pensa a me’ (letter of 24th December 1909, *SL* 194).

In the letter of 1st November, the elaboration of the theme of exile in *Madama Butterfly* as the presentation of the artist in his absolute existential condition, constantly “bent upon himself”, who places his figure right at the centre of his work (‘sounding’ himself as well as his characters and situations), resisting the temptation of a virtuosic and inauthentic art³, reaches its acme. While referring to *Butterfly* three times in the letter, Joyce also manages to scold Nora for not understanding *Madama Butterfly*’s artistic project, for not allowing herself to be possessed and “carried away” by its music, as he was, by its “beautiful delicate music”:

The night we went to *Madama Butterfly* you treated me most rudely. I simply wanted to hear that beautiful delicate music in your company. I wanted to feel your soul swaying with languor and longing as mine did when she sings the romance of her hope in the second act *Un bel di*: ‘One day, one day we shall see a spire of smoke rising from the furthest verge of the sea; and then the ship appears’ I am a little disappointed in you. Then another night I came home to your bed from the café and I began to tell you of all I hoped to do, and to write, in the future and of those boundless ambitions which are really the leading forces in my life. You would not listen to me. But a man whose brain is on fire with hope and trust in himself *must* tell

³ Here again reference must be made to a passage by Svevo in his lecture at *Il Convegno*: “The danger impending on Joyce because of his great virtuosity was thwarted by the felicitous destiny that brought him to tell, at the very beginning of his career, the story of his youth in the *Portrait* ... When an artist remembers, he immediately creates, but one’s inner self remains, nevertheless, the very core of creation ... and virtuosity does not succeed in falsifying it”. In Svevo, *Scritti su Joyce*, 58-9 (my translation).

someone of what he feels. Whom should I tell but you? (*SL* 174, Letter of 27th October 1909).

To follow and adhere to the “romance” of his hope (*Un bel dì*) would have meant for Nora to be able to tune in and be in touch with the “fire” in Joyce’s brain, with his imagination and trust in himself, to understand his “boundless” ambitions in the creation of beauty and of nobleness in beauty.

The total devotion, the endless labour Puccini and Joyce applied to their works was very similar: their multilayered musical and verbal texts implied constant negotiation with other texts and authors (Puccini with his librettists and with other musicians, but also with visual artists⁴, Joyce with the whole world of literature and art). We might indeed feel entitled to adopt Butterfly’s aria *Un bel dì* as a comment on the struggle both authors had to undergo to produce their works, and more or less at the same time (Joyce fighting to have *Dubliners* published; Puccini, since 1904, after the flop at La Scala, Milan, looking for a second chance – “e avrò la rivincita” over public and critics – strenuously working on *Madama Butterfly* to the point of producing innumerable different versions):

one day, one day we shall see a spire of smoke rising from the furthest verge of the sea and then the ship appears (letter of 27th October 1909, *SL* 174, Joyce’s translation).

And the scene of *Un bel dì* is rehearsed, referring to Joyce and Nora (“when I first catch sight of you”), several times in the letters of 1909, even adopting the same cinematographic eye of Puccini, Pinkerton being featured, in Butterfly’s mind, as “a little speck” (“un picciol punto”) in the distance when climbing the hill in order to meet her (“uscito dalla folla cittadina / un uomo, un picciol punto / s’avvia per la collina. / Chi sarà?

⁴ *Per sogni e per chimere. Giacomo Puccini e le arti visive*, Lucca, Edizioni Fondazione Raggiante, 2018.

Chi sarà?) and harping on the theme of constantly “waiting” that does not “weary” Butterfly (“e non mi pesa/ la lunga attesa”):

How strange will it be when I first catch sight of you! To think of you waiting, waiting there for me to come back! (letter of 7th September 1909, *SL* 171).

The various versions of *Madama Butterfly*⁵ all have something to do with putting the focus on Madama Butterfly’s state of exile, trying to achieve the right balance between the acts and adopt the appropriate rhythms in words and in music. Just as with Joyce, rhythms, cadences and tunes are rooted in memory, subtly and obsessively pervading and conditioning the artist (Puccini to Giuseppe Giacosa: “I found myself *caught* (emphasis mine) in a rhythm” and, in the same letter: “I need heptasyllabic, not octosyllabic verses”; and to Illica: “write decasyllabic verses, so that I can write a song in march time”⁶). Times and rhythms were being recreated by knitting together and superimposing cadences (as in the case of the combined national anthems of Japan and America associated with the characters and infiltrating the music), poetical metres and occasionally interweaving sounds and noises or animal cries rendered by musical instruments, to generate unheard of musical timbres.

Severe cuts had to be made by Puccini in order to get rid of minute trivialities connected with Japanese life, ultimately rarefying the atmosphere to make it less frivolous and petit-bourgeois and more stringently tragic, abstract and universal (as the subtitle of *Madama Butterfly*, ‘una tragedia’, suggests).

⁵ July 1905, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; 1906, Paris, Théâtre National de l’Opéra Comique; 1907, La Fenice, Venice (possibly the version that Joyce heard in Trieste).

⁶ G. Puccini, “Lettere a Illica e Giacosa”, July 1903, quoted in *Madama Butterfly, fonti e documenti della genesi*, eds. A. Groos, V. Bernardoni, G. Biagi Ravenni, D. Schickling, (Lucca, Maria Pacini Fazzi editore: 2005), 388-91.

Apart from the fashionable orientalism in the presentation of Japan at the time in literary works like those by Pierre Loti, *Mme. Chrysanthème* – also a play produced in 1898 – and in music, as in Mascagni’s *Iris* – produced at Teatro Costanzi, Rome in 1898 and at Teatro alla Scala, Milan, in 1899,⁷ to quote just a few, the layers of Puccini’s dramatic and musical art in composing *Madama Butterfly* were conditioned more specifically by his actual sources: the short story of the American author J. Luther Long (published in the magazine *Century* in 1898 and in Italian in *Il Corriere della Sera*, *La lettura* in February-March 1904) and, more cogently, by the one act play of David Belasco, which Puccini had seen in London, at the Duke of York’s Theatre in 1901, enjoying it so much, as legend has it, that he immediately asked for the rights to compose an opera about it. Negotiations started in 1902 over the adaptation of the text on which two different authors, with different literary tastes, were set at work: Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa.

From 17th February 1904, when *Madama Butterfly* had been premièred at La Scala, ending up as a catastrophic flop, Puccini had been incessantly at work on what would be for him, apparently, a never-ending task (as he wrote in his letters), aimed at getting the ‘right’ balance between acts and rhythms (as was, in fact, eventually achieved in Brescia, three months later, when *Madama Butterfly* enjoyed a great success).

The number of acts was constantly changed (first conceived of as a one act opera, possibly influenced by Belasco’s play, then as two acts, sung “in a single breath”, “tutto d’un fiato”, as Puccini would have liked it, and then as three acts). Puccini constantly tried to match dramatic and musical structures fitting the music to the themes (the “Star Spangled Banner” motif, from the American national anthem, at the time just the anthem of the Navy, and the Japanese anthem, as well as Japanese popular music, in pentatonic scale, interwoven and sounding out at appropriate moments).

⁷ Arturo Toscanini was the conductor; the libretto was written by Luigi Illica.

According to a very strict strategy, corrections and adaptations had to be made to make the personalities of the characters and the presentation of their differing antagonistic worlds, Japan and America, sharper, more abstract and absolute (just like the bipartition Moon, referring to Butterfly and Sun, referring to Pinkerton). Puccini had to abolish the trivial details of the first act, and, at the same time, he had to add arias such as “Addio fiorito asil” (“Farewell flowery refuge”) to make the character of Pinkerton more acceptable on a human level. He even had to see to the adaptation of the characters’ names according to the linguistic conventions of different countries: this was the case with Pinkerton, when he had to be turned into Linkerton, since in German-speaking areas ‘Pinkerton’ apparently had obscene overtones.

The radical exile of Butterfly in her own country had started with her renouncing her native language and name (even producing ludicrous examples of English, in Belasco’s play, with Butterfly naively wanting to reproduce American habits), her nationality, religion, gods and ancestors’ (which Pinkerton calls, derogatorily, “pupazzi”, ‘puppets’), and relatives and friends (which Pinkerton calls “musi”, ‘gooks’). But the ultimate tragic element of her exile is the presence of a fair-haired blue-eyed son, in the libretto known by the name “Dolore”, (‘Trouble’), a speechless mime (even presented as a puppet in some productions) and a “dispossessed son”, utterly deprived of identity, waving an incongruous American flag.

The motif of Love and Death as presented in fin-de-siècle literary works (as we see in d’Annunzio), together with the romantic motif of the ‘seduced and abandoned’ girl (the very theme of “Nora’s” song, *The Lass of Aughrim*), cast in the mould of the ‘temporary wife’ and the ‘temporary marriage’ motif (the wife being unashamedly bought for 100 yen, in the case of Butterfly, this being perfectly possible, according to Japanese law), was also emphasised in the presentation of the symbolically precarious character of the Japanese house. It is mobile and “frivolous” (“scivola, la casa frivola”: “it slides, the mobile house”), as it changes shape continually, owing to its system of sliding doors (“una casa a soffietto”, a ‘folding’ and “elastic” house). It represents the impossible definition of ‘love’ in modern times (“Amore o

grillo?” “Love or whim?”, “love or possession?”). In Puccini, the character of the “vagabond” American is introduced by the famous aria: “dovunque al mondo” (‘anywhere in the world’), which presents the American “vagabond” as dropping anchor at will and colonizing any country (‘colonial’ being a term which Joyce would ultimately turn into “coglionial”, as in “before his coglionial expancian”, in *Finnegans Wake*, 488.31).

With Butterfly, the theme of honour (Butterfly kills herself with a hara-kiri weapon, sent by the emperor when he imposed suicide on her father, and an ominous prop from the very start) and the noble heart in love are linked to that of an “unfailing faith” (“con sicura fede”) in waiting. We recall the quotation from Joyce’s letter:

If I am to write something fine or noble in the future I shall do so only by listening to the doors of your heart (letter of 25th October 1909, *SL* 173).

With that, the aria *Un bel dì* becomes inextricably linked to the presentation of radical exile, tormented love, literary labour and the creation, through noble sublime art, of the “supreme artist. In these letters Joyce presents himself as a repentant Pinkerton who will bring his son back to Trieste rather than taking him away from Nora-Butterfly, therefore succeeding in becoming one with Nora in love, the project of exile turning into a true artistic construct.

The condition of being separated for some months was seen by both Nora and James as a major test to understand the nature and soundness of their identities in love, involving truth and faithfulness, but also to check on secret desires, tastes, ideals, and religious and political affiliations, which might lead to radical choices such as renouncing one’s own country or adopting a new one (Trieste, “*la nostra bella Trieste*”, letter of 7th September 1909, *SL* 170).

The choice of exile *à deux*, for Joyce no less than for Butterfly, involved isolation, desolation (the Joycean fake etymology of ‘deprivation of sun’ is made literal in Puccini, as Pinkerton is “the Sun” that risks not reappearing), deprivation of mother tongue (to be seen as a

tragicomic example in the ludicrous Japanese-English of Butterfly in the David Belasco play), names (even the naming is Pinkerton's choice: "I nomi che mi dava", 'the names he gave me')⁸, religion (as to Joyce, Catholicism is a Syriac religion and a religion which admitted adulterous priests, and is therefore to be renounced), institutions, law, nationality, ancestors, relatives and friends. All this often necessarily involves rejection, scorn and hate ("the common Dublin people, whom I hate and despise"⁹), generating a sense of disorientation over one's own identity, work and place in the world. Joyce felt he was a "stranger" in his own country and extended this feeling to his own son ("my son ... will always be a foreigner in Ireland, a man speaking another language and bred in a different tradition"¹⁰).

In the situation of self-imposed exile, the arms for survival and ultimately, for success, consisted of, as the *Portrait* has it, "silence, exile and cunning":

I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland my church and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or arts freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use silence, exile and cunning (*P*, 233)

Far from agreeing with Sebastian Knowles' statement that "His (Joyce's) only comment about him (Puccini) is contained in a letter of 27th October 1909 shortly after he had taken her to see *Madama Butterfly* which enjoyed a successful première (with the public, if not with the critics)" (Knowles 2014: 51), I would like to emphasize the central role of *Madama Butterfly* in the whole work of Joyce. He not only addressed Nora as "My dear Butterfly" (and, in the same letter: "nearly as warm

⁸ In Joyce: "Nora, Nora mia, Norina, Noretta, Norella, Noruccia ecc. ecc.": letter of 16th December 1909, *SL* 191.

⁹ Letter of 22nd October 1909, *SL* 172.

¹⁰ Letter of 27th October 1909, *SL* 174.

as certain districts of your body, Butterfly”, and again: “Do not fret, little Butterfly”¹¹), but clearly incorporated Butterfly as a set feature in his exilic world and work, applying the same adjectives to her that Puccini attributed to Butterfly, from “strange” (Puccini: “bimba dagli occhi pieni di malia”; Joyce: “strange eyes and the shadow of a strange, strange girl standing silently by the fire”¹²), to “silent” (“My little silent Nora”¹³ for Joyce; “grazietta silenziosa” for Puccini). However, for both Joyce and Puccini, it is the very quality of their voices: “mysterious” (both in Nora and in Butterfly), that both reveals the depth of their souls and the possibilities for art they possess.

A totally disembodied (and artistic) Butterfly is in Puccini just a “mysterious voice”, coalescing with the ‘voice’ of the “humming chorus”, the ethereal voice of ‘immarginable’ spaces, described as the “gran ponte del cielo”¹⁴, mysterious, undefinable, at the same time a lullaby and a threnody, an example of the “deathlike music”, Joyce had found in Massenet’s *Werther*.¹⁵

Featuring two people listening to their own hearts acting in unison (“to tremble of love for you at the sounding of some chord or cadence of music”¹⁶), Joyce’s exile coincides with the shaping of the “supreme artist” (“think of me when you hear the words”¹⁷), since “noble” and “nobleness” are terms and concepts repeated many times in the letters, and in direct relation to the artist’s vocation. The sublime, tragic and epic stance in exile may even amount to the setting up, and planning, in various ways and through many devices, as is the case with Butterfly, of the ceremony of death, which, literally uniting both exile and the return from exile, the post-exile, attributes to the project an absolute symbolic dimension.

¹¹ Letter of 1st November 1909, *SL* 176.

¹² Letter of 19th November 1909, *SL* 179.

¹³ Letter of 7th September 1909 *SL*, 169.

¹⁴ Letter to Emma Cuzzi of 7th December 1915, *SL* 220, in Italian.

¹⁵ Letter of 27th October 1909, *SL* 175.

¹⁶ Letter of 2nd December 1909, *SL* 181.

¹⁷ Letter of 25th October 1909, *SL* 173.

In the passage from the *Portrait*, the term ‘exile’, placed at the centre of the sentence, looks both ways, to ‘silence’ and ‘cunning’, the two terms become in turn meaningful only if they are interpreted in the light of the centrality of ‘exile’. Here again we find Joyce and Puccini acting hand in hand. I shall not speak of Joyce’s silences because each one of us may, (indeed, must) have his own examples. I will speak only of Puccini’s silences as totally representative of Joyce’s silences.

Belasco’s fairly short play contained 14 minutes of silence: an unprecedented feature that apparently shocked the unprepared public. Whether Puccini assumed it (together with the transcription in musical terms of colours and electric light effects) as a sign of modernity to be adopted and shared is for critics of dramatic music to say, but the multimedial use of instruments, voices, noises and cries (present in the orchestra, but also, for separate and improvised use, directly on stage with Japanese tam tams, bells, *viole d’amore*), is a strategy that Puccini and the ‘multinstrumentalist’ Joyce certainly have in common.

Just like Joyce, Puccini had a way of making missing elements seem felt and active presences which not only suggest but actually dictate the visual in the text: it is the definition of *Madama Butterfly* by her mysterious voice and enigmatic silence (“*grazietta silenziosa*”), together with the drawn-out sounds of the wordless Humming Chorus, in which the voices are used as musical instruments (a very rare technique at the time¹⁸), that represents a major example of silence, letting space speak, in order to attribute to exile its absolute, objective dimension. The dramatic presence of *Butterfly*’s nameless child, “*Dolore*”, present as in a mime in the last scene, produces a similar effect.

And what about ‘cunning’? I would say that being a multifaceted term (connecting art and craftsmanship, and what is immaterial and material), ‘cunning’ could well be a concept capable of embodying and expressing the whole complexity of exile, of representing exile itself as

¹⁸ Laura Basini, “Puccini’s Humming Chorus with Jean-Pierre Ponnelle”, 393.404, in eds A. Groos and V. Bernardoni,

Madama Butterfly: l’orientalismo di fine secolo, l’approccio pucciniano, la ricezione, Firenze, L.S. Olschki, 2008.

art, as the invention and the construction of the rarefied, vertiginous, boundless space in which art can be created.

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‘THE FRINGE OF HIS LINE’: METAPHORS
OF EXILE IN JOYCE

Such early acts of orthographic mischief as “‘y ‘ongue is hurt” (*D* 153) became the hallmark of Joyce’s subsequent plays on language. This cryptic utterance in “Grace” by an initially unidentified man (“No one knew who he was” *D* 150; “Who is the man? What’s his name and address?” *D* 151), doubles the effect of othering: the incomprehensible stranger. Mr. Kernan, for it is he, temporarily exiled from language by the missing piece of his tongue, can be read as a hilarious carrier for Joyce’s, shall we say, biting comment on the bankruptcy of the Irish cultural identity and the complexities of Ireland’s language politics of the day. If elsewhere in *Dubliners* Miss Ivors would have Gabriel keep in touch with his “own” language, “Irish”, her rebuke is met with Gabriel’s disavowal of a language that is not his (*D* 189). Joyce’s not-so-subtle criticism of Dublin’s cultural nationalists is aimed at the proponents of the political agenda that exploited Hiberno-English and Gaelic, and enabled the emergence of, for example, Lady Gregory’s crossbreed, “Kiltartan”. Ireland’s tongue was indeed hurt. Stephen Dedalus’s frustration with the dean of studies (“what did he come here for to teach us his own language or to learn it from us?” *P* 251) again speaks of these complexities.

Like Mr Kernan, many other characters in Joyce’s stories are exiled from language in one way or another: from Polly Mooney’s bad grammar (“*I seen* and *If I had’ve known*” *D* 66, emphases added) and

Eveline's catatonic "silent fervent prayer" and "cry of anguish" that reduces her to "a helpless animal" (*D* 41) to Little Chandler's staccato "It's nothing ... He... he... I couldn't... I didn't..." (*D* 85). In broader terms, many characters' discomfort, their sense of non-belonging, and their sense of inner exile, feeds their desire to get away, maybe to "a distant unknown country" (*D* 37) where "real adventures" are to be sought (*D* 21), where one can "keep in touch with the languages" (*D* 189), all captured in Stephen's pre-exilic "Welcome O life!" (*P* 252). It is tempting to draw on some of the conclusions of post-colonial studies regarding the subaltern identity of Dublin dwellers and the cultural/political determinism of place/space. Seamus Deane writes poignantly about the world of *Dubliners* in "Dead Ends: Joyce's Finest Moments", the opening chapter of *Semicolonial Joyce*: "The twilit, half-lit, street-lit, candle-lit, gas-lit, firelit settings are inhabited by shadows, and silhouettes that remind us both of the insubstantial nature of these lives and also of their latent and repressed possibilities" (Deane 2000: 21). He notes that, while Joyce's characters are "highly individuated", they move about as "shades who have never lived, vicarious inhabitants of a universe ruled by others", as "exemplary types of a general condition in which individuality is resolved" (21). Whatever identity they might possess is "second-hand", exemplified, Deane reminds us, by the crowds in "After the Race" whose cheers are those of "the gratefully oppressed" (21). Like Deane, a large number of scholars have tackled the subject of Dublin's and Ireland's "colonial condition" (26) and their insights have broadened our understanding not only of the singularity of the Irish experience and of Ireland's position in the post-Famine and early 20th century world,¹ but also the singularity of Joyce's exile. In a recent book on the theme of the exilic in Joyce, Michael P. Gillespie

¹ Among earlier in-depth studies on the subject are Enda Duffy's *The Subaltern Ulysses* (1994), Vincent Cheng's *Joyce, Race, and Empire* (1995), Derek Attridge's and Marjorie Howe's *Semicolonial Joyce* (2000) as well as other studies listed in the very useful list provided in their Introduction to the book. See also Leonard Orr's *Joyce, Imperialism, and Postcolonialism* (2008), and many essays in Richard Brown's *A Companion to James Joyce* (2011), especially in the "Contexts and Locations" section.

reads exile in biographical/narrative terms and proposes, among others, that “[b]y taking into consideration how being an exile shaped Joyce’s process of composition and how that affects a reader’s sense of Joyce’s writings in specific fashion, readers come away with a clearer sense of the range of attitudes embedded in the narratives” (32). Gillespie’s goal in offering “a new orientation to Joyce’s overall approach to writing [...] is to augment current readings and to enhance our sense of the imaginative world from which Joyce’s works emerged” (32). My own reading of the concept of exile in this essay, while skirting the political and the biographical, centers on exploring the instances of Joyce’s language effects and gnomic narrative strategies that, frequently lax on denotation, favour connotative, semantifying subtexts that chart a programmatic, ontological articulation of the exilic as the nascent state of the oppressed. To this effect, I will trace the trope of exile in its diverse textual, rhetorical, and aesthetic realizations.

“the fringe”

In the first pages of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen is in the playground of Clongowes Wood College, keeping “*on the fringe of his line*, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then” (P 8; emphasis added). The phrase reappears on two occasions: when Stephen is, again “*on the fringe of his line*, making little runs now and then” (P 9) and when, asked by Wells not tell on him, he recalls “creeping from point to point *on the fringe of his line*” (P 22). We have come to appreciate figures of repetition in Joyce (whether presented *verbatim*, or through synonymic or chiasmic constructs) as one of the rhetorical strategies that carries narrative significance. The thrice-stressed *fringe* functions as a trope for Stephen’s developing sense of separateness, of “exile” from the happenings around him, and of the emerging sense of being “different from others” (P 65), as he begins “to taste the joy of his loneliness” (68). A more complex expression of his sense of exile can be gleaned from the after effects of Stephen’s fleeting brush with money that, having briefly purchased him the power “to build a break-water of order and elegance

against the *sordid tide of life*" (P 98; emphasis added)², eventually only magnifies "his own futile isolation", his division "from mother and brother and sister" and his sense of being "hardly of the one blood with them": it leaves him standing "to them rather in the mystical kinship of fosterage, fosterchild and fosterbrother" (P 98). Stephen's rejection of the "awful power" (P 158) of priesthood further substantiates his sense of being destined to be "apart in every order" (P 161).

Indeed, "apart", like "away" and, particularly, "alone", amplify the meaning of "fringe" throughout *A Portrait*, and such words become markers of freedom. At the very end of Chapter 1, hoisted in the air by his Clongowes schoolmates, Steven reflects: "He was *alone*. He was happy and free" (P 59; my emphasis throughout this paragraph). Exiled from Clongowes due to his father's pecuniary troubles that sink the family into poverty, Stephen, brooding on Mercedes, "rove[s] *alone* in the evening along the quiet avenue" (P 64).³ After the hellfire mass he seeks solitude in his room "to be *alone* with his soul", and the phrase reappears a few lines later as Stephen attempts in vain to face his sins ("He could not summon them [his sins] to his memory" P 136). Still later, when Stephen is on the beach, his soul "brood[s] *alone* upon" his boyhood and upon himself", and we read once again: "He was *alone*. He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. He was *alone* and young and wilful and wildhearted, *alone* amid a waste of wild air [...] and veiled grey sunlight and [...] figures, of children [...] and voices [...] in the air" (P 171). Joyce echoes here the Clongowes' scene of children's voices and "grey light" where we saw Stephen hover "on

² This phrase is prefigured earlier when Stephen, during a visit to Cork with his father, recalls "battling against *the squalor of his life* against the riot of his mind" (P 91).

³ The passage continues with Stephen wandering amidst "the kindly lights in the windows that poured a tender influence into his restless heart"; significant imagery, further intensified by the images of "gloomy foggy city (P 66) or "veiled autumnal evenings" (99). As my reading below suggests, muted light frequently accompanies the exilic imagery of separateness and aloneness. "Kindly" light is also echoed in "A Little Cloud" when Little Chandler is feeling out-of-sorts about his impending meeting with Gallaher: "The glow of the late sunset ... cast a shower of kindly golden dust" (D 71); as he walks in the sunset light, Chandler feels *apart from* and "superior to the people" he passes (73). Incidentally, another "kindly", in the title of "Lead Kindly Light", is evoked by Molly in "Penelope".

the fringe of his line” as the boys kick the football: “the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the *grey light*” (repeated as: “a heavy bird flying low through the *grey light*”). I will come back to these images later in my discussion to suggest conceptual correlations between diminished lights, birds, and fringe/exile.

“real adventures...must be sought abroad”

Like the opening of *A Portrait*, the first three stories in *Dubliners* – “The Sisters”, “An Encounter” and “Araby” – thematise an exile from childhood. If Stephen, “exiled” from home/parents and caught in the spokes of the institutional regimen of boarding school, navigates his days by dodging the perils posed by language and social interactions, the young protagonists of *Dubliners* are similarly untethered from parents and they experience epiphanic foretastes of the menacing world of adults. The boy in “The Sisters” expresses his exasperation (“Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!” *D* 11) at Old Cotter’s “unfinished sentences” (11) that exile him from the import of Cotter’s cryptic quips. His aunt fares none the better as she wonders what Cotter means (10, 11). The narrator of “Araby” appears to be equally exiled from the meaning of the flirtatious exchanges he witnesses between the stall keeper at the bazaar and two Englishmen (35), as is Mahony from the old jossler’s gestures in “An Encounter” (*D* 26). These gnomonic structures can be read as Joyce’s acts of “sexile” that elide themes/references inappropriate for children: Joyce thus designs his young protagonists as glimpsing, but not comprehending, *that* which is beyond their experiential knowledge.⁴

⁴ Margot Norris’s opening chapter of *Suspicious Readings* offers a complex re-reading of gnomon (2003: 19-20) and considers the psychoanalytical and political implications of Joyce’s gnomonic language as experienced by the young boy: the former is concerned with “an epistemological gap or a missing piece of knowledge” (language is “un-whole”), and the latter with textual censorship (19). With reference to books mentioned by the “queer old jossler”, Norris highlights the story’s “thematized perversion of bibliophilia” through the old man’s ‘abuse’ of the library to seduce and incriminate the young boy” (33). Norris’s argument in Chapter 2 of *Suspicious Readings* deepens my own surface reading of

Fritz Senn's term "lexile"⁵ could be expanded from indicating exiled/displaced lexes to *also* mean exiled literature: a ban on *Halfpenny Marvel* novels and stories of the Wild West. Dismissed as "rubbish" by teachers, they were "circulated secretly as school" and opened "the door of escape" for the boys, though their teachers' disdain spoiled their reading and "paled much of the glory of the Wild West" (*D* 20). Here Joyce gives voice to any child's "hunger [...] for wild sensations, for the *escape* which those chronicles of disorder" offer the narrator: "I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home: they must be sought abroad" (*D* 21). This sentiment is shared not only by Ignatius Gallaher who roams Paris and London, but also by Gabriel Conroy whose cycling tours to Belgium, France and Germany help him keep up with languages and provide a respite from Ireland: he is emphatically sick of his own country, "sick of it" (*D* 189).

Lily is apparently sick of Dublin men: "The men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you" (*D* 178). Margot Norris has discussed this and other female back answers in terms of Joyce's deployment of gender politics (2003: 217 *passim*), a reading that "internalizes the submerged socially critical influence of Ibsen" (217). And while we see the *effect* of Lily's experience – her back answer – one wonders, what happened to Lily? If she met up with a Corley-like character or had two young gentlemen with English accents lure her into some unseemly conduct, she would have been burned badly enough to lash out. An appointment with a "palaver" man must have given her enough insight into her own "date" and into Dublin's dating scene to make her streetwise double quick. A peculiar kind of "exile" is at work here: the disenfranchisement of women, exiled from their own decision-making with regard to the stakes in their encounters

the boys' exile from childhood. See also Kershner's discussion of "The Sisters", "An Encounter" and "Araby" in *Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Literature* (1989).

⁵ Elsewhere in this volume, Fritz Senn describes "lexile" as "any kind of displacement or foreignness or salient oddity within a given context as exile, and flatly treat[s] it as a synonym to 'foreign' or 'alien', even 'unexpected', concentrating on the lexical aspect, therefore 'Lexile'."

with men (also at work in “A Mother”). As early as *Chamber Music*, there are intimations of Joyce’s acute awareness of various forms of *paterfamilias* that marginalize women and subordinate them to the rule of Law.

“heavy bird through the grey light”

Little Stephen may have been onto something when he speculated that, while “you could not have a green rose [...] perhaps *somewhere in the world* you could” (P 12; emphasis added). That world, the earth that Stephen sees as “a big ball in the middle of clouds” (P 15), has him on its fringes (the World, Europe, Ireland, County Kildare, Sallins, Clongowes Wood College, Class of Elements), as Stephen ponders the world’s magnitude and people’s prayers to God in “all the different languages in the world” (P 15-16). In terms of geography and language, Joyce’s exilic home in plurilingual Trieste could not but underscore Ireland’s and the Irish language’s position on the fringe of Europe (and Europe’s on the fringe of the Eurasian continent). Significantly, the phrase “on the fringe of his line” is twice accompanied by the symbol-laden image of a bird-like flying orb (which, in my reading, prefigures “the big ball in the middle of clouds”): “after every charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a *heavy bird* through the *grey light*,” repeated as “a *heavy bird* flying low through the *grey light*” (P 8).⁶ So it is interesting to note that the grey light (“the veiled grey sunlight” P 171) appears in another scene, when, years later, Joyce has Stephen behold a bird-like figure on the beach: “A girl stood before him in midstream, *alone* and still, gazing out to sea” (P 171). In this often-discussed bird-girl scene, Joyce repeats the phrase: “She was *alone* and

⁶ Later in the novel, Stephen on the steps of the library observes flying birds and wonders what kind of birds they were (P 224, 225). In this almost two-page long meditation on the birds’ flight and their shrill cries, Stephen sees them as somewhat ominous symbols “of a hawklike man whose name he bore” and, intuiting his future exile, vaguely concludes that the birds “must be swallows who had come back from the south. *Then he was to go away* for they were birds ever going and coming, building ever an *unlasting home* under the eaves of men’s houses and *ever leaving the homes* they had built *to wander*” (225; emphases added).

still, gazing out to sea”, suffering Stephen’s gaze for quite a while. I’m struck by complex parallels between these two images framed by the winter and summer light: first, Stephen at Clongowes, *alone* on the fringe, amidst the *heaviness of grey light* of the *winter evening* observing a ball flying like a *heavy bird*, and second, Stephen on the beach amidst the *lightness of grey sunlight* of the *summer* looking at a *lone, stationary* seabird girl with legs framed by the dawn-white *fringes* of her drawers. “Profane” as Stephen’s “joy” may be at the sight of her drawers, he can only stay, well, on the fringe and behold her. A mute and chaste forerunner of Gerty McDowell (also presented in a subdued “last glow” of the setting sun and “the grey air” at the climax of the fireworks, *U* 13. 2, 741), the girl is a cipher of solitude. Her solitude has always struck me as much more profound than the somewhat affected solitude of Stephen.⁷ While the passage has been frequently interpreted in terms of Stephen’s aesthetic epiphany, I’d like to add that the scene may be epiphanic for very different and hitherto unstated reasons: Stephen, I think, is apprehending the enormous mystery of female solitude, separateness – indeed, exile – from the world that is man’s. Grey sunlight, on the fringe of its fullness, adds to that apprehension.

The girl’s attitude of profound detachment echoes that of Gretta on the staircase and “in the shadow also” (*D* 209), full of “grace and mystery” (*D* 210), transposed elsewhere by the air that is barely audible and meaningless to Gabriel (“he strained his ear”, but he could hear nothing save the piano and a man’s voice ...). Joyce wrote “The Dead” in 1907 at a crucial junction in his life that marked the birth of his daughter, followed, among many other things, by his work in earnest on *A Portrait*, by the publication of *Chamber Music* for Nora, and by working through their marital crisis. In the images of Gretta and the

⁷ Throughout the novel, Stephen is frequently presented in the situations with others: boys at Clongowes, family members, peers at UCD etc. The girl’s solitude seen against the vast seascape will be echoed in Stephen’s similarly solitary state on Sandymount Stand in “Telemachus”, although, in contrast to Stephen, in motion and lost in thought, the girl is presented as a static “object”. One would give many a penny for her thoughts as she holds Stephen’s gaze.

bird-girl, I see Joyce's epiphanic representations of his slowly-evolving thinking about women/womanhood, fostered by his early readings of Ibsen, whose spirit he understood "instantaneously" (*SH* 40) and whose work he introduced to his mother (*SH* 83 *passim*). This thinking is reflected in the much more complex female characters of *Ulysses*; but although they are presented largely through the male gaze and gossip that exiles them into the realm of stereotype, cliché and abstraction (that parallels poets' and painters' processes of distilling/distancing them into art), this point of view is not Joyce's.⁸ In Bloom, Joyce creates an equally complex male, given to othering and reductive thinking about women, despite being empathetic to and understanding of others: for instance, of Martin Cunningham's situation, of the nature of his marriage,⁹ and of the female suffering endured by Mina Purefoy.

"islanding"

The mystery of womanhood which, as I suggested, Joyce has Stephen glimpse in the bird-girl, also, in a manner of speaking, exiles him from language, but in a different way than in the examples I cited at the beginning of my discussion. As the image of the girl passes "into [Stephen's] soul for ever and no word [breaks] the holy silence of his ecstasy" (*P* 172), his soul's somewhat ineloquent "Heavenly God" (*P* 171) suggests that language failed Stephen the artist. We have seen

⁸ Jeri Johnson, in her densely woven 1989 essay, "'Beyond the Veil': *Ulysses*, Feminism and the Figure of Woman", recaps some of the feminist critiques of Joyce's works as sexist in their representations of women. Like many other Joyce critics, she refutes these readings as reductive, arguing that the "text produces the illusion of presence" (208), and that "to fail to account for the disturbance of writing or for the rhetoricity of language is to fail to account for Joyce whose uniqueness consists largely of his flagrant violations of linguistic norms, his flaunting and exposing of the disturbances of mimesis by the rhetoricity of language" (205). She indicts both Julia Kristeva's understanding of Joyce's "woman" as "rhetorical trope functioning within a narrative economy" (207) and Sandra Gilbert's "woman in Joyce" as "too, too solid flesh" (207-08).

⁹ See Wawrzycka, "Memory and Marital Dynamics in *Ulysses* (2014). See also Janine Utell's remarkable book, *James Joyce and the Revolt of Love: Marriage, Adultery, Desire*, especially Chapter 4.

Gabriel, another artist-writer, wonder a-grammatically, what was a woman “listening to distant music, a symbol of” (*D* 201; emphasis added).¹⁰ In his ruminations on Mrs. Purefoy’s difficult childbirth, Bloom (“There’s a touch of the artist about old Bloom” *U* 10.582) arrives at the fringe of language when his empathetic concern becomes just “Sss. Dth, dth, dth!” (*U* 8.373). All these instances of inarticulation, prefigured in Mr. Kernan’s “y ‘ongue is hurt,” add to my understanding of *A Portrait’s fringe* as a trope for a broad variety of “exiles” in Joyce’s works, from little Stephen in the playground keeping away from the boys, boys being kept away from the nefarious secrets of the adults and being barred from “the door of escape” afforded by literature of adventure, to young girls stymied in various ways in their pursuit of agency. Further emphasized by the accompanying imagery of shadows or greyed and muted air, the *fringe* signals Joyce’s early and deliberate foregrounding of the exilic: aloneness, isolation, and a sense of being on the margins of things. That sense is captured at the close of Chapter 4 in *A Portrait*, where, once again, the evening light and isolation converge to form what I read as Joyce’s reflection on the artist’s solitude and creativity: “Evening has fallen. . . . and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waters, *islanding a few last figures in distant pools*” (*D* 173; emphasis added). Joyce’s nonce word, “islanding,” is apt here, both for the image it conjures up and for the artistic statement it makes as a new lexical creation. There are conflicting forces in “islanding”: on the one hand, isolating aspects of islanding (*isola/isle/isolation*) are necessary to the artistic process, while on the other, islanding as isolation on an island can thwart growth. Ireland gave Joyce insights into both. Once in Trieste, “islanding” among new languages and free to forge his own artistic expression, Joyce could work on Ireland’s damaged tongue by inflecting it with new power.

¹⁰ In a different context, W.Y. Tindall evokes a notion of “an unassigned symbol – that is a meaningful thing of uncertain meaning” (1959: 37), an apt descriptor for such constructs as “Gretta”, “the bird-girl”, “Gerty” or “Molly”.

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SILENCE AND CUNNING: THE IRISH EXILE'S
POSTCREATIVE IMMORTALITY IN "OXEN OF THE
SUN"

Motto: "I will try to express myself in some mode of
life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can,
using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to
use – silence, exile, and cunning."

(A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, ultima verba)

Given the interchangeability of the mode of life/art asserted in the motto (above) signalled by the word 'or', one can begin by asserting that, while Joyce made free with the conventions of the novel in *Ulysses*, the book remains, nevertheless, faithful to the correspondence between art and life through a contract of immortality of sorts. This is our focus in this paper. It is worth noting, firstly, that Joyce's characters are compelling because they maintain an experiential contact with a whole (fictional) world that remains the standard for the novelistic cognition which confronts the reader. In "Oxen of the Sun", postcreation is the name given by the creator (Stephen Dedalus) to his defensive silence and cunning, connected, on the one hand, to the real world in which Joyce was an exile, and, on the other hand, to the fictional substance of the novel. Here, the postcreation is surrounded by silence since it only appears once in the text of *Ulysses* (*U* 14.292-4); it is also cunning because it is named long after having been practiced first (in the

Shakespearean fabrication of “Scylla and Charybdis”), and before it is put to work a second time (in the fables of Anglo-Irish history that tell a different, local, story than the English pastiches, in the stylistic torrent for which “Oxen of the Sun” is renowned – more recently commendable as a post-colonial creation). Both in the fabrication and in the fables, postcreation instils fresh life in the ghosts of the past – and somehow enriches (or subverts) the much more famous gallery of English pastiches. Also, just as with the prefix “post-“ when added to so many other notions, periods and cultural trends today, postcreation is a late comer, an appendage, with respect to creation, yet it retains various essential links with the root; moreover, it is as faithful to creation as to enable the prototype it supplements to be always recognized by readers. Regarding the connection of postcreation with the third member of the triad in the motto, with exile – as a personal experience and strategic response to it – postcreation might well behave just like an exiled prototype allowed to resurface after a period of temporary suspension (equivalent to death) and able to take on a second life (equivalent to immortality, hence the idea of immortality in association with postcreation). Understood in its own terms, postcreation in *Ulysses* acts as a silent and cunning master trope gathering to it, *ex post facto*, several of the exiled artist’s literary achievements: they all stand out through the very precise observance of contours and details of whatever creation – fictional or actual – the post-creation attaches itself to.

To construct an argument along these lines, I will follow John Gordon’s article, “Obeying the Boss in ‘Oxen of the Sun’” (Gordon 1991), stressing the cohesive power of words directly connected to the world of the fictional characters in *Ulysses*, rather than as brilliant, floating signifiers wonderfully put into circulation by Joyce. The working hypothesis here is that the cunning words can be even subtler (onto)logically, morally, and aesthetically than mere stylistic agents of Joyce’s liberated textuality can be. Determined to go hand in hand with the cunning of the *Ulysses* text, it is possible to interrogate the silence surrounding words and larger chunks of discourse, while assuming that

Ulysses “is representational throughout” (Gordon 1991: 234) – with due respect to the school that gives precedence to style, considering it as “either independent or determinative of action” (a school presented in Gordon’s first note to the aforementioned article, complete with the names of reputable critics and secondary texts alongside many others: Hugh Kenner’s *The Stoic Comedians: Flaubert, Joyce, and Beckett* (1962), David Hayman’s “*Ulysses*”: *The Mechanics of Meaning* (1970), Wolfgang Iser’s *The Implied Reader: Patterns of Communication in Prose from Bunyan to Beckett* (1974) and John Paul Riquelme’s *Teller and Tale in Joyce’s Fictions: Oscillating Perspectives* (1983)).

Our intention is to show how three statements and their words can be read as prompts that follow the development of Stephen’s artistic genius to maturity – after his decisive encounter with Leopold Bloom (whose progress and growing sense of responsibility are, in turn, carefully charted for the benefit of readers who wish to trust “the naturalistic base” (Gordon 1991: 233) of Joyce’s creation and go along with the idea “that ‘Oxen of the Sun’ is consistently endogenous – that is, that changes at the level of events determine stylistic variants”, Gordon 1991: 234).

On the one hand, after focusing on the characters’ affinities and experiences which make up the novelistic *bona fide* plot of *Ulysses*, we follow a pattern of mutual responses that the intricate discourse keeps returning to, silently, from unexpected angles and in apparent disorder, i.e., cunningly. Quite inconspicuously, Stephen becomes a fully-fledged artist by the end of Bloomsday – and postcreation is the word he leaves behind in “Oxen of the Sun” to announce what is assumed as the idea of perfect artistic achievement: the capacity to bring everything created not to a common denominator but, as will be seen from the ensuing analysis, to the equivalent of the highest common factor of several fictional discourse fractions.

On the other hand, what carries weight in the present argument is the fact that the standard for assessing Stephen’s maturity as an artist is partially extrinsic to the text of *Ulysses*, since we consider that, before “Oxen of the Sun” and “Circe”, Stephen was still the kind of young man whose portrait as an artist fitted the description of Joyce’s

*Bildungsroman*¹; meanwhile, after the fourteenth and fifteenth episodes of *Ulysses*, with the novelistic and intertextual deep design and lines of convergence of the whole emerging from the background, the artist actually becomes free: he leaves behind what the first two sentences of the ‘Circe’ statement below presuppose, and he implements the presupposition of its final two sentences, which come from “Oxen of the Sun”.

- (1) “Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done so. I don't want it to die. Damn death. Long live life!” (*U* 15.4473-4).
- (2) “Mark me now. In woman’s womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the postcreation. *Omnis caro ad te veniet* “(*U* 14. 292-4).
- (3) “I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard, am lord and giver of their life” (*U* 14.1115; “their” refers to “the poor ghosts of the past” in “Who supposes that if the poor ghosts of the past are call[ed] into life across the waters of Lethe” by the

¹ The coincidence, in detail, between the opening scene of *Ulysses* in the Martello Tower, documented, according to the James Joyce Museum English leaflet of summer 2018, by “memories left by Gogarty and some of his visitors, [together with] Gogarty’s rent documents”, and in accordance with the presentation of the real life sequence of events (and scenes) in Joyce’s life already known to readers (from his incipient self-portrait in *Stephen Hero* and from the passages he read to May Joyce during her sickness) justifies the reference to defence, in the words in the *motto*, regarding his defence and the only weapons at his disposal). In addition, the tourist aforementioned leaflet specifies that Trench (Haines):

“had a nightmare about a black panther ... reached for his gun, fired a few shots into the fireplace ... Gogarty then took the gun, called out ‘Leave him to me!’ and shot down the saucepans from their shelf over Joyce’s bed. Joyce took the hint and left the tower immediately, never to return. A month later he eloped to Europe with Nora Barnacle, to begin a life of self-imposed exile.”

The same source includes the clarification that “Joyce was then 22 and beginning his career as a writer. He was busy on a poem called ‘The Holy Office’”, also explaining that it was “a broadside which attacked all his literary contemporaries in Dublin and proclaimed his own disdainful independence”. The mention of the broadside is evocative and explanatory of Lenehan’s disdainful reference to “a capful of light odes” as Joyce-Stephen’s only known creations up to that point.

artistic ego, “they will troop to [his] call” to receive new names? (adaptation of *U* 14. 1113-5, the “chastened style of Landor [in *Imaginary Conversations*]” Gilbert 1963: 265).

It should be noted that the words of the first statement are plain and linked to exilic itinerancy, namely to “the perpetual movement between the unresolved homeland and the broader world” (Pearson 2015: 145); they preserve both exilic bile (in the first two sentences) and exultation over its defeat (in the latter half); the last two sentences voice the sense of liberation from exilic spleen, frustration and dejection, and from any ambivalent feelings which pester the exile, posited more dramatically between *l’elan vital* and the deadly temptation to nihilism. As a whole, “our” first statement encompasses the experiential reality of Joyce’s own life: the life of an expatriate who managed to transform exilic sufferance, very much akin to death, into a zestful affirmation of life via exceptional literary prowess and stylistic exuberance. And, we would like to add, wisdom. Fictionally managed, this ambivalent statement which covers an exilic complex transcended becomes what Suzette Henke termed, in *Joyce’s Moraculous Sindbook: A Study of Ulysses*, “Stephen’s gospel to Private Carr in terms of political philosophy” (Henke 1978: 201). Looking beyond this statement’s obvious political content, Stephen’s gospel points to the promise contained in the Gospels (etymologically, God’s own spelt word(s), the archaic evangel) – a promise of life defeating death.

The words in the latter two statements stand out with their recondite meanings: the postcreation is a *hapax legomenon* with a strange grammatical presentation, an uncountable abstract noun preceded by the definite article “the”, which singularizes an enigmatically expressed experience; and, again, this statement puts together life’s beginning and its passing, while asserting the power of “the word that shall not pass away”; in the third statement, *Bous Stephanoumenos* is an eerie Greek name whose meaning becomes possibly less enigmatic in association with “bullockbefriending bard”, a transparent diminutive appellation of the artist as leader of the novel’s young men, which “Oxen of the Sun” brings into the limelight. The artist’s confidence as “lord and giver of

life to the poor ghosts of the past”, is marked, however, by a similar discrepancy between the pretentious Greek name and the light liquidity and friendly packing for Stephen’s declared bardic role. One senses here, just as in the other statements, a rift announcing clear-cut polarities – to be decoded in connection to the way the artist is positioned in the world.

Our account might begin with Stephen’s “Bous Stephanoumenos/bullock befriending bard” statement, the third one and the sequel to it. In context, it represents the prelude to the artist’s debacle – which we consider decisive for the later developments of the book; they will represent an improvement upon the past in the experiential story of the actual creator, Joyce, as a fictional character. Stephen’s otherwise reassuringly clear speech about the artist’s self-asserted power to give life, and plentiful life at that, to the ghosts of the past is spontaneously and savagely cut short by the harsh words of a would-be friend, Vincent Lenehan. In the latter’s otherwise mellifluous speech, the young artist’s attention is drawn to the paucity of his achievements when measured with his high aspirations. Lenehan calls Stephen’s attention to the fact that he had not “fathered forth” more than “a capful of light odes” for the time being. Then the chastising friend immediately changes tack, encouragingly jumping to the mother and the artist’s relationship with her and predicting, through a random and predictable nuclear family association, from the fathering role of the aspiring artist, to the mother: “[Stephen, Lenehan says] would not leave his mother an orphan” – since, after all, he might still create more than the negligible work produced up to that point. As the quotation below will show, the gratuitous and stereotypical association of the artist’s creation with the father and, subsequently, with the mother, is turned from a faded metaphor into a poisoned arrow-head. It hits Stephen to “the pith and marrow of his attribute” (as Hamlet puts it before his encounter with the ghost); and it makes Vincent Lenehan’s trifling reference to Stephen’s mother resemble Buck’s callous “*O, it’s only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*” in *U* 1.199). This indicates the depth of the incompatibility between Stephen’s “attribute” and other characters’ blindness to it – plus their rather ambivalent wish to concede that he might create some

outstanding piece of writing in future, entitling him to win and wear the laurel crown and become “Stephaneforos”:

All [who wish you well] desire to see you bring forth the work you meditate [and] to acclaim you Stephaneforos. I heartily wish you may not fail them. O no, Vincent Lenehan said, laying a hand on the shoulder near him. Have no fear. He could not leave his mother an orphan. The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard it was for him to be reminded of his promise and of his recent loss. He would have withdrawn from the feast had not the noise of voices allayed the smart. (*U* 14. 1120-26)

The rift created in the scene that follows Stephen’s third statement conveys to the reader, we believe, an invitation to connect the third with the second statement, and interpret the latter as containing the guidelines needed for understanding, above the heads of the Bloomsday characters, how it is possible for all fictional flesh to be gathered to a single point (*Omnis caro ad te veniet*): either it creates the prerequisite for the characters and the fictional story to be placed on a higher level, say a promontory, which gives one a broader view, or, perhaps, one which can give a reader the chance to discover the highest common factor in the creation in *Ulysses*. One such factor is to be found in the discrepancy between the socializing discourse characteristic of people like Lenehan and Buck Mulligan, on the one hand, and the uses of language in the postcreation on the other. Though the discourse of differentiation is at work everywhere in the novel (as a greatest common factor of sorts), in “Oxen of the Sun” it is part of the allegorical underpinning of the episode, which makes more conspicuous the discrepancy between, on the one hand, the irresponsible sons, bullocks befriended by Stephen, and, on the other hand, the depth of the vibrant sensibility and poetic singularity underpinning Stephen’s artistic discourse (as can be seen in the density of unfamiliar words in Stephen’s second statement, “Bous Stephanoumenos”, “bullockbefriending bard”, “the postcreation”). Stephen’s discourse is a discourse of faith efficiently hidden behind the cunning mask of irony. This is why the postcreation appears

in Stephen's pompous statement, which is further downgraded as it is framed in a mock Last Supper scene delivered by him as a Joking Jesus (see *U* 14.276-312). The postcreation is, however, *the* word which conveys, in the achieved fictional text of *Ulysses*, Stephen's artistic faith declared in principle in the *motto* of our article – and enacted in the 1922 book, as will be seen. In the context of the fourteenth episode, the nonce word needs to be liberated (excised?) from its husk, to be both de-framed (liberated from the ironic frame) and de-frocked of its strictly theological content (indicated by the beginning and the end of the statement's two liturgical formulations: the "Mark me now" at the beginning, and the Latinate "*Omnis caro ad te veniet*" at the end). There are, in fact, several layers of cunning to be stripped before getting to the silent, i.e., contemplative, core of the statement.

In addition to its "Mark me now" inception, the whole paragraph, which contains statements where Stephen ventriloquizes Christ directly addressing his disciples in the New Testament, also has another series of sermonic overtones. They relate, this time, to the underlying gender war staged by the fourteenth episode with its majority of macho voices resounding in the lobby of the maternity hospital with the screams of the woman in birth throes above – who is not given the word, but is reduced to "a cry on high", which only "Sir Leopold heard ... and he wondered what cry that it was, whether of child or woman" (*U* 14. 170 and 170-1). In context, the postcreation statement vocally sanctions *male* aesthetic endeavouring to match the metaphysically sanctioned leading role given to *women* in childbirth, which crowns procreation and is the guarantee of inexhaustible natural vitality – in the flesh. To this is added the cunning last sermonic sentence in Catholic Latin, which states that all flesh, the fruit of parturition, shall eventually be gathered ... Where? Read literally, i.e., understood in the absence of all cunning, it might be a stereotypical repetition of ritual or theological statements: all perishing flesh shall be retrieved by/saved due to the divine element; but if it is taken with a grain of ... cunning salt, it silently asserts that all flesh shall be gathered in the *aesthetic* word that shall not pass away – while all flesh does pass away; in despite of death, life can triumph, "Let my country die for me. So far is has done so. Damn

death. Long live life!” What it takes for the aesthetic word inoculated to take wing is a transfer of faith – from writer to reader, from the mature writer’s faith, which does not write the Latin “*te*” in lower case only to make bold with Christian reverence and the capital pronominal paradigm; the transfer invites the reader’s recognition that the new book called *Ulysses* can gather everything that is glamorous into one, knitting together, in the same fabric, regular human responsibilities generated by faith (faith knitted from responsibilities only painfully discovered on the steep path of personal experience), with stylistic outreaches never heard before. There is more silence and cunning on the humble, humiliating path of experience, the path of the exile who eats the bitter bread of home sickness, “far from the land” – when this phrase is read ... in a masculine, not at all sentimental, sense (as in Thomas Moore’s Sarah Curran threnody). One can perceive or intuit the same cry of triumph voiced, at last, over the rift that is as deadly as “the country from whose bourne no traveller returns”; but the artist in exile, with the only defence of silence and cunning, can utter this kind of cry.

It is worth following the birth and perfection of Bloom’s full sense of human responsibility as shown by John Gordon’s article on the whole text of *Ulysses* to convince readers that the fourteenth episode is one where male egoism and deeply hurt egotism (related to the Blooms’ marital problems) can be channelled more felicitously in the act of negotiating between various sexual themes (the same tackled by the young banterers and the fertility rites enacted in counterpoint by the woman upstairs). While Bloom is meditating in the maternity hospital and reminiscing about a period when he and his wife dwelt so close to Holles Street that they were exposed daily to other families’ happiness while taking home their babies from the maternity hospital, Bloom’s consciousness is moved to connect the fragments of his life and its reflective flow: “from their window the Blooms could see the hospital (18.703-705), could see the couples leaving, about once a day (77-78), with their newborns, implicitly reproaching them. Some such juxtaposition is what Holles Street represents for Bloom” (Gordon 1991: 243). A few lines later, we read that:

[t]he voices which rebuke Bloom's sexual deviance and harp on his sonlessness express private demons aroused through associations connected with the chapter's place and time. On the other hand, a maternity hospital where after long labor a healthy son is born is not a bad place to confront those demons. Especially significant is the fact of his father's age. In contemplating another son Bloom has wondered if, at thirty-eight, he might be too old (11.1067). But Theodore Purefoy is in his fifties, a fact not lost on someone born to a father also in his fifties. So there's hope yet. (Gordon 1991: 243-4)

He evokes and judges things, investing them with the weight of his past but directs them to a point in future, with thoughts that empower him to accept life over death so as to defeat the brooding over it – just as in Stephen's first statement, where life is chosen over death that is damned and dismissed by an exclamation (which leaves one free to celebrate life). Consequently, the artist's liberating exclamation, we can say, corresponds to Bloom's acceptance, as Gordon demonstrates, that life must go on – rather than being abandoned to sterility and slow desiccation (or, ultimately death). While reminiscing in "Oxen of the Sun" (where we read that "On her [Nurse Callan's] stow [the maternity] he [Bloom] ere was living with dear wife and lovesome daughter that then over land and seafloor nine years had long outwandered" *U* 14.86-8), the novel's Ulysses, still bound for *Ithaca* at this time, decides that, after all, it is possible for him and Molly ultimately to resume their carnal intercourse in future, trying to beget another son some time thereafter. Accepting the future as an opening, while straining one's will is what is needed, for a start, to make a decisive change. Bloom's thoughts rally him to the "*Omnis caro ad te veniet*" injunction in Stephen's second statement: he accepts the necessity of everything bending to the will (rather than the figuratively used "way"!) of all flesh: committed to living (in the flesh) (this also being the significance of "Obeying the Boss" in the title of John Gordon's article). Leopold Bloom's leap of faith

involves him discarding the alternative to sterility (his constant² masturbation, incurred in order to compensate for the missing sexual congress with Molly).

This will make room for the book *Ulysses* equipping Bloom, as will appear increasingly clearly from now on in the book's later chapters (albeit only rather fleetingly), with a substitute-son. In fact the Blooms will both welcome Stephen at 7 Eccles Street, as we read in *Ithaca*, each being in a position to fulfil the deepest momentary desire couched in their souls: Bloom has a more conscious fathering-befriending eagerness, while Molly typically has a combination of a mothering and whoring instinctuality.

But one precondition for the continuation of the substitute-son scenario featuring Leopold Bloom and Stephen together after "Oxen of the Sun" in the final episodes of *Ulysses* is that the son, Stephen, must be changed – and changed utterly too – and that he must cross the same border between life and death. For Stephen, it is important to assume that crossing the bar of death puts him in a position to choose artistic immortality, devote himself to it and deploy it: he must make ready for his task, which, according to our *motto*, was to "express [himself] in some mode of life or art as freely as [he] could".

This essential move, however, is to be deduced from the text – which remains steeped in mysterious, cunning silence. Yet one can tell that after the oblique, random pronouncement about the postcreation, the first step to liberate Stephen on his path was his separation from the bantering gang of sons-bullocks; they had surrounded the son like a cloud of witnesses with empty ringing vociferous blaspheming of all hues – until his drastic change of heart. It is to be noted that while being witnesses in the public discourse order, the banterers, most importantly, remain perfect strangers to Stephen's art. What makes this separation decisive, and clear to readers, is something else that we think is cunningly suggested behind the useful indicator of the Homeric title given

² For example, before *Nausicaa*, at the end of "Lotus Eaters", masturbation is ironically contemplated in the tepid bath when Bloom is looking at "the limp father of thousands" (*U* 5.571).

to the fourteenth episode, “Oxen of the Sun”. The reader is able to take in the artist’s essential distancing from the Irish typical banterers surrounding him if s/he accepts the existence of a paronomastic, cunning variant designation, “Oxen of the Son”, that is emblematic for this chapter. The fourteenth episode is, in fact, connected to the paronym “son” in several ways’. Firstly, one can speak of this as an “oxen of the son’s/sons’” chapter as there are so many perfectly irresponsible and offensive sons’ voices to be heard in the foreground, while Mina Purefoy is nearly dying in childbirth (and while, as John Gordon showed in the earlier long quotation from “Obeying the Boss in ‘Oxen of the Sun’”, Leopold Bloom is secretly joining in the episode’s fertility rites – which are painfully fulfilled/enacted, rather than being celebrated, upstairs in the maternity hospital). Secondly, the young voices blasphemously resounding in the lobby are the voices of bullocks present, inscribed in the posterity of the bulls of Ireland, bulls of old (whose colonial history they are unforgettably sending up in a collective Irish fable): through historical fable they allegorically confront the bulls of old as a/the bellicose filial generation. Because they toy with stereotypes however, the bullocks both are, and are not, in revolt against the generation of the parents, in so far as they share in the callousness and offensiveness of public discourse makers – who happen to have been historical enemies of Ireland – and were still that in the present Bloomsday, as the episode ends up teaching its readers. But, before the full lesson is over, Stephen remains for a while, until the time of “our” third statement, the son in the singular, written in lower case, the ring-leader of the gang in the Church and State history fable *with bulls*, staged by the nationalist chorus of buoyant young voices.

The present banterers’ discourse attaches itself to a number of real periods in Irish history making them unforgettable through narrative fabrication. The Norman and the Catholic diocesan colonization, the Tudor expeditions and Anglican Reformation, the Jamesian plantations and the Flight of the Earls (in this order, rather than viceversa!), the large-scale emigration which depleted the nation: all are worked into an unforgettable allegorical story, because the story, or fable, follows the prescriptive details in Stephen’s utterance about the

postcreation. It can grant immortality to nationalist teachings in symbolic death: the death of the colonized country – the oldest (white) colony of Old England, and of Europe. Inborn nationalist bitterness and the artistic transcendence of exilic sentiments that become a source of long living life coexist in the fable. The origin of the island’s colonial past of Church and State – Gordon (1991: 238) refers to it as the Anglo-Irish satire, saying that “the disabused company launches a satire on Anglo-Irish history” – is circumscribed by punning on the papal bull *Laudabiliter*, issued in 1155 by the only ever English pope, Adrian (Nicholas Breakspear before his ordination). The fable postcreatively conflates the (Catholic) Church bull with the State bull. The former sends the first bull, the (feudal) Lord Harry (Henry Plantagenet), to Ireland, which opens the way to the second Lord Harry (Henry VIII). While the first bull’s admirable achievement is to have come over from England to “shit on shamrock” (*U* 14.585-6), the later bull’s conversion to Protestantism is the climax of the fable; and its sequel is the transformation of the Irish land into a plantation. The colonizer’s Reformation is grotesquely presented from the point of view of the colonized when the second Lord Harry

got into an old smock and skirt that had belonged to his grandmother and bought a grammar of the bulls’ language to study but he could never learn a word of it except the first personal pronoun which he copied out big and got off by heart and if ever he went out for a walk he filled his pockets with chalk to write it upon what took his fancy, the side of a rock or a teahouse table or a bale of cotton or a corkfloat. (*U* 14.632-8).

The colonial appropriation of whatever took the fancy of the second historical bull, “the side of a rock or a teahouse table, or a bale of cotton or a corkfloat”, is the final goal of the satirical show put up quite truthfully not by one but several of the young men gathered in the lobby of the maternity hospital. As silent subtlety and cunning goes, it is important to notice, on the other side of the nationalist/Anglo-Irish edge of Irish hyphenated identity, that the oxen of the son (the chorus of

voices directed by Stephen) also represent the nationalist fate of the heroic Irishmen in the *Táin bó Cuúailnge*. On the other hand, and, again, significantly, Stephen also refers to them, and in words that trigger the satire, as “bulls in an English chinashop” (*U* 14. 581) and they take on all the John Bull and Irish bull associations only too familiar to racist Anglo-Irishmen.

The coda of the whole historic show (which lasts from *U* 14.582 to *U* 14.650) returns the discourse about the past to its originating “son” – in the singular, and written in lower case – to Stephen, and it shifts the Flight of the Earls episode to *after* the Jamesian Plantation:

and the end was that the men of the island seeing no help was toward, as the ungrate women were all of one mind, made a wherry raft, loaded themselves and their bundles of chattels on shipboard, set all masts erect, manned the yards, sprang their luff, heaved to, spread three sheets in the wind, put her head between wind and water, weighed anchor, ported her helm, ran up the jolly Roger, gave three times three, let the bull gine run, pushed off in their bum boat and put to sea to recover the main of America. (*U* 14.638-646)

Following his arrival on site, Buck Mulligan – this episode’s realest buck! – takes the lead with a fable to cover *the future* of the island. In a Swiftian pastiche of *A Modest Proposal*, where the children of Ireland are not to be cooked up as dainties, but the women are summoned for procreation in a “fertilizing farm”, Buck Mulligan advances a typically liberal Anglo-Irish project for a future of bliss: he proposes to repopulate Britain’s sister island that has been depleted by incessant waves of emigration. As postcolonial theory would put things today, Buck devoutly *mimics* in rural Ireland a British project of forced liberal urbanization³. Mulligan summons to his fertilizing farm on Lambay

³ One example of this is documented by George Bernard Shaw’s play *John Bull’s Other Island*, commissioned for the Abbey Theatre in 1904, but not produced there. It addresses the same future as Joyce’s *Ulysses*, being set in the year 1904 in an imaginary

Island all the women of Ireland, irrespective of their marital or social status. The farm would be manned by Mulligan, the macho man par excellence, with a “set of pasteboard cards” bearing the inscription of “Le Fécondateur” (*U* 14. 778), declaring his readiness at all times to replenish the population of a country that has been emptied since time immemorial by emigration as well as by “copulation without population” (*U* 14. 1422).

Representing Buck Mulligan and Stephen-the-bullock as the fourteenth episode’s two formidable sons and champions of discourse confronts the reader with the same edge of hyphenated Irish identity. While Stephen is the minor bullock and bard (by the old Celtic “lore and order” of Ireland and the *Táin*), and is benevolently befriending others, Buck is presented as the insolently patronizing (Anglo-Irish/West Briton) boss of the show. For this reason, Mulligan’s fabrications are stereotypical tongue-in-cheek, an Anglo-Irishman’s tall tale, “a mocking tale or a gibe/To please a companion/Around the fire at the club” (in the emblematic characterization from the first stanza of Yeats’s “Easter 1916”). Meanwhile, Stephen is the real artist whose fabrications *can transform* the leading ironist son into a capital (and capital letter) Son. And he will undergo this transformation in stages – which take(s) longer than the “yodel” at the end of “our” first statement that transcribes Stephen’s successful liberation. Stephen assumes a joyful Joking Jesus tone throughout the paragraph where he begins to talk about the postcreation, beginning with the words “About that present time *young* Stephen filled all cups that stood empty” (my emphasis), “praying for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff” and giving “them for a pledge the vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray”, then urging them to partake “of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which

Rosculen that is not like the island townland in Ireland but a hinterland: the ideal venue for a developer’s urbanization project, like that proposed by Tom Broadbent, prospective MP for Rosculen in the Union parliament. This project is similar to one advocated at the time by Ebenezer Howard to create garden cities, like Letchworth, for example, on the main island (this being, probably, the historical reality sent up with similar precision by George Bernard Shaw in his 1904 play – by a postcreation of sorts!)

is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment" and in this way leading them astray at the same time since they are further directed by the words "Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone" (*U* 14.277-84). But, as already seen, several styles and rounds of discourse later, during the exchange with Lenehan following "our" third statement (from *U* 14.1112 – 1125), Stephen becomes a more genuinely sad victim of his own would-be young friends' betrayal. As another capital letter Son, he is put in a similar position to Jesus at all times during the consummation of His earthly mission⁴. This is the third meaning that underpins "our" paronomastic transcript of the prototypical Homeric title of the fourteenth episode, and it marks Stephen's entry into the artistic order, where creators can also be spelt with a capital letter because they work and toy with uniqueness: that of their own making⁵.

Judging things in this light, it can be noted that at the end of the day the fourteenth episode casts an exile's shadow on the homeland youths and local rivalries, making the oxen in the title not just pointers to the classical Odyssean allegory of desecration; indeed, they designate a class of Irishmen. Yet, in an instance of "the postcreation" prompted by linking "our" second to the first statement, it can be asserted that the exiled Son (the auctorial Joyce-Stephen), when spelt with a capital letter during a God-flirting speech, has created a moment when that particular class of Irishmen gathered in the lobby of the Holles Street Maternity Hospital have enjoyed a taste of collective freedom. Prodded by Stephen, the Irish sons can be said to have managed to defeat with their savagely inventive cunning the hated English ruler whose language has clung so efficiently to them (as to make them, as the quote will show, "Irish by name and irish by nature"), even while they wheel about in a triumphantly nationalistic tableau vivant:

⁴ Even if this were not enough, the capitalization of the Son, a legitimate rendering of the title of the fourteenth episode, is also suggested intertextually, through the sacramental presuppositions that underpin the Homeric twelfth canto.

⁵ Is such prospective complete freedom in the way of life or art not in the spirit of the opening of our *motto*?

Come, come, says Mr Vincent, plain dealing. He'll find himself on the horns of a dilemma if he meddles with a bull that's Irish, says he. Irish by name and irish by nature, says Mr Stephen, and he sent the ale purling about, an Irish bull in an English chinashop. (*U* 14.578-81)

The clear division of the bullocks from their befriending bard represents the fictionally unwarranted end to the oxen of the son's symposium in the lobby of the Holles Street maternity hospital. In the real world, Stephen's fictional desire "to withdraw from the feast" ("The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard it was for him to be reminded of his promise and of his recent loss. He would have withdrawn from the feast", *U* 14.1124-6) corresponds to Joyce's preparing to leave the Martello Tower for good – exactly as the 2018 English tourist leaflet for the James Joyce Museum states in our first footnote.

Readers of *Ulysses* are free to foreground the glamorous but irresponsible volubility of the social discourse of the sons or bullocks and their "liberated/liberating textuality"; or they can side with the discourse of faith momentarily deployed by Stephen, with his more responsible/exilic interventions. In the latter case, it is worth focusing, in the postcreation statement, at the end, on a point of convergence where philological, ethical, ontological and theological meanings align – precisely as prescribed by the words "*Omnis caro ad te veniet*" which close Stephen's dictum. Because, philologically, postcreation is a word that attaches itself to (natural) creation, whose human, all too human, beginning is in procreation. The postcreation functions as a continuation of "omnipollent nature's incorrupted benefaction" (as was exhorted, though of course parodically, too, at the beginning of the fourteenth episode's imperative public discourse) and it can be pursued with "solicitude for that proliferent continuance [of the nation]" (*U* 14.17-18 and 16-17). As such, the asserted postcreation is an echo of the incipient acts of an over-vocally public, ethical injunctions to beget children for the proliferation of the nation, encouraged rather chaotically in the first continuous prose paragraph of the fourteenth episode. In turn, though in a hushed way, the postcreation piously declares that creation, that

fertility, is good. Ontologically, the postcreation is a way of transcending the way of all flesh, with its inherent trait of passing away. But if the theological template is imported, demonstratively, by the artist, with an aesthetic intention, then postcreation asserts the immortality of art by a comparison with nature. It towers over natural and exilic mortality.

Further textual arguments can be adduced to support the idea of an underlying discourse of aesthetic faith, a discourse which is cunning and whose main protagonist/agent in Joyce's book is a silent Stephen, a fit companion for Bloom, the other outwardly and largely silent male, who keeps the middle of the book going with the power of the words in his mind.

In its entirety, "Oxen of the Sun/Son" is the chapter which cunningly confronts the reader with copious artistic expertise. This expertise is manifest not only in the blatant history of English modern prose through pastiche, but also implicit in the artistic prowess required for re-writing the Anglo-Irish church and state history in the fable with bulls; and it shows greater artistic expertise than that of merely composing some light odes. After being given its rightful name, "the postcreation", a reader is also able to recognize Stephen's Shakespearean expertise in "Scylla and Charybdis" for what it is; there he is toying with Shakespeare with such precise knowledge of the Bard's texts and of his commentators' ones to date, that his unchecked inventiveness corresponds, just as in the fable with the bulls or in the English pastiches, to precision along the whole extent of his fabrication – one which, for this reason, "gives delight and hurts not". And John Eglinton's question to Stephen, "Do you believe in your own theory?" (*U* 9.1065-66) is a discourse of faith question, cunningly answered by the artist only in the negative, and flippantly albeit promptly. It crowns that brilliant fabrication as a b(l)uffer put in place by the Shakespearean (post)creator.

The (inter- and intra-) textual precision that contains the postcreation in its cocoon is the notable precondition for recognizing what is visible in such episodes that surpasses the limits of the fictional Bloomsday; it points to the presence, in the wings, of a silent cunning artist directing Bloomsday. And it is important to recognize this

capacity in the fictional artist, Stephen. Inscribed in his emblematic name “Dedalus”, it predestines him to become this artist after going beyond the pale of cheap, predictable national stereotypes, defecting from the camp of compulsive irony that keeps the young men of “Oxen of the Sun” stuck in Ireland together. After Vincent Lenehan’s chastising rebuke, Stephen steps off the pedestal and relinquishes his bullock-befriending bard leadership of the irreverent chorus with their anti-Anglo-Irish and other blasphemies (especially giving offence to women and fertility by their sterile variations on erotic and birth control or abortionist themes). Reduced to silence, the former exuberant Christianizing ringleader Stephen becomes the artificer Dedalus *because he is free to engage with the more responsible Bloom*. The latter has played his silent, more mature part throughout the boisterous boyish banter of the medical students’ and their friend Stephen’s show. In “Obeying the Boss in ‘Oxen of the Sun’”, John Gordon follows the meanderings of Bloom’s silent inner voice/his conscience in great detail, recorded in stages and in parallel with the strident boastful young voices. Silence is a device that privileges the two protagonists of *Ulysses* over other characters because it gives the reader access now to Bloom’s mind, now to Stephen’s, while the forestage is taken by some spectacular or stereotypical sonorous dialogue (as happened in the Martello Tower scene between Buck Mulligan and Stephen, introducing the latter as a round and the former as a stock character). The same device underpins Bloom’s silences and self-communing as the counterpoint of the anecdotal material provided by his domestic dialogue with Molly or his Dublin flâneur’s encounters in “Lotus Eaters” or “Lestrygonians”. In Stephen’s parting with the gang that he thought he would befriend at the end of “Oxen of the Sun”, the silence which envelops him is fructified. And the same happens in Bloom’s case because he is inwardly led to a change of heart, as pointed out by John Gordon. And because in the fourteenth episode the decisive element is a deeper and more pregnant/fertile/life-laden silence, “Oxen of the Sun” is essential in demonstrating why this episode knits together a responsible, immortal plot in *Ulysses* through the postcreation.

This plot development, which takes the two protagonists together towards the (temporary, very temporary!) fulfilment of their filiation in accordance with the Homeric theme, rests on a foregrounding, if we follow John Gordon's observations about Bloom in the "Newman" paragraph, as identified by Stuart Gilbert (Gilbert 1963: 265-6; *U* 14.1344-55). This analogy allows us to see that there are affinities between the two protagonists. Both are liable to find in "a stray sound or sight", particular "'chance word[s]' [that] can call forth ... evil memories" (Gordon 1991: 234), Bloom and Stephen respond by significantly modifying their consciousness, with a "growing ability to discriminate the outside world" (Gordon 1991: 235). If the "Newman" [paragraph] ... expresses Stephen's reaction to the memory of his mother, which was awakened by Lenehan's "chance word," "mother" (Gordon 1991: 242), and is why he changes gear completely, the second "Carlylean [paragraph] is [for Bloom] the celebration of high purpose, of the Purefoys' victory over "sterile cohabitation," which registers Bloom's resolution to try for another son" (Gordon 1991: 243). Either way, fertility ends up being asserted: in aesthetic terms for Stephen and in nature's own way for Bloom. What opens the creative path to the artist is Lenehan's reminder "of his promise and of his recent loss" (*U* 14.1124-5) (Stephen's promising Parisian career cut in twain by the telegram that his mother is dying and her subsequent death, which caused the fictional – just like the real – artist, to return home without having made his mark in the world). He can then proceed as prescribed when interpreting the vision or dream just recorded by Leopold Bloom's conscience ("Not to insult over him will the vision come as over one that lies under her wrath, not for vengeance to cut him off from the living but shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful", *U* 14.1349-55). The affinities between Bloom and Stephen as the novel's sufferers make the former's reactions compatible with the latter. The vision can become significant for Stephen's frustrated artistic conscience, too, in that it extends the pacifying, soothing power of the vision "shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past" to the last words of Stephen's third statement "if I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts [of the past] troop to my call?" (*U* 14.1114-5).

Moving one step further, the “Pater” paragraph that follows “Newman” represents a new instance of the postcreation implemented in textual action. A self-reflexive merger is created in this paragraph between the subject positions of several later “Oxen of the Sun” paragraphs. The “Pater” paragraph is entirely and explicitly dedicated to Dublin’s sublime “stranger”, Leopold Bloom:

The stranger still regarded on the face before him a slow recession of that false calm there, imposed, as it seemed, by habit or some studied trick, upon words so embittered as to accuse in their speaker an unhealthiness, a flair, for the cruder things of life. (*U* 14.1356-9)

But, by a merger of subject positions, on an extrinsic level of our interpretation, Bloom becomes a projection of Dublin’s sublime exile: Joyce himself. In the self-reflexive space populated with sufferers, for whose judicious recognition the reader is responsible, Leopold Bloom’s merging with Stephen is the last piece in the jigsaw of the postcreation on its way to adding artistic immortality to “the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to”.

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2.

BOOK REVIEWS

Joyce Garvey, *Lucia: The Girl who Danced in Shadows*.
(Create Space Independent Publishing Platform – 2017, pp. 196 Euro
€11.44)

The enigmatic figure of Lucia Joyce has never ceased to attract the attention of critics and biographers, especially those who have tried to illuminate her relationship with her father or some of his acquaintances like Samuel Beckett. However, Joyce Garvey's attempt at imagining her final years in a mental hospital is undoubtedly a singular venture. The novel *Lucia: The Girl who Danced in Shadows*, a literary fiction based on historical fact, is mainly a story of love and injustice, of the blurred line between sanity and madness, as well as of the consoling power of friendship and creativity. It reveals the endeavour of the author, herself an eclectic artist, to shed light on women who live in the shadow of great men, as well as to deal with the complex issue of genius and how this affects people closest to it.

The book gives a fictional account of the time Lucia spent in St. Andrew's Asylum in Northampton, England, from 1951 until her death in 1982, when, abandoned by her mother and brother, she tried to cope with the loneliness and despair of her condition, the restraints of mental illness, and, most of all, the loss of her father. Her confinement partly overlapped with that of the aristocratic Irishwoman Violet Gibson, an inmate of the same institution who claimed to have attempted to assassinate Benito Mussolini. It is not known whether Lucia and Violet actually had any kind of contact during their troubled years at Northampton Asylum; however, Joyce Garvey imagines their complex and bizarre relationship – made immortal by art, as Lucia works on a portrait painting of her friend – as well

as Violet's singular character and behaviour. On the other hand, Lucia's fictional portrayal seems to be in line with the traits we are familiar with through such biographical accounts as Carol Loeb Schloss's *Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake*, namely her fierce rebelliousness, her passion for dancing, her aversion to her mother and brother, and her symbiotic relationship with her father, with whom she even shares a private language of their own. Although both women actually died of natural causes, the fiction has Violet ending her life by suicide, while Lucia is still alive – and dancing in shadows – when the novel ends, finally able to complete her portrait in a way not dissimilar from Virginia Woolf's Lily Briscoe. Significantly, throughout this fragmented text, the language itself manifests Lucia's mental breakdown. The voice of the protagonist as first-person narrator is interspersed with the official medical staff diagnoses (in bold) of the two women. Moreover, the narrative – which perhaps resembles more a prose-poem – closes with their brief obituaries, also given in bold type.

The experimental nature of this book, without any trace of linear plot or fully rounded characterisation, mirrors modernist techniques and thus seems to be particularly appropriate to the subject who inspired it. The prosaic, prescriptive and coercive language of confinement in the institution is constantly juxtaposed with the fluid, anarchic and memory-haunted language of Lucia, whose mind hovers between her present incarceration at Northampton, and memories of Paris or of her happy childhood spent in Trieste. On the one hand, the protagonist has to cope with the stereotypical role of the insane woman that the controlling power of the institution has attributed to her; on the other hand, it is true that Lucia only occasionally and fleetingly inhabits the quotidian, diachronic space-time continuum that the so-called "sane" people inhabit. Her narrative, therefore, cannot follow a linear, conventional plot, nor can her own character adapt to realist techniques. Even the graphic aspect of the book – with its sections titled with place names, dates or situations, and containing discrete segments of narrative separated by silently-speaking blank spaces – mirrors the fragmented consciousness and troubled experience of the fictional Lucia and her curious friend Violet. The frequent use of syntactical inversion is particularly effective in an attempt to highlight specific words that have an emotional effect on the protagonist, revealing her distractedness as well as her struggle to hold on to a sense of self, despite the shifting timeframe of memory.

The text is suffused with persistent recollections accompanied by a pervasive sense of loss and pain, along with echoing motifs and allusions. These time-shifts, according to which Lucia is physically in Northampton Asylum while her free-flowing memory takes both her and the reader back to the past, reflect her endless oscillation between a hopeful, artistic sense of wholeness on the one hand, and the diametrically opposed experience of mental and emotional disintegration on the other.

The most affecting aspect of this fictional portrayal of Lucia Joyce is undoubtedly the depiction of her relationship with her father, whom she affectionately calls “Babo”. In contrast with the prison-like institution she is presently confined to, and the figure of her controlling mother Nora, Lucia’s loving father has always defended – in fiction as he did in real life – her instinctive freedom, wildness and beguilingly lunatic transgressions. Faithful to biographical evidence, Garvey decides to portray James Joyce as constantly absorbed in his writing and little Lucia as his muse, their private language inspiring the linguistic playfulness of *Finnegans Wake*. For this reason, conceding that she is not sane in the conventional sense, the protagonist prefers to see her own lunacy as a “gift” and a sign of higher intelligence, precisely as her father convinced himself do, interpreting her bizarre behaviour in terms of genius – though a genius which was not in the least to overshadow his own. Lucia’s hallucinatory imagining of her father coming from the other world to visit her in the asylum is clearly a longing for consolation and healing provided by the presence of the only person who, she feels, ever loved her. The sad truth of his actually being dead recurs again and again in Lucia’s thoughts, especially when an inmate or medical member of staff dies and is buried in the asylum cemetery; furthermore, his apparently repeated interment makes the protagonist feel every time as if she were buried with him too, his presence being only falsely consoling and inspiring.

Apart from her fragile mental and emotional condition, the aspect of Lucia that emerges most poignantly from this fictional portrayal is the fact that she is depicted as constantly dancing, her body in movement expressing to her desperate attempt to impose a unifying pattern upon her troubled experience. In other words, the protagonist is shown to possess the creative, visionary and synthesising qualities of an artist, with which she seeks to attain control, order and emotional stability. In Joyce Garvey’s novel,

beauty and aesthetics become antidotes to unfulfilled love and the suffering of life, and perhaps there could not be a better way to do justice to the bewildering character of Lucia Joyce.

Annalisa Federici

Jolanta Wawrzycka and Serenella Zanotti (eds.), *James Joyce's Silences* (London: Bloomsbury – 2018, pp. 272, £76.50)

It is no coincidence, perhaps, that a book concerning Joyce's silences should break a prolonged scholarly silence on the subject, and thus fill magisterially an enormous critical gap. As Jolanta Wawrzycka and Serenella Zanotti – the editors of this compelling volume – note in the introduction, despite the pioneering publication of now established essays such as Hugh Kenner's "The Rhetoric of Silence" (1977)¹ and Jean-Michel Rabaté's "Silence in *Dubliners*" (1982)², no book-length study has so far been devoted to the concept of "silence" in Joyce's *oeuvre*. *James Joyce's Silences*, therefore, focuses on the textual, rhetorical and aesthetic implications of gaps and ellipses, compensating for the lack of sustained and multidimensional critical approaches to this crucial aspect of Joyce's writing, while at the same time attempting to cope with a different kind of absence, being dedicated to the memory of Rosa Maria Bollettieri Bosinelli, who conceived the original plan for the book.

The collection is divided into four parts. The first section, "The Language of Silence", deals with the various ways in which Joyce explores and questions the efficacy of language in conveying silence. Fritz Senn's essay, "Active Silences", examines silence as absence of noise as well as absence of speech, and analyses the strategies Joyce adopted – not without an inherent paradox – to articulate them in words. Senn also addresses

¹ H. Kenner, "The Rhetoric of Silence", *James Joyce Quarterly* 14.4, 1977, pp. 382-94.

² J.-M. Rabaté, "Silence in *Dubliners*", in C. McCabe (ed.), *James Joyce: New Perspectives*, Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1982, pp. 45-72.

other kinds of silences, that is, the textual and narrative gaps deriving from the deliberate avoidance of particular subjects which cause uneasiness in the characters' conversations, showing how both the author's attempt to enact them and our critical effort to interpret them may appear to be contradictory, though by no means futile. The focus of Laura Pelaschiar's essay, "Joyce's Art of Silence in *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*", is again the central importance and the aesthetic potential of the unsaid. Pelaschiar engages in an illuminating analysis of silence as a textual strategy and narrative device adopted by Joyce quite early on in his literary career, that is, during his revision of "The Sisters". Once he had discovered the potential of this rhetorical stratagem, Joyce systematically employed it in relation to the female sphere in the rest of the collection, where the most powerful silences are those constructed around the female, although there are also diverse forms of silence associated with motifs of sin, guilt, fear and punishment in *A Portrait*. In "What Happens When 'The silence speaks the scene' (*FW* 13.3)?" , Rosa Maria Bollettieri Bosinelli and Ira Torresi consider silence as a strategy to conceal the "unspeakable", particularly the idea of death that is one of the great linguistic taboos in many cultures. To illustrate their point, Bosinelli and Torresi analyse various examples of Joyce's treatment of the death theme and how this is silenced by means of suppressed references, or textual elements diverting attention from it. In the final chapter of the first section, entitled "In the Beginning was the Nil: The 'eloquence of silence' in *Finnegans Wake*", Laurent Milesi investigates the relationship between language and silence in the cyclical structure of the *Wake*, an aspect which has hitherto received scant critical attention, despite its connections with important themes such as the quest for the source of the Nile and female sexuality. In Milesi's view, this dynamic permeates the text to the point that we cannot avoid considering textual motifs as closely related to the question of how language intermingles with silence.

The papers in Part 2 – whose title, "The Aesthetics of Silence", consciously alludes to Susan Sontag's seminal essay³ – foreground stylistic matters and collectively analyse silence as an aesthetic principle

³ S. Sontag, "The Aesthetics of Silence", in *Styles of Radical Will*, London, Vintage, 1994, pp. 3-34.

progressively informing Joyce's narrative technique. In his chapter on "Fragments of shapes, hewn. In white silence: appealing': Silence and the Emergence of a Style from *Giacomo Joyce* to *Ulysses*", John McCourt traces the development of Joyce's style starting with his earlier works and reaching a climax with his 1922 masterpiece. Although Joyce's texts actually appear to erupt with noise and sound, McCourt posits that silence gradually became a real form of communication for Joyce, characterized by subtle shades of meaning and producing multiple stylistic effects. For instance, in *Giacomo Joyce* not only does silence permeate the visual sphere and assume a spatial form, becoming manifest in the irregular blank spaces that separate paragraphs of varying length, but it also becomes a means of conveying meaning through non-verbal communication, exactly as with Joyce's much-loved silent cinema. The main point of Teresa Caneda Cabrera's essay, "Joyce and the Aesthetics of Silence: Absence and Loss in 'The Dead'", is that through the disarticulation or even absence of language (in the form of gaps, pauses and incomplete sentences), the closing story of *Dubliners* ironically highlights the unsayable as the essence of what the text tries to communicate, but which can ultimately be conveyed only through silence. Her analysis focuses on important and meaningful elements that remain unexpressed because they are essentially unspeakable, therefore requiring a considerable hermeneutic effort on the part of the reader. The second section closes with two essays – Sam Slote's "Affirmations and negations invalidated as uttered' in *Ulysses* and *How It Is*" and Morris Beja's "'Shut up he explained': Joyce and 'scornful silence'" – that contextualise the main theme of silence in Joyce by including other authors, namely Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. In contrast with long-established readings of the fluidity of style in "Penelope", Slote proposes to consider Molly's "yeses" as representative of continuous changes in perspective and turns in the character's interior monologue. In his view, the ambivalence of Molly's "yes" suggests a comparison with what the Unnamable in *How It Is* calls "affirmations and negations invalidated as uttered", or with Bom's great Yes to death. The parallel with Beckett, along with Pinter, is reiterated in the essay by Beja, whose main argument is the connection between Stephen's "scornful silence" at the opening of *Ulysses* and central themes such as separation, distance, exile and, ultimately,

alienation – a feeling which emerges particularly from the unsaid in Joyce’s epiphanies.

The essays included in Part 3, “Writing Silence”, further extend the focus of this thought-provoking book by covering such diverse aspects as Joyce’s private epitext, archival materials and publication issues, as well as the Homeric metatext. In “The Silent Author of James Joyce’s Dictated Letters”, William Brockman considers the effects on his narrative voice caused by having to have his letters written by others, a practice Joyce frequently resorted to when plagued by eye problems. Brockman’s illuminating analysis reveals that this kind of authorial silence – in the form of ambivalences and alterations of Joyce’s voice generated by various intermediaries – was also particularly instrumental in eluding delicate matters concerning his private or professional life that the author preferred not to deal with directly in his correspondence; moreover, it similarly had effects on his narrative voice, as shown by analogous situations occurring in the published texts and particularly in *Ulysses*, where letters and cards are affected by authorial ambiguity. Sara Sullam’s chapter, “‘Secrets, silent ... sit’ in the Archives of Our Publishers: Untold Episodes from Joyce’s Italian Odyssey”, touches on the translation and publication history of Joyce’s essays and letters in relation to the silence surrounding the appearance of the first Italian translation of *Ulysses* in 1960. Her analysis brings to light unpublished material held at the Mondadori Foundation and the Apice Archive in Milan. The latter contains the papers of the small publisher Cederna, which played a key role in Joyce’s Italian reception despite its failed attempt to bring out a book of Joyce’s critical writings. As Sullam demonstrates, reception issues could follow complex patterns: if, on the one hand, the scant attention paid to Joyce’s non-narrative texts determined a general silence regarding *Ulysses*, on the other hand it is equally significant that the initial silencing of his masterpiece shaped the reception of the private writings in the Italian context. Anticipating some of the topics covered in Part 4, Tim Conley’s essay – “The Silence of the Looms: ‘Penelope’ as Translation” – moves from the apparent contrast between Robert Fitzgerald’s choice of the epithet “quiet queen” to refer to Penelope in his translation of *The Odyssey* and the flow of language characterising *Ulysses*’s final chapter. As Conley convincingly argues, however, Molly actually utters very few words throughout the novel and it is only by

interpreting Joyce's masterpiece as a peculiar kind of translation of *The Odyssey* – one which amplifies what the original text leaves silent – that we can fully explore female language in *Ulysses*.

Translation issues are further investigated in Part 4, "Translating Silence". In an essay titled "Silent Translation in Joyce", Serenella Zanotti illustrates her original notion of "silent translation", by which she refers to Joyce's method of incorporating translated textual material into his own works without acknowledging his sources, a practice which calls attention to the joint intertextual and translational nature of his writing. In Zanotti's view, Joyce deliberately adopted this kind of textual strategy – the silencing of authors he decided to appropriate, Dante first and foremost – in order to subvert traditional notions of originality and derivation. Jolanta Wawrzycka's essay, "'Mute chime and mute peal': Notes on Translating Silences in *Chamber Music*", deals with the translatorial problems posed by the poems' "poetics of the ineffable", which can be envisaged considering the frequent syntactic and rhetorical gestures of silence occurring therein. Wawrzycka contends that in *Chamber Music*, the abstract and non-representational aspect of language as pure sound, or absence of it, is no less significant than its referential nature in the production of meaning. Moreover, she concentrates on those instances where silences are embedded in the phonetic value of lexes, as well as on the unusual terms that connote silence, particularly the nonce words representing a trial for the translator. Finally, in her essay entitled "'Music hath jaws': Translating Music and Silence in *Ulysses*", Erika Mihálycsa examines recent retranslations of the novel into Hungarian and Italian with a view to tackling unresolved or "silenced" problems that persist in canonical renditions. Her interest lies with those linguistic elements that evoke the sensation of music and sound approaching silence. As a scholar particularly attentive to translation issues, Mihálycsa focuses on the ways in which sound and silence effects can be rendered into another language, as well as on how stylistic conventions are preserved or disregarded in the translation process.

The volume ends with a coda, "Modernism/Silence", further expanding the focus of the diverse critical approaches delineated so far. Franca Ruggieri's essay, "Forms of Silence in Literary Writing: James Joyce and Modernism", provides a suitable end to the collection as it contextualises Joyce's silences within the wider framework of modernist

literature and its linguistic, narrative and formal experimentation. Situating Joyce alongside Kafka, Eliot, Nietzsche, Hofmannsthal, Broch and Conrad, Ruggieri interprets the silence deployed by the Irish author as a rhetorical device expressing the unsayable or the “not-said”. Comparing the function that silence performs in all these writers, she reaches the conclusion that modernist silence manifests the unspeakable sense of crisis and cultural fragmentation which finds expression, for instance, in the silent dimension of the stream of consciousness technique.

James Joyce’s Silences is undoubtedly a fine example of scrupulous and wide-ranging scholarship, combining multi-angled perspectives on a theme which nonetheless represents a pervasive, and thus unifying, element in Joyce’s *oeuvre*. Though committed to throwing further light upon an oft-neglected subject by offering incredibly specialist knowledge, the book provides a plurality of readings that are by no means intended as definitive. Raising engaging issues and proposing stimulating interpretations, this collection will undoubtedly meet with ample scholarly interest.

Annalisa Federici

William S. Brockman, Tekla Mecsnober, Sabrina Alonso (eds.). *Publishing in Joyce’s Ulysses. Newspapers, Advertising and Printing*. (Leiden, Boston: Brill Rodopi – 2018, pp. 232, €72)

The publishing history of *Ulysses* is one of the most curious. The novel was serialized from 1918 to 1921 in *The Little Review*, an American magazine. The work was incomplete, since its contents were considered obscene, and all copies were removed from circulation. Therefore, a small French bookshop, *Shakespeare and Company*, published the first edition of the novel on 2nd February 1922. In addition to publishing problems, there were many errors in the actual publication of *Ulysses* itself. The version of 1922 was considered the most precise edition, despite there being around two thousand various errors, especially typographical, transcription and character setting errors. Sixty-four years later, Richard Ellmann’s edition of *Ulysses* uncovered many further errors which Anthony Burgess ascribes

to “the carelessness of editors, printers, and the author himself,” errors committed from edition to edition⁴. An interesting example is the pirated edition of Samuel Roth, who in an attempt to reproduce the original version, created a work very much in the style of Joyce himself due to the occasional lack of words and passages. Furthermore, some phrases are printed in the wrong order and even in mirror form, but they are errors nonetheless and the text is far from the original.

Publishing in Joyce's Ulysses is a book comprising twelve essays regarding the world of publishing, and edited by William S. Brockman, Tekla Mecsnober and Sabrina Alonso. The essays are written specifically on the themes of the subtitle of the volume, namely “Newspapers, Advertising and Printing”, topics in which typing, imprint and printing errors are extremely relevant. The book is published by Brill Rodopi and is volume 26 in the European Joyce Studies series.

With *Publishing in Joyce's Ulysses*, each individual essay highlights different aspects of Joyce's involvement in important issues regarding the creation and publication of newspapers, magazines and books, from the technical aspects to the choice of publication. Other topics of interest dealt with in the book include the metatext, and how aware Joyce was of the importance of the book cover as a means to attract the attention of the readers, as Tekla Mecsnober explains (“The Ineluctable Modernity of the Visible: The Typographic Odyssey of *Ulysses* in Interwar Print Culture”). The illustrations in her essay show Joyce's meticulous interest in choice of patterned cover paper as the background to the blocky lettering, front covers, limited editions, the layout of texts, title pages, and advertisements for *Ulysses*.

In the life of James Joyce, the publishing world starts with his daily life as a newspaper reader, although Joyce was also a reporter, a commentator, a reviewer, and an amateur publisher. And this from the ordinary to the obsessive, from his choice of publication dates to his collection of newspaper cuttings on all and every imaginable topic. The latter is highlighted in his letters when he asks his relatives to send him all kinds of

⁴Anthony Burgess, “Newlysses”, review of the edition of *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, with an introduction by Richard Ellmann. The Bodley Head, £18; Penguin, £7.50; in *The Guardian*, 19th Jun 1986.

clippings, and he even attached some to his own letters. These clippings might then be used in his own writings. These aspects are discussed at length and in depth in the essay by William S. Brockman, “Clio’s Clippings”: From Newspaper to Press Cutting.”

Joyce’s keen interest in all technical aspects is evident, but more important is the way in which his texts revolve around the semantic field of newspapers and the publishing industry. The many visits that Joyce made to the offices of the *Freeman’s Journal* and the *Evening Telegraph* in 1909 gave him material for “Aeolus”. The visits are documented in his notebooks and refer to the world of printing. Harald Beck’s illustrations show maps, plans, photos of the building before 1916, and the state of the Freeman building after the British incendiary bombs were dropped on the area during Easter week of 1916. The scholar takes us inside the Freeman building, and across the path that Bloom followed through an interesting procedure of literary archaeology (“‘Aeolus’ – A Sightseeing Tour”).

As Judith Harrington points out (“George Newnes’s Most Entertaining Publication”), at least sixty-five different papers, periodicals and magazines are mentioned in *Ulysses* for a variety of reasons besides reading or information, such as using newspaper to wrap up meat in the butchers to it being used as toilet paper. These publications are not only used as a recyclable medium. But above all, Joyce makes use of their typographical design, or advertising techniques as well as the use of alliteration; of graphic signs such as characters larger than the usual size, and of an almost total lack of punctuation marks. All of this is to acquaint the reader with these elements and the publishing industry that surrounds them.

Joyce was fortunate to live in a time of rapid developments in newspaper and typographic design and be an active participant in the entire process of printing and lay out. At a time in which newspaper production grew and newspapers were cheaper due to technological advances such as the telegraph and the railway network, following the abolition of ‘taxes on knowledge’ (advertising duty, stamp tax, paper duty) in 1830-1860, many people could afford to buy newspapers and magazines. Other factors were increased literacy after the 1870 Education Act and an increase in free time due to reductions in the working week. These factors meant a greater demand for newspapers that gained a more varied readership. This led to changes in layout, illustration and typography.

As far as magazines are concerned, Harrington makes a thorough and exhaustive study of *Tit-Bits* and its founder Georges Newnes (a very evocative surname in the true “Joycean style”), as well as other magazines of that period such as *Pearson’s Magazine* and *Answers to Correspondents*, making a thorough list of allusions as regards *Ulysses*, where there are many direct or indirect references, transformed into neologisms, winks, idiomatic phrases and so on. Elisabetta D’Erme also discusses a little smattering of the editorial panorama of the Victorian era, dwelling particularly on the example of *Tit-Bits* magazine and its important role in the narrative of *Ulysses*. In her “Bloom, the Dandy, the Nymph and the Old Hag: *Tit-Bits* and *Photo Bits*, Reflections of the Victorian Press in James Joyce’s *Ulysses*” D’Erme makes an interesting analysis of the literary prizes that were organized by *Tit-Bits* and how these events affected *Ulysses* and the life of Joyce’s family.

Not only did newspaper and magazine circulation increase significantly, but advertisements reached a greater section of the public too. In “Classified Advertising in Joyce”, David Spurr discusses the way in which advertisement is used as a kind of code. His essay deals with the function of classified ads as a means of illicit private communication or for erotic ends. Like Spurr, Matthew Hayward (“‘But Who Was Gerty?’ Intertextuality and the Advertising Language of ‘Nausicaa’”) focuses on the language of advertising particularly in “Nausicaa” – especially in the language and style of the first half of the episode – providing a detailed analysis of Gerty’s language. For the author, this section is more intertextual than has hitherto been recognised: he analyses the critical comments of some scholars and finds that Gerty is not as different from Joyce’s male characters as has been supposed.

On the contrary, in her essay “Advertising in *Ulysses*”, Sabrina Alonso studies the use of Joyce’s advertising in *Ulysses*. This is filtered through a male perspective, Bloom’s, read against the background of the notes that Joyce took on the subject of advertising. According to Alonso, this method makes it possible to understand the book as a whole. Fritz Senn (“Types of News Events”) makes the same deduction: the book can be read as an arrangement of multiple overlays and stratifications in which everything tends to point towards something else. Senn says that “Aeolus”, like the newspaper episode, embraces the complete infrastructure of

communication and transmission of news, but at the same time incorporates the notion of incomplete, erroneous or contradictory information, a tradition that stretches far back into antiquity. Superimposed texts, homophones and symbolic meanings reach beyond a purely literal meaning. The simplest formula for this dynamic is that everything tends to point towards something else.

Also Tamara Radak, in her “‘Aeolus’, Interrupted: Heady Headlines and Joycean Negotiations of Closure”, recalls that Joyce’s texts constantly negotiate form, essentially rejecting closure and propagating openness. She shows that in “Aeolus”, interruptions and disturbances abound both in terms of form and of content disturbing the linear progress of the text in a repetitive and circular way. These aspects are more frequently found in *Finnegans Wake*, while in *Ulysses* they appear in the printing press passages and become more evident in as the episode progresses.

Jolanta Wawrzycka offers an intelligent and interesting essay (“Newspapers, Print, Language: Steganography in Joyce”) in which besides showing further elements of disturbance like techniques of occultation in texts such as steganography, cryptography and acrostics, she also finds concrete examples in the novel, easing comprehension for the reader who has no familiarity with such techniques. Veiling strategies, such as Ogham writing, enumeration, anagrams, the boustrophedonic cryptogram and acronyms, are also discussed in Sangam MacDuff’s essay, “The Self-Reflexive Text of ‘Aeolus’”.

These well-structured essays explore very interesting topics that revolve around the publishing world and that make numerous references to the main text, that is *Ulysses*, but without ignoring other texts such as *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce’s personal letters, and the short stories *The Sisters* and *The Dead* among others. *Publishing in Joyce’s Ulysses* is replete with anecdotes that make for a reading that is filled with complex information and historical details both interesting and enjoyable.

Ana López Rico

Frank McGuinness, *The Woodcutter and His Family*.
(Dublin: Brandon / The O'Brien Press – 2018, pp. 223, €12.99)

In *The Dalkey Archive* (1964), Flann O'Brien depicted Joyce as a fictional character insisting that he had never written a book like *Ulysses* and forging his obituary to escape the consequent ill-reputed and shameful fame of his *romanzaccione*. Frank McGuinness's *The Woodcutter and His Family* is rather different: he also presents Joyce – and his family – as fictional characters, but he imagines and offers us their quasi-realistic thoughts in the final days leading up to Joyce's death.

The Woodcutter and His Family is divided into four chapters, each named after a character from Joyce's only play, *Exiles*. Each name is preceded by the character's respective familial role, and each represents one of the members of Joyce's family, namely: "Son, Archie" (Giorgio), "Wife, Bertha" (Nora), "Daughter, Beatrice" (Lucia) and "Father, Himself" (the writer: James Joyce). McGuinness has structured these chapters as four interior monologues set in the very last days of Joyce's life, followed by a conclusion, an imagined short story – or to be more precise, a folk-tale – that Joyce supposedly wrote for Nora and offered to her as his last homage on the very night he died. Himself says that this is the only thing he can now give: "What have I to offer? Too late for the ring, too late to shell out for whatever the band of gold sets a man back. So what else instead? / For your hand would you take a story? Will you settle for that? / If so, here's mine –" (201). McGuinness's book borrows its title from the title of this folk tale.

If it is true that the Irish literary genius is incapable of creating real novels, but always reproduces "the leap in the story [...] the deliberate gap in the narrative [...], the story within the story"⁵ this book is no exception. As a set of four interior monologues it proceeds following the associations of ideas of the four characters and presents a series of stories and images that are sometimes tenuously linked to each other. These are the constructs of the characters' minds who, retracing their remembrances of their life experiences with such a cumbersome father/husband presence, provide the reader with glimpses into their different personalities regarding their

⁵ R.F. Foster (2002). *The Irish Story*. London: Penguin.

familial roles; they dig down into all the consequent psychologically complex – sometimes even obsessive – refractions of their status in the family. It goes without saying that a traditional plot does not exist.

An acclaimed man of the theatre, McGuinness knows perfectly how to vary the tone and to depict and reproduce different voices vividly. In the four chapters, he plays with a series of coincidences of themes, and in so doing he distinguishes the different perspectives of his fictional/non-fictional characters. He thus presents the writer trying to justify his daughter's behaviour, and Nora/Bertha blaming James/Himself for his attempts to present Lucia/Beatrice as an artist rather than understanding the real nature of a disturbed personality.⁶ This means that not only do the characters present themselves through their different voices, but they are also reflected in the images the other characters provide of their family members. Thus, Giorgio remembers how his mother reproached James/Himself for “having made a fine fist of an atheist out of him [Giorgio/Archie]” (26), and Beatrice/Lucia, in one of her sadly frequent tantrums, attacks her mother depicting her as “Mama, a cannibal from Connemara, where Father says they eat their young out of starvation and where you say you picked up the habit of disembowelling” (135).

“Gravediggers in Hamlet”, says Leopold Bloom in “Hades”, reminding us of the infinite complexities of life, made up of amenities and happiness, but also of sorrowful and painful moments with the constant idea of our inevitable decay and death. This also applies to the tone of McGuinness's book. At times it is ironic and humorous, as in the passages depicting stories from the childhood/adolescence of husband and wife. In one of the numerous anecdotes Joyce ironically substitutes Cardinal Henry Newman, the founder of The Catholic University of Ireland, with a nun, Sister Henrietta Goodman. But even more hilarious is a reference to the Irish Theatre and to the depiction of rural Ireland,⁷ when Himself talks about a woman who fell from a window in the Abbey Theatre: she was “so overcome with revulsion at the poetry of a play that she raced with such

⁶ As Joyce also did when talking to C.G. Jung saying that Lucia's poems, far from proving she was schizophrenic, were evidence of her literary genius.

⁷ And with this, a likely allusion to W.B. Yeats's theatre, as seen by Joyce himself.

speed out of the auditorium and into a piece of stained glass she mistook for a painting by Jack B. Yeats of a bog in Sligo” (158).

Yet, the recurrent idea of the imminent death of the protagonist casts a dramatic sombre shadow over the whole narrative. Life is also made up of controversies and lack of understanding: Bertha does not accept her son’s choice to marry a woman that she considers “invisible” (67). At the same time she asks her husband: “what was it I was called – by your mother or by your aunt – was it a painted hussy? [...] or was I just country cute, as they termed me?” (187).⁸ Again, it must be noted that these two episodes regarding Nora Barnacle are reported in the chapters devoted to Archie and to Himself, thus further complicating the intricate interrelations between the characters’ different perspectives.

In the end, all these thoughts, memories – sometimes often imbued with a sense of guilt, regret and shame – and the bitter recognition of an ineluctable present converge into the final tale about an imaginary extravagant woodcutter, and, significantly, his family. These are the two main points around which the novel revolves: the idea of a familial order (or disorder) – which brings up the legacy of the past that is inevitably linked to family tradition – and the chance to pass on the torch through the accounts of stories lived, told, and heard, and here repeated in the flow of thoughts of the different characters.

As for the parental relationship, it is omnipresent. Himself thinks back to his father and, after everything, he realizes that his father would have tried to soothe his son’s troubles had he heard his cries (Father, if you are willing, please take this cup of suffering away from me), thus fulfilling his parental duty: “And now I start to weep for my father. Even on this, my bed of death, I see him as young, a fine figure man, raising his hand not to harm me but to caress, and if he could within his power remove this agony that consumes me, he would do so [...]” (179). Bertha’s monologue begins with a reference to her mother: “Am I not the black pity of a woman? How often did I hear my own mother chant that refrain?” (55). Archie, with his sense of inadequacy says: “[...] It was one of the many failures which he [Himself] forgave me. Indeed, he forgave us all without complaint, no

⁸ This reference, evidently, also alludes to the passage in “The Dead” where Gabriel Conroy remembers that his mother defined Gretta as ‘country cute’.

matter how many times we had let him down – in thought, in word, and in deed. The most benevolent of famous men, Papa” (10). Beatrice has a special relationship with her father who has difficulty admitting she is insane, while she herself competes with her mother and her brother. Alluding to “She Weeps over Ragoon”, Beatrice remembers her mother recounting stories from her past life in the West: “And as I break my fast, she tells me the names of Galway, the Claddagh, and Taylor’s Hill, Nun’s Island and Eyre Square, towns with lovely sounds like Spiddal and Oughterard, Moycullen and Ragoon, which is when she always stops, repeating Ragoon, Ragoon, and some days she cries” (132-3).

As for the stories told and heard, they all anticipate the final fairy tale. Among these, there are also half-truths, such as those referencing Marcel Proust – alluded to in the chapter named after the unnamed author⁹ – and to Samuel Beckett, obviously found in the chapter devoted to Lucia/Beatrice. These stories bear witness to a dual reading of reality and fiction, often mixing personal and possibly distorted truths with narratives invented for the sake of narration. The anecdote invented by Suzie, Bertha’s friend, when they were young for the sailor they once met near the port, is only one of many instances. Shall the reader take these stories as an underlying hint of creative imagination and literary production? Bertha partly answers this question when she says, about Himself: “I believed every word he told me, so I had the power to turn his lies, most beautiful lies, to truth” (106). Finally, the story of the woodcutter must be the answer to all this. It is as if Joyce had finally decided to give in to the world of fairies, to Yeats and the Celtic revival and create a story alluding to the complications and vicissitudes of family life, with its bitter and happy memories that inevitably come to the fore in the final moments of our lives.

Fabio Luppi

Patrick O’Neill, *Trilingual Joyce. The Anna Livia Variations*.
(Toronto: University of Toronto Press – 2018, pp. 226, €34.58)

Many have argued that *Finnegans Wake* is untranslatable. Yet, is it really possible to debate what might be uncontroversially translatable, and why, and how, if there are books that can be translated only partially, and if the act of translating literary texts is always an arbitrary act? True, *Finnegans Wake* is not even written in English: Wakeese is Wakeese, and undoubtedly this is something different. Furthermore, *Finnegans Wake* is the Book quoted in manuals of translation theory as an exemplum of untranslatability. However, objections to the question of translatability and to the opportunity of translation are often just an excuse for hostile and envious criticism, possibly alluding to – or concealing – a certain contempt for what is mistakenly considered a controversial or commercial operation.

Thank God Joyce gave us an example and translated the eighth chapter of his untranslatable book: indeed, Anna Livia Plurabelle (ALP) was rendered into both French and Italian with the help of friends and fellow writers. It is also true that to convince his Italian friend, Nino Frank, to translate this excerpt, he stated that “we must do the job now before it is too late; for the moment there is at least one person, myself, who can understand what I am writing [...]” (29).¹⁰ Notwithstanding the latter objection – the author necessarily would one day be out of reach for reasons of force majeure – this operation, authorized and performed by the author himself, means that the text is – as are all texts – translatable.

Patrick O’Neill’s *Trilingual Joyce. The Anna Livia Variations* is the first comparative investigation of these three ALP translations: the French, the Italian and the Basic – Basic English being “a radically simplified subset of standard English with a vocabulary limited to 850 words, including only eighteen permissible verbs” (26). The book is made up of ten chapters, each containing sub-chapters titled according to the excerpt under consideration and each examined minutely; in most cases the author focuses on

¹⁰ Quoted from Frank, Nino. (1979). “The Shadow That Had Lost Its Man”. In Willard Potts (ed.). *Portraits of the Artist in Exile: Recollections of James Joyce by Europeans*. Seattle, University of Washington Press, p. 96; Ellmann, Richard. (1982). *James Joyce*. New York: Oxford University Press, p. 700.

short sentences, and only occasionally on longer parts made up of different lines. Each chapter invariably ends with a sub-chapter called “Comments and Contexts”. That is to say that after the inevitable linguistic, structural, and semantic close reading – a critical tour de force (nothing new under the sun, when we face *Finnegans Wake*), O’Neill comments on more general aspects, on the issues raised, on coincidences, on the possible renderings of cultural references that might create problems in a different language, and even on the emendations Settanni, Beckett and others proposed. However, these sections too are rigorously text-based.

Describing the book as a close reading of a text and of its authorial translations does not give credit to the work done or to the in-depth analyses of the passages reported; were it not for its Introduction and Conclusion, *Trilingual Joyce* could be seen as a series of meticulous footnotes to the primary texts. Yet, these footnotes occupy pages and pages of comments on short passages and their variations, and even on single or half lines. The result is that the whole book is, of course, an operation that is pedantic (not to be interpreted in a negative or derogatory way), and yet not organic either. As O’Neill states in the conclusion of the study, “to keep the project within reasonable limits” (182) he had to make a choice and take into consideration no more than half of ALP. No worries here: Joycean scholars are used to such minutiae, endorsed by Joyce himself when he stated that critics would spend decades over the allusions and references hidden in and scattered throughout his texts. Thus, O’Neill spends six pages even on ‘easy’ passages such as the first “O / tell me about / Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia”. Here his argumentation over the choice not to translate literally ‘hear about’, changing it to ‘want to know’, is not particularly convincing given that the verb ‘to hear’ in both French and Italian would probably sound more marked than the rendering of ‘want to know.’ If this might make us doubt the author’s imperfect grasp of French and Italian, then we would be mistaken. Shortly after, O’Neill comments on one of Settanni’s emendations to the text, “tutto sapere vo” instead of “tutto vo’ sapere”, suggesting the most common word order in colloquial Italian. Here, and in many other instances, the author perfectly distinguishes nuances that would otherwise be difficult to detect.

However, this precision might also be attributed to an extensive reading of secondary sources. Indeed, *Trilingual Joyce* is also very well

documented. O'Neill makes ample use of previous studies that necessarily include several Italian and French publications. Among the Italians are some of the former trustees and honorary members of the James Joyce Italian Foundation, whose names it is a pleasure to recall here: Umberto Eco, Rosa Maria Bollettieri Bosinelli, Jacqueline Risset and Luigi Schenoni. These names, together with those of many other critics, are mentioned and quoted in the introduction, where O'Neill retraces the events that led to the 'final' translations of ALP – published when Joyce was still alive –, the publication history of these translations and, obliquely, the relative critical debate.

The introduction of the book is also divided into five short chapters, each dealing with a different translation (English, French, Italian, Basic) and with a conclusion entitled "Text and Macrotext", where, once and for all, it is made clear that as "there are no nonsense syllables in Joyce", and that as "Joyce's unit of attention had narrowed down to the single letter" (39)¹¹ this book, in dealing with translation, will proceed with a meticulous analysis of a book that, evidently, "remains a work perennially in progress" (200).

Fabio Luppi

Giuliana Bendelli, *Leggere l'Ulisse di Joyce* (With essays by G. Giorello and E. Terrinoni. Pref. by M. Bacigalupo).
(Milano: Vita e Pensiero 2017 – pp. 240, €16.00)

A random look at posts on several Facebook "reading groups" provides an interesting overview of the role that *Ulysses* and its author still have in

¹¹ These two sentences from the text are quotations from Joseph Campbell & Henry Morton Robinson respectively (1961. *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*, New York: Viking Press) and from Hugh Kenner (1992. "Shem the Textman," in Maria Rosa Bollettieri Bosinelli, Carla Marengo Vaglio, and Christine Van Boheemen (eds.). *The Languages of Joyce: Selected Papers from the 11th International James Joyce Symposium, Venice, 12-18 June 1988*. Philadelphia and Amsterdam: John Benjamins, pp. 145-54).

polarizing a large part of Italian readers' opinions. *Ulysses* is variously considered "hard to read", "a masterpiece", "badly written", "overpraised", "a must read"—and indeed one that, more often than not, is abandoned after few pages—, "a waste of time". Thoughts on Joyce himself are likewise antithetical: some praise Joyce as a "brilliant" writer, whose contribution to the development of world literature is no less than "vital"; others dismiss the Irish writer as "mediocre", metaphorically shrugging their shoulders at any proof to the contrary. Nonetheless, whether they are detractors or admirers of the novel and its author, all Facebook readers agree that *Ulysses* cannot be approached without some kind of paratextual apparatus.

With *Leggere l'Ulisse di Joyce*, Giuliana Bendelli offers a concise reading guide to *Ulysses*, which finds its place in an established tradition in Italian – which comprises, among others, Giulio De Angelis's *Guida alla lettura dell'Ulisse di James Joyce* (1961), revised by Giorgio Melchiori in 1984 – and provides Italian readers with effective interpretive tools to help them find their feet in the novel. Bendelli eschews the temptation to delve into the peculiarities of the chapters. Rather, she gives a synthetic presentation of each episode, which, together with the genealogical tree of the Blooms and the Dedaluses, offers a handy tool that complements the popular Linati and Gilbert-Gorman schemes – reproduced in the guide – and allows the reader to follow both the "internal suggestions" and the structure of the novel better (ch. 2 "La struttura del libro"). At the same time, attention is paid to some key features of Joyce's poetics and to some collateral material on *Ulysses* that, though well-known to the specialist reader, add to the general public's appreciation of both the novel and the critical debate surrounding it, starting with Massimo Bacigalupo's "Preface", which briefly expounds on the book's constant fascination for all readers.

Extensively quoting from both primary and secondary sources, Bendelli thus charts the various steps leading to *Ulysses*'s Italian translations, focusing on the challenge the translation posed for Giulio De Angelis and for Enrico Terrinoni not merely in the stylistic and lexical choices it imposed, but also because it prompted deeper considerations on the timelessness of the novel, on its apparent unreadability, and on its structure (ch. 1 "Come *Ulysses* divenne *Ulisse*"). It is on the novel's structure, on that complex, rigorous organization that nonetheless makes *Ulysses* susceptible to appropriation for artists (as painter Paolo Colombo's huge *Ulysses* series

and black and white drawings created for Bendelli's book demonstrate—ch.2 “La struttura del libro”) that Bendelli concentrates in the following chapters. It would be impossible to examine in detail Bendelli's text; what follows therefore provides a brief overview of some of the main features of her analysis. Retracing the critical debate on Joycean poetics and following the Linati scheme, she investigates the association of fourteen episodes of the novel to a particular Art/Science (ch. 3, “*Ulisse: genesi di un romanzo moderno*”). She then follows the characters' movements through Dublin, carefully choosing those passages in the text that best illustrate the novel's setting and providing the reader with an effective visual apparatus of some of the main Joycean places, thus restoring 1904 Dublin to its role of being an actual protagonist in *Ulysses* (ch. 4, “Il viaggio di *Ulisse* nella città di Dublino”). Finally, she delves into *Ulysses*'s “polyphony” and into its complex relationship with music and drama, indulging in Shakespeare's constant – almost haunting – presence in the Irish novel and ultimately focusing on *Bloomsday*, that “modern dramatization” of *Ulysses* that readers all around the world stage every year on 16th June and that probably represents the most appropriate tribute to a writer whose vision of the world owed so much to the theatre (ch. 5, “Il teatro polifonico dell'*Ulisse*”).

Bendelli's guide is completed by a well-defined bibliographical Afterword – which privileges a chronological order and the Italian translations of critical material in English – and an “Appendix” comprising three essays that are worth overviewing. Bendelli's own “Come l'Italia accolse *Ulysses*” analyses with great precision *Ulysses*'s reception in Italy from its first appearance in the 1920s, which is mainly testified by the recurrence of references to the novel and its author in Italian journals in the interwar period. Typically, Bendelli points out, Joyce's fortunes in Italy coincide with the troubled events that accompanied the publication of his works, thus allowing us to perceive at a glance the disruptive effect that Joyce's books had on most Italian critics, all the while offering an interesting picture of the lively cultural and historical climate in which the scholarly journals were operating. Giulio Giorello's “Vicissitudini” – reworked from a previous essay – deals with the constant interplay between science and myth in modernity, a mutual exchange thanks to which *polytropos* Odysseus merges with “cautious” Darwin and Dante's Ulysses to create the paradigm of modern Ulysses/Bloom. Finally, Enrico Terrinoni's “*Ulysses*.”

L'odissea del moderno", abridged from his 2015 essay in *James Joyce e la fine del romanzo* (Carocci), delves into the polysemy of the novel, which offers, simultaneously, a reflection on a "frustrated, oppressed, evanescent identity", a fusion of idealism and rationalism pointing to a pristine unity, a "draft" recording the advent of a new literary era, and a text where the corporeal can suddenly leave off to the incorporeal; *Ulysses* thus traces the odyssey of modernity, a journey leading nowhere which makes existence its sole propelling force.

Leggere l'Ulisse di Joyce succeeds in making the novel accessible to Italian readers. At the same time, the way the author deals with both primary and secondary sources allows even a non-specialist public to obtain a wider understanding of such a complex writer as Joyce and, in particular, of his utmost concern for life in all its facets.

Emanuela Zirzotti

Onno Kusters, Tim Conley, Peter de Voogd (eds.), *A Long the Krommerun. Selected Papers from the Utrecht James Joyce Symposium* (European Joyce Studies 24)
(Leiden/Boston: Brill Rodopi – 2016, pp. 199, €77)

A selection of papers presented at the 24th International James Joyce Symposium in Utrecht in 2014, *A Long the Krommerun* delves into the various ways Joyce's work is built on "conjunctions and intersections" (p. 2), offering interesting new insights into the author's creative method, while at the same time opening up new interpretive perspectives of his work. Thus, the essays collected here create a coherent path that touches on Joyce's involvement in European Modernist movements and concern with the relation between human bodies and machines, his constant play with languages, the challenge his writing and themes represent for his readers, and the way his creations are an integral part of his cognitive *Umwelt*.

Joyce's association with members of *De Stijl* artistic movement during his stay in the Netherlands in the late spring of 1927 is explored in the two opening essays of the collection, which suggest new connections and influences in the author's *poesis*. Similarities can then be traced between *De Stijl's* artistic experimentation with the forms of industrial production

and the depiction of the dialogic relation between human bodies and machines that Joyce explores in *Ulysses* (David Spur, ‘The Machine Aesthetic in Joyce and *De Stijl*’). Joyce and *De Stijl* artists also share the rejection of conventional forms and try to deal with re-construction and re-configuration through innovative forms. The *tesseract* thus stands as the chosen means through which recreation is possible in terms of mutuality rather than hierarchy; a powerful image of connection itself, the *tesseract* allows Joyce’s readers to “understand the larger trajectory of Joyce’s formal innovation from ‘Cyclops’ on” (p. 45) (Catherine Flynn, “From Dowel to Tesseract: Joyce and *De Stijl* from ‘Cyclops’ to *Finnegans Wake*”).

“Creating relation”, “connection” and “similarity” may be considered the keywords in the essays that follow, which expound on how Joyce retrieves, by means of his characters’ multifarious voices, his own involvement with the Irish political heritage (So Onose, “‘A great future behind him’: John F. Taylor’s Speech in ‘Aeolus’ Revisited”) and his “indebtedness” to the tradition of English literary realism for the description of Leopold Bloom’s ideal dwelling (Austin Briggs, “Bloom’s Dream Cottage and Crusoe’s Island: Man Caves”), but also on the way he creates a connection between London’s East End and Ireland through the linguistic play of *Finnegans Wake* (Stephanie Boland, “Joyce among the Cockneys: The East End as Alternative London”). The exploration of Joyce’s last work forms the most engaging part of the collection and one that adds significantly to our knowledge and experience of the text as both readers and critics. The essays involved here analyse the language and the style of *Finnegans Wake*, as well as the various interpretive issues it presents from several standpoints, from Boriana Alexandrova’s multilingual-ethical approach to the text’s multivocality, leading to uncovering how the reader perpetually negotiates with, and comes to embody, the text itself and its very internal system of mapping and decentering language, space and temporality in the act of reading (“‘Babababblin’ Drolleries and Multilingual Phonologies: Developing Multilingual Ethics of Embodiment through *Finnegans Wake*”), to Maria Krager’s recourse to neuro- and psycholinguistics to explain Joyce’s language and linguistic talent (“Wonderful Vocables: Joyce and the Neurolinguistics of Language Talent”). And if languages play a key role in *Finnegans Wake*, the “unexpressed” also proves vital for a thorough appreciation of the text. Thus, starting from the assumption that

Finnegans Wake “is neither an incomprehensible text nor and unreadable one” (140), Katherine O’Callaghan focuses on textual silences, in which Joyce states the inexpressibility of loss (“‘behush the bush to. Whish!’: Silence, Loss, and *Finnegans Wake*”).

Significantly, the essays in *A Long the Krommerun* also posit a connection between language and contemporary economic, political, and “social” issues. Following the above-mentioned “coherent path”, Sam Slote’s and Philip Keel Geheber’s essays touch on how the expressive potential of language can tackle politics on various levels: Slote recurs to Aristotle’s definition of the human as a political animal and turns to *Finnegans Wake* to explore how Joyce probes “the manifold political inflections of a community” (118) (“Felicitating the Whole of the Polis in *Finnegans Wake*”). Similarly, Geheber’s analysis of the Burrus and Caseous tale in *Finnegans Wake* proves essential in understanding Joyce’s views on imperialist capitalist economics and its inability to integrate difference (“Assimilating Shem into the Plural Polity: Burrus, Caseous, and Irish Free State Dairy Production”). Finally, focusing on Joyce’s fascination with numbers and with the “universal language” of mathematics, Tim Conley’s essay expounds on the extent to which “prolonged exposure to *Finnegans Wake*” can have “significant social consequences” and can shape entire communities of readers, who become “more doubtful and bewildered” in both imaginary and real worlds due to the text’s equalising language (153, 155) (“Waking ‘for an equality of relations’”). An analysis of the larger issues raised by *Finnegans Wake* finds its perfect conclusion in last two essays of the collection, both of which deal with the difficulties (and the challenges) of a genetic critical evaluation of Joyce’s text (Robbert-Jan Henkes, “The Three Fates of the *Finnegans Wake* Notebook Research” and Dirk Van Hulle, “The Worldmaker’s *Umwelt*: The Cognitive Space between a Writer’s Library and the Publishing House”).

For both the variety of the approaches it proposes and the innovative issues the essays delve into, *A Long the Krommerun* testifies to the liveliness of the critical debate regarding Joyce’s practice and *Umwelt*. At the same time, it stands as a valuable contribution to our understanding of *Finnegans Wake* in particular.

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John Morey gained a Bachelor's degree in English in 1997, and had a translation of a fragment of Sappho published in the journal *Modern Poetry in Translation* in 2009. His Masters research explored impaired visuality in *Ulysses*. He has delivered papers at the XI James Joyce Italian Foundation Conference, Rome, 2018 and the 26th International James Joyce Symposium, Antwerp, 2018. His doctoral research (supervised by Professor Finn Fordham at Royal Holloway, University of London) considers the intersection of the lingual, the musical and the disabled in the *Wake* and in human experience. He is particularly concerned with "disability aesthetics" and how Joyce uses musicality to distort the word and linguistic involutions to imitate music.

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Fritz Senn has a world-wide reputation as a Joyce expert. He was President of the International James Joyce Foundation and co-editor of the Frankfurt Joyce Edition. Since 1985 he has been director of the James Joyce Foundation Zürich. He has received numerous awards and honours for his work. He is honorary trustee of the International James Joyce Foundation and of The James Joyce Italian Foundation. His main publications include: *Joyce's Dislocations. Essays on Reading as Translation* (1983), *Nichts gegen Joyce: Joyce versus Nothing* (1983), *Inductive Scrutinies: Focus on Joyce* (1995), *Nicht nur Nichts gegen Joyce* (1999), *Ulyssean Close-ups - PBJ 2* (2007), *Joycean Murmoirs: Fritz Senn on James Joyce* (2007) and *Portals of Recovery* (2017).

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First Joyce (2004), *The Reception of James Joyce in Europe* (2004), and *Joyce in Context* (2009). Her translation of Joyce's *Chamber Music* into Polish is pending publication; she has translated poems by Czesław Miłosz into English and published Polish translations of W. B. Yeats in *Trinity Journal of Literary Translation*.

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Length of articles: a maximum of 5,000 words, including notes.

Quotations: Short quotations, in the body of the text. Long quotations should be presented like a normal paragraph but preceded and followed by a line jump. Any elisions or cuts made within the quotations should be indicated by [...].

Referencing: Most referencing should be done within the body of the text with the author-date-page system: (Costello 2004: 43) Where necessary use footnotes rather than endnotes. Footnotes should be numbered consecutively. A note number should be placed before any punctuation or quotation mark. A list of Works Cited should be placed in Times New Roman (12) at the end of the text, e.g.:

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FW Joyce, James. *Finnegans Wake*. New York: Viking Press, 1939; London: Faber and Faber, 1939. These two editions have identical pagination. Oxford World's Classics, 2012.

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JJII Ellmann, Richard. *James Joyce*. New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1982.

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