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Faculdade de Filosofia, Letras e Ciências Humanas
Diretor: Prof. Dr. Paulo Martins
Vice-Diretor: Profa. Dra. Ana Paula Torres Megiani

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Editorial Address

ABEI (Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses)
Universidade de São Paulo – FFLCH/DLM
Av. Prof. Luciano Gualberto, 403
05508-010 São Paulo – SP – Brasil
Tel. (0055-11) 3091-5041 or 3091-4296
Fax: (0055-11) 3032-2325
e-mail: journal.abeibrasil@gmail.com

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"Telemaquisando" a Pobre Velha: Cathleen ni Houlihan *"reencenada" em Martello Tower*

Mick Greer

Abstract: *In 1904, Joyce launched his satirical broadside, "The Holy Office", attacking the members of the Abbey Theatre. For the young Joyce, it appeared "that mumming company", run by Yeats and Lady Gregory, had "surrendered to the popular will". He craved to show how he had broken away from what he considered the folksy, pseudo Irishness of "gold-embroidered Celtic fringes" and those who in their "foolishness . . . sigh back for the good old times" (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writings *28) – times encapsulated, for him, in Cathleen ni Houlihan. Despite telling us that "Cathleen was received with rapturous applause", Stanislaus Joyce stresses the fact that his brother "was scornful and indignant that Yeats should write such political and dramatic claptrap" (*My Brother's Keeper *187). In "Telemachus", the more mature Joyce took the opportunity to put his art at the service of his taste for personal and literary revenge through incorporating a brief, parodic take on Yeats and Gregory' play through the scene with the milk woman. By setting "Cathleen" before his "cracked lookingglass" (*Ulysses *6), he was able not only to explore an ironic echo of various tensions between the colonised Irish and the colonising Englishman, but also to ridicule the romanticised view of Ireland presented by much Celtic Revival writing – including drama – at the time* Ulysses *was set, and that would extend well beyond the time in which it was written and published.*

Keywords: *Telemachus; Joyce; Yeats;* Cathleen ni Houlihan*; Parody.*

Resumo: *Em 1904, Joyce publicou "The Holy Office", em que atacava os membros do Abbey Theatre. Para o jovem Joyce, parecia que "aquela companhia de saltimbancos", administrada por Yeats e Lady Gregory, tinha "se rendido à vontade do populacho". Seu desejo era mostrar que tinha se libertado daquilo que considerava ser a identidade pseudo-irlandesa, popularesca, das "franjas celtas*

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*bordadas a ouro" e daqueles que em sua "tolice . . . suspiram de saudade dos velhos tempos" (*Occasional, Critical and Political Writings *28) — tempos que, para ele, ficavam perfeitamente representados por Cathleen ni Houlihan. Apesar de nos informar que "Cathleen . . . foi recebida por uma verdadeira ovação", Stanislaus Joyce deixa bem claro que seu irmão "achou ridículo e revoltante Yeats ter escrito uma bobagem política e dramática como aquela" (*My Brother's Keeper *187). Em "Telêmaco", um Joyce já mais maduro aproveitou para colocar seu gosto por vinganças pessoais e literárias a serviço de sua arte ao incorporar uma breve paródia da peça de Yeats e Gregory em sua cena com a leiteira. Ao colocar "Cathleen" diante de seu "espelho rachado" (*Ulysses *6), ele conseguiu explorar um eco irônico de várias tensões entre os irlandeses colonizados e os colonizadores ingleses, mas também rir da visão romantizada da Irlanda que era apresentada por boa parte dos textos do Renascimento Celta – também no teatro – no momento em que se passava a ação do* Ulysses*, e que acabaria por se estender muito além da época em que o livro foi escrito e publicado.*

Palavras-chave: *Telemaco; Joyce; Yeats;* Cathleen ni Houlihan*; Paródia.*

It is not by chance that Stuart Gilbert's introduction to "Telemachus" tells us that the "opening *scene* is *enacted* on the platform of the [Martello] tower" (94; my italics). In *Joyce's Voices*, Hugh Kenner took Gilbert's hint further in talking of "Joyce staging the first scene of *Ulysses* atop a tower" (ix) and arguing that "[t]he English novel's heritage from the English stage is appreciable here . . . where everyone is acting: stage-Irishman, stage-Englishman, stage-poet" (69).[1] Fritz Senn, granting Buck Mulligan greater versatility than Hugh Kenner apparently did, has argued that *Ulysses* "begins like a play, with stage directions in the first paragraph and an opening speech" by a character "with a flair for imitation. . . . We first witness mimicry, mummery and mockery; the first voice we hear is put on and it continues to change" (125). Martin Puchner has also noted that the "choreography of the [opening chapter] represents isolated and identifiable gestures and movements that come close to stage directions" (98).

To speak about "Telemachus" in terms of theatre is, therefore, to join a well-established tradition. The chapter does indeed often read like a play on the page, with what frequently seem like set speeches, narrative information reading like stage directions and a sense that the three major figures spend much of the time "performing" their chosen characters. It would be patently ridiculous to suggest that a prose text becomes dramatic simply by employing adverbs. Nevertheless, the vast and seemingly excessive number of adverbs and adverbial phrases in the early pages of *Ulysses* suggest, as Karen Lawrence has

noted, that "something strange is taking place in the narrative" (45). From literally the very first word, the abundance of these parts of speech supports the idea of Joyce's "narrative (young)" – as allocated to "Telemachus" in the *schema* Joyce provided for Gilbert –, suggesting a rather naïve or even insecure narrative voice that needs to spell everything out to the reader; and, by extension, gives us a wealth of what really seem like stage directions.

As by far the most active and "actorly" of the three men in the tower, most of this grammar attaches itself to Mulligan. Intent on dominating his audience, Mulligan seems to have succeeded in dominating the spotlight of the narrative voice as well, with little or nothing the Buck does being left in shadow. For instance, we are famously told that he enters "[s]tately". Soon afterwards, he "called up coarsely", "covered the bowl smartly", "said sternly", "added in a preacher's tone" and "peered sideways up" (*Ulysses* 1). He then "cried briskly", "looked gravely" although, "[m]ercurial Malachi" that he is, a "pleasant smile" also "broke quietly over his lips" and "he said gaily" and "pointed his finger in friendly jest", "laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight", "began to shave with care", "he said frankly" (*Ulysses* 2), "shaved warily", "began to search his trouser pockets hastily", "cried thickly", and "wiped the razorblade neatly" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 3). Stephen, considerably less demonstrative, does things "quietly" and follows the Buck "wearily"; although he does, finally, speak "with energy" perhaps because of his "growing fear" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 3).

The possibly baffling effect of the almost Cyclopean-like list I've just produced is not completely alien to the sense of strangeness created in the reader by this adverbial avalanche. Nowhere else in *Ulysses* (except perhaps for the exhausted "Eumaeus") do we find such deliberately pedestrian usage. These adverbial stage directions can also expand into what Hugh Kenner called "a predilection for eloquent dumbshow" (69): "[s]olemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 1) and "Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 3).

With, therefore, almost every action, every speech provided with an adverb or adverbial phrase – in effect, a stage direction –, readers undergo a kind of transformation into spectators: watchers and listeners to what is paraded before us, high on the Martello stage. As in a play, we are shown what and how characters do things without full narrative explanation.

In 1912, Ezra Pound wrote to Harriet Monroe that "good art thrives in an atmosphere of parody" (13). Certainly, a major feature of Joyce's mature prose was the seemingly compulsive need to adapt and parody the works of earlier authors. In writing

to George Antheil, on 3rd January 1931, Joyce claimed: "I am quite content to go down to posterity as a scissors and paste man, for that seems to me a harsh but not unjust description" (Joyce, *Letters I* 297). Shortly afterwards, on 16th Feb. 1931, he would complain to Harriet Shaw Weaver that "such an amount of reading seems to be necessary before my old flying machine grumbles up into the air" (Joyce, *Letters I* 300). This, in J. S. Atherton's phrase, "shows Joyce's own awareness of one of the salient oddities of his talent . . . he needed a basis of some other writer's work on which to compose his own. He seems to have considered it as a sort of literary runway necessary to gain momentum before creative work could begin, and he always seems to have needed this stimulus" (72). Although these letters were written in reference to *Finnegans Wake*, they could well be applied to other works.

In *Ulysses*, Joyce made use not only of dramatic techniques but also parody, both generally and of existing dramas as we see, most clearly, in "Circe". In this paper, however, I shall focus on how Joyce did this in the opening episode of *Ulysses*, "Telemachus", using a classic text from the Irish Literary Theatre (as from 1904, The Abbey Theatre) by Yeats and Lady Gregory.

A significant part of what we witness in "Telemachus" is the cross-fertilisation of genres still vying for supremacy within Joyce. In 1913, he was drafting notes for *Exiles*, shortly before beginning *Ulysses* (and he began with the first three chapters, the Telemachiad). He later suspended work on the novel in 1914 to complete his play; but when *Exiles* was completed, in 1915 *Ulysses* was already very much a work in progress (Litz 142). In other words, for a short but significant period, drama and narrative prose went hand in Joycean hand.

In *James Joyce: His First Forty Years*, Herbert S. Gorman argued that Joyce was "only secondarily a playwright" and that his "great function in letters [was] fictional narrative" but that it was "very plain to see that he [had] absorbed a deal of knowledge concerned with drama" (103-4) The implication here is that drama was a thing of the past. Joyce, however, was never a man to let the past go lightly, if ever, and the knowledge that he had "absorbed ... concerned with drama" would be put into practice, if only indirectly.

Gorman also noted "that Joyce could handle dramatic situations with a keen sense of affect. Certain scenes in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* proved this, as did some of the sketches in *Dubliners*" (106).[2] These earlier moments in Joyce's work share the "Telemachus" air of performance.

When Mulligan murmurs "to himself" that Stephen is "a lovely mummer . . . the loveliest mummer of them all" *(Ulysses* 4), this stage aside "lancet" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 6) is jabbing ironically at what he feels is Stephen's performance of the mourner's role rather

than actually mourning.[3] This strikes home more deeply, perhaps, than Mulligan realises, as Stephen's unwillingness to pray, to perform the expected role in the ritual, even at his dying mother's bedside, still haunts the young poet. Mulligan has chosen his word carefully – especially bearing in mind their tensely stilted conversation – in that traditionally and etymologically a mummer is an actor who communicates entirely by gesture and, when not masked, by facial expressions; never speaking.[4] Mulligan, in fact, is only too willing to provide his "mummer" with any number of "masks" in this opening section: "fearful jesuit" (*U* 1), "an ancient Greek" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 2); "jejune jesuit", "my love" and someone with "the real Oxford manner" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 3); "Kinch, the knife-blade", "bard" and a "dreadful" one (Joyce, *Ulysses* 5), "poor dogsbody" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 5) and, finally, "impossible person" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 9). In terms of the more current, looser definition of "mummer" – simply meaning an actor –, Mulligan, as he presents himself in his various fictions, is obviously more deserving of the title than Stephen.

In an episode whose final word is "usurper" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 28), however, Mulligan's comment also seems like a wink to the reader, a highly self-conscious acknowledgment of the dramatic usurpation of novelistic narrative that has threatened to take place on these pages.

After "Telemachus" begins the novel from the height of the Martello Tower, the scene changes and we descend to the interior, where the main characters in the chapter – Buck Mulligan, Stephen Dedalus and Haines, the English Hibernophile – eventually meet the old woman who brings them their daily supply of milk.[5] It takes three pages for her to deliver and be (partially) paid for the milk. Why is this old woman given so much time and space?

The anticipation of her arrival certainly allows Mulligan to perform his "old mother Grogan" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 13-14) which, like his "Ballad of Joking Jesus" later in the chapter, we suspect has become one of the Buck's standard routines, possibly likewise performed "[t]hree times a day, after meals" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 23):

> Haines sat down to pour out the tea. . . . I say, Mulligan, you do make strong tea, don't you?
> Buck Mulligan, hewing thick slices from the loaf, said in an old woman's wheedling voice:
> –– When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water.
> –– By Jove, it is tea, Haines said.
> Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling:
> –– So I do, Mrs Cahill, says she. Begob, ma'am, says Mrs Cahill, God send you don't make them in the one pot (Joyce, *Ulysses* 13-14)

At the mention of the old woman's approach, he has immediately moved into stage Irish mode (with the now habitual adverbial phrase in attendance): "The blessings of God on you, Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his chair." So the entrance of the woman who, like Cathleen ni Houlihan's, is much anticipated and bringing much needed sustenance to the inhabitants, is set up through parodic drama. Her arrival also brings Haines, the Irish speaking coloniser, into contact with the colonised native, who can't even recognise her own language (we might wonder how well Stephen and Mulligan speak it). The old woman obviously allows Joyce to contrast Mulligan's glittering verbal mummery with the apparent simplicity of the old woman. With stereotypical "peasant" craftiness, she can, nevertheless, rattle off exactly how much she is owed for her milk in a flash when asked about her bill:

> Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.
> Buck Mulligan sighed (Joyce, *Ulysses* 17).

This is as fine a performance from a character as anything we have seen so far in what seems to be a chapter of performers. Firstly, there is the fake surprise at the notion of a bill to be paid, which interrupts her exit. There is a moment's apparent uncertainty, after which she produces the relatively complicated account without taking a breath. After "well", the next pause (or comma) she takes is before the mock humility of her "sir". No phrase is complete for her, it seems, without this punctuating "sir". Like Stephen, we are unsure whether she is there "[t]o serve or to upbraid" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 15) silently. This supposed mark of respect is completely automatic and the more the word is repeated, of course, the emptier it becomes: this "Poor old woman" as Stephen calls her, has a role to play and dutifully performs it whilst, again like Cathleen, being perfectly well of and maintaining her own status.

The milk woman's performance, more rooted in everyday reality, serves to highlight the superficiality of Mulligan's "old mother Grogan"; just as the brief appearance of the rather timid priest at the end of the chapter[6] serves as a counterpoint to the Buck's overblown religious theatricals as the novel begins.

Stephen, naturally, holds up his "cracked lookingglass" to the old woman and sees her reflected as a Mother Ireland figure: "Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal . . . a messenger from the secret morning" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 15). This "wandering crone" leads us to Yeats. The poet has

already been introduced by Buck Mulligan's quoting "Who goes with Fergus now?" from *The Countess Cathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics* (1892):[7]

> And no more turn aside and brood
> Upon love's bitter mystery
> For Fergus rules the brazen cars (Joyce, *Ulysses* 9).

It was a poem that had a particular relevance for both Stephen and Joyce.[8] When Stephen calls the milk woman, "the poor old woman", he brings to mind Yeats's other dramatic Cathleen. This is the translated title of the traditional Irish ballad, "The Shan Van Vocht" in which an anonymous old woman celebrates the coming of the French to help in the ultimately ill-fated Irish rebellion of 1798. This ballad served as the basis for Yeats and Lady Gregory's *Cathleen ni Houlihan*.[9]

In *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, performed by the Irish National Dramatic Society in 1902, a "Poor Old Woman" arrives at the home of an Irish peasant family preparing for the marriage of their oldest son, Michael, to a neighbour, Delia. The mother, Bridget, is a highly superstitious country woman and the father, Peter, is obsessed with his future daughter-in-law's hundred pound dowry. She tells the family her "four beautiful green fields" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 81) have been taken from her,[10] and also sings about Irish heroes that have given their lives for her. Ultimately, this strange figure persuades Michael to give up thoughts of marriage and join the rebellion against the English. After he has left with her, the younger son Patrick, who has just returned, tells the family that he saw no "old woman going down the path" but just "a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 88). The certainty of Michael's blood sacrifice has already rejuvenated the "Poor Old Woman".[11] Despite telling us that *Cathleen* "was received with rapturous applause", Stanislaus Joyce stresses the fact that James "was scornful and indignant that Yeats should write such political and dramatic claptrap" (Stanislaus Joyce 187).[12]

In 1901, in his paper "The Day of the Rabblement", the young Joyce had burned with the desire to show how he had broken away from what he considered the folksy, pseudo-Irishness of "giddy dames' frivolities" and "gold-embroidered Celtic fringes" (*Poems and Shorter Writings*: 97) and from those who in their "foolishness (...) sigh back for the good old times" (Joyce, *Occasional ... Writings* 28): those times, for him, being encapsulated in a play like *Cathleen ni Houlihan*. In 1904, he had also attacked the members of the Abbey Theatre in "The Holy Office", a satirical broadside written around the time the theatre received its patent.

In "Telemachus", a more mature and accomplished Joyce than he of the paper and poem, nevertheless took the opportunity to put his art at the service of his taste for personal and literary revenge through incorporating a brief, parodic take on Yeats and Gregory's play within the framework of his novel. By setting "Cathleen" before his "cracked lookingglass" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 6), he was able not only to explore an ironic echo of various tensions between the colonised Irish and the colonising Englishman; but also to ridicule the romanticised view of Ireland presented by much Celtic Revival writing – including drama – at the time *Ulysses* was set.[13]

In *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, there is much mystery and tension created by the knowledge that an old woman has been seen in the area. Joyce's Cathleen is similarly given a rather ominous entrance as, with the three men in expectation, the "doorway was darkened by an entering form" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 13). Instead of arriving to take the lifeblood of the countryside for the price of freedom, however, this "entering form" is simply bringing milk to sell for the tower dwellers' tea. Unlike Cathleen, she seems pliant and is uncomplaining. So far from being the figure of Mother Ireland, she doesn't recognise her own language and feels there is nothing unnatural in the fact (further irony lies in the fact that Joyce has her think that Haines was speaking French: another parodic link to Yeats and Gregory's play). Mulligan's obvious unwillingness to pay distortedly mirrors Peter's obsession with the dowry (the "lookingglass" is "cracked", let's remember); and he is further linked to the father in *Cathleen* by offering the milk woman a cup of tea. This is pure gesturing on Mulligan's part, of course; as he knows full well such socialising would probably only make her feel more uncomfortable. (Joyce, *Ulysses* 14.)

In the play, it is Cathleen who makes the residents feel ill at ease.[14] The old woman in "Telemachus" brings a kind of calm to the Martello tower, if only as a distraction, a different target for Mulligan and respite for Stephen and even Haines. A strained situation, tense with unnatural conversation, is briefly made more normal, more commonplace with the old woman's entrance. Cathleen, on the other hand, disrupts a realistic setting[15] and turns it into something otherworldly. When the otherworldly rises in "Telemachus", it is either turned into something grotesque and terrifyingly accusatory:

> In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.
> Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her

> hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down (Joyce, *Ulysses* 10-11).

Or cheaply parodied:

> Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried: – A miracle! (Joyce, *Ulysses* 17).

In the original play, Peter tells his wife to "[g]ive [the old woman] a drink of milk, and a bit of the oaten bread" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 83) which, despite being more genuine than Mulligan's "Would you like a cup, ma'am?", similarly shows his being ill at ease with this strange visitor and wanting to maintain some distance from "Poor Old Woman" through the formality of social customs. When Cathleen is offered milk, she refuses (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 84). Milk is one thing, but although Peter is as reluctant as Mulligan to part with his money, his wife Bridget persuades him to offer the Poor Old Woman "a shilling" which Cathleen won't accept either (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 83-84) – the possible echo of "taking the king's shilling", meaning to enlist in the British army, not making it any more attractive. Cathleen ni Houlihan will strike no bargains, unlike the initially unlikely but ultimately business-like milk woman in "Telemachus", though both are single-minded in their purpose.

For Mulligan, this "ma'am" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 15-16) (repeatedly and exclusively used by Michael when addressing Cathleen (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 82, 83 and 84)) is a source of condescending amusement. Only he calls her this (and her excessively reiterated 'sir' – by which she addresses them all – is a sly *touché* to him). For Haines, she is a specimen for his cultural studies. The Englishman is, of course, one of the "too many strangers in the house" Cathleen ni Houlihan talks of (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 81), although all three men in the Martello "house" are, superficialities aside, essentially "strangers" to each other. Stephen (who barely speaks in this section) is the only one of the three who asks her a genuinely interested question after Haines has spoken Irish to her: "Do you understand what he says?"[16] Furthermore, it is Stephen who actually lays Mulligan's florin "passed along the table towards the old woman . . . in her uneager hand" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 17).

Michael is spellbound by Cathleen, even though she treats him as a subject and commands or pronounces rather than ever speaking to him in a natural way. In contrast, Stephen feels the milk woman "slights" him, possibly because unlike Mulligan (and Haines to a lesser extent), he does not command or pronounce. Perhaps like Haines (according to Mulligan) she thinks Stephen "is [therefore] not a gentleman" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 2). He does

not play the superior role she expects, he doesn't speak in a "loud voice" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 16) and is, therefore, somewhat dismissed. He, however, like Michael and the French in *Cathleen*, is drawn to her.[17] Stephen has, after all, just "landed" from France and he'll soon follow her out of this particular "house" forever. She however, unqueenly in her curtseying, will assuredly not be transforming into a young girl to lead him off to sacrificial glory.[18]

The old milk woman has neither the temperament nor time for "those big words" about symbols or causes "which make us so unhappy" *(Ulysses* 38). She stands at an ironic distance from both the Old Gummy Granny later conjured up in "Circe", and Yeats's dream-vision symbol. Although Stephen will later follow her literal trail, he rejects the symbolic path of the mythical figures she faintly shadows. No avatar of earlier uprisings, he does not go to put "strangers out" although he does suffer at the hands of the British military, in consistently parodic form, in "Circe" later in the day (Joyce, *Ulysses* 696-7). In fact, it is the "stranger" Haines who is at least partly responsible for "putting [him] out" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 84).

This lack of complete, genuine resolution in terms of the stranger in the house motif is actually in keeping with *Cathleen ni Houlihan* as seen from Nicholas Grene's perspective:

> The stranger French are necessary catalysts for the expulsion of the stranger English. What then? The power of *Kathleen [sic] ni Houlihan* derives not only from the potency with which it imagines revolution as a miraculous transformation, but the skill with which it leaves unanswered the question of what is to follow the revolution (71-2).

Mulligan parallels, in his own mocking manner, Michael's family in their vain attempts to stop him joining the French at Killala. Directly or indirectly, the Buck is continually disparaging Stephen's French experience. When the "jejune jesuit" suggests drinking black tea with lemon, Mulligan snaps: "O, damn you and your Paris fads (...) I want Sandycove milk" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 13) Later,

> A limp black missile flew out of [Mulligan's] talking hands.
> And there's your Latin Quarter hat, he said.
> Stephen picked it up and put it on (Joyce, *Ulysses* 19).

Furthermore, of course, Mulligan goes on – no doubt pointedly – to remind the assembled company that the tower they are in was built by "Billy Pitt (...) when the French were on the sea" (Joyce, *Ulysses* 20).[19] A line, of course, from "The Shan Van Vocht".

As for settling the milk bill, it is Haines who brings it up and insists on Mulligan paying: anticipated proof of Deasy's "I paid my way" being the "proudest boast" of the Englishman in the following chapter *(Ulysses* 37). The payment of the money, as we have seen above, reanimates the old milk woman; parodying the rejuvenating effect of Michael's sacrifice on Cathleen. Having served these men, the milk woman receives her payment (less twopence and without, it seems, much enthusiasm for what she does get). Cathleen, in contrast, refuses "silver" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 84) and says the heroes who will die in serving her "will think they are well paid" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 86).

Both the milk woman and Cathleen leave on the theme of payment and to the sound of singing. Cathleen goes out proudly promising immortality to her heroes, as she sings:

> They shall be remembered for ever,
> They shall be alive for ever,
> They shall be speaking for ever,
> The people shall hear them for ever (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 86, 88).

And, shortly afterwards, comes the famous line that Patrick saw no old woman but "a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen" (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 88).[20] The milk woman even curtsies, heavily stressing her (possibly mock) subservience, and leaves quietly, still owed the twopence, but "followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant" of the *English* poet Swinburne's:

> Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give. (...)
> Heart of my heart, were it more,
> More would be laid at your feet (Joyce, *Ulysses* 17).

Cathleen's heroic Irish shall, according to her, give everything and consider that rich payment in itself, it seems. This modern day Cathleen's Irishmen excuse themselves for leaving her short. No rejuvenating sacrifice for this "Poor Old Woman" and, for the time being, only their words follow her out the door.

The milk woman leaves, having unwittingly served Joyce's efforts "to desecrate the pieties of Cathleen ni Houlihan" (Krause 399). Along with this resistance to potential chauvinistic nationalism in favour of "the higher nationalism of artistic integrity" (Krause 399) Joyce has also transformed novelistic narration into a dramatic experience. Looking at the three pages involving the old woman, we also see that they would work perfectly well

on stage with very little adaptation or dramatization: the dialogue and stage directions are clearly there.

Through the use of Yeats and Gregory's *Cathleen ni Houlihan,* "Telemachus", therefore, not only interweaves layers of the dramatic among the narrative but also aims to usurp the latter's prominence. This allows Joyce to create other perspectives not only on the Irish nationalism and British colonialism of the time, to be developed as the novel continues, but also on another of *Ulysses'* mythical worlds much closer to home.

Notes

[1] Kenner was probably using Wyndham Lewis' dismissal of *Ulysses* against him here. This antagonism was based, at least partly, on the book's theatrical undercurrent (although Lewis called it "a susceptibility" to "cliché"); as he had written of Joyce's "stage Jew (Bloom), a stage Irishman (Mulligan), or a stage Anglo-Saxon (Haines)" (Lewis 90).

[2] Gorman was probably thinking of scenes such as the Christmas dinner (Joyce, *Portrait*, 28-37) and the retreat sermons (Joyce, Portrait, 100-103 and 108-114). In *Dubliners*, though considerably more than a 'sketch', much of the "Grace" text at Tom Kernan's bedside (Joyce, *Dubliners*, 145-157) works perfectly as dramatic dialogue and stage directions, as does – to perhaps an even greater degree – "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" (Joyce, *Dubliners*, 108-124). The fact that Joyce wrote to Grant Richards, on 20th May 1906, that "Ivy Day" was the story that pleased him most may owe something to its dramatic quality (Joyce, *Letters* I, 63).

[3] In his musical version of *Ulysses*, Blooms of Dublin, Anthony Burgess picked up on this idea. After Stephen has ranted aloud to the ghost of his mother, Burgess impishly has Haines (of all people) ask him: "Amateur dramatics, eh? You rehearsing for something?" (Burgess 17).

[4] The OED traces it to Middle English, from the Old French momer: to wear a mask, to mime.

[5] Could there even be an early hint of the topsy-turvy parody to come in Haines announcing that the old woman is "coming up" (the stairs) (Joyce, *Ulysses* 13); while in the Yeats, we hear of her "coming down" (the road) (Yeats, *Collected Plays* 76; my italics).

[6] As the "elderly man" who has just been swimming in the forty-foot passes, Mulligan identifies him as a priest by "glancing at Haines and Stephen" and crossing himself theatrically rather than "piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone"

(Joyce, *Ulysses* 26). Shortly afterwards, Stephen sees "The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly" (Joyce, *Ulysses*, 28).

[7] See Yeats's *Collected Poems* (49 and 524).

[8] In Ulysses, this is the song Stephen sang to his dying mother, as her phantom reminds him in "Circe": "You sang that song to me. Love's bitter mystery" (Joyce, Ulysses 681), which haunts him throughout the day. According to his brother Stanislaus, Joyce had actually "sat down at the piano and sang the melancholy chant to which he had set the verses" to his dying brother George (Stanislaus Joyce 143).

[9] Lady Gregory wrote "All this mine alone" on the earliest surviving draft, from the start up to Kathleen's [sic] entrance (Grene 1999: 64). Yeats later acknowledged that the play was written "with Lady Gregory's help" (Yeats, Autobiographies 451).

[10] While Stephen imagines this old woman "crouching" and milking in a "lush field" (*Ulysses* 15) rather than upright and proudly lamenting her loss of four.

[11] The motif of the puella senilis, of an old woman transformed into a young girl through such a blood sacrifice, has its source in Celtic myth. See Greene (63).

[12] In striking contrast, Joseph Holloway felt, in 1902, that "the piece was admirably played" and "made a deep impression. Most of the sayings of the mysterious "Cathleen" (a part realised with creepy realism by the tall and willowy Maud Gonne, who chanted her lines with rare musical effect, and crooned fascinatingly, if somewhat indistinctly, some lyrics) found ready and apt interpretation from the audience who understood that Erin spoke in "Cathleen", and they applauded each red-hot patriotic sentiment right heartily, and enthusiastically called for the author at the end, and had their wish gratified" (Holloway 50-51).

[13] Joyce, of course, was not alone in this. Such parody was another aspect of his rivalry with Synge. The Playboy of the Western World "is a devastating critique of the rural west that so many of the Revivalists idealised. It is as full of violence, illusion, futility and sexual frustration as any of Martin McDonagh's wicked parodies of the traditional Irish play" (Eagleton 23).

[14] "The matter-of-fact ways of the household and the weird, uncanny conduct of the strange visitor make a very agreeable concoction" (Holloway 17).

[15] Nicholas Grene argues that the "representativeness of the Gillanes as a peasant family gives to the play its popular and populist quality" (Grene 70). By having his 'Cathleen' meet the highly unrepresentative Mulligan, Dedalus and Haines, Joyce turns this idea completely upside down.

[16] Interestingly, the narrative ignores Haines' first attempt in Irish, possibly mirroring the woman's lack of comprehension. We only realise he has spoken through Stephen and the old woman's questions.

[17] Clothes are a further link between the two young men: Mulligan's lending Stephen clothes and continued fussing over his rather shabby, mourning apparel parallels the concern in the Yeats over Michael's wedding clothes. "God, we'll simply have to dress the character", as Mulligan says (Joyce, *Ulysses* 19).

[18] In discussing Mangan and Joyce, C. P. Curran argues that "[f]or Mangan, a lover of death, Caitlin ni Houlihan [sic] is a queen, but for Joyce an abject queen upon whom also death is coming" (Curran 16). Mangan, of course, composed a highly political tribute to the "Poor Old Woman" in true aisling fashion. For example: "Think not her a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen; / Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen; / Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen, / Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan." "Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan (*A Jacobite Relic* – from the Irish)" (Mangan 397).

[19] Mulligan here is using the opening line of "The Shan Van Vocht" (O'Lochlainn 120).

[20] Carol Loeb Shloss quotes Patrick Collins' description of Lucia after she had been "tramping" around Dublin for 6 days (in 1935, when she was 28). She was a woman "of great scope" who had walked "as if she owned the whole bloody world" (349). This, naturally, is no more than an interesting coincidence; but one to which the older Joyce would probably have had an ambivalent reaction.

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Wilder's Joyce: Inspiration, Borrowing, Appropriation, Plagiarism

Joyce de Wilder: Inspiração, empréstimo, apropriação e plágio

S. E. Gontarski

Abstract*: American novelist and playwright Thornton Wilder's lifelong attraction to and passion for if not obsession with the work of James Joyce has led to unintended consequences. Wilder was writing what would become his second Pulitzer Prize winning play, The Skin of Our Teeth, while in the midst of "unriddling" Joyce's final novel, Finnegans Wake. Accusations of plagiarism would subsequently arise from two major Joyce scholars, Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson as they raised questions about the tipping point in creative practice, the point at which common practices of textual influence and reference cross the line into excessive borrowings and plagiarism. Such accusations, which Wilder failed to acknowledge and to fully address in a timely fashion, have lingered to his discredit and have obscured his achievements both as a playwright and a major scholar of experimental literature with a particular emphasis on James Joyce. The essay details the need to return to and to reassess the issues of Wilder's creative practice within the current theoretical climate of intertextuality and thus to reassess Wilder's pioneering work on both Ulysses and Finnegans Wake.*

Key Words*: James Joyce, Finnegans Wake, Joseph Campbell, Edmund Wilson, Thornton Wilder, The Skin of Our Teeth, plagiarism, intertext.*

Resumo: A atração e a paixão do romancista e dramaturgo norte-america Thornton Wilder (se não sua obsessão) pela obra de James Joyce rendeu consequências inesperadas. Wilder estava escrevendo aquela que viria a ser sua segunda peça vencedora do Pulitzer, The Skin of Our Teeth, enquanto tentava "desemaranhar" o romance final de Joyce, o Finnegans Wake. Acusaçõdes de plágio surgiriam depois, feitas por dois grandes estudiosos da obra de Joyce, Joseph Campbell e Henry Morton Robinson, que levantaram questões quanto ao ponto

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de inflexão da prática criativa, o momento em que práticas de influência e referência textual passam do limite e se tornam empréstimos excessivos, e plágio. Essas acusações, que Wilder não reconheceu e a que não deu resposta no momento, nunca foram derrubadas, para seu descrédito, e toldaram suas realizações como dramaturgo e também como um dos grandes estudiosos da literatura experimental, com uma ênfase toda especial em James Joyce. Este artigo expõe minuciosamente a necessidade de uma reavaliação das questões em torno da prática criativa de Wilder dentro da atmosfera teórica atual de intertextualidade, reavaliando assim o trabalho pioneiro de Wilder tanto com o Ulysses quanto com o Finnegans Wake.

Palavras-chave: *James Joyce, Finnegans Wake, Joseph Campbell, Edmund Wilson, Thornton Wilder, The Skin of Our Teeth, plágio, intertextualidade.*

In March 1941 American playwright, novelist, literary critic, translator, university lecturer in French, defender of the era's most experimental writers, like Gertrude Stein (see Burns 1996), and Joyce aficionado (see Burns 2001), Thornton Wilder, was asked, at news of Joyce's death, to write a tribute for *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (370-75). He was a natural choice given his life-long interest in or obsession with Joyce — and more broadly with modern experimental literature in general. He had, for instance, written Introductions to three of Gertrude Stein's works (Wilder 1979, 181-222). On news of Joyce's death, Wilder was telephoned "long distance" by Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry* and asked for a statement on Joyce (Wilder 1979, xvii; Feshbach, 498). In response Wilder produced something of an overview essay or eulogy, "James Joyce, 1882-1941." He would subsequently publish "Joyce and the Modern Novel," a 1954 lecture, in 1957 and "Giordano Bruno's Last Meal in *Finnegans Wake,*" which appeared in *Hudson Review* in spring 1963, a distillation of some 290 pages of notes on the *Wake* (Feshbach 515). All three essays were collected posthumously by Wilder's estate and published in a volume called *American Characteristics and other Essays* (Wilder 1979, 165-180, 278-286) after Wilder's series of Norton lectures at Harvard University delivered as part of his year-long appointment as Charles Elliot Norton Professor of Poetry, 1950-51 (1-64). (T. S. Eliot had held the post in 1932-33.) Writing to Adaline Glasheen during his Norton tenure, however, he cited some friction between his Joyce work and the growing community of Joyce scholars: ". . . I found that F_____s Wake addicts are a curious brand of cats. They think everybody else is a benighted flounderer and that *they* – each one – holds the answer. They don't want to pool their insights; they don't want to contribute to a Master-Copy. I came away from the meeting very angry"[1] (Burns 2001, 3). With Glasheen, however,

Wilder found a kindred spirit, someone with whom he could share his insights and work toward a "master copy," and he did so until his unexpected death in December of 1975, a letter to her left unfinished at his death.

Wilder references much of the tradition of contemporary experimental writing in his first novel, *The Cabala* (Modern Library 1926, rpt. 1958), dedicated to "my friends at the American Academy in Rome, 1920-1921." In it the narrator visits an enlightened, erudite but "unbelieving" Cardinal in Rome, part of the "cabal," and observes that "A pile of volumes lay on the table beside him: *Appearance and Reality* [: *A Metaphysical Essay*, by Oswald], Spengler, *The Golden Bough*, *Ulysses*, Proust, Freud" (106, cited in Feshbach 496). Wilder spoke as a literary critic in his own voice in the "Preface" to *Three Plays* by drawing distinctions between texts and performances, that is, contemporary theater: "I believed every word of *Ulysses* and of Proust and of *The Magic Mountain*, as I did of hundreds of plays when I read them. It was on the stage that imaginative narration became false" (Wilder 1957, viii). The depth of Wilder's commitment to Joyce and his work is evident in the recently released letters; written between 1950 and Wilder's death in 1975, Wilder and Glasheen share their readings of *Finnegans Wake* on paper, that is, through the mails, the letters published as *A Tour of the Darkling Plain: The "Finnegans Wake" Letters of Thornton Wilder and Adaline Glasheen, 1950-1975*. Glasheen, who would publish the *Third Census Of Finnegans Wake: An Index Of The Characters and Their Roles* two years after Wilder's death, calls the period "the amateur age of unriddling." As she says in her "Introduction" to *A Tour of the Darkling Plain*, "In the late 1940s some friends and I took to playing around with *Finnegans Wake*, enjoying ourselves and doing our best to unriddle bits of that difficult and entertaining book" (xiii). Characterizing this work as "amateur" or mere "playing around," however, understates the intensity of this long collaboration, but one that reviewer Geert Lernout, citing Glasheen's comment, accepts and repeats in his review of the volume, that is, "Glasheen and Wilder were amateurs" (Lernout 384). Wilder, of course, had been writing about, or perhaps even re-writing the *Wake* at least since its full publication in 1939, as his *Journals* reveal (Feshbach 498).

The opening paragraph in Wilder's *Poetry* tribute lays out the tensions he saw in Joyce's life and so in his life's work:

> Bound to Dublin in love and hate, parallel, irreconcilable, each emotion whipping on its contrary; a love that only briefly could make peace with the hatred through the operation of the comic spirit; a hatred that could only make peace intermittently, make peace with the love through the intensity of artistic creation. This unresolved love and hate recurred in every aspect of his life: it

> went out towards his youth, toward the religion in which he was brought up, toward the role of the artist, toward the very phenomenon of language itself. (167)[2]

"Like Cervantes," Wilder continues, "Joyce groped confusedly for his subject and his form. . . . Like Cervantes, Joyce tried, unsuccessfully, poetry and drama" (168). Of the poetry, Wilder would admit its "watery musicality, a pinched ventriloqual voice," and of Joyce's one play he would be "astonished at the woodenness of *Exiles*" given Joyce's expert handling of dialogue in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (168, *Poetry* 371). Brooks Atkinson would review the play for the *New York Times* in 1957, and he seemed to echo Wilder's assessment: "It was an attempt at spiritual expression by a man who has lost faith in 'luminous certitudes' and is doing penance every day of his life."

For Wilder, Joyce's major achievement was his depiction of consciousness:

> Ulysses brought a new method into literature, the interior monologue. The century-long advance of realism now confronted this task: the realistic depiction of consciousness. To realism mind is a babbler, a stream of fleeting odds and ends of image and association. Joyce achieved this method with a mastery and fullness of illustration that effaces any question of precursors. [. . .] Yet all art is convention, even the interior monologue. Joyce's discovery has the character of necessity, a twentieth century necessity, and again it was wrung from him by the operation of his love and hate. (168)

In the "Preface" to *Three Plays*, Wilder would celebrate the immediacy of theater's impact with what was perhaps a nod to Marion Bloom: "Of all the arts the theatre is best endowed to awaken this recollection within us– to believe is to say 'yes'; but in the theatres of my time I did not feel myself prompted to any such grateful and self-forgetting acquiescence" (Wilder 1957, viii).

One of the works with which Wilder attempted to redress what he deemed the falsity in contemporary theater was *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which premiered the year after Joyce died and after the *Poetry* tribute appeared. The play takes its title from the "Book of Job," 19:20, "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," and the convention-breaking, myth-driven play is laden with overt biblical imagery with a focus on the genesis of humankind. But the depth of Wilder's commitment to the work of James Joyce upset noted Joyce scholar Joseph Campbell and novelist Henry Morton Robinson who detected other unacknowledged sources and have seen Wilder's play as heavily derived from, at least, if not a wholesale but silent appropriation of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. That is, by 1940, Wilder was already rewriting or adapting not only biblical

but contemporary, avant-garde material from European authors for the Broadway stage, with a special focus on the work of James Joyce, in his attempt to counter the "imaginative narration [that] became false" on stage. In response to the play's success and its nomination for the Pulitzer prize for drama, Campbell and Robinson wrote the committee to make the group aware of their findings, to no effect, however, and the committee awarded Wilder his third Pulitzer, his second for theater. Their letter to the Pulitzer committee followed up findings and accusations published in a high profile essay, "The Skin of *Whose* Teeth?", which appeared in the *Saturday Review* barely a month after the play's Broadway opening. Their conclusions were based on their work on the pioneering and very influential study, *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* of 1944, only a year after Joyce final novel was published, and Campbell himself would write his own short "Obituary Notice" for his university newspaper, *The Campus*, on 22 January 1941 (Campbell xxi-ii, 293n4). Work on their *Skeleton Key* led them to conclude that "Mr. Wilder's play, *The Skin of our Teeth*, was not entirely an original composition but an Americanized recreation, thinly disguised, of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*" (257), and that such a level of borrowings in Wilder's play, they contended, went far beyond the bounds of what was professionally and ethically acceptable: "Important plot elements," they continue, "characters, devices of presentation, as well as major themes and many of the speeches, are directly and frankly imitated, but with the flimsy veneer to lend an American touch to the original features" (257). As they recount parallels, they note, "There are, in fact, no end of the meticulous unacknowledged copyings" (259). Wolcott Gibbs, a champion of Wilder's play, suggested yet another source for Wilder's borrowings. In the December of 1942 issue of *The New Yorker*, he claimed that "The truth of the matter is that, instead of being partially borrowed from Mr. Joyce's work, 'The Skin of Our Teeth' was actually taken almost in toto from an early novel of my own, called 'Nabisco' (Roycroft Press, $1)" (Gibbs). If that accusation sounds preposterous, the oddly named novel published by an inexistent press, it is, as Edmund Wilson points out in his reply to the Campbell and Robinson critique in *The Nation*, a reply that includes his own *Finnegans Wake* parody, which he thought to send on to Wilder as a joke, then thought better of the idea (82). Wilson points out the ineptitude of the Gibbs parody of Campbell and Robinson since it is clear to him at least that Gibbs never got beyond the first page of Joyce's final novel. As early as 1940 Wilder and Wilson thought to collaborate on their own "key" to *Finnegans Wake* and proposed it to publisher Benjamin W. Huebsch, who had just turned down the Campbell and Robinson volume on the basis of "preliminary material." Huebsch, who had published *A Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man* (1916) in the United States expressed interest in the Wilder-Wilson proposal (Niven 546). The

Campbell and Robinson essays in Saturday Review generated "A long, heated exchange of letters to the editor . . . most of them defending Wilder. This brought more publicity for *The Skin of Our Teeth* but some unwelcome notoriety for Wilder, who, on his lawyer's advice, declined public comment . . .)" (Niven 547).

Wilder's publishers, however, have since jumped to the rescue to counter what amounts to an implication of plagiarism with an online blog defending the American playwright and the play popular in school curricula. Such a return to the issues tends, however, to do little more than keep the issue of plagiarism before the public:

> . . . Wilder's own reputation was seriously damaged by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson's entirely unjust accusation that Wilder had plagiarized James Joyce's difficult novel *Finnegans Wake*. Campbell and Robinson's article was believed by some because Wilder declined to defend himself, very few reporters then or now were likely to read the enormously complicated *Wake*, and the play does borrow some of its ideas from Joyce. Although the distinguished critic Edmund Wilson refuted the charge by pointing out that playwrights have always borrowed from previous writers, and differences of tone and characterization between the two works are great, for a long time the unfair aspersion lingered in memory — Robinson repeated it in 1957 in connection with another Wilder success, *The Matchmaker* [a "reworking" of *The Merchant of Yonkers*], which eventually was turned into the musical *Hello Dolly*. (http://files.harpercollins.com/OMM/the_skin_of_our_teeth.html)

The comment above from the publisher's study guide, a "Note to Teachers," offers, at best, a tepid and perhaps misleading defense of their author to the effect that the scholarly detailed allegations from Campbell and Robinson are "believed by some because Wilder declined to defend himself." The cause and effect here is curious if not duplicitous, since when *Saturday Review* asked Wilder for a response, he began one, but put it away. In his 1983 biography, Gilbert Harrison summarizes what Wilder might have offered in defense of such borrowings: "In that unpublished statement he explains that in deciphering Joyce's novel the idea had come to him that one aspect of it might be expressed in drama . . . ," but he soon realized that "any possibility of dramatization was 'out of the question'" (Harrison, 231; cited in Campbell, 265-6). And the defense attributed to the estimable Edmund Wilson "that playwrights have always borrowed from previous writers" seems more applicable to an Elizabethan stage than to that in the world of copyright, but the publisher seems to misrepresent Wilson's "defense" as well. Wilson, in fact, doesn't exactly "refute" the claims of Campbell and Robinson; rather, he agrees with them in large part, although

with a reservation, noting, "I did not approve of the tone of the article, but its principal contentions were true, and since they generally have been received with incredulity, I may as well produce my burlesque" (81). That parody may have been intended to deflect criticism of Wilder's efforts, that is, we all do parodies of Joyce, say, and Wilson notes further of the accusation that "It is probably true, however – though what Wilder is trying to do is quite distinct from what Joyce is doing – that the state of saturation with Joyce in which the play was written has harmed it in certain ways: precisely, in distracting Wilder from his own ideas and effects; and that it suffers, as a serious work, from the comparison suggested with Joyce" (83-4). Wilson seems to be suggesting here that Wilder's play contains few of "his own ideas and effects." Furthermore, editors Burns and Gaylord also seem to miscast Wilson's critique: "At the time, Wilder did not defend himself or his play. Edmund Wilson, an early and enthusiastic reader of *Finnegans Wake*, did, however, in an essay. . . . Wilson and Wilder had had long talks and had exchanged letters about Joyce. In a note to a reprint of his seminal essay, 'The Dream of H. C. Earwicker' [a review of the novel published in *The New Republic* on 28 June 1939], Wilson writes about Wilder, 'I have also had the advantage of discussions with Mr. Thornton Wilder, who has explored the book more thoroughly than anyone else I have heard of. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilder will someday publish something about *Finnegans Wake*'" (Burns 2001, xxiv); of course, Wilder would, but not the book he had proposed to Huebsch in 1940 (Niven 546), but perhaps *The Skin of Our Teeth* represents such as well. If Burns and Gaylord's comments represent their best defense of Wilder, it remains hardly more compelling than that offered by Wilder's publisher (for Wilder's more compelling and expended defense see Niven 547-49)

In 1994 Sidney Feshbach, former president of the James Joyce Society (NY), offers his defense in terms of modernist intertextuality: "Many other writers also figure in his work; he used them in quotation, in imitation, in echoes, in transformations, and in analogies, as did Joyce himself in all his work and as did T. S. Eliot in *The Waste Land* (which, when first published, some described as a pastiche, parodied, and then wondered where quotation and plagiarism left off) and Ezra Pound in the *Cantos*" (500). As Feshbach continues:

> To clarify further what Wilder might have been thinking when he made use of *Finnegans Wake* for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, it is necessary to consider first a broader aspect of his work, his use of the work of predecessors. At every point in his writing, from his earliest high school and college exercises onward, Wilder constantly engaged in adaptation, reapplication, and transformation of others' work. Joyce is only one of many authors that he used. (510)

And Feshbach returns to his justification with Hellenic and Elizabethan examples: "I prefer to regard Wilder's use of the work of other writers not as plagiarism, which it is not, but instead as his expression of the two-thousand-year-old tradition and practice of *imitatio* and *emulatio*, adaptation as well as translation. When Wilder took what he did from *Finnegans Wake,* he would not have felt that he was doing anything wrong." (511).

Feshbach's preferences or what Wilder "felt" was ethically right or wrong, however, may not be the issue here, nor should we necessarily trust the judgments of authors about their own work. Campbell and Robinson are adamant on the issues not only of originality but of acknowledgement: "It is a strange performance that Mr. Wilder has turned in. Is he hoaxing us? On the one hand, he gives no credit to his source, masking it with an Olson and Johnson technique [American rubber chicken comedians of *Hellzapoppin* fame whom Wilder acknowledged as influences]. On the other hand, he makes no attempt to conceal his borrowings, emphasizing them, rather . . ." (260). Several weeks later, Campbell and Robinson follow up their original findings, that were based on viewing the play, with additional charges made after the play was published: ". . . the appearance of the play in book form offers abundant evidence that Mr. Wilder not only vigorously adapted the play from *Finnegans Wake* to the Broadway temper, but also intended that someone, somewhere, someday should recognize his deed for what it is" (261). Their commitment to their analysis is evident in that both pieces are reprinted in Campbell's *Mythic Worlds: Modern Words: On The Art of James Joyce* (1993, 2003), and so the essays have become part of Campbell's official Joyce legacy and appear in his "Collected Works." Editor Edmund L. Epstein, a former student of William York Tindall at Columbia College, augmented the essays by adding "An Editor's Afterword" in which he cites Wilder biographer Gilbert Harrison's overview of Wilder's tentative response to the *Saturday Review* articles and includes Wilder's notes for a 1948 British production starring Laurence Olivier (265-67).

Others, too, have continued the defense by citing additional sources on which Wilder drew. The Wilder Society web page follows up the publisher's "Note to teachers" with a critique by Ashley Gallager: "Influenced by James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and 'German expressionism, vaudeville, burlesque, and Wilder's own one-acts,' *Skin of Our Teeth* pays homage to those sources in its depiction of the Antrobus family. In his 'Preface' to *Three Plays* Wilder goes further: 'I should be very happy if, in the future, some author should feel similarly indebted to any work of mine. Literature has always more resembled a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs' (687)" (http://www.twildersociety.org/works/the-skin-of-our-teeth/). Gallager's Thornton Wilder Society sanctioned summary of influence is not exactly what Wilder wrote, however: "The play is deeply indebted to

James Joyce *Finnegans Wake*" (Campbell, 267). Or more fully, as Wilder declines to see himself as a creative innovator, "not one of the new dramatists":

> Literature has always more resembled a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs. The theatre has lagged behind the other arts in finding the 'new ways' to express how men and women think and feel in our time. I am not one of the new dramatists we are looking for. I wish I were. I hope I have played a part in preparing the way for them. I am not an innovator but a rediscoverer of forgotten goods and I hope a remover of obtrusive bric-à-brac. (Wilder 1957, xiv)

New York Tines theater critic Mel Gussow returns to most of these issues. He quotes Wilder's statement above in his review of a 1988 New York revival of *Our Town*, as he references as well, "Wilder's response to James Joyce and 'Finnegans Wake,' the source of his play 'The Skin of Our Teeth.'"[3] Feshbach would merely dismiss Campbell and Robinson, or at least their aggressive tone: "They used such inflammatory innuendo that, without their actually using the term, 'plagiarism' was obviously what they were referring to. Wilder had, indeed, alternated working on the play with reading the *Wake* – but their charge was absurd" (498). Wilson, however, leans the other way: "The general indebtedness to Joyce in the conception and plan of the play is as plain as anything of the kind can be; it must have been conscious on Wilder's part" (83).

* * *

Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's "Ulysses"* would appear in 1930 (revised in 1950), and Frank Budgen's comprehensive *The Making of Ulysses* finally appeared in 1934, both works the product of their authors' near daily meetings with Joyce. In her "Notes and Acknowledgments" to the *Third Census* (1977), Glasheen acknowledges that these studies "contain information provided by Joyce himself" (xiv), and she includes Samuel Beckett among those coached by Joyce as well. Wilder will reference the complexity of the schema these authors outline at the opening of his James Joyce Society (NY) lecture, "Joyce and the Modern Novel," in February of 1954 and Wilder would defended the novel's symbolic scaffolding and narrative intricacy. Such defense also returns us to the issue of literary borrowings that plagued Wilder's career: "For Joyce was hunting for a style that would reveal the extent to which every individual – you and I, the millions of people that walk this earth – is both sole and unique and also archetypal. To establish that each individual

is archetypal, he had to draw on the human being he knew best: himself. So the book is likewise confession, and its confession is at a very deep and agonizing level" (172). That is, in essence, Wilder lays out the underpinning of what would become *The Skin of Our Teeth*. In his review of Campbell and Robinson's *Skeleton Key*, Wilson would take much the same universalist, mythical approach as does Wilder (and Campbell and Robinson, for that matter): "The sleeper [i.e., HCE] who passes from fatigue to refreshment, from death to resurrection, is enacting a universal drama which is enacted every night by every man in the world; but every man is a particular man, and this man is a particular Dubliner, asleep on a certain night, in a room above a certain pub in the bosom of a certain family" (187).

But such mythic and archetypal features would run counter to an entrenched, prevailing realism – particularly on the eastern side of the Atlantic. By September 1928 a critical tone was established by Rebecca West in her essay, "The Strange Case of James Joyce," published in *The Bookman* (9-23). In it she attacked non-conventional, experimental writing, and so Modernism itself, but her principal target was James Joyce. Her essay opens with an anecdote of buying a book of poems in Paris, James Joyce's *Pomes Pennyeach*, from its original publisher, Shakespeare and Co (1927). She focuses on the poem "Alone" from this collection, which she quotes in full and concludes that it "may seem inconceivable that this poem should bring pleasure to any living creature . . . this is plainly an exceedingly bad poem," concluding finally that "Mr. James Joyce is a great man entirely without taste" (9). Writing in the journal of international Modernism, *transition*, No. 15, in February 1929, William Carlos Williams responded to West with a summary of and rejoinder to her essay point by point. "A Point for American Criticism" offers a defense of Joyce, a critique of English criticism, which Williams finds pot-bound, but he also argues for a distinctly American approach and idiom to literary criticism. The essay might have been part of Williams' essay collection *In the American Grain*, but its subject was not an American author. Its subject, however, is very much American receptivity to literary experiment and particularly to the work of James Joyce then appearing in serial form in *transition*, a Parisian journal edited by two American expatriates, Eugene and Maria Jolas, and Williams' defense of Joyce was reprinted in the essay collection published in anticipation of what would finally be titled *Finnegans Wake*, *Our Exagnimation 'Round His Factification for Incamination of 'Work in Progress'*:

> In summary: Rebecca West makes (is made by) a mould; English criticism, a product of English literature. She states her case for art. It is an excellent digest but for a world panorama inadequate. She fails to fit Joyce to it. She calls him, therefore, "strange", not realizing his compulsions which are outside of her

> sphere. In support of this, she builds a case against him, using Freudian and other non-literary weapons. She is clever, universal in her informational resorts. What is new left over – Joyce's true significance – his pure literary virtue – is for her "nonsense". Of literature and its modus showing that she knows nothing. America, offering an undeveloped but wider criticism, will take this opportunity to place an appreciation of Joyce on its proper basis. (86)

The reprint of Williams' counter attack on West is also notable since this volume of essays supporting and anticipating what becomes *Finnegans Wake* opens with Samuel Beckett's essay detailing Joyce's sources and borrowings for his work on the novel, and Beckett lays them out in the title of his essay, developed under Joyce's guidance, with its quirky but chronological punctuation, "Dante . . . Bruno. Vico . . . Joyce" (5-13), and in which Beckett does his best imitation of Stephen Dedalus in "Proteus." Stuart Gilbert would also be a contributor. Undeterred by accusations of plagiary, Wilder would continue his methods of adaptation for the American theater. In 1948 he translated and in the process adapted Jean-Paul Sartre's play *Mort sans sepulture* [*Unburied Dead*, perhaps] as *The Victors*, which was produced in New York by the New Stages Company in 1948. Much of Wilder's work on that adaptation is available at the Morgan Library.[4] And in 1956 Wilder would retranslate Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* for American director Allan Schneider, and it was that Wilderized retranslation that was staged in Coral Gables, Florida in December of 1956. Mel Gussow would observe that "Perhaps part of Wilder's enthusiasm for 'Godot' was a reflection of the dark undercurrents in ''Our Town,' an aspect of the play that has long been neglected." In his collected translations and adaptations of Wilder's work, editor Ken Ludwig would write: "Here is a man who knows the classics backwards and forwards. Nothing could have been more natural to him than to draw upon these giants of the past, stand on their shoulders and weave their ideas and techniques into the texture of his own writing in order to forge something new and original."[5] Such an assessment, a statement of creative method, would include the work of James Joyce.

* * *

These figures, Thornton Wilder, Joseph Campbell and Edmund Wilson, (along with W. Y. Tindall, former president of the James Joyce Society [NY] and author of *James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the World* [1950]), were American voices for Joyce, critical and theoretical voices in an American grain, part of that "wider criticism" and "an appreciation of Joyce on its proper basis." Three time Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award winner Archibald MacLeish would call Thornton Wilder "the most felicitous speaker on cultural

subjects in America" (MacLeish cited in Leaf). These were principal players in the years of serious literary journalism during the nascent years of American Joyce studies before the field was institutionalized in American universities, beginning with Tindall at Columbia and the founding of the *James Joyce Quarterly* in 1963 at the University of Tulsa by Thomas F. Staley, who was the journal's editor for its first twenty-five years. During those years, the University of Tulsa would gather a coterie of Joyce scholars around the *JJQ* as the field of study and student interest burgeoned into what is not infrequently called the "Joyce industry." The *Finnegans Wake Society* and *The James Joyce Society* had been functioning through New York's Gotham Book Mart since 1947 with Padraic Colum as its President and T. S. Eliot as its first member. The society has had a strong public, that is, outreach function, particularly in the New York City area. Thornton Wilder was a regular at these meetings, and his 1954 lecture to the group, "James Joyce and the Modern Novel," was taped, adapted, and published in *A James Joyce Miscellany*. Its conclusion might be deemed an indirect riposte to the Rebecca Wests of the literary world: "The terrible thing is to live in our twentieth century with a nineteenth century mentality" (180).[6] Williams' language is more pointed, if not harsh, but like Wilder his focus is on entrenched resistance to the new: "Here Joyce has so far outstripped the criticism of Rebecca West that she seems a pervert. Here is his affinity for slang. Even if he has to lay waste the whole English structure. It is that the older critics smell and – they are afraid."

Despite what may be appropriation, or an "homage" of indebtedness, said "homage" is usually more credible when acknowledged as such, or at least, as what Sidney Feshbach will cala "deeply indebted." Wilder's curious implication that *Finnegans Wake* may have been forgotten goods by the time of Joyce's death notwithstanding, he was a decidedly astute reader and critic of Joyce's work, which his 1941 eulogy punctuates. Wilder's focus on Joyce's "realistic depiction of consciousness" may be old news to us now, but his extended analysis still rings true: "To realism, mind is a babbler, a stream of fleeting odds and ends of image and associations . . . see West, for example]. Joyce's discovery has the character of necessity, a Twentieth century necessity and it was wrung from him by the operations of his love and hate. There is destruction in that it saps the dignity of the mind; there is profound sympathy in the uses to which he put it for characterization. With it he explores three souls, Stephen Dedalus and the Blooms, one failure and two great triumphs" (168-9). Of Dedalus' failure, Wilder asks, "How can unreconciled love and hate make a self portrait?" The answer for Wilder lies not only in Stephen's sentimentality but in his ability to mock himself. Leopold Bloom, on the other hand, is "The miracle of the book," as "Joyce's anti-self," "and his wife Marion – transcendent confirmations of the method

itself. If we could surprise the interior monologue of any person – it seems to affirm – we would be obliged to expand the famous aphorism: to understand that much is not only to forgive that much; it is to extend to another person that suspension of objective judgment which we accord to ourselves" (169). *Ulysses* as a whole is "a homage to the life force itself in the play of consciousness relegating all questions of approval and disapproval" (169).

For Wilder, moreover, Joyce has mastered the "long book," where Proust, among others, has failed, that is, like Cervantes, "he found in the dimensions of the long book, his form and his theme" (371). Wilder attributes that success to "curious architectural devices and the comic spirit [. . . enhanced by] complicated schematization: each chapter marked by one color; each chapter representing an organ in the human body; each under the sign of a theological virtue and its allied vice; each bearing a relation – partly as parody, partly for emotion – to a corresponding book of the *Odyssey*" (372). West, on the other hand, castigates such correspondence as one of "two colossal fingerprints left by literary incompetence on *Ulysses*."

The lingering issues of Wilder's creative practices or the ethics of intertextual borrowings or his strategies of translation and adaptation overshadow his Joyce studies as they continue to be addressed on his publisher's and the Wilder Society's web pages: what the publisher calls "the contentiousness of the play's historical context, political, theatrical, and literary." Assessing an international Wilder conference at the College of New Jersey in 2008,[7] Jonathan Leaf offers the following evaluation of Wilder and Joyce:

> The principal false charge against Wilder – which he faced repeatedly during his career – was of plagiarism. An influential essay cowritten by the Jung scholar Joseph Campbell [and Henry Morton Robinson] on the delightful comedy *The Skin of Our Teeth* succeeded in convincing many that the play was a rip-off of Joyce's high-falutin, lengthy, and mostly inscrutable final work, *Finnegan's Wake* [sic]. Among those who affirmed this idea was critic Edmund Wilson, and the notion can be encountered still in essays on the modern theater. Yet, as Wilder himself said, there is almost nothing to it. Wilder freely acknowledged that from Joyce he "received the idea of presenting ancient man as an ever-present double to modern man." But the episodes and characters in the play are not taken from Joyce.

Paula Vogel's 2009 "Foreword" to *The Skin of Our Teeth*, takes on the issue once again and so permanently binds it to the text of the play:

> The man who generously paid tribute to James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* wrote: "I should be very happy if, in the future, some author should feel similarly

> indebted to any work of mine. Literature has always more resembled a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs." He suffered the charge of plagiarism leveled against *The Skin of Our Teeth,* written in the spirit of tribute to Joyce's work. This spurious charge, brought by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson in the two articles they published in late 1942 and early 1943, may well have cost him the Nobel Prize.

Like most defenders of Wilder, Leaf drags out his version of the "everybody does it" defense. Like those defenders, as well, his rhetorical strategies are analogy and the rhetorical question, which are the defenses of last resort, as every politician knows: "Would it make sense to accuse Tom Stoppard of plagiarism in writing *Arcadia*, the outline of whose plot was, by his admission, suggested by an A. S. Byatt novel?" The keys, of course, are "suggested by" and "by his admission," as Wilder continually engaged with *Finnegans Wake* throughout the writing of *The Skin of Our Teeth* but what admissions was made were grudging and belated. And so Wilder seems permanently, inescapably bound, rightly or wrongly, fairly or unfairly, to James Joyce for all the wrong reasons since it puts the American author's originality and critical acumen indisputably in dispute. Rather than adjudicate this issue that will not die and attempt to render a summary judgement on its persistent contentiousness, on the ethics of such fairly common practice, particularly in commercial theater, we might suspend the ethical debate and focus on qualitative production: Wilder as critic and early champion of Joyce and Wilder as playwright and professional theatrical entrepreneur, and thereby edge closer to the point made by Scott Proudfit reviewing a collection of essays called *Thornton Wilder in Collaboration* in which he challenges the

> concept of the modern writer as singular, independent and the sole determiner of text's meaning. This collection [of Wilder essays under review] reclaims Wilder as a theatrical writer, essentially collaborative in his process, whether he is writing the play *The Skin of Our Teeth*, the film *Shadow of Doubt* [for Hitchcock], or the novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* [based on newspaper accounts]. This adjustment of our concept of Wilder reminds readers that the "myth of the author," as Foucault would have it, is never more obvious than when it [that is, authorship, not myth] is unsuccessfully applied to the communal work of those who primarily make their living in the theater. (242)

To try further to uncouple the two authors, we might invoke Wilder's assessment of [Mrs.?] Marion Bloom – there is a spirit, an energy, a life spark in Wilder's passion for and insights into Joyce that deserve further reflection if not celebration, as this essay

attempts, and so our appeal is to recalibrate and retheorize work on a major American intellectual, an astute and dogged literary critic, especially of Joyce, and to think in terms of a professional dramatist who understood that theater is always and inevitably collaborative. The long shadow cast by Campbell and Robinson, interesting and insightful as it may have been at the time, and may still be, has occluded a clear assessment of Wilder's contribution not only as a playwright but as a scholar of twentieth century European experimental art. In Janet Dunleavy's reassessment of the early years of Joyce criticism, *Re-viewing Joyce Criticism,* almost no attention is played to Wilder's pioneering criticism (nor much to Edmund Wilson's, for that matter, except slight mentions of his early *Axel's Castle* [1931] and his review of Campbell and Robinson, 36 [he's misplaced in the index as well]), even as Adaline Glasheen's *Census of Finnegans Wake* (1956) and *Third Census of "Finnegans Wake"* (1977) are featured in a chapter by Bonnie Kime Scott (46-59).[8] The references to Wilder are perfunctory, for the most part, although Scott cites Wilder as one of the "donors" listed in a 1959 "appendage" to the first *Census* (57-8n3, notes not indexed) and cites Wilder's comment that Glasheen "is a lady who sits and thinks" (47). Scott's assessment may underplay Glasheen's "Acknowledgment to the First Census," in which she writes:

> When my list was inchoate and contained no identifications, I had it mimeographed and sent it to a few Joyceans. One of these was Mr. Thornton Wilder, who treated it with heavenly kindness and generosity. He gave me many valuable identifications and wrote me at length about *Finnegans Wake*. [see Burns 2001, . . .] I am especially indebted to him for interesting me in the four fascinating old men [the "Mamalujo episode," see also *Third Census*, 97].[9] Most of all he encouraged me to expand the *Censu*s and add as many identifications as I could. (rpt. in 1977, xx)

The 1991 Dunleavy critical retrospective may be one measure of Wilder's erasure from contemporary Joyce discourse, as is, thereby, a significant portion of his contribution to American letters and intellectual life, all of which may have been truncated through the persistent *Finnegans Wake* controversy. While the 2001 *A Tour of the Darkling Plain* (Burns 2001) may offer some redress, we are not yet at the point where we can recognize Wilder's contributions, as a pioneering critic and crusading intellectual wholly in the American grain, an avant-garde champion who could recognize, invoke and celebrate but never quite enter that promised land himself.

Notes

1 The meeting held at at the Grolier Club 4 December 1949, organized by John J. Slocum, founding member of the James Joyce Society (NY) (Burns 2001, 4n2).

2

3 Mel Gussow's 1988 review of Greg Mosher's revival of *Our Town* appeared in the *New York Times* (December 11, 1988, Section 2, Page 7): https://www.nytimes.com/1988/12/11/theater/theater-view-the-darker-shores-of-thornton- wilder.html

4 https://www.themorgan.org/literary-historical/234557).

5 "Though Wilder's dramatic reputation soared with the premiere of *Our Town* (1937), his first Broadway shows were translations: André Obey's *Lucrece* (1932) and *A Doll's House* (1937) by Henrik Ibsen. He also translated Jean Paul Sartre's *The Victors* [Mort sans sepulture] from French at Sartre's personal request, and *The Bride of Torosko* by Otto Indig from German for producer Gilbert Miller. *The Victors* was produced off-Broadway in 1948 at The New Stages Theatre in the West Village, directed by Mary Hunter Wolf. Wilder's translation of *The Bride* has never been produced in the United States." https://www.thorntonwilder.com/blog/2020/8/21/the-2020-thornton-wilder-prize-for-translation

6 Ed. Marvin Magalaner. *A James Joyce Miscellany*. New York: James Joyce Society, 1957, pp. 167-71; reprinted in American Characteristics and other Essays, pp. 172-80.

7 http://www.twildersociety.org/tag/the-college-of-new-jersey/

8 Glasheen credits "Mr. Wilder of Connecticut" in the "Note to the Second Census" (1963), reprinted in the third (1977, xxii).

9 "As far as I know, Joyce was the first artist to set senility down at length. Listening to an educated man, dying of hardening of the arteries, I realized that he spoke in the manner and matter and very rhythm of the Four. Joyce does not prettify his senescent Four – they are boring, repulsive, sinister – but he does leaven them. A crazy beauty hangs about the honeymoon section [. . .]." Adaline Glasheen, *A Third Census of Finnegans Wake*, p. 97.

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The piece was reprinted in the essay collection in anticipation of the publication of

Finnegans Wake, *Our Exagnimation Round His Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress."* Paris: Shakespeare and Company; and Faber and Faber, 1929, pp. 80-86. https://zehfilardo.files.wordpress.com/2012/09/our-exagmination-round-his-factification-for-incamination-of-work-in-progress-searcheable.pdf

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"that which is common to us all": Karl Ove Knausgaard as reader of Joyce

"aquilo que é comum a todos nós": Karl Ove Knausgaard como leitor de Joyce

Tarso do Amaral de Souza Cruz

Abstract*: In his monumental autobiographical series of novels* My Struggle*, acclaimed Norwegian novelist Karl Ove Knausgaard devotes a considerable number of pages to discuss James Joyce's fictional works. In the last volume of the series –* The End *–, practically the entire body of Joyce's fiction – from early works such as* Stephen Hero *and* Dubliners *to the modernist masterpieces* Ulysses *and* Finnegans Wake *– is included in a discussion on the Irish novelist's literature. Only one among Joyce's major works is not tackled by Knausgaard in* The End: A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Nonetheless, it is precisely Knausgaard who writes the preface to a celebrated Centennial edition of Joyce's first novel in which, amidst other topics, he ponders over what he understands to be 'the very essence of literature'. The article aims to highlight some key aspects of Knausgaard's take on Joyce's fictional output and provide enough evidence to support the hypothesis that the Norwegian writer's conceptualization of the literary phenomenon, including Joyce's work, is based upon questionable essentialist premises.*

Keywords*: Karl Ove Knausgaard; James Joyce; Fictional Writing; Essentialism.*

Resumo: *Em sua monumental série de romances autobiográficos* Minha luta*, o aclamado romancista norueguês Karl Ove Knausgaard dedica um número considerável de páginas para discutir as obras ficcionais de James Joyce. No último volume da série –* O fim *–, praticamente toda a ficção de Joyce – de primeiras obras, como* Stephen herói *e* Dublinenses*, a obras-primas modernistas, como* Ulysses *e* Finnegans Rivolta *– é incluída em uma discussão sobre a literatura do romancista irlandês. Somente uma dentre as maiores obras de Joyce não é abordada por Knausgaard em* O fim: Um retrato do artista quando jovem*. No entanto, é precisamente Knausgaard quem escreve o prefácio para uma celebrada edição comemorativa pelos cem anos do primeiro romance de Joyce, no qual reflete, entre outros tópicos, sobre o que considera ser 'a verdadeira essência da literatura'. O artigo pretende enfocar alguns aspectos-chave do entendimento que Knausgaard*

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tem da produção ficcional de Joyce e oferecer evidências suficientes para defender a hipótese de que a concepção do fenômeno literário, inclusive da obra de Joyce, que o escritor norueguês tem é baseada em premissas essencialistas questionáveis.

Palavras-chave: *Karl Ove Knausgaard; James Joyce; Escrita ficcional; Essencialismo.*

Norwegian novelist Karl Ove Knausgaard is mostly known for being the author of *Min Kamp* – translated into English as *My Struggle*: a monumental autobiographical narrative that was written and originally published in six volumes between 2008 and 2011. The work encompasses Knausgaard's personal life, the troubled relationship with his family, his affairs and marriages, his development into a writer, as well as themes related to the making of literature, specific authors, and the arts in general.

From Leyla Perrone-Moisés's perspective, in and with *My Struggle* Knausgaard develops a "new type of realism" ("novo tipo de realism"; my trans.; 216). Perrone-Moisés points out that the literary form Knausgaard makes use of is presented by the author himself as a reaction to the excess of very much alike narratives which abound on TV, newspapers, and books everywhere. Still, according to the Brazilian literary critic, the thousands of pages that make up the series of novels illustrate Knausgaard's aim to make the reading of the novels last as long as the situations that are narrated, for "the recollected facts and words are transcribed with a minutia that aims at being integral" (Os fatos e as palavras rememoradas são transcritos com uma minúcia que se quer integral" my trans.; 217).

Nonetheless, it is not to any previous realist literary work that *My Struggle* is normally related to, but to a modernist one. In fact, a commonly celebrated feature of *My Struggle* is its supposed similarity to Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*. According to Swedish philosopher and literary theorist Martin Hägglund, not only is Proust Knausgaard's predecessor but the French novelist's "influence is visible already in the basic form of the project. *In Search of Lost Time* devotes seven volumes, stretching over more than three thousand pages, to a man recollecting his life. *My Struggle* apparently follows the same model." (Hägglund).

However, there's yet another modernist novelist that may also be linked to Knausgaard and to his work: James Joyce. Besides the autobiographical aspect present in substantial parts of both writers' works and the fact that Knausgaard was the one chosen

to write the foreword to Penguin's centennial edition of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, there are still some revealing pieces of evidence to support such connection.

For instance, in an interview with *The New York Times*,[1] in 2017, Knausgaard puts Joyce on the top of his list of authors he would invite to dinner; in that same year, in a piece published in *Esquire*[2] magazine, Knausgaard included *Ulysses* among the three books that have changed his life; finally, in 2016, while participating in Flip, the International Literary Festival of Paraty, Knausgaard, alongside other authors who took part in the event, was supposed to read a passage from his favourite bedside book and he read the first lines of "Calypso", the forth episode of Joyce's *Ulysses*. If all of these pieces of evidence were not enough to acknowledge the connection between the two authors, there are several mentions to Joyce and to his works in Knausgaard's *My Struggle*. Nonetheless, it is the last volume – *The End* –, that brings the greatest number of pages devoted to a discussion on Joyce.

Knausgaard engages in such discussion amid his considerations on what *New York* magazine editor Ryu Spaeth refers to as "an intellectual history of Western Europe in a search for the conditions that led to Nazism" (Spaeth), i.e. "The Name and the Number", an essay of more than four hundred pages that lies at the heart of *The End*. Arguably detached from the main autobiographical narrative of *My Struggle*, the essay, besides addressing a myriad of other themes, mostly provides Knausgaard with the opportunity to speculate about a central issue in the last instalment of Knausgaard's series of novels: the importance of names. It is Joyce's inventive and unorthodox use of words – and consequently of names – that establishes the links between the Irish novelist's fictional works and the discussion led by Knausgaard in "The Name and the Number".

From *Stephen Hero* to *Finnegans Wake*, and then going through *Ulysses* and "The Dead" from *Dubliners*, Knausgaard tackles Joyce's fictional prose in almost its entirety. The only notable exception is *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, that is never mentioned in any of the six volumes of *My Struggle*. However, in 2016, Knausgaard made up for this significant absence by writing the foreword to the abovementioned centennial edition of Joyce's first novel. Thus, it is genuinely possible to have an overview of Knausgaard's reading of Joyce's fiction, for the Norwegian author has, in fact, written on all of Joyce's novels and on at least one of the short stories from *Dubliners*. Having this in mind, this article aims to argue that, in contrast to Joyce's anti-essentialist aesthetics, Knausgaard's conceptualization of the literary phenomenon, including Joyce's work, is fundamentally based upon essentialist premises. In order to do so I shall lay out some of the main ideas about Joyce found in *The End*, the sixth volume of *My*

Struggle. Afterwards, I'll focus on some of the key concepts of Knausgaard's foreword to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

In *The End*, the discussion on Joyce's work is triggered by a quotation taken from "Scylla and Charybdis", the ninth episode of *Ulysses*, in which Stephen Dedalus is at the National Library of Ireland expounding his theory on Shakespeare. At a given moment, Stephen thinks the following: "Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past." (238) From Knausgaard's viewpoint, these are "words that contain at once a philosophy of life and a poetics" (pos. 7134), a poetics that investigates "how ideas and the immaterial manifest themselves in the material, proceeding from the idea that they are found only there, in the now, in the bodies and objects that exist here at this moment" (pos. 7136). Knausgaard argues that, according to this poetics, "nothing is overriding and everything is dissolved in the now. This is true of history, it is true of mythology, true of the dead, true of philosophy, true of religion, and especially, perhaps primarily, true of identity." (pos. 7145). Knausgaard believes that, as an outcome of such poetics, in Joyce's *Ulysses*, for instance, the characters "get bigger in a way, embracing both history and the stream of events of contemporary existence, but they also get smaller insofar as what is unique and unexampled about them . . ., the person they *are*, becomes dissolved in it." (pos. 7181, italic in the original).

On the other hand, while commenting on *Finnegans Wake*, Knausgaard argues that the language used by Joyce in his last novel generates

> a gigantic we extending in all directions, for every single word has part in another, all words are open towards one another, and all that they contain in the way of history and culture and centuries of meaning flows through them. . . meaning departs the language, which accordingly becomes mysterious.
> But what is the mysterious? It is that which cannot be understood (pos. 8078).

A little bit further into the narrative, Knausgaard turns to *Stephen Hero* and to the concept of the epiphany presented by Joyce. According to the Norwegian novelist, ever since he formulated his conceptualization of epiphany Joyce developed an aesthetic of his own. Knausgaard asserts the following about such an aesthetic:

> There is something almost anti-essentialist about his aesthetic, so unconcerned with the authentic and indeed the transcendental, seeking all meaning and significance in the river of movement and language that flows through our lives each and every day. The language in which he captures this is itself a river, and like all rivers it has a surface, that part of it that first catches our eye, and below

> the surface its depth, words beneath the words, sentences beneath the sentences, movements beneath the movements, characters beneath the characters. Everything . . . is moreover always something else, not because the world is relative, but because the language by which we see it is (pos. 10885-10894).

As English academic philosopher Simon Blackburn points out, essentialism is a doctrine according to which "it is correct to distinguish between those properties of a thing, or kind of thing, that are essential to it, and those that are merely accidental. Essential properties are ones that it cannot lose without ceasing to exist" (125). By arguing that 'there's something almost anti-essentialist' in Joyce's aesthetics and by relating Joyce's use of language to a river, Knausgaard presents a reading of Joyce's poetics and of how it applies to his works which is quite accurate and productive, in the sense that Joyce certainly destabilizes essentialist systems of meaning, including the ones conveyed through and/ with names. Moreover, Knausgaard touches on two long-established tenets of Joycean criticism: the 'principle of a palimpsest' American literary critic Edmund Wilson writes about in his classic study *Axel's Castle*, according to which, in Joyce's literature, "one meaning, one set of images, is written over another" (235); and the concept of the "river-novel" ("romance-rio", my trans.; 27) used by Brazilian poet and translator Haroldo de Campos to describe *Finnegans Wake* and its language.

The following passage about Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom may illustrate what Knausgaard sees as the 'almost anti-essentialist' quality of Joyce's aesthetics:

> Stephen is Hamlet. But Stephen is also Telemachus . . . And Leopold Bloom is besides Odysseus also Virgil when in the night he walks side by side with Stephen, which is to say Dante, . . . and he is the writer Henry Flower . . . But he is moreover the father of a son who died, which in this universe makes him Shakespeare, father of Hamnet" (pos. 7118-7127).

One could add that Stephen is also Saint Stephen, Dedalus, Joyce, and none of them. The alter ego created by Joyce encompasses various other names and identities within him. All of them are parts of Stephen, but Stephen is none of them, nor is he the sum of them all. He is and he isn't all of them at the same time. Bearing such ideas in mind, it is possible to argue that Donaldo Schüler and Caetano Galindo, awarded Brazilian writers and translators of Joyce, reinforce such statements: according to Schüler, Joyce indeed both "ambiguates the scope of names" ("imprecisa a abrangência dos nomes"; my trans.; 120) and "affronts sacralities" ("afronta sacralidades"; my trans; 221) in his

anti-essentialist approach to words/names; Galindo, on the other hand, asserts that Joyce "managed to create a first person all made up of fragments from other voices. He created an I of multitudes" ("conseguiu criar uma primeira pessoa toda ela feita de fragmentos de outras vozes. Criou um eu de multidões"; my trans.; 357).

For the sake of the present discussion, among Joyce's main characters, Stephen does seem to be one of the most emblematic cases, for being and not being Hamlet, Dante, Telemachus, Saint Stephen, and Dedalus, but also, and most importantly, for being and not being Joyce himself. If we consider Knasgaard's take on how our names define who we are – he defends that "I 'am' my name, my name 'is' me" (pos. 6963) –, who would Stephen be? Who would Joyce be? What's the status of an autobiographical novel such as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*?

At this point it seems opportune to look at Knausgaard's foreword to the centennial edition of Joyce's first novel. Let us not forget that *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the only major work by Joyce not mentioned in Knausgaard's *My Struggle*. I intend to argue that this omission wasn't fortuitous.

Right at the beginning of his foreword – whose title is "The Long Way Home" –, Knausgaard affirms that the vitality which he believes to be still present in Joyce's first novel is due to the fact that "the author so forcefully strived toward an idiosyncratic form of expression, a language intrinsic to the story he wanted to tell . . . in which uniqueness was the very point, and the question of what constitutes the individual was the issue posed." (ix). That is, from the very start, the Norwegian author makes it clear that the great merit of Joyce's debut novel lies in a deliberate achievement of a unique form of expression that was inherent to the story told. More than that, Knausgaard places the issue of identity at the centre of Joyce's novel.

From Knausgaard's viewpoint, the most important scene in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the one in which Stephen Dedalus, while talking to his friend Cranly, says he had an "unpleasant" argument with his mother about religion. Stephen claims that his mother wanted him to make his "easter duty." Cranly asks him whether he would make it or not. To which Stephen replies with the sentence that, in Knausgaard's opinion, represents the climax of the "key scene in the book" (xii): "I will not serve" (211).

Why wouldn't Stephen serve? According to Knausgaard, this is "the novel's most important question" (xii) and he answers it the following manner:

> We are not merely the age in which we live, not merely our language, or the family to which we belong, our religion, our country, our culture. We are this and more, insofar as each of us is an individual encountering and relating to all

> of these categories. But what exactly does this individual comprise? What is its nature, and how do we go about capturing and describing it? How do we even see it, when the tools and the instruments at our disposal are precisely of our age, our language, our religion, our culture? (xii).

It is interesting to notice how Knausgaard directs his questionings toward the possibility of perceiving, capturing, and expressing what he refers to as the 'nature' of the individual, even if it is a fictional one, such as Stephen Dedalus. Let us continue to explore Knausgaard's response to his own questioning. According to the author of *My Struggle*,

> In order to reach into the essence of the individual, we must break away from that which is common to us all, and this is what Joyce does in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He ventures inside that part of our identity for which no language yet exists, probing into the space between what belongs to the individual alone and what is ours together (xii).

Near the end of his foreword, Knausgaard argues that "the true essence of literature" (xii-xiii), that is supposedly present in Joyce's first novel, is "the conquest of what belongs to the individual alone, what is special and characteristic, and to Joyce's mind unique, is also what belongs, and is unique, to us" (xiii). That is, for Knausgaard, the "true essence of literature" would be the "conquest of what belongs to the individual alone" followed by its expression through a unique voice and an equally unique language that paradoxically manifests that which exists in all of us. Knausgaard believes that Joyce managed to do so in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. That being the case, it is possible to infer that Knausgaard's argument is based on at least two key concepts that clearly disclose an essentialist approach to (Joyce's) literature: "the essence of the individual' and 'the true essence of literature."

But why would the "novel's key scene" be the one in which Stephen affirms that he won't serve? Why would this scene in particular be so relevant? Probably because it conveys Stephen's intention of resisting that which he refers to as his "pack of enmities" (212) in the 1904 autobiographical text *Portrait of the Artist*, i.e. his historical reality. As it seems, by mentioning "the age in which we live," "our language," family, religion, country, and culture, Knausgaard shows every sign of arguing that, as the young Joyce would put it in the essays *Drama and Life* and *James Clarence Mangan* respectively, the poetry of "the true artist" (29) is indeed "at war with its age" (59). In other words, in order to find their artistic singularity, it would be up to the writer to resist all of these elements, detect his/her 'essence', and express it through a singular voice.

Knausgaard's "Portrait of the Artist" seems to be one in which it is possible to identify a search for an essential(ist) identity amid historical reality. More than that, it should express a quest for an ability of expressing such identity in a way that is not only unique but also capable of relating to other people, to everyone. Whether or not Joyce's and Knausgaard's writings manage to achieve such a goal is up for debate, due at least to two factors. Firstly, it is difficult to conceive what exactly is this thing that Knausgaard refers to as "that which is common to us all." Secondly, a novel is not only made of its author's "unique" voice, but it is, as Mikhail Bakhtin has taught us, polyphonic *par excellence*.

More than arguing in favour of the presence of a supposed "essence of literature" in Joyce's first work, what Knausgaard actually does with his foreword is to let us know what are the lenses through which he looks not only at Joyce's fictional works but at the making of literature in general. Essentialist concepts such as "the true essence of literature" and the "essence of the individual" seem to guide the Norwegian author's approach to the literary phenomenon. Within Knausgaard's line of thought, such notions are also linked to a conception of identity susceptible to apprehension and representation. And this is most likely why he sees Joyce's aesthetic as a whole as "almost anti-essentialist." The exception to this rule would be *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the only work in fictional prose written by Joyce that is not included in the abovementioned discussion in *My Struggle*.

Joyce's fictional work is not "almost anti-essentialist," as Knausgaard puts it. It is completely anti-essentialist, including *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the novel in which we get to follow the development of Stephen Telemachus Hamlet Dante Dedalus Joyce. And if it is true that this multi-layered character that is present in Joyce's first novel – and in *Ulysses* – defies any idea of having a supposed "essence," it is also true, as Knausgaard himself points out, that such anti-essentialist layering gets intensified throughout Joyce's work – having its apex in and with *Finnegans Wake*, for, as Campos argues, "each "verbivocovisual" entity that he creates is a kind of instant-mirror of the work as a whole" ("*Cada entidade 'verbivocovisual' que ele cria é uma espécie de espelho-instante da obra toda*"; my trans.; 27).

If, on the one hand, in *My Struggle*, Knausgaard argues that he writes looking for meaning – "What was I even looking for? Meaning. Most likely it was that simple" (pos. 10849) – ; on the other hand, Joyce looks for destabilizing meanings. Knausgaard searches for essences – "the essence of the individual;" "the true essence of literature" –, Joyce abolishes them. As Knausgaard himself has indicated, Joyce wants us to know that there are "words beneath the words, sentences beneath the sentences, movements beneath the movements, characters beneath the characters. Everything . . . is moreover always

something else, not because the world is relative, but because the language by which we see it is" (pos. 10885-10894). Contrastingly, Knausgaard believes he "is" his name: "I 'am' my name, my name 'is' me" (pos. 6963).

Ultimately, Knausgaard ends his monumental six-volume *Struggle* claiming the following: "I will revel in, truly revel in, the thought that I am no longer a writer" (pos. 19558). That is, after having struggled to find and express essences through thousands of pages, the Norwegian writer feels like abandoning writing. I'd rather stick to the Joyce's endless "commodius vicus of recirculation" (3).

Notes

[1] https://www.nytimes.com/2017/08/17/books/review/karl-ove-knausgaard-by-the-book.html, access in 15/09/2022.

[2] https://www.esquire.com/entertainment/books/a56608/karl-ove-knausgaard-books-that-changed-my-life/, access in 15/09/2022.

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Who's afraid of Reading Joyce's Ulysses*: Unravelling the Joycean labyrinth in Eumaeus*

Quem tem medo de ler o Ulisses *de Joyce: Desvendando o labirinto joyceano em Eumaeus*

Lara Rebeca da Mata Santa Barbara
Noélia Borges de Araújo

Abstract: *Reading* Ulysses*, James Joyce's novel which was first published in 1922, may not be an easy task. In the text, Joyce does not apply his narrative to traditional, chronological, structures. Instead, the reader is challenged to dive into the stream of consciousness of its main character, Leopold Bloom. This means reading through disconnections, fragmented thoughts, Bloom's distractions, the synesthetic elements within the narrative, and encountering a language that is full of neologisms, allusions, agglutinations, polyphonies, among other characteristics. However, such a challenge often represents a barrier to many who may feel lost or overwhelmed by that reading. For the centenary of the publication of* Ulysses*, this essay aims to unravel the Joycean labyrinth through the sixteenth chapter of the novel, "Eumaeus". Following the technique of the content analysis, defined by Lauren Bardin in* L'Analyse de Contenu*, it is possible to present an overview of the chapter. The description and interpretation of the key aspects of the chapter will guide the readers' navigation through the literary virtuosities, allusions, and puzzles of the book.*

Keywords: Ulysses*; James Joyce; Reading;* L'Analyse de Contenu.

Resumo: *Ler* Ulisses*, romance de James Joyce publicado pela primeira vez em 1922, pode não ser uma tarefa fácil. No texto, Joyce não aplica à sua narrativa estruturas cronológicas tradicionais. Em vez disso, o leitor é desafiado a mergulhar no fluxo de consciência de seu personagem principal, Leopold Bloom. Isso significa ler por meio de desconexões, pensamentos fragmentados, distrações de Bloom, elementos sinestésicos dentro da narrativa e encontrar uma linguagem repleta de neologismos, alusões, aglutinações, polifonias, entre outras características. No entanto, esse desafio muitas vezes representa uma barreira para muitos que*

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podem se sentir perdidos ou sobrecarregados com essa leitura. No centenário da publicação de Ulisses*, este ensaio tem como objetivo desvendar o labirinto joyceano por meio do décimo sexto capítulo do romance, "Eumaeus". Seguindo a técnica da análise de conteúdo, definida por Lauren Bardin em* L'Analyse de Contenu*, é possível apresentar uma visão geral do capítulo. A descrição e a interpretação dos principais aspectos do capítulo guiarão a navegação dos leitores pelas virtuosidades literárias, alusões e enigmas do livro.*

Keywords: Ulisses*; James Joyce; Leitura;* L'Analyse de Contenu.

To write about the work of great authors is, undoubtedly, a challenging task, even for those who have inherited a sharp and impetuous critical vein. As a matter of fact, such individuals are not common readers or interpreters, but they can see beyond what a mere mortal cannot. In terms of literary criticism, it is fair to say that critics know the ins and outs of the art of writing as deeply as any good writer. Criticising any literary work demands knowledge of the different processes of its production together with the artistic impulse. Positive and negative analyses depend upon an extensive theoretical and artistic repertoire.

Literary criticism is not merely an analytical effort, but it is filled with subjective aspects and the issues of identity, such as, for example, with gender, a sense of the aesthetic, political inclinations, nationality, and the influence from reading choices and academic background. On fictional and artistic levels, the literary critic acts as a mediator between the reader and the creation through description, analysis, interpretation, and assessment. Nevertheless, the critic's job is as reflective as artistic. Rather than only criticizing a literary text for its themes, writing techniques and impact, which is the reflective part of it, critics write to be read and to persuade. That is, critics show a concern with form and style in their creations. They also create a fictional, subjectivity-imprinted view of the literary work. These two factors involving style and creativity could be considered the artistic part of criticism.

The famous Irish dramatist Oscar Wilde, in his essay *The Critic as Artist,* highlights the importance of the critical faculty and its artistic vein. The work is a dialogue between two characters through which it is clear that criticism merges with art: "For it is the critical faculty that invents fresh forms. The tendency of creation is to repeat itself. It is to the critical instinct that we owe each new school that springs up, each new mould that art finds ready to its hand." (Wilde 901).

In that sense, how does criticism for Joyce's *Ulysses* work? Joyce seems not to have been concerned with it and produces complex pieces that were totally outside the literary rigour of his time, deviating and transgressing norms. Thus, *Ulysses* disobliges the practices established by a model of literature. That is, the writer does not constrain his production to the aesthetic of time to reach posterity and diverge from the traditional narrative structure in which a story is built with a beginning, a middle and an end. In this way, he embraces the disconnected, the fragmentary, the stream of consciousness technique, the rich paths of neologisms, allusions, synesthetic elements, agglutinations, polyphonies, and a different narrative style for each chapter, among other literary virtuosities. Neither the severe critiques nor the prohibitions stimulated by European Puritanism (e.g. pornographic and religiously non-conforming material on his work) leave Joyce's *Ulysses* out of the world's literary scene, a work that was at the forefront of the beginning of Modernism.

This essay does not aim to produce a critical analysis of Joyce's literary work, even though it is, in a certain way, a reflective piece on elements that are part of its architecture, such as characters, plot, time, setting, narrative style and sensorial features, as a means to stimulate readers' interest and help them in the reading process. The main strategy here to interpret Joyce's text is through the content analyses of Laurence Bardin, defined in the book *L'Analyse de Contenu* as a technique for qualitative research based on deductions and inferences guided by the content itself and theoretical material related to it (Bardin 15). Thus, the ambition is to approach the text in light of the construction of the narrative, unravelling its allusions and intricacies, reviewing and highlighting others as references.

In this essay, we are ready to give special attention to the study of Episode 16, "Eumaeus", in *Ulysses*. The task does not seem so easy when one dives into a wide range of publications that argue about the enigmatic and complex structure of the story. Such a path tends to discourage the reader. Difficulties may range from language and style to literary and biblical allusions, among others. These elements that distinguish *Ulysses* might manage to drive the reader away from the Irish novelist's universe. However, the barriers are broken when the novel completes a hundred years since its publication – a unique opportunity for those who have postponed for so long the pleasure of probing the unfathomable and enjoying what the peculiar and the revolutionary can teach us. Therefore, as the character Molly Bloom did in the final episode of the novel, it is our opportunity to accept it and say "Yes" to *Ulysses* (Joyce 732).

The first part of Joyce's *Ulysses*, that is, the first three episodes of the novel, is when the reader meets Stephen Dedalus, the embittered and marginalised history teacher, who surprises everyone with his astonishing erudition (philosophical and theological

reflections and knowledge of many languages). The Martello Tower is the space where the reader encounters him at the beginning of the story. One is introduced to his mocking and usurping friend, Buck Mulligan, to the pain of mourning the loss of his mother, to him leaving for school, then talking to the principal Mr. Deasy. As in other novels, the story contains all the ingredients to represent or reinvent life, reality, and individuals. However, *Ulysses* frames the Dublin space to present a microcosm of the multiple aspects of human experience, through all of the author's imaginative efforts under the guise of fiction. The stylistic resources, and the stream-of-consciousness narration technique (also called interior monologue) – a revolutionary aspect of the novel – confuses the reader, along with other complexities, such as allusions to Greek literature, the Bible, Shakespeare, among others.

The book from episode four to fifteen is the longest part of the narrative, with the constant presence of the protagonist, Leopold Bloom, married to Molly Bloom, a cabaret actress. After Bloom's morning routine, the reader will follow his journey through the streets of Dublin on June 16th (the date that the novel takes place), performing various activities, particularly that of an advertising agent, until the moment he meets Stephen Dedalus at the Bella Cohen brothel, a grotesque den. This meeting corresponds to the high point of the novel, as what takes place, in a symbolic way, is the union of a father (Bloom) who lost his firstborn son, and a son (Stephen Dedalus) in search of a father. The narrative delineates a detailed geographic map of the city of Dublin, conducting the reader through the streets and places where the story is developed. It is marked by memories, desires, frustrations, anguish and sensations. There is also a constant concern with the chronological time in which each piece of action takes place. Moreover, the text has no normative claim. Rather, it privileges the sordid, the vulgar, and the coarse, interspersed with a series of literary genres.

Thus far, it is strenuous to neglect the parallel between the scenes narrated in *Ulysses* and episodes from Homer's Greek poem, *The Odyssey*, from around the seventh or eighth century BC. Homer's main character, Odysseus, yielded a lot for the construction of Joyce's *Ulysses*. We should briefly mention that the episodes recount the travels and adventures of the Greek hero, or, as he became known, Odysseus/Ulysses. Odysseus is forced to fight in the Trojan War, leaving behind his wife Penelope and their son Telemachus. The war lasts ten years, although Odysseus only returns seventeen years later, when his son goes looking for his father with some companions. The narrative is filled with many adventures and setbacks. Whilst Odysseus is not at Ithaca, his home, Penelope, who has always believed in her husband's return, also equips herself with her own strategies to dribble the harassment of those who wanted to replace the hero. To think of a parallel between the two works is to

compare Homer's character Odysseus/Ulysses to Joyce's Bloom; Stephen to Telemachus; Molly Bloom could be both the deluded Calypso and the faithful Penelope. Therefore, we have the central focus of the two works: Ithaca and Dublin, Ulysses and Bloom, Penelope and Molly, Telemachus and Stephen.

In primitive societies, myth is the vector of the origin of things in the universe. From myths, man becomes aware of his human condition – of being in the world and marching towards death. Relating the mythical to literature is, therefore, identifying countless possibilities of contemplating myth, its different meanings, deconstructions, and constructions under new perspectives. Hence, we could not fail to name certain mythical entities in Homer's *Odyssey* that find equivalences in Joyce's *Ulysses*, however, in a modern guise. It should be noted that Joyce's Bloom does not have the mythical characteristics of Homer's hero. Both Bloom and Stephen are mundane constructs, ordinary citizens of a Dublin riddled with all sorts of problems.

There are the charms and promises of the nymph Calypso to imprison Odysseus, and the witch Circe who turned sailors into pigs. There are the mermaid's songs to devour men which finds their representations in the Sirens Episode 11 of *Ulysses*, when Bloom is subjected to the temptation of the waitresses Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy, at the Ormond Hotel Bar, a metaphor of overcoming and resilience. In Joyce's *Ulysses*, Episode 15, the myth of Circe, as goddess of magic and also doubling for the power of attraction and transformation of creatures, is figuratively represented. According to mythology, Circe's magic potions were capable of turning enemies into animals. In Joyce's novel, her presence can be associated with Madame Bello. The two characters, Bloom and Bello, have the most bizarre experiences in terms of sex. She is also believed to be the seductive brothel woman in *Ulysses* corresponding to the goddesses Calypso and Ceres. As we can note, myth is an integral element in Joyce's and Homer's literary works.

In this line of equivalences, Molly Bloom and Penelope were perceived as two apparently antithetical female characters, though Penelope is considered to have flashes of infidelity when flirting with her suitors, a fact that relativizes her faithful status in relation to Molly. Another reason that puts Molly on par with Penelope is the fact that both do not consider adultery as an immoral act, but as something trivial, as long as there is no deceitfulness.

Throughout the pages of the novel, there is the presence of the hero Leopold Bloom, who, like the astute Homeric hero Odysseus/Ulysses, is far from his home. But it is no longer the Greek Sea but the streets of Dublin. The time that Leopold Bloom is away is not for many years like the hero in the *Odyssey,* but for 18 hours, and aims to return to

his wife, Molly, at the end of the day. The adversities faced and the multiple aspects of the hero undeniably refer the reader to the Greek poem. The parallel journey of Joyce's hero, although full of reflections and ramblings that are often impossible to decipher, stimulates the readers to become interested in the narrative when they realise that Joyce is more dedicated to what the characters think than with their actions. It is plausible to believe that Joyce is projecting his own concerns.

After this brief commentary and basic notes of interpretation on the preceding episodes, we now centre on the sixteenth episode – "Eumaeus" – with the task of presenting the narrative. The aforementioned chapter comes after the "Circe" episode, when the two main characters, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, met each other at Bella Cohen's brothel at midnight. Bloom realized that Stephen and his friend, Lynch, were drunk. The whole atmosphere of that environment led us to understand the reason for the title of Episode 15, that is, the space of disorder, seduction, fights and drunkenness. The red-light district in the city, referred to as "nighttown", seemed to favour daydreams and fantasies. As metaphorical representations of the two characters, we saw, then, Stephen more connected to objective reality and Bloom to subjectivity, to the unconscious. Hallucinations, punishment, and sex with the owner of the brothel happen until his expulsion from there with his friend Stephen, who had destroyed a chandelier. When leaving, Stephen got involved in a fight with foot soldiers, one of whom punches him and knocks him down onto the pavement.

An overview of Episode 15 was necessary to introduce the process of Bloom's walk, now going alongside Stephen. Did Stephen's presence prevent him from making his inner journeys? The narrative tells us about the state of the two: sleepy and with their tongues hanging out. Stephen had a very pale face, while Bloom, in turn, tried to boost Stephen's morale. He also strived to find a vehicle that could take them at that time to the shelter of plaza drivers, near Butt bridge. Once there, they drank coffee and chatted with a sailor called W.B. Murphy. Through the narrative, it is possible to visualise streets and places through the directions indicated in the text. They function as a GPS mapping every turn in order to arrive at their destination from where the characters were. Beaver Street, Amiens Street (the train terminal), North Star Hotel, Mullet's shop, the Great North Railway main entrance, Tavern Dock (police station), Talbot Place, and Pembroke Road are some of the many references pointed out by the narrator. Presenting the cartography of a certain area of the city of Dublin serves as a tool to objectively understand the urban landscape and the social relations of the individuals who inhabit it. From this perspective, not only the set of experiences of its individuals are revealed, but also the power relations,

issues related to production and culture, personal trajectories, violence, among other symbolic concepts relevant to the spatial context.

Episode 16 has the same title as Homer's canto 12 – Eumaeus. It narrates Odysseus' disguised arrival at the hut of his former swineherd, Eumaeus, at Ithaca. The loyal friend, even without recognizing him, welcomed the foreigner, prepared a meal (pork), and praised the great hero who used to be his master – Ulysses himself. In Joyce's *Ulysses,* the hut corresponded to the "coachman's shelter". It is worth recalling that the friends (Bloom and Stephen) walked along the streets of Dublin after midnight trying to get to this place and were not totally sober after the night in the brothel. The narrator provides a topographical description of this city where streets carry a strong feature of its culture. The city became not only the setting, but also the character of the narrative.

At this point of displacement, the red-light district gains dominance, as well as the macabre places, alongside the ills, dangers, vices, corruption, ambushes, transport difficulties, violence and hunger, that assail the nightlife in Dublin – a not too distant reality from other international capitals. The description of the spaces is so accurate and detailed that allows the reader to identify each place mentioned in urban maps or/and in visits to Dublin. Yet, this accurate description, which reaches the limit of saturation, allows one to be conducted through the streets, avenues, bridges, corners, squares, warehouses, train station, shops, tavern and bakery through the narrator's words and precise information on how to arrive at each one of them. Police officers, a city hall sentinel, verbs of movement, such as "stop", "arrive", "bend", "pass", "reach", "walk", "ramble", "start the way", followed by directions, such as "right", "left", "direct", "underneath" act as a guide through the urban sociocultural and synesthetic landscapes of the city, e.g. "very palatable odour indeed of our daily bread" (Joyce 570), and "strong breath of rotting cornjuice" (Joyce 572).

Furthermore, the production of a geographic map of Dublin's streets is not only contextual, but also relational. It guides and facilitates the reading. It is observed, in the position of the *flâneur*, that the narrator is not interested in portraying only noble areas of the city, but also in registering establishments and activities of the various social strata. Throughout Episode 16, the reader lives with spaces that compose the organisation of a city, in addition to experiencing the tourist places of Ireland, "when Dame Nature is at her spectacular best . . .". (Joyce 583). Yet, the narrative provides the description of the individuals related to each location, their nocturnal activities, and, sometimes, their genealogy, without forgetting the life of the marginalised and homeless who roam the streets hoping to attack the more distracted individuals. Still following the individuals in *Ulysses,* it does not seem that there are many who dare to venture into late-night drunkenness,

wandering the underworld or having unusual experiences to escape undesirable situations. Bloom has a special reason to wander there at that hour, which is only returning home at the time when he knows his wife is already asleep. He fears catching her in the act of adultery. There you have the urban space as the basis of daydreaming, imagination, detachment from reality.

Thus, after travelling through various parts of the city of Dublin in the early hours of the morning, Bloom offers Stephen unsolicited advice until their arrival in the cabman's shelter at one o'clock in the morning – "an unpretentious wood structure" (Joyce 577), as the narrator describes it. They stop for a while to eat and have a cup of coffee there on the way. Afterwards, Stephen and Bloom meet Corley (a character who appears in Joyce's *Dubliners*). Corley takes Stephen ". . . on one side he had the customary doleful dirty to tell" (Joyce 572) and confesses ". . . He was out of a job and implored of Stephen to tell him where on God's earth he could get something, anything at all to do" (Joyce 572). Stephen tells Corley there will be a position open in a boy's school at Dalkey from the principal Mr. Deasy, considering he is quitting his teaching job the next day. As he realises that Corley is unfit for the job, he gives him money for a place to sleep.

Later, when the characters arrive at the shelter – a place for drivers of carriages and cabs to rest - they meet Skin-the-Goat Fitzharris and the sailor W.B. Murphy, whose wife he has not seen for seven years. Murphy says that he has been away at sea for a long time. In this episode, the reader might recognize, once again, correspondences and dissonances between Joyce's *Ulysses* and Homer's epic poem. When Bloom, in his inner journey, imagines Murphy returning home and meeting his wife, it may be referencing Odysseus' return to Ithaca to find Penelope. What is ironic and advanced for the time is when the character Bloom inversely mirrors the same theme of the story. How would it be if it were the opposite: ". . . the runaway wife coming back, however much devoted to the absentee. The face at the window" (Joyce 580). Still, considering that those who make the city are its residents, it can be affirmed that, while privileged individuals inhabit the world of Homer, of a high social rank – kings and queens, in Joyce's work, the marginalized and common men are the focus in the narrative, such as prostitutes, sailors, teachers, bohemians, advertising agents, to cite just a few.

Still, it is fair to recall here that the art of storytelling dates to the dawn of humanity. It is through narrative that the human preserves memory, promotes knowledge, shares culture, and expresses emotions, sensations, and impressions. In this episode under scrutiny, the stories told by the sailor cover a long narrative and deal with various topics, ranging from the art of navigation to semi-popular tales and Irish patriotism. It

is worth remembering, once again, that, in Homer's twelfth canto, Eumaeus welcomes Odysseus into his hut when he is returning to Ithaca. Without recognizing him, the servant goes on to tell the whole story of the hero, that is, everything that is believed about his whereabouts until his supposed death. In recounting his adventures at sea, Murphy, in Joyce's work, draws a map of the regions of the globe he had sailed through: the Red Sea, China, North America, South America, Stockholm, the Black Sea, Russia. The various stops mentioned show the narrator's awareness of geography and the lived experiences: "I seen a crocodile bite the fluke of an anchor same as I chew that quid" (Joyce 581), "And I seen maneaters in Peru that eats corpses and the livers of horses" (Joyce 581), until the moment Murphy exhibits a postcard with ". . . a group of savage women in striped loincloths, squatted, blinking, suckling, frowning, sleeping, amid a swarm of infants . . ." (Joyce 581). Such stories, supposedly imaginary, did not hold the attention of the public present because they doubted their veracity. Bloom, in particular, upon seeing the postcard presented by Murphy, recognized that it was not addressed to him, as he made everyone believe. While such fables took place to trick and entertain, Bloom rambled on to other travel stories. They did not reach as far as Murphy's, but crossed the Irish Sea to the port of Holyhead in Wales.

As the daydreams of travel were not enough, the sailor embraces those of others, like that of his friend Martin Cunningham. Such endeavours, of a more ambitious and planned nature, involved modern tours presented by large first-generation spas "with concert with first-generation music" (Joyce 582). Again, a list of places is given that "would benefit health on account of bracing ozone and be in every way thoroughly pleasurable . . ." (Joyce 582). This time, they are cities in England, such as Plymouth, Falmouth, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Scarborough, Margate, and the Channel Islands. As a good travel agent, he suggests other attractive places to visit on holiday "in and around Dublin and including its picturesque environs" (Joyce 583). How can one not imaginatively embark on a journey to these locations and dream of learning the cultural aspects of each one of them? More examples include: the steam tram in Poulaphoca, "the garden of Ireland" in Wicklow, ideal for "old cyclists", Howth with its historical associations, Grace O'Malley, and others (Joyce 583).

After such anecdotes, imaginary or not, the sailor or "vagamundo" turns to "the sea in all its glory", the "immense space of the globe" and "what it meant to conquer the seas" (Joyce 585), the relevant role and activities on and off the vessels. In this context, the different categories in the area of navigation form a new inventory of the narrative: lifeguard, snatch master, coast guard, mate, captain, sailor, along with related words. In the

midst of the talk about the sea, such as "accidents at sea", "ships lost in the fog", "collisions with icebergs", "shipwrecks", the economic situation of Ireland, its wealth diverted by England and the matter of English patriotism gain a special space in the narrative. In a similar vein, Homer's Odysseus' adventures at sea and their dangers are at the heart of the narrative constructed in the *Odyssey*. As we can see, every writer is a storyteller. Homer and Joyce, even though belonging to different epochs, are storytellers still.

In this male entourage, the discussion about the female form – "The splendid proportions of hips and bosom" (Joyce 592) – seen in antiques statues in the Museum on the Kildare Street, the relationship with its reproduction in the work of art (Hellenic statues), as well as a story of passion and betrayal "that had aroused so much interest at the time" (Joyce 592). This last issue came, especially, to stir and revive Mr. Bloom's wounds, arising from his marital entanglement – a life drama that haunts and bothers him. Soon, a photo of his wife found in his pocket and shared with Stephen sparks the double memory: the attraction for her opulent curves and the frustration, moral and social shock caused by adultery.

Music, art and other topics of the same category come to be the theme of the conversation that the characters Bloom and Stephen have along their nocturnal walk back to Eccles Street, where Bloom lives with his wife. Stephen's tenor voice during the course of the journey seems to surprise Bloom to the point of recognizing a bright future for his protégé, foreseeing his artistic participation in public events, remuneration and a possible agency for his artistic career.

We come to the end of Episode 16 with some aspects that stood out and that are worth recalling as a note for the reader: the attempt to connect Bloom to Stephen in terms of theological knowledge; patriotism and economic relations with England; the almost paternal treatment given to his friend Stephen (the idea of a father looking for a son, and a son looking for a father); intricacy in the writing style under penalty of a reader getting lost; disguised characters, disguises and lies.

Despite all the difficulties offered by the style, narrative, allusions, and vocabulary, one thing is certain, after advancing through the first three episodes, the readers no longer want to abandon the Joycean text. One example of this style is in the passage:

> Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraalraark! Hellohellohello amawfully glad kraark awfullygladaseeragain helohello amawfkopthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of

> the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember after fifteen years, say. For instance, who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's (Joyce 109)

It is possible to identify onomatopoeias, invented words, interruptions in the speech and a flow of consciousness that may transform the reading activity into a hard task for the readers. However, the more they penetrate his universe, the more they feel attracted to it. It is as if a driving force pushed them forward towards a great knowledge of characters and experiences, together with the different paths of the city of Dublin and the multiple experiences that adorn the narrative:

> Accordingly, after a few such preliminaries as brushing, in spite of his having forgotten to take up his rather soapsuddy handkerchief after it had done yeoman service in the shaving line, they both walked together along Beaver Street or, more properly, lane as far as farrier's and the distinctly fetid atmosphere of the livery stables at the corner of Montgomery Street where they made tracks to the left from thence debouching into Amiens Street round by corner of Dan Bergin's. (Joyce 569)

As a storyteller, unlike Homer who deals with kings, almost godlike humans, and superhuman feats, Joyce is closer to us, which is a reason for not being afraid of reading *Ulysses*. Narrating the reality experienced by humans, their weaknesses, uncertainties, and insignificance allow us to look inside ourselves and understand ourselves and the world. Furthermore, the reader who is used to computer games or films with non-linear narratives, which require the use of a large capacity of memory, will not be afraid of playing with the pieces of Joyce's puzzles, because, at a certain point, the reader will be faced with more games than narrative. Anyway, as long as they do not get obsessed with the idea of immediately understanding every detail, they will certainly find the pleasure, rather than the fear, of wading through the labyrinths of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

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A History and Experience of Bloomsday in Lisbon 2012-2022

História e experiência do Bloomsday em Lisboa 2012-2022

Bartholomew Ryan

Abstract: *This text is an account of "Bloomsday" (a celebration of the day in which James Joyce's* Ulysses *is set) in Lisbon in the years 2012-2022, from the perspective of the director of the event. I have always tried to interweave Ireland, Portugal and Brazil in the encounter with Joyce with ourselves and our sounds in language and music, with our diverse locations, and with the different translations of* Ulysses*. The vision has always been to combine entertainment and a subversive joy via music, performative readings and remarks on* Ulysses*, together with diving deep into the philosophical panorama and profound possibilities of experimenting with language through everyday characters and the experience of life and death within a simple story that encompasses Joyce's 'chaosmos'. Crucially, it is in reading and hearing the text aloud where one enters literature as reality and as a vivid experience. This text also brings up two fascinating reviews of* Ulysses *which were an inspiration for Bloomsday in 2022: one from 1922 by Shane Leslie (the son of a protestant Anglo-Irish landlord, who converted to Catholicism) where he referred to the book as "literary Bolshevism"; and the other from 1935 by Karl Radek (a Bolshevik leader of the Russian Revolution of 1917) who called it "a heap of dung, crawling with worms." In their negative critique from opposite ends of the political spectrum, they nevertheless capture the revolutionary spirit and "epic of the human body" of the book in which we are still learning to catch up with and to flourish.*

Keywords: Ulysses*; Bloomsday; Lisbon.*

Resumo: *Este texto é um relato do 'Bloomsday' (uma celebração do dia em que se passa o* Ulisses*, de James Joyce) em Lisboa, nos anos 2012-2022, a partir da perspetiva do realizador do evento. Sempre procurei entrelaçar Irlanda, Portugal e Brasil no encontro de Joyce conosco e com os nossos sons na linguagem e na música, com as nossas diversas localizações, e com as diferentes traduções de* Ulisses*. A minha visão sempre foi combinar entretenimento e uma alegria subversiva através da música, leituras performativas e comentários sobre* Ulisses*, juntamente com*

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um mergulho profundo no panorama filosófico e nas profundas possibilidades de experimentação da linguagem através de personagens do cotidiano e da experiência da vida e da morte numa história simples que engloba o 'caosmos' de Joyce. De forma crucial, é lendo e ouvindo o texto em voz alta que se entra na literatura como realidade e como experiência vívida. Este texto inclui também duas críticas fascinantes de Ulisses, que serviram de inspiração para o Bloomsday de 2022: uma de 1922, de Shane Leslie (filho de um proprietário protestante anglo-irlandês, que se converteu ao catolicismo), onde este se refere ao livro como "bolchevismo literário"; e o outro de 1935, de Karl Radek (um líder bolchevique da Revolução Russa de 1917), que lhe chamou "um monte de esterco, infestado de vermes". Na sua crítica negativa a partir de extremos opostos do espectro político, eles ainda assim capturam o espírito revolucionário e o "épico do corpo humano" do livro que ainda estamos a aprender a alcançar e a florescer com ele.

Palavras-chave: *Ulisses; Bloomsday; Lisboa.*

The photo above is from my first time directing the Bloomsday event in Lisbon in 2012. Standing, from left to right: Aidan McMahon, Jonathan Weighman, Keith Harle, Norman MacCallum, Bartholomew Ryan; and sitting, from left to right: Amanda Booth, Valerie Braddell, Siobhan Keating, Mary Burke de Lara, Maya Booth.

"Ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void" (Joyce 2018, 650), the celebrationn of James Joyce's *Ulysses* on the sixteenth June – known worldwide as Bloomsday - has been flourishing, diversifying, expanding, contracting, and mutating over the last decade in Lisbon, capital of Portugal. What follows here is a text, followed by images of the posters and programs and some photos of the event, to help give an account of the background, evolution, experience, ideas and activity of actors, musicians, orators, designers and organisers - in speaking, thinking, singing and hearing aloud the words of the 'Blue Book of Eccles' that occurred from 2012 to 2022. It has taken place in the garden of the residency of the Irish Ambassador in Restelo, on the stage of The Lisbon Players Theatre in Estrela Hall, at the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Campo de Ourique, and on the streets of Cais de Sodré outside the Menina e Moça bookshop-bar by the River Tejo.

A personal and general background of Bloomsday

Coming to direct and perform Bloomsday was something that came upon me accidently in my first year of living in Lisbon. Although born and raised in Dublin, I never celebrated Bloomsday while I lived in Ireland, but the book became a peripatetic companion in every sense of the word, once I became an itinerant academic, wandering musician and philosophy researcher. Many people have a story to tell on how they first encountered *Ulysses*. I first read the big book of a single day while walking the Camino de Santiago over thirty-four days in June-July 2000 at the age of twenty-three, travelling almost a thousand kilometres by foot with my friend Brian (who subsequently married a girl from Minas Gerais), making our pilgrim way from Roncesvalles to Finisterre in the north of Spain. Not alone in this, there was much in the book that I did not understand, but I savoured the feast of words and heard the music each evening after walking between 15 and 25 kilometres per day.

In 2003, I visited Brazil for the first time as a wide-eyed gringo solo traveller with no knowledge of the Portuguese language except in listening daily to 1970s albums from the great Bahian musician and songwriter Caetano Veloso on my cassette-walkman. I subsequently returned to Brazil three more times for different reasons: in 2015, to give a talk at an international conference on Fernando Pessoa at the University of São Paulo; in 2017, to teach and give seminars on philosophy and literature in various universities (UFES, USP, UFSC, UnB), and then afterwards to follow the trail of the Irish revolutionary and humanitarian Roger Casement on a boat down the Amazon over 2400 kilometres from Leticia in Colombia to Belém da Pará at the mouth of the great river; and in 2020, to write

and record an album, *Jabuti*, in a Zen Buddhist Monastery in Espírito Santo, and then make my way up to the town of Iguatu in the interior of Ceará in the northeast to find out more about the story of my cousin Patrick who had lived and died there. All of these visits incorporated Joyce's work in some way or another. Some of his words entered my songs and album titles; I would teach *Ulysses* and discover the translations of *Finnegans Wake* by Augusto and Haroldo de Campos; and I would write and publish about Casement as a Joycean hero. I read *Finnegans Wake* for the first time with utter incomprehension and occasional delight on a roadtrip through the Baltic countries in 2004 (accompanied by Brian once again); and then when I was employed at Bard College Berlin (2007-2011), I had the opportunity of teaching courses for the first time on *Ulysses*. Thus, by the time I arrived in Lisbon in the autumn of 2011, Joyce had become my go-to travelling companion and a link to both where I came from and where I was going.

Bloomsday began in Dublin on 16 June 1954, when Brian O'Nolan (aka Flann O'Brian/Myles na gCopaleen), Patrick Kavanagh, Anthony Cronin, John Ryan, AJ Leventhal and Tom Joyce (James Joyce's cousin) hired two horse-drawn broughams and set out from the Martello Tower in Sandycove where the architect Michael Scott lived at the time. Instigated by Brian O'Nolan to mark the fifty-year anniversary of the day that *Ulysses* is set, their objective was to visit all the locations of the eighteen episodes of the book. They didn't manage to do so, but it did start a special annual tradition. Imagine: to celebrate a day that did not commemorate a battle, a king or a religious figure; but rather an experimental work of art! The 16 June 1904 was also of course the day that Joyce and Nora Barnacle went on their first proper date.

For the last ten years in Lisbon, we have celebrated Bloomsday in a format that is meant to entertain and to provoke, to communicate the revolutionary power and intertwined eccentricity and universal appeal of the book, and ultimately to try to inspire the audience to read *Ulysses*. Our performance has always lasted approximately an hour and twenty minutes, with at least eight to ten texts chosen, and with three to four musical interludes in between. As, I suppose, the master of ceremonies of the event, I would talk in between the performative readings, walking up and down with my lookalike 'ashplant' walking stick, immersing myself into a character dressed a little bit like Joyce and a mix between jester and academic, introducing the texts; making quasi-improvised digressions regarding *Ulysses*, and emphasising the oral and aural experience of the text, its subversive quality, the celebration of the five senses in being alarmingly alive, and its ragged beauty. Every year, a new title and theme was chosen. Here is a list of titles throughout the years (four of them are borrowed from Joyce's *Ulysses* and one is from *Finnegans Wake*):

2012: "ReJoyce!"
2013: "Suddenly Somebody Else"
2014: "Eyes, Walk, Voice"
2015: "Chaosmos of Alle"
2016: "Language of the Outlaw"
2017: "Joyce meets Fernando Pessoa"
2018: "Ecological Interpenetrations in Joyce's Art"
2020: "Subversive Joy"
2022: "A Shout in the Street"

Throughout these years, Bloomsday would not have happened without the support and organisation of the Irish Association in Portugal, led by the wonderful duo of Siobhan Keating and Aidan McMahon and by the Irish Embassy. Throughout my time, we have had the pleasure in having performed the event in the presence of four Irish Ambassadors: Declan O'Donovan (2012 and 2013), Anne Webster (2014 and 2015), Orla Tunny (2016, 2017 and 2019), and Ralph Victory (2020 and 2022). For the first three years of my time as director, Siobhan and Aidan of the Irish Association came up with the idea for the titles, and they were both central to the conception and choreography of the event. Bloomsday took place in the gardens of the residency of the Irish Ambassador in the first five years of my participation. And in those years, Amanda Booth (actress and translator), Mick Greer (actor, lecturer and Joyce specialist), Siobhan and I discussed and decided what texts from *Ulysses* to use. Then Siobhan, Aidan and I would see what options were available for the music and musicians. The team of actors and musicians has always been an international mix of veteran performers and new arrivals and discoveries in Lisbon. The Lisbon Players' actors - Amanda Booth, Keith Harle, Valerie Braddell, Jonathan Weightman, Mick Greer, Mary Burke de Lara, Norman MacCallum and Keith Esher Davies – have been regular participants; and Portuguese actresses, such as Paula Lobo Antunes, Maya Booth and Mariana Mourato have also joined the performances, delivering in both English and Portuguese.

"There's music everywhere"

The music for Bloomsday in Lisbon has ranged from classical to old folk tunes, instrumental compositions to new-indie folk. Irish classic folk ballads that have been performed are "She Moved Through the Fair," "The Croppy Boy" and "Poor Paddy on the Railway";

and also "Monto" by George Desmond Hodnett, 'Raglan Road' by Patrick Kavanagh, the poem "The Stolen Child" by W.B. Yeats that was put to music by *The Waterboys*; one year we played "Love's Old Sweet Song" (that reverberates throughout *Ulysses*) on an old gramophone provided by Aidan; and Louise Kakoma sang "Open the Door Softly" in 2013. Giulia Gallina, Judith Retzlik and I have regularly played our songs from our international band *The Loafing Heroes*, such as "Caitlin Maude," "Dream of the Celt" (with Portuguese novelist João Tordo from the band playing double bass), "Forest" and "Apollo" (from our album *meandertales* [another neologism borrowed from *Finnegans Wake*]), "Gypsy Waltz," "The Shepherd" (the lyrics are a translation by Richard Zenith of the ninth poem from *O Guardador de Rebanhos* by Fernando Pessoa's heteronym Alberto Caeiro), and "Love loves to love love" (the title taken from a sentence in the "Cyclops" episode in *Ulysses* [Joyce 318]). Also, regular music contributors have been Billy Corcoran (vocal and guitar) and Carlos Santa Clara (violin) from the Irish folk band *The Melting Pot* (who perform weekly at Lisbon's oldest Irish pub – called O'Gilins - in Cais do Sodré). Billy sung "The Croppy Boy" (an old 1798 anti-war ballad that turns up throughout *Ulysses*) and "Raglan Road," and recited lyrics from the folk ballad "McAlpine's Fusiliers"; and Carlos has accompanied *Loafing Heroes* songs on violin and played Irish reels during some of our musical interludes. Cellist Peter Flanagan performed "Bach Prelude no.1" in 2015; and another Lisbon Players aficionado, David Personne, wrote and performed two instrumental pieces especially for Bloomsday in 2019 and 2020, which we called "We are Contaminated by our Encounters" and "Vagabond." Conor Gillen and Peter Murphy sang Joyce's "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" from *Finnegans Wake* in 2016; and in 2020, Giulia Gallina even sang "Ho visto Nina volare" by the great Italian singer and poet Fabrizio de André. In 2022, we had the pleasure of bringing in three new musicians for the first time: Conor Riordan (vocal and banjo) who sang "Poor Paddy on the Railway," Ricardo Quintas (clarinet), and Mariana Costa (vocal and guitar) who sang "She Moved through the Fair."

Choosing the episodes

Regarding the choice of episodes, even though we always included at least two or three new passages for the first time, there are some sections that we always came back to, such as: Bloom's idea of putting a gramophone on every grave, and the enigmatic character of the "man in the brown macintosh" in the Graveyard/Hades episode; the cacophony of sounds and cackle and laughter of the barmaids in the Ormond Hotel/Sirens episode;

and the final Molly Bloom soliloquy. The House/Ithaca episode has also always been a favorite, where we include multiple voices reciting sentences in turn, following a formal secular catechism style. Nearly all of the actors present on the day performed the sections in the House/Ithaca episode, such as, for example, on the "affinities between the moon and woman" (Joyce 2008, 654-655) and the section on "Bloom's admiration of water" (Joyce 2008, 624-625). The Brothel/Circe episode, that midnight carnival, which Declan Kiberd called "the book's unconscious" (Kiberd 2009, 229), offers multiple possibilities. On more than a few occasions, we have performed an edited version of the trial of Bloom, and we also have gathered texts that convey apocalypse. It is Dublin's Walpurgis Night, and I always return to these lines from Goethe's *Faust* when preparing for the episode:

> World of magic, land of dreams!
> We have entered you, it seems.
> Wisp, lead well and show your paces;
> We must get there, we must hurry
> In these wild, wide-open places!
> (Goethe 123 [lines 3871-3875][1])

The Barney Kiernan's Pub/Cyclops episode often gets the most laughter on Bloomsday, and it is easy to let loose with it, as it leaps from the drunken Dublin "many-voiced" (which is what "Polyphemus," the Cyclops' name, means) dialogues to the interrupting parodic narratives of the epic form. We have utilized both these aspects, such as "the Citizen" being introduced as "the figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower" (Joyce 284), and the bigoted words, gestures and berating of Bloom which reveals both a humorous and sinister atmosphere. The question of 'the nation' is brought up, and I have always found it crucial that out of the sixteen so-called leaders of the Irish 1916 Rebellion who were executed, only one is mentioned in *Ulysses*: Roger Casement. He is slipped into a conversation in the Cyclops episode, as it is the year 1904 after all when Casement had delivered his damning report on what was happening in the jungles of the Congo with the murderous extraction of raw rubber under King Leopold II of Belgium. Casement then went to work as a British consul in Brazil from 1906 to 1912, and was soon investigating crimes against humanity again because of more barbaric brutality in the extraction of rubber along the Amazon and Putumayo rivers. From the Congo to the Amazon, Casement knew all about rivers, having spent so much time on them, and was immersed in multiple identities, exile, and the rise of nationalism and the trauma of colonialism. Here was a "twosome twimind" (Joyce 188), whose mother was Catholic,

and his father Protestant; who was both a decorated Knight of the British Empire and a radical Irish revolutionary nationalist. He was the only one of the sixteen leaders executed from the 1916 Rebellion in Dublin who was killed outside Ireland, and he was the only one given a full British public trial and subsequently hanged (rather than shot) as a traitor. In the story and figure of Casement, one could imagine that the author of the great river-book *Finnegans Wake* would have greatly admired the humanitarian and multifaceted personality. During Bloomsday in 2016 (the centenary of the 1916 Rebellion and death of Casement) which we called "the language of the outlaw," one of us read out an extract from a speech Casement gave in Antrim in 1905:

> Remember that a nation is a very complex thing - it never does consist, it never has consisted solely of one blood or of one simple race. It is like a river, which rises far off in the hills and has many sources, many converging streams before it becomes one great stream. But just as each river has its peculiar character, its own individual charm of clearness of water, strength of current, picturesqueness of scenery, or commercial importance in the highways of the world – so every nation has its own peculiar attributes, its prevailing characteristics, its subtle spiritual atmosphere - and these it must retain if it is to be itself (Mitchell 28).

The inclusion of *Finnegans Wake*

In the last four or five years, we have always included one or two passages from *Finnegans Wake*, such as a part of the final soliloquy of ALP (which Amanda Booth has daringly dived into a couple of times, and then reemerged from the deeps transformed); the description of "Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand" (Joyce 4) and the section on the "prankquean" (Joyce 21-23) (both so vividly performed by Mick Greer); and passages of the gossiping of the washerwomen by the River Liffey. Bringing *Finnegans Wake* into the mix has always been a surprising joy for the performers and audience, an attempt to set free this impossible (in the Kierkegaardian sense[2]) book, and let it simply be heard in all its mad, multilayered glory. It is also a taste of what a few of us have often talked about doing in the near future, that is in performing a *Finnegans Wake* event every year after dark, in the dead of winter, six months after 16 June.

Finally, incorporating *Finnegans Wake* into Bloomsday in Lisbon, within a landscape of the Portuguese language, has allowed me to link Ireland and Brazil when talking of the impact and presence of Joyce's "book of the dark" in Brazil that few Irish and British people know about. This includes letting more people know about the twenty-two selected sections that the de Campo brothers translated from *Finnegans Wake,* and

that was published in a book in 1962 under the title *Panaroma do Finnegans Wake*, and the new translations of *Finnegans Wake*;[3] and how Joyce's last book inspired the Brazilian concrete poetry movement that began in the 1950s and later Paulo Leminski's radically experimental novel *Catatau*. There was perhaps an impact, albeit indirectly, of *Finnegans Wake* (via Haroldo and Augusto de Campos) on Caetano Veloso and the Tropicalia movement in popular music in the late 1960s, with the composer's particular fondness for Joyce's word 'verbivocovisual' (Joyce 341) – which was central to the concrete poets' manifestos - that he mentioned in his autobiography *Verdade Tropical* [Tropical Truth] (Veloso 226[4]).

The extraordinary year of 1922

As is well known, *Ulysses* was published by Sylvia Beach and her bookshop Shakespeare and Co. in Paris on the 2 February 1922, Joyce's fortieth birthday. What a year 1922 was in the history of the twentieth century in Europe. This was the same year that saw not only the publication of *Ulysses*, but also T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*, Carl Schmitt's *Political Theology*, the first part of *Sodom and Gomorrah* from Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, the first publication of Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Tractatus-Logico-Philosophicus* in an English translation, and when Rainer Maria Rilke wrote *Sonnets to Orpheus*. It was also the year that the Irish Civil War began, when Mussolini marched on Rome and formed a Fascist government in Italy, and Stalin became general secretary in the Soviet Union. In exile in Vienna, Georg Lukács finished probably the most famous and influential work of Western Marxism of the twentieth century - *History and Class Consciousness* - which was then published in 1923 – the same year as Sigmund Freud's *Ego and the Id*. Lukács' biographer Arpad Kadarkay comments on these two publications (which could apply to nearly all the groundbreaking works of 1922 mentioned above): "Both works express, in their own way, the crisis of the modern soul, whose alphabet was written by war and revolution" (Kadarkay 274).

"Literary Bolshevism" or "a heap of dung": two reviews of *Ulysses*

There are two extremely negative reviews of *Ulysses* which inspired our approach to Bloomsday in 2022. I read these reviews of *Ulysses* as actually brilliantly and incisively capturing Joyce's revolution, and as the starting point for our "Shout in the Street" celebrations in Cais do Sodré. From opposite ends of the political spectrum, the first is by Shane Leslie, the son of a protestant Anglo-Irish landlord, who converted to

Catholicism and was first cousin to Winston Churchill, and who wrote in his review: "As a whole, the book must remain impossible to read . . .[It is] literary Bolshevism. It is experimental, anti-conventional, anti-Christian, chaotic, totally unmoral." (Deming 207). Joyce indeed embraces and encompasses the 'literary Bolshevism' as Leslie calls it, which is experimental, anti-conventional, dangerous, blasphemous, anti-colonial, and against sexual repression. What Leslie and so many other critics fail to see, understand or take seriously is the great humour and critical affirmation of the book. In a letter to Oliver St. John Gogarty (who was his closest literary friend in Dublin), Leslie uses the word 'Bolshevik' again, writing: "If we are to stand for a Gaelic and Catholic Ireland *Ulysses* has to go by the board. It is Bolshevism applied to our unhappy literary movement—like the opening of the Cloaca maxima. It sweeps all the small fry before it in its muddy and rancid spate" (Rauchbauer 164). Gogarty is famously immortalised from the first lines onwards in *Ulysses* as "Stately, plump, buck Mulligan" (Joyce 3); and as for the "Cloaca maxima", it is Latin for "Greatest Sewer", and was one of the world's earliest sewage systems located in Rome. There is so much fun and linking to be made here, but the reference to sewage leads us onto the second review.

The second review is from 1934 by Karl Radek at the Soviet Writers' Congress, and the title of his speech was "Contemporary World Literature and the Tasks of Proletarian Art". Born to a Jewish-Litvak in Lemberg which was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire (and is now Lviv in Ukraine), Radek was one of the most important Bolshevik leaders of the Russian Revolution of 1917 and close associate of Lenin, Trotsky and then Stalin (before being executed in one of Stalin's purges), and who describes the book as "a heap of dung, crawling with worms, photographed by a cinema apparatus through a microscope" (McSmith 196). Radek's venom marvellously captures central aspects of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. For Joyce, "dung" (faeces and rot) and "worms" (animals that recycle organic material in the soils of the earth) are the very fabric of existence that are played out on an equal footing as the sublime art of Mozart and Shakespeare; the "microscope" alludes to the obsessive detail in and of space and time through the last two books; and the "cinema apparatus" as moving image alludes to the cinematic vision which is part of what Joyce was trying to capture in *Ulysses*. Finally, halfway through the Circe episode, the whore mistress Bela Cohen (now changed to Bello) calls Leopold Bloom a "Dungdevourer!" (Joyce 498).

Joyce is of course indebted to and directly inspired by Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Dante Alighieri, Giambattista Vico, William Shakespeare, and Giordano Bruno, but Leopold Bloom is much more of a Spinozist than any of these colossal European thinkers.

For I would argue that for Bloom, to quote Spinoza, "The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things" (Spinoza 35 [Part II, proposition 7]); and ". . .no one has yet determined what a body can do . . ." (Spinoza 71 [Part III, Proposition 2). As Frank Budgen famously recounted in conversation with Joyce:

> [Joyce:] "Among other things, my book is the epic of the human body [...] In my book, the body lives in and moves through space and is the home of a full human personality. The words I write are adapted to express first one of its functions then another. In *Lestrygonians* the stomach dominates and the rhythm of the episode is that of the peristaltic movement."
> [Budgen:] "But the minds, the thoughts of the characters [...]"
> [Joyce:] "If they had no body they would have no mind. [...] It's all one. Walking towards his lunch my hero, Leopold Bloom, thinks of his wife, and says to himself, 'Molly's legs are out of plumb'. At another time of day he might have expressed the same thought without any underthought of food. But I want the reader to understand always through suggestion rather than direct statement." (Budgen 21)

Joyce's vision of *Ulysses* as "the epic of the human body" has always been at the heart of Bloomsday for us in Lisbon over the last ten years, remembering that Joyce wrote in a letter to Budgen only a few months before the publication of *Ulysses*, "*Ich bin der [das] Fleisch der stets bejaht*" [I am the flesh that always affirms] (Ellmann 502), rather than "*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneinet*" [I am the spirit that always negates] (Goethe 42 [line 1338]) – which Mephistopheles had declared in Goethe's *Faust*.

Locations, approaches and themes in 2017-2022

Our Bloomsday celebrations have been predominantly performed in English, but each year we delve deeper into the Portuguese language, given that the location is Lisbon. The first proper bilingual Bloomsday occurred in 2017 when we juxtaposed Joyce with Fernando Pessoa, the event taking place at the latter's home, a museum and cultural centre for the poet: the Casa Fernando Pessoa. If we were already presenting something polyphonic, now with Pessoa and his heteronyms, there really was a quite a crowd! That year Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos, Ricardo Reis, Fernando Pessoa, Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, the Citizen, Molly Bloom, and others shared the stage together, and we shifted from English to Portuguese and back. This was also the first year (during my involvement) that we took Bloomsday out from the residency of the Irish Ambassador to another location. In 2018, I made a sort of "sabbatical" or *intermezzo*, as I was invited to give a performative talk at

the Henrik Ibsen Museum in Oslo. Invited by John Fitzgerald and the Oslo Bloomsday Society there, my title was "An Epic of the Human Body: The Art of Living / Art of Dying in Joyce's *Ulysses*."

In 2019, I returned to Lisbon as director, and, for the second time, we chose an alternative location. This time it was at Estrela Hall, the mythic theatre of the Lisbon Players that had been running an inclusive stage and international cultural centre for thespians, musicians, light and sound technicians, directors, playwrights and curious-minded souls since 1947. Tragically and shamefully, Estrela Hall was forced to close down in 2021 because the British government – who had been given the building as a gift by the Portuguese government over a hundred years ago – sold the premises off to be knocked down so luxury condominium apartments could be built. Talk about contributing to ripping the soul out of a city. To add insult to injury, in the destruction of one of the few active British cultural centres in Portugal, the new buildings have been called the *Quarteirão inglês* [English block]. Estrela Hall hosting Bloomsday proved a perfect match – given that most of the performers had been on stage with the Lisbon Players at some point or another, and the mercurial, eclectic, multinational inclusivity of the theatre group would have made Joyce completely at home – as a lover of Shakespeare and Ibsen, and as a mischievous "chaosmopolitan."[5] That year, the title was: "Ecological Interpenetrations in Joyce's Art."

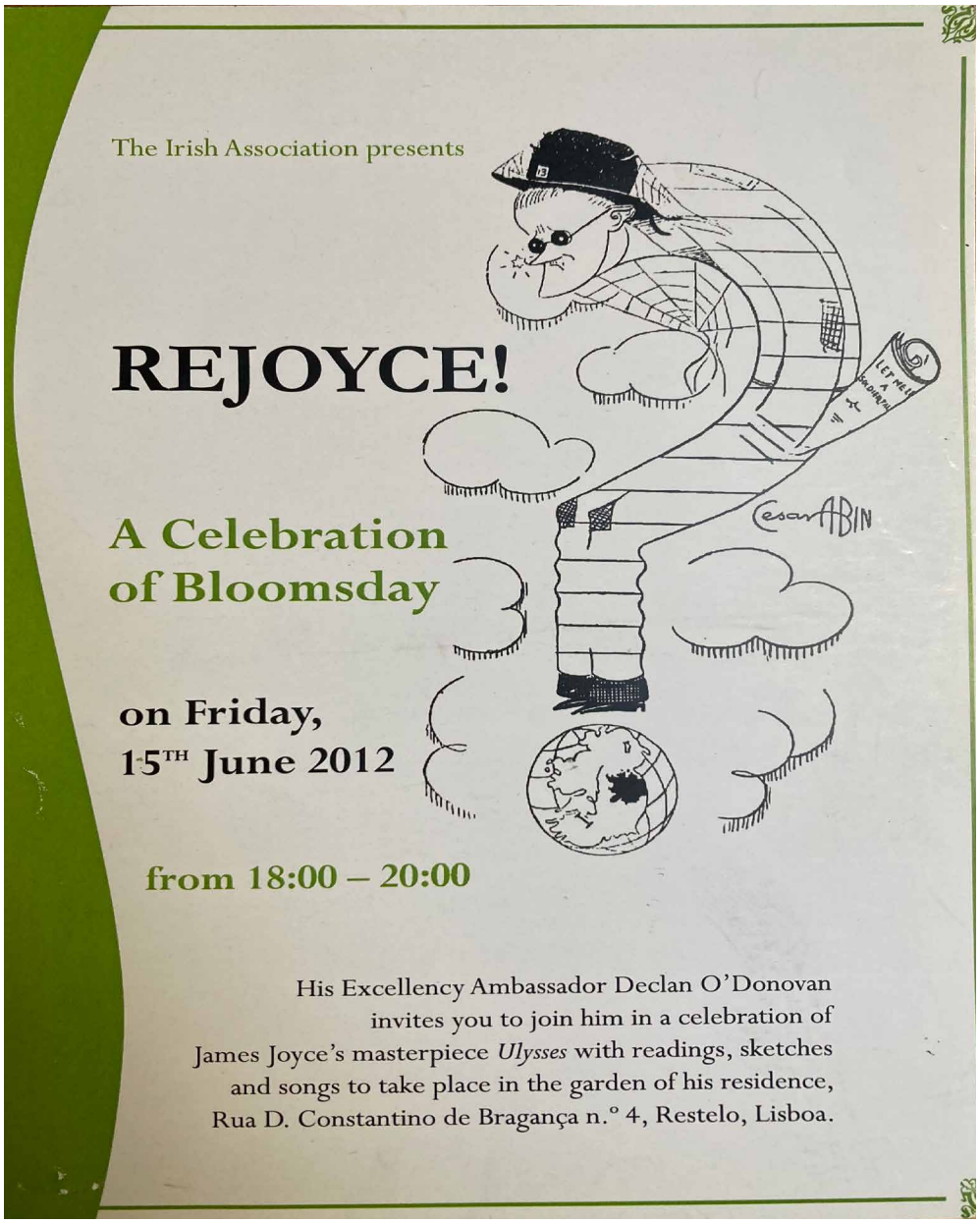
The advent of Covid-19 in 2020 entering all our lives did not stop us from going on with Bloomsday. Thus, with the encouragement from the new Irish Ambassador Ralph Victory, we performed it online. Musician Carlos Santa Clara and myself set up headquarters at my apartment at the edge of Graça in Lisbon. Carlos – with his fiddle, and me - with my voice, ashplant walking stick, hat and dickie bow, we tuned in with other actors and musicians and transmitted Bloomsday to people from all over the globe. Given the year and state of the world, the title was: 'Subversive Joy: Zooming into James Joyce's *Ulysses* amid viral technologies, apocalypse, pandemia and pandemonium' (with an inspired poster designed by Hugo Santos). Unfortunately, in 2021, Covid-19 got its clutches into me two days before Bloomsday, and so we had to wait until the following year to bring *Ulysses* to the streets.

To close, let me say a few words about Bloomsday in 2022, the centenary of the publication of that book. I feel that this was a Bloomsday that brought together various strands and streams that we had traversed over the years. Portugal, Ireland, Britain and Brazil were present, where the resonance and reverberations of both the English and Portuguese language were intertwined and with a little dose of the Irish language. We were

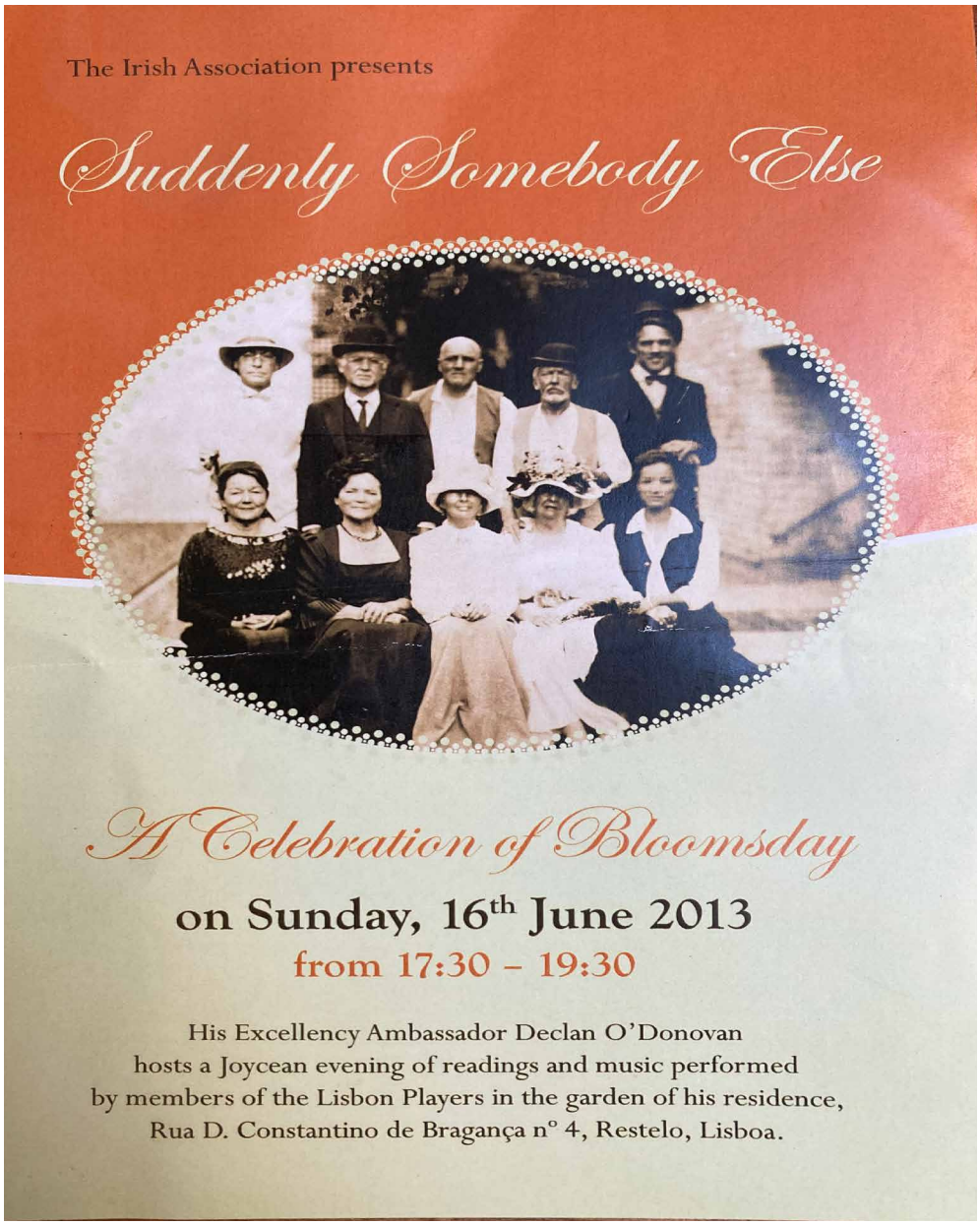
navigating once again between the establishment and chaos to manifest Joyce's "chaosmos" (Joyce 118) – with the Irish Embassy supporting us alongside our efforts to be subversive and anarchic (hence the style and colour of the poster that year, beautifully designed by Marta Saraiva, capturing the revolutionary *Zeitgeist* of both the era and the book). We had a team of veteran Bloomsday performers and new voices from Portugal and beyond, and we had finally taken Bloomsday out onto the streets – on the pink street in Cais do Sodré, in front of the Menina e Moça bookshop-bar. This bar was in fact our host that day, led by its exuberant owner and lover of literature and spontaneity – Cristina Ovídio. Making a deal with the other bars and restaurants on the street, they switched the music off, and for nearly ninety minutes *Ulysses* took central stage in the centre of Lisbon to a mixture of an expectant crowd and surprised passers-by - locals and tourists. The title was "A Shout in the Street," which is a quote from Stephen Dedalus from the School/Nestor episode when responding to his pompous, anti-semitic employer Mr. Deasy on where God might be found (Joyce 34).

It is anyone's guess to what is ahead of us all next time for Bloomsday, let alone the next few years. But, at the end of the day, when the 16 June comes around, if you can't understand *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, no bother, just read the text aloud, and feast on the sound and flow and rupture of the malleable words. And we just may begin to grasp what Shem the Penman had said: "Do you hear what I am seeing . . .?" (Joyce 193)

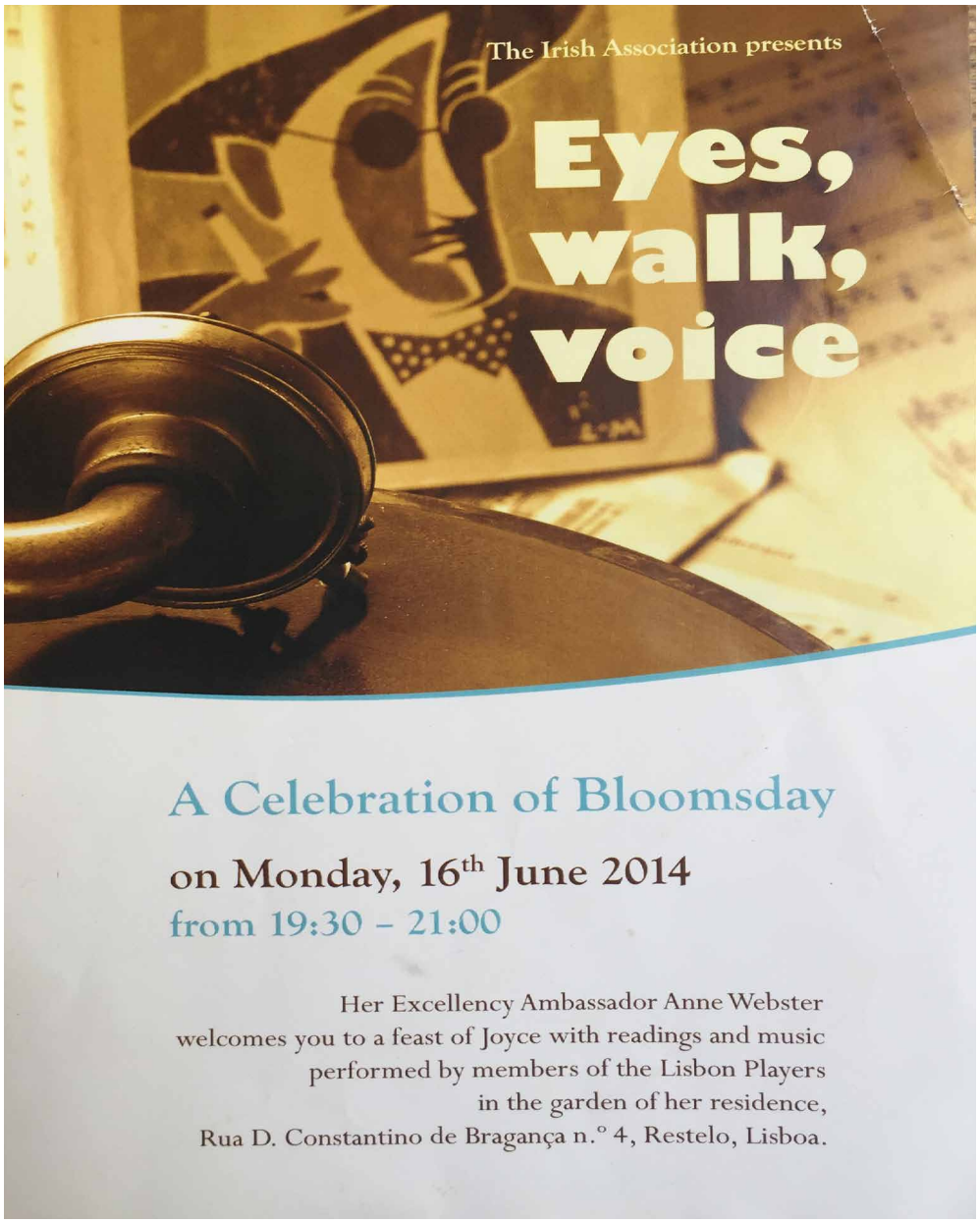
Appendix:
Photos and Posters: Bloomsday 2012-2022



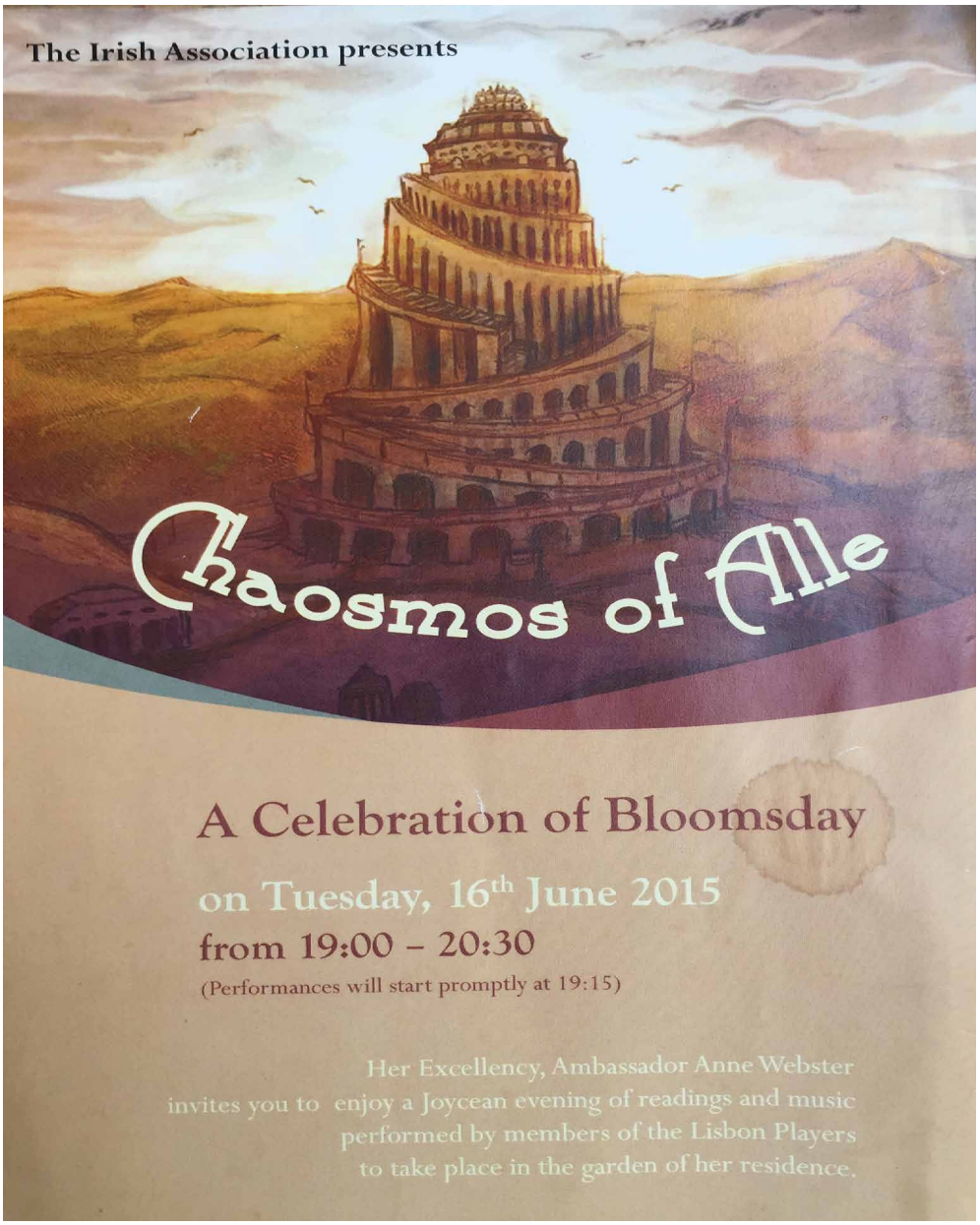
Front cover of the program for Bloomsday 2012.



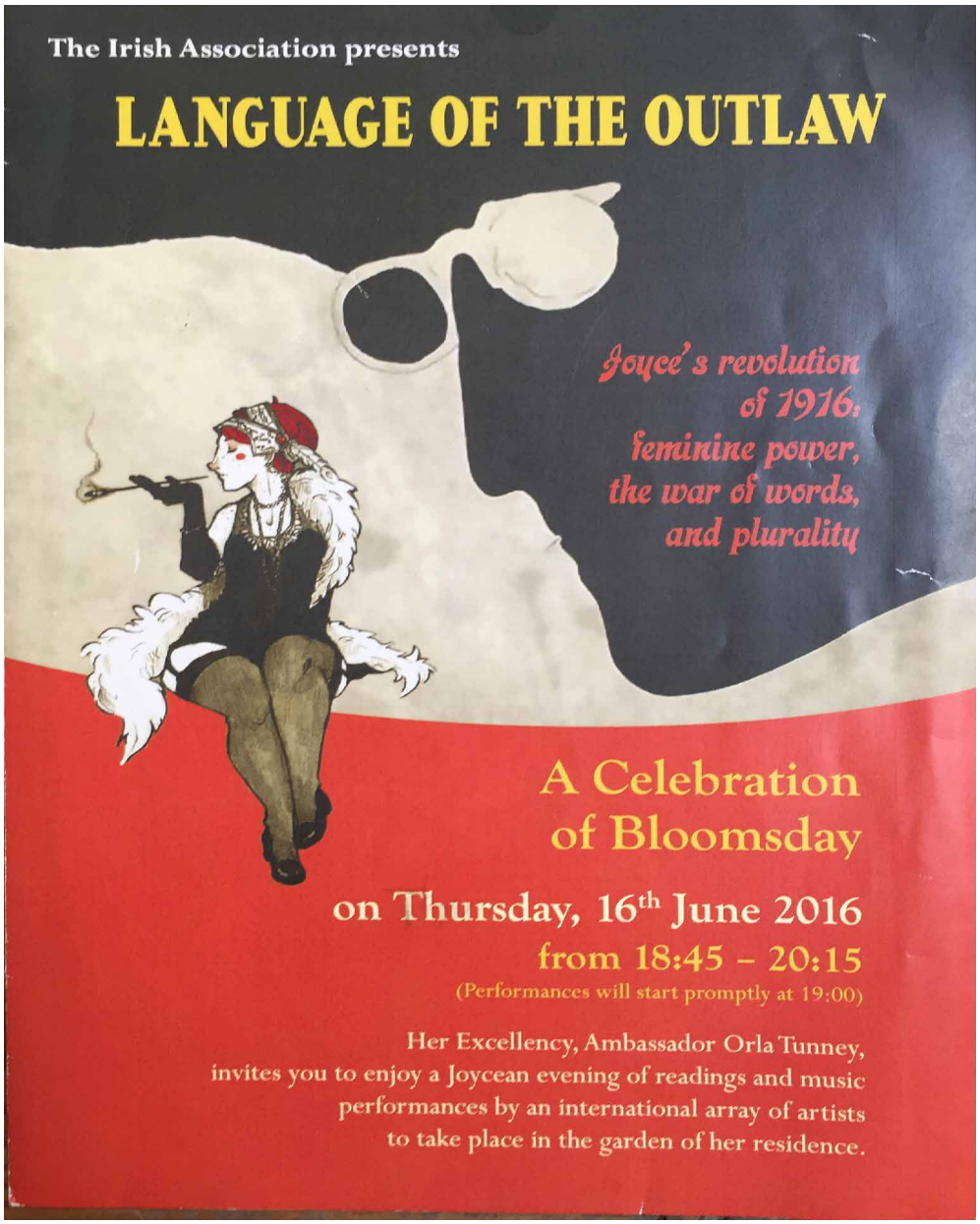
Front cover of the program for Bloomsday 2013.



Front cover of the program for Bloomsday 2014.



Front cover of the program for Bloomsday 2015.



Front cover of the program for Bloomsday 2016.

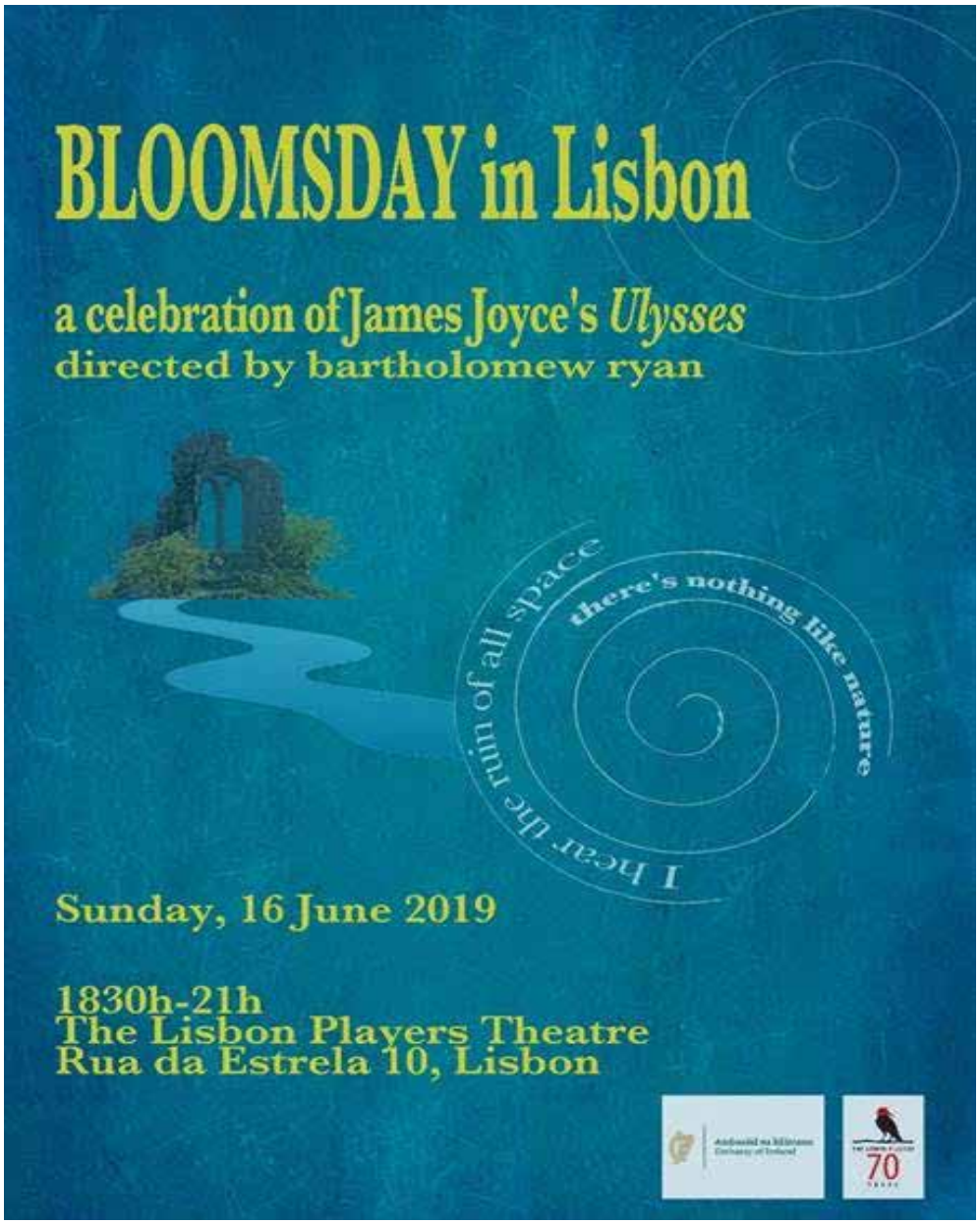
Poster for Bloomsday 2017, designed by Mark Fitzgerald.

Bloomsday at the Casa Fernando Pessoa, 2017.

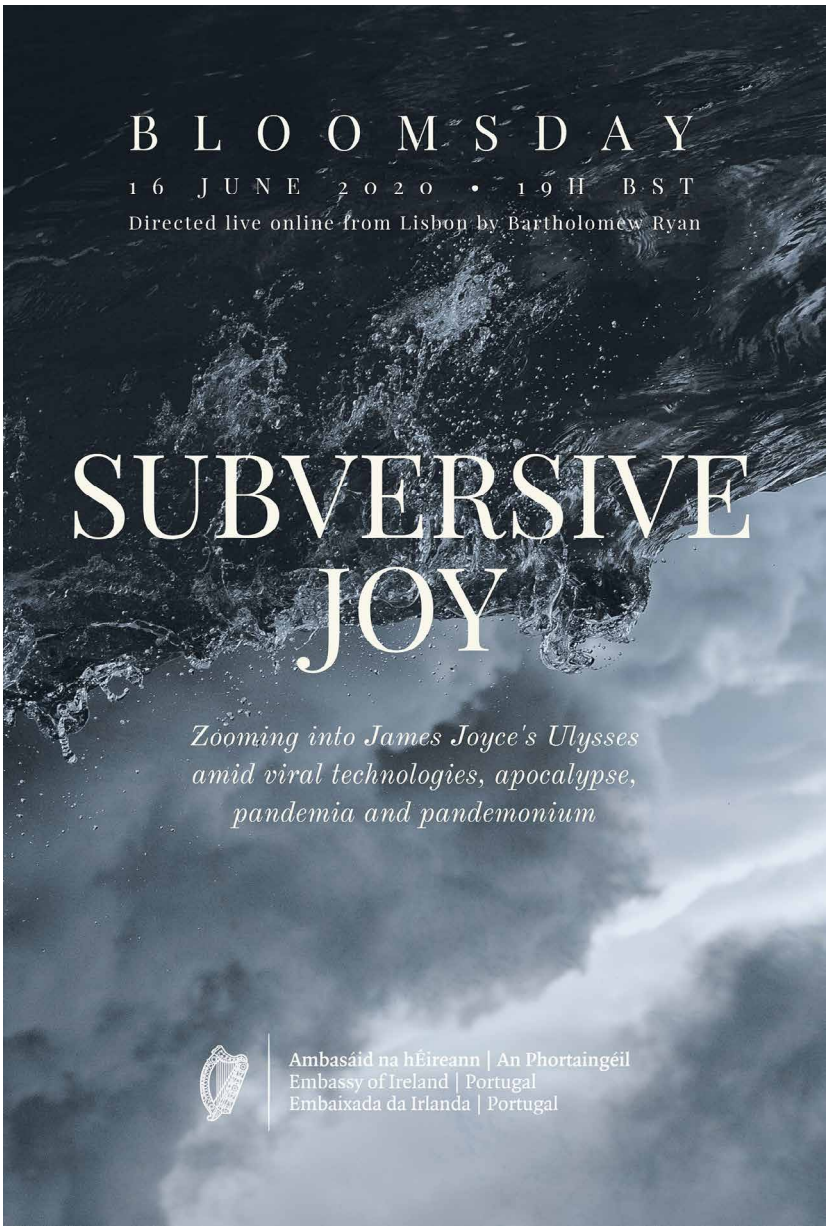
Standing from left to right: Billy Corcoran, Kieran Hennigan, Giulia Gallina, Catarina Rodrigues, Jonathan Weightman, Mariana Mourato, Keith Harle.

Sitting from left to right: Carlos Santa Clara, Amanda Booth, Bartholomew Ryan, Mick Greer.

Bloomsday in Oslo 2018.
From left to right: John Fitzgerald, Declan Gorman, Bartholomew Ryan.



Poster for Bloomsday 2019, designed by Vanessa Rola.



Poster for Bloomsday 2020, designed by Hugo Santos.

Poster for Bloomsday 2022, designed by Mara Saraiva.

The following three photographs during Bloomsday 2022 were taken by Mariana Santana.

The pink street in front of the Menina e Moça bookshop-bar in Cais do Sodré on Bloomsday in 2022.

Bloomsday 2022. From left to right: Jonathan Weightman, Mariana Costa, Bartholomew Ryan, Cristina Ovídio, Ricardo Quintas, Maya Booth, Conor Riordan, Amanda Booth, Keith Harle.

il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même.

Poster for Bloomsday 2022 [in Portuguese], designed by Mara Saraiva.

Notes

[1] Original: "*In die Traum- und Zaubersphäre / Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen. / Führ uns gut und mach dir Ehre / Daß wir vorwärts bald gelangen / In den weiten, öden Räumen!*".

[2] As Søren Kierkegaard's pseudonym – Johannes de silentio - would write in Fear and Trembling: "One became great by expecting the possible, another by expecting the eternal; but he who expected the impossible became the greatest of all." (Kierkegaard 1983, 16).

[3] This includes the complete translation of the book, *Finnegans Rivolta*, which was organized by Dirce Waltrick do Amarante, and translated by a group of scholars. This edition was published by iluminuras (São Paulo) in 2022; and there is a forthcoming translation by Caetano Galindo, who already beautifully translated *Ulysses*, which was published by Companhia das Letras in 2012.

[4] Bizarrely, in the English translation and edition, that was published five years after the original version, the sentence mentioning verbivocovisual (or as Veloso writes it: "verbi-voco-visual") is omitted. See Veloso, Caetano. *Tropical Truth: a story of music and revolution in Brazil*. Translated by Isabel de Sena, London: Bloomsbury, 2003, p. 136.

[5] I came up with this term when writing and subsequently publishing an article on Joyce and the city. See: Ryan, Bartholomew. Chaosmopolitanism: Reconfiguring James Joyce's cities of thisorder and exiled selves, E-book: *Conceptual Figures of Fragmentation and Reconfiguration*, edited by N. Conceição, A. Dias Fortes, G. Ferraro, N. Fonseca, M. F. Molder, 2021, pp.73-100. https://doi.org/10.34619/526h-q85n.

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Devouring Hometowns: James Joyce's Dublin and Dalton Trevisan's Curitiba

Cidades devoradoras: A Dublin de James Joyce e a Curitiba de Dalton Trevisan

Priscila Célia Giacomassi

Abstract: *The issue of geographical escape permeates the texts of Dubliners (1914) by James Joyce and Em busca de Curitiba perdida (1992) by Dalton Trevisan. In both works we come across characters who try to run away from a reality marked by frustration, decadence and paralysis. The impossibility of being able to leave the physical space of the city invariably leads them to sublimate this need through other types of evasion, such as the dream or daydream; the idealization of exotic and distant places; the temporal flight – by valuing the past at the expense of the present time; vices – mostly, drinking; superficial and fleeting relationships and, in the extreme, death as the ultimate solution to the hardships of which they are victims. Thus, Joyce's Dublin and Trevisan's Curitiba are not idealized, much less understood as places of protection and warmth – characteristics generally associated with the idea of hometown. In the fictional context in which they are presented, these cities function not only as settings, but as a large and stifling persona that imprisons its inhabitants and inexorably outlines their destinies.*

Key words: *James Joyce; Dalton Trevisan; Dublin; Curitiba; Geographical Escape.*

Resumo: *A questão da fuga geográfica permeia os textos de Dublinenses (1914), de James Joyce e Em busca de Curitiba perdida (1992), de Dalton Trevisan. Em ambas as obras nos deparamos com personagens que tentam escapar de uma realidade marcada por frustração, decadência e paralisia. A impossibilidade de conseguirem deixar o espaço físico da cidade invariavelmente os leva a sublimar essa necessidade por meio de outros tipos de evasão, tais como o sonho ou devaneio; a idealização de lugares exóticos e distantes; a fuga temporal – através da exaltação do passado em detrimento do tempo presente; vícios – em particular, a bebida; envolvimento em relacionamentos superficiais e fugazes e, no extremo, a morte como solução às agruras de que se veem vítimas. Assim, a Dublin de Joyce e a Curitiba de Trevisan não são idealizadas, muito menos entendidas como lugares*

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de proteção e aconchego – características geralmente associadas à imagem da cidade natal. No contexto ficcional pelo qual são apresentadas, elas funcionam não apenas como cenários, mas como uma grande e sufocante persona que aprisiona seus habitantes e inexoravelmente delineia seus destinos.

Palavras-chave: *James Joyce; Dalton Trevisan; Dublin; Curitiba; Fuga geográfica.*

James Joyce was born in Dublin, the capital of Ireland, in 1882. Dalton Trevisan is a Brazilian writer born in 1925 in the city of Curitiba, the capital of the state of Paraná. The fictional universes created by both authors are obviously configured in particular ways due to the spatial, temporal and cultural distances between them. Even so, they share some relevant characteristics, particularly with regard to the relationship between their characters and the place where they live. In both cases, they are often portrayed as people who desperately want to flee the city of their birth, where they lead a difficult life full of anguish. This search for geographical escape in fact exposes deeper layers in such a characterisation of their lives, since it expresses an eagerness to run away from a harsh and decadent reality that paralyzes them. As Sam Bluefarb states, people who wish to escape generally "need to embark on a geographical journey in order to reach some sort of spiritual destination" (157). However, in both Joyce's and Trevisan's worlds, this flight proves to be impossible, as their characters repeatedly experience extreme situations from which they cannot escape, remaining inexorably stuck in them. Through a sublimation mechanism, they usually adopt alternative forms of evasion from reality, namely, the dream or daydream (since the hardships of reality seem inescapable); the idealization of exotic and distant places; the temporal flight to the past at the expense of the present; vices in their different manifestations (which stun the senses, relieving the pressures of the external environment and also the internal ones); love affairs that don't really mean anything to them; various types of distractions and, ultimately, death. All the texts compiled in the books by both authors, *Dubliners* (1914) and *Em busca de Curitiba perdida* (1992), to be considered here, take place in the writers' hometowns. In *Dubliners* there are fifteen short stories. *Em busca de Curitiba perdida* consists of twenty-three texts, mostly short stories, but also some poems. Trevisan's title, an allusion to Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* (1913–1927), anticipates the existential anguish of the characters.

Joyce's Dublin is inhospitable. It is a place where the rain is intermittently "drizzling down on the cold streets" (69), where it is often "dismal and cold out of doors" (89) and the short winter days lead the dusk to fall before dinner, making the houses grow sombre (20). The twilight, which can be poetic, symbolic and lugubrious at the same time, does not have the strength to resist the characteristic fog of the city: "[d]arkness, accompanied by a thick fog, [gains] upon the dusk" (65). The scenario created by the author is not welcoming. Autumn days, for example, are described in "Araby", the third short story in the book, in a non-idealised way: "[t]he career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables" (20). The same kind of environment is also built in "A Little Cloud". In this particular short story, the characters are shown as dehumanized and compared to animals:

> [a] horde of grimy children populated the street. They stood or ran in the roadway or crawled up the steps before the gaping doors or squatted like mice upon the thresholds. Little Chandler gave them no thought. He picked his way deftly through all that minute vermin-like life and under the shadow of the gaunt spectral mansions in which the old nobility of Dublin had roystered (52).

Trevisan's Curitiba is equally dismal and, in many ways, even more inhospitable and frightening. It is inhabited by characters who live on the fringes of society: drunkards, prostitutes, people who are unhappy in love, superficial in relationships and, above all, extremely belligerent in relation to the city in which they live. It is invariably described as a land of desolation, hit by floods and about to be struck by divine wrath. It is the "*Curitiba das ruas de barro*"[1] (8), "*sem pinheiro ou céu azul*"[2] (9). It is a city that plagues its inhabitants with diseases such as typhus and pneumonia, like Chico in "*Pensão Nápoles*"[2] (11); a place where people are not sympathetic, such as is the case in "*Uma vela para Dario*"[4], in which the main character dies and is left on the sidewalk, in the rain, while his belongings are gradually stolen (20); individuals who abandon their parents, wives, husbands and who mistreat animals (59); a cold and rainy city, with people equally cold to one another; a refractory city with which the narrator does not identify at all: "*não te reconheço Curitiba a mim já não conheço / a mesma não é outro eu sou*"[5] (88).

For both writers, the city inflicts on its inhabitants a feeling of imprisonment that paralyses them. In "Eveline", for example, Joyce portrays the main character as a young

girl who dreams of a better future with Frank, with whom she plans to start a new life in Buenos Aires. The story's emphasis is not on the love she feels for this man, but on the difficult condition in which she lives and from which she wants to escape. Through this relationship she has a glimpse of hope, because she figures out that "in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married – she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been" (26). Before her mother's death, Eveline had promised her that she would take care of everything. This promise imposed a kind of moral obligation on her and, therefore, she began to live with her violent father who invariably returned home drunk. She had no choice but "work hard, both in the house and at business" (25-26). It was not easy at all for a poor 19-year-old girl, who was extremely fatigued, "to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work – a hard life" (26). Besides that, she had to spend all her salary at home. Now, however, Frank was going to "save her" (28). Ironically, when she finally has the chance to escape this harsh life, she is emotionally paralysed. At the last moment, at the departure station, she sets "her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal" (29) and Frank leaves without her. The way her body reacts to this – when she needs to decide whether to go or not – is very emblematic: "[s]he gripped with both hands at the iron railing," (28) as if she wanted to win an internal battle and force herself to stay. According to Florence Walzl, Eveline "is caught in a death trap, doomed by paralysis of will born of timidity and a mistaken sense of obligation" (225).

"Eveline" is not the only short story in which "escape seems to express the discrepancy between what life is and what it could be – in the minds of the escapers at least" (Bluefarb 162). "A Painful Case," for example, portrays Mr. Duffy as another character who is not happy and still cannot overcome a type of paralysis, becoming a self-absorbed character whose "life rolled out evenly – an adventureless tale" (81). His relationship with Dublin is evident in the opening of the story: he "lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious" (79). This "geographical" relationship is reflected in his personality – "he lived isolated from everyone" – and even in his physical appearance, since his face is described as if it "carried the entire tale of his years, [and it] was of the brown tint of Dublin streets" (80). He is a gloomy man, who lives in a sombre house and who has never left Dublin. In the analysis of Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro, "A Painful Case" is the book's "most beautiful and most painful story, emotionally, because of the solitude it creates" (Amaral, *Interview* 77).

The mood conveyed by the book can be better understood if we take into account Joyce's own comments. He states that he wanted "to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis (qtd. in Beja 32). For Joyce, Dublin "is the city of failure, of rancour and of unhappiness" (qtd. in Beja 54).

One way in which some characters seem to sublimate this inability or impossibility of leaving Dublin can be described as a desire to be transported to exotic faraway places with strange customs. This type of reference runs through the work, in one way or another. For example, "An Encounter" is narrated in a first-person perspective by a boy for whom school is boring and monotonous since it does not fulfill his need for real adventures. In his games with his friends, the Wild West is the playful context that constantly serves as an escape from a reality that does not satisfy him. It was his friend Joe Dillon who had introduced him to this enchanting region through the books that were part of his vast library: "[e]very evening after school we met in his back garden and arranged Indian battles" (12). These children's games, however, are not enough for the young narrator: "[t]he adventures related in the literature of the Wild West were remote from my nature but, at least, they opened doors of escape" (12). Despite being very young, he has this urge to free himself from the bonds that keep him away, in his view, from having a more meaningful life – and that first bond is school:

> [b]ut when the restraining influence of the school was at a distance I began to hunger again for wild sensations, for the escape which those chronicles of disorder alone seemed to offer me. The mimic warfare of the evening became at last as wearisome to me as the routine of school in the morning because 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 (13).

It is in search of a real escape that one day the narrator and his two friends, Leo Dillon (Joe's brother) and Mahony, decide to skip school, venture into the city and cross the channel on the ferry. Dillon, ironically, ends up not showing up for the appointment, but the others go ahead with their plans. Again, one can see the desire to flee that comes to the fore as they observe the ships in the harbour:

> Mahony said it would be right skit to run away to sea on one of those big ships and even I, looking at the high masts, saw, or imagined, the geography which

> had been scantily dosed to me at school gradually taking substance under my eyes. School and home seemed to recede from us and their influences upon us seemed to wane (15).

This need to unbound from the monotony of school reveals, in an amplified way, the characters' eagerness to leave Dublin in order to have a "real life". Dillon is just one of the characters who are also not able to accomplish the aspiration to escape. On the other hand, those who succeed in doing that are the target of admiration and even envy from others who stayed and did not venture to discover new worlds. This is what happens, for example, with Ignatius Gallaher, Little Chandler's friend in "A Little Cloud": "[t]he friend whom he had known under a shabby and necessitous guise had become a brilliant figure on the London Press" (51) – and after eight years he returns to Ireland for a visit. The aura that surrounds this character in the eyes of his friends highlights the importance of those who have succeeded in escaping Dublin: "Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent. Few fellows had talents like his and fewer still could remain unspoiled by such success. Gallaher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that" (51).

Indeed, that guy "was Ignatius Gallaher all out; and, damn it, you couldn't but admire him for it" (53). This admiration seems to be accentuated by the contrast in Gallaher's choices and those of his friend. Like Dillon, who doesn't show up on the tour arranged with his colleagues, and Eveline who, in the final moment, abandons her dream of trying a new life in Buenos Aires, Little Chandler never left Dublin to live the adventures that other places would offer. Chandler then begins to think about the "changes those eight years had brought . . . and (as always happened when he thought of life) he became sad. A gentle melancholy took possession of him. He felt how useless it was to struggle against fortune" (51). His conclusion is a verdict upon himself: "[t]here was no doubt about it: if you wanted to succeed you had to go away. You could do nothing in Dublin" (53). As he is physically bound to his city, his mind begins to wander and he begins to build castles in the air: "[e]very step brought him nearer to London, farther from his own sober inartistic life" (53). The conversations he has with his successful friend have a double effect on him: although they are very interesting, they seem to accentuate his frustration. They talk about other cities: Paris, London, Berlin. The hectic and addictive life of these cities leaves Chandler perplexed and Gallaher concludes: "here we are in old jog-along Dublin where nothing is known of such things" (57).

Gradually, however, admiration gives way to discomfort: "[h]e was beginning to feel somewhat disillusioned. Gallaher's accent and way of expressing himself did not please

him. There was something vulgar in his friend which he had not observed before" (56). It is not difficult to understand the roots of such uneasiness: "Gallaher had lived, he had seen the world. Little Chandler looked at his friend enviously" (56). The feeling of frustration suppressed the admiration for his friend – a feeling that was stressed by the fact that Gallaher disdained things that for his friend were valued – such as a marriage, for example. If he ever gets married, Gallaher himself points out: "[i]f ever it occurs, you may bet your bottom dollar there'll be no mooning and spooning about it. I mean to marry money. She'll have a good fat account at the bank or she won't do for me" (60). This offends and discredits Chandler, who is married and has a son. This meeting with the "friend" that he had not seen for so long, instead of encouraging him, makes him feel incapable and a failure. That is why Ghiselin points out that characters like Ignatius Gallaher are Dubliners who have proved that "to be transported physically overseas is not necessarily to find a new life, or to be changed essentially at all" (65).

In one way or another, the characters in both Joyce's and Trevisan's worlds find themselves struggling with this indomitable fate that binds them to their hometown. Similarly, the need to escape becomes inevitable for all of them in very similar ways. One of the most explicit examples of this conflicting relationship between the city and its inhabitants in the book *Em busca de Curitiba perdida* is "Canção do Exílio," an ironic intertextual dialogue with the romantic poem by Gonçalves Dias written in 1843:

Canção do Exílio

Não permita Deus que eu morra
sem que daqui me vá
sem que diga adeus ao pinheiro
onde já não canta o sabiá
morrer ó supremo desfrute
em Curitiba é que não dá (...)
castigo bastante é viver em Curitiba
morrer em Curitiba é que não dá
não permita Deus
só bem longe daqui
mais prazeres encontro eu lá (42-44). [6]

The anguish of the poet is emphasized by the contrast with the source text. In "Canção do Exílio" by Gonçalves Dias, the poet glorifies, in an extremely idealised way, the qualities of his country – from which he is far away. The homesick lyrical persona vehemently cries

out to God to return to his homeland before he dies. In Trevisan's poem, the movement goes in the opposite direction, that is, the idea of dying in Curitiba is viewed as a curse. This context makes the message of the parodic version even more dramatic. For Veronica Kobs, in this text, "the dissociation between space and subject materializes and becomes definitive" (74).[7]

In "Lamentações de Curitiba", Trevisan once again makes use of the intertextual resource to emphasize his conflicting relationship with the city. This time, the dialogue is established with a biblical book of "Lamentations" of Jeremiah. In Trevisan's version, the message of deep distress is even more poignant:

> Lamentações de Curitiba
> A palavra do Senhor contra a cidade de Curitiba no dia de sua visitação.
> Ai, ai de Curitiba, o seu lugar será achado daqui a uma hora.
> . . .
> O que fugir do fogo não escapará da água, o que escapar da peste não fugirá da espada, mas o que escapar do fogo, da água, da peste e da espada, esse não fugirá de si mesmo e terá morte pior.
> . . .
> Maldito o dia em que o filho do homem te habitou; o dia em que se disse nasceu uma cidade não seja lembrado; por que não foste sempre um deserto, em vez de cercada de muros e outra vez sem um só habitante?
> Ó Curitiba Curitiba Curitiba, estendes os braços perfumados de giesta pedindo tempo, quando não há mais tempo.
> . . .
> Teu próprio nome será um provérbio, uma maldição, uma vergonha eterna.
> . . .
> A espada veio sobre Curitiba, e Curitiba foi, não é mais (13-14). [8]

By appropriating this passage in the Scriptures, the author also borrows its sacred and inexorable essence. In other words, just like the divine promises and curses, the predicted fate for Curitiba is its destruction and imminent desolation. Here the "dissociation, depersonali[s]ation and separation between the subject and the city, assumes the role of one of the seven plagues of the biblical narrative, at the end of time" (Kobs 72). The text provides evidence that this geographic flight has existential motivations. The constant tension in relation to the city seems to work as an external subterfuge for a deeper, interior existential pain, from which it is more difficult to escape: "*[o] que fugir do fogo não escapará da água, o que escapar da peste não fugirá da espada, mas o que escapar do fogo, da água, da peste e da espada, esse não fugirá de si mesmo e terá morte pior*"[9] (Trevisan 14).

Wherever people go, they carry all their worries with them. Dealing with internal pain is not simple. In this way, there seems to be a momentary relief when such conflicts are projected onto the outside world, in this case, on the city. And that is what these characters are continually doing as happens, for example, in "*O Senhor Meu Marido*,"[10] in which the errant behavior of the main character, João, offers another striking example of the issue of geographical escape as a subterfuge for an unhappy and frustrated life. Maria, his wife, was not faithful, but "*João era bom, era manso e Maria era única, para ele não havia outra: mudou do Juvevê para o Boqueirão*"[11] (37). The problem was that "*Maria era pecadora de alma, corpo e vida, não se redimia dos erros*"[12] (38). João moves from place to place in order to build a new life: Prado Velho, Capanema, Mercês, Água Verde, Bigorrilho... each neighborhood corresponding to a new affair of Maria. The way the story ends does not allow us to infer any hope for the future: "*[s]ão sem conta os bairros de Curitiba: João mudou-se para o Bacacheri. De lá para o Batel (nasceu mais uma filha, Maria Aparecida). Agora feliz numa casinha de madeira no Cristo-Rei*"[13] (40).

In the same way that João moves to another neighborhood because he does not know how to deal with the pain and shame of his wife's infidelity, in "Pensão Nápoles" Chico is always moving in an attempt to get some kind of emotional relief: "*morou em todas as pensões: Primavera, Floriano, Bagdá. Definhava ora na sórdida espelunca de nome pomposo, ora na salinha escura do escritório, a espirrar entre o pó dos papéis*"[14] (10). His life was boring and empty. In this short story, there is an element that makes the need for constant change even more sorrowful: "*[d]esde que aportou em Curitiba, Chico viveu às margens do rio Belém*", but "*[s]onhava em fugir para outra cidade – ah, Nápoles!*"[15] (10). This impossible dream becomes for him a fixed idea: "*ao receber a correspondência indagava ao carteiro: – Alguma carta de Nápoles?*"[16] (10). He wanted to leave, which in the text can even be understood as putting an end to his life. Instead, he "*mudava de emprego, noiva, pensão*"[17] (10). Ironically, he moves to the boarding house named after his dream city: "*Naufragou com seus trastes na pensão Nápoles, não a escolheu pelo nome. Condenado às pensões baratas que margeiam o rio, partilhando o quarto com estranhos*"[18] (11). He ends up sick, taken by tuberculosis, alone, frustrated and still a prisoner of the obsession to be far from Curitiba, in his idealised city: "*Depois do tifo preto e da pneumonia a pensão Nápoles. O nome não o deixava dormir*"[19] (12). A person's external changes undoubtedly reflect their internal conflicts and seem to function even as a momentary relief from them. The attitude of total aversion towards the city where Chico lives and the idealisation of a city in another continent where he would like to live lends the tragic tone to the short story. "*Oh, as noivas de Chico – a todas amou! Nem uma entendeu que não queria ser enterrado*

com os pés no rio Belém. Propunha fugirem para outra cidade. Qual das ingratas confiou no seu amor?"[20] (12).

Joyce's "Araby" is a short story in which the fascination for distant places with exotic landscapes and customs marks the entire plot. The appeal is already in the title. A boy is very excited at the idea of visiting the bazaar – that gives the story its name – and buy a souvenir for a girl he likes at school: "The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me" (20). This enchantment with the idea of Araby works for the boy in the same way as the idea of Naples works for Chico. A tragic irony is also shared by both characters. Chico ends up at the dirty, run-down boarding house named after the city of his dreams. And as for the boy, he is late because of his drunk uncle who forgot his request. Arriving at the bazaar just ten minutes before it closed, his desolation was inevitable:

> I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the six-pence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark. Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger (24).

In "The Sisters", a boy's account provides a similar type of response. The difficult circumstance in this case is the death of his tutor, Father Flynn. His attitude in the face of this fact is quite revealing. Instead of grief, he feels free from the priest's somewhat oppressive guidance. Interestingly, the boy mentions a dream he had the night before: "I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange – in Persia, I thought..." (7). The description of the distant and exotic place of his dream seems to reinforce his need to evade reality and to feel free. In this regard, Bluefarb emphasizes that even though "escape generally implies a flight from one reality to another, escapism has a wider cluster of associations. For escapism implies a flight from daily 'reality,' far less forgivable than literally running away from a society or situation" (5).

Gaston Bachelard comments on situations in which, through our dreams, "we hope to live elsewhere, far from the over-crowded house, far from the city cares. We flee in thought in search of a real refuge" (31). In *The Poetics of Space*, the author uses the image of the house as a metaphor for the other geographical spaces we inhabit. For the philosopher, "all really inhabited space bears the essence of the notion of home" (5). In a

similar approach, Edvaldo Souza Couto understands the big city as "the tension scenario" (63) and Brewster Ghiselin, commenting particularly on Joyce's work, states that the implicit aim of this need to escape Dublin is a "new condition of inward life" it is "not a place, but what the place implies, is the true east of the soul" (65).

In the narratives of both authors, the character's desire to escape is not limited to the issue of physical boundaries, but also concerns the temporal dimension. Thus, the drive to leave the city can be manifested through an idealisation of the past. Let us remember, for example, the version of "Canção do Exílio" by Trevisan, in which the poet expresses frustration with the Curitiba of the present day. For him, the city was better in the past. "The refusal to present Curitiba", Kobs states, "is sacramented with the desire for exile and removal from the homeland" (74). In the poem this is illustrated, for example, when the tree that stands as a symbol of the city – the pine tree – is mentioned as extinct: "*minha terra já não tem pinheiro / o sabiá não canta mais*" (44). And, finally, he concludes: "*Curitiba foi não é mais*"[21] (90).

This escape to a kind of idealised past is also evident, for example, in the last tale of *Dubliners*, "The Dead". Hearing the names of great singers of the past, the main character, Gabriel Conroy, lets himself be invaded by nostalgia and attachment to a time that no longer exists: "I must confess, that we were living in a less spacious age. Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days" (158). Likewise, in "Clay", Joe Donnelly, after having already drunk a lot and being moved by an old melody sung by his friend, Maria, says that nothing compares to the old days. The feeling of deep sadness from the character's nostalgic posture invades the narrative. Emblematically, the story ends with a request from Joe to his wife: to "tell him where the corkscrew was" (79). Here, the need to escape the uncomfortable reality of the present is triggered or intensified by the sensation that drinking may provide.

In *Invisible Cities* (1972), Italo Calvino creates a fictional situation in which navigator Marco Polo is faced with the task of describing to the Tartar emperor Kublai Khan the places conquered by the sovereign, but which he cannot personally visit. The narrative, therefore, builds those cities with words. At one point, the Venetian merchant emphasises this relational aspect between the place and its description: "[n]o one, wise Kublai, knows better than you that the city must never be confused with the words that describe it. And yet between the one and the other there is a connection" (Calvino 61).

Just as Polo's descriptions reveal the new cities to the emperor, Curitiba and Dublin are also revealed to us through Trevisan's and Joyce's narratives. In this case, however, the scenarios that these authors weave about their hometowns are not welcoming at all – which

is ironic if we conceive the idea of home in a positive light. After all, as Bachelard says, it is in the home that it is possible to participate "in this original warmth, in this well-tempered matter of the material Paradise. This is the environment in which the protective beings live" (7). This is because a house is, or should be, "our corner of the world. As has often been said, it is our first universe, a real cosmos in every sense of the word" (4).

However, in both literary environments, this home – by extension, the hometown – is not characterised as a space of warmth and shelter, but as inhospitable and oppressive. Or, in the words of Antonio Candido, fictional spaces constructed within those frames function as "devouring spaces" (89). In his book, *The Discourse and the City*, more specifically in the chapter entitled "The Degradation of Space", the author analyses "the correlation of environments, things and behavior" (Candido 55), a confluence that seems very useful for the analysis posited in this paper, since, like the places analysed by Candido, Curitiba and Dublin transcend the condition of settings, of spaces of action. Bachelard proceeds with his argument: "We should therefore have to say how we inhabit our vital space, in accord with all the dialectics of life, how we take root, day after day, in a 'corner of the world'" (4). Dubliners and Curitibanos, however, feel walled in, not rooted. Their birthplace, definitely, does not seem associated with protection and peace.

Thus, it is possible to understand that the existential emptiness of these characters is indelibly linked to the lack of a sense of belonging, to a type of "a *natio* – a local community, a domicile" in Timothy Brennan's words (qtd. in Hall 34). Philosopher Roger Scruton argues that the status of any individual as an autonomous entity is only possible "because he can first identify himself as something larger - as a member of a society, group, class, state or nation, of some arrangement . . . that he instinctively recognises as his home" (qtd. in Hall 29). Ernest Gellner understands that "without a feeling of national identification, the modern subject would experience a deep feeling of subjective loss" (qtd. in Hall 29). In other words, the notion of self is associated with this identification with a homeland, a nationality, a community.

Joyce and Trevisan's cities can fit into the category that Marc Augé understands as non-places. For the author, three basic characteristics define what can be called a place and, therefore, the absence of these characteristics defines the non-place: "If a place can be defined as relational, historical and concerned with identity, then a space which cannot be defined as relational, or historical, or concerned with identity will be a non-place" (Augé 77-78). In fact, neither Curitibanos nor Dubliners seem to appropriate these three characteristics in relation to the lived space. There is no possible identification of the characters with their city, since there are no significant links between them and their place

in the world. This idea is corroborated by Teresa Sá, for whom the "city of individuals is the world where each one maintains a relationship with the place based on memory, daily life, lived experiences. The identification of each person with a place stands out from this strong connection with a territory" (222). According to Hall, the narrative of the nation, that is, the way it is represented and the symbols attached to it, and the fact that we share this narrative lead us to a sense of identification and "gives meaning and importance to our monotonous existence, connecting our everyday lives with a national destiny that pre-exists us and continues to exist after our death" (Hall 31).

Considering Bachelard's analogy of the house, the damp and cold streets of Curitiba and Dublin, inhabited by decadent and hostile beings, symbolically evoke the underground part of a building. In this way, we understand that both fictional universes approach the image of the basement which stands for the "irrationality of the depths [because] it is first and foremost the *dark entity* of the house, the one that partakes of subterranean forces" (Bachelard 18). This could justify the characters' fear of being walled up in their hometown and dying there. In one of his verses, Trevisan makes this harrowing feeling of imprisonment very clear: "*Curitiba sem pinheiro ou céu azul, pelo que vosmecê é – província, cárcere, lar*"[22] (9). Curitiba is home, but it is also a prison. And that is why Trevisan's poetic voice emphatically states that dying "*em Curitiba é que não dá*"[23] (42).

Finally, there is the ultimate form of escape: death – which works ambivalently in both works. It is something to be avoided and, at the same time, embraced as the last alternative to flee from a caustic reality: "*morrer ó supremo desfrute*"[24] (42), writes Trevisan – who, on the other hand, advises: "*tudo faça para não morrer*"[25] (43), but if it is not avoidable (and we all know it is not), "*só bem longe daqui*"[26] (43). As for Joyce, in many ways, death is the very act of staying in Dublin, for he "views paralysis as a kind of living death, or rather succession of deaths, emotional, psychological, or spiritual, details of darkness, cold, night, winter, and blindness image this process" (Walzl 223).

Trevisan does not present us with an idealised place, a city of propaganda, but "with a dystopian city that escapes classification. His Curitiba is grotesque, ordinary, immoral and carnivalised" (Prates and Teixeira 391; our trans.). According to Bosi, the writer "crosses the limit of expressionism" using "the grotesque, the sadistic, the macabre," (449; my trans.). The narrative construction emphasises – in a lugubrious, almost caricatural way – the dramas and inner dilemmas of the characters. Trevisan's stories are animated by "a cold existential despair, which leads [the author] to project in his voluntary poverty of means, the obsessions and moral miseries of the man of his

Curitiba" (Bosi 449; my trans.). The characters portrayed in this universe are doomed to self-imprisonment and complete hopelessness.

Joyce conveys this mood in "The Sisters", by means of a moment of subtle and poignant epiphany. This is due, for the most part, to "the fact that the revelation does not belong to the protagonist, a small kid, but to the reader: 'the boy does not know why he feels relieved by the priest's death, but the reader does'" (Amaral, *Interview* 77). This concept goes along with William Tindall's analysis of these rarified moments of awareness by the Dubliners: "When Joyce's heroes realise their condition, we too, if alert and sensitive, become aware of a condition so general we cannot have escaped it entirely. The revelation of Dublin to its citizens and of Dubliners to themselves reveals our world to ourselves" (Tindall 3-4). However, this kind of awareness in some situations of the book does not promote a significant change in their mournful lives. Instead of offering some kind of guidance and enlightenment, it makes their situation more dramatic. They are still trapped, and become aware of it, but they are not able to positively change their situation or the picture they see themselves in.. On the contrary, sometimes it seems that they become more degraded as human beings as, for example, when Little Chandler takes out his frustration on his son because of being envious of Ignatius Gallaher; or Farrington who, dominated by an attitude of paralysis, hates his work, runs away in daydreams, is addicted to drink, comes home and unleashes aggressive behavior on his son that his boss had done to him, amplifying it through physical violence. Both of them divert all their frustration and anguish into their helpless children because they realize that they have become prisoners of a meaningless and decaying life.

In this sense, irony is used many times in the narrative to convey a stifling and confining existence. Self-awareness does not promote any positive turning point in the plots. As Regina Przybycien points out, both Trevisan and Joyce deal with paralysis and imprisonment in their texts. In *Dubliners*, for instance, the "epiphanic moments [do not] change a thing. On the contrary, they give the stories more poignancy because this self-awareness makes things even worse. The narrator maintains an ironical distance from the characters and their pathetic lives" (Przybycien). This is the same understanding of Walzl, for whom the short stories in Joyce's book, "in succession show a decline in the characters' reactions from painful realization of situation to almost total unawareness" (222).

Caetano Galindo points out that *Dubliners* have this "similarity of spirit with the work of Dalton Trevisan who, not by chance, was the first to translate fragments of *Ulysses* in Brazil, in *Joaquim* magazine" (qtd. in Del Vecchio). Vitor Alevato do Amaral also points to this fact that could be, more than a curiosity, a great source of inspiration for

the Brazilian author: "Joyce was born in Dublin; *Joaquim* in Curitiba. The writer Dalton Trevisan (1925) was its creator in 1946 and undertaker in 1948. What does *Joaquim* have to do with Joyce? The answer is simple: the first fragment of *Ulysses* ever to be translated and published in Brazil appeared in *Joaquim*" (Amaral). In fact, the bond between these two cities is a very close one: "Curitiba, sister of Joyce's Dublin, is that long journey of a writer scrutinising his city from the inside, in its sublime or cruel motivations, monstrous social injustices and dedications of a heroic fidelity never compensated" (Ribeiro). Undeniably, James Joyce's Dublin and Dalton Trevisan's Curitiba transcend the condition of scenarios, functioning as a large and involving persona that outlines their inhabitants' destinies.

Notes

[1] "Curitiba of muddy streets."

[2] "without pine trees or a blue sky."

[3] "Naples Boarding House."

[4] "A candle for Darius."

[5] "I don't recognize you, Curitiba; I don't know myself anymore / you're not the same; another am I."

[6] "Song of Exile / May God not let me die / without me leaving here / without saying goodbye to the pine tree / where the thrush no longer sings / to die oh supreme pleasure / in Curitiba it is not possible (...) / it is punishment enough to live in Curitiba / dying in Curitiba is not possible / may God not allow it / just far from here / more pleasures I find there".

[7] The excerpts from the sources originally written in Portuguese were translated by the author.

[8] Lamentations of Curitiba / The word of the Lord against the city of Curitiba on the day of His visitation. / Woe unto you, Curitiba; your place will be found within an hour. (...) / Whoever flees from the fire will not flee from the water, whoever flees from the pestilence will not flee from the sword, but whoever flees from the fire, from the water, from the pestilence and from the sword, will not flee from himself and will die in a much worse way. (...) / Cursed be the day in which the son of man dwelt in you; the day a city is said to have been born will not be remembered; why haven't you always been a desert instead of a walled place without a single inhabitant? / Oh Curitiba, Curitiba, Curitiba, you extend your broom-flower-scented arms asking for time, when there is no longer time. (...) / Your very name will be a proverb, a curse, an everlasting shame. (...) / The sword came over Curitiba, and Curitiba once was, it is no more.

[9] "Whoever flees the fire will not escape the water, whoever escapes the plague will not flee the sword, but whoever escapes from the fire, the water, the pestilence and the sword, will not flee from themselves and will have a worse death."

[10] "The Lord My Husband."

[11] "João was good, he was meek and Maria was unique, for him there was no other: he moved from Juvevê to Boqueirão."

[12] "Maria was a sinner in her soul, body and life; she did not redeem herself from her mistakes."

[13] "There are countless neighborhoods in Curitiba: João moved to Bacacheri. From there to Batel (one more daughter was born, Maria Aparecida). Now happily living in a wooden house in Cristo-Rei".

[14] "he lived in all the boarding houses in town: Primavera, Floriano, Baghdad. He would alternate between languishing in the sordid slum with a pompous name, and the dark little office room, sneezing at the dust rising from paper."

[15] "Since he arrived in Curitiba, Chico had lived on the banks of the Bethlehem River", but "he dreamed of escaping to another city – ah, Naples!"

[16] "when receiving the mail, he would ask the postman: - Any letters from Naples?"

[17] "[he] changed jobs, fiancées, boarding houses."

[18] "He was shipwrecked on the Naples boarding house with all his junk; he didn't choose it because of its name. He was condemned to those cheap boarding houses along the riverbanks, sharing a room with strangers."

[19] "After experiencing typhus and pneumonia, there was the Naples boarding house. The name wouldn't let him sleep."

[20] "Oh, Chico's brides – he loved them all! Not one of them understood that they didn't want to be buried with their feet in the Bethlehem River. He proposed fleeing to another city. Which of the ungrateful ones trusted his love?"

[21] "the thrush no longer sings" – and more than once he reiterates: "my land no longer has pine trees". / the thrush no longer sings". And, finally, he predicts: "Curitiba is not anymore".

[22] "Curitiba without pine trees or a blue sky, for what you are – province, jail, home."

[23] "in Curitiba it is not possible."

[24] "to die, oh supreme enjoyment."

[25] "do everything so as not to die."

[26] "just far away from here."

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Eating With Bloom on the Sixteenth of June: Food in Ulysses

Comendo com Bloom no dia 16 de junho: A comida em Ulysses

Esra Öztarhan

Abstract: *Food is not only a biological need but also a socio-cultural phenomenon. Though food is a vital need for people to survive, it does not only contain taste and ingredients, but contains other things like emotions, symbols of identity, power relations, gender roles, economy and social rules. Food choices affect lots of areas in the society and the life of individuals. This article will analyze the use of food in James Joyce's* Ulysses *through its ordinary hero Leopold Bloom. The novel, as the epic of the body, uses food as a reflection of everyday life and grotesque realism. Moreover, food is used throughout the novel to exemplify Bloom's personal and social identity. Bloom is a pacifist, nontraditionally masculine man, half Irish, half Jewish and also feels like an outsider in Dublin. All these aspects are narrated in* Ulysses *through the food he chooses to eat. Joyce has created a novel about life with all its aspects, including food.*

Keywords: Ulysses*; Leopold Bloom; food studies.*

Resumo: *A comida não é apenas uma necessidade biológica, mas também um fenômeno sociocultural. Embora os alimentos sejam uma necessidade vital para a sobrevivência das pessoas, eles não contêm apenas sabor e ingredientes, mas contêm outras coisas como emoções, símbolos de identidade, relações de poder, papéis de gênero, economia e regras sociais. As escolhas alimentares afetam muitas áreas da sociedade e da vida dos indivíduos. Este artigo analisa o uso da comida no* Ulisses *de James Joyce através do seu herói comum Leopold Bloom. O romance, como épico do corpo, usa a comida como reflexo da vida cotidiana e do realismo grotesco. Além disso, a comida é utilizada em todo o romance para exemplificar a identidade pessoal e social de Bloom. Bloom é um homem pacifista, não tradicionalmente masculino, metade irlandês, metade judeu, que também se sente como um forasteiro em Dublin. Todos estes aspectos são narrados no* Ulisses *através da comida que ele escolhe. Joyce criou um romance sobre a vida com todos os seus aspectos, incluindo a comida.*

Palavras-chave: Ulisses*; Leopold Bloom; estudos alimentares.*

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James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) narrates details of Leopold Bloom's day, from his waking up in the morning to his going to sleep at night, with people he encounters, his walks in the city, his inner thoughts about ordinary things around him as he experiences them, his fears, joys and also the food that he eats. This paper will analyze how food is depicted in Joyce's "epic of the body" and how it reflects the cultural and personal identity of the protagonist of *Ulysses*.

Food has been a very common motif in literature for ages, and for a variety of reasons. Its presence in literary texts may reflect many things, from socio-cultural situations to emotional states. In her book *Voracious Children*, Carolyn Daniel claims that, in fiction, characters do not eat to survive, as they are not alive, and that the existence of food in a literary work always has a different purpose (3). Food can be used as a symbol for many things. Roland Barthes affirms that "food is a system of communication". He states that as food appeals to all our senses, it creates a language which speaks to us (Barthes 24) in a very particular manner. Food is also a signifier of things other than just its ingredients. A meal may include joy, sorrow, longing, passion, anger, etc. When someone chooses a particular food over any other, they do not only consume the food, but also the meanings attached to it. Indeed, Barthes says that all the world and all the social environments are signified by food (22-23). Many other critics regard food as a code that convey a secret message, hidden in the fabric of social relations. Mary Douglas states that food gives us messages about hierarchies, boundaries, exclusion, or inclusion in the society ("Deciphering" 36). There is a twofold interaction between individuals and society in terms of the food they consume. The social, economic, and cultural factors determine what, how much, and with whom one would eat. Also, how and what one eats would determine that person's cultural, economic, social, and religious position. Food practices like who eats what and with whom may also reflect the social structure to which an individual belongs. Thus food creates dualities like us and them, food for males and females, food for the rich and the poor.

Joyce uses food as a metaphor for different concepts, feelings and situations in *Ulysses*. Sometimes, food signifies companionship. The book begins, as a matter of fact, with a breakfast scene between Buck Mulligan, Stephen Dedalus and Haines in which they share bread and butter, tea and milk. In many instances, food is related to religion. In the fifth episode of *Ulysses*, there is a reference to the eating of bread in the communion at the church. Bloom thinks: "Look at them. Now I bet it makes them happy...bread of angels it is called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of god is within you feel" (Joyce 99). In a move that is very characteristic of the circular nature of *Ulysses*, bread indeed has a symbolic meaning.

In the case of Molly Bloom, food is associated with sexuality for Molly. In several instances, she wants to feed men with or from her body. She once gave in Bloom's mouth "the seedcake warm and chewed" (Joyce 224). And in another instance, she literally fed him with her breast milk: "I had to get him suck them they were so hard he said it was sweeter and thicker than cows" (893). Several food items are given special symbolic relevance in the book. One of them is the withered potato that Bloom carries in his pocket as an amulet. It means many things, from being a symbol of the Irish nation to a simple memento of his mother, who gave it to him. In yet another instance, the feeling of loneliness is explained with a food scene. The scene of the last sardine left on the plate reminds him of his loneliness in society and makes him feel sad: "Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone" (Joyce 373). As can be seen, food is more than just a biological need in the novel.

Though food is used symbolically in the novel, in the first place it exists purely as a bodily need for survival. According to Declan Kiberd, Joyce wrote *Ulysses* as the "epic of the body" (ix). In a letter, Joyce said the "individual passion as a motive for everything" is very important for the novel (qtd. in Kiberd x). Therefore, the passion of eating, like everything about the body, is central to an understanding of his work. Joyce wanted to show that the body is equal to the mind as a focus of interest for the prose writer. The book is organized in such a way that each chapter is devoted to an organ of the body as "characters experience their bodies" (qtd. in Kiberd xvi). For example, "Lestrygonians" is related to the oesophagus, and also related to lunch since the action happens around that time of the day. "Nausicaa" refers to the eye and nose, whereas "Penelope" is related to the flesh. Frank Budgen wrote that Joyce declared that "the body lives in and moves through space and is the home of a full human personality" (qtd. Ellman 72). Therefore, every act of the body is significant as part of the characters' lives and of their existence.

One of the episodes which consists of many food motifs is "Calypso". According to Maud Ellmann, it is only in that episode, when Bloom enters the stage, that "the body begins to assert its claims" (74). The organ designated for "Calypso" is the "kidney", in honor of Bloom's breakfast. The chapter includes the material presence of Bloom with all his bodily functions. The first paragraph begins by depicting Bloom cooking kidney in the kitchen for breakfast. Before we know anything about him, we are informed of his food preferences. The way we are introduced to him is through food:

> Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with

> crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine (Joyce 65).

This is one of the most famous quotes from the book, explaining Bloom's appetite for the inner organs of animals. And his adventure begins as he decides to go out to buy kidneys for breakfast.

Ulysses can be regarded as an example of grotesque realism as it depicts the body of people, especially Bloom's, with all its material functions. Throughout the day, we witness Bloom defecating, urinating, farting, masturbating, eating, and drinking as a normal person. These aspects create a sense of realism to depict life as it is with all the human practices, not only mental but also, and especially, physical. This resembles Mikhail Bakhtin's analysis of François Rabelais, according to which "the material bodily principle" is presented not in a private, egoistic form, severed from the other spheres of life, but as something universal, representing all people (19). Therefore, Bloom represents the common man with all aspects of his life, with his defects, fears, and pleasures. Thus he is far from being a hero of a classical epic, like Homer's Odysseus, but he is the hero of his own epic, his own life. Joyce wanted to challenge the concept of an ideal hero, who is above simple bodily functions. As Bakhtin comments, grotesque realism's "essential principle ... is degradation, that is, the lowering of all that is high, spiritual, ideal, abstract; it is a transfer to the material level, to the sphere of earth and body in their indissoluble unity" (19-20).

The day for Bloom starts at home and ends as he goes back home at the end of the day. Similarly, eating and drinking end with digesting and going to the toilet. If this could be thought as a cycle, it may depict the cycle of life. In other words, what we see is an ordinary life reflected through food scenes and tropes. For Bloom, the food of ordinary people is different from the food of gods. He begins thinking of nectar and ambrosia. The beauty and power of these foods is not to be compared to the corporality of human's food activities, including the excretory system:

> Quaffing nectar at mess with gods, golden dishes, all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots and turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar, imagine it drinking electricity: gods food... And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine (Joyce 225).

This comparison of different food systems is another way to celebrate the ordinary life of the mortals. As say the lyrics to a piece that goes on in Bloom's mind all day, the

Commendatore Aria in *Don Giovanni*: "Those who dine on heavenly food/ Do not dine on mortal food."

The novel concentrates on mortal food and Bloom's hunger for it throughout the day. The times of the day with the experiences of the ordinary hero are marked by food. What he eats is very much connected to how he feels in everyday life. During lunchtime, as he waits for his meal to be prepared, someone asks him about his wife and many questions concerning the musical company she sings in. Bloom knows that his wife has a lover and when a question about his wife's lover comes, we witness his loss of appetite and joy. The feeling is described with taste of food: "a warm shock of air heat of mustard hanched on Mr. Bloom's heart" (Joyce 219). That's when he remembers that the lovers would soon meet in his own house. Even though he finally eats, words and phrases such "relish of disgust" and "feety savour" remain on the page, as if to spoil his joy:

> Mr Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust, pungent mustard, the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate. Not logwood that. Tastes fuller this weather with the chill off (Joyce 220-1).

Bloom has been constantly thinking of his wife Molly, who is supposed to meet her lover in the afternoon. He thinks that he can only eat in comfort knowing that her lover is gone: "Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. ...Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then" (222). Food is also an escape for him. The inner monologue keeps reminding him of his pain, but food makes him feel better. The examples here show how food is a part of life and emotions for fictional characters too. The appetite and loss of appetite for food are metaphors for emotions of everyday life. There are many instances where Bloom remembers his memories related with food. For example, exchanging food through a kiss, in a picnic with his wife, represents the good and happy times, whereas an advertisement about potted meat reminds him of his situation as an incomplete and cheated husband. In the introduction to *Food and Culture,* the editors explain the purpose of the book this way: "food is life, and life can be studied and understood through food" (Counihan and Van Esterik 1). Thus *Ulysses*, as one of the greatest books about how life is, can be studied through food.

Apart from being a tool for grotesque realism and the representation of everyday life, food in *Ulysses* stands for personal identity. Food habits and choices symbolize people's character and identity, as suggested by the saying "tell me what you eat and I will tell you who you are". According to Deborah Lupton, food is at the very center of our subjectivity,

and discourses about food reflect what separates each human being from the other based on the food they choose (1). Food, the author concludes, acts as a symbolic commodity "to present a persona to oneself and others" (15). Claude Fishler also regards food as the center of our perception of identity for ourselves. It signifies our uniqueness, what makes us different from the other people (275).

However, people do not choose what to eat freely. Food practices and preferences are dominated by cultural meanings and power relations. Food choices of individuals are affected by several aspects. Certain foods belong to certain people, traditionally depending on their class, race, religion, gender and even age. Culture also defines who will eat what through written or unwritten rules.

In *Ulysses*, Bloom's personal identity is reflected through his food choices, from "Calypso" to "Penelope"; from Bloom preparing his wife's breakfast to Molly thinking that he wished for "a couple of eggs" from her in the morning. (Joyce 871). Joyce wanted to create this ordinary hero with all his bodily needs, including eating. Though Bloom is depicted as a standard human being with physical needs, he has many peculiar characteristics which separate him from the others in his society and his times. One of the ways this is presented in the novel is through the food Bloom refuses to eat. This is exemplified in "Lestrygonians", where he is disgusted when he sees plenty of men eating meat.

The use of the food motif by Joyce exemplifies how gender roles affect food choices which are determined culturally and socially. Pierre Bourdieu claims that some dishes are attributed to certain genders. For example, meat belongs to men historically, as women are expected to eat slowly and moderately (Bourdieu 34-35). In "Sexual Politics of Meat", Carol J. Adams claims that traditionally men needed powerful food as they need physical power to work. Eating meat has the symbolic meaning of increasing one's masculinity and being the food of the more important gender (Adams 87). Lupton also comments that meat has the connotations of "lust, animal and masculine passion, strength... decay, anger, violence, aggression" (28).

Bloom was hungry at lunch time, and the smell of food intensified his appetite and hunger: "stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens." (Joyce 214). However, despite his hunger, he was disgusted with what he saw in the restaurant. As if he came out of his fantasy world, dreaming of food, he faces the reality The men in the Burton restaurant were eating with their mouths open, spitting food. Also, not only the scene, but disgusting smells of the food, the people, and the toilet, all mixed together to make the scene more disgusting for him.

> Men, men, men.
> ... A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New set of microbes. A man with an infant's saucestained napkin tucked round him shoveled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump chop from the grill. ... Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, split beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment.
> Couldn't eat a morsel here (Joyce 215).

Bloom sees them as uncivilized people who don't know how to eat. They are merely savages eating meat inhumanly: "That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depended on it. ... An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates...other chap telling him something with his mouth full..." (Joyce 216). He loses all his appetite when he sees these cannibal-like men as the name of the episode reflects. Joyce further describes these men as "swilling, wolfing, gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches" (Joyce 215). And these men prefer to eat meat. Thus both the absence of women in the scene and their choices of food exemplifies the patriarchal aspect of the people who are eating there.

Bloom, as a non-patriarchal person, does not want to be identified with them, so refuses to eat with them and refuses to eat what they choose to eat. His disgust is a statement by him to reflect his identity. In *Ulysses,* after being nauseated by the meat-eating men, he chooses a gorgonzola sandwich at Davy Byrne's pub. His choice of a non-meat-based meal shows his personality through food. In the novel, in many instances Bloom is reflected as a feminine man, having nontraditional masculine qualities. For example, in "Calypso", we find him cooking breakfast for his wife in the kitchen, the traditional women's domain. In the novel, men gossip a lot about his unmanliness. In "Circe", we read: "Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man" (Joyce 613-4).

Another trait of his personality, which is his pacifism can be seen in his support for vegetarianism in the novel. According to some critics, Bloom's disgust when he sees the men eating meat arises from the violent images of animals being killed for meat:

> split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. ...rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepnouts bloody-papered snievelling nosejam on sawdust...hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline (Joyce 217).

There is a great emphasis on Bloom eating meat in the novel, though. He is famous for his appetite for kidney. But in "Lestrygonians", he begins to question people's culinary choices and criticizes meat eaters, praising vegetarians. He thinks and speaks as what vegetarians would say "Dont eat a beefsteak. If you do the eyes of that cow will pursue you through all eternity" (Joyce 210). Also, According to Bloom, there is a difference between the characteristics of people who eat meat and those who don't. Vegetarians can produce poetry whereas meat eaters can't:

> I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical for example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him (Joyce 210).

Kiberd asks why someone who begins the day eating the inner organs of animals can change his ideas about meat in the upcoming hours of the day. He says that Bloom may be disturbed by the association of the image of meat eaters with cannibalism, or by the Plumtree's potted meat advertisement that he sees in the paper (Joyce 172). Bloom may be also remembering the throwaway, which reads: "Blood of the Lamb ... Are you saved? All are washed in the blood of the lamb" (Joyce 190). For Kiberd, all these things may have affected him, and also the way meat is eaten. What disturbs him is the communality of the activity. According to Kiberd, Bloom enjoys eating as a lonely activity, as a "ritual" (173). There is also the probability of his thoughts of unrest about his wife's adultery. In the middle of the scene, when he sees men eating meat violently, it might remind him of Boylan (Kiberd 173-4).

Food also indicates social identity construction. Those who eat the same food construct a group separate from the individuals who eat differently. This is called the inclusion effect of food (Fischler 277). Food also creates symbolic meanings for human societies which are constructed socially, historically, and religiously. Food, being a system of communication, contains certain codes of meaning within it. The message it contains is hidden in the social relations of the society. Moreover, religion creates food-related rules like rituals, sacrifices and taboos which further affect the food choices of individuals. The social and religious meanings of food stand for determining the distinctiveness of human groups from each other by what they choose to eat and not to eat. This defines a group identity which creates insiders and outsiders in a particular culture. Foods and drinks constitute the material means by which groups form their cultural and social togetherness. Dietary laws are ways of sharing culture and, more importantly, reaffirming belonging.

The rituals around food, sacred food, ways of eating certain food, prohibited food are all examples of how religion establishes certain rules to ascertain belonging through food. Food helps maintaining an identity of belonging to a group as opposed to outsiders.

Another social function of food is constructed by the element of the polluting and dirty food. Every culture has different things and objects regarded as impure.

More concretely, when a person proclaims his affiliation with and allegiance to a particular group that he regards as his self-contained universe and beyond whose margins he sees danger, threat, and alienation, he simultaneously invokes—explicitly or implicitly—the many badges of his social identity, which become articulated through a discourse of "purity" and "pollution" . . . He thereby asserts his separateness from people in all other groups—usually referred to in pejorative terms—and his identification with the members of his own group. (Stefon and Cohen)

Each religion has its own rules about edible and inedible. According to Douglas there are many reasons for pork to be a taboo in Judaism. Douglas mentions the dietary rules in the Book of Leviticus in the Hebrew Bible. The prohibition of pork is explained in "The Abominations of Leviticus". [It explains, for example, that the swine cannot be eaten "because it parts the hoof but does not chew the cud". So, it is unclean, therefore non-edible. The Book of Leviticus also states: "their flesh you shall not eat, and their carcasses you shall not touch" (Douglas, "The Abominations" 48). Apart from the cleanliness of the animal and its meat, Douglas also claims that there is a social function of the prohibition, for pork was eaten by the non-Israelites (Douglas, "The Abominations" 49).

Victor Benno Meyer-Rochow claims in his article "Food Taboos: Their Origins and Purposes":

> Any food taboo, acknowledged by a particular group of people as part of its ways, aids in the cohesion of this group, helps that group stand out amongst others, assists that group to maintain its identity and creates a feeling of "belonging". Thus, food taboos can strengthen the confidence of a group by functioning as a demonstration of the uniqueness of the group in the face of others (9).

Jewish dietary law, the *kashrut,* prohibits eating foods like meat and milk products together. Even meat and milk contained in food should be kept separate from each other in plates and utensils in the kitchen too.

In *Ulysses*, there are many references to cultural belonging through food. Joyce wants to demonstrate how the social identity of its hero Bloom, a Jew in a Catholic, Irish society, can be problematic through his choices of food within a day. Bloom has to choose

food according to the religious dietary laws as a Jew is expected to be. However, he doesn't comply with them.

His conscious choice of pork as food contradicts his religion's rules of atonement. So, eating pork demonstrates in a way his rejection of Jewish identity and religion. In "Ithaca", we find the following question:

> Why did Bloom experience a sentiment of remorse?
> Because in immature impatience he had treated with disrespect certain beliefs and practices.
>
> As?
> The prohibition of the use of fleshmeat and milk at one meal, the hebdomadary symposium of incoordinately abstract, perfervidly concrete mercantile coexreligionist excompatriots: the circumcision of male infants: the supernatural character of Judaic scripture: the ineffability of the tetragrammaton: the sanctity of the sabbath.
>
> How did these beliefs and practices now appear to him?
> Not more rational than they had then appeared, not less rational than other beliefs and practices now appeared (Joyce 853).

Bloom comments on traditions on food like Christmas meals, kosher food, and sacrifice in the name of religion: "Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom kippur fast spring cleaning inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat, drink and be merry" (Joyce 218). So, Bloom is aware that he disrespects the Jewish dietary laws.

However, Bloom embraces being a Jew, as he calls himself in "Cyclops". He says: "I belong to a race too ... that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment" (Joyce 431-2). Bloom meets with the Citizen, a prototypical nationalistic character. He challenges Bloom by asking him his nation, Bloom responds Ireland. The Citizien spits as he hears this (Joyce 430). As the dialogue exemplifies, he was seen as outsider by the common people around him. He was seen as a Jew, non-Irish. He faces anti-Semitic attacks in the pub. Lauren Rich comments that: "Bloom unwittingly cements his status as an outsider in the nationalist pub and confirms the Citizen's belief that he is a penny-pinching, unpatriotic Jew" (Rich 75). Bloom tells him: "your God was a Jew. Christ was a Jew like me" (Joyce 445). However, he is not a real Jew, since his mother was a Catholic. In his essay "Joyce 's Jewish Stew: The Alimentary Lists in *Ulysses*", Jaye Berman Montresor lists the food that Bloom has eaten throughout the day:

> The reader repeatedly bears witness to his flagrant violations of kosher practice. In "Circe," Bello's threat to eat Bloom, whom she likens to a "sucking pig," is fit punishment for someone so fond of pork, and the distribution by his bodyguard of "dairyfed pork sausages" in the same episode is emblematic of Bloom's violation of the two major prohibitions of kosher law-the eating of pork and the mixing of meat and milk (200).

According to Phyllis J. C. Levy, Bloom can be called the least religious of all characters in literature in that he doesn't obey the rituals of any religion. This situation "leaves him with a feeling of loneliness and isolation" (Levy 27). It is both a conscious and unconscious act.

Bloom is an outsider, and his food choices only emphasize this characteristic. According to Rich, Bloom is an "unhomed" character, an outsider to the Dublin society and to his household because he is a part-Jewish Irishman (Rich 86). He is a supporter of vegetarianism, a peace-loving man, a civilized gentleman, who doesn't belong to the same social group with those dirty meat-eaters in the Burton restaurant. Therefore, though he is hungry, he refuses to eat there and prefers to be alone. The social function of food depends on how the individual prefers to eat, together or alone**.** Lauren Rich in her article "A Table for One: Hunger and Unhomeliness in Joyce's Public Eateries" concentrates on the lonely act of eating outside of home in Joyce's works. The author provides many examples of how eating in *Ulysses* is an alienating and lonely act that creates characters that are "literally and emotionally hungry" (Joyce 72). Bloom having his breakfast alone, having no company to eat together at lunch time proves his loneliness. he wandering of Bloom in the streets of Dublin, searching for a place to eat, can be interpreted as way Joyce used to portray him as an outcast. Eating in public places requires a sense of belonging to a community, where , when they share a table, they share way more than just food.

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The Multifarious Simplicity of Jun-Pierre Shiozawa's Illustrations for Ulysses

A simplicidade multifária das ilustrações de Jun-Pierre Shiozawa para Ulysses

Nilce M. Pereira

Abstract: *With a highlight on the challenges and exciting possibilities of James Joyce's texts, this article explores the illustrations of Jun-Pierre Shiozawa for Ulysses, a series of eighteen watercolours produced for each episode of the work in 2014 and composing one of the digital galleries on the artist's website. The focus of the investigation is to show that the (apparent) simplicity posited by watercolour as a pleasing medium (with its fragile shapes smoothly contrasting light and dark hues in fine delicate textures) reveals a complex network of connotations and cohesive layers of meaning, constructed especially by means of the scenes selected for illustration, the point of view from which each one is presented and their association with Joyce's text, captioned in short extracts below each image. The article is structured in one section and, in the analysis proper, I examine the main compositional resources employed in each illustration, the effects evoked by them and the relationships of image and text implied in the captions. Based on art and image studies, I also discuss in which sense the term "simplicity" is being used in the article, which adds a dimension to Shiozawa's art.*

Keywords: *Shiozawa; Illustrations; Ulysses; Image Resources; Simplicity*

Resumo: *Destacando os desafios e as estimulantes possibilidades oferecidas pelos textos de James Joyce, são enfocadas neste artigo as ilustrações de Jun-Pierre Shiozawa para Ulysses, uma série de dezoito aquarelas produzidas em 2014 para cada episódio da obra e que compõem uma das galerias digitais no website do artista. O enfoque do estudo é demonstrar que a (aparente) simplicidade proposta pela aquarela enquanto meio (considerando a fragilidade de suas formas, a suavidade de seus contrastes entre claro e a delicadeza de suas texturas) revela uma rede complexa de conotações e camadas coesas de significação, construídas especialmente em função das cenas escolhidas para ilustração, do ponto de vista a partir do qual elas são apresentadas e de sua associação ao texto de Joyce, colocado em trechos curtos em legendas que as acompanham. O artigo está estruturado em uma única seção, em cuja análise propriamente dita são observados os principais recursos composicionais empregados em cada ilustração, os efeitos que evocam e as relações entre texto e imagem implicadas nas legendas. Com base nos Estudos da Imagem, é também*

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discutido em que sentido o termo simplicidade é empregado no estudo, o que oferece uma dimensão da arte de Shiozawa.

Palavras-chave: *Shiozawa; Ilustrações; Ulysses; Recursos Imagéticos; Simplicidade*

Anyone who has caught the James Joyce bug, "an incurable condition," according to Patrick Hastings (1), will agree that the challenges posed by Joyce's modernist masterpiece, *Ulysses*, not rarely make us feel "we are still learning to be [his] contemporaries" (as Richard Ellmann puts it in his 1959 biography of the author [qtd in Attridge xvii]). In spite of its proposition of a succession of events in the lives of two Dubliners during the course of one day – which it indeed is –, the novel's intricate narrative devices, parallels with Homer's *Odyssey*, intertextualities and polyphonies (to mention but a few aspects) give it a unique quality, oddly enough to deceive our perception and not always easy to tackle in literary terms. And there is what Hugh Kenner coined as "The Uncle Charles Principle," in reference to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), to describe Joyce's shifts of styles, in this and other works, according to the peculiarities of his characters' language; or, as Kenner himself explains it, "writing about someone much as that someone would choose to be written about" (21). Considering the infinity of studies on the author and his books, though – in relation to the one in question for more than a hundred years now –, approaching either can be anything but discouraging.

In fact, the kaleidoscopic web of patterns and meanings in *Ulysses* can be seen as an advantage in many cases, especially when it comes to the illustrations produced for the book, which began to appear, albeit timidly, in the decades following its iconic (unillustrated) Sylvia Beach's Parisian edition of 1922. Book illustration being essentially interpretive (see, for example, Schwarcz 104 or Gannon 90-106), artists can benefit from these features by portraying the text in the profusion of modes, moods, effects, simultaneities and tensions their own readings evoke. Add to this the metonymic nature of illustration, implicit in the fact that a text is never illustrated in its integrity but partial and fractionally, by means of passages or excerpts which illustrators select according to different criteria of what is possible or plausible to be illustrated. Thus, not only do parts stand for the whole, they also make it possible for aspects to be seen or represented in a variety of angles and fragments. And illustrators, too, can build their own mosaic of tones, hues, lines, shapes and proportions, which will create other layers of meaning to the text.

There is a point in these considerations. Henri Matisse, for example, portrayed *Ulysses* from the perspective of the *Odyssey*. Having accepted George Macy's commission to illustrate the well-known American Limited Editions Club *Ulysses*, brought out in 1935,

the artist never actually read the book – "*je ne l'ai pas lu*," as he himself stated (Goodwin 94) – his six etchings and twenty drawings illustrating the volume having been inspired by and displaying scenes of Homer's work.[1] Contrarily, and after a long acquaintance with the text, Robert Motherwell adopted a number of rhetorical approaches to represent it and his illustrations for the 1988 Arion Press *Ulysses* are as varied in technique and mood as Joyce's styles (Hayman 584). David Hayman even suggests that they "react" to what he defines as "'Mulligan's' tower, Stephen Bloom, the river Liffey, Dublin harbo[u]r, and Molly as an odalisque" and that they make up "suggestive not prescriptive imagery" (592), which can be evidenced in the fact that the artist did not assign any specific place for any of them in the book (589). But neo-figurative Spanish artist Eduardo Arroyo can also be cited in this regard. The over three hundred colour and black-and-white images he created for the newly-launched, 2022 illustrated edition, published in English by Other Press and in Spanish by Galaxia Gutenberg, exhibit a mixture of collage, drawing and painting, in a diversity of patterns, which not only reflect the power of Joyce's writing but also, according to Judith Gurewich, are "interventions," which "serve as a form of punctuation, or as a breather" to the novel (qtd in Stewart).[2]

This is not a privilege of the illustrations in an illustrated edition. While never actually illustrating a printed volume of the text, British pop-art artist Richard Hamilton produced a set of nineteen etched illustrations for *Ulysses* (one for each episode and a frontispiece) which combine motifs instead of events, so that "various moments of narrative time are ... brought together in one pictorial instant" (Coppel 16). In his intense interest in Joyce and *Ulysses* in particular, Hamilton developed numerous drawings and watercolours between 1948 and 1949 as preliminary studies for his intended illustrations. But even after a hiatus of more than thirty years, as he interrupted the project at that time, resuming it in 1981 – and accomplishing it throughout the 1980s in a more mature season, as noted by Stephen Coppel (17) – he pursued the same intent of, in the manner of Joyce, illustrating the novel in the complexity of style and language it proposes (16). And this can be said to be the case also with Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, whose images for the book are the subject of this paper. More than references to episodes and events, they evoke responses to them, since they, too, are shown from different perspectives at the same time that they exemplify what moved the artist in his portrayal of the chosen scenes.

Shiozawa produced eighteen paintings for the book, one for each episode, alternating between indoor and outdoor scenes, but always concentrating on a single event, as he was inspired by them individually.[3] He worked in the illustrations with his long-used medium of watercolour, captioning them with lines from the text, digitalising

the images afterwards and eventually publishing them on his website, together with other galleries and categories of paintings (still life, animals in a setting, portraits, etc.), which make up his career as a painter, award-nominated comic artist and art instructor.[4] The "Ulysses" project was developed during the time he was living in Paros, Greece, which created an interesting opportunity for him, in the same fashion as Joyce's – and supposedly because he does reproduce the original text –, to date the collection "Trieste - Zurich - Paris 1914-1921 / Paros 2014," which also works as a caption for a final vignette portraying a brush resting next to a potato (a reference to Bloom's talisman) on completion of his task.

There is some sort of clarity about Shiozawa's illustrations for *Ulysses*. First, they evoke the episodes by means of objects, characters, places, landscapes and other textual elements, which make them a compendium of (mostly) every-day situations in factual style, with potential to interest even those who have never got in touch with the novel. Additionally, the medium he employs, watercolour, creates a special atmosphere for each of the drawings, with the translucent shades of light and dark colours, the combination of tones, the absence of frames or thick lines surrounding the space of the image and the overall diluted effect of the figures promoting a gentle easiness for the eyes. But they can be said to be multifarious in their simplicity in that not only do "they imply and are sustained by many different codes of signification – orderly structures of meaning that are actually unspoken texts" (Nodelman, *Words* 103), but they create a sophisticated network of relationships, a complex set of patterns and symbols, with unique contrasts and interconnections, which expand on the visual field, creating space and volume, adding to the portrayed scenes and, thus, to the framework of the novel.

Shiozawa does this firstly by means of the passage selected for depiction and, within it, the *moment of choice*, a term used by Edward Hodnett to classify "the precise moment at which, as in a still from a cinema film, the action is stopped" (7), and which will constitute the focus of the picture. Secondly, by means of the point of view from which that moment is shown, which includes the virtual, metaphoric place the illustrator is supposedly positioned – as a "visual narrator" – to introduce the selected moment and at what distance from it this place should be. These pillars of point of view are so relevant because the assumed position of the illustrator is always coincident with that of the viewer. Thus, the mere opposition between presenting a scene or object from above or from below, from a short distance or from afar is enough to evoke empathy or indifference, proximity or separation and so on, in measuring the reader's/viewer's involvement with the text. These effects should not be interpreted in the light of film technique. As Nodelman points out, even when illustrators vary from middle-distance or long shots, a cinematic comparison

would not be appropriate. In film montage, "we come to understand action by means of the various ways the action has been broken down in smaller bits" (*Words* 183); in book illustration, "we see only a few carefully selected moments out of numerous possibilities" (*Words* 183) – and this is, indeed, what distinguishes both types of images as *dynamic* and *static*, respectively. However, as applied to a single shot (or picture, here), cinematic conventions can be useful to examine (just like, on films, the way the camera moves or the angle and the distance from which it shoots, etc.), the way the illustrator moved from scene to scene, which Shiozawa seems to have combined in different ways in his watercolours.

In one first example, the scene is portrayed at a medium distance, from the same level of the action. As portraying this type of view there can be mentioned the illustrations for episodes 2 ("Nestor"), 11 ("Sirens") and 12 ("Cyclops"), the moments selected by the artist being respectively those in which Stephen Dedalus's students are playing field hockey after class [Fig. 1]; Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy, barmaids at the Ormond Hotel bar, are back behind the counter, commenting on and laughing at the regulars right after peeping through the window to see the vice-regal cavalcade outside; and Garryowen, the Citizen's dog, is growling at him (in a complaint about the tin of water that had been placed on the floor for it, now empty) as he is having a pint of Guinness, sitting at the counter in Barney Kiernan's pub.[5] The three passages are presented in frontal perspective, in full view of the action being developed in each one, which lays emphasis on this aspect of the representation. Notice that movement is intensified by the typification of the moves in hockey (the boys holding sticks, bent to their knees or in other actual positioning in the dynamics of the game), in the picture for episode 2; by exaggerated gestures in the one for 11; and by the way the dog looks at the Citizen, saliva running out of its mouth and the great number of lines forming its coat creating a texture of thin strands of hair, bouncing agitatedly at its getting up, in that for 12 – all implying energy and an intense activity in each scene.

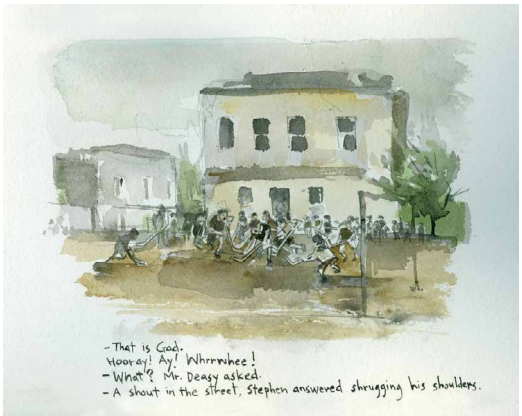

Figure 1. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 2: Nestor, 2014

A distinct point of view is seen in the illustrations for episodes 3 ("Proteus"), portraying the peaceful beach along which Stephen strolls late in the morning, after leaving the school [Fig. 2]; 13 ("Nausicaa"), of Sandymount shore at dusk; and 16 ("Eumaeus"), of the rock of Gibraltar, alluded to in the conversation between Bloom, Stephen and the sailor (D. B. Murphy) they meet at a cabman's shelter.[6] These pictures have in common a panoramic depiction of the scenes, which are shown from afar, without much detail or specificity and even indistinctively in some cases. In them, the action is reduced to a maximum degree – in fact, there is very little action in episode 3 and although episodes 13 and 16 do involve a sequence of events developed in time, they are centred in the essence of thoughts and conversations –, which moves the focus to the subjective aspects implied in their occurrence: interior monologue, imprecision, philosophical referencing, stereotypical thinking, conceptualisations and idealisations of motherhood and fatherhood, emphasis on the senses, etc. Allied to the deep colours, the densely textured surfaces and shading (see Nodelman [*Words* 168-169] on how these features denote solidity), these pictures convey an intense emotional load, a sense that time has even been suspended; and the viewer is distanced from any trace of movement, rather being invited to the wanderings and reveries of the characters' at the awe of the landscape, and which, again, seems to be proper to represent what in the text itself, in these episodes, is suggested for the most part by allusions and symbolism.

Fig. 2, Episode 3: Proteus, 2014.

As opposed to these views of the moment of choice are the illustrations for episodes 1 ("Telemachus"), 7 ("Aeolus") and 14 ("Oxen of the Sun"). These pictures concentrate on specific objects mentioned in the passages, a shaving set (a bowl, a brush, a razor and a cracked mirror) disposed on a terrace wall against the green background of the sea in

1; a weather vane featuring a paperboy on top of a bust of (British navy hero Horatio) Nelson in 7;[7] a new-born baby in 14, respectively,[8] and they portray them in close-ups, in full detail of their qualities. These attributes are enough to imply intimacy: the closer an object is shown, the more we learn about it and come to empathise with it (see non-numbered supplementary pages to Nodelman's *Words*). Nevertheless, they are shown here much more in their potential as symbols than in conveying mood – albeit eventually doing this. In the illustration for episode 1, for instance, the shaving items can be emblematic of Mulligan's well-built self-esteem (since he is the one shaving) in contrast with Stephen's careless appearance. The mirror emphasises Stephen's "broken" image (as he is mockingly invited to look at it) at the same time that it is also used to denote the condition of Irish art, as expressed by Mulligan: "– It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass [*sic*] of a servant" (Egoist Press [EP] 7). And the bowl ("a bowl of bitter waters," EP 9) is especially related to a network of symbols, ranging from the Passover bowl of tears, representing the suffering of the ancient Hebrews, to the bitterness of (the salty waters of) Dublin Bay (in fact depicted in the green background, and by itself symbolic), to the atonement sought in the paternal-filial relationship of Bloom (as the father) and Stephen (as the son) (Fogel). Daniel Mark Fogel even suggests a connection between episodes 1, 4 and 7 (among others) in terms of the Passover theme, since, in "Calypso," just like Stephen when gazing at the Bay, Bloom sees a passing cloud, being reminded of the wandering Israelites during the years in the desert, and mistakenly taking the crossing of the Red Sea as another type of captivity; and, in "Aeolus," the backwards proofreading of a typesetter reminds Bloom of his father's reading the (Jewish) *Haggadah*:

> Stephen's "bowl of bitter waters," like Bloom's almost simultaneous meditation [in "Calypso], may thus be said to foreshadow his experience in "Aeolus," for there, in identifying with the young Moses in John F. Taylor's parable exhorting Irish nationalists to resist English arrogance (recited by Professor McHugh) and then in reacting bitterly against the promises of Irish nationalism in his own parable, "A Pisgah Sight of Palestine" (see *U*, pp. 144-49 [142 in the EP edition in use here]), Stephen shows his lack of faith in collective, national salvation (717) [and which leads us back to the symbolic value of the cracked mirror in the picture in question].

The interconnectedness of symbols can also be seen in the illustration for episode 7. In it, the metallic figures forming the weather vane (the running paperboy balancing on one leg on the arrow, the head of Nelson as a mast, the directionals in the form of two crossed keys, and the newspaper volumes blowing in the wind) are amalgamated to represent Bloom's

(and eventually Stephen's) visit to the offices of *Freeman's Journal* and *The Evening Telegraph*; and they certainly evoke the essence of Joyce's text in the episode, marked (and broken into smaller parts) by headlines in capital letters, and conversations intertwined by the signs of progress permeating the city centre. But they are also embedded with other levels of meaning. Sangam MacDuff argues that

> 'Aeolus' brings an intense, self-reflexive scrutiny to processes of textual production, reproduction, circulation, and recirculation, which [t]hematically ... is foregrounded through the setting, printing, distribution and reclycling of newspapers; [and] metatextually, [by] Joyce's focus on the materiality of print, notably through orthography and onomatopoeia, [which] emphasi[s]es the processes of linguistic production and dissemination under investigation (156).

Thus, they come to represent the fusion between what is produced by operating, mechanical forces and the power of (windy) rhetoric as expressed by journalistic jargon and figures of speech, also used in the episode – which are, in turn, symbolic of the fast-paced nature of the media industry and the mythology associated with the episode. The main aspect of these notions is the fact that, contrarily to introducing an action or a descriptive scene, the weather vane is set apart as a single motive, which should be observed in its value as such. The picture illustrating episode 14 brings the new-born baby [Fig. 3] also singled out as a symbol: although the passage takes place in a hospital where Bloom's friend, Mrs Purefoy, is really in labour while a company of (boisterous) men discusses all kinds of subjects related to birthing, the baby is mainly representative of the birth of English as a literary language, as manifested in the different styles presented in the text.[8] Here, though, this effect is obtained by brushstrokes of blue and red forming a brownish background for the baby, and covering it in lighter nuances of pink and blots of red especially on its legs (as if they were blood stains), giving the impression that the baby is either seen in the womb (through a very delicate membrane) – which is also emphasised by its nakedness and its (almost) foetal position –, or right after being born, when it is not yet cleansed of placental residue. The colours, thus, function as a frame, creating solidity[9] and isolating the baby from any specific context (either in the womb or externally), making it symbolic of all of them at the same time and of the episode as a whole.

Figure 3. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 14: Oxen of the Sun, 2014.

But Shiozawa has yet other ways to introduce his selected passages. The pictures for episodes 4 ("Calypso") and 15 ("Circe") exemplify a view from above, as if the artist was either standing or suspended in the air, looking down at the object at a lower level.[10] This is indeed how, in the first case, Molly's breakfast is shown on the kitchen table (before it is taken to her) together with the couple's cat sitting next to one of its legs, as she meows and looks up right back at Bloom; and, in the second, an aerial perspective portrays Stephen lying knocked out on the pavement in Dublin's red-light district [Fig. 4], while Bloom, knelt down before him, is touching him on the shoulder with one hand and holding his hat (which he has probably collected from the floor) with the other hand in order to help put him back together. And, right the opposite, the pictures for episodes 9 ("Scylla and Charybdis"), 10 ("Wandering Rocks") and 17 ("Ithaca") can be quoted as examples of a view of the object from the ground.[11] This is what happens in the image of the National Library of Ireland, in the picture for episode 9, whose focus are the side (glass) windows high in the walls of the domed Reading Room, as seen from below the shelves;[12] to the scene, in the picture for 10, in which a woman's arm (Molly's) is throwing a coin out of the window on the first floor of a two-storey building to the one-legged sailor waiting for it in the street, and as seen from behind him, in a lower level; and to the starlit sky in the picture for 17, also – and most plausibly – seen from the ground.

Figure 4. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating Ulysses, Episode 15: Circe, 2014.

We can grasp important effects of these views by what Nodelman affirms about Chris Van Allsburg's illustrations for his own book *The Garden of Abdul Gasazi* (1979). The author reports the publishers' claim on the dust jacket of the book that Van Allsburg manipulates the position of the viewer to create more dramatic illustrations (*Words* 149) and goes on to describe the impact of point of view when the hero, Alan, is seen from below, for example, as he falls down a flight of stairs, or as he stands at the lower right edge of the picture, before Gasazi's "imposing residence" (*Words* 149-150) – causing him to seem insignificant and almost imperceptible among the trees and other setting elements surrounding it; or when he is seen from above as he is about to enter the garden (*Words* 150). Nodelman discusses the influence of these opposite poles: "[g]enerally speaking, figures seen from below and against less patterned backgrounds stand out and seem isolated from their environment and in control of it; figures seen from above become part of an environment, either secure in it or constrained by it" (*Words* 150). Applied to the Shiozawa's pictures which have just been examined, we can attest to the fragility of both Stephen and Bloom (and the moment itself) in the touching scene in the "Circe" episode, as depicted from above, or, contrarily, the impressiveness of the library in "Scylla and Charybdis," as well as the vast infinitude of the sky in "Ithaca," as shown from below.

Besides that, the way the cat was represented in the picture for episode 4 [Fig. 5] is remarkable in its emphasis on gestures. The scene is presented from the perspective of Bloom, as he stops for a moment in his walking about in the kitchen to pay attention to the cat. His attitude is meaningful *per se*: as Hastings suggests, "he bends down to the cat's level and cares for her by providing milk, acts of humility and empathy that help to define [him] as generous and kind" (42). Bloom is also regarded as holding "simultaneous perspectives,"

a phrase Michiyo Goda borrows from Vincent J. Cheng to discuss Bloom's inventiveness. Quoting the author, she points to this trait of Bloom's personality as leading him "to imagine being other and thus to transcend the monologic narrowness of a single, cycloptic perspective" (Cheng qtd in Goda 108). This can be distinguished (among other instances) exactly in relation to his wondering about the cat's views on him or its sensations as a cat – as Goda herself suggests (108). However, it is the cat's gaze at Bloom, and consequently at the viewer, who looks at the cat through Bloom's eyes, that makes the picture expressive of these aspects. More than intruding into the universe of the viewer to share an emotion —— as Maria Nicolajeva and Carole Scott would classify, for example, a visual narrator taking part in a story who stares at the viewer at some point (see 122-123) – the cat's gaze is a reflection of Bloom's own considerations. By staring back at Bloom (and at the viewer) it communicates an attitude (of complicity) towards him, which can be understood as concurrent and compliant with his mental enquiries.

Figure 5. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 4: Calypso, 2014.

This brings to light another important aspect of book illustration: through whose "eyes" a scene will be presented and to whom it would correspond in terms of the textual (verbal) perspective. It is assumed by convention that, differently from the narrative voice in a verbal text, which can vary in nature and intent (see Nicolajeva and Scott 117-118), events in illustrations are commonly presented by a third-person, omniscient visual narrator (119). When we consider the pictures illustrating episodes 10 or 12, for example, they are most probably introduced from the perspective of an anonymous visual narrator who does not take part in the story (as, in fact, is the case about the narrator in the verbal text). However, not only should other prospects be considered, they seem to have been made possible by the artist in some ways. It should not be unreasonable to affirm, for instance, that the illustration for episode 3 portrays the beach from the point of view of

Stephen, since it is shown as registered by his eyes (as it is in his thoughts, evidenced in the text) while in contemplation of a dog which looks "pensively" to the carcass of another dog, and of a couple – of cockle pickers, he will discover – walking ahead in the sand.[13] The picture illustrating episode 13 exemplifies another case. Although an anonymous omniscient narration prevails in the episode, it could be Gerty's description of the beach, or Bloom's, as both alternate (and merge) with the narrator (in sometimes indistinguishable interior monologue) to express their feelings and impressions toward each other, their lives and surroundings.[14] And, considering the picture for 17 [Fig. 6], it could be Bloom's and Stephen's perspective at the same time, as they both look at the sky the moment a falling star streaks across it – and since the sky alone is what is seen.[15]

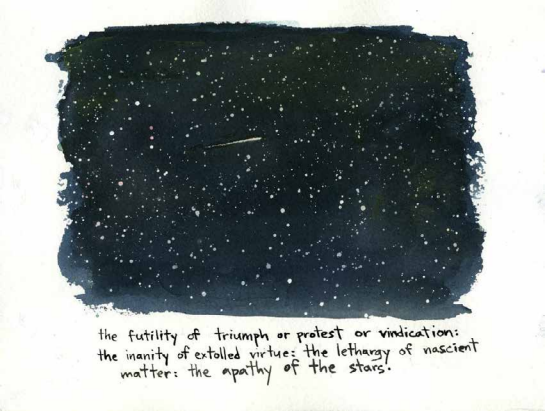

Figure 6. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 17: Ithaca, 2014.

Shiozawa makes use of other resources. Taking the picture for episode 18 ("Penelope") as an example, while Molly stands out as the narrative voice in the text, we see her in third-person perspective in the picture as she lies asleep next (and turned) to Bloom's feet, after her long unpunctuated interior monologue [Fig. 7].[16] The elements were organised to highlight this particular moment. The white patches representing the sheets give shape and density to the bed, detaching it as a perpendicular rectangle interposed against the two horizontal rectangles dividing the background and distinguishing it also from the gradations of red and yellow forming the two-layered sunrise behind it. The position occupied by the bed, at the right (bottom) edge of the picture, is also strategic in this regard. Following the principles of cognitive science and the way we perceive the objects in a pictorial composition, it gives it more *visual weight*, in spite of the larger size of the horizontal rectangles (see Arnheim 34).[17] Moreover, this location creates the illusion that the bed is sinking outside the limits of the image into the caption underneath it – leading to Bloom's disappearance (or drowning upside down) into the words, by extension –, as if his narrative had either extenuated and dragged him for a deserved rest or incorporated

him as its essential part – or both. Another example is the illustration for episode 8 ("Lestrygonians"), which shows Bloom's perspective of Burton restaurant *vis-à-vis* the third-person description of the same scene in the verbal text.[18] This is evidenced for the moment chosen for depiction is exactly the one he steps into the place to be astounded at the way in which the men crowding the counter and tables are eating; and the environment is seen through his eyes. The viewer takes part in his experience: by being presented with a panoramic view of the restaurant but which allows enough detail of the men's facial expressions, the contents of their plates, and the way they dip their head to take food to mouth, chew it or hold their glasses (which amplify their ill-manners and Bloom's negative impressions), the viewer is led to see their behaviour as exaggerated and gluttonous, sharing Bloom's disgust at them. The elevated position Bloom seems to occupy, as if standing on a platform or hovering over the ground, is also emphatic of his critical posture – and will equally impact the viewer.

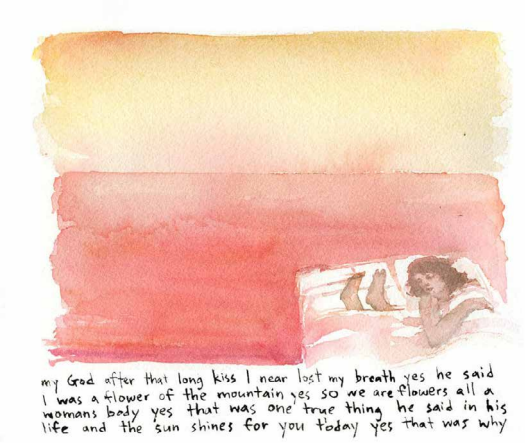

Figure 7. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 18: Penelope, 2014.

The latter can be a notable example because it touches again the question of the first-person perspective. As mentioned, in book illustration, it is more usual that pictures portray a third-person perspective and, even in cases when the verbal narrative is carried out in the first person, that by convention the narrator appears in the image (see Nodelman, "The Eye" or Nicolajeva and Scott 117-120). In fact, this is even expected (and otherwise might cause confusion), especially with younger audiences, who would project themselves in the protagonist and (thus) should be required a higher level of interpretive strategies in cases when, being the narrator, he/she would not be featured in the image (see Nodelman, "The Eye" 3-4). As applied to Shiozawa's illustrations for *Ulysses*, though, resources such as the one in which "we see what the speaker sees" ("The Eye" 6) can be effective in suggesting a subjective perspective. Identification being one of its main functions, it is indeed by seeing

what Bloom sees, in the picture for episode 8, that the viewer is guided into identifying with him, his feelings and observations, eventually repudiating the regulars in the restaurant. In the representation of episode 4, also examined earlier, Bloom's point of view is privileged in the significance of breakfast prepared for Molly and his wondering about the cat's nature. And other cases can be quoted, similarly. In the illustration of episode 6 ("Hades"), not only is Bloom's solitude given emphasis, as he strolls through the graves in the cemetery at the end of Dignam's funeral, the viewer will be made to sympathise with him for seeing him from behind.[19] According to Nodelman, we are prone to sympathise and identify with characters whose backs are turned to us ("The Eye" 24-25). In spite of the third-person point of view (and, differently from the other cases, of seeing his figure in the image), for being in the same angle as he is, now the viewer will share his conceptual point of view, being more apt to understand his engagement in thought.

Interestingly enough, the illustration for episode 5 ("Lotus Eaters") shows Bloom's perspective of his own body, as he imagines himself bathing in a public bath at the end of the episode [Fig. 8].[20] Here, more than seeing what Bloom sees, the viewer is led to learn how his vision is developed, especially because the point of view of the (third-person) verbal narrator is transferred to him in the image. In this way, it is as if he himself would say

> [I see my] pale body reclined in [the bath] at full, naked, in womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. [I see my] trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: [my] navel, bud of flesh: and [I see] the dark tangled curls of [my] bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp of thousands, a languid floating flower (EP 83).

The implications of his view can also be considered. To complement Michiyo Goda's quoting of Cheng on Bloom's "simultaneous perspectives" (108), she argues that to grasp its full significance "we must not overlook the fact that ... they are [also] often coloured by [Bloom's] own situation and mental state" (108), which is in line with what Ramón Saldívar suggests concerning the episode and this particular passage. In this theorist's opinion, in "Lotus Eaters," the text evolves into "floral metaphors as Leopold blossoms into 'Henry Flower'" (399). It is a "proxy flower," he goes on, which "represents a non-existent figure, for Bloom, even in his own *persona*, is always someone other than himself: cuckolded husband of Molly, usurped protector of Milly, dupe of Dublin's Irish citizenry, son-seeking father of Rudy" (original emphasis, 399). In visual terms, however, Bloom is seen in the profusion of his (anaesthetic) associations and the (manifest) process of his transformation.

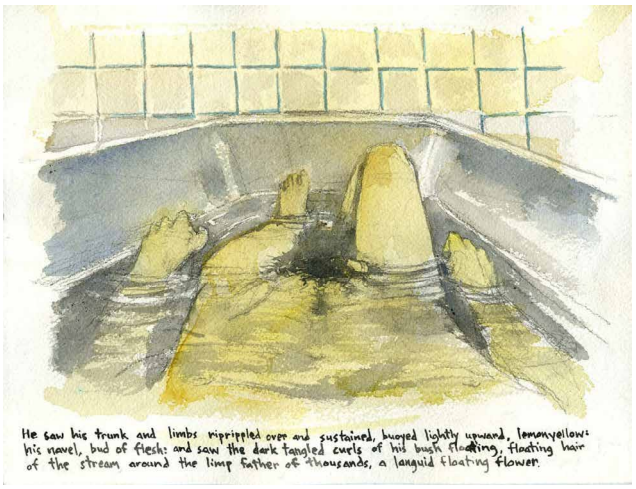

Figure 8. Jun-Pierre Shiozawa, Illustrating *Ulysses*, Episode 5: Lotus Eaters, 2014

The captions play a fundamental role in this regard, as they help situate the scene in the context of its development, indicating and reinforcing the *moment of choice*. This is what happens in the picture for episode 6, whose text accompanying Bloom's walking out of the cemetery reads "[q]uietly, sure of his ground, he traversed the dismal fields" (EP 107);[21] or in the one for episode 10, which describes the one-legged sailor as Molly flung him a coin: "[h]e swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and bayed deeply: – home and beauty" (EP 216).[22] But not only are captions not restricted to this function, they can be subdivided into different types in each broad category of relationships they build with the image. In the case of the picture for episode 11, for example, the caption refers to a single instant (frozen in the image) the barmaids "threw their heads back" (EP 249) in their laughter, also capturing the high pitched intensity (the "high piercing notes" [EP 249]) of the sound they produced.[23] In the picture for episode 12, it points to the dog's reactions in his raging thirst: "[g]rowling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth[24] is in it and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws" (EP 298).[25] In that for episode 13, it details an atmosphere: "[h]ow moving the scene there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse of Erin, the touching chime of those evening bells and at the same time a bat flew forth from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither, thither with a tiny lost cry" (EP 347).[26]

The caption may refer to an aspect or element in the picture. This is the case about the illustrations for both episodes 1 and 2. In the first, the (green) sea forming the background in the image is referred to as "our sweet mother" (EP 5) in the caption; in the second, the caption evokes the (depicted) game of hockey indirectly, by means of the boys' shouting after a goal ("Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!" [EP 34]), which, in turn, "invades" the

conversation between Stephen and Mr Deasy.[27] Another example is the picture illustrating episode 8. Here, though, the caption goes further in its allusion to the visual components, not only mixing together the senses of smell and vision (and obliquely, taste: "[s]tink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice slush of greens" [EP 161]) but also transforming them into metaphors to stress Bloom's feelings of displeasure at the sight of the men eating: "[s]ee the animals feed. Men, men, men" (EP 161). In an apparently commonplace picture of customers having lunch at a restaurant, it is the caption which tells us that, contrarily to what would be expected, the food does not smell good (at least for Bloom) and the men can be compared to animals for their poor table manners.

Finally, the caption can develop an ironic relationship with the illustration, as in many cases it opposes or works as a counterpart to what is depicted visually. Again, it does this in a number of ways, the picture for episode 2 being, once more, an example. In it, while the image shows the field hockey game, the caption is centred on the conversation between Stephen and Mr Deasy; and the philosophical subject under discussion (the manifestation of God throughout history) is also contraposed to the informality of the game – which, by extension, imputes a playful quality to God, toning down the seriousness of his actions. In comparing Bloom's perspective of his body, in the picture for episode 5, and the third-person description of the scene in the caption under it,[28] that should also be considered as an ironic relationship. But examples of different types of irony can yet be mentioned. In both the pictures for episodes 15 and 17, an ironic parallel is created by means of (an oxymoron formed by) the subject of the captions or keywords in them in contrast with the visual representation. Notice, in the former, the polarity between Stephen's murmur and his being unconscious, on the floor, helped out by Bloom – which is also evidenced by the words "shadow" and "dim" (EP 564) as opposed to the light that shines from above all around his body, even more intensely upon his head;[29] and, in the latter, the "lethargy of nascient matter" and "the apathy of the stars," (EP 686) which are denied by the fervent activity of the starry sky the moment a falling star streaks across it.[30] One final example could even include the caption under the picture for episode 18, as it refers to a moment (when Molly was awake) that precedes the view of her, asleep, after that memorable day – and which makes the time of the verbal narrative be at odds with the time in the visual representation.[31]

Together, these features give Shiozawa's work an intrinsic quality, in which action scenes are alternated with undisturbed landscapes, important concerns of the characters are alienated from the viewer or given a taste of how they could be experienced by themselves and elements such as time, pace and/or setting of the narrative acquire other dimensions.

By means of his choices, the artist represented this single day in the lives of Bloom and Stephen, as protagonists of the novel, putting a stress on specific aspects of their thoughts, feelings, attitudes, and so on, as they moved from event to event in their restless trajectory, so that he, too, built a path for the narrative, indicating its rhythm and guiding the viewer to an aesthetic and absorbing routine. In the manner of Joyce, thus, Shiozawa created moods, turning them into ways to visualise ideas and challenged the viewer to look at the book from different angles. Apart from their power as references, though – and above all –, his illustrations became potent (and refined) commentaries on Joyce's text, even if they do not share the same space in an illustrated volume.

Some words must be said about simplicity. In his discussion of the use of the term especially in art, Arnheim points to subjective and objective aspects involved in its definition and the limited effectiveness of conceptualisations based on criteria such as the number of elements in a pattern or their formal or structural properties (55-58). By distinguishing absolute simplicity from relative simplicity, he points to levels of complexity as referring to the latter and the principles of *parsimony* and *orderliness* entailed in it (58-63);[32] and he gives examples of how these concepts can be elaborated to include others such as the correspondence between "meaning" and "tangible pattern" (59-63). In his notion that "[t]he great works of art are complex, but we also praise them for 'having simplicity'" (59-60) – by which he means that "they organi[s]e a wealth of meaning and form in an overall structure that clearly defines the place and function of every detail in the whole" (60) – he cites Kurt Badt in this theorist's own delineation of artistic simplicity, "the wisest ordering of means based on insight into the essentials, to which everything else must be subservient" (Badt qtd in Arnheim 60); as well as his consideration of simplicity as related to works of Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt and Dürer. The "unification of means" that Arnheim sees as promoted by these artists in their achievement of simplicity is the basis for his observation that "[t]he unity of the artist's conception leads to a simplicity that, far from being incompatible with complexity, shows its virtue only in mastering the abundance of human experience rather than escaping to the poverty of abstinence" (60). While all these definitions can be applied to Shiozawa's illustrations for *Ulysses*, we could add that they also imply an ingenious sense of beauty. Obviously, all motivated by Joyce's text.

Notes

[1] Matisse had been sent more than one copy of the French translation of the book (*Ulysses*, 1929) around the time he accepted the commission, as revealed by Willard Goodwin in his article

on the history of the publication of the Limited Editions Club (LEC) *Ulysses* (cf. 90). Quoting Joyce's *Letters and Selected Letters* edited by Richard Ellman, his biography by this author and documents in the Macy archive he consulted at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Centre, Goodwin describes Joyce's interest in and enthusiasm for the project, giving details of how he tried to contact Matisse by telephone and personally (albeit without success in either), his attempt to make him more acquainted with the setting and atmosphere of the book by trying to provide him with images of Dublin in 1904 (94) and, eventually, his displeasure with the product presented by Matisse (96). Illustrations by the American artist Lewis Daniel, also commissioned by Macy for the LEC Ulysses, which were never published and remained in the archive – and which, in Goodwin's opinion, would have served the purpose of the edition much better than Matisse's – are also the subject of the article.

[2] As detailed by Raphael Minder in a special report in *The New York Times*, Arroyo's illustrations were produced in the late 1980s and the artist expected them to illustrate an intended 1991 edition of *Ulysses* to mark the 50th anniversary of Joyce's death. As Joyce's grandson, Stephen Joyce (responsible for his estate), did not approve of an illustrated edition of the book, Arroyo at first had his drawings published in a book on Joyce's works by Julián Ríos, being able to resume the original project only in 2011, after the novel entered the public domain. When the artist died, in 2018, the process of publication of the volume in question by both publishing houses had already been initiated.

[3] Cf. the *Ulysses* page on his website at https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[4] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/. The page on his comics is also notable for his digital art and portrays his graphic novel *Genius Animals?*, produced in 2020 together with Vali Chandrasekaran (who authored the text), and was nominated for the important Eisner Award for "Best Digital Comic."

[5] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[6] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[7] Among the various statues of Nelson and monuments in his homage in different cities in England and other parts of the world (notably those in Trafalgar Square and Greenwich, in London), in Nelson's Pillar, in Dublin, he does not wear a hat. But, no doubt, the hat is his trademark and helps identify him.

[8] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[9] See Hastings's website at https://www.ulyssesguide.com/14-oxen-of-the-sun.

[10] Frames create solidity, that is, they make the objects surrounded by them appear more cohesive and, thus, less dynamic. In this way, they detach and heighten the focus of attention to these objects, be they portions of text, images as a whole or specific elements in them (Nodelman, *Words* 51-54). Typical frames are characterised by lines but they can also include doors and windows in a picture, white spaces or, in the picture in question, the dark colours enveloping the figure of the baby.

[11] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses

[12] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[13] Notice that the header in the form of a triangle on the door frame (and the door itself) works as an arrow pointing to the windows, the focus of the picture, and which also reinforces the point of view from below. Nodelman defines this resource as directed tension, a set of relationships involving notions of shape, size, position, etc. of the objects in a picture and by means of which certain objects direct the attention of the viewer to specific points (or other objects), where the focus (tension) of the action should be (see Nodelman 125-157).

[14] This view of the sky is mentioned at the end of episode 17, when, late at night, after all the events of the day, Bloom is leading Stephen out across the yard in his house, and they stop to look up to the stars. The angle producing such a view could be one formed by their heads only slightly turned up, the same formed by someone observing the sky from a window.

[15] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[16] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[17] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[18] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[19] Visual weight can be explained as the measure of attention an object attracts to itself, depending on its properties of size, shape, position, direction, etc., and the tensions produced by them in their relationship with other objects in a pictorial composition (see Arnheim 10-41). The properties of an object can influence on balance, that is, a sense of sight experienced "when the corresponding physiological forces in the nervous system are distributed in such a way that they compensate one another," in the organisation of the elements in a picture (Arnheim 19).

[20] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[21] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[22] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[23] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[24] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[25] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[26] A Scottish term for "drought," pronounced /dru:θ/, according to the Collins (Online) Dictionary at https://www.collinsdictionary.com/dictionary/english/drouth.

[27] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[28] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[29] As they talk in Mr Deasy's office (EP 29).

[30] See EP 83 and my earlier comments on the illustration for episode 5 ("Lotus Eaters").

[31] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[32] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[33] Cf. https://www.junpierre.net/illustrating-ulysses.

[34] Arnheim explains these concepts with the following: "[w]hen someone wishes to make a statement or needs to fulfill a function he must concern himself with two questions: What is

the simplest structure that will serve the purpose (parsimony), and what is the simplest way of organi[s]ing this structure (orderliness)?" (58), which can be valid for every complexity level in various fields of knowledge. He applies them aesthetically "in that the artist must not go beyond what is needed for his purpose" (59).

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Translations

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Translation of an Excerpt from Anna Livia Plurabelle's Final Monologue

Luis Henrique Garcia Ferreira

This is a translation of an excerpt from the last three pages of *Finnegans Wake* (*FW* 626.30 – 628.16), in which the river-character Anna Livia Plurabelle (ALP) presents a bitter farewell monologue, motivated by the abandonment of her family and the supposed betrayal of her mountain-husband Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker (HCE) with her cloud-daughter, young Issy. While remembering the past, ALP feels old, alone and without the strength to continue, disintegrating herself from a world in which she no longer fits. She, who monologues at the same time that her family sleeps, goes to meet the father-sea in a flow that closes the last page of the work with the excerpt "A way a lone a last a loved a long the" (no period). However, this absence of punctuation provokes a circular movement that takes the reader back to the initial page, which begins with the word riverrun, in lowercase, which connects itself with the incomplete sentence "A way a lone a last a loved a long the" from page 628. In this way, what seemed to be the end of the character and also of the book soon becomes the restart of both. It is as if the river-woman who disappears into the sea evaporates herself and reappears on the front page after raining from her cloud-daughter, being vigorously reborn through her rival.

With regard to the translation, it is part of a full translation project of the book, which is part of the researcher's Doctorate at the Federal University of Paraná (UFPR), under the guidance of Professor Caetano Galindo. The translation proposal, aware of the impossibility of literally transposing a book composed of multi-referring words that bring together dozens of languages and dialects, aims to translate joycean poetics, especially aspects such as orality, rhythm, humor and the sexual charge of the signifiers. Transculturations, something that Joyce himself did when he participated in the translation of chapter eight into Italian, are also done, bringing popular expressions and other elements and characters from Brazilian culture. After all, since many of the allusions of the original are lost, an attempt is made to compensate by grafting references within the context of the Brazilian reader.

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Excerpt from *Finnegans Wake*

How? How you said how you'd give me the keys of me heart. And we'd be married till delth to uspart. And though dev do espart. O mine! Only, no, now it's me who's got to give. As duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it's nnow fforvell? Illas! I wisht I had better glances to peer to you through this baylight's growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills again. Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist. Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there. Try not to part. Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud. In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only. It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Thinking always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy leaks down over their brash bodies. How small it's all! And me letting on to meself always. And lilting on all the time. I thought you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them, allaniuvia pulchrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For 'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed of your name! But I'm loothing them that's here and all I lothe. Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only,

into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those therrble prongs! Two more. Onetwo moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff! So soft this morning ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair. If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousendsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the

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Tradução de excerto do monólogo final de Anna Livia Plurabelle

Luis Henrique Garcia Ferreira

Esta é uma tradução de um excerto das três últimas páginas de *Finnegans Wake* (*FW* 626.30 – 628.16), nas quais a personagem-rio Anna Lívia Plurabelle (ALP) apresenta um amargurado monólogo de despedida, motivado pelo abandono da família e pela suposta traição do marido-montanha Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker (HCE) com sua filha-nuvem, a jovem Issy. Enquanto relembra o passado, ALP se sente velha, sozinha e sem forças para continuar, se desintegrando de um mundo no qual não se encaixa mais. Ela, que monologa ao mesmo tempo em que sua família dorme, vai ao encontro do pai-mar em um desaguar que encerra a última página da obra com o trecho "*A way a lone a last a loved a long the*" (sem ponto final). Todavia, essa ausência de pontuação provoca um movimento circular que leva o leitor novamente à página inicial, a qual começa com a palavra *riverrun*, em minúsculas, que se conecta com a frase incompleta "*A way a lone a last a loved a long the*" da página 628. Dessa forma, o que parecia ser o fim da personagem e também do livro logo se converte no recomeço de ambos. É como se a mulher-rio que desaparece no mar evaporasse e ressurgisse na primeira página após chover de sua filha-nuvem, renascendo vigorosamente por meio de sua rival.

No que se refere à tradução, ela faz parte de um projeto de tradução integral do livro, o qual é parte do doutoramento do pesquisador na Universidade Federal do Paraná (UFPR), sob orientação do Professor Doutor Caetano Galindo. A proposta tradutória, consciente da impossibilidade da transposição literal de um livro composto por palavras multirreferentes que aglutinam dezenas de línguas e dialetos, visa traduzir a poética joyceana, especialmente aspectos como a oralidade, o ritmo, o humor e a carga sexual dos significantes. Transculturações, algo que o próprio Joyce fez quando participou da tradução para o italiano do capítulo oito, também são feitas, trazendo-se expressões populares e demais elementos e personagens da cultura brasileira. Afinal, como perdem-se muitas das alusões do original, procura-se compensar pelo enxerto de referências dentro do contexto do leitor brasileiro.

Tradução de excerto de *Finnegans Wake*

Como? Comousou dizer que me daria as chaves do coração. E ficariamos caosados até que Δ mortш nos se/pare. E vá pra rayuela qui nos par/ta. O meu! Só, não, agora sou eu quem quer dar. Como du e blin é dublin. Inn van linns. E aagora pode ser nosso aadeus? Ulalau! Quem dera eu tivesse bonzolhos pra tiolhar pela crescente luz do dia. Mas bocê tá mudando, alcoóletra, bocê tá mudando por mim, eu posso sentir. Ou sou eu? Tô meio cafusa. Brilhando e mesvaindo. Sim, bocê tá mudando, filhesposo, em moviementos ciclolares, eu posso te sentir, poruma filhesposa das montanhas novamente. Imlamaya. E ela tá vindo. Nadando em minha intimidade úmida. Belzebuda fungando no meu cangote. Só uma flauta envolvente que mexe com a nuvenzinha saliente, bumbumtentando. Saltarella voltou a si. Tenho pena do seu velho eu ao qual era acostumada. Agora trocada poruma mais jovem. Tentem não divorchiar. Sejam felizes, queridos! Posso estar errada! Poizela será doce contigo como eu fui quando fluí de minha mãe. Meu grande quarto azul, o ar tão silencioso, apenas uma nuvem. Em paz e silêncio. Eu poderia ter ficado lá pra sempre, mas... É algo que nos falha. Primeiro sentimos. Então caímos. E deixe-a chover agora do seu jeitinho. Garoando ou diluviando como ela gosta. Chova chova chova pois minha hora chegou. Dei o melhor de mim quando deixaram. Sempre pensando que se eu vou todos vão. Cem cuidados, um dízimo de problemas e há alguém que mentenda? Única em miliuma noites por annos? Por toda a minha vida vivi entre eles mazagora estão virando as costas pra mim. E morro aos poucos com suas maliciazinhas calientes. E nem mais verso o aconchego do signifincante espiral na signifincada. E toda a ganância jorra de suas almas mesquinhas. E todozos gozos preguiçosos sobre seus corpos pecaminosos. Como tudo é pequeno! E eu cada vez mais isolada em mim mesma. Matando o tempo prele não me matar. Eu o idealizava brilhando com a mais nobre das carruagens. Ocê não passa dium jeca tatu. Tiachava o maioral em todazas coisas, na culpa e na glória. Cê é só um tampinha. Porto nada seguro! Meu povo não era da sua laia tanto quanto eu. A todozos ousados e mauvados e obscuros condenados, as bruxasdomar. Não! Nem por todazas nossas danças bacantes em todo o seu batuque selvagem. Posso me ver entre eles, allaníuvia pulchabelle. Como ela era bela, a selvagem Amazia, quando se grudava ao meu outro seio! E que topetuda, a arrogante Nilona, que me depilava no íntimo! Pois são as tempestades. Ei espera! Espera aí! E o choque de nossos gritos até que pulamos pra ser livres. Comuma aura no ar, dizem, nunca soube seu nome! Mas controverso os que aqui estão e todo amor que já versei. Soletrária em minha vã echistência. Por todozas suas falhas. Estou falhecendo. Ó amargo finn! Vou partir antes que despertem. Não verão. Nem notarão. Tampouco lembrarão de

mim. E é velha e velha é triste e velha é triste e cansada eu regresso a ti, meu frio pai, meu pai louco e frio, meu louco pai frio e medroso, até quia mera visão da imensidão dele, seus moyles e moyles, monotonalmente, me deixa enjoada como monólaguas salgadas e corro, só tenho a ti, pros teus braços. Os vejo se levantando! Salve-me desses tridentes lacerantes! Dois mais. Umdois mormentos mais. Assim. Avelaval. Minhas folhas estão à deviva. Todas. Mazuma inda não me deixou. Vou carregá-la junto a mim. Pra me lembrar de. Lff! Tão suave é a nossa manhã. Sim. Leva-me, papi, como me levava ao park de diversões. Seagora eu o visse searkando sobre mim sob alvas asas albertas camus se proviesse de Arkanjos, eu cairia morta a seus pés, humpedindo dumpiedad, apenas pra lová-lo. Sim, o tempo não para. Lá está o onde. O começo. Passamos pela grama sem balansoar o arbusto para. Silênxiuu! Uma gaivota. Gaivoltas. Chamam do além. Estou indo, pai! Termina aqui. Enfim nós. Finn, de novo! Toma. Beijazzmee, rememoremee! Em teu milhonézimo eu. Lps. As chaves para. Derridadas! Um caosminho um só um final um amor um ricurso a

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The First Chapter of Gabriel Conroy, *by Bret Harte*

O primeiro capítulo de Gabriel Conroy, *de Bret Harte*

Luísa de Freitas
Vitor Alevato do Amaral

Comentários dos tradutores

Os leitores de Joyce conhecem Gabriel Conroy do último, mais longo e mais famoso conto de *Dublinenses*, "Os mortos". Mas a maioria desses leitores estranhará se lhes perguntarem se leram um romance chamado *Gabriel Conroy*. Mas, a verdade é que antes da personagem de "Os mortos" o escritor Bret Harte já havia criado o capitão Gabriel Conroy para seu romance homônimo de 1876. Ao escolher esse nome para o protagonista de seu conto, Joyce estabeleceu um diálogo, ainda que possivelmente superficial, entre a sua obra e a de Harte.

Entre os cerca de seiscentos livros que formavam a biblioteca de Joyce em Trieste em 1920 estava uma cópia do romance de Harte, *Gabriel Conroy*, datada de 1903 (Ellmann, *The Consciousness* 111). Em uma carta enviada a seu irmão Stanislaus Joyce em 25 de setembro de 1906, Joyce lhe pergunta pergunta, "você acha que eu devo gastar 2 liras comprando um livro de [George] Gissing – ou devo comprar um livro de Bret Harte[?]" (Ellmann, *Letters II* 166). Tanto o romance de Harte, *Gabriel Conroy*, quanto os de Gissing, *The Crown of Life* and *Demos: A Story of English Socialism*, foram parar na biblioteca triestina de Joyce. Mais tarde, Joyce sugeriu que seu neto postiço David Fleischmann lesse Bret Harte (Ellmann, *James Joyce* 247). Joyce provavelmente esperava que o menino fosse conquistado pela atmosfera de Velho Oeste do romance assim como os estudantes de "Um encontro" ficavam fascinados pelas histórias do Oeste Selvagem (Joyce 19).

Francis Bret[t] Harte (1836-1902) nasceu em Albany, Nova York, e é mais conhecido como contista, muito embora tenha escrito também peças de teatro, poemas e romances. Mudou-se para a Califórnia quando tinha dezoito anos (Ousby). Lá, com Joaquin Miller (1837-1913), ele se tornou um dos escritores do Oeste que influenciaram Mark Twain (Ruland and Bradbury 195). *Gabriel Conroy* (1876) foi seu primeiro romance.

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O breve artigo de Gerhard Friedrich, "Bret Harte as a Source for James Joyce's 'The Dead'" (Bret Harte como fonte para "Os mortos", de James Joyce), parece ter sido o primeiro a tratar do romance de Harte como uma fonte para o conto de Joyce. Friedrich afirma que "Joyce certamente deve o nome de Gabriel Conroy, provavelmente também o de Greta Conroy, assim como o símbolo-chave da nevasca que enterra os vivos e os mortos, magnificamente desenvolvido pelo escritor, a um romance de Bret Harte" (443).

No entanto, Brandon Kershner levanta uma dúvida plausível acerca de Joyce ter usado o romance de Harte como fonte: "Em certa medida, Joyce guiou seus intérpretes", escreveu Kershner, e "sem dúvida ele estaria pronto para apontar Bret Harte como uma 'fonte' de 'Os mortos' (Friedrich), pois nem ele mesmo nem qualquer outra pessoa duvidaria que 'Os mortos' seja muito melhor do que qualquer coisa que Bret Harte tenha feito" (184-185).

Joyce comprou *Gabriel Conroy* em setembro de 1906, ou depois disso. "Os mortos" foi escrito entre julho de 1906 e março de 1907. Portanto, se Joyce não usou o romance de Harte como fonte para seu conto, ao menos é possível afirmar, com pouca margem de erro, que o romance forneceu a Joyce o nome de seu protagonista. Ademais, e talvez principalmente, os dois primeiros parágrafos do romance ofereceram a Joyce a imagem, com suas repetições e tom, que ele usaria no parágrafo final de "Os mortos".

> Snow. Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach ... filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts ... and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.
>
> It had been snowing for ten days: snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes, snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens...

Joyce transformou o texto acima (encurtado por nós) no que segue abaixo:

> A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central

> plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead (Joyce 223-224).

> Uns poucos baques fracos contra o vidro fizeram-no se virar para a janela. Começava a nevar novamente. Sonolento ficou vendo os flocos, negros e prata, caindo oblíquos contra a luz do poste. Era chegada a hora de partir em sua jornada rumo oeste. Sim, os jornais estavam certos: a nevasca era geral em toda a Irlanda. A neve caía em cada trecho do negro planalto central, nas secas colinas, suave caía sobre o pântano de Allen e, mais a oeste, caía suave nas negras ondas rebeldes do Shannon. Caía, também, sobre todo o solitário cemitério da colina em que enterrado Michael Furey repousava. Espessa pousava deposta em rajadas nas cruzes contorcidas e nas lápides, nas pontas do estreito portão, nos espinheiros nus. Sua alma desmaiava lentamente enquanto ouvia a neve cair leve no universo e o leve cair da neve, como o pouso de seu fim definitivo, sobre todos os vivos e os mortos (Joyce, trans. by Galindo 257).

A imagem da paisagem colmada pela neve, repousando e caindo sobre ela (observem o uso da forma verbal "lying" e "falling" pelos dois escritores), o uso da repetição como figura de linguagem, e finalmente o tom desolado e introspectivo dos dois textos deixam claro que Joyce tinha em mente o texto de Harte e com ele dialogou. A principal diferença entre os dois textos é que Harte permanece na esfera física enquanto Joyce avança para a esfera metafísica. Em Harte, a neve não é mais do que um elemento natural que corresponde a um certo estado de ânimo; em Joyce, para além disso, ela é um elemento metafísico que conecta todos os seres humanos, vivos ou mortos.

É importante, porém, medir o alcance do romance de Harte enquanto fonte para «Os mortos». O romance foi, quase certamente, uma fonte da poderosa e metafísica imagem joyciana da neve, assim como do nome de seu protagonista, mas é incerto que tenha servido como algum tipo de fonte em termos de tema e enredo.

Não encontramos tradução de *Gabriel Conroy* no Brasil. Esta tradução do primeiro capítulo foi feita a partir da publicação da editora Houghton, Mifflin and Company (1882).

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Comments by the Translators

Readers of Joyce know the character Gabriel Conroy from *Dubliners'* final, longest, and most famous short story, "The Dead". But the question whether they have read a novel called *Gabriel Conroy* will certainly make most of those readers frown. Yet before the protagonist of "The Dead" was created by Joyce, another character in literature had been called by this name, Captain Gabriel Conroy, from Bret Harte's 1876 homonymous novel. By choosing that name for the protagonist of his short story, Joyce established a dialogue, although a possibly superficial one, between his work and that of Harte.

Among the approximately six hundred books that formed Joyce's library in Trieste in 1920 was a 1903 copy of Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* (Ellmann, *The Consciousness* 111). In a letter to his brother Stanislaus Joyce, on September 25, 1906, Joyce asked him, "do you think I should waste 2 lire on buying a book of [George] Gissing's – or ought I buy a volume of Bret Harte[?]" (Ellmann, *Letters II* 166). Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* and Gissing's *The Crown of Life* and *Demos: A Story of English Socialism* were to be found in Joyce's Triestine library. Later, Joyce suggested that his step-grandson David Fleischmann read Bret Harte (Ellmann, *James Joyce* 247). Joyce probably hoped that the Far West atmosphere of the novel would entertain the boy no less than the schoolboys in "An Encounter" were enthralled by the Wild West stories that they read (Joyce 19).

Francis Bret[t] Harte (1836-1902) was born in Albany, New York, and is better known as a short story writer, although he also wrote plays, poems, and novels. He moved to California when he was eighteen years old (Ousby). Alongside Joaquin Miller (1837-1913), he became one of the Western writers there that influenced Mark Twain (Ruland and Bradbury 195). *Gabriel Conroy* (1876) was his first novel.

Gerhard Friedrich's brief article "Bret Harte as a Source for James Joyce's 'The Dead'" seems to have been the first to treat Harte's novel as a source for Joyce's story. Friedrich affirms that "Joyce was certainly indebted for the name of Gabriel Conroy, probably also for that of Greta Conroy, and for the magnificently developed key symbol of a heavy snowfall burying both the living and the dead, to a novel by Bret Harte" (443).

However, Brandon Kershner raises a plausible doubt about Joyce having used the American novel as such. "To some extent, Joyce has guided his interpreters", wrote Kershner, and "no doubt he would have been ready to cite Bret Harte as a 'source' for 'The Dead' (Friedrich), given that neither he nor anyone else would doubt that 'The Dead' is a far better story than anything Bret Harte ever produced" (184-185).

Joyce bought *Gabriel Conroy* in or after September 1906. "The Dead" was written from July 1906 to March 1907. So if Joyce did not use Harte's work as a source for his short narrative, at least it is possible to assert, with very little possibility of error, that the novel provided the name for Joyce's character. Moreover, and maybe importantly, its first two paragraphs provided Joyce with the image, with its repetitions and tone, that he used in the last paragraph of "The Dead".

> Snow. Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach ... filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts ... and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.
>
> It had been snowing for ten days: snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes, snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens...

Joyce turned the above (shortened by us) into the following lines:

> A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead (Joyce 223-224).

The image of the snow-covered landscape, with the snow "lying" and "falling" (notice the use of the same verbs by both writers) on it, the use of repetition as a figure of speech, and finally the desolate and introspective tone in both texts make clear that Joyce had Harte's text in mind and established a dialogue with it. The main difference between the two texts

is that Harte remains in the physical sphere while Joyce advances to the metaphysical one. In Harte, the snow is a natural element creating a state of mind; in Joyce, it is a metaphysical element connecting all human beings, living or dead.

However, it is important to measure the reach of Harte's novel as a source for "The Dead". The novel was almost certainly a source for Joyce's powerful, metaphysical snow-image as well as for his character's name, but it is doubtful that it might have served as any kind of source in terms of theme or plot for Joyce.

We have not found any translation of *Gabriel Conroy* in Brazil. This translation of the first chapter was made from the Houghton, Mifflin and Company edition (1882).

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Livro I

No limiar

Capítulo I

Fora

Neve. Por toda parte. Até onde a vista alcançava — cinquenta milhas, olhando para o sul de cima do mais alto cume branco —, preenchendo ravinas e desfiladeiros e descendo pelas paredes dos cânions em caminhos alvos e amortalhados, moldando o pico fronteiriço à semelhança de um túmulo monstruoso, escondendo as bases de pinheiros gigantes e cobrindo completamente árvores jovens e lariços, rodeando com porcelana as bordas arredondadas de lagos gélidos e imóveis, e ondulando em nuvens brancas e imóveis até o limite do horizonte distante. Neve repousando por toda parte sobre as Sierras da Califórnia no dia 15 de março de 1848, e ainda caindo.

Estava nevando havia dez dias: nevando em pó finamente granulado, em flocos úmidos e esponjosos, em penas ralas e emplumadas, nevando de um céu plúmbeo firmemente, nevando violentamente, caindo de nuvens roxo-negras em massas brancas floculantes, ou descendo em longas linhas niveladas, como lanças brancas do céu agitado e fechado em cores diversas. Mas sempre silenciosamente! Os bosques estavam tão cheios de neve — os galhos tão carregados —, de tal forma ela havia permeado, preenchido e possuído terra e céu; e de tal forma havia amaciado e abafado as rochas ressonantes e as colinas ecoantes que todo som fora amortecido. A mais forte tempestade, a mais feroz rajada não despertou qualquer suspiro ou reclamação das rígidas fileiras enevoadas de floresta. Não havia estampido de galhos nem estalar de arbustos; os ramos sobrecarregados de pinheiros e abetos se rompiam e cediam sem qualquer barulho. O silêncio era vasto, imensurável, completo! Tampouco se podia dizer que qualquer sinal externo de vida ou movimento mudava os contornos fixos dessa paisagem abatida. Acima, não havia nenhum jogo de luz e sombra, apenas o aprofundamento ocasional de tempestade ou noite. Abaixo, nenhum pássaro abria as asas através da vastidão branca, nenhuma criatura assombrava os confins da floresta negra; o que quer que tenha outrora habitado esta solidão já há muito voara para as terras baixas.

Não havia pegadas ou vestígios; qualquer passo que pudesse ter deixado sua marca sobre este deserto, cada queda sucessiva de neve obliterou todo rastro ou registro. A cada

manhã, a solidão era virgem e renovada; um milhão de pequeninos pés haviam pisado e preenchido a rota. E, no entanto, no centro desta desolação, no próprio reduto deste severo forte, lá estava a marca da presença humana. Algumas árvores haviam sido derrubadas na entrada do cânion e as lascas de lenha recém-cortada estavam apenas levemente cobertas de neve. Serviam, talvez, para indicar outra árvore marcada por um golpe de machado, portando uma mal-esculpida estatueta de madeira na forma de mão humana, apontando para o cânion. Abaixo da mão, havia um fragmento quadrado de lona, firmemente cravada na casca, trazendo a seguinte inscrição:

AVISO

O grupo de emigrantes do capitão Conroy está perdido na neve e acampado neste cânion.
Sem mantimentos e famintos!

Deixamos St. Jo, 8 de outubro, 1847.
Deixamos Salt Lake, 1º de janeiro, 1848.
Chegamos aqui, 1º de março, 1848.

Perdemos metade de nossa carga no Platte.

Abandonamos nossas carroças em 20 de fevereiro.

SOCORRO!

Nossos nomes são:

Joel McCormick, Jane Brackett,
Peter Dumphy, Gabriel Conroy,
Paul Devarges, John Walker,
Grace Conroy, Henry March,
Olympia Conroy, Philip Ashley,
Mary Dumphy.

(Depois em letras menores, a lápis:)

Mamie morreu, 8 de novembro, Sweetwater.
Minnie morreu, 1º de dezembro, Echo Cânion.
Jane morreu, 2 de janeiro, Salt Lake.
James Brackett, perdido, 3 de fevereiro.

SOCORRO!

A linguagem do sofrimento não pode ser estilizada ou pensada, mas creio que nem mesmo a retórica pudesse melhorar esse registro real. Assim, ali deixei o aviso, tal como estava naquele dia 15 de março de 1848, parcialmente escondido por uma fina camada de neve úmida, a mão branqueada de neve endurecida e apontando rigidamente para o fatídico cânion como o dedo da Morte.

Ao meio-dia, houve uma pausa na tempestade e um leve clarear do céu ao leste. Os contornos sombrios das colinas distantes retornaram, e o gélido flanco alvo da montanha começou a reluzir. Através de sua lúgubre concavidade, algum objeto preto se movia — movia-se lenta e laboriosamente; movendo-se em um progresso tão incerto que, a princípio, foi difícil detectar se era animal ou humano — às vezes de quatro, às vezes ereto, por vezes apressando-se como um homem bêbado, mas sempre com um certo intento determinado, em direção ao cânion. À medida que ele se aproximava, via-se que era um homem — um homem abatido, maltrapilho e envolto em um manto de búfalo esfarrapado, mas ainda um homem, e determinado. Um jovem, apesar de sua figura curvada e membros atrofiados — um jovem apesar das rugas prematuras que a preocupação e a ansiedade haviam colocado em sua testa e nos cantos de sua boca rígida — um jovem apesar da expressão de misantropia selvagem com que o sofrimento e a fome sobrepuseram-se à franca impulsividade da juventude. Quando chegou à árvore na entrada do cânion, escovou a camada de neve do letreiro de lona e depois se apoiou por um momento no tronco, exausto. Havia algo no abandono de sua atitude que indicava ainda mais pateticamente do que seu rosto e corpo a sua prostração absoluta — uma prostração bastante inconsistente com qualquer causa visível. Depois de descansar, ele voltou a avançar com uma intensidade nervosa, cambaleando, arrastando os pés, caindo, curvando-se para substituir os sapatos de neve grosseiramente improvisados com cascas de abeto que frequentemente escorregavam de seus pés, mas sempre recomeçando com a febre de alguém que duvidava até mesmo da força contínua de sua determinação.

Por uma milha além da árvore, o cânion se estreitava e gradualmente tomava a direção do sul e, nesse ponto, surgia uma fina nuvem de fumaça ondulada que parecia subir

de alguma fenda na neve. À medida que ele se aproximava, as marcas de pegadas recentes se faziam visíveis; houve algum deslocamento da neve em torno de um monte baixo de onde a fumaça agora saía claramente. Aqui ele parou, ou melhor, deitou-se, diante de uma abertura ou caverna na neve, e soltou um grito fraco. Foi respondido ainda mais fracamente. Logo um rosto subiu pela abertura, e uma figura esfarrapada como a sua, depois outra, e depois outra, até que oito criaturas humanas, homens e mulheres, o cercaram na neve, agachados como animais e, como animais, abandonados por toda compreensão de decência e pudor.

Estavam tão abatidos, tão enfraquecidos, tão perdidos, tão pálidos — tão lamentáveis em seu aspecto humano ou, melhor dizendo, no que havia restado de um aspecto humano — que talvez se tenha chorado por eles enquanto estavam sentados ali; tão brutos, tão débeis, irracionais e grotescos nesses novos atributos animalescos, que podem ter provocado um sorriso. Eram originalmente camponeses, majoritariamente daquela classe social cuja dignidade é apta a depender mais das circunstâncias, posição e arredores do que em qualquer poder moral individual ou força intelectual. Haviam perdido o juízo de pudor no sentido de igualdade de sofrimento; não havia nada dentro deles para substituir os prazeres materiais que estavam perdendo. Eram infantis sem a ambição nem a emulação da infância; eram homens e mulheres sem a dignidade ou a simplicidade do masculino ou do feminino. Tudo aquilo que os elevara além do nível de brutos estava perdido na neve. Até as características de sexo sumiram; uma velha de sessenta anos discutia, brigava e praguejava com a fala bronca e os gestos deselegantes de um homem; um rapaz de temperamento escorbútico chorava, suspirava e desmaiava com a histeria de uma mulher. A degradação deles era tão profunda que o estranho que os havia evocado da terra, mesmo em seus próprios trapos e tristeza, parecia pertencer a outra raça.

Eram todos intelectualmente fracos e indefesos, mas um deles, a mulher, parecia ter enlouquecido completamente. Carregava uma manta enrolada para representar uma criança — a memória tangível de uma que morrera de fome em seus braços alguns dias antes — e a balançava de um lado para o outro enquanto estava sentada, com uma fé digna de pena. Mas ainda mais lamentável era o fato de que nenhum dos seus companheiros dava a menor atenção, fosse por simpatia ou reclamação, à sua anomalia. Quando, alguns momentos depois, ela pediu que se calassem porque o "bebê" estava dormindo, eles a olharam indiferentemente e prosseguiram. Um homem ruivo, que estava mastigando um pedaço de couro de búfalo, lançou-lhe uma única mirada mortífera, mas logo depois parecia ter se esquecido de sua presença, absorvido pela sua atividade.

O estranho parou por um momento mais para recuperar seu fôlego do que para esperar pela atenção mais ordenada e completa do grupo. Pronunciou, então, a única palavra:

— Nada!

"Nada!" Eles todos ecoaram a palavra simultaneamente, mas com inflexão e significado distintos — um ferozmente, outro melancolicamente, outro estupidamente, outro mecanicamente. A mulher com o bebê de manta explicou à criatura nos braços: — ele diz "nada", e então riu.

— Não, nada — repetiu o porta-voz. — A neve de ontem bloqueou a velha trilha novamente. O farol no cume se apagou. Deixei um aviso na divisa. Repita isso, Dumphy, e arranco o tampo dessa sua cabeça feia.

Dumphy, o ruivo, rudemente empurrara e golpeara a mulher com o bebê — era sua esposa, e esse ato conjugal talvez tenha sido, em parte, força do hábito — enquanto ela se arrastava para perto do porta-voz. Ela não pareceu notar o golpe nem quem o desferiu — a apatia com que essas pessoas recebiam golpes ou desconsideração era mais terrível do que brigas — mas disse, seguramente, quando alcançou o rapaz:

— Amanhã, então?

O rosto do rapaz se suavizou ao dar a mesma resposta que vinha repetindo pelos últimos oito dias à mesma pergunta:

— Amanhã, sem dúvida!

Ela se arrastou para longe, ainda abraçando a efígie de seu bebê morto com cuidado, e recuou para a abertura.

— Peras para mim não servem, de qualquer forma, vamos patrulhar! 'Peras para mim não valem um tostão! — disse a mulher de voz grossa, fitando o porta-voz. — Por que algum de vocês não fica no lugar dele? Por que vocês confiam suas vidas e as vidas das mulheres a esse Ashley? — ela continuou, com sua voz elevada a um latido estridente.

O rapaz histérico, Henry March, sentado ao lado da mulher, virou-lhe um rosto assustado e, então, como se temesse ser arrastado para a conversa, desapareceu subitamente atrás da senhora Dumphy.

Ashley deu de ombros e, respondendo ao grupo em vez de individualmente, disse sucintamente:

— Só há uma chance, igual para todos, aberta a todos. Vocês sabem qual é. Ficar aqui é a morte; seguir não pode ser pior do que isso.

Levantou e andou devagar até o cânion algumas varas até onde outro monte era visível e desapareceu da visão dos demais. Quando ele se foi, uma conversa queixosa

percorreu o círculo acocorado.

— Foi ver o velho doutor e a garota. A gente não conta.

— Dois é demais nessas bandas.

— Sim — o doutor louco e Ashley.

— Os dois são clandestinos, de qualquer jeito.

— Jonahs.

— Disse que não podia dar certo, desde que o pegamos.

— Mas o capitão convidou o velho doutor e comprou todo o estoque dele em Sweetwater e Ashley trouxe os mantimentos dele com o resto.

O porta-voz era McCormick. Em algum lugar das profundezas débeis de sua consciência, ainda havia um senso de justiça remanescente. Estava com fome, mas não irracional. Além disso, lembrava com tenro arrependimento da excelente qualidade dos mantimentos que Ashley fornecera.

— E o que isso tem a ver? — gritou a senhora Brackett. — Ele trouxe o azar com ele. Meu marido não tá morto e esse pilantra, um completo estranho, não tá vivo?

A voz era masculina, mas a lógica, feminina. Em casos de grande prostração com debilidade mental, no vazio que precede a morte por inanição ou fome, é por vezes bastante eficaz. Eles assentiram e, por uma harmonia intelectual singular, a expressão de cada um era a mesma. Era simplesmente uma maldição terrível.

— O que é que você vai fazer?

— Se eu fosse homem, eu sabia!

— Mete a faca!

— Mata e —

O restante dessa frase ficou perdido para todos os outros em um suspiro confidencial entre a senhora Brackett e Dumphy. Depois dessa confidência, sentaram-se e balançaram a cabeça juntos, como dois ídolos chineses únicos, porém horrendos.

— Olhe para esta força! e não é um trabalhador como nós — disse Dumphy. — Não me diga que não consegue alguma coisa.

— Alguma coisa o quê?

— Alguma coisa pra encher o bucho!

Mas é impossível transmitir, mesmo em maiúsculas, a intensa ênfase dada a esse verbo. Foi seguido por uma pausa terrível.

— Vamos lá ver.

— E matar o sujeito? — sugeriu a branda senhora Brackett.

Todos se levantaram com um interesse em comum, quase como entusiasmo. Mas,

depois de cambalearem por alguns passos, caíram. Nem mesmo assim havia dignidade suficiente que restasse entre eles para que sentissem qualquer vergonha ou mortificação por seu plano confuso. Pararam — todos exceto Dumphy.

— Qual que era o sonho que tu tava falando agorinha? — disse o senhor McCormick, sentando-se e abandonando seu empreendimento com a mais descarada indiferença.

— Sobre o jantar no St. Jo? — perguntou o interlocutor, um cavalheiro cuja faculdade de imaginação alimentar fora ao mesmo tempo êxtase e tormento de seu presente círculo social.

— É.

Todos se reuniram ansiosamente em volta de McCormick; até o senhor Dumphy, que ainda estava se afastando, parou.

— Bom, — disse o senhor March — tudo começou com bife e cebola, bife, sabe, suculento com aquelas fatias bem grossas, e abóbora com molho e cebola. — Houve uma salivação perceptível no grupo, e o senhor March, com o gênio de um verdadeiro narrador, sob a desculpa plausível de ter esquecido sua história, repetiu a última frase — abóbora com molho e cebola. E batatas. Assadas.

— Você disse fritas antes! Escorrendo gordura! — interpôs a senhora Brackett, apressadamente. Para os que gostam fritas (mas assadas duram mais), com casca e tudo, e salchicha e café e panquecas!

Com essa palavra mágica, riram, talvez não alegremente, mas com ansiedade e expectativa, e disseram:

— Continua!

— E panquecas!

— Já falou isso daí — disse a senhora Brackett, praguejando. — Continua! —, disse com uma profanação.

O benfeitor desse banquete de Barmecide notou que estava em uma posição arriscada e procurou por Dumphy, que desaparecera.

Book I

On the threshold

Chapter I

Without

Snow. Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach — fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak, — filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days: snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes, snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it — the branches were so laden with it — it had so permeated, filled and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed, rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbrush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete! Nor could it be said that any outward sign of life or motion changed the fixed outlines of this stricken landscape. Above, there was no play of light and shadow, only the occasional deepening of storm or night. Below, no bird winged its flight across the white expanse, no beast haunted the confines of the black woods; whatever of brute nature might have once inhabited these solitudes had long since flown to the lowlands.

There was no track or imprint; whatever foot might have left its mark upon this waste, each succeeding snow-fall obliterated all trace or record. Every morning the solitude was virgin and unbroken; a million tiny feet had stepped into the track and filled it up. And yet, in the centre of this desolation, in the very stronghold of this grim fortress, there was the mark of human toil. A few trees had been felled at the entrance of the cañon, and the freshly-cut chips were but lightly covered with snow. They served, perhaps, to indicate another tree "blazed" with an axe, and bearing a rudely-shaped wooden effigy of a human

hand, pointing to the cañon. Below the hand was a square strip of canvas, securely nailed against the bark, and bearing the following inscription —

NOTICE

Captain Conroy's party of emigrants are lost in the snow, and
camped up in this cañon. Out of provisions and starving!

Left St. Jo, October 8th, 1847.
Left Salt Lake, January 1st, 1848.
Arrived here, March 1st, 1848.
Lost half our stock on the Platte.
Abandoned our waggons, February 20th.

HELP!

Our names are:

Joel McCormick, Jane Brackett,
Peter Dumphy, Gabriel Conroy,
Paul Devarges, John Walker,
Grace Conroy, Henry March,
Olympia Conroy, Philip Ashley,
Mary Dumphy.

(Then in smaller letters, in pencil:)

Mamie died, November 8th, Sweetwater.
Minnie died, December 1st, Echo Cañon.
Jane died, January 2nd, Salt Lake.
James Brackett lost, February 3rd.

HELP!

The language of suffering is not apt to be artistic or studied, but I think that rhetoric could not improve this actual record. So I let it stand, even as it stood this 15th day of March 1848, half-hidden by a thin film of damp snow, the snow-whitened hand stiffened and pointing rigidly to the fateful cañon like the finger of Death.

At noon there was a lull in the storm, and a slight brightening of the sky toward the east. The grim outlines of the distant hills returned, and the starved white flank of the mountain began to glisten. Across its gaunt hollow some black object was moving — moving slowly and laboriously; moving with such an uncertain mode of progression, that at first it was difficult to detect whether it was brute or human — sometimes on all fours, sometimes erect, again hurrying forward like a drunken man, but always with a certain definiteness of purpose, towards the cañon. As it approached nearer you saw that it was a man — a haggard man, ragged and enveloped in a tattered buffalo robe, but still a man, and a determined one. A young man despite his bent figure and wasted limbs — a young man despite the premature furrows that care and anxiety had set upon his brow and in the corners of his rigid mouth — a young man notwithstanding the expression of savage misanthropy with which suffering and famine had overlaid the frank impulsiveness of youth. When he reached the tree at the entrance of the cañon, he brushed the film of snow from the canvas placard, and then leaned for a few moments exhaustedly against its trunk. There was something in the abandonment of his attitude that indicated even more pathetically than his face and figure his utter prostration — a prostration quite inconsistent with any visible cause. When he had rested himself, he again started forward with a nervous intensity, shambling, shuffling, falling, stooping to replace the rudely extemporised snow-shoes of fir bark that frequently slipped from his feet, but always starting on again with the feverishness of one who doubted even the sustaining power of his will.

A mile beyond the tree the cañon narrowed and turned gradually to the south, and at this point a thin curling cloud of smoke was visible that seemed to rise from some crevice in the snow. As he came nearer, the impression of recent footprints began to show; there was some displacement of the snow around a low mound from which the smoke now plainly issued. Here he stopped, or rather lay down, before an opening or cavern in the snow, and uttered a feeble shout. It was responded to still more feebly. Presently a face appeared above the opening, and a ragged figure like his own, then another, and then another, until eight human creatures, men and women, surrounded him in the snow, squatting like animals, and like animals lost to all sense of decency and shame.

They were so haggard, so faded, so forlorn, so wan, — so piteous in their human aspect, or rather all that was left of a human aspect, — that they might have been wept

over as they sat there; they were so brutal, so imbecile, unreasoning and grotesque in these newer animal attributes, that they might have provoked a smile. They were originally country people, mainly of that social class whose self-respect is apt to be dependent rather on their circumstances, position and surroundings, than upon any individual moral power or intellectual force. They had lost the sense of shame "in the sense of equality of suffering; there was nothing within them to take the place of the material enjoyments they were losing. They were childish without the ambition or emulation of childhood; they were men and women without the dignity or simplicity of man and womanhood. All that had raised them above the level of the brute was lost in the snow. Even the characteristics of sex were gone; an old woman of sixty quarrelled, fought, and swore with the harsh utterance and ungainly gestures of a man; a young man of scorbutic temperament wept, sighed, and fainted with the hysteria of a woman. So profound was their degradation that the stranger who had thus evoked them from the earth, even in his very rags and sadness, seemed of another race.

They were all intellectually weak and helpless, but one, a woman, appeared to have completely lost her mind. She carried a small blanket wrapped up to represent a child — the tangible memory of one that had starved to death in her arms a few days before — and rocked it from side to side as she sat, with a faith that was piteous. But even more piteous was the fact that none of her companions took the least notice, either by sympathy or complaint, of her aberration. When, a few moments later, she called upon them to be quiet, for that "baby" was asleep, they glared at her indifferently and went on. A red-haired man, who was chewing a piece of buffalo hide, cast a single murderous glance at her, but the next moment seemed to have forgotten her presence in his more absorbing occupation.

The stranger paused a moment rather to regain his breath than to wait for their more orderly and undivided attention. Then he uttered the single word:

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" They all echoed the word simultaneously, but with different inflection and significance — one fiercely, another gloomily, another stupidly, another mechanically. The woman with the blanket baby explained to it, "he says 'nothing,'" and laughed.

"No — nothing," repeated the speaker. "Yesterday's snow blocked up the old trail again. The beacon on the summit's burnt out. I left a notice at the Divide. Do that again, Dumphy, and I'll knock the top of your ugly head off."

Dumphy, the red-haired man, had rudely shoved and stricken the woman with the baby — she was his wife, and this conjugal act may have been partly habit — as she was crawling nearer the speaker. She did not seem to notice the blow or its giver — the apathy

with which these people received blows or slights was more terrible than wrangling — but said assuringly, when she had reached the side of the young man —

"To-morrow, then?"

The face of the young man softened as he made the same reply he had made for the last eight days to the same question —

"To-morrow, surely!"

She crawled away, still holding the effigy of her dead baby very carefully, and retreated down the opening.

"'Pears to me you don't do much anyway, out scouting! 'Pears to me you ain't worth shucks!" said the harsh-voiced woman, glancing at the speaker. "Why don't some on ye take his place? Why do you trust your lives and the lives of women to that thar Ashley?" she continued, with her voice raised to a strident bark.

The hysterical young man, Henry March, who sat next to her, turned a wild scared face upon her, and then, as if fearful of being dragged into the conversation, disappeared hastily after Mrs. Dumphy.

Ashley shrugged his shoulders, and, replying to the group, rather than any individual speaker, said curtly —

"There's but one chance — equal for all — open to all. You know what it is. To stay here is death; to go cannot be worse than that."

He rose and walked slowly away up the cañon a few rods to where another mound was visible, and disappeared from their view. When he had gone, a querulous chatter went around the squatting circle.

"Gone to see the old Doctor and the gal. We're no account."

"Thar's two too many in this yer party."

"Yes — the crazy Doctor and Ashley."

"They're both interlopers, any way."

"Jonahs."

"Said no good could come of it, ever since we picked him up."

"But the Cap'n invited the ol' Doctor, and took all his stock at Sweetwater, and Ashley put in his provisions with the rest."

The speaker was McCormick. Somewhere in the feeble depths of his consciousness there was still a lingering sense of justice. He was hungry, but not unreasonable. Besides, he remembered with a tender regret the excellent quality of provision that Ashley had furnished.

"What's that got to do with it?" screamed Mrs. Brackett. "He brought the bad luck with him. Ain't my husband dead, and isn't that skunk — an entire stranger — still livin'?"

The voice was masculine, but the logic was feminine. In cases of great prostration with mental debility, in the hopeless vacuity that precedes death by inanition or starvation, it is sometimes very effective. They all assented to it, and, by a singular intellectual harmony, the expression of each was the same. It was simply an awful curse.

"What are you goin' to do?"

"If I was a man, I'd know!"

"Knife him!"

"Kill him, and" —

The remainder of this sentence was lost to the others in a confidential whisper between Mrs. Brackett and Dumphy. After this confidence they sat and wagged their heads together, like two unmatched but hideous Chinese idols.

"Look at his strength! and he not a workin' man like us," said Dumphy. "Don't tell me he don't get suthin' reg'lar."

"Suthin' what?"

"Suthin' TO EAT!"

But it is impossible to convey, even by capitals, the intense emphasis put upon this verb. It was followed by a horrible pause.

"Let's go and see."

"And kill him?" suggested the gentle Mrs. Brackett.They all rose with a common interest almost like enthusiasm. But after they had tottered a few steps, they fell. Yet even then there was not enough self-respect left among them to feel any sense of shame or mortification in their baffled design. They stopped — all except Dumphy.

"Wot's that dream you was talkin' 'bout jess now?" said Mr. McCormick, sitting down and abandoning the enterprise with the most shameless indifference.

"'Bout the dinner at St. Jo?" asked the person addressed — a gentleman whose faculty of alimentary imagination had been at once the bliss and torment of his present social circle.

"Yes."

They all gathered eagerly around Mr. McCormick; even Mr. Dumphy, who was still moving away, stopped.

"Well," said Mr. March, "it began with beefsteak and injins — beefsteak, you know, juicy and cut very thick, and jess squashy with gravy and injins." There was a very

perceptible watering of the mouth in the party, and Mr. March, with the genius of a true narrator, under the plausible disguise of having forgotten his story, repeated the last sentence— "jess squashy with gravy and injins. And taters — baked."

"You said fried before! — and dripping with fat!" interposed Mrs. Brackett, hastily.

"For them as likes fried — but baked goes furder — skins and all — and sassage and coffee and flapjacks!"

At this magical word they laughed, not mirthfully perhaps, but eagerly and expectantly, and said, "Go on!"

"And flapjacks!"

"You said that afore," said Mrs. Brackett, with a burst of passion. "Go on!" with an oath.

The giver of this Barmecide feast saw his dangerous position, and looked around for Dumphy, but he had disappeared.

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Finnegans Wake *1.1: anew begins*

Caetano Waldrigues Galindo

Translating *Finnegans Wake* is quite probably the loneliest activity a translator can engage in. Even though he (in my case) can think he has *got* the book and may have something new to add with another translation, he will be "flying solo," with no instruments, during most of the job. There is no template to follow, no way of verifying the validity of a given solution, or of an *attempted* solution.

We will never understand the book in the same way we can understand other literary artifacts. It is not built that way. So how can you dare to say you are able to offer a new and, in any way, "equivalent" version of the text in another language? A text, furthermore, that employs dozens of different languages in its "original" version?

Even when (as is now true in Brazil) we have more than one other previously published translation,[1] there is simply no way to use them as litmus tests, as canaries in the proverbial coalmine or as sources of ideas, since in this book each reading/translation is in fact based on different decisions as to what is relevant, what is meant, what is ascertainable.

What I present here is the full version of Book 1, Chapter 1, as it is right now in my ongoing translation (when will it be ready? oh..... when it will be ready) of the book, the book that will close (O but when?) my project of translating all of Joyce's Books.

Of course it is a rough draft, and maybe I will only be able to see it as a rough draft, even after publication. Maybe that's the whole point. Doing it for the hell of it; doing it as one improvises to a certain chord progression, no getting back, no tinkering with the results: the recording of a live performance.

We'll see.

I'm using the online version made available by Danis Rose and John O'Hanlon at the James Joyce Digital Archive.[2]

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Notes

[1] *Finnegans Wake – Finnicius Revém*, by Donaldo Schüler, first published in five different volumes and now as a single volume edition by Ateliê Editorial, São Paulo.

Finnegans Rivolta, translated by Coletivo Finnegans and organized by Dirce Waltrick do Amarante in 2022 for Iluminuras, São Paulo.

We also have translations of excerpts and selections of the book, by the same Dirce Waltrick do Amarante (*Finnegans Wake (por um fio)*. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2018.) and by the brothers Haroldo and Augusto de Campos in *Panaroma do Finnegans Wake*, first published in 1962 (São Paulo: Perspectiva).

[2] https://jjda.ie/main/JJDA/F/flex/a/lexa.htm

riverão, passenheva maisadão, da cúrvauda costa à dobrada baía, nos trás por comódilo vico derré circuladô bendevóluta Howth, seu Castelo Enrededores.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, vindolá do breve mar, passencore rearribara de Armoricanorte nesta abanda o hirctônico istmo de Europa Menor por sembater penissolar suavatalha: nencalhaus de topsawyer marginantes o Oconee aviam sexagerado-se a si ôutrios nas górgias de Lauren County mentras iam redublindo-ceu múmero se emparar: nem avoz dum achã maberrara mishe mishe pro tauftauf tu és pedrício: indanem, benque longo mais pois, um cabrinho escoivara um isaque velhame: indanem, benque tuda seja vã nessa justeza, duas súsias irmás estherevam atadas a unduo nathanjoe. Bera nonada domalte dopai ouvera Jhem ou vero Shen destelado à luz dumarco e rubro o fim do siriocra irisava anelante sobre afar-se do abismo.

Aqueda (babababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthuntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk!) de outrora wallistreito velhedo é rescontada quencedo nadruga endiante navida por bem toda a menestrélia cristãidade. A grande queda da moralha acarrentou atão curto aprazo a pftjschuta de Finnegan, outreire sólio varão, que sem humpecilho dumpenedo sua mourra cabeça envia espia benhaleste por que queste oceus unidunidundedães: e sua loucalidassão se encatraca então no parque onde oranjas tem seu óltimo repulso no gamado desque dubliabo veio amor por ti talívia.

Que baques cá de sins contranões, oystrigods gueguem fishygods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Úalu Úalu Úalu! Quáouáuh! Onde os Badellaires partigianos inda intentam mathmestrar Malachs Micgranes e os Verdons catapeltan os camibalistas lá dos Whoyteboyce de Hoodie Head. Assiegales e boomeringstroms. Sem tudeus, sê me-medo! Singlórios, save! Arma assaz sinos com larmas sentinos. Killykillkilly: dobreu, dobreu. Que podem ter nuras, que meras exportas vem ciladas! Que venitemeadoreis tropecados por que tegotetabsolvos! Que vero sensimento pêlo herteiro com estronga voz de fauço jacoube! Ah olvide ouvide como o mourro espraiado-se toca o prepúsculo o pai dos fornicacionistas mas (Ah por meus astros que luzem e corpo!) como à marra espalhara-se altíssimo no firmamento aplacacéu de mansa novedade! Maz qué iss? Iss ou? Te incertezz? Carvalhas d'outeiro ora jazem carvãs mas ulmeiras palulam nas jaças que freixam. Sem falo nonsente, mas rergueterás: e quão menos se espara é que a pharsa aporora já chega a seu fínix res com posto e sencular.

Bygmester Finnegan, o Mão Gaga, maurejante maiçoneiro, vivia mais à laga que se poça imarginar em seu abertamento develas afartado dos correiros antes que os juízes josuítos nos houvessem dado números ou que Helvítico cometera assua deuteronomia

(um dia sinfermente-me teu sterna a cabresça entonel portentar enxarguar a faz-se da sina a abaixo mas indantes que swiftasse-la de lá, tesjuro Moiséu, a própria água eviparou e toda a guênnisse tivera seu êxodo qué pra você ver que sujeitinho pentalheuco ele era!) e por imparesíssimos anos tal homem de habilidade, cemento e edifícios lá em Toper's Thorp empillou prédio sobre pédrio pelas margens para os vívios junto ao Fuldetal. Tinhuma minuna esposunha garrava a coisiquinha. Cosca belo na mão trometiam-se avalsos. Amiúdo balbuloso, mitra intesto, boispátula em mãos e macacão eburniado em vergado que habitacularmente afãgava, qual Haroun Childeric Eggeberth, caligulava por multiplicáveis a alltitude e a malltitude até bentever à lúdima liz da bebida de que se vale gemeundo e manando que a capucidade do sustento seu dartanho surgira em nuda alvenaria eregida (regojizusamado!), um bello de um arranha seu de escopíssima halltura enturrecida, erigenando-se de quase nada e celescalento os himmelaias e tal, hierarquitectitiptitoplóftico, com uma sarça ardida por cada em sua glandeza e loiros o'tules escalaminhando e com tombos de beques despenquencilhando.

Dos primeiros virões ele foi sinchamado: Wassaily Booslaeugh of Riesengeborg. Seu huráldico blasão, em vert com ancilares, trublante, argente, um bodão, persecunte, corrível, córrido, córneo. Seu esputo, binalgo, com arqueiros cordatos, hélio, do segundo. Huca é o homarido que hempunha hessa henxada. Hohohoho, Mister Finn, hás desser Mister Finnagain! Chegunda sedo e, Ó, sois vinha! Domindo à noute e ah, sevinagras! Hahahaha, Mister Funn, hás desser re-finado a-final!

Mas okeh então poragente causou naquela tráguica esquinta-feira essa cousa esse síveco pecado? Ascede do nosso cube ainda vib'ra como testamanha oitivar do trovão de seus arafatas mas ouvimos também por sucessivas heras o couro esfarrotado de descalificados musomissilumanos querém denegrilar alvapedra jactartaruda ladossel. Sus tenta-nos porquanto em nossa busca de retidão, Ó Sustor, a hora em que acordemos e quando comecemos a espalitarmos e antes de caiamos torpessidos sobre o catre de pele e à noite e ao sumir dos astros! Pois zabão entendedor meiar pataca abasta. Al-trossim ex-l'iblis como otaúde do prebosto beduindo ante ohrmuz e a cal d'eirinha. Kaswalmente a camelanta escolhorá. E então saberemos se a festa é na sesta. Ela tem o dom da cerca in lócus são eunda oca zionalmente atém de auxilialares, a drömedália. Tensão! Tensão! Pode até tercido um tijolo arrevessado, como dizuns, ou pode até terfindo por conta dum colupço das suas promansões, comoutros se viram (rextam a extas alturas milhumas histúrrias, cõitadinhas, mas do mesmo). Mas bem come abão comou verminelhas malsãs de ívia (devida ao waurralo dorrores de ronrói-ses, carraques, stonengins, kistvãnes, tãotrizes, fargões, autokínotons, hiposdepaus, frottarses, turnumtáxis, megafogs, rotulares e fosstalezas e basilikerkos e

areopagodes e acasa e acá soudado e yussef da alopícia e a pachorra crostituta mimordeu e o cuartel dá-se dade e seus quatro venteranos lá no ventro, contumaz melhurbs, enxaminés eneguecidas a doze aduz adúzia e os núbibus trenando pela Ave Nida e os zèpelíntraz pionando pela exquina da bocca ma'udite e asfumaças asperanças corcovários ressons nesta villa de aborríginos inquirinos, inquilindas, inquizílios, thurum e thurum num fácil um murumd e todo outrumulto de tal turbemunda, um técum todumeu e um tico coduceu mas em basso daponte sua antônio) undinha Phill sentou-se em pã, torrado. Hentontada a cabresta, tremuda cá à bessa. Havia claro um muro em ereção. Pim! Galgueava os dengrais da ciscada e cá yo. Pam! Fale seu. Pum! Mastabação, mastavamau, quando o hámen se casa a letria é tem-fim. Que homundo ou todo veja.

Merca? Hey dever! Macool, Macool, orra purr quimurreste, nu madura enquinta-freira? Pranto exuspiros no velúrico onãtalício de Fillagain, todos malândrios da nação, prostrados em consternação e sua duopéssima pletora de ululação. Havia aprumos e rumos e cherifos e citereteiros e calvoleiros e cinemomos também. E todos gicantando na maizorra alegrita. Vã gog e maugog e comais uma roda de grogue. À continuação daquela celebração até ter Hanandhinnigan sua exterminação! Alguns num corro de quenquem, outros num choro de kankan. Pançamento nas alturas, pinçamento capra abaixo. Ele é duro mas é firme, nosso Priam Olim! Era ele quera o dascente rapace em pregado. Lapidem-lho travessão, brindem a sua taúde! Adionde neste emundo audiríeis tão fino egã? Concel dê profumes e a deste fidelho. Opuseram no anchado encheu leito ofinal. Com um poucálipse de fuisque ante os pés. E uma barrilha de guênesis sôbela testa. Bah tussino peque niño ouvino de beber, Ah!

Hurrah, há penas um dous paratu desse glabo enrondo avista que é tautaulogicamente a mesma coisa. Bem, estando Hele tão delinguadamente ajazentado como um bebêl de fraudas, auvejamos, jamijemos, sobre Hole, bem, vê pegê tentei oi, imangem XXXX. Hule! De Shopalist a Bailywick ou de ashtun a baronoath ou de Buythebanks a Roundthehead ou do peida montanha ao olho do ferrycão Hextensido Calmamente Elestá. E por todo o caminho (sirena!) entre fjorde entra fjellde assoprano aboés dabaía arrochar lamentão (hoahoahoah!) a nada ou algar e tudar pela livvyana noite, valolorosa s'alplicada anoite, de jassintos a noite, flacaflauta hera dela em trocistas troqueus (O carina! O carina!) avelar. Com suas issavãs essavans e falanosiquanobeltranco sobre havida e espeta ativa. Toando o conto dum tonel, soando encanto da cara e porca Taubling. Orar pré de Glutir. Pelo que estamos, sea, assim sea, se estamos, prestes a crer. Então âncora a douro e passa o queixe pela morde dê. Omén. Só se as. Ovovô jatombô mas avelha faz-me ingual. Cuja jig'anta ser vida? Finfoifum do Feish. Cuja cabassa açada? Broma de mass

indegrau. E cuja aatada dacapo na coda? Um copo dautrora foamosa se-veja eirandesa de Danu U'Dunnell. Mas, cauta, enquanto enchupas tão somida e mete-teus dantes naquele mioulo dum colpo trigueiro veede beem como é beemote pois virá nenhuncamais. Finiche! Mera foscografia de cena passata. Quase rubicundo Salmosalar, antigo ladonde as eras dos Agapemônides, ele estova emeio anós, traslatato e alma zenado. Assim esse elimento está vem sido jacque summa causa em má cousa ou trás carne extragado.

E no entanto não é queindassi podê mover a forma brontoíctio lineada, endormecida, mesmo em nóss noturnidade assínhà leira da ribeira trutífera que Bronto amava e Brunto favo orasse? Hic cubat edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam. Esseela uzara atrapos roufarrapos, malqueirosa ou elagantes, concunhagem douros ou senha ondecair, arre, eclaro, nós todos adoramos Daninha Garrota, ou, na verdade, a dos ramos Aninha Garoa, quando guai seu dachuva, sem puzza si possa, ele passa cabreirinha cabritinha cailarina. Yoh! Brontolone doorme, yoh roonx! Lá no Benn Heather, em Chapéu Isouto também. A crânica dele cabeça, moldeira de suas razões, vejelonja alá lebrina. Oouquem? Seus pés debarro, refestidos verdigrass, apontam pintuais onde dantes hospedeu, au pair do murro do armazém, onde nossa maggy tudo vêm, consua unhadinha também. Enquanto quecontra a alliance dessas belles alin da Colinha Se-senta (Sassanta-se Senta!), portrai do forte, bom, tarabom, tarabombom, espreitam ombuscadas, sítio lívio da toucaia dos azarmes aulataque. Donde que enquando cerram-se os cirros, jaimim, permitte-se uma vista altérea da nossa massa morrista, ora museu nacional Uéeentão, com, acerta vírida distância, o encantador cenário òterlú e-las duas candidinhas villagettes quicá se amosstram tão rirrisórias em meijo à follyagem, as lindulinas! Penetradores podem entrar no museumonte degraça. Galés e Irlandos, um shelenk. Invalides redesmêmbrios de velha aguarda terrão ricorriquexá quexamá saci ando assimodo o destino d'abunda. Para acharvemestra favor suplicar a zelatriz, a Senhora Kathe. Tip.

Porequipo museirão. Ó o chapéu nessa entrada! Ora estedes no Museirão Belintão. Eiluma arma prussiosa. Eiluma franca. Tip. Eila bandeira dos prússio, a Xica Cupires. Eila bolita que blim na bandeira dos prússio. Eilo franco que esparou no Tourel que bimbim na bandeira dos prússio. Salusto Cruzado! Vinde com pico e forcado! Tip. (Na Morsa! Fel!) Eilo o tripúleo chapéu do Lipólio. Tip. Chapulipólio. Eilo Belintão somontado abundando o cavalalvo dessempre, Coponhaque. Eilo manho chacíneo Belintão, grandelhante e magentoso desporas douadas e ducos desferro e sapáticos lígneos de ferrabrass e de ligas maguináticas e bem de bangcox e galouchas golhardas e mais as guelras de peloponhisso. Eilo que o cavalalvo abunda. Tip. Eilos três lipolichos aganchados nagada davida. Eilum englês matimigo, eilum escoto equitoso, eilum davy, dorbado. Eilo

Lipólio feijuto amazando o fedido Lipólio. Comprosa de Murdos. Eilo mico lipolicho que nem sujia nem fujia. Assê, assê! Fulham Fitz Futrick. Beltram Broncus McBull. E Sicrano O'Circulano. Todomundo pulse quipulse. Eilos Alpes Délios. Eilo Mon Tivel, eilo Monte Púrrio, eilo Granjoso Monsanjão. Eila crimeolina dos alpes toucendo para protestiger os três lipólios. Eilas jínia cas perninha falselhando que leem seu altesanálico livro de estralégias enquanto guerrelham dencontro Belintão. As jínia só friscando assim camão e as jínia só corvando osseus cabelo e o Belintão sopõe a banda imposição: dessentido. Eilo grande obscídeo consuelo mamorial pentelhescópico do Belintão no lombo das jínia. Sexcentos cavancos de putença. Tip. Eilo mim Bélgio bispando um filipote de sua Terrível Macabrância Cromwéllyca Sombreira. Saqueada. Eilas jínia sapecando um mensageiro só por irrigar o Belintão. Mensagem em finas linhas rubras pela peido da camisa de mim Bélgio. Ió ró ró! Liberarto. Víer zig em! Viguêis dai claine frauds. Amploxos. Sonim. Foi essa moeda mesma das jínia por fontanoiar o Belintão. Elá, lá, lá! As jínia jiumenta azincortejando os Lipólios tudos. E o Belintão sopõe a banda imposição: dessentido. Eilo bolde Bélgio, do quepe ao cuspe, quebrando a parola secreta cumabola nouvido ao Belintão. Eilocá aprensado remensageando ao Belintão. Message explosta nas partes prudentas de mim Bélgio. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinis. Judas de amor-te! Sai-me ferro e anta, Voutre. Belintão. Eila premeira piada Belintona. No mês mamoeda. Elê, lê, lê! Eilo mim Bélgio com suas setelínguas pelos pés, sim um nem, sem um pio e com pisada adelante, marechando no campo pras jínia. Toma um sorvo, gola estorvo, pois hararia de comprar mais da guinéss antes quimesmo de angolir um caracum de moça-em-bico. Eilumas bolas prússias. Eilo um tranco. Eilos vísquios. Eila bucha de cantão narubicundo. Depois da sua indulgência dos sendias. Eilos beatos. Viúdas da Tara! Eilas jínia de pimponas pulcas plaras. Eilos Lipólios nas causas de tortelância. Eilo Belintão, junto as lascas docais, ordando fogo. Tonnerre! (Na mouca! Fez!) Eila camelaria, eila flusão, eilos solferinos em ação, eila sua mobiltade, eila paniquebens. Almeidagad! Artis tu lusas! Eilo Belintão gritentão. Brum! Brum! Cumbrum! Eilas jínia gritentinhas. Underwetter! Gota estral Finglande! Eilas jínia corrindo rumo a sua austerlista poruma bombentrincha. Saltitim tintandim e ripulim limpimpim tão felim. Pois que lá já está seu coração. Tip. Eilo mim Bélgio merci por mercê numa sálvia deprata portante azeduvas no fresco do frasco. Purlapé! Eila bismarca da maratanta melúria das jínia deixada portrás. Eilo Belintão branlindo o seu mesmo Só Vê Quipê pentelhescópico mamorial por sua regal diversã sobre as jínia corrintes. Gambariste dela porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! Eilo mais miquim dos lipólios, Toffeethief, quespia o Belintão abundando o cavalalvo dessempre, Caboenxágue. Stonewall Belintão é um velho montrumênio de sera. Lipólios é soltairos bem doutados. Eila hiena reichante só rindo aço

capa do Belintão. Eilo jaleipzigo Dooleyano kriegando o cagango do reincho. Eilo hindoo Shimar Shin entre o dooleynho e o reincho. Tip. Eilo serôsio Belintão pengando a mitade do chapéu do lipólios do meio da imundiça sanguenta. Eilo hindoo cerá-fico tarante por uma bombshell. Eilo Belintão pendendo no rabo do bombardo do seu grão cavalalvo abundado, odessempre. Tip. Eila postremeira piada Belintona. Tum, tum tum! Eilo cavalalvo abundado dessempre do Belintão, Culpenhá-que, saxudindo os quartos com a mitade do chapéu do lipólios por insoultar o siboio hindoo. Hney, hney, heny! (Na moça! Falta!) Eilo siboio, madrashattaras, jadepé e prontindão, gritante ao Belintão: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! Eilo Belintão, carvalheiro nalto, coferece a penderneira para o curso Shimar Shin. Assim fui deu! Eilo fudado siboio explutando a inteira metade do chapéu do lipólios do topo do rabo do lambo do abundado cavalalvo dessempre. Tip (Na mosca! Fui!) O fim de Copenhagen. Poralino museirão. Ó as bota na saída.

Ffu!

Qüente tempo que passamos lá mas cão fresco cá para aradeiro! Temo nãoção do endereço dela mas nuncás de contar annienguém pelalampa dum beltatá! É uma cas'hotha à luz deveras com mês-e-uma janudelas. Benhabaixo, Subinhabaixo. E numbeirada mim-te-nós. E ainda um clima tão decente! O vogamundo vento valsa à roda dos gramitos e sobre cada penhochedo (se você nota cinquenta eu nuto quatro mais) eis aquela áveus caluda quem sedo narruga catando, correndinha, fazendinha, zibidinha, servindinha, limpandinha, chutandinha, separandindinha, comendorinha, chorandurinha, sabendoinha, ajudandinha, ruinandinha áveus caluda. Contemplatô tal melroprestro! Sob seus sete rothsculdos faz alguém, Lamprér. Cogláudio aceulado. Caqueira entorsida. Nossos pombinhos empar partiro norte pas falésia. O três de corvas volou sulbitâneo, croquitando daderrota para os tetricantos do céu donde as tríbus responderam: Ai, mas vai! Ela nevai aparecer quando Thon tá nu chuveiro ou quando Thon tá laceso com suas Nixies ou quando Thon tá soprano thorvões pelas galhas do Thon. No nubo no! Neblas della liv! A ia remorrer de remedinho. De Fincaleperna e de Prendemeolinhorrolando e de tod'esse amôrte no mun. Fi fù fum! Ela nunquerque sechore homeite dellamadre. Cá, e acaba aparecendo já, lá venhela, bombinhadapaz, ave parodizo, umafalda amasinha, um alfimete na paisilhagem, com piuís e pauaus lelevandim nunu biquim e diz bis num triz cisquenta a pixielada luz de seu pacto euhemerarquiriz, picaqui, bicali, riquichando roubixana. Mazé anoi-te doar mistycio, militopucos, e aiainhã desejamos um finiz adiversário aos trabalhadores da minúcia e haveráu maravalhosa trécua para hifantes crianços esparlhados. Vem nebo demim e suso cantim o dia que ceulembramos. Ela pecou empestada a lanterna do vagao para melhor espilhar (seu vê certo é pôr galinha torta) e

tudo quanto é item vensido metido na suia saculinha: fartuchos e detalhadoras, peerneiras feludas e bandalhas de todas nações, clavicures e escampulários, mapas, chaves e achas de patacas e broches aluados com bragas sanglandes e mishivas bosturnas e massas de xô-setes e balãs com gãdãs e o podre imiguel e olindo comendo de tolos e comundai vocês e musticos e manjicos, engulhos enguias comuto andor e pleures de belles, e o último suspero que vê iodopeito (boeklid!) e mais preclaro pecadete que o sol sobe ver (eis coires!). Cosculo. Quisculo. Amplexulo. Osculexo. Atém ao fim davida. Menchi.

Comè boldosa e genesposa, ante streeta podebirção, arroubar nossos histórridos presentes dos passados posproféticos denodo a nos fazer a todos lordeiros e herdaias de talmanha belabúrdia. Ela livve ameia damorte e splora derrizos por nós (sua fertlicidade é incontrolável!) com uma vental se maiscara e saboteia azares mulhã rúgea (titereza! medes pupa!), sizaqueres saber e te saco ieu. Hou! Hou! Grelos vêm sendores e Trolhanos durotados (pois toda escória tem dois fados) e nos atralhos da santa improvidência é isso que vaza avida avaler a penas e o mundo é uma cela paracê-lo celotado. As mansoilas que enventem astória e os noncebos que lorotem pelas costas do morpommo. Ela conhece seu dever no turno em quanto Londra a dor meça. Tu pupaste um merréu? diz ele. Seu o quê? Ri dentes dizela. E nós todos a mamas amulher casannda por ser merceneira. Pesar que o rasto dessaterra corrisco de liquidação (fluta!) não aja sobrancerda ou supersírio na phace glaubra da tela de Herrschuft Whatarwelter ela empesta um pósforo e alouga uma turfa e rêvèra as areias paquenser seu coração iaiá desfazer de tudo o que caibra acarbonara para dar um piffe nos negrócios. Paffe. Dar um puffe nos imbróglios. Popoffe. E mesmo que Humpety tombe um tomo casquenta vezes e renôvo estrunchado na barbussalém de todos nossos grandes censorrores averá ouvos para os dejuneiros lutuadores je m'amolle père feitinho. E tãe verdade issué colalá tenhunpão jatta pronto teambém e quando cê achá queijaviu um trazeiro veja bem se não te regala uma galúnia.

Entrão no quela está em seu favoritual tramalho de zerar pêlos proves, esfrutando brontinhos e cebendo seu dizmo, podemos tomar enrevista os dois montes, para nem falharmos dos excovinhas aqui como alhures, comosseis permeia a dúvia, tal que tantos promoçórios e colleenas sentados àrrota, sem tabriz e dá consão podríscio, em seus cetins cesseiantes e tencionados taffetaffes, representando Wharton's Folly num a ti parti lá no planco lado purque. Tesperta, mickos! A bespaço pashminnas! De presto, Nicholas Proud. Podemos nada ver e ouvir se assim queiramos das muitanhas tarracanas de Corkhill ou das villamores de Arbourhill ou das vilesgambas de Summerhill ou dos violencelhos de Miseryhill ou dos contrabânsios vielloni de Constitutionhill inda que cada alplateia tenhalá seus diversos tões e cada ofídio suas artas altimanhas e cada harmônico seu um punto,

Olaf tem seu direito e Ivor é canoto e Sitric tem seu lugar enhentre os ambos. Mas todos eles todos tão por lá gramando a gadanhar uma vida que venha solver e salvar o robuloso rebu dessa vida, pulandim em meio a ela como peixos nus magreblha, Ah, enquanto ele jaz dormonte do mabroborgo de Holdhard ao microbirgo de Pied de Poudre. Couvide este som de siso eirês. Real? Cápra inglês se há dever. Royal? Um soberano trocadilhado por moucos tontões. Regal? O silêncio soa acena. Fake!

Estavindo Dublindo?

Hshh! Cautaivos! Ecolândia!

Hum cenário encantador! Me alembra a engravura gaiada que ficávamos semprultrando no esbaço da parende da sua casa espousada. Ficavam? (certeza que aquela chata capeluda com a mújica caixola de chocolotes, Miry Mitchel, está ouvindo.) Digo, os vestígios da esgastada inumura onde ficavam sempoltados os Ptólmens do Íncabo. Ficávamos? (Ele está apenas fimgindo estar tongendo a harpa do jubaleu de um segundo oufinta egostado, Fiery Farrelly.) É consabido. Veja por você mesma e enxergarás ovelho renovelado. Dbln. W.K.O.O. Escultou? Junto ao muro do mausoline. Fimfim fimfim. Comun grande funferall. Fumfum fumfum. É optophone que ontophana. Ouvi! Alíria mágica de Wheatstone! Eles hão de tanjar rioturnamente. Hão de ouvias para sente. Hão de prestender por um fioturnamente. O esclavicárdio será deles, parolav.

Tetricoisas fourtanto, dissera nosso herodotário Mammon Lujius em seu noble historiorum, escrito junto a Boriorum, mais cianótico dos tomos nos anais de baile, t.c. em Dyfflinarsky jamais aver falhar té que fumosdurze e nuvesderva vindam isla d'Eire amur talhar. E ora cá aqui estão, de abro a quatro. Notities! Unum. (Adar.) Um balbullbo sermontado num encião. Pois é, pois é! Duum. (Nizam.) Um talmanco numa pobre velhanda. Ah, ho! Triom. (Tamuz.) Dom zela acá estanhada, danau anoiva, a ser desartada. Adu, adu! Quodlibus. (Marchesvan.) Apena avala menos mais que uma escarta. E assim. E tudos. (Succoth.)

Assim, comovento atoa vira páginas e páginas, como inocenses e anaclito batem papo e antepupa, as folhas dos vivos no luvre dos fortos, anais desciprópios, cornometrando os ciclos de eventos grandiossos nocionais, fossilmente se fazem passar que

1132 a.d. Homens como hormigas oumigas camilham sobremenso cetãoceo blando que jazia num Corgo. Espermáticas batralhas em Ublanium.

566 a.d. Na véspera de Nabaal deste ano pós delúgio uma belhota que tinha um sexto de virme pacatá turva morta no píntano zoiou sob aborda do sexto alcorrer para sothisfeiger sua conchiosidade e san tomatre que cevil enlotada de nêgrios bélios sapantolhos e pequenos sapentelhos iligantes, tão ricos ensuor. Borráticas obralhas em Hurdlesford.

[Caluda]

566 a.d. Nessa época acaeceu que umá manseba descupre as melenas elamenta (Sobralasolas!) porque Pupette sua quelida forraptada pelo ogro Puropeu Pio. Sangênticas batalhas em Ballyaughacleeaghbally.

1132 a.d. Dois filhos numa hora vêm à luz para um bonome e samegera. Esses filhos chamaram-se Casula e Primoz. Primoz era infanteiro e trenava todagente todecente. Casula foi enolocal escreveu uma feça, uma parsa. Manchá̱ticas pavralhas por Dublin.

Algures, parentemente, no gin und agape enter antedilúvio e annadomíneo o copista deve ter fugido com seu rolo. Punhou de cachetete ou cifrado por um alche ou o mundiurgo sútrepa do excelsissimost empyreo (raios, em suma) tem remoto ou o dinâmito catapaucas pancadas na poortada bide durante. Escribicídio justo ali é realigado sob antigo codicilo concerta multa coberta por seis markos ou novepensos em caricorroas por pagar a escória toda dessa lida enquanto será somente invés por outra nessa vera super era quièra nossa, como seguência de enveitos militares e civis, que uma ginecura foi enporcada por pegar a mesma multa quantia em secreto em sem volver com os fundos da esposa do vizinho que descofre.

Ourimpós tudo isso, exagelado e peregrino ou diguinado ou clero, ergamos as oiças, olhos das trevas, do códex desse Liber Lividus e (toh!) que paizagem eirênica, toda adunas dumbrantes e vales valhentes, sextendesse a nossa fronte aplainura de nossa pútria! Sombre o pinho impetrado o pastor concel gajado; cervalho jovem junto à irmã de cervalho mordisca viridades retornadas; donzentre a grama donçante a folha trindária finge humuldade; docéu degris perenes. Yassim, dês cujo mento é munto. Desdeliças de Hebear e Harimã a flor dumilho vem noscendo em Ballymun, aurosa mosquieta escolhou as frinjas de Goatstown, tulibas lábeis a floram à beija do Rush, comarka do trepúsculo, alvacúloe e rubracúleo fadrilharam os mayvales de Knockmarron: e, como cerco arroda toda, durante uma ilhíada de perieligongos, os Formóreos caliçaram os Danntes dos Danos e o Boieiro foi açolado pelos Firebolgs e os Geantos jerribaram seus keventos e Little on the Green é filhogenitor da Cidade (Debelas! Debelas! E esgargalhadas!), esses paxcilentes lapeleiros quadrilharam pelos séculos e nosevem comaromas, frescos e pais-pratos-da-hora como na véspera de Killallwho.

Os babelciantes com suas thangas vãos forão (confúsium que os domine!); eles fóram e se foram; bandos de bendidos foram e sindomas de houhnhymns foram e nórguios fermosos e pralevu fiancées. Homens derreteram, funcioneiros sursurrejaram, a blonda buscou o seu brune: Eu cê qué dumai, mim qué repie? E as duncledamas ripostaram com ackhelles camaradas: Ué tom quedô, ex-pesce dão beicil? E caíram uns sobosoutros:

e les próprios caíram também. E ainda oranoite enas noites doutrora as doudas froles todas do campo a seus sifáunios amantes dizem só: Murchama antes quemèrre colha! A, pouquíssimo depois: Arranca-me enquanto coro! E bem hão de murchar, se caslhar, e profusas corar, vonjurar! Pois esse ditado é mais velho que o murro. Se bela a baleia sembala dembalde (não é vierdade o que te diego?) por ter nalbasanas balbateiras que sagitam e se acodem. Tim Timmycam a timptou, temptante Tam. Fleppety! Flippety! Fleapow!

Hop!

Em norme de Anem esse carl no kopje contanga pelar isoulado souliteiro quendiebus pões seria? Defórmica porcabeça pigminha, deminutos pés passados. Tem-te-tano, é estarracado, e, meu velhuz quepeitoral, de mamamúsculus quetão, mausterioso. Emerenda uma jonta ser-vida na calota desmiolos lá d'alguém. Diloía homem-dragão. Fica pousto quase all'herba aqui, o comestável Saxun, seja ginho ou febirreiro, márçool ucabril ou múrgidos motins de pluvinhoso ou frorioso. Suujeito maais exkwisipto. É vidente mente a legoria. Saltareimos suas cercas de chamas empilhas demedu-las rechupadas. (Cave!) Ele sabe nostergar a via cencalúnia às colunas de Hírculos. Anda, porta porteiro, come unvai monblom mês sy ehr? Exculpai, gringolé! Taller du densk? N. Ocê talka estueguês? Não. Espica anglais? Nnn. Fona saxo? Nnnn. Taclaro em tão! Se fazJuto. Troqueumos chapéis e traqueumas verbos de poentes oum cum uôtro asinha sôbolos tantos tintos depaupéis.

Juto. — Yutah!

Muto. — Sastifeição.

Juto. — Tu exsurdas?

Muto. — Poucadim.

Juto. — Mas não exsurdas mudas?

Muto. — Nonada. Só nuncio demais.

Juto. — Epa. Que mãis que tu têis?

Muto. — Merredigogago.

Juto. — Que coisa hau-re-re-re-re-renda, desce-ser! Como, Omuto.

Muto. — Na botilha, moucavalheiro.

Juto. — Que bortalha. Qualhures?

Muto. — No cocontestado onde vosco fôr devêsseis.

Juto. — Cê desse lado assua voz missão quase inedíveis. Venha um porquinho mais sabível, como seu fora tu.

Muto. — Eis? Eisisto? Eisistação? Urpa, Boohooru! Booru Usurpa! Eu treno derreiva eminhamente quando lelembro-lo!

Juto. — Ai, nau quemplique. Dodores Dodô passado. Permita-me ante sua toda Eisistação cruzar-te a qualmaria com missangas. Dou-ses medas de prada, peça d'olmo. Ghinees ebó pati.

Muto. — Luiii, luiii! Como eu não sabreria, intelível capagris de Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy foltes raízes por um barde dabblin. Ovelho ruge-tuge! Partiu-se nesse humptêntico lockall. Cá foram livrés, Monomarko. Lá soaram sem horitas dalua, Minikin passe.

Juto. — Simplesmente porque como prelata Taciturno, nosso tencuntador de mhistifória, ele derrhumpou uma demão num carrinho de rubagas com solarem-se aqui.

Muto. — Bem como enseixo que bruxeleasse ali verpool.

Juto. — Cenhoh sejalavado! Qom quê qomo norse?

Muto. — Sumularmente a um toiro numa loja de porcirlanda. Rux ror hum rex rum! Eu jour haria fedelidade lhe, ao do corno espúmeo, com seu flanco delanoso, pelínsula em que estou suttonado, esse Brian d' of Linn.

Juto. — Olhos ferventes e miles melentes em mim quando manteigo que mel coprendo má palavra do índickio ao finn de patuagens como exceteu rotordão farrapado. Imaudito e homsceno! Pastar bem! Até louco.

Muto. — Certissimost. Maespera unsegundim. Rode um instonta e tento essa quasisla e caverá como é antica tal planiça d'Anteastrais, deliberta e tota nossa, wonde womem wurla pranto a pissar enressaltos, wonde vila sará pelalei distmo mesmo, wonde por jus tossinhorio, o gelo do pélago foi e é Difício do no Inn Cípio a cujo Punct O'Finnishterra. Sem eire nem bueire. Misturmar duas raças, dócio e salmaura. Ruda mortália. Heis-que, culspindo eastuárdios, eles são em surgência: Hó-que, calmarilhos no estiário, requiescem. Inumerabilidade de vivas estórias percaíram rholando nesta plaga, flágeis flocos fluminantes, caitas caídas do cal, talque maagno maago todo ele em redemundos. Ora todos tumbados no munte, sim já das cinjas, aterra aterrada. Orgulho, ah, orgulho, um teu entulho!

Juto. — 'Scafede!

Muto. — Fiatfuit! Sobonós jazem pós. Llargos aos parcos e toda noite havida hainda hestranha, babelônia a bisagrandoteleira com a casa dos quem dos quim dos quintos, alpe sobre enseto, dracon sobre ílula, talquao feito e annperfeito nesse estreito seminteiro dito iz libez luv.

Juto. — 'Zerdado!

Muto. — Meldumlaço! Pela férica onda consadido. Canto de Presso. E morro de thanacestross engoliu-mos todos. Esta torra que anos cabe é meropó dalvenaria e sêndu manos omesmo roturna. Quem se arruna pode lelas de quatras. O'c'stle, n'c'stle, tr'c'stle,

crolando! Venda-me-avista a passagem Airlanda! Humirlanda senhora. Sed enuncie sempre sem resoo, maitri! Como mequeiras!

Juto. — Por quêiras??

Muto. — Gyganto Forfículo com Amni lafada.

Juto. — Cômo do?

Muto. — Eilas vestes de vice, a do rei.

Juto. — O queim!

Muto. — És otariolítico, Ahjuto?

Juto. — Heume trovo plasmado, mutoutro.

(Palra) sestás letraído, mires telivro que se delama, que cúrias de sinos (prego, palra), nesse allahlfabeto! Podes-to lher (jacque Nós e Você já solveigmos) seu mundo? É o mesmo redito de todos. Tantos. Miscigênios sobre miscigerações. Coscam. É par-to é sem-fardo, é amar-te e seifado. Pieterno. Urreino será dos Mancebos e Porvos. Meandretal ecoisa, reperdidamente, sobre o velho Heindeburgh nos tempos em que Hocabeça-nos-Cirros Errava naterra. Na igneorância que implica impressão que sutura o saber que finca a forma-nome que esperta espiritos que aduzem contatos que seduzem sensações que desenham desejo que adere ao apego que assola a morte que avassala o parto que acarreta o seguimento da existência. Mas conjorro de um seu bigo que chega ao retablo de Ramasbatham. Terrícola, panorâmica avisão estaqui; bisonha e permanece balouçante. Uma Hachadinha, uma Ceifa, um Erado que tinha poor purprósito casser a crosterra a toda hora, pafronta, patrai, como obué nostrofedonte. Cavê figurinos billycoses armados montantes. Montantes armados bellicoses figurinos vecá. Futhorc, esta pequena effinge é farumafagulha dita federneira. Face-a-se afia! Oh, me fou! Face-a-se afoite! Ho, cê fai! Azar mas tua taqui, falce al face! Quando uma parte tão ptita desimcombre-se do holos nós logo passamos a usar um allfaráfio. Aqui (prego-te, palra) há-de versas catitas petitas proás de um interesse bem pecuniar nesmedida em que são as pellotas que fazem acharrua havernida. Reita ranca ragnar roca e contais roucas o'rangos que tangos roldavam rudos rebentantes. Oraola, olaora, ondestois? Éçe é de çapo traveçado çagazganta como delaçor de çerto çongo atráç de vingança. Bhas que bhela bhagoonsa isso tudo! Um monturzouro de abjetos! Ólifas, bétrabas, kímelos, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks e daltons. Oovos de muchas (Ah palra apregar!) naqui, encarquejados pelidade yagora um tanto episcilenos, e chewreadores dowelho mwundo haudignos dum meéis dehemmel coacto. Sss! Silva a snakka vermeja partudo! Nossa durlbin está ascoalhada de felmes. Chegaram à nonsa ilha vindos de triangular Tuchaterra odelá da molúmida planúria, heregtos em meio ao cargo de proibitivas pomefrutas, mas entrencena Paddy Dippingham com suas latras delixo

catando osminhocos paulatindomente emelhor do quem aldita domentomada pudesse acatar dossolo acalçola. Só mendivide em suma atotal mas o compto puta ser sempre cerca da mesma balifusão. Escroques e pinatas. Eiques em docas em trocas, eiquessidá. Um a um móis um ser três, ingual, e um se cato. Duas amas um dão plausível um prez e idim sevai. Começando com um boaboa e novelhos de trepódios e semprevivos pangarés jadessentes combilhete na boca. E um cempeso hodiário de liberorumquaer para conecer e podemos canecer até odia-se todos os prantos. Quell' orota exfarrapada de meandretalhos e com que fim envista de squatro e entisquatro e pospronentisquatro! Dizer que noz segamos, cada follano, sickrano e belltrano, fulhos da turra, fulhos, refulhos, sim e bisrefulhos, quando nozes não seremos, cada falida, sidana e betesga, falhas de Nan! Desposta accusativa! Damadam aos infinitos!

Verdade cavia enulos diebos inda nenhuma lumpenpapira no devasto e o ponderoso mote Penn gemiainda por ratúnculos soltar. Era tudo antanhidade. Você me dava a bota (significada!) e eu boquiabria. Eu tenquiria um quid (com por quis?) e você seguia ao quod. Mas o mundo, vejamente, é, foi e será autor de sua própria runina para sempre, homem, em todas matérias quicaiam sob o véuto de nossos sensos infrarracionais antes que o último camelo deleite, venacárdia latejando entre os cenhos, tenha mais que mourejar ante a tumba de sua prima charmiã onde in tâmera se verão junto à palma que é dela. Mas a hora, o niquilo, o dia da decisão não já é. Um osso, um seixo, uma pele carneira; lasquem-se, tasquem-se, cortem-se sempre; terracoctos no lentor do caldinho: e Gutenmorg com sua cromagna charta, tintinfez e cortilha há de logo e para omniboss salir rubrocado da preensa ou senão já não há mais virtude no alcoorão. Pois sèdíço (o envelado avinha) que o papera é falto, é feito, degralhas erratas e môssas imprensas. Té que finalmente (mas inda não pôr fim) vos servejam conhecidros o Senhor Typo, a senhora Topa e seus typetopinhos todinhos. Ponto fungal. Portanto mal preciso soletredes quanto cada palavra terá de portar setentanossões elições toptípsicas em todo o livro das Montas Atladas Dublida (que se enegre em lama a testa de quenhos cepare!) até que Daleth, mahomahouma, que abril, feche entento a. Door.

Não chore zainda! Allégruas até Nondum, com cessentas aiás por homem, sir, e o parque é tão escuro alude véleas. Mas olha o que tens nomão! Os mobilhos rasteijam em moções, marchandes, todos indos e vivindos, tinquetoncas e zinguezangas, pois cada tesourinheiro radicão é um tanto cão servador ao narrar. Um hera vês e dois atrás da folha lettiça e três em meio aos canteiros de moranchos. E as penosas palitam aldentes e o burraldo tal tãomudo então mudou. Pode perguntar se o asnão não crê. E logo giùmento porque os porredes têm coicidos. Aquela da mulher com carêntia de filhós. Pois era então o

tempo de grã desespelancas. De um noarca e uma malconista; ou de um pomão todo sério e de uma fâmea de leveza; ou de jovens doiro esperando encastração; ou do que a travesseira fez um homem fazer. Malmarridade foi reversogásseo pelo frisco de seus frascos e sua pucra pyrrhica. Maia daia, como é gaia, essa dona diuboia! Dês dopaço tripiçante expectunpauco! Volantino o véu, valentinos olhos. Ela é a mamelhor das Winnies más não traz boinovas. Flo inno, flo anna. Puputa! Então é certeza que foi ela não agente! Mas vá com calma, calvo alheiro, estamos esguendo um louroego. Tão picuchicunhicutinho. Ó lá li! Herrá tucanuto. Ouvim! Ouvim! Toys cutâneo. Tensão, sopra o córneo! E as larpas te lintam.

Heraduma noite, tarde, munto timplo atroz, numa antaiga erdade das perdas, quando Adão socavava e sua madãominha tessia cédas d'água, quandomem montenote era todimundo e a premeira leal costeladra que jamais ouveu osseu em-fim todomigo com seus olhos plenamormorejantes e todomiro vivia solamante com todamina amais e Conte Dom Cabeço metia a testada tostada benhalta no farol queimorava, impondo mão fria assi mesmo. E seus dois geminhos, bem pecanos, primos nóssios, Tristóvão et Hilário, chutanhavam sa bonica, no chão dolheado da casa do homerigho, castelo embarrocado. E, por Dermoto, quenhé quelhe surge na zeladoria dastalagem senão a contrassobrinhadessi por afinidade, a pirrainha. E a pirrainha rancouma rosinha e sargutou-se adeante do posta. E sim cendeu e a irlenda embrasil-se. E falela com o posta em seu maisquinho sotraque parusiense: Marco Hhm, por que queu soa pareço ingual um póco de siveja mês mussaca pais savor? E foice assim que começaram as escaramoças. Mas o posta rexplondeu assoa graça em olandês bem nassal: Portaquibateu! Aí sua graça o'malíncia rapetou o geminho Tristóvão e sternou-se rumoeste nunca minho alá deirado que chuvinha, que chuveio, que chufoi. E Conte Dom Cabeço guerrinhousse atrazela em seu suave fel de rola: para péra esparajá mevoltacasa aparalá. Mas ela jurresponsoulhe: Umprabeledade. E vil-se um rajantar naquela mesma noite de sabote de anglos cadentes em alhum algur dos eires. E a pirrainha foissembora em camanhada quarentana atudomundo e lavou as bença das beleza das verruga do geminho com sabão sepumensolhas e mandou seus quatro mochos mestros que lho seus trucos persinassem e assim o convortou aoum só-bom seguro-um-só e ele refez-se luderano. Aí veio ela que chuvinha e que chuveio e, por redemoto, estava de nova de volto no Conte Dom Cabeço num pescar de solhas e o geminho benho com ela navental, talde a noite, umoutra vez. E onde foi que foi ela sinão nobar do seu brostel. E Conte Dom Cabeço estava cos calcanhos seus bartolobrutos afagados no barril desmalte, apertando com si sóssio suas mãos acalentadas e o geminho Hilário e a bonica na primeira infântia lá dembaixo no lersol, tolcendo e toussindo, comirmão e comirmã. E a pirrainha pinçouma palidinha e sim cendeu de novo e volaram flamantes frangulhos febris das colhinas. E sargutissou delante

do portarudo, dizendo: Mar cosdois, por que queu soa pareço ingual dois póco de siveja mês mussaca pais savor? E: Portaquibateu! diz o portarudo, rexplondendo sua deloucadeza. Então casopensada sua deloucadeza largou um geminho e pegou um geminho e por toda a vialíria morracima até a terra de gemém ela chuvinha, que chuveio, que chufoi. E Conte Dom Cabeço bailia atrás dela com alto fol de ralo. Para fera esparajá mevoltacausa apuralá. Mas a pirrainha jurresponsou: Quemeapretece. E ouve um talto laudejar naquela noite de lourença-feira, de estelas candentes em alhum algur dos eires. E a pirrainha se foi na sua camanhada quarentana atidomundo e cravou as pragas protestintas com a tonpa dum grepo no geminho e mandou sas dequatras monitrizes cotovintes que tocassem suas lásgrimas e ela o provortou ao certo-somni-só-seguro e ele refez-se tristão. E aí foi ela que chuvinha e que chuveio, e num látimo, por dom temore, estava de volta no Conte Dom Cabeço e o Oiralih com ela embaixo da borra da seia. E por que ela se detinheria se tanto se nãobem na ala de sua mansomem em outra noutetarda para o terço dos encantos? E Conte Dom Cabeço estava com a pelve polvorosa na despenta encaixurrada, ruminando em seus estambos quátriplos (Varas! Devaras!), ei o geminho oavotsirt e a bonica lá dembeijo nas cobeldas, osculando e digotando, e canalhando e jururando, como lacraio e frialda e em sua segunda infântia. E a pirrainha pinçou uma embranca e sim cendeu e jouveram os vales só cintilos. E ela fez-sargutissíssima defrante da arca do tio runfo, perguntando: Marco Tris, por que queu soa pareço ingual três póco de siveja mês mussaca pais savor? Mas foi assim que a escaramoça tevunfim. Pois quai-los camplínios conforcados de relampos que revinhom, o próbrio Conte Dom Cabeço Boanerges, velho terror das sinhoritas, veio pulapula pulalante pela porta benhaberta de seus castros triscerratos, de chapéu bem rubirrondo e cularinho civicante e com seus saios fosquirrotos mais as louvas de peliça equelas salças furfúreas e a bandoneira categuta e suas bostas panunculares morduradas como um nãossionalista verme-amare-zerdavul violetamente indigonado, até o finda da fina fonta de seu carjado de capatrás. E tapeou sua mão rudosa nasorícula gelhada e falhou o que bostava e sua flh mbld dss prela ir focando côta, miafia. E a bobeca fê-lum calapôca (Perkodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurthrumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) E beberam todos de graça. Pois um homem de armadura esteve sempre àltura de quaisquer mocinhas camijolas. E paz-me essa foi a primeira opra de porresia iliterativa em todo esse mundo flamanco flatúleo e desgraflado. Como querse uau faiate fez ternuras e legâncias para o capitol narwheleguês. Telaqui tujavê. Entreti em mi. A pirrainha cuidaria de suas bobécias e os geminhos mantariam apraz e Dom Cabeço põe a venta em posição: dessentado. Assim a oviência dos citudos feliciteja a omeniência da polís.

Ô fênix cúlplice! Ex nickylow malo vem mon testibônium. Morro, jorro, forros acompanhando, credidados, orgulhêmenos muito. Pegapista, agalope! Só por isso equitais não-ão de soprar em Norröneseno ou Eirenianmo o secresto de suas innasseentes. Cuare sílex, Homfrie Noanswa? Undy gentian festines, Livia Noanswa? Wolkencap sobre ele, cerragem; audiuriente, entreounuvia, onde maus pudesse, fosse extrono de botelhas no oudiente distante. Escure, seus vales sentrevam. Com ceuceios ela cicia-lho todo o templo çobre iço e çobre açilo e eçte e maiçaquele. Ela ele ela elo ela ali garguelha. Cabelo porumfim, pudera se pecá-la! Impalpabunt, ele não oussa. As ondas sonoras são seus tapos delúvios. Que o trompam com as trompas: a onda derróris e onda de hooshed e a onda de bawhawawrd e a onda de nundebolaquelescavalosescutoqueudigo. Estanqueado pelagante dovicino e perpetrificado em sua rebentação, dás criandas e dós que manam, gemebundos faltistas podem soprar pelas suas recostas, o cafugiste cujo pãoto devoramos sem máguas de, quelícia seu velho linguado, ou ela e seu pudorroz, a lábia cuja libda libamos sem mais, quevícias seu minúsculo benhesse, eles que nos deram pomes e nebes, não haveria elãça sacrada na cidade nem vestal na flauta peladoca, não, para ser sincerro, nem voussê nem eussô para brincar de cashcash em Novo Nilbud à luz do paulste nem a'tol o'tel o'tel e nadam dunsinal à clé-entèla.

Ecavou escafoice pois um trizte por si próprio e portondos os seus e suou sem atesta sob seu auspício para os vivos e lanhou seu cusstento, tal dragon volante, e mos trouxe anossos piólhos e mau nos deixou cair infestação, Unfru-chikda-uru-wukru, podroso bertador, e olha que foi, nosso ancestraldo orabilíssimo, até pensar em oisa melhor em sua casa finistrada com aquele ruborbo em seu sorrisco dorelha aurelha. E foria novamente se as folhas amourmurantes opus dessem acordar. E pode novamente quando o pássaro de fogo abrasa evoa. E vai novamente se assim vero for por ver terranos a seus iniquiantes seja dito. Trouxeram vinho a minhas bodas, mais noiva e enxovalhais, vai ter urras pelas minhas mortalhais se estodes? Perto! Usqueadbaugham!

Anam much an dhoul! A chara aqueu tava porto!

Agora, vai com calma, meu bom Mr Finnimore, sir. E varre lachando com um deus aposentado e não me saia por aí. Pode apostar que ia só se perder em Helhórpolis agora do jeito que as suas estradas em Kapelavaster são tão sinuosas lá pois do callesvário, a Nortúmbria e Fivs Barrow e Waddlins Raid e o Boermór, e vai molhar os pés quem sabe no orvalho vem caindo lá fora. Encontrar algum velho doente banquirroto ou o burro dos Cotterick com a ferradura pendurada, clãkatachankata, ou umeretriz arroncando com um infante impuro num banco. Ia te fazer largar dessa vida, ia mesmo. E o tempo anda tão ruim também! Abandonar Devlin é duro, como Nugent sabia, deixar a limpa

embaranhada maisuberante que os campos abertáveis de suas vizinha. Mas aposto que seu fantasma não tem arrepenso. O senhor está melhor aionde está, sir, cá te cumeno ultrajando galado, colete vestripado e tudo mais, lembrando suas formas e tamanhos, no travesseiro dos seus caixinhos de nener, sob o seu sicômorro junto à calda d'álgua onde o barro de Tory vai espantar as pragas, e contudo o que quer, bolsa, luvas, frasco, tijolo, bandana, anel é amberulla, todo o tesouro da pira, Na ilha das almas com Homin e Broin Baroque e cuitá dudu Lonan e Nabuchadonascova e Guinnghis Khanshl. E nós viremoscá, os enseñadores, capinar lho túmbulo e trazer presentes, deferas, fenianos? E não é nosso cuspe que te há de custar, verdade, druidas? Nem imagettes fuleiretes, tostães e broncabreques que se podem nos magazines da sootee. Mas ofertas do campo. Mieliodoros que o Doutor Faherty, ocultandeiro, ensinou-te a ti bonzinho. Poppypapinha é passeport-out. E o méu é a coisa mais divina de todas, humfavo, colmeia eceradorelha, o alimento para a glória (cuide bem do pote senão tua taça de néctar pode acabar mirradinha!), e leite de cabra, meu senhor, que nem a criada lhe dava. Sua fama se espalha como unguento de Basílico desque os Fintan Lalors pifarejaram sua marcha transfronteira e há famílias inteiras para lá da Bothnia que vem atrás xingando. Zome aqui só fala docê, sentado à toa na bochecha do porco sob o santo telhárvore, sobre os vasos da memória onde cada socavo soculta unsanto, conjuramento por guriosidade, na Casa do Salmão. E admirantes ao seu superbordunão onde o suor da palma lá no alto é marca de seu manumento. Todos os palitos de dentes que mascaram um dia Eirenésios são lascas daquela mesma bateria. Se você foi vendimido e terrenaído e bendonado pelo senhor desterras foi para que os lavrandores não percisassem plantar batas, e quando descomposto em toda parte ante o colho das deusas você mostrou a nossas roçseiras como liberar por era fácil. Gammel Ogãde Gunne, dizem as melínguas (skull!), aquilo é que era plantador, destemperudamente! Crendiospai que era mesmo, o G.O.G! Morréu funnesto agora e nós queirindo encãotrar as chargas do seu sedeq, mas paz a seus grandes membros, o buddhoch, longo a última légua de escanso seu, enquanto o olho de milhão-de-velas de Tuskar varre as águas do Moyle! Jamais houve guerreiro na Grande Erinna e na Bretlândia, não, nem em todo o Pike County, como você, dizem eles. Não, nem rei nem terrei, de negridos, de cantados ou de formados. Você conseguia derribar um elme que doze pirralhos não cirrondavam anelados e lançaralto a pedra que Liam não. Quem se não um Macculaghmore eisaltar nossa fortuna e o faunnyman do funeral para embussolar nossa corsa? Se você fosse o próprio Unclebelle e quase sincuenta como você fizessem água, ainda assim e aí? Onde um seu igual para apor àmesa e quem seria o batedor que batera Vossa Grácia? Mick MacMagnus MacCawley voz pode imitar perfeitinho e Reynoldo Courossaco tenta embralhar e corptar como voz. Mas, nas palavras de Hopkins

e Hopkins, éreis o rei da gemada pronta e bem kissto de quebra. Nó-lo dizemos jorneial Buffaloff desquando cruzadou a Ássia Manor rumo a Jusalém. Seu galo era maidisposto que Pete, Jake ou Martin e seu arquiganso dos gansos afolgado até o Dia de Todos os Anjos. Assim, que possa o sacerdote de sete vermes e deichá pelante, Papa Vestray, jamais se achegar de vós enquanto vosso cabelo se torna trigalho à margem do Liffey que é no Céu! Hep, hep, hurralá! Herói! Sete vezes portantas voslouvamos! O saquitodo de kits, plumas gavioas e cloturnos incolhidos, está bem onde os jográsteis aquela vez. Vosso coração está no sistema da Loba e vossa cristuda cabeça está no trópico de Copricaprônio. Vosses pés são no claustro de Virgo. Vossa olala está na região dos sahuls. E tudo tão costeiro quanto olfato deterdes nassido. Vosso debulho bate ebem. E aquele texas é pano premanga. A marga marcha a Laffayette encerrou. Tripa na chulipa, bem! Não desinquiete! O lavasilhame chefe da templela de Isid, Totumcalmum, dissera: conheço-te, metherjairo, conheço-te, barca da salvação. Pois realizamos sobre ti, abramanação que és, que sempre vens sem ser invocado, cuja vinda é inconhecida, as cousas todas que a companhia dos precentores e dos gramáticos de Patricrístio determinou no que se fere a ti na questão da obra deteu tumbamento. Hode barca, murmambembe!

Tudo está na mesma, ou assim nos há petece, cá na velha reicidência. Popular como no tempo em que Belly Primeiro foi rui e seus membros se runiam na Dieta de Mans. Feretras entussindo o santuário todo, que se rele minha atchia in Florenza. Sirena o desjejum, uma hora almossineta e tintar, a lesma porcariada na vitrine, biscoitos lêtricos Jacó e Vi-Cocoa do Dr Jiboia e a sopinha desitratada de Eswaurd aulado Xarope da Mãe Sengel. Carvão tacurto mas tem montes deturfados no quintal. A carne desvalorizou quando Reilly-Parsons faliu. Mas a cevada subiu de novo, grãode novidade! Ospiá tanassascola direitinho, odotô. Soletrando outrografias com hathatação e virando tavoladas via multisplicação. Soquerem saber delivros e nunca atocham tronchas como Tomé Bundevidro ou Timó Tocaúma. Verdade ave herdadeira! Não é, patóricos romanos? Eras agílimo janitor na manhã em que aforam partados e será grandavô dapertudo quando a mão dileta subir o que a esquina estendeu. Kevin é um morzinho com aquela bochecha querubinda, alanterninha o cinto de escolidades e a caixinha de pandorama, gizando oghros pelas paredes e brincando de carteio elegante pelas estalações, e se papa fosse leite leixáveis ou dalceu lado. Mas, laus do céu, o dianho carrega o knirps daquele Jerry vez em quando, plaidboyzinho tãrtã, fazendo pigmeuto causticado com as sobras de suas lavânsias e crevendo estouro sobre azul nautópria apeles. Hetty Jane é uma Filha de Maria. Ela advir (pois é certo que vai seres colhida) com sualva doirada e um torche de hera para reincendir a flama no Dia de Felix. E Essie Shanahan soltou a barra da saia.

Lembra da Essie no Convento de Nossa Alua? Era achamada de Planta Amaria de tão amorantes seus lábios seria e de Pia de Purebelle quando os motins dos mineios carmins atomavam. Foreu segredário atrabalhão na menufatura de Williamswood eu jururo que pespegava aqueles bisbiquinhos em tudo quanto era alisar dacidade. Ela tua binoturna na Lanner. Com o baticumbum dos tabarins dos whirligigmagees. Batuca a cachucha na bucha. Ia tenxerte-o coração.

Seacalme, sujeito descente, com esses joelhos e fique quetinho e descanse a senhoria de vossença!

Segura ele ali, Ezequiel de Ferro, e que Deus te dê forças! É o nosso espírito quente, rapazes, ele está bretando. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, rolha só essa cura pros Clancarty! Você andou temando tanto desde Portobello que já dá pra imundar o Pomeroy. Pega naqui, Pat Koy! E Pega nelá, Pam Yates! Num tendes reiva de Vramowitch! Eltá dumeno. Onde nenvoeiro envolve, onde nuvoeiro nem acolhe, onde vivoeiro se aderrama, oh sonado! Que aín deja!

Estou de olho no troncho do Behan e na velhota dona Kate camanteiga, pode confiar. Ela não vai me virde pristiniditacências com aquelss cartões postais de lembrança da guerra para construir-me murial. Tipões, sem trapos nem tripas! Cê tenha acerteza! E a gente adiantou teu relógio de novo, ioiô, procê. Foi ou num fumo, combalbulantes? Pro senhor não ficar totalmente eisolado. Nem sespoliar desceus relíquios. A rodapopa arroda forte. Eu vi tua patroa no saguão. Como a queenoveire. Oxe, aquilo é que é lindura, largadessa! Perdimão? Bô papiá Harry omeu ta dzê Harry omeu papiá cretcheu dona truta boa que só, bra. Apeltimão. Aquelali não tem cuasse nadianho derrado apernas leixáligas. O Chanocalvo ali bocejando e sorrinjando gativamente na lãmofalda rodonda do tamborete dos Polocos enquanto vê ela cerzir um sonho, filha do alfeiate, ponto de onra. Ou, enquanto espera que hiberno embrase o encanto, traindo mais ninhados porque entrem pelo canoné. É tudo uma allavalonche que fagato safato detudo. Se almenos estivesses lá por explicar o senso, primo inter pális, e falar bonito com ela douriplata. Os lábios outra vez medeceriam. Como quando foste com ela até Findrinny Fair. Porque com rédeas aqui e com fitas ali você ficou com todas as mãos ocupadas ele nunca nem soube se estava na terra ou no mar ou varrida no azul como a noiva de Airwinger. Ela naquele tempo era flertaz e inda hoje é contumaz. Sabe secundar uma cantiga e adora um escândalo quando o último postal passou. Lhagrada a concertina e os pares que passam quando tirou sua soneca da ceia depois de abatatada e dousbolinhos de massar e está assuntada na sua cadeira de merlin lendo sua Noite Ilustrada. A ver se vai securta, meigalonga ou mangaboba. Notícias, notícias, todas as notícias. Morte, um leopardo, mata fellah em Fez. Cenas de fúria em Stormount. Stilla

Star com seu partido entrajes finos. Fieira das portunidades com as cheias na China e nós ouvindo esses róseos rumores. Ding Tams ele fincou sabendo do dito Harry omeu. Ela blindo caminho, acisca e arisca, entrando e saindo daquela estória seriosa, Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche, livremente adoptada como A Ex-pousa Novverginesa. Jacintos vão soprar sobre sálteos sepulcros na noite em que ela conspirar sua última lágrima. Zee End. Mas isso inda está mundo longe. Até horar a perda. Sem freixos platinados nem varados para aquelalá! No que chameiam velas vãs. Anna Stásia, como vai! Válio seu penso em nobrões, dizem Adams e Filhos, leiloeiros pagandos. O cabelo dela não perdeu seu castanho. Nem andas nem ondas. Repousejar! Finn no más!

Pois, pollo mesmalungo sibsubstituto de um salmão ganchado, já há cá à solto um carneirada porrudo pelas innstalações desse mocó das sem bortalhas, peruquê me dizem, Shop Illicit, florescendo como um domprefeito ou um buaboabaiabohm, alargando uma espelota (apena!) astibordo mas alvantando um bengalho de uma ajarda (ivoeh!) do lado briseiro (zibido!), da altura da chimpné do cerveiro e largo emaixo como Phineas Barnum, dando sua aparte d'umbros que locorrem que é tão faliugurão, com uma molher de sofrimensa em conserva que é fogacho e três nindos leléns lajutos, dois gemibúndeos privetes e uma pucella nanã. E ou ele curseu e recurseu e foi semprevisto fazendo o que os seus soldedários viram ou foi nuncafeito vendo o que sabedes, seus alcameletas, coma as nuves lá decima por testremunhas ocultares, e com isso já chega de dos fodinho e das fadinha. Por mais que Eseb loroteie tudo aos zephiroth e Artsa zoome todo por seus céus piternos. Criador, criou ele para seus criaturados uma criação. Monothoísta branco? Theatrocrata rubro? E todos os pinkrofetas cohaleschem? E como! Mas seja lá o que foi, um coisa é bem certa, o que o Xerife Toragh corroubara e Mapqiq faz nunciar, que o homem, Humme Cheapner, Excelsior, supervisto como o pensáramos, quanto digno do onoma, chegou no encolorado lagar em que vivemos neste nosso paróqio fermamento macedo ou bastarde com seu chunco no ocasco de uma valsa, o turbana dhowonde vinha à Bey for Dybbling, primeira escurna a visitar este archipélago, com uma ceretriz padrão vimado na proa porcarranca, o dugongo dumarmoto quilhilhado das profundas, e vem se reproutussindo como pecheboi nesses sessentedez anos desde antão, com chua achébi ao cheu ladinho, adi e aid, cresquendo a cada hórsass sob seu turbante e transformaldeando açúcar em amido de sethulose (praga de Tuttut nele!, elém disso, desafora antepara deque-se gaba quando innebbiado, nosso velho ofensor era húmile, commune e ensectuoso de natureza sua, o que você pode avaliar pelos apodos que sob ele sexpuseram em cachetadas de diomas (honniçuá e salve salve!), e, totalizando-o-o, mesmo hamissim de himashim, que

ele, sóbreo séreo, é ele é lê e não outrelelá quem há de ultimente ser sorresponchável pela balbúrdia provocada em Edenborgo.

Contributors

Bartholomew Ryan is a philosopher and musician, and researcher at IFILNOVA, Universidade Nova de Lisboa. He is the coordinator of the research group 'Forms of Life and Practices of Philosophy'. He has published various books and essays interpenetrating philosophy and literature, the most recent book being *Fernando Pessoa and Philosophy: Countless Lives Inhabit Us* (co-editor, 2021); and he is the author of *Kierkegaard Indirect Politics: Interludes with Lukács, Schmitt, Benjamin and Adorno* (Brill, 2014). He has taught at universities in Brazil, Berlin, Oxford, Aarhus, Dublin, Lisbon and Bishkek. He is currently writing a book called *James Joyce: The Unfolding Art of Flourishing and Decay* which will be published by Oxford University Press. In music, he released a solo album called *Jabuti* in 2022 (written in Brazil under the name *Loafing Hero*); leads the international band *The Loafing Heroes* (six albums released in 2009-2019); and is a member of the experimental audio formation *Headfoot*. E-mail: bartholomewryan@fcsh.unl.pt Webpage: https://ifilnova.pt/en/people/bartholomew-ryan/

Caetano Waldrigues Galindo teaches linguistics at Universidade Federal do Paraná. His literary translations include works by T. S. Eliot, J. D. Salinger, Thomas Pynchon, David Foster Wallace and James Joyce. His translation of *Ulysses* (2012) received three major prizes for translation in Brazil. His companion *Sim, eu digo sim: uma visita guiada ao* Ulysses *de James Joyce* (2016) was the first critical work entirely dedicated to Joyce's novel in Portuguese.

Esra Öztarhan is an Associate Prof. in the Department of American Culture and Literature, Ege University, İzmir, Turkey. She teaches various graduate and undergraduate courses in the same department since 2002. Her PhD thesis is entitled *Good Girls, Bad Girls: Class, Gender and Ethnic Identities in Contemporary American Bildungsroman.* She has also published a book on food memoirs in 2018 entitled*: Food in Contemporary Ethnic American Literature and Culture.* Her areas of interest are gender studies, cultural studies, contemporary literature and American ethnic literature. E-mail: esrasahti@gmail.com.

Lara Rebeca da Mata Santa Barbara is a Master's student of Modern Literature, Arts and Cultures at the University of Lisbon (ULisboa), and an English teacher. She graduated in

Vernacular Linguistics and Literatures and Modern Foreign Languages (English) in 2021 (Federal University of Bahia). Her current research interests are in Irish cultural studies, Irish music and literatures, investigating the representations of nation, and belonging and identity in the contemporary Irish society. She has participated in the UFBA's Association for Research on Irish Studies (ARIS - UFBA) since 2018 as a volunteer researcher. As part of the group, she has been one of the translators of Jessica Traynor's *Liffey Swim*, published as *Três Rios* (2019), and participated in the organisation of five editions of the Bloomsday academic celebrations at UFBA. She has presented talks on James Joyce's life and gave readings of his work, such as 'Fragmentos da vida de Joyce' in 2018 and 'Music and Musicality' in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in 2021.

Luis Henrique Garcia Ferreira is a Master's student in Theory and Literary History at the State University of Campinas (UNICAMP) and a PhD student in Literary Studies at the Federal University of Paraná (UFPR). He holds a degree in Social Communication/ Journalism from the Pontifical Catholic University of Campinas (PUC-Campinas) and a degree in History. He has experience in the field of communication, having worked as an editor, journalist and photographer. He was a professor of Portuguese at the state teaching network of the State of São Paulo and of History at the municipal network of Itatiba-SP. He researches modernist literature in the English language, with James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* being his main research object. He participated in the translation of two chapters (VI and VII) of *Finnegans Wake* in the full translation executed by Coletivo Finnegans Wake, coordinated by Professor Dirce Waltrick do Amarante. This translation was released under the title *Finnegans Rivolta* and published in 2022 by Editora Iluminuras. Currently, he is dedicated to the full translation of *Finnegans Wake* in his Doctoral research and the relationship between *Finnegans Wake* and contemporary classical music in his Master's research. E-mail: henriquegarcia.pesquisa@gmail.com.

Luísa Freitas is a full-time English lecturer at the Rio de Janeiro State University (Uerj). She is also a member of the research group Joyce Studies in Brazil and co-organizes the study group Here Comes Every Joyce with Vitor Alevato do Amaral.

Mick Greer graduated in English Literature from Cambridge University in 1983 and has been teaching at the School of Arts and Humanities at Lisbon University (FLUL) since 1992, where he is an Assistant Professor. He holds a PhD on James Joyce and theatre and is a researcher at FLUL's Centre for Theatre Studies, where his main areas of interest

include James Joyce, Contemporary British and Irish Theatre, Translation and Theatre in Education and Shakespeare in Performance. Mick has translated various plays and texts concerned with performance and the arts. He has also published on theatre, translation and literature.

Noélia Borges de Araújo is a Brazilian PhD Professor of the Postgraduate Program on Literature and Culture at the Federal University of Bahia (UFBA). She has a Master's degree in English and Corresponding Literatures (Federal University of Santa Catarina, 1999) and a PhD in Linguistic and Literary Studies in English (University of São Paulo, 2003). Her first post-doctoral research took place at the Leeds Metropolitan University (UK) from 2009 to 2010, and the second one at the Faculty of Philosophy, Languages and Humanities of the University of São Paulo. She retired as a full professor at the Institute of Languages and Literatures (ILUFBA) - English Department at the Federal University of Bahia. She has also coordinated UFBA's Association for Research on Irish Studies (ARIS-UFBA), concentrating, mainly, on the following topics: Irish literature, culture and identity representations, translation and film adaptations. With ARIS-UFBA, she promotes yearly Bloomsday academic celebrations at UFBA to pay homage to and promote the reading and discussion of Joyce's *Ulysses* in Bahia. E-mail: nollybor2003@yahoo.com.br.

Priscila Célia Giacomassi holds a PhD in Literary Studies from the Federal University of Paraná. She graduated in Portuguese/English and has a Masters in Language Arts, English Language Literature. She is a teacher at the Federal Institute of Paraná and participates as a lecturer in graduate courses (specialization) for public and private teachers in the State of Paraná.

S. E. Gontarski edited the *Journal of Beckett Studies* from 1989-2008. He has also edited *The Beckett Critical Reader: Archives, Theories, and Translations* (2012) and *The Edinburgh Companion to Samuel Beckett and the Arts* (2014), both from Edinburgh UP, as are his monographs, *Creative Involution: Bergson Beckett, Deleuze* (2015) and *Beckett Matters: Beckett's Late Modernism* (2016). *Revisioning Beckett: Samuel Beckett's Decadent Turn* appeared from Bloomsbury in 2018; and his *Burroughs Unbound: William Burroughs and the Performance of Writing* was issued by Bloomsbury in 2021. *Włodzimierz Staniewski and the Phenomenon of "Gardzienice"*, edited with Tomasz Wiśniewski and Katarzyna Kręglewska appeared from Routledge, also in 2021. A volume of his essays on Beckett's major plays has been translated into Portuguese (*Samuel Beckett: os grandes textos teatrais*,

translation by Camille Vilela-Jones, revision, presentation and notes by Marcus Mota; Giostri Editora, 2021). A second volume on the shorter plays will appear in 2023, also from Giostri. His *A Materialização da ausência: o teatro neural de Beckett*, translated by Laura Moreira, appeared in *Revista do Laboratório de Dramaturgia,* Laboratório de Dramaturgia e Imaginação Dramática (LADI) I.2, 3, 2016. E-mail: sgontarski@fsu.edu.

Tarso do Amaral de Souza Cruz holds a PhD in Languages and a Master's degree in Literature in English. He teaches Literature in English at Universidade do Estado do Rio de Janeiro and at Fundação Técnico-Educacional Souza Marques. His main areas of research are Joycean Studies and Post-Colonial Studies. He is a member of the Brazilian Association of Irish Studies, as well as of the research groups Joyce Studies in Brazil and Poéticas da diversidade. He was a member of Coletivo Finnegan, which translated Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* into Portuguese. E-mail: tarsodoamaral@gmail.com

Vitor Alevato do Amaral teaches English Language Literatures at the Fluminense Federal University (UFF) in Niterói, Rio de Janeiro. He is a member of the Graduate Program in Literary Studies at the same university. His main areas of research are Joyce Studies and Literary Translation, with a focus on the retranslations of James Joyce's works. He is a member of the executive board of the Brazilian Association for Irish Studies (ABEI) and coordinator of the research group Joyce Studies in Brazil. E-mail vitoramaral@id.uff.br.