

HOW JAMES JOYCE TRANSLATES HIMSELF

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Abstract

The article shows, in concrete examples, how Joyce's works, in particular *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, do in fact translate some of their material internally. This does not only happen to foreign phrases when rendered into English, often with humorous side effects, but also on a large scale. It is characteristic of Joyce's *Ulysses* that it metamorphoses itself into various distinct shapes, styles, modes, perspectives that are often magnified into parodies, so that almost each episode is highly idiosyncratic and so easily identifiable. The double nature of the English vocabulary (basic Germanic elements alongside those derived from Latin) is exploited to the utmost. Joyce also highlights the Gaelic substratum that shows in the elaborate use of Hiberno-English. *Finnegans Wake* obviously translates its own features at almost every turn and so expands linguistic borders. Certain phrases and passages, moreover, can literally be read or heard as English as well as French, German, Spanish or more remote languages. In his multiple transformations Joyce may well be the most Irish of all writers as well as the least Irish and most cosmopolitan.

1. INTRODUCTION

Joyce tends to go to extremes – and beyond them, as in *Finnegans Wake*. Paradoxically his works display both more scrupulous, detailed reality and, at the other end of the scale, more fictional phantasy, Dublin minutiae jostle with free-floating textuality. There is an imbalance between random seeming confusion and meticulous structure.

Some age-old questions – how far can you go in interpretation? – are magnified and can no longer be overlooked. Translatability is one of them: can Joyce's later works be translated at all? The answer is, axiomatically, *no* (the impossibility is overwhelming) and *yes* (it must be and it has been done). What adds to the vexation is that Joyce's fictions not only and manifestly transform themselves, but in part also translate their own material, as will be shown with representative samples.

2. DUBLINERS AND A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

Of course there is a high incidence of foreign words and terms right from the beginning. *Dubliners* sets off with a triad of (practically) foreign words that haunt as well as fascinate the young boy who tells the story from his memory, « paralysis ... gnomon ... simony », so much so that the words themselves, the signifiers, move into the foreground (D 9). In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus, in this respect following his creator, treasures eccentric words like *lourdily*, *mort*, *Frauenzimmer*, *crosstree*, *joust*. The first episode in *Ulysses* contains words in Latin, Greek, German, French, Middle English and traces of Irish. Apart from their frequency in Joyce, items in foreign languages are nothing new in narrative fiction. Not even small quasi-editorial translations are unprecedented. That a whole sentence is given first in English and then in its French original – *Old hag with the yellow teeth. Vieille ogresse with the dents jaunes* (U 3.232) – is not a new device, but one that will be expanded in increasing variation with new twists.

Instant clarification occurs as early as in *Dubliners*, where a character, Cunningham, in a conversation around a sick bed, is pontificating about Pope Leo XIII and papal mottos:

1. – I often heard he was one of the most intellectual men in Europe, said Mr Power. I mean, apart from his being Pope.
 – So he was, said Mr Cunningham, if not the most so. His motto, you know, as Pope, was *Lux upon Lux – Light upon Light*.
 – No, no, said Mr Fogarty eagerly. I think you're wrong there. It was *Lux in Tenebris*, I think – *Light in Darkness*.
 – O yes, said Mr M'Coy, *Tenebrae*.
 – Allow me, said Mr Cunningham, positively, it was *Lux upon Lux*. And Pius IX, his predecessor's motto was *Crux upon Crux* – that is, *Cross upon Cross* – to show the difference between their two pontificates. (« Grace », D 167)

Not only did popes not have such mottos (though there are spurious « Prophecies » of Saint Malachy of Armagh, which offer *Lumen in Caelo* and *Crux de Cruce* for the respective popes), but mottos would hardly be piling light upon light, or cross upon cross, and manifestly could not consist of a mixture of uninflected Latin and English pronouns. Little light is thrown either on the content or its grammatical form. The foray into Church Latin becomes part of the persistent theme of failure in the *Dubliners* stories.

Similar playful examples occur in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, where students speak a kind of interlinear pseudo Latin:

3. *Per pax universalis.* (P 194)
4. *Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis*, said Cranly, *quia facies vostra monstrat ut vos in damno malo humore estis.* (P 195)
5. *Quis est in malo humore [...] ego aut vos?* (P 195)
6. *Nos ad manum ballum jocabimus.* (P 198)
7. *Ego credo ut vita pauperum est simpliciter atrox, simpliciter sanguinarius atrox, in Liverpoolio.* (P 216)

The mistakes are clearly intentional and aimed at a comic effect. Some nouns are not inflected; adverbs are not distinguished from adjectives; words and idioms are transferred from English in a deadpan way: *hand ball* is turned into an *ad hoc* neologism, *ad manum ballum*. This kind of translingual play poses additional problems to its translation. Normally foreign languages can be taken over as they are, left untouched, but that would prove inadequate, since some Latin words make sense only as back-translations from English (*in malo humore*). [*S*]anguinarius hinges on the double meaning of *bloody*, for which other languages do not have an analogous expletive. So all translations that simply take over *sanguinarius mendax* (as the majority of them does) are « wrong » in the sense that they have no foundation in their own language, whereas a Spanish substitute, *simpliciter futute atrox* (Alonso, 1926 : 257) is idiomatically justified. One more paradox created by Joyce is the correct rendering of wrong translations.

The *Portrait* contains a famous passage where Stephen Dedalus and the English Dean of Studies, in a discussion on the procedure to light a fire, focus on different words for an object:

8. – To return to the lamp, he said, the feeding of it is also a nice problem. You must choose the pure oil and you must be careful when you pour it in not to overflow it, not to pour in more than the funnel can hold.
 – What funnel? asked Stephen.
 – The funnel through which you pour the oil into your lamp.
 – That? said Stephen. Is that called a funnel? Is it not a tundish?
 – What is a tundish?
 – That. The... funnel.
 – Is that called a tundish in Ireland? asked the dean. I never heard the word in my life.

- It is called a tundish in Lower Drumcondra, said Stephen, laughing, where they speak the best English.
- A tundish, said the dean reflectively. That is a most interesting word. I must look that word up. Upon my word I must. (P 188)

The emphasis is on the difference between uses in England and in Ireland, but, contrary to expectation perhaps, it is not a native Irish word pitted against an English one, as the one known in Ireland is Anglo-Saxon (a *tun-dish*), while *funnel* is derived from Latin (*fundibulum*, from the verb *fundere* « to pour ») via French. One ironic twist is that neither speaker in this case uses his own language: Irish Stephen offers an English word, the Englishman French. Historical issues or warps are vaguely intimated. Quite possibly, Joyce also insinuates propitious advice for readers: *I must look that word up!* And note the two different uses of *word*.

3. ULYSSES

One of the key features of *Ulysses* is its constant inner metamorphosis and the corresponding need for readers to re-adapt from stage to stage. Joyce put it succinctly in a letter to Carlo Linati that has often been quoted:

My intention is to transpose the myth *sub specie nostri*. Each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the structural scheme of the whole) should not only condition but even create its own technique. (21 September 1920, LI 146)

The author characterizes the book as a transposition. And this twice over: not only is the old myth and epic transposed, but within the book each episode with a distinctive « technique » represents yet another re-formulation of its content. It is the versatility of the various episodes that separates *Ulysses* from most of its predecessors. Odysseus was called *polytropos* in the first line of the *Odyssey*; that is to say he was versatile, all-round, resourceful, adaptable. This quality characterizes the book's variation of mood, perspective, style, even typography. The differences are so manifest that often a simple glance at a page reveals in which chapter it occurs. For readers it means that each new episode, from a not quite certain point onwards, demands new adaptations, a new way of coping, as though one had to learn, not perhaps a new language, but a new texture or design. *Ulysses* is the Book of Varieties.

One of the most parochially limited novels, confined to one city at one particular day, is also one of the most comprehensive in theme and linguistic scope.

Its very title points towards a Greek myth, which however will not be the manifest subject at hand, but remains an undercurrent that may or may not become significant in the readers' minds, but was clearly part of a ground plan. One implication is that *Ulysses* adapts themes of the *Odyssey* and is therefore – on one among many levels – a remake, a re-working, a transposition. The title may and is generally taken to be the usual English name for Odysseus. As it happens, *Ulysses* is neither the Greek *Odysseus* nor the classical Latin *Ulixes*, but a hybrid form which developed later among others. It is just conceivable that *Ulysses* is meant to call up a form that is already the result of cultural translations, that is to say a further stage in a long on-going process.

Internal translations can occur in details, on the spot. Very early in the book, still on its first page, we come across a strange disruption when the prominent character Buck Mulligan is caught in a moment of silence:

9. He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. (U 1.26)

Chrysostomos is an oddity, not only a foreign word, but also as a single word in the narrative context of consecutive sentences – an obtrusive monolith, it stops the even flow of the telling. It is best accounted for as a translation where the visual impact of gold teeth in an open mouth is rendered into Greek: Mulligan is, dentally, « golden-mouthed ». The sudden change, a rapid shift of perspective, is generally considered the first instance of the technique of the interior monologue, which will soon be switched on and become pervasive. That the Greek composite was applied to eloquent speakers is fitting in view of Mulligan's spectacular show of rhetorical virtuosity. So in a book that relates to a Greek epic, a close-up of an open mouth is translated into Greek.

On the large scale of the eighteen increasingly distinctive episodes the translations affect tone, perspective, style, vocabulary and typographical arrangement. It is enough to offer two examples. In one of the more realistic episodes we find Bloom watching a disgusting scene of eaters in a crowded cheap restaurant, which brings a poem to mind, obviously a reminiscence of school days:

10. That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the schoolpoem choked himself at Sletty southward of the Boyne. (U 8.663)

The same memory occurs towards the end of the book, in a much more abstract and factual manner, as though it were transposed into another key:

11. Cormac Mac Art († 266 A. D.), suffocated by imperfect deglutition of aliment at Sletty and interred at Rossnaree. (« Ithaca », U 17.35)

Bloom's *choked himself* is colloquial, the way he would think. The same notion is expressed with emotional distance and scientific precision in a chapter that tries to appear objective: *suffocated by imperfect deglutition of aliment* consists of words of Latin origin, far removed from ordinary speech. An act of internal translation is called for (no matter how short it may be among the educated), a mental process, so that the meaning reveals itself with a minute recognition delay.

Transitions are possible within a single episode. One of them, referred to by Joyce's private notation as « Cyclops », is structured on a continuous oral tale in a fairly low idiom of punchy expressions, which is interspersed with parodic inserts that take up the topic at hand and distort it in monstrous exaggeration (Joyce called the technique « gigantism »). One such pretentious insert describes a new arrival in a pub:

12. And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came swiftly in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth and behind him there passed an elder of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred scrolls of law and with him his lady wife a dame of peerless lineage, fairest of her race. (U 12.244-5)

The diction is reminiscent of Victorian versions of Homer, with choice words, ornate epithets and a bent towards superlatives. In a step from the intended sublime to the vulgarly coarse this is brought down to earth in a crude and even nasty register:

13. Little Alf Bergan popped in round the door and hid behind Barney's snug, squeezed up with the laughing. [...] And begob what was it only that bloody old pantaloon Denis Breen in his bathslippers with two bloody big books tucked under his oxter and the wife hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman, trotting like a poodle. (U 12.249-55)

Both versions are hyperbolic, the one with an ennobling, the other a denigrating tendency. The drop from *noble gait* to incompatible *in his bath slippers* is noticeable; *fairest of her race* cannot be reconciled with *trotting like a poodle*. Perspectives and attitudes clash. An optical term for such diversion is written into the novel, *parallax* (U 8.110), the apparent displacement of an object depending on one's point of view.

One episode, the fourteenth, carries the device to an extreme. In reverse it back-translates the action of the present, 1904, into past historical styles, as they might have been employed, say, in Elizabethan times, or how specific authors (Swift,

De Quincey, etc.) could have formulated the events in their own periods. This results in historical counterfeits, which, taken together, amount to an anthropology of English prose styles, analogous to the prevalent theme of the growth of the human embryo. The chapter runs from transposed Old English (*before born babe bliss had*, U 14.60) via rapid stages (*the whatness of our whoness hath fetched his whenceness*, U 14.399) to the nineteenth century (*scintillant circumambient cessile air*, U 14.1409). For practical proposes, specialists apart, some words have to be looked up and rendered into contemporary English: *welkin* « sky », *Agenbayer* « redeemer », *orgulous* « proud ». Such translations are vertical; diachronically, they evoke a linguistic past.

In contrast the chapter of sequential written styles ends in a burst of amazingly and confusedly inspired speech from a whole assembled group hurrying to a pub before closing time, where almost nothing is said in a straightforward way, but transformed into dialects, slang, foreign quotations, ponderous circumlocutions. For readers this results in one of the most demanding challenges, to distinguish who is actually speaking what, and in which particular distortion. What is avoided is the colloquial or obvious. This represents a horizontal expansion of English against the vertical ones in the preceding parodies.

Reading here becomes translation. *Where the Henry Nevil's sawbones and ole clo?* resolves into « Where the devil [*Henry Nevil* is rhyming slang] is the doctor and Bloom [who once sold old clothes]? ». Some utterances are far-fetched, others downright banal: *Tiens, tiens, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes* (U 14.1558). When the German translator Goyert asked for help, Joyce explained the passage: it was a word-by-word adaptation of French *Mais c'est bien triste, ça, ma foi, oui*. He advised: « Translate word by word? [...] The English is quite unconvincing and meant to be so » (6 March 1927; Joyce, 1967 : 199). The conglomerate of simple words is a trite French exclamation rendered with literal naiveté; it consists of an « act » of translation.

The guilt that haunts Stephen Dedalus for not kneeling at his mother's deathbed occurs to him in the shape of *Agenbite of inwit. Conscience* (U 1.481). At one point it is helpfully translated, *Agenbite of inwit: remorse of conscience* (U 9.809), and echoed in *Inwit's agenbite* (U 10.875). The foreignness in this case is temporal, from a theological treatise on sin translated from Latin into Middle English. An equivalent had to be coined for *remorsus conscientiae*, an inner knowledge (*conscientia* = *in-wit*) that keeps biting (*re-morsus* = *agen-bite*) the soul. The term did not survive in English, where the Latin terms were simply adapted, so the Middle

English substitute is a linguistic dead-end, which is now experienced as something alien and distant; emotionally it may be more removed from actual pain than a direct one. In other words, the consciousness is taken out of a word for conscience.

Stephen Dedalus likes and treasures odd or choice words in marginal linguistic areas, like Gipsy words that may be misleading: *bing awast to Romeville* (« go away to London »; U 3.375). When he is groping for the perfect description of a woman with a bag on the beach he samples verbs in different languages for optimal effect: *She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load* (U 3.393).

Joyce makes ample use of Hiberno-English, the way English as spoken in Ireland is affected by Irish pronunciation, vocabulary, or syntax. *Is there Gaelic on you* (U 1.427) reflects the syntactic pattern for « Do you speak Gaelic? » – *An bhfuil Gaeilge agat?* – in that language. In a scene in the National Library, in the ninth episode of *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus unfolds his views on Shakespeare, *Hamlet* in particular, and claims that Shakespeare himself identified with the dead king Hamlet and not the prince of the same name. This ties in with theological concerns about God the Father and God the Son being « consubstantial »; the chapter is suffused with aspects of paternity. Stephen at one moment internally comments on what has been said and misunderstood: *He is in my father. I am in his son* (U 9.390); it sounds quite in tune with his argumentation about fatherhood. But he is actually calling up the Gaelic construction *Tá sé im'athair. Tá mé ina mhac*. What the Gaelic word-by-word equivalent means is « He *is* my father. I *am* his son ». Two levels are superimposed, an English and an Irish one.

A waiter in a hotel bar, named Pat, is described as *deaf*, or *hard of hearing*, and in changing variations also *bothered*: *Bald Pat, bothered waiter, waited for drink orders; Bald Pat who is bothered mitred the napkins* (U 11.287, 11.318, 11.444, etc.). There is nothing overtly troublesome in view for the waiter's leisurely occupation; *bothered* here is the Anglicized form of an underlying Irish word, *bothair*, meaning « deaf » – one more instance of a manifest English and a latent Irish usage side by side. The same word reoccurs in *Finnegans Wake*: in *botheared* two English ears are at variance with Irish deafness (FW 156.23). Joyce was never one to waste a potential meaning or ambiguity in utilizing both a (deceptive) surface and a(n underlying) sense of the words.

In addition to translations in the narrower sense, items can also be transferred or re-arranged. A few musical effects of the « Sirens » episode could be seen in this light. A poised vignette is characterized by assonances and alliterations:

14. Miss Kennedy *sauntered sadly* from bright light, *twining* a loose *hair* behind an *ear*.

Its parts are then reassembled with variations:

15. *Sauntering sadly*, gold no more, she *twisted twined a hair*. *Sadly* she *twined in sauntering gold hair* behind a curving *ear*. (U 11.81; repetitions are marked in italics).

The transferences are partly syntactic and grammatical, as though to indicate in how many different ways a simple action could be expressed. The technique consists of variations with changes (which might serve as a thumbnail definition for conventional music).

Syntactic variations of a theme can take grotesque forms, as in a sequence of short paragraphs: the first one is a simple clipped report, the second a jarring displacement of the component elements (as though instruments played out of step). The third one compensates by pedantic clarification:

16. He remembered one night long ago. Never forget that night. Si sang *'Twas rank and fame*: in Ned Lambert's 'twas.
17. Goulding, a flush struggling in his pale, told Mr Bloom, face of the night, Si in Ned Lambert's, Dedalus house, sang *'Twas rank and fame*.
18. He, Mr Bloom, listened while he, Richie Goulding, told him, Mr Bloom, of the night he, Richie, heard him, Si Dedalus, sing *'Twas rank and fame* in his, Ned Lambert's, house. (U 11.778)

Joyce's translations are not confined to human speech. Bloom's cat is memorable for her unorthodox deviation from the standardized *miao*: her pronunciation is closely observed as elaborate and more consonantal, *Mkgnao!* ... *Mrkgnao!* ... *Mrkrngnao!* Her insistence on getting fed seems to come across intuitively, until a satisfied *Gurrhr* closes the quest (U 4.15, 4.25, 4.32, 4.38). Communication is effected.

Gulls, too, enunciate in their own way. Bloom feeds them some Banbury cake and comments *Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw*. Later on, at night, in an imagined courtroom scene he is accused of crimes and defends himself and has the gulls of the morning testify for his charity: *Kaw have kankury make* (U 8.84, 15.686). Gulls speak in *caw* or an even harsher *kaw*.

In the same hallucinatory chapter the hero of an Irish Ballad, *The Croppy Boy*, is hanged for treason with the guttural dying words *Horhot ho hray hor hother's hest* (U 15.4547); it is the language of strangulation for the words in the original:

[I] forgot to pray for my mother's rest. This is analogous to the equally defective articulation *Table talk. I munched hum un thu Unchster Bank un Munchday* (U 8.692) if you want to say « I met him in the Ulster Bank on Monday ».

4. *FINNEGANS WAKE*

In *Finnegans Wake* everything is exaggerated and intensified, including the number of languages that play their part. A deviation like *Munchday* would not look amiss in it but sound in tune with such specimens as *which is all so munch to the cud*; this similarly combines *so much to the good* with alimentary words (FW 164.1). In Joyce's last work borderlines are transgressed at each turn. Its title alone overlays a common name, Finnegan, which also occurs in a ballad, *Finnegan's Wake* (with an apostrophe), with the mythological figure Finn, and throws in a French *fin* along with a Latin *negans*: the book is indeed negating that there is an end and so it does not have one. Once we go behind English, perhaps more potential items can be extracted, like a German goose, *Gans*, whose significance, or validity, if any, does not seem to have been shown. Such stray semantemes, tangential possibilities, are an intrinsic hazard of the lexical wide sweep. Once graphic units are broken up there is no obvious limit. Common sense or consensus rarely helps.

Finnegans Wake in its turn and its distortions also flaunts a few on-the-spot auto-translations as though in order to communicate universally. The thematic number of Anna Livia Plurabelle's children is presented in linguistic disparity:

19. Some say she had three figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan bywan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that pack? (FW 201.28)

The multiply redundant number 111, *a hundred eleven*, is numerically spelled out as « one by one by one » (what *bywan* could mean otherwise has not yet been determined, but according to McHugh [1991] Cornish *wan* seems to mean a large number). The long conglomerate *meanacuminamoyas* splits into three words in Kiswahili for 111, *mia na kumi na moja*, adding a third variant (Joyce moreover stuffed the fluvial chapter with river names: *Mean, Acu, Umina, Moy*). *Olaph lamm* [...] *pack* plays around the Hebrew letters *Aleph, Lamedh* and *Pe*: in their numerical function (1, 30, 80, respectively) they add up to 111 one more time (tangentially an *ollave* is an Irish poet; *Lamm* is German for « lamb »; etc.). In a chapter flooded with river names many meanings flow together. The passage, as so much in *Finnegans Wake*, is dispersive with river names and seemingly randomly

scattered debris, but the alternatives for a number also serve to tighten the passage centripetally. If we don't capture the sense in one language, or variant, it may manifest itself through another.

In *Was she wearing shubladey's tiroirs in humour of her hubbishobbis* [...] (FW 511.27), what the lady in question is wearing is indirectly answered, first in German (*Schublade*), and then in French (*tiroir*), both meaning the drawer of a piece of furniture, but clearly the second meaning of « drawer(s) » as women's underwear is insinuated. Neither in German nor in French is there such an undercurrent sense, a sense that emerges through double refraction.

On occasion the *Wake* unfolds a semantic list (often of twenty-nine items, the number of days in February, relating a lunar cycle) of a term in various languages. It can be peace:

20. (Frida! Freda! Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Sososopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama! Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peocchia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! Myrha! Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!) (FW 470.36-471.5)

But an analogous list hinges around words or notions for death:

21. Mulo Mulelo! Homo Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawse! O Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O Smirtsch! O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallall! Thou Thuoni! Thou Thaunaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu! Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawunga! Ser Oh Ser! See ah See! Hamovs Hemoves! Mamor! (FW 499.5)

Often a passage is permeated by lexical variety of a term, as in the case of polylingual eggs:

22. (his oewfs [...] his avgs [...] his eiers [...] his uoves, oves and uves [...] his ochiuri [...] his soufflosion of oogs [...] his Poggadovies [...] his Frideggs à la Tricarême) (FW 184.26-32)

Numerous phrases accept readings in different languages. *Warum night* is equidistant from English *Warm night* and German *Warum nicht?* « why not? »; in each case there is one aberrant or missing letter. In this case the duplicity works in written or printed form only, phonetically *night* and *nicht* are not significantly close to each other. A frequent dichotomy of what we can see or hear in itself is a Wakean duplicity.

Warum night? is followed immediately by *Conning two lay payees* (FW 479.7), which as English makes little sense but is recognizable as an approximation of French *Connais-tu le pays ?* According to where something is spoken, the *Wake* seems to imply, its meaning changes, often drastically, as visitors to other countries may experience.

In a primeval verbal encounter, *Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered women blown monk sewer?* (FW 16.4) sounds like a rancorous obscene threat, to judge by its English components, but it mutates into a polite ordinary greeting formula in French: *Comment vous portez-vous, mon blanc monsieur ?* This happens to be a first variant of a recurrent motif in linguistic refractions, based on « How do you do today, my light (or dark) sir? ». We find it translated, among a dozen other incarnations, for example, into:

23. Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower O meow? (Italian « Come sta oggi, signor moro mio ? »; FW 409.14)
24. Fee gate has Heenan hoity, mind uncle Hare? (German « Wie geht es Ihnen heute, mein dunkler Herr? »; FW 466.29)
25. Huru more Nee, minny frickans? (Swedish « Hur maar ni, mina fröken? »; FW 54.10)
26. Houdian Kiel vi fartas, mia nigra sinjoro? (Esperanto « Hodiaŭ kielvi fartas, mia nigra sinjoro ? »⁸⁵; FW 160.31)

The pattern may be reduced to a faint echo: *Commodore valley O hairy* (Latin « Quomode vales hodie »). The range is international. Some approximations can be spelled out with little difficulty; others are more removed; some still have not revealed their linguistic secret and in each case digressive meanings can be extracted.

Internal translations can affect items in long passages. Early in the book an extended contemplation of Irish history and Irish places shows how civilization may decline but that flowers remain as they always were:

27. Since the bouts of Hebear and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun, the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have pressed togetherthem by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights, the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have

⁸⁵ Since Esperanto purports to be a universal language it figures appropriately in a book that strives towards the same goal.

brittled the tooath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Firebugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevanses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year! Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quadrilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho. (FW 14.35)

In gross simplification it starts with the beginnings of Ireland, often traced to the legendary Heber and Heremon (combined with evolutionary predecessors, *he-bear*, *hairy man*). Various flowers have been around in rural Dublin surroundings, while Ireland suffered a series of invasions, attributed to the Formorians, Tuatha Dé Danann and Firbolgs in succession, and in historical times to Vikings (Danes, Oxmen) in the surroundings of Dublin. Cities have been built – cheaply (*jerrybuilding*) – and ruined. In contrast flowers have survived in peace and are still as fresh as they were then. Many pages later the matrix of the passage is given in its original French (Edgar Quinet's *Introduction à la philosophie de l'histoire de l'humanité*, 1834):

28. Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans les Gaules, la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les ruines de Numance et pendant qu'autour d'elles les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs paisibles générations ont traversé les âges et sont arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles. (FW 281)

This shifts the ground to Roman authors and places, not Irish history. The setting is antique, not Irish; history repeats itself in different cultures. Cities have changed their masters and their names (a Wakean feature), civilizations have tumbled, but the peaceful flowers, all female, outlast them all. The translation is both verbal and cultural, temporal and local.

A footnote is appended to the quotation: *Translout that gaswind into turfish* (FW 281). It appropriately deals with translation; whether it is into Turkish or Irish (Ireland is the country of turf), it leaves open. German *laut* « loud » and *geschwind* « quickly » add yet another local colour, and the result may be nothing but gas and wind.

Further echoes and variants occur later in further elaboration:

29. Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have been strident through their struts of Chapellidiseut, the vaulsies have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough, [...] those danceadeils and cancanzanies

have come stimmering down for our begayment through the bedeadfdom of po's taeorns, the obcecicy of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie mummied at ma. (FW 236.19)

30. While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from Cassiodorus. (FW 255.18)
31. [...] since the days of Plooney and Columcellas when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the all-too-ghoulis and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter nation [...] (FW 615.2) etc.

5. CONCLUSION

Enough has been adduced to show that *Finnegans Wake* is not confined to one language but that it frequently transforms its own substance from one into another. All of Joyce involves a perpetual re-processing of its own material, some specific features of which have been displayed here.

ABBREVIATIONS

- D: JOYCE James (1967). *Dubliners*, ed. Robert Scholes. New York : Viking. (D+page #)
- FW: JOYCE James (1939). *Finnegans Wake*. London: Faber & Faber. (FW + page and line #)
- L: JOYCE James (1957). 21 September 1920. In *Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 1, ed. Stuart Gilbert. London: Faber & Faber. (L + page #)
- P: JOYCE James (1964). *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. Chester G. Anderson. New York: Viking. (P+page#)
- U: JOYCE James (1986). *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior. London: The Bodley Head. (U+chapter and line #: U11.81 + 11th chapter, line 81)

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