Mr Joyce Is Writing Foreign English

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"more languages to start with than were absolutely necessary" (U16.352)

It takes little demonstration to know that Joyce's prose contains a higher degree of words outside English than most other works of fiction. One glance at *Finnegans Wake* is evidence enough; at least half a hundred foreign languages have been traced in it though most of them with only very sporadic appearances. This has even led to a widespread misconception that knowledge of many such foreign languages would essentially help understand the book. But *Ulysses* already is bristling with phrases and words in Latin, French, Italian German, Gaelic, Spanish, Hungarian, Greek, Hebrew, and many more.

This essay summarizes how stridently Joyce's English is inundated with foreign elements and, conversely, how Joyce pushes his brand of Irish flavoured English towards foreignness. This naturally extends far beyond vocabulary. Standard English is challenged, and by implication all standards, especially ideals of purity. Native and alien intermingle, consequently Joyce alienated readers at all stages of his rapid development.

What, however, is foreign? No "dagger definitions" need to be unsheathed to notice that practically all terms for "foreign" derive from a notion of "outside"[1] or "other." *Foreign* has its origin in a Latin adjective *foran(e)us*, outsider, someone not in residence; its base *foras* is "out of doors" (in fact a cognate of "door"). A "stranger" is someone "extraneous," outside. "Alien" is what is different and relates to "*alius*," another ("others" come from elsewhere). *Foreign* implies a distance from some supposed centre, usage, or standard, an outlook that in its nature depends on a subjective position which is seen as inside, native, and normal. So the implied distinction is between those who are inside and all others, outside, somewhere else—a distinction, as the history of languages or Joyce demonstrate, fraught with problems.

A listing of foreign elements from *Ulysses* onwards would extend to tedious dimensions. A few reminders will suffice. The first spoken or rather "intoned" words in *Ulysses* are in ecclesiastical Latin and have become outdated even for mass attending readers. The third chapter escalates the process that set in with "*Epi oinopa ponton*," "*Zut*" or "*Übermensch*." A French adjective is transposed into English: "a midwife's bag" is swung "lourdily" (U3.32, with a possible overtone of Lourdes, the goal of many pilgrimages, a place in France). A multilingual search for the *mot juste* generates a minute list: "She trudges, schlepps, trains, trascines her load" (U3.392). Stephen's delectation includes borrowings like "*Frauenzimmer*," "mahamanvantara," or Gipsy cant ("gan," "quarrons"), no less than quaint or obsolete native words: "housel," "spousebreach," "kickshaws," as well as heraldic jargon. His predisposition for a recondite vocabulary and Elizabethan coinages is on dazzling display later on in the Library episode.

Readers of Joyce can have recourse to extensive annotation which concerns itself with erratic, foreign blocks in the texts. Most are sufficiently explained, others remain puzzling, among them the garbled Irish of Eveline's mother: "Derevaun Seraun"—to judge from the diverting scholarly guesses that have so far been offered (D40). An intermixture of foreign words in English sentences is nothing new in literature or life. A European Community utterance like "Werf those eykes to footboden, big grand porcos of johnnyellows todos covered of gravy" in "Circe" (U15.4508) continues an old tradition. As usual, Joyce goes a bit farther.

At one time he grafted some mystifying French into a passage in "Eumaeus"; they were so perplexing and obscene that a fastidious typist omitted them and substituted an ellipsis, which made its way into the 1922 edition until the *Critical and Synoptic Edition* reverted to the original wording:

> Marble could give the original, shoulders, back, all the symmetry. All the rest. yes, puritanisme, it does though Saint Joseph's sovereign thievery alors (Bandez!) Figne toi trop. Whereas no photo could because it simply wasn't art in a word. (U16.1453)[2]

Joyce's handwriting is not easy to decipher, but a French infusion is doubtless authorial whether or not the author in the process of revision sanctioned the omission, an issue to be left to textual scholars. It appears that we have not been able to make plausible sense out of the tangential associations which in some way anticipate *Finnegans Wake*. In this last book such alien flotsam has become the most significant feature. Yet even plain English can be cryptic enough. Tucked between oddities like "utskud, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak" and "Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi," a short sentence made up of simple native words, "Yet right divining do not was," in its own way can be equally puzzling (FW 233.32-234.1). Lexical estrangement is matched by a syntactic oddity.

A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man exemplifies learning processes, and they include the acquisition of language. The opening section is comfortably simple and repetitive, the first paragraph already highlights an illustrative non-lexical deviation, "moocow" which acts like a helpful gloss. An animal, recognizable by the sound it makes, is for some obscure reason called "cow." Elsewhere in the world different lexical tags are in use, the Greeks said "*bous*" and used it for bull and cow: "*Bous Stephanoumenos*" will be applied to Stephen himself (P168).[3] Gradually, from paragraph to paragraph, words and constructions become more complex, subordination and comparisons are introduced: the process culminates in "Apologise," an opaque and difficult word of great force: it implies that an act can be undone by the mere verbal expression of regret and grave punishment averted. In Greek it signified an undoing *by* words (*apo*: away from, *logos*, word); "apologise" was once a stranger that was domesticated yet still betrays its alien ancestry. Words like that may cast their spell over a young mind, as do those in that haunting triad of strangely sounding words of "The Sisters": "paralysis, simony, gnomon" (D9). They are part of the English vocabulary, but of classical, that is foreign origin, therefore they are not universally familiar and remain mysterious. Such immigrant words from antiquity have been assimilated by the educated classes. Aunt Eliza is not among them and cannot cope with a technicality like "pneumatic" which she adapts to a more homely ". . . them with the rheumatic wheels" (D17), much closer to her own experience.

"a grand language by them that knows"

Large portions of Joyce's prose are not in standard, colloquial English or even slang, but in what is now termed "Hiberno-English," the quasi autonomous way in which English is modified in Ireland. One sentence in "Araby" asked by the girl, "She asked me was I going to *Araby*" (D31) sets off the story's action; it sounds anticlimactically limpid in English but is common in local usage, based on an Irish substratum. There was always something haunting in Gretta's simple and, for her husband, shattering memory of her former timid lover: "I was great with him at that time" ("The Dead," D220). We now know that there is an underlying Gaelic phrase, "great with" in the sense of "friendly with" (Dolan 132), but, within its context, the utterance by itself reverberates beyond such trite denotation.

The oral narrative of "Cyclops" is full of Hiberno-English words and patterns. "Devil a much, says I" is an early pointer, expressions like "moya" or "flahoolagh entertainment" or syntactic constructions like "and he quite excited with his dunducketymudcoloured mug on him and his old plumeyes rolling about" abound (U12.13, 1492, 691, 1414). The ornate epithet "dunducketymudcoloured" (for some nondescript colour) has an almost self-explanatory force about it. Much may easily escape attention, and so Joyce offers a didactic sample when in the first chapter a milkwoman enters the Martello Tower in Sandycove and the Englishman Haines tries to practice his Irish on her which, when challenged, she confuses with a foreign language: "—Is it French you are talking, sir?" Her syntax and word order may already hint at an underlying Gaelic pattern, but instantly Mulligan, with typical histrionic exaggeration, lays it on thick: "—Irish [. . .]. Is there Gaelic on you?", an odd, slightly misleading way, of putting things. The sentence is a word by word rendering of how "Do you know Gaelic?" would be said *in* Gaelic. The native syntax shines through the rippled surface and analogous traits will become audible in the lilt of the woman's acknowledgment: "I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows" (U1.425-34).

The vibrations obliquely intimate a historical situation. The British conquerors have imposed their own dominant language on the native Gaelic, which at a time seemed close to extinction and had to be artificially reanimated by nationalist efforts. The language revival became part of political emancipation. Historically rebellious attempts looked particularly promising when the English were engaged in a war with the French. For protection of the Irish coast from French invasions under the leadership of a Corsican emperor, towers, named "Martello" copied from their originals in Corsica, were erected along the Irish coastline; one of them served as a residence for the three characters in "Telemachus." But within that disused fortification tower it is the unbidden English guest Haines who alone speaks Irish and is misunderstood by the native Irish woman as using French—a thumbnail sketch of the tangle called Irish History.

Stephen Dedalus (like Joyce himself) once learned some Irish: some of it emerges in the odd phrasing of "He is in my father. I am in his son" (U9.390). On the surface level this dimly fits into the consubstantial intricacies of Stephen's views about Shakespeare/Hamlet *père* and Hamlet *fils*, but the English syntax again is a literal transcript of a Gaelic substructure. "He is in my father" is the equivalent of "he *is* my father." In this way Joyce can utilize both the wrong, but somehow pertinent, manifest meaning as well as the underlying Irish one. Paternity becomes a lexical, not just a "legal fiction" (U9.844).

An example of word by word translation from the French occurs in the jumble of the "Oxen Coda" where "*Tiens, tiens*, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes" (U14.1558) resolves itself into a pedantic rendering of "*mais c'est bien triste, ça, ma foi, oui*," according to Joyce's own explication to his German translator (Cohen 198-200).

The reverse is when English is transposed, literally and stolidly, word for word, into another language, as in the case of so called Bog Latin. Students in chapter V of *A Portrait* engage in it:

> *Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis . . . quia facies vostra monstrat ut vos in damno malo humore estis . . . Ego credo ut vita pauperum est simpliciter atrox,*[4] *simpliciter sanguinarius atrox, in Liverpoolio.* (P105-08)

Inflexion is often observed ("*Pax super totum sanguinarium globum*"), and sometimes neglected: "*Per pax universalis*"; on occasion an English word is Latinized on the spur of the moment: "*Nos ad manum ballum jocabimus*." Idiomatic expletives are taken on trust: "*in damno malo humore*" or "*simpliciter sanguinarius atrox*." A similar principle occurs in *Ulysses*: "*diabolus capiat posterioria nostria*," a mocking approximation of "Devil take the hindmost" (14.1534) again in the Coda of the "Oxen of the Sun" which features foreign expressions and alien varieties of English, slang, dialects, cant, and where hardly anything is ever put in a straightforward way.

"Darkness is in our souls" (U3.421)

Ordinary words can be grouped in odd constellations, as in the interior monologue which alienated earlier readers more than it estranges us now. To judge from pristine reviews, the device was something to get accustomed to. The artificial internal transcript with its psycho-grammar, its abruptness, the deictic immediacy, changes of tense, word order, and all other features meanwhile have become commonplace. It is easy to overlook that typical interior monologue phrases and even more narrative amalgamations like "His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah soap there I yes" (U8.1191) are in need of mental transposition. Joyce tacitly educated us in the course of reading to a point where hardly anyone balks at a deceptive sequence like "Curious mice never squeal," early in Bloom's thoughts. This, of course, is not a statement about the habits of mice in a state of curiosity, but mental shorthand for "It is curious [that] mice never squeal" [when caught by a cat], an adjustment we were not even conscious of picking up along the way. Internal abbreviations may give us momentary pause. A one word paragraph, "Indiges." (U8.252) has a foreign, Latin look about it before it clarifies itself as an undigested clipping of "Indigestion," a typical Bloomian speculation about the causes of a nightmare. In a much longer run, rendering memories or images of Bloom dozing off; "O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon . . ." (U13.1279) are understandable only as a recollection of earlier passages and would be gibberish for any novice stumbling on the paragraph.

Scraps of interior monologue more and more permeate description or report and may become next to indistinguishable. In dealing with Boylan "[t]he blond girl glanced sideways at him, got up regardless, with his tie a bit crooked, blushing," the viewpoint shifts from our observing the girl to her assessing him, and back again. The internal glimpse is an external intrusion in the sentence, a shift in perspective, not vocabulary, as they will be dealt with below.

"Technically" (U4.86)

Technical language need not essentially differ from a foreign one, it generally also stakes out an area of its own. Heraldic language ("An eagle gules volant in a field argent," U15.3949) is borrowed from older French; the Law has its own terminology, often Latin words at the beginning of a document ("*Duces tecum*," "*nisi prius*," U3.82, 6.794). The "feints and worms" in Old Cotter's "endless stories about the distillery" ("The Sisters," D10) are a case in point; both "feints" and "worms," for impure spirits and cooling devices, are also, or even primarily, effective in their everyday range. Bloom on occasion inserts technicalities from the cattle trade. "Staggering bob" (U8.724, 14.1292) is not, as Bloom, who once worked in the cattle market, knows, a common coin in tottering motion (as its surface might indicate), but a cattle disease, as is "sheepdip" (U12.833). Stephen cherishes religious terms ("heresiarch," "consubstantiality") as well as their elaborations ("subsubstantiality," U14.308). Theosophy, very much in vogue around the turn of the century, had recourse to Hindu terms, a few of them were in common usage like "Maya, karma, avatar." Other more specialized ones are mockingly treasured by Stephen: "mahamanvantara, mahamatma, Buddh" (U3.144, 9.281) or are displayed in the parody of a séance in "Cyclops": "jivic, pralaya, Mâyâ."[5] This pseudo-theosophical touch infuses the words of Patrick Dignam's ghost, who reports that "more favoured beings now in the spirit" had abodes "equipped with every modern home comfort such as tâlâfânâ, âlâvâtâr, hâtâkâldâ, wâtâklâsât" (U12.352). Familiar home comforts are playfully disguised in venerable Sanskrit trappings. Such linguistic estrangement is analogous to the notion that beings in the other world, free of material impediment, on their spiritual escalation would still be in need of escalators and, above all, water closets.

Spurious familiarity is one of the hazards of reading Joyce. In Dublin parlance of 1900 until much later a "greenhouse" was not a place to grow plants, but a public urinal (painted green). Such inside (but for most of us outside) knowledge can change an otherwise innocent vignette in "Wandering Rocks." In sudden view of the Viceregal carriage Simon Dedalus, assuredly not an admirer of British rule, "steering his way from the greenhouse . . . stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low" (U10.199). Similarly Joyce reinforces a common link between Church and Public House (both social meeting places with spiritual invigoration) by using "curate" in a local, temporary sense of a man serving drinks in a bar. Thus "faints" may not be the faints we know of, a "greenhouse" may be as tricky as a "symbol": as "a symbol of Irish art" it differs from "Symbol of the apostles" (U1.146, 652), an ecclesiastical usage in the sense of the Creed. One may wonder why the not overly stressed waiter in the Ormond dining room should be "bothered" (U11.281, ff), and it takes special prompting for innocent readers that "bothered" primarily serves as a Hiberno-Irish expression meaning "deaf."

"transported into . . . an age remote" (U7.830)

Foreignness need not be geographical. It may extend to the past, as the major part of the "Oxen of the Sun" episode drastically demonstrates, transformed, as it is, away from Modern English into the semblance of older forms and constructions. For practical purposes many passages are in need of translation across centuries. Such translations may come easy ("Stark ruth of man his errand that him lone led till that house" U14.73),[6] while others are less decipherable. "But sir Leopold was passing grave maugre his word . . ." (U14.264). Here "maugre" has to be explained as an obsolete conjunction "in spite of" derived from the French "*malgré*." Possibly few even moderately sophisticated readers figure out a word like "assuefaction" without at least a moment's reflective pause: "Assuefaction minorates atrocities" (U14.380). *As-sue-faction* (making accustomed to) is part of the English language, one of the many Latinate terms that always offered writers erudite synonyms.

Passages in "Oxen" are characterized by "a darkness that was foraneous" (U14.383), and even though we do not quite know what "foraneous" stands for in this context,[7] it must be related to Latin *foraneus*, the ancestor of English "foreign." Obsolete words are out of common reach. The recurrent Middle English phrase "Agenbite of Inwit" signals Stephen's guilt about his dead mother. We can hardly decide what phonetic value to give that phrase, the constellation is foreign in time and has to be glossed as a literal loan translation in a Middle English treatise on sin. Christianity introduced new concepts which had to be rendered into English. So Latin *re-morsus* became "again-bite," *con-scientia*, an inner knowledge, "in-wit." As it happened the homely Anglo-Saxon substitutes did not survive in the evolution of English and are in effect now more foreign than the adaptations "remorse" and "conscience" taken over from Latin. Psychologically such Middle English guise detaches Stephen from his remorse, the actual stings or bites of conscience. At such a temporal and emotional remove guilt is alienized and perhaps less harrowing. "Alienize" is used here *ad hoc* to indicate that process of "making foreign," a process that may well involve alienation.

"Polysyllables of Foreign Origin" (U17.686)

Latinate academic words, especially nouns or adjectives, prevail in the "Ithaca" chapter. Some are naturalized within the English vocabulary ("equestrian perambulation"), but still remain the prerogative of the educated or the ostentatious. A word like "cerebration" (U17.382) is an intellectual cut above mere thinking. For most readers "latration" is not immediately clear, only when it is attributed to "vagabond dogs" does it resolve into barking (U17.1951). It takes some rummaging in Latin or Greek roots to figure out "luteofulvous bed" or "homothetic islands" (U17.196,199). Authentic words, often obsolete, are supplemented by fallacious analogy: "posticipation" is an extemporized correlative to "anticipation"; "diambulist" in impromptu contrast to "noctambulist" (walking by day as against at night). The pedantic verbalization of habitual acts generally has comic, that is alienizing, effects. Understanding at times again amounts to deferred recognition. However small the time lag may be to "recognise" "duumvirate" (U17.11) as simply "two men" in pseudo-historic ornamentation, there is a minute delay in understanding, a translation into "common" English. Reading episodes like "Oxen of the Sun" or "Ithaca" involves such intra-lingual translation from the remote expressions to the common ones. This retro-semantic recognition effect is common experience in *Finnegans Wake* and almost as frequent as a wholesale failure to recognize anything at all.

How to determine "aquacities of thought and language" (U17.240)? A vague notion of "wateriness" or "transparency" is given a scientific air. Water is characterized by "multisecular stability"; this presumably refers to centuries (*saecula*) and not secular affairs. It occurs in the "Water Hymn" where, against all envisaged precision, anthropomorphic concepts percolate discordantly: traits like "democratic equality," "hegemony," or "infallibility" are attributed to water and so jar against the intended objectivity. Irritant tangential associations ("condensed milky way," 17.581) tend to unsettle the overall academic equipoise.

In pointed contrast, scientific words become the stumbling blocks in "Penelope." Molly trips over medical euphemisms like "emission"—"asking me had I frequent omissions where do those fellows get all the words they have omissions" (U18.1169). She treats the originally Greek name of a poison, "Arsenic," as though it contained, at bottom, a common English word ("I wonder why they call it that" U18.240). In the morning Bloom elaborately explains a theosophical term "metempsychosis"—which she splits into phonetic approximations ("met him pike hoses")—and finally offers "reincarnation" as an adequate synonym. It resurfaces with another comment on odd words: "and that word met something with hoses in it and he comes out with some jawbreakers about the incarnation he never can explain a thing simply" (U18.565); here "reincarnation" is confused with the much more familiar "*the* incarnation," which as part of Catholic instruction is far better known. "Jawbreakers," for practical purposes, are incomprehensible and, therefore, foreign. Similarly, the narrator in "Cyclops" complains about Bloom starting "with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon" (U12.466). In this context the listeners hardly misunderstand "phenomenon," but Bloom once more strikes a wrong, alien, note, at odds with the tacit rules of quick-witted pub conversation. In the same vein, Dubliners make fun of Tom Kernan when he likes to flaunt expressions like "trenchant rendering." His favourite phrase "retrospective arrangement," which is mockingly echoed, coincidentally applies to *Ulysses* itself, an epic also of self-reflection. Joyce carefully notes linguistic displacements, the wrong mode or register for a given occasion.

"Indirect Verbal Allusion" (U17.1179)

After the chronological assembly of fake imitations in "Oxen of the Sun" the language widens geographically and includes dialect, colonial, slang, cant phrases, onomatopoeic elements, distortions as well as genuinely foreign terms in its broad sweep—a compendium of Imperial variants. So the last pages (U14.1440-1590) belong to the most densely and least adequately commented ones in *Ulysses*; we have not yet found all Standard English equivalents to the welter of language. This so-called "Coda" is also a concerted communal attempt not to say anything in an unadorned manner.

Joyce's gifted palaverers rarely express anything straightforwardly and tend to engage in jocular indirection or diverting paraphrase, some of which might well be perplexing for outsiders. Such coded language abounds in "Cyclops," which among its minor concerns flaunts variants in ordering a drink. "An imperial yeomanry," Lenehan's choice, is clarified as "Half one" and supplemented by "a hands up"; to avoid any possible mistake the barkeeper confirms the order by translating it to "Small whisky and bottle of Allsop" (U12.1318). Phonetically "hands up" approximates the name of the beer, Allsop, whose label showed a stylised red hand, the historical Red

Hand of Ulster. The fanciful drapery for ordinary acts may have political reverberations and is in tune with one of the chapter's main thematic concerns.

Such diversions have something in common with children adding nonsense syllables for playful alienization, as exemplified in *A Portrait*: "—Goneboro toboro lookboro atboro aboro houseboro . . . Beacauseboro theboro landboro lordboro willboro putboro usboro outboro" (P163).

In "Eumaeus" the prose is persistently touched up in facetious circumlocution or elegant variation for misguided stylistic effect. This may express Bloom's literary and social endeavours. What Bloom says ("I wouldn't personally repose much trust in that boon companion of yours who contributes to the humorous element," U16.279) —assuming he actually does say this—is tinged by this prevailing mode which also affects the narrative itself. A sailor becomes an "impervious navigator" or an "old tarpaulin" in quick succession, and embroideries like "an animal of the feline persuasion" occur in profusion (U16.1011, 1021, 870).

"Quotations everyday in the year" (U11.905)

Each quotation potentially links back to its source outside the text and is a transfer into alien territory, or, to put it differently, it grafts something external onto the text. Some quotes preen themselves as literary imports, like the (so far untraced) "*In painted chambers loaded with tilebooks*" (U9.354; Joyce tends to italicise them). Saliently "*maestro di color che sanno*" takes us to Dante's 13th century poem, to Italy and the Middle Ages. Others may escape recognition: "Who is my neighbour?", Bloom's thought in a church, following, as it does, "Nice discreet place to be next some girl" (U5.340), makes independent sense but can also be read as a transfer from St. Luke's gospel ("And who is my neighbour?" 10:29). An inconspicuous phrase like "when the French were on the sea" (which *could* occur in ordinary conversation) deviates into a patriotic ballad about a specific resurrection (U3.6, 1.543). Such borrowings diverge to foreign parts, to preceding cultural artefacts. In "Eumaeus" a mere destination, "But how to get there was the rub," or a simple "But who? That was the rub" (16.11, 530), connects to *Hamlet* and comically emphasizes a gap between existential questions and everyday trivialities. The verbal coinages of the marketplace have all pre-circulated and imply some former incarnation, dignified quotation at one end, stereotypes at the other. Abundant resonances add poignancy, irony or bathos as the case may be.

Joyce, entering late into a resonant Western tradition, was conscious of many predecessors and the traces they left behind. He became one of the first great appropriators of pre-existing material—an author of remakes. He usurped that tradition: in history usurpers are often foreigners who succeeded. The title of *Ulysses* frankly parades its dependence on a classical source. Literary chapters in *Ulysses*, "Scylla and Charybdis" and "Oxen of the Sun" in particular, pay manifest, even perturbing, tribute to their ancestry. The *Wake* contains a list of such cultural annexation in Shem's getup, which self-reflexively describes Joyce's reconstructions: "alphybettyformed verbiage . . . ompiter dictas . . . you owe mes . . . borrowed brogues . . . curried notes . . . painful digests . . . once current pun, quashed quotatoes, messes of mottage . . . stale shestnuts . . . tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum . . . borrowed plumes" (FW183.13-32). To a large and probably unprecedented degree, "understanding" Joyce consists of spotting echoes, allusions, distortions, metamorphoses.

"quashed quotatoes" (FW183.22)

Quotations frequently change in transit. Buck Mulligan comments on what Stephen cabled him earlier in the day: "Mummer's wire. Cribbed out of Meredith" (U14.1486); the telegramme consisted of a sentence from a novel by George Meredith; "mummer" is Mulligan's name for Stephen Dedalus in the first chapter. But a second, gratuitous, literary echo is George Moore's novel *Mummer's Wife*. One single letter can make all the difference, as does the erasure of two graphic strokes; it changes "POST NO BILLS" into a wholly different message: "POST IIO PILLS2 (U8.101), almost beyond the capacity of any translation.

"Circe" tends to subvert everything. Mulligan's earlier blasphemous opening "*Introibo ad altare Dei*" is carried forward into "Nighttown" by Stephen Dedalus as he makes his entrance: what would normally be in the Mass "*ad Deum qui laetificat iuventutem meam*" is perverted to "*ad deam qui . . .*" (U15.122). The change is phonemically minimal, *Deum* transforms into *deam*, a lower case goddess and prostitute, but monstrous in impact, sinful carnality has replaced the spiritual Deity. One propensity of the "Circe" episode is foreshadowed, a reversal from high to low, or male to female, inside outside. Religious consolation has been shifted onto the foreign domain in which the episode will unfold.

This technique is at the dynamic core of *Finnegans Wake*, where almost everything might be a deflection, sometimes easily spotted ("To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on," 269.19: "Behose our handmades for the lured!", 239.10), sometimes less so: " . . . as if you was seeheeing the gheist that stays forenenst" (299.14). What may not be evident is the well known self-description of Mephistopheles: "ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint" from Goethe's *Faust* ("I am the spirit that always denies, says No").[8] Passages like the foregoing are doubly alienized, by deviation *into* Latin or German, and then by deviation *from* the original.

Quotations can remain unchanged but become deflected into a different context, changing tracks. This old device is not unique to Joyce but applied throughout by him with new vigour. A familiar line is transposed into a different framework and energizes it with alien resonances. Alexander Pope's innocent couplet about a dead friend, "And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath / Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death" (139) is wittily misapplied to the erection of a hanged rebel and acquires odd reverberations. Correspondingly, Bloom shifts "For this relief much thanks" from *Hamlet* to autoerotic appeasement (U12.463, 13.886).

"Neptune's Blue Domain"

"Neptune's blue domain," from a stereotyped speech held up for ridicule in a newspaper office (in "Aeolus," U7.245), is a trope intended to lend a classical air to a nondescript Irish country scene. On one level it may intimate that the whole book leans towards an epic predecessor but that, in contrast, *Ulysses* uses other analogies than traditional décor to hint at correspondences. In Irish reality Neptune does not rule over the surrounding sea (however he was the enemy of Odysseus for what it may be worth), there is a shift into ancient myth across centuries accompanied, within the routine newspaper setting, by a move into a different stylistic domain. Foreigners, like a Latin-Greek Neptune, come from another place, foreign words from another language or from another area within the same language (literary, academic, vulgar, technical, regional, etc.), as has been illustrated at some length. They belong to different domains or areas. Joyce mixes them freely, which results in those strident inconsistencies and abrupt shifts in the texts. In this respect they are not "texts" or textures at all—not something woven according to a coherent pattern, but variable, unpredictable, fabrics with surprising turns, more and more hybrid, an "allincluding chaffering most farraginous chronicle" as *Ulysses* describes itself in tangential self-reflection (14.1412) or, analogously, *Finnegans Wake* as "*olla podrida*" (92.2).

In *Finnegans Wake* "Cleethabala" (a distortion of the Irish name for Dublin) takes the apposition "the kongdomain of the Alieni" (FW600.10). Kingdoms or domains are assaulted by aliens; the invasion of tribes, races or nations is called History. The emphasis here is how such invasion into domains becomes stylistic devices. Joyce not only alienated readers by introducing such themes as bed-wetting, menstruation, defecation or masturbation but also by formal discrepancies. *A Portrait* already inserts childish wording, purple prose, a treatise on aesthetics, a longish standard sermon on the tortures of Hell, and excerpts from a diary, *Ulysses* assumes the shapes of a newspaper, a play, an overture, or a catechism. Joyce sublimely disregarded conventions, there is little room for complacent harmony, nonconformity becomes excessive, "voices blend and fuse." The book itself is a "chance medley" (U14.1078, 17.2056).

Again, samples can be picked at random. The "Cyclops" chapter alternates in two registers, a continuous story of an eye witness, and parodic interpolations in decidedly non-oral styles. From a fairly run-down region of Dublin, "by the Linenhall barracks" the scene shifts without warning to an idyllic rural Irish countryside: " . . . Inisfail the fair . . . there rises a watchtower . . . a pleasant land . . . of murmuring waters, fishful streams" (U12.64-71), from the present to a never existing romanticized past. Within the urban setting these are indeed foreign places—possibly even more Irish than drab Dublin of the time, but alien nevertheless. It implies the alienation that Joyce brought to the Celtic Twilight revival of mythical or, at any rate, idealized peasant Ireland by focusing on a modern city.

"Nausicaa" compacts such duality into two parts, first a clichéd depiction of Gerty MacDowell and her companions, then Bloom's much more sober reflections. *Ulysses* turns from a mode of prevalent psycho-realism to more and more self-conscious artifice (as though the text itself had its own memory of itself) and many idiosyncratic incarnations. Joyce sets up categories and defies them; neat divisions seem impossible. Most highly individual *Ulysses* chapters with their schematic priorities contain elements that do not fit their overall pattern, disturbing elements intrude. The main story of "Cyclops" contains passages that might be inserted parodies, but are not (a reading of names form a newspaper, of a letter from a hangman, or the "Abeakuti" skit, U12,225, 415, 1514). In the last parody, the Biblical parlance of Bloom Elijah's glorious ascent, drops into common reality: " . . . at an angle of fortyfive degrees . . . like a shot off a shovel" (U12.1917). A personified "dear of Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay" fittingly introduces the sugary mode of the first part of "Nausicaa," but later it also interrupts Bloom's more down to earth musings: "Howth settled for slumber, tired of long days . . . opened a red eye unsleeping" (U13.4. 1177), outside of his proper narrative domain.

On a smaller scale than chapters, sections or whole paragraphs, metaphors usually resort to a specific area for vivid illustration, often the human body: The Hibernian metropolis, rhetorically, has a "heart" (U7.1). Tropes can serve as thematic reinforcement, musical overtones resound in "Sirens" ("Failed to the tune of ten thousand pounds," U11.1014), animal imagery pervades "Circe," etc. When the Citizen in "Cyclops" wants to "crucify" Bloom (U12.1810) the whole scene acquires ironic dimensions within the Christian framework called up. Metaphorical areas are easily transgressed, their hilarious mixture becomes a trademark of the "Eumaeus" episode where sentences time and again change figurative tracks, or images clash. As when "high personages" can follow "in the footsteps of the heads of the state" (U16.1200). Bloom "parenthesised" about Stephen, "Not . . . that for the sake of filthy lucre he need necessarily embrace the lyric platform as a walk of life for any lengthy space of time . . ." (U16.1842). It is enough to visualize such clashing imagery.

Substitution of alien elements can also mark the pun (in a narrower, precise sense, as against the much more frequent misapplication to any case of semantic overlapping, overtones, secondary meanings, thematic colouring, etc.). Two or more areas overlap when Mulligan refers to George Moore as a "lecturer on French letters to the youth of Ireland" (9.1101). The writer's literary ambitions are conflated with his erotic pretensions. That two unrelated domains are blended becomes evident in Lenehan's strained riddle, "What opera is like a railway line?" The answer, "The Rose of Castile. See the wheeze. Rows of cast steel" (U7.591) uses phonetic resemblance to combine alien components. An opera is as different from a railway line as a modern urban Dublin setting from a Greek epic.

The pun does not essentially differ from slips of the tongue ("shooting peasants and phartridges," U15.1396) or ignorant uneducated replacement ("them with the rheumatic wheels" in "The Sisters," or Molly's "Met him pike hoses"). In *Finnegans Wake* displacement, defective speech, distortion, *lapsus linguae*, are even less indistinguishable than in the previous works. Yet as early as in *A Portrait,* the first utterance of young Stephen, "*O, the geen wothe botheth,*" can be read as a phonetic defect, an undue condensation, a misquotation, a new creation that already foreshadows *Finnegans Wake* (where meaning tends to be "bothing").

"The Lower Register, for Choice" (U11.1222)

Bloom is an outsider in *Ulysses* not alone because of his descent and deviant behaviour. He often acts on a code of his own. In a pub he does not aim to entertain but instead introduces out of place terms, or "jawbreakers," like ("phenomenon," "mortgagor under the act," etc.) and is ridiculed for it. Analogously Tom Kernan, with his "trenchant rendition" or "retrospective arrangement" in the wrong social framework invites derisive comments. In "Circe" a woman by name of "Biddy the Clap" watching a quarrel in Dublin's red light district offers a comment in an unexpected register: "He expresses himself such marked refinement of phraseology." She is topped by her companion "Cunty Kate": "And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy" (U15.4442). The trenchant refinement of phraseology feels incongruous within its context.

Some comical fumbles in "Eumaeus" involve mixed registers. "Mr Bloom was rather inclined to poohpooh the suggestion as egregious balderdash" (16.1030), where "poohpooh" and "balderdash" move in different social circles from "egregious." The comparatively even texture of detachment in "Ithaca" animates itself with plunges into emotional directness. As Bloom and Stephen take leave of each other, "the disunion of their (respectively) centrifugal and centripetal hands"—in habitual abstract verbiage—

is accompanied by "the peal of the hour of the night by the chime of the bells in the church of Saint George" (U17.1224), a lapse into a lyrical cadence. Fastidious, de-emotionalized, Latin-derived diction of "matitutinal noises, premonitions and perturbations" is followed by a monosyllabic, self-propelled run: "a shock, a shoot, with thought of aught he sought though fraught with nought" (U17.284). All of this stays within precincts of English, but the prevalent register is disrupted by heterogeneous matter.

Such disparities have been adumbrated by the opening pair of adjectives that characterise Buck Mulligan: a dignified "Stately" jars with a somewhat churlish "plump." Next to imperceptibly two main strands of *Ulysses* are introduced: a dominantly realistic mode, represented by "plump" will alternate with elevated, stately diction which finds its climaxes in hyperbolic parodies.

"Shakescene"

Shakespeare's pretensions to be "the greatest shakescene" is transferred to Stephen's lecture in the library (U9.926). Joyce in his turn is intrepidly shaking scenes, places, style, and register. Take a period in "Nausicaa" where the narrative often is not contained within one domain. First we hear from the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as recited in the Star of the Sea Church:

> Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints . . .

then diverts to a description of the service:

> . . . they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the Blessed Sacrament . . .

and suddenly swings over to the strand, in more colloquial terms:

> . . . and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins

then moves into Gerty MacDowell's mind as she interprets Cissy's motives:

> . . . and she was itching to give them a ringing good clip on the ear but she didn't because she thought he might be watching but she never made a bigger mistake in all her life because Gerty could see without looking that he never took his eyes off her . . .

before we shuttle back to the Church:

> . . . and then Canon O'Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking up at the Blessed Sacrament and the choir began to sing *Tantum ergo* . . .

and back again to the strand:

> . . . and she just swung her foot in and out in time as the music rose and fell to the *Tantumer gosa cramen tum*. (U13.489)

Multiple sweeps encompass the Church, the strand, Cissy's action and Gerty's thoughts, and the tone changes accordingly. We move from the reverent to the profane and back again in cinematographic fashion. In the transit an ecclesiastical hymn is reduced to its rhythmic components.

"Persic-Uraliens Hostery"

Words echo history. Language, the outward, visible or audible sign of so much else, cannot be sealed off from contact with extraneous idioms: by contagion it is contaminated. Attempts to purify it of foreign intrusions have always failed. Invading foreigners contaminate nations and cultures as well as language. When they become native they in turn protect their new integrity. Ireland represents the pattern extremely well. After prehistoric or legendary raids (Firbolgs, Milesians, etc.), the historical Celts settled on the island, later the Vikings arrived (and were called, depending on their origin, "fair strangers" or "dark strangers"[9]) to be followed by the Normans and finally the British. Some of the unbidden guests turned out to be, proverbially, "more Irish than the Irish." In the 19th century the Jews were supposed to be a new threat. *Ulysses* highlights this prejudice which is shared by Haines, Mr Deasy, and the Citizen, from differing points of vantage (Britain, Ulster, Catholic Ireland), and Bloom becomes a prime target. In the Citizen's words, "Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar and convert us . . . after allowing things like that to contaminate our shores" (U12.1672).

Outside of his fiction Joyce addressed this issue in lectures on his country in Trieste, a city in itself characterized by a highly mixed population and ethnical tensions. Joyce sketched the obvious:

> . . . there arose a new Celtic race which was made up of the old Celtic stock and the Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and Norman races. On the foundation of its ancient predecessor, another national temperament grew up, in which the various elements intermingled and renovated the ancient body. The ancient enemies made a common cause against the aggression of the English. Our civilization is an immense woven fabric in which very different elements are mixed, in which Nordic rapacity is reconciled to Roman law and new Bourgeois conventions to the remains of a Siriac religion. In such a fabric it is pointless searching for a thread that remained pure, virgin and uninfluenced by other threads nearby.
> [. . .] In Ireland we can see how the Danes, the Firbolgs, the Milesians from Spain, the Norman invaders, the Anglo-Saxon colonists and the Huguenots came together to form a new entity, under the influence of a local god, one might say. (*Occasional Writings* 114-19)

The upshot, "What race or language . . . can nowadays claim to be pure? . . . No race has less right to make such a boast than the one presently inhabiting Ireland" underlies Joyce's works, pervasively in *Ulysses* and even more forcefully in the *Wake*. He imposed more and more layers of foreignness, far beyond vocabulary and extending to narrative, style, mode, register.

One among many *Wake* passages may serve as a typical implementation of ethnical and lexical hybridity when it attempts to trace the origin of the book's major male archetypes:

> A most cursery reading into the Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnunmagula picked up that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though to the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk. (FW 162.11)

This is alienized English for something basic like "A most cursory reading into the P-U history shows us how Finn McCool picked up his proper name out of a collection of prefixes though, to the connoisseur, the Caucasian offspring of this son of a (cook, bitch) is as sure as there a tub in T."

Featured are two variants of HCE-Finnegan, Finn McCool, of legendary fame and ubiquitous presence, and Persse-O'Reilly, target of a ballad and also a Hibernization of French *perce-oreille*, the earwig, an insect that lends its name to H. C. Earwicker and its numerous variants. From these intricate lineages the Irish prototypes emerge in outlandish guise. Finn McCool as "Fonnunmagula" may approximate an Irish form of the name, but it seems uttered by alien tongues, with a touch of Latin and indeterminate languages; moreover it might apply to a woman.[10] Persse O'Reilly appears of Persian and Uralian origin, somewhere from beyond the Caucasus. If "Coucousien" contains French *coucou* (or German "*Kuçkuck*" for reinforcement), the bird that lays its eggs in others' nest, there is a hint of cuckoldry by conventional association. In this light the lineage may be entirely doubtful, "cousins" may become suspect. Offspring from "oaf" or simpleton is not respectful either. This "son of a kuk" implies a slur within a strange tale of a tub. In short, like Finn McCool or Persse O'Reilly, we are all the outcome of a chequered, multi-layered history, "Miscegenations upon miscegenations" as is stated elsewhere (FW18.22).

Within the context presented here, the focus is on an established native who doubles as an "Ur-Alien"—prototypical foreigner (The German *ur-* in composites denotes a prime origin; the Sumerian city of Ur is one of the oldest in civilization). Ur-aliens generally came from the East, barbaric hordes that were raiding Western Europe. History is a tale of hostile invasions and hospitable adaptation (the ambiguity of Latin *hostis* as enemy or else guest is reflected in "hostery"). Uncertainty prevails, a "connoisseur" it appears "canna (cannot be) sure," genealogies are questionable. Tubs are supposed to be unlikely in a far off place like Tobolosk (though phonetically a "tub" fits almost into "Tobolosk").

Even a cursory reading of history reveals multiple cause for curses (in the case of Ireland it is British suppression, or else drink) and Cyclopean cursing. Names, from which we tend to guess at origins, are unreliable, or have often been changed, varied or picked up from some collection, or result from some fight (Latin *colluctatio* refers to a common struggle or wrestling). On the other hand, they may be pre-fixed. In *Ulysses* Buck Mulligan's jocular phrase "collector of prepuces" is a *name* for "God" (U1.394). There is something numinous in proper names, *nomen*. The wording of "*numen*" links up with an ecclesiastical "host" in "hostery." If it calls up Newman in anyone's mind, such a gratuitous tangent would point towards a famous and admired writer who changed affiliation, religion and place and helped to shape Joyce's education and style.

Enough unassimilated residue remains. Every reader will trace or invent more eccentric meanings and thereby increase the semantic and the lexical contamination which is the theme of the sentence and the substance of its wording.

"self exiled in upon his ego" (FW187)

An exile is someone who is *ex-*, outside, a foreigner in foreign parts. Bloom's father was one, arriving in an extended migration from Szombathely in Hungary. Joyce himself without external necessity played the role of a "poor acheseyeld from Ailing"

(FW148.33) and emphasized that one can be an exile in one's own country, as he did in his one play. *Exiles* explicitly deals with alienation and patently continues Stephen Dedalus's famous agenda of "silence, exile, and cunning" (P247), but, paradoxically, in the play the wording is not affected by the topic. The manner of most conventional plays allows for little deviation. *Exiles* in its dialogue and stage directions presents an even surface: it hardly contains any "language of the outlaw" (U7.869). The absence of alien intrusions, incongruities, surprises, hybridity (as they have been sketched here) may partly account for the relative neglect of the play, the most uniform or even-textured of all of the works written in prose, the least "Joycean" one. Criticism tends to focus on the characters and their relationships, their psychology (and very heavily on the appended Notes), but far less on the language. The smooth course of reading is not impeded by foreign obstacles, as it will be later on—perhaps a welcome change, but a less adventurous experience. *Exiles* looks at the farthest remove from the "Circe" episode, which takes on the semblance of a play, yet whose eccentricities spring surprises at every turn. It ranges from possibly real occurrences to imaginative ones and to unbridled fantasy where inanimate objects give voice, the stage directions take on a life of their own, and the text becomes self-reflexive and wholly unpredictable.

"In Plain Words"

Whatever else Joyce did, he may also have had his linguistic revenge on the British rulers. They imposed their customs and language on the native Irish and from this handicap Joyce (like other Irish writers) went to prove that he can master his master's language as well as anyone, only better, but he also challenged his masters with books, written in English, that they, the English, may find almost as resistant as any non-native will. In some sense *Finnegans Wake* is almost equidistant from all old world readers.

Possibly all of the above instances of heterogeneity could be subsumed in a humanist platitude as it was permanently expressed by a character in a play by Terence: "*Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto*" (124): I am a man, nothing human is alien, or foreign, to me—a frame of mind that encompasses *Ulysses* as well as *Finnegans Wake* though not the world we live in. The concern of this essay is perhaps best condensed in Molly's answer to Bloom's "Why me?" She must have said at one time: "Because you were so foreign from the others" (U13.1209). The oddity is in the simple, direct but unidiomatic phrasing of "so foreign from the others." Who would ever say "foreign *from*"? For once, "foreign" is not identical with "the others" but different from them. Joyce had originally written "because you looked so foreign from the others" (Rosenbach, "Nausicaa" 58) but at some stage he changed foreignness from appearance to being.

Notes

[1] The German words for strange, stranger ("*fremd, Fremder*") are related to "from," that is "away from" the native base. Joyce seems to use it marginally in a *Wake* phrase, "a penincular fraimed of mind" (315.30), where, it seems, "a particular friend of mine" is also in a peculiar frame of mind, and the mind is likely to be "*fremd*" or alien. The German root occurs in the verb "*befremden*," to surprise by something odd or unexpected, even to disconcert. What is alien is often disturbing.

[2] In 1922 the passage read: "Marble could give the original, shoulders, back, all the

symmetry, all the rest, Yes, Puritanism. It does though, Saint Joseph's sovereign . . . whereas no photo could, because it simply wasn't art, in a word" (*Ulysses* 607). Danis Rose's *Reader's Edition* of 1997 left out the disturbing items altogether: "Marble could give the original, shoulders, back, all the symmetry, all the rest, whereas no photo could, because it simply wasn't art, in a word" (567).

[3] As Joyce with his interest in etymology knew, "cow" (with its old plural "kine," U1.403), "beef," "bovine," and Greek "*bous*" are all related, dispersed members of the same original family. In other words, *bous* (along with Latin *bos bovum* or Italian *boia,* U14.629, 9.1049), is a close relative in foreign guise.

[4] The point, the essential non-Latinness, is missed in numerous translations that simply take over the Latin wording; "*sanguinarius*" most likely does not render that unique, and once notorious "bloody" in the various target languages. Rising to the occasion, Pavese in Italian substitutes "*in spettaculose malo humore*"; Savitzky in French appropriately has "*famosus mendax,*" and "*in sacro malo humore*"; Alonso opts for "*grandissimus mendax,*" "*in fututo malo humore,*" (231) and "*simpliciter fututo atrox*" (257).

[5] The "â" (marked with circumflex) is a substitute for the long Sanskrit "a" which is generally marked by a horizontal stroke above it.

[6] Or perhaps not all that easy as can be seen from the divergent views of "lone" in the sentence. Some see it as an adjective: that "him alone, solitary had led . . .," but Danis Rose in his *Reader's Edition* took it to be a noun and amended it to ". . . that him *love* led till that house" (367).

[7] Gifford settles for "utterly remote" and the OED explains the word "of the market place" (*forum* was the Roman marketplace, out of doors *foras*) (419).

[8] Johann Wolfgang Goethe, *Faust*, Im Studierzimmer. Joyce had perverted this statement to characterize Molly Bloom: "*Ich bin der* [sic] *Fleisch der stets bejaht*": "I am the flesh that always affirms, says Yes" (letter to Frank Budgen 16 August 1921, *Letters* I, 170).

[9] In Irish "fionn gall" and "dubh gall" respectively. The War of the native *Gaels* against the foreign *Galls* is alluded to frequently in *Finnegans Wake*. Occurrences like "with gaeilish gall—the gale of his gall—dove with gall—the skall of a gall—Gaelers' gall" (FW 63.6, 134,22, 276.5, 364.15, 510.15) and others may also involve the English homonym "gall" in the sense of bitterness ("with elder's gall," U9.19), it is a rancour that foreigners frequently provoke. It is then all the more ironic that a foremost Irish missionary was called St. Gall.

[10] "Fonnunmagula" is reminiscent of Fionnuala, subject of Tom Moore's "The Song of Fionnuala" ("Silent, oh Moyle"), who was transformed into a swan by supernatural power ("*numen*"?) and condemned to wander.

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