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## Paname-Turricum and Tarry Easty: James Joyce's *Città Immediata*

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"Dublin. I have much, much to learn" (*U* 144), murmurs Stephen Dedalus to himself, as to the reader of *Ulysses* James Joyce murmurs insistently throughout that Dublin is indeed the *locus* and the focus of the known world. His boast to Frank Budgen that if Dublin were destroyed it could be rebuilt from *Ulysses* has apparently caused the current city fathers to commence destruction, testing whether Joyce will make good on his claim. What they are unaware of, and what recent literary critics are becoming increasingly aware of, is that reading *Ulysses* as a blueprint fails to take into consideration that it is constituted on "the incertitude of the void" (*U* 697), and that the city is like the human body and the stars, "themselves universes of void space constellated with other bodies" (*U* 699).

As we diligently keep our eye on the main chance, on the total known universe of Dublin, peripheral vision detects foreign bodies in orbit, tangential universes that augment and complement the fixed center, cities as distinct and separate as Paris, Zurich, and Trieste. In the Ptolmaic scheme of things Dublin was the center of gravity around which the solar Joyce was expected to rotate and gravitate; in the Copernican scheme Joyce recognized his Dublin as an orbiting planet, and his "other cities," sources of refuge and seats of exile, as satellite cities. "You suspect," Stephen says to Leopold Bloom, "that I may be important because I belong to the *faubourg Saint Patrice* called Ireland for short . . . But I suspect . . . that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me" (*U* 645). Bloom never suspected anything of the sort, and as self-confessed landlubber, a stay-at-home and stick-in-the-mud, in other words a *mock-Ulysses*, he would have little reason ever to call the Emerald Isle anything like the *faubourg Saint Patrice*—for short or for long. Only Stephen Dedalus, who had once ventured into such Parisian *faubourgs* as those of Saint Germain and Saint Jacques, and within their perimeters encountered the son of an Irish exile, Patrice Egan (a true son of Saint Patrick), would redefine his native soil in such non-Irish terms. The "translation" from Dublin to Paris was made by Patrice's father, the patriot Kevin Egan, as an expediency; by Stephen somewhat more voluntarily in his capacity as a student. Stephen and Patrice meet for drinks at the Bar MacMahon, on the street of that name, Marshal MacMahon—that is, Marshal *Patrick* MacMahon—having served France well, himself of the progeny of an Irish hero who fled after the Battle of the Boyne. Patrice Egan is home "on furlough" (*U* 41), obviously doing his national service as a French citizen: "Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris." The Irish-French connection is historically well-established: in "After the Race" the blue cars of the French drivers are cheered as they approach Dublin, and in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Stephen remembers the French delegation at the Wolfe Tone memorial carrying "a card on which were printed the words: *Vive l'Irlande!*" (*P* 184). Yet, as he sits with Kevin Egan in

a Paris cafe, the perfect communion of Dublin and Paris, of Dublin-in-Paris, is disturbed by an unaware waitress: "She serves me at his beck. *Il est irlandais. Hollandais? Non fromage. Deux irlandais, nous, Irlande, vous savez? — Ah oui!* She thought you wanted a cheese *hollandais*" (U 42-43). Bloom is equally unaware in the temperance cafe in Dublin regarding that mythical "holy patrician *faubourg*." "I would go a step farther, Mr Bloom insinuated" (U 645), when in actuality he has not gone far enough.

Joyce, like his forebear Sinbad the Sailor, "has travelled" (U 737), primarily by train. In *A Portrait* Stephen informed Davin, the Irish nationalist whom he labeled "one of the tame geese" (P 181), that "the shortest way to Tara was *via* Holyhead" (P 251)—what he loses in geographical accuracy he gains in mythographic circumnavigation. In *Finnegans Wake*, where the fine distinctions between geography and mythography are distinctly blurred, Shem the Penman plays his exilic game and plies his exilic wares, and has "quit to hail a hurry Iaracor and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain the absendee tarry easty, his città immediata" (FW 228.21-23). Shem may be in a hell-of-a-hurry, and the train he intends to catch is the Paris-Zurich express, which Joyce himself caught often enough for eye operations and visits to friends from his Zurich days. The "distance" between Paname and Turricum is easily navigatable in space by the express train, yet is vast in time, the time continuum of maximum importance to the Time-conscious Shem. "Paname" was current argot for Paris in Joyce's age; "Turricum" was the Latin name for Zurich; some two millenia therefore separate these two of Joyce's alternate cities. And by adding "tarry easty" the Shemian triangle ranges (or tarries) eastward to Trieste, the third of the major Joycean residential pockets outside his native Dublin.<sup>1</sup> *Finnegans Wake* positions itself as the circumnavigator of time that parallels train travel as the compressor of distance in space, "by an alley and detour with farecard available getrennty years" (FW 228.23-24).<sup>2</sup>

Rather than rehearse Joyce's pilgrimage across continental Europe, the decade in Trieste, the World War One years in Zurich, the two decades in Paris before returning to Zurich after the outbreak of World War Two, it might be more pertinent to consider the Joycean Places of Composition: the poems, stories, and novel fragment that were begun in Dublin reached fruition, abandonment, or alteration in Trieste, where the writer lived while *Chamber Music* and *Dubliners* were being published in London; where *Stephen Hero* evolved into *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Exiles* was written, and *Ulysses* begun. "Dublin 1904/Trieste 1914" reads the tag line "Trieste-Zürich-Paris, 1914-1921," and it was in Paris that *Finnegans Wake* was conceived, born, reared, and sent out into the world. The Grand Critical Cliché is that Joyce took his native city with him wherever he wandered, whereas it is far more accurate to view Joyce as a voyager who traveled light, fully expecting to find whatever he needed wherever he was. Constantly setting his stage as Dublin, he set up his prompter's box in whatever city he resided in and boxed in his stage with "foreign" echoes from the wings—continental correctives. Both *A Portrait* and *Ulysses* begin "outside" the city center of Dublin, in suburban areas from which Stephen Dedalus has to make his journey into Dublin, first as an exploratory rite of passage, second as a morning trek into the battleground of his discontent, entering Dublin in order to find his way out into continental exile. Even in *Dubliners* the intimations are present: the first central character who is an adult male bears the name of Jimmy Doyle, an oblique parallel to Jimmy Joyce, and rides into the city along the Naas Road, and in "A Little Cloud" the egregious Gallaher tempts the stay-at-home Dubliner with such

comments as “Go to London or Paris: Paris for choice”; “Ah, there’s no city like Paris for gaiety, movement, excitement”; “Everything in Paris is gay”; “Of course you do find spicy bits in Paris”; “There’s no woman like the Parisienne—for style, for go” (*D* 76-77). The specter of the “alternate city” is frequently there for the Dublin denizens in *Dubliners*.

The integral composite of *Trieste-Zürich-Paris* (Joyce’s insistence on the diacritical mark assures all three of their indigenous pronunciations, obviating any attempt to Anglicize them as Trieste, Zurich, Paris) suggests a functional interchangeability: each and any of his alternate cities serves the same function in “confronting” the basic Dublin, variables affecting the constant. The Dublin that “made” Joyce he in turn made and remade, unmaking it permanently in *Ulysses* and simultaneously unmaking and remaking it at all times in *Finnegans Wake*. The temporary reality of that consubstantial city he caught in his notebooks and etched in his consciousness, notes toward the definition of a unique Dublin of his own composition.<sup>3</sup> The space between notes and text is the area of Joyce’s creativity, a blurred area that on occasion makes its claim as a provisional text. Such is the case of something somehow titled *Giacomo Joyce*, the title evolving from the written name on the cover of the school notebook in a foreign hand, tentative, halting, unschooled, immature—in other words, “foreign”—although the possibility might occur to us that since James Joyce is “celebrating” a clandestine Triestine love affair, he himself might be the masked amanuensis of his own manuscript, a disguised hand, lefthanded.

A key passage from the gauche and sinister *Giacomo Joyce* reads:

Trieste is waking rawly: raw sunlight over its huddled browntiled roofs, testudoform; a multitude of prostrate bugs await a national deliverance. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife’s lover’s wife: the busy housewife is astir, sloe-eyed, a saucer of acetic acid in her hand. (*GJ* 8)

The passage is replete with Joycean stylistics: veering toward the romantic, it quickly deflects into the naturalistic and ironic; descriptive and exact, it nonetheless teases with its mysterious disjointedness. The scene is intentionally Triestine, as attested by the testudoform brown tiles: Italian Triestine, hardly Austrian; *La città immediata*. Yet, folded into the Proteus chapter of *Ulysses*, where Stephen recalls his stay in Paris, is a remarkably similar passage:

Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of farls of bread, the frog-green wormwood, her matin incense, court the air. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife’s lover’s wife, the kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer of acetic acid in her hands. (*U* 42)

Paris and Trieste are strikingly alike, Paris a plagiarism of Trieste, but with uniquely distinguishing features: gone the testudoform tiles, replaced by lemon streets. Actually, the recollection of this particular Paris for Stephen is caused by his viewing of the “lemon houses” of Sandymount, the Dublin suburb through which he is walking. And the “prostrate bugs” of the Triestine dawn give place to the smell of French bread and absinthe, while the highly Italianate Belluomo is readily transferrable to Paris; even with his charactonym he is universal, a man for all cities.

Stephen Dedalus’s abortive sojourns in Paris prior to his mother’s final illness result in the Protean flashbacks that provide the Paris morning scene, and seem to provide as well a similar *déjà vu* for the shadowy Giacomo. Several passages after the Triestine morning scene, an intrusive Paris presents itself, trailing familiar scents:

In the raw veiled spring morning faint odours float of morning Paris: aniseed, damp sawdust, hot dough of bread: and as I cross the Pont Saint Michel the steelblue waking waters chill my heart. They creep and lap about the island whereon men have lived since the stone age. (*GJ* 10)

“Raw” links all three matutinal scenes; the aniseed will be replaced by its more lethal companion, wormwood; and the hot dough of bread by the moist pith of farls of bread. Paris-in-Sandymount; Paris-in-Trieste; Trieste-in-Paris: Joyce turns the kaleidoscope for new permutations of his constantly binocular view, setting up a stereopticon with two *different* lenses as if they were one, the hegemony of a demanding Dublin constantly being challenged.

That the road from Dublin may be transversible, bringing the exile back home, is painfully indicated in the telegram that plucks Stephen out of Paris, the “blue French telegram” that reads, “Mother dying come home father” (*U* 42). The automatic reflex action that returns him to Dublin easily embitters Stephen about the efficacy of his exile: “You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery Columbanus” (*U* 42). Only in *Exiles*, written when the Triestine haven was being jeopardized by the war, does the reverse road to Dublin, that proverbial “rocky road,” smooth itself out. *Exiles* is a study in wish-fulfillment that Joyce could afford at a time when *Dubliners* was finally in print, *A Portrait* being serialized, and *Ulysses* taking shape, while Trieste is on the verge of ejecting him physically. James Joyce in the guise of a Lord Mayor of Dublin graciously invites the accomplished author James Joyce back into the fold, but since Lord Mayor Joyce remains a Joycean fiction, author Joyce sends Richard Rowan back instead, out of exile but armed with silence and cunning.<sup>4</sup> A published author with an inheritance as well, Rowan re-enters with the wife he never married and the son they engendered, from nine years in Italy—but not from Trieste. Not from the basically backwater city of huddled testudiform brown tiles, but from Rome, a city in which Joyce lived for half a year, disliked intensely, suffered from the heat, especially when he could not remove his coat while at work in a bank because his only pair of trousers was worn through at the seat, and from which he quickly maneuvered his way back to Trieste. Yet it is not *that* Rome from which Richard Rowan has wended his triumphal way back to Dublin, but from an *implied* Rome, the august and imperial Rome from which Caesar set out upon his conquests. The ancient Romans never reached Ireland, but Richard Rowan succeeds even where Caesar never conquered. He came; he saw; he could with disdain allow the vice-chancellor of the University to court him.

The distancing from Dublin is already apparent in *Exiles*, the settings for which are the comfortable bourgeois suburbs of Merrion and Ranelagh, essentially a never-never land for Joyce, enduring poverty in Trieste as he had in Dublin. Richard Rowan’s transfer from similar poverty to newly attained luxury includes a house servant, Brigid, a name that not only transfers back to the opening of *A Portrait*, before the Dedalus family suffered its precipitous economic decline, but also back to the St. Brigid who with Patrick shares the distinction of being patron saint of Ireland. Analogous distancing from Dublin informs *Finnegans Wake*, the locus of which—if it has a central location—is the suburb of Chapelizod, a community that attracted attention in the *Dubliners* story “A Painful Case.” James Duffy (whose name superimposes well on those of James Doyle and James Joyce) chose to live 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” (*D* 107).<sup>5</sup> The

topography of *Finnegans Wake* posits a Dublin that is the belly of the buried giant Finn MacCool, reconstituted in the *Wake* as the hodcarrier Tim Finnegan, whose head is the Hill of Howth in the northeast and whose feet are the jutting stones at Castle Knock in the western limits of Phoenix Park:

The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumpy-tumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since devlinsfirst loved livvy. (FW 3.18-24)

At a little distance from those toes, just to the west of the park, is the suburb of Chapelizod, where the Earwicker family resides: Humphrey Chimpden himself, his wife Anna Livia Plurabelle, their children, Shaun, Shem, and Issy, whose prototype Iseult/Isolde/Izod has her name eponymously affixed to Chapelizod, the chapel of Izod at which Tristram arrived to claim her. From the vantagepoint of Chapelizod a Joycean presence or persona casts those doubtful sideglances at Dublin, at the bodily protrusion, at the Dublin body politic.

Although the perspective may be oblique and even jaundiced, the "subject" invariably is the urban center, *Finnegans Wake* encapsulating hundreds of cities, ancient, historical, mythical, legendary, in an epic on the rise of the city and a lyric poem on its decline. Shem acknowledges his city of origin, citing as his "garden nursery, Griefotrofio, at Phig Streat 111, Shuvlin, Old Hoeland" (FW 169.23-24), insisting that he would not go back there now, "not for a dinar! not for jo!" (FW 170.3) (although at another instance the question remains open: "Will any dubble dabble on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay?"). Dublin splits and redefines itself in many ways: as the goal implied in the song, "The Rocky Road to Dublin"; as the sorry state of affairs in the epithet, Dear Dirty Dublin, associated with the father-husband figure of Earwicker; very often as the devil ("To part from Devlin is hard" (FW 24.25-26), acknowledges the exile), but nonetheless the devil's counterpart, "Deblinity devined" (FW 373.20), the split personality of the city indeed a "dablinganger" (FW 490.17). It increases in size, *doubling* in fact, only to fracture into halves, between Dub and Lin, even reversing into an "old Dublin lindub" (FW 553.27), and as the second city of the British Empire, it will even combine with the first city into a composite "Londub" (FW 625.36). Joyce endows the parochial Dublin with ecumenical properties, joining it in the riddles chapter with the provincial capitals of Ireland, and brings it into the mainstream of European cities, past and contemporary, playing the woof of the time warp as well. Four "Dublins" are implied in the opening discovery of the town, when the arriving adventurer exclaims: "So This Is Dyoublong?" (FW 13.4). At four historical instances the name is "Ublanium"/"Hurdlesford"/"Ballyaughcleeaghbally"/"Dublin" (FW 13.34-35, 14.5, 410.11). The Town of the Ford of Hurdles is in Irish Bally-atha-Cleath, while the name given to it by Ptolemy was Eblana, so that when Dublin past confronts its counterpart in a contemporary context, "it is easier to found a see in Eblannah than for I or you to find a dubbeltye in Dampsterdamp" (FW 138.22-24), and Dublin meets itself along an historical continuum: "The Eblanamagna you behazyheld looming up out of the dumblynass" (FW 625.26-27).

The cities-of-the-world, according to Shem the Self-exile, have their origin in that garden nursery of "Edenborough" (FW 29.35-36) and in the Ptolmaic Eblana, reaching back to when the locus was in itself "antidulbnum" (FW 310.7). The city remains constantly in a state of flux, building, disintegrating,

rebuilding, as Joyce's text keeps pace with the topographic changes. Shem, like predecessor Stephen Dedalus, had made his way into the city and then as exile out again, and in reconstructing his city, building it within his text and *as his text*, kept open the door of re-entry, and is appropriately denounced as "leaving out of my double inns while he was all teppling over my single ixits" (FW 534.29-30). Dublin's Joyce left the door of *Finnegans Wake* open as well, the last sentence open-ended and incomplete, allowing for "three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book of Doublends Jined" (FW 20.15-16).

#### Notes

1. Trieste also is implicated in a time-warp when referred to by its ancient honorific, *La città immediata*.

2. "Aller et retous" provides a return ticket in the language of Zurich; and even the language of Time is in a double bind: German *getrenns* "separates" between twenty and thirty—French *trents*.

3. Even the perfected *Dubliners* serves as halfway between notations and the eventual *Ulysses*.

4. Aware always that he is a "traitor" to Ireland, Rowan is wary of Irish treachery in the triumphal return; "Hail, the Conquering Hero" is the implied theme music of *Exiles*, played on a penny whistle from behind the scrim.

5. It should also be noted that "[h]e lived at a little distance from his body, regarding his own acts with doubtful side-glances" (D 108).