CHAOSMOPOLITANISM: RECONFIGURING JAMES JOYCE'S CITIES OF *THISORDER* AND EXILED SELVES

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ABSTRACT

In two books (*Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*), an itinerant-revolutionary-artist-city-dweller created, what I call, *chaosmopolitanism*. In colliding chaos with order (cosmos), the word "cosmopolitan" for the urban dweller is not sufficient. As is well known, James Joyce is both the local writer officially dedicating his art to a single city; and the world author appropriating so many other facets of cities, languages and international cultural literary figures and motifs and weaving them into a revolutionary literature. In his work, he was a master of expressing the modern experience on a grand scale of fragmentation, reconfiguration, and the disorientation and reorientation of space, time and identities in the city; in his life, he moved from one European city to the next: from Dublin to Pula to Trieste to Zurich, and then from Zurich back to Trieste and unto Paris, and then escaping Nazi-occupied Paris to return to Zurich. I see Joyce's "chaosmos" as the expression of his art and vision and which emerges out of experiencing the myth, logos and life of the modern city and the exiled self of modernity.

KEYWORDS

Chaosmopolitan, Trieste, Jewgreek, Exile, Neologism.

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> What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself, God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise in the street. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become. *Ecco!*
>
> James Joyce, *Ulysses*

> he forged himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb
>
> James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

In two books (*Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*) that together took a quarter of a century to write, an itinerant-revolutionary-artist-city-dweller created, what I call, *chaosmopolitanism*. In colliding chaos with order (cosmos), the word "cosmopolitan" for the urban dweller is not sufficient. As is well known, James Joyce is both the local writer officially dedicating his art to a single city (Dublin); and the world author appropriating so many other facets of cities, languages and international cultural literary figures and motifs and weaving them into a revolutionary literature. In his work, he was a master of expressing the modern experience on a grand scale of fragmentation, reconfiguration, and the disorientation and reorientation of space (see Benal, 2002), time and identities in the city; in his life, he moved from one European city to the next: from Dublin to Pula to Trieste to Zurich, and then from Zurich back to Trieste and unto Paris, and then escaping Nazi-occupied Paris to return to Zurich where he died and was buried. I see *chaosmos* – a word that Joyce coined in *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, 1999, p. 118) – as the expression of his art and vision and which emerges out of experiencing the myth, logos and life of the modern city and the exiled self of modernity. In this essay, I will present this idea of *chaosmopolitanism* via three sections: 1) chaos and cosmos in the modern age; 2) cacophonies, symphonies and multiplicities of the city; and 3) the art and expression of the exiled wandering self.

1.
CHAOS AND COSMOS IN THE MODERN AGE

Harold Bloom called the twentieth century to which its literature belongs "The Chaotic Age" (Bloom, 1995, pp. 343-479). It is the age of acceleration, rapid increase of the world's population, massive urban city construction, accelerated travel, new advanced pharmaceuticals, and widespread sharing of information; it is an age of technological global wars, totalitarian societies, mass human displacement, and the saturation and collapse of empires and colonialism. Amidst these tensions, erosions and fall of patriarchal systems, the cosmopolitan morphs into the *chaosmopolitan*. *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are both the products and pioneers of the Chaotic Age and of the *chaosmopolitan* self, giving voice to disillusion, disorder and reordering. On the two novels, Umberto Eco writes: "Joyce clearly thought of his novel [*Ulysses*] as a summa of the universe" (Eco, 1989, p. 33); and "If *Finnegans Wake* is a sacred book, it tells us that *in principium erat Chaos*" (Eco, 1989, p. 87). Words such as "microchasm" (Joyce, 1999, p. 229) and "pancosmos" (Joyce, 1999, p. 613) are chanced upon in *Finnegans Wake* – a book that is like a vast deep ocean, filled with an onslaught of intimidating sentence structures and strange new phrases and words of *bricolage* and portmanteau on every page. These two books embody chaos and order in one, and they are the ultimate anti-totalitarian totalizing novels[2]. This is the *chaosmos*: a deconstruction and interpenetration of contradictions and opposites; a destabilisation and undoing of antinomies and binaries; a disempowering of orthodox and patriarchal laws and systems; a fragmentation and reconfiguration of things and events into micro-totalities; a treacherous, heretical, and joyously subversive vision. In their final book together, Deleuze and Guattari borrow Joyce's word to define art: "Art is not chaos but a composition of chaos that yields the vision or sensation, so that it constitutes, as Joyce says, a chaosmos, a composed chaos – neither forseen nor preconceived" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1994, p. 204)[3]. At the beginning of his

2 *Finnegans Wake* is described by Philippe Sollers as "an active transnationalism, disarticulating, rearticulating and at the same time annulling the maximum number of traces – linguistic, historical, mythological, religious", and that it "is the most formidably anti-fascist book produced between the wars" (Sollers, 1977, p. 109).

3 In their earlier book, *A Thousand Plateaus*, where "the world has become chaos", *chaosmos* turns up again – as "radicle-chaosmos rather than root cosmos" (Deleuze

book *Chaosmos: Literature, Science, and Theory*, Philip Kuberski defines what he means by *chaosmos* which I follow:

> The structural and thematic focus of the book is the paradoxical coincidence of order and disorder, cosmos and chaos, apparent within the atom but also within analogous nuclear sites such as the self, the word, and the world. The term I have chosen to describe and dramatize these coincidences is taken from *Finnegans Wake*: by "chaosmos" I mean a unitary and yet untotalized, a chiasmic concept of the world as a field of mutual and simultaneous interference and convergence, an interanimation of the subjective and objective, an endless realm of chance which nevertheless displays a persistent tendency toward pattern and order. (Kuberski, 1994, p. 3)

Joyce is not a Cartesian in a post-Cartesian era such as Sartre and his protagonist Roquentin from the existential novel *Nausea* (published in 1938) were. Joyce's humanity embraces pluralities everywhere, and includes life, death and ghosts, and myth in logos and vice versa in his novels. Joyce's city is not a refuge or asylum from nature as Roquentin's was[4]; rather his

and Guattari, 2005, p. 6). Félix Guattari's final book is called *Chaosmosis: an ethico-aesthetic paradigm*. On the first page, he states that "Subjectivity is in fact plural and polyphonic [...] It recognizes no dominant or determinant instance guiding all other forms according to a univocal causality" (Guattari, 1995, p. 1). He explains his "chaosmosis" later on: "So chaosmosis does not oscillate mechanically between zero and infinity, being and nothingness, order and disorder: It rebounds and irrupts on states of things, bodies and the autopoietic nuclei it uses as a support for deterritorialisation; it is relative chaotisation in the confrontation with heterogeneous states of complexity. Here we are dealing with an infinity of virtual entities infinitely rich in possibles, infinitely enrichable through creative processes" (Guattari, 1995, p. 112). Curiously in *Chaosmosis*, Guattari never once mentions Joyce's *chaosmos* from *Finnegans Wake*, which he most probably borrowed the term and just added the letter "e" to make it *chaosmose* (translated as "chaosmosis" in the English edition).

4 In his book on *Forests: The Shadow of Civilization*, Robert Pogue Harrison wrote that "the city remains the ultimate fortress of any humanism whatsoever" (Harrison, 1992, p. 147). But again, unlike Sartre's Roquentin, Joyce's city is not a refuge or asylum from nature, but rather part of the expression and vitality of nature. Harrison gives an impressive analysis of the hangover from the Enlightenment via Sartre's *Nausea* (Harrison, 1992, pp. 144-148).

city is the pulse of nature manifesting all its indeterminate chaos and order. The self is no longer "an enclosed rational entity defined by the Cartesian *res cogitans*" (Kuberski, 1994, p. 53) nor is the world "a material and mechanical construct" (Kuberski, 1994, p. 53) as it was for Descartes, Locke and Newton. Joyce completely disrupts mind/body distinctions and separation; rather, everything is entanglement, interconnectivity and interpenetration. The exposition of the world and self that is now a *chaosmos* is constantly exploding: it is an "explosition" (Joyce, 1999, p. 419). In *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce loves to create neologisms that contain opposite words or double or multiple meanings, such as chaosmos, thisorder, collideorscape, apologuise, penisolate, stolentelling, escapology, explosition, nightmaze, meandertale, woid and even Finnegans Wake.[5] These are forms of transgression, indeterminacy and "exploiting the uncertainty principle" (Gibbons, 2015, p. 3) – which is at the heart of both faith and nihilism. Or as one of Kierkegaard's pseudonyms from the nineteenth century wrote: "Without risk, no faith" (Kierkegaard, 1992, p. 209). That line in the penultimate episode of *Ulysses* – "ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void" (Joyce, 2008, p. 650) – could well serve to be Joyce's definition of modernism, beauty, art and *Ulysses* itself.

5 Joyce, 1999, pp. 118; 540; 143; 414; 3; 424; 428; 411; 18; 378. The last addition in this list – "Finnegans Wake" (of death and resurrection) – contains a myriad of multiple meanings and allusions which incorporates all the elements of Joyce's interpenetrative strategies and visions. *Finnegans Wake* is an Irish-American song about a hod-carrier who – like the egg oracle Humpty Dumpty – falls off his ladder while working and dies. "Finn" is also a name borne by countless legendary figures in Irish history and mythology. The most famous of them being Fionn mac Cumhaill – an Odysseus-like figure in Irish mythology who is a warrior, a seer, a hunter, lover, husband and leader. In the Irish language, Finn/Fionn can mean bright, clearing, fair or lustrous; *Fin* means "end" in French; and *Finne* means "to find" in Norwegian. And then we have the second part of Finnegan, which can be a negation (negan) and a repetition (egan alluding to "again", a repeat, a return). Thus, we have a title of "end-negating", "clearing again", "finding again" and "the coming again of Fionn the mythological hero". "Wake" implies the night before the funeral where the body or corpse is laid out for viewing for people to pay their last respects and be together; it is to wake up from sleep; and it can be the tracks on water on the sea or rivers that are formed from a boat passing through. Finally, there is no apostrophe in the word "Finnegans" in Joyce's title, which implies an imperative to all Finnegans – which is all of us – to awake us to the new and endlessly returning and recycling (a ricorso) vision of the book and of life and death.

Many initial readers of *Ulysses* saw *Ulysses* as nihilistic and didn't even attempt to open *Finnegans Wake* which went even further in expressing *chaosmos*. For many bewildered readers, chaos as a manifestation of nothing had now gained the upper hand in his last monstrous book[6]. A passage from Ernst Robert Curtius' 1929 article on *Ulysses* is worth quoting here:

> Joyce's work springs from a revolt of the spirit and leads to the destruction of the world. With implacable logic he presents in his Walpurgis-night amid larvae and lemurs, a vision of the end of the world. A metaphysical nihilism is the substance of Joyce's work. The word, macro- and microcosm, is founded upon the void… All this wealth of philosophical and theological knowledge, this power of psychological and aesthetic analysis, this culture of a mind schooled in all the literatures of the world, all these gifts serve but to spend themselves, to refute themselves in a world-conflagration, a flaming welter of metallic iridescence. What's left? An odor of ashes, the horror of death, sorrow of apostasy, pang or remorse – Agenbite of Inwit. (Gilbert, 1958, p. 226[7])

In 1934, Karl Radek, a leading Bolshevik and close associate of Lenin, Trotsky and then Stalin (before being executed in one of Stalin's purges), described *Ulysses* as "a heap of dung, crawling with worms, photographed by a cinema apparatus through a microscope" (McSmith, 2015, p. 119). In this disdainful critique, Radek marvelously captures central aspects of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. For Joyce, "dung" (faeces and rot) and "worms" (animals that recycle organic material in the soils of the earth) are the very fabric of existence that are played out on an equal footing as the sublime art of Beethoven and Shakespeare; the "microscope" alluding to the obsessive detail in and of space and time through the last two books; and the moving image alluding to cinema is exactly what Joyce was trying to capture.

6 Joyce wrote in a letter: "My eyes are tired, for over half a century, they have gazed into nullity where they have found a lovely nothing" (Joyce, 1966, pp. 359; 361f.).

7 This review was first published in *Neue Schweizer Rundschau Heft* I, January 1929.

One of the great observers of modernism and the urban landscape, Walter Benjamin, wrote that "it is a common feature of this literature [baroque] to heap up fragments uninterruptedly, without any well-defined idea of a goal, and, in the unremitting expectation of a miracle" (Benjamin, 2019, p. 189). Joyce is doing this in his two monumental works except that there is always paradoxically an order in the expression of chaos. And rather than a goal, there is a vision, and there is a celebration of the electricity of life – both literally and symbolically. If, in *Ulysses* – the book of the day, "history is a nightmare" from which he is trying to awake (Joyce, 2008, p. 34); in *Finnegans Wake* as the "book of the dark" (Joyce, 1999, p. 251) and "traumscrapt" (Joyce, 1999, p. 623) that "recorporated" (Joyce, 1999, p. 228) the nocturnal geographies of the world[8], history becomes a "nightmaze" (Joyce, 1999, p. 411), and a sham (as Anthony Burgess says: "*Finnegans Wake* is to demonstrate that history is a sham" [Burgess, 2019, p. 185]). Thinking and moving with Joyce, this word "sham" can allude to a number of words and meanings that help or muddle the reader into understanding or at least entering the *chaosmos* of both the artist and history. It is Joyce's "Shem the Penman" in *Finnegans Wake* who may be creating an alternative history (or various histories changing for the future). "Shem" alludes to sham, shame, same, shaman, and even alchemist ("the first till last alshemist" [Joyce, 1999, p. 185]). It also means "name" in Hebrew; and it refers to the Shemites who were the tribe responsible for helping build the Tower of Babel – a story that fascinated the philosopher of deconstruction and inspired reader of Joyce – Jacques Derrida.[9]

8 Elsewhere in *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce also refers to his book as "this nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel" (Joyce, 1999, p. 489).

9 Geoffrey Bennington writes in his text on Derrida in the section called "Babel": "To serve as a sort of emblem of this situation, Derrida chooses the 'example' of Babel, which ties together the themes of translation and the proper name. [...] This story [the story of the tower of Babel], to which Derrida returns several times, fascinated [...], contains resources we shall not exhaust here. The essential fact hangs on this: by imposing his name (confusedly perceived as 'confusion') against the name of name (Shem), God imposes both the necessity and the impossibility of translation" (Bennington, 1993, pp. 174-175). In a footnote in *Dissemination*, Derrida writes of "the whole of that essay [*La Pharmacie de Platon*], as will quickly become apparent, being itself nothing but a reading of *Finnegans Wake*" (Derrida, 1993, p. 88). In one of his essays on Joyce, Derrida admits further that *The Postcard*, *Glas* and his introductory essay "Scribble" are all indebted to and haunted by *Finnegans Wake* (Derrida, 2013, p. 27).

In *Ulysses*, the whole book has a spacial and temporal scheme; in *Finnegans Wake*, the author attempts to conquer space and time, conflating chaos and order into an "Immensipater" (Joyce, 1999, p. 342) of non-linear, non-sequential, non-teleological *chaosmos*. Before Joyce advances to create the *Ding an sich* in an artwork, in *Ulysses* Stephen Dedalus ponders on space and time: "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, p. 24). There is plenty left: the creation of *Finnegans Wake* or "work in progress", and the experience of the city with its infinite possibilities, fragmenting and reconfiguring, where the modern exiled self will wander.

2.
CACOPHONIES, SYMPHONIES AND MULTIPLICITIES OF THE CITY

Certain masterly writers of European modernity are forever linked to the city of their birth, bringing to life the city by etching its street names into masterful works, giving voice to its denizens, and revealing its peculiarities. Such iconic examples of modernity are Pessoa and Lisbon, Dostoevsky and Saint Petersburg, Baudelaire and Paris, Kierkegaard and Copenhagen, Kafka and Prague, and Joyce and Dublin. Joyce devotes all his writings to Dublin but lives elsewhere throughout his entire adult life. Focusing on a defeated, colonized minor city of Europe, he captures the soul of modernism, and offers the world the "great symphony of cities" (Banville, 2001), the epicentres of modernism, the crowds of people and those crossroads of futurism and nostalgias of Baudelaire's "Ant-seething city, city full of dreams, / Where ghosts by daylight tug the passer's sleeve [*Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves, / Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant*!]" (Baudelaire, 1997, p. 230). The city accommodates rising and collapsing cultures, conflates space and time, and contains a cacophony of human accents, dialects, languages and sheer noise. Joyce dedicates a whole section of *Finnegans Wake* to traversing the names of the world's great cities (see Joyce, 1999, pp. 532-554) which Joycean scholar John Bishop attributes to "distinguishing civic features and monuments" and giving "an evolutionary record of urban development" (Bishop, 1999, p. x). Joyce's city and the *chaosmopolitan* that wanders along its streets is not a facile

globalization perspective, but rather combines parochial/cosmic visions of disintegration and renewal with the vigour of heresy and subversive joy. Joyce prioritises disorder by reordering ("thisorder") and creating at the same time a literature of presence ("Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only is order othered. Nought is nulled. Fuitfiat" [Joyce, 1999, p. 613]).

"Eyes, walk, voice" (Joyce, 2008, p. 109) – these are the prerequisites for being on the city streets. God has dissipated into the "shout in the street"[10] (Joyce, 2008, p. 34) which Stephen Dedalus listens to for inspiration and sometimes in irritation in the "noise on the street" (Joyce, 2008, p. 475). In his book *All that is Solid Melts into the Air: The Experience of Modernity*, Marshall Berman connects Joyce's "shout in the street" with the modern city streets that are "experienced as the medium in which the totality of modern material and spiritual forces could meet, clash, interfuse and work out their ultimate meanings and fates" (Berman, 1988, p. 316). While in *Finnegans Wake*, "the man in the street can see the coming event" (Joyce, 1999, p. 583). The modern city is the landscape of the *flâneur* – alert, masked, nonconforming, that Baudelaire and Benjamin so marvelously evoked. Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus are the two great *flâneurs* of *Ulysses*: the former, an advertising agent with his all-seeing eye, infinite curiosity, intuitive responses and humble kindness; the latter, a young arrogant insecure poet with his ashplant and cerebral observations and guarded ambition. Never have the scientific and the artistic interpenetrated so well as in both these voyeurs of the city. Stimulus is everywhere in the urban landscape, and Joyce presents the decentering polyphonic[11] city of various opinions, colours, odours, sounds, lights, visions, movements, fashions, tastes and caresses. The cacophony of the five senses, all interwoven, is the symphony of the city. In the section on Shem the Penman

10 See also Luke Gibbons chapter "Shouts in the Street: Inner Speech, Self, and the City" in *Joyce's Ghosts* (Gibbons, 2015, pp. 53-78). Gibbons reads this expression as "the inner speech of the city" which is brought to life in Joyce's artistic project of transferring "thinking out loud" into literature.

11 I am thinking here of "polyphony" that Bakhtin uses in analysing Dostoevsky, but I am also keeping with the word as it originally arose for describing two or more simultaneous lines of independent melody – given that *Finnegans Wake* and much of *Ulysses* are aspiring to be musical works through literature, where the demand of course is for them to be read aloud.

(a thinly disguised self-portrait) in *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce asks the question: "Do you hear what I am seeing?" (Joyce, 1999, p. 193). In *Ulysses*, the middle episode "Wandering Rocks" – containing the body symbol of Blood, the art symbol of Mechanics, the symbol of the Citizen and the technic of the Labyrinth – is set on the streets where space, time and movement are all in flux. In the episode "Aeolus", occurring at midday, reporting and the newspaper are at its centre, where the city is caught up by the wind and each passage is accompanied by a headline as the prose shifts gears and conveys different newsreels and messages of the day. As John McCourt writes, this episode "begins with a depiction of a modern means of transport, the electric tram, and a celebration of a certain 'busy-ness' that is reminiscent of the Futurists' ideals of dynamism and speed" (McCourt, 2001, p. 163). In the city, time and space are always vivid. Dedalus struggles with them both in pondering on the words *nacheinander* and *nebeneinander* in the Proteus episode (Joyce, 2008, p. 37), and he begins to interlink space and time from his experimentation with language and with what he sees, hears and voices as he walks along the beach into Dublin city. *Nacheinander* literally means "one after another successively"; and *nebeneinander* means "next to one another, adjacent". These are distinctive characteristics of time and space respectively (as Stephen reflects: "A very short space of time through very short times of space" [Joyce, 2008, p. 37]). Joyce's final passage in all his published work is his famous soliloquy by the river-character Anna Livia Plurabelle, as she weaves her way through the city and out into the Irish Sea. It is Joyce's and the river's farewell, and they speak and hail to the city as they make their final journey. And so the final soliloquy begins: "Soft morning, city! Lsp!" (Joyce, 1999, p. 619). There is always a reciprocal relationship between rivers and cities: European capital cities grow up by the river and that river is immortalized by human history. For example, there is Dublin and the Liffey; London and the Thames; Paris and the Seine; Lisbon and the Tagus; Rome and the Tiber; Berlin and the Spree; and Budapest, Belgrade, Bratislava, Vienna and the Danube.

Chaosmos exists rather than simply as a cosmos or chaos, as all things, language, people and events pass and disintegrate into ruins or faded memories and remerge again. They never remain the same or kept in place (cosmos); nor do they truly enter into oblivion (chaos) as the poet is nature's memory. In his

brilliant essay on *Finnegans Wake*, Umberto Eco writes: "Here everything moves in a primordial and disordered flow; everything is its own opposite; everything can collegate itself to all the others [...] each event is simultaneous; past, present and future coincide" (Eco, 1989, p. 65). In the *Wake* itself, the author of "the Haunted Inkbottle" (Joyce, 1999, p. 182) writes of the book as "one continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marryvoising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history" (Joyce, 1999, p. 186). There are many examples of the almost mystical or biblical narrative of fading away and renewal. For a start, both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* end with this vision. Declan Kiberd writes that a "biblical narrative that comes out of chaos and returns to chaos suggests that evolutionary optimism offers little hope" (Kiberd, 2009, p. 215). The Irish writer James Stephens, who was also friend to Joyce (and holds a peculiar place in Joyce's biography, as Joyce once hoped that Stephens would finish *Finnegans Wake* for him[12]), captured every generation's relationship to their city (and ultimately to history), full of memory, forgetfulness and eternal recurrence: "No city exists in the present tense, it is the only surviving mass-statement of our ancestors, and it changes inversely to its inhabitants. It is old when they are young, and when they grow old it has become amazingly and shiningly young again" (Stephens, 1923, p. 42). The idea of the transience of the city is always evoked in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. In *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom reflects:

> Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piledup bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves Chinese wall. Babylon. Big stones left. Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerrybuilt. Kerwan's mushroom houses built of breeze. Shelter, for the night.
> No-one is anything. (Joyce, 2008, pp. 156-157)

12 See Joyce's letter on 20th May 1927 to his patron Harriet Weaver on this matter (Joyce, 1966, p. 253 / Ellmann 1982, pp. 591-592).

It is very significant that in *Finnegans Wake* the only unaltered quotation in the whole book is a passage that beautifully captures the transience of space and time in the rise and fall of history and cities. The quote is from Edgar Quinet's introduction to his 1827 translation of Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit* [*Outlines of Philosophy of the History of Man*]:

> *Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans les Gaules, la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les ruines de Numance et pendant qu'autour d'elles les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs paisibles générations ont traversé les ages et sont arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles.*[13] (Joyce, 1999, p. 281)

Very significantly, this sentence also appears in distorted form at the beginning and end of the *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, 1999, p. 14; p. 615).

Language is also an example of transience and of memory and forgetfulness in the city of the *chaosmopolitan*. Wittgenstein compares language to a city: "Our language can be seen as an ancient city; a maze of little streets and squares, of old and new houses, and of houses with additions from various periods; and this surrounded by a multitude of new boroughs with straight regular streets and uniform houses" (Wittgenstein, 1958, p. 8). Gibbons eloquently articulates what *Ulysses* has achieved in regard to the city and language: "*Ulysses* is a portrait of a city like no other in that, through an array of narrative strategies, language is not at one remove from reality but is

13 Translation by Richard Ellmann (Ellmann, 1982, p. 664) of Quinet's passage from his *Introduction à la philosophie de l'histoire de l'humanité*: "Today, as in the days of Pliny and Columella, the hyacinth disports in Gaul, the periwinkle in Illyria, the daisy on the ruins of Numantia; and while around them the cities have changed masters and names, while some have ceased to exist, while the civilisations have collided with one another and shattered, their peaceful generations have passed through the ages, and have come up to us, one following the other, fresh and laughing as on the days of the battles."

stitched into the very fabric of the world it evokes" (Gibbons, 2015, p. xv). In the modern city we hear accents, dialects, and various languages; the city and Joyce's final works are the "panaroma of all flores of speech" (Joyce, 1999, p. 143). The neologism encompasses both the all-distinctive smells ("pan-aroma") and wide and expansive view in every direction ("panorama"); and the Spanish/Portuguese word *flores* alludes to both flowers and flaws. The city hosts a veritable Babel where language conceals and reveals the city's infinite secrets, there is "sintalks" (Joyce, 1999, p. 269) instead of mere syntax, and Joyce's knowledge of various languages unleashes his "verbivocovisual" (Joyce, 1999, p. 341) final book. The fourteenth episode of *Ulysses* is a *tour de force* in making language the main character. Known as the "Oxen of the Sun" episode, it takes place in the maternity hospital on Holles Street in Dublin city, and it is where Bloom spots Stephen with his dubious friends and worries about him enough to follow him, and where we witness the birth, evolution and return to the chaos of language itself. As Kiberd puts it, "'Oxen of the Sun' moves from the chaos of language at its opening to the chaotic medley of words and phrases at its conclusion" (Kiberd, 2009, p. 214). The evolving inventiveness and living contaminated material that is language is at the heart of the city and the *chaosmopolitan*. And as Anthony Burgess writes in his book on Joyce: "The greatest of man's achievements, after language, is the community, and Joyce's Dublin stands for every city-state that ever was" (Burgess, 2019, p. 184).

The cosmopolitan port city of Trieste plays a central part in all this talk of the *chaosmopolitan*. This is the city, "that absendee tarry easty, his città immediata" (Joyce, 1999, p. 228), where Joyce lived for seven years and where he wrote most of *Dubliners*, all of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, his only play *Exiles*, and parts of *Ulysses*. It is where he would befriend the Jewish Triestine writer Italo Svevo (the principal model for Leopold Bloom), teach at the Berlitz English school to students from all over the Hapsburg Empire, and where he would witness the collapse of that decentralized imperial rule and the rise of nationalism and separatism. Colonialism and cosmopolitanism, and de-colonialism and *chaosmopolitanism* often go hand in hand. At the age of twenty-one, Joyce and Nora Barnacle left Ireland at the height of the new Irish Revival and celebration of Yeats' Celtic Twilight of which the urbane Joyce

later sarcastically referred to in *Finnegans Wake* as the "cultic twalette"[14] (Joyce, 1999, p. 344). Joyce seemed to feel at ease in Trieste because of its cosmopolitan yet eccentric feel, being an important port city (at the end of the nineteenth century, Trieste was the world's seventh busiest port, and second after Marseilles in the Mediterranean), its nightlife (as a line in the middle of *Finnegans Wake* goes: "And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver!" [Joyce, 1999, p. 301]), its rich combination of commerce and culture, its crossroads status between eastern and western Europe, its multitude of languages, the tensions brimming there between empire and nationalism, and its size (not dissimilar to Dublin). Gibbons hones in on the cities that Joyce lived in before Paris: "[...] part of the attraction of Pola, Trieste, and Zurich for Joyce lay in the resemblance of these cities to Dublin, a divided city on the edge of a ramshackle empire" (Gibbons, 2015, p. 25). For a young polyglot, an exile and urbane poet with a sensitive ear, listening to the voices and sounds on the windy streets of Trieste must have been very stimulating. In his book *The Years of Bloom*, John McCourt writes that the language or dialect of "*Triestino* was essentially an inclusive force which, in each of its varieties, embraced different civilizations and became a living encyclopaedia of the cultures, nations and languages that had been assimilated by the city" (McCourt, 2001, p. 52).

This was a city that absorbed both reactionary and revolutionary traditionalism, expatriates and exiles, and which contained strong hints of both fascist and communist movements that would soon turn Europe upside down. Again, McCourt is helpful here as he writes:

> Trieste itself produced a number of writers whose world reveals all the typical stylistic features of Futurism – the destruction of syntax, the presentation of multiple images simultaneously, the abolition of punctuation, the use of "parole in libertà" (the free placing of words) – as well as its thematic obsessions, the conquest of time and space, the refusal of orthodox sexual morality, the celebration of war, of industrialization, of strength, daring and love of danger, of feverish insomnia. (McCourt, 2001, p. 159)

14 As well as the allusion to celtic, cultic and toilet, in French "cul" means "arse", and "toilette" means "dressing".

When we read evocative sentences of Paris in *Ulysses*, Joyce is sometimes thinking about Trieste. In *Ulysses*, he writes: "Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets". Yet, previously, in his Triestine prose poem *Giacomo Joyce* which he left behind in Trieste, he writes, "Trieste is waking rawly: raw sunlight over its huddled browntiled roofs, testudoform; a multitude of prostrate bugs await a national deliverance" (Joyce, 1968, p. 8 / McCourt, 2001, p. 99).

The maritime spirit of the haunted city is a homecoming or quasi-*nostos* site for a *chaosmopolitan*. That other restless wandering poet and contemporary of Joyce, the heteronym poet Álvaro de Campos (which his creator described as "vaguely corresponding to the Portuguese Jewish type" [Pessoa, 2001, p. 258]), signed off his first three publications with: "March 1914. Aboard Ship in the Suez Canal" (for "Opiary"); "London, June 1914" (for "Triumphal Ode"); and finally, just his name and profession – "Álvaro de Campos, Engineer" (for "Maritime Ode"). These three sign-offs express the restless modernist spirit – of technological innovation; living on a boat; the commercial, cosmopolitan-colonial capital of the world; and the signing of a name and profession that expresses a declaration, a builder of machines, an invention of a persona, and a forgery (in the double sense). Joyce signs off *Ulysses* with "Trieste-Zurich-Paris 1914-1921", and with "Paris 1922-1939" for *Finnegans Wake*. These are European cities of the *chaosmopolitan*, of the exiled modern self; and these are years of chaos and of extreme order trying to enforce new systems that will lead to global carnage. Amidst chaos and cosmos, totalitarianism and anti-totalitarianism, and disintegration and renewal in this age of extremes, the exiled innovator writes and forges his reconfigurations of the city and the self.

3.
THE ART AND EXPRESSION OF THE EXILED WANDERING SELF

The title of Joyce's book of a single day is of course the latinized version of the heroic Greek *Odyssey*; it is set in a defeated, colonized peripheral city of a predominantly Catholic island; its central figure is a Jewish-Protestant "keyless citizen" (Joyce, 2008, p. 650) whose Hungarian father committed suicide, whose wife is committing adultery on that day with his knowledge, and whose only son died after eleven days of being born (ten years ago from

the day *Ulysses* is set); and it is where a frustrated and precocious Stephen Dedalus moodily saunters about, ruminating on Aristotle, Shakespeare and himself, and wondering how to activate his weaponry of "silence, exile and cunning" (Joyce, 1999, p. 269). It is not for nothing that *Ulysses* has been described as the "Bible of universal homelessness" (Slezkine, 2004, p. 79). This is a Jew-Greek-Irish epic: the *chaosmos* and *chaosmopolitan* contains the motif of the Wandering Jew, the maritime Odysseus trying to return home, the culture of diaspora, a lost language and an emerging nation. Deleuze and Guattari's "excluded middle" (Deleuze and Guattari, 2005, p. 22), Gillian Rose's "broken middle" (Rose, 1992, p. xii), and Joyce's "jewgreek is greekjew" (Joyce, 2008, p. 474) are expressed and magnified in Joyce's *chaosmos* and *chaosmopolitan*. The heretical Leopold Bloom is this "broken middle" who carries out acts of kindness "in orthodox Samaritan fashion" (Joyce, 2008, p. 569). See the conscious oxymoron here – as there is nothing orthodox about a Samaritan. Bloom, the advertising agent, has to adapt, and, as a result, is one step ahead of all the other characters in *Ulysses* in terms of curiosity, empathy, tolerance, self-questioning, flexibility, cosmopolitanism and love. Maybe, after all, this quintessential city dweller is the ambiguous figure of possibility and capitalism that Deleuze and Guattari speak of: "The man of capitalism is not Robinson but Ulysses, the cunning plebeian, some average man or other living in the big towns, Autochthonous Proletarians or foreign Migrants who throw themselves into infinite movement – revolution" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1994, p. 98).

Joyce's cities – Trieste, Zurich, Paris – provide refuge to strangers from foreign lands. On the eve of leaving Dublin forever with Nora Barnacle, Joyce writes to Nora in a letter that he "cannot enter the social order except as a vagabond" (Ellmann, 1982, p. 169). The stranger[15] – from the Wandering

15 Although there is neither the space or time here to discuss differences between the wanderer, outsider and stranger (which I hope to write about in the future), it is worth at least mentioning Georg Simmel's essay "The Stranger" (*Der Fremde*, 1908) where he differentiates the stranger from the wanderer. The first sentence begins: "If wandering, considered as a state of detachment from every given point in space, is the conceptual opposite of attachment to any point, then the sociological form of 'the stranger' presents the synthesis, as it were, of both of these properties. [...] The stranger will thus not be considered here in the usual sense of the term, as the wanderer who comes today and goes tomorrow, but rather as the man who comes today and stays tomorrow [...]. (Simmel, 1971, p. 143)

Jew to the *chaosmopolitan* – negotiates, adapts, negates and invents his or her identity in hostile territories. In the pub in the Cyclops episode of *Ulysses*, Bloom is mocked and treated with hostility when he says that Ireland is his nation to the jeering bigoted Irish nationalists' questions on whether he knows "what a nation means" and what his nation is (Joyce, 2008, p. 317). At the beginning of *Finnegans Wake*, Dublin appears as "Dyoublong" (Joyce, 1999, p. 13). The urbane Joyce's nomadic home is far off from the rural, bucolic dream of Heidegger's "dwelling"[16] place, in a sense that Joyce's law or *nomos* and the modern city's *nomos* are nomadic, malleable and fluid, and he accepts this and feels at home in voicing the "noise on the street", the "chapter of accidents", the "the new womanly man", and the "nighttown" of the city where "we eat electric light"[17]. His and the city's vitality are always on a wayward pathway to *nostos* without ever achieving a complete reconciliation. Witness the end of *Ulysses* where Dedalus refuses Bloom's invitation to sleep at his home, and instead wanders off directionless into the dark night. There is some reconciliation between Molly and Leopold as he climbs into bed. She thinks of him with love and desire as she finally drifts off into sleep, even though she has had sex with someone else in that same bed earlier that day. It is these weak, unstable reconciliations and unresolved openings in *Ulysses* that angered official Soviet and Fascist critics and the guardians of English literature. Just as many nations, regimes and individuals were suspicious of the "planetary homelessness" of the Wandering Jew, it is central to the fluid, meandering pulse of *Ulysses*.

The Wandering Jew as a mythological symbol of despair in Western civilization really took root in the Middle Ages. The name of Ahasverus

16 See Heidegger's essay "Building, Dwelling, Thinking" (Heidegger, 1971, pp. 143-161). Heidegger concluded the essay: "Dwelling, however *is the basic character* of Being in keeping with which mortals exist. [...] The real plight of dwelling is indeed older than the world wars with their destruction, older also than the increase of the earth's population and the condition of the industrial workers. The real dwelling plight lies in this, that mortal ever search anew for the nature of dwelling, that *must ever learn to dwell*. What is man's homelessness consisted in this, that man still does not even think of the *real* plight of dwelling as *the* plight? Yet as soon as man *gives thought* to his homelessness, it is a misery no longer. Rightly considered and kept well in mind, it is the sole summons that *calls* mortals into their dwelling" (Heidegger, 1971, pp. 160-161).

17 See Joyce, 2008, pp. 475; 483; 465; 408; 514.

became synonymous with the Wandering Jew who never finds a place of rest. The motif of the Wandering Jew perhaps has become for many outsiders, revolutionaries, pioneers of art and literature, experimental thinkers in philosophy and science, cosmopolitan vagabonds, and heretics of theology and religion an identity they can feel at home with. George Pattison writes in a chapter called "Cosmopolitan Faces" in his book *Kierkegaard, Religion and the Nineteenth-Century Crisis of Culture*: "The fate of the Wandering Jew, condemned to a life without end or purpose, has to be seen as the fate of all who bear within themselves the condition of modernity" (Pattison, 2002, p. 95). The motif of the Wandering Jew in modern cities of multiple languages, crossroads and rootlessness is like the fabric of *Finnegans Wake* as a "whorled without aimed" (Joyce, 1999, p. 272). Modernity itself is the age of despair. It is helpful to note here that Kierkegaard, in his early notes (and which he subsequently wove into his published works) chose three mythological figures – Faust, Don Giovanni and the Wandering Jew – as the personifications of doubt and despair for the modern age. It is important to think of "despair" not only from the meaning in the Latin etymology of "without hope" (*de-spero*), but more precisely, in thinking of the challenges of living in the age of information overload and technology, in the etymology of the word in Danish and German (*Fortvivelse* and *Verzweiflung*) meaning literally "too much doubt" (*for-* [too/too much] and *tvivl* [doubt/two] and which Kierkegaard analyses in his masterful late work on despair called *The Sickness unto Death*). Human freedom and anxieties, double-mindedness, recipients of the bombardment of consumer fetish advertising, a Godless world, nomadic lifestyles, an age of acceleration where nothing is permanent, and where the firmament of Kant's starry sky and moral law within are no longer solid, is another prevailing landscape of modernity. And, as Pattison writes, "*Modernity, in an essential sense, is urbanity*" (Pattison, 2002, p. 21). Two critics and innovators of modernity – George Lukács and Martin Heidegger – are situated in opposing political spectrums; yet on the eve of converting to Bolshevism, Georg Lukács captures the state of despair and "transcendent homelessness" in modernity in *Theory of the Novel* in his struggle to find a new meaning to live and die for in the twentieth century (Lukács, 1971, pp. 41; 61; 121); and Heidegger frequently speaks of

"planetary homelessness [*Heimatlosigkeit*]" (Heidegger, 1998, pp. 257-259; Pattison, 2002, p. 244)[18]. More recently, at the end of the twentieth century, the Irish shamanistic philosopher John Moriarty ponders:

> The Wandering Jew is the born outsider. Civilization or culture can never claim him. Even when he is doomed to live within a culture he will not be domesticated by it. [...] Endlessly enduring, he will, given time, adapt to anything man or God can impose upon him. Given time he will adapt to the terrible Kalahari of Cartesian European. He will adapt to the most deeply burning brimstone of the deepest hell. In him totalitarianism, divine or human, runs into its own limitations. (Moriarty, 2014, p. 155)

Returning again to Joyce and that letter to Nora before setting sail for mainland Europe forever, we see the artist declaring his zest for the exiled wandering life, his link to the Wandering Jew whom he will find in abundance in his three cosmopolitan urban homes – Trieste, Paris and Zurich – and nurture into the two male urbane protagonists of *Ulysses* where "Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet." (Joyce, 2008, p. 474):

> My mind rejects the whole present social order and Christianity – home, the recognised virtues, classes of life, and religious doctrines. How could I like the idea of home? […] Now I make open war upon it by what I write and say and do. I cannot enter the social order except as a vagabond. I started to study medicine three times, law once, music once. A week ago I was arranging to go away as a traveling actor. […] I spoke to you satirically tonight but I was speaking of the world not of you. I am an enemy of ignobleness and slavishness of people but not of you. Can you not see the simplicity which is at the back of all my disguises? We all wear masks. (Ellmann 1982, 169)

18 See also O'Donoghue, 2011. I have written elsewhere on exile and homelessness as conditions of modernity. See, for example, Ryan, 2013; and the sections on "Homelessness" in Ryan, 2014, pp. 81-86; and p. 143.

Joyce says to his friend near the end of his life: "You have to be in exile to understand me" (Ellmann, 1982, p. 693).

Many of the most innovative and influential radical European political philosophers and critical theorists of the twentieth century, and when Joyce was writing *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, were Jewish of some kind. Alongside Lukács, there is Rosa Luxemburg, Walter Benjamin, Hannah Arendt, Theodor Adorno, and Leon Trotsky (who perhaps is the ultimate modern Wandering Jew who was without a visa for the last twelve years of his life). In the same period, modernist writers of Jewish heritage, examples of the "self exiled in upon his ego" (Joyce, 1999, p. 184), include Franz Kafka, Marcel Proust, Joseph Roth, Italo Svevo and Gertrude Stein; while the two totems of a radical new psychology and science were also exiled Jews (Freud and Einstein respectively). Yuri Slezkine's thesis for his book *The Jewish Century* is that the Jewish Age *is* the Modern age, in that what it means to be human in modernity is that we have in all, in a sense, become Jewish in the twentieth century. What he means by this is that it is about "everyone becoming urban, mobile, literate, articulate, intellectually intricate, [...] learning how to cultivate people and symbols, not fields or herds" (Slezkine, 2004, p. 1). In the modern cities and in Joyce's colossal, *chaosmos* works *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, two works created in cities in "the Jewish Century", we begin to learn to decolonize our languages, people, sex, nations, identities, traditions, histories, religions.

But what of the meaning of "jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet"? I will close this essay with just a few remarks which link them to *chaosmos*, the city, and the exiled wandering self or often better to call it a persona, in my overall idea of the *chaosmopolitan*. As another example of the "twosome twimind" (Joyce, 1999, p. 188), Stephen Dedalus, as the jewgreek, is named after St. Stephen – the first Christian (and everyman) martyr; and Dedalus – the Greek artificer who invented and designed the labyrinth for King Minos on the island of Crete, and then later made wings for himself and his son Icarus to escape the labyrinth, but his son flew too close to the sun and his wings melted and he fell to his death. And there is also Leopold Bloom – the modern day Odysseus – now a kind of marginalised jewgreek, whose father was Jewish (which does not really make Leopold even officially half-Jewish), and whose

mother was a Protestant Christian (a group which will soon be marginalised in the newly independent Free State of Ireland). In his book *Demythologizing Heidegger*, John D. Caputo – largely inspired by Derrida and thus also implicitly and explicitly by Joyce, brings up the "jewgreek is greekjew" motif to expose and critique Heidegger's thought which can allude to exclusion, purity and fascist thought. Caputo writes in the introduction that the "jewgreek is the miscegenated state of one who is neither purely Greek nor purely Jewish, who is too philosophical to be a pure Jew and too biblical to be a pure Greek, who is attached to both philosophers and prophets" (Caputo, 1993, p. 6). He explains that "demythologising Heidegger means disrupting this Greco-German myth of Greek purity, the myth of Heidegger's aboriginal and incipient Greeks, Heidegger's private Greeks, who fueled the flames of his private National Socialism" (Caputo, 1993, p. 7). In *Ulysses*, Heidegger couldn't be further away from Leopold Bloom's tastes; Spinoza is Leopold's philosopher of choice to Stephen's (and the early Heidegger's) Greek Aristotle. Spinoza is the seventeenth century Portuguese exile born in the Jewish quarter of the mercantile city of Amsterdam, later excommunicated from the Jewish community, working as an optical lens grinder all his life while producing some of the most remarkable (and heretical) works in philosophy which beautifully epitomized freedom of thought, joy and excellence. He is explicitly mentioned six times[19] in *Ulysses* – all references intimately related to Leopold Bloom. As Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus traverse the chaosmos of the city captured in a single day in the novel, the former seeks to come to the aid of the latter, jewgreek, younger counterpart and poet.

Always haunted by Joyce's work, Derrida concludes his essay "Violence and Metaphysics": "Are we Jews? Are we Greeks? We live in the difference between the Jew and the Greek, which is perhaps the unity of what is called history. We live in and of difference, that is, in *hypocrisy* […]." (Derrida, 1978, p. 320). *Finnegans Wake* revels in these collapsing antinomies and antipathies that disintegrate and reemerge in new forms, as "thisorder" (Joyce, 1999, p. 540), "two thinks at a time" (Joyce, 1999, p. 583), "duasdestinies" (Joyce, 1999, p. 92), and on the first page – as "violer d'amores" (Joyce, 1999, p.

19 See Joyce, 2008, pp. 273; 327; 640; 661; 719; 897.

3)[20] – which can be a musical instrument, violent transgression or betrayal, and an expression of love all in one, much like the exasperating text itself. Perhaps the greatest description of the *chaosmopolitan* as exiled wandering self is to be found in the chapter on Joyce's Shem the Penman where the "twosome twiminds" is expressed:

> "[...] a nogger among the blankards of this dastard century, you have become of twosome twiminds forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool, anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited kingdom on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul [...]" (Joyce, 1999, p. 188).[21]

In conclusion, the idea of the *chaosmopolitan* grafted from Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* is a complex and constantly unfolding and disruptive vision and experience. There are various ways to approach Joyce's two colossal works and, as he said himself on the eighteen episodes that make up *Ulysses*: "The task I set myself technically in writing a book from eighteen different points of view and in as many styles" (Joyce, 1966, p. 167 / Ellmann, 1982, p. 512). In order to conquer time, Joyce is even said to have worn four watches at the same time while writing the book (Kiberd, 2009, p. 230). We have travelled through the clashes, symbioses and interpenetrations of chaos and cosmos that epitomize modernity; and through the cacophonies, symphonies and multiplicities of the city; and finally through the art, experience and expression of the exiled wandering selves in attempting to present this *chaosmopolitan* figure. Stephen Dedalus' question

20 One can also see here the inspiration and influence of the Renaissance philosopher Giordano Bruno on Joyce throughout *Finnegans Wake* in the forging of these neologisms containing opposites. As Joseph Campbell writes on the vision of Bruno (and Hegel's dialectic of world history): "Everything can come to a knowledge of itself only though contrasts with its opposite" (Campbell, 2005, p. 184). Bruno was burnt at the stake in 1600 for professing similar ideas to Joyce. At one point of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen Dedalus writes: "He said Bruno was a terrible heretic. I said he was terribly burned" (Joyce, 1992, p. 271).

21 An attempt of a translation could be: "a nigger among the white bastards of this dastard century, someone who has developed a dual or conflicting mind, going against the gods, condemned and foolish, containing elements of the archetype of the anarchist, egoist and heretic, and raising up your disunited kingdom upon the void of your own most doubtful or despairing soul".

rears its head again: "What's left us then?" I am suddenly reminded of Jan Morris's exquisite ode to the *città immediata* called *Trieste and the Meaning of Nowhere*. Here is a writer who knew a thing or two about local and global living, sexual identities, world wars, haunted cities and an exiled soul. At the end of her love letter to Trieste she comes to the conclusion that it is perhaps kindness that is "the ruling principle of nowhere" (Morris, 2001, p. 186), and that is where "Citizens of nowhere unite" (Morris, 2001, p. 187). McCourt recounts that Joyce once referred to Trieste as a "city of the many kindnesses" (McCourt, 2001, p. 26). This is not some whimsical gesture of hopelessness or sympathy, but rather perhaps is the invisible strength and heartbeat of the *chaosmopolitan* under scrutiny here. Kindness turns up in another polyphonic literary work largely set around one of the darkest and cruelest places of the twentieth century – in apocalyptic Stalingrad during World War II. This is a city that for almost four centuries was called Tsaritsyn, then changed to Stalingrad after its Soviet dictator, and during the de-Stalinization program became known as Volgograd after the river. In his novel *Life and Fate* (which only first saw publication twenty years after his death), amidst the purges, genocides, mass starvation, executions, gulags, relentless battles, merciless freezing winter, and brutality and fear, the author Vasily Grossmann writes of a "senseless kindness" and "an unwitnessed kindness" (Grossmann, 2006, p. 392) that still exists. This is "a kindness outside any system of social or religious good" (Grossmann, 2006, p. 392). It is this kindness that elevates Leopold Bloom (the character that is born and developed in Trieste) above everyone else in the city of Dublin. This everyman in the modern city can breathe life to the *chaosmos* of the senseless kindness "in the orthodox Samaritan fashion". The city of *chaosmos* rises, falls and rises again by the running river; and then the protean river of the "meandertale" begins, ends, and begins again in the city of "lovesoftfun at Finnegan's Wake" (Joyce, 1999, p. 607).

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