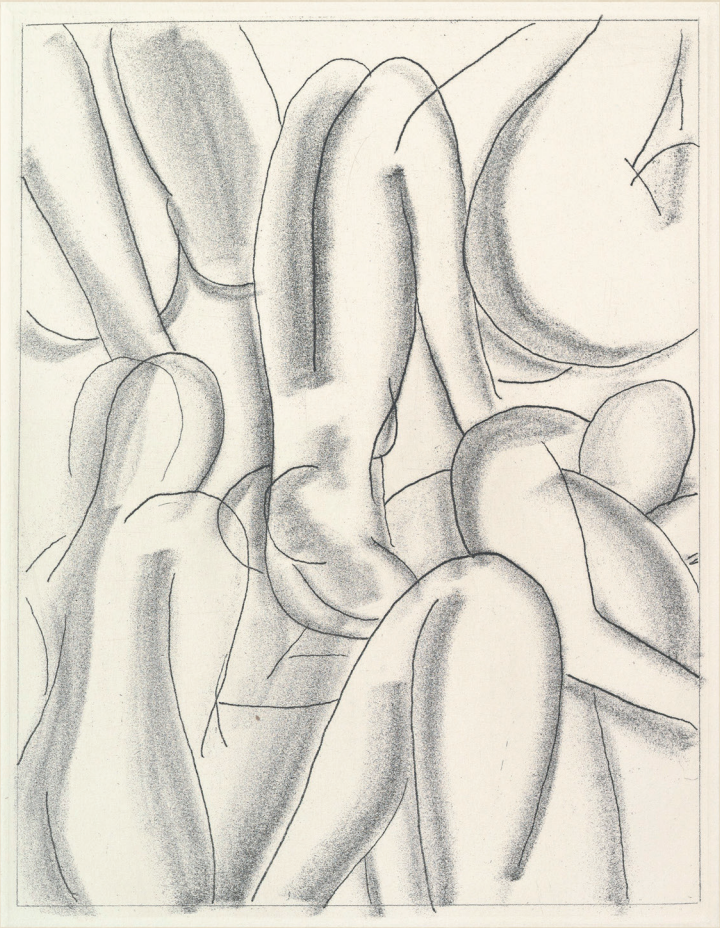
ULYSSES UNBOUND



A Reader's Companion to
James Joyce's *Ulysses*

TERENCE KILLEEN

PENGUIN BOOKS

Ulysses Unbound

Terence Killeen is Research Scholar at the James Joyce Centre, Dublin. He has published in the *James Joyce Quarterly*, the *James Joyce Literary Supplement* and the *Joyce Studies Annual*. A former journalist with *The Irish Times*, he continues to write on Joyce-related matters for the newspaper. He is a former trustee of the International James Joyce Foundation. His most recent publication is an essay on Joyce's early 'A Portrait of the Artist' in the volume *Joyce's Non-Fiction Writings*. He has taught *Finnegans Wake* for many years at seminars at the Dublin James Joyce Summer School and the Trieste Joyce Summer School. He has also lectured at both schools, at the James Joyce Centre, at Trinity College, Dublin, at various International and North American James Joyce symposiums and at the Irish Cultural Centre in Paris.

Colm Tóibín's most recent novel is *The Magician*.

TERENCE KILLEEN

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NEW EDITION

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In memory of
NOREEN
and of
MICHAEL GRODEN

For ELIZABETH *and* ANNA

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Foreword: Killeen's Joyce

The ideal reader is someone who, without consulting any criticism or works of expurgation, picks up a book and slowly becomes engrossed, the attention held by the style or the plot or by something harder to define that has to do with the prospect of further pleasure in the pages ahead.

In the case of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, however, the ideal reader comes in two guises. The first type is a student or scholar, someone who takes pleasure in the intricacies and complexities of the text, who enjoys working on sources and annotations or connecting Joyce's book to literary theory or to aspects of Joyce's own life.

The second type of reader is someone who comes innocently to the book, becoming slowly intrigued by the shifts in tone and style, the heightened language, the jokes and parodies, or, again, something harder to define that has to do with the underlying rhythms in the prose and the way the book seems to contain, in energies hidden and on display, an astonishing and rich response to life.

Terence Killeen's *'Ulysses' Unbound* is a bridge between these two readers, connecting the world of scholarship and literary exegesis to the world of the ordinary reader coming to the book for the first time, or taking it up again having found one episode or other too dense and allusive, too textured and literary, too hard.

Joyce's book, as Killeen makes clear, has a close relationship to the idea of the common and the ordinary. '*Ulysses*', he writes, is 'a marvellously democratic book'. Killeen's impulse, then, is to take this idea seriously and create a commentary on *Ulysses* that opens the book for anyone to read. He writes clearly; his companion to *Ulysses* makes the book easier to follow without simplifying anything. His book is not his own insistent interpretation of *Ulysses*; rather, it is a guide for others that is systematic and supremely helpful.

Each reader will have different moments when *'Ulysses' Unbound*

becomes essential. Anthony Burgess described the 'Oxen of the Sun' episode in *Ulysses* as the one he would have most like to have written:

> It is an author's chapter, a dazzling and authoritative display of what English can do. Moreover, it is a fulfilment of every author's egotistical desire not merely to *add* to English literature but to *enclose* what is actually there.

This episode is also, Killeen writes, 'by general agreement the most difficult episode'. The problem, for an unprepared reader, is that 'Oxen of the Sun' is written in a parody of style, but the styles shift as the narrative proceeds. Trying to work out what is actually happening in this episode, and then trying to appreciate the various styles, is an intense experience. It is one moment in the book where it might help to be a professor of English rhetoric or a polyglot like Anthony Burgess.

This is when *'Ulysses' Unbound* comes to our aid most practically and succinctly. In twenty pages, Killeen sets out with great precision how the text of 'Oxen of the Sun' works, what it does. He begins by outlining 'the course of the "action", as if there were no stylistic screen between reader and events narrated'. Then he deals with the style: 'The episode is written as a succession of parodies of passages of English prose, tracing its development from Latin and Anglo-Saxon up to the late nineteenth century.' He then outlines, citing page numbers, the thirty-one parodies.

While he works in detail, glossing words and phrases, working his way through some passages line by line, he also has a view of the entire work which makes clear to us what we should look out for. He notes that the Sirens episode – the eleventh out of eighteen – 'takes on a different tonality: things that had been very serious begin to seem merely occasions for fun.' And then he continues: 'If *Ulysses* is about anything, it is about this change of tone, more than it is about paternity, or androgyny, or colonialism, or Irish freedom, or many another thematic word one could summon up.' He refers to this change as 'a kind of liberation, a liberation into style'.

For the reader, any reader, this response to the novel allows us to savour sentences and tones that might previously have seemed

intimidating or too performative. It nudges us to note the changes in style from the very beginning. But Killeen's noting the shift in tone also encourages us to take lightly what we once took seriously, to see the response to life, as exemplified in the book, as fluid, as open to possibility, and indeed pleasure, as any reader of the book must be.

Colm Tóibín, 2022

Preface

This book offers access to James Joyce's *Ulysses* on a number of levels. On the most basic level, each episode is summarised; this is followed by an account of the Homeric parallels that underpin the narrative. Next there is a discussion of the style of the episode, followed by a broader discussion, under the neutral rubric 'Commentary', of some of the issues that the episode raises. The distinction between 'Style' and 'Commentary' is obviously rather artificial; nonetheless in this book style is foregrounded so clearly, attention is drawn to it so markedly, that there are good grounds for devoting a separate section to it.

These sections are followed by notes on some of the principal personages and events mentioned in the text, followed in their turn by a select glossary of foreign language words and phrases. The notes are by no means intended to be comprehensive; that is too large a task for a work of this scope. But it is hoped that they provide interesting information, especially about the real people on whom many of the characters in *Ulysses* are based. The recently published *Annotations to James Joyce's 'Ulysses'*, by Sam Slote, Marc A. Mamigonian and John Turner (see Bibliography), provides the most comprehensive and reliable annotations for the book available.

Again, to provide glosses for all the strange words used in *Ulysses* is beyond the purview of this work. But the 'Select glossary' does help with one of the most obvious barriers: the large number of expressions in languages other than English that are used throughout. Stephen in particular is much given to such terminology, and many readers might welcome help with some of his very recondite locutions.

The line numbers used in the notes and glossary are keyed to the line numbers in the edition of *Ulysses* edited by Hans Walter Gabler (The Bodley Head, London, 1986; revised edition 1993). Although controversial when published (see Epilogue), this remains the best and most reliable text available.

One peculiarity of this work is that it does not feature a broad overall introduction, setting out themes and theories. I have preferred to follow the more natural course, whereby one first reads the book, and then attempts an overall view. Even at that, the 'overall view', when it comes in a concluding essay, is not very overall; one thing that the last few episodes of *Ulysses* seem to inculcate is a suspicion of totalising views and grand interpretations.

An unhelpful way to approach *Ulysses*, I believe, is to start with a word, be it 'paternity', 'androgyny', 'différance' or 'colonialism', or many another, and to use this as a master key to unlock the entire book. Very often such an approach works only by focusing on one part of this vast work, and ignoring evidence which contradicts, or at least questions, it from another part. So the concluding essay is more a set of probes, a discussion of possible approaches, than it is a key to all Joycean mythologies.

Despite this eschewing of introductory material, some basic facts should be spelt out. *Ulysses*, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, the first consisting of three episodes ('episodes' is the term that Joyce consistently used in English, rather than 'chapters'), the second of twelve episodes, and the third of three again. The entire book covers a period of some nineteen hours, from 8 a.m. on Thursday, 16 June 1904 to around 3 a.m. the next day. The three parts, and the eighteen episodes, correspond to the structure of Homer's *Odyssey*. The detailed correspondences are given in the discussion of each episode, but the first part concerns Stephen Dedalus and corresponds to the story of Odysseus's son, Telemachus, which begins *The Odyssey*. The second part, by far the longest, introduces us to the book's Ulysses, Leopold Bloom, who enters on the scene relatively late in the work, just as Odysseus does in Homer (actually in Book 5). (The name 'Ulysses', incidentally, is the Romanised version of the Greek 'Odysseus'.) This part corresponds to the actual adventures of Odysseus in Homer's epic. The third part concerns Bloom's rather dilatory return, with Stephen, to his home, corresponding to the similar 'Nostos' or return to Odysseus's home, Ithaca, in *The Odyssey*.

Each episode was given a Homeric title by Joyce, although these do not appear in the book itself. These titles reflect the major setting or

personages of the part of *The Odyssey* being exploited at that point: Episode 6, Bloom's visit to Glasnevin cemetery, is called 'Hades' because that is the name of the land of the dead which Odysseus visits at the corresponding point in *The Odysse*y, Episode 11 is called 'Sirens' because it corresponds to the point in *The Odyssey* where Odysseus has to resist the enchanting songs of the sea maidens, the Sirens, who lure sailors to their doom.

Although Joyce decided not to use these titles in the work itself, and was reluctant to make them publicly known, they have by now become the standard names for each episode. They are not difficult to remember and they are used for convenience throughout this work.

The first substantial critical work devoted to *Ulysses* was Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (1930). This included a plan or 'schema' of the book, supplied by Joyce to Gilbert. (A version of it had already been given to Valery Larbaud, the most influential French champion of Joyce's work.) This schema lists the Homeric correspondences; but we also learn from it that each episode has its own specific narrative technique, its own specific symbol, its own art. Many have a particular colour and organ of the body assigned to them. The reasons for all this will be discussed later. (The schema's authority is slightly compromised by the fact that much earlier, in 1920, Joyce had sent the Italian critic Carlo Linati a schema which differs markedly in some respects from the later one, while agreeing on the main outlines.)

Joyce's reasons for preparing and distributing this schema were complex: he wanted to promote awareness of the book, but he also did not want to give too much away. There may be some significance in the fact that he ultimately seems to have decided that no great harm would be done by distributing the schema to selected individuals, with the likelihood that it would then become more widely known: it may indicate that ultimately, the inner core of the book is not there. The Gilbert schema is not 'the key' to *Ulysses*, but it does provide a structure which clarifies some important aspects of the book. It is reproduced on pages 326–7 of this work and is discussed in some detail in what follows.

*

I am grateful to the National Library of Ireland and its former Director, Brendan Ó Donoghue, for providing the opportunity to write this work, which had been gestating, in some shape or form, for many years. Some of the ideas in the concluding essay go back to conversations with John Banville when we were both working on the sub-editors' desk of *The Irish Press* in the 1970s. Along the way, many other intellectual debts have been incurred; no great surprise will be occasioned if I single out, as nearly every Joycean does at some point, Fritz Senn. Catherine Fahy and Luca Crispi, of the National Library, have been very supportive throughout. Although I deliberately do not refer much to Joyce criticism in the course of this work, I am indebted to all the works listed in the bibliography, even, or maybe especially, the ones I disagree with.

I am also grateful to my employers, *The Irish Times*, for providing a period of sabbatical leave that made the writing of this work possible. My wife, Noreen O'Donohue, greatly assisted this project through much wise counsel.

June 2004
Revised 2022

Preface to the Penguin Edition, 2022

For this Penguin edition of the book, I have added an Epilogue, '*Ulysses* at 100', which reflects on the history of *Ulysses*'s reception in the century since it was published. I have added a passage in the 'Styles' section of the 'Oxen of the Sun' episode to deal with an issue that has arisen in recent years. I have also clarified somewhat the musical structure of the 'Sirens' episode in the light of some new (and old) information and have provided new information, based on recent scholarship, on the real-life origins of Leopold and Molly Bloom. I have also, of course, substantially updated the Bibliography.

I am grateful to Colm Tóibín for contributing a new foreword to this work and for his persistent and powerful advocacy of *'Ulysses' Unbound*.

Life of James Joyce

James Augustine Joyce was born on 2 February 1882, at 41 Brighton Square West, Rathgar, Dublin. His father was John Stanislaus Joyce, a Corkman, who at the time of Joyce's birth was working in the office of the collector of rates for Dublin. His mother was Mary Jane Murray, a member of a petty bourgeois Dublin family. James Joyce was the oldest surviving child (a boy named John was born in 1881 but did not live). Altogether John Joyce and May Murray had ten children who survived infancy, four boys and six girls. Five other children did not survive infancy.

At the age of six (an exceptionally early age) Joyce was sent as a boarder to Clongowes Wood College, Co. Kildare. His experiences there are recorded in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. While Joyce was still at Clongowes, the downfall of Parnell occurred in 1891; this event permanently coloured Joyce's view of Irish politics and also deeply affected his father, a committed Parnellite. That same year, Joyce's sojourn in Clongowes was terminated; John Stanislaus Joyce had started on the long career of financial mismanagement that would finally destroy his family. The Joyces moved from Bray, where they lived at the time of the Parnell debacle, first to Blackrock and then to the north inner city of Dublin, where they went through an astonishing number of changes of address, each one more impoverished than the preceding. James was educated briefly by the Christian Brothers (this experience goes unmentioned in his work), but was then enabled to attend Belvedere College through the good offices of Father John Conmee, the former rector of Clongowes. At Belvedere, Joyce underwent a spiritual crisis, occasioned by his precocious experiences with prostitutes and his subsequent drastic repentance. However, the return to the bosom of the Church was short-lived; soon after Joyce discovered the artistic vocation which was to remain with him for the rest of his life and which made religion redundant.

John Stanislaus Joyce had lost his job in the rate collector's office in 1892; from then on he subsisted on a meagre pension and occasional odd jobs. However, on leaving Belvedere with an excellent academic record, James was still able to attend University College Dublin in 1898. He was an extremely confident young man, impervious to the attitudes of others towards him, reticent, but at times very witty. Under the influence of drink, which he took up rather belatedly after leaving college, but very enthusiastically, his behaviour could be raucous and uninhibited. He made some very close friends at college, in particular J. F. Byrne (Cranly in *A Portrait*), though all of Joyce's close male friendships show a pattern of gradual cooling, sometimes exacerbated by a sense of betrayal and suspicion.

Joyce's academic performance at college was less impressive than at school: he was bored with the official curriculum on offer and instead pursued particular interests of his own, such as Henrik Ibsen, virtually unknown both to the professors and the students. However, he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts in 1902. He then determined on pursuing a medical career, apparently with the idea that he could combine it with writing. Joyce's attendance at the medical lectures was desultory, however, and he was also angered when the authorities declined to offer him any tutoring work in his degree subjects. He decided, a trifle irrationally, that he would fare better at medical school in Paris than in Dublin and determined to go there. This decision was of course a first step in the myth of enforced exile that Joyce was always to cherish thereafter.

He departed for Paris on 1 December 1902. Not surprisingly, his medical studies were scanty, but, insofar as his straitened circumstances permitted, he explored the intellectual, artistic and other delights of Paris (his French was already fluent, though perhaps not fluent enough for understanding technical medical lectures). However, he was more than happy to come home for Christmas in the best Irish tradition when his parents made a special effort to fund his return.

Back in Dublin, he made a new acquaintance (he and Byrne had by now fallen out): this was Oliver St John Gogarty, a far more successful medical student than was Joyce. Gogarty's wit and bawdry appealed to Joyce and superficially the two were on friendly terms. Joyce returned to Paris on 23 January, having remained nearly a month in

Dublin, and continued to pursue his rather desultory studies and to write some verse. He also had some difficult but not entirely unfriendly meetings with John Synge. However, his time in Paris was abruptly cut short by the shocking news that his mother was very ill, indeed dying, as his father informed him in a telegram.

Joyce returned to Dublin on 13 April 1903, to find his mother slowly dying of liver cancer. She died on 13 August, worn out, as Joyce saw it, by the rigours of the life she had been forced to lead. He regarded her as a victim, and, as he later told Nora Barnacle, he 'cursed the system that had made her a victim'.

The family circumstances, which had been bad enough while May Murray was alive, became dire after her death. Joyce's own life was as disorganised as that of Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*. Nevertheless, his artistic progress continued: he embarked on a subjective essay about himself that was the germ of both *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He had also written a series of 'epiphanies', brief glimpses of Dublin life or of his own aesthetic life that were also to undergo considerable expansion in later works.

He tried out various occupations including singing (he had inherited his father's fine tenor voice), and teaching at a school in Dalkey, none of them with any great conviction. Finding life in his father's house impossible, he moved in briefly with Gogarty to the Martello tower in Sandycove, which Gogarty had rented. It was shortly before this, in June 1904, that the most important event in Joyce's life occurred: his meeting with Nora Barnacle, the young woman from Galway who had come to Dublin to work in Finn's Hotel in Nassau Street. The relationship between her and Joyce was still in its early stages when Joyce went to live in the tower but it is likely, as Richard Ellmann speculates, that this new element in his life made Joyce all the more hostile to Gogarty's cynicism. In any case, Joyce lasted in the tower just five nights: the nocturnal ravings of another guest, Samuel Chenevix Trench, and Gogarty's alarming response of firing off a gun allegedly to quieten Trench down, led to Joyce's precipitate departure in the middle of the night of 14 September 1904.

This drama seems to have been the final straw for Joyce. He determined to leave Ireland on a semi-permanent basis. In a daring act of

commitment, he asked Nora to come with him and, even more daringly, she agreed. Joyce understood that there was a language teaching job available at the Berlitz School in Zürich, and on the strength of this belief he and Nora departed thither on 8 October 1904.

When they arrived in Zürich, it turned out that the hoped-for job did not exist; however, Joyce and Nora went on to Trieste, then in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, now in Italy. The job in Trieste proved equally illusory, but Joyce did obtain a real one in Pola, at the very bottom of the Istrian peninsula (it is now in Croatia). Throughout this tempestuous period, he continued to write: in addition to the ongoing autobiographical novel that he had begun in Dublin, he had written some stories (three of them had appeared in the magazine, *The Irish Homestead*) and in Pola he wrote more. These would eventually form the *Dubliners* collection.

Joyce's stay in Pola did not last long; a position became available in the Trieste Berlitz School, very fortunately as the Austrians had decided to expel all aliens from Pola, their main naval base. He moved to Trieste in March 1905 and remained there for most of the next ten years. His son Giorgio was born there on 27 July 1905. His brother Stanislaus joined him there in October and also took up a position at the Berlitz School.

Joyce now began to experience the difficulties with publishers that were to dog him for many years to come. He sent the *Dubliners* collection (minus 'The Dead', which was not yet written) to the London publisher Grant Richards and immediately encountered objections on grounds of decorum and possible libel. Thus began a long saga which would have strained the nerves of a more phlegmatic writer than Joyce: on him the effect was devastating. Allied to this cause of instability was Joyce's innate tendency to become bored with any fixed situation in which he found himself. It was this, more than a minor problem in the Berlitz school, that prompted him to leave Trieste with Nora and Giorgio in July 1906 and take up a job in a bank in Rome.

The period in Rome was not a happy one; Joyce did not like the job or the city, which he considered 'a cemetery'. The one productive result of his stay there was the story 'The Dead', written in a mood of greater tenderness for the country he had left than he had yet

experienced. His unhappy Roman experience may have made home seem rather more attractive. Another interesting outcome of the Rome experience was an idea for an unwritten *Dubliners* story, to be called 'Ulysses'. Much more was later to be heard of this.

Joyce returned chastened to Trieste in March 1907. A daughter, Lucia Anna, was born on 26 July. His first volume, the collection of poems called *Chamber Music*, was published in May, but publication of *Dubliners* remained blocked.

In 1909 he made two return visits to Dublin: the first to see his family again and to show off his son Giorgio; the second to set up Dublin's first cinema, the Volta, in Mary Street. (The venture, which began well, was not ultimately a success; in this, as in much else, Joyce was ahead of his time.) The visit was marked by a crisis in his relations with Nora; a former friend, Vincent Cosgrave (Lynch in *A Portrait*), told Joyce that he had enjoyed Nora's favours at the time when Joyce and she were first going out together. Joyce, devastated, wrote accusatory letters to Nora. However, he was reassured by a closer friend, Byrne, and by Nora herself, that it was all a 'blasted lie'. In reaction to this trauma, and to a further contretemps at the start of his second visit, Joyce engaged in a correspondence with Nora that reached extraordinary heights and depths of emotional and erotic intensity.

While in Dublin, Joyce engaged in negotiations with the firm of Maunsel and Company, managed by George Roberts, for the publication of *Dubliners*. These negotiations dragged on for two more years, with Roberts, like Grant Richards before him, raising objections to many aspects of the collection. Joyce's last visit to Ireland, in 1912, was in connection with this planned publication. The encounter with Roberts on this occasion was a disaster; after many years of prevaricating, he definitively withdrew from the publication of *Dubliners* and the proofs of the collection (it had been set up in type) were pulped or, in Joyce's version, burned. On that note, Joyce left Ireland for good, dispatching a retaliatory blast, the poem 'Gas from a Burner', as his final response. Whatever one may think of his prolonged exile, it is hard not to feel sympathy for an author subjected to such treatment.

Back in Trieste, he and his family resumed the life they had taken up there. Joyce now had a position at the Revoltella Commercial

School, which eased very slightly the financial burden mainly caused by his spendthrift habits. He had jettisoned the first version of the autobiographical novel he had been writing for many years and had begun to rewrite it under the title *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Towards the end of 1913, a breakthrough finally occurred in the *Dubliners* saga: Grant Richards, of whom Joyce had despaired, asked to see the manuscript again and in January 1914 finally agreed to publish it. At the same time Ezra Pound, the most influential Modernist propagandist, having heard about Joyce from Yeats, took an interest in his case. The tide had begun to turn.

Dubliners was published in June 1914, and none of the anticipated reactions ensued. Meanwhile the avant-garde magazine, *The Egoist*, was publishing *A Portrait* in instalments. Encouraged by these developments, Joyce towards the end of 1914 embarked on two more projects: the play *Exiles* and the novel *Ulysses*, which had been in his mind in some shape or form since 1907. These activities were interrupted, however, by the need for a hasty departure from Trieste in June 1915: after Italy entered the war, the situation in Trieste became more tense. The Joyces, as British subjects in an Austro-Hungarian city, were in a dangerous position. They could be interned by the Austrian authorities, as Joyce's brother Stanislaus had already been. With some difficulty, Joyce obtained permission from the authorities to go to neutral Switzerland.

He arrived in Zürich ('the first big city after the frontier') and the family remained there for the duration of the war. Despite the difficulties caused by the conflict, Joyce's reputation continued to grow; he began to attract patronage, something that he had always hoped for and frequently sought. His principal benefactor was Harriet Shaw Weaver, an Englishwoman who was associate editor of *The Egoist*. *A Portrait* was first published in New York in 1916 (an English edition was published by *The Egoist* in 1917). Miss Weaver (there is no other term by which to call her) began to make small donations, at this stage anonymously. Later, the amounts increased considerably, and the anonymity was dropped. In these circumstances, Joyce advanced well with the writing of *Ulysses*.

One or two circumstances did hamper his progress in Zürich: one was his involvement with a company called The English Players,

dedicated to staging English-language plays in Switzerland. This in itself would not have hindered his work, but he became involved in acrimonious litigation with the British Consulate over an issue connected with the Players. At the same time, he had a mild liaison with a woman named Marthe Fleischmann. Both of these events, however, proved to have their uses in *Ulysses*: Joyce was not a writer to let material go to waste.

More productive than either of these events was Joyce's friendship with Frank Budgen, an English painter who had ended up in Zürich when war broke out. Budgen became Joyce's principal sounding board for ideas about *Ulysses* and their discussions led many years later to Budgen's important book, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*.

With the end of the war, Joyce decided to move back to Trieste, whither he returned in October 1919. However, the city was now a rather different place from the one he had left. It was a good deal quieter and, moreover, there was nobody as receptive as Budgen with whom to discuss *Ulysses*. Joyce's brother Stanislaus was no longer interested; he had greatly resented James's treatment of him over the years and was determined to forge a life of his own. Joyce regained his old position at the Higher Commercial School, soon to become the University of Trieste. But he remained most unhappy with his lot in Trieste; he thought about going to England or even to Ireland for the summer. In these circumstances, he was quick to take up a suggestion from Ezra Pound that he stop off in Paris for a few days *en route* to London. Joyce then decided on a permanent departure from Trieste: he resigned his position in the university (it soon went to Stanislaus) and the Joyce family departed Trieste for good on 4 July 1920.

Joyce arrived in Paris on 8 July ostensibly intending to remain just a week. However, he remained for some twenty years; Paris suited him. By now, he was becoming famous; excerpts from *Ulysses* were appearing in various little magazines, and a fine scandal was developing. Four issues of *The Little Review* in New York were confiscated and burned because they contained extracts from the novel. Ultimately there was an obscenity trial in the US; the magazine was banned from publishing any more extracts. This was in one sense a setback, but on the other hand all the publicity was making the unpublished book a huge *succès*

de scandale. *Ulysses* was nearly finished, but it seemed impossible to publish it anywhere. In this situation, a young American, Sylvia Beach, who owned a bookshop, Shakespeare and Company, on the Paris Left Bank, undertook to publish it in France. The book was printed by the firm of Darantière in Dijon, and, after much trauma and agitation, published on 2 February (Joyce's birthday) 1922. Joyce had finally arrived.

Since *Ulysses* could not be legally sold in either Britain or the United States, and since it was also very expensive, Joyce's fame or notoriety did little to ease his financial situation. However, Miss Weaver, despite some doubts occasioned by Joyce's drinking habits, virtually took over his financial maintenance, settling enormous sums on him and almost impoverishing herself in the process.

Following publication of *Ulysses*, Joyce's life took on a more settled pattern: he lived in Paris, though every summer he and Nora would take off for long excursions, sometimes in France, sometimes as far afield as Austria or Denmark. He never returned to Italy. Joyce did live in London for several months in 1931, in order to establish residency there to enable him to marry Nora. This was a social convention that Joyce and Nora had long flouted, but for testamentary reasons they found it necessary to go through a civil ceremony in a London register office on 4 July that year. Although Joyce talked at the time of settling in London, the city did not really agree with him, and he was happy to return to Paris in September 1931.

In 1923, Joyce had embarked on a new work, ultimately to be called *Finnegans Wake*. The extreme obscurity and complexity of this undertaking very quickly aroused loud protests as extracts from it appeared, but with incredible determination Joyce persisted with it through sixteen long years of many difficulties until it finally appeared in 1939. (It should be added that the work also had its passionate supporters from the very start.) The relatively more settled framework in which Joyce began to write the work, which meant that the earlier parts of it were composed with comparative speed, was soon disrupted by a number of factors, some relatively trivial, some extremely serious.

One of these factors, which was in fact present from the very start but which worsened greatly as time went on, was the state of Joyce's eyes. These had always been bad; but from 1922 to 1930 he had to

undergo eleven operations as his sight continued to deteriorate. He sometimes needed a magnifying glass to see the words he was writing. It was only when he was operated on by an eminent Swiss surgeon, Dr Alfred Vogt, in 1930 that the situation was somewhat stabilised, though his eyes continued to cause him difficulties for the rest of his life.

Another distraction from work on *Finnegans Wake* was Joyce's campaign on behalf of an Irish tenor, John Sullivan, whom Joyce first heard sing in Paris in late 1929. Joyce engaged in propaganda on behalf of this singer with a vehemence that astonished his friends: but it is evident that Joyce saw the treatment of Sullivan, who claimed he was prevented by an 'Italian ring' from singing in the world's major opera houses, as analogous to his own experiences of censorship and neglect by officialdom. Joyce's efforts on Sullivan's behalf were astonishingly energetic, but only partially successful; he had met the singer at a time when his voice was beginning to lose its quality.

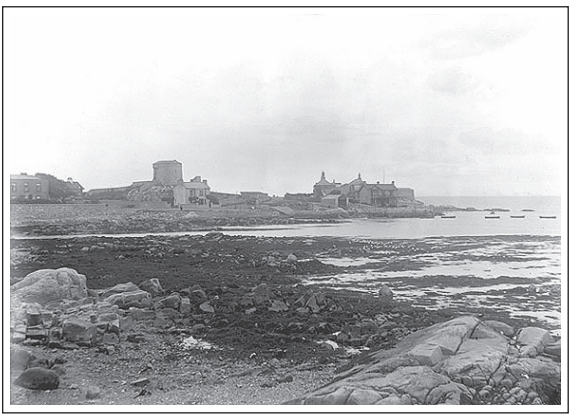
But by far the greatest burden on Joyce's life in those years was the ongoing mental illness of his daughter, Lucia. She began to show signs of disturbance from about 1930 onwards, soon after giving up what had seemed a promising career as a dancer. Gradually her behaviour became sometimes violent and always unpredictable in the extreme. A visit by her to Ireland was particularly traumatic for all those involved. As her condition worsened, Joyce became more and more absorbed in her plight, doing his utmost to save her from permanent committal to a mental institution. In this he ultimately failed, but Joyce's increasingly frantic efforts on her behalf (especially in view of the relative indifference of her mother to her case and the very hard-line and negative attitude taken by her brother) take on a Lear-like, tragic intensity. While Lucia's illness casts a major shadow over his last years, it also reveals depths of love and devotion in his nature which might not otherwise be apparent. And not all developments in his family were bad ones: although his father died on 31 December 1931, unvisited by James for almost twenty years, a son, Stephen James, was born to Giorgio and his wife, Helen Kastor Fleischman, a wealthy American divorcee, on 15 February 1932. Joyce was powerfully affected by this near-coincidence of his father's death and the birth of a grandson; it led to his finest poem, 'Ecce Puer'.

As with so many other people, the prospects of another European conflagration weighed heavily on the Joyces as 1939 advanced. Even the publication, at last, of *Finnegans Wake* in May of that year was overshadowed, much to Joyce's annoyance. On the declaration of war on 3 September 1939, Joyce managed to move Lucia from a clinic at Ivry, near Paris, to one at La Baule, in Brittany, further away from danger. Meanwhile, Giorgio and his wife were separating: Helen was going through a severe nervous breakdown (she recovered her health only after her return to America and her divorce from Giorgio). In this very uncertain situation, James and Nora Joyce accepted an invitation from their friend, Maria Jolas, to join her in the village of Saint-Gérand-le-Puy, near Vichy. They arrived there with Giorgio on 24 December 1939 (Stephen Joyce was already there, having been sent there out of harm's way in November). When the German invasion began in May 1940, following the false calm of the first few months of the war, Joyce and Nora realised that it would not be safe to remain in Saint-Gérand, of which they were tired in any case. After much difficulty, they succeeded in obtaining permission to leave France for Zürich in neutral Switzerland. This was the city where the Joyces had sat out the previous war, and where Joyce had first arrived with Nora at the start of his continental odyssey many years before – and, indeed, where they had first made love.

After a difficult journey from France, they reached Zürich on 17 December 1940. Joyce planned to have Lucia join them there as soon as possible; he had already obtained permission for her to leave France. But before that could happen, he was taken violently ill with stomach pains on the night of 10 January 1941. He was suffering from a perforated duodenal ulcer; he had been getting severe stomach pains for several months, if not years, previously, but was happy to accept the view of a French doctor who put them down to nerves and he chose not to alter his opinion even when they worsened. An operation was carried out at the Red Cross Hospital, which at first seemed successful. However, Joyce's condition weakened over the following days, and he died at 2.15 a.m. on 13 January 1941. He was buried in the Fluntern cemetery overlooking the city, where he still lies.

Commentary on Episodes of *Ulysses*

I
[1 · Telemachus]



Time: 8 a.m. Thursday 16 June 1904
Location: Martello Tower, Sandycove, Co. Dublin;
Forty-Foot Bathing Place

SUMMARY

Malachi Mulligan, a medical student, appears at the top of the Martello tower in Sandycove, Co. Dublin, holding a shaving bowl, and launches into a parody of the consecration of the Mass (the turning of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ), using the shaving bowl and its contents as a mock chalice for the consecration of the wine. Stephen Dedalus, a would-be writer and currently a teacher, who also lives in the tower, soon joins him. Stephen watches as Mulligan completes the parody. It is clear that there is friction between them: the first thing we learn about Dedalus is that he is 'displeased and sleepy'. Almost immediately we find out why: another young man is staying as a guest in the tower, an Englishman, known only as Haines, a friend of Mulligan's. Stephen quietly objects to the presence in the tower of Haines, who was raving in his sleep all the previous night in a manner that Stephen finds disturbing. There is a strong contrast between the manners of the two young men: Mulligan is all bluster and bravado; Stephen is reticent to the point of rudeness, refusing any sociability. It is as if as the exaggerated exuberance of Mulligan's manner is an equal and opposite reaction to the exaggerated reticence of Stephen's. Mulligan more or less ignores Stephen's complaint, turning to the sea and praising it with mock-Homeric epithets: 'snotgreen'; 'scrotumtightening'. Mulligan mockingly holds up his shaving mirror to Stephen's gaze. Stephen, pointing to it, bitterly declares it to be a symbol of Irish art: 'The cracked lookingglass of a servant'.

The problem with Haines (later in the conversation Stephen, quite characteristically, says 'let him stay') is only the ostensible cause of their disaffection. As the ensuing difficult conversation between them makes clear, it has its roots in events prior to the novel's opening: the death of Stephen's mother and what Stephen takes to be Mulligan's disrespectful attitude to him over that death. As they discuss this issue (Stephen has relaxed his guard at least to the point of telling Mulligan what the matter is), Mulligan again comments on Stephen's mother's death in a way that worsens still further the 'gaping wounds' in Stephen's heart.

Nothing is resolved by the quarrel; Mulligan goes down to the

living room and Stephen is left alone on the roof of the tower. Here he has an intense imaginary encounter with his mother's spirit, and tries to shake off the burden of guilt he feels over her death (he apparently refused to kneel and pray for her as she lay on her deathbed). Descending, he joins Mulligan and Haines for breakfast, a meal at which the two Irishmen take pleasure in baffling and teasing their guest (an ardent Hibernophile) with their almost impenetrable and highly oblique conversational exchanges. An old woman comes to deliver the milk; she is duly mocked by Mulligan and silently scorned by Stephen, who sees her as a figure of subjected Ireland. (He sees everything as a figure of something else.) She is ardently admired by Haines, however, who is pleased to see her as a type of the Irish peasantry and talks in Irish to her. After her departure, Mulligan and Stephen engage in further repartee. In the course of this it emerges that Stephen rarely washes, having a phobia about water; however, he consoles himself with the observation that 'All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream.' This remark greatly tickles Haines, but when Stephen inquires if he might make money by it, Haines is instantly on his guard. Mulligan sees Haines as a potential source of funds (both he and Stephen are chronically short of money) and he is annoyed that Stephen has ruined a chance to extract some cash from their English visitor.

After breakfast, Mulligan, accompanied by Stephen and Haines, goes down to the Forty Foot Bathing Place for his morning swim, singing a self-composed ditty, 'The Ballad of Joking Jesus', en route. As they go along, Haines attempts to engage Stephen in some philosophical conversation. In response to Haines's remark that Stephen seems to be free to make his own choices, the would-be poet declares that he is 'a servant of two masters', the British Empire and the Roman Catholic church. A third master, probably his own muse, wants him for odd jobs. Haines reacts calmly to the remark about the British Empire, opining that 'history is to blame' for Britain's oppression of Ireland. Stephen, meanwhile, probably in reaction to Haines's comment and to his own mention of the Roman Catholic church, has drifted off into an elaborate fantasy glorifying the power of the church and associating Mulligan with some of the routed heresiarchs. Stephen appears to identify himself with the church in this instance.

At the bathing place, he hears two men discussing the man who had drowned nine days previously: they expect his body to be found today when the tide comes in at about 1 p.m.

Stephen has locked the door of the tower behind them and takes the key with him. Before he leaves for his teaching job, however, Mulligan asks him for the key, ostensibly to keep his clothes flat while he swims. Stephen has foreseen this request: he believes the key is his, that he paid the rent, but he nonetheless hands it over without complaint and departs with bitterness in his heart, expressed in a single unspoken word: 'Usurper'.

CORRESPONDENCES

The Odyssey begins on the Greek island of Ithaca, the home of Odysseus (Ulysses). He has been missing since the end of the Trojan War, many years previously, and in his absence, a gang of arrogant suitors for the hand of Penelope, his wife, has taken over the royal palace. The boldest of the suitors is Antinous. Odysseus's son, Telemachus, is displaced, usurped, and ignored, able only to watch helplessly as his father's goods are laid waste. The goddess Pallas Athena, the constant supporter of Odysseus, visits Telemachus, disguised at first as Mentes, an old friend of the family, and then as old Mentor, the rather ineffectual guardian of Odysseus's houses and stables. She advises Telemachus to leave Ithaca and go in quest of his father on the Greek mainland. In the Gilbert schema, Stephen is Telemachus, Mulligan is Antinous and the milkwoman is Mentor (although Stephen's response to her is much more ambiguous than is Telemachus's to Mentor).

Another system of correspondences is already in play, and this is specifically alluded to, unlike the Homeric parallels. Haines at one point remarks that the tower and its setting remind him of Elsinore, the setting of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and this is a clue to the analogy between Stephen and Prince Hamlet, the heir displaced by his usurping uncle, Claudius, who has murdered Hamlet's father and married his mother. Haines foreshadows this important motif with his remarks about the father/son relationship in *Hamlet*: he links it explicitly to