

JOYCE STUDIES IN ITALY

20

**JAMES JOYCE
THE JOYS OF EXILE**

*Edited by
Franca Ruggieri*

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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 Schwanzenbad-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 Paddyriskey” 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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