

Mythologising the Exiled Self in James Joyce and Fernando Pessoa

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Keywords

James Joyce, Fernando Pessoa, myth, exiled self, nightbook, periphery, plurality, Ireland, Portugal.

Abstract

This article brings together contemporaries James Joyce and Fernando Pessoa in articulating the idea of mythologising the exiled self. There are interesting points of convergence between Joyce and Pessoa which are very fruitful to delving deeper into the works of both authors and reading them anew to open up fresh perspectives and horizons. Pessoa most likely only scanned quickly through *Ulysses* and read little else of Joyce; and Joyce probably never even heard of Pessoa. Nevertheless, Pessoa's small critical synopsis of *Ulysses* with the fascinating descriptions of it as a "literatura de antemanhã" and "sintoma de intermédio" are worthy of attention. I focus on three themes in mythologizing the exiled self: first, that of the peripheral landscape via motifs of defeat, homelessness, language, and the sea; second the expression of plurality of the subject rather than "death of the subject"; and third, the creation of the "nightbook", giving the exiled self a way to see in the dark, the freedom to dream infinitely, and to embrace the life of repetition that is the passport to eternity during the one of the darkest chapters in twentieth century history.

Palavras-chave

James Joyce, Fernando Pessoa, mito, o "eu" exilado, livro nocturno, pluralidade, Irlanda, Portugal.

Resumo

Este artigo reúne os contemporâneos James Joyce e Fernando Pessoa, articulando a ideia de mitificação do "eu" exilado. Existem interessantes pontos de convergência entre Joyce e Pessoa; pontos muito úteis para investigar mais profundamente as obras dos dois autores e lê-los novamente, abrindo novas perspectivas e horizontes. Provavelmente, Pessoa nunca leu *Ulisses* nem qualquer outro escrito de Joyce, e Joyce provavelmente nunca ouviu falar de Fernando Pessoa. Não obstante, a pequena sinopse crítica que Pessoa escreveu sobre *Ulisses*, com as descrições fascinantes de uma "literatura de antemanhã" e "sintoma de intermédio" é digna de atenção. Irei concentrar-me em três temas na mitificação do eu exilado: primeiro, a paisagem periférica através dos motivos de derrota, do mar, a língua, e do estar à deriva; segundo, a expressão da pluralidade do sujeito em vez da "morte do sujeito"; e terceiro, a criação do "Nightbook", oferecendo ao "eu" exilado uma maneira de ver no escuro, a liberdade de sonhar infinitamente e de afirmar uma vida de repetição que é o passaporte para a eternidade durante um dos capítulos mais escuros da história do século XX.

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If one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals and distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands, given a grain of Goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon his ego a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr hawrors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phantom (may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery of himsel in furniture.

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, 1992b: 184)

O mito é o nada que é tudo [Myth is the nothing that is everything]

Fernando Pessoa, *Ullisses* (Pessoa, 1979: 27)

Introduction

The exiled self articulates for many an essential feeling that pervaded the twentieth century. It is a self that is banished, scattered and multiplied. The etymology of the word “exile” comes from the Latin *ex*, “away”, and “ile”, deriving from “al”, meaning “to wander”, which in turn comes from the Greek “alaomai” to wander, stray, or roam about. In using the term “exiled self”, I am also thinking of the self as plurality which incorporates multiplication and othering of the self when reading James Joyce and Fernando Pessoa. “Othering” pertains to becoming someone else, an alter ego of oneself who exists only in the world of literature, such as the othering of Joyce into Stephen Dedalus or Leopold Bloom or Pessoa into Bernardo Soares¹ or Álvaro de Campos. Here are creations who either see from a multiplicity of perspectives or seek to multiply themselves – and this is what it is to be a complex and infinitely curious human being in modernity. The evolution of the exiled self in the case of Joyce and Pessoa is manifest through their childhood, landscape, and life choices – all of which are embodied in the literature they produce. Except for perhaps Montaigne or Kierkegaard² (who do so in

¹ As is well known, *Livro do Desassossego* has another heteronym – Vicente Guedes – who was later replaced by Bernardo Soares. Vicente Guedes was conceived in 1909, and it was probably around 1915 that he became the first author associated with *Livro do Desassossego* before being absorbed into Bernardo Soares in 1929 for the second phase (which has almost twice as many pages as the first phase) of the writing of the book. I will take the position in this article of citing Soares for the whole of the book as I see him as the more developed version of Guedes, and final version and heteronym of the book. Both heteronyms have the same job, a very similar biography, and both live in the Baixa district of Lisbon although their street addresses are different. For more on Vicente Guedes, see: Pessoa (2012b: 74-75; 2013, 331-332; 2012a: 495-496; 2001a: 465-466).

² In regard to Kierkegaard, I have recently published articles bringing Pessoa and Kierkegaard and Joyce and Kierkegaard together. The first, “Into the Nothing with Kierkegaard and Pessoa”, looks at the idea of the “nothing” as the space in the interval, as that corresponding to anxiety, and how the two writers attempt to confront this “nothing” (Ryan, 2013). The second, “James Joyce: negation, kierkegaard, wake and repetition”, explores the bourgeois, urban writer, the ghost of the father, the

different ways via essays and philosophical writing), few authors in European modernity can rival Joyce or Pessoa in the transference of one's own self into their work so brilliantly (in the examples of Dedalus and Soares) in such detailed fashion while at the same time maintain the masterful distance of the artist.³

This idea of the exiled self is explored in various European philosophical and political texts for the twentieth century such as, amongst others, Walter Benjamin's *Origin of German Tragic Drama*, Maurice Blanchot's *The Writing of the Disaster*, Theodor Adorno's *Minima Moralia* and *Aesthetic Theory*, Claudio Magris' *Danube*, Gillian Rose's *Broken Middle*, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus*, and most recently Yuri Slezkine's *The Jewish Century*. These are all examples of texts that displace disciplinary identity from one field to the next, and by focusing on the marginal, supplementary and seemingly banished elements of European modernity shed light on how to understand the twentieth century and its hidden history in Europe. This was a century of displacement, individualism, ideology, the triumph of technology and rapid growth of a mobile, homeless, job shifting, and broadly educated people. Joyce and Pessoa's central heteronyms and characters embody this description.

Before going directly to the concept of mythologising the exiled self, I will show a direct link between Joyce and Pessoa in looking at the single comment on Joyce made by Pessoa. The last three sections will demonstrate the parallels between the two writers in the idea of mythologising the exiled self via three themes: first, through appropriating their peripheral landscapes into their writing; second, by transforming the exiled self into a plurality; and third, by showing the culmination of mythologising the exiled self in what I call their "nightbooks" – most specifically *Finnegans Wake*, *Livro do Desassossego*, and what makes up almost the entire second half of *Ulysses*.

There already has been some work done in linking Pessoa and Joyce such as, for example, in the short article by Alfredo Margarido (who also translated *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* into Portuguese) called "Fernando Pessoa, James Joyce e o Egipto" (1990), Carlos Ceia's "Modernism, Joyce, and Portuguese Literature" (2006), and David Butler's "Joyce e Pessoa: autores da polifonia" (2004)⁴. Margarido begins his article by stating that the relation between Joyce and Pessoa is in the indirect use of Joyce's school experience that helps illuminate some information regarding Pessoa's education in Durban, and in the ethical and

ruins of history, selfhood and the aesthete, the Danish language, and the concept of repetition. I am now currently working on a book bringing together Kierkegaard and Pessoa. In 2012, Alain Bellaïche-Zacharie published a work on Kierkegaard and Pessoa (Bellaïche-Zacharie, 2012). Eduardo Lourenço also published two essays linking Kierkegaard and Pessoa (reedited in Lourenço, 2008).

³ For a detailed account of the various otherings of the self in heteronymic form in Iberia in Pessoa's time, see Rosell (2004).

⁴ See also Guimarães (2002), and Salgado (1998).

aesthetic choices and religious associations in forming their art (Margarido, 1988: 158). Margarido also shows the point of convergence in their interest in Egyptology such as in Thoth, the god of writing (Margarido, 1988: 161). Margarido concludes the article by referring to the two writers being “men of exile” and asking whether Pessoa was as much an exile in Lisbon as Joyce was in Trieste, Zurich or Paris (Margarido, 1988: 162). This is a question that I aim to address in this article. Butler’s article is closest to my exploration in that, although he focuses on “the city as a labyrinth” and “language as a labyrinth”, he also looks at the mythological element in their writings, although mostly in *Ulysses* and *Livro do Desassossego*. I attempt to delve deeper here by taking also into consideration *Finnegans Wake* and the semi-heteronym Soares and heteronym Álvaro de Campos that provide various perspectives from the exiled self. My methodological approach combines a historically based reading with taking seriously images, figures and drama motifs which Pessoa and Joyce both use and transform to carve out a new space and way of writing. If we think of Lord Byron’s statement that “truth is always strange | Stranger than fiction” (Byron, 2000: 818), then the troubling and controversial genius of Joyce and Pessoa is that their works seem stranger than reality only because they come much closer to presenting the reality of the self than much of the previous literature has done.

1. Bridges between Joyce and Pessoa

il se promène, pas plus, lisant au livre de lui-même
Stéphane Mallarmé, “Hamlet et Fortinbras”.⁵

Joyce was born six years earlier than Pessoa in 1882, and Pessoa died six years earlier than Joyce in 1935. Thus, for two writers obsessed and superstitious about numbers, this is a fitting preliminary symmetry between the two. Always seeking after the impossible, Pessoa’s semi-heteronym and mutilation of himself⁶ wrote in *Livro do Desassossego*: “Saber ser supersticioso ainda é uma das artes que, realizadas a auge, marcam o homem superior” [To know how to be superstitious is still one of the arts which, developed to perfection, distinguishes the superior man] (Pessoa, 2012: 355; 2001a: 322). Although contemporaries, Joyce probably never heard of Pessoa who most likely just scanned through *Ulysses*. Joyce most probably had very little influence on Pessoa as he only procured a copy of the 1932

⁵ Translation: “he strolls, reading the book of himself” (Joyce, 2008: 179). See also Mallarmé (1945: 1564).

⁶ Pessoa describes Bernardo Soares as such in his famous letter dated 13th January 1935 to Adolfo Casais Monteiro: “É [Soares] um semi-heterónimo porque, não sendo a personalidade minha, é, não diferente da minha, mas uma simples mutilação dela” [He is a semi-heteronym because his personality, although not my own, doesn’t differ from my own but is a mere mutilation of it]. See Pessoa (2012b: 280; 2001c: 258).

Hamburg first edition of *Ulysses*, which is still looking brand new and unmarked today in the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon. That said, the fact that he sought out a copy of *Ulysses* at this late stage in his life shows his abiding interest in new modes of literature, and, as is well known, Pessoa wrote a little note on Joyce:

A arte de James Joyce, como a de Mallarmé, é a arte fixada no processo de fabrico, no caminho. A mesma sensualidade de *Ulysses* é uma sintoma de intermédio. É o delírio onírico, dos psiquiatras, exposto como fim.

(Pessoa, 2006b: 890; Pessoa 2001c: 222)

[The art of James Joyce, like that of Mallarmé, is art preoccupied with method, with how it's made. Even the sensuality of *Ulysses* is a symptom of intermediation. It is an hallucinatory delirium – the kind treated by psychiatrists – presented as an end in itself].

There are elements in this passage that are as much a comment on Pessoa's work as they are on Joyce's: that of Stéphane Mallarmé and *a arte fixada no processo de fabrico*, the symptom of *intermédio*, and the *delírio onírico*.

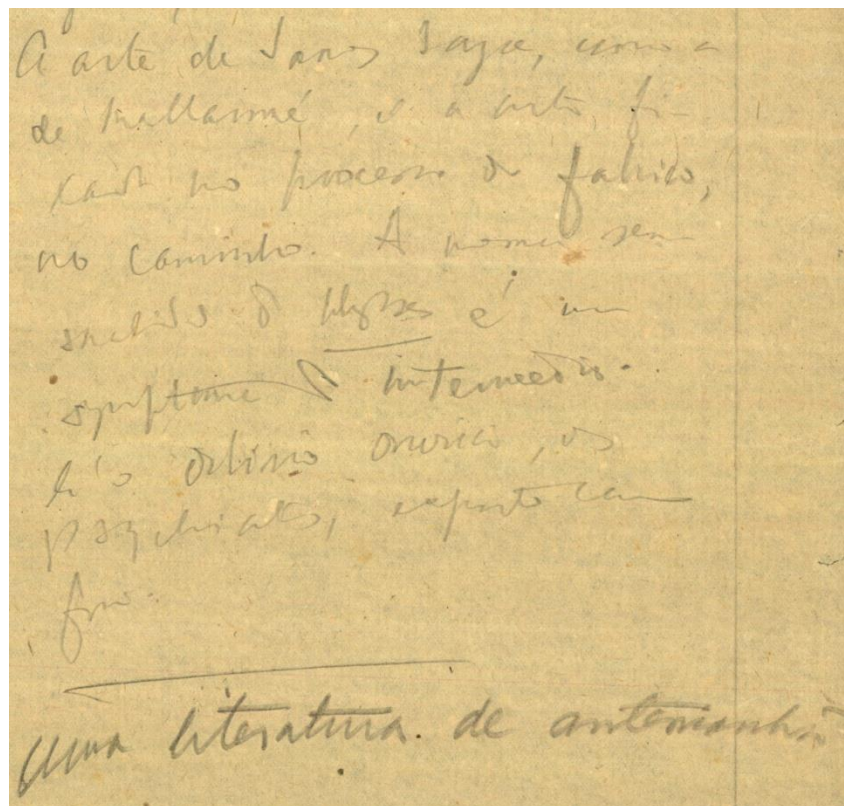


Fig. 1. BNP/E3, 14^a-70^r (detail).

1.1. Mallarmé

Interconnecting Joyce and Mallarmé is the first point of convergence between Joyce and Pessoa. Joyce greatly admired Mallarmé as one of the great symbolists and, in fact, one of his favourite sentences in literature is written by Mallarmé which he inserts in the Library episode in *Ulysses*: “il se promène, pas plus, lisant au livre de lui-même” (Joyce, 2008: 179)⁷. What Joyce loves about this phrase is its concise and unitary style, its rhythm and sound, as well as its meaning. Hence, Pessoa’s judgement is on the mark when he writes “art preoccupied with method” because the whole of *Ulysses* is indeed an attempt by Joyce to make every sentence controlled, self-conscious and perfect. Regarding its meaning, we witness both the act of wandering (*il se promène*) and reading the book of oneself. Dedalus views himself as the new Hamlet making his way through Dublin in Ireland’s greatest literary epic. The fact is that his creator, his older alter ego, Joyce, is placing him in a supporting role, which Hugh Kenner has already pointed out (Kenner, 1978: 28). Pessoa’s seemingly dismissive comment referring to Joyce as Mallarmé’s acolyte can be read differently when we find the one insertion of Mallarmé in *Livro do Desassossego*: “A sensibilidade de Mallarmé dentro do estilo de Vieira; sonhar como Verlaine no corpo de Horácio; ser Homero ao luar [The sensibility of Mallarmé in the style of Vieira; to dream like Verlaine in the body of Horace; to be Homer in the moonlight]” (Pessoa, 2012a: 154; 2001a: 119). In his comment on Joyce, Pessoa is well aware that he too, in the guise of Bernardo Soares, is preoccupied with method to the point where he can hardly finish most of what he writes. Soares may try to combine Mallarmé, Vieira, Verlaine, Horace and Homer, but Pessoa has overlooked the fact that Joyce moves far beyond Mallarmé in *Ulysses* in forging his writing style not only from Mallarmé but very importantly from Jacobsen’s *Niels Lyhne*, Flaubert’s *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, Ibsen’s plays, and of course Homer’s *Odyssey* to create one of the most daring novels in the English language.

1.2. *Intermédio* and the *antemanhã*

The slippery word *intermédio* is present in different forms throughout Pessoa’s authorship, appearing as *intervalo*, *lacuna*, *interlúdio*, *entreacto*, *intermédio*, and *gap*. This multifaceted idea can be the space between two points and/or the space of time between events, dates and epochs as well as potentially being a temporary interruption pointing towards mysticism or messianic Judeo-Christianity (such as St. Paul’s famous “twinkling of the eye” (The Bible [I Cor. 15:52], 1997: II, 221). The *intermédio* is something physical (insomnia), spiritual and

⁷ The quote is originally from a small critical piece written within a letter by Mallarmé in 1896 called “Hamlet et Fortinbras” (Mallarmé, 1945: 1564).

cosmic (in the ruin of things and in the messianic), aesthetic (representing also for Soares as poetry which is the intermediate stage between music and prose⁸) and creative (as transitional, marginal, ironic, and even iconoclastic). We can find a miniature triumphant declaration of intermediation in Pessoa's poem written in English called "The King of Gaps" (Pessoa, 2000: 280). For Pessoa, Joyce's novel is an example of "intermediation", and is put under the category of *uma literatura de antemanhã*. This term is jotted down as a potential title below the passage on Joyce, signifying symbolically a literature just before the dawn or perhaps a new kind of literature (Pessoa, 2006b: 890). This insight points to the place of both Joyce and Pessoa's major works as "nightbooks" that I explore in the final section of this article.

The *antemanhã* is a state of transition and directly linked to intermediation. The *Livro do Desassossego* and Joyce's last two works are books of intermediation, a place where "extremes meet" (Joyce, 2008: 474) and a crossroad between classics of literature and a new kind of book and way of writing⁹. We get a sense of the *antemanhã* in the opening episode of *Ulysses* when we find Buck Mulligan quoting from Nietzsche before Stephen Dedalus begins his journey through the day and the novel proper begins with the entry of Leopold Bloom in episode four. Mulligan uses the word "hyperborean" (Joyce, 2008: 5) from Nietzsche to describe himself and Stephen Dedalus, and joyously yelps "Thus Spake Zarathustra" as they are leaving the Martello tower (Joyce, 2008: 22). The reference is pertinent to the spirit of the time of a Nietzsche cult spreading amongst the intellectual elite of Europe when the philosopher's writings are being read widely for the first time. Nietzsche can be viewed as a philosopher of the *antemanhã* as he declares that "some are born posthumously" (Nietzsche, 1976: 568) and that in the entire history of philosophy, a new dawn is now emerging in the guise of his Zarathustra. He calls himself and his readers of tomorrow "hyperboreans".¹⁰ It will be the endeavour then of Joyce

⁸ Soares writes: "Considero o verso como uma coisa intermédia, uma passagem da música para a prosa" [I consider poetry to be an intermediate stage between music and prose]. See Pessoa (2012a: 232; 2001a: 196).

⁹ For more on the notion of the interval, see Christine Buci-Glucksmann's *Esthétique de l'éphémère* (see Bibliography).

¹⁰ Nietzsche begins the first section of *The Antichrist* with these words: "Let us face ourselves. We are Hyperboreans; we know very well how far off we live. 'Neither by land nor by sea will you find the way to the Hyperboreans' – Pindar already knew this about us. Beyond the north, ice and death – our life, our happiness. We have discovered happiness, we know the way, we have found the exit out of the labyrinth of thousands of years. Who else has found it? Modern man perhaps? 'I have got lost; I am everything that has got lost,' sighs modern man" (Nietzsche, 1976: 569). See also the references to Nietzsche in Álvaro de Campos's most irreverent and polemical pamphlet published in 1917 called *Ultimatum*. See for example: "Tu, cultura alemã, Sparta pôde com azeite de christismo e vinagre de nietzschização, colmeia de lata, transbordeamento imperialoide de servilismo engatado! [You, German culture, a rancid Sparta dressed with the oil of Christianity and the vinegar of Nietzscheization, a sheet-metal beehive, an imperialistic horde of harnessed sheep!]" (Pessoa, 2012c: 145; Pessoa, 1998: 74); "A intervenção anti-christã [Anti-Christian Surgical

and Pessoa to be these readers of tomorrow such that in the Preface to the *Livro do Desassossego*, Soares tells Pessoa that perhaps he is one of the few special readers of *Orpheu* (Pessoa, 2012a: 44; 2001a: 6); and Joyce will audaciously step up to the task that is put forward in the Library episode in *Ulysses* in writing the “national epic” (Joyce, 2008: 185), in creating a figure that can replace Hamlet in literature (Joyce, 2008: 177), or write the most audacious and difficult book in the English language in *Finnegans Wake*.

1.3. *Delírio onírico*

Finally, Pessoa calls Joyce’s work a *delírio onírico*, which is a dreamlike or hallucinatory delirium that is presented as “an end in itself”. Again, Pessoa is correct in calling *Ulysses* “an end in itself” when we think of Joyce’s book as an example of attempting to put the whole of the history of English literature into one book, and assimilating and overcoming, in a Hegelian act, the high points of European literature in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe to create something new in this highly ambitious and irreverent synthesis of the masters. Walter Benjamin’s words are appropriate here: “A major work will establish a genre or abolish it; and the perfect work will do both” (Benjamin, 1998: 44). By describing the art as *delírio onírico*, Pessoa could again be writing about his own dreamlike, fragmented, unfinished text *Livro do Desassossego*. This late, short remark on Joyce by Pessoa invites us to analyse further their points of contact which leads to my task of presenting the thesis of mythologising the exiled self through the themes of peripheral landscape, plurality, and the “nightbook”.

2. The Peripheral Landscape of the Exiled Self

*He was a nauseous leper
Who in the ruins was;
There ever and anon
The hollow wind did pass,
And wild and feeble and yellow all
Was the grass.*

Alexander Search (Pessoa, 1999: 148)

It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking glass of a servant.

Stephen Dedalus (Joyce, 2008: 7)

Ulysses begins in the Martello tower, a symbol of colonial power, a construction built by the British as a lookout point for an impending invasion by

Intervention]” (Pessoa, 2012c: 156; Pessoa, 1998: 82); “O Superhomen será, não o mais duro, mas o mais complexo! [The Superman will not be the toughest man but the most complex]” (Pessoa, 2012c: 160; Pessoa, 1998: 86).

the Napoleonic forces. Stephen Dedalus wakes up in one of these towers on the outskirts of Dublin, in a defeated, conquered landscape facing the Irish Sea. A poor old woman (representing Ireland: from the Gaelic *Sean bhean bocht*) who cannot speak Irish comes to bring milk to Stephen and Buck Mulligan. In fact, the only person who can speak Irish in the tower is the visiting British Oxford scholar Haines, whose name is sinisterly close to “hate” from the French *haine*. Stephen is lost, frustrated and ready to leave Ireland forever. Similarly, Campos, adrift in Lisbon, begins probably his most famous poem *Tabacaria* with “Não sou nada|Nunca serei nada|Não posso querer ser nada|Aparte isso tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo” [I’m nothing. | I’ll always be nothing. | I can’t want to be something. | But I have in me all the dreams of the world] (Pessoa, 2001b: 320; 1998: 173). His odyssey, like that of his close relative Bernardo Soares, becomes a journey in defeat. Both figures are creations of Pessoa who, from this exiled state of mind and peripheral, forgotten landscape in Europe, creates, alongside Joyce, a unique and powerful voice for literature. One peripheral landscape is a dying colonial power; the other a conquered colony. Joyce and Pessoa will transform this shared sense of paralysis, defeat, shipwreck and peripheral status in relation to metropolitan cultural centres into supreme works of art that offer up the possibility of liberating the countries they come from, while at the same time they shed light on these centres of culture and political activity.

2.1. The symbol of the sea

The role of the sea in both Pessoa and Joyce’s writings is crucial to understanding the theme of the peripheral landscape of the exiled self. Ireland is an island and much of Portugal’s culture is based around the sea. As peripheral landscapes either surrounded by water or at least facing the Atlantic and with no voice or political power at the beginning of the twentieth century, the concept of diaspora, movement, migration, or a scattering of people away from an established or ancestral homeland is a key element to understanding the Portuguese and Irish psyche. The central character of *Finnegans Wake*, Anna Livia Plurabelle, is a river making her way to the sea, and Álvaro de Campos’ largest poem (*Ode Marítima*) is on one level a sexually masochistic ode to seafaring. The opening poem of *Mensagem* presents Portugal on the edge of Europe as its face, staring out onto the sea (Pessoa: 1979: 23). The sea is an invitation for those on the edge of Europe to set sail into uncharted territories. But leaving the peripheral landscape also throws Pessoa and Joyce back onto themselves as they soon realize that the discovery of the world leaves them shipwrecked. Campos, before meeting Caeiro, famously said in *Opiário*: “Pertenco a um género de portugueses | Que depois de estar a Índia descoberta | Ficaram sem trabalho” [I belong to that class of Portuguese | Who, once India was discovered, were out | Of work] (Pessoa, 2001b: 63; 2006c:

150); and in *Ulysses*, we meet Stephen who has recently returned from Paris to temporarily live in a colonial construction on the coast of south Dublin. With no place left to go in a country that has had its day in history in the case of Portugal, and to return to a conquered land that may never be emancipated from its conqueror in the case of Ireland, the writer in this peripheral landscape turns inward and isolates himself to create new forms of literature that will find a welcoming audience for future generations. This is how we may interpret the expression “self exiled upon its ego” in *Finnegans Wake*.

2.2. Home and homelessness

We can take the idea of peripheral landscape further by looking at the significance of where the two bourgeois figures Bloom and Soares live. Bloom lives on 7 Eccles Street, a small, insignificant street in north Dublin. Seven is the number of God, and Eccles is an abbreviation of *Ecclesiastes*, the most pessimistic, darkest and hopeless book in the Bible, which begins with “Vanities of vanities”, and where the poetry of the river reigns: “All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full” (1997, *The Bible* [Ecclesiastes 1:1; 1:7]: II, 750). This last quote could well be used as the motto for *Finnegans Wake*. Soares lives and works on the Rua dos Douradores [Street of the Goldsmiths]. This street is one of the narrowest in the central Baixa area of Lisbon, where the rays of the sun rarely enter, where it is difficult to ever see the other end of the street, and in which nothing significant ever seems to happen, although, like Eccles street, its name hints at some former glory or secret power.

Joyce and Pessoa’s peripheral landscapes have become defunct territories which they appropriate for their powerful imagination. On the eve of collapsing empires (Hapsburg, Ottoman, British), falling monarchies, the “death of God” (or “age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god” (Joyce, 2008: 198), and devastating world wars, their appropriation of the idea of a shipwrecked and exiled self in a peripheral landscape begins to make a lot more sense for the rest of the twentieth century. Thus, the second episode in *Ulysses* representing history and education begins with these words from Stephen Dedalus: “I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What’s left us then?” (Joyce, 2008: 25) And some editions of *Livro do Desassossego* begin with a similar theme of ruination: “Nasci em um tempo em que a maioria dos jovens haviam perdido a crença em Deus, pela mesma razão que os seus maiores a haviam tido – sem saber porquê” [I was born in a time when the majority of young people had lost faith in God, for the same reason their elders had had it – without knowing why] (Pessoa, 2012a: 49; 2001a: 11). Within these peripheral landscapes, Pessoa and Joyce create what Declan Kiberd has called “homeless minds” (Kiberd, 1996: 329). The “hero” of *Ulysses* is at once Ulysses, an Irishman and the

Wandering Jew. He is three races in one, all of which are trying to find their way home. And even if they do seem to come home, something is not quite right as it is a conquered home in the case of Ireland – also referred to as “Errorland” (Joyce, 1992b: 62) and “Irrland” in *Finnegans Wake*; or a defeated, dying colonial power in the case of Portugal. The possibility now, as Kiberd also interprets it in the case of Ireland, is to reinvent their peripheral homelands anew as exiled selves. Both Joyce and Pessoa are exiles and homeless from the very beginning. Joyce had to move umpteen times and his father had seventeen addresses as a result of his financial difficulties and recklessness. As an adult, Joyce will inherit his father’s vagabonding, moving from one house and one city to the next with little money or stability. Pessoa will shift from apartment to apartment at least ten times in Lisbon until finally settling in his mother and family’s apartment for the last fifteen years of his life. This movement all begins of course when he is taken to Durban as a young boy and lives in a strange, faraway place at the other end of the world for nine years to be schooled in a language other than his own before returning to Lisbon.¹¹ And like Leopold Bloom, Pessoa’s most vociferous, well-travelled and outspoken heteronym Campos is also probably part Jewish which symbolically alludes to the myth of the homeless, wandering Jew¹². As homeless, ever shifting exiles, both Joyce and Pessoa will focus primarily on one place in their imagination: the city of their birth.

2.3. An exiled language

Following up on the reference to Pessoa’s childhood in Durban, a final brief point will be made here on the relation of language within the theme of the peripheral landscape of the exiled self. Both Joyce and Pessoa wish to rejuvenate their native languages, as both are exiles in their language in different ways. Pessoa spends much of his childhood away from Lisbon in Durban in South Africa. Having lost his father at a very early age, from the beginning there is an overriding feeling of displacement. He first tries out his luck in the literary world as an English writer, producing *The Mad Fiddler* collection of poems, the thirty-five sonnets, over a hundred poems by his first major heteronym Alexander Search, where we see the seed of many of his ideas and concerns, and a little later the hetero/homo erotic epic poems “Epithalamium” (1913) and “Antinous” (1915). Once settled in Lisbon, he will never leave it. For all his cosmopolitanism, he never

¹¹ He was first schooled by Irish and French nuns in a Catholic grammar school called St. Joseph Convent School (1896-1899), and then moved to the Durban High School (1899-1905).

¹² Pessoa does write in his famous letter to Adolfo Casais Monteiro in 1935: “Campos, entre branco e moreno, tipo vagamente de judeu português, cabelo porém liso e normalmente apartado ao lado, monóculo” [Campos, between white and black, vaguely corresponding to the Portuguese Jewish type, but with smooth hair that’s usually parted on one side, and a monocle]. See Pessoa (2012b: 280; 2001c: 258).

travelled to another country in Europe, England included, even though most casual readers presume he has, and instead he will eternally walk and write along the streets of Lisbon. Giving the language a new lease of life and various fresh voices, and appalled that a man can master the devil without being able to master the Portuguese language (Pessoa, 2012a: 258; 2001a: 222), Soares confesses that “Minha pátria é a língua portuguesa” [My homeland is the Portuguese language] (Pessoa, 2012a: 260; 2001a: 225). But even this statement remains unreliable for Pessoa as he will never cease writing in other languages, and a final act of othering himself is in writing his last sentence in English the day before he dies: “I know not what tomorrow will bring.”

Joyce moves in the opposite direction, questioning the language he is born into: English. Joyce spends his childhood and formative years in Dublin before leaving it in 1904 (a year before Pessoa’s return to Lisbon from South Africa). After a visit to Dublin in 1912, Joyce never returns to Ireland again, and yet (like Pessoa with Lisbon) never for a moment does he abandon it in his imagination. He will be the eternal wanderer moving from city to city in the writing of *Ulysses* before settling in Paris in self-imposed exile scribbling and dictating his “work in progress” that will become *Finnegans Wake*, and dying in Zurich in 1941 two years after its publication. He was keenly aware that the Irish language was dying and that there was no going back, but he also knew that the Irish had perhaps more freedom and less baggage to play with the conqueror’s language with the echoes and ruins of the Irish language everywhere acting as interruptions. He will go on to forge an expansive conception of the exiled self in literature with all the action taking place in Dublin. At first, Joyce, as the young Dedalus, declares that his weapons are “silence, exile and cunning” (Joyce, 1992: 269). In *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen Dedalus, Joyce’s young self, expresses his trepidation with the English language and reflects on the direction he will take, also in the wake of the Gaelic Revival in Ireland at the beginning of the twentieth century:

I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His [the dramatist Ben Jonson] language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.

(Joyce, 1992: 205)

Thus, the age of modernist experimentation is a comfortable home and playground for an Irish writer, reaching its zenith or nadir in *Finnegans Wake*. And so he goes to war with Shakespeare and the English language with delight and precocious irreverence, ultimately getting to the place where he will say at one point to Stefan Zweig: “I’d like a language which is above all languages, a language to which all will do service. I cannot express myself in English without enclosing

myself in a tradition" (Ellmann, 1982: 397)¹³. But Shakespeare already knew this, as in *The Tempest* he has Caliban say to his master: "You taught me language, and my profit on 't | Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you | For learning me your language!" (Shakespeare, 1966: 6). It is no accident then that Caliban is brought up in the opening episode of *Ulysses*, when Mulligan mockingly refers to Stephen as Caliban: "The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror" (Joyce, 2008: 6). Stephen's response to Mulligan is more despairing: "It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking glass of a servant."

The Irish people's relationship with the Irish language is a case of "self exiled in upon its ego". The ruins of language can be experienced if one journeys throughout Ireland today. All the place names across Ireland hold secrets and are ciphers for discovering history and meaning in a place. The names of most streets, mountains, rivers and towns across Ireland mean nothing in English, being bastardized, phonetized versions of the original names. Take for example the names of Glenamuck Road, Lugnaquilla Mountain, Donegal and Kildare. They all have wonderfully sounding names but mean nothing in English. When one looks into the Gaelic name, clues and signifiers are immediately revealed, which are toponyms with a difference: Glenamuck is from *Glenn na Muc* – meaning "valley of the pigs"; Lugnaquilla is from *Log na Coille* – meaning "hollow of the wood"; Donegal is from *Dún na nGall* – meaning "fort of the foreigners"; and Kildare is from *Cill Dara*, meaning "church of the oak". Masks and secrets are everywhere across the landscape of deep memory that are waiting to be taken off or re-discovered. The poet John Montague once wrote: "The whole landscape a manuscript | We had lost the skill to read, | A part of our past disinherited; | But fumbled, like a blind man, | Along the fingertips of instinct" (Montague, 1972: 108).¹⁴ As a result of a language within a language and an identity within an identity, the Irish people are professionals at being performers, buffoons, and

¹³ Stefan Zweig describes wonderfully Joyce's demeanor, intensity and focus during the writing of *Ulysses*: "He was inclined to be testy, and I believe that just that irritation produced the power for his inner turmoil and productivity. His resentment against Dublin, against England, against particular persons became converted into dynamic energy and actually found release only in literary creation. But he seemed fond of his own asperity; I never saw him laugh or show high spirits. He always made the impression of a compact, somber face and when I saw him on the street, his thin lips pressed tightly together, always walking rapidly as if heading for a definite objective, I sensed the defensive, the inner isolation of his being even more positively than in our talks. It failed to astonish me when I later learned that just this man had written the most solitary, the least affined work – meteor-like in its introduction to the world of our time" (Zweig, 1964: 276).

¹⁴ For more on this poem and the discussion of the "lost in translation" landscape of Ireland, see Patricia Palmer's article "Cross Talk and Mermaid Speak" (first published in 2005): <http://www.opendemocracy.net/patricia-palmer/cross-talk-and-mermaid-speak>. Also, Brian Friel's play *Translations* brilliantly depicted the miscommunication and repercussions when local Gaelic place names have to be recorded and rendered into English in a small town in Donegal in 1833 (Friel, 1981).

actors, and often feel that they have to be on stage as they put on clothes every morning they don't necessarily feel they own, and many may have forgotten why. By bringing the exiled and peripheral language of Irish into the forms of English, Joyce subverts and overturns this reality of the secrets of language within another to help create two supreme works; and Pessoa inserts the English masters of poetry and drama into the Portuguese language to create a revolution in Portuguese modernism.

3. The Plurality of the Exiled Self

Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelles to be.
James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, 1992b: 215)

*Sentir tudo de todas as maneiras,
Viver tudo de todos os lados,
Ser a mesma coisa de todos os modos possíveis ao mesmo tempo,
Realizar em si toda a humanidade de todos os momentos
Num só momento difuso, profuso, completo e longínquo.*
Álvaro do Campos, *A Passagem das Horas*.
(Pessoa, 2001b: 196)¹⁵

"Plurality" is a concept that is central to Joyce and Pessoa and which brings them closer together. The self "exiled in upon its ego" lets Joyce and Pessoa with their vibrant imagination pluralise the self. The word "plural" comes from the Latin *pluralis* which means "of or belonging to more than one", and from "plus" meaning "more". If the supreme genius, Shakespeare, disappeared completely in his dramas, and Keats set out the criteria for the superior poet to have no identity and to continually fill "some other body" (Keats, 2002: 148), then Joyce and Pessoa will try to go further in the twentieth century. Pessoa gives the order to himself on a scrap of paper: "Sê plural como o universe" [Be plural like the universe] (Pessoa, 2012b:133; 2001b: 237) and in 1932 begins a poem with the declaration that he himself is an anthology (Pessoa, 2006a: 117: "Eu sou uma antologia. | 'Screvo tão diversamente")¹⁶; and Joyce presents Anna Livia Plurabelle (also known as ALP) – the river that runs through Dublin into the sea – as the psyche of *Finnegans Wake*. All-pervading and ever-changing, ALP is the all rivers of the world and the circular river of time, and who has the first and final word in Joyce's swansong.

From their peripheral, fractured landscapes, in external exile in Trieste and Paris and in internal exile in Lisbon, Joyce and Pessoa let themselves run riot in their writings. This is the era too when the conquered landscape of Ireland speaks

¹⁵ Translation: "To feel everything in every way, | To live everything from all sides, | To be the same thing in all ways possible at the same time, | To realize in oneself all humanity at all moments | In one scattered, extravagant, complete, and aloof moment" (Pessoa, 1998: 146).

¹⁶ On the idea of Pessoa being an anthology and a plurality, see the introduction to *Eu Sou uma Antologia: 136 autores fictícios* by Jerónimo Pizarro e Patricio Ferrari (Pessoa, 2013: 13-19).

loud and clear where the 1916 Rising, Gaelic Revival, birth of the IRB and Sinn Fein, poetry of Yeats, and War of Independence all come to pass. At the same time in Portugal, the fabled Republic is born out of the assassination of the king and his son which puts an end to the Portuguese monarchy once and for all, where numerous governments come in and out of power, and *Orpheu* is born and the Portuguese modernist movement has a brief but glowing day in the sun. Both landscapes will soon after return to a conservative, deflated atmosphere, but the moment has not been lost on Pessoa or Joyce as they transform their exiled self into a magnificent plurality in different ways.

3.1. Figures embodying plurality

Joyce's plurality lies both in the structure and style of the last two books he writes and in the creation of Leopold Bloom, Here Comes Everybody and ALP. All three figures embody and represent plurality. Pessoa's plurality is in himself and the heteronyms he creates. If Alberto Caeiro is the "Argonauta das sensações verdadeiras" [Argonaut of true sensations] (Pessoa, 2009: 83), then Campos declares himself to want to be everyone, to feel everything in all ways – essentially to be multiple and omnipresent. *Nomen est omen* is usually always the case with Joyce and Pessoa. Let us look at the name Anna Livia Plurabelle as a prime example. Anna comes from the Greek name "Avva" and Hebrew name "Hannah" meaning "favour" or "grace". "Livia" means "Life", and "Plurabelle" signifies "many" and "beautiful" ("plural-belle"). The name "Bloom" represents the blooming of a flower into all its myriad of colours. And HCE is usually Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, who sometimes is known as Haveth Childers Everywhere and Here Comes Everybody, and has countless manifestations. Both Joyce and Pessoa act out their dreams through plurality. For Pessoa, the drama is usually solely in the people and not in the acts; for Joyce, he lives his self-fulfilling prophesy and performs his dreams and the dreams of the world, or as he states it in *Finnegans Wake*: "We drames our dreams" (Joyce, 1992b: 277). In the same passage of "self exiled upon it ego", the sentence ends with "writing the mystery of himsel in furniture". Again we have the one becoming the many, the focus on the one that becomes all, and the dilution of the self as subject in the quest for the self as subject. Kiberd puts it well: "Stephen's desire, like Joyce's, is to create forms which would capture a multiple self, the self as process rather than product" (Kiberd, 2009: 74).¹⁷ This process for both Joyce and Pessoa becomes never-ending and infinite. Bloom, whom Kiberd describes as "an enigmatic open space" (Kiberd, 1996: 347), asks at one moment: "If we were all suddenly somebody else" (Joyce, 2008: 106). And Pessoa, towards at the end of his life in 1933, brings another

¹⁷ Kiberd builds a whole thesis of the Irish having no real identity and go about inventing one and defining themselves in magnificent fashion in his book *Inventing Ireland*.

untitled poem: “Viajar! Perder países! | Ser outro constantemente, | Por a alma não ter raízes | De viver de ver somente!” [To travel! To change countries! | To be forever someone else! | With a soul that has no roots, | Living only off what it sees!] (Pessoa, 2006a: 168; 1998: 264). Here is the celebration of the rootless, homeless, exiled self who is forever someone else, or we might say is a plurality in the modern world. They both seem to discover the truth through what they do and create in life, or perhaps another way of putting it is via Yeats’ declaration in one of his last letters: “Man can embody truth but he cannot know it” (Yeats, 1954: 922).

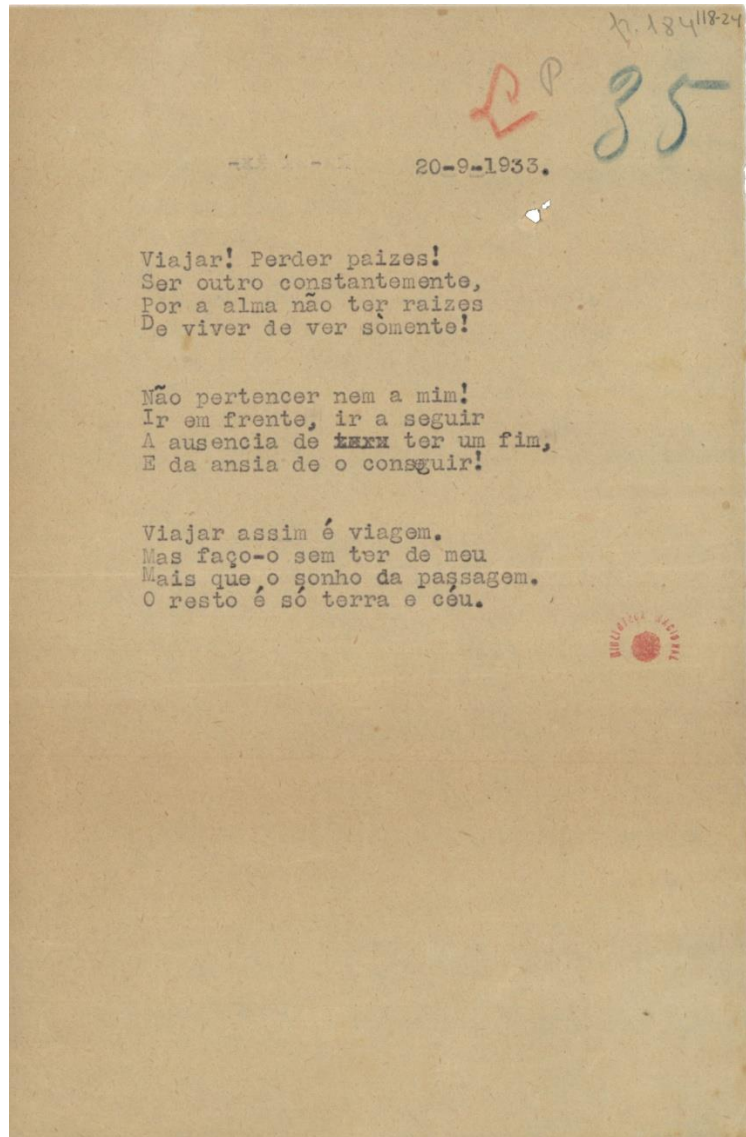


Fig. 2. BNP/E3, 118-24r.

3.2. Multiple perspectives

The exiled self's plurality has multiple perspectives. In the case of Joyce, *Ulysses* works with this on two levels: with the protagonist Bloom and the structure of the book itself. In a letter in 1921, Joyce explains:

The task I set myself technically in writing a book from eighteen different points of view and in as many styles, all apparently unknown or undiscovered by my fellow tradesmen, that and the nature of the legend chosen would be enough to upset anyone's mental balance.

(Ellmann, 1975: 281)

Each episode has a different point of view and a different style of writing to offer the reader a multiplicity of perspectives. Bloom, as is well known, tries to see all things with his curious ever-inquisitive mind and also from a multiplicity of perspectives. If the Cyclops represents the one-eyed, narrow-minded, arrogant and ignorant figure and hence has a very limited way of seeing things, then Bloom is the opposite. One strategy in the multiple perspectives is Joyce's love of "parallax" in giving us a variety of perspectives¹⁸. The parallax is the effect whereby the position or direction of an object appears to differ when viewed from different positions. The parallax for a start is in Leopold Bloom who is a man open to many perspectives: he is always listening, conversing, thinking, rethinking, and adapting. And during the writing of *Ulysses*, Joyce sometimes wore four watches, each telling a different time. This gives one a sense of Joyce's intention to maintain a multiplicity of perspectives in connection with time (Kiberd, 2009: 230). This is developed even more radically in *Finnegans Wake*. Joseph Campbell eloquently describes the infinite multiple perspectives in Joyce's final work: "Multiple meanings are presented in every line; interlocking allusions to key words and phrases are woven like fugal themes into the pattern of the work" (2005: 3).

Álvaro de Campos declares that he wants to be the same thing in all ways possible at the same time, to realize in himself all humanity at all moments in one scattered, extravagant, complete, and aloof moment. Caeiro and Whitman are his inspiration to try to achieve this in his poetry, most especially in these particular lines by the American poet: "Do I contradict myself? | Very well then I contradict myself, | I am large, I contain multitudes" (Whitman, 204: 123). Here is another convergence between Joyce and Pessoa as we find the first two parts of this passage in the opening episode of *Ulysses* just before Stephen puts on his "Latin quarter hat" (Joyce, 2008: 17). The reference to Whitman's verse in the opening episode is another indication of the multiplicity of the book that the reader is both about to witness and embark on.

¹⁸ To see where the word "parallax" is explicitly mentioned in *Ulysses*, see: Joyce (2008: 147, 159, 394, 461, 482 and 661).

The *Livro do Desassossego* is a chance for Pessoa to create another distorted vision of the world through his eyes. Even in name, Bernardo Soares is almost an anagram of Fernando Pessoa, though slightly distorted, thus yet again another way of seeing. Pessoa's playfulness continues: as late as 1930, he has Soares quoting Caeiro's famous line ("sou do tamanho do que vejo" [I am the size of what I see]), making it his mantra. Like Wallace Stevens' poem "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" (Stevens, 2010: 34-37) or declaration that "God and the imagination are one" (Stevens, 2010: 128), Pessoa and Joyce perfect the art of multiple perspectives in trying to have a God's eye view in their *Livro do Desassossego*, Álvaro de Campos' poetry, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* respectively.

4. The Nightbook of the Exiled Self

*Contempla, da janela do meu castelo, não o luar e o mar,
que são coisas belas e por isso imperfeitas; mas a noite
vasta e materna, o esplendor indiviso do abismo
profundo!*

[Look out the window of my castle and
contemplate not the moonlight and the sea, which
are beautiful and thus imperfect things, but the
vast, maternal night, the undivided splendour of
the bottomless abyss!]

Bernardo Soares, *Livro do Desassossego*
(Pessoa, 2012a: 451; 2001a: 414)

*Turning up and fingering over the most dantellising peaches
in the lingerous longerous book of the dark.*

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, 1992b: 251)

The third and final theme in the convergence of Joyce and Pessoa in this article is in the writing of the "nightbook"¹⁹. This term signifies a text that is written in the darkest chapter of twentieth century Europe in the aftermath of the most devastating war Europe has ever experienced and on the eve of another war that will turn out to be far more destructive. When it seems that the majority of European citizens have chosen to go blind or live in fear, and ideology and totalitarianism is taking over, Joyce and Pessoa bury themselves deep into their works in progress, their nightbooks – *Finnegans Wake* and *Livro do Desassossego* – which they both might ultimately view as the work closest to their heart. We have seen how they placed their peripheral landscapes into their works, and in moulding and pluralising their protagonists, heteronyms and texts. Living through

¹⁹ This is an expression that I am borrowing from Brendan O'Donoghue regarding certain kinds of books (including *Finnegans Wake*) that he brought up in a discussion we had recently. He is the author of *Poetics of Homecoming: Heidegger, Homelessness and the Homecoming Venture* (O'Donoghue, 2011) and the editor of *A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring* (O'Donoghue, 2013).

defeated landscapes on the edge of Europe in an atmosphere of impending war and apocalypse, the two writers now converge in giving the exiled self a way to see in the dark, the freedom to dream infinitely, and to embrace the life of repetition that is the passport to eternity.

4.1. Seeing in the dark

Returning to the beginning of *Ulysses*, Stephen, thinking William Blake's "ruin of all space", walks along Sandymount Strand and says to himself: "I am getting on nicely in the dark" (Joyce, 2008: 37). After the sun has long set in *Ulysses*, we enter "nighttown" or the Circe episode, which Kiberd brilliantly calls "the book's unconscious" (Kiberd, 2009: 229). This is the episode where multiple perspectives are presented, anything can happen (or speak), and Caliban's mirror from episode one is distorted into a variety of reflections. Kiberd states: "To confront the void within the self is the awesome task addressed in the final chapters" (1996: 354). Stephen's creator, after seventeen years of labour, will finally publish the quintessential text of multiplicity and what he calls his "book of the dark". As Joyce's eyesight deteriorates to the point of practically being blind, this gives more pertinence and reason for the creation of the "nightbook". And so amidst the rise of censorship and closed political systems, he dives deeper into his "work in progress", offering the reader multiple ways of seeing and hearing, adding layer upon layer of puns in sentences, and multiplying and morphing his protagonists into multiple figures from history, while all the while inserting his own biography within the pages. It is, he confesses (and which is one of the two epigraphs for this article), "a nightlong a shaking betwixtween [...] noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phantom (may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery of himsel in furniture."

Pessoa will spend over two decades on and off writing *Livro do Desassossego* which of course he never finishes, and which cannot really be called a book as such, but instead is the after midnight work in progress in Pessoa's life. Like Stephen and Leopold Bloom, Soares is a self that is attempting to confront the void and the emptiness of the self and out of this bottomless pit see life anew and create new ways of seeing. On the eve of the complete consolidation of power by Salazar, Pessoa, like Joyce, concentrates more intensely on his nightbook, creating perfect sentences and remarkably pithy paragraphs of prose from the solitary room of Bernardo Soares. He knows the dark solitary way he has had to traverse, and confidently asserts that all men's thoughts have passed through his mind's eye:

Durei horas incógnitas, momentos sucessivos sem relação, no passeio em que fui, de noite, à beira sozinha do mar. Todos os pensamentos, que têm feito viver homens, todas as emoções, que os homens têm deixado de viver, passaram por minha mente, como um resumo escuro da história, nessa minha meditação andada à beira-mar.

(Pessoa, 2012a: 128; 2001a: 92)

[I lived inscrutable hours, a succession of disconnected moments, in my night-time walk to the lonely shore of the sea. All the thoughts that have made men live and all their emotions that have died passed through my mind, like a dark summary of history, in my meditation that went to the seashore]

The exiled self has already been trying to see in the dark via the later poetry of Campos and the final episodes of *Ulysses*. Campos proceeds further and further into the dark. As an exiled self back in Lisbon without work or direction, he composes some of his most beautiful poems in the dark night of the soul such as “Magnificat”, “Realidade”, “E o esplendor dos mapas”, “Que noite serena!”, and “Faz as malas para Parte Nenhuma!”. In these later poems and in the final episodes of *Ulysses* the characters become increasingly obsessed with the inaccessible stars as a way to see with awe and to remember to dream and reawaken the imagination. Just before they part, Bloom and Stephen urinate side by side outside 7 Eccles Street watching and discussing the starry night above them. This then is the first aspect of the idea of the nightbook of the exiled self: it offers up the possibility for both the creator and the reader to see what usually cannot be seen, and to make possible what is usually deemed impossible.

4.2. Dreaming as our mode of freedom

The second aspect is the central place of dreaming in *Finnegans Wake* and *Livro do Desassossego* as our badge of freedom, and which is within us and that brings forth our history, experiences and feelings. Soares declares at one point: “O sonho é o que temos de realmente nosso, de impenetravelmente e inexpugnavelmente nosso” [Dreaming is the one thing we have that’s really ours, invulnerably and inalterably ours] (Pessoa, 2012a: 310; 2001a: 275). And in *Finnegans Wake*, as book of the dark to *Ulysses* the book of the day, the reader is plunged into an epic dreamscape where traditional storytelling and all forms of English are dismantled and re-imagined in new and obscure forms (like that of our ephemeral dreams). It is Joyce’s final battle with colonial usurpation and tradition in the attempt to create a universal dream of civilization. Here the mythology of the exiled self is brought to its full fruition where “dream is the personalized myth; myth the depersonalized dream” (Campbell, 2008: 14). And for both Joyce and Pessoa in mythologising the exiled self, the geography of their minds becomes the geography of the world they walk in, to paraphrase the philosopher John Moriarty (Moriarty, 1994: 21). Dreaming is thus the mode of liberation, and also where interiority is exteriorised in literature in most radical fashion preceding *Finnegans Wake* in the Circe episode of *Ulysses*. In comparison to the other episodes in *Ulysses*, this episode seems at first glance incoherent because the dream landscape by its

very nature is always full of ambiguous forms. *Finnegans Wake*, with its at times unrecognisable language, is the final result of that idea.

What separates Pessoa from Joyce is that we can say that Joyce completes his project and overall endeavour in literature by publishing *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* thereby revealing both his trajectory and the evolution of his writing. Pessoa, on the other hand, although liberating his highly imaginative and intellectual self into Bernardo Soares, never completes the project of *Livro do Desassossego* or much else for that matter. Instead, Soares admits: “eu, que não ousa escrever mais que trechos, bocados, excertos do inexistente” [I, who dare write only passages, fragments, excerpts of the non-existent] (Pessoa, 2012a: 118; 2001a: 82). Pessoa leaves behind a labyrinthine puzzle for future readers to try to put together and, at the same time, he keeps alive in exemplary fashion the human being’s ability to dream. Though more often than not, we cannot fulfil these dreams, but can keep trying with our imagination. Pessoa provides an exceptional example of the full power of the imagination of the exiled self in literature – fragmented, epiphanic, and utterly pluralistic.

While Joyce creates Bloom, HCE and ALP as ebullient life-affirmers, Pessoa remains ultimately one of the last romantics in the defence of lost causes and the fetish for the fairytale worlds and cult of death and melancholy. The dream section of *Livro do Desassossego* called “Marcha Fúnebre para o Rei Luís Segundo da Baviera” [The Funeral March of Ludwig II, King of Bavaria] is a sublime example of this:

Senhor Rei Pastor das Vigílias, cavaleiro andante das Angústias, sem glória e sem dama
 luar das estradas, senhor nas florestas, nas escarpas, perfil mudo, de viseira caída
 passandonos vales, incompreendido pelas aldeias, chasqueado pelas vilas, desprezado
 pelas cidades!

(Pessoa, 2012a: 452; 2001a: 415)

[Sovereign King of the Watches, knight errant of Anxieties traveling on moonlit roads without glory and without even a lady to serve, lord in the forests and on the slopes and, a silent silhouette with visor drawn shut, passing through valleys, misunderstood in villages, ridiculed in towns, scorned in cities!]

Ludwig II is a perfect muse for Pessoa: bordering on madness, a self-exiled creator of beautifully useless castles and supporter of grandiose operas; a melancholic, sickly loner, pining for a woman that is nowhere to be found; a king of deathly things and dark dreams, who finally, like Ophelia, mysteriously drowns in a river. Deathlike, the self in exile (or self exiled in upon its ego) dreams up a world. That exiled poet Dante, cast out of his town for political reasons, will also dream up a world – *The Divine Comedy*, and wander through inferno and purgatory in order to meet his beloved Beatrice to guide him through paradise.

Joyce, despite his critique of modern revivals of Irish fairytale and folklore, appropriates fairytale and medieval worlds for his own purposes, from the early Irish illuminated manuscripts starting with its greatest treasure *The Book of Kells* to the expansive thought of Thomas Aquinas. Spending some time gazing at the magnificent Chi-Rho or Tunc page (which is discussed by Joyce. See Joyce, 1992b: 119-123, 298, 482) from *The Book of Kells* as something akin to a god's dream might be a useful tuning up in preparation to approaching *Finnegans Wake*. Like Ricardo Reis, Joyce is educated by the Jesuits, and like *Livro do Desassossego's* cadaverous quality, *Finnegans Wake* itself implies death and sudden life of a fairytale before we even open the book. But death in Joyce's final work is something different than the death we find in *Livro do Desassossego*. The title, which takes its name from the song with the same title, encapsulates drunkenness, death, celebration and resurrection. It is a "grand funferall" (Joyce, 1992b: 13) – joyful and all-inclusive. The funeral and "wake" the night before still have a central place in Irish culture. They are a form of celebration and are always accompanied by food, drink, family, friends, friends of friends, and strangers who may have their own story or secret to tell – like the unidentified man in the macintosh jacket in the "Hades" episode in *Ulysses*. The arena of death can also be a wakeup call and surprise of reality that one might not have dreamt of, or as Bloom reflects on seeing the stranger in the macintosh at Dignam's funeral: "Always someone turns up you never dreamt of" (Joyce, 2008: 105).

4.3. Eternity is Repetition

The third and final aspect of the nightbook of the exiled self is the use of repetition and its relation to both myth and eternity. Myth is the idea of eternity; and for Joyce and Pessoa eternity is repetition."²⁰At the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Dedalus declares the repetition of experience: "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (Joyce, 1992: 275-276). The repetition that unfolds creates a continual rebirth in the human self and brings the eternal into the present and allows the past to retain some kind of meaning. This is brought out most clearly in the nightbooks of *Finnegans Wake* and *Livro do Desassossego*, but again also in *Ulysses* and the later *Campos*, and even *Mensagem*.

Repetition occurs through the recycling of old myths and revisiting the same places over and over. The aim of the nightbook is to transform the tedium and apparent sameness of our places and people as well as our own selves. From their shared defeated, peripheral landscapes both authors immortalise and re-imagine their places of birth anew and also shift the focus from the central to the marginal

²⁰ This is the idea of Søren Kierkegaard who wrote and published the small book *Repetition* in 1843 as an alternative to Greek recollection (Kierkegaard, 1983: 221).

in order to find the extraordinary and the eternal in the insignificant, supplementary and seemingly forgotten, long before Derrida came onto the scene. Hence, the importance of the line by Caeiro –“eu sou do tamanho do que vejo”– cannot be underestimated in reading Pessoa as it affects Reis, Campos, Soares and Pessoa equally. The repetition of life can either destroy you in its tedium, make you go blind, or propel you to see again in new ways. Soares expresses the final option succinctly: “Considerá-la cada vez de um modo diferente é renová-la, multiplicá-la por si mesma” [To see something in constantly new ways is to renew and multiply it] (Pessoa, 2012a: 122; 2001a: 86). Even in the act of trying to define a “spiral”, Soares does it three times, each definition having its own special beauty. It is one thing to read a sentence or a word or even book and to derive pleasure from it; it is another thing to speak about it concisely and coherently and to write about it in a precise manner. I choose this example of the spiral here because, first, it is a brilliant example of Soares working with language in a repetitive manner to find the pithy sentence; and second, the spiral is part of the process of repetition in *Finnegans Wake*, which works in spirals or like “um círculo que sobe sem nunca conseguir acabar-se” [a circle that rises without ever closing” (Pessoa, 2012a: 143; 2001a: 107) from the first to the last sentence. This is the very act of repetition, and the philosophy behind *Finnegans Wake*.

The title of *Finnegans Wake* implies waking up from a dream or death, while also pointing to an Irish mythological figure and repetition. “Finn” is a name borne by countless legendary and historical figures both male and female with Finn (Fionn) mac Cumhaill being the most famous of them as the hero, leader and great warrior of the Fenian Cycle; and the repetition is in “egan” which is “again”. Repetition is also at the centre of Campos’ “Lisbon Revisited (1926)”. Here is a poem that is being written again three years later and which begins the last five verses with the mantra “Outra vez te revejo” [Once more I see you again]. Campos accepts the transformative power of repetition at the end of the poem after writing it twice, as his self even though shattered has destroyed the tedium of sameness: “Partiu-se o espelho mágico em que me revia idêntico” [The magic mirror where I always looked the same has shattered] (Pessoa, 2001b: 302; 2006c: 220). The shipwrecked exiled self breaks apart his own identity and the vision of the city of Lisbon in order to renew both the poetic form and the defeated Lisbon.

On a final note, in recycling old myths, Pessoa and Joyce invite us to dream these myths again in new ways as well as creating and perpetuating their own myths in characters such as Bloom, Caeiro, Campos, Soares and Dedalus, and particular dates such as the 16th June 1916, now called Bloomsday, when *Ulysses* is set to celebrate the day Joyce and Nora Barnacle had their first proper date; and the 8th March 1914, when “the master” Caeiro appeared in Pessoa and over thirty of the poems that make up *Guardador de Rebanhos* were supposedly written as well as

the sequence of six intersectionist poems *Chuva Oblíqua*. It matters little if this is true or not; mythologising the day is what becomes true.²¹

Joyce is anti-nostalgic and always subverting myth and is what we might call an anti-romantic romantic. Let us take the great European myth of *Ulysses* as an example, one of the most famous tales of them all. The ancient Greek odyssey is heretically transposed to the defeated Dublin of the homeless Irish Jewish (Hungarian/Protestant) wanderer (where “Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet” (Joyce, 2008: 474), whose father committed suicide, whose wife is an adulteress, and whose only son died after only a few days, and yet it is a book ultimately of affirmation, of the Yes to life. The title is Latinized - sounding all too close to at least Joyce’s ears as “useless”, which is stated in *Finnegans Wake*: (“usylesly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles” (Joyce, 1992b: 179).

Pessoa also transforms Homer’s myth into the story of Portugal. Myth is defined for both Pessoa and Joyce in the opening line of Pessoa’s poem *Ulisses*: “O mito é o nada que é tudo” [Myth is the nothing that is everything] (Pessoa, 1979: 118). Pessoa has also drawn on the myth of Ulysses because of an old and most likely false reading of the name of Lisbon which was the port town that Odysseus was fabled to have sailed into and founded. The “Ulysses” poem is published by Pessoa in 1934 in the *Mensagem* book of forty-celebrating the history and messianic possibilities of Portugal’s past and future. Though Pessoa is well aware that this kind of utopia is nowhere to be found except in the realm of dreams – if we remember the etymology of the word “utopia” – as in “no place”(from the Greek *ou* [not] and *topos* [place]). We are now in Stephen’s “ruin of all space”, Soares’ “geometria do abismo” [geometry of the abyss] (Pessoa, 2012a: 263; 2001a: 228), and Campos’ “vácuo dinâmico do mundo” [dynamic void that’s the world] (Pessoa, 2001b: 306; 2006c: 221). Pessoa himself is the restless pessimist who presents a messianic and nostalgic nationalism with *Mensagem* and the idea of the Fifth Empire which will be led by new poets (such as himself and others like Reis, Caeiro and Campos). But the vociferous and fluctuating Campos might have other ideas again in following his poetic and mightily affirmative models of Caeiro and Whitman. In penning the extraordinary *Notas para a Recordação do meu Mestre Caeiro* late in his life as an interlude to the night writings of Soares, Pessoa allows for his own myth of the heteronyms that is closer to Joyce’s heart – that of renewal, joy, mischief, and reinvention.

In *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce conjures the “alle of chaosmos” (Joyce, 1992b: 118) – merging chaos and cosmos, and as in Pessoa, when history fades from memory myth begins. Joyce’s mythological history (as is well known) follows eighteenth century Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico’s mercurial system from *La Scienza*

²¹ As a defence of this position, see also Luciana Stegagno Picchio’s article “Filologia vs. Poesia? Eu Defendo o Dia Triunfal” (Picchio, 1988). This idea is also put forward by Ivo Castro in his edition of Caeiro’s *O Guardador de Rebanhos* (Pessoa, 1986).

Nuova which passes through four cycles: the theocratic, aristocratic, democratic, and chaotic. The last stage is where we are now – in saturated individualism and sterility, and that is where Anna Livia Plurabelle, as the peripheral river encompassing all rivers, takes over to wash away and renew us only to bring us back to where we started. Pessoa's Fifth Empire ambitions and Soares' "nada em torno do qual este movimento gira" [nothing around which everything spins] (Pessoa, 2012a: 263; 2001a: 228) recycles and renews the world, dreaming up the world again from the echoes of Fionn MacCumhaill, Ulysses and past Portuguese argonauts²² who bravely sailed across the uncharted waters. This journey in this chaotic age is interior – it is the repetition of dream and myth and the full powers of the imagination made manifest in the "works of progress" – *Finnegans Wake* and *Livro do Desassossego*. The first is a complete work progressing on fragments; the second an incomplete work, repeating and revolving rather than evolving, and where both works can be begun from any page. The paradoxical affirmation of *Livro do Desassossego* as a great unfinished manual of defeat and the Yes to life in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* all show exuberance for our myths despite finding ourselves in a saturated and exhausted world, where myth is the idea of eternity, and in a shattered world, eternity is found in repetition.

Conclusion

There is plenty future exploration to be done in thinking about Joyce and Pessoa together such as, for example, in their comments on the process of writing, the idea of tedium, reflections on art and religion, their agon with Shakespeare, and their place in modernism. Despite the convergence, Portugal and Ireland remain different as former conqueror and conquered and as former colonizer and colonized. But both countries coincide as defeated landscapes. Pessoa and Joyce's masterpieces, in magnificent fashion, shed light on the cracked heart of their histories just when they seem to be disappearing from historical memory. What both writers as exiled artists of the imagination try to do, especially in the nightbooks of *Finnegans Wake* and *Livro do Desassossego*, in their re-appropriation of myths and as sorcerers of multiplicity in the fragmented age, is to continue to speak a "broken heaventalk" (Joyce, 1992b: 261) and to view their writing as a "Pórtico partido para o Impossível" [Broken gateway to the impossible] (Pessoa, 2001a: 323; 1998: 176). In the 1930s, as European politics lost its way, embracing oppression, xenophobia, hatred, discrimination, censorship and dictatorship, Pessoa and Joyce dug deeper into the psyche of the human self in order to create

²² For example, see where Bernardo Soares declares the new kind of Argonaut – a journey into the abysmal interior of the human being: "Cheguei por fim, também, ao extremo vazio das coisas, à borda imponderável do limite dos entes, à porta sem lugar do abismo abstracto do Mundo" [I too have finally arrived at the vacant end of things, at the imponderable edge of creation's limit, at the port-in-no-place of the World's abstract chasm] (Pessoa, 2012a: 150; 2001a: 114).

Livro do Desassossego and *Finnegans Wake*: one an imploding and exploding self transformed into a singular, isolated being held up to the reader as a mirror; the other a dissolving self, infinitely multiplied and encompassing everyone that ever lived. We have travelled far and I hope to have opened up vistas for further conceptual analysis on the juxtaposition of Joyce and Pessoa in their appropriation of Mallarmé and the *antemanhã*, intermediation, and dreamlike delirium; and thereafter the three themes – peripheral landscapes (symbol of the sea, defeat, homelessness, and exiled language), plurality (figures embodying plurality and multiple perspectives), and the idea of the nightbook (seeing in the dark, dreaming, and repetition) that make up the concept of mythologising the exiled self.

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