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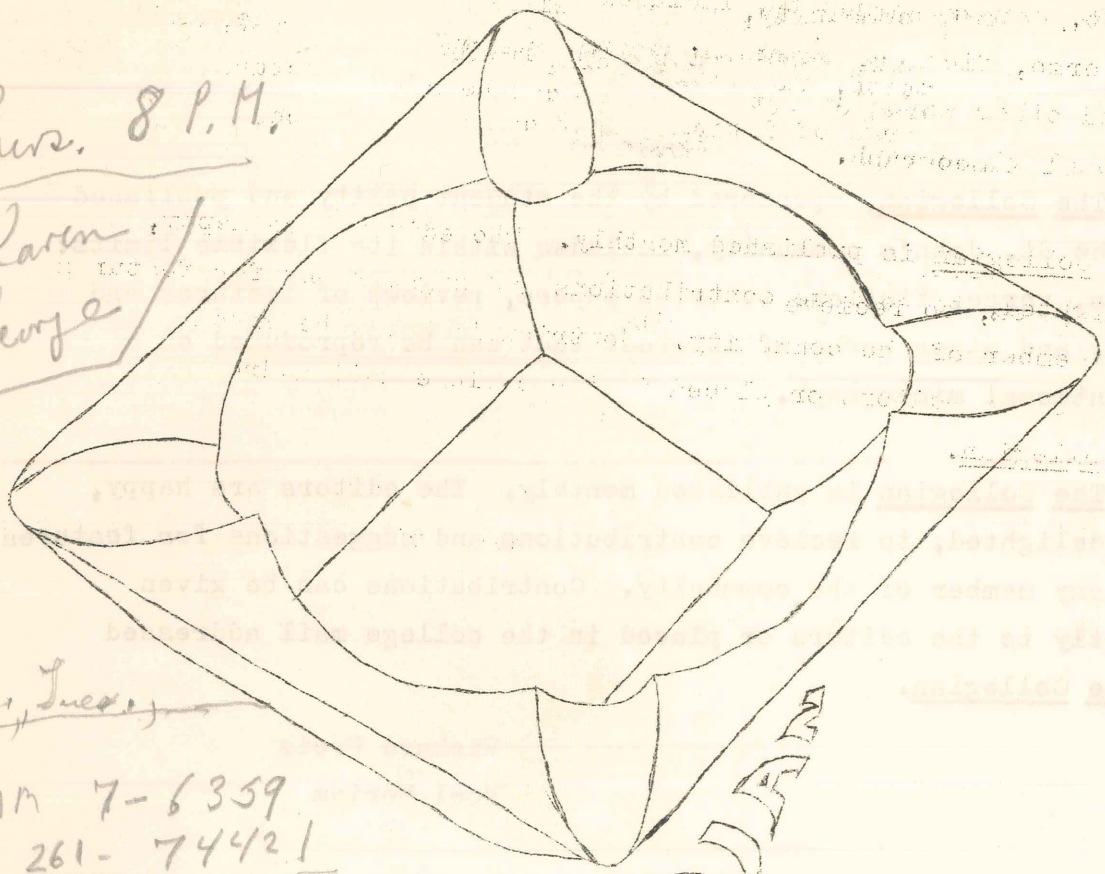

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THE COLLEGIAN

SEPTEMBER 14, 1962

The Rev Penfree Smith

The Collegian, sponsored by the student polity and published for the St. John's community, includes within its flexible limits: essays, verse, fiction, tutorial papers, reviews of lectures and films, and other works of interest that can be reproduced on a conventional mimeograph.

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Richard Freis
Noel Meriam

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JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES

by

Allen Clark

A lecture delivered at St. John's College

Annapolis, Maryland

November 20, 1959

JAMES JOYCE'S 'ULYSSES'

The task of the writer has always been to bind the Protean multiplicity of reality within his net of words. But this symbolic binding of Proteus has become increasingly difficult for the modern writer, as the reality of modern life, epitomized by the city, has become increasingly complex; while on the other hand the stream of speech, prostituted to the uses of journalism and commerce, has become a muddy river of jargon studded by floating cliches.

The problem of encompassing the choatic reality of the modern city in a flexible and living speech was one which the young James Joyce by virtue of his Dublin childhood, his sensitive musical ear, and his Jesuit training, was peculiarly fitted to attack. Born in Dublin in 1882, James Augustine Joyce reached manhood just as the new century dawned. Son of a gregarious and alcoholic father, the young Joyce, together with a large family of brothers and sisters, spent his childhood moving through a succession of shabbier and shabbier houses in the slums of Dublin as his father fled from bill collectors. He knew the degrading reality of modern city life from the bottom up.

In many ways, Dublin was a peculiarly fortunate city for the future novelist to grow up in: large enough to exhibit the complexities of the modern city, it was still small enough to be <u>one</u> community and not a conglomerate metropolis like New York or London. Everybody knew everybody else's business, and gossiped about it at length in the pubs and newspaper offices. Their minds were filled, too, with memories of a proud civic past: in the Eighteenth Century, Dublin had been the cultural capital of the British Empire, ornamented with the names of Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke, and Sheridan. In the Nineteenth Century, Ireland's fortunes declined, but its classical tradition lingered on, preserved in good talk and alcohol.

If Joyce's Dublin provided him with the materials for his books and a love of living speech in which to protray them, it was his Jesuit education that gave him a metaphysical basis for the method by

which he was to combine them. From the Jesuits, Joyce received not only pedantry, dialectic, and encyclopedic learning; they introduced him to the philosophy of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, and to the doctrine of Epiphany, which was to be the starting point of Joyce's art.

An epiphany is, literally, a showing forth, epiphanion; in theology it means a "spiritual manifestation', especially of God in visible form. The most famous of epiphanies, that whose feast is celebrated on January 6th, occurred when certain wise men, journeying from the East, saw in Bethlehem a humble sight: a baby in a manger. Yet they saw, in that baby, the radiant body of Christ, the incarnation of God. This ability to see cosmic significance in the humblest things was at the center of Joyce's artistic vision, and to designate all such moments of insight, Joyce borrowed from theology the name epiphany.

True to his Jesuit training, Joyce surrounded the doctrine of epiphany with an elaborate Scholastic theory of esthetics, that enabled him to focus his formidable arsenal of skills upon the target of the city. This theory stems principally from one sentence of Aquinas: "Ad pulchritudinem tria requiruntur" ("for beauty three things are required"): "integritas, consonantia, claritas" (which Joyce translates as "wholeness, harmony, and radiance".) Integritas, or wholeness, is that property of an object whereby we recognize it as a distinct thing, marked off from the rest of the universe which is not that thing. Consonantia, or harmony, is the internal order of the object, the rhythm and balance of structure whereby it is enabled to be one thing. Claritas, or radiance, is the quidditas, the whatness of the object. As Joyce explained it,

> "First we recognize that the object is one integral thing. /That is its integritas./ Then we recognize that it is an organized composite structure, a thing, in fact. /That is its consonantia./ Finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, ... we recognize 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 adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany."

Epiphany is thus, for Joyce, that supreme moment of union when the beholder, purged of all kinetic emotions of desire or loathing, meets an object similarly freed of all imperfections of form, and sees into the heart of its reality. Such moments, Joyce believed, are in store for all of us, if we could but free ourselves from desire and loathing, and become observers of things as they are in themselves. Thus the young Joyce went among his fellows recording their gestures, a revealing glance or phrase, by which it seemed to him they gave themselves away. Each sight or sound in the dirty noisy city might be a clue to the labyrinth. In this epiphanic view of the cosmos, every detail became sacred because it might contain a key to the universe. Joyce recorded every detail of Dublin life with religious intensity because, as he said, "I believe that if I can understand Dublin, I can understand any city anywhere."

Epiphanies in their pure form, however, no matter how suggestive to their observer, need to be embedded in a narrative context whose rhythm of beauty shall prepare the reader for the epiphany when it comes. Such a collection of embedded epiphanies constitutes Joyce's first work of fiction, Dubliners.

This book, written in 1904 - 5, appears to be a collection of fifteen short stories, but it was actually written as a unified book, a sort of fifteen-sided novel of Dublin life. Each of the stories ends with a moment of revelation, usually of self-recognition, in which the central character sees the reality of his own life. Thus in the final story of the book, called "The Dead", a man seeing his wife weep at a song which reminds her of a boy who once died for love of her, realizes that it is he who is dead, while the dead boy lives on in his wife's heart. What he has learned, really, is the meaning of the title of the story: we are all "the dead", even in the midst of life.

Joyce's epiphanies often take the form of learning the true meaning of a word; and his autobiographical novel, A Portrait of the Artist

as a Young Man, in which he portrays himself under the name of Stephan Dedalus, may be regarded as the story of how Stephen finally comes to know the significance of his own name, Dedalus. As a schoolboy he had often been teased about his strange Greek name, and at the climax of the book, when he has just rejected an invitation to join the Jesuit order, the familiar banter induces in him an epiphany:

> Their banter was not new to him...but now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to see a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop, out of the sluggish matter of the earth, a new imperishable being.

Stephen rejects the Jesuit priesthood, to enter a new priesthood of art, and on the last page of the book, as he stands poised for flight to Paris, escaping the labyrinth of Dublin like another Icarus, he breathes a prayer to his new-found father:

"Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead."

He has at last learned the meaning of his own name.

Joyce's Ulysses is his attempt to bring the artist and the city together. He places Stephen Dedalus of Portrait of the Artist in the midst of the Dubliners of the first book, and catches the labyrinthine city in the many-faceted consciousness of this sensitive artist of words. In so doing, he went beyond the previous limits of the novel in two directions at once. He outdid all realistic novelists in his ponderous massing of detail. Never in all literature has a city been so thoroughly dissected and exposed to view as has Dublin in Joyce's Ulysses. At the same time, Ulysses surpassed all previous novels in its multiple symbolism, its Dantesque architecture of parallel correspondence. The eighteen chapters of Ulysses correspond to eighteen episodes of Homer's Odyssey, to the various organs of the body, to various colors, to the successive hours of the day, to the various sections of Dublin. Each chapter is dedicated to a different art, and employs a different literary technique. Never had a novel been planned so architecturally.

Joyce thus embraced both ends of the literary spectrum at once, outdoing both the realists and the symbolists at their own game. The

way in which he was able to capture both richness and reality at once was through his control over words, by which he could shift flexibly between the inner and outer worlds, sometimes within a single sentence, or even within a single word.

This book, Ulysses, defies classification. It is a guidebook to Dublin, a city directory, a free translation of Homer, a handbook of rhetoric, a history of English literature, a compendium of the arts and sciences, an encyclopedia of folklore -- it is all these and more, but it is also a novel. It has a plot, and a very simple one. It is the story of a day in Dublin in which two men -- Stephen Dedalus, who has lost a father, and Leopold Bloom who has lost a son -- finally meet, after many wanderings and near misses. Its theme, like that of Homer's Odyssey, is the search for home.

Joyce gains unity -- the Thomistic integritas -- by compressing Ulysses' twenty-year wanderings into a single day: Thursday, June 16, 1904; and the Mediterranean world into a single city, Dublin. The eighteen chapters of the book correspond to the eighteen hours of this day, from 8:00 A.M. on June 16, to 2:00 A.M. on June 17. This day was not special in any way -- "the dailiest day possible", Joyce called it. An examination of the Dublin newspapers for that day reveals that nothing unusual happened in Dublin. They are filled with accounts of a breach-of-promise suit in Dublin, of the Ascot race in England, of an auto race in Germany, of the explosion of an excursion steamer in America -- but Dublin remained what Joyce had shown in his Dubliners, "the center of the Irish paralysis".

The actions of the two main characters, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, seem no more significant, for this is a typical day in their lives, too. We first see Stephen -- who is, of course, a fictional counterpart of Joyce himself at the age of 22 -- having breakfast with his friend Buck Mulligan, a jovial medical student, with whom he is sharing the Martello Tower, an abandoned fortress eight miles southeast of Dublin. We next see Stephen teaching school, then walking back from school along the beach. He delivers a letter to a newspaper office,

misses his luncheon engagement with Buck Mulligan, and goes to the National Library, where he gets into a discussion of Shakespeare's Hamlet with some of the literary men of Dublin.

Meanwhile, Mr. Leopold Bloom, 38-year-old newspaper ad man, brings his wife Molly her breakfast in bed, fries a pork kidney for himself, walks to the public baths, attends the funeral of Paddy Dignam at 11 with Stephen's father, goes to his newspaper office at noon -- where he narrowly misses seeing Stephen, whom he has never met; goes out to lunch, goes to the National Library to look up a newspaper ad -- where he again almost meets Stephen, who is discussing Hamlet. At 4 P.M. he has a late lunch at the Hotel Ormond bar, goes to Barney Kiernan's saloon at 5, where he gets into a quarrel with an anti-Semitic Irishman. In the evening he sits on the beach, watching the fireworks from the charity bazaar, and also eyeing a girl. At 10 he goes to the hospital to inquire after Mrs. Purefoy, who's having a baby. There he at last meets Stephen, who is there with his medical friend, Buck Mulligan, and a group of jolly medicos. They all go out to a brothel, and Mr. Bloom tags along to take care of Stephen. Stephen gets drunk, smashes the chandelier at the brothel; Mr. Bloom pays for it, takes Stephen out for a sobering cup of coffee and then back to Bloom's house for a cup of cocoa. Stephen has quarrelled with Buck Mulligan, and Bloom offers to put Stephen up for the night. But Stephen refuses, leaves, and Bloom goes upstairs to join his wife in bed, where she has that afternoon committed adultery with her concert manager, Blazes Boylan, as we learn from her long silent interior monolog which ends the book.

What we must realize is that Joyce, unlike almost all other novelists, depends not on plot but on technique to convey his meanings. While we look for the plot, the meanings are slipping past us in the prose. Ulysses is not organized horizontally, like a thread in time, but vertically. The relation of parts is schematic, not causal.

In picking up this novel the reader glimpses the first schema on the title page -- Ulysses -- and the chapter titles (which Joyce excised from the printed version) made clear the correspondence between his novel and Homer's epic.

Joyce called the first chapter "Telemachus", and indeed young Stephen Dedalus' position in the Martello Tower parallels that of Telemachus at Ithaca. He is separated from his father; he is living in a stone castle dominated by a swaggering, mocking dandy, Buck Mulligan, whose primrose waistcoat suggests Antinous' rich attire, and whose insistence that Stephen, who has paid the rent, should also buy him lunch, suggests the suitor's eating up the food at Ithaca. Stephen, like Telemachus, is reproached by the apparition of a woman who reminds him of an unfulfilled duty. Stephen's mother, who has just died, haunts his memory and reminds him of his guilt in refusing to kneel down and pray at her deathbed -- just as the apparition of Athena in disguise reminds the young Telemachus of his duty.

Telemachus sets out on a journey to sandy Pylos to see the aged Nestor, who has ruled over three generations of men; and in the chapter "Nestor", we see Stephen talking to an old schoolmaster, Mr. Garrett Deasy, who is indeed as garrulous as Nestor, and mentions that he has seen three generations in Ireland.

Chapter 3, "Proteus", of course suggests Telemachus' journey to Sparta, where he heard Menelaus tell of wrestling with Proteus. Stephen, walking along the beach, watches the antics of a dog, who successively reminds him of a fox, a wolf, a bear, a pig, a gull -- changing shapes like Proteus. At a deeper level, the myth of Proteus reminds Stephen of his duties as a writer. We remember that Proteus was supposed to know all things, but could be forced to answer only if you tied him down. He would try to evade you by assuming all sorts of disguises. And Stephen's interior monolog as he walks along the beach is obsessed by the problem of appearance versus reality. "Ineluctable modality of the visible" -- the opening words of the chapter state the problem, and his next words, "Signatures of all things I am

here to read", acknowledge his duty to see reality through its Protean disguises. He remembers his collection of "epiphanies", which are his attempts to read these "signatures".

In Chapter 4, Joyce, by a peculiar economy, has combined Calypso with Penelope in Molly Bloom. Mr. Bloom is enslaved by her exotic beauty; yet they have not had intercourse for eleven years, during which time she has had 26 lovers.

Chapter 5, "The Lotus Eaters", is filled with references to flowers and to oblivion, recalling those lotus-flowers in Book IX of the Odyssey, one taste of which caused Ulysses' sailors to forget their homes. At a drugstore Mr. Bloom buys scented lemon soap and goes on to enjoy the oblivion of the Turkish bath. Bloom remains throughout the day somewhat a lotus-eater, trying to forget his wife's unfaithfulness, though repeatedly startled to awareness by glimpses of his wife's current lover, Blazes Boylan.

Chapter 6, called "Hades", echoes Odysseus' trip to the underworld in Book XI to see the shades of dead Greek heroes. At Glasnevin cemetery, the white statues of dead Irish heroes -- O'Connell, Tom Moore, and Parnell -- loom through the mist like shades of the past.

Chapter 7, called "Aeolus", makes a humorous parallel between Aeolus' Isle of the Winds and a modern newspaper office. Aeolus, you remember, in Book X of the Odyssey, gives Ulysses a bag of the winds, with a warning not to open it; but when they are nearly home, Odysseus' curious sailors open the bag and the escaping winds drive them back to Aeolus' island. The newspaper office in Joyce's Ulysses is a windy place, and the windbag is represented by oratory, which is the "art" of this chapter.

The Dubliners at lunch form a comic parallel to those ancient cannibals, the Laestrygonians, who ate Ulysses' men in Book X of the Odyssey and who give thein name to the 8th chapter of Ulysses. The ingenuity with which Odysseus threaded his way between the rock of

Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis is reflected in the dialectical skill with which Stephen presents and defends his Hamlet theory in Chapter 9, called "Scylla and Charybdis".

Chapter 10, "The Wandering Rocks", takes its name from an adventure which Odysseus did not have. In Book XII of the Odyssey, Circe warns Odysseus that he must sail home either by way of Scylla and Charybdis, or through the wandering rocks which float in the sea like icebergs and clash together, crushing ships between them. Odysseus chooses the former course, but the imagination of Joyce seized upon these wandering rocks as symbols of the wanderings citizens of the modern city, constantly bumping into each other on the streets. Chapter 10 therefore consists of accidental meetings and near misses. It is divided into 18 sections, corresponding to the 18 chapters of the novel. This centrally placed chapter is that an epitome of the whole book; and it ends with a coda which summarizes the whole chapter --constituting thus an epitome of an epitome. The chapter consists of 18 simultaneous snapshots of Dublin at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon--a cross-section of the city. We see a peg-leg sailor stumping along Eccles Street, being thrown a coin by Molly Bloom, while Mr. Bloom is browsing for pornographic literature in a bookstall; Stephen Dedalus bumps into his sister in a nearby bookstall, without seeing Mr. Bloom; we see Blazes Boylan's secretary answering the 'phone, while Boylan, in another snapshot is buying flowers for Molly Bloom. The theme of "wandering rocks" is perhaps clearest in section 17, where a harmless lunatic bumps into a blind piano tuner, who shouts after him "You're blinder nor I am". The wanderers of the modern city, each intent on his own business, bump into each other like blind rocks, and each thinks the other blinder than he is.

In Chapter 11, the Sirens become two barmaids in the Hotel Ormond bar. The art of the chapter is of course music. The music that lures the wayfarer into the barrom is supplied by the impromptu songs of Ben Dollard and Stephen's father--who, by the way, smokes "Mermaid" brand tobacco. The chapter is organized like a musical composition,

with an overture which announces the themes or leit motifs that are then developed by theme-and-variations in the body of the chapter. Each person in the scene is introduced by some characteristic sound: the barmaids by the clink of glasses, the flatfooted waiter by the flap of his feet, the blind piano tuner by the tap of his cane, Blazes Boylan by the jingling bells on his cart. Mr. Bloom's chief musical contribution, at the comic climax of the chapter, is the sound of his breaking wind, due to the carminative effect of a glass of burgundy.

The comic parallel is continued and enlarged in Chapter 12, called "Cyclops", in which the Cyclops' cave is Barney Kiernan's dingy saloon, the Cyclops is a one-eyed Fenian giant, and the firetipped spear with which Odysseus blinds Polyphemus is Mr. Bloom's lighted cigar. Bloom is drawn into an argument by the one-eyed patriot's blind raving against the Jews. Bloom's brave defense of justice and human brotherhood so enrages the Irish nationalist that he throws a biscuit tin at Bloom's departing car, just as Polyphemus hurls a rock at Pdysseus' fleeing ship in Book IX of the Odyssey.

In Chapter 13, "NausicaЯ", Mr. Bloom sits at twilight on Sandymount beach, and strains to see the underwear of a girl, Gerty MacDowell, lying on the beach. Her girl friends are playing ball on the beach, like NausicaЯ's maidens, and her pride in her clean underwear may reflect NausicaЯ's washing her clothes by the seashore. Like NausicaЯ, Gerty admires the handsome stranger, but Bloom is even more modest than Odysseus: he does not approach the girls, and contents himself with an act of auto-eroticism.

Chapter 14, "The Oxen of the Sun", takes its name from Odysseus' adventure, in Book XII of the Odyssey, at the island of Helios, the Sun God. Circe has warned him not to slay the sacred oxen which he will find there; but his sailors grow hungry, kill and eat the Oxen of the Sun, and as a punishment all perish in shipwreck, Odysseus alone surviving. Joyce, interpreting the sacred oxen as fertility symbols, transfers the scene to a maternity hospital, and writes the

successive paragraphs of the chapter in successively later styles, tracing the history of the English language as a parallel to the growth of the embryo in the womb. Thus the early paragraphs are in an Anglo-Saxon style, followed by Middle English, Malory, Bunyan, Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, Lamb, Dickens, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Pater, and so on, down to modern slang. A crash of thunder brings a shower of fertilizing rain, ending the drouth that has been parching Ireland; and also announcing that a climax has occurred: Stephen and Leopold have at last met.

The 15th Chapter, called "Circe", runs to 175 pages, much the longest and most spectacular chapter of the book. It takes place in the brothel quarter of Dublin, and is written in the form of a play. In Book X of the Odyssey, Odysseus and his men land on Circe's isle, and the witch Circe turns all the men into pigs, Odysseus alone resisting her spell. So here in a Dublin brothel, all the men behave like pigs, Mr. Bloom alone remaining sober. He has followed Stephen Dedalus and his medical friend Lynch from the hospital merely to keep watch over Stephen, in whom he already takes a fatherly interest.

Thus the first 15 chapters of Ulysses correspond to the first half of the Odyssey, which narrates the wanderings of Telemachus and Odysseus. The second half of the Odyssey, the so-called Nostos, or Return, is compressed into the last three chapters of Ulysses. In Chapter 16, called "Eumaeus", Mr. Bloom rescues Stephen from the brothel and buys him a sobering cup of coffee at a cabman's shelter, which corresponds to the hut of the old herdsman Eumaeus who shelters Odysseus when he first arrives at Ithaca in Book XIV. Chapter 17, called "Ithaca", takes place in Mr. Bloom's kitchen, back at 7 Eccles Street, where Bloom makes Stephen a cup of cocoa, and invites him to come and live with him and Molly; but Stephen, unlike Telemachus, does not recognize a father in this stranger, and wanders off into the night. The last chapter, 18, called "Penelope", of course parrallels the reunion of Odysseus and Penelope in Book XXIII of the Odyssey, as Mr. Bloom climbs into bed with his wife at 2:00 A.M.

In making use of the Odyssey as a structural frame for his novel, Joyce reduces the heroic exploits of the Greeks to comically unheroic modern parallels: King Nestor becomes a garrulous schoolmaster; the land of the Lotus Eaters, a Turkish bath; the journey to Hades, a visit to the cemetery; the Isle of the Winds, a newspaper office; the cannibal isle, a Dublin restaurant; Scylla and Charybdis become a literary debate; the Sirens become barmaids; the Cyclops a quarrelsom drunk; Ulysses' spear a cigar; Princess Nausicaä a sentimental schoolgirl; and Circe a whoremistress. Above all, the wily king Ulysses, who was never at a loss, becomes the paunchy, cigar-smoking newspaper adman, Leopold Bloom, who is always at a loss, and whose wife is a notoriously unfaithful Penelope.

It would seem that Joyce is writing an anti-Odyssey, in the mock-heroic mode, attempting to bring his picture of the modern world into focus by gaining perspective through incongruity, showing up the shabbiness and futility of modern city-dwellers by contrasting them with ancient Greek heroes.

This was part of Joyce's intention, for he did have an intense hatred for the dirty Dublin slums in which he had been brought up, and for the shabby lower-middle-class life which he had recorded in Dubliners in what he called a style of "scrupulous meanness". Yet he is not writing satire. Who is to say that the loneliness of a modern Bloom is less important than the homesickness of an ancient Odysseus? Bloom is, at any rate, more humane and civilized than Odysseus, whose first act after leaving Troy, we remember, was to sack the unoffending city of the Ciconians, and slaughter all the men. To a mind of sufficient imagination, the human spirit may express itself as greatly in modern Dublin as in ancient Greece. Indeed, Joyce's theory of art, based as it was on a Catholic view of the universe, could not permit him to regard anything as unimportant.

If Homer's Odyssey supplies the narrative framework for Joyce's Ulysses, it might be said that Shakespeare's Hamlet supplies the theme.

There is, of course, a Hamlet story within the Odyssey--that of Orestes, who returns from exile to avenge his father's death by slaying his mother and her paramour. Both Athena and Nestor hold up Orestes as a model to Telemachus. In Joyce's Ulysses, Stephen Dedalus is as conscious of the parallel of Hamlet, as Telemachus was of Orestes. Both Stephen and Hamlet have been called home from studies abroad by the death of a parent: Stephen from Paris by his dying mother, as Hamlet from Wittenberg by the death of his father. Both are estanged from the surviving parent; both feel the guilt of an unfulfilled obligation to the dead parent; both live in a fortress by the sea, dominated by a usurper--as Stephen repeatedly calls Buck Mulligan. Stephen has paid the rent but Buck Mulligan takes the key.

At the library in Chapter 9, Stephen gives an ingenious personal interpretation of Hamlet. Shakespeare is not to be identified with Prince Hamlet, but with the ghost of Hamlet's father, the role which Shakespeare took in performances of the play. Stephen infers that Shakespeare, a ghost by absence in London, was cuckolded by his own brother in Stratford. Ann Hathaway thus forms the model for the guilty Queen Gertrude, as Shakespeare's son Hamnet is obviously a disguise for Hamlet. Shakespeare's production of the play thus served him--as Prince Hamlet's production of the playlet before Claudius and Gertrude does--to show the guilty parties that their guilt is known. What the strolling players perform at Elsinore is thus a play within a play within a play. When William Shakespeare appeared in armor on the stage in London to play the part of King Hamlet's ghost, he beheld before him three sons: the actor Burbage, playing the Prince, as his son by theatrical adoption; Prince Hamlet, the child of his creative mind; and the dead Hamnet, only-begotten son of his body.

Stephen's theologically trained mind sees here a paradigm of the three different kinds of Sonship, reflected in the three theological doctrines concerning the relation of Christ to God: the Arian heresy of Adoptionism, which said that Christ was adopted by God; the Sabellian heresy of Monarchism, which said that Christ, the Eternal Word, is

identical with the Father; and the Athanasian orthodoxy, which says that Christ is begotten, not made, consubstantial with the Father. It is clear that Stephen sees in Hamlet, and in Christ, an image of his own problem of sonship. He has rejected his consubstantial father, Simon Dedalus; he will at the end of the book, reject Bloom's offer to become his father by adoption; he has yet to come to terms with his father by artistic creation, the ancient artificer, Daedelus.

Stephen, though he compares his problem of spiritual sonship with that of Christ, seems in fact to play a very <u>different</u> theological role. He has rebelled against his father, and against the Church; he always wears black; he carries an ashplant in his hand, which he calls his "familiar". He fears water. He fears dogs, knowing that "dog" is "god" spelled backwards; he fears thunder, that "noise in the street" which he called God. He is the embodiment of pride. These hints are finally made explicit in the climactic act of the book, when, seeing his mother's ghost before him at the brothel, he lifts his ashplant, and, with Satan's cry "Non serviam", he smashes the chandelier, plunging the brothel into darkness and pandemonium.

If Stephen is Satan, who is Bloom? Knowing Joyce's way of communicating through symbols, we note that Bloom is a humble Jew, that he feeds the gulls by casting bread upon the waters, that he collects money to care for the orphans of the deceased Paddy Dignam, that his chief business during the day is a concern for the symbol of the crossed keys -- an ad, to be sure, for Keyes' liquor store, but also Saint Peter's keys, as well as the emblem of the Isle of Man, and hence, by a Joycean pun, of all mankind. He defends the brotherhood of man in the Cyclops episode, and the infuriated one-eyed giant hurls a biscuit-tin at him, shouting "By Jesus, I'll crucify him!" There is some mystery about Bloom's name: it was originally the Hungarian <u>Virag</u>; his father translated it to the German <u>Bloom</u>; and Bloom in his secret correspondence with the lonely typist Martha, translates his name into English as "Henry Flower". In the newspaper account of the

funeral, he is listed by error as "L. Boom". The men in pubs and offices regard him as a nobody: like Odysseus at the Cyclops' cave, he is No-Man; but Joyce makes him represent all of us, like a medieval Everyman. (Joyce, by the way, liked to employ a medieval etymology for the name of Odysseus, which explained it as a compound of outis, no-one, and Zeus, god. Thus, Outis-Zeus, or Odysseus, is both No-man and God, or Nobodaddy, as Joyce's pun would have it. Odysseus, by concealing the divine half of his name, could present himself to the Cyclops as outis, No-man.) Bloom, the modern Odysseus, may be concealing the divine half of his nature, as Stephen dimly guesses when, sobering up from his hangover, he murmurs:

> "Christus or Bloom his name is, or, after all, any other. Secundum carnem." (U 627)

The divinity of Bloom is revealed in the nightmare scene of Chapter 15 where, in a Dublin brothel, he is hailed as the Messiah, and proclaims the New Bloomusalem.

Joyce's use of myth is richly complex. The myth of the binding of Proteus provides him with an image for the artist's attempt to capture ever-changing reality. The myth of Daedalus and Icarus provides him not only a name for his hero, but also an image of the artist as cunning craftman, and the artist as birdman flying to personal liberation. The father-son relationship of Daedalus and Icarus links on to that of Odysseus and Telemachus, as the cunning of Daedalus suggests the wiliness of Odysseus. Some readers have seen the gaunt figure of Stephen, tilting at whorehouse chandeliers under the delusion that he is Satan smashing the Light of the World, another embodiment of Don Quixote -- while the squat figure of Bloom at his side, paying for the damage and keeping him out of scrapes with the police, is another Sancho Panza. Others have seen in this oddly matched pair another Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

Stephen as Daedalus, Icarus, Telemachus. Orestes. Hamlet, Don Quixote, Sherlock Holmes, and Satan; Leopold Bloom as Odysseus, Moses, Elijah, the Wandering Jew, Sancho Panza, Dr. Watson, and Christ -- these and many ther parallels suggests the scope of Joyce's use of myth, legend, literary allusion to give depth, perspective, and richness of texture to his picture of one's day life in Dublin.

Joyce's most striking stylistic strategy in Ulysseus was the so-called stream-of-consciousness technique. The term "silent monolog" is better, yet it fails to indicate the structural principle that Joyce uses, which is that of verbal association. We are allowed to overhear, as it were, the unspoken thoughts of the characters, expressed in fragmentary sentences, broken phrases, even detached words -- ordered not by syntax or logic, but by the clusters of associated meanings that there words have for that particular person.

Looking at the first page of Ulysses, we see that the narrative and dialog seem straightforward enough, until we read that Buck Mulligan:

> ... peered sideways up and down 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. Chrysostomes. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. (U 5)

This seems to be straightforward narrative, told in the author's words, except for the word "Chrysostomes", plunked in the middle of the passage. If we remember our Greek, we know that chrysos-tomos means golden-mouth, alluding to the gold points on Buck Mulligan's teeth; and if we remember our Church History, we recall that St. John Chrysostom was the most famous of the Greek Church Fathers, a man noted for his piety, as Buck Mulligan was for his impiety. This verbal association occurs in the mind of Stephen Dedalus, and serves already to characterize him as a man who knows both Greek and Church history -- as we might have inferred from the fact that Buck Mulligan has already called him a "fearful jesuit".

In the first two chapters, these passages of silent monolog are fairly simple, consisting of remarks that Stephen might have made aloud, but kept to himself. In the third chapter, the "Proteus" chapter, the structure changes. The whole chapter is one long silent monolog, and the structure is ordered by the associations of ideas in Stephen's mind, leading him through long chains of associations to very remote thoughts, revealing to us the structure of his mind.

Let's examine the structure of this long reverie in Chapter 3, and then compare it with similar reveries of Mr. Bloom and of Molly Bloom. Stephen sees two midwives walking on the beach. He thinks:

> What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your Omphalos. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha, nought, nought one. (U 38-9)

The sight of midwives has suggested to him navels, which is what mystic monks of the Orient gaze into -- also navelcords, which he thinks of as linking generation to generation all the way back to Mother Eve. If those navelcords had never been severed, they would be like a telephone network; and Stephen then whimsically thinks of calling up Mother Eve on this telephone system. Her phone number might be "Edenville. Aleph, alpha, nought, nought one." "Aleph" is of course the first letter of the Hebbew alphabet, as "alpha" is of the Greek; and the number, "nought, nought one" suggests the creation of unity out of double negation.

We are already beginnigg to get acquainted with Stephen Dedalus, not by being <u>told</u> about him, but by seeing his imagination at work. We have to be on our toes to follow his richly allusive mind: the womb of Eve, he remembers, is the womb of original sin, and he too was conceived in sin. This reminds him of his dead mother, and his estranged father -- which in turn leads him to the Arian heresy. All this from the sight of two midwives on the beach!

His next chain of associations is set off by his coming to the turnoff to his Aunt Sally's. He has to decide whether to go see her or not. He recalls his father's scorn for Aunt Sally and her family, his in-laws; he thinks of her decaying house.

> Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas.

Marsh's Library is at St. Patrick's Catherdral, Dublin, of which Jonathan Swift was the dean. Stephen thinks of Swift's insanity, and of his writing about the Houyhnhnms, the horse-people in

Gulliver's Travels -- which inturn reminds him of the horse-faced Buck Mulligan. He then says to himself:

"Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint.", (U 41)

which is a recall of Dryden's remark of Swift:

"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet".

Here we see another level behind the silent monolog. Joyce gives us Stephen's unspoken words, but he leaves it up to us to remember -- if we ever knew -- Dryden's remark to Swift, and to interpret Stephen's mental substitution of the word saint for the word poet as an indication that he considers a poet a kind of saint, a high-priest of art, and that what Stephen fears, perhaps unconsciously, is that he will never become a poet. Joyce, by presenting to us Stepheh's conscious free associations, is giving us material by which we can, as it were, psychoanalyze Stephen, and thus learn more about him than he, perhaps, knows about himself.

Of course, any of these chains of associations could be extended indefinitely, and they invite us to make such an extension by association in our own minds. Joyce is, in effect, inviting us to become co-authors of the book, to join him in exploring this mystery which is Stephen Dedalus. By his art he makes us feel that his reporting is incomplete, and arouses our desire to help him out by tracking down these whirling allusions.

Indeed, some of them we can't track down and aren't expected to. Thus when Stephen thinks of "Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen", we can't know what he means without becoming Joyce's biographers. Joyce's latest biographer, Richard Ellmann, calls this Joyce's "Blurred Margin" technique. That is, this picture of one day in Dublin is like a fragment torn out of a map, and of course its margins are somewhat rough: it contains roads that run off the edge of the map, and lead we know not where.

Mr. Bloom's soliloquies are very different from Stephen's. Instead of Stephen's long-arched poetic phrases, and far-flung

literary allusions, we have the short staccatto rhythms of Mr. Bloom's quick, observant, pedestrian mind. It's instructive to place Stephen's morning meditation at Sandymount Beach against Bloom's evening meditation at the same place. Joyce, by placing them on the same beach, obviously invites the comparison.

Stephen that morning tore off the bottom of Mr. Deasy's letter about the foot and mouth disease a piece of paper on which to write a note, and broods:

> Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with colored emblems hatched on its field... (U 49)

Nine hours later,

> Mr. Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go. I'm too tired to move. Page of an old copybook. (U 374)

Stephen, treading on pebbles that morning, is reminded of a phrase from King Lear: "that on the unnumbered pebbles beats" (U 41); Bloom says: "All these holes and pebbles. Who could count them?" (U 374) Both see a piece of wood, but to Stephen's mind it is "wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada" (U 41), while Bloom says merely "What's this? Bit of stick." (U 374) Each sees a bottle on the sand, but Stephen makes it into an ironic symbol of Ireland: "Sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst" (U 42), while to Bloom it suggests Treasure Island: "Never know what you will find. Bottle with a story of a treasure in it thrown from a wreck. Parcels post." (U 374) There is even an echo of Stephen's hieratic cry: "Signatures of all things I am here to read" in Bloom's geological curiousity: "All these rocks with lines and scars and letters", but his next words "O, those transparent", refer not to Stephen's veil of illusion, but to Gerty MacDowell's diaphanous stockings.

Molly Bloom's soliloquy, that ends the book, has still another rhythm. Instead of Stephen's soaring phrases and literary allusions,

or Bloom's stacatto rhythm and quick curiosity, we have 45 unpunctuated pages of flowing memories that are Joyce's closest approach to the psychoanalytic technique of free association. Molly has been awakened by Bloom's coming up to bed at about 1:30 A.M. They have apparently talked, and we gather that he has made up some excuse for coming in later and has asked her -- surprisingly enough -- to get breakfast for him the next morning. She lies awake thinking:

> Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs since the City Arms hotel when he used to be pretending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness to make himself interesting to that old faggot Mrs. Riordan that he thought he had a great leg of and she never left us a farthing. (U 723)

She then rambles on, thinking of her lover's visit that afternoon, planning her trip to Belfast with him, thihking of what new clothes she must buy. She then thinks of her past lovers, calling them all "he", and as her relaxed mind shifts about, the reference of the pronoun becomes unclear to us, as it perhaps does to her: all men merge into one. She is thinking of Bloom:

> ... on Howth head in the grey suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me. Yes, first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth, and it was leapyear like now. Yes, 16 years ago, my God. After that long kiss I near lost my breath -- yes -- he said I was a flower of the mountain ... (U 767)

But as Bloom kissed her she thought of her first lover, Lieutenant Mulvey of the H.M.S. Calypso, who had kissed her under the Moorish wall when she was a girl at Gibralter. The two memories merge as she falls asleep and the book ends:

> ... Gibralter as a girl where I was a flower of the mountain (yes) when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used, or shall I wear a red (yes), and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought "Well, as well him as another", and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again (yes) and then he asked me would I (yes) to say (yes) my mountain flower, and first I put my arms around him (yes) and drew him down on me so he could feel my breasts all perfume (yes) and his heart was going like mad and (yes) I said "Yes, I will, Yes", (U768)

Mulvey, Bloom, and all her many lovers merge into one in the abandon of her universal acceptance. "As well him as another", she says -- which may be mere sensual indifference, yet it echoes

Stephen's reply when asked what Bloom's name is: "Christus -- or Bloom -- or any other name, secundum carnem." To Molly all men are one flesh, and she wants them all as her sons and lovers. Simon Dedalus, the father, has been her lover, and she is already planning to take Stephen Dedalus, the son, as her next lover. As Joyce's novel has made of Dublin a crossroads of the universe, so has Molly's bed become the crossroads of Dublin. Molly, as we have already seen, is both Calypso and Penelope in Joyce's telescoping of Homer; we see now that she is also the Earth Mother, Gea, and that Mother Eve to whose womb Stephen, in the "Proteus" chapter, saw all navelcords entwining.

What Joyce has hit upon, in this so-called stream-of-consciousness technique, is really the device of infinitely expandable metaphor. Joyce is using free association as a tool, not of psychological exploration, but of literary revelation. It permits him to bring into the novel anything he needs, by planting it in the apparently random thoughts of one of his characters. The Unconscious itself -- as Freud copiously illustrated -- is a great literary artist, employing condensation, reversal, blending of themes, symbolic substitutions, wit and puns. (Joyce, of all men, could not be unaware that a pun linked his name with Freud's -- they both mean "joy".) What Joyce did was to reclaim for literature some of that freedom of manipulation, that multiple symbolism and word-play which the Unconsci us of Man has always enjoyed.

One device for structural unity in Ulysses is the TIME*TABLE. N ot only is each chapter consecrated to some hour of the day, but within each chapter there are reminders to the reader of what time it is. Nor are we ever left in doubt about where we are on the map of Dublin. In the course of the day, the whole of Dublin has been covered: most of the streets are mentioned and nearly 200 business establishments. Ulysses could serve as a guidebook to Dublin, and indeed Joyce wrote it with map and city directory open before him, tracing the movements of his characters in colored

crayon on the map, and writing frequent letters to Dublin to check up on details. The meticulous geographical structure of Ulysses not only unifies the book; it gives authenticity to detail, and allows Joyce to continue his disection of the metropolis by the simple expedient of having the observant Mr. Bloom wander its streets, silently commenting on everything he sees.

Never was a city so thoroughly documented as Dublin is in Ulysses, and Joyce, never without a sense of humour about his own methods, produces the ultimate parody of the realistic novel when, in Chapter 17, he even catalogs the contents of Bloom's desk drawer. (I greatly abbreviate the two-page list)

a butt of red partly liquified sealing wax, obtained from Messers. Hely's, Ltd., 89, 90, and 91 Dame Street.
a box containing the remainder of a gross of gilt "J" pennibs, obtained from the same firm.
a bazar ticket No. 2004, of St. Kevin's Charity Fair, price 6 pence, 100 prizes.
an infantile epistle, dated, small em Monday, reading: capital pee Papli comma capital aitch How are you note of interrogation capital eye I am very well full stop, new paragraph, signature with flourishes, capital em Milly, no stop.
3 typewritten letters, addressee: Henry Flower, c/o P.O. Westland Row; addresser, Martha Clifford, c/o P.O. Dolphin's Barn.
a press cutting from an English weekly periodical Modern Society; subject: coporal punishment in girl's schools.
a pink ribbon which had festooned an Easter egg in the year 1899.
a partly uncoiled rubber preservative with reserve pockets, purchases by post from Box 32, P.O. Charing Cross, London, W.C.
a press cutting of recipe for renovation of old tan boots.

etc. etc.

The whole chapter consists of such relentless documentation. Thus weare given an inventory of everything on the kitchen shelves, a list of all the books that Bloom owns, a balance sheet of Bloom's receipts and expenditures for the day, the adresses of the various places he visited during the day, vital statistics on Leopold Bloom telling us that he is 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weighs 158 pounds, and wears a size 17. collar.

The ultimate of pitiless objectivity is the way in which we are told of his father's suicide:

> Rudolph Bloom (Ruldolf Virag) died on the evening of 27 June 1886, at some hour unstated, in consequence of an overdose of monkshood (aconite) selfadministered in the form of a neuralgic liniment, composed of 2 parts of aconite liniment to 1 part of chloroform liniment, purchased by him at 10:20 a.m. on the morning of 27 June 1886 at the medical hall of Francis Dennehy, 17 Church Street, Ennis. (U 669)

Joyce originally intended this to be the last chapter, and it is as though, having made full use of the elaborate card files that he kept in writing the book, he had dumped them all into the last chapter, in order to let the raw bones of the city appear as nakedly as possible. He always considered it the funniest chapter in the book, a humourous reductio ad absurdum of his own methods. Yet he decided not to end the book on a note of parody, and finally, by ending with Molly's soliloquy, let the woman have the last word.

Ulysses is grounded not only on the map of Dublin, the City Directory, and a time table, but also on four pages of newsprint. While working on Ulysses, Joyce had before him the Dublin newspaper for June 16, 1904, and an examination of the Dublin Evening Telegraph for that day reveals dozens of themes that Joyce wove into his novel. The elvation of the mundane to the symbolic is shown in the use Joyce makes of a newspaper ad:

> What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat?
> Incomplete.
> With it, an abode of bliss.

Bloom as a professional ad-man notices the poor taste of placing this ad on the obituary page, and on the way to Paddy Dignam's funeral reflects that a coffined corpse is a kind of potted meat. We reflect that Bloom's home is incomplete; in the absence of conjugal love, Molly is trying to satisfy herself with Boylan, who is her "potted meat". After their love-making, Molly and Boylan eat some of Plumtree's Potted Meat in bed, and crumbs of it are still there when Bloom crawls in that night. Joyce also works the name "Plumtree" into the short story which Stephen has written:

"The Parable of the Plums", about two Dublin virgins who climb up the monument to Horatio Nelson -- the "one-handled adulterer", as they call him -- eat plums, and spit out the seeds onto the pavement below. The theme of sterility and adultery are all echoed here: Nelson is an adulterer like Boylan; the virgins sow their seed on sterile ground, and the plum tree, which should be a symbol of life, is sterilized by becoming the trademark of a coffin-like tin of potted meat. For a Dantesque mind like Joyce's, looking for correspondences everywhere, no detail is too trivial to be cosmic.

The leaflet, or throwaway, thrust into Bloom's hand in front of Leman's candy store, becomes even more significant. It announces the arrival of an American revivalist, J. Alexander Dowie, from Zion City, Illinois, who calls himself the Second Elijah. Bloom crumples the leaflet and "throws it away" to the gulls on the River Liffey, who think it is bread, in a reversal of the Biblical Elijah who is fed by the ravens. The gulls' disillusion in discovering it is only paper parallels Bloom's disillusion with revivalism, Zionism, and all religion. Yet Bloom himself casts bread on the waters for the gulls, to assuage their disappointment, and it is only the gulls who testify for him in his nightmare trial scene. The throwaway floats down the Liffey past the ship Rosevean on which Stephen has seen the three cross-trees, and so on to disintegrate at sea, in its Death by Water. Meanwhile, the living horse Throwawy has won the Gold Cup race, but the only man who bet on him was Bloom, who is himself a kind of throwawy, rejected of men. Thus, Bloom too wins the Gold Cup, which is suggestive of the Holy Grail, as was Buck Mulligan's shaving bowl. The throwawy horse is of course parallel to Odysseus' Trojan horse, apparently thrown away by the Greeks, but containing in its belly the seeds of victory.

It is literally of the trash of Dublin that Joyce builds his mythical City of Man -- trash stale as yesterady's newspaper, a discarded handbill, an empty tin of potted meat, an empty beer-

bottle on the beach, dirty postcards -- and the human flotsam on the tide of the city : a racetrack lout, a barroom sponger, a sluttish wife. It is in these offscourings of modern civilization that he sees the lineaments f Ulysses and Nestor, of Penelope and Eve and Hamlet and Christ.

Put thus baldly it might seem that Joyce is writing allegory, a religious parable in modern dress. But these portentous overtones, which I have teased out of the book, are no more the meaning of Ulysses, than are the inane catalogs of the contents of Mr. Bloom's desk drawer. Dublin, after all, is Dublin, not the City of Zion; Molly Bilom is Molly Bloom, not Mother Eve in disguise. Stephen is only Stephen, not Hamlet, not Shakespeare -- not even James Joyce! For Joyce is the creator of Stephen, as he is of Bloom, and all his hundred men and women, even though their namesakes lived in Dublin.

It is what the mind of Joyce does with these sorry materials that seems to me the meaning of the book. Most of the early critics of the book thought he as writing a bitter satire on modern civilization, a prose equivalent of Eliot's Wasteland, that appeared in the same year. The censors thought Ulysses was pornography and banned it in every English-speaking country -- although there is less "sex" in it than in most best-sellers. Later critics found in it a religious epic, the drama of salvation, wherein the proud Stephen learns humility from Christus Bloom, and leaves 7 Eccles Street to write Ulysses. Such a reading ignores the text and writes its own happy ending; for the fact is that Stephen is bored by Bloom and at the end of the book has learned nothing.

By emphasizing this fact, other critics have interpreted Ulysses as a tragedy, the tragedy of the paralized intellectual, with Stephen as the tragic hero. But there is no tragic denoument in Ulysses, no recognition, no reversal. June 17, 1904, will see them the same men and women they were on June 16, each caught in his own ineluctable character. Now the spirit which sees a com-

munity of individuals, each expressing his own character in a variety of situations, is the comic spirit; and I think, as Joyce thought, that Ulysses is a comedy. It greets the incongruities of the real versus the ideal, not with a cry of protest, but with the laughter of acceptance. Ulysses is pre-eminently a book to be read aloud, for the relish of its language. What really happens in Ulysses is not in the plot, but on the page; and its comic hero is not Stephen, or even Bloom, but James Joyce as author, the man who took all knowledge as his playground. It is he who is Ulysses, the man of many devices; it is he who is Daedalus, the fabulous artificer who fashioned both the labyrinth and the wings by which to transcend it. In Joyce's Ulysses, the City attains its epiphany, luminous with the radiance of the commonplace.

The End.

James Augustine Joyce (1882-1941)

ULYSSES (Paris, 1922)

(DUBLINERS (1914), PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN (1916), FINNEGANS WAKE (1939)

Ch.	Title	Od.	Time	Place & Action	Art or Science	Organ
1.	Telemachus	1-2	8 am	Martello Tower SD breakfasts	Theology	. . .
2.	Nestor	3	10	Deasy's School SD teaches	History	. . .
3.	Proteus	4	11	Sandymount SD walks	Philology	. . .
4.	Calypso	5	8 am	7 Eccles St. LB breakfasts	Economics	Kidney
5.	Lotus-eaters	9	10	LB walks to Turkish baths	Botany	Genitals
6.	Hades	11	11	Glasnevin Cem. Dignam buried	Religion	Heart
7.	Aeolus	10	noon	Newsoffice LB;then SD	Rhetoric	Lungs
8.	Lestrygonians	10	1 pm	LB walks to restaurants	Architecture	Esophagus
9.	Scylla and Charybdis	12	2	Library; SD on Hamlet	Literature	Brain
10.	Wandering Rocks	12	3	All Dublin; chance	Mechanics	Blood
11.	Sirens	12	4	Ormond Bar singing	Music	Ear
12.	Cyclops	9	5	Kiernan's Bar LB argues	Politics	Muscle
13.	Nausicaa	6	8	Sandymount LB ogles	Painting	Eye
14.	Oxen of the Sun	12	10	Hospital LB,SD meet	Medicine	Womb
15.	Circe	10,12	mdnt.	Brothel nightmares	Magic	Locomotor apparatus
16.	Eumaeus	14	1 am	Cab shelter LB,SD: coffee	Navigation	Nerves
17.	Ithaca	15-22	2	7 Eccles St. LB,SD talk	Science	Skeleton
18.	Penelope	23-24	2	7 Eccles St. Molly's thoughts	. . . . .	Flesh

The action takes place at Dublin, Thursday, June 16, 1904.

SD: Stephen Dedalus, 22; shares Martello Tower w. Buck Mulligan (med. student); recalled from Paris by mother's dying; teaches at Deasy' school; wants to write; theorizes on Hamlet; is estranged from father, Simon, and from Catholic Church.

LB: Leopold Paula Bloom, 38, advertising canvasser from Dublin Freeman, married to Marion Tweedy ('Molly') Bloom, soprano; dau. Millicent ('Milly'), 15; son Rudolph ('Rudy') died aged 11 da.

The Plot: SD & LB, unacquainted, have a routine day (SD breakfasts, teaches, walks, drinks, talks Hamlet; LB goes to butchers, baths, funeral, office lunch, library, hotel, pub, beach) till they accidentally meet at hospital, go to brothel & LB's home. SD leaves and LB goes to bed.

SIXTEEN EIGHTEEN

"Why do these gentlemen wish to throw me out
Of the window?" asked an obscure Bohemian secretary
Before he was unexpectedly exfenestrated and miraculously saved
By a pile of castleyard rubbish or an angel of God.
Thus to be flung into History, and by one's Fall
Introduce three decades of winter, delusion and war?
Or merely as one for good measure, to show
That the ignorant often are accidentally in castles?

Elliott Zuckerman

A JAPANESE PIANIST PLAYS BEETHOVEN

His playing insisted that this Farewell Sonata
Was not about love or any sentimental
Departure, nothing rudely romantic.
Instead his fingers and fine dispassionate face
Delineated in smooth and unmelodious strokes
The sparse outlines of an oriental archway,
Transforming each fierce forest sforzando
Into the drybrush shadow of a park.

Elliott Zuckerman

Thus was I born to philosophy-
The subtle raging of words,
The shifting sands become rock,
Then yawning, cavernous, tilts
My spinning form into its maw
All dizzy with pellucid contradictories.
I grope gaining strength to grapple,
Distinguish, compare, contrast, prove ...
To bathe my mind in their cool virility.

- - -

A Tutorial in Mellon

Bare patterns splattered lifelessly,
Rectangular textures of absurdity,
Words spiralling, thinning endlessly,
Breaking in their fragility
Against that stark formlessness.

- - -

Three winds whispering
Through the threadbare
willow boughs-
Sigh gentle maiden.

T. L. Dews

like a blind man touching fur,
my mind ran down your corridors of words
in ache of wonder
and if I fail to really understand,
tell me not I hold but a single day's result
or some small thread of something larger.

let me believe --
in centers which extend not to edges nor
to ends --
in oceans of immeasurable circumstance,
and uncharted explanation.
then let me turn and hold the other half --
the flutter of an eyelash, a moth against my cheek.

though some would say I have but read and heard
what dry leaves seem to scratch in empty dust
on wind-struck days; I know that I have
touched white parables of truth, laced by snow-bird's
flight through August heat.

I know only that your tenderness has come,
white and flashing into my blind life,
where before I have known nothing except
through
finger-polished
clots of
braille.

D. Bond

I

the moon sags down the
star-drenched sky
to a sponge-lipped beach
of trees --
     glazes pale on lacquered
rhododendrons --
          then is washed among
the rusted yellow leaves
'til memories float alone on
summer's dew-flecked wake.
          about me
easy ochre hay sifts like a
child's hair
          against the pursed breeze
which is sweeping down
     from the brittle fraying woods.
another spray of
first-falling days,
          and I walk against
deliberate tides of summer ruin --
     over the lisping field.
          fireflies are dying
tonight against wet reeds.
wandering through the fallen
stars of summer -- stuttering out --
my saffron dreams
     kept tight as locketed hair
in older pockets
     spill away
in doubt of love.
               to shout dead words
beneath flickering trees
brings nothing back of
          August evenings
but the scattered ash
of your cigarette.

II

shall I stand here
in the suck of autumn --
and later know
the year's maize stubble
above the snow?

III

     I must walk toward
miracles spun of petals and buds
     believing that you will return
from the old year too.
the visage embers of my youth
ignite future's timber.

until [illegible] waters I never knew
(except for wading once)
tangle me amid seaweed days
and riptide afternoons.
is adrift part better than drowned?

IV

coming now to the
meadow's edge
I feel the currents of a
greater winter rising
behind the wind's tongue-tied
assault.

V

the architecture of citron
pigments I troweled so
thick
conspires in absolute
light
against the tyranny
of shadows.
and I weep a bit for
tonight's faint trip to the
end of orchards
and tomorrow's
caricature of autumnal
darkness
when alone I must
abandon
to ash-grey chill
the fury of all my fires.
the stigma of black crows
hangs over me (as once above Van Gogh
in his final field of gold) --
he should have followed
Gauguin to the sea...

VI

I think I believe in
Persephone.
I shall wait in the wind-tossed
antlers of drift-wood trees.
she shall bring green leaves
in her hair --
and perhaps from my seaweed
winter -- a rose
that I may gamble again
with a fragile life
against barbs of summer weather
and in returning
I shall learn
to care.

D. Bond

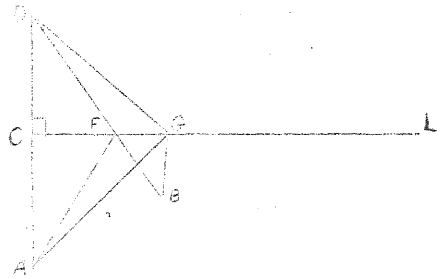
Freshman-Sophomore Math Problem: First Prize

Hugh Johnston

Problem: Given two non-perpendicular straight lines M and N intersecting at O and two points, P and Q, within one of the acute angles contained by M and N; find the shortest broken straight line path within the angle from P to M to N to Q.

First, let us prove the following lemma:

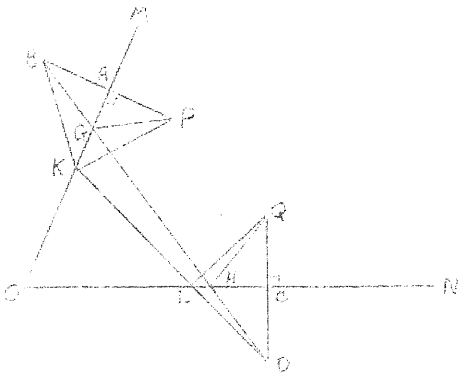
Given two points, A and B, on the same side of a straight line; find the shortest distance from A to B.



Drop a perpendicular from A to C, extend AC to D so that AC equals CD; connect BD, intersecting the line at F. AFB will then be the shortest distance. For, if any point other than F is taken, say G, and BG, AG, and DG are connected, then AGB will be greater than AFB. For since AG equals DG, DGB equals AGB; but since AF equals DF, DFB equals AFB; in triangle DBG, the sides DG, GB are greater than the side DFB. Therefore AFB is the shortest distance. Q.E.F.

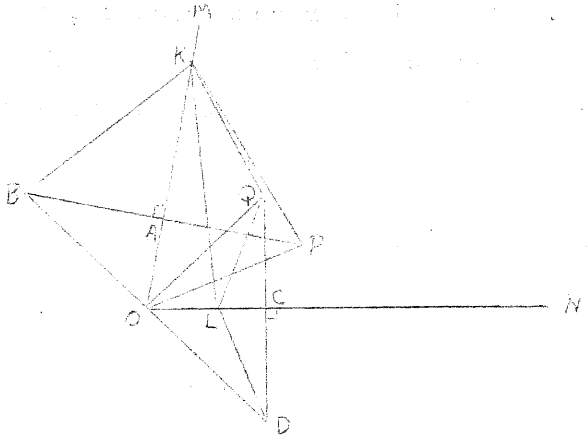
Now take lines M and N and points P and Q at random with the acute angle; drop perpendicular from P to M at A, extend PA to B so that AB equals PA. By a similar construction, make QC equal to CD. Join BD. BD will intersect either the sides of the angle MON, or the vertex O, or the sides of the angle vertical to angle MON.

First case, in which the line BD intersects the sides of the angle MON.



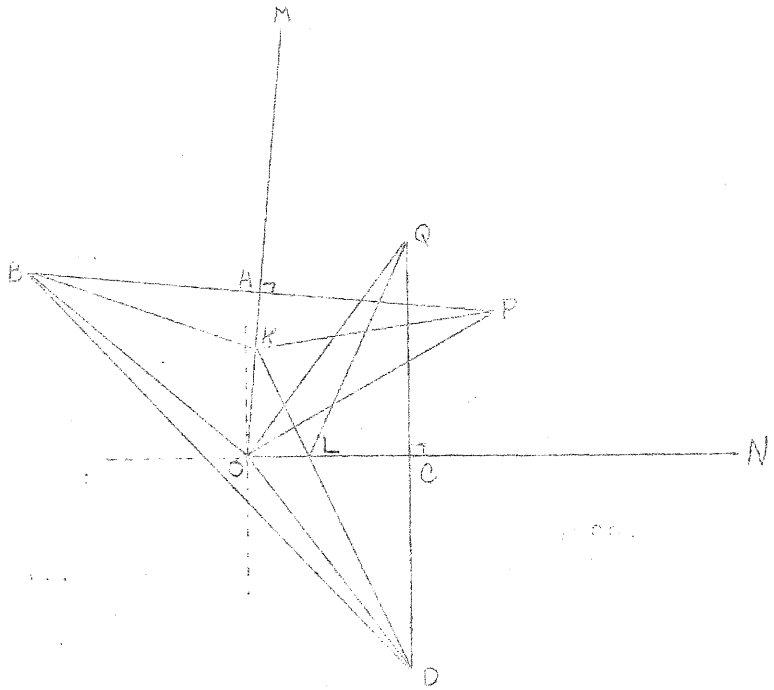
Let the intersection of BD with MO be called G, and with NO called H. Let PG and QH be joined. I say that PGHQ is the shortest path. Take any point other than G on MO, say K. A line through K and D cuts NO at L. By the Lemma, PKLQ is the shortest path from P to K to NO to Q. Join BK. In triangle BDK the sides BK, KF together are greater than the remaining side BD . Since PG equals GB, and HG equals HD, BD equals PGHQ. And since PK equals KB, and QL equals LD, BKLD equals PKLQ. Therefore PGHQ is less than PKLQ. And since, by the lemma, PGHQ is the shortest path from P to G to NO to Q, PGHQ is the shortest path from P to MO to NO to Q. Q. E. D.

Second case, in which the line BD is through the vertex O:
If BD intersects O, the shortest path will be POQ. Let any other point on MO, say K, be taken, and by the lemma, the shortest distance KLQ is given, and by a proof similar to case one, POQ is shorter than PKLQ, through the triangle BKD. Therefore, etc. Q.E. D.



Third case, in which the line BD intersects the angle vertical to angle MON:

If line BD intersects the vertical angle, POQ will be the shortest distance from P to MO to NO to Q. Take any point K on MO, and in the manner of case two find KLQ. Since PO equals OB, and OQ equals OD, BOD equals POQ, and since PK equals KB and LD equals QL, BLD equals PLKQ. In triangles BLD and BOD, the sum of the sides BO and OD is smaller than the sum of the sides BL and LD (I. 21). Therefore POQ is shorter than PLKQ. Therefore, etc. Q.E.D.



A Hooded Cloth: Night

And who these drowned figures here
The rose-clot bed, the dripping afterdark
N ightflowers caught in ringing red?
And who the warriors, bluenet steel
Caught round again in burnished paradise,
Who challenge hope they cannot feel?
We know those Four, dark vulture hour
Caught shrill to come in cloying night
And weep the silence of freedom's flower ...

the motion
revealed a
brief scent of
bitter herbs
from an ever
opened jar

Crushed rock. Brazed rock. Dark rubble brake we find
The inward paradise in broken night
To raze the shattered barriers of the mind,
And burning clear our broken night in hope.
Of calm unhonored paradise'
Most brilliant moment of the year ...

And who those broken shadows then
By bloody moon, yet dimly rise
A spectral moment's afternoon?
Whose hope unborn, with broken nails
Yet frantic claw at midnight sock,
And flee the solemn dark of beauty torn?

his narrow, rufous face
was silhouetted
momentarily at the
window

We know the Four, of evening sent
With dark and buried catacomb,
The dusty brake of dying passion spent;
Who grope for light, and find beside
Dim everglades of sorrow, night --
And tortured weakly creatures seek to hide ...

They grope for light in early dusk, and find
Deepshadowed haunting mask of love
And endless terrors of the mantic mind;
Whose racing shores sink rats' claws into steel
The racing paws no pause, no respite think
From burning passion at the breakers' wheel;
Who cannot face, and knowing at the last
That which escapes, and falling from the race
Find love's dark die already shoreward cast ...

"A helpless hand?"
cried the beggar,
and someone turned
though the water
rose

And who these tensive figures torn,
Bold sinew cast, bleak banners of the soul
Whipped madly to the very last?
Who broke the rock, and would not break, and passed
Who moved the tools, and drove the steel, and struck the block
Of ancient marble in our bluclimned pools,
Whose hope they know, and soul may dimly feel;
Who kneeling gaze in stillness lapped
Through echo'd catacombs of night
To fleet dim sunlight on the window's craze ...

not at night, but wait before
nightglow light, and evil shore
distance reigns, and they may know
hopeless pain of those below
loose the helm, and fleet the bow
through the distance to the now
through the midnight of the Curse
through the swell and the reverse
of the fortunes of the night
toward the dim and distant light
Toward the feral, burning light ...

S. Fisher

In Memoriam: Richard H. Ranger

(Colonel Ranger, who died recently, was the inventor of transatlantic facsimile and first introduced magnetic tape recording to this country. He may also have been the last electronics engineer.)

Who passed the golden syllables about
Our pristine aether, flung insensate dust
To catch the winds' reply in the arms of steel --
Who gave the image wings, and put the wheel
To soft decaying battlements of rust,
Who put the shade of insolence to rout ,
And taught the rawboned sinew how to feel --

Whose every sense a motion, a reply
To questions yet unasked, and out of time
Would forge a spear to challenge both bold sky
And barren earth, an instant in the turn
Of sphere and pendulum, and put the lie
To ancient seers' and shamans' shadowed climb,

Who moulded with his power from the wrong
A sheild to check the terror of the night;
Who saw the prize above the pressing throng:
He moved with Viking purpose to the fight
And grasping tawny Intellect to meet
The storm insensate furied with a song.

For those who loved, while never knowing love,
For those who failed, and never having stained
The face of hope with tears, of life with blood;
Who found no shelter from dark wrath above,
He moved; uniting purpose with the will.

" And passed the furious Threesome, who are chained."

S. Fisher

Sunday on the Hallberg

"The true earth is pure and situated in the pure heaven." Plato
"But Love has pitched his mansion in / The place of excrement."
Yeats

Two months we lived in darkness on the plain:
Bavarian fall; it was cloud and rain,
Freezing fog; not a touch of sun
Opened a window in that gloom.
Could the myth be true? And could pure soul ascend
From the marsh of body to a shore
That hems the basins of our ocean of air?
Could it walk in the brighter light by the surf and foam
Of this sad sea where the limbed creatures swim?
And then a native told us: "There is a car
That takes you up where it is always clear."

We drove out in the fog. At the end of the road
We got in a windowed lift like a bathysphere.
And vague as under water, through the cloud,
The frosted trees, while sprays of coral,
Faded in the gray. A long gray. Then blue
Broke down into the mist. Before the sun
It was the sky that filtered through and through,
And made a sky below us, deep as the world;
And into that sky came the lost dawn,
Sunlight on the trees. It was creation;
Walls of beryl and the gates of pearl,
The crystal city. We walked along an ocean
That streched, as wide as Europe, without shore,
And warm in the sun on the limestone floor
Laid out body and soul, and did not care
If it was one or both, if only here
In bright and lonely silence, garnered motion,
We might be one with being -- quartz brimmed with fire.

The god sleeps on the rock. . . Then wakes to a sound
Sweet and strange around him. Strange. He turns.
Is that the pure souls singing? Are those gods?
Shaking the actual air? Repeat the creed.
Remind yourself how even god was a fool,
Who put on motley-flesh and had it nailed,
Yet would not leave this body, but raised it up
And gave it light in the measure of its dark . . .
That sound comes from below. From clouded towers
Invisible bells ring the Sabbath hours,
And the fallen world is resonant with love.
On their voiceless heights the gods are stirred.
Tears plant flesh upon them. They go homing,
Down into darkness, toward the fallen singing.

Charles G. Bell

The Western Dragon

Flashing lights along the tidal reaches
Dark -- cities -- I see you lovelier
And lonelier than ever in our days
Of hope -- your beauty rooted
In your loneliness.

Dark by day, clouding
The embayments of your streams,
Breeding hutches of our troubled souls,
At night you constellate a coil of flame
Along the ways of water.

And we who wing the night
See by the bay the renewed
Dragon of fire. The old snake
Casts his skin: -- cities of light --
Tear spangler of our dream.

Charles G. Bell

The Arrow and the Pool

I looked into the pool
And the pool was troubled:
Broken images
Of earth and sky;
I said: Let the calm
Perfect what is revealed.

I waited the fulness of time.
As sunset deepened
The wind died.
In the hush, the pool
Was an iris of trees
Fringing a sky --

Motionless, until a flight
Of geese passed over --
Arrowing of wings . . .
Then I heard the sound of water,
A stream that falls to the pool,
Lingers, and falls away.

When the geese were gone
The pond relinquished
The motion received;
But my heart was full,
Holding flight and water,
Time's arrow and time's pool.

Charles G. Bell

Rose of Sharon

Time is a journey to a Black Country . . .
Women I remember ripe as fruit
In the green hills of birth on the low horizon,
When the voice of the turtle was heard in our land;

They have rotted now, shelved in the dark pantry,
Withered old shrews; and the men of my youth,
Gristle and fat. My face has gone, too.
And strange in the mind run the timeless phrases:
Like a roe or hart upon the mountain of spices.

In the world's youth that song was shared
By a vineyard daughter and a shepherd king.
Shulamite-Magdalen now, at the dying fire,
A crumpled bone-bag, sings with darker poignance:
Until day break and the shadows flee away.

Ridiculous vanity crooning in the withered hag?
Who knows? A god rules in us whose banner is love.
It is he who says we shall rise from the grave.
I have watched at the deathside of a loved woman.
I swear when the last rigor seized the broken frame
The room was loud with silence singing like a girl:
Stay me with flagons, for I am sick of love.

Desperate leap of the time-stricken heart
For the orchard hills and the sunlit streams.
These cool days of always returning spring,
When the flowers of the silver-bell weep from the tree,
My heart like a crone, crouched at the fire,
Weeps and sings and renews the old song:
O Rose of Sharon, as the lily among thorns.

Charles G. Bell