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James Joyce

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**MODERN WRITERS AND
PLAYWRIGHTS SERIES**

JAMES JOYCE by Louis Golding

MODERN WRITERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

EDITED BY THOMAS MOULT

JAMES JOYCE by Louis. Golding

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MODERN WRITERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

Edited by Thomas Moulton

JAMES JOYCE

by

LOUIS GOLDING



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I

THE recorded writings of James Joyce begin with a pamphlet on Parnell, written when the author was nine years old. Ten years later, at the beginning of this century, he produced a tiny brochure on the Irish Literary Theatre, entitled *The Day of the Rabblement*. The censor of the Dublin University rejected it from the University magazine, whereupon it was printed in a pamphlet along with an essay by Sheehy-Skeffington.

But these writings clearly do not belong to the James Joyce canon. No copy of the first is known to exist. The second has not been reprinted. The canon officially begins with the publication in 1907 of a collection of thirty-six poems entitled *Chamber Music*. It has proceeded so far as a work entitled *Work in Progress*, of which a number of sections, beginning in April 1927, appeared in the American-Parisian review, *transition*, and a few have appeared, either as expensive de luxe editions or shilling brochures. (*Anna Livia Plurabelle*, *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun*, *Haveth Childers Everywhere*.)

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I state that the canon *officially* begins with *Chamber Music*, not merely because it was the first work published by Joyce through the ordinary channels, not merely because the most solemn consideration of Joyce as major artist usually includes a respectful or even enthusiastic criticism of *Chamber Music*, but because Joyce himself has made no effort to disavow it. On the contrary he avows it very explicitly. In the page that faces the title-page of his most famous work, *Ulysses*, it stands up in bold type heading the brief list of works " by the same writer ". Moreover, so late as 1927, in the year when the first section of the cryptic *Work in Progress* appeared, *Chamber Music* appeared again. It is true it had another name. It was called *Pomes Penyeach* this time. From the title of the minute volume, from the fact that *Ulysses* had been finished in 1921, from the fact that *Work in Progress* was in progress, the reader would have been justified in expecting a terrifying distillation of that variety of rive-gauche-greenwich-village poetry which, consisting to an appreciable extent of figures and signs of punctuation, seemed to the uninitiate as coherent as a blind man's lackadaisical tappings upon a typewriter.

But it was not that variety of poetry which met the eye. You read, in a poem entitled *A Flower Given to My Daughter*, and written in Trieste in 1913 :

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*Frail the white rose and frail are
Her hands that gave
Whose soul is sere and paler
Than time's wan wave.*

*Rosefrail and fair—yet frailest
A wonder wild
In gentle eyes thou veilest
My blue veined child.*

" The note of Swinburne of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth "—to anticipate the comments of the irreverent Buck Mulligan, a gentleman whose acquaintance we shall make in the course of our consideration of *Ulysses*.

In *Alone*, a poem written in Zurich in 1916, a year when the same author was engaged upon a prose masterpiece which exalts him among the supreme artists of contemporary European fiction, you read:

*The moon's grey-golden meshes make
All night a veil.
The shorlamps in the sleeping lake
Laburnum tendrils trail.*

*The sly reeds whisper to the night
A name—her name—
And all my soul is a delight,
A swoon of shame.*

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There are better poems, far better, in this volume. (Indeed the best is the earliest, and was written in Dublin in 1904, the very year in which the celebrated June 16 occurred in which is comprehended the whole action of *Ulysses*. The best is the first, so that in his lyric verse undeliberately, as in *Work in Progress* deliberately, Joyce confutes the categories of time.)

But the point is not that there are better poems than *Alone* and *A Flower Given to My Daughter in Pomes Penyeach*. The point is that there are poems so bad as those; that Joyce is writing *Chamber Music*, however exiguously, all his life long; not that he turns out infrequently a fairly beautiful poem, but that he is perpetuating and re-rendering poems so thin, so mawkish, usually so derivative, as those I have quoted, from stage to stage across his whole career; a career in which, as a prose artist, he exercises so masculine, so subtle, so versatile, so courageous an intellect, in which, as a prose artist, he not merely handles his medium with incomparable skill, but *creates* it in a fashion associated with very few artists besides himself

Joyce is not the first great writer who has begun his career with a volume of inferior verse. But the others do not seek to perpetuate it. George Moore, for instance, rewrote much, but he did not wrestle with *Poems of Passion*; if the bibliophilists had permitted it, how

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fervently he would have allowed it to disappear quite quietly! Yet it would not be impossible to trace some tenuous thread of development between *Poems of Passion* and *Aphrodite in Aulis*, George Moore's latest and loveliest novel. How much more enigmatic do the two enigmas of *Chamber Music* and *Work in Progress* become, when we try—as we must, for Joyce allows no alternative—to explain them in the terms of a single creative personality. We cannot ignore *Chamber Music* because Joyce does not. And Joyce does not, I believe, because the key to Joyce, or to Stephen Dedalus, (the name he gives himself in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*), is locked in it, more truly than the key to Shakespeare is locked in the Sonnets. Shakespeare the man, the lover, is expounded in them; but the subject matter of Shakespeare the artist was something infinitely richer than the private storms of his heart, though these, doubtless, gave his wings the initial impulses which lifted them into the universal heavens. But Stephen Dedalus is the theme of James Joyce from the beginning to the end. In *Chamber Music* he sings his pitiful little songs. In *Dubliners* we tread his streets and rub shoulders with his familiars. The light moves from the circumference into the centre in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. In *Exiles* his heart is shown divided between two women, whom he loves in opposite ways. In *Ulysses* he is incor-

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porated into myth and attains immortality. His intellectual laughter extends across the dislocated firmament of *Work in Progress*.

What, then, is the secret hidden away in *Chamber Music* and the much tinier volume, *Pomes Penyeach*, which, though twenty years elapse between the writing of its first and last poems, laboriously tots up to fifteen pages? Miss Rebecca West, in her brilliant cataract of an essay, *The Strange Necessity*, obscurely suspects the existence of the secret. She is troubled. She pretends she is delighted, but it is clear she is troubled. She quotes the poem where Joyce swoons for shame. She knows that his prose works prove him beyond "argument a writer of majestic genius". How came Joyce to swoon for shame? How? And then it dawns upon her. And she almost succeeds in convincing herself that she is enchanted with her discovery. "For really, I reflected, as I went on my way down the Street of the Seine, this makes it quite plain that Mr. James Joyce is a great man who is entirely without taste." Taste? But what *is* taste? How tasteless a word! To invoke taste, of all gods in the machine, how reprehensible an abrogation of that function of criticism which is to prove that, so far as the word "taste" has any validity at all, each new work of art only makes it a little more invalid than before. Her complaint is that the author of *Ulysses* wrote these poems, not that the poems

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themselves are tasteless. Indeed, they are not. They taste mildly of Swinburne and Symons and Yeats and the Celtic fog from which Stephen Dedalus was, at that very period, holding so arrogantly aloof. But the duty of the critic is not to complain or marvel, but to elucidate, and her elucidation supremely begs the question. How came the genius, so "majestic" in prose, to twitter in verse so gently?

It is well known that James Joyce was a singer at one time, as a younger and more lucid contemporary of his, Francis Brett Young, was a composer of songs. I have heard admirers of both sigh somewhat wistfully at the thought that each abandoned so completely the more lyric muse for an austerer one. Many of the poems in *Chamber Music* (and doubtless, by now, in *Pomes Penyeach*) have been set to music, for they are sufficiently devoid of the subtler specific rhythms of poetry to lend themselves admirably to that operation. Some of the music is good, and it can take care of itself. The poem, *Goldenhair*, may have been set to music, too. But not the harpstrings of Israfel himself could condone:

*Lean out of the window
Goldenhair,
I heard you singing
A merry air.*

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*My book was closed;
I read no more,
Watching the fire dance
On the floor. . . .*

There are moments of despair in which a poem like this inclines one to the suspicion that Joyce is indulging in a saturnine joke. He has always known that his work must attract two types of readers: first, that small company which in every generation is alive to whatsoever art is new and vital and has splendour, whether it is fashionable because, superficially, it flouts all the traditions or whether it is unfashionable because, superficially, it respects them.

He was to have, and has had, a second type of reader, who, for some such irrelevant reason as because he was obscure in places, or obscene in places, and because to espouse him was the high-watermark of sophistication, gathered round his banner, sweating and crying shrilly. To such readers the transcript of a chemical formula, a Listerine advertisement, or an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem would, with the signature of their hero attached, be as dizzy with meanings as the Pythian priestess swaying over her tripod. It was to test such fools as these (one said in moments of despair) that Joyce composed and published such a poem as *Goldenhair*. And then one remembered *Work in Progress* with which one had wrestled for long days, and

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had reeled back at length, defeated. " Another joke! " one said. " He's testing them again! They'll write books to explain it, its language, its form, its philosophy. And it's just a palimpsest of puns. It's a joke! " And one staggered back still once more to *Work in Progress* and read:

" Grouscious me! What a bagateller it is! Pou! What a Zeit for the goths! vented the Ondt, who not being a sommerfool, was making chilly spaces at hisphen affront of the icinglass of his windhome, which was cold antitopically ixnixundnix! "

" A joke!" one said, and turned to the bookshelves to take down a volume of Aristophanes or Ring Lardner, where the humour is a little easier to get at.

And even at that moment of reaching the hand forward one realised the futility and insolence of it. One realised that it would be much more preposterous to accept such an explanation than to believe (as some have believed) that Rabelais' epic is an allegory in which the processes in the manufacture of wine are elaborated. For the creator of such characters as Leopold Bloom, the Citizen, and Simon Dedalus, in the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* has far too sappy a sense of humour to permit himself so arid a joke. He spent seven years writing *Ulysses*; he has been working longer than that on *Work in Progress* and it is not finished yet.

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No. There is not a syllable he has penned, in a career of incomparably arduous devotion to his art, which is not utterly, even flagrantly, sincere—even the jejune quavers of *Goldenhair*, even the multilingual portmanteau puzzles of *Work in Progress*.

No. *Goldenhair* is not a joke. It is not a song too sweet for losing. It is not a breach of taste. It is the worst of these poems; yet in the scale of great poetry, such poetry as we might have hoped the author of *Ulysses* capable of producing, it is not far removed from the best. What, then, is the secret of *Goldenhair*? It is the invaluable Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses* who expounds it for us. "They drove his wits away with visions of hell"—said Buck Mulligan, bending across the table gravely—"He will never capture the Attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet."

Worst or best poem in *Chamber Music* is Stephen Dedalus escaping from the Hell with which he was threatened for his adolescent sins, the sins he settles the account for in the *Portrait*; escaping from "the fire of hell which gives no light, from the stench, the sulphurous brimstone which does not consume itself," from the spiritual pains of hell which are more subtle than these. It is the subconscious mind of Stephen Dedalus hoping to find in the lam-

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bent atmosphere of poetry a relief from those woes which, in its intensely sensitive youth, the rector of Belvedere College had branded upon its marrow.

But the sorrow is that Joyce is no poet; or it may be that what is the sorrow of Stephen Dedalus is the gain of ourselves. It would be idle to speculate how much of a poet Dedalus might have been if the rector of Belvedere had not terrified the poet in him into paralysis. We can only conclude from the brief spurts of lyric which have escaped him that, as a poet, he would have been no great thing, whilst we know that, as a prose writer, he has established himself among the most illustrious of our age.

Among great works of prose we find none that compares in *kind* with *Ulysses*. When we seek works which compare with it in *scope*, we cannot stop short this side of *Hamlet*, and the *Odyssey*, each of which, in point of fact, has the closest bearing on the developing history of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom during the eternal eighteen hours of the day on which the action of *Ulysses* occurs. But those others are poetry, their compass is between heaven and hell. *Ulysses* is prose. It does not leave the gross stuff of this earth, its journeys are among the red chambers of the flesh, along the grey corridors of mind; and where it rises, it rises no higher than the charged upper air of the corridors, where nightmare is engendered.

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I say of poetry that it is the exercise of the subconscious mind, because, whatever the source of it, the element of irresponsibility is stronger in poetry than in the other forms of aesthetic composition in words, even though the conscious mind may quite scientifically, throughout the whole process, organise the technique of its expression. That Stephen Dedalus did not give up all hope that he might some day exercise in poetry the subconscious mind is proved by the pathetic retention of the scraps of verse which constitute *Pomes Penyeach*. It is as if he hoped that by muttering them over to himself he might some day suddenly, in the fortunate coincidence of kabbalistic syllables, find that the iron doors opposed to him had drawn apart.

In the meanwhile the conscious, the prose mind, exercised itself in the production of *Dubliners*, the *Portrait*, *Exile*, and supremely, in *Ulysses*. And now at length, as it seems to me, having given up all hope of release through poetry and the subconscious mind, having exorcised his demon so far as prose and the conscious mind permit (producing during that process one of the greatest prose works of our time) he is endeavouring to exercise in *Work in Progress* a type of cognition which can be described only as a "super-conscious mind". That is, he himself is conscious, and arrogantly (as many say) expects his readers to be conscious

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on a number of planes and in a number of dimensions at the same time. In space, the river Liffey is simultaneously Ganges and Indus and all earth's rivers; Waterloo is the Garden of Eden. In time Adam and Gladstone are simultaneously his protagonists. In speech, a given word may be compounded out of elements introduced from three or more languages. In approach, the reader must listen intensely with his ears to the spoken achievement, apprehend on the page the composition and disposition of the printed word, rise to the attack with all he possesses of erudition, lie passive to the reception of overtones, undertones, crude jokes, suave innuendo.

It is extremely difficult. But it is not so difficult as the thirty-first poem in *Chamber Music*:

*Along with us the summer wind
Went murmuring—O, happily/
But softer than the breath of summer
Was the kiss she gave to me.*

There is a sense in which the most emancipated poem of E. E. Cummings is a nursery rhyme compared with that.

n *UBLINERS*) a collection of fifteen prose sketches, was ready for publication in 1907, the year when *Chamber Music* appeared. It did not actually appear till 1914, though a whole edition was printed earlier, and destroyed, except for a single copy handed over to the author. That was a foretaste of the treatment meted out later to *Ulysses*, of which hundreds of copies have been confiscated or destroyed at the pious counters of Southampton and New York. The student of contemporary letters who wishes to study the work which has attracted more international attention than any work of our time must cross the Channel, or the Atlantic, or commission a friend to stow it away like cocaine in the specially manufactured false bottom of his suit-case.

The title of *Dubliners* strikes the chord which the whole of Joyce's work repeats, reduplicates and infinitely varies—the note of Dublin. From first to last no other streets exist for him than the streets of Dublin, no other townsmen, no other gods. It is true that since his boyhood Joyce has been an exile from his city, having returned only twice and for brief periods. But

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he has been an exile in the body only. He has never moved from Dublin. A wretched Dublin back street which has been expunged for decades is infinitely more vivid in his imagination than the Champs Elysees. In *Two Gallants*, for instance, one of the sketches in *Dubliners*, he will narrate the street-to-street wanderings of the wretched Lenehan with the pious exactness which a military historian will bring to his account of the disposition of armies. "He went into Capel Street and walked along towards the City Hall. Then he turned into Dame Street. At the corner of George's Street he met two friends of his." . . . Mr. Cyril Connolly, in an essay published some time ago in "Life and Letters," found truly enough that the impulse which drives Joyce to celebrate "his native town . . . its squares and stews and beery streets, its hills and foreshore, seagoing Liffey and greenbanked Dodder," was a long way removed from the "provincial quality of Irish patriotism." But he was less happy when he compared it with "the pagan sentiment of birthplace, to the tag '*dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*,' of Virgil and Theocritus, the feelings of Sophocles for Colonus and Odysseus for Ithaca."

For Joyce has no pride in Dublin as against Cork or Belfast, that acute jealous pride which a Spartan had in Sparta as against Corinth or Athens, that pride for which, sooner than com-

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promise it, he would have the fox rip his bowels open. Stephen Dedalus in the "Nighttown" chapter in *Ulysses*, (where he is just about as drunk as Hamlet is mad,) states quite airily: "But I say: Let my country die for me!" He might have said: "Let Dublin die for me!" Dublin is for him coterminous with his country, it is his universe. Anything that lies outside Dublin is in a world of nightmare where irrelevant minutiae isolate themselves in a queer light. Paris, for instance. "My Latin quarter hat. . . . I want puce gloves. Yes, used to carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere. Moist pith of farls of bread, the froggreen worm-wood."

In a sense Joyce is the least contemporary of contemporary writers, and none displays less awareness of the fashions in intellectual method or content which have succeeded each other since the first decade of this century. (That is partly, of course, because he has himself helped to impose them.) Outside of *Work in Progress*, there is not a thought expounded nor an experience described which might not have come within the cognizance of Stephen Dedalus before the dawn of the fateful 16th of June, 1904. And even in *Work in Progress*, his contemporaneity involves little more than an occasional reference to a recent personality or a neologism which some recent argot has helped

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to build up. It is not merely that in point of time anything that he deals with has achieved itself by that day. It is that since that day Joyce, excepting in one respect, seems to have ceased growing outwardly. He has grown inwardly, till the beam that he has directed upon the experiences, in all kinds, of Stephen Dedalus and his associates in Dublin, is so ruthless and so complete that many turn away terrified from the Olympian impartiality of that revelation. It is difficult not to leave without a certain superstitious awe the fact that Joyce's eyes, like Milton's before him, have failed him; as if one whose inner eyes stared in so stern a contemplation hardly had need of others.

But there is one respect, of course, in which there has been development in Joyce since the day Stephen went forth in search of a father: in the *manner* of his exposition, which reaches at length a strength and subtlety that make the greater part of contemporary writing seem juvenile and bucolic.

Whatever poetry young Stephen might have written had been almost completely incinerated within him by the fire of the sermon at Clongowes. Whether or not poetry would some day sweep him on a full tide, he realised in the years of his young manhood that prose, for which his sense of character, his subtle intelligence, and his profound learning uniquely fitted him, must

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content him for the time being. He realised also that until he had liberated himself by rendering into art the dismay of that sermon and its consequences, he could not achieve what he was capable of achieving. He did not dare, however, to make the attempt too soon. He contented himself with the composition of the sketches in *Dubliners*. These have their own completeness; but they can also be properly considered as prolegomena to the later work, both with regard to the personalities presented or glanced at in the book and the spirit underlying it. Here, for instance, in the sketch called *Two Gallants* are the "leech", Lenehan, and the "still comparatively young though dissolute" Lord John Corley, whom we are to meet later in *Ulysses*. A whole bevy of characters reappears from *Grace*—Messrs. Martin Cunningham, M'Coy, Kernan—whom we shall get to know intimately, if not affectionately, and have a pint with, if not two pints, at old Barney Kernan's.

Nor does Joyce completely keep the child, Stephen, out of *Dubliners*. In *The Sisters* he is taken to see the body of his friend, Father Flynn. "The youngster and he were great friends," says the uncle. "The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you." In *An Encounter* he touches for one frightened moment the fringes of that equivocal psychological territory where Proust wandered so far and

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curiously. If Dedalus felt his "soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region", it was not a region where sexual categories are confounded. It was a limbo where he saw, himself fleeing among them, "a horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch who held that the Father was Himself His own Son."

Here, too, at the outset of his enormous testament, he testifies to his mystical devotion to the Word, of which *Work in Progress* is the final and most ecstatic chapter. "Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the word simony in the Catechism." In the *Portrait* we learn again of his devotion to the Logos. "Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learnt them by heart; and through them he had glimpses of the real world around him." It is a devotion to the Word comparable with Gautier's, but in its intensity, not in its nature. Gautier strove with so much anguish after the Word not indeed because he loved it, but because he loved his idea. He sought to enshrine it in the one word of all

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words which expressed it to its last nuance. But for Joyce the word has been the lord and not the slave of meaning, with a validity on the farther side of meaning. In that sense *Work in Progress* is as mystical a work as the Prophetic Books of Blake.

In the character of the minor poet, Tom Chandler, as presented in *Dubliners*, in the tale called *A Little Cloud*, it is difficult not to see a bitter oblique reference to the bard "Kinch", Stephen Dedalus himself, whom Buck Mulligan, the mocker, jeers at so persistently, the bard who was at this time moaning the pale syllables of *Chamber Music*: "He began to invent sentences and phrases from the notices which his book would get. *Mr. Chandler has the gift of easy and graceful verse. . . . A wistful sadness pervades these poems. . . . The Celtic note....* It was a pity his name was not more Irish-looking."

The prose of James Joyce in *Dubliners* was no more Irish-looking than his own verse or Tom Chandler's name. If it can be compared with the work of any Irishman of his time, it may be said to recall Moore's *A Mummer's Wife*, and then only because Moore's novel was, in a sense, a translation from the French, a minor novel of the naturalist school. *Dubliners* is infinitely nearer in spirit to Maupassant than to any Irishman, though the distance from Maupassant is far enough. Joyce was not concerned,

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as Maupassant had been, to render with the utmost fidelity the world which would convince as accurate the greatest number of dispassionate eyes. He was concerned to lay the foundations of his own unique world, of which the dead Father Flynn, the living Mr. M'Coy, the lodgers, the matrons, the commercial travellers, were his clay and straw.

So that the sketches in *Dubliners* can never be called short stories, for there is no element of narrative beguilement in them. (Few authors, indeed, have so little interested themselves in beguiling their readers as Joyce.) Yet they can hardly be called sketches. Though they have not any conventional completeness, each of them lives on in the mind organically, their moods and characters are realised so vividly and grimly. Nothing could be more exact in its irony than his exposition of the two bullies in *Counterparts*—Farrington bullied by day by his pink and hairless employer, Farrington bullying by night his squalling youngster. Nothing could be more clinical in its analysis of futility {han the study of the moaning poet and the prosperous journalist in *A Little Cloud*. Tchekov comes to mind as often as Maupassant. For the strange thing is that Joyce, whose whole art has centred itself upon a single Irish city, is the most European of writers to-day using the English language. His training was Roman Catholic, which has much to do with it. His

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experiments in technique have been acclaimed in Paris and in Berlin far more than in London. He is now actually composing a language which an educated European can understand more easily than any uneducated Englishman.

There is a morose and quiet sense of achievement in *Dubliners*, as of an artist aware of the triumphs he is achieving with difficult and drab material; but the sense of frustration runs parallel, or is implicated, with it, brought over by Stephen Dedalus from the closed gates of the world of poetry at which he hammers in vain. *Araby*, the second story, is a pure study in frustration; of the young Dedalus going forth to buy a gift at a fair for the girl whose name has become a summons to his blood, of his late arrival in a huge hall almost plunged in darkness, of his bitter going home, empty-handed ... "gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger." In *Eveline*, the tale which follows it, it is a girl frustrated of her lover, a girl too uncourageous to break the coils of custom, Eveline with the white face, passive, like a helpless animal, a white face that pursues us from page to dark page of the book. *The Dead*, the last and longest tale, is also a study of frustration, made cunningly the more intolerable by the closely detailed and unhurried story of the musical party that precedes it. For hours and more

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hours the genteel dancing and genteel drinking and genteel speech-making go on at the Misses Morkan's annual dance. All those hours Gabriel Conroy has dreamed of holding his wife in his arms at the end of it all, "like two lovers who had escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure." And a ghost rises out of her long dead girlhood, an irrelevant pathetic ghost, a boy out of the gasworks, and it is as if mountains and seas stretched between them. "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all living and the dead."

The book begins as it ends. The loss of Stephen's preceptor, Father Flynn, hangs like that snowstorm heavily over the opening pages, though he makes us aware of the rich world of material Father Flynn has opened out for him, which he was to penetrate more deeply some years later at the Jesuit colleges of Glongowes and Belvedere, the world of theology and divine disputation, out of which some of his most significant work was to be extracted: "He had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one should do in certain circumstances, or whether such and such

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sins were mortal or venial or only imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the Post Office Directory and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate questions."

The story ends in the house where the priest lies confined, "solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice." The fancy had come to the boy that the old friend "was smiling as he lay there in his coffin." But no. He thrust the idea hurriedly from him; yet it had taken lodgment and was never to be expelled. The boy goes down with his aunt to the small room below, and the old women, Nannie and Eliza, bring out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. The women then sit on their chairs, talking of the dead and swaying a little and whispering in a queer crepuscular whispering which oddly anticipates the gossiping away at twilight of the two mythological old washerwomen, standing on the opposite banks of the

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young Liffey, in *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. We learn in their gossiping :

" It was that chalice he broke . . . that was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still. . . . They say it was the boy's fault. . . . That affected his mind. After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by himself. So one night he was wanted for to go on a call and they couldn't find him anywhere. They looked high up and low down; and still they couldn't see a sight of him anywhere. So then the clerk suggested to try the chapel. So then they got the keys and opened the chapel and the clerk and Father O'Rourke and another priest that was there brought in a light for to look for him. . . . And what do you think but there he was, sitting up by himself in the dark in his confession-box, wide-awake and laughing-like softly to himself? "

Then was Father Flynn, the small boy reflected, was he smiling in his coffin after all? And when Buck Mulligan, years later, in the opening paragraph of *Ulysses*, advanced from the stair-head of the Martello Tower bearing a bowl of lather, and when he held the bowl aloft, intoning: "*Introibo ad altare Dei*", did Stephen Dedalus once again catch a glimpse of Father Flynn, who had broken the chalice, lying smiling in his coffin?

IT is quite early in the career of Stephen Dedalus, as rendered in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, that an intimation of his sense of a vocation is revealed to us. "The hour when he too would take part in the life of that world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he only dimly apprehended." It was the life of a world which he glimpsed through "words he did not understand," which "he said over and over to himself till he had learnt them by heart." That sense of vocation was to grow dim and be imperceptible during his early youth. It is possible that he might have felt himself summoned by another sort of vocation, the vocation regarding which the director of Belvedere College so gravely questioned him, if his whole spirit had not been disintegrated by the rector's sermon and the sense of sin it had evoked, so furious a fire that it burned itself out (saving for certain sullen embers, which have never quite expired). It was only when he was a young man at the University that he definitely proclaimed to himself that he had "passed beyond the challenge of the sentries

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who had stood as guardians of his boyhood and had sought to keep him among them that he might be subject to them and serve their ends.* Now at length he knew that "the end he had been born to serve yet did not see had led him to escape by an unseen path," the path the rector of Belvedere had with so little intention made clear for him.

Hereafter the mind of Stephen begins to feel its way towards some comprehension of the actual nature and dimensions of the work imposed upon him by his own nature and qualities. He is aware now that his destiny demands from him an austerer labour than to be a chamber musician, though now and again, as the devoted years go by, he will pluck his small lute again. He knows now that he must "set forth to discover the mode of life or art whereby his spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom." "I will tell you," he explains, "what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or act as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning."

Well might his friend, Cranley, mock at him, remembering the pale Elizabethan and eighteen-ninety echoes of the little poems which

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were almost **the** whole of his production at that time: " Cunning indeed! Is it you? You poor poet, you! " And in an obscure depth, **far** below the level on which Stephen and Cranley dismiss the loneliness which the one embraces and the other fears—at that very moment, it may be, some inkling presented itself of the colossal work of art which the poor poet should undertake, wherein a Jewish salesman and a down-at-heels schoolmaster went walking through the drab streets of a city which became a world, involving themselves in adventures as tremendous as the adventures of Telemachus and Ulysses, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

But it was the portrait of that artist, and of no other, the only artist we can conceive capable of producing *Ulysses*, which is rendered in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. So that, it seems to me, Vaterny Larbaud in his essay on *Ulysses* is incorrect in the assumption that "*le titre nous indique que c'est aussi, en un certain sens, l'histoire de la jeunesse de l'artiste en général, c'est-à-dire de tout homme doué du temperament artiste*" It is true that the name of the artist whose evolution is recorded is packed with symbolism, and that Joyce for one moment seems to stand aside from it and meditate upon it, as if it were truly the name of some fictitious creature: " Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. . . . Now at **the** name of the fabulous artificer, **he** seemed to

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hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being? "

But, indeed, has not an artist an even more august patent to call himself the name which may symbolically imply his intention than the patent by which Mr. Higginbotham, paying also a few shillings, may condense himself to Mr. Higham or transform himself into Mr. Peveril? No; the "Artist" in the title of Joyce's book is not the artist generically. It is a statement of the forces that produced *Ulysses*, the extraordinary flower which sprang from a unique soil. Joyce knew the work he envisioned must make him as lonely a man as ever lived, however excitedly the left wing and the left bank might applaud him. But he was not afraid of the loneliness to which he condemned himself. He was not even afraid that he might be condemning himself to "a great mistake"—the words have not only a theological meaning—"a great mistake, a life-

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long mistake and perhaps as long as eternity too."

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, much more than *Dubliners*, must be considered in the light of the work that followed it. The earlier volume is self-sufficient, though from our present vantage we are aware of the motifs implanted in it which Joyce later picked up and elaborated. But a sense of prelude hangs over every page of the *Portrait*; its last words, very clearly, are not an end, but a beginning: "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead." It is a measure of the greatness of *Ulysses* that the most fervent admirer of the *Portrait* did not succeed in presenting to himself any image of the book that was to follow the *Portrait*; any image, at least, that was at any point to resemble the work which Joyce actually put forth.

It has been said that so closely interwoven is the stuff of *A Portrait* with the stuff of *Ulysses* that the two ought not to be considered as separate entities, any more than *Du Cote de Chez Swann* is to be considered apart from *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Pleurs*. It is true that the *Portrait* leaves us more curious than we usually are in novels about the later fate of the hero. It is true that both books can only be thoroughly understood if each book is carefully studied. Yet it would be as logical to insist

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that the *Portrait* is, in essence, the first part of *Ulysses* as to complain that it is not followed by a second book in which the portrait of an advertisement-canvasser as a young man is presented. The technique with which Stephen's portrait is painted is outside the technical scheme of *Ulysses*; it is more straightforward, nearer to the tradition. There is no direct narration of the past in *Ulysses*; whatever we learn of the events that preceded the fateful June 16 we learn either in dialogue or in the musings of the characters. But most important of all, enormous as *Ulysses* is, not even a small fresh chapter could be involved in it without dislocating its heroically developed formal scheme.

The *Portrait*, then, must be judged as an entirely independent unit. I propound, before proceeding further, a full precis of it, because the reader anxious to understand Joyce, a problem more difficult than any of Joyce's works, must master this exposition of an artist's evolution.

We meet Stephen almost as early as he in his memories meets himself. He is a small boy. His mother had a nicer smell than his father. We meet his grand-uncle Charles and his grand-aunt, Dante. The name of Parnell is dropped like a stone into a pool almost on the first page, and the rings it makes extend wider

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and wider till they lip the feet of the whole denizenry of Stephen's world. We meet Eileen almost as soon. So far as the *Portrait* has a heroine it is she. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. Stephen goes to a Jesuit school named Clongowes Wood. We learn, when he is asked in the playground what his father is, that Simon Dedalus is a gentleman. He develops a fever because a boy had thrown him into a ditch. He dreams that he dies but he does not.

He goes back home for the Christmas Holidays. Parnell by this time has been already betrayed and is dead. There is fierce quarrel at the table about Parnell. It is prophesied Stephen will remember when he grows up the language he heard against God and religion and priests in his own home. He returns to Clongowes where some of the fellows are in trouble for mysterious offences. He prefers to think of Eileen: *Tower of Ivory. House of Gold.* In class he is unjustly punished by Father Dolan, because, having broken his glasses, he is not writing his lesson. It is likely that this unjust punishment rankles deeper than he implies. He has the courage, though it almost fails him, to go to the rector and complain of Father Dolan. His courage will not fail him again.

On his next vacation, Uncle Charles is his regular companion. Stephen goes to church

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with him, and kneels at his side, "respecting, though he did not share, his piety." He finds a brief-lived gang of adventurers, and goes riding with the milkman, like the small boy in the play, *Exiles*. He becomes aware for the first time of slight changes in the state of his house. He makes us aware of a dim ambition which is astir at times in the darkness of his soul, but which seeks no outlet.

The decline in his family's fortune now begins. He enters into the heart of Dublin, from which he never emerges again. He goes to a children's party, seeing and loving Eileen again. He writes a poem for her: To E—C—, for he had seen similar titles in the collected poems of Lord Byron.

He does not return to Clongowes, and its former rector arranges for him to transfer to a nearer Jesuit college, Belvedere. We move forward two years, without waste of language, to the night of the Whitsuntide play. He is now a grave-mannered adolescent of strong intellectual promise. Eileen again makes her appearance: "So you may as well admit," his friend Heron insists, "that we've found you out. Admit." He recites the *Confiteor*. The word admit recalls to him an allegation of heresy in his essay, which, too, he was forced to admit. He returns to the hall to act his part in the play. The thought of Eileen awakens a tumult in him.

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He accompanies his father to Cork, where Simon's property is to be sold by auction. He is aware of the abyss of temperament which sunders him from his father and his father's friends.

Stephen wins prizes to the value of thirty-three pounds with which he hopes to prop up the dissolving fortunes of his house. He does not. We learn now that he is in mortal sin, his life had grown to be a tissue of subterfuge and falsehood. He does not care. He plunges deeper into sensual indulgences. He cares more than he believes.

The rector announces that a retreat in honour of Saint Francis Xavier will begin on the Wednesday and go on to the Friday, when confession will be heard all the afternoon. A hot breath withers Stephen's heart like the flower of the desert that feels the simoon coming from afar. The rector dedicates the retreat to the saint. A fog now compasses Stephen's mind. He waits in stupor of mind till it should lift and reveal all that it had hidden. The next day brings death and judgment. The rector preaches the ineffable consequences of sin. He is now at the heart of the simoon. He falls into greater anguish than he has ever known or will ever know again.

He must confess. He knows there is no escape. How came it that God had not struck him dead? He has a vision of his own meet

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hell. The hideousness of it causes him to vomit. The power of prayer comes to him. He goes into a strange chapel and confesses and receives absolution.

A period of mortification follows; yet his mind, at the outset of this penitence, is too curious not to be troubled by questions of theologic computation. We divine immediately that the terror has destroyed that which it was its intention to purify. Or almost destroyed it. When the director demands of Stephen if he feels he has a vocation for the priesthood, we are aware that though he might have had, beyond peradventure of doubt he has not now.

The doors of the University open out to him. He has passed beyond the challenge of the sentries. He goes down toward the sea, and a phrase liberates his soul into ecstasy—" *a day of dappled sea-borne clouds*" So timeless seemed the grey warm air, so fluid and impersonal his own mood, that all ages were as one to him—as one day he was to seek to render them, unified, in the most sibylline of his works. It is as if he were shaking off the cerements from the body of death. An instant of wild flight delivers him; the cry of triumph which his lips withhold cleaves his brain.

A girl standing before him in mid-stream incarnates the marvel of this hour. He turns from her suddenly, and goes Out singing wildly to the sea. He turns landward and lies down

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in a sandy nook that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood. He awakens after evening has fallen, and the young moon rises.

The further decline of the family is indicated. His soul finds relief in certain artists and philosophers, but when weary of its search for the essence of beauty in Aristotle or Aquinas, henceforth the two chief guardians of his intellect, it turns for pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans, which are to suggest the mode of his own verses. He walks on through the streets of the city and their evocations till he reaches the University. In the hall of the physics theatre he discovers he knows more of English, to him in essence an alien language, than the dean of studies, an Englishman. We make the acquaintance of Stephen's fellow-students and are made aware of the loneliness his unlikeness and arrogance entail and the loneliness the dedication to his art will exact. He refuses to be an Irishman with Davin. With Lynch he expounds his theories of aesthetic. Once again Eileen stands up against his horizon.

He awakens next morning to sweet music and transcribes the mood of creation out of which a poem, a villanelle, coheres into utterance. There is a counter-current against the mood of creation . . . anger against the girl who has his whole life long eluded him, having been too

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gross for him. He turns back to the solace of his music, and the poem is achieved. His soul passing from ecstasy to languor, his body fired and fulfilled by desire, she yields to him at length, united with him in the liquid mystery of poetry.

He stands on the steps of the library, as he does in *Ulysses* later, studying the auguries of the flight of birds, finding the symbol of departure and loneliness. Eileen passes for the last time across his horizon." He has not freed himself from his old thralldom to her.

He takes Cranley away from the crowd of students, for he wishes to announce his intention to him. "I will not serve," is his intention. He will not be lured to serve though his mother break her heart for him. He will stand the risk of everlasting fire, being not tempted by the chance of an eternity of bliss in the company of the dean of studies. Cranley seeks to test him by blasphemy and he fails at the test. He is shocked. He will always carry a fear about with him, for the brain may be convinced it knows, but the heart is aware of its ignorance to the end.

Stephen announces his dedication and defines his equipment—silence, exile, cunning. The friends leave each other, each with a sense of his own loneliness upon him. The *Portrait* ends with a few fragments from Stephen's diary . . . a report of the discussion with Cranley, another

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with his mother, pursuit of a hospital nurse, his dreams, the coming of spring. The sense of vocation grows more imperious. Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty, and when his arms press her round, he presses to his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. "Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world."

Away! Away! he cries. He invokes Dedalus, old father, old artificer to stand him now and ever in good stead.

Such is the framework upon which the history of Stephen Dedalus is built up, Stephen occupying, as it has been seen, the centre of the picture the whole time, as in *Ulysses* he does not, excepting in the three opening sections, the *Telemachia*. It is largely a history of Stephen's spirit, but it is surely incorrect to speak of the "careful subconscious delineation of the mind, that is so vast a part of Joyce's first novel," as Mr. Herbert Gorman does in his admirable work on Joyce. The subconscious is the province of the medical and literary analyst, who engage on the same quest for different reasons. The artist himself deals with those events which direct or effect the course of the subconscious history, but the thoughts he deals with are, however hazily, on the plane of consciousness. There is no instance in which this is not true,

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either in the *Portrait* or *Ulysses*, or in the somewhat cognate "stream-of-consciousness" writings of Proust, Miss Richardson or Mrs. Woolf. The later writings of Miss Stein or her school may be the rendering of the subconscious into words; but it is only the physician who can check the verisimilitude of the process, and then only after a very special training. In the *Portrait* we learn nothing of the thoughts of Stephen which he could not, with little or great effort, have set down at the time they presented themselves, though the passage of a decade or two was needed before the adult and artist could disentangle them from the multitude of less significant thoughts which compassed them. The same is true of the thoughts of Bloom later, as his mind wanders from the opened grave of Paddy Dignam, or from the prospectus of the Palestinian melon-fields. It is true of Marion Bloom, simmering in the warm juice of her recollected lusts.

Stephen, as I have said, occupies the centre of the picture the whole time. But the sense of his reality is made the more acute by the vividness with which the personalities in his environment are presented . . . the mother, the father, the boys and masters at Clongowes and Belvedere, the students at the University. Only the women he encounters are seen across a mist, whether love or lust draws him to them. He is confused by them. For one of his friends a

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peasant woman stood in the doorway, wooing him to her bed. But him no woman's eye wooed. It is hard to remember always that his Eileen is flesh and blood, that his Mercedes is the figment of another writer's imagination. It was certainly as hard for Eileen to remember that he, for his part, was flesh and blood. To her paramour, a "priested peasant, she would unveil her soul's shy nakedness, to one who was but schooled in the discharging of a formal rite rather than to him, a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life." It is appropriate that a casual girl on the seashore incarnates his ecstasy on the day he finds his soul free at last. His ecstasy goes from him and she might not have been there at all. There had been magic about her which had changed her into the likeness of a strange and beautiful sea-bird. She spreads her wings on the wind of that magic and is gone.

Joyce's women are the incarnations of principles rather than mortal individuals. In the celebrated last section of *Ulysses*, where Marion Bloom dreams of her lusts that have been and still may be, her symbolic significance impends the whole time over the brilliantly realised detail of her meditations. So too, the mother of Stephen is very much more the genius of motherhood than a clearly limned individual, such, for instance, as her husband,

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Simon, is. She is the last and the most insidious of the nets which are set to entrap his soul. She is the last argument that Granley deploys against his apostasy. She is the sting of conscience, "the agenbite of in wit," with which *Ulysses* opens and which recurs like a sunken bell at intervals throughout the entire work. "You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch," Buck Mulligan, the medical student, reproaches him, "when your dying mother asked you. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you." Stephen leans an elbow on the parapet of the tower. A vision of his dead mother returns to him. Staring across the ring of bay and skyline, he sees her now. "Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes."

In the recollection of the infant Stephen regarding his parents, the father is concrete enough: "He had a hairy face." But the mother is a cloud to which two kissing lips are vaguely attached: "You put up your face like that to say good-night and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss. His

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mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were soft and they wetted his cheek: and they made a tiny little noise: kiss. Why did people do that with their two faces? " The moment of the final apparition of Stephen's mother in Bella Cohen's brothel after the midnight of his tremendous day is terrible enough: " Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey with a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil, her face is worn and noseless, green with grave mould. Her hair is scant and lank. She fixes her blue-circled hollow eyesockets on Stephen and opens her toothless mouth uttering a silent word." But if it is possible at that same moment to throw the mind back to the first remote sweet appearance of May Dedalus, the passage becomes more horrific than anything in any Inferno that any writer has projected into words.

For Stephen never does, in actual fact, wholly deliver himself from the nets which were set to hold him captive. He has held himself insolently aloof from his city and its culture; with the consequence that his city holds him by chains which are the stronger because he does not seem to be aware they have bound him hard and fast. He has torn himself free from his church, with the consequence that his mind is " supersaturated" with the erudition of its most difficult doctors, and his soul in the ultimate analysis, is as much in thrall as the

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peasant woman in the bog. He has sought to assure himself that mother-love is a music-hall sentimentality suffusing with a rose-pink flush a mere biological nexus. Learnedly, but somewhat uneasily, he quotes Pascal who, if he remembered rightly, would not suffer his mother to kiss him as he feared the contact of her sex. And when Cranley, with moderation, suggests that Pascal was a pig, he is quick to suggest that Aloysius Gonzaga, a saint of the church, was of the same mind. But when, in Nighttown, the "agenbite of inwit" projects the hideous noseless figure of his mother before him, he chokes with fright, remorse and horror, as a young draper's assistant might do. "They say I killed you, Mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny."

It is in quest of a father that Stephen Dedalus sets forth, as Telemachus did, though Stephen had a father living. It was not a mother he sought for, though his mother was dead. She remained too dreadfully alive. Simon Dedalus is presented with the utmost objectivity, a triumph of portraiture. If we know him less completely than Stephen or Bloom, it is only because there is less of him to know, he is less complex than they are. He is a gentleman. We learn that almost on the first page. The information slips out quite casually:

"What is your father?"

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Stephen had answered:

" A gentleman."

It is at once a stroke of wicked irony and a matter-of-fact description. He *is* a gentleman. He even wears an eye-glass. He goes on trying to remain a gentleman, however befuddled, shabby, and preposterous he becomes. It is very important too for Stephen to mix with gentlemen, whatever he does, his father insists. There's a crack of the whip left in him yet, he proclaims, when he is forced to move from the comfort of Blackrock into a drab house in the heart of the city. He is destined to slide into far dirtier puddles and there will still be a crack of the whip left in him. At the end of the *Portrait* he still remains a versatile gentleman, a compendium of formidable qualities—" a medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a tax gatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past." When we meet him in *Ulysses* he remains not many of these things. He meets his daughter, Dilly, who, now that his wife is dead, is looking after the family in a wretched hovel. He still hopes there's crack enough of the whip in him to bully, at least her: " Stand up straight, girl. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like?" But the whip has less stamina

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than a yard of string. " He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw." Dilly wants some money from him for her house-keeping. " Where would I get any money? There is no-one in Dublin would lend me fourpence."

The decline of the Dedalus family is an important thread in the tangled pattern of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses*. There is nothing at all that is to be left Stephen, not a creed, nor a country, a mother, a home, nor even clothes to stand up in. He is a tragi-comic waif, as he faces the Dublin morning on the Martello Tower in his second hand boots and breeches. Yet he is rich enough. He has a memory as accurate as a camera and minutely revealing as a microscope. He has curious and enormous learning. He has an aesthetic impulse so imperious that not poverty, nor loneliness, nor the certainty of misunderstanding and persecution will deflect it from expressing itself in the forms it has determined on.

We see him in the *Portrait* among his co-evals at the University, and later, in *Ulysses*, in the Lying-in-Hospital in Holies Street. In the Library episode in *Ulysses* we see him among his elders also—John Eglinton, A.E., and others—and these are nearer to his own intellectual stature. But he remains as lonely as *Hamlet* with whom his mind is full. He tilts at wind-

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mills with no squire to help him. Though even at that moment, Leopold Bloom, who would fain be his Sancho Panza, shuffles into the Library and shuffles unregarded out again.

The students are a group of vividly realised and differentiated young men; Davin, the heroic peasant, the Irish nationalist; Lynch, the sniggerer, who writes his name on the back-side of the Venus of Praxiteles, the reptilian Lynch, who is to slither away from Stephen when danger threatens in "Nighttown" quite like a frightened snake; the grave Granley, the egregious Temple, the pacifist MacCann with the straw-coloured goatee. In one way or another they seek to win him from his bleak integrity. They will make of him a patriot, an internationalist; they will make of him a Catholic, if not for his own sake then for his mother's sake. But his soul is the only thing he has left to him. He hands it over to no man or thing.

And the *Portrait* is, primarily, the story of the soul of Stephen Dedalus. It is seen developing along two paths, the path of the priest he might have been, the path of the artist he is to become. He was quite early preoccupied with the problem of God, and how difficult it was "to think about everything and everywhere and only God could do that." But it was only a short time later prophesied that when he would grow up he would remember the language he heard

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against God and religion and priests in his own home. At school he was inconceivably thrilled and awed by the rumour of what some of the big fellows had done. " Perhaps they had stolen a monstrance to run away with it and sell it somewhere. That must have been a terrible sin, to go in there quietly at night, to open the dark press and steal the flashing gold thing into which God was put on the altar in the middle of flowers and candles at benediction." When he goes to the chapel with his grand-uncle Charles, he kneels beside him, " respecting, though he does not share, his piety." It is in fact, rather in the direction of intellectual curiosity than of simple piety that he is different from other boys, but it is precisely out of such material that priests are made—and heretics. It is possible that the very fact that he was once found guilty of heresy in his week's essay, turned the minds of Stephen's pastors to the possibility that the quiet and learned youth had a vocation for the priesthood. He was, in essence, an orthodox believer. When, with practically no warning, we learn that the boy has not once but many times sinned mortally, we learn, too, of his quiet and desperate knowledge that " while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied his guilt and his punishment."

Now follows the sermon on Hell, the decisive

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episode in his entire history, (It was divided over two or three days, but I speak of it as a single utterance.) A less unbearably sensitive youth than Stephen would have survived it; has, in fact, survived it, a hundred thousand times. If the sermon had been less dire, if it had come later in Stephen's history, it would have affected him less. But before the rector had delivered himself of his last word, the developing priest was slain in Stephen Dedalus; the developing artist, like a waiting animal, stared watchfully and did not move.

The Sermon reads like an exact transcript of the rector's direful eloquence. Yet there are moments in which the mature Joyce, the agnostic, seems to infer with infinitely cunning suggestion his own later attitude. The clearest instance is the passage regarding the "omnipotent Creator": "They reason thus because they are unable to comprehend that even venial sin is of such a foul and hideous nature that even if the omnipotent Creator could end all the misery and evil in the world, the wars, the diseases, the robberies, the crime, the deaths, the murders, on condition that he allowed a single venial sin to go unpunished, a single venial sin, a lie, an angry look, a moment of wilful sloth, He, the great omnipotent God, could not do so because sin, be it in thought or deed, is a transgression of His Law and God would not be God if he did not punish the

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transgressor." No. The Rector never permitted himself such reasoning. It was not the Rector who invented the pretty phrase: "The omnipotent Creator could not".

The two have developed in Dedalus from his beginnings, priest and artist. But the very multiplicity and ingenuity of the mortifications he imposes on himself after his absolution make us aware the priest is dead. The way is clear for the artist now. The youth is a poet. We learn that he tried to write a poem about Parnell on the morning after the disastrous Christmas party early in the book. He can hardly have learned to write more than a year or two years earlier. At Belvedere the essay is for him the chief labour of his week. He falls under the spell of words from which he never emancipates himself. On the day of his ecstasy by the sea-shore a phrase gives him his open sesame . . . "a day of dappled sea-borne clouds." "*Muller cantat*" his friend declares, and the Latin word enchants the whole evening. His mind hovers frequently over the elusive ghost of Eileen. Long ago he wrote poems for her, with Byronic titles. Towards the close of the book, he describes with extraordinary eloquence the mood of creative excitement out of which another poem to Eileen is born. It is a villanelle, a poem better than the worst, and not so good as the best, in *Chamber Music*:

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*Are you not weary of ardent ways,
Lure of the fallen seraphim?
Tell no more of enchanted days.*

*Tour eyes have set maris heart ablaze
And you have had your will of him.
Are you not weary of ardent ways?*

So sings "Kinch". "Kinch", the poor poet, the strummer of the little poems in *Chamber Music* and *Pomes Penyeach*. He was born some time ago. Doubtless he had been singing almost as well for a year or two. He was to sing not very much better for the next thirty years. But Stephen Dedalus was born at length, the artificer, before whom lay silence, exile and cunning; and when his soul had possessed itself sufficiently of these three, *Ulysses* lay before him. That was some time ahead. And the play *Exiles* came in between.

A word or two must be said of the method of the *Portrait* before we pass on. Here is a book as brief as *Ulysses* is enormous. Each produces the impression that there is no excessive word in it, largely because not a word is used saving in its strictest and most athletic meaning. When the mere fragments of words are presented, or words in new combination, it is because the mind is functioning fragmentarily or on several planes simultaneously, or simply be-

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cause Joyce is making the effort to transcribe a shade of thought or emotion for which no accepted word already exists. The sense of economy is heightened by the way in which he shifts from episode to episode or scene to scene without connecting them with the explanatory mortar usually provided by writers more concerned with the good will of their readers than Joyce is. Just as effortlessly he slips from vision to vision. We learn, for instance, that a young gentleman at Clongowes named Boyle was called Lady Boyle by some fellows because he was always at his nails, paring them. Whereon his mind is confronted at once with the vision of Eileen, " who had long thin cool white hands too because she was a girl." In *Ulysses* the technique is carried a stage further, frequently not even the constituent periods of thought are connected. A word enters the mind as if by hazard. It is actually the latest link in a chain absolutely determined by the mind's nature. That same word, just as inevitably, sends the mind obliquely off in some new direction along a fresh tack of association and suggestion.

Narrative is as sparse as words. We waste no time in being informed, for instance, that Uncle Charles is dead. It is permitted us to assume he goes the way of all flesh. When it becomes relevant we become aware that Uncle Charles is but an image among the images of the dead. Similarly developments of great importance are

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not advertised by a fanfare of demonstration; as when we learn for the first time of the sense of sin which has possessed itself of Stephen and is to produce consequences so dire. On the desk in the anatomy theatre of his father's college the word *Foetus* is carved several times in the dark stained wood. The word strikes a single quiet note of warning. It does not cease to toll, louder and more dreadfully, till Stephen is plunged into hell, and comes broken out again, and is made whole on the windy sea-shore in the mystery of lovely words.

The sense of an organism almost as subtly inter-related as a living creature is produced in both books by the way in which a detail, seemingly casual in itself, will be re-implicated till its reverberations fill the horizon.

*" Canker is a disease of plants
Cancer one of animals "*

Stephen learns in his spelling-book. When he lies ill in the infirmary at Clongowes he recalls the jingle indolently. Cancer returns to him, the noseless wraith of his mother, at the ineffable finale of " Bloomsday ", when " lifting his ashplant high with both hands, he smashes the chandelier. Time's livid and final flame leaps and in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry."

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There remains one more matter which might be dealt with in this place: I mean the candour with which Joyce deals with functions, or incorporates words, of which we say that we do not speak of the one or use the other in polite society. From the purely practical point of view it is certainly unfortunate that on the first page of the *Portrait* he talks of a child wetting his bed and on very nearly the first page of *Ulysses* he, or rather Buck Mulligan, describes the sea in a way which, though amazingly exact, is certainly shocking to the majority of people. Whether Joyce likes it or not, or whether the majority of people like it or not, the fact remains that they are shocked.

Some continue reading for that reason. Some continue despite that reason, aware that these are notable works. But a great many cease reading, under the false impression that they are going to be shocked in that way on every other page. The censors and the customs officials are deceived similarly. It is very unlikely that they would have found their way so far as the second instances of impropriety if the first instances had not struck their nostrils on the opening pages. In other words, the books would have had a less difficult history. They would have had thousands more readers. And though that is a matter of no interest to Joyce as artist, it is of interest to him in any other capacity. It is certainly of great interest to the

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thousands who, impervious to that sort of shock, have desired strongly to read the books and have never been able to.

These remarks apply strictly only to *Ulysses*: for the *Portrait* has so far outlived its early difficulties that it is included in the Tauchnitz edition, and all the retired colonels and spinsters transplanted from Cheltenham may read it at their leisure now in the pensions of Alassio. It is difficult, but not impossible, to believe that in a world whose standards of propriety are being so swiftly modified, even *Ulysses*, too, may some day be embraced by Tauchnitz. I remember as a small boy that when a senior boy left a copy of *Dorian Gray* about on his desk, his form-master lifted it with a pair of tongs and dropped it into the fire. Nowadays *Dorian Gray* is given as a school prize and the absent-minded senior boy leaves *Ulysses* about on his desk for a later form-master to lift with a pair of tongs and drop into the fire. A day may dawn when *Ulysses* will take the place of *Dorian Gray* as a school-prize. Perhaps that day is still a long time ahead. Or, will the headmasters insist that *Ulysses* should be bowdlerised before they award it as a school prize? They give the unbowl-derised versions of the Bible and Shakespeare as prizes, even in Sunday Schools. It seems improbable that Joyce would permit such an emasculation. Yet one notes, with great satisfaction, that "James Joyce's *Ulysses* ",

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the quite invaluable study by Mr. Stuart Gilbert, which was published recently, " has been written under Mr. Joyce's own supervision, and may therefore be regarded as an authoritative interpretation." Joyce has come forth out of his ivory tower at least so far as to supervise a commentary on his work. It seems unlikely that he did not himself actually provide the key to some of the mysteries contained in it; or his commentator must be as learned as himself in his own special territories, which is hard to believe.

He may, therefore, permit an edition of *Ulysses* some day to be printed with the incorrect terms deleted. That would make much less difference than is generally supposed to the bulk of the work. It might reduce it by half a page. The meditations of Marion Bloom in the concluding section, it must be confessed, would be cut quite short.

All these are considerations which interest the critic not as a critic but a philanthropist. On the one hand it seems unlikely that an unexpurgated *Ulysses* will be allowed free entry into Great Britain or the United States for many years to come. (As for the Irish Free State, the recent performances of the censorship in that pure Dominion make the prospects still bleaker.) On the other hand, it is lamentable that large numbers of intelligent readers should be prevented from reading even a mutilated

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version, lamentable both from their own point of view and the artist's.

But from the aesthetic, rather than the philanthropic point of view such behaviour (little enough contemplated, I do not doubt) would be infamous, and for these reasons. *First*. One of the chief virtues in Joyce as artist is a courage which has risen superior to every challenge. *Second*, One of the chief virtues of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* as works of art is their completeness. The *Portrait* gives the whole development of a boy, *Ulysses* gives the entire history of a day. It is clearly impossible to exclude from such schemes the themes which are not " nice ", and the language they may demand, whatever their nature. And of course the trouble is precisely *that*, the language. The theme itself, however gross or salacious, is always pardonable, as the most refined writers frequently prove, if only the language into which it is translated is sufficiently gentlemanly or ladylike.

And finally. This language, these coarse Anglo-Saxon monosyllables are, wherever they occur, inevitable, they are aesthetically right. I am aware how revolting these words in themselves are on the printed page. (And it will not be assumed that Joyce is not aware, for at least an incomparable carefulness in the use of words has never been denied him.) The various senses are outraged, the eye by the blunt

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collocation of letters in the word, the ear by the sound of it, the nostrils by the odours of lust or ordure it evokes. But when heard and written they can be in a more fundamental sense revolting. On the lips of a stoker or a bargee, unpleasing as they are, there is a certain appropriateness to their vital context. On the lips of a curate or a schoolmistress, they are clearly odious in a further dimension. So on the printed page. If the intention is pornographic the words are nauseating except to the diseased snivellers for whom they are intended. If the writer uses them falsely, with braggodocio, to show what an emancipated "dog" he is, the result here too is doubly odious. But the occasion arises—in such attempts at wholeness as the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* it has arisen—when words like these are aesthetically imperative, both because it would be prurient to seek to render their ideas in less immediate language, and because the contempt or dismay evoked by them is part of the general intention.

To Mr. E. M. Forster the general intention of *Ulysses* is "a dogged attempt to cover the universe with mud, an inverted Victorianism, an attempt to make crossness and dirt succeed where sweetness and light failed, a simplification of the human character in the interests of Hell." I shall deal later with my own view on the general intention of *Ulysses*. But here I must insist that the displeasing exhibition of

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Mr. Bloom in the privy and his discomfort on the sea-shore in the presence of Gerty MacDowell bulk for me far less large in the record of his day's doings than his kindness, his helplessness, his winsomeness, his loyalty—exhibitions of a complex of qualities which make him pure enough and sweet enough to be a Hollywood star. I find Mr. Forster's strictures nowhere more fantastic than at that point in *Ulysses* where the language attains the degree of crisp obscenity unmatched saving in the furtive little booklets which commercial travellers in small Welsh towns pass to each other under cover of their pints of bitter. It is the moment when the English soldier, Private Carr, in the Circean episode in " *Nighttown* ", imagines that Stephen has insulted his king. After ejecting a flood of foulness like a squid, " he rushes towards Stephen, fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face. Stephen totters, collapses, falls, stunned. He lies, prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up."

In this scene are contained two climaxes: the first is the apparition of Stephen's mother. This is the climax to the *Portrait* and *Ulysses*, in so far as those two books relate to Stephen's war with the forces which have moulded him and from which he has sought to deliver himself. His mother is the most insidious and ineradicable of these. In so far as *Ulysses* is the tale of

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the son seeking his father and the father seeking his son, this moment of Bloom leaning over the prostrate Stephen is the climax of the book. A tragic irony lies in the fact that of the two seekers, only one is aware that the search is over, and that one is aware but dimly. But in order to conduce this moment it has been necessary to deprive Stephen of everything he possesses. He has already deprived himself of much; he must lose his senses, his dignity, he must become impotent as a new-born child. No agent less brutal, coarse and alien than the soldier, obscene with lust and liquor, could achieve the climax of this humiliation. A creature less obscene than he is at this moment would not fulfil the duty imposed upon him by his place in the rhythm of this book.

For Private Carr awakens (to quote Stephen himself) "an ideal terror, a stasis called forth, prolonged, and at last dissolved by the rhythm of beauty." "And what is that exactly?" Stephen's friend had asked, in the *Portrait*, long ago. "Rhythm is the first formal aesthetic relation of part to part in any aesthetic whole or of an aesthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the aesthetic whole of which it is a part." Private Carr is an integral element in a rhythm. The movement of the day preceding him would be less majestic if he did not culminate its terror. His drunken voice is a faint far overtone heard across the movement of the

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night following him. If not for that voice, the catechistic section in Bloom's house where the world is reduced to a mechanical formula of question and reply would seem less impersonal, less like the articulation of a self-questioning brain functioning in isolation upon some spent planet. The voice of Private Carr, of the brute male at its most brutish, resounds across the night-hours to Marion Bloom in her bed: she, the brute female, responds across the heaving and thrusting of the shadows she has evoked.

THE greater part of James Joyce's life as a writer has followed the outbreak of the Great War and has been spent in a Europe racked with it. But a Christmas dinner-party squabble occasioned by the mention of Parnell has lodged itself in his imagination far more deeply than the Battles of the Somme, and the murders of Phoenix Park are closer to him than the millionfold murders of the four most catastrophic years in history. These years might not have been at all, or might have preceded the wars of Ginghiz Khan, for all trace they have left on the writings of James Joyce. We have to go back for a parallel to Jane Austen. She too was unperturbed in her labours by the smoke and clamour of enormous wars. The faintest shadow of Napoleon does not fall over her " little bit (two inches wide) of ivory." But the wars of her day were not so enormous. They were fought by professional soldiers and they hardly affected the lives of those beyond their immediate orbit. The smell and sound of them may well have been imperceptible in the quiet Hampshire home of the Austen ladies.

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On the other hand, there was hardly a peasant in the remotest mountain valley of Europe whom the Great War of this century did not closely affect. I am aware of no artist other than Joyce, whose development proceeded during those years as if the War were being fought on another planet, nor of any to whom the noble lines of Bridges, in *The Testament of Beauty*, are so closely applicable:

*See then how deeply seated is the urgency whereto
Bach and Mozart obeyed, or those other minstrels
Who pioneer'd for us on the marches of heav'n
And paid no heed to wars that swept
 the world around.
Nor in their homes were more troubled by
 cannon-roar
Than late the small birds were, that
 nested and carol' d
Upon the devastated battlefields of France.*

Excepting that it will not be held by many that it was on the marches of heaven Joyce went pioneering.

In 1914 Joyce had concluded his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. In Trieste, in 1914 and 1915, he composed a play called *Exiles* in a self-imposed exile from his religion, his country, his city, and from the struggle upon which the attention of the human race was focussed. The

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action of the play occurs in 1912, eight years later than the action of *Ulysses*. It takes place in 1912 not because there is any inherent historical or political necessity for that date, but because Stephen Dedalus could not have become Richard Rowan, the principal character in this play, in fewer than eight years. I do not maintain that the story of the play is to be considered autobiographical in the way in which the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* are. If it was, the protagonist would have been named Dedalus. But the fact is that every detail in the character of Rowan had already developed in Stephen Dedalus or was likely to develop so. We can regard *Exiles*, therefore, as a work in which the mature Dedalus is projected into a fictitious love-drama. We have seen the young Dedalus in love with shadows in the *Portrait*; for even Eileen, long as she persists, is no more than a shadow. Words are his love more than the flesh of women. Throughout the enormous duration of the single day of *Ulysses* we do not meet for a moment Stephen Dedalus as lover. (We do not meet love at all in the romantic sense, but that is hardly a defect in a work which does not set out to be a romance.) Here, in *Exiles*, he is a grown man. His life is bound up with two women. But at the end of it all, though the artist has permitted us to meet the women face to face and to see deep into their hearts, we still feel that to Richard Rowan, or to

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Dedalus, they are once more shadows or ideas, as they must always remain.

The need of the soul to keep its integrity in loneliness is a cardinal preoccupation with both D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce. But whereas the first preaches, the other demonstrates. " All men must be lonely, as they were born and as they must die! " thundered Lawrence. " Here was a man, and he was lonely! " states Joyce. How he came to be so alone the *Portrait* teaches us. In *Exiles* we learn how he would not permit even love to invade his integrity.

Richard Rowan is a writer, as Dedalus was, or was beginning to be. Dedalus had vowed himself to exile. Rowan has returned to Dublin after an absence of nine years in Rome. He has produced a book in his absence, about as successful as *Dubliners* had been. He went away with a woman, Bertha, whom he had not married. His liaison with her had caused great scandal among the intellectuals and professional men who were his society, for she was of dubious origin. We are always made to feel in Joyce's work that though Dublin is a metropolis, it is a small town, so that everything that happens to any of its citizens forms the subject of long and vehement discussion among all the others. Joyce is, in fact, inconceivable as a product or as an expositor of any other city. A smaller town with a less august history could not have provided him

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with an adequate intellectual and traditional background. A larger town could not have provided him with such a foreground of minutely observed individualities.

The whole play is an exposition of a man's attempt to keep his soul to himself, with the corollary that he shall do nothing at all to prevent his associates keeping their own souls to themselves. To such a man all convention and obligation are wickedness. It is irrelevant to him whether his woman shall be a peasant or a princess, but to bind her to him with a ceremony would be infamous. It is quite clearly not Joyce's intention to prove anything in this play, for he is the least didactic of writers. Yet we rise from it with the feeling that such a man as Rowan can only logically and successfully live in a hermit's cave in the Thebaid. It may be tragic, but it certainly is inevitable, that to include another or others in your scheme of living is to forge chains which cannot be broken, however urgently or subtly the soul may insist on freedom for each or all. The small son of Rowan and Bertha, Archie, plays little enough part in the exposition of the two triangles upon which the play is built up. But he remains insistently with us the whole time, even when he goes off excitedly to do his early morning rounds with a milkman (as an earlier small boy did in *Dubliners*). Rowan may imagine he is giving Bertha the utmost freedom to go off with

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Robert Hands, his old friend and her old lover. But it is a freedom which he has not in him to give. There is no resolving the small boy into nothingness. The problem of the small boy is not dealt with, nor even stated. But it is implied. The texture of the play is so lean that it is quite certain Archie has not crept in by accident.

At the opening of the first act we meet Beatrice Justin, a cousin of Hands. Rowan has corresponded with her for the last eight years; on the plane of intellect and sentiment Rowan is more attuned to her than to Bertha. She had once been engaged to Hands, but after Rowan's departure her cousin lost all interest for her, as she saw in him nothing but a pale reflection of Rowan. "You were drawn to him," says Rowan, "as your mind was drawn towards mine. You held back from him. From me, too, in a different way. You cannot give yourself freely and wholly." We are not allowed to learn that their sympathy is more explicit or fervent than that, but it is easy to see how it will provoke Bertha's jealousy and distress. It will also provoke, it has already provoked, Bertha to accept the advances of Robert Hands, who now makes his appearance, with a bouquet of roses. He arranges with Bertha that she is to visit him that same night in a suburban cottage he retains for assignations like these, a cottage which Rowan had once shared with him. He

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is convinced that Rowan will be out of the way, for he has arranged for the University vice-Chancellor to invite Rowan to dine with him that evening.

In the scene between Rowan and Beatrice we have already learned one strong point of similarity between Rowan and Dedalus—the thought of his dead mother breeds torment in the one exactly as in the other. "She drove me away," he cries. "On account of her I lived years in exile and poverty, or near it. . . . I waited, too, not for her death but for some understanding of me, her own son, her own flesh and blood, that never came." When Beatrice voices the rumour that she had written to him on her death-bed and he had denied her, he informs her coldly this is not true. "She died alone, not having forgiven me, and fortified by the rites of holy church.... I fought against her spirit while she lived to the bitter end. (*He presses his hand to his forehead.*) It fights against me still—in here."

But it is in the scenes between Rowan and Hands that the similarity between Rowan and Dedalus is most carefully underlined. "The Church lost a theologian in you," Hands is convinced, a theologian whose sins are "drinking and heresy". He has advanced from all dogma. No thought passes the drawbridge of his mind but the sentry sternly challenges ;t. "I warn you I don't take my ideas from other

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people." It is the same in the sphere of morals. " Since we were boys together," says Hands, " I have followed your mind. You do not know what moral fear is."

It is evident that Hands' motive in inducing Rowan to return to Dublin to "live here and work here and think here and be honoured here" is not merely a selfless desire to see merit recognised. He wishes to continue his secret intrigue with Bertha. But we soon discover it is not so secret as he believes. In the scene between Rowan and Bertha that follows we learn that Bertha has recounted to Rowan every successive detail of Hands' overtures towards her. It is only in connection with a Rowan that so anomalous a situation could have arisen. Bertha is presented as in essence a normal woman. Such a woman could very credibly betray to her husband the first of her lover's advances. But it is only a woman with something of the monster in her who could go on receiving these advances, even enjoying them, and retailing them piecemeal to her husband. It is true that Rowan is not her husband, but he hopes that his mate will be as loyal to him as the most religious wife, though he will not make the situation easier for her, or himself, by any bond, civic or even verbal. The something of the monster in Bertha is implanted by Rowan, of whom it can never be decided which predominates in him, monster or saint.

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Bertha is a pitiable thing snared in the coils of so difficult an ideality. She informs Rowan of the assignation in Hands' cottage. She awaits wretchedly some sign from Rowan that she must not go.

Bertha. Am I to go to this place?

Richard. Do you want to go?

Bertha. I want to find out what he means.
Am I to go?

Richard. Why do you ask me? Decide yourself.

Bertha. Do you tell me to go?

Richard. No.

Bertha. Do you forbid me to go?

Richard. No.

Bertha. Tell me to go and I will not.

Richard (*without looking at her*). Decide yourself.

Bertha. Will you blame me then?

Richard (*excitedly*). No, no! I will not blame you. You are free. I cannot blame you.

However magnificent an intellect Richard Rowan is, his heart is made of such inhuman stuff that he is incapable of understanding that such a freedom is infinitely more enslaving than any bonds.

The inevitable clash between the two men occurs in the second act when Rowan appears

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at Hands' cottage, where his friend is awaiting another visitor. To the passion of Hands is opposed Rowan's aloofness which, by its very inertia, is more irresistible and far more frightening. He stands aloof from any attempt to dissuade Hands to steal his beloved, as he has stood aloof from any attempt to dissuade her. He attempts with a cold desperateness to find out if by now Hands may have a more authentic claim to Bertha than himself. "Have you the luminous certitude that yours is the brain in contact with which she must think and understand and that yours is the body in contact with which her body must feel? Have you this certitude in yourself?" He is all the more desperate, as he himself has not the certitude he had once—"as luminous as that of my own existence—or an illusion as luminous."

If Rowan is Dedalus grown older, Hands is a Dedalus who has hardly grown at all. It was precisely because he was a reflection of Rowan that Beatrice loved him some years ago. It is with just the voice of Dedalus he avows how little sympathy he has for angels or Anglo-Saxons. And when he makes his great plea to Rowan to emerge from his invulnerable tower and come to grips in open warfare for the woman they both love, he avows that his language is the very language of Rowan's own youth, that he heard so often in the place where they were sitting now. "Have you changed?"

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he asks. And Richard, passing his hand across his brow, agrees wearily. "Yes, it is the language of my youth."

The young Dedalus may have come forth out of his tower. The elder Dedalus does not. At this point Bertha makes her appearance. Once more the helpless creature beseeches Rowan to help her; for the other is also lodged in her heart and in its disunity it is too weak to make its own decisions. "Why do you not defend me then against him? Why do you go away from me now without a word?" But he leaves her and his friend to decide their own destinies and his.

What actually transpires between Hands and Bertha is not made plain, but we see Hands using every weapon to win her to him. He tries to fan the flame of her jealousy for Beatrice; he is pathetic, he is ardent. He tries to convince her that she is the one obstacle in Rowan's life-long search to deliver himself from every law, every bond. The plea seems to steal the resolution out of her marrow. Perhaps had his endeavour ended there, he might have needed to plead no further. But now he makes himself the mouthpiece of all passion, the voice of the heaving night: "The rain falling. Summer rain on the earth. Night rain. The darkness and warmth and flood of passion. To-night the earth is loved—loved and possessed. Her lover's arms around her; and she is silent. Speak,

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dearest!" But it is not to him she speaks. Another voice calls on her inner ear. "Hush!" She suddenly leans forward and listens intently.

Nothing is known, whether in the spirit or the body she has been unfaithful. We are left to infer what we choose when we learn in the third act that Hands, after a night of much going to and fro, returns to his own house, packs up his things and determines to leave Dublin early that morning. It is true that Rowan, hopelessly questioning Hands as to what he wishes him to believe, learns that Hands wishes him to believe he has failed. But the negation does not resolve Rowan's doubts. He exists in a mournful air where the commission or omission of mere deeds is no index to truth, in an air full of the voices of those who declare they love him, and bid him despair of themselves and him.

Before the curtain comes down on this unresolved and poignant drama Rowan reads in the morning's newspaper Hands's article on him. It seems likely that Joyce intends the passage to have a significance outside the play itself: to express in some degree the judgment of Dublin upon those other exiles, Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce: "Not the least vital of the problems which confront our country is the problem of her attitude towards those of her children who, having left her in her hour of need, have been called back to her now on

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the eve of her long-awaited victory, to her whom in loneliness and exile they have at last learned to love."

But Joyce is not deceived by the apparent sweetness of the tribute. He does not overlook the phrase: *those who left her in her hour of need*. It is not a need he has ever recognised. He has only recognised the duty of the artist to his art. Over the phrase: *her whom they have at last learned to love*, his mouth twists wryly. He has been aware that the critics will say of his work that it has been inspired by the hatred or the love of his land. He knows there is no truth in that. So far as the artist engaged upon his art is aware of any love at all, he loves his art. There is nothing beyond it. Rowan is a man who attempts to execute in the medium of life the aesthetic doctrine which Joyce proceeded to execute in terms of words. *Ulysses* is a triumph. Rowan is a failure, involving in failure those who come into contact with him.

The tragic futility of Dedalus hangs over Richard Rowan. It could not have been rendered in a play less spare of words than this, less stark in outline, without making it like a Guido Reni Martyrdom. It is the least Irish play that has ever come out of Ireland. No faint wisp of Celtic twilight curls across its gaunt sky. The comic Irishman whom O'Casey has brought back in all his whimsy, is further from *Exiles* than a Congo medicine-man. But

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it is the portrait of an artist marking time. Rowan is not enough, as Dedalus had not been enough. An artist must not spend all his years looking in a mirror and smoothing the wrinkles out of his brow.

And indeed, when *Exiles* appeared, Joyce had already been working for four years upon the epic of Leopold Bloom. If anything, Leopold Bloom more resembles a medicine-man from the Congo than he resembles Rowan or Dedalus. It is part of the marvel of *Ulysses* that it intertwines mysteriously and inextricably creatures so illimitably unlike each other as its two protagonists.

ONE of the most important events in the history of *Ulysses* since its publication was the appearance in 1922 of the essay by Valery Larbaud upon its author. The shocked or puzzled critics definitely realised that *Ulysses* was not to be treated as a protracted joke or obscenity or aberration, that a work had appeared which occupied the first intelligences of Europe in a way which no other work published this century had done excepting the Marcel Proust series. At this date, a whole decade later, it is surprising to recall that it was Larbaud who first pointed out that Joyce had not chosen the title *Ulysses* merely capriciously; that there was a subtle and heroically laboured parallel between the histories of the Ithacan monarch and the Dublin advertisement-canvasser. It is surprising, not so much because the parallel jumps to the eye, but because it has been part and parcel of our approach to the book since Larbaud published his essay. It is almost as if somebody suddenly pointed out to us that there was a strong allegorical element underlying Christian's adventures in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

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Miss West, in the essay I quoted earlier, finds the Odyssean framework of *Ulysses* a "colossal finger-print left by literary incompetence." I am so astounded by this judgment that I can only gasp out a direct and forceless contrary. If ever there was an instance of literary competence, it is the Odyssean framework of *Ulysses*. In the method with which the new epic is built around the structural bones of the old, it is clear there is the most formidable subtlety. For if not, how came it that the readers of a decade ago missed it, until Larbaud pointed it out to them, and missed it though Joyce in his title had given so clear a lead? If Larbaud had not written his essay, are we quite sure that we should have seen it even at this day, until Joyce in despair had permitted some commentator to give us an inkling of the pattern under his superimposed pattern? As I have said, the parallel seems to us now as self-evident as Bunyan's intention of allegory. References to sirens, giants and the other properties of the *Odyssey* are scattered throughout the work fairly near to the surface. We do not follow Dedalus and Bloom in their wanderings without an occasional oblique glance at Telemachus and Odysseus involved in their parallel adventures. But it is clear that those things are visible to us because we have the key and have had it for ten years.

But if by any chance the key had not been

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given us? Or if we should come to *Ulysses* in complete ignorance of the ancient work? Do we feel in the slightest degree conscious that the modern work is being strained or stretched to fit upon some earlier anatomy? We do not. It does not strain our sense of probability that Gerty MacDowell throws a ball on the shore as Nausicaa did. We are not outraged when the Citizen throws a biscuit-tin at Bloom as Polyphemus hurled a rock at his illustrious original.

Nothing could be more inevitable than the progression of Bloom's day and Stephen's day from incident to incident. Considered solely as the record of their day and the picture of their city, the book is so enormously wealthy that no one ignorant of the *Odyssey* can be in the least conscious of the wealth he is missing.

Ulysses is so exactly like life as it might have been lived by a young down-at-heels philosopher and a middle-aged canvasser in Dublin that it would be possible to believe that the author first conceived his own legend and then perceived the similarity it bore to the Ancient Greek legend. That is not by any means improbable. But what is likelier is that the two legends marched inextricably in his mind, that there was never a moment in which he did not perceive *Ulysses* developing along the design traced for him by the *Odyssey*. It is a marriage of ancient and modern imagination such as has never been achieved before. We are left

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with a commentary on the modern world too dispassionate for irony, for anything but melancholy. How infinitely removed it is from the "rage" imputed by Mr. Forster! Was there a Ulysses once? He is Leopold Bloom to-day. Were there Sirens once? To-day they are the barmaids, Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy, of the Ormond Hotel. Antinous was once the chief suitor of Penelope? His name to-day is Blazes Boylan, and Marion Bloom the first lady of Ithaca. It is not Joyce's intention to show how declined in grace we are from an enchanted earlier world. Leopold Bloom is not so socially eminent as Ulysses but he has many virtues of which there is no hint in his prototype. So with all the characters. It cannot be said they are morally inferior or superior; it is irrelevant to say they are more or less picturesque. Such they were once as the early world and the old poet informed them. Such are they now, as this world and this artist conforms them. A Martian student writing a thesis on interplanetary social science would find all the data he needed in the *Odyssey* and *Ulysses* for the section of his work devoted to our globe.

It was, therefore, not as an exercise in literary competence that the flesh of *Ulysses* is built round the bones of the *Odyssey*. It is because the flesh and the bones belong together. It is because the antique world, as expressed in

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myth by its early races, has conditioned the design of the world we live in. We are compelled to see the design: as astronomers, after long contemplation of the stars, cannot but see the patterns of the constellations in meadows full of flowers. And as there are no other constellations, and never will be, from the point of view of this planet, so there are no other myths than those we know, and never will be.

" We want myths and more myths," shouted an American writer in type an inch high on the cover of a Parisian magazine. It is as if he called for moons and more moons. Only in the early states of race development do myths generate out of cloud and darkness and wind. They are the explanation in heroic shape and story of the shock offeres within the mind and outside the body. They are so vivid that a child is enthralled by them. They are so profound that a philosopher can not plumb their depths. They are beyond the scope of deliberate manufacture. They create themselves or they are not born. The greater part of the human race has developed into a region beyond the naivete and wisdom of myth-making. There are still peoples in the African jungles or on the steppes of Tartary amongst whom myths of a sort may be developing. But myths are the flowers of a process which continues slowly for many generations, and before many

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more have passed the myth-making faculties of the remotest people still extant will have been paralysed, by their contact with our self-consciousness. It is certain that the myths which may even yet be developing among these crude or feeble remnants of primitive races will lack the vigour and universality of the myths left us by the great myth-makers of antiquity, the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, of whom the last were the greatest of all.

There will be no more myths, then, in the heroic sense of the word—though there will be scares, delusions, hoaxes, Russian armies passing through England, angels at Mons. The old myths will stay with us till the human tale is ended, and the human tale will be lived and told after the patterns they have laid down. Our lives will repeat them in terms of flesh and blood, our artists will render them again in music or words or paint. Sometimes the artists will render them again under their old names, as Wagner rendered *Tristan and Isolde*, sometimes under invented names, as Joyce rendered the *Odyssey*. But there will be no more myths.

THE progress of Joyce's prose work between *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* has been a development in the direction of Aristotelian unity. *Dubliners* painted the portraits of the citizens of a single city. The *Portrait* was the portrait of a young man who, except for a single excursion, grew up in that city. The action of the play *Exiles* took place in that city within twenty-four hours, and involved the loves of two men and two women. The action of the prose fiction *Ulysses* takes place within twenty-four hours and involves a myriad characters. It is impossible to decide, before *Work in Progress* is completed, whether it is intended to conform to any of the canonical unities. It would seem highly unlikely, in a work which, so far as it has progressed, has departed from every traditional principal of language and composition.

I spoke of *Ulysses* as a prose fiction, although it is hardly less infelicitous to describe it so than to call it a prose chronicle. There are passages where it is as little like any prose that has yet been written as it is like poetry—such as the orchestral prelude to the Siren's episode or the completely fluid meditations of Marion Bloom.

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Whether or not the episodes described in *Ulysses* actually took place is irrelevant. If they did not all take place on "Bloomsday," (as it has been termed), the sixteenth day of June, 1904, some may have taken place a little before, some a little after. Nothing sensational is represented as having taken place, nothing of political importance (for the procession of the Lord Lieutenant through the streets of Dublin, in the episode of "The Wandering Rocks," can hardly be called politically important). As for the characters, some are well known, and actually existed, or exist. The others we are not aware of; they were, or are, too obscure. The Leopold Blooms, the Bella Cohens, are as likely to have existed as the celebrated intellectuals. But the historicity of *Ulysses* has no bearing on its merits as a work of art, which reside in its unity, its variety, its universality.

What is the form of *Ulysses*, then, if it is neither prose chronicle nor prose fiction? "Even in literature," Dedalus said in the *Portrait*, "the highest and most spiritual art, the forms are often confused." He would have said, if he had had *Ulysses* before him, that the forms were rather compounded and interpllicated than confused. "The lyrical form," he continues, "is in fact that simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion, a rhythmical cry such as ages ago cheered on the man who pulled at the oar or dragged stones up a slope. He who utters

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it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion. The simplest epical form is seen emerging out of lyrical literature when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event and this form progresses till the centre of emotional gravity is equidistant from the artist himself and from others. The narrative is no longer personal. The "personality of the artist passes into the narration itself, flowing round and round the persons and the action like a vital sea. The dramatic form is reached when the vitality which has flowed and eddied round each person fills every person with such vital force that he or she assumes a proper and intangible aesthetic life. The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then fluid and lambent narrative, finally resolves itself out of existence, impersonalises itself, so to speak. The aesthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination. The mystery of aesthetic, like that of material, creation is accomplished. The artist, like the God of the Creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his finger-nails."

All that is eloquent, and a little academic. "Yes," a later Dedalus would have said, like Richard Rowan in *Exiles*—"Yes, it is the language of my youth." It needed a Dedalus who

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had had long training in silence and exile and cunning to produce a work wherein much of its formal merit lay in the intricate interweaving of all three forms, the lyric, narrative or epic, and the dramatic.

The action of *Ulysses* takes place within a single day, beginning at eight in the morning with the awakening of Stephen Dedalus in his tower and Leopold Bloom in his house. It ends between three and four next morning with the departure of Stephen from Bloom's house and the return of Bloom to his wife's bed, wherein, in a state between sleeping and waking, she meditates upon her universe. The two main characters are Stephen Dedalus, of whom we have already learned much, and Leopold Bloom, a Jew, who has had a varied career, but is now a canvasser for advertisements. The 'Ulysses' of the title bulks more largely than Stephen, his Telemachus. The other characters with Homeric prototypes are the following: Mr. Deasy, the schoolmaster, the Nestor to Stephen-Telemachus; Marion Bloom, the wife of Leopold, his Calypso in the early part of the book, and his Penelope at the end of it; Blazes Boylan, Mrs. Bloom's present lover, her Antinous or Chief Suitor; Gerty MacDowell, the Nausicaa whom Bloom meets on the Dublin strand; Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy, barmaids and Sirens; Paddy Dignam, or Elpenor, whom we only meet at the threshold of Hades;

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"Skin-the-Goat" Fitzharris, his Eumaeus, with a cabman's shelter for a swineherd's hut; Dan Dawson, the editor, his Aeolus, with a newspaper office for an island of winds; the Citizen, who hurls a biscuit-box as Polyphemus hurled an island; Bella Cohen, the brothel-keeper and the Circe.

These are the characters in *Ulysses* who have a direct correspondence among the characters of the *Odyssey*. The following characters are important too, some of them considerably more important than certain of the Homeric characters. Simon Dedalus, Stephen's living father (as opposed to Bloom, his spiritual father, whom he seeks all day long, and rejects when he finds him); May Dedalus, Stephen's mother, and Rudy Bloom, Bloom's infant son, who are important personages though they are both dead; a group of students, Stephen's friends, some of whom we have met already in the *Portrait*—Buck Mulligan, Haines, the Englishman, Lynch; a group of intellectuals—John Eglinton, A.E., and others; a group of more or less commercial citizens, some of whom we have met in *Dubliners*—Martin Cunningham, Mr. Power, Mr. Kernan; a group of public-house haunters—Lord John Corley, Lenehan (the two groups insensibly merge into each other); finally, certain solitary characters—Dilly Dedalus, Stephen's sister, Father Conmee, a blind boy piano-tuner.

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So much for the time of *Ulysses* and its principal characters. The place is Dublin and its immediate neighbourhood. We never stray in the flesh more than a few miles from Stephen's Green; in the spirit, too, we travel afield but rarely, excepting in the case of Leopold Bloom and his wife, whose roots are not wholly planted in Irish soil. Bloom's father was a Hungarian Jew named Virag, who changed his name after settling in Ireland. Old Bloom had himself baptised, but that does not prevent a frequent nostalgia arising in Leopold for the warm Orient whence his remote forbears came. Marion Bloom is the daughter not only of an Irish officer but of a Gibraltar Jewess, so that a nostalgia disturbs her, too, for bluer skies and hotter noons. The mind of Stephen Dedalus once or twice wanders to Paris, whence he had but lately returned. England lies beyond the narrow misty sea, an alien place to them all (excepting Bloom), which sends forth its grand lord-lieutenants and lewd private soldiers to keep a tyrannous foot on the neck of Ireland.

Finally then, what is the theme, or what are the themes of *Ulysses*? What is its intention? Is it possible to extract them from a book so enormous, treated so variously? If it should be difficult, that does not make *Ulysses* less a work of art, but rather a work which, more than most, resembles life itself in its infinite suggestiveness.

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In the first place, as I indicated earlier, *Ulysses*, by its persistent correspondence between its visible and invisible legends, is a commentary on the evolution of mankind from its heroic beginnings to its present weary conditions. Yet it implies the continuity of the human heart, the metempsychosis in forms familiar or grotesque of the forces which became flesh in the *Odyssey* are here flesh in *Ulysses* and two thousand years hence will become flesh again in some undreamed masterpiece.

It is the portrait of a city and a civilisation. It is not a complete portrait of either, because completeness is not the aim of the artist but of the encyclopaedia. Every portrait is a rendering of those aspects of a subject which compel in the artist his aesthetic functioning. The others he may love or hate but they are outside that particular scope. A great many passions and types are outside Joyce's scope in his rendering of Dublin. We hear nothing of romantic love, the stock material of the novelist, nothing of simple religion. Excepting for the handful of scholars, it cannot be said that any of the characters are "nice" people, and probably the handful of scholars would repudiate that description, too. There are practically no novelists who do not deal with "nice" people, "nice" in their social positions or in their natures. Those who do not, those who deal with "nasty" people (to use the exactly

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antithetic term), do so because their "nasty" people are violent and picturesque in their "nastiness"—they are pirates, highwaymen, gangsters, according to the fashion of the time. Joyce's characters for the most part are neither "nice" nor "nasty" in any dynamic sense. They drink, talk politics, eat and sometimes work, in that order of application. They have the Dublin imprint upon them, else the order might be reversed; but they are more or less typical of the unnovelized millions characteristic of our civilisation. It is not a complete portrait of a modern city but so far as it goes it is complete. Nothing is excluded, from the privy to the brothel. These are not ignored; they occupy the space and time which, statistically, and whether we deplore or applaud the activities connected with them, they are in actual life computed to occupy—far less space and time than drinking, talking, quarrelling, eating, remembering, and the other standard human occupations.

Ulysses, further, is a portrait of two men set against a spiritual and physical background of extreme complexity. These two men, Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus, are seen under two aspects; each is a moving world carrying about his mystery with him; each is a moving world exercising a secret influence upon the other till their orbits intersect and prolong their lonely curves again. Of the two individuals, we

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learn far more of Bloom. That is not only because we have already learned much of Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. It is because some sort of an artist is a usual preoccupation of artists, and an imperious preoccupation of poets. Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Poe, a thousand recent novelists all make Dedalus familiar in some respects before we meet him in Joyce—his loneliness, his arrogance, his sensitiveness, the againbitings of conscience. But Bloom we are only familiar with by rubbing shoulders with him in every train and omnibus, every hour of the day . . . the artists have ignored him, even the artists of "low" life, for he is so unsensational, so instinctive, so long-suffering, so unpicturesque. And now Joyce has taken him in hand, and he stands up as clear and immortal as the grandest neurasthene in all romance.

So much for the two men as two distinct entities. But they are bound up in a novel of a two-fold search, of Dedalus-Telemachus for a father, of Bloom-Ulysses for a son. All day long they move towards each other. Once and again they brush each other's shoulders. They come together at length in a lying-in hospital. The father is almost aware of the son, the son hardly at all of the father. The son fares forth to Nighttown, the father follows, to see no harm comes to him. But harm comes to him, and before it be too grave, the father takes him

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in hand and leads him away to his own home. But the mystery that must separate all mortals for ever holds them apart, though Bloom stretches out his hands to his son. The son goes his own way into the darkness. There is no atonement in all the world. *Ulysses* is the tale of all our loneliness.

THE action of *Ulysses* transpires in eighteen episodes, elaborated in an astonishing variety of literary methods. The three opening episodes relate primarily to Stephen Dedalus, they form the *Telemachia* of this *Odyssey*. Episodes Four to Thirteen, excluding Nine, relate primarily to Leopold Bloom, forming the *Odyssey* proper. Episodes Fourteen to Eighteen form the *Nostos*, the Return, of the *Odyssey*.

The theme of Episode One in the first section is *Telemachus*, the son in search of a father. It is eight in the morning of June 16th, 1904. The scene is a disused Martello Tower near Dublin, occupied by Dedalus and his friend, Buck Mulligan, a medical student. Haines, a slightly comic Englishman on the lookout for Celtic local colour, is staying with them. Mulligan shaves. He holds up the bowl blasphemously as if it were a monstrosity. He refers to the wretched death of Stephen's mother. Stephen is pierced with pangs of conscience.

He has not emancipated himself from his Church or his mother, and never will. They sit down to breakfast, attended by an old milk-woman, who symbolises Ireland. Mulligan

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reproaches Stephen for his "lousy leer and gloomy Jesuit jibes." The three young men set forth. Haines is anxious to hear Stephen on Hamlet. The problem of paternity which is one of those that dominate the book is thus early introduced. "O shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father!" exclaims Mulligan—Stephen Dedalus in search of a father, though he has a father ready enough to tackle a quart with any toper in Dublin. The young men leave the tower, Mulligan corresponds to Mercury in this episode: "He capered before them down towards the forty-foot hole, fluttering his wing-like hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdlike cries." He bathes. Haines and Stephen sit on a rock. Stephen confesses himself a "horrible example of free thought," servant though he is to three masters—Ireland, a crazy queen, old and jealous, the imperial British state, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church. Stephen moves off to perform his duties at Mr, Deasy's Academy. Mulligan demands the key of the tower. Stephen gives it him. He knows he will not sleep at the tower that night, a dim presentiment comes to him of the father that shall be found by then.

The method of this episode is bleak, direct narrative and the accurate transcript of conversation. It is interrupted by an inner mono-

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logue, the thoughts induced in Stephen by **the** words of his companions or his own immediate sensuous perceptions.

The theme of Episode Two is *Nestor*, (Dedalus-Telemachus at the school of Deasy-Nestor).

An hour later. We are in Mr. Deasy's school. The episode opens with schoolboy catechism which anticipates the catechism grim and impersonal of the last Episode but one. Here Stephen is involved in question and answer with small boys, there with Leopold Bloom, the millennial wanderer. After the lesson, a boy brings a page of sums to him: a small boy, "ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and her heart." Immediately the torturing thought of his own mother, never far from him, returns. Mr. Deasy, the Nestor, the sage old man of the episode, makes his appearance. "First, our little financial settlement." Stephen receives the money which is to be spent at the end of the day in Nighttown among people and circumstances far removed from schoolmastering. Mr. Deasy requires a favour. Will Stephen use his influence among his literary friends and get a letter published on foot and mouth disease? Mr. Deasy, like Nestor, is a scholar of horses, whom he prefers to Jews. "They sinned against

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the light. And you can see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth till this day." Again the dim sense of the father he is to find projects itself towards Stephen. He is impelled to rise in defence of Bloom's people. "Who has not?" he asks. Deasy wanders off into the generalities of politics. Parnell. The name rings out again and again throughout the work. Mr. Deasy foresees: "you will not remain here very long, at the work. You were not born to be a teacher I think. Perhaps I am wrong." He is not wrong. Stephen makes his way to the beach.

We begin to perceive in this episode the method in which things thought or said are to be brought back into the consciousness of the main protagonists by new things thought or said by themselves or others as the work proceeds. Thus, in the first episode, Stephen gazing on Haines, reflects: "Eyes, pale as the sea the wind has freshened, paler, firm and prudent. The seas' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the smokeplume of the mail-boat. . . ." In this episode Mr. Deasy delivers himself of a little mild wisdom regarding the English: "Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?" With his vocal organs and the top part of his mind, Stephen replies: "That on his Empire the sun never sets." But the true

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response in him is a mental image of Haines evoked by the word "Englishman": *The seas' ruler. His sea-cold eyes looked on the empty bay. . . .* Or again, Mr. Deasy sententiously informs Stephen that all history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God. Stephen jerks his thumb towards the window, saying: "That is God." "What?" inquires Mr. Deasy. *Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!* "A shout in the street!" Stephen replies. It is a bitter conception which is to recur again and again.

The theme of Episode Three is *Proteus*, (Dedalus-Menelaus seeking to apprehend the truth of things under their protean appearances.)

The time is between ten and ten-thirty. Stephen is walking along the foreshore, meditating. His thoughts are an almost inextricable pattern of sensible images, memories remote and immediate, the beginnings of philosophical and aesthetic inquiries. Two mid wives appear. The problem of the true nature of paternity arises out of the confusion, to be submerged at once. "I mustn't forget his letter for the press." He recalls his father's and his own "houses of decay," his studies in Paris . . . the perpetual sting of his mother's death torments him again. The flood is following him. He climbs over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sits on a stool of rock, resting his ash-plant in a

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grike. A dog runs towards him, followed by a woman and a man. The dog roots in the sand . . . a pard, a panther. Stephen remembers Haines, who last night had dreamt of a black panther. Himself, what had he been dreaming of? "Wait. Open hallway . . . Street of harlots. Remember. Haroun al Raschid. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke . . . you will see who." He will see Bloom, of course, at the end of the day. He is dreadfully alone now. "Darkness is in our souls, do you not think? . . . I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me." The waters are gathering in the flood-tide. The image of "a corpse rising saltwhite from the undertow" obsesses him now and all day. He is thirsty. He must set out on a journey. "Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself."

There is a queer plucking at Stephen's nerve-strings and Bloom's at identical moments all day long. The father and the son calling to each other. But does Joyce indicate further that every soul is merely the half of a single soul which has been, and must remain, divided? That its complementary half may, perchance, inhabit the body of a creature of the opposite sex, and thus achieve some illusion of union, with that creature itself, or, infinitely more probably, some other creature who has some of the same qualities? Does he suggest that, in the case of Stephen and Bloom, the single soul was

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divided between a youth and a man who must, if they meet, entertain a relationship of spiritual father and spiritual son? And even though they shall meet, and shall in varying degrees recognise each other, must the two halves part so quickly because they are separated from each other by such thick walls of unlike circumstance? And that is why Stephen and Bloom and all men must remain lonely for all time? For if Joyce does not intend to indicate that there was some mystic originating oneness of which Stephen and Bloom were the two parts, why has he chosen two creatures in race, in equipment, in character, so utterly dissimilar, to bind them together with such gossamer and irrefragable threads? Or is the influence that draws them to each other all day long the coincidence that Bloom has in the flesh no son and Stephen has in the spirit no father? This is not the only question of this sort the work will evoke, and the reader must answer it according to his own creed.

The theme of Episode Four (the first in the *Odyssey* proper) is *Calypso*, (Bloom-Ulysses in the halls of the nymph Marion-Calypso).

It is eight o'clock. Bloom's day must begin at the same hour as Stephen's. The place is Bloom's house. He is in the kitchen preparing breakfast for his wife, Marion. He prepares milk for his cat affectionately. He calls to

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Marion, who is doubtless sunk in such sweet dreams as are later to be recounted. She grunts sleepily. He goes forth shopping, making quite sure his white slip of paper is safe in his hat-band. He has a word with Larry O'Rourke, who keeps a public-house, and he meditates on the profits from beer made in Dublin. He has a healthy racial interest in such matters. He buys sausages from a kinsman, a certain Dlugacz; and takes up a page from a pile of cut sheets. "The model farm at Kinnereth," he reads, "on the lakeshore of Tiberias." All day long that evocation of the east whence he remotely came haunts his senses. As he enters his home, he picks up the morning post. There is a letter for Marion from Blazes Boylan, her manager on a forthcoming concert tour. He is to call on her at four that day, but Bloom knows they will discuss tenderer subjects than music. The knowledge desolates him all day long. We learn he has a funeral to attend at eleven this morning. Marion desires him to expound the meaning of "metempsychosis," a word she has met in the book she is reading—*Ruby, the Pride of the Ring*. She is dissatisfied with her book, "there's nothing smutty in it." All *Ulysses* is the exposition of metempsychosis provided for her. A smell of burning precipitates him downstairs to his cooking kidney. He reads a letter from his daughter, Milly. (We learned in the *Telemachus* episode that a friend of Mulligan

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has picked up a photo girl in Westmeath. This is she.) He goes to stool, and reads a story by a Mr. Beaufoy. He too would like to write a story and earn money. He recalls his old friend Dignam, who is to be buried soon. The bells toll the hour:

Heigho! Heigho! ,
Heigho! Heigho !
Heigho! Heigho!

—the music which tolls in his ear at the end of the day, when he and his spiritual son bid farewell to each other.

In this and the next episode the method is similar to that employed in the first—direct narration and interior monologue.

The theme of Episode Five is the *Lotophagi*, (Bloom-Ulysses journeying to the Turkish baths, the meadows of the Lotus-Eaters).

The time is ten o'clock. Bloom sets forth to the post-office in Westland Row. He removes a card from his hat-band to his waistcoat pocket. The legends printed on the packets of tea in a shop evoke visions of "the far east. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on." He enters the post-office, shows his card to the postmistress and receives a letter addressed "Henry Flower." His father's name had been Virag (Hungarian

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for flower). He meets Mr. M'Coy, whom we have met earlier in *Dubliners*. He is still a borrower of valises, but borrows none from Bloom. Marion will need what she has for her forthcoming tour. "Who's getting it up?" asks M'Coy. Bloom cannot bring out the unpleasant name of Boylan. He reads the letter he picked up at the post-office. It is from Martha Clifford, with whom he is conducting a mournful little epistolary flirtation, to console himself for Marion's heartier infidelities. He tears up Martha's envelope. "Lord Iveagh once cashed a seven figure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter." He enters All Hallows Church and muses on the service, then continues to the chemist's shop where Marion has asked him to have a skin lotion prepared. He buys a cake of soap—sweet lemony wax. The cake of soap intrudes on his meditations and adventures all day long and is later apotheosised in the *Circe* episode. He decides he will return to the chemist later to pay his bill. But does not. He meets Mr. Bantam Lyons outside the shop (another character out of *Dubliners*). Bantam Lyons is interested in the Ascot Gold Cup and wants to read Bloom's newspaper. "I say you can keep it. I was going to throw it away at that moment." Bantam Lyons raises his eyes suddenly and leers weakly. A horse named Throwaway is running in the Gold Cup.

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Bantam Lyons takes Bloom's words for a divine sign. They are to involve Bloom in acute discomfort later, in the *Cyclops* episode. Bloom proceeds to the Turkish baths, as a lotus-eater to a meadow of lotus. He foresees his "pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, soft-laved."

The theme of Episode Six is *Hades*, (Bloom-Ulysses at a funeral in Glasnevin-Hades).

Messrs. Bloom, Martin Cunningham, Power, and Simon Dedalus set out in a cab for Glasnevin Cemetery. Mr. Bloom at gaze sees "a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat." This is Stephen Dedalus, his spiritual son. It is he, not Simon Dedalus, the physical father, who notices him. They pass the canal, the gas-works, fitting outworks of Hades. "A tiny coffin flashed by." Immediately Bloom recalls his own dead baby. "A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body, weak as putty, in a white-lined deal box. Burial friendly society pays. Penny a week for a sod of turf. Our. Little. Beggar. Baby. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature." "In the midst of life," Mr. Cunningham sighs. "But the worst of all is the man who takes his own life," Mr. Power adds. Bloom recalls his own father's suicide—"the red-labelled bottle on the table. The coroner's ears, big and

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hairy." "Was Dignam insured?" asks Bloom, always concerned with the practical aspect of things. They reach the cemetery, they stand by the bier, the priest reads the service. A brief encounter with John O'Connell, the caretaker, Hades' self. "Quietly, sure of his ground, he traversed the dismal fields." Bloom reflects on the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, a work which is in the mind of his spiritual son all day long. Hynes, a journalist, appears, and writes down the names of the mourners. He includes a Mr. MTntosh, being a convenient rendering of the presence of a mysterious gentleman in a mackintosh. Parnell, whose body is buried in Glasnevin, is not ignored. Bloom looks intently into a stone crypt. "Some animal. Wait, there he goes . . . an obese grey rat waddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles." The grey rat persists with him. He is snubbed by John Henry Menton, a foretaste of heavier embarrassments later. There is no equality even in the dismal fields.

The theme of Episode Seven is *Aeolus*, (a newspaper office the Island of the winds).

The time is mid-day, the place the office of the *Freemarc's Journal and National Press*.

The episode shows Bloom conducting his business among the roarings and windy confusions of a newspaper office. The note is struck for the eye as well as for the ear, by the

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use of journalistic captions in heavy block capitals throughout. Bloom makes his way across the tramlines . . . "right and left parallel clanging ringing a double-decker and a single deck moved from their railheads" . . . to the newspaper office. Hynes is there, to report the Dignam funeral. The machines tear away . . . like that grey old rat trying to get in. Bloom explains his idea for an ad. to the foreman, who asks for the design. Bloom will get it from the Library. On his way out, he watches a typesetter distributing type. "Reads it backwards first." He is reminded of "poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards with his finger to me." Bloom is never far from Abraham's bosom. He is attracted by a sudden screech of laughter to enter the editorial office. The discussion centres round a patriot's speech celebrating "the transcendent translucent flow of our mild Irish twilight." Mr. Dedalus finds this too much for his sobriety. Bloom departs to find his ad. Here follows an instructive essay in comparative civilisations from the lips of Professor Mac Hugh. Stephen Dedalus appears, having come to hand over Mr. Deasy's letter. Lenehan (an old friend from *Dubliners*) delivers himself of a witticism which clings to Stephen all day. "What opera resembles a railway line? The Rose of Gastille. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel!" The editor lays a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder. "I want

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you to write something for me. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. . . . Put us all into it, damn its soul." (Stephen is to do as requested, after a lapse of years.) The telephone is heard. Bloom is reported. "Tell him to go to hell," the editor says promptly. Bloom is not treated with decorum. A reference to the "hermetic crowd, the opal hush poets: A.E., the master mystic." The subject of eloquence is considered and illustrated. This is followed by its corollary, drink. Stephen leads the assembly to Mooney's public-house. Bloom returns and attempts to attract the editor's attention. The editor lewdly refuses to have his attention attracted. Bloom notices Stephen, as he did earlier, on the way to the cemetery. "Has a good pair of boots on him to-day. Last time I saw him he had his heels on view." Stephen does not notice Bloom.

The theme of Episode Eight is the *Lvstrygonians*, (Bloom-Ulysses repelled by the manners and diet of the Barton-Laestrygonians).

The time is i p.m. Bloom is on his way to lunch. A Y.M.C.A. young man hands him a bill. He observes Dilly Dedalus compassionately. Is she not the sister of his son? A procession of sandwichmen passes by. He meets a friend, Mrs. Breen, who informs him of the sad state her husband's wits are fallen into; also of the imminent accouchement of Mina

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Purcfoy. After rejecting various possibilities, he ventures into the Barton for lunch. "Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meat-juice, slop of greens. Sec the animals feed. Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches." His gorge rises at such Laestrygonian feeding. He leaves, and enters Davy Byrne's "moral pub." He orders a chaste meal of a sandwich, a little gorgonzola and a glass of burgundy. A friend recalls to him the existence of Blazes Boylan. He looks at the clock. The fatal hour of Boylan's appointment with Marion has not yet come. The burgundy is the sun's heat to him; the sun recalls the day when Marion first gave herself to him. "Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes." Mr. Bloom leaves, feeling better. He helps a blind piano-tuner boy across the road. He is always full of gentleness towards weak creatures. "Say something to him. Better not do the condescending. . . . Poor fellow! Quite a boy." He arrives at Kildare Street and espies a figure so repugnant to him that he does not even give a name to Blazes Boylan. "Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turned-up trousers. It is. It is. . . . Is it? Won't look." He continues to the museum.

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The theme of Episode Nine is *Scylla and Charybdis*. (Bloom-Ulysses passes out unscathed from between the perils of intellectual and mystic argument.)

The time is 2 p.m., the scene the Library. Stephen holds discourse on philosophy and poetry with John Eglinton, A.E., and a few of the elder intellectuals. John Eglinton regrets that "our young Irish bards have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Shakespeare's Hamlet . . ." Stephen Dedalus does not allow the challenge to go unanswered. Shakespeare and Hamlet dominate the symposium. A reference to our English Mr. Haines: "the peat-smoke is going to his head." Stephen propounds that Shakespeare did not intend himself as Hamlet, but as Hamlet's father, the king, the ghost. The discussion on paternity of the flesh and the spirit grows more and more abstruse. The agenbite of inwit re-occurs. John Eglinton suggests: "The world believes Shakespeare made a mistake, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could." Stephen awakens sharply: "Bosh! A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery." The portals of the Library open. They admit Bloom. Stephen hands over a copy of Mr. Deasy's letter to A.E. The discussion continues, interrupted for a moment by Buck Mulligan. Bloom is announced, come to hunt up his advertise-

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ment. Mulligan turns suddenly, wiser than he knows, on Stephen: "He knows you. He knows your old fellow. Oh, I fear me he is Greeker than the Greeks." The discussion launches itself upon the "second best bed" of Shakespeare's will. "She lies laid out in stark stiffness in that second best bed." Stephen's mind hurries again from gay Paris to his own mother's deathlair. The discussion is over at length. "About to pass through the doorway, feeling one behind, he stood aside." The one, Bloom by name, passes through "bowing and greeting." Stephen knows that "that lies in space which I in time must come to ineluctably." He stands in the portico, remembers how, as the *Portrait* records, "here I watched the birds for augury. . . . Streets of harlots after . . . you will see." The time draws ever nearer when he will see.

The theme of Episode Ten is the *Wandering Rocks*, (Bloom, Stephen and the other mariners of this new *Odyssey* steering their course among the wandering rocks of the Dublin streets).

The time is 3 p.m., and the scene is the streets and river of Dublin. The episode is subdivided into nineteen minor episodes which present an hour of the Dublin day, as the major episodes present a day of the Dublin year. The main public excitement of the hour is a procession of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

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One. Father Conmee, once headmaster of Stephen's two colleges, Clongowes and Belvedere, sets out for the country. He exchanges pleasant words with the people he meets—the wife of an M.P., a group of school-boys, etc. At Newcomen Bridge he takes a tram. "The solemnity of the occupants seemed excessive," for he liked cheerful decorum. "From the hoardings Mr. Eugene Stratton grinned with thick nigger-lips at Father Conmee." He reflects on the souls of the unsaved. He utters his due prayers. "A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. He blesses them."

Two. Corny Kelleher, the undertaker, leans against the doorway. (The second episode is linked with the first by the information: "Father John Conmee stepped into the Dollymount tram on Newcomen Bridge." All the eighteen, each with the next and each with all, are similarly linked up.) "Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hay-juice . . . while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles Street flung forth a coin."

Three. A one-legged sailor, swinging himself violently past Katey and Boody Dedalus, two of Stephen's sisters, sings unamiably: "For England, Home and Beauty." The generous white arm, of Mrs. Bloom of course, flings forth its coin.

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Four. Katey and Boody Dedalus shove in the door of the close steaming kitchen. Shirts are boiling in one pot, peasoup in another. We hear the lacquey of Dillon's auction-rooms ringing his bell far off. Maggy states that Dilly, a third sister, has gone to see their father: "Our father who art not in heaven."

Five. Blazes Boylan is buying a basket of fruit for his lady. At that moment the lady's husband, Bloom, a dark-backed figure, is inspecting books on a hawker's cart. Blazes Boylan conducts a harmless subsidiary flirtation with the blonde girl in the shop.

Six. Stephen walks forth with a voice-trainer, Almidano Artifori. The Italian informs him it is a pity that he does nothing with his voice.

Seven. Miss Dunne, Boylan's typist, registers the date: June 16th, 1904.

Eight. Ned Lambert, a journalist we met in the *Aeolus* episode, is showing the Council Chamber of St. Mary's Abbey to a clergyman with a refined accent. . . . "The most historic spot in all Dublin." The young woman we read of in the Father Conmee sub-episode "with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig."

Nine. Tom Rochford displays to his friends an invention for the registration of numbers during a music-hall performance. They go out into the street and observe the dark-backed figure of Bloom scanning books on a cart.

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The card: *Unfurnished Apartments*, that Marion had dislodged from the window when she threw a coin to the sailor, reappears. Lenehan recalls a night's jaunt with Bloom and Marion, an occasion on which Bloom exercised his astronomical talents. "He's a cultured allround man," he concludes. "He's not one of your common or garden . . . you know . . . There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom."

Ten. Bloom, the dark-backed figure, stoops over the hawker's cart. He is looking for a suitable book for Marion. He finds one: "Sweets of Sin." He reads: "All the dollar bills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!" The words haunt him all day.

Eleven. Dilly Dedalus stands by the kerbstone and hears Dillon's lacquey close to, as her sister had heard him far off. She sees her father and asks for money. "Where would I get money?" he asks. She extracts a shilling from him. The viceregal cavalcade passes, greeted by obsequious policemen.

Twelve. Mr. Kernan preens himself before a mirror. (He did not cut so handsome a figure when we first met him in the story "Grace," in *Dubliners*). He meets Mr. Dedalus, but is more interested in his own distinguished appearance. "Nothing like a dressy appearance. Bowls them over." He continues his independent

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triumphal progress, but is just too late to witness the Lord Lieutenant's.

Thirteen. Stephen looks in at a lapidary's window. "The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos urged him to be on." He stops at a book-cart. He might find here one of his pawned book-prizes. His sister, Dilly, appears. "My eyes they say she has. Quick, far and daring." She has bought a French grammar with one of her very few pennies. She is nearest to him of his sisters. His conscience is stabbed by her poverty. "She is drowning. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. . . . Salt green death."

Fourteen. "Father" Cowley, a humorous name, doubtless, hails Mr. Dedalus and reports that the bailiff's men are on him. He invokes the assistance of a Mr. Ben Dollard, who makes a providential appearance. Mr. Ben Dollard's garments are unkindly criticised. It is discovered that "Father" Cowley's landlord is the sight-seeing Father Love recently encountered.

Fifteen. Martin Cunningham is busy getting up a subscription for the bereaved Dignam family. We learn that Bloom has not merely put his name down for five shillings, but has paid it. "I'll say there is much kindness in the Jew," it is observed. The clatter of the vice-regal hoofs sounds across the episode.

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Sixteen. Mulligan and Haines at a tea-shop. The brother of the great Parnell, playing chess, is pointed out. The young men discuss Stephen and his views on Shakespeare. Haines is convinced he has an *idée fixe*. Mulligan reports that "they drove his wits astray, by visions of hell. He will never capture the Attic note. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet." Haines hopes this is real Irish cream. He does not wish to be imposed on.

Seventeen. Almidano Artifori, the Italian singing-master, continues on his way, the blind boy tapping behind him. Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farell brushes rudely from its angle the blind boy's tapping cane. The boy shouts a curse after him.

Eighteen. The young lately-orphaned Dignam has been sent for some porksteak. He contemplates his not too lugubrious reflection in a mirror. He recalls the corpse and the screwing down of the coffin-lid and the last time "pa was boosed." He hopes he is in purgatory now, having been to confession on Saturday night.

Nineteen. William Humble, Earl of Dudley, and his equipage set out after luncheon in two carriages. He is in evident antithesis with Father Conmee, whose humbler progress was described in the first episode. He passes most of the characters referred to in the earlier episodes. Above the cross-blind of the Ormond Hotel, gold by bronze, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss

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Douce's head, watched and admired. Mr. Simon Dedalus brings his hat low, with a cynicism unperceived by his Lordship. Mrs. Breen plucks her husband from under the hoofs of the outriders. They pass Blazes Boylan, also attired in glory. Young Dignam raises his new black cap. Mr. Eugene Stratton on his poster, his blub lips agrin, welcomes the Lord as he welcomed the cleric.

The Eleventh Episode is *The Sirens*. (Douce and Kennedy, barmaids and Sirens.)

The time is 4 p.m., the scene the Ormond Hotel. The episode begins with a series of disjointed words, collocated in lines of uneven length. These are the motifs to be musically elaborated in the ensuing episode. They are designed to appeal to the eye and to the ear, irrespective of their preludal function, e.g.:

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steely-
ringing
Blew. Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnacles hair.
Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now.

They can also be likened to the foci of colour which a painter arranges on his palette. The ensuing picture is an elaboration of those colour-notes as the *Sirens* episode is an elaboration of these word-notes.

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Above the crossblind of the Ormond Hotel, bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head, heard the viceregal hoofs go by, ringing steel. Miss Douce is convinced she has made a capture of a member of the cavalcade. The boots is somewhat disrespectful to the ladies. They discuss the affairs of their hearts. Bloom is approaching. Simon Dedalus enters, orders a drink which is served with the greatest alacrity. Miss Douce trills: *O Idolores, queen of the eastern seas*. Lenehan enters and greets Dedalus: "Greetings from the famous son of a famous father." Mr. Dedalus is not prompt to recognise the description. We learn that the elite of Erin hang on Stephen's lips. It is announced that the piano-tuner has been in to-day. Mr. Bloom has bought some notepaper for his correspondence with Martha Clifford. Blazes Boylan drops in to have a drink. Bloom enters, observes his rival. "Has he forgotten? Perhaps a trick." He has not forgotten. After a *sonnez-la-cloche* performed by Miss Douce with thigh and garter, "boylan with impatience," Boylan makes off. Bloom, with Stephen's uncle, Richie Goulding, sits down to a meal. Simon Dedalus sings a song for the company . . . "Glorious voice he has still—heard from a person you wouldn't expect it." Bloom proceeds to compose his letter to his fair correspondent, assuring Goulding it is merely a matter of business. The jangle of Boylan's car on his

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way to Marion jingles across his thoughts. The tap of the blind piano-tuner, returning for the tuning-fork he has forgotten. Bloom recalls poor Mrs. Purefoy and hopes her travail is over. He rises to go, finding his card still in his hat. "Up the quay went Lionelleopold, naughty Henry with letter for Mady, with sweets of sin with frillies for Raoul with met him pike Loses went Poldy on." The unseeing stripling stands in the door of the Ormond, seeing not bronze nor gold.

The theme of Episode Twelve is the *Cyclops*, (Bloom-Ulysses in Kiernan's tavern nearly comes to grief at the hands of the Citizen-Cyclops.)

The hour is 5 p.m., the scene is Barney Kiernan's tavern. The narrator meets Joe Hynes, after having his eye nearly knocked out by a sweep's gear (as the Cyclops quite had his eye knocked out by the gear of Ulysses). They enter Barney Kiernan's tavern, where they meet the Citizen, a vehement Sinn Feiner, attended by his mangy mongrel, Garryowen. A round of drinks. Another and another interrupt and accelerate the conversation. A mock heroic description of the Citizen is introduced. The sad case of Mr. Breen is reported, traipsing all round Dublin in his bath slippers to take out a libel action for ten thousand pounds ... his wife hot-foot after him. Reported also is the

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death of Paddy Dignam, though little Alf Bergan swears he has seen him not five minutes ago. It is clearly a ghost, as it might be the ghost of Elpenor, he has seen. This evokes an interlude in the theosophistic fashion. The Citizen announces Bloom. "He's on point duty up and down there for the last ten minutes." Bob Doran interjects a little regrettable blasphemy. Bloom enters, keeping a "cod's eye" on Garryowen. He has come to find Martin Cunningham and arrange about Mrs. Dignam's insurance. Bloom refuses a drink but accepts a cigar. "Gob, he's a prudent member and no mistake." He embarks on a scientific disquisition on involuntary muscular reflexes. The Citizen contentiously evokes the memory of the dead. "*Sinn Fein Amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us." The conversation takes a political turn increasingly hostile to Bloom. It is clear that his mind and the minds of the assembly work in entirely different ways. He is contentious when he should agree or be silent. The ritual of hospitality is completely alien to him. He expounds the secret of successful advertisement. "For an advertisement you must have repetition." "Swindling the peasants," affirms the Citizen, "and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house." Bloom withdraws to seek Cunningham at the courthouse. It is declared the move is a

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blind; he has really gone to cash his winnings on the horse: Throwaway. The mistake that Bantam Lyons made earlier has now come home to roost. Bloom is also stated to have played his part in the history of Sinn Fein. The news is received with displeasure. "God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody mouse-about. Mr. Bloom with his argol bargol." Mr. Cunningham enters, looking for Bloom. His entry is described in pseudo-romantic speech. Bloom as husband and father is discussed without respect. The Citizen has by this time decided him to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Bloom returns. "Don't tell anyone," the Citizen with angry cynicism requests him—the reference being to the five pounds he has not won on Throwaway and is too obtuse to spend on a round or two. Cunningham is convinced things look blue and carries Bloom off to his jaunting car. The Citizen follows cursing and cries out: "Three cheers for Israel!" A crowd gathers. A loafer starts singing: *If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew*. Bloom, shamefaced and defiant, announces there have been sundry distinguished Jews, including God and Christ. The Citizen esteems this blasphemous and throws a biscuit-tin at Bloom, as the Cyclops threw a rock at Ulysses. Bloom escapes as Ulysses did. The consequent cosmic dislocation is described in language appropriately colossal.

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The theme of Episode Thirteen is *Nausicaa*. (Gerty MacDowell-Nausicaa on the foreshore meditates on Bloom-Ulysses reclining among the rocks.)

The time is 8 p.m., the scene the rocks under the Sandymount shore, the protagonists are Bloom and a romantic young lady, Gerty MacDowell. She is another fantasiast, like the Citizen of the last episode. But she as falsely tends to exalt Bloom as the Citizen tended to debase him. The section of the episode dealing with Miss MacDowell is couched in the jejune languages of the novelettes Bloom provides for his wife.

Three girl friends are sitting on the rocks—the aforementioned Gerty, with Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman. With them are the two small Caffrey twins and a baby in a pushcart. The twins quarrel. Gerty is lost in thought. She considers her own beauty and how she might have held her own with any lady in the land. She has a tender regard for a certain Wylie, an adolescent. He was young and perchance might learn to love her in time. The children are playing with a ball (clearly the ball of *Nausicaa* in metempsychosis). Jacky kicks it towards the rock where Bloom is sitting. Bloom throws it back and it rolls near Gerty, who kicks it, showing a little of her leg. Bloom and Gerty become thrillingly conscious of each other. "The very heart of the girl woman went

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out to him, her dream husband.... Even if he was a Protestant or Methodist she could convert him easily if he truly loved her." She is aware of him eyeing her as a snake eyes its prey. Her woman's instinct tells her that she has raised the devil in him. The sound of singing from the chapel on the hill overhead resounds throughout the episode. The bazaar fireworks send up their rockets. Gerty's companions call her to go, but she is adamant. Her secret affair with the dark stranger tensely continues. She taunts him with a sight of revealed stockings as she leans back to gaze at the rockets. Bloom's emotion reaches its climax with the ascent into the heavens of a roman candle, and with its explosion his emotion, too, is ended. All melts away dewily in the grey air: all is silent. Miss Caffrey calls to Gerty again. She leaves at length, but waves a farewell to him. She walks "with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and very slowly because, because Gerty MacDowell was . . . Tight boots? No. She's lame!" The scene swings from Gerty's mind to Bloom's. He reflects a little unkindly on Miss MacDowell and on the various events and personalities of the day. Dew begins to fall. He thinks of going. He reflects how much the old hill above him has seen. "Names change: That's all." Does he recall an earlier avatar? It is now the shepherd's hour: the hour of folding: hour of tryst.

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Far out over the sands the coming surf creeps, grey. "Must be getting nine by the light," he estimates. He determines to go to the Lying-in Hospital to see how Mina Purefoy is. Something catches his eyes. "What's that? Might be money." He stoops and turns over a piece of paper on the strand, thrown away earlier by Stephen, his spiritual son. He will have a little nap before he moves away. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," coos a clock on the mantelpiece in the priest's house on the hill. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," repeats his tired, lonely, dishonoured heart.

The theme of Episode Fourteen is the *Oxen of the Sun*, (the lowings of the Oxen of the Sun, Symbols of Fertility, resound across the Sicilian meadows of the Lying-in Hospital).

The time is 10 p.m., the scene the Lying-in Hospital in Holies Street. The essential theme of the episode is conception and growth within the womb which is reflected by a delineation of the development of the English Language from its crude alliterative beginnings to the nineteenth-century masters. The episode concludes with a specimen of the type of English spoken in America, which may be considered the decomposition of an old language or the birth of a new. A coda is presented in the shape of a specimen of the disintegration of speech under the acid resolution of alcohol.

The episode opens with a triple adjuration.

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Bloom appears, having determined at Sandymount he will come to inquire about Mrs. Purefoy's condition. "Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared." The nursing-woman (one of the two keepers of the sacred Oxen) informs him how difficult a birth it has been. "While they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed them a mickle noise as of many that sat at meat." He is invited by Dixon, a student who had once attended him, to join his friends in the ante-chamber. Here are Lynch, Lenehan, Stephen, "that had mien of a frere," and others. Fierce gynecological debate is in progress. Bloom is passing grave "by cause he still had pity of the terrorcausing shrieking of shrill women in their labour." He also grieves for his dead son, who died eleven days old. There is much drinking and more drinking, and Stephen explains why he has not taken holy orders. Buck Mulligan appears and announces his intended profession as: *Fertiliser and Incubator*. "Amid the general vacant hilarity of the assembly a bell rang." A waiting woman appears, and ventures to ask for a little less ribaldry. Bloom, for his part, ventures to express his surprise that the young friends are not more affected by the woes of Mrs. Purefoy than they are. "With what fitness," it is asked, "does this alien, whom the concession of a gracious prince has admitted to civil rights,

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constitute himself the lord paramount of our internal polity?" Bloom recalls his own youth and a long-forgotten amour. "In terror the poor girl flees away through the murk. She is the bride of darkness, a daughter of night. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee and in vain. No son of thy loins is by thee." Stephen, too, is reminded of his more recent youth. "No," said Lenehan, "he could not leave his mother an orphan. . . . The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard it was for him to be reminded of his recent loss." At length the happy accouchement has taken place. Stephen suggests that the party retire to Burke's public-house, which they do precipitately. The assembly becomes more riotous and incoherent. The language falls apart into fragments. Stephen observes Lynch across the chaos, and suggests the excursion to the brothel quarter, "Nighttown." He wonders who Bloom may be—"the johnny in the black duds." He divines him to be of the race that "sinned against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire." He is deserted, now that it is closing-time, by all his companions but Lynch and Bloom.

The theme of Episode Fifteen is *Circe*, (Bella Cohen in the Circean palace of her brothel).

The time is midnight, the scene the brothel

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quarter. Or it might be said the time is all time and no time, and the scene the innermost dark penetralia of the human spirit, whither few men have hitherto penetrated. The form of the episode is dramatic. The inconceivable swirl of phantom action is recounted in the stage directions. The characters, are the human beings who are in Nighttown in the body (Stephen, Bloom, Bella Cohen, etc.) or are there only in the imaginations of the same (Cissy Caffrey, Mrs. Breen). They are also such imponderables as "Calls," "Answers," "the Fan." In the phantasmagoric action of the stage-directions, the fantasies, animate or inanimate, that the day has engendered in the minds of Bloom and Stephen, play their parts.

At the Mabbott Street entrance of Nighttown, whistles call and answer. A deafmute idiot jerks past. The shade of Cissy Caffrey sings from a lane. In the body, Privates Carr and Compton move unsteadily. Stephen appears. He has clearly been expounding aesthetic doctrine to Lynch. "Where are we going?" asks the second. "*To la belle dame sans merci.*" Bloom appears, running. He is full of anxiety for the welfare of his spiritual son. He is nearly run over by a trolley. He hears the ghost of his father, and the shade of Mrs. Breen. "I want to tell you a little secret," he beseeches, "how I came to be here. But you must never tell. Not even Molly." He deter-

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mines this is a wild-goose chase. Martha Clifford accuses him of breach-of-promise, for which Myles Crawford and Beaufoy, the romantic author, condemn him. Bloom pleads not guilty. The timepiece proclaims: Cuckoo, cuckoo. Bloom pleads an alibi. He was at a funeral. He is fined a florin and "plodges" forward again. "The Kisses" warble, rustle and flutter about him. Outside the house of Bella Cohen, one of her assistants, Zoe Atkins, informs him Stephen is inside. Midnight chimes: "Turn again, Leopold! Lord Mayor of Dublin!" He is promptly seen in alderman's gown and chain and gives an impassioned oration. He is appointed by John Howard Parnell successor to his famous brother and receives the freedom of the city. He is accused of being Higgins by the Man in the Mackintosh. A cannonshot. Bloom with his sceptre strikes down poppies. An orgy of suicide among crowds of attractive and enthusiastic women. He is led by Zoe towards Bella Cohen's steps, drawing him by the odour of her armpits, the vice of her painted eyes. He finds Lynch within, beating time slowly with a wand. Stephen, a moment later, stands at the pianola with his hat and ash-plant. He blasphemes against the noise in the street, which is God. Apparition of Virag, Bloom's father, followed by Henry Flower, his fictitious self. Stephen assures himself he is in a parlous way. He observes he

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is "partially drunk, by the way. Not much however." Bloom and Bella interchange sexes. Bella taunts him with his cuckoldry in Eccles Street and the flirtation of his daughter with a Mullingar student. A nymph out of "Photo Bits" steps out of the picture above his bed and appears at Bella Cohen's. Stephen hands over to Bella a "silken purse made out of the sow's ear of the public"—a symbolic gift, perhaps. Bloom prevents Stephen from overpaying, to the admiration of Bella. Bloom requests him to hand over his money so that he might take care of it. Why pay more? Father Dolan springs up from the coffin of the pianola. Boylan appears and rubs in his triumph. Shakespeare orates in dignified ventriloquy. Stephen once more recalls the dream he recalled on the steps of the Library. "It was here . . . streets of harlots. . . . No, I flew. My foes beneath me. Break my spirit, will you?" Simon his father aptly appears: "That's all right," he assures him. Zoc and Stephen dance wildly to the pianola. Simon bids him think of his mother's people. At once his mother, "emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey." Buck Mulligan announces, as earlier on the Martello Tower, "She's beastly dead." Remorse almost destroys Stephen. "They say I killed you, Mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I." The mother bids him repent, by the fire of hell.

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Stephen's features grow drawn and grey and old. "*Non serviam!*" he cries. "No! No! No! Break my spirit all of you if you can! I' ll bring you all to hell!" He lifts his ash-plant and smashes the chandelier. There is a stampede, Bella calling Police! Bloom settles up the damage. He hurries out, a hue and cry after him. He finds Stephen haranguing a group which contains the two English soldiers. Private Carr and Private Compton. They are drunk and truculent. Lord Tennyson points out: "Theirs not to reason why." Bloom attempts to carry Stephen off. Private Carr is convinced Stephen is insulting his monarch. Bloom tries to assuage the soldier's wrath. Private Carr becomes more and more dangerous. Cissy Caffrey pulls at him: "He insulted me but I forgive him." The soldier breaks loose and knocks Stephen down, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up. The police appear. Corny Kelleher, the undertaker, induces them to let the matter slide. Bloom bends down to the prostrate body of Stephen. "Mr. Dedalus! Stephen!" Stephen mutters snatches of verse. Bloom, "silent, thoughtful, alert, stands on guard, his fingers at his lips in the attitude of secret master. Against the dark wall a figure appears slowly, a fairy boy of eleven, a changeling, kidnapped. . . . He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page." Bloom, wonderstruck, breathes:

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"Rudy!" Bloom, at the end of his long day has found his son again, spirit shining against **the** dark wall, body prostrate at his feet.

The theme of Episode Sixteen is *Eumaeus*, (Bloom-Ulysses at the steading of "Skin-the-Goat" Eumaeus),

This is the first episode in the third book of *Ulysses*, which corresponds to the *Nostos*, the "Return," of the *Odyssey*. The time is after midnight, the place the cabman's shelter of "Skin-the-Goat" Fitzharris. The prose employed is prose in reaction, a prose crackling with fatigue like the minds of Stephen and Bloom after the arduous and drinkings of the day and its hectic climax in Nighttown. It is jejune and banal like the meditations of Gerty MacDowell, because of too much experience rather than too little.

Bloom, the *fidus Achates* of Stephen, hands him his ash-plant and hat. There is no cab at this hour and place, so they proceed on foot. Bloom deplores the desertion of Stephen by his friends. All but one, he qualifies. "That one was Judas." Stephen breaks in for the first time. They are saluted by "Lord" John Corley, a figure of middle height, on the prow. He receives financial aid and the reversion of Stephen's position at Mr. Deasy's academy. Bloom does not mean to presume to dictate to Stephen: "but why did you leave your father's

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house?" "To seek misfortune," replies Stephen. They reach the cabman's shelter. "The *hoi polloi* of jarvies or stevedores, or whoever they were, after a cursory examination, turned their eyes, apparently dissatisfied, away." Bloom orders coffee and a roll. A red-bearded sailor attaches himself to their conversation. He presents himself as a type of Ulysses. . . . "My little woman's down there. She's waiting for me." He regales the company with tall traveler's tales, as Ulysses did at the steading of Eumaeus. Bloom attempts to extract discourse from him on the Rock of Gibraltar, whence his wife came. But fails. A discussion between Bloom and Stephen on the value of the Godhead, followed by a brief exposition of the nature of Marion Bloom. "Skin-the-Goat" anticipates the fall of England, without convincing Bloom that the fall is imminent. In an aside in Stephen's ear, Bloom exonerates the Jews of the charge of ruining the countries they are guests in. Stephen wakes up to his own importance. "Ireland must be important because it belongs to me," a sentiment so odd to Bloom that he is afraid he has misheard. A silence falling, he reads the day's newspaper, including a report of the funeral of Mr. Dignam. The cabman affirms: "One morning you would open the paper and read, *Return of Parnell*" The inevitable Parnell discussion follows. Bloom shows Stephen the photograph of his

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wife, feeling at the same time, "the vicinity of the young man he certainly relished, educated, distingue . . . far and away the pick of the bunch." Weighing the pros and cons he finds it is high time to retire for the night. At the same time he is glad to observe that "though they didn't see eye to eye in everything, a certain analogy there somehow was, as if both their minds were travelling, so to speak, in one train of thought." Bloom cannot bring himself to relinquish the "slim form and tired though unwrinkled face" of Stephen. He observes, also, how little to Stephen's taste the coffee has been. He proposes that Stephen shall accompany him home (even though somebody has a temper of her own sometimes). Bloom pays fourpence. They move away and discuss music. Stephen permits himself a few bars of song, Bloom enchanted by his "phenomenally beautiful tenor voice." So, still discussing sirens, enemies of human reason and other elevated topics, they reach Eccles Street.

The theme of Episode Seventeen is *Ithaca*, (the end of the long journey in Eccles Street, island of Ithaca).

The method is catechistic, question and reply. It is as if the aesthetic faculty which in all the previous episodes had wrestled with language creatively and valorously has now at length exhausted itself. The episode can only be rendered

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through exercise of sheer intellect, by way of category and syllogism. The circumstance of event is very brief. Bloom and Stephen reach number seven Eccles Street. Bloom has forgotten his key and is forced to enter his house over the area railings. He lets Stephen in and takes him down to the kitchen where he lights a fire. The contents of the kitchen are described. Bloom prepares two cups of cocoa. Stephen sings the ballad of: *Little Harry Hughes and his schoolfellows all*. Bloom proposes that Stephen shall spend the night in the spare bedroom. Stephen "promptly, inexplicably, with amicability," declines the invitation. Bloom returns to Stephen the money handed over in Nighttown to his safe keeping. They leave the house, Bloom leading with a candle, Stephen following with his hat and ash-plant. They stand in the garden contemplating the heavens. Each observes a shooting star. They shake hands. They hear the chime of the bells in St. George's church. To Stephen the sound of the bells brings back more clearly the chant he has heard dimly all day long—the chant associated in his tortured conscience with the death of his mother:

*Liliata rutilantium. Turma Circumdet
Jubilantium te virginum. Chorus excipiat.*

To Bloom they resolve themselves into a

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"Heigho! Heigho!" twice repeated. So they had chimed upon his ear when he first left his house, many hours and years ago, at the beginning of his Odyssey, Bloom returns and mounts to his bedroom, where he finds Mrs. Bloom has rearranged the furniture. The bedroom is described. He undresses, gets into bed, kisses his wife and describes the day's journeys, with slight modification.' Stephen Dedalus emerges as the salient point of his narration. The listener reclines in the attitude of "Gea-Tellus, fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed," the narrator as "the childman weary, the manchild in the womb." "Womb? Weary? He rests. He has travelled." Ulysses is returned to Penelope in Ithaca.

The theme of Episode Eighteen is *Penelope*, (Marion-Penelope on her couch with Bloom-Ulysses beside her).

The time is between three and four in the morning. The place the marital bed of Leopold and Marion Bloom. The method is the complete absence of method, elaborated in a monologue forty-two pages in length. Not a single mark of punctuation occurs in them, for the thoughts slide into each other like water and are absorbed into each other. We have gradually been spiralling downwards from the high places of aesthetic creativity, to the opera-

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tion of pure unesthetic mind. Here mind, too, is eliminated. We enter the dark warm bloodstream of Marion Bloom, whose life is of the body far more than of the soul or intellect. Her husband has awakened her. She cannot return into sleep. Her completely uncontrolled meditations are described, her history, the city we have all day explored in the presence of Bloom and Stephen.

It is impossible to give a précis of her thoughts so inextricably entangled are they, a word starting a flight of memories, and these in turn starting a fresh flight in oblique or opposite directions. She recalls Gibraltar, the home of her girlhood. She enumerates her lovers. She recalls the first days of her acquaintance with her husband, and reviews her present attitude towards him. The figure of Blazes Boylan stalks across the dim scene. She recalls her dead son, Rudy, for whom she knitted a little coat of lamb's wool. Her husband's spiritual son, Stephen Dedalus, begins to interweave with the fabric. She speculates lazily whether she is not too old for him. She is convinced that, with her profound woman's instinct, she knew more when she was fifteen than they'll all know at fifty. Her meditations wander back to the sun and flowers and perfume that were about her in her girlhood and quicken on the very verge of sleep into an inchoate hymn of the earth's beauty: "O and the sea the sea crimson

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sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figleaves in the Alameda gardens Yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses . . . and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I say yes to say yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes* and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes."

Ulysses is home again in the bed of Penelope. Gea-Tellus lies back fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed. The new *Odyssey* is ended.

VIII

JAMES JOYCE is at present engaged on a work entitled *Work in Progress*. The title may be intended merely as a means of provisional reference. It is likelier that it is intended to imply its essential subject-matter—progress, retrogress, progress. *Ulysses* was finished in 1921. The first excerpt from *Work in Progress* appeared in the magazine, *transition*, in April, 1927, which continued to publish extracts till its demise in June, 1930. As much as *Ulysses*, the work bears the imprint of ardent labour. It is certain that it could not have been attempted without the examination into the roots of language and its reconstruction into new shapes which persisted through *Ulysses*.

It has been said of the earlier book that the language itself is its hero. But there is no question that on a third or a fourth reading of *Ulysses* the attention is diverted from the language, from the esoteric correspondences, from everything but the personalities of Bloom and Stephen, and the encompassing horde of minor characters. Even in the episodes where the interior monologue plays a predominant part, the new technique is forgotten, as we

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become more and more familiarised with the texture and rhythm of the minds of the protagonists. They emerge more and more clearly as flesh and blood personalities, whose emotions and fate interest us as Raskolnikoff and Feverel and Mr. Polly do.

The actual language of *Work in Progress* occupies us more imperiously, for it is almost perpetually a new thing . . . "thonthorstrok, sprizzling, rhunerhinerstones, polyfizzyboisterous, hankinhunkn, inklespill, amboadipotes, tipperuhry" . . . though one or two or more of its constituent elements are sometimes apparent and familiar. It is more than new. It is always extremely alive and humorous. It occupies us most of the time as the actual sound built up of its constituent notes occupies us in good music. And though in both we are sometimes impelled into philosophy or landscape or sentiment, either by the intention of the art itself, or because our minds are at intervals too fatigued to maintain their grip, we always return to the words of Joyce, the notes of Bach,

To read even a page of the work as it stands, to extract from it its non-sensuous virtues, requires the closest intellectual application, and even then the reader is quite sure he has missed a good deal. The work is not yet finished. And both criticism and any attempt at exposition must hold themselves in abeyance till it is. It is absolutely impossible to deduce, from the

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amount that has already been published, how far the work has still to go before it is complete. It began abruptly in the middle of a sentence. . . . "riverrun brings us back to Howth Castle and Environs." It may once more end, after much or little writing, in the middle of a sentence.

The opening phrase takes us deliberately back to the world of Stephen Dedalus. The river has run far and long since Stephen left the doorstep of Leopold Bloom at the end of *Bloomsday*, and here he is back again where he was, at Howth Castle and Environs. He remains here, in Dublin, throughout *Work in Progress*; for Dublin's river, her monuments, her streets, her murders, are the type of all rivers, monuments, streets, murders. They are even more. They are simultaneously all rivers, monuments, streets and murders that ever were or are to be. But if Stephen Dedalus is back again in Dublin, he has long left behind him the aesthetic he built upon Aquinas. An Aristotelian he still remains. It would have seemed impossible to go one stage further in the direction of Aristotelian unification than *Ulysses*. But he goes that stage further in *Work in Progress*. Let us for a moment cast our eyes back on the almost miraculous oneness of *Ulysses*. It is the tale of a single day. It is the tale of a single city. It expounds the oneness between the denizens of the antique and the

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modern world. It expounds the oneness of the accidents which involve them—Nausicaa's ball and Gerty MacDowell's are one, the biscuit-tin flung at Bloom by the Citizen and the rock flung at Ulysses by the Cyclops are one. It expounds the oneness into which two human beings, so incalculably different from each other as Stephen and Bloom, are mysteriously impelled. It has in form a major unity made up out of its eighteen episodes and epitomised in the minor unity of the nineteen episodes that compose the "Wandering Rocks" section. It requires for its exposition the whole of one language, illustrated in all its chief developments.

Did it seem possible that the theme of oneness could be still further expounded? It did not; but in *Work in Progress* it is. If *Ulysses* required the whole evolution of one language, *Work in Progress* requires two score to cohere into its own one vehicle. *Ulysses*, after all, proceeded from hour to hour of its one day. In *Work in Progress* all hours are simultaneous. In *Ulysses* Stephen had to make his flight to Paris and return to Dublin again. In *Work in Progress* he is in Paris and Dublin, he wanders by the banks of Liffey and Ganges and Volga, all in one moment of time.

Dedalus, then, remains an Aristotelian. But does he still believe, as he formerly believed, that beauty must be created out of the three

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qualities Aquinas insisted on: *integritas, consonantia, claritas*, which he himself translated in the *Portrait* as: wholeness, harmony and radiance? The wholeness and the harmony of *Work in Progress* cannot yet be judged. But it cannot be said that *claritas* (which is perhaps not quite satisfactorily rendered as "radiance") is exemplified in such passages as these, chosen haphazard:

"and equally so the crame of it is that whenas the swiftshut scareyes of our pupillutteacher duplex will harkback to lark to you that no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to the march of a landsmaul in half a sylb onward the beast of bordedom common sense lurking down insire his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of whisth to you sternly how you must, how, draw the line somewhawre) Coss? Cossist? Your parn! (and in truth he had albut lost himself), so had he gazet in the lazily eye of his lapis, Vieus Von DVbLIn) Given now ann lynch you take enn all."

Or, to take a passage singularly free of neologisms:

"Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like myself to be continued at Hothelizod peering into the focus and pecking at thumb-nail reveries, 'tis transported with grief I am

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this night sublime as you may see by my size and my brow that's all forehead to go forth, frank and hoppy from our nostorey house upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most glorious mission secret or profound, through all the annals our,—as you so often term her—efferfreshpainted livy in beautific repose upon the silence of the dead from -pharoph the next-first down to rameshackle the last bust thing."

The first quotation is the last movement in a large sequence of movements unseparated by full-stops. It precedes a further movement which seems to be incomplete without the explication of a diagram, (the diagram consisting of two intersecting circles with two triangles described within the points of their intersection). It might be argued that it is unjust to tear the quotation from its context. But that seems no serious objection in a work which begins in the middle of a sentence, and seems to have a circle for its shape. "The Vico road goes round and round to meet where terms begin," says the author. The smallest curve extracted from a circle indicates the size of it as exactly as the largest. But the second quotation is the beginning of a paragraph. It ends at a full stop. Each word contained in it yields up its secret after a moment's contemplation. Yet it seems to me that the second quotation no more than the first is a specimen of *claritas*.

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We learn in the catechism which forms the Ithaca episode of *Ulysses* that Stephen disliked the "aquacities of thought and language." Here certainly are opacities for his delectation, though it is certain they sometimes have radiance (and *claritas*, therefore, if Stephen's translation is accepted). As an instance of sheer radiance in writing I should quote the passage at the conclusion of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, which, in so few years, has become as much a stock purple passage as any De Quincey nightmare or Ruskin sunset:

"Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats; fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us? My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons and daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!"

In the *Portrait* Stephen defines art thus: "Art is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end." The matter of *Work in Progress* is sensible enough in the

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literal sense intended in the definition. It has for the eye as well as for the ear extraordinary fascination. It has colour and music, often it seems tangible, even; it has the tinkling weight of glass or the craggy weight of stone. What can be more winning than: "Under the brella, mid piddle mid peddle she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by"? Or more breezy than: "These padsedling buttonholes have quadrilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and made-of-all smiles as on the eve of Killall-who." It must be read aloud, not merely because it is so composed that words which seem difficult to the eye become to the ear notes in a thrilling rhythm. It must be read aloud also because often the words surrender meanings through the ear which escape the eye. Yet it is not enough to read it aloud. It must be read, too; just as it is not enough to sit in the darkness to smoke a fine cigarette or drink a fine wine. I certainly know no method of reading aloud which will render the comic additional shock of the prostrated capitals in: "O I fay! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, place to ace."

On the whole, word for word, *Work in Progress* is sensible and, usually, intelligible. The difficulty arises when sentences (if they can be called sentences) and not words become the unit of examination. Are these intelligible? Intelligible to whom? Dedalus begged the

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question, or at least, gave us no help in answering it. Does the author expect *Work in Progress* to be intelligible only to himself? Clearly not. As much as Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, he believes that Art is Communication. If he did not he would not communicate it in successive numbers of a periodical, with the ultimate intention (surely) of communicating it in the form of a book. He hopes it will reach a few people, and then more. A few he has already reached, though even these declare that much still eludes them. They have expounded various aspects of *Work in Progress* in a joint volume published in Paris, entitled: *Our Exagmination round his Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress*. The themes and personalities, therefore, as well as the individual words out of which these are built up, become in some degree intelligible if the reader brings various, as well as wide culture, certain forms of special knowledge and colossal patience.

One of the forms of special knowledge, for instance, is a knowledge of Dublin—and not the Dublin of to-day, but the Dublin Stephen Dedalus knew three decades ago. For that still remains Joyce's time and place; though, just as in *Ulysses* he permitted himself an anachronistic reference to George the Fifth (who in Bloomsday was seven years from his crowning), so here such later terms as "gangster" and such later personalities as Anna Pavlova are introduced.

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We even find ourselves **for one exciting moment** on " III Sixty" and realise that, after all, James Joyce was not plunged in a Rip Van Winkle coma during the four years of the World War.

I recall an evening upon which a small group of ardent admirers of the latest Joyce were reading aloud and expounding the section of *Work in Progress* I have quoted from, *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. In a corner of the room was a gentleman (occupied appropriately enough with a crossword puzzle) who had not heard of Joyce, or of many authors other than Mr. Jeffery Farnol. He was a garage proprietor, who had emigrated from Dublin nearly three decades ago. As the reading of *Anna Livia Plurabelle* continued, he seemed to become less interested in the newspaper puzzle and increasingly in Joyce's. Then he marched tremendously over to the group and seized the pamphlet. "What's that? What's that?" he cried. Then he himself roared out the cryptic lines, flushing with excitement as he detected veiled reference after reference to the city he had left long years ago.

"How elster is he a called at all. Qu'appelle" . . . we read, "Yes, of course!" he cried. "That's the Chapel on Merchant's Quay next door to Garland's the Auctioneer . . . in **Gapel** Street it was!" . . . "reeling and railing round the local with oddfellow's tripla tiara busby rotandriking round his scalp," we read. He almost wept to have such long-dormant

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memories awakened so queerly into throbbing life. "The skating rink," he sighed, "in the Rotunda. That's where the gardens were. That's where I met——" And then he saw another ghost beckoning, and went hotfoot after it.

In other words, without this gentleman's very special sort of culture, it was quite impossible to divine the whole that Joyce intended. It was by no means sure that the enthusiasts possessed between them all the other requisite types of special culture.

Of course it is true that some supreme writers, both Dante and Shakespeare, for instance, are crowded with local and topical allusions some of which elude us to this day, and more than we suspect. But the proportion occupied in Dante and Shakespeare by that sort of mystery is negligible compared with that occupied by the patent splendours; the proportion of mystery in *Work in Progress* is tremendous.

The main theme is not far to seek. It is the Vico road "that goes round and round to meet where terms begin" . . . progress, retrogress, progress . . . for even though "tempus fidgets" it comes back to where it started from, after achieving the four stages of evolution into which Vico resolved it. The major protagonist is one H. C. Earwicker, Here Comes Everybody, Adam, Napoleon, Mr. Gladstone, the

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mountain. His female equivalent is Eve, the river, Anna Livia, all the world's rivers. Lesser themes and personalities emerge and disappear perpetually through the brilliant word-patterns.

So that undoubtedly *Work in Progress* becomes more nearly intelligible, or rather less nearly unintelligible, the more often and the more deeply it is scrutinised. "It commemorates the place," Mr. Robert Sage has movingly written, "where Joyce has paused on the way he has persistently followed for more than two decades. It has been a lonely way, a way that has lost him sympathisers and friends. Many of his admirers stopped off at the *Portrait*, most of the remainder refused to go further than *Ulysses*. A few, a very few, have accompanied him the entire distance and even if not always understanding, have recognised the immensity of his undertaking and have been eager to overcome its difficulties."

But to one devoted admirer, at least, the road that leads to *Work in Progress* is not the continuation of the road that broadens so magnificently from *Dubliners* through the *Portrait* to *Ulysses*. To him it seems rather the exploration of certain bypaths debouching from *Ulysses* that Joyce, being the scholar and philosopher he is, found it impossible not to follow. And indeed, to condemn a writer of such stature for going any way that calls him, and for as long as he chooses, would be impertinent.

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To deplore the excursion is another matter. In this work he is inventing and synthesising language in a way that may affect the whole practice of letters, and through that channel revitalise the common language. He is marshalling the whole forces of his great erudition. He is giving us to think to the full limit, and beyond it, of our capacity.

But I cannot believe that James Joyce sat himself down to his desk with a pained conviction of the senescence of our language, and a noble determination to concoct a series of gland preparations with which to rejuvenate it. A walk down the New Cut on a Saturday night or a morning among the mill-girls in a Rochdale factory would convince him—I am sure he needs no convincing—that the language is still terse and vigorous enough. And if Hollywood is infecting it with a formidable sickness of saccharine clichés, the tonic with which Broadway counteracts is as harsh as crude sea-salt. James Joyce was, and is, no teacher or philanthropist improving the English of the man in the street or the novelist at the typewriter. The colossal labour underlying *Work in Progress*, to achieve a work intelligible to few or none, was made possible only by that grim and quiet arrogance which we meet again and again in Dedalus: "Ireland belongs to me": "But I say let Ireland die for me."

Much of what he is doing in *Work in Progress*

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would sooner or later have been done by the co-operation of kindred and smaller minds. The rest could not be done excepting by himself, for which reason we await the completed work with excitement. That rest, the heaping up before us of the riches of his mind, is a noble enough thing. But it is less noble than his achievement in *Ulysses*, the creation of character, all of it, soul, mind and body.

He has confined himself to his own city, a single city, Dublin—and it was enough; for such intensity so little extent was enough. He unrolled world upon world in the heart of an advertisement-canvasser. He hinted world upon world in the hearts of the multitude the advertisement-canvassers met that day—drinking, praying, speech-making, whoring, quarrelling, cooking, bartering. It would be a tragedy if James Joyce never found his way again out of the cells of his own mind into the hearts of the kinsmen of Simon Dedalus, Martin Cunningham, Malachi Mulligan. He has written enough to entitle him to a place among the supreme technicians and innovators of English fiction. But instead of becoming more occupied with others besides himself as the years advance, he has become more occupied with technique, with innovation, with himself. The world, after all, has rotated on its axis since 1904, and it has borne more passengers than Stephen Dedalus, his scholarship and his

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conscience. There will be more Blooms, we trust, when Shem and Shawn and Jeff and Mutt have said all they wish to say.

APPENDIX

JAMES AUGUSTINE ALOYSIUS JOYCE was born in Dublin on the 2nd of February, 1882. His father, John Joyce, according to report, was a witty, garrulous, companionable man, much concerned in Parnellian politics, and a profound personal influence on the early years of Joyce. Nothing is known of the years spent at Glongowes Wood College and Belvedere College under Jesuit influence, except a convenient myth, recorded by Val6ry Larbaud, that the future author of *Ulysses* had, even as a schoolboy, become immersed in the translated *Odyssey*, and when asked in class for his favourite hero, replied "Ulysses." His first publication, too, has something mythical about it, a political pamphlet "Et tu Healy!" written at the age of nine against a deserter from Parnell, and distributed in Dublin. This, say the friends of his father, was the best work he ever did. No copy is known to exist.

The beginning of his personal fame came with his student days at the Old Royal University, later the National University of Ireland. Precocious, learned, haughty, arro-

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gant and insolent, he was a prominent figure in Dublin bohemian society. Padraic Colum describes him as "tall and slender, with a Dantesque face and steely blue eyes." John Eglinton remembers him with "a pair of burning dark-blue eyes, serious and questioning, fixed on me from under the peak of a yachting cap; the face is long, with a slight flush suggestive of dissipation, and an incipient beard is permitted to straggle over a very pronounced chin, under which the open shirt collar leaves bare a full womanish throat. The figure is fairly tall and very erect, and gives a general impression of a kind of seedy hauteur." In addition to the yachting cap he wore shoes, more or less white, and carried the ash-plant which Stephen Dedalus bore and addressed throughout *Ulysses*. He had a beautiful voice for repeating poetry, either his own or the Scandinavian lyrics he had learnt, but in conversation used a harsh tone for the delivery of words and phrases seldom used in literature until *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. His early enthusiasms included d'Annunzio, Dante, and, above all, Ibsen. He had learnt to read Ibsen in the original, and his early literary fame came from an article, in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1900, on Ibsen's newly written *When We Dead Awaken*. It was an article of considerable penetration and, for a boy of eighteen, a remarkable

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achievement. The study of Ibsen was to bear fruit in the play of *Exiles* some few years later, but meanwhile he confined himself to reading, and to performance in an amateur production of *Hedda Gabler*. His friends of those days were Padraic Colum, Thomas Kettle, and above all his fellow student, Oliver Gogarty, the "Buck Mulligan" of *Ulysses*. Night-walks with these, and with John Eglinton, the librarian, who appears in the memorable discussion on Shakespeare in *Ulysses*, made for a feverish mental activity whose mixture of literature, philosophy and aesthetics, ribaldry and wit, still colours all his writing. No contemporary was safe, and few of the classics. When Arthur Symons spoke of Balzac, Joyce laughed in derision. "Balzac at this hour of the day!" To W. B. Yeats he said proudly, "We have met too late: You are too old to be influenced by me," and Yeats declared in return, "Never have I encountered so much pretention with so little to show for it." He made it his business to meet and measure every figure of importance in literary Dublin. When it was hinted that the eminent Professor Dowden might not welcome such an intrusion, Joyce asked: "Who, then, is Dowden? A little professor! I am a poet." He had his own poems beautifully written out, showed them to friends, and used to say arrogantly but with conviction, "I have written the most perfect lyric since Shakespeare." With

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his pride went an obvious inner unhappiness, nobody would take him at his own estimation, and he fought with wit and volubility to hide his feelings, and in the last resort there was always a crushing limerick as a tombstone for the enemy. His poetry comforted him, and he once told Padraic Colum how he walked the streets of Paris, poor and tormented, gaining peace only from the repetition of his poems as he walked.

In 1901 came one of the incidents for which Ireland never forgave him. Towards the Irish National Theatre movement Joyce had the intense hatred of one for whom the European realist theatre was the one real fact of contemporary drama, and to desert Ibsen was unthinkable. He wrote an article for "St. Stephen's," by invitation of the editor, but the censor refused to permit its insertion. It was a fierce attack on the provinciality of the movement, said harsh things about George Moore, and referred with awe to the "old master who is dying in Christiana." The essay, "The Day of the Rabblement," was printed with F. J. Sheehy-Skeffington's "A Forgotten Aspect of the University Question" in a two-penny pamphlet, now exceedingly rare, dated October 15th, 1901. Another forgotten activity of the same year is recorded in an autograph manuscript, once in the great Quinn collection, a translation of Gerhardt Hauptmann's "Before

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Sunrise," dated Summer 1901. A year later, on 31st October, 1902, the degree of B.A. in **the** Faculty of Arts was conferred on James Augustine Joyce.

The next phase is Joyce's own *Odyssey*, beginning with a journey to Paris to study medicine. Nothing is known of this period, save hints of depression and poverty, and a meeting with J. M. Synge when he read *Riders to the Sea* in manuscript. He returned to Dublin again and for two years lived a wild and packed life in extreme poverty. Anecdotes of this period abound, and all bear relevantly on the background of *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. He was much concerned with his aesthetic theories, and all who knew him record the intensity with which he fought for his system, glad of disciples, and shaping the conversation in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* between Stephen Dedalus and Lynch. "This," says a companion of those days, "is word for word what Joyce used to say to many of us who were with him in the early twenties."

He was full of schemes to make money, including a daily newspaper on continental lines, and even registered the title "The Goblin." Oliver Gogarty rented a Martello Tower at Sandycove, and a wild group of poets and thinkers came to live with him, chief among them James Joyce. They argued, they

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swore, they drank, they quarrelled, they bathed by moonlight, and in the end Joyce was thrown out of the tower, and took the memorable walk into town from Sandycove, on June 16th, 1904, which enters into the third episode of *Ulysses*. Meanwhile he had been publishing poems in "The Saturday Review" and "The Speaker." Early in 1904 John Eglinton started "Dana: A Magazine of Independent Thought," and Joyce was the only contributor to extract payment for his poems. One or two of the stories in *Dubliners* had appeared in "The Irish Homestead," known in the Joyce circle as "the pigs' paper." One day before he left Dublin, Joyce came to the National Library and offered John Eglinton a manuscript-specimen of a story for publication serially in "Dana." "He observed me silently as I read, and when I handed it back to him with the timid observation that I did not care to publish what was to myself incomprehensible, he replaced it silently in his pocket." This was the introductory chapter to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

In 1904 he left Ireland in anger, with a last squib, *The Holy Office*, a poem of self-recognition and purgation, and went abroad with his wife to earn a precarious living as a teacher of English. In Pola he taught in the Berlitz School, where he made friends with a young Florentine, Professor Alessandro Francini-Bruni, who has

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recorded his impressions of those hidden years. The two families moved on to Trieste, first working at the Berlitz, and then at the Commercial Academy. Joyce at that time spoke a strange artificial dead Italian, and spent his evenings with Francini. His fame as a teacher of English spread, and the tall thin giraffe-like Englishman trotted round from house to house to give his English hour, reserving his private life for his growing family, his Florentine friends, and his own secret thoughts. In 1907 came the publication of *Chamber Music* through the London publisher, Elkin Mathews, and with it a little more confidence. On his second sojourn in Trieste he had among his pupils one Ettore Schmitz, a neglected writer who ultimately attained recognition as Italo Svevo. They had much in common, and Svevo was almost the only man with whom Joyce discussed his literary projects, even to the extent of talking over with him the idea of Bloom, whose character was already envisaged. In 1907 Joyce's Italian was so far advanced that he could write easily in it, and there appeared in "Il Piccolo della Sera" three articles on Sinn Fein and Home Rule, the last flicker of his interest in politics. To the editor of this paper he read extracts from the manuscript of *Dub liners*. At that time he was credited with eighteen languages, ancient and modern. Among the literary curiosities testifying to his

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linguistic interests are translations into Italian of J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and the first version of W. B. Yeats's *Countess Cathleen*.

From Trieste in 1911 he wrote the letter printed by Mr. Gorman, giving the history of his difficulties in publishing *Dubliners*—the 1905 contract with Grant Richards; the return of the manuscript on his refusal to expurgate; the new contract in 1909 with Maunsel, and the publisher's refusal to print a reference to Edward VII. In 1912 he returned to Dublin with his son, to open the Volta cinema theatre, one of the earliest in Dublin, but a failure, and to negotiate further for the publication of *Dubliners*. After the most impossible of adventures, the book was set up at Joyce's expense, but the printer distributed the type and burnt the whole edition of 1000 with the exception of a single copy the author was allowed to carry away with him. This was his last visit. He was happy to escape from "the fog of Anglo-Saxon civilisation," from "the reformed conscience/* and told his friends, "I am going back to civilisation." At Flushing, in September, 1912, he wrote a poem of fierce Rabelaisian invective, the rarest of all his broadsheets, against the publisher Maunsel through whom he had suffered so much, and not till two years later was *Dubliners* published. He returned to Trieste, continued to teach, wrote *Exiles* (not to be published till 1918), and completed *A Portrait of*

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the Artist as a Young Man, a task often years from its inception in Dublin in 1904 to its completion in Trieste in 1914.

The year 1914 was one of the most significant in his history. In that year he published *Dubliners*, he completed *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and through the happy intervention of Ezra Pound had it serialized in "The Egoist" from February, 1914 to September, 1915, and thus was presented to the special public from which his fame began to radiate. With the outbreak of war he became a free prisoner in Trieste, and his official teaching and most of his private lessons stopped. "One would meet him in the street walking, with his hasty step, but lost in meditation, his lips tight together in a hard horizontal line. He would bow and look at one fixedly, and avoided stopping or exchanging a few words." He had begun *Ulysses*. Later he received permission to go to Zurich. There he seemed happier, spent much of his time in bed writing *Ulysses*, founded a company of Irish Players who performed *Exiles*, and had trouble with the censor, who was convinced that the manuscript of *Ulysses* was in some new form of cipher. He sold the manuscript and the proof-sheets of *A Portrait of the Artist* to John Quinn for comparatively large sums, and his finances became easier, so that he could give all his time to his real work. In 1916 the first edition of

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A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man was published after being printed in America, as no English printer would undertake it. The next year came a separate English edition, and the second American issue. In March, 1918 *Ulysses* began to appear in "The Little Review" in America, and the moment the war was over Joyce returned to his beloved Trieste, to continue his work on *Ulysses*. He showed his friends the famous rough drafts from which the final intricate pattern was woven, spent happy evenings eating, drinking, and singing, and tried to interest them in the work of his friends, Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound. His eyesight was giving way, and he suddenly disappeared to Paris, which from that time became his home.

His troubles were not yet over. In America "The Little Review" was having difficulty with the serialised *Ulysses*. Four separate issues were burnt by order of the U.S.A. Post Office for alleged obscenity, and after the publication of Episode XIII, Bloom's musings on Gerty MacDowell, the Society for the Suppression of Vice decided to prosecute. The publishers were fined one hundred dollars and their finger-prints were taken. In 1922 Miss Sylvia Beach published the thousand copies of the first edition of *Ulysses* in Paris, an English edition of two thousand was issued for the Egoist Press by Mr. John Rodker, and from that moment came the

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real troubles. Copies of *Ulysses* became contraband. Personal luggage was frequently searched, and consignments were confiscated with the sinister warning that it would be wise to make no complaint. Public attention was drawn to the volume. Sisley Huddleston was the first to review it in England in "The Observer" of March 5th, 1922. John Middleton Murry and Arnold Bennett followed in .."The Nation" and "The Outlook" respectively, and finally, on April 1st, 1922, "The Pink 'Un" came out with a notice "The Scandal of *Ulysses*" and "The Evening Standard" attacked it as "A Monstrous Book." *Ulysses* was launched. In the eleven subsequent years the fame of Joyce has spread universally, and with the instalments of *Work in Progress* it has entered on a new phase.

It is not uninteresting to survey the opinions passed on Joyce's work by his literary contemporaries. In 1917, in "The Nation" of February 24th, H. G. Wells gave his influential welcome to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "its claim to be literature," he declared, "is as good as the claim of the last book of *Gulliver's Travels*," and "one conversation in the book is a superb success, the one in which Mr. Dedalus carves the Christmas turkey; I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better." In 1922 Arnold Bennett, sent to Joyce's work by H. G. Wells, admitted of *Ulysses*, with considerable

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reservations, that "the best portions of the novel are immortal. I single out the long orgiastic scene, and the long unspoken monologue of Mrs. Bloom which closes the book. The former will easily bear comparison with Rabelais at his fantastical finest; it leaves Petronius out of sight. It has plenary inspiration. It is the richest stuff, handled with a virtuosity to match the quality of the material. The latter . . . Talk about understanding 'feminine psychology' ! I have never read anything to surpass it, and I doubt if I have ever read anything to equal it." From his compatriots the reception was mixed. "A. E.," who on first meeting him said, "I don't know whether you are a fountain or a cistern," and "I'm afraid you have not chaos enough in you to make a world," when confronted with *Ulysses* hoped that it might be "the *Inferno* with possibilities of a *Purgatorio* and a *Paradiso* yet to come, to make it unquestionably the greatest fiction of the twentieth century." George Bernard Shaw told his official biographer, "I could not write the words Mr. Joyce uses: my prudish hand would refuse to form the letters; and I can find no interest in his infantile clinical incontinencies, or in the flatulations which he thinks worth mentioning." He threw his copy of *Ulysses* into the fire. "It only proves that Dublin men and boys are as incorrigibly filthy-minded now as they were in my youth. The Dublin 'jackeens' of my day,

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the medical students, the young bloods about town, were very like that. Their conversation was dirty; and it defiled their sexuality, which might just as easily have been held up to them as poetic and vital." On the other hand, in America, Sherwood Anderson confessed to adopting an idea from every page of *Ulysses* into his mind. We do not know Joyce's opinion of D. H. Lawrence, but Lawrence's view of the latest work was clear-cut. "My God, what a clumsy *olla putrida* James Joyce is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps, of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness—what old and hard-worked staleness, masquerading as the all-new! . . . James Joyce bores me stiff—too terribly would-be and done-on-purpose, wholly without spontaneity or real life."

The strangest episode in Joyce's difficult progress towards recognition was revealed at the Centenary Exhibition of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," when a letter was shown dated 7th June, 1924 and signed "E. Gosse":—

"My dear Monsieur Gillet,

"I should very much regret your paying Mr. J. Joyce the compliment of an article in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' You could only expose the worthlessness and impudence of his writings, and surely it would be a mistake to give him the prominence. I have a difficulty

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in describing to you *in writing* the character of Mr. Joyce's notoriety. It is partly political; it is partly a perfectly cynical appeal to sheer indecency. He is, of course, not entirely without talent, but he is a literary . . ." (The remainder of the letter was not visible.)

Despite this attempt at cultural sabotage, Joyce is regarded as one of the great contributors of Great Britain to modern world-literature, and no serious writer of English is without some trace of his influence.

It is of some importance to piece together his habits of working, in view of the highly organised structure of *Ulysses*. With the fullest generosity Joyce admits that his favourite method of the "monologue interviews" came to him from reading Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers Sont Coupis* on his way to Paris as a young man of twenty. He never forgot Dujardin, tried to get in touch with him during the war, and so strongly recommended the forgotten book as to induce Valery Larbaud to reprint it with a preface. For *Ulysses* his care was minute, working not in any regular sequence, but a single passage at a time, using mnemonic notes, rough drafts, suggestions of phrases, quotations, references, fragments of parody, underlined in an elaborate system of cross-reference in different-coloured pencils, each colour representing a theme or the relevance of a particular phrase to a particular

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episode. He knows the half million words of *Ulysses* by heart, and can continue to quote from any given point or reference. For the newer *Work in Progress* the labour is even greater. Every known language is called upon. Gaelic, Portuguese, Norwegian, the Slavonic tongues or even Chinese, in the building up of the punning onomatopoeic hybrids of which so much of the new language consists. "I assure you that these twenty pages now before us cost me twelve hundred hours and an enormous expense of spirit." Those who have helped him in recent years report the vast efforts he expends: his table covered with illegible jottings, "the drawers and suit-cases filled with scraps of paper through which he rummages and searches with infinite patience. I have known him to revise a single galley of proof seven times, and each version was so thoroughly done over that it bore only a superficial resemblance to the preceding one."

His personal life is very quiet. He lives in a neat flat in Paris, has very regular habits, rises late, takes great care over his dressing, writes all the morning, has a light lunch in silence, and revises all the afternoon. In the evening he dines alone at some good restaurant, and then to bed. The family converses normally in the rough Trieste dialect, and music is the chief passion. Joyce's favourite relaxation is singing. There is still supposed to be in existence a

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programme of a Dublin concert on which the singer's names appear as (1) Mr. James A. Joyce, (2) Mr. John McCormack. Mrs. Joyce still feels that her husband has mistaken his career. For his friends, in a happy mood, Joyce will sing old Irish ballads, and Gaelic songs. Purcell, Byrd, Italian Opera, and satirical songs of his own composition, about Mr. Dooley. He goes to every possible concert, George Authell's modernities or even a revival of Monteverde whose necessity induced him to gate-crash, as once he had done in Dublin at a party of Lady Gregory's to which by some strange oversight he had not been invited. His enthusiasms for individual artists are phenomenal. He built up an audience for his favourite singer, John Sullivan, and said, "I have been through the score of *Guillaume Telly* and I discover that Sullivan sings 456 G's, 93 A flats, 92 A's, 54 B flats, 15 B's, 19 C's, and 2 C sharps. Nobody else can do it."

His humour is a constant factor of his existence, from the days of his childhood when he asked the local librarian for "*Jude the Obscene*" to the more mature day when he was not ashamed to break out into a snake dance with Mme Adrienne Monnier. But all this is for his most intimate circle, and to the public Joyce remains a somewhat dandified, exact, reserved and locked-in man, spectacled to protect his weakening eyes, with a precise

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beard, and outwardly to all appearances, as he wanders through Paris, a Professor of the Sorbonne.

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