CONSTANTIN-GEORGE SANDULESCU

THE   JOYCEAN   MONOLOGUE

A Study of Character and Monologue in Joyce's Ulysses

against the Background of Literary Tradition

The Polyvalency of Joyce´s Characters

Joyce cet inconnu

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Cover design by Andrew HAIG:

The scrambled text on the cover is taken from Joyce's *Ulysses*, the Bodley Head edition, 1960, page 239, (9.114) and reads –

'… li-sa-nt au li-vr-e de lu-i mê-me…'   ==>   « lisant au livre de lui même »

pointing, through Mallarmé, to Hamlet.

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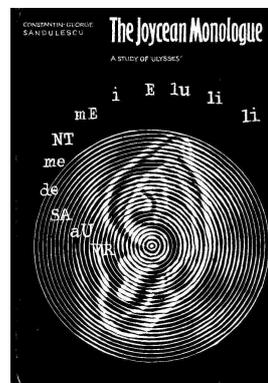
Briefly about Abbreviations & Episode Titles in this Book.

I never follow standard editorial conventions unless I believe in them. Thus, in this edition, neither the Abbreviation System of Joyce's works, nor the naming of the individual Episodes of the novel follows the commonly used conventions.

And for good reason.

For the works – the so very few that Joyce has written – I resort to the **Principle of two-letter Symmetry**, thus: if *PA* and *FW* for the **Portrait** and the **Wake** – both in block capitals – then, *DN* and *US*, for **Dubliners** and **Ulysses** respectively. Students do thank me for that, because Symmetry has major mnemonic values. For instance, in the series **DN**, **PA**, **US**, **FW**, one does not even need to add JOYCE in order to be instantaneously aware that it is indeed **JOYCE**! And, practically, his Complete Works at that.

Then, the naming of the Episodes is a far more complex issue, and, for the sake of brevity, I prefer to quote Dick Ellmann and Vladimir Nabokov, in exactly the way Dick describes the famous Nabokov-Joyce conversation in his more than famous Biography:

> Vladimir Nabokov recalled a conversation with James Joyce at dinner in Léon's flat about 1937. Joyce said something disparaging about the use of mythology in modern literature. Nabokov replied in amazement, "But you employed Homer!" "A whim," was Joyce's comment. "But you collaborated with Gilbert," Nabokov persisted. "A terrible mistake," said Joyce, "an advertisement for the book. I regret it very much."

Why then does mainstream Joyce research utterly fail to take this most important Joyce Statement into account? Is it out of pure **commodité** and inertia? Or, worse, is there a touch of gratuitous **snobbery** to it? It is up to you all to sort out which is which. I for one have done so ever so long ago, and **abandoned for good the Gilbert Episode-naming terminology**.

Hence, my more down-to-earth naming of the Episodes in this book. (The Ellmann quote is so wellknown that any assiduous reader of his Biography can locate it with their eyes closed.)

A semi-gratuitous inference to wind up with: Was that the real, basic, and fundamental reason for which James Joyce remained so tight-lipped about **the overall meaning of FW,** after its publication on his 1939 birthday, and ever after?

Monte Carlo, August 2010.

The Author

à la mémoire de georges sandulesco, juin 1978, cannes

LIDIA VIANU

THE SECRET IN THE TEXT

The Joycean Monologue against the Background of Literary Tradition, by C. George Sandulescu

Novels are stories, and stories create a world of heroes. Paradoxically, the master story of fiction seems to have been created by 20th century Modernism, the literary movement which programmatically challenged commonly used narrative conventions by means of the so-called method of Stream of Consciousness, by the discovery that the novelist could sneak into a hero's mind and allow us to overhear his interior monologue till we knew him inside out.

Since *Ulysses* was published, reading it has become an increasing challenge. Understanding Joyce has never been within everybody's reach. Explaining Joyce so that the common reader can enjoy his defiance of all existing literary rules, stories and their words has not been the priority of Joycean scholars so far.

George Sandulescu published *The Joycean Monologue* in 1979. It will soon be a hundred years since *Ulysses* was published and since it has been – more or less misguidedly – read, yet this critic's approach is the only reasonable way out of the maze and into the reader's soul. Or heart. Or whatever it is that makes us all embrace a text and go back to it as if it were for the first time.

Approach is a badly chosen term if it makes anyone think of structuralism, deconstruction, cultural studies, feminism, semiotics, etc. George Sandulescu is at home with

approaches, but his criticism of Joyce is more than mechanical ranking of the text within preestablished values and norms. **His criticism creates its object**. The object of the *Joycean Monologue* is not merely the written page. It is a plea to look for Joyce's secret in his novel, and that secret, as spelt out in this book, which is probably a lot more than criticism – possibly the critic's own story – is James Joyce's own soul.

The Joycean Monologue, then, is an isolated case in the mass of criticism written on *Ulysses*. It is the only critical text so far that refuses to humour Joyce and follow the remark he made to one of his translators: 'I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality.' His words come very close to what T.S. Eliot meant when he stated, 'Poetry can communicate before it is understood.'

The vast majority of Joycean scholars have fallen, are still falling unimaginatively in Joyce's trap. Unlike them, the author of this study has one major point to make: the reader must forget enigmas and simply *share* the story, a story which – the critic repeatedly proves – is there all right, as well as the heroes who derive from it. His critical study is, in fact, the perfect guide to finding them.

As G. Sandulescu warned me, '*Ulysses* is thoroughly a 1922 Paris novel' – which makes the critic wonder if Dublin was not, after all, 'just a pretext'. One key to place, time and meaning is the cover the author chose for *The Joycean Monologue,* which, among quite a number of other embedded major statements, contains Brancusi's second portrait of Joyce. Brancusi – the Romanian Paris-man, whom Joyce knew well. They both had trouble with the Courts of Law in much the same way, over values in Art...

From the heart of that image – which, the critic once said, reminds of the Paris *arrondissements* – Mallarmé's words, used by a Joyce hero in Episode 9, gush forth in syllables all mixed up in a typically Joycean confusing order, an order that resists understanding while teasing, tantalising it, making it exquisitely slow: '… li-sa-nt au li-vr-e de lu-i mê-me…' – meaning in English 'reading the book of himself'.

Brancusi's second portrait of Joyce is just another prolongation of Mallarmé's words. His image pictures Joyce as a spiral of the internal ear, and the Romanian-born artist is said to have tried to represent the Irish-born novelist listening to himself ,'en écoutant le livre de lui-même.'

Mallarmé wrote these words while referring to Hamlet, in 1896. They surfaced in *Ulysses* in 1922. We find them again as the best definition of Joyce's monologue, in 1979, on the cover of a critical book revised and republished here online in 2010, attempting to tell us that everything Joyce writes can be understood both as 'words, words, words' and as

excruciating experiences; that reading is a private, solitary decoding of words in order to reach souls.

G. Sandulescu's choice of cover for his Guide to *Ulysses* leads to the critic's website – http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/ – whose motto is Mallarmé's statement : *'Tout, au monde, existe pour aboutir à un livre.'* To Joyce the world, all human life, did end up in a book, in the use of interior monologue as method : a method to hide a story and force readers to do intellectual research in order to find, at the end of the road, that the Joycean Monologue is placed within their own souls. Once a reader has retraced an author's way back from the book to whatever 'tout au monde' may mean, that book has proved itself. This is what G. Sandulescu's book ultimately postulates : Joyce is as complex, as human, as frail and as determined to survive, as endearingly mortal as we all are. Or, in the critic's own words, he is a 'highly introvert poetic novelist', who only opens up to those who are ready to see. Reading *The Joycean Monologue* is one way of finding out if we qualify.

We learn from this critical Guide to a novel which proves to be as immediate as life itself that Joyce's essential innovation – taken up by Virginia Woolf after his model, as the critic remarks – is the use of interior monologue for more than one hero. Instead of one stream of consciousness leading to one eventually pieced-up story, we have three monologues and three angles of vision to fight for. What is not present in the book is, maybe, the later feeling of the critic that the focus of Joyce's passion and art may not be on Bloom but on Stephen. But this the critic himself took up and enlarged upon in a subsequent volume he wrote, on the *language of the devil* and on the *Joycean archetype* in *Finnegans Wake* (1987).

The major asset of this critical text is its structural originality. The reader is fascinated with the critic's mind seen *à vif* , at work, in this X-ray of Joyce's own intelligence. G. Sandulescu always finds the core of the text; he gives us the backbone of Joyce's work so that we can try to force the limits of literature with him.

A book of criticism that mixes sharp intelligence with intensely sympathising sensibility was bound to go against the grain. This approach has created its own object. The object of *The Joycean Monologue* is as fresh, as forceful, as true to the work as *Ulysses* was to life. Both *Ulysses* and *The Joycean Monologue* are snapshots – sometimes over-, sometimes under-exposed, both fascinating and lacerating – of the painfully uncertain, elusive, transient union of word, thought, heart and soul.

This volume includes three more essays which were written at a later date: *The Polyvalency of Joyce's Characters* (1984), *Joyce cet inconnu* (1982) and *The Joycean Archetype* (from *Manierismo e letteratura*, Torino, 1983, pp. 607 to 628). The critic enlarges there on ideas his first approach only hinted at, ideas which continued growing after the

publication of *The Joycean Monologue*, ideas which the author could not let go because they were major leads of his overall view.

The 1982 essay plays upon Joyce's 'unknown' side, in spite of the huge number of critical books that explain him. He can and yet he cannot be explained. 'Silence, exile and cunning' were the three tools he used in order to tantalize his readers' and critics' minds.

The 1984 essay finds the mystery of Joyce's creation in the 'polyvalency' of his characters, while doing something the critic has always been doing, namely 'foregrounding certain existing misdirections in current critical scholarship'. This critic's whole work on Joyce is at the same time a fierce tracing of the essentials of the Joycean text and a fight against critical windmills. The critical intelligence of the author puts up a gripping show of ideas that always hit the most painful spot and draw the most unexpected and yet the simplest, clearest, most obvious conclusions . His critical attitude is not only piercingly to the point intellectually speaking, but also endearingly, agonizingly sensitive when it comes to unveiling and yet preserving Joyce's *secret* as if it were the critic's own.

While decoding, George Sandulescu's critical intelligence handles Joyce's *silence* with both intellectual and emotional *cunning*, with a haunting intuition of the beyond: beyond text, beyond approximating the creator, beyond understanding, beyond literature, intellect and sensibility, beyond here and now, or, to put it in a nutshell, simply beyond. This line of thought brings us to the critic's post-*Joycean-Monologue* conclusion that 'it is Stephen/Joyce that comes closest to Ulysses/Odysseus. Not Bloom'.

In between Joyce, *le mal connu* – though very much loved – and his *polyvalent* characters, who all seem to focus on Stephen as Joyce's alter ego, the *Joycean Archetype* (1983) sums up the essence of the critical demonstration we find in this book, even though, or precisely because the critic has already moved to another book by Joyce, which is *Finnegans Wake*.

G. Sandulescu begins by saying that, in his last novel, Joyce's 'primary job is (...) to convey meaning, even perhaps far above normal limits: and the researcher's primary job is, of course, to record it, first of all, in lexicographic form.' Although the demonstration applies to *Finnegans Wake*, it seems to aim at *Ulysses* retrospectively. The conclusion is that, in *Finnegans Wake*

> Joyce chose (...) to exert again his sense of freedom (as he had done in personal life in selecting a place of temporarily permanent residence) and prefer linguistic fluidity to linguistic stability, or invariance.

The consequence is that Joyce's text is like

the 'glittering eye' of the Almighty – be he Black, or be he White –, holding him there in his quest for more and more meaning. And it is through fixation upon it that meaning becomes a truly and genuinely diabolical instrument.

George Sandulescu probes, then, a diabolical text with tools of his own making, tools which are no less mysterious, forceful and not at all within everybody's reach. He longs for a forbidden creature, he touches the palpable skin and the impalpable mind of Joyce himself. The result for the reader is that the skin becomes inessential eventually, while the mind turns into the body and we move one step beyond merely understanding Joyce's secret, we learn how to be Joyce himself.

Bucharest, August 2010

Foreword to the First Edition.

Though this study was written in Leeds some time ago, my views on the subject have not changed; the manner of presentation of the same facts and opinions might, however, have considerably improved.

The theoretical frame of reference of the present discussion forms the basis for a comprehensive investigation from the linguistic-semiotic angle of vision of the texture and archetypal patterns of *Finnegans Wake* to be completed in the 1980's, and be published soon afterwards.

Only two chapters of this study of monologue in *Ulysses* – the ones devoted to 'Aesthetic Theory' and 'Linguistic Perspectivism' – were previously published in Romanian periodicals in Bucharest.

Warm thanks are extended to Professor Clive Hart of the Department of Literature of the University of Essex and the *Wake Newslitter Press* for making publication possible.

C. G. Sandulescu

University of Essex
Colchester, October 1978.

… le style pour l'écrivain aussi bien que pour le peintre est une question non de technique, mais de vision.

Marcel Proust, *Le Temps retrouvé*

… the rule of the critic is, or should (I think) be, to work as much as possible in terms of particular analysis – analysis of poems or of passages, and to say nothing that cannot be related immediately to judgments about producible texts.

F.R. Leavis, *Revaluation*

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1.0 Introduction

Even before the turn of the century a new approach to the writing of fiction was making itself manifest in Europe. It developed along the line of limiting and even completely suppressing overt interventions by the author, with the attention mainly focused on the characters' inner life. During the years of the First World War and afterwards, this tendency gained in scope, and several novelists working independently in different countries of Europe produced novels, evincing a manifest break with so far established fictional tradition. But it was only in the early twenties, especially after the publication of James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1922, that the profound implications of this new direction began to make themselves more generally felt, and the sources and early beginnings were more clearly detected.

As this tendency dominated the experimental novel of the twenties and the thirties of the 20th century, it is well worth a closer scrutiny and analysis. One of its most striking characteristics is the writer's assumption of what Leon Edel call the mind's-eye view, his growing emphasis on the inner workings of the human mind, but concurrently receding his omniscient presence as far into the background as was aesthetically possible within the conventions of the genre. This endeavour provided fiction with a new method of writing – to become gradually known under the name of 'stream of consciousness' –, the practical consequences of which were quite considerable in the sense that it brought about a great change in novel writing, revolutionising the art and giving birth to new techniques and a renewed use of existing devices.

It is practically impossible, I suppose, to deny the fact that the period since about 1880 has been one of unprecedented technical experiment in the novel. The names of Henry James, Conrad, Proust, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Faulkner are irrefutable proofs in support of that statement; such novelists have not only turned the novel into a serious art form, but also

explored its possibilities beyond previously set boundaries and considerably broadened its horizons. And once the novel became a serious and acknowledged art form in its own right, the novelist, in his turn, becoming fully conscious of his craft, the concern with the internal organization of the novel becomes manifest and innovation in character presentation has the upper hand.

The shift that revolutionized the art of fiction, providing new purposes as well as new perspective and technical means started with Henry James. He was the first to object to authorial intrusion in the form of editorial asides and devised his post-of-observation method to bypass it; by doing so he not only laid particular emphasis on the characters' inner life in the past-present-future perspective, but also increased the reader's active participation. It is not an exaggeration to state that James shared these preoccupations with Joseph Conrad, whom he greatly influenced, and with Proust; and it is these very features that will form the core and starting point of Joyce's aesthetic strategy. In fact, all these aspects are crystallised in the conception of aesthetic distance and point of view. It is this very question of both distancing and multiple points of view in relation to reality that is handled in an interesting way by Ortega y Gasset in this book *The Dehumanization of Art: and Notes on the Novel*.

To distinguish between the emotion one feels in a 'lived' situation and aesthetic emotion, Ortega expands on the idea of aesthetic distance. Let us imagine, he says, a human situation – a death-bed scene for example, when those present include the widow, a doctor, a reporter, and an artist. All see the event in a different way; as many points of view, so many diverse angles of vision. Which in the last analysis are the most reliable and faithful? Any choice must obviously be arbitrary. But at least we can distinguish the degrees of emotional involvement in the event. The widow will be the most deeply engaged in the situation; hers will be the 'lived' human reality. The doctor and the reporter will be less involved since theirs is primarily a professional concern. The painter will be involved least of all; he will be primarily concerned, *qua* artist, with mass, texture, colour, light and shade.

> In this scale, the degree of closeness is equivalent to the degree of feeling participation; the degree of remoteness, on the other hand, marks the degree to which we have freed ourselves from the real event, thus objectifying it and turning it into a theme of pure observation.[1]

As the widow and the artist have different perspectives on the same event, which results in different degrees of emotional involvement, so different perspectives are possible as between the reader and the work of art.

This, I think, is the essence of the problem that links the writers of stream-of-consciousness fiction – James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, William Faulkner – to their direct but wildly different predecessors – Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Marcel Proust.

They all shared the same preoccupation with fiction as a serious art form, but it was James Joyce who took a decisive step in a different direction, adapting rather than rejecting the preoccupation of his predecessors to his own purposes.

With James Joyce multiple perspectivism became all-pervading. Its essence was the constant shift in the angle of vision, supplemented by shifts at all other levels: in addition to rapid switching from one mind to another, there are rapid changes of scenery derived from episodic construction, doubled by a parallel and almost simultaneous use of direction and indirection in rendering the characters' thoughts, and reinforced by the use of parody and pastiche as a stylistic illustration of yet another type of change in the angle of vision. The linguistic perspectivism creates what might be called 'telescope-microscope' effects, brought about by his sudden and unexpected placing of word and phrase under the magnifying lens and making it radiate with a brilliance that lends it an emblematic aura over the whole stretch of statement.

It is this kaleidoscopic richness, so far insufficiently discussed and systematically analysed from a consistent point of view that makes Joyce's *Ulysses* an important and seminal work. It not only brought fiction closer to the realm of poetry, but its permanent emphasis on the angle of vision, subordinating formal composition, and strengthened by the symbolic structure, made it be both praised and attacked and its author appreciated and blamed for this extreme eagerness to put everything in this 'chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle' (US 554) (14.1412).

It is for these and many other reasons that *Ulysses* is in T.S. Eliot's opinion 'the most considerable work of imagination in English in our time', and he starts his famous essay on *Ulysses* by stating

> I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted and from which none of us can escape. These are postulates for anything that I have to say about it.[2]

Ezra Pound in his turn paraphrased the first line of the *Odyssey* to suit his very high assessment of Joyce's novel.[3]

From quite a different angle, *Ulysses* has been called 'the novel to end all novels' precisely for the reason that it went so deep into the character and presentation of character

that, in this respect at least, certain critics[4] have advanced the remarkable but unfounded view that it has exhausted the possibilities of the genre. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of this subjective statement, but one thing is certain: *Ulysses* is noted, and has even become notorious, for the extreme depth of character presentation.

And in this connection it is necessary again to emphasize Joyce's conception of his craft as always subordinated to delineation of character. In his passionate concern to aim at the perfect fusion between matter and manner, looming gigantic behind Joyce are the outstanding figures of the nineteenth-century novel – Stendhal and Flaubert –, whose concern for the novel as a conscious art form and the supreme importance of style is well known. These two basic aspects of their conception found in Joyce not only a worthy and staunch supporter, but also a daring innovator.

Morton D. Zabel in the rather ambiguous title of one of his books emphasizes the close relationship between craft and character as follows:

> *Craft and Character* has the appearance of an equation... There is a profound and inescapable connection between what the artist essentially is (quite apart from any personal information, legend or reputation that may attach to him) and the work he produces.[5]

In this study I will take the terms to have the same appearance of an equation, but change the values ascribed to each without altering or modifying the validity of the equation as a whole. Rejecting Zabel's reference to the artist's personality as immaterial and in a sense already postulated in the work of art, the terms should be exclusively and directly applied to the work itself in order to emphasize the close, indissoluble relationship between character delineation and the technical means provided for the purpose by the craft of fiction. It is the harmonious blend with mathematical precision of the two terms in this latter Flaubertian sense that made the work as a whole successful.

Consequently, a study of character and monologue in Joyce's *Ulysses* will be a study of the contribution of artistic method as embodied in specific means with a view to achieving the pregnant emergence of character, an undertaking performed against the background of both genre conventions and their rejection.

1.1   Method of Approach in the Present Study

Existing criticism (not exegesis) of James Joyce is largely unsatisfactory, among other things, not only because of its impressionistic approach, but also because of its inconsistency of method. The first and most important outcome of this is the chaos in terminology, leading to fanciful classifications and contradictory statements.

The method of approach adopted in the present study can be defined as an attempt to adapt the approach evolved by the New Criticism – exclusively for the study of poetry – to the study of stream-of-consciousness fiction, linking it to recent research in the field of literary style – both prose and poetry –, undertaken on a modern linguistic basis.

In point of fact, the New Criticism was basically concerned to apply close and rigorous analytical methods to lyrical poetry, but did practically nothing with regard to prose and the novel. In an essay entitled 'The Understanding of Fiction'[6] John Crowe Ransom asks the question "To what extent can the understanding of poetry be applied to the understanding of fiction?" But starting from a wrong concept of context he applies intensive methods of analysis to selected passages of prose, which, in his opinion, are to act 'like fictional analogues of lyrical moments'. This approach to fiction is vulnerable as to method in more points than one: leaving aside the highly controversial aspect of the selection of prose passages for analysis, Ransom spoils the method by applying close textual analysis to a translation – sixteen lines from *War and Peace*.

Ransom's view of fiction is one of passages of 'plain prose' serving as a context for 'concentration effects. ... requiring an exceptional prose and taxing the stylistic resources of the artist; they are as such the prose equivalents of true or short poems.'

The failure in the adaptation of methods is obvious: New Criticism failed in the analysis of fiction mainly on account of having refused to alter and modify its procedures and

methods to suit the requirements and peculiarities of another literary genre. The lack of flexibility also failed to bring character into the picture. Along this line, W.J. Harvey is right when stating that 'characterization is often a quality of the whole book and nearly always a quality of long passages of the prose continuum',[7] thereby clearly implying that the methods of the New Critics, if preserved as such, were inapplicable to fiction.

It is at this stage that the contribution of modern stylistics comes in. The question of context in literature as a major topic of systematic investigation had been taken over from linguistics, and applied to the literary text by Michael Riffaterre, Stephen Ullmann, Roman Jakobson and Thomas Sebeok.[8]

I do not intend here to go deeper into the meaning and significance of stylistic criticism; I shall merely say of it that by the application of intensive methods of analysis, mainly to the language aspect of the literary text, stylistic judgement manages to spectralize critical statements in a far more objective way than is usually possible, not only making them more explicit but also more solidly grounded.

Stylistic analysis and assessment had a long standing tradition with regard to Romance languages and literatures, particularly as embodied in the work of Charles Bally, Leo Spitzer, and others, but was slightly less manifest, and streamlined to the same extent in the field of English literary studies.[9]

It is only due to a structural approach to the literary text developed in recent years in Britain and the United States that it has gained considerable impetus with regard to English and American literature.[10] Extremely interesting to note is also the fact that in the same way in which the New Critics concentrated exclusively on lyrical poetry, modern stylistics focused its attention mainly on prose. This line was started by Leo Spitzer, of course, and lately continued by Damaso Alonso, Amado Alonso, Helmut Hatzfeld, Stephen Ullmann.

It has often been stated that stylistic analysis should deal with language and imagery to the exclusion of anything else. But the point of view adopted here is rather that stylistic criticism is not only a field of study in its own right, but also and more importantly, a method of approach to the literary text and the phenomenon of literature, taking language as a starting point, but unlimited in its capacity of aesthetic generalisation on that basis. As Helmut Hatzfeld puts it in one of its articles, 'stylistic analysis coincides with literary criticism in its objective form.'[11]

On the other hand, and now exclusively from the literary point of view, the literary critic and historian should necessarily not only verify but ground his assertions on close and careful reference to the text, making use of all categories and concepts at his disposal which

can throw objective light on a work of literature, no matter whether they come from the side of the New Criticism or from the side of linguistics, via stylistics.

Some of Ransom's remarks with regard to fiction may be taken as valid when purely traditional fiction is under consideration. But given the lyrical and deeply poetic capabilities as well as the anastomosis of form and content in stream-of-consciousness fiction, Ransom's negative verdict may well fall to pieces and some of the methods, procedures and categories of New Criticism will become particularly useful. For the time being, most reliable for a textual approach will prove the categories of texture and structure.

On the other hand, linguistics and stylistics will provide the category of context, to counter Ransom's fragmentary and incomplete approach.

Stephen Ullmann's opinion that the context for the analysis of fiction should be the *whole* novel[12] and not just fragments and extracts selected on a subjective basis, is the only tenable, analytically comprehensive and fairly rewarding, particularly in an instance when a texture-structure interplay is at stake. It should be pointed out, however, that given the extremely long stretches of text that a whole novel offers, there will be a series of practical difficulties to overcome.

But with stream-of-consciousness fiction, and with James Joyce in particular, the practical difficulty will be side-tracked by the fact that the Joycean text has been subjected to such minute and detailed analysis, and every word indexed and commented upon in an endless list of commentaries, worked out from the most varied angles of vision and judgement, that the only thing left at present to crown it all, is to produce a 'Variorum' edition of *Ulysses*, in the best tradition of Shakespearean editorial work, in order to summarize and systematize it all. In other words, the position of *Ulysses* is different from ordinary fiction in the tremendous amount of pioneering work already performed.

Various meanings can be, and have in the course of time been, attributed to texture and structure, at various levels of abstraction and generalization, and from different angles of approach. Here, for instance is an extended quotation to show the meaning W.J. Harvey ascribes to them at a crucial moment in his book on *Character and the Novel*:

> The four categories with which I shall deal are Time, Identity, Causality and Freedom. /.../ These categories control and regulate experience, so that if a novelist convinces us that his handling of them is truthful, than there is a good chance that the particular experience he portrays as the end-product of these categories will also strike us as a true to life. The texture of the created

fictional world – the society portrayed, the values assumed, the emotions rendered – may be alien, but the shape of that world will be familiar. /.../

To sum up; experience may be seen in terms of texture and structure. The texture of our lives – manners, morals, passions, thoughts – is structured by those regulating principles I have called constitutive categories. Mimetic theories which relate art to life only in terms of its texture are precarious, since this texture is infinitely varied and liable to rapid historical change. Therefore, we must attempt a mimetic theory in terms of structure and experience. Structure is relatively stable; only in terms of it does the texture of life make any sense. Such is my thesis and the main object of this book. [13]

Structure and texture are here applied not to the work of art but to life itself, to human experience. That too can be defined in these terms.

On the other hand, texture particularly, can be analysed at the most concrete linguistic level; for instance, this is what John A. Nist does in his analysis of the structure and texture of Beowulf[14]; he does not give anything approaching a definition of texture but he handles the concept in a discussion of graphemic system, paying considerable attention to allographs in relation to graphemes, and giving tables of distinctive acoustic features. This in turn provides the basis for a descriptive assessment of the alliterative pattern of *Beowulf;* metrics too will fall under the heading of texture.

It is therefore easy to see that Harvey`s interpretation of texture and Nist's definition of the same term represent two extremes on a rather wide scale of possible definitions.

But neither of them is the meaning I propose to use in the present study. The above quotations have been useful and proved their points for two reasons: in addition to illustrating a multiplicity of meanings that can be ascribed to these terms, and their possibility of application elsewhere, the former instance also pointed to their correlative character.

And it is in correlation that they should be defined, not outside the work of art, as above, nor in the abstract as in a dictionary definition and treatment, but within the work of fiction itself on the basis of the function they perform there, turning chaos into order, and an amorphous mass of language into a finished artistic whole.

It is at this stage that the contribution of the New Criticism in the handling of these terms becomes extremely useful; and taking into account the way these concepts were used in the assessment of lyrical poetry, to adapt them for use with reference to fiction and the stream-of-consciousness novel.

By general definition, texture suggests the appearance of consistency of something woven, and the concrete images associated with it are web, tissue or network. It directs attention to the constituent bricks rather than to the overall construction. According to John Crowe Ransom, "The independent character of the detail is the TEXTURE of the poem, and it 'depends' from the logical argument in a sense, though not closely determined by it".[15] Primarily viewed at a micro-context level, it therefore reinforces, though in hardly recognizable fashion, the general statement that form and content are inseparable in poetry[16]. This is the basic reason for which, in Ransom`s opinion, texture from the point of view of prose discourse is a 'luxury'; his statement was obviously made having in view traditional fiction exclusively, and that accounts for the fact that Ransom`s concept of texture has so far been given little application in the study of theory of fiction.

But stream-of-consciousness fiction in general, and the novels of Joyce in particular, forms a case apart, for it closely verges on poetry, and lyricism has most often been a feature ascribed to it. Coming so close to a poetic statement, it will establish a different and totally specific relationship between form and content, almost as inseparable as in poetry, which will make it possible for Ransom's *texture* to be not only useful as a concept but essential for the definition of the whole method.

Given to the Joycean method of building a novel and his extended use of myth and archetype, structure has always been an obvious and important category, especially for an understanding and evaluation of *Ulysses*. Any assessment disregarding it, as was the case with those made by Richard Aldington, Arnold Bennett, C.P. Snow etc., was bound to be incomplete, unilateral, biased and unsatisfactory. On the contrary, T.S. Eliot's approach of emphasizing the underlying myth and order, has proved far more valuable and effective, provided it does not reach Gilbertian exaggeration[17].

But with regard to Joyce, texture has received virtually no attention at all. Whenever mentioned, its connotation was vague, and never consistently correlated with structure. If we now return to Ransom's definition of texture, we find, upon close comparative analysis, that it will suit the Joycean epiphany to a remarkable extent. It is, however, that the study of epiphanies is of recent date, relatively speaking: *Stephen Hero,* where they are mentioned for the first time, was only published in 1944, and the actual epiphanies as independent from Joyce`s so far known fiction, were published – the first batch of twenty-two – in 1956 by A.O. Silverman, and the next of eighteen in 1965, when Scholes and Kain give a definitive version in an annotated edition. Of the seventy epiphanies known to be in existence at the turn of the century in finished form akin to prose epigrams, only forty have so far come to light, but they provide ample material to prove their essential function at the level of texture, only

comparable with that of myth at the level of structure. Most of them were embedded in Joyce's stories and novels and it is only a detailed comparative analysis of this achievement that will finally prove the vital importance he attached to texture under this particular form in fiction.

Structure forms the other aspect of the issue. Having in view that any novel is, in one sense or another, structured or patterned, as E.M. Forster pointed out[18], and bearing in mind that in a stream-of-consciousness novel structure must be reinforced considerably to make up for disappearance of plot, there is in *Ulysses* a structural pattern common to any novel – the 'dance' of characters and a certain symmetry in the relationships between them – as well as a structural pattern purely specific to stream-of-consciousness fiction.

Structure is, in the general sense, 'the mutual relation of the constituent parts or elements of a whole as determining its peculiar nature or character'[19]. For Ransom, structure in poetry means 'a determining argument', for I.A. Richards, it more or less boils down to 'statement', whereas Ivor Winters emphasizes that the poem must have a rational structure, for it is the rational structure that controls the emotion; with him the logical organisation may be either implicit or explicit[20]. But for an effective application to the novel their concept of structure will have to be thoroughly revised.

It may either be very tight, neat and symmetric, or rather loose, digressive and episodic. In the latter instance one may notice a lack of steady advance of the narrative, digressive references appear in unexpected places, seemingly not subordinated to the general design. The pattern of major themes can also be a constitutive part, with major and minor themes interwoven and running contrapuntally on a repetitive basis within the structural framework.

One thing is certain: any poem and any work of fiction possess an organic unity which is substantiated at the level of structure. And a keen analysis of structural organisation may provide the key and clues to the artistic methods employed.

After pointing to the suitability of both texture and structure, taken separately, for a discussion and assessment of stream-of-consciousness fiction, it is essential to see in what relation they stand to each other, especially in the prose context of fiction.

John Crowe Ransom had defined this relationship with respect to poetry, emphasizing that structure refers to the whole whereas texture will mainly refer to the detail. 'Ransom drew a crucial distinction between the texture and the structure of a poem. The texture of a poem is constituted of its rich local values, the quality of things in their "thinginess"!' The structure on the other hand, 'regulates the assemblage of sensory data, providing order and direction'[21].

Ransom himself, however, pointed to the possibility of defining texture at various levels of abstraction, depending on point of view. In the following quotation from *New Criticism* texture occurs twice in two different senses:

> On the one hand, a poem is a complex of meaning, and it has two distinguishable features: a logical structure and a texture. On the other hand, a poem is a complex of sound, and this has its corresponding features: a meter, and a musical phrasing, which is a texture[22].

Applied to fiction and the novel, the difference can easily be seen: the novel is not generally considered a complex of sound, or at least not in the sense poetry is; though stream-of-consciousness fiction, and *Ulysses* in particular, is again an exception.

Deriving directly from the relationship between texture and structure in a stream-of-consciousness novel is the question of rhythm.

Stephen Dedalus in his Platonic dialogue with Lynch on aesthetic matters at the end of the *Portrait* refers to it several times closely relating it to structure. Here is one of the instances:

> ... temporal or spatial, the aesthetic image is first luminously apprehended (...) You apprehend it as *one* thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is integritas.
> – Bull's eye! Said Lynch, laughing. Go on.
> – Then, said Stephen, *you pass from point to point, led by its formal lines; you apprehend it as balanced part against part within its limits; you feel the rhythm of its structure.* In other words, the synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Having felt that it is *one* thing, you feel now that it is a thing. *You apprehend it as complex, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum,* harmonious. (PA 196-97)

Not forgetting that the relation between the parts and the whole as a primitive definition of structure was a subject discussed as early as Aristotle[23], it is crystal clear from Stephen's argument that in his conception rhythm in fiction stands as an intermediate category establishing balance and harmony between the parts and the whole: and as such it has a relational value.

In his book *Aspects of the Novel*, E.M. Forster advances another theory of rhythm in the novel giving it a twofold, though slightly oversimplified interpretation. He distinguishes two kinds of rhythm in the novel, the 'easy' one which he more or less identifies with leitmotif and states that it should be spontaneous rather than artificially planned and contrived:

> Rhythm in the easy sense is illustrated by the work of Marcel Proust. /.../ There are several examples (the photography of the grandmother is one of them) but the most important from the binding point of view is the 'little phrase' in the music of Vinteuil. /.../ Done badly, rhythm is most boring, it hardens into a symbol and instead of carrying us on it trips us up. /.../ That must suffice on the subject of easy rhythm in fiction: which may be defined as repetition plus variation. ...[24]

As a binding repetitive device it abounds in *Ulysses*, where it takes the form not only of leitmotif often musical in reference or character, as Forster seems to prefer, but also verbal or word motifs, recurrent symbols, obsessive flashbacks[25].

Forster, however, distinguishes still another kind of rhythm, the 'difficult' one, which operates at the level of the whole work. He defines it indirectly by reference to Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, where internal music organisation achieves '...the relation between the three big blocks of sound which the orchestra has been playing. I am calling this relation *rhythmic*'[26].

Though far more vaguely defined than the 'easy' variant, the 'difficult' one is also a binding repetitive device acting at the level of the whole work.

Upon careful analysis, Forster's two types of rhythm boil down, in fact, to two aspects of the same concept rather than two distinct and mutually exclusive categories. In the first instance, it is viewed at the level of texture, where it is fairly detectable and easily isolated; in the latter instance, it works at the level of structure, which by its very complexity and succession in time makes apprehension and identification far more difficult.

But returning to Joyce, and the aesthetic discussion in the *Portrait*, it is now easy to argue that he viewed both aspects as one – 'you pass from point to point, apprehend it as balanced part against balanced part', and then you feel its harmony as 'the result of its parts and their sum'. In fact, the starting point proper of Stephen's discussion with Lynch, six pages or so earlier in the book, had been the definition of rhythm along the lines specifically discussed above:

– Rhythm, said Stephen, is the first formal esthetic relation of part to part in any esthetic whole or of an esthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the esthetic whole of which it is a part. (PA 191)

It is only on this basis that I venture to advance the view that rhythm is an important category for discussing modern fiction – Forster himself found, not accidentally, Marcel Proust to be the most illustrative example, and Joyce accords it a central place in his theory of aesthetics. With respect to stream-of-consciousness fiction, however, the concept is not only important, but vital.

To summarize: Rhythm in stream-of-consciousness fiction has a relational value, functioning to emphasize interdependence, and deriving directly from the relationship existing between texture and structure as embodied mainly in repetitive devices, ranging from word, phrase and musical leitmotif to image, symbol and recurrent flashback. At the level of the whole work, or of one of its relatively independent parts, particularly the episodes of *Ulysses*, it may take the form of a fugue or of a sonata. In this latter form, as a unifying factor, it will come closer to pattern or structure.

Otherwise, it will oscillate metronomically between texture and structure, between epiphany and myth in Joyce's *Ulysses*, both binding and dividing them.

In order to avoid terminological chaos and to have correlated, mutually exclusive and self-defining concepts, it will be seen from the subsequent pages that most of the terms used do in fact represent binary sets of critical concepts, either correlated by their mutual exclusiveness or interrelated by an intermediate unifying factor, as is the case of rhythm in the relation between texture and structure. The subsequent table is illustrative rather than exhaustive, and meant to support the above statement.

monologue	dialogue
texture – (rhythm) –	structure
microcontext – (context) –	macrocontext
interior monologue – (monologue) –	stream of consciousness
episode	the novel as a whole
epiphany	myth
surface level	abstract-symbolic level

realism	symbolism
discontinuity	juxtaposition
chaos and disorder	convergence and order

It should be taken as a matter of course that a structural-stylistic approach to the novel should evolve its own concepts and categories and not rely solely and exclusively on those of either linguistics or literary criticism. Hence, the above table contains in addition to texture and structure, two other basic concepts – juxtaposition and discontinuity.

Stylistic discontinuity should in fact be interpreted here as textural discontinuity, but very little or nothing at all has been said about juxtaposition at the level of both structure and texture: the most important aspect is the juxtaposition of myths and archetypes to achieve a convergence of effects.

In point of fact, juxtaposition and discontinuity at all levels, from myth to epiphany and from word to paragraph seem to be key concepts for a thorough understanding of *Ulysses*. Genetically, a case might perhaps be made for both of them deriving not only from Joyce's aesthetic theory but also directly from his method of composition which was profoundly accretive, the finished text resembling a palimpsest – a vast network of myths, archetypes and structures the interstices of which were repeatedly filled in with epiphanies and enriched with new additions, ranging from the widest and most comprehensive to the narrowest and most linguistic[27]. But juxtaposition of techniques and devices will always be subordinated to the juxtaposition of levels: both within the epiphany and the structural myths of the novel there is a surface level upon which an abstract and/or symbolic level will be superimposed: there will be, on the one hand, the imaginative fact (made up of the real fact combined with the invented elements) and, on the other hand, the symbol (containing the generalized implication). It is this criss-cross of meaning and suggested meaning that will give the whole novel its palimpsest appearance.

One of the basic questions which the present study has to answer is, therefore, the following: Against this background of texture, structure and context, what is the position of interior monologue in fiction?

Taking into account that many novelists resort only at times to interior monologue, or to something that seems to resemble it, and then this only happens for fairly short stretches of text, as will be seen later, the basic question is whether a text analysis, no matter how minute or thorough, of the extracts and passages in question will not be completely irrelevant and misleading at the level of the whole novel.

In other words, the interior monologue is, as has so often been pointed out, one of the fairly frequent devices of fiction in almost all periods of development of the novel, in order to render, in direct or indirect form, a character's innermost psychology. As such, it may be very obvious at the level of the literary microcontext (by which I mean here the briefest passage in which the device becomes recognizable)[28] but will be completely lost and quite unimportant at the level of macrocontext (by which I mean here the whole novel).

It is therefore imperative that a definition of interior monologue should emerge only from an analysis of the interplay of these two categories, which in fact in the course of the discussion should be replaced by the more adequate binary set of texture and structure.

On this basis, the following statement can be made: though interior monologue, as a textural device, is fairly frequent throughout the history of fiction, it will never occur in its structural form outside stream-of-consciousness fiction.

Any text analysis disregarding this statement will be either faulty or incomplete.

1.2   The Concept of 'Stream of Consciousness'

Long before William James, writers and philosophers realized that thought was not a mathematical succession of clear-cut and stable units, which are its bricks, as it were, but rather a fluid process going on all the time at various levels of awareness. It was an unending flow of one never knows exactly what, following a tortuous path by virtue of intricate and complex laws; and its inner workings have at all times and periods of history exerted considerable fascination.

Dictionaries of literature and literary histories when embarking upon a discussion of what 'stream of consciousness' really means, always take William James and the year 1890 as the turning point and proceed to state that in 1890 William James in his *Principles of Psychology* brilliantly described the tides of thought, with its continuities and discontinuities, and hit upon the metaphor *stream of consciousness* to suggest its flux[29]. It may be true that from the strictly psychological viewpoint his book was a seminal work exploring the newly discovered 'country of the mind', and it was on the basis of an analysis of the mind from within that James discovered there a perpetual flux and 'a teeming multiplicity of objects and relations'. On a Jamesian type of analysis, consciousness proved to be a continuous flow, a river or a stream – metaphors which for a long time were inadvertently attributed as coined by James himself, on the strength of the statement, '…in talking of it hereafter, let us call it the stream of thought, of consciousness or of subjective life'.[30]

But such a comprehensive and exclusive debt to William James alone does not prove true to actual fact. First, it is not in *Principles of Psychology* (1890) that he discusses for the first time the question of 'stream of consciousness' and allegedly propounds the term for the first time, but in an article in *Mind* published six years earlier, in January 1884, and entitled 'On some omissions of Introspective Psychology' that he first likens thought to a stream. And

it is this very article that contains the 'brilliant and famous' description of the continuous flow of consciousness.

Secondly, it has been stated that he directly influenced the modern novel in that his contribution gave a new focus to what has been appropriately called introspective psychology[31]. But one should not forget that William James was no lonely hunter in the field of introspective psychology. Several years before him, in 1881, the psychologist E.V. Egger had published a book entitled *La Parole intérieure*, in which he makes a comprehensive analysis of the silent voice and even handles various questions of language posited by this psychological phenomenon.

The natural outcome of the argument is that though one should not deny William James the importance he deserves as a pathfinder in the field of psychology, an oversimplified extension of his influence over other areas of human activity, such as art and literature, would be an exaggeration[32]. In the last analysis, it might point to a narrowly psychological approach to literature, which eventually leads to the application of psychoanalytical methods to the interpretation of art[33].

In fact, the writer's concern with the inner workings of human mind did not start with James, but is as old as Socrates, Plato and Montaigne. The country of the mind proves to have been, upon a closer analysis of European literature of the past thousand years, the happy hunting ground of writers and philosophers long before William James and his school.

The mind's capacity for free association and the easy flow of apparently disconnected thoughts were noticed for instance as early as 1626, when John Donne remarked in one of his sermons, so surprised by his discovery:

> Sometimes I finde that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a feare of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine eare, a light in mine eye, an any thing, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my braine troubles me....[34]

From among the philosophers, John Locke's principles of free association had a tremendous impact.

It was quite clear as early as the eighteenth century that the writer may make deliberate use of seemingly irrelevant ideas, which are drawn in by loose associations, as if bobbing up by chance in the mainstream of the story.

As thinking is by its very nature an associative process, the revelation of the inner workings of a character's mind may well serve the purpose of pregnant and vivid fictional portrayal. With emphasis placed on thought processes, it is the individual, often internal, reaction that will be paramount, rather than the external stimuli or action.

It is along this line that Laurence Sterne represented by his manner of writing a reaction against the rationalism of his century, and his novel *Tristram Shandy*, which Virginia Woolf was much attached to, clearly represented the first step along the line of experimental writing which a little more than two centuries later was to give birth to stream-of-consciousness fiction.

One of the French writers, however, indebted to Sterne soon after the publication of *Tristram Shandy* was Diderot, who based his book *Jacques le Fataliste* on an episode from Sterne's novel, and was greatly interested in this manner of writing, though he did not make use of exactly the same devices. Proof of his interest in associative writing and the mind's activity by free association is an extract from one of his letters in which he discusses the random character of conversation:

> Conversation is a peculiar thing, especially when the company is fairly numerous. Notice the circumlocutions that we have made; the dreams of a sick man in the height of delirium are not more whimsical. However, as there is nothing incoherent either in the head of a man who dreams or in the head of a madman, everything is also controlled in conversation; but it is sometimes very difficult to reconstruct the imperceptible links which have held together so many disparate ideas. One man introduces a word which he detaches from what has preceded and followed in his head; another does the same thing… A single physical quality can lead the mind, which has an interest in it, to an infinite number of diverse things. Let us consider the colour yellow, for example: gold is yellow, silk is yellow, anxiety is yellow, bile is yellow, straw is yellow; to how many other links does not this thread react? Madness, the dream world, the incoherence of conversation, all require the passage from one object to another via an intermediary quality they hold in common.[35]

In all probability Diderot did not know *Tristram Shandy* at the time he wrote this letter, but it provides – though it refers to conversation – a fairly accurate description of the unexpected digressions which characterize *Tristram Shandy* so well, also pointing to the

abstract mechanism of the sudden switches that occur in the passages of self-reflection in a 'stream-of-consciousness' novel.

Two other writers worth mentioning in connection with their highly perceptive remarks about associative mental progress are Dostoevsky and Stendhal. As outstanding representatives of psychological fiction of the past century, it is interesting to note how well they realized the exact associative nature and random character of thought processes, but what they could not bring themselves to do was to transcend the limitations of the genre as imposed by the norms of traditional prose rhetoric. The subsequent quotations will further prove, I think, that what Joyce achieved was not done so much on the basis of the revelation of a discovery coming from the field of psychology, but rather on the possibility he had or he created for himself to reject the rhetorical norms imposed by the standard of the genre.

It is this very problem that faces Dostoevsky in his story entitled *Krotkaya*, and here is what he has to say in the preface about one of his character's thoughts:

> If a stenographer could have eavesdropped on him and transcribed everything after him, the sketch would have been rougher and less polished than it appears in my version; nevertheless, it seems to me that the psychological order would, perhaps, have been the same.[36]

This appears to be no apology on the part of Dostoevsky but rather a justification for what should be taken to be the actual situation, on the one hand, and the stylised literary transcript, on the other, made with all the honesty of a man who was at once not only true to fact but also keenly aware of genre limitations; in other words, it is the dissociation a writer wants to make between the 'raw material' and the transcript on the written page.

In another short story entitled *An Unpleasant Predicament* Dostoevsky shows again that he is well aware – as aware as is necessary for a novelist to be – of the 'Jamesian' features of the mind's stream of consciousness, as well as of the conventionality of his own rendering:

> It is well known that whole trains of thought sometimes pass through our brains instantaneously as though they were sensations, without being translated into human speech, still less into literary language. But we will try to translate this sensations of our hero's and present to the reader at least the kernel of them, so to say, what was most essential and nearest to reality in them. For many of our sensations when translated into ordinary language seem absolutely

unreal. This is why they never find expression, though every one has them. Of course Ivan Ilytch's sensations and thoughts were a little incoherent. But you know the reason.[37]

In fact, Dostoevsky here shifts the emphasis a little and expresses his views on the impossibility to verbalize certain areas of consciousness, but this too will denote his familiarity with the subject of literary verbalized representation of unuttered thought. In order to be faithful and point to this discrepancy, however, authorial interference and intrusion becomes so heavy-handed in the above passage that, for the reader of *Ulysses* particularly, it may become unbearable.

In his *Filosofia nova*, Stendhal thinks of the interior monologue in 'stream-of-consciousness' form, when he puts forth the following hypothesis:

> One thinks much more quickly than one speaks. Let us suppose that a man could speak as rapidly as he thinks and feels; that this man, for an entire day, pronounced – so as only to be heard by a single person - all his thoughts and feelings; that there was, on this same day, constantly beside him an invisible stenographer who could write as quickly as the first person could think and speak. Let us presume that the stenographer, after having noted down all the thoughts and feelings of our man, translated them for us, on the following day, with written symbols, so that we should have a consciousness revealed to us, during the course of a single day, as realistically as possible.[38]

It is, indeed, strange to see Stendhal's emphasis on realism coupled with his incapacity to realise the existence of non-verbalised images and sensations, which was so forcefully emphasised in Dostoevsky's preceding quotation.

In fact the question whether we think in words all the time or resort to non-verbalised means at times is a little beside the point as part of a discussion of this kind, for all a writer of fiction can use are words and consequently he must mould everything to suit the potentialities of his medium.

Another question worth discussing at this stage is that of subjective and objective time, in psychology and philosophy, on the one hand, in literature, on the other. In his *Principles of Psychology*, William James had mentioned time viewed from a different angle, and often referred to it as the 'specious present' – in the opinion of Melvin Friedman,

probably not unlike Thomas Wolfe's theory of 'Time Immutable' outlined in *Of Time and the River*.[39]

Promoting an intuitive approach, Henri Bergson pinned down the individual and 'invisible flux of consciousness' to what he called *duration*. Any given moment of consciousness is a blending of present perception and past experience. 'Consciousness signifies, first of all, memory /.../ All consciousness is, then, memory – conservation and accumulation of the past in the present'[40].

In another sense, it is like Gertrude Stein's idea of a present which 'is always beginning again'.

Without exerting a direct and tangible influence, the Bergsonian rejection of logical organisation and scientific order had made it easier perhaps for stream-of-consciousness novelists to abandon clock time, or when preserved, as with Big Ben booming at regular intervals in *Mrs. Dalloway*, to contrast it with subjective time, flowing at a different pace and determining a completely different internal organisation of a character's mental pattern.

Finally, it has repeatedly been stated that stream-of-consciousness fiction was not only influenced but ultimately brought about by Freudianism. In the course of time, literary critics and historians have either attacked or supported this contention. This of course is neither the place nor the opportunity to embark upon a detailed discussion of such a subject, but as the present approach has mainly been one of close textual analysis, the attentive reader of the Joycean text cannot help noticing, and this becomes increasingly evident in *Finnegans Wake*, the immense fun he derives from psychoanalysis and its terminology, which becomes a constant target for his linguistic irony.

It seems that Joyce's own view was that psychoanalysis was blackmail[41]. This, in *Finnegans Wake*, becomes 'soakoonaloose' (FW 522.34), and its two major promoters – Freud and Jung – are indirectly referred to when he describes one of his characters as 'jung and easily freudened' (FW 115.23), but the climax of his irony seems to be his combination 'Jungfraud's Messongebook' (FW 460.20), which in addition to *Fraud* for Freud, will contain the pun in French on the words *songe* and *mensonge*.

A final point worth making in connection with free association as applied by Joyce is that associationism, in the way this particular author makes use of it, differs widely from character to character and is meant to differentiate between them: the differences are determined by both life outlook intended, standard of education and culture ascribed to each as well as direction of inclinations and preoccupations.

Along this line of thought, it is easy to see why identical external stimuli will determine different personal associations and reactions characterising personages in widely

different ways. Their subjection to the action of the same external stimuli – and consequently the recurrence of the same stimuli in different contexts, leading to a specific form of leit motif, not necessarily structural – is a distinct differentiatory purpose and should be interpreted as such, with emphasis on individuating reactions rather than uniformity of stimulation.

1.3 Survey of Critical Terminology

Justification for this particular section of the study lies in the fact that even a superficial scrutiny of the terms, used by literary criticism to denote the type of fiction of Joyce, Virginia Woolf or Faulkner will point to tremendous inconsistencies and a lack of critical consensus. A wide variety of terms were borrowed from drama, from psychology or even from linguistics.

Though several novels written in more or less the same vein were published before 1922, it was only after the publication of Joyce's *Ulysses* in book form that the profound implications of the break with tradition were generally noticed, and the necessity of a convenient label to denote it was felt acutely. And it is interesting to note that the problem was solved differently in different countries, each solution emphasizing another aspect of the problem.

Barely two months after the publication of *Ulysses, monologue intérieur* was suggested in France by Valery Larbaud[42], and it caught on immediately and Édouard Dujardin himself gave it full acceptance and support, both at once and a few years later in the book he published under the same title to justify his innovation in his novel *Les Lauriers sont coupés*[43]. Since then French critics tracing the term back to Paul Bourget or even Alexandre Dumas have never used anything but *monologue intérieur* to denote this whole trend in fiction.

In contradistinction to the terminological consistency manifest in France, when after the publication of *Ulysses* critical material began to pile up at a tremendous pace, the situation in the English-speaking countries was quite different. First, before going into greater detail, it may be worth pointing out that Joyce himself in his letters written while he was composing *Ulysses* and then after its publication never used any other English term but ***interior***

monologue to denote his own manner of writing, thus emphasizing the literary implications and the characteristics of the convention within the genre[44].

In English, it was May Sinclair who made use for the first time of the Jamesian metaphor stream-of-consciousness in 1918 to spectralize her critical impressions about Dorothy Richardson[45]. In fact, three stages could easily be distinguished in the history of this fairly misleading term, which thanks to its very vagueness has reached such popularity. First, its coinage: this highly pictorial metaphor does not originate in fact with William James, who allegedly concocted it some time between 1884 and 1890 – the *stream* image applied to thought; Coleridge wrote, for example, of 'the streamy nature of the associative faculty'[46]. After this early coinage, its application to psychology was only the second stage, to be later continued by the final one – its application to literature, in quite a different sense, which should by no means be confused with that ascribed to it in the field of psychology. Outstanding for using the term in the context of psychology is not only William James, but after him Henri Bergson, and even D. H. Lawrence.

After it was coined and gained widespread circulation in literary criticism, many could not help wondering what the term exactly meant after all, especially with regard to the new type of fiction, for it could well convey so much and in the end mean so little. This concern with pinning down its meaning at times ultimately resulted in a rhetorical question: 'Stream-of-consciousness – what doesn't the phrase conjure up?', and then novelists like Dorothy Richardson, implicitly suggested an answer to it by stating – quite rudely – with reference to the term that it was characterized by 'perfect imbecility'.[47]

In spite of its vagueness, the term has been so much used that it is, I think, at this stage virtually impossible to reject it and try and replace it with something more adequate, accurate, concrete and suitable. In a sense, I perfectly agree with Robert Humphrey when he says, 'we have the term. It is ours. Our task now is to make it useful and meaningful, which means we have to come to some agreement on what it is'…![48]

But before passing to an assessment of what the term really means, let us review a few other equally frequent counterparts in other languages.

In addition to the parallelism between stream of consciousness and interior monologue, there is still another one, often equally misleading: that between monologue and soliloquy, in its 'silent' form. The concern with exact and exclusive terminology may occasionally become so great that commentators are willing to discriminate between the two and apply them in different situations. This is the case with Erwin Ray Steinberg who after making an analysis of the monologues in *Ulysses* comes to the conclusion that it should be necessary to use different terms to denote the various types of monologue in the novel, and he

ascribes *stream-of-consciousness* to Stephen's and Bloom's type, leaving *soliloquy* to denote Molly's final monologue. But the basis for the classification is again extra-literary and extra-linguistic. As Steinberg himself points out in the abstract of his study –

> On the basis of semanticists' concept of levels of abstraction, arguments and evidence are marshalled for reserving the term *stream of consciousness* for the type of writing found in Proteus and Lestrygonians and for characterizing the method of Penelope as *silent soliloquy*.[49]

The terms which have so far been advanced to cover the literary phenomenon and its psychological counterpart are so numerous that a detailed discussion and discrimination between them may take the best part of this book. To parallel dramatic monologue for instance, terms like *intimate monologue*, *recapitulative monologue* or even *episodic monologue* were proposed for fiction. But then, I think, Richard Seaver reaches the climax of inconsistency and lack of internal logic when he suggests *monologue de sentiment*, *monologue narratif*, *monologue de reverie*, and *soliloque*, as four subdivisions to cover a considerable area of literature.[50]

The more or less corresponding German term is *erlebte Rede*, which brings in strong linguistic implications. It mainly refers to a particular type of indirection in the written text, defined as the rendering of a character's thoughts in his own idiom, while maintaining the third person form of narration, and as such it is the counterpart in German of *style indirect libre*. Concurrently, however, it is a critical term used mainly in connection with interior monologue in its indirect form, which, according to Dorrit Cohn, should be in fact called *narrated monologue*,[51] and opposed to *interior monologue* which should only refer to the direct form.

It is extremely interesting to note that in both France and Germany, *erlebte Rede* and *style indirect libre* had formed a subject of research focused on the stylistic implications even before World War I. Maybe because throughout the past century there has been a closer relationship in those countries between literary scholarship, on the one hand, and, stylistics, on the other, the phenomenon attracted the attention of both linguists and literary critics – some of them outstanding personalities such as Charles Bally, Leo Spitzer, Albert Thibaudet, Oscar Walzel.

In the English-speaking countries the subject seems to have been until recently completely neglected. Because of the overwhelming psychological bias of the term *stream-of consciousness*, the purely literary and textual approach was dismissed in English studies as

irrelevant. As has already been pointed put, Wayne Booth, author of the monumental study *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, gave the following verdict:

> …the author who counted the number of times the word *I* appears in each of Jane Austen's novels may be more obviously absurd than the innumerable scholars who have traced in endless detail the Icherzählung or erlebte Rede or monologue intérieur from Dickens to Joyce and from James to Robbe-Grillet. But he is no more irrelevant to literary judgement.[52]

Similar attitudes contributed substantially to maintaining the highly impressionistic character of literary criticism, and account for the absence of studies of the kind mentioned above with relation to France and Germany.

In her study entitled 'Narrated Monologue: Definition of a Fictional Style', Dorrit Cohn tries to make a case for promoting an English counterpart of the concept *erlebte Rede* under the name *narrated monologue*. But the introduction of still another term will not solve the problem at all, because style indirect libre which it is meant to parallel will cover the far wider area of both spoken and unspoken utterances.

The basic question at the present stage in the approach to fiction is, I think, not so much diversification of terminology, but the consistency of point of view in the sense of objectifying critical statement by constant reference to the text, considered within the context of the novel as a whole.

It is interesting to note how the German term patterned an Italian alternative, which was felt so extensively connected with linguistics that it was candidly, but inadvertently identified with free indirect style. In his book *Lo stile indiretto libero in italiano*, Giulio Herzog says the following in this respect: 'Volendo definire, in questo primo capitolo, il discorso indiretto libero o discorso rivissuto prenderemo in considerazione gli elementi gramaticali /.../'. And he is so particular about the terms that he adds in a footnote: 'L'esspressione *discorso rivissuto* traduce il tedesco *erlebte Rede*: noi preferiamo, mantenere le denominazione di origine francese'[53], referring of course to *style indirect libre*, but concurrently completely identifying it with *erlebte Rede* and equating all with *monologue intérieur* and *stream of consciousness*.

The suggestion proposed for a way out of the confusion now existing in critical terminology, particularly in English, is neither to introduce new terms such as *narrated monologue* or *quasi-direct discourse*[54] and discard at least some of the existing ones, nor flatly to reject them and stick only to one or two, but to define all existing terms in correlated

fashion; this could be done by taking them to form an internally coherent system mainly on the basis of mutually exclusive sets of categories, opposing each other on the same level, but becoming accidentally synonymous when viewed at different levels simultaneously.

For example, stream of consciousness and interior monologue will be mutually exclusive when stream-of-consciousness fiction is under consideration, for the simple reason that interior monologue will be obvious at the level of texture, whereas stream of consciousness will only operate at the level of structure; as such, one cannot speak of a stream-of-consciousness passage, but one can well speak of a stream of consciousness novel, or even writer. In traditional fiction, interior monologue will be unopposed at structure level.

A similar example could be given with regard to the relationship existing between *monologue* and *dialogue* or *epiphany* and *myth*.

In most of these cases no specific definition will be needed, as the opposition of terms within binary sets, basically gravitating around the essential texture-structure relationship, will provide self-definitions.

1.4 The Monologue as a Literary Device

We have seen the stream of consciousness, stream of thought, interior monologue, monologue intérieur, and even silent soliloquy and sometimes erlebte Rede were used to denote the same phenomenon in fiction.

In addition to the multiplicity of terms there has also been a multiplicity of definitions almost indiscriminately ascribed to each and all. One of the basic questions was to determine whether it was a device, a technique, a genre, or a method of approach.

With respect to traditional fiction there is a consensus of opinion that interior monologue was an occasional device, occurring at one or another moment in the text to delineate character from an internal angle of vision; it considerably enhanced authorial intrusion, in the sense that the writer was bound to summarize the character's thoughts. Giving a synthetic description of the situation existing in this respect in traditional fiction, John Spencer stated in his article devoted to monologue in *Ulysses*:

> Traditionally, the novelist has had two alternatives, the soliloquy or the report; direct thought (inwardly expressed) or thought reported (by the omniscient novelist). /…/ The narrative report is likely to distance the mental events it records, for it plainly cannot be more than an ordered précis. As such, the sense of immediacy, of intimate contact with a subjective inner life, is easily lost. The novelist, and the passage of time, tend to stand between the character and the reader.[55]

But given the occasional occurrence of monologue sequences, authorial intrusion was quite unavoidable in traditional fiction. And so, authors were bound to summarize and give

précis, also because they were hampered by the fairly rigorous prose pattern of the written discourse. As these monologue sequences only worked for short stretches of text to freshen the angle of vision, they were manifest only within the texture of the novel and were completely lost and undetectable when the whole context of the novel was taken into consideration.

In other words, in traditional fiction interior monologue was a device, one of the many the writer resorted to precisely because it emerged only at the level of texture and had no bearing at all upon the constructed whole. For the same reason it was easy to isolate it, and separate the segments of the text in which it occurred in Jane Austen, Walter Scott[56], Dickens or George Eliot.

Gradually, the novelists grew accustomed to the form and inserted here and there a so-called 'quotation' from the character's mind naturally and spontaneously without feeling the need of any justification to the reader. The interior monologue occurred within the texture of the novel without any sensible alteration in its overall organisation.

It was only when a minor French novelist realized that he might turn the brief and accidental snatches of monologue into sustained stream of thought to begin and end at the same time with the novel that the device, no longer operating at the level of texture only, monopolised the structure of the whole novel and became much more than a mere occasional device – it became the very essence of the novel, its heart and soul.

The application of monologue throughout affected something that Édouard Dujardin was not exactly aware of and did not aim at deliberately, and that was the intervention of the author. By making the reader accept the convention that a character's mind could be quoted directly, the novelist implicitly afforded himself the possibility to recede into the background and convey his message and statement by manipulating not only the character's actions but also his thoughts with a fairly similar degree of 'objectivity' without obtruding too much or at all with comments or even thought reported, in précis form, which, by its very wording implied a distinct authorial bias and acknowledged participation.

Once the new convention is established, the writer may have the opportunity to present not only or merely characters in action and in mutual and reciprocal relationship, but angles of vision. Henry James had realized early in his career the great significance of the angle of vision or post observation in the novel for changing the writer-reader relationship, and he solved the technical problem in his own way by emphasizing both a unique post of observation and maintaining an indirect way of presentation.

Stream of consciousness fiction went a step further in the sense that by resorting to direction exclusively, it will be afforded the possibility to vary the angle of observation without bringing the author and authorial intrusion in the forefront at all.

To summarize, we may therefore say that interior monologue can, within reasonable limits, be detected in all periods and stages of the history of fiction, but whereas in traditional fiction it was a mere textural device, felt at times like a technical freak of craft, with stream-of-consciousness fiction it establishes itself as a structural method deeply affecting the novel and tipping the 'scale of vision of the surrounding world' from 'objective' to 'subjective'.

As such, it becomes a method of artistic creation, in which the impressionistic features make it akin to the contemporary developments in the field of painting particularly; Virginia Woolf very perceptively noticed the parallel when she referred to the significance for literature of the opening in London in 1910 of the first exhibition of French post-impressionists.

Interior monologue as a textural device became around the turn of the century a structural method – the stream-of-consciousness method; this was certainly determined by complex causes which I by no means intend to minimize and limit to sheer and schematic evolution of techniques. But the psychological, social and philosophical forces and stimuli, all materialized within the work of fiction by this shift of emphasis from texture to structure in the writer's representation of the character's mind.

It is in this light, I think, that one should analyse the two other suggestions mentioned at the beginning of this section, but so far not included in the discussion, namely technique and genre.

Bowling, Steinberg, Gerould and others considered it a technique – basically, a technique of stimulating the psychological stream of consciousness in fiction and thereby presenting the various characters. It was Robert Humphrey who first challenged the statement and asked the question whether stream-of-consciousness was a techniques or a genre, and the unsatisfactory character of the alternative was again emphasized by himself when he stated:

> One never knows whether it is used to designate the bird of technique or the beast of genre – and one is startled to find the creature designated is most often a monstrous combination of the two.[57]

However, in spite of its unsatisfying effect, Humphrey goes on to make a case for stream of consciousness as being a genre rather than a technique, as his research predecessors had supposed. In fact, he is bound to support the case for genre, as his starting point in the

psychological analysis of the concept of *consciousness,* and then takes great pains to prove that, being identified by its subject matter, it is never a technique but a genre, 'concerned primarily with those levels prior to rational verbalization'.

There is, I think, no need of any extended argument to refute the above statement in the sense that stream-of-consciousness fiction has no subject-matter exclusively specific to it. The subject matter of the novel in general, and of the psychological novel in particular, of which stream of consciousness fiction is a part, is the whole area of human experience, individual and social. As such, stream of consciousness fiction has no peculiar area ascribed to it to the exclusion of all the others. After a reading of Joyce's *Ulysses*, for instance, or even after a detailed and minute analysis of the characters in the book, the final impression is that they are not idiosyncratically different from any other characters in modern fiction. When thinking of them we do not have their subconscious or preconscious in the forefront, and the rest somewhere far behind receding in the background. But what is different about them really, is not the subject-matter, as Robert Humphrey opines, but the method of approach and the angle of vision. Stephen's thoughts are indeed as memorable as his statements, but what the stream of consciousness does, and the traditional method could not do, is the juxtaposition of these two levels, essentially contributing to the final impression.

It is only in the light of the above remarks that one should examine and consider some of the definitions or descriptions of stream-of-consciousness fiction, alias *le monologue intrérieur*, formulated in the course of time, by either the novelists themselves or their critics.

Edouard Dujardin, for instance, regarded by many as its initiator, writes in 1930, looking back on what he had done in 1887:

> The interior 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 organization – that is, in their original state – by means of direct sentences reduced to syntactic minimum, and in such a way as to give the impression of reproducing the thoughts as they come into the mind.[58]

Commenting on Dujardin's definition, Lawrence E. Bowling attempts to reinforce a psychoanalytical bias, which will only increase the confusion and, aesthetically speaking, will lead nowhere:

If the interior monologue is what Dujardin really means, his definition should be revised to apply to only that part of a character's interior life *farthest* from the unconscious; on the other hand, if he intends to include *all* conscious mental processes, then his definition should be made sufficiently comprehensive to include such non-language phenomena as images and sensations, and the technique which he is defining should be called not *interior monologue* but *the stream of consciousness technique*. [59]

Mentioning in passing that the suggestion is impossible of achievement for the simple reason that French has no linguistic equivalent whatever for stream of consciousness, let us turn to another novelist and see the difference in approach, emphasis and possibilities. Here is Virginia Woolf's credo:

Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness.[60]

And with regard to Joyce, Virginia Woolf will emphasize similar features, expanding rather surprisingly, on the very break all this represented with traditional prose discourse. The absence is worth noting from her statements of any specific reference to pre-conscious, unconscious or pre-verbalized areas of consciousness, words which crop up so often in the definitions given by certain critics, and almost never in the statements made by the novelists themselves:

…Mr. Joyce is concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain, and in order to preserve it he disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, whether it be probability, or coherence or any other of these signposts which for generations have served to support the imagination of a reader when called upon to imagine what he can neither touch nor see.[61]

Here by contrast is a definition given by Robert Humphrey at the beginning of his book *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*:

…we may define stream-of-consciousness fiction as a type of fiction in which the basic emphasis is placed on exploration of the prespeech levels of consciousness for the purpose, primarily, of revealing the psychic being of the characters.[62]

All these statements have very little, if anything, in common. They all differ in emphasis, direction and approach. Strictly applied to literature viewed in historical perspective, however, they have all one thing in common: they agree, implicitly or explicitly, that the writer must not intervene by way of comment or explanation; the intrusive author of nineteenth century fiction must disappear. And it is only on this essential but derived point that Joyce chooses to make the only statement in his theory of aesthetics, as expounded by Stephen in the *Portrait*, which has direct and palpable bearing upon literature, upon fiction, and more particularly upon Joyce's own innovation in fiction – the emergence of stream of consciousness as a method of literary creation, postulating that

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. (PA 199)

This, in my opinion, should be the starting point for an understanding of stream-of-consciousness fiction, the author's ideal to transcend the conventions of the genre giving at least the illusion of his total disappearance; and the only means at the writer's disposal to achieve this was the device Walter Scott was so shy to resort to – interior monologue – not as texture, but far more daringly, as the very structure of the whole novel. It is along this line that it becomes a method of character projection and development, on the basis of an expansion of existing limits of traditional conventions of fiction and by overcoming the reader's credibility gap.

Furthermore, a study of monologue – an analysis of the features and functions it may acquire – depends on several factors: first, it will depend on the situation, viz. upon a speaker-hearer relationship within the work of literature itself; accordingly, it may be external or exterior, supposed spoken by one character to another, addressed to one or more listeners, as is the case with some of Browning's dramatic monologues, which by the very situation are implied as spoken, or it may be internal – though within the dramatic conversation, it may be spoken, but not addressed to anyone in particular on the stage. The only basis, from this point of view, for distinguishing between these types will be the context of the situation.

Secondly, a monologue of either type will depend largely upon the literary conventions of the respective historical period, and within the time limit, it will further depend upon the conventions of the genre.

For all these reasons, monologue though perfectly identifiable in poetry, drama and fiction, will have in each of these literary compartments specific features of texture, determined in addition by the peculiarities and aesthetic principles of the poet, playwright or novelist. A brief separate survey of these fields will point to the fact that monologue in fiction derives from and is related to monologue in poetry and the drama. *Dramatic monologue*, *soliloquy* and *interior monologue* refer in the present study to poetry, drama and fiction respectively.

From a different viewpoint, according to the internal organization of the text – and this distinction may be particularly valid in fiction –, a monologue may be patterned on the first person and the present tense, which will give it a comparatively far greater dramatic impact, doubled by the illusion of being true to actual psychological fact, or it may be transposed into the third person and the past tense; these features will give it greater narrative strength – with dramatic impact becoming more remote in the distance. On such a basis of analysis, the interior monologue may be termed *direct* or *indirect*.

With certain writers, Virginia Woolf, for instance, the latter form may lose part of its heaviness and relative artificiality, and become increasingly subtle and far richer in slight shades of meaning, making it easier for the writer – as Virginia Woolf indeed does – to lure the reader into perfectly omniscient authorial statements without ever casting the faintest suspicion. Certain analysts, among whom Dorrit Cohn, deny the suitability of the term *indirect interior monologue* and propose to replace it with *narrated monologue*.

From yet another point of view, the monologue may in certain cases take the form of dialogue – a sort of dialogue with one's own self, a 'dialogued monologue', if the term were not paradoxical. It occurs most often in poetry and drama as a basis to justify its actual or presumed utterance aloud, but it may occasionally make its appearance in fiction too. Jean-Jacques Rousseau resorted to it in *Le Dialogue on entretien supposé* and *Rêveries du promeneur solitaire*.

In Joyce's *Ulysses* too, Leopold Bloom may start an argument with his own self, successively referring to himself in both the first and the second person. As such, the form verges on the dramatic monologue, constantly intimating dialogue and implying an audience.

1.5   Brief Survey of Interior Monologue in Fiction

The use of monologue is fairly frequent in poetry, drama and fiction.

But an analysis of monologue in each of these genres will not only point to contiguities and differences in point of texture; it will point to questions requiring a wider discussion.

A comparative analysis of its forms in poetry and drama, for instance, may show that in addition to being, according to B. W. Fuson, 'more objective' – he even talks of 'objectively monologic poems'[63] – the monologue will tend to acquire the following dimensions in these two genres:

- in the poetry of Browning, for instance, under the form of ***dramatic monologue***, it may well be interpreted as a species or a type of poem, alongside forms like the ode, the elegy, or even the sonnet;

- in drama, under the form of ***soliloquy***, it acts as a device, but with Eugene O'Neill, it becomes a technique for turning the unspoken into spoken – a preoccupation he will share with the Expressionist Theatre as a whole.

Finally, in the novel, the area of literature in which it was most successfully and profitably developed, it will be two things: from a mere ***textural aside*** in traditional fiction it gradually develops and expands to cover the whole novel, and thus become a structural method of character projection and development.

A survey of interior monologue in traditional fiction – that is before 1880-90 and the emergence of stream-of-consciousness fiction – could easily and profitably be performed on the basis of an analysis of brief extracts of text taken from a wide range of authors, to illustrate not only the widespread use of the device, but also the extremely varied forms it may take in stylistic representation.

Though the internal analysis of characters is not something new in literature and can in no way be considered an innovation of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the convention of the nineteenth-century novel was to consider monologue as a nonstructural aside, quite similar in effect to the aparté or aside in the theatre, which, as Melvin Friedman pointed out, 'had to be dispatched with as little pain as possible'.[64]

An extended analysis based upon a close textual approach of sample passages selected from the whole bulk of European fiction would yield, I presume, interesting results not only as regards dating but also as regards the novelists' attitude to their craft and their ability to solve current difficulties arising from attempts at giving a deeper insight into a character's mind. An analysis on a sample passage basis may, with few exceptions, be in this case possible, as the monologue sequences most often occurred in a non-structural function, and it will be only an analysis of texture that may reveal anything at all.

Some of such sample passages may be interesting only from the linguistic point of view illustrating fresh uses of direction and indirection. Others may prove interesting with regard to craftsmanship in fiction and the particular handling of character and situation. Still others, by coming very close to a direct quotation of the character's mind may be almost identical or very similar with the texture of modern stream-of-consciousness fiction, though structurally very different of course.

Such an analysis may prove, or disprove, Marguerite Lips' contention as to the existence in literature of what she calls 'la période personnelle' as opposed and followed by 'la période impersonelle', inaugurated by Flaubert[65].

It is no disservice to James Joyce to recognize that his real originality – in a somewhat similar sense with Shakespeare's – is firmly grounded in the literary tradition. Harry Levin is one of the very few literary critics who realises the huge significance of the monologue tradition in fiction as a literary background essential for the emergence of stream-of-consciousness fiction; but stating that, he implies an accusation addressed to Joyce and Dujardin which they had never actually been guilty of. 'Even within the traditions of the novel', Levin wrote, 'the internal monologue appears to be less of an innovation than Joyce or Dujardin would have liked to believe'[66]. The accusation is not true to fact as they never acknowledged any direct influences apart from the literary ones (and musical in the case of Dujardin).

Apparently, the Russian novel – and by that I mean Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and to a lesser extent Gogol – will provide a large number of concrete instances of the use of the device, a fact basically accounted for by the novelists' deep and thoroughgoing psychological bias. Their extremely subtle approach to the representation of character in literature led to the

exploitation of the remotest technical possibilities at their disposal to render a character's innermost processes, be it only for the sake of providing a kind of local colour.

They are always bound to summarize thoughts and give a fairly logical précis of it, but they concurrently emphasize its incoherence related to split-second time sequence so often that it acquires a special significance which almost makes us overlook the blunt authorial intrusion. Here, for instance, is how Dostoevsky goes about it:

> Ainsi raisonnait Ivan Ilytch, sans suite ni liaison dans les idées, tout en continuant à cheminer sur le trottoir /…/ Tout en evoquant ces souvenirs, Ivan Ilytch se livrait à des nombreuses réflexions. On sait que parfois toute une série de raisonnements traverse l'esprit en un clin d'oeill, sous forme de sensations intraduisibles en aucune langue humaine et moins encore en langage littéraire. Nous essayons toutefois de traduire pour nos lecteurs l'essence même de ses sensations…[67]

And then, later on at the end of another rather long reported monologue sequence:

> Toutes ces reflexions traversèrent son esprit en un espace d'une demi-minute.[68]

> ...cette reflexion traversera mon esprit comme un éclair. Oh! quel tourbillion de pensées, de sensations, en moins d'une seconde, et ne convient-il pas d'admirer l'éléctricité de la pensée humaine.[69]

Another aspect worth emphasizing particularly in connection with the Russian novel is the situation of the character at the moment the given monologue sequence is reported. It is, indeed, striking how often, when the reader is permitted an insight into the character's mind, the character himself is almost invariably on the move. The frequency and considerable length of journeys the main characters undertake in the Russian novel has been remarked more than once; what has been less noticed was its coincidence with monologue sequences. It is extraordinary how well maintained and amplified this relationship is in stream-of-consciousness fiction.

Discussing Daniel Prince, the character of Dujardin's novel *Les lauriers sont coupés,* Richard Seaver rightly remarked that what was very obvious and outstanding in Dujardin's novel was the dominating role of walking about. More than half the book, Daniel is walking, either alone or in company[70]. This statement in fact covers not only Dujardin's novel, but is

also perfectly applicable to both *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Ulysses* and to many other stream-of-consciousness novels. Indeed, Stephen's monologue in the 'Strand' episode takes place while he is slowly walking along Sandymount beach, southeast of Dublin, and Leopold Bloom – in true Ulyssean fashion – wanders about the streets of Dublin from morning till late at night. Virginia Woolf's characters, too, are walking almost all the time about London, be it in Bond Street or Regent's Park; and the bustle and noise of the streets act as external stimuli upon their stream of thought. Many quotations from *Mrs. Dalloway* can easily point to the fact that the meanderings of Clarissa's mind pattern the meanderings of her steps.

Thus, Dostoevsky had discovered a form of internal analysis with clearcut textural and situational features, – incoherence and ubiquity – which permitted him to get a deep insight into the character's identity. There are instances again in *Crime and Punishment* and *Notes from the Underground* in which the characters' thoughts are expressed in a way which comes closest to interior monologue in point of textural organization.

Turgenev, too, had evolved a more or less impressionistic approach long before the stream-of-consciousness innovators, by discarding plot altogether in *Smoke* and other novels; Chekov too had, in a sense, neglected logical pattern and devoted his short stories to insignificant situations the only goal of which was to reveal depth of individual inner life.

In English and American literature monologue texture is represented in fairly recognizable pattern as early as Fanny Burney or Edgar Allan Poe, who in his story *The Tell-Tale Heart* minutely reconstructs the ramblings of a maniac's mind.

But the diary of Fanny Burney will provide excellent illustration of monologue texture, represented in writing with all its spontaneity and incoherence:

> Well, I am going to bed – sweet dreams attend me – and may you sympathize with me. Heigh ho! I wonder when I shall return to London! – Not that we are very dull here – no, really – tolerably happy – I wish Kitty Cooke would write to me – I long to hear how my dear, dear beloved Mr. Crisp does. My papa always mentions him by the name of my Flame. Indeed he is not mistaken – himself is the only man on earth I prefer to him. Well – I must write a word more – only to end my paper – so – that's done – and now good night to you. [71]

The staccato of the discourse, disregardful of written prose standards, is mainly in the above case the vehicle to convey spontaneity of rendering by suggesting complete lack of contrivance. Perhaps this is not the place to discuss its literary merits or demerits, but the highly impressionistic recording is strongly reminiscent of other instances in literature where

the point of view or situation was completely different: it was either assumed written from the very first, as may be the case with passages in *Tristram Shandy* or Richardson's *Clarissa*, or it was assumed from the very first as spoken, as is often the case in Dickens with Mrs. Lirriper or Mr. Jingle.

Wyndham Lewis in *The Art of Being Ruled* is among the first to notice the similarity of texture between Mr. Jingle in Dickens's very first novel and Mrs. Bloom in *Ulysses*. But making the comparison, in which he includes Gertrude Stein as well, he seems to overlook the difference not only in situation, but also in the author's intention.

Mr. Jingle's departure from the spoken norms of prose discourse is meant, by this very departure, to create comic effects, which, indeed, it does create:

> Rather short in the waist, ain't it? – Like a general postman's coat – queer coats those – made by contract – no measuring – mysterious dispensations of Providence – all the short men get the long coats – all the long men short ones.
>
> Come – stopping at Crown – Crown and Muggleton – met a party – Flannel jackets – white trousers – anchovy sandwiches – devilled kidneys – splendid fellows – glorious.[72]

Or another example, even more comic, by the very contrast between the staccato beat of its symmetrical syntax and the intended macabre essence of the story:

> Terrible place – dangerous work – other day – five children – mother – tall lady, eating sandwiches – forgot the arch – crash – knock – children look around – mother's head off – sandwich in her hand – no mouth to put it in – head of family off – shocking, shocking! Looking at Whitehall, Sir? – fine place – little window – somebody's else's head off there, eh, sir? – he didn't keep a sharp lookout enough either – eh, sir, eh?[73]

A striking monologue texture can be detected there too, but the context of situation is completely different: this is a story told, spoken – not at all like Bloom's thoughts, always unuttered. Consequently, though superficially similar by a seemingly similar disruption of discourse, the Jingle and Bloom sequences differ immensely in situation, intent and purpose.

Here by way of contrast, is a brief extract from *Ulysses*. Leopold Bloom is about to have his lunch:

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? /…/ Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat, drink and be merry. Then causal wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mighty cheese. (US 218) (8.741)

Similar discussions could be undertaken on passages extracted from novels such as Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Jane Austen's *Emma* or Samuel Butler's *The Way of all Flesh*. The results will be more or less close to each other: similarity of stylistic texture accompanied by great difference in situation, or a similarity in situation with a different texture in the sense that the author will then be prone to intervene and summarize. The instances of coincidence will, I presume, be very few, and only a detailed and extensive study over a considerable area of fiction may lead to any valid conclusions.

An interesting instance, however, occurs in Melville's *Moby Dick*, and Harry Levin makes an important remark in connection with its metrical characteristics: '...Ahab, lonely and absolute, scanning the sea from his cabin at sunset, has a curious resemblance to Stephen, in his self-conscious soliloquy on the shore. Their gestures are alike, if their speeches differ, and the difference is primarily a question of rhetoric. Ahab's speeches tend to fall into the natural metre of English tragedy – '

> What I've dared, I've willed;
> and what I've willed, I'll do! They think me mad –
> Starbuck does; but I'm demoniac,
> I am madness maddened! That wild madness
> that's only calm to comprehend itself!
> The prophecy was that I should be dismembered;
> and – Aye! I lost this leg. I now prophesy
> that I will dismember my dismemberer.
> Now, then, be the prophet and the fulfiller one.
> That's more than ye, ye great gods, ever were.[74]

Another critic, Sean O'Faolain, in his book *The Vanished Hero* established a similar parallel between the texture of prose and that of poetry by showing how an extract from one of Virginia Woolf's novels falls, quite easily and naturally, into the metrical pattern of one of Thomas Hardy's poems.

Neither Henry James, nor Joseph Conrad lend themselves easily to an analysis and comparison of extracts for the reason that with them the writer-character dissociation is not a matter of texture but of post of observation. The author recedes in the background not at the level of texture but at the level of structure, paradoxically keeping texture almost unchanged.

Henry James occupies an outstanding position among novelists for his great concern with the aesthetics of the novel and the methods of writing fiction. He strongly disapproved of a nineteenth century type of omniscience by which the novelist tells the story as *he* views it. James solved this extremely difficult technical problem by finding a *centre* or *focus* for his stories in the particular angle of vision of one of the characters. Introducing a character's point of view to replace the already too much exploited authorial angle of observation, Henry James in fact opened the gates wide for the conventional disappearance of the author from the story as embodied in tangible and easily recognizable intervention.

In fact, James' theory and practice ' to have the story told as if by a character in the story, but told in the third person' was to lead very soon to the more explicit Joycean theory of ' the personality of the artist finally refining itself out of existence' (PA 199), technically materialized by seemingly complete authorial non-intervention or intrusion.

Henry James found the first person singular very useful for projecting impressions upon external reality. In *The Turn of the Screw* (1898), for instance, he made use of all the possibilities of a specifically Jamesian type of indirection: the story, told in the first person by the governess, is in fact indirectly presented, in the sense that authorial intervention does not mar the ambiguities basically generated by this character's particularly idiosyncratic approach. It is, therefore, an indirection determined not by the linguistic third-person type as may be the case with Joyce, but rather by a third-person or first-person approach, filtered through a particular angle of vision.

The Jamesian method is, hence, basically impressionistic, but this impressionism is objective in the sense that it is generally limited to things external to the observer whom James scrutinized from within. Excellent instances of the use of the method are *The Spoils of Poynton* and *What Maisie Knew*. The latter is a tale of divorce, adultery and the difficulties in which Maisie – a child – finds herself; James chose her own angle of vision for this very reason: 'The only presented register of the whole complexity', he writes in the preface, 'would be the play of the child's confused and obscure notation of it'.

This restricted angle of vision, so typically Jamesian, was in point of fact a first step along the line of shifting the novel's centre of gravity from the rather artificial but objectively grounded angle of vision of omniscient narration to a more naturalistically tinged, but more plausible, angle of one of the characters.

Along this line of approach, the Jamesian innovation is structural in intention as well as dramatic and exploratory in its effects. Moreover, James is not concerned at all with any innovation whatever at the level of texture, which, in its traditional form suits his purposes extremely well.

The reactions to the Jamesian innovation were extremely varied, ranging from H.G. Wells, who noticed the 'copious emptiness' of James' novels, comparing them to

> ...a church without congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string. …[75]

to Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford, at the other end of the scale, who hailed him as master and considered his experiments as starting points for further explorations.

It is therefore in relation to Henry James that one should view the contribution of Joseph Conrad to the development of the art and craft of the novel. Conrad himself saw James as a great artist with a 'conscience troubled by the nice discrimination of shades of conduct'.[76]

Learning his **technique of impressionism** from Henry James, Conrad devised Marlow, whose angle of vision provided the focal point of several of his most successful stories and novels. Marlow thus became both an observer and an insider, who, as he stated himself, 'went gravely about trying to account /…/ for a lot of things no one would care to bother one's head about'.[77]

In *Lord Jim*, for instance, Marlow deals with his impressions in a peculiar way, foreshadowing one of Joyce's favourite devices: thus, he deals with impressions at several removes from the facts – these facts having passed through the refracting media of three or four minds before reaching him – and much in the same way Joyce will deal with facts through the refracting media of change of style and deliberate parody as illustrated especially by the 'Tavern', 'Rocks' and 'Hospital' episodes of *Ulysses*, where the presentation of events at several removes from conventional omniscience will provide, relatively speaking, similar effects, with a difference: in the case of Conrad the shift in the angle of vision will have structural implications, whereas with Joyce parody and change of style will basically act at the level of texture.

In other words, both James and Conrad used obliquity as embodied in a particular character's angle of vision for the purpose of telling the story, and thus achieving its structural scaffolding with the least amount of authorial intrusion. In *Youth*, *Chance* or *Victory*, Conrad goes on experimenting with point of view and angle of vision, obtaining ever deeper insights

into characters from the most unexpected angle – but, just like James' – his experiments are solely structural, experimentation with the texture of prose being, to my knowledge, absent from Conrad's preoccupations.

In the case of Joyce, though the concern of authorial non-intrusion is all there, stylistic (rather than structural) obliquity is resorted to at a merely textural level and either for the purpose of pregnant character revelation as is the case with Gerty McDowel in the 'Rocks' episode or for reinforcing an abstract idea of creation, progression and development as in the 'Hospital' episode. The Joycean stylistic obliquity is in other words at the opposite pole of James' and Conrad's structural indirection in spite of the several points of similarity.

I should like to conclude this extremely brief and by no means complete survey of monologue in fiction with a few remarks on D.H. Lawrence, who sometimes resorted to a strange combination of monologue and indirect angle of vision obtaining, for short stretches, very original effects. Lawrence is perhaps the best author to quote, as Dorrit Cohn indeed does, if one wants to illustrate the indirect form of interior monologue, or what she calls narrated monologue:

> Yet she could not be purely this, this thing of sheer reciprocity. Surely, though her woman's nature was reciprocal to his male, surely it was more than that! Surely he and she were not two potent and reciprocal currents between which the Morning Star flashed like a spark out of nowhere. Surely this was not it? Surely she had one tiny Morning Star inside her, which was herself, her own very soul and star-self![78]

No thorough and detailed studies of 'style indirect libre' on the type existing in French and German have so far been produced with regard to English. But then, if they are ever to be produced, D.H. Lawrence is, as Dorrit Cohn points out, an excellent starting point.

An even better example of thought reported in free form, better, I think, because it covers a double point of view and it stretches for a whole chapter which bears a strange resemblance to stream of consciousness fiction, is to be found in Lawrence's novel *The Rainbow*. The chapter is entitled 'Anna Victrix' and depicts Brangwen and Anna on their honeymoon, alone in their cottage together. Here first is a glimpse into Anna's mind:

> She felt him trying to gain power over her, without knowing her. What did he want? Was he going to bully her?

What did she want herself? She answered herself, that she wanted to be happy, to be natural, like the sunlight and the busy day-time. And, at the bottom of her soul, she felt he wanted her to be dark, unnatural.[79]

Then, two pages afterwards we get a glimpse into Brangwen's mind:

Brangwen loved it, with his bones and blood he loved it, he could not let it go. Yet she forced him to let it go. She hated his blind attachments.

Water, natural water, could it suddenly and unnaturally turn into wine, depart from its being and at haphazard take on another being? Ah no, he knew it was wrong.[80]

1.6 The Significance of Dujardin and Dorothy Richardson

For the sake of convenience, stream-of-consciousness fiction could be divided into three distinct stages of development: the early stage, covering the period between 1887 – the date of publication of Dujardin's novel *Les Lauriers sont coupés* – and 1918 – the date when *The Little Review* in New York began publishing *Ulysses* in serialized form; then, the Joycean stage covering the best part of the twenties, when the impact and influence of *Ulysses* was at its height and, finally, the post-Joycean period, that of the later writings of Virginia Woolf and the work of William Faulkner, covering the late twenties and the thirties. After that, towards the middle of the present century, stream of consciousness fiction will join the main stream of literature, and be no longer something like Stephen's blue French telegram – 'curiosity to show' (US 52) (3.198); it will integrate itself in the general trend of fiction, enriching it, and in recent years yielding new fruit, in the shape, for instance, of the *Nouveau Roman* in France.

But let us return to its early stage – the stage of Dujardin and Dorothy Richardson, who are the only acknowledged stream-of-consciousness writers before James Joyce, and have by now, thanks to earlier literary historians, achieved notoriety, somewhere far behind him in the trail blazed by his name and achievement. Their failures have so far been ascribed to many reasons, and there are indeed very many, but I shall limit myself to pointing out the flaws of construction.

Not unlike *Ulysses*, Dujardin's novel *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, first appeared in instalments, published in the *Revue Indépendante* from May to August 1887 [81]. It was not as badly or indifferently received as is generally stated in literary histories, for it was favourably reviewed by Remy de Gourmont, a famous critic of the time, and George Moore and

Mallarmé wrote effusive letters to the author expressing their approval, Mallarmé even pregnantly described Dujardin's manner as 'l'instant pris à la gorge', anticipating one of the essential features of stream-of-consciousness fiction.

The whole book is the story of six or seven hours from the life of a young Paris dandy, who walks about Paris, meets friends, and thinks constantly of an actress, with whom he is having a platonic love affair. The book ends on his pledge never to meet her again as well as the suggestion that very soon he will return to her.

The technical novelty of the book lies in the fact that the angle of vision will throughout the novel be that of Daniel Prince – the main character – and everything will be told in an as personal and fragmentary manner as possible; in addition the style will be intended poetic. But the opening of the novel for instance is characterized not only by lyricism, but also by lyrical artificiality, mainly deriving from the necessity of the character's self-identification; moreover, artificiality is increased by explicit verbalization of redundant aspects:

> Un soir de soleil couchant, d'air lointain, de cieux profonds; et des foules confuses; des bruits, des ombres, des multitudes; des espaces infiniment étendus; un vague soir…
>
> /… / je surgis; et voici que le temps et le lieu précisent; c'est aujourd'hui; c'est l'ici; l'heure qui sonne; et autour de moi, la vie; l'heure, le lieu, un soir d'avril, Paris, un soir de clair soleil couchant / … /
>
> …L'heure a sonné; six heures, l'heure attendue. Voici la maison où je trouverai quelqu'un; la maison; le vestibule; entrons. Le soir tombe; l'air est bon; Il y a une gaité dans l'air. L'escalier; les premières marches. Si, par hazard, il etait sorti avant l'heure? cela lui arrive quelquefois; quelquefois; je veux pourtant lui conter ma journée d'aujourd'hui.[82]

There is in the text an obvious attempt at disrupting the traditional prose discourse and introducing some lyrical tension, but this is made so lax by the many redundant features, most of them required by self-identification and location in time and space.

The need of the first character's self identification will be essential in most stream-of-consciousness novels, the opening of *Mrs. Dalloway* may be quoted as an excellent example, or even *The Sound and the Fury*, but Joyce in *Ulysses* manages to avoid the problem for the simple reason that Stephen at the beginning of *Ulysses* is already an identified and constructed

character, for that had been the main purpose of the *Portrait*. Marcel, the narrator of Proust's long novel, must identify himself in the elaborate 'overture'.

Leaving aside the texture of the opening, however, Dujardin's novel has considerably lessened the distinction between poetry and prose: it is as much the work of a poet as that of a novelist.

Another point already touched upon in connection with Dujardin's main character is his proneness to rambling, with the direct outcome that his mind is open to associations of all sorts[83], and in this he resembles not only Stephen Dedalus and Bloom, but also Clarissa Dalloway, and Miriam Henderson in *Pilgrimage* (by the way, a significant title). This is, of course, the basic source of external stimuli for his monologue sequences, doubled by an internal source to generate, at successive stages in the novel, either monologues of reminiscence or monologues of anticipation.

The fact that Dujardin managed to sustain the interior monologue from the very beginning to the very end of the novel lends the book this great technical interest, and as such, it must be conceded that the novel has no exact literary ancestry, no recognizable counterpart among its predecessors. It is indeed, no matter how unsuccessful, the first instance in European fiction to use interior monologue throughout.

In other words the monologue becomes the very backbone and structure of the whole novel, but it would be wrong to state that Dujardin did not realise the fragility of the attempt and did not do his utmost to reinforce it.

And it is precisely here that his second structural innovation lies. As editor of the famous *Revue Wagnerienne*, he had been quite familiar with Wagner's theory propounding a synthesis of the arts. By analogy with music, Dujardin applied a musical pattern to his novel, as he himself explains, about forty years afterwards in his study *Le monologue intérieur*[84]. By this juxtaposition of still another structure – in his case, of musical origin – he very early voiced the vital need of all stream-of-consciousness fiction to have several super-imposed structures to balance their idiosyncratic texture.[85]

Thus, Dujardin doubles the poetry of texture with the musicality of structure, starting from one simple idea of Wagnerian origin – the synthesis of the arts – , an approach remindful of the fact that Joyce too had started from a single idea, in his case to all probability derived from Henry James and Ibsen – the disappearance of the author.

Consequently, Joyce does not exaggerate, nor make a practical joke, when he openly acknowledges his debt to Édouard Dujardin and *Les Lauriers sont coupés*. Both had started with a fairly simple intention in mind which they tried to materialize by devices of their own

concoction both at the level of detail and of the integrated whole. But Dujardin largely failed, and here briefly are some of the technical reasons.

The basic flaw of his novel resides not so much in the singleness of point of view throughout, but rather in the direct result of this fact in that there is no stylistic discontinuity and variation; monotony is the inevitable outcome; monotony of angle coupled with monotony of tone. Perhaps James Joyce himself was so much more aware of this pitfall that he jumped on the other side of the fence.

Then, the interior monologue in *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, especially when compared to the practice of after writers, suffers from a defect which might be termed excessive disambiguation; in other words, it is too clear, always too clear. And this takes away any internal tension that is meant to be in it. In fact, the same can be said about Dorothy Richardson, far too much clarity will spoil the monologue, especially when any elaborate structural pattern is either flimsy or completely absent.

Finally, in Dujardin's novel, in spite of the author's efforts, the musical structure is practically undetectable; there is nothing like the hint Joyce gives in the very title. And one must also take into account that the superimposed structure performs a multiple function: in addition to providing unity to the book, it should provide perspectivism to the character or characters; and the musical archetype, even if it were successful with Dujardin, could never have provided the character with any mythic or generalized stature, to endow him with any degree of permanence, typicality or universality.

The other acknowledged influence on James Joyce was Italo Svevo[86]. In his novel entitled *Senilità*, first published in 1898, it seems that Svevo made sustained use of monologue. The close friendship with Joyce throughout the early years of the century in Trieste may well have left its imprint upon the development of both as novelists and the seriousness with which they regarded the tenets of their craft. The novel *Senilità*, was in fact republished in 1927 with Joyce's support, who also suggested the title for the English translation – *As a Man Grows Older*.

Svevo's better known novel, *La coscienza di Zeno*, published in 1923, one year after *Ulysses* stands under the direct influence of Joyce, and was clearly seen from the very first as placed in the mainstream of stream-of-consciousness fiction. It is largely a monologue of reminiscence, Zeno recounting the details of his life exactly as they occur to him, in bits and pieces. Joyce and Svevo mutually influenced each other in point of experimentation with monologue capabilities in fiction, but so far no concrete research has been done to support this rather too general statement.

But whereas both Dujardin and Svevo were not only acknowledged influences, but also Joyce's personal friends, the case of Dorothy Richardson is different in the sense that, though a forerunner, she has never been an acknowledged influence on any of the major figures of stream-of-consciousness fiction.

In her lengthy work of fiction collectively entitled *Pilgrimage*, almost the size of Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, and about three times larger than *Ulysses*, Dorothy Richardson[87] sets out to record virtually every moment of Miriam Henderson's inner life, with dangerously autobiographical overtones, from about 1895 till 1915.

The whole cycle is made up of thirteen smaller novels, *Pointed Roofs*, published in 1915, opening it and *March Moonlight*, published for the first time only in 1967, closing it. The intermediate sections were most of them published before 1938, when Dorothy Richardson's by now famous *Foreword*, was appended to the whole collection, considered more or less complete.

Pilgrimage has no plot, and it has only one central character binding the whole – Miriam Henderson, whom we follow through her youth and early years of her maturity, and whose pattern of life seems to follow closely that of the author. In *Pointed Roofs*, as a young girl, Miriam teaches in a school in Germany, in *Backwater* she teaches in a North London school. In *Honeycomb* she becomes a governess in a fashionable household. The only outstanding events are a trip to Brighton, a wedding or the act of smoking in front of her mother. For the rest of the time, everything happens exclusively inside Miriam's mind, and even there very little happens. Walter Allen commented rather bitingly on this aspect: 'Of *Pilgrimage* it might be said that if one robbed Miriam of her sensibility there would be not only no novel and no Miriam but also no world at all'.[88]

From the point of view of objective criticism such suppositions are a little beside the point, especially when we take into account that the same Walter Allen, introducing the new 1967 edition, almost puts her on a par with Joyce, Lawrence and Virginia Woolf:

> They have overshadowed Dorothy Richardson, inevitably perhaps, since their genius was certainly the greater, but unfairly none the less, for *Pilgrimage* is a unique and remarkable work. It exists in its own right and will continue to interest for many years to come, and for reasons probably quite remote from those that first come to mind when her name crops up in literary history![89]

There is no need I think to counter this statement: Dorothy Richardson's name has so far been exclusively mentioned in with her lone attempt, however unsuccessful, at technical innovation in fiction, and is bound to remain so in the future.

With regard to the internal organization of the novel there are many points she shares in common with Dujardin, including some of his failures too. Throughout *Pilgrimage* there will be a sustained use of interior monologue, mainly in its indirect form – similar to the one practised by Virginia Woolf, for instance –, but often intertwined with direct sequences. There is a Jamesian type of singleness of point of view throughout, and, incidentally, that is the only influence she more or less acknowledges in her *Foreword*, discarding Proust completely; but the unique post of observation is doubled by the disruption of prose discourse, in a way similar to that of Dujardin's, with a view to approximating the random character of thought processes. Naturally, given the limits in the size of any novel, there will be selection in what she represents, but this selection will not point to any convergence effects from the aesthetic viewpoint. Here is a passage, chosen almost at random:

> There were only women there – wonderful German women in twos and threes – ladies out shopping, Miriam supposed. / … / She heard German laughter about the room. The sounds excited her and she watched eagerly for laughing faces... They were different, … The laughter sounded differently and the laughing faces were different. The eyes were expressionless as they laughed – or evil... they had that same knowing way of laughing as though everything were settled – but they did not pretend to be refined as Englishwomen did … they had the same horridness … but they were... jolly... They could shout if they liked.
>
> Three cups of thick-looking chocolate, each supporting a little hillock of solid cream arrived at her table. Clara ordered cakes.[90]

This is with slight variations the stream-of-consciousness texture that she adopts, and there is no need, I presume, of detailed and lengthy text analysis to point to the extreme lack of textural tension, again mainly due to redundancy, annihilating any convergence of effects. The final impression is not of selection for a definite aesthetic purpose, but of merely giving the illusion of quoting everything that passes through Miriam's mind, in a kind of representation of automatic writing, without emphasis on anything particularly relevant.

In addition, the author's over-reliance on monologue sequences is fatal to structure in the sense that *Pilgrimage* clearly falls into separate fragments. Plot and action have practically

disappeared and have not been replaced by anything to provide unity and internal organisation, apart from the singleness of viewpoint which enhances the monotonous effect by complete absence of any stylistic variation. Attention is invariably focused upon what flows within her mind, rather than on its reaction, relevant to presentation of character, to what occurs without. And as I said, the book is held together by continuity of person only, which provides a very tenuous binding force to counter inherent fragmentariness.

Explained in the relation between texture and structure, all this accounts for the formlessness, monotony and unsatisfying character of Dorothy Richardson's novels, already pointed out by so many critics.

The only thing which has given her any prominence in English literary history has been her sustained use throughout of stream-of-consciousness texture, interior monologue thus becoming the first, and with her, the only, structural pattern.

After giving a brief account of how she came to write the novel, subtly emphasizing feminism versus 'masculine realism' as the basic reason for her adopting this method of writing, she says in her 1938 *Foreword*:

> The lonely track, meanwhile, has turned out to be a populous highway. Among those who had simultaneously entered it, two fingers stood out. One a woman mounted upon a magnificently caparisoned charger, the other a man walking with eyes devoutly closed weaving as he went a rich garment of new words wherewith to clothe the antique dark material of his engrossment.[91]

Then slightly remounting the course of literary history, she will refer to the preceding stage, and Proust and Henry James will be the only ones to be specifically, though noncommittally, mentioned by name. Here, for instance, is how she refers to James, whose name will crop up only later:

> Finally, however, the role of pathfinder was declared to have been played by a venerable gentleman, a charmed and charming high priest of nearly all the orthodoxies, inhabiting a softly lit enclosure he mistook, until 1914, for the universe, and celebrated by evolving, a prose style demanding, upon the first reading, a perfection of sustained concentration akin to that which brought it forth, and bestowing, again upon the first reading, the recreative delights of this form of spiritual exercise.[92]

It is interesting to remark that in the case of James alone, Dorothy Richardson emphasizes, gently but perceptibly, the question of craftsmanship. Many conjectures have so far been made upon the literary influences exerted on her, leading to her astounding, though utterly unsuccessful, experimentation with the texture and structure of the novel. One thing is certain: against the background of James' interest in craftsmanship, her fascination with interior monologue has brought about the consistent use of this method of approach. But the confusion in her approach can be traced to the fact that she did not start from any definite and single idea and intention – as Dujardin did, for instance, with Wagner's synthesis of the arts. Hence, there is nothing at all to provide any structural pattern whatever to her novels, and in this respect at least, her attempt is inferior to that of Dujardin's.

It is by contrasting Richardson with Joyce, and more particularly with *Ulysses*, that one could easily prove that the extreme fluidity of the new form required an almost equally extreme stability as provided by archetypal values – in the shape of myth and other unifying devices. Miriam's random, fragmentary and often pointless experience is often contrasted by the symphonic and harmonious structure of *Ulysses*, which gives the book not only internal organisation, but through myth and multiplicity of point of view completely modifies the subjective-objective relationship, giving it universal significance and aesthetic permanence.

To bring tension into the adequate, but drab and monotonous prose of Miriam's monologue sequences, James Joyce resorted to all the capabilities of poetry, working in terms of suggestion, symbol and rhythm, to enhance the richness of individual experience at a textural level.

Finally, proof of the close interrelationship between texture and structure in stream-of-consciousness fiction is the fact that to make it successful the virtuoso and poet of language should concurrently be an ingenious constructor of highly elaborate archetypes, bound to give universality and objectivity to the narrowly subjective.

Regarding Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, pointing to the expression of feminity, wrote:

> She has invented or, if she has not invented, developed and applied to her own uses, a sentence which we might call the psychological sentence of the feminine gender.[93]

To summarize: both Dujardin and Richardson preserve the Jamesian singleness of view-point and completely overhaul texture, but without operating any structural readaptation of the novel to cope with the thorough-going textural changes. They discard plot completely,

atomise the prose discourse to suit the fragmentariness of thought processes, but preserve James' unique post of observation as a structural pattern; Dujardin alone tries to reinforce it by borrowing from music – the Wagnerian leit motif – but his attempt is unsuccessful, as it remains largely undetectable.

Their failure, in simple words, lies in the fact that their novels do not and can not hold together at all. They are just as fragmentary and as atomised as the essence of their discourse. There is no binding force to fuse the parts together again. This binding force, which Joyce alone was to discover and utilize, can – in an oversimplified and incomplete statement – be reduced to the use of epiphany, archetype and myth – as a juxtaposed binding material cast over the disintegrated texture.

2.0 James Joyce

When *Ulysses* was first published, in February 1922, Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot were the only major literary personalities to hail it as the masterpiece and extremely influential work that in after years it actually proved to be.

Their assessments were completely intuitive, and it was only thanks to a deep understanding of the basic directions of development of literature at the time that they were able to make the correct value judgments that they did. In the opening of his by now classical essay on *Ulysses*, T.S. Eliot stated clearly and concisely, only one year after the publication of the novel:

> I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted, and from which none of us can escape. These are postulates for anything that I have to say about it…[94]

Any study of *Ulysses* from then on cannot escape postulating the influence of the book in the most varied respects. The emphasis in the present study is on the fresh method of approach – not technique or device etc. –, but a full fledged method of approach to the novel which helped greatly to crystallize and give direction to a whole trend in fiction, the significance and aesthetic value of which can by no means be reduced to mere techniques.

T.S. Eliot had hailed the use of myth in Joyce's fiction, the *Odyssey* in particular, as 'a true scientific discovery '. In his assessment of *Ulysses*, Ezra Pound went straight to the *Odyssey* and prefixed its first line to his essay of appreciation of Joyce. More impetuous and more disregardful of any recommended critical restraint, he openly declared:

All men should 'Unite to give praise to Ulysses'; those who will not, may content themselves with a place in the lower intellectual order.[95]

And, indeed, it will be very hard for any major contemporary novelist to easily dismiss the influence and impact of *Ulysses* either upon himself or upon fellow craftsmen. And it is in terms of the revolution it meant for the craft of fiction that I mainly propose to view *Ulysses* here; it should be taken as Joyce's most important, most significant and most influential work, but it should also be taken as the highest pinnacle of stream-of-consciousness fiction, identifying the modest predecessors and giving the guiding thread to the successors.

The key position of *Ulysses* in modern fiction, particularly in the evolution of the craft, is thus paralleled by the similar position it holds within Joyce's own fiction. As S.L. Goldberg very perceptively emphasizes, though for slightly different, more comprehensive reasons,

> ...*Ulysses* is Joyce's central achievement – the most important expression of his imagination, the book on which, I believe, his reputation will most firmly rest.[96]

And, indeed, Joyce's literary productions may easily fall into two categories – those leading up to *Ulysses*, on the one hand, and Joyce's writings after 1922, on the other. It goes without saying that the volume of lyrical poems, *Chamber Music*, as well as the play *Exiles* represents an early tentative stage of development, something approaching a blind alley as regards the full development of Joyce's artistic capabilities; on the other hand, both *Dubliners* and the *Portrait*, representing Joyce's development along the line of writing fiction, have outstanding literary merits in their own right, denoting not only marked artistic assurance, but also a great capacity of penetrating deep into human experience; however, viewed in the light of *Ulysses*, they are a preparatory stage, they necessarily lead up to it, which can simply be proved by the fact that a profound understanding of *Ulysses* will postulate their existence and regain the reader's acquaintance with them.

The stage subsequent to *Ulysses* is more difficult to analyse. Anyhow, *Finnegans Wake*, complex, abstruse, contradictory, and controversial as it is, is bound to flash back upon its predecessor, on the one hand, the 'comedy'-outlook of life[97], the great fun and humour in the best tradition of Irish wit that is to be derived from the book, and, on the other hand, will ram the point with regard to Joyce's linguistic perspectivism home with the *finesse* of a

sledge-hammer. It is to these two aspects alone that, I think, all reference to *Finnegans Wake* should be limited for the time being, and this for strictly practical reasons.

There is still another category of Joyce's fiction which does not precisely fall into either of these subdivisions. I am referring to *Stephen Hero* and, particularly, and most emphatically, to the *Epiphanies*. For many literary historians, they come in a sense after *Finnegans Wake*, as they were posthumously published between 1944 and 1965[98]; for Joyce himself, they represent a 'pre-preparatory' stage – if the coinage is permissible – opening up the way, in strangely symmetric fashion – *Stephen Hero* for the *Portrait*, and the *Epiphanies* for the sketches of *Dubliners*.

I hold this chronologically very early, and editorially posthumous, stage to have an overwhelming importance not only for an understanding of *Ulysses*, taken separately, but also for an assessment of the Joycean achievement as a whole. And the secret lies mainly in the epiphanies, as defined in *Stephen Hero* and as found in the recently published texts.

To make the situation even more difficult to systematise another, quite different stage seems to loom clear in the not very distant future. The manuscript of a story by Joyce, undetected for more than fifty years, was discovered in a private collection in the United States and was published in New York in January 1968. The story entitled *Giacomo Joyce* seems to be important within the body of Joyce's literary work as a whole for two reasons, one referring to the subject matter and setting, the other – to the method and manner of writing; first, *Giacomo Joyce* is the only one of Joyce's works of fiction set outside Ireland; for it takes place in Trieste on the eve of the First World War. Secondly, it seems to anticipate – as the story had been written after the *Portrait* and before *Ulysses* (or at the same time with it) – innovations in Joyce's method of approach to fiction, and particularly in his use of the interior monologue. Here by way of illustration are two brief quotations from this story. The first, by personal reactions and scholarly allusions, is remindful of Stephen's angle of vision in both the *Portrait* – particularly his mood after the vision of the girl on the beach – and *Ulysses* – particularly his monologue on the beach in the third episode:

> I launch forth on an easy wave of tepid speech: Swedenborg, the pseudoareopagite, Miguel de Molinos, Joachim Abbas. The wave is spent. Her classmate, retwisting her twisted body, purrs in boneless Viennese Italian: Che coltura! The long eyelids beat and lift; a burning needle-prick strings and quivers in the velvet iris.[99]

The texture of the other extract too will emphasise the highly individuated angle of vision, foreshadowing a disruption of discourse which was to lead to the *staccato* of the monologue sequences in *Ulysses*:

> Once more in her chair by the window, happy words on her tongue, happy laughter. A bird twittering after storm, happy that its little foolish life has fluttered out of reach of the clutching fingers of an epileptic lord and given life, twittering happily, twittering and chirping happily.[100]

The only outstanding Joyce specialist to make a statement with regard to this 16-page story was Richard Ellmann, who stated:

> This book is a central work, radiating backwards and forwards in Joyce's literary career. /…/ Intrinsically it is a great work. The quality of Joyce's talent is at once apparent, of course, but what may not be so evident at once is its importance as a link in his overall creative process.[101]

At the time he composed that story, Joyce must have already started his arduous work of drafting and composing *Ulysses* and a detailed parallel study may in the end prove, if not as significant as that one of the *Epiphanies*, relevant enough to justify the undertaking.

*

Against the background of Joyce's fiction, and as a natural outcome and spontaneous growth out of it is the great bulk of Joycean criticism.

Ulysses, in particular, is one of the few works of modern fiction to be so widely discussed in periodicals and books, in critical articles, studies and essays, that the novel itself, imposing in size, looks microscopic by comparison. All branches of literary criticism as well as many domains of humanistic research have made their contribution both to critical assessment and text elucidation.

There are at present two periodicals exclusively devoted to Joyce – *James Joyce Quarterly* and *The Newslitter* – and as has already been pointed out, Joyce commentary has become an industry. The difficulty for the researcher is therefore twofold: he must not only

find a way through the Daedalean labyrinth of *Ulysses*, but he must find a guiding thread – not necessarily Ariadne's – in the maze of the evergrowing quantities of Joyce criticism and exegesis.

Consequently, what is badly needed at the present moment, as was very perceptively pointed out in a recent article of synthesis regarding the state of Joyce and *Ulysses* studies today is a reliable edition of the novel, in variorum form with notes and textual variants, and, on the other hand, a *bibliographie raisonée* of the reliable critical studies, with fairly extensive summaries and quotations.

And this becomes all the more necessary when one's approach is based on an intensive study of the literary text, and the relation between the detail and the integrated whole, between what looks seemingly accidental and what is stated as openly deliberate. Along this line of thought I quite agree with Richard Kain when he states:

> Joyce's command of language had been more often asserted than demonstrated. This awareness of levels of style and problems of communication makes *Ulysses* a true Rosetta Stone of modern culture….[102]

But on the other hand, its method of approach to fiction, its interpretation of the novel as emerging from the relationship of part to part within the whole or the relationship of the whole to its part or parts or of any part to the whole of which it is a part – contributed largely to making it be the influential book that it nowadays is.

2.1   Joyce's Aesthetic Theory

Embarking upon a discussion of Joyce's theory of aesthetics, basically as expounded in the *Portrait,* we should in fact start with a digression on the part played by the narrator and by the angle of narration in general; the question is generally handled by establishing an elementary distinction between omniscient narration and various procedures of indirect narration, which are all for the most part subordinated to one single goal: the elimination of the omniscient author.

But according to Wayne Booth, this distinction is not at all suitable, as in absolutely every novel, be it of the omniscient or indirect kind, the author is always implied, if not manifest. The omniscient voice may very well have been reduced to silence, but a question will always be present in the reader's mind: 'Why has he chosen this mode of indirection rather than that?' All novelists have to face such choices and none can escape them. To replace the omniscient and indirect categories, Wayne Booth proposes to divide narrators into reliable and unreliable.[103]

It is on the basis of Booth's classification, that W.J. Harvey asks the following important questions:

> What is the relation of such unreliable narrators to the implied author and thence ultimately to the actual author? Are we to take Stephen's exposition of his aesthetic in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as Joyce's own and to see the novel as written out of that aesthetic, or are we to see the theory as a dramatic index of Stephen's still limited and immature outlook?[104]

Such questions are sure to raise endless controversies, and the only solution here will be one of expediency. Though not identifying Stephen with Joyce, the aesthetic theory in the *Portrait* may be taken as valid and self-contained without literally ascribing it to the author, without readily discarding it as a sham product. It is there to explain the book and, to all probability, the way the book was written.

And it is both with this reservation and with this promise and postulate in mind that one should plunge into a discussion of Joyce's aesthetics, having all the time in view the extremely close relationship between Joyce's life and art, between his biography and his fiction.

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

Few novelists have considered their theory of art so vital for a correct understanding of their fictional undertakings as to deserve interpolation in the very body of their fiction, in a way almost contradicting tenets of the theory.

Joyce not only included it, but included it repeatedly, in *Stephen Hero* then in the *Portrait*, and then even in *Ulysses*, where the discussion in the library is highly relevant.

Though a detailed analysis of Joyce's aesthetics does not exactly fall within the scope of the present study, it is essential, nevertheless, to try and define the aesthetic reasons for his use of the monologue, and see whether the monologue as a sustained technical device with its far-reaching implications derives directly from an aesthetic conception, and if so which aspect of this aesthetic conception is most relevant to it; one needs also to determine, I think, the relationship in which the three major discussions of aesthetics stand with regard to each other and to a sustained use of monologue.

Completely identifying the author with the character – Joyce with Stephen, as for instance David Daiches does[105] – many critics focus their attention solely or mainly on the *Portrait* in a discussion of Joyce's aesthetics. In point of fact, what one finds in the *Portrait* is essentially an expanded interpretation of Aquinas' theories; in other words, an example of applied Aquinas. Here is Stephen both quoting and interpreting him:

Aquinas says: *Ad pulchritudinem tria requiruntur integritas, consonantia, claritas*. I translate it so: *three things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance*. (PA 196)

If we are to undertake a close and minute examination of Stephen's preceding and subsequent arguments, it will become clear that they are mainly concerned with the apprehension of beauty, and hence of art, with the assessment of the effects an aesthetic image already in existence may have, and not so much with its making or creation. The process of apprehending art is subtly fused with the process of creating it, creator and spectator becoming one.

According to both Aquinas and Stephen (who, though not identifiable with Joyce, may be taken to voice his aesthetic views to an overwhelming extent), there are therefore several interrelated stages the recepient – any recepient – of a work of art must pass through. The process of apprehending art is thus considered crucial and exerting its influence upon creating art. Implicitly, this emphasizes very strongly both the work and the apprehender of the work, which will exert a 'feedback' kind of influence upon the artist.

Stephen proceeds to construe each of the already mentioned features, thus:

a) …. temporal or spatial, the aesthetic image is first luminously apprehended as selfbound and selfcontained upon the immeasurable background of space or time which is not it. You apprehended it as *one* thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *integritas*. (PA 196)

b) …. The synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Having first felt that it is *one* thing you feel now that it is a *thing*. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is *consonantia*. (PA 196)

Though chronological order is practically unimportant, these two stages are merely preparatory to the third and crucial one. Before that, however, we may note in passing the prominence Joyce accords in his theory to the internal organization of the work and to the intricacy of relationships between components and structure ('...complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum...'). This may well be taken

as an excellent example of structural explicitness on the part of a writer expressing his views within a work of fiction.

As for the third stage – the most elusive, the most difficult to grasp and define, even for Stephen himself – it is quite clear that it is the most important. Attempting to outline a definition, Stephen begins, very cautiously, with a semantic explanation, of the word *claritas*, which is given to approximate meaning of 'radiance' and equated with another term derived from Aquinas, *quidditas*, or the 'whatness' of a thing. Note Joyce's concern for terminological accuracy:

> The connotation of the word, Stephen said, is rather vague. Aquinas uses a term which seems to be inexact. It baffled me for a long time. /…/ I understand it so. When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and aesthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. /…/ This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. /…/ the clear radiance of the esthetic image … (PA 197)

The methodical and minute treatment accorded to this most elusive concept reveals both the significance it acquires within the framework of the whole conception and the writer's eagerness to pinpoint it as concretely and exactly as possible. And it is only at this advanced stage of the discussion – at a stage when the theory becomes a rounded whole – that attention is drawn for the first time, not to the process of apprehension, but to the process of creation ('This supreme quality is felt by the artist...' etc).

It may be useful at this stage to compare what has been said in the *Portrait* with what is said in *Stephen Hero*; it will be fairly easy to infer that Stephen is far more explicit there in his statements about the third phase. (A general comparison of the two novels in fact shows that *Stephen Hero* is characterized throughout by a far greater degree of explicitness, with all the fallacies that it entailed, in the eyes of Joyce.)

It is at this point of the discussion, in connection with the third phase, that the concept of *epiphany* is introduced. What after all is an epiphany? Though in indirect form, Stephen gives a very clear definition of it:

> 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.

He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments. (SH 215-6)

Though seemingly providing a well-rounded definition, which, incidentally, is strongly reminiscent of statements made by Virginia Woolf in 1919[106], this passage should not be analysed in isolation. It should, in fact, be correlated with another one which occurs two pages after it and which represents a conclusion to Stephen's aesthetic arguments with his friend Cranly – much in the same way in which the above passage represents an introduction to it:

…finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special points, we recognise that it is *that* thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so explicit, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany. (SH 217-18)

This final passage may seem at first sight even more revealing – and in a sense it is – than the introductory one, two pages before it in *Stephen Hero*, for the simple reason that the gist of it is more familiar to the readers of the *Portrait* – a far better known work than *Stephen Hero*. It establishes a link between the second and third features of Aquinas's process of apprehending beauty – aspects which are extensively discussed in the *Portrait* – and it definitely places epiphany at the climax of the whole process of aesthetic apprehension. One needs to correlate the two passages in order to obtain the vital clues for the delineation of the concept of epiphany as it emerged from the Aquinas – Joyce –Stephen theory of art and beauty.

But going back to the first passage it is worth emphasising in addition the dichotomy established there between 'speech' and 'the mind itself', which points to an enlarged area of interest. The words 'a memorable phase of the mind itself' are full of meaning in themselves and will provide substance for the discussion at a later stage.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Joyce omitted all reference to epiphanies in the *Portrait*. His theory of beauty is the same 'applied Aquinas', there are the same hesitations with regard to the exact meaning of the third feature, but the general tone is, of course, different. The essence of the epiphany as it was defined earlier is all there: in point of

fact, it is only the term that is passed over in silence; and though discarded in the *Portrait*, it keeps its proper place in Joyce's aesthetics, re-emerging with greater force in *Ulysses*.

Has it been replaced by anything else in the *Portrait*? The simplest procedure is to have a parallel confrontation of the two key passages – in *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait* – which have a bearing on the so much discussed third feature.

In order to emphasize the point, the run-on text has been divided into numbered segments, without any other alterations:

	(PA 197-198)	(SH 217-218)
A.	– … Tell me now what is *claritas* and you will win the cigar, (said Lynch). – The connotation of the word is rather vague. Aquinas uses a term which seems to be inexact. It baffled me for a long time.	– Now for the third quality. For a long time I couldn't make out what Aquinas meant.
B.	It would lead you to believe that he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow, the reality of which it is but the symbol.	He uses a figurative word (a very unusual thing for him) but I have solved it.
C.	I thought he might mean that *claritas* is the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalisation which would make the aesthetic image a universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions. But that is literary talk.	
D.	I understand it so. When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and then have analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing.	
E.	The radiance of which he speaks is the	*Claritas* is *quidditas*. After the analysis

	scholastic *quidditas*, the *whatness* of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination.	which discovers the second quality the mind makes the only logically possible synthesis and discovers the third quality. This is the moment which I call epiphany.
F.		First we recognise that the object is one integral thing, then we recognise that it is an organised composite structure, a *thing* in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognise that it is *that* thing which it is.
G.	The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very likely to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart.	Its soul, its whatness leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany.

An almost word-for-word comparison of the two extracts proves to be rewarding. First, it has generally been stated by commentators that the *Portrait* is in many respects a compression of *Stephen Hero*; Irene Hendry, for instance, says that 'The Portrait /…/ covers in 93 pages events that require 234 pages in the *Hero* fragment'[107]. She goes on to say that this process of compression and distillation 'rejects all irrelevancies, all particularities and ambiguities, and leaves only their pure essence'. It may well be so with reference to the two novels taken as a whole, but in the case of the two extracts already compared and dealing with the most crucial aspects of the author's aesthetics, we witness the reverse process: the *Portrait* version is much more expanded, incorporating arguments non-existent in the version

it is supposed to compress (cf segments C and D; segment F is a mere summary of points already discussed).

Though the essence of the problem is exactly the same in both versions – *claritas* being identified with *quidditas* and interpreted along the same lines – the *Portrait* version is, obviously, more elaborate, more complex, more finished, but also more elusive and ambiguous. At this point one cannot easily agree with Irene Hendry when she says that Joyce 'rejects... all ambiguities' in the *Portrait*. I think, on the contrary, that he introduces deliberate ambiguities: apart from the fact that Emma Clery turns out an anonymous E – C –, descriptions of characters are blurred, some of them becoming mere voices, and though certain incidents are dropped altogether, obscure references to them are still preserved.

Along the same line of thought, we notice two omissions in the above extract from the *Portrait*: one is, of course, *epiphany*, the other *structure* (though the latter is preserved in the *Portrait*, and appears with a vaguer connotation at an earlier stage of the discussion). In fact, *epiphany* pinpoints the final stage of apprehending an aesthetic image in a very precise and concrete way – too concrete, perhaps – whereas *structure* explicitly delineates the second stage in its interrelationship with the third; both these concepts, though avoided in the *Portrait*, are vital for a thorough understanding of what Joyce wants to convey in *Ulysses*.

It would be, perhaps, beside the point to try and find out exactly why Joyce avoided any mention of the word *epiphany* in the *Portrait*, though its essence is all there. But it would be equally beside the point to say that this was done just because the word or concept was considered useless and unimportant… The greatest proof of its significance and validity within the Joycean aesthetic framework lies in Stephen mentioning it as a climactic moment in his *Proteus* monologue:

> Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read this F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? (US 50. 13-16) (3.139)

Stephen Daedalus (sic) of *Stephen Hero* had not forgotten them, in spite of the fact that Dedalus (sic) of the *Portrait* refrained from mentioning them.

It is therefore against such a background full of aesthetic significance, but also a slight authorial reticence, that one should return to the sentence: '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.' (SH 215)

'A memorable phase of the mind itself'... This is, maybe, one of the most striking and concise definitions of interior monologue to be found in the fiction of Joyce. And if so, epiphany is an aesthetic justification for the sustained use of interior monologue throughout Joyce's mature work. A close text analysis, as attempted in the preceding pages, makes this reading quite plausible.

2.2   Joyce's Early Epiphanies

James Joyce started writing prose and tried various literary forms even before he undertook the writing of *Dubliners* or of *Stephen Hero.* The most interesting and revealing of his early prose experiments is the series of brief but highly polished sketches he wrote under the name of epiphanies, a term mentioned for the first time and discussed at some length in *Stephen Hero*.

But Joyce did not allow the publication of *Stephen Hero* in his lifetime, nor did he encourage any mention of the epiphanies, apart from the fairly cryptic reference in the 'Proteus' episode of *Ulysses*. Though they are mentioned in his letters and the plan for *Stephen Hero*, it is only in the body of that fragmentary novel that we come across the definition just quoted:

> 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. (SH 215)

The word in not at all taken in its religious and Catholic meaning, but in its other dictionary meaning, a 'manifestation, or showing forth' which Stephen must have come across in Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* which he 'read… by the hour' (SH, 26).

Joyce took great interest in the writing of his epiphanies, and there are manifold proofs of that. Not only were they very neat and had a finished aspect in their manuscript form, but also, as pointed out by James S. Atherton, 'he must have shown some of his epiphanies to Yeats at this time, for Yeats wrote of Joyce's "beautiful though immature and eccentric harmony of little prose descriptions and meditations." '[108]

A detailed discussion of the concept of epiphany in the preceding section has shown that it occupies a key position in Joyce's aesthetics and literary achievement, also linking his marked linguistic perspectivism with his vision of art, to reach a climax in *Finnegans Wake*. One should, however, distinguish carefully between, on the one hand, a history of the term and concept of epiphany and its effect on a critical assessment of Joyce's work as a whole, and on the other hand, the history of the epiphanies themselves.

First, name and/or definition can be traced in both *Stephen Hero* and *Ulysses*. The first literary critic to discuss the question in a literary context was Harry Levin in his book *James Joyce, A Critical Introduction* (1941), for the preparation of which he had access to the so far unpublished manuscript of *Stephen Hero*. The discussion was taken up in Theodore Spencer's introduction to this fragmentary novel, when it was published in 1944. Then came the only critical study exclusively devoted to them, Irene Hendry's 'Joyce's Epiphanies', first published in 1946.[109] These discussions had largely in view *Stephen Hero*, for the actual texts of the epiphanies were not yet available in print.

It was only ten years afterwards in 1956, that O.A. Silverman published the first group of twenty-two texts, accompanied by a brief introduction, in an edition limited to 500 copies.[110] As such, they were available only with great difficulty (two copies only of this edition are known to exist in Britain – one in the British Museum and the other in Edinburgh), and did not receive proper attention from the critics.

Finally, it was only in 1965, that Robert Scholes and Richard Kain republished Silverman's twenty-two epiphanies and added another eighteen, discovered in the meantime, bringing the total number to forty.[111] Thus of the seventy-one epiphanies known to have existed around the turn of the century, at about the time when Joyce had shown some of them to Yeats, more than half are now available for research.

The task now facing the Joyce commentator is that of providing a general definition and a comprehensive classification, and this seems to all appearances to have been the purpose of the two editors. They quote not only Joyce's definition and those given by several critics, but the statements made in this respect by Joyce's brother Stanislaus as well as by Oliver St. John Gogarty, allegedly the prototype for Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*.

My intention, however, is by no means to contribute to a definitory or classificatory study of epiphanies, but rather relate them to an analysis of the texture of Joyce's fiction, as many of the manuscripts discovered contain instances which had been embedded in the text of *Stephen Hero*, the *Portrait* or *Ulysses*.

In other words, epiphanies may be extremely revealing in terms of the Joycean texture and textural innovation to a similar, if not identical, extent to the use of myth as a structural

innovation with regard to the whole novel, an innovation which was hailed as early as 1923 by T.S. Eliot as a 'scientific discovery'.

Before proceeding, however, to a comparative analysis of the texts, here is a suggestion Scholes and Kain put forth in the introduction to their edition about the relationship between epiphany and Joyce's aesthetics:

> The relationship to Joyce's art of his term *epiphany*, and of the actual Epiphanies which he recorded, has posed some difficult problems. The term has been applied, to *Dubliners* in particular, as if it referred to a principle of art according to which each story of the collection was constructed. If criticism finds the term useful in this sense, critics will no doubt continue to employ it; but they should do so in full awareness that they are using the term quite differently from the way Joyce himself used it. For him it had reference to life only, not to art. An epiphany was life observed, caught in a kind of camera eye which reproduced a significant moment without comment. An epiphany could not be constructed, only recorded. But such moments, once recorded, could be placed in an artistic framework and used to enrich with reality of fictional narrative.[112]

Upon close examination, the accuracy and validity of the above statement may first be questioned on grounds of terminological inconsistency with reference to literary criticism. No two meanings can possibly be logically ascribed to one and the same term for mere pragmatic considerations, without leading to confusion; the often irresponsible use of 'stream-of-consciousness' as a Jack-of-all-trades and a maid-of-all-work is ample evidence to point in the opposite direction.

Then the above interpretation is largely a genetic approach and a 'notebook' view of epiphanies, which does not seem to have coincided with Joyce's intention. For one thing, he would not have taken such great pains, as can be seen from manuscripts and testimonies, to polish them, so minutely, only to reshape them completely upon insertion into the body of his fiction; then, he would by no means have shown them to Yeats, were they not at the time considered as independent and finished prose compositions.

That is why, I tend to maintain that, at least, around the turn of the century, when they were composed, they were considered literary creations in their own right. They are already art because they emphasize the relationship between the artist and his environment, they provide the vital link with life, which is essentially manifest throughout Joyce.

Scholes and Kain contend that 'an epiphany was life observed' for the reason that it 'reproduced a significant moment without comment'! But Joyce never commented, his vital point was the virtual disappearance of the artist 'within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence…' (PA 199). And then, the epiphanies do comment: the very definition, when mentioning '…a manifestation…in the vulgarity of speech…' (SH 215), is an implicit comment. The comment, however, is not achieved by an intrusive author, but by means of selection, internal organisation and anastomosis; further, strong comment is suggested by the implicit relation between the concrete level they describe and the abstract level they imply.

In fact, these epiphanies should, I think, be interpreted as tiny prose epigrams with intrinsic aesthetic value, which, when embedded within the texture of larger fiction, play the part of an independent aesthetic unit within another, larger unit, one facet of the many facets of a gem, shining, or, as Joyce says 'radiating', not only by itself, but also within the integrated whole.

By way of illustration, here is the full text of epiphany 8:

> Dull clouds have covered the sky. Where three roads meet and before a swampy beach a big dog is recumbent. From time to time he lifts his muzzle in the air and utters a prolonged and sorrowful howl. People stop to look at him and pass on; some remain, arrested, it may be, by that lamentation in which they seem to hear the utterance of their own sorrow that had once its voice but is now voiceless, a servant of laborious days. Rain begins to fall.[113]

In this simple, pregnant form, with its directness of effect and immediacy of impact, it may be taken as a brief prose lyric, centred upon creating one single feeling and establishing a subtle relationship between a concrete, and apparently banal instance – 'a dog is howling' – and the generality of the individuated reaction as manifest in the hearts and souls of the passers-by. The epiphany may be taken as one of the first instances in Joyce when an apparently objective statement can be seen to have a strongly subjective impact. In addition, the independence and harmonious balance of the epiphany is emphasized by the perfect symmetry of form and content of the first and last sentences:

> Dull clouds have covered the sky. /…/ Rain begins to fall.

This particular epiphany has been selected to open the discussion with on the grounds that it occurs in a lesser known context. Here is the form it takes in *Stephen Hero*:

> ...not infrequently in the pauses of rapture Dublin would lay a sudden hand upon his shoulder, and the chill of the summons would strike to his heart. One day he passed on his homeward journey through Fairview. At the fork of the roads before a swampy beach a big dog was recumbent. From time to time he lifted his nuzzle in the vaporous air, uttering a prolonged sorrowful howl. People had gathered on the footpath to hear him, and Stephen made one of them till he felt the first drops of rain, and then he continued his way in silence under the dull surveillance of heaven, hearing from time to time behind him the strange lamentation. (SH 38)

It is extremely interesting for Joyce's manner to see how the epiphany is reshaped, and the narrative thread passed through it in the shape of the personalized angle of vision of the main character, so as to fit it into its proper place in the integrated whole of the novel. Its evolution is from impersonal to personal and from independence to subordination, but the epiphany form is by no means the 'writer's notebook' of something taken down for further use.

Given the variety of these epiphanies, it is of course rather difficult to generalize. But they all tend to prove one thing; and by 'all' I mean those incorporated in *Stephen Hero*, the *Portrait* and *Ulysses*: Joyce's extraordinary concern with the texture of his prose; it is as if, putting a stretch of text under a microscope, it acquires cosmic dimensions, and then he sets to work employing a structural approach against a textural background. In other words, the microcontext becomes a macrocontext in its own right and the boundaries between them are abolished by the 'shuttle' movement imposed from novel to epiphany and back.

Here now is a well-known epiphany, easily recognizable, and barely modified when included in the novel. It illustrates not only Joyce's sharp linguistic perspectivism and his tendency towards anastamosis – the close relationship between form and content – but also a specific view as regards the function of art. The original epiphany – No. 1, in the Scholes-Kain collection – is arranged in dramatic form, and emphasizes deep autobiographical character by the fact that not only the names of participants are real but the location is real too and can be dated 1891, though the epiphany must have been written much later:

(Bray: in the parlour of the house in Martello Terrace)

Mr. Vance	– (*comes in with a stick*) … O, you know, he'll have to apologise, Mrs. Joyce
Mrs. Joyce	– O yes … Do you hear that, Jim?
Mr. Vance	– Or else – if he doesn't – the eagles'll come out and pull out his eyes.
Mrs. Joyce	– O, but I'm sure he will apologise.
Joyce	– (*under the table, to himself*)

Pull out his eyes,

Apologise,

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes.

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes,

Pull out his eyes,

Apologise.[114]

The epiphany, rearranged and placed right at the beginning of the *Portrait*, has a multiple significance, and works from the lowest textural level to the highest level of character delineation. It shows Stephen's fascination with words, the magic words exert over the future poet, it shows the artist in him and the incipient capacity to discover relationships; it also shows an attitude towards surrounding events and his stupendous capacity to turn life into art.

It is an instance in which he detects rhyme, verging on jingle; it is through this very jingle that his irritation and agitation will be communicated. However, the magic of language is not limited to the rhyme: behind it there is one of Joyce's most subtle and favourite devices occurring often as a musical accompaniment in moments if crisis or suspense. It is a relatively rare figure of speech called *epanodos* and it takes the formal pattern **abba**. It occurs at the end of 'The Dead' in Dubliners, combined with alliteration: 'His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow *falling faintly* through the universe and *faintly falling*…' (DN, 220)[115].

The epiphany under discussion is, in fact, held together by a double instance of epanodos based on rhyme and metre. And last but not least, this very epiphany provides one of the first glimpses into Stephen's mind at the beginning of the *Portrait*. It is interesting to note that in both instances it only epiphanises in the unspoken stage, in the character's mind, and corresponds to that part of the definition,'...a memorable phase of the mind itself'! It is on

this basis that I advance that many of the monologue sequences in both the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* contain similar epiphanised values, the detection of which is essential for understanding Joyce's approach to character through interior monologue and tension-charged texture. The counterpart in *Ulysses* of this epiphany is the very first instance we get into Stephen's mind: 'He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chrysostomos*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through his calm.' (US 1) (1.24). Chrysostomos there, though far more obscure and complex, becomes an epiphany of the same type.

But here is the adapted text as it appears in the *Portrait*:

> The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:
> –   O, Stephen will apologise.
> Dante said:
> – O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes. –
>> Pull out his eyes,
>> Apologise,
>> Apologise,
>> Pull out his eyes.
>>
>> Apologise,
>> Pull out his eyes,
>> Pull out his eyes,
>> Apologise.

Discarding the dramatic arrangement, with location and names of persons mentioned, stage directions disappear too, and 'Joyce – (*under the table, to himself*)', occurring in the epiphany will not be replaced by anything; it is left to the reader's active participation to infer that the rhymed sequence is unspoken. What is explicit in the epiphany becomes implicit in the *Portrait* as a result of an advance in Joyce's conception of interior monologue.

Let us now examine epiphany No. 21, which occurs twice: once in *Stephen Hero*, the second time in *Ulysses*! Here first is the original epiphany:

> Two mourners push out through the crowd. The girl, one hand catching the woman's skirt, runs in advance. The girl's face is the face of a fish, discoloured and oblique-eyed; the woman's face is small and square, the face of a bargainer. The girl, her mouth distorted, looks up at the woman to see if it is time to cry; the woman, settling a flat bonnet, hurries on towards the mortuary chapel.[116]

It is purely a pictorial epiphany, a Joycean snapshot of a situation; but as it occurs in *Ulysses*, its significance lies in the way it is embedded in the text. According to Stanislaus Joyce, the epiphany depicts an actual event during their mother's funeral in August 1903, and the text was written by James Joyce two or three months after the event.[117]

In *Stephen Hero* it is used to depict an occurrence at the funeral of Stephen Dedalus' sister Isabel. Stephen is there with Maurice, his brother, following the coffin into the street and carrying the three wreaths into the mourning coach. Then they reached Glasnevin cemetery.

> The first funeral went in through the gates where a little crowd of loungers and officials were grouped. Two of them who were late pushed their way viciously through the crowd. A girl, one hand catching the woman's skirt ran a pace in advance. The girl's face was the face of a fish, discoloured and oblique-eyed; the woman's face was square and pinched, the face of a bargainer. The girl, her mouth distorted, looked up at the woman to see if it was time to cry: the woman, settling a flat bonnet, hurried on towards the mortuary chapel. (SH 171)

In *Ulysses*, the scene occurs, as can easily be imagined, in the 'Funeral' episode, when Leopold Bloom, Simon Dedalus – Stephen's father –, and their friends, accompany Paddy Dignam to his grave. But it is in *Ulysses* that the important aspect of craftsmanship comes in. Both the epiphany and the extract from *Stephen Hero* were objectively patterned, though the former is purely omniscient, whereas the latter is more or less viewed from Stephen's angle of vision. In neither case, however, is there a disruption of discourse. The following quotation, to suggest atmosphere, is much longer than the epiphany, which occurs right at the end, and without the preceding terms of comparison might pass almost unnoticed. We are all the time within Bloom's mind:

Coffin now, got here before us, dead as he is. Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways. Dull eye: collar tight on his neck, pressing on a blood vessel or something. Do they know what they cart out here everyday? Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day. Then Mount Jerome for the protestants. Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute. Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick. Thousands every hour. Too many in the world.

Mourners came out through the gates: woman and a girl. Leanjawed harpy, hard woman at a bargain, her bonnet awry. Girl's face stained with dirt and tears, holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry. Fish's face, bloodless and livid. (US 127) (6.509)

It is not within the scope of the present discussion to attempt a detailed and minute analysis of all stylistic items in the three passages: the first thing is to point to the correspondence of epiphanies, and secondly, to emphasize what Joyce understood by epiphany in *Ulysses* and how important it is to reveal 'a memorable phase of the mind itself'. The above epiphany, for instance, shows what a keen observer Leopold Bloom is meant to be, and how accurately and carefully he notices the details which had been so important to the omniscient narrator in the epiphany –'...hard woman at a bargain ...looking up at her for a sign to cry...'. He goes beyond appearances and infers the hidden nature of people and things. Then, it is amazing with what economy of means everything is conveyed in the monologue sequence. Exactly the same amount of information conveyed by 72 words in the epiphany will be conveyed by Bloom in 39 words, to say nothing of the added subjective slant.

Finally epiphany No. 38, occurring only in *Ulysses*, illustrates the other aspect of the definition, an instance of the 'vulgarity of speech'! The manuscript epiphany is again in dramatic form, with location and stage directions:

(Dublin: at the corner of Connaught St., Phibsborough)
The Little Male Child – (*at the garden gate*) – …Na…o.
The First Young Lady– (*half kneeling, takes his hand*) – Well, is Mabie your sweetheart?
The Little Male Child – Na…o.
The Second Young Lady – (*bending over him, looks up*) – *Who* is your sweetheart?[118]

It is easy again to guess in what episode of *Ulysses* the epiphany will be incorporated. In the 'Rocks' episode, Gerty McDowell is there together with her two friends Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman, who take care of their little brothers who are more fighting than playing. In the end, Tommy is crying and Cissy does her best to comfort him.

> She put an arm around the little mariner and coaxed winningly:
>
> – What is your name? Butter and cream?
>
> – Tell us who is your sweetheart, spoke Edy Boardman. Is Cissy your sweetheart?
>
> – Nao, tearful Tommy said.
>
> – Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? Cissy queried.
>
> – Nao, Tommy said.
>
> – I know, Edy Boardman said none too amiably, with an arch glance from her shortsighted eyes. I know who is Tommy's sweetheart, Gerty is Tommy's sweetheart.
>
> – Nao, Tommy said on the verge of tears.
>
> Cissy's quick motherwit guessed what was amiss and she whispered to Edy Boardman to take him there behind the pushcar where the gentleman couldn't see and to mind he didn't wet his new tan shoes. (US 451-52) (13.64)

In contradistinction to the previous instance here the incident is much amplified in the novel, the participants are personalized, and the whole thing no longer serves to characterise an abstract situation, but rather concrete figures. In addition, its most important feature is absent from the epiphany, for besides characterizing the participants, its climax is the reference to Gerty McDowell, and Edy Boardman's attitude towards her in particular: '...I know, Edy said none too amiably, with an arch glance from her shortsighted eyes... Gerty is.' This is extremely important, for the very next sentence, which comes after the epiphany, is the omniscient authorial intervention 'But who was Gerty?' (13.78) This example, also viewed in the light of the previous examples discussed, tends to prove that Joyce's favourite method of introducing character was by an epiphany – either a memorable phase of the mind or of speech.

I have so far discussed only four of the forty epiphanies recently published. But given the limits imposed to the present analysis, they are bound to provide sufficient evidence that the epiphany really is essential to understand Joycean texture, particularly in its relation to structure and interior monologue.

The following overall statement will give a picture of the whole situation: the forty epiphanies published – out of the total of seventy-one known to have originally been in existence – occur thirteen of them in *Stephen Hero*, ten in the *Portrait* (one three times in succession), and six have so far been identified in *Ulysses*. It may be possible that a few of them 'were actually used in *Dubliners*, but up to now not one known epiphany has been discovered in that collection of stories,'[119] which may well prove the thesis in the end that the sketches in *Dubliners* were just extended epiphanies. Many others do not occur at all in later fiction.

Joyce early gave up his practice of writing epiphanies as separate entities, probably after he had finished *Dubliners*. But he continued to use them throughout his work, realising their subordinate, relational character. They are markedly evident in *Ulysses,* and they grow more and more linguistic as one advances towards *Finnegans Wake*. At first they must have constituted a separate literary genre for him – a sort of prose epigram – which was in course of time subordinated completely to the longer species of fiction, but never abandoned. In taking these forty epiphanies as models or archetypes, I am quite certain that one could distinguish at least another four thousand in *Ulysses* alone. And as such they represent Joyce's major textural finding, which, together with myth as structure, was to lead him to the successful use of interior monologue in fiction.

2.3　　　　Joyce's Linguistic Perspectivism

Linguistic perspectivism[120] is with regard to language what aesthetic distancing is with regard to art. It is the key to reaching the core and essence of the observed phenomenon by means of a sensitive apprehension of the parts as parts, and as parts of the whole, and the whole as whole.

Language sensitivity – a differentiated response to subtleties, be they purely linguistic, stylistic or phonic – is an essential quality not only of the linguist or lexicographer, who acquires it by systematic training, but also of the poet who achieves it by inclination and vocation.

James Joyce was such a poet. He was keenly aware of the faintest language shades and nuances and took a passionate interest in exploring language and its potentialities. He was, moreover, the poet of prose: in traditional literature this may sound, or may have sounded, a contradiction in terms, for poetic language awareness was not regarded as essential to the writer of prose as it was to the writer of poetry. But with the advent of stream-of-consciousness fiction the situation changes, as the writer's attitude to the medium itself changes too. The text, no longer charged with sustained epic features, gradually acquires lyrical potentialities, manifest in the relations between words and their arrangement in sentences. The new texture requires qualities widely different from those of epic or discoursive prose.

The only thing to postulate at the beginning of this discussion would, therefore, be that the sound, rhythm and evocative powers of words were as important for James Joyce as they were, say, for Gerard Manley Hopkins. (A rare prose writer to remotely approximate it was Joseph Conrad.)

<center>*</center>

The concern with words and their magic and particular resonance was manifest in Joyce from a very early age. The epiphany, already discussed in the preceeding section – 'Pull out his eyes /Apologise' – in which the hypnotic effect is created by the concentrated combination of rhyme, rhythm, metre and alliteration, shows how early this tendency asserted itself. When in reply to a query about his age made by the Clongowes principal, little Joyce superbly retorts 'half past six', his fascination with language was already there.

In point of fact, Joyce transfers this magnetic attraction not only to the narrator of the early sketches of *Dubliners*, for whom certain words dragged strange shadows after them –

> 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. (DN 7)

but also to Stephen Daedalus, later Dedalus, who is to appear in *Stephen Hero,* the *Portrait,* and *Ulysses*. There are innumerable instances in Joyce's early writing pointing to this keen linguistic awareness, far stronger than the sense of wonder the novelty of language awakens in every child. The purpose for this insistence on language effects was twofold on character presentation: first, that Stephen was a child, constantly learning new words, and through them learning things about the world around him, and by the particular angle of vision selected the reader is sharing the sense of wonder with him; secondly, and mainly due to the unusual emphasis on word magic, achieved by frequent repetition of situation, that Stephen was an unusually sensitive child upon whom external stimuli had amplified effects. And the stimuli he was most sensitive to were of a linguistic nature, a foreshadowing consequently of his adolescence and his ever more marked inclination, as time goes by, towards poetry.

Here first are a few of the early instances in his life when the interest was beginning to take shape:

> Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learnt them by heart: and through them he had glimpses of the real world about them. (PA 55)

> And one day Boyle had said that an elephant had two tuskers instead of two tusks and that was why he was called Tusker Boyle but some fellows called him Lady Boyle because he was always at his nails, paring them. (PA 37)

Such examples seem to point to a child's legitimate and natural interest and wonder. But then we also read:

> The fellow turned to Simon Moonan and said:
> – We all know why you speak. You are McGlade's suck.
> Suck was a queer word. /.../ the sound was ugly. Once he had washed his hands in the lavatory of the Wicklow Hotel and his father pulled the stopper up by the chain after and the dirty water went out through the hole in the basin. And when it had all gone down slowly the hole in the basin had made a sound like that: suck. Only louder. (PA 7)

> …he had felt a faint winy smell off the rector's breath after the wine of the mass. The word was beautiful: wine. It made you think of dark purple because the grapes were dark purple that grew in Greece outside houses like white temples. But the faint smell off the rector's breath had made him feel a sick feeling on the morning of his first communion. (PA 40-41)

Such associationism is no longer of the ordinary type: it points to the onomatopoeic and deeply synaesthesic values he accords to words, and, as such, delineates Stephen, the word- and language-sensitive child, the would-be poet.

The monologue sequences in the *Portrait* are, most of them, in the third person, and as such come very close to a form of internal analysis. In the second chapter, however, Stephen has a few fragments of first person monologue, one of which, quite characteristically, out of a desire for self-identification in Dujardin style, and reminiscent of the nineteenth-century apologetic traditions when inserting a direct glimpse into the character's mind, begins as follows:

He could scarcely recognize as his own thoughts, and repeated slowly to himself:

– I am Stephen Dedalus, I am walking beside my father whose name is Simon Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland. Cork is a city. Our room is in the Victoria Hotel. Victoria and Stephen and Simon. Simon and Stephen and Victoria. Names. (PA 84)

Symptomatically, the figure of speech – epanodos – used at the end of this extract, had also appeared in 'Apologise – Pull out his eyes' epiphany. It is a figure of speech which appears often in Joyce, and most suited to sounding the resonance of words. In this particular instance, Stephen, in addition to the desire for identification, is trying to sound the possible evocative capacities, not of ordinary words, but of proper names, and the bathetic ending tends to suggest his deception in face of their comparative emptiness.

As a school-boy, Stephen Dedalus, in *Stephen Hero* –

...was at once captivated by the seeming eccentricities of the prose of Freeman and William Morris. He read them as one would read a thesaurus and made a game of words. He read Skeat's Etymological Dictionary by the hour and his mind, which had from the first been only too submissive to the infant sense of wonder, was often hypnotised by the most commonplace conversation. People seemed to him strangely ignorant of the value of the words they used so glibly. (SH 26)

And this is how, slowly and gradually Stephen realizes the unusual and idiosyncratic character of his sensitiveness. It dawns upon him through his reactions to language and words, which he now singled out as different from other people's.

It was not only in Skeat that he found words for his treasure-house, he found them also at haphazard in the shops, on advertisements, in the mouths of the plodding public. (SH 30)

From this stage he was only a step away from the stage when the poet in him was to awaken, and sound the musicality and the lyrical resonance of the words he put together:

He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:

> – A day of dappled seaborne clouds.
>
> The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the grey fringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose? (PA 154)

Apart from the fact that the hidden and indirect implications established an opposition between religion and art, as suggested by the phrase which haunts Stephen[121], the alliterative and synaesthesic preoccupations of the poet echo the intuitions of the child – 'wine... it made you think of dark purple' (PA 40). As has already been mentioned, Joyce transfers his own language interest and the analytical searchings of the poet on to his character and all insistence on word resonance and fascination with language will, at least in the early Joyce, epiphanise character, for all the above quotations may easily stand independently as pregnant epiphanies, thus crystallizing the aesthetic essence of this linguistic conveyance.

Interest in language is, therefore, obvious, not only in the author, but also in the character, outlining specifically its gradual awareness of surrounding reality as well as the relation in which it stands to society. The character's inner ear and attitude of listening in rapture to the strange resonance of certain words and phrases gives great evocative power to the passages of direct introspection. The epiphanic radiance which Joyce associated with language references and the use of particular words is at first presented as relevant only to the character, and only gradually acquires symbolic values bearing on the whole novel. Word wonder in Joyce is never gratuitous – it is one of his simplest, but most effective means of introspection.

*

From an early interest in words and the sounds of words, as can be inferred from the above quotations, Joyce passed on to a deliberate cultivation of prose euphony and alliteration, favouring certain sounds in particular. Gradually this was coupled with poetic experimentation in word arrangement and relationships between words, and these particular relations between them were emphasized by an idiosyncratic punctuation. In fact, whereas *Dubliners* and the *Portrait* illustrate the early euphonic stage, in *Ulysses* this is intensified by an interest in word arrangement and syntax, with word modification occurring only occasionally.

It was only subsequently, after 1922, that Joyce focused his attention again almost exclusively on words and started vivisecting them at an intra-lexical level. The result was the essence of *Finnegans Wake*, and the beginning of **puns on letters** by the side of **puns on words**. But when he started interfering with words to such a considerable extent, he almost invariably left syntax alone.

In other words, one can detect three stages in Joyce's linguistic perspectivism – the **euphonic**, the **syntactic** and, finally, the **intra-lexical**. They of course overlap substantially, and any later stage necessarily presupposes the preceding ones, as fundamental to them. Pictorially, it may, more or less look like a pyramid upside down. Briefly examining these stages in turn, one should try to assess their aesthetic significance, and the extent to which they may be, or actually are, subordinated to the presentation of character.

Most of the instances already quoted to illustrate Stephen's progress from childhood to maturity were illustrations of euphony and sound resonance. This was to be a lifelong preoccupation with Joyce deriving not only from his aesthetic theory, but also from the kind of fiction he was writing: stream-of-consciousness fiction is, by its very essence, euphonic, alliterative and rhythmic.

And most euphonic devices are based on repetition with or without variation: this is not only true of rhyme and alliteration, but also of rhythm and metre. Consequently, **Repetition** will be an all-important procedure not only for poetic, but also for structural and even psychological reasons. Whereas at the level of texture, repetition basically acts as a means of achieving pleasing combinations of sounds, the repetition of words and phrases within comparatively brief stretches of text strengthens, on the one hand, textual unity and fusion, concurrently pointing, on a psychological level, to the obsessive nature of certain associations; repetition at the level of structure generates major leit-motifs and reinforces basic themes and myths. As rhyme and metre are practically inoperable in a prose context, stream-of-consciousness fiction, to compensate for the loss, makes extensive use of alliteration and rhythm, as basic poetic devices exploiting the sound level of language.

There is little need to demonstrate, particularly after the preceding discussion that alliteration is fairly frequent in stream-of-consciousness fiction. One could hardly find a page in *Ulysses* on which alliteration is not amply represented. The very first sentence of the novel, though an omniscient sentence, provides a fairly good example of *s*, *b* and *r* alliteration:

> **S**tately, plump **B**uck Mulligan, came from the **s**tairhead, **b**earing a **b**owl of lathe**r** on which a mirro**r** and a **r**azor laid crossed. (US 1) (1.1)[122]

My point is simply to show that a certain type of alliteration occurs more frequently in Joyce, thereby acquiring another, broader dimension. It is interesting to compare the following three examples taken from the third episode of *Ulysses*, when Stephen is walking along the beach, all by himself, thinking:

> (They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer*:) and down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. (US 46) (3.30)
>
> …he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. (US 55) (3.270)
>
> …he lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back. (US 55) (3.278)

There are two interesting things about these three examples, and many more of the same type can be found in the same episode: first, though obviously alliterative, they are all omniscient sentences, and secondly, the sound effect is almost exclusively based on the repetition of *s* and *f*. But this *s* and *f* alliteration is strangely reminiscent of certain, almost equally omniscient, passages in the *Portrait*, which have a climatic function and, in order to reinforce textual climax, are combined with another repetitive device already discussed. An excellent illustration is the most crucial passage in the *Portrait*, the moment when Stephen, deeply immersed in thought, beholds the girl on the beach, the revelation acting as motive force for his dramatic switch from religion to art:

> The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither; and a faint flame trembled on her cheek. /…/ He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the sand. (PA 159)

The alliterative profusion converges, though not mechanically, to emphasize the two sounds. And the repetition of *s* (pronounced as either voiced or voiceless) is as frequent in the preparatory stages of this climax; it is often coupled with another repetitive device, discussed earlier in connection with the 'Apologise – Pull out his eyes' epiphany:

> The clouds were **drifting** above him **silently**, and **silently** the seatangle was **drifting** below him and the grey warm air was still and a new life was singing in his veins. (PA 158)
>
> Her bosom was as a bird's **soft** and **slight**, **slight** and **soft** as the breasts of some darkplumaged dove. But her long fair **hair** was **girlish**: and **girlish**, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her **face**. (PA 158-59)

The same rhetorical device discussed in connection with the epiphany – **abba** – with a slight variation in the third instance, is again intensely present. At this stage, it is against this double background of alliteration and repetition according to an **abba** pattern that we should turn again to the last sentence and climax of the story 'The Dead', in the earlier collection entitled *Dubliners*:

> His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow **falling faintly** through the universe and **faintly falling**, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead. (DN 219)

It would not be difficult to multiply the number of examples [123] along the same line of thought, but the point has, I think, been amply proved.

To all appearances, the recurrence of **f** and **s** in climactic situations seems to point to an important alliterative convention of stream-of-consciousness fiction. William Faulkner himself, one should not forget, did not merely select a quotation from Shakespeare for its purely contextual and evocative capabilities to use as the title of one of his most influential novels – *The **S**ound and the **F**ury*. With Faulkner texture seems to have been almost as important as it was with Joyce.

Thus it is within the framework of both textural repetition and subtle structural leit-motif that the alliterative resonance acquires its true dimension. In addition to that, Joyce made use of many other euphonic devices in *Ulysses*, in the 'Concert-Room' episode in particular, where the emphasis is very much on sound and where the opening pages act as a sort of cryptic overture of apparently meaningless sound patterns, to acquire meaning and the

proper connotation only gradually, as the episode unfolds itself and they are placed in the proper context.[124]

As the present discussion is illustrative rather than exhaustive in character, I shall on this particular aspect jump to the conclusion, and state that the 'Sirens' episode, attempting an exact correspondence between the written word and the musical chord, Joyce will largely fail as the requirements of simultaneity and context are completely different in the two arts – literature and music. Whereas the texture of the former implies purely linear succession, the latter, though based on succession too, may imply a greater amount of simultaneity: whereas two words may never be pronounced at the same time and outside context without confusion, more than one musical note may easily be played or sung simultaneously and with equal loudness. In fact, this is a question that will preoccupy Joyce in later years, and which he will try to solve by **verbal superposition** in *Finnegans Wake*.

Throughout his work, however, the 'radiance' of the sound of words in particular arrangements will always be coupled with an emphasis on their evocative and connotative capacities. Throughout *Ulysses* certain words, by their meaning and/or associations provide the most powerful stimuli, triggering trains of thought in the most unexpected directions, and pregnantly revealing character, either on the basis of malapropism, as will be the case with Molly and her *met him pike hoses* (4.336 + 8.112 + 8.1148 + 11.500 + 11.1062 + 11.1188 + 13.1280 + 16.1473 + 17. 686 + 18.565) and *Aristocrat* (18.1238 + 1240), or on a milder and more evocative pattern. It is such words, noticed on random advertisements, that 'feed' most of Bloom's imaginary escapades into exotic and oriental fairylands, or Stephen's more rigorous ascent along tortuous paths of scholarship to obscure mediaeval sources, almost invariably bearing on art and its essence, or on the Church and its dogma.

It is not by mere chance that Bloom is made an advertising canvasser; as such, he is an amateur dabbler in words by profession; without ever reaching the professional standards of a talented writer, words act as powerful magnets for him, with the same power of attraction (but with different results) they had for Stephen, the sensitive child and future poet. The basis and essence of **the lexical epiphany** is the same, its direction, however, and the degree of intricacy proves, of course, to be considerably different.

In his study of *Ulysses,* Richard Kain has presented a monumental synopsis in the four appendices of the book, not only of verbal motifs associated with either Stephen or Leopold Bloom, but also a tabulated list of everything connected with the temperament, personality and opinions of Bloom.[125] Thus he detects about seven hundred verbal motifs, all directly subordinated to the presentation of the mental preoccupations of the two male characters. An important point to make in connection with them is that some of them are only significant

texturally, epiphanising character in a certain situation and moment. Others, recurring again and again, will in addition perform a structural function as well, leading, through leit-motif, to myth. Concrete instances in relation to each character are discussed in section 4 of the present study.

Though it happens very often in *Ulysses*, it is not always that emphasis on word or phrase is directly subordinated to character delineation: this is the case particularly with such instances occurring in omniscient sequences or in some of the parodies.

It is in such instances that one can examine at leisure Joyce's cultic use of the word, with its aesthetic advantages and disadvantages, and it is interesting to see how this tendency leads to concern, not only with the word itself, but with word arrangement. To illustrate this, here are some examples of omniscient sequences from the third episode of *Ulysses*:

Under its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun. (US 61) (3.441)

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. (US 64) (3.503)

Their dog ambled about a bank /…/ At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. (US 57) (3.338)

Towards the end of the *Portrait*, examining the reasons for his fascination with the phrase 'A day of dappled seaborne clouds', Stephen Dedalus gives the following answer to his own queries:

No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. (PA 154)

This in a sense summarises Joyce's concern with language in *Ulysses*. Apart from its usefulness for character delineation, he is less interested in the evocative power of a word by itself; furthermore, he does not show any manifest inclination, as he does in *Finnegans Wake*, to artificially enhance the glow of a particular word or combination of words. His basic concern in *Ulysses* is with word arrangement. This quest not only for *le mot juste* or *le mot inévitable*, but also for the most suitable order is well illustrated by Frank Budgen's account of Joyce's manner of composition for *Ulysses*.

I enquired about *Ulysses*. Was it progressing?

'I have been working hard on it all day', said Joyce.

'Does that mean that you have written a great deal?' I said.

'Two sentences', said Joyce.

I looked sideways but Joyce was not smiling. I thought of Flaubert.

'You have been seeking *le mot juste*?' I said.

'No', said Joyce. 'I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in the sentence. There is an order in every way appropriate. I think I have it.'[126]

The basic purpose of this great concern with word arrangement and syntax was to achieve the poetic flow of some of the omniscient sentences,

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore. (US 214) (8.637)

or, on the other hand, right at the other end of the scale, the staccato accelerando of some of Bloom's monologue sequences:

Mr. Bloom came to Kildare Street. First I must. Library.

Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is /…/

The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No, didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone.

(US 234) (8.1167+1176)

And it is directly out of this concern for double texture, distinctly but equally idiosyncratically patterned, that the necessity to manipulate punctuation too made itself felt. And if the texture of *Ulysses* indeed looks the way it does, it is because of the specific treatment of syntax and punctuation. Joyce's very early dislike of 'perverted commas', as he called them in one of his letters[127], and the fact that he discarded them from the very first

made it possible for him, particularly in *Ulysses*, to create an ambiguity of levels, distinguishable only by meaning and connotation. The richness of suggestion brought about by this simplification probably gave him the idea to discard punctuation altogether in the last episode of *Ulysses*.

But as John Spencer has remarked in his article on the monologues of *Ulysses*, '…in the long stream of Molly Bloom's consciousness with which the novel ends, an alternative technique is used: grammatical completeness with no punctuation at all. /…/ with Molly Bloom's soliloquy the reader has few syntactical struggles despite the complete lack of punctuation aids.'[128]

And, indeed, the effect is totally opposite to that created by Bloom's staccato sequences. This is how utter discontinuity and utter continuity, achieved by means put at the disposal of the writer by the language and literary convention as well as his departures from them, succeed to create exactly the same effect – an artistic representation and conventional simulation of the stream of thought in its various postures for the exclusive purpose of character delineation. Impressionistic criticism, disregarding this parallelism in pattern, on the basis of partial judgment, often quotes Molly's monologue as the more successful.

Another point worth making in connection with Joyce's linguistic perspectivism in the unusually insistent way in which he draws his readers' attention to the names of his characters, and the heavy symbolic load that most of these names carry.

The classical Daedalus, with labyrinthine connotation, of *Stephen Hero* becomes plain Dedalus in later writings, but even so, at the beginning of both the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* the reader will have the point forcefully rammed home:

> – What is your name? Stephen had answered: Stephen Dedalus. Then Nasty Roche had said: – What kind of name is that? And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked: – What is your father? Stephen had answered: – A gentleman. (PA 4-5)

> A pleasant smile broke over [Mulligan's] lips. – The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek. (US 2) (1.33)

Even his first name, though there is nothing unusual about it, will occasion local associations:

> Crossing Stephen's, that is, my green, remembered that his countrymen and not mine had invented what Cranly the other night called… (PA 231)

The same is true of Leopold Bloom, whose name in the correspondence with Martha is Flower, and whose father, of Hungarian extraction, was called Rudolf Virag, which in Hungarian means again flower. And indeed, in the final part of the book Bloom is referred to as Don Poldo de la Flora.

Some names may jocularly point to literary influences on Joyce himself: thus, Dante as a common childish mispronunciation for *auntie*[129] and Vico in the topographical reference to the winding road leading to Wicklow.

There are interesting associations with the name of Blazes Boylan too:

Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience. (US 298) (10.486)

– Come on to blazes, said Blazes Boylan, going. (US 344) (11.430)

All this constant and sometimes too marked linguistic emphasis on the actual meaning of proper names taken to extremes, inevitably makes one think that there is hidden meaning behind every name in *Ulysses*. With Joyce everything is deliberate, aimed at creating a certain effect and the characters' names in the way they are typically handled by Joyce, suggest a lot about the characters themselves. Against the background of almost exaggerate justification by its very minuteness, one may start wondering whether names such as Eccles Street do not have a hidden meaning behind them, an '**ecclesiastical'** hint for instance.

Going beyond *Ulysses*, and beyond 1922, we reach the stage of *Finnegans Wake*, characterised, as I earlier defined it, by manipulation at the intra-lexical level. There is widespread dissatisfaction among critics with regard to this novel, commonly labelled a failure. But in spite of the huge mass of commentary on it, very few attempts at giving a consistent explanation and justification of the endeavour in terms of the language and style of fiction have so far been made.

My sole reason for mentioning the book here, however, is to point to Joyce's consistency of aesthetic outlook and intention, with widely different results, of course, in point of success. The approach there is simple: it is the continuation of the simultaneous application of juxtaposition and discontinuity not only at the level of thought processes, or of sentence pattern, but at the level of **the word** itself.

Thus, in *Finnegans Wake*, thought the most excessively unconventional of Joyce's work, the syntax and the pattern of discourse above word-level are not very markedly deviant from a norm of English prose. Establishing this distinction it is quite easy to see that Joyce's

handling the language in that book is so different from what Gertrude Stein or E.E. Cummings did, who were not at all concerned with building up new words, but rather with the peculiar deviant arrangement of the existing ones.

Parallels with Old English **Kennings** were made, descriptions were attempted on the metaphorical basis of mediaeval palimpsests and comic terms of comparison were suggested such as Lewis Carroll's ***Jabberwocky***, but one thing is clear: from the point of view of linguistic perspectivism and literary achievement *Finnegans Wake* represents a direct continuation of the same approach applied earlier, directed differently however and with highly controversial results.

Proof of this continuation are the relatively rare instances of word manipulation in *Ulysses* and the same techniques of juxtaposition and discontinuity displayed throughout.

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

A careful analysis of any considerable stretch of Joycean text shows that all linguistic innovations are subordinated to a convergence of aesthetic effects. As F.R. Leavis remarked in connection with him, 'few authors ever wrote a sentence with a more complete consciousness of every effect they wished to obtain'[130]. And indeed, in contradistinction to other novelists, to the previous writers in a more traditional vein, in Joyce every word and phrase is deliberate and minutely calculated to create a certain effect which, in its turn, is subordinated to a distinct anastomotic purpose, usually the creation of atmosphere or delineation of character.

With Joyce, language manipulation 'radiates' aesthetic intention and lyrical charge of emotion. It is one of the means to give both intensity and poetic cohesion and coherence to apparent chaos.

2.4   The Joycean Monologue

It was only after the publication of *Ulysses*, in 1922, that *monologue intérieur* was coined as a suitable literary term to designate the new literary phenomenon; *stream-of-consciousness* too, left the relative obscurity of May Sinclair's review of Dorothy Richardson, and William James' tracts of psychology and acquired considerable currency in the world of letters. And this for the simple reason that following the publication of the book, interior monologue was one of its most discussed features.

Joyce himself had to make statements about it, and as the writing and publishing of literary criticism on himself and others, in Eliot or Virginia Woolf fashion, was completely alien to him, the only description of his intention was in the conversations with his friends. One very simple, but extremely relevant, statement he made in this respect was recorded as follows by his friend and biographer Frank Budgen. Speaking about the intention behind his adoption of interior monologue as a method for writing fiction, Joyce stated:

> I try to give the unspoken, unacted thoughts of people in the way they occur.[131]

It is extremely symptomatic that Joyce himself in one of his rare comments on the subjects emphasizes the 'interior' aspect – the unspoken in contradistinction to spoken. It had so far been a fictionally unexplored realm, a very faithful, or apparently faithful, method of artistic representation, though at the time it was highly popular with psychologists and psychoanalysts.

But the central problem for psychology and psychoanalysis was not so much the opposition spoken vs. unspoken, but rather the degree of remoteness of a certain psychological phenomenon from the central area of consciousness – the area of conscious

attention. The more remote it was, the more interesting it became for the psychoanalysts. But once the given psychological phenomenon was outside the area of conscious attention, it is highly controversial, in terms of psychology, whether it was, or could be expressed by means of words.

As the writer, however, had at his disposal words only, it is doubtful whether the psychoanalytical subtleties could have any tangible impact with directly practical effects. And as can be seen from his letters, Joyce was totally adverse to psychoanalysis, and Virginia Woolf candidly confessed in a letter addressed to Floris Delattre:

> Save for reading Plato, without any grammatical accuracy, I have read very little philosophy. Thus I have never read a word of Bergson. I have neither read Fread or Young' (sic)[132].

To come back to the above quotation from Joyce, we should assume that Joyce was privately interested, for social and moral reasons too, in what was unspoken by the people of Dublin, rather than in any psychoanalytical subtleties, which have a far lesser relevance to art.[133]

Interior monologue, in general is characterized in fiction by certain essential distinctive features. Two basic factors can be detected: **angle of vision** and **texture** of discourse. They distinguish it not only from what is commonly, though improperly, called internal analysis in fiction, but also from the indirect monologue sequences. In more specific terms, they distinguish it from the achievement of either James or Proust, whose point in common is the permanence and stability of a unique post of observation, not the writer's.

The interior monologue as conceived within the framework of stream-of-consciousness fiction emphasizes specific angle of vision, not the writer's angle, but the characters'; in its more evolved and more successful forms, however, it will not emphasize the uniqueness of this angle, but rather its multiplicity in order to give a kaleidoscopic vision of reality.

To give the illusion of "*l'instant pris à la gorge*", as Mallarmé called it, the stream-of-consciousness writer resorts to a disruption of the logical sequence of deliberately and minutely patterned discourse, particularly as it appears in its written form. The emphasis at this stage should in fact, presumably, be placed on an artistic representation of unspoken sequences as different from the spoken, and not on degrees of awareness of reality and levels of attention, as classified under preconscious, subconscious, unconscious, etc. Joyce himself in the above quotation emphasized the opposition unspoken-spoken, rather than anything else.

The disruption of discourse is evident in the nature of the reflections presented as well as in the manner in which they are presented. To oppose the logically connected flow of thoughts as expressed in pleasantly connected words in an ordinary piece of writing, be it fiction or non-fiction, the stream-of-consciousness writer emphasizes disconnectedness and unexpected juxtaposition in both content and the manner of presenting the content. Apparently random associationism is accompanied, in certain cases, most of Bloom's monologue sequences in *Ulysses* for instance, by extreme syntactical ellipsis. With other writers, the emphasis may be solely on completely random associationism of thought, which in an indirect form of presentation takes a more conventional pattern of discourse. The best example in this respect is Virginia Woolf, whose sentences "flow" differently from those of Joyce.

The disrupted texture of discourse is meant to transpose in fiction "the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall",[134] and as such to picture in fiction the disrupted and chaotic character of the very 'texture of experience', as Harvey called it.[135] But this is always done from the angle of vision of one character only, at least one at a time – not a simultaneously parallel run-on flow in dialogue fashion, for instance. Thus, the singleness of post of observation and, directly deriving from it, the unity of the character's world outlook, is meant to make up for both the apparently random associationism of the character's thoughts and the seeming chaos of literary texture. Or, as Theodore Spencer puts it, 'the diffuseness of real life is controlled and ordered by being presented from a single point of view'.[136] From the reader's point of view, the clue to understanding character – and, from the writer's viewpoint, the essence of delineating character in pregnant and highly individuated manner – lie in the hidden Ariadne's thread behind the labyrinth of associations and idiosyncratic literary texture. As Ezra Pound once stated, 'Joyce's characters not only speak their own language, but they think their own language'.[137]

The discussion of Dujardin's and Richardson's novels had dealt with the disadvantages of singleness of point of view in stream-of-consciousness fiction in contradistinction to the advantages the procedure might have had with James and Proust. After completing the *Portrait* and starting on *Ulysses,* James Joyce made marked and consistent attempts to bypass this drawback by placing the post of observation severally in the mind of each of his major characters – Stephen in the opening part of the book, Bloom dominating, but not monopolising, the middle part, and Molly, his wife, taking the limelight in the third and final part.

Thus, instead of a unique post of observation, which, when doubled by stream-of-consciousness texture, as for instance with Daniel Prince and Miriam Henderson, gives a

strong impression of subjectivism and even solipsism, James Joyce resorted to the multiple point of view with the express purpose of creating a stereoscopic vision of reality and all the kaleidoscopic richness it will bring with it.

The daily life of Dublin is therefore presented not from the angle of vision of Stephen alone, but Stephen's vision, which comes first, is contrasted with Bloom's vision and world outlook, which in turn is reinforced by that of Molly, with the purpose of creating as it were, a tri-dimensional reality in the reader's imagination, not a flat one. In addition to the dimensional advantages, the textural monotony of singleness of point of view tends to give a static impression of reality, while the multiple point of view, characterised substantially by variety of manner, will reinforce a dynamic presentation of events.

But Joyce goes further than that in the sense that he does not limit his posts of observation to his three major characters; several of the supporting characters, too, are provided with highly individuated monologue sequences to strengthen the already created panoramic and kaleidoscopic effects. Rendered in either direct or indirect fashion, the monologues of Father Conmee (10.1 to 205) or that of Dignam's son (10.1121 to 1174) throw in flashes of light from distinct and carefully selected directions – an inward angle of the church establishment itself, and the angle of the rank and file Dubliner of tomorrow. As such, Gerty McDowell's indirect sequences (13.78 to 771) stand somewhere between the angle of Dignam's son, providing his counterpart of the other sex, and the angle of Molly Bloom, the picture of whom in very incipient form she tends to be.

Through this highly intricate multiplicity of angles of vision, briefly and incompletely sketched above, the impression is given that surrounding reality is viewed neither through omniscient eyes nor through a single pair, but through the eyes of a wider cross-section of characters. Hence the impression of heightened objectivity that the method, and the novel, is meant to achieve.

Robert Humphrey in his book on the stream-of-consciousness novel discusses multiple point of view strictly and exclusively in cinematic terms[138] on hints given as far back as Eisenstein.[139] But the borrowing of cinematographic terminology is complete: everything is crammed under the heading *Time-and-Space Montage*; point of view becomes 'camera eye', and is treated on a par with 'flashback' and 'close-up'. But thus Joyce's reliance on a certain literary tradition can in no way be pointed out. In addition, a distinction is necessary as 'flashback', 'flashforward' etc. are basically textural devices, significant only for the moment, whereas point of view, particularly in its multiple variant, is a structural procedure, vital for the whole book.

Stream-of-consciousness fiction as a whole may owe something to cinematography and radio, but the description of achievements cannot be undertaken solely and exclusively in terms of the cinema and cinematic vocabulary. Joyce often resorts to montage, the episodic technique, among others, is clear proof thereof, but it is a different kind of montage, adapted to the requirements of the medium, and considerably restricted by the limitations of the literary genre.

This of course, has a bearing on the way the material in *Ulysses* is used to prove the point. Starting from the idea of montage, and thinking basically in cinematographic terms, Humphrey illustrates his point by references to the 'Streets' or 'Wandering Rocks' episode (No 10.passim) which, particularly when perused very rapidly, comes closest to giving the impression of montage, in true cinematic fashion.

But with reference to the angle of vision, as exemplified in multiplicity of point of view, the best illustration undoubtedly is the whole novel, viewed in its division into three parts, more or less devoted to the three characters, as was emphasised earlier.

Virginia Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway*, following closely in the steps of Joyce, adopts a very similar multiplicity of point of view, moulded on the same trinity of characters, and achieving, in spite of the great differences between the two writers, a panoramic view of surrounding reality, and a binding pattern for the whole novel.

The multiplicity of point of view at the level of structure is coupled with outbursts of lyrical effusion at the level of texture. In Joyce they often emerge from the omniscient sentences; in Virginia Woolf omniscience is ambiguously fused with the rest, they pervade the whole novel.

Granting that novels are usually associated with storytelling, the concept of lyricism in the novel, or even the concept of lyrical novel[140], may be a paradox or a contradiction in terms. But in the type of fiction discussed here, the lyrical tonalities primarily emerge from the textural design of images and motifs, which, in their turn, are the direct outcome of the character's association of the mind.

Thus a new poetic diction, this time associated with prose, emerges and has a crucial importance in assessing the whole trend, as it paralyses traditional standards of critical judgment, and in a sense makes stream-of-consciousness writing bridge the gap between fiction and poetry.

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The

twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide. (US 9) (1.242)

This is no longer the texture of prose by any established standards; yet, it is part and parcel of a novel, and totally subordinated to character. Virginia Woolf too, attempts to create, in her own way, a similar atmosphere:

There were flowers; delphiniums, sweet peas, bunches of lilac; and carnations, masses of carnations. There were roses; there were irises. /…/ And then, opening her eyes, how fresh, like frilled linen clean from a laundry laid in wicker trays, the roses looked; and dark and prim the red carnations, holding their heads up; and all the sweet peas spreading in their bowls, tinged violet, snow white, pale –as if it were the evening and girls in muslin frocks came out to pick sweet peas and roses…[141]

This lyrical concentration in the expression of the character's inner life is indispensable in this type of fiction, both for the requirements of character presentation and for the more elusive demands of the newly established genre convention. And it is often there not as an expression of a distinct technique, easily describable, but as an express manifestation of monologue texture. Bloom's monologue sequences too have their own poetry, emphasized by the fact that they will be separated from that of the omniscient sentences.

With Virginia Woolf, as could be seen from the above quotation, monologue and omniscience are inextricably fused and blended; with Joyce, however, in the overwhelming majority of cases omniscience is clearly separated from monologue. Moreover, Joyce begins traditionally with omniscience and dialogue in *Ulysses*; on the first page at least, there seems to be nothing on first reading to indicate the revolutionary method of character presentation. In fact, Joyce's introduces his reader to it very carefully and gradually. First, he supplies a context containing at least some of the necessary references for understanding the monologue passages to come. He also prepares the readers by relying heavily on dialogue in the opening episodes.

The book, therefore, starts slowly and cautiously only to end with a breath-taking race – Molly's final monologue – which in point of technique is rather at the antipodes of the first episode.

Returning, however, to the first page of the novel, one notices that the scene is highly visual: it is early morning; Mulligan appears on the top of Martello Tower at Sandycove, and, in priestlike fashion, carries his shaving utensils to perform there his daily shaving ritual. He calls up Stephen, and upon his sulky appearance, Mulligan's mocking pantomime turns into good humoured diatribe. The whole scene is meant to be highly pictorial and cinematic: Mulligan's attitude towards an abstraction as well as his patronizing haughtiness towards Stephen will acquire visual dimensions too. Everything is viewed from the outside, impartially and omnisciently. Then all of a sudden we read:

> He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. (US 1) (1.24)

Stated from the point of view of omniscience, everything is as pictorial as before. But then comes the single word: 'Chrysostomos'. And the reader is afforded an unexpected glimpse into Stephen's mind; the gold fillings in Mulligan's mouth have suggested to him the gold-mouthed Greek orator, Dion Chrysostomos[142]. After this single word, omniscience and the traditional angle of vision return, and any direct introspective glimpse will be held off till the third page.

But even when it appears again, it is rather sparingly used – a few words here, a few elliptical sentences there, which in the early stages at least will not be at all essential for an understanding of the general trend of events; their relative redundancy will definitely point to their introductory function with regard to the standards of the new convention. In other words, the monologue sequences in the opening episodes are there in the shape of a fair warning of what is to come later, in *Proteus* (No 3)*, Lestrygonians* (No 8)*,* and *Penelope* (No 18)*,* which will all provide monologue climaxes for each of the three main characters.

Viewed in the light of Joyce's whole work, and interpreted along the line of the sustained metaphor of the stream, the single word *Chrysostomos* on the first page (Stephen's patristic reaction to Mulligan's gold teeth), is the stream at its source, from which Mrs. Bloom's river comes and what Tindall calls 'the *Missisliffi* of *Finnegans* Wake'.[143]

In the first episode of *Ulysses,* however, in addition to the examples already discussed, the most interesting and impressive instances of monologue will be the passages on Fergus, and the heretics.

To summarise: an unexpected juxtaposition of objective narrative and interior monologue, with monologue sequences sparingly used, switching from one to the other without warning, is the procedure Joyce employed in the first two episodes. One discovers only in the third episode that this has all been preparation for an entire section of interior monologue. Indeed, throughout that third episode, with brief and poetic omniscient sentences here and there, the focus is constantly within Stephen's mind.

Before concluding this brief review of the essential features of the Joycean monologue, however, two points are perhaps worth making. First, the relation between dialogue and monologue within the economy of the novel, with reference to character presentation and particularly, with regard to one and the same character, the sublimation of dialogue into monologue or the dissociation of monologue into dialogue.

Whenever Stephen expounds theories, he will do so exclusively by means of Platonic dialogue, the opposite pole of his silent meditations. His theory of aesthetics is dramatically presented in both *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait*, and his theory of Shakespeare as pointing to the relationship between the artist and his art is even more dramatic. It again takes the form of a dialogue, this time between Stephen and the Dublin literary luminaries. Against the general monologue background of the novels, these dialogue sequences will stand out in bold relief.

But in the 'Nighttown' episode (No 15), paradoxically, the reverse process will take place, in the sense that the effects of interior monologue will be achieved through dialogue. Both the library discussion and this episode will, however, have one feature in common, an impression of intense introspection will be achieved by a kind of rhetorical apostrophe, with Stephen addressing an abstract idea or an imaginary object.

Finally, the third possibility: while monologuing, Bloom, for instance, and Stephen too occasionally, will be prone to start silent dialogues with themselves, reminiscent of the curious convention of French romanticism – the dialogue of the soul itself, found in Rousseau's *Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques*, for instance, but also in Lamartine and Alfred de Musset.

The other point refers to the identity of the monologueur, in the sense that Joyce, for the sake of variation again, but also for enhancing complexity of structure, resorts to ambiguity of angle. There are passages in the 'Concert Room' episode (No 11), particularly the two opening pages, with regard to which one is perplexed as to the identity of the monologueur. At other times (US 307 ff) (10.720 to 800), there is an ambiguity of interlocutor, and one is not even at times sure whether the whole sequence is meant to be spoken or unspoken. On yet other occasions, as John Spencer has pointed out, 'the transitions from narrative to interior monologue are, perhaps deliberately, slightly blurred. The shift from

one to the other /…/ is made by means of short segments whose status is not immediately apparent.'[144]

But talking about ambiguity of angle and of level, not only the method of interior monologue but also its complexities have, from the technical point of view, yielded fruit in France in the shape of the *Nouveau Roman*. Here is an instance from Robbe-Grillet's novel *Le Voyeur* to show how the relation between omniscience and monologue may be solved by blurring the distinctions:

> On arrivait là, désormais, comme on serait arrivé n'importe où. Il y avait une épicerie et, bien entendu, un débit de boissons, situé presque à l'entrée du village. Abandonnant sa bicyclette près de la poste, Mathias y pénétra.
>
> La disposition intérieure était la même que dans tous les établissements de ce genre, à la campagne ou dans la banlieue de grandes villes – ou sur le quai de petits ports de pêche. La fille qui servait, derrière le bar, avait un visage peureux et des manières mal assurés de chien mal assurés de chien mal assurés de fille qui servait derrière le …Derrière le bar, une grosse femme à la figure satisfaite et joviale, sous d'abondants cheveux gris, versait à boire à deux ouvriers en bleus de travail.[145]

The general purpose of Joyce's art of the novel is to present character in the lesser known and more unexpected facets as well as from other angles of observation. Consequently, he resorts to interior monologue to reveal his characters' 'unspoken and unacted thoughts in the way they occur'. And in order to do so, he embarks upon an arduous search for the possibility of saying much by saying little; and, by stating less, of implying everything.

Monologue, epiphany and myth are his most effective vehicles for reaching this goal.

3.0   The Episodic Construction of *Ulysses*

Ulysses is the story of one day in Dublin – 'the dailiest day possible', Arnold Bennett[146] characterised it. Focused on a simple day in a single city, and, consequently, observing to the letter the requirements of the classic of unities of space and time, the relations between the three characters, given the absence of a well-defined plot, tend to suggest utter constructional simplicity. But it is this very simplicity of setting that makes the internal organisation of the novel highly complex. Formally, it is divided into eighteen unnumbered episodes, there being no correspondence with the *Odyssey* in this respect.

The novel is episodic not only on that account, but also due to the fact that there is no run-on 'thread' of narrative; it is rather made up of a 'chain' of situations. That is precisely why the episodes can in no way be interpreted as chapters, and called as such, as many critics are prone to do.[147] They are episodes also because they have a definite structural implication – their disconnectedness deriving directly from Joyce's theory of epiphanies.

Though divided into eighteen episodes, the episodes of *Ulysses* are not formally numbered: the novel is merely divided into three numbered parts, meant to correspond roughly to the three basic divisions of discourse, according to the best tradition of classical rhetoric – **introduction** (or induction), **exposition** and **conclusion** –, each dominated by one of the three major characters, in this order: Stephen, Bloom, and Molly.

The close relationship between formal division and delineation of character is not manifest only in relation to these three main parts. *Ulysses* is episodic, and there is a close relationship between character and episode in the sense that each episode is more or less clearly focused either on one single character or on the relationship between two of them, apart from the tenth, focused on Dublin, which thus becomes a fourth major character, in a way.

There is also a relationship between episode and monologue sequence in that some episodes are devoted exclusively – Molly's final reverie (No 18) – or overwhelmingly – The 'Strand' and 'Lunch' episodes (Nos 3 & 8) – to monologuing, with few or no omniscient sentences.

A brief review of episode pattern will be relevant to both character and monologue: thus, episodes 1, 2, and 3 are focused on Stephen, the last one constituted solely of his monologue on the beach; episode 4 is focused on Bloom, and through him, on his relationship with Molly; episodes 5, 6, 7, 8, are solely focused on Bloom; episode 9 is again focused on Stephen and the exposition of his literary – artistic theories in the National Library; episode 10 is centred on Dublin with no individual characters coming to the foreground; then, episodes 11, 12, 13 are again devoted to Bloom, whereas 14, 15, 16, 17 are devoted to the relationship between Stephen and Bloom with variable emphasis on each, and in the last two with the figure of Molly clearly, but indirectly, looming in the background; finally, episode 18 is focused exclusively on Molly, and her innermost thoughts.

Moreover, 'the first three episodes of *Ulysses* (corresponding to the Telemachia of the *Odyssey*) serve as a bridge-work between the *Portrait* and the record of Mr. Bloom's adventures...'[148]

In addition, episodic division is essentially functional and provides a variation of stylistic distancing working within the author-character-reader relationship along the line of defining angles of vision. This is in fact the basis of the statement that each episode is worked out by means of a specific 'technique'. In his book on *Ulysses*, Stuart Gilbert attempts their classification, with the most extravagant results. His list of 'technics', as he calls them, can be taken as a monument of inconsistency and utter impressionism, with the only result that it paradoxically managed to impress and even influence scores of critics and commentators, and the ensuing effects were not exactly positive.

Without further comment, here is the list of Stuart Gilbert episodic technics, devised in the 1920's, soon after the publication of the book, under the benevolent and tolerant eye of the Author himself:

1. Narrative (young)
2. Catechism (personal)
3. Monologue (male)
4. Narrative (mature)
5. Narcissism

6. Incubism

7. Enthymemic

8. Peristaltic

9. Dialectic

10. Labyrinth

11. *Fuga per canonem*

12. Gigantism

13. Tumescence, detumescence

14. Embrionic development

15. Hallucination

16. Narrative (old)

17. Catechism (impersonal)

18. Monologue (female)[149]

There is no need, I think, for further arguments in support of the necessity of finding a more consistent and satisfying description on the basis of textural analysis of episode developments. It must be done on the basis of a study of the relationship between dialogue, monologue and omniscient narration on the one hand, and between texture and structure, on the other. Joyce himself in his view of the novel, as has already been seen, accorded great significance to structure as well as to the relationship between structure and texture, embodied in the independence between epiphany and myth.

Another Gilbertian feature of Joyce criticism has been an overemphasis on the Homeric parallel, which is not exactly essential for a primitive, but fairly comprehensive, understanding of the book. This is accounted for by the fact that myth operates at one level only – the abstract level – in fact providing the superposition of symbolic pattern on a novel which in many respects, and particularly in certain of the passages has a marked naturalistic flavour. As it works solely at one, and not the most apparent, level, a Homeric denomination of episodes – which has, unfortunately, become so common among critics and commentators, again mainly due to Stuart Gilbert – is largely one-sided, and out of touch with the essence of the book – a day of Dublin life. Both for the sake of convenience and for the sake of reinforcing, within a theoretical discussion, the real and realistic essence of the book, a simpler frame of reference has been devised to emphasise the level at which the characters themselves act:

	Name of Episode:	Homeric Parallel:
I.	1. the 'Tower'	Telemachus
	2. the 'School'	Nestor
	3. the 'Strand'	Proteus
II.	4. the 'Breakfast'	Calypso
	5. the 'Bath'	Lotus-Eaters
	6. the 'Funeral'	Hades
	7. the 'Newspaper'	Aeolus
	8. the 'Lunch'	Lestrygonians
	9. the 'Library'	Scylla and Charibdis
	10. the 'Streets'	Wandering Rocks
	11. the 'Concert-Room'	Sirens
	12. the 'Tavern'	Cyclops
	13. the 'Rocks'	Nausicaa
	14. the 'Hospital'	Oxen of the Sun
	15. the 'Nighttown'	Circe
III.	16. the 'Shelter'	Eumaeus
	17. the 'Kitchen'	Ithaca
	18. the 'Bed'	Penelope.

But no summary of episode events has been attempted here, as this has been so often done by commentators, nor has a paraphrase of the so much talked-of Homeric parallel been considered necessary. An attempt, however, has been made to focus attention on episode technique, in relation to both structure and texture, as so far very little has been said on their contribution to shifting points of view and angles of vision, a correct assessment of which is vital in preparation for any value judgement about the merits and demerits of the book as a whole.

As we are discussing here the episode structure of *Ulysses*, it is perhaps worth mentioning that even the formal structure of the novel – the division into three main numbered parts – has its clearcut classical implications. In Aristotle's poetics, the terms *beginning, middle* and *end* emphasise a specially close cohesion of causes. Not everything that happens in the life of one man, says Aristotle, can be included in one story. Referring, on

the other hand, to Aristotle's system of logic, one could see without attempting to force what is mainly a verbal parallel, a certain similarity between the above terms and the major, minor and middle terms of Aristotelian syllogism;[150] this association may well lead from formal organisation to distribution of character according to parts. This in fact leads to E. M. Forster's conception of **pattern**.

In the same sense, in *Ulysses* too, there is a definite and easily recognisable pattern: the time is one day – 16 June 1904; the place is one city – Dublin; and the story is a single action – the meeting of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, who provide the two threads of development, at first symmetrically wide apart and then, gradually coming closer and closer together; Molly Bloom, the minor term in this 'syllogistic' pattern provides both the starting point and the finish for one of the threads.

Hence, the geometry, the neat '**logical**' arrangement, Forster's '**mathematical precision**' and '**symmetry**' is all there, with its 3 elements. But it is a multi-structure. As will be seen later, more sophisticated parastructures are superimposed to reinforce universality of implication and pattern.

4.0   Joyce's Specific Approach to Character

'When a novelist wishes to build up a character in a work of fiction', David Daiches wrote in an essay published in 1935, 'he generally employs two methods. He describes the character objectively in the most effective prose at his command and, more important, he endeavours to make the character reveal itself in action'.[151]

But as the first part of this statement postulates authorial intervention, and the second emphasizes revelation in action, hence the existence of a story, neither of them is exactly relevant to Joyce's method of approach who, by his aesthetic creed, had discarded both procedures.

In James Joyce, particularly in *Ulysses*, there is no attempt to present a course of action, in which the characters are subjected to testing circumstances; therefore, there is no conventional development, crisis and resolution of a narrative. This, however, cannot be taken as a purely Joycean innovation as it had been done before by novelists – as early as Laurence Sterne and his *Tristram Shandy*, for instance.

Typically Joycean, in fact, is the combination of the two features – absence of narrative thread coupled with authorial non-intervention. Against his background, character delineation in the novel poses completely new problems – solved by Joyce in the most ingenious manner: first, his recourse to interior monologue is justified by the tendency to keep authorial intrusion as limited as possible, and statement and comment by the author are replaced by the mere selection of fact revealing character by itself; secondly, and derived from the previous statement, the absence of a dramatic and gripping narrative is counter-balanced by the abundance of illuminating detail in point of character delineation.

As many commentators remarked even before 1944 and the publication of *Steven Hero*, with James Joyce detail is nearly always illuminating. It is this specific handling of 'radiant' detail, which was later identified as epiphany, that forms, alongside interior monologue, the essence and basis of the Joycean method of character delineation, particularly in *Ulysses*. Within the framework of texture, and combined with myth and archetype, it is meant to create the same dramatic effect and have the same revealing qualities as a course of action had in traditional fiction.

It is within this completely new and different framework of the genre as a literary convention, that a specific use of the time and space dimensions is added, to which David Daiches[152] further adds that of universality, as suggested by the manipulation of myth. The characters are built and made to move within these dimensions, and the close interrelationships between the two above-mentioned features of the new method in the building up of character and the handling of dimensions generates the new, typically Joycean, approach to fiction.

One of the basic features of the new method is, it has already been stated, its considerable insistence on detail to illuminate character, and identified as epiphany: it can be defined in this context as a revelation of relationships between particular and general, a 'showing forth' of hidden, so far unseen connections.[153] Thus, the illuminating detail with regard to characters acquires an absolute function, becoming detail epiphanised – in other words, a minor trait spotlighting character against the phosphorescent background of time, space and universal values.

The use of epiphany for purposes of character revelation brings to light interesting aspects. First, there is the shift of emphasis: Joyce became far more interested in what a character *was* and *thought*, rather than in what actually happened to him; epiphanic radiance, particularly with regard to the main characters, was becoming more important than an epic string of events leading to climactic happening. Secondly, as Irene Hendry points out[154], we witness a process of formal disintegration of character presentation: we get to view the character through a collection of separate features, conveyed by diverse means, directly or indirectly. Thus, the character is broken down into parts and only afterwards resynthesized, basically in the reader's mind and with his active participation.

Given that the very method requires that a character be broken down into separate components and only afterwards resynthesized under a 'distillation' technique, the basic and primary function of epiphany, as embedded within the very texture of longer fiction, is to identify and individuate. This is achieved by epiphanies based on statement expressed by means of language – spoken or unspoken – or on gesture. The discussion of the means of

characterisation of Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom and Molly Bloom in the subsequent pages provides ample illustration in this respect.

By the systematic recurrence of attitudes, situations and reactions, this iconographic technique also provides, thanks to their emblematic connotations, 'a sort of microcosm-within-the-macrocosm vision of the universe'.[155] This is the other function, always subsequent and derivative, of the epiphany with regard to character. Emphasising the relationship it establishes between the particular and the general, one may say that the epiphany, given this emblematic character, leads to symbol, not only in minor cases – as with Father **Dolan** (of Joyce's earlier work), when he reappears in *Ulysses* (15.3668 + 3670 + 3676), signified only by the **pandybat** (15.3666 + 3667) – but also in major situations with profound structural implications, when the Symbol leads, directly or indirectly, to myth and archetype. As such, this latter function of the epiphany is to universalize.

The subsequent character analyses represent an attempt to explain character in *Ulysses* in terms of interior monologue and epiphany.

But before passing to character-by-character discussion, there is still another preliminary point to be emphasised: characterization by means of interior monologue almost invariably implies double or even multiple characterisation. It is the kind of 'boomerang' method, particularly with Joyce, and the author himself seems anxious to point to the many facets of his approach regarding the effects in character relationship of the shift in the angle of vision.

> What, reduced to their simplest reciprocal form, were Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom and Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom's thoughts about Stephen? (US 797) (17.527)

Leaving aside the facetious tone, the question summarises a means of approach to character. Throughout the book Bloom thinks very little about Stephen, but a good deal about Molly and it is their parallel opinions of each other and of each other's opinion of themselves that brings in the stereoscopic vision which is the essence of the whole book. The reader is constantly given a crisscross of angles of vision and it is the superposition of the characters' individual opinions of each other that gives the feeling of depth and objectivity.

4.1   Stephen Dedalus

Stephen Dedalus is in fact the only major character of *Ulysses* that a reader of the *Portrait* is acquainted with; he is therefore not a new creation, but rather a continuation of the same character in the earlier book. About a year or so elapses between Stephen as he emerges at the end of the *Portrait,* and Stephen as we find him at the beginning of *Ulysses*; he went to Paris in the meantime and was called back to Dublin by his father's urgent telegram; after his mother's burial he stays on in Dublin, together with Mulligan and Haines, in one of the Martello Towers.

In many respects, he appears changed in *Ulysses*, but in many other respects he is much the same character. By insidious, but recurrent, motifs – memories, the same ideas, even phrases and words – cropping up here and there in *Ulysses*, Joyce himself seems anxious to stress the idea that Stephen is, in more senses than one, a continuation of the character in the earlier book. Many of these instances, sometimes deeply embedded in the text, at other times quite apparent, will be Stephen's food for thought in his solitary meditation in *Ulysses*.

Thus his reactions sometimes recall earlier similar or even identical statements. Seeing that Haines is not only interested in his puns and sayings, but also fascinated and intends to use them in his book on Ireland and the Irish, the thriftless Stephen candidly but incautiously, blurts out in a mock-serious tone:' Would I make money by it?'(US 18) (1.490), which brings back to mind at once his reaction in the *Portrait* when asked to sign a petition for universal peace – 'Will you pay me anything if I sign?'(PA 181)

In the 'Newspaper' episode, Myles Crawford, the editor, has great confidence in Stephen's literary talent and intellectual capacity. 'I want you to write something for me. /Myles Crawford/ said. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. In the lexicon of youth. ...'(US 171.19-21) (7.616)

Stephen is, maybe, not so much thrilled by the idea, but he is certainly haunted by the phrase, for his immediate internal reaction is 'See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer.'(US 171.22-23) (7.618). Unless referred to the earlier book, the reflection is obscure and puzzling. *Lazy little schemer* is not, as may seem, silently aimed at the editor, but a passive echo, an instance of verbal flashback sending the careful reader to a particular passage in the *Portrait* – 'Any boy want flogging? Broke his glasses? Lazy idle little schemer. See it in your eye.' (PA 42ff) And it is only by the juxtaposition of these two extracts from two different novels that the epiphany embodied in Stephen's flashback achieves its brilliance, pointing to an unfavourable similarity of situation in his relationship with the editor, revealed indirectly via his attitude to Father Dolan and the pandybat. It converges to emphasize a trait of his character: he will resent not only authority, but also the patronising tone which he assimilates with it – just another instance of his rebellious non-conformism.

At other times, the recurrence of ideas and motifs may take a far more subtle form, which may become clearer if we now take the *Portrait* as the starting point. As was emphasized earlier, when dealing with Joyce's language preoccupations, Stephen too is extremely sensitive to language and deeply fascinated by words. The phrase 'A day of dappled seaborne clouds' will start at once a highly relevant train of thought.

> The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. *Words. Was it their colours?* He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. *No, it was not their colours*: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend *and colour*? (PA 154; italicised for emphasis)

But Stephen's synaesthesic attitude to words, will again be echoed later in *Ulysses*, when, in the 'Shelter' episode, he muses again on the possible correspondence between sound and sight. But there the synaesthesia will be far more gripping.

> He could hear, of course, all kinds of words changing colour like those crabs about Ringsend in the morning, burrowing quickly into all colours of different sorts of the same sand where they had a home somewhere beneath or seemed to. (US 747) (16.1142)

In this instance too, it is the correlation of the two passages, rather than their separate consideration, that will yield greater brilliance, pointing not only to unity of thought and preoccupation, but also to the constant concern with complex, philosophical and aesthetic problems.

Art and the theory of art and aesthetics were closest to Stephen's heart as the basic preoccupation of an artist in the making. It was already there, in incipient form, in his fascination with language, words and their colours. But his repeated use of Shelley's comparison of the mind in creation to a fading coal not only gives unity to his thought and to himself as a character, but also reinforces the consistency of his aesthetic theory.[156]

It is further reinforced, but in a different way, when one realises that Joyce himself made use of the image in his essay on James Clarence Mangan, long before the writing of *Ulysses* or the *Portrait* was contemplated.

And then, of course, there is Stephen's mention of the epiphanies in *Ulysses* (50.14), which provides evidence of a textural nature to link Stephen of *Ulysses*, not with his *alter ego* in the *Portrait*, but with the character as he emerges from the less polished fragmentary novel *Stephen Hero*. The huge significance of Joyce's theory of epiphanies within the framework of this aesthetics is by now assumed obvious, but it may be worth pointing again to the unity and consistency it gives to the character. Interestingly enough, however, there is yet another motif occurring together with epiphany, or rather presupposing it in Stephen's thoughts.

Most commentators notice, quite rightly, that the sole mention of epiphanies in *Ulysses* occurs in the 'Beach' episode, when Stephen is talking to himself while walking along Sandymount Strand. But very few[157] notice that there is a monologue passage in the 'Library' episode, which is almost as obscure if taken by itself, and as relevant if visualised in the perspective of the earlier work:

> Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall. My whetstone. Him, then Cranly, Mulligan, now these. Speech. Speech. (US 271) (9.977)

It is this reference in his sudden flash of thought that binds together all Stephen's argumentative Platonic dialogues on aesthetic and literary subjects and points to the underlying link between them.[158] *Why whetstone?* Let us not forget that Stephen's sharpness of wit and intellect was compared to a razor and Mulligan used to call him 'Kinch, the knife-blade' (US 3) (1.55). It is along this line of thought that Stephen will, again, in the

'Nighttown' episode, call Lynch's cap – 'whetstone'(15.2101). His interlocutors are **whetstone** for his wit.

These 'whetstone' passages in the texture of Stephen's monologue sequences remain obscure – unepiphanised – if our frame of reference is just *Ulysses* and the *Portrait*. They will 'radiate' meaning only in the perspective of the *Portrait*'s earlier draft. Joseph Prescott points to the paradoxical fact that in *Ulysses* Stephen is relying upon discussions of epiphanies and whetstones, which had only occurred in the posthumously published *Stephen Hero*, a manuscript which Joyce himself did not intend to publish; deprived of this perspective, some references in the texture of *Ulysses* are utterly cryptic and incomprehensible.

Continuity of character between the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* is also texturally emphasized by the fact that the *Portrait* closes with a reference to Stephen's name:

> April 27. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead. (PA 235)

and the dialogue in the first episode in *Ulysses* only begins in earnest with Mulligan's thrust at Stephen's name (1.34).[159]

From among the three main characters of *Ulysses*, Stephen, therefore, is in a way the easiest to analyse and discuss as he had already been fully characterized in the *Portrait*. But he is now one year and two months older;[160] he is much the same, but also much changed as his attitude and mood towards art and life are now different – a difference which emerges exclusively from the monologue sequences.

At the end of the *Portrait* he was eager to begin his life as an artist:

> Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race. (PA 235)

The Stephen of *Ulysses*, however, sounds disillusioned and discouraged. This discouragement is the result of the failure of his trip to Paris,

> ... Rich booty you brought back; *Le Tutu*, five tattered numbers of *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge,* a blue telegram, curiosity to show... (US 52) (3.196)

of the lack of acceptance and recognition on the part of the Dublin literary set,

/John Eglinton, the editor, addressing Stephen/ You are the only contributor to *Dana* who asks for pieces of silver. Then I don't know about the next number. Fred Ryan wants space for an article on economics. (US 275) (9.1082)

by his own failure to live up to his dreams of youth,

Books you were going to write with letters for titles... Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world including Alexandria? (US 50) (3.139)

and, finally, by his failure to have satisfactory relations with his family or with his friends Mulligan and Haines:

– Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly /.../ How long is Haines going to stay in this tower? /.../ If he stays on here I am off. (US 2-3) (1.47)

His best friend Mulligan considers him 'an impossible person' (US 9)(1.222), and even his father, Simon Dedalus, does not seem to think very highly of him either. Neither does Stephen for that matter with regard to his father. The sailor in the 'Shelter' episode, learning that Stephen's name is Dedalus, asks him questions, and Stephen's attitude is quite significant:

– You know Simon Dedalus? he asked at length. – I've heard of him, Stephen said /... / – He's Irish, the seaman bold affirmed. /... / All Irish.
– All too Irish, Stephen rejoined. (US 718) (16.378)[161]

Consequently, he is less eager and enthusiastic than in the *Portrait*, far less involved, more indifferent, and even cynical, when his own theories are at stake. The 'Library' discussion on Hamlet and art ends quite differently from its counterpart in the *Portrait*:

– You are a delusion, said roundly John Eglinton to Stephen. You have brought us all this way to show us a French triangle. Do you believe your own theory?
– No, Stephen said promptly. (US 274) (9.1064)

Before that Stephen had silently asked himself, 'what the hell are you driving at?' (9.846), and gave an answer in true Hamlet fashion 'I know. Shut up. Blast you! I have reasons.' (9.847)

He feels he is an outsider and a loner and the only means in his power to be one with the others is to buy them drinks – an attitude highly reminiscent of his father: paradoxically, both of them do what they cannot afford to do.

In addition, Mulligan is constantly trying to get hold of Stephen's money – 'The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one.' (US 11) (1.293)

Stephen is prone to squander his money indiscriminately, and this can be seen not only from his initiative in the newspaper office to take everybody to the pub:

> Gentlemen, Stephen said. As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn? (US 182) (7.886)

as well as from Bloom's attitude towards him in the 'Nighttown' episode (15.3600).

But Stephen is perfectly aware of that, and his awareness emerges to the surface of his monologue on the beach under the form of a warning he is sure not to take heed of during the rest of the day.

> By the way, go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yes, I must. (US 47) (3.59)

In the light of all this, Stephen of *Ulysses* is so very much alike and yet so different from Stephen of the *Portrait*, and it is in this sense and against this background that he should be viewed.

This should not mean that *Ulysses*, in more senses than one, is not an independent novel, but still in another sense, especially if we view in the light of Stephen's development as a character, it may be taken as a sequel to the *Portrait*.

Furthermore, when we come to consider the fact that both were intensely focused on Dublin, and the aim of both was not merely to present character, but also to depict multifaceted life of the whole city, we realise that still another of Joyce's books of fiction should be added to form a trilogy with a common theme – **The Dublin Trilogy**, made of *Dubliners*, the *Portrait*, and towering high above them all, *Ulysses*.[162]

This statement is right, I think, for the simple reason that the preceding examples have amply shown that previous acquaintance with the *Portrait* was implied as necessary by the

author himself and made compulsive by both structure (selection of character) and texture (selection of detail). To a lesser extent, as no structural intention is obvious, an acquaintance with *Dubliners* may be presumed necessary and even intended by author; this time it is made compulsive by the connotative value of textural detail.

One should, for example, refer to 'The Dead' in *Dubliners* in order to understand fully the implications of Molly's *barreltone* motif (8.117 + 8.120 + 11.559 + 11.1011 + 15.2610 + 18.1285). He is there a character – the baritone Bartell d'Arcy – appearing in person, and in fact by his song, starting the dramatic movement of the story; he is not a mere reference and recollection as he emerges from *Ulysses*. (8.181+10.539+15.4342+17.2133+18.273+18.1295)

First and foremost, there is a multitude of textural references, topographical and historical (including Parnell), in the three books, which are so obvious and natural, as derived from the theme, that need no further consideration.

With regard to characters, however, those appearing in *Ulysses*, may roughly be divided into two main categories – characters, be they important or unimportant, actually appearing in the novel, and characters not making a 'physical' appearance in the novel, but merely referred to as existing. And it is in connection with this second category that *Dubliners* comes in. There are numberless references – particularly in the monologue sequences – to characters who, like Bartell d'Arcy, do not appear in person at all. Or, if they do appear, the reader's acquaintance of them is assumed to such an extent that they no longer need any proper introduction.

Passing the statue of Tom Moore, and punning on the Meeting of the Waters, in relation to the ambiguous location in Dublin of Moore's statue, Leopold Bloom associates it with a snatch from a song.

> *There is not in this wide world a vallee*. Great song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's, wasn't she? (US 205-6) (8.417)

But Julia Morkan is one of the main characters of 'The Dead', a story in which, among many other things, the fact is emphasized that she kept her voice up to the very last.

At another moment Bloom thinks of another character, Gabriel Conroy, the central figure of the same story, whose brother, performing a religious service, provides the basic leit-motif for the Gerty McDowell episode. Earlier in the book, after having visited the post-office, Bloom encounters M'Coy, one of the characters of 'Grace', and then, very late at night, when both Bloom and Stephen are finally together 'Lord' John Corley, whose

genealogy had already been described in the 'Two Gallants', appears out of the blue in the 'Shelter' episode, as an already familiar figure.

Martin Cunningham, who appears so often in *Ulysses*, and Mr Power, one of the occupants of the cab in the 'Funeral' episode, are both well known to readers of 'Grace'.

Hynes, too, the reporter at the funeral, had been a major character in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room'.

Many details of *Ulysses*, also act as subtle allusions to the *Portrait*, specifically pointing to the status of *Ulysses* as a continuation of the earlier novel. In their turn, both *Ulysses* and the *Portrait* by similarly unobtrusive allusions, deeply embedded in the texture, might, in Joyce's own terms, be taken as sequels of *Dubliners*, forming a Dublin trilogy, not only by location and theme, as has so often been stated, but also by the crisscross pattern of textural detail, which becomes illuminating and significant only in the perspective of the three books. Characters are revealed by monologue in *Ulysses*, but it often happens, particularly in connection with Stephen and Bloom, that its texture is subordinated to what may be called **relational epiphanies**, which 'radiate' meaning only in the perspective of either or both of Joyce's earlier books of fiction.

*

At the beginning of the *Portrait* Stephen is a small child, whom we follow through the book as he grows up and finally becomes a student with strong artistic leanings, who not only sets forth a consistent artistic creed, but also, right at the end of the book, gives the impression that he is setting out to fulfil it. In the *Portrait* he is the young artist in the making...

Throughout *Ulysses* he is also unanimously regarded as a genuine poet, not exactly a novelist – though his reference to the epiphanies is meant to sound mysterious there –, and certainly, at least for a while, as a reliable literary critic. Mulligan refers to him several times as 'the bard' (US 6; 8; 211) (1. 134 + 475 + 9.732) though this occurs in a context replete with irony. Lenehan too (US 258) calls him a poet, and so does Molly in her final monologue (18. 1349), and, as if to prove it to himself, he actually composes a poem on Sandymount Strand (US 48-9) (3.23-4), which will itself appear later on in Stephen's monologue (US 168) (7.522-5). He also meditates about books he wanted to write (US 50) (3.139), and in the Newspaper office Myles Crawford asks him 'to write something for me. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. *In the lexicon of youth*...'; then in the 'Library'

episode, Stephen puts forth his own theory of *Hamlet*, and of Shakespeare in front of the Dublin 'luminaries' (US 235ff) (9.1 to 1225). He does so, at least at the surface level of the story, in order that, perhaps John Eglinton may commission him to write an article for *Dana*. In *Ulysses*, therefore, though he gives no definite proof, Stephen believes himself to be an artist or, at least, behaves like one.

It is, consequently, with this background in mind that one should turn to him to see how Joyce makes him appear on the platform of Martello Tower that morning in June, and then how, later on, his random thoughts on the beach will further reveal his personality.

Stephen is the first of the three main characters to appear in the novel, thus establishing, as was pointed out before a link with the *Portrait*. But what is more significant, in the first episode of the novel he is outlined by fairly traditional means – basically dialogue. The monologue will come in only very gradually and merely to provide, as it were, underlying comment to the surface dialogue and action.

Stephen's monologue sequences at least early in the book, almost invariably have dialogue as the starting point. The monologue is consequently used as a juxtapositional device, its radiance emerging only from the contrast between spoken and unspoken, between thought and action. The silent sequences in this episode are, therefore, brief, bitter and closely related to external stimuli, mainly statements:

> Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke:
> – I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you let me.
> Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agenbite of inwit. Conscience. Yet here's a spot. (US 18) (1.478)

They provide sudden flashes into the character's mind to emphasize unexpected motivation of statement or action with regard to character.

But there is also another purpose – that of gradually introducing the unspoken monologue convention, and, in fact, turning the deviation from the norm into the very basis of the new norm – by imperceptibly pointing to its essential features: discontinuity, apparent lack of coherence – in a word the completely different textural pattern. It is aimed to emphasize the distinctly different norm of internal discourse in opposition to that of expressed thought.

The brief monologue sequences in the 'Tower' episode have two functions therefore: first, with regard to character, to reveal by juxtaposition the dissonance between the inward

and the outward, and also to define genuinely the true essence of the relationship between Stephen and his two friends; secondly, they work at the level of the whole novel, giving a foretaste of what is to be achieved in the monologue episodes gradually but firmly emphasizing that what in fact appears to be the deviation from the traditional norm of fictional rhetoric constitutes in fact the new norm.

In addition to dialogue and monologue, there are the omniscient sentences, characterized from the very first by a slight personal and subjective slant, often verging on what is usually called internal analysis, which will operate as leit motif.

Then, gradually, Stephen's monologue becomes flashback, and soon afterwards the monologue sequences grow more and more extensive. In fact, they fall into two categories, either providing the flashback, or, more frequently, a commentary on the external action.

Both these types converge to reshape Stephen from the youthful and enthusiastic adolescent of the *Portrait*, into the more mature, but also more embittered and discouraged personality that emerges from the first part of the novel.

In the second episode – Stephen at school – the monologue sequences grow still longer, more introspective, less dependent upon the surface action and immediate events; but the climax of it all only comes in the 'Strand' episode – a synthesis of the first part. The third episode – Stephen on the Beach – is a climax of introspection, and it is on this episode that attention should be focused if one wants to examine his monologue.

The features of the monologue sequences are typically Joycean, as discussed earlier, and texture is fairly similar to that of the corresponding sequences of the previous two episodes, with a difference: it is a sustained monologue from beginning to end with only a few omniscient sentences, many of them standing obviously apart and acting as stage directions.

The episode opens with Stephen's meditation on the apprehension of the external world through the senses – particularly the visible and the audible – which leads him to Aristotle and his discussion of the problem in *De Anima*. In establishing this relationship between the outer world and the inner world as well as between the senses, Stephen is experimental in approach: he closes his eyes, walking among the shells to show that 'Aristotle was aware of them bodies before of them coloured'. It is the emphasis on relationship that is the essence of his musings – the relationship between the external and the internal, and it is interesting to note that a similar kind of relationship is the essence of Joyce's epiphanies.

It is also an emphasis on the relationship between the senses, and it is equally interesting to note that synaesthesia is the basis of Joyce's style and imagery. Everything in

the episode tends to emphasize the Protean quality, the ever changing nature, not only of external phenomena but also of the individuals' reactions to these phenomena.

Stephen's musings and monologue in general, are not determined directly by external stimuli in the sense Bloom's thoughts are. At first, the stimuli that occur are apprehended as a simultaneous whole at a high degree of abstraction – as embodied in the visible world or the audible world. When these stimuli become more concrete, – the midwives or the cocklepickers, for instance – they lead none the less, almost instantaneously, to abstractions and philosophical generalizations. It is, therefore, this relationship between the concrete and the abstract as well as that between the objective world, viewed against the background of subjective reactions to it, that gives the key to the whole episode. And establishing a relationship between an event and its deeper, underlying, elusive significance, it leads to epiphany. In this episode, however, it takes a more complicated form: starting from concrete stimuli, it leads straight to abstract generalisations, via abstruse scholarly references; from there it turns back to Stephen as a person. And this shuttle movement is the basic means through which Stephen's personality is revealed.

For, in fact, all this is a self-focused and ego-oriented train of thought characterised by the constant switch from sweeping generalisations to reflections on his own personal plight.

His preoccupations as he walks along the beach, range from language to theology and from Aristotle to Shakespeare. His scholarly mediaeval and classical allusions are meant to emphasize the wide range of scholarship that the character is able to cover and point to the deeply philosophic convergence of all his random thoughts.[163] The 'shuttle' movement from the concrete and palpable to the abstract and general, and then back to the personal and immediate becomes so dazzling that in a sense it creates an effect similar to that of watching a motor race at the cinema, sitting very close to the screen.

For instance, at the beginning of the episode, he is performing his experiment to test Aristotle's theories.

> Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But then he [Aristotle] adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. ... (US 45) (3.3)

But he is almost simultaneously aware that he, Stephen, is wearing Mulligan's shoes:

> My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, nebeneinander. (US 45) (3.16)

It is this hidden personal reference, in which he is obviously not Aristotle, but obviously, Mulligan that brings in the perspective necessary for the epiphany to be achieved: in a sense, the cycle **concrete – abstract – personal** is completed.

His reflections on Eve make him think of his own birth:

> Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish /.../ Womb of sin.
>
> Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. (US 46) (3.41)

His thoughts invariably return to himself. Within the bounds of his own personality this is a suggestion of egocentrism, but within the perspective of Stephen as a character it is a climax of delineation.

An interesting remark was made by Steinberg with regard to a possible parallel between Stephen's preoccupations and those of Bloom. 'Bloom's thoughts roam quite unwittingly over the same catalogue of the senses discussed by Aristotle in *De Anima*, as Stephen did earlier. /.../ Like Stephen, Bloom even tries a little experiment. The two experiments, however, point to an important difference between the two men: Stephen knows his Aristotle and is thinking of him; Bloom not only knows little of Aristotle but is not concerned with him.' [164]

The similarity in basic methods of delineating character, and probably deliberate symmetry in point of detail of the characters' little experiment, converge to emphasise, the Stephen – Bloom parallelism in point of technique as well.

The difference in the level of philosophical awareness will also be materialised in the linguistic texture of their monologue sequences: Bloom's hackneyed phrases and pseudo-elevated clichés with a marked advertising flavour in them are countered by Stephen's genuinely abstract terms and authentic, though hermetic, quotations.

The most fascinating technical problem in the 'Strand' episode presumably is the reciprocal relationship manifest between monologue and authorial omniscience, simple and straightforward at first sight, but which slowly and gradually becomes increasingly complex.

Authorial omniscience is necessary as part of the convention, to provide descriptions of situations and actions and to summarize impressions. Such sentences usually are fairly brief and quite impersonal. 'Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush wrack and shells'

(US, 45) (3.10) – provides a succinct objective description of a seemingly insignificant action which starts, however, a major train of thought in the subsequent monologue sequence. But for one word: for the complete sentence rings 'Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush *crackling* wrack and shells', and it is this single word that links *crush* and *wrack* by explicit alliteration and gives the whole omniscient sentence an insidiously subjective implication, slanted towards Stephen; all the more so if we take into account his marked language preoccupations, alliteration and puns included.

In fact, to bridge the gap between monologue as a 'direct quotation of the mind', and omniscience as completely objectivised statement, so common in traditional fiction – slightly adapted by each novelist to his own requirements – Joyce resorts to a more or less subjective formula of omniscience, with a more personal slant (especially from the point of view of the character in question) impressed on the omniscient sentences, a device fairly reminiscent of the Jamesian angle of observation, particularly with respect to the way texture is slanted.

In a fairly primitive form, it may easily be achieved by a profusion of adjectives and adverbs, creating an impression highly suggesting the presence of an observer. This may well be seen from the first sentence of the novel:

> *Stately, plump* Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead /... / A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained *gently* behind him by the mild morning air   /... / Halted, he peered down /... / and called up *coarsely* /... / *Solemnly* he came forward...

Gradually, however, it may turn more and more sophisticated, growing internalized and reaching very deep into the character, but still preserving the omniscient angle. This is the case with the many varieties of what is called 'internal analysis', which in more developed forms may take the shape of indirect monologue. There is an instance of it quite early in *Ulysses*:

> ... Pain that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. (US 4) (1.102)

Six pages later this very sentence, with slight variations, is used as both pictorial and verbal leit-motif, thereby enhancing personal and lyrical effects:

> In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes. (US 10) (1.270)

But it is in the 'Proteus' episode, however, that we witness the most spectacular instances of relationship between monologue and omniscient narration. The lyrical tones become more resonant and the personal intrusions into the detachedness of omniscience – far more frequent. This is all intertwined with deliberate violations of conventional language canons, patterned closely on the idiosyncratic features of the respective character. It all ultimately accounts for the profound lyrical tonality of omniscient sentences.

> Airs romped around him, nipping and eager airs. (US 47) (3.55)

> His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air /... / His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. (US 60) (3.401)

Patterned faithfully on Stephen's marked bent towards mediaevalism, it may at times acquire a heraldic resonance:

> He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. (US 64) (3.503)

Finally, there may occur a blend of omniscient narration and monologue within the self-same sentence, with the two situations, in the opinion of Steinberg[165] distinctly recognisable:

> Shouldering their bags they trudged, the red Egyptians. His blued feet out of the turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort. (US 59) (3.370)

The subjective-lyrical tone of the above omniscient sentences is emphasized by inversion and the use of adjectives suggesting distinctly a post of observation, not authorial but subordinated to one of the characters.

Throughout the 'Strand' monologue there is, therefore, a continuous shifting along the scale between objective omniscience of the simplest and most traditional type and 'subjective-lyrical' omniscience, which at times comes very close to the character's point of view, so close that it may even flow into monologue.

Another interesting feature of Stephen's monologue is its apparent and consistent transformation of a dialogue with himself, so much so that from his own point of view he is both the first and the second person. [166]

> She trusts **me**, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am **I** bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books **you** were going to write. Keen glance **you** gave her. (US 61) (3.424)

Thanks to this 'internal dialogue' Stephen is both *I* and *you*. And soon after, the following sentence about Stephen – 'He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, /... / his hat tilted down on his eyes' (US 61) (3.437), thus having the paradoxical situation in which within a short stretch of text the first, second and third person are used to refer to the same character – and this at the level of language and style enhances the effect of continuous shift and protean change suggested by the whole episode.

There is still another aspect more or less connected with language which emphasizes another facet of Stephen's personality. Watching the cocklepickers walk along the beach, he thinks of them as 'the red Egyptians', and through this indirect reference to the etymology of *gypsy*, he brings himself to think in seventeenth century cant, silently reciting a quatrain:

> White thy fambles, red thy gan
> And thy quarrons dainty is.
> Couch a hogshead with me then.
> In the darkmans clip and kiss,

found in *The Canting Academy*, a book compiled by Richard Head, and published in 1673, and which in intelligible translation means:

Thy hand is white and red thy lip
Thy dainty body I will clip
Let's down to sleep ourselves then lay
Hug in the dark and kiss and play.[167]

Given the ephemeral character of slang and cant expressions, this quotation which, if contemporary, might have easily pointed to vulgarity, represents within the context only another instance, this time clearly linguistic, of Stephen's erudition and scholarship. It is an extremely ingenious device, in which the highly colloquial by context and situation is used to imply the opposite – to produce bookish and outmoded effects. And after a brief reference to Aquinas, there is even value judgement passed on it:

Language no whit worse than his. Monkwords, marybeads jabber on their girdles: roguewords, tough nuggets patter in their pockets. (US 59) (3.387)

Which will now point not only to Stephen's erudition, but also to his religious non-conformism and disregard for well-established values and conventions, be they even linguistic.

In spite of its chaotic and apparently incoherent appearance on the printed page, everything in the 'Beach' episode and Stephen's interior monologue, converges to give the impression that 'during Stephen's walk along the beach, his monologue is that of a poet and a philosopher. Imagination, intellect and memory combine with the sense...'[168] The abstract and general against the private and personal will act as yet another type of **juxtapositional epiphany**, achieving its radiance by their mere appearance side by side. Out of these minor instances of texture, myth and symbol will emerge at the level of the whole novel.

The very obscurity and abstruseness of Stephen's thoughts, so hard to disentangle properly, derive primarily from the fact that the missing logical or situational links cannot be filled in with the same facility and readiness as in the case of Bloom or Molly, once the monologue convention is understood by the reader. This is accounted for, partially, by the fact that, with Stephen, everything is filtered through his erudition – an implied hint to his intellectualism, egocentrism and self-imposed isolation, springing from his very scholarship and preoccupations, and leading to failure of communication.

4.2   Leopold Bloom

Leopold Bloom is, as hinted by the very title of the novel (if it is he who's taken to be 'Ulysses'!), the central character round whom everything revolves. Such a statement may postulate in terms of craftsmanship and method a corresponding concentration of technical means for his delineation.

As he virtually dominates all the episodes of the book – with the exception of the first three, which act as an introduction – and most of the time we are inside his mind viewing things through his eyes, the natural conclusion which emerges from the above statement is that his angle of vision is bound to have an overwhelming importance. This relative singleness of point of view, however, leads directly to a very subjective kind of vision, and Joyce must have felt it necessary to make use of all his technical resourcefulness in order to objectivise Bloom's perspective by providing as much distancing as is possible within the convention. This distancing, built into the character to increase panoramic objectivity, could be achieved in various ways, primarily through the basic features of Bloom's personality and his place in society. It is on this foundation that, in my opinion, the selection of Bloom's angle of vision should be considered.

To understand him fully, one must first take into account, among other things, that he is not 'a hundred per cent' Irish, or at least, he is not considered so by his fellow Irishmen, because of his Jewish extraction. There is a tendency among commentators to make far too much of this[169], but it is more satisfactory to consider that he was conceived in this way primarily to act as an outsider and view things Irish with a detachment impossible of achievement for an Irishman, but also with the full knowledge of an Irishman born and bred in the country. This distancing was absolutely essential not only in order to avoid a too

subjective slant, but also to achieve the atmosphere of subtle irony, at times verging on satire, that Joyce needed to create.

It is a little beside the point, in my opinion, to say, as Joseph Prescott does, that 'the baptized son of a Hungarian Jew, Bloom stands between two cultures, neither of which he can accept, by neither of which he is accepted'.[170]

This is not exactly so in the sense that, as inferred from the heated argument in Barney Kiernan's, he considers himself an Irishman to the marrow of his bones:

– But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

– Yes, says Bloom.

– What is it? says John Wyse.

– A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.

– By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had to laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it: [171]

 – Or also living in different places.

 –That covers my case, says Joe.

 – What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.

– Ireland, says Bloom, I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat a Red bank oyster out of him right in the corner. (US 430) (12.1419)

There is in this extract a note of irony in that the outsider proves by his knowledgeability, or at least by his modest attempt to sort things out for himself, to be a little more of an insider than the insiders themselves. His clear-sightedness of argument is contrasted with the one-eyedness of the Citizen.

Consequently, to state specifically that 'his thought and his feeling are shot through with the disturbing awareness that he is everywhere neither fish nor fowl and that he is a stranger in a strange land'[172] is very much open to criticism. For characters in *Ulysses* really are what they consider themselves to be, and this is one aspect of the 'stream-of-consciousness' method of presentation.

Bloom considers himself an Irishman, hence his indignation during the argument in Barney Kiernan's. What he lacks, however, is the personal involvement; he is Irish by the strength of his logical argument and attendant circumstances, and this is precisely what Joyce

needed in order to turn him into an ideal post of observation. He is thus able to view things cooly, reasonably, from a distance, and pass detached judgement without too much partiality and emotional involvement.

His views as to what relations between human beings should be based on are meant to emphasize further his commonsense and attempted objectivity; his statements acquire an additional dimension against the background of the period:

> – But it's no use, says he [Bloom]. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.
>
> – What? says Alf.
>
> – Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now. …
>
> (US 432) (12.1481)

Besides achieving distancing, there are other reasons as well why Joyce selected Leopold Bloom, a Jew, as his main character in his most important novel: in addition to exotic and oriental connotations, largely exploited in the texture – 'Agendath Netaim', for instance –, this, in Joyce's opinion, opened the gates wide for the Christian myth to work as one of the structural patterns, leading at certain stages to a Bloom-Jesus identification. And it is significant to note that the mythic utilisation of the idea is preluded very early in the book – long before Bloom's appearance – by Mulligan's *Ballad of Joking Jesus* (US 22) (1.584 to 599) and by Mr. Deasy's antisemitic jokes (US 44) (2.438 to 442).

The other aspect of Bloom's personality, important for constructional reasons, is his profession. As he was made into a Jew to provide an outsider's post of observation of Dublin, he is made an advertising canvasser, not because that was a typical Dublin profession by any means, or that it was widespread at the time, but simply, for constructional reasons, because it provided the journalistic counterpart of a poet's language awareness and sensitivity.

In point of texture, Bloom, too, among other means, is characterised by language. But as by his very profile as a character he can never aspire to the status of a poet, as Stephen does, his language preoccupations are directed towards a more down-to-earth area – journalism, and more specifically advertising. Though at the opposite and extreme ends of the writing scale, both occupations – poet and advertising canvasser – give almost equal possibilities of language innovation, against the background of a keen linguistic perspectivism essential in both situations.

Bloom, as an advertising canvasser, is the same word collector that Stephen is, or had been, in the *Portrait*. But instead of looking for poetic, lyrical or evocative qualities in words, he is primarily concerned to test them for their advertising capabilities, or passing value judgments on faulty advertisements from the connotative viewpoint.

In fact, Bloom, at times, thinks in terms of advertisements:

> He passed the *Irish Times*. /…/
>
> Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. Got the provinces now. Cook and general, exc. cuisine, housemaid kept. Wanted live man for spirit counter. Resp. girl (R.C.) wishes to hear of post in fruit or pork shop. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half per cent dividend. (US 202) (8.323 +334)

But his favourite advertisement by far is one which he finds in the morning paper, and which crops up in his thoughts at least five times during the day:

> He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:
> *What is home without*
> *Plumtree's Potted Meat?*
> *Incomplete.*
> *With it an abode is bliss.* (US 91) (5.144)

But Bloom's sense of profession is shocked by the fact that this 'Potted Meat' advertisement is displayed in the paper next to the obituaries. He comments on that later, in the 'Lunch' episode, following a train of thought about the brilliancy of his advertising suggestions, most of them rejected:

> Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first. Or the inkbottle I suggested with a false stain of black celluloid. His ideas for ads like Plumtree's potted under the obituaries, cold meat department. (US 195) (8.136)

Leopold Bloom, alias Henry Flower, – the son of Rudolf Virag, which means 'flower' in Hungarian – was name-conscious, just as Stephen Dedalus himself had been; so, when he receives Martha's letter with 'a yellow flower with flattened petals in it', this triggers a whole train of thought, based on semiologic correspondence, and pointing to certain words as

symbols – not only as 'signatures' (US 45) (3.2), as Stephen had interpreted them. Here is a passage which helps to epiphanise his name:

> Language of flowers. They like it because no-one can hear. Or a poison bouquet to strike him down. Then walking slowly forward, he read the letter again, murmuring here and there a word. Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume. (US 95) (5.261)

Bloom's language epiphanies are, of course, completely different from Stephen's, but they are worked out on the basis of the same technique and subordinated to character delineation to an equal extent.

On the crucial and complex question of religion, **language epiphanies** are used to emphasize his position as an outsider and the fact that he does not succumb to the hypnotic effects of the ritual. In episode five, Bloom walks into All Hallows Church, where a service is in progress; he sits in a corner reflecting on the communion:

> 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. /…/ 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. (US 99-100) (5.348 + 372)

*

One of the functions of the interior monologue with Joyce is to convey information, mainly regarding the character's past life, which could not be conveyed to the reader by any other means, given the narrow limits imposed by the convention of authorial non-intrusion. It is therefore Bloom himself and his own thoughts that introduce Bloom.

With Stephen it was different for reasons already discussed, and with Molly again the situation is not the same for she is almost fully characterized by her statements and actions in

the 'Breakfast' episode, as well as indirectly through Bloom's thoughts throughout the novel. It is, therefore, apparent that the monologue sequences act in a specific manner for each character for purposes of delineation.

In Bloom's monologues, Joyce linked together the innumerable atoms of information, of attitude, emotion and outlook that finally lead to his emergence as the main character of the novel. In this sense, his monologue sequences are at least dependent upon other factors, apart from his own actions.

This innovation of atomized information chaotically presented – or apparently so – contrasts flagrantly with the chronological and orderly presentation of events in traditional fiction.

Here, by way of illustration, is a fact-crammed synopsis of Bloom's past life, told in the purely chronological and omniscient fashion of a sham traditional novel.[173]

Mr. Leopold Bloom was born, of Jewish parentage and Hungarian descent, in 1866. On this warm sunny summer day of June 1904, when begins – and ends – our story, he is therefore thirty-eight years of age. His childhood was not marked by any outstanding or unusual event; he scribbled his first verses when he was eleven, but they were so matter-of-fact that it is out of the question to qualify their author as precocious. His parents had sent him to Mrs. Ellis' school, and there little Leopold put up a rather mediocre appearance, though he had an obvious inclination for the 'scientific' subjects – an inclination otherwise manifested to the present day. He will always remember with great affection his science teacher Mr. Vance, who taught him the law of Archimedes and the colours of the spectrum, cracking his knuckles as he spoke.

But in 1886, when young Leopold was barely twenty, his father, Rudolf Virag, laid violent hands upon himself, and the event left an indelible stamp on the mind of our hero for life. But as Alexander Pope had said,

The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky

Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.

The very year after the death of his father was an *annus mirabilis*, for Bloom made the acquaintance of a beautiful and exceedingly attractive young lady, Molly Tweedy by name. They had first set eyes upon each other at a party given by one Mat Dillon – a Dublin Municipal Councillor – and the couple were paired off at a game of musical chairs; for Bloom the encounter was a

real *coup de foudre*: their love was consummated on the Hill of Howth. The following year – on the 8th of October 1888 – they married, Bloom being twenty-two and Molly eighteen, and in another year's time their union was blessed by God with a girl, born in Dublin on the 15th of June, 1889, etc. etc.

*

In contradistinction to Stephen and Molly with whom, on his first appearance in the book, it is more important what they say than what they do, Bloom is concurrently characterised from the very first by his actions – described by an omniscient author – as well as by directly presented thought.

> 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. /…/ Mr. Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. /…/ He bent down to her his hands on his knees.
> – Milk for the pussens, he said.
> – Mrkgnao! the cat cried. (US 65) (4.16 + 21 + 23)

Most of such actions – trifles for the best part – converge from the very beginning in order to emphasize an aspect which will bob up throughout his monologue sequences; in fact, it sets the right key for what S. L. Goldberg calls 'the structural rhythm'[174] – the principle that will relate almost everything connected with Bloom throughout the book. And this is his deep humanity, his humane and sometimes compassionate attitude, his kindness and willingness to help. It reaches a climax in his attitude at the cemetery in the morning (cf. US 135-38), during the heated argument at Barney Kiernan's in the afternoon (US 432), in the reason for his visit to the hospital, and in his attitude towards Stephen through the multitude of events happening late at night in Episodes 14 to 17, an attitude towards the young man which verges on paternal tenderness.

This 'structural rhythm' has a slow but noticeable start in Bloom's actions and thoughts in the breakfast episode. It represents a link at a certain level of abstraction and

generality, connecting all epiphanies devoted to Bloom and providing a structural key as well as pattern to a host of textural instances.

Soon after feeding the cat, he goes out to buy a kidney for his own breakfast. As he went out of the house and along the street…

> He approached Larry O'Rourke's /.../ There he is, sure enough, my bold Larry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket. /.../ Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor Dignam, Mr. O'Rourke.
> Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway:
> – Good day, Mr. O'Rourke.
> – Good day to you.
> – Lovely weather, sir.
> – 'Tis all that. (US 69) (4.105 + 112 + 118)

In the above passage the brief monologue sequences 'stop and say a word' acts as an overture, with the leit-motif barely sketched, to be taken up later in a more eloquent form.

It is through these apparently trifling bits and pieces that the basic features of Bloom's personality – kindness, sociability and commonsense – gradually but so pregnantly emerge from the printed text at several levels of abstraction.

Then, as the episode advances, we move more and more into Bloom's mind, reaching aspects of his personality completely unnoticeable in surface actions, but quite relevant for a rounded presentation. It is particularly at this stage, when for the most varied reasons, personal and social, thought is not paralleled by action, that the monologue becomes the ideal device for character delineation, no longer foreshadowing spoken statement or deliberately planned action, but rather bringing forth aspects of character which are not – or, at least, not easily – open to external observation, but are, none the less, essential for a full understanding of the character's complexity. The monologue now gains the upper hand, and there are considerable stretches of it; significant action gradually recedes into the background and is usually replaced by conventional and trite gestures and statements, masking widely different trains of thought. This device has a slow start in the breakfast episode. Waiting at the butcher to be served…

> He took a page up from the pile of cut sheets: the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias. Can become ideal winter sanatorium.

Moses Montefiore. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting: read it nearer, the blurred cropping cattle, the page rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattle-market, the beasts lowing in their pens, branded sheep, flop and fall of dung, the breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a ripemeated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands. (US 70-71) (4.154)

A bit of printed paper accidentally lying about and acting as external stimulus thus occasions one of the first and most significant instances of flashback, which become so frequent subsequently.

Another external stimulus, almost identical with the preceding one, starts a different train of thought pointing to another facet of Bloom's personality.

He walked along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agendath Netaim: planters' company. To purchase vast sandy tracts from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees. Excellent for shade, fuel and construction. Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa. /.../ Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. /.../ Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. /.../ Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them barefoot in soiled dungarees. (US 72-73) (4.191 + 204 + 207 + 211)

He is no longer haunted by images of his own past, though they bob up here and there for a brief spell in this exotic ramble, triggered by 'Agendath Netaim', which becomes one of the leading verbal motifs connected with Bloom; it almost inevitably brings with it this yearning for exoticism and fascination with the East, which, according to Richard Kain[175], is an instance of escapism.

Sandwiched between, or rather intertwined with, these two sets of far off images, there is quite a different interlude clearly pointing towards a definite feature in Bloom's personality, to be amplified to huge proportions later in the book:

He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter. /.../ His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Woods his name is. Wonder what he does. Wife is oldish. New blood. No followers allowed. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack. /.../ The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack by whack. /.../ To catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams. Pleasant to see first thing in the morning. / … / No sign. Gone. What matter? (US 70 to 72) (4.145 + 147 + 165 + 171 + 190)

Then, almost immediately afterwards, as he gets home, Molly, his wife, is introduced and characterised from the very first by her language and malapropisms.

In the 'Lunch' episode, Bloom's monologue is developed to the full and, apart from his meeting and conversation with Mrs. Breen (US 197-201) (8.202 to 315), his mind and internal preoccupations are directly presented from the inside, with an authorial sentence thrown in sparingly here and there. In this respect, and in the way it is structured, this monologue seems quite similar to that of Stephen which concludes the first section of the book. But with a difference: on Sandymount Strand, Stephen has much less to distract his thoughts – the two midwives, the carcass of a dog, the cocklepickers, and that is about all; whereas Bloom, in the 'Lunch' episode, walks in the very heart of Dublin – an area which is most crowded at lunch time.

This is an important point to remember when analyzing the direction thoughts take in each case; it is meant to emphasize from the very start – the premise provided by the context of situation – Stephen's sometimes excessive inclination to inwardness and deliberate tendency to isolation and estrangement, and, in the case of Bloom, his openness and ready reactions to the external world as well as his deep interest and involvement in it.

These two attitudes are there in the basic premise, giving the necessary angle of analysis of the 'Lunch' episode.

Bloom is from the first lines aware of the external world, and as lunchtime is drawing near most of his trains of thought start from food. In fact, the first five paragraphs of episode 8 act as an overture stating most of the leit-motifs to be developed and expanded later in the same episode or resuming in a different light and shape things stated much earlier. It is the convergence of preoccupations on the basis of recurrence of similar features which builds up leit-motifs to work not only in terms of language associations, but also in terms of lasting highly-individuated features.

Food associations epiphanise character mainly on the basis of similar earlier references.'Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch' (US 190) (8.1) provide the external stimulus of the first paragraph and it tends to point not only to Bloom's momentary interest in food of any kind as it is lunch time but also to the permanence of this characteristic in him. The more so in the light of the opening of an earlier episode: 'Mr. Leopold Blood ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowl.' (US 65) (4.1) Taken separately, the two sentences are far less revealing than when considered in correlation.

Then all references – or, at least, most of them – point to epiphanies occurring in the earlier epiphanies. 'A sugar sticky girl' (US 190) (8.1) calls back to mind his reflections in the butcher's shop, just before breakfast –'He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter. /... / His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Strong pair of arms.' (US 70) (4.145 to 150)

The throwaway provides the external stimulus of the next two paragraphs – 'A sombre Y.M.C.A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom' (US 190) (8.5) – which most faithfully parallels the pointed stimuli in the butcher's shop – 'He took up a page from the pile of cut sheets' (US 70) (4.154) and 'He walked back along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agendath Netaim...' (US 72) (4.191) The parallelism in situations, namely Bloom's interest and curiosity in printed bits and pieces, discovered by chance unmistakeably points to his profession as advertiser. Both instances are reinforced as epiphanies by the emergence of verbal leit-motifs, to be taken up again at the most unexpected moments in the book and always with the purpose of character revelation.

Thus *Agendath Netaim* (US 72) (4.191) is paralleled by *Elijah is coming* (US 190) (8.13), and both start trains of thought centered on Palestine; but the latter instance is almost exclusively devoted to religious implications – subtly paralleled in the earlier episode by the brief biblical reference '...the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old' (US 73) (4.222). But all religious references with Bloom do not give birth to the emotional commitment of the Catholic Irishman, but rather point to his detachment, his commonsensical distancing in considering even the most sacred things. Even the reflection 'Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging.'(US 190) (8.19) was in fact prompted by his considering everything with the eyes of a professional – 'Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix?' (US 190) (8.18)

Finally, the last of the five paragraphs opening the 'Lunch' episode epiphanises another major aspect of his personality – his interest in science or more exactly, his marked tendency to give scientifically based explanations and justifications to day-to-day events and

phenomena. Thus from the religious connotations of *Elijah is coming,* through the commercial implications of the Birmingham advertisement of the *luminous crucifix* he passed on to –

> Phosphorus it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. /... /The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain. (US 190) (8.21 + 25)

In addition to all that, sandwiched in between, is a brief but relevant flashback outlining his vital family preoccupations – his wife Molly and her tastes as well as his dead son Rudy.

This is, in short, Joyce's method of character presentation: Bloom's personality is all there in these few opening paragraphs of the episode exclusively devoted to him and his thoughts. Everything is there – including his language awareness and sensitivity with regard to his name 'Bloo... Me? No. Blood of the Lamb'. (US 190) (8.8)

Most of the above instances were discussed on the basis of references to previous episodes rather than to subsequent ones, but the way motifs are grouped together in this opening sequence makes it highly reminiscent of the more elaborate and far more complex opening of another episode, to take place three hours later in the Ormond Hotel – the 'Concert Room' episode, when musical associations are more manifest, but also more obscure and do not necessarily epiphanise characters, as usually happens earlier in the book.

The pattern of Bloom's monologue, in point of style and texture, is quite similar to that of Stephen, basically characterized by elliptical nominal sentences interspersed from time to time with syntactically complete omniscient sentences, easily recognizable by this very completeness, both logical and grammatical, and by the shift to the third person and past tense. But even where there is no such shift, the omniscient sentences are, once one is aware of the convention, fairly easy to recognise:

> *A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file*. Goose step. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. Policeman's lot is oft a happy one. *They split up into groups and scattered, saluting, towards their beats*. Let out to graze. Best moment to attack one in pudding time. A punch in his dinner. *A squad of others, marching irregularly,*

> *rounded Trinity railings, making for the station.* Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup. (US 205) (8.406)[176]

Within the structure of the whole episode, this paragraph works as an epiphany – a double one: it radiates not only on Bloom, but also on Dublin and the city. It can first be read at the level of objective description linking together the omniscient sentences and skipping the monologue sequences. This provides a superficially accurate statement of the things observed, but the radiance is not there at all. It may only spring from the interplay between subjective and objective and may radiate in two opposite directions – both on what is observed and on the observer himself.

This is evident proof that an examination of language and analysis of style – not only in the case of Joyce, but more emphatically so in his case – is aesthetically relevant only to the extent the radiance of the epiphany is achieved. That is never obtained at the superficial and formal level, but is the very result of the interplay between the superficial and the profound, which is superimposed on the already discussed interplay between the objective and the subjective. The final effect is that of generalised objectivity in both directions.

In addition to pointing to Bloom's sense of humour, the passage discussed above is also interesting for his fondness for cliché ('Goose step', 'Prepare to receive cavalry') as well as his accidental or deliberate and impish interference with it ('Policeman's lot is oft a happy one',[177] or 'Prepare to receive soup').

There are hundreds of instances, not only in this episode, but throughout the book, which point to Bloom's fondness for puns, cliché and rejuvenated cliché – a natural and even necessary inclination for the advertising canvasser that he is.

> Provost's house. The reverend Dr. Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Like a mortuary chapel. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today. Nature abhors a vacuum. (US 209) (8.496)

Salmon, of course, suggests *liver and bacon,* and a mere glance at the provost's house in a split second makes the language- and name-conscious advertising canvasser again think of eating and food. The minute and the carefully planned convergence of apparent chaos is manifest everywhere, but is all achieved with an extraordinary economy of means and in an impersonal way, the author 'indifferently paring his fingernails' far in the background.

'Poor Mrs. Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness', (US 203) (8.358) brings in the literary associations and throws light on Bloom the educated man. He keeps

quoting *Hamlet*, thus paralleling Stephen again, who extensively deals with it in the 'Library' episode; but these very quotations from a famous Shakespearean play provide a means – basically linguistic and stylistic – for character differentiation and individuation. Stephen aims at the lofty and speculative, Bloom sticks to the hackneyed literary cliché, often committing the sin of either misquoting poets or, what is worse, deliberately paraphrasing and mishandling them to obtain his own effects, invariably prosaic. Both tendencies have the same bathetic effect, subtly but distinctly outlining character.

> Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quay walls, gulls./…/ They wheeled, flapping.
>
> *They hungry famished gull.*
>
> *Flaps o'er the waters dull.*
>
> That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.
>
> *Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit*
>
> *Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.* (US 191-2) (8.51 + 61 +83)

The first quotation is highly reminiscent, but in an unpleasant way, of Byron's

> *Adieu, adieu! my native shore*
> *Fades o'er the waters blue*
> */…/*
> *And shrieks the wild sea-mew.* (Childe Harold, I, 118-21),

whereas in the other quotation, Bloom has the second line all wrong – 'Doomed for a certain term to walk the night' (Hamlet, I, 5, 10), and remains totally unaware afterwards that his partial ignorance creates exactly the opposite of the solemn effect that he so keenly wants to evoke for himself. But Joyce does not say this in as many words: according to his principle of authorial non-intervention, it is up to the reader to find this out, enjoy it, and draw his own conclusions – just as happens in real life – with respect to the character under observation. The reader's active participation must, therefore, spectralise the subtle allusion and turn the implicit into explicit.

The 'Hamlet', 'policeman' and 'poetry' motifs are to appear again, later on in the episode, this time inextricably combined.

> He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack Power *could a tale unfold*: father a G man /…/ That horse policeman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did. (US 206) (8.419 + 423)

> For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.
> > *The dreamy cloudy gull*
> > *Waves o'er the waters dull.* (US 210-11) (8.549)

Exactly the same devices are here again in fairly transparent disguise: the literary cliché, *could a tale unfold* from Hamlet, the same attitude towards the policemen, this time made more complex by a fairly expanded flashback, and in the second quotation, the policeman again and the Byronic paraphrase with thoroughly prosaic effect.

As Bloom is the main figure of the novel, the 'Lunch' episode, devoted to him, is so packed with meaning and so varied in devices all of which converge to reveal character, that a detailed analysis of all aspects would require a separate, full-length study. The most one can do within a limited scope is to pinpoint the essential and most significant aspects of the relation between texture and structure which contribute to the presentation of character.

The climax of the whole episode is the meal Bloom has at Davy Bryne's, after an unsuccessful attempt to have it at the Burton. Dialogue becomes more frequent – the only other earlier instance within the same episode was his meeting with Mrs. Breen. Interrupted by bits of dialogue, the monologue sequences become shorter and more elliptical, jerky and more dramatic.

At Davy Byrne's Bloom meets Nosey Flynn and the conversation soon takes a sudden and undesired turn for Bloom, as Nosey Flynn starts talking about Blazes Boylan. The discussion is only the first stage in a long series of references to him, the climax of which is reached only with Bloom's chance encounter with Boylan in Kildare Street.

The moment Nosey Flynn mentions the subject the pattern of the monologue begins to change.

> –Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?
>
> A warm shock of air heat of mustard hauched on Mr Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet. (US 219) (8.786)

The moment of the crisis is there. Bloom's first reaction to Boylan's name is to look at the clock and notice how fast time passes, as he well knows from his wife that Boylan is to meet her in the afternoon – 'he's bringing the programme' (US 76) (4.312). But this remains unstated even in his mind. This in fact is one of the features of the atmosphere of suspense created by his apparently inexplicable reaction. Thinking of time, his monologue sequences become elliptical in the extreme, reduced to bare essentials and the final impression is that of jerky nervousness, which creates and gradually enhances the internal dramatism of the situation, which runs as an undercurrent under the apparent placidity of the dialogue.

Sentences and even paragraphs are restricted to single words to express the drama of internal turmoil.

> Wine. /…/
> No fear. No brains. (US 220) (8.794 + 798)

It is at such dramatic moments that there is complete rhythmical opposition between dialogue and monologue, and it is by the juxtaposition of outward indifference and inward panic that dramatic tension is achieved. In a way, the effect is similar to that created by the juxtaposition of tragedy and comedy to increase dramatic effect on the stage, as is the case of the Porter episode in *Macbeth*, the implications of which are discussed at great length by De Quincey.[178]

Gradually, Bloom calms down and goes on eating his lunch. As Nosey Flynn starts talking with Davy Byrne, Bloom's monologue sequences become longer and longer and, under the shock of Flynn's reference to Boylan, his thoughts turn at once to Molly; through flashback, and somewhat more incoherently than is usual with him as the effect of the shock has not completely worn off, Bloom evokes the early stages of his relationship with her, and their crucial meeting on the Hill of Howth – a reference, which provides the climax of Molly's own monologue at the end of the final episode.

At this stage, however, Bloom's recollections form a prelude, the climax of which, after an interlude of dialogue with newcomers in the pub, is provided by his chance encounter with Boylan in front of the Museum in Kildare Street.

The whole epiphany to the end of the episode is a staccato of omniscient sentences separated by brief snatches of monologue.

> *Mr. Bloom came to Kildare Street*. First I must. Library.
> Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.
> *His heart quopped softly*. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. *He swerved to the right.*
> Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. (US 234) (8.1167)

Most paragraphs in this final section of the episode are organized in similar or identical fashion. They begin with an omniscient sentence (italicised in the above extract) followed by two or three brief monologue sentences. The staccato effect and the resultant dramatic tension are obtained here, not by an alternation of monologue with dialogue, but by a direct opposition between omniscience and monologue. As for the omniscient sentences, they offer a contrast between objective description and subjective reaction, rather than oppose superficial indifference to inward turmoil, as was the case in the earlier instance.

The technical climax is reached at the very end, when a sentence, begun in omniscience suddenly bursts straight into monologue.

> Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.
> *His hand looking for the* where did I put *found in his hip pocket* soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah soap there I yes. Gate.
> Safe! (US 234) (8.1190)

In slow motion, the middle sentence would have to be rewritten in more coherent, but more conventional, form in a fashion approaching the following:

> His hand was looking for the potato talisman. Where did I put it? … and searching his hip pocket he found there the soap and lotion. I have to call at the chemist's. It's tepid. The paper has stuck to it. It's not the talisman, it's the soap.

As Stuart Gilbert says, 'Bloom's perturbation is indicated by a breaking up of the silent monologue and a self-deluding attention to something about his person'.[179]

From the 'Lunch' episode and from the novel as a whole, Bloom emerges, it has often been stated, as an all-round character, and as the most completely ever presented in fiction.

In his case, too, both angle of vision, and texture of monologue, as emphasized in the memorable phases of the mind, provide the clues necessary to an adequate assessment of him. In point of angle of observation he is made to be the non-Irish Irishman, more clear-sighted than the one-eyed Citizen, with whom the angle of vision acquires a symbolic value. Bloom's race is, in addition, one starting-point for myth.

His profession as an advertising canvasser provides the language-conscious bias to generate textural epiphanies of the kind characterising Stephen, particularly in the earlier stages of his life. Just as Stephen was constantly asked about the meaning of his name, Bloom seems to be his wife's walking encyclopaedia: he starts his day and his morning dialogue with his wife by explaining to her a difficult Greek word. This, and the attendant circumstances, point to Molly's ignorance, but to an equal extent emphasize her husband's language awareness and knowledgeability in matters linguistic. After that introduction, the road is open for Joyce to characterize him by language epiphanies.

As modern science implies the sophisticated use of terms and concepts, Bloom's interest in science reinforces his professional interests, broadening them beyond commercial implication, but keeping them convergent upon language. It is in this sense that Bloom's race and profession respectively acquire structural and textural functions within the whole novel.

4.3   Molly Bloom

Molly Bloom appears throughout *Ulysses* in three ways: she is first introduced in the 'Breakfast' episode in person, without any monologue sequences at all, and her characterisation is achieved by her words and actions, particularly in response to Bloom's. There are several epiphanies at this stage based on puns and malapropisms.

Secondly, she appears indirectly in most of the episodes of the book, through Bloom's thoughts about her; in this stage, Bloom remembers not only 'her vulgarities of speech', but also snatches of her songs which thus perform the function of both verbal and musical motifs. Indirectly again, her name crops up in the conversation here and there, uttered by various Dublin citizens in the presence or absence of Bloom, and almost invariably linked with the name of Blazes Boylan, as the man who organises her concert tours.

Thirdly and finally, there is her long monologue sequence at the end of the book, where she appears again in person, saying or doing nothing, however, but weaving a stream of thought almost exclusively based on flashback. The linguistic bias at this stage is external to the character, in the sense that the episode represents a departure from the conventional norms of prose discourse by its unpunctuated profile. This stage is not characterised by epiphanies based on language in the sense in which Stephen was aware of words for their poetic value or Bloom is for their advertising connotations. The epiphanies of this episode, based on flashback, acquire their radiance solely by the personal slant represented by the individual manner of approach and rendered in the style of the utterance.

In the 'Breakfast' episode, Molly is lying half awake in bed, as Bloom goes out to buy his pork kidney, her first utterance of the day is an indistinct, ambiguous mumble. But by the

time he is back, she is wide awake and starts hectoring him already – 'Poldy! /…/ Scald the teapot. /…/ What a time you were' (US 75-6) (4.268 + 270 + 302).

It is interesting to note that though she is placed right at the centre of the episode – Bloom's doings converge to serve her – and thus plays an important part in it, we never get a glimpse into her mind at this stage; neither do we get a glimpse at all into Mulligan's, in the first episode or later, for that matter. Authorial intervention and in a sense comment implies the selection of the post of observation which offers the privilege of thought expression by direct interior monologue. Nor is Blazes Boylan granted the privilege, though apparently unimportant characters, like Father Conmee or even little Dignam have ample opportunity for monologue.

In this breakfast episode, husband and wife share three subjects of conversation between them: the breakfast itself, the mail, particularly Molly's singing engagements, as they emerge from Boylan`s letter, and finally, the book she reads (significantly, not the things that she understands in it, but rather those that she does not).

As the breakfast in itself supplies, more or less, a pretext for the introduction of the two characters, it is on the other items that, in order to disentagle delineation procedures, attention should be focused. And indeed, both the music topic and dialogue about the book, which had been dropped carelessly by the chamber-pot, are not only important, introducing most of the leading motifs of the book; their very significance springs from the fact that they are all language-based.

After having quenched her thirst she is impatient again:

– No: that book […] It must have fell [sic] down. […] There's a word I wanted to ask you […] Here, what does that mean? […] Who's he when he's at home? […] O, rocks! Tell us in plain words.   (US 77) (4.324 + 326 + 332 + 337 + 340 + 343)

This is typical epiphany, coming very close in patterns and effect to several of the very early ones preserved as independent prose pieces and posthumously published.[180]

Bloom's linguistic explanation, its very seriousness, and his facility of chance evocative associations, tend to build another unit, equally revealing of character. It is amazing how much, by way of contrast, this is exploited through him. If the dialogue cues are separated for the sake of separate discussion, as in the present quotations, the lack of relationship between the two lines of thought is remarkable: they may provide stimuli for each other – Bloom as a source of irritation for Molly – but next to no influence or mutual impact.

This is particularly so with regard to Molly, who is meant to be none the wiser after Bloom's lengthy and extremely well-documented off-the-cuff professorial explanation.

> – Metempsychosis? […] Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls [...] Doped animals [...] Families of them. Bone them young so they metempsychosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies. Dignam's soul...
> – Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives. [...] The *Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the Easter number of *Photo Bits*: Splendid masterpiece in art colours. [...] Three and six I have for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.
> – Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.
> (US 77-79) (4.339 + 349 + 351 + 369 + 371 + 375)

In reply to his huge convergence of information, provided 'ad lib' by Bloom the thinker, who by an amazing *tour de force* brings in advertising as well to sustain his theme, Molly's sole reaction[181] all this while is to poke in another linguistic reference; in a manner equally indicative of the same 'vulgarity of speech', though far more marked this time; and revealing her own specific brand of linguistic perspectivism, she comments on the author:

> – Get another of Paul the Kock's. Nice name he has. (US 78) (4.358)[182]

After that she walks off the stage to appear again in person only at the end of the Book. But the 'metempsychosis' motif gradually becomes a leading one throughout the novel, occurring at least fifteen times.[183] It will even occur in Molly's final monologue under the corrupted but equally suggestive form of *met him pike hoses*. For it is under this form of folk etymology and malapropism that her language characterisation continues in after episodes. Aristotle himself is baptised afresh, in her own musings, as the *Aristocrat*, to say nothing of her *barrel tone* corruption of *baritone*.

She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. (US 194) (8.117)

Bloom's indirect references to Molly start very soon after she vanishes from the scene, and symptomatically, the very first reference is again language-based. Bloom is sitting in the jakes, reading the story which won the prize:

Might manage a sketch. By Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for some proverb. Which? Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing. /.../ Timing her. 9.l5. Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot. (US 84) (4.518 + 521)

And Bloom carries on like that throughout the day, and a good part of the night, thinking of her, indirectly introducing and conveying a mass of information about her as well as people's attitudes to her. Most of these instances, by their casual occurrences, provide independent but intense characterisations of his wife, and whenever the subject crops up and Bloom's thoughts turn to Molly, the train of associations continues for longer stretches than is usual with him, pointing to the special impact this particular stimulus has on his mind.

In addition to his reflections and flashbacks to the early days of their marriage or to its present plight, the figure of Molly often appears in conversation in the shape of the constant reference certain Dubliners like to make to the Molly – Boylan affair. These references characterise not only Molly, but also, by his reactions, Bloom himself, when he is present.[184]

Leopold Bloom is also a man who likes music, and moreover who likes his wife's songs. The snatches of songs often emerging from his monologue sequences perform a multiple function: first, they characterise him as a music lover and connoisseur, at times fusing his preoccupations –

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. (US 77) (4.327)

Secondly, they characterise Molly, and finally, at a different level, they provide a musical leit-motif, within the framework of the analogy with music.[185]

Molly's reverie at the end of *Ulysses* is undoubtedly the episode which has attracted greatest critical attention, and it is that very section which most readily comes to mind in discussing Joyce's 'technique' as an example – *the* example – of interior monologue. In a sense it is a climax of monologue, in another sense it is not. Its complete lack of authorial omniscience as well as of any punctuation and capitalization lend it such an idiosyncratic pattern, determined exclusively by the attempt to create illusion of total non-intervention on the part of the author, that makes it come closest to Joyce's ideal of the 'artist remaining invisible, refined out of existence'. As such, it is the most perfect illustration of the method.[186] But on the other hand, quite paradoxically, it may be taken as the least representative of all, though it must be conceded again that it is the most spectacular, particularly if viewed in the light of the stream metaphor. It is in relation to the simulation of actual thought processes that it proves least faithful to psychological fact, among other things, by its full-fledged syntax and the undue emphasis on delusive graphological artificiality. Many controversial things about it can be discussed, but one point is clear: it is highly impressionistic rather than faithful to any psychological phenomena by its very high degree of verbalised explicitness. This is simply meant to counteract the lack of punctuation; in this context, elliptical construction would make understanding impossible. The whole pattern of its monologue is generated by tactical rather than naturalistic considerations.

By the time we reach it, however, Molly's characterisation has practically been completed in the previous episodes, primarily on an indirect basis.

Throughout the book Molly appears exclusively against the background of a familiar piece of furniture, which not only acquires a symbolical value in characterisation, but hints at a structural implication in the economy of the novel. In the morning she accepts breakfast in bed from the hands of her husband, and remains there till late into the morning; also in bed, she receives and reads Boylan's letter, to occur so often in Bloom's thoughts, providing him with images of their forthcoming afternoon encounter to take place in the same setting.

Finally, in the small hours of the morning, still in bed, she indulges in her climactic reverie. Her posture excludes all immediate external stimuli – apart from nearer or more distant noises – and the flow of thought is controlled solely by past associations. Everything is described in retrospect, and the flashback is the vital device.

Hence, she is 'bed-ridden' in more senses than one, and contrasted with her itinerant husband, wandering incessantly all over Dublin, from morning till late at night, as well as with restless Stephen, in search of self-fulfilment and shelter. This situation is strangely

different from ordinary monologue situations both in traditional fiction and in earlier stream-of-consciousness fiction, where the *monologueur* almost invariably rambles almost continually from one place to another.

The position of the monologueur and the general setting thus largely determines the contents of the monologue, the absence of direct external stimuli making it rely purposely on flashback for its major effects. And as Molly's main concern is her personal and private life, she provides not only a glimpse into herself, as is generally acknowledged, but also – as the wife of Leopold Bloom – she provides a vital post of observation of him. In the same way in which Bloom's thoughts keep returning to her and thus bring her into all his preoccupations, Molly too begins and ends her musings with thoughts of her husband. In fact, she starts backwards, first considering his latest action – his command to have breakfast served in bed the next morning – and then, slowly and tortuously, she meanders through their common past, and through her own, with digressions on her other lovers, working her way back to the early days of her acquaintance with Bloom; the climax of the conclusion is the description of the way he asked her to marry him and her emphatic assent as embodied in the word *yes*, which becomes an emblematic word with her.

Thus Molly's monologue literally begins and ends with Bloom – and the first paragraph and the last are highly important, as Steinberg has already demonstrated[187] – providing her own angle of vision on him and an indirect characterization. In point of function, it is therefore similar to the 'Breakfast' episode, converging to characterise both husband and wife, in the final episode, through the eyes of the latter.

It is through her that not only new information but also a new slant on the central character is conveyed; this is not only useful, but in Joyce's own opinion, essential.[188] She ultimately provides the necessary point of vantage to achieve stereoscopic perspective, for it is not her vision of Bloom that is meant to coincide with the reader's but it is up to the reader himself to put together the various slants and derive the final picture. In the penultimate episode, there is an obvious hint at the significance of her vision, in spite of her poor equipment and capabilities:

> What compensated in the false balance of her intelligence for these and such deficiencies of judgment regarding persons, places and things?
>
> The false apparent parallelism of all perpendicular arms of all balances, proved true by construction. The counterbalance of her proficiency of judgment regarding one person, proved true by experiment. (US 804) (17.688)

Her status as an authority on Bloom is thus acknowledged and stated even before her appearance in the final scene and obvious preparation of it. She reviews all the aspects of Bloom's personality and passes instantaneous and picturesque judgment on them as she goes along. Her impatient, ignorant and irritable nature revolts against his didacticism:

> ... explaining and rigmaroling about religion and persecution he wont let you enjoy anything naturally... (US 917) (18.1190)

But in spite of her shortsightedness, she does realise that he is different from other men, kinder and more polite, with a far broader humanitarian attitude:

> ...still I like that in him polite to old women like that and waiters and beggars too hes not proud out of nothing but not always… (US 872) (18.16)

Her attitude, however, does not imply clear emotional involvement, for it does not include the slightest devotion to him: she is prepared to send him off to a hospital on the first sign of his falling ill, for instance. He is compared unfavourably with other men in respect of manliness, and her lack of confidence in him as an agent points to the degree of distancing and detachment achieved by one character in contemplating the other.

> …I told him over and over again get that made up in the same place and don't forget it God only knows whether he did after all I said to him Ill know by the bottle anyway…. (US 889) (18.459)

Molly's own vision of Bloom and the significance of it culminates in her own full confidence in the reliability of her views:

> … if they only knew him as well as I do … (US 873) (18.45)
> … when he's like that he can't keep a thing back I know every turn in him… (US 930) (18. 1530)

Though she is not personally acquainted with Stephen, she does think of him, but her views never provide, as was the case with Bloom, a useful and necessary angle from which to contemplate him; Stephen is a mere pretext for revealing either herself or her husband or both. Here is how she thinks of a possible affair with him:

…and I can teach him the other part Ill make him feel all over him till he half faints under me then hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous... (US 923) (18.1363)

... itll be a change the Lord knows to have an intelligent person to talk to about yourself not always listening to him and Billy Prescotts ad and Keyess ad and Tom the Devils ad /... / I'm sure hes very distinguished... (US 922-3) (18.1341 + 1344)

Thus Molly, though ignorant, is not despising Stephen's scholarship but is fashionably eager about it; moreover, Bloom's business preoccupations compare poorly with it, and she is bitterly proud that she could see through all his early business schemes, none of which had ever come off.

Through Molly's eyes, we get an indirect view of Bloom, it is true, on the basis of an ingenuous disposition of the angle of vision, but we also have ample opportunity to get a glimpse of herself.

We should not forget that Molly Bloom is the daughter of a soldier, she is proud of her military connections, was born in Gibraltar and the nostalgia for the Spanish coast leaves an imprint on her thoughts, in spite of her limited intellectual equipment. It is interesting to note how clearly all these features are reflected in her monologue by means of language.

Her 'stream' of thought contains epiphanies in a different sense, thanks precisely to the linguistic features of the whole episode. It is made up of eight paragraphs of considerable length, which Joyce himself called sentences,[189] and bears the strong imprint of colloquial English, the full syntax of which is also proved by the easy way in which this very monologue, in contradiction to the others, can be spoken in film, and on stage. Consequently, the epiphanies occurring here are to be reconsidered in the light of the definition of an epiphany as given in *Stephen Hero*: they are not either 'a vulgarity of speech' or 'a memorable phase of the mind itself' but, paradoxically, both at once and all in one. Her speech and thought are so inextricably blended that they flash out together simultaneously, and the two phases, as distinguished earlier, become fused. Pointing to this fusion, are the malapropisms, folk etymologies and corruptions occurring in the 'Breakfast' episode and discussed earlier, but continued into the final episodes in a wide variety of forms:

> … still it must have been pure 16 carrot [sic] gold because it was very heavy…
> (US 904) (18.869)[190]

It is through epiphanies of this type, reflecting a memorable phase of the mind itself by means of a vulgarity of speech, that Molly Bloom is introduced to the reader. The speechlike picturesqueness of her flow of thoughts, reminiscent of women of her type chattering away in safe privacy, blends the two phases together and all aspects of her personality may again be revealed by language devices. As she has no language interests, like Stephen or Bloom had, Joyce resorts to the opposite means; she is characterised by language ignorance rather than by linguistic awareness. This gives the method of portrayal a far more obvious external implication.

The disconnectedness and lack of logical thread throughout the monologue emphasize the need of epiphany for purposes of character delineation, as a device to halt the eye in the maze of the text, and make the particular instance more or less independent.

As daughter of a soldier and proud of her 'military' conquests in her youth, this background influences her speech, now only in its details, when speaking of the 'squad of children', that Mrs. Breen had given birth to or of 'this big barracks of a place' (908) (18.978), but also in its wider, more connotative implications

> … anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting Irish homemade beauties soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you bootmakers and publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought you were a wheelbarrow theyd die down dead if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officers arm like me on the bandnight… (US 905) (18.880)

It is by the use of Spanish words like *mirada* (891) (18.512), *pisto madrileno* (899) (18.720), *embarazada* (902) (18.802), *coronado* (924) (18.1394) that the Spanish atmosphere of Molly's Gibraltar is reconstructed.

> … asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas 2 glancing eyes... (US 932) (18.1593)

The use of Spanish equivalents for *night patrol* and *inns* gives a specific type of local colour, in the sense that being completely internalised it is fully subordinated to the delineation of character.

Molly's limited intellectual capacities had already been pregnantly outlined as early as the 'Breakfast' episode, when her first difficulties with 'jawbreakers' (893) (18.566) of foreign origin had risen to the surface, but in the final episode there are even cruder instances – here is how she thinks of Boylan's behaviour:

> … no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature…
> (US 923) (start of Paragraph 8) (18.1368)[191]

She is partly aware of her lack of proficiency, but she keeps trying her hand at difficult words as in the following, when she considers the possibility of a correspondence with Boylan –

> … I could write the answer in bed to let him imagine me short just a few words not those long crossed letters Atty Dillon used to write to the fellow that was something in the four courts that jilted her after out of the ladies letterwriter when I told her to say a few simple words he could twist how he liked not acting with precipat precip itancy [sic!] with equal candour the greatest earthly happiness answer to a gentlemans proposal affirmatively… (US 899-900) (18.739)

Thinking of her daughter Milly, she later becomes even more aware of her intellectual limitations where she expresses her discontent at her learning photography, 'on account of his grandfather instead of sending her to Skerrys academy where shed have to learn not like me.' (US 910) (18.1005)

But Molly Bloom is a singer – Mrs. Marion Tweedy, on such occasions – and nothing throughout the final episode epiphanises her better and faster than the mention in certain contexts of titles of her wellknown songs or short snatches from them. This aspect parallels her husband's unwilling but highly effective use of music leit-motifs. Directly or indirectly, she thinks about music all the time

> … when I threw the penny to that lame sailor for England home and beauty when I was whistling there is a charming girl I love…
> (US 884) (18.346)

The ambiguity – deliberate, and with symbolic implications – of the passage is dispelled once we remember that the sailor himself had uttered the very words in his song 'For England… home and beauty'. Furthermore, the sailor song is associated with her own whistling, and the two snatches of song – epiphanising each – are, in their turn contrasted. Indeed, when he 'bayed' the last three words towards Molly's window, 'the gay sweet chirping whistling within went on for a bar or two, ceased' (US 289) (10.249); then followed Molly's coin tossed out.

As was pointed out before, there are very few external stimuli in this episode – the whistling of a train in the distance, a clock striking the hour, or… Bloom himself tossing in his sleep. To this Molly will react with the title of another well-known song at that time:

> … O move your big carcass out of that for the love of Mike listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee so well he may sleep…
> (US 926) (18.1426)

The title of the song – *The Winds that Waft My Sighs to Thee* – is so inextricably and subtly embedded in the text, carrying a contextual significance of its own, that if it is not detected as forming a separate unit it may pass completely unnoticed.

Even Bloom's own name has a place in the song leit-motif. Molly had told her first lover that she was engaged 'to the son of a Spanish nobleman named Don Miguel de la Flora and he believed that I was to be married to him in 3 years time theres many a true word spoken in jest there is a flower that bloometh.' (US 901) (18.773)

The last six words on this brief quotation are again the snatch from a lyric pointing to a multitude of verbal motifs connected with Bloom's name, and discussed earlier.

It is this, therefore – the song leit-motif – that acquires special significance and, through language points to her profession as a singer – which was not a chance selection on the part of the author – in a similar way in which Bloom's language awareness points to his interest in advertising.

*

When Molly is described in the broad and vague symbolic terms of the eternal feminine, this is basically done on the strength of Joyce-inspired statements made by early critics under the personal influence of Joyce, rather than on the strength of actual textual

evidence. As Steinberg has already pointed out, Stuart Gilbert and Frank Budgen are the 'originators' of the Gea-Tellus interpretation of Molly as the Earth Goddess of fertility.[192] By way of illustration here is how Stuart Gilbert presented her:

> In the last episode of all we hear, through the mouth of Mrs. Bloom, the voice of Gea-Tellus, the Great Mother, speaking – the goddess whom the Romans invoked by sinking their arms downward to the Earth. Her function is what Hermes Trismegistus styled 'the duty of procreation, which the God of Universal Nature has imposed forever on all beings, and to which He has attributed the supremest charity, joy, delight, longing and divinest love', and to her nothing is common or unclean…' Mrs. Bloom is a creator of life, not of codes…[193]

Commenting on Gilbert's unjustifiedly vague statements, Steinberg rightly emphasizes that on this point 'most of the other critics march right along behind'.[194] Some, like Edmund Wilson, may be more cautious, others like Harry Levin or William York Tindall go even a step further than Gilbert himself.

In my opinion, however, one point is clear: it can be seen from the above example what pains Joyce took and to what extremes he went to individuate her as a character and well-contoured personality before suggesting the slightest implication of a deeper archetypal nature. It is the huge significance he accords to the actual and correlated details of the texture that generates first and foremost this realistic individuation, reinforced by the great concern for language verisimilitude. Molly should, therefore, be read and taken at her face-value, as a Dubliner first, as a woman faithful to a prototype next, and not at any suggested mythical level from the very beginning. The myth performs only a structural function and starts exerting its influence only above a certain degree of abstraction and exclusively within the mutual relationship between the characters endowed with an archetypal value.

Within the framework of the whole novel, and the pattern created by character relationships, Molly Bloom is meant to provide an equilibrium and a balance between Stephen's spirituality on the one hand, and her own carnality, on the other: Leopold Bloom stands right in the middle, sharing the features of each and making the scales of symmetry and balance, so dear to Joyce the constructor, look perfectly horizontal. It is, therefore, on this basis that Molly should be viewed first independently, as she emerges from the textural detail, and only afterwards be placed against the background of the pattern and structure of the whole novel.

In fact, she is pregnantly delineated in the penultimate episode as a highly individuated, though typical, character, endowed with all the features discussed in detail in the present section as emerging from her final episode:

> What instances of deficient mental development in his wife inclined him in favour of the last mentioned (ninth) solution?
>
> In disoccupied moments she had more than once covered a sheet of paper with signs and hieroglyphics which she stated were Greek and Irish and Hebrew characters. She had interrogated constantly at varying intervals as to the correct method of writing the capital initial of the name of a city in Canada, Quebec. She understood little of political complications, internal, or balance of power, external. In calculating the addenda of bills she frequently had recourse to digital aid. After completion of laconic epistolary compositions she abandoned the implement of calligraphy in the encaustic pigment exposed to the corrosive action of copperas, green vitriol and nutgall. Unusual polysyllables of foreign origin she interpreted phonetically or by false analogy or by both: metempsychosis (met him pike hoses), alias (a mendacious person mentioned in sacred scripture). (US 803-04) (17.674)

4.4   The Supporting Characters

Of the multitude of characters in *Ulysses*, only three supporting characters resort to a sufficiently extensive use of monologue to justify separate consideration. The sequences of unspoken thoughts of Master Dignam, Father Conmee and Gerty McDowell are particularly relevant to Joyce's method of writing fiction since the epiphany is again the basic unit for shaping their personalities. They are each highly individuated and 'think their own language', to quote Ezra Pound again, who was particularly impressed by the texture of little Dignan's and Father Conmee's monologues.[195]

Significant is also the fact that interior monologue is not restricted to the three major characters, but as a feature of the method, can be applied to a far wider range of cases. By setting an analysis of epiphanies against an analysis of the character's vocabulary, syntax or imagery, it can easily be inferred that the former proves far more profitable for revealing hidden relationships and specific traits.

Master Dignam, whose father's recent death and burial had taken place that very morning appears in the 'Streets' episode, wandering about the streets early in the afternoon.

Once he stopped to look at a poster showing 'the two puckers stripped to their pelts and putting up their props':

> Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will meet sergeantmajor Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, for a purse of fifty sovereigns. Gob, that'd be a good pucking match to see. Myler Keogh, that's the chap sparring out to him with the green sash. Two bar entrance, soldiers half price. I could easy do a bunk on ma. /... / When is it? May the twenty second. Sure, the blooming thing is all over. (US 322-23) (10.1131 + 1133 + 1138)

This is the second glimpse we get of the inside of Master Dignam's mind and we find it in marked contrast to his outward appearance – 'from the sidemirrors two mourning Masters Dignam gaped silently' (322)(10.1132). The first glimpse we were permitted into his mind – 'it was too blooming dull sitting in the parlour' (10.1123) – converges to create the same effect of lack of concern for the family grief. The 'Myler Keogh' epiphany is reinforced much later when in 'Concert Room' episode the Keogh – Bennet fight is talked about at great length, and the story that its promoter Blazes Boylan made £100 out of it (US 414 ff) (12.984 ff). There is a more elaborate description of the fight there, an enlarged sequence, as it were, of the fleeting image passing through Master Dignam's mind, thus incipiently pointing to the similarity of preoccupations with the pub company, all this against the contrastive background of his mourning.

His disappointment when he realises that 'it is all over' is again expressed by his pet Jack-of-all-trades cliché. And then, another impression, noticing, beside the 'two puckers', a poster with the image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, and his spontaneous reaction, again epiphanised, and now related to his life at school:

> One of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old fellow welted hell out of him for one time he found out. (US 323) (10.1143)

This starts a train of thought about his friends at school, and the monologue sequences, highly individuated by school clichés and mannerisms, briefly interrupted by his intention of returning home – 'No Sandymount tram' –, but leading directly to his father's funeral, and the insistence at the end on his father's death, reveal the intensity of his grief, temporarily forgotten by the exciting impressions provided by the Dublin sights. The subepisode develops in a cyclic basis from the conventional atmosphere of mourning in the parlour, to the highly vivid, and so typically childlike, impressions he has of the morning events ending with his father's burial.

The last paragraph of the sketch (US 324) (10.1165 to 1174) is in fact an extended epiphany, making the most economical use of monologue for purposes of character delineation – from choice of words and ellipsis to discontinuity and juxtaposition of imagery with typical subjective reaction.

The 'Conmee' episode (US 280-288) (10.1 to 205) comes in fact before the one devoted to Master Dignam, opening the series of sketches in the 'Streets' episode, but as his

very first thought is of Dignam's father a reverted treatment will among others emphasize the cyclic structure of the whole sequence, which begins and almost ends (as the 19th subepisode devoted to the viceregal procession may be taken as a coda) with thoughts of Dignam's death. In addition, the 'Conmee' sketch makes use of a more complex means of rendering thought – word association (Dignam, *dignum*) playing a greater part – and also evidences more sophisticated means of rendering conversation.

It opens with an omniscient sentence immediately followed by monologue:

> The superior, the very reverend John Conmee, S.J., reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. /.../ What was that boy's name again? Dignam, yes. *Vere dignum et justum est.* Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr. Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time. (US 280) (10.1)

A comparison with Master Dignam's thoughts of the funeral – especially as regards approach and wording – reveals not only the difference in genuineness of feeling, but also the typical features of each.

The whole 'Conmee' sketch is characterised by constant, rapid switching from direction to indirection, and, once or twice, also from spoken to unspoken, both directly and indirectly reported. It is mainly indirection, but also its juxtaposition with directly quoted thought, that provides the means and framework for the subtle but sustained irony pervading the whole.

Here is one of the numerous instances in which irony by means of indirect presentation of thought verges on sarcasm and highly individuates and epiphanises character:

> Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turfbarge, 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. (US 284) (10.101)

Another facet of his personality is lighted by the indirect slant in the presentation of his brief conversation with one of his most distinguished parishioners, the wife of an M.P., he

being fully conscious of her position. It is all reported in 'style indirect libre', typically Joycean and so reminiscent of the *Portrait*, but this time so different in final effect.

This is how his own indirect answer to a direct and very matter-of-fact question is rendered:

> Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad indeed to hear that. And Mr. Sheehy himself? Still in London. The house was still sitting, to be sure it was. Beautiful weather it was, delightful indeed. ... (US 281) (10.19)

This extremely banal conversation achieves considerable focus not by its essence and content but by the manner in which it is represented. This indirect representation is characterised not only, as is usual with 'style indirect libre', by the absence of subordination and the frequency of conversation markers, but also by ambiguity, and a specific kind of repetition – full names used instead of otherwise sufficient pronouns – which leads directly to stylistic redundancy, also illustrated in the use of conversational disjunctive tags. It is by this very redundancy, suggesting the unnecessary repetitiveness of both obsequiousness and majesty of office, that a climax of irony is achieved in the sentence summarising the conclusion of the conversation –

> Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr. David Sheehy M.P. looking so well and he begged to be remembered to Mr. David Sheehy M.P. Yes, he would certainly call.
> – Good afternoon, Mrs. Sheehy. (US 281) (10.26)

The whole 'Conmee' sketch is, I think, a perfect example of Joyce's versatility and inventiveness in the handling of both direction and indirection juxtaposed, and the importance in his eyes of the constant switch of stylistic angle, which takes unprecedented proportions in the subsequent episodes, in order to throw revelatory instantaneous flashes on character and create atmosphere with an economy of means and with practically no authorial intervention. In *Vanity Fair*, for instance, Thackeray similarly succeeded in achieving a slant of irony and even sarcasm, but with completely opposite means: it was entirely done by authorial intervention and comment.

Towards the end of the brief sketch, however, an imperceptible emphasis on graver matters creeps in; Father Conmee's thoughts of worldly deeds are echoed by the bells of religion, not only in the associations started by the name of Malahide road (286) (10.156), but more important, in the unexpected epiphany which brings the whole sketch to a close (287-88) (10.199 to 202), and which in addition to its textural value, acquires a structural function. It recurs again – like a musical leit-motif – for purposes of synchronisation, later in the same episode (296) (10.440-441).

It is, therefore, by these fairly simple means that Father Conmee, one of the supporting characters, is individuated, and it is precisely in this way that, from the few pages in which he appears, he emerges both as a typical, picturesque personality and as a symbol. At least within the 'Streets' episode, he is **the symbol of the Church**, in the same way in which the viceregal procession and the viceroy himself **symbolise the State**: that afternoon, both are on errand of official charity, and, as S. Foster Damon rightly notices, 'their paths draw a cross on the map of Dublin'[196]. Hence, the two levels of the epiphany are again intensely present.

The third supporting character, substantially individuated by monologue, and hence worth considering here – though it may be said in passing that there are other reasons as well – is Gerty McDowell (US 452-479) (13.78 to 771), who appears in the 'Rocks' episode.

The first and perhaps the most important point to make in connection with her is that the interior monologue is in her case exclusively indirect – something unique in *Ulysses*, but very characteristic of the *Potrait*, where the indirect interior monologue gives the whole a marked narrative tinge. This is, after all, the final effect of indirectly rendered thought, and it is consequently the effect conveyed by the Gerty McDowell sequence too.

After the customary omniscient description of situation the reflecting mind is presented in the third person and in the customary epic tense of narration without any apparent discontinuity in the narrative angle and threat.

Despite this similarity, however, there is a world of difference between the technique of character presentation in the two instances:

> The slide was shot to suddenly. The penitent came out. He was next. He stood up in terror and walked blindly to the box.
>
> At last it had come. He knelt in the silent gloom and raised his eyes, to the white crucifix suspended above him. God could see that he was sorry. He would tell all his sins. His confession would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel would know then what a sinner he had been. Let them know. It was true.

But God had promised to forgive him if he was sorry. He was sorry. He clasped his hands and raised them toward the white form, praying with his darkened eyes, praying with all his trembling body, swaying his head to and fro like a lost creature, praying with whimpering lips. (PA 131-32)

With the Gerty McDowell sequence things are quite different: from start to finish it is impregnated with an additional tinge and bears a superimposed imprint – a parody of sentimental fiction of the Ethel M. Dowell[197] type. It starts in the traditional omniscient fashion of this kind of fiction, but then, gradually, from completely externalised description, it becomes more and more introspective and soon we are faced with 'internal analysis' of the most standardised and traditional type, as embodied in a self-revealing flashback –

She knew right well, no-one better, what made squinty Edy say that because of him cooling in his attentions when it was simply a lovers' quarrel. /... / Little recked he perhaps for what she felt, that dull aching void in her heart sometimes, piercing to the core. Yet he was young and perchance he might learn to love her in time. They were protestants in his family and of course Gerty knew Who came first and after Him the blessed Virgin and then Saint Joseph. But he was undeniably handsome... (US 454) (13.128 + 136)

It is something more subtle than mere language markers that distinguishes the two passages, and the tinge of parody is at times so subtle that it can hardly be detected, at other times it becomes brazenly obvious.

Again gradually, Gerty's 'internal analysis' becomes more and more deprived of logical consequentiality and organisation, till, in the end, an indirect interior monologue sequence not only relatively ambiguous but also quite incoherent is produced:

She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour and the lucky colour too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her because the green she wore that day week brought grief because his father brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because she thought perhaps he might be out because when she was dressing that morning she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and lovers' meeting if you put those things on inside out so long as it wasn't of a Friday. (US 456) (13.179)

It is one single sentence from start to finish, presenting Gerty's thoughts indirectly but in a manner as random – and with as many becauses – as Molly's in her *reverie* late at night; and as vain, for that matter, but far more sentimentalised and romanticised. It may well be interpreted as a foretaste of the later monologue, as uttered by a far younger and unmarried 'Molly', of a sentimental and romantic turn of mind rather than the sensual type. The flashback with Gerty is not reminiscence for its own sake, as it is with Molly, but rather an opportunity for a link with a future she is eagerly awaiting, with all the romanticising incurred by it. Molly's monologue on the other hand, is projected towards the past with all the disenchantment, commonsense and even vulgar practicality to be derived from the experience.

Similar attitudes too are incipiently there, as can be seen from the following sequence of thoughts, with character revelation apparent in the form rather than the essence.

> She ran with long gandery strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up her skirt at the side that was too tight on her because there was a lot of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey and she was a forward piece whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to show off and just because she was a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the end of her petticoat running and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. It would have served her just right if she had tripped up over something accidentally on purpose with her high crooked French heels on her to make her look tall and got a fine tumble. (US 467-68) (13.478)

Then of course there is the element of parody which automatically provides an angle of narration, and an implied narrator, different from the omniscient author of the rest of the book. It is by this very means that extra distancing is achieved: there is distancing at the first remove (viz. to parodied author) and distancing at the second remove (viz. Joyce to parodied pattern). This double distancing is aimed at achieving not so much satire of the type of fiction parodied, but rather irony directed at the character.

> Gerty just took off her hat for a moment to settle her hair and a prettier, a daintier head of nutbrown tresses was never seen on a girl's shoulders – a radiant little vision, in sooth, almost maddening in its sweetness. (US 469) (13.509)

The pastiche is not only aimed at holding this style of sentimental fiction up to ridicule, but also at revealing its characteristics of shallow introspection, as offered by cheap magazine fiction. In this way, pointing to the sources of Gerty's education and such influential factors as moral, social and family circumstances, it only verges on satire as it implicitly ridicules an approach to life – Molly too reads a similar kind of fiction, though of a far coarser type.

To parallel the parodied archetype, the narrative thread is preserved almost intact – discontinuity disappearing almost completely; consequently, the epiphany tends to disappear too, at least in the forms occurring in the characterisation of other personages. Indirection is preserved not only in the monologue sequences, but it is often resorted to in order to render dialogue:

> Cissy said to excuse her would he mind telling her what was the right time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch, listening to it and looking up and clearing his throat and he said he was very sorry his watch was stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the sun was set. /… / Cissy said thanks and came back with her tongue out and said uncle said his waterworks were out of order. (US 470) (13.544 + 549)

This is perhaps the example which comes nearest to epiphany in this episode, and it tends to epiphanise, as it were, by its very indirection.

In conclusion, it is apparent from the above summary analysis that Gerty's monologues are achieved technically by a juxtaposition of two co-occurring elements: indirection and pastiche. This makes the reader see the character from a double distance; the final impression obtained is that of something seen through too powerful and highly tinted glasses, which, acting like photographic filter, provide, nevertheless, a highly adequate and accurate image.

By its very indirection, Gerty's monologue takes very often the form of what is commonly called, for want of a better term, 'internal analysis', and it is only by its closeness to immediate stimuli as well as by its ambiguity, illogicality and even incoherence, as was pointed out before, that it departs from established pattern.

Furthermore, the Gerty sequence, comprising about two thirds of the 'Rocks' episode, is characterised by several clearly defined external stimuli, which – at least some of them – also act as leit-motifs: first, the two other girls and children around her on the beach; secondly, the church service, and finally, Bloom himself. In addition, there are also Gerty's

own flashbacks, which, determined basically by external stimuli may in their turn become stimuli for further trains of thought.

But the most exploited as a markedly obvious leit-motif of all is the service, going on all the time in the parish church nearby, appropriately dedicated to St. Mary, Star of the Sea. Indissolubly intertwined with this service motif is the constant reference to Father Conroy, whose brother Gabriel Conroy had been a central figure in the story 'The Dead'. It is surprising, therefore, how the name Conroy itself acts not only as a verbal unifying factor for the three books Joyce dedicated to Dublin, but also as a verbal motif in the monologues of Bloom, and as a leitmotif with musical implications in the structure of the 'Rocks' episode, where it occurs with almost mathematical regularity, at a more or less equal distance in the text:

(1)   ... Father Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar...
    (US 466.22) 13.448)

(2)   ... Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon...
(US 468.11) (13.490)

(3)   ... he told Father Conroy that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the flowers and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right...
(US 470.23) (13.554)

(4)   ... Father Conroy handed him the card to read off... (471.13) (13.573)

(5)   ... the veil that Father Conroy put round him... (473.10) (13.621)

(6)   ... Father Conroy handed him his hat to put on... (475.15) (13.677)

The church service comes to an end simultaneously with the insight into Gerty's mind. As soon as she departs (US 479)(13.771), the unfinished omniscient sentence of burlesque construction switches abruptly into Bloom's direct monologue, and for the rest of the episode we are inside his mind.

All attempt at pastiche is dropped, indirection disappears, and his monologue sequences have the characteristics, so typical of Bloom, which crop up often in the "Lunch" episode.

5.0   Structures, Archetypes and Myths

Even before the publication of *Ulysses* in book form, Richard Aldington attacked it, among other things considering the novel an invitation to chaos,[198] which was proof that the early critics of the book could not reach deep enough to be aware of the underlying order provided by the structural framework.

It was T.S. Eliot who first pointed to the ordering value of the archetype – the Homeric one – focusing his attention on it to the exclusion of all other aspects. Rejecting Aldington's allegations as ungrounded, Eliot quite significantly entitled his essay 'Ulysses, Order and Myth',[199] and politely accused Aldington of missing completely the cue suggested by the novel's title. In order to support his argument, Eliot brings in his favourite concept of **classicism**, but his point in the conclusion of the article is extremely well made, considering how soon after the publication of *Ulysses* the statement was written.

> The question, there, about Mr. Joyce, is: how much living material does he deal with, and how does he deal with it: deal with, not as a legislator or exhorter, but as an artist? It is here that Mr. Joyce's parallel use of the *Odyssey* has a great importance. It has the importance of a scientific discovery. No one else has built a novel upon such a foundation before: it has never before been necessary.[200]

Eliot's statement is impressive not only by the emphasis on myth as a unifying factor, but also for the correctness of his priorities: first and foremost, comes the living material, the myth acting only as a structural ingredient to give the aesthetic finish, or, in the words of E.M. Forster, 'the pattern which appeals to our aesthetic sense'.[201] The myth is undoubtedly present

in the book, but Eliot's statement is subdued and moderate, there is nothing of Stuart Gilbert's later exaggeration about it.

In terms of the present discussion, Eliot realised full well that mythic structure gives order to apparent textual chaos, whereas Aldington, seeing only the texture, could not account for any aesthetic finish at all: he emphasized texture only, and missed the structural framework altogether, which led to a distorted interpretation and the impossibility of any coherent value judgment.

Summarising his point in the conclusion of the article, Eliot seems to be anxious that his point should not be overemphasized:

> It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.[202]

*

There are two basic methods of imposing structure on the novel. One was extensively discussed by E.M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel* and consists in the symmetrical, or geometrically shaped, handling of character relationship. Forster calls it **pattern** and discusses it under its two clearly distinct shapes: a book in the shape of an hour-glass and a book in the shape of a grand chain. His 'hour-glass' examples – the most illustrative – are *Thaïs* by Anatole France and *The Ambassadors* by Henry James. Here is how he explains his metaphor with reference to the former:

> There are two chief characters, Paphnuce the ascetic, Thais the courtesan. /…/ The two characters converge, cross and recede with mathematical precision, and part of the pleasure we get from the book is due to this.[203]

Referring to traditional fiction, when the narrative thread is amply developed, Forster attempts to establish its relationship to pattern, and his statement is vaguely reminiscent of Joyce's aesthetic theory:

… whereas the story appeals to our curiosity and the plot to our intelligence, the pattern appeals to our aesthetic sense, it causes us to see the book as a whole.[204]

The analysis of James's *Ambassadors* is more elaborate, and the conclusion more favourable – though the shape of the pattern is exactly the same –

Strether and Chad, like Paphnuce and Thais, change places and it is realization of this that makes the book so satisfying at the close. /…/ The pattern of the hour-glass is complete; he and Chad have changed places, with more subtle steps than Thais and Paphnuce. …[205]

It is this symmetry in character relationships – perfectly detectable in Joyce's *Ulysses* too, in Stephen and Bloom crossing each other's paths – that Forster is exclusively interested in, and that he identifies as **pattern**. The *quadrille* of the characters, however, does by no means exclude the narrative thread.

In *Ulysses,* the 'architectonike'[206] of the novel is not only noticeable in the continuity of Stephen, as a character taken, developed and amplified from the *Portrait,* but also in the mutual and equally symmetrical relationships between the trinity of major characters, outlining two basic directions of development – the paths of Stephen and Bloom – with the third character – Molly – reinforcing one of them, that of the central character. In fact, as has already been pointed out, everything in the novel, from the point of view of Forster's pattern, boils to tracing Stephen's and Bloom's parallel meanderings in Dublin throughout the day – starting separately, proceeding along separate routes with chance glimpses of each other, pointing at the possible relationship, and finally meeting in the last, and climactic, episode of the novel, only to part again at the end, each going in equally divergent directions.[207]

It is worth mentioning in passing that this pattern of a trinity of characters – two men and a woman – was so noticeable and self-sufficient in its intrinsic value that, together with an identical handling of space and time dimensions, it was borrowed by Virginia Woolf for her novel *Mrs. Dalloway,* set against the space-time background of a single day in a single city.

But James Joyce deemed himself to be not only the 'perfect' stylist, in permanent quest of *le mot juste,* he also aimed to be the 'accomplished' constructor as well; and, indeed, with him, the scaffolding of the novel acquired cosmic dimensions. He made conscious use of

a symmetrical pattern of character relationship, but still, devised a second method with which to juxtapose it.

The other structural method, imposed on top of character symmetry, and specifically used by Joyce, was **myth**, hailed by T.S. Eliot in 1923 as Joyce's greatest achievement, amounting to a 'scientific discovery' in the field of the novel.[208] But in *Ulysses* it is not just one single myth, the Homeric one, as may be apparent at even a superficial glance and as is generally recognized.[209] Joyce, in fact, makes use of a whole network of interwoven and interrelated myths and archetypes, which may only schematically and imperfectly, solely for the sake of explanatory reasons, be classified into three categories: **The Homeric**, **The Shakespearean** and **The Christian**.

All three have features in common as well as distinctive traits. Their basic and most obvious common feature is the **convergence** they evince in reinforcing the most abstract and remotest theme of the book – the father-son relationship: that between Ulysses, as suggested by the very title of the book, and his son Telemachus, especially viewed against the background of the first three episodes and the last three, when the two characters are together. In Shakespeare, there is a multiple father-son relationship emphasized in various ways by Stephen – that between Hamlet and the ghost of his father, that between Shakespeare himself and his dead son, Hamnet, and finally, that between Shakespeare the creator and the play *Hamlet* as the fruit of his art, emphasizing one aspect of the relationship between art and life. This Shakespearean correspondence should be viewed primarily against the background of the literary discussion in the 'Library' episode, but it acquires far greater dimensions (though always coming second after **The Odyssey**), if considered in the light of textural and structural implications.

Finally, the Christian myth, which poses the same question of father-son relationship, emerges very early in the book, not only in the 'Ballad of Joking Jesus', but also in the light of the 'Consubstantiality' controversy, which preoccupies Stephen's mind in the very first episode, long before Bloom is introduced.

The symmetry of character pattern is thus reinforced by the symmetry of the three archetypes, converging towards one basic idea, and also diverging – to cover practically the whole area of humanistic knowledge and scholarship, from mythology and legend to Christianity and the great achievements of world literature.

The whole system of myths and archetypes, built on these three most imposing and highly representative pillars, works on this convergent-divergent basis.

Furthermore, Stephen's name, the constant reference to it, and his own invocation at the end of the *Portrait*[210] generates still another archetypal pattern. Daedalus was said in the

legend to be a mythical Greek architect and sculptor, who was believed to have built the labyrinth for Minos of Crete; falling under the displeasure of Minos, he fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, and escaped to Sicily. But though the father-son relationship is not particularly relevant within the legend, Joyce must have been fascinated above all by the name, which **literally** means *cunningly wrought*.[211]

On top of it all, to give a completely depersonalised aesthetic finish, there is the external archetype of the analogy with music, embodied not only in the division into stylistically different episodes, faintly suggestive of the different tempo of the movements of a symphony, but also reaching a climax of development in one of the episodes.[212]

It may be interesting to note that as the Shakespearean correspondence reaches its climax in one of the episodes – the 'Library' discussion – and music pervades the 'Concert Room' of Ormond Hotel, some commentators have advanced the view that the 'Nighttown' episode bears some resemblances to, and may be built on the pattern of, a Black Mass. It is only the Homeric myth – the most crystallised of all as the title suggests – that is spread throughout and carries the most significant structural functions.

5.1   The Homeric Parallel

Undoubtedly, *The Odyssey,* for a variety of reasons, is the most obvious archetype, with the 'highest percentage' of ordering value.

It functions at the level of both character relationship and novel structure, in the sense that each major character can be assimilated to one of the characters in the Homeric poem, and each of the episodes may be connected with a particular event or situation in the same epic.

As the Homeric pattern of *Ulysses* has formed the subject of so many, perhaps too many, studies, extremely brilliant, exhaustive and scholarly[213], the only point worth taking up again here is that its significance has perhaps been overestimated. As Arnold Kettle has rightly pointed out,

> A realization that the basic structure of *Ulysses* is related to that of *The Odyssey*, that Bloom is Odysseus, Stephen Telemachus and Molly Penelope, is necessary to an intelligent reading of the book, and not more than a novelist is justified in demanding of his reader. There is, emphatically, no need to make heavy weather of the more abstruse Homeric parallels.[214]

It is therefore along the more subdued lines of structural pattern for aesthetic requirements, and the broader, more universalised implications of character projection that the Homeric parallel is useful as a 'way of controlling, of ordering and of giving shape to an immense panorama.'[215]

It is a structural method *par excellence*, not so much textural; as soon as one starts giving Homeric meaning and counterpart to textural detail the result may not only be far-fetched, but at times even beside the point.

Given the part played by memory and flashback, and the concept of time in Joyce's fiction – where an Odyssey could be compressed into one day, because the journey the characters undertake is predominantly in the mind – the Homeric design helped Joyce to impose order upon the chaotic and otherwise incomprehensible mass of impressions derived from the segment of life he wanted to depict. But what he was most keen to reinforce was the epiphanic radiance the Ulysses parallel instantaneously achieves through the title.

In contradistinction to the other archetypes, it is largely external to the characters' minds, placed outside them, and acts as a unifying structural pattern, and as a term of reference in the concrete – abstract (Real vs Mythic) relationship, which in this particular case operates, apart from the title, not so much at the level of epiphany, but at that of novel structure.

5.2   The Shakespearean Correspondence

There is a tendency in discussions of *Ulysses* to restrict Shakespearean thematic implications in the novel to the 'Library' episode, where, of course, the essence is most obvious; but on close analysis, it is not very difficult to prove that the correspondence has large and more profound significations, its functions, for expository purposes, falling into several categories.

The Shakespearean archetype starts as a purely structural framework, external to the character's minds, in the first half of the opening episode. It is only afterwards, when the first explicit reference occurs that it becomes organic, penetrating the characters' minds and emerging as leit-motif from the textures of the monologue sequences of both Stephen and Bloom, to culminate as mythopoetic paradox in the Socratic dialogue in the Library.

In the opening part of the 'Tower' episode, the Shakespearean correspondence is, as was stated, purely structural, and suggested in as obscure and devious a way as the Homeric one. Both setting and situations in the opening pages recall the early scenes of Hamlet.[216] The scene is set in the Tower, the day has not yet started, and Mulligan emerges on the platform calling aloud to Stephen to follow him there for no apparent and tangible reason. As they start talking, standing between them is the ghost of Stephen's mother; he still resents Mulligan's remark made about her some time before: '*O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead*' (US, 8) (1.198). After Mulligan's disappearance down the stairs, Stephen's thoughts about his mother are so vivid that her ghost emerges before his mind's eye and causes a violent reaction in him.[217] But his vision is interrupted by Mulligan's sudden 'Kinch ahoy!' (US 11)(1.280),[218] quite suggestive of the way Horatio and the guards dispel the web of magic round Hamlet. Soon afterwards, they all sit in front of a stately and ceremonious breakfast, and Mulligan,

addressing Stephen, who is in mourning, had by now made remarks very similar to those uttered by the king and queen about Hamlet's black attire and the inevitability of death.[219]

So far this is the constructional parallelism: something the characters are not supposed to be aware of. But all of a sudden, as soon as breakfast is over, Mulligan is the first to make a deliberate reference to the play – 'Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines' (US 18)(1.487). This sentence marks an obvious change in the use of the Shakespearean pattern, in the sense that it becomes internal and organic with regard to characters, and from now onwards works at the level of texture.

By its very nature and literary precedent, the Shakespearean text is far more noticeable in its textual posture as leit-motif in the opening structural parallel; it is also less abstruse and challenging than the paradox put forth in the Library discussion.

And indeed, at this stage, disguised quotations from Shakespeare crop up quite often, heralding, as it were, an even greater frequency during the dialogue on the same subject.

There is first the fact that Mulligan has given Haines a sarcastic account of Stephen's intellectual acrobatics –

> He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father. (US 21) (1.555)

Stephen remembers this imperfectly while helping little Sargent with his algebra problem in the class-room at Dalkey,

> He proves by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather. (US 33) (2.152)

This forms in itself an instance of leit-motif. The best illustrations, however, of his Shakespearean versatility are to be found in his monologue on the beach in the third episode.

According to computations, there are at least 200 quotations or adaptations of quotations from Shakespeare in the whole *Ulysses*, and more than half of them – 118, to be precise – are uttered by Stephen, who quotes from *Hamlet* 42 times.[220] In his silent musings on the beach we find at least ten most significant of these instances, deeply embedded in the text, and giving a specific atmosphere to the whole monologue sequence on the basis of a relational kind of epiphany.

Though many of these instances are taken from Act I, it is only those few taken from Act IV that are instantly recognisable by the reader, such as 'Ay, very like a whale' (US 50)

(3.144), and 'My cockle hat and staff and his my sandal shoon' (US 63) (3.488), highly reminiscent of Ophelia's song. But early in the episode, when Stephen closes his eyes to experiment with Aristotle's theories, he reflects 'Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff, that beetles o'er his base' (US 45) (3.14) [221] and later 'hearing Elsinore's tempting flood' (US 55) (3.281), both parallel Horatio's words:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea. (I, i, 69)

Perhaps the least obtrusive of all instances of Shakespearean reference in the 'Beach' episode occurs in an omniscient sentence – 'Airs romped around him, nipping and eager airs' (US 47) (3.55) – which brings in Horatio again saying, 'It is a nipping and an eager air' (I, 4, 2). [222]

Thus the Shakespearean text becomes, in **identical**, **rejuvenated**, or **modified** form, a textual archetype, and an organic component of the character's makeup. Indeed, in this respect, there is by far more extensive actual reference to Shakespeare and Hamlet throughout than there is to Ulysses and the whole of *The Odyssey*.

The discussion in the Library may well be taken as a structural counterpart of Stephen's aesthetic exposition towards the end of the *Portrait*, and provides still another use of the Shakespearean correspondence, this time in the most explicit fashion of all;[223] the analogy has covered the whole distance from the subtle suggestion to explicit and brilliant exaggeration. But it is not only the discussion that is about Shakespeare: there is a strong undercurrent of quotation as well, similar in function to the ones already discussed. There are at least ninety instances of such quotations in this episode alone,[224] occurring primarily in Stephen's monologue sequences, but also to a lesser extent in his spoken statements and even in omniscient sentences. They substantially help to create the charged texture of Stephen's inner thoughts and emphasize his remarkable familiarity with the subject under discussion.

But it is the very brilliance and strangeness of Stephen's paradox that, within the story, accounts for his failure to persuade the editor of *Dana* to accept his article. On the other hand, however, if viewed in the light of constructional aims, it is these very features that turn Shakespeare the man and dramatist into the myth and legend that the novelist needed; for, indeed, all lasting legends arise from this close interplay between conjecture and actual fact. The events of Shakespeare's life become almost as legendary as those connected with Odysseus and Daedalus, and it is the tinge of legend that reinforces the convergence of

archetypes, establishing once again the close relationship between them and heralding in indirect form the third and last major one:

> I read a theological interpretation of [Hamlet] somewhere, [Haines] said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father. (US 22) (1.577)

5.3   The Christian Myth

There is plenty of evidence almost everywhere in the text that Christianity and the Christian religion were exploited by Joyce as one of the major convergent archetypes, in the building of his novel; this very concentration of effects, the deliberate use, along the lines of 'stasis', of an otherwise extremely 'kinetic' subject, particularly in a Dublin setting, makes it very much akin to the other archetypal patterns already discussed.[225]

The other point worth making about it is that, by its very nature and essence, it is inherent to the characters, deeply and inescapably affecting each one of them. The differentiation between them is embodied in their personal reactions – Stephen musing on intricate controversies of dogma, Bloom watching and passing silent comment on a church service he attends as an observer some time in the morning; and, finally, Molly chatting silently to herself about her impressions of the confessional.

The direct reference to the Father – Son relationship is at times slightly obscured either by the fact that it is viewed in the trinitarian context of dogma argumentation or in the more familiar garb of daily church ritual, which very often acts as a very convenient form of leit-motif to keep the myth constantly afloat.

The Christian archetype is apparent from the very first line of the novel, and the atmosphere is meant to create as much distancing and 'stasis' towards it as is possible by Mulligan's mildly and jovially blasphemous behaviour all along. First, he emerges on the platform 'bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed':

> – Introibo ad altare Dei. /…/ Come up, you fearful jesuit. /.../ For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. (US 1) (1.5 + 8 + 21)

Then all of a sudden, as they are about to start breakfast, the Father – Son theme appears in Latin disguise and with a naturalness that makes it quite unobtrusive, but at the same time throwing a flashback to the feminine Christine:

> – The blessings of God on you, Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his chair. /.../ *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* (US 13)(1.346 + 351)

The symbolic implications fade against the background of the surface situation and conversation occasioned by the breakfast, and also by the fact that other symbols are continually brought in: **Ireland** and **art** and **Hamlet**. But Haines' reference to a possible theological interpretation of this particular Shakespearean play resuscitates the Christian archetype in the same strain, and with increased violence: Mulligan starts reciting the Ballad of Joking Jesus, which carries marked paternity references, particularly 'my father's a bird'. Hearing it, Haines takes it up immediately, inquiring about the little – 'Joking Jesus' – , and is highly amused by 'Joseph the Joiner', alliterative identity emphasising convergence and stylistic subordination.

Soon afterwards the whole theme is taken up again by Stephen in amplified form as part of his more extensive monologue sequences. Indeed, the first one reveals in explicit form his scholarly preoccupations:

> …Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father /. . ./ and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. (US 25) (1.656 + 659)

But this is not the climax. In fact, the Christian myth occasions two equally dramatic climaxes, one for each of the main characters. First, Stephen in the 'Library' episode brings together the two archetypes:

> – Sabellius, the African, subtlest heresiarch of all the beasts of the field, held that the Father was Himself His Own Son. /. . ./ Well: if the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a father be a son? When Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare or another poet of the same name in the comedy of errors wrote *Hamlet* he was not the father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race, the

father of his own grandfather, the father of his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was born, for nature... (US, 267) (9.862 + 864)

The theme, worked out on the basis of leit-motif, gradually orchestrated, has reached all-embracing propositions, with deeper resonances, emerging as the major myth. It had been laid out in all its implications from the very first episode, then had receded into the background, to be kept going only by the recurrent references in the monologue sequences. Its ordering value had been brought to light by Stephen in the above quoted statement. It is further emphasized by Bloom the outsider, from a different angle, in the climactic moment in the 'Tavern' episode when, engaged in the argument with the Citizen, he retorts with a note of finality:

And says he:
– Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx 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. (US 444-45) (12.1803)

Thus, in *Ulysses*, all references to Christianity are, directly or indirectly, in an immediate or more remote way, subordinated to this basic idea, which is meant in the last analysis to act as a guiding principle towards which everything converges – establishing order in the characters' random associations and universalising values.

Whereas the Homeric parallel had been constantly external to the characters' minds and the Shakespearean correspondence partly external and partly internal – and in the case of Bloom only casual –, the Christian myth is inbuilt equally deeply in both major characters and functions as one of their basic thematic preoccupations; the convergence of all archetypes concurrently emphasises the relationship between characters.

The question ultimately arises as to whether the Father–Son relationship, so much and repeatedly insisted upon, leads anywhere. And the only possible answer is that, consistent with Joyce's conception, it invariably leads to art. To make this ultimate subordination to the idea of art concisely pregnant, William Noon views everything in terms of the 'divinely' conscious artist-father, eternally in possession of himself in mystic simultaneity; his name may be Shakespeare, but it might just as well be Bizet, or Oscar Wilde or Dumas (père or fils), or he might even be called Stephen Dedalus.[226]

Beyond constructional purposes, it all leads, in that particular interpretation, to Joyce's unconditional adoration of art.

6   Conclusion

More than half a century has passed since the publication of *Ulysses*, but the book continues to be in the focus of critical attention. Yet a final comprehensive, and what is more important, consistent assessment of it is not yet in sight. This is partly accounted for by the surprising dimensions and amplitude of Joyce's achievement, partly by the intrinsic difficulty and at times deliberate ambiguity of the Joycean text. Attention is thus divided between value judgment and commentary, but it happens rather seldom that the former is solidly and consistently based on the latter. And it is in an attempt to strike the right balance that studies of Joyce continue to appear.

Books, notes and reviews of his works averaged a total of about 300 a year[227], thus it is not that *Ulysses* lacks interpretation and discussion, but that what has been produced so far places him insufficiently against the background of literary tradition from which the novel, at least technically, directly derives.

In the second place, given the difficulty and complexity of the novel, and the novelty of the method, it has been considered imperative to understand the book in its own terms first, as a tight and self-contained whole, organically fused and harmoniously built, as a preliminary step before the critic enlarges the frame of reference for a consideration of its relation to life itself, to modern social, moral and artistic values, a step necessarily leading to value judgment. But the stylistic approach, similar to the one adopted in the present consideration, refers primarily to the stage at which the first critical compulsion is to understand in a consistent manner and from a consistent angle, 'the aesthetic relation of part to part or of the aesthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the aesthetic whole of which it is a part' (cf PA 191). Hence the necessity of making use of a system of concepts

which fall into mutually related self-defining sets of categories. It clearly stated in the introduction that an analysis of character delineation in *Ulysses* has been undertaken.

For Joyce's primary concern in writing novels – *Finnegan's Wake* perhaps apart – was that of vividly and poignantly presenting character: everything in the novel – from epiphany to myth and archetype – is subordinated to character. As S.L. Goldberg has already pointed out,

> A great many of the symbolic 'themes' in *Ulysses* are really devices to help create the characters themselves, not dark emblems to suggest mysterious significances…[228]

In presenting character, Joyce's aesthetic postulates as little authorial intrusion as possible within the conventions of the craft, in order to create for the reader the illusion of '***l'instant pris à la gorge***'. He must have firmly believed, as Ford Madox Ford puts it, that

> Life does not narrate but makes impressions on our brains. We, in turn, if we wished to produce on you an effect of life, must not narrate but render impressions. [229]

Hence, his stream-of-consciousness method, and deriving directly from it interior monologue, **epiphany** and **myth**. It is the specificity of the method too that brought about the equally distributed twofold insistence on highly elaborate **texture** and **structure**, the latter in its multiple variety of character symmetry, myth, and archetype.

In fact, the crucial issues of literary craftsmanship, vital for a deep and thorough understanding of Joyce, and of *Ulysses* in particular, are:

– his conception and use of epiphany;

– related to it, his use of myth and archetype, as ordering factors concurrently reinforcing typicality of character;

– interior monologue, as an exclusively literary device – of long standing tradition in its textural form, but an almost Joycean innovation in its structural function – to emphasize the opposition spoken vs. unspoken, rather than conscious vs. unconscious;

– finally, his interest in words and language; his fascination with the magic of words, and the large-scale use of language awareness for purposes of character delineation.

Structural complexity, the extensive exploitation of symbol, myth as well as the use of extra-fictional devices, such as the expressionistic ones used in the 'Nighttown' episode, easily and quite naturally lead critics to the question whether *Ulysses* is not so much a realistic or even naturalistic novel, but rather a symbolistic one, with tinges of expressionism and even surrealism. This discussion, by no means facilitated by the overlapping, confusion and subjective use of some of the terms, springs from the fact that, as pointed out by William York Tindall, some of the novels of our time are many-levelled in the sense that a reader may either concern himself with the surface, or go below it on several planes. He further adds that such novels are organised like poems (hence the significance of texture), and consequently demand close reading.[230]

With *Ulysses* the situation is different, in my opinion at least, in the sense that, as has been pointed out, everything converges on character and character projection; as such, the 'real' level is paramount by this very concentration of effects on a single plane. In other words, though many-levelled, the deeper scaffoldings always reinforce the surface.[231]

*

The impact of *Ulysses* upon the world of literature, at the time and in after years, has been tremendous. In terms of direct influence with regard to aspects of literary craftsmanship alone, it injected new blood into the moribund stream-of-consciousness fiction of Dujardin and Dorothy Richardson. It made the whole trend coalesce, and acquire aesthetic brilliancy in the work of outstanding followers like Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner, particularly in the years between 1925 and 1936.[232]

It also blazed a trail for a multitude of minor, less successful attempts undertaken by many other writers in the twenties and thirties, ranging from Waldo Frank and Conrad Aiken to André Maurois and William Carlos Williams, who even tried to write literary criticism in stream-of-consciousness style.[233] If we were to interpret and define stream-of-consciousness fiction in the wider and more comprehensive framework of the lyrical novel, the list would be far longer, with multiple ramifications.[234]

In the years since the Second World War, most notable among the figures under the direct influence of Joyce, not only in point of craftsmanship, is Samuel Beckett. His versatility and success in the fields of both fiction and drama, have led to extensive use of interior monologue of a new type, but equally subordinated to character projection.[235]

By far the most interesting technical development in the realm of fiction in recent years is that of the **Nouveau Roman** in France,[236] whose debt to James Joyce, though unquestionable and far-reaching, is still in the process of being analysed and fully assessed.[237]

An imposing construction, though by no means perfect, Joyce's *Ulysses* thus stands at the crossroads of the craft of fiction, marking a peak in the history of a major trend of the modern novel, in its evolution from the timid *tâtonnement* of Dujardin to André Gide and Alain Robbe-Grillet and from the modest attempts of Dorothy Richardson to William Faulkner and Samuel Beckett. It is against this *literary* background that the novel should be viewed and assessed.

[1]NOTES

Section 1.

1 Ortega y Gasset, *The Dehumanization of Art; and Notes on the Novel*, Princeton University Press, 1948, p.170, p.170 ff; The problem is also discussed by W.J. Harvey, *Character and the Novel*, London, 1965.

[2] T.S. Eliot, *Ulysses, Order and Myth*, in Seon Givens (ed.*), James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York, 1948.

[3] Ezra Pound, *Literary Essays*, London, 1954, p. 403 ff.

[4] Cyril Connolly and J. Isaacs, in J. Isaacs, *An Assessment of Twentieth-Century Literature*, London, 1951, p.76.

[5] Morton D. Zabel, *Craft and Character*, London, 1957, p. XI.

[6] *Kenyon Review*, XII, 1950, p. 197.

[7] W.J. Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 200.

[8] David Lodge, *The Language of Fiction*, London, 1966, p. 49 ff.

[9] Helmut Hatzfield, *Critical Bibliography of the New Stylistics applied to the Romance Languages*, 1953.

[10] cf Thomas Sebook, *Style in Language*, University of Indiana, 1959.
cf also John Spencer and Michael Gregory, *An Approach to the Study of Style*, Oxford, 1964.

[11] Helmut Hatzfeld, *Stylistic Criticism as Art-Minded Philology. Yale French Studies*, Vol.2, No.1, p. 63.

[12] Stephen Ullmann, *Language and Style*, Oxford, 1964, p. 127 ff.

[13]*op. cit.,* pp. 22-23.

[14] John A. Nist, *The Structure and Texture of Beowulf*, Sao Paolo, Brazil, 1959.

[15] *New Criticism*, New York, 1942, p. 271.

[16] David Lodge, *op. cit.,* p. 5.

[17] Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's Ulysses*, London, 1963, passim.

[18] *Aspects of the Novel*, the chapter on Rhythm and Pattern.

[19] *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*.

[20] William Wimsatt and Cleanth Brooks, *Literary Criticism*, A Short History, New York, 1957, p. 671.

[21] *ibid*., p. 629.

[22] *op. cit.,* p. 268.

[23] Wimsatt and Brooks, *op. cit.,* pp. 29-34.

[24] E.M. Forster, *op. cit*., pp. 166-69.

[25] cf. Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, University of California Press, 1962, p. 91. For instance, the confusion in Bloom's mind between Beaufoy – Philip Beaufoy, whose prize story he had read earlier in the day –, and Purefoy – Mrs. Mina Purefoy, who lies in the maternity hospital awaiting the birth of her child.

[26] E.M. Forster, op. cit., p. 169.

[27] For a genetic approach, cf. the studies of Joseph Prescott and A. Walton Litz.

[28] Michael Riffaterre. *Stylistic Context*, Word. XVI (1960), pp. 207-18.

[29] cf Lewis Leary (ed.), *Contemporary Literary Scholarship* New York, 1958, p.2 65.

[30] William James. *Principles of Psychology*, New York. 1890. p. 245.

[31] Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness*, New Haven, 1955, p. 75.

[32] *Ibid*., passim.

[33] Frederick Hoffman, *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, Baton Rouge, 1957.

[34] John Donne, *Sermons*, University of California Press, 1954, vol.7, p. 264.

[35] Diderot, 'Lettre a Sophie Volland', *Lettres*, Paris, 1931.

[36] Dostoevsky, 'Krotkaya', *Short Stories*, London, 1920.

[37] Dostoevsky, 'An Unpleasant Predicament', *Short Stories*, London, 1920.

[38] Stendhal, *Filosofia nova*, quoted by Melvin Friedman, op. cit.

[39] Melvin Friedman, *op. cit*., p. 77.

[40] *L'Energie Spirituelle*, Paris, 1932, p. 5.

[41] cf. V.S. Pritchett, in *Encounter*, July, 1960, p. 80.

[42] 'James Joyce', *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, No.103, April 1, 1922.

[43] *Le monologue intérieur*, Paris, 1931, Albert Messein.

[44] cf. *Lettres*, I, London, 1957, passim.

[45] *The Egoist*, April 1918, pp. 57-8.

[46] Animae Poetae, from his unpublished notebooks; quoted by J.L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 1930, p. 46.

[47] Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, p.V.

[48] *ibid.*, v.V.

[49] Erwin Ray Steinberg, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

[50] Richard Seaver, *Le monologue intérieur dans le roman moderne*, 1954, pp. 62-63.

[51] 'Narrated Monologue: Definition of a Style', *Comparative Literature*, Spring 1966, No. 2, pp. 97-112.

[52] *ibid.*, p. 101.

[53] Florence, 1963, p. 83.

[54] G.H. Schaarschmidt, 'Quasi-direct Discourse: Style or Grammar?' *Canadian Journal of Linguistics*, Fall 1966, 12:1, pp. 24-33.

[55] John Spencer, 'A Note on the Steady Monologuy of the Interiors', *A Review of English Literature*, April 1965, p. 32.

[56] *ibid.*, p. 33.

[57] 'Stream of Consciousness: Technique or Genre?' *Philological Quarterly*, XXX, IV (Oct. 1951), p. 434.

[58] *Le monologue intérieur*, p. 59.

[59] 'What is the Stream of Consciousness Technique?' *PMLA* 65 (June 1950), p. 335.

[60] 'Modern Fiction'.

[61] *ibid.*

[62] *op. cit.*, p. 4.

[63] *Browning and his English Predecessors in the Dramatic Monologue*, Towa, 1948, p. 90.

[64] Melvin Friedman, *op. cit.*, p. 217.

[65] Marguerite Lips, *Le style indirect libre*, p. 116.

[66] Harry Levin, *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction*, p. 84.

[67] *Scandaleuse Histoire*, Paris, 1931, p. 41.

[68] *ibid.*, p. 52.

[69] *Journal d'un écrivain*, Paris, 1944, p. 393.

[70] Richard Seaver, *op. cit.*, p. 304.

[71] Quoted by Harry Levin, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

[72] London, 1926, Chatto and Windus, p. 434.

[73] Quoted by Harry Levin, *op. cit.*, p. 85.

[74] *ibid.*, p. 85.

[75] *Boon*, London, 1915, p. 54.

[76] *Notes on Life and Letters*. London, 1921.

[77] William York Tindall, *Forces in Modern British Literature*, p. 193.

[78] *op. cit.*, p. 97.

[79] Penguin, 1966, p. 170.

[80] *ibid.*, p. l72.

[81] It appeared in book form the following year, and was reprinted by the *Mercure de France* in 1897. The definitive edition was published by Messein in 1924, prefaced by Valery Larbaud, who deals at some length with the literary influences exerted on Dujardin.

[82] Edouard Dujardin, *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, Paris, 1925. Albert Messein, pp. 18-19.

[83] cf. section 1.5, for a discussion of the problem in connection with the Russian novel.

[84] cf. section 5.6, for a discussion of the analogy with music.

[85] Edouard Dujardin, *Le Monologue intérieur*, pp. 96 ff, for a discussion of Wagner's influence on his manner of writing fiction.

[86] For details on Italo Svevo, cf. Joyce's *Letters* I, II, III.

[87] Dorothy Richardson (1873-1957) was born in England, married the artist Alan Odle, and led a very secluded life in a London suburb. The standard edition of her *Pilgrimage*, with a new introduction by Walter Allen, was published in 1967; it contains an additional last section, *March Moonlight*, which has not previously been published.

[88] Walter Allen, *The English Novel*, London, 1958.

[89] Preface to *Pilgrimage*, I, London, 1967, Dent, p. 3.

[90] From *Pointed Roofs* in *Pilgrimage*, 1, p. 89.

[91] *op.cit.*,p. 10.

[92] *ibid.*, p. 11.

[93] Quoted by Walter Allen in his preface, p. 7.

Section 2.

[94] T.S. Eliot, 'Ulysses. Order and Myth' first published in *The Dial*, New York, 75, 7, November 1923.

[95] Ezra Pound, *Ulysses*; it formed Pound's *Paris Letter* to *The Dial* New York, 72, 6, June 1922.

[96] S.L. Goldberg, *Classical Temper*, London 1963, p. 16.

[97] For a discussion of the 'comedy' view of Ulysses, cf. Arnold Kettle, *Introduction to the English Novel*, II, and David Daiches*, The Novel and the Modern World*, particularly Ch.7; for a discussion of the bleak, tragic view of Ulysses, of Harry Levin, *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction*, p. 114 ff.

[98] cf. Appendix.

[99] cf. The Times, No.57,058, London, Sept. 28, 1967.

[100] *The Daily Telegraph*, No.34,969, London, Sept. 29, 1967.

[101] *The Times,* op. cit.

[102] cf. Richard Kajn, 'The Position of Ulysses Today', *James Joyce Today*, Indiana U.P., 1966, pp. 86-94

[103] Wayne Booth, *Rhetoric of Fiction*, Chicago, l965, passim.

[104] W.J. Harvey, *op. cit*. p.76.

[105] David Daiches, *The Artist as Exile*, William Van O'Connor (ed.), *Forms of Modern Fiction*. p. 63.

[106] *Modern Fiction*, written April 1919; *Common Reader*, I.

[107] Irene Hendry, *Joyce's Epiphanies*, Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, p. 34.

[108] James S. Atherton, 'The Joyce of Dubliners', in *James Joyce Today*, Essays on the Major Works, edited by Thomas F. Staley, Indiana University Press, 1966, p. 32.

[109] Irene Hendry Chayes, *Joyce's Epiphanies*, Sewanee Review LIV (July 1946) pp. 449-67.

[110] James Joyce, *Epiphanies*, Introduction and Notes by O.A. Silverman, Lockwood Memorial Library, University of Buffalo, 1956, XVI + 32 pp.

[111] Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain, *The Workshop of Daedelus*, James Joyce and the Raw Materials for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Evanston, Illinois,1965, Northwestern University Press, pp. 3-51.

[112] Scholes and Kain, *op. cit*., p. 4.

[113] *ibid*., p. 18.

[114] *ibid.*, p. 11.

[115] cf. David Daiches, *The Novel and the Modern World*, p.88 for a discussion of one of Joyce's favourite Elizabethan poems containing the same device. Incidentally, Faulkner too, makes use of the same figure combined with alliteration in 'Mississippi and Massachusetts. . . Massachusetts and Mississippi' (*The Sound and the Fury*, quoted by Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, p. 73.)

[116] Scholes and Kain, *op. cit*., p. 31.

[117] Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, London, 1958, p. 235.

[118] Scholes and Kain, *op. cit.*, p. 48.

[119] *ibid.*, p. 4.

[120] The term linguistic perspectivism is used by Leo Spitzer, *Linguistics and Literary History*, Princeton University Press, 1948, p. 41 ff.

[121] The phrase seems to be a quotation from Hugh Miller's *The Testimony of the Rocks*, Edinburgh, 1869, p. 237. Miller is suggesting the theme for an epic poem reconciling the biblical and geological accounts of creation and describing the appearance of the first man.

[122] It may be noted that in connection with *r* alliteration, post-vocalic *r*, of which there are a number of examples in this sentence, is pronounced by Irish speakers, though it does not occur in the speech of those who use Received English Pronunciation in England.

[123] Other examples: 'And the cards for first place and second place and third place were beautiful colours too: pink and cream and lavender. Lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of (PA, 8); 'Victoria and Stephen and Simon. Simon and Stephen and Victoria' (PA, 84); 'Waders, into whose childish or girlish hair, girlish or childish dresses.

[124] Harry Levin, in his book *James Joyce. A Critical Introduction*, London, 1960, p. 89 ff, provides a fairly detailed analysis of the 'Sirens' episode, and its analogy with music, interpreted as montage.

[125] Richard M. Kain, *Fabulous Voyager*, University of Chicago Press, 1947, pp. 243-29.

[126] Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*, London, 1937, p. 20.

[127] In a letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, Joyce wrote with reference to a new edition of the *Portrait* in 1924: 'Then Mr. Cape and his printers gave me trouble. They set the book with perverted commas and I insisted on their removal by the sergeant-at-arms. (Joyce's *Letters*, III, p. 99).

[128] John Spencer, *A Note on the 'Steady Monologuy of the Interiors'*, *A Review of English Literature*, April 1965, p. 40. With regard to Molly's monologue it is also worth noting, that in 1929, on the eve of the publication of the French translation of *Ulysses*, Joyce strongly objected to the use of any French diacritics, which in point of linguistic fact represents a step further in comparison with the original version.

[129] According to John S. Atherton, Dante is a childish mispronunciation of Auntie. Stanislaus Joyce said that this was what the Joyce children called Mrs. Conway.

[130] cf. Scrutiny, 1933, p. 195.

[131] Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*, London, 1937, p. 94.

[132] Floris Delattre, *Feux d'Automne*, Paris, 1950, Didier, p. 239.

[133] cf. Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness*, Yale University Press, Newhaven, 1955, passim.; cf. also Frederic Hoffman, *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, Louisiana State University Press, 1945.

[134] Virginia Woolf, *Modern Fiction*, first published in April 1919, and later included in *Common Reader*, I.

[135] W.J. Harvey, *Character and the Novel*, London, 1965, Chatto and Windus, p. 23.

[136] Preface to *Stephen Hero*, London, 1966, Four Square Edition, p. 13.

[137] Ezra Pound, 'Ulysses', *Literary Essays*, edited by T.S. Eliot, London, 1954, p. 404.

[138] Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, University of California Press, 1965, p. 49 ff.

[139] cf. Sergei Eisenstein, *Film Form*, New York, 1949, p. 104 ff.

[140] cf. Ralph Freedman, *The Lyrical Novel*, Studies in Hermann Hesse, André Gide, and Virginia Woolf, Princeton University Press, New Jersey, 1963.

[141] Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*, London, Hogarth Press, 1958, p. 16.

[142] A.D. 345-407; the name in Greek literally means 'golden mouth'.

[143] William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*, p. 139.

[144] John Spencer, *A Note on the 'Steady Mologuy of the Interiors'*, *A Review of English Literature*, April 1965, pp. 38-39.

[145] Alain Robe-Grillet, *Le Voyeur*, Paris. 1955. Editions de Minuit, pp. 106-7.

Section 3.

[146] 'The Oddest Novel Ever Written', Evening Standard, London, Aug. 8, 1929.

[147] cf. William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*, London, 1959, passim.

[148] Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's Ulysses*, London, 1960, p. 93. On close analysis, Gilbert's book reveals itself to be an extended paraphrase of the novel, extremely useful at a time when the novel itself was banned.

[149] *ibid.*, p. 38.

[150] Wimsatt and Brooks, *op. cit.*, pp. 30-31.

Section 4.

[151] David Daiches, 'The Importance of Ulysses', *New Literary Values*. London, 1936.

[152] *ibid*.

[153] Along the same line, Mallarmé defines *Finnegans Wake* as 'l'hymne... des relations entre tout' (*Divagations*, p. 273).

[154] Irene Hendry Chayes, *Joyce's Epiphanies*, in Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York, 1949, p. 36.

[155] *ibid*., p. 43.

[156] cf. Arnold Kettle, *The Consistency of James Joyce*, in *Pelican Guide to English Literature*.

[157] cf. Joseph Prescott, 'The Characterisation of Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*', in *Exploring James Joyce*, Southern Illinois University Press, 1964, p. 65.

[158] cf. also 'Smile. Cranly's smile' (US 235). The reader may be puzzled as to the identity of Cranly, if Stephen is not viewed in the perspective of the *Portrait*. Two other references in the first episode: 'Cranly's arm. His arm.' (US 6); 'So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes' (US 12).

[159] In addition, the insistence on Stephen's name within the texture, in the most casual way possible, reinforces its mythical implication and value – from Stephen's angle, invoking patronage, from Mulligan's, an opportunity for sarcasm.

[160] The last entry in Stephen's diary at the end of the *Portrait* is dated April 27 supposedly 1903, whereas *Ulysses* takes place on the 16th of June, 1904.

[161] For Bloom's attitude to Stephen's father, and Stephen's unconcern for him, cf. also US 713.

[162] The relationship between *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* has so far been emphasized only at a mythic level. For a description of the supposedly existing Homeric pattern and myth in *Dubliners*, cf. Richard Levin and Charles Shattuck, 'First Flight to Ithaca', in Soon Givens (ed), *James Joyce: The Decades o Criticism*, New York, 1963, pp. 47-95.

[163] This convergence is further epiphanised by Stephen's dictum – 'Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past' (US, 238) – which is relevant for his perspectivism in world outlook.

[164] Erwin Ray Steinberg, *The Stream-of-Consciousness Technique in James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, University Microfilms, Ann Arbour, Michigan, 1956, p. 157.

[165] *ibid*., p. 354 ff.

[166] Person markers underlined for emphasis.

[167] Erwin Ray Steinberg, *op. cit*., p. 253.

[168] William York Tindall, *James Joyce, His Way of Interpreting the Modern World*, New York, 1960, p. 42.

[169] cf. R.P. Blackmur, 'The Jew in Search of a Son', *Virginia Quarterly Review*, 24, Winter 1948, pp. 96-110; Harvey Gross, 'From Barrabas to Bloom: Notes on the Figure of the Jew', *Western Humanities Review*, Xl (1957), pp. 149-156.

[170] Joseph Prescott, 'The Characterisation of Leopold Bloom', in *Literature and Psychology*, IX (Winter 1959), pp. 3-4.

[171] It should be noted that such sentences are not omniscient sentences proper, but belong to the nameless narrator who tells the whole episode; hence the slant.

[172] Joseph Prescott, *op. cit*. p. 4.

[173] Based on an idea suggested by Richard Seaver.

[174] S.L. Goldberg, *The Classical Temper*, London, 1961, p. 250.

[175] Richard Kain, *Fabulous Voyager*, Chicago, 1947, p. 80.

[176] Omniscient sentences underlined to emphasize their independence from monologue sequences.

[177] According to Richard Kain, there should be *not* instead of *oft*: 'Policeman's lot is not a happy one'.

[178] *Macbeth,* Act 11, Scene 3. Thomas De Quincey, 'On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*', cf. Works, Masson edition, London, vol.X, p. 389.

[179] Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, London, 1952, p. 182.

[180] cf. Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain, *The Workshop of Daedalus*, Evanston, Illinois, 1965, Northwestern University Press, epiphany 18, p. 28; epiphany 38, p. 48.

[181] cf. 'All those women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York. Holocaust. Karma they call that transmigration for sins you did in a past life the reincarnation met him pikehoses' (US 233); cf. also 'I asked him hed say its from the Greek as wise as we were before…' (US 880).

[182] cf. also, US. 908.

[183] Richard M. Kain, *Fabulous Voyager*, Chicago, Illinois, 1947, University of Chicago Press, p. 281.

[184] cf. Bloom's conversation with M'Coy (US 91); the dialogue in the cab on the way to the funeral (US 115); Bloom's slip of the tongue – *admirers* instead of *advisers* – in the 'Tavern' episode (US, 405).

[185] cf. Matthew Hodgart and Mabel Worthington, *Song in the Works of James Joyce*, New York, 1959, Columbia University Press.

[186] If one were to reintroduce punctuation and capitalization in the final episode, that would emphasize and make explicit the spoken and highly colloquial features of Molly's fairly non-elliptical monologue. The words and pattern are those of a woman talking – as if it were aloud – to herself. The apparent logical inconsistencies are in fact the usual inconsistencies of day-to-day casual conversation, which is rarely much more logically organized. If the reader of Molly's monologue is aware, or made aware, of this simple trick – generating the 'stream' illusion on the printed page – he is able to go through the whole episode easily and at a rapid pace.

[187] Erwin Ray Steinberg, *The Stream-of-Consciousness Technique in James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1956, p. 184 ff.

[188] Concerning Molly's monologue, Joyce Wrote to Frank Budgen: 'It is the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity' (quoted by Joseph Prescott, 'The Characterization of Molly Bloom', in *Exploring James Joyce*, Carbondale, 1964, Southern Illinois University Press, p. 100).

[189] cf Erwin Ray Steinberg, *op. cit*., pp. 230-245.

[190] There are discrepancies between the various editions of *Ulysses* with respect to this particular instance.

[191] Joseph Prescott, in his discussion of Molly Bloom, points out how Joyce's accretive method actually works. The discussion of this particular quotation is quite revealing for the convergence of his intentions with regard to Molly: 'Joyce adds one barbarism after another by inserting, *after nor no refinements nor nothing*. Later he "completes" the negation by inserting *no* between *nor* and *nothing*.' (*op. cit*., p. 91)

[192] Erwin Ray Steinberg, op. cit., p. 120 ff.

[193] Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, London 1960, p. 32.

[194] Erwin Ray Steinberg, *op. cit*. p. 121.

[195] Ezra Pounds, *Literary Essays*, London, 1960, p. 404.

[196] Seon Giveris (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York, 1948, p. 241.

[197] cf. Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness: A Study in Literary Method*, New Haven, 1955, p. 230.

Section 5.

[198] Richard Aldington, 'The Influence of Mr. James Joyce', *English Review*, April, 1921.

[199] Eliot's article appeared in *The Dial*, November 1923; republished in Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York. 1963, pp. 198-202.

[200] *ibid*., p. 201.

[201] *Aspects of the Novel*. p. 201.

[202] T.S. Eliot, *op. cit.*, p. 201.

[203] E.M. Forster, *op. cit*., p. 138.

[204] *ibid*., p. 138.

[205] *ibid.*, pp. 140 and 146.

[206] Sir Philip Sidney, quoted by A.C. Hamilton, *The Structure of Allegory*, Oxford, 1961, p. 89.

[207] It is interesting to observe that their professions – poet and advertising canvasser – occupy, as has already been pointed out, equally symmetrical positions in relation to language; in addition, both feel deeply that they are outsiders in the social milieu in which they live: Bloom – because of his race, Stephen – because of his 'Non serviam' creed and personal convictions. This however, achieves a similar degree of distancing in relation to Dublin events, and by its symmetry leaves its imprint on the constructional pattern of the whole novel.

[208] T.S. Eliot. *op. cit.*, p. 220.

[209] cf. Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, London, 1952.

[210] 'Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.' (PA, 235)

[211] The whole legend and the etymology of the name are highly reminiscent of Stephen's device 'Silence, exile and cunning' as formulated in the *Portrait*.

[212] As the analogy with music is extraneous to character consciousness, its discussion has not been included in the present discussion. For a detailed analysis, cf Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness*, New Haven, 1955, Ch. V. For a discussion of the musical implications of the 'Concert-Room' episode, cf. Harry Levin J*ames Joyce: A Critical Introduction*, London, 1960 pp. 89-95.

[213] The most authoritative study is without doubt Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, London, 1952; cf. also Robert H. Doming, *A Bibliography of James Joyce Studies*, University of Kansas Libraries, 1964, passim.

[214] Arnold Kettle, *An Introduction to the English Novel*, II, London, 1953, p.138.

[215] T.S. Eliot, 'Ulysses, Order and Myth' in Seon Givens (ed), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*.

[216] cf. William M. Schutte, *Joyce and Shakespeare, A Study in the Meaning of Ulysses*, New Haven, 1957, Yale University Press, p. 17 ff.

[217] Given the highly visual characteristics of this passage the apparition scene comes out most effectively in the *Ulysses* film, reinforcing Hamlet parallelism by cinematographic means.

[218] cf. *Horatio*. Hub, ho, ho, my lord! (I, 5, 117).

[219] cf. Hugh Kenner, *Dublin's Joyce*, London, 1955, p. 194, cf. also *Hamlet*, I, 2, 64-128.

[220] cf. William M. Schutte, *op. cit.*, p. 191.

[221] Haines had said in the first episode: '…this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. *That beetles o'er his base into the sea*, isn't it?' (US 21)

[222] The other instances are: 'Where is poor dear Anus to try conclusions' (US, 47; H, III, 4, 195); 'So…I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered. . . (US 55; H, I, 2, 242); 'My tablets' (US 60; H, I, 5, 107); 'In sleep the wet sign calls her hour…' (US, 60; H, 1, i, 118); 'Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals…' (US 60; Hamlet, IV, 5, 26).

[223] Shakespeare was not only a fashionable subject at the turn of the century, but Stephen, by discussing his plays in terms of the poet's personal life, was following in the steps of literary critics like Georg Brandes (1899), Sidney Lee (1898), and Frank Harris (1909).

[224] William M. Schutte, *op. cit.*, p. 66.

[225] The most varied interpretations have been given to the archetype of Christianity. Here is one of them: 'I am surprised that no critic has followed up the implications of my identification of Bloom and Dedalus with Christ, and Satan... Stephen is Satan (cf. his 'Non Serviam'). Bloom is the opposite of Stephen; and the opposite of Satan is the Christ – The Christ who constantly sacrifices the selfhood and approaches everything with love and humility, only to be rejected and crucified.' (S. Foster Damon, 'The Odyssey in Dublin' in Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, New York, 1948).

[226] William T. Noon, *Joyce and Aquinas*, New Haven, 1957, Yale University Press, p. 123.

Section 6.

[227] Richard M. Kain, 'The Position of *Ulysses* Today', in Thomas F. Staley (ed.), *James Joyce Today*, Indiana University Press, 1966, p. 84.

[228] S.L. Goldberg, *The Classical Temper*, London, 1963, p. 254.

[229] Ford Madox Ford, Joseph Conrad: *A Personal Remembrance*, London, 1924, p. 180.

[230] William York Tindall, *The Symbolic Novel*, AD, 3 (1952), pp. 5-16.

[231] For a detailed analysis of the problem, cf. Robert Martin Adams, *Surface and Symbol*, *The Consistency of James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, Oxford University Press, 1957.

[232] Virginia Woolf: *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), *The Waves* (1931). William Faulkner: *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *As I Lay Dying* (1930), *Absalom, Absalom* (1936).

[233] Waldo Frank, *Rahab* (1922); *Holiday* (1923). Conrad Aiken, *Blue Voyage* (1927); *Great Circle* (1933). André Maurois, *La Machine à lire les pensées* (1937), William Carlos Williams, *The Great American Novel* (1923).

[234] cf. Ralph Freedman, *The Lyrical Novel*, Studies in Herman Hesse, André Gide and Virginia Woolf, New Jersey, 1963, Princeton University Press: cf also Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood* (1936), which derives as much from poetry as from the novel.

[235] cf. *Murphy* (1938), *Molloy* (1951), *Malone Dies* (1951); cf also *Eh Joe*, a one-character play for television, first produced 1966, first published 1967, which is an uninterrupted monologue, suggesting interiorization.

[236] I particularly refer to Nathalic Sarraute, Alain Robbe-Gillet, Michel Butor.

[237] cf. Nathalie Sarraute, *L'Ere du soupçon* (1956); cf also Jacques Dubois, 'Avatars du monologue intérieur dans le nouveau roman'*, La Revue des Lettres Modernes*, Nos, 94-99, 1964 (i), pp. 7-29.

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Appendix

Chronology of Joyce's Fiction

	Written	**First published**in book form
A Portrait of the Artist	Jan. 1904	1960
Epiphanies	1904-06	1956 and 1965
Stephen Hero	1904-06	1944
Dubliners (without 'The Dead')	1905	1914
'The Dead'	1907	1914
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man	1904-14	1916
Ulysses	1914-21	Feb. 1922
Finnegans Wake	1922-39	Feb. 1939

The Polyvalency of Joyce's Characters

The artificial part of poetry,

perhaps we shall be right to say all artifice,

reduces itself to the principle of parallelism.

The structure of poetry is that of continuous parallelism.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

1. Introducing The Shamrock...

Reading and rereading Joyce's *Ulysses* over the years, I was struck by several major coincidences, some pertaining to form, others to subject-matter, and still others potentially placeable in the very fuzzy area lying between those two. Practically all Joyce readers – even those evincing a mere superficial interest – know by now the yes/yes business of the opening and closing of the last episode, and even – more *Finnegans-Wake*-like – the s/s opening/ closing gimmick of the whole book.

But how many have so far noticed, as our Fritz Senn has done, that the stately – first word of the very first sentence – closely correlates with its last word crossed ? The State & The Church: IRELAND! It is indeed this juxtaposition of initial & final positions in the very first sentence of the novel that is quite indicative to the perceptive reader of the location of the story of a book published in such a French city by a publishing house bearing such an English-(British ?)-sounding name.

The name of the publishing house hurls upon us another Joycean coincidence: everybody knows, though very few accept to draw structural substance out of it, that practically every page of the book contains a minimum of one (direct or indirect) reference to Shakespeare and/or Hamlet; the maximum per individual page has yet to be calculated. Now, it is not by mere chance, is it?, that Joyce's *Ulysses* was published by Shakespeare and Company [sic !]: the book is such, particularly to a *Finnegans-Wake*-trained reader's eye, that even the name of the publisher as specified on the title page becomes part and parcel of the very text of the novel. Strictly speaking, any edition of *Ulysses* not issued by Shakespeare and Company contains at least one textual error: that one.

This is one of those things, unfortunately, that Hans Walter Gabler's highly errorless Munich-computer-operated synoptic edition, worth $200, has failed to capture. As it has also failed to capture the fairly elementary coincidence that the white and the blue of the Shakespeare and Company cover do convey to the attentive reader, most poignantly, the meeting of the Greek and the Jew: "Hiesos and Homer"; by Shakespeare and Company.

For this is what the book is basically about, poor Poldy Bloom being merely a Hungarian Flower in an Irish – Wildean ? – buttonhole, landing, quite by accident, in a Gibraltar bed. He is in fact made to carry so much extra meaning on his Virag shoulders, that the rose itself – what's in a name? – wilts and withers quickly away, subtly vanishing into the dead of night at the end of the novel.

As Joyce himself was ever so fond of coincidences – and this has more than amply been certified anecdotally by his biographers (q. v.) – one day I started looking for coincidences myself. In the Book itself. I took, for instance, the initial and final word of each episode – Fritzie style – to see what it gives...

Technically, I deliberately collocated initial and final positions. Episode One gave me stately/usurper; not bad at all for a start, if applied to the person of attendant Mulligan, who virtually dominates the scene. Episode Two gives you/coins, which is indeed the shortest summary of it. Episode Three – the one on the Strand – gives ineluctable/ship. Within the framework of the symbolic meaning of ship as 'man' – see, for instance, the phrase the weaker vessel – it wraps Stephen and Odysseus as born loners at the right moment. The possible Biblical implication of it is also worth investigating. The Fourth Episode – the breakfast scene – begins and ends in a proper name, also a forward-moving summary of the whole of it: Mr Leopold Bloom/Dignam. Episode

Nine gives urbane/altars, which is such a sweet definition of a Library, more particularly so in the light of the "coffined thought" phrase. The last but one Episode – the catechetic one – begins with what and ends with where, preceded by when, which are indeed the fundamental questions to ask by any journalist worth that name, be he interviewer or subeditor.

In the light of the above observations, the present study becomes an amusing exercise in hermeneutics, placed within the most respectable Biblical tradition, though looking for coincidences might in itself be considered an irreverent, quite devilish, undertaking. However, one cannot help noticing that there are countless "coincidences" in *Ulysses*: some of them are structural, others are textural. Some may pertain to the book's dynamic structure, i. e. sequencing of narrative events; others help build the static structures, in other words, the equilibrium and poise of major (and minor) characters in relation to one another.

I contend in these lines, quite boldly, that one possible overall structure of the book is either in the shape of a *trefle* – the French word happens to be far more transparent than the Anglo-Irish shamrock – or in the shape of the Cross of Malta, which, in the last analysis, is a four-leaved shamrock of John Bull's other island.

2. Past Critical Views.

As I wrote in *The Joycean Monologue* (published in 1979), even before the publication of *Ulysses* in book-form, Richard Aldington attacked it, considering the novel an invitation to chaos. This was circumstantial proof that the early critics of it could not reach deep enough to become aware of the underlying order provided by the structural framework. More important even, these early criticasters did not seem at all well-equipped to perceive such underlying elements: in more Swiftian terms, they did not have the telescopes, or microscopes – if you so wish –, necessary to blow up tiny specs of archetypal allusion to plainly visible sizes, and then proceed to investigate the positive implications of the method. It is particularly against the background of this short-sightedness of the critical populace that T. S. Eliot's first statement about the novel acquires its true and genuine significance.

For it was T. S. Eliot who first pointed to the ordering value of the archetype – the Homeric one – focusing his attention on it to the exclusion of all other aspects. Rejecting Aldington's allegations as ungrounded, Eliot quite significantly entitled his essay "Ulysses, Order and Myth" (1923), and politely accused Aldington of missing the cue given in the novel's title. That was a good beginning indeed for solid Joycean criticism. In order to support his argument, Eliot brings in his favourite concept of classicism, and the point he makes in the conclusion of the article is very accurate, considering how soon after the publication of *Ulysses* the statement was published:

> The question, there, about Mr Joyce is: how much living material does he deal with, and how does he deal with it: deal with, not as a legislator or exhorter, but as an artist ? It is here that Mr Joyce's parallel use of the *Odyssey* has a great importance. It has the importance of a scientific discovery. No one else has built a novel upon such a foundation before: it has never before been necessary.

The careful reader will certainly notice the extraordinary emphasis Eliot places upon the term **parallel**, which also happens to form the essence of my Hopkins epigraph – the Glasnevin-buried poet that Joyce most probably had never had a chance to read in his student days as a voracious reader. But it is perhaps too early in the discussion to be able to assess Hopkins's Principle of Parallelism at its real value...

Eliot's statement is impressive not only on account of the emphasis on myth as a unifying factor, but also for the correctness of his priorities: first and foremost, comes the living material, the myth only acting as a structural ingredient to give aesthetic finish, or, in the words of E. M. Forster, "the pattern which appeals to our aesthetic sense". There is nowadays not the slightest shade of doubt that the Homeric myth is present in the book, though not even Eliot could at the time see far enough: for in an age of rapidly advancing long-range-detection technology, his critical instrumentation was far too primitive, as it was only pre-*Finnegans-Wake* tools of critical analysis he had at his disposal. However, it must be conceded that Eliot's statement was subdued and moderate: there was nothing of Stuart Gilbert's later exaggeration about it. In short, Eliot realised full well that mythic structure gives order and aesthetic pattern to apparent textural chaos, whereas Aldington, seeing only the Dublin surface of the texture (the underlying part of which is indefinitely multi-layered), could not account for any aesthetic finish at all: he seems to have taken in only the façade of an elaborate science-fiction-shaped giant. It was perhaps not unlike the sceptical wonder of Caliban in front of one of the NASA computers. His lack of comprehension was no isolated phenomenon; it was shared with H. G. Wells, who said to Joyce in a letter "there is room for both of us to be wrong", John Galsworthy, and even Shaw, to say nothing of lower brow writers like

Bennett & Co. This deliberate reluctance to detect structural patterning inevitably led to distorted interpretations of narrative events, and from there to the inability of passing coherent judgment. Summarizing his point of view in the conclusion of his book review, Eliot seems to have been anxious that his point should not be over emphasized:

> It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.

It is at this point that not even Eliot seems to have been able to see far enough: for he posits the existence of only one monitoring myth, the Homeric one, the one carried by the very title of the Joyce novel.

It was the title too that blinded Stuart Gilbert into his manifold exaggeration of Odyssey superimposition. The author's own testimony, repeatedly made – but how often with his tongue in cheek only God Joyce knows – was good enough evidence for him, and he – Stuart Gilbert, I mean – did not bother to search further. Or delve deeper.

3.   Joyce's Own Confession.

For methodological purposes, I propose to leave aside both the statements Joyce made in his letters – as published by his definitive biographer – and the various statements he may have made aloud to his close friends Gilbert, Gorman, Budgen, and the more controversial Georges Belmont.

I would like to take as a starting point, for a change, one Joycean statement which happened to remain unknown until ten years ago. For the book I have in mind was only published for the first time in 1974 by Arthur Power under the simple title of *Conversations with Joyce*, and minutely edited by Clive Hart. The advantage of this book, in spite of its obvious pitfalls, is freshness in time, for it emerges a good forty years after the first Stuart Gilbert, and exactly fifteen years after the first Ellmann biography (who seems to ignore the Power book even in his latest 1982 edition!), to say nothing of either Budgen or Gorman, who both belong to the 1930s.

Reading Arthur Power more than once, I was struck by statements of the type "[Joyce] so rarely expressed his opinion that his fundamental beliefs were very hard to gauge". It is against this

1974-emerging key statement that I would very much like to place the following fairly lengthy and highly important expression of Joyce's views about Joyce's own artistic intentions. The statement correlates realization to authorial intention both in point of details of technique and in point of overall fictional impact.

> (Power, 1974 : 89)
>
> – Then in your opinion, [Arthur Power] said, the critics and the intellectuals have boggled the issue, have not seen your intention clearly, and have put meanings into it which did not exist, which they have invented for themselves.
>
> – Yes and no, replied Joyce shrugging his shoulders evasively, for who knows but it is they who are right. What do we know about what we put into anything ? Though people may read more into *Ulysses* than I ever intended, who is to say that they are wrong: do any of us know what we are creating? Did Shakespeare know what he was creating when he wrote *Hamlet*; or Leonardo when he painted *The Last Supper* ? After all, the original genius of a man lies in his scribblings: in his casual actions lies his basic talent. Later he may develop that talent until he produces a Hamlet or a Last Supper, but if the minute scribblings which compose the big work are not significant, the big work goes for nothing no matter how grandly conceived. Which of us can control our scribblings? They are the script of one's personality like your voice or your walk.

This passage is important in more respects than one: (a) it has the great merit of disposing of James Joyce as the supreme authority over both the interpretation and the "intended pattern" of either a part or even the whole of his own work ("Who is to say that they are wrong ?" and "Do any of us know what we are creating ?"); (b) scribblings is for him as a non-theorising craftsman "the Texture of the work as opposed to its Structure"; (c) then, it is not by chance that his only illustrations from the world of art are Hamlet and Hiesos (by Leonardo), the two non-Homeric structural/textural myths which form the object of discussion of the present study. Supremely important, (d), the fact that Joyce was perfectly conscious of his worth and was, deliberately and consciously, placing himself on a par with Shakespeare and Leonardo – his peers and equals. Finally, (e), the whole statement is surrounded by the halo of God-like creation, which has been so present in Stephen D's theorising about Art in the *Portrait* (and in *Stephen Hero*, of course).

It is indeed amazing how the three H's – Homer, Hamlet, and Hiesos – emerge most closely woven together in the very texture of one Joyce casual statement about Joyce's own work. To me this passage from his conversation with Arthur Power proves that both the actual wording and trend of argument is beyond any shade of doubt true to actual fact: for no liar or outsider could have

chosen such closely intertwined illustrations, and such a precarious and most original stance in the argumentation, which by the way is also so very congenial with Joyce's own personality.

By denying himself, and any of his equals, the right to self-clarification and self-explanation, and by firmly rejecting the disciples' "O tell us in plain words" plea, James Joyce largely dismisses and cancels the *portavoce* roles of individuals like Herbert Gorman, Frank Budgen, and more especially Stuart Gilbert. He also manages to neutralize an overwhelming part of the statements made about his own work, whichever part of it it may be, in his private correspondence. For James Joyce never wrote critical essays, the way T. S. Eliot or D. H. Lawrence or Virginia Woolf used to do. In fact, he stopped writing criticism altogether around 1916, just after the publication of his *Bildungsroman*, at a time when his thoughts were turning seriously towards his major works. Nor did he write any prefaces, the way both Henry James and, far more notoriously, George Bernard Shaw used to do in order to most explicitly spectralise to more than the average reader the widest possible range of theoretical views and, also, ventilate artistic intentions. More astonishingly even, he never dedicated! (This attitude of deliberate restraint, incidentally, his French translator of *Finnegans Wake* was far too blind to notice.) James Joyce received money from right and left, and assistance, support and encouragement, especially from women, but he never dedicated any of his works to any of them, nor to any members of his family. Arthur Power proves in the above extract that this attitude was deliberate: it was directly deriving from his silence, which he probably viewed as a form of cunning. As a writer is essentially characterized by inherent eloquence, Stephen/Joyce's slogan can "portray" no other meaning than that of deliberately withholding all asides in point of revelation of artistic intention. Joyce not only believed – together with Mallarmé – that "tout aboutit à un livre": he also applied this principle to the letter by including absolutely everything *into the body* of the book. No public asides, in essay- or preface-form, no dedications, and indeed no subdivision titles. Where did Stuart Gilbert get his famous Homeric titles from ? Not from Joyce's book, most certainly, for there is nothing there: not even the word chapter is there anywhere in the body of either *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake...,* the former being merely subdivided into I, II, and III (all three Roman numerals printed on completely *textless* pages in the Shakespeare and Company edition, in order to keep them as far from the text as possible).

By withholding all clarification of his own productions, Joyce's attitude is more in line with the stand of later writers like Samuel Beckett or William Faulkner, with whom he may share the feature of (extreme ?) reticence, surfacing quite dramatically in the rhetorical question "Did Shakespeare *know what* he was creating when he wrote Hamlet ?" It is on the strength of such arguments that the statement made in 1965 by a very famous Joyce specialist on page 40 of his book – "Joyce's death less than two years after [the] publication [of *Finnegans Wake*] must be

acknowledged as the greatest blow to any expectation of a full explication" – or other statements to that effect are proven flagrantly inaccurate or inadequate. Joyce never explained: he merely tolerated a few "friends" around him who might do something – anything – to help bring him into the public eye.

Thus, in the present discussion I propose to start from the fundamental postulate that Joyce himself never "explicated" *Ulysses*, genuinely and earnestly, and with intent to disinterested help, any more than he ever "explicated" *Finnegans Wake*. "What do we *know about what* we put into anything ?" he had stated to Arthur Power. I therefore propose to scrap the Stuart Gilbert approach altogether, which has over the years done so much damage to Joyce studies, and start looking at the way *Ulysses* is structured in terms of Hopkins' parallelism and of the Joycean coincidences, which ultimately boil down to one and the same thing.

This approach is very much in line with the methodological stance taken at the 1984 Frankfurt Joyce Symposium by scholars such as Hugh Kenner and Jacques Derrida as well as Fritz Senn, John Kidd, and myself. A study of narrative and display coincidences leads, via the Hopkins Principle, to the detection of static structures at a first level of analysis. (It is only a more sophisticated type of analysis, not at all envisaged in the present research, that could lead to the detection of *dynamic* structures.)

Given strict limitations of space, I propose to discuss here only coincidences (or correspondences; or parallels) deriving from character identity. I advance the idea, for instance, that all the three major characters of the novel have parallel identities (with some fuzzy areas simply in order to increase aesthetic ambiguity) in a way which can only be pinpointed if, and only if, one is to throw overboard the monopolizing nature of supreme authorial authority as typically embodied in the Stuart Gilbert Apocrypha. This approach will allow mythic identities relatively on a par with each other to emerge to the surface of the narrative and float freely together.

4.   The Ghost Function.

Let us take the Ghost Function, to begin with. Not only there is a Ghost in *Hamlet*, but also it bears the name of the son. The Ghost in the Holy Trinity needs no addition to the plethora of comments, except on the part of exegetes like Sabellius "the subtle African heresiarch", and Photius and Arius "warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father". As to the Ghost from Dublin, Harry Blamires says in his Bloomsday Book:

> (1966/1970 : 78)
>
> The Shakespeare who returns to Stratford is a *ghost*, and Stephen (or Joyce) who returns to Dublin from Paris is a *ghost*. Likewise Bloom, long sexually impalpable in relation to Molly, is a *ghost* in his own home.

Hiesos Kristos, too, must have been a *ghost* himself, at least during those three days between the moment of Death and that of Resurrection. Hence, the somewhat rotating feature of the Ghost Function. But where, in the name of Zeus, is the ghost in the Odyssey epic ? As Stuart Gilbert never quite understood Joyce's definition of a *ghost*, it is simply not there in his 1930 book... But in exactly the same way in which Hiesos Kristos may very temporarily become a *ghost* by pseudo-death, Odysseus himself remains a *ghost* not only by long-standing absence from his island home – how many years exactly ? –, but also, as a consequence of it, by widespread uncertainty as to his being alive: it is only his own dog that limply sniffs recognition before becoming itself a ghost, and the old nurse, who goes by the scar.

In neither *Hamlet* nor the *Odyssey* is the wedded (l)awful wife given the privilege of ghost visitation or even the more humble attribute of ghost recognition. How is it realistically possible that the wife is not able to recognize the husband even at close quarters, when our newspapers of the mid-eighties are full of the story of the two brothers instantaneously recognizing each other on a railway platform after no less than fifty years of absence ? How, if not both recognition of identity and the ghost function are assigned symbolic dimensions in Homer's *Odyssey* itself ? How, in other words, would the end of the *Odyssey* largely be realistically acceptable, had not Homer himself, "or any other poet by the same name", been thoroughly aware of James Joyce's own definition of a ghost? And Shakespeare too ! For the Queen herself never *sees* Hamlet the Ghost in very much the same way in which Penelope fails to recognize her own dearly beloved husband who reveals himself to practically all his friends and allies including shepherd Horatio...

In point of actual fact, there are at least two, slightly different, definitions of a Ghost in *Ulysses*. First, the Library Episode:

(Gabler's *Ulysses* 9. 147)
– What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners.

Then again, it appears, very much hidden and somewhat modified, in one of the answers of the Catechetic Episode:

(Gabler's *Ulysses* 17. 1955)
By what could such a situation be precluded? By decease (change of state), by departure (change of place).

It almost looks as if, in the process of writing *Ulysses*, the threefold definition of a ghost had between the early and the late episode shrunk to a twofold one: the less relevant "change of manners" had disappeared or been lost on the way. Perhaps it applied only to Shakespeare, who returned to Stratford (in the Episode Nine discussion in the Library) to die – a changed man. Perhaps the change of manners might have been incorporated in the departure/absence/return process, and as such it would cover Odysseus too.

As there is a ghost in Hamlet, and there is a ghost – a Holy One – in the Christian myth, the "ghost by absence" becomes by virtue of Hopkins's outlined symmetry, the ghost of the Homeric story, the ghost of the Shakespeare biography as well as the ghost of the Dublin Bloomsday story and the James Joyce real Ellmann-territory biography. It must be pointed out by way of conclusion at this stage that in some of these settings the ghost itself functions somewhat ambiguously, both Bloom and Stephen D, for instance, sharing some of its defining features.

5. The Triangles.

The ghost function, as sketched above, helps outline a most interesting set of triangles of characters: at least three, if not four; with most of them having one biography subsidiary, which brings the total up to seven.

First, there is the so very well-known Dublin Bloomsday "surface" triangle made up of the three major characters of the novel: Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, and Molly Bloom (in the order of appearance). Starting from them, Eliot's "scientific discovery" establishes clear character coincidences (or correspondences, or parallels) with the three major personages of the Odyssey: Odysseus himself, Telemachus, and Penelope (for the rest are all left far behind as remotely supporting characters). So far things are quite simple, many commentators over the past sixty years having preferred to draw the line there. But the very first five lines of the book, culminating in the "Introibo ad altare Dei" gibe, dramatically foreground the Holy Trinity: The Father, The Son, The Holy Ghost. But this is not at all enough, for the hundred or so Christian Religion pointers evenly spread over the next sixteen pages culminate in –

(Gabler's *Ulysses* 1. 577)
– I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, [Haines] said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father.

(Gabler's *Ulysses* 1. 584)
I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard.
My mother's a Jew, my father's a bird.
  With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree...

Two completely separate biography triangles emerge here, quite distinct from the "holy" one: the parodical Joking Jesus triangle (Jewess/bird/Joking Jesus himself) as against the more true to biographical fact one (Mary/Joseph the Joiner/Hiesos Kristos). The trouble begins with the Bird, the Holy Ghost and (God) the Father get all mixed up quite intentionally into one. The down-to-earth approach adopted in a book like, say, *Man of Nazareth* by Anthony Burgess (1979), claiming, in line with some factual evidence, that the Son had been married for quite a while before becoming a widower, only helps reinforce the symmetry of multiple apocryphal triangularities, to say nothing of a possible pointer to immaculate (vs. maculate) conception.

In the play *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 2 – the State Council Scene – we quite plainly perceive the same trinity of characters: Claudius king, Gertrude the Queen, and young Prince Hamlet (who is not yet aware of what had happened to supporting character Horatio in Scene One). As soon as young Hamlet meets Horatio, who triggers his meeting old dead Hamlet, the so very conventional Father/Mother/Son triangle of the State Council Scene (young Hamlet being an outsider to the State Council), reinforced by lines such as "Our chiefest courtier, cousin and *our son*", uttered by Claudius to Hamlet, most dramatically crumbles: by the mere insertion of the Ghost Function, it is being brought very close to the symmetrical structure of the Holy Trinity. For the function of Claudius becomes that of Joseph the Joiner, and is placed on a par of symmetry with it: they are both, or wish to be, social, or society-oriented, fathers, not biological ones. It is from this angle of vision that Hamlet the Ghost parallels "my father's a bird", as chanted by Joking Jesus. But on top of the fairly complicated triangular symmetries of the play *Hamlet* itself, Stephen D brings in the biography triangle to parallel the play as symmetrically as possible – for that is the very essence of the Library Episode. This is very simply achieved by two statements of equivalence of identity: (a) young prince Hamlet is ultimately Hamnet, Shakespeare's own son; and (b) being a ghost by absence, Master Will literally plays the part of the ghost on stage. This is more than enough in order to trigger an overwhelming range of correspondences, for the most part triangular, which closely link the fictional with the biographical: by this very device, the latter becomes, in its turn, fictional.

The son/son Hamlet/Hamnet correspondence, ultimately deriving from the so very *Finnegans Wake*-characteristic of consonant alternance of L/N graphemes, very much like O Hehir's (1967: 403) P/K Split, also triggers, or backfires rather, the Stephen D/Joyce himself coincidence, both come back but recently from Paris/Wittenberg to bury a symmetrically close relative, telegram in hand. The biography symmetry is also reinforced by the factuality of both *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait* narratives as well as by the very title and fiction contents of *Giacomo Joyce*. We are thus left with a very impressive number of parallel triangles, not at all in line with the famous "French triangle", but quite in line with what was decreed by the Hopkins Principle. If properly correlated, they do indeed form static structures upon which *Ulysses* is built, and upon which dynamic structures (i. e. different sequences of events) should only afterwards be imposed. The only question which is left open for discussion now is by what means are the four major coincident triangles and the three attendant biography subsidiaries achieved in the actual text.

6.   The Homeric Myth.

It has often been stated that the name Ulysses does not appear as such in the body of the Joycean novel except as part of the name, the "middle" name, of an American general, who had visited Gibraltar. But researchers invariably fail to notice that the name of the author of the Odyssey himself does appear in the Joycean text as (Gabler's *Ulysses* 14. 1418) "gather thy *homer* of ripe wheat". However true it may be that, according to Weldon Thornton (1961/1968: 347), "the homer is a biblical measure equal to about eleven bushels", the term stands in the first place and beyond any shade of doubt for the name of the blind Greek poet, even more than that of the roving American general. Then, taking the Thornton-defined meaning as secondary and operating only on the surface of the text, one cannot help pinning a third meaning to it, namely that of "a *biblical* term". As such, it becomes a point of correspondence, or coincidence, between the Homeric Myth of the novel and its Christian Myth. Moreover, this third meaning is not the least important of the three; Thornton's surface meaning becomes in its turn a meaning carrier: if we are to place ourselves within the frame of reference of Roman Jakobson's (1975) philosophy of signs, as expressed at the Bologna First Congress of Semiotics, when he stated that "tout signe est un renvoi", then, our homer (*Ulysses* 14. 1418) becomes a pointer. For, at second remove, and below the surface of the text, it points simultaneously to The Two Great Books called The Odyssey and The Bible.

All this Stuart Gilbert never bothered to notice, or "connect" (in the Forsterian "Only Connect" sense), and then put together in a coherent analytic solution. The notion of conjoined pointer, so essential to solid *Finnegans Wake* studies, was alien to him in 1930 anyhow, as he was too much hypnotized by the jungle of the story-telling in Greek and in English to pay enough attention to one or another tree – or signpost – of textural detail. In short, when Gilbert so paternally advises his readers in the Preface of twenty years afterwards –

> (1930/1950 : 8-9)
>
> Indeed the *Odyssey* is quite easy reading: a smattering of Greek (seconded by a good dictionary ad W.W. Merry's notes [sic !] suffices. No other work of literary art in any language is equally refreshing and rewarding, and if I can persuade any of the readers of *Ulysses* to follow up with a reading of the *Odyssey* in the original – translations are but reflections in a tarnished mirror – I shall have done them a good turn.

(Not even Joyce himself had read the *Odyssey* in Greek! But that is by the way.) Even as late as 1950, Gilbert is thus blindly unaware that Joyce himself had pregnantly summarized all that

plethora of words – 75 of them, as quoted above – , in three small words only, devoid of all didacticism: "Gather thy Homer !" Joyce had urged his reader so concisely as early as 2nd February 1922 (or even earlier if a "genetic" approach is attempted). And so packed with meaning the phrase is – particularly to a *Finnegans Wake habitué* – that by a mere switch of capitalization it might be brought round to mean "Gather thy Bible"... Could it also not be brought round to mean by implication, or implicature – a most favourite concept to post-Frege, post-Russell, post-Grice linguists and language philosophers – "Drop thy Thorntons, Gilberts, Giffords, Blamires, Ellmanns, O Hehirs, etc" as well ?

It goes without saying that the *Odyssey*, first and foremost, on account of the title of the book, is the most obvious archetype, with the "highest percentage" of ordering value. It functions primarily at the level of character relationship in the sense that each of the three major characters symmetrically corresponds, very much in the sense of the Hopkins Quotation, to one of the characters of the Homeric poem. As to the possibility of the event-level and episode-level coincidences of symmetry, both Joyce and Gilbert, and all the others coming after them in the same vein, have somewhat failed to convince. In fact, Joyce's own statement to Arthur Power, so modest and so very true in itself, so very much in line also with Joyce's own self-effacing personality (a spit-image of Beckett's, in fact), makes me more bold in foregrounding certain existing misdirections in current critical scholarship.

Furthermore, in contradistinction to the other two archetypes (i. e. Christian and Hamletic), the Homeric parallel is exclusively external to the characters' minds; it hovers, ghost-like, outside them, operating only at the abstract level of novel structure (as against the more "concrete" level of one or another character's actual possible world of awareness and universe of discourse). Or, to be more Gricean in meta-expression, the characters know that Joyce knows that they should not "know" the Odyssey, either silently or aloud. Neither Bloom nor Stephen ever specifically soliloquize or talk aloud about it ! (Such "absences" are most important to the analysis!)

To summarize the theory-of-the-novel implications of the above: the Gilbertian "chapter" names, (so very unfortunately carried over by Gabler in his more popular editions of the *Ulysses* novel !) apocryphally assigned to each of the eighteen fictional episodes, not only mean far too much, spelling things out with the finesse of a sledgehammer... but they mean it erroneously: for instance, they mistakenly foreground only one force of ordering value, the Homeric, to the detriment of the other two sets of symmetric coincidences.

I have had it explained on several occasions by Joycean father figures that they are there merely as mnemonic devices to replace numbering. (This is precisely what generates the student chatter, carried over even in writing, about " 'The Scylla and Charybdis Chapter' coming before (or is it after ?) 'The Wandering Rocks Chapter' ".) But as we already have had Three or Four German

Reichs, Five or Six French Republics, twenty odd arrondissements in Paris, and just about fifteen universities in the city by the same name, so numbered (so that one is in Hamletic trouble over "to be or not to be the Sorbonne"), I see no reason whatever why we should not currently say that "Episode Nine, or the Library Episode, deals exclusively and invariably with the Shakespearean Correspondence" rather than get bogged down in the so Gilbertian Scylly & Charissima (FW 561.22) [sic !] terminology? After all, even Great Britain had seen the commonmarket light and gone decimal...

7.   The Shakespearean Correspondence.

I have said elsewhere that there is a tendency in discussions of *Ulysses* to restrict Shakespearean thematic implications in the novel to the Library Episode, where, of course, Hamlet/Hamnet-cum-Ghost is practically the only topic of conversation. But on closer analysis, it is quite easy to prove that there are Shakespearean pointers (or allusions, or references, or slightly altered recurrent quotations) bobbing up evenly throughout the book. First of all, Shakespeare is there in the expressed universe of discourse whenever Stephen D is there: for he seems to be Shakespeare-obsessed. Or Hamlet-obsessed. Or both.

Certain characters dominate certain episodes, and there is Hopkins-type symmetry again in the very pattern of dominance. Distinguishing between complete dominance and partial dominance, it is interesting to note that whereas Molly fully dominates the last episode and that only, which also functions as a Coda, Stephen fully dominates the equidistant Episode Nine (out of 18!). If Episode Fourteen is deliberately removed from the hierarchy of character dominance on the solid ground that its exclusive dominant is the ontogenesis vs. phylogenesis correlation in the art of literature, there is a striking Stephen symmetry in episode arrangement: leaving aside the Coda, Stephen clearly dominates the first three episodes, the last three episodes, and the equidistant Nine (as there are five other episodes, Bloom-controlled for the most part, between the first set of three and the last set of three).

There is a strange osmotic circulation of motifs throughout these seven Stephen episodes, based on either Shakespearean or Biblical themes, with the latter group of three episodes taking up, expanding, rephrasing and paraphrasing the motifs which have already been outlined in the early

group of three. It suffices to think of Stephen's silent assertions on the beach emerging again with unexpected force in the Nighttown Episode. Here is an example taken almost at random in order to emphasize the various coincidences of symmetry:

(*Ulysses*   010.28)
– Kinch ahoy !
(*Hamlet* I.5. 115)
Marcellus: Illo; ho, ho, my lord !

both interrupting, and putting an end to ghost-centred discourse; hundreds of pages later, in Episode Fifteen, this is paralleled by –

(*Ulysses* 447. 18-19)
Paddy Dignam: Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list !

(*Hamlet* I. 5. 9)
Ghost: I am thy father's spirit [and after exactly 22 lines:] List, list, O, list !

The only difference in the last element of the quotation is the comma in Shakespeare before O: the New Synoptic Munich-computer Edition might well tell us why that particular comma is missing in Joyce... The most important thing, however, is that these two instances, and their two Hamlet archetypes, stand clearly symmetrical as connected with ghost interludes. In *Ulysses*, this is done in most extraordinary Hysteron Proteron fashion over more than 400 pages of text: the end occurs in the early episode, the opening line occurs in Episode Fifteen, accreted by a two-word summary (Bloom/Dignam) of the Funeral Episode.

As regards the last three Stephen episodes, it may be true that Bloom shares the scene with him, whereas in the first three Bloom had not yet emerged on the fictional scene. But the striking element in the last three Stephen episodes is that Leopold Bloom plays the part of the "attendant lord" in the strictest Prufrock sense: he is thoroughly aware throughout, unconsciously of course, of Eliot's –

No ! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,

Bloom's clear attendant-lord function places Stephen D right in the centre of the scene. The remarkable coincidence is that Bloom parallels Buck Mulligan of Episode One (and elsewhere). In addition, Bloom is the exact mirror-image of Mulligan, as his benevolent, kind, loyal, respectful and even deferential attitudes place him in the Horatio category, whereas Mulligan-cum-Haines becomes almost automatically pairable to Rosencrantz & Guildenstern in their lack of loyalty. Such possible correspondences at the level of supporting characters can only reinforce the fact that Hopkins's Principle of Continuous Parallelism is permanently in operation in Joyce.

The point is therefore being made from various angles that many Shakespearean correspondences, quite unlike the Homeric ones, lie within the characters' own worlds of discourse, particularly so in Stephen's case. His much superior level of archetypal awareness of the Jew, of the Greek, and of the Prince, make him by far the most important character of the novel by the very fact that he controls the widest range of personage-internalized fictional ordering value. To be blunt, it is Stephen/Joyce that comes closest to Ulysses/Odysseus. Not Bloom.

However, it is worth pointing out that the Shakespearean archetype starts as a purely ordering factor, external to the characters' minds, quite in keeping with the Homeric Parallel: both the play and the novel open on the Platform of a Tower, one in the dead of Night, the other in the shine of Day. In both cases, the main personage emerges, sad and in mourning, on the express injunction of the attendant lord, in the above Prufrock sense. As they start talking, standing between them is the Ghost of Stephen's mother on one Tower, the Ghost of Hamlet's father on the other Tower, materialized differently (the former only in Stephen's mind's eye... the latter... played on stage by Master Will himself...). After the attendant lord's disappearance in the distance, the prince's interaction with his father's ghost causes a most violent reaction in him. Both visions are interrupted by shouts from afar and outside. In both instances, the point at issue is the recent death of one of the parents, different in sex only in order to achieve a minimum of asymmetry. Stephen's vision, a Hamletic monologue, is put an end to by Mulligan's sudden "Kinch ahoy", quite analogous to the way Horatio and the guards dispel the web of magic round the two Hamlets – the Father & the Son. But the striking parallel continues: for after the Tower Platform scene comes a ceremony scene, a stately and ceremonious breakfast in one case, the State Council, in the other. (In both situations, the exchanges of words can become quite multi-layered...) Mulligan, addressing Stephen, had by now made remarks very similar in tone to those uttered by the King and Queen about Hamlet's black attire and the inevitability of death; the patronisingly conciliatory tone is there in both cases:

(Ulysses 010.32)

– Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is apologizing for waking us last night. It's all right.

So far it is constructional parallelism: something the characters themselves are not supposed to be aware of. This very externality of the above outlined Shakespearean correspondence, occurring in the first half of the first episode (why so very early in the novel?) places it quite on a par with the ordering value of the Homeric Myth. This is something that neither T. S. Eliot nor Stuart Gilbert had noticed.

But all of a sudden, as soon as breakfast is over, Mulligan is the first to make a deliberate reference to the play and its author –

(*Ulysses* 1, 487)

Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines.

Not unlike the play *Hamlet* itself, it is the attendant lord, faithful in one, unfaithful and even flippant in the other, who triggers the major chain of events: the bringing into focus of the Father and Son theme, its culmination in equidistant Episode Nine, and in the final scene, the disappearance of the main personage, who becomes a ghost, in one case by death, in the other by absence; not only absence from Bloom's Eccles Street home, but also by exile pushed to the uttermost limit from dear, but dirty Dublin.

Mulligan's remark to Haines, quoted above, turns an ordering device from an existence "external to actual characters" to an existence "internal", and inherent to them. And it is there, around line 385 (with the sudden advent of the Irish milk woman) that the second half of the first episode, made up of another 360 lines, begins. Externality and internality of overall patterning are thus symmetrically intertwined.

8.   The Christian Myth.

Though the attendant lord Mulligan heralds a discourse on Hamlet, what we really get in the second half of the same episode as its highlight is – quite paradoxically – *The Ballad of Joking Jesus*, the positioning of which is, by the way, quite symmetrical to *The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly* in *Finnegans Wake*. The Joker Jesus theme is from the very beginning fully internalized to the characters and clearly introduces the Hiesos Kristos multiple triangle as the third, and perhaps the most important factor of ordering value (given its sanctity), in the Eliot sense.

If we assume that the latter half of the first episode is mainly devoted to the Christian Trinity, with the multiplicity of triangles generated by *The Ballad of Joking Jesus* itself, then by the end of the opening episode, the reader is left with three distinct formal entities on his hands as follows:

(a)   a myth-oriented title, Ulysses, pointing to Homer;

(b)   a half-episode externally built on the opening of Hamlet;

(c)   a half-episode internally focused on Joking Hiesos,

the two halves separated by Mulligan's promise (*Ulysses*, 1, 487) "Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines", a sentence the fourfold alliteration of which makes it sound quite Elizabethan.

I advance the thesis that these three entities are respectively devoted, with various degrees of reality, to the three major trinities of characters. These three trinities, each of them carrying biographical subsidiaries, with the exception of the Homeric one, are all endowed with equal, or near-equal, ordering value. The ordering value of the Dublin trinity of characters, with its Joyce-biography subsidiary, remains to be assessed separately.

As space is very limited, it does not fall within the scope of the present study to provide ample circumstantial evidence. The fairly simple point that is being made is that, by the end of the first episode, the three ordering trinities of Homer, Hiesos, and Hamlet have already been put across twice over: once, in the title closely combined with the blue-and-white colours of the cover (symbolizing The Meeting of The Greek with The Jew ?), which should be, in its turn, connected with the fully written out Shakespeare and Company name of publisher. The second time, in the way the first episode itself is structured, the external Shakespearean elements of the early part being balanced against the blasphemous trinitarian song, internal to two of the three participating characters.

Thus, in typical *Finnegans Wake* manner, all the ordering elements required for a reasonable understanding of the whole are there already for the reader to see in the very first twenty or thirty pages of the book. The novel itself becomes a trinity of trinities in much the same way in which each trinity itself becomes a set of trinities by developing biography potentials. And the Father – Mother – Son trinity already heralds the very essence of *Finnegans Wake*, where themes acquire cosmic proportions. It is thus that the prophecy –

(Ulysses 9. 999)

God becomes man becomes fish becomes featherbed mountain.

is being fulfilled in Joyce's novel *Ulysses*. Hence, the following diagram of coincidences.

9.   The Four-leaved Shamrock Shape with its biography mirror image:
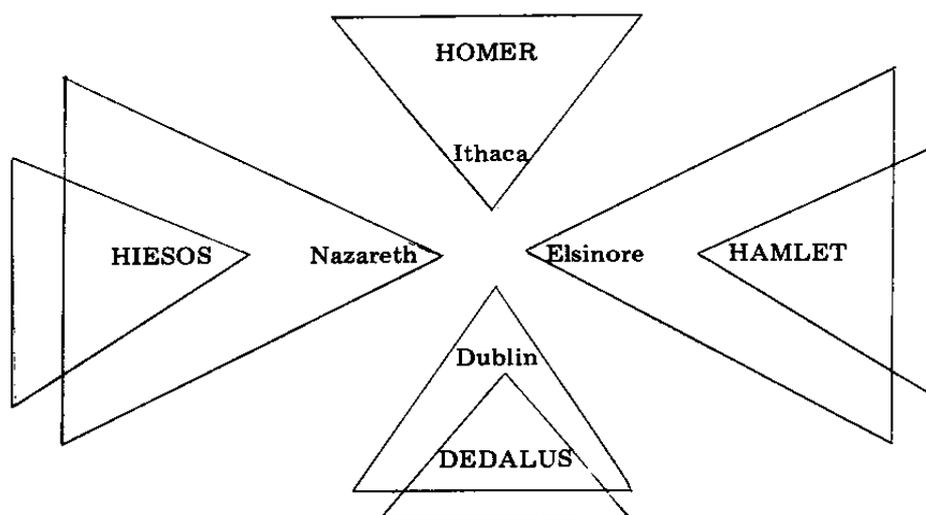
La Polyvalence des personnages joyciens.

Le poète T. S. Eliot a été le premier à souligner l'extraordinaire force coordinatrice des procédés narratifs joyciens dans son compte rendu du roman *Ulysse*, peu après sa parution. "Le parallèle avec l'Odyssée a une grande importance – l'importance d'une découverte scientifique. Avant lui personne n'a construit de roman sur un tel échafaudage: il n'a jamais été nécessaire." Notre discussion prend comme point de départ l'existence évidente de la structure mythique, qui a pour fonction fondamentale d'introduire dans le chaos de surface et d'apparence du livre.

Mais il y a beaucoup d'indices, que Roman Jakobson appelle "des renvois", en faveur de la thèse selon laquelle le roman ne serait pas construit sur un seul mythe coordinateur, mais sur trois, sinon quatre, archétypes analogues. Les trois personnages principaux d'*Ulysse* – Stephen, Bloom et Molly – corrspondent certainement aux trois personnages de l'*Odyssée* d'Homère. Mais l'extraordinaire coïncidence joycienne commence quand on s'aperçoit de la même correspondence structurelle statique avec les personnages de la pièce *Hamlet* et aussi avec la biographie de William Shakespeare lui-même, telle qu'elle est présentée par Stephen D. dans le neuvième épisode du livre et partout ailleurs.

Aussi, les renvois tellement fréquents dans le roman à tout ce qui concerne la religion chrétienne, à la Trinité sanctifiée par le dogme, ainsi qu'à la Trinité parodique de *La ballade du Jovial Jésus* – "Ma mère était une juive, un oiseau mon papa" – nous font bien penser que le livre est aussi structuré assez étroitement sur l'archétype généré par les personnages principaux (sacrés ou non) du Nouveau Téstament.

En tout cas, c'est dans le cadre du Principe du Parallelism Structurel Continu, formulé par Hopkins en 1865, qu'on doit interpréter la proposition "Dieu se fait homme se fait poisson se fait oie barnacle se fait édredon" (Ulysse, Gallimard, p.52).

Polyvalency of Joyce's Characters.

Proposition One.   All texts of literature evince a texture by the side of a simpler or more complex structure: poetry, by definition, foregrounds the texture; prose, again by definition, foregrounds the structure.

Proposition Two. Structure carries explicit information: texture carries implicit narrative information. I demonstrated elsewhere (*The Joycean Monologue*, A Wake NewsLitter Press, Colchester, 1979) that Joyce had turned the epiphany into a textural device *par excellence*. He had in that way become "texture-conscious", and could not write in any other way...

Proposition Three.   The novel *Ulysses* evinces a clear, author-acknowledged, title-supported structural archetype directly derived from Homer's *Odyssey*, which impresses some order upon the apparent chaos.

Proposition Four.   By the side of the structural myth expressed in the title, the novel *Ulysses* is closely patterned on two textural archetypes − the Story of the *New Testament*, either told very jokingly, or pointed at in all respectfulness, and the Story of Old Prince *Hamlet*, told over-biographically. The novel's texture is very rich in evenly spread evidence in support of this proposition.

Proposition Five.   Exaggeration of the monitoring structural myth is damaging to the process of detection of the ordering capabilities of the two main textural myths, identical in point of trinitarian symmetry.

Proposition Six. *Ulysses* is therefore constructed on multiple myth: the binding force of the Hiesos & Hamlet trinities equals Homer. Taking Dublin into account, the narrative structure may be visually rendered in stylised four-leaved shamrock shape. To say nothing of Daedalus (sic!) and Icarus and Company. Mnemonically speaking—(H + H + H) + (D + D).

Joyce cet inconnu (1982)

This is a spoken contribution to a discussion panel organized in Monaco at the Theatre Princesse Grace, in the presence of H.S.H. Princess Grace of Monaco herself, who attended the Joyce Centenary Celebrations from the very start at 3.00 p.m., until the very end—past midnight. On the Panel, and taking part in the discussions were, among others, Anthony Burgess and Mark Mortimer.

The Panel discussions have been recorded, transcribed and published in *Études Irlandaises, The James Joyce Centenary Issue*, edited by Patrick Rafroidi & Pierre Joannon, Numero Spécial, 1982, issued by Université de Lille, "Pont de Bois", B.P.149, F-59653 Villeneuve-d'Asq, FRANCE.

Georges Sandulesco:

Je crois qu'avec Mark Mortimer la série des chocs a commencé. Je veux bien la continuer en parlant de "Joyce, cet inconnu". (Comme vous ne le savez que trop bien c'est un titre qui a gagné un des premiers Prix Nobel pour la France au début de ce siècle.)

Car dans la série des grands enfants terribles que l'Irlande a fournis à la littérature mondiale – ou "petits" enfants terribles, comme Shaw and Wilde – James Joyce a une place à part: il est lui-même le plus grand paradoxe !

Joyce est l'écrivain le plus populaire, mais il est aussi le plus hermétique – donc impopulaire. Il est par définition l'auteur le plus lu, mais il est aussi le moins compris. Sa langue est l'anglais, sa langue n'est pas l'anglais. Sa vie professionnelle et privée est peut-être la mieux connue dans les grands détails, mais il reste la personnalité la plus énigmatique du monde des lettres. Finalement, le comble de l'oxymoron – il est l'homme le plus européen du vingtième siècle, donc le moins irlandais . . .

Je m'explique:

Premièrement, il est le plus populaire par la quantité annuelle des oeuvres sur son oeuvre; en 1966 Tom Staley comptait plus de 30 livres et 500 articles sur Joyce par an. Ce chiffre nous semble infime dans l'année du centenaire . . .

Deuxièmement, il est le plus lu: je n'oublierai jamais un chauffeur de taxi de New York qui a laissé sa voiture dans la rue pour pouvoir discuter Joyce avec moi – son client – pendant une petite demi-heure dand un bar pas très loin de Times Square. . .

Troisièmement, sa langue n'est pas l'anglais ! Son passeport est et reste anglais – lui (pas Beckett !) est sujet britannique pour la vie – certainement oui. Il va même specialement à Londres le 4 juillet 1931 pour se marier. Mais au sujet de l'anglais Haines (qui porte un mon si parfaitement français !), Stephen Dedalus pense "His language, not mine". ***Finnegans Wake*** commence là.

Quatrièmement, il reste la personalité la plus énigmatique: en dépit des gens, présents ici, qui l'ont bien connu, il reste aussi mystérieux que Shakespeare et les légendaires auteurs de la Bible.

Finalement, son exil est un non-exil, c'est une arme: écoutons de nouveau Stephen s'adressant au plus proche et plus intelligent de ses amis:

> Look here, Cranly, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use – silence, exile and cunning.

On se trouve devant le passage à la fois le plus direct et le plus agressif du livre, mais aussi le plus énigmatique.

"I will not serve !" évoque, bien sûr, le Non Serviam de Lucifer, revu par Milton... mais c'est aussi l'inverse de la devise du Prince de Galles reportée (en allemand, paradoxalement) sur son emblème: "Ich dien" – 'I serve' or 'I will serve'. Joyce, qui le savait certainement, donne ainsi une dimension supplémentaire à sa profession de foi.

Vient ensuite, en anglais, l'expression: "whether it call itself". Je ne la traduis pas parce que cela peut créer une confusion. Ce n'est pas "they call" ni "I call", mais "it call itself" (not even "it calls itself"...).

Et puis, "my home, my fatherland... ". Ce n'est pas "motherland" ! Du point de vue linguistique – j'ai enseigné la linguistique générale – je n'ai pas fait d'étude sur la fréquence de fatherland en comparaison avec motherland: mais j'ai plus qu'une impression que motherland est plus courant en anglais, et fatherland est le mot juste en allemand (de nouveau l'allemand!).

Pour terminer je voudrais dire un mot sur "silence, exile and cunning". On peut bien commencer d'une façon anecdotique: est-ce qu'on a jamais vu un irlandais silencieux ? (ni même un italien...) Deuxièmement, "Exile"! On dit toujours – "Joyce n'a écrit que sur l'Irlande ! Il n'a rien écrit d'autre !" Ce n'est pas vrai: il a écrit des morceaux dont on ne parle presque jamais; l'un d'eux est très symboliquement intitulé **Giacomo Joyce**. L'histoire ne se passe pas en Irlande, mais en Italie. Il y a là –

> A ricefield near Vercelli under creamy summer haze [. . .] . Padua far beyond the sea. The silent middle age, night darkness of history sleep in the ***Piazza delle Erbe*** under the moon...

On dit aussi "Joyce n'a rien écrit sur la France !" Ce n'est pas vrai non plus! Il a écrit *Le Chat et le Diable*, dédié à son petit-fils Stephen – le seul ouvrage de Joyce d'ailleurs qui soit vraiment dédié à quelqu'un – qui commence ainsi:

> Beaujency is a tiny old town on the bank of the Loire, France's longest river. It is also a very wide river, for France, at least.

Je veux donc souligner que le silence de Joyce n'est pas un vrai silence, que son exil n'est pas un véritable exil. Quant à "cunning", rappelons-nous la réflexion de Cranly dans le même passage – "Cunning, you poor poet, you!"

C'est le caractère tout à fait contradictoire de Joyce qui lui confère une très grande partie de sa grandeur.

THE JOYCEAN ARCHETYPE

C. George Sandulescu

> Mundi fabricator non a semetipso fecit
> haec, sed de alienis archetypis transtulit[1].
> Irenaeus[2]

ABSTRACT: Archetype might best be summarized as 'paragon-cliché', — closely correlated with the type/token opposition in mathematics, semiotics and even phonological theory (as TOKEN roughly and remotely corresponds to the phone, whereas TYPE should be taken to be the counterpart of the phoneme).

Certain religious texts have in course of time acquired special institutionalized status, the Christian Church requiring of its devotees to learn and say them by heart — aloud or silently — in situations of ritual. Such text may, for example, be The Paternoster, The Apostles' Creed, The Ten Commandments, or The Beatitudes.

James Joyce makes use of all these four closed texts in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* as religious 'paragon-clichés', with effects which are not exactly sacramental, and goes back for them to the 1611 Authorized Version — published at the peak of the 'mannerist' epoch.

Whereas The Paternoster is sprinkled evenly all over *Finnegans Wake*, The Apostles' Creed occurs almost in full in one block in *Ulysses* 12 (427), with its title paraphrased as «Apostates' Creed» about 150 pages later; the so very alliterative «British Beatitudes» — or B-Attitudes — occur, very compressed, on the same page of *Ulysses* 14 (556).

This seemingly blasphemous attitude is highly reminiscent of the tone of Joyce's 1936 letter-story to Stephen when he refers to the Devil as 'speaking quite bad French with a strong Dublin accent'.

My opening gambit consists of three acts of Tightrope Walking, very much in the manner of Giorgio Melchiori's *Funamboli* of 1956 (subtitled «Il manierismo nella letteratura inglese da Joyce ai giovani arrabbiati»). These three strategic moves are: The Text, The Author, The Method.

The «text» I focus on was authorized for publication in 1611 by His Majesty King James, exactly at a time which, to quote Gisèle Mathieu Castellani, «on peut appeler l'Age Maniériste»...

Secondly, the Author: within the framework of reference of the papers

given here yesterday by Riccardo Scrivano and by Hana Jechova, I feel very tempted to paraphrase the name of Joyce not only as «James Labyrinth Joyce» and «James Daedalus Joyce», but also — especially in the light of Marie-France Tristan's «mythème du navigateur» this morning — «James Ulysses Joyce». Finally, and perhaps most usefully for me, he should also be «James Diavolo Joyce» — for I am thinking of a sentence uttered yesterday afternoon again when «Jehovah dit: 'Le Labyrinthe est le royaume du diable'!». In my opinion, if Joyce himself had been alive and had been here in this room, this statement would for sure have gone into the making of *Finnegans Wake*... If it has not already!

Thirdly, as to The Method, I would like to point out that the way I am looking at the two texts — the mannerist & the Joycean — is not only complementary to the «Critères formels» and the theory of figures presented here the other day by Yves Giraud, but also, in a sense, analogous to the Kepler Approach of Fernand Hallyn of Gand.

* * *

The Joycean archetype[3] — as I view it in this theory of archetypes — is intrinsically lexical. Hence, Clive Hart's repeated insistence on the semanteme[4] is absolutely correct. The other two varieties of archetypes are widely different: for the one propounded by C.G. Jung is at bottom conceptual, which accounts for his insistence on the ancients, particularly on Plato[5], in the explaining of it, as well as psychological and psychoanalytical, of course; whereas the essence of what is advanced by Northorpe Frye (1950; 1957) is poetico-imagistic. The direct outcome of this statement is that, in dealing with the Joycean archetype, one is not so much in the area of poetics and of literary undertakings — be they creative or critical — but rather in the crucible where language is being forged. It is on this particular point that many critics went wrong, and took for poetics what was in its substance a question of pure language studies[6]. This close connection with linguistics also accounts for the seeming overemphasis on exegesis which turns out to be the not uncommon bee in the average lexicographer's bonnet. For Joyce's primary job in *Finnegans Wake* is to convey meaning, even perhaps far above normal limits: and the researcher's primary job is, of course, to record it, first of all, in lexicographic form. Hence, a natural justification for the plethora of dictionaries and explications on the market in the first forty years of the work's existence. Thus, in the stage of analysis, synthesis is still a long way away.

To make things very clear from the very start therefore, positing the existence of a Joycean archetype does not at all mean to establish any associa-

tion between Joyce's art and the theories of Carl G. Jung, or to suggest that in the genesis of *Finnegans Wake* there is a debt owed to Northorp Frye, however extraordinarily anachronistic that may sound. This discussion merely wishes to spell out the fact that (a) the Joycean archetype is lexical, and hence to be relegated to linguistics and language studies, (b) the Jungian archetype is primarily conceptual, and by its very genesis is relegated to psychology and psychoanalysis, and finally (c) the Frye-ite archetype is imagistic and is further carefully restricted to the territory of poetry and the assessment of poetry in verse (sic!).

Once this distinction is established with the neatness and accuracy characterizing, say, a British immigration officer, we can proceed to find out what interesting analogies there are to be set up among the three types. To begin with Jung, it must be pointed out from the start that he is — as has already been hinted at — very careful to point to the ancients as his forerunners:

(JUNG - 1972:9) In former times, despite some disenting opinion and the influence of Aristotle, it was not too difficult to understand Plato's conception of the idea as supraordinate and pre-existent to all phenomena. 'Archetype', far from being a modern term, was already in use before the time of St. Augustine, and was synonymous with 'Idea' in the Platonic usage. When the *Corpus Hermeticum*, which probably dates from the third century, describes God as / tò archetypon fos / [7], the 'archetypal light', it expresses the idea that he is the prototype of all light; that is to say, pre-existent and supraordinate to the phenomenon of 'light'.

The typical 'Encyclopaedia' definition of the archetype is 'a term in psychology and literary criticism, meaning a pattern from which copies are made'[8]. In the case of Jung, the initial pattern, as can easily be inferred from the above quotation, is on the Plato's-idea side of the coin. Turning now to the reverse side of the same coin, which is literary criticism, the reference is not so much to primordial abstractions as to 'unifying' elements, such as images, heroes or even story patterns. Here is a typical way of denoting the phenomenon on the literary side, with particular reference to 'Blake's treatment of the archetype'[9]:

(FRYE - 1950:191) By an archetype I mean an element in a work of literature, whether a character, an image, a narrative formula, or an idea, which can be assimilated to a larger unifying category. The existence of such a category depends on the existence of a unified conception of art.[10]

The lexical archetype is here defined as the correlation between one string of words — in this case by Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* — employed expressly in order to recall another string of words from somewhere else (i.e. by

another author, e.g. Shakespeare or Samuel Butler, or from another book, e.g. *The Book of the Dead*, etc.). From an amateur's point of view, this process of correlation might be called 'allusion' — though the phenomenon is far more comprehensive and considerably more complex, for Joyce, particularly within the texture of *Finnegans Wake* does not merely 'allude' to something in the conventional sense of the word. The process is fundamentally different from a 'conversational' allusion or 'discoursive' allusion — be it to a concept, a naughty girl or a philosophical system. Jung's archetype is cerebrally evolved, essentially conceptual and profoundly psychological, even psychoanalytical. Northorpe Frye's archetype is basically imagistic, and as such exclusively poetic. Joyce's archetype, however, is fundamentally inherent to his language, in very much the sense in which Max Muller[11] in his lectures and in his books published too many years ago was considering all language — or rather in *in* language — to be at bottom metaphorical:

(MULLER - 1891:448) Metaphor is one of the most powerful engines in the construction of human speech, and without it we can hardly imagine how any language could have progressed beyond the simplest rudiments./.../No advance was possible in the intellectual life of man without metaphor. Most roots that have yet been discovered had originally a material meaning.

The only major difference is that, with Joyce, the phenomenon functions as a deliberate 'textural *renvoi*', not as an arbitrary or semi-arbitrary correlation. It is only by means of a digression that this distinction can be explained: when a native speaker of English makes use in casual discourse of the word *window*, he is in no way aware that in goes back to *windes eage* in Old English, which in its turn is a particularly vivid metaphor; in other words, the correlation is not only arbitrary, but extensive language change has made it semantically opaque. And even if an expert is aware professionally ot this correlation, he may not wish to put it across to absolutely all his daily interlocutors without endangering his academic position.

In English, however, unlike most other languages, archetype indeed becomes a mannerism of daily — or weekly — written usage of the media. Here, for instance, are the archetypal tokens I happened to discover in a couple of major Sunday newspapers in London in mid-April 1983:
(1) «The Importance of Being Oscar» «RENVOI «The Importance of Being Earnest» (Play).
(2) «How Green Was My Washing» RENVOI «How Green Was My Valley» (Novel).
(3) «Close Encounters of the Friendly Kind» RENVOI «Close Encounters of the Third Kind» (Film).

(4) «Paradise Retained» RENVOI «Paradise Regained» (Long Poem).

(5) «Deep-sea Throat» RENVOI «Deep Throat» (Film).

(6) «The Fall of the House of Getty» RENVOI «The Fall of the House of Usher» (Short Story).

(7) «The Money-Go-Round» RENVOI «The merry-go-round» (compound).

(8) «The Writer over Your Shoulder» RENVOI «The Reader Over Your Shoulder» (set phrase).

(9) «Arms and the Man» RENVOI ONE (One of Bernard Shaw's plays). RENVOI Two (Opening word of Virgil's *Aeneid*).

Joyce, too, was very much aware of this «mannerism» of English prose when he handled the Beatitudes (cf Matthew 5:2-12) as the «British Beatitudes» (*Ulysses* 14:556), or B-Attitudes, for short:

Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops.

In fact, he did the same with The Apostles' Creed, which he paraphrased as «The Apostates' Creed» (*Ulysses* 14:556), and prefaced it, in its *en bloc* occurrence, by the sentence «The unfortunate yahoos believe it» (*Ulysses* 12:427):

They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.

Things in *Finnegans Wake* become far, far more complicated than the printed-page reality of *Ulysses* largely on account of highly umpredictible «distortions» in the conventional arrangement of letters.

If the average reader comes across the string of words (621.33:1.2.3.4.5) 'the weight of old fletch', he is expressly invited by Joyce to associate it culturally, though this should by no means be taken to be a highly intellectualized 'allusion' to the literary and fictional outlook of a reasonably modern British writer called Samuel Butler, in the way that a highbrow critic like T.S. Eliot might choose to allude to one or another of the metaphysical poets, while he is embarked on a discourse on the merits and demerits of a particular type of verse.

Allusion is either intellectual or purely conversational — as when one speaks of someone else's girl-friend's behaviour in that particular someone else's absence. Joyce's device is neither of these two, and is as organic to his

language, or rather discourse, as Max Muller's metaphor is supposed to lie at the very basis of all language communication. In consequence, it is safe to assert that Joyce's archetypal tokens, like (162.35 - A king off duty and a jaw for ever! -), are more akin to the kennings of Anglo-Saxon poetry[12] than to anything else. Even the Lewis Carroll analogies so often made by the critics are far more off the mark than the kenning hypothesis. For kennings are part and parcel of the very texture of that poetry in exactly the same way — and perhaps even more so — in which the lexical archetypes constitute the very texture of *Finnegans Wake*. To put it in slightly more technical terms, Joyce's archetype is purely semiotic, and as such it corresponds fully to Roman Jakobson's definition of the sign, when he says in untranslatable French that 'le signe est un renvoi[13]. If one is to proceed to a consistent semiotic analysis of constitutive elements, it is quite easy to discover a token and a type, a Signifiant Sa and a Signifié Sé, forming a process of semiosis. What is lacking, and what Joyce himself most certainly wanted to be lacking is in the first place the absolutely arbitrary character of the relation between Signifiant and Signifié[14], and, in the second place, and even more importantly, the conventional nature of the relation, viz. its stability, something that Roman Jakobson would bring under his principle of invariance. For if one particular speaker calls something *green* in one particular instance, and *indigo* in another instance, and then, in the immediately subsequent instance he calls it *carbon*, to replace it by *diamond* the day after, all linguistic communication between humans does indeed go to the dogs. For we are supposed by God Almighty to call a spade a spade. Well, in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce chose — and that was a major deliberately chosen axiom — to exert again his sense of freedom (as he had done in personal life in selecting place of temporarily permanent residence) and prefer linguistic fluidity to linguistic stability, or invariance. Barnacle goose becomes a thing of beauty becomes the weight of old fletch becomes anything else without essentially affecting the semantic component of human communication — this is the essence of the Joycean archetype. His only major problem — and it was by no means an easy one — was how to preserve the 'renvoi' feature of the linguistic sign, by concurrently managing to eliminate at least a large amount of Sa-Sé stability. His answer was large scale interlanguage incorporation (just in order not to say borrowing), and the conveyance of huge amounts of cultural information by superimposing another, more remote, type on to a more immediately accessible type, usually operating at phrase level, in order to convey something which neither the remote type by itself, in the case alluded to just now 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever', nor the immediate type by itself (which in our case was the linguistic items, taken separately, of the FW phrase) could satisfactorily convey on their own. What the theore-

tical status is of that entity to be conveyed is still very elusive. But it most certainly is a semantic component of the texture. And it is here suggested that the FW-specific carrier of a certain type of meaning is the archetype formula, such as Joyce devised it for the express purpose of his *grand oeuvre*, in the sense Roger Caillois (1948-1978:373) gives it. The Joycean archetype either radiates meaning, epiphany-like, or it doesn't. The unique thing about it, however, and that is what makes it so Joycean, is that a particular unit of archetypal meaning may dawn upon one, not on the first reading, not even on the fifth reading, but, all of a sudden, as a semantics-oriented brilliancy on the twentieth reading. And it is then the moment that the reader exclaims with delight 'Now it does make sense!', and even 'Now it all begins to make sense!'. Which literally means (628.15) 'The keys to. Given!'. This phenomenon applies ideally to both linguistic information and cultural information.

By way of digression it should be said that a case could be made in support of the fact that there are two types — two distinct types — of Joycean archetype, namely (a) the linguistic variety, and (b) the cultural variety. For whereas (a) requires a knowledge of the English language pure and simple, in other words, it merely requires the linguistic competence, as advanced by N. Chomsky (1965:5), the (b) variety is far more complex, for it requires *in addition*, and superimposed upon the former, a wide knowledge of literature, culture, religion, history, etc. If the frame were restricted to one nation only, then the again untranslatable French phrase 'langue et civilisation', so often used in French language-teaching situations, would be perfectly applicable to cover both the distinction and the correlation between (a) and (b). But the trouble is than *Finnegans Wake* is not restricted to one entity of 'civilisation' in that specifically French sense. Being pan-'civilisation', if that phrase were possible, the book makes everybody almost equally handicapped, or incompetent. For in addition to Chomsky's linguistic competence, one must also take into account the cultural competence. This is most firmly rejected by Chomsky in most of his writings, though quite encouraged by Dell Hymes (1971) under the label of 'communicative competence'. What Joyce requires of his readers of *Finnegans Wake* is, therefore, a pan-'civilisation' communicative competence. And that is not only accessible, but also democratic. For man should be an all-round man, this is for sure a neat Joycean philosophical bullet. The knowledge that he requires of the average reader takes an all-round man to have it. A reader reaction of the type 'Moby Dick — I never know whether it's the man or the whale!' is definitely out with anybody Joyce would have liked to see having a go at the texture of *Finnegans Wake*. It takes mere linguistic competence for anybody to disentangle (145.16 - contempt of courting) and nothing more. It would give no trouble to the Moby-Dick-undecidability per-

son. Though he may begin to be in trouble even with such a straightforward token as (569.31 - two genitalmen of Veruno -), and it is certain that he or she is going to be completely at sea with (385.26 - in draughts of purest air serene). On the basis of such instantiations an easy case is being made for cultural competence v linguistic competence as well as for a linguistic archetype v a cultural archtype. The two phenomena do have a distinct and independent existence, but things are not so simple — they may become indeed very complex — when we take into account border-line cases, such as (145.28 - once upon a week)[15], which strangely approximates Dylan Thomas's 'his room so noisy to my own', or even (453.20 - Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was) clearly require fairy-tale, or folklore, competence, which may be quite developed among totally unschooled country folk. Though some sort of folklore competence may be quite sufficient to unravel the first instance of semi-linguistic semi-cultural archetype, the latter instance is considerably more complex and posits a competence at second remove, by virtue of its pointing to the opening segment of Joyce's *Portrait* as well; this second-remove competence must cover in addition to the area of the author's literary productions also the area of the author's drinking against the archetypal background of Irish, Triestine, Zurich and Parisian opening hours.

So far I have restricted the discussion of (423.09) 'the idioglossary he invented' to the area which is so comfortable to mid-Atlantic research, and which might go by the name of 'la civilisation anglophone' - with Melville, and Shakespeare, and Keats, and Thomas Gray and what not, which certainly includes the folk-tale tradition. But we have just agreed that the idioglossary he invented is a pan-'civilisation' device, rather than a uni-'civilisation' one, and in this formula, we have also agreed, everybody is supposed to be almost equally handicapped in point of type of information. All this is clearly too heavy a semantic load in point of theoretical implications for the flimsy word *allusion* to carry, for things are not what they seem and I tend to suggest that full many a theoretical construct the deep unfathomed caves of oceans bear.

To include the linguistic archetype within the theoretical model that I propose here would be an unnecessary complication. I propose, therefore, merely for reasons of expediency, to restrict and considerably simplify the theory, rather than (385.10 - raise hell while the sin was shining). The modification proposed here is that linguistic information is going to be handled as non-archetypal information (with all the dangers of oversimplification the solution may entail) and the notion of the Joycean archetype be restricted to cultural information only. Leaving linguistic-lexical archetype outside the scope of the archetype discussion is in the first place the outcome of a simplicity requirement imposed upon the theory, but it also presents great methodological ad-

vantages on account of the severe restrictions of space imposed on this study. Two problems arise in connection with this separation of linguistic from cultural information. The first one is that the distinction is very easy to establish in the case of modern languages, which go on being alive via the 'collective' competence of living individual speakers, whereas it is almost impossible to establish the distinction in the case of dead languages, like ancient Greek, Latin, and Sanskirt. In these languages, almost all lexical items are traceable to manifest occurrences in one text or another and as such eligible to the status of cultural archetypes. Quite aware of this dilemma the imposition of artificial simplicity of theory proves to be even more vulnerable. The second problem is in part an answer to the above decision: all linguistic information is left outside the scope of the Joycean archetype for the reason that it is not in any way traceable to a single and unique instance of actual performance (again in the sense given it by N. Chomsky - 1965:5), which must necessarily function as a 'stabilizer of the *renvoi*'. In other words, the Joycean archetype is — unlike its Jungian counterpart — purely linguistic and lexical; however, it is constituted culturally, and it is not at all part of the linguistic competence of any single individual[16].

The succinct and operative way to conduct a convincing discussion of the Joycean archetype is via lists, charts and diagrams, once the phenomenon is well understood. And I have selected that particular option in order to go rather exhaustively through one of the most interesting varieties of the Joycean archetype, namely the Paternoster archetype. The discussion begins with an inventory of Paternoster tokens in the order of occurrence in the FW text. There are forty-six such occurrences so far identified in the whole of the book. This is indeed a fairly high rate of occurrence of a closed text, which is itself made up of about sixty words only. For the purpose of the analysis this text is not divided into the component words, but rather into phrasal segments, each of which in its turn functions as at least one archetype. Further, these segments are not established on the basis of any natural linguistic criteria, be they orthographic, syntactic, or derived from actual ritual processes of chanting the prayer aloud or silently; neither are they independent units of meaning in the proper sense of the word. These segments are directly derived from their identifiability properties as archetypes in the FW text: thus, *Thy will* is one such one, and (*will*) *be done* another, as the former is actually identified as such, and the latter usually incorporates part of the former in its tokens. The segments are all very typical instances of what is here defined as a communicative phenomenon far larger and more comprehensive than allusion. In the Inventory which follows, they are arranged in the order of occurrence in the book, location being indicated by mentioning not only the number of the

page and the number of the line, but also giving the exact position in the line of the item or items under scrutiny. As in computer terminology this is called *address*, the term has been found useful and adopted as such. The other three charts attempt to provide an answer to the question 'What is the spread of this particular archetype over the text of the whole book?'. It goes without saying that one might expect that most of the tokens should be clustered in one particular section or area of the book, or at least be very unevenly distributed. In order to better examine that problem two kinds of distribution of the tokens are given in two different charts. There is, on the one hand, the distribution of the Paternoster tokens over the natural segments of *Finnegans Wake*, which are the seventeen subdivisions which the author himself imposed upon the book, but there is, on the other hand, the distribution of the same tokens over arbitrary segments of fifty pages.

Here first, however, is the text of the *Lord's Prayer* as it appears in an ordinary English Bible[17]:

(MATTHEW 6.9-13) Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation ,but deliver us from evil, for ever and ever. Amen.

To which one usually adds in a normal prayer situation

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

One of the most interesting things about this prayer is its punctuation and even paragraphing. A casual glance at the printed text shows that there are ever so many full-stops in places where I as a child applied a 'comma', having learnt the prayer from hear-say, and never having bothered to check it against an authorized printed version. Full-stops after *name, come, heaven, bread* — to refer to the first three paragraphs only — make it far easier for the analyst to segment it, in the way in which perhaps Joyce himself would have liked his reader to, and then passing on to the next and far more important stage, take each of these segments to stand for the whole. *Pars pro toto*, in other words. In this way, we are back to Roman Jakobson's Part/Whole Correlation (1962), and his theory of metonymy. In other words, one of the very first almost diabolical things that is expected of the reader prepared to approach the FW text is to require of him to be prepared to receive openly the idea of a Paternoster archetype, and then to have digested the linguistic sub-

stance of the Lord's Prayer so well, and in far more than one language, that the reader can chop it up, dissect it into still recognizable bits, and constantly receive it metonymically. Once the convention is somehow established that every little bit of it — even the syntactic parallelism generated by 'and ... and ... and ...' in the latter part of the prayer — stands symbolically, archetypally, metonymically, what you will, for the entire whole, for identifiability purposes at least, the textural device is there and the communicative purpose has been achieved. The reader is now very much in the position of Coleridge's Wedd-ing-Guest, hypnotized into looking for bits and pieces absolutely everywhere. The jigsaw puzzle I find a vulgar analogy: it is rather like the 'glittering eye' of an Almighty — be he Black, or be he White —, holding him there in his quest for more and more and more meaning. And it is through this fixation upon it that meaning becomes a truly and genuinely diabolical instrument.

But the Lord's Prayer in English is not enough, as I was just saying. There is need of the one in French for at least one instance, and of the one in German for at least five tokens. In the present stage of research, which is theoretical and demonstrative, rather than exhaustive and exegetic, I have re-frained, primarily for reasons of space, from looking at the Lord's Prayer in its Latin, Italian, or Dutch versions (and perhaps even Irish too, why not?). But the point has been made. Here, by way of sample, is the French version; taken from a Bible at random on my shelf:

(MATTHIEU 6.9-13) Notre Père qui es aux cieux! Que ton nom soit sanctifié; que ton règne vienne; que ta volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel. Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien; pardonne-nous nos offenses, comme nous aussi nous pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés; ne nous in-duis pas en tentation mais delivre-nous du malin. Car c'est à toi qu'appartien-nent, dans tous les siècles, le règne, la puissance et la gloire. Amen!

It is interesting to note that in this French edition of the Bible, which has nothing special about it, except that it is bound in Black, and goes back to 1910, and 1937, paragraphing has completely disappeared, and many of the periods are toned down to a semi-colon, which definitely enhances, alongside non-paragraphing, the run-on effect. Then two exclamation marks emerge out of the blue, and they are clearly there for theatrical effect, which is a good thing among good Catholics.

Our next task would be to begin to reduce this text to archetype-identifiable segments, which, in the linguistic terminology adopted here are, in their turn, types. These types are materialized in the FW text in the shape of tokens. There is a very close correlation between type and token, because in order to be able to establish type boundary, each segment must be matched

against an exhaustive inventory of tokens. As there are 46 tokens of the Paternoster archetype so far discovered, which certainly place it in the top five[18], here first is an inventory in the order of occurrence, followed by two charts showing the distribution of the tokens first according to the seventeen natural segments of the book, and then according to arbitrary segments of 50 pages. Subsequently, there will be some comments linking the distribution over the FW text with that of the same tokens over the Paternoster text.

INVENTORY OF PATERNOSTER TOKENS
in the order of occurence in the FW text

(No.)	(page/line/item address)	(token)
(1)	(024.05:12.(::6))	(and delivered us to boll weevils amain)
(2)	(031.07:6)	(paternoster)
(3)	(032.02:1.2.3)	(our kingable khan)
(4)	(052.16:9.10)	(Our Farfar)
(5)	(078.16:8)	(Foughtarundser)
(6)	(081.28:2.3)	((three) patrecknocksters)
(7)	(089.25:7.8)	(Father ourder)
(8)	(093.20:7.8)	(our Farvver)
(9)	(104.01:1.(::28))	(In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!
(10)	(126.20:6)	(Willbeforce)
(11)	(128.34:3.(::7))	(forbids us our trespassers as we forgate them)
(12)	(139.27:3.(::15))	(and renounce their ruings, and denounce their doings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!)
(13)	(167.31:3)	(Wamen.)
(14)	(175.19:9.10.11)	(theirs is Will)
(15)	(182.18:3)	(Uldfadar)
(16)	(198.06:2.3.4)	(our staly bred)
(17)	(213.31:2.3.4)	(In kingdome gone)
(18)	(222.23:8.9.10.1)	(defendy nous from prowlabouts)
(19)	(238.14:6.7.8)	(you dreadful temptation)
(20)	(244.34:1.2)	(Panther monster.)
(21)	(276.14:6)	(fadervor)
(22)	(326.07:1)	(Oscarvaughther)
(23)	(328.36:9)	(willbedone)
(24)	(329.33:9.10)	(Ould Fathach)
(25)	(333.26:2.3)	(fader huncher)
(26)	(333.30:5.(::4))	(lead us not into reformication)
(27)	(345.28:1.2.3.4)	(the foregiver of trosstpassers)
(28)	(411.11:7.(::4))	(His hungry will be done!)
(29)	(419.09:1.(::14))	(In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen.)

(30)	(444.29:9.1)	(Potanasty Rod)
(31)	(467.03:12.(::3))	(your will be done)
(32)	(500.19:2.3)	(Cloudy father!)
(33)	(518.10:9.(::5))	(the will of Whose B. Dunn)
(34)	(530.36:1.2)	(A farternoiser)
(35)	(530.36:7.(::5))	(Ouhr Former who erred in having)
(36)	(536.34:10.(::16))	(Haar Faagher, wild heart in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine wohl be won.)
(37)	(551.35:8.(::3))	(Voter, voter, early voter)
(38)	(561.22:1.(::4))	(Add lightest knot unto tiptition)
(39)	(587.28:5.(::4))	(giving up their fogging trespasses)
(40)	(587.35:3.(::3))	(afore this winecast come)
(41)	(590.13:9(::4))	(on earn as in hiving)
(42)	(594.06:2.3)	(dimdom done)
(43)	(596.10:7)	(pesternost)
(44)	(599.05:2.(::9))	(oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar namas)
(45)	(603.07:7.(::8))	(Butter butter! Bring us this days our maily bag!)
(46)	(615.36:5.(::7)	(So may the low forget him their trespasses)

Note 1: This inventory adds ten new instances (SEE Nos. 1, 12, 13, 14, 18, 29, 30, 34, 39, 41) of *Paternoster* archetypes to the 36 ones, interpreted as motifs, already listed by Clive Hart (1962:237), bringing the total to 46 tokens.

Note 2: The Lord's Prayer is not so much taken here as a 'text', but rather as 'a discourse in a situation of ritual' (cf Social Anthropology). This accounts for the inclusion of tokens Nos. 13 and 29.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE PATERNOSTER ARCHETYPE
OVER THE NATURAL SEGMENTS OF FW

Natural Segment	Page Limits	Instantiation Defined by Page Number Only							Total per Segment
		(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	
I . 1	003 - 029	024							1
2	030 - 047	031	032						2
3	048 - 074	052							1
4	075 - 103	078	081	089	093				4
5	104 - 125	104							1
6	126 - 168	126	128	139	167				4
7	169 - 195	175	182						2
8	196 - 216	198	213						2
II . 1	219 - 259	222	238	244					3
2	260 - 308	276							1
3	309 - 382	326	328	329	333a	333b	345		6
4	308 - 399	∅							∅
III. 1	403 - 428	411	419						2
2	429 - 473	444	467						2
3	474 - 554	500	518	530a	530b	536	551		6
4	555 - 590	561	587a	587b	590				4
IV. 0	593 - 628	594	596	599	603	615			5
									46

Cursorily examining the spread of the Paternoster archetype in these two charts, let us dismiss the former as, quite paradoxically, less relevant — though it is less arbitrary — than the latter.

Focusing now on the chart segmenting the book into arbitrary chunks of 50 pages each, there is one clear conclusion, which is absolutely valid for the first 250 pages, i.e. the first five segments:

(1) There is an invariable rate of four occurrences of the Paternoster archetype per every 50 pages.

It must be emphasized that this is a very astonishing conclusion regarding symmetry of spread, and it is indeed a stong argument in favour of a potential proposal that the Paternoster archetype might indeed function as one of the minor loose structures of the whole book. It is true that after Segment 6 this perfect symmetry of spread breaks down; perhaps genetic researchers might one day find an explanation in the Manuscripts for that phenomenon.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE PATERNOSTER ARCHETYPE
OVER ARBITRARY SEGMENTS OF FIFTY PAGES

Arbitrary Segment	Page Limits	Instantiation Defined by Page Number Only							Total per Segment
		(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	
1	003 - 053	024	031	032	052				4
2	053 - 103	078	081	089	093				4
3	103 - 153	104	126	128	139				4
4	153 - 203	167	175	182	198				4
5	203 - 253	213	222	238	244				4
6	253 - 303	276							1
7	303 - 353	326	328	329	333a	333b	345		6
8	353 - 403	∅							∅
9	403 - 453	411	419	444					3
10	453 - 503	467	500						2
11	503 - 553	518	530a	530b	536				4
12	553 - 603	551	561	587a	587b	590	594	596 599	8
13	603 - 628	603	615						2
									46

Segment 13, however, being exactly half the normal length, evinces the conventional frequency of half of four. Segment 11, too, rigorously observes the same conventional rate of four tokens per fifty pages. Rephrasing the initial conclusion then, one might state that -

(2) Out of 13 segments of 50 pages, seven of them, which is more than half, do show a very accurate symmetry of spread, stabilized at a steady four, of the Paternoster archetype. These seven segments are Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 13.

Let us now have a closer look at the remaining six segments. One of them — no. 8 — is eliminated from the start as containing no occurrence of the token, and we are left with five. There is again a striking regularity here: for one of them — No. 10 — shows exactly half the normal frequency, and two others — nos. 7 and 12 — show clear overgrowth approximating one-and-a-half to twice normal frequency (a maximum of eight instead of a normal four, in the case of Segment 12). In other words, the conclusion at this stage is that -

(3) Underpopulated segments roughly compensate overpopulated ones (Nos. 7 and 12). Taking these segments together, the frequency quotient for the whole bunch is 4.25, which is already .25 above the conventional frequency of four.

Over these fused segments, symmetry of spread of the archetype is replaced by symmetry of occurrence of the archetype, with a frequency quotient slightly above normal. In this way, we are left with only one segment unaccounted for, and that is No. 6. One possible conclusion would be that a certain amount of asymmetry, particularly of the marginal kind (i.e. one or two in twelve out of step), is part and parcel of the symmetry[19]. My personal conclusion, however, is that Segments 6 and 8 ask for a closer scrutiny in search of this particular archetype before any definitive statement is made. It is perhaps worth pointing out that this exercise in archetypal frequency is not based on any systematic and exhaustive scanning of the whole text on my part, having this sole archetype in mind. What is being said here, therefore, is in the nature of a prediction. But it must be made before any subject-matter considerations are brought into the picture[20].

As regards the spread of the tokens over the archetypal Paternoster text, the situation is very clear inded:

(4) There is no segment of the Lord's Prayer whatever — not even one conjunction *and* (though the exception is possibly *but* in 14.0, which is replaced by *and*) — that is not matched against at least one FW token. If the type/token ratio is investigated for the Paternoster text as a whole, the overall frequency quotient is 2.588.

In plain words, all in all, there are almost three tokens to one type. The minimum is, therefore, at one, the average is at three, and the upper limit is at 15 for the first two words of the Prayer, which in itself roughly accounts for 33 per cent of total number of tokens.

The symmetry of spread in the case of this text of 60 words, which is the Lord's Prayer is overwhelming. In a less restrictive frame of mind, the following chart could easily be rearranged in order to give each and every archetypal segment a minimum of two occurrences. The natural outcome would then be that each and every Paternoster segment becomes, on formal grounds, a leitmotiv in its own right (as there is a definitional constraint of a minimum of two imposed upon the motif)[21]; instead of one motif entity there would then be 17 different ones to cope with under one umbrella.

This symmetrical spread of something over the whole text makes that entity in itself cease to function as 'allusion', for allusions are essentially digressive nonce occurrences: equidistance is a feature of structure. Hence, the archetype.

The following chart can give the average FW reader sound training. If circular permutations are applied to it, a considerable number of Joycean paternosters could be obtained, to the absolute delight, I'm sure, of Mr Whose B. Dunn, who masterminded it.

THE FW PATERNOSTER PIECED TOGETHER

1.1	(031)	paternoster	1.0	*Paternoster*
1.2	(081)	(three) patrecknocksters		
1.3	(244)	Panther monster		
1.4	(530a)	A farternoiser		
1.5	(596)	pesternost		
1.6	(444)	Potanasty Rod		

2.1	(032)	our kingable khan	2.0	Our Father
2.2	(052)	Our Farfar		SEE also 3.1
2.3	(078)	Foughtarundser		4.1
2.4	(089)	Father ourder		5.4
2.5	(093)	our Farvver		
2.6	(182)	Uldfadar		
2.7	(276)	fadervor		
2.8	(326)	Oscarvaughther		
2.9	(329)	Ould Fathach		
2.10	(333a)	fader huncher		
2.11	(500)	Cloudy father!		
2.12	(551)	Voter, voter, early voter,		

3.1	(530b)	Ouhr Former who erred in having	3.0	which art in heaven,

4.1	(599)	oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar namas	4.0	Hallowed be thy name.

5.1	(213)	In kingdome gone	5.0	Thy kingdom come.
5.2	(536)	Haar Faagher, wild heart in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine wohl be won.		
5.3	(587b)	afore this wineact come		
5.4	(594)	dimdom done		

6.1	(175)	theirs is Will (D 1 (his Wall))	6.0	Thy will

7.1	(126)	Willbeforce	7.0	be done
7.2	(328)	Willbedone		
7.3	(411)	His hungry will be done		
7.4	(467)	your will be done		
7.5	(518)	the will of Whose B. Dunn		

8.1	(590)	on earn as in hiving	8.0	in earth, as it is in heaven.

8.2	(104)	(In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabili-ties,) haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!		

		SEE 10.2	9.0	Give us this day
10.1	(198)	our staly bred	10.0	our daily bread.
10.2	(603)	Butter butter! Bring us this days our maily bag!		
11.1	(345)	the foregiver of trosst-passers	11.0	And forgive us our trespasses,
12.1	(128)	forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him	12.0	as we forgive them that trespass against us.
12.2	(587a)	giving up their fogging ' trespasses		
12.3	(615)	So may the low forget him their trespasses		
13.1	(238)	your dreadful temptation	13.0	And lead us not into temptation,
13.2	(333b)	lead us not into reformica-tion		
13.3	(561)	Add lightest knot unto tiptition		
14.1	(222)	Defendy nous from prowl-abouts	14.0	but deliver us from evil,
14.2	(024)	and delivered us to boll weevils amain		
		SEE 16.2	15.0	for ever and ever,
16.1	(167)	Wamen.	16.0	Amen.
16.2	(139)	and renounce their ruings, and denounce their doings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!		
17.1	(419)	In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen.	17.0	In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

It is the hallmark of the Devil to have humans say Paternoster back-wards, or in any way fiddle with it by way of parody. The supreme test before

burning a witch in the dark Middle Ages, down to the times of Urbain Gran-
dier, was to have her say the *Paternoster* by rote and without help: if she refu-
sed, or if she made the slightest distortion or omission, which was not uncom-
mon with old women prone to forgetfulness and exposed to a plethora of dia-
lects, then she was sure to be confined to fast in fires on the spot and instanta-
neously. When I was small and at school I faintly remember children turning
the sacramental into the banal or the vulgar; our common, very crude way of
debasing verse was to insert the phrase 'without trousers' at the end of every
line in any of the languages we could minimally master. The device worked
particularly well with certain national anthems too: 'Pater noster utan byxor
qui in caelis es utan byxor veniat regnum tuum utan byxor ... et ne induces
nos in temptationem utan byxor ...'[22]. I remember only too well a brave little
man who was ordered on his knees on broken nut-shells in a corner for two
hours or so for having been too stentorial. My purpose here is to prove anec-
dotally that what James Joyce is doing with the *Paternoster* archetype is tan-
tamount to a very serious offence in any normal communicative situation in
church or at school. One of the dangerous consequences of the permissive at-
titude in Western civilization is that it demagnetizes axiological compasses in-
to shrugs of indifference. But in Ayatollah contexts, the offence turns from
opinion into hard fact, and becomes a grave hand-chopping reality. This is in-
deed what the use of the *Paternoster* in an à *rebours* diabolic function points
to: it certainly annihilates 'prayer' impact, and might even go far beyond that.

NOTES

[1] The epigraph reads in English as follows: 'The creator of the world did not fashion these things directly from himself but copied them from archetypes outside himself.' The authors of this translation are indicated in the next Note.

[2] Saint Irenaeus, 9999, *Adversus* (or *Contra*) *haereses libri quinque*. SEE jacques Paoul Migne, *Patrologiae cursus completus*, Greek series, Paris 1857-66, vol 7, cols. 433-1224. For translation, SEE *The Writings of Irenaeus*, translated by Alexander Roberts and W.H. Rambaut (Ante-Nicene Christian Library, 5, 9) Edinburgh, 1868, 2 vols.

[3] The phrase means 'the phenomenon that Joyce made use of', rather than 'a concept that Joyce himself had evolved'. SEE separate preparatory discussions of the Type/Token correlation in linguistics, mathematics, and statistical linguistics. SEE also the discussion which can be summarized as an analysis of the Type/Archetype correlation. The third possibility — an investigation of an unmediated Token/Archetype correlation does not come very much in the focus of attention of the present study, though its relevance to the FW text rémains to be examined.

[4] (HART -1962:32 -) 'The manuscripts show Joyce in the process of adding to his text not music or colour or emotive overtones, but semantemes.' (HART - 1963/1968:12 -) 'Every syllable is meaningful. FW contains no nonsense, and very little onomatopoeia, etc. Joyce deals principally in semantemes.'

[5] SEE C.G. JUNG (1972), *Four Archetypes*, I, Psychological Aspects of the Mother Archetype, 1. On the concept of the archetype.

[6] On the correlation between Linguistics & Poetics, SEE Russian, rather than American, research - the former evincing greater *poetics* awareness.

[7] The phrase is in Greek lettering in C.G. Jung's original. It is here transliterated for the sake of typographic simplification.

[8] SEE *Encyclopedia Americana*, the 1977 edition.

[9] Northorp Frye, 1950, 'Blake's Treatments of the Archetype'.

[10] My personal emphasis, however, as will be seen from what follows, is on neither of these two aspects - ideational or imagistic. Rather, it takes the shape of a word - 'renvoi', traceable, more often than not, to a particularly identifiable segment in a definite text, which functions as a 'stabilizer of the *renvoi*!. Hence, it is, relatively speaking, very real, very tangible, and ... very lexicographic.

[11] The Russians have always had a linguistic tradition in which poetics and linguistics formed a unitary whole. Within that tradition, there are three types of metaphors, established according to variations on a transparency/opacity scale, coupled with specific poetic force. I distinguish, for instance, live, fading, and dead metaphors. Etymology is primarily concerned with dissection-work on the dead ones (viz. the very point that Max Muller is trying to make here). Idomaticity — a very new field of language studies — deals with the fading ones, e.g. a cockang-bull story. Live metaphors are, of course, the realm of poetics. SEE C.G. SANDULESCU, 1957, *The Lexical Metaphor*, B.A. Dissertation, University of Bucharest, 105 pp. (mimeo).

[12] For an ample discussion of kennings, SEE the *Beowulf* commentators in particular. However, it is only the translator of *Beowulf* into another language that must come to grips with all the aspects of the poetic and translation problems that kennings do actually pose. And it is within this context that the issue of the translatability of *Finnegans Wake* should be raised.

[13] SEE Roman JAKOBSON, 1974/1975, *Coup d'oeil sur le dévelopement de la sémiotique*, Studies in Semiotics, Bloomington: Indiana University Research Center in Language and Semiotic Sciences. This is in fact the text of the main report given at the *First Congress of Semiotics*, Milan, June 1974. It is published in French by Indiana University, not in English, mainly on account of the untranslatability of the definition of the sign.

[14] SEE the whole discussion on the arbitrary nature of the linguistic sign, starting from Ferdinand de Saussure, and more recently Tulio de Mauro, Alain Rey-Debove etc.

[15] Along the same line of phrasal deconventionalization, SEE also (583.30 - At half past quick in the morning).

[16] The literature on the competence/performance issue is quite considerable. It started with Chomsky (1965), who borrowed the distinction from Saussure (1916) and modified the labels. The issue, however, has major implications for the study of poetic prose, as concepts devised for a competence model do not necessarily apply to a performance model.
There is now a wide range of types of competence being discussed, from among which I would like to mention zero competence and poetic competence.

[17] A more refined treatment of the text of the Lord's Prayer in English, taking into account variations between, say, the Authorized Version and the Revised Version, might be quite interesting — as interesting as inter-language comparisons with Latin, Italian, etc. —, but it is not considered absolutely necessary here, as the major point that is being made is the very definition of the archetype in general and of the Paternoster archetype in particular, in close correlation with its distribution over the whole book, rather than a discussion of specifically controversial tokens.

[18] SEE *An Index of Motifs in Finnegans Wake* in Clive HART (1962/1971:211-247). SEE also *Song References in Finnegans Wake* in M.J.C. HODGART & M.P. WORTHINGTON (1959:85-171). Unfortunately, there is so far no analogous listing for 'literary sources' (i.e. with equal claims at completeness and systematic presentation) on the basis of which reliable frequency figures could be worked out. Motif 189 (mishe mishe to tauftauf) rates highest with 55 occurrences, followed by Motif 386 (Magazine Wall Motif) with 47. The nursery rhyme Humpty Dumpty rates highest among the Song, with 49 occurrences, followed closely by the Ballad of Finnegan's Wake with 45. Unless there are unexpected surprises from the insufficiently charted area of 'literary sources', the Paternoster archetype should come an easy fifth in point of frequency, after the above-mentioned four — two songs, two motifs.

[19] SEE Michael SCHAPIRO, 1976, *Asymmetry*, an inquiry into the linguistic structure of poetry, North-Holland, particularly Chapter II, entitled 'Symmetry, Asymmetry, and Parallelism, pp. 59-87, for a discussion of the correlation existing between these concepts.

[20] A replica of the same chart can easily be constructed, with arrows indicating all the statistical compensations suggested in the conclusions. It is not given here for lack of space.
As to context, this analysis might be met with the objection that the 46 so-called 'allusions' should be viewed only and exclusively in their proper 'context'. One very neglected apsect of context with which I am very much concerned here is the idea of *item distance*. Assuming that (aT 1), (aT 2), and (aT 3) are the first three occurrences of the Paternoster archetype, made up of 7, 1 and 3 items respectively, in the following formula.

(aT 1(::7)) (x) (aT 2(::1)) (y) (aT 3(::3)) (z) ...

the unknown quantities w, y, and z stand here for aspects of context.

[21] For a thorough-going discussion of motifs, SEE Clive HART (1962:passim) from which I would like to foreground the following statement (162) in particular: 'Technically the *leitmotiv* is a highly self-conscious device. It functions primarily at the surface level, within the verbal texture'. Thus a correlation is established between recurrent archetype and texture.

[22] For a Joycean parallel, SEE 'Goneboro toboro lookboro atboro àboro houseboro,' in *Portrait of the Artist*, p. 297.

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