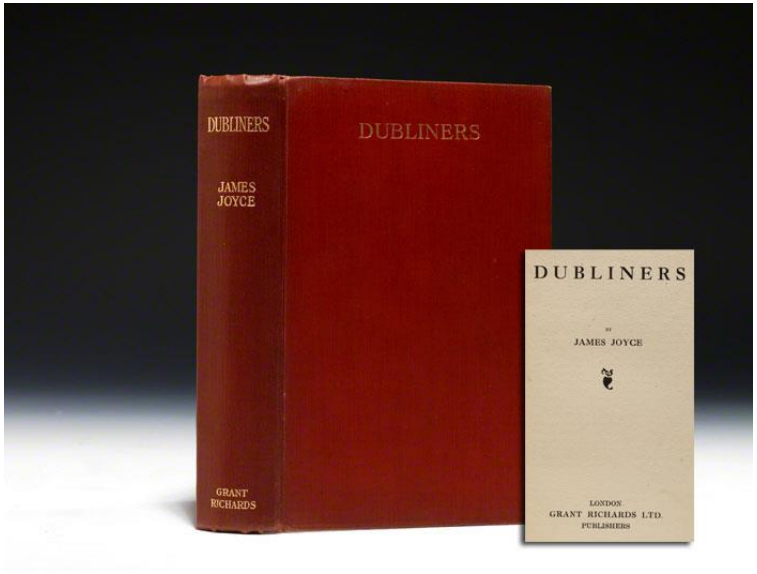
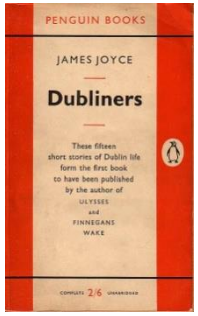
Ulysses – The Lost *Dubliners* Story



A Centenary Lecture by Bruce Stewart,
University of Ulster (Emeritus)
Visiting Professor, UFRN, Brazil

Natal, 4 June 2014

... *Dubliners*!



Condemned proof of *Dubliners* rescued by Joyce in 1912

Introduction

In late spring of 1904, Joyce showed early parts of *Stephen Hero* to George ("AE") Russell who invited him to write stories for *The Irish Homestead* – the journal of the Agricultural Co-operative Movement that he had co-founded - with a request for something 'simple', 'lively', and adapted to 'the common understanding and liking'. Joyce began work on "The Sisters" - thought to be based on the death of a priest on his mother's side. It was the antithesis of what Russell wanted. At the time of writing, Joyce told his friend Con Curran in a short letter:

> 'I am writing a series of epicleti - ten - for a paper [...] to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city' (*Selected Letters*, Ed. Richard Ellmann, Faber 1975, p.22.)

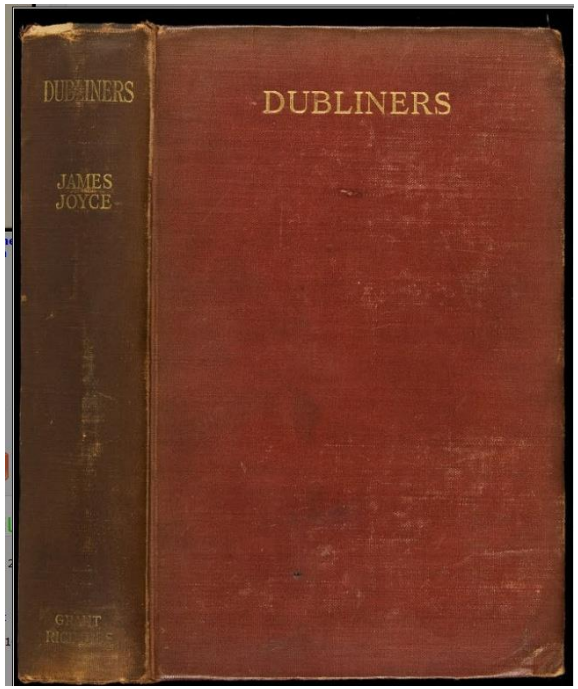
The story was published in the issue for 13 August 1904, and uniquely signed "Stephen Daedalus" - or "D.edalus", as the printer misread Joyce's unfamiliar pseudonym. Two more stories followed: "Eveline" (10 Sept. 1904) and "After the Race" (17 Dec. 1904). When Joyce sent "Clay" from Pola, the naval port in Yugoslavia where he was teaching, *faut de mieux*, it was rejected by the editor – the first of many such rejections he was to suffer before *Dubliners* was finally published in 1914.

Between 1904 and 1907, he wrote all the remaining *Dubliners* stories, concluding with "The Dead" in September 1907 – but not before he had considered and abandoned a story to be called "Ulysses". Today I am going to treat his great modernist novel *Ulysses* – published in 1922 – as it if were the 15th story in *Dubliners,* and to examine its characters, plot, structure, technique and value as an artistic monument from that counterfactual standpoint.

The biographical information on these slides is available on the *RICORSO* Irish Studies website at www.ricorso.net.

Joyce's *Dubliners* at 100

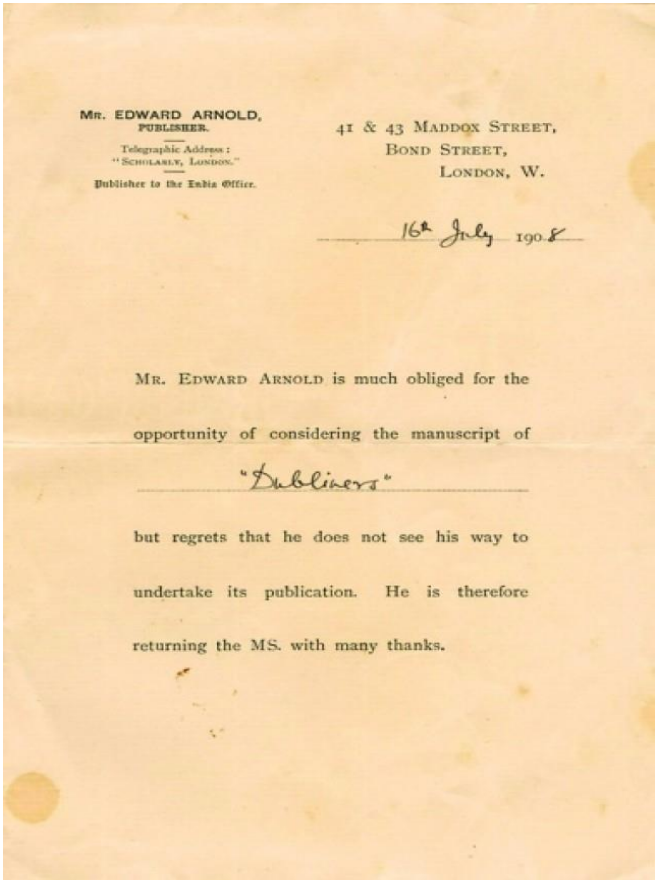
Joyce started the *Dubliners* stories with "The Sisters" in 1904 and completed it with "The Dead" in 1907. The book would remain unpublished for seven more years.



1st London Edn.
(Grant Richards 1914)

In 1906 he signed a contract with Grant Richards, a London publisher friendly to Irish writers, but in 1907 Richards objected the language of the stories and reneged on his contract to publish.

In 1909 Maunsel of Dublin undertook to publish *Dubliners* but once again the printer baulked at the risk involved. As a result the entire set of 1,000 galleys sheets was destroyed – except one, which Joyce managed to save 'by a ruse'.


MR. EDWARD ARNOLD,
PUBLISHER.
Telegraphic Address:
"SCHOLARLY, LONDON."
Publisher to the India Office.

41 & 43 MADDOX STREET,
BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

16th July 1908

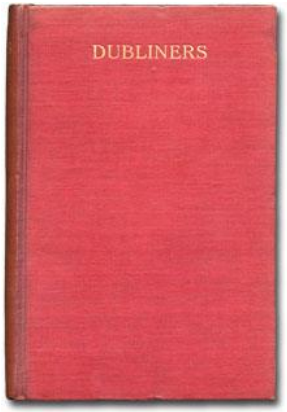
MR. EDWARD ARNOLD is much obliged for the opportunity of considering the manuscript of "Dubliners" but regrets that he does not see his way to undertake its publication. He is therefore returning the MS. with many thanks.

Edward Arnold's rejection slip, July 1908

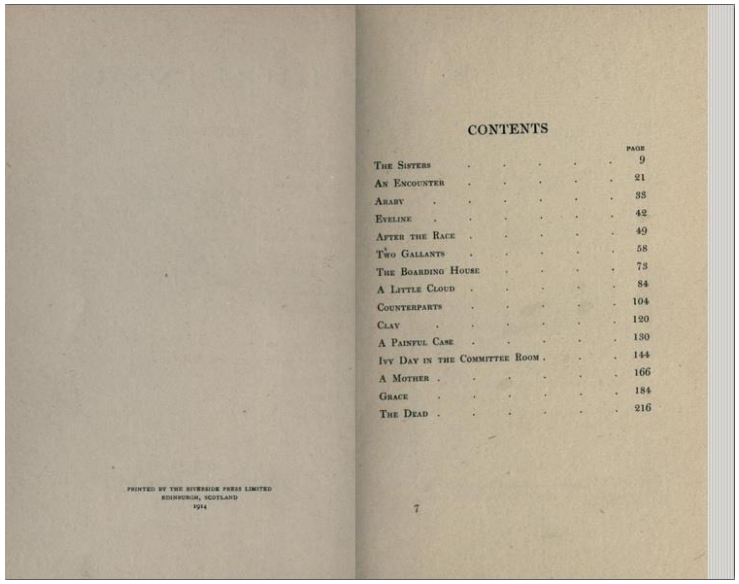
After Joyce had received numerous rejection slips from other publishers, Richards wrote in autumn 1913 to say that he had decided to go ahead with *Dubliners* – which finally came out on 15th June 1914.

Dubliners (1914)

1. “THE SISTERS”
2. “AN ENCOUNTER”
3. “ARABY”
4. “EVELINE”
5. “AFTER THE RACE”
6. “TWO GALLANTS”
7. “THE BOARDING HOUSE”
8. “A LITTLE CLOUD”
9. “COUNTERPARTS”
10. “CLAY”
11. “A PAINFUL CASE”
12. “IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM”
13. “A MOTHER”
14. “GRACE”
15. “THE DEAD”



CONTENTS



CONTENTS

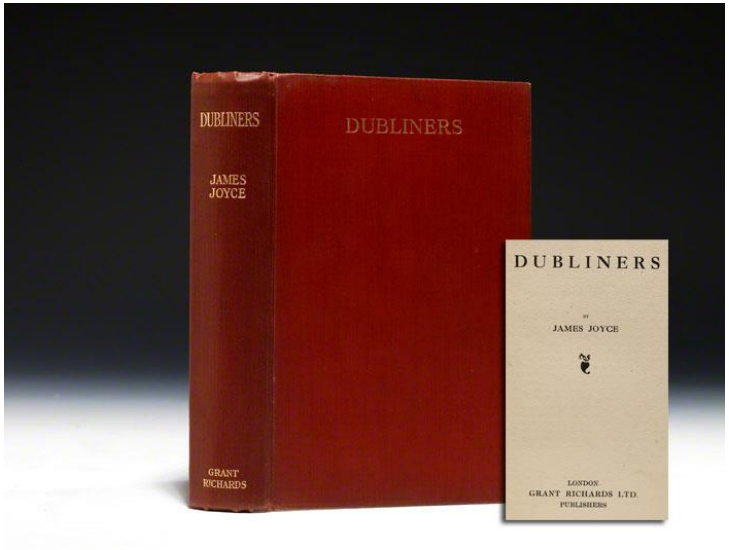
	PAGE
The Sisters	9
An Encounter	21
Araby	33
Eveline	42
After the Race	49
Two Gallants	58
The Boarding House	73
A Little Cloud	84
Counterparts	104
Clay	120
A Painful Case	130
Ivy Day in the Committee Room	144
A Mother	166
Grace	184
The Dead	216

PRINTED BY THE RIVERSIDE PRESS LIMITED
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
1914

7

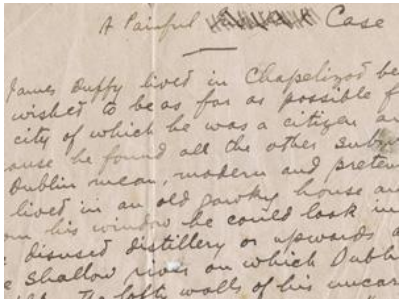
Grant Richards - London: 1916

Dubliners – Order of Composition



Grant Richards - London: 1916

1. “THE SISTERS”
2. “EVELINE”
3. “AFTER THE RACE”
4. “CLAY”
5. “THE BOARDING HOUSE”
6. “COUNTERPARTS”
7. “A PAINFUL CASE”
8. “IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM”
9. “AN ENCOUNTER”
10. “A MOTHER”
11. “ARABY”
12. “GRACE”
13. “TWO GALLANTS”
14. “A LITTLE CLOUD”
15. “THE DEAD”



MS of “A Painful Case”

Dubliners stories: composition details

1. "THE SISTERS" [**D1**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (13 Aug. 1904); rewritten May-June 1906.
2. "EVELINE" [**D4**] -publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (10 Sept. 1904); revised Oct. 1905.
3. "AFTER THE RACE" [**D5**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (17 Dec. 1904); never revised.
4. "CLAY" [**D10**] - begun as "Christmas Eve", late Oct. 1904; completed in Jan. 1905; offered to *Irish Homestead*, and rejected; rewritten spring 1905; lightly revised 1906.
5. "THE BOARDING HOUSE" [**D7**] - completed 1 July 1905 [date on MS]; revised by 13 July 1905.
6. "COUNTERPARTS" [**D9**] - completed mid-July 1905 (revised by 15 July 1905).
7. "A PAINFUL CASE" [**D11**] - orig. written as "A Painful Incident", completed by 8 May 1905; repeatedly retouched in 1906.
8. "IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM" [**D12**] - fair copy dated 29 Aug 1905; virtually unchanged.
9. "AN ENCOUNTER" [**D2**] - completed (and revised) 18 Sept. 1905.
10. "A MOTHER" [**D13**] - finished in Sept. 1905; revised Oct. 1905.
11. "ARABY" [**D3**] - begun 18 Oct. 1905; completed in same month.
12. "GRACE" [**D14**] - composed Oct.-Dec. 1905; an early version was finished on 27 Nov. 1905.
13. "TWO GALLANTS"* [**D6**] - completed Feb. 1906; 'bloody' marked by publisher's blue pencil, April 1906.
14. "A LITTLE CLOUD"* [**D8**] - completed mid-1906.
15. "THE DEAD"† [**D15**] - written in July-September 1907; i.e., after publisher rejected *Dubliners*.

Unwritten stories: "Ulysses" (which 'never got any forrader than the title'), "The Last Supper", "The Street", "Vengeance", "At Bay" and "Catharsis" – all of which Joyce 'could write if circumstances were favourable' (Letter to Stanislaus from Rome, 6 Jan. 1907, in *Letters*, Vol. II, ed. Richard Ellmann, Viking Press 1966, p.209.

D1 [&c.] = order of composition; *supplied to Grant Richards after Dec. 1905 - i.e., when publication was in doubt; †written after Richards rejected *Dubliners,* and without prospect of publication.

Dubliners ... plus one!

1. "THE SISTERS" [**D1**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (13 Aug. 1904); rewritten May-June 1906.
2. "EVELINE" [**D4**] -publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (10 Sept. 1904); revised Oct. 1905.
3. "AFTER THE RACE" [**D5**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (17 Dec. 1904); never revised.
4. "CLAY" [**D10**] - begun as "Christmas Eve", late Oct. 1904; completed in Jan. 1905; offered to *Irish Homestead*, and rejected; rewritten spring 1905; lightly revised 1906.
5. "THE BOARDING HOUSE" [**D7**] - completed 1 July 1905 [date on MS]; revised by 13 July 1905.
6. "COUNTERPARTS" [**D9**] - completed mid-July 1905 (revised by 15 July 1905).
7. "A PAINFUL CASE" [**D11**] - orig. written as "A Painful Incident", completed by 8 May 1905; repeatedly retouched in 1906.
8. "IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM" [**D12**] - fair copy dated 29 Aug 1905; virtually unchanged.
9. "AN ENCOUNTER" [**D2**] - completed (and revised) 18 Sept. 1905.
10. "A MOTHER" [**D13**] - finished in Sept. 1905; revised Oct. 1905.
11. "ARABY" [**D3**] - begun 18 Oct. 1905; completed in same month.
12. "GRACE" [**D14**] - composed Oct.-Dec. 1905; an early version was finished on 27 Nov. 1905.
13. "TWO GALLANTS"* [**D6**] - completed Feb. 1906; 'bloody' marked by publisher's blue pencil, April 1906.
14. "A LITTLE CLOUD"* [**D8**] - completed mid-1906.

- "ULYSSES" – the 'lost' *Dubliners* story; first conceived in Dec. 1905; abandoned by Jan. 1907; replanned as a 'short book', Nov. 1907 – following composition of "The Dead"; publication of *Dubliners* (1915) and *A Portrait* (1916); plans for *Ulysses* the book begin, I March 1914; first chapter complete, 16 March 1916; *Ulysses* published 1922

15. "THE DEAD" [**D15**] - written in July-September 1907; i.e., after the publisher Grant Richards had rejected *Dubliners*.

The Genesis of *Ulysses*

- Grant Richards finally rejects *Dubliners* (Sept. 1906).
- Joyce moves to Rome and works as a clerk in the international section of a bank (March 1907).
- He thinks of a final story for *Dubliners* about a Mr. Hunter - to be called "Ulysses" (Dec. 1906)
- He admits that "Ulysses" 'never got forrader [i.e., further] than the title' (Jan. 1907).
- He contracts Roman fever (mid-July) which requires lengthy convalescence.
- Lucia Joyce is born to Nora in the Ospitale Generale, Trieste (26 July 1907).
- Joyce conceives and writes "The Dead" (July-Sept. 1907).
- He plans to turn "Uysses" into a 'short book' (Sept. 1907).

In later life Joyce frequently asserted that *Ulysses* had its beginnings in Rome. (See Richard Elllmann, ed., *Selected Letters*, London: Faber & Faber 1975, p.112, n.2.)

From “Ulysses” to *Ulysses*: The Evidence of the *Letters*

“Ulysses” (the story)

‘I have a new story in my head. It deals with Mr. Hunter.’ (30 Sept. 1906; *Sel. Letters*, 1975, p.112.)

‘I thought of beginning my story Ulysses: but I have too many cares at present.’ (13 Nov. 1906; *Letters*, Vol. II, pp.190.)

‘How do you like the name for the story about Hunter?’ (Ibid., 193.)

‘Write to me about Mr Hunter.’ (3 Dec. 1906; *Letters*, Vol. II, p.198.)

‘Ulysses never got any forrader [i.e., *further*] than the title.’ (6 Jan. 1907; *Letters*, II, p.209.)

Joyce tells his brother Stanislaus that Ulysses would make ‘short book’ (Sept.) and later that it would be a Dublin *Peer Gynt* (10 Nov. 1907 [Ellmann, *James Joyce* [1959], 1965, p.274.)

Ulysses (the novel)

On 16 June 1915, Joyce wrote to his brother Stanislaus – then a wartime internee in Germany – that had finished the first episode of *Ulysses*. (Idem.)

Biographical context: the early life

"Six-an-a-half"

Belvedere College

May Joyce

John Stanislaus Joyce

Author of "The Sisters"

Gradation, 1902

“I live in Eccles street [...]”

In *Ulysses,* 7 Eccles Street is home to Leopold and Molly Bloom. Joyce had visited the house in August 1909 when it was occupied by his friend J. F. Byrne who convinced him that their mutual acquaintance Cosgrave had lied about going out with Nora in 1904. But he had previously selected Eccles St. for a special role in *Stephen Hero* - where it serves as the site of the primordial epiphany.

Photograph by Ana Graça Canan

“Epiphany” on Eccles St.: A Proto-type of *Dubliners*?

Joyce began writing prose fiction with the “Epiphanies” in 1901. The example presented as the original epiphany in Chap. XVIII of *Stephen Hero* was actually written for that chapter in 1906 - contrary to the suggested facts and the principle of strict realism involved. This probably had to do with the street name which rhymed with his desire for a new literary ‘church’ in Ireland - since *eccles*. is the usual abbreviation for *ecclesia* (L. *church*) besides being the name of Sir John Eccles, the 18th century landlord who built it.

More than ever he had done before he longed for the season to lift and for spring - the misty Irish spring - to be over and gone. He was passing through Eccles’ [sic] St. one evening, one misty evening [...] A young lady was standing on the steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis.

A young gentleman was leaning on the rusty railings of the area. Stephen as he passed on his quest heard the following fragment of colloquy out of which he received an impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.

The Young Lady - (drawling discreetly) ... O, yes ... I was ... at the ... cha…pel ...
The Young Gentleman - (inaudible) ... I ... (again inaudibly) ... I ...
The Young Lady - (softly) ... O ... but you’re ... ve...ry ... wick...ed ... .

This triviality made him think of collecting many such moments together in a book of epiphanies. By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself.

—*Stephen Hero*, ed. Theodore Spencer [1944] rev. edn. (London: Cape, 1965), p.216.

Joyce's intentions in *Dubliners*

Letter to Grant Richards (5 May 1906)

'My intention was to write a chapter in the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. [...] I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous meanness [see note] and with the conviction that he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard

(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 2, ed. Richard Ellmann, NY: Viking Press 1966), p.134.

Letter to Grant Richards (23 June 1906)

'[...] I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.'

(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 1, ed. Stuart Gilbert [1957], Viking Edn. 1966, pp.63-64.)

Letter to Stanislaus Joyce (25 Sept. 1906)

'Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in Dubliners at least) none of the attraction of the city for I have never felt at my ease in any city since I left it except for Paris. I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality. The latter "virtue" so far as I can see does not exist elsewhere in Europe.'

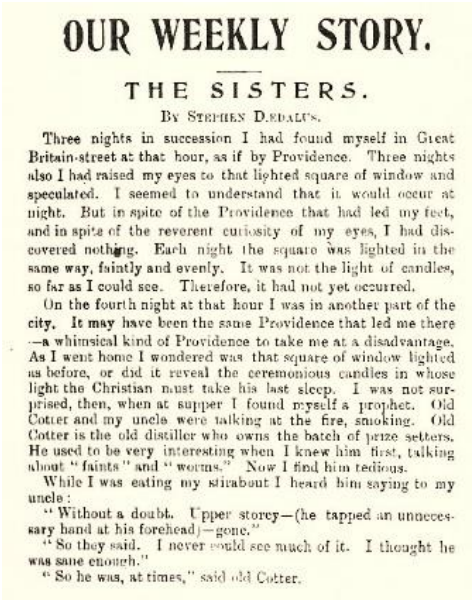
(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 2, ed. Richard Ellmann, NY: Viking Press 1966, p.164-68; p.166.

Dubliners: order of composition

1. "**THE SISTERS**" [**D1**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (13 Aug. 1904); rewritten May-June 1906.

Joyce told his friend Curran on a postcard of July 1904: 'I am writing a series of epicleti - ten - for a paper [...] to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city' He did not mention that he had been asked to write something 'simple, lively, and sympathic' by the proprietor of the paper, George ("AE" Russell). His contributions were discontinued by the editor after three stories had been printed.

1st July, 1895
The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of St Catherine's Church, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years.
R.I.P.



OUR WEEKLY STORY.

THE SISTERS.

By Stephen Dedalus.

Three nights in succession I had found myself in Great Britain-street at that hour, as if by Providence. Three nights also I had raised my eyes to that lighted square of window and speculated. I seemed to understand that it would occur at night. But in spite of the Providence that had led my feet, and in spite of the reverent curiosity of my eyes, I had discovered nothing. Each night the square was lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. It was not the light of candles, so far as I could see. Therefore, it had not yet occurred.

On the fourth night at that hour I was in another part of the city. It may have been the same Providence that led me there—a whimsical kind of Providence to take me at a disadvantage. As I went home I wondered was that square of window lighted as before, or did it reveal the ceremonious candles in whose light the Christian must take his last sleep. I was not surprised, then, when at supper I found myself a prophet. Old Cotter and my uncle were talking at the fire, smoking. Old Cotter is the old distiller who owns the batch of prize setters. He used to be very interesting when I knew him first, talking about "faints" and "worms." Now I find him tedious.

While I was eating my stirabout I heard him saying to my uncle:

"Without a doubt. Upper storey—(he tapped an unnecessary hand at his forehead)—gone."

"So they said. I never could see much of it. I thought he was sane enough."

"So he was, at times," said old Cotter.

The Irish Homstead
13 August 1904

In the 1906 revised version of "The Sisters", Joyce removed a series of allusions to 'Providence' in the opening and substituted the words 'paralysis', 'gnomon' and 'simony' to illustrate his view of Dublin as a 'centre of paralysis' – as he called it in a letter to the publisher.

By planting 'paralysis' in the opening, Joyce hinted that the priest had died from syphilis (g.p.i.) contracted earlier in life and is therefore an embarrassment to the Church whose hierarchy take some trouble to cover up the details before they are revealed in the coroner's court. Those who talk about him in the story have some idea of what is going on but prefer to talk about it in 'unfinished sentences' – as the narrator tells us. It is left to the reader to fill the gaps in those sentences.

“The Sisters”, in *Irish Homestead* (August 1904)

Joyce’s alterations to the opening of “The Sisters” between its first publication in August 1904 and its revision in May-June 1906 largely consist of removing seemingly pious references to “Providence” and substituting the three Greek words *paralysis*, *gnomon* and *simony* as guides to the ‘vivisective’ topic of the story.

Original version (13 Aug. 1904)

Three nights in succession I had found myself in Great Britain-street at that hour, as if by Providence. Three nights also I had raised my eyes to that lighted square of window and speculated. I seemed on understand that it would occur at night. But in spite of the Providence that had led my feet, and in spite of the reverent curiosity of my eyes, I had discovered nothing. Each night the square was lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. It was not the light of candles, so far as I could see. Therefore, it had not yet occurred.

On the fourth night at that hour I was in another part of the city. It may have been the same Providence that led me there - a whimsical kind of Providence to take me at a disadvantage. As I went home I wondered was that square of window lighted as before, or did it reveal the ceremonious candles in whose light the Christian must take his last sleep. I was not surprised, then, when at supper I found myself a prophet.

Revised version (Dubliners 1914)

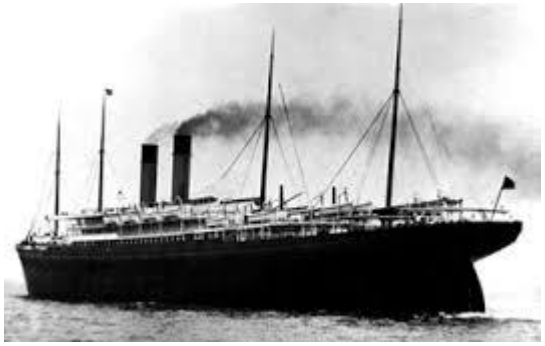
There was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind, for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: *I am not long for this world*, and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. 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. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Dubliners: order of composition

2. "**EVELINE**" [**D4**] -publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (10 Sept. 1904); revised Oct. 1905.

Joyce's departure to Europe with Nora was imminent when he wrote this story about a girl who lacks the courage to elope with a stranger. When he revised it in October, Nora and he were already in Pola but she was not adapting well to her new environment being unable to understand the languages around her. In letters of the time to his brother he called her 'one of those plants which cannot be safely transplanted' and later wrote, 'I do not know what strange morose creature she will bring forth after all her tears [...]' (*Letters*, II, 1966, pp. 83, 97.)

Eveline's boyfriend Frank is quite like the young Joyce – most obviously in his resort to tennis shoes and his impecunious condition. In London, en route to Paris, Joyce left Nora alone on a park bench for some hours while he visted Arthur Symons. Later he told his brother that he considered abandoning her. In the revised version of the story, Joyce emphasised the danger of Eveline's position.



Frank says he has 'landed on his feet' in Buenes Aires and tells her strange stories about 'the Patagonians' he has seen on his travels - – just as Othello does when wooing Desdemona. Yet he boards the ship as a deck-hand and it is destined for Liverpool, not South America. What will she do if he strands her in the English port?

Dubliners: order of composition

3. "**AFTER THE RACE**" [**D5**] - publ. in *The Irish Homestead* (17 Dec. 1904); never revised.

Joyce probably began the story before leaving Dublin with Nora, a girl whose social class set apart from his school and college peers. His strategy was to strike back. The central character of the story is a rich young Irishman, Jimmy Doyle, who has been educated in a 'posh' English school and gone to Cambridge, where he studied Law.

Joyce actually interviewed the drivers in the Gordon Bennett Race for the *Irish Times* (7 March 1904). His printed report reveals that he was thrilled by the machines but appalled by the people involved in the sport. (See *Critical Writings*, 1957, pp.106-09.)

Local historians have identified him as with Jimmy Fields, son of William Field, a butcher and Nationalist MP up to 1918 who established a chain of shops in Dublin and has a supplier's contract with the police. He was called a 'merchant prince' and sent his son to English public school and Cambridge. Jimmy Doyle divided time between musical circles and motoring.

In his social position and past-times, young Doyle is much like Oliver St John Gogarty - who modelled for the 'gay betrayer' Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*. It is likely that Joyce had the wealthy Catholic *haute bourgeoisie* in his sights in this story - with Gogarty as the primary example for the species.

Dubliners: order of composition

4. "**CLAY**" [**D10**] - begun as "Christmas Eve", late Oct. 1904; completed in Jan. 1905; offered to *Irish Homestead*, and rejected; rewritten spring 1905; lightly revised 1906.

Written in Pola where Joyce arrived with Nora having failed to find a teaching job elsewhere in Europe, the story tells of Maria, a former maid to the Donnelly children who now travels by bus from the laundry where she lives to attend a Hallowe'en party with the family, having no family of her own.

Her frailty and marginalisation makes her the easy victim of a practical joke involving a 'lucky dip' and a prophecy in which death appears to be her portion (hence the "clay" of the title.) Her failure to sing Balfe's "I dreamt I dwelt .." further marks her limited understanding of her position.

Joe's view of Maria is coloured by sentimentality and alcoholism: "[H]is eyes filled up so much with tears that he [...] he had to ask his wife to tell him where the corkscrew was."

The 'laundries 'were usually staffed by 'reformed' prostitutes and controlled by a religious ethos – in this case Protestant. Unlike them, Maria receives some pay as a kitchen worker along with her board. Probably she began her life in a not dissimilar Catholic orphanage. Burial in unmarked graves was not uncommon in such institutions.

Generations of secrecy about the treatment of single women in Ireland was recently broken to widespread shock with the Golden-bridge scandals of the late 1990s. Contrary to self-esteem, Catholic Ireland was not such a "caring" country after all.

Dubliners: order of composition

5. "**THE BOARDING HOUSE**" [**D7**] - completed 1 July 1905 [date on MS]; revised by 13 July 1905.

Joyce is living in Trieste, having been invited back from Pola, and the *Dubliners* stories are coming forth rapidly in the new environment. Whose '100 languages' suited him very well. He was so confident about his writing that he told his brother he would follow *Dubliners* with a book called *Provincials* – presumably extending his analysis of Irish "paralysis" to the whole country. (Letter of 2 July 1905.)

About this time he begins talking very harshly about the only Irish writer in the field who represents a literary challenge in prose fiction – that is, George Moore, a Catholic land-owner who had written *The Untilled Field* (1903) for the Irish literary revival and to whom Joyce may have owed more inspiration than he admitted and with whom he shared a knowledge of French models, but who also set a standard for Irish realism which Joyce knew he could surpass.

Upper Gardiner St., Dublin

The first of the Dubliners stories to be written after Joyce's contract with *The Irish Homestead* ended, "The Boarding House" casts an unforgiving eye on the malignant matriarchalism of a certain type of Dublin woman and the corrupt idea of female virtue and familism they purvey.

Mrs Mooney 'dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat.' Joyce gives a remorseless account of the complicity between mothers and priests in the business of getting daughters married off. Tellingly, the boarders call her 'madam'.

One phrase particularly pleased Joyce – Polly's 'habit of looking upwards when she spoke' which made her look 'like a little perverse madonna'. No wonder that Bob Doran is 'on one of his benders' [i.e., drinking sprees] when we meet him in *Ulysses*.

Dubliners: order of composition

6. "**COUNTERPARTS**" [**D9**] - completed mid-July 1905 (revised by 15 July 1905).

This was the first story in which Joyce adopted the framework of an classical parallel – here Homer's *Iliad* which sets the tone for Farrington's struggles first with a humourless superior in a solicitor's office and later with uncaring drinking companions in the several pubs where he consoles himself for the imminent loss of his job as a result of an unguarded witticism flung at his employer. Returning home, he resorts to beating his son who pleads with him to stop by promising to say "*Hail Maries*". An array of counterparts encountered on the way – chiefly employer/employee and father/son – appear to illustrate the principle behind bullying where each deflects onto another the indignities and violence he receives.

Initially nameless, "the man" in the story strangely anticipates Joyce's 'no-man' in *Ulysses* (*outis*) – a trope employed for the much more amiable person of Leopold Bloom who figures as the counterpart of Homer's *Ulysses* in Joyce's epic novel.

'When the Scotch House closed they went round to Mulligan's.'

The story contains a number of low-life characters who will return in *Ulysses*. Mulligans pub is one of the oldest pubs in Ireland, a lone survivor of the erstwhile Poolbeg street-scape of Edwardian days that once boasted the Royal Theatre – now a characterless office block of the worst glass-and-steel description. The nearby Scotch House could still be visited last time I was in Dublin for long enough to get comprehensively drunk. Actually I shared a couple of 'shorts' there with Hugh Kenner. (No, we were not among the aforementioned low-life characters!)

Dubliners: order of composition

7. "**A PAINFUL CASE**" [**D11**] - orig. written as "A Painful Incident", completed by 8 May 1905; repeatedly retouched in 1906.

Sydney Parade Station

The story is based an experience recorded in Stanislaus Joyce's diary concerning a music concert he attended in which the performer had an exotic appearance that apparently attracted him. Joyce too was attracted by dark complexion and experienced several infatuations with Jewish women in Trieste. (Leopold Popper, the father of one of these, said to him in cautionary tones: '*Mia figlia ha una grandissima ammirazione per il suo maestro inglese*'.)

Two sentences in the story began in Stanislaus's diary: 'Every bond is a bond to sorrow' and 'Love between men and woman is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse, and friendship between a man and a woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse.' Joyce called his brother's aphorisms 'bile beans'.

Joyce's story focuses on the risk of a loveless intellectual life which he himself avoided by going away with Nora. Mrs Sinico is Jewish but the theme of anti-semitism is less apparent than the idea that a woman with liberal principles and ideas might be scorned or feared in Dublin and ultimately driven to kill herself, as Anna Karenina had done in Tolstoy's novel. The interplay of Dublin intellectual with an 'improper' woman who is Jewish anticipates two separate themes in *Ulysses*.

Dubliners: order of composition

8. "**IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM**" [**D12**] - fair copy dated 29 Aug 1905; virtually unchanged.

The Home-Rule Leader

Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-91)

The setting is the office of an election candidate. It doesn't seem to matter which party they belong to - nationalist or unionist - since the canvassers are only interested in the drink. It is the anniversary of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader revered by Joyce and by his own father (who was once a successful, if unprincipled, canvasser and actually derived his government post from it.

Joyce's story contains a reference to the Prince of Wales's weakness for women - to be compared with Parnell's fatal love-affair with Mrs Kitty O'Shea. The Maunsel printer's objection to this caused Joyce to write to King George VI, son of the Prince (who had been Edward VII on the death of Queen Victoria) to see if he objected. No useful answer was received but the episode typified Joyce's habit of 'going to the top' in cases of injustice.

For Joyce, the sentimental dirge sung to commemorate "The Chief" in this story is anything but 'a very fine piece of writing'. For Joyce, it is a measure of mental "paralysis" that is drowning political initiative. His own boyhood lament for Parnell was printed by his father and circulated as widely as possible, but no copies have survived. Remnants he could recall suggest a similar writing.

Dubliners: order of composition

9. "**AN ENCOUNTER**" [**D2**] - completed (and revised) 18 Sept. 1905.

Joyce's story on the 'pervert' whom the boys meet on a day of truancy ("mitching") beyond the docklands is in keeping with his hatred of secrecy about the sexual realities of Irish life as much as the offence involved. The man talks about little girls sadistic terms and then masturbates - "I say! Look what he's doing!" - but the chief harm suffered by the narrator is an unhappy mirror-image of his own sense of superiority his school-boy companion whom he finds that he has 'always despised a little in [his] heart.'

When the narrator writes of the bullying gang-leader, 'Everyone was incredulous when it was reported that he had a vocation for the priesthood. Nevertheless it was true' - the implication is that the priesthood is a very good career for boys like him. In this, Joyce anticipates now-a-days critics of abusing priests of one kind or another.

Sexual offences against children - especially by priests and nuns - has been *the* major social scandal of recent decades in Ireland.

Joyce's father got a solicitor to write a legal account of *Dubliners* and received support on the "Ivy Day" story but but adverse comment on "An Encounter" to the effect that 'magistrates are directed to hear such cases in private.' That suggested that there might indeed be legal trouble on the score of common decency if the story was not removed since there was nothing to tone down.

Dubliners: order of composition

10. "**A MOTHER**" [**D13**] - finished in Sept. 1905; revised Oct. 1905.

Gaelic League crest

Mrs Kearney arranges to have her daughter act as as an accompanist to the singers at an 'Irish' concert. The only trouble is that she wants a fee. In the end, she is cut down to size by Mr "Hoppy" Holahan who answers her snooty comment, 'I'm not done with you yet' with - 'But I'm done with you.' She has stepped out her element and paid the price.

In style, the story looks towards the "Cyclops" episode of Ulysses in so far as the narrator seems to be antagonistic to Mrs Kearney from the outset – more so than the reader who is meant to understands that she is trying to find a niche within the Irish cultural-revival movement of the period. Joyce reveals the ambiguous values of that movement – part elitist and part proletarian. Mrs Kearney is a bourgeois who has fallen among prolet-arians.

Joyce was a good tenor and an able player who once sharing a platform with the Irish tenor John McCormack. He didn't think highly of the average concert run by the numerous societies of the period. According to his brother Stanislaus he often spoke of 'puling Irish traditional music, too often heard.' The Eire Abu Society's concert in this story comes in for harsh treatment when the barmaids in *Ulysses* recall 'that horrible night in the Antient Concert Rooms.' (*Ulysses*, 1984, U11.138-39.)

Dubliners: order of composition

11. "**ARABY**" [**D3**] - begun 18 Oct. 1905; completed in same month.

A shop-window in Enniskerry

Although third in the collection – because it is about childhood – "Araby" was the eleventh to be composed. It was written after Joyce had brought his brother Stanislaus to Trieste, effectively using Stannie thereafter as family bread-winner so he could spend more time writing.

The boy in "Araby" is the type of the disillusioned child who ends feeling 'derided by vanity', his 'eyes burn[ing] with anguish and anger' when is attempt to buy a gift for his love is foiled by the chaos of his family life. (Typically for the stories, he is a war rather than a child of the house.) One detail stands out: the very moment at which the boy's illusions are shattered is when the English girl with the tinny-sounding who moves one of the 'exotic' vases in the empty hall. His romantic dream proves to be a stage-trick managed by a gang of show-people who could very well be staying in Mrs Mooney's boarding house.

'I'll sing thee songs of Araby / And tales of far Cashmere, / Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, / Or charm thee with a tear. // And dreams delight shall on thee break, / And rainbow visions rise, / And all my soul shall strive to wake / Sweet wonder in thy eyes.' (Song by W. G. Wills (set to music by Frederick Clay.)

Dubliners: order of composition

12. "**GRACE**" [**D14**] - composed Oct.-Dec. 1905; an early version was finished on 27 Nov. 1905.

St. Francis Xavier Church, Gardiner St., Dublin.

St. Francis Xavier Church [interior].

Joyce's story "Grace" is about the way ordinary Dubliners employ religion in the economy of their lives. Tom Kernan is an alcoholic with numerous small debts. When he falls down the lavatory stairs in a pub, his friends decide to take him to a 'retreat' for businessmen being given in the Jesuit Church on Gardiner St. Fr Purdon – who shares his name with a street of Dublin brothels – blithely reinterprets the scriptural injunctions against Mammon to mean that members of the commercial class have to square their lives with God like good accountants.

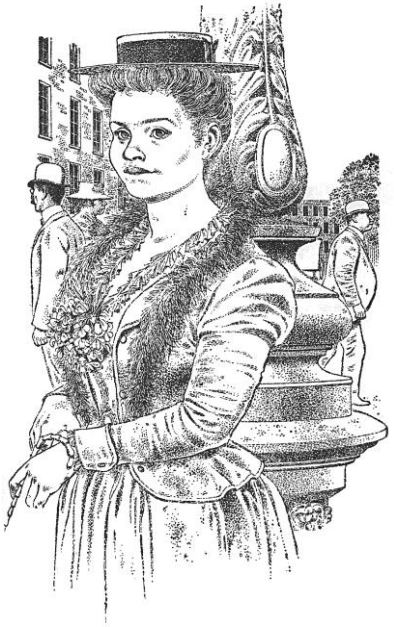
In the course of the story, the Kernan, Power, Cunningham, Fogarty and Mc'Coy bandy received ideas and solecisms about the Papacy which render the story Joyce's closest approach to Flaubert's method in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881) – une *sottiserie*. The plot proceeds along lines of Dante's *Divine Comedy* progressing from Inferno to Purgatory – from a pub toilet to a church – as Mr Kernan is induced to 'keel the pot'. In this way it forshadows the symbolic schema of *Ulysses* – in which all of its main characters play parts.

The Jesuit Church in Gardiner St. was used for religious services and confession by Belvedere College which Joyce attended. It contained in my own younger days a tryptich of the Epiphany which has now been removed to Jesuit 'headquarters' since art is now routinely stolen from churches.

Dubliners: order of composition

13. "**TWO GALLANTS**" [**D6**] - completed Feb. 1906; 'bloody' marked by publisher's blue pencil, April 1906.

Lenehan and Corley, protagonists in the ironically-named "Two Gallants" have been called the 'lowest form of life in Dublin' and are certainly the only ones in Irish fiction who stoop to seducing house-maids and compelling them to steal cigars and money from their master's homes. Yet Joyce seems to see them as 'winnowed of vigour' by what he facetiously calls 'the stern task of living' rather than inherently vicious – and Lenehan has a vivid after-life in *Ulysses* where he is still pulling female servants but is somewhat redeemed by the privilege of speaking the truest words about Joyce's hero: 'There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom.'



Corley's girl — ill. by Guy Davenport

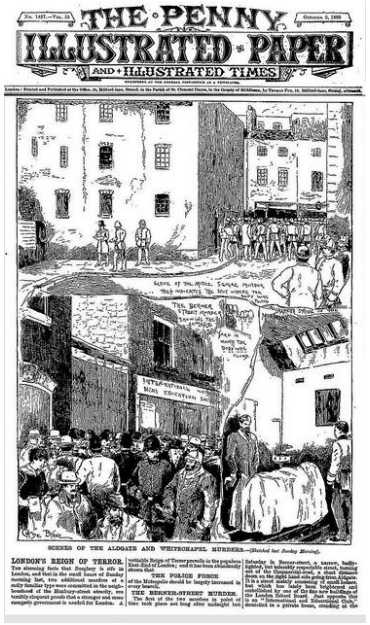
The story is partially based on the case of Brigid Gannon, a housemaid who was found drowned in a Dublin river and whose murder was pinned on the policeman called Henry Flower, who made the discovery. Oddly enough, Leopold Bloom adopts that name when he corresponds illicitly with Marth Clifford in *Ulysses*.

In real life, Flower was tried with a Sergeant Hanily, who cut his own throat. Though acquitted in court, Flower was force to emigrate. In the 1940s another servant-girl confessed that she had killed Brigid Gannon by drowning. (See Peter Costello, James Joyce: The Years of Growth, 1992, pp.168-69.)

Dubliners: order of composition

14. "**A LITTLE CLOUD**" [**D8**] - completed mid-1906.

Little Chandler is an example of the kind enthusiasm for literature that never passes the threshold of actual literary production. He has a clerk's job in the Kings Inns but daydreams of what the papers would say about his still-unwritten, never-to-be published poems: '*Mr Chandler has the gift of easy and graceful verse … . A wistful sadness pervades these poems … The Celtic note*.'


THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

SCENES OF THE ALDGATE AND WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.—Sketched last Sunday Morning.

LONDON'S REIGN OF TERROR.

THE POLICE FORCE

THE MINORIES-STREET MURDER.

Many Irishmen succeeded in the London newspaper world but their niche was often the 'penny press'.

But today Little Chandler is up against a challenge in the shape of an old friend, Ignatius Gallagher, who has grown to the full stature of a London journalist since they last met. At every turn in the conversation, Gallagher shows himself to be a brutish vulgarian - not least when he speaks of wedded life ('must get a bit stale, I would should think') – but Chandler, though two years married, doesn't seem to notice.

When Chandler returns home and contemplates his situation 'a dull resentment against life awoke within him' causing him to shout at the baby he is minding during his wife Annie's absence on an errand. When she returns to find the baby crying and comforts it without heeding his excuses, his eyes fill up with tears of remorse. He is as much trapped in his life as Eveline or Bob Doran.

Dubliners: the lost story

- "ULYSSES" – the 'lost' *Dubliners* story; first conceived in Dec. 1905; reconsidered as a novel, Nov. 1906; no progress prior to publication of *Dubliners* (1914) and *A Portrait* (1916); serious planning starts, 1 March 1914; Chap. 1 complete , 16 June 1916; *Ulysses* published 2 Feb. 1922.

Nearly four years after leaving Dublin, Joyce had become a husband (though unmarried) and a father. Shortly after Grant Richard's rejection of *Dubliners* (Sept. 1906), he took a job in a Roman bank (March 1906) and endured a year of disillusionment which end-stopped his work on *Stephen Hero* – a a vehicle for all his theories about the role of the artist and the 'vivisective' nature of art.

Ulysses slays the Suitors

At this time, Joyce's solipsistic frame of mind was giving way to a more 'generous' understanding of life and his mission as a writer. In "The Dead", he tacitly acknowledged his love for Nora and, in future, that relationship would stand at the centre of his writings.

The Sandycove Martello where Joyce stayed with Oliver St John Gogarty during 9-15 Sept. 1904.

Already he knew he would rewrite the 26 chapters of *Stephen Hero* as the five chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* – begun in September 1907. Later on, would tell a friend that its admirers often failed to notice the the second part of the title – meaning that the central character is essentially immature in comparison with the writer. This altered viewpoint posed a challenge which was no less stylistic than psychological.

With the *Portrait* in print in 1916, the problem was to find a vehicle for 'young' Joyce, 'mature' Joyce and also if possible the female spirit which he discovered in Nora in order to continue along the developments adumbrated in "The Dead". The answer lay in recollections of a certain Mr Hunter and in his memory of Lamb's *Adventures of Homer* (1803) from school-days.

Dubliners: order of composition

15. "**THE DEAD**" [**D15**] - written in July-September 1907.

"The Dead" is so rich in material and treatment, so minute in its attention to the social and cultural world in which it is set, and so assured in its understanding of human nature and relationships that it stands apart from the rest of the *Dubliners* stories as a unique work of Joycean compassion – in contrast with the stated aim of the collection as a whole: 'to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city.' (Letter of Aug. 1904.)

Gabriel Conroy, a man of letters, learns that his wife Gretta had a young lover before his marriage to her, but overcomes his injured pride to recognize that, even if '[h]e had never felt like that himself towards any woman [...] such a feeling must be love.' Ultimately, however, Joyce attaches the word 'generous' to him - both on her lips and those of the narrator (viz., 'generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes') – in sharp distinction from any other character in *Dubliners*.

John Huston's 1987 film of "The Dead" with Anjelica Huston & Donal McCann

Joyce wrote the story fully a year after the rejection of *Dubliners* by Grant Richards and following a chapter of his personal life that put a stop to the 'egoistical' course of his autobiographical writings. In a letter to his brother written at the time when he first conceived it, he said:

> 'Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced [...] none of the attraction of the city [nor] its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality.'
>
> (Letter of 25 Sept. 1906; *Sel. Letters*, 1975, pp.109-10.)

Ulysses – The Novel

Traditional readings of *Ulysses* identified a plot in which two men – younger and older – follow the example of Telemachus and Odysseus in travelling through trials and difficulties to a final encounter with one another, while the older man is also returning to his wife Penelope after a time of war. E.g., ...

William York Tindall (1903-1981**)**
Ulysses is the story of three Dubliners and their city during June 16, 1904. Stephen is intellect, Mrs. Bloom, flesh, and central Mr. Bloom, uniting the extremes, taken together, compose mankind, which *Ulysses* celebrates. Celebrating it on Bloomsday or any other day, we celebrate art and man.' (*A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*, London: Thames & Hudson 1963, p.124.)

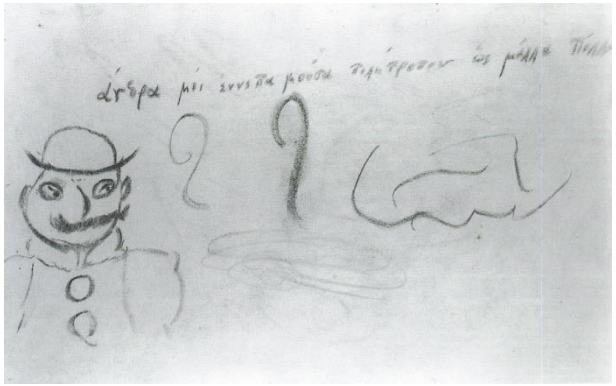
It becomes increasingly apparent that in meeting Bloom and Molly, Stephen [...] becomes himself. Discovering the father, he becomes capable of fatherhood. (Ibid., p.125.)

'Having discovered what charity really is, Stephen leaves Bloom and goes away to write *Ulysses*.' (Tindall, *James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World,* NY UP 1956, p.27.)

... but notice the *caveat* :

S. L. Goldberg (1926-1991)
The meeting of Bloom and Stephen is [...] a climax the meaning of which only we and the author—but not the characters themselves—can understand. Part of the point is that although Bloom and Stephen are aspects of Joyce himself, *neither of them can have more than an inkling of their mutual significance.*

(*The Classical Temper: A Study of James Joyce's Ulysses,* Chatto & Windus 1961, p.125.)



Joyce's doodle of Leopold Bloom, c1919.

Meeting Mr Hunter

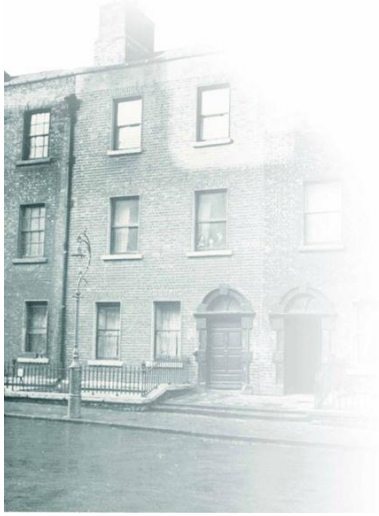
Mr Alfred Hunter was the actual name of a man who rescued James Joyce from a *fracas* with a man to whose girlfriend he talked in September 1904, only to be knocked down. Hunter took Joyce home and gave him a cheering cup of coacoa. In a similar fracas, Joyce's friend Vincent Cosgrave stood by while two British soldiers pushed Joyce around in Nighttown – another scene remembered in *Ulysses*.

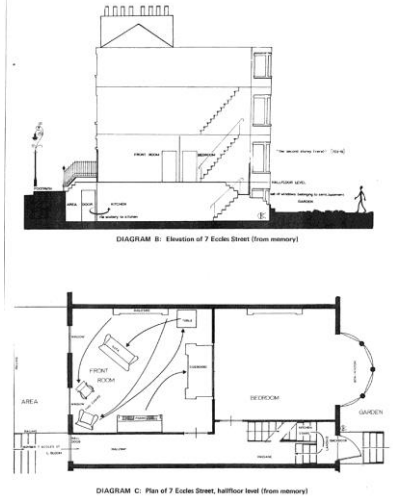
In his monumental biography *James Joyce* (1956), Richard Ellmann called Mr Hunter 'a dark complexioned Dublin Jew who was rumoured to be a cuckold' – but in the revised edition (1982) he wrote less certainly that 'Hunter was rumoured to be Jewish and to have an unfaithful wife'. This rather quaky assertion was based on the evidence of an unreliable witness called William D'Arcy who subsequently told another interviewer that he had know the original for Blazes Boylan – without further proof the identity of either.

The matter was finally resolved by Peter Costello, an Irish scholar, who established that while both Joyce and his father believed Hunter to be Jewish, he was in fact a Presbyterian whose father, a Belfastman, had a shoe shop in Dublin. The younger Hunter became a Catholic to marry a wife who turned out to be an alcoholic and sold the furniture for drink on numerous occasions.

In 1904 Mr. Hunter was living at 28 Ballybough Rd. and latter at 23 Gt. Charles St. where he died at the age of 60 on 12 Sept. It is highly unlikely that he knew he had become Joyce's hero in the world's most famous modern novel. (*The Years of Growth*, London: Kyle Cathie 1992, p.19.)

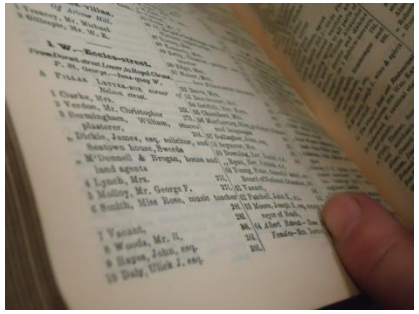
Bloom: '[...] Eccles street. My house down there.' ("Hades" in *Ulysses*.)





'Would it be possible for an ordinary person to climb over the area railings of No. 7 Eccles street?' (Joyce in a letter to Aunt Josephine, 2 Nov. 1921; *Letters*, I, p.175;

Joyce visited 7 Eccles St., then a rented house where J. F. Byrne was living with an aunt during 1908-10. As Hely-Thom's Dublin Directory for that year shows, the house was 'vacant' in 1904. Joyce was thus able to slip Leopold and Molly Bloom into it without contradicting facts. The diagram shows a reconstruction of the interior of the house which was demolished to make room for the new Mater Hospital in the 1970s. No civic objections were made at the time.



Hely-Thom's, 1904

From Hunter to Bloom

'Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can't be changed. Bloom should grow upon the reader through the day.' (Frank Budgen, c. *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*, 1960, p.105.)

Alfred H. Hunter > Leopold Bloom

In Ulysses, Joyce gives Joseph Bloom's real address at 38 Lombard St . to his fictional character Leopold Bloom as one of his childhood homes. In 1921, Joyce asked Con Leventhal if the 'musical Blooms' were still living on Lombard St. and received the answer 'No'. Joseph's father was a dentist who converted to Catholicism in order to marry. In *Ulysses* he occupies his actual premises on Clare St.

Leopoldo Popper was the father of Amalia, a student with whom Joyce had a brief flirtation in 1913. Leopold means "people's prince" in Hebrew and is astrologically associated with the Northern Crown - as Bloom well knows [U17.2018-19]. It is also linked with the qualities of 'ambition, beauty, dignity, empire, eternal life, ... &c, (Gifford, 1984, p.70.)

Bloom's height (5' 9") and weight (11 stone 4lb.) are those of J. F. Byrne as shown on the scale which he and Joyce used to measure themselves during the evening walk on 8 Sept. 1909 when Joyce went round to Byrne's home at 7 Eccles St. Bloom's father would be called Rudolph Virag—viz., "Flower" in Hungarian.

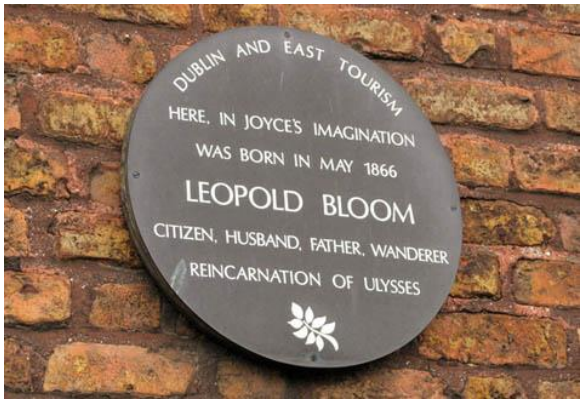
James A. Joyce > Stephen Dedalus

Stephen was already well-established *alter ego* in *Stephen Hero* [1944] and *A Portrait of the Artist* (1916). While writing *Ulysses*, Joyce thought of Stephen as immature and told one friend that Stephen's mind 'is full like everyone else's of borrowed words'. It is clear and the end of Ulysses that he realise he has met the hero of own future novel!

? > Molly Bloom

There are many candidates for the model of Molly Bloom since Joyce picked up traits and habits from all the women he met as suited him – including wives of colleagues, students and shopkeepers he knew in Trieste. The Place of honour goes to Nora Barnacle whose unpunctuated letters supply the model for the "Penelope" chapter of the novel. Another important model was the wide of Charles Chance (C. P. M'Coy in the novel), a soprano who sang professionally as 'Madame Marie Tallon'. In *Ulysses*, Joyce makes M'Coy's wife a professional rival of Molly.

Alfred Hunter/Leopold Bloom



Bloom's 'birthplace' Clanbrassil St., Dublin

Barbara Jefford and Milo O'Shea

Milo O'Shea as Leopold Bloom
in Joseph Strick's *Ulysses* (1967)

— He's a cultured allroundman, Bloom is, he said [301] seriously. He's not one of your common or garden … you know … There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom. (Lenehan, in "Wandering Rocks" chapter of *Ulysses*

Dublin's Bloom

...Mr Hunter
in old age?

What happened when “Ulysses” became *Ulysses*?

Early in the writing of the *Dubliners* stories, Joyce had adopted an 'impersonal' stylistic method (after Flaubert) which effectively demolished the authorial voice of conventional fiction and brought the immediate thoughts or else the characteristic language of the characters and their milieux onto the plane of narrative language - e.g., 'Lily the caretaker's daughter was literally run off her feet’ (“The Dead”).

❖ Focus on a single character or narrator gives way to multiple personal standpoints (i.e., Stephen/Leopold/Molly, &c., &c.)

❖ Plotting episodes is complicated by an extended temporal framework and a wider scope of material settings– e.g., Martello, school, cemetery, newspaper office, bar, brothel, kitchen, bedroom .. &c.

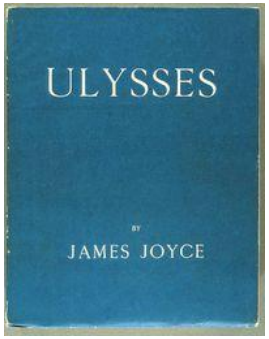
❖ Uniformity of style and treatment gives way to ‘multiple styles’ – one for each character, episode, viewpoint, hour, and thematic treatment (incl. and ‘*monologue intérieur*’, ‘stream of consciousness’ psychoanalytical nightmare (*Walpurgisnacht*), ‘embryology’, cathecism, &c.).

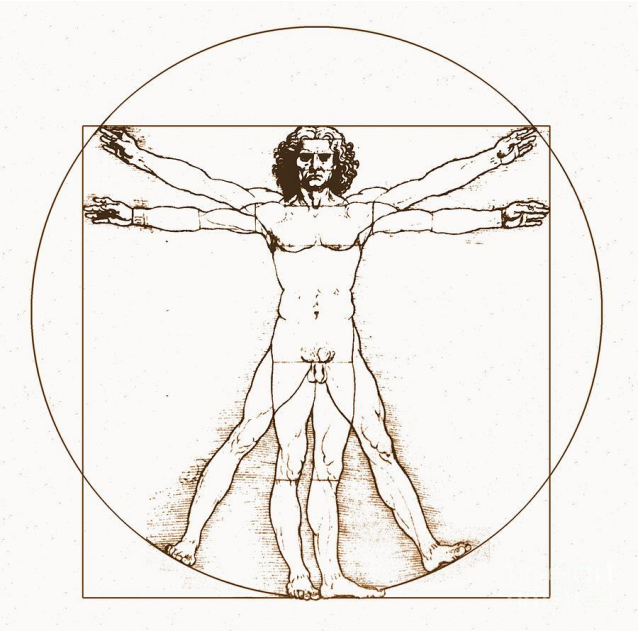
❖In general epistemological effect, the ‘object’ being ‘epiphanised’ is less a single individual or even a group of individuals, but a whole city - or even ‘the wohld bludyn world’ [FW593.02-03].

❖ Symbolic allusions in the short stories (e.g., the *Iliad* in “Counterparts” or Dante’s *Commedia Divina* in “Grace”) are elevated to the plane of governing ‘schema’ –involving full-scale orchestration of ‘correspondences’.

The "Schema" of *Ulysses* [Stuart Gilbert version

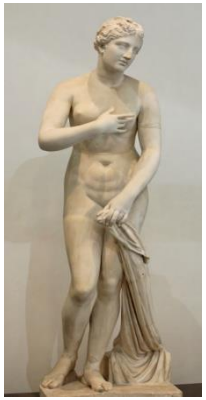
Title	Scene	Hour	Organ	Art	Colour	Symbol	Technic	Correspondences
TELEMACHIAD								
Telemachus	Martello Tower	8:00 a.m.		theology	whitegold	heir	Narrative (young)	Stephen - Telemachus, Hamlet; Buck Mulligan - Antinous; Milkwoman - Mentor
Nestor	Mr Deasy's School	10:00 a.m.		history	brown	horse	Catechism (personal)	Deasy - Nestor; Pisistratus - Sargent; Helen - Mrs O'Shea
Proteus	Sandymount Strand	11:00 a.m.		philology	green	tide	Monologue (male)	Proteus - Primal Matter; Kevin Egan - Menelaus; Megapenthus - Cocklepicker
ODYSSEY								
Calypso	Bloom's House	8:00 a.m.	kidney	Home economics	orange	nymph	Narrative (mature)	Calypso - Nymph; Dlugacz - Recall; Zion - Ithaca
Lotus-Eaters	Bath	10:00 a.m.	genitals	botany, chemistry	white	eucharist	Narcissism	Lotuseaters - Cabhorses, Communicants, Soldiers, Eunuchs, Bar, Watchers of Cricket
Hades	Glasnevin Cemetery	11:00 a.m.	heart	religion	black	caretaker	Incubism	Dodder, Grand and Royal Carnals, Liffey - 4 Rivers; Cunningham - Sisyphus; Far Coffet - Cerberus; Caretaker - Hades; Daniel O'Connell - Hercules; Dignam - Elpenor; Parnell - Agamemnon; Menton - Ajax
Aeolus	*Freeman* Newspaper	12:00 p.m.	lungs	rhetoric	red	editor	Enthymemic	Crawford - Eolus; Incest - Journalism; Floating Island - Press
Lestrygonians	Lunch [Restaurants]	1:00 p.m.	oesophagus	architecture		constables	Peristalsis	Antiphates - Hunger; Decoy - Food; Lestrygonians - Teeth
Scylla and Charybdis	National Library	2:00 p.m.	brain	literature		Stratford, London	Dialectic	Rock - Aristotle, Dogma - Stratford; Whirlpool - Plato, Mysticism, London; Ulysses - Socrates, Jesus, Shakespeare
Wandering Rocks	Streets of Dublin	3:00 p.m.	blood	mechanics		citizens	Labyrinth	Bosphorus - Liffey; European bank - Viceroy; Asiatic bank - Conmee; Symplegades - Groups of Citizens
Sirens	Ormond Hotel Concert Room	4:00 p.m.	ear	music		barmaids	fuga per canonem	Sirens - Barmaids; Isle - Bar
Cyclops	Tavern (Barney Kiernan's)	5:00 p.m.	muscle	politics		fenian	Gigantism	Noman - I; Stake - Cigar; Challenge - Apoptosis
Nausikaa	Rocks on Sandymount Shore	8:00 p.m.	eye, nose	painting	grey,blue	virgin	Tumescence, Detumescence	Phaeacia - Star of Sea; Gerty - Nausikaa
Oxen of Sun	Maternity Hospital	10:00 p.m.	womb	medicine	white	mors	Embryonic development	Hospital - Trinacria; Lampetie, Phaethusa - Burses; Helios - Horne; Oxen - fertility; Crime - Fraud
Circe	Brothel/ Nighttown	12:00 midnight	locomotor apparatus	magic		whore		Hallucination Circe - Bella
NOSTOS								
Eumeus	Cabman's Shelter	1:00 a.m.	nerves	navigation		sailors	narrative (old)	Eumeus - Skin Goar; Sailor - Ulysses Pseudangelos; Melanthius - Corley
Ithaca	Bloom's House	2:00 a.m.	skeleton	science		comets	catechism (impersonal)	Eurymachus - Boylan; Suitors - Scruples; Bow - Reason
Penelope	Bed		flesh			earth	monologue (female)	Penelope - Earth; Web - Movement



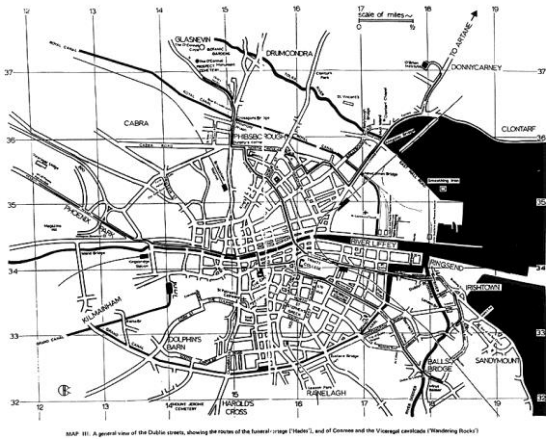


'I want [...] to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book.'

(Quoted in Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*, Indiana UP 1960 Edn., p.67.)



7, Eccles St.



Joyce's intentions in *Ulysses*

'[In] *Ulysses* I have tried to see life clearly, I think, and as a whole; for *Ulysses* was always my hero. Yes, even in my tormented youth, but it has taken me half a lifetime to reach the necessary equilibrium to express it, for my youth was exceptionally violent; painful and violent.'

(Arthur Power, *Conversations with James Joyce*, London; Millington 1974, pp.36-37.)

'Ulysses is son to Laertes, but he is father to Telemachus, husband to Penelope, lover of Calypso, companion in arms of the Greek warriors around Troy, and King of Ithaca. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all. [... H]e is a complete man as well, a good man.'

(Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* [1934] Indiana UP 1960, pp.16-17).

'I want [...] to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book.'

(Ibid., p.67.)

'In realism you are down to facts on which the world is based [. ... Y]ou may say that idealism is the ruin of man, and if we lived down to fact, as primitive man had to do, we would be better off. That is what we were made for. Nature is quite unromantic. It is we who put romance into her, which is a false attitude, an egotism, absurd like all egotisms. In *Ulysses* I tried to keep close to fact.'

(Power, op. cit., p.14.)

Joyce on *Ulysses*: structure and technique

'I am now writing a book [...] based on the wanderings of Ulysses. The Odyssey, that is to say, serves me as a ground plan. Only my time is recent and all my hero's wanderings take no more than eighteen hours.'

(See Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses"*, Indiana UP 1960, p.15.)

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

(Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 24 June 1921; in *Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 1, ed. Stuart Gilbert, NY: Viking Press 1966, p.167.)

'I understand that you may begin to regard the various styles of the episodes with dismay and prefer the initial style much as the wanderer did who longed for the rock of Ithaca. But in the compass of one day to compress all these wanderings and clothe them in the form of this day is for me possible only by such variation which, I beg you to believe, is not capricious.'

(Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 6 Aug. 1919; in *Selected Letters*, ed. Richard Ellmann, London: Faber 1975, p.242.)

'From my point of view, it hardly matters whether the technique is "veracious" or not; it has served me as a bridge over which to march my eighteen episodes, and, once I have got my troops across, the opposing forces can, for all I care, blow the bridge sky-high.'

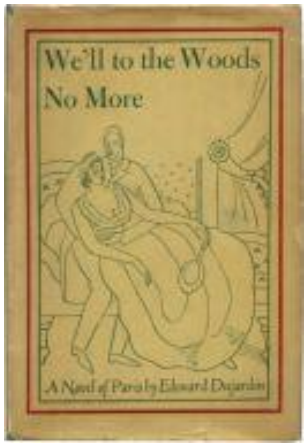
See Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's Ulysses: A Study* [1930] Faber & Faber 1952 Edn., p.28.

“the steady monology of the interiors”

[FW, 119.]

Edouard Dujardin (1861-1949)

“The internal monologue, in its nature on the order of poetry, is that unheard and unspoken speech by which a character expresses his inmost thoughts (those lying nearest the unconscious) without regard to logical organizations - that is, in their original state - by means of direct sentences reduced to the syntactic minimum, and in such a way as to give the impression of reproducing the thoughts just as they come into the mind.” (Dujardin, *Internal Monologue*, 1931.)



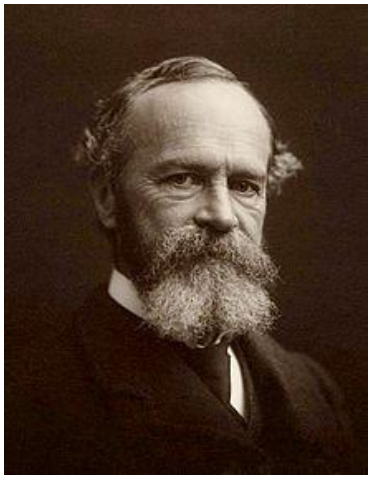
Dujardin was the editor of the *Symboliste* magazine and author of *Les lauriers sont coupée* (1888) which Joyce claimed to have met on a French railway-station book-stall in 1903—and to which he generously attributed the invention of the ‘*monologue intérieur*‘ (or internal monologue).

Recent critics have been sceptical of that claim, given that Dujardin was a very minor writer in the Symbolist movement whose resurrection by Joyce led to a lecture tour in Germany during 1930 when he spoke of his 'invention' as if it were an industrial patent, according to some observers.

In fact it suited Joyce very well to call Dujardin “*annonciator de la parole intérieure*” and himself “*le larron impénitent*” – as he did in his dedication on the copy of the book he gave to him.; but the impetuous that he gave to the revival of Dujardin’s reputations has not relented and new editions and translation of his little book are still appearing regularly.

Stream of Consciousness

William James (1842-1910)



In order to describe the actual mental life of any subject—as distinct from the logical processes of 'rational thought' attributed to the mind in the Cartesian tradition — William James coined the term "stream of consciousness" which was rapidly co-opted by American readers of Joyce to describe his new technique in *Ulysses*:

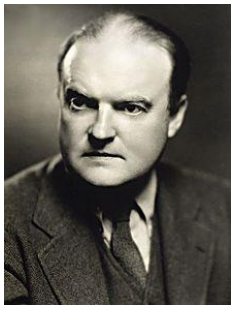
'[...] it is nothing joined; it flows. A "river" or a "stream" is the metaphors by which it is most naturally described. In talking of it hereafter, let's call it the stream of thought, consciousness, or subjective life.'

(*Principles of Psychology*, 1890.)

'Next, in a world of objects thus individualized by our mind's selective industry, what is called our "experience" is almost entirely determined by our habits of attention. A thing may be present to a man a hundred times, but if he persistently fails to notice it, it cannot be said to enter into his experience. We are all seeing flies, moths, and beetles by the thousand, but to whom, save an entomologist, do they say anything distinct? On the other hand, a thing met only once in a lifetime may leave an indelible experience in the memory.

(*Stream of Consciousness*, 1892.)

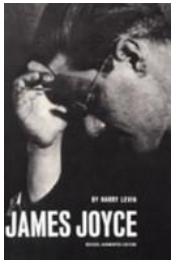
American Joyce



Edmund Wilson, 1895-1972

[...] It has taken Mr. Joyce seven years to write *Ulysses* and he has done it in seven hundred and thirty pages which are probably the most completely "written" pages to be seen in any novel since Flaubert.
[...]
Mr. Joyce manages to give the effect of unedited human minds, drifting aimlessly along from one triviality to another, confused and diverted by memory, by sensation and by inhibition. It is, in short, perhaps the most faithful X-ray ever taken of the ordinary human consciousness.

Harry Levin (1912-94)



'To characterize [his] style, we must borrow a term from either German metaphysics or French rhetoric; we may conceive of it as *Strom des Bewusstseins* [*stream of consciousness*] or again as *monologue intérieur*. We shall find, however, that Joyce obtains his metaphysical effects by rhetorical devices, that the internal monologue lends itself more readily to critical analysis than the more illusory stream of consciousness.'

—*James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* [1941] (London: Faber & Faber 1960 & edns.) , pp.82-83.

Flaubert-Joyce (l'homme plume')

Joyce's indebtedness to Flaubert for an 'impersonal' method of writing was immediately spotted by the America modernist Ezra Pound and continually repeated by him in all his publicity work for Joyce – which was a great deal. But if Flaubert was, by disposition, a pessimist and it does not follow that Joyce was too!

Gustave Flaubert (1821-80)

'*Madame Bovary* is a totally fictitious story. The illusion of truth - if there is one - comes from the book's impersonality. It is a one of my principles that a writer should not be his own theme. An artist must be in his work like God in creation - invisible and all-powerful: he must be everywhere felt, but nowhere seen'.

(Letter Mme de Chantepie, 18 March, 1857; in *Selected Letters*, ed. Francis Steegmuller, London: Hamish Hamilton 1954, p.186.)

James Joyce

[...] The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak. The esthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination. [...] The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

—*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* [1916; Corr. Edn., ed. Robert Scholes, London: Jonathan Cape, 1968, p.215.]

.. borrowed words ..

The passage on "godlike impersonality" that Joyce borrowed from Flaubert's *Letters* – and which in ultimately finds its way into *A Portrait* (Chap. V) may have been included in a lost chapter of the Stephen Hero manuscript – following, that is, the end of the extant MS at the beginning of Chapter XXVI. If so, it was also written in 1906. Arguable, it was Joyce's endorsement of Flaubertian impersonality which dictated the termination of the autobiographical novel in sofar as that writing display exactly the kind of 'egoism' which Flaubert's 'impersonal' principle precluded. Though strictly anti-romantic in temper, Flaubert's nevertheless had a Platonic streak which found an answering note in Joyce as a passage from Chap. XIX of Stephen Hero clearly illustrates.

Flaubert's letter of 18e Mars 1857: '[…] *L'artiste doit être dans son oeuvre comme Dieu dans la Création, invisible et tout-puissant, qu'on le sente partout, mail qu'on ne le voie pas.*

[…] Il est temps de lui dormer, par une méthode impitoyable, la prevision des sciences physiques! La difficulté capitale, pour moi, n'en reste pas moins le style; la forme, la beau indiffinissable résultant de la conception même et qui est la splendour du vrai, comme disait Platon.'

Joyce in *Stephen Hero* (Chap. XIX, written 1906): 'The poet is the intense centre of the life of his age to which he stands in a relation than which none can be more vital. He alone is capable of absorbing in himself the life that surrounds him and of flinging it abroad again amid planetary music. … it is time for the critics to [...] to acknowledge that here the imagination has contemplated intensely the truth of the being of the visible world and that beauty, the splendour of truth, has been born.' (*SH*, Cape Edn. 1965, p.85.]

Joyce's theory of genres

Young Joyce defined art according to Hegel's theory which ranks the genre according to their relation to the dialectics of Being – with 'drama' in the highest place as representing pure conflict. It is notable in early 1906, Joyce/Stephen is still attempting to define art as a transcendent activity involving 'mediation' between the real and the ideal (viz., *experience* and *dreams*). Similarily, he writes that the artist 'absorbs ... the life that surrounds him and flings it forth amid planetary music' [SH85] – hardly the conception of his craft from which *Dubliners* or *Ulysses* actually proceeded. The following passage falls in Chap. XVIII of *Stephen Hero*.

Lyrical art, he said, is the art whereby the artist sets forth his image in immedate relation to himself; epical art is the art whereby the artist sets forth his image in immediate relation to himself and to others; and dramatic art is the art whereby the artist sets forth his image in immediate relation to others. [*Stephen Hero*, Cape Edn. 1956, 81-82]*

The artist, he imagined, standing in the position of mediator between the world of experience and the world of dreams [... T]he artist who could disentangle the subtle soul of the image from its mesh of defining circumstances most exactly and re-embody it in artistic circumstances chosen as the most exact for it in its new office, he was the supreme artist. [Idem.]

From *Stephen Hero* , Chap. XVIII.

*Cf. *A Portrait*: '[...] the lyrical form [...] wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, [...] wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form [...] wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.' (Corr. Edn., 218.)

Egoism in *Stephen Hero*

Egoism was a key element in Joyce's initial 'stance' as an artist. It was also in contradiction with the principle of artistic 'impersonality' that he took verbatim from Gustave Flaubert's *Letters* which he probably read in autumn 1906. The initial solution was to divide his time between *Stephen Hero* and the short stories in which that method was increasingly practiced. (The 'autobiographical' writing had actually begun before the first story of *Dubliners* was written.) The true solution involved adopting 'impersonality' and the sole rule and at that point *Stephen Hero* metamorphosed into *A Portrait of the Artist* and the ground-plan of *Ulysses* became possible – a novel in which two centres of consciousness (Stephen and Leopold) realise the Irish world in contrary but ultimately compatible ways.

'It was part of that ineradicable egoism that he was afterwards to call his redeemer that he conceived converging to him all the deeds and thoughts of the microcosm.' [1944] (*Stephen Hero*, London: Jonathan Cape, 1956, &c., p.56.)

'His family expected that he would at once follow the path of remunerative respectability and save the situation but he could not satisfy his family. He thanked their intention: it had first fulfilled him with egoism; and he rejoiced that his life had been so self-centred. He felt however that there were activities which it would be a peril to postpone.' (Ibid., p.57.)

He was egoistically determined that [...] no favour or reverse of fortune, no bond of association or impulse or tradition should hinder him from working out the enigma of his position in his own way. He avoided his father sedulously because he now regarded his father's presumptions as the most deadly part of a tyranny [...] '(Ibid., p.214.)

Further instances — 'He acknowledged to himself in honest egoism [...]' (Ibid., p.151), &c.

Why Daedalus?

It is worth mentioning in brackets that Joyce's chosen nom de plume "Stephen Daedalus (later Dedalus)" means 'egoist' on account of its frequent citation in the poetry and prose of the intellectual hero of his youth, the Renaissance thinker Giordano Bruno who was burnt at the stake in Rome in February 1600. Bruno's writings were revived by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (*Literaria Biographia*, and *Table-Talk.*)

Daedaleas vacuis plumas nectere humeris / Concupiant alii [Let other seek to weave the wings of Daedalus on their empty shoulders].
[...]

Non curamus stultorum quid opinio / De nobis ferat [We care not what opinion the rabble hold of us].

Shortly before his death Giordano wrote this defiant ode likening himself to the 'artificer' Daedalus in Ovid's *Metamorphosis* – the poem from which Joyce took his epigraph in *A Portrait*. Likewise, Bruno is the inspiration behind Joyce's *nom de plume* "Daedalus" which he later used as the name of his autobiographical *alter ego* Stephen Daedalus (later Dedalus) – a 'queer' Greek surname which his friends remark on in *A Portrait* but which he does not trouble to explain. In Rome in 1906, however, Joyce professed himself 'bored' with Bruno and disillusioned all forms of 'heroism'.

The site of Giordano Bruno's execution on 16th Jan. 1600.

Joyce's *annus mirabilis* (1906-07)

- Joyce moves to Rome to work as a translation clerk in an Italian bank - 1 Aug. 1906
- tells Stanislaus that he has been 'unnecessarily harsh' on Dublin (25 Sept. 1906)
- speaks of a 'new story' for *Dubliners* about Mr Hunter, to be called "Ulysses" (30 Dec. 1906)
- stops writing *Stephen Hero* at Chap. XXVI ('is there any point continuing?') (7 Jan. 1907)
- admits that "Ulysses never got any forrader than the title" (6 Jan. 1907)
- 'put off' writing "The Dead" by news of the *Playboy* riots in Dublin (11 Feb. 1907)
- left 'quite cold' by procession in honour of Giordano Bruno (17 Feb. 1907)
- returns penniless to Trieste with family, after drunken spree and mugging (7 March 1907)
- writes articles on Ireland for *Piccolo della Sera* (March, May, Sept. 1907)
- gives three lectures on English literature at Universita del Popolo (April-June 1907)
- poems published by Elkin Mathews (London) as *Chamber Music* (May 1907)
- falls ill in Trieste with rhematic fever – possibly hospitalised (mid-July 1907)*
- Lucia Anna, a daughter, born to Nora in pauper's ward – 'almost in the street', acc. Nora (27 July 1907)
- finishes "The Dead" during convalescence and plans "Ulysses" as a novel (Sept. 1907).

*The idea that Joyce was lying in an adjacent ward when his daughter was born is to be met with in Richard Ellmann's biography of Joyce (1959) but is contradicted by his own record of an interview with Stanislaus Joyce, who took Nora to hospital with his brother when Lucy was due.

Joyce on *Ulysses* as epic

Letter to Carlo Linati (21 Sept. 1920):

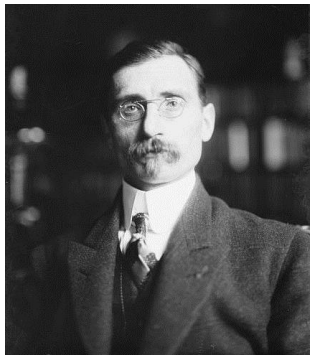
'It is my epic of two races (Israel-Ireland) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story of a day (life). The character of Ulysses always fascinated me - even when a boy Imagine, fifteen years ago I started writing it as a short story for *Dubliners*! For seven years I have been working on this book - blast it! It is also a sort of encyclopaedia. My intention is to transpose the myth [146] *sub specie temporis nostri*. Each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the structural scheme of the whole) should not only condition but even create its own technique. Each adventure is so to say one person although it is composed of persons - as Aquinas says of the angelic hosts. [...]'

(*Letters*, Vol. 1 [Viking], 1966, pp.146-47; Selected Letters, London: Faber 1975, pp.270-71.)

Italian original: '*È l'epopea di due razze (Israele-Irlanda) e nel melemimo tempo il ciclo del corpo humano ed anche un storiella di una gioranta (vita). La figura di Ulisse mi ha sempre affascinato sin da ragazzo. Cominciai a scrivere una novella per* Dubliners *15 anni fa ma smisi. Sette anni lavora ora a questo libro - accidenti! È una specie di enciclopedia anche. La mia intenzione e di rendere il mito* sub specie temporis nostri *non soltando ma permettando che ogni avventura (cioè ogni ora, ogni organo, ogni arte connessi ed immedesimati nella schema somatico del tutto) condixionasse anzi creasse la sua propria technica. Ogni avventura è per cosi dire una persona benche composta di persone - come favella l'Aquinate degli angelici eserciti.*' (Selected Letters, 1975, p.271, n.)

Why “Israel-Ireland”?

— Is he a jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he? says Ned. Or who is he? No offence, Crofton.
— We don’t want him, says Crofter the Orangeman or presbyterian.
— Who is Junius? says J. J.
— He’s a perverted jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle. [*Ulysses*, 438]



Gugliemo Ferrero
1871-1942

In 1906, while living in Rome, Joyce was reading *L’Europe giovane* [*Young Europe*] (1897) by Gugliemo Ferrero in which Ferrero’s speaks of—

‘[...] three great classes of emigrants - the (I forget the word [*plasmativa*]: it means conquering, imposing their own language, &c.), the English: the adhesive (forming a little group with national traditions and sympathies) the Chinese and the Irish!!!!: the diffusive (entering into the new society and forming part of it) the Germans. He has a fine chapter on Antisemitism [...] In considering Jews he slips Jesus between Lasselle and Lombroso: the latter too (Ferrero’s father-in-law) is a Jew.’

(*Sel. Letters*, 1975, p.128, n.1. Ellmann also cites Ferrero’s *Grandezza and decadenza di Roma*, 5 vols. 1902-07.

Note that Joyce elsewhere accredits Ferrero with giving him the idea for “The Two Gallants” in *Dubliners*. (Letter of 11 Feb. 1907; *Selected Letters*, ed. Ellmann, Faber 1975, pp.148 .)

‘Pap of racial hatred’

‘What race, or what language [...] can boast of being pure today? And no race has less right to utter such a boast than the race now living in Ireland. Nationality [...] must find its reason for being rooted in something that surpasses and transcends and informs changing things like blood and the human word.’

“Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages”., in *Critical Writings of James Joyce, ed. Richard Ellmann & Mason Ellsworth, NY: Viking Press 1966*, p.173-74

In Trieste I felt myself humiliated when I heard the little Galatti girl sneering at my impoverish-ed country. [...] what I object to most of all in his paper is that it is educating the people of Ireland on the old pap of racial hatred whereas anyone can see that if the Irish question exists, it exists for the Irish proletariat chiefly.’

(Letter to Stanislaus Joyce, 25 Sept. 1906; *Letters*, Vol. 2, Viking 1966, pp.164-68, p.167.)

‘[E]ither Sinn Féin or Imperialism will conquer the present Ireland. If the Irish programme did not insist on the Irish language I suppose I could call myself a nationalist. As it is, I am content to recognise myself an exile: and, prophetically, a repudiated one.’

(Letter to Stanislaus Joyce, 6 Nov. 1906; in *Selected Letters*, ed. Richard Ellmann, Faber 1975, p.125.)

Summary of argument ...

Ulysses is a story that Joyce hoped to add to the *Dubliners* collection before finding a publisher for it after its rejection by Grant Richards.

That story originally involved an encounter between Stephen Dedalus and Mr. Alfred H. Hunter based on a real-life event of 1904. (The addition of Molly to the plot came via the rumours of Hunter's unhappy marital life.)

As Joyce dwelt on the story, it grew to the proportions of an 'epic of two races' informed by his growing interest in the similarity between the Irish and the Jews considered as 'wandering' (i.e., migrant) nations with a strong sense of racial identity and 'homeland'.

His opposition to the growing provincialism of Ireland - separatist and later independent - tempted him to introject an Irish epic hero who is racially (in part at least) non-Irish – and hence anti-nationalist, miscegenous and modern.

Joyce's classical training and his - by-now - practised use of symbolism as an adjunct of literary realism led him to construct the famous "correspondences" of *Ulysses*, taking Homer's *Odyssey* as the chief point of reference (the 'mythic parallel' of T. S. Eliot).

Joyce's concept of "epiphany" which at first meant that the artist is privileged with insights into the constitution of the real in its everyday character later served as a guide for the construction of aliterary methods required to create perceptual perspectives suited to each character or person. The literary phenomenology involved in this development engendered the multiple styles' of *Ulysses* and ultimately the linguistic babel of *Finnegans Wake* in which the epithet 'panepiphanal world' is made to serve as a name for the final evolution of the original 'epiphanic' idea.

Did "Stephen Daedalus" write *Ulysses?*

- In 1903-04, Joyce compiled an aesthetic theory based on Aristotle and Aquinas theories of perception and Aquinas's theory of beauty ("Paris-Pola Notebook").
- In 1904-07, he transcribed that theory to *Stephen Hero* – chiefly in a passage linked to the first "epiphany" and its discursive explanation (Chap. XXV).
- In 1907-08, he decided to abandon *Stephen Hero* and to reshape it radically as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916).
- In so doing, he laid stress on the subjective aspect of Stephen's thinking – and substituted the term "whatness" for the "epiphany" of the earlier novel.
- The effect was to increasing the Platonic remnant in that character's thinking, as well as the difference between author and protagonist.
- When *A Portrait* was completed, Joyce started planning out a longer novel to be based on the abandoned *Dubliners* story "Ulysses".
- By means of such techniques such as 'internal monologue' and 'stream of consciousness', he was able to frame the world from different standpoints (Stephen/Bloom).
- Here the (unspoken) "epiphany" serves less as a guarantee of the artist's privileged viewpoint but as a phenomenological rule of style (viz., horizons of perception).
- The determining difference between *Stephen Hero* and *Ulysses* is that the central character is no longer the 'author' of the work in which he appears.
- Hence it is possible to say with Hugh Kenner that 'neither Stephen, nor any extrapolation of Stephen could have written *Ulysses*.'*

*See Kenner, *Dublin's Joyce* (London: Chatto & Windus 1955), p.137.

Shape-changer?

Our best guide to Joyce's estimate of the respective importance of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses* is to be found in Frank Budgen's record of his conversation which formed the staple of Budgen's indispensable guide to the novel – indispensable, because Joyce encouraged him to write it and used it as 'handbook' for his early readers.

I just got a letter asking me why I don't give Bloom a rest. The writer of it wants more Stephen. But Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can't be changed. Bloom should grow upon the reader through the day. His reactions to things displayed in his unspoken thoughts should be not brilliant but singular, organic, Bloomesque.'

—Quoted in Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* [1960] (1967), p.105.

Joyce went on to tell Budgen that the reader of *Ulysses* 'will know early in the book that Stephen Dedalus's mind is full like everyone else's of borrowed words.'

—*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. I [1957] (NY: Viking Press 1966), p.263.

‘Views von Dublin’ (*FW*, 353)

O’Connell St., Dublin - c. 1900

Proteus (*Ulysses*, Chap. 3)

Stephen's thinking in this internal monologue – he is walking alone on Sandymount Strand – is entirely filled with reflections from Joyce's reading of the philosophers, chiefly Plato, and the English classics, chiefly Blake. Lessing's Laocoön (1766) and Jacob Boehme's The Clavis (1647) look in too.

INELUCTABLE modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *nebeneinander* ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los Demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'. [45]

Won't you come to Sandymount,
Madeline the mare?

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: *deline the mare*.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

Calypso (*Ulysses*, Chap. 4)

The stream of consciousness technique is never unmixed with external description. Its ability to focus on moments of empathy redeem it from the charge of solipsism. This is the first we see and hear of Joyce's Ulyssean hero in the novel. It is new in quite a different way from Stephen's monologue.

MR LEOPOLD BLOOM ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

— Mkgnao!

— O, there you are, Mr Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writing-table. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr.

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

— Milk for the pussens, he said.

— Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands [65] all she wants to. Vindictive too. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

— Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it.

— Mrkrgnao! the cat said loudly.

Lotus-eaters (*Ulysses*, Chap. 5)

Bloom's morning thoughts are in full flow as he nips into the Westland Row Church to read a letter from his 'private' correspondent Martha Clifford ('I do not like that other world'.) Bloom's outsider view of Catholicism and mixed up ideas about Catholic liturgy show that his mind is not handicapped by a little misinformation.

Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it neatly into her mouth. Her hat and head sank. Then the next one: a small old woman. The priest bent down to put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin. The next one. Shut your eyes and open your mouth. What? *Corpus*. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. Hospice for the dying. They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse why the cannibals cotton to it.

He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. These pots we have to wear. We ought to have hats modelled on our heads. They were about him here and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it's that sort of bread: unleavened shewbread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel. First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. Then feel all like one family party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I'm sure of that. Not so lonely. In our confraternity. Then come out a big spreeish. Let off steam. Thing is if you really believe in it. Lourdes cure, waters of oblivion, and the Knock apparition, statues bleeding. Old fellow asleep near that confession box. Hence those snores. Blind faith. Safe in the arms of Kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next year.

He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had on. Suppose he lost the pin of his. He wouldn't know what to do to. Bald spot behind. Letters on his back I. N. R. I.? No: I. H. S. Molly told me one time I asked her. I have sinned: or no: I have suffered, it is. And the other one? Iron nails ran in.

“Wandering Rocks” (*Ulysses*, Chap. 10)

Fr. John Conmee was Joyce’s greatest benefactor as being the Jesuit priest who secured him a free education in Belvedere College, one of Dublin’s best schools but Joyce disliked his ‘providential’ thinking and did not spare him.

Father Conmee passed H. J. O’Neill’s funeral establishment [283] where Corny Kelleher totted figures in the daybook while he chewed a blade of hay. A constable on his beat saluted Father Conmee and Father Conmee saluted the constable. In Youkstetter’s, the pork-butcher’s, Father Conmee observed pig’s puddings, white and black and red, lying neatly curled in tubes.

Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turf barge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of poplar above him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs where men might dig it out and bring it to town and hamlet to make fires in the houses of poor people.

On Newcomen bridge the very reverend John Conmee S. J. of saint Francis Xavier’s church, upper Gardiner street, stepped on to an outward bound tram.

Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of saint Agatha’s church, north William street, on to Newcomen bridge.

At Newcomen bridge Father Conmee stepped into an outward bound tram for he disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past Mud Island.

Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse. Passing the ivy church he reflected that the ticket inspector usually made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket. The solemnity of the occupants of the car seemed to Father Conmee excessive for a journey so short and cheap. Father Conmee liked cheerful decorum. [284]

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father Conmee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Conmee supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently, tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth and smiled tinily, sweetly.

Father Conmee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the seat.

Father Conmee at the altarrails placed the host with difficulty in the mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.

“Cyclops” (*Ulysses*, Chap. 12)

When Bloom drops into Barney Kiernan’s he is confronted by the bilious nationalist Michael Cusack – aka “The Citizen” – and his drinking friends. He retaliates against their anti-semitic slurs with an unwelcome truth about the ethnicity of their God. The narrator is based on Thersites in the Odyssey and may be Simon Dedalus.

But begob I was just lowering the heel of the pint when I saw the citizen getting up to waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the dropsy and he cursing the curse of Cromwell on him, bell, book and candle in Irish, spitting and spatting out of him and Joe and little Alf round him like a leprechaun trying to peacify him.

— Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and he bawls out of him:

— Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parliamentary side of your arse for Christ’ sake and don’t be making a public exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there’s always some bloody clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it’d turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation round the door and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf and Joe at him to whisht and he on his high horse about the jews and the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a loafer with a patch over his eye starts singing *If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew* and a slut shouts out of her:

— Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says he:

— Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx [444] and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

— He had no father, says Martin. That’ll do now. Drive ahead.

— Whose God? says the citizen.

— Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

— By Jesus, says he, I’ll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I’ll crucify him so I will. Give

“Nausicaa” (Ulysses, Chap. 13)

‘Nausikaa is written in a namby-pampy jammy marmalady drawerys (*alto là*) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter’s palette, chit chat, circumlocution, &c., &c.’ (Letter to Budgen, 3 Jan. 1920.)

But who was Gerty?

Gerty MacDowell who was seated near her companions, lost in thought, gazing far away into the distance, was in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. She was pronounced beautiful by all who knew her though, as folks often said, she was more a Giltrap than a MacDowell. Her figure was slight and graceful, inclining even to fragility but those iron jelloids she had been taking of late had done her a world of good much better than the Widow Welch’s female pills and she was much better of those discharges she used to get and that tired feeling. The waxen pallor of her face was almost spiritual in its ivorylike purity though her rosebud mouth was a genuine Cupid’s bow, Greekly perfect. Her hands were of finely veined alabaster with tapering fingers and as white as lemon juice and queen of ointments could make them though it was not true that she used to wear kid gloves in bed or take a milk footbath either. Bertha Supple told that once to Edy Boardman, a deliberate lie, when she was black out at daggers drawn with Gerty (the girl chums had of course their little tiffs from time to time like the rest of mortals) and she told her not let on whatever she did that it was her that told her or she’d never [452] speak to her again. No. Honour where honour is due. There was an innate refinement, a languid queenly *hauteur* about Gerty which was unmistakably evidenced in her delicate hands and higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree in her own right and had she only received the benefit of a good education Gerty MacDowell might easily have held her own beside any lady in the land and have seen herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on her brow and patrician suitors at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to her. Mayhap it was this, the love that might have been, that lent to her softlyfeatured face at whiles a look, tense with suppressed meaning, that imparted a strange yearning tendency to the beautiful eyes a charm few could resist. Why have women such eyes of witchery? Gerty’s were of the bluest Irish blue, set off by lustrous lashes and dark expressive brows. Time gas when those brows were not so silkilyseductive. It was Madame Vera Verity, directress of the Woman Beautiful page of the Princess novelette, who had first advised her to try eyebrowleine which gave that haunting expression to the eyes, so becoming in leaders of fashion, and she had never regretted it. Then there was blushing scientifically cured and how to

“Oxen of the Sun” (*Ulysses*, Chap. 14)

Joyce called this chapter ‘a nineparted episode without divisions [...] linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development of the embyro [...].” (Letters, 1, 139-40.) It His use of George Saintsbury’s *A History of English Prose Rhythm* () is ‘only the tip of the iceberg’ (Davison, 2009.)

And whiles they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed them a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. And there came against the place as they stood a young learning knight yclept Dixon. And the traveller Leopold was couth to him sithen it had happed that they had had ado each with other in the house of misericord where this learning knight lay by cause the traveller Leopold came there to be healed for he was sore wounded in his breast by a spear wherewith a horrible and dreadful dragon was smitten him for which he did do make a salve of volatile salt and chrism as much as he might suffice. And he said now that he should go into that castle for to make merry with them that were there. And the traveller Leopold said that he should go otherwhither for he was a man of cautels and a subtle. Also the lady was of his avis and reproved the [504] learning knight though she trowed well that the traveller had said thing that was false for his subtility. But the learning knight would not hear say nay nor do her mandement ne have him in aught contrarious to his list and he said how it was a marvellous castle. And the traveller Leopold went into the castle for to rest him for a space being sore of limb after many marches environing in divers lands and sometimes venery.

And in the castle was set a board that was of the birchwood of Finlandy and it was upheld by four dwarfmen of that country but they durst not move for enchantment. And on this board were frightful swords and knives that are made in a great cavern by swinking demons out of white flames that they fix in the horns of buffalos and stags that there abound marvellously. And there were vessels that are wrought by magic of Mahound out of seasand and the air by a warlock with his breath that he blares into them like to bubbles. And full fair cheer and rich was on the board that no wight could devise a fuller ne richer. And there was a vat of silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange fishes withouten heads though misbelieving men nie that this be possible thing without they see it natheless they are so. And these fishes lie in an oily water brought there from Portugal land because of the fatness that therein is like to the juices of the olive press. And also it was marvel to see in that castle how by magic they make a compost out of fecund wheat kidneys out of Chaldee that by aid of certain angry spirits that they do into it swells up wondrously like to a vast mountain. And they teach the serpents there to entwine themselves up on long sticks out of the ground and of the scales of these serpents they brew out a brewage like to mead.

“Ithaca” (*Ulysses*, Chap. 17)

When Stephen and Leopold part, they urinate together in the garden of 7 Eccles St. by the light cast from Molly’s window. Joyce called the technique of the chapter ‘cathetical’ and named it ‘an ugly duckling’ and his favourite.

What visible luminous sign attracted Bloom’s, who attracted Stephen’s gaze?

In the second storey (rere) of his (Bloom’s) house the light of a paraffin oil lamp with oblique shade projected on a screen of roller blind supplied by Frank O’Hara, window blind, curtain pole and revolving shutter manufacturer, 16 Aungier street.

How did he elucidate the mystery of an invisible person, his wife Marion (Molly) Bloom, denoted by a visible splendid sign, a lamp?

With indirect and direct verbal allusions or affirmations: with subdued affection and admiration: with description: with impediment: with suggestion.

Both then were silent?

Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces. [824]

Were they indefinitely inactive?

At Stephen’s suggestion, at Bloom’s instigation both, first Stephen, then Bloom, in penumbra urinated, their sides contiguous, their organs of micturition reciprocally rendered invisible by manual circumposition, their gazes, first Bloom’s, then Stephen’s, elevated to the projected luminous and semiluminous shadow.

Similarly?

The trajectories of their, first sequent, then simultaneous, urinations were dissimilar: Bloom’s longer, less irruent, in the incomplete form of the bifurcated penultimate alphabetical letter who in his ultimate year at High School (1880) had been capable of attaining the point of greatest altitude against the whole concurrent strength of the institution, 210 scholars: Stephen’s higher, more sibilant, who in the ultimate hours of the previous day had augmented by diuretic consumption an insistent vesical pressure.

“Penelope” (*Ulysses*, Chap. 18)

For Carl Jung, “Penelope” proves that Joyce knew more about women and ‘the devil’s grandmother’. (Set question for feminists!) Its four unpunctuated sentences in 62 pages stand for breast, belly, bottom and cunt in Joyce’s schema.

for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain [931] yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharans and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees 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 Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain [932] yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him 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.

James Joyce (1882-1941)

Language teacher

Zürich – era of *Ulysses*

Nora Joyce – muse?

Poet and musician

Paris – era of *Finnegans Wake*

Last days in Zürich

The End